

5,000 Clerks And Cooks Make Highlands Sweep

By SP4 Obelit Yodgar
CAMP ENARI—Cooks, drivers, clerks—more than 5,000 Ivy base camp soldiers—took to the boonies recently on what was perhaps the combat sweep of its kind in the Vietnam war.

Operation Cleansweep, carried out mainly by sol-

See Photo Story
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diers used to the garrison life of base camp, was launched to clear and secure the 4th Division base camp's area of operational responsibility.

The Ivy soldiers swarmed over an eight mile radius through rice paddies and gullies around the Central Highlands base camp, searching villages and possible enemy rocket and mortar positions.

Mechanized infantry elements of 2nd Battalion, 8th Infantry,

air cavalry gunships and aero-rifle platoons of the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry and 1st Squadron, 10th Cavalry pitched in to provide an extra combat punch should it be needed.

Friendly Montagnard and Vietnamese villagers welcomed the sun-burned Ivymen, and

several children ran to meet them, waving, hesitantly, accepting candy and gum.

Although no contacts were made with any enemy forces in the day-long operation, the project was labeled a success.

It proved to the Ivy soldiers they can not only provide their

own defence of base camp, they can launch an offensive if needed, according to Colonel Robert C. McAlister of Mayfield, Ky., division artillery commander, and coordinator of the operation.

"In addition, the friendly civilian population observed, or

will hear of this combat potential," said Major General Charles P. Stone, division commander.

"This will increase their confidence in our presence and ability to secure the area from enemy terrorist activities," he added.



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CAMP ENARI, VIETNAM

August 11, 1968

2nd Brigade Moves Into Ban Me Thuot

By SP4 Larry Hogan

BAN ME THUOT—The 2nd Brigade was on the move recently after having spent more than six months at the Oasis.

In a matter of hours after getting the order to move, the entire brigade was packed and ready for the 100-mile trek to its new headquarters at Ban Me Thuot.

Crates, lockers, duffie bags, mascots and thousands of other

items, ranging from vital military equipment to treasured personal souvenirs, were ready for the mass migration.

Trailers bulging with cargo were hauled to the Oasis airstrip where they sat until a huge C1147 (Chinook) helicopter churned into view. Moments later several of the loaded trailers disappeared into the rear of the large copter.

An Air Force C123 followed in the Chinook's wake, loaded its cargo through the rear, and winged off toward Ban Me Thuot.

A massive convoy handled the bulk of the move, however. Moving out late in the afternoon, the convoy rumbled down the dust-choked road to Ban Me Thuot like a mile-long serpent on wheels.

As darkness engulfed the convoy, the brigade still had more than 80 miles between it and its new command camp. None the less, the Ivymen, determined to reach Ban Me Thuot by morning, pressed on through the night.

During the darkness, an Air Force "moonglow" flare ship circled above the convoy, ready to expose any hidden enemy at the first sign of trouble.

With the warmth of the rising sun, a dusty, tired group of men pulled into Ban Me Thuot, and amid the roar of aircraft and "organized confusion," set about establishing a new command post.

Panthers Get 9 VC, Equipment

OASIS—Nine Viet Cong suspects were detained recently, seven of whom lived in a Montagnard village west of Pleiku.

In a two-day period, Company C, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry twice encircled the large hamlet, and with the sharp eye of a Kit Carson scout, himself once a member of the North Vietnamese Army, the Ivymen detained three, and later four additional suspects.

A day later, two more suspects were detained from another nearby village by the 3rd platoon of Troop C, 1st Squadron, 10th Cavalry which was attached to Company C.

During their initial search, the mechanized soldiers discovered enough equipment "to fill at least two armored personnel carriers," said Private First Class Bob Campbell of Winters, Calif., a forward observer of Battery A, 4th Battalion, 42nd Artillery, attached to Company C.

The equipment included blankets, mess kits, concertina wire, air mattresses, ponchos, entrenching tools, sand bags, empty ammo boxes, water can and machetes.

Several of the detainees possessed VC identification papers, and it was later learned that one was a scout, two were porters and one an officer or NCO.

All nine detainees were later identified as VC members.



VILLAGE SWEEP—Two Ivymen confer after searching a Montagnard village for suspected Viet Cong equipment during an operation in which soldiers from the division's base camp acted the roles of infantrymen. (USA Photo by SP4 Thomas Hyldahl)

'Installed C130 Engine'

By SP4 Ralph Springer

DAK TO—Someone once said, "Victory is like a beautiful flower. Support is the stem."

Few units personify this adage more than Company D, 704th Maintenance Battalion, the vital support arm of the 1st Brigade at Dak To.

The company maintains and repairs virtually everything "from typewriters to tanks," according to Captain Holmes D. Bengs of Quanah, Tex., company commander. "We do the big third-echelon jobs, repair and replacement of major components from field radios to truck transmissions," he added.

Company D, nicknamed the "Wrench-Busters," is divided into several sections to keep the operation running as smoothly and effectively as possible.

"We have a signal section," said First Sergeant Leroy C. Bartlebaug of Belair, Md., "which maintains and repairs

all signal-oriented equipment like switch panels, antennas, everything connected with signal's operation."

Armament specialists handle a full line of weapons from .45-caliber pistols to mortars and on up to high self-propelled howitzers.

One of the busiest sections is vehicle maintenance. "They handle everything from jeeps to the big 10-ton trucks and beyond to APCs and tanks," the sergeant added.

