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Portland head of
Sihanouk's
government

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①⑥ Ros Chethor

①⑦ Chiam Seng

①⑧ Khieu Samphan

①⑨ Van Moly vann

①⑨ Prince Norindeth

②① Khieu Thouth (wife Pol Pot)
① Salak Sam
angsak

②① Thounn Praseth
(brother to ②)

UEK

Sihanouk

①⑩

People's Republic of
Kampuchea Jan 1979

Khmer United Front
for National (National
Salvation (Salvation
(FUNSK) Front

Sai Phue Thang

1973 on

Khmerg Thai group

DR. Abdul Cogyum

- Cham

- ethnic minorities

Prom Than

- religious affairs

Chan Kong

Chakray - head of Vietnamese

anti-Khmer

forces Jan 1979

- killed

Ba Thang - vice president

Yoe Por - mem. Central
Committee

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President Heng Samrin p229 Burchett

Vice Pres. Pen Sovan

Isolan Minister Hem Sen

} sec. ②

①⑫

April 75 - April 76 (Sec. ⑤)

Royal Govt of National
Union of Cambodia

RGNVC

Sihanouk - Head of State

Phnom Nouth - Prime
Minister

Khieu Samphan Deputy
Prime Minister

② Minister of National
Defense

③ Commander in Chief

Nou Nam - Minister of
Information
& Propaganda

Nou Yuen -

su ④
+ ⑩
- Minister of Interior
Cooperation & Community
Reforms

su ④
+ ⑩
Poc Deuskonna
- Vice Minister Foreign
affairs

Tiv Ol (see ④)

Solath Sam V-P - Supreme
Military Commander
& Chief of Army
Military Sec

Noum Chen
- V-P - Supreme
Military Com.
& Army Political
Director

Kay Thuan - Vice Min. Finance
Ieng Sary - Special Envoy

Khieu Thouth
(Mrs Ieng Sary)

- V-M Educ. & Youth

Khieu Ponnary
(Mrs Solath Sam)

- V-P FUNK
Committee
Capital

Vann Vet (see ③)

- Secretary

P151 Special Zone
V-M Secretary
Chief of

(13)

Khmer Rouge
Government

Democratic Kampuchea

[DK] April 76 - Jan 80

5 Permanent members ①, ②, ③, ④, ⑤
Central Committee

- (5) {
- ① Saloth Sar (Comrade Pol)
Pol Pot ③ see 3
 - ② Nuon Chea (Comrade Nuon) ②
see 2 & 3 - head of army
 - ③ Ieng Sary (Met Vann) ④ see 3
political commissar
 - ④ Son Sen ⑤ - old man & glasses
see 3
 - ⑤ Comrade Vann? } one + same?
 - ⑥ Khieu Samphan - chairman ①
(Met Hem) see 4

⑦ Vann Vet - killed 78
(Vann Vet) see 3

"Sok Throt"
- Chief of "DEUCH"
- Tuol Seng prison

⑧ Mey Pran
- communications

⑨ Chey An - industry?

⑩ Chea Doeum ?
- commerce

(cont)

(12) Nhim Ros
- killed June 78

(13) Hu Nim ②
- killed April 77
(Comrade Phao)
- information
Propaganda
since 1970

see 4

DR
(14) Thounn
Thounn

- health
see 3

(15) Tauch Phoen
- public works
see 3

Khieu Throt

(Mrs Ieng Sar)
- V-M Educ. & Youth

Khieu Ponnary

(Mrs Saloth Sar)

- V-P FUNK
Committee
Capital

Vann Vet (see 3)

- Secretary

Special Zone

P151
Victory - V-M Security

- Chief of

DEUCH

+ Tuol

Chapter XV The Guerrilla *and His Cause*

"If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle..."

"All warfare is based on deception.

"Therefore, when capable, pretend incapacity. When active, feign inactivity.

"When close at hand, make it appear you are far away; when far away, that you are near.

"Offer the enemy bait to lure him; feign disorder and strike him.

"While he concentrates prepare against him; whenever he is strong, avoid him.

"Anger his general and confuse him.

"Pretend inferiority and encourage his arrogance.

"Keep him under strain and wear him down.

"When he is united, divide him.

"Attack where he is unprepared; sally forth when he does not expect you." Sun Tzu circa 600 B.C.

"The purpose of war is to defeat the enemy's will to fight."

Clausewitz

Much has been said during the course of these chapters and elsewhere of cadres, "V.C.", Viet Minh and the role that the Montagnards provided as the sanctuary for the elusive enemy. So well was this sanctuary given that, unless the enemy chose to engage our forces in open combat, he remained invisible either in his tunnels, beneath the canopy of the jungle along the Ho Chi Minh trail or he simply melted ~~into~~ the population.

Many words have been written describing the frustration of the US troops over this protracted struggle in not ever seeing the enemy unless as a body count. Even then, there was considerable doubt whether or not this was actually a "V.C." unless a weapon was found on his person or suitable identification could be found. Yet there were an estimated million and a half of these guerrilla "VC" present. Mostly they were thought to be hiding out in the "strategic Highlands," always poised for a well chosen battle. Behind them were the main force North Vietnamese troops, again hiding out somewhere else in the Highlands.

The obvious questions present themselves: How did they survive in the impenetrable jungle where even our best jungle fighters could last not more than a few weeks? What did they eat? How did they keep washed, clothed, free of disease and healthy enough to fight so well? How did they keep warm in those cold Highland nites? How did they communicate? Where did they live, find companionship, have sexual relations, some comforts of home? Either they were super-human and could survive like animals in the dangerous jungles, ^{either they were} unbelievably dedicated human beings who could survive for ten to fifteen years out there, or there had to be a place for them to experience at least a ~~re~~semblance of a normal life?

The answer, in many cases, was that they lived a remarkable double, triple and sometimes four-part life. They were chameleons in a very dangerous game of hide and seek. It was an old Oriental heritage, long practised over centuries. ^{Consider} ~~Much~~ as the American Black, ^{who} during his slave days, learned the art of appearing as a submissive slave for the white master, yet reserved an inner dignity and life for himself and his family. So too the Vietnamese and especially the Montagnards had learned to live a life of secrecy apart from their outward role of the submissive peasant or "moi" they displayed to the world.

The Orient reveres especially the Magician who amounts to almost

a mystical god-like figure. Ho Chi Minh, living a life of a chameleon with frequent - some twelve - changes of names until he finally emerged as Ho Chi Minh (the Enlightened One) in 1945. Only by a peculiar deformity of his left ear was he recognized as Nguyen Ai Quoc (Nguyen the Patriot) who started the French Communist party in 1921. Nguyen Ai Quoc was actually his fourth name; Nguyen Sinh Cung being his given name at his birth in 1890. Because of his ability to survive and change roles amidst a constant hunt for him by his enemies, his legend grew. By the time he emerged as Ho Chi Minh in 1945 he was revered by a great majority of his countrymen as a supernatural being. That he embodied for them their true aspirations for nationhood further enveloped him in a supernatural light. *By surviving, He had the Mandate of Heaven. argued*

One of the things he did that harked back to the ancient days when the Chinese were defeated, was to melt into the forbidden highlands and make this his base of operations. Not once, but many times. From 1941 to August 1945 he survived in caves with his few followers and preached and organized, always on the move. Again from 1946 to 1954 when the French were finally driven out of Vietnam, he *survived by living* ~~again lived~~ in the forbidden Highlands. Very sick most of the time with malaria, malnutrition, heavy smoking, frail constitution. And yet he survived and lived to be 79 years old, dying in Sept, 1969. He lived to see the beginning of the realization of his united Vietnam after the Tet Offensive in Jan '68 and the breakdown of the US will to see the war through.

One of the key pieces in this puzzle of how he survived in the forbidding, strategic Highlands has been alluded to but never really discussed in depth by either side as yet.

For centuries the Highlands North and South had been peopled by the Mountain people - collectively called "moi" by all the lowland Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians, as we have said repeatedly

before. They were a mixed group as outlined in chapter VI of Malayo-polynesian, Malayo - Tibetan people distinctly different from their lowland oppressors. They were united by a common hatred of these lowlanders. The hatred and despising were reciprocated with whole hearted furvor by the lowlanders. Yet Ho and Giap not only found sanctuary with the mountain tribes but recruited, trained and convinced them to become ^{some of} their main force troops in North Vietnam. As we have mentioned, the 312 and 316th divisions were wholly montagnard crack divisions manned and led by Montagnards. The 608th division was manned by Montagnards and led by a great friend to the Montagnards, a Vietnamese by the name of _____. It was these troops that won the great victory of Dien Bien Phu in 1954. ^{over the French} ~~It was also~~ ^{many of} these ^{same} crack divisions that participated in the later six week debacle in 1975 ~~that~~ spelled the end of the Thieu regime and the end of the Second Vietnamese War April 30, 1975 some 21 years later. Someday the full story will ~~come out~~ ^{be told} ~~some day~~.

At the risk of preaching instead of mere story telling,, I feel it is necessary that you, the reader, should know something of what a cadre - a guerrilla - is and what makes up the elements of a successful guerrilla war. Without this knowledge you will have read many pages without gaining an insight into future guerrilla wars. This was a great part of our problem while fighting the war in Viet Nam. It need not be repeated if we take the time to consider some simple points.

The rules of guerrilla warfare ^{told} ~~was~~ first discussed by a ^{Chinese} ~~Chinese~~ by the name of Sun Tzu around 600 BC. in a little book entitled "The Art of War". I have started this chapter with his ten basic rules. Recently they have gained some prominence in our literature thanks to James Cavell - of "Shogun" fame. The word "guerrilla" of course, means "little warrior" or "little war". The name "cadre" takes its roots from the word "four" or "Quatre" or "square" - meaning framework.

^{The Cadre} ~~is~~ was thought to be the original frame or nucleus of trained personnel

around which a larger organization could be built or trained. The "cell" - usually conceived in revolutionary terms as a tight three man group of cadre, has its derivation from the same words as "hell" or "cellar" or "conceal" ~~opposite~~ ^{from} - "kel" meaning a hidden underground place. It was thought of as the primary organizational unit of a political party living or working in the same (secret) place or engaged in the same occupation.

In Viet Nam and in the Highlands all ~~this~~ ^{Cadre} activity, of necessity, had to go on in total secrecy. ^{because of the overwhelming forces opposing them} The glue of this organization must be a "Cause" for which all members were willing to die. ^{The cadre were} They must be desperate men - made desperate by having nothing to lose "but their Chains" as the saying goes. With ^e hunted for political crimes, victims of imprisonment or torture, widows or survivors of families ^{victimized} ~~which have~~ ^{by the enemy} been victims of the enemy, starved and made desperate by privation - whatever the reason, these men and women must have a desperate reason to become guerrillas. ^{Exposure usually meant death. This theme has been repeated all over the world in revolutionary situations}

The cause would vary from place to place and person to person but ^{then} it generally is centered on a combination of love and ^{intense} ~~implacable~~ hatred - the most basic drives man feels for which he will sacrifice all else. Patriotism, love for ones race or tribe or village or family or ancestors or nation is a basic drive of love. Hatred for one who seeks to destroy these is the reversal of that love. Both are powerful motives.

The Montagnard in South Vietnam perceived the South Vietnamese and the US Army as bent on a policy of extermination of their people. Genocide. The North Vietnamese had already established more than half their mountainous country as Autonomous Montagnard areas guaranteed by their Constitution. Many of the Montagnard returnees from North Vietnam had seen this actuality during their sojourn and training sessions in the North and were convinced of Ho Chi Minh's sincerity.

Many of the Montagnards had had time to develop the philosophy

of their cause while under the tender mercies of the South Vietnamese when they were jailed, ^{beaten & tortured} often without charge. ^{Prison has} ~~This has~~ been the traditional place of ^{perfecting &} ~~working out~~ revolutionary thought down through the centuries. Once convinced of the cause and dedicated to it, the guerrilla's next job was to survive in order to carry on the cause. He must be patient, planning on a lifetime of struggle against a powerful enemy in a protracted struggle. Patience and timing, guile and secrecy. The Magician.

Sometimes Mobility was his only means of survival. Once caught and eliminated, he became useful only as a martyr to the cause. If he escaped and assumed a new identity, he could once again work ^{and organize} for the struggle. He needed many sanctuaries, many identities, many allies and places to hide if he were to survive. Ho Chi Mnin escaped to Thailand as a head-shaven monk by the name of Chin Chin in 1928. Once he sold breads from a cart in another role in Hanoi.

The guerrilla often needed to be ruthless, eliminating those ~~not~~ totally dedicated to the cause before he in turn was eliminated. He must be personally incorruptible, totally dedicated to the cause until death - or he, too, could be eliminated by the same people who gave him sanctuary, who hid him. "The guerrilla is like a fish in the water, ..."

As the guerrilla cadre works for the cause, if he is clever and brave, he will have lots of opportunities to develop legends about himself and will attract people equally dedicated and brave to the cause - forming a cell. Meanwhile he must steadily educate his equally desperate, but reluctant and hopeless people in the reality of the cause and give them hope. In the parlance of the revolutionaries, this is called the "Awakening." In our ^U contry Martin Luther King, Jesse Jackson and others have done this for their people. Gandhi of India, Daniel O'Connell of Ireland, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson did these things in their day. The cadre must be teacher, propagandist, political organizer

and activist using his dedication and magical deeds to create the legend, the charisma, the energy of the revolution. Love for the cause, hatred for the enemies of the cause. Any ally could be used. Even the enemy's ignorance could be used. The central theme was the ultimate cause. For Ho Chi Minh it was the liberation of Vietnam from all foreign influence and the freedom of his people to live their lives as they chose.

For the Montagnards the cause was autonomy either under the FULRO confederation or under a guarantee of their autonomy such as Ho Chi Minh's regime. If the South Vietnamese or Americans or French before them could show their good will towards the Montagnard's autonomous homeland, they would listen. But they saw very little evidence of good faith over the years. The ^{South} Vietnamese were men "who talked, did not walk." Meanwhile they would build their forces under the Special Forces's training use people like myself to learn new skills, acquire wealth and education and simply wait. "...for timing is all important."

The time was not right while the overwhelming presence of the US Army and Air Force was in their back yard. Someday the Americans would tire of this endless war. The rumor was circulating among the Montagnards in the summer of 1967 that the US were leaving soon and that the American people were already tired of what appeared to them to be a senseless war. Meanwhile time to organize, to proselitize, to convince the reluctant that there would come a time in the future for their dreams of autonomy, for ridding themselves of the hated Vietnamese, their Cause would be a reality.

The Montagnards, in my many talks with them over their fires and numpai at nite talked endlessly about their hatred for the Vietnamese and their hopes for a free Montagnard Highlands under their own government. The phrase "After Amerikai leave, Montagnard fini..." did not

necessarily have a ring of despair to it. They knew they had a powerful ally in the North Vietnamese. Many Montagnards had seen what wonders Ho and his government had wrought in the North for those Montagnards in their autonomous zone. These were villagers who had ^{gone}~~lost~~ as young men in 1954-56 ^{to}~~for~~ the North for training and had returned with hopeful tales of the wonderful, respectful treatment given the Montagnards in the North. They were well aware of the crucial role played by Montagnards in the defeat of the French in North Vietnam. Many of these Montagnards were back now in their villages with good education, good combat training and could speak to their fellow villagers with authority of the eye-witness - and the brother.

The reader has the advantage over me as he reads this account. At the time I was in the villages in 1967-68 I knew dimly these things, at best. I could surmise that those men such as Khat and Lick Rahlan and Hlin and several others had a "hidden agenda", so to speak, but I did not know in depth what a guerrilla or cadre was. Noone bothered to instruct the ^{average} American soldier in guerrilla warfare before he left for the war. Any information he picked up was strictly on-the-job training. This in marked contrast to the Vietnamese or Montagnard "VC" whose training was daily and intense by the political commissar or cadre whose authority was greater than the military leader down to the smallest cell apparatus. We were totally out classed and, therefore, out-generated from the smallest unit to the largest in the vital subject of guerrilla warfare.

Only the Special Forces and select CIA trained operatives were on a par with their enemy counterparts. The enemy had the advantage of being invisible to all but the most discerning eye in his native land. My task was to learn as I went, walking on eggs with out breaking too many.

I slowly learned to recognize the special look in the eye of the supposedly simple "moi" peasant, the erect posture, the show of intelligence and education where none should be.

Meanwhile I learned to love the Montagnards because of their hospitality, their honesty on a day to day basis, their absolute guarantee of "My body" once their word, their sacrifice and their special bracelet had been given.

To counter our ignorance in our own criticism/self-criticism sessions,
 we started our own political action discussions in the dispensary after hours with select corpsmen and pararescue men about the realities of the war in the Highlands. Eventually my room at MACV, piled high with crossbows and supplies, with Shultz and I and John Value, Frank Dayal and Charlie Brown became the gathering place for many heated discussions about the Montagnards, the US mission, etc. F-troupe in Saigon was another behive of discussion during my frequent visits. Slowly the true nature of the guerrilla war started to come clear. The once clear ~~map~~ ^{issues} between the "Forces of Freedom" vs. "Communism" became broken down into the less clear issues. They can roughly be listed

as follows:

PRESS & SPEECH	<u>Economics</u>			
	<u>Nationalism</u>	<u>Economic:</u>	<u>Religion:</u>	<u>Political:</u>
FREEDOM	Colonialism	Capitalism	Materialistic Atheism	Totalitarianism Dictatorship
	Mercantilism		Animism	Kingship
MANAGED INTERVIEW	Neocolonialism		Buddhism	Autocracy
			Ancestor Worship	Democracy
CENSORSHIP	International Spheres of Influence	Socialism	Confusionism	<i>Autonomy</i> Anarchy
			Muslim	
SILENCE			Christianity	
			Theism	

We began to see that the blurred lines went both ways and, as John Value said, "Wars are neither just or unjust....but the condition of man." Many discovered, after reflection, that our system may not

be as "pure" a system as we had once thought. We came to realise that all systems were an imperfect blend of all these factors. We remained proud of our country's ideals, and, I believe most of us are to this day Super-Patriots. ^{But} We came slowly to realize that what we took for granted as the norm in our country, simply would not work in this land so different from ours in many ways. We saw Ho Chi Minh as the hero and greatest guerrilla warrior of his people. The Super Cadre. He had the Mandate of Heaven for even the Montagnard people, it seemed.

