Collection Information:

Folder: Correspondence: Correspondence with John (Jack) Rudy, 1967-1993.

Series: Vietnam War Service.

Collection: Daniel C. Conlon Papers.

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p. 110

17 April 1967

TO: "Dangerous Dan Conlon"
Doctor Extraordinary; Ambassador
Plenipotentiary to the Montagnards
Surrounding Pleiku Air Base, RVN.

Dear Dan:

They were right: In Vietnam, I used to think that the USA was nothing but a big, wonderful dream. Now, I feel the same about Vietnam. Was I really there????? Like a big, wonderful fantasy that I will never forget.

Leaving Ton San Nhut Airport was weird. All the way out to the runway, the plane was like a tomb; no one spoke. Then as the bird roarded down the runway and, finally, lifted off, there arose a sound from every man's throat that I will never forget. It really wasn't a cry of happiness; more of victory. A shaking experience to say the least.

I arrived at Travis AFB after a 23 hour flight. Had a blast while at Travis being separated and made a "citizen"; had eggs bennedict, etc. and other fine foods which my stomach had not seen, smelled or felt in a little over a year. Arrived at Friendship Intl. Apt, near DC last night to find just about every relative I had awaiting me. It took 30 minutes to say hello and, finally, pick up my ($\frac{1}{2}$ your) baggage. Can you imagine what a real glass of milk tastes like?; a smooth road where everyone travels 60-65 mph?; the clean, sweet smell of pure ozone? What a change. As though the coinad flipped.....and, I guess that it had.

Thanks for seeing me to Saigon and the Airport. We had a blast while it lasted for sure; and, believe it or not, I will never forget the FINE times we had. And, as you said, after talking with a number of people back here in the States, they find it hard to believe what I tell them. Never mind----it happened, I lived through it and, the hell with em.....RIGHT???

Business: Went over our little piastra screw up and, found that you only owe me $139.70 US, instead of the $144.80. I have deducted the $5.10 that John owed you. And, arrived home to find an additional 3,000 or so more piastras stuck in my baggage. However, I have taken care of that.

Am still working on getting Lick to the US, although, quite frankly, the situation does not look too good. However, I will do my best, now that I am back in the midst of all this legislative power.

I already miss Lick, Hinh, Mama san Hinh, Gir and the rest of friends at Plei Brel. But especially do I miss Lick;;;;;;he was just like a brother and, I continue to think and feel the same; 15,000 miles has not made any difference.

Please ol buddy, do right by and with the Montagnard; they need as many TRUE friends as they can get. Believe it or not, this recent march in New York and SF made quite an impression on a number of people; including those who might decide on whether to keep the US in Vietnam. It's sickening to me; however, one man cannot change the world. But, again.....do right with my friends out in the villages.. I know that you will; .

Off to a "Welcome Back--Jack" party. I be an alkee yet.....Mt best ol buddy,

Jack

Part III. (205) 11 June 1961

To: Defender of the Faith; Guardian of our Civil Rights and Liberties:

1. You are the world's worst correspondent, barring my estranged sister!

2. Heard of unfortunate VC mortar attack on "Pong Son" - Nort. Train Centre: who were the Americans killed?

3. Still no word on untoward events, relative to the 3 tapes in re Nort-Vietnamese Conflict stolen from my apartment last Saturday night. Tho' fill with this noise, I've retaped about 1/3 of the original material already and, when leaving the apt., for a period of time, carry the tapes in my briefcase.

4. Alice has yet to show up at my door with either ingredients or receipe for "fo' pai". I figure he's holed up somewhere in New York State, extolling its fine qualities and, "taping on my hose!"

5. Finally turned down all offers to return to the north-central highlands in Dec. 1967. Suggested they contact Col. Bonneau in

re the position. She's too old for one of them), as Bonny recently expressed such an interest by saying "I shall (want) to return."

6. How are you enjoying the Pleiku monsoon. Any prayers for that orange-/brown dust of late?

7. Still working like a madman on getting back to the USA — in any way. The way I'm moving presently (I'll be back) yes one way within the next couple of months.

8. Damned, this is getting like Pleiku — much gin & tonic, but no ice. The G.D. ice machine in my refrig. is on the fritz.

9. This is too much — got an envelope in the whole apt. Oh well — "when in doubt, let it all hang out." I'll prevail somehow!

My best to buddy — get off that damned tube once in awhile and write me a line or two. I have a vested interest in your "Legend."

Zing mah ih,

Dale

Mr. John F. Rudy II
1107N - 2111 Jefferson Davis Hgwy.
Arlington, Virginia 22202

7 August '67

(206)

Dan:

Work fine; weather lousy; women scrumptious; whiskey bearable; life, as usual — frantic!

Much propaganda, little fact in news media re RVN — as usual. Perhaps someday, we'll all sit around and discuss the ins-and-outs of what really happened over there.

My best,

207

1107N, 2111 Jefferson Davis Highway
Arlington, Virignia 22202
4 September 1967

Dear Dan:

Here it is Labor Day, 1967 and, the "old Judge" is making the scene at Court. Just goes to prove that old adage, that there is never any rest for the weary nor wicked. Actually, I volunteered, so I can build up some leave time; however, it's a beautiful, relatively cool day and, thus, I wish I were out and rambling in my convertible.

Got to thinking about you the other day when a local psychiatrist was testifying on a Mental Committment. Name of Conlen. Close enough. I can well imagine that you are still proceeding with dispatch in the North Central Highlands and, Lick writes often to say that your imbibing of topai has not diminished in the least. So, I can assume that all is well with you and, that your days at Pleiku are passing swiftly. If I remember correctly, your DEROS is around the middle of Jauary. Sorry to hear about Dave Dulaney being evacuated out of Pleiku because of Hepatitus. I never figured that he would be one to catch the bug, since he limited his drinking of rice wine. But, c'est la guerre.

Nothing much new with this lad (?). Am busy every day in court in the pursuit of my legal profession and career. Many trials, many defendants and a good mixture of judges. Not a bit like Pleiku and the "just cause" I found there; however, it is satisfying. Many times when I look at the items given to me by the Jarai, I nostalgically recall the many good times enjoyed in the NCHighlands. I really wish I were back at Pleiku; however, that now seems to be a fantasy and a wistful dream that will not likely be fulfilled.in the foreseable future.

Am proceeding ahead with dispatch on the article, "True Story", I believe about my experiences with the Montagnards. Have a good writer on it and, it should be published either in the Sat. Evening Post or True Magazine sometime this Fall season. IT's been a real bitch, to say the least; however, I have rights to strike any references to persons or villages, thus, I feel my former friends are or will be protected. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it will probably be THE true story of my experiences and, will relate a number of things I have not formerly cared to talk about. This writer seems to have the ability to draw every thing out of you, even from a trial lawyer like myself. Regardless, I will have to send you a copy.....The money I receive from this venture will either be donated to Project Air Force Blue or, used to get Lick to the USA.....depends on how much they pay..

Leading the good life, aside from my duties (demanding indeed!) here at the court. My cabinets are filled with booze; the bed is large; the women soft. La bonne Vie....

Back up to court...drop me a line when you have the chance.

Your friend,

Pete

110TH, 2111 Jefferson Davis Highway
Arlington, Virginia 22202
1 September 1967

Dear Dan:

Here it is Labor Day, 1967 and, the "old judge" is making the seats at Court. Just goes to prove that old adage, that there is never any rest for the weary but, wished. Actually, I volunteered, so I can build up some leave time; however, it's a beautiful, relatively cool day and that, I wish I were out and traipsing in my convertible.

Got to thinking about you the other day when a local paraphernalia was testifying on a Marshal commitment. Name of Conlen. Close enough. I can well imagine that, on his, still proceeding with dispatch in the north certain familiarity and, lifelong friends of any that, your knowing of today's not diminished in the least. So, I can assume that all is well with you and, that you have at Plains are passing swiftly. If I remember correctly, your birthday is around the middle of January. Sorry to hear about Dulaney being evacuated out of Plains because of flooding. I never figured that he would be one to catch the bug, also be limited the drinking of free wine. But, that is guess.

Nothing much new with this end (?). Am busy every day in court in the pursuit of my legal profession and career. Many trials, many defendants and a good mixture of judges. Not a bit like Plains and the "just cause" I found there; however, it is satisfying. Many times when I look at the items given to me by the Court, I mostly/generally recall the many good times enjoyed in the NORTHLANDS. I really wish I were back at Plains; however, that now seems to be a fantasy and a lustful dream that will not likely be fulfilled in the foreseable future.

Am proceeding ahead with diligence on the article, "True Story", I believe about my experiences with the Montagnards. Have a good writer on it and, it should be published either in the fall, Evening Post or Time Magazine sometime this fall season. This been a real chore, to say the least; however, I have rights to strike any references to persons or villages, thus, I feel my former friends are or will be protected. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it will probably be EVE this story of my experiences and, will relate a number of things I have not formally cared to talk about. This writer seems to have the ability to draw every thing out of you, even from a trial lawyer like myself. Regardless, I will have to send you a copy.....The money I receive from this venture will either be donated to Project Air Force Blue or, used to get back to the USA.....depends on how much they pay..

Leading the good life, aside from my duties (demanding indeed!) here at the court. My cabinets are filled with booze; the bed is large; the women soft. De bonne Vie....

Back up to south...drop me a line when you have the chance.

Your friend,

11 June 1968

Mò it kò giang mah kão khăp la
— Van Cortez —

Kão kòmão ti'lòj pap mònăi gua kò kão
tu čih kò ih sui Caih.

... And, besides that, I'm a lousy
correspondent.

Went on 2 weeks active duty today
to fulfill my Reserve commitment and to
get away from the frantic and hectic
offices of the U.S. Attorney. And, being
the dedicated Air Force Officer I am,
decided to drop you a line to tell
how your penthee is doing up there
in the frigid climes of Minnesota.
Had Saturday supper at Col.
Hulfers a couple of weekends ago,
along with Col. Doyal and his wife.
A great time — good food, good
company and, 1½ hours of 8mm
colored pictures showing the "civi-
lized" Nicks go high was inevitable.
After seeing the Colonel's fountain and
Base Swimming Pool, both Col.
Doyal and myself were almost
ready to pe-up. However, after
more sober consideration, we deci-
ded to contemplate such drastic
action. And, besides, Col. Doyal

wasn't quite sure the AF establishment could stand me for another year on Active Duty. Regardless, it was a fine evening, enjoyed by all, and, it gave us a chance to tell old war stories and educate the women about ang či char.

Rick had been writing to me on the average of 2-3 times a week. But for the past two weeks, not even a postcard. A few letters back he mentioned he might have to go see a "relative" in Cambodia; which prompted Rick and his numerous relatives who departed this fair earth, sometimes 3 and 4 times, might mean that the heat is on him from either the Vietnamese or VC, or both. However, I'm sure Rick will be able to take care of himself in the event he smells certain trouble.

Now that you've had the chance to "phase down" from Vietnam — rolls gave perspective. Hey, I really you are in orbits with some other doctors in a clinic there in Minneapolis — correct? How do you find it — aside from being fascinating? Besides, absent to pay to paralize the rotor neurons and set one's head adrift, the work must be challenging.

Equipped with most of the essentials, I've made a number of attempts at reproducing the rice wine wash. But, it just doesn't taste the same being made in a clean, air-conditioned atmosphere. Accordingly, my chek tôpai remains a show-piece artifact and I ease the pain and grueling hours of legal work with Scotch. For some reason, it just doesn't seem fair.

Aside from women, work and whiskey, I press forward with my book on the Montagnards. Whatever I write is sent to Lt. Col. Doyle (in the Information Office at the Pentagon) for proofing and suggestions while Praeger of New York continues to drive me weekly as to when they can expect the first two chapters. Well, trying to write a book is more tedious than trying a jury case and, thus, I may never finish — and, that might be for the best, perhaps.

Y-Bham finally answered my second letter, and with a Cambodian post mark no less. I have a feeling the French are still very actively involved with him and may be "coordinating" the show in Phnom Penh; but then, you'd think they

had enough trouble get fame on their hands. My humble analysis is that they want to keep their dirty little fingers on the tea and opium traffic in and around the Highland, more specifically Laos and Cambodia. But who really knows for sure in this world of conjecture and supposition we live in. It's the old story I guess, that its a great world, if you can back it.

I'd better close this mish mash jumbling before I really start to run off at the mouth.

My best to you, your wife and children —

Nao hiam kô, giong mah KÂO KHÂP —

Anh KÂO,

PS. Hôi, ih thâo ptah môn hôget KÂO ĕeh kô ih?

(234)

September 12 1977

Dear Dan and Kay:

Dan, it was certainly good to see you again — even if for such a short time. Kay, it was good to meet you, and I'm very appreciative of your generous hospitality on such short notice.

I made my flight just in time! Thanks for your instructions on the short cut to the International Airport. Arrived back in Tampa a little unsteady (it must have been the wine), likely participated

in my son's swimming meet, and just managed to stay awake for the following football game at Pampa Stadium.

My family avoided me Sunday — let me take a few catnaps and piled on aspirin — drank iced tea by the quart.

Nevertheless it was good, did my soul good, to finally get to Minneapolis and recount our days at Pleiku.

Sorry I ran my mouth so much, Dad. I guess the scotch-wine combo set my tongue wagging. What time

did we finally turn in? - 4? 5 am?
Sorry too I didn't spend
more time going over with
you, your post Jack Rudy
involvement with the
Montagnards.

Spent the flight back to
TPA reading and digesting
your letter to Kay. I wish
I had such a chronicle! Need-
less to say, perhaps, I found
them very interesting!! but
so much from your early
descriptions of our activities
(although it was fascinating to
read of your descriptions and
reactions to and of me), but

what happened after I departed. Hell, you should be writing a book, not me! Perhaps, we will have to co-author a sequel to my proposed publication - "Tigers in the Jungle".

As soon as I have finished studying your 2 volumes, I will return. You had suggested - I think - that I keep the same. But, they are really your history and properly belong to the author. Many thanks, though, for the privilege!!!

234 12 Sept 77

How events come together. Yesterday, attended a friend's brunch and met a former Army FAC. He was with the 115th Inf. Brigade at Dak To in 1966 and 1967; then assigned Base Security at Phu Cat in Sept. 1967. We had quite a discussion.

Back to work. Many thanks again. You've got quite a woman there in Kay — a real pistol. I hope you will come to Tampa some time, and meet mine.

Best personal regards,

Dö hirm hö, giang mah Kho khap!

Jack

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Tampa, Florida
September 20, 1977

Vô Ayông thâo khâp amâng pran jua
sit nik — Don Conlon

Greetings, from "The Lone Ranger".

Dear Don and Kay:

I will have to admit that my plane ride back to Tampa from Minneapolis, and few days thereafter, were filled with thoughts of our evening "marathon" — perhaps worse, just to see you, Don, which triggered memories of Pleiku; and to meet you, Kay, the girl Don left behind, yet talked about constantly.

I have just finished reading

your "Diary". I wished I had read it before coming to Minn. Perhaps, then, I would not have seen my mouth so much, and allowed you to give me more info., and explanations, of your activities.

Looking back, it would appear more appropriate that you write a book, Dan. You certainly have enough material, and your prespective is slightly more involved than mine. In many respects, your efforts became more involved, in a different context, and write more of the various personalities you knew. Perhaps my motives were pseudo, at first;

but yours certainly were not! Nonetheless, the end result was certainly the same — we both became personally, emotionally and truly involved in a love affair — of sorts — with the Montagnard, and left, exhausted! As you so aptly put it in one of your final letters to Kay — a melancholy, yet glad it was all over. But, it never was, and never has really ever been over for those of us who became involved.

Am I making any sense!?

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, my "book", now some eight years in the works, will

never tell my story. After being used, jerked around, and led down the garden path, its story takes many people and events out of context; the good are colored by evil; incidents bastardized; and worst situations crudely treated — perhaps as a protest — only knows. Fortunately, perhaps, it will not be the complete story of one man's involvement in Vietnam. It is difficult enough to know the deception practiced, the double "entendre's", the twisting of ideals and values — and, to remember.

The worst part of the whole thing, I guess was my return to RUN - the Highlands. In my Pliken days of 66-67, it began as a game, became much more serious and finally, ended with "Yak" Rudy becomming far more emotionally involved than ever intended — the current was swift and the swimmer tiring. In 1969, with great expectations, the venera of our society heavily applied, I returned to help; but, I found the situation dramatically changed (perhaps, it had never changed, but I had!). In 1971, it was even worse, and

harkened back to the 1966-67 period when everyone else (the military and our political machines) was wrong and I was right. Perhaps — and I ramble — I remembered things that had not happened, but wished they did; forgot things that had happened, but wished they didn't.

Nevertheless, one year's experience in Vietnam was enough for anyone — especially if you became involved and had to suffer the sudden, emotional withdrawal we did. Twice was dangerous, a third time, unbearable and a determined effort to erase

bad memories and remember only the good.

Your "diary" was really the "Victor." Patti, my wife, asked how it felt to read someone else's viewpoint of Vietnam — the same area, the same people, etc. My reply was that now, warned with kids, etc. it was like — "a long time ago, in a galaxy far away" — and like opening a long shut closet full of bitter, yet sweet memories. Enough.

As soon as I get everything packaged up, your books will be ~~ret~~ returned. They are yours and should be kept. Who knows,

234-2 20 Sept 77

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Someday you may find a use or, perhaps, they should be kept as a reminder.

My travels across the USA continue at a rapid clip. Last Friday it was Denver, tomorrow Pittsburgh, this next week Buffalo. Perhaps in the not too distant future, we can get together again. This time, I'll let you do the talking! Thảo mun? understand?

Dô hiểm ho, sgoong.

goodbye

Anăn bưăo, my

brother

ask

(235) October 26, 1977

Dear Dan and Ray:

Thank you for your letters which I received today. They not only made interesting reading, but provided me an insight into some of the reasons for your "balls to the wall" approach in RUN and, what I suspect, your "balls to the wall" approach in Minneapolis. God, Dan! You sure are involved in a lot of activities - projects - etc. How do you — and your family — find the time?!

Quite frankly, in Minneapolis and your letters, I was a little surprised of your "slack"

regarding Lick, AKA Y-D, if or, more correctly, vice versa. I'm not speaking of knowledge here, but reaction. First, Lick left too many obvious "trails" to ignore the obvious — at least from my standpoint. Secondly, I seem to recall — with somewhat unusual clarity — you, Lick and I discussing his political philosophy over rice wine at Hink's hut in Plain Bend. Thirdly, Lick knew too much, and was far and above more intelligent than any other Montagnard I knew — and attempted to conceal that too often, not to have had skeletons in his

closet.

As you have noted in your letters to Kay, Lick took command when in the villages — or if he, and not the village chiefs, ran the villages. And, you will recall, we operated with impunity or immunity from the VC when on our sojurns — because the village chiefs "guaranteed" our bodies from harm. Thinking back, how many chiefs said that to you directly? On the other hand, how many said it through Lick's translation or, after Lick had talked with the Chief? I would venture to say that Lick was the

moving force — the guarantor of our safety from VC bozos and either directed or enlisted the support of the village chiefs. Enough!

In reviewing your letters, I have to agree you made a set up for our adventures in the Mimbaynood villages. You didn't let anyone down — certainly not me, especially not the people. To paraphrase your remarks, those who became involved learned a great deal about themselves, gave a lot, received a lot, and left an indelible part of themselves, at least, in the memory of those we touched — affected.

2 35 26 Oct '77

Pardon, if I ramble.

I was glad to read that your oldest daughter plans to start writing a book based on your "diary." She will certainly have a wealth of material. I wish her luck, and commiserate with her, having myself "baffled" the publishers these many years. I can truthfully say that my present manuscript is almost completely revised from when I started (with Frank Dayal's help) back in 1967. About the only thing that I have remained truly consistent on — and have adamantly refused to change, — has been the montagnard-

(6) 235 26 Oct 77

As I told Random House,
"many who read this story will
believe it fiction — it is not; many
will think it all fact — it is not.
The events, people and places all
took place and existed — although
not necessarily in the time period,
place and person as described."

Enough

Re the Pleiku Irregulars.
Frank Doyal called this past
week — out of the blue — and
we chatted about old times.
Seems he had a serious heart
attack two years ago and has
given up cigarettes, booze, and
wild eyed women. He said

235-
26 Oct '77

John Value was last heard from at some college in Wyoming. Post cards (Xmas type) from Dogal to Value have all been returned "Address unknown" and "left no forwarding address" and Frank has not heard word one from John since 1974. Frank thinks the battle finally got to him and that he is dead and buried.

If I didn't tell you — Col. Bonneau is Pres. of the Satellite Beach, Florida, Chamber of Commerce. I've tried to contact him a number of times, but to no avail. Sgt. Bill Rice dropped out of sight and correspondence in

1974, and has disappeared despite my attempts to locate him.

What do you mean: "If we get to Tampa, are we invited?"

OF COURSE!!!

Just let us know when you're coming!

Off to St. Louis — another "bumpy" flight (in, in the am, out by the p.m.).

Best regards,

Jack & Patti.

P.S. Hubert is my hero too!

(236)

December 1, 1977

Hey Dan:

Just blew back from three days in windy, cold Chicago. Stayed at the O'Hare Hilton and left the building only once — to enjoy the seafood at the Cape Cod Room at the Drake Hotel. How do y'all stand the cold?!

Received your letter, with enclosed outline. Enjoyed. Re your not finding a moral for your proposed sequel — how about the immorality of it all!

Beware the novel writing game. It is a royal pain. If I

didn't have a profession, I'd go nuts and certainly end up on skid row. It is frustrating, time consuming, and many times leaves you with the impression that publishers (damned them) don't want the truth; they want what people know to be fiction, but accept as truth.

If you decide to get into the "game", write a fairly detailed outline — I am enclosing the one I used for "Tigers in the Jungle." After you get that down, send it out to various publishers to see if they are interested. Only after someone

expresses interest, do you write. Then, the fun (frustration) begins!

Yes, I watched with interest the 20 Nov. 77, 60 Minutes T.V. show. Unfortunately, it only really skimmed the surface — like describing one tree in a forest. You suspect the CIA an ego trip. I agree, in part. But, you have to mix with that a sense of patriotism, paternalism, God and Country as well. I would very much suspect that, at a given time and place, we could do no wrong; we were right and righteous — they were wrong and evil; the end justified the means;

bad become good and vice versa. It was like playing a game — where only you knew the rules and decided the fate of the players, if you wished. Yes, an ego trip, for sure — but much more. Unfortunately, in the end, when the game was finally over or, when you ceased to play, you realized that you too had been but just one of the players — being manipulated and finessed as you had done to the others. Enough!

Back to your outline. It's good. But, take a peek a boo at mine, and you might get

some ideas on how to set one up that will be acceptable to most publishers. I am not even sure if the one I am sending you is the "final". I suspect not.

