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IVY LEAF

FAMOUS FOURTH

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CAMP ENARI, VIETNAM

October 27, 1968

Dak Lung PF Unit Beats Back 60 VC

By SP4 Jeffrey Tarter

DAK TO—Lying quiet and peaceful in the moonlight, the Montagnard village of Dak Lung looked like easy prey to the enemy.

It wasn't.

Shortly after midnight,

40 to 60 Viet Cong launched an attack against Dak Lung with grenades and small arms fire, breaching through a wooden fence that surrounded the village.

But the attackers underestimated the Popular Forces (PF) platoon that guarded Dak Lung. In fierce fighting that lasted an hour, the badly outnumbered PF platoon drove the enemy back into the jungle.

Next morning, Major Ngyen Bao, chief of Dak To District, was in Dak Lung with American advisors from MACV and the Ivy Division's 1st Brigade when fighting broke out again.

The PFs moved swiftly into section.

"They ran right at the VC. They didn't hesitate," said Captain Gary A. Olsen of Niles, Ill., a 1st Brigade civil affairs officer who was in Dak Lung that morning.

As the VC retreated, American and ARVN forces quickly converged on Dak Lung to back up its PF defenders. "Within 15 minutes after the attack started," Captain Olsen reported, "we had an air strike on station."

Then artillery from the 42nd ARVN Regiment began pounding the enemy. "They were right on target," Captain Olsen said.

Gunships from the 1st Brigade swept the area after the artillery, and two companies of ARVN infantry were airlifted into Dak Lung aboard 1st Brigade helicopters.

A 1st Brigade loudspeaker team was also raced to the village and began broadcasting a plea to the VC to give up.

"They had to hear it," said Captain Olsen, "so at least they've got to be thinking about what happened."

A sweep after the firefight turned up two enemy dead and blood trails through the jungle.

Lying beside a bloody hat with three bullet holes was a new enemy pistol. "We think they got the leader," said Captain Olsen. "The leader of a VC element usually is the guy who carries a pistol."

In addition to the pistol, the sweep recovered one AK47, four SKS carbines, one B40 rocket, a bangalore torpedo and 150 rounds of ammunition.

A day later, Major Bao, Lieutenant Colonel Doan, chief of Kontum Province, and Colo-

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Ivy Fund Supports Scholars

CAMP ENARI—The \$150,000 goal of the 4th Infantry Division Scholarship Fund campaign is almost in sight as contributions continue to pour into the till.

With 97 per cent of the units reporting their contributions for the September pay-day activities, over \$87,000 had been donated by division units and other interested personnel.

The campaign, inaugurated in April of this year by Major General Charles P. Stone, division commander, has an initial goal of \$150,000. However, the campaign will continue until the division leaves Vietnam.

The funds will be utilized to provide a \$1,500 college scholarship for the eldest child of an Ivyman killed in action and awarded the Purple Heart.

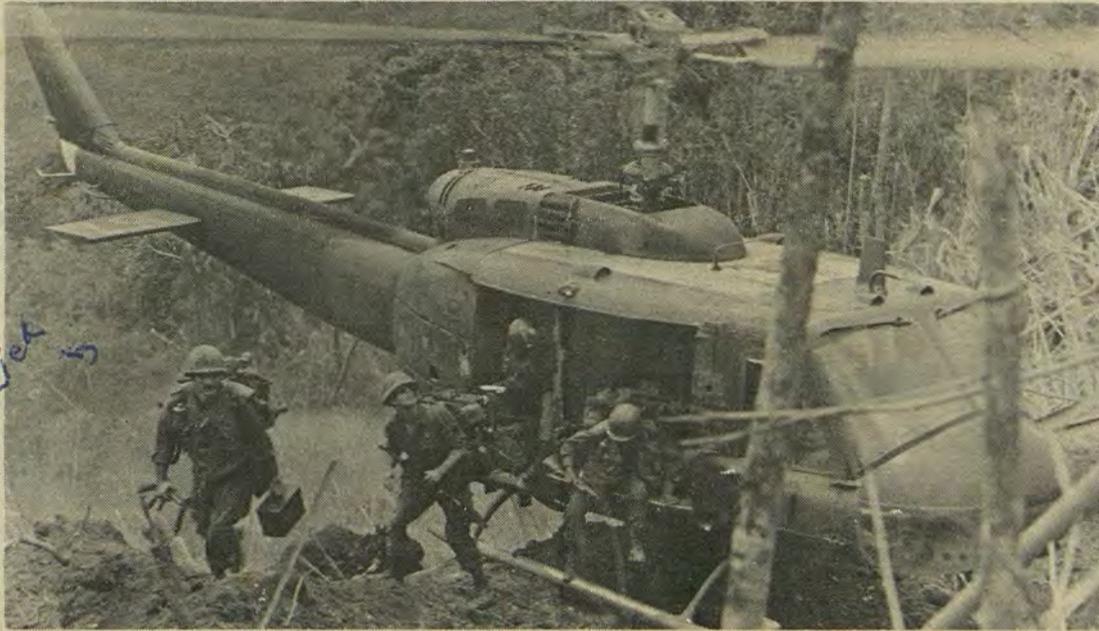
Third Battalion, 12th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Jamie R. Hendrix, rallied in September to donate \$4,582, their largest contribution to date. The donations pushed the unit's total contributions to \$12,007 to remain the division's top contributor.

Two units of the battalion contributed over \$1,000. Company B, commanded by Captain Carey W. Dunning, donated \$1,218, while Company C came up with \$1,030.25. Company C is commanded by Captain David C. Murrow. This is the second consecutive month that Company B has hit the thousand dollar mark. In August the unit gave \$1,024 to the fund.

Also hitting the thousand dollar mark for September was Headquarters and Company A, 704th Maintenance Battalion. The support unit, commanded by Captain Michael A. Thomas, made the fund richer with its \$1,125 contribution.

Contributions to the fund have come from sources other

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DROP OFF—Using the lip of a bomb crater as a landing zone, a chopper drops men from Company C, 3rd Battalion, 8th Infantry, to conduct a sweep in the highlands.

(USA Photo by 124th Signal)

Plays Early Morning Game

I did the same

World Series Hits Highlands

OASIS — The stage was set. Denny McLain of the Detroit Tigers, first major league pitcher in the last 34 years to win over 30 games, was to oppose the St. Louis Cardinals' ace right-hander, Bob Gibson, in the opening game of the 1968 World Series.

Thirteen thousand miles from the scene of the long-awaited clash in St. Louis, men of the 4th Division's 3rd Brigade eagerly awaited the first pitch. For the first time this season the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service (AFRTS) had agreed to cover the game "live" in its entirety.

But there was a problem. Due to the time difference between the United States and South Vietnam, the big game broadcasted at 1:45 p.m. This totally disrupted the soldiers' normal routine.

In the past, men assigned to bunker guard had always drawn

straws to see who would get the uncomfortable 12 p.m. to 3 a.m. watch. But the night of the big game, every guard tried to pull that particular shift so he could listen to the broadcast.

Normally almost everyone but the perimeter guards had their lights out and were sound asleep by 1:45 a.m. That night, however, the men stayed glued to radios of all sizes and shapes.

"Man, its been a long time coming," said Specialist 4 Terry Morse of Beaverton, Mich., an ardent Tiger fan.

"I've rooted for the Tigers as long as I can remember. The last time they won the pennant was the year I was born, 1945. I didn't have much of a chance making it to that Series," he continued.

Equally enthusiastic in support of his team, the defending champion St. Louis Cardinals, was Specialist 4 Grey Blair of

St. Louis.

"The 'Birds' won the Series in 1967 and I think they can repeat this year. I attended two of their games in St. Louis last year. I wish I were in Missouri now," said Specialist Blair.

When Tiger slugger Willie Horton became Gibson's 17th strike out victim to end the game at approximately 4 a.m., the 3rd Brigade soldiers' vigil finally ended. Tiger and Cardinal fans alike agreed the game was worth losing sleep over.

"The World Series is a welcome change of pace from our normal routine," said Specialist Morse. "We really appreciate anything that takes our minds off Vietnam for a little while. It makes home seem just a little closer," he added.

The fact that Bob Gibson and his St. Louis teammates blanked the Tigers 4-0 was almost anticlimactic, however, the final series results were quite another story.

Flying Scouts Spot Enemy

Cavmen Inaugurate NVA Nightmare

By SP4 Hans J. Lange

BAN ME THUOT — Fourth Division support troops, from the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry, turned a cordon and search mission into a nightmare for two North Vietnamese (NVA) soldiers.

The sun had not yet burned off the morning's haze. Residents of Buon Bling, a small village one mile northeast of here, were still rubbing sleep from their eyes when light observation helicopters, Cobras and Huey slicks, came wailing in to seal up the village.

As the slicks touched down, out popped Alpha Troop's air rifle platoon. They quickly set up their positions to complete the vise-like seal, as the guns and scouts circled overhead.

While National Police and a psychological operations team

questioned the villagers about enemy activity, one of the flying scouts making an air security sweep, spotted two armed men stalking through the tall grass west of the village.

