

CAPT. TO NASA?

PHU HIEP, RVN (225TH AVN CO)— A Mohawk pilot of the 225th here is being considered for training as an astronaut.

The pilot is Captain Thomas E. Edwards of Enterprise, Ala., a section commander for the Phantosawks, and he has this opportunity thanks to a new DA program designed to prepare Army Aviators for NASA exploration missions.

The Army approached the captain about the program last spring.

Capt. Edward's credentials for the honor are impressive, as he has a master's degree in aeronautical engineering from the University of Illinois, and has completed two years' study toward a doctorate.

His preparation program is designed to add practical flying experience to his knowledge of theory.

In Southeast Asia, the captain will fly fixed-wing aircraft for six months and round out his tour with six months of rotary-wing flying.

After D-ROS, DA will review his flight record with an eye to future training and will probably assign him to either Ft. Rucker, Ala., or Edwards AFB, Calif. Pos-

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GRiffin
GAB

Vol. III No. 12 QUINHOM, RVN August 1970

CAPT. ROBESON TAKES OVER 203d

PHU HIEP, RVN (203d AVN CO)— Captain Carlton F. Roberson assumed command of the 203d Aviation Company in a ceremony here July 22.

He succeeded Major William A. Moldaschel, commander here for the last six months. Before the ceremony formally began, the major, who will be an instructor in the ROTC department of Loyola University (Chicago), received an Oak Leaf Cluster to his Bronze Star.

The change of command ceremony began with a reading of orders and the transferral of the guidon and combat leader's tabs to the new commander, Capt. Robeson.

Speaking in turn to the assembled troops were Lieutenant Colonel William M. Jenkins, Jr., 223d Aviation Battalion commander, who presided over the ceremony, Maj. Moldaschel and Capt. Robeson.

Distinguished guests at the ceremony included Colonel Joseph B. Starkey, 17th Aviation Group commander, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph L. Paras, Jr., 268th Aviation Battalion commander, and Major Richard C. Axtell,

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EDITORIAL

VOTE INFORMED

The first part of the democratic election process is the nomination of candidates. In many states the process is still going on, with some states scheduling their primaries as late as October.

Within the two major parties-- and in smaller ones as well-- men and women are competing for the right to represent their party and receive its backing in the general election Nov. 3.

Our boys for nomination take election campaign later on, are intended to give each side of facts about the candidates seeking votes. Each candidate makes sure that his own points and his views get publicity, and rivals usually air each other's weaknesses.

Now is an excellent time for servicemen to get the picture of the people who will be running for office in November. Newspapers, magazines, radio and television are reporting their actions and statements on public issues. Read, watch and remember.

Above all, keep in mind that the best informed serviceman or woman in the world won't be able to cast his vote this fall if he is not eligible. So find out what the candidates stand for, make sure you meet your state's voting requirements and secure your absentee ballot: then you'll be prepared to exercise one of your most precious rights Nov. 3. (AFPS)



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CHAI

BIRD DOG TAKES POW

PLEIKU, RVN (219TH AVN CO)— Bird Dog pilots are trained to be flexible while accomplishing their combat support mission, but how many get to direct the capture of a prisoner of war?

Captain Frank A. Doherty of the 219th Aviation Company here has.

The rare opportunity occurred July 12 when the veteran pilot from San Francisco was flying a routine visual reconnaissance mission for Pleiku Sector over "East Valley," a known VC lair. The captain was rechecking a few suspicious spots when he caught some movement out of the corner of his eye.

Maneuvering his aircraft toward the motion, he saw a man clad in black running across an

open field. Capt. Doherty made a low pass over the man and instructed his observer, Specialist 4 Arnold M. Laney, Jr., a 219th crew chief from Auban, Wash., to drop a smoke grenade in front of the fleeing man.

The VC reversed his flight, but he soon found two more smoke grenades dropped in front of him. The enemy soldier didn't know where to turn next.

In the meantime, Capt. Doherty had contacted Warrant Officer Robert H. Jackson, a 219th pilot from Yorba Linda, Calif., who was flying a separate recon mission, two UH-1 slicks of the 189th Aviation Company and a team of Cobra Gunships from the 361st Aviation Company.

