



**Section 5**

**GUIDED READING**

*The End of the War  
and Its Legacy*

**A.** As you read about President Nixon’s Vietnam policy and the end of the war, note one or more reasons for each of the following developments during the war.

1. Nixon adopts a policy of Vietnamization.	2. My Lai massacre shocks Americans.
3. Nixon orders invasion of Cambodia.	4. First student strike in U.S. history occurs.
5. Congress repeals the Tonkin Gulf Resolution.	6. The “Christmas bombings” take place.
7. South Vietnam surrenders to North Vietnam.	8. Vietnam veterans receive a cold homecoming.
9. Cambodia erupts in civil war.	10. Congress passes the War Powers Act.
11. The draft is abolished.	12. Many Americans lose faith in their government.

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**B.** On the back of this paper, explain the significance of each of the following terms in relation to the Vietnam War:

- silent majority    Pentagon Papers    Henry Kissinger    Khmer Rouge**



RETEACHING ACTIVITY *The End of the War  
and Its Legacy*

Section 5

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**Multiple Choice**

Choose the best answer for each item. Write the letter of your answer in the blank.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. The event that in the spring of 1970 stirred a new round of antiwar protests was the
- My Lai massacre.
  - invasion of Cambodia.
  - release of the Pentagon Papers.
  - Christmas bombings.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. The Pentagon Papers were leaked by former Defense Department worker
- Henry Kissinger.
  - H. R. Haldeman.
  - William Calley, Jr.
  - Daniel Ellsberg.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. The number of Americans killed in Vietnam was roughly
- 10,000.
  - 25,000.
  - 58,000.
  - 96,000.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. After the United States withdrew from the Vietnam War, North and South Vietnam
- agreed to exist as separate nations.
  - continued fighting until North Vietnam emerged victorious.
  - continued fighting until South Vietnam emerged victorious.
  - fought to a stalemate and signed a cease-fire that exists today.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. In the wake of the Vietnam War, Cambodia fell to the brutal Communist regime known as the
- Khmer Rouge.
  - Vietcong.
  - Vietminh.
  - Bolsheviks.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. According the War Powers Act, Congress must give its consent for U.S. troops to remain in a hostile region any longer than
- 30 days.
  - 90 days
  - six months.
  - one year.



**OUTLINE MAP** *The Vietnam War*

**Section 5**

**A.** Review the maps “Indochina, 1959” and “Tet Offensive, Jan. 30–Feb. 24, 1968” on pages 733 and 749 of your textbook. Then, on the accompanying outline map, label the following bodies of water, countries, and cities. Finally, draw a line to mark the DMZ, the Demilitarized Zone that separated North and South Vietnam.

Bodies of Water		Countries		Cities	
Gulf of Tonkin	Red River	South Vietnam	Thailand	Hanoi	Can Tho
South China Sea	Gulf of Thailand	North Vietnam	Laos	Hue	
Mekong River		Cambodia	China	Saigon	

**B.** After completing the map, use it to answer the following questions.

1. Which natural feature forms much of the border between Laos and Thailand?

\_\_\_\_\_

2. Why might the United States have been concerned early in the war about China’s attitude toward U.S. involvement on the side of South Vietnam?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. What city is located in the delta of the Red River? \_\_\_\_\_  
in the Mekong Delta area? \_\_\_\_\_

4. About how long was the DMZ that separated North from South Vietnam? \_\_\_\_\_

5. What might have been the effect on the Vietnam War if the border of Laos had been closed and North Vietnam had not been able to operate in the country? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

6. The Tet offensive ranged from Hue to Can Tho. Thus, over approximately how many miles did the North Vietnamese attacks stretch? \_\_\_\_\_

7. Part of the reason that the United States got involved in Vietnam was the domino theory—the belief in the 1950s and 1960s that the loss of even one country to communism would cause all others in the region to fall “like a row of dominoes.” What countries is it likely that the United States feared losing to communism?

\_\_\_\_\_



CHAPTER  
**22**

Section 5

LITERATURE SELECTION *from In Country*  
by Bobbie Ann Mason

*In the summer of 1984, Sam Hughes wants to learn more about her father who was killed in Vietnam before she was born. In this excerpt, Sam, her grandmother, and her uncle Emmett—himself a Vietnam veteran—make a pilgrimage to Washington, D.C., where they visit the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.*

Emmett holds Mamaw's arm protectively and steers her across the street. The pot of geraniums hugs his chest.

"There it is," Sam says.

It is massive, a black gash in a hillside, like a vein of coal exposed and then polished with polyurethane. A crowd is filing by slowly, staring at it solemnly.

"Law," says Sam's grandmother quietly. "It's black as night."

"Here's the directory," Emmett says, pausing at the entrance. "I'll look up his name for you, Mrs. Hughes."

The directory is on a pedestal with a protective plastic shield. Sam stands in the shade, looking forward, at the black wing embedded in the soil, with grass growing above. It is like a giant grave, fifty-eight thousand bodies rotting here behind those names. The people are streaming past, down into the pit.

