

OPERATION PINEAPPLE CRUSH:
A Platoon Leader's Experience in The Invasion of Panama

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During Operation Just Cause, I served as Third Platoon Leader of B Company, 5th Battalion-87th Infantry Regiment, 193rd Infantry Brigade (Light). In the early morning of 20 December 1989, I conducted several different and challenging missions that tested my leadership abilities and infantry skills.

During the Battalion Operations Order at 19 1725 hours December 1989, I learned from the S-3, MAJ James Woods, that this would be called Operation Pineapple Crush. General Manuel Antonio Noriega's detractors called him "Pineapple Face" because of his severe acne. The name of the battalion operation stuck in my mind, and I thought, "how fitting - Pineapple Crush." My Battalion, known as the "Wildcats," was tasked with seizing and securing several large PDF facilities and Police Stations in the Balboa, Curundu, and Ancon areas of western Panama City. The "Junglecats" of B Company, led by CPT Marc Conley, were to control A.O. Junglecat, including the Balboa DENI (a Police Station), Panama Canal Commission (PCC) Housing Areas, and selected PCC facilities. On order, B Company was to seize and secure the Balboa DENI and neutralize enemy forces in the A.O. The Company Commander's intent was to stop PDF from leaving the A.O. First Platoon's mission was to conduct patrols to protect the PCC housing area in Balboa to safeguard civilians living there. Second Platoon, the Company main effort, was to seize and secure the Balboa DENI station to neutralize enemy forces. Third Platoon was tasked with securing vital PCC facilities in Balboa and La Boca to ensure the safe operation of the Panama Canal. (See Enclosures 1 and 2)

At 20 0035 hours December 1989, I was in the front seat of my platoon's M35A2, a 2 & 1/2 ton truck, filled with sandbags, soldiers, weapons, and ammunition, waiting to go to war. I was told earlier in the day to sandbag one of B Company's trucks, but as things turned out, some other platoon got our better vehicle and we got this one. My truck was the

lead vehicle, in the company convoy. I was wondering how many anti-armor mines the PDF had, would they have time to emplace them before we could get to our first objective, and would sandbags really stop an explosion from destroying the soldiers riding in the truck. My platoon was packed so tightly that not everyone had his weapon exposed. First Squad was in the front of the truck, Second Squad was on the left, and Third Squad on the right. I had just met the driver, PVT Christie, fresh out of AIT and in country a whole week: I would now have to show him how to get us the ten kilometers to Balboa, where our platoon objective was located. (See Enclosure 3) I had the RTO, PFC Vanzeyl, who was behind me, do a commo check on the PRC-77 on the company net one last time. Then, just before moving out, we saw the lights of red tracers screaming downward from U.S. aircraft into Fort Amador and green tracers rising up into the sky in retaliation. The invasion had begun. Worried about getting to our platoon objective, I turned and looked at SPC Spradlin, my best M60 machine gunner, and said, "If anything happens, Spradlin, you fire." "Roger that, sir," he said assuredly.

The company convoy left Fort Clayton early, about 0035 hours, through the fort's seldom-used SCN (Southern Command Network) gate. I kept the pace as we traveled down Gaillard Highway at a steady 35 MPH even though we were not using our headlights. Many of the lights that would normally be on in the buildings along the sides of the road were out. Just past the facilities at Corozal, I looked ahead and saw a large multi-colored 44-passenger Panamanian public bus, known as a Chiva-Chiva, parked at a 90 degree angle to the roadway on which we traveled, completely blocking it. I thought the driver might be turning around, but the bus was not moving. Normally, Panamanian public busses stopped running after 2300. Immediately, I thought that this was a roadblock, and if we stopped, we would be slaughtered. The driver, PFC Christie, looked at me for guidance. I told him to keep going. I had this insane idea that my truck would ram the bus

if necessary to get it out of the way, then the rest of the company convoy would continue. As we got to within 500 meters of the bus, it backed up jerkily and started to move in the same direction we did. Just before we came parallel to Albrook Air Force Station, my first squad leader, SSG David Mercado shouted, "There they are!" He saw enemy soldiers on the bus.

