



ANOTHER STREAMER—Major General Charles P. Stone (Bellaire, N.Y.), Ivy Division commander, honors the 1st Brigade with the Combat Infantry Streamer for the unit's highly rated service in the war in Vietnam. COL Richard H. Johnson (Beaumont, Tex.), 1st Brigade commander, looks on. (USA Photo by PFC Donald McIntosh)

Two Division MPs Make Daring Escape From Foe

By SP4 Ralph Springer
CAMP ENARI—Early morning rays of golden sunlight fanned out against the horizon as Specialist 4 Timothy L. Pratt (Brackport, N.Y.) and Private First Class Jerome Rawlings (Kirkwood, Mo.), bundled in field jackets against the biting wind and, tired from a routine patrol through Pleiku, drove along Highway 14.

It was cold and quiet. Military policemen from the 4th MP Company, SP4 Pratt and PFC Rawlings were heading back to the division base camp, both looking forward to hot coffee and some much-needed rest. Farther ahead on the black ribbon of pavement, a small Vietnamese youngster waved frantically in an effort to stop the police jeep. Seeing the young boy by the side of the road, SP4 Pratt began slowing down and pulled off the asphalt, finally braking to a stop as fine, brown dust swirled around them.

Quiet—Too Quiet
 The Vietnamese boy, still shouting and waving, ran up to the MPs and, in broken English, explained that several GIs were assaulting an elderly man nearby. The Ivy MPs, taking no chances, allowed the youngster to accompany them to the scene of the disturbance. Crunching to a stop outside of a small, tin-roofed laundry shop just on the outskirts of Pleiku, the two MPs hopped from their jeep. The sun, which had begun its slow climb into the sky, burned some of the haze away and shafts of sunlight flashed down on the quietness. The Ivy men, puzzled at the stillness and calm that shrouded the area, scanned the dusty, weed-choked field that surrounded the laundry shop. PFC Rawlings, instinctively drew his .45-caliber pistol and

slipped it under his shirt as a dozen North Vietnamese Army soldiers slipped around the corner of the shop and surrounded the startled Ivy men. **Grounded Pamphlet**
 The NVA, armed with AK47s, light machine guns and pistols, advanced on the two men, pushing them back against their jeep. The apparent leader of the enemy group stepped forward and gestured at a Communist propaganda booklet, and then at PFC Rawlings and SP4 Pratt. The MPs stared at the booklet's cover which depicted an American protest rally. The two shook their heads, indicating they refused to take the booklet. Again, the NVA made a futile attempt to persuade the MPs to take the booklet and then, in anger, he flung the pamphlet to the ground. The enemy leader motioned for the Ivy men to pick the booklet up and, when they refused again, four more North Vietnamese stepped forward, their fixed bayonets glinting from the rising sun. SP4 Pratt—noticing how nery-

ous the small enemy band was—picked up the worn propaganda booklet and placed it in his pocket. **Spunky Showers**
 The North Vietnamese then gathered around the MPs and attempted to search them. They got nowhere. Each time an attempt was made, the two Ivy men briskly shoved them back. Startled by this show of courage, the NVA backed off a few feet and, with automatic weapons covering the MPs, conferred among themselves. Further attempts to search SP4 Pratt and PFC Rawlings were fruitless; the Ivy men shoved each NVA soldier back as he tried to search them. Again, the perplexed NVA talked things over. Then, all but four enemy troops left the area. The four remaining split into two groups, and, with fixed bayonets, marched the two puzzled MPs around to the back of their jeep. "Let's get the hell out of (Continued on Back Page)"

RTO Clears Path Up Embattled Hill

DAK TO (3/12) — Determined soldiers from Company D, 3rd Battalion, 12th Infantry slugged it out with a North Vietnamese Army rifle company on the bullet-scarred slopes of Hill 800 until, five hours later, the shattered Communist force turned to flee. Captain Clark Rehberg (Ypsilanti, Mich.) and his men left the Braves firebase in the early dawn hours on a search and destroy mission to the top of the hill. Company D moved out in a box formation with the 3rd Platoon in the lead. As the Braves approached the crest of the hill, the early morning stillness was shattered by bursts of deadly automatic weapons fire from dug-in enemy positions above. The men of the 3rd Platoon hit the dirt hard as the company's advance ground to a halt that was to last for almost two hours, even with the 4th, and then the 2nd Platoon, moving up to help break the

deadlock. Finally one Company D soldier had enough. Radio-telephone operator Private First Class John Burditt (Phoenix, Arizona) handed his radio to a buddy and slowly crawled to the nearest enemy position. Burditt boldly popped two grenades into the bunker and the stalemate ended. Then the Braves moved out and didn't stop until four more bunkers had been knocked out and the NVA force was on the run. "We started in the morning, determined to take Hill 800, and that's exactly what we did," added Sergeant Lowell Hunley (Surgoinville, Tenn.), a 2nd Platoon squad leader. Major Scott Bradshaw (Pittsburg, Kansas), the Braves operations officer, termed the action "one of the most perfect combat assaults of the war." Seventeen dead enemy soldiers and the capture of six AK47s, a 60mm mortar tube and several mortar rounds attested to the validity of his statement.