After briefing the helicopter pilots on the

situation, the captain directed the slicks to a landing zone a few feet away from the enemy, who was now kneeling and apparently praying. While the Hueys descended, Capt. Doherty and Mr. Jackson watched for signs of a trap while the gunships provided overhead cover.

The captain, sensing the reluctance of the VC to climb aboard, made a low pass and dropped another smoke grenade, which persuaded the enemy soldier to accept the offered ride.

After landing, Capt. Doherty contacted the intelligence section that interrogated the prisoner and learned that he was a young Montagnard enlisted by the VC and that he was deathly afraid of the brown bird that drops smoke from the sky. More important, he had a wealth of information about enemy activities, and he was singing like a myna bird.

While it probably would have been easier just to call artillery in on the lone Charlie, Capt. Doherty exercised a little flexibility, and helped the intelligence section gain information that might help save Allied lives.

CAPT. EDWARDS

Navy Test Pilot School at Patuxent River, Md.

Capt. Edwards has set a personal goal of completing 2,000 hours of flying before his tentative assignment at Patuxent River.

To date he has logged over 700 hours toward that mark, 2000 flying with the 225th.

The captain also holds the post of unit safety officer.

CROSS SECTION-- PHAN THIET: THE PLACE

PHAN THIET, RVN (183D AVN CO)-- The GIs sit and idly leaf through battered magazines that people back in the world would have thrown away months ago. Once in a while one would look up and squint over the concrete floor of the hangar, past the aircraft revetments toward the steel-mat runway frying in the sun and then go back to his magazine.

Then a faint droning is heard that becomes louder and louder until an ungainly olive-cainted piano flashes by.

Staff Sergeant Harrel T. Wilbert, Jr. of Tom's River, N.J., steps out from his one-room office in a corner of the small hanger and rolls to all within earshot "Bird Dog!" and then turns and says in a quiet voice, "Whose turn is it?"

One of the crew chiefs takes a last glance at his story, puts the magazine down and starts out to service the plane that is already taxiing up to the revetments in front of the hangar.

It is a scene repeated over and over here in the third platoon of the Seahorses, who fly their missions like cops walking a beat, keeping Charlie's head down in Binh Thuan province.

The platoon is based at an airstrip that sits atop red clay cliffs on a rise south of town. The real estate is not unused to military tenants. A French battalion is permanently stationed there, resting under rows of white crosses in a field outside the gate. Their position was overrun in an earlier war, or at least their phase of it.

The town lies below at the mouth of a river. The platoon commander, Captain Allen B. Hodgson from Spokane, Wash., by way of Columbus, Ga., observed that from the air, Phan Thiet looks like a miniature Paris, with main "boulevards"

and streets radiating from a few central squares. The red tile roofs in the center of town add to the European simile.

On the ground, or better put, dirt, where none of the "boulevards" or streets are paved, the daydream-comparison ends. Phan Thiet is just another Vietnamese town from a cockroach's eye-view. Dust everywhere, smells of rotting fish, strands of rust that pass for barbed wire, crumbling sand bags, toothless old men and the betel nut smiles of middle-aged women.

Metropolis.

EDITOR'S NOTE

EXPLANATION

In a battalion that is so widely scattered, it too often happens that people never learn what others in the same unit, beyond the limits of one company's or the battalion's headquarters, are doing or what life is like for them.

When they go home, their friends and neighbors ask, "What is it like in Vietnam?"

"I dunno. I never left Qui Nhon... Pleiku... Phu Hiep... Dong Ba Thin... etc."

This series of articles about Phan Thiet is meant to extend the field of view a little.

It describes the operation of a platoon in a two-day period. It also says a little in its way about what the war is like for them.

HAN THIET: OF RANK AND MEN

The officers and non here have an intangible asset that is to be envied.

Although there is an acceptable level of courtesy maintained, since there are only a handful of men here who work so closely together, relationships are formed chiefly on the basis of mutual and personal respect.

Somehow symbolic of this informal understanding is Capt. Hodgson, who, when he is not present, is usually referred to as "Big Al."

The captain is a heavy set man with a wide face and a close-cropped scalp. His green combat leader's tabs are almost indistinguishable against his nomex flight suit because of the discolored action of many days in the sun and wind-swept dust.

Alas! his loft shirt pocket are the badges of a combat infantryman, paratrooper and aviator, looking like layers on a cake.

