

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"

Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 32 North First St. Phone 2-5141

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
HERB GREGG, Advertising Manager
GEO. T. LATHAM, Bus. Mgr.
ERIC W. ALLEN, Jr., Mgr. Editor
EARL H. ADAMS, City Editor
HARRY CHAPMAN, Tel. Editor
RICHARD J. WELCH, Sports Editor
OLIVE STARCHER, Women's Editor
DALE ERICKSON, Circulation Mgr.

An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail - In Advance, Copy 10c
Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$15.00
Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. \$8.00
Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. \$4.25
Sunday Only - One year \$4.25

By Carrier - In Advance - Medford
Ashland, Central Point, Eagle Point, Jacksonville, Gold Hill, Phoenix, Shady Cove, Rogue River, Talent and on motor routes
Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$15.00
Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. \$8.00
Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. \$4.25
Carrier and Dealers - copy 10c
All Terms Cash in Advance

Official Paper of City of Medford
Official Paper of Jackson County
United Press International
Full Licensed
U.P.I. Telephoto News Pictures
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Advertising Representative:
WILSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Denver

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
AFFILIATE MEMBER

Time Mess Time

Peace, it's wonderful!
It is most encouraging to note that it is the same time of day on one side of the street in Medford today as it is on the other side. The city hall's clocks coincide with the time broadcast by the radio and TV stations. When it's 10 a.m. in the courthouse, it is also 10 a.m. in the schools; and 3 p.m. in the Mail Tribune newsroom is also 3 p.m. in the Mail Tribune business office.

Last summer's confusion over time is no more. In Medford, that is.

IN OTHER less enlightened communities the time mess is just as bad as it was last summer, and no amount of pooh-poohing is going to overcome it.

The Willamette valley is a sea of temporal chaos.

The state as a whole is similarly chopped up into bits and pieces.

In Eugene, where the city council recommended the citizens adopt fast time for the summer, the schools decided to open an hour earlier, without changing the clocks. Petitions with the signatures of several hundred mothers have been obtained, asking a return to "legal" time, and threatening to send their children an hour "late" unless this is done.

And so it goes.

THE MESS, as is well known, results from a bit of recent history, here reviewed briefly:
Two years ago the people voted to keep the entire state on standard time. But the 1961 legislature passed a bill which permitted Multnomah and four surrounding counties to adopt DST if they wished.

Last summer they did so, thus chopping the state into two time areas. Whereupon other areas in the standard time zone "voluntarily" changed to DST. (Or, rather, some merchant groups and others did, throwing everyone into confusion.)

Members of the legislature who voted for the state-splitting bill, and the Governor, too, later claimed they couldn't foresee such a result. But some people did, including this newspaper, and warned about it.

MEDFORD was bifurcated as badly as any area last year, but this year, praise be, we all had sense enough to stay together.

It is our hope that the state as a whole will have enough sense to stay together, come election time next November.

At that time there will be a measure calling for uniform, statewide daylight saving time. If it passes, the whole state will be together again (except for a tiny slice of eastern Oregon which is on Mountain time), and will also be uniform with Washington and California.

If it does not pass, we will be faced with the possibility of more confusion, for the present law would remain in effect.

A THIRD possibility exists. A group is trying to get an initiative measure on the ballot which would amend the constitution to provide uniform standard time throughout Oregon.

It may or may not get the needed number of signatures to get on the ballot, and if so, may or may not pass.

We hope it doesn't make it, for the Constitution is no place for time-setting legislation.

Too, like daylight time or not, it is the only answer to getting uniform time throughout the state AND throughout the Pacific Coast. — E.A.

What Fishermen Endure

It's amazing what some people will endure for the sake of sport — in this case, fishing.

At Howard Prairie Lake last Saturday we saw something we've never seen before: A howling gale, snow and hail driving down, and the sun shining palely — all at the same time.

And, along with it, scores of boats, many of them with no shelter, bobbing in the icy water. The sports-lovers were clad in every variety of cold weather garb imaginable.

WE WERE assured by Concessionaire Bob Johnston that the weather was NOT, as someone had alleged, a blizzard. But if it wasn't, it was close enough to it to be a first cousin.