Tripped Trap Triggers A Lot More

DAK TO — On a recent patrol near Dak To, a company of Dragoons tripped a booby trap which in turn triggered an unusual chain of events. Company B, 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry was on a routine patrol when one of the point men inadvertently kicked a vine across the trail leading to an old pineapple grenade. Seconds later it exploded and inflicted light wounds on two members of the company. The Dragoons immediately cut a landing zone and popped smoke for the dustoff ship which dropped in and successfully picked up the wounded. Everything appeared back to normal and the company continued its mission. Four hundred meters later hell broke loose. "I thought we were getting hit," revealed Specialist 4 (Continued on Back Page)

NVA Get Snarled

Dog Saves Patrol

VUNG DAT AM — A patrol from Company E, 20th Infantry (Airborne) discovered the value of a good scout dog recently in the jungles west of Pleiku. As the patrol moved through a heavily wooded area near the 2nd Brigade command camp at the Oasis, Nick, the patrol's big German shepherd suddenly stopped and perked up his ears, apparently catching a faint sound in the wind. "I didn't hear anything, but Nick had never been wrong before so we ducked into the

brush," said Specialist 4 Dave Seidel (Flint, Mich.), the team's pointman. Soon the patrol heard voices coming through the woods, and moments later four North Vietnamese Army soldiers strolled into view. As they drew closer, the patrol cut loose, killing two. During the clash, Nick, a veteran of many battles, remained alert, ready to warn the paratroopers of more enemy soldiers in the area. The other two NVA fled, and after a sweep of the area, the team continued on its way. Having moved only a short distance, the keen-eared dog again gave warning. This time the patrol was in danger of being out-flanked by a much larger enemy element. "We thought there were more of them in the area, and when Nick started acting jumpy we were sure of it," reported Specialist 4 Jeffery Dick (Hayward, Calif.). Gunships were called to bolster the patrol and even up the sides, and later the team, low on ammunition after several days in the jungle, was extracted by one of the armed helicopters. As the last of the team hopped aboard the chopper, a door gunner spotted a lone NVA soldier and downed him with a quick burst of machine-gun fire. "I'm not sure how many times Nick has kept us out of trouble," said SP4 Seidel as he affectionately patted the big dog, "but when it comes to spotting Charlie before he sees us, this dog's the best thing we've got going for us."

Ivy Soldier Reflects On The War



BREAK — This dogged Ivy soldier leans wearily against a wall in Kontum, tired from the long fighting which he has seen with the 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry. (USA Photo)



Island Of Many Names

(Last Of A Series)

WESTERN MEN call it Formosa, witty men call it Disneyland East, wealthy men call it "the best Chinese restaurant in the world." Whatever you call it, Taiwan offers you a succulent slice of Chinese life.

Consider for example its principal city, Taipei, which is the capital of Free China. Offering a cross-section of life in the exotic Orient, Taipei abounds with friendliness, fine food and beautiful scenery.

The Taipei tourist will witness the island's well-balanced blend of the old and the new. Leaving one of Taipei's 300 air-conditioned hotels after a hearty breakfast in bed, he may choose to take in the sights and sounds of this Far-Eastern metropolis from the seat of one of the few historic pedicabs still operating in the city.

Or perhaps he would prefer an organized tour which would take him to dragon-coated temples, the ruins of old Dutch forts, the famous 72-foot high Buddha statue or the nearby villages of Stone Age aborigines.

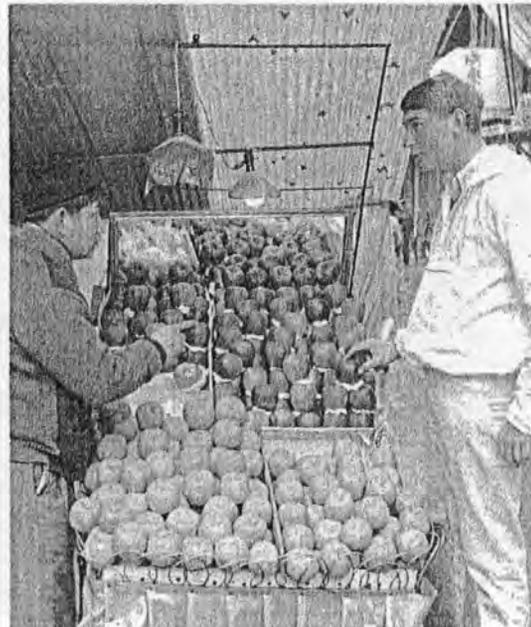
"One of the best examples of oriental atmosphere and food at its best can be found in this fabulous city," recalled Specialist 4 William Gruber (Pittsburgh, Pa.), just back from a stay in Taipei. "And then there are the women."

Later on you can take in one of the latest films from America or attend a colorful Chinese opera. There is also the neon-lit nightlife in plush clubs with swinging pop bands and spacious dance floors.

The next day and thereafter it's up to you. More sightseeing, a round of golf, a dip in the sea, a few lines at one of several modern bowling alleys, shopping for fine Chinese lacquerware or semi-precious stones or just relaxing in one of the 28 bars lining downtown Taipei.

"Had a great time," said Specialist 4 Richard McKenzie (Everett, Wash.), looking tanned from a few days on the Taipei beaches. "I only wish I could have stayed a little longer."

Recommended highly by Ivy R&R returnees, Taipei is clearly the place to be.



