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august 19, 1965

AP CUONG, SOUTH VIET NAM-In describing the fierce fighting of the major U. S. Marine Corps operation near the Chu Lai enclave, a senior Marine officer explained, "This is World War II-with helicopters added."

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encircled and chelled and encircled for more than 24 hours by Vinix
an estimated 100 hard-core West Cong fighters. Farm fewer than 30 Marines
escaped unscratched.

"It was like the Indians in the Old West surrounding and attacking
a covered wagon convey, except we were in armored wagons," one Marines
sergeant with 19 years in the service explained. "I was in the
invasion of Chinawa-but I have never seen enything like this. I thought
this was the end of all of us."

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Instead of fighting the U. S. Marine tanks and amphibious tractors with convention tanks and anti-tank weapons of World War II, however, the Viet Conty Cong fought them with orthodox guerrilla tactics that repeatedly won them we magnificent victories against the French during the Indo-China War more than a decade ago.

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Since the French forces were road-bound—and lacking the greater mobility of the Americans provided by helicopters—the Vim Communist forces repeatedly mx bushwa cked the tanks, armored cars and trucks of the French supply and troop convoys.

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Instead of a neat road ambush, however, the Viet Cong fight against the Americans was a small battlefield one hundred feet by one hundred feet—half of it was a red clay field surrounede surrounded by hedgerows and half of it was alope sloped downwards into a soggy rice paddy.

"It was a natural tank trep and we fell into it," one American officer explained.

It was a deathtrap for some of the American Marines who are called Poges—the non-infantry types such as supply sergeants, drivers and crews of tanks, and amphibious tractors.

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During the opening of the operation on August 18, one American Marine company passed near the tangled jungled area splotched with rice paddies one mile northwest of this Viet Cong-infested village. But the company received no fire; the second company sweeping through did. Three Marine amphibious tractors—called amtracs for short—were sent to help out. These hulkings black square boxes, costing \$120,000 and weighing 35 tons—were also hit two of these were retrieved. With their capability of swimming, the ambracs are often used for amphisious assaults.

Young Marine corps troops call it a "swimming coffin."

One of the amtracs was to become a flaming coffin for one American

Marine burn burned inside.

(M9re)

Then 17 tanks and emtrace were sent to relieve the trapped companies, but never resched their destinations. Pive tanks and five antrees were trappeds-one tanksums completely destroyed, one antrac completely burned out, three of the tenks were still makes lost 25 hours more than 30 hours ofter they were first lest.

Of the 17, one was a vague re-supply cove convey with two tanks brinking bringing up the rear and the front of the cix oflumn and five entrace corrying food, water and come to the ad infantry unit in their front.

W. S. W. W.

They never found their unit.

(Win More)

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When we came across the risk this red clay piece of land," the tired sergeant explained, "it was about 11 in the morning, just as the operation began. Suddenly, the attacked from the hedgerows on out legt and rigt flanks—the flanks were about 30 yards apart. It was the Viet Cong tank killer platoons.

"We started up here with five amtracs and two tanks—one in the front and one in the rear. First the lead tanks was hit im the front and in the rear and then the rear tank was hit from behind. Maybe the rear tank got away.

"Then the Viet Cong hit us with everything they had—57 and .75 recoiless rifles, small arms fire, mortars and automatic weapons. The One a mtrac acid accidentally slipped down the fi slope into the rice paddy and two other emtracs pu deliberately drove down into the rice paddy hoping to set up a perimeter. They immediately got stuck.

There were more than 100 Viet Cong that had us encircled on the right and the left flanks and all around. They hit us so fast—it was coming from every bush—every way we looked they were there. They had one special round almost the round burst inside the tanks throwing shrapnelt everywhere.

(More)

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"Their first attack was at 11 and it continued until about four o'clock in the in afternoon, and then it slowed up, but we received small arms fire intermittently throughout the night. By afternoon, one of the antrace was hit and burning and the people inside panished, open the landing door and ran out. The Viet Cong started picking them off.

"Half of the dead and wounded were from either opening the door and leaving the trz vehicles or else the people were shot while people out of the upper doors.

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Sitting on the dustry dusty red checkerboard, watching helei helicopters ferry out the dead and wounded, the sergeant continued, "My amtrac was and radio the only one that had a machu machinegum that would work. I kept praying, don't let that machinegume and radio conk out. I just kept praying and splashing water on that machinegum w to cool it down when it got too hot."

A young lance corporal interrupted to explain, "Three sergeants stayed outside the amtracs all day and all night and kep 6 kept firing their rifles and pistols. The rest of us were buttoned up in the amtracs. When I closed the hatch of mains mine, I took out my rosary and started praying.

"Earlier, the Viet Cong had taken over one of our amtracs, which its crew had evacuated. They used it as a shelter. It was only 15 yards from me and one Viet Cong and I kept playing peek-aboo, looking out the top hatches. Finally, I killed two of them with one shot—then another was killed on top of our own amtracs.

"The Viet Cong kept walking around us all night; they were well am camouflaged and we couldn't see them well. We killed 15 of them in one rice paddy alone; I suppose we killed fifty wilin all."

The sergeant and lance corporal watched as the helicopter crews loaded the dead, which had been mummified by the red dust. One had died with a knife in the clutched in his hand; one had been disembow disemboweled. A One survivor, a young Negro private, watched wailing in agony with tears rolling down his face.