fac a-2-procede

In this operation, government tanks, planes, junks and ground troops attempted to rout the Viet Cong from their stronghold series of tunnels, entrenchments and underground airraid shelters.

The operational summary reads: Throughout the afternoon Styraiders hit the hills and surrounding area but the ground units were not able to take their objectives. Seven assaults against the hills were repulsed by the Viet Cong. Later, it was found that the hills were heneycombed with caves and tunnels leading from femholes ky the t to the back of the slopes.

Defensive fire from these dug-in positions included sixty mm. morters and 57 mm. recoilles f rifles. During the night, the bulk of the Viet Cong were believed to have moved across the river..."

In another case, a Vietnamose tank company and two ground battalions planned to use gas the non-lethal gas in an assault on a similar assault on Viet Cong fixed frontline positions. Associated Press photographer Herst Fass was on that operation—which provided the last mesossary evidence for him and Associated Press writer Peter Arnett to write their controlvers controversial story. Fass views it's better to have a turny sahe—than to be deed. This is the story of that operation.

In an interview with New York Herald Tribune, Horst Pass, a 32-year-old Carmen who survived the bombing of Borlin when he was 10, then worked as photographer in Congo, Algeriak a for 18 months before coming to E Vietnam 18 months ago, gave a play-by-play of the operation. The story explains why the Vietnamese and American officers wanted to use ga s, what the war in Viet Han is like—a nd how Horst Pass covers the war.

This is Fa a s account of the operation which load to the famous story about the use of non-lothal gas in Viet Name

"Last Friday (March 19th) I went on a routine operation," the roly-poly photographer explained. "I was trying to get back to Saigon afterwards, but it was nighttime and I couldn't drive. So, I stayed evernight with it a Vietnamese tank unit outside of Saigon. We got up at four in the morning (Saturday), the tanks were running excund and I was introduced to the tank commander. He knew me from coup detats in Saigon and he knew the Associated Pross. The tank commander said I could go on his operation. So the tanks started runbling towards Saigon—14 APG's (armored personnel a carriers, which are ligher than tanks).

"I thought we were going on a coup. But our tenks couldn't go through Saigon; we stopped on the road and a truck came from Saigon and distributed gas make. I acked how many masks. The Tank commender said 4 51 for 116 troops.

"I will give the others towels," the tank commander explained.

I acked him if he was going to make a coup. He said no they were
going on an operation. I still thought it was a political operation
though.

"But then we skirted Saigon and headed out to viet Cong country towards the Cambodia n border. The Vietnemese commender amin told me m he might use gas and asked where was my gasmask. i said i didn't have one.

""I don't have one for you', the tank commander said, "I den't even have enough for my troops, the (American) information office should equip you with gas masks," he said, jokingly.

"Then two battaliens of troops assembled with the tanks and one of these battaliens also had gasmaks gasmasks./ and I saw them putting these gas masks on. The American advisor said these were infantry troops sitting in Tayminh (province on Cambedian border and Viet Cong stronghold) but only a few of the Vietnamese officers had ever seen gasmasks before. In It took semetime for the Vietnamese to get their masks on and the American advisors were werried these troops might also get sick from the gas.

"The tank commander said he'd give masks to his gumner, driver, the American advisor and maybe to the fit riflemen—then he would close the turret of the tank and make the charge. The other fellows without masks would have to go without masks. So the troops ran into the village and i bought towels—for 20 picast pica plastres each—(thirty u. c. conts) and these towels were made in Red Chine.

"This Viet Cong fortigication goes on for miles from the Combodien border almost to outside of Saigon-end in this fortification are Viot Cong combat villages and everything you can imagine. Intelligence people say its the permanent headquarters for a 500-men Viet Cong battalion and the headqua rters for the Viet Cong Saigon-Cholon comittee and also the regional headqua sters for Viet Cong proops. All those people live their with their families. They've built sirraid shelters so hard that the tanks can't crack them by running over them. It's like a big underground mine. Every family has its own cirraid cholter and they survive artillery. So the government has tried to catch and the Viet Cong and in many assault cases the Viet Cong stood and fought off government troops. I myself was in this same area on New Years night, 1963, and the 32nd (government) Ranger battelion was caught in this ontronchment-but bombs and rockets wouldn't even knock out the Viet Cong. All the time we were under Viet Cong fire

andpinned down for seven hours as when we tried to assault this position.

It's like a World War I frontline with tronshes connected to femholes with tunnel exits. We were supported by planes and artillary, but everytime the bombs hit the Viet Cone simply went underground. Pinally the infantry took the Viet Cone positions, but the Vit Cone made an orderly retreat—and the government had 60 -70 casualties...

"So we discussed this all might and of course the Vietnemese wanted to use gas—the idea was to encircle the Viet Cong, make them stand and fight and then we would use gas to take over these positions—

were moving in a long convey towards the Viet Congresitions. But one truck overturned on a bridge—it was a provisional bridge replacing one the Viet Cong had blown up. When the truck overturned, the American advisor was serious wounded with brain concussion. The whole convey was stopped for 45 minutes to take care of this socident—so we were one hour late in setting to the Viet Cong target.

