

the best of Stars and Stripes



A 10th ANNIVERSARY SUPPLEMENT

STARS PACIFIC AND STRIPES 1945-1955

Memorial Day

Written on Memorial Day, 1953

By Sgt. John McPortland
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff



YOU AND THESE MEN

who have gone before you would understand each other. You have worn the uniform, known the weight of a rifle, known discipline, fear, fury, boredom. These they knew, too.

Your places—Munsan, Ch'orwon, Wonju—will fade into time as their places, once so important, so familiar, have faded. Lookout Mountain and Bull Run, the sugarcane valleys of Cuba and the muddy roads of Luzon, Chateau-Thierry and the Woods of Argonne, Beach Red, the valley of the Volturno, and the grey hills before the Shuri Line on Okinawa—their places, like yours, had the familiar things, dust, cold, heat, blood, anger, waiting.

Some of these men are still hard-muscled and lean, the men who knew the rumble of Patton's

armor rolling north toward the Siegfried or who fought along the fever-trails of the Owen Stanley Range in the wet, green dragon island of New Guinea. But they remember the tens of thousands who will never grow older, or slide down the years—the men who died at Kasserine, or Anzio or in the Huertgen Forest, or at Chicago, or the long, beautiful beach at Tarawa.

Memorial Day is a vast muster in spirit; today you are in ranks with men who fought with flintlocks, or crimped minie balls with their teeth, who wore wrapped puttees and the choke collars of Pershing's Yanks; sailors with Jones, Farragut and Dewey—and with Halsey, Kincaid and Spruance, too! There are the marines of Belleau Wood with you, and the marines of Iwo Jima and the road to Hungnam. You are in spiritual ranks with the proudest outfits, with gallant men.

Our people today have their individual dignity and security only because of these men who fought to the death for the nation which now is freedom's finest hope. You are companions-in-arms to these men. Be proud.

Illustrated by PFC Larry Grant, Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

STARS AND STRIPES

THE BEST OF STARS & STRIPES is perhaps a misnomer for what is presented here—24 pages do not begin to provide enough space for inclusion of all "the best" from the files of ten years. But, here is "some of the best" selected with an eye to presenting articles representative of the wide diversity of subjects covered over the years.

Without previous planning, the files covering the years of the Korean War have supplied the bulk of the material which upon re-reading several years later still holds up in interest and quality.

The contents of this 10th anniversary supplement represent only material supplied by staffers or members of the public information organizations of the armed services, with one exception. The article about the grounding of "The Bald Eagle" was written by James Michener, famed novelist and journalist while he served a tour with the Navy, gathering material for "The Bridges At Toko-ri."

Some of the articles are anonymous, most of the photographs have no byline. One particular fine piece of writing, the editors feel, is the report on how it feels to make a paraprop. To the unknown writer, congratulations and our thanks. The same to all the un-credited cameramen. And to all the writers, artists, photographers and reporters whose excellent contributions are not included here—the sincere thanks of the editors are added to the appreciation you have earned from your fellow servicemen who saw your work when it originally appeared.

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The cover photo was made by Al Chang, a Signal Corps sergeant, on the Mason front in August, 1950. When Pacific Stars & Stripes devoted the cover of its Dec. 2, 1950, weekly supplement to this same photo, the editors hailed it as one of the greatest pictures of the Korean War. Albert Steichen, who gave it prominent space in his "Family of Man" collection of great photos, recently said: "Chang's battlefield photo holds all of the pain, sorrow, tenderness and compassion that has ever been expressed in pigments by any of the masters of art. It is one of the greatest pictures I have ever seen."



By Andrew Headland Jr.
Illustration by Daniel V. Cavaliere
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

Perron - PIONEER

This story is dedicated to pioneers of every time and place who stand first in order that freedom might live.

AT 5 P.M. A TENSE SOLDIER shook Perron's shoulder. "Lieutenant," he said with quiet emphasis, "— Chinese."

Perron looked out from a gun slit in the wall of the dugout being used as a command post. A squad of Chinese were attacking across a rocky ridge. Silent at first, they shouted as they approached. Not one man lived to reach his goal.

This deadly reaction from Arrowhead Hill 181 must have surprised Chinese in rear positions. From observation the enemy knew that outpost hill was held by comparatively few men—54 Frenchmen of the Pioneer Platoon, French Battalion, to be exact. For a week ending Oct. 8, 1952, the enemy had poured artillery fire on the defensive positions. The day of the all-out assault the Pioneers had been on the receiving end of 10,000 rounds of artillery, a concentration almost beyond human endurance.

When the Reds started the final assault there simply weren't supposed to be any Frenchmen capable of effective resistance.

But the wily French outfoxed the Chinese by going underground. When the Chinese attacked, the Pioneers emerged and cut the enemy down by the hundreds. After the battle the bodies of 600 Communists remained on the slopes of the hill. Additional bodies had been dragged away by Red reserves. No one knows exactly how many Chinese were wounded; 1,500 has been suggested as an estimate.

Of the 54 defenders, 11 were killed and 24 were wounded. But by holding their positions the French had saved nearby U.N. forces from the possibility of being overrun. Thus, one of the epic battles of the Korean war grew out of the resistance of 54 men against an enemy having proportionately the numerical advantage of Xerxes invading Greece at Thermopylae.

Among 54 heroes, the Pioneer's commander, Lt. Francois Perron of Lanvenon, Brittany, made a remarkable contribution to the French success. Perron personally accounted for approximately 50 of the slain enemy. The toll might be higher.

More Chinese followed the first wave. "So many," said Perron, "that they looked like masses of crawling

ants." The attackers came from five companies of approximately 300 men each. As the enemy advanced through a twilight strangely green in the glare and smoke of explosives, Perron moved about the command post encouraging his Pioneers.

Machineguns, rifles and grenades were not enough to stop the Reds who advanced like zombies over the bodies of their fallen compatriots. Within minutes of the initial attack, the Pioneers were in hand-to-hand combat. Perron, seeing that only desperate action could help a desperate situation, loaded himself with handgrenades and ducked into a nearby trench. From this shelter he hurled explosives at groups of men charging the hill crest.

DARKNESS was an ally. Sometimes Chinese passed within a few feet of his hiding place without seeing him. Perron let each grenade fuse a few seconds before alighting it out so that the missile exploded almost instantaneously upon impact. Panicky Chinese started shooting each other in the darkness.

When his last grenade was gone, Perron jumped out of the hole to rejoin his men but a bullet caught him in the side. An iron vest probably saved his life by deflecting the bullet. The French leader killed this assailant with a shot from his carbine. Then an erratic bit of steel pierced his arm above the right elbow.

Above the din he heard Sgt. Roland Gavriloff, one of his men, shouting, "Lieutenant, be careful! Chinese in the trench!"

