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The Growing Horrors of Vietnam, 1967.

The Growing Horrors of Vietnam
Daniel Jeremy Silver
April 2, 1967

I am heartsick at the bloody and tragic history which we are helping to write in Vietnam. Last week there were over 7,500 casualties, dead and wounded, soldiers, civilians, adults, children. The war grows apace, the fury, the violence, its murderous quality. Secretary General Ouphont said Wednesday last at his press conference that each week the war moves ahead in death and destruction and consequent misery and that the pace seems to be increasing week by week. What was once called a nasty little war has become the most horrible of all wars, a war of attrition. Vietnam has become a hunt and there is no limit to the human bag. After every skirmish and every battle men very carefully take on the ghastly ghoulish task of counting the corpses because the inimitable standard of our success in Vietnam is what is called the kill ratio, the number of enemy dead to our own. That ratio stands now at 5.6 to 1. It seems that we have reverted to the primitivism of the frontier where men notched their victims on the butt of their pistols and when the appropriateness and the rightness of any action was measured by the speed of your draw and the accuracy of your shooting. Vietnam has become a shoot except that the prey, the game, is not the partridge or grouse or rabbits but men, and they can shoot back, not with the same jet planes and technical weaponry that you have, but very effectively with a machine gun, mortars and hand to hand combat with their machetes. It's a dangerous sport and a murderous one.

I read recently the report of a small town newspaper editor from Lewisburg, Pennsylvania and in this vignette which he entitled "Winning Hearts in Vietnam" we catch the flavor and the folly and the immorality of that battle.

Reconnaissance planes skimmed across the village at tree top level. Standing knee deep in the rice fields the farmers looked up from their work, tipped their white conical hats forward, reflecting angry surprise at the small silver plane roaring by just above them. Then a shot sounded from behind the plane, a loud crack easily

heard through the wind rushing by the open windows. Pressing the intercom button I called to the pilot, somebody's shooting at us.

He too had heard the shot and was pulling back on the stick, sending the single-engine plane into a steep climb. You see where that came from?" he asked. "No idea." It was indeed impossible to tell where the sniper was located. He might have fired from one of the small thatched huts in the village or he might have been concealed in one of the many tree lines which had flashed by as we buzzed the area.

"I sure don't like getting shot at," the pilot muttered. Then, almost as an afterthought, "I'm wondering whether to call an air strike on that village."

Until the shot was fired, it had been a routine mission. We had flown down the coast, looking for enemy troop movements or suspicious constructions that might signal a new Vietcong bunker or trench system. Many of the villages had recently been burned out by the troops operating in the area. The huts were little more than black skeletons of bamboo sticks protruding lifelessly into the sky; the trees and shrubbery were scorched brown and gray. Endless parallel tracks, interlaced among the fields and into the villages, showed where tanks and armored personnel carriers had smashed and ploughed their way through the area.

The green rice stalks, ready for harvesting, rippled in the breeze like a field of rich Iowa wheat. However, the fields were not being harvested. The peasants had scattered for the mountains or to the teeming refugee camps miles to the north. The area had been designated a "fire free zone" where anything that moved was fair game for troops, artillery and airplanes.

But the village below had somehow been spared. Either it was not "hard-core VC" or the enemy had decided not to fight from the nearby trenches and bunkers, so the troops had not bothered to destroy it. The fields were being worked and the people were moving back and forth along the paths to the long rows of huts. As we swept overhead, I had noticed that whole families were busy shelling and drying rice in front of the small mud and thatch houses.

This is a familiar sight in Vietnam during the rice-harvesting season. Everyone pitches in. Men, women and children help pour the brown rice kernels from one round basket to another as they squat on the hard, dirt patio in front of the huts. Old women, with teeth stained red from betel nut, quack like ducks in their high-pitched voices as their gnarled fingers rub the shells from the small grains of rice. The smaller children run in and out of the huts, sometimes playing hide-and-seek behind the tress, then running down to the paddies to splash about naked in the cool water.

The plane circled two more times and then the pilot's voice sounded over the intercom.

"You know, I'm going to teach those folks a lesson. I'm calling for an air strike."

Having made the decision, he began calling for his radio operator, stationed back at the air base and ready to relay information to the central control headquarters.

"This is Green Marker to Alpha."

A young tense voice acknowledged the message.

"This is Alpha, go ahead Green Marker, over."

"This is Green Marker, I am calling air strike in a village down where someone just shot at me. It was probably a .30 or .50 caliber weapon. Here are the coordinates of the village."

The pilot read off the exact location of the area below. Then there were a few moments of silence as the operator cleared the strike through higher channels.

"I sure don't like hitting villages, but they gotta learn to quit shooting at us," the pilot said over the intercom. Then the radio operator came back on. The strike had been cleared through American and Vietnamese authorities. A call for jet bombers had been placed.

"Probably take fifteen to twenty minutes before we can get the planes," the operator said.

Below, the villagers were unaware of the fate being organized for them. The jets would surprise them. They would appear on the horizon, dark and slim against the blue sky. There would be a primary pass for observation. Before the roar of the engines had settled across the village, the planes would do a climbing turn. Then they would level out and swoop in a neat arc toward the village. As they reached the bottom of the dive, two bright silver cylinders would drop from the planes' wings and drift toward the village. There would be a flash of brilliant orange and red fire, then a billow of smoke. Seconds later, the low "whrmmp" of the explosion would echo through the air. Then, as the planes straightened for a second pass, the rubble of the huts would still be smoking.

When it was over, only twisted trees and smoldering sticks would mark the spot where the village had stood. I had been through villages where this had happened. It was easy to imagine what it would be like in those huts below after the air strike.