The remaining sections specialize in their respective fields. The engineer section handles all problems concerning power generators and water pumps and other engineer equipment while the fuel electrical section keeps vehicles generators, fuel pumps, fuel injectors and related systems in top shape.

Company D also operates a recovery unit, responsible for

rescuing and recovering stuck and disabled vehicles and tracks from accidents, breakdowns or ambushes. "During the monsoon season, they're especially busy," ISG Bartlebaug added.

Technical supply, responsible for the more than 3,000 individual parts used in the company and the service section, which handles all the maintenance welding and metal-fabrication, completes Company D's compact but efficient operation.

"We've been here at Dak To since the last part of October 1967," said ISG Bartlebaug. "In that time, we've gone through a huge amount of everything: parts, gasoline, solvent, oil, acetylene gas, tires; you name it and we've probably repaired, replaced, or worked on it up here. We're so diversified that last November, we even had some men helping an Air Force crew install a C130 aircraft engine."

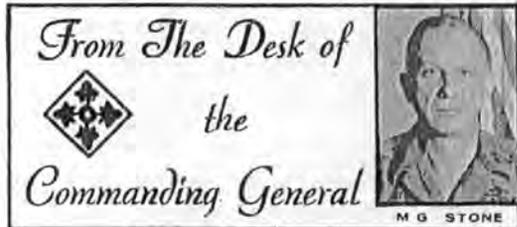
Talking Bull

OASIS—In an attempt to improve breeding among their cattle, Montagnards from Plei Bong Golat are learning the process of artificial insemination.

Instructing the villagers in the modern agricultural process are Specialists 4 James Johnson of Ft. Worth, Tex., and Tom Shephard of Springfield, Mo., farmers in civilian life.

"An average bull services 20 to 25 cows a month," explained SP4 Johnson. "We can now service as many as 75 cows using the insemination process."

The unsuspecting bulls were not available for comment.



Voting

THIS NOVEMBER, elections will be held for the offices of President and Vice President, the U.S. Congress and numerous other national and state offices. The officials elected will become our chosen representatives for determining the policies and enacting the laws which govern our nation. These elections provide each citizen his principal means of influencing the course of government by exercising the right to vote for those candidates who stand for the policies he, the voter, would like to see put into effect. The vote is the citizen's voice in the political process in a democratic society, and the strength of our society rests on the proper exercise of this right to vote by every citizen. Any citizen who fails to vote not only neglects one of his rights but also his duty.

You are a citizen as well as a soldier. As a soldier you are performing the highest service possible for any citizen in support of your country. As members of the Armed Forces serving overseas, your right to vote is protected by various laws and court decisions. Recently, the Federal Voting Assistance Act was amended to further guarantee you the exercise of your right to vote.

An information pamphlet, DA Pamphlet 360-503, has been published in order to provide you with the details concerning the elections to be held this year and how to go about casting your vote. This pamphlet summarizes the requirements established by your state concerning age, and registration. It also tells you when to request a ballot, how to obtain it, and gives specific instructions for mailing your completed ballot. Your unit voting officer has this pamphlet as well as the Federal Post Card Application for Absentee Ballots. Contact your voting officer for assistance in obtaining and completing the application for a ballot from your resident state.

Some of you may be unsure of the state in which you are qualified to vote. Generally, it is the one in which you were residing at the time of your entry on active duty or the one in which you last voted. Should you have any questions concerning the state in which you are a resident for the purposes of voting, consult the legal assistance officer or ask your unit voting officer.

I realize that many of you have been away from your home state for some time and may not be familiar with local issues and candidates. This need not discourage you from voting for those issues and candidates with which you are familiar. Some states have established special procedures which allow you to vote only for certain offices. DA Pamphlet 360-503 gives specific instructions and information concerning the rules governing elections in each state. If, after referring to this pamphlet, you still have questions, see your voting officer.

Your failure to vote when added to the millions of other citizens who may fail to vote can weaken the foundations of our democratic society. Voting in an election which offers the citizen a meaningful choice is still another way we may contribute to the worldwide struggle against communism—a struggle in which you are already playing an historic role. I urge each of you who are eligible to send for an absentee ballot and cast your vote in the elections this year for the candidates of your choice.

Charles P. Stone

Bullet Showers In Rain

DAK TO—Some people have the ability to turn even the worst of situations to their favor. Take Private First Class Carl West of Rochester, N.Y., for example.

For four straight days, the 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry fire-base on Hill 1338 was besieged by almost continuous torrential monsoon rains. The inclement weather, restricting much of the re-supply helicopter traffic, required water to be used sparingly.

Most people remained inside with long faces, looking at the

deluge through bunker firing ports. But not PFC West.

Each evening around 4 p.m., PFC West burst outside his bunker wearing only a broad grin—and holding a bar of soap. In a matter of seconds, the downpour had wet him enough to work up a good lather with the soap. Whistling to himself, he performed his hygienic task and finished it by having the intense rain rinse him off.

"The way I look at it," commented the Bulletin commo man, "there's no reason to let all that fine water go to waste."



Ivy Staff Changes

CAMP ENARI — An almost complete turnover in the general and special staff of the Ivy Division has taken place this summer. Eleven new heads of staff sections have assumed their posts since June.

