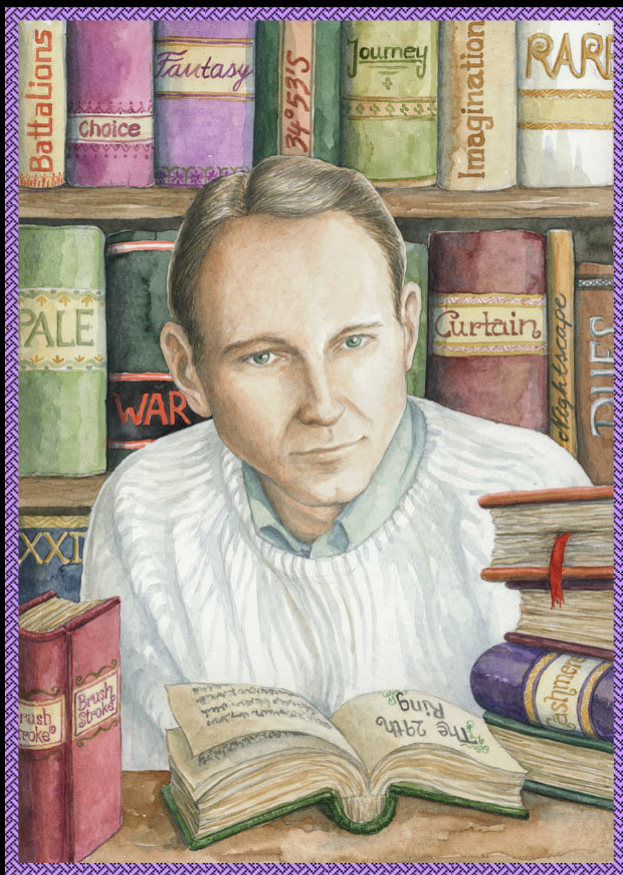


CLAYMORE COCKTAIL HOUR™—13TH CENTURY PORTENTS FROM *TRAN HUNG DAO* AND *KUBLAI KHAN* BY *MAJOR D.H. DALE*™
A MINIATURESTORY™ FROM *STORIESWEARETELLING™* FOR THE MINIATURELIBRARY™ OF THE SHORTSTORYAFICIONADO™

The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™ PRESENTS



THE MINIATURE LIBRARY The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™

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Out of the Imagination and Mind's Eye of the Short Story Aficionado

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Welcome to A STORY I'M TELLING™ from *Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination!*

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader...

Spurred by the crisp coolness of any chosen *Autumn* afternoon...and before the violet blush of twilight fades to starlit night—hasten to find a comfortable easy chair...one where you may be warmed by the welcoming embers of a glowing hearth. From there, your imagination shall lift you up and whisk you down the narrow drive ahead—through the gateposts and beyond.



Once round the bend, you shall find yourself in a hitherto unseen quarter—and as *Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination*™ as you can ever hope to be!

It is there and then that you shall have the opportunity to reach out for one brief moment in time—and grasp the offer of an outstretched hand that is a *Bit of Mys-*

tery, Romance & Adventure™.

Major *D.H. Dale*™

Claymore Cocktail Hour™ Third Edition

A *Miniature Story* from *Stories We Are Telling*
for the *Miniature Library* of the *Short Story Aficionado*™

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Claymore Cocktail Hour™

Having Evolved into the Quintessential
MINIATURE STORY™
a Bit of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE™
is Dedicated to

