

SITUATIONS OF PRESENT DANGER DURING '69-'71 TOUR OF DUTY, THE
REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM (Excerpts from my war journals)

VOLUME 1

(Bien Hoa Training Center, 1st Cavalry Division "First Team Academy")

pp 29-30, 05/11/69 Heard a story yesterday that trainees on the zero-in M-16 range were pot-shotted by enemy Viet Cong. The same thing apparently occurred at the grenade range and as I heard that rumor, 1 of our trainees was wounded by shrapnel.

pp 31, 05/12/69 General Roberts, First Cav head, said this morning to the men zeroing their weapons, that the Bien Hoa Base was rocketed last night. I recall being almost jarred (out) of my bunk last night by some kind of explosion but I just went back to sleep.

(In the jungles somewhere around LZ Ike)

pp 63-65, 05/25/69 We were extracted from the jungle by about 11 Huey (helicopters) at 1:30 P.M.

I blew a claymore mine to cover the last phase of the move-out. During our flight, our helicopter received 2 rounds from below. (1 round pierced the front of the skid not more than a yard from my sitting position and the other round pierced the helicopter's fuselage about a foot to the left and above my head.)

pp 67-68, 05/26/69 Lord help us, what a night!! 2/6 (platoon) was assigned night ambush duty last night. We set up the ambush amidst a virtual neighborhood of squirrels and rabbits and as a consequence, every slight movement we heard last night put us all on a rather sharp edge. The C.O. decided to call-in artillery strike from an LZ battery at about 2:00 AM. About 9 or 10 105mm shells impacted mostly to the left of our ambush line. Then came the real "ringer." At about 5:30 A.M. this morning the company area together with our ambush position was hit with about 9 or 10 mortar rounds all of which were air bursts. 5 people out of 4/6 platoon were evacuated by helicopter out shortly after we cut a landing zone in the jungle. 1 person was killed in action.

pp 68-71, 05/27/69 Yesterday, after an air strike, we did reconnaissance by fire in another bunker complex. 2 squads of 2/6 moved in online with a secondary line for support. Kind of edgy moving through the timber. Our FOB (Forward Observation Base) last night was set up in a position just beyond the blasted bunker sites. (Yesterday there were, however, 5 or 6 men who passed-out from excess heat.

pp 75-77, 05/30/69 Before that, I was sitting at the foxhole. After J... made his observation and had relayed it to me, I decided it best that I get in the foxhole. Not more than 10 minutes after I had gotten in the foxhole, a burst of about 6 or 7 AK-47 rounds came at me from directly in front of my foxhole from a point in the jungle maybe 25 to 35

meters away. I saw the muzzle flash. At the time of the burst, I was the only available target and those rounds had to have been meant for me. Later the next morning we looked for the expended AK-47 rounds and found 3 live AK-47 rounds. The round's primer disks had firing-pin indentations indicating that his weapon had jammed! Later that morning we were attacked with mortars but suffered no casualties.

VOLUME 2

pp 7-8, 06/04/69 This morning, we found an abandoned bunker complex but it evidently had not been abandoned for very long. The Company blasted the bunkers with crystalized CS gas.

A chi-com grenade was found in 1 bunker.

pp 12-17, 06/08/69 We conducted a helicopter assault on a hot area inhabited with fortified bunkers and troop concentrations. We replaced Apache company that had just a day previous to our arrival, received daytime mortar and rocket fire. Alpha had suffered about 10 casualties. We set up a company FOB (Forward Observation Base) with no detachments for ambushes. The FOB was located on a freshly used trail.

About 2 hours after sunset, 6 NVA troopers set off our trip flares on the trail immediately in front of our foxhole. They attempted to escape on the trail and began to run, setting off all the trip flares in the process. I opened up with semi-auto M-16 fire. After they were in the range of my claymore on the trail, I jumped in the foxhole and squeezed the detonator. We got at least 4. They left 1 behind and we found him in the morning further down the trail.

Later that night we heard sounds of movement beyond our FOB. The CO (Commanding Officer) called in artillery and a Cobra gunship airstrike. We were alerted to turn on our aerial strobes so that the gunship could adequately locate our positions in the dark. The Cobra fired barrages of grenades and rockets together with mini-guns strafing not far from the front of our foxhole.

The next morning, as we started movement Delta Company promptly ran into a bunker complex but it seemed abandoned. We moved in and fragged (threw grenades into) every bunker we saw until we reached what appeared to be a larger, central command bunker equipped with zig-zag trenches and all types of defensive devices. The whole complex was located under heavy, and low hanging bamboo which made penetration difficult and exceedingly hazardous. After we came within sight of the command bunker, we decided to pull back.

