



Collection Information:

Folder: Clippings regarding the Montagnard people, circa 1967-1968.

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10/5 27

Similar Fires Hit Residences An Hour Apart

Two house fires of nearly identical nature occurred in Edina Saturday little more than an hour apart.

The fire department answered a call at 12:20 p.m. to the home of Gordon R. Finch, 6032 Oaklawn. A fire had started in a bedroom closet. Damage was extensive to the bedroom and smoke damage was reported throughout the building.

Little over an hour later another fire was reported at the home of D.C. Conlon, 5620 Zenith. This fire too was in the bedroom where damage was extensive and smoke damage occurred throughout the house.

Damage in both fires was estimated at about \$5,000.

Spas + Stages
10 Feb 1967
about 30 miles north-west of Plankton

Magnard Children 'Rats' To Rodents

(USA) — Operation "Rat Control" is now being conducted at the remote site of the Forces Group at Mai Linh.

The operation was instituted by Lt. Joseph R. Westmoreland, commander of the Revolutionary Development Program in the Republic of Vietnam.

The operation is behind the extermination of the neighborhood villages. The rats carry the fleas which spread the bubonic plague. The rats spoil the food, of which they have little to share.

The price paid for each rat is five piastres (about four cents). The "rat patrol" is made up of small boys and a few stout-hearted girls from the villages. Each morning they come filing through the Mai Linh camp site gate, carrying the rats by their tails. The trappers come walking up to the main detachment building and stand in line to receive their rewards. With a proud smile, and a quick turn about, the young patrol members return to the rat "battle" zone to continue their own search and destroy operation.

RR
R
T
Their favorite method of catching the rats is to sprinkle a little food on the ground, take up a concealed ambush position and as the hostile rodent approaches the killing zone, a small net is hurled with extreme accuracy engulfing the rat. Then a violent blow with a large stick confirms one rat KIA. Some-

times the ambush is set using the crossbow.

"Pay Off" Officer is 1st Lt. Lee M. Baggett of Minneola, N.Y., who inherited the program from its originator, Lieutenant Simino, now the executive officer of the A site. Lieutenant Baggett will continue to carry out the thriving "Rat Control" program after Lieutenant Simino returns to the United States in the near future.

How many rats do they bring in? One morning the total killed in action by confirmed body count was 45 rats. According to Lieutenant Baggett, successful operations in the past have bagged as many as 150 rats in a single morning.

The highly successful program is accomplished by the people. This, in itself, brings realization to the New Revolutionary Development Program, which leans heavily on self-help. Lieutenant Simino added a new 'twist' to rodent control, making the elimination of a disease-carrying pest an exciting and even-profitable adventure for the children of Mai-Linh.

Montagnard Tribe Flees VC; Seeks Help Of Green Berets

about 15 miles from base
in the mountains
about 1026, 67
Plei Mrong (USA) — His people were starving, disease-ridden, clothed in rags, and most of the youth of his tribe were being kidnapped by Viet Cong, many of them never to return home again.

With these facts in mind, the chief of the Montagnard Village of Plei Doi moved his tribe to a place where there was a promise of better homes, more food, medical attention, good land to farm, and above all, protection for the members of his tribe.

So, he gathered his tribe — the sick, the old, the very young — and with the few chickens and livestock they had left, headed away from their ancestral homes.

In a staggering column, many being aided along the way as they were too sick or weak to walk alone, they came down out of the mountains and into the valley.

in our valley
The move occurred recently in the mountainous region of South Vietnam near the western border. It occurred close to the isolated A detach-

ment of the 5th Special Forces Group located at Plei Mrong.

The promise of security and assistance to the village chief was made by the South Vietnamese Government through the province chief. The special forces personnel, working with their Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG) Forces, provided protection for the tribe against the Viet Cong during their migration. They also set up tents for the people to live in and provided them with food and medical attention.

New homes are being built by the people of the tribe using local materials. Home sites are allocated to them, along with farm land to cultivate, and the people will be provided food until their first crops are harvested.

With happy smiles, they are now settling in their new homes with plenty to eat. Clothing and blankets are being provided and they are receiving medical attention for the first time in their lives. The children are now

attending school, many of them for the first time.

Start a strip
The tribal name is "Jarai" of the Montagnards. They are stocky mountain people who occupy the interior mountainous region of South Vietnam. Two hundred, two people, comprising 45 families, were involved in the migration.

