



SCRAPBOOK

EDITION

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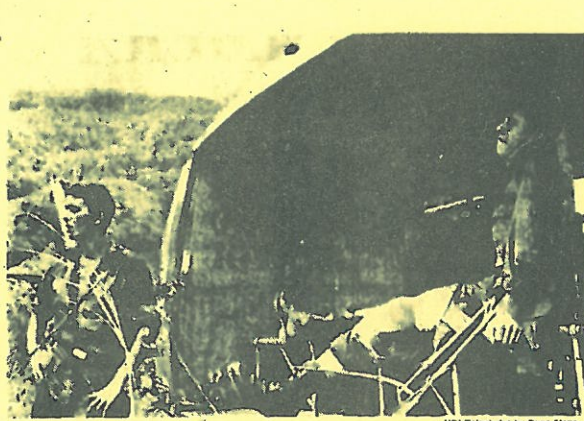
for fighting men too busy to keep their own!

Warren Post

8 0 OCT 1966



GRIMACING FROM WOUNDED LEG, SOLDIER HOLDS TIGHT TO STRETCHER
He is carried through jungle near Phu Cat where his unit fought in recent battle.



WOUNDED 1ST AIR CAVALRY DIVISION SOLDIER HOLDS ON TO HELICOPTER
He later was evacuated from jungle near Phu Cat, South Viet Nam, battle zone.



United Press International

IT'S THE LATEST in camouflage, displayed by a 1st Cavalry Division trooper on patrol in the Vietnamese jungles near Phu Cat. His smile belies the danger that awaited him, for the patrol was ambushed a short time later.



1st Cav.'s Vietnam Home

An Army CH-47A Chinook flies over the heliport atop Hung Kong mountain at An Khe, Vietnam, home of the 1st Air Cav. Div. The "Flying Horsemen's" insignia is draped on the side of the mountain.



A Dry Sense of Humor

A 1st Cav. Div. trooper gets some laughs during Operation Irving near Phu Cat with his temporary shelter from the monsoons, and a hopeful outlook through sunglasses that sunshine is coming soon. (UPI Radiophoto)

THE COURIER-JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE, KY.



United Press International

WET VIET GOING . . . U.S. 1st Cavalry Division troopers herd suspected Viet Cong across a stream near Bong Son. They were captured in a Viet Cong base area during Operation Irving.



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

by the U.S. ARMY COMMAND INFORMATION UNIT * WASHINGTON, D.C. 20315



Associated Press Wirephoto

GI'S STRUGGLE THROUGH SWAMP IN SEARCH OF VIET CONG
Raid on Village Near Oriental River Netted Many Suspects



UPI Telephoto

1ST CAV SOLDIER GIVES DRINK TO WOUNDED BUDDY
GI Hurt When Reconnaissance Unit Ambushed by Hanoi Troops

1st Cav's War Utilization Poses Tactical Question

By ROBERT D. OHMAN
BONG SON, South Viet Nam, Nov. 1 (AP)—By military standards, the job the U.S. 1st Air Cavalry Division has done in Viet Nam must be ruled a success. The airborne outfit has run five operations and reports a body count of more than 6,500 North Vietnamese regulars and Viet Cong guerrillas.

Yet the division's repeated victories raise questions. There has not been enough of the follow-through that would fall naturally to forces of the Saigon government—Vietnamese troops.

Brig. Gen. William A. Becker is the Cav's assistant commander, in charge of operations. When he is asked if there isn't something wrong when the Cav has had to fight in the same area five times, he says:

"Each time we've been in here we've done the enemy considerable damage. Our main effort must still be to oppose the (enemy) main force."

But he indicates the job of holding and securing should be given to less mobile units of the allied forces.

"Once we have enough combined, free world strength to stay in the area, it will be good," he says.

The division presses a civic

action program, giving villagers medical aid and other assistance, "but when we are needed some place else that's where we go," Becker says.

This pinpoints one of the problems of this war, which is often described as actually two wars—one military and one political, the latter an effort to safeguard people and to encourage them to be loyal to Saigon.

Most of October the 1st Air Cav was engaged in Operation Irving, with its helicopterborne forces swooping in and scouring section after section of the coastal delta and foothills near Bong Son, 290 miles northeast of Saigon.

The surprise of this operation is that prisoners outnumber enemy dead. Totals announced recently were 632 killed, 650 captured, 2,966 detained for questioning.

OVERALL American casualties have been light.

