



SCRAPBOOK

EDITION

11

for fighting men too busy to keep their own!

IT MAKES ICE CUBES

Chicago Sun-Times

Daley Machine Wins Thanks Of Viet Vet

5 JAN 1967

By Joseph Reilly

A Vietnam veteran dropped in on Mayor Daley Tuesday to thank him for providing combat soldiers with ice cubes—negotiable tender in war zones.

Staff Sgt. Raul Garza Jr., 22, reported to the mayor that the ice-making machine sent to the Chicago military delegation in An Khe, South Vietnam, had withstood installation difficulties, mortar fire and raids by soldiers of other companies.

But it still is in service "grinding out ice cubes 24 hours a day."

Daley became Garza's benefactor when the sergeant wrote City Hall to ask how he could get an ice-maker, Chicago flag, and State and Madison street sign.

Arrives Under Fire

A package containing the items arrived in Vietnam several weeks later. Garza said the machine was unloaded from an airplane just in time for a mortar attack by the Viet Cong.

Shells exploded around the cargo, but the package from the mayor was not scratched.

The next problem, Garza related, was installation.

"We didn't have any electrical power to run it," he said, "but we scrounged around and found a generator."

Was it a "moonlight requisition?"

"Let's just say it was requisitioned," he replied.

Other Material

More scrounging uncovered a 50-gallon drum suitable for use as a water tank. Water pressure was provided by placing the drum on the roof of the company's clubhouse and the ice-maker on the ground.

The machine began to manufacture ice cubes, Garza said, and his company area became the most popular in the 1st Cavalry Airborne Division.

"We had to put a padlock on the ice-maker," he said.

"That was after we caught guys from other companies coming over and stealing ice cubes."

Soon Garza and his buddies

realized the bartering power of ice.

"You might say we black-marketed the cubes," he laughed. "We traded them for a lot of little things, including booze and beer."

Flag Goes Up

The Chicago flag was posted in the company club, and the street sign was erected near the mess hall.

Garza said that many of the other soldiers now are writing to their hometowns for flags and street signs, which are displayed in the company area.

The sergeant delivered a plaque to Daley, thanking him for the "morale booster." The plaque was bought in this country, because the first one, made in Vietnam, was ruined by humidity.

Garza and his wife, Mariette, of 6124 S. Winchester, told the mayor they will leave for Germany Jan. 31 because the sergeant re-enlisted for four more years. His one-year tour of duty in Vietnam ended in December.



AP Wirephoto by radio from Saigon

U. S. soldiers drag a Vietcong prisoner from hiding place in stream near Bong Son, 300 miles

northeast of Saigon. Men of U. S. 1st Air Cavalry were taking part in Operation Pershing in jungle.

14 FEB 1967 DENVER POST



AP Wirephoto

Special Delivery Air Males

Helicopters, supposed to be able to land on a dime, found they couldn't touch down on narrow hilltops in the Central Vietnam coastlands last week but that didn't stop them from delivering troops. Engineers blasted the drop areas clear and the giant Chinook choppers dropped their soldiers of the 5th Battalion, 7th Cavalry Regiment. The soldiers are participating in Operation Thayer II, about 15 miles southwest of Bong Son, which is about 300 miles northeast of Saigon. For details of the war, TURN TO PAGE 5.

★ TO ALL OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN ★

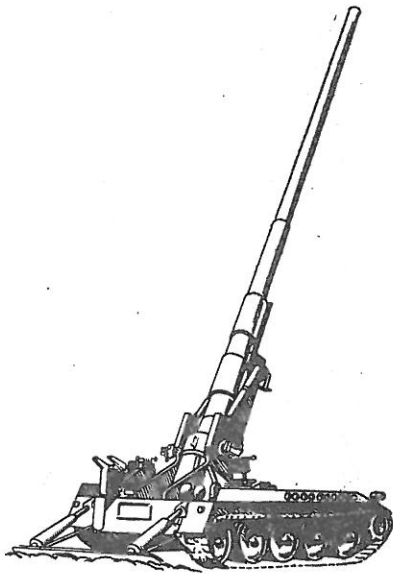
ISSUES OF THE "SCRAPBOOK" COVERING YOUR PERIOD OF DUTY IN VIETNAM ARE AVAILABLE TO YOU UPON YOUR RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