This morning, after a helo extraction, I think the bunker complex was hit with a B-52 air strike (arc-light).

pp19-20, 06/09/69 Well we are back for the 3rd dangerous time at our log site (resupply flown-in via helicopters), we used on the afternoon of June 4th.

Last night the CO located five foxholes extremely close to a well-used trail. On LP (Listening Post), during the early part of the evening, took a pot shot at an NVA (North Vietnam Army) walking down the trail at sling arms (with weapon carried over the shoulder.)

The (fox) hole next to us received all sorts of harassment last night. The NVA

threw rocks and pestered us by pelting us with hedge apple(s) so that we would fire back at them thus giving our positions away so they could (snipe and) mortar us toward morning.

We went through another bunker complex yesterday but it too was abandoned.

pp 45-49, 06/15/69 Yesterday, June 14th, 2/6 went out on a cloverleaf recon patrol. Just before, an ARA (Aerial Rocket and Artillery) bird (helicopter) had sighted NVA to the company's front. We advanced no more than 100 meters when the leading portion of our recon patrol ran square into an NVA patrol sighted by the ARA bird. Both elements immediately opened fire on each other. At that point, I was located some 35 to 40 meters behind the men who made the initial contact.

(The Lieutenant and) I attempted to (advance forward) on-line to give the leading elements some fire support and at a low crouch, I felt a little twinge of warmth in my neck. I immediately hit the prone and just waited there a few seconds. I brought my hand up to feel my neck and as I looked at my hand I found it covered with blood. I yelled for a medic and crawled further to the rear behind a large log. Shortly after, the medic came up to me, more shaken than I, and applied a field dressing around my neck. Then J..., the squad leader moved to my position and guarded as I lay there sweating, trying to calm myself so that my heart rate would slow down. After five minutes or so the fight was over.

The LT was also hit, probably with the same kind of shrapnel that issued from the device which hit me. Poor LT was a rather bloody mess by the time we both got to Navajo 6's (company) command post (C.P.). Within 10 minutes or so of our arrival at the CP, a medevac (Red-Crossed Huey Slick) helicopter (came for) we wounded in action people...(and we) tumbled aboard. By this time most of the bleeding had stopped from my wound but LT's wound was bleeding profusely by the time we reached the medevac station at Tay Ninh.

They immediately brought us into the aid station for emergency treatment then went to X-ray. Before going back to the aid station for further treatment, even as we were being X-rayed, about four mortar rounds came slamming into the 15th Med's area and everyone hit the prone right where they were.

The shrapnel was about 1/4 inch in size and had entered just right of my larynx and lodged somewhere in the leading edge of one of my neck vertebrae. The shrapnel didn't miss my vocal cords by much. (In fact, the shrapnel trajectory missed my jugular by about 1/8 to 1/2 inch.)

The surgeon examined the Xray and probed the wound to about a depth of an inch and a half but did not extract the shrapnel because of extensive surgical complications.

pp 59-68, 06/19/69 On the afternoon of the 17th (of June) Delta Company moved into LZ Ike. They had not made any contact since the day I was medivacked into Tay Ninh. That night, the night of the 17th, LZ Ike was hit hard with at least two platoons of NVA (later assessed at a regimental-sized unit). One platoon assaulted the perimeter from the south (and) the other from the north. As fate would have it, I happened to be picked for one of the LP (listening post) positions outside the (L.Z.'s) perimeter. At dusk, we went out equipped with (M-)16s, grenades, claymore (mines) and M-60 (machine guns) and temporarily set up.

As it was, they (the assault/sapper NVA elements) slipped by us totally undetected. They must have observed us at dusk from the (jungle) wood-line in front of the LP positions for in the morning, it was discovered that the claymore blasting caps had been disconnected from the mines.

After my guard period, I went over to the side of the hillock and slept. (about 4 to 5 feet behind and 1 to 2 feet above the foxhole).

At about 2:30 A.M. all hell broke loose. I was awakened by an M-79 (grenade) round which exploded about 20 feet towards LZ Ike's perimeter from where I was sleeping. As I opened my eyes, red tracers zinged just over my sleeping place. I grabbed my helmet, sleepy-eyed and horrified and made a swan dive for the foxhole.