The new G1 is Lieutenant Colonel Joseph S. Sulenski of Long Beach, Calif., whose last assignment was with the Office as Assistant Vice Chief of Staff, Department of the Army. Lieutenant Colonel Robert L. Kirwan of Milton, Del., the new G3, came to the 4th Division from the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Taking charge as G4 is Lieutenant Colonel Leo M. Brandt of Manitowoc, Wis., who last served with the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Logistics, Department of the Army.

The G5 is now Lieutenant Colonel Roderick D. Renick of Fairfax, Va., who recently completed the National War College at Ft. McNair in Washington, D.C. The division finance section is now headed by Lieutenant Colonel John C. Childers Jr. of Walnut Ridge, Ark., who also came from the Department of the Army where he served with the Finance Branch, Officer Personnel Directorate.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert W. Krug of Colorado Springs, Colo., has taken over as adjutant general while the new staff judge advocate is Lieutenant Colonel Darrell L. Peck of Madison, Wis.

The chemical section's new chief is Lieutenant Colonel John W. Gillespie of Walhalla, S.C., who last served at Ft. McClellan, Ala. Camp Enari's new deputy post commander is Lieutenant Colonel John L. Daniels of Dallas. He previously served with the Infantry Branch of the Department of the Army.

Arriving in early June from Frankfurt, Germany, Lieutenant Colonel Donald N. Russel of Detroit took over as division provost marshal. Duties of headquarters commandant are now being performed by Major Benjamin P. Owen of Hope, Ark., who came here from an ROTC assignment at N.E. Louisiana State University in Monroe, La.

Fighting Fourth Battle Briefs

THE FOLLOWING is a brief summary of combat action in the 4th Division area of operation from July 18 to July 24:

★ July 18: Company B, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry found a network of 12 spider holes, two-dugout cooking areas, with one NVA body believed to be six weeks old.

★ July 19: An attempted ambush of an element of 1st Squadron, 10th Cavalry, west of Pleiku, by three enemy soldiers resulted in one detained. There were no friendly casualties.

A civilian bus was stopped 20 miles south of Pleiku by three or four armed Viet Cong, who collected an unknown amount of money from the passengers.

★ July 20: More than 5,000 Ivy base camp soldiers participated in Operation Cleansweep. The massive, day-long operation covered an eight-mile radius outside base camp, and was supported by mechanized infantry forces and air cavalry gunships. Although no contacts were made with the enemy, the operation did account for four detainees, four hand grenades found in one village, and a rocket firing position located and destroyed.

Cavalrymen of the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry spotted four enemy soldiers north of Ban Me Thuot, killing three.

★ July 21: A Hoi Chanh walked into a strike force camp north of Ban Me Thuot.

★ July 22: Elements of 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry, in an area west of Dak To, found 16 NVA graves, each holding one body, believed to be two to four weeks old. The casualties were results of B52 strikes.

Elements of the same unit received fire from three NVA west of Dak To. The Ivy men killed one enemy soldier and captured his AK47.

Receiving fire from 10 NVA near Ban Me Thuot, gunships of 7th Squadron, 10th Cavalry, plus air strikes and artillery fire, poured fire on the enemy soldiers, killing three.

★ July 23: Ivy LRP's took 10 enemy soldiers under fire near Ben Het, killing two, both armed with AK47s.

A Plei Mrong civilian strike force killed five NVA in a heavy contact with an estimated enemy company, capturing an AK-47, a BAR, and a B40 rocket launcher.

★ July 24: ARVN soldiers employed artillery in a fire fight with an enemy force near Ban Me Thuot, killing 21 and capturing various enemy documents.

The Ivy Division welcomed cavalrymen of Troop D, 2nd Squadron, 1st Cavalry on their arrival from Fort Hood. The new troop will add air mobility to the Cav Squadron.



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BUTCHERS AND CHEFS—The Panthers of the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry ran into a wild boar near the Oasis and that little piggy went to market. After skinning and cleaning the boar (left), the Ivymen roasted the



succulent meat over a make-shift log fire (right) and later enjoyed the fruits of their labor.

(USA Photos by PFC Steve Wilson)

Chief Changes After Capture

By 1LT Gary Martin

(EDITOR'S NOTE: As part of the Viet Cong terrorist campaign in the Central Highlands, Montagnard village chiefs are kidnapped at gun point and taken to an area somewhere in VC Valley, east of Pleiku, where they undergo several weeks of Communist indoctrination. Fearing for their lives, they are then allowed to return to the village, promising never again to be chief. This story was gathered from the lips of one such Jarai chief and from members of the 5th Battalion, 16th Artillery civic actions team presently working in the village.)

THE TROPICAL SUN shot its last brilliant rays through the tops of broad-leaved banana trees.

Shadows lengthened among narrow rows of grass huts.

A lone water buffalo, outlined against the setting sun, raised his massive head and bellowed in raw defiance of the coming darkness.

A faint trace of wood smoke filled the air. Night had come to the small Montagnard village.

Tomorrow, life would go on for the nomadic tribespeople as it had since the first Jarai came down from Dragon Mountain, hundreds, maybe thousands of years before.

Naked, brown-skinned children would lead the sometimes gentle water buffalo to the river.

The men of the village, though few in number, would be in the rice paddies turning soggy earth with an ox and wooden plow.

Montagnard women would work their looms, weaving heavy black and red cloth. All day they would carry the young on their backs, while filling dried gourds with water, or cutting the always present bamboo.

But tonight the village was quiet.