Seven or eight Reds in a trench, having used all their ammunition, were throwing rocks at him. Perron used his carbine to end this resistance.

A few seconds later a shell fragment hit him in the head and he lost consciousness.

Sometime later the burning pain of another wound in his left leg revived him temporarily. During flickering intervals of consciousness he tried to pray.

Later he learned that his condition appeared so hopeless that even during the battle his men considered putting him to a merciful death. But Gavriloff objected, saying, "No, maybe he has a chance."

The chance was good. Gavriloff was not destined to be so fortunate.

Sometime later, it could have been a few minutes or an eternity, Perron found himself in a new position about 500 feet from the crest of the embattled hill. He was never able to ascertain how he got to this spot.

Too weak to stand, he crawled upward crying, "Gavriloff . . . Pioneers . . ."

But the Pioneers could not hear, and Gavriloff, whom Perron always had regarded as one of the best of soldiers, could not answer. He was dead. Another head wound, and Perron passed out.

On awakening—the following morning—he was lying on the ground beside a small stream. The previous day the stream was clear. Now the water was clouded and dirty. As he attempted to moisten his lips, a young Chinese, who, despite the grim mask of battle, appeared rather refined, approached and offered him a drink from a canteen.

Several Chinese soldiers then carried the Frenchman along the stream for several hundred yards to a group of wounded Communists behind a large rock. There he slept until awakened by a Red soldier cutting the zipper off his jacket.

Alternately, he dozed and awakened as U.N. air strikes landed nearby throughout the day. Once, late in the afternoon, he was offered another drink by the young Chinese who had first assisted him. Perron handed the canteen to a dying Chinese soldier next to him.

DREADFULLY disfigured by face wounds, the man had been begging for water for hours in vain.

Perron tried to move several times during the afternoon, but on each occasion was stopped by a Chinese guard who thrust a bayonet under his nose. At dusk, a U.N. mortar, scoring an almost direct hit on his captors, provided a means of unexpected deliverance. Surviving Reds, including his guard, fled. He was free. Painfully, he started dragging his body up the hill toward the French positions.

Throughout his torturous trip, which lasted about two hours and ended after dark, mortar fire continued exploding around him. When he heard French voices in the darkness, he called, weakly, "J'ai Lt. Perron. Je suis blessé." (This is Lt. Perron. I am wounded.)

Pioneers came down the hill and picked him up.

Editor's Note: After treatment at Tokyo Army Hospital, Lt. Perron, a veteran of three year's warfare in French Indochina and formerly a paratrooper with the French Foreign Legion in Africa, recovered from his multiple wounds and returned to France to continue his Army career.

THE GENTLE ART OF THE Geisha

THE WEST HAS consistently misunderstood the position of the geisha in the society of Japan. With typical dualism, both Europeans and Americans have confused the geisha (pronounced gay-sha and never gee-sha) with the prostitute—placing them together in a single category.

To those living in Japan before the war this was manifestly untrue. Yet the fallacy maintained and gave rise to a number of embarrassing incidents perpetrated by the newly arrived Americans or Europeans. Lafcadio Hearn once wrote:

"Notwithstanding all this apparent camaraderie, a certain rigid decorum between guest and geisha is invariably preserved. However flushed with wine a guest may become, you will never see him attempt to caress a girl; he never forgets that she appears of the prostitute only as a human being, to be looked at, not to be touched. The femininity which foreign tourists in Japan frequently permit themselves with geisha, though endured with smiling patience, is really much disliked and considered an evidence of extreme vulgarity."

Could Hearn see Japan now he would certainly be appalled. His delectable geisha has been the object not of occasional but of constant advances by the foreigners. She has been confused with her lower sister, the joro, consistently. And she has by no means helped matters herself.

However, the prewar geisha is quite different from that of the postwar. Literally translated the word means "art-person" or "accomplished-one" and this is an indication of the position of the geisha in Japanese society. They are slightly analogous to the natch-girls of India, the hetteresse of ancient Greece or the ballad-singers of Old China. The West has only a distant equivalent in the nightclub-bodices or the taxidancers.

In Japan strict segregation of the sexes is observed; marriage often occurs with the two parties barely knowing each other. After the marriage the wife manages the home and children, almost never taking an active part in the social life of the husband. When he wants to have a good

time he goes elsewhere with the complete approval of the wife in particular and society in general.

Often he will be entertained by geisha. This is an impersonal sort of enjoyment. He is paying for comfort rather than pleasure; he may completely relax, drink and talk with his friends. It is quite indicative that a Japanese scarcely ever visits a geisha house alone but always goes in the company of several of his male friends. Here he is agreeably enticed but the conversation never occurs. As one authority has said on the subject, "While a geisha is mistress of all the seductive arts, seduction is not necessarily her trade and whereas she never forgets to be a lady, she takes care never to be mistaken for one."

As Hearn again wrote: "The geisha is only what she has been made in answer to the foolish human desire for the illusion of love mixed with youth and grace, but without the regret of responsibilities."

THIS WAS stated more succinctly by an American author who wrote "Geisha are the perfect arrangement for the tired Japanese business man." But they are also something more than that. The geisha are in their field accomplished artists. They are past mistresses in the art of diversion. In line with their illusion, there must never be a pall in the entertainment; the customer must be amused continuously.

This she accomplishes through a number of arts and tricks. She must be adept at the surimono or the hoto; she must be able to sing and tell stories; she must be able to dance in any number of styles; she must know little parlor games children's exercises and the like—above all she must perform all of these functions with an air which is the epitome of the provocative feminine.

Consequently her training is both rigorous and intensive. The old style geisha began training at the age of ten. She had to learn entire sections of Japanese classical literature, she had to become thoroughly familiar with the class-

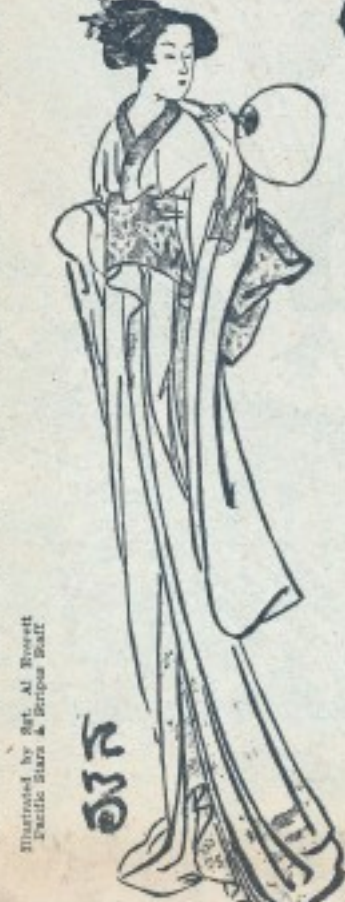


Illustration by Mrs. Al. Everett Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

later, she was hired out to a geisha house.