When the observation craft made a second pass for a closer look, the pair broke into a run and began firing at the ship.

A call hurriedly went to the command and control (C and C) ship hovering high above.

Captain Friedrich Rosenberger of New Rochelle, N.Y., piloting the C and C ship, answered the call and told the scout to pin down the two enemy soldiers with fire from their miniguns. "And keep an eye on them," he added.

A message was relayed to Second Lieutenant Michael D. Casey of Sallisaw, Okla., the air rifle platoon leader, and

pick four men for the mission of routing out the NVA. It was his first day on the job.

He selected Sergeant First Class Patrick C. McCormack of New York to lead the element. Specialist 4 John W. Yellock of Burlington, N.C., was his heavy weapons man with an M60 machine gun.

Specialist Horisec Young of Benton Harbor, Mich., and Private First Class Raymond A. Notarbartolo of Whitestone, N.Y., completed the team.

Captain Rosenberger dropped his ship to pick them up and lift them to where the NVA were pinned down. Once over the area, he brought his ship in and inserted the team, with his door guns blazing.

On the ground, Sergeant McCormack moved swiftly. He had Specialist Yellock set up

the machine gun and put out grazing fire. He sent Specialist Young and PFC Notarbartolo straight ahead, where the NVA were hiding in a small hut.

"We hadn't moved very far through the tall grass, when up popped Charlie," said PFC Notarbartolo. "They were really motivatin', each of them going a different way."

"I got the one moving to our right," he continued, "and John (Specialist Yellock) got the one going left. It all happened so fast, I don't think any of us had time to realize what was going on."

Once the shooting stopped, the team moved forward—slowly and cautiously. They found one dead NVA. Then the other one. He was still alive, offering no resistance. He was disarmed immediately, then evacuated.

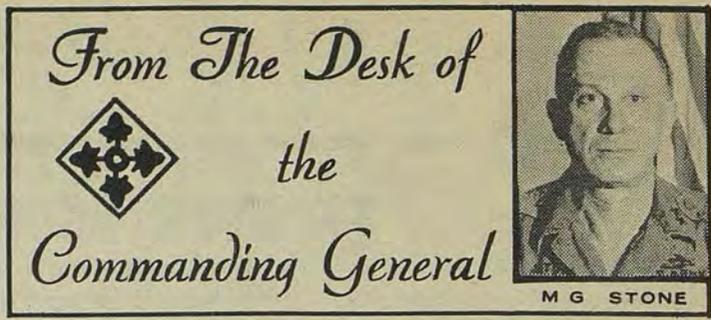
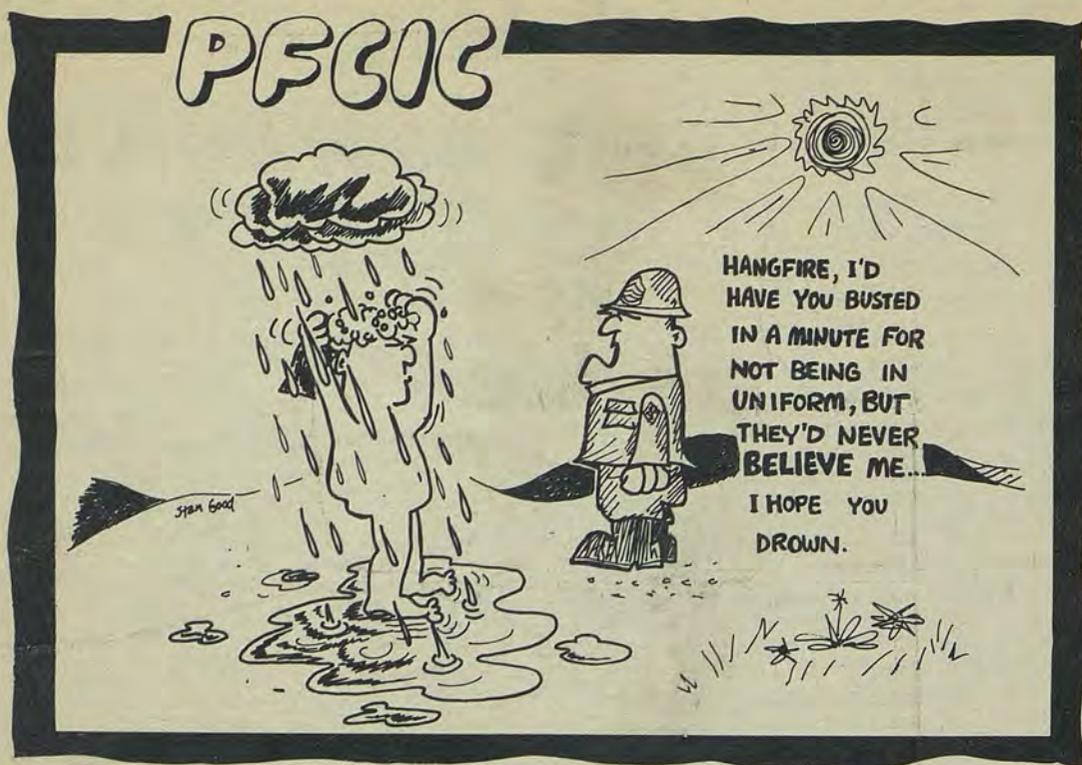
General's Aide

CAMP ENARI — Private First Class Richard Calloway was named enlisted aide to Major General Charles P. Stone, commanding general of the 4th Infantry Division.

PFC Calloway was appointed because of his outstanding qualities as a soldier and served seven days in the position which honors a different Ivyman each week.

PFC Calloway of Princess Ann, Md., is a rifleman with Company A, 1st Battalion, 22nd Infantry, operating in the Ban Me Thuot area of the Central Highlands.

He had previously completed training at the Camp Enari NCO Academy and plans a career in the Army.



Be Security Conscious

IS BEING SECURITY CONSCIOUS important to you and me? The answer is definitely "Yes". It is of vital importance to every man in the 4th Infantry Division. Just what exactly is being security conscious? Let me explain this in the following manner. The opposite of security is insecurity. In combat, insecurity can only result in the loss of American lives. Good security, on the other hand, means the enemy is denied intelligence which tells him where we plan to attack or what we plan to do. He then is on the losing end and his lives are lost, not ours. During my entire military career I have remained constantly aware of the importance of getting more information about the enemy than he receives concerning us. In no other conflict has this task been more difficult. Don't make his job easier by providing information inadvertently or through carelessness. The life you save may be your own.

In the history of wars fought by the American Soldier, there has almost always been a front line which "separated" us from the enemy. Also, in previous wars, the enemy was easily identified by his uniform or some other feature which made him different from the friendly people in the combat zone. In Vietnam there is no such line, and it is often difficult to identify the enemy from the people. Remember the barber who was at the firebase yesterday, or the smiling Coke girl who was selling cold drinks from her roadside stand to the convoy truck drivers? They both seemed friendly; yet, they might well have been working for the enemy. They may even innocently repeat what they hear to someone who will get the word to the enemy commander. The American Soldier is a very congenial individual. He can seldom turn away from the attention being shown him by a pretty girl, nor can he pass up the opportunity to engage in a good conversation. Remember, the apparently friendly individual that you are talking to might be sympathetic to the enemy's cause. Even the kids can't be made exempt from the rule of "don't talk about what your unit is going to do."

It doesn't seem like much when you hear your buddy mention to the clerk that runs the laundry that he must get his clothes today because his unit is moving out. Then your other friend states that he will not like being that close to the border. Little bits of information that do not seem important will, over a short span of time, provide the enemy with a big picture of our plans. Then your life and the lives of your friends are placed in jeopardy. BE SECURITY CONSCIOUS.

Charles P. Stone

In A Week Of Battling

Ivymen Score 56 Enemy Kills

CAMP ENARI — Sharp clashes sparked the war in Vietnam's Central Highlands as 4th Division soldiers accounted for 46 enemy dead, 31 of these the results of previous fighting. A village north of Dak To was hit twice in less than one day by enemy units, the second time as Ivymen were conducting a MEDCAP in the village. The North Vietnamese soldiers fled leaving two dead, after artillery, air strikes and gunships pounded the area. One AK47 and two SKS's were cap-

tured. (5 Oct) Gunships from the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry dropped two enemy soldiers and found one AK47 and one SKS when they were called in to help a Camp Strike Force which had engaged an enemy unit. (5 Oct) Following airstrikes and gunship runs on an enemy complex of 100 bunkers north of Ban Me Thuot, the NVA troops again fled leaving two dead behind. (6 Oct) Elements from the 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry found three

NVA bodies in an area southwest of Duc Lap on the same day. (6 Oct) A patrol from the Duc Lap Special Forces camp found the bodies of 5 NVA killed in a contact with Ivymen on 23 August. (8 Oct) Fighting Fourth Division gunships came to the aid of a Camp Strike Force which had sprung an ambush on a large NVA unit in the area of Plei Me. Three of the enemy perished and 17 rucksacks were recovered from the site. (9 Oct) Cobra gunships from the 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry again filled the air 10 miles north of Ban Me Thuot when 15 enemy soldiers were spotted in the open. A check of the area found three enemy bodies. (10 Oct) Four NVA soldiers were killed in a sharp clash with Ivymen on patrol from the 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry near Duc Lap. (10 Oct)

Legal Assistance Officer Acts As Ivy Consultant

CAMP ENARI—The Legal Assistance Officer is a licensed attorney who acts as legal adviser and consultant in the same manner as a lawyer in private practice.

in which a civilian lawyer is needed to handle the matter, he can refer you to one through his contacts with local bar associations.