The crowds were understandably a bit thin Friday night (it was snowing) and Saturday morning (with six inches on the ground). During the day, a few more hardy souls came along.

But on Sunday, when the clouds thinned out and the sun shone, car after car, boat after boat, arrived, and, undaunted by the chill brisk breeze, set out for fish.

DESPITE the fact that parking facilities are grossly and inexcusably inadequate, the complaints were few, and the general level of good natured kidding high.

The new restaurant-store building is well designed and attractive, the attendants attentive and courteous, the fireplace warm, and the food adequate.

The fish — well, the fish are cooperative to some hopeful anglers and wholly uncooperative to others. We know of one boat in which three anglers spent hour after hour on Sunday, hopelessly trying every legal wile known to Waltonians — single eggs, egg clusters, spinners, worms, even (in desperation) a wet fly. Also some sotto voce cursing.

All about them groups were (in the inelegant phrase) "limiting out." But they — this lucky threesome — were skunked.

Oh, well. Maybe next time. — E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"SHHH! DON'T YELL AT HIM! HE'S NOT WELL! DAD SAYS HE'S GOT SLEEPIN' SICKNESS!"

... Communications ...

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initial for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words. The letters printed in this column do not necessarily represent the views of the paper; in fact the contrary is often the case.

Down-to-Earth Understanding

To the Editor: Let's have some down-to-earth understanding on this "Home Rule."

Reading over the proposed charter for Jackson County, unless one has a lawyer's mind one can become very confused. Let's bring this out in simple language.

As I understand, in chapter four (administration) of the charter, the seven commissioners would appoint all officers we now elect in our county government, therefore we will no longer be permitted to vote for sheriff, treasurer, county clerk, surveyor, county engineer, assessor, etc.

Also from other sources I understand the chairman of the board on "Home Rule" will have permanent duty at a figure of \$22,000.00 per year while the other six on partial duty receive \$7,000.00.

Now this chairman, being on permanent duty, will learn all the ins and outs of what is on foot. The other six learn from him, and since they are only partly versed on the topics in discussion at their bi-monthly meetings, naturally they fall in line. Do you see the danger? Could easily run into "one man rule."

Do we want to open one loophole where communism, or any other subversive group, might enter our county government? Perhaps you think you can dispose of "Home Rule" if not satisfactory. Let's not start the fire in the first place.

To vote for whom we want is our American heritage. Let's keep it.

Ralph C. Oakes
943 Ross Lane, No. Medford.

Editor's note: The county engineer is now appointive, not elective. Proposed salary for chairman of the board of commissioners is \$7,200 per year, not \$22,000, and for the other commissioners is \$100 per month, or \$1,200 per year, not \$7,000.

Sour on "Bucks"

To the Editor: "When it's round up Blossom Bucks in Medford," sounds like the heading of a beautiful song, but my thoughts are in the reverse.

Who in the world gave birth to that brainfart? It couldn't be our Chamber of Commerce, or could it?

Well, the reason I'm so sour is because I happen to be of the mill-run average poor people, honest but poor, and for some reason they seem to go hand in hand, and I'm happy that way. When I feel I'm getting something put over on me, it's a different story.

Now, I stood in the wind and the rain with chattering teeth, because I was freezing, clutching in my hand were my 235 Blossom Bucks, which I felt I worked so hard to get, and with the help of my good neighbor, because you see, I was going to get some little surprise. Oh! I got the surprise all right, and probably pneumonia, when the bidding started at 200 and went way beyond, so I was stopped before I ever got started.

Well, I didn't expect a TV, radio, washing machine, iron or toaster with my 235 Blossom Bucks, but I'd have been so happy with a ball point pen, and my outlook would have been by far better.

Mrs. Irma Henderson
729 Dakota Ave.
Medford.

Steel Price and Dictatorship

To the Editor: I cannot understand the complacency of the general public as we lose our heritage of free speech and free enterprise system. The President's attack on U.S. Steel was similar to an attack by a dictator in a

Communist economy and similar vicious attacks may be made in a temper tantrum on "the butcher, the baker or candlestick maker" — yes, even on a newspaper.

With our free enterprise system throttled, with stockholders deprived of a fair return on savings invested, who will pay for the "get-the-vote" give-away programs he wants in order to maintain and prolong the Kennedy dynasty?