In the jungles, darkness belongs to the unknown; and unknown to the sleeping village, danger hid nearby; shadows moved. Fifty, sixty, a hundred silent figures swarmed into the village.

Somewhere a dog barked, then a voice, a cry, a scream.

Aroused by the sound, an old man climbed from his hut and was immediately set upon by several assailants, brandishing rifles and knives.

Offering no resistance, the thin and

bearded old man was blindfolded, bound at the wrists and hurried through the village, disappearing into the dark jungle.

Again, the village was quiet.

Somewhere under the cloudless tropical night, the village chief was stumbling along a dark jungle trail, being prodded on toward an unknown destination, several days journey to the east.

Days melted into nights. There was no chief in the small Jarai village.

Many weeks later, the ghost of an old man paused on the trail leading to the village. His last few steps were difficult ones. He had walked for many days over mountains, through swamps, across rivers.

Loud and excited greetings rang across the hills as a village heralded the return of their leader.

The old man paused on crude steps leading to his stilted hut. He appeared many years older than when he had been taken away. He was thin, wrinkled and tired.

As he spoke a mysterious silence fell over the village; he would no longer be their chief. Those who had come in the night had told the chief it would be bad for his tribe if he were to remain their leader. His people would be taken away, forced to work, even killed.

Day after long hard day, his abductors told him he could never again be chief. They showed him plans for the defeat of the American forces, and reminded him of his need to help the roving Viet Cong bands.

It had all been too much, their words too many, the days too long. He would listen to their voices, at least for a time, if only he could help his people to again enjoy their nomadic freedom and beloved highlands.

The old man resumed his work in the village, fitting newborn babies with anklets and earrings, carving a 'tonge' or pipe from wood recalling stories from long ago.

The old man had come back and would live out his days with his people, but the chief never returned.

Carson Scout Spots Former Pals' Traps, Detects NVA Signs

By SP4 John Trimble

KONTUM—A North Vietnamese moves slowly through the jungle, carefully watching each step and looking for signs of the enemy. He stops, turns to the commander of Company D, 1st Battalion, 14th Infantry and points out signs of enemy movement down the trail.

The soldier is a Kit Carson scout assigned to the 3rd Brigade unit. Only a few months before he was operating in the same area with a different Army—the NVA.

After surrendering and overcoming the initial fear of being captured, he realized that his communist leaders had lied to him from the beginning, even before he was drafted.

Now he has decided the best thing is to help the free peoples and those who desire freedom. He goes to a training camp and becomes a Kit Carson scout. In a few months he is back in the war fighting what used to be his comrades. This time, he is fighting for what he knows is right.

Both Company C and D of the "Golden Dragons" have a Hoi Chanh to aid them in their search for the enemy around Kontum.

"At first we were skeptical of a former enemy soldier working with us," said First Lieutenant Terry E. Bender of Columbus, Ga. "But after he made his first combat assault (CA) with us we were glad we had him."

Company D was airlifted into an area northwest of Kontum. Its mission was to conduct surveillance of a river and to set up night ambushes at possible enemy crossings.

By walking the point, the Kit Carson scout turned out to be a great asset to the Ivymen. "He pointed out enemy traps and trail markings that had been overlooked by other members of the company," said 1LT Bender.

Another Kit Carson scout working with Company C has also proven to be effective in talking with Montagnards, and in detecting almost invisible sign of the NVA.

The 3rd Brigade is proud of its new soldiers. The men who work with them are glad they are on our side.

A Cobra Coils For Strike

OASIS — Nine feet of twisting, slithering king cobra moved through the heavy jungle foliage, unnoticed by the Ivymen of Company B, 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry, sweeping a thickly wooded hill near the Oasis.

The Ivymen, tired from the burning sun and the day's mission took a break.

"I was off to one side by myself when I heard something move in the brush close to me," said First Lieutenant Charles Kite of Oklahoma City, Okla. "It didn't make a lot of noise, but I decided to take a look."

As the lieutenant parted the brush, he suddenly froze. Within feet of him was a large snake, ready to strike. Slowly and cautiously, 1LT Kite removed a machete from his pack and with one quick slash killed the snake.

Hanging from a tree, the huge reptile measured more than nine feet — nine feet of the largest and deadliest snake in Vietnam, the king cobra.



USA PHOTO BY MAJ DONALD KINGTON
A LIGHT OBSERVATION HELICOPTER SKIMS ABOVE GROUND SEARCHING OUT ENEMY POSITIONS.



A FINANCE CLERK STEPS THROUGH THE DRIEST PORTIC

Base Campers Become Infan



USA PHOTO BY SP4 THOMAS HYLDAHL
HIGH-STEPPING CLERK CLIMBS OVER FENCE ON WAY TO CHECK OUT MONTAGNARD VILLAGE.

Photo Essay By 4th Division PIO

In order to secure the 4th Division base camp's area of operations, Operation Clear Sweep was launched. And for one day Ivy base campers—the cooks and the clerks—took the test for infantryman. They did what the "grunts" do every day.

Swarming like ants over steep, heavily grassed knolls, through waist-deep rice paddies



A FALLEN LOG FORMS A NATI



USA PHOTO BY 1LT GARY MARTIN
RICE PADDY DURING THE SEARCH.

trymen

in deep ravines and gullies, they passed through villages and ghost towns. Cautiously entered and confidently they left.

Patrolling went on despite heavy rains and humidity, blistered feet and scratched faces, and despite the fact that this was the first time some of the soldiers had been off their camp.