Our weakness ultimately, it seems, was that we did not feel our ^{once} clear Cause of defending the "Forces of Freedom" - meaning an American, "democratic" materialistic, sometime Theistic, capitalistic neo-colonialism - was as compelling as the Vietnamese cause of Nationalism or the Montagnards cause of Autonomy. Many never considered what the real issues were. We all continued to look for the "VC" enemy. More and more some of us began to feel the enemy was us. *Perhaps we had no business being in this land so different from ours at all.*

Complete M division: 324

B. Fall 248
Vietnam Vietnam

312
316
249

335
P249

Le Trong Tan

FVLRO

P282
20 Sept network
B. M. Trust

316 - M named
+ led
- then Ben Phu

Son Mu

- special unit
commanded by Nguyen Sinh Ngoc
Phat (Be-lus) Khat Be
Sun Sach (Ker Tonop)
Sun Hua

Y Blum + few hundred
→ to Cambodia

312 M division
commanded by VN
- unit attached
to propagandists
Nguyen Sinh Ngoc
- friend of
Y Blum / Y Deth
father

P71 Luce

19 Sept 64
M revolt
at Buon Sarpa

Y Blum here

5 years in
prison in Hanoi
for earlier
involvement
1954 - 1959

The cadre is the core, ^{the} backbone, of the movement, the personi- ^{very} fication of the cause. He is totally dedicated, ^{his commitment} to the cause in ^{lifelong} a lifelong commitment. He is a combination politician, priest, hero and policeman. He wins by persuasion. ^{If he is armed it is only} He is armed only to defend himself. He is at his best when no violence is used. The object is to win over a village or group of people by persuasion, inspiring and convincing them their best interests are achieved by joining and supporting him in the cause.

For this he needs absolute secrecy, a false identity,, a new name, a new occupation and must find a place to hide - a sanctuary. Often this sanctuary is ^{with} the people he serves. The guerrilla becomes an actor in a dangerous game.

" the world should never know precisely where one stands, not only should the organization be clandestine but so should the membership ... no position is ever irretrievable,, no commitment ever final...

'Be flexible, be changeable, adapt. No organization is completely undisguised; but the best leadership has a third layer - reality...

'...almost certainly the proclaimed leader is not the wielder of maximum influence ... Members assemble around individual leaders rather than a political platform. The best leader is paternalistic, sly, skilled at intrigue, master of the deceptive move, possessor of untold layers of duplicity, highly effective in the world in which he moves. Sagacity in the follower consists in knowing whom to join and when, for timing is all important." Ho Chi Minh

"....The guerrilla must live among people as the fish in the water; if the water is polluted, or too cold or too warm, the fish will die; so with the people and the guerrilla." Mao Tse-tung

was Lick a Cache? ~~He is~~

was this
you?
Lick?
would not
the best
cadre go
unrecognized
by you?

It was especially hard for me those first few weeks. After coming back from Saigon, I had a lot of sick call to make up and a lot of nites on duty. I had no ^{official} reason to go back to the villages except a few idle half-hearted invitations to come back after I had seen Jack Rudy off.

Luckily I had the daily visits to make to Plo's to care for his wife's ankle. ~~Luckily also for me~~ two other things ^{also} happened in my favor. There was an outbreak of measles in Plei Brel and the two adjoining villages and I was asked to come do what I could. The other fortunate thing for me was that Lick had accepted a job as the official interpreter for Col. Hullar with a GS rating of 11 (approximately a Captain's salary). This made him available to me as an ^{my} interpreter also and he promised to go with me wherever I went as my friend and helper. Jack had stressed that I stay close to Lick and follow his advice. I was to avoid contacts with Saih because the Montagnards "did not know him." I was aware that Lick was a powerful man in the region and a member and leader of the local FULRO. In my naivete I thought that he was going with me because Jack had recommended me to him as his replacement. I was also aware that the South Vietnamese were after him for various activities in the FULRO and had, indeed, ^{imprisoned him} put him in prison without charge for nine months. he was allowed to live in the refugee village Pleiku Rho in a rundown shack with his refugee relative, but NOT in a Montagnard village -- ever.. I thought this was an ideal arrangement both for Lick and myself. For Lick because he would be free of South Vietnamese persecution: for me because I could use him as my ticket into the villages. I did not inquire further into Lick's activities and loyalties for the moment. I merely assumed he was for the Montagnard and Air Force alliance that went on locally. He could also use me for medical help and liason with the Special Forces. It was an ideal arrangement.

Somewhat overdone I am not an overwhelming person. Physically slight, bald, awed by many people and events and full of self doubt. On first sight I can be easily overlooked and taken for granted. Lick also can come on as Casper Milque-toast. We made quite a pair as we looked each other over - now without Jack Rudy's charisma and flashing smile and eyes between us ----only the memory of him still fresh.

I went with him frequently between sick call and nite call to minister to Plei Brel and Plei Sor, Plei Phung's outbreak of measles, took care of Ton's cows and pulled teeth and bought some bows from Plo, tended Plo's wife's sick leg, and little by little let my presence be felt. I courted Ton and made sure I followed Lick so as

not to break taboos and offend the people. Ton and I took a liking to each other and I decided to use his home as my base. At his suggestion, I quit the give-away program but pushed hard for the crossbow sales and talked up the idea of Montagnard medics to be trained at the Special Forces as per agreement with Capt *Butch House*.

Meanwhile I had to think hard about what I was doing in the villages. In spite of my optimism and enthusiasm and Col Hullar's agreement that I go out to the villages, I was acutely aware that most of the other officers and many of the men on the base thought these trips to be a waste of time and energy. Except for the P.J.'s and a few medics, the dispensary felt that I was meddling in something not in my job description and screwing up their schedule and vehicle with my trips. I had to walk carefully at first and scrupulously was on time for sick call and made sure that I followed the letter of every rule.

What if no one went out to the villages? What possible problem could they cause in the face of overwhelming fire power of both the Army and the Air Force right next door to them? Obviously we could blow them off the face of the map as we had demonstrated in many cases farther out towards Cambodia. These were the refugees from some of those villages who had come in from the outlying villages to seek the safety of close proximity to the Air and Army bases. How could they possibly be a danger to the bases?

And yet, coming from the villages was nite fire. Coming from some of these villages were the guerrillas who attacked Pleiku and Camp Halloway repeatedly. We were aware that not all the people in these refugee villages were victims of the V.C. Some, perhaps many of these people may be V.C. hiding as refugees. These villages gave sanctuary during the nite (and perhaps during the day) to the V.C. - whoever the "V.C." were. Prior to Jack's going out in the villages north of the Air Base, our personnel had been virtual prisoners during the nite on their little base. Even the road from the Air Base to Pleiku was not safe. It appeared that, without some presense and friendship bond between the local refugee villages and the Air Base personnel that the situation would not improve but deteriorate as it was doing around Camp Halloway. I was the only one at that time in April - May who had an invite and who knew at least some of the people in the villages north of us. Sick call was my game. The crossbow business was another reason to go out. The Montagnard medics were an idea that showed promise. Lick and Ton and Hing and the

bowmakers would be my hosts ~~at least at first~~ until I had either used up my credit or had established that I was a real friend ~~to these people~~. They watched me. Oh how they watched me.

is this simplified elsewhere?
 I had to be aware that I was in danger although at first I reveled in the thought I was actually doing something for the cause and not just existing for 365 days, getting drunk and dying of boredom. Mostly I dug deep into my "old" philosophy that good will out. I knew I would not overpower these people with my personmality. I refused to buy their friendship, having found out in boarding school that friendship is not for sale. The Montagnards may have been primitive but they were not dumb. They read each man for his sincerity. Although I was obviously a paid U.S. Aair Force officer, I was determined to show them I was out for their good. I used the Christian love-thy-neighbor theme shamelessly as my guiding star - although I never preached. Hopefully my honest good will would show through in spite of all my bumblng. I would let the politics take care of itself. If these were V.C. - so be it. Their promise of my safety based on their bracelets and vows of taking care of "my body" would have to do for now. Later, if necessary, we would get into politics.

Meanwhile I continued to be marvelously successful in my medical ventures. I have already described the success I had with Plo's wife's badly infected fractured ankle, the young man with the lethal pneumonia, the other man with the badly infected leg, the leper and the success in vaccinating and treating measles, plague and leprosy and even worms. I led a charmed life medically in spite of my rudimentary supplies and the lack of adequate tropical medicine training. The P. J.'s and some of my medics were wonderful with their volunteering and knowledge and enthusiasm. They also made excellent fighters if the need should arise. By and large we were not the Ugly American. Our good nature and obvious good will helped immensely to fill the vacuum left by the legendary Jack Rudy. The Jarai are by nature outgoing and hospitable as I've described. We fit right in. We had a lot of fun together in spite of the awesome pressures around us.

During the previous Tet sacrifice when I was very new to Plei Brel, I had brought out a fire-engine red underwear top lined with down given me by my sister-in-law for warmth in the Highland nite. Red is a magical color among the Jarai. Filled with rice wine, I felt warm enough. Ton's boy, Tuck, however, looked freezing in his thin

shirt. I put on

shirt. I put my red "jacket" over him. The next morning Ton was wearing it with pride. A sign that I was accepted. Slowly the original iciness he showed me thawed. Little by little we became friends - originally by eye contact, then by gestures and numpai, finally I made his house my home. I eventually became his "father" by sacrifice - and thus the father of the chief of the 7 villages. This would take time, of course, but the seeds were planted that nite of Tet Feb '67.

Lick was a great help to me now that he was sure that my full attention and interest was toward the Montagnards. Thanks to Jack Rudy's coaching I had cut all ^efriendship and socializing with the Vietnamese in preference to the Montagnard's. My contacts with Saih were cut. Plei Bong Bao and the other villages south of the Air Base would have to be attended to by the Army, or ³⁴Greek when he returned. If I could show that I was sincerely interested in helping the villages north and west to gain education, some ^{extra} cash and good medical care and would act as their liason with Pleiku City politics, the Air Base, Special Forces and perhaps Saigon, then ^{Lick}~~he~~ would help me gain entrance into the villages, introduce me to the people, talk for me, ~~and eventually~~ ^{eventually} educate me about taboos, language subtleties, politics and ^{become} my friend.

I have already mentioned my initial attempt to make him well and how I almost murdered him with my purge of his worms. At first he had no means of getting around so I would often stop first at his "house" in the refugee village of Pleiku Rho and pick him up on our various rounds in the villages and elsewhere.

His "house" was more like a hovel set in amongst other hovels along a narrow packed earth "street" at the bottom of a hill. Each trip to his place was an adventure during the rainy season - always the chance of getting hopelessly mired in the mud and stuck for the nite in a dangerous place. The top of the hill was piled with garbage and was the communal outhouse. Any rain washed this refuse down the hill to his house. Outside the hovel was a shallow polluted well from which they drew their water. The refuse naturally seeped into this water and polluted it. Consequently the worms. No amount of explaining on my part about sanitation changed this situation during by stay. *Tradition set the style. It was the custom.* The germ theory and other western ideas of sanitation were lost on my audience.

Into this one room hovel with a packed floor that Lick called home, I was invited many times to meet his family and friends. The

these foreign concepts that explain the culture are most interesting

why? why couldn't they learn?

entire structure was not more than 20 feet by 15 feet but into it were packed 2 wives, six children and innumerable "brothers" and friends. Lick was the absolute master of this assemblage - any gesture or word he spoke was noticed, listened to and acted upon instantly.

This, in spite of the fact he, too, was a displaced refugee among them. He was a displaced person near Chien Kheo in Phung Bhoi province south & east of Pleiku.

I learned that Lick was the elected head of 32 villages south of us about 60 miles in and around ~~the~~ but was not allowed to live there by the Vietnamese as I have mentioned earlier. He was evasive and vague about his exact age - all of the Montagnards were evasive and vague about their ages - I concluded that they didn't count years as I did. They let me think that. Finally we arrived at two ages for Lick - either born in 1941 or 1931 - either my younger "brother" or older "brother" whichever I liked. We made a joke of this as time went on. I decided not to pin him down. It made no matter to me. *TO the large ever-changing crowd who gathered around him, he was their leader in spite of his humble*

to wonderful

The people were packed into his little hovel so that there was no room to sit or stand - many of his family and friends were forced to stand outside and listen through the door and one window - even in the pouring rain. People came and went constantly - giving me a smile, the Montagnard handshake and bow, then talking earnestly and respectfully to Lick about one thing or another. Lick would answer in a few words or sentences and the problem would be solved. Sometimes he would respond in anger with his gold tooth flashing and the supplicant would leave humbly, shaken. Most of the time a mere nod would suffice. There was always good humor around him. He was much loved and respected. He had a marvelous sense of the humor of his ^{humble} surroundings - but he also obviously bore the weight of a great responsibility towards these people. *He held the mandate of heaven for these people.*

As I became almost a daily visitor to his "house," we began to attract other visitors - the Vietnamese - who sensed that my American presence spelled wealth for them if Lick could be pressured into asking things of me. His interpreters salary from Col Hullar paid him a fortune in Vietnamese money but his numerous family and extended family ate that up rapidly. I was able to procure rice and clothes and building supplies for his "brothers" from Special Forces and encouraged them to build crossbows and other things to provide a means of cash. We explored what a loom industry or metal industry (from the many scraped trucks, tanks, air planes, etc. around) would do for these refugees. We resolved soon to go to Saigon and look around the USAID and CARE warehouses to see what they had to offer. ~~We had long since given up on USAID~~

We had long since given up on USAID in Pleiku which was rotten to the core with corruption. Nothing could be procured even by me from them and a Montagnard would risk his life dealing (or stealing) from them. Siuh Saih may have spelled his own doom by his association with USAID in Pleiku.

Lick and I devised a plan. He would need a huge house to really put up all his relatives and friends that kept coming and going. I mean a BIG house. - 40 feet by 30 feet. Perhaps 2 stories - with a big kitchen behind it and another building for the looms and metal industry and crossbow and wood carving enterprise. We found a suitable lot in the refugee village and bought it.// Meanwhile we would have to placate the Vietnamese jackals that were ever present, dangerous to Lick but wary of him because of his alliance with me and his protection by the Air Force. We started to run sick call for the mixed Vietnamese and Montagnard refugees on a semi-regular basis. We handed out bales of clothes liberated from the Special Forces and Catholic charities. One time Lick and I ended up on the roof of a house, so greedy were the Vietnamese that we were in danger of bodily harm as we passed out the stuff.// We found tons of abandoned tin and lumber first from our supply dump - eventually from everywhere and anywhere we could procure it - usually late at night and with wondrous speed. My P.J.'s and corpsmen and supply people on the base were magical in their ability to come up with whatever was needed. I did not ask questions about where they got these things - they did not tell me. Usually a huge pile would arrive in back of the dispensary with a note telling me to do what I needed to do with the stuff. Sometimes a "midnite requisition" was needed.

Major Dick Miller - one of the flyers for "Spooky" at night had become involved with the Montagnard Training Center out east of my villages. He was an expert card player, sometime farmer and carpenter and mechanic, philosopher and man-for-all-seasons. We struck up a friendship early on based on our mutual desire to be of help to the Montagnards. He sometimes accompanied me to the villages but usually kept to himself and worked alone training the Yards at the Montagnard Training Center. When not playing cards at which he was a habitual winner, he liked to argue about the Vietnamese War with me. His reading was extensive about everything and I enjoyed the pleasure of his company - hungry for philosophical conversation in the midst of dirty stories, superficial comments, macho attitudes, etc.

I hope your book will have a glossary and list of characters to refer to

were you prejudiced vs. Viet cause of association w/ Montagnards

or were they really "jackals"?

meaning?

In one of our conversations, I mentioned as how Lick needed a hotel to put up all his relatives and friends. He already was aware of Lick's importance to our efforts. It was he who volunteered to put our ideas into practical form with architectural plans, specifications, list of supplies needed, etc. The money could be siphoned off the profits from the crossbows and other sources. We could placate some of the Vietnamese by hiring them as carpenters. We all plunged into the project with enthusiasm. The footings were laid, an actual slab of concrete was poured and Lick's new house went up in a very short time. To my eyes it was a wonder of cooperation between Vietnamese, Montagnard and American know-how and good will. When we were finished in early July, we had a gigantic rice wine celebration with sacrifices, bracelets, hugs and a drunken good time.

"Somewhere during the festivities, a sudden wind came up and lifted a section of tin roofing on its side. Immediately a chicken was produced, a shaman appeared and a sacrifice was performed to placate the god of the wind who had made his presence known. I was astounded that Lick - who was obviously well educated and sophisticated - would show such reverence and fear towards his animist gods. He would eventually reveal many other facets of his complicated personality."

a discussion of Shamanism somewhere in your book would be welcome.

He had another surprise for me a few days later. We had talked late one night around his almost lethal rice wine about politics and religion - by now John Watson was with us - and a few of ^{Lick's} his brothers - about his many religions, his philosophy of life and his many responsibilities. Among his religions was the Catholic religion which he shared with me, and his Christian religion which he shared with John Watson. He was also a friend of the U.S. Air Force and the Special Forces because they helped his Montagnards. We had built him a virtual mansion in the refugee village, making him an object of envy and a target for assassination. Lo and behold, he had painted his new house a shimmering red-white- and blue with a Christian Cross topping the whole thing off! What a target! For the V.C.? the ARVN? It would be easy for his relatives far to the south to find when they came to visit. We dubbed it the LICK HILTON. Very soon it, too, was not big enough to accommodate all the visitors and residents who congregated there. I became his official personal physician and the Family Doctor for his numerous wives, children, brothers, sisters, half siblings, cousins and friends. ||

we eventually procured a license that allow to house visitors.

I spent April and May with Lick and the Montagnards at Plei Brel and the other villages as the Lone Ranger - virtually the only

regular white person out in the villages. In late May John Watson had joined me in my activities to my great relief. John Watson, Roy Worthington and went in early June to Dak Pek in an adventure I'll relate later. It was after our return from Dak Pek but before the Lick Hilton was built that John Watson, Lick and myself had a very important and solemn meeting at Lick's house to have a meeting of minds.

It was the custom of the Montagnards to conduct meaningful conversations at nite and around the drinking of num pai as I have mentioned. It was Lick's intention this nite to initiate me into a blood brother sacrifice with him and to delve more deeply into our motives and feelings. I had already experienced this once with Siuh Saih and had been disappointed in my experience as I've related elsewhere. I was more than eager for this confrontation with Lick but was on guard because of my previous experience. I knew that I was ignorant of many things including just who Lick was, his background, etc. (although Jack Rudy had more than once sketched his background and told me of his importance to the Montagnard).