The U.S. troopers have been ranging almost at will through 700 square miles in Operation Irving. Since the first clashes, the major task has been to discover and pounce on fleeing bands of guerrillas or North Vietnamese.

The number of prisoners—and American spokesman admit they are not all enemy

riflemen but include political cadres—indicates that the 18th North Vietnamese Regiment of the 610th Division has been shattered. The Cav has brushed against elements of the 2nd Viet Cong Regiment of the 610th and is pressing the pursuit while still seeking another regiment.

Coordination of the attack with the Vietnamese 22nd Division, blocking to the southwest, and the Korean Tiger Division south along the Phu Cat Mountains, has been a major key.

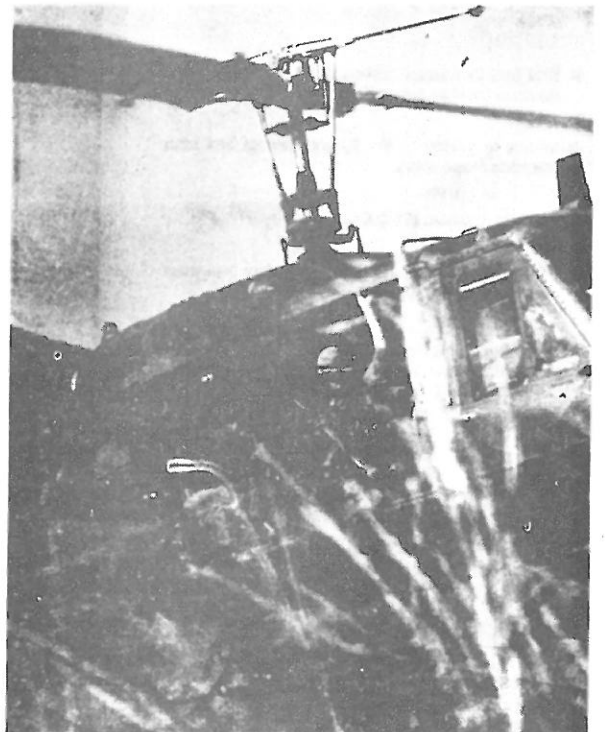
As the cavalymen drove in from the north and west, the fleeing enemy soldiers were caught in a ring with the sea to their backs.

"Seldom has an operation turned out as close as planned," says Becker.

Some military officials, uncertain of the Cav's future role, say the division's tactic of spotting, striking and then moving out lets the Viet Cong move right back in and start rebuilding when the Americans leave.

Gen. Becker does not see the Air Cav changing its course right now.

"We don't believe the enemy has broken up his large units," he says, "and we believe it is basic that his major units be neutralized."



Associated Press Wirephoto

1ST CAV SOLDIER LEAPS FROM CHOPPER INTO HIGH GRASS
Helicopters Are Potent Force for Highly Mobile Division



WORN OUT—Exhausted men of the U.S. 1st Air Cav Div await evacuation after a day-long battle which raged in the vicinity of Plei Me in the central highlands of South Viet Nam. The fighting was a part of Operation Paul Revere. —UPI Photo



SAIGON POST
A U.S. 1st Cavalry trooper, his rifle at the ready on his knees, enjoys the cooling waters of a stream, as another Cav. cuts his hair during a break in Operation "Irving" Oct. 12. The flying horsemen are maintaining contact with Communist forces. (UPI Radiophoto).

Soldier Serves in Viet Nam— Just 250 Miles From 'Home'

Dick Charlton, public relations supervisor at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Cheektowaga, was sent to Viet Nam by EAL to obtain material for its publications and for technical journals of the American Ordnance Association. He has written several articles for The News of his experiences.

By **DICK CHARLTON**

AN KHE, Viet Nam (Delayed)—The Middletons of Viet Nam are an exceptional family.

Capt. R. Dent Middleton, a division artillery officer with the Army's First Air Cavalry Division here, is the only serviceman we've met who was shipped to Viet Nam and thus moved close to his parents.

His father, Marder D. "Pat" Middleton, is a retired Army colonel who is systems manager for the South Viet Nam-Thailand area for Page Communication Engineers Inc. Mr. Middleton and his wife, Fayala, live in a Saigon apartment.

Capt. Middleton's wife, Connie, and two small daughters, Lee and Laura, are residing in the Williamsville home of Connie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred K. Clark.

Mr. Clark also is a retired Army colonel, now employed as administrative engineer for Cornell Laboratory's Aerospace Vehicle Department.

