

### Guest Editorial

## Is Work A Right Or An Obligation

The right to work is one thing. The obligation to work is another. Man was not put here to take it easy, nor was he put here to have someone else provide for him. Initiative, productivity, ability, and willingness have long been reliable yardsticks by which we have measured human endeavor — and rewarded it. No other standard was needed in a moving, virile, progressive society. But this foundation stone for greatness as a people and as a nation seems to be "passing by the boards," so to speak.

A friend of ours operates a service station, or did, until a couple of weeks ago. And although he paid good wages, he could not get any help who were willing to work half as hard as he did. In a comparatively short period of time, he lost 38 pounds, and his doctor advised him to give it up.

He believed the public was entitled to service and he gave service when a customer drove into his place of business. He expected his employees to react accordingly, although he was a reasonable man who knew human frailties as well as anybody. But he said that they felt imposed upon if he told them to clean a windshield or check the tires or water. And the tragic thing about it all was that most of them just did not care.

One man told him he didn't mind being dismissed, that he'd had "plenty of jobs, and could always get another one when he wanted to." And he added that he'd get his unemployment check anyway, and "that was enough for bread and beans!"

All over this country there are jobs to be filled — jobs crying for men and women to tackle them and do them. There is no shortage of jobs, but there is a definite paucity of willing hands and hearts that are not afraid to work for their pay.

Service stations need men, banks need men, newspapers are crying for reporters who can turn in a creditable job. In almost every walk of life, qualified men are in demand. And while many of the jobs require specialized training, many of them merely require a willingness to learn — an attitude — a desire to earn a living instead of having an overly benevolent government "guarantee" it!—FRED POOL.

## Hotard's Holler

By John Hotard

"Hur-ry! Hurry! Step right up, folks! Don't be the last kid in your parking lot to get this week's revised edition of last week's edition of 'WHERE THE HECK AM I GOING?', which has the latest map showing where to go on campus and how to get there in 25 blocks or less." Any day now I expect to hear a barker in the parking lot yelling just such phrases. The people who laid out this campus should have, in my opinion, received at least an honorable mention in the Seven Wonders of the World contest. The last time I saw a maze of this sort was in the sixth grade. Our class had an ant farm, but even the ants didn't have one-way tunnels and street signs which read "Do not enter — do not turn left or right — no U turn."

There are several ways you can beat the driving problem on campus.

One way is to walk. But then you are surrendering to the powers at large, and that is what they want you to do. Another way is to try to fool the KK's. Say, for instance, you're in your car on Military Walk in front of Guoin Hall. You want to go to Sbis Hall, which is two blocks behind you. Legally you can do one of two things: turn left and go by way of the Systems Building, or turn right and go by way of Kyle Field. Or else you can back up.

I did this once. I would have gotten away with it, but I had to stop and explain to this KK why my tail light was punched through his headlight.

One of the big headaches of driving on campus is the continual construction work being carried on. As soon as I learn the shortest route from one place to another, some nut comes along and builds a fence across the road. Have you ever walked back to your car from class and found it surrounded by a eight-foot fence? You might as well forget it, for that fence isn't moving. You'll have to wait until the construction job is finished and they tear down the fence. Then you go pay the 5,978 parking tickets for parking in a construction zone. I know one Aggie who parked his car in front

of the library a few months ago. He's trying to sell it.

Stop signs can be run at a risk; fences, no. If you run through a fence—say the one behind the library—you will either hit the crane which will topple over on top of you, or else sail out into the wild blue yonder and come to rest in the bottom of the library's newly-formed swimming pool.

Another problem arises when some stranger on campus stops you in front of the Trigon and ask the way to the Academic Building. First you point out the Academic building. Now try to tell him how to get there in his car. I would recommend the scenic route if he is not in a big hurry. That's the one which runs in front of the President's mansion.

Since I'm on the subject of driving on campus, I might as well throw in a few remarks about the parking problems.

Last semester I parked in the A&M Press lot. It's a good lot— asphalt and everything. The only bad thing was trying to get to the Chemistry Building in a direct manner. This meant crossing by construction work. On some mornings I could walk across without getting dirty. On rainy mornings, someone was nice enough to put ONE thin board across the mud. One thin board didn't cut it. It sagged in the middle, just far enough down so that your feet sunk in the mud and water went in your shoes.

This semester I park behind Guoin Hall, which is also a good lot. But like any good lot, it doesn't last long and soon it's full. Then I have to park in the mud pit behind it. &%\$\*%\$\*.