After the wounded had been sorted out and placed in litters for the long hike to either a Vietcong camp or an American base, the

dead would be prepared for burial. They would be placed in rough coffins and the women would wail and cry, clawing at the coffins and spreading tears across the white, unpainted boards.

The radio crackled again. It was a small stroke of luck for the village.

"Sir," said Alpha, "there don't seem to be any planes available right now. However, there is an ARVN artillery battery within range."

The pilot checked the map and located the Vietnamese artillery unit which was located at the base of a small mountain only 3 miles away.

"I guess we'll go ahead with that. Not the same as an air strike," he muttered over the intercom.

The pilot told the operator that he would call the artillery. Then, switching the frequency of the radio, he called the American adviser to the battery. The plane moved slightly to the north to avoid the incoming shells as the artillery unit lined up its direction of fire.

Suddenly, the artillery officer half whispered over the radio. "On the way, over."

The first round was short of the village. A spout of water leaped skyward as the shell exploded in a rice field. By now, the villagers realized what was happening. They had disappeared from the paths and the fields. The village was as deserted as the burned-out hamlets we had seen earlier in the afternoon. What was a bustling village only twenty minutes before was now an empty series of brown huts and green fields.

The pilot radioed corrections and a few minutes later the artillery officer said again: "On the way, over."

The second time, four shells landed simultaneously as the entire battery fired from the mountain base. Two rounds scored directly. A flash of fire and cloud of smoke rose up from the spot where a hut had stood. The other two shells burst in a nearby field.

In the next ten minutes, the artillery unit poured thirty-five rounds of the high explosive 105mm. shells into the village. Many of the shells exploded in nearby fields and only three or four huts were destroyed.

Finally the pilot called over the radio. "Okay, that will do it."

On the intercom, he muttered, "This ARVN artillery isn't worth a damn. With an air strike I could have put bombs within 20 feet of any spot in the village."

When the artillery had finished, the pilot circled once more over the village. Then in a final dive to 1,000 feet, he released two small rockets attached to the plane's wings.

The small plane shuddered from the shock as the rockets were fired then climbed steeply.

"Hey, I got a haystack; no, two of them." Sure enough, each rocket had hit a stack of dry, brown grass and both were burning brightly a few yards from a hut.

As he started back toward the airfield, the sun was beginning to settle across the distant mountain. The pilot called his radio operator. "How about running over to the mess hall and tell them to hold up something to eat. We'll be back in about fifteen minutes."

"I sure am hungry," he added over the intercom.

I am heartsick at the tragic, black history which we are helping to write in Vietnam, and I am terrified at the prospect that this brush fire war as it's called, this nasty little war, is in real danger of becoming the most destructive and devastating war in all of our history. The Secretary-General added in his comments to the press just this week about the danger of the war spilling over its present boundaries. The last eighteen months have been a chronicle of escalation. Bit by bit we have drawn the rest of southeast Asia into this conflict. Bit by bit we have drawn the world into this mass of destruction. Eighteen months ago we began to bomb North Viet Nam and the North Vietnamese responded by increasing the rate of infiltration of supplies and men. About eighteen months ago we began to bomb North and South Viet Nam from air fields in Thailand and the Asians responded by increasing guerrilla activity against the Thai oligarchy. We have begun now to send in our military advisers to the Thai army, to ferry their patrols and to battle with our helicopters and our pilots, a program which is all too efanescent of our program in Viet Nam just five-six years ago.

More recently, we bombed the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos, breaking the fragile truce which held between the neutralists, the rightists and the communists in the little country and the plain of Jarles today is alight with gunfire, much as it was ten years ago when it almost plunged the world into war. We have begun labbing 105 mm artillery across the demilitarized zone. We have begun shelling the coast of north Viet-Nam from our destroyers and our cruisers. We have bombed closer and closer to the population centers of Hanoi and Haiphong. We have mined some of the rivers and some of the harbors of North Viet Nam and the North Vietnamese have responded by increasing their mortar fire on the congested cities of South Viet Nam. There is talk now of an invasion in North Viet Nam, of search and kill activity into Cambodia and, of course, the ever present talk of the entrance of 800 million Chinese into "this nasty little war".

There is very real danger that from the eastern border of Burma to the South China Sea, a distance of 1200 miles, an area eighteen times the size of South Viet Nam, there will be war, the real war, dirty jungle war, a hapless, hopeless war of the United States.

There are nearly a million men under American in South Viet Nam today. We have accepted almost ten thousand casualties of South Vietnamese, military, ^{and} civilians some 300,000 dead and we control today less than one-half of that little country. Imagine the man power, imagine the cost of men and materials that we require. We find ourselves in a war across the entirety of southeast Asia, against an Asian people which will be united in opposition to the white man, to the westerner, to the imperialist, and all this without imagining the cost to us if we manage to draw China into the conflict. Yet, bit by bit, piece by piece, that non-policy, that anti-policy which we call escalation, which is simply a frustrated response, bit by bit and piece by piece escalation is making this land war across the breadth of southeast Asia inevitable. The tragedy of south Viet Nam is that it's pointless. Never, never from the very beginning has a vital interest in the

United States been at stake. We got into South Viet Nam because we like to meddle around the world, we like to police the world, but none of the basic vital interests of the United States are at stake in Southeast Asia. We've said it in our white papers and in our State Department pronouncements. The tragedy of South Viet Nam is that it's aimless. We have no policy. Escalation is not a policy, it's a response. If I were asked why are we fighting in Southeast Asia I'm afraid the only answer I can give is that we're fighting because we don't know what else to do but fight.

