

**A COUNTRY
 STAYS ALIVE
 WHEN ITS
 CULTURE IS
 ALIVE.**

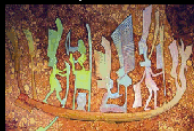
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SAIGON ARTS, CULTURE & EDUCATION INSTITUTE



To Research, Document & Promote Vietnamese-American Culture

NEWSLETTER # 76

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The Last Hours of General Lê Văng Hưng

MRS. LÊ VĂN HƯNG born Phạm Thị Kim Hoàng

Translated by SACEI

I still remember the words President Nguyễn Văn Thiệu said when he resigned on 21 April, 1975 and turned over the power to Mr. Trần Văn Hương,

“Having lost President Nguyễn Văn Thiệu, the army still has General Nguyễn Văn Thiệu; the people still have the fighter Nguyễn Văn Thiệu. I pledge to fight on the side of the troops.”

His words stirred me up deeply although they soon took off with the wind when a good number of main leaders of the government escaped abroad looking for safety and leaving the nation, the people, the army, Generals Nam, Hưng, Hải, Vỹ, Phú drowning in a flood of bullets. As I remember up to this point, I could not hold back my tears.

Gunfire was heard all over the country. The Summer of 1972 was the Red Fiery Summer as acknowledged by writer Phan Nhật Nam. The Bloody Summer. The Summer of Love. The Summer of the Deep Abyss. And how tragic and desperate was the 30 April, 1975? Do we have any word to express the depth of that terrible state of life and death? News of defeat kept flowing in. There were places where fight had not broken out, yet they were abandoned to the enemy. There were places where battlefields raged. It was saddening to see such a disorganized and pitiful retreat never seen before in military history.



The VOA and BBC networks reported that RVNAF heavy losses caused deep fear in people. The defeated troop columns, in rag tags, without leaders ran like ducks being chased away. Troops were confused and puzzled. They whispered, “If President Thiệu, General Khiêm, General Viên had flown out, why should we fight? Such a general, provincial chief had escaped. Why fight then?” They asked themselves, “Have we fought over the years for our nation or for a corrupt group of people? Whom are we fighting for?” Without leaders, they were like snakes without heads, confused, dispersed. Questions such as “An army without generals?” were raised. There were also people who liked to criticize, “These generals do not know how to fight. Soldiers are fighting so that generals could benefit.”

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Comments from discontented or narrow minded people sounded similar to the proverbial frog that sat at the bottom of a pit. Even if there were corrupt generals who disgraced the army, there were good, clean, righteous, talented ones who made people and the army proud. Those discontents, whether intentional or not, did not understand the importance of support and appreciation for the generals, officers, soldiers was essential to the army and the nation. To knowledgeable people who appreciated the sacrifice of people who immolated themselves, I salute them with respect and thanks.

Some people have raised the question that Generals Nam's and Hung's self-immolations were a waste and that they should have fought or gone abroad. Others have complained that I should have prevented them from killing themselves and abandoning their families without support.

Even wives of generals who are still being jailed or living peacefully in western countries have criticized me. Listening to these criticisms makes me feel sad. I respect their comments as being based on "their level of knowledge." I did not answer them, but only smiled and shook my head. But today I have to raise my voice to thank those who have fought, are fighting or will fight the communists to save the nation and in response to the above mentioned criticisms. I respectfully ask those critics to think again before commenting because... the successful generals would never surrender in the face of adversity or adversaries. The generals who had on many occasions braved rains of bullets, faced death, performed valiant deeds throughout their careers, dominated adversity, converted failing events to successful ones, would they simply listen to a surrender order then kill themselves?

At this point, I would like to ask a question to all ARVN officers. "The day you received the officer's cap from the Military School, did you remember the three words inscribed on that cap? They were, "Fatherland, Honor, and Responsibility" that you solemnly wore on your head, weren't they?" And how about the rules at the swearing ceremony on your graduation day? To those who left the country before its collapse, those who stood in line to get into the reeducation camps, I beg your forgiveness because I do not intend to pass any judgment. I just would like to explain the truth about the deaths of Generals Nguyen Khoa Nam and Lê Văn Hưng. These two generals who had refused three times to be flown out of the country at the request of their U.S. advisers decided to stay and die on the battlefield to protect the IV Corps. The advisers having urged them to fly out could no longer wait and finally dispirited had to leave.