Taiwan — regardless of what name it goes by — offers a succulent slice of Chinese life. The Taipei market place (top) teems with shoppers on a rainy day, while SP4 Richard McKenzie (left), an Ivyman on R&R, barter with a fruit vendor on a Taipei street. Not many pedicabs are left in Taipei, but Ivy men SP4 William Gruber (above, left) and SP4 McKenzie (above, right) were able to find one.



IVY LEAF

FAMOUS FOURTH



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Mess Adds Zest

THE ELUSIVE ingredients for an outstanding Army recipe seem to be: Equal cups of Frank Lloyd Wright and Betty Crocker, a dash of dedication and a brimming ladle of determination; steep in dust for two months, bake in a highlands oven for four more. Result: a well-worked, but satisfied Staff Sergeant Floyd Hibbard (Clarksville, Tenn.), stalwart reason for the 4th Replacement Detachment mess hall's copping of "Number 1 Mess" at Camp Enari for two consecutive months.

Arriving at the mess hall in July, SSG Hibbard's situation was bleak, almost hopeless. "It was all dirt and dust and was in danger of being closed," SSG Hibbard recalled. "It was the last mess in competition—number 52." Today the U-shaped building is circled by a small, grey, stone wall, fronted by two candle-like lights and decorated with shimmering yellow curtains, bright plastic flowers and paintings on the walls.

"Flexible hours and ideas, which keep flowing, make the mess what it is today," commented Captain David Conners (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.), the replacement detachment commander.

Serving from 800 to 1,200 hungry soldiers a day—one leg of the "U" feeding the replacements, the other the detachment's cadre and the instructors from the NCO Academy—the mess hall intersects a rear cement patio with the black trees of immersion heaters reaching toward a new water tower.

"It's a 24-hour service," said Specialist 5 Charles F. Hudson (Springlake, N.C.). "Sometimes 10, 20 or 200 soldiers come in and they have to be fed immediately." After renovating his miniature "A&P" storage room, SSG Hibbard added, "We're going to erect another building at the center of the 'U' to facilitate storage."

The twangy sounds of the Lovin' Spoonful's *Do You Believe in Magic?* are pumped into both dining rooms from the stereo tape recorder, housed in SSG Hibbard's kitchen-office.

"Spiced just right," said pizza expert Sergeant First Class Dan Long (Valley Station, Ky.) about a SSG Hibbard specialty. Twice a month grilled ham and cheese sandwiches are served with pizza. The mess's pastry chef, Specialist 4 Larry Higginbotham (Cassopolis, Mich.), is well-known around Camp Enari for his luscious cream puffs and chiffon pies.

After conducting a two-hour investigation of preparation, administration and sanitation, Captain Robert Rich (Youngstown, Ohio) with the Division Preventive Medicine section wrote in a letter:

"It is an outstanding example of what may be done with a bit of effort and a great deal of concern."

The magic recipe then, for an outstanding Army meal, is a colorful combination of mood and food.



The 4th Replacement Detachment is building quite a reputation for its mess hall. What's being served inside (left) makes the long lines outside (below) worth waiting in.

(USA Photos)



STEPPIN' OUT—A 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry radio-telephone operator steps quickly across a small gully choked with old logs during a recent sweep in the foothills west of Dak To. (USA Photo By SP4 James Doyle)

Division Names Mean Many Things

By SP4 Ralph Springer

POURING THROUGH the 4th Division's Alpha roster of personnel, prepared by the Division Adjutant General's Office, can be fascinating. The division is exposed as a vast melting pot of names.

Take for example, food. Ivymen have many *Cooks* (32) preparing everything from *Bacon* (3), *Lamb* (6) and *Rice* (8) to *Corn* (2) and *Fruit* (2). There are always cold drinks like iced tea with *Lemon* (1) or you can go the snack bar and have a *Coke* (2). On Fridays, *Fish* (1) is a favorite. Caught fresh in a nearby *Creek* (1) are *Bass* (4), *Trout* (1) and *Salmon* (1).

There are also a lot of *Bakers* (32) who turn out *Apple* (2) pies and other desserts.

After a hard day's work, the typical Ivymen can always relax. *Hale* (9) and *Hardy* (5) after a fine meal and in a *Jolly* (3) mood, he can get into *Gear* (1) with just about anything but *Beer*. There aren't any in the 4th Division. There are nine *Brewers* and one *Boozer*, though.

On Sundays, religious worship is a common practice for Ivymen. There are many and varied *Church* (7) services to attend with two *Priests* and eight *Parsons* in attendance. Unfortunately, there is only one *Singer* for all the services.

Recreation is a good way to spend idle hours in Vietnam. Ivymen, if they are *Moody* (3), can *Sing* (1), listen to *Polka* (1) music at the Special Services outlet, take a swim in Camp Enari's only *Pool* (1) or find a good book and settle back and read a *Story* (2).

You'll be *Glad* (1) when it comes time for that long-awaited R & R. Although *Madrid* (3), *England* (5), *Canada* (1) and *Brazil* (1) aren't on the list, you can still have a *Ball* (6) as long as you observe all the *Laws* (2). Many Ivymen go on R & R quite *Rich* (8) but, after several shopping trips where they buy a lot of *Junk* (1), they often come back *Poor* (2) or, if they're lucky, with a *Penny* (1). While on R&R, an Ivymen can live like a *King* (34) or *Prince* (6) if he's *Smart* (2) and a bit *Lucky* (1). Always remember if you fail to save any money in Vietnam and you're married, your wife will raise *Cain* (5) with you and your name will be *Mudd* (2).