Regardless, the subject matter you have outlined looks good, and at least to me, would be appealing. A good winter project.

We are all sorry about Tampa Bay, especially at $144 for a season ticket. But, it provides a <u>humorous</u> Sunday afternoon interlude; the chance to sip a few suds and scream

and yell with abandon. Jay, my seven year old son has given up on the team and placed his loyalties with the Oakland Raiders and Dallas Cowboys. He says he's going to quarterback the Raiders when he grows up! Perhaps, if we can ever get him away from swimming, soccer, baseball and water skiing.

Haven't had my books published yet, and they are already requesting an outline of my second. Apparently, historically, in the publishing business, a company never really makes any money on the first

"work" of a new author, but on the second, etc. Thus, on my flights (to Chicago, Dallas, N.Y. City, etc.) I have been roughing an outline on manuscript #2. Dubbed "The Sentry," it deals with my experiences in Washington D.C. as a U.S. Attorney, investigating pornography, narcotics, the police, etc. Sometimes, I grow weary of it all.

I have made a xerox of your outline, and am returning the original. Many thanks for the opportunity to share your thoughts.

Patti will be joining the rest of the "postage set" with

(8)

236 1 Dec 77

here Christmas cards this year, and you are on our list.

In addition to the simple messages they convey the Rudys wish you, Kay and the rest of the Couton Rainbow a very merry christmas, with the hope y'all enjoy a healthy, happy new year. Laik anun, Anai jing rai pran jua kao!

Dŏ hiăm hŏ

Jack

December 29, 1977

ATTENTION PLEIKU IRREGULARS!

As the recipient of this communication may recall, during early 1967 in the Vietnam War, a group of perceptive combattants at Pleiku Air Base, RVN, formed the "PLEIKU IRREGULARS." Dedicated to maintaining the general morale, helping the Vietnamese and Montagnard, comforting the wounded, fighting an incidental war, and occasional innocent deviltry, an unknown number of persons stationed at Pleiku, distinguished themselves from the common-herd of counter ribbon clerks and earned the honor of membership in this esteemed group.

This membership and tradition continued and grew in successive years, until the withdrawel of U.S. Forces from Vietnam.

During the years that have past, you may have reflected on those days of comraderie--the joys, frustrations, sometimes even terror--of being involved with souls of a kindred spirit. To some, it was a good time to be remembered; to others, a time over and well forgotten.

Over ten years has now elapsed since the IRREGULARS was formed. Many of its military members have retired; some may have passed on; a number are missing; many are unknown, either by name or address.

I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE A RENUION of the members of this group for sometime in 1978, somewhere in the United States.

To do this, I need help. First, I need to have your response as to whether or not you are interested; and if so Second, whether you are willing to help in planning. Third, even if you are not interested, would you give me some help in locating either those of whom I do not have addresses and/or providing me the names of those who post-dated my tour of duty (April 1966-1967).

Attached is a partial list of PLEIKU IRREGULARS, with addresses if known. Enclosed is a self addressed envelope for your use.

WOULD YOU HELP?

JOHN F. RUDY, II
Base Judge Advocate, 1966-67
P.O. Box 1531
Tampa, Florida 33601
813-223-2411

PLEIKU IRREGULARS ROOSTER

CHARTER MEMBERS:

Col. William K. Bonneaux	787 Vance Circle	Palm Bay, FL
Lt. Col. Richard Smith		
Lt. Col. Frank H. Doyal	148 El Capitan Dr.	Chula Vista, CA
Lt. Col. Chuck Tolbert		
Capt. Raymond Sullivan		
CWO Pappy Yoakim		
Major Rusty Shields		
John Value		

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS:

John F. Rudy, II	P.O. Box 1531	Tampa, FL 33601
CWO Marlin Sandri	RD#2, Box 101	Shamokin, PA
Dr. Dan C. Conlon	4201 Freemont Ave. S.	Minneapolis, MN
Capt. T.I. Harris	7432 Chipewa St.	Panama City, FL
Dr. Al Asendorf	502 E. Claremont St.	Phoenix, AR
Col. Leslie Hullar		

UNKNOWN IF MEMBER

Dr. Charles Butts	The Cove	Deerfield Beach, FL
Major Frank Urbahic	Box 7524	Washington, D.C.
Col. Eugene Deatrick	1013 E. Taylor Run Pkwy.	Alexandria, VA
Capt. Len Mittleman	1247B, South Nevada Dr.	Grand Forks AFB, ND

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August 4, 1978

Dan:

Many thanks for your nice letter. My birthday — #40 — is August 25. The sands of time are certainly flowing. Thanks for your condolences.

The final curtain on my book has not yet rung down. There is more than one way to skin a cat, etc. I am now negotiating with an agent in N.Y., and dickering with a subsidy publishing house in Port Washington, N.Y. on a possible tax gimmick. Thus, while the book is down, it is not yet out!

Interested in your comments about your book. If I were you, I

would go at it, and put down as much as you can possibly remember. Over the years, you lose a lot — not so much the recognitional factors, but nuances, extendvés, and the orderly flow of developments. I seem to recall a book some years ago, about a Doctor (Special forces) who lived and worked with the Montagnards near Dalat. It was more of a diary of his year's experience - a chronicle — and not particularly interesting. You have so much more to tell!!

I seem to detect in your letter a reluctance to put down on paper what you did, etc, and the time limitations you feel you

③ 4 Aug 78 237

labor under. I felt the same way originally.

When I got back from cuá cú chau, I was emotionally and physically shot. We have discussed this at length, so, I won't belabor the point. I, for a while, firmly shut the door, and put that chapter of my life on the shelf, and went about furthering my career. However, I soon came to the realization that, my one year tour at Pleiku, experiences, people, etc. had probably been the most important and meaningful of my than 29 years. It had materially changed my outlook on life, relations with

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people, and a time of many happy remembrances. I'm looking back over that year, it became so important, that I knew I had to commit what happened, and what I did, to paper. Otherwise, details would be lost, emotional responses, etc. glossed over by time. Most important, I wanted to remember!

Thus, in the words of my book, at page 371, I tried "to reconstruct everything I could; every detail; every word spoken; remembering things that had never happened, but I wished had happened. I thought it might be lost if I didn't make the effort of remembering — afraid it was lost

anyway by then. To my regret, I did not keep detailed accounts. At least you have this in your favor!!

In the end, with the help of Lt. Col. Doyal, I set down a 130 page outline narration. Out of that came what you now have.

In the final analysis, it was soul cleansing. Unfortunately, in some respects, my intended publishers, glossed a number of areas, and, forced a fictionalized rewrite. Patti says the first edition was the best — it came from the heart bang! bang! bang! What you now have, she says, is a "good" story.

(6) 4 Aug '78 2 37

Now that you have my life's story — how about you doing yours? I think you would enjoy the effort, and find it rewarding. Nuff said!

We will have to go back to Indian Rocks Beach for wave sand dollars. Had them drying out back, and the kids (neighborhood) used them to skip across our canal!

Re the Pleiku Irregulars. The response was limited! Col. Doyal, retired in Calif. was like wise; Col. Bonneau declined, only you and Dr. Don responded with any real enthusiasm. I've let it drop for awhile.

Bimini was a blast — for

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fishing that is. It is not exactly the world's nicest resort; but then we went to fish, not carouse (?). Caught some sail fish, beaucoup barracuda, a few groupe, etc. Above all, I guess the 9 of us proved to ourselves, that we had the balls to cross 56 miles of Gulf Stream — the Bermuda Triangle — in 3 - 20 foot boats. We survived! Saw a school of 12-15 ft. Mako sharks floating on the surface about 20 miles out of Ft. Lauderdale (where we launched). Very unusual! Perhaps they were getting a tan ——

(8)

4 Aug 78
237

Patti is hanging in there — by her fingernails — in surviving with the kids this summer. Some people pray for rain (we have had a lot in past 3 weeks) — Patti is praying for the opening of school.

Enjoyed your comments about the kids. It must be a traumatic experience when the first, oldest, leaves home for college! I am sure she will do well. Please give her my best, as well as the rest of the Conton Gang.

If I write any more, I'll be on to a new book.

Again, enjoyed your visit. Next time — stay awhile!!

Best regards and love, from
the Reidys.

Jack

June 26, 1981

Dear Dan & Kay:

It's outstanding! It's super! It's terrific!

And I mean it!

However, before opening the container it was shipped in:

Patti insisted it be fumigated;

Troy (#1 son) guessed it contained guns, mortars and various incendiary devices;

Robin (#1 daughter) hoped it would be bird seed and doll clothing

Jack anticipated it was a copy of your long promised manuscript.

238 26 June 81

We all were pleasantly surprised. ~~Both~~ Patti and I love it. The kids aren't exactly sure what everything means; but you thoughtfully included their names, so they suspect they are somehow materially tied up in your "work".

Yes, we have hung it on a place of honor. We don't have a basement; our closets are already too full. So, we have prominently displayed your plaque over my desk, in the Den.

Many, many thanks Dan. It certainly brings back many fond memories of a time long ago, and in

We all have geometry
inspired, both little and
big. The little comes
from what inspiration means: that
you thoughtfully shield this
image, no thing magnificent, one
moment materially tied up in
your "work".

Yet, we have lived it. In a
place of learning, we don't have
a document, our classes are
absolutely too full. So, we have
provisionally displayed your photo
over my desk, in the dorm.
Among many thanks Mr. Lt.
Materially, being back among fond
memories of a time long ago, and in

238 26 June '81

a place far away. Not only a lot of effort, but a lot of love, obviously went into your creation. I LOVE IT!!!

Hope you and the gang are in good health and spirits. We are suffering from our normal summer heatwave. But, the kids are heavy into swimming, and Patti does get some relief.

Have noted your new address. Checked it up in my Rand-McNally Road Atlas!.

Come see us!

Much love,

Jack, Patti and Kids.

Shirley's Zippo
2530
31

8/12/83

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Dan:

Sorry for the shrinks letter. Decided to dictate and put on our word processor.

A long, hot summer for the Indy's. Plenty of work, but lots of fun. Sorry you guys (and girls) didn't make it to the Tampa area! Hope La Concha was pleasant. Just what I really need right now — a place to get away to and unwind. Perhaps when our Paradyne representation phases down.

Best to all — Love ya

Jack

Mar. 7, 1983

238 (a)

Dear Dan,

You asked if I would like to start a correspondence in your letter. The answer is YES! But, would you look at the date. I honestly can't believe how slow I can be at returning a letter. It does my heart good to see when you started your letter and when you finished it. Maybe there is some hope that I can do as well.

John Daniel's birthday is 4 Sept. 1969, would you believe? Who says God doesn't have a sense of humor? I'm quite taken with this boy but his life is not so rosy at the moment. He's a child with a mind that sees the insanity around him and refuses to join in. He's a pretty lonely boy, confused because he knows what he is capable of barely passes his school subjects. Part of his problem is the age in which he lives the other part is his refusal to accept that which he cannot change (in truth, he hasn't accepted his inability to change the world...maybe he's right).

I can't say that such an attitude is entirely foreign to my nature. It just hurts to watch someone you love go through the same pain you've known and be absolutely unable to help in any major way. I haven't changed that much but now I'm willing to focus my attention on a smaller part of the world. If I can only make any dent in the world that is in my immediate sight I feel well rewarded.

I don't suppose I'll ever forget that tank experience either, but those things always look worse to someone watching it happen. As things turn out that was overall a good experience for me. At the time I could have done with a little less of the pain but, you know, we forget pain. I find it hard to remember anything about what it felt like. What I do remember most vividly about that whole episode is an experience that happened while I was lying on the gurney outside of surgery that day. I remember seeing the corpsmen cutting my clothes off and feeling sort of strange, a little nauseated but mostly just strange. At some point I lost all sight of everything aroud me and seemed to be floating, like being a feather in an updraft of warm air. Above me was a limitless expanse of golden light and I could hear the first two or three notes of the most beautiful music I have ever heard. Such peace and love I'd never experienced before. During this period I became aware of voices very far away and somehow below me. I heard someone say "I've got thirty over nothing" and another voice said "I've lost the pulse". I began to understand that it was me that they were talking about and realized that this was a fork in the road and that some choice had to be made. I said the first prayer I'd ever said. Very simple..."oh Lord, not now". The wish was granted immediately for I at once became aware of what was going on around me and the pain began for the first time since the tank had run over me.

Well, as things turn out, I didn't jump up right after I got able to get about and go look for a priest or rabbi or anyone else to get my life straightened out. Too damned stiff-necked. Always was and am not sure I'm a whole lot better about these these things now. I do try now and that's saying a lot.

After less than a year at the University of Texas I fell into the Anthropology department. I had decided to find this God or whatever it was that had met me at that crucial point in my life. Also, our experiences in Viet-Nam with our Montagnard friends led me to find the subjects in Anthropology attractive. I could only ride that horse so far. There came a time when the discipline demanded that I focus my attention on an ever narrow field and that did not really include anything that I was interested in sufficiently to pursue it further.

I left school and went to work full time (as a med tech)and followed my desire in my own ways...primarily through reading almost everything that I could get my hands on that dealt with God as long as it had no Christian bias. I also tried the more direct approach of drugs and meditation. No luck anywhere.

Finally, in the Spring of 1979 I met that same peace and love in a Christian chapel and had to give up long cherished ideas. Entry into the seminary has confirmed an old fear that here was the kind of education that I had sought all of my life. I don't know where I'm going, and although there are time when I don't like the scenery alongside the road, at least I do know that I'm finally on the right path. I love it, I hate it...but I'm never bored any more.

Well, that's a very brief synopsis of the life of John Watson since Viet-Nam, at least a part of it. The other part the part of family has been great...most of the time. I have enjoyed being a husband and father...most of the time. In addition to the two older children we now have one that is almost three now, Adam Nathan. I'm too damned old to have that kind of mess around the house but I'd fight to the death to keep my torment... and my joy. I'm pretty crazy about this kid and I think that you may be right about experience helping with making a perfect one.

If I don't stop now and get this into an envelope I'll read it and decide to throw it away. Will try to write again soon.

Love
John, Lesley and the kids.

(75)

BUSH, ROSS, GARDNER, WARREN & RUDY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

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239 (2) 12 Aug 83

August 12, 1983

Dr. Daniel C. Conlon
4212 Grimes Avenue South
Edna, MN 55416

Dear Dan:

Thank you for your letter from La Concha, South, Padre Island, Texas, of April 1, 1983, together with enclosures of correspondence with John Watson.

The letters and particularly the various questions you raised immediately brought back a flood of good and some bad memories of a time "long ago and a galaxy far, far away." Nevertheless, I have given considerable thought and reflection upon a number of the statements in your letter to John Watson and some of the various hypotheses you have set forth in your letter to me, including reviewing some of the documents I have retained with respect to a period in my life, and yours, which can often be described as a pyrotechnic adventure. Curiously enough, your letter also came at a time when I am putting my proposed book "Tigers in the Jungle" on our word processing, and plan in early September to once again beat the book publishing trails.

I believe that in response to many of the questions you have set forth in your letter, it would be a good idea to have me review, as best as I can recollect, what will probably turn out to be a somewhat inaccurate and overbearing background of events that led up to our activities in Ana Cu Can (Montagnard Country). Please understand (as you will) that dates and sequence of events may be somewhat jumbled and that hypothesis may be the rule rather than fact:

As I am sure you have already read, particularly in Bernard Fall's book, France enjoyed a post war occupation of the Vietnamese peninsula. In that occupation, the French realized how strategically important the north central highlands were. Thus, shortly after the Second World War, French set up an autonomous zone for the highlands, governed by a separate administrative apparatus, apart from the lowland of Vietnamese. During this period, until 1954, many Montagnard tribesmen rose to relatively high positions in the French colonial administration and the French Army forces stationed in the highlands. In addition, many worked on the various French, rubber and teak plantations scattered throughout the north central highlands plateau and were educated in the French language and a number of their customs and advancements. During this period, the highlands areas was kept an exclusive

239 (3) 12 Aug 83

preserve, excluding almost all Vietnamese, except those that were used by the French as servants.

During this period, it was apparent, if not the avowed purpose of the French colonial administration, to protect the Montagnard people from the lowland Vietnamese who the French recognized had always been antagonistic to the "moi." As a result, few tribesman had little contact with the Vietnamese and, the Vietnamese had little use for the north central highlands which they considered to be a cold and forbidding area. In a nutshell, the French action effectively isolated the majority of Montagnard tribesmen from the Vietnamese for almost 10 years. This changed, of course, after the French were defeated at Dien Bien Phu and the Geneva peace treaty in 1954, when French military forces were required to evacuate the country. This void left the mountain tribes once again subject to Vietnamese authority.

The new president of the South Vietnamese Republic, Ngu Dinh Diem, in an effort to create a buffer zone between North and South Vietnam, understood a large scale resettlement program in the highlands. First, he sent troops to subdue the tribesmen. With their presence and authority firmly established, Diem ordered the importation of rebellious Mekong Delta peasants to develop the plateau. Vietnamese troops expropriated Montagnard property and turned it over to the new landlords. Unfortunately, numerous Viet Minh, now calling themselves Viet Cong, accompanied the Delta peasants to the highlands. While the tribesmen distrusted all Vietnamese, whether they were Vietnamese or VC, the tribesmen who had some authority or influence in the highlands were skillfully manipulated to believe that the VC had no connection with their former enemy, the Viet Minh. During this period of time, it was a stated purpose of the Viet Cong in the north central highlands to convince the Montagnard that the Viet Cong were working to bring about a return of social order and justice to the highlands. Implied was autonomy.

In 1954, the highlands was in foment and Diem sent additional troops. Contrary to Diem's orders, they resorted to terror and plundering dissident Montagnard villages and summarily executing any who were obstinant. Many young Montagnard tribesmen were pressed into the VC army. 1954

At about the same time, a number of the better educated Montagnard leaders planned an uprising to protest the government's suppression. Y-Bham Enuol was the leader of this group. Y-Bham and Y-Djit were brothers. It was dropped at the last minute, however, when they realized it could not succeed in the face of overwhelming force. It should be noted that there were apparently some American advisors in the north central highlands at this time and, taking the advice of those advisors and the few remaining French civilians who had remained behind to manage tea plantations, the Montagnard organization, then known as FULRO, drew up a Manifesto pertaining to the government's policy of what they believed to be the extermination of their people. As you may recall, it was sent to the United Nations where, amidst many other proclamations, it was soon forgotten. However, this Manifesto caused Diem to "lose face." Retaliating, he accused the French government of inciting the Montagnards for the purpose of reestablishing French colonial rule over Vietnam; claimed the movement in the

Who was Col Jonathan "Fred" Zadd
to CIDG
& Khmer Krom Serv
(membership Khmer Krom)
Leader
Son Ngoc Thanh Group
Salim Hoa
& Daniel Boone
studies & operations
SOG

p 143
from Bonel book

Phadi! Ben Chin
Dec - eastern zone
Mel Sac - western zone
Nexie Chandler
French/M - philosophy
2nd in Command
& Pol philosopher
of FULRO

Dien Bien Phu Division
30th
308th
312th
Mmanual
led by Trung Tan
Mmanual led
316
320th
325th
351st
148
1954-56 → Hanoi
1955-58 → Highlands
1964-65 1st meets NVA
(316) 320 (312)

highlands was controlled by Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia; and, ordered the arrest of all Montagnard leaders. As you can imagine, this activity by Diem lost him any control of the highlands and any allegiance he might have won from the tribesmen.

For all intents and purposes, the Viet Cong were left to run the highlands as they saw fit. And they did. Now that they were its masters, they began a purge of dissident tribesmen. First, they executed those that had fought with the French against the Viet Mihn. Next, they eliminated those who refused to join their ranks or, at least, pledge allegiance to their cause. A number of the tribesmen, realizing they were dealing with the Viet Mihn cadres under a new name, broke with the organization and sought safety in Cambodia. This was Y-Bham Enuol's first trek into Cambodia.

During 1954-56, many Montagnards were sent to North Vietnam for "re-education", etc. My impression is that they were left little choice. Largely, I understand they were recruited by a highly respected and previously placed Montagnard in the French colonial government by the name of Bir Chin Duc, a Rhade. Together with the Viet Cong who were then in control of the highlands, Bir (who was located in the eastern zone of the highlands) and another fairly intelligent Montagnard by the name of Mil Sai (who was in the western zone) identified Montagnards to be "shipped" north. I do not recall the exact number, but it seems there were almost 10,000 that eventually made their way to an autonomous zone established in North Vietnam. There, they were schooled and trained. Most, but not all of these reeducated Montagnards returned to the north central highlands during 1955-58. It is important to note that one of those who was "re-educated" in the north and later returned to South Vietnam was Henri Chauders, a French/Montagnard who was eventually to become second in command and the political philosopher for the FULRO movement. Now, allow me to hypothesize/state further:

It is my understanding of these Montagnards who were reeducated and then sent back south were to actively assist, ostensibly, in returning the highlands to "Montagnard control." I have no doubt they were promised that an autonomous "protected" zone would be set up, as a part of the reunification of the two countries that was expected. They were to return to various villages and there wait until reunification and, in place, they would form the basis for authority and administration of the Montagnard "zone." They were to be the political cadres of the various villages and to educate the populous with respect to their "new", soon to be country. Actually, I suspect the North Vietnamese political heirarchy knew all along that Diem would never allow an honest vote for reunification. That proved to be true. Nonetheless, the North Vietnamese planned well. When the 1956 vote for reunification was not held, their Montagnard cadres were in places to be used as they could be manipulated. At that time, there was little philosophical conflict between the VC in the south and the North Vietnamese government.

I believe that Y-Djit, a/k/a Lick Rahlan had been to North Vietnam. Lick's resume (application for employment at Pleiku) listed him as being born in 1941. He told me that he had in fact been born in 1931. When I asked

Complete M division: 324
312
316
249

B. Fall 248
Vietnam Witness

335th
P 249

Le Trong Tan

FULRO
P 288
20 Sept revolt
1964
B. M. Thuot

316 – M manned + led
– Dien Bien Phu
Son Mien

special unit
commanded by Nguyen Sinh Ngoc
Khat (Be-tuo) Khat Be
Sua Sach (Kon Tonap)
Suchia

312 M division commanded by VN
M division
– unit attached to propaganda M's
Nguyen Sinh Ngoc
– friend of Y Bham / Y Dzoh's brother

Y Bham + few hundred → to Cambodia

P 71 Lucas
19 Sept 64
M revolt at Buon Sarpa

Y Bham was 5 years in prison in Nhe for earlier rebellion 1958 – 1963

him why he had given a date 10 years later, he confided it was done to "make him safe." I presume that he meant by making himself younger, he would not have been in the age zone of those Montagnards who went north (i.e. 18-25 years). Lick also had listed on his application that he taught school from 1959-63 near Ban Me Thuot. Again, this was a sham. I believe he may have gone to North Vietnam and returned to teach briefly. But, Lick, as Lick Rahlan had a lot of unaccounted for time under that name. Lick also claimed to have assisted at Plei Mrong Special Forces Camp northwest of Pleiku in 1962-63, as an interpreter. This was confirmed. As a sidelight, Lick (Y) was the first Montagnard to apply for work at Plei Ku Air Base. In the beginning he worked as a clerk at civilian personnel.