However, funds were recently allocated for a paved lot east of Kyle Field, to be known henceforth as the "Wellborn lot." To build this lot, they are raising the price of parking permits. This means that next year I get to pay more to park farther away from campus. I haven't quite figured that one out yet.

Things are looking up on campus, though. The latest rumor has it that the driving and parking problems will be taken care of just as soon as the library annex is completed.

## THE BATTALION

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The Battalion, a student newspaper at Texas A&M is published in College Station, Texas daily except Saturday, Sunday, and holiday periods, September through May, and once a week during summer school.

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Second-Class postage paid at College Station, Texas.  
News contributions may be made by telephoning 846-6218 or 846-4910 or at the editorial office, Room 4, YMCA Building. For advertising or delivery call 846-6415.

Mail subscriptions are \$3.50 per semester; \$6 per school year; \$6.50 per full year. All subscriptions subject to 2% sales tax. Advertising rate furnished on request. Address: The Battalion, Room 4, YMCA Building, College Station, Texas.

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# Aggie Related Tales Of Viet Nam

"I consider it a challenge, a privilege and an honor to be called to serve my country in this way."

Thus, Don W. Harris, Class of '62, summed up a year spent in South Viet Nam. A native of College Station, he served as an advisor to a Vietnamese unit from April 6, 1965, until March 31, 1966.

He is married and will take his wife Jan and son David, with him to his next assignment: The Advanced Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

## Youth Helped By Draft At 18

Parents shouldn't panic when their 18-year-old son gets his draft call, says an outstanding counselor and educator. As long as he's going to be drafted anyway, he says, 18 is the best possible age.

This is the advice of Dr. David Goodman in his forthcoming guidebook for parents, "What's Best for Your Child — and You" (Association Press; \$3.95; April 25). In addition to his draft-call advice, Dr. Goodman shows how to meet many other common family problems that may cause anxiety or tension. He speaks as a professional family life counselor for more than a decade, a former principal of one of New York's best known private high schools, and as a widely read writer and speaker who receives thousands of letters and queries yearly from troubled parents.

When that draft call comes, Dr. Goodman writes, "eighteen is a good age for entering military service. The body then is full of energy, and the imagination is keen for adventure, adventure that is otherwise almost impossible to experience in our much too ordered society. Young males like to feel their oats. They derive a tremendous satisfaction from the sheer sense of body power. Youth lives in its body. Youth enjoys the physical activity that goes with military training. Furthermore, a young fellow needs and enjoys the satisfaction of having measured up to the demands of army life. When he gets through his sixteen weeks of basic training, he feels good because now he knows he can take it. That's a very fine feeling. It will hold him in good stead when he faces up to the requirements of his later life."

"After high school, many a young fellow has had his fill of schooling. He is weary of the world of books. If he goes on to college, the life there frequently bores him. Boredom is the lot of more college freshmen than outsiders will ever believe. Yet these same boys, though not now really interested in education, would return to it with new zest and vigor after a two-year stretch in the Army."

"Entering service after college — or, worse still, after professional school — is not so pleasant a prospect. The 22- or 24-year-old young man does not have the same physical zest as the eighteen-year-old, nor the same spiritual exuberance. He faces Army life as a necessary duty, not as an exciting or interesting adventure. He'll go through with it and do his part, but he won't enjoy it. What he wants most is to go on with his career, to get married, to settle down.

"So don't try to hold back your high school graduate son from meeting his draft call, perhaps in the dim hope that later the Army may not need him at all. Army service is good for your boy, and 18 is the age when he is best ready to meet it. When he comes out, he'll appreciate even more the advantages you have to give him."

Lt. Harris was presented the South Vietnamese Medal of Honor First Class "for his support, aid, and help given to the South Vietnamese in the province in which he served," the first man in his area to receive this award.

A cadet in "A" Athletics while at A&M, he started working in the circulation department of The Battalion while attending A&M Consolidated and was circulation manager his last two years in Aggieland. The following is his story as told to Battalion Associate Editor Larry Jerden.

After volunteering for Viet Nam, I was sent to the Army Special Warfare School at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, for a six-week session in the tactics and techniques of the Communist guerrillas, then to a language school for a three-month short course in the Vietnamese language.

From there, I went to Saigon, then to Sector Advisory Team Number 84, located at Cao Lanh, in Kien Phony Province, about 75 miles Southwest of Saigon.