He advises on such matters as a will, power of attorney, domestic relations problems, estates, taxes and other civil legal matters.

Naturally, the Legal Assistance Officer cannot be expected to advise you on private business transactions. But he can refer you to a private practitioner for that purpose. He can also refer you to a civilian attorney on matters relating to complicated trusts or wills involving large estates.

However, he is not permitted to represent you before a civil or criminal court, or to conduct active negotiations in your behalf with a party against whom you may have a dispute.

The Legal Assistance Officer is located at the Office of the Staff Judge Advocate. Office hours are from 7:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. seven days a week. Appointments are unnecessary.

Within these limitations, he can handle most of your personal legal problems, and in cases



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Commanding General Major General Charles P. Stone
Information Officer Major Donald D. David

STAFF

Officer-in-Charge First Lieutenant Gary G. Martin
Editor SP4 Harry Guy
Editorial Assistant SP4 Obelit Yadgar
Editorial Assistant SP4 Russ Landon

Leadership Ability Needed

Program Offers Direct Commissions

CAMP ENARI — Adjutant General officials have reemphasized the USARV direct commission program whereby enlisted men and warrant officers may acquire a direct commission to second lieutenant.

Captain Thomas Glassel, 4th Division direct commission project officer, said many soldiers serving in combat units with the Ivy division, are unaware direct commissions are available to those men who demonstrate outstanding leadership ability in a combat environment.

The USARV direct commission

program, a substitute for the old World War II "battlefield commission," was initiated in February, 1966 for the purpose of giving prompt recognition to Army personnel demonstrating leadership traits in combat.

Since its inception, more than 200 American soldiers have been granted commissions as second lieutenants, helping to fill the Army's shortage of junior grade commissioned officers.

Those receiving the commission are squad leaders, platoon sergeants, helicopter pilots and other soldiers who have been placed in positions where they must demonstrate qualities de-

sired of a commissioned officer.

You must be in the grade of E5 or higher with a minimum of six months in grade, stationed in Vietnam for three months and be recommended by your company and battalion commanders. And, your commander must point out in the recommendation specific instances where your outstanding leadership ability was demonstrated.

Finally, you must be a high school graduate or the equivalent, have a minimum GT score of 110 and a minimum OCT score of 115, and be no more than 28 years old on the date you are to be commissioned.

Panthers Find NVA Holding A Grenade

OASIS — The day before, the young, robust captain from Texas had found an enemy bunker complex. He vowed then that his men would get an enemy soldier before they left the rugged hills north west of Plei Mrong.

Captain Charles Lauderdale of Midland, Tex., commander of Company A, 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry, was thinking out loud. Unknowingly, he was foretelling what would happen the following day.

Having just tangled with NVA regulars, the 4th Division soldiers were more alert the next day. As part of the company led a dismounted sweep of the dense jungle, the mortar and 3rd platoons were ambushed nearby.

The enemy was out for revenge, opening up with small arms fire, B40 rockets and 60mm mortars.

"We heard the shooting," recounted Captain Lauderdale, "mounted up, and my 1st and 2nd platoons with the Scout Pla-

toon reached the ambush site on line."

The NVA soldiers left more than just blood trails this time. A lone, barefoot soldier was found lying on his side. In his hand he held a deadly grenade.

Third Platoon Leader, First Lieutenant Richard Ford of Yardville, N.J., cautioned his men not to move too close to the downed soldier. It was obvious he had last minute plans for the hand grenade.

"We tried to persuade him to give up," explained Lieutenant Ford. "But he just wouldn't do it. When he started to pull the string on that grenade, we had no choice but to shoot him."

The Ivymen then tied a rope to the dead soldier's body, and cautiously pulled him over. In his rucksack, the enemy trooper had stuffed more grenades. The Panthers weren't taking any chances.

The enemy's AK47 rifle was mute testimony to the accuracy of the Ivymen's fire. A .50 caliber bullet had left a gaping hole in the barrel of the weapon.

The NVA were minus one sergeant, according to the Panthers' own Kit Carson scouts.

"Pauper Amidst Plenty" Wheeler-Dealer Sends Aid

By SP4 Jeffrey Tarter

DAK TO — Food, ammo, barbed wire, fuel, lumber, clothing, radios, sandbag, trucks, typewriters: if a fighting brigade needs it, their logistics (S-4) officer makes sure that it's all taken care of.

But ironically, he's a pauper in the midst of plenty. "If I want so much as a pencil, I have to ask Headquarter Company," declares Major Robert L. Hull of Ft. Collins, Colo., S-4 of the Ivy Division's 1st Brigade at Dak To.

It's a fact of life he must explain to a steady procession of people who think a brigade S-4 runs a magic supply warehouse.

With no stockpiles of his own, Major Hull works as the middleman in an operation that sees tons of goods and thousands of items change hands daily.

Though everyone who eats, shoots and takes shelter with the 1st Brigade benefits from the S-4's efforts, the job is one of the most invisible in the Army.

Of course, that invisibility is a tribute to the S-4's efficiency — a sign that all plans are

running smoothly, that everyone is satisfied.

The S-4 decides who gets what, when, and how much. He has the thankless job of stretching a limited number of hooks and slicks among the voracious appetites of dozens of outlying firebases.

Does a load of sandbags have higher priority than dry clothing? Whatever he decides, somebody won't be happy.

And there are times when carefully adjusted lists of priorities must be scrapped on a moment's notice — because the clouds around a mountaintop firebase have cleared just long enough to race a new load of supplies in. Hesitate, and the firebase may be socked in for another week.

"A good S-4," claims Major Hull, "has to be a pretty decent mind-reader."

He gives priority to units that expect to meet an enemy attack, or are dangerously short on critical items.

Whenever possible, a heavy cargo of ammunition is carried at least part way to the firebases over Dak To's roads — when they exist, and when

mud won't swallow up the trucks. Though an S-4 doesn't normally concern himself with road-building, Major Hull does. An open road can make a couple of trucks more useful than a flock of helicopters.

Inside the 1st Brigade's base camp at Dak To, the S-4 is a real-estate operator. "I own all this property," he says, explaining that he is responsible for allocating areas of the base camp to individual units.

He not only gives away land, he also approves whatever is built on that land. "I'll tell them exactly where to pitch each tent," he says.

Rearranging a entire base camp takes all the skills of a diplomat, tactician—and horse-trader. Add the rest of the S-4's jobs and you come close to a description suggested by Major Hull's assistant, Captain Alfred W. Kinkead of McAlester, Okla.:

"A good S-4 has to be a mess sergeant, an ammunition officer, a transportation officer, a loadmaster for aircraft, a supply officer a writer, an engineer, a maintenance officer — and a guardian of Uncle Sam's dollar."

Ban Me Thuot—A Kind Of Living History Book

Story By SP4 Larry Hogan With Photos By SP4 Ron Johnston

BAN ME THUOT—The city of Ban Me Thuot is a living history book. Its streets tell of past emperors and kings.

The buildings tell of its people's eternal struggle for freedom. The citizens speak of hope for a better tomorrow.

Ban Me Thuot is a major Montagnard center. Much of the city's life is a strange blending of the ways of these ancient people and the demands of a modern world.

Many Montagnards believe the Ban Me Thuot area is the site of the Bang Dran, a passageway through which the Montagnards came from their original home, deep within the earth, to their present location on the surface.

Until the early 1930's, Ban Me Thuot was exclusively a Montagnard hamlet.

At that time French and Vietnamese began to move into the area. The fertile lands gave birth to many successful rubber and tea and coffee plantations.

Some of the largest plantations in the world are now in operation near Ban Me Thuot.

Religious leaders soon introduced Christianity to people of

the area. Today, the residence of the Bishop of Ban Me Thuot rivals many state-side cathedrals in grandeur.

Even with the modern appearance of the Bishop's residence, the people of Ban Me Thuot have not forgotten their city's Montagnard heritage.

As with many prominent buildings in the city, the church is topped by a high, sharply pointed roof, patterned after the Montagnard long house.

Another building with the long house look is the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) bungalow, which was built at the turn of the century for the emperor, Bao Dai, as an imperial hunting lodge.

President Theodore Roosevelt was once a guest at the lodge and hunted tigers in the surrounding jungle.

Across the street from the MACV bungalow are the grounds of the imperial summer palace. The palace is now held in state for visiting dignitaries.

Sections of the building and its grounds still bear scars of the vicious Tet offensive.

The population of Ban Me Thuot is 62,000.

During Tet, the highland hamlet people turned schools, churches and office buildings into refugee relief centers.