Earlier on 29 April 1975, as Vũ Văn Mẫu and Dương Văn Minh had ordered on the Saigon broadcasting network all Americans to leave within twenty-four hours, the "secret operation plan" of Generals Nam and Hưng was activated.

General Nguyễn Hữu Hạnh replacing General Vĩnh Lộc in the final hours of Saigon had called Cần Thơ repeatedly. Claiming brothers-in-arms and big brother status, he urgently asked General Hưng to cooperate with him and Dương Văn Minh. He might just want to assess the IV Corps leaders' attitude. On many occasions over the phone, General Hưng had explicitly told him, "No cooperation with Dương Văn Minh. No surrender to the communists. Fight until the end."

After President Thiệu resigned and turned over the power to Trần Văn Hương, and because of the sinking fate of the nation and bowing to intense outside pressures, Hương then turned his power over to Dương Văn Minh. The latter who had twice taken down the country, smeared Vietnam's history and lowered himself by handing South Vietnam to the communists. The generals defending a region of the country, depending on the condition of the country and its military situation had full authority to make decisions without having to obey automatically to any leader as the latter had disappeared; in that case whom should they listen to? Therefore Generals Nam and Hưng did not listen to Dương Văn Minh or Nguyễn Hữu Hạnh.

Writing up to this point, I felt very emotional. I wept when I remember that a number of soldiers and officers cried their hearts out when they heard Dương Văn Minh's order to surrender. They held the country's flag and their guns close to their hearts. Many heads of military sectors and bases would not surrender. They resisted until their last bullet which was reserved for themselves. Although they were not of high rank, but only leaders of small military sectors and bases, their courage and fighting spirit were high.

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While Saigon had surrendered, the security in Cần Thơ was under control. The operations plan had been drafted. Ammunitions and food were ready. Troops were ready to be moved to defending positions. Plans to move civilians, to counterattack lay in these secret documents. The IV Corps had many strategic locations and could defend itself for a long time. Therefore, up to 29 April, 1975, no post in any district even remote had surrendered to the enemy.

On 30 April 1975, however, people in Cần Thơ became restless and alarmed. A small number of soldiers left their posts. In town, unruliness that had never occurred before was present. Groups of thugs used the occasion to steal from U.S. or abandoned private properties regardless of warning shots from policemen. They stole, destroyed, and shouted like madmen. Among them were probably some VC infiltrators who wanted to create disorder in order to oppress the spirit of soldiers.

At that time, Generals Nam and Hung were still in contact with units fighting against the enemy. Essential units had been brought back to Cần Thơ to defend the divisional headquarters around the Alpha perimeter. The crucial time was between 1400 and 1600 of 30 April, when according to the plan, the operation officially began. When contact with the leaders of different divisions was made, it was realized that they were not aware of the operation, were not ready besides changing their defense from the morning until then.

When they looked for the Security Colonel who was in charge of distributing secret maps and orders for the operation, it was realized that the Colonel had escaped with his family and left the secret orders with his subordinate, a Captain. The latter then decided to follow his boss and the maps and operation orders had disappeared. Upon discovery of the news, Generals Nam and Hung became extremely upset. I could not retain my tears when I remember General Nam's embarrassment and General Hung's utter disappointment. The bulging up of Hung's facial veins, the clenching of his teeth suggested his pain and frightened outlook. He banged his desk with his hands when he realized that a coward hand had sabotaged his sophisticated project. Hung looked at me as if he wanted to ask,

"Do you want to escape?" I flatly refused. I could not think about saving myself leaving him alone to fight a terrible situation. I decided to stay back and share the disaster and possibly death. Hung asked me,

"Success is what we aim for, but should we fail, what would you think?"

"I'll then die. I do not want anyone in the family to fall into VC hands," I answered.

In order not to fall into VC hand, I had to prepare for our death—the children and I—as our last resort. At 16:45 on 30 April, 1975, Hung left the main divisional headquarters and moved to the secondary one, where we temporarily lived. He did not want to witness the dishonored transfer of power between General Nam and VC lieutenant Colonel Hoàng Văn Thạch. While the latter arrived at the headquarters at 1730, General Hung was contacting General Mạch Văn Trường asking him to send two units of armored vehicles to the provincial palace to protect 21st divisional headquarters that had just repositioned there. Hung then continued to contact units that were still fighting in the area. He also invited General Mạch Văn Trường and the other unit leaders around the perimeter for a meeting.