SSG Mercado issued a fire command to PFC Spradlin, the M60 gunner, then aggressively fired his own weapon, which was in accordance with the rules of engagement. Spradlin fired his M60 at the bus and quickly illuminated it with tracers, spraying the front seat of the truck where I was with hot brass. The rest of First and Second Squads began firing. The bus was slowing down and came alongside of us on our left, just past the front gate of Albrook. The TOW HMMWV behind us had an M60 gunner in his turret, and he, too, began to fire. I saw tracers going through the entire length of the bus and immediately knew that we had fire superiority. The door of the bus was open, and I saw the Panamanian driver hunkered down in his seat with a death grip on the steering wheel, trying with all his might to make the bus out-run us. A Panamanian police car with two officers had been parked in Diablo Heights, off to our right flank, across from Albrook, and were waiting for us. After we opened fire, the officers began shooting with small arms at the rest of the convoy. An M203 gunner in my First Squad, SPC Dobbles, saw a Panamanian with a pistol in a combat stance shooting from inside the bus. He aimed and shot him with his M16 from about ten feet away as we moved down the highway. Other soldiers were firing at targets in the bus, using M249 SAW's and M16's. My men were reacting to this ambush as if it was a battle drill. The driver started to slow down as a reaction to all the firing. I screamed at him, "Don't stop! Don't stop!" as loudly as I could, knowing that we needed to exit the kill zone in a vehicular ambush as soon as possible.

Some 200 meters south of the entrance to Albrook, the bus slowed and peeled off the road into the ditch on the left. The entire time, I maintained eye contact on my truck's driver thinking that if he got hit, the vehicle would stop, or worse yet, crash; I was ready to grab the wheel and slam on the accelerator. We had slowed down as well. We had also been receiving fire from far off to our left. Apparently, the Air Force Security Police (SP's) had decided to join in and fire some rounds at the bus, or at our convoy, mistaking us for PDF reinforcements. Just moments before we came upon the bus on Gaillard Highway, the PDF in the bus had fired at the SP's with a machine gun. As our truck neared the bridge in the roadway that marked the underground waterduct, we began receiving fire from the ground on both sides of the road. Secure that Christie wouldn't be hit, as by now he was crouched low in his seat, peering just over the sandbagged hood, I put my M16 to my shoulder and fired at a target by the bridge to my left. The only reason I knew that someone was there was because I had seen red tracers flying up at me from the ground. Were they from friendly M16's or enemy Taiwanese made T-65, 5.56mm rifles? I didn't know. I just figured someone was still shooting at us. The tracers appeared to be just floating in the air, hanging like Christmas lights as they went by me. It was like in a slow motion dream. I fired just two aimed rounds before the truck masked my fire.

We passed these ground targets in seconds, but some of my soldiers were still shooting. I noticed a white car to my left, parked off the roadway with what may have been damage to its windshield. I had seen many tracers fly over the trees and head toward the Panama Canal Commission (PCC) Administration Building, which was still lit. Realizing that we were not taking any more rounds, I yelled "Cease fire" a few times. The men heard me and echoed my command several times, too. It was reassuring to hear familiar voices. All of a sudden someone yelled "Hooah!" and then everyone joined in thunderously: Hooah! We had survived our baptism by fire. Later, I would take a tally of the damage we

received during the engagement: three soldiers wounded; six weapons, including my own damaged by fire; one PAQ-4 infrared target designator destroyed; one PRC-77 radio was hit by a round and no longer functioned; two soldiers hit in their Kevlar helmets by rounds; and multiple hits that the vehicle took.

I directed the driver onto our platoon objective, the PCC's Balboa Electrical Substation, in the community of Balboa, near the southern entrance to the Panama Canal. My platoon was a supporting effort to the company main effort: seizing and securing the Balboa DENI Police Station, some 500 meters south of my location. I was tasked with securing several sites in the area and, on order, establishing a roadblock to prevent enemy from reinforcing the DENI station and providing a reserve force to assist Second Platoon in seizing it. (See Enclosure 1, pages 4-5) These sites were the substation, the PCC's Marine Bureau (an office complex next door), the brigade Jump TOC on nearby Sosa Hill, and the PCC's Marine Traffic Control Center (MTCC) in La Boca, near the Exxon tank farm alongside the canal and on the opposite side of Sosa Hill from the Substation. (See Enclosure 3) The MTCC is the "brains" of the PCC's command and control network, with giant electronic displays showing the status of all ships entering, inside, and exiting the canal. Two soldiers, the 90mm Recoiless Rifle (RCLR) Team, were attached to Second Platoon to provide fire support from their overwatch position on the DENI Station, and one soldier was driving a truck and semi trailer to be positioned on Balboa Avenue (the road between the substation and the DENI) as a roadblock. These soldiers were all from Second Squad, and the plan was to pick them up in the morning. All this was to be done with just 25 soldiers.