Special Forces Senior Medical Specialist SP5 Samuel R. Allen of Hamilton, Ohio, is providing medical attention. SP4 Richard W. Routh of Bakersfield, Calif., a Revolutionary Development Specialist attached to the 5th Special Forces Group, coordinated the relocation of the village with the village chief.

On The Inside...

	Page
Special Forces	5
Crossword Puzzle	11
Peanuts	11
Sports By Bob Vail	11
Vietnam News	10
World News	10

212



Michael Call, left, a Canadian, teaches English twice a week at a Benedictine convent in Ban Me Thuot, in the heart of the Central Highlands in Central Vietnam. Some students are nuns while others are Montagnard tribespeople. (S&S Photo)

Montagnards: Step to Learning

(Continued From Page 9)

south, but they were forcibly prevented from leaving," he said. "A teacher friend of mine said that in the North, things were very bad. His mother is in prison there. He doesn't know why—except possibly it's retaliation because he and his father migrated to the South. Many of those who fled the North are Catholics.

"Last year the Viet Cong kidnaped three of my Montagnard students. They were boys 17 and 18 years old. The VC attacked their small village east of Ban Me Thuot. The village had a population of 300. Every house except one was burned to the ground.

"Nine villagers, including my three students, were seized, blindfolded and led into the jungle. They marched for five days before reaching a VC camp. They were kept there for three weeks, forced to listen to propaganda. Then they were led back to their ruined village and released.

"The students missed their final examinations and had to wait a year until the exams were given again and they could become teachers. They were

luckier than others. During the attack the VC killed five Montagnards, including a child."

Call comes from a well-to-do, middle-class family living in a quiet Quebec town near Montreal. In high school he was assistant leader of the band, and played trombone. He was editor of the yearbook, head prefect, and a member of the student council.

He earned a degree at Middlebury College in Vermont and then went to Paris on a scholarship from the Quebec provincial government. He studied at the Sorbonne and received his master's degree in French in June 1963.

"I decided to join the IVS," Call said, "because I was attracted by its objective of helping the underprivileged, and because it offered something new, strange and different."

At a United Nations technical school south of Damascus, Call taught English to boys aged 16 to 19—sons of Arab refugees who had left Palestine in 1948. After 14 months in Syria, Call was transferred to Vietnam, received two months of language training in Saigon, and went to work in Ban Me Thuot

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

A Blueprint for Vietnam Tomorrow

By NATIONAL COMMANDER

William E. Salbraath



218

ONE OF THE profoundest differences between the critics and the supporters of our government's policies in Vietnam hit me forcefully when I visited South Vietnam late last September.

President Johnson is acutely aware that *time* exists. What happens today in Vietnam is important for *tomorrow*. Today's events are an enormous trial for our country and Vietnam, but they do not happen for their own sake. They bear on the future.

This is the whole frame of reference of the President's position, of Robert McNamara's position during his tenure as Secretary of Defense, of Dean Rusk's position as Secretary of State.

It is not a surprising position. Leaders are supposed to weigh today's policies in terms of what they will continue to mean to their people and to others in the future. As Lincoln said, they can only see the right as God gives them to see the right. But it is up to man, not God, to assume the responsibility to *consider* tomorrow. The effort must be made.

The President's critics are remarkable for their dismissal of tomorrow entirely. Time does not exist. There is only now. We can escape the pain of the Vietnam conflict today by stopping what we are doing now. Not a word of what might then happen, nor, apparently, a care.

This "devil take tomorrow" attitude—intent on escape from a trial—has seemed too plausible to too many people for too long simply to dismiss it out of hand as "wrong thinking." Why has it seemed plausible to so many of us to look at *any* question in terms that don't attempt to see beyond sundown today?

Being in Vietnam brought me up short. On all sides I was surprised to see a nation with an enormous future. I realized then what it was that had seemed plausible about just walking away. From a distance I had heard that Vietnam was a place without a future. It was a "worthless, miserable place," full of "corrupt people" who haven't "changed their ways in 2,000 years." It was "all jungle, mud and monsoons." We could dismiss its future because it "doesn't have a future."

The first thing that surprised me in Vietnam was the "worthless mountain jungles" of the Central Highlands. Here were enormous gently rolling grasslands, ideal to support great herds of beef cattle (probably of some Brahma strain) now supporting a few scrawny creatures. Some of the grasslands were so high that it was downright cool at night. They stretched from Pleiku, in the central west, all the way up the narrow neck to the so-called Demilitarized Zone. Jungle mountains were there, for sure, but between them such stretches of unused grazing land as to make a cattleman's mouth water.