My FAMILY
Then, Now and Always

My DARLING and DEVOTED WIFE
You of Starlit Nights Come and Gone

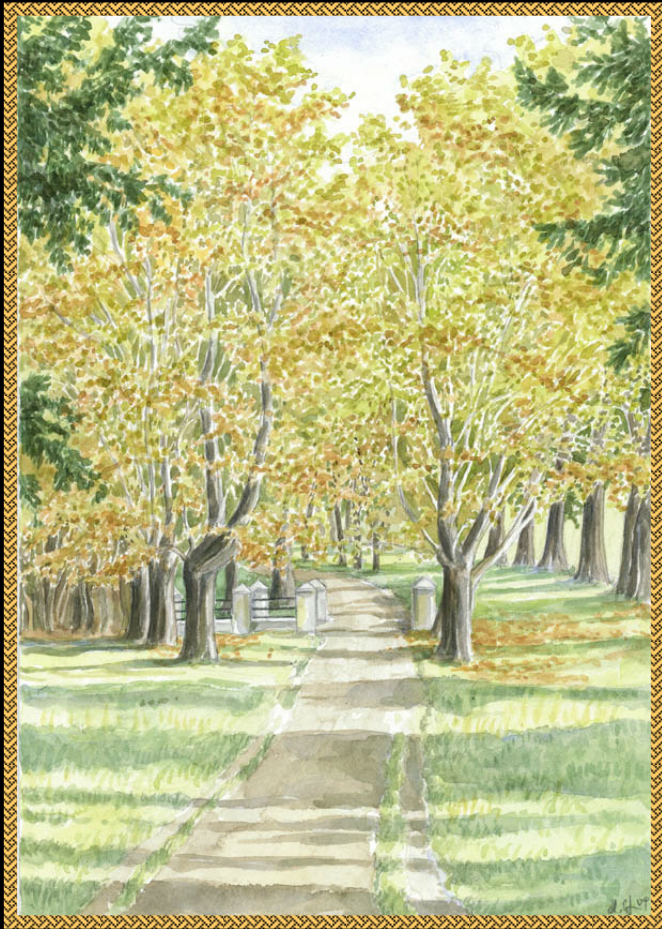
My LOVING and FAITHFUL DAUGHTER
You're the Best!

My BELOVED WIFE and ALLY
You in the Autumn Blush of All the Afternoons Yet to Come
having been the First to Cross Over the Threshold into the
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Claymore Cocktail Hour

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader...

Join me now for *A Story I'm Telling*, and discover *aBitof Adventure* born of a *Claymore Cocktail* that instantaneously delivered *13th Century Portents from Tran Hung Dao and Kublai Khan* through eight centuries of the time and space continuum in search of common sense—and if just as quickly heeded as delivered, would not only have prevented the wounding of the military policemen imbibing cocktails and overlooking a namesake boulevard this particular rainy afternoon, but would also have prevented six additional years of counterinsurgency, and saved vast amounts of *Blood, Time & Money* expended by tens of thousands of *The Best & Finest of Us* who *Risked and Sacrificed Their Lives & Limbs, Sight, Hearing and Physical & Mental Health*. ☞

DHD GTTG SSA™



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COLONIALISM, COUNTERINSURGENCY and REFUGEEISM™

HELLO, MR. & MRS. READER™! Join me now for *A Story I'm Telling™*, and discover *aBit of Adventure™* born of a *Claymore Cocktail™* that instantaneously delivered *13th Century Portents from Tran Hung Dao and Kublai Khan™* through eight centuries of the time & space continuum in search of common sense—and if just as quickly heeded as delivered, would not only have prevented the wounding of the military policemen imbibing cocktails and overlooking a namesake boulevard this particular rainy afternoon, but would also have prevented six additional years of counterinsurgency, and saved vast amounts of *Blood, Time & Money™* expended by tens of thousands of *The Best and Finest of Us™* who *Risked and Sacrificed Their Lives & Limbs, Sight, Hearing and Physical & Mental Heath™*.

Regrettably, the President/Commander in Chief, Court & Congress, 4-star field commander and home front of nonveterans failed to watch the backs of *The Best and Finest of Us™*. This, because none of the foregoing even remotely understood the indeterminate and unwinnable nature of a counterinsurgencies—let alone the intricacies associated with a foreign culture thousands of miles away from the United States on the far side of the Pacific Ocean in SE Asia.