At 1830, when the officers arrived at the gate, a ten-people delegation of the town of Cần Thơ was already there. They asked to see General Hung and said,

"We know that the General would never surrender. But please do not counterattack for if you decided to do it, the VC will heavily fire shells and mortars on the town, which will be destroyed like An Lộc. The fate of the country being like this, we urge the general to protect the lives of the people and forget his burst of energy and courage."

After listening to them, I felt sad and distraught. I was not surprised by their request because one week earlier, the VC had shelled Cầu Đôi, close to divisional headquarters causing many casualties and severe damage to people's properties. The Cần Thơ people were still fearful after the event. Hung appeared astounded by the request. A moment later, he forced himself to smile and answered,

"Do not be afraid. I'll do my best to avoid collateral damage to the people."

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As the delegation left, Hưng turned to me and said,

"Do you remember Phan Thanh Giản? Having lost the three eastern provinces, but because of the people Phan cowered himself and handed over the three western provinces to the French. Phan could not watch people dying and lose his dignity by not doing anything and causing harm to the king. He therefore began to fast and take poison."

Hưng remained silent for a few seconds then said,

"I'd rather die than see the VC coming to town."

At 18:45 on 30 April, General Nam called Hưng asking for update on the military situation. Hưng told him about the request from the Cần Thơ delegation. He also advised him that a trusted officer will send out secret orders to the units. General Nam told Hưng that he had taped an announcement to the people of Cần Thơ which will be broadcast by the Cần Thơ broadcasting station. But as man proposes and God disposes, once more, things did not turn out correctly. The broadcasting station had been hijacked an hour earlier and the director under threat instead of broadcasting General Nam's tape first had replaced it with another tape by VC lieutenant Colonel Hoàng Văn Lạc. About ten minutes later, he played General Nam's tape and by that time, it was too late. There was no way to hold up the trust of the people and the troops any longer. Troops that were sparse in the beginning began to scatter further.

By 19:30, Hưng called me to his upstairs office. That was the most critical moment of the day and no one was present. After explaining all the events from the afternoon until that time, Hưng said,

"Hoàng, you must realize by now that defeat was due to two reasons. Since the Colonel did not carry out the order, there was no mobilization of troops to strategic positions at the last minute as scheduled in the operations plan. Mobilization of the soldiers and people's trust did not work because of the delay in releasing General Nam's tape." His eyes lit up and he continued,

"You have to live to raise our children."

"Why did you change your mind?" I asked.

"Our children are faultless. I do not dare to kill them."

"As we cannot let them live with the VC, I'll take care of them; just a strong dose of medication. You can wait for me. We'll die together."

"We cannot do it as parents. Please listen to me. Please be brave enough to live and accept the dishonor. In my place, you'll raise the children into good people. Riches and rank tend to distort the mind and judgment of people. Remember, place the fatherland above all. Please accept the dishonor in order to raise them into people who could take revenge for our country."

"If you love your children, why did you not escape?"

Hung sternly looked at me as if to reprimand me.

"You are my wife. How could you ask such a question?"

Realizing my mistake, I asked him for forgiveness.

"Please forgive me. It is because I love you so much that I have uttered these words."

His voice was solemn, but calm.

"Please listen to me. People could run away, but never me. I have under me thousands of troops who had stuck with me through thick and thin. I cannot abandon them now to spend my life by myself. And I will not surrender. It is too late to pull back into secret zones because without steady supplies of guns, ammunitions, and food, we would not be able to resist long. It is too late now. The VC are coming. Don't make me mad because if I fire at them, I'll cause problems for the people and troops. I do not want to see the shadow of any VC at

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all.”

I began shaking and asked him,

“And me? What should I do now?”

Holding my hands firmly, Hưng said,

“Having lived together for a long time, you know me and I know you. Although you are just a small fish, you have the will of a whale. Try to accept dishonor, a thousand times to bring up our children, to take revenge for our nation. Change your appearance, your demeanor, and fight to survive. Because of me, the children, debt to our nation, you can stand it. Please listen to me. I beg you, I beg you.”

I could not turn him down in the face of such request, such fervent words:

“OK. I will.”

Afraid that I changed my mind, Hưng continued,

“Swear to me. Swear it.”

“I do, I do. But I have two requests. Should they humiliate me I can kill myself, can’t I?”

Hưng thought for a few seconds then acquiesced. He said,

“Please bring mother and the children in.”

I turned around. My eyes struck the flag that was standing in a corner. I immediately brought it to him.

“You have spent so many years protecting it. It’s time to keep it,” I said.