Electronics for Army

Capt. Middleton's father completed 25 years of Army service as Chief of Defense Communications Agencies-Pacific, and retired in 1955.

As systems manager for Page, he now directs more than 1000 people to provide a wide variety of equipment and services for wideband, microwave and troposcatter systems of the U.S. Army's Communications Command here.

Keeping pace with the materiel Army logistic build-up, Page presently is engaged in an extensive construction and installation program.

Capt. Middleton, as a division



CAPT. R. DENT MIDDLETON
Busy Man in Viet Nam

artillery officer with the crack First Air Cavalry, is responsible for keeping track of the location and status of the Division's massive fuel power.

He also must brief top-ranking officers several times daily and travel into the field with his division when the First Cavalry flies out to establish new positions.

Improvement Over Tents

When not on duty—and duty time means from 12 to 14 hours a day—Capt. Middleton works with fellow officers in building their "hooch" (GI variation of a hut).

Built in ingenious fashion, largely from old ammunition boxes, it's a fair-sized white cottage-like building, complete with a poured cement floor, screening, and some bamboo curtains.

Capt. Middleton has managed to get to his parents in Saigon during his last three months here.

His father, who periodically travels over the Page Communications territory, has been able to visit him in An Khe occasionally.

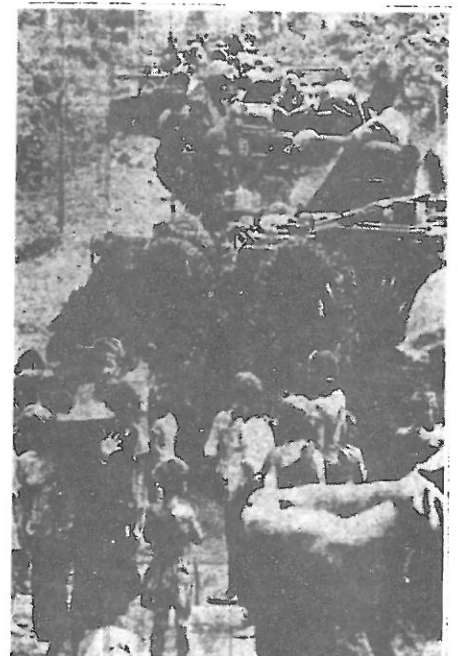
BUFFALO EVENING NEWS

Wednesday, November 2, 1966

At Home—In South Viet Nam



PAT MIDDLETON **FAYALA MIDDLETON**
Their Son Doesn't Have to Travel Far to Visit Home



Villagers in a remote section of South Vietnam 80 miles north of Saigon near the Cambodian border gather around armored personnel carriers and tanks of the 1st Div.'s 4th Cav. when they paused during a patrol this week. (AP Radiophoto)



Old Way to Heart Works

There's still nothing like food to warm the hearts of children—and their elders—toward the giver. The giver in this case is Pfc. Roger Wright, Memphis, Tenn., member of 1st Air Cavalry Division. Expectation is on faces of group around child receiving spoonful of C-rations from Wright who had fought near their village.

Ex-Ft. Myer Captain Lauds Men in Viet Nam

BONG SON, Viet Nam (AP)—It's a long step from the spit and polish army of the Washington Honor Guard to a rifle company slogging through Vietnamese rice paddies. Capt. Samuel R. Bird made it without regrets.

Bird spoke of his Army career as he lay in a double-poncho hootch on a grassy knoll overlooking a valley where Vietnamese peasants were harvesting their rice.

The valley west of Bong Son is largely under Viet Cong control. His company—Bravo, 2nd Battalion of the 12th Infantry, 1st Air Cavalry Division—had just completed a fruitless day-long search for the enemy.

Volunteer for Viet Nam Bird, who is from Wichita, Kan., had volunteered to come to Viet Nam. He got the assignment he wanted, command of a rifle company.

As he stretched out, with his legs in the sun to dry a skin infection, the 26-year-old captain spoke with pride of his troops: "You have to be impressed by their spirit, the way they endure hardships. We were told our company covered more ground than any in the division, and there hasn't been one complaint. They really have a sense of duty."

Some such sense of duty brought Bird to Viet Nam from comfortable, if demanding, ceremonial duties in Washington.

Kennedy Funeral He was stationed at Ft. Myer, Va., from January 1963 until August last year with the "Army Blues" who form the honor guard for funerals at Arlington Cemetery.

In the John F. Kennedy funeral procession, Bird was the officer who marched directly behind the President's casket as the procession moved from St. Matthews Cathedral to Arlington.