After all the lives lost and billions spent on wars to save us from a dictator — what do we have — and what difference if his name is Hitler, Khrushchev or Kennedy. Let's wake up!

Mrs. E. W. Heatherington
2055 South Holley
Medford

Direct Voter Control

To the Editor: A recent letter by Mr. Wilson contained what appears to be a very reasonable objection to the proposed provision in the county charter, that the clerk, assessor, surveyor and sheriff be appointive offices. He has observed that our elective officers have been more thrifty with our tax dollar (O & C dollar).

It seems to me the matter of thrift would simply become the responsibility of the elected commission. Under the charter one elective form will replace another.

The real problem in county government is our ever-increasing need for services as the county grows. Mr. Wilson states we will "trade our priceless heritage to vote for so-called efficiency." Under the charter we would vote for seven instead of eight officers.

We would be trading that one vote for more than just administration efficiency. We would have direct voter control of the legislative power as well as the administrative power of our commissioners.

Mrs. Susan E. Shively
314 Hargadine St.
Ashland, Ore.

The Veterans' View

To the Editor: At a meeting of the Veterans Allied Council attended by delegates representing American Legion Post 15, VFW Post 1833, VVWV Post 340, MOPH Post 147, and DAV Post 8, the following letter was fully concurred in by all in attendance.

"Nikita Khrushchev and his crowd, with never a blush, break each and every agreement they enter into, just as soon as it shows itself to be an inconvenience to them."

They agreed some time ago to discontinue bomb testing in the atmosphere, then without an apology or an explanation they thought it necessary, and in pure contempt of the agreement, cut loose with testing in a bigger way, with greater numbers and strength than had ever before been exploded in the air.

"Now they have the gall to protest, and make threats against US for going ahead with out testing. They are acting the role of 'wronged party'. We would never have broken the promise, they cancelled the agreement out of existence when they showed themselves to be the liars they are, by exploding 50 megaton nuclear bombs last year."

"We can always count on them. They are dependable people, these Russians. If they tell you something you can surely believe it (believe it to be a damned lie) if you know what we mean."

"As Christian people with a respect and regard for all humanity we should strive for disarmament among nations, but we do not believe that we are called upon, as a Christian nation, to play up naively to

Argentina Drifting, But Some Hope Seen In New President, Economics Minister

By PHIL NEWSOM

UPI Foreign News Analyst

For a month Argentina has drifted dangerously in crisis, caught in the cross-currents

between resurgent Peronism and military leaders bitterly opposed to anything resembling a return to the policies of the ex-dictator. In the midst of this

has been President Jose Maria Guido, placed in office by the military after the fall of President Arturo Frondizi.

This past week end Guido was forming his second cabinet in four weeks.

Lack of Plan

Multiplying Guido's difficulties was an apparent lack of plan by the men who put him in office and who also

suffered a lack of unity among themselves.

In contrast were the Peronistas, who at least knew what they wanted.

They demanded an end to the austerity which had begun to restore international confidence in the Argentine peso and a return to nationalism which would be felt by foreign investors.

From his comfortable Spanish exile in Madrid, Juan D. Peron was pulling the party strings and seeing what might prove to be his best chance for a return to power.

Not asked but giving their enthusiastically received support were the Argentine Communists.

For those who still held hope for Argentina, President

Guido himself provided a slight, encouraging ray.

He had shown unexpected strength in dealing with the various military factions. For economics minister in his second cabinet he had selected Alvaro Carlos Alsogaray.

Alsogaray, who has been described as looking like a small-town banker or school principal, directed Argentina's austerity and stabilization program for nearly two years under Frondizi.

It was Alsogaray who late in 1959 arranged nearly \$30 million in loans and credits to help stabilize the Argentine economy.

The peso — caddled on the international monetary exchange, Foreign investments and private enterprise were encouraged.

As part of his vision of a "new Argentina" of economic plenty, Alsogaray sought to build a prosperous middle class as a bulwark against Communism.

A year ago, Alsogaray lost his post in the Frondizi cabinet.

In the ensuing months, four economic ministers came and went.

A poor wheat crop led to a drastic cut in exports and in 1961 the country's trade deficit amounted to \$450 million, double that of the year before.