It's funny how well one can know someone and yet not really know him at all. Such was my experience with Lick.

For his part, he had looked me over, liked what he saw, was grateful for what I had tried to do for him, his family and my good will toward the Montagnards. He had seen my bumbling attempts to speak Jarai, saw me break taboos and do stupid things in the villages and around the Pleiku area. And yet he also saw my evident good will and eagerness to correct my mistakes. He was also aware that I had cut my ties to the Vietnamese, to Siuh Saih and to Plei Bong Bao and the villages to the South. We had been together for some 5 months on an almost daily basis and I had apparently passed his *pejorative?* little tests of sincerity. He told me I was like Montagnard - no lie, no steal - a good man - a man who walks. I was very complimented.

By now John Watson was a good friend to most of the people in the villages and was a great favorite with Lick. They were a match for each other - John and Lick. Both brilliant linguists, quick minds, good humor and strong wills. Both had the ability to become quite angry but both, for the most part, held in their anger. In the short time of 2 months John Watson had captivated the Montagnards and myself and Lick. I was jealous of the evident affection between Lick and Watson and felt a little cut off by this. However, my

admiration for both of them compensated for this.

→ ? (101 2b 3 July '67)

" It was time to talk. Our only audience was a group of Lick's "brothers", his wives serving us and the rice wine spirits, the fire spirits and the nite and the rain. I will never forget the beautiful sacrifice that made me Lick's brother - the rock, the chicken blood, *more more* → my bare foot wet with blood and rice wine - the barcelet. And then the conversation.

We talked about our religion, why we do what we do, what makes a good man, democracy, freedom, capitalism, socialism, communism, atheism, animism, Buddhism, Confusionism, the Vietnamese, the Viet Minh, the French, the Americans and on and on.

You told them what you were doing there. What did they think Air Force goal was?
I tried to be brief and speak in an American - French - Jarai idiom that would explain myself. I spoke of a Christian God that was always with me guiding me on a minute by minute basis and challenging me to do His Will. I discussed the two basic Christian commandments of loving God above all things, no other before him and loving and serving my neighbor as myself for the love of God. I was for freedom and democracy but fairly vague on capitalism. I did not like Communism because it denied God and did not allow for freedom and democracy. I was vague on socialism or Buddhism or Confusionism or animism. I told him of my dedication to my solemn word, that I had given my word to Jack to help the Montagnard and I would give this same word to Lick.

What's wrong with the Viet? is this explained in part 1?
John Watson's turn at the rice wine came and he, too, gave his ideas about religion, the Montagnards and the situation we found ourselves in. He allowed that he believed in God but his God did not particularly give a damn about what went on. John believed in doing the right thing for the Montagnards and pledged to do this. He hated the Vietnamese with a relish - later he would have more ample reason to do this. He didn't have to elaborate at length on what a good man was - if he had any philosophy - he was merely a personification of this in his actions.

Lick's turn came. By now we were well into our emotional and mental euphoria because of the rice wine, the tobacco (cigars, Montagnard marijuana) and the ceremony. His brothers were all ears as he began. Lick said slowly that he was a baptized Catholic (during his education by the French Sisters in Bam Me Thuot), a Christian (as were the Missionary Alliance people), a Buddhist and Confusionist as were many of the Montagnards such as the Rhade, Bahnar, Sedang;

a believer in democracy and freedom such as the American Special Forces and Air Force, a Communist and a Socialist such as the Viet Minh - but he had no particular allegiance to any of these philosophies or religions. At base he was a Montagnard - his religion was the Montagnard, his people, his family and the Montagnard cause. To this he had dedicated his life and energy. There was a special fire in his eyes as he said these things. The rain outside, the smell of the fire and the smoke and the close body odors, the smell and taste and euphoria of the rice wine, the closeness of the Montagnard bodies, the warmth of their love all made a deep impression on me. A good man was one who dedicated himself to a cause and did not deviate from this. Labels did not matter. Religion did not matter. Race did not matter. It was a common bond of dedication to a cause that mattered. I was included because of my pledge to help the Montagnard as was John Watson. Lick Rahlan - whoever he was and however old he may have been - would guarantee our bodies as long as we were "men who walked" with his considerable influence and prestige. Lick had revealed yet another layer of his complex personality and identity.

I did not know what a cadre was at that time but have learned since. Lick Rahlan was my first introduction to what a dedicated guerrilla ^{cadre} looked like. In retrospect, the only sign he gave in those days was the look in his eyes - a preoccupation with the cause in the midst of all the demands and distractions around him. He was a chameleon in his role as the interpreter for Col Hullar, the refugee in his hovel in Pleiku Rho, the self-effacing wanderer in the villages away from his home villages around Plei Kly, the dedicated family man helping his extended "family", the friend of this crazy Air Force doctor and John Watson as they went on their medical rounds. I learned the look in his eyes and found similar looks in many other people in the villages and came to identify them as I went from place to place in my travels. This was what Jack Rudy was talking about when he attempted to train me on those long nights before he left.

The next morning I awoke with a terrible hangover but mostly a sense of wonder. I had solemnly pledged to a leader of the Montagnards that I would help them, as I had solemnly pledged to Jack Rudy to help the Montagnards. This pledge and Lick's bracelet and blood brother sacrifice was my guarantee of safety in the villages/ But to help them do what? Fight the South Vietnamese? Gain strength

Your prominence or his?
how does Montagnard see him - self?
His world view?
part 1?
any delving into local culture is of great interest.

It is precisely what most studies of Vietnamese are ignorant of!

to become an independent nation under the FULRO? Was I somehow becoming a traitor to the U.S. cause? Lick had said that, among other things, he was a Communist. Was he indeed part of the V.C. whoever they were?

I had much to think about. I decided to talk with Col Hullar to discuss the situation. He was very understanding and patient with me as I recited my doubts and questions. Nothing, it seemed was black and white anymore. Where were the good guys - the guys with the white hats? Who were the enemy? Was Lick an enemy or a friend?

We decided that the plan was, on the short term, to continue our presence and help for the Montagnards in the villages where I could make good my pledge to Lick and Jack Rudy. By doing this we could perhaps neutralize the villages and make our Air Base safe. This was Col Hullar's concern and primary duty. He was my commander and I was under his orders. Hopefully we could widen our perimeter to extend to Plei Koteng and beyond as the work progressed - and thus out of range of the NVA rockets with their range of 10 miles. Meanwhile I could be true to my word to Lick that I would help the Montagnards. We would develop the crossbow industry, train Montagnard medics in the rudiments of public health and first aid, develop a loom industry and other industries, teach English-Jarai-Vietnamese school at night, and extend our influence among the Montagnard people by our good will. We would go carefully and slowly. Select good men who would respect the Montagnard customs, and taboos and avoid the Ugly American image. What the Montagnard did with this would have to be for the future. No, I was not being disloyal to the U.S. cause with my activity. Not to be in the villages would leave a vacuum out there and that would leave us wide open to attack after the Viet Minh had infiltrated these villages in force. Meanwhile I would be safe if I kept close to Lick and others who guaranteed my safety. I was to make frequent reports to Col Hullar about my activities. When I said that I did not want to bother him with unimportant details, he said, "Let me be the judge of that."

Col Hullar then announced that he was planning on a "sacrifice" for Lick and Ton at his house at Pleiku Air Base - a marvelous gesture. Col Hullar could be full of his own surprises.

(90 la from the letters)

...Had a good time, although a little stiff and formal, at Col Hullar's "sacrifice" yesterday. Ton, Lick, T.I. Harris (Jack

④ I did not find they had already infiltrated the villages in force

Rudy's successor as Judge Advocate), myself and Col Hullar had a very good dinner put on by Joe Didasco - we ate on the Col's porch - some good talk, much beer. As I say, a little stiff and formal - much different than at Plei Brel where things are much more relaxed and informal. Some awkward moments watching Lick and Ton trying to cut their steaks - at Plei Brel every thing is pre-cut before cooking to bite - sized pieces - then you eat with your hands. We broke up about 7:30 - took them home and came back to a party at CBPO (my roommate Bob Shultz is the chief honch o there) drank some more.....

Meanwhile Lick and I made plans to go to Saigon. We planned to take a little R & R - Lick to get away from his pressures and I, too, needed a pause in my activities. We would use F troupe as our home by invitation of Lynn Becklin and company. We could take some crossbows for sale, pick up some clothes from Catholic Charities, look over the looms and other supplies at USAID and CARE and have a chance to see the sights of Saigon. For Lick it would be a chance to see the world of the Vietnamese close up. ~~without~~ *without*

under the official cover of an Air Force interpreter.

Viet-Minh prematurely if at all. He saw his task as buying time for both the Montagnards and the U.S. and the South Vietnamese so that all could get their act together. In the face of the overwhelming U.S. military presence in the Highlands in 1967-68, it would have been disastrous for the Montagnards to openly come out for the Viet-Minh. Y-Bham, in 1966 and again in 1965 had attempted a rebellion in Bam Me Thuot and had been thwarted by the Special Forces. He was now in Cambodia in exile with many of the Montagnards trained by the Special Forces, cooling his heels. "When Americans leave, Montagnard finish" would ring in my ears many times.

Guerrilla
Sinh
Oliver
Kingsbury

Meanwhile my activities were being watched ~~at~~ very carefully by everyone, it seemed. Jack watched me and could recite to the minute where I had been, who I had been with, etc. on any given day even before I told him. The Vietnamese knew of my whereabouts on a hour by hour basis to my amazement as I will describe in a later adventure. The Special Forces intelligence apparatus kept careful track of my adventures early on and used my knowledge, in addition to my developing scrounging abilities, many times over the years. This all came foreseeably to my attention one day when an plainclothes OSI (Office of Security Investigation) man stopped by the dispensary after I had been in-country less than three weeks. He informed me that I had been to the 18th Surg at 2:00 o'clock the day before to visit some sick Montagnards; prior to that I had been at the Special Forces to get some bundles of clothes and ~~medical supplies~~ bags of rice and then had gone to Plei Bong Bao for my sick call; after that I had been to the leprarium to deliver some Supp-hose; finally I had been to Siuh Saih's house in Plei Rho for rice wine and some Vietnamese food. I had been all alone during the whole time, I thought. He told me to be careful about

FR
Sullivan

Rusty
Brown

where I went and who I was seen with. I took this as being a friendly visit. He told me to keep in touch. I would have many conversations with this man and many like him as the years went by. Meanwhile I began to wonder about Siuh Saih.

I had originally met Saih at Plei Bong Bao on my first visit ~~there~~ their with the "Greek" - Athan Velianitis. This was one of his villages south of the Air Base along Highway 19, just east of ~~Holloway~~ Holloway Army helicopter Base. (The base most often attacked during my stay in Pleiku - and which ~~figured~~ figured in the Minneapolis headlines "PLEIKU MORTARED!" - much to my wife's dismay back home.) Saih had struck up a friendship with me immediately and offered to be my companion any time, anywhere I wanted to go. Ostensibly working for USAID as an interpreter, he seemed to have no schedule that I could see. When I asked Lick Rahlan and the Montagnards in Plei Brel about him, they all insisted they did not "know" him. This, in spite of the fact that Lick knew and was known by virtually every Montagnard and Vietnamese in the Pleiku area. I have already related elsewhere my adventure in Plei Wau and Ple Bong Golar ~~with~~ with Saih. We went back to Plei Wau - the village that had made me the honorary elephant - many times afterward with my corpsmen and P.J.'s and others to conduct sick call and arrange for clean water and decent sanitation. Saih was almost always present in those early days of my frantic wanderings from place to place while Jack Rudy held forth at Ple Brel and the villages to the north and northwest of our Air Base. We became guarded friends in spite of the lack of enthusiasm from Jack, Lick and the Montagnards in general towards him. In addition to my trips to Plei Wau, Plei Mong, Plei Bong Boa and Plei Rho, we worked together at the orphanage run by the Sisters in Pleiku City, distributed food and clothes and ran sick call in the Chieu Hoi village along Highway 19 - more about that later-, and Saih introduced me to Dr. Luce ~~at~~

who ran a small hospital financed by USAID as a conscientious objector, and also introduced me^{to} Olive Kingsbury and Charley Long - Missionary Alliance missionaries who ran the ~~heperasarium~~^{outside} ~~xx~~ Pleiku City. He also conducted me on several tours of the sights and sounds of Pleiku city. Through Saih I learned that the best Thai silk was sold by Indian~~s~~ merchants and made some excellent buys. He showed me where the best Chinese and Vietnamese food could be bought. He was my introduction to USAID and the province headquarters, teaching me carefully how things were done amidst the maze of paperwork and red tape. We made plans to hand dig the dry well at the orphanage until I was forbidden to go down myself by Col. Bonneaux and that plan fizzled. We had many good times, many laughs, ~~xx~~ many long talks into the night at his house.

Two episodes stay in my mind. In response to a feast my medics and P.J.'s and I had put on at his house one day - featuring Chinese food, a case of beer, a bottle of Chivas Regal and other goodies, Saih decided to have a sacrifice of friendship for us at his house. We had the inevitable num pai, some stuffed pigs intestines, and, for me as the honored guest, a four inch insect to be eaten raw! I got it down without choking or vomiting somehow. I can taste it now. I think it was during this feast that Saih

~~The other episode involved~~

offered me his third wife who lived in Danang as my companion while I was in Viet-Nam. Although I refused his kind offer, I've often wondered how I was to have met her, what she looked like, etc. The offer was legitmate; gesture a ~~xx~~ of sincere friendship by a Montagnard.

The other episode involved a trip to Pleiku city after Saih had been drafted into the ARVN, even though he had apparently already served for four years in the Special Forces Montagnard "Mike" force. He had also been charged as a thief because the bicycle I had given him was not properly registered. We, Saih, myself, Royce Worthington and a man by the name of

(66) 581.

whose
Tri (~~was~~ identity I've lost completely) decided to go down to Pleiku and sort the whole thing out. Somehow we managed to clear him ~~from~~ from his draft obligation and got him reinstated as my interpreter and as a worker at USAID. We ended up at our favorite ~~restaurant~~ Chinese restaurant in Pleiku city and had a feast. "Half way through the feast, a (Vietnamese) fellow walks up and asks me if I'm a doctor - I say yes - he says come with me. We walked half way across town to the scene of an accident - a V.N. truck had struck a V.N. boy about ten years old. (How in the hell they knew I was in town is beyond me.) We did mouth- to -mouth breathing, cardiac massage, the whole Ben Casey routine (about 200-300 people watching the show on the main street of Pleiku - should have taken a picture of that one.) Anyway we put a board under him (~~with~~ broken hip, pelvis, spleen, both lungs collapsed but heart still beating) and stole the nearest bus and did it out to the 18th Surg(ten miles away). When we got there I had canker sores all over my mouth (since cleared up) from french kissing this boy mouth- to -mouth breathing. We put a tube down into his lungs and got bright red blood back. He eventually died but at least we gave it the college try. The "white mice" saw it all and were very pleased. (The "white mice" are the name for the Vietnam civilian police - a sharp bunch - not like the ARVN at all - very courteous, industrious and well respected by almost everyone) They gave me a ride back to Pleiku and helped me look for my vehicle. Roy had taken Saih and Tri and some friends back to Pleiku so I hopped a ride back to the base. Lost my belt and my ophthalmoscope in the bargain...."

There were many other adventures with Saih and myself and medics too numerous to list. Suffice it to say that anything I was game for, he was too. As involved with Saih as I was, I could not ignore the lack of enthusiasm of Jack Rudy, Lick Rahlman and others about him. I decided to take him to Pleiku privately and confront him directly with my concern. "I told him quite frankly that if we are going to work together I'd have to know all

about him and he about me. I explained that fifteen men can do the same thing but for fifteen different reasons. I asked him all about himself and, after five hours of concentrated talking - just he and I - feel we both understand and like one another very much. As I mentioned before, have to be very careful what you say, who you trust, even who you are seen with in this very strange land. Things that appear very innocuous on the surface or even very noble and self-less can be ugly and sinister in reality - at home I couldn't care less what other people do or why they do it. There, if you don't like it, you can simply ignore it. Not here. We are all in the soup together and your business is everybody's and visa versa. There's an added attraction also - false steps have a habit of bouncing back again and again - everyone has a file on everyone else - either in their mind or actually down on paper. A very serious, and sometimes deadly game. Saih, for instance, has a price on his head and knows it - a sort of constant awareness that keeps him on his guard.

"His story goes like so - born near An Khe 23 years ago - orphaned at 14 years when his father, mother and 2 sisters were killed by the V.C. He left for Khontum where he learned French (the magic door for getting ahead at that time). Came back to An Khe at 16 years old where he met a U.S. contractor building Highway 19 from Qui Nhon to Pleiku. Learned English and Vietnamese by writing down every word carefully - earned some money and got some language books (which he showed me - books are precious things here - very well worn - much like Abe Lincoln's books must have been). He also picked up Jarai, Sedang, Rhade, Meo, Thai and a few others just the same way. He then joined the Montagnard "Mike" force in Plei Me and took part in that battle three years ago. Before that he worked for Dr. Frazer (a missionary here in Pleiku) for a year. He's been working for USAID for three years - works for a man named John Rogers who I just talked to. Saih belongs to the FULRO movement I may have told you about before. He's also been called a /V.C. but I doubt that - John Rogers also

doubts this - trusts him completely."

The above are, of course, from my letters to Kay. I was to work with Saih for some three months on an almost daily basis. After Jack Rudy left and I assumed his duties in his former villages, I saw less and less of him. I was told bluntly by Jack that my effectiveness among the Montagnards was being severely limited by my association with Saih. One day in late April, Saih simply disappeared, his house deserted. No one knew of his whereabouts and his name ~~was~~ was never mentioned in my presence again. In retrospect, the only way he could have learned to converse in Meo or Thai was to have been in North Vietnam where those Montagnard tribesmen lived. Perhaps the deadly game we all played in Pleiku had caught up with him. I can still see that smiling face, beyond whose facade I was never able to fully penetrate.

Some word pictures of people that flash through my letters and are gone.