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Prepared for the OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF INFORMATION, DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

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A buddy helps Pfc. Lyle Thomas, 20, of Bryson City, N.C., run for cover after he was wounded just below the eye during operation near Bong Song, about 290

miles northeast of Saigon. He was hit while his squad of the U.S. 1st Cavalry (Air Mobile) Division was moving to flank an enemy force across a rice paddy. (AP)



With enemy bullets cracking overhead, Pfc. Thomas lies in a ditch while his buddies return the fire of North Vietnamese snipers. Meanwhile, Thomas' eye had been bandaged by a buddy. (AP)



Lt. Col. Ardie E. McClure, commander of the 1st Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, calls for his own helicopter to have wounded Pfc. Lyle Thomas evacuated to

a military hospital. McClure had landed during the operation and stayed behind while it flew the wounded soldiers out. (AP)



22 FEB 1967
Portland Oregonian

GI LEADS water buffalo on a rope as he walks along a rice paddy dike near Bong Son, 300 miles northeast of Saigon. The soldier was with the U.S. 1st Air Cavalry Division on Operation Pershing. Unidentified, he holds an M-27 rocket launcher in the other hand. (AP Photo)

27 FEB 1967 Portland Oregonian

Chopper Pilot From Vietnam Service Lauds Work Of Army Ground Soldier



CAPT. "MIKE" CLARK

By WILLIAM SWING
Staff Writer, The Oregonian

Chinook salmon swim silently in the cold river waters of the Pacific Northwest.

But Chinook helicopters clatter noisily through the hot air over South Vietnam and send blasts of 160-mile-an-hour winds to the rice paddies and green growth below.

The million-dollar metal Chinooks with their twin sets of three-bladed rotors cruise the Vietnam territory to support artillery, move soldiers to battle, evacuate the wounded and recover downed aircraft.

One of the commanders of these large choppers was in town Saturday en route from Vietnam to Fort Rucker, Ala., after more than 500 hours flight time and 800 missions with American troops at war. He said:

"It's the guy on the ground, really... He lives 'out there' for a year... He's the guy you ought to write about.

"They're very good. After they've had a good kill of North Vietnamese they're hot to trot.

"They do a tremendous job."

Capt. Dudley Michael ("Mike") Clark, 26, native of Portland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley F. Clark of 2039 NW Irving St., brother of Dr. Stephen Clark, husband of Sandy Clark and father of 5-year-old Geni and 3-year-old Cassie, sat for a brief talk Saturday

morning in his father's house and said the morale of America's warriors was very good.

A five-year veteran of Army service, the officer said he thought many soldiers considered themselves far removed from the controversy about the Vietnam conflict. They were there — and are there — simply to do their jobs as soldiers.

Clark was commander of a five-man crew in a Chinook helicopter, and also commander of a platoon of eight helicopters. A commander, pilot, gunner, crew chief and flight engineer make up a helicopter's crew.

Attached to the First Cavalry

Division since last April, Clark said the smaller Huey helicopters were the ones used as light ships for infantry.

Larger Chinook helicopters (technically known as CH-47s) generally cruise at 95 miles an hour and carry about 35 infantrymen. The Hueys carry up to 7 men.

A dose of dysentery and a couple of engine failures troubled the captain, but all in all, he said he considered himself fortunate to have had "a good job." On one expedition he covered four Hueys in one day, he said.