However, the 4-star field commander of the occupied country's opposing forces not only made it his business to understand counterinsurgencies, but also had supreme confidence in victory—as indicated by the brutal

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nature of the strategy, operations & tactics handed down from the 13th Century and detailed in the historical insurgency playbook written by his country's national hero, *Tran Hung Dao*.

Regardless of good or bad intentions, when one nation invades and occupies another, this is a "short list" of what certainly and regrettably follows: 1) death & destruction 2) a limited & therefore failed country lockdown 3) a failed counterinsurgency financed by borrowed \$multitrillions, and fought against unending generations of indigent insurgents 4) inadvisable & therefore unsuccessful nation building in an effort to supplant the existing form of government 5) "ownership" of the occupied country and therefore its social, political, economic, military & other problems and issues 6) an inevitable military redeployment and 7) a flood of refugees before, during and after the conflict.

Predictably, millions of refugees from the formerly occupied country are indicative of such a conflict—thereby overburdening the former occupying power's immigration system at a cost of additional borrowed \$multibillions.

Worse, the integrity of said immigration system is overwhelmingly compromised when mostly unskilled & uneducated refugees receive residency that they wouldn't otherwise have been statutorily qualified for, simply because of the former occupying nation's "obligation factor"—while leaving millions of others who actually are skilled, educated & otherwise eligible for residency bogged down in a bureaucratic stalemate and quagmire.

Prime examples of such overwhelming refugeeism include post-colonial & post-counterinsurgency migration from SE/SW Asia and Africa to European colonial powers

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such as England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Spain and Portugal during the 20th & 21st centuries—not to mention the United States subsequent to its being militarily and otherwise involved in SE Asia (Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia) and SW Asia (Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria) at a financial cost in the borrowed \$multitrillions.

Naturally, the financial cost was merely the third factor in America's avoidable expenditures of *Blood, Time & Money*™. The "blood factor" was incalculable because of the emotional losses experienced by families and loved ones—and the finality associated with children who would never be born to *The Best and Finest of Us*™.

EXTRACONSTITUTIONAL HIGH JINKS™

YES, A BIT OF ADVENTURE™—or better described as that which transpires when a self-indulgent Court & Congress sitting atop an *Extraconstitutionally Advantaged Capitol Hill*™, and joined by a *Managed, Entertained & Confused*™ public stretching across the *National Landscape*™, find themselves altogether politically outmatched & bluffed. The latter by a savvy and aggressive President occupying the White House Oval Office of what has historically been an *Extraconstitutionally Disadvantaged Executive Branch*™ since 1819!

Note that an upshot of the foregoing one-upsmanship by the President was the legislative branch's unexpected failure to invoke its *Extraconstitutional Implied Powers*™ or what are today known as excessively invoked *Extraconstitutional Legislative Oversight*™ of the executive branch. The foregoing were handed to Congress on a silver

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platter by an already *Extraconstitutionally Advantaged Judicial Branch™* in 1819—the Court having itself been extra-constitutionally and legislatively shaped hand-in-glove by Congress for the mutual benefit of both by the Judiciary Act of 1789.

Yes, politically outmatched & bluffed is the key here isn't it, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*?

Quite simply, a half turn of the key leads to what has historically been the aforementioned expenditure of an inordinate amount of middle class *Blood, Time & Money™*—that is, far more than that constitutionally required to keep the *Stars & Stripes* fluttering in the morning breeze across the *National Landscape™*!

On the other hand, a full turn of the key led to a belligerently persuasive 36th president, *Lyndon Baines Johnson* (also a former Vice President & Senate Majority Leader) together with an outmaneuvered and unexpectedly go-along, get-along Congress joining forces to plunge the nation into an otherwise needless foreign conflict

Said conflict was hatched as a failed 9-year French counterinsurgency (1945-54), which reached adolescence as a failed 9-year South Vietnamese counterinsurgency (1954-63)—the latter ending abruptly with the assassination of two presidents just 20 days apart, the second chief executive being the 35th president, *John Fitzgerald Kennedy*. The first president to receive an assassin's bullet that November of 1963 was South Vietnam's *Ngo Dinh Diem*, whose sudden demise (along with his murdered brother) was the aim of a carefully planned military coup d'état that had at least the passive, and at most the active behind-the-scenes support of the *Kennedy* administration's intelligence agency network.

