THE HURRICANE

JULY 1970 NUMBER THIRTY-THREE
A PUBLICATION OF 11 FIELD FORCE VIETNAM

Cholon Playground

VAN DREW

THE IMPOSING STATUE of two Vietnamese riflemen in combat arrests the attention of every visitor to downtown Saigon.

The statue, standing in Lam Son Square, faces the National Assembly Building. It was chosen over several other works commissioned by the Government in an effort to produce a commemorative landmark in the capital.

The final design was a composite concept embodying the ideas of a large number of Vietnamese Marines. Construction took three months and it was finished by National Day (November 1), 1966, and emplaced by the Marines.

The statue was erected, the Marines say with pride, "As a symbol in memory of the Vietnamese Marines who lost their lives in the struggle against communist aggression."

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This month, *The Hurricane* looks at two groups of Vietnamese who have overcome vast odds to build a life for themselves. Lieutenant Mark Clark travelled to a Chieu Hoi hamlet near Song Be, where he found hard-driving Jose Hidalgo and his adopted "family" of returnees, who are creating a place to live out of hope and hard work (story p. 2). Lieutenant Rusty Brown visited a new hamlet being built by former refugees from North Vietnam, who have journeyed 16 years with their pastor, Father Hieu, to find a home (story p. 32).

Covering combat action, Specialist Ray Anderson takes an all-night ride on a 1st Air Cav Nighthawk (story p. 7), and Lieutenant Bill Watson spends a day with the firebase-hopping troops of 2/7th Cavalry in a story beginning on page 25.

On the lighter side, Specialist Ray Anderson took time out from combat assignments to tour Binh Duong Province and reports on his travels beginning on page 19. Specialist Sol Mancusi shot the rear cover while accompanying Ray through Binh Duong.

Lieutenant Pete Ginder combined business with pleasure to complete a photo report on the recently-completed playground in Cholon (p. 30). Pete shot the front cover photo while visiting the playground.

The Editor

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NIGHTHAWK P. 7

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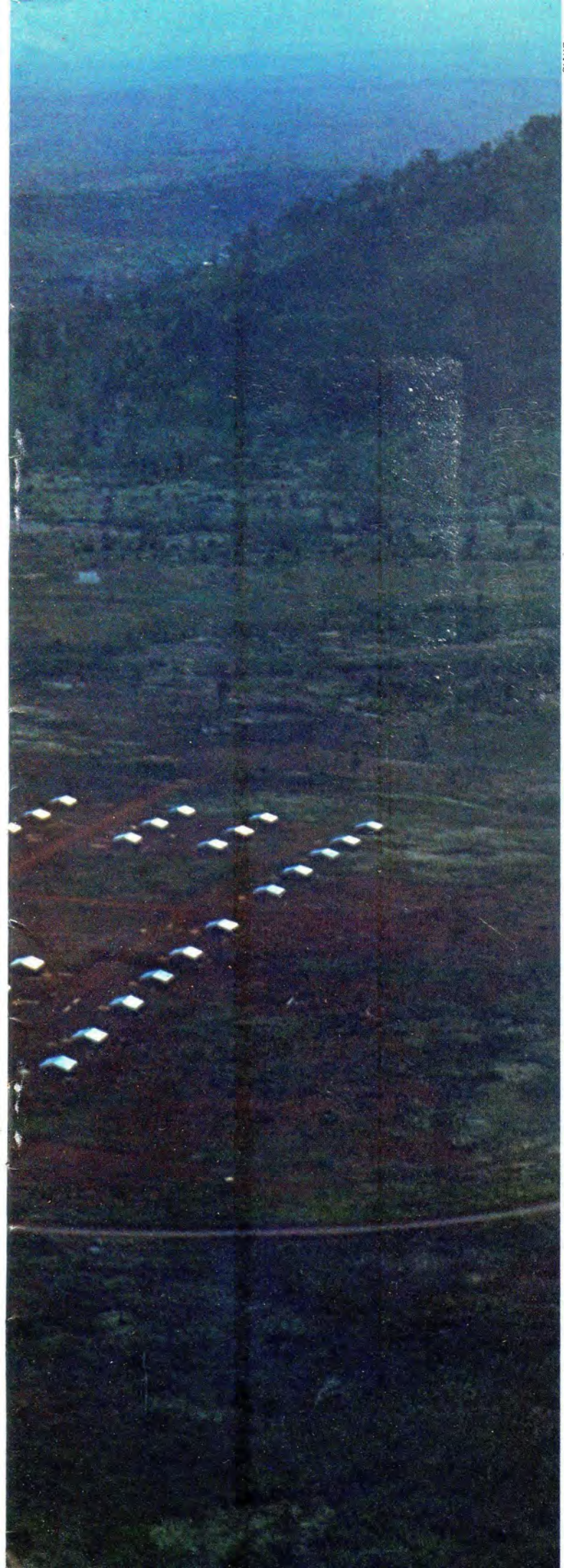
"Chieu Hoi Hamlet" near Song Be—building a new life for future generations.



DAVIS

Chieu Hoi Hamlet

A Second Chance

by Lieutenant Mark Clark

FROM THE AIR, it looks like one of those new, low-cost housing developments in what they call "exurbia" back in the world. All the houses are alike and lined up in perfectly symmetrical patterns. Bare earth fills all the spaces between the houses. The signs of fresh construction are everywhere: lumber, bags of cement, piles of sand. There is even a model home—the only one completely finished.

The "Chieu Hoi Hamlet"—the people there haven't hit on a permanent name yet—is a striking little settlement about four miles south of Song Be (as the crow flies, that is; to get there by road, you drive about twice that distance going around Nui Ba Ra). It is striking not only in appearance from an airplane, but also in the fact that it is a brilliantly successful do-it-yourself project accomplished by citizens who, a matter of months before, were at best apathetic toward the Saigon Government and at worst shooting at soldiers on our side.

Jose B. Hidalgo, Chieu Hoi advisor for Phuoc Long Province, proudly guides visitors around the hamlet, explaining what's going on and what went on in the months before. There have been several distinguished visitors to his hamlet, including the Vietnamese prime minister and minister of the interior, Tran Thien Khiem. "He was there in March and was impressed," says Hidalgo. Others who have come to see the hamlet include Lieutenant General Do Cao Tri, commanding general of III Corps and III Corps Tactical Zone; Lieutenant General Julian J. Ewell, former commanding general of II Field Force Vietnam; Lieutenant General Michael S. Davison, present II Field Force commanding general; and Mr. Charles S. Whitehouse, III Corps deputy for CORDS.

Because of the phenomenal story behind the hamlet's 436 residents and because of Joe Hidalgo's openly conducted promotion of his hamlet, he has obtained the valued support of several local officials who count.

Phuoc Long Province Chief, Lieutenant Colonel Luu

Jose Hidalgo

A Man on the Move

DAVIS

At press time, it was learned that Jose Hidalgo was reassigned to a new post at the Chieu Hoi Center in Tay Ninh City. Despite this transfer, the Chieu Hoi Hamlet near Song Be stands as a monument to one man's initiative and diligence, and the story is still one well worth telling.—Ed.

JOE HIDALGO has been in Vietnam since October 13, 1966. Before that he had served in the Army of the Republic of the Philippines for 18 years. He has acquired mixed feelings about Vietnam.

Riding along a mine-pocked road in a jeep, he'll look at the lush greenery on either side and remark, "Vietnam is very pretty." And he sees more than its surface beauty. "I would like to invest money—all my earnings—in land here. I could put my knowledge to work teaching the people to till the land to their best advantage."

Now seated on a veranda of Advisory Team 67 at Song Be, sipping iced tea, he goes on about the great hunting lands in Phuoc Long Province. Pointing over his shoulder, he reveals that not two miles from

Yem, has gotten personally involved in the Chieu Hoi Hamlet, a fact Joe Hidalgo is proud of. "Once you have the support of the province chief and the province senior advisor, you've got it made," he says. "My first concept of attack in this undertaking was to get their support." A measure of how much faith Colonel Yem has in the hamlet and its success is the fact that he has stayed there overnight more than once. "I'm glad to see that happen," Joe says. Colonel Yem, generally acknowledged to be one of the best province chiefs in III Corps, has several times personally addressed the people of the hamlet, explaining the Government and what it has to offer.

Largely because of the personal interest of people like Colonel Yem, the story of the Chieu Hoi Hamlet has been a success story. Its history began early last fall.

The VC's 275th Regiment was shifting around in the Song Be area and forcing people there to provide hiding places and to perform labor. They had been holed up in numerous caves and bunkers near Duc Bon, a village about six miles southeast of the summit of Nui Ba Ra, the mountain that dominates much of Phuoc Long Province.

On September 20, the first one came in. Then another the next day. These two ralliers—both former local VC—told what was happening to their village. The 275th had come there from Bien Hoa Province and was setting up an R&R center in one of the hamlets. Acting on this intelligence and other indications of enemy activity, the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) concentrated on the area where the Hoi Chanh said others were hiding. They dropped leaflets, artillery, more leaflets, B-52 bombs, and even more leaflets. Armed Propaganda Teams (APTs), former VC trained in talking their ex-comrades into switching sides, moved in to make face-to-face contact. And in less than a month, 312 people came out of hiding to rally to the Government, most turning themselves in at Duc Bon. Of those, 102 were Hoi Chanh—former VC. The rest were categorized as refugees.

Meanwhile, to the north, near the villages of Phu Van and Duc Han, a similar phenomenon was taking place. Fire Support Base Judy (since turned over to ARVN troops) then belonged to the 2nd Squadron, 12th Cavalry of the 1st Cav. When the 2/12th got wind of the 275th moving toward their area, they began to play psychological operations tapes through speakers aimed at suspected hiding places. It worked. Fifteen days: 199 ralliers. And another 35 came in a month later.

All told, between Duc Bon and Phu Van-Duc Han, 546 people had rallied to the Government in two months, many in large groups.

As is the practice with all ralliers, they were placed in a Chieu Hoi Center at Song Be as they came in. For many weeks the center looked like a tent city; its population had swelled tenfold from the normal. The new residents were to stay 60 days during which they would be assisted in adjusting to their new life.

The next step, Hidalgo says, was a matter of "living up to our promise" of a better life and a place to call their own. Some 100 ralliers wanted to resettle individually or go on to special Government training programs. The rest preferred to stick together.

"I asked the province chief for a land grant—if only to create a psychological impact," recalls Joe, "and the province chief, realizing that the request was logical, granted us this piece of land."

where he and some visitors are sitting the late President Ngo Dinh Diem used to have a luxurious country home where he'd come to go hunting.

But there is another side to Vietnam. It's not that Joe thinks the war will go on interminably; eventually peace will come, he believes. But when peace does come, what about all the people who have been issued weapons? How will the government ever collect all the arms that have been passed out to numerous defense groups—the Regular Army, the Regional and Popular Forces, the People's Self Defense Forces —who constitute virtually the entire population, or will eventually. His worry is that once the present enemy forces have been eliminated or neutralized, groups that had been fighting for the government will form roving armed gangs ("many will not have regular work") that could cause as much terror as the VC. He remembers that his own government has not until recently been able to round up all the weapons the Filipinos used in World War II. Many of the weapons still at large after more than 20 years had to be bought back by his government, he said.

At 39, Joe is about ready to return to his native country. And the way he describes it, you couldn't blame him. "The Philippines is made up of 7,200 islands," he said, "each one you go to is more beautiful than the last. I live on one of the smallest and most beautiful of the islands. On the east is the Pacific Ocean, on the west the South China Sea, and on the south the Celebes Sea. When I used to lie there at home, white sand and palm trees were all I could see. And the fish. If you like to fish you should come to my island. The lobster and abalone —you can just reach into the water and pull them out and have them for lunch."

While thinking about home with pleasure, Joe Hidalgo can look back with satisfaction on his four years in Vietnam. A diligent and creative man, he has found ways to get things done where others might have thrown up their hands in despair. After 18 years in the army, you learn to "scrounge," and Joe has learned well. Asked where this or that accessory for the Chieu Hoi Hamlet came from, he frequently answers, "Well, I scrounged that." And he scrounges to get the little extras for the Song Be Chieu Hoi Center and the compound for members of Armed Propaganda Teams nearby.

His superiors are pleased with Joe's performance. "We think he's doing great," says Agripino R. de Gusman, the man in charge of tabulating and reporting on Hoi Chanh in III Corps. "We don't want to pull him out despite the fact that he's been there a long time, because he's making money for us."

But despite his affection for the Vietnamese people and the good he has accomplished here, he is ready to go home. He has two more years to do in the army before he can retire. His wife and three daughters await him in the Philippines. And besides. . . .

"When I think about those beaches and the palm trees and the fishing. . . ."

It was a mutually advantageous deal. The virgin land that the province chief was turning over to the Hoi Chanh had been concealing a long-standing infiltration route the enemy used to get into Phuoc Qua and other nearby villages. The Chieu Hoi Hamlet and six other hamlets make up the village of Phuoc Qua. By occupying and clearing the land, the Hoi Chanh were in effect interdicting the enemy's movement.

What is now the Chieu Hoi Hamlet, which Hidalgo terms the "show window of Phuoc Long Province," was thick jungle until mid-February of this year. Then the Hoi Chanh began to clear the land—the first phase of a continuing community project to build what might now be termed a "new town" in the West. All the work, from clearing the land to making bed frames, has been done by the Hoi Chanh themselves with occasional help in the heavy equipment department from 1st Cav and ARVN engineers. The ARVN engineers brought in bulldozers to make quick work of the large trees and stumps. Joe himself helped in the heavy clearing. "I have a little background in demolitions," he explains. The Cav sent a road grader to finish off the two intersecting main roads. But Hidalgo stresses that the Goverment did not bring in any contractors to improve the land or build houses.