Once graduated, the geisha lives in the house, usually run by an older ex-geisha, and her earnings go to this teacher to whom she is greatly indebted for both training and clothes. So, for many years, she lives a continual round of parties and banquets, always trying to distinguish herself from her sisters by particular accomplishments or her excellence in execution of the more standard ones. This continues until she loses her proficiency.

At that time, if she is unusually successful, she may retire to become the mistress of a wealthy man or she may become a geisha-mistress and start her own school. The other possibility is not so pleasant. She fades swiftly and maintains her position by becoming more and more the background against which the younger geisha perform. Eventually she becomes a sort of mother who repairs kimono, sweeps up after banquets or teaches her own special tricks to her favorites.

The institution of the geisha became popular in the 16th century when young ladies called the akobayushi or white-messure markers, because of their white robes and religious duties, performed somewhat the same ceremonies as did the Roman Vestal Virgins. The Emperor Uda, the first of the more dissolute monarchs who heralded the later decadent era, found occasion to embrace one of them, thus immediately raising both station and influence of the formerly virginal young ladies.

They became entertainers in the widest sense of the word and eventually, in 1710, an edict appeared which stated: "Girls of this class are such potent perverters of morals that we hereby prohibit the instruction of dancing under penalty of expulsion from both house and district."

But the position of the geisha was already assured. The edict was forgotten and the ladies flourished much in the same manner as did kabuki—during the same period—as an officially condemned but popular entertainment.

cal drama of Japan to the extent of being able to recite long sections of it for the pleasure of her customers. She had to learn the more feminine Japanese arts such as the tea ceremony and flower arranging. When she reached the proper degree of proficiency, about ten years

Tokyo Sketches




Bird's-eye view of a Shinbashi vegetable market.

by PFC. GENE LA RUE
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

AT THE time of the so-called Meiji Restoration, a number of quite artificial impositions were placed on Japanese life and habits in an effort to curry favor with the West. One of the hardest hit were the geisha. If their morals had been loose before they were now impeccable. The free form of geisha life was crystallized into its highly formal pre-World War II state.

Since the war, the geisha has lost much of her status due to the laxity of a number of them. As one has said, "Now those with enough yen to afford a big party are people we've never seen before. A new class of people have the money and they don't know one classical drama from another. You can entertain them all evening with only children's games, things we used to use only as a last resort."

"Consequently, a number of the girls have become very lax. What is the use of working for perfection in the tea-ceremony if no one bothers to watch you perform it. Why learn classical literature when no one wants to hear it. It is a much easier life. All we have to do is talk incessantly and dance Western style with them. If we are particularly cultured one of these new customers with social pretensions is sure to ask one of us to marry him which almost never used to happen."

Recently the geisha have been banding together, houses have merged, theatrical troupes have been started—all in an effort to keep alive the dying art of the geisha.



U.N. MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT, the United Nations army she makes dizzy as mind, not war?

You could drive along the battlefield last week and here's what you'd see: a battalion of Americans, a battalion of Dutchmen, a battalion of French, and a battalion of Siamese—all of them side by side.

You could drive it on a gallon of gas, and what's worse, I did.

It's the "United Nations"-big line in Korea. "How are you getting along with the Dutch?" I asked at the American battalion.

"Brother, you mean how could we get along without them," said a sergeant from Texas. "We were on a patrol last night and we ran into a whole slew of Chinese. They had us backed up against our minefield and we had to fight it out."

"The Dutch heard the shooting and came running to help us. Except for them we'd of never gotten out."

"Okay," I said, "now I'll ask the Dutch about it." And I started down the road in the jeep, and got lost.

"Is this the Dutch Battalion?" I asked a soldier who looked sort of Dutch.

"Ma ne talkie Ingles so him," he said.

"All right, I'll say it slower. Is this the-oh-oh cow, what language was that?" It sounded like English and Dutch and French, and by gosh, it was.

"It's talkie-talkie," said the soldier.

"Do you always speak talkie-talkie?"

"Sure," he said. "Mama, papa, me—where I come from, everybody talk talkie-talkie."

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"Dutch Guiana. In South America."

At least this is the Dutch battalion, I figured. Maybe.

"Our language is kind of mixed up," said the soldier.

"Quite," I agreed. Do you know where S-2 is?"

"We also have five Hindus. They speak Hindu," he said.

When I found S-2, 15 minutes later, an officer from Rotterdam told me about the patrol.

THE AMERICAN patrol, and he has troubles," said the officer. "We need advance out so man to help them—give them stand by."

"And the sergeant shoot a light flare and someone say, 'Hey some man already shoot—pif, pif.' So we save American!"

"Well," I said, "I guess that clears that up."

The door to S-2 had a sign in Dutch on the outside and a sign in English on the inside. The one on the outside said: "Wees militair groot en held je." (Be a good soldier and report!)

The one on the inside, under a rather nude pin-up, said, "Say big boy, I know you are hot to go! But... sign out."

"Do you folks get much Dutch food?" I asked the officer.

"Sure," he said. "We get rice twice a week."

"Is that Dutch food?"

"Well," he said, "many of us fought in Indonesia. It comes now, we like rice." He offered me a beer mug carved like a barrel.

"Hotchens?" I asked.

"Lemonade," he said.

"Now one more question. How do you get along with the French, on your other flank?"

"Often," said the officer, "we do five Dutch soldiers and five French soldiers to make a screening patrol. And here is a man"—and he pointed at a man—"who shoots mortar flares when the French ask them."

I asked the man: "Where are you from in Holland?"

"Poland," he said.

"His Polish name is Obuch," said the officer. "We call him Ope, because that's Dutch for grandmother." They both laughed, but not very hard.

"I see," I said. "Now I go to the French Battalion, and ask them about the screening patrol."

BUT I had other things to tell the French. "Did you know," I told them, "they have men from South America and Poland in the Dutch Battalion?"

"No, no," said a captain. "We have no men boys from so South America."

"An Arab?" I asked.

"Most certainly, so Arab." He whistled, and along came an Arab.

"This is Monsieur Medda," the captain said. "He is from so Algeria. We have 100 of him in the battalion."

"What language does he speak?" I asked.

"Kabyle, of course."

"Please say something in Kabyle," I asked Medda. He seemed to gargle for a few seconds. "What did he say?"

"Ah, I may not tell you," said the captain. "He says bad things about your mother."

"When you pray to Mecca," I asked Medda, "do you face east or west?"

"We face east," he said. "Moslems always face east to Mecca."

"But Mecca is west," I said.

"Nevertheless we face east," said Medda. "We face around the world and there it is again."

"What I really want to know," I told the captain, "is how you folks get along with the Dutch."