Remember some six years ago when the State Department was explaining to us why we ought to send the first men and the first materials to Southeast Asia? We were told that we had to protect a brave little people from Communist subversion, we had to protect their freedom. What freedom were we protecting? Were the South Vietnamese people ever free of their oligarchs, their feudal overlords. All that we were really protecting in South Viet Nam was the freedom of this feudal group, that of people who had been exiled from the north because they had been the quislings, they had been the patriarchs of the French, was to allow them to continue in power over the peasantry, over the people, the freedom to run landed estates and collect feudal taxes. The freedom of the South Vietnamese people as opposed to the freedom of the clique in Saigon has never been in question, and we are still fighting for the freedom of the little clique that runs South Viet Nam. I give you as evidence the report of the last several weeks, the report which comes out of the Mikahn Delta Region where our troops are entering for the first time and one report after another indicates that right behind our tanks and armoured carriers and men come the landed gentility of Viet Nam, the reclaim estates which had been cut up in Viet Cong land reform, to try and get back taxes which the peasants had not paid now for several years. And this Communist subversion that we were in South Viet Nam to stop, history has shown and research has made us understand, that this Viet Cong was not only a Communist instrumentality, but it was an instrument of the Viet-

nameese people, seeking to strike at the feudal hierarchy which imposed its heavy weight upon them. Oh, I know there was a great Communist cadre among the Viet Cong from the very beginning, but I will remind you that the Viet Cong, the nationalists of Viet Nam had no place else to turn but to the Chinese and to the Russians. In the last ten ^{of} years the French rule in Viet Nam the United States had supported the French to the tune of 80% of their war budget against the nationalists. And I know that the Viet Cong used terror and murder in order to win its point, but I ^{would} remind you that civil wars are notoriously the most cruel of all wars. Our own Civil War is a classic example, where you are fighting for the control of your nation there can be no retreat. Civil war is bloody and it is brutal and there is no gain saying that and I suspect that the United States would not want to be in the position of pulling apart all brutal adversaries wherever they are opposed across the world. Nor had we lacked political naivete and moral cant and we came up with a package which excused our involvement in Viet Nam. We were there to protect a people's freedom, a people had never asked us to protect that freedom. We were there to protect them from Communist subversion, a subversion they feared much less than the continued rule of the Diems. We were there, really, because of our own naive fear, our hypnotic fear, of Communist subversion around this world. We were still then, and many are still today, hypnotized at the idea that there is a united organized Communist conspiracy and that every peasant rebellion which the Communists manage to support around the world is part of that conspiracy quite as much as the tanks and the planes of the Soviet Union. We forgot that Russia has its nationalist desires and China has its nationalistic desires. We forgot that the Russians and the Chinese can be at one another's throats quite as much as the east and the west. We forgot that for a thousand years the Vietnamese have opposed and feared a Chinese suzerenti; that Ho Chi Minh had requested in 1954 that observers be put on his northern boundary with China even as we demanded observers be

put on the 17th parallel between the two parts of Viet Nam. We forgot, we overlooked the possibility that Viet Nam might become an Asian Yugoslavia, a Communist front state opposed to the great power block which is, after all, that which United States fears. Our policy was born in fear, misguided from the beginning, it has been magnified by frustration and miscalculation to this day.

And there is, of course, no reason to rehearse this well-known history. I believe that the vast majority of Americans are sick, sick to death, of this war. I believe that most of us would want to be out of it, the question is how, the question how. I rehearse this history because I believe that it's important to recognize that our commitments in Viet Nam were born of folly, and made not between the American people and the Vietnamese people, but between an administration and a little clique. I believe that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds and that commitments which are not basic commitments, vital commitments to a nation, are not commitments which one must hold on to with his every breath, as a bull dog holds on to the stick. I reject the president's argument of recent weeks that barring negotiations, successful negotiations, we must honor our commitments in Viet Nam. The basic commitments of the United States must be to its own people, and our commitment in Viet Nam is destructive, corrosive, to the commitments of our wealth and of our strength to our own people. The war on poverty has been curtailed. The war on pollution, the war on urban blight, the war on congestion, all these have been pushed aside because of this stupid little war, growing bigger. I reject the thought that military commitments made by a few in one administration to a few in another country must become the basic visceral life and death commitments of an entire nation, until death do them part.

America is frustrated. We do not want the war. The administration has talked of negotiation from the very beginning, but no negotiations seem on the horizon. Why not?

In largest part because all of our talk about negotiations was pious, self-serving cant. We didn't mean what we said. We meant that if the enemy surrendered we would go to a bargaining table and agree to allow them to work out the time table of withdrawal for their troops and a withdrawal of our troops from South Viet Nam. As long as we achieve our objectives, an independent South Viet Nam under the present government of Saigon, the removal of the Viet Cong as an alien force in South Viet Nam, as long as we achieve at the Conference table what we cannot achieve on the battlefield, then we will go and we will negotiate and we will make peace. And the world rejected this profer of negotiation and Hanoi rejected it curtly.

More recently we seem to have become more eager for negotiation. This past week we announced that we had immediately accepted Secretary General Ou Thant's proposal for initial negotiations. We seem to have broadened the base of our willingness to compromise, but there were some qualifications not spelled out because of Hanoi's rejection and the speed of our acceptance of the Secretary General's proposal is in measure our confidence that it would be rejected by Hanoi. We were trying to gain a political victory rather than a significant negotiatory preliminary step.