Constructing the duplex houses—all from the same blueprints—was a collective effort ("the work of everybody jointly," in Joe's words). Part of 3,586,200 piasters from the Chieu Hoi Ministry went toward the purchase of lumber and sand for the buildings. The Chieu Hoi allocation has also been used to support the families for their first six months after settlement. They receive rations of rice, dried fish and salt until they have a chance to get their feet on the ground. The Chieu Hoi Ministry also contributed 20 sheets of roofing metal and 20 bags of cement for each house. The original allotment was 16 of each until the hamlet decided to build a small kitchen onto the back of each house.

In less than two months after they began their community, the Hoi Chanh were leading almost normal lives. Their houses were still little more than frames and roofs, but they provided shelter. And the people were already molding the bricks that would soon make the buildings permanent.

Joe Hidalgo is a great one for keeping horses before carts. He has had a set of priorities before him all along in his Chieu Hoi Hamlet project. The houses with temporary siding had to be put up as fast as possible—to provide a place for everyone who belonged in the community. "To make them permanent would take too long," he explains. Then the land around the hamlet would have to be cleared so that highland rice (it doesn't need much water) can be planted. "You can't expect maximum efficiency from a man who works when he's hungry," Joe says. Once the houses were up and the crops planted, the next thing was to make the homes long-lasting by replacing the bamboo and ammunition box siding with bricks and mortar—homemade bricks, and cement contributed by the Chieu Hoi Ministry. As an incentive to give the people something to look forward to, Hidalgo had one of the duplexes completed to look like all of them eventually would. And it has stood, unoccupied, as a sort of village shrine to the future. Finally, the common buildings—market, school, hospital, meeting hall—would be constructed in the center of town. The public buildings were laid out neatly on blue-

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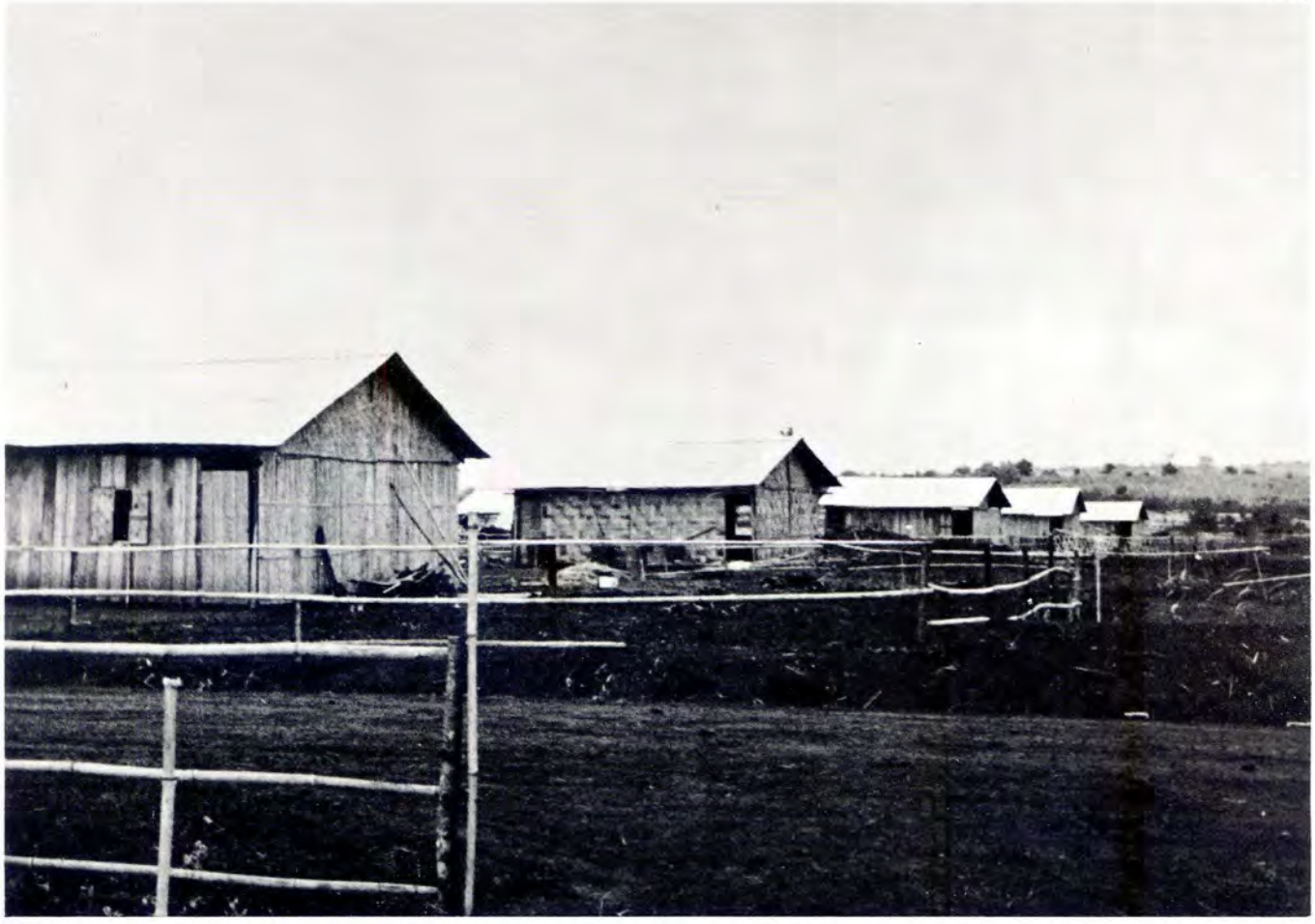


New homes under construction at "Chieu Hoi Hamlet"—"from nothing we were able to build something."

prints: the school and the combination market-auditorium would each be 16 by 9 meters, while the dispensary and the conference room would each be 11 by 8 meters.

Meanwhile, from the beginning, artisans had begun putting their talents to work for the community. A tinsmith shaped farm tools out of expended 105-millimeter artillery shells, the hamlet's variation on beating swords into plowshares. The shells came from nearby Fire Support Base Buttons. A crew of carpenters took over one of the duplex buildings and set up shop making bedsteads, chairs, and tables for the houses. Not all those who worked on the carpentry were skilled professionals. "We're hitting two birds with one stone," Joe related. "First, we are saving money, and second, it is a form of learning for them."

Each family planted vegetables in their front yard, where enough land on each lot had been planned for just that purpose.

Safety and sanitation were attended to in the early stages of the hamlet's development. Each family built its own bunker, and four families would share two 55-gallon-drum latrines.

As for the sanitation measures Joe introduced, he convinced the people of the merits behind the idea of the latrines with his characteristically simple approach to the art of persuasion. "I told them, 'Gone are the days when you could live and let live. You are civilized now.' So I said, 'Let us make a toilet.' " And they did. They sank 55-gallon drums in the ground with a hole cut in one end and a number ten tin can on top of it —the only visible part of the toilet. Two of these serve four families.

Livestock is being introduced gradually into the Chieu Hoi Hamlet. There are eventually going to be one or two pigs and chickens for each family.

Security for the hamlet is provided by a Popular Force unit that adjoins the community. Besides riflemen, the PF compound has a two-gun 105-millimeter artillery section. And besides the PF's, which the province chief moved from their old location across a branch of the Song Be to their present compound next to the hamlet, the Hoi Chanh have the added security of a 20-man APT, whose members guard the hamlet entrance and patrol in and around the hamlet—a stopgap measure until the hamlet's own People's Self-Defense Force is ready to assume those duties.

The hamlet's commerce now consists almost exclusively of selling bamboo. A truck comes from Saigon three times a week to load bundles of long bamboo which the Hoi Chanh have chopped from the nearby slopes of Nui Ba Ra. Each bundle yields 45 piasters for the hamlet.

The Chieu Hoi Hamlet near Song Be is not the only one in Vietnam—there are 38, housing nearly 11,000 Hoi Chanh and their dependents. But officials in Phuoc Long Province and III Corps look on it as a model of what can be done by a community of former enemy united in the cause of building their own future.

It's not Shaker Heights, Ohio, but it has a beauty all its own. And, as Joe Hidalgo will tell you softly, "from nothing we were able to build something out there."

Nighthawk

by Specialist 5 Ray Anderson

THE HUEY'S COCKPIT was bathed by the coal-red glow of the instruments as WO1 Ralph Dwyer secured his helmet. Following a procedure over 500 missions old, his hands methodically flicked levers that started the 1,100 horsepower turbine with a low whine.

Copilot Ken Clive of Medford, Mass., looked at the moon's eerie shadows on the revetment. "There's too much light, we're not going to see much of the enemy."

The rotor blade gathered momentum with the turbine and rocked the bird like a dinghy in a gale, as left doorgunner, SP4 Don Albright of Harrisburg, Ark., slid into his seat, momentarily testing the 50-million-candlepower spotlight. A blinding circle of white light appeared on the distant hangar wall and then vanished. Removing the cover from a large starlight scope above and parallel to the spotlight, he leaned against the fuselage to wait. The right doorgunner, Sp4 Robert Wills of Missoula, Mont., sat behind his M-60 and also waited as crew chief Sp4 David Zozgornik of Kelly Lake, Minn., switched on the door-mounted minigun.

The nighthawk was ready. The evening's second mission was under way.

The radio crackled its annoyance as Mr. Dwyer contacted the "high bird," a Cobra gunship waiting to join the nighthawk.

"India five niner, this is Deuce. I'm going up."

"Roger, Deuce. I'm ahead of you."

The Cobra hovered, armament reflecting reassurance in the constant blink of the running lights before it lifted off and disappeared down the points of light that defined the undulating runway.

Then the nighthawk took off, landing light throwing shadows off the skids, to pursue the distant "max" (Cobra).

Phuoc Vinh was a luminescent line separating the sky and ground when the bird began scanning the grey-black mass of earth at mission speed.

"India five niner, we're at about 200 feet. We'll check this free fire box."

"Gotcha, Deuce. I'll cover you at about 2,000."

The red-blinking light, moving counterclockwise, distinguished the Cobra from the surrounding stars.

Specialist Albright leaned forward, peering through the starlight's eyepiece. His gaze followed the counterbalanced starlight and spotlight as they moved from jungle, to plain, to riverbed, and back over the terrain below. The spotlight's infrared system and moon provided him with sufficient light for scanning all images cast in the eerie green light of the starlight's optics.

The remainder of the crew, weapons poised, watched for muzzle flashes and waited—a pattern they had grown accustomed to during the last eight months. A quarter of an hour became thirty minutes, they continued to watch and wait. Beneath the nighthawk's broad orbit a meandering river reflected the full moon.

Specialist Albright's voice interrupted the monotonous slap of the rotor blades, "Mr. Dwyer, there are some freshly cut logs in the river."

"Put the white light on it."

A piercing column of light tethered the bird to the narrow riverbed. This portion of the free fire box wasn't supposed to have any "friendlies," especially logcutters.

"Cut the light, Don, we'll have a

Nocturnal search.

little closer look at the area."

The four logs and brown water disintegrated into blackness. Albright returned to the starlight and the orbit grew smaller.

"India, you wanta keep an eye on us."

"Gotcha, Deuce."

The starlight roamed over the indistinct treeline, then stopped.

"Sir, I've got some movement."

Mr. Dwyer's voice broke in, "India, prepare to roll in; we may have a target."

"Okay, mark it for me."

Albright's hand hit a switch, illuminating the ash-white limbs of a defoliated tree with the searchlight. Many feet below, the mottled green of the underbrush contrasted against a pair of incandescent spots attached to a long orange and black form. The form froze, then leapt beyond the perifery of the light.

"Damn, another tiger," blurted the crew chief.

"Forget it, India," mumbled the pilot despondently.

The jungle returned to its sullen darkness, and the watching and waiting began again.

A voice broke the static on one of the bird's numerous radios. "Stalecoat 34, Stalecoat 34, this is Canyon City 21."

"Canyon City," droned Mr. Dwyer, "This is Stalecoat."

Central operations answered, "We've got a night location with some movement."

"Okay, read you loud and clear. Fill us in."

The conversation became monotonously redundant as the warrant officers secured grids and frequencies. The bird turned north and everyone relaxed; getting there was going to take some time. The "max," 1,800 feet above, knew the story and moved out accordingly.

Minutes later, Mr. Clive lit the cockpit with a small overhead lamp and surveyed the map. "We're near, try to contact them."

There was an audible click as Mr. Dwyer changed frequencies. "Foxtrot 65, Foxtrot 65, this is Stalecoat 34." Whine, wind, and rotor whop answered. He repeated, eyes scanning the nebulous darkness. "Foxtrot 65, this is Stalecoat 34."

"Stalecoat 34, this is Foxtrot 65. We can see you to our sierra whiskey." The ship rolled smoothly to the northeast, while the crew readjusted for action.

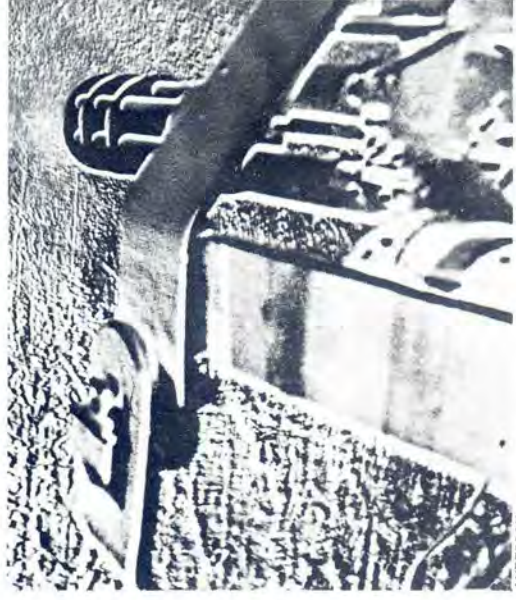
The ambush RTO confused the two ships and the nighthawk's spotlight flashed intermittently for positive identification.