Allied forces, including many units of the 4th Division, came to

the aid of the stricken city. Ban Me Thuot came to life again. Where structures of wood and tin once stood, modern brick buildings appeared.

Throughout the city signs of a brighter future may be seen.

A Montagnard teacher's college will open its doors next year. A dormitory, class rooms, dispensary and cafeteria are but a few of the solid brick buildings making up the "campus". The school will have its own electricity and water supply and will be the only Montagnard teacher's college in the world.

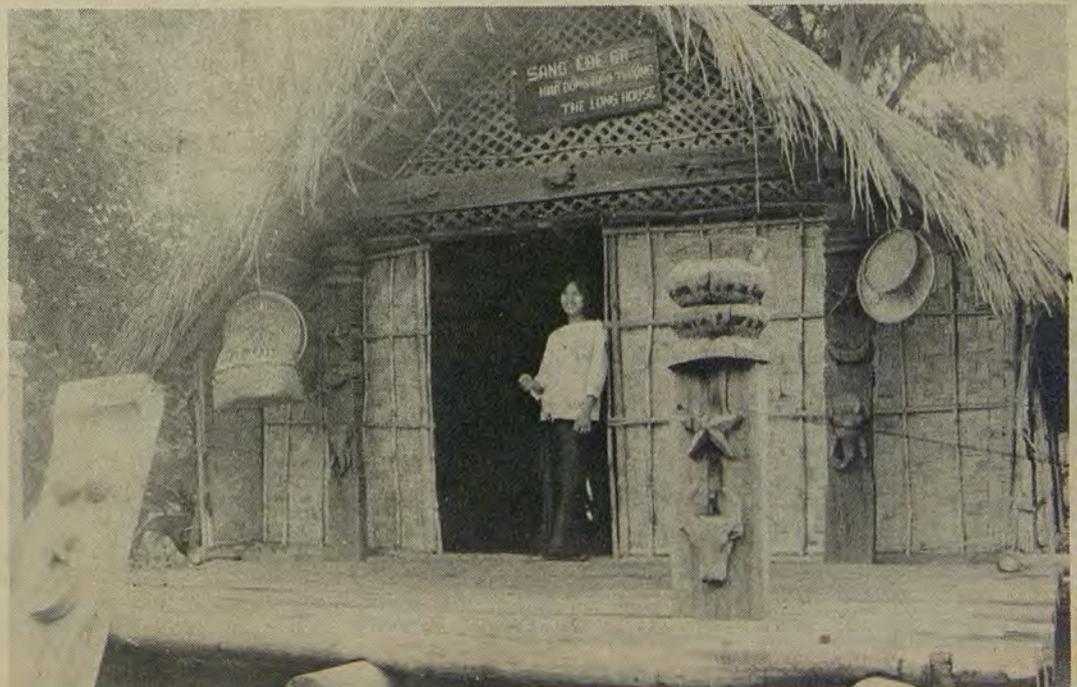
Everywhere one turns in Ban Me Thuot, the city tells a story. For years, the Montagnard and Vietnamese have lived separately.

In Ban Me Thuot, today, Vietnamese and Montagnard children are seen walking hand-in-hand.

Yet to be completed are the final pages of a history, written on the streets of an ancient city, and in the faces of an ancient but fascinating people.



SISTER THAN MARIE COMFORTS BABY AT ORPHANAGE.



A WOMAN WAITS FOR CUSTOMERS AT THE LONG HOUSE GIFT SHOP.

LRP's Peculiar Anniversary

BAN ME THUOT — "What a crazy way to spend my first wedding anniversary," said Long Range Patrol (LRP) Team Leader, Sergeant John Miller of Milwaukee, Wis., while under heavy enemy fire.

While stopping for a short chow break in a highly wooded area, the LRP team spotted five NVA to their front.

They opened fire on the enemy facing them. Falling behind a log, the team killed the five NVA with their initial barrage of M16 fire.

After killing the five, the LRP team executed a well-planned withdrawal.

With about 250 meters between them and the enemy's position, SGT Miller called in gunships and an extraction ship.

Within ten minutes the gunships from 1st Squadron, 10th Cavalry, were riddling the area with machine gun fire and the men were picked up.

"This is the fastest I have ever seen air support come in," said Specialist 4 Fred Fass of Saginaw, Mich.

Knights Swarm Over Countryside In Search Of The Enemy

OASIS—They are armored knights in a savage land. Their armor plate is their home. Their flak jackets, their prayer. Their .50 caliber machine guns their morale.

They are the mechanized Ivy-men of the Famous Fourth. They are the dust eaters, the brush breakers, the path finders, the trail blazers of the Central Highlands.

Their home is where night finds them in the jungle. They are the line companies of the 2nd Battalion (Mechanized), 8th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel David Thoreson of Concord, Calif.

They sweep from dawn to dusk. As they churn the brush beneath their heavy steel tracks, straddling the armored personnel carrier (APC) as one leg hangs over the side, limbs slap their sun-burnt faces, vines jerk their rifles from their hands, ants sting, insects bite and hordes of swarming bees are painstakingly avoided.

Yet, undaunted these jungle paladins complain little as they break and carve their way through the raw wilderness. Each rider fast learns to sway with the bucking and rocking of the iron horse, often appearing as if he is breaking a wild stallion instead of riding an armored vehicle.

The day is long and hot. The sweltering sun is merciless. It knows no friend. Its sneering rays beat down on weather-toughened skin.

Their tracks bear many names. The "Assassin," "Avenger," "Polish War Wagon," "The Head Hunters," "The Good, Bad and Ugly" are but a few. Appearing with the sobriquets are the letters: DBD. Death Before Dishonor—a tradition guarded.

Flak jackets and fatigues turn rusty orange from countless hours of exposure to bellowing mud dust from the track ahead. Brown mud cakes onto arms and eyes and faces. Nostrils fill with dust.

Cobwebs fill the air. Pollen irritates the eyes. Flies harass the skin. Beads of sweat roll down the infantrymen's faces, filtering through flak jacket and fatigue shirt alike.

Miles are covered. At last, the night perimeter must be secured. APCs are rolled round and round, crushing, crashing, felling trees until the desired perimeter is eaten away.

Each driver faces his track to the outside, equally spaced with the precision of a time piece. Bunkers are dug between the iron homes. Used and reused bags are filled. Tall elephant grass is sliced to ground level with machetes.

When human endurance has been fully taxed, drivers of the iron giants roll their machines through the vegetated carpet, smashing it flat.

Mud-caked ammo boxes, water cans and C-rations crates are pulled from the track's stomach. The ideal night perimeter is beside a cool, limpid stream in which the dust-ridden soldier can wash. But ideals are few in combat.

Claymore mines are set out along with trip flares, even concertina wire to discourage Charlie from pulling off his explosive tricks.

When time permits, faces and arms are washed with dabs of cherished water. Perhaps there is even time for an abbreviated shower, often from a bucket punctured with holes dangling from the side of the Papa Charlie.

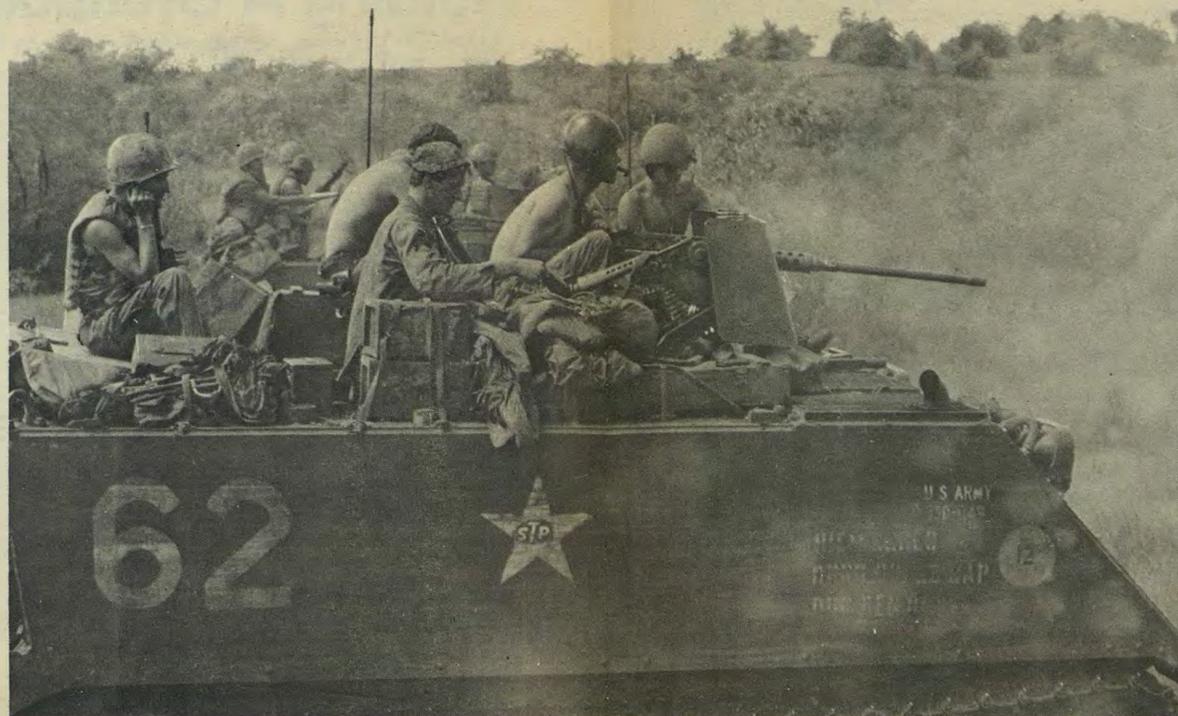
Dog tags and crosses and P38s dangle about a soldier's neck as he feverishly knocks the dust from his shirt.