Upon arrival at the substation at about 0058 hours, I dispatched one fire team from First Squad, with the Squad Leader, SSG Mercado, to the MTCC aboard the TOW

HMMWV that followed us. The remainder of First Squad and Second Squad were to enter the substation and secure it. Third Squad was to enter the Marine Bureau to gain access to its upper floors and establish an Observation Post (OP). The company First Sergeant, 1SG Lucero, along with the training NCO, SSG Prah, were dropped off from the convoy to assist my platoon. As we dismounted, the word got to me that there were wounded: SFC Vazquez, the platoon sergeant, and SGT Wonn, Alpha Fire Team Leader, First Squad. SFC Vazquez had been shot in his right knee, and SGT Wonn was hit in his left cheek by the round that destroyed the PAQ-4. That round entered by his chin and exited by his cheekbone, miraculously not breaking any bones. SFC Vazquez was given first aid by the platoon medic, PFC Magee, right beside the truck after he was helped off of it. I could see he was in a great deal of pain, but he was not making any noise whatsoever. SGT Wonn was later treated inside of the substation.

SGT Dill led the element that entered the substation. As other soldiers pulled security, he took out his M9 bayonet and cut the chain link fence barrier just enough to crawl through. I followed after his squad, entered the front door, and found two of his soldiers holding their rifles over two men who were spread eagle on the floor of the control center: one Caucasian and one Panamanian. We got their ID's, and after asking a few questions, starting off with, "Who are you and what are you doing here?" I realized that they were both PCC workers and that the chubby Caucasian was American. They told me that there was no one else there, and I explained my security mission to them. They showed me the workings of their facility and its capabilities. I was now in control of the electrical power for all the PCC and American facilities from the southern entrance of the canal to Paraiso, over one third of the length of the canal. As we finished talking, SGT Dill came down from reconning the upper floors of the three-story building. We discussed necessary security, and I directed him to emplace security to the front and flanks of the

building along the treeline and in the rear of the compound by the power generators. SFC Vazquez had gotten on his feet by this time, and he had gone in to the building to assist with security. Seeing him was a tremendous inspiration for me as it showed true determination.

At this time, Third Squad was moving across the parking lot to the Marine Bureau. Leading them across was SGT Davidson of Second Squad. I came up behind SGT Davidson as he crouched against a wall. I thought I heard a pickup truck start its engine, and thinking that someone was going to run over us, I yelled for a Light Anti-tank Weapon (LAW) to be brought up. Seconds later, I realized it was just an automatic fan alongside a building turning on. 1SG Lucero came running up with a LAW in his hands, and I told him we did not need it. Some Third Squad soldiers were trying to get through the heavy door of the Marine Bureau but could not break it in. 1SG Lucero grabbed an M16, smashed in the glass of an adjacent window, and cleared it out, thus allowing Third Squad to enter, secure the building, and post OP's in the upper floors. With both buildings secure and a hasty defense established around the substation, I told 1SG Lucero he could rejoin the commander, CPT Conley. He left SSG Prah with me, slung the LAW over his shoulder, and with his 9mm pistol at his side he walked off down Balboa Avenue towards the DENI. All the while, tracers are lighting up the sky and the sounds of explosions, and shooting could be heard. He was a Marine grunt in Vietnam, and I guessed rightly that the First Sergeant had seen a lot of action before.