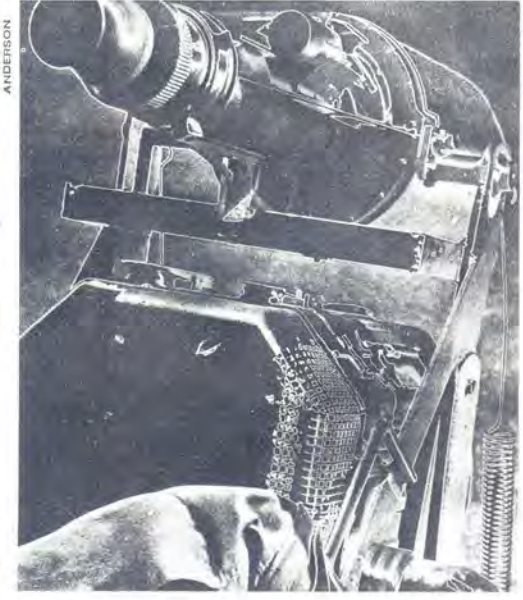
"You're closing in now," he responded.

"Where's the movement?" Mr. Dwyer queried.

"About one zero zero mikes to the november," whispered the RTO.

A strobe light appeared, its sharp flashes reflecting against numerous leaves like a lighthouse in the fog. The column of white light again slashed to the ground, eliminating strobe and cover with its intensity.





Minigun, starlight scope and death from the sky.

"Stalecoat, we can still hear something, but it's beyond your light."

"Roger Foxtrot, we'll scan the area."

The narrow beam randomly scrutinized the thick vegetation. A minute orange muzzle flash pierced the darkness to the left of the light.

"We've got him," exclaimed Mr. Dwyer. Specialist Zozgornik swung the heavy minigun parallel with the beam.

"India, we may need some help."

"Don't worry, Deuce, just keep the damned light on it."

Specialist Albright's beam pinpointed the target bulls-eye fashion.

"Canyon City 21, Canyon City 21, this is Stalecoat 34!"

"This is Canyon City," answered Central Operations.

"Hey!" began the pilot, "We've got an area one double zero mikes north of night location 12 in grid six we'd like to grease up. Can you give us clearance?"

Tension mounted as two more orange-red flashes winked in the consuming black beyond the light.

"They're firing at us," yelled Albright.

The 35 knot circular pace remained unaltered, as they waited impatiently for clearance.

"Stalecoat, this is Canyon City, you're clear to drive on!"

The spotlight's intensity disappeared as a four-foot ball of flame exited the minigun. A red snake of tracers arched majestically to the treeline 200 feet below with a roar that reverberated through helmet, ship and soul.

"Deuce, let me send in a couple pair of rockets."

"Be my guest, India. We're out of your way."

The Cobra turned to begin a gradual dive. Sparks engulfed its indistinct form, and two arrows of flame struck within meters of the oval bull's-eye. A white ball erupted, then disintegrated into the black nothingness of congealed smoke. Milliseconds later the nighthawk's mechanical noises were stilled by the explosive crack and lingering thunder of the detonated rockets.

Specialist Albright extinguished the spotlight. Numerous candle-like flames flickered in the area.

"Stalecoat, this is Foxtrot. Everything seems to be quiet," reported the RTO. "Thanks, we really appreciate it."

"Anytime, out."

Mr. Dwyer again contacted the high bird. "India, I'm running low on fuel. Let's head back."

"Situation's the same up here, Deuce."

Both ships rolled out picking up speed as they moved toward the hazy lights of Phuoc Vinh. Everyone was quiet, it was midnight and there would be more missions before the sunrise. The birds refueled and returned to the protection of the parking revetment for rearmament.

Silence washed over the crew as Mr. Dwyer shut down the engine and each man checked over his area of the chopper. Artillery broke the stillness as the crew, helmets in hand, walked slowly to the scramble hootch to tell war stories, read, play cards, drink cokes and wait for another mission.

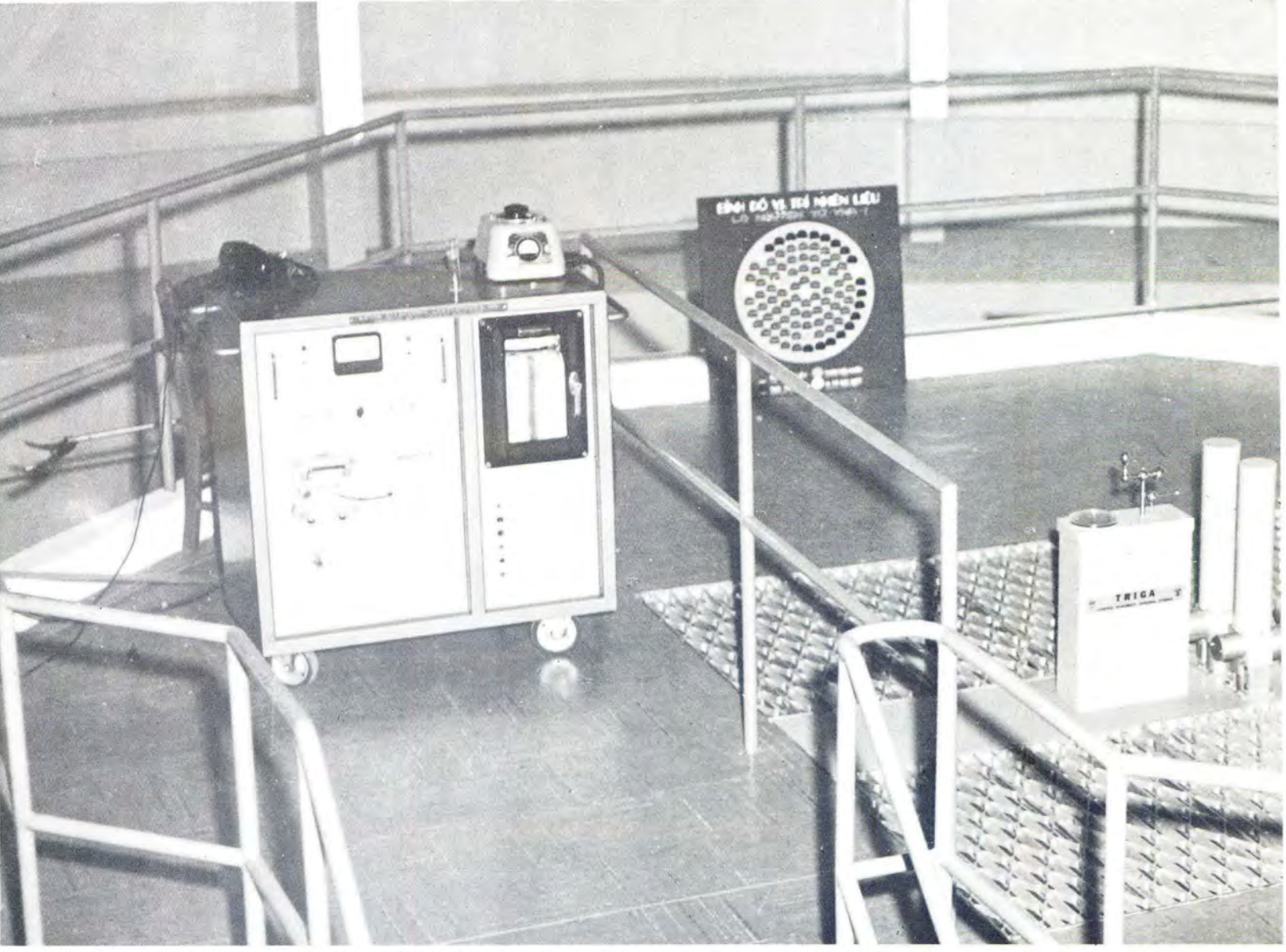
DAVIS

Science in Vietnam

by Staff Sergeant Jerry Van Drew

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY is the age of science and technology—the atomic age, the age of computers and transistors, the space age.

In mid-1970, however, few places on earth seem more remote from twentieth century science or farther from the surface of the moon than does the small country of South Vietnam. For while the giant na-



Mr. Ngo Dinh Long (left), director of the Nuclear Research Center in Dalat, and technical assistant inspect a radioactive sample atop the Center's nuclear reactor.

tions struggle with vast technological problems, miniscule Vietnam struggles to protect itself against aggression and create a stable nation.

Dependent upon foreign aid and military assistance to feed and protect its people and land, this small country faces numerous complex problems. Even if the war were successfully terminated, the technological chasm between rice paddy and industrialization presents a great gulf to span.

But the gulfs between twentieth century industrial nations and their nineteenth century pasts were just as great; the problems of moving from damaging wars to technological self-sufficiency were overcome by Germany and Japan; and the gulf between rice paddy and industrialization is being bridged by South Korea.

So there is hope. And one of the best reasons for this hope is Vietnam's growing body of scientific knowledge.

In view of its past history of foreign domination and exploitation, its consequent underdeveloped economy, and 30 years of continual war, it is notable that Vietnam has produced reputable scientists who have made significant contributions to international science.

In a recent estimate, American-trained electrical and nuclear reactor engineer, Ngo Dinh Long, said; "About 40 to 50 Vietnamese nuclear research scientists work in France, and another 40 to 60 work in important nuclear research centers in the United States." Mr. Long is the director of Vietnam's Nuclear Research Center at Da Lat.

Mr. J. E. Kirk, Science Advisor to the Commanding General, US Military Assistance Command, Vietnam, explains this Vietnamese success in science; "The Vietnamese people have a high learning capability and good motor skills. They are patient and methodical. They learn rapidly, and apply what they learn well."

In addition to its scientists abroad, Vietnam has a growing number of scientists at home. Dr. Nguyen Chung Tu, Dean of Saigon University's Faculty of Science (himself a French-university-trained physicist specializing in the study of optical luminescence) and President of the Vietnamese Physical Society, reports: "There are about 200 physicists with graduate-level degrees living and working in Vietnam. Of these, about 160 are high school science teachers or college professors; the other 40 or so are employed by the government or by private industry."

There are comparable numbers of chemists and biologists, a few more mathematicians, and somewhat fewer geologists. In addition, there are many more bachelor of science degree holders, and increasing numbers of students in university faculties of science throughout the country. About 1,500 undergraduates received degrees in the natural sciences and mathematics in 1967. Approximately 7,500 students are presently studying in these fields at the Universities of Saigon, Hue, Da Lat and

DALAT NRC

Can Tho (the country's only other university, Van Hanh, hopes to begin its science training with the fall 1970 school year). And student bodies are growing larger every year.

The Pasteur Institute, headquartered in Saigon and with branches at Nha Trang and Da Lat, is the country's oldest, best established, and most valuable scientific organization. Conducting medical research, making laboratory analyses for the country's hospitals, conducting medical clinics and producing vaccines against the endemic diseases of South Vietnam, this self-supporting institution employs about 25 college-trained scientists, 200 laboratory and scientific technicians, and another 500 administrative and support personnel.

The most significant scientific research in Vietnam, however, is that conducted in the university laboratories. Growing numbers of students and improving laboratory facilities will make university research an even more important aspect of national science.

After the universities, the national government is the largest employer of scientists, and the most important source of scientific advance. The Vietnam Atomic Energy Office and its subordinate Nuclear Research Center at Da Lat, for example, are the most specialized and expensive scientific facilities in the country. Designed by Vietnamese architect Ngo Viet Thu, and built in 1963 at a cost of $650,000, the nuclear research center houses a $350,000 Trica Mark II Research Reactor donated to South Vietnam by the United States under the Atoms for Peace plan. When fully operational, the center has a staff of 25 highly specialized personnel, including physicists, engineers, chemists, biologists and technicians.

The Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) utilizes a number of highly skilled personnel, especially in the field of engineering. A recent summary listed 14,040 engineers and engineering technicians of various grades out of a total of 72,684 ARVN professional and technical personnel.

The US Army in Vietnam, as of June 30, 1968, employed 18 natural scientists, 206 engineers and 1,038 technicians among its 8,224 professional, technical and related occupations employees in its total indigenous work force of 127,488.

The ARVN National Geographic Institute at Da Lat is another reputable technical center. Its 175 cartographers, surveyors, and technicians, supported by an equal number of administrative and unskilled personnel, produce all of the military and civilian maps of the country from aerial photographs supplied by allied forces, and from its own ground survey team data.

