THE HURRICANE

MARCH 1970 NUMBER TWENTY-NINE
A PUBLICATION OF II FIELD FORCE VIETNAM

Vietnamese Oil Painting

EXPO '70

"PROGRESS AND HARMONY for Mankind" is the slogan of the 1970 World Exposition—EXPO '70—beginning March 15 for six months at Osaka, Japan.

Osaka is in the heart of the Kansai Area, the center of Japanese culture for more than a thousand years. It is only an hour's flight from Tokyo, the world's largest city (and the country's R & R center for American servicemen) or a three hour ride on the 125-mile-per-hour "bullet" train. Osaka will host 78 countries, four international organizations, three American states, three provinces of Canada, and the cities of San Francisco and Munich, plus a number of Japanese companies.

A major attraction is expected to be "Expoland"—a Japanese Disneyland. The Japanese call "Expoland" 'the center of dreams' and it will occupy the southeastern part of the fairgrounds. Highlighting this fantastic mechanical wonderland is the large rollercoaster "Daidarasaurus" which will offer the traveller five routes and a variety of speeds to choose from.

After visiting the recreation area, a person can take one of many enclosed elevated sidewalks, all of which are air-conditioned transparent tubes, to the Symbol Area, the hub of EXPO.

Here, the 390 feet tall EXPO Tower offers a breathtaking view of the fairgrounds. At the top, visitors will see a huge three-level building under the world's largest transparent roof, containing a multitude of exhibits dealing with the theme, "Progress and Harmony for Mankind."

The United States pavilion is visible from atop this gigantic tower, housed in the first air-supported cable roof structure ever built. So a person doesn't lose all track of time, the Seiko Company has constructed an "Atomic Clock" accurate to within one second in a thousand years.

For the R & R soldiers at the exposition, there will be a number of attractions that involve pretty girls. In May, the Miss International Contest is featured; in June it's the Miss Universe Parade.

Other attractions include the world famous Ed Sullivan Show and the Berlin Opera in March and the Japanese Opera in June.

These are only a sampling of the events that will be at EXPO '70. Throughout the six month period there will be scores of others, including Japanese festivals for each of the more than 70 participating countries.

Don't worry about getting lost! There will be 55 escort guides, 150 hostess interpreters, 233 Miss EXPO's and 72 EXPO Sisters stationed at various places around the fairgrounds to help you find your way around. See your R & R office for more details.

An R & R to 78 countries at once

THE HURRICANE

MARCH 1970 NO 29

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For the last thousand years the people of Vietnam have written poetry. Starting on page 19 The Hurricane samples the simple beauty of that verse. Though written long ago, much of it has survived the test of time and is still relevant to life today—as the accompanying pictures attest.

Life at the Special Forces camp at Bu Dop or with the 1st Cav Scouts at Tay Ninh is particularly relevant. For two of the hottest jobs in III Corps are patrolling the Cambodian border with CIDG and flying a LOH in the enemy's backyard. Lieutenant Tom Sileo dodged the shells at Bu Dop (story page 2) and Specialist Don Sockol made the trek to Tay Ninh (story page 10) to report on the Scouts.

Also in this issue, a closeup look at an enemy sapper attack, a colorful interlude with the American Davis Cup champions in Saigon, a word-picture of life in North Vietnam, gathered by interviews with NVA soldiers, and the background story of a curiously independent religious sect—the Hoa Hao.

The cover, from an oil painting at a sidewalk art show in Saigon, was shot by Specialist 4 Terry Lynce. He also took the back cover photo.

The Editor

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SILEO

Constant companion at Bu Dop: exploding 122 mm rocket

BU DOP

III Corps Outpost

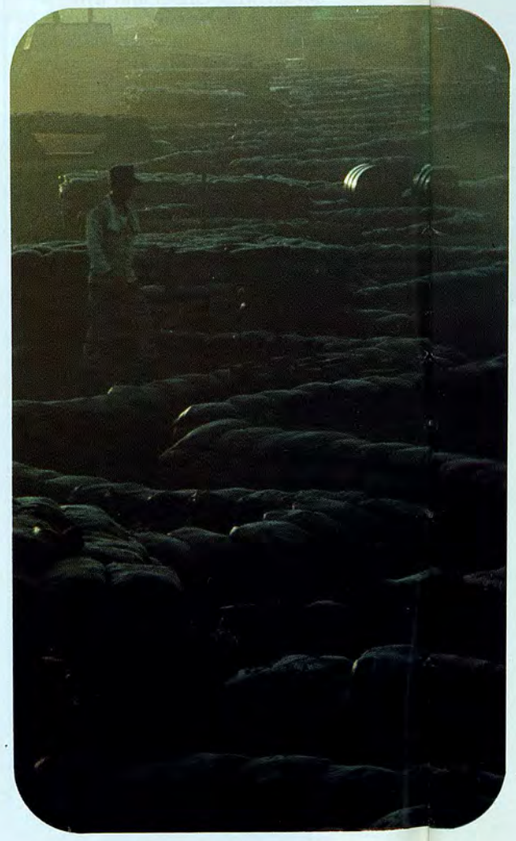
By Lieutenant Tom Sileo

You have not lived
Til you've almost died
Life has a flavor
The protected will never know

THE WORDS ARE PRINTED on an old piece of cardboard. The thought itself is old, but it's appropriate on the wall of the underground bunker of the Green Berets who man Bu Dop Special Forces Camp.

Bu Dop is the northernmost camp in III Corps, 85 miles northeast of Saigon, and thus is often referred to as the "III Corps Outpost." Located only five kilometers from Cambodia, its mission is border surveillance and interdiction of enemy supplies and troops.

The 12-man Special Forces "A" team and the few hundred Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG) soldiers they advise at Bu Dop were the focus of attention in the



The bunker line: tested by direct hits

CIDG trooper checks his field of fire

SILEO

U.S. advisor checks collection of explosives

corps last fall when two NVA divisions were operating in the vicinity.

Elements of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment and the 3d Mobile Strike (MIKE) Force moved in to even up the sides and several battalion-sized contacts were made.

Sergeant First Class James Smith, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, is the Green Berets' intelligence NCO. He explained why Bu Dop is constantly under enemy pressure. "We're sitting close to the border and right between Bo Duc Districit headquarters (four kilometers to the south) and many of the enemy's primary infiltration routes into III Corps. The NVA would certainly like to take Bo Duc. It would be both a military and political victory. And we're their stumbling block."

The Serges Jungle Highway to the west and the Adams Road to the east are the two main infiltration routes in the area.

Captain Harlan Van Winkle is the Special Forces team leader. "We stop what infiltration we can and slow up the rest. What we can't handle we at least report to higher headquarters and let them take action," he explained.

Besides being an obstacle to the enemy and reporting infiltration, Bu Dop has become a symbol. For seven years, the camp has been battered, and though twice partially overrun, it's still there.

Today Bu Dop is a little more of everything—a little better built, a little dustier, a little lonelier, and a little more dangerous than most other places in III Corps. During a recent two-day period the camp took almost 200 rounds of mortar fire. "Typical, just typical," say its inhabitants.

There are many reasons for Bu Dop's survival. One is its defenses. "With more than 1,000 claymore mines, some anti-tank mines and an assortment of other 'goodies' it's pretty tough for non-friendlies to get close," said Specialist 5 Tom Bisbee, a 20-year-old demolition expert from Waterford, Pennsylvania.

Another factor in the camp's survival is its underground tunnel and living complex. The sign on one entrance says "Bu Dop Subway—Tokens Only." The Tactical Operations Center (TOC), recreation area, communications center and first aid station are also undergound. All are topped by 10 inches of steel-reinforced concrete and layers of sandbags, and all have withstood direct hits.

Of course, in the end, survival depends on men and the Green Berets of Bu Dop have confidence in their CIDG troops. "Most of them are Cambodian and Montagnard," said Captain Van Winkle. "And they're aggressive soldiers. I've actually had to delay air strikes because they couldn't be held back from charging enemy bunkers.

"Like most soldiers," he continued, "they're good when their leadership is good and they're ineffective without it. Fortunately we have good leaders here. Take Captain Trieu for instance."

Captain Nguyen Cong Trieu has been at Bu Dop for more than three years. He asked to stay there because "it takes at least two years to get to know the area." He knows it so well now he can go out on operations without a map.

And, according to Sergeant Smith, "There's a difference in CIDG performance when Trieu goes out with them. He goes as a commander not an advisor and he hardly ever comes back in without finding a new trail or some sign of enemy activity."

Captain Trieu is both the camp commander and the commander of the small contingent of Vietnamese Special Forces. He's an affable man and talks frequently about the enemy and his job. "Today," he said, "most of the enemy are NVA. A few years ago they were mostly VC. This is a good sign to me."

Trieu usually keeps half his men in camp and half on an operation. When he has a particularly urgent mission and cannot go himself, he usually calls on Lieutenant Kien Ngai, the commander of the CIDG reconnaissance company. A Cambodian, Ngai has been at Bu Dop for five years. His company has an excellent record and many of his men have stayed with him throughout those five years.

"It's funny," said Special Forces Lieutenant Kenneth Hull. "We go out with the CIDG and call in artillery and air strikes. We're necessary because of the support we bring with us. But this fellow Ngai is almost a legend here. He hears and sees things nobody else does. Once he killed 10 enemy himself because he heard them when nobody else did."

Ngai, who makes about $72 a month, prefers fighting NVA. "The VC run when they get in a fight. The NVA stay because they have better equipment and weapons."

Boredom is definitely not a problem at Bu Dop. Everybody keeps busy. Sergeant Charlie Noyes is the team

SILEO

Green Beret advisor treats CIDG casualty

SILEO

Captain Trieu (right) and trooper check map for future operation

medic and while recently patching up seven wounded CIDG soldiers, he noted that he had probably patched up "a few hundred people" since he'd been at Bu Dop. "I just don't know where I find the time," he smiled.

Besides his doctoring, Noyes has other duties, like chlorinating the water, spraying for insects and holding MEDCAPS in Bu Dop village, where soldiers' families live. There's always rebuilding to do after an enemy barrage, or training CIDG troops or inspecting weapons. For though he's a medic, Sergeant Noyes is an infantry advisor first.

This bustle of activity at Bu Dop goes on amid a symphony of sound. Choppers buzz in and out and Caribous screech to a halt on the camp's dirt landing strip. Generators, the only source of power, whirr constantly, air strikes shake the ground day and night, B52s drop their ordnance a few kilometers from the camp and both incoming and outgoing rounds rumble overhead almost constantly.

Bu Dop has its favorite stories too. Like the time Lieutenant Ngai came back from a motorbike trip with two VC and their AK 47s. Ngai had only his .45 pistol when *they* had ambushed him. Then there was the time demolitionist Bisbee was about to detonate some dud rounds at the north end of the airstrip when an incoming round did the job for him.

In the midst of all this there is a good-natured kidding which relaxes tense situations. This sense of comradeship is most evident during team meetings, which cover everything from tomorrow's assignments to the beer and coke situations.

But when there is work to be done, it gets done. Master Sergeant Leo Van Dusen, the team's NCOIC, sums up the Americans at Bu Dop this way.

"The men here are professionals and do a professional job. Most of them are on their second or third tours here in Vietnam (Van Dusen is on his fourth.). And while they're tough in ways, in other ways they're really soft. One of the really prized possessions here is some writing on the plywood wall of the underground emergency room. It says:

Bless you dear hearts,
Love yuh all
Maggie
(Martha Raye) 1969"

Though Maggie loves them all at Bu Dop, the enemy doesn't. One night recently a 60-round mortar barrage broke up the crowd gathered to watch the movie. The attack only temporarily disrupted the moviegoers though. The flick, after all, was "The Green Berets."

Captain Van Winkle leads CIDGs out toward Cambodia

RF PF

Lt. Berls and pupil: a lesson on defense MANCUSI

By Specialist 4 Phil Schieber

ON A CLEAR NIGHT at Vung Gam compound you can eat your heart out. To the distant south, the mountains and lights of Vung Tau flirt with your eyes. The big in-country R & R spa is only thirty miles away.