With the occasion calls for it, Capt. Hodgson's face betrays a mere ~~then~~ slight distress for a less than competent performance. This might be due to the fact that he has 10 years service behind him as an enlisted man

in the Marines, Marine Corps Reserve and Army as well as five years service as an officer.

Despite his ability to take on a granite outlook, personable conversation comes easily to him, even as he speaks about such unfriendly subjects as the proximi-

ty fused rockets and grenades that have been fired at him and his pilots recently.

Making a comment that is echoed by all the enlisted men here, Sergeant Bob R. Brown said, "You know, we're pretty lucky. We've got some really good officers."



EXCHANGE VIEW—The use of a post exchange or commissary is a privilege, not a right, Julie Newmar reminds us. "Guard that privilege by making only authorized purchases." (Photo courtesy Columbia Pictures)

PHAN THIET: PART OF THE GAMEBOARD AND THE RULES

Not many shows come through here, and the club might be open only irregularly, but there is a movie every night, and while there might not be enough to cause ulcers, there is occasionally the great reliever of boredom action.

Captain Henry F. Newsome of Columbus, Ga. used the vantage point of a Bird Dog one morning to point out some of the area of operations.

He flew southwest over Highway One toward the operational boundary of II and III Corps. On either side of the road a section approximately a hundred and fifty meters wide had been cleared. Inbetween the treeline on the south side of the road and the coast, anything that moved was fair game, for this area was beyond the bridge checkpoint that marked the limit of government control.

The captain indicated a line of vehicles stopped on the road, and he dropped down for a closer look. The vehicles did not move, for a ditch had been cut in the road the night before by the enemy, and the Lambrettas and small trucks would have to wait until a road repair

crew came. The captain reported the problem and continued on.

Further south, on the left of the road is Buddha Mt., rising 2000 feet above the plain, a religious shrine, a perfect observation post, and a VC/NVA sanctuary. Closer to the road is a small hill, which the captain said is used as a staging point for raids on traffic.

Buddha Mt. is so named because of a large statue of a reclining Buddha which is located high on the south slope of the mountain. It is also noteworthy for being located squarely on the boundary between the two corps.

No artillery or allied ground troops are put on the mountain for fear of desecrating the shrine and for fear of unintentionally killing friendly troops that might be operating in the neighboring province.

Capt. Newsome commented, "Because of all these factors, Charlie has set up a tax collection point on the road near the small hill. He stops the vehicles and shakes down the people for money. Extortion, really. Last week, 15 people were killed here."

The plane circled the mountain, where the Buddha lay half-hidden in the shadows of the crest, and then headed north, leaving the border and the stalled traffic behind.

The captain pointed out fire support bases, a searchlight emplacement on top of a small mountain, and several abandoned and deteriorating French strong points.

Flying north along the road to Dalat, he began to speak about a recurring hot spot as we neared it.

Positioned like sentinels on either side of the road were two hills known as the Camel's Humps, the larger one to the east and a smaller rise to the west.

They form a natural ambush point that the enemy has repeatedly put to use. The pass has acquired the names of "Machine Gun Alley" and "Ambush Alley."

Capt. Newsome said that more convoys were attacked and more people killed there than on any other five-mile stretch of road in the republic.

In the immediate area of the pass, regular patterns of trees can be seen. Once there was a plantation and a vil-

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GAMEBOARD, RULES

lage, but the fighting had changed all that.

A small patrol of tanks, trucks and APCs lumbered along the road below and then stopped as it neared the pass.



REFERRAL Thinking of retiring soon? Playmate Helena Antonaccio suggests you investigate Program Referral and get a headstart on finding a civilian job. (Photo courtesy Playboy)

A tank and an APC pulled off the road and then halted. The pass has a reputation that some people think foolish to ignore.

The radio brought word that the patrol thought the treeline suspicious. Would the Seahorse plane check it out?

Slow banking circles.

A conversation with Capt. Hodgson and Capt. Newsome came back to mind.

"It's not easy to spot anything unless it's moving, and most of them have gotten too smart for that. They freeze in place and pull individual camouflage nets over them. It takes now pilots in country some time to be able to see anything at all."

Sand and trees.