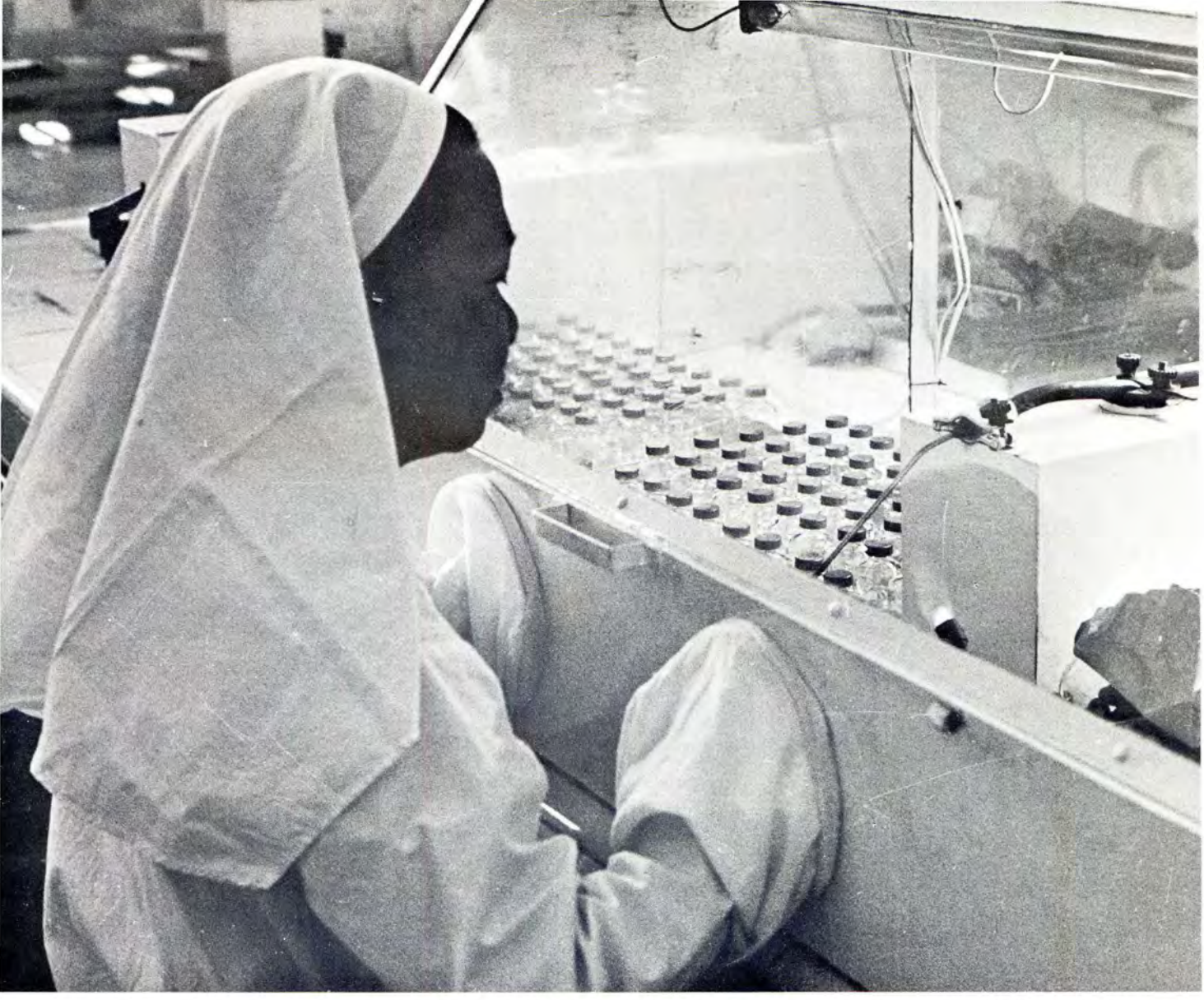
The ARVN Combat Development and Test Center Vietnam in Saigon conducts sociological and behavioral science research and recommends solutions to various problems of concern to the government. It recently published its most comprehensive study yet, a survey of the living conditions of ARVN military dependents, and is currently engaged in an in-depth study of the effectiveness of the Chieu Hoi program. The center also has limited test and evaluation laboratories and personnel.

A recent development in Vietnam which could have an enormous influence on scientific advancement, is the formation and proliferation of scientific and professional societies, like the Vietnamese Physical Society. There are presently societies for chemists, specialized teachers, engineers and technicians. Similar societies in the industrial countries have played important roles in the development and spread of science by providing meeting grounds and channels for communication and publication of new ideas and developments.

Although industrial employment of scientists is presently small, Vietnam's expanding industries offer the greatest potential need for future scientists. The Joint Development Group, in its March 1969 report on the Postwar Development of the Republic of Vietnam estimated that 318 college graduates in natural science, chemistry and electricity, and electronics would be needed between 1969 and 1971 alone.

The textile and chemical industries, two of the six largest in the country and both developed during the past ten years, are two examples of rapidly growing areas of applied science.

Although war and its associated



A laboratory technician at the Pasteur Institute in Dalat bottles plague vaccine—from applied science, a better life for Vietnam.

problems have restricted science, as they have the economy in general, direct war damage to scientific facilities has been slight.

The Da Lat Branch of the Pasteur Institute was perhaps hardest hit, when it was 80 per cent destroyed by the Viet Cong in their offensives of 1968. The damage has not yet been repaired, nor has the Institute's completely destroyed library yet been restocked. From a pre-1968 work force of 150 personnel conducting research and producing vaccine material, the staff has been reduced to 120 workers solely producing vaccines. The research work and other personnel have been relocated at the Saigon Branch, which has not been directly hit by the war.

Communist control of the area south of Da Nang has prevented the establishment of the long-planned Nong Son—An Hoa industrial complex there. The machinery for a chemical fertilizer plant and for producing sulphuric acid is still crated and unused, and has been rendered obsolete by advancing technology.

Viet Cong disruptions in rural areas also prevent important field research. For example, badly needed geological data cannot be obtained, and the mineral assets of most of the country have never been adequately determined. Even science students are affected, and often cannot take field trips to appropriate areas for their study.

Historical, archeological, anthropological and sociological field research is likewise hampered. Destruction of the Hue citadel in 1968 was a tragic loss. And disruption of highland tribes and the anthropological effects of relocation deserve closer study, but the dangers of visiting the highlands and often the relocation centers prevent much of such study from taking place.

But the greatest effects of the war on science in Vietnam have been the indirect effects due to manpower needs of the armed forces and war-caused inflation and economic problems.

The Nuclear Research Center at Da Lat, for example, has only five of an original twenty-five person staff present at the center. One scientist was killed during the Tet 1968 Communist attacks at Hue while visiting his family. Another has entered politics and is now a member of the Senate. Others have gone on overseas trips and staved abroad to be employed there. But most have been drafted and assigned to more critical duties. Some are instructors of science at various military schools like the National Military Academy in Da Lat. Others have been incorporated into the Atomic Energy Office staff in Saigon.

In the meantime, Mr. Long, the director at the center, says, "We only have a large enough staff to perform minimal maintenance on the reactor. We operate it at least once a week to prevent its deterioration from disuse." But, mostly, the million dollar center stands idle, a silent tribute to the manpower shortages of the war.

All scientists, technicians, and instructors are liable for the draft. But, generally, they are reassigned to their original jobs after completion of basic enlisted or officer training. The Nuclear Research Center is one of the scientific frills judged not essential to the war effort.

The draft has its greatest effect on college students. Deferments are available to qualified high school graduates, but quota systems are used to restrict the number of students in the prestigious but overmanned fields like law. The draft thus forces many students (who might not otherwise so choose) to study science. In addition, the deferments allow only one extra year to complete a prescribed course of study (e.g., five years to complete a four-year program). Students are under intense pressure as they take their year-end comprehensive examinations upon which academic advancement depends, since a majority of students traditionally fail these tests on first attempt.

Dr. Earle Hoshall, US Agency for International Development advisor to the Vietnamese universities, feels that because of these restrictions, "The draft tends to encourage students who can afford it to study abroad." They then tend to remain abroad, increasing the number of Vietnamese overseas.

War associated economic policies also adversely affect science. Restrictions on foreign purchases, for example, have kept the Nuclear Research Center at Da Lat from purchasing special-size fluorescent light bulbs for its central reactor room. All of the original bulbs burned out long ago, and the reactor room has remained in the dark since.

Even when foreign purchases are possible, prices are adversely affected by government taxation of imports and inflation. When President Thieu's recently increased import tax went into effect, Father Hoang Quoc Truong, Dean of the Da Lat University Faculty of Science, reports that the price of one model student microscope doubled from 15,000 to 30,000 piasters. Two years before, the price had been 6,000 piasters.

Meanwhile, a private university such as the Catholic-supported University of Da Lat, is required by law to make the same tuition charges as the public universities—a nominal 1,000 piasters ($8.47 at the official rate of exchange) per student per academic year. Budgets are consequently difficult to balance.

Probably the greatest problem facing Vietnamese science is that of enticing its overseas members home. Better trained and more experienced, they could make important contributions to their developing country. Although some of the scientists remain abroad for political reasons, most simply stay overseas for better living conditions, better pay, better professional opportunities, and greater safety.

DALAT NRC

Chemist prepares solution in a research laboratory at the Dalat Nuclear Research Center.

Another problem area is that of the entire educational structure, which is too theoretically oriented. "Terminal training for lower level skills is greatly needed," says Dr. Hoshall. "Perhaps something like the American junior college, or community college system, offering two year courses for technicians."

The Vietnamese language itself is another problem. Barely adequate for expressing simple ideas at the undergraduate level, when supplemented with many foreign words such as the names for the chemical elements, Vietnamese is not a precise enough language to express the more technical ideas and distinctions met at the graduate level. So before the science student can go on to graduate school, he must learn at least one and probably two foreign languages.

But the undergraduate curriculum in the Vietnamese university is so specialized in science that no foreign language instruction is included. The student, although he can take advantage of university facilities, is largely on his own in acquiring this necessary skill.

Another problem is the lack of developed technology—or applied science—in Vietnam. Students cannot see many scientific principles in action, they can only read about them. Laboratory work is limited to available apparatus, or that which can be fashioned from simple materials. Sophisticated apparatus which cannot be improvised must be imported or done without.

Despite these problems, Vietnamese science has progressed well into the twentieth century. Vietnamese scientists have trained and excelled in virtually all specialties. They possess a body of knowledge upon which Vietnam can later build and develop.

This knowledge gives hope, the hope that once the war ends Vietnam can achieve the conditions necessary to apply it.

AMERICAN CULTURAL CENTER

by Specialist 5 Mike Tharp

GINDER

The American Cultural Center in Saigon—presenting America to the Vietnamese.

"WE TRY TO GIVE to the Vietnamese an example of an American library in action," said Dr. Chester A. Bain, director of the American Cultural Center, 8 Le Quy Don, Saigon.

The center rises like a whitewashed ivory tower of learning amid smoke-gray buildings and houses, a quiet oasis of culture through the din of a city in a war.

There are centers in Can Tho, Dalat, Hue and Da Nang, but Saigon's is the central clearinghouse for cultural dissemination throughout South Vietnam.

Dr. Bain, who received his doctorate in Vietnamese history from Illinois State University, stressed the library is only one of the facets of the Cultural Center. "We also run a film loan library and in January sponsored an exhibit of a moon rock that attracted 85,000 visitors to the center."

Because of its accessibility, the library remains the focal point for patrons of the center. Mrs. Cut Parker, assistant to Dr. Bain, computes that from 1,700 to 3,000 people use the library facilities weekly. "We had over 5,000 the week of the rock exhibit, but you can't really count that," she smiled. From 600 to 1,000 titles are checked out weekly.

Over 19,000 books line the maplewood shelves, including 13,000 in English, 5,000 in French and 1,000 in Vietnamese. The United States Information Service, (USIS), overseer of the entire American international cultural program, provides translators who render books by and about Americans into the language of the land, in this case Vietnamese and French.

Fastest movers from shelf to reader are books about linguistics, primarily on the teaching of English. Classics by Hawthorne and Melville and recent fiction by Hemingway are also in demand because students must read at least one book by these authors in their English courses and they come back for more. Vietnamese readers also clamor for the novels of Willa Cather and Pearl S. Buck.

Circulation of books and attendance are at the highest level since 1962, Dr. Bain noted. "I would assume with the increase in the number of students and of those reading English instead of French as a second language, we will continue to have a steady increase in business," he said.

In addition to providing books and a place to read them, the center helps train librarians for other Vietnamese libraries. The United States Agency for International Development provides a library advisor who works with school and government libraries.

Many librarians in the country have received their

A shade tree, green grass and a good book: essential aspects of student life everywhere.

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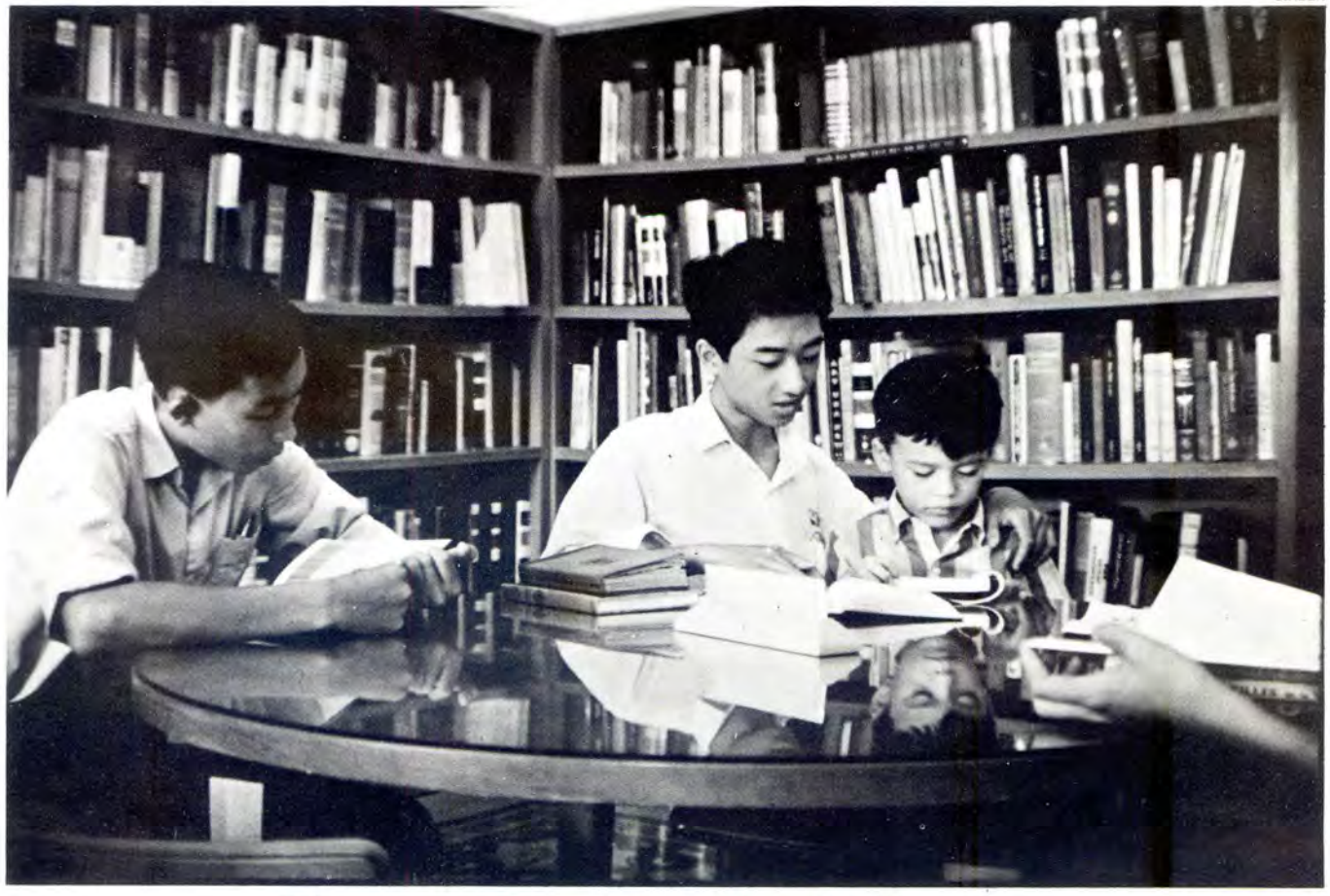


Father and son research team in the center's Abraham Lincoln Library.

only formal training from the center. Mrs. Parker has translated from English to Vietnamese one work on cataloging books, the only one of its kind available.