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Said conflict then transitioned to an underwhelming invasion managed by the earlier mentioned *Johnson* and his handpicked 4-star field commander. This was followed by a hand-over-fist military buildup and occupation approved by Congress and running parallel to an indeterminate & unwinnable counterinsurgency—the latter finally brought to a close after some ten years (1963-73) by public common sense, if not by an emergence of pluck in Congress as well as at the White House on the somewhat less plucky note of 38th president, *Gerald Rudolph Ford*.

Unfortunately, *Johnson's* field commander, ☆☆☆☆ *General William Childs Westmoreland*, never got a handle on counterinsurgencies in general—nor on his adversary, ☆☆☆☆ *General Vo Nguyen Giap*, or on the latter's *Tran Hung Dao* insurgency playbook.

The Supreme Court was just as culpable as *Johnson* and Congress. After all, it could have used *Extraconstitutional Judicial Review™* to preempt an unconstitutional undeclared war—said authority handed to it on a platinum platter by its own chief justice, *John Marshall*, in 1803. This, following the two-thirds veto-proof passage of the Judiciary Act of 1789 by Congress over the thereby unneeded signature of 1st president, *George Washington*. Again, one must bear in mind that the Court was legislatively shaped hand-in-glove by Congress for their mutual benefit by said judiciary act.

One must also bear in mind that all of said *Extraconstitutional High Jinks™* occurred before, in spite of and following the ratification of the *Bill of Rights' Amendment X* in 1791, to wit: "*The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to The People.*"



One should always and consistently beware politicians such as *Johnson*, whose election tool was peace, but whose reelection tool turned out to be war. Later chief executives who used a similar wartime reelection playbook were one-term 41st president, *George Herbert Walker Bush*, and his son and 43rd president, *George Walker Bush*. The latter was successful in this respect, but the former not. There were others, of course, such as 37th president, *Richard Milhous Nixon* and 33rd president, *Harry S. Truman*.

In the case of *Johnson* and *Truman*, they decided not to seek reelection because the unconstitutional undeclared Viet Nam Counterinsurgency and Korean Civil War went badly for their administrations. In *Truman's* case, he chose to scapegoat and fire ☆☆☆☆☆ General of the Army, *Douglas MacArthur*, a former World War I & II commander and retired 1930's army chief of staff.

In the nearly impeached and then resigned case of *Nixon*, he switched in midstream from war to peace as his reelection tool—this after he and his now nonagenarian national security advisor and secretary of state, *Henry Kissinger*, unnecessarily broadened and extended the scope of the Viet Nam Counterinsurgency for their own political advantage from 1969 until after the presidential election of 1972 and Nixon's second inauguration in 1973.

One should also be cognizant of the fact that the vast majority of elected officials spend virtually all of their time pursuing *Wealth, Power, Privilege, Indecision & Isolation*™ of government from the governed—and most particularly the acquisition and amassment of personal wealth that can only come their way while they occupy political office.



More will be revealed *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*™, as you delve into a certain rare collection of *Miniature Stories*™—one particular volume lying high up on an out of the way and until now long forgotten and dusty shelf in the *Miniature Library*™ of the *Short Story Aficionado*™.

Spurred by the crisp coolness of any chosen Autumn afternoon then, and before the violet blush of twilight fades to starlit night—hasten to find a comfortable easy chair...one where you may be warmed by the welcoming embers of a glowing hearth. From there, your imagination shall lift you up and whisk you down the narrow drive ahead—through the gateposts and beyond.

TAXI!

WITHOUT HESITATION, one of a myriad of the typical blue & cream French taxicabs wandering about the rainy streets of Saigon pulled over to the right curb of the boulevard whose namesake remains the country's national hero, *Tran Hung Dao*, to this very day.