The patrol commander wanted a little more reassurance, so the captain dropped the nose and fired off a rocket into the treeline, pulled out into a climbing turn and repeated the action until all four rockets were expended.

Capt. Newsome explained, "Generally once a Bird Dog has fired some rockets into an area, any enemy that may be there will think twice about attacking."

Having done what it could, the observation plane headed back and landed at the PSP field, whose plates somehow make the landing sound like it was accomplished without a tail wheel.

Back at the hangar, word came in about other missions. Warrant Officers Peter G. Doran of Montreal and Patrick D. Parr of Allendale, Mich., had been out flying with Ranger officer-observers to lead slicks of the 192d Assault Helicopter Company carrying 12 teams of Rangers to an area where intelligence believed a meeting of Communist district leaders would be held.

After getting the helicopters on their way, Mr. Doran and his observer then helped adjust artillery fire to clear the LZ. The insertion went off smoothly, and back for refueling, the pilots and spotters discussed the mission and waited for results.

Capt. Hodgson flew to Dong Ba Thin in the meantime, and Warrant Officer James A. Mackey, Jr., of Lantana, Fla., went up to fly cover for a convoy. And it stayed quiet for a time. The crew chiefs had gone about their business of fueling and arming planes all day, but now they relaxed for awhile.

PHAN THIET: THE LOUNGE

The main place to relax is the Seahorse Lounge, a small, dark, airconditioned room in the back of the hangar, where a guy can sit on an improvised couch, sip a coke and read while Bardot looks over his shoulder from her vantage point of a motorcycle on the poster above him.

"You know, it's not really bad here," Specialist 4 Gary L. Priuty of St. John, N.D. offered. "No guard, what with all the infantry here, although we do put one pilot and a crew chief on alert each night in case there's a contact to spot for."

Capt. Newsome had mentioned earlier that the platoon makes a night launch about twice a week when definite contacts are reported by someone like a Ranger ambush patrol.

A voice from a blond crew chief across the room groaned, "Hey quiet about that alert stuff." The others in the lounge grinned, because the voice belonged to Specialist 4 Gordon L. Green of Flint, Mich., who had the honors that night.

"Bird Dog!"

"My turn, I guess."

Specialist 5 Carl W. Forgoy of Modesto, Calif. collected himself to get out and guide the plane into the platoon area and disarm

the rockets that might not have fired.

A short time later, Mr. Parr came into the lounge enthusiastic, for he had been called up to spot for the Rangers that had been inserted that morning. Three VC had picked the wrong trail and two had been killed by an ambush. Mr. Parr had gotten there in time to help direct gunships from the 192d to get the last one.

Mr. Parr, like Mr. Doran and Mr. Mackey, had but a few weeks in country and the newness of the operations had not yet worn off.

Capt. Hodgson had mentioned that he had a lot of new men in the platoon, but then the captain had 23 months in country, and everyone looked like a newbie by comparison.

After Mr. Parr had finished recounting his adventures, the afternoon regained its lazy quality. Mr. Mackey returned from his convoy patrol to say nothing much had happened except that someone had been accidentally injured and a Medivac ship had to be called in. He shrugged his shoulders and began to write a letter. The ships that had flown out to the company or to the platoon sections returned, and the flying day came to a slow halt.

At supper, another of the crew chiefs, Spe-

cialist 4 Gary M. Nelson of Modesto, Calif., explained the presence of some Marine enlisted men, who seemed to be a long way from their usual haunts in I Corps. "Them? Oh, they're spotters for naval gunfire. We get a destroyer or a cruiser around here every once in awhile."

Specialist 5 Michael E. Buttoph of Four States, W.Va. added that there are ARVN and U.S. Army artillery spotters who were assigned to fly with the Seahorse pilots when needed.

Later that night, an informal, impromptu party was held in one of the men's rooms for Mr. Parr, who was to shift the next day to one of the sections of the platoon where another pilot was headed and the day ended on a conversational note.



"CONFOUND IT DOG! -- WILL YOU STOP HUMMING 'IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL'?"

PHAN THIET: A CONVOY AND A CLOSE CALL

The next morning, Capt. Hodgson went up on a convoy mission, explained how such missions are run and described a little more of the province.

(Earlier Mr. Parr had left for his new base and Mr. Mackey had covered the extraction of the Rangers, who had no further contact.)