Max. "Went to Max's house down in Pleiku city today for a couple of hours. Meet the wildest people over here - refugees from all over hell that have made a precarious life for themselves traveling all over the world. Max (short for Maximillian some damn German name) is 61 years old and still working for the Navy, yet. Don't know his rank or job exactly. Some sort of adviser for ARVN on munitions or something. He was born in Essen, Germany. Left Germany as Hitler came to power. Then to the U.S. and joined the Navy. Has had four or five official wives. Hasn't seen the states in years. His present wife and children (the ones he claims) are Japanese (I think) and live in Okinawa. However, his housemaid is walking around pregnant as she can be - by him. Says he's fucked everything in the Orient and has no idea of how many kids he has. A short, hugely fat man with a sunny red bald head and swears up a storm. Runs the only shooting gallery like

it "ing der world!" Probably too complicated for me to explain - but you shoot pellets across the room with an air rifle with a telescopic sight into a hole. If you hit the hole, the slug goes up a pipe, back across the room through the pipe and hits a ball over your head. This ball then falls into one of four cans marked ~~100~~ \$1.00; 50¢; 25¢; 10¢. If you do all these things right and you land in the \$1.00 can, everyone playing pays you a dollar. Easy. But that's a damn small hole and often the slug is spent before it hits the ball. If you miss, it only costs a dime. We had seven guys playing - and believe it or not, I hit the damn hole every time - hung over and all. One time the slug was spent. Another time I hit the 10¢ can and another time I hit the \$1.00 can.... Anyway, I came out a little ahead and drank beer and had German sandwiches to boot. A good afternoon.

"Rusty Bowman - with a large measure of wit and charm. He leads the B-52's in for their strikes. (A lot of them lately up here out by Plei Djerang - about 20 miles out) He claims he's killed every monkey from here to Cambodia, to say nothing of blasting big holes in the ground and making lumber for the V.C. to hold up their tunnels. Came in all excited the other day - said they dropped 87 tons of bombs and hit a V.C!' Not bad, eh? Was going to write home right away about that.....Also said he needs me to be his personal physician but warned me I'd better be prepared to be on call at all times day and night. He doubted if I can really help him because he's a walking text book full of rare diseases. Says he really doesn't expect I can do much for him but would appreciate it if I'd just look wise and lend an understanding ear.

Fr. ~~Rusty~~ Raymond Sullivan: "Fr. Sullivan will be going home soon but doesn't want to work in the states - too many complicated questions like birth control, abortion, etc. - doesn't even want to consider these things. He would like to go to Africa where life is simple. To each his own. Needless to say, the intellectual discussions we've had are damned shallow. Has heard of Teilhard but has never read any of his stuff - doesn't particularly want to, either. His thinking is approximately same-same as mine about 6 years

ago. No problem. Have lots of other things to do and discuss. Maybe someday will run into a Bill Kresl (my favorite arguing companion in the states) over here. Actually the place is so full of other ~~more~~ pressing problems, time off is spent in letting off steam - not getting any more serious. The only philosophers I've met so far I classify as alcoholics and don't want to get into that merry-go-round

"....Our chaplain is coming unglued taking care of all the young men with various members gone over at the 18th Surg. Young men without arms, legs, eyes, faces, chest wounds, stomach wounds, etc. are very hard on a man's constitution to talk with and help them over the rough spots. He's done very well but has only 30 days left here and is turning more and more to alcohol to help him adjust and forget. We put him to bed at the dispensary yesterday and somehow he got enough booze to get plastered tonite. Was so mad I almost went down to tear into him but decided it wouldn't help so put him to sleep - will give him a shot of booze tomorrow and have a talk with him - maybe I can get somewhere with him that way." Father Raymond Sullivan went home on his expected date, a broken man. In spite of all our efforts - we had started an AA group with the help of an AA man - Jim Martin - he continued to drink himself to oblivion until the day he left us. I have never heard from or about him since.

Positioning Paper:

Proposed Title: THERE IS A MAN WHO WALKS...A MAN WHO TALKS

1. General Area of Interest:

Here is explored the role of guerrilla warfare in the Vietnam war; the Montagnard contribution to it; and how this relates to Past, Present and future wars of national liberation. This book will help to reveal how our misunderstanding of guerrilla warfare and wars of national liberation led to our loss of the Vietnam war.

2. Specific area of interest:

This is a story of the author's involvement in Vietnam with the Montagnard guerrillas. He will show the decisive role they played in the eventual outcome of the war in North Vietnam's favor.

This is not just another "war story" about a G.I. amidst the horrors and romance of war. This book reveals how the Montagnards helped Ho Chi Minh and Vo Nguyen Giap defeat the French at Dien Bien Phu; how they secured the Highlands during the Second Vietnam War against the U.S. and the Saigon government; and how they, in the end, turned the Highlands over to the Communist forces, starting the downfall of the Thieu regime and the end of the war. The story is told through the eyes of one who became a Montagnard in his thinking.

In this account you will meet one of the Montagnard freedom fighters who fought with the Viet Minh against the French, who survived the U.S. Presence, and who helped achieve the Montagnard dream of a semi-autonomous nation within the newly unified Vietnam.

3. Literature Search: (Partial, see bibliography)

The STORY OF THE GREEN BERET SIMPSON

GREAT GUERRILLA WARRIORS THAYER

BERNARD FALL'S BOOKS

A DECENT INTERVAL SHNEPP

FREE IN THE FOREST GERALD HICKEY

GREAT SPRING VICTORY GEN'L DUNG

VIETNAM IN RETROSPECT H SALISBURY ED>

VIETNAM A HISTORY STANLEY KARNOW

FIRE IN THE LAKE FITZGERALD

WINNERS AND LOSERS GL EMERSON

MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE AND OTHERS HALBERSTRAM

WAR IN THE SHADOWS ROBT ASPREY

VIETCONG DOUG PIKE

THE GREEN BERET ROBIN MOORE

4. Audience intended:

Short term: two young men, my sons, my other children, nieces and nephews and young people like them who will be involved in future wars of national liberation;

Long term: People who find the reasons for our "loss" of the war in Vietnam still a mystery. Herin they will learn about a significant part of the struggle not fully reported in the West.

5. Motivation for writing:

The need for the story of the Montagnards' contribution to the war in Vietnam to be told to the general reader;

The need to spell out for the general reader how revolutionary guerrilla warfare works and how it worked with the Montagnards in the South Vietnamese Highlands;

A catharsis for the author to discover the real issues causing the war. His errors as a typical American fighting a war to "Preserve freedom" will be carefully analysed.

To tell a personal love story: between some Americans and Montagnards; between some very good men who volunteered to be with the author; and between his wife and himself in the midst of the fear and savagery of war.

6. Reader's Need:

To learn one of the poorly known reasons why we "lost" the Vietnam war;

To learn what guerrilla warfare is and how a People become "ripe" for revolution. Hopefully the reader will then gain some insight about future guerrilla wars of national liberation, be it in Central America or elsewhere.

Once the ingredients of guerrilla warfare are learned, hopefully the reader can come to a more informed decision about the rightness or wrongness of a given revolution. If we can get past our typical American arrogance and ignorance and see the struggle from the guerrilla's point of view, perhaps we can fully appreciate what we are up against when we oppose him.

As in our own American revolution when we "turned the world upside down" by defeating the world's strongest Power, so did the Vietnamese Communists and their Montagnard allies defeat us. Most Americans wondered why the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese fought so tenaciously and well when their brothers, our allies, fought so poorly? We wondered what sustained them as they stood up against the world's strongest Power? Here is a chance to learn what the enemy thought and felt, the reasons for his commitment to his cause.

7. Credentials of the writer:

His exposure in 1967-68 living with Montagnard guerrilla freedom fighters as a "Civic Action" - counter insurgency - officer for the US Air Force in the Highlands of Vietnam.

He was initiated into solemn brother and father and son sacrifices with more than 25 Montagnards who were then free to express themselves and say freely without fear of reprisals what they felt. Using his role as a doctor among them, he became part of their lives. Over a span of time he began to think as they did, see the war as they saw it and espoused their cause.

The author has read an extensive list of books on the subject of revolutionary guerrilla warfare. This collection of more than 200 books includes the works of Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, Che Guevara, Gila, Bernard Fall, Robert Asprey, Charles Thayer, Frances Fitzgerald, Douglas Pike, David Halberstam and many more. One of his particular interests has been the most successful revolutionary guerrilla wars in history: the American Revolutionary War.

The author has given lectures delivered during three interim sessions at St. John's University at Collegeville, Minnesota on the subject of Vietnam and revolutionary guerrilla warfare.

During years of research and observation into the root causes of revolution, he has formulated a list of the vital ingredients of a successful revolutionary war. He has become aware that whenever the basic right of a People to freely develop and express themselves is repressed, the seeds of revolution are sown. Vietnam was but one of many Places Potentially ripe for revolution. He sees the essential dignity of each human being as being the core issue of revolutionary guerrilla warfare. Once the other factors have been developed sufficiently, a People become "ripe" for revolution.

The author has worked in the inner city of Minneapolis to help People there achieve their Potential.

For his four young daughters and two young sons and others like them he feels compelled to tell this story. Hopefully they and others will learn how American Power combined with our arrogance and ignorance led to the agony of Vietnam and the destruction of our image as the champion of freedom in the world.

Only by learning the true nature of a struggle can real justice and the human rights of a People be assured.

Vietnam/ Cambodia/ Laos

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- ③ By Life or By Death - James C. Hefley - Zondervan Books
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- ⑧ Winners & Losers - Gloria Emerson - Random House
- ⑨ Mary Mc Carthy - The Seventeen Degree - Harvest Book
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Veet-Cong - Douglas like

NLF
attitude

Religious + Ethnic Minority Groups

- tolerance + encouragement of p201

Montagnards p 204

- infiltration + training cadres in

North VN 205

failure to win over the South Montagnards

p208 ^{People's} Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee Dec 9, 1961

Chairman Nguyen Ngoc Thuong - teacher

vice Chairman Thich Thien Hao - Saigon Buddhist leader

Sec-Gen'l Huynh Cuong - Cambodian intellectual

Committee member Mrs. Ma Thi Chu

Montagnard Rocher Brieu

Cao Dai Ngo Tam Dao

sent Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh

- Chairman Women's Lib Assoc.

Sept 1962
masson
to africa
Nguyen Van Tien - member NLF Central Committee
Huynh Van Nghia

209- ^{Protection League} World Peace Organization 1961

Nguyen Huu Tho -

Nguyen Van Hieu - sec gen'l

Phung van Cung - chairman

Son Vung

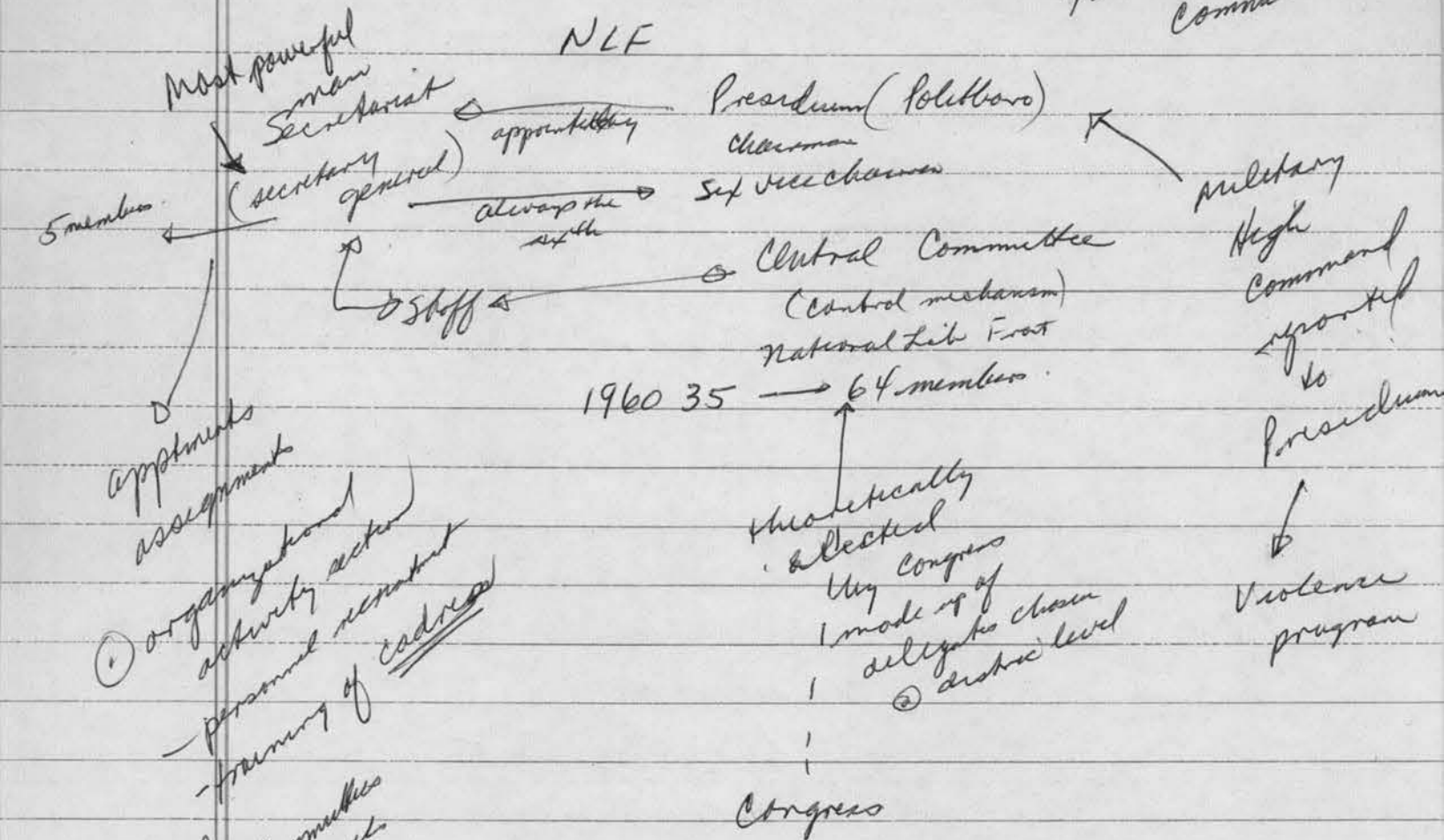
Joseph Marie Ho Hue Ba

may have
been nucleus

NLF

- may have
predated
NLF

Foreign Relations Committee



Major jobs: ① supervise organization - building activity
- NLF Committees & areas

② direct agent-prop work

③ manage major socio political program
- struggle movement
army proselyting program

④ direct the violence program

⑤ provide logistic support, money, food, arms manpower

Most important task:
ORGANIZATION BUILDING

① Central Committee Chairman

figured out —→ Nguyen Huu Tho — led NLF from inception
 Nguyen Van Hieu — the "Lenin" of the NLF

all
secretary-
generals
@ one
time

Phung Van Cung — 1960 — Secretary general

↓
 Nguyen Van Hieu — skilled propagandist
 & organizational genius

Tran Bieu Kiem — cool, unemotional
 efficiency expert

Huyph Tan Phat — architect turned
 theoretician

President

5 vice chairmen

Vo Chi Cong

Dr. Phung Van Cung (Tran Van Cung)

Tran Nam Trung (Tran Van Tra?)

Thom Me The Nhem — Cambodian + Buddhist monk

Sheh Aleo (Y Bih Aleo) — Montagnard

Central
Committee

P217

Tran Thien Hao

Nguyen Van Ngoi (Cao Dai)

Le Van Huan

Ho Thu

Le Van Thanh

Tran Van Thanh

Vo Van Mon

Nguyen Thi Binh (X)

Joseph Marie Ho Hue Ba

Nguyen Van Tien

Nguyen Ngoc Thuong

Vo Dong Giang

Le Quang Chanh

Huyph Van Tam

Nguyen Don

Nguyen Chi Thanh

TO Ky

secret members Central Committee

Pham Thai Buong

Nguyen Van Cuc

Pham Van Hung

Le Toan Thu

NLF Inter-Zones of South Vietnam

① portland below DMZ - Kingdom of
Annam

1960 ② autonomous zone of Highland

³
4 } Cochinchina
5 }

⑥ Saigon

3 Zones I Coastal plain Central - 2 Zones

II Highland - 2 Zones

III Cochinchina - Nambo - 3 Zones

Special zone Saigon +
area

Zone Headquarters

- conference center
- message center
- NOT a decision making entity
- Cardinal NLF rule
- centralization in planning
- decentralization in execution

Slogan

"Capture the country side & the city well
fall like ripe plums" Chinese dictum

Special Zones: Saigon - Cholon - Gia Dinh

- headquarters in Boi Loi forest
in Binh Duong province
- (Nguyen Tan Dat - chairman PRG - active here)
Danang sec-gen'l
- Hue

220 Province level

} elaborate hierarchical structure
Central Committee, President,
sec secretary, 5 section chiefs

standby & provincial
provincial government
221

provincial Central Committee

- NLF's all-important echelon in pursuit
of revolutionary guerrilla warfare: command
post

below this no firm hierarchical
structure

functions

- ① agit prop
- ② violence program - assassination, sabotage specialists
- ③ terror squad - cadres dieu van
- ④ training & indoctrination
- ⑤ military organizing section - banh van

Footnote p 219-220

Saigon - Hoa Binh section

had 6 subsection

① liberation section

- social movement + social organization

- all clandestine

② agit-prop + mass media section

- publications - leaflets

- entertainment - USO type performers

③ military proselytizing section

among RVN

④ military for violence - armed struggle program

⑤ administration - fund raising

among Saigon - Cholon, purchasing

supplies (stealing from Doctor VSAID)

+ radios
communication
"Hanoi Lily"

⑥ Military espionage

224 Village Administration lib assoc

[Whole quote]

hamlet

225 Hierarchy

NLF Village Committee

rep of collection of hamlet lib associations

- Farmers L.A.

Women's L.A.

Youth L.A.

Individual lib assoc cells

Tasks: develop + maintain morale
develop polit + military struggle
provide money, men, logistical support

Chairman
Vice Chairman / students L.A.
rep from vill: F.L.A.
W.L.A.
V.L.A.
Teachers L.A.
Hoops L.A.
other liberation base

Religious rep - Catholic
other Political Parties
P.P.P.

met 2x/mo
schools, van
collect state, schoolbooks
card

p228 requirements for Chairman
of village liberation committee

- ① must belong to peasant class
- ② " have good political background
- ③ " have good record in attacking enemy in 3 domains
 - ① political effort or struggle against the masses
 - ② ~~military~~ military proselyting program or struggle against the military
 - ③ the armed struggle
- ④ must have outstandingly fulfilled all his revolutionary assignments
- ⑤ must have good & close relations with the people villagers.