Sitting in Viet Nam, he recalls: "I remember the stillness of the crowd as we passed. Over our muffled drums and the sound of marching I could even hear a movie camera grinding away at the side."

Columbia Adopts 1st Cav Division

COLUMBIA, S.C. (ANF)—The Army's 1st Air Cavalry Division (Airmobile) in the Republic of Vietnam has been adopted by this city.

According to Dr. J. David Palmer, assistant professor of political science at the University of South Carolina, 22 civic organizations in the Columbia area have obtained sponsorship of 17 units of the division. Thirteen other civic clubs, schools and churches have also expressed interest in adopting Division elements, he added.

Columbia citizens hope to furnish the fighting men with letters, baked goods and other desired supplies. Unit commanders of the First Cav have sent letters of acceptance and appreciation to Columbia's Chamber of Commerce.

Wisconsinites in Bong Son Action

WISCONSIN soldiers serving in Vietnam participated in a fierce battle recently near the Bong Son area. The men, members of company B, 5th battalion of the 1st cavalry division, were on a routine search mission when they ran into two companies of North Vietnamese. Left: SSgt. George F. Porod, at left, 31, of Clintonville (Waupaca county), guarded

two prisoners who were captured during the action. Lower: Porod (left) joined his mortar crew of Sp4 Harold W. Wagner, 20, of Stanley (Chippewa county), and Sp4 Thomas W. Barritt, 20, of 2060 N. 25th st., Milwaukee, at the positions they held during the battle. Pfc. Michael Stoffel, 21, Spring Prairie (Walworth county), was killed in the same action.

—Journal Photos by John Stallard



19 NOV 1966 Vietnamese Saturday Night

Saturday night, Vietnamese style, for this lad includes a thorough dousing at the hands of his sister who keeps a firm grip on his soapy hair. The jungle bath ritual was caught near Qui Nhon, South Viet Nam, where the U.S. 1st Cavalry was involved in an operation.

GRIM STORY OF AMBUSH

Washington News 22 NOV 1966

GI Survivor: 'Didn't Have a Chance'

PLEIKU, Nov. 22 (AP) — "We didn't have a chance. It was just that simple."

Sgt. Julius C. Durham, 39, of Piedmont, S.C., smoothed the sheets of his Army hospital bed with his unwounded right arm and told in a soft drawl how a North Vietnamese battalion ambushed and all but annihilated his 21-man platoon, murdering the wounded.

"Pretty soon they were in front of us, behind us and then they came in on both sides."

Sgt. Durham played dead and lived. Reports said he was one of only three survivors.

PRAYED

"I was praying," Sgt. Durham said. "I didn't think I was going

to make it. But I'm right with the Lord and I was ready to go."

He said only three men were still alive when "I quit firing and played dead. One of them (a North Vietnamese) came right up and stood beside me. He took my weapon."

"I didn't move and I didn't hardly breathe. I don't know why they didn't shoot me. They shot a couple of guys already wounded."

Sgt. Durham was a squad leader in the third platoon of the 1st Air Cavalry Division's Charlie Co., which made its valiant last stand yesterday in the central highlands just 200 yards from the Cambodian border. The third platoon killed

106 of the estimated 400 North Vietnamese attackers before the communists, satisfied the Americans were wiped out, fled toward the border.

Sgt. Durham said he and his buddies were "sitting on this little hill when we heard the Second Platoon get in a firefight about 300 yards away."

WENT TO HELP

"We went to help them. We got sniper fire and then it got heavier."

"We fought them a good little while — about 45 minutes," Sgt. Durham said. "Then most everybody was hit. They were closing in on us."

Sgt. Durham himself was wounded in the left arm "when a grenade went off right beside me."

After the platoon was overrun, "at least 150" North Vietnamese soldiers stood in the clearing. "They picked up all our weapons and our radio and started off in the direction of the (Cambodian) border."

"I don't know why they didn't shoot me," Sgt. Durham repeated.

Later, it was revealed the First Platoon fought its way to the embattled Second Platoon which repulsed the enemy in a bitter four-hour battle, with aircraft aid.