The convoy was to go from Song Mao to Phan Rang, and the captain was to cover it as far as the Salt Flats, which mark the eastern operational boundary of the platoon.

The land to the northeast of town is rough, wooded and like the area to the southwest, inhabited only by the enemy.

Capt. Hodgson is very familiar with this piece of land, having walked over a good part of it when he served a tour here with the 101st Airborne.

When the division was operating here, it had tried to restrict VC movement by cutting great lanes like fire breaks through the forest where the enemy would have to come under observation if he crossed them. The gashes left by the lanes and sites of old fire bases are still visible from the air.

About 9 a.m. the convoy came into view, threading its way through the streets of Song Mao. At either end of the column were "hard trucks," deuce-and-a-halfs that are plated, sandbagged, and mount .50 caliber machine guns to provide security.

Radio contact was established with the convoy commander, and after circling the convoy a few times, the plane headed northeast to check the route to be covered.

On the way, the captain explained things as they appeared. Occasionally, small patches of freshly turned earth stood out against the tired ground. Although they looked like fox holes or fresh graves to the inexperienced eye, these were "lizard holes"—shallow pits dug by the Vietnamese to catch lizards. Fresh meat on the table.

A little over halfway along the route to be covered, in a secure area known as Soda Springs, another 21 flat-bed trailer trucks waited to join the convoy.

The O-1G sailed on to the Salt Flats. Below, scattered vehicles moved freely on the road, a sign that no problems lay ahead. After looking the area over for

awhile, the captain headed back to Soda Springs to wait for the convoy to come up.

Just then, a voice from Phan Thiet radio announced that artillery rounds would be going out from a fire support base to impact in the area of the Camel's Humps. About the same time, Mr. Mackey, who was investigating the treeline at the Camel's Humps for another convoy, reported incoming rounds in his immediate vicinity.

Capt. Hodgson directed the warrant officer to get out of the area and move to the region of Twin Lakes, southeast of the danger area.

The captain commented dryly, "One of our biggest problems down here is a lack of communication."

Yes, but Cool Hand Luke never had to deal with 175s.

About 20 minutes later, the convoy elements linked up, but the convoy commander indicated that about a half an hour was needed to organize the new column, so Mr. Mackey was called to the area to take over.

The captain turned back to the field for a meeting, lunch and a little rest before an afternoon of flying.

PHAN THIET: CHASING THE TAX COLLECTOR

After lunch, Capt. Hodgson went up for a visual recon flight.

"We'll drift along the coast and try to catch him by surprise."

The captain flew down the shore and then circled the rough country of the freefire area. Well-entrenched patrols should be through the trees. The coming rain, Merlin's ally, would soon hide them in green.

Nothing could be seen in the forest, and so Capt. Hodgson turned before Buddha Mt., and headed for the road.

"There!" He extended his arm and pointed.

On the road a line of vehicles was stopped. As the Capt. Dog approached them, they began moving north again. No break in the road this time. The Seahorse plane had disturbed a tax-collection shake-down.

By the time the plane was overhead, everyone was gone. The enemy had had enough time to get back to the trees. Capt. Hodgson dropped smoke grenades in the treeline, and dropped the plane down for a closer look. Nothing in sight, but he thought the contact positive enough to call Phan Thiet sector.

"Maybe we can get clearance for artillery or a patrol down here."

At least the bridge checkpoint can question the people in the vehicles when they come through."

One the road ahead of the fleeing traffic was a small, spread-out column of men, a RF/PF patrol. Capt. Hodgson advised sector that friendly troops were nearby and looked available.

Sector answered and gave the call sign to contact the MACV man with the unit. A quick conference on the ground after a talk with the Seahorse pilot, and the Vietnamese unit commander agreed to send his men back down the road to check.

Having started the ball rolling, the captain decided to look for fresh contacts on the coast north of town.

About three miles up the coast from the city, 13 men in uniform-like clothes were in a group in an uninhabited but not hostile area.

"Sector, I have 13 healthy looking guys here at coordinates... Can you identify them as Victor November friendlies?" Sector replied they would check.

"We call these reports in all the time. sometimes we get a reply, but often we don't. They have so

many reports coming in and going out, it's hard to give each one the attention that it might deserve. One thing, though. Those men there have to be some sort of military patrol, either ours or theirs."