By the time the perimeter opened with flares, grenades, M-60s, and .50-cals., the NVA assault had succeeded in wedging itself between us and the (LZ's) perimeter. The result was a hellish, nightmarish 30 minutes of not knowing whether we were going to get rocketed by the NVA or accidentally mortared or shot by our own at the perimeter.

The rear element of sappers kept us pinned down with AK-47 fire while at least a regiment size outfit of NVA fired B-40 rockets at us from the outer (jungle) wood-line. A most miserable crossfire indeed. Towards the end of the 30 minute period, an NVA mortar tube was set up just inside the jungle and to our left front. The RTO (Radio Telephone Operator) located the mortar, called in our own mortars inside the LZ and silenced the NVA mortar.

A temporary ceasefire was called and we ran for Ike's cover. Rather than moving straight towards the LZ through the compromised NVA unit, we ran around to the West gate.

About halfway to the gate, not more than 10 feet in front of us, a prone NVA trooper emptied his AK-47 at the ten of us. We all dove for cover then eliminated the enemy trooper. How on earth we all escaped that deadly AK-47 arc I'll never know. The only explanation, other than divine intervention, was that the AK-47 shells went between us! We again took to our feet and this time we weren't stopped until we met Ike's West gate.

Inside Ike, we took up positions and started blasting away at the wood-line. From around 3:00 A.M. till before daybreak, Ike maintained a steady rate of fire including 105 mm artillery, direct fire flechette rounds.

One trooper atop a bunker failed to heed artillery's direct fire alert and was killed. There were reports of hand-to-hand combat replete with rifle butts and bayonets at the LZ's berm-line and at least one attempt to resupply Ike with class-5 failed because of withering enemy fire.

At 6:00 AM in the morning, a ceasefire was called and at 7:30 a recon patrol was organized to see what damage occurred. And there was, indeed, grim carnage outside the perimeter as well as in it. (Of all the dismembered and partial bodies I saw, one particularly grizzly scene remains etched in my mind. One of our snipers had nailed a sapper as he was crawling towards the perimeter during the attack. The shell had entered the top of his head, penetrated the entire length of his thorax and abdomen and exited his sacrum externalizing most if not the entirety of the man's entrails.)

Each NVA trooper we found outside the perimeter, was carrying B-40 rockets, satchel charges or chi-com grenades. Some toted bags of marijuana.

pp 78-82, 06/28/69 Yesterday we made a helicopter combat assault and we are now about 3 or 4 clicks from LZ Barbara...

pp 87, 06/30/69 We made another helicopter combat assault yesterday.

pp 113-114, 07/10/69 We fobbed last night practically in the middle of a bunker complex. Whether it was occupied or not, I know not. 2/6 had ambush duty last night and the trail was extremely fresh. Interestingly enough there was nothing whatsoever to ambush.

VOLUME 3

pp 8-11, 07/22/69 Yesterday, we combat assaulted an enemy ambush site positioned at the edge of a jungle clearing. The bunkers were just inside the jungle and faced the clearing.

Before going out on the second helo-lift, I observed one of the birds returning from the first lift had been hit in its' fuselage with an enemy .51 Caliber machine gun and as it landed at the LZ, aviation fuel was pouring out the bullet holes. Luckily no one was hurt.

The companies first lift had assaulted the ambush and then pulled back to set up a perimeter after the rest of the company arrived at. After our perimeter was set up, cobras gunships and F-4 Phantom fighters blasted the bunkers "to death" with mini-guns, auto 79's, rockets, cannon fire, and napalm. After the airstrike, the Navajo 6 re-conned-by-fire the NVA ambush positions and attacked the bunkers grenades. After the company started moving we ran into fortified bunkers and a complex of trench-lines and tunnels. That got rather hairy because my 2nd platoon was assigned point- platoon which meant that we checked out all the bunkers before proceeding further.

The NVA had attacked C-company (500 meters) to our west with 80 and 60mm mortars, M-60 machine guns, and other ballistics. They also had attacked 2 other times since then, including this morning. Despite 3 airstrikes the NVA seem undaunted and just come back for more. They must have had underground cover for they always manage to slip away from the airstrikes. Our company is now scheduled to close-in on the aggressive NVA unit while moving closer to Comanche company as a backup force.

pp 11-17, 07/23/69 We, 2nd platoon, set up ambush last night and it was most assuredly a hairy situation. We set the ambush on a fresh trail just outside the bunker complex we re-conned yesterday- (not the one we went through the day before.)