The next surprise was the coastline. I knew the southern

Mekong Delta was a great rice bowl, but the whole narrow coastal lowlands to the North Vietnamese border is a thin, rich "rice line." Only the lack of roads and seaports has prevented the fertile farming of the coast from reaching inland, to produce far more.

Seen through a farmer's eyes, South Vietnam's past is a shambles compared to what its future could be, let it only continue the program which the United States had under way there in the 1950's—until the enemy set out to cut its throat. But of course the enemy knows the land well, and would scarcely contest every inch if it were as worthless in peace as it is difficult in war.

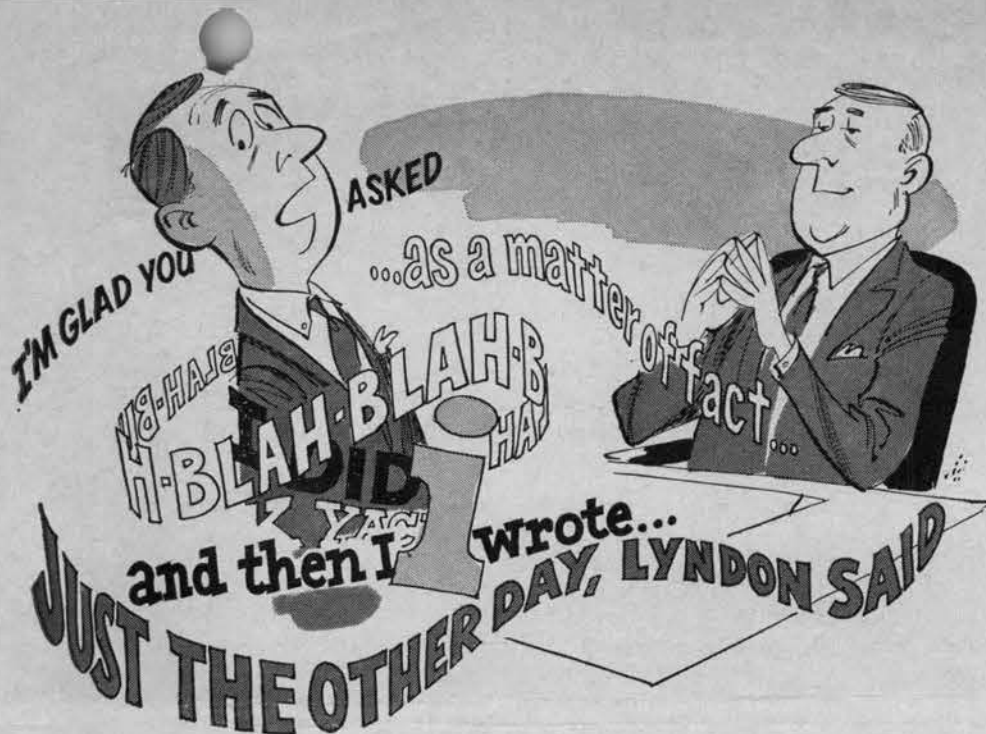
This rich area has the potentiality to feed 60% of Asia, an incredible fact. Its future is immeasurable. Its resources, properly developed, could expand for a century. To Mao Tse-tung in China, Vietnam's future is the great prize to cement his power over a Chinese people who are hard to subject to Communist discipline when hungry.

MY NEXT surprise was the "hopeless people." At Pleiku, I saw Filipinos teaching metal-working and settled farming to more than 500 young Montagnard boys and girls. These are the mountain tribes, nomad farmers, presumably the most "backward" of all. They were as receptive as any youngsters I've ever seen. They took to new skills with aptness and pride. A new world opened up to them as they learned to make forges of baked clay; to convert old auto frames to chisels, hammers and other tools, and to farm staple crops in one place instead of moving on as they exhausted the soil, in the manner of their forebears.

I have been both a teacher and a farmer. Can you wonder that with such things before my eyes, Vietnam's future is the whole thing, while its sorry past and present are what cry out to be erased?

It is a rich land, ripe for development, inhabited by a people with the native talent to develop it. They need only the things my own ancestors needed in Nebraska a century ago—security from roving "Indians" (Viet Cong in this case), roads and seaports to market; schooling in the arts and letters; peace in which to work; necessities such as sewage and clean water; the tools of modern farming, and the skills, step by step and one at a time, by which they can climb the ladder from primitive to modern agriculture.