Sector came back on the radio. No information on the sighting on the beach, but it did have sets coordinates for the Seahorse pilot to check on, one of which might involve part of an NVA company.

After flying over to the region, which was a scrub brush and sand wilderness, and executing great banking circles over it for a half an hour or more, no confirmation of the earlier sightings could be obtained.

The captain decided to call it a day and headed back to the field. Another session of flying the beat in Binh Thuan province had come to an end.



"SEOUL"-FUL SERVICE

PHU HIEP, RVN (225TH AVN CO)— It came as something of a surprise for the GIs stationed in the airfield compound here to look up from their mess trays and see a Korean cook dishing out the food instead of another GI or a Vietnamese civilian employee.

By the time they got to the end of the line, they probably learned that the new "chefs" were receiving on-the-

job training from U.S. Army cooks.

The ROKs were part of a MACV advisory team which recently returned from operations in the field to live at a new, more permanent base. The team had been supplied with U.S. rations in the past, and were now to be supplied with the Army "A" rations that go with permanent quarters.

Unfortunately, the new rations lost something

in the translation from one culture to another, as the Korean cooks were unfamiliar with American food preparation.

As a remedy, it was decided to assign two or three "trainees" to each of the five mess halls in the Phu Hiep area to show them the ropes of cooking, American-style.

Sergeant First Class Leo R. Crocker of Carson, Calif., mess sergeant of the 225th Aviation Company, explained the situation.

He said that the Koreans had to overcome language and customs barriers, but that they were learning rapidly. They had particularly gone a long way in understanding such "mission-essential" words and phrases as "scrambled" and "over easy."

SFC Crocker said that there was naturally some confusion in the operation of a kitchen staffed with people from several different nations and cultures, but that most of these problems were being ironed out.

The GIs here have gotten over their initial surprise, but would like to know a handy Korean phrase for "no creamed chipped beef, please."

SHORT-TERM EXTENSIONS FOR OFFICERS TO END

WASHINGTON (AFN)— Officers no longer have the option of extending their initial obligated tours for periods of one to 23 months due to a policy change which went into effect July 1, 1970.

The 24-month extension is still available, as is the one year "lock-in" for those who elect to remain on active duty for promotion to captain. Extensions ranging from one to 90 days will be allowed but only for extreme hardship reasons.

Those officers serving short term extensions—

less than 24 months— as of July 1, 1970 will be released from active service at the end of their extensions or on June 30, 1971, whichever occurs sooner.

The only exceptions will be those who apply for and are granted voluntary indefinite or Regular Army status.

Decreasing Army strength authorizations led to this policy change.

Department of the Army Message 192139Z of June 19, 1970, has additional information.

SEAHORSES REPORT AIDING STRIKEN CONVOY

DONG BA THIN, RVN (183D AVN CO)— The Seahorses recently reported their role in aiding a convoy attacked at Duc My pass June 12.

The pilot flying cover for the mission was Warrant Officer Tommy F. Noel of Kansas City, Kan.

The attack began when the convoy was about two miles inside the pass as a 5,000 gallon tank truck laden with Avgas took a direct hit from a B-40 rocket.

At the same time, the convoy began to take small arms fire from a hill on the north side of the road.

Reacting immediately when the convoy was attacked, Mr. Noel called in Medivac and gunships from the 48th Assault Helicopter Company at Ninh Hoa.

The fire from the explosion of the truck had completely blocked off the road. Witnesses at the scene reported that the truck was "just a huge ball of flames."

Vehicles in front of the burning tanker sped out of the kill zone. Those in back were, with some difficulty, able to turn around and head back down the pass.

When the gunships arrived, they turned their

rockets and miniguns loose on the sides of the road, while the convoy regrouped at the bottom of the pass.

The convoy remained delayed while the fire burnt itself out. Mr. Noel took the opportunity to refuel his plane.

Returning to the ambush site, he determined that neither the fire nor the enemy provided any further danger, and the tail of the convoy finally went through the pass and linked up with the lead element, five hours after the action had started.



SURFACED RUNWAY OPENS AT PHU HIEP

PHU HIEP, RVN (225TH AVN CO)— A new black-top runway for the Phantom-hawks became available for use in late June.

Previously, a PSP taxiway had been temporarily used while the new strip was under construction.