Cell structure

- 3 man cell for over 60 years

Mystical
Unity

p229

- it applies the principle of shared responsibility in fighting & performing all tasks.

glue welded - comradeship, mutual life & assistance

- each cell member must tell his colleagues facts about his private life - cell is their home & cell members as brothers.

all - important unit - a self disciplinary device & standby unit when all else failed

- phenomenon of the Communist world
- combination priest, policeman & editorial writer

He was the local leader in the struggle movement.

- worked harder than anyone else
- made fewer mistakes
- model of behavior & dedication

hopefully a native of the village
worked full-time either for an
administrator or functional language
& was supported by villagers &
NLF funds.

The burden of the Revolution rested on
his shoulder

On the Cadre's shoulders fell the blame for
all failure & error
thoroughly trained in revolutionary goals,
educated (usually in schools elsewhere)
and returned to their villages

See also note
p 383

382-383

Comment on stubbornness and parochialism
ignorance of villagers and how
hard it was to motivate them

- the rural V.N. knew little about social
forces loose in his country and even less
about the outside world - greeted NLF
effort to remedy his deficiency with indifference
- a condition of parochialism in which the
next village is in the other world does
hard in Asia
- lack of cadre types

Role of Communism 380

379 general uprising

Vietnamese people again 3rd paragraph 379

Mystique

- ① great morality, virtue, duties,
Duty under virtuous leadership
highest value

- made the NLF morally superior to the
enemy and hence politically + militarily superior
Sincerity

- ② extreme Romanticism - idealist
utopia, freedom, national liberation
- revolt against evil, injustice + inequity
of this world
- part of a crusade

"More glory along the road than at its end."

romantic lure of the struggle

The clandestine organization made up of multitudes of inner groups, cults and secret arrangements played on the Vietnamese individual's romantic love of the devious - the lure of bravery - beyond that martyrdom - NLF acutely sensitive to the age-old Asian gesture of fatalism.

③ Father (Mandate of Heaven) image of Mao Tse Tung, Ho Chi Minh

④ Will to believe in the universality of the national liberation movement.

quote 3rd paragraph p 380

Viet Cong Heritage

page 1

① doi lap - independence - resentment against any foreign control or presence
— started c Chinese

② Regionalism

— march to south 10th century → 1770

③ Clandestine organization

Coiled spring attitude

Tolerant pacifism surrounding a hard core of militant ~~for~~ fanaticism

Year 500 BC — Nam Viet migrated south
from China away from Han & Chinese

Chinese conquered by 258 BC
+ imposed Confucianism

Vietnamese remained racially pure
and ethnocentric & xenophobic
until Ngo Nguyen drove them out 938
Cholon - "big market" - only Chinese collection
— hated, feared, admired

Regionalism — born of expansion down Vietnam peninsula 938 — 1770 1,500 mile
march to South 800 years
started c Le dynasty 980-1009
ruled 3 1/2 centuries
4th King Le Thanh Tong
conquered Champa Kingdom

Regionalism (cont)

p 4 Hanoi reached by 1300
all Central Vietnam by 1400's

see note p 3

"Vietnam is even longer & thinner than a map would suggest. In the nearly 1500 mile coastal strip running from China to Cambodia the overwhelming majority of VN live within a few dozen miles of the sea; the vast acreages in the highland are either empty or the domain of non-Vietnamese. That unity should be maintained down such a long thin line is even more remarkable; it is, the Vietnamese say, the unity of a chain.

Southern Vietnam → to Phan Thiet (Beah Tanuan province)
end of 1600's

South of Saigon & north of Bassac River
by early 1700's

Completed by 1780
(total 800 years)

Vietnam divided in halves + third since

1/2 successive period 1600 → 1975

1/3 Tay Son brothers 1788-1802

United Gia Long 1802 → 1884

1/3 by French 1884

1/2 Geneva accord 1954-75

Cochin - Saigon

Annam - Hue

Tonkin - Hanoi

+ Laos + Cambodia

Regionalism

p 5-6

Southerner vs Northerner vs Centrist
accent
attitude

Southerner = Westerner in US

Centrist = midwesterner ~~and~~

Northerner = New Englander, Easterner

p 6 Traditional Social Organ.

kinship

filial piety "HIAO" "HIEU"

Nha
gia

household (not individual) - tax base, etc
counted in census
place of worship

Nghia
huong

village - cooperative & collective nature

- could own property, social & charitable
maintain graves

voluntary relief - granary held in common
burial funds & societies

village guild

young men sent for education, training

shrine - dinh - the village church

& ancestors, etc - came to be

the place for administrative building

less than 100 family names

Confucian concept of unity of
power, hierarchic subordination
emperor - father image
- Mandate of Heaven

p8

Clandestine Organization

- blood brotherhoods, militant nationalist organization
- product of feeling racial superiority, manifest destiny & foreign power occupation

French made further impact by repressing all opposition, loyal or disloyal

- forced all Vietnamese to become

p9

actors - "the world should never know precisely where one stands; not only

should the organization be clandestine

but so should its membership. . . . no position is ever irrevocable, no commitment ever final."

"Be flexible, be changeable, adapt. No

Organization is completely undisguised; but the best leadership has a third layer - reality

- almost certainly the proclaimed leader is not the wielder of maximum influence. . . .

Members assemble around individual leaders rather than a political platform. The best leader is

paternalistic, sly, skilled @ intrigues, master of the deceptive move, possessor of subtle layer of duplicity, highly effective in the world in which he moves.

Sagacity in the follower consists in knowing whom to join & when, for timing is all-important. It is no

accident that the VN hold the professional magicians in particular awe - Ho Chi Minh

p10

p11

Cont mat fan - Front organization
started 1938

1941 - Viet Minh

organized & led by the ICP → Lao Dong
1930

↓
Lien Viet 1950

Religion

- founded not on revealed truth e.g. Christian but on ethics.
- Blend of many creeds
- concerned less with hereafter than the proper conduct of affairs
- doctrine - original goodness of man & salvation through realization of one's essential nature.

Buddhism / Confucianism, Ancestor Worship
simple animism, local spirit

Cao Dai - 1919 - Ngo Van Chiem → talked to

Spirit - Supreme Being or Cao Dai

- on island gulf of Siam

- organized formally Nov 1926

Ho Phoi or
pope

- Confucius, Buddha, Christ, Mohammed

Joan of Arc, Marcus Aurelius, Victor Hugo,

Clemenceau, T. Jefferson, Winston Churchill

Charlie Chaplin

"God is an eye"

i.e.
Mormon
& Joseph
Smith

~ 1,000,000
members

Tay Ninh
city

P13

Hoa Hoa

- founded ~ 1939 - Huynh Phu So
- offshoot of Buddhism

Benk Xuyen - maps of Vietnam - river pirates
led by Gen Le Van Vien

Ethnic Minorities

P13

- P14

Montagnards

- whole thing

no money - barter

no commerce or industry

no merchants

big French plantations → Highlands 1920's
tea,

land is most important single factor in
Montagnard thinking

∴ landgrabbing by Vietnamese I^o cause
of M's discontent & hatred

3rd paragraph "Recently the highlands have become strategic
in Vietnam's revolutionary guerrilla war. →
end of paragraph

Chinese - Cholon

P15 Cham - remnant of highly civilized nation that once
dominated the entire Indochinese peninsula - conquered
& almost exterminated by Vietnamese ~ 1200 80,000
not aborigines & not Montagnards
Malays Polynesian - some Muslims

P16 French

- came ~ 100 years after the Vietnamese conquered Cao Mau peninsula 1770
- 1863 - Saigon French

1908 - Scholar's Movement

WWI - returning Vietnamese to country
& new ideas about colonialism & the white man

3 forces emerged
1920 - 1930

- ① the reformists - favored collaboration
to French & eventual freedom within
French Community
- ② Multitanks - both Communist & non Communist
- ③ the middle - worked to Japanese
& favored clandestine revolt

Nationalist Organizations

Constitutionalist Party 1923 1st one legal
Buu Quang Chieu & Nguyen Phan Long
- pro Cao Dai

① Phan Quynh - Vietnam People's Progressive party
- killed by Vietnamese

Phan Boi Chau - Vietnam Restoration Assoc
- friend of Sun Yat-sen

② Militants

Vietnam Restoration - Poulo Condore

1908

Phan Boi Chau

→ VN QDD

→ Kuomintang
Sun Yat-sen

founded 1927 Nguyen Thai Hoc - Hanoi

Yen Bai "general uprising" meeting

[10 Feb 1930]

landmark in mythology of Vietnam nationalism

- led by Le Huu Canh exterminated

② Co Am

→ revived by Chinese Nationalist

1942

total emphasis on youthful memberships

worker-peasant alliance

extensive use of women -

violence only for psychological/political effect

↓
splintered p 1946

one faction led by Tran Van Tuyen

Went South & supported Ngo Dinh Diem

greatest weakness - lack of organization

never larger than 1,500 persons

P21 Communist

Ho Chi Minh

— daily activity devoted almost exclusively to organizational work

— organizational genius

Cartoon 1925 RYA - Revolutionary Youth Association

— favored demonstrations, mass meetings + labor disputes rather than terror

1929- 3 Communist parties Indochina

P22 { Lam Duc Thu - Communist (RYA)
ICP - 3 dissident members RYA
Communist Union

Ho from Bangkok - Moscow's direction unified the Communists

arrested 6 June 1931

Formed of hierarchy of committees pyramiding upward from the village to a central committee directing all activities

Fund raising techniques - banditry, appeals to farmers

Rural Trotskyites Saigon

23

Ta Thu Thu

opposed by Tran Van Giau Stalinist

May Day 1930

p23

Nghe an soviets
hunger strikes + march

1931 ICP 1,500 members +

100,000 sympathizers

Ho Chi Minh emerging as hero

1936 French Popular Front government
- Socialists + Communist

- willing to abandon ICP's claims for
autonomy - proved to be just as
Colonial as other regimes

Moscow also played down nationalism for
anti capitalism

p.24

Tran Van Giau - Moscow trained

1930's

French in South Camp down on travel, press +
several communists public meetings

political prisoners ~ 100,000 in 1930's

Front organization

Phan Ngoc Thach (Controlled by Tran Van Giau)

'Vanguard Youth'

Stalinists vs Trotskyites

Stalinists survive - organization + low
profile

(3)

p 25

Pro Japanese

Cao Dai

Hoa Hao

Dai Viet (Greater Vietnam)

} organization

↳ 1939 Tran Hung Tuong

- assassinated by Communists 1946

p25 Dai Viet organization

— Acc, intelligentia, ultra-nationalistic

— built on personalities

prominent in So Vietnam

pro emperor

Tran Trung Lap - uprising Lang Son 1940

pro Japanese "Asia for the Asians"

p26 Later to occupation force Japanese
35,000 men

Nationalism & Communism

1st Nationalist Congress

1941 - ICP forms Viet Minh

VN QDD → Dong Minh Hoi

→ non Communist nationalist movement

2nd Nationalist Congress

3rd Nationalist Congress

Viet Minh dominated by Ho Chi Minh

— all in China & sanctioned by Chinese Nationalists

elimination VN QDD leaderships

March 1944 - single party ICP

No deliberately close less than majority

— united front organization Viet Minh

part of nationalist united front organization Dong Minh Hoi

27 March 45 Jap. interned French colonial officials

"Japanese Coup d'etat"

unleashing Viet Minhs in rural areas

→ Pto. Cam England on South, Chinese in North

p27

South VN

Hoa Hao Can Tho province Mar-Aug 45

Cao Dai Tay Ninh province

Natl United Front Aug 17/45

- all non Communist nationalistic forces south

agreed to Tran Van Giem

who formed Southern arm of ICP

with Viet Minh as Front

joined Natl United Front & merged Viet Minh

it → 7 Sept Southern Natl Bloc

Hoa Hao leader Huynh Phu So

Tratkyek Phan Van Huan

- Viet Minh swallowed it

Whole country N & S under control of People's Liberation

Committee - Ho Chi Minh leader

- de facto government

Bro Dai abdicate & become adviser to.

Ho - private person H. Vinh

1945 2 Sept - Democratic Republic Vietnam proclaimed

- put Ho Chi Minh ahead - a lead he never lost

- created a reality & myth of Viet Minh &

Ho as true patriots & Mandate of Heaven

British mid Sept South Genl Douglas Gracey

Saigon - freed French interned & blood battle

Genl Leclerc arrived Sept 23 → deposed Southern Bloc, Hoa Hao & seized Saigon.

p28

P 28

Viet Minh maintained pro French posture in South
nationalists opposed French

(South Nationalist Bloc Committee)

Viet Minh, caught between Moscow & French
Communist Party - banned from violence until
given permission - not yet the Communist
revolution

French High Commission (Admiral d'Argenlieu)

- opposed Viet Minh + agreement 6 Dec, 1946
by Ho @ Fontainebleau on independence of VN +
recognized Republic Vietnam.

- able to torpedo March 46 agreement

1 June 46 - announced the govern. of Cochinchina

↳ Cochinchina Advisory Council

- Dr Tran Tan Phat as leader

- short & no later

- also convened Dalat Conference March 46
rep Cochinchina, Laos, Cambodia but
NOT DRV

- Fontainebleau conference scuttled

Chapt 2

Viet Minh Legacy

P 31

Viet Minh War - Kharg Chun - Resistance

Revolutionary Guerrilla Warfare

32

Viet Minh - VC - new in degree & kind

- Communism's basic blueprint for control
of undeveloped nations Asia, Africa & Latin America

- 3rd generation after Mao, Gao → V.C.

Rev. guerr. warfare

2nd paragraph all

- ① Rev. guerr. warfare [most] to be confined to irregular troops in WWII destroying enemy's rear
- ② " " " not " " " & civil war
— between 2 groups in same nation
(rev. guerrilla warfare is not indigenous)
- ③ " " " & rebellion
— militant opposition & ruthlessly
& issue quickly resolved
- ④ " " " revolution (successful ~~rebellion~~ ^{rebellion})
- ⑤ " " " bandit warfare — plunder as a way of life
- ⑥ partisan warfare (armed fighting by hit troops)

Elements of the strategy can be found
in

- ① Lenin's minimum-program technique
- ② Stalin's expectation of armed revolution
- ③ non Communist
— Hagadah in Palestine
Irish Republican Army Dublin
Line of Christ — Nazarenes

↓
Revolution by means of guerrilla making war

TP 3 Rev g. war in Vietnam & way of life
aim to establish ~~so~~ total new social order
— differs from insurgencies whose objective
is either statehood or change in government

p 3² cont Rev. guerra war
aim - totally new social order

in ^{Vietnam} Communist hands - aggression useful in nation
to people & communists, isolated in terrain,
psychology or politics, people in word - turning

not military but social psychological consideration
#1 priority.

Violence conceived as means of contributing to
sociopolitical struggle.

Chief effort - Communization

Chief activity, medium - especially created organization

Chief daily activity - cadres - agitation + propaganda
work
agit-prop

Communication Pet organization Tel mobilization

- unchanging purpose was to turn rural
Vietnam into a sea of angry villagers
who would rise in General Uprising
& smash all existing social forms.

not the ordinary violent social protest
not the usual revolutionary stirrings
we have seen develop around the world
reflecting inadequate living standards or
oppression or corrupt governments.

- imported product - revolution from the
outside; stock in trade - the grievance,
often artificially created; its goal of liberation,
a deception.

p 33 Rev guerrilla warfare

3rd H

Rev guerrilla warfare NOT a Communist war

Communists: ① general

war:

② limited

③ national liberation

— resembles revolutionary war

— Category #3 war, national war,

people's war, anti imperialist war

anti colonialist war

1962 - Special war in South V.N

Viet Minh - against French

— "protracted struggle"

or "Resistance" 1945-54

Concept Super strategy

— harnessing social forces already loosened
after the "dividing"

endless debate - Communists success either
brilliant strategy or lack of responsive
opposition

Technique of NCF

slogans - military aphorism - meaningful

phrases memorized chiefly from Mao + Ho

+ Trung Chinh

pp 34-35

p 36 - meetings of Kiem Thao

— criticism / self criticism

— adapted these phrases to local conditions

cadres

Special
zones
see page 83
for roots of
conflict

3 stage revolutionary warfare

- ① guerrilla
- ② mobile warfare
- ③ general uprising &

Mao Zedong became to revolution. warfare what

Marxism - Leninism is to Communism

theory

Mao: guerr. war only one aspect of revolutionary struggle.

- ① guerrilla operations - 3 types of political activity

① toward the enemy - effort of proselyte

② towards the people (agit-prop work)

③ towards guerrilla force & supporters

- organizational & indoctrination

Binh Van

Creating 3 stages (Mao) 5 stages (Zedong)

① psychological warfare

- a base is established among people

using propaganda & political warfare

- discontent among people converted into channelled activity

- cells are formed

- most activity on individual level

- clandestine

② small unit phase

- basic organization & work

- vertical & horizontal association

- armed propaganda guerrilla companies

- agit prop team - gun - fight to defend

chief tasks are

① organization

② agit-prop work

P85
Struggle
movement
"total commitment"
DAU TRASH

P86
Binh Van
Dau Van
Binh Van

armed
struggle
violence
program

③ (or 1 by Mao's list)

offense - defense - state dynamic - military political term.

Rev on defense / enemy on offense

- guerrillas hit, run & hide

chief goal - survival - the only law

made all-time, real estate, people
everything to SURVIVAL

- preferably as cell of 3 No Chi Minh

- time of myth building - Long March
heroic phase valley Forge
Swamp Fox
IRA

- 1st objective - defense

- great emphasis on organization & clandestine operation

Cadres built the hard core in a safe area

hard core trained recruits - who formed small
groups (3-5) cells - 50 men into
operating units

later in stage ③ larger units formed
~~recruits~~ were created in a coord manner
(importance of learning radio comm, stealing
radio) & rear base - "liberated area"

guerrillas must keep force intact

- avoid pitched battles

- basic tactic → ambush → allows him to select
time, place & enemy - supplies from weapons -
serves as good training exercise

P 37

p37

Stage 3

— mobility, constant activity, offensive operations
eternal alertness

— directly related to terrain & weather

③ Communication system

④ relative strength among local population

⑤ respect for enemies strength & weakness

— like a swarm of irate hornets surrounding an unprotected man, guer. dare n, deliver a stinging attack, retreat quickly ~~before~~ when a powerful hand is raised against them

⑥ requires careful planning

3 types guerrillas

① elite hard core — well trained, disciplined, dedicated, experienced, the party's future top leaders — the cadres.