True, it isn't easy to get along in Vietnam, especially in the 4th Division where there's only one *Doctor* on duty all *Day* (7). In fact the *Doctor's* so rushed that right now there's a *Young* (48) *Navy Ensign* (1) walking around with three *Hands* and only one *Finger*.

All in all, it's a good division although an occasional Ivymen decides to leave before he's *Ready* (2). No matter if you go over the *Hill* (41) in the *Winter* (2) or *Spring* (1), *West* (22), *North* (1) or *South* (1), you'll end up against a *Stone* (17) *Wall* (7) and be caught.

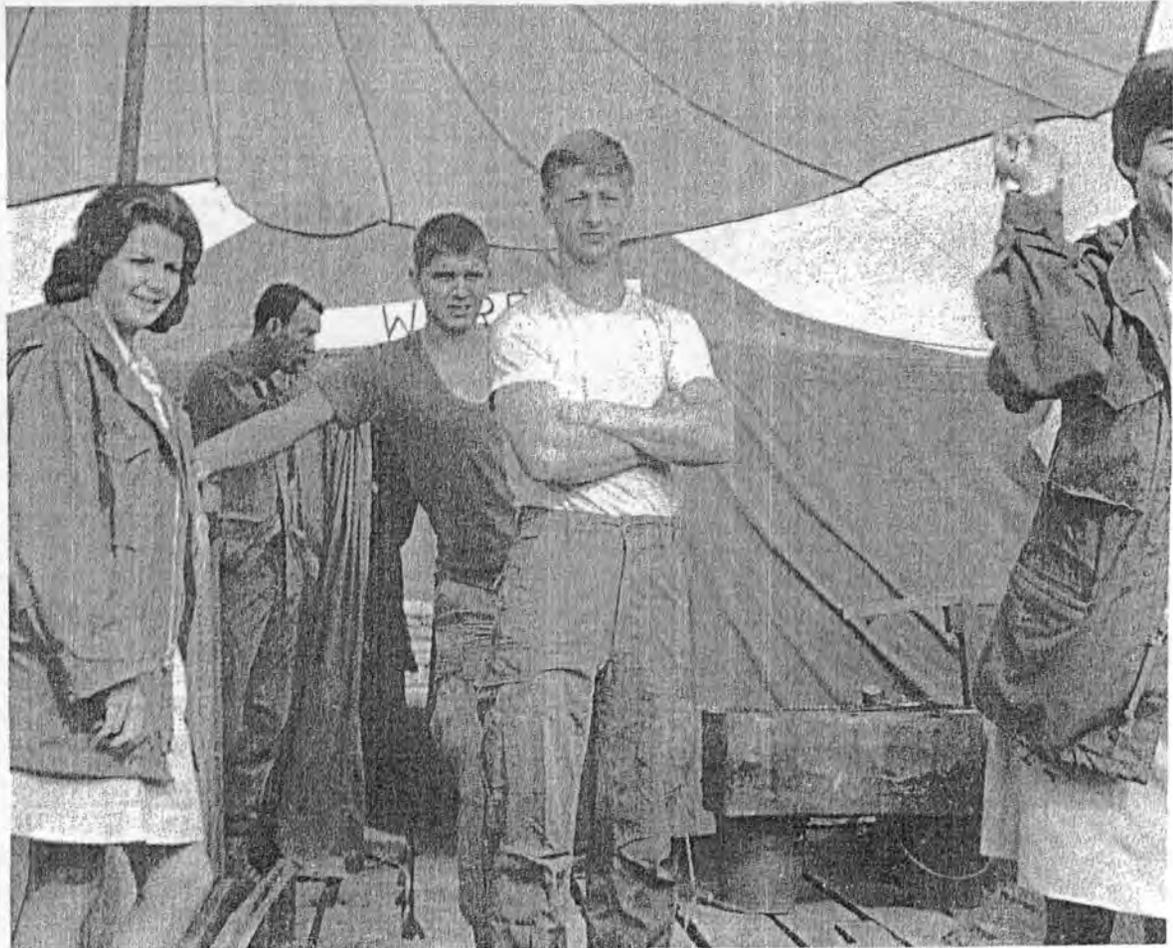
In the end, it's *Best* (2) to play it *Cool* (1), do your job and hope that *Jody* (1) hasn't gotten your girl back in the states.

Oh, one more piece of useless information: *Smith* is still the all-time leader in names at 243 in the Ivy Division. *Johnson* at 155 and *Jones* at 148 are in a close tie for second place honors while *Brown* with 130 is third in the *Tally* (1).



Photo
By
4th Di

From the time Donut Dollies get buckled into helicopter seats at Camp Enari early each morning (bottom, far right), they have a full day's work every day, giving Iyemen time "to remember the way it was" before they came to Vietnam. On a recent visit to the 2nd Brigade command camp at the Oasis, Miss Linda (Dusty) Hall found time to toss darts (bottom, right) with Iyemen while her companion, Miss Gay Nell, looked on. The pair was also around to serve big helpings at noon chow (above, far right) and to act as dealers in a card game (above). As the Dollies strolled across the command camp (center, right), their warm smiles reminded 4th Division soldiers of the girls back home.