By 18 per cent.

The cost of living mounted. The announcement of Alsogaray's return to government led to an immediate strengthening of the peso in international exchange rates.

But the way ahead will be rough and possibly of short duration.

Labor leaders received news of his appointment enthusiastically. He still must face the problems of the enormous deficits piled up annually by government — operated services such as the railroads.

And among the Argentine people there is no sure sign of a determination to carry out the sacrifices Alsogaray will demand.

Strictly Personal

By Sydney J. Harris

(c) Field Enterprises Inc.

"Acquaintances" are friends who have recently done something with which we don't care to be associated.

You and I appreciate each other's good points; but those two have formed a "mutual admiration society."

I am agreeable; you are easily swayed; he is just a piece of putty.

My stories are a touch off-color; yours are risqué; his are filthy.

I took a leave of absence because of "nervous exhaustion" from overwork; you did the same because of an "emotional disturbance"; he did the same because of a "mental breakdown."

I believe in planning social events with "ceremony," but you invest yours with "pomp."

When a man insists that "life is a matter of dog-eat-dog," you may be sure that he regards his fellow men as dogs. (Besides, dogs don't eat dogs; men are the only creatures who commonly prey on their own kind.)

What I call "conversion" in myself, I call "apostasy" in others.

Whenever I hear a 6 a.m. riser intone proudly that "It's the early bird that gets the worm," I think of Moran's reply to Mack: "And what about the early worm?"

The purest definition of the provincial person is the one who, when abroad, refers to the inhabitants either as "natives" or as "foreigners."

When a man begins a sentence with "History proves . . ." it is a better than even bet that he is going to conclude with some profoundly unhistorical generalization.

The semantic differences between "leisure," "loafing" and "bumming" can be precisely calibrated on the scale of annual income.

Speaking of calibration, everybody measures manners by his own degree of etiquette; we call "well-mannered" those who observe the same degree of amenities we do but those who observe more, we call over-polite or prissy.

I made a technical error: you goofed; he made an inexcusable blunder.

The full force of human aggression is borne upon us only when we stop to realize that "pacifist" has become a dirty word in every nation on the globe; all governments, no matter how they may disagree among themselves, agree in finding him their common foe.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

(c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

THE HELICOPTERS

Can Tho, South Viet Nam—At this season, when peasants burn the rice stubble to restore their fields, the bright air is

acrid with smoke, even at 6,000 feet. The competing noises of the big helicopter's rotors and the big helicopters rotors

deaden, down to the ground. The sense of being trapped in an aerial cement mixer is just beginning to be a bit oppressive when suddenly the little delta town of Rach Gia comes into sight, lying on a river among palm gardens, with an airport on its flank.

Swiftly the helicopter descends. Swiftly 12 wiry little Vietnamese Rangers clamber aboard.

Soon the air loses its sharp smokey tang, for now the helicopter is traversing wild country, swampy and uncultivated. Somewhere ahead, in this empty quarter of the Camau delta, there is a little patch isolated and normally impossible to reach except by the narrow waterways that criss-cross the whole delta.

Here, in this remote refuge, the commander of the Communist guerrillas in this province has set up his command post, safe against all but one sort of surprise attack.

TO SURPRISE, to envelop, to catch the Communist leader and his troops, are now the missions of the helicopters of the 57th Transportation Squadron and the two companies of Vietnamese soldiers whom they are carrying.

For one passenger, at least, it is a new way of going into a fight. What will it be like? one asks oneself. And then, quite suddenly, a patch of brighter green shows up ahead. The helicopter all but plummets downwards. The soldiers fan out rapidly, running hunched over, through a dry rice field. And our helicopter and all the others take the air again, looking for all the world like a covey of giant mantises.

From somewhere comes the quick snick-snick of a sniper's fire. As though on signal, troops to the left pour round after round into a palm hut standing by a little canal. Off to the right appears one of the American advisory officers, red-haired Capt. Jack Cantrell. "I think we landed just a scosh off target," says the captain's bit grimly, as Capt. Nghe, the tough Vietnamese Ranger commander puts out men on the flanks and prepares to sweep forward.