With the somewhat convoluted background referenced above, let's look at what the situation was in 1964-66 in the north central highlands:

Since 1962, US Special Forces had organized Montagnard military groups (Mike Force) for use as military operational units. Originally, they were to be used to combat the increased VC activity in the highlands, a stable force to insure stability in the highlands, without the necessity of involving US military forces. A commander of one of these Mike Force units was Y-Bham Enuol.

During 1962-65, Mike Force Units proved effective--too effective. The Vietnamese advisors were jealous of the Montagnard units and the Saigon government was suspicious that the units were being used to exclude RVN forces and for political purposes - to make the highlands an autonomous Montagnard zone. Also in 1964-65, the first units of the North Vietnamese army appeared in the north central highlands, including the 320th, the 316th and 312th, perhaps others, I'm not sure. One of these units, the 316th, was an elite Montagnard division with a Montagnard in command. The 312th was also a Montagnard division, but commanded by a North Vietnamese. The 312th had attached to it a special political unit whose purpose was to propagandize the Montagnards; identify and eliminate the village leaders not sympathetic to the VC cause; identify and eliminate village leaders who were pro South Vietnamese. That unit was commanded by a North Vietnamese named Nguyen Sinh Ngoc. An interesting sidelight: Nguyen's father and Y-Bham's/Y-Djit's father were very close personal friends. I believe I can reliably say that one member of that unit was Be-Lus, a/k/a Khat Be (Khat); another was Kir Tonap, a/k/a Sui Saih; another was Sui Lus. Lus was my first basic contact at Plei Brel. He was fluent in French, Vietnamese and Montagnard (Jarai and Bahnar). During 1965 he proved to be a valuable ally, since he had been village chief at Plei Neh; replaced with Son (Son Mir) in August 1965. However, rice wine and the elimination of his two brothers by the VC (perhaps Vietnamese) put too much pressure on him. By October 1967, he was a confirmed rice wine alcoholic, had bleeding ulcers and eventually died in November 1968 at Plei Brel. As a footnote, he named his first and only son after me, "Yak Se Lai."

In late 1964, VC/NVA political units ordered Montagnard cadres to undertake a massive infiltration of villages in close proximity to planned and existing United States and RVN bases in the North Central Highlands. In

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I hope that the above, in a long-winded way, is responsive to your letter. I'd be happy to answer any other questions that I have available information on; however, it has been a long time, and much of the above is only a dim recollection.

Best regards,

John F. Rudy, II

JFR/bb
Enclosures
l006s

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February 25, 1984

Dear Dan , Kay and Kids:

Many thanks for your letter of the 12th. Wondered what had happened to you all and what you were up to. With the mass (Opus Magnamus) of papers you sent, I can see that life has not been all that dull.

I was very interested in your speeches, although I ad mit that some seemed more in outline form and I had some difficulty in following the train of thought. Perhaps that is attributable to old age! In any event, I did enjoy the parts that pertained to Vietnam (South America and its problems) have always been an anathma and bore to me) Sorry, my revolutionary spirit has just never reached to that area of the world).

As for Frank Doyals address: /////???????? I last heard that he lived in Chula Vista, CA. We haven't corresponded in many moons and, the last time I spoke with him, he was retired, I believe coming off a heart' attack an d, living off the land (Tenting, camping, etc.). As for Colonel Bonneaux, he lives in Florida and, like wise, I have not spoken with him in years. I believe he is a resident of a small town near Ptarick Air Force Base, and I will forward that info to you.

I appologize for not being able to give you the info, but I am pulling a day of inactive duty training with the 56 CS G at MacDill (I run the Saturday reserve Program). Just think, in 16 more months, I can retire! Also, this typewriter stinks! Perhaps it's just me.

We <u>all</u> look f orward to seeing you when you are in Florida. And we would love to see and get together with you. Patti tells me what we have nothing out of the ordinary for the period you expect to be in Tampa. Jay and I are scheduled to go to the Florida Keys for 3 days of SCUBA diving in mid March; h owever, I believe that will be the week after your visit. Confirmed .

Other than that, we are planning to clear the decks for your visit. Let us know when and where you want to get together, and we will be ready. We'd ask you to stay at our abode however, we are in the midst of putting in a new room (family and g uest), swimming pool and brick patio, along with a new kitchen floor and counter tops. Thus, on or about the date of your arrival, things will be a mess (they already are). Re the country club north of Tampa you referred to in your letter: I assume you' are talking about Innisbrook or Saddlebrook. Both are nice. Also, at Lake Buena Vista (the Disney World resort community) the Hyatt just completed a Grand Cypress world class hotel that is supposed to be spectacular. If you all wanted to tie that in with a trip to Disney World and or EPCOT, just let us know. We are game for anything, anytime.

Back to the retirees (wills, divorces, broken contracts, etc.) Please let us know your plans. It will be good to see good friends again.

Love from

Jack

2142

5011 Shore Crest Circle
Tampa, Florida 33609
May 15, 1984

Dear Dan:

I've been meaning to get around to this for over two months, but somehow just never found the time (or, should I say, the peace and quiet and uninterrupted solitude). Actually, I began about 3 weeks ago, but after Patti saw the first five pages of my lawyer's scrawl, begged me to type and give you at least something managable to read.

I truly and tremendously enjoyed, agonized,pondered, wrestled, compared and took an emotional rollicoaster with the materials you left with me the last time you were here. I copied most for further reference; some, I just read and reread to try and capture the flavor of what you said, sorting and comparing with my own recollection of events, people and places. In sum, you are on the right track! In many ways, whatever you finally end up with, it will provide a cleansing, a balm, perhaps even a relief of your ana cu chan experiences. I would like to say that what you write, and what you end up with will be "getting it off your chest;" more likely, I suspect, it will be more like getting a "monkey off your back." Perhaps that is not possible. At least it has not been for me. Perhaps I need to explain and you can be the judge.

We, you and I, and many others have heard, perhaps experienced, the "post Vietnam syndrome." Most, if not all that I have heard has related to those veterans who were directly involved in military operationswho, for one reason or another have suffered mentally and/or emotionally from their experiences. Most, I suspect, suffered from guilt feelings--of death and destruction; of comrades with whom they had formed an emotional attachment being killed or maimed; etc. I don't believe we fall into that category.

On the other side of the coin; perhaps the same side but in a differednt context, some came away from Vietnam with a different type of emotional turmoilof having formed relationships--a love affair if you want and if that phrase fits--with people for whom we cared very much; who needed our help; who, being of a different religion, social structure, etc. realized what we were; formed an empathy--a love--and who were willing to share the dangers of that association. These were serious,very emotionally seated relationships that, because of the intensity of the situation in which we found ourselves, were formed rather quickly and continued at a very high level. And then we left. And when we left (and, perhaps, until that very moment did we realize) and we could not turn off that emotional(spiritual) attachment level which had sustained us throughout our tour. (Does all this make sense?)

I need Copy of vol II

Have 2 of Vol I

15 May 84

I would suspect that you, like myself, look back on my tour of duty; no, my relationship with the Montangard people and the people like us who worked/loved with them, as being a period of time in my life that allowed my societal being to truly reach out and share something that most of us find impossible of sharing. Perhaps it was a guard against our fear of being where we were; perhaps rationalization--I suspect not. Perhaps, I am not making any sense. But then, just what was it,that when we went into one of the villages and the chief told us that our bodies would be safe--that we would not be harmed, no matter what--that we knew, absolutely, without any shadow of a doubt, that we would be safe?

Nevertheless, that feeling quickly dissapated upon our return to the states, and I would venture to say that neither of us has experienced it since.

For many years after my return, every day, I would remember bits and pieces of my tour. Infrequently, I would recall the military aspect; but always the Montagnard--Hinh, Kat, Ton, Blar, Sui, Lus, etc. Finally, there came a point where I finally came to realize that it was all past; it was beyond me; that it could never be recaptured. However, even to this day, I wake up in the middle of the night and believe I hear the mournful, sometimes joyous tatoo of the native gongs; Patti will tell me in the morning that during the night I woke her, speaking in a strange tongue that she suspect is Montagnard.

When I say there finally came a point "when I finally came to realize" was when I had finished the first formal draft and writing of Tigers in the Jungle. When I proofed the book, especially the last Chapter (not the Epiloque), I felt a quasi relief; that I had somewhat described my association with the Montagnard that I could live with. Perhaps not the complete story, but at least a fairly factual description of people and relationships that existed but for a moment in my life. In a sense, it provided a catharsis----a purgation that brought about a release of some sort that it was over; that they would go on, for better or worse, without me, in spite of me; and that I would no longer be troubled by visions of what had been. Of course, you can never purge your soul of everything; but, hopefully one can lighten the weight of the stone around your neck--the monkey on your back.

If any of the above (and I hope you read between the lines) is helpful, then perhaps you need to write and finish your book. There are many things I could tell you, good and bad, of the Montagnard you knew, the Americans you and I associated with. etc. But, I do not believe that any of it would be helpful. Your story must be "your story"--not colored by the perceptions and conclusions of others.

I would suspect that you, like myself, look back on my tour of duty; no, my relationship with the Montagnard people and the people like us who worked/lived with them, as being a period of time in my life that allowed my soul/self being to truly reach out and share something that most of us find impossible of sharing. Perhaps it was a shared sentiment our fear of being where we were, perhaps rationalization--I ponder not. Perhaps, I am not making any sense. But then, that/what was it, that when we went into one of the villages and the chief told us that our bodies would be safe--that we would not be harmed, no matter what--that we knew, absolutely, without any shadow of a doubt, that we would be safe?

Nevertheless, that feeling quickly dissipated upon our return to the states, and I would venture to say that neither of us has experienced it since.

For many years after my return, every day, I would remember bits and pieces of my tour. Frequently, I would recall the military support that always the Montagnard--Hinh, Kat, Yon, Nhip, Ut, Ian, etc. Finally, there came a point where I finally came to realize that it was all past; it was beyond me; that it could never be recaptured. Anyway, even to this day, I wake up in the middle of the night and believe I hear the mournful, sometimes joyous tones of the native songs; that will call me in the morning that during the night I woke up, speaking in a strange tongue that the Montagnard.

When I say there finally came a point when I finally came to realize was when I had finished the first rough draft and writing of "Tears in a Jar," when I proofed the book, secondly the last chapter of the book (Epilogue). I felt a great relief, that I had somehow described my association with the Montagnard that I could live with. Perhaps not the complete story, but at least a fairly factual description of people and relationships that evolved but, for a moment in my life. In a sense, it provided a catharsis--a realization that through what I have done or have not done, it was over; that they would go on, for better or worse, without me, and so do my and that I would no longer be controlled by visions of what had been. Of course, you can never erase your past everything; but, hopefully you can lighten the weight of the stone around your neck--the monkey on your back.

If any of the above (and I hope you read between the lines) is helpful, then perhaps it has been worth and final quite good. There are many things I could tell you, good and bad, of the Montagnard people, the Americans you and I associated with, etc. But, I do not believe that any of it would be helpful. Your story must be your story--not colored by the perceptions and conclusions of others.

15 May 84

Thus, I urge you--plead with you--to finish your book. Even if it is not published, it is something I believe each of us who lived through it need to do. Eventually, we each need to come to peace with ourselves, even if we fail to convince others of how important it may have been for ourselves or others. Endit.....

I did buy a copy of "Home Before Morning" and found it full of crap. How anyone can speak fluent Vietnamese or Montagnard in little less than two weeks, without special and concentrated instruction is beyond me. Quite frankly, I found the book a little way out and, while I emphathized with the author, just found a lot of what she had too say a little far out. Perhaps it happened; perhaps it was her catharsis, but I was not impressed.

After many years of dealing with my publisher, being paid a fair dollar or two, and numerous rewrites, I told them to go to hell. Their main bitch (and they were probably correct) was that the book contained too much narrative on the Montagnard people and, if it was to be printed as a novel, that all of the history, lore etc. of the Montagnard would have to be excised or, written, somehow in speaking form. I was offered the opportunity to write the book as a historical work, but told them no. Thus, I have repurchased the rights (I end up with $100 in my pocket) and will probably try with someone else. Who knows?

I was sorely tempted to write a factual book of the totality of my experiences in Pleiku. However, I have a rock hard 20 year committment with an agency in Washington, D.C. that does not expire until 1989 and may be extended through 1999. Yes, I asked. No, I was told. I could always take the bull by the horns and plunge ahead; but I just don't care to have that kind of aggravation, at least at this point in my life. Besides, a deal was and still is a deal.

I don;t recall if we were that far along when you were last here, but Patti and I hired an architect, drew up plans and are presently installing a pool and room (with bath, etc.) in back of our house. The pool is in (90% completed), but we have been waiting 5 weeks for a cement truck (2) to come pour the foundation and slab, and put down a slab underlay for what will be an 1872 sq. foot decking and patio around the pool and room. I claim it is all going to end up a monstrous brickyard, but Patti claims it will be beautiful, once it is finished. The whole job (if I can avoid bankruptcy court) should be finished the end of July. So, if you and Kay and whomever else you can spring free, care to come down our way, we will have a place for you to stay aside from our heavily travelled den.

Does it stop you dead with you to think your long. Even if it is not sensible, it is something I believe can of us who live a through it need to do. Eventually, we can need to come to peace with ourselves, even if we fail to convince others of how important it may have been for ourselves or others. ...and it...

I did buy a copy of "Home Before Morning" and found it full of crap. For anyone can speak fluent Vietnamese or Mandarin in little less than two weeks, without special and concentrated instruction is beyond me. Quite frankly, I felt the book a little way out and, while I empathized with the author, just found a lot of what she had to say a little far out. Perhaps it happened, perhaps it was but unbearable, but I was not impressed.

After many years of dealing with my publisher, being part a half dozen of over and Hardcover rewritten, I felt I to be fair. Their main pitch (and they were probably correct) was that a book contained too much material on the Montagnard people and, if it was to be printed as a novel, that all of the history, love etc. of the Montagnard would have to be excised or, written, somehow in passing form. I was offered the opportunity to write the book as a historical work, but told them no. Thus, I have remortgaged the rights (long up work) into my pocket) and will probably try with someone else. Who knows?

I was totally tempted to write a factual book of the totality of my experiences in Pleiku. However, I have a rock hard 20 year commitment with a major US Washington, DC that does not expire until 1997 and may be extended through 1999. Yes, I asked. No, I was told. I could always take the hell to the force and private ahead; but I just don't, once today kind of aggravation, at least at this point in my life. Maybe, a deal is a and still is a deal.

I don't recall if we were there for along when you were last here, but certainly I intend to come to Lake and in Pleiku [illegible] and from North Bend, could in needed our house. The roof is in (20 [illegible]) due to have been waiting [illegible] for a cement [illegible] (!) [illegible] the foundation land also, and put down a slab mudroom for what will be an 1872 sq. foot dwelling and patio around the good and room. I claim it is all going to end up a monstrous brickyard, but people claims it will be beautiful. Once it is finished. The whole job (if I can avoid [illegible]) should be finished the end of July. So, if you and Mr and whomever else you [illegible] here, come on down our way, we will have a room for you to stay aside from our heavily travelled [illegible].

Other than that, our life here in Tampa is proceeding along its usualy course: both Robin and Jay are in training on the Yacht Club Swim Team and although Jay says he is about ready to "retire," appears to be ready for another year as all state in the butterfly. He is scheduled to go to a marine biology summer camp in the Florida Keys mid July, after swimming, two weeks at my brother's soccer camp and two weeks with my sister in Longwood, Florida. Robin is scheduled for two weeks at a local, University run computer camp, then another two weeks at an "Animal Camp." (It's put on by Busch Gardens). She will be quite ready for that, having spent $1.00 of her allowance this past Saturday in surrepticiously purchasing a 2 week old male or female(?) rabbit. And I thought she was regressing to wetting her bed!

Patti is hanging in there. We've travelled to a couple of Continuing Legal Education Seminars during the past several months, thus getting her out of the house. Last weekend, we travelled to Chapel Hill (UNC) for my 25th reunion of the 1959 Carolina Swimming Team. A great time and lovely time of the year. She is now back arguing with the construction foreman and enjoying her new auto--a Nissan 300 ZX. Me, I', m relegated to driving her old wagon ("How else will we drag our boat around, dear?")

We had a good year at the law firm last year, and this year we should do as well. Purchased an old liquor wharehouse that looks as if it was built to be a nuclear shelter and we are in the process of renovating it for our new law offices. Now, if we can just pay for it all!

Am presently pulling my two weeks annual tour of duty a the MacDill AFB legal office. (Now you see whare I get the peace nND QUIET. Not much going on. Seems hard to believe that I will be able to retire this time next year. I will if I don't make Colonel.

Drop me a line when you have the chance. And, remember that our offer to come to Tampa stands--at any time.

My best, my love to you both

Jak

P.S. Your generous carving remains, in place and refurbished to often.

Other than that, our life here in Tampa is proceeding along its usually course: both Robin and Jay are in training on the yacht club swim team and although Jay says he is almost ready to "retire," appears to be ready for another year as all state in the butterfly. He is scheduled to go to a major college summer camp in the Florida Keys mid July, after swimming, two weeks at my brother's soccer camp and two weeks with my sister in Longwood, Florida. Robin is scheduled for two weeks at a local, University run computer camp, then another two weeks at an "animal camp" (it's put on by school (argon). She will be quite ready for that, having spent $1.00 of her allowance this past saturday in successfully purchasing a 2 week old male or female(?) rabbit. And I thought she was pressing to watching her bed!

Kathi is hanging in there. We've travelled to a couple of constituting local Democratic Seminars during the past several months, time permitting, out of the house. Last weekend, we travelled to Chapel Hill (UNC) for my 20th reunion of the 1959 Carolina Tar Heels team. A great time and lovely time of the year. She is now back studying with the contractor foreman and enjoying her new auto--a Nissan 300 ZX. Me, I'm relegated to driving her old wagon ("how else will we drag our boat around, dear?")

We had a good year at the law firm last year, and this year we should do as well. Purchased an old liquor warehouse that looks as if it was built in the mudsey-twisters and we are in the process of renovating it for our new law offices. Now, if we can just pay for it all!

Am presently pulling my two weeks annual tour of duty at the MacDill AFB legal office. (Now you see where I get the peace and quiet.) Not much going on. Seems hard to believe that I will be able to retire this time next year. I will if I don't peak Colonel.

Drop me a line when you have the chance. And remember that our office is open to Tampa friends--at any time.

My best--I love to you both!

Bob

PS. Saw Cynthia Cowing recently, in good and relaxed to often.

August 23, 1984

Dear Dan"

Started to write this about a month ago; wrote--in longhand-about 20 pages; then, decided you wouldn't be able to read any of it; tried to recopy; got frustrated; and, here I am again.

First: Many, many thanks for all of the materials you have sent me over the past couple of months. A hurculean job on your part, and one I have found most interesting. When time, and the necessary solitude have permitted, I have closeted myself and "savored" your experiences, attempting to recall my own role(s), experiences, statements, feelings, etc. In many instances, I found my lawyer-self stepping] back and, perhaps with some amazement, viewing your activities and thought patterns as if watching and at the same time analysing a play with a cast of sureal characters that included myself.

I truly enjoyed reading your "chronicle" of Vietnam experiences, except for the empathy I felt for your "burn-out" toward the end of your tour; painfully recalling my own' and the vivid, indelible imprint of down cycling from the Montagnard and Air Force. In many respects, we went through the same agony, and perhaps even ecstasy, of withdrawel from a very, very emotional year at Pleiku and with our Montagnard friends.

Please, please, write a book of your experiences!!! Because of your well-kept chronicle of events, you, perhaps from any other, including myself, are in the unique position of writing of the Montagnard and their interaction with us few "Amerikai" who gave a damn, and their lives. In my case, I am too morally, perhaps even legally, bound to not write a story of fact. Someday, perhaps. But, not now. But, you do not have those inhibitions and with your keen insight, could produce a trully factual work and not have to rely on shading and submerging characters behind a facade of surealism. Go to it!

I am taking your materials, together with version no. 567 of my own "novel" to the beach with me tomorrow and, given a little piece and quiet, make some needed modification to Tigers in the Jungle. Bantam Bokks, Inc. finally decided not to publish Tigers and, I sent them a check yesterday for payment to my rights to do with it what I want. Perhaps this is just as well, since I had grown weary and frustrated at the publishing world in trying to accomodate what they wanted, rather than what I felt was the story. It may be that I have modified-what Frank Doyal told me some years ago

was "good" to something thAT I cannot live with. We shall see.

Patti, the kids and I are heading for 8 days at New Smyrna Beach, just south of Daytona Beach, for a well deserved vacation. We have a house right on the beach and, hopefully, all of us can unwind from a very hectic summer. I am enclosing an article that appeared in our local paper last Sunday, and it will be pretty self-explanatory of what Patti has been going through at home--in addition to the kids and me. While the article implies some type of order ans serenity--it has been hell. If I had it to do all over again, I would not.

Back to the legal profession. We all think of you and Kay and your gang often and many times wish you all were closer so that we could visit more often. Perhaps we will travel northward to Edina this winter--Patti is bound and determined to get frost bit.

Our love,

Jack

(1)

27 Aug 84

Dear Jack, Patte, Jay & Robin,

Received your letter today. Have been robbed of my typewriter by the 3 daughter Erin so will write instead. Hope you can read this stuff.

Thank you for your encouragement again. Will send along an outline written in blood over a week's stay at a writer's school in Duluth (that's north of here - consult your maps - next stop Canada) Very arduous but well worth the effort. You can see what I've planned for the next few months. Maybe I can get ahead of the schedule. Unfortunately success breeds more success. The demands on our practice of medicine are growing, we all work 80-100 hours a week and I'm on the recruiting trail for 2-4 more doctors to take up the slack. Very little time for working this thing but will go at it every chance I get. Thank you for your cheer leading.

Am a widow with Kay off to Madison Wisconsin — Megan (Soph) & Erin (Senior) at college. Kaila (Jr-Sr) at Menomonie Wisconsin left yesterday. Jim (Freshman at Mankato State) (baseball school) still plans to be a Major-leaguer - leaves in a few days.

Colleen – Sr in Religion – Music – plans to finish next Spring. Kay will finish next spring with her Masters. Leaves ~~Casey~~ Casey (14), myself + Kay at home – perhaps a chance to write...