"We don't pretend to teach them a great deal," she said. "We show them what a library should be. We like to help libraries in Vietnam and we'll do anything we can to help them."

The diminutive assistant director has been with the center for 19 years. Miss My Linh, head librarian, and Mr. Trau, the reference librarian, both came in 1952.

Besides loaning books, the center gives away from 6,000 to 10,000 publications a month under the auspices of the USIS Book Presentation Program. The USIS Book Translation Program, Ladder Books (books with limited English vocabulary) and donations from publishers' overruns comprise the main source of free books. Copies go to schools across the country, the National Library and provincial libraries.

The center hosts a distinct clientele in its selection of books and patrons. "We aim at adults likely to be influential in the country," said Dr. Bain. "We try to bring the maximum advantage to Vietnam by reaching teachers, students and others." Library cards are required of all patrons and the cards are coded to show what kind of people use the books.

"We are strictly an open propaganda organization," he continued. "Two purposes of USIS are to get people to know about the United States and to suport the legitimate aspirations of a country for its own national development."

Local directors now have more freedom in selection of books than ever before. "I can now order any book I feel will benefit the local library," said Dr. Bain.

The center library benefits many Vietnamese and some Americans, mainly civilians. It is the only library in Vietnam with a telephone reference service and, according to Mrs. Parker, questions range from the armistice of the Korean conflict to how to make soup.

Until the new National Library is completed at the end of the year, the American Cultural Center Library will be the main public check-out point for publications in Vietnam.

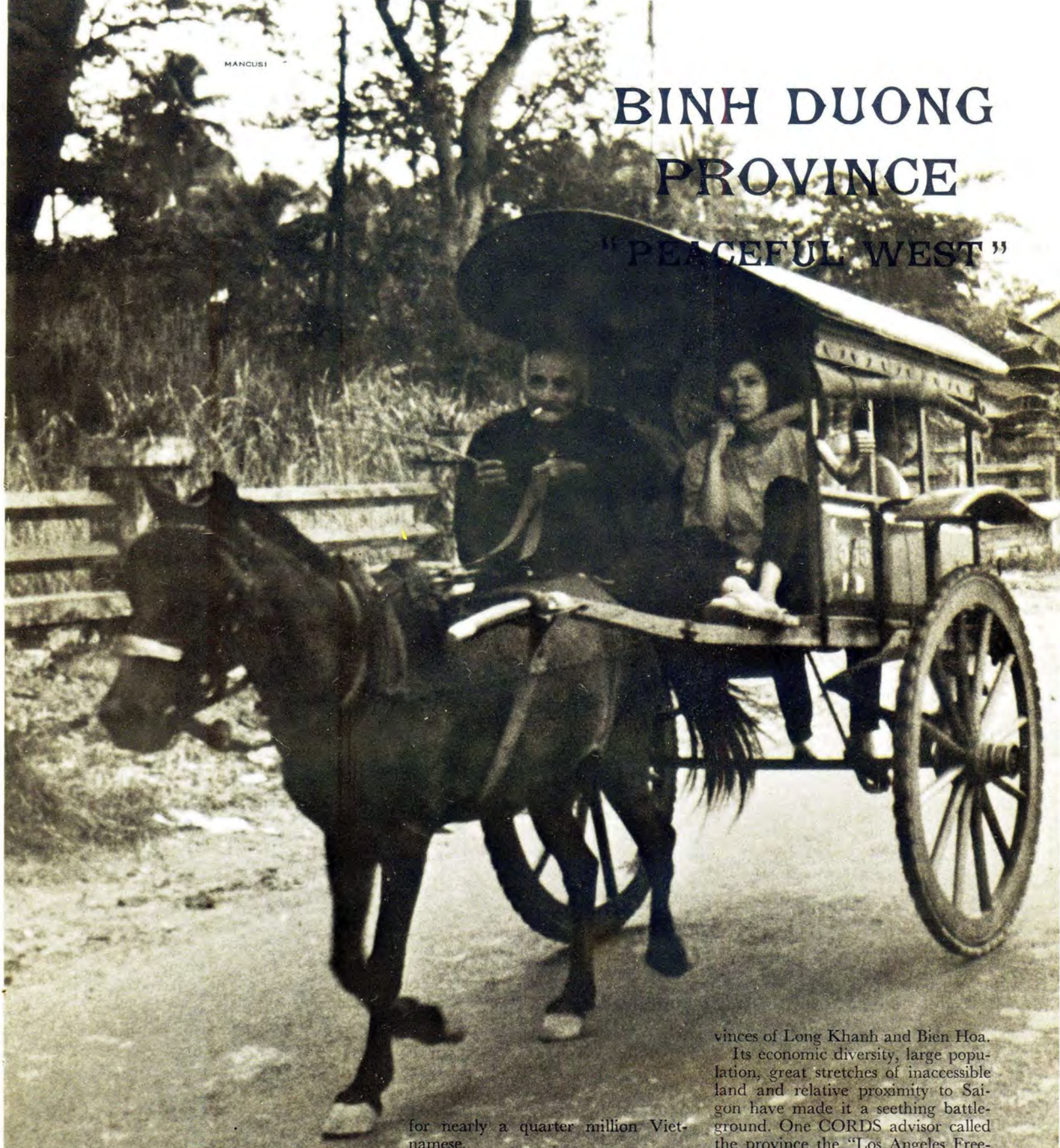
At 8 a.m. and 2 p.m. students stand in line to enter the white wrought iron gates surrounding the center. Once inside, they either read in the air-conditioned building or sit at one of the numerous outdoor tables. Some assume the ancient student posture and loll in the grass.

Under construction is a music room, and several discussion rooms are on the drawing board. There is a 70-seat auditorium for lectures and films and a large exhibition room.

This is the fourth location for the center. In 1957, one site was demolished by a terrorist bomb and today, except for the top shelves, all books are pushed flush against the back so bombs cannot be concealed behind them.

Despite these and other difficulties, the center continues to thrive. "The Apollo exhibit brought in many students and bolstered our patronage both qualitatively and quantitatively," said Dr. Bain. He believes the library and center will continue to help the Vietnamese people in their two main tasks of "fighting a war and building a country."

Mrs. Parker confesses she is "very happy here. It is my second home." The center is rapidly becoming a second home for many Vietnamese wanting and needing an opportunity to learn.



BINH DUONG PROVINCE

"PEACEFUL WEST"

by Specialist 5 Ray Anderson

SEVEN MILES NORTH of Saigon the inverted pyramid begins. It is the southern boundary of Binh Duong (Peaceful West) Province. The Vietnamese term, which once applied to all land west of the Saigon River, now describes a 1,165 square mile triangle of land, home for nearly a quarter million Vietnamese.

Binh Duong, a key area to both the enemy and allies, is a wedge lying approximately in the center of the III Corps Tactical Zone (CTZ), comprised of six districts. It is bounded on the west by Tay Ninh, Hau Nghia, and Gia Dinh Provinces. The north, or top part of the triangle is bounded by Binh Long and Phuoc Long, and the southeast side is closed by the provinces of Long Khanh and Bien Hoa.

Its economic diversity, large population, great stretches of inaccessible land and relative proximity to Saigon have made it a seething battleground. One CORDS advisor called the province the "Los Angeles Freeway of the enemy's logistic line," but added that the strongest inroads of the pacification program have been initiated there.

Binh Duong's history as a bastion of communism dates back to the late 1920's, when Trotsky laborites were attempting to unionize the workers of rubber and sugar plantations. During the intervening years, it was the only political ideology many of

Life on the water in Binh Duong Province.

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the people knew, and, when the revolution came, they fought, completely ignorant of the central government located a few hours drive away. When the fight came to them, they hid in the thick jungles of northwestern Binh Duong, where they moved in relative freedom until early 1966.

The romantic intimation of "Peaceful West" became an ironic misnomer as the 1st Infantry Division and Vietnamese forces interdicted through the notorious Iron Triangle and Trapezoid during that year. It would be three years, 4,000 destroyed homes, and 31,000 relocated refugees later that the people would again see relative peace and security. Following the Tet offensive of 1968, much of the province remained contested or ravaged by continuous fighting, and the pacification program was an embryonic idea that wanted to grow. The combined efforts of American and Vietnamese military forces allowed that growth. Lieutenant Colonel Raymond L. Fleigh, Province Senior Advisor, said, "All the progress we've recently made in this province can be attributed to the increased security."

In the northeast, peasants are returning to the forest of Phu Giao District to extract the teak that grows abundantly there. They are no longer paying a double tax, and the fear of Viet Cong reprisal has diminished. The Vietnamese manager of a small rubber plantation is operating his rusty processing equipment for the first time in many years. The trees have outlived their productivity, but he is pleased that his workers can go to the plantation and gather the raw latex for processing. Roads running north and south pass through areas devastated by Rome-plows and airstrikes, but they are now used by Lambrettas loaded with produce for market and families visiting friends.

Moving farther south, where 70 per cent of the population lives, the atmosphere changes. The primeval beauty of jungles and scrub plains is replaced by pastoral serenity. Rice paddies embrace the asphalt and stretch out for acres. Peasants in conical hats walk through large orchards of bananas, mango, and other native fruit. During the dry season, when the Saigon River no longer inundates the rice crop, people raise vegetables for domestic consumption and export. Normality, punctuated by occasional enemy

Rubber production is becoming increasingly important to Binh Duong, as the people return to the plantations.

activity, is again being accepted along with the Government of Vietnam whose presence was unknown to many a decade ago.

"This is the best province in Vietnam and I've seen them all from the DMZ to Con Son Island," exclaims Brown, Binh Duong's agricultural advisor. "There's so much room for agricultural diversity." It must be noted that an area with over one-half-million acres of arable land has "promise." The Republic of Vietnam's economy is dependent on its agricultural production, and Binh Duong has the capability of becoming a leading producer. The characteristic picture of a slight farmer following a pair of muddied water buffalo is deceptive. The primitive methods are effective, but the farmers are also taking the advice of others. "These people have an agricultural acumen that is phenomenal," Brown emphasized.

Production of IR-8 (miracle rice) quadrupled in the last two years, and former Secretary of Agriculture Orvil Freeman was extremely impressed by the province's potential during a visit in 1968.

But agriculture is only one facet of Binh Duong's burgeoning economy. The French called the southern portion of what was then Thu Dau Mot Province a "cultural development center," and made extensive use of its various economic resources. They in turn assisted Binh Duong by initiating large-scale irrigation and water works projects and a highway system, which allowed the province to grow up to and through the Second World War.

Phu Cuong, the province capital located twenty miles north of Saigon in Chau Thanh District, became the nucleus for this growth. It is a rural community of 30,000 with an eye toward industry. The Saigon River flows past its large open market, where a myriad of smells and sights impart the Oriental charm for which it was long noted. Small chestnut-colored horses with feathered manes pull carts of seashells through the market area to long rows of white-washed buildings where they are transformed into mother-of-pearl. This is the home of Thanh Le and Tran Ha lacquerware, an imported Chinese art form that came to the Phu Cuong area nearly 500 years ago. (See The Hurricane, July 1969). Their display rooms are filled with furniture, vases, jewelry boxes, bas-reliefs, and large plaques that reflect the inherent black beauty of this medieval artistry. Inlaid with mother-of-pearl and semiprecious stones, the finest of Thanh Le's products won a gold medal for excellence at an international exposition in Germany in 1964. These two factories also produce handwoven oriental rugs and meticulously finished pottery.

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Ceramics (above) and woodcarving, skills passed down from generation to generation, provide income for the residents of Phu Cuong.

The knowledge of lacquerware production is not a monopoly of these renowned shops, however. In homes, amidst livestock and daily routine, the secret ingredients of lacquer and enamel application have been handed from father to son for centuries. Over 100 kilns can be found throughout Lai Thieu and Chau Thanh Districts that supply the domestic market with general-use pottery, floor tiles, ceramic plumbing, porcelain kitchen utensils and crude art works.

The finest of these craftsmen come from the Phu Cuong vocational and technical school, as many of the more prosperous farmers come from the agricultural high school.

Unfortunately, the remainder of the province's school system has not been as successful. The population explosion has created the biggest problem, but this is closely followed by inadequate facilities and further complicated by a lack of teachers. The war has created much of the difficulty and only the war's end will allow use of funds for these essential areas. Primary and grade schools have been built and repaired to accommodate most of the province's younger students, but there are only six public and eight private high schools—far short of what is needed.