The complex we reconnoitered yesterday was reasonably large and seemingly well equipped. It was constructed with a large rice storage bin with stoves nearby. The 'un-friendlies' must have left in a hurry just before we got there for they had left-behind several B-40 rockets and RPGs (rocket-propelled grenades) The 1st Sergeant stayed back and detonated them with C-4 (Composition 4, a plastic-explosive) after the company had completed its' search.

As I iterated before, the ambush was most assuredly a hairy happening. All night, NVA troopers moved around us and on the trail but never tripped any flares or became visible.

We are now halted, configured in a columns-abreast-formation with attention to our

flanks. Just got the alert that there is a large enemy force moving to our east.

Back to the ambush: I awoke at 5:30 this morning from strange jungle sounds and footsteps. I slowly retrieved my weapon, clicked on auto and eased into the foxhole. They were all or must have been, all around us. At least it certainly sounded that way. We've been pretty tense ever since we got back to the jungle and on constant alert. Haven't had much time to do anything except just be totally alert.

I forgot to mention that while moving through the bunkers yesterday we found a sniper-tower constructed by the lashing limbs with vines to 2 trees... Before we moved out of our FOB yesterday morning, I could have sworn we received sniper fire. That tower may well have been the point of its issue.

pp 18-20 07/27/69 We had ambush duty night-before-last and again it rained all night but that ambush was not as tense as the one previous. We were late setting up the ambush (dusk) and conducted quite a hurried race putting out trip flares, claymores and digging foxholes before dark.

The belated ambush setup, for just a few hours previously, we were on recon to find a fresh trail for (the) ambush site. While on the recon the point-man and number-2-man...saw an NVA run into the thick of the jungle. We then brought the squad online and a few minutes later were reinforced by P...s and O...s squad. We then re-conned the whole area frontal to 2/6 with M-79 (grenade launcher) and M-16 fire.

After the night ambush, we packed up, moved 200 or 300 meters and found a tunnel complex. Evidently, it was quite complex. The First Sergeant and another man crawled into the complex and discovered that there were 2 stories of tunnels. These (types of) complexes, as I am told, are rarely inhabited but are used for storing arms. After the tunnels were explored as far as possible, we then began to move out of the area while the First Sergeant contributed a few CS (tear gas) grenades to the tunnel complex.

(Battalion redeployment from Tay Ninh Province northward to Phouc Long Province and the 1st Cav Division Headquarters at Camp Gorvad)

pp 23, 07/28/69 Yesterday the second of the fifth (2/5, Second Battalion, Fifth Cavalry Regiment) picked up lock-stock-and-barrel and moved north. (east-north-east)

pp 27-28, 07/29/69 We have just broken our night defensive perimeter (NDP) and are on our way to a supposed log (resupply) site. We will probably move about 600 meters today.

pp 34-39, 07/31/69 We, (2/6), had ambush last night but it seems our ambush was ambushed. We could not return fire because 4 men were out of the platoon's perimeter on LP and OP (Observation Post & Listening Post).

Thus, they had us at bay and kept us hugging the ground for 10 or 15 minutes. The area we planned to set up the ambush was comprised of tall elephant grass, 6 feet in height, to be exact. S..., T... and I were just on our way out to trip-flare the trail and the unfriendlies opened up on the LPs with grenades and automatic weapons fire. Needless to say, the whole lot of us were horizontal as we could be... Luckily no one was hit and

my prayers were again answered.

After darkness set in, 2/6 moved back towards the company perimeter and married-up with 3/6 and at the halfway point we established a perimeter for the night in a clearing: 2/6 on one side and 3/6 on the other. Nothing occurred during that night but we nevertheless kept up a guard vigil from all positions at the perimeter rather than the usual one-guard-per-squad.

I was truly expecting to get mortared, which would have most assuredly put us all in pinch. The clearing we were set up in had roughly a 15-degree angle to it which is precisely the angle that mortar shrapnel travels. Thus, had we been mortared, shrapnel from the rounds hitting below us would have skimmed right along the surface of the ground. ...a mortar attack would have been a nasty scenario for us.

This morning we received resupply by helicopter again while Sergeant O... 's platoon was conducting a recon of the positions forward of our supposed ambush. Unfortunately, there was a bunker position just down the trail from us and one of O... 's men approached one of the NVA fighting positions forward of the bunker, unwittingly. As a result, the fellow was killed with a round through the chest.

This action on the part of the unfriendlies made the company's blood boil and everybody girded for a hard scrap.

