

UTAH	DOUBLE EAGLE II FRANKLIN	BLUE MARLIN	STOMP NEVADA
TWO SEVEN			TOOTER
INDIANA	HARVEST MOON	MONTGOMERY	OAKLAND
Vol 1, No 17, August 4, 1966		HOT SPRINGS	

TALENT WAS GREAT: MORE TO COME --

TALENT WAS THE KEYNOTE AT THE 2/7 GRAND OLD THEATRE HERE TWO NIGHTS AGO AS MARINES VIED FOR TOP HONORS AT THE BATTALION TALENT SHOW.

Top winner of the evening was Pfc. Rymut, a scout with S-2 section. He replied to the Army's song, "Green Beret", with a rendition far superior called, "Ballad of the U.S. Marine."

Runner-ups in the talent show were Corpsman Thomas Hughey, LCpl. Sullivan and Pfc. Wilkins.

Also receiving a hearty round of applause for their evening performance was a trio of folk singers, Cpl. Wittke, Cpl. Best and Cpl. Wills.

A thankyou is extended to all hands who participated and who helped in the production of the show (Comm).

1st Lt. Funk, special services officer, has announced the possibility of another talent show in the near future with bigger and better prizes

** *****

Corporal Farrand, an artillery radio operator with 2/7, really believes that smoking may be hazardous to your health.

During Operation Franklin, July 26 an artillery smoke round was called in to mark the unit's position.

The 105mm round burst a bit late, about 10 feet above the ground and sent large pieces of its body smashing inches from Farrand.

After the smoke settled, Farrand, who isn't an avid smoker anyway, was convinced that the new warning on cigarette packages applied to other things too, like late exploding 105mm smoke rounds.

** *****

NEXT TIME: CHARLIE'S TURN

The dirty little war became a pound dirtier for Marines of the 2nd Bn., 7th Marines during Operation Franklin.

The dirt came in the form of enemy mines placed in the Marines' path as they searched and cleared a stretch of beach along the old Starlite area.

Opposite from the demoralizing effect mine warfare is intended to have, with each exploding mine the Marines became more determined.

"One of these days Charlie isn't going to slip away. We'll catch him and when we do he'll pay for this," one Marine said.

The 2/7 Marines plan on ridding that pound of dirt back into the VC's face. And when they get that chance they don't plan on turning the other cheek.

** *****

ARE YOU Muscle BOUND?

If your muscles are yearning for development, or you want to get into shape before you go home and sprawl on muscle beach, Two Seven has the answer to your tonal needs.

Special Services just acquired a (con't, page 2, Vol. 2)

NL PENNANT, TIGHT RACE

by: Rick Mosiman

As it has been in the past, the National League is again a seasaw battle, with any one of five teams having a very strong chance of winning the pennant.

Presently the top spot in the league is held by the hard-hitting Pittsburgh Pirates. Led by such sluggers as Roberto Clemente, Donn Clendenon, and Willie Stargell, the Pirates took first place from the San Francisco Giants who had jumped off to an early season lead.

The Giants are not to be outdone in the hitting department by any means. Even though the power hitting Orlando Cepeda was traded early this summer, the Giants can still boast the likes of the great Willie Mays, Jim Hart, and Willie McCovey. Backing up this power are pitchers Juan Marchial and Gaylord Perry, both well on their way to a 20 game season. This combination of hitting and pitching give the Giants a sound ballclub, one that can't be counted out of the National League picture.

Presently sitting in third place are the amazing Los Angeles Dodgers. Led by the tremendous 1-2-3 pitching punch of Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Claude Osteen, the Dodgers can never be counted out despite their less than great hitting.

Rounding out these 5 top teams are the Philadelphia Phillies and the St. Louis Cardinals, either one of which could come on to cop the pennant.

Regardless of who wins, it stacks up to be an exciting race. If the mail and news start arriving any faster, you may hear who won before the next season rolls around.

SPORTS HEADLINES

TONY LEMMA DIES IN CRASH!

His presence will sorely be missed on the golfing circuit and by his many friends.

CLAY TO FIGHT LONDON

The ever confident Cassius Clay is slated to meet Brian London on August 6 for the World Heavyweight boxing title.