② part-time guerrilla (part-time farmer)
— fights in own village — rank & file militiamen

③ auxiliaries — poorly trained & armed — support troops, couriers, runners & labor units.

p38

stage 4 — organ formal, alliances forged, usually under banner united front political party
— heavy political indoctr.
+ agit-prop work

98% neutral population

p61 — Green Beret — not likely that majority of people will move in one direction or the other.

Title:

Viet Nam - retrospect

- Being an exploration of revolutionary guerrilla warfare, lessons to be learned from our experience in VN and applications of this knowledge to the ~~future~~ wars of liberation we will confront in the future.

Reason for taking the trouble:

Nuclear war unthinkable - or if it occurs, would be all over in matter of weeks without any preparation or analysis possible after the fact.

held Peace is the goal but not peace @ any price - only a just peace where all people can have equal justice, freedom & opportunity. Where one faction is ~~held~~ ^{held} ~~forced~~ in servitude or ~~bondage~~ or in a lesser position against ~~their~~ ^{its} will, then ~~a just~~ peace - a just peace - is not a possibility & once the injustice has been pointed out and the means to achieve its rights have been supplied.

More than $\frac{2}{3}$ of the human race is, at present, held in bondage of one form or another against ~~its~~ ^{its} will.

The message to these people - because of the communication revolution - ~~has~~ is becoming clearer that there is a way to work out

of their situation. The message is revolutionary guerrilla warfare - war of liberation. The methods have become more sophisticated and sharpened by more than 175 years of honing. The literature is rich with general rules and applications locally of these rules. Since ~~the~~ ^{the} 8-18 Aug 1945 dropping of the A Bomb there have been some 62 Revolutionary Guerrilla wars fought on all sides of the globe.

The original guerrilla war - called by that name - was conducted by the Spanish with Wellington as helper in during the Napoleon occupation of Spain in 1810 - guerrilla is Spanish for 'little war.' However, the prototype has been our own ^{American} War of Independence and has been studied and analysed @ great length by all those involved in such warfare. - Maa Tsoeking being a great fan of ~~Maat~~ George Washington, during his long stay in ^{the} Genoa caves.

"Ripe for revolution" is among one of many slogans used in this language, what that means we will attempt to explore in the next hour or so. Hopefully by seeing the ingredients that go into a successful revolution - one that

replaces the present social-political situation - can we see whether or not the one examined is indeed successful or merely a replacement ~~type~~ of a previous ^{repressive} regime by an equally equally repressive regime that ~~it~~ does not fulfill the true aspirations of the people and is not capable of producing true peace.

I propose that we study the terms of revolutionary guerrilla warfare and that we study the essential ingredients of successful guerrilla revolutionary warfare - "wars of national liberation" and that we examine one-by-one each nation that is potentially "ripe for ~~liberation~~ revolution".

The following is only a partial list of terms of revolution and of nations and the names and phrases used by each.

INTRODUCTION

THERE IS A MAN WHO WALKS.....

A Montagnard parable:

"There is a man who walks and there is a man who talks.

"A man who talks says he is going to the fields to work.

He leaves and goes to town, drinks Vietnam beer - bouem me bouem - gets drunk and comes back and tells how hard he works.

A man who walks, says he will go to work and he does. He comes back home very tired and lies down like a man drunk. But he works for his people and family.

A "good man" - a Montagnard-is a man who walks, does not lie. Not like the Vietnamese...."

Matthew 21: 28-32

"But what do you think? A man had two sons; and he came to the first and said, 'Son, go and work today in my vineyard.' But he answered and said, 'I will not'; but afterwards he regretted it and went. And he came to the other and spoke in the same manner. And this one answered, 'I go, sir', but he did not go.

"Which of the two did the father's will?" They said, "The first." Jesus said to them, "Amen I say to you, the publicans and harlots are entering the kingdom of God before you. For John came to you in the way of justice, and you did not believe him. But the publicans and the harlots believed him; whereas you, seeing it, did not even repent afterwards, that you might believe him."

I work as a family doctor in a clinic in a large midwest city. Some years ago I was father and brother to some Montagnards - hill people - in the South Vietnamese Highlands. One of these Montagnards, a man known to me as Lick Rahlan, had a profound affect on me. More importantly, he profoundly affected his people and the outcome of the war in Vietnam.

My story is about an adventure I shared ^{WITH OTHERS} in some eighteen years ago in the mountains and jungles of South Vietnam living among the Montagnards or "moi" - "savages" - while the war raged all about us. I went as a draftee doctor, a non-volunteer, full of fear and adventure. My dread was that I would be a coward, ^{or} that I would be maimed or captured, tortured and killed. I received no visible wounds. I returned home the same man externally, although thirty pounds lighter. The change was inside, emotional and profound. Like so many other Americans, I was caught up in a struggle I set out to help win and, in the end, became a victim of a conflict I did not understand. In retrospect, I was bound to lose it because of my ignorance.

This is a story of revolutionary guerrilla warfare seen face to face. The face usually wore a mask. The guerrilla, to survive, needed to assume a fictitious occupation, name and age. His eyes often betrayed his dedication to the cause that sustained him in a hostile world.

Lick Rahlan, the central figure in my story, was employed as the Air Force base interpreter while he waited for the proper time to make his move. In reality, he was a Montagnard freedom fighter playing a dangerous game. He shared the eyes of the dedicated guerrilla cadre. We have seen these eyes many times ^{NEWS-} staring back at us in the pages of our magazines and papers. I would like you to meet Lick Rahlan and his fellow Montagnard compatriots and see the war in Vietnam as they saw it - and fought it.

The Montagnards have been alluded to in passing many times by the American press. Often they are called Vietnam natives. The Vietnamese used the word "moi" -"savage"- when they spoke of them. Although probably less than two million in total population in South Vietnam, their significance in the war lay in the fact they inhabited and controlled the "strategic highlands" of South Vietnam - nearly one-half the total land mass of that war-torn land. Collectively their brother Montagnards inhabited and controlled more than one-half the land mass of Indochina, including North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. They had survived some 2,000 years of war and persecution by the lowland Vietnamese, Khmyer and Laotians. Their common hatred for the lowlanders and desire for autonomy was the glue that held these people together and gave them identity as Montagnards.

The Montagnards essential role in all three Vietnam conflicts - starting with the French in 1944 to Dien Bien Phu in 1954, the American war ending with our withdrawal in 1973 and the civil war ending in 1975 - has been virtually ignored by the Western press and military analysts. This seems to me a strange conspiracy of silence or profound ignorance. To the South Vietnamese government and people, the "moi" did not count, had no rights. They were looked upon as the American immigrants looked upon the Indians, or the Israelis looked on the Palestinians. Their land was for the taking when and if they felt there was anything worth taking.

The Communist forces were not so arrogant or ignorant in regard to the Montagnards. By a master stroke of diplomacy, Ho Chi Minh - Vietnam's George Washington - and Vo Nguyen Giap - military genius and head of the North Vietnam army - won over the Montagnards with promises of autonomous land and enlisted them as main force troops. Chu Van Tan, a Tho Montagnard, became second in command to Giap early on in 1944.

Fact: Two out of the four divisions that defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu 1954 were Montagnard manned and led. Fact: The Montagnards furnished the sanctuary and support for the Viet Cong/ NVA forces along the Ho Chi Minh trail in the Central Highlands during the Second Vietnam war against the U.S. Forces from 1958 to 1973. Fact: Eventually after the Americans left, the Montagnards provided key forces and sanctuary for the Communists when they struck Ban Me Thuot in March 10, 1975. Again, it was largely a Montagnard force that massacred the South Vietnamese forces as they withdrew from the Highlands along the "Trail of tears." The panic that ensued spelled the downfall of the South Vietnamese forces in Saigon some 52 days later 30 April, 1975. Fact: Montagnards made a significant contribution to the Khmyer Rouge forces in Cambodia, furnishing them sanctuary and troops early on under Pol Pot and his friends.

The Montagnards got their autonomous lands in North Vietnam. I suspect

the Montagnards were similarly treated in the Central Highlands of the former South Vietnam after the reunification of Vietnam 1975. How they fared in Cambodia remains a mystery to this day. The Meo, Laotians Montagnards, who sided with the CIA became the Hmong refugees we see in our country. The Thai and Tho Montagnards in Laos fared better when they sided with the Communists and Laos "fell" to the Communists in 1975 - almost unnoticed by the West.

It was Vo Nguyen Giap, commander of the North Vietnamese Army, who prophetically stated, "He who holds the Highlands, holds the key to victory in Vietnam."

A recent attempt was made to describe the horror of the Vietnam war in a movie called Appocolypse Now by Frank Coppula. It was based on Joseph Conrad's classic Heart of Darkness. In it is portrayed the transformation of a man as he gets deeper and deeper into the jungle in search of a mysterious civilized man gone savage and mad. As he goes deeper and deeper into the jungle he himself takes on the trappings of the savage and the thoughts of a madman. At the end of his search he becomes the man he is looking for. Some such transformation takes place in anyman involved in the savagery of war. In my case the savagery was only part of the story. Depths of beauty, goodness, loyalty, love and trust were opened to me that only such a situation can reveal. Only in such a setting of war and danger, perhaps, can these values be seen and truly understood.

During my year in the highlands of Vietnam I was privileged to live with these gentle, open, loving people who were collectively called "montagnards" by the French or "moi" by the Vietnamese. They had sacrifices for me in which I became father and brother to many of them. Only after these sacrifices could they speak freely of their hatred of the Vietnamese, their hope for a free land, their true cause and hidden mission. The sacrifices bound me to protect them no less than they were bound to protect my body from harm. They stated that I would always remain with them "in my heart." Some gave me "happy coats" with the promise that, if I wore them or kept them near me, I would always think of them. Amazingly, this has been true.

At first, on my return to the U. S. A. in 1968, I emmersed myself in my busy practice hoping the memories of Vietnam and the Montagnards would

go away. Not a day has gone by that their faces and love have left my memory. Indeed, their memory grows stronger instead. Their story must be told. I have waited patiently for someone more knowledgeable than me to tell it. No one has. Although I tell the story through my eyes, there were many Americans who came in contact with the Montagnards and were profoundly changed by the experience. In store for me, perhaps, is confusion, frustration, contradictory evidence, emotional agony. But the story must be told.

The Montagnard promise was true. They are in my heart- friends and blood brothers. This is a love story shared by many on both sides of the conflict in spite of clashing cultures - East and West. This story went largely unreported, overshadowed as it was by the "larger war" in the lowlands of Vietnam. It was because of the strange, savage and sometimes noble struggle for power in the Highlands that the lowlands became such easy "pickings" in the last days of the war in 1975.

Come with me, please, as I retell the story.

The first principle of a guerrilla warrior is to survive - he must use guile, deceit - must be invisible. Once revealed as to who he really is, he becomes isolated and can be eliminated. Absolute secrecy is a necessity. Only trusted allies can be let in on his real identity and the least they know the better.

Therefore fictitious identities, backgrounds, names & occupations must be manufactured, memorized & acted out. The guerrilla becomes an actor in a dangerous play.

The guerrilla must be indoctrinated in the cause - whatever the cause - and be wholly committed to it. Willing to die for this cause and be unswerving in his mission. He must be willing to eliminate all other pleasures and desires to fulfill his mission. Any distraction or deviation from his central mission lessens him to that degree as an effective guerrilla. He becomes a liability both to himself and his compatriots.

Major task of guerrilla unit is organization, form a leadership group & assigned responsibilities. - a government "hierarchy parallel"

CONCON, DAN

TRACY

THERE IS A MAN WHO WALKS

Personal account of Montagnard guerrilla
warfare in Vietnam

20 of 20 with colored
maps

VIETNAM

Montagnards

privately printed

1993

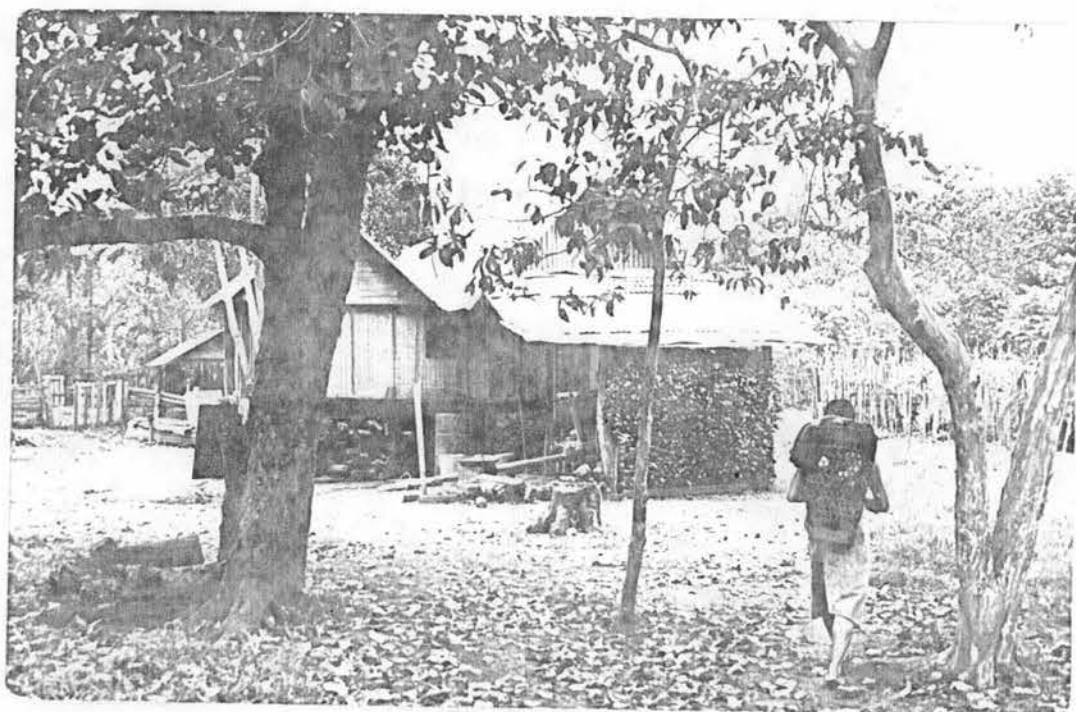
guerrilla warfare

418P

Minnesota writer

KINKO

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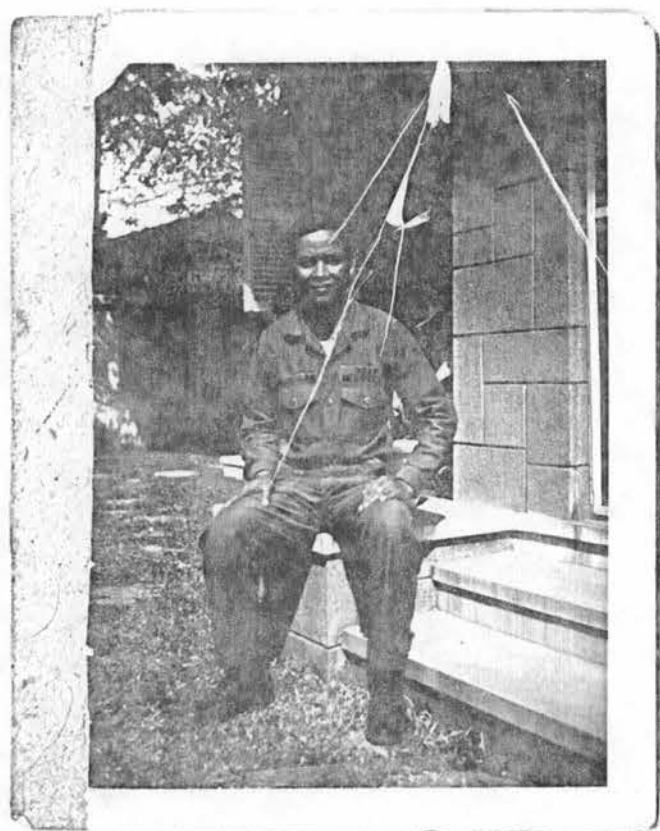
IDYLIC VILLAGE
 SCENE



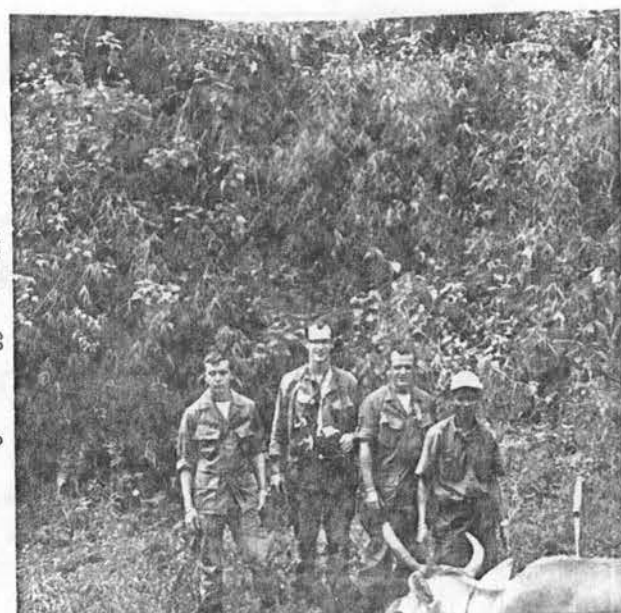
THE GRAVESITE IN CENTER
 OF PLEI BRE — "CHURCH"