If I remember right, you senior made a birthday 25 Aug – #45? – I made 50 22 Aug 1934 – am working on "wise" in my 50's. – having failed "smart" in my 20's; "rich" in my 30's; and "famous" in my 40's. We wore that f – r out – a party went on for almost a week – great time – am a mere human being now until I hit 60.

~~Kay~~ I can see by the encouragement I've gotten from the writing school and from you that I have to grind this thing out. Find the Journal is an impediment. Found the annotated outline a great help altho want to just ramble on and edit later. Would like some time to just write but guess the Good Lord has other plans for my time and I'll just have to fit "the book" in between main obligations.

Some questions: Am reading a book

called: Without Honor by Arnold R Isaacs — he describes the Khon Kmer and the Kmer Rouge in Cambodia. I would like to know how Lech - Rhade (Hre) + Jarai became involved in the action in Cambodia. Figure you know. — Lech n.ka a Y. Djet?

(2) Question: I will, of course, present your story pretty much as you have it but will delete your name for your protection — Comments?

(3) Not a question — but an observation:
A black woman — teaches creative writing @ a Private College — St. Olaf — said that sometimes you have to ignore or change the facts to get at the truth — and it is still non fiction. May have to combine some characters and rename them to get at what we are trying to say. Comments?

This has become for me a true test of courage — am I willing to discipline my mind to get through this, find an agent, sell it to the American people, buck the pressures, etc. — a bigger test than you gave me. I'll try very hard — need time and your encouragement — Doug

Time to philosophize. As a 50 year old senior citizen, I would like to make some observations:

① We love you guys. There is a common feeling of striving to be good people, good parents, productive people that we both feel.

In addition, there is the magic that happens when people are honest with each other, are lovers, and have no hidden agendas. Thank you.

And then there is the cheer leader part which says "Give it hell" and we'll be proud of you for your victories and commiserate with you with your less than victories.

Tampa (hot), Minn (cold, rainy, full of mosquitoes and seasons + more cold) are a long way away. But you are in our hearts and our love + concern.

Am glad your pool, patio and new family room are a reality in spite of all the harassment.

Love, Dan + Kay → PS #5

#5

I find myself talking about the book more than I write the book. Arlene Cardozo made a comment: talking about a book or about writing and not writing the book makes a statement: that you really don't want to pay the price to write the book. Maybe that's where I'm at — will have to get busy — hard work — must remember my audience and ~~[illegible]~~ plow ahead.

Love, Dan

4 September 84

Dear Don:

Many thanks for your letter of August 27, 1984. As usual, it, and the materials you sent were quickly "Devoured," processed through my CPU (Central Processing Unit) and measured and equated with my own Montagnard experiences.

It certainly appears you are on the right track and that your creative writing course in Deluth gave you further inspiration and guidance regarding your soon-to-be-published "There is a Man, who walks--a Man who Talks."

Your outline was outstanding and helped you put it all together into a meaningful, easy flowing, cohesive story. I also enjoyed your correspondence to and from "Arlene" and agree fully that the hardest part of your effort will be voice. I also agree that you will have some difficulty making Lick the central character, because the reader will view and know Lick only through your eyes, and if, at some point in your story, as your outline suggests, the reader is told you don't (or didn't) really know Lick at all, your veracity as a "storyteller" becomes irreperably impugned. But, perhaps, that is one of, if not the main point of your book. Without rancor, I would observe that for you (and for me to some extent), Lick Rahlan aka Y-Djit was an enigma wrapped in an enigma, playing dual, sometimes triple roles, that not only presented a puzzle to himself, but to others. Lick was a very, very complexx person.

Thus, after reviewing your exxcellent outline, I feel that Lick must be the central character. You must involve the reader, perhaps, with the enigmatic Lick. Perhaps the way to do this is a technique I've seen used before, where there is a story as told through the eyes of a third party, then followed or intermingled--in first person--with what the main character is really thinking and doing. e..g.. your story, interspersed with italicized paragraphs of the main character's thoughts, etc.

This is a very difficult method of approaching the problem, but it may be the answer.

One point I should make: your story begins with a telephone call. But the substance of the story begins with your arrival and involvement at Pleiku. Thereafter, many of the things you did and said--interactions--followed a pattern of discovery which you relate so well. You very carefully demonstrate your ability to recognize situations and the unusual (at least to the neophyte American just in country and out with the Montagnard), but they do not seem to explain or distinguish HOW these events, things came to be or how they were in the first place. Thus, if your story has any shortcomings at all, at this stage, I believe that it is in this area. i.e., you should put the story, events, inperspective.--that is,

Feb 6, 1965
attack on Camp Holloway
+ Pleiku NACV

how it had been, how you found it, how you delt with it, and how it became--what you did when confronted with the situations you found. "Rudy truism": How do you know where you are going, if you don't know where you have been?

With such a background, perhaps your follow-on will make more sense to the reader; make more of an impact; your actions become more significant.

I believe the BEGINNING for such a background is found in the first six pages of my letter to you of August 12, 1983. While I do not claim it is entirely correct (upon review, I note that a few of my dates are screwed up), it's pretty close. Permit me to add, however, some more history, which should give you some insight into where you were when you arrived at Pleiku in December/January, 1966/67:

As I have previously noted elsewhere, in 1964, the VC/NVA political units ordered Montagnard cadres to undertake a massive infiltration of Montagnard villages in close proxximity to existing and planned U.S. and Vietnamese military installations in the North Central Highlands. That was quickly accomplished, since the population in that area was, at the time, in a rapid flux. This process of infiltration, and its consequent result, the encirclement of US and RVN installations, was for a variety of reasons; the most obvious, to allow a safe haven for VC/NVA forces to attack such installations if and when the time came.

As a result of this activity, a number of very significant episodes occured:

On February 6, 1965, the VC attacked Camp Holloway (the 52nd Combat Aviation Battalion) with mortars and explosives which had been cached at villages in the vicinity of Pleiku Air Base/Camp Holloway. They hit also, the US Advisory Compound, then about 100 yards to the west andnorth of OUR O' Club. 25 advisors were injured, and the Advisory Compound almost destroyed. Presidential Assistant George McBundy and Westmoreland flew to Pleiku after the attack. McBundy was appalled, not only by the destruction and the rudimentary defenses, but more importantly, that the VC had come from and through " a cordon of supposedly friendly, yet ignorant natives--without one warning." The immediate and obvious conclusion was that while the ARVN and US had poor defenses, there were VC/NVA sympathizers in the villages and in control of the countryside, "just outside our gates."

The second, and most significant episode occured on October 19, 1965. Then, NVA regular army units (parts of the 32nd and 33rd NVA regiments) attacked the CIDG Special Forces Camp at Plei Mei. This was the first time that the US had proof that the NVA was in the II Corps area and engaging its regular troops. Of course,

Special Forces
p. 144
Feb 1956
SOG – Studies & Observation Group
for North Vietnam

Dec 1963 – CIDG forces
CIA → Military Control
"Operation Switchback"

JCS
(Joint Chief of Staff)
Pentagon

shortly after Plei Mei, the battle of Ia Drang Valley took place, just to the West of Plei Mei.

The third significant episode(s) took place in the months thast followed (focusing on the Pleiku/Ban Me Thuot areas): Beginning in November 1965 and through January 1966, there was an inordinately high incidence of mortar attacks on both installations, together with probes of our perimeters: it was as if the VC/NVA just wanted us to know they were there and had the ability to strike at will. The lesson was not lost on the civilian populace.

In addition to these episodes, the following is significant: During 1965, a group was formed to coordinate covert intelligence and para-military activities in II Corps. Formed from CIA operatives, Green Berets and US Army Rangers, it was to coordinate, plan and implement counter-insurgency intelligence and military operations OUTSIDE the normal intelligence and military operations of MACV. The group was called "MACV-SOG"--the Military Advisory Command Vietnam-Studies and Observation Group." This group, and its leader, a full Army colonel, reported directly to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and had carte blanc and priority over all counterinsurgency intelligence and military functions in the II Corps area. One most notable operation of this group occurred in April-May 1966, when it sent 12 man reconnaisance patrols to penetrate Laos in an attempt to disrupt the growing volume of military men and equipment coming down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The patrols consisted of 3 US and 9 Montagnard operatives. It is fair to say that originally the group took part, for the most part, in para-military counterinsurgency operations; however, that role exxpanded greatly in the intelligence area in late 1965 and early 1966.

Oct '65

Fred Ladd?

Col Simpson?

Jacobosky?

p. 150 SF book

As of February 1966, MACV-SOG and/or CIA involvement had not yet reached its peak of activity in the North Central Highlands. The main reason was that MACV-SOG was made up primarily of combat soldiers and not intelligence operatives, although the CIA (and perhaps the DIA) had a number of their group in MACV-SOG. In any event, sometime within that time frame, a decision was reached to recruit andtrain counterinsurgency intelligence specialists who, while appearing for all intents and purposes as non-combatants (in the strict sense of that term) would be able to "infiltrate" (and I use that word very cautiously) the various villages surrounding the various Highlands Bases. [A diversion: Precious few of the MACV-SOG spoke Vietnamese, or Montagnard for that matter. In fact, at that time (and this was around the October-December 1965 time frame), the only instructors available to teach conversational Montagnard were a few Green Beret and CIA operatives who had been taught by missionaries stationed in the highlands. One that I recall most vividly, had put together a Bahnar language dictionary]

A missionary. Charlie Lang?

To make a long story (I apologize) even longer, certain missionaries were brought to the US and paid to train "USAID" volunteers Montagnard. After 5-6 weeks training, these volunteers were sent on their way, notwithstanding the fact that most, even those most adept in languages, had only a smattering of language ability. True, it was half-assed, but unders the circumstances and the "immediate" need for members to be familiar with the language, it was the best that could be done. An interesting sidelight: this activity came to an abrupt halt within 3 months after it began, when one of the missionaries recognized, in his Green Beret uniform in Pleiku, a supposed USAID volunteer he had instructed in Bahnar in the United States. By that point, however, there were enough so called American language exxperts on board (or trained) and the MACV-SOG was running its own, US/Montagnard Language School at Ban Me Thuot.

To return to my chronology: Until the arrival of the FA's (see my letter of 12 August) in March and April in II Corps, little had been done (other than by the Green Berets) to develop/recruit Montagnards in Base/Installation security; ID and eliminate (or deal with, which was the usual case) VC/NVC sympathizers. True, there had been some Green Beret and CIDG and Mike Force work in the area. But, aside from the Montagnard Training Center to the North and East of Plei Brel (originated by the CIA; turned over to and run by the MACV-SOG; turned over to and run by FA's--Pleiku/Kontum), and the Montagnard Training Center (same organization and operation) in Ban Me Thuot and a number of AForce and Army personnel visiting the villages, little else had been done. Also, the Montagnard rebellion in Ban Me Thuot was still fresh in everyone's minds and there was a political, strategic controversy between the US and Vietnamese government as to how the Montagnard were to be handled, by whom and under what conditions.

The Vietnamese government were well aware of the affinity of the Montagnard for the US troops (Green Berets) and vice versa. They were suspicious of the Mike Force units: that eventually they would become large enough and powerful enough to control the II Corps area and form the basis for an autonomous Montagnard nation. Also, they recognized the dislike (hatred) the Montagnards felt toward them and viewed the Mike Force units as potential VC/NVA. The MACV-SOG group helped to underscore their concerns, although they were not as large and as influential as the Mike Force (at least the VN were led to believe).

In mid to late 1965, the controversy raged between Saigon, MACV and Washington. The VNGovernment wanted to have absolute control over all Montagnard operations. At the very least, they wanted to be kept apprised of all Montagnard military and intelligence activity, by whatever group. They wanted Vietnamese counterparts

involved in every activity which dealt with or affected the Montagnrds and II Corps area. Of course, they argued, it was their country; their population--notwithstanding the fact that the VN and Montagnard distrusted/hated each other. In effect, the VN government would not tolerate the US running their own intelligence operations over the Montagnard because of their suspicions..

The US agreed, so long as the Green Berets, who were already in place, could continue their Mike Force training and reconnisance.. MACV-SOG would limit its counterinsurgency activities and not engage in "Secret" intelligence operations with the Montagnard.

Realistically, the US knew that the VN would do little if anything with the Montagnard para-military groups; That in all likelihood, the VN would continue their suppression of the Montagnards. The exxpected result: no cooperation, continued bombings and continued VC infiltration and VC, village infrastructures.

As a token gesture, the MACV agreed that a battalion of ARVN patroopers be stationed (bivouaked ???) a short distance from the Montagnard Training Centers. The avowed purpose was to provide security for the Northern sector of the Air Base; but, in reality, it was kept there so the ARVN government could keep an eye on and if the need arose, suppress any planned or attempted Montagnard uprising from the Montagnard Training Centers. — and Plei Kotang? Plei Nek?

Notwithstanding these assurances that the US made to the VN government, it was "secretly" (again, a poor choice of words) decided that the CIA, in close conjunction with MACV-SOG, would do exactly what our government had told the VN government we would not do. (sidelight--we believed that everything we told the VN government would quickly reach the ears of the VC/NVA.). See for exxample, page 5 of my letter of August 12.

Obviously, in violation of its agreement with the VN government, we couldn't send a "special" unit or units to Pleiku, Kontum and Ban Me Thuot. Thus, what better "cover" than non-descript, regularly (?) rotated US military personnel to be assigned to various Army and Air Force units and perform the functions intended? Thus, what appeared to be regular duty, non-combatants, would find time (like most GI's) to visit Montagnard villages, make friends, give gifts, buy trinkets (cross bows, pipes, etc.). All very innocuous. We had told the VN government that we would not meddle in their internal affairs. On the surface, we were not. But, in actually, we began a concentrated effort to do exxactly what we wanted to do..

In short: it was exxpedient; it was necessary; and, wehad the means, the volunteers and the empathy of the people we were going to be dealing with.

Thus began in February-April 1966 a carefully planned cat and mouse game with the ARVN, the VC/NVA and the Montagnard. It began with following on the footsteps of those who had already made friends with the Montagnard. e,g., Pappy Yokum, Doug Schmidt and others, not only at the Air Base, but Camp Holloway, etc.

Ray Hekler see p 177 Last Revolution Robt Shaplen

Villages were targeted. On site US military personnel were selectively identified as useful in introdcing FA's in the villages; making friendships; developing rapport; building a base from which the operation could succeed. You are familiar with some of those efforts: civic action assistance, etc. The effeort was to become a friend, then probing subtely; determining the OVERT infrastucture in the villages; then, probing more and using relationshiups to learn the COVERT (power) infrastructure in the villages. See pages 5-6 of my August 13, 1983 letter Re the Avowed goals of this effort.

Through October 1966, this effort was quite successful. Almost too successful, since the Montagnard, partly because of their affinity for the Americans and the friendships that had been developed prior to and during this period told all (at least, what they wanted us to know). Thus, by no later than mid October 1966, we knew almost every overt and correspnding covert village chief (and 'super chief--chief of three or more villages), shamen, kotrung (family--political--advisor) and VC/NVA operative. Albeit, all of the villages were in flux (transition) with various people coming and going. But in that time frame, most if not all merely moved from one village to the next. Also, the intelligence bank in Saigon at MACV-SOG was being used almost exxtensively to catalogue, trace and keep track on these people..

M - Phoenix 1969

By the above, I do not mean to suggest that everything went as smoothly as it seems. It did not. In Plei Brel, because of the relationships which were developed, it was much easier to obtain information and, in some cases have a dialogue with a known VC operative (cardre) that would come close to if not an outright admittal of his true role in the village. Sure, I was safe in the villages. Yes, the Montagnard guaranteed my body. But, if just one of those VC/NVA cadres met an untimely fate at the hands of the ARVN, my ass would have been grass. It was an unspooken understanding. It was a trust that I have never yet fully understood. Perhaps it was an unwritten understanding that one life would be exxchanged for another. Perhaps it was planned and contrived by a political system that viewed ultimately, that the US would come down on the side of the Montagnard and [redacted] the VC/NVA--that we shared something in common with a people we liked--truly--and against a VN political system and society we dispised..

You will note that in my book, I treat many of these relationships in the abstract and surreal and with a sense of nievite. That was not the true case. Through at least October 1966, I walked on pins and needles and it was absolutlely the MOST terrifying time in my now long life.

Another point: the Montagnards we dealt with knew exxactly who we were and what we were trying to do. Although unspoken in most cases, we had a common understanding--agreement--of confidence, to the exxtent possible. We didn't deal in absolutes, recognized facts and conclusions, but surmise, opinion--nothing you could prove to a mathematical certainty.

Perhaps an understatement.

As some examples of covert and overt village structure, Plei Bre (Brel) provides the best (and most familiar to you) example. The overt village/super chief was Ton. Actually, his full name Hirl Ton. He was the front man for the village(s) and deflected a great deal of inquiry by the Vietnamese. Not that the Vietnamese were stupid, but they had an extremely difficult time in evaluating a village — chief—that hated them, yet appeared very cooperative and sympathetic on the surface. Besides, we made Plei Brel a high visibility village in terms of visits and cooperation with Air Force and Army personnel. Thus, it was easy to track ARVN inquiry in the village and, if necessary, get the II Corps Commander(he loved Jim Beam whiskey) to back his people off bothering and inquiring in that village.

e.g. School painted Air Force Blue, etc.

The covert village chief and super chief, located at Plei Bre was Be Lus (known to you or AKA Khat Be--"Khat." The covert kotrungor family--political--advisor in Plei Bre was Kep (last name escapes me).

As alluded to before, this was an counterinsurgency/intelligence function, mixed with "hearts and minds", not "grab em by the balls and pull them to where you want them to go." Thus, through October 1966, great advances were made in the villages not only in the primary function, but developing a good rapport, friendships, what have you. In addition, visits to the villages by military personnel (curiosity seekers) were controlled to some extent in order that the good feelings and friendships were not impaired. (Actually, it was more a case of running around and putting out the fires that erupted when some "you-hoo" would wander out, get drunk and get into trouble). Also, during this period, USAID was a great help and was pretty successful, notwithstanding limited raids by the Vietnamese soldiers ofgoods, etc. that were, in fact, being denied them. Thus, all in all, the program was running or seemed to be running smoothly. Rather than kill and be killed, it was found that friendship, mutual respect and dialogue melted whatever animosity might have been present, and political barriers swiftly melted. (Too prosiac).

That was the light side. Of course, there was the dark side or, as we would always say, there was the other side of the coin. That was the underlying acceptance and realization that, having purposely identified VC/NVA cadres (or suspected as such was more the case), if necessary, the villages could be sanitized. Later, as you will recall, this was acted upon, when the program came full circle to, I guess, its logical (perhaps even intended) conclusion--the Phoenix Program or, OPLAN V734 as it was probably classified. That was, the identification and selective elimination of "known" VC/NVA cadres who controlled the village infrastructures. Of course, the Phoenix Program came much later (1969), and involved ajoint US and ARVN effort.

Thus, during March - October 1966, the efforts in the villages were for the most part successful. I say forthe most part since, looking over one's shoulder, it became painfully obvious that we were building files and identifying people as VC/NVA who 1) may not have been who we thought and 2) with whom we had become very good, emotional friends. In a sense, we betrayed their trust, but not really. For, there was little doubt that the people we suspected as VC/NVA cadres had a pretty good idea of our role, yet chose to engage in dialogue, make us their friends, fathers, brothers of the heart, etc. Also, the program was having obvious results: Neither Pleiku Air Base (and I exxclude Pleiku City), nor the military (US) facilities at Ban Me Thuot were ever mortared. The Vietnamese were not as fortunate.

Were there moral compunctions, second thoughts, guilt feelings about the program, given the relationship with the Montagnard? Yes. Many. And many hours of self and with others, debate. Always though, it came back to "war is war", and the atrosities committed by Vietnamese and Montagnard alike seemed to justify and gloss over any second thoughts.

Nevertheless, in late October 1966 a number of related and non-related incidents occurred which completely threw the whole program into turmoil.

First, the Pleiku CIA head was assinated by a hand grenade thrown through an empty bedroom window. His house/office was ransacked and a number of files/papers removed. It was never resolved whether it was the VC or Vietnamese who committed the act, since both sides, directly and indirectly, blamed the other. Within 12 hours, however, the II Corps Commander declared the City and Montagnard villages off-limits to all US military personnel. Concurrently, the four, Do Not Enter sticks appeared at the entrance of a number of Montagnard villages, including Plei Brê. Within 24 hours, Khat was arrested by the Vietnamese military and interrogated for 3 days until the ARVN II Corps Commander was cajoled, promised and threatened to have him released. The Montagnard Training Center was raided by the Red Hats and it was

declared to be indefinately closed. Son Mir, Chief of Plei Neh was likewise incarcerated, beaten, interrogated and finally released after a week. Army intelligence interviewed me and others as to what was going on out in the villages; why were we there, what were we doing, etc. Col. Bonneaux and I had a visit with the II Corps Commander (a two star Vietnamese) whose staff was very inquisitive and seemed to imply that some type of secret intelligence operation was going on in the villages and what if anything I knew about it.

At Plei Bre, Plei Neh, Plei Dop and Plei Sorl Bang, I was ignored and very abruptly rebuffed at any attempted intercourse with the Montagnard.. I thought I was in deep shit; that I had been compromised; that the whole effort was going down the tubes.. It was a very tense time, accentuated by the fact that it was announced that Y-Bham and some of his FULRO supporters had crossed over into Laos and were planning an attack on the II Corps area, in conjunction with the VC/NVA unless his demands for autonomy were met.

I like the detail more, especially Y-Bham (Cambodia) Khmer Rouge Lick Rahlan Y-Dyut details

Enough detail...this is getting too long.

In late October, President Lyndon Johnson sent a letter to Colonel Bonneaux. In essence it said that he had learned of the efforts of the 633rd Combat Support Group with the Montagnards and wished Bonneaux to be his emissary in presented to the Montagnard Chiefs his picture. (Someday, I'll tell you how this all came about).

I would like to know

At a large ceremony attended by all the Montagnard chiefs within a10 mile radius of the Base, the II Corps ARVN Commander, etc., the presentation was made. Montagnard/Vietnamese relations were vowed (good relations), etc. and ad infinitum. Later, visits to the villages were always shadowed by the Vietnamese until, in late November, they appeared satisfied we really weren't up to "tricks." However, even from that moment on, the Vietnamese remained suspicious of our activities in the villages and the path I wore going to and from the ARVN II Corps Commanders office became rutted with my combat boots.