First, ARA helicopters softened up the position with rockets, mini-guns and auto 79s. Then the LZ began mortaring the position. As soon as log (Logistics) was completed, 3/6 or 1/6, I don't remember which, assaulted the positions online. The positions were taken by about noon.

pp 43-44, 08/01/69 Last night was a comparatively quiet night despite the fact that it rained miserably all night. The temperatures also (were) quite low last night as a cold front whipped through the area with some pretty high winds. Luckily, none of the trip flares ignited.

pp 44-50, 08/03/69 Well, yesterday and the day before were really hairy, to say the least. On August 01 we followed a large, well-used trail equipped with bunkers and zig-zag trenches. We traveled columns abreast with one column per either side of the trail. It was extremely hazardous as there were turns galore and it seemed the further we progressed along the trail, the denser the undergrowth became. Sometimes visibility, horizontally, was cut to 2 and 3 feet and this was exceedingly hazardous considering the NVA have been attempting ambushes on our company now ever since we arrived here.

We fragged every bunker we came to and before advancing along the trail we re-conned the entire area with M-16 fire.

So much has happened during the last few days and so little time have we had that I've scarcely been able to open this book... Even now I'm rushed to write this. Thus I forgot to include what preceded our searching on the trail.

Before going by way of the trail, we perceived considerable movement in an area we had come through just the day before but from a different direction. This time, we heard all sorts of movement so we stopped for a break and during the break, we heard much more movement. We spread our flanks out still maintaining columns abreast formation, re-conned by fire and received return fire several times.

The Company then called in a loach (a word for Light Observation Helicopter, LOH). 2 loach copters reconnoitered the forward environs to eliminate the issue points of fire and 1 loach bird took fire in the process.

After an airstrike of 750 Lb. bombs and napalm assisted with a dash of mini-gun fire, we resumed searching-out the trail. That day was the first day my rifle jammed. A shell caught in the chamber and I was unable to extract it.

On the 2nd of August, we broke camp, on a hill crest just above the trail, and we proceeded down-hill towards the river. 3/6 and 1/6 re-conned the river for a place to cross while we, for a time, stayed back and secured the gear and the rear. 1/6 and 3/6 ambushed several NVA across the river and likewise drew fire from the hill across the river.

Loaches re-conned the hill, (and) eliminated two NVA, with M-60 fire and hit a bunker position with hand-thrown grenades. Finally, after 1/6 and 3/6 and 2/6 pulled back from the river to the hill, we began to cross the river en masse. Just below, where we crossed, an elaborate bridge had evidently been constructed by the NVA... The river was ...about 4 1/2 to 5 feet deep and about 30 feet wide where we crossed.

I expected falderal as we crossed the river but nothing came to pass... After all of us waded across, 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6 spread out online at the base of the hill just above the river. At the given word we assaulted with full packs. While I carried a shovel, T... carried a starlight-scope.

The going was, again, extremely hazardous considering there (were) bunkers above us, the vegetation was dense cutting down visibility, the side of the hill was slippery with mud and the NVA could have easily rolled grenades down the hill from the bunkers. The bunkers were sparse and arranged in an irrational order along the hillside, never-the-less, they were still an invitation to disaster. We advanced up the hillside San-Juan-Hill fashion fragging bunkers as we progressed.

pp 50-53, 08/04/69 Today is the day I walk point for the Company...

Yesterday was the first day a shot was not fired at the company out of hostility since our redeployment here on 07/28/69. One member, however, accidentally shot himself through the hand. These accidents with one's own weapon have been increasing lately. The whole company needs medical stand-down.

As best I can remember, it was about this time when we set up an ambush in an area of thick bamboo. The trooper occupying the foxhole next to me was smoking marijuana. Sometime in the middle of the night, he opened up with M-16 fire to his front giving away the location of his position; a particularly perilous thing to do anytime much less when one's unit is set up for an ambush. The trooper later confided that he could have sworn NVA were crawling toward his position. Everyone occupying adjacent foxholes was awake and saw nothing of the kind. For this action, the trooper received at article 15 (a "Uniform Code of Military Justice action permitting commanders to administratively discipline troops without a court-martial.")

pp 53-58, 08/05/69 Yes, yesterday I had point for the Company and during the first hundred meters forward, my fatigues were ringing wet with sweat.

A little information handed down to the squad level made the walking point even more distasteful... The information (that) came from Arizona 6 (the 2nd Battalion Officer

In Charge, OIC) contained the facts that an LRP (Long Range Patrol) team had observed "many NVA" migrating from our immediate area to some other area. Thus Arizona 6 said we could and should expect anything and everything...