Three, maybe four, Vung Gams could fit into a football field. It is a small compound with a big job. Manned by Regional Forces (RF) and their U.S. advisors, the triangular-shaped compound is wedged between Vung Gam hamlet and the Rung Sat Special Zone, a foreboding area half under water that extends south to the sea. U.S. advisors at Vung Gam jokingly refer to the Rung Sat as a Viet Cong R & R center. It is a staging point for the Communists.

Bordering the Rung Sat as it does, Vung Gam hamlet has been preyed on heavily by the enemy. Last July it had a security rating of "D" under the Hamlet Evaluation System (HES). That same month the RFs and their advisors built their outpost just outside the hamlet. Since then Vung Gam has advanced to a "C" rating under the HES.

"We're working now to make Vung Gam a "B" hamlet, a pacified one," said First Lieutenant Richard Berls, the senior advisor for the RFs and Popular Forces (PFs) there. "The hamlet itself used to be 'home' for about 90 VC," he continued, "but all that has changed. The people can now live and work relatively unmolested. Once in a while the VC try something, but the people provide us with excellent intelligence information, so we can usually head them off."

Lt. Berls is the leader of Mobile Advisory Team III-9. He and the four other U.S. advisors live and work with the Regional and Popular Forces at Vung Gam.

Although usually commanded by regular Vietnamese Army officers and NCOs, the RFs and PFs resemble the Reserve and National Guard forces that are found in the United States. Regional Forces draw their manpower from the province in which they work: their primary mission is the protection of that province. The Popular Forces recruit men from a hamlet or village; their area of operations will be in or around their native village or hamlet.

The RFs and PFs run their own show for the main part. The Mobile Advisory Team, besides serving in an advisory capacity, acts as a liaison between U.S. support groups and the various Vietnamese elements. The team usually works with a Vietnamese company for three months and then is rotated to a different unit.

Team III-9 looks like it walked off a recruiting poster. Besides Lt. Berls, who could be the guy on the Ranger poster yelling "Follow me!," there is Sergeant First Class Thomas Gibbons, the heavy weapons (mortar and machinegun) advisor. The Vietnamese soldiers call him "Ser-

geant Rau," that is, Sergeant Moustache.

The Executive Officer is First Lieutenant David Naugle. In addition to his normal duties, Lt. Naugle enjoys soccer with the Vietnamese in the grassy field near the outpost's perimeter.

The light weapons advisor is Sergeant First Class George Lawrence, on his third tour in Vietnam. Previously he served with the 25th and 9th Infantry Divisions. "I have no qualms about working with the RF-PFs in the field," said SFC Lawrence. "Contrary to popular opinion, they are *good* soldiers."

A few years ago the RF-PFs were often a rag-tag lot with shoddy equipment. The extremely mobile ARVN troops displayed a mixed attitude of envy and scorn towards the RF-PFs who remained close to home, while the regular troops hiked through the jungles far from their family. American soldiers nicknamed the RF-PFs 'Ruff-Puffs.'

"The RF-PFs are shaping up now," said Lt. Berls. "They're equipped with modern weapons, and the ARVN is supplying them with good officers and NCOs."

Medical assistance is provided by Sergeant First Class Lordine Brewer. "When we first came to Vung Gam, nobody would come for medical aid, even though they knew we were here and willing to help. We finally succeeded one night in 'dusting off' an old woman who was seriously ill.

"When the people saw that we were willing to bring in a helicopter and take this old woman to the hospital, when they saw that somebody did give a damn, no scratch was small enough for them to ignore. They started coming to us for help, and they've been coming ever since."

The people have been coming to the outpost for more than first aid, though. During the harvest season, the Regional Forces supplied security for the farmers working in their paddies. The soldiers helped to build a new schoolhouse in Vung Gam, and they have erected a small platform with a television set in the center of the hamlet.

With their night ambushes and daily patrols, the Regional and Popular Forces around Vung Gam have succeeded in keeping the VC out of the hamlet. "When you provide security for the people, they start cooperating with the government. They realize they don't have to pay taxes to the Viet Cong," said Lt. Berls.

The day begins at Vung Gam outpost shortly after sunrise when a sweep of the area is made by elements of the RFs and some PFs from the hamlet. Returning to the compound by mid-morning, they work until lunch on improving the fortifications. You get the idea they're expecting the human wave attack of the century to come rolling through Vung Gam.

The RF first sergeant at the outpost, Sergeant Giang, is a stickler on fortifications. He has been in the army longer than he would like to remember. Born in Hanoi, "Top" was a paratrooper in the French and Vietnamese Army for five years. He jumped into Dien Bien Phu with the French. Since then he has been in the ARVN, and he is now assigned to the RF company at Vung Gam. He has a wife and eight children living in Bien Hoa.

Vung Gam is triangular-shaped, the French style of fortification, because, according to Sgt. Giang, the sum of the three sides of the triangle must be equal to anything the enemy throws at you.

After lunch, while Sgt. Giang is figuring out where he's going to have the men place the next truckload of wire, the officers plan operations, and the soldiers play dominoes, clean weapons, and relax in preparation for the afternoon patrol.

After this patrol, which usually cuts into the Rung Sat, they return to the compound for the evening meal. Then two squads go out on night ambush just after dark and return at midnight.

The RFs at Vung Gam compound live every day this way. It is a tedious, often boring routine. For excitement, they have firefights.

"I would venture to say that there is no fiercer soldier than a PF on his home ground. They're mean, and they know the territory," said Lt. Berls, "every nook and cranny."

The RFs and PFs may prove to be the key to hamlet security. Their constant ambushes and patrols, as one NVA Hoi Chanh admitted, "make it harder for us to get into villages and hamlets for reconnaissance."

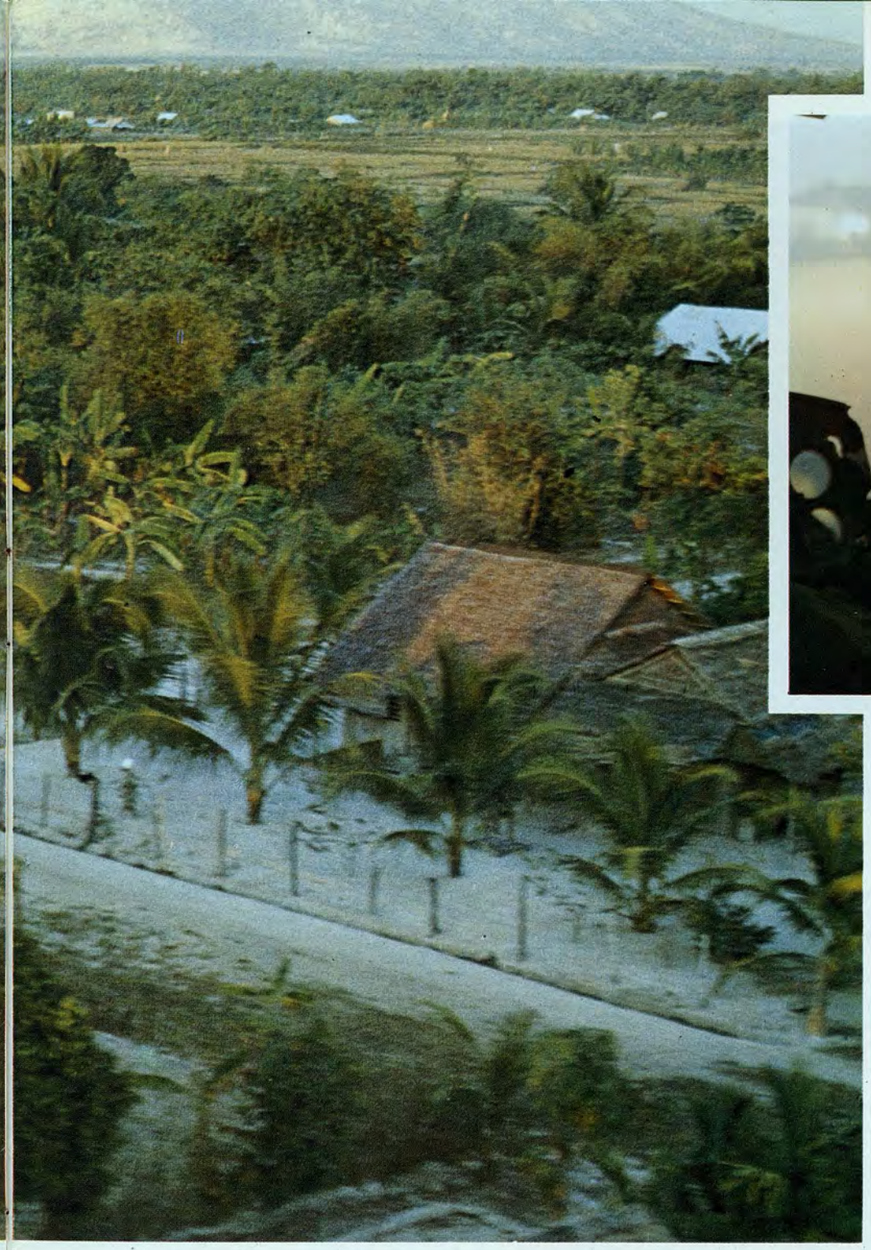
The role played by the Mobile Advisory Team emphasizes the Vietnamization of the war. The platoons possess a great deal of *esprit de corps,* and they are aggressive. "Usually it's 'Come look what we've done,' " said Lt. Berls. "They don't have to be constantly told to do something."

The Regional and Popular Forces were formerly a paramilitary type of organization. The full mobilization of Vietnamese forces, however, has thrust them into a primary role in the conflict. And they are chipping away at the enemy foundations in the hamlets and villages.

"There is no fiercer soldier than a PF on his home ground."

MANCUSI

An Apache low-bird dips down to check out a village



SEITZ

Alfa Troop, 1st/9th Cav

Apache Scouts

By Specialist 5 Don Sockol

The fragile, bubble-encased Light Observation Helicopter (LOH) flew out of Tay Ninh Base Camp at 7 a.m. Trailing it was the larger, more muscular Cobra, flexing 26 rockets, its dart-filled flachettes and two miniguns.

Lumbering above them was a Huey H-Model, maintaining a dignified aloofness, but ready to descend from the heights to help the delicate low-bird, the LOH (pronounced loach), if it ran into trouble. The H-Model accompanies the "hunter-killer" team on particularly dangerous missions. This was a "first light" flight. First light is always dangerous. The enemy is on his way back underground for the day.

The Apaches of A Troop, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), are a proud unit. The LOH crews are the proudest, with a fierce and tender comradeship.

"You get this close to a bunch of guys and realize they may not be here tomorrow—you're going to be pretty tight," said Specialist 4 Bill Gannon. "Even the bad guys are good."

Gannon is a gunner, or "Torque," who sits with his M-60 machinegun in the back compartment of the LOH.

SP4 Michael Sanders is an "Oscar." He flies in front with the pilot, on the left side. He carries an M-16 and watches the ground. Officially, he's listed as "observer," but if the pilot is shot, he's got to be able to take the duplicate controls in front of him and get the chopper down safely. Every Oscar goes up on training flights with a pilot so he'll be able to fly if the need ever arises—and it has.

The Torques and Oscars are all volunteers. And any man who wants out of the Scouts can get out.

Warrant Officer Edgar Rickabaugh volunteered to fly a LOH after 36 weeks of training as a helicopter pilot in the States. "There's not really too much to tell," Rickabaugh said about his job.

A few months ago a Medevac was flying into a firefight to pick up wounded infantrymen. The enemy fired on the Dustoff. Rickabaugh flew his LOH in front of the Medevac bird and took the enemy fire himself. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

The pilot of Apache 1–3, the low-bird, was new. He'd only flown about half a dozen missions in the LOH before. He and the Cobra accompanying him arrived at their AO (Area of Operations), the Northwest Recon Zone. It was little more than a mile from the Cambodian border and the low-bird was flying over an enemy-infested area.