Crumpled packages of powdered soft drink are sought at the bottom of a pocket. And elatedly, the Ivyman sighs at the sight of colored water, happily swishing it around in a canteen cup.

Hots are flown in with the evening mail. An almost frantic rush is made to the red sack as each soldier waits eagerly for his name to be called.

Battle-worn flags wave in the cool night breeze. The American flag above, a state banner below.

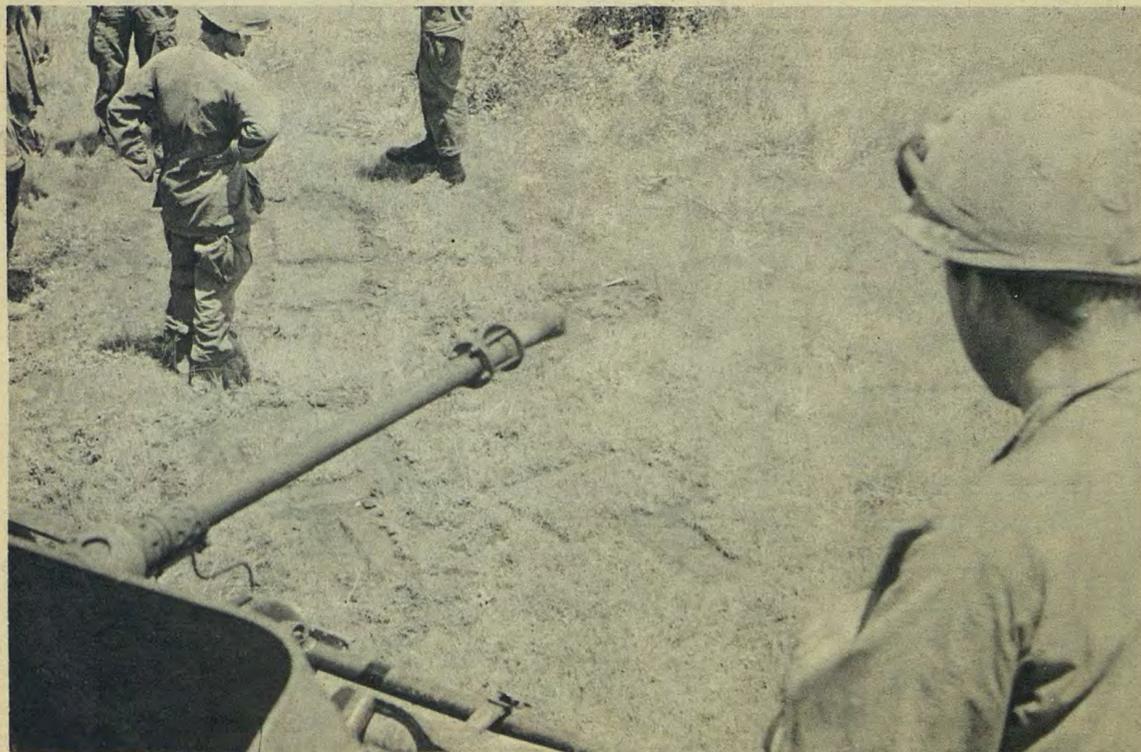
Gradually, tired soldiers crawl beneath their poncho tents. The day has finally come to an end.



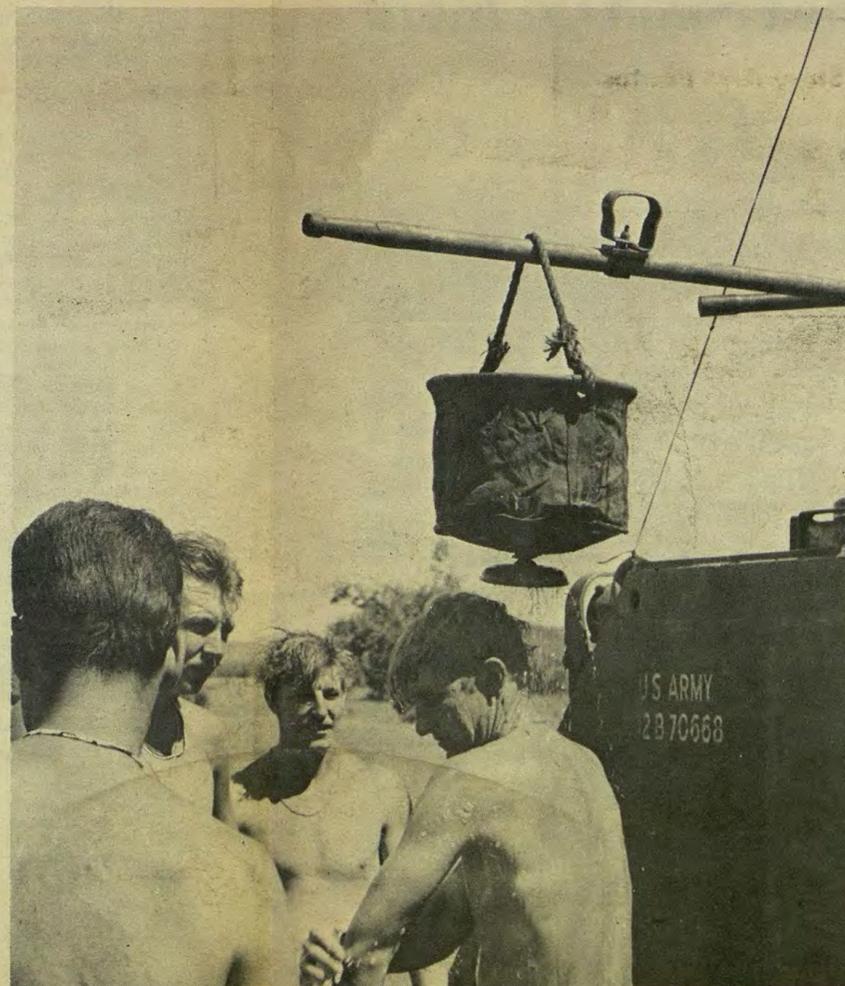
.50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN RIPS THROUGH SUSPECTED ENEMY POSITIONS.

Story And Photos

By SP4 Steve Wilson



PANTHERS FIND WHAT THEY BELIEVE TO BE CRUDE ENEMY DRAWING SHOWING POSSIBLE TARGETS NEAR PLEIKU.



THE ARMORED KNIGHTS TAKE TIME OUT TO WASH IN HOME-MADE SHOWER.

Helicopters Carry An Indian Heritage

THE CHEYENNE, IROQUOIS and Cayuse screamed bloodcurdling war cries as they charged madly at the enemy, blazing away with a deadly fusillade of fire.

No, the Indians haven't gone on the warpath again. But the bloodchilling names of the tribes are being given to Army helicopters.

Because the American Indian showed great courage and fighting ability, the Department of the Army has honored the tribes by giving their names to various helicopters used in Vietnam.

The Iroquois were noted for their great strength as porters. They carried supplies long distances to help their warriors in battle.

The Army's UH1H helicopter upholds that gallant tradition and thus was christened, "Iroquois."

Powerful and heroic were the dauntless Cheyenne. A strongly united tribe, they struck with lightning-fast action at the enemy.

The Army's newest gunship, the AH-56A, has been dubbed Cheyenne, for its swift and deadly striking ability.

The Indians have not always fought

against the Army. Many worked and fought at the infantryman's side.

One such tribe was the Cayuse, a natural breed of scouts, who introduced the horse to other Indian nations. The cavalry employed the Cayuse as their scouts when they learned how invaluable they were in tracking down the enemy.