In late October, early November 1966, it came to our attention that a "Lick Rahlan" had applied and was accepted for a position with the civilian personnel office at the Base. This was the first Montagnard to do so. As a matter of course, the ARVN intelligence was asked tocheck him out and, since he was a Montagnard and going towork for the USAF, probably gave him short shrift. Besides, as we later found out, Lick Rahlan was not his real name, but a series of aliases he had used. USAF Intel also did a perfunctionary investigation on Lick; but, since he had been cleared by ARVN, probably did little more than whistle in the wind and pass him on.

It seemed as if a war of attrition was and did replace true counterinsurgency efforts.

At about the same time, it was decided that having aMontagnard on the Base and working with us--as an interpreter--would ease in getting back into the villages with the people; especially one who could speak the language ~~far better~~ than any American. Checked out with MACV-SOG in Saigon, however, found that Lick Rahlan had in fact worked at Plei Mrong Special Forces Camp as an interpreter in 1962-63 under that name. Other references did not check out, although his real name did and other aliases kept cropping up.. Later, more information came tight regarding Lick, but by that time we were committed..

Thereafter, my efforts in the villages changed direction. With Lick, Y, call him what you want with me and at my side, intelligence took back seat and I truly began to enjoy the villages. No longer was I terrified; in part because I trusted the Montagnard, VC or not, and Lick was my and the United States best and most vocal defender. He was a very complexx person. He could play many roles at many times and with the same deep conviction with each. Not that he was deceptive: But, on a number of occasions, around a rice wine jug at his house or Plei Neh, he confided/alluded to his authority and in some respects told me that I was but a child playing a grown ups game and that in effect, he tolerated me and could not find fault with my role. As you know, the sway he held over the Montagnard, his persuasiveness and ability to convince--command--was unequalled. In many respects he became my teacher, although we called each brother and good friends.

Notwithstanding these efforts, the program never enjoyed the success it had before the October incidents. MACV was becoming better organized. ARVN intelligence and certain Montagnards who cooperated with them were doing what they thought was a good job, but was truly half assed. Projects such as these were shifting to the more military aspects. And, perhaps, those involved from the beginning had lost a sense of dedication; they had become too involved with the Montagnard--many had become Montagnard in thought, if not speech and action. The new CIA director in Pleiku was not particularly interested in non-CIA types intruding into what he felt was HIS domain. The villages were now open to all--good and bad; and, numerous people were doing different things (rather than a coordinated effort), good and bad.. And then, it became painfully obvious that who really gave a shit, other than the inter service and ARVN squabbles. And, MACV-SOG was now strictly military, so support for the program dropped away and we had to fight for everything we did (USAID, etc.). Also, civic action came on line about November, as if someone said,"we don't care who they are; if we get enough people out in the villages giving out gifts, we'll make friends.....and so on.....

Also, at about the same time, FULRO was starting

to become recognized as a political force to be dealt with rather than fought. On the other hand, because of the buildup of military forces, it was felt that FULRO could be contained, if the need arose.

At about the same time, the emphasis was shifted, officially to "win the hearts and minds," the so called pacification effort. Base Civic Action groups were formed and generally controlled (or assisted) from the CORDS office in Saigon, and some people were beginning to question the need for a covert, covert group acquiring intelligence on the Montagnard outside the regularly established Intel groups of the various services and the CIA. Also, this wasthe beginning of a tremendous increase in intelligence personnel in country and, I surmise the decision was made to let the regular intelligence people handle the problems, in conjunction with the Vietnamese. Besides, the US was committed and did place the 4th Infantry Division just south of Pleiku, and that was considered sufficient force to deflect or guard against any VC/NVA intrusion or "rebellion."

The result of these decisions and change in emphasis took the heat off of us who were out in the villages. We still had responsibilities; however, no one was really sure exactly what we were to continue to do and, the new CIA head in Pleiku pretty much gave us the cold shoulder and suggested we confine our activities to our military specialties. In short, we were left "dangling in the wind," with no official word.

I went to Saigon in early December 1966 and spoke with the MACV people and ended up at our embassy. The purpose was two fold: first to find out what the hell was going on and get some direction; secondly, to complain that USAID had shut us off on supplies, etc. and was even short changing the new "Civic Action Program." To make a long story even longer, I was told that I should do what my military specialty called for "full time." If I (we) wanted to continue visiting the villages as part of the new civic action effort, to do that; but, that any other efforts were at an end; that "others" were handling the "assignment," and, if they needed any help, they would call me, not me call them. Also, I was invited not to bug USAID, that their eforts were now part of a coordinated countrywide effort.. ALL of this was, of course, not official--no one in Saigon could speak plainly and with any definition.

As a result, I terminated any intelligence activities in the villages--at least any reporting --and devoted my time ½ to being a Judge Advocate and ½ to the civic action effort. Later, after your arrival, most of my time was out in the villages--keeping up the dialogue, friendships, and becomming more involved with the FULRO organization.

Paul Neu

A note about FULRO. Most, if not all Montagnards secretly supported the organization. Even if they were VC/NVA cadres, there was an allegiance to that organization first and foremost. They, even those trained in the North, did not fully trust the VC/NVA--after all, they were still VC/NVA--Vietnamese. Other than Y-Bham, there were few Montagnard leaders who were very vocal regarding autonomy, etc. for the Montagnard. Yes, Paul Nur, who was appointed to the Vietnamese Senate, espoused Montagnard rights and so forth, but he had been educated by the Vietnamese and while not a VN lackey, was not considered to be a spokesman for the Montagnard by the FULRO organization. But, it was better than nothing. In 1966-67, and perhaps beyond, FULRO "held together" the Montagnard hopes and aspirations. Having suffered a tremendous blow when the US sided with the VN in their ill timed rebellion at Ban Me Thuot, they retrenched, kept their fingers on what was happening in the NCHighlands; constantly evaluating, weighing, measuring the US, the VN and the VC/NVA. They wanted to know how the wind was blowing between the adversaries that fought back and forth accross their land; whether they should throw their allegiance to one force or another. They were not dumb; their intelligence on all activity in the highland was acute. They were, in effect, like the minority third party--waiting for their opportunity; making sure they were not extinguished by either force; planning for the time, which they knew to be inevitable, when their friends, the US, left RVN.

Contrary to what you have read in my book, the center for FULRO activity, the pinnacle of the organization was not situated in a village to the "west of Pleiku." To the contrary, and I have probably told you this before, the leaders of FULRO lived and gathered at Plei Neh, which was the north and east of the Air Base. You will recall that when I left, I asked you to visit that village. I believe you have told me that you did not. Lick Rahlen should have taken you there. If he did not, I don't know why, unless FULRO had moved from there to some other village, which is entirely possible. Nonetheless, my first contact with FULRO was with Siu Lus, who was the chief of the village (Plei Neh) during most of 1966. He was replaced by Son Mir (who came from Ban Me Thuot), a Montagnard who, when first met, seemed like the MOST ignorant human being alive. However, that was his outward cover in first dealing with bocs and the Vietnamese. Inside, he was one of the most intelligent human beings I ever met, with a grasp of history, politics and the realities of life that astounded me. Under another name, he had been the Montagnard in charge of the Montagnard Training Center in Ban Me Thuot, and left when the VN became too inquisitive of his activities. He showed upt Plei Neh in time to relieve a fading Siu Lus (who went to live in Plei Brê) and, aside from running Plei Neh (of some 250 Montagnard), was the tititular chief of the villages around Pleiku -- northern and eastward

What name?

sector. Plei Neh, notwithstanding its size, was an innocuous village, removed from scrutiny by its distance from the Base, the Vietnamese and most inquisitive souls.

Dan, I could go on and on with this, but I guess I have given you enough background that might be of some help to you. I am sure you will note that I have left gaps and a lot of material that could have been told in more detail and might provide you more insight as to how it was or had been before your arrival. I'll save that for that time when you wish to go into it and we can, perhaps, share a martuni or splash of Johnny Walker.

I note I have not answered your questions in the last letter. Perhaps, I should leave that to your discretion, although I would ask that you treat covert activities carefully--if just to keep my ass out of a crack..

All our love,

Pat

22 September 1984

Dear Dan:

Intended to send you my original letter, but put it in my briefcase and neglected to envelope it and mail. We have been in the process of moving our office this past week and things gave been up in the air. In any event, went out with some friends last night, drank over two bottles of wine (jus' little ol me) and was treated to a host of nightmares about RVN, the Montagnard, etc. Got up this am with a healthy hangover, drank copious quantities of water and, vowed to forever give up cigs and booze. The best of intentions!

Anyhoo, got to reading over your materials this morning while pulling an 8 hour tour of Inactive Duty for Training at MacDill AFB Legal Office. I'm an LtCol now and have 8 lower ranking reservists working for me one Saturday a month. Can you believe that I will be eligible to retire in June 1986! And, tacking on U.S. Attorney and other government service, will retire with 28 years service for retirement pay. However, I don't get to collect until age 60.

Back again to your materials: "A Man Who Walks--A Man Who Talks." As stated in my earl ier epistle (volume), you are really on tract and your outline is beautiful. You should have been a writer, not a doctor. Anyway, re reading your materials (and I've saved every one of them) and my lengthy response, I conclude I've told you too much about some things and not enough about others. However, rather than expouse here, I'll wait until you make some specific inquiry, if you want and should the need arise. I could write another book just on what I've gone through in the first section of this letter (and came damned close to doing just that).

But, to clear up some things--people--you refer to, the following is for digestion: Tick K'sor. He knew Lick (Y) when Lick was at Cheo Reo and when Lick's name was not Lick. Thus, I would imagine that Lick would have been uncomfortable around him. Also, Tick had been to Pleiku before; and before Lick was brought on board. Weir. If he was the soft spoken school teacher at Plei Djut, then his name was spelled Y-Djir. He was the Number 2 FULRO leader for the western sector of Pleiku. Very intelligent; very reserved. He and Lick were close. Sui Saih. A dyed in the wool VC/NVA operative. Talk about a Montagnard who had been reducated and sent South to sell the party line and you've got Sui Saih. Lick did not particularly like him, since his views (reducation) were uncompromising, However, Lick did have to tolerate him, when necessary. I gave up on him quickly: in fact, we referred to him as the Montagnard SS, which seemed to aptly fit his philosophy as well as his initials.

Our new offices are going to be super. Last February (1983) we purchased an abandoned liquor wharhouse in the southern part of Tampa (2 blocks south of where we are now) and just have finished revovating it. Thus, today, we complete our move from 7,500 sq feet to 17,000 sq feet, which we really need since we have expanded in just three years from 4 lawyers and 8 administrative personnel to 12 lawyers and 25 admin typbes. Just last week, we were offered 4X what we paid in land and renovation costs; however, the prospective buyers want us to give them a 5 year lease at a high sq ft rental, which would mean we would be paying out to them what we would make on the sale. It looks like this building will be only a 3-5 year office for us, since they've recently announced a $262,000,000 convention center right accross the street and land values are going up accordingly.

Patti has devoted herself, almost completely, to our own home renovation. The reason, these simple minded workmen--and I mean all of them--just can't seem to be able to follow either bluprints or directions. Of the 50 or 60 odd workmen who have owrked on our addition, etc. at one time or another, only one has taken or exhibited any pride in his work! A very frustrating time for Patti (and me, when Patti can get through to me by phone), but she has really handled the whole fiasco like a trooper.

The kids are back in school and so far seem to be doing quite well. Jay, now 13 and going on 21 has too much nervous energy; Robin, at age 9)andgoing on 35, has really turned into a beauty and come of her own.

Better stop this now. Have to go and make sure the mover are doing their job and, get this in the mail.

All our love,

Jack

P.S.

(Between moving):

Lick and Cambodia: I cannot say with any certainty whether Lick spent any time in Cambodia. Prior to his application for employment at PKU he had been around e.g., Plei Mrong (where he was Lick Rahlan from Kontum); at Cheo Reo, he was Pei Tan, from Plei Ap Betel); at Ban Me Thuot. he was Y-Djit, from Plei Ban Dop; at Duc Co, he was Trin Nam from Plei Snoul. And, these were only semi positive ID's when he worked with or in conjunction with the 5th Special Forces. He had been a very mobile fellow.

Your observation "to ignore or change the facts to get at the truth." You hit the nail slightly off center. Perhaps your interpretation, the nuances, logicalk sequences, conclusions in the face of a set of conflicting or ill defined circumstances--that is the truth. What is truth, but a conclusion that you or I may independently reach about a situation that we view abd accept as true.. (Do you recall the proverbial story about the 5 blindmen who were asked to feel a part of an elephant of their choosing and report what they found? One said it was a tree trunk; abother said it was a hose; another said it was like the side of a barn; etc. and all spoke the truth to the exxtent they found it.)

copy - see original

22 September 1984

Dear Dan:

Intended to send you my original letter, but put it in my briefcase and neglected to envelope it and mail. We have been in the process of moving our office this past week and things gave been up in the air. In any event, went out with some friends last night, drank over two bottles of wine (jus' little ol me) and was treated to a host of nightmares about RVN, the Montagnard, etc. Got up this am with a healthy hangover, drank copious quantities of water and, vowed to forever give up cigs and booze. The best of intentions!

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Back again to your materials: "A Man Who Walks--A Man Who Talks." As stated in my earl ier epistle (volume), you are really on tract and your outline is beautiful. You should have been a writer, not a doctor. Anyway, re reading your materials (and I've saved every one of them) and my lengthy response, I conclude I've told you too much about some things and not enough about others. However, rather than expouse here, I'll wait until you make some specific inquiry, if you want and should the need arise. I could write another book just on what I've gone through in the first section of this letter (and came damned close to doing just that).

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12 September 1964

Dear Dana:

Intended to send you my original letter, but put it in my briefcase and neglected to envelope it and mail it. We have been in the process of moving our office this week and things are blown up in the air. In any event, what we with some friends then maybe, drank over two bottles of wine (the little 61 one) and we trekked to a spot of nightmares about RWU, the Portugaard, etc. Got up bellyache with a headache however, drank copious quantities of water and, vowed to forever give up wine and booze. The best of intentions!

Anyhow, not to ramble over your material this morning while pulling on a sweat shirt on a lovely day for training at Yale's AFF legal office. I'm on Ft Collins and have 9 lower ranking reservists working for me one a Saturday a month. Can you believe that I'll be training to retire in June 1969! And, tucking in, U.S. Attorney and other government service, will receive what's now a very fat retirement pay. However, I don't see to collect until age 60.

Back again to your material: "A Man Who Lives--A Man Who Dies." Was stated in my only Jew epistle (Joshua). You are really on that and your outline is beautiful. You should have been a writer, not a doctor. Anyway, re reading your material (and I've seen every one of them) and my longhand response, I can dig I've told you too much about some things and not enough about others. However, rather than economize here, I'll wait until you make some specific inquiry. If you want and should the mind arise. I could write another book just on what I've gone through in the first section of this letter (and came dinged close to doing just that).

But, to clear up some things--people--you refer to, the cadaver in for dissection: Ike's Joe. He knew Dick (Y) Wynn 1947 was at Cape Cod and when Dick's story was not true. Anyway, I would imagine they left would have been uncomfortable around him. Also, Dick had been in Korea in Army and the Fort Dick was brought on board. Yes, if I'm one the self evident school cracker ass "Yankee" (Ohio) I'm man can "politely-bitter" was chuckling. Dick Bunker for the western series on Pictures. Very, very, very reserved. He was like were close, and Sam. A love in the real Yankee operative. Talk about a man who had been wounded and seen much to tell too. Like the Hollywood son Sam. Dick did not particularly like him, since the views (reactionary) were uncomfortable. However, Dick always to tolerate him when necessary. I have up on him quite in fact, see nothing to bugs unknowing as, which seems to apply the his philosophy as well as his politics.

Our new offices are going to be super. Last February (1983) we purchased an abandoned liquor wharhouse in the southern part of Tampa (2 blocks south of where we are now) and just have finished revovating it. Thus, today, we complete our move from 7,500 sq feet to 17,000 sq feet, which we really need since we have expanded in just three years from 4 lawyers and 8 administrative personnel to 12 lawyers and 25 admin typbes. Just last week, we were offered 4X what we paid in land and renovation costs; however, the prospective buyers want us to give them a 5 year lease at a high sq ft rental, which would mean we would be paying out to them what we would make on the sale. It looks like this building will be only a 3-5 year office for us, since they've recently announced a $262,000,000 convention center right accross the street and land values are going up accordingly.

Patti has devoted herself, almost completely, to our own home renovation. The reason, these simple minded workmen--and I mean all of them--just can't seem to be able to follow either bluprints or directions. Of the 50 or 60 odd workmen who have owrked on our addition, etc. at one time or another, only one has taken or exhibited any pride in his work! A very frustrating time for Patti (and me, when Patti can get through to me by phone), but she has really handled the whole fiasco like a trooper.

The kids are back in school and so far seem to be doing quite well. Jay, now 13 and going on 21 has too much nervous energy; Robin, at age 9)andgoing on 35, has really turned into a beauty and come of her own.

Better stop this now. Have to go and make sure the mover are doing their job and, get this in the mail.

All our love,

Jack

P.S.

(Between moving):

Lick and Cambodia: I cannot say with any certainty whether Lick spent any time in Cambodia. Prior to his application for employment at PKU he had been around e.g., Plei Mrong (where he was Lick Rahlan from Kontum); at Cheo Reo, he was Pei Tan, from Plei Ap Betel); at Ban Me Thuot. he was Y-Djit, from Plei Ban Dop; at Duc Co, he was Trin Nam from Plei Snoul. And, these were only semi positive ID's when he worked with or in conjunction with the 5th Special Forces. He had been a very mobile fellow.

Your observation "to ignore or change the facts to get at the truth." You hit the nail slightly off center. Perhaps your interpretation, the nuances, logicalk sequences, conclusions in the face of a set of conflicting or ill defined circumstances--that is the truth. What is truth, but a conclusion that you or I may independently reach about a situation that we view abd accept as true.. (Do you recall the proverbial story about the 5 blindmen who were asked to feel a part of an elephant of their choosing and report what they found? One said it was a tree trunk; abother said it was a hose; another said it was like the side of a barn; etc. and all spoke the truth to the exxtent they found it.)

December 31, 1984

Dear Dan:

Many thanks for your letter in mid December, enclosing the most recent version of "A Man Who Walks...A Man Who Talks." Amidst the Christmas holiday, after secluding myself from the horde of family visitors (19 in all from all points of the compass), kids and yard duties (we've had an unusually warm and humid winter), I finally had a chance to carefully read and absorb the fleshing out of your outline, a number of varied copies which you have also generously sent along to me from tim to time.

Like what I read! It flows well and the course you took some months back (or was it years?) coupled with the excellent chronology of events, etc. that you provided in your letters to Kay really seem to breath life to the skeletal outline I was previously accustomed to. Of course, reading your present manuscript, as with previous reviews of your detailed notes, takes me back to my and our experiences and somehow, in the recesses of my now faded memory, I always hear the faint tattoo of the Montagnard gongs and the whisper of Jarai, as if they were just next door, around the cornor. Patti sometimes claims that I am hearing a ringing in my ears, a definite sign of deafness casused by nerve impairment (caused by old age, no doubt), but I think differently.

Reading your manuscript, I am somewhat amazed, no, perhaps concerned, at how much our paths followed one another, perhaps n parrallel, in the joys, excitement, dissolusionment and fall out of our experience. Also, reading what you have written seems to always leave me with a feeling of unrest, for perhaps two reasons: first, that I did not pass along to you all that I knew and shared with others and thereby set you adrift in an unusual position, a foreign climate that, in many respects you were unprepared for and secondly, that dispite my shortcomings, you precariously existed and survived dispite demands that were undoubtedly unprecedented in your life's experience up to that point.

But, then, who, if anyonr was really prepared for Vietnam, paritcularly the Montagnard and their unique, perhaps in a sense, mystical if you will, situation. We were there, ostensibly to be stalking and fighting an enemy that was not only almost impossible to identify, but was in many cases both friend and enemy. And, regardless of our role, that was our avowed, instilled in us, task for which we were trained. On the other hand, we were also supposed to be understanding and caring and making friends with a thoroughly foreign people, an assignment for which few, if any of us, were ever adequately (competently) trained. And, looking back, can we really say, with any true clarity, when either of our activities was more appropriate than the other? Truly, an enigma wrapped in an enigma that had no definable answer, nor even apparent rationalization.

January 3, 1985

(I got too metaphysical on the last page)

Looking back, on my activities and yours, we truly travelled parallel paths in many respects. In a sense, perhaps I more than you, were providing what our superiors--the grand strategists--perceived as the answer to many of the military solutions they felt justified the ends they rationalized were the only means. Let me explain:

Early on, it was recognized that Vietnam was a carbon copy of the guerilla warfare that had earlier plagued the Philippines and perhaps the analogy can even be drawn to Cuba and Castro. Thus, the Special Forces, early on were in Vietnam to conduct a counterguerilla program, and for the large part very successful. The objective of such a program is not initially to kill or even capture the guerilla, but to convince him to abandon a worthless or hopeless cause. Barring that, or the means to accomplish the same, the next step down the ladder, is to obtain the intelligence necessary to isolate, then neutralize or destroy the guerialla, or more importantly, his organization from which he obtains his moral, physical, even spiritual support. Thus, the obtaining of accurate information about the guerilla from the poeple among whom he moves, ideally the infiltration of his ranks, provide the best intelligence.

Obviously, the best source of this information is the agent who is himself recruited into the gueriilla organization, or accepted by a member of the organization as sympathetic tohis cause or a related cause. This is possible for foreign troops or operatives, but extremely difficult, unless the organization which purports to exercise loyalty over the guerialla is fairly weak or commands only superficial loyalty because of some greater loyalty that the guerilla respects.

The development of a meaningful intelligence network in the environment of Vietnam required very professional, painstaking and patient effort. Unfortunately, this effort had the where-with-all and expertise to develop such a program, but no continuity and many agencies and organizations, civilian and military, not only working with each other, but against each other, at cross purposes and in many cases, without the right hand knowking what the left was doing.

January 10, 1985.

Anyway, with fairly good intelligence in hand and moderate success by counter-guerilla troops, the next step is identifying and dealing with the infra structure of the organization which supports the guerilla.

Its members, however, are usually difficult to identify and deal with, since they lead apparently normal lives as a part of the civilian community. Of course, they are not apt to identify themselves and flee, it's through a cooperative civilian populace that their identities become known.

You may not agree, but in many

respects, id. of VC and infra-structure was easier in the Vietnamese population than the Montagnard, e.g. there was no language barrier (VN vs. VN/VC); the culture was essentially the same; and, there was essentially only a philosophical difference between VC and VN. ~~On the contrary~~ Also, the VN population, ingress and egress was far easier to identify and keep tabs upon (ID cards, etc.)

On the contrary, the Montagnard were worlds apart from the VN military/civilian population. There was a basic distrust and, recruiting VN/US intelligence operatives was, at best, extremely difficult — especially

to gain confidence, id. and join the VC/Montagnard organization. In addition, the Montagnard had an equal, if not greater loyalty to the Montagnard movement = FULRO - and this overshadowed and deluded covertly avowed support for the VNS/NVA organization.