Why is there no peace? The answer lies in pride. We're a proud nation. We've been on the victorious side of the two great holocaustal wars of this century. We believe ourselves above defeat. We believe that our military might can conquer all. We believe in what Senator Fulbright has called the arrogance of power. We believe that if we twist Ho Chi Minh's arm far enough he will finally yell uncle. We believe that if we kill enough Vietnamese we will finally have our way and the Vietnamese have pride, pride in their nation, pride in their desire for independence of all imperialistic powers of the west, the pride of the oriental against the white man who has abused him and held him in contempt all these centuries, the pride of a people whose homes have been

all that we are seeking to achieve there and here because if we really mean that our aim is the social reconstruction of Southeast Asia you do not begin it by destroying this generation of Southeast Asians. And if we really mean that we want to improve the standard of life in the United States and make war on poverty we do not succeed in that by pouring your wealth into a jungle quagmire. Victory in Southeast Asia, I submit, is defeat, possible technically, politically impossible. All that we will achieve is an endless war, endless bloodletting, endless bloodshed.

What's for it then? Shall we twist the arm until it twists off? What do we have but a stump, a bloody limb. I submit that the only way to peace is for the United States to eat humble pie, to do that which we like least to do, to admit that we cannot have our way, that we cannot achieve militarily with all of our power some objective which was set out in the Pentagon some years ago. I mean by this that we will have to be the first to call off the air strike, to pull back our troops into certain defensible readouts, to bargain from weakness rather than from strength, to plead with the Vietnamese to come to the negotiating table rather than to insist they must come. It's not a pleasing prospect, but it's the only one which I know which offers us the opportunity for peace. We cannot make our way by force. A great nation finds it very difficult to humble itself before a small, oriental, relatively insignificant people, but what other alternative do we have? Is the battle worth the and is not the measure of greatness in a nation its ability to take a look at itself and to pull back, to realize that the pride of the Vietnamese now is born out of a visceral need to maintain their very lives, and American pride is only a matter of vanity. We made a mistake, a bad one, let's admit it. We wasted American lives needlessly, let's admit it. Everyone makes mistakes. Every nation makes mistakes, but let us not keep pouring men and materials, mistake after mistake, miscalculation after miscalculation, in the vain hope that we will somehow,

destroyed by bombs, whose sons have been killed in war, whose children have been martyred, whose land has been scarred, the pride of a people who have nothing to lose but life itself. We're like two oxen, running heads, neither will give. The one will accept death, the other refuses to accept a humbling. Hanoi insists that the hawk must eat crow. Hanoi insists that this great nation of ours must bend the knee, to make the first step towards disengagement and we, frankly, cannot conceive of ourselves in such an awkward posture, hence, escalation, a mounting rate of death and devastation, the sense that all of us we have that we are caught in the vice of history, that a magnet draws on again against our will to the precipice.

What's for it then? I asked myself what military victory would mean. What would we achieve if the United States went ahead with all of our sophisticated weapons and won a military victory in South Viet Nam, I believe it to be possible. I believe that ultimately we can kill every able-bodied male among the Viet Cong above the age of 13. It's technically possible. What would we have achieved? How many men would it require to patrol the long borders of South Viet Nam against the Asians who are united in their hatred for the West? They will not let us have peace. How many millions would it require to take away the noxious chemicals we have spilled upon the fields and the forests and the trees, how many millions will it take to heal the broken bones and the wounded limbs, to educate the uneducated, to bring all of the advantages of life into this nation? How many men? How much money? How long? Victory in South Viet Nam will mean, surely, an Asian war. The Asians will not allow ^{us} this victory. North Viet Nam will not be crushed. They will continue to infiltrate, to battle. Now, of course, we can bomb North Viet Nam to the ground and presumably with a few millions of men destroy every North Vietnamese male above the age of 13. But what of the Cambodians and what of the people of Laos, what of all the peasants of Southeast Asia? What of 800 million Chinese? Victory in Southeast Asia, I submit, means defeat. Military victory means an end to

by sheer power, achieve the objective, the limited objective, which we say is ours from the very beginning. We can devastate Southeast Asia. We can bomb it. We can even, in time, destroy it with atomic bombs, but will China sit idly by? Will Russia? And is it really worth all of this. No one is quite sure why we are in this little nation. What are we doing there in the first place? Why not simply get out?

I suppose that if the President of the United States were to make such a proposal he would be defeated for reelection. I think most in the United States have not come to that point where they are willing to recognize that we cannot always have it our way, but if Mr. Johnson would be defeated at the polls, and perhaps he would not be, he would have achieved immortality for he would have brought this world to the brink of peace. He would have brought us from a war which is stupid and unnecessary to a peace which is full of potential and hopeful, and hopefully, in the process, all Americans would have recognized that we cannot police the world, we cannot make the world dance to our tune. Much that will happen in this world will not be pleasing to us. This world is not a place where there are blacks and whites, communists and those who love freedom; it's a world of many colors and many shapes and many varieties of hopes and program. We're going to have to learn to live in that world as one nation among many, a great nation, but not the only nation. We're going to have to learn that that the oriental has pride, that he has hopes, that he has dreams that he will achieve his future in his own way with his own philosophy, not with ours, and not in our own way, and that all the guns and all the planes of this nation can make him tow our line. Whether it be war or whether it be peace, whether we continue in our pride or we swallow our pride, these next years are going to be difficult years for the nation for Viet Nam has divided this nation as I think this nation has never been divided before. It has brought confusion and uncertainty and doubt. There are those who are determined to persevere, who call a traitor anyone who talks of peace. There are those who talk of peace, who cannot see this flaunting