In Vietnam today, as for years, these things have made up the blueprint of the joint U.S.-South Vietnam program for tomorrow. But spread across that blueprint are the blood red marks of the Viet Cong and North Vietnam, assassinating the leaders, intimidating the people, burning the schools, kidnapping the teachers, mining the roads to market. The blueprint and the blood on it each offer a different tomorrow. Our choice is between them.



Name dropping, hesitating to feel out your view, are counterfeit trademarks.

Today companies are getting bigger and bigger. Computers are spewing out information faster than any one man can digest them. Markets are expanding. Firms are branching out into more fields and developing more foreign markets. Decisions are more and more complex, and the knowledge to make them has already been termed the "information explosion." There isn't enough time in the day for a man to read it all, let alone digest it. Yet the myth that a firm of any great size can find one man to sit astride all or most of this and manage it all is dying hard. So the fellow who poses as the perfect executive simply because he's "the type" can still fool some of the people some of the time.

Yet, more and more, the *good* executives (those who are actually running companies in teams and succeeding at it) recognize that the *perfect* executive is becoming more impossible every day. They are ignoring, as the Japanese have long ignored, their standing company policies to find out who on the staff have weaknesses and weed them out until only perfect executives remain. Instead, with a sense of guilt and apology, they are putting up with weaknesses in their subordinates and trying to develop their strong points. The trouble is, they are doing it almost "behind the company's back," going out on a limb to protect Jones in accounting, because he runs a whale of an accounting department, even though they *know* he will never be able to run the planning department, and isn't fit to make a speech at the convention in Atlantic City.

They are doing exactly right, says

Drucker. But American firms should make it *official* that they aren't interested in a man's weaknesses (short of something scandalous or ruinous) if they can encourage, exploit and develop qualities that could make him more valuable to himself and the firm.

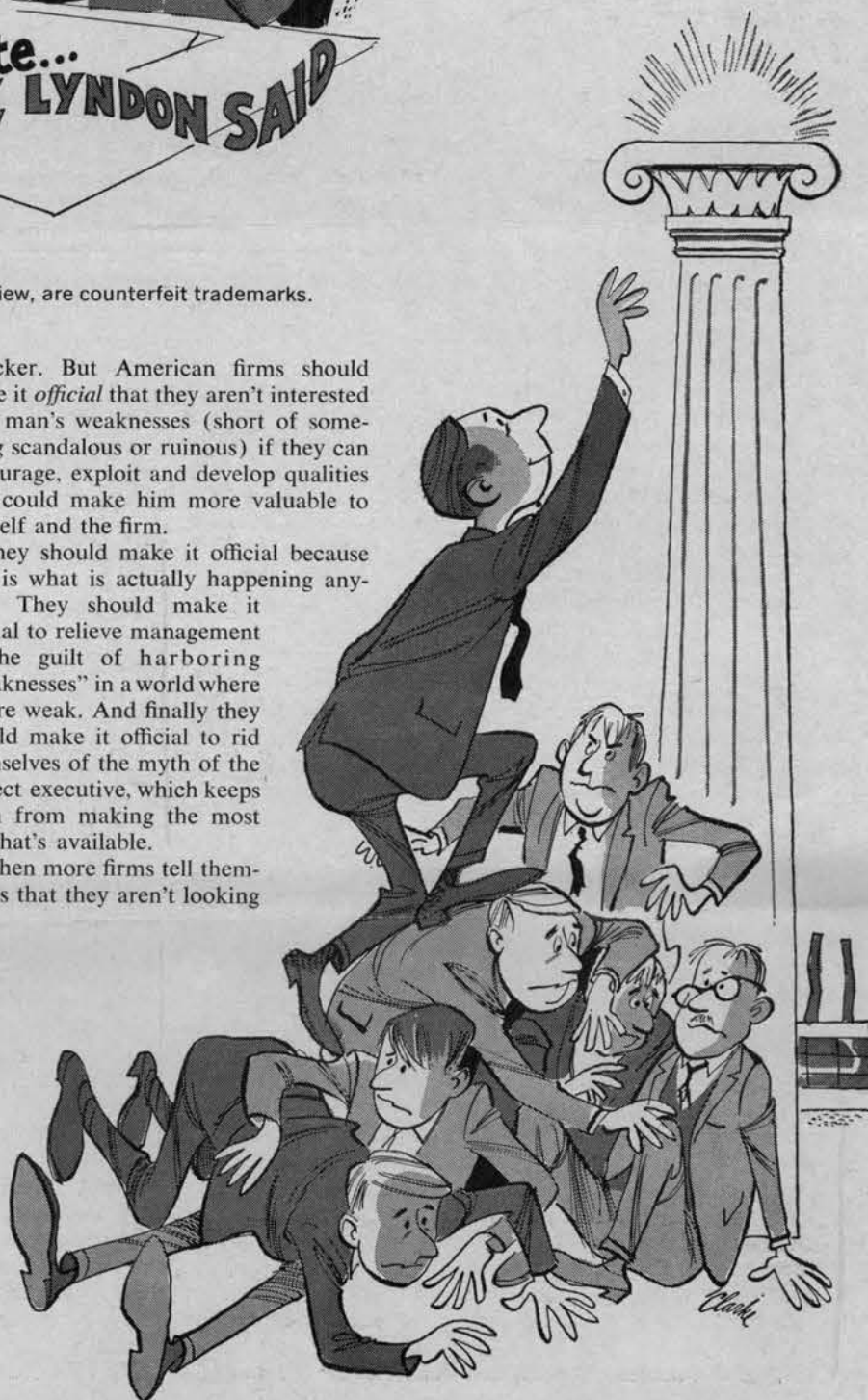
They should make it official because that is what is actually happening anyway. They should make it official to relieve management of the guilt of harboring "weaknesses" in a world where all are weak. And finally they should make it official to rid themselves of the myth of the perfect executive, which keeps them from making the most of what's available.