I next tasked SSG Prah, SGT Beadle, and PV2 Brown to move to Sosa Hill to provide security for the Brigade Jump TOC. (See Enclosure 3) My intent was to send only Third Squad on this mission, but since SSG Prah became attached, I decided to use him. With the soldiers not knowing the route, I decided to take them in the truck. I left a contingency plan with SFC Vazquez who was in the hasty defense. We wound our way

through the narrow streets to a turn-around point more than two thirds of the way up the hill where I had the soldiers dismount. We verified the challenge and password, I gave a tentative link-up time the following morning, and they left. They got within visual distance of the security on the hilltop when one of the HHC brigade soldiers fired on them with an automatic burst from a SAW without even challenging them. My soldiers jumped into the bushes and stayed prone until they could convince the shooter to let them advance and be recognized. He did, and they eventually joined the security element there and were not challenged by the PDF for the remainder of that mission.

I returned to the platoon position at the substation about 0230 hours and checked the perimeter, front and back. We had detained about four men at this point who had wandered through our area. SGT Dill had them prone on the ground behind the substation's fence. All the prisoners had already been searched and flexcuffed with their hands behind their backs. I approached the first two and asked in Spanish who they were. One rolled off his stomach and onto his side and started waving his arms over his back and telling me that they were not soldiers or even Panamanians; they were Ecuadorans. I thought it was fairly interesting that two Ecuadorans would be walking around on the morning of an American invasion. After some questioning and inspecting their identity cards, I found out that they were actually sailors on a cargo ship that had docked at Pier 18, some 500 meters off my left flank. I believed them, but I was not taking any chances and letting them or anyone else who I detained go free. The next two were obviously PDF soldiers who had stripped off their uniforms for civilian clothes and were fleeing for safety. They had Panamanian military identity cards but no weapons. I left the guard and returned to the perimeter.

SGT Dill met me and said that he had seen an individual through his PVS-7 Night Vision Goggles across Balboa Avenue at a branch office of the National Bank of Panama.

The only other Spanish speaker in the platoon, SPC Quiles, had gone out with a security element to try to find out who this person was but returned unsuccessful. I ordered SGT Dill to set up an overwatch element consisting of a rifleman and a SAW gunner, and he, SPC Quiles, SSG Cohoon, and I crossed the street to capture this individual. He was outside the bank, and when he saw us at about fifty meters away, he ran inside the bank and bolted the door behind him. SPC Quiles had already tried to talk this guy into laying down so we could apprehend him, but now he was deep inside the bank. SGT Dill was getting angry, and I was losing my patience. I thought of different courses of action as we crouched against the side of the building. One, we conduct a building clearing operation to find this guy, or two, I could back everyone off to the overwatch position behind a metal dumpster and fire a LAW or AT-4 through the glass doors of the bank, hopefully eliminating the threat or convincing him to surrender. However, I remembered that I was to limit colateral damage, so the second course of action was out.

As SSG Cohoon pulled security on the street, I had SPC Quiles pound on the door and tell the guy who we were, that we would not hurt him, and to come out. SGT Dill and I were concealed on the side of the doorway waiting. The man approached the door slowly, unlocked it, and opened it, whereupon SGT Dill grabbed him, put him in the prone, and searched him. Immediately, I recognized his bank guard uniform and saw his .38 caliber pistol. He was just another older Panamanian that was hired as a security guard. We tagged his weapon and added him to the collection of EPW's which, by early morning, would rise to nine men and several weapons. I was glad that I had let the situation develop and did not act in haste as I would have destroyed the lobby of the bank, and this old man would have died.

Returning to the hasty defense, I made sure that the LAW's and AT-4's were distributed. My defense was strongest in the front of the station. I figured that I could sacrifice being weak in the Marine Bureau and to the rear of the substation as the main enemy avenue of approach was to my front, the east, and left flank, the north. I ensured that the M60's were in place and that the Dragon was set up on the right flank covering the road intersection, the key terrain, to my front. I got a call on the radio from the First Platoon Leader, 2LT Jim Sharp, that he needed the lights turned off in a sector of the Balboa housing area as they were highlighting his patrols. I went back inside the substation and talked with the two PCC workers. "Sure," they said, "where do you want the power cut?" I showed them the grid, and in an instant, the power was off. To my surprise, controlling an area's power supply now seemed truly vital, as such a simple act was now protecting friendly soldiers' lives.