The LOH is the "hunter" of the "hunter-killer" team. It flies at treetop level, looking for enemy bunkers, enemy trails—and the enemy himself. And it flies at a 45° degree roll angle in clockwise patters, which is not easy on the stomach.

In heavily infiltrated Tay Ninh

Donning chicken board: a little life insurance SEITZ

the LOH crews expect to find the enemy. They anticipate drawing fire at least once a day, and usually are not disappointed.

"You can see more action in one month with the Scouts than during a whole year in a line unit," said Gannon. "I'm not putting down infantry. They're fighting the war. But Scouts are something else."

Steffens used to be an infantryman before he volunteered to fly the low-birds. "When I was on the ground, whenever a LOH came in I figured my worries were over. They'd draw Charlie's fire and the pressure was off us. I thought they were crazy. And now," he added, "I still think they're crazy."

About an hour and 20 minutes of Apache 1–3's two hour flight had elapsed, recalled Cobra pilot, Warrant Officer Gene J. Olson. "We were fairly low on fuel," he said. "We were working about three clicks southwest of a big open area we call 'Pearson's Field.' We were working our way toward the field.

"There's a big trail through the field. Every once in a while it shows use. This was one of those times. So we told the low-bird to go down and check it out."

"You hope you find someone," Steffens said. "You hope he shoots at you, but that you get him first. It's part of the game.

"They've got the edge. They see us first and can take the first shot. Then we have to spot them."

If the LOH does make contact, the tactics are for it to get out of the way while spraying the area with small arms fire, and let the Cobra, the killer, come in to finish the job.

"But sometimes you wonder who the killer is," said Specialist 5 George Best, a Torque. "The low-birds get most of the kills."

From the vantage point of the high-flying H-Model the "hunter-killer" team looks like a fishing expedition. An invisible line stretches down from the Cobra to the tiny LOH which can barely be kept in view by the H-Model as it skims over the tree-tops.

If the enemy is the fish and the Cobra's job is to gather him in, only one part of the analogy is missing. The low-bird is the bait.

"I can't think of any other job over here that matches the job of LOH crews in courage," said Cobra pilot Olson. "If they find a fresh trail, they literally track the enemy down and bring him out by drawing fire."

"Sometimes I feel like pulling my hair over the job," said Gannon. "But after it's done, I feel good.

"You're proud of your bird," he said. "It's like having a new car. You want to clean it up and drive down the street and have people look at it.

"I get mad as hell when we get bullet holes. It means more patches. When we get shot up I get upset and tell the pilot, 'You got us bullet holes again.'"

"One-three went down to check out the trail," said Olson. "He was going from east to west at 50–60 knots. When he got to the edge of the trail, he took fire. The pilot radioed that he was getting hosed down. I started to roll in. About three seconds later he called and said he was still taking fire. Three seconds isn't a very long time, but when you're getting shot at it's an eternity.

"I told him to turn right, away from the clearing. I could see the Torque putting out fire like he was burning the barrel up. They took fire for about 800 meters. He didn't say what kind of fire, but it looked like AK. It had to be at least a company-sized unit to keep up fire for that distance.

"We were putting in mini-gun fire and I got about eight rockets off. Then I got another call from the pilot.

"He said, 'I'm hit.'"

Heading home with friend: "killer" Cobra SEITZ

"You ought to be here sometime when we have a scramble," Steffens said. "That's really something. The siren goes off and everybody—LOHs, Cobras, H-Models—everybody runs to their bird. I've seen guys go up in their underwear and I've seen guys go up with a towel wrapped around them.

"Because when that siren goes off," Steffens said, "you know somebody's down."

Olson contacted the H-Model to let him know 1–3's pilot was hit. The H-Model started its descent to pick up the crew when the low-bird landed away from enemy lines.

"I asked the pilot, 'Will you be able to make it?'," said Olson. "The last thing he said was, 'Yes, I can make it.'

"Then the bird nosed down and hit a tree. He either fainted or died from his wounds and fell forward on the controls and the Oscar couldn't fight him off. That's my theory. The chopper turned over and burst into flames."

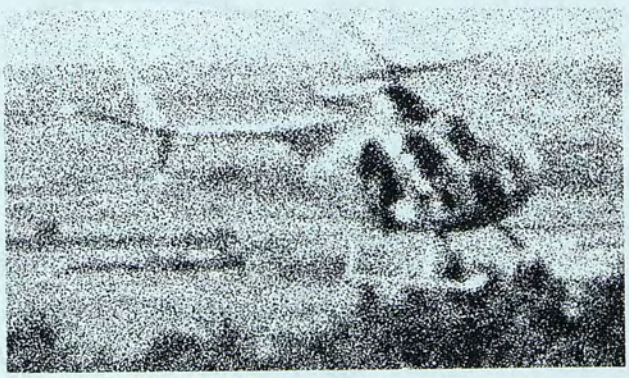
"I was the only one with a helmet. Everybody was standing around asking what happened. Then I heard, 'The low-bird blew up,' and I knew they were all dead. I knew who was on the aircraft and I knew they were all dead. I couldn't talk to the other guys. I had a big lump in my throat," Steffens said.

"Finally I got it out. 'They're all dead,' I said. 'They're all dead.' Everybody walked off with their heads down. It took a part of everybody."

Compared with the casualties they inflict on the enemy, the low-birds suffer little. When a man is lost though, it is not soon forgotten.

"Our motto," said Steffens, "is 'Scouts don't give a damn about nothing.' But there's one exception to that," he said with feeling. "We give a damn about our buddies."

The enemy that shot down Apache 1–3 sustained heavy casualties from Cobra rockets, artillery, and air strikes by Phantom jets. The men of Apache 1–3 had accomplished their mission. They had found the enemy.



This story is dedicated, at the request of the men of A Troop, to the memories of the crew of Apache 1–3.

Warrant Officer
Thaddeus M. Yonika —Pilot
Specialist 5
Christopher J. Gray—Torque
Specialist 4
Barry A. Kaletta —Oscar

HOUSER

A sapper demonstration: warning to the unwary

Sapper

By Lieutenant Bill Watson

APPROXIMATELY SIX HOURS WALK from the fire support base, the recon element broke down into four, three-man teams. They left the objective rally point (ORP) at noon and by 9 p.m. had worked their way through to the inner strand of the concertina wire. From this position the teams observed the location of bunkers, gun positions, estimated the number of personnel, and plotted the location of the CP. Detecting its location was easy because they could hear the generator and see the radio antenna. They also located guard positions and noted the time most personnel went to sleep.

At half past ten the teams began slithering back through the wire. While moving, they carefully removed the rubber bands they had carefully wrapped around trip flares on the way in, noted claymore positions, and checked possible lanes through the wire. The teams returned to the ORP and compared notes.

The following day they moved out again to reconnoiter the FSB. The teams verified their findings and checked for more details. They returned to the ORP and prepared for the three-day march to the battalion basecamp. There the recon team constructed sand tables for the members of the unit who were going on the operation.

Their previously elite six-month training period had been scrapped for a two-month cram course. Five principles had been stressed: detailed planning and reconnaissance; secrecy and surprise; speed; initiative, and flexibility.

The sapper element had been specifically tailored to meet the requirements of that mission. On other occasions it had been targeted against bridges and dock fortifications.

For the mission under study, the sappers would not make the way clear for a following infantry ground attack. In economy of force measures, superiors had handed down orders that the sappers were to attack alone. The infantry would provide only mortar and perhaps RPG fire.

In fact, a change of plans had moved up the attack schedule and there would be no time for a practice attack.

The battalion made the three-day trip to the ORP and when they arrived, they split up into companies. The companies were further divided into seven-man wire assault teams, six-man medical teams, and a 10-man assault team. They moved out toward the objective in the early afternoon and took a position near the outer strand of wire at 9 p.m.

The seven-man wire team began cutting through the concertina, slowly pulling the wire back, leaving a one meter gap. The team continued through each of the four strands of concertina, reaching the last at 10:30. One man was sent back to get the rest of the company.

The assault element was broken into three-man groups, each group armed with one RPG launcher with 11 rounds and one AK-47. The companies moved up to the final strand and waited for the signal to attack—a grenade thrown at midnight. They were to attack firing and throwing grenades. There was no signal to withdraw. They were to watch the company commander and estimate the half hour attack period. The companies were to make their own way back to the ORP by 7 the next morning.

(What happens next depends on the diligence of the fire base defenders. The above description of sapper tactics was compiled from prisoner of war accounts. It demonstrates the sapper's patience and attention to detail. With the sapper attack becoming an increasingly important part of the enemy's offensive strategy, the defender cannot afford to be less industrious.—Editor.)

Founding father Huynh Phu-So

The Mystery of the Hoa Hao

The altar of the Hoa Hao temple: stressing individual worship FEASE

By Specialist 4 Phil Schieber

AN GIANG STANDS OUT from its neighboring provinces deep in the Mekong Delta. It is the most pacified province in Vietnam.

Province officials attribute this relative tranquility to the Hoa Hao, a maverick Buddhist sect which claims seventy per cent of the approximately 555,000 people in the province.

Hoa Hao Buddhism was founded in 1939 by one of the most incandescent figures in Vietnamese history, Huynh Phu-So. Born in 1919 in Hoa Hao village, An Giang Province, Huynh Phu-So spent his sickly youth studying under the Buddhist monk Tra San. His illness was so severe and persistent that he had to withdraw from school before his 15th birthday.

In 1939, while on a pilgrimage to the sacred mountains of That-Son and Ta-Lon, Huynh Phu-So was miraculously cured. No one knows exactly what happened to him in the mountains, but he returned with a new evangelical fever.

He declared himself a prophet. He began to spread his doctrines, giving them the name of his village, Hoa Hao. Within a year after coming down from the mountains, Huynh Phu-So had over 100,000 followers. In time this number would grow to over two million, and the Hoa Hao sect would field its own army of 100,000 men during the turbulent years from 1945 to 1963.

The prophet set out to accomplish a reformation of Buddhism, because he believed it was on the wrong path in Vietnam. Discarding what he called the "futile rites and ceremonials unknown in the original teachings of Buddha," he stressed individual worship. Temples, statues, monks, and other outward forms of Buddhism were considered unnecessary. Buddhism was to be focused on the family, and the head of the family was the only priest necessary.

The prophet told his followers, above all else, to honor their parents, to love their country, to respect Buddhism and its teachings, and to love their fellow men. This simplicity of doctrine and its less demanding nature made Hoa Hao Buddhism particularly appealing to many people.

The prophet himself is said to have possessed tremendous charismatic appeal, a personal magnetism and sincerity so great that he was

soon referred to as the "Buddha reincarnate."

The new living Buddha reportedly commanded such awe and reverence when he spoke that pins could be heard dropping among the multitudes who flocked to listen to his preachings. Thousands of people believe they witnessed healing miracles performed by the prophet. He could also talk with foreigners, regardless of the language they spoke.

Huynh Phu-So's gift of prophecy foretold the defeat of the French in World War II, the coming of the Japanese, and, later, of the Americans to Vietnam. All these forecasts were made before World War II.

It was not surprising that the Hoa Hao developed a powerful political potential, and it did not go unnoticed by the French. In French circles, the living Buddha of the Hoa Hao sect was referred to as "the crazy bonze (Buddhist monk)."

The French considered So's teachings and prophesies anti-French and exiled him. Wherever they sent him, though, he gained still more converts. The French then placed "the crazy bonze" in a mental institution, where he reportedly converted the psychiatrist in charge.

After being declared sane and released from the asylum, So was exiled again to Bac Lieu Province. Finally, in desperation the French sent him to Laos.

In late 1940 the Japanese invaded French Indo-China and invited So to return to the country. The Japanese were not entirely altruistic in this gesture, however, for they were using the religious sects to establish anti-French forces. The Japanese armed the Hoa Hao and promised to grant its members liberty and independence.

After the Japanese defeat in 1945, Vietnam entered a new era of turmoil, and the Hoa Hao troops turned to pillage and murder. And when the French resumed control, the Viet Minh and the Hoa Hao joined forces to fight them.