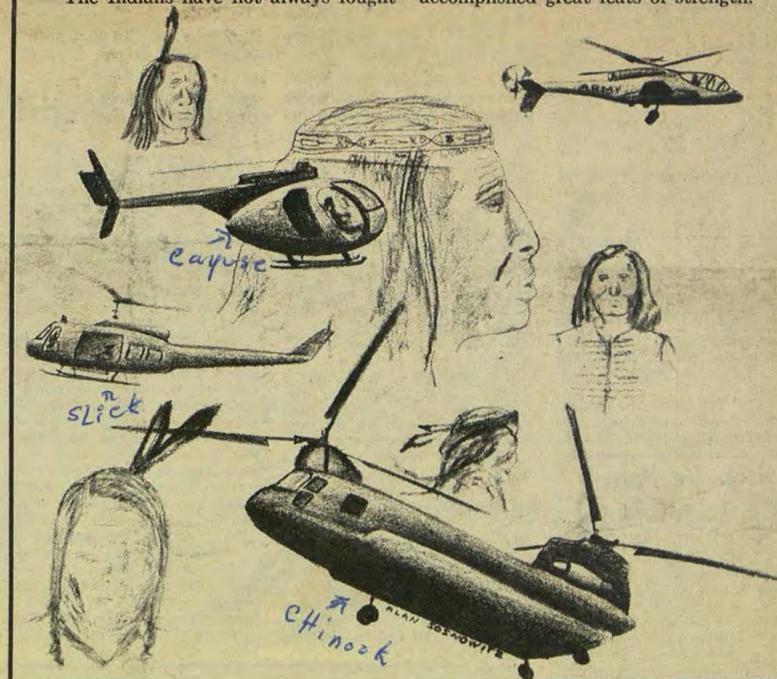
The OH6A helicopter was so named Cayuse for the task it performs, hovering above the jungle in search of the enemy below, flying into areas where other ships cannot go, and giving early warning of the enemy.

Still other trackers for the U.S. Cavalry were the Raven and Sioux, some of the latter who gave General Custer a bit of trouble. Their names were given to the other light observation craft, the OH23 and OH13.

The Chickasaw Indians fought with the Confederacy in the Civil War. For their great support in the Confederacy, their name was given the UH19, a utility helicopter similar to the Iroquois.

Other choppers honored with Indian names are the Mohaves and the Chinook, the CH37 and CH47, respectively.

Both tribes took pride in hard and meticulous work and were known to have accomplished great feats of strength.



Landing Zone Without Light

'Copter Rescues LRP Team

By PFC Norman Pazderski
BAN ME THUOT—Slowly, the chopper came down through the darkness of the night, as if it were feeling its way through the thick canopy of trees.

Below, a Long Range Patrol (LRP) was directing the bird. There were no flares. The extraction had to be executed in total darkness . . . the enemy was too close.

The 2nd Brigade LRP team recounted their adventure, their brush with the enemy, which only a few hours earlier had been a routine mission.

During the day, the LRP team had come across a high speed trail that was compacted like concrete. It had thick overhead cover, which kept the trail well-concealed from sight above. The team traveled the trail for a short distance, but they decided to get off.

"We went through 12-foot-tall elephant grass that was intertwined with vines," said Sergeant Richard H. Callahan of Newport Beach, Calif. "After we got off, we covered up the trail

we had made, and straightened out the grass and vines."

After traveling for awhile, the team came to a small clearing and decided it was perfect for a night location.

Unexpectedly, the snap of a twig broke the still and tranquil night. Then the rustling of leaves was heard.

"Be alert and keep quiet," said the team leader, Sergeant John Gidson of Hurricane, W.Va. "I hear some movement. Get the radio and call in."

The team leader slowly raised himself to the level of visibility. On both sides approaching the team were two North Vietnamese Army (NVA) soldiers.

"When the one NVA was about three feet away from the Claymore, I blew it," said Private First Class Noble Taylor of Pearsall, Tex.

The other enemy soldier hit the ground and hugged it for dear life. Then he began to return fire. More NVA followed suit.

The team grabbed the possessions they could and began run-

ning through the solid wall of brush in the pitch of the night. Firing in every direction as they ran, kept the enemy low so the team could move to an LZ.

"It was so thick out there that it took us 25 minutes to travel 50 meters," said Private First Class Jerry Mele of Corona, N.Y.

When the team reached the LZ, gunships above were spraying the area encircling the team.

The call for an extraction had been sent out to the "Gambler" gunships along with an extraction helicopter.

Shortly the helicopter was on the scene, but there was no flareship in sight. The LRP team was running low on ammo and the gunships were short on fuel.

"We had to get them out then or we never would be able to," said Warrant Officer George Summer of Logan, Utah.

PFC Taylor was holding the strobelight attached to his weapon. It was the only way the ship could be guided in.

"We made our first pass to pick up the team," said Mister Summer, "then there was screaming from the team not to come in that way."

The chopper rose in the dark of the night. It hovered waiting for a flareship to come.

"We stayed up for about three minutes in hope that one would come," said First Lieutenant Jerry L. Rawlings of Lawrenceville, Va. "We couldn't wait anymore so we went down for another try."

This time the ship from the 4th Aviation Battalion, Company A, commanded by Major Charles L. Woodhurst of Anderson, S.C., made it down to the team. Once the ship landed the team piled aboard and the ship pulled straight up and headed for home.



GENERAL'S AWARD—The First Oak Leaf Cluster to the Legion of Merit is pinned on Brigadier General Albin Irzyk former assistant division commander, by Major General Charles P. Stone, division commander, in ceremonies held at Camp Enari. (USA Photo by 124th Signal)

'Fat Albert' Hauls Tanks From Wet Weather Mud

By SP4 Jeffrey Tarter

DAK TO—For three weeks a tank sat in a stretch of black swamp mud called "Morass," with a thrown track and broken drive sprocket.

The tank was half-buried and still sinking when help came, but it was exactly the kind of emergency a Vehicular Tank Retriever (VTR) was built to solve.

Within three days, a VTR, from Delta Company of the 704th Maintenance Battalion at Dak To, had winched the tank out of the mud, dragged a new track onto its wheels and popped a huge diesel engine block out for repairs.

"With the wet weather at this time of year, we'll normally have to pull seven or eight tanks out every few weeks," declared Chief Warrant Officer Alan Brown of Spanaway, Wash., who oversees the massive tracked VTR known as "Fat Albert."

"We also haul everything from water tanks stuck in the river to jeeps and trucks whose drivers thought were on firm ground."

The VTRs main equipment, Mister Brown points out, is a enough to pull a straight 45 tons,

and up to 225 tons with pulleys.

To anchor the VTR when it starts pulling a buried tank, a small bulldozer blade can be lowered to take a bite of ground in front of the VTR. An overhead crane provides vertical lifting power.

Four men operate "Fat Albert": a crew chief, Specialist 5 Terrance Venny of Chicago, Ill., a driver, Private First Class Gary Goodman of St. Johns, Ariz., a mechanic, Specialist 4 Masaru Satake of Stockton, Calif., and a rigger, Specialist 4 Ronald Samuels of Louisville, Ky.

With most of its tremendous bulk tied up in a huge hydraulic system, "Fat Albert" carries only four inches of armor, a thin shell for a tank. And a VTR is a tempting target to the enemy.

"Charlie really likes to get these things, because he knows how important they are," says Mister Brown. "Often, Charlie will leave a tank alone to get a VTR."

For defense, "Fat Albert" carries a pair of 50-caliber machine guns, and another tank usually rides shotgun on missions into dangerous country.

"We'd like to put a mini-gun on it," adds Mister Brown.

When "Fat Albert" goes to work hauling tanks out of Vietnam's abundant bogs, its crew has one main concern: making sure that their giants recovery vehicle doesn't become stuck rescuing other tanks.

Because the only thing that can haul "Fat Albert" out of the mud is, of course, another "Fat Albert."

Paper Playgirl Charms VC

BAN ME THUOT — Her flowing black hair and sparkling smile could charm the satchel charge off a Viet Cong (VC) guerilla, and that is exactly what she is supposed to do.

Her photograph appears on millions of "chieu hoi" leaflets which fall from the sky.

The leaflets are produced by the 4th Psychological Operations (PSYOPS) Group, and distributed by the 4th Division's Civic Actions (G-5) section, under the leadership of Major John Taylor Jr. of Louisville, Ky.

In order to insure their leaflet girls are in fact young ladies the enemy would most like to chieu hoi with, the PSYOPS group left the decision in the hands of experts.

"We showed pictures of several different girls to both hoi chans and prisoners of war," Major Taylor explained. "The girls we use were, by far, their favorites."

CPT Performs Daring Rescue

CAMP ENARI—Captain Richard H. Beal of Dallas, was presented the Soldier's Medal for heroic action in saving the life of one of his men.

Major General Charles P. Stone, commanding general of the 4th Division, made the presentation in ceremonies at Camp Enari.

Captain Beal went into an NVA bunker to rescue an Ivyman who had passed out from lack of oxygen while searching the 30-foot deep tunnel for documents and weapons.

The captain was lowered into the near-airless tunnel by rope, tied the rope to the limp body of the stricken soldier, then waited until it could be lowered after extraction of the Ivyman.

Through Captain Beal's efforts and those of his unit, Company A, 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry, the soldier was revived and returned to duty.

Brigade-Level Red Cross Director Assists Soldiers' Morale

OASIS—"Larry, let me be the first to congratulate you on the birth of an eight-pound boy, Tally Stanley White, to your wife Betty Lynn. Both wife and child are doing fine."

With these words, Mr. David Foxworth of Oceanside, Calif., Red Cross assistant field director, informed Specialist 4 Larry White of Harrisville, Miss., of the recent addition to his family. The message took little more than one day to be relayed from

St. Dominic's Hospital in Jackson, Miss., to the Oasis, home of the 4th Division's 3rd Brigade.