Yesterday's Memory, Tomorrow's Hope:

Today's Dolly

THEIR AUBURN HAIR splashed lightly over their faces, ruffled from a dank dawn breeze. And as the darkness crawled into early day, the Ivy Division's "Donut Dollies" sped to the Oasis for their weekly visit.

A red plastic baseball diamond with small bronze nails tacked on to the bases, Mickey Mantle on first and a verbal pitch from Miss Linda (Dusty) Hall (Little Rock, Arkansas)—this was the Company C, 4th Medical Battalion clearing station, first "Dolly" stop on a route encircling the 2nd Brigade command camp.

"Basically, we offer some time to forget, to remember the way it used to be," said Miss Gay Nall (New Orleans).

From the shadows of the dental clinic near a portrait of a Negro baby wrapped in a yellow shirt and some homey pictures from the states and recent R&R trips, a wide-mouthed patient struggled to glimpse the boisterous gaming. It took some grapefruit juice on the cards and eight innings before the hectic game ended, and the dollies moved on.

Gleaming barbed wire surrounded the stuffy, but new, mess hall tent of the 1st Battalion, 69th Armor and another game began. "I've learned things here that no one stateside could understand," said Miss Nall. "I expected conditions to be worse but somehow the guys have made a home in the wilderness."

Making a quick sprint, the girls played waitresses at Headquarters Company's silver capped mess hall, serving heavy-handed and healthy portions of crisp salad and syrupy peaches.

"There's a lot of complaints—don't we all complain?—but the morale is surprisingly high considering the circumstances," commented Miss Hall. After wolfing their own lunch, they readied themselves with a fresh line of lipstick.

More gaming on the 704th Maintenance Battalion mess hall's orange-lined wooden benches, offering an hour's respite for the soap-weary KPs, and later in the cool-shaded 4th Battalion, 42nd Artillery EM Club with the scratchy sounds of Sonny and Cher's *The Beat Goes On* bleating, they acted as umpire, manager, friend and confidant.

"I was thinking of Vista or the Peace Corps," said Miss Nall, "but this was an opportunity to see first-hand what was actually happening. Many of my ideas on war have radically changed."

Like Miss Hall, Miss Nall intends to travel after her tour, then to teach.

Their final stop, the confrontation of the division and the brigade Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol (LRRP) teams, shot raucous laughs and shouts through the chapel, then over the entire Oasis: The final score—Division 33, Brigade 4. Miss Hall and Miss Nall, wilting a little after long hours in the heat and grit, packed another day and another game into their oversized satchel and set out for the chopper pad, their day running long, hard but helpful.

Perhaps, the best times, as always, were the quiet times: a soldier who spotted Miss Nall in Australia spoke of a happy R&R; someone told Miss Hall he was engaged after knowing a girl for three days and wanted her opinion; and a "made of sugar and spice, man, don't she sound nice" squeal from a private first class with a mountain of personal questions, which was given honest answers. A blur of pale blue rustling, the glint of a fast grin and their omnipresent "Hi" becomes memory too fast, but these brief afternoon battle-breathers linger long and happily into a soldier's cold, lonely nights.



OS
PIO



'Mama-San Bad Sick'

Ivyman Delivers Rare, Montagnard Twins

By SP4 William Gruber
DAK TO — The odds against multiple births are so great that it's practically unheard of in most of the small, isolated Montagnard villages. When such a phenomenon occurred recently in the village of Dak Kie Joi near Dak To, the skilled hands and calm manner of Staff Sergeant James McCoy (Elizabeth, N.J.) were invaluable assets.

The sergeant was on one of his frequent visits to the village where he has been chosen as honorary chief. While making the rounds one of the villagers ran up to him crying, "mama-san bad sick."

"I grabbed my forceps and followed the boy," said SSG

McCoy. "When we got to the woman I noticed she was in labor — prepped her, and 12 hours later delivered twin girls."

A 1st Brigade, 4th Division Hawkeye, whose second love (after fighting Charlie) lies with treating the Montagnard people, SSG McCoy was quite capable of accomplishing this feat. In the ten months he has served in Vietnam, he has delivered 18 babies — the only thing novel about this one is that there were two.

"I was as surprised as they were," said SSG McCoy. "They had never seen twins before and I had never delivered twins before."

This, of course, called for an all-out Montagnard celebration. Traditionally, when a boy is born, the villagers dance and sing and pray to God that he lives a long, happy life with good health and good hunting. Female births, however, don't rate this much — except in the twins' case which prompted the Montagnards to break out the rice wine and sing and dance throughout the night.

SSG McCoy's medical knowledge and experience go beyond this. He makes frequent visits to four nearby villages where he diagnoses and treats various illnesses and diseases with the skill and touch of a professional. Before entering the service

SSG McCoy went through two years of training at the Jersey City Medical Center, Elizabeth, N.J. While in the Army, he has gained additional training and experience at the 12th Field Hospital, Germany, and General Leonard Wood Hospital at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. SSG McCoy says he hopes to complete training for a degree in Registered Nursing when he leaves the service.