The strongest asset the GVN presently holds is its political influence. Local administration has undergone drastic changes since 1967, when the province was in conflict and neither the Viet Cong or the GVN had much to say about village welfare. The recent increase in security created by stronger Vietnamese forces have made the people stand up for what best serves their purpose. It is this area the Government of Vietnam is winning.

Mr. Richard Bock, Assistant New Life Development Advisor, described the situation as a snowballing effect. "The villagers aren't as wary of coersion and reprisal from the Viet Cong now that they've been afforded GVN security." The Allied pressure has been so great that many enemy

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A plantation garden in Phu Cuong stirs memories of quieter days in the "Peaceful West."

units are now working at half strength or moving south and the people are volunteering intelligence. The security has been maintained by placing Rural Development Cadre in the areas to detect the Viet Cong Infrastructure and spread propaganda that will bolster the GVN position. Many of the villages now have platoons of People's Self-Defense Forces (PSDF), Regional Forces (RF), or Popular Forces (PF) to further deter the enemy. "I think they (Binh Duong's peasants) would like to see the GVN win." Bock continued. "They're not overly enthusiastic but they realize it is a better deal all things considered."

During the first half of 1969, the Government of Vietnam was able to hold public elections in 19 villages that hadn't elected their own officials since Thu Dau Mot was divided and renamed Binh Duong in 1956. By the year's end, 39 of the province's 40 villages and 124 of 133 hamlets held elections. The nine that hadn't were near the Iron Triangle in Phu Hoa district, the enemy's last stronghold. The GVN is still having difficulty finding people to run for the positions because they are underpaid, and there is still significant risk involved in being a village chief or a member of a six-to-twelve-man village council.

Progress in these and other areas has been slow but continuous. Binh Duong has shown itself as a key to much of the government's success. It is a microcosm of the nation's potential and it may well be critical in any future effort of the enemy to reassert himself. The American forces that once protected the province have, for the most part, left, and the people must now defend themselves from the communist menace.

The question is: have the pacification efforts of both the Vietnamese and Americans had significant impact? The people are asking for a piece of land and a chance to work it without interference by others.

Deputy Province Senior Advisor, Merril A. White, optimistically commented, "This type of operation, pacifying a war zone, is a precedent, but I can foresee a time when the VC will be strangled by their own lack of support."

It is working. People who, up until a year ago, were afraid to work their field or talk to strangers can now do so with relative freedom.

From the irrigation canals and fruit orchards of the south to the rain forests and rubber plantations of the north, Binh Duong is returning to its status as a cultural development center, and becoming once again the "Peaceful West."

FINNEGAN

A Day at a Firebase

by Lieutenant Bill Watson

ALONG THE CAMBODIAN BORDER northwest of Saigon is an area known as the Dogface. It is like most areas in that part of Vietnam—heavy jungle. It is here the 2nd Squadron, 7th Cavalry of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) and B Battery, 2nd Battalion, 19th Artillery operate under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Edward L. Troubaugh.

The men had been operating in the area of the Dogface for some time and were familiar with the terrain, moving to new positions every four or five days so the enemy could not get a bearing on their base setup. These amateur construction engineers, turned professional, had designed, financed (each one is a taxpayer), and constructed 12 firebases in the last two months.

Colonel Troubaugh operated from the firebase, his present one Atkinson. It was here in the command bunker that he kept in constant radio contact with three of his companies which were operating in all directions around Firebase Atkinson. The remaining two companies remained at the firebase with the artillery pulling guard

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For those going out, time to prepare equipment.

and work details.

"I try to leave a company in the field about 18 days," said Colonel Troubaugh. "I rotate A, B, C, and D and keep E Company (weapons platoon) with my headquarters at all times."

The men of D Company had been involved in building Atkinson for the past day and had received the order to replace B Company in the field.

"I'll be glad to get back out to the field," commented one member of D Company, "where I can ease the pace somewhat."

Early during the morning, the men of D Company took time for communion. The men sat behind the berm, keeping one eye on the priest and one eye on the thick jungle only 50 meters away. The chaplain wore a colorful makeshift robe, which at one time had been a parachutist's best friend. The priest gave each soldier communion.

After the mass, noticing one young man in particular, the chaplain knelt down in the dust, blessed a cross and handed it gently to the veteran of six months who took it appreciatively. "I pray for your safe return." With that blessing, the group broke up and the men were back on the job.

The members of D Company had switched their attention from filling sandbags and digging out bunkers to cleaning and preparing their equipment for the field. Each man was trying to figure how to take all the comforts of home with him without having to carry a 40-pound pack. The basics: ammo, C-rations, and insect repellent were essentials. The platoon sergeants mingled in and out of the groups of men trying to help the new ones, giving them assistance and some reassurance.

"Do you think we'll make contact?" queried one newbie.

"Never can tell," replied the sergeant, "but no sweat, we can handle anything out there."

In another corner of the firebase, the company commander of D Company had assembled the platoon leaders.

"We'll be landing here," said the CO, "and will continue on to this point here", pointing to the map.

"What's the order of unloading?"

"I want the 2nd platoon to hit the ground first, then 3rd, then 1st. Have your men outside the perimeter, ready to go, at 1500 hours."

D Company was to operate in an area three kilometers to the west of Atkinson, patrolling the jungle by day and setting up trail ambushes at night. There had been reports of light contact in the area from the company commander of B Company, but no more than two kills for their efforts. D Company could expect some action during its 18-day mission.

While D Company was preparing, B Battery tried to get some chow between fire missions. They also had put in long hours building Firebase Atkinson—no one was exempt from construction duty. The battery, commanded by Captain Mac K. Hennigan, was respected by the infantry counterparts.

"We couldn't do without the artillery. It's a good feeling when you're out in the field to know someone at base can give you some support."

Eyes brightened as the men spotted ice cream at the end of the chow line. These luxuries are usually not afforded to firebase residents and they welcomed this novelty with pleasure. Empty 105 fiber casings were used to receive seconds, thirds, and fourths in one serving.

"Fire mission!"

"And right in the middle of my ham and beans. Doesn't Charlie ever eat lunch?"

With the command "Fire Mission," B Battery dropped everything, including lunch, and prepared to shoot the mission. Within minutes the rounds were in the air. This never-quit attitude and the efficiency of the gunners are reasons why the grunts speak so highly of B Battery.

At the scheduled time, D Company was positioned along the outside perimeter near the air pad waiting for their lift to the boonies. Jokes were exchanged but got little response from the audience, and when they did, it was only nervous laughter.

Eighteen slicks (helicopters) were involved in the exchange of companies. The plan was simple enough. The slicks were to fly to a landing zone, pick up B Company, bring them to the firebase, pick up D Company and deliver them to the field. Simple in theory, but everyone had to know their job.

At three in the afternoon and for the next 30 minutes, Firebase Atkinson looked like an international airport. Dust was flying everywhere and men were shuffling in and out of the firebase. Then, with the precision of a well-executed football play, D Company was gone and B Company was inside the perimeter The move had gone off without a hitch.

The men, with heavy beards and 18-day-old clothes, were greeted like family. One machinegunner didn't even drop his weapon, but went directly to one of his buddies in the firing battery and pumped his hand until it looked like it was going to fall off.

"Thanks for the support, Perry, knew we could count on you guys."

Beer and sodas were passed out to the men, and they sat down and took a breather. They looked at last month's Playmate with a sigh and a groan.

B Company's commander was met by the battalion CO the minute he stepped out of the slick.

"Great job," he said, "how was it out there."

"We made some contact, sir, but had zero casualties."

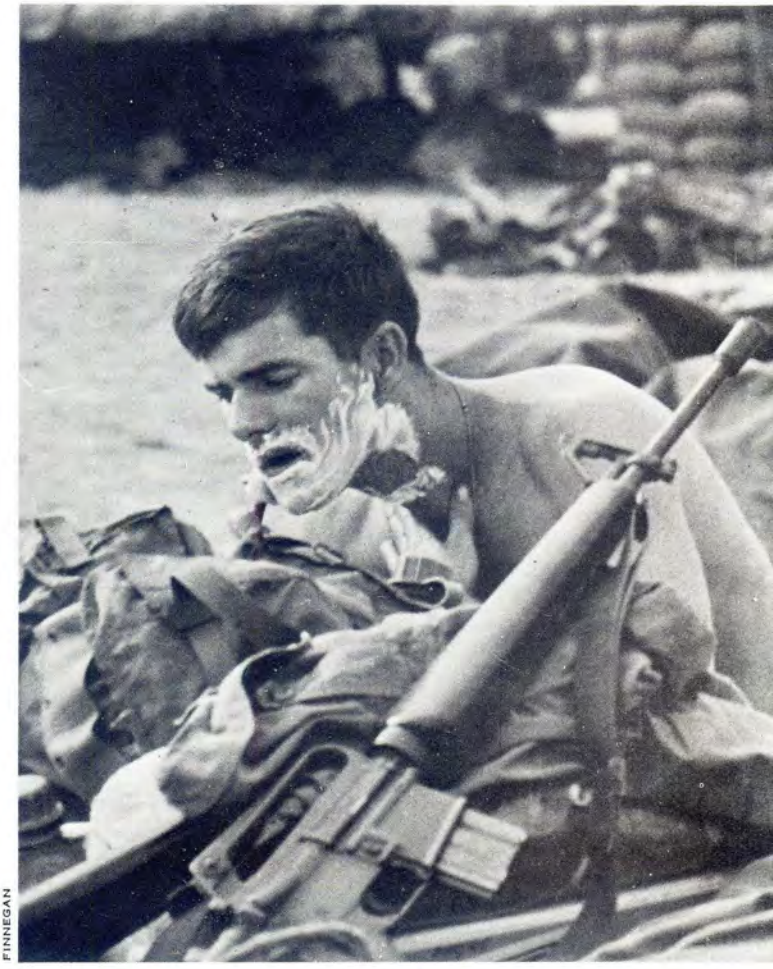
"Here's a beer, let's get to the command bunker and check the map where contact was made."

As the two commanders talked in the CP, the men of B Company were ending their break. They began picking up their gear and dropping it near their bunkers, which had been started by the men of D Company.

Personal gear was left for the moment as the men shed their fatigues and grabbed a bar of soap. The "French" bucket was hung over one of the howitzers and the men took their first shower in several days.

Mail had to be read and their bunkers completed. E Company pulled the load of night guard to give the men of D Company a night's rest.

As night came, the men not on guard lay back and relaxed to the background music of Firebase Atkinson—the loud booms of B Battery's big guns.



FINNEGAN

For those coming in (above), time to clean up—and for both, time to reflect.

FINNEGAN

HURRICANE BRIEFS

"Speaking the language has been a real asset," said the stocky blond-haired Rutgers graduate. Vietnamese-speaking Americans are rare.

Specialist 4 Jim Corbin is even more unusual in that he astonishes the local people with his fluency. Listening to him interpret for the 5th Platoon, 2nd Civil Affairs Company is immediate evidence that his efforts in the Defense Language School at the Presidio of Monterey and his practice since have been well rewarded.

The Allentown, Pa., native's talent is so refined that Vietnamese look at him incredulously when he speaks, but, he modestly says, "as long as the conversation remains routine I have no trouble; when it becomes technical, though, things start to slow down."

In his role as a civil affairs interpreter he mediates between his commanding officer and the Vietnamese who are requesting assistance. Without an interpreter there is considerable misunderstanding and hand gesticulation.

"I'm generally told what we're looking for prior to our arrival and then continue pretty much on my own," he said. He gives specific feedback when the situation necessitates doing so, and improves his fluency by talking with the Vietnamese on Long Binh Post.

These conversations have given him considerable insight. "The people are tired of paying double taxes and having their sons torn between two sides. They'd like to see the war end," he observed.

He is happy working in civil affairs where some of these fears and doubts can be mollified, if not completely removed. The new trend in pacification is encouraging the Vietnamese to use their own channels and resources, thus strengthening the Government of Vietnam's foundation. This, he noted, creates some embarrassment for him because the Vietnamese ask him why the U.S. can't give them the material they need as in the past.

"The Vietnamese are always very hospitable and stop whatever they are doing to listen and serve tea. It makes me feel bad that I can't reciprocate materially."

Fortunately, the Vietnamization of supply channels is working, thanks to the efforts of men like Specialist Corbin.

Fighting the Fat Rat.

You've heard all the stories about rats and the plague, and you've been writing home about how big the rats are in Vietnam.

The rats are so big here, you say, that the only way you can tell them from water buffalo is that the buffalo has horns and bad breath and doesn't eat cheese. In your bunker or your hootch you've got a chart scrawled on the wall that lists rats KIA, and your kill ratio isn't so hot.

There's a saying that if you see one rat in the daytime, there are probably three more where he came from. You could spend the rest of your life chasing those rats, but surely you have better things to do. Even if you don't, here are some tips on rodent control.

The only reason rats carry the plague is because they are infested with fleas that carry the plague. Each rat is a travelling flea circus. His fur is chock full of the little fellows carrying all sorts of diseases.

So, the first step is to spray the area for fleas and other disease carrying insects. After spraying the area, the next step in to hit the areas in which rats take their R&Rs.

Rats on R&R are easy to identify because they wear sunglasses, wild clothes, and do crazy things, like scaring you to death some night in the latrine, or chewing on the salami in your latest care package.

Tell your buddy that you're going to go into the depths of your locker or bunker and spray the place with your favorite pesticide. Then put yourself in the rat's position. Where would you want to live if you were a rat? Under the flooring in the bunker would be a nice place. During the monsoons, rats prefer higher places with a patio and a view, such as the ledges on your bunkers. The main thing is to clean out those likely spots and spray them thoroughly.

Now comes the exciting part. You've got to knock out the breeding places where rats hold their love-ins. Clean up and spray those areas which you think would look romantic to a rat.