As the time approached 0330 hours, I returned to the perimeter and got down behind a tree next to SFC Vazquez. I had been busy and had not asked him how he was doing. Earlier, he said he would be able to tough it out to morning. I know he did not want to leave the platoon; he had been its Platoon Sergeant and acting Platoon Leader, for over a year, and my Platoon Sergeant for four and a half months. Looking closely, I saw how pale he was: the effect of the round in his leg showed on his dark, Puerto Rican complexion. I asked him how he felt and he said, "Hey, Teniente, I don't think I'm gonna make it here much longer." As much as I too wanted him to stay, I knew that it was time to evacuate him. I went over to the RTO's position and called the company Executive Officer, 1LT Graham and told him I needed a medevac. I gave him the particulars, and he arrived in ten minutes.

I helped load SFC Vazquez aboard the HMMWV and said a hushed goodbye. I called him 'Daddyrat,' his platoon callsign. He had become lightheaded from loss of blood, and the adrenaline in his system had worn off. He went to Gorgas Hospital instead of the BSA as it was closer. I kept his rucksack with us, but he took his LBE, flak vest, protective mask, helmet, and bayonet. The XO kept his weapon and helmet as he was taken inside the hospital. No one ever saw his LBE with bayonet, flak vest, protective mask or CEOI again: they disappeared inside the hospital. This was a lesson learned for me after I later had to write copious statements about how SFC Vazquez's gear, especially the CEOI, was lost. I should have held onto it or made sure it stayed in the XO's HMMWV.

After SFC Vazquez left, I notified SSG Cohoon, the Third Squad Leader and senior NCO, who had been in the Marine Bureau with his soldiers in an OP, that he was now the Platoon Sergeant and to ensure he had accountability of personnel and equipment. I left him a contingency plan and went in the truck with PVT Christie to check on SSG Mercado and his defense of the MTCC in La Boca, some 800 meters to the west on the other side of Sosa Hill. (See Enclosure 3) I could not maintain comms with him from the substation because of the electrical power lines and Sosa Hill's height. SSG Mercado was supposed to have a PRC-77, but the one he was to take was inoperable after being hit by a round during the ambush. As we neared the Exxon fuel storage facility, I contacted him, using my PRC-126 squad radio, one of which he also carried. I linked up with him and his two soldiers and asked why he had not positioned his security closer to the MTCC. SSG Mercado explained that there was a squad of MP's already there. We drove over to the parking lot, and sure enough, four MP's and their HMMWV were pulling security. I asked their NCOIC what they were doing there, and he said that securing this building was his assigned mission. This was news to me. I brought up SSG Mercado and had him position his two soldiers with their SAW and M203 and released the MP's to rejoin their unit. It

was here that SSG Mercado showed me where he had been grazed across the neck by a round during the ambush.

I then checked on the TOW section from the battalion anti-armor platoon that was positioned some 100 meters to the south of the MTCC. The section was executing its planned roadblock at an intersection to prevent PDF reinforcement of the Balboa DENI to our east. The NCOIC told me that earlier in the morning a small car had attempted to penetrate their roadblock, and they opened fire. The car was now parked in a church parking lot down the road where it had rolled to a stop. The NCOIC told me that his soldiers tried to warn the driver to stop, but he came at them speeding. The anti-armor section opened fire with small arms, as did the MP's. The vehicle was caught in a well-aimed cross fire that killed the passenger, with rounds to the head, and wounded the driver. The car was awash in blood. The two had already been evacuated. SSG Mercado told me that he had tried to call the platoon CP to inform me of this, but his PRC-126 could not reach that far. I was angry that I was not told of this shooting. I left, telling the NCOIC of the TOW section to maintain better commo with my platoon CP and to coordinate with SSG Mercado's team for security. No PDF attempted to use this avenue of approach for the remainder of our mission.