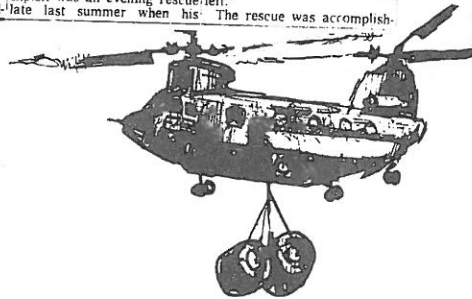
Perhaps his most hazardous exploit was an evening rescue late last summer when his

platoon was on Med-evac, he said, and after the helicopter brought the wounded to safety, a doctor worked on the victims.

"There was a fire fight all the time... just before dark we got in... Clark said they used flares to light the scene; the chopper blades whirred in the night; the pilot lowered the hydraulic hoist with collapsible litters on it; five wounded men were lifted aboard the helicopter's rotors.

"We had eight minutes of fuel left."

The rescue was accomplished



Flying Horsemen on Gallop



American forces in Vietnam traveled both by air and underground in their search for Communist fighters. Troops of the 1st Cavalry Division, left photo, headed for the protection of brush and trees after helicopters landed them some 310 miles northeast of Saigon. The division forces are nicknamed "Flying Horsemen" because most of their actions are initiated with helicopter assaults. As the troops headed for cover, the helicopter darted off again into the safety of 3,000-foot altitude, with the door gunner on the front aircraft keeping a watchful eye behind his machine gun. This action occurred last week as part of operation Pershing.

ARIZ REPUBLIC
8 MAR 1967



UNDER FIRE—Spec. 4 David Blouin, his head bandaged from a grazing bullet wound, kept his finger on the trigger as he huddled under ferns and brush yesterday while North Vietnamese fire whistled overhead. Blouin, from South Portland, Maine, was with the U.S. 1st Air Cavalry Division on the coast near Bong Son when his platoon ran into heavy enemy fire.

THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1967



AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN put on a burst of speed to cross a muddy rice paddy under North Vietnamese fire. Reconnaissance platoon of the 1st air cavalry division searching for enemy in groves of trees along the South Vietnam coast about 10 miles southeast of Bong Son met heavy fire as they reached the clearing—(Wirephoto by radio from Saigon).

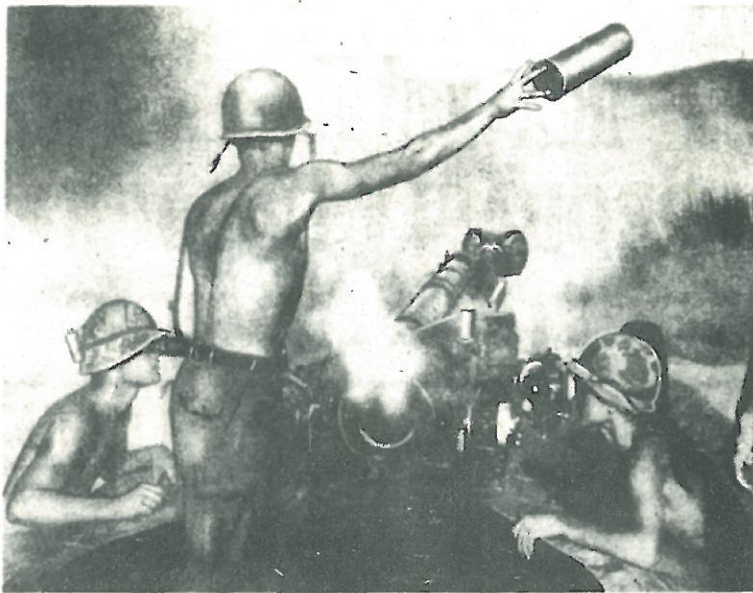
14 MAR 1967

Louisville Courier - Jml



WOUNDED MEDIC . . . Pfc. Michael Row of Hyattsville, Md., ducks along a tree line with other members of the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division during fighting near Bong Son on the South Vietnamese coast. Row, a medic, scrambled around treating the wounded despite his own head wound.





17 MAR 1967 **Washington Post** Associated Press
A GI of the 1st Cavalry Division's artillery discards a shell casing after firing on a Vietcong position.