The part-time medic also offered his invaluable assistance at the 4th Medical Battalion forward clearing post during the Battle of Dak To. A letter of commendation from Captain James A. Harper, 1st Brigade headquarters commandant,

cited SSG McCoy for his untiring assistance in treating patients:

"Your medical experience and knowledge was of great help both to this unit and patients cared for. . . your previous training and handling of patients was praised by all medical officers, especially for your professional manner in relieving patients' anxieties and concerns about the seriousness of their wounds. Your untiring efforts and personal interest are indeed to be commended."

As for the twin-delivery: "There's no greater feeling in the world," smiled the sergeant. "And I'm happy to report that all three are doing well."

Messages Help Win Over Enemy Troops

DAK TO — Vu Hong was a North Vietnamese Army squad leader. Like many of his fellow soldiers he humped and fought in the hills around Dak To. And, like many of his fellow comrades, he became discontented with communist indoctrination, maltreatment, and the way the war was going.

Today Vu Hong is a free and productive citizen of South Vietnam. He responded to the Chieu Hoi broadcasts of Specialist 6 Arthur F. Pagel Jr. (St. Paul, Minn.) Company B, 8th PSYOPS Battalion, 4th Psychological Warfare Group.

Working under the operational control of the 4th Division's 1st Brigade, SP6 Pagel has been spreading the good word to Charlie since early November. With his command of the North Vietnamese language and speaker system ranging up to 1000 watts, he reminds the enemy of his "hopeless position" and encourages him to take advantage of the Open Arms Program.

"We usually go to a village and collect PSYWAR information," explained SP6 Pagel. "We find out where the enemy is and then travel to that location, set up the loudspeaker systems and start talking."

"You're Losing"

The broadcasts are also made at battalion firebases, company positions and by air from O2-B "Superskymaster" aircraft which drops Chieu Hoi leaflets as well.

In a 32-week course at the Defense Language Institute, Fort Bliss, Texas, SP6 Pagel was taught the entire Vietnamese language to include conversational Vietnamese, military terminology, names, ranks and units.

When broadcasting to enemy soldiers, SP6 Pagel tells them how they're losing the war; that they have no chance against our bombs, artillery and overwhelming infantry; that there is no hope of defeating us; that we know where they are; that they're surrounded and can't

get back to Cambodia without being killed.

"The ones who defect will usually give up later to an ARVN unit or at a Montagnard village," revealed SP6 Pagel. "And on occasion they will give up to an American unit—sometimes during or directly after a broadcast."

A Main Concern

The enemy soldier who "comes over" in the Chieu Hoi program is then referred to as a Hoi Chanh. SP6 Pagel will talk to the Hoi Chanh as a buddy, address him by name and rank, and ask him about his family.

"My main concern," added the specialist, "is whether or not they've seen our leaflets or heard our broadcasts; what the pamphlets mean to them, and whether or not they came over because of them."

Working with his assistant, Private First Class Daniel N. Silva (Corpus Christi, Tex.), who maintains and operates the broadcasting equipment, SP6 Pagel runs the only PSYWAR team in this area, which "is working out quite well," he added.

In one instance an enemy soldier needed medical treatment desperately. He threw down his weapon, came into a clearing repeating the words "chieu hoi" and gave up to the Americans. After receiving excellent medical treatment at the 4th Division base camp at Camp Enari, the young Hoi Chanh later returned to the 1st Brigade to broadcast live appeals to his friends.

Become Free

"The Hoi Chanh's are not treated as prisoners," continued SP6 Pagel. "They give up through their own free will and continue to be free." At a Hoi Chanh center they are given new clothes, food, and spending money. The government of South Vietnam also attempts to reunite them with their families, while they go through a period of reindoctrination.

"Most of them say they don't know why they're down here," said Pagel. "They label communism as 'all talk and no action' and are quite thankful for the opportunity the Chieu Hoi program gives them to come over. That's why the program works and that's why it will continue to work—it starts out with talk—over loudspeakers and materializes into action—which in time builds new lives for the Hoi Chanh's."



FOLLOW ME—Infantrymen from the Ivy's 1st Battalion, 12th Infantry move across a paddy dike during a recent phase of Operation MacArthur near Pleiku.

(USA Photo by PFC Larry Hogan)

Men Escape Death

Luck Plays Huge Role

By SP4 James Doyle

KONTUM (1/22) — Five lucky men in an Ivy Division platoon recently looked death in the eye — then walked away.

As Company A, 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry moved up Hill 694 the Ivy soldiers were attacked by a sizeable force of North Vietnamese Army regulars.

Private First Class Larry Thompson (Arab, Ala.) was soon to be the first man admitted to the exclusive group.

As the young private moved along as pointman, an enemy sniper opened up, knocking him to the ground. Grabbing his helmet and scrambling for cover, PFC Thompson noted a bullet had gone through the steel pot and had partially lodged in the helmet liner.

An assistant ammunition bearer, Private First Class William Sorrell (Great Falls, Mont.) owes his life to the belts of machine-gun ammunition he carried.

Moving up the hill, PFC Sorrell was shot exactly where the

two belts of cartridges crossed his chest.

A dog handler working with the platoon, who was too busy to give his name, felt a bullet rip his helmet and slam halfway around the inside between the steel shell and the liner.

Specialist 4 Russell Littell (Newark, N.J.) had just lifted his rifle to fire when an enemy bullet cracked into the flash suppressor, peeling it back like a banana skin.

The last Ivyman to be admitted to the select (group) was First Lieutenant Jim Hascel (Everett, Wash.), the platoon leader.

