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PART ONE.

Malcolm Browne had an interesting story to tell. I have seen the photograph of the Burning Monk before, and had always wondered what the person behind the camera was thinking at the very second of taking the photograph. I studied the Buddhist religion for a few years, a little while back, and found it a beautiful and loving way of life.

What the Monk Thich Quang Duc did has got to be one of the most heartbreaking form of protest I have ever heard about. Even more so knowing more about the protest. For example, Thich Quang Duc had experimented with gasoline and diesel-fuel to find the longest and hottest burning mixture, or how he extended his arms. As if he knew they wouldn't be able to close the casket, which in turn probably led to more people seeing his remains.

When Malcolm Browne said "you could see the agony in his expression, but he never cried out. His eyes closed, his lips tightened, and the flames enveloped him. You could smell the burning flesh." I was, for lack of a better word, in awe.

I feel that Malcolm Browne's story is one I will always remember. I found it very real and somewhat raw. Malcolm Browne was able to recall dates, and the names of people, guns, boats, and bombs, and much more. As for the credibility of his story, for him being there, I feel he has a fair amount. He was there and I was not. While on the other hand people do tend to block out horrific events.

I do wish I was able to have even more insight from his point of view.

PART TWO.

There were two stories that I found disappointing. One more than the other. The story of Ta Quang Thinh. He was obvious and repetitive: "because I don't like war. I don't think anyone liked the war." Most people probably didn't like the war, that is just kind of a given feeling. Not only that, but he was more whiny than the others.

The other story was that of Deirdre English. Simply because her account was not long enough for my liking. In her last paragraph she spoke about Kent State and says "and a whole new atmosphere of seriousness took hold." Yet she really just stops with a cliff hanger. She doesn't go on to explain *how* they defied Nixon, or what they did to "raise the social stakes of the war to an intolerable level."

She seemed to have done interesting things but I would like to hear even more.

While reading these stories, I've noticed some things that I had never really noticed while studying the Vietnam War in high school. One thing that I did notice was that the men in the American Platoons became friends, some even closer than family.

They aided each other when someone got hurt, and they carried they're comrades dead bodies back to camp. But, what I had never really taking the time to think about was that the Vietnamese did the same things. This showed me some compassion. I also found some hope in learning that some people were able to find love on the other side, and pursue it, no matter the costs.

One thing that actually made me smile while reading was in Malcolm Browne's story on the night of Christmas Eve. He talked about how the American solders shot out into the nights sky, and moments later the Viet Cong did it as well, "as if to participate in the celebration."

-Noah Rene Matthew-McCleod

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