PENNEL VAULTS TO NEW MARK

17' 6 1/2"

(MUSCLE BOUND--con't page 1)

number of barbell sets and a gymnasium is slated to be constructed in the battalion headquarters area.

Besides the heavy weights, a number of tension kits have been selected and will be distributed to company units.

See you and your bunny: "on the beach."

M-16 COMING

ZAP, POWIE, ZAM, BOK!

IT'S FINALLY ON ITS WAY. SHAPED LIKE A MATELL TOY RAY GUN, UNRUSTABLE, EVEN ADORNED WITH A CARRYING HANDLE, THE M-16 RIFLE IS SLATED TO BE IN MARINES' HANDS SOMETIME IN THE COMING YEAR, ACCORDING TO A WASHINGTON NEWS RELEASE.

60,000 OF THE NEW WEAPONS ARE SCHEDULED TO APPEAR IN VIETNAM FOR MARINES SOMETIME BEFORE JUNE OF NEXT YEAR.

NO SPECIFIC DATES OF DELIVERY HAVE BEEN SET.

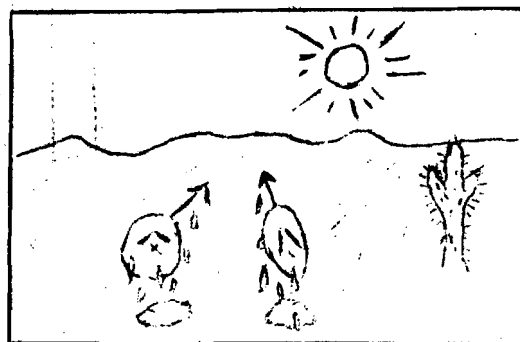
ACCORDING TO A RELIABLE SOURCE (A NAVY FROGMAN WHO EXITED HIS SUBMARINE WITH THE WEAPON) THE WEAPON IS CONSIDERED RUST PROOF--A BLESSING TO MARINES.

ONE THING ABOUT THE NEW WEAPON. IF IT DOESN'T SHOOT AS STRAIGHT AS THE M-14 DID, MAYBE JUST THE SIGHT OF IT WILL SCARE THE ENEMY OFF.

KEEP YOUR EYES OUT FOR THE NEW RIFLE.

AND DON'T FORGET THE KEY WORDS TO SAY WHEN YOU ARE ISSUED YOURS: ZAP POWIE, ZAM, BOK.

** *****



"Man, if this heat keeps up I'll go home skinny as an arrow!"

MAO MAO Σ A K

Ah, I sit here reflecting on the ingenuity of it all.

The integrity of leadership, the assignment of personnel, the lack of ice cream cones.

The other day I was sitting quietly in my tent wiping sweat off my brow and counting the number of mosquito bites I had acquired the night before (14 per square epidermal meter) when a slew of replacements came trudging up to a lister bag just outside my tent for a drink of chlorinated water.

The men were new and very fresh to Vietnam.

You could tell by the way they screwed up their faces when they drank the rice paddy treated water. You'd think they had just drunk a ghastly elixir of alum.

Being a friendly sort of guy I plodded out of the tent leaving a trail of sweat behind me and said, "hello, welcome to our humble oasis."

Nobody laughed, nobody smiled.

~~One of the gentlemen did attract~~ my attention, however. He was an oldish looking chap, with short hair and black horned rimmed glasses. He resembled a schoolteacher rather than a fighting Marine.

I introduced myself and struck up a conversation. "What did you do before you came into the Corps," I asked.

"I was a high school teacher."

"But you're not an officer," I retorted in amazement. "You're only a private first class!"

"I know. But I wanted to be one of the guys."

"But you could have been one of the BIG guys." I answered excitedly. "You could have gotten 'sirs' and salutes and eaten on tables with tablecloths and given speeches at briefings and yelled 'charge' in the thick of battle."

"But I wanted to be a quiet guy. I am a quiet person. I don't like tablecloths, I don't like 'sirs' and I don't like salutes."

"I suppose you enlisted for two years," I asked calmly.

"No, six as a matter of fact."

"What!! Six years!!"

"Yes," he answered adjusting his glasses, "that is correct, six, it comes after five and just before seven."

"Well, they will surely put you in an administrative job won't they?" Reason and rhyme were slowly being etched from my rational mind.

"No, as a matter of fact I am going to be a scout."