As he directed the platoon's advances, 1LT Hascel felt something strike his side, but reaching for the "wound" found nothing.

Later thirsty and tired the lieutenant reached for a drink of water only to find a hole in his canteen. Inside the little plastic jug was an AK47 bullet.

He was thirsty—but happy to be alive.

Dug-In Foe Confronts Panthers

VUNG DAT AM—"At first I thought we had stumbled into an ambush, but then I realized we had surprised the enemy as much as he had startled us," explained First Lieutenant Albert K. Luscher (Hawthorne, N.J.) about his reaction when his platoon found itself in the middle of a bunker complex, housing an enemy company.

The lieutenant, a platoon leader with the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry related that his men had just climbed into their armored personnel carriers (APCs) and moved into a densely wooded area when they found themselves in the precarious predicament.

The platoon had been on dismounted patrol just a few minutes before but 1LT Luscher, realizing his men were getting tired, ordered them to mount up. "It's a good thing we were in the APCs because we would have surely walked into the trap and it might have been all over for us," added Private First Class Dennis Tuck (Bedford, Ga.).

The Ivyman realized they were in trouble when B40 rockets started whistling around the tracks. A steady stream of small arms fire followed the rocket bursts.

"When we saw the small arms fire was coming from dug-in positions on all sides, we knew we had stumbled onto bunkers, but at the time we couldn't tell how many," said Specialist 4 Eric Nadeau (Grand Forks, N.D.).

The Panthers hurled hand grenades into the bunkers and poured out all the rifle fire they could muster.

Two men were trapped in the enemy fire by the flaming underbrush ignited by a rocket. The situation looked bad for the pair, but with cover provided by small arms and track-mounted machine guns, a speedy exit was accomplished.

The platoon rallied, and along with the rest of Company C, assaulted the bunkers with support from air strikes and artillery. After 45 minutes of fighting, the enemy soldiers retreated and the company moved in to check out the abandoned fortifications. Some 60 bunkers were discovered in the area, and the vanquished enemy force was estimated to be company-size.

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ARVN and Ivy Division soldiers were presented recently with medals for their courageous efforts in the epic battle of Dak To. The ARVN officers came with several medals (above, left and right) to honor Americans who fought in the battle, while Ivy officers, like Major General Charles P. Stone (below, left), presented U.S. medals to ARVN veterans of Dak To. MG Stone (below) told Vietnamese and U.S. medal winners the ceremony was "a historic first."



Ivy Division-ARVNs Hold Joint Medal Ceremony

TODAY IS A HISTORIC FIRST for the 4th Division and the ARVN; it is an occasion to honor both the American and the ARVN soldier who battled last November at Dak To and who have continued to aid one another since then," said Major General Charles P. Stone (Bellaire, N.Y.), 4th Division commander, at the first combined awards ceremony held at Camp Enari, honoring the 42nd Army, Republic of Vietnam Infantry Regiment and 22nd Ranger Battalion, and the 4th Division.

A warm breeze covered the American and ARVN soldiers, dressed in crisp jungle fatigues,

spotless boots and steel helmets. Two bands, after playing their respective national anthems, stood at ease listening to MG Stone.

"For an enemy who expected another Dien Bien Phu, the 1,600 enemy dead at Kontum was another major defeat," he continued.

After his brief speech, MG Stone awarded three Army Commendation Medals and seven Bronze Stars, each with "V" device, to the ARVN soldiers.

"In Pleiku and at Kontum, the American

and ARVN troops have teamed to inflict severe enemy casualties since I took command," said Colonel Lien, ranking Vietnamese dignitary. Later, as COL Lien awarded 21 Gallantry Crosses—six with Gold Stars, ten with Silver Stars and five with Bronze Stars—MG Stone paused to speak personally with each Ivyman being honored as he shook their hands.

Battling together, awarded together—the 25-minute ceremony celebrated the heroism of the American and ARVN soldier, changing war front to home front, and mutual aid to friendship.



BLACKJACKS CHURN TO RESCUE—UH1H slicks from the 4th Aviation Battalion's Company A wasted no time recently in winging ground troops to protect the local Montagnard resettlement project of Edap Enang from a threatened enemy attack. (USA Photo by 124th Signal Battalion)

Day Ends—Until Ring Of Phone

CAMP ENARI — Another day's work had come to an end for the 4th Aviation Battalion. Most of the aircraft had been tucked into revetments on completion of their missions; after-operations maintenance had been performed, and the helicopters were ready for the next day's tasks.

The day crews had yielded to their night replacements and most of the aviators and crew members were eating chow. The battalion staff was holding a nightly briefing; the day's activities were under review, and tomorrow's missions were about to be announced. At 6:30 p.m. Lieutenant Colonel Myles Mierswa (Dumont, N.J.), battalion commander, arrived from the afternoon division briefing.

Then the phone rang: Major Marvin Myers (Champagne, Ill.), operations officer, took the call. Company A had a mission: Aerial support for the combat assault of a rifle platoon from the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry (Airmobile) into the Montagnard settlement of Edap Enang.

"Time was of the essence. Intelligence sources reported an imminent enemy attack. At 6:45 p.m. MAJ Myers called Major George Shields, the Blackjack commander, and gave him the mission.