We looked at each other with understanding. Hưng embraced the flag and held it to his face with tears in his eyes. He firmly straightened out and told me,

“Please bring mother and the children in.”

When we returned, Hưng told mother how he had to die and I had to live.

I then brought all the staff that had been gathering downstairs to his office. They stayed in line, very emotional with tears in their eyes. In the last farewell between people who had shared life and death together, Hưng said a loud and dignified voice,

“I’ll neither abandon you nor take my family abroad. As you know, the secret operation had not even begun when it was sabotaged. I did not counterattack at the last minute in order not to harm the people. I did not want the VC to start shelling randomly and transforming Cần Thơ into a second An Lộc. I do not want to shame myself into surrendering. You have once worked with me; if you have made errors, I have scolded you. Scolding does not mean hating; it is about instructing and improving. Although we had been sold out and offered to the VC, you are not directly responsible to the nation. Those who hold your fate in their hands should bear all the responsibilities. Please forgive me if I had erred. I have chosen death. A general who cannot hold the fort or protect the nation has to die with the nation or the fort; he cannot abandon the people, the country and run away. Once I died, you can return to your family. Listen to me carefully: do not let the communist assemble you, even put you under any type of group. I bid farewell to all of you.”

Hưng shook everyone’s hands. They all cried. Arriving close to Major Phương and First lieutenant Nghĩa, he asked them a favor.

“Please help my wife and children. Good bye to you.”

Everyone stayed quiet and could not say a word. My mother held him and asked to die with him. Consoling her, he told her to please watch for the children. He then told everyone to get out.

As no one wanted to get out, he carefully pushed them out. I told him I would like to stay back, but he refused. Afraid, Nghĩa ran away.

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Hưng turned around and locked the door on himself. I asked Giêng to get a knife to unlock the door. She rapidly disappeared. Hưng turned around and closed the door. I called Nghĩa back and told Giêng to unlock the door. Nghĩa came back and stood in front of the door waiting. A shot was heard. A bitter sound. I looked at the clock: it was 20:45 on April 30, 1975. The day that ended our lives. Le van Hưng was gone. Giêng worked on the door which opened. Nghĩa stepped aside to let me go in first. Hưng was sliding down from his chair with arms spread out, convulsing, and the whole body contracting in spasms. His eyes and mouth were wide open, his mouth twitching. I held his legs and asked,

"Honey, do you have any other word for me?"

Hưng did not answer. Nghĩa shouted,

"General. Oh my God. General."

Giêng came in and helped Nghĩa place Hưng on the bed. Red blood stained his uniform and the bed sheet. I closed his eyes with my fingers. Nghĩa continued to cry,

'General! General.'

I told Giêng to bring the children to see their father the last time. Phương was to tell Khiết and Hoàng to stand by the stairs to prevent any communist to come up. I was looking for the shell and realized the gun had somehow disappeared. It was only when I washed him, and changed the sheet that I realized he had hid it under the chair before he passed away. Five-year-old Hãi held his dad's feet and cried. Two-year-old Hà sat on his dad's belly but wondered why he had not picked her up like times before.

Nghĩa called every place but could not find General Nam. I had the operator call him. The VC came into our house on 30 April, but Phương prevented them from getting up the stairs. At 2130, the phone rang,

"Who is there?"

"Hi, Mrs. Hưng. This is Hồ Ngọc Cẩn."

"Colonel Cẩn. What can I do for you?" I tried to answer in a normal voice so that he did not suspect anything. I heard in Cẩn's background the sounds of gunfire.

"Mrs. Hưng. Could I talk to the general for a few minutes?"

For a few seconds, I became confused then said,

"He is outside giving orders to troops."

"Mrs. Hưng, please get him for me. Could I talk to Nghĩa?"

"Nghĩa is with General Hưng. Cẩn, please wait for a minute."

I pressed the phone to my chest and asked Nghĩa,

"Colonel Cẩn wanted to talk to General Hưng. What should I say?"

"You tell him the general has passed away, Mrs. Hưng"

"I cannot say that. Colonel Cẩn is in the middle of the battle."

Suddenly everything became clear in my mind. I wanted Cẩn to fight like a hero. Live like a hero. Die like a hero. My voice firmed up.

"The general cannot come in. Tell me what you need. What is the situation in Chương Thiện now? Could you fight? What is the morale of the troops now? How is the enemy?"

"They are threatening us. Morale of the troops is still high. Please ask the general if the order is the same."

"Cẩn, please wait for a minute."