And in the end, the test was won. The show of new power in the event of enemy assaults led to the tapping of a previously unused source of force in the central highlands.



USA PHOTO BY SP4 JEFF TARTAR
AND IS USED CAREFULLY.



USA PHOTO BY 1LT GARY MARTIN
TOUGH, MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN REQUIRES TOUGH MOUNTAIN-GOAT CLIMBING FOR COOKS AND CLERKS.



CARAVAN—Helicopters fly through gathering monsoon skies with 2nd Brigade troops and supplies on an operation near the Cambodian border. (USA Photo by SP4 Larry Hogan)

Reunited With D Troop

Blackhawks Take To Air

By SP4 Obelit Yador

CAMP ENARI — With the arrival of Troop D in Vietnam, the 2nd Squadron, 1st Cavalry Regiment has now gained airborne capabilities.

Although previously a part of the squadron, Troop D was separated at Fort Hood, Tex., by a general order in January 1967, and when the squadron left for Vietnam, Troop D remained at Fort Hood.

Commanded by Major John W. M. Stipe of Copperas Cove, Tex., the troop underwent 15 weeks of rigorous, Vietnam-oriented training at Fort Hood before it was deployed to Vietnam.

"Now I am proud the troop is with us again," said Lieutenant Colonel Donald W. Moreau of Leavenworth, Kan., squadron commander. "Delta Troop will increase our combat potential, provide us with the eyes we did not have."

The air cavalrymen were greeted by LTC Moreau and by Major General Charles P. Stone, 4th Division commander

in a brief ceremony held at Camp Enari.

Then MG Stone chatted with the men individually over coffee and cake in the squadron headquarter's mess hall, as the 4th Division band accompanied

the men with such tunes as "Sonny" and "Watermelon Man."

Following orientations and a short period of extra training, the troop will begin combat operations against the enemy.

Walt Disney And Talks Assault Highlands VC

CAMP ENARI — The day would have been routine except for the animation of the late Walt Disney and the earnest talk of a man named Dam Jo.

Even with the appearance of the 704th Maintenance Battalion civil affairs team at the villages of Plei Poo Xoi I and II, none of the hamlet's people expected what was to come.

Normally the visits consisted of a MEDCAP, during which those villagers who needed treatment were sought out by house to house calls by Private First Class Rick Fosmo of Brisbane, Australia. Then they were taken to the market.

This time, however, after the Montagnards had done their marketing in Pleiku, Captain Stephen M. Overton of Bangor, Mich., asked the two chiefs if they would like to stop by the 4th Division's Good Neighbor Council House to see some movies and have some refreshments.

The chiefs agreed—somewhat reluctantly, however, since none of them had any idea of what a movie star was. A half hour later, 60 men, women and children were laughing and pointing at the screen as Goofy, Donald Duck and other Walt Disney characters entertained.

As the second movie ended, a scout vehicle pulled up, and Dam Jo, the deputy province chief for Montagnard affairs, himself a Montagnard, entered the Council House, stepped before the people and established the first official contact between the South Vietnamese government and the people of Plei Poo Xoi.

Mr. Jo spoke earnestly of the South Vietnamese Govern-

ment's desire to help the Montagnard people, cautioning them against the seldom kept promises of the Viet Cong.

As he finished, several of the village men pressed forward to shake Mr. Jo's hand, obviously impressed by his talk.

The program was brought to a conclusion with the showing of a movie spoof on the VC.

The trip home seemed shorter for the people of Plei Poo Xoi as each looked forward to sharing his day's experiences with family and friends. Handshakes all around, gifts of tobacco and pineapples, and the 704th trucks rolled out of sight, thus completing another visit from the American soldiers.

Stand-down

OASIS—The mud-caked, battle-hardened Ivymen of Company C, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry got a rare two-day treat recently as they came in from the field for the first time since January.

Hamburger paddies and iced drinks awaited the mechanized soldiers, and each gladly stood in line as chief chef, Specialist 5 James Wright of Lindsay, Okla., a civil affairs team medic, performed the barbecuing.

The brief stand-down gave the mud-ridden Panthers a chance to get that refreshing shower, don clean fatigues, catch up on letter writing and make minor repairs to their armored personnel carriers.

"Man, I got 40 pounds of dirt to wash off," said one Ivymen as he stepped into a shower.

The Smith Brothers Meet On Navy Ship In A Surprise Move

CAMP ENARI — The Smith brothers — one a soldier with the 4th Division's 124th Signal Battalion, the other a sailor aboard the USS Providence — didn't expect to see each other until after their wartime tour.

The Navy and Army liaison offices in Saigon had other plans, however, and busily went about making arrangements for the two brothers from Racine, Wis., to rendezvous aboard the USS Providence. The planned reunion was kept a secret from the two men.

Then, one day recently Specialist 4 Kenneth R. Smith was boarded on a plane at the Pleiku airstrip for Da Nang. Upon arriving in Da Nang, the soldier was met by a naval representative, who made arrangements for a helicopter to fly SP4 Smith to the USS Providence, then located about six miles from the coast at Da Nang.

SP4 Smith found his brother, Seaman Glenn R. Smith, and the ship's captain waiting to greet him when he arrived.

"I was treated like a celebrity," SP4 Smith, the only soldier on the ship, commented. "We had dinner with the admiral that evening and I was quartered in the guest room."