While waiting for a ride on this drizzly afternoon, the cab's latest rain soaked passenger had been passing the time peering across the street and obliquely observing the front of a particularly well known local hotel—along with several other items of interest associated therewith. For one thing, it was apparently happy hour—and there were several military policemen in their civvies relaxing on the several open-air balconies with cocktail in hand. Rum & Coke was quite popular as a matter of fact, and likewise Sloe Gin Fizz flavored with the fruit of the blackthorn.

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These outside balconies looked down on the aforementioned main thoroughfare.

Looking farther up the building's front facade, our local traveler had been scrutinizing the large rooftop Coca-Cola billboard.

This, followed by a look back downward to street level and its three white, circular concrete M-60 machine gun emplacements—each occupied by a helmeted guard and his popular and dependable gas-operated, air-cooled, belt-fed automatic weapon with a cyclic rate of fire of about 600 rounds per minute.

Two of the military policeman and their M-60s occupied “nests” flanking the main entrance of the hotel, and a third guarded the entrance to a side street leading to a second smaller hotel.

Suddenly, all traffic came to a standstill!

SAIGON DEATH ZONES!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, everything for a couple of hundred feet in both directions became so tomblike that one could quite easily hear the three military policemen pull back and return the cocking handles on their machine guns. The unmistakable and crystal clear sound of the preceding reverberated back and forth between buildings as though its was echoing within the confines of an empty canyon of sorts.

It seems that the object of the MPs' attention was an Italian motor scooter and its rider!

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The scooter's motor seemed to have died while its rider was midway between the two emplacements flanking the front entrance, i.e., within the boundaries of one of many similar Saigon "death zones".

Was it an accident, or was the indigenous rider testing the guards and their local security setup?

That question would be answered shortly!

In any event, the rider had no choice but to straddle his scooter with both feet flat on the pavement. Reaching down to get a good grip with both hands, the fellow pulled the machine up until the tires cleared the concrete. That is, the rider lifted it up between his legs as high as he could get it—at which point, he "waddled" as fast as he could until he cleared his two-wheeled machine from the determined focus and potential interlocking fire of the MPs.

As normal two-way traffic resumed and the MPs momentarily relaxed—the taxi and its passenger pulled away from the curb and more or less blended into the rain and thick cloud of exhaust fumes emanating from raucously noisy trucks, bicycles, cyclos and other motor scooters & automobiles.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY PORTENTS

LET'S GO BACK IN TIME NOW some eight centuries to 1257, 1285 and 1287. It seems that *Kublai Khan* had his eye on Viet Nam and sent his land and naval forces to invade it on three separate occasions.

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On the other hand, national hero *Tran Hung Dao* had his eye on the *Mongol emperor* and repulsed and expelled his forces each time. Just as much royalty as the latter, the former was extremely loyal to the dynasty of that time and place.

Following the third defeat and expulsion in 1287, it seems that both of these powerful and ambitious men each had a dream—each being similar and yet different.

The nature of the dream of Prince, Commander in Chief of the Armies & Great Lord *Tran Hung Dao*, was self-confident and aggressive—but also to a point poetic. After all, he was the victor in the three separate confrontations with the Mongol forces of *Kublai Khan*—and it was his country that was invaded. Likewise, *Tran Hung Dao* was a man of rich intellect.

On the other hand, *The Great Khan's* dream was more humble and philosophical in nature—his land and naval forces having been defeated during the three invasions of Viet Nam.

Kublai Khan dreamed that he sent a message warning the French about the folly of their eventually fruitless colonialism in Viet Nam *before, during and after* World War II (1887-1954). He also warned the Japanese about the recklessness of their military adventures in Viet Nam *during* World War II (1940-45).

Finally and perhaps most perceptively, *The Great Khan* foresaw the global importance of the United States following its independence from England in the late 18th Century—and in his dream, warned the Americans to heed the failures of the French and Japanese in Viet Nam or risk tarnishing the United States' prominent and respected im-



age on the world stage following the defeat and unconditional surrender of Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Imperialist Japan at the conclusion of World War II. *Kublai Khan* dreamed that he sent three generous warnings to the Americans, one in 1953 and the second in 1963. The third arrived in 1967.

