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THREE YOUNG BOYS SHOOT DOWN TWO U.S. PLANES

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Receiving the news that a group of friends in the neighboring village were killed by U.S. Commandos while they were singing, three young boys named Ty, Cach and Pho of X Village immediately went to see the cadre comrade of the township unit and asked for permission to go and kill Americans to avenge their friends.

Seeing that the boys had ambition and had twice defeated the Americans in sweep operations and had twice planted mines to destroy 2 armored M.113 tanks and many Americans, Comrade Leader of the Township Unit gave them 3 guns and 9 bullets and told them to kill many American and South Vietnam troops.

That day, one morning in May, the 3 boys got up, guns on their shoulders, and went along the edge of the village. They stopped to look for a tree to lean their guns on in the empty field about 500 meters from the village. The enemy airplanes fly by here every day.

The sun had gone up over the trees and stood right above the field. The happy "Po-long-to" birds were out battling and fishing in the water. The boys were hungry and thirsty now but their hands still held tightly to the guns.

Suddenly a helicopter came flapping in. Quick as a squirrel, cell leader Ty ran out to the middle of the field flashing a piece of tin metal. Under the sun's rays it was flashing like a mirror. The airplane circled around probing. To tempt the enemy, the boys did what they had planned by firing one incendiary shell. The helicopter hurriedly flew up as expected. A moment later, four Hu.1a came flying in

formation. Ty told his friends: "The airplanes fly high, our bullets must go far and that way I'm not sure they will be able to puncture the planes' bottoms. So wait till they come down to about 3 or 2 tree height before firing." In minutes, the 4 helicopters were already low over the field. Ty shouted: "Fire!" All 3 of them pulled the triggers, the 3 bullets travelled like 3 fire arrows and pierced into the stomach and the head of the airplanes. One helicopter, like a tiger wounded by a poisonous spike, roared and crashed down on Route 14. Another one staggered in pain trying to get back to its base but it didn't make it and fell down in the field of K Village.

Like the "Po-long-to" birds, the boys forgot all about their tiredness and ran as fast as flying back to the village to tell of the happy news. They were running and shouting "We've got their heads. The village boys and girls have been avenged, folks!"

The village folks poured out of their houses. One old man raised the guns up high, his eyes brightened, he said smiling:

"The boys defeated the Americans. The boys' arms are as long as Kpa Ko-Long's (?) arms already."

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