"It don't show up good," Mamaw says anxiously. "It's just a hole in the ground."

The memorial cuts a V in the ground, like the wings of an abstract bird, huge and headless. Overhead, a jet plane angles upward, taking off.

"It's on Panel 9E," Emmett reports. "That's on the east wing. We're on the west."

At the bottom of the wall is a granite trough, and on the edge of it the sunlight reflects the names just above, in mirror writing, upside down. Flower arrangements are scattered at the base. A little kid says, "Look, Daddy, the flowers are dying." The man snaps, "Some are and some aren't."

The walkway is separated from the memorial by a strip of gravel, and on the other side of the walk is a border of dark gray brick. The shiny surface of the wall reflects the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, at opposite angles.

A woman in a sunhat is focusing a camera on the wall. She says to the woman with her, "I didn't think it would look like this. Things aren't what you think they look like. I didn't know it was a wall."

A spraddle-legged guy in camouflage clothing walks by with a cane. Probably he has an artificial leg, Sam thinks, but he walks along proudly, as if he has been here many times before and doesn't have any particular business at that moment. He seems to belong here, like Emmett hanging out at McDonald's.

A group of schoolkids tumble through, noisy as chickens. As they enter, one of the girls says, "Are they piled on top of each other?" They walk a few steps farther and she says, "What are all these names anyway?" Sam feels like punching the girl in the face for being so dumb. How could anybody that age not know? But she realizes that she doesn't know either. She is just beginning to understand. And she will never really know what happened to all these men in the war. Some people walk by, talking as though they are on a Sunday picnic, but most are reverent, and some of them are crying.

Sam stands in the center of the V, deep in the pit. The V is like the white wings of the shopping mall in Paducah. The Washington Monument is reflected at the center line. If she moves slightly to the left, she sees the monument, and if she moves the other way she sees a reflection of the flag opposite the memorial. Both the monument and the flag seem like arrogant gestures, like the country giving the finger to the dead boys, flung in this hole in the ground. Sam doesn't understand what she is feeling, but it is something so strong, it is like a tornado moving in her, something massive and overpowering. It feels like giving birth to this wall.

"I wish Tom could be here," Sam says to Emmett. "He needs to be here." Her voice is thin, like smoke, barely audible.

"He'll make it here someday. Jim's coming too. They're all coming one of these days."

"Are you going to look for anybody's name besides my daddy's?"

"Yeah."

"Who?"

"Those guys I told you about, the ones that died

all around me that day. And that guy I was going to look up—he might be here. I don't know if he made it out or not."

Sam gets a flash of Emmett's suffering, his grieving all these years. He has been grieving for fourteen years. In this dazzling sunlight, his pimples don't show. A jet plane flies overhead, close to the earth. Its wings are angled back too, like a bird's.

Two workmen in hard hats are there with a stepladder and some loud machinery. One of the workmen, whose hat says on the back NEVER AGAIN, seems to be drilling into the wall.

"What's he doing, hon?" Sam hears Mamaw say behind her.

"It looks like they're patching up a hole or something." *Fixing a hole where the rain gets in.*

The man on the ladder turns off the tool, a sander, and the other workman hands him a brush. He brushes the spot. Silver duct tape is patched around several names, leaving the names exposed. The names are highlighted in yellow, as though someone has taken a Magic Marker and colored them, the way Sam used to mark names and dates, important facts, in her textbooks.

"Somebody must have vandalized it," says a man behind Sam. "Can you imagine the sicko who would do that?"

"No," says the woman with him. "Somebody just wanted the names to stand out and be noticed. I can go with that."

"Do you think they colored Dwayne's name?" Mamaw asks Sam worriedly.

"No. Why would they?" Sam gazes at the flowers spaced along the base of the memorial. A white carnation is stuck in a crack between two panels of the wall. A woman bends down and straightens a ribbon on a wreath. The ribbon has gold letters on it, "VFW Post 7215 of Pa."

They are moving slowly. Panel 9E is some distance ahead. Sam reads a small poster propped at the base of the wall: "To those men of C Company, 1st Bn. 503 Inf., 173rd Airborne who were lost in the battle for Hill 823, Dak To, Nov. 11, 1967. Because of their bravery I am here today. A grateful buddy."

A man rolls past in a wheelchair. Another jet plane flies over.

A handwritten note taped to the wall apologizes to one of the names for abandoning him in a fire-fight.

Mamaw turns to fuss over the geraniums in Emmett's arms, the way she might fluff a pillow.

The workmen are cleaning the yellow paint from the names. They sand the wall and brush it carefully, like men polishing their cars. The man on the ladder sprays water on the name he has just sanded and wipes it with a rag.

Sam, conscious of how slowly they are moving, with dread, watches two uniformed marines searching and searching for a name. "He must have been along here somewhere," one says. They keep looking, running their hands over the names.

"There it is. That's him."