1st Cav. Troops Come Aboard

Soldiers wade through the surf to board an Operation Market Time Swift boat which did double duty as an "amphibious transport" and

patrol craft during Operation Irving. The 1st Cav. Div. unit used the Swift boat as transport for the reconnaissance of a Viet Cong infested island. (USN)

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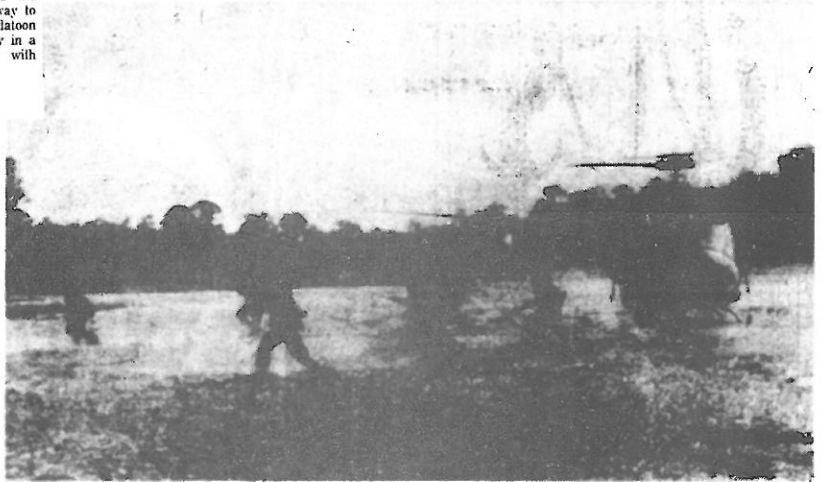
Friday, Nov. 25, 1966

THE WASHINGTON POST



Associated Press

HERO—Sgt. Julius Durham of Piedmont, S.C., recuperating in a Pleiku, South Vietnam, hospital, holds the Silver Star and Purple Heart medals awarded him after participating in an engagement in the Iadrang Valley. Durham, who played dead as the enemy looted the victims, was one of the few to survive.



AP Wirephotos

Helicopters Bring Up Reinforcements to Hard-Pressed Units at Viet Nam Fighting Front



Associated Press

Christian Science Monitor

28 NOV 1966

Small arms count

Pausing for a rest, a 1st Air Cavalry trooper packs a heavy load of basic infantry equipment. With the Vietnam limited war using more small arms, tanks, and helicopters rather than missiles and long-range bombers, electronics and aerospace firms on the West Coast are getting less of the defense dollar.

ANDALUSIA MAN TASTES WAR

It felt as if someone hit him with an ax

Mortar shell goes off, tree falls on him

BY CLARKE STALLWORTH
News staff writer

Staff Sgt. James A. Long of Andalusia herded his men aboard the big helicopter.

"Come on... let's go, let's go," he hurried them, as they settled in aboard the ship.

It was about noon on May 16 when elements of Bravo Company, Second Battalion, Eighth Cavalry, First Cavalry Division, climbed aboard the helicopters.

SERGEANT LONG was a weapons squad leader in Bravo, and he was making sure the machine guns were aboard and ready.

Last in a Series

The word had been passed the day before. Their mission today: search and clear an area in the Ia Drang Valley. Find the North Vietnamese if they are there, fight them, kill them.

The helicopters rose, the whap-whap-whap of their giant rotors insistent on the ears. The sprawling American base at An Khe was below them.

The helicopters slanted toward the west, and the base grew smaller, disappeared behind them. Ahead lay the Ia Drang Valley, hills rising out of the jungle.

Down this valley came the North Vietnamese, men and supplies slipping over the Cambodian border, moving in

to fight the Americans in South Viet Nam.

ONE OF BRAVO Company's jobs this trip was to discourage them from using this trail. Hit them, hit them hard, slow the flow of men and supplies, block the trail.

In 30 minutes, they had left the safety of the base at An Khe and were looking down at the jungle of the Ia Drang. Happy Valley, Americans called it later.

The helicopters dropped down to a landing zone at the base of a hill, and the men of Bravo Company disembarked — dismounted, they call it in the First Cav.

Long warned his men: Look out for punji sticks hidden in the grass, don't fool around with anything if it could be a booby trap.

THE JUNGLE was thick. The men walked for two hours along a faint trail. Up to the top of the hill, down the other side until they got to a kind of a draw, a saddle in the jungle.

Then enemy fire broke out from all around. Long and his men hit the ground, crawling in behind trees for protection.

The North Vietnamese came in waves. They pushed in toward the American positions, then fell back. Push in, fall back. And all the time, the Americans were getting shot by the snipers, lashed into the tops of the trees.

Long and his men fired desperately, reloaded quickly, trying to keep from being overrun and killed.

DURING THE fighting, Long felt a sort of thud on his left foot. He looked down and

saw a bullet had taken a chunk out of his boot.