"Ah, with so Hollanders we are great friends. On patrols we—hey!" He whistled to a Korean horseboy who was walking by. "Jimmy!" he said, putting the accent at the end, "I've been looking for you." And he rattled off something in French.

The Korean, who was about 14 or 15 years old, replied, "Non, mon capitaine. Je ne l'ai pas fait. Ce sont mes camarades."

"He says, he didn't do it, it was his friends," said the captain disgustfully.

"Now about these Dutchmen...."

"A LEO," said the captain, "we are great friends with so Thailanders. Often we invite them for wine."

"You have wine here?" I asked.

"But of course!" he said. "So men at so front have so wine in so jerrycan. Or in so canteen."

"I think I'll check with the Thailanders," I said.

"I maybe know about the French on one night," said a Thailander, three miles and ten minutes down the road. "My

THE DAY THE EARTH SHOOK

By ANDREW HEADLAND, Jr.
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

WHEN RUDYARD KIPLING was in Japan in 1882 he experienced what Japanese and visitors to this country knowingly or unknowingly experience in some form every day—an earthquake!

Kipling wrote:

"Tote the stillness of a hot, stuffy morning came an unpleasant noise as of batteries of artillery charging up all the roads together, and at least one bewildered sleeper waking saw his empty boots where they 'sat and played innocently at the clavboard.' It was the washstand really, but the effect was awful. Then a clock fell and a wall cracked, and heavy hands caught the house by a roofpole and shook it furiously."

Kipling's earthquake, obviously, was of a sterner variety than most earthquakes affecting Japan. The Japanese islands have at least one shock daily, but most of the quakes are too minor to alter the tempo of daily living and may not be noticed unless recorded on sensitive instruments.

Since the beginning of the 17th century Japan has had ten major quakes, each resulting in the death of 1,000 or more people. Within recent memory, the Nankai earthquake (1946) was bad. The Fukuoka earthquake (1948), in which 5,000 persons lost their lives, was a major disaster. Yet these quakes were minor affairs compared to the Great Earthquake of 1923 which killed 108,000 people and destroyed most of Tokyo and Yokohama. Effects of that quake were felt throughout seven prefectures.

Here are some of the things that happened on Sept. 1, 1923, the day the earth

shook and men died.

The first shock (two minutes before noon) came just as lunch was being prepared in practically every house and hotel in the city, which then had a population of 3.5 million. This meant that tens of thousands of coal, gas, or open charcoal fires were burning.

TERROREDD by the violence and unearthly rumbling of the shock, and faced with the necessity of getting away from falling buildings, people unthinkingly rushed out leaving fires burning. Almost before one could about "Earthquake!" highly inflammable houses constructed primarily of wood and paper, were ablaze.

Combustible chemicals stored in various establishments exploded. Gas mains caught fire. The city waterworks system, both under and above ground, was demolished so that no running water was available to fight flames. In one hour, 134 major conflagrations were burning throughout the city. Of 770 streetcars running, 400 burned where they stopped.

The fires were spread from block to block by winds which drew a fiendish vitality from the heat and developed into fiery, swirling cyclones that consumed the very oxygen. So great was the power of this inferno that small boats with occupants on the Sumida river flowing through the city were sucked up into the vortex and dashed to death.

Forty-thousand refugees seeking sanctuary in open spaces near a military clothing depot in Honjo ward burned and



ROAD SCENE—Highways leading into Tokyo were buckled and strewn with wreckage from fallen buildings. Thousands were left homeless.

suffocated to death when incendiary winds fired the depot and packs of combustible personal effects such as kimonos and blankets.

When the fire burned out three days later, 40 percent of Tokyo was in ashes. The American, French, Brazilian and other embassies no longer existed, nor did 121 Shinto shrines, 638 Buddhist temples, 1,400 schools and libraries and, according to some statistics, 100,000 houses.

The Tokyo Kaikan, a large club-like building with huge ballrooms and restaurants in central Tokyo, did not burn. Having a weak steel structure, however, the building was on the verge of collapse.

THE Imperial hotel, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright to outlive earthquakes by floating on a base of liquid mud, suffered but minor damage.

More than 100 Tokyo firemen were severely injured; 22 were killed fighting fires.

Within four days following the first shock, the earth, adjusting to new positions, quivered from 890 smaller shocks. One week after the catastrophe, 25,000 people were still living in the imperial plaza and in adjoining Nishiya park.

Terror in Tokyo followed a similar pattern in Yokohama. There 65,000 houses were destroyed. In both cities fires caused much more destruction and loss of life than did the quakes. The Grand and Oriental hotels in Yokohama collapsed killing 100 foreign guests and 90 hotel employees.

Farther down the coast at Yokosuka, 14,000 houses were demolished. Thousands of tons of oil from a Japanese navy depot caught fire and the blazing mass poured into the bay, turning the harbor into a sea of flames. Small boats were burned. Ships anchored in the area moved out to sea.

Sixty miles south of Tokyo near Odawara a mountain toppled over and buried a village 100 feet deep. The Nebukawa river, backed up by landslides, caught a train with 200 passengers and buried it like a toy into Sagami bay.

Numerous hot spring hotels at the health resorts of Atami and Hakone were ruined. Some waters, usually hot, ran

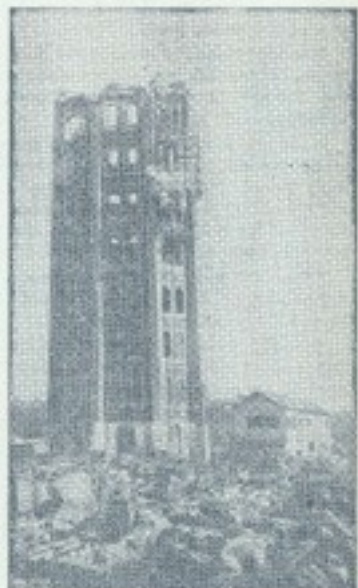
cold. Sweet water turned salty. The Fujiya hotel at Miyazoshita was badly damaged. Smaller hotels perched on mountain-sides were pitched into the depths of ravines.

One of the least disturbed features on the landscape was the large bronze statue of the Great Buddha at Kamakura. The statue slid forward about three feet, but remained upright. Nearby, a tidal wave carried away the long bridge joining Enoshima with the mainland, drowning 50 people caught on the wooden spans. In some places the bottom of Tokyo bay sank 100 feet.

If the disaster that came to Japan was great, so was world sympathy and material aid. The people of the U.S. alone contributed more than \$28 million in relief.



THE FORCE OF NATURE—Scenes such as this were common in the Kanto area after the great earthquake of 1923. Thousands of homes collapsed. (Mainichi Photos)



WATCHTOWER—Its top shattered, this watchtower remained erect over a ghastly scene of destruction in Asakusa, Tokyo. Asakusa is now a recreational center.