They read his name and both look abruptly away, stare out for a moment in the direction of the Lincoln Memorial, then walk briskly off.

"May I help you find someone's name?" asks a woman in a T-shirt and green pants. She is a park guide, with a clipboard in her hand.

"We know where we are," Emmett says. "Much obliged, though."

At panel 9E, Sam stands back while Emmett and Mamaw search for her father's name. Emmett, his gaze steady and intent, faces the wall, as though he were watching birds; and Mamaw, through her glasses, seems intent and purposeful, as though she were looking for something back in the field, watching to see if a cow had gotten out of the pasture. Sam imagines the egret patrolling for ticks on a water buffalo's back, ducking and snaking its head forward, its beak like a punji stick.

"There it is," Emmett says. It is far above his head, near the top of the wall. He reaches up and touches the name. "There's his name, Dwayne E. Hughes."

"I can't reach it," says Mamaw. "Oh, I wanted to touch it," she says softly, in disappointment.

"We'll set the flowers here, Mrs. Hughes," says Emmett. He sets the pot at the base of the panel, tenderly, as though tucking in a baby.

"I'm going to bawl," Mamaw says, bowing her head and starting to sob. "I wish I could touch it."

Sam has an idea. She sprints over to the workmen and asks them to let her borrow the stepladder. They are almost finished, and they agree. One of them brings it over and sets it up beside the wall, and Sam urges Mamaw to climb the ladder, but Mamaw protests. "No, I can't do it. You do it."

"Go ahead, ma'am," the workman says.

"Emmett and me'll hold the ladder," says Sam.

"Somebody might see up my dress."

“No, go on, Mrs. Hughes. You can do it,” says Emmett. “Come on, we’ll help you reach it.”

He takes her arm. Together, he and Sam steady her while she places her foot on the first step and swings herself up. She seems scared, and she doesn’t speak. She reaches but cannot touch the name.

“One more, Mamaw,” says Sam, looking up at her grandmother—at the sagging wrinkles, her flab hanging loose and sad, and her eyes reddened with crying. Mamaw reaches toward the name and slowly struggles up the next step, holding her dress tight against her. She touches the name, running her hand over it, stroking it tentatively, affectionately, like feeling a cat’s back. Her chin wobbles, and after a moment she backs down the ladder silently.

When Mamaw is down, Sam starts up the ladder, with the record package in her hand.

“Here, take the camera, Sam. Get his name.” Mamaw has brought Donna’s Instamatic.

“No, I can’t take a picture this close.”

Sam climbs the ladder until she is eye level with her father’s name. She feels funny, touching it. A scratching on a rock. Writing. Something for future archaeologists to puzzle over, clues to a language.

“Look this way, Sam,” Mamaw says. “I want to take your picture. I want to get you and his name and the flowers in together if I can.”

“The name won’t show up,” Sam says.

“Smile.”

“How can I smile?” She is crying.

Mamaw backs up and snaps two pictures. Sam feels her face looking blank. Up on the ladder, she feels so tall, like a spindly weed that is sprouting up out of this diamond-bright seam of hard earth. She sees Emmett at the directory, probably searching for his buddies’ names. She touches her father’s name again.

“All I can see here is my reflection,” Mamaw says when Sam comes down the ladder. “I hope his name shows up. And your face was all shadow.”

“Wait here a minute,” Sam says, turning away her tears from Mamaw. She hurries to the directory on the east side. Emmett isn’t there anymore. She

sees him striding along the wall, looking for a certain panel. Nearby, a group of marines is keeping a vigil for the POWs and MIAs. A double row of flags is planted in the dirt alongside their table. One of the marines walks by with a poster: “You Are an American, Your Voice Can Make the Difference.” Sam flips through the directory and finds “Hughes.” She wants to see her father’s name there too. She runs down the row of Hughes names. There were so many Hughes boys killed, names she doesn’t know. His name is there, and she gazes at it for a moment. Then suddenly her own name leaps out at her.

SAM ALAN HUGHES PFC AR 02 MAR  
49 O2 FEB 67 HOUSTON TX 14E 104

Her heart pounding, she rushes to panel 14E, and after racing her eyes over the string of names for a moment, she locates her own name.

SAM A HUGHES. It is the first on a line. It is down low enough to touch. She touches her own name. How odd it feels, as though all the names in America have been used to decorate this wall.

Mamaw is there at her side, clutching at Sam’s arm, digging in with her fingernails. Mamaw says, “Coming up on this wall of a sudden and seeing how black it was, it was so awful, but then I came down in it and saw that white carnation blooming out of that crack and it gave me hope. It made me know he’s watching over us.” She loosens her bird-claw grip. “Did we lose Emmett?”

Silently, Sam points to the place where Emmett is studying the names low on a panel. He is sitting there cross-legged in front of the wall, and slowly his face bursts into a smile like flames.

## Research Option

Find out the dimensions of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, how many visitors come visit it annually, and other facts about the memorial.