As for *Tran Hung Dao*, he dreamed that he sent warnings to the French, Japanese and Americans also—oddly perhaps, all of them coinciding with those of *Kublai Khan*. However, *Tran Hung Dao's* self-confident warnings disparaged all three of the foregoing great powers, and predicted their bitter defeats should they follow in the footsteps of *Kublai Khan*.

Interestingly, the first two pairs of the aforementioned warnings arrived at Paris in 1887 and at Tokyo in 1940. Even so, the words of warning were ignored by a now routinely forgettable French president, as well as by Emperor Hirohito.

Like *Kublai Khan*, *Tran Hung Dao's* dreams included three equally generous warnings to the United States, although the tone thereof was much sterner in nature.

The first warning arrived at the White House in 1953, but failed to reach the recently inaugurated 34th president and ☆☆☆☆☆ General of the Army, *Dwight David Eisenhower*. As it happened, *Ike* was focused on ending the bloody civil war on the Korean Peninsula (1950-53) that had embroiled South Korea following a surprise invasion from the north—and which later came to include the military forces of China. Interestingly, China was *Kublai Khan's* old stomping ground—from which he launched the three failed ground and sea invasions of Viet Nam to his south.

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The second warning from *Tran Hung Dao* arrived aboard Air Force One in 1963, but failed to reach the 35th president, *John Fitzgerald Kennedy*, who had been assassinated on November 22nd.

The third and final dreamlike warning arrived at Saigon in 1967, but was as usual downplayed by *General Westmoreland*. At the same time, the message arrived at Hanoi in the form of a final encouragement to *General Giap*—who subsequently launched an offensive from within and without South Viet Nam the following January of 1968.

Although *General Giap's* nationwide offensive from the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) south to the Mekong Delta was not necessarily successful militarily, it sent a long overdue wakeup call to the American public, Court, Congress and to *President Johnson*—who not long afterward fired *General Westmoreland*, decided not to run for reelection and initiated the all too sluggish American drawdown that 37th president, *Richard Milhous Nixon*, and *General Westmoreland's* successor in Saigon, ☆☆☆☆ *General Creighton Williams Abrams*, would unfortunately delay even further.

CLAYMORE COCKTAIL™!

AFTER GENERAL WESTMORELAND ignored the warnings from *Kublai Khan* and *Tran Hung Dao* in August 1967, they tried one last time to get their message across.

As mentioned earlier, normal two-way traffic resumed and the MPs momentarily relaxed—the taxi and its

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passenger then pulling away from the curb and more or less blending into the rain and thick cloud of exhaust fumes emanating from raucously noisy trucks, bicycles, cyclos and other motor scooters & automobiles.

Just mere seconds later though, the cab driver and his passenger made simultaneous eye contact in the vehicle's rearview mirror!

This, having been prompted by the distinctive sound of explosions radiating outward from the burst of a 3-mine claymore cocktail—which in the process jolted the otherwise relaxed atmosphere back on the hotel balconies and on *Tran Hung Dao* boulevard below.

Each mine was layered with C-4 explosive and electrically triggered to propel 700 each 1/8 inch diameter steel balls in the direction of a 50-meter kill zone at a muzzle velocity of 4,000 feet per second—all intended by the indigenous insurgents to prompt an obvious run on *Purple Hearts* the following day.

General *Westmoreland* was just naturally glad to award the medals while he performed the dress rehearsal for his appearance the following January of 1968 near the breached wall of the so called impregnable American Embassy. That is, *Westy* played down the hotel attack as nothing more than another feeble attempt by a desperate General *Giap* to intimidate *The Best and Finest of Us*™.

Oh yes—it seems that the scooter rider was in fact the courier of the third and final message from the 13th Century, if not a direct descendant of *Tran Hung Dao*.