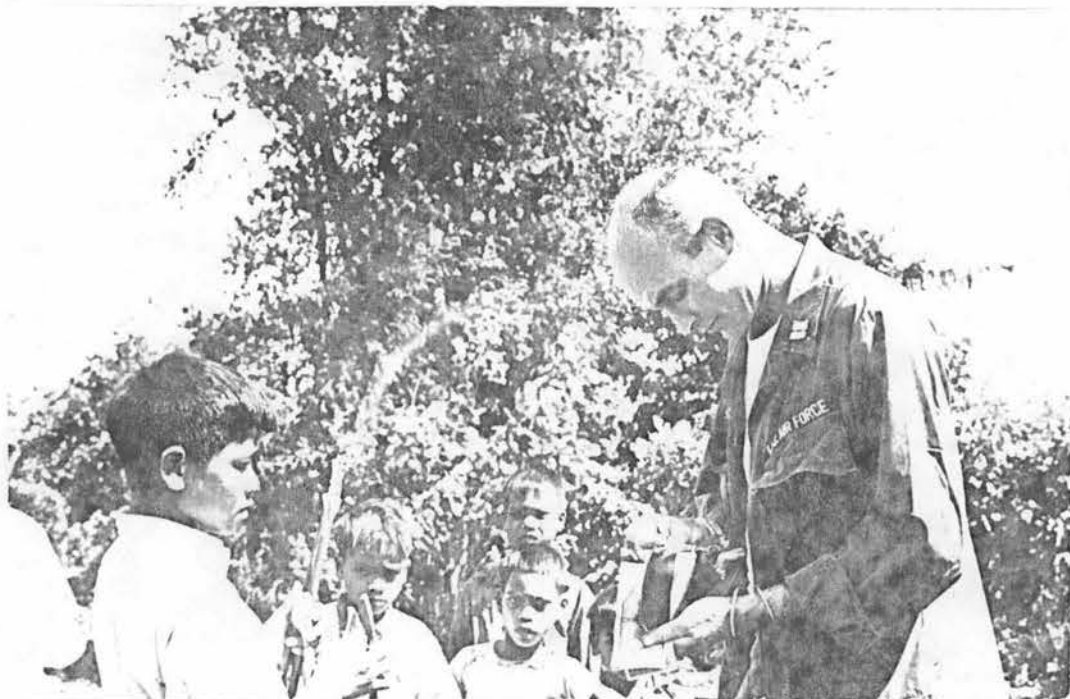
LICK RAHLAN PANAMA
A.K.A. Y-DJIT HAT



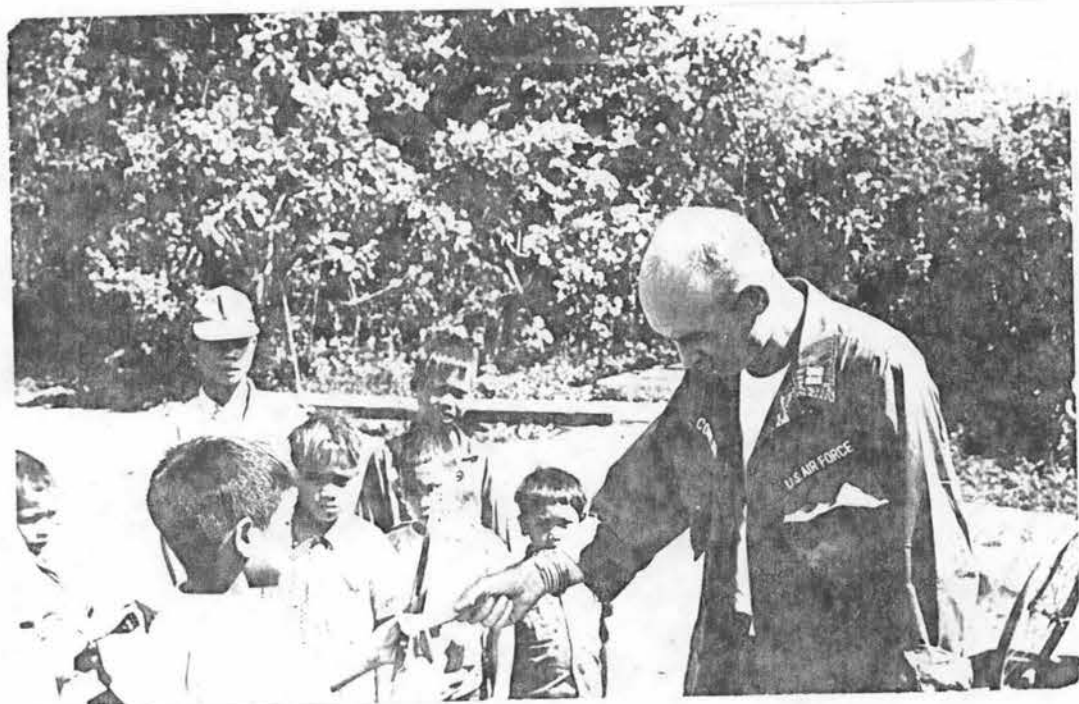
L. RAHLAN
"INTERPRETER
USAF"



DAVE CAPT. LICK
BERRID CHARLES RAHLAN
ROY
WORTHINGTON



GIR TUCK EXCHANGE OF MONEY
 HINH'S SON TON'S SON FOR GIR TO PAY
 THE CROSS BOW MAKERS

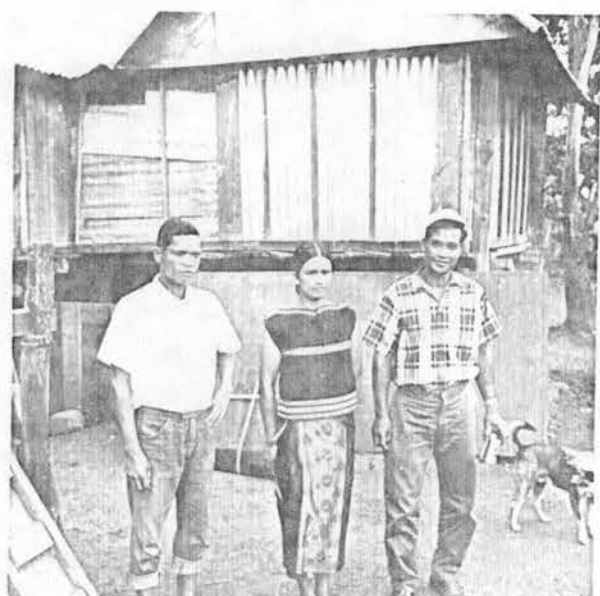


GIR IS THE OFFICIAL BUYER
 FOR THE CROSSBOW ENTERPRISE
 THOUSANDS OF PIASTRES - NO GRAFT



THE
WOMEN
OF
PLEI BREL
AND THEIR
RICE WINE
AND
FAVORITE
DISHES





HLIN
AND HIS WIFE
AND BOY



HLIN
WITH LEE
IGNATOWICZ

JAN 68



LEE IGNATOWICZ



LOU BRACEY
MY "BODY GUARDS"



PRE - TET 1968
MONTAGNARD
CELEBRATION



"TENSION IN THE AIR"
MY BODY GUARDS ON THE
ALERT



KHAT the teacher BILL
 AKA BE LUS FULTON
 Hard-core NVA POTHOOR
 intelligence officer CAPT. CHARES
 BLOOD BROTHER SACRIFICE



KHAT the School teacher
 BILL FULTON - USAF
 MY REPLACEMENT IN VILLAGES

At last the time for Jack's leaving had come. After yet another all night session of booze and conversation, we left the ground at Fleiku about 3:30 am. 10 April. ~~He~~ He was scheduled for a good-bye session with ~~Jack's~~^{his} Vietnamese friend, John, in Saigon. The flight took us to Cam Rhan Bay to drop off some material - my first good look at the sprawling new base carved out of s and around a georgious bay. - then to Ton San Nhut airbase outside Saigon. My first look at it since my arrival 2 and 1/2 mos ago. Ton San Nhut was the headquarters for the 7th Air Force, in charge of our air war in Vietnam - nick-named Pentagon East. Brass everywhere, all spit and polish, 18,000 Air Force people - the Saigon warriors. Jack had his legal work to do before checking out so we went to his headquarters - 7th Air Force Annex - in Saigon. While he was tending to his business, I tried to find Lynn Becklin, a good friend of my brother Mike's - SAC - officially not even in Vietnam - all his records were in Guam. After Jack had left ~~of~~^{for} the states, I spent my last nite in his villa - F troupe - but had one long time trying to find him through all the maze of brass and titles.

When Jack's work was finished, we took our baggage (including his jug of rice wine given him in the final ceremonies in Plei Brel to say goodbye - I've already described the pungeant smell) to John's house. We went by taxi.

My first real look at the exotic East close up. Wild, wild scene. Crammed into the back seat of a rickety Volkswagen type taxi, I looked out at bike riders, motor scooters, Honda motorcycles, buses, trucks ~~all~~ all crammed full of people going like hell in all directions and barely missing each other. There were only 3-4 stop siggs in all of Saigon with over 2,000,000 people. Streets half the width of a U.S. sidestreet with cars racing like daredevils weaving in and out of people, bikes, lambrettas; the curbs lined with makeshift shops, displays, vendors of black market goods, hawkers, people eating on the sidewalks and curbs

a round the portable ovens and stoves. The heat was intense - 100 degrees F. with about 80-90% ~~of~~ humidity. Add the every changing smells of Saigon: a cacophony of human sweat, urine, exhaust fumes, fish oil, smoke from open air cooking ^{plus} ~~added to~~ the stench of human feces everywhere.

As we approached the Saigon river, the smells intensified. *Somehow the nose became accustomed to this over time.*

The sights of people of all kinds filled the eye; military police, the "White mice" - civilian police like in Pleiku, troops both Vietnamese and American on the way to the front or relaxing on R and R, beautiful girls coming and going from school in their Ao Dai's, old women and men going in and out of door, many on their haunches cooking or just looking; masses of little babies, toddlers and young teenagers holding hands; officials with their limosines oblivious to it all; It seemed like all the two million residents of Saigon plus the troupes were out on the street. Add to the cacophony of ~~people~~ people and smells, the noises of honking horns, blaring oriental music, and occasional siren, racing trucks and backfiring motor ~~cycles~~ cycles, plus the intense ~~of~~ humid heat and you have Saigon. There was no visible or audible way here.

From my vantage place in the back of the cab, I was scared as hell. Perhaps I would buy the farm right here in Saigon as the crazy driver started and stopped, honked his horn and zig-zagged through the maze. Apparently he knew the rules but who could be sure?

We found John's place down one of the congested, dirty alleys they called streets - 36 Tran Nhat Duat, Tan Dinh, Saigon - and a whole new world opened up. A villa - Beautiful. We drove in through a little gate onto a gravel court yard. The Main Villa was made of beautifully decorated glass and marble outside with stucco intermixed - gleaming white - simply beautiful. Inside was all marble and furnished with teak furniture and draped beautifully in satin and persian rugs - breath taking. John rented this out to some civilians from New Zealand and elsewhere who had divorced their wives at home, had taken Vietnamese women and made Vietnam their home. The rent was

50,000 pia stres a month - roughly 500 dollars - stiff by any standards. John himself and his family lived in ~~in~~ a beat up shack to the right until he could finish building his new villa out onto the Saigon River. Many relatives lived with him - rent free as is the custom when one has the stature of a rich Vietnamese as John had.

John, or ~~Nguyen~~ Dinh Nam, was about 40 years old at the time. He had been a French Legionnaire for ~~ten~~ years until the French left in 1955 - a famous soldier with three Couvre de guerre's, many medals and many wounds. He drank and ate and entertained like a French man as we were to see. When the French left, he had bought a tea plantation near Dalat for about 5,000,000 piastres (50,000 dollars.) The V.C. had burned him out about three years previously so he came to Saigon, bought the villa and was employed with Pan Am. He was the boss in Saigon of all the Vietnamese employed by Pan Am. We would probably call him the loading master.

John was not home when we arrived so we played with the children and talked halting French with his wife. The children were a joy to me. No restrictions on me at all about talking with them or tumbling with them or hugging them ~~as was the rule~~ ^{- taboo} among the Montagnards. It had been 2 and 1/2 months since I had had the pleasure of touching little children ~~the children @~~ ^{Besides} outside the orphanage and I proceeded to ~~have an orgy~~ ^{enjoy myself}. John's wife did ~~not~~ not interfere. She was a smiling plump woman - very warm and good hearted - and a magnificent ~~off~~ cook as we were to find out.

We started with the names. John was a Catholic so all had Christian names in addition to their Vietnamese names. I have neglected to record them but ~~do~~ do have their Vietnamese names. They are as follows:

Nguyen Dinh Nam (John) - father extraordinaire - about 40 years old.

Hgnes Duong Thi (signifies woman) Cuc - wife - "madame"

Children: (1.) Nguyen Anh Hung

- 17 Years old - number one boy - scheduled to go into the army soon - very good boy. John worried about him because he had

just quit school and was sort of loafing around until he entered his four year obligation of ~~of~~ service.

(2) (Madeline) Nguyeh thi Quy Phuong
(pronounced "when")

- spoke excellent English, very intelligent, a beautiful child. 14 years old. Quizzed me constantly about my family and especially about my "number one girl" Colleen, then almost 7 years old. She studied the pictures I had of my family carefully. She worshipped her own father and waited on him and cared for him as if there was not another thing in her life that was important to her. We used her as our interpreter when we got stuck in the French- Vietnamese - English - pantomime we used to communicate.

(3) Nguyen quoc Khanh - about 12 years old - a quiet boy not easy to know.

(4) Nguyen thi (girl) Qhu Loan

(5) Nguyen thi Ngaoi Phung

(6) Nguyen Thien Nhau - a little devil - about 5 years old - into every thing, fights carate-type and beats the hell out of his older brother Quoc Khnah in spite of the fact he was only half his ~~age~~ size. My Megan, age 2, came to mind and I showed her pictured around. We all laughed.

(7) Nguyen thi Rim Quh - a beautiful little girl - about 3 years old - just glowed and loved to sit on anyone's lap, play hide and seek - like my Michaela age 5 at home.

(8) Nguyen thi Bach Mai - about 1 1/2 - 2 years old.

As we were getting acquainted and having a pleasant time away ~~from~~ ~~the~~ from the war, a sense of anticipation began building.

Then ~~John came~~ :JOHN CAME HOME - and everyone came to life. A huge bustle of activity. He was immediately stripped down to his shorts and stayed that way the whole time he was home. His sandals were brought to him. The beer appeared and we started drinking on the spot. First we had beer in

Jack and my room across the courtyard from the main villa and then we moved on to the floor of the new villa about 9pm where a table had been set for us with moonlight over the Saigon River. Then came the champagne - a bottle apiece with many toasts and legionnaire songs and more toasts to Jack Rudy and their friendship. Jack had saved John's life earlier in October '66 in an assassination attempt on Hohn's life. Many people had been killed but John led a charmed life till now.

Madame came in from the kitchen with a large - 3 -4 foot - platter of a Vietnamese dish - shrimp, mushrooms, noodles, herbs, celery - called, "chou merage" I could not identify all the things that went into it. I made a pig out of myself in spite of my clumsiness with the ~~chop~~ chopsticks. This had been preceded by the greatest asparagus soup I can ever remember. After subsisting on Montagnard food, rice wine, no milk and the slightly nauseating food at MACV plus C-rations, this was heaven. I finished the four bowls of soup and five servings of the main dish about midnite.

Then we started drinking Crown Royal for me, Black Label Scotch for them - straight with a few ice cubes and little water. Of course I got smashed - knocked a loose board off the platform and jumped into the Saigon River and fished it out - was mud ^{and feces} from head to toe. By 2 am we were shooting cigarettes out of each others mouths with a pellet gun from across the platform. Fairly accurate for awhile but then I succumbed and finally lay down with the kids and watched their interesting pebble game, played with the little dog "Titi" (menas little one) and finally got led to bed at about 4am. John and Jack meanwhile talked on and on about many things with Quy Phuon in constant attendance.

Was awakend at 8 30 am - presented with ham and eggs and toast and coffee - then beer and ~~way~~ away we went again. John finally wnet to work about 11 am and Jack and I wnet ot the Air Force commissary and liquor store to do some shopping. The BX and Commissary were like stateside or better

a t Tan San Nhut and Cholon in sharp contrast to our facilities in Pleiku. We loaded up with 12-16 cans of every thing - needed two taxis to get all the stuff back to John's. John was outraged when he found out we were planning to buy the booze, too. He procured his groceries and booze from the black market at 200-400% of what we had to pay at the BX and Commissary.

When we got back to John's, he had already started the beer stage and we joined right in. Supper at about 7:30 pm again - champagne and toasts. Then came the food. Four to five pieces of chicken - Kentucky Fried* apiece, then the same platter as the nite before full to overflowing with a Vietnamese salad with eggs, mushrooms, greenery, salad dressing- wonderful. I thought that was the end. Wrong, this was to be a French feast. Out came a huge whole leg of lamb cooked on a rotisserie - we ate as much as we could. The next course was filet mignon steaks wrapped in bacon, followed by the full bottles for each of us of Seagrams Crown Royal for me and Black Label Scotch for John and Jack.

A little later John got up and stumbled over a ways and went to sleep on the floor over the Saigon River. All eight of his children laid him out tenderly and beat on him till he was completely relaxed. Then Quy Phuong (#1 girl) brought out some flared tumblers, heated them up with a flame, swished the flame into the inside of the tumblers and placed them face down all over John's back. This a French treatment to bring out all the bad things in a man's system. John had giant hickies all up and down his back. Madame quietly and carefully directed Quy Phuong on where to put these things - back, shoulders, upper arms - very carefully.

Then Quy Phuong and I had a long talk over her English book. She wanted me to read the words for the sound - would stop me when she didn't understand a word, we'd talk about it, then move on. A lovely bright child.

During the two nites we spent with John, Jack and I talked about anything and everything. Both John and Jack wanted me to understand as much as I

could in the short time left about mental and verbal discipline, attitudes towards the Vietcong, North Vietnamese, Montagnards, Chinese, the ARVN, the French, the Ugly Americans, Politics in Saigon and the war in general. The word hypocrite and the word "good-man" came up a thousand times.

My wife wrote later ~~after~~ after reading my account of the feast and asked why the children were still up all night. In Vietnam society the father rules. If he is up the children are up unless told to go to bed. Never were we aware of them - no discipline required - the children - even the 2 year old waited on the parents especially John. They worked like slaves to wait on us throughout the two nights we were there. The only discipline I noticed was once when #2 boy Nguyen Quoc Khanh - 12 Years old * had done something wrong. John caught his eye and pointed meaningfully at him. The boy came from one side of the villa like a dog with tail between his legs in a sort of trance and walked over to his father and stood at attention. Meanwhile John held his gaze steadily for some 60 seconds with his finger pointed at him.. Then the boy broke into tears, sobbing uncontrollably for at least 45 minutes. Very impressive. John felt the need to apologize and finally said to me, "There must be - what you say - discipline, order." And that was the end of it.