Be that as it may, yesterday at about 4:00 o'clock (PM) or so, I departed a little way for a moment from our original azimuth to check a suspicion or hunch of my mine while the rest of the Company stayed at a halt... The object of my curiosity was a well-trampled spot in the middle of the jungle. As we drew closer it became apparent that it was not a spot but a rather large, freshly traveled swath through the jungle. On an earlier recon, we had found NVA versions of the LRP rations with small tins of fish. All this information found previous to our find of the swath-trail appeared to be not over 3 or 4 days old.

T... immediately posted 3 LPs on the trail and passed the word up to the Captain about the find. Soon the whole command post (CP) was wandering about the trail. Evidently, the trail was rather unusual, for a very large force had moved on the trail very recently and the NVA usually don't move in such large numbers. I overheard the CO radio all the data that had been collected that day associated with the rather large enemy troop movements.

That night, last night, the CO chose to set up the company perimeter squarely in the middle of the trail with our squad's (M-60-machine-gun-fox-hole) squarely in the middle of the trail and with the main CP squarely in the middle, and to our rear.

The 2 holes flanking the gun hole were zigzagged for fire-and-cover to the immediate front and to the immediate left and right of the trail. We seemed fairly well prepared if anything that decided to make its way along the trail that night and nothing did make its way there.

This morning, evidently, Arizona 6 had called the Company with the intelligence that the unit that moved through was probably the 5th NVA Division.

pp 60-61, 08/06/69, Noon... Well, another squad member appears to be coming down with a skin infection. T... will probably go back to the LZ today on one of the log choppers going back to LZ Mary or Song Bay.

(withdrawal from field duty and travel back to Tay Ninh Base)

pp 61-72, 08/20/69/22:35 On August 6th we were to receive log in the field... When at last it came time to find a resupply site, the whole company was considerably "bushed." The jungle which was chosen for a logistics site was anything but a "natural log site" and the bamboo stretched out above and concealed the sky. Finally, after 40 minutes or so (of machete-cutting the bamboo) a clearing was cut large enough for a Huey log copter... I had no idea cut or splintered bamboo was that sharp. It cuts as a razor blade would cut. Nothing is felt til one notices the blood.

A... approached me and informed me that the First Sergeant wished to speak to me... (The First Sergeant) told me point blank that I would be the new Company clerk... He further iterated that I was to assemble all my gear and board the next log bird to LZ Mary.

I was off on the first log bird, and as the helicopter ascended slowly above the LZ I had helped hewn, I saw the slim remainder of my platoon give me the thumb's up sign. I

reciprocated while my eyes became watery not from intense air circulation.

I spent that night on the LZ (Mary), pulled guard-mount in the rain, and for (the) last time slept in the mud. On the 8th, I boarded a log bird and arrived in Tay Ninh with a rare nonstop flight.

(Two unrecorded incidents which occurred in either May or June '69, in the Tay Ninh Province jungles.) While on guard shift at a FOB Company perimeter foxhole, I was visited by what I believe to be a large snake of some sort. The area had been defoliated and there were dead leaves about the jungle floor.

The night was pitch black. I heard something in the distance to the front of my foxhole like rustling leaves. The rustling sound slowly came closer until the sound stopped directly in front of my foxhole and I did not move. A deep hissing sound came from an area located about 4 feet above me and to my front. Seconds stretched into an interminable and inestimable length of time. At last, the leaf-rustling sound started again and moved slowly back into the distance. The creature which confronted me that night, by process of elimination, must have been a large cobra snake! Since cobras can perceive mammals via infra-red detection, the creature of the visitation must have been a large Jungle Cobra Snake!

On a number of mornings, at pre-dawn or dawn intervals, Delta Company, 2/5 Cavalry received mortar attacks from the NVA. Finally the 2/6 Lieutenant proposed to the CO a tactic (as I recall). 4 M-79 grenade launchers were assembled on the sector of the perimeter where the mortar tubes were most audible. The Lieutenant coordinated succession of indirect, high-trajectory, grenade launcher disbursements timed closely to match the NVA's mortar firings and in the general direction of the NVA's 'thoomping' mortar tube(s). After about 3 or 4 grenade shells were fired, the NVA tubes ceased firing and never bothered us again for some time to come. The NVA possibly became convinced that Delta Company was armed with its own mortar team!

The aforementioned excerpts from and additions to my Vietnam War journals are valid and true to the best of my knowledge. Copyright 2004 Douglas L. Crow, All rights reserved. I, Douglas L. Crow on this 6th day of the month of May, 2019, do testify that the foregoing statements are true and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Douglas L. Crow

Douglas L. Crow