Informing 3rd Brigade soldiers of family births is but a small part of Mr. Foxworth's job. A former Marine first sergeant who served 22 years in the Corps, Mr. Foxworth is currently serving his second tour in Vietnam, this time in a civilian capacity.

The American Red Cross has five major functions in Vietnam. The organization gathers veri-

fied information to assist the military in determining emergency leaves, and assists in communications between servicemen and their families back home.

In addition, the organization counsels men on personal matters, and if needed, provides financial assistance to military personnel granted compassionate leaves.

"Perhaps the biggest misunderstanding the men have about the Red Cross concerns emergency and compassionate

leaves," said Mr. Foxworth.

"I want to emphasize the fact we do not make the final decision in granting leaves. We merely assist in the gathering of information for the leave. Military authorities have the final word," he continued.

Mr. Foxworth is part of the Red Cross "New Look" policy of employing former military personnel to cope with servicemen's problems, the theory being that a former soldier has a better understanding of military problems.

CIR for bean in those words

Photo of the mud in the VTR

Gunsmiths Perform ARTY Facelifting

By SP4 Jeff Tarter

DAK TO — "If it shoots a round, we'll work on it."

Surrounded by an arsenal of disassembled weapons, Dak To's chief gunsmith — Warrant Officer Francis Cunningham of Lafayette, Ore., explained what it takes to keep an Army shooting.

The biggest job of his ordnance shop at Company D, 704th Maintenance Battalion, he says, is keeping the hard-worked artillery around Dak To in good repair.

Five artillery batteries depend on his shop: three batteries of 105mm Howitzers, a 155mm Howitzer battery and a battery of giant 8-inch Howitzers, the biggest gun the Army uses in Vietnam.

That adds up to 26 guns, each with its special problems. "Naturally, they're scattered on different firebases," he said wryly.

"We're doing all we can on our 105s. We tear them all the way down and start inspecting from the axle up."

His gunsmiths find and fix damage ranging from shrapnel scars to plain old-fashioned wear. After a few thousand

rounds, the rifle on most artillery tubes is so worn the entire tube must be replaced.

And it takes a crane — sometimes two — to switch artillery tubes.

Most of the ordnance that Mister Cunningham works on, comes into his shop by helicopter.

"But for the big guns," he explains, "it's easier to send a mobile crew out to the firebase batteries."

In addition, the shop has a van, full of equipment to check the optical and electronic gear used to aim modern weapons.

But the ordnance shop draws the line on repairing captured enemy weapons. "I don't consider them a good enough task to work on," Mister Cunningham says flatly. "You can use a pair of tinsnips and make parts for them."

"Dependability," he adds, "is what makes American ordnance better in the field. Take your 105s: some of them have been around thirty years and they're still good."

"The better the weapon, the less time it has to be down for repairs or waiting for parts."



CRAFTSMAN—Staff Sergeant Webster Sperry of Pacific, Mo., armor shop foreman, repairs a 105mm Howitzer at Dak To. (USA Photo by SP4 Don McIntosh)

Battle Against Nature

Suppliers Move Mountains

By SP4 Peter Call

BAN ME THUOT — They move a mountain of supplies each day. Often as many as 18,000 hot meals, more fuel than it takes to fill the tanks of every helicopter, vehicle, and generator in the 4th Division's 2nd Brigade area of operation, even enough sandbags to build an Egyptian Pyramid.

Yet, they still have time to operate a laundry and shower for the men of their brigade headquarters.

They are by no means supermen. They are the men of Forward Support Activity (FSA), a job which keeps the fighting 2nd Brigade supplied with essential materials.

"We're called on to move almost everything you can think of," says First Lieutenant Harold H. Peterson of Sonora, Calif., operations officer. "I imagine we could move an elephant if we had to, though no one has yet requested that."

To trace an item through the channels utilized by FSA, Lieutenant Peterson created a hypothetical situation. "Let's say a firebase needs concertina wire for its perimeter," he began. "First, the unit calls up Brigade S-4 and puts in a request. They in turn send it to us."

"We check to see if we have the material," he continued, "and if we do, we get it to the chopper pad for immediate delivery. If we don't have any, a request is sent to Cam Ranh Bay where the support command gets the items to us as quickly as possible."

According to Lieutenant Peterson, truck convoys and aircraft arrive continually from Cam Ranh Bay. The scene enacted on the airport taxiway supported his statement. Fork-lift vehicles rushed out

to meet huge cargo planes as they taxied in.

Specialist 4 Philip H. Rackley, of Nashville, N.C., operates one of the massive lifts capable of picking up a crate of eggs or a load of ammunition with equal tenderness.

"My job really requires a touch," says Specialist 4 Rackley, "because much of the cargo I unload is ammunition. One slip and it could be goodbye."

It doesn't take long for cargo to be unloaded and placed on one of the pick-up pads, ready to be hooked out.

"Once we get the wire from Cam Ranh Bay," said Lieutenant Peterson, "it's only minutes before S-4 arranges hook transportation out to the firebase."

"We realize speed is essential and we do our best," he continued. "If the request is a normal one, like the wire, we'll have it delivered in 36 hours. However, should it be a priority request, we can have it there in three to four hours."

Moving mountains of supplies is no mystery to Lieutenant Colonel Terrence Powers of Savannah, Ga., FSA's commanding officer.

"This unit," he says, "is not made up like a regular unit. No man is assigned to FSA but rather each is hand-picked for his skills. Every man here is an expert at his job."

Every morning the men of FSA find supplies coming in and get the material to the field where it is needed to maintain the effectiveness of the 2nd Brigade.

400 Enemy Infiltrate

Peaceful Town Hit By NVA

By SP4 Hans Lange

BAN ME THUOT — Buon Kdoh, a small Montagnard village 15 miles north of here, is nestled in a valley abutted on the north by rolling hills.

Until now, the conflict raging throughout Vietnam had been distant for these villagers, as distant as Saigon, Hue, even Pleiku.

But change came overnight

when reports began filtering in to the 4th Division's 2nd Brigade Headquarters, under the command of Colonel Herbert J. McChrystal of Arlington, Va., that an enemy force, 400 strong had been spotted near Buon Kdoh.

The mission of ascertaining the reports was given to Troop

A, 7th Squadron, 17th Cavalry, commanded by Major William P. Glover of Ozark, Ala.

He sent two light observation craft, two Cobras and a command and control (C and C) ship to scout the area by air.

The scouts received small arms fire from the ground each time they passed to see what was below the heavy canopy of jungle foliage. They were there, but well out of sight.

Suddenly, one of the scouts spotted four NVA in the open and ripped into them with miniguns, killing one. The others scattered.

Captain Friedrich Rosenberger of New Rochelle, N.Y., at the controls of the C and C ship, felt there was no sense in playing games with the enemy.

While the gunships were expending, the captain called for air strikes from the Air Force. In a matter of minutes the sleek fighter-bombers were on station. Once the position was marked, they swooped in to unload their heavy bombs.

Three more sorties rained destruction on the suspected enemy positions. In little more than an hour, they had completed their mission.

After the bombing runs, the scouts made bomb damage assessments. Forty-three heavy bunkers had been destroyed, as had 24 light bunkers and foxholes with covers. Scattered through the underbrush were ten sleeping mats, clothing, cooking pots and the remnants of six small hutsches.

They also saw two NVA bodies.

One of the observation crafts swung around and sighted an NVA soldier with an AK47 in hand firing at the chopper. A burst from the mini-gun silenced the rifle and its owner.

Four confirmed NVA kills resulted from the day's action, two of them attributed to the Air Force.

Captain Rosenberger estimated many more bodies would have been spotted had the foliage not been so thick.

Photo Contest Ends Nov. 30

CAMP ENARI — A three-day in country "Rest and Recuperation" at Vung Tau and a \$25 Savings Bond awaits the winner of the 4th Division photo contest.

The purpose of the contest is to improve the quality of pictures from the 4th Division and to give each Ivyman an opportunity to have his picture published in the division newspaper, Ivy Leaf.

All personnel, military or civilian, assigned or attached to the division are eligible to enter.

Submitted entries must be in one of the following categories: combat action, combat support (civic actions, engineer, supply and medical), a soldier's life in the 4th Division, people and culture in the Central Highlands and feature.

All entries must be in black and white prints or negatives, and should be mailed or hand-carried to the 4th Division Information Office. Negatives will be returned.

Deadline for all entries is Nov. 30. Photographs will be judged by the Ivy Leaf Information Officer, Signal Photo officer-in-charge and the commanding general or his representative.

Pictures are judged on their content, composition, originality and quality.

Second prize winner receives a \$25 Savings Bond and honorable mention recipient a \$10 cash reward.



GIRL-WATCHING — Willi Koopman can be seen in Universal-International's movie "Don't Just Stand There." But from our point of view she can stand there as long as she wants.

1/35th Receives New CO

OASIS—In a change of command ceremony, Lieutenant Colonel Garrett Buckner of Lexington, Ky., assumed command of the 3rd Brigade's 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry.

Colonel Buckner replaced Lieutenant Colonel William L. Mundie of Springfield, Mo., when the former commander was evacuated due to illness.

