

**Indian Sign On Cong**

# **Marines Stuck On Tomahawk**



Press State Wire

EBENSBURG—The Ebensburg "chopper" may not win the war in Vietnam—but it is getting in plenty of good licks, its inventor reports.

This chopper travels only short distances through the air and is hand-propelled.

It is, in short, a tomahawk.

Fittingly enough, this hair-raising weapon was designed by a great-grandson of a full-blooded Iroquois brave.

He is Peter LaGana Jr., 41, a mailman, who has been teaching use of "silent weapons" — knives, swords, hatpins, etc.—and hand-to-hand combat for 23 years.

He also is a gunsmith.

Naturally, Mr. LaGana is one mailman dogs instinctively shy away from.

But, to get back to the chopper, Mr. LaGana designed a one-pound version so delicately balanced that nobody could miss with it, he reports.

To prove this, he reports, he lets men, women and children of all ages and sizes heave it at target 15 to 20 feet away.

In 876 of these random throws, the weapon stuck in the target each time, he says.

When word of this whiz-bang missile reached the Marine Corps, Mr. LaGana was invited to demonstrate it at the Landing Force Development Center at Quantico, Va.

According to published accounts, he demonstrated its versatility against a rifle butt, a machete, a Bowie knife and a clubbed rifle—as well as a bayonet charge by two men.

The Marine officers were impressed, Mr. LaGana recalls, and each of the 18 watching bought one of the weapons.

But the corps itself declined to adopt it as standard equipment.

But individual Marines and their relatives and friends have bought 90 per cent of the 700 tomahawks Mr. McGana has sold over the past seven months, he reports.

And glowing reports of their multi-purpose usefulness have been drifting back to Mr. LaGana by mail—and even in personal visits.

One man reported killing four Cong in hand-to-hand combat with it after his rifle had been snatched away—another chops pole-sized trees with it for quick clearing of helicopter landing fields—another chops his way through walls of huts with booby-trapped doors.