IT IS a long, hot, toilsome sweep. The Rangers are on the right bank of the main canal, and a company of the Civil Guard are on the left bank. The intended canal boats, loaded to the gunwales with the pineapple harvest, show that there was a busy

life here not long ago; but at first there seems to be no life now. The sun is broiling. The feeder canals, just too wide to jump, are slummy work to ford.

Then the toilsome monotony is broken by another quick snick-snick and another burst of fire. This time an excited soldier races in from the flank with a pitiful bundle of Chinese medicine, political tracts, and carefully written notebooks. The soldier has found and killed the medical officer on the staff of the Communist provincial commander. This little success is followed by another. Five black-clad Viet Cong troops are discovered huddled, neck-deep in water, under the overhanging bank of a feeder canal.

So the sweep goes forward, slowly and methodically, for a long, hot couple of hours. The bag is meager enough—the medical officer killed; a considerable cache of ammunition simultaneously revealed and destroyed by its own explosion when a palm hut was burned because Viet Cong flags are found in it; and nine prisoners taken. The main body of the enemy plainly slipped out of the way in the nick of time.

THE little liaison plane endlessly making its turns overhead reports the enemy's main body—about a hundred men—in flight across the fields about two kilometers away. An air strike is called for; and before long fighter planes are overhead. Again and again, they make their vicious dives, their rockets thundering, their machine guns furiously chattering. Another sweep, in the direction of the fighters' target area, is wearily decided on.

Once more the wiry little troops fan out on the flanks. The march is across rice fields, black from the stubble-burning, and through thickets of high grass and reeds, which the liaison plane searches for ambushed men, flying perilously low. There are more feeder canals. There is another main canal with more abandoned boats and more palm huts from which women and children silently peer.

But the sun is westerling. Quite suddenly, as if from nowhere, a helicopter returns to pick up a couple of higher-ranking American staff officers who had "come along to get a feel of this kind of show." Captain Nghe and his Rangers, Captain Cantrell, and the men of the Civil Guard company all turn to wave as the helicopter ascends again and sets its course for the delta's capital here in Can Tho.

"We catch a few of them every third or fourth time," says the helicopter pilot philosophically, after he hears the day's score. "Anyway I guess that Communist provincial commander will have to find himself a new command post after this day's work; and when he does we'll get him there."

Pocketbooks and the Charter

To the Editor: Yesterday's front page story, and the eight pages of delinquent personal property taxes recently published in the Medford Mail Tribune, should convince the most skeptical voter that Jackson County needs the Home Rule Charter.

That list is a testimonial to the inefficiency, lack of coordination, lack of authority and gross waste that is built in to our present form of county government.

For over ten years this half-million dollar delinquency list has been allowed to develop. Much of it is now lost forever, yet this is the first time the list has been published.

Perhaps specific officials have been to blame for this \$500,000 accumulation. But rather it appears that the SYSTEM has been to blame. Sincere men have had to work under a badly organized government structure. Authority has been divided. Responsibility is ill-defined.

The Charter is designed to grant authority, pinpoint responsibility and assure the citizens of effective control over their county affairs.

As your article pointed out, the ordinary voters and taxpayers of Jackson County have had to pay EXTRA taxes to make up for these uncollected delinquencies. This waste—this failure of county government—has cost us money every year, every tax bill.

This is not bungling by some distant government. This is not far off Washington, m-o-n-s-h-o-t-s or foreign aid. This is waste right here in Jackson County.

We need a change in our county government. We cannot afford NOT to change. The voters of Jackson County should look into their pocketbooks and then look into the opportunities for economy under the Home Rule Charter.

R. E. Collins
235 South Oakdale
Medford

Biggest Farce

To the Editor: Our Pear Blossom affair, as far as the auction is concerned, was the biggest farce in history. What happened to the average Joe, with maybe 10 to 100 Blossom Bucks? He might as well have stayed home! Unless he had recently purchased a new car, farm equipment, or an article worth thousands, and received "Bucks," he was out of the running, far before the auction even began. Who ever heard of a \$20 coffee pot worth over 10,000 "bucks," or a \$2 to \$3 value going for up to 3,000 bucks?

In my humble opinion, if Medford wishes to keep up community spirit, think in terms of the average guy even though he isn't worth a mint in Blossom Bucks!