To make a long story longer, in 1965 and into 1966, the Special Forces units in the VC Highlands were very successful

Friday night
2-15-85

Dear Dan:

Thanks for your letter of late.

Also, many thanks for Jim Morris's book, War Story.

The last time we talked, I told you that I had written you a long letter, in resaponse to one of yours. I hunted like carzy for it, couldn't find it; but, when I went looking for typing paper tonight, found it stuffed in a box (typing paper) and I guess that I put it there, intending to complete. Sorry.

After our call, I spoke with Jim Morris. The conversation was jovial, concise and somewhat guarded. He was in the highlands early on--in 1965 I believe--and returned for a second tour just about or shortly after I left. In short, our tours and participation in a lot of events and with different people, just don't mesh and, while we knew a lot of people with whom we had shared somewhat similar experiences, we were out of "sync" with each other. Also, he was not very involved, if at all, in "spook" type operations, except peripherally, and bluntly, we didn't "push" each other as to who, what, where and how.

Aside from that, he put me on to an Ethan Ellenberg, a writer's agent, who I contacted--eventually--spoke with and finally sent him a copy of my "manuscript" for his review and comment. Ethan was a friendly sort; however, he's still an agent, looking for a saleable commidity and, we agreed that although Vietnam is a hot writers (and publisher's) market, the fiction area is after action and more action---and, my work just might not fit in with that concept. Also, I tried to write about the war, and he did comment that only very few books are really successful (sell) in that area. Nonetheless, I'm giving it another try and will let you know what he says.

Also, when I spoke to Jim Morris, he mentioned he had written about the Montagnard. I spent an hour on the phone with our local bookstores, trying to find a copy, to no avail. Thus, many thanks for sending me the copy.

One comment Jim Morris made--that you were in the past and now are too emotionally involved with the Montagnard and, that perhaps it was the best therapy for you to write your book. NOo comment, aside from what I have said before.

One thing that caught my eye as I devoured your manuscript was the assertion that Lick lived a lie. I don't know whether I totally agree with that conclusion, since I believe he lived and played out, as best he could, the role he aND OTHERS HAD created for him. And, he did a damned good job of it--after all his life, that of his family and a lot of Montagnards depended on his successful execution and portrayal of that role. A lie? Perhaps. But, I would prefer to conclude that Lick lived the truth--the reality of his situation.

Also, I do not believe that Lick ever lied--to the extent that he knew and deliberately mispoke the truth. If you asked him a question, his answer was truthful--but, then, he never volunteered. Like a well trained trial witness, he answered, precisely, only the question asked and volunteered no other information.

Our new addition, pool, patio and new room were completed in late November. Two days later, the oak wood strip floors started to buckle. After much investigation, it appears the plate glass windows were not put in correctly, water seeped in and--bleewy, $4,000 in wooden flooring has been ripped up. All sorts of problems; Patti is almost totally freaked out and the prospect of another month or two of construction is about to blow everyone's mind. Nonetheless, we are always ready for y'all to come and visit us!!!' We would love to see you.

Do you have a VCR????? We have the complete kit, complete with camera and the works. Thought if you did, we'd make a tape and send it to you for your "viewing pleasure." LET ME KNOW.

Also, when we talked, I mentioned the tapes I had of Lick and "the gongs." I fully intend to go to our local chamber of commerece and use their reel to reel recorder to put it all on cassette tape; however, that might have to wait until mid March.

Another jar of rice wine, a la Montagnard Numpia is in the works. Had a group over last year for some, and with some charcoal filtering, it damend near tastes like Sake. Everyone enjoyed it, although I tried to tell tham that its consistency and flavor were slightly different in RVN.

I called my friend that I mentioned to you over the teleph one and asked that he give you a call. He declined. Says, in so many words that you are not "in the system" and "married to the company" and he would only create a lot of potential problems for himself. Interestingly enough, he knew you by name and suggested that I had f-----you up enough by leaving you in a situation that you knew little about, with objectives that you were neither trained nor "hired" to accomplish. Nonetheless, I may get him to meet me sometime in your city--he gets around a lot in connection with anti-terrorist activities. Enough said.....and forgotten. Ih thao hluh mon?

Just reread your Chapter XIX "Branching Out" which you sent most recent. For the record, it was "Y-Bham", "Siu Lus" Plei Ko' Teng, Plei Sorl, and Be Hlin. Reads well.

Patti just came in to tell me that I've had enough scotch; our new Labrador Retriever (a bitch) needs to be walked for her evening pee and poop; that we are going to have to replace our kitchen linoleum floor with quarry tile; the wall to wall throughout the house have to be replaced; the pool needs to be vacuuemed; and if I don't work tomorrow at the office, that there are 1,000 and 1 things that need to be done before church on Sunday. It's a dog's life.

I had better get this in the mail; try to fulfill the many promises I have made about the tapes, etc. and go "be family."

Nao hiam ho, giang mah kao laih anun ayong kao!

adoi ih,

Yak

April 12, 1985

Dear Dan:

(1)

I had just returned from 5 days on the road (or rather, in the air) in 6 different cities and before 3 different courts, sat down and poured myself a healthy slug of Johnny Walker Red (in a frosted, freezer chilled glass), and turned to our Apple IIe computer to finalize a brief that is due on the case (I was representing Canada) this Monday, when my daughter Robin peresnted me with my mail and your most recent letter, together with revised chapters of "A Man Who Walks - A man Who Talks."

The brief can wait until Sunday!

Since I am before the "machine" I thought I would just as easily crank out a reply on the word processing function, and thus:

Many thanks for your recent letter and volumes. As usual, I devoured them. They are great, although I agree with you that Chapetr XV still reads a little rough and, I guess that if I had to pin point one thing, I guess it would be the quotations at the beginning of the Chapter and your perhaps over- emphasis of the many guerilla movements (or causes) you refer to in "passing."

Nonetheless, all the Chapters sent read well; although, attimes I sense that you are trying to expand your work into more of a manual or explanation of ALL guerilla warfare and philosophy, rather than that of the North Central Highlands. On the other hand, perhaps I just can't seem to get too enthused about "other" causes to the same extent as I did so long ago in ana cu chan. And, at times like these, when I'm tired and a little depressed, I can very easily surmise that during a certain, very limited period of my life, for what now seems like but a micro-second of time, I burned my emotional candle at both ends, until there was precious little left at the center. Perhaps this is a little too prosaic, but it is the best answer I can give at the moment.

One sentence in particular caught my eye as I read your revised works....."I felt some of the same things that Jack Rudy must have felt...." You have been (always were) very perceptive. I agree with all the things you say I must have felt, but not necessarily in the same order; and, I could add a few. My first and foremost feeling, I can still recall very vividly and where and when it came upon me. One night, after I had returned from Plei Neh via Plei Bre, and we had talked and drunk, and my time was very short for remaining at Pleiku, and I had most recently enjoyed a final session with FULRO, I slept until about 3 a.m., then awoke and unable to return to sleep, went out to the front of the compound and looked out toward the mountains and Plei Bre. I recall that it was a beautiful night (or early morning): the sky crystal clear; a few fires still burning in the villages; a faint booming from the West, as if artillery or bombs. I guess I stood there for over two or three houirs, because I remember the faint glow of dawn in the east when I finally turned in. Regardless, I felt an acute emptiness in all that I had done or hand been done to me, through me and/or for me. As if someone had told me that I had "won," but I knew deep down inside that I had really lost; that I had been swimming against the current for almost a year, but found that I had not really made any progress and there was argument for the proposition that I had really gone backwards.

April 12, 1995

Dear Dan:

I had just returned from 5 days on the road on rehearsal in the and in different cities and before 2 different courts, sat down and poured myself a healthy slug of Johnny Walker Red on a friendly freezer chilled glass,
and turned to our Apple IIe computer to translate a brief
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this is a little too personal, but it is the best answer I can give at the moment.

One sentence in particular caught my eye as I read your revised work.....I felt some
of the same instincts that Jack Ruby must have felt..... You have been always were very
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same order, and I could add a few. My first and foremost feeling, I can still recall very
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night, after I had returned from Fort Nelson, the Peace River, and we had talked and drunk, and my
time was [illegible] I had recently [illegible]
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and unable to return to sleep went out to the front of the
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swimming against the current too almost a year, but found that I had not really made any
progress and there was argument for the proposition that I
had really gone down-river.

And, there were mixed emotions that I had found someone who I felt "walked with truth in his heart;"who would, perhaps, build upon what I had done, and because of his medical abilities would be able to offer so much more than I to a people I truly loved. Jealosy, there was, Dan--that I would not be there to share in what I knew, in great part, must surely lie ahead for you if you were only one half the person I concluded you were. Reluctance, yes--because I had by chance and design introduced you, associated you, shared but for a moment with you, a situation that I knew you did not then really understand; perhaps would never accept if you really knew what and who was going on; would liklely reject, because you had not been trained (educated) into the realities, the players and the politics of what was happening. But then, you were unhindered by that knowledge, and I doubted you would suffer from that ignorance. In hindsight, I believe I was correct, although you may now suffer from knowing what you didn't know then.

Reluctance to give up control of the work out in the villages--yes and no. Yes, because I wanted to continue and improve upon the progress we had made. No, because I knew that it was inevitable and if I did not, then the next person, such as yourself would have all the more difficult time for success.

Uncertainty--yes. Nothing in Vietnam was certain. I was more concerned how you would be dealt with by people who had no use for you, other than to use your knowledge and attempt to capitalize on your freindship with the Montagnard; and, perhaps more importantly, how the battle for control between the CIA and Army (Special Forces; CID, etc.) would impact on your efforts.

Never shortchange yourself, Dan. You were the right person at the right time to do the right things. My only regret is that I didn't tell you enough and that I was not there to share your experiences, first hand.

Enough. This goes to print in a minute and I'm off for the sack. We ought to see each other more often.

Keep up your writting. It is going to be one hell of a book.

Love to you and Kay and the kids,

adoi kao khap lu bia ma,

anan ih,

Yak

And, there were mixed emotions that I had found someone who I felt weakness with truth in the heart, who would, perhaps, build upon what I had done, and in spite of his medical abilities would be able to offer so much more than I to a people I truly love. Jealousy, there was, Dan—that I would not be there to share in what I knew, in great part, must surely lie ahead for you if you were only one half the person I contended you were.

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Enough. This goes to print in a minute and I'm off for the back. We ought to see each other more often.

Keep up your writing. It is going to be one hell of a book.

Love to you and Kay and the kids.

Also, I've kept in this mail.

Adam Ih.

[1985]

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EDWARD O. SAVITZ
RANDY K. STERNS
MARK K. STRALEY
FRANCES MAKEMIE TOOLE
JEFFREY W. WARREN

Friday.

Don:

How you coming on your book?

Drop a line when you have a chance.

Giving mah ib,

Yak

16 Oct 85

Jack,

Thanks

I've got lots of excuses.

Here are some:

Erin graduated Madison May 85 → College Park, MD for MA in Math

Kaela graduated in May — now living here for practice teaching — soon to be married

Kay graduated Hamline in Art Therapy — Masters — going for another one in Psychology

Colleen graduated Hamline — Religion + Music → for MA in San Diego

I passed my boards Diplomate Dam Practice — 3rd time July 85 — good till 1991

— Casey just came in —

Back to school, lots of social things. Recruited new doctor from north of here, another from Seattle, Wash. Am recruiting one from Africa now. Politics of clinic swinging. I'm the "old man" and philosopher. Meanwhile

the same 80-90 hrs / wk. work.

The main problem is writing this f——g book! Am bored by my own writing, know parts of it stinks and avoid writing more.

Instead I have been doing passive reading. Have delved into the OSS by R. Harris Smith, books by Zendstraker out of Princeton, all the books I can get about Cambodia including Shawcross, Neil Burchett (communist sympathizer from Australia) Osborne, Isaacs, and others who seem to know (including Tim Michael Carney) about the Khmer Rouge. Seems their sanctuary was in N'E East Cambodia where Y-Bhanum was also located and that Pol Pot claimed the nucleus of his army was recruited from the Hill people (Jarai / Rhade) in that area. Am slowly realizing that the FUNK may have become the Khmer Rouge but cannot find names, documentation.

Am intrigued by a certain "Ted" Ladd who was an associate of John Paul Vann in the Delta — became coordinator of the SOG teams and

d in + around Pleiku when he came back USAID

later recruited by passenger off a fishing boat in Miami / Tampa?
to go back to Phnom Penh ~1971-72 to pick up where he left off after Sihanouk was overthrown 18 March 1970 (my dates may be screwed up in doing this without books). Didn't you mention Leth Y-Djet was in Sihanoukville in 1970-72?

Am having trouble rounding out Y-Djet — what exactly did he do after 1975? Was he responsible for the uprising along 7B through Cheo Reo and the slaughter of 110,000 Vietnamese on their way to Tuy Hoa? Did Y-Bham go over with his people (FULRO) to the leadership of the Khmer Rouge in hopes of establishing autonomy / new territory for itself in Ratanakiri + Mondulkiri provinces in Cambodia — when the Cambodians collapsed under Lon Nol? — perhaps they continued on into Phnom Penh & westward? I think Pol Pot and Ieng Sary turned on them & eventually eliminated them. Thus, no Montagnard refugees here.

What was the role of Son Ngoc Thanh who had liason with "Fred" Zadd? Why was the CIA stripped of all contact

in the Highlands from 1973 – 75
so that none except Paul Leandre and
the priest Tran Tam Thanh knew
that the Montagnards had turned on
the So Vietnamese + led the attack
on Ban Me Thuot 10 March 1975?
Leandri was shot + Thanh was silenced
as you know. Frank Snepp +
even Wil Burchett don't know (or wont
say) anything more. Even Gen'l Dung
doesn't shed any light on the matter.

What the hell happened up there, Jack?
you mentioned one time that Lich
was in Sihanoukville in 1972? – what
was he doing there? Another time you
mentioned Y-Bhaum was in Canada –
what for?

Direct questions: Did Y-Bhaum
go over to the Khmer Rouge and
lend his forces to the early liberation
of the N'Eastern provinces Cambodia
where he + his 10,000 M'- (CIA – SF Cambodians
recruited + trained) eliminated the? Is the
the CIA putting a "lid" on this because
it would look bad for them to be
labeled as the trainers of ~~the~~ the M'-
who became the nucleus of the Khmer
Rouge?

Did Lich Y-Dyit break with his

brother Y-Bhaum and align with the NO Vietnamese? If so what happened to their relationship? the Khmer Rouge broke with the NVA completely and eventually went to war against them. What happened to the people like Joe (Vincent) Ladd? Was he pulled out or did he stay in there with Son Ngoc Thanh and his Khmer Serei forces?

Here is revised Chapter XI. I like talking about Lech Rahlan + the M's better than about my amateur exploits. Have to work on Lech - still have my notes. Need the time - will have some at the end of November. Meanwhile I need some facts and am doing this virtually in a vaccuum of knowledge.

Have lectured about the M's to a variety of medical and other gatherings of 30-50 to their complete amazement. Show the Montagnard side and it's always a complete surprise and new knowledge to everyone - even former VN veterans. At least this I can do.

In short, am reading and getting as many crumbs as I can from wherever I can. Still need facts to work with. Especially facts ~~of~~ about what happened after I left to Tech (Y Dyt, Y Baum, FULRO, CIA, Khmer Rouge, etc) — can use anything you can supply.
Am working on Chapter ~~XXII~~, also must edit XII → XXI before I can even begin to think about showing the thing to the "world"

Thanks

Kao khop ih, lu bah
smet
(sorry about my spelling)

Dan

What happened to Khat, Hlim, Tom, Bir, Wier, Plei Neh, the FULRO, autonomy for the M's in Vietnam South — eventually did our "blood" brother survive — if so, is he still alive and can I contact him — eventually go back — may be with you $$$

18 Oct 85

Well Jack, you did it again!
I had put the whole thing on the back burner and your letter — note — started it all over again.

Am having trouble with the whole concept of Chapter XXII — celebration where everyone is invited — cameras — #10 newspaper people — Red Cross workers — curiosity seekers — for Heng's sacrifice of his 2 water buffalo for pot luck — lots of strange people in the villages — some with strange uniforms. This is late Nov — early Dec and the M's are obviously aware of the preparation for the Tet uprising '68. and yet Khat takes this opportunity to make me his brother by sacrifice along with Bill Dalton + Steve Charles. I have a long — all nite session with a uniformed M from Cheo Reo who parrot's the party line. We both have weapons stacked along the wall. We are both Montagnards and free to talk — Ton, Lech, Khat, Hien are all there — I'm exhausted by the constant pleasing but am war

of this stranger and ready to defend my position as "American". Some of Katenga's people are there. All are curious how the debate will turn out. I think it came out a draw. Much hugging after the 5 hr-long debate. Lech says this man is #10, he doesn't "know" him — same — same feeling he gave me about Sech Salh.

We followed that with another large ceremony at Hlin's in Plei Sor where I was again the guest of honor — Ton was [not] there nor was Hing or many of the Plei Brel bow makers. Almost a different group — except Lech Rahlan + Hmyar.

Spent that late Nov — Dec almost constantly in a Rice Wine haze — either drunk, drinking or with a hangover. Also got pneumonia to add to my woes. All my Corpsmen + Col Hallan urged me to get the hell out of Vietnam — most chipped in for me to go to Japan to sober up + eat + sleep.

The M's must have known what was going on with the NDA, M's & V.C apparatus pressuring them to take side for the Tet uprising. Well they took me for a sucker but at the same time have to realize they were under severe pressure from both sides. Perhaps this was a "cover" for new "M's" who were really cadre to infiltrate into the villages as strangers invited to a huge sacrifice

This my problem. Thanks for stirring up the embers again - well get on with it.

Here is the revised introduction, Chapter XI and Charley Browns letter & my reply. He came up in July for a 1½ hr visit - he came to see his daughter. Very stiff after 18 yrs. - He works better than he talks one-on-one. Hope he can help.

Thanks, Kao Kap ik

Dan

December 12, 1985

Dear Dan:

Thanks for your recent letters and accompanying chapters of "A Man Who Walks, A Man Who Talks" and news article of the "Dega people (Montagnard) in "Thailand."

January 19, 1986

Dear Dan:

As you can see, I didn't quite get to the nitty gritty as I had intended, now over a month ago. My best intentions got caught up in a three week seige of our family by the "Tampa Flu" (not really a viral flu, but with all the symptoms), rehearsals for my performanmce as "Ahab the Arab" for our yacht club Christmas show and, the inevitable, year end deluge of legal business that clients seem to keep saved up for just that period. Nonetheless, I did enjoy the materials that you sent in early December. Especially enjoyed your "new" or rather revised chapters of your forthcoming book--seems to be well balanced and an excellent account of your experiences as well as look back "philosophy."

Glad that you enjoyed the <u>official</u> organizational emblem of the 633rd Combat Support Group. No, I did not invent the emblem, although I had a part in its design and perhaps (my memory is not too clear on this) the motto. Whilw at Maxwell AFB, AL this past May on my two weeks annual reserve tour, I didcovered that the USAF historical library is located on the base. Zappo, there it was. The photograph number isa KE27997, which logs it somewhere in the Still Media Depository at Anacostia Naval Air Station, Washington, D.C. You were pretty close on the motto, supposedly, it means "when you're sure it's good enough, improve it." For the full particulars, I am emclosing the materials I received with the photo--'tis interesting.

Received a call last day of 1985 from an old buddy of mine who I believe I introduced you to when he came through Pleiku--Bill Brinkley? He is apparantly still running around Northern Thialand for the Company and sounds as nasty as ever. How such people manage to survive is beyond me; but he is a survivor.

Think your rewritye iodea is good. Then, let someone who has never heard of the Montagnard (and who is <u>not</u> a friend) read and criticize what you think is THE story. Interesting what comments you will undoubtedly have.....

December 12, 1988

Dear Dan:

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January 19, 1989

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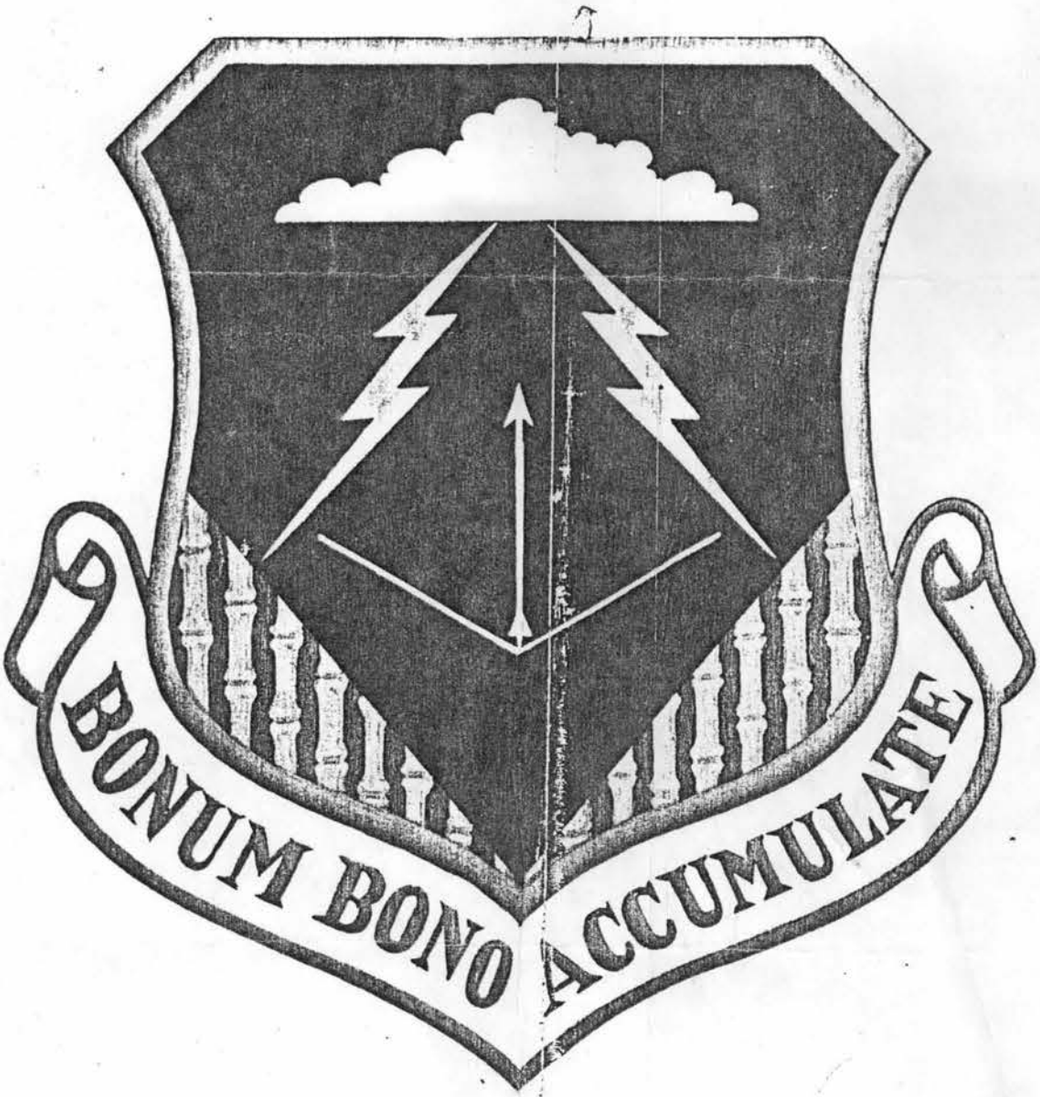
Think your rewrite idea is good. Then, let someone who has never heard of the Montagnard (and who is not a friend) read and criticize what you think is THE story. Interesting what comments you will undoubtedly have....