Pilots report that the new strip, while a definite boon to aircraft operation, takes some getting used to.

Pilots accustomed to the narrow taxiway just don't know what to do.

with all the extra room. As one remarked, "At least landing on the taxiway taught us to stay on the center line."

Due to unforeseen delays, the runway's opening was somewhat later than originally forecast February.

The pilots of the 225th would like to express their thanks to the engineers for helping to make landing a more comfortable and less jarring experience.

CANADIAN IS SEAHORSE WOI

PHAN THIET, RVN (183D AVN CO)— In an era when it has nearly become a fad and a pastime to avoid military service, Canada represents for many a haven, and they regard the roads that lead to her borders one-way streets from the Army and the war.

Warrant Officer Peter G. Doran, a Bird Dog pilot of the 183d Aviation Company here, has reason to disagree, for his home town is Montreal.

The question comes up early in a conversation with him and is so obvious that it almost

hangs in mid-air. Why?

Mr. Doran, a slight, wiry man, shrugs as though bored by the question that he has heard a hundred times in the past year or so.

"I was interested in what was going on, and I wanted to get my two cents in." He stopped for a moment to see what effect the words would have.

He then went on to explain quietly that unlike an American, he would not lose his citizenship for being in the service of a foreign country. Nor was he without family con-

tacts while in the United States, for he has relatives on the south side of the border, including an uncle in Florida who works for NASA.

On a personal level, he said that he had joined the Army Aviation program for the flight training and experience to add to that which he had already had as a private pilot, and indicated that he was seriously considering a career in aviation.

Although many Canadians are known to disagree with U.S. policies in Southeast Asia, he said that he had received practically no harassment about his role in those policies from people back home. His face took on a very serious look as he tried hard to make something clear.

"A lot of Americans don't realize that there are other people in the world who want to get involved in this over here."

Sometimes you forget, amid the cries that the United States should stop playing policeman to the world, that some people still care what happens across an ocean. People like Mr. Doran help your memory.

RECON CAMERA RETIRES

WASHINGTON (AFPS)— One of the world's largest aerial reconnaissance cameras—the K-30—is being retired to the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio, after more than 20 years of high flying, worldwide service.

The K-30 measures about five feet by four feet by five feet, weighs about 665 pounds, and features a 100-inch focal length optical system. Its film magazine can hold 390 feet of standard nine-and-a-half-inch-wide film.

The K-30 prototype was built for the Air Force by technicians of the Mt. Wilson Observatory in the late 1940s. Initial photographic tests were conducted at the observatory, near Pasadena, Calif., by photographing target panels from a distance of eight to 10 miles.

In twenty years of service life, K-30s were deployed to Air Force bases around the world. The cameras, carried on RB-29 aircraft, were used extensively during the Korean conflict.

225th VETERAN DEPARTS

PHU HIEP, RVN (225TH AVN CO)— Chief Warrant Officer Robert L. Jensen finally came to his DERTOS after 19 months with the **225th**.

Mr. Jensen had a long and varied career with the Phantomhawks.

He began by flying SLAR missions at first, but after several months he soon flew IR and visual photo runs as well.

The warrant officer also held several additional duties as well: club officer, instructor pilot, information officer and infrared check pilot.

In this last position he initiated the infrared check-out program and established its standards, which are at least partially responsible for the fine safety and performance record of the 225th.

CW2 Jensen has seen several changes during his service with the 225th.

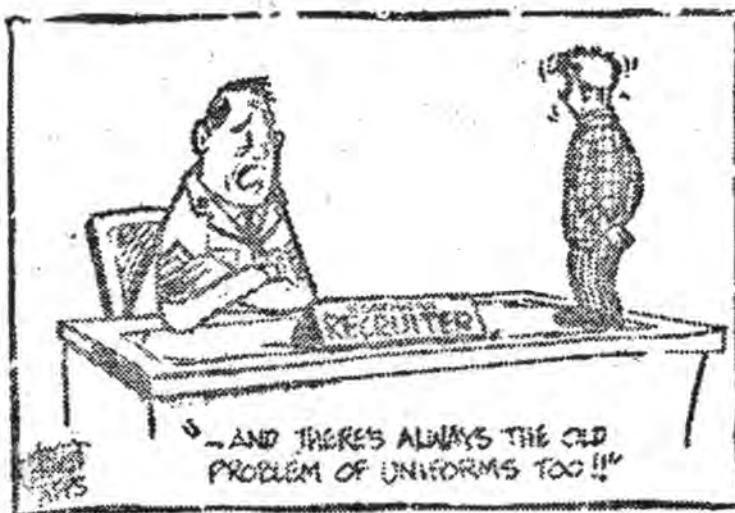
His experience with the 225th goes back to the days when the "Phantomhawks" were the "Blackhawks." In fact, he is the last pilot to be with the unit who flew with them when they were the "Blackhawks."