"That joker snipped my big toe," he thought, still firing. He was more scared about being killed than he was worried about his big toe.

Soon Long and his men got orders to move back up the trail toward the crest of the hill, where the Americans were gathering in a circle to fight.

Long hobbled along, his toe hurting now. They joined up with the other Americans near the crest and dug in for a tough night.

The radio brought in helicopter gunships and artillery, but they couldn't pinpoint the American position closely enough. The North Vietnamese moved in close to the Americans — for protection. The closer they were, the less likely they were to get hit by artillery.

WITH THE darkness came a drizzling rain. Long, lying in his hole, rifle poking out, felt his foot beginning to swell now.

About sunup, the North Vietnamese opened up with their mortars, a heavy barrage.

"Oh oh," thought Long, peering into the jungle. "Here they come. They are fixing to sweep in over us."

Okay, Long made an agreement with himself. If Charlie (the Viet Cong) is going to get me, I'll take him with me.

Grimly now, he watched for the assault to come.

But it didn't come. And the mortar shells continued to fall.

ABOUT 7 A.M., a mortar

round landed about 10 yards to Long's left. It fell right in the branches of a small tree and exploded. A chunk of shrapnel gouged into Long's left ankle.

It felt like somebody had hit this leg with an ax.

Then the tree fell down on him.

A buddy came over and began clearing the tree off him. Then he saw Long's foot.

"Medic," he yelled. "Come on over here and check Sgt. Long. I think they knocked his foot off."

LEFT FOOT hanging uselessly, they loaded Long into a poncho litter and tried to get him back down the hill for some medical help. Long remembers looking down at his foot. "I could see that old bone wiggling around in the wound," he said.

A man in a poncho is an unhandy thing. It was slippery from the rain the night before, and his buddies kept falling down. It hurt.

So Long got out of the poncho, grabbed a buddy on each side, and hobbled down the side of that mountain.

They choppers him out in the med evac helicopter and soon he was in a hospital. He woke up the next day to find a cast on his left foot. He's been in a cast ever since.

THE DOCTORS used the bones in his left ankle, to save the foot. But he can't bend his foot up and down now, and he walks with crutches up and down the corridors of the hospital at Fort Gordon, near Augusta, Ga.

Long was born in Opp and

grew up in Andalusia. His father was a city policeman there.

Growing up, he fished a lot, and hunted. He pulled catfish and bream and perch from the waters around Point A Dam and River Falls.

Many a night, he and his friends would set out their books on the river bank, halting them with liver and shrimp. Come back a few hours later, and pull the big ones out. It was fun.

He attended Andalusia High School, although he didn't finish.

Later, when he joined the Army in July of 1950, he felt bad about leaving school. So he hit the books right hard and finished high school while he was in the Army.

HE TOOK basic and airborne training at Fort Bragg, in North Carolina. After three years, he was discharged and "goofed around" at home for about six months.

Then he reenlisted, in October of 1954, and served in Korea for a year, then two years garrisoned in Japan. After that he came back to Fort Campbell, in Kentucky, where he served with the 101st Airborne.

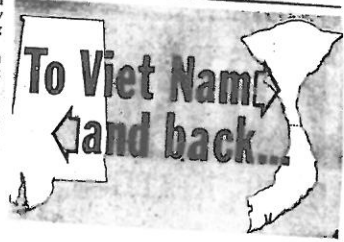
In 1965, he left the States for Viet Nam, arriving in An Khe in August. From then until May of this year, he went out on operations with Bravo Company without a scratch.

Then on May 16-17, came the Ia Drang Valley, and the mortar round exploded in a tree off to his left.

LONG IS married, has four

boys and a little girl. He's got about four or five years to go before he can retire. If he stays in, with that stiff foot, he'll have to do light work only.

Does he want to stay in? "If they'll let me," he says, softly.



TUSKEGEE GI TELLS STORY

'Hawk' chased Cong by copter until...

BY CLARKE STALLWORTH
News staff writer

In Viet Nam, they call it "hawk fly."

American helicopters, loaded with soldiers, fly over the jungle. Below, they see a few Viet Cong troops.

The chopper comes down, the soldiers fan out. They capture one or two enemy soldiers and hustle them back aboard the helicopters.

Later, they question the prisoners, probing for information.

Spec. Clarence Harrison of Tuskegee was one of the "hawks" on these missions.

Drafted in June of 1965, he was shipped out to Viet Nam last January and was assigned to the 1st Reconnaissance Squadron, A Troop of the First Cavalry Division, based out of An Khe.