Although not immediately of course, America eventually took the hint from *Tran Hung Dao* and *Kublai Khan*.

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Decades later in the 21st Century, the United States would normalize relations with a reunified and economically prosperous Viet Nam.

COME BACK AGAIN!

A DIEU FOR NOW, *Mr. & Mrs. Reader™!* Your storyteller¹ now closes with an invitation to come back again for *aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure™*—and yet another fiction and/or true-to-life kaleidoscope of hues, blushes, shades, tones and tints flowing from a shallow inkstone and into a *Miniature Story™* from *Stories We Are Telling™* for the *Miniature Library™* of the *Short Story Aficionado™*.

I'll be waiting right here in this small slice of paradise called the rural *Pacific Northwest!*🌲

¹The freewheeling imagination and evocative storytelling of *MAJOR D.H. DALE™* crown otherwise commonplace themes with *aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure™*—a bejeweled and magical coronet not shackled by convention. Herein lies the work of a self-styled painter of the written word—the full kaleidoscope of hues, blushes, shades, tones and tints flowing from the storyteller's inkwell to parchment. It is upon these leaves of paper so unselfishly bestowed by some mighty tree—that the teller has penned this *Miniature Story™* titled *CLAYMORE COCKTAIL HOUR™—13TH CENTURY PORTENTS FROM TRAN HUNG DAO AND KUBLAI KHAN™*. The storyteller's thread of events, like all praiseworthy accounts, is a manifestation of the routine yet exceptional practice of observing, analyzing and drawing compelling as well as heartfelt conclusions. Inevitably, the finalities reflected in such reasoned judgments can be said to draw themselves up out of a shallow inkstone. After all, that vessel is the lone crucible in which the dry ink of deliberation is measured and mixed with just the right amount of imagination from the well of reflection—thereby maintaining the fragile flow of creativity that the pen can never completely manage on its own.🌲 ©1997-2019 by GTTransGlobal™

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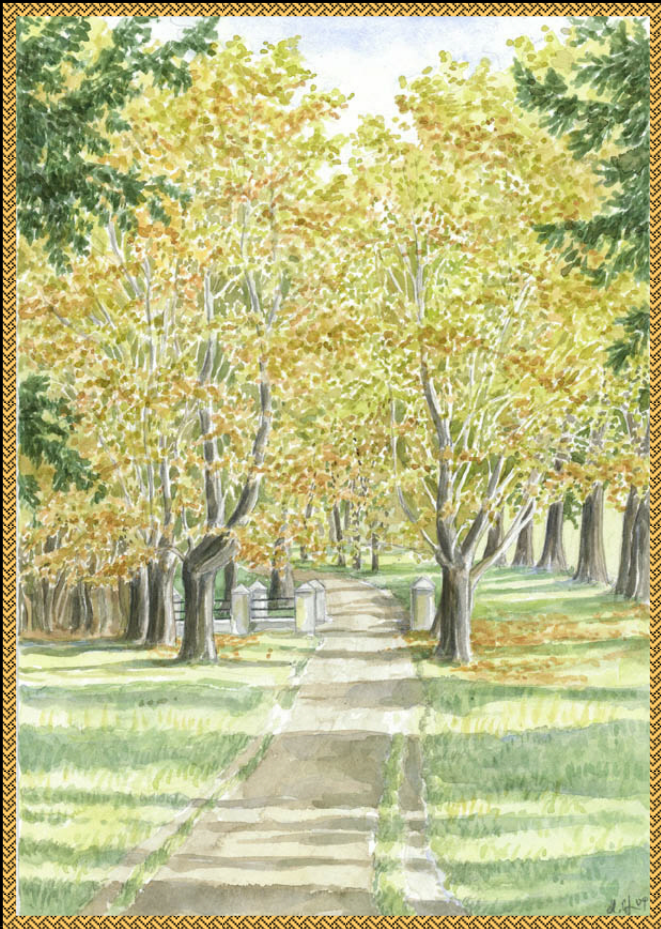
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