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I held the phone against my chest and thought for a few seconds. I knew what he meant. It would be difficult to salvage the situation. But I wanted Hồ Ngọc Cẩn to fight like a hero.

"Listen, Cẩn. This is the order of the General. He asked whether Cẩn is willing to fight."

"Ready and willing, any time."

"Good. Then do it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hưng"

I dropped the phone next to Hung and murmured, "Good bye, Cẩn. Good bye."

"Cẩn, your soul is wandering somewhere. When I wrote this section, tears fell on the paper. Please understand that when I talked to you, I felt very bad. Please pardon me." Colonel Cẩn fought heroically till the last bullet. He also behaved like a hero in the last minutes of his life. "If you understand Hưng, if you understand me, from the other side of the world where hate does not exist, you probably understand my feeling at that moment. Please forgive me."

Dear readers of these words please do not blame me for making that decision. General Hưng had passed away. General Nam could not be contacted. The wife of a commander of the self-defense force, with her husband passing away, took over the command and fought heroically. I could not let a person like Hồ Ngọc Cẩn surrender and welcome the VC to the command center of Chương Thiện.

At 2300 on 30 April 1975, the phone rang again.

"Hello, Mrs. Hưng," said General Nguyễn Khoa Nam in a sad voice.

"Hello, General," I cried while answering.

"Mrs. Hưng, I understand. I would like to offer my condolences to you."

"What do you think about the failed operations plan?" I continued.

"Did Hưng tell you about that? We have done everything we could. It is not our fault because we were coward or abandon the cause. It is just because the Colonel did not...execute the order which did not reach the divisions' commanders. My last minute call to the people arrived late and could not change the process. Do you know that the communication system has been hijacked?"

"Yes, I do. Hưng has told me. Do you have any intention of counterattacking?"

"There are people involved here. The communists do not care about them, but we do... What is the situation at your place?"

"General, the VC are downstairs. Some of them intended to go upstairs but Giêng has prevented them from doing it. They are cleaning up the place."

"Where is the staff?"

"Only Nghĩa and a few soldiers are still here. The rest has left. Hưng having passed away, I do not care about belongings as long as they leave him alone."

"Have you cleaned him up yet?"

"Not yet. I just changed his clothes when you called."

"You need to do it now. There is no time left."

"How about you? Are you going to surrender?"

After a long sigh, he told me these things I would not forget.

"Vietnam's fate is deplorable. Even though Hưng and I had carefully planned, we have been betrayed at the last minute... Hưng has passed away. I'll too. As generals, if we cannot save the nation, we have to die with it." Then in a calm and steady voice, he said, "Have

courage, Mrs. Hưng. You need to live for your children. If you have any problem, just let me know. If there is no answer, ask Nghĩa to call Thủy for the new secret code.”

“Thank you, General.”

Having talked to General Nam, I stepped out to the balcony and looked down. No one was in the courtyard, except for Nghĩa. The gate is wide open and its two doors swung back and forth in the wind with shrieking sounds. The moon of the 19th of the third lunar month shone through with a gloomy and desolate air as if it empathized with the fate of South Vietnam. Writing up to here, I remember each word of General Nam and Colonel Cẩn. All my life, I could not forget the rapid voice of the provincial chief, Colonel Hồ Ngọc Cẩn and the sad voice of General Nam.

At 0700 hours on 1 May, 1975, as I finished the last sutra to Hưng’s soul, I heard a voice behind my back. Turning around, I saw Lieutenant Colonel Tùng, physician in chief of the Nguyễn Văn Học military hospital who came to pay his last respect to General Hưng. He said he had to return to the hospital to take care of General Nam’s body that had been brought to the hospital. General Nam had shot himself in his temple at 0600 hours. Even though he had passed away, his eyes and mouth were still wide open as if he were in pain. After I talked to General Nam, I knew what would happen. After I talked to Dr. Tùng, I felt sad and knelt down in the direction of the military hospital and prayed to the general and begged for forgiveness. I could not leave Hưng alone to go to the hospital to close his eyes and care for him. Now that his soul had met Hưng’s soul, I prayed to God for protection for my children from the VC, for love for our country, our people, and soldiers.

Lieutenant Nghĩa paid the last respect to General Nam in my place. First Lieutenant Thanh, a special benefactor, came to me in these difficult moments. He had invited Lieutenant Colonel Bia to perform the last rite for Hưng. At 0800, on 1 May, divisional officers in civilian clothes came to pay their respect to Hưng. At that moment, magically, Hưng looked up and two drops of tears poured out of his eyes. His face reddened.