Days later, as the Providence cruised 200 miles off the Vietnamese coast, the Navy flew SP4 Smith via helicopter to the USS Constellation, from where the Army specialist was flown by jet to Da Nang.

When SP4 Smith returned to his job as a pole lineman, he

had logged a lot of memories.

"To think," he said, "the Army and Navy went to all that trouble for me — it makes a guy feel pretty important."

3rd Brigade Moves Again

OASIS — The trucks lined up, all bulging over with chairs, tents, dogs, duffle bags and a thousand other things a brigade headquarters company needs. The 3rd Brigade was moving for the fifth time in six months.

They set for about an hour and then without warning began to move slowly.

Smoke poured out of the vehicles.

This time the brigade was going to the Oasis near Pleiku.

Now Kontum was just another one of those places where you had been, just another place to talk about how good or bad it had been there.

The convoy meandered along the 80 some miles of Highway 14 for about three hours before it reached the Oasis.

The men of the 3rd Brigade are used to moving and as some say, "It's no big thing."

The 3rd Brigade has had to take over the area of operation (AO) of the 2nd Brigade while maintaining its own AO at Kontum. Some infantry elements of the brigade were left in Kontum while others moved to the Oasis.



AND THE RAINS CAME—After a lull in a highlands thunderstorm, two Ivymen from the 1st Battalion, 12th Infantry bail some water out of their bunker. (USA Photo by SP4 Lew Grass)



GROOVIN'—Company C, 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry puts finishing touches on their part of the unit's "Puerto Rican, Soul Brother, Hillbilly Hootenanny."
(USA Photo by SP4 Ernie Porcellini)

Vietnamese Look On

Hootenanny Goes On Despite Battle Noise

By SP4 Jim Walters

DAK TO — Specialist 4 Keith McClure of Honolulu was in the final chorus of his folk song when the word was passed around: a North Vietnamese demolition team was reported to be on its way to Bridge Three. SP4 McClure and the cast of the "Puerto Rican, Soul Brother, Hillbilly Hootenanny" grabbed their guitars, climbed up the slope that leads from beneath Bridge Three and jogged to their perimeter bunkers.

The rehearsal, was called off until the following morning.

Guitars were placed in the back of bunkers, magazines were loaded, Claymore wires were checked. Company C, 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry, was on 100 per cent alert at its defensive position at the strategic bridge west of Dak To.

Darkness was settling over Bridge Three when the Hootenanny's producer-director, Platoon Sergeant Nelson Rivera of San Juan, P.R., issued final instructions:

"Alright you guys, keep 'em away from that bridge—we've got a show tomorrow!"

Tense quiet blossomed as luminous hands crept over watch faces.

At 11 p.m. the Company command post radio suddenly crackled into life.

"... We've got movement to our Sierra-Whisky... a voice whispered over the radio.

Moments later, two exploding M79 rounds broke the silence.

Quiet for the rest of the night.

A wet fog blanketed the Bridge Three perimeter the following morning as rehearsals were completed by somewhat bleary-eyed cast members. The "Puerto Rican, Soul Brother, Hillbilly Hootenanny" began at noon.

Just as the show's M.C., PSG Nelson Rivera, began his introduction, one tank, two APCs,

four deuce-and-a-halves and a jeep thundered overhead on Bridge Three. Mud and dirt dropped through the timbers on the bridge, falling on performers and audience alike.

When the last Dak To-bound vehicle thumped over the bridge, PSG Rivera calmly continued:

"... As I was saying, despite the shortened rehearsal time, we've got a fine show for you today. I want to thank you for making sure that the NVA didn't blow up our 'theatre' last night."

"Where have all the flowers gone..." sang Specialist McClure.

Overhead, a giant "Crane" helicopter lifted a 155mm artillery piece towards Dak To.

"... mi corazon echo en pedazo..." sang Private First Class of Hartford, Conn.

A crowd of curious Vietnamese soda vendors and Montagnard children peered down through the bridge's girders.

Private First Class Noah Merchison of Palestine, Tex. hunched over his battered guitar and coaxed a rich, rhythmic beat from it.

Private First Class Carnell Tillman of Fernadina Beach, Fla., listened for a moment, winked up at the Vietnamese children and began snapping his fingers:

"Sittin' on the Deck of the Bay..."

An Otis Redding tune under a bridge that crosses the Dak Poko River a few miles west of Dak To Republic of Vietnam.

"... Left my home in Georgia, headed for the 'Prisco Bay..."

PSG Merchison looked up from his guitar to see smiles, clapping hands—the same hands that had tensely gripped an M16 rifle a few short hours before the "Puerto Rican, Soul Brother, Hillbilly Hootenanny."

6,000 Monthly MEDCAPS

OASIS—One civil affairs team performed some 6,000 MEDCAPS in the last 30 days, almost twice as many as the normal amount per battalion.

The Civil Affairs team of 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry worked almost around the clock giving medical aid to Montagnard and Vietnamese victims suffering from a recent outbreak of malaria.

"About 20 per cent of those we treat request medical atten-

tion," said Staff Sergeant James Black of Cedar, Okla.

Recently it required three team members to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for 45 minutes to a Vietnamese youth. Helicopters are often called in to rush the stricken victims to the nearest hospital.

"These people have no confidence in modern medicine," added SSG Black. "So one of our hardest jobs is to instill that confidence in them."