ON MARCH 28 of this year, Harrison and the other members of his outfit were aboard the helicopters near Chu Pong, up around the Cambodian border.

All of them watched below for signs of enemy activity.

Hawk fly.

Far below, they spotted a bunker. The helicopter slanted around, landed nearby, and the troops piled out. The chopper took off.

Harrison's platoon closed in on the bunker. There was some firing. They took a prisoner.

The prisoner talked... What

he had to say scared the Americans.

"YOU HAVE landed in the middle of a North Vietnamese regiment. They are all around you."

The platoon leader got on the horn. Come back, he told the helicopters by radio, come back here and pick us up. Now.

The firing started in from all around. Harrison's platoon dug in, waiting, hoping, for the helicopters.

A chopper came in, dodging fire. A squad of men tumbled aboard, shouting "let's go, let's go."

The helicopter began to rise from the ground. It was hit, flipped over in the air, hit the ground and burned. All aboard were killed.

HARRISON, ON the ground, found himself a big antihill and started shooting. There were scattered trees, and some burnt-off grass. There was firing from all around.

The helicopters couldn't come back in, because the fire was too tough.

Finally, after about 3 hours, two brigades of American troops came humping to the rescue. Some of them helicoptered down between the North Vietnamese regiment and the Cambodian border, trying to cut them off.

The North Vietnamese began to break off contact then. The firing slackened, and soon the helicopters came to take Harrison's outfit up and out. There were a lot wounded to help aboard.

NEXT DAY, one of the

toughest jobs of the war.

Harrison's outfit flew right back into the battle site, to identify the dead and collect weapons.

But they did it, loaded the bodies of their buddies onto the helicopters for the long ride home.

"I got to be a veteran right quick," Harrison tells you.

ON AUG. 9 of this year, Harrison was aboard one of the scout helicopters, making reconnaissance sweeps over around Ia Drang.

Below, nothing but elephant grass and trees.

Then somebody spotted enemy soldiers, scuttling, trying to hide, in the grass below.

The chopper went down, but it couldn't land. It hovered, 10 feet above the ground, fluttering the tops of the elephant grass. Harrison and his squad piled out of the helicopter as it hovered, jumping 10 feet to the ground.

HARRISON was carrying an M-60 machine gun when he jumped, and he remembers it was quite a bump.

Harrison's squad began ranging through the tall grass and thick bushes.

Suddenly, off to his left, Harrison saw three Viet Cong, running.

He opened up with his machine gun, firing from the hip.

Two of them fell, the other turned to fire at Harrison. He fired, missed, and Harrison got him with a long burst

from the machine gun.

Then it happened. Something knocked him down.

From his left, a hidden Viet Cong soldier shot him in the left thigh.

Harrison, now cumped over his machine gun, thought he had stepped on a booby trap.

His left leg broken by the enemy slug, Harrison tried to turn the machine gun around. But he couldn't move it.

THE SQUAD leader and the platoon leader came up, beating the bushes for VC. They found Harrison, dragged him back, his left leg hanging loose. About 50 yards back, a helicopter came down, picked up the wounded.

Harrison, face twisted in

pain from his broken leg, was pushed and pulled aboard with the others.

In 10 minutes, he was in Piel Ku. Doctors said it was a bad fracture. He went on to Qui Nhon on the coast. From then on, he saw a lot of air bases.

Clark Air Force Base outside Manila, Japan, Travis Air Force Base outside San Francisco, Maxwell at Montgomery, and he arrived at Martin Army Hospital at Benning on Aug. 27.

Harrison grew up on a farm near Tuskegee. "I chopped some cotton when I was a boy." Then he went to live with his uncle in Florida and began working as a long distance truck driver.

When he gets out of the Army, he wants to get himself a long distance rig and go back to work as a truck driver.

THEY GAVE him flight wings and an Air Medal for his work in Viet Nam. For his broken leg, they gave him a Purple Heart.

Actually, it was his second Purple Heart. He was wounded once before, but only slightly, by a punji stick.