This was one of the greatest challenges of my career — to advise a group of patriotic people fighting Communism, who wanted to be helped. A group of people has asked this country to help them, and we are helping. This is our first challenge against Communism, to show all nations that we can protect anyone who asks our help.

When I wasn't in combat, it didn't look like a country at war. The only indications of war were the fortified areas and the large number of guards around them. Only when we were harassed by the VC, either by sniper or mortar fire, did the true realism of war and death occur to me.

I WAS a district advisor to a Vietnamese District Chief, the lowest level of advisor in Viet Nam. We had a five-man team in the small My An District. The camp we advised had the mission of guarding the intersection of two canals, as the Mekong Delta region is primarily agricultural.

We were in a completely isolated area. There were no secure roads to travel, so the only way in and out was by chopper. Our area of control was completely encircled by VC territory.

Beyond our area of control was a sort of no-man's land, which we controlled during the daytime and Charlie (VC) controlled at night. Outside this area, the VC had full reign.

About 10 per cent of my work was strictly military, mostly dealing with operations against the VC, while the rest was advising in economic and educational matters.

We went on patrol about once a week. Sometimes they were "walks in the sun," sometimes we made light contact, and a couple of times we were caught in ambushes. These didn't result in any deaths on our side, but a couple of fellows got wounded. Our casualties ran about one man

injured a week, with a man getting killed now and then.

ONE NIGHT, shortly after I arrived, we were returning from a night ambush we had set for Charlie. There were 10 in our group: eight Vietnamese, an American sergeant and myself.

Instead of setting a trap for Charlie, however, he set one for us. As we moved out of our positions to return home, about 10 a.m., we were attacked by a VC platoon of about 35 men. They hit us with small-weapons fire and landed a few mortar rounds about 50-75 meters around us.

We were returning by an alternate route, which was fortunate, because Charlie's main ambush was on our previous trail.

As soon as the firing started, the Vietnamese troops formed a protective ring around me and I manned the radio to call District Headquarters, and within five minutes we had rounds falling on target. I knew how to adjust fire from artillery school, and when the first rounds landed, the VC pulled out. They are deathly afraid of artillery. It can kill!

THE MAJOR concern of the farmer is not the government in Saigon, though he does know that is the seat of government. His day-to-day thoughts are more concerned with the District Chief, and what that chief can do for him. "Can he protect me from the VC? Protect my crop? Can he get me what I need?"

These people do know what Communism is, and they want no part of it, otherwise, they would not fight it the way they do. The District Chief is a military man, appointed by Saigon, but that didn't bother the citizens of my district. Our chief was a man of extraordinary capabilities who did everything in his power for the people.

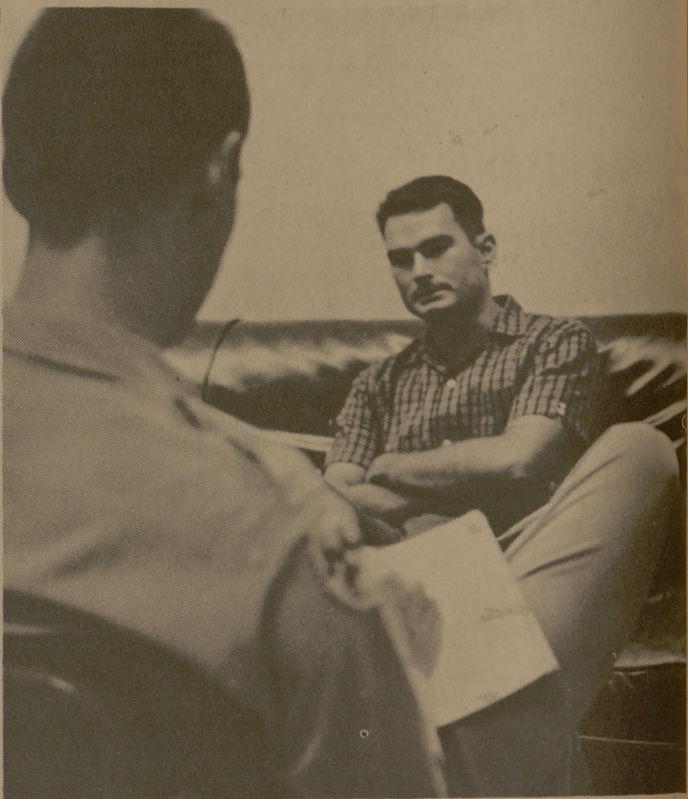
As advisors to him, our specific job was to parallel his requests to our counterpart up the line, making sure he got whatever he needed.