When more firms tell themselves that they aren't looking

for perfection in one man, but must make a strong team out of the collective virtues of the frail humans who come to them, they will still hire their share of misfits. Some they will give up as hopeless. Others they will miraculously turn to good account.

But what of the counterfeit who comes to them without a visible flaw? He will have had his day. He feasts on today's standard of seeming to have nothing wrong with him. But the question then will only be "What's right with you?"

To that, the counterfeit never had an answer. THE END



The counterfeit's great skill is climbing over those who carry the freight.



Helpers

C-47 ASSIGNED TO THE

Water Purified for Drink

BINH THUY AB—TSgt. Leroy Wilson and his team of four men have the responsibility of purifying all water used by the 330 airmen who live at the "Y" racks facility one mile west of Binh Thuy AB. "Typhoid fever, paratyphoid, cholera and amoebic dysentery are some of the harmful bacteria we kill before the water reaches the tap," said Wilson.

Three thousand gallons of water, taken from the Bassac River, is made potable hourly by the purification site.

SSgt. George A. Christian described the purification process this way, "We pump 30 gallons of water a minute into the first 3000-gallon tank. There, the silt and other sediments settle. To speed this process, we use soda ash and aluminum sulphate. At this point we also pre-chlorinate the water."

He continued, "Next, we pump the water through a force-feed filter that takes out any harmful organisms. We have two of these filtering systems, which together will filter 3000 gallons an hour."

"The final step is post-chlorination. We use a ratio of two to five parts chlorine to a million parts of water, depending on the water we drew from the river. We let the water stand in the post-chlorination tank for 30 minutes and then it is pumped up to the gravity feed tanks," Christian said.

Wilson added, "We are in the process of improving the facilities. We have just completed putting in new 3000-gallon rubber tanks and covering some of the gravity feed tanks. But, until

we are finished, gravity tanks are sun, birds and insects use a strong chlorine. After four hours, dilute the chlorine to low our safety standards.

**War Zone
Report**

ATTENTION

CHANGING STATION

We'll Insure Your Property

Car Buffs do it!

FOR SALE — CROSSBOWS . . . They can't get it for you wholesale but Maj. Robert G. Schultz, left, and Capt. Daniel C. Conlon, buried under a pile of crossbows, will sell you one for only a small profit. The two are "proprietors" of Montagnard Industries, a Pleiku AB civic action project that buys native crossbows and resells them as souvenirs. The profits are not "pocketed" however. They are used to better the lot of the highland villagers by buying them items such as soap, clothes, medical supplies and tools. More than 1,000 bows have been sold, returning to the villagers nearly \$10,000 value in cash and goods.



FOR SALE — CROSSBOWS

IF, YOU BY CHANCE HAVE
THESE COULD YOU RETURN THEM.
IF NOT KEEP THEM MY PARENTS
ALREADY HAVE COPIES.

To Preserve For Posterity

a priceless history of our Air Force.
That's the purpose of the US Air Force's
successful art program.



Relating techniques and
listeners are General John

EARLY last fall at
ful ann
in the Air
tionally known as
Force Art Collectio