THE Major AND THE Lieutenant

FICTION

WE WERE STANDING at attention, the rows of troops stretched across the parade ground tall and silent. A hush hung over the whole post. I could hear a distant echo from the last note of the Adjutant's Call. In a moment the Anthem would begin. It should have been the most peaceful moment of the day.

But it wasn't. Lieutenant Taylor, out in front of the company, stood tense and angry, his hands shaking slightly. He tried so hard, Taylor did, and just when it counted the company goofed off, so a simple thing like a mass turn.

Taylor was probably all right. Young officers need to be broken in a little, sometimes. Recruits are broken in fast, but officers get taught so much confidence that some of them can't shake it. Fine in combat, but hell in Georgia. Taylor was like that; it could mess up his career.

As first sergeant I'd been marching ahead. You parade by the reviewing stand—General Conway was personally reviewing that day—snap an "Eyes Right" and look as smart as you can. Every week the sharpest company wins a flag, and junior officers like to win flags.

The kids in the company wanted to grab that flag, too. They were a young bunch, and keen. And they might have done it—and Taylor might have kept calm—except for Major. Major is the kind of dog you see on every Army post.

Major came out of nowhere, going like the hammers of hell, just as we made a left turn to start passing in review. There was a mess behind me and I didn't have to turn to know what was happening. Major had run into the rows and the kids had broke ranks and got mixed up. The first platoon passed the reviewing stand out of step, some of the men trailing back into the second platoon. A real mess.

They finally blew the Anthem, and we marched back to the company street at attention—Taylor taking long stiff strides out front. He was sore and the kids lined up looking worried.

"Men," his voice lashed out at the company. "That was the sickest showing I've ever seen on a parade field. A dog passes and you become a mob. Discipline? You don't know discipline."

Then he turned to me. "Sergeant Allen. All passes excelled for the week end. No exceptions." You could hear the groan through the ranks. "Sergeant Allen, turn the company over to one of your platoon sergeants and come with me."

I fell in step on Taylor's left side and we walked toward the parade grounds. He wasn't much more than a kid, himself, young enough to be my own son—
if I had a son—and I felt sorry for him. He stepped at the empty reviewing stand.

"Sergeant," he said in his best OCS manner, "don't there a regulation against dogs on military reservations?"

"Probably, sir, I'm not sure."
"Probably?" he said sarcastically.
"You're a first sergeant, aren't you?"

"Yeah."
"Been in the Army how long?"
"Twenty-two years, sir."
"And you think there's a regulation. You should know, Sergeant."

"Yeah," I said. Maybe somebody had been ribbing him at the officer's club. Maybe his girl had been one of the guests on the reviewing stand. Maybe it was because he was only a lieutenant and in

a T/O that called for a captain.

"Sergeant," he said, pointing to where Major was still frisking around, "got me that dog."

I hesitated. "I'm afraid I can't, sir."
"This is a direct order. Got me that dog."

The only people who ever say, "This is a direct order" are new corporals and new lieutenants.

"Sorry, Lieutenant. He's too fast for me."

"You're refusing?"
"No, sir. Merely accepting the facts for what they are."

"We'll see," said the lieutenant. He bang off his cap and started after Major. The Major just waited till Taylor was close and then loped off. He didn't go fast, just fast enough to keep Taylor a pace or so behind. And they were getting closer to the ditch.

If you've ever been in a southern training camp you know about the ditches. They're six or eight feet deep, and they're dry ten months a year. But they're filled with yellow muddy water all April and May. Today they were full of mud.

Taylor lurched at the dog. Major really side-stepped, and Taylor lost his footing, twisted and fell in the ditch. He crawled out a mess, yellow mud from head to toe. He walked toward me.

"Sergeant," he said, "go over there to Company M and phone for MP's with sidearms."

I WAS back in five minutes. Taylor was leaning against the reviewing stand, watching Major. We all waited. In a little while a jeep drove up. Two MPs stepped out, a corporal wearing a sidearm and a private with a slung carbine.

"Corporal," Lieutenant Taylor called, "shoot that dog!"

"That dog there, sir? Major, sir?"
"That dog."

The corporal scratched his head, then smiled. "I can't shoot him, sir."

Taylor looked at him, hard this time, real hard. "You have arms. Shoot that dog."

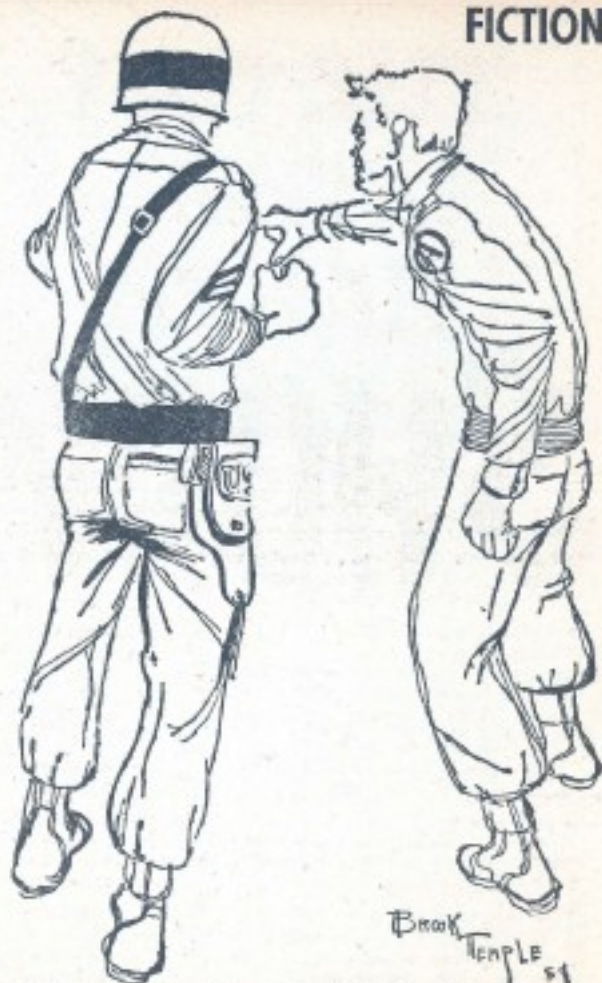
"I'm sorry, Lieutenant. According to

regulations I can fire only in case of emergency. This don't look like no emergency, particularly since Major ain't vicious or anything."

"Then give me the pistol. I'll do it."
"Oh, no," said the corporal. "No, sir. I can surrender this weapon only to the OD. If you wish Major shot, sir, you'll have to get a statement from the Post Surgeon."