The ceremony occurred outside the Special Forces camp at the 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry's firebase.

Following a brief speech by 3rd Brigade commander, Colonel Stan L. McClellan of Ventura, Calif., Colonel Buckner addressed his men.

"Just yesterday, I visited Colonel Mundie in the 71st Evacuation Hospital in Pleiku where he informed me that to his everlasting sorrow, he will

be unable to rejoin the battalion. He is being evacuated to Tokyo tomorrow, began Colonel Buckner.

"I have always thought the world of Colonel Mundie and am sorry to have to assume command under these unfortunate circumstances. But I am proud to be a member of the 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry and am sure the 'Cacti Green' will continue its outstanding performance," he concluded.

Prior to his new position, Colonel Buckner served as the 3rd Brigade's Executive Officer. A West Point graduate with 23 years service, Colonel Buckner holds a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration.

Colonel Buckner received the "Cacti Green's" colors from Sergeant Major Guy Sullivan of Franklin, Tenn.

THIS IS OUR BO



BIGGEST BOOM—Elements of D Battery, 5th Battalion, 16th Artillery, give fire support with an eight-inch Howitzer, to infantrymen in the 1st Brigade's area of operation. (USA Photo by 124th Signal)

LRPs Discover NVA Via Elephant Sentry

By SP4 Larry Hogan

BAN ME THUOT—After being compromised by an elephant, the Long Range Patrol (LRP) team found themselves involved in a brief fire fight with the pachyderm's owners. Two enemy and one elephant were killed in the battle.

The LRP team had spent the day combing the heavy jungle near Ban Me Thuot and was now heading for its night location, a small field hidden deep in the forest.

Private First Class Dennis Kwapich of Toledo, Ohio, was walking point, keeping a sharp eye on the trail ahead.

As they crossed a river, PFC Kwapich stopped dead in his tracks.

A short distance away a huge elephant stood like a giant sentry, blocking the soldiers' path.

The patrol cautiously moved around the beast.

"He was tied to a stake," Specialist Truitt Brown of Bay Springs, Miss., the team's radio operator, recalled.

The team had almost completed circling the monster when a slight gust of wind sprang up, carrying their scent to the elephants waiting nostrils.

As if answering the call of a snake charmer's flute, the long gray trunk climbed into the air, swaying from side to side.

Hurriedly moving away from the animal, the Ivymen chose a night location.

The team began to place their Claymore mines.

Suddenly, two North Vietnamese Army (NVA) (regulars) popped up from the tall grass directly in front of them.

The enemy hesitated for a moment and the LRP members took full advantage of the pause.

Shouldering his M79 grenade launcher, Private First Class Dan Aquirre of Pacific Grove, Calif., pumped a round at an NVA.

The other soldier turned to run, but a burst from PFC Kwapich's weapon dropped him in his tracks.

As the two men rejoined their team, a hail of enemy fire came pouring down on the small patrol from a nearby hut.

"The hut was located on a rise and apparently was an enemy supply station," a patrol member explained. "The elephant was probably used to transport supplies."

Fire now sprang up to the teams' rear. They were surrounded by 25 to 30 NVA.

Calling for extraction, the tiny unit answered the NVA attack with their own elephant-sized barrage.

The Ivymen soon gained fire superiority over the larger enemy force.

With the patrol's ammunition running low, the welcome sound of mini-guns cracked over their heads. The gunships had arrived.

The air was still filled with lead as the lift ship, piloted by Warrant Officer Bill Slusher of McMinnville, Tenn., and co-piloted by Warrant Officer Back Gipson of Mason, Tex., swooped down to the waiting patrol.

Enemy fire pounded away at the chopper as the team scrambled aboard.

The 4th Aviation Battalion pilot pulled back on the controls and climbed through the storm of lead.

As the LRP team looked down on the battlefield, they noticed the body of their four-legged stool pigeon crumpled by his tethering post.

In the heat of the battle, a stray bullet had permanently halted his sentry duty.

Boxing Champ Recalls Bouts

By PFC Mike Cobb

CAMP ENARI — Smoke filled the make-shift auditorium, varied cheers, both for and against, could be heard as two rigid figures climbed through the tight-strung ropes and onto the canvas.

Suddenly, an electrical voice interrupted the cheers and all fell silent. "In this corner," the voice started, and so it went, introductions, weight, unit and so forth.

The year was 1948. A windy town in the South Korean mountains served as the location. In the challenger's corner stood an uncertain, 18 year old PFC.

Three rounds, countless barrages of crushing rights and what seemed to be a lifetime later, this same 18 year old PFC stood in the center of the ring, arms held high over his head and quite certain of his boxing ability, for he had just been crowned the U.S. Army Boxing Champion of Korea.

Today, some 20 years later, the hero of the Korean boxing ring is no longer a PFC, but is still a great boxer. He is the non-commissioned officer in charge of 4th Division Special

Services, Sergeant First Class Robert Eichhorn of New Brook, N.Y.

In the span from his first championship fight to his present duties with the Fighting Fourth, Sergeant Eichhorn has an outstanding boxing record to his credit.

Shortly after the Korean title bout, Sergeant Eichhorn entered the Far East Command Championship. The stocky young bantam weight slugged his way through the preliminaries and reached the finals. Here, the young fighter met his match and, after three raging rounds, Sergeant Eichhorn was second on the judge's scorecards.

The hard-fought loss did not discourage the slugging youth. He dedicated all his off-duty time to training and exercise, bringing his body to near perfection.

In 1950, after being transferred to Hawaii, he outpointed, out-boxed and outpunched all challengers to add "U.S. Army Boxing Champion of Hawaii" to his list of titles.

Also in 1950, he beat challengers from the Army, Navy and Air Force to gain a position in

the South Pacific Interservice Championship. Here, the young pugilist was on the wrong end of the glove and placed second.

On a three year tour in Germany, Sergeant Eichhorn made known his abilities by winning the 9th Division Championships from 1953 through 1955.

While working at West Point in 1957, Sergeant Eichhorn nabbed his first stateside championship by overpowering all enlisted and officer permanent party at the academy to win the West Point Championship.

Upon returning to Germany in 1964, he won the 24th Division Championship and successfully defended the crown through his three-year tour with the Division.

The year of 1964 brought more than the 24th Division Championship to the aging fighter.

At 34, Sergeant Eichhorn entered the U.S. Army, European USAREUR Championships. An outstanding performance won him the distinction of being the best Army fighter in his class in USAREUR.

"The greatest thrill of my life came in 1965," recalled Sergeant Eichhorn. "I was chosen to represent the U.S. Army in the Council of International Military Sports (CISM) competitions against other NATO boxers."

"Although I did not win the championship, the privilege of appearing was more than rewarding."

Also in 1965, the U.S. State Department chose Sergeant Eichhorn to represent the United States on a goodwill boxing exhibition in Bagdad, Iraq.

Though semi-retired, the quick-fisted fighter has not dropped completely out of the boxing picture.

While at Fort Hood, Tex., he became the 1st Armored Division boxing coach. Being the coach, however, did not hinder his eagerness to climb through the ropes and to prove his point, he fought his way to the Fort Hood Championship in 1967 and 1968.

PFs Beat 60...

(Continued From Page 1)

nel Joseph E. Fix III of Alexandria, Va., commander of the 1st Brigade, came to Dak Lung to present the Vietnamese Gallantry Cross with gold star to seven men of the PF platoon. Five villagers who fought alongside the PF also received government certificates of appreciation.

Scholarship Campaign...

(Continued From Page 1)

than division units. The personnel of the 71st Evacuation Hospital, a non-division unit near Pleiku, has contributed \$151 to the fund. The hospital in which most Ivymen are treated, is commanded by Colonel Jack B. McClure.

In addition, several individuals have contributed to the worth-while fund. Of special note is a \$100 donation from Mrs. Bereuter, mother of an Ivymen killed in action.

The 2nd Squadron, 1st Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Donald W. Moreau, has pledged \$1,500 for each Cavman killed in action. The unit has already contributed \$5,865.85 and ranks second in total contributions behind the 3rd of the 12th.

Running a close third, with \$4,291.60, is the 124th Signal Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel William I. Rolya. The unit, slightly smaller than an infantry battalion, has contributed as much, per capita, as any Infantry battalion in the

division.

Rounding out the top ten contributors, the units and their commanders are: 704th Maintenance Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Durad D. Ball, \$4,000.60; 4th Engineer Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Elvis R. Heiber III, \$3,381.00; 5th Battalion, 16th Artillery, Lieutenant Colonel Clayton Moran, \$3,012.60.

Fourth Supply and Transportation Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Vernon R. Porter, \$2,729.60; 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry, Lieutenant Colonel William L. Mundie, \$2,377.40; 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry, Lieutenant Colonel William C. Moore, \$2,192.87 and 1st Battalion, 12th Infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph T. Palastra Jr, \$2,150.95.

During October and November an all-out effort by the division to put the fund over the \$100,000 mark will be made.

In a letter to major subordinate commanders in the division, General Stone praised the units for their "enthusiastic response and support of the program."

He added, "Without your tremendous support, the program would not and could not be a success."

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