In 1946 Huynh Phu-So founded the Vietnamese Democratic Socialist Party, ostensibly to save the Hoa Hao from "the threat of extermination" which seemed to be coming from every side.

Alligned with the Viet Minh in working for a free Vietnam, Huynh Phu-So and Ho Chi Minh tolerated each other for less than a year. In 1947, the Hoa Hao in the western provinces of the South balked at the dictatorial policies and methods of the Viet Minh. The Hoa Hao army split into several groups and began fighting both the French and the Viet Minh.

On April 16th, 1947, in an ambush in the Plain of Reeds, the Viet Minh killed Huynh Phu-So. His body was never found.

The assassination of Huynh Phu-So permanently estranged the Hoa Hao from the Viet Minh. The sect joined with the French in fighting the Viet Minh.

In 1954, the Hoa Hao found themselves under the South Vietnamese Government. They chafed under the Diem regime. The main problem was, and still is, that the Hoa Hao want to run their own show. They want a state within a state, an enclave of Hoa Hao oriented provinces.

Of course, if the Hoa Hao were permitted their own warlordship, then the Cao Dai would have to be appeased, and so on down the list of minorities until national unity would be a shambles. Diem ruthlessly set out to squelch the Hoa Hao.

FEASE

Hoa Hao villagers offer prayers

Hunted down by government troops, the Hoa Hao soldiers dispersed into small groups of guerrillas and worked along the Cambodian border. They also took land in the Plain of Reeds and tried to exist independently from the Saigon government.

Although hard-pressed at times, the Hoa Hao battalions were never fully destroyed by the Diem regime. Even after reconcilliation with the new government in 1963, bands of Hoa Hao guerrillas continued to live the furtive shadow life in the jungles and bush country. Chieu Hoi privileges are still extended to the old-time holdouts of the Hoa Hao, some of whom may still be out roaming the jungles.

Ever since the death of Huynh Phu-So, the Hoa Hao have been united only on religion. Their hierarchy is torn by two factions which both claim to represent the entire Hoa Hao population.

The people have preferred to remain aloof from the political antics of their self-proclaimed leaders. Having once travelled the route of violence, the Hoa Hao today tend to be isolationist in their politics.

After Diem, the government in Saigon began to encourage the sect, and in return the Hoa Hao have become strong supporters of the Saigon government. This trend was reinforced and expanded with the election of village and hamlet officials, many of whom are Hoa Hao. The appointed province chief of An Giang, however, is not a Hoa Hao.

In May of 1969 the Government of Vietnam received tremendous support from the Hoa Hao. When the 502nd VC Battalion moved into the Cho Moi district of An Giang, the Popular Forces, composed almost entirely of Hoa Hao, stood and fought.

Running a Dunkirk in reverse, the civilian population mobilized their Hondas, motorboats, and whatever was necessary to assist in the defense of their province. Referred to now by U.S. advisors as the "five day war," the VC invasion was a notable flop.

The last few years have shown that the Hoa Hao can work together on a religious basis that has enabled them to seal themselves off from communism. If, as Mao Tse-Tung has written, the people are the ocean and the guerrillas are the fish, why has the Hoa Hao "sea" proven so uninhabitable for the fish?

The Hoa Hao are intensely independent farmers and successful merchants. A Communist regime might force them into communals, a mode of life highly unpalatable to Hoa Hao tastes. The relative autonomy which they are now seeking through the democratic channels of the GVN would be denied them under a Communist government.

However, the failure of the Communists to gain even a precarious foothold in An Giang and its Hoa Hao population is due primarily to the murder of Huynh Phu-So.

Today the Hoa Hao in An Giang Province still wait patiently for the return of their prophet. In the village of Hoa Hao itself, the legends and teachings of Huynh Phu-So are read daily over public address systems. When men pass a Hoa Hao shrine, they remove their hats in reverence.

And An Giang Province remains secure—a living testimonial to a religious mystic.

1,000 Years of Vietnamese Poetry

THE FIRST VIETNAMESE POETS wrote some ten centuries ago and copied the poetic logic and style of the great Chinese Empire to the north.

Through the centuries this foreign verse has been gradually adapted to the inhabitants of Indochina. And in time, while most Vietnamese remain ignorant of the technical side of poetry, Vietnam has become a land of poets.

Vietnamese poets, possibly conscious of two thousand years of war and foreign domination, write often of the earth, the native soil. There seems to be less humor in their poetry than there is in Western or in other Oriental verse. It is concerned more with everyday life.

Western literary critics may not consider much of Vietnam's poetry great. It may not have the "essential craziness" which poet James Dickey considers important. When it doesn't rhyme, it invokes the criticism of Robert Frost when he said that writing poetry without rhyme is like playing tennis without a net. When it is simple, it falls prey to William Butler Yeats' classic statement, "What can be explained is not poetry."

But ultimately it is the reader's task to decide the fate of a poem. In the next few pages you are invited to sample the simple beauty of the poetry of Vietnam.

We sipped wine together
Out of golden cups.
Our friends around us
We talked of poetry
Together.

COX

Glory to you, the farmers !
May your harvests be good !
You occupy the second rank in society,
But if the rain and wind are regular, you are
raised to the first rank .
To have much rice is to be happy as a god,
Because rice gives abundance and security
in the home.

Vietnamese folk song

Fleeting Life

There are thirty-six thousand days
To a life
And I have wasted sixteen thousand
On nothing.
Please tell God to set back his clock.

Nguyen Cong Tru (1773–1858)

The Four Seasons

Spring

Warm, the light breathes, moves.
Stars hang blurred behind the pavilion.
Orioles sing near the willow screen,
Butterflies hunt perfume, flapping over
the flower-fence.

Summer

Breeze, red petals everywhere.
In a swing, I smile.
Orioles fly and sing of spring—
And skylarks too.

Fall

Colorless, the wind blows,
Swallows straggle away.
The lotus is dry,
Falling leaves are like rain in the
maple forest.

Winter

Fire, fireplace, glow,
Wine warms in the hand.
Snow blows through the door,
Wind sprays hail on the river.

Ngo Chi Lan (19th Century)

Going on the Wagon

Whenever I'm drunk
I want to go on the wagon. Really
I want to, but I like it,
I like it, and I can't, really,
I mean I can but
I won't.

To a Stone

It takes the whole earth to make you
a basket.
A thousand years of snow can't rot you.
No one knows you—but maybe the
River God.
Your lips are sealed, you lie with the
landscape
And laugh.

Nguyen Khuyen (1835–1909)

Regrets

Old—and so much still to do.
Heaven-and-earth is too vast: drink up!
With luck even a fool wins glory,
Without it a hero is helpless.
I fought like my lord, dreamt of holding
the earth's axis:
There's no way to reach the heavenly
river.
I've revenged nothing, my hair has
turned white.
How many times, in the moonlight,
have I sharpened my sword?

Dang Dung (18th Century)

Poems used are from *From the Vietnamese, Ten Centuries of Poetry,* edited, translated and with an introduction by Burton Raffel.

Women

Tea, wine, and women:
My three perpetual plagues.
I must forebear.
I might be able to give up tea, maybe
And even wine.

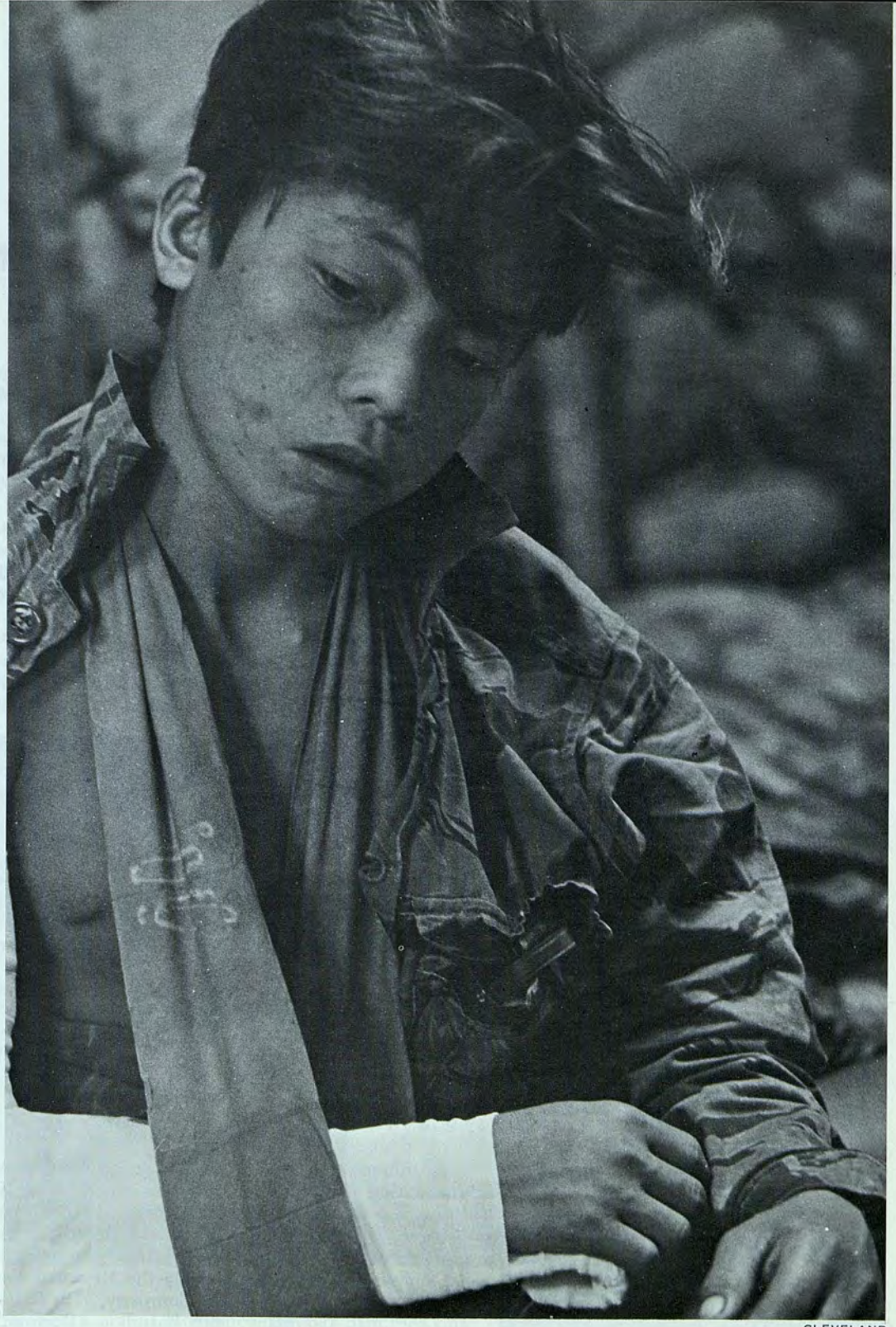
Tran Te Xuong (1869–1907)

COX

Where are those days of jungle-shaking rain
When I looked out, silent, at my own changing empire?
Where are those dawns, green trees in the sunlight
And birds singing to celebrate my sleep?
Where are those blood-red evenings
When I waited for the sun's death
So that darkness would be mine alone?
Ah, where are they, those days, lovely, lovely.

from Green Nostalgia: Soliloquy of a Tiger in the Zoo
Nho Rung (1906–)

COX



CLEVELAND

In the desert sand where you risked your life,
In this night's moon, where do you rest?
How terrifying must a field of battle be;
Six thousand leagues big, exposed to every intemperance
in the weather.
The cold wind lashes your face,
Your horse cannot withstand the heavy torrents. . .
When the war finally ends and the mountains and rivers
have recovered their ancient appearance,
The traveler, passing by, cannot help but be moved.

from a poem by Doan Thi Kiem (1705–1748)

HURRICANE BRIEFS

A "limited victory" over the GVN and its allies is about all the Communists can hope for, according to a recently-captured "Absolute Secret" Communist document.

According to the Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN) Resolution 9, issued last summer, the Communists have lowered their goals for the Vietnam War. For the first time since the fighting began, the enemy is now speaking of a "limited victory," one in which, after U.S. combat troops are redeployed from the Republic, the GVN might be forced to accept a coalition government with Viet Cong participation.