That did it. Taylor dismissed the MPs with a wave of his hand—he knew they had him—and the corporal saluted and walked away. Then he turned and looked at Taylor innocently.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "You're out of uniform. There's a drive on about wearing the uniform. No sat, you see, sir. I got to take your name and



Prize Winning Photo

COOK'S BREAK—This sensitive study of a thoughtful cook taking a coffee break was the second prize winner in the human interest division of the first Pacific Stars and Stripes photo contest in 1954. It was made by Capt. George E. Posner, 304th Sig Bn.

turn it in to the OD, sir."

The MP stood there toying with his notebook. Taylor's eyes were like coals. He reached out to the stand and put on his cap. The corporal must have guessed something, because he left fast.

Taylor slumped against the stand. All the fight was gone out of him. He was just a kid who'd tried and hadn't made it. I knew what was happening and I felt bad.

Old Major came up next to him, watching. Taylor looked down and saw the dog, but he didn't move. Turning around he looked at me. I think he'd almost forgotten I was there.

"Allen," he said, and you couldn't tell anything by his tone. "That dog made a fool of me, didn't he?"

"Yeah," I said.
"And the corporal gave it to me, didn't he?"

"Yeah. He did. He gave it to you."
"And you, Sergeant? How about you?"

I TOOK a long time answering. Twenty-two years is a lot of service to have messed up by a kid lieutenant. Yet he was a good kid, and if he straightened out he had a good career ahead of him. I knew. I've seen a lot of them come and go.

"I think you were the biggest damn fool I've ever seen in my entire twenty-two years of service in this man's Army." After that sunk in I added, "But I don't think it's an incurable case, Lieutenant."

For a minute he was checked to stone. Then he grinned. "Okay, Allen. Okay. The cure's working already."

And then, like a rifle shot, "Sergeant!" I jumped to attention.

"Return to the company area and lift that pass restriction at your discretion."

Yeah, he was going to be all right. He was going to be fine. And I'd watch after him, take care of him like he was my own son.

"Yeah," I said, giving him a very snappy salute.
"Yes, sir."

STAND

"STAND UP AND HOOK UP!"

A staccato bark of words. The cry that brings a paratrooper to his feet, maybe with butterflies in his stomach, maybe with relief that the waiting is over. The last brief seconds of fatal decision. Am I going to jump or . . . ?

Most troopers never admit it, not to outsiders, but it's there . . . the age-old struggle of man against nature . . . of the fight to overcome fear. One "Angel from Hell" tells how he feels when he backs himself into space 1,288 feet above the good earth.

I AM STANDING in the dark in a C-46 cargo plane. It is cold; a stinging wind lashes my face like the surf of an icy sea. There is a vague disquiet under my load of steel helmet, main chute, reserve, field roll, combat pack and M1 rifle. I am as tightly rigged as a fat lady in a junior-miles corset.

Our drop-zone is 36 seconds long, an island of rice paddies. It is my job to hit the "T". The "T" is a series of pylons—six for the bar, three for the stem. The plane flies straight up the stem and as stick leader I must go out the door when I am directly over the spot where the stem bisects the bar.

The pilot signifies his OK by flashing the green light. If I wait too long a miss or two could take a cold plunge. That would be dangerous with the cumbersome weight we carry.

I'm thinking I have done this many times before. Jumping is rather commonplace. Read about an 81-year-old man who jumped the other day, and heard about a teen-aged girl who hit the silk in California. Still, I've got to admit it takes a little extra something for a man to stand in the door and have faith in a bit of nylon on his back.

There's the red light—four minutes to the DZ. Time to start this jumping business. I'll keep the men sitting as long as I can. Three minutes to go. I smile so they know everything is under control. Amazingly, everything is. I issue my first order . . .

"GET READY . . ."

"STAND UP AND HOOK UP! . . ."

Twenty feet smack the floor hard.

Ten safety latches click as the static lines are hooked on the anchor cable.

Twenty eyes are on me—blue eyes, brown eyes, cool eyes, watery eyes, scared eyes. Left arms are held high to push the static lines toward the tail.



THE JETS

By A/1C Lewis Carlino

SOUNDING LOUD their guttural voices
With their deafening . . . flaming cry,
Calling to the "wild blue yonder,"
"Beware, Oh MIG . . . now we fly."

All in a tight formation,
Throaty engines all alive,
Then one by one they climb and drop,
Wracking vengeance in their dive.

Up again . . . climbing greedily,
Vouching challenge to the sky,
"Do not dare to threaten or mock us,
We are host to all that fly."

I have seen them limping home,
Crippled . . . searching for their lads,
Through the static on the "phones"
I have heard the pilot's prayer.

Rise once more screaming falcons,
From your silver feathers bright,
Lift your voices to the sun,
Clear the heavens of the night.

Hover over restless soldier
Through the season of the jets,
Through the mid of January
Close his eyes . . . Oh, silver jets.

I have heard them in my bed at night,
Like great roaring thunder-heads,
Rumbling high up in the sky,
Far above the quiet beds.

I have listened to their sound
Spilling through the blacken'd hills,
Breaking through the static air,
Transcending space the silence fills.

Like the wind from the Gobi
Comes their whistling banshee scream,
Echoing over silent camp
Where the restless . . . waiting . . . dream.

In the dawn, I've seen them climbing
Twisting . . . turning . . . in the sun,
Silver falcons in the sky,
Morning stars . . . that turn and run.

Brilliant . . . blinding . . . blazing arcs,
Taking with them space's night,
Sweeping clear the sleepy heavens
With their shining magic flight.

Lifting up from cold steel ramps,
Searching where the light is dimmed,
Watching for that "end of runway,"
Making sure the stick is "trimmed."

JET INTERROGATION



A PILOT REPORTS —

When a pilot returns from an air strike in Korea interrogators strain his story for military intelligence. In addition to tabulating enemy losses, his information about the weather, gun positions and locations of future targets could save the next pilot's life. Here Capt. James R. Carnahan (center), an F-80 pilot with the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wg., Itazuke Air Base, Kyushu, receives the "third degree" after a mission to Wonsu. The photos were made by 1st Lt. William J. Ratsch. He shot through an open door from an adjoining room, using a Leica IIIc with an 85-mm. Canon telephoto lens. Carnahan's facial expressions show his reaction to several incidents which occurred during the mission he reported.



" . . . WELL, MY FLIGHT of F-80's was assigned to hit a village the Reds were in . . .



" . . . ME? WELL, I FIRED one rocket, but I guess the enemy must have ducked. . .

UP AND HOOK UP



"... I THRUST MY HEAD into the prop-blast as we pass the 25 second marker; my eyes smart from the wind. Why not just call this whole deal off."



"... ALL THE STICK clears the plane. Orbs of green silk blossom on the morning breeze..."

"... I'M DOWN IN A RICE PADDY and not too softly either. I've got it made... Only I remember something. I'm hungry."



The "T" is ahead—white panels—white smoke on the DE—all clear to jump.

The seconds hang heavy in the taut line behind me. The men start a football chant of GO! GO! GO! GO!...