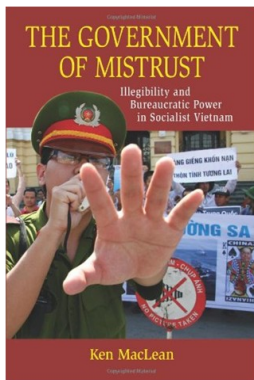
People cried for the nation that began to sink into oblivion. People cried for the poor defeated army. Until they died, Generals Nam and Hưng had only discussed about the cause of the failure of their operations plan. They had never disparaged the colonel who was behind it. Please understand me. I respect the honor of these two people and their families. In that tense period, when people lost their trust, both of you needed to be loved than blamed. I did not know whether both of you, either had been detained or able to escape.

The fate of the nation was such that a few men even though they traded their lives could not prevent it from crumbling. However, as long as we called ourselves Lạc Hồng people and are still breathing, we are still indebted to our nation. This is a noble and precious debt that human words cannot characterize. Why should we not follow our heroic ancestors’ footsteps, our forefathers’ indomitable will and pay our debt to the nation? Why did we spend time denigrating, hurting, trampling on one another thereby unintentionally benefiting the VC criminals?

Having read what I have written above, you probably understand why Generals Nam and Hưng had immolated themselves to protect their integrity. No one uses success or defeat to confront a hero. No one uses hearts of villains to measure the integrity of heroes.

We, the people who are still living, whether inside or outside Vietnam, we have to ask ourselves, “What have we done so that we will not be ashamed to face those who had passed away? They died not because they were coward. They died to protect three words that they once wore on their heads: Fatherland, Honor, and Responsibility. If you have not done anything for your country, please do not make any irresponsible comment. Do not unconsciously dishonor those who were willing to die for their country.





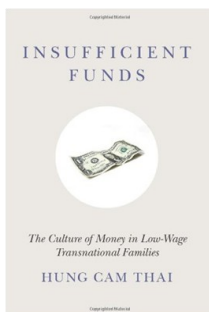
The Government of Mistrust: Ken MacLean

The Government of Mistrust reveals how profoundly the dynamics of bureaucracy have

affected Vietnamese efforts to build a socialist society. MacLean exposes a falsified world existing largely on paper. As high-level officials attempted to execute centralized planning via decrees, procedures, questionnaires, and audits, low-level officials and peasants used their own strategies to solve local problems. To obtain hoped-for aid from the central government, locals overstated their needs and underreported the resources they actually possessed. Higher-ups attempted to re-establish centralized control and legibility by creating yet more bureaucratic procedures. Amidst the resulting mistrust and ambiguity, many low-level officials were able to engage in strategic action and tactical maneuvering that have shaped socialism in Vietnam in surprising ways.

Available on Amazon

<http://www.amazon.com/Government-Mistrust-Illegibility-Bureaucratic-Perspectives/dp/029929594X/>



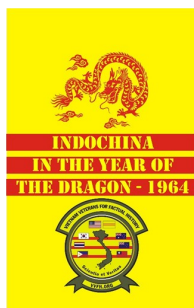
Insufficient Funds: Huynh Cam Thai

Hung Cam Thai examines how and why immigrants, who largely earn low wages as hairdressers, cleaners, and other "invisible" workers, send home a substantial portion

of their earnings, as well as spend lavishly on relatives during return trips. Extending beyond mere altruism, this spending is motivated by complex social obligations and the desire to gain self-worth despite their limited economic opportunities in the United States. At the same time, such remittances raise expectations for standards of living, producing a cascade effect that monetizes family relationships. *Insufficient Funds* powerfully illuminates these and other contradictions associated with money and its new meanings in an increasingly transnational world.

Available on Amazon

<http://www.amazon.com/Insufficient-Funds-Low-Wage-Transnational-Families/dp/0804777322/>



Indochina in the Year of the Dragon: Stephen Sherman et al

Indochina. In the Year of the Dragon--1964, is the second volume in a planned series looking at key events during the Second Indochina War. Written primarily by historians, academics and Vietnam veterans, the series will challenge long held orthodox views of academia and show how myths, falsehoods and distortions have perpetuated the myth that Vietnam was unwinnable and without purpose. In this volume, topics ranging from the DRV's military intentions, to the peace movement, in 1964, are covered.

Available on Amazon:

<http://www.amazon.com/Indochina-Year-Dragon-Stephen-Sherman/dp/1929932251/>