In previously-captured documents, only a "total victory," both military and political, was considered acceptable by the enemy. COSVN is the major Communist headquarters in the Republic of Vietnam.

Resolution 9, a complex of the enemy's political, military and economic considerations, represents an assessment of allied strategy and strength, outlines general tactics for the enemy's 1969–1970 Winter/Spring campaign and laments Communist failures of the war.

While the GVN's Chieu Hoi Program was cited as a "serious threat," the most serious concerns of the enemy, according to Resolution 9, are his own failures.

"Our province and district forces and even main force units of some military regions were not effective," stated the document. "Still poor" civilian proselytizing activities, and "prolonged difficulties in personnel replacement" were also admitted.

"Deficiencies in materiel support for the front lines," and the slow development of guerrilla warfare were mentioned as other areas of concern.

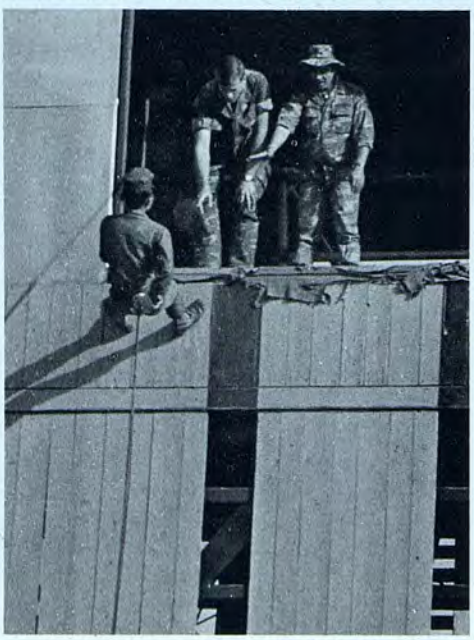
A Vietnamese farmer in Tay Ninh Province may now find it easier to transport his goods to market or a truck convoy traveling from Duc Hoa to Lai Khe may find the going less difficult—thanks to the improvements currently being made in the secondary road system throughout the six most populous provinces in III Corps.

"The program was initiated during the past monsoon season under the direction of Lieutenant General Julian J. Ewell, commanding general of II Field Force, and should be completed by mid-May," said Major John E. Stetzinger of the II Field Force Engineer Office. "When completed, over 362 miles of road will have been improved in Tay Ninh, Binh Duong, Hau Nghia, Long An, Gia Dinh and Bien Hoa Provinces.

"By opening the roads in these provinces, we hope to accomplish two main objectives: speed up pacification and improve military supply lines and communications," added Major Stetzinger. "We already find more and more people moving back into areas where the road work has just been completed. Long An is a prime example of this.

"Besides repairing the roads in these areas, bridges will be repaired or completely rebuilt. We are not building any new roads, just resurfacing them," explained Major Stetzinger. A large number of these roads were nothing but dirt roads, but are now being covered with a more durable laterite (red clay) surface. In Long An Province a large amount of rock is being used.

"The roads being repaired are usually only 12 feet, one-lane wide," Major Stetzinger continued. "This will restrict the size of the vehicles that will be able to use the roads. Heavy equipment—tanks—or other equipment of this nature will be forbidden to use the roads."



Rappelling made easy by 75th Rangers

A unique program in Vietnamization was recently completed with the graduation of 20 Regional Forces officers and NCOs from training in Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol (LRRP) techniques. Company D Ranger, 75th Infantry, assumed the role of instructors for the two, 10-man classes which ran for nine days.

Company D was requested by the Regional Forces to train the cadre of two companies—the 574th Company, 57th Battalion (Regional Force), and the 583d Company, 58th Battalion (Regional Force), so that upon return to their companies they could instruct their men in the techniques of long range reconnaissance patrolling.

The course of instruction included eight days of formal training, and one day and night in the field—to use the techniques they had learned in combat conditions.

The training included learning the art of rappelling 100 feet out of a helicopter, packing the equipment necessary for patrols, demolition, techniques of patrolling and setting up overnight positions, use of camouflage, and correct procedures of map reading and calling in artillery.

The instructors for the classes were First Lieutenant Allen H. Beiner of Glen Ellyn, Ill., and Staff Sergeant James B. Rawlinson, Birmingham, Ala.

"We try to keep the training as simplified as possible," Lt. Beiner said. Most of the instruction was supplemented by practical excercises. It is much easier for them to grasp this type of instruction than just lectures. We had our own training program for our incoming personnel, so the only real problem in adapting it for the RFs was the language."

As we've been told many times, you learn something new every day, and "Fashion Preview '70" wasn't exactly what anyone could call routine activity for Vietnam.

The masculine domain of war was invaded by eight Red Cross and Service Club girls with a combination of satire and honest to goodness feminine fashion. But not many of us could be led to believe that Army blankets, "the up and coming color for the '70s, worn according to one's sense of self," would be a smash hit back in the world.

Program director Mary Hull Webster, of Conover, North Carolina, expressed the motive for the presentation. "We wanted to show the guys what the girls back in the States are wearing, and also lessen the shock of returning to their radically dressed girl friend or wife."

Other "radical" ensembles, besides blankets, were both Army and Air Force flight suits, with many large zippered pockets for 10 pounds of various make-up and hair curlers, tapered camouflage fatigues complete with dirty boony hat and jungle boots for war protesters, and last but not least, the ever-present compassionate blue uniform of the "doughnut dollie."

The real fashions, recognizable by their feminine contours, came from each girl's Far East collection. Three different ensembles were presented by the individual models, from culottes to pant suits. Although few of the troops knew the technical differences between a mandarin collar and an empire waist line, the varying attire, and the eight feminine physiques kept the military audience highly motivated.

The fashions of the seventies?

The unsung hero of a romance that blossomed through the mails has been appropriately thanked by a U.S. soldier who recently left Vietnam.

For 11 months, Specialist 5 Paul Dunn exchanged letters with Laura Pascoe, a 21-year-old Southfield, Michigan, secretary. Dunn "met" Laura through the USO letter box and exchanging about 3,000 letters with her in 11 months kindled the fires of romance.

"But it couldn't have happened without the mailman," the letter-writing Casanova conceded.

So Dunn decided to show his appreciation by awarding the mailman three (unofficial) medals. A package sent care of the Pascoe address included:

The National Defense Ribbon: "For your meritorious support of the families and loved ones of the American fighting man." The Purple Heart: "For ground operations against hostile forces—rabid dogs and rabid cats." The Bronze Star: "With little regard for your own safety you delivered great volumes of mail despite such natural hazards as rain, sleet, snow and unbathed hippies who assemble for local war moratoriums." The awards, Dunn wrote, "reflect great honor upon yourself, your postal unit, and your civil service pension."

In a personal letter, Dunn wrote: "Mr. Mailman, you are one of those unsung heroes that has a very difficult and important job. For instance, if the mail wasn't so darn proficient, I would never have received my draft notice."

Dunn said he didn't know anything about the anonymous mailman, "except that he's very friendly when he delivers the mail to Laura." He loyally declared that if his mailbag romance ends in marriage, "I'll invite the mailman to the wedding."

HOSPITAL

The Job is Saving Lives

By Specialist 4 Ray Anderson

IT'S AN OLD STORY in Vietnam. The Medevac chopper arrives to carry the wounded to the nearest hospital for emergency treatment. But this is only part of the story. As the helicopter lands and the emergency room crew takes over, the real drama begins.

"The average Medevac is so fast today that we can be performing definitive surgery 45 minutes after the man is wounded," said Major Willis P. McVee Jr., 3rd Field Hospital triage (emergency room) officer. "It's remarkable in comparison to the average eight hours it took during the Korean War. This is the primary reason for Vietnam's low, two per cent fatality rate."

Hospital organization has changed significantly since Korea because of the helicopter. In the early 50s, a wounded soldier was moved from the company aid post to the battalion aid station where a doctor was located.

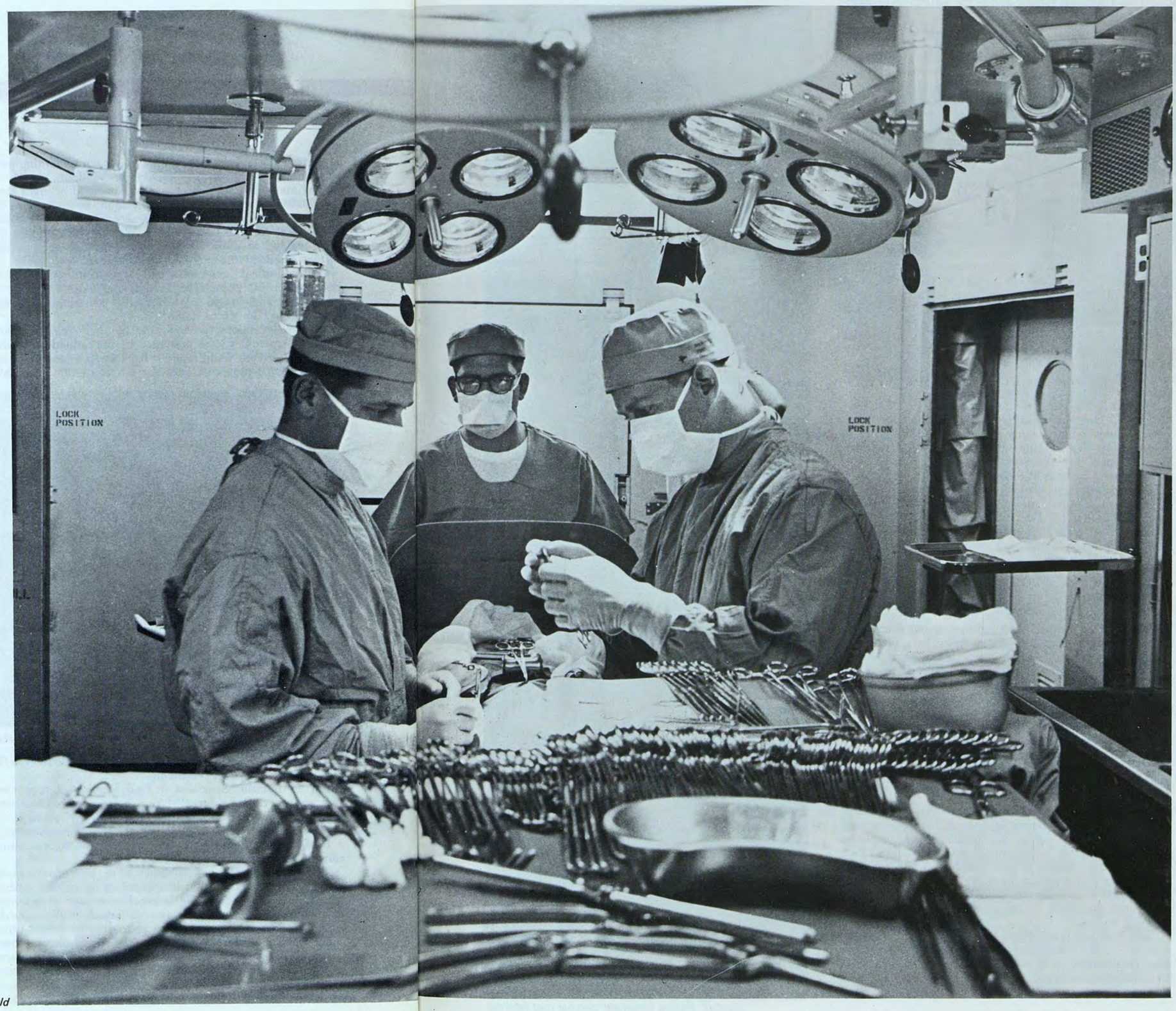
He was then shifted to a division clearing station which possessed such refinements as whole blood. The next step was a surgical hospital where definitive surgery was performed. The whole process could sometimes take days.