Washington Post
D.C. Soldier's Helmet
Shot Off His Head

Sgt. William B. Clark of 535 Constitution ave. wasn't even aware that his helmet had fallen off while he was on a six-man patrol in the central highlands of South Vietnam.

It flew off his head during an ambush while he was participating in Operation Thayer II with A Company, 1st Battalion, 8th Cavalry, 1st Air Cavalry Division.

"Take a look at your helmet," someone said to Clark minutes after the fight. He found that three bullets had ripped through the front and torn out the side.

"At the time, I didn't even know my helmet fell off, let alone that it was full of holes," Clark said. "I'm lucky I'm alive."



LIFE'S LAST GASP — An American medic (right) administers mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a fallen soldier during a heavy communist attack north of Bong Son. The medic's efforts were in vain as the soldier died of his wounds. (See Vietnam stories on Page 3.) —UPI Photo

Basalt Youth Scores Kill In Cong Hunt

Copyright, 1967, Denver Post-New York Times
MYTRANG, South Vietnam—Pfc. Wayne R. Pecjak of Basalt, Colo., a 26-year-old machine gunner on a U.S. Army helicopter, spoke quickly Wednesday afternoon into the plastic microphone snapped to his crash helmet:

"Sir, there's some guys down there. Sir, there's three guys hiding along that path."
Capt. Charles W. Lange, 26, of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, banked the helicopter sharply for another pass over the six-foot-wide clay trail that skirts this coastal hamlet some 280 miles northeast of Saigon.
"Yes, sir, there sure are," Lange said. "Three VC with weapons."

Lange radioed the information and a request to fire to Maj. Wilson C. Wooley of Luvern, Ala., the 34-year-old commander of B Troop, 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry—the trouble-shooting unit of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile)—who was circling in another heavily armed helicopter, a few hundred yards away.

Soldiers Exercise Caution

High civilian casualties in Vietnam have made the airmobile soldiers cautious. And while they were being cautious Wednesday, as Wooley tried to make positive identification, the enemy soldiers alternately ran, dived for cover, ran.

Finally, when Lange's crew was sure the guerrillas had gotten away, Wooley radioed, "They're military-aged men and they're armed. It's okay to fire."

"Get 'em Pecjak," Lange snapped.
When the Colorado youth opened up, two men were running. Red tracer bullets chased them down the trail. Finally, only one man ran.

In a few moments, the second man reappeared. "I'll get him," Lange said.

Six Rockets Fired

He pointed the nose of the helicopter toward the running man and fired six, 2.75-millimeter rockets. White clouds sprang up. Still the man ran.

A hundred yards from a mud hut the guerrilla dropped to the dirt again. Lange fired rockets again. Eight rockets, a violent roar, white smoke.

"They sure didn't walk out of that," said Warrant Officer Richard H. Harris of Knoxville, Tenn., the 26-year-old copilot.

Then, Pecjak followed the third guerrilla. This time his gun spoke briefly.

"I think we got him," Pecjak reported. Within 30 minutes, the results were in. A 26-man patrol that the two armed helicopters had been sent out to defend found the rocket victim under a cluster of palms, supine, painfully sucking his last air.

Grenade Hurler Thwarted

A few yards away, one of the infantrymen squeezed the trigger of his automatic rifle moments before one of the wounded guerrillas could toss a grenade. The grenade exploded in the guerrilla's hand, ripping him apart.

The third body was not found, but one soldier discovered a bloody grenade launcher, and it was assumed that, at least, the guerrilla was seriously wounded.

The infantrymen also found an American-made M-1 rifle near one of the dead men. The airmobile troops had checked out a bunker system and counted two enemy dead. They lost none of their own men.

Less than three hours after leaving base camp, the helicopter crews and infantrymen were back eating fried chicken and green peas. They considered the afternoon a success.

They had killed only two, possibly three, Viet Cong. But they understand that in Vietnam the fighting is slow.