I want to go—but isn't this a heck of a way to make a living? I watch for the "T" to come under the toe of my left boot and glance quickly back to see when the green light flashes.

My pulses quiver and I shout "LET'S GO!" and spring out the door. One thousand—am I crazy... I whip through space without feeling it. My body straight ahead, head snugly in, my hands ready on the reserve. Two thousand—I know in a second I will get the full opening shock—or will I? ... Or will I just keep on travelling on a one-way street 125 miles an hour?

Suddenly I am brought up short, like a loaded steer, and my main canopy billows out. All the stick clears the plane. Orbs of green silk blossom on the morning breeze. There are tiny figures rushing around on the ground. The figures rapidly get larger and larger. The DE is spinning skyward to meet me...

It's almost over—if I don't break a leg landing—or tangle with another chute in the air—or land in a drainage ditch.

I'm down in a rice paddy and not too softly either. The sun peeps over the water in a warm greeting. I've got it made... Only I remember something. I'm hungry.

Now I bellow order No. 2...

"CHECK EQUIPMENT..."

They are busy using the buddy system, each man checking the back pack of the man to his front. Another order whips through my lips.

"ROUND OFF FOR EQUIPMENT CHECK..."

They start shouting from the rear. No. 23 OK, No. 9 OK and so down the line; a loud voice, a soft voice, a squeaky voice, and my voice again.

"CLOSE UP AND STAND IN THE DOOR..."

I take my stand in front as the stick shuffles tightly against me. You can feel the eagerness of the men as they surge forward. They stand with a slightly cocky "I can handle it" attitude.

I thrust my head into the prop-blast as we pass the 25 second marker; my eyes smart from the wind. Why not just go sit down and call this whole deal off.



"... LET ME CHECK THE MAP here. It was just north of Wenju..."



"AS WE CAME OVER the target, my wingman spotted a platoon of Reds..."



"I PULLED UP AFTER my run and looked back at the rest of the flight still in flak..."



"MISSING MY TARGET burned me up. I was pretty damn sore about it..."



"I LINED THEM UP in my sights and squeezed off several short bursts of fifties..."



"I LEVELED OFF after the run and looked back. The gun was one big fire."



EDITOR'S NOTE: When the Occupation began Japanese women were still living pretty much in a feudal age. So the arrival of the emancipated American women in the form of DACs, WACs and Dependents lit the country with a terrific impact—and vice versa, as Eleanor Hicks and Sally Nashkin reported in these amusing accounts of American women in the Far East.

Miss Hawkins reported the trials of the Happy DAC in this way on Dec. 15, 1948. **T**URED BY THE AMERICAN to see the worm, the neophyte DAC lady pledges two years to the service of her country. Little does she know that it will be the "best years of her life." What's left won't matter.

When she hobbles on the ship board home, she will have seen everything, done everything and will look it.

She will know just how many glasses of champagne she can safely handle. She'll know what "C" rations are and have a hideous familiarity with frankfurters and sauerkraut. She'll be able to tell a wolf and she'll never hear the phrase, "My wife doesn't understand me," without wincing.

Our friend the DAC will know exactly where Full is. She'll be able to give with words like Johnson, women and Aches. She'll be able to tell a sergeant from a colonel and she'll probably know what to tell both of them.

The DAC will know her fellow women with a clarity born of watching them remove girdles and put their hair in curlers. She'll recognize a shower bag, a breakfast grumbler and a culture-vulture. She'll recognize a "dependent" without even a minute's conversation. Lucky for her that she will, because normally she may never come into contact with this mysterious group.

She will talk knowingly of Aobai and sok, because she has seen one officially-sponsored performance. And—if she knows the right people—will be able to give the folks-at-home a fascinating description of the world-publicized geisha.

She'll be an authority on obisonee, instant and emeri. When she gets home she'll have a Japanese corner, and was he to the visitor who doesn't want to look at it.

In addition to Oriental culture, she'll have gained a psychological mastery of

the complex employment system. She'll expect all requests for a raise to be reviewed by the Board of Directors. If she waits seven years and finds her request lost in a maze of authority, she'll remain unsurprised and unperturbed.

She'll never get married because she's finally found out exactly the kind of man she doesn't want. He must not be in the Army, Navy, Air Force or a civilian. She'll be a wise and enlightened creature when she leaves the occupation—about as enlightened as the reader who thinks he knows all about DACs when he finishes this article.

Miss Hawkins' dig about the "mysterious dependents" has another side, Mrs. Eleanor Hicks' claim, on Oct. 19, 1948, that "Dependents Are Here To Stay" shows that both sides amusingly misunderstood the other:

WHEN I ARRIVED, Mrs. Hicks wrote, my husband said: "Be careful what you say. Remember you are a dependent."

"What's wrong with being a dependent?" I asked, bustling.

Not getting an answer, I slavishly devoted myself to an intensive study of Tokyo dependents. Material wasn't hard to find. DACs were more than willing to discuss dependents. They claimed dependents had more privileges than they did. They bought up all the goodies in the PXs and left none for the suffering DACs. One claimed dependents bought all the ginger ale just to take bubble baths in. They complained that dependents had nothing to do but play all day.

Since Sunday is the DAC's play day, they complained that God was favoring the dependents because it always rained on Sunday. But after a year of hearing their complaints, I am ready to report on dependents.

Contrary to opinion, dependents are actually human beings. I suppose there are good ones and bad ones, with the most of us having a little bit of both. Not all are like Mrs. Shopping Hound, for example.

This is the type ready to buy absolutely anything put on the counter. Though most activities in the occupation bore her, the sight of an endless line of people galvanizes her into action. Firmly she clutches her pocketbook and precious shopping bag.

"This is it, girl! Chinese coat hangers left over from the Ming dynasty."

Accompanying Mrs. Shopping Hound is the Going-Along-With woman who con-

cesses she came along because, "All my neighbors were coming so I thought I'd just come along for the fun of it."

"You know," she rattles on, "I said to Bill this morning that I was going to the PX and he said, 'What for? You never buy anything' . . . and I said I really don't know myself, but it is a good chance to visit . . ."

Still another type we hear about and fortunately seldom see is the Little Ole Baby Type who's never been away from home before. It gives her goose-pimples to go out unless she is on the great big strong arm of her husband. If John just didn't "need her so badly she'd go right back to Momma in Minneapolis."

Then there is the Home-Away-from-Homer. You meet her at parties and she asks where you're from.

"For Heaven's sake! I'm from Oklahoma City, too!" she screams as if this was the world's most important discovery. "When I first came to Tokyo I was so homesick. Then I sat down beside a woman on the bus and she was from Oklahoma City, too! You can imagine how excited we both were. Now I'm so happy in Tokyo. I feel as if I haven't left home at all!"