Today, according to Brigadier General David E. Thomas of the 44th Medical Brigade, the helicopter has all but eliminated the need for small forward surgical hospitals in Vietnam. "Except in unusual instances," General Thomas said, "the battalion surgeon no longer really participates in the actual treatment of war wounded." Thus the hospitals of the 44th Medical Brigade are essentially the same.

The 3rd Field Hospital has an artificial kidney unit as well as a cardial heart massage unit. The 24th Evacuation Hospital at Long Binh has a brain surgery capability, while others have a variety of specialties which give them distinct "personalities," but only a slight variance in capabilities.

They range in size from the 375-bed 93rd Evacuation Hospital in Long Binh to five 60-bed Medical Unit, Self-contained, Transportable (MUST) inflatable hospitals used primarily for emergency life saving surgery. Although the air conditioned hospitals of Vietnam are as well equipped as any hospital in the United States, men whose injuries will require more than 30 days to heal are transferred to Japan. If the total recuperative time is expected to exceed 60 days he will be transferred to a hospital in the United States.

Individuals whose injuries require a short period of hospitalization, and minimal medical attention, are sent to the Army's 6th Convalescent Center in Cam Ranh



A Vietnam operating room: best in the world

Bay. This 1,300-bed facility allows the patient to recover fully before going back to duty.

Helicopters, better facilities, and training have all contributed to the welfare of the patient, but a look at hospital procedure and organization only shows the technical side of the story. When there is an important job to be done, emotions are pushed aside. Life-saving is everyone's primary concern, but when it's all over and there is time for contemplation, the emotional, the human side of the story comes out.

Specialist 4 James C. Garrison, an artificial kidney specialist, said, "Seeing the severely injured and the dead always leaves me with a personal sense of loss, but it must be overcome so it doesn't affect my work."

It is not an easy job, the hours are long and the mental strain great. Taking care of the wounded is sometimes a thankless task to all except the victim. Major Joyce Gillespie, head nurse of the Emergency Room of 3rd Field Hospital, Saigon, said of the internal conflict:

"It tears us up, but we mask our emotions." Speaking of the nurses' attitude toward the patient she added, "We try to build their morale, by showing kindness, admiration and respect for what they are doing. Some of them may be teenagers, but they are all men."

Sergeant First Class Garland Gilliland, assistant chief wardmaster, 24th Evacuation Hospital, Long Binh stated, "It is a close-knit relationship with a 24-hour dedication to sustaining life. That means every life from a prisoner of war to an injured child."

"Tender loving care" is the reference Helen "Patches" Musgrove, correspondent for the Jacksonville (Fla) *Journal,* uses when describing the attention given a wounded GI. The one time nurse, who has lived near 3rd Field Hospital for the past three years, worked as a correspondent in both World War II and Korea.

Her esteem for this war's participant surpasses those of the previous conflicts, and the wounded hold a special place in her heart. "I've seen guys in the Emergency Room with wounds that made me hold my tears back, but their primary worry was for a buddy lying in a litter nearby."

"Patches" also spoke of the dedication of the staff: "I have seen a surgeon actually talk a man out of dying." Yet the doctor is perhaps the least emotionally involved.

Dr. William Chenitz said he thinks nurses get more involved with a patient because they spend more time with him. He described his relationship to a patient as one of person-to-anatomical structure. "If a doctor allowed it to become a person-to-person situation, he would be ineffective," he said.

Surgeons will go to the limits of medical knowledge to save lives. Open heart massage has been performed in the open triage area at 3rd Field Hospital. On another occasion, it was necessary to perform an operation in the parking lot—doctors carefully removed a live M-79 round from the patient's chest and handed it to a waiting demolition squad. (Silver Stars were awarded to the surgeons.)

After surgery everyone associated with the casualty contributes to his recovery. His mental attitude is very important. Nurses, medics and liaison NCOs have the closest relationship with the patient. Captain Elka Ballweg, of the intensive care ward at 3rd Field said, "When you give a patient intensive care 12 hours a day for a period of a week, and he tells you about his family and other problems it really hurts when something happens to him."

Staff Sergeant James W. Sanders of Fresno, California, volunteered for liaison duty with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) because his previous job as hospital statistician began to get on his nerves. "Figures bothered

CLEVELAND

"Dustoff" leaving battlefield: two per cent fatalities

Vietnam Nurse

By Captain Jim Haney

EVER SINCE THE Revolutionary War Army nurses have gone wherever the soldiers are, sharing in the hardships and dangers. And today in Vietnam, female nurses are much in evidence.

One such nurse is Lieutenant Sue Lazar, a postoperative nurse with the 45th Medical Unit, Self-contained, Transportable (MUST) hospital at Tay Ninh.

Like many other nurses, Sue, a graduate of Saint Vincents in Indiana, said that she has learned much from her experience in Vietnam. "I wouldn't trade it for the world," she said, "I really had my eyes opened here at the hospital. It's very satisfying when a guy opens his eyes and sees you there next to him and his face lights up with a big smile. It's a lot different from working an eight hour day back in the States."

Like Sue, most of the nurses are on active duty for only two or three years. "Eleven of my graduating class of 46 came into the Army and most volunteered for Vietnam. Presently I have six brothers at home and here I am in Vietnam. Of course, they are all too young to be in the Army." she added.

Sue noted that when the hospital is filled the nurses don't even have time to eat, and they work 14 to 15 hours straight. "We don't get away from the hospital very much. It's a real hardship when someone goes on leave or a three day pass because nurses are in great demand."

HAWK

A Pretty Smile Helps

When not working her shift, Sue usually relaxes with a book or sits around with some of the other nurses and discusses the latest fashions, world problems, and boyfriends back home. "One of our favorite times of the day is mail call. But I guess that's true of most soldiers in Vietnam."

Before coming to Vietnam, Sue received training in setting up a perimeter defense, escape and evasion and many other things in which the average soldier is trained. "The courses were geared for the fellows, but we trained right through it with them. I even have a survival certificate. One of these days I'll show it to my grandchildren. I'm sure they won't believe it," she smiled.

Sue thinks about the Vietnam war far more than most women. It is closer to her. She isn't complaining, at least not to the point of violent protest. She thinks the U.S. is a pretty nice country.

"Most women don't realize or never experience how or what the men are feeling when rockets come in, or never think much about sandbags or concertina, but here you find yourself thinking about it daily. Rockets don't discriminate between male or female—so you hit the dirt or the bunkers just like the men.

"Sure," she said. "It's a little discouraging to be here at times but being a nurse is an important job. I know how badly we are needed and I've had friends over here—well, I suppose everybody has—and they've been able to stand up to it and I guess I can too."

The days seem long to Sue just as they do to most Americans, but the only real complaint she could come up with was, "I guess the most discouraging thing here is when you have your hair tucked under your hat, your fatigues and boots on and a little Vietnamese girl walks up to you and asks, 'You boy or girl?' "

On the way to recovery HAWK

me, and I felt I would be happier trying to help the guys.

"They have such damn good spirit," Sanders continued. I recall one Floridian amputee whose biggest worry was a promotion to sergeant first class. Major General E. B. Roberts promoted him before he left the hospital for further treatment in Japan." This man's spirit is exceptional, but the majority of the patients have a similar attitude. An *espirit de corps* binds them in the field and keeps them going strong in the hospital. Many of the ambulatory patients would rather be with their buddies then spend a night in the hospital.

Private First Class John Masterson from New York City was working with a demolition team when a booby-trapped Chicom grenade exploded, severely injuring him, his commanding officer and two others. After being hit he recalls lying there thinking, "I know it wasn't the 155 round we were trying to detonate because I'm still alive." He was aware of a dull ache in his side "like having the wind knocked out of me." He thought about his basic training first aid and then one of his buddies assured him he would be all right. "I thought I was really messed up, until the guys told me again with a little more authority."

Masterson was rather indignant about the thought of going to the hospital in a supply chopper, and he broke into a smile as he remembered someone saying, "He always wants to go first class."

Masterson was very pragmatic about his work and the thought of getting wounded had never bothered him. The impact of being wounded didn't even hit him, he said, until he was flying toward the hospital on the chopper. He became scared and then thought about shock setting in and reassured himself thinking, "keep cool fool, it's not that bad."

Reflecting upon the care he had been given, Masterson said, "I have more confidence in these Army doctors and nurses than any civilians. The nurses always have time to be friendly. The doctors are great. They're considerate and they take the time to explain what is going on. The entire staff just wants to make you feel better."

There is a great deal of satisfaction derived from hospital work, but one of the best assessments of the situation was proposed by "Patches" Musgrove. She likes to call it a "symphony of medicine," because everyone works together for a successful performance. But here the accolades are seen in a single smiling face rather than the applause of thousands.

Life in the North

By Specialist 5 Don Sockol

IT IS STILL DARK at 5:30 in the morning when the people of Chau Xa village begin to rise. There are more than 3,000 in the village. Eyes are rubbed as the villagers come sleepily to their feet. Children's voices are heard. But overall, the village is very quiet. Most of the young men are gone.

Chau Xa is in Hung Yeu Province, about 15 miles southeast of Hanoi. The village was home to Le Van Hung until last May, when he escaped from his NVA unit and rallied to the GVN.

From interviews with Hung (not his real name) and four other former North Vietnamese soldiers, a picture of life in the enemy's land begins to emerge.

Most people in the North live in the countryside. Across the country, villages mirror the life of Chau Xa.

After awakening at 5:30 a.m., the people of Chau Xa usually eat breakfast of a potato, or bread, and tea. At 7 a.m. a recorded bugle call signals the start of the working day.

Office workers go right to their desks, while the farmers, the majority of the people, meet at a central issue point to pick up their state-owned tools. Then they drive the community water buffalo herd to the fields.

"I don't know how the old men feel about communal ownership of the land, but the young men are very happy, because they enjoy working together," Hung said.

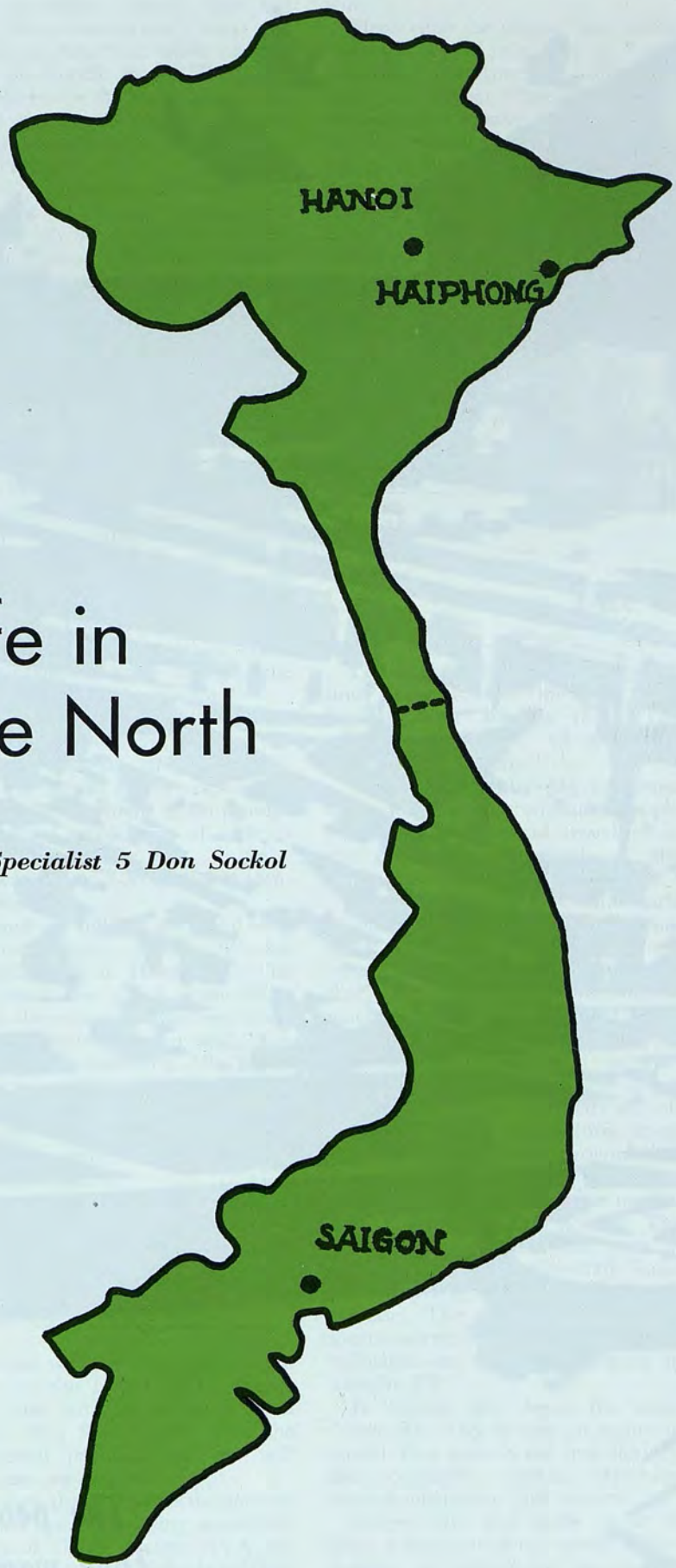
The women also work in the fields while their pre-school age children are cared for in the village nursery. "The women like being considered equal," said Hung. "Sometimes they even get to take charge and command the men."