Sarah Thoreson
Talent, Ore.

Rueful meditation from D. E. Twigg:
Doc said he'd have me on my feet.
The last time I was ill.
And that he'd . . . I sold my car.
So I could pay his bill.

Bob Campbell, the Westwood Sophomore, says that the trouble with being a parent is that by the time you're experienced you're unemployed.

© 1962, by Bennett Cerf. Distributed by King Features Syndicate

life here not long ago; but at first there seems to be no life now. The sun is broiling. The feeder canals, just too wide to jump, are slummy work to ford.

Then the toilsome monotony is broken by another quick snick-snick and another burst of fire. This time an excited soldier races in from the flank with a pitiful bundle of Chinese medicine, political tracts, and carefully written notebooks. The soldier has found and killed the medical officer on the staff of the Communist provincial commander. This little success is followed by another. Five black-clad Viet Cong troops are discovered huddled, neck-deep in water, under the overhanging bank of a feeder canal.

So the sweep goes forward, slowly and methodically, for a long, hot couple of hours. The bag is meager enough—the medical officer killed; a considerable cache of ammunition simultaneously revealed and destroyed by its own explosion when a palm hut was burned because Viet Cong flags are found in it; and nine prisoners taken. The main body of the enemy plainly slipped out of the way in the nick of time.

THE little liaison plane endlessly making its turns overhead reports the enemy's main body—about a hundred men—in flight across the fields about two kilometers away. An air strike is called for; and before long fighter planes are overhead. Again and again, they make their vicious dives, their rockets thundering, their machine guns furiously chattering. Another sweep, in the direction of the fighters' target area, is wearily decided on.

Once more the wiry little troops fan out on the flanks. The march is across rice fields, black from the stubble-burning, and through thickets of high grass and reeds, which the liaison plane searches for ambushed men, flying perilously low. There are more feeder canals. There is another main canal with more abandoned boats and more palm huts from which women and children silently peer.

But the sun is westerling. Quite suddenly, as if from nowhere, a helicopter returns to pick up a couple of higher-ranking American staff officers who had "come along to get a feel of this kind of show." Captain Nghe and his Rangers, Captain Cantrell, and the men of the Civil Guard company all turn to wave as the helicopter ascends again and sets its course for the delta's capital here in Can Tho.

"We catch a few of them every third or fourth time," says the helicopter pilot philosophically, after he hears the day's score. "Anyway I guess that Communist provincial commander will have to find himself a new command post after this day's work; and when he does we'll get him there."

IT IS a long, hot, toilsome sweep. The Rangers are on the right bank of the main canal, and a company of the Civil Guard are on the left bank. The intended canal boats, loaded to the gunwales with the pineapple harvest, show that there was a busy

life here not long ago; but at first there seems to be no life now. The sun is broiling. The feeder canals, just too wide to jump, are slummy work to ford.

Then the toilsome monotony is broken by another quick snick-snick and another burst of fire. This time an excited soldier races in from the flank with a pitiful bundle of Chinese medicine, political tracts, and carefully written notebooks. The soldier has found and killed the medical officer on the staff of the Communist provincial commander. This little success is followed by another. Five black-clad Viet Cong troops are discovered huddled, neck-deep in water, under the overhanging bank of a feeder canal.

So the sweep goes forward, slowly and methodically, for a long, hot couple of hours. The bag is meager enough—the medical officer killed; a considerable cache of ammunition simultaneously revealed and destroyed by its own explosion when a palm hut was burned because Viet Cong flags are found in it; and nine prisoners taken. The main body of the enemy plainly slipped out of the way in the nick of time.

THE little liaison plane endlessly making its turns overhead reports the enemy's main body—about a hundred men—in flight across the fields about two kilometers away. An air strike is called for; and before long fighter planes are overhead. Again and again, they make their vicious dives, their rockets thundering, their machine guns furiously chattering. Another sweep, in the direction of the fighters' target area, is wearily decided on.

Once more the wiry little troops fan out on the flanks. The march is across rice fields, black from the stubble-burning, and through thickets of high grass and reeds, which the liaison plane searches for ambushed men, flying perilously low. There are more feeder canals. There is another main canal with more abandoned boats and more palm huts from which women and children silently peer.</