This is a war of the mind, of psychology, not of military might. It is a war for the hearts and minds of the people of Viet Nam. Only by winning them will the war ever be won. The VC have many beautiful lies with which to lure them. These lies look tremendous on paper, but the Vietnamese are beginning to learn. They have learned that the Communist promises of "everything soon" never materialize.

THE GOVERNMENT, on the other hand, is producing. The VC fight this with more lies, telling the farmers that if they side with the government, or go to government-controlled areas, they will be killed, tortured or beaten.

But we have proven that when the people know the truth, when they truly have a choice, 90 per cent will choose the government. I personally think Vice-Air Marshall Ky is the best man Viet Nam has ever had.

If we can educate the people,



RETELLING "TIGER" STORIES  
Harris gives Larry Jerden an insight into the problems and experiences he encountered "over there."

we can win them. The VC tell villagers that have never seen Americans that when Americans come, they will kill them, rape their women and stick them with needles filled with poison. But when the Americans do come, they learn this is not the case.

The medics are doing more good in winning this war than anyone else. The Vietnamese look on them as little gods. They have saved a lot of lives.

We have completely pacified a considerable area in the Delta, and are progressively improving, defeating the psychological war effort of the Viet Cong. The Vietnamese are coming out of VC-controlled areas by the hundreds, in spite of the propaganda put out by the Communists.

When they come, the government gives them land, rice and supplies to get started in a new life, free from VC terror. The government gives them what the VC promise, but never deliver. VC defectors are coming over at an increasing rate. They have seen the Communists never produce on their promises, and have come to the government side under the Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) policy.

ANY TIME a Viet Cong wishes to give up, he can walk into a government camp, with his weapon, and surrender. He will go through a "reorientation" course, but definitely will not be beaten, roughed up or hurt. Afterwards he can go his way to farm or whatever he wishes. A few of these defectors have formed Chieu Hoi Companies in the Army and have proven themselves excellent fighters against the VC.

Morale of the Vietnamese Regional Forces is high, especially

considering this war has been going on since most of the young men were children. Morale of the advisors is also high, and there are extensions beyond the one year tour, especially among the single men.

The advisor's job is often frustrating. The keys to being a good advisor are patience and tolerance. Learn these and you can go a long way. What you have to remember is that you are accidental, they are oriental. Use your occidental ways and ideas only to complement their oriental ones, not replace them.

YOU NEVER know who your enemy is in the Delta. The man you are talking to at the moment may fight for the VC when the sun goes down. In the Delta there are people who are a mixture of Cambodian, Laotian-Vietnamese, but they are all Vietnamese in nationality. There are no North Vietnamese fighting there.

In the well-protected areas everyone pretty well knows everyone else, and if they see someone who doesn't look quite right, well, they handle the situation. Their security and police force improve daily.

The last six months I was a senior advisor at a Regional Forces training center where we taught these volunteer forces tactics to employ against the VC. THE VC will only fight when they know they have the advantage. The majority of our casualties were from booby traps, but the Vietnamese were very good at spotting these, and would do everything possible to protect their American advisors.

The Vietnamese respected the advisors for the job they could do, but the first thing you had to prove to them was that you were a soldier. Most of the captains and above in their army fought either for or against the French and have been fighting this kind of war for years. You have to prove your worth, then they will listen to your advice.

I think any man that wishes a military career is making a bad mistake if he doesn't get the experience of Viet Nam. This is the kind of war against Communism we will be fighting for years to come. We are learning over there, and I think that now I can go anywhere and do a lot better job.

I also think the advisors know why we are there better than any other group in Viet Nam because they work with the people. They understand their position and the job to be done. Fighting is only a small part of it.

This war will not be won overnight, because it is a war to win people, and that takes time. President Johnson has said it could last many years, and it will.

Winning people takes a long time and our advisors are doing a lot to win them.

LT. DON HARRIS PRESENTS IN THE REWARDING TASK CHILDREN IN HIS DISTRICT DURING HIS YEAR TOUR OF GIVING SCHOOL SUPPLIES TO VIETNAMESE OF DUTY AS AN ADVISOR TO THE REGIONAL FORCES.

## PEANUTS



By Charles M. Schulz