I returned to the substation about 0430, rechecked security, and called the company CP. I had SGT Wonn, who had been shot in the face during the ambush, evacuated soon after. He would return in a couple of days, but SFC Vazquez would not. He was evacuated to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, late on 20 December, then to Florida for convalescent leave before rejoining the battalion in February, 1990. From 0430 to 0630, I continued to check on the perimeter security around the substation and on the OP's in the Marine Bureau. We collected a few more prisoners, too. About 0630, just after sunrise, I

checked on the two PCC workers in the substation control room. They had their TV tuned to SCN, the American military network, which was showing a briefing live on CNN from the Pentagon given by General Colin Powell on the invasion. It was then for the first time that I learned my platoon was a part of the largest military operation since the Vietnam War: Operation Just Cause, the invasion of Panama.

My platoon conducted several more missions while at the substation until we left for the Curundu Transito Station, on 22 December, to establish a company defensive perimeter. These missions included patrols, building clearings, and house-to-house EPW searches, all in the Balboa area. Still, some of the most challenging missions with which I was confronted were those during the first hours of Operation Just Cause. I had to be in many places to ensure my soldiers' safety and the proper conduct of the mission; my leadership abilities were tested. I had to greatly trust in my NCO's, and they never failed me. My platoon's tasks varied greatly that morning and covered many infantry tasks: from reacting to an ambush, to establishing a hasty defense, to capturing EPW's, to providing security. These were all tasks for which we had trained in peacetime and successfully executed in wartime.

ENCL 1

1725 ADEC 89 2100 29, 2-7 Jungle at 80

BLDG 729 elec. Sub sta ①

CP there BLDG 352
AT down Roosevelt to

LABOCA crown hill

1 unit at CP 1 at LABOCA

2 sqd at CP

Guard sub sta 352

Htm Center Maritime Control BLDG
231

Htm on hill BOLT cutters

S-2 needs ID cards from PDF + PANS

H Hour 0100 20 DEC 89

EXPECT civilian clothes

SNIPING Phase III

BC briefing
1800 ADEC 89

AO ANTJET AM 200100RDEC89

4/6 ^{5 road blocks} Com.

C-DNT ANCONDEN
A-ENG BN
B-BALBA DENI

1/508 AMador

MP at Gorgas Pier 18

Phase IV - farku taken by 46

NED

Review ROE

Pro Mask No hoods

(2)

Riot control on BC approval

PAO escorted Media only; show passes
- NO Para escort them ~~out~~

Pres. Min force not to acc. Min
but protect our force

No looting

Disarm everyone with a weapon

No war trophies

- Interview: set it of Para to
choose own form of Govt.
set democracy.

- War crimes will be prosecuted

- Leave up Pan. flag - no desecration

- Don't be unrec. hostile to civs.

- EFW 'S - respect - hostile or docile.

- Dead enemy - respect.

- Leaders of men - drive on.

- I.F.F. - ^{friendly} Helms 'S, tracks

- WPNS tight.

- WPNS on safe - S, L, 'S

(3)
-NO accidental discharges.

2345 Roman Catholic Services
in Mess Hall.

Co's OORDER 19 DEC 89 1840
Backbrief 2300

DENI 20-30 soldiers at night
or 70 or more

Some of 7th Div BN; transits
5th Inf Company.

Macho Damante; personnel
best trained & loyal.

Hhour 0 day 5/87 ops to defend ^{protect}
U.S. lives & prop. Neutralize
PDF forces in A.O. Antietam
forces in BCO A.O. stay there we
isolate them. op to surrender
then if fix if needed neutralize
them.

Bio Men: Control A.O. Junglet
 at Balboa Deni, PCC housing
 area + ^{selected} PCC facilities
 on order seize & sec Balboa
 DENI + neutralize forces ^{in A.O.}
~~INTENT~~: Pco to Phase III
 NO PDF forced leave A.O.

Phase III movement-linkup
 2 buses block rd at YMCA
 Fix DENI protect PCC houses
 Substa, bldg 69, 721
 PCC control facility, water pump ^{588908 pump}

Phase IV consolidate, reorg
 + prepare for follow on
 Missions

- 1st PLT 588907 CP Highschool entrance
- 2nd PLT Linkup at St. Mary's or by commo
- 3rd PLT SOPS, YMCA CS, bookstore, + Mario Polo
- Protect PCC facilities bldg 231, 729, Pump
- OR BLDG 69 on order across from High School
- Leave 1 tm soap hill, relieve MP's then
- Provide Sec for At action.