He flew with the company during its cooperation in the Ben Het and Bu Phang areas during the hardest fighting, and he has ~~drawn~~ fire several times without receiving a hit.

His efforts have been rewarded with the Dis-

tinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal (with 22 Oak Leaf Clusters).

The warrant officer will soon be separating from active duty and returning to civilian life with the aim of becoming a corporation pilot.



183d AWARDS

DONG BA THIN, RVN (183D AVN CO)— Four men of the 183d Aviation Company were decorated and five promoted in ceremonies here recently.

Heading the list of was the Bronze Star received by Staff Sergeant Frederick D. Wright for meritorious service.

Receiving Air Medals were Sergeant First

Class Cletus D. Milam, Specialist 5 Rickie L. Crooks and Specialist 4 William D. Huff.

Specialist 5 William D. Jones was presented the Army Commendation Medal.

Promoted to Specialist 5 were David G. Hidle, Lynn M. Perry, Terry L. Hull, Arthur L. Matteson and Robert A. Thompson.

NEW CO AT 203d

225th Aviation Company commander.

After the ceremony, participants and guests repaired to the 203d mess hall for refreshments.

Capt. Robeson's most recent assignment was as the executive officer of the Hawkeyes, a post he had since May.

The captain was born in Pelham, Ga., and received his commission as a distinguished military graduate of Georgia Institute of Technology in 1963, where he earned a bachelor's degree in aerospace engineering.

He was deferred from active duty for the next two years in order to obtain a master's degree in aerothermodynamics.

but took some time out from his school work in the summer of 1964 to attend jump school at Ft. Benning, Ga.

In 1965 he attended the officer basic course at the Signal School at Ft. Gordon, Ga., for two months and followed that with nine weeks of Ranger training at Ft. Benning.

In December of the same year, he was assigned to HHD, 124th Signal Battalion at Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Two months later, the captain shifted over to the 278th Signal Company at Ft. Lewis and six months later accompanied the unit to Vietnam.

For the remainder of his tour, he saw service

with HHD, 21st Signal Group, Company E, 43d Signal Battalion (as company commander), and HHD, 73d Signal Battalion.

Upon return to the United States, Capt. Robeson attended the infantry advanced course at Ft. Benning, following which he was assigned as a project officer at the Combat Development Command Aviation Agency at Ft. Rucker, Ala., for a year.

In July, 1969, the captain began fixed-wing aviators school at Ft. Stewart, Ga., and after 14 weeks of training there moved to Ft. Rucker to complete his training in the spring of 1970.

Before returning to Vietnam, the captain was able to squeeze in one more week of training, this time at the Air Force jungle survival school at Clark Field in the Philippines.

Capt. Robeson holds the Bronze Star and the Army Commendation Medals in addition to the campaign decorations from his previous Vietnam tour.

He is married to the former Beverly Jane Chandler and they and their two children make their home in Thomasville, Ga.

MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD

FOR DAK PEK VICTIMS

QUI NHON, RVN (18TH AVN CO)—A memorial service was held for two men of the 18th Aviation Company who lost their lives in a plane crash.

The men, Warrant Officer Lance M. Lofman of Miami and Specialist 4 Gary M. Pridgon of Kinston, Ala., were killed when their Otter was attempting to land at Dak Pek Special Forces Camp June 27.

Placed before the assembled members of the company were symbolic reminders of their absent comrades, two sets of flying helmets, gloves and boots.

Chaplain (Lieutenant Colonel) Harold A. Clarke of the 67th Evacuation Hospital here conducted the service, and Major Thomas L. McCord offered a memorial tribute to the two men.

LAUGH PAGE: SAD SACK