You're on the home stretch now. You've eliminated the fleas, busted up the R&R centers, and knocked out the breeding places. The only thing left now is to go for the rats themselves.

Rat hunting is great sport, and also a splendid social function that makes the day pass quickly.

After several such rat hunts, either the rats will have been eliminated, or you will have lost all of your equipment. In either case, it is unlikely that the rats will remain in the neighborhood. You can sit back and relax, and figure out next how you're going to get rid of those pesky mosquitoes.

A congested area north of Saigon will soon be served by trained and equipped firemen, thanks to a unique bit of teamwork between the 2d Civil Affairs Company, Civil Operations and Rural Development Support (CORDS) and Long Binh Post.

A program to equip a Gia Dinh fire department and train local fire-fighters is the brain-child of Mr. David McKillop, Senior Advisor of Gia Dinh Province. Three International Harvester fire trucks were acquired from the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) late last year, and 15 former National Policemen are now completing the final stages of their training in fire-fighting techniques at the Long Binh Fire Department.

Responsibility for formulating the training program fell on Staff Sergeant Thomas E. Fink, the operations noncommissioned officer of the 1st platoon, 2d Civil Affairs Company. A 12-year Army veteran from Tacoma, Wash., Sergeant Fink describes himself as "basically an MP" but says he welcomed the switch to advisory status.

The individuals chosen to man Gia Dinh's three new fire trucks are specially selected National Policemen who are residents of the area. The week-long orientation at Long Binh comes on the heels of two weeks practice with the Saigon Fire Department, and Sergeant Fink is hopeful that this experience coupled with some "on-the-job training" will enable the Gia Dinh fire department to open in the near future.

"As it stands now," he says, "fire calls have to be answered by either the Tan Son Nhut or MACV fire departments. This leads to a longer wait for equipment to arrive and homes are lost as a result."

Chosen to oversee the seven days of training is H. M. Cha, a Korean native who has had 12 years experience with Pacific Architects and Engineers in his speciality, and who is currently assigned to Long Binh as the assistant fire chief. Cha feels that the policemen-turned-firemen are proving to be apt pupils, stating that "once they have made a mistake they don't repeat it."

The course is fairly evenly divided between classroom work and practical application. One of the principal teaching aids on post is a gasoline-filled pit which, when ignited, accurately simulates conditions encountered when fighting a major blaze. After the new firemen feel more comfortable in their jobs, they will train additional members of the department.

Gia Dinh fire-fighters in action.

An old program with new ideas continues to make progress throughout the Republic of Vietnam. The National Identity Record Program, initiated in 1966, is now providing identification cards (ID) for both civilian and military personnel.

"Since the program began, 10.5 million Vietnamese have received up-dated ID cards in South Vietnam," said John C. Zeigler, Deputy Director, Public Safety Division, Civil Operations and Rural Development Support (CORDS), III Corps. "In III Corps alone, 610,000 people have received new cards since October 1968," he said.

The Vietnamese Government organized 26 ID teams (10 men to a team) in the III Corps area, to process any male or female over the age of 15 for the new cards. When the program was formed, it was decided that the military would provide their own teams to process military personnel. But as the program continued to progress, a number of Government officials felt that the teams comprised of National Policemen should also begin processing military personnel starting in 1969. This idea would save the Government both money and the time it would take to train teams.

With this added responsibility given to the National Police Force, it became necessary for a number of policemen to attend school to learn how to type and learn various other skills. These skills included instruction in fingerprinting and photography besides typing. "Each team has at least one man school trained in the various fields," explained Mr. Zeigler of Phoenix, Ariz. The individual teams are required to process 200 people a day.

Once the person completes the required paperwork, it usually takes 30 to 45 days before he receives the new card. All Vietnamese must have an ID card like all Americans need a social security card before they can begin working. "This new system is not only benefitting the Vietnamese people, but it's also improving the personnel files of the National Police Force," said Mr. Zeigler. "Before the program began, their record system was outdated."

A security check is run on each individual by the National Police. When the investigation is completed, all the data is gathered together and shipped to the center. After all the new data is filed, the person is then issued a new ID card. "The new program is hurting the Viet Cong in many areas and also it is stopping an individual from obtaining more than one card," explained Mr. Zeigler. "Until this program began, it was not uncommon for a person to have several cards."

A Place in the Sun

Cholon Playground

by Lieutenant Pete Ginder

YOU SEE THE LIGHTS and hear the children's laughter long before you arrive at the playground. As your cyclo bounces placidly down Hong Thap Tu toward Cholon, you notice the extra measure of dust in the air, the play of blue lights on a fountain, the Hondas cruising around the block. And you notice people—on some nights several thousand people.

The park-goers constitute a cross section of Saigon-Cholon. Infants, carefully protected from the night air with blankets, hats and shoes, sleep quietly in the arms of their mothers. Off-duty soldiers in dusty fatigues vie with teenagers astride motorcycles for the attentions of the pretty girls who line the sidewalk in a game of casual flirtation endemic to youth the world over. Elderly men squat unconcerned, inches from the bustling traffic and play cards by the light of street lamps.

In the final analysis, however, the park, with its slides, swings, and carousals, takes its life from the presence of the children, many of whom spend their evenings there. Endless games of tag swirl around the fountain and the pushcart restaurants. Mock battles are fought, highlighted by furious salvos of empty plastic orangeade containers. The occasional loner, off in a world of his own, scratches out intricate designs in the sand.

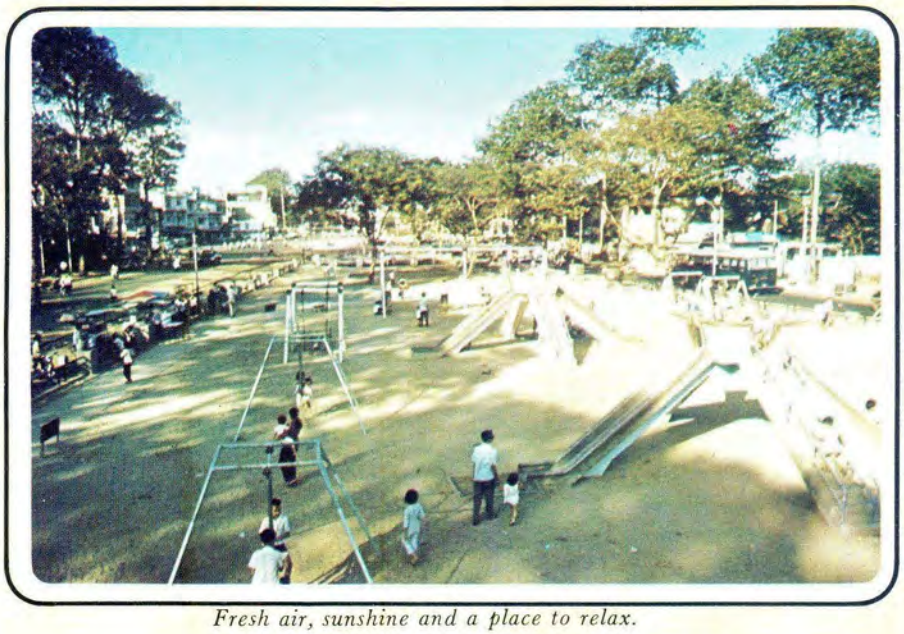
Mama-san takes a spin.

The playground in Cholon is a very recent addition to the metropolitan scene. Six months ago the city-owned land was a miniature swamp, distinguished only by a small National Police outpost. Although the land had obvious value, the costs of reclaiming and developing the area were such that, by necessity, it ranked far down on the list of urban priorities.

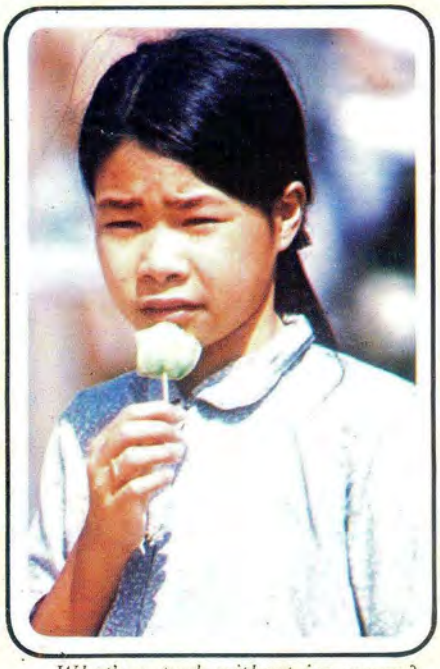
The park is the brain-child of Hatcher James, director of the Saigon Civil Affairs Group. Although somewhat limited in resources, SCAG and its director have proved to be long on ingenuity and, as the enterprise slowly took shape, many different personalities and agencies became involved.

The pause that refreshes.

Coney Island—Cholon style.



Fresh air, sunshine and a place to relax.



What's a park without ice cream?

The first step was to fill the sodden, low-lying marsh. A phone call to the construction concern of RMK-BRJ took care of this. Yes, they had fill material, and yes, the trucks that were dumping this material in the southwestern edge of the city could be diverted to Cholon. The land was slowly reclaimed.

Offers of assistance came from other quarters. USAID donated steel pipe, reinforcement and concrete for the construction of the playground implements. The mayor's office generously weighed in with funds and planning assistance; the Republic of Korea provided labor from its Saigon-based engineer battalions and a limited amount of money. Construction moved into its final phases during the months of January and February, and the park was formally opened on March 11, 1970. Its importance to the neighborhood since then is mirrored in the smiles of the children who play there.

Both James and Saigon's mayor, 38-year-old Col. Do Kien Nhieu, feel strongly about the importance of upgrading the city's recreational facilities. "Although there are 52 parks in the greater Saigon area," says James, "many of them are largely decorative in nature and do not completely fulfill the needs of the people. The lessons we learned from this park must be applied throughout Saigon—the children need a secure place to play, away from traffic, and the adults need a gathering place, a place to talk and unwind." He went on to add that "from an administrator's point of view the strongest argument in favor of the park is that an institution of this sort fosters a sense of community among the people of the city."

Children's laughter is not tangible—it ripples briefly and is gone. It cannot be measured. It has not, as yet, found a place on colorful charts describing military and economic progress in Vietnam. It just may, however, prove to be the most potent weapon in the fight to win a new life in Vietnam.

A young spectator.

16 years to find a home

by Lieutenant Rusty Brown

AT 3:43 a.m. on July 21, 1954, the first Indochina war ended with the signing of the Geneva Accords concluding the French-involved hostilities in Vietnam. Dien Bien Phu had fallen, the French had agreed to remove their military forces and an agreement was enacted dividing the country at the 17th parallel. Two heads of state waited in the wings: Ho Chi Minh in the North and Ngo Dinh Diem in the South. For a time there was peace but never tranquility.

Into the north moved an estimated 80,000 southern guerrillas and an additional 10,000 mountain tribesman. Coming south were nearly 1,000,000 refugees, the majority of them Catholics fearing reprisals for their anti-communist actions during the Viet Minh insurgency.

The exodus, particularly from the North, was anticipated. Article 24 of the Geneva agreement provided that both sides would respect established

BROWN

Regional Force soldiers and refugees have overcome past prejudices and now work together to build a secure community.

territory and would not engage in a blockade of any kind in Vietnam. Bloodshed, for the most part, was avoided at this time. But for many who left their homes, possessions and friends, the resettlement was a modern-day Odyssey. Father Thuong Van Hieu, pastor for the Catholic families of Hoa Vinh Hamlet, tells of his journey to freedom and a new home which began 16 years ago:

In many ways I was lucky. Others waited long and some, I think, did not make it. The third ship, it was Swedish, left Hanoi on July 20, 1954, and about five hundred of us sailed for three days and two nights; old folks, children, parents and grandparents. They carried what they could, some clothes and smaller possessions. Most had tried to sell what they couldn't carry but there was not much time, and, you understand, people would not give them much for what they had. At the time I had been living at St. Sulpice Grand Seminary in Hanoi studying for the priesthood. My only family, a brother and sister, were at home in Nghe An, a small town in the north central highlands. They knew I would leave.

For the children, the voyage was an adventure and they frightened their parents playing on the railings and running along the decks. Most of the old people were sad; they walked slowly and watched the sea from the rear deck, a memory in each eye. When the old must leave, there is not much to take to a new home. The younger men and women were relieved at the escape, but, of course, they were the ones that worried most about what was to come. There were many rumors, good and bad, about what we might expect in the south. It was a time when one needed faith.

When we landed in Saigon, a committee greeted the ship and welcomed us. I had been in the south when I was younger, studying at Hue, but Saigon was much different. A pretty city then, in the French manner with wide, tree-lined streets.

It was not unlike Hanoi except that it was more quiet and did not seem to worry as much. The people, like their speech, were softer. I stayed with some others at the Tabert School in the city. There were refugee camps being set up, but after a month I was sent down to the Delta to Vinh Long to finish my studies.

In 1956, after ordination, I went to a refugee camp in the village of Ben Goy in Bien Hoa Province. There was no land to farm and the people found work where they could —as servants, day laborers, wood cutters—anything to make a living. Their whole life now was hoping. Other camps had been resettled and they had land to farm. We waited. Meanwhile, a log church was built and the children had school there or under a shaded patio nearby. There was little to pay the teachers, but the children must learn.

Finally, in 1959, we were told that there was an area of farmland in the Mekong Delta where we could go. About eight hundred of us traveled by bus and then by canal boat down to Ca Mau near the U Minh forest. It was very hot for people from the north but the land was good and everyone was happy. The happiness was not to last, however. There were Government Regional Forces to

BROWN

The second generation—for them, no memories of a long and homeless past.