"Unfortunately, the airstrikes were on time—and so there was a one hour cap between the airstrikes and our a rrival at the target. We saw the results of the air bemberkment—when we get to the target—but there were no Viet Cong. So the Vietnemees commanders could not use gas without a real target...

entered this operation we were always under emiper fire a from automatic rifles—from the moment the operation started. This is the worst emiping area in Viet Nem. The emipers pop out of tunnels all along—the troops know this —and keep moving. The emipers pop up out of a holo—but when the government roops get there it's only a fewhole—the Viet Cong goes out the tunneled in exit in the rear. So all day the emipers were moving around us—the last emiper fire was on the main highway at the end of the operation—the emipers followed us through a rubber plantational we took two casualties even on the main highway.

Tor the assault on these V. C. positions, I hopped off the tanks—it was very bumpy and made me black—and—blue, and it's too shoky for good photographs. Besides all the trees are like fruit trees, but they are V. C. mines instead of fruit—so when there's a carier assault through the jungle, you have to drive in this undergrowth with mines going off in the trees all around you, and read mines going off undermeath you. I went with the infantry instead of the tanks.

In areas like this, cas is justified—a rea assault looks good in the movies, but we lose too many mon—the Viet Cong have been dug in familiarm here for years.

"On the first assault, the Viet Cong did not resist—so we sat down and re-organised our movements, and immediately the sniper fire started.

So we hashingman started moving. Show But first we had to take out the Viet Cong had granades in the trees above us and within the first hour two government treeps fell in spike traps, On spike went through the troopers heel, through the and up to kneecep—it was very long and charp.

most amain amazing thing is this big bombarbament of air and artillary didn't cause a single Viet Cong casualty. Rundreds of Viet Cong wives and kids came out—but there wasn't a single civilian casualty. They simply went into their airraid shelters—and the ground was like opent. The Viet Cong are like moles—gas would have gone into these tunnels and gotton these people out.

"The trouble is women and kids come out of the tunnels, but the enipore stayed in. When we sat down for lunch in the headquarters company—which was surrounded by four other companies—we come unler enipor fire...but the amiper ran away. The government troops ran after him—but it was like trying to catch a cat—ten minutes later he came up again. The government troops got mad...we couldn't send government an troops into the tunnels because they are mined at the exit point. We were doing this all day and it was highly frustrating...

The funny thing happened though. There were three emipers in the tunnel manufactures at one tunnel entrance—one must have been shot because we heard him fiddling with his gum. Pive government proops ren for the emiper—he tried to fire but his gum jamed and the other two emipers pulled him down the tunnel and get away. But they dropped their three weapons. One was a Russian MOS-44, the second was a French MAS-36 and third was a brand-new U. S. greensgum that wasn't even seratched. It was the greensgum that wouldn't fire properly... the American advisor said the greensgum was always a bed weapon—but he was happy this time it was bad. The government troops were very happy they get the three weapons.

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"Anothor strange thing was American holicopters were flying attume income above us-the Viet Cong would fire at the helicopters instead of m at us. So the heliconter would drop smoke-and we were afraid they would fire at us. That's the most frightening thing-we all jumped into the Viet Cong heles-it made me feel like a Viet Cong when the holicopter flew over. These coles holes are very deep-about ge ton foot doop and they can hold four or five people in them. The government made several more charges against these Viet Cong areasbut it was the same thing. The Viet Cong women and kids came out, but the Vid Cong or troops had left-except for the enipers who were always there...the emiper fire was always with us, but the Viet Cong never presented themselves as a tra target, so we never used general The Viotnemese commander didn't want to use gas just am against anipers or women and kids. or to use it for their own safeth. We went through open areas where the Viet Cong could have hit us-but we didn't want to use ses just to protect curselves. The commenders wanted a target make the Viet Cong had lost.

"It was the Vietnamese ground commander that gave the specific order of when gas was to be used—he would have relayed it to his vietname limited officer in the helicopter above us. The Vietnamese tank commander said he specifically was in charge of giving the order—but he didn't have the opportunity.

"I understand that when this tear-gas stuff was used in Rinh Dinh (a northern province), the government proops ran away.

Gas is a humane weapon. From a military standpoint, you prevent casualties. The viet Cong are stiting in their holes and you have to drop thousands of bombs to it get them out... they have formidable tunnel networks... You try to find the Viet Cong, to destroy the enemy and fight him—you either have to kill, wound or make him inactive—so if you make him inactive with gas it's better. It's much in better to have a turny sche than to be dead or wounded by mortar.

"In Binh Cie, we had a terrific defeat (in late December) because there were 1000 Viet dong mixed in with 6000 friendly villagers and the decision we s made not to bomb the village. We got defeated as a consequence—the Viet Cong use the civilian population as a human shield.

"There's no such thing as a clean war and gas does not main you for life like mortar does. The medies tell us that gas is a weapon that's good to be used when guerrillas mingle the friendly population.

"I know bombs very well. I was ten years old in Berlin during
World War II-and for two years the planes came every day. I was in
Berlin at the end of the war and for two years they bembed every day."