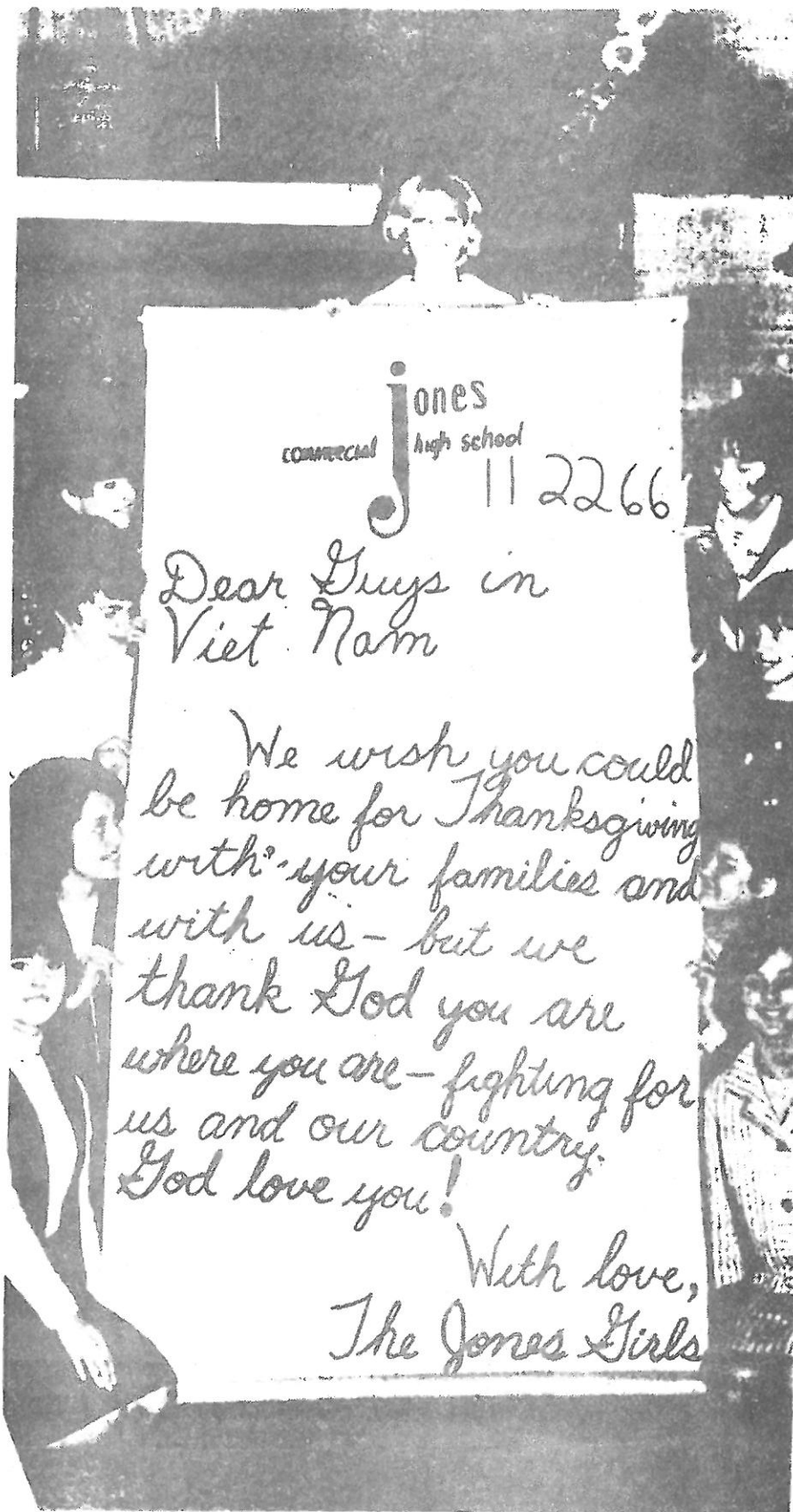
Off the helicopter, scram-



bling into the grass, he and his buddies ran into a line of punji sticks, sharp stakes planted at an angle to stab incoming Americans around the feet and legs.

The stick rammed into his leg, but the wound wasn't serious enough to send him to the hospital.

The platoon medic fixed it up. They gave him a tetanus shot, and he went back to the war.



Thank-You Note to G.I.'s

23 NOV 1966

Some of the girls at Chicago's Jones Commercial High School yesterday displayed the "thank you" note they addressed to soldiers in Viet-Nam. It reads: "Dear Guys in Viet-Nam, we wish you could be home for Thanksgiving with your families and with us—but we thank God you are where you are—fighting for us and our country. God love you! With love, The Jones Girls."—A. P. wirephoto.

Seattle Times

WELL DONE, SON!

Merry
Christmas
1966

Mau lên Kiêm Băng!



Cứu tôi với!
Tôi bị thương
ở bàn chân.