Chaplain Haggin Takes Leave Of 'Sons' At Forward Bases

By PFC Tom Hurley

KONTUM — The helicopter swooped down from the low-hanging clouds and the gray-haired passenger inside waved to the men atop the bunkers below. Chaplain (Major) Melvin V. Haggin of Carpinteria, Calif., was saying goodbye to his men for the last time.

Chaplain Haggin had served as the 3rd Brigade Chaplain for the past year. It has not been an easy 12 months.

In keeping with his belief that a chaplain's main obligation is to the men in the field, Chaplain Haggin spent five days and nights a week with the 3rd Brigade's infantry battalions.

He said he had nothing but respect and admiration for the American fighting men in Vietnam.

The infantrymen were as glad to see Chaplain Haggin as he was them. Each of the companies in the 3rd Brigade responded with a near 100 per cent Catholic turnout at his masses. He averaged 20-25 masses a week.

"Soldiers are the most God-hungry people I know," said Chaplain Haggin. "There is a tremendous void in their lives created by the loss of family and home for a year. This is where I come in. It is up to me to show my men that God gives a damn for them because their Chaplain does."

"In the richest sense of the word 'pure', I believe the American soldier is the purest individual on earth, in the sense Christ spoke of in the Beatitudes. He has no rivalries, jealousies, or bitterness. The man in the field does have an absolute brotherhood that includes

all those capable of accepting brotherhood," he continued.

Any discussion involving Chaplain Haggin invariably ended with his praising the men he had grown so close to. He believed the men stationed in Vietnam are the greatest.

"These fellows never fail to amaze me. Whether they just finished humping ten kilometers or building a fire base, they were never too tired for a brief service followed by a hootenanny. And their courtesy is wonderful. If there are only two sodas on the fire base, they offer their chaplain one.

"I often wonder how I can ever complain to a waiter back in the world about a steak when I know my men are eating C-rations in the field. They've done more for me than I could ever do for them."

Many 3rd Brigade soldiers don't agree with that last statement. Men joke about the chaplain's function, but all know a good friend is there when needed.

"My old outfit was always glad to see him," said Specialist 4 Jon Ingenthron of Oakland, Calif. "Not only did he conduct services for us, but it was not unusual to see him helping carry water canisters or building bunkers. And he was sincerely interested in our problems. We're going to miss him."

"Lasting friendships are formed in the field. Heroism in regard to saving buddies has become almost commonplace. The first thing a wounded man invariably asks is how are his friends. So many times have I heard an injured soldier request that the man in the stretcher

beside him be treated first," continued Chaplain Haggin.

But there have also been good times. Few who were with the 3rd Brigade at Christmas time will forget the "spiked" parties Chaplain Haggin arranged. Each man also knew that a cold soda or beer was always available at the Chaplain's tent. What the men didn't realize was the money for the drinks almost always came out of Chaplain Haggin's pocket. That's the only way he would have it.

"I've heard all kinds of accusations about the men in the field. Protestors back home claim that a year in the boonies turns men into animals.

"I have seen exactly the opposite.

"Sure the men tend to complain about their living conditions. But these are always the grossest of understatements.

"The infantryman's ability to adapt to any situation is his greatest asset. When conditions become unbearable he simply shrugs and says 'it don't mean nothing.'

"All of us might profit by following his example."

So Chaplain Haggin's tour in Vietnam has come to an end, but will by no means be forgotten. He has witnessed the confusion of new men in Vietnam, the exhaustion of soldiers working in the torrid Asian summer, the joy of a Christmas in Vietnam, and the terror of the Tet offensive.

"Many people ask me if the life of a priest is a lonely one, not having wife or family.

"I just smile and tell them I've got more sons who are closer to me than if they bore my own name," he concluded.

Treated As Already Dead

Medic Saves Montagnard's Life

OASIS — Quar had never permitted his people to accept medicine from the American doctors. Today his daughter lay shivering and convulsing with fever. Montagnard medicine had failed — his daughter would die.

The civil affairs team of the 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry had in the past encountered difficulties in reaching the villagers of Plei Cham Neh. Small children were the only ones who responded to the Ivymen's offer of aid, often against the wishes of their primitive parents.

Quar let his sick villagers die rather than have them treated at Army hospitals. It wasn't that he was unnecessarily cruel, he simply believed in ruling his village as his ancestors had ruled before him, free of outside interference.

Today, the team sensed something wrong.

The village was quiet. Doors were closed, windows barred, and the children who usually played in the dirt were not in sight.

First Lieutenant Robert Graty of Longmeadow, Mass., who had seen it before, realized the Montagnards were in mourning.

The 3rd Brigade team moved quickly into action. Specialist 4 William Drehs of Williamsville, N.Y., and the team medic, Specialist 5 James Weinke of Neenah, Wis., raced from door to door trying to find the reason for the mourning. An old woman whom the team had befriended in the past finally told them the problem. The chief's daughter

was dying.

The medic examined the little girl and diagnosed the ailment as malaria. It was not acute malaria, but the disease had been neglected a long time and was now serious.

The lieutenant and his men were in a delicate position. They knew if they saved the girl it could be the turning point they had been looking for in their relations with the Montagnards. If they failed, the project would be doomed.

Proud Quar, who had by this time stoically accepted the fact that his daughter would die, reluctantly agreed to let SP5

Weinke treat the girl. The young medic did all he could, administering the proper pills and serum. All the team could do was sit and wait.