Jack's tour was at an end. I had picked his brain as best I could. He had trained me as best he could, and tested me for the year ahead. I know he was not satisfied that he had taught me enough. He did not know I could replace him nor did I. We both knew that I would have to do the rest by myself and that I was eager to do it. He had left me Lick Rahland as a friend but only time would tell if I was worthy of the friendship and trust he and Lick had developed. I was simply in awe of this man, "Yack." My test would come.

In our parting words I made a promise that I would often regret having made. I promised Jack Rudy solemnly that I would take care of his Montagnards and become like him - a Montagnard. I promised to continue

his work and expand it. I promised I would walk and not talk. I promised things I was not sure I could do. I told him so and he understood. I knew I would be the only man in the Pleiku area who knew what he knew and was able to do what he did. I didn't know if I could do it but gave him the promise anyway. The civilian ~~doctor~~ doctor - age 32 - had become a counter-insurgency soldier in the space of two months without the benefit of formal training or official blessing of the U S Air Force.

The morning of Jack's leaving, John handed me 45,000 piastres (roughly \$ 400.00) to pay for the groceries we'd bought and started walking away.

When we insisted on itemizing the bill for him we found we had spent only \$ 149.00 (roughly 17,000 piastres) and he still tried to make me take all the money. John was a little insulted when we wouldn't take it. Not the stereotype of the selfish, stealing, begging Vietnamese at all. We woke up on the third day of our stay to more beer, breakfast and Scotch. We arrived at the airport by 11.00 am after frantically running around getting Jack organized, money changed, ticket and baggage settled, etc. and settled down to more Scotch with John at a Vietnamese restaurant inside of Pan Am. At 12:45 we poured Jack into the Plane - John had arranged V.I.P. seat for him with TV, movies, champagne, etc. and we finally got him on his way.

I had to be on my way also. John and I said our good-byes with promised to come again the next time I was in Saigon. I had an appointment to see my commander in Vietnam, General Brannon, and orthopedic surgeon. I met with him for about an hour, at which time I outlined sketchily what was going on in Pleiku, inserting all the necessary "sirs", hopefully in the right places in spite of the booze.

In the confusion, I had missed my plane back to Pleiku, so decided to look up my brother's good friend, Lynn Becklin. He and a number of SAC officers lived in-country to coordinate the B-52 raids that came in from Guam each day. By asking a million questions, finally found Lynn living

in a beautiful villa in downtown Saigon which they had dubbed "F troupe."

This plush setup had five bedrooms, three baths, running water, living room, dining room, three floors and a veranda, kitchen, three maids - the whole bit. On entering through the alley lined by high walls, I could not help but notice some of the meanest looking soldiers standing above me that I had ever seen. Lynn informed me that these were the Nung's - Part Chinese, part Montagnard recruited for their ruthlessness and dedication - mercenaries who had originally come from the area east and north of Hanoi which bordered on China. The atmosphere was completely relaxed, stateside. The men were dressed either in Hawaiian shirts and sports slacks or in their 1505's (tropical dress uniforms) in sharp contrast to me Jungle fatigues. They pumped me with questions about the Montagnards and Pleiku. While Lynn made poached eggs on toast for me and served cold milk, they came in in shifts and we started all over explaining to them what I knew of the situation in the Highlands. It was not until 5:30 am that they allowed me to go to bed - which I did complete with boots, fatigues and cap in one of their clean beds. Hadn't realized what a slob I'd become until I did that. Had become accustomed to living in my clothes in Pleiku between the infrequent times that water was available for a bath. ~~The next night~~ Slept till noon the next day, got up, undressed and took a beautiful Hot shower and shave. I noticed a strange looking person looking back at me in the mirror. The ravages of ~~all~~ diarrhea, vomiting, rice wine, dengue fever, weird hours, adrenalin and exotic Montagnard food had changed me into someone I hardly recognized. Thin, hard eyed with a glint of hysteria and messianic fervor, with a shake to my hands - I simply broke down laughing at the image in the mirror. Lynn took me to the airport and I finally scrounged a ride up to Pleiku about 3:00pm, arriving about 5:00 pm to begin my test.

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200 ~~Kosser~~ ~~Cherry~~
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Paul Nur - Bahna

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Y - Benh also

CIA

FULRO
10 Aug 1964

GIR

Jack Rudy

Sell

Paul McCartney

Lick

Y-Djet

Dr Jerry Hickey

June 67 - Dec 67

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⑦ Dell Press - Paul McCortley
— Publishing Jim Morris's
book — may be Jack Rudy
interested.

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tel Conversation w James Franklin Morris
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Names: M's

Paul Nur - Bahar

Y Baum Enoc - Rhode

FULRO 1 Aug 1964

Leaping Lena } → Phoenix Project

Y-Ben ales - V.C. - Rhode

Les Kosser - Cambodian/Cham

Delta
Omega II - M's

Kpa Doh - Philippe's unit
to Cambodia

Sigma Bam
me Throat

Vern Sullivan Jim Morris's interpreter
S.F. MIKE force
Major in ~~FOR~~ FULRO

Lick Rahlan A/K/A Y-Djit - Rhode

Plei ap Betal

15-20 miles
North Ches Pheo
Phu Bon

Names: American

(1) Dr Gerald Kichey - Highlands of Vietnam
RAND Corp

1711 19th St. N.West
Wash, DC 20009

(2) Mike Benze (Benze?)
USP ID (POW in Hanoi)
Bam me Throat

1966-68 (and)
William C. Brinkley

1966 Pleck

Charles
Beck with
N Central Highland
Texas





①

29 March 78

1³⁰
AM

PERFECTION

240

GOING TO THE LIMITS OF ONE'S ABILITY,
HUMOR AT NOT ATTAINING IT
COMING UP AGAIN AFTER DEFEAT
BEING TIRED IN BODY, BUT KEEPING
THE MIND YOUNG

HEARING THE NEW IDEAS, NOT CLOSING
ONE'S MIND — INTEGRATING THE
NEW WITH THE VALID OLD
KEEPING THE ENTHUSIASM, THE ZEAL
FOR PERFECTION — THE BEST CHANCE
TO ACT LIKE THE GOD THAT
CREATED US.

A BELIEF IN A PERSONAL GOD — ONE
THAT OFFERS CHALLENGES — AND THE
STRENGTH — TO DO MAGNIFICENT
THINGS — AND GIVES A SHIT
ABOUT HOW WE RESPOND.

A GREAT TRIP — BOTH AN OBLIGATION
AND AN ADVENTURE — THE RESULTS
OFTEN NOT APPARENT EVEN AFTER
THE GAME IS PLAYED

A LIFE — WHAT IS ITS WORTH? — A
UNIQUE GATHERING OF PEOPLE, STRESSES
LOVES, VALUES, DESIRES, WEAKNESSES,
STRENGTHS, KNOWLEDGE, HURTS AND
INSIGHTS — THAT CAN BE A POSITIVE
— OR NEGATIVE — INFLUENCE ON THE REST
OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

NO MOMENT IN LIFE IS NEUTRAL. ANY
CONTACT IS EITHER (+) or (−) — SOME
MORE THAN OTHERS.

ANY OPPORTUNITY TO LOVE IS A MOMENT
TO BE CAPTURED — OR LOST.

2
WE ARE DEFINED BY OUR ABILITY
TO LOVE - OR TO HATE - OR OUR
INDIFFERENCE.

GOD IS DEFINED AS LOVE. - IN SO
FAR AS WE LOVE - EACH CONTACT IN LIFE -
- IN THE SAME PROPORTION - WE REFLECT
GOD - HUMANLY IF POSSIBLE - WITH
HIS STRENGTH - GRACE - HIS LIFE - IF
WE CAN ACCEPT IT.

TO LOVE IS TO BE STRONG.
WEAKNESS IS THE LACK OF LOVE.
THE LIFE OF GOD IS LOVE. HIS GRACE -
HIS SPIRIT - IS LOVE + THE CAPABILITY
TO LOVE. TO WORK THROUGH LIFE'S
PROBLEMS, TEMPTATIONS, DISTRACTIONS,
THE FATIGUE OF IT ALL - AND REMEMBER
THAT LOVE IS THE KEY - THE NORTH
STAR - THAT IS THE SECRET.

WHY PERFECTION? - WHY NOT SMELL
THE ROSES INSTEAD? WHY NOT BOTH?
NO MATTER WHAT THE CHALLENGE, STOP
TO CONSIDER - AND ENJOY. BUT - IF
YOU STOP TOO LONG - YOU WITHER, YOU
GROW FAT - AND YOU LIVE ON YOUR
MEMORIES AND YOUR PAST VICTORIES -
AND YOU STOP GROWING INTO WHATEVER
GOD HAS IN MIND THAT YOU BECOME.

IT'S HIS SHOW - WHAT HE WANTS OF
YOU WILL BE SHOWN TO YOU IN HIS GOOD
TIME - NOT YOUR PROBLEM - FOLLOW
THE THREAD - THE ROPE - HE LAYS OUT
DAY BY DAY.

A PERSONAL GOD WATCHES OVER US —
ALL — ASSESSING OUR STRENGTHS +
WEARNESES — CHALLENGING US TO DO
A LITTLE MORE THAN WE THINK WE
CAN — IN SOME CASES — A LOT MORE THAN
WE THINK WE CAN — BUT IN NO
TIME IS THE CHALLENGE GREATER
THAN THE HELP HE GIVES.

SOMETIMES THERE ARE MORE
CHALLENGES THAN THERE IS TIME TO
GRASP THEM — NOW WISDOM IS REQUIRED —
PRIORITIES MUST BE LISTED + CHOSEN.

WHY PERFECTION? WHY NOT A COMPROMISE
MORE IN KEEPING WITH REALITY?

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN ITS ALL
TOGETHER — WHEN ONE IS LOST IN THE
MOMENT — NO PAINS, NO DEPRESSION, NO
DOUBTS, NO DISTRACTIONS, THE MIND IS CLEAR
AND THE PROBLEM IS THE ONLY THING —
THERE IS NO TOMORROW OR EVEN NO
NEXT THING — THOSE ARE THE MOMENTS
WHEN PERFECTION MAKES SENSE. TO
KNOW ALL YOU CAN ABOUT MEDICINE AND
TO BE RECEPTIVE TO THIS PATIENT'S
COMPLAINTS WITHOUT DISTRACTIONS AND TO
DELIVER LOVE AT THE SAME TIME — THAT'S
THE IDEAL AND, HOPEFULLY, THE REALITY.

THE MIND WANDERS AND RESISTS
DISCIPLINE — AND GROWS WEARY AT THE
THOUGHT OF MORE DISCIPLINE — ACCEPTS
COMPROMISE AS A WAY OF LIFE. BUT, WITHOUT
DISCIPLINE, NEW TRUTHS AND SHADING ON

"OLD" TRUTHS WILL NEVER BE LEARNED
— THE MIND BECOMES OLD, AN ANTIQUE—
AND THE POWER TO DELIVER LOVE
IS DIMINISHED IN PROPORTION.

THERE ARE TWO FACTORS TO
THE PERSONALITY THAT CAN BE WORKED
CONSCIOUSLY — THE INTELLECT AND THE
WILL (POWER TO LOVE). MOXY, EMPATHY,
HUMOR, ESP, ETC. APPEAR TO BE GIFTS
ONE HAS OR DOES NOT HAVE. THE INPUT
IS THROUGH THE SENSES AND REQUIRES
DISCIPLINE — HONEST-TO-GOD SWEAT AND
EFFORT TO DRAG THE RECALCITRANT MIND +
EMOTIONS INTO THE PROBLEM + WORK IT OUT. HOW
HARD IT IS!

TENEX

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Introduction

Chapter I Telephone call

okay to use your name? content of conversation accurate enough?

Chapter II Greetings

Introduction of who I am too lengthy?

Chapter III Civilian Soldier
Assignment to Air Force
then to Vietnam

Chapter IV

Saigon

Camp Holloway
Map

amateurish

Qu
Holloway

Chapter V Pleiku would work
too long? How about

the beginning - Plei Brek @ King's

the answer

Plei
Holloway

United Front for the
celebration
of the
approach

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Chapter VI
Plecker Irregulars

Chapter VII The Mori
Plecker Brief - Plecker
house
Tom

FURRO meeting
Heng -

Chapter VIII First Contact
with Ra network
Linkage
court martial

Chapter IX Bunker + a
Medical journey Court Martial

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Yeh not yet

~~IX~~

who the M's were
for

~~XI~~

Don + American
Shanayelle be

you drink you
mum

~~XII~~

Jack Rudy Mota

met Leth Pablan

over killing of

Hark's water

too choppy

~~XIII~~

Hulla

cross

buffalo

flam

boni

~~XIV~~

goodby to

Jack Rudy

Saigon

F + soupe

John
deed

~~XV~~

of liver
cancer

after
injuries

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XV

The network a few good men
taking inventory

XVI

blood water & Luck
Kahlan

bogged down

XVII

Dak Lek

XVIII

Saigon

Thao
Klent
mon

~~XIX~~

my son Ton

Y/O is Hieach

XX

wants spring crossbow,
offensive Enterprise

Klin Plee
Katers

XXI

wants get ugly

dark clouds gather

wish spring

XXII

was get ugly

Rak Cloud gather

offensive

XXIII

Rak to Hawaii

violence close to home

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~~Part IX~~

~~Legend of Montogard Jesus~~

Chapter ~~XXIV~~ RHR to Hawaii

~~Back to work~~

Chapter ~~XXV~~ American legend
Montogard, Jesus

~~Dark to I find Replac~~

~~Cure Action &~~

Chapter ~~XXVI~~ Communist

Plus Terry

Chapter ~~XXVII~~ Dark to I find
Sargon again Replac

Chapter ~~XXVIII~~
Celebration Sargon

Chapter ~~XXIX~~ XXXIX

~~TB~~ Sargon Harvest Celebr
Shanger appear

Not broke
xip

Headway
needed

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Why did
you
do this

XXX
Repeat of what
already Pleiku
Jaxwell
XXX I been said

1968
Pleiku, Plei Boel.
Jaxwell
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G.R.
Charley Brown
Major Bob Shultz
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26 Oct 1977

...Quite frankly, in Minneapolis and your letter, I was a little surprised at your "shock" regarding Lick, a.k.a. Y-Djit or, more correctly, vice versa. I'm 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 Hinh's hut in Plei Brel. Third, 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 - as if he, and not the village chiefs, ran the villages. And, you will recall, we operated with impunity or immunity from the V.C. when on our sojourns - 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 V.C. harm and either directed or enlisted the support of the village chiefs. Enough!

In reviewing your letters, I have to agree you were a set up for our adventures in the Montagnard 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...

...Lick had been writing to me on an 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, knowing Lick, 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 V.C. or both. However, I'm sure Lick will be able to take care of himself in the event he smells certain trouble...

Y-Bham finally answered my second letter, and with a Canadian 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 at home 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 mad world of conjecture and supposition we live in. It's the old story, I guess, that it's a great world, if you can hack it...

One page statement of the book, "THERE IS A MAN WHO WALKS"

This is a story of the Montagnards and of Lick Rahlan, their leader, as the Vietnam war was played out in the Highlands of South Vietnam between the "Forces of Freedom" - American/Saigon troops - and the Communist "red menace" from North Vietnam.

It is told through my eyes. I was a draftee physician assigned to Pleiku Airbase as a dispensary doctor. Because of my religious and cultural background, with Dr. Tom Dooley and John Kennedy as my heroes, I began to work with the Montagnards in the villages around the airbase. I went to improve their health and raise their standard of living, and as a symbol of American friendship.

As my involvement deepened, I began to think like a Montagnard and espouse his cause. Deep friendships developed between myself, Lick Rahlan and others in the villages. Eventually I was made a blood-brother and father to Lick Rahlan and other Montagnards in a solemn religious sacrifice. They pledged to safeguard my body from harm; I pledged to work for the Montagnards and to help them in any way I could.

The Montagnards were engaged in a war of survival as the hated Vietnamese invaded their sacred Highlands and made this their battlefield for the right to own the rich lowland rice fields. For centuries the "forbidding" Highlands were exempt from the wars conducted by the lowland Vietnamese. The Montagnards lived in isolation. Now their land was torn up by the fierce fighting of these "Tigers in the jungle". Huge areas were turned into free-fire zones; forests were burned and defoliated; streams were polluted and the Montagnards were forced to flee their centuries-old homes. They were forced to pick sides in a struggle that did not concern them. The choices Lick and other leaders made and why is the center of this narrative. What eventually became of them because of their choices is the tragedy that is unfolding as I write.

Equally tragic is the story of this doctor, full of good intentions and love for the Montagnards, who saw his innocence destroyed by his arrogance and ignorance. Unwittingly he became, along with other Americans, the instrument of destruction to the people he came to help.

We were not the "Forces of Freedom". We were the instrument of Death and Destruction. We had no business being in the Highlands in the first place. We left a wasteland in our wake. Our guilt can only be partially absolved by our care for the few refugees who have survived and by making their story known.

John Adams said, "The seeds of revolution were planted in the hearts and minds of the colonists long before the shots were fired at Lexington and Concord that were 'heard round the world'." The Minute Men and the "sons of Liberty" had done their work well prior to that time.

Here, then, is the list:

1. A desperate, oppressed people, deprived of their Human Rights.
2. Dedicated, heroic leaders who can clearly state:
3. The Cause;
4. Awaken them to the realization they can change their lot;
5. Initiate Triggering events against
6. a clearly perceived Evil Enemy;
7. Find a Sanctuary to
8. Organize,
9. Educate the people in the Cause and

10. form a Shadow Government.
11. Needed are Victories over the enemy to rally the people,
along with
12. a Flag, Slogans, Inspirational Songs and Poems
13. and Martys to the Cause.
14. The revolutionaries must have a Powerful Friend,
15. Legitimate Spokesmen and
16. a Favorable Press.
17. Finally, after victory, the revolutionaries must
establish a Legitimate Government which addresses the peoples'
grievances and guarantees their Human Rights.

.....

In the discussion above, we have examined most of the
essential ingredients necessary to bring about a SUCCESSFUL,
REVOLUTIONARY, GUERRILLA, WAR. If the reader will bear with me