By 7 p.m. 10 Company A UH1H slicks were on the runway to pick up the waiting infantry element. The cavalrymen climbed aboard and the ships were off to Edap Enang.

Exactly 27 minutes later, the last Blackjack helicopter had departed the fortunately "cold" landing zone, and was on its way back to Camp Enari. Just 47 minutes had elapsed from the initial warning to the completion of the mission.

Trap ...

(Continued From Page 1)
James N. Bury (Eureka, Calif.). "I grabbed my weapon, jumped behind a tree and began scanning the area."

Within minutes their plight became self-evident. The smoke grenade, the company had dropped for the dust-off ship, had started a fire which detonated six more booby traps and a dud mortar round.

The company had successfully evaded one of the hottest mine fields ever uncovered in the Dak To area and the first to be detected under such bizarre circumstances.

"It couldn't have been comfortable but Griswald didn't seem to mind it too much," added SP4 Robertson with a grin.

The dog, just plain mutt, has one habit that is not particularly endearing to his admirers.

"Griswald wakes up at three every morning," said SP4 Robertson. "That wouldn't be too bad except that he wakes everybody else up too."

Anyone who fails to respond to the dog's personal reveille must face the righteous wrath of an irate pup deprived of his chicken and noodles.

The prospect is frightening.

Griswald Moves In

Packet Becomes Mascot's Hiding Place

LZ BALDY — Many units stationed in Vietnam are adopting pets as mascots. Specialist 4 Tony Robertson (Shelbyville, Ill.), a squad leader with the 3rd Brigade's 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry, currently operating with the Americal Division, recently told of just such a mascot, a small dog which makes his home with Company E's 2nd Platoon.

The dog, which answers to the unlikely name of Griswald, was obtained in a trade between the men of Company E, and the dog's original owners, the children of the village of Que Son in Quang Nam province.

Rejecting the soldiers' initial offer of a box of "chop-chop" (chewing gum), the high-pressure tactics admirably executed by the kids eventually netted them a box of gum and

two comic books. This made Griswald one of the higher priced mascots in recent Army history and established his position as a dog to be reckoned with.

Griswald adapted quickly to the Army way of life. After eating and then carefully evaluating all the different meals contained in a box of C-rations, he soon displayed a definite preference for chicken and noo-

dles — followed by a can of warm cocoa. The only ration he would have absolutely nothing to do with was ham and lima beans.

Griswald suffered a few moments of anxiety when the company came under heavy mortar fire last month but he easily overcame his fear by burying himself in SP4 Robertson's hip pocket.

Boot Plate Saves Foot

Crew Member Just Avoids Injury

DAK TO — If it wasn't for the steel plate in his boot, Specialist 4 Bruce Hanson (Denver, Colo.) would have really gotten the point.

A crew chief on a UH1D helicopter from the 189th Assault Helicopter Company which supports the 1st Brigade, SP4 Hanson was scanning the treetops on a visual reconnaissance mission.

"We were sweeping around a battalion firebase, checking the area out," explained SP4 Hanson, "when I noticed a bunker complex near a cleared

area. Then I saw two North Vietnamese Army soldiers moving around down there, so I fired on them."

The helicopter droned over the area, pouring machine-gun fire into the enemy location. Artillery began pounding the area, and soon jets were angling in and dropping high explosives on the bunker location.

"I must have pumped out about 2,000 rounds from my M60," said the 21-year-old gunner, "and then the big stuff saturated the area. The location was hit for about three hours and after all the artillery and air support stopped, we flew lower to have a look."

As the helicopter closed in on

the blasted area, a persistent NVA soldier opened fire.

"We took three rounds through the floor," SP4 Hanson continued, "and one hit the sole of my boot. It was a good little jolt when it hit."

The helicopter immediately rose and—after calling for more artillery strikes—flew back to Dak To.

"The chopper wasn't hit too badly but I dug this out of my boot," said SP4 Hanson, looking at a dull, silver sliver of metal. "I think it's the steel core from an AK47 armor-piercing bullet. It put a bump in my boot. All I can say is that I'm glad that that plate was there."

Battery Fires 500,000th Shot In War

LZ BALDY—Battery A, 2nd Battalion, 9th Artillery recently fired its 500,000th round in support of the Ivy's 3rd Brigade. Major General Samuel Koster, Americal Division commander pulled the lanyard firing the memorable shell.

The 105mm round was fired from Landing Zone Uplight, south of Chu Lai where the 3rd Brigade is conducting Operation Muscatine with the Americal Division.

MPs Escape NVA ...

(Continued From Page 1)
here!" shouted PFC Rawlings.

"Both soldiers then shoved their captors to the ground and leaped into the jeep. As SP4 Pratt slammed the vehicle into gear and swerved out onto the pavement, the North Vietnamese began firing.

PFC Rawlings immediately returned the fire with his M16 and as SP4 Pratt picked up speed, the group of enemy soldiers ducked behind the laundry shop, firing a few more rounds, but to no avail.

The daring escape was suc-

cessful, though, and about a mile down the highway, the pair pulled over and set up a roadblock to stop other vehicles from entering the enemy-infested area.

A quick-reaction patrol was sent into the area later, but the mysterious enemy force had vanished into the rugged countryside.

Military intelligence personnel speculated that the enemy band was probably a part of the massive North Vietnamese offensive, launched against the city of Pleiku during the Tet holidays.

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