Tomorrow is a long day for me. Sorry to be so short, after my long promised letter. Write when you have the chance and let me know how you guys are doing and when y'all will be down this way again. We are planning to go somewhere the weekend of February 7-8-9-10, but just can';t seem to get our act together.

hiam yang pǒ ih, adoi kâo,

Yak



KE27997

633D COMBAT SUPPORT GROUP

EXPLANATION AND MOTTO

1. Over the Air Force Blue (65010) shield symbolizing the sky, the theater of primary concern to the United States Air Force, at dexter chief, is a white cloud (65005) signifying the Vietnamese name for Pleiku Air Base, "flying clouds".

2. On a green mountain symbolizing the Central Highlands of South Vietnam, the theater of operations of the 633 Combat Support Group, at sinister base, is a red cross bow, symbolic of the Montagnard tribesmen, whose cultural center is in the Pleiku area.

3. From honor point to dexter chief an Air Force yellow (70068) is a tapering beam of light representing a search light probing the skies high over Pleiku in search of improved methods to support the combat mission.

4. In black letters on the scroll is the motto of the group, in Latin, which reads: "When you're sure it's good enough, improve it".

ORGANIZATIONAL EMBLEM: 633D COMBAT SUPPORT GROUP

SIGNIFICANCE: The emblem is symbolic of the Group, and the Air Force colors, golden yellow and ultramarine blue, are used. The color blue alludes to the sky, the primary theater of Air Force operations, and yellow to the excellence of Air Force personnel in assigned duties. Emanating and descending diagonally from the cloud (signifying "Flying Clouds") are lightning bolts, traditional symbol of the might of the Air Force, which strike back a bamboo curtain, depicting aggressiveness. In the rift of the curtain is a red cross bow, symbolic of the Group's fighting ability.

BLAZON: Per pile abase azure and vert, in chief a stylized cloud formation fesswise argent, emitting from its base two lightning flashes chevronwise to base or, within the lightning flashes a crossbow palewise gules with drawstring and arrow or, on the base 16 bamboo rods palewise of the like, all within a diminished bordure of the last.

CABLE NUMBERS OF COLORS:

Blue	65010 (AF Ultramarine)
Yellow	70068 (AF Yellow)
White	65005
Red	70042 (Pimento)
Green	70062 (Mintleaf)

14 Jan 1986

Dear Yak,

It's beautiful! What a surprise! Thank you very much! I've never seen this before. Did you invent it or is that the real official seal of the 633rd Combat Support Group?

Now that the kids are back in school and the parade of teenagers and young adults has stopped, thought I'd finally sit down and thank you. It originally was delivered to the wrong house but came Christmas Eve nite. What a beautiful thing! The colors and the artistry are outstanding. Who did it? You? The symbols take some study. The crossbow, the bamboo, the blue sky, lightning and clouds are clear. "Bonum Bono Accumulate" I take to mean either as "Good thing(s) pile up for the good people" or "The good just get better". How close am I? KE27997? Can't figure that one out. "Kô Adoi Kao Khăp lu bia má Yak " I understand. Thanks. It's mutual.

I'm still working on those last two chapters before I start rewriting the whole thing. Have been working my butt off in medicine lately plus communicating with the kids during the holidays. They all made it. Plus their buddies. Took three of them to the local discount grocery store a week or so ago. Came away with four full grocery carts. The bill came to$307.53! A few days later the ice-box was empty. Lots of feasts and good times.

Kaela (#2 girl) graduated. That makes three plus Kay's Masters and my passing the boards for the third time. Not a bad 1985 all in all.

Am going up to St. John's to lecture again about the Montagnards later this week. Most of these young people were not out of diapers when it was going on. There is a great interest in the whole thing. The entire course was signed up last Easter. Hope they come away with

some understanding of who the Montagnards were.

Am enclosing a copy of the letter I wrote Michael Vickery. How can people of his learning be so short sighted when it comes to our people? Also one to Thomas Boettcher.

Kao Khǎp ih, lu biǎ mǎ.

Dan (Gerous)

Dan

24 March 1986

Dear Dan:

Thanks for your recent "Casey Computer" letter. Here's "Jay's Computer" letter back to you!

Perhaps what we should do is establish a "Conlon/Rudy Bulletin Board." Discuss this with Casey. We have an Apple IIe, with Hayes 300 baud modem. Perhaps your Casey and my Jay could establish a network link that could give us both a communication link from Edina and Tampa.

Enjoyed reading Chapter XXVII, XXVIII and XXIX. They seem to flow a lot better than previous versions. Also, read with great interest the letter to the editor by Gerald Hickey with attached article "Ceasefire in Cloudland." It seems that a lot of the same water has passed over the Highlands since we left, with the same results--just a different era, with many of the same actors (many, obviously more mature), that seemed to filter in and out of the Montagnard hierachy.

Found your "questions" of interest and requiring a lot of thought and attempt at some specific recollections, many of which just don't seem to come back as they used to. As I get further from on the scene, observations, my thoughts have dimmed considerably. Unfortunately, my backup sources for information have also lessened, since I do not have access (friends) to information that could readily "refresh" my memory. However, let me give it a shot:

Y-Bham, correctly pronounced "E-Bahm" and not "E'Beham": I do not know when he was born; however, I suspect that it was in the late '20's to early '30's, since it was rumored that he was in his early 40's in 1966. What did he look like? I met him twice. He was a cross between Ton and Khat Be; a little taller than most Montagnard and a little weighty in the shoulders. His demeaner? A "peasant" and illiterate at first glance and meeting; a very incisive, articulate, firebrand sort when the occasion demanded. Why was he a leader? He was well educated; he was articulate; he spoke with fluency (and apparantly without accent), Montagnard (Rhade, Jarai, Bahnar, etc.), French and some modicum of English; he was very demonstrative (like a good trial lawyer); HE LISTENED, BEFORE HE SPOKE.

Where did he deviate from the "line" that Y-Djit took or did he? Tough question; even harder to answer because of limited exposure to him and what was said of and about him. I would opine that he had a more realistic view of where

24 March 1988

Dear Dan:

Thanks for your recent "Crazy Computer" letter. Here's my "Lazy Computer" letter back to you:

Perhaps what we should do is establish a "Computer Buy Bulletin Board." Discuss this with Casey. We have an Apple IIe, with Hayes 300 baud modem. Perhaps you, Casey and my lab could establish a network link that would give us both a communication link from Edina and Lamoni.

Enjoyed reading Chapter XXVII, XVIII and XIX. They seem to flow a lot better than previous installments. Also read with great interest the letter to the editor by Donald H. Lukey with attached article "Cassette in Cloudland." It seems that a lot of the same water has passed over the Hindlands since we last, with the same results - just different ways with many of the same actors (many, obviously more mature), that seemed to filter in and out of the Montgomery Ward story.

Found your "questions" of interest and resulting a lot of thought and attempt at some specific recollections, many of which just don't seem to come back as they used to. As I said earlier from on the scene observations, my thoughts have dimmed considerably. Unfortunately, my backup sources for information have also deteriorated, since I do not have access (anymore) to information that could readily "refresh" the memory. However, let me give it a shot:

Y-Bham, correctly pronounced "E-Bam" and not "E-Ham": I do not know when he was born; however, I suspect that it was in the late '20's to early '30's since I have pumped that he was in his early-40's in 1966. What did he look like? Imagine a man in his mid-forties between Tom and Kent Brown, a little taller than most Mormons and a little weighty in the shoulders. His demeanor was "pleasant" and different at first glance and meeting; a very intelligent, articulate, firmspoken sort when the occasion demanded. Uh was he a leader? He was well educated and he was articulate; he spoke with fluency and coherency without accent, fumbling and (Made, Learn, Ahman, etc.). Mr. Rich and some mention of Emplehr: he was very demonstrative, (like a good trial lawyer) HE LISTENED, BEFORE HE SPOKE.

Where did he develop from the "time" that Emplehr took on his de. Tough question; even harder, to answer because of limited exposure to him and what was said of and about him. I would opine that he had a more realistic grasp on where

"they" had been and where they were going. He was not an optimist, yet not a pessimistist. He, like many others, wanted to believe that the future would be, could be more in line with what they thought could or would be a meaningful solution to their plight. Did they remain friends? I do not know! Did Lick, Y-Djit, remain with the NVN after 1975? I do know that after the fall of South Vietnam, an "Y-Djit" was appointed and remained as "sector" (Province?) "administrator" (Chief?) at least until late 1979. I say until late 1979, because apparantly, there was a "repurging" of such people in that time frame and my "available" information does not show or reveal an "Y-Djit" as a member of the "new" government. Of course, that does not really mean much, since people changed names quite frequently. Incidentally, "Lick Rahlen" does not appear anywhere in the intelligence that has been available since 1975--that's not to say he's not around, just that the intelligence that "people" have found important in a country that the U.S. has tried to forget (except for the USSR presence) has diminished in importance AND time.

What happened to the more than 10,000 FULRO troops that Y-Bham commanded the alliegence from? From what I can gather: unimportant, unnecessary (in view of the NVA supremacy over the South), they disbanded, left the country, ended up in refugee camps; perhaps, even as you suggest, they ended up with the Khmer Rouge (besides, everyone's looking for a few mercenaries who, for a bowl of rice, or more, are willing to fight a war or take the brunt of an opposing force).

Yes, the NVA reneged on their promise for autonomy for the Montagnard in the South AND the North. And, why not. They didn't need the Montagnard anymore. They had, in fact, conquered the South; they were in control; they had the arms and the political infrastructure. How the hell do you fight tanks and AK-47's with crossbows~? I think you will find that once the South was "subdued" and after the Montagnards were "soped" with a few appointee here and there (suck em dry and then throw them out--typical of corporate takeovers) that they replaced them with those who they KNEW were reliable, under the thumb and couldn't make (realisticly) any real trouble.

Paul Nur is dead, although I was not aware that he died in a labor camp--how about "re-education camp?"

Y-Bun Suor (Y-Bham Slor!!!!) is in Camp 2 in Thailand,. awaiting a sponsor and transportation to the U.S.A. He was a big force with the Mike Force group at Ban Me Thuot. Some claim that he sold out the Montagnard and Vietnamese when the NV attacked Ban Me Thuot, which led to the overthrow of the country. He was "chief" all right--a chief traitor, according to some.

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I am not surprised that the Special Forces or CIA are not very cooperative. After all, it is war they lost and, for them, gone from the public eye. Just remember, a lot of those people--and in all sorts of levels--are either embarrased or under a secrecy oath regarding their participation or knowledge of what went on over there. You think that this cannot happen in a democratic society, but the implied and real threat of retribution is VERY REAL. Believe it!!

Other than that, life goes on. Suffered "Executive Burn Out" a couple of month ago--malaise, memory loss, disjointed speech, etc. Went through all sorts of tests, but resisted a super test by a high priced neurologist (he said it would be very "invasive"). Seem to be back on track now with all system at 4th speed and GO.

Gi~~q~~ve me a jingle when you have the chance. Love your letters!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Adòi kâo khăp lu biă ma,

Y

YAK

P.S. See enclosed — recognize Cil Be?

I am not surprised that the Judicial Forces of Ole are not very cooperative, exactly, if, in fact they instead, for them, done from the public eye. That remember, a lot of those people--and in all sorts of levels--are either embarrassed or under a serious gain regarding their participation or knowledge of what went on over there. You think that this cannot happen in a democracy, a society, but the implied and real threat of retribution is VERY REAL. Believe

[illegible]

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Drive me a little when you have the chance, like your letters! [illegible]

Adios y no vuelvas de bla mas,

Yak

June 29, 86

Dear Dan:

Many, many thanks for your recent (?) letter, enclosing the computerized version of "A Man Who Walks, A Man Who Talks."

Your "Cotist" pulls together a lot that seemed to be happenstance before, and flows very nicely. I skim read first, then, went back and "thought read" — carefully, trying to digest, assimilate and, of course, put myself back in that time vis a vis the present. It reads extremely well, although I believe you could develop Fick's thoughts — italicized — a little more — a little too absurd

Dear Mom:

Morning, mom. Thought you would have (5) laughs reading the computerized version of "It was like walking A Mile Into Tables."

Some "Tables" really stretching a lot that turned to be happenstance before, and I have been mostly, I skin and just, then, must feel and "Thought said" — actually, trying to depict unknowable and course, pure murderly book in that this was a big part.

It reads extremely, although I believe you will identify this thoroughly stalinized — a little more — a little too absurd

and really not telling the reader much about the inner workings of the man — thought process, fears, hopes — how he must have really felt, vis a vis your description of him.

Thanks for the Hicks books. I have read both, cover to cover. The first, Men of the Mountains was very interesting, I guess, from an anthropological stand-point, and gave me an insight into the background — Digo — history. The second I am re-reading, and find it more descriptive of the people and more in tune with the background as I know. If I had any criticism of Hicks's works,

and really not telling the reader
much about the issues involving
of the work. Hopefully previous, future
papers will have to present more
readily full, rich & rich picture
describing the of the.

Thanks for the kind words. I
also need to tell, cause I come
the great, more of the interviews
was very interesting, I guess,
from an anthropological stand-
point, and gave me an insight into
the underground - drug - trading.
The second I am interesting and
that it was amazing how of the
people and more in turn with
the interrogated are turns. If do
not any questions of finding works,

it would be diverted toward his second book which brings the reader up to date with the 20th Century Montagnard. Perhaps because of the enormity of the task, Hickey I feel gives great detail on the events of which he had personal knowledge, and paints everything else with a broad brush. Thus, he deals quite extensively with Bon Me Thuot and the very top Montagnard — FULRO — heavily, but fails to deal with — describe — portray the next level down. I found that he gave short shrift to the Montagnard — FULRO — leadership in Kontum and Pleiku provinces, yet

It would be interesting, however, to
discuss how totally losing the
freedom of doubt with the
20th century instrument. Perhaps
because of the assumption of the
total fidelity I feel against great-
listed on the amount of what is
and personal knowledge, and
people assuming this also would is
based upon. Then to doubt quite
particularly with the Mind that
and the sum of Instrument —
Nov 20 — because, but feels
to deal with — Quantitative Particles,
the least level down. I found
that he gave short shrift to the
Instrument — Nov 20 — Cartesian
— Doubt and Western prominence, yet

goes to great lengths to portray and describe the II Corps Vietnamese Commander, Vinh Loc. He gives a good description of the Ky visit to Pleiku in October 1966, but wastes precious pages describing the booze parties and imported prostitutes enjoyed by the Vietnamese command. I get the impression that Hickey had little truck with the people and events underway in PKU and KTM, and relied primarily for his information upon social workers and christian missionaries for his facts.

In addition, even when he relates the upper level Montagnard hierarchy, he neglects to point

Space to provide [illegible] to Governor
and Lieutenant the [illegible] Office
[illegible] Commonwealth [illegible]
[illegible] a good description of the
[illegible] week to Monday in October
1986, but mentioning Governor
[illegible] the Energy committee and
important legislation assigned by the
[illegible] General Assembly. I got the im-
pression that [illegible] had talked
with [illegible] and [illegible] understanding
in VPI and RTM, and related
personally for his [illegible]
upon [illegible] and
[illegible] minutes for his [illegible].
The [illegible] were when he
[illegible] the upper level [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]

out, explain or reason how the organization worked, its philosophy and its interaction with other Montagnard and FULRO subgroups.

In brief, I believe that Hickey has done a remarkable job in his two books, but that his second either glosses over or reports the fact either accurately or fully so that the reader has the full story. Again, however, to have done so would have probably required years of further research and volumes of books!

Summer is upon us and the kids are getting ready to split for camp in N.C. in mid July. We head for a week at the beach —

such opinions are based upon the
misinformation received by the philosophy
and the interaction with other
Montagnard and Hill 65 students.
I do honestly believe that Hill
may have a knowledge gap in his
two books but that his record
within classes over our reports
the lack within accurately as
well as that the leaders see the
full story. Happy Summer to
you hope so would have
probably required upwards of twelve
hours and volumes of books!
Summer is upon us and the Hills
are getting ready to split for
Hong Kong. In mid July, we
head for a week at the beach.

New Smyrna (South of St. Augustine) mid August, then back to get ready for another school year.

Jay turns 16 in November and is sure I am going to buy him a 300ZX Turbo for his birthday - Hah. Robin turns 11 in July, has shot up like a weed and is concerned she will miss her first period and whether she should shave her legs now or wait until the beginning of school.

Patti's convinced age is upon her and has returned to Arden Fair, a local, female work out gymnasium - or

Mrs. Jennings (Beverly Y.
Jennings) said I wasn't the
only to get lonely for months
school years.

Mom thinks I'm Kenneth
and is sure I am going to
bring him a BOOZY Thanksgiving
in Brighton — that's where
Mom's in Jail, too. Not
up like a week and is concerned
she will miss her first period
and letter. She should stay
in jail for a week until
the beginning of School.

Letter concerned says is
upset but not because natural
I know Jim, or local female
local out of jail — are

whatever they call <u>those</u> places.

I'm wrapped up with three major pieces of litigation for two publically held companies, with trial dates in November 86 and January 87. We have a jet ski now (goes 46 mph) and with the boat, tubes, etc. our water sports (we also have a new pool) are a weekly-weekend extravaganza. My mind is willing, but when I try to show off like those young "hot dogs", somehow the body is weak. For some strange reason, my Mondays are filled with a variety of aches and pains that my 47 1/2 yr. old body

before they call these people.

I'm wrapped up with these
image problems of letting the
two publically held companies
with total data in Zoomdata
be our business 87. We have
a lot skin now (open HC mgr)
and with the book, today, etc.
our metrics tools (we also have
a much good one a weekly meeting
and systrategy. Our need
is willing but when I try to
show it like these people
a lot days, now on the book
is weak. Our Zoom Storage
issues, my business are filled
with a number of data and problems
that our VP is old book

finds hard to income from.

At poolside at present, with a horde of kids yelling splashing, etc. Guess I'll go cannonball them!

Write:

PRR sends her love, + me too!

Beth

Dan:

Hope you can decipher this!

J

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4/5/84

Don:

Enjoyed reading your materials. Copied some. Need to think about some of the things you've said. Did not enjoy or find very believable "Home Before Morning". Will write an epistle soon. — to you.

Love ya,

Jack

OCTOBER 24, 1985

DEAR DAN:

THNAKS FOR YOUR RECENT LETTER, IN RESPONSE TO MINE OF LATE. SORRY THAT I WAS THE CATALYST FOR RESURECTING THE VOICES OF THE PAST. I WAS JUST INTERSTED IN WHAT YOU WERE DOING, AND HOW YOU WERE PROCEEDING, IF AT ALL ON YOPUR CATHARSIS.

I ENJOYED READING "CHARLIE BROWN'S" COMMENTS. HE IS VERY MUCH ON POINT! UNFORTUNATELY, OR FORTUNATELY, LICK, AKA Y-DJIT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE CENTRAL THEME--THE ENIGMA--OF OUR EXPERIENCE; OUR HAPPENING. WERE WE NOT ALWAYS INEXTRICABLY ENTWINED WITH HIM???HIS UPS, HIS DOWNS AND, BECAUSE OF HIS OVERT AFFINITY FOR US; PERHAPS OUR PERCEIVED AFFINITY FOR US AND US FOR HIM, OUR HOPES AND DREAMS FOR WHAT WE BELIEVED HE REPRESENTED???

YOU HAVE ASKED, IN BROAD TERMS TO TELL YOU, PERHAPS DEFINE, WHAT OCCURED AFTER OUR DEPARTURE; AFTER WE, AS THE CLOSEST TO THE MONTAGNARD, HAD LONG SINCE DEPARTED AND, THE "NEW BREED" OF AMERIKAI HAD ARRIVED, BEEN EDUCATED AND HOPEFULLY, INTERACTED ON THE SAME LEVEL AS WE. IN SHORT, TIME HAD PASSED; THE POLITICAL REALITIES OF OUR PRESENCE AND INTERACTION HAD VISIBLY DIMINISHED; OUR FRIENDSHIPS HAD BECOME, AS MOST LONG STANDING RELATIONSHIPS BECOME, ACCEPTED AND NOT IN NEED OF IMPROVEMENT OR MODIFICATION. THOSE ACCEPTED OR GAINED AS FRIENDS NEEDED NO REINFORCING--THEY WERE ACCEPTED AT FACE VALUE--AFTER ALL, THEY HAD BEEN "WON OVER."

LIKEN THE SITUATION TO WHAT MOST OF EXPERIENCE IN CHILDHOOD--THE WINNING OR ACCEPTANCE OF FRIENDS; THE COMFORT OF ACCOMODATION; THE FEELING THAT FRIENDSHIPS (BORN EARLY ON) NEED NO REINFORCING; AND THE INEVITBLE REALIZATION THAT FRIENDSHIP, UNLESS REINFORCED--NUTURED--FADES WITH TIME.

YOU HAVE ASKED AND, QUITE FRANKLY, I AM UNABLE TO RESPOND WITH ANY DEGREE OF ACCURACY, WHAT TOOK PLACE AFTER WE LEFT--THE TIME PERIOD 1968--TO PRESENT. UNFORTUNATELY, I AM LONG SINCE "OUT OF THE SYSTEM" AND THERE ARE AREAS OF INFORMATION WHICH I JUST DO NOT HAVE ACCESS TO NOW, WITH THE DEGREE OF ACCURACY AND RELIABILITY WHICH I ONCE ENJOYED. PERHAPS I HAVE COME IN FROM THE COLD, MORE REALISTICLY, I DO NOT NOW ENJOY THE ENTRY INTO INFORMATION "FIELDS" THAT I ONCE HAD ACCESS AND, MORE BUREUACRATICLY, NO MORE HAVE "NEED TO KNOW." HOWEVER, WHAT IS OFFERED IN THE FOLLOWING, CAN BE GENERALLY DESCRIBED AS "FACTUAL," ALTHOUGH SOMEWHAT DISTORTED BY THE INCLINATION--PROPENSITY--OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM TO WRITE--REPORT--FACTS WHICH FIT INTO OUR PERCEPTION OF HOW IT WAS--OR MORE ACCURATELY--HOW IT "SHOULD HAVE BEEN."