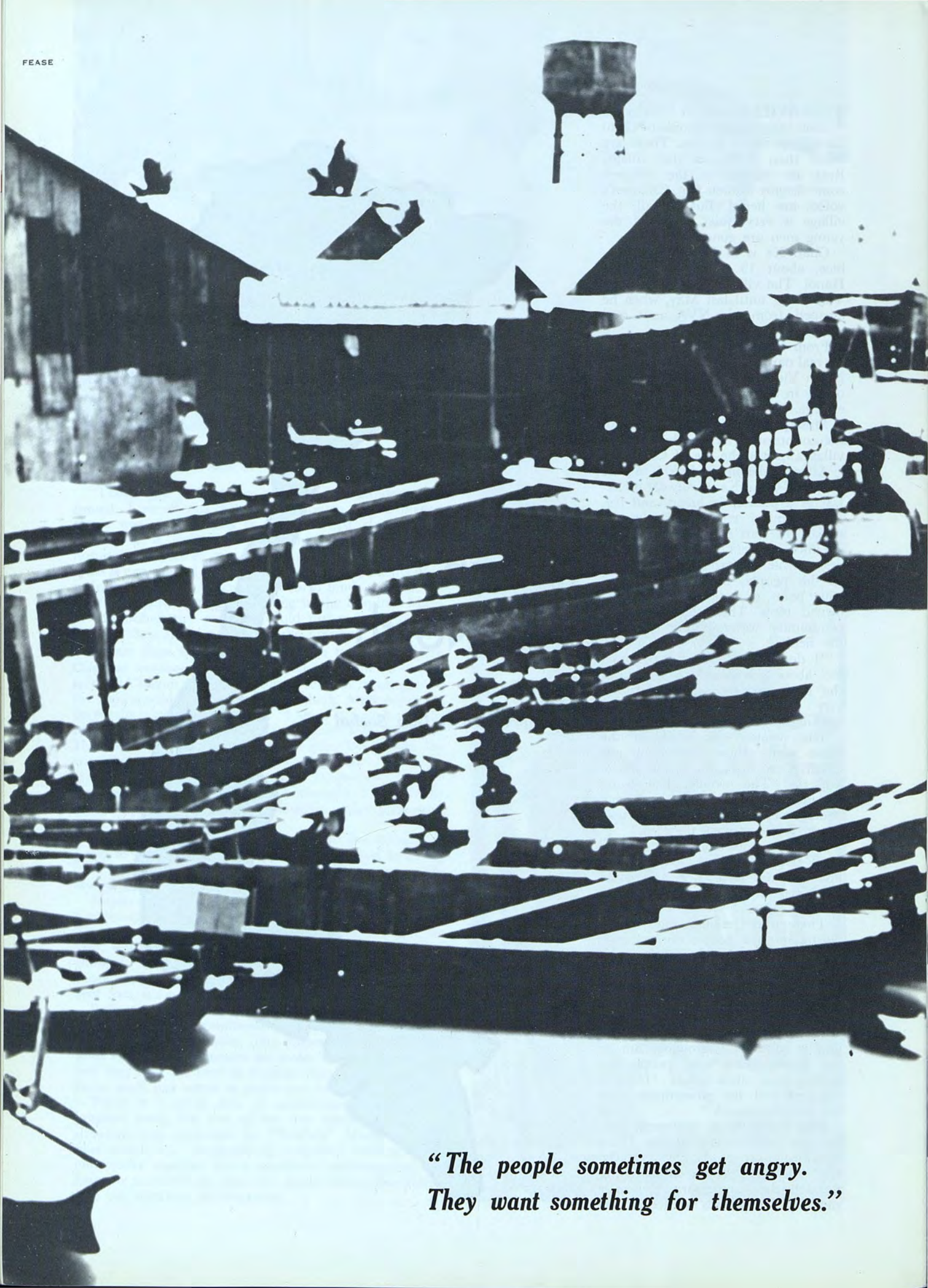
Everyone stops work from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. and goes home to eat lunch. They have rice and some fish; sometimes they get a little meat.

There is not enough food in the North, but the people don't starve. The soil is not as rich as it is in the South and the war has had its effect. Even so, said Hung, it is better in the rural areas, where the crops are grown, than it is in the cities.

In the South, the urban population is continually growing. But in the North, Hung said, people are leaving the cities where "food is rationed and the government cannot provide enough."

Phan Van Minh has spent half his life in the city, in Ha Dong Province, east of Hanoi. "In the city," he said, "there is rationing through the commissary. Everbody can buy five pounds of rice at one





"The people sometimes get angry.
They want something for themselves."

time. My province had plenty and we could buy as often as we wanted. But rice is scarce in some provinces and the people can buy only one or two days a week."

After lunch, the people return to work until 5 o'clock. Sometimes they work overtime. Le Van Hung complained that the people were "forced to work too hard for too many hours. Sometimes one man would have to work as hard as two," he said. At 6 p.m. or 7 p.m. families gather for dinner, which is a rerun of lunch.

"Rice is distributed according to how many points you have."

From 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. each week night, the villagers of Chau Xa gather to discuss the day's work and to plan for the future. The effort of each worker is evaluated on a 1–10 point scale. A real workhorse will get the full 10 points. A complete goof-off might only get one. "Rice is distributed according to how many points you have," said Hung.

On an occasional Sunday there will be dances for the young people, so they can relax after a hard week. Western dancing is passed up for more traditional Vietnamese folk dances.

The villagers spend Saturday night at the movies. Every week there is a double feature. The first is a documentary which carries one of three messages: the South Vietnamese government is not nice; the North Vietnamese government is very nice; NVA soldiers are glorious in battle.

The second movie is a full-length dramatic feature—usually something like a Communist's answer to "Where Eagles Dare." Hung's favorite was "The Wind Blows." He gave a quick summary of the plot:

A husband and wife who are Communists living in the South spend a lot of time putting the bad mouth on Americans. GVN soldiers come and kill the husband. Later, the wife's brother, an ARVN second lieutenant just out of OCS, visits the village, where he is told his sister is a Communist. He refuses to believe it at first, but reluctantly convinced, breaks off relations with her.

Then South Vietnamese troops, accompanied by an American captain as an advisor, occupy the village. The wife is caught spying and tortured. But, pretending she is crazy, she only laughs at the torture and doesn't tell her captors anything.

Her brother is called to interrogate her and she converts him to communism.

The American captain does not believe the woman is really crazy and calls in an American nurse to give her a psychiatric exam. The nurse sees how badly the woman has been treated and lies to the captain, telling him the woman is indeed mentally deranged.

Finally, a Vietnamese doctor who is treating the "crazy" woman, but who is really a Communist in disguise, acts as courier for his "patient" and smuggles plans of the camp out to Communist troops. The Communists overrun the camp and the woman's brother proves he has seen the light by shooting the American captain. Hung said the Americans in the movie were played by Russians.

Through movies and controlled news, the government tries to arouse hatred toward Americans.

"The North Vietnamese hear all the time about American atrocities," said Nguyen Van Son, who came from Yan Phong Village, about 90 miles southwest of Hanoi. "They don't really know. They hear, but they don't see for themselves. After the bombing started, though, the people hated the Americans."

Tran Duc Phuc was fishing off Haiphong Harbor with four of his neighbors when the first bombs fell there. The depth of his response to the bombing is evident in his prompt and staccato recollection of when it took place.

"It-was-8-p.m.-5-August-nine-teen-sixty-four."

He and his fellows were out on a government boat, catching fish for the commissary in Haiphong. "The first thing I saw was a plane flying up and then down. I was very mad. Another man in the boat said, 'The Americans are bombing. We better run away and hide.' " But instead, Phuc said, the men stayed where they were and watched. They continued their fishing.

"Every year the government promises the war will end. . ."

In other ways the war has affected morale in the North. "The people don't want war for so long," said Nguyen Van Son. "Every year the government promises the war will end in one or two years."

Do they think the North can win the war? Le Van Hung spoke the feelings of all the former NVA soldiers when he said, "Nobody will win this war. The Russians and Chinese help North Vietnam. The U.S. helps South Vietnam. This way nobody wins."

Meanwhile the people have to live with the war. Little boys in North Vietnam, like American boys their age, play soldier. Interestingly, the make-believe enemy they pursue is not the Americans, but the French. "This is because they have never seen an American soldier," said Nguyen Van Son. Perhaps children need to "fight" an already defeated enemy to provide the certainty of victory their game requires. In the United States, boys playing war fight the Germans.

At 17, the game becomes reality. The boys are eligible for the draft. A levy is posted in each village two or three times a year. Before 1965, draftees were inducted for two years. Now it is for the duration.

"All the young men are in the Army."

The biggest change in village life since escalation of the war, said Nguyen Van Son, is that "The village is very quiet. All the young men are in the army."

Nevertheless, daily life unrelated to the war must be continued. People eat, build, go to school, travel, go to the doctor, get married—all the things that are done in peace time.

The North Vietnamese child starts school at five-years-of-age. Every child attends four years of primary school, said Nguyen Van Son. After that, an examination will decide whether he attends the first three years of high school, and another examination determines if he goes on to the second three years.

Every village has a primary school; every district has two or three lower high schools and every province has three or four upper high schools.

School is in session four or five hours a day, five days a week. The last day is spent in some form of "practical labor." One-half hour every morning is devoted to physical exercise. The children play team sports—soccer, basketball, baseball, volleyball—as well as engaging in straight PT.

In school, they learn the usual "three Rs," and as they go higher in school, they branch out into subjects like geography, algebra, literature, physics, chemistry and history.

During the last three years of high school, students study either Russian or Chinese for one hour a

week. No language is taught in the lower grades, and no other languages are taught in high school.

Nguyen Van Son said students are taught "the good practices of Communist countries and only bad about others." They get a general picture of the American Revolution and are taught in more detail about segregation in the U.S. and that "many millionaires make money off the poor.

"We know the U.S. is the richest country in the world," Son continued, "but we are told that white people become rich off the toil of the Negro."

Everyone in the country must know how to read and write. "Even old men are sent back to school to learn," said Son.

One of the most appreciated efforts of the North Vietnamese government is in the area of medical care. Every district has a hospital, the men said; every village has a dispensary and every hamlet has a public health nurse who has received one year of formal training.

There are very few cars or motorcycles in North Vietnam. What few there are, said Pham Cong Dung, who lived 8 miles east of Hanoi, are "company cars" driven by government officials and returned to government garages at the end of the day.