"A what?"

"Ascout."

"But those guys are up front all the time, kind of bait for the V.C. Good god man your life insurance and length of life are in dire conflict."

"It's all relative," he answered.

"What do you mean, 'relative?'"

"Well, you see first of all I'm a schoolteacher. My job is to instruct to pass knowledge on, to inform the ignorant, to nurture the intelligence. By being a scout I can go up front of the troops, recon the area, locate the enemy, note his weaknesses and strengths, return and tell those who need to know what is in front of them. Therefor I comply with the essence of my education. I teach and inform." He paused and ~~wiped his glasses on his T-shirt~~ with a professional air.

Concerning my life span, this of course is relative to caution and circumstance. If I move selectively and with due concern to my enemy I should be able to outwit him. I am fair in hand-to-hand combat, should such a situation arise. It is a statistical fact that men of caution and wit have very long, vibrant lives. Anyway I don't plan on dying ergo, I won't."

"Ergo?" I said. "Is that important?" He chuckled and said no.

"Well, I guess you know what you are in for," I said swatting at a passing fly.

"Yes, I do," he confidently replied.

"Good luck, see you in the field."

"Yes," he said looking at me, "What did you do before you came in the Corps?"

"Oh me?" I answered wiping a big droplet of sweat from my brow, "I was a nuclear physicist."

"Imagine that," he said sauntering off toward the administration tent. "Imagine that."

It's a mad, mad, war!

(the following letter is intended to inform your families and friends about the area you are living in. If you wish, send a copy home).

Dear *Mom and Dad*

Chu Lai, Vietnam, 125°
August 4, 1966

It is sure hot here at Chu Lai. Today the sun didn't come out and the old Sol rays just sifted through those gauzy looking clouds that hang around in the rainy season. It makes the air sticky and you don't sweat profusely, you just seem to leak all over like you were baking in an oven or something as drastic.

We came off an operation last week. I once liked the beach but I don't ever think I'll like walking down a beach again. Boy, those old sand hills are hard to walk over. It seems that forevery step you take, you slide back two. It would have been great to have had a Sand Buggy for those four hot days. Some of the guys looked like French Legionnaires. They had towels wrapped around their heads and the towel was soaked in water to keep their faces cool. We walked alongside the ocean but it wasn't a picnic. It was real hard work keeping up. Our packs run around 50-60 pounds loaded with ammunition, food, cleaning gear for our weapons and whatever koolaid we can cram in there. Some of the guys carry over 100 pound loads. For example, one of the helicopter landing people carries a radio that weighs close to 120 pounds. I guess I wasn't as bad off as some were.

The battalion had a talent show the other evening. Everyone had a great time. A corpsman told jokes. He was very professional and for a minute I thought I was being entertained in a fancy club somewhere except I didn't have a glass of ice frosting in front of me and my chair was a discarded bomb casing instead of a plush leather job. Some of the guys sang, they were good too, and two guys had a comedy routine that was quite funny. It's good when everybody gets together like that. Makes you feel like a big team.

The people here, Vietnamese are pretty friendly around the battalion. They don't understand what you say but they always wave and smile. Many of the old people have red teeth, so red it almost seems black. The villagers teeth get black from chewing what they call "Beetle Nut." The corpsmen say it has a small drug in it that deadens the pain of their teeth since most of them have poor teeth. Many of us wonder how the modern Beatles would look with a real, "Beetle Nut Smile."

The kids are like kids anywhere. They come around the area every now and then trying to get gum and cigarettes. We joke with them and toss them around. Helps our morale quite a bit. When we go on an operation and are moving in trucks through the towns, all the kids come out to the roadside and wave and cheer. Sometimes they point and say, "You numbah ten thousyan" and then whisk off laughing. The other day when we were heading for the operation we went through the towns in the early morning and it was very strange that none of the kids were there yelling and cheering. It was too early for them to be up. It was too early for me too, I was pooped since we left at 4:00 a.m. and got up at 2:30 a.m. Sometimes it's hard to get right off to sleep just before an operation.

Well, the monsoon season is coming soon. We've been getting a lot of rain but they say there's a lot more to come. Guess I'll have to look forward to a lot of mud and wet socks for a few months.

Best close now. My best wishes to everyone,

Jim