One of the biggest findings climaxing my year's study of dependents is that there are a whole of a lot of them. Cissing out dependents is a regular hobby of DACs and is a complete waste of time. It is about as useless as complaining about the weather. There's nothing can be done about them. Dependents are here to stay! At least I hope so—being one myself.

Shopping being a woman's birthright, it is supposed that Tokyo would be a happy hunting ground for our expatriates, but Mrs. Hicks has another view as expounded on Dec. 28, 1948.

SOMEWHERE IN TOKYO is a wonderful little shop where you can buy treasures for "practically no yen at all."

I've lived here a year and a half, now, and I'm still looking for it. I wish I were as clever as my friends in finding these bargains you get for 20 yen or something and when taken home and washed turn out to be the carved jade snuff box of the Emperor Meiji.

When I ask the shopkeeper how many yen he says:

"Ah, yes, madam wishes to know price of ash tray. This one is very old." He stops smiling as if he would like to sing out, "I know a secret, yah, yah, yah."

I fish out my two hundred yen and say desperately, "How many yen?"

"Two thousand," he says. "Special occupation price."

"Next time more yen come back," I say and how out.

You give up too easily, my friends said: bargain or try another shop. So I tried again, going to a shop they said had "real finds." It looked like a junk shop. I said my best "Koonichi-see" to the owner who smiled sadly at the sight of another anti-epi-see-see American. Several baby-sitters came and looked at me solemnly as I pawed through the "bargains."

Let's see, there was a small saucer with a chip in it. A bicycle tire. Here was somebody's girdle—authentically Japanese. A book on how to speak English in 10 lessons. Oh golly . . . a picture. Could it be a Hiroshige original? No. When I got it to the light it turned out to be an English fox hunt.

When I finally came up for air all I had was two flavored tea cups, with handles broken off, two phonograph records . . . Dressy Tokyo and South of the Border Down Mexico Way . . . and a perfectly good bicycle tire.

The afternoon was waning, and I was weary. I went home without any Oriental treasure at all.

Still, I haven't completely given up hope. Someday . . . oh, someday . . . I'm going to find that perfectly "wonderful little shop on B Street."

EAST meets WEST



DEADLY BALLET—Karate was invented by the Okinawans after the Japanese shogun forbid the carrying of arms on the island. Okinawans turned arms and legs into deadly weapons.

KARATE



唐手



FOOTWORK—A karate specialist demonstrates the power of his foot by breaking four layers of stacked boards held firmly in hands of two assistants.

KARATE GREW OUT of an edict issued by a Japanese ruler about 800 years ago. Under this edict the Ryukyuan were not to carry arms of any kind. The islanders, being remote from the main Japanese islands, were always rather independent and the ruler thought it would be easier to keep them under control.

Denied the use of external weapons, the islanders started developing the art of karate, which is done entirely with the arms and hands, legs and feet. By the time they perfected the science, they were proficient enough to beat in hand-to-hand combat almost any soldier. No wonder, when it is considered that the karate practitioners had to toughen and develop their fists until they were capable of cracking paving tiles or splintering thick wooden surfaces.

The student used to begin this practice by thrusting outstretched fingers deep into open grain sacks until eventually he could reach all the way to the bottom. He then practiced hitting a bamboo or reed-covered post until he could strike it full force without breaking a knuckle.

The student also practiced kicking until he could shatter five or six layers of ordinary roofing tiles or completely break in half seven or eight layers of boards. After months and years of this kind of training, the individual's hands and feet developed an almost stone-like quality, capable of breaking an opponent's body with a single well-directed blow.

At first the art was called *Okinawa-te*, later becoming karate. The word here translates into "empty" and *te* into "hand," making it the empty-handed way of beating an enemy while complying with the emperor's order!

The karate form of combat was too good to be isolated. In the 1873 Japan started conscription and it was noted that many men from the south with a knowledge of karate were keener physically and mentally. In 1900 the government inspector for Okinawa recommended karate in a report to the Education Ministry, and as a result of this report it was included in the physical education curriculum at prefectural male normal schools.

In 1905 a group of karate experts from Okinawa held an exhibition in Kyoto and

thereafter the study spread swiftly throughout Japan. By 1930 almost every school had a karate department.

Now considered a dying form of combat, karate is seen infrequently today, chiefly in exhibitions. In a theoretical bout, contestant A, designated as the aggressor, would place his right foot forward and hold his right fist parallel with his body. At the count of one, with a piston-like motion he would thrust his fist at B's face, holding his left arm and fist ready to parry any blow directed at him.

If contestant B is alert, he should be able to move slightly aside and divert A's blow with his left hand. While A steps backward to regain his balance, B should come in with his right fist (stopping just before contact in a practice bout), thereby winning the match.

There are alternatives. Contestant A, had he been swifter, might have made his first punch count and so put B out of competition. Or, if A had retrieved quickly enough from stepping back, he might have kicked B in a vital area and so disabled him.

Otherwise, B might have thrust his fist into A's solar plexus or jumped into the air to stick his feet in A's face with a kangaroo-like wallop. B might even have leaped clear over A and just in passing have delivered a ruinous blow of fist or foot to the back of A's neck.

Now officially banned, (Aug. 11, 1951) karate's height of popularity was during the era of Japan's military expansion, lasting up to the end of World War II.

相撲

SUMO

SPORT IN JAPAN is a big thing—and the biggest thing about Japanese sports is the sumo wrestler. In the past ten years Pacific Stars & Stripes has printed many photos of sumo wrestlers, but this, by an anonymous U.S. Air Force photographer, is the favorite of the editors.

It shows Terukuni, Grand Champion of 1953, wearing his ceremonial apron as he crouches in the ring before the start of a match. Although sumo is a long-drawn out affair, most Americans in Japan find it at least interesting enough for one visit. And it certainly provides subjects to completely fill the negative in a camera.





SHRINE DANCE—Miyajima is one of the few places outside the Imperial palace where the bugaku dance is performed.

MATSUSHIMA—Sandstone arch is one of Matsushima's finest views. Area features many pretty islands.



JAPAN'S Scenic Trio

By Stella Winnia

NIPPON SAN KEI, Japan's scenic trio, has official top rating among Japan's many superb views. The three sights includes Ama-no-hashidate, "Bridge of Heaven," a cord bar sheltered from the Japan sea; Itsukushima shrine on Miyajima island; and the Matsushima islands north of Sendai.

For hundreds of years, guides at Ama-no-hashidate have informed sightseers that the only effective way to view the "Bridge of Heaven" is in a jackknife position, practically standing on one's head.

However, viewed from any angle, the two-mile sand bar, fringed with weatherbeaten pines of fantastic shape, is a sight to remember.

According to tradition, the deities Izanagi and Izanami stood on the "Bridge of Heaven" suspended from