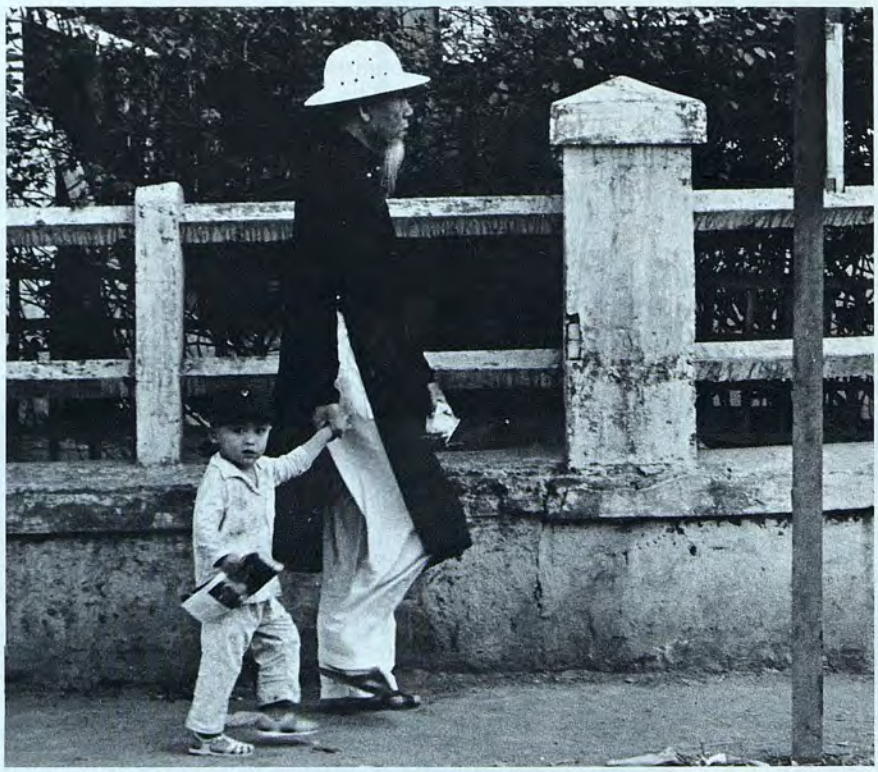
Many of the people use bicycles. Buses run regularly between the cities and district towns, while trolleys move about inside Hanoi.

Compared to Saigon, Hanoi is far quieter, and has fewer stores. The stores do not carry the variety or quantity of merchandise that can be found in Saigon. And there are lines in front of all the shops, said Phan Van Minh.

"The economy is much better in South Vietnam," he said. "The standard of living is higher and life is much better." But, he added, "In North Vietnam, the cities are much more beautiful. There is no congestion and no garbage on the streets."

Saigon-style "tea" bars do not exist in Hanoi, but the government does operate clubs where men go to tip a few. The clubs have no bar girls, but a pretty hostess is stationed behind the bar (where she has to stay) to catch the customer's eye. While the bombing was still going on, the city had an 11 p.m. curfew. Now people can stay out all night. Pham Cong Dung said, however, that the town pretty much rolls up its sidewalks at about 10 p.m.

The reaction of the men to South Vietnamese women varied. Le Van Hung, who said he left school after primary graduation because he was a "playboy," said he liked the girls in the North better, because they were more natural. "The girls in the South wear too much makeup."



In the North, like the South, life goes on despite the war

Nguyen Van Son, on the other hand, has apparently been "corrupted" by bourgeois life. "When I first came south I had a bad impression of southern girls," he said. But now he thinks they are more beautiful *because* of the use of makeup, and mini-skirts. "Life is harder in North Vietnam, so the girls are not so much fun," he said understandingly. "They only work hard."

North Vietnam is much more old-fashioned than the South, but the men do insist on choosing their own marriage partners. If love does blossom, though, and the two sweethearts want to get married, they have to arrange the affair through the Communist Party.

Le Van Hung is a Buddhist, but he does not believe in religion. "The Communists taught me it was false," he said. He explained that those who want to worship are free to do so, but "You may not bring someone to the pagoda with you." In other words, no missionary work is allowed, no spreading of the word.

"There are also no more anniversaries for ancestors," Hung said. "The old men do not like this, but the young men are very happy about it. The young men believe in science. They don't believe in showing reverence to ancestors or the gods."

The men spoke of the many good things the government does for the people in the North. Tops on their list is that, as Nguyen Van Son put it: "Everybody is now equal. There are no rich people. Everybody is the same."

Le Van Hung spoke about how the government distributes movies to the villages, irrigates the land and builds schools and hospitals. Nguyen Van Son said public health was very good and lauded the building of many roads through local self-help projects.

Son also felt, however, the people were forced to work too hard. He had second thoughts, too, about the Communist policy which ends discussion on a matter once the Party has made a decision. Lastly, he commented that "Life is much better in South Vietnam. If you need something and have the money, you can buy it. There is enough of everything. In the North, everything is limited by the government."

Tran Duc Phuc praised the government for its support of agriculture and fishing. "The government gives motorboats to the fisherman and farm machinery to the farmers."

But when asked if there was anything the government did that he did not like, Tran Duc Phuc shrugged his shoulders and admitted: "Though the government does many good things, everything is for the government. The people sometimes get angry. They want something for themselves."

Davis Cup Tennis

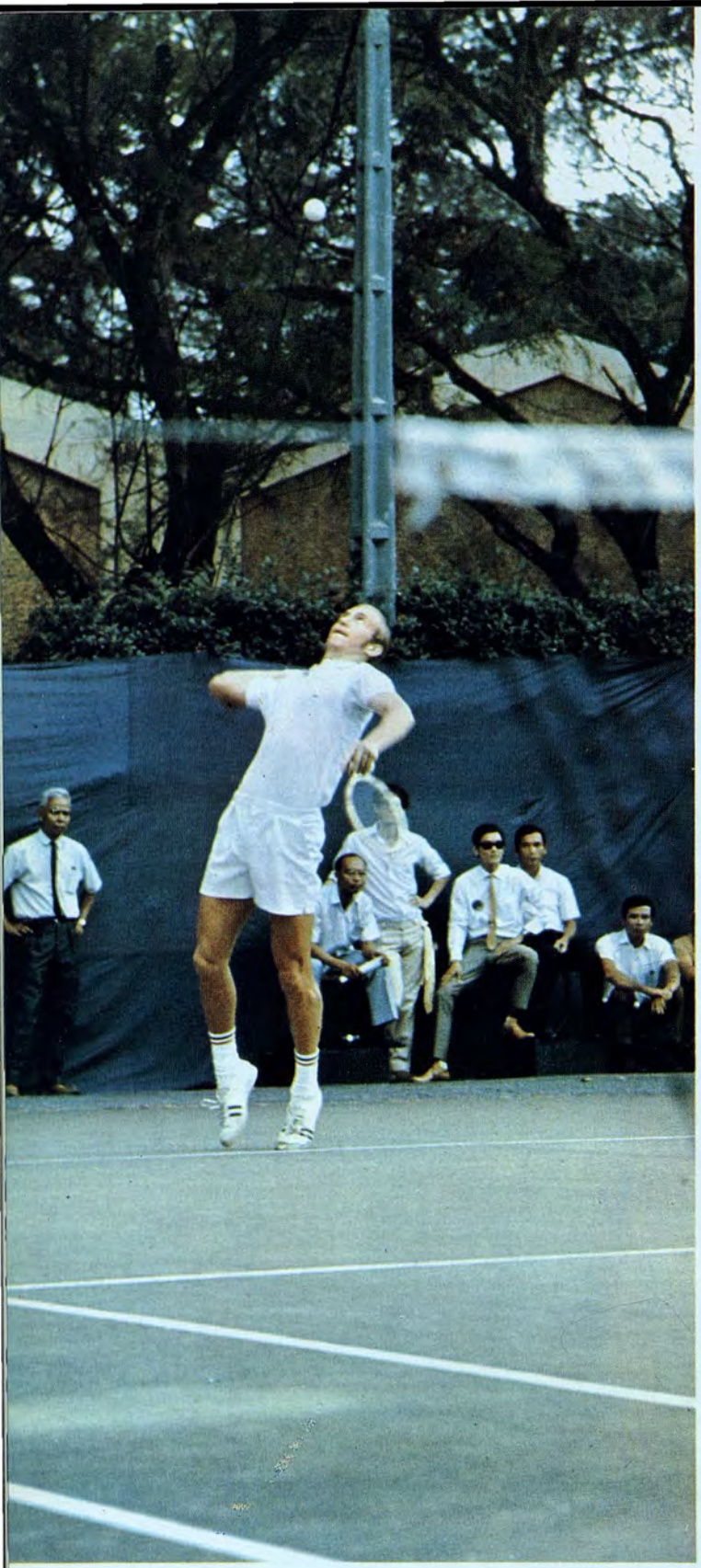
By Specialist 4 Ray Anderson

THE U.S. DAVIS CUP tennis champions concluded a five day tour of Vietnam recently with an exhibition match against Vietnam's top two players. The visit and the match was arranged and organized by the Lawn Tennis Federation of Vietnam, Vietnam's Directorate of Youth, and the American Embassy's cultural attache.

The team included Arthur Ashe, Stan Smith, Bob Lutz and Jim McManus. They spent the first three days of their Vietnam good-will tour visiting Can Tho, Binh Thuy, Long Binh and various hospitals.

A crowd of approximately 1,500, including Vice President and Mrs. Nguyen Cao Ky, and Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker gathered at the *Cercle Sportif* to watch Vo Van Bay and Vo Van Thanh, recent doubles champions of the Southeast Asia Peninsula Games at Rangoon, Burma, challenge the world's Davis Cup champions.

GOTTLIER



Action on the court, a pause in the heat,
Distinguished guests discuss a shot
and symbol of a future in tennis

LYNCE

Jim McManus and Bob Lutz won the first set, 6–4, but Thanh and Bay came thundering back to win the second set easily, 6–1. The last set went down to the wire with Lutz and McManus squeezing out a 6–4 win to conclude the match.

An interested observer was Vietnam's advisory coach for the past five months—Colonel Albert J. Geraci, II Field Force signal officer. Colonel Geraci has participated in, and won, numerous All-Army tournaments since 1948, and was assistant tennis coach at West Point from 1958 to 1961. He is confident the Vietnamese team could do a good job in the Asian circuit.

Lutz agreed, "They play darn well, and do a good job in doubles." Stan Smith spoke of his singles match with Thanh. "I played him last January and he seems to be more aggressive and confident. He would need constant international competition to improve much more." Ashe continued the accolades saying, "They have a wider variety of shots, and are very quick."

Following the exhibition matches, Vice President Ky

congratulated the American team and spoke briefly, noting that the future of Vietnam lay in its youth, and that international athletic programs strengthened national pride.

Tennis is an all-year sport in Vietnam, but all the tournaments are held between October and April to avoid monsoons. And most of the tournaments are held in the evening, since the majority of the players work during the day. Bay and Thanh, for example, are National Policemen by vocation.

Today there are more than 450 tennis clubs in Vietnam, a remarkable number considering the war. Late this month a national board will choose from the members the country's top players for the Davis Cup competition.

Colonel Geraci said he hopes to get Arthur Ashe back to advise the Vietnamese during his two-week Army reserve duty. "Then we can get ready for the Japanese," the colonel said, referring to next month's Davis Cup zone matches against Japan.

THE FALLING GROUND OF BUNARD

A Vietnamese Legend

TRAVELING ALONG THE dirt road which leads to Bunard, a person notices a long gaping schism in the countryside, running parallel to the road. At one time this ground was level with the rest, until the natives of Phuoc Long Province angered their gods.

Many years ago, various mountain tribes met in this area to celebrate an annual festival of leisure. They honored the gods with animal sacrifices and then drank and enjoyed themselves. A thousand people attended, bringing cows, water buffalo and pigs with them to be offered as sacrifices.

But someone opened the jars of liquor first and by the end of the first day of the festival, all the people were drunk and were killing their animals for food. Four days of singing, and merrymaking ensued, without a thought to the gods for whom the festival was intended.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from the sky. "You have been a disgrace to the gods and will be punished," it said. And the chanting and playing of bamboo and wooden musical instruments stopped. The ground shook, opened and closed, burying everyone and everything. No one survived the anger of the gods and to this day, the people of Phuoc Long remain silent as they pass the famous "falling ground of Bunard."

Davis Cup Tennis