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I CAN SAY, WITH SOME ACCURACY, THAT PRIOR TO MARCH, 1975, OUR POPULARITY AND CREDIBILITY WITH THE MONTAGNARD HIERCACY ("FULRO") AND POPULACE HAD REACHED AN ALL TIME LOW. AFTER ALL, HADN'T WE, OVERTLY AND COVERTLY, PROMISED THEM ALL A BETTER LIFE, CONTROL OF THEIR OWN DESTINIES; THAT WE (ON THEIR BEHALF) WOULD PREVAIL AGAINST AN "ENEMY" THAT WE ASSURED THEM WOULD NOT DO THEM JUSTICE?! JUST TAKE A MINUTE AND GO BACK TO WHAT YOU, AND I, PROMNISED WOULD BE THE OUTCOME OF THE CONFLICT, NOTWITHSTANDING WHAT THEY HAD BEEN PROLYSIZED (?) INTO BELIEVING BY THE "PEOPLE" FROM THE NORTH. AND WHO DID THEY BELIEVE--THE AMERICANS--THEIR AVOWED FRIENDS, WHO HAD BEEN PREACHING AND COJOLING AND PROMISING (THE MAN WHO TALKS) FOR YEARS--AND NOW WERE LEAVING THEM TO THE WILES AND "DISCRETION" OF THEIR CENTURIES OLD ENEMIES, THE VIETNAMESE???????

NONETHELESS, BY MARCH, 1975, THE MONTAGNARD, FROM THE TOP ON DOWN KNEW THAT ALL THE PROMISES, ASSURANCES, ETC. WERE JUST THAT--PIE IN THE SKY. AFTER ALL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO CONVINVCE A "PRIMITIVE PEOPLE" THAT YOU ARE SINCERE, WHEN WORDS ARE CHEAP AND THE SAME SONG HAS BEEN SUNG OUT OF TUNE YEAR AFTER YEAR. THEY "KNOW" WHAT THE REALITY IS WHAT THE OUTCOME WILL BE.

TO COVER A LOT OF GROUND IN A HURRY:

IN EARLY 1975, THE COMMANDER OF II CORPS WAS GENERAL TOAN, WHO AT NUMEROUS TIMES HAS BEEN LINKED TO THE HERION TRAFFIC OUT OF CAMBODIA AND LAOS, AND, AT U>S> INSISTENCE HAD BEEN REMOVED (VIA DEA AND THE US EMBASSY--ALMOST 2 YEARS TOO LATE), REPLACED WITH A "MINORITY HATER", GENERAL PHAM PHU. WHAT A GREAT GUY TO PLACE IN CHARGE OF II CORPS, THE MONTAGNARD "HOMELAND.", I.E., in 1971, as a colonel, he was "relieved from command" because he had ordered the execution of eight Montagnard Strike Force personnel; in 1971, he was transferred from his position at Kontum to Cheo Reo because of his "distasteful" attitude toward minorities (montagnards); and in 1974, had personally signed a warrant for the arrest of "all FULRO followers" in the Republic. As an asidem, young Phu (as a Captain) had been captured at Dien Bien Phu by a Montagnard/NVA detachment and it was "rumored", he had "lost his balls" in the process.

During his intial period of command, Phu ordered two regiments of "red hats" from Pleiku to Ban Me Thuot. However, almost immediately thereafter, however, elements of the 968 NVA division attacked forward ARVN units to the west of Pleiku. Phu pulled his units back from Ban Me Thuot to Pleiku. For your information, the 968 NVA divison was almost totally Montagnard (made up from former Mike Force, Special Forces units!!!!!), but led by NVA regulars.

968 NVA division totally M's led by NVA

Apparently, on March 10, the 316th NVA Divison (Montagnard) and 10th NVA Division (Montagnard and NVA)

10th M + NVA

316 M

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Apparently, on March 10, the 23rd NVA Division (Montagnard) and 10th NVA Division (Montagnard and NVA)

attacked Ban Me Thuot. Shortly thereafter, the 320th NVA Division attached Cheo Reo, major intersection of Route 7B out of Pleiku and the ONLY southeast "road" from Pleiku to the coast (Tuy Hoa) via Route 14. Aside from the "collapse" in Ban Me Thuot, Kontum fell, sending a wave of refugees to Pleiku; the military, in a not very secret move, decided ton abandon Pleiku, retreat south on Route 14 and thgence to 7B, which has been described as an abandoned logging road to the coast. Apparanelt, halfway to the coast, the road was to cross the Ea Pa River, just southeast of Cheo Reo. The bridge had been "blown" and a massive backlog developed at the river, until, some days later, a military, atrificial bridge could be used to span the waters. Many of the refugees (attriobuted at 95% Vietnamese anmd some 5% Montagnard) were mercilessly shelled and snipped at by montagnard units--NVA and irregulars. It is widely told that of the approximately 160,000 civilians and military that attempted the Route 7B escape, only 45,000 reached their destination of Tuy Hoa. 'Curiously, the overwhelming majority of these were Vietnamese.

160,000 refugees 45,000 reached Tuy Hoa

Aside from the rapid advance of the NVA (regardless of composition), it is interesting to note that almost no RF's (Regional Force--Montagnard indiginous forces) were either committed or listed as destroyed or captured in the "Highlands flight" or battle." It would seem, as one "commentator" has noted, as if they didn't exist; or didn't care!!!!!!

"Indications" are that Y-Bham and his cadre either provided intelligence or participated in, or BOTH, in the "NVA" attack on Ban Me Thuot and/or Kontum and/or Pleiku. While the "intelligence" on the Ban Me Thuot attack is fairly well confirmed, it appears that the NVA unit which initially "probed" Pleiku was "aided in substantial part by the indiginous population of those immediate areas surrounding the headquarters of RVN II Corps, which had for many years been considered 'friendly' foreign nationals." In addition, there is speculation that "a former indiginous population, that had previously associated with American forces in the Pleiku area (RVNIICORPS/PLEIKU-7F) and avowedly supported foreign national military and civic goals, has without logical reason, cast their lot with elements of the 'NVA' for avowed political and social ends."

"Reports" from those hectic times, and the lack of "reliable and continuing intelligence" from impartial sources has foreclosed any meaningful information or confirmation of just what and is happening in ana cu chan. However, it may be accepted as a fact that in 1976 an "Y-Djit" was appointed Province Chief of Phu Bon Province (encompassing Cheo Reo) and that a "Cat [Khat?] Se Be" was a "representative delegate" to the "Autonomous Minority Region

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III." Whether these are THE people we KNEW and LOVED is, at present speculation. But, if I were a betting man.....!

Chapter II will follow —

Có cảm giác thấp lu bất mãi,

Jack

24 March 1986

Dear Dan:

Thanks for your recent "Casey Computer" letter. Here's "Jay's Computer" letter back to you!

Perhaps what we should do is establish a "Conlon/Rudy Bulletin Board." Discuss this with Casey. We have an Apple IIe, with Hayes 300 baud modem. Perhaps your Casey and my Jay could establish a network link that could give us both a communication link from Edina and Tampa.

Enjoyed reading Chapter XXVII, XXVIII and XXIX. They seem to flow a lot better than previous versions. Also, read with great interest the letter to the editor by Gerald Hickey with attached article "Ceasefire in Cloudland." It seems that a lot of the same water has passed over the Highlands since we left, with the same results--just a different era, with many of the same actors (many, obviously more mature), that seemed to filter in and out of the Montagnard hierachy.

Found your "questions" of interest and requiring a lot of thought and attempt at some specific recollections, many of which just don't seem to come back as they used to. As I get further from on the scene, observations, my thoughts have dimmed considerably. Unfortunately, my backup sources for information have also lessened, since I do not have access (friends) to information that could readily "refresh" my memory. However, let me give it a shot:

Y-Bham, correctly pronounced "E-Bahm" and not "E-Beham": I do not know when he was born; however, I suspect that it was in the late '20's to early '30's, since it was rumored that he was in his early 40's in 1966. What did he look like? I met him twice. He was a cross between Ton and Khat Be; a little taller than most Montagnard and a little weighty in the shoulders. His demeaner? A "peasant" and illiterate at first glance and meeting; a very incisive, articulate, firebrand sort when the occasion demanded. Why was he a leader? He was well educated; he was articulate; he spoke with fluency (and apparantly without accent), Montagnard (Rhade, Jarai, Bahnar, etc.), French and some modicum of English; he was very demonstrative (like a good trial lawyer); HE LISTENED, BEFORE HE SPOKE.

Where did he deviate from the "line" that Y-Djit took or did he? Tough question; even harder to answer because of limited exposure to him and what was said of and about him. I would opine that he had a more realistic view of where

"they" had been and where they were going. He was not an optimist, yet not a pessimistist. He, like many others, wanted to believe that the future would be, could be more in line with what they thought could or would be a meaningful solution to their plight. Did they remain friends? I do not know! Did Lick, Y-Djit, remain with the NVN after 1975? I do know that after the fall of South Vietnam, an "Y-Djit" was appointed and remained as "sector" (Province?) "administrator" (Chief?) at least until late 1979. I say until late 1979, because apparantly, there was a "repurging" of such people in that time frame and my "available" information does not show or reveal an "Y-Djit" as a member of the "new" government. Of course, that does not really mean much, since people changed names quite frequently. Incidentally, "Lick Rahlen" does not appear anywhere in the intelligence that has been available since 1975--that's not to say he's not around, just that the intelligence that "people" have found important in a country that the U.S. has tried to forget (except for the USSR presence) has diminished in importance AND time.

What happened to the more than 10,000 FULRO troops that Y-Bham commanded the alliegence from? From what I can gather: unimportant, unnecessary (in view of the NVA supremacy over the South), they disbanded, left the country, ended up in refugee camps; perhaps, even as you suggest, they ended up with the Khmer Rouge (besides, everyone's looking for a few mercenaries who, for a bowl of rice, or more, are willing to fight a war or take the brunt of an opposing force).

Yes, the NVA reneged on their promise for autonomy for the Montagnard in the South AND the North. And, why not. They didn't need the Montagnard anymore. They had, in fact, conquered the South; they were in control; they had the arms and the political infrastructure. How the hell do you fight tanks and AK-47's with crossbows~? I think you will find that once the South was "subdued" and after the Montagnards were "soped" with a few appointee here and there (suck em dry and then throw them out--typical of corporate takeovers) that they replaced them with those who they KNEW were reliable, under the thumb and couldn't make (realisticly) any real trouble.

Paul Nur is dead, although I was not aware that he died in a labor camp--how about "re-education camp?"

Y-Bun Suor (Y-Bham Slor!!!!) is in Camp 2 in Thailand,. awaiting a sponsor and transportation to the U.S.A. He was a big force with the Mike Force group at Ban Me Thuot. Some claim that he sold out the Montagnard and Vietnamese when the NV attacked Ban Me Thuot, which led to the overthrow of the country. He was "chief" all right--a chief traitor, according to some.

I am not surprised that the Special Forces or CIA are not very cooperative. After all, it is war they lost and, for them, gone from the public eye. Just remember, a lot of those people--and in all sorts of levels--are either embarrased or under a secrecy oath regarding their participation or knowledge of what went on over there. You think that this cannot happen in a democratic society, but the implied and real threat of retribution is VERY REAL. Believe it!!

Other than that, life goes on. Suffered "Executive Burn Out" a couple of month ago--malaise, memory loss, disjointed speech, etc. Went through all sorts of tests, but resisted a super test by a high priced neurologist (he said it would be very "invasive"). Seem to be back on track now with all system at 4th speed and GO.

Gi~~q~~ve me a jingle when you have the chance. Love your letters!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Adòi kâo khăp lu biă ma,

Y

YAK

P.S. See enclosed — recognize Cil Be?

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WENDY V. E. ENGLAND
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JEFFREY P. GREENBERG
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PAUL L. HUEY
DAVID M. JEFFRIES
PATRICIA LABARTA
JEREMY P. ROSS
JOHN F. RUDY, II
EDWARD O. SAVITZ
ALICIA J. SCHUMACHER
RANDY K. STERNS
LYNN VAN HYNING RAMEY
JEFFREY W. WARREN

Dan:

Re the enclosed - not really "incredible" when you think about it.

I hear there may join the Dons in Charlotte, N.C.

Best to you and Mary.

Many thanks again for the excellent choice of books

Jack

PATRICIA REID RUDY
5011 SHORE CREST CIRCLE
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33609-3623

4/24/93

Dear Danikay

Saw this & thought you would enjoy it. All fine here - Jay graduates May 21 & 22. Robin studying for SAT - this is her Jr year in HS. She was inducted into the National Honor Society & the Latin Honor Society.

Jack won a case today & is happy & I'm doing free lance Editorning work.

Hope all is well with you and yours! Come visit us —

all our love
Patti

P.S. We all love the books you shared w/ Robin! Again, many thanks!

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Surgeon's book heals the grief of Vietnam

DATELINE: CARROLLWOOD

JENNIFER ORSI

Five years ago, Byron Holley explains, he wouldn't have been talking about this.

It was just something he didn't do. He had learned, as they all had, that it was safer to keep it to themselves. People who weren't there didn't understand, or worse, sometimes acted as if they knew all they needed to.

But they really didn't know anything about the most harrowing year of Holley's life, the 12 months in 1968 and 1969 that the 28-year-old Tampa native spent as a battalion surgeon in Vietnam's Mekong Delta.

Now, 25 years later, they will know — at least in part.

Byron Holley served 12 months in the Mekong Delta.

A couple of years ago, after some soul searching and prodding from his old commanding officer, Holley, a Tampa ophthalmologist and eye surgeon, fished out the old shoe box of letters he wrote home from Vietnam to his sweetheart, Sondra, now his wife.

He went through the letters slowly, painfully, and molded them into a memoir of his wartime experiences that was published this month.

Vietnam 1968-1969, A Battalion Surgeon's Journal tells of Holley's tour in Vietnam with the 4th Battalion of the 39th Regiment, 9th Infantry Division. He was drafted into the Army during his medical internship — which wasn't a shock, at the rate they were drafting doctors — and says he was about as prepared as he could be.

But he adds, "I don't think anything can prepare you for the emotional aspects of what we witnessed.

"It changed my whole life," said Holley, now 52 and a Brandon resident. "To be in Vietnam and just see young guys after young guys just getting maimed and blown away."

But he said he and his comrades didn't have the luxury of grief. There was always another soldier to try to save and always another who would be lost.

Writing his book helped him feel that grief and get past it.

"I sat there many nights with tears streaming down my cheeks, typing and remembering, and when I was done, I had a book," Holley said.

But opening up was a tough step to take, given the angry reception Vietnam veterans received from their country when they returned. Holley remembers the last leg of his flight home from the war. After months of 120-degree heat, he was buckled in his plane seat wearing a short-sleeved khaki shirt and freezing.

He rang the flight attendant and asked for a blanket.

"She said, 'You're a big war hero. Get one yourself. They're up above,' " Holley recalled. "I thought, 'Well, welcome home.' "

But Holley now believes it's time for some of the understandable walls veterans built around themselves to come down.

"In order for our nation to be healed of Vietnam, the people who sent us needed to be healed as well as those of us who went," he said.

He hopes his book might help someone along that road. And he has special hopes for one particular reader.

"I'm mailing a copy to the president," but not to chastise Bill Clinton for not serving in the war, Holley said. Holley, who himself didn't think the United States should have been in Vietnam, has no quarrel with Clinton there.

But he does believe that those with the power to start a war should understand what it means to fight it.

In a calm voice, he reads one particularly disturbing passage from his book about the aftermath of a Viet Cong attack with white phosphorus, which burns through human tissue and almost anything else.

The next morning, Vietnamese villagers arrived at his camp carrying U.S. ammo boxes full of the remains of children and family killed in the attack.

"I thought every senator, congressman and the president himself ought to have to witness this scene," Holley wrote, "ought to have to hear the moans and screams of the family, see the pain on their faces and smell the horrible odor, which right now I know I will smell forever."

Holley will be signing copies of his book from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday at the Waldenbooks, 13101 N Dale Mabry Highway.

Jennifer Orsi is the bureau chief of the Times' *Carrollwood office.*

HARTline board ponders higher fa

■ Both 5-cent and 15-cent increases are discussed, but officials say they need more information before scheduling a public hearing.

By JENNIFER ORSI
Times Staff Writer

TAMPA — They sat down to discuss increasing bus fares by a nickel, but by the time they were done Thursday, HARTline officials were kicking around an increase three times higher.

In the end, the directors of the county's bus system decided they needed more information about the consequences of raising fares — by any amount — before they would even set a public hearing date.

But several board members said they wanted a serious look at raising the current 85-cent fare to $1 — higher than Executive Director Sharon Dent had recommended — in order to reduce the need for repeated future fare boosts.

"Instead of nickel and diming people to death, why don't we go ahead and raise the fare to $1?" board member Randolph Kinsey asked.

Dent's proposal to the directors of the Hillsborough Area Regional Transit Authority included increasing the adult fare from 85 cents to 90 cents and the discount fare for youths, seniors and the disabled from 40 cents to 45 cents. The proposal also included new restrictions on the use of 10-cent transfers.

But when asked by board members, Dent acknowledged that HARTline's strategic plan would call for a nickel increase about every two years.

Because fare increases almost always result in a temporary drop in riders, some HARTline board members wondered if enacting a higher fare for a longer time might cause fewer fluctuations for the agency.

County Commissioner Ed Turanchik also said he wanted to see HARTline grow and improve, not just make ends meet. He thought the extra money raised from a 15-cent fare increase might be used to improve service "so HARTline's saying 'Get there in a HARTbeat' has more meaning than it does now."

The issue that troubl was how many more rid lose and for how long if fa 15 cents instead of 5 cen

Dent said she was exp increase to cause a 1-p ridership for about six HARTline last raised it cents in 1990, it took a recover the lost riders. is only now recovering a lost by raising express cents at that same time,

Board member Low others asked Dent to com estimates of riders lo gained under 5-cent an increases. They hope th show whether the ad earned from a large far make up for the mone duced ridership.

"Either way, in m calculated gamble," Bal

Until they get more May, HARTline officials setting a public hearin increase.

Grit from Page 1

was just starting her junior year at Armwood with hopes of earning a college scholarship in either soccer or softball or both.

But medical staff, parents and friends spent several hours after the accident wondering if she would even live.

Even after she survived the initial crisis, there was little hope of her walking normally again. Her left foot and ankle were crushed, her left arm and elbow were broken, and eight bones were broken in her face.

"I don't think there was a spot on her face that wasn't bleeding when we first saw her the night of the accident," said Skip Aubuchon, her father. "We were so grateful once we were told she would live that we weren't even thinking about sports."

But Stephanie Aubuchon was determined to not only walk again but to run and return to top athletic form. Armwood softball coach Bruce Burnham, a next-door neighbor and friend of the Aubuchon family, was a frequent visitor at the hospital, beginning with the night of the accident.

"When we first heard she would live, the family was told she would have problems walking because of the severe damage to the ankle, and athletics would probably be over," Burnham said. "But we didn't know at the time we were going to learn of a new dimension and definition in courage and determination because of Stephanie.

"Just from coaching her as a sophomore in softball, I knew she hated to lose and would do everything to win. I believe that attitude helped her to overcome what seemed impossible at the time."

Her ankle was so badly crushed that muscles and tendons had to be attached to different bones, and metal pins were used initially to help the healing process, her dad said.

"When I first saw myself in a mirror, it was frightening," Aubuchon said. "My face and head were swollen so big, I thought I would be deformed for the rest of my life. Then I began to see people worse than me fighting to overcome, and I knew then I was going to come back."

Nearly eight months after the accident, she began to jog slowly. She had ridden a bike for a couple of months before that.

Her club soccer team, The Heather from Town 'N Country, won the state championship and placed third in the United States while she was recuperating.

"Missing that just made me more determined," she said.

Aubuchon ran and trained daily. She made the Armwood girls soccer team as a midfielder last fall and scored nine goals, but she played with pain.

"There were a couple of times we had to carry her from after a game because he were so swollen," Skip "I know she is my daug the most courageous k met."

Her efforts on the so her a first team spot o Division all-Western C and an honorable mentio team.

In softball she plays 10th in Hillsborough C with a .403 average. Au stolen bases with 13.

She bats fourth for t the team with 21 RBI a runs, including one gran has four successful drag

"I never expected h beat out a bunt, but she down from a challenge,"

Burnham said he be hasn't fully recovered, stopped eight colleges f scholarships.

There may be mor has made up her mind. both soccer and softba College in St. Louis.

"It is a small college in the top four each schools," Aubuchon s atmosphere of the smal sports and academics. learned in this whole si do anything if you set y

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December 10, 1993

Dear Dan and gang:

Your manuscript, A Man Who Walks, A Man Who Talks in hand, but the demands of my practice this year have not allowed me either the luxury or pleasure of reading it. Full metal jacket review the first of the year....I promise!!

You should find the enclosed of some interest. I xeroxed it as it arrived--three weeks ago! They seem to have a problem with the mails. If you are interested in membership, it could be interesting. They throw one hell of a party near the Fourth of July weekend.

Jay graduated from George Mason University (Fairfax, VA) in May and seems "inclined" for law school either at Steson (St. Petersburg, FL) or the Univ. of Florida. I have tried to discourage him. Besides, all the doctors are making the real money (just wait until Clinton's gang does it dirty work on this new health legislation of his!). Robin has been accepoted at the University of North Carolina, **at Chapel Hill** (my alma mater), and looks forward, very anxiously to attending this next August. I hoipe that she can finish all the books you sent her by then. She does love to read and it is to that trait I attribute most of her scholarly success in Jr. and Sr. High School.

Christmas will be another "gang banger" with the entire Rudy clan descending on ym sister in Longwood, FL (north of Orlando, FL). Just deserts. We had 18 of the clan for Thanksgiving.

Off to my office Christmas party (we have two!) Best wishes for the best Christmas ever---and we hope to see you guys----ANYTIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! We will be skiing at Snowmass, CO January 8-15, 1994.

Best personal from Yak,

[undated]

11 April.

Dear Don & Mary:

You guys (gals) were great. We really enjoyed being with you, even our trip across the North Sea!

Come back again — soon! Especially when the pool is 80+! The food, you know.

Cudrow should be of interest to you, Don —

Best to you all — we need to shorten the time when we are not together —

Jack

JAK