BROWN

Father Hieu—"sixteen years is a long time in a man's life."

watch the village but the countryside belonged to the VC and we could travel nowhere. The Regional Forces did not like the refugees, and although there had been no one on the land, they told us it was not ours. We stayed and farmed anyway, and that part went well, but the other—the Regional Forces and the VC—did not. Small outposts in the area were overrun and we were often threatened. A few families left but many wanted to fight. We could not travel to trade or sell without being robbed. Things grew worse, and finally in February of 1962 our hamlet was overrun and burned. Few people were killed except the Government forces but our homes and goods were destroyed or taken. We had nothing to fight with and we could no longer farm. We left and returned to Ben Goy.

There was talk of other places. Resettled friends would visit and tell of their new homes and land we might go to, but nothing could be arranged. I traveled a great deal looking without success for nearly a year until, just south of Chon Thanh on Highway 13, I came upon this area. It was all forest and would have to be cleared for farming, but the land was good and the wood could be sold. We applied to the Government and received permission to clear the land, but in November there was trouble in the government. Diem was killed and there was much difficulty, but permission was granted in February of 1965, and we moved here.

In the beginning, we made our living cutting wood and making charcoal. The VC came. This time they did not chase us, but told us that we could not go into the forest. We went anyway and once a man and his wife were killed while bringing logs back on their buffalo cart. The VC would sometimes come and ask us questions about the government soldiers, but they did not trust refugees. In late 1965, they came and kidnapped 12 young men. They were kept in the forest for two weeks training. When they returned, they told us that they were to tell the VC of all Government and American activity in the area. They would be killed if they did not, so we sent them away. No one else would leave, and the VC were not so strong here.

Since then, there has been much fighting, but the VC do not bother us much. The Government forces are stronger and things have changed quite a lot. We have a school, a church, the charcoal factory and the farms. The new road makes the things we must buy from the city less expensive, and traveling is easier. My people are living a normal life. Although there is still much to do and many things to build and improve, they are happy. Those things will come with time and work.

I do not think that any of the people want to return to the North. That is a long and expensive trip and there would be little there that any of us know now. They are all families here, they have their land and their work. We still have some northern ways but there is nothing there for us now. People have grown old, died, borne children—sixteen years is a long time in a man's life.

Aussie Civic Action

by Specialist 4 Tim McGovern

WHOEVER COINED THE ADAGE, "He couldn't see the forest for the trees," has won a recent ally.

A friend recently journeyed to Phuoc Tuy Province in Vietnam's III Corps in search of evidence supporting claims of pacification gains.

Nothing of particular interest caught his eye on the miles and miles of newly-improved highway which join the villages. And, if there had been things to see, the countless vehicles on the road would have blocked his view of them.

Once inside the village, he saw nothing more than laborers and merchants going about their chores, a truckload of lumber being transported in the direction of the village schoolhouse and a few chicken coops housing their flighty tenants. Well, at least the fowl weren't running all over the street like a bunch of chickens with their heads...

Finally, our friend was rescued from his confusion by a member of the Civil Affairs Unit of the 1st Australian Task Force, into whose area of operations our hero had unknowingly trod.

A stocky bloke delivered me, that is, our friend, into the hands of a very capable crew at the Task Force headquarters where the multi-faceted mission of the Australians was explained in detail.

It was soon seen that the aforementioned highway was non-existent a year ago and that today's comers and goers were nearly isolated from the next village at that time. Today they travel the route as a matter of routine.

The laborers heading for the schoolhouse have been provided with the financial assistance and materials which enable them to make improvements in the village which have been needed for decades.

And what of our winged friends? They (and their pens) were a grant from the Civil Affairs Unit. An interested villager may obtain 50 chickens and a coop from the Australians.

The coop insures that the chickens will remain idle and grow plump rather than chase each other around the streets losing pounds. The Aussies also provide feed and innoculations for the chickens, so that when their keeper sells the fowl after three months, he realizes a 100 percent profit. The project is so popular that a chicken hatchery is now planned at Vung Tau.

The Australian Civil Affairs Unit is comprised of 55 highly trained individuals who act as catalyst between the province citizens and the Task Force, bringing together projects requested by the Vietnamese people, their money contribution and technical staff to plan and supervise the work force which can be either Vietnamese or Australian.

Emphasis is placed on getting the Vietnamese to work for themselves.

A Civil Affairs Program may be conducted in one of three ways; through a contract adviser, with task force support or by the task force only.

In the first case, villagers submit a request to the Civil Affairs Unit for a desired improvement in their village. A new dam to conserve water for the dry season, for example. A sum of money accompanies the request. The Civil Affairs Unit will combine that money with some of its own to make a contract with a civilian firm to conduct the work.

Other times, the task is too large for a strictly Vietnamese effort. Here the Civil Affairs Unit will provide a team from the Task Force to assist in the work. The village again provides a portion of the funds and much of the labor.

In the third case, the entire task is undertaken by the Australians.

Some of the most important projects conducted by the Civil Affairs Unit are the Integrated Civic Action Programs (ICAP), the Medical Civic Action Programs (MEDCAP) and the Dental Civic Action Programs (DENTCAP).

Through these humanitarian projects, the villagers of Phuoc Tuy Province are provided with medical

AUST ARMY PR

attention, dental care, entertainment, gifts and security.

This security, according to Major David Harris, executive officer of the Civil Affairs Unit, is of the utmost importance.

"Before you can have effective government, security must be established," stated Major Harris. "That's the key to the entire question—continued stability and security at the hamlet level," he continued.

"I think in my 12 months here a great deal of stability has developed," he added.

One of the most tangible examples of the work performed by the Australians is the roadwork in the province. A total of 13 miles of existing road has been reconstructed and another 13 miles of secondary road improved. Another 25 miles of road are being worked on presently.

The maternity ward at the province hospital at Baria was completed recently and work is now progressing on drainage systems and staff living quarters. An infectious diseases ward and two large storerooms also are planned.

"The hospital is well run and quite effective," remarked Major Harris.

"The province medical chief is very capable and energetic. He is doing his best to improve both facilities and the standard of treatment," he added.

The hospital work will be completed as far as immediate needs are concerned by September.

"But I'm sure the Vietnamese will continue the development of the hospital after we are no longer actively involved," Major Harris emphasized.

Accent also is placed on the youth of the province according to Major Harris.

"We are very aware of the need to place accent on the youth of the country. To further this aim we're working to establish more youth and sport centers, playing fields, and, in particular, renovations of the stadium and swimming pool at Baria."

Work also is underway to meet the requirements of district youth and sporting groups to have buildings for meetings, indoor sports, equipment storage and other purposes.

Neither the Civil Affairs Unit nor the Task Force is limited, however, in its potential, as can be seen by the wide array of projects now underway.

During the month of May, the following projects were being conducted: construction of school playground equipment; construction of 12 classrooms at Bau Tram; maintenance of furniture at province elementary schools; extensions to existing hamlet water supply systems; renovations and new works to Dien Market; manioc trees for Suoi Nghe; scouting hall at Hoa Long; well and pump at Vung Tau High School; construction of two dams to prevent salt intrusion into the basin of the Ba Dap River; furniture for Hoi My Community Center and many others.

AUST ARMY PR

The Australian folks back home also have been instrumental in the success of the Civil Affairs Program. Charity organizations in Australia send goods to the Civil Affairs Unit for distribution throughout the province. These items include clothes, books, shoes, soap, canned food, and specially prepared health and medical kits. One such organization is the appropriately named New Life Development.

The agricultural detachment of the Civil Affairs Unit is the smallest one with just three individuals with agricultural qualifications. Nevertheless, this crew does a creditable job, growing trial plots to show the Vietnamese how to diversify crops, innoculating animals and generally instructing the people in more modern techniques.

"The people are getting what they want so they are very happy," remarked Captain Doug MacLennan, leader of the detachment. "They participate in 99 per cent of the projects and therefore, when the Viet Cong threaten to damage them, the people protect them and the VC won't press his luck, as he is now in a position where he needs all the friends he can get."

Major Harris echoed this sentiment when he said, "To the best of my knowledge, no civic action project has been the target of direct VC action."

Commendable as the Australian efforts in Phuoc Tuy Province have been, the members of the Civil Affairs Unit are quick to point out the excellent cooperation they have been given by the Vietnamese people.

"We've had the very best coopera-

Construction projects (above) and close work with Rural Development Cadre in Dat Do—helping the people of Phuoc Tuy Province to help themselves.

tion from the Vietnamese at all levels," lauded Major Harris. "Australians have been in the province for four years now and are accepted as part of the community."

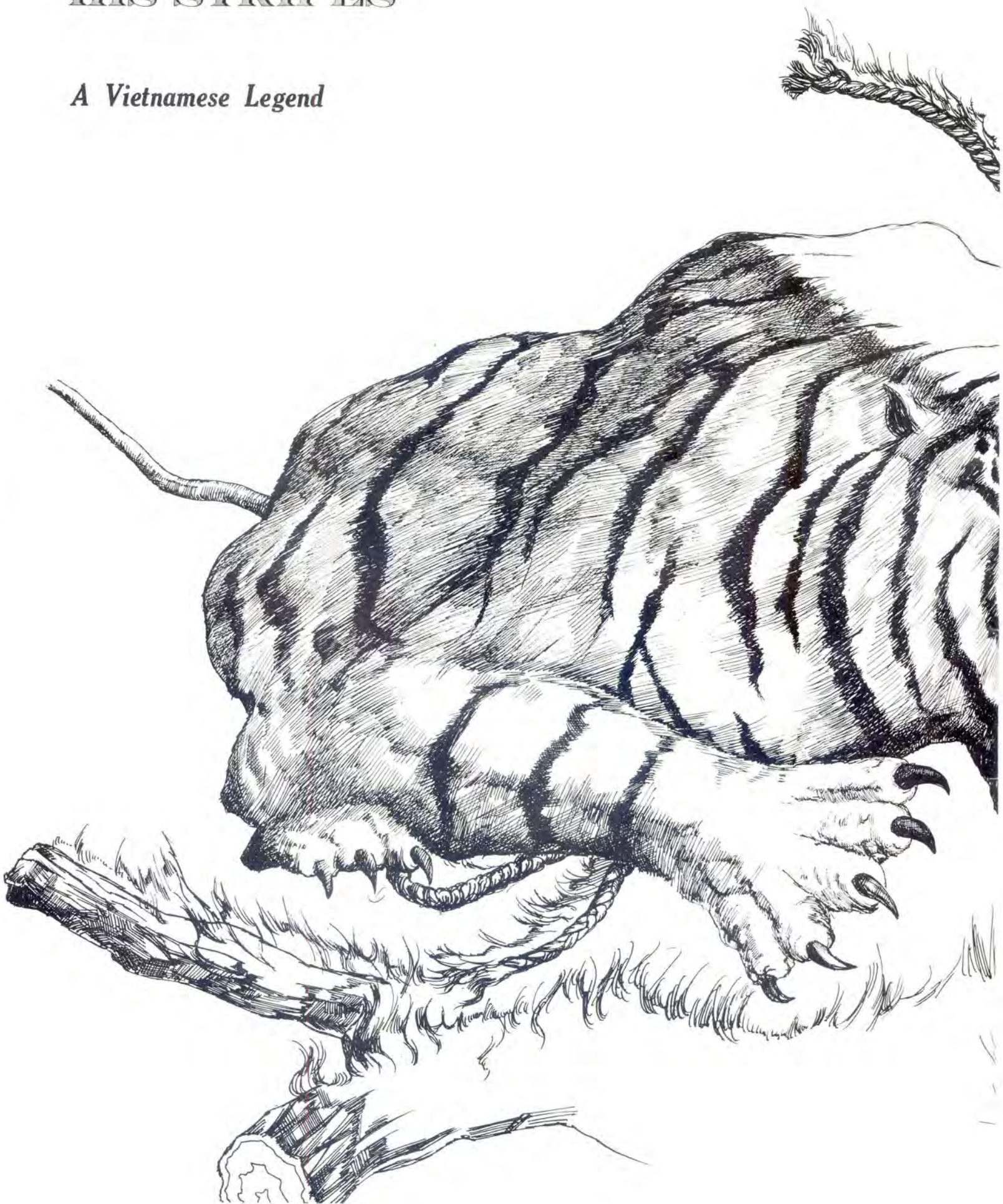
Major Harris attributes this to the fact that all Australian Civil Affairs liaison officers are trained Vietnamese linguists.

Asked about the progress already made and plans for the future, Major Harris replied, "We feel here that we have, over the course of the past three years, produced most of the requirements in the form of schools, dispensaries and improvements to existing facilities. Having fulfilled the immediate requirements for essential services, we can now look toward long-term development projects in fields of agriculture and economics."

Plans for the future in Phuoc Tuy Province include electrification of villages, irrigation development, animal husbandry improvements, fishing villages and opening more land for rice paddy use.

HOW THE TIGER GOT HIS STRIPES

A Vietnamese Legend



One day, as a farmer sat eating his lunch under the shade of a banana plant while his water buffalo grazed nearby, a tiger came up to the farmer and said:

"Mr. Man, I have heard it said that you have something called wisdom which would give me greater power over the other animals. Can you give me some of this wisdom?"

The farmer replied, "Unfortunately, I have left my wisdom at home. I never bring it with me to the fields. I will go get some of it for you, if you will let me tie you to a tree so that I know you will not attack my water buffalo while I am gone."

The tiger wanted wisdom so badly that he consented. The farmer passed a rope around and around the tiger's body, tying him securely to the trunk of a big tree.

The farmer then went home and gathered a big armload of straw. He returned to the big tree, placed the straw under the tiger, and set it afire.

"Behold my wisdom!" he shouted as the flames engulfed the tiger. The tiger pulled and strained and roared, but he could not escape the flames.

Finally, the fire burned through the ropes, and the tiger was freed. He bounded away into the forest, howling with pain.

In time, the tiger's wounds healed. But he was never able to rid himself of the long black scars where the flames had seared the ropes into his hide.

Farming in Binh Duong Province