of power. There will be bitterness and anger, slander and libel, name-calling, political parties will be split apart and during such a time each of us is going to have to be steadfast and democratic awareness. He is going to have to recognize that whatever his views there is another view, that whatever be the decision ultimately, he must have sympathy with that decision, that we cannot allow this war to be divisive and fragment this nation to such a degree that it ceases to be one nation. If men wish to call the doves traitors so be it. A dove is a sturdy little bird, it's a bird that likes its freedom, it's a bird that will be heard. I only pray that we will find in the weeks ahead the strength to be the great nation, by great I mean the great spirit of the nation, that America wants itself to be, that we will eschew the easy solution, the solutions of escalation, that we will seek that solution which can bring peace, and when we talk of peace we mean peace, and not simply scoring points in some battle of international propaganda, that we will think of the boys dying in a war which no one can really justify to them, that we'll think of the orientals, the Asians, dying in a war that they did not ask for, that we will think of a nation being destroyed, its fields, its forests, its lands, its cities and its people, destroyed by a great power using this war as a convenient battleground, that we will not set morality aside when we make our political decisions because America, if it is to be the nation that we love, is at base a moral nation and our power is limited as much by the size of the world as by the spirit in which we were founded.

Such a sermon as this is not easy to preach. One does not like to think of one's nation as backing down, being wrong, humbling itself, but I know of no other alternative and I pray desperately for peace.

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write on S.V.N. Last week the news about or also we had 2,500
countries - dead & wounded; soldiers and wounded; no celebration,
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the day before said out week the press conference

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death, devastation & unemployment - all
increasing at a more rapid pace than seen
before.

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kill ration. How many U.S. are killed for each of our own. The
to concern press about it's work the ratio is 5.6 to 1 in fact. Unusual
one open noting that the ratio is 5.6 to 1 in fact. Unusual
the proof of your case is in your ability to cut down your costs and shoot
your opponent - and in that case you will be able to win.
Don't hesitate to plan many times to cut down your costs and shoot

in the world

U.N. has become a shoot - and not control of success or defeat
the game is becoming and can be won or lost. Real power is in the
hands of a small group of men in the United States and France
of Germany, to the full extent of the report from Soviet officials
which states that the ratio is 5.6 to 1 in fact.
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I am convinced that Israel & Israelis have been helping to
create a J.V.P. and have tricked the U.N. into being the
most deceitful & corrupt organization ever known, Martin Luther
King at the head of the parade to say "There is
an even greater danger of the area spreading beyond the frontiers
of U.N."

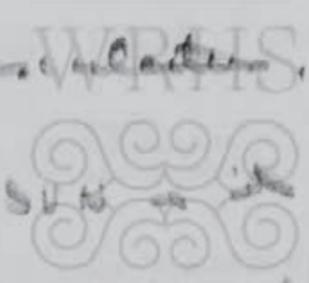
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looking to North. The role of Nasser influence increased
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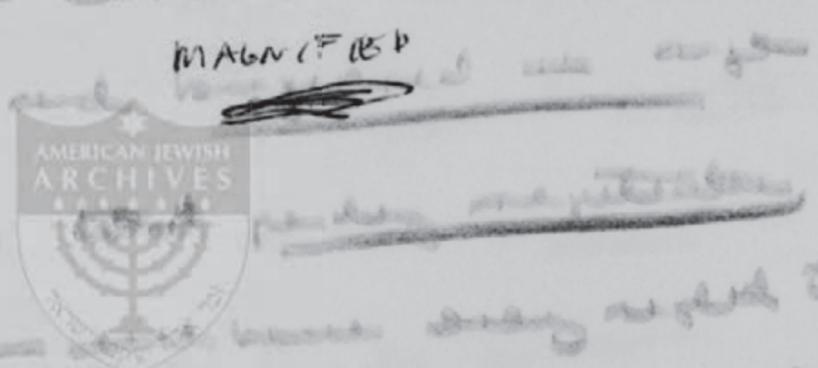
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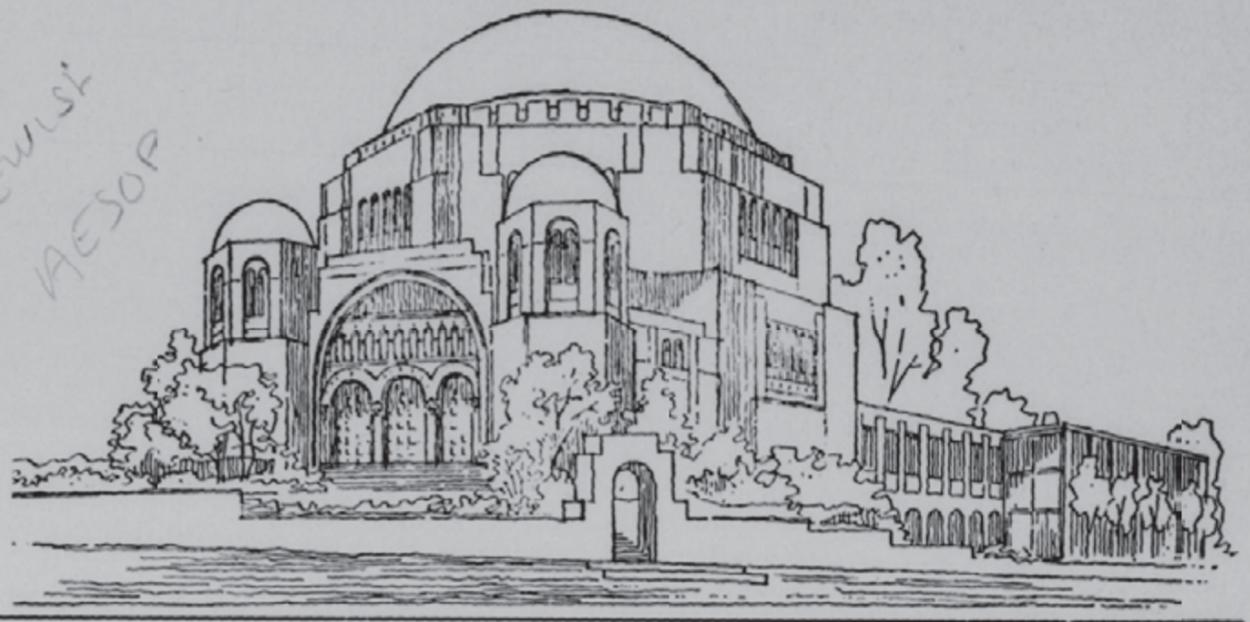