^{the world is watching; America is watching}
2nd in reserve to assist 2ND PLT. (5)
- Give up 90MM team to 2ND PLT
Phase II consolidate, ^{prepare} ^{for follow} ^{on mission}
Phase II consolidate, ^{by Babbar} ^{elementary}
Mortars 588903 indirect
direct 588897 by CS bookstore

order of Movement RD 3 PLT, CO, 1ST, HQ
coordinate on order door to door search
for all make,

Glint on Kevlar, taped or glued. ^{tie then} ^{stapled}
Rt. Shoulder - Flag Left Shoulder ^{white} ^{eng tape}
Track & Hummer are U.S.
Running password Wildcat

~~Orange~~ ^{chart} med. color up front.
Medic stay with PLT.
Mission first.

flex cuff, bootlace belt, tape, 550
Speed + execution are key.
CS at BN level.

ammo resupply at St. Mary's
A/C is WPNS tight. Passive ADA ^{Church} ^{measures}

4990 BC + 6663 S3 (6)

Bde Commander JTOC at ~~2000~~ ²⁰⁰⁰ Mile.
PW'S by carlot at albrook.

PDF - civ clothes + WPN
- hostile ^{PDF/COM} intent fair game

POW card - friendly or nonfriendly
guy - hostile or docile
upper left pocket.

No looting or war trophies.
EN WPNs cleared + safeguarded.
briefing 2100 for PLT.
even friendly then enemy wounded

NCA National Cmd authority.
- use min force nec but enough
to protect U.S.

- Do not empty MAGS!
- Female transitor no fondling
+ show respect.

Discipline + control is key - give ^{PDF} AOPT to ^{survivors}
Sgt Gury (HB team) ^{3RD PLT}

link up at CP + go to St. Mary's Church.
No troops talk to Press before C.O. pays

Purpose - est the Rt for PAN to choose their own
form of Govt. We don't hate PDF or Pans we want
them to have self determination.

Mark Hoode, Flaps, ~~Staying for them~~ ⑦

2215 BC, speaks to Co.

1/508 is called black d ibs.

bring MRE'S + Water cans

Vets help cherrys dont freeze up

No crowds approach A.O.

SL, fire + warning shot in air

warm + fire in air

PCC guards check ID, watch
them + quiz them about security.

No war crimes, looting, respect
EPW'S, be professional.

Tell me about unauthorized press

ROE avoid unnec. destruction

WPN'S tight.

^{S+S} MRE'S for first 3 days.

Report load of major equip.

Deploy w/ 4 ats of water.

Send up all salute reports ③
anything happens - call me
EPW cards - explicit + detailed.
No heat injuries drunk water → ^{Balboa} water ok

hostile intent → immed. reaction
use only force nec to acc. **MSN**.
NO Accidental discharge. No friendly fire
ACC of Personnel & AMMO; NO **MIA'S**

first two Mags taped together
rest are regular.
draw WPNS, issue ammo.

OPERATION PINEAPPLE CRUSH ①

OPORDER 2039 19 DEC 89

SIT-PDF IN A.O. FN. EN.

ENCL 2.

MSN - control 3 PLT sectors
in A.O. Junglocat, Balboa, RP.
PCC housing, facilities, (on order
seize + secure Balboa Denit + neutralize
PDF in A.O.

EX: Phase II - SP H hour 0100 20 DEC 89
at co area 2 1/2 ton ^{1ST}, 2ND, 3RD ~~ton~~
to SUBSTA - + pump house.
2ND + 3RD secure them

^{Team} A 1ST SQD to BLDG 231 ^{computer fac.} Centro de Maritimo
control secure it, check ID of
guard, ask about guard proced.
V.A.O. Secure it. SQD Radio
coord w/AT 1LAW

B team 1ST SQD relieve MP's
on ~~the hill~~ Sosa Hill Rd
have 1LAW 1 SQD Radio
Guard Bde sumptoc + BN Command
on order ²⁺³ sqds reinforce 2 PLT.

Phase IV consolidate, sort, ⁽²⁾
& prepare for follow on
memo.

on order, house to house.

Food instr.

ENCL. 3.