The girl showed immediate improvement. Her temperature dropped steadily and soon the fever broke. A week later she was on her feet again.

The next time the team entered the village they were greeted enthusiastically. The old and young alike were present at the team's MEDCAP. The only one absent was Quar, the aged chief.

Some things can only be changed with the passing of time.

Ivymen Go Into Earth

BAN ME THUOT — Seventy-five dwellings can make up a typical village, but when the structures are all underground, it's a different story.

The men of Company D, 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry recently uncovered such an underground village south of Ban Me Thuot.

The first signs of the enemy bunker complex were discovered by helicopters of the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry.

Buzzing low over the area, a pilot spotted a strange looking shadow.

Calling back his discovery, the pilot remained over the area until the Regulars arrived.

As the unit moved through the area, it soon became clear

the complex was much larger than the men had expected.

After checking only a few of the bunkers, darkness closed in and the men were forced to withdraw for the night.

Early the next morning, the Regulars returned to the complex.

It took most of the day to complete the tedious task of searching and then demolishing all the structures, but the work was not in vain.

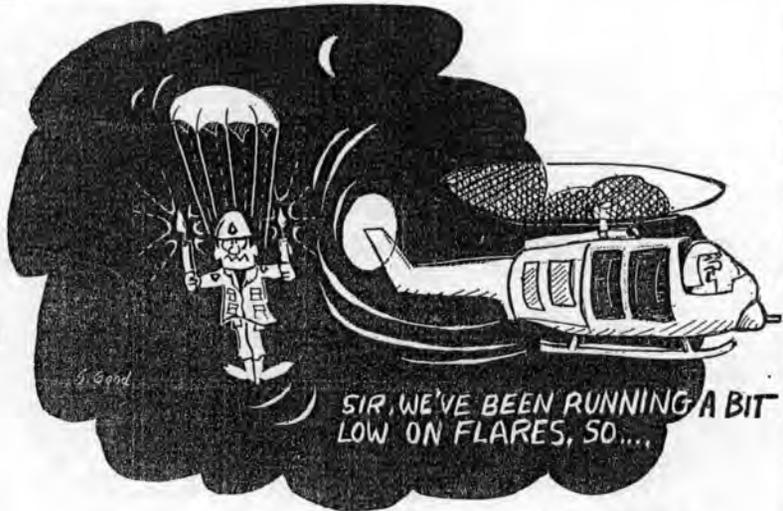
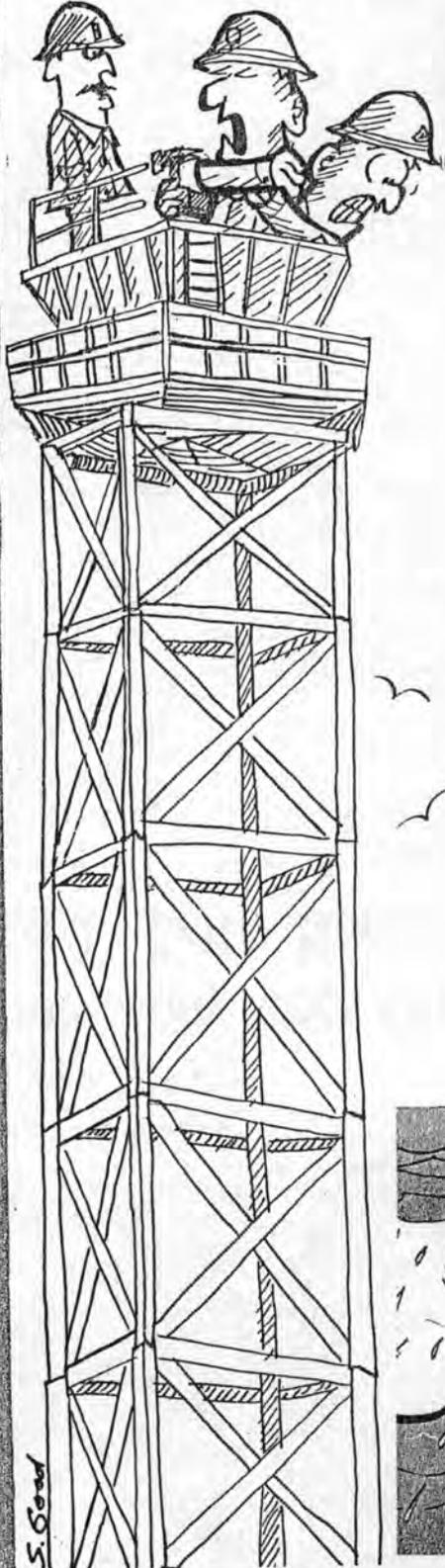
Along with the numerous documents, hand grenades, mortars, fresh uniforms and small arms ammunition lost to the Americans, the enemy gave up still another, and perhaps more important item.

They lost a big chunk of their underworld.

PFCIG

by PFC Stanley A. Good

IT'S ABOUT THIS
NEW REPLACEMENT,
SIR...



SIR, WE'VE BEEN RUNNING A BIT
LOW ON FLARES, SO...

SOMETHING ABOUT A
"ONE-PRONGED ATTACK", SIR...



CHIN UP, SENATOR —
WE ALL HAVE THOSE DAYS
WHEN WE CAN'T
MAKE ENDS MEET
...



I'VE HAD ABOUT ALL OF THIS
MONSOON SEASON I CAN TAKE...

S. Good