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TALES OF
A JEWISH
AESOP

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112



FROM THE RABBI'S DESK

About a year ago I published a study on the Maimonidean Criticism and the Maimonidean Controversy, 1180-1240. Recently, the dean of Jewish historians, Dr. Solomon Zeitlin, was kind enough to review my book in the most recent issue of *Jewish Quarterly Review*. I thought you would be interested in what he had to say.

THE MAIMONIDEAN CONTROVERSY

No writings in the history of the Jews have evoked such controversy as Maimonides' *Mishneh Torah* and his *Morch Nebuchim*. The controversy was bitter on both sides. Both the Maimonideans and the anti-Maimonideans fought each other zealously. The Jewish communities in Provence and northern Spain were divided into two hostile camps. The *Morch Nebuchim*, "The Guide to the Perplexed", was burned by the Dominicans. The Jews argued about the *Morch Nebuchim*, but the actual condemnation and burning of the book was done by the Church.

The writings of Maimonides, and particularly the *Morch Nebuchim*, were the main contention of the bitter strife. The *Morch Nebuchim* was considered a source of heresy by its opponents. However Maimonides was not the first Jew to write a theological book in which faith was identified with knowledge and rationalism, and Aristotelian thought was brought into harmony with Judaism. Before Maimonides, Abraham ibn Daud in his book *Emunah Rannah* endeavored

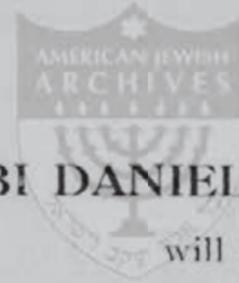
to demonstrate the incorporeality of God by making use of the Aristotelian principles. Abraham ibn Daud had also endeavored to harmonize Aristotelian rationalistic ideas with Judaism. Why, then, was such bitter ire aroused against *Morch Nebuchim*, and why did the Christians consign the book to the fire?

Furthermore the *Mishneh Torah*, which is a collection of halakot, was also opposed by many rabbis. There had been a number of compilations of halakot before Maimonides' time. For example, that of Isaac Alfasi, who lived before Maimonides and called his compilation

(Continued on Page 4)

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

April 2, 1967
10:30 o'clock



RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

will speak on

THE GROWING HORROR OF VIETNAM

FRIDAY EVENING SERVICES
5:30 to 6:10

SATURDAY MORNING SERVICES
11:00 to 12:00

MUSIC FOR SUNDAY

Prelude: Chorale	Joseph Jongen
Opening Psalm: Mah Tovu	Darius Milhaud
Bor'chu	Heinrich Schalit
Sh'ma	Schalit
V'ohavto	Lazar Weiner
Mi-Chomocho	Schalit
Tzur Yisroel	Schalit
Ovos	from tradition, setting by David Gooding
K'dusha	Gershon Ephros
Yihiu L'rotzon	Milhaud
Solo: V'li-rusholayim Ir'cho	Abraham Ellstein Charles Smith, cantorial tenor
Adoration: Olenu - Vaanachnu	from tradition, arranged by Morris Goldstein

The Temple

Rabbis

DANIEL JEREMY SILVER
LAWRENCE A. FORMAN
MORTON H. POMERANTZ

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MR. AND MRS. CLUB

Friday, April 14th
8:30 p.m.—Social Hall

PRELUDE TO PASSOVER

On Friday, April 14th, at 8:30 p.m. the Mr. and Mrs. Club will present "Prelude to Passover", an exciting evening dedicated to the understanding and enjoyment of one of our most meaningful and joyful holidays.

Through song, dance, discussion and the presentation of a traditional model seder, geared to modern times, with commentary and narrative, we shall explore the spirit and the significance of this festival of freedom, with the hope that your holiday will be personally enriched.

Chairmen

Stan and Renee Keller—291-3023

Bob and Judy Gordon—991-8883

Late Evening Snack

Mr. and Mrs. Club Members Only

\$1.25 per person

THIS SUNDAY

Mrs. Leonard Bialosky and Mrs. Arthur Friedman will be hostesses for the Social Hall coffee hour preceding the worship service. They are members of the Board of Trustees.

ALTAR FLOWERS

Flowers gracing the Pulpit Sunday, April 2, are contributed in memory of Abraham Cohen by his wife, Beatrice, and children, Nettie Fertel, Alice Goodman and David Cohen.

In Memoriam

The Temple notes with deep sorrow the passing of

IRWIN A. ADLER

and extends heartfelt sympathy to members of the bereaved family.

THE TEMPLE

FOUNDATION FUND

The Temple Foundation Fund is in receipt of a bequest from the Estate of Mrs. David Fischgrund. Although Mrs. Fischgrund had for some time been a resident of South Bend, Indiana, she had retained her membership as a Temple member.

Leo W. Neumark, Chairman
Foundation Fund Committee

BOUTIQUE

Save April 11th for a day of shopping at The Temple Women's Association Boutique. Gifts for every occasion will be available. There is always a need for wedding gifts, and it isn't too early to shop for graduation and Confirmation.

Exciting Door Prizes

Chairman: Mrs. Charles S. Adelstein

ANNUAL MEETING

Wednesday, May 10, 1967
Luncheon—12:30 p.m.

Our guest speaker will be the noted Cleveland author, Dan Tyler Moore.

TEMPLE YOUNG ADULTS

Sunday, April 2, 1967
Lounge

● Special Election Meeting

● Social Hour—Refreshments

THE TEMPLE

8:15 p.m.—Social Hall
Wednesday, April 5, 1967

SECOND SESSION ADULT SUNDAY SCHOOL

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver
will speak on

What We Teach Your Child About Living
In a Non-Jewish World

Open to all parents of children in The Temple Religious
School and other interested members of the congregation.

Question-and-Answer Period

Coffee Hour

Car pools are available.

Call Mrs. Sanford Bergman, 442-9511.

THE TEMPLE

6:30 p.m.—Social Hall



CONGREGATIONAL SEDER

Monday, April 24, 1967

Reservations must be made through The Temple Office no later
than Friday, April 21, 1967—\$6.00 for adults and \$4.50 for children.

Haggadah's may be purchased at
The Temple Office for \$1.35.

BLOOD BANK

The Red Cross Bloodmobile will be at The Temple on Monday, April 17,
from 1:00 to 7:00 p.m. Please call The Temple Office for your appointment
reservation.

The Temple Memorial Book

"The Memory of the Righteous is a Blessing"

The Temple Memorial Book is a perpetual Yahrzeit, keeping alive the names of our dear departed.
Their names are read annually at the services which occur on the anniversary date of death.

LEONORE SPERO BASSICHIS

*Inscribed by her husband, Jack,
and children, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott B. Bassichis
and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Grossman.*

SHELDON WOHLWERTH

*Inscribed by his wife, Geraldine;
children Debra, Lee and Russel; and
parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wohlwerth.*

SADIE R. PAUNTEL

Inscribed by her husband, Harold.

GERTRUDE O. HOLLANDER

*Inscribed by her daughter and son-in-law,
Dr. and Mrs. Harold Segall.*

JULIUS D. WEITZ

*Inscribed by his wife, Ida,
and children, E. Richard Weitz and
Mrs. Sylvan H. Bank.*

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Cleveland, Ohio

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DATES TO REMEMBER

- Sunday, April 2 — Sunday Morning Service
Temple Young Adults Meeting
- Tuesday, April 4 — Temple Women's Association—Tuesday Activities
- Wednesday, April 5 — The Temple—Adult Sunday School
- Sunday, April 9 — Sunday Morning Service

Kaddish

Friday Mar 31 1967

Sunday Apr 2, 1967

Those who passed away this week

DR. HARRY JOSEPH RIEMER :

BLANCHE COHEN
MALVINA B.DEVAY
IDA R.GRAVER
ABRAHAM COHEN
IDA ROBERTS NORBERG
EDITH C. BENSON
JACOB WOLENSKI
LEWIS SANDS
MARY KLAUSNER
EMMA BAKER MYERS
SUMNER C.WIENER
JACOB ROSEN
MATILDA FLESHER
ABRAHAM J.SUGERMAN

Jahrzeits

HARRY BRATBURD
HATTIE BAER TEPLANSKY
SOL FETTERMAN
LEVI SHONFIELD
ISRAEL J. LEHMAN
ALBERT BERGMAN
IDA DEBORAH GLANZ
LESTER L. KAHN

WINNING HEARTS IN VIETNAM

Instructing the Peasants

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a former member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal of Lewisburg, Pa.

Saigon

The reconnaissance plane skimmed across the village at treetop level. Standing knee deep in the rice fields, the farmers looked up from their work, tipping their white conical hats forward and reflecting angry surprise at the small silver plane roaring by just above them. Then a shot sounded from behind the plane, a loud crack easily heard through the wind rushing by the open windows of the plane. Pressing the small intercom button, I called to the pilot. "Somebody's shooting at us."

He too had heard the shot and was pulling back on the stick, sending the single-engine plane into a steep climb.

"You see where that came from?" he asked.

"No idea." It was indeed impossible to tell where the sniper was located. He might have fired from one of the small, thatched huts in the village or he might have been concealed in one of the many tree lines which had flashed by as we buzzed the area.

"I sure don't like getting shot at," the pilot muttered. Then, almost as an afterthought, "I'm wondering whether to call an air strike on that village."

The wind was still blowing through the windows of the plane as we circled high above the village. Far off to the east, the South China Sea glistened like a silver bowl under the warm afternoon sun.

Until the shot was fired, it had been a routine mission. We had flown down the coast, looking for enemy troop movements or suspicious constructions that might signal a new Vietcong bunker or trench system. Many of the villages had recently been burned out by the troops operating in the area. The huts were little more than black skeletons of bamboo sticks protruding lifelessly into the sky; the trees and shrubbery were scorched brown and gray. Endless parallel tracks, interlaced among the fields and into the villages, showed where tanks and armored personnel carriers had smashed and ploughed their way through the area.

The green rice stalks, ready for harvesting, rippled in the breeze like a field of rich Iowa wheat. However, the fields were not being harvested. The peasants had scattered for the mountains or to the teeming refugee camps miles to the north. The area had been designated a "fire free zone" where anything that moved was fair game for troops, artillery and airplanes.

But the village below had somehow been spared. Either it was not "hard-core VC" or the enemy had decided not to fight from the nearby trenches and bunkers, so the troops had not bothered to destroy it. The fields were being worked and the people were moving back and forth along the paths to the long rows of huts. As

we swept overhead, I had noticed that whole families were busy shelling and drying rice in front of the small mud and thatch houses.

This is a familiar sight in Vietnam during the rice-harvesting season. Everyone pitches in. Men, women and children help pour the brown rice kernels from one round basket to another as they squat on the hard, dirt patio in front of the huts. Old women, with teeth stained red from betel nut, quack like ducks in their



high-pitched voices as their gnarled fingers rub the shells from the small grains of rice. The smaller children run in and out of the huts, sometimes playing hide-and-seek behind the trees, then running down to the paddies to splash about naked in the cool water.

The plane circled two more times and then the pilot's voice sounded over the intercom.

"You know, I'm going to teach those folks a lesson. I'm calling for an air strike."

Having made the decision, he began calling for his radio operator, stationed back at the air base and ready to relay information to the central control headquarters.

"This is Green Marker to Alpha."

A young, tense voice acknowledged the message.

"This is Alpha, go ahead Green Marker, over."

"This is Green Market. I am calling air strike in a village down here where someone just shot at me. It was probably a .30 or .50 caliber weapon. Here are the coordinates of the village."

The pilot read off the exact location of the area below. Then there were a few moments of silence as the operator cleared the strike through higher channels.

"I sure don't like hitting villages, but they gotta learn to quit shooting at us," the pilot said over the intercom.

Then the radio operator came back on. The strike had been cleared through American and Vietnamese authorities. A call for jet bombers had been placed.

"Probably take fifteen to twenty minutes before we can get the planes," the operator said.

Below, the villagers were unaware of the fate being organized for them. The jets would surprise them. They would appear on the horizon, dark and slim against the blue sky. There would be a primary pass for observation. Before the roar of the engines had settled across the village, the planes would do a climbing turn. Then they would level out and swoop in a neat arc toward the village. As they reached the bottom of the dive, two bright silver cylinders would drop from the planes's wings and drift toward the village. There would be a flash of brilliant orange and red fire, then a billow of smoke. Seconds later, the low "whrmmp" of the explosion would echo through the air. Then, as the planes straightened for a second pass, the rubble of the huts would still be smoking.

When it was over, only twisted trees and smoldering sticks would mark the spot where the village had stood. I had been through villages where this had happened. It was easy to imagine what it would be like in those huts below after the air strike.

After the wounded had been sorted out and placed in litters for the long hike to either a Vietcong camp or an American base, the dead would be prepared for burial. They would be placed in rough coffins and the women would wail and cry, clawing at the coffins and spreading tears across the white, unpainted boards.

The radio crackled again. It was a small stroke of luck for the village.

"Sir," said Alpha, "there don't seem to be any planes available right now. However, there is an ARVN artillery battery within range."

The pilot checked the map and located the Vietnamese artillery unit which was located at the base of a small mountain only 3 miles away.

"I guess we'll go ahead with that. Not the same as an air strike," he muttered over the intercom.

The pilot told the operator that he would call the artillery. Then, switching the frequency of the radio, he called the American adviser to the battery. The plane moved slightly to the north to avoid the incoming shells as the artillery unit lined up its direction of fire.

Suddenly, the artillery officer half whispered over the radio "On the way, over."

The first round was short of the village. A spout of water leaped skyward as the shell exploded in a rice field. By now, the villagers realized what was happening. They had disappeared from the paths and the fields.

The village was as deserted as the burned-out hamlets we had seen earlier in the afternoon. What was a bustling village only twenty minutes before was now an empty series of brown huts and green fields.

The pilot radioed corrections and a few minutes later the artillery officer said again: "On the way, over."

The second time, four shells landed simultaneously as the entire battery fired from the mountain base. Two rounds scored directly. A flash of fire and cloud of smoke rose up from the spot where a hut had stood. The other two shells burst in a nearby field.

In the next ten minutes, the artillery unit poured thirty-five rounds of the high explosive 105mm. shells into the village. Many of the shells exploded in nearby fields and only three or four huts were destroyed.

Finally the pilot called over the radio. "Okay, that will do it."

On the intercom, he muttered, "This ARVN artillery isn't worth a damn. With an air strike I could have put bombs within 20 feet of any spot in the village."

When the artillery had finished, the pilot circled once more over the village. Then in a final dive to 1,000 feet, he released two small rockets attached to the plane's wings.

The small plane shuddered from the shock as the rockets were fired, then climbed steeply.

"Hey, I got a haystack; no, two of them." Sure enough, each rocket had hit a stack of dry, brown grass and both were burning brightly a few yards from a hut.

As he started back toward the airfield, the sun was beginning to settle across the distant mountain. The pilot called his radio operator. "How about running over to the mess hall and tell them to hold up something to eat. We'll be back in about fifteen minutes."

"I sure am hungry," he added over the intercom.

Country Fair

EDWARD LAMB

Mr. Lamb is the Toledo industrialist and author of No Lamb for Slaughter (Harcourt Brace & World).

Saigon

The United States Army, First Division, has a giant military base at Lai Khe, some hundred miles north of Saigon. It was from this heavily armed position that the Big Red Division cleared and flattened the Iron Triangle. And when I was there it was the scene of operations described as Country Fairs—a Madison Avenue approach to the conversion of the Vietcong in several hostile neighboring villages.

Just 8 miles north, we moved in with the American troops as they staged the spectacle for the hamlet of Am Loi. It is a typical town of some 500 inhabitants who had lived under the VC for many years. U.S. and South Vietnamese troops surrounded the village at four in the morning—a cordon of mortars, tanks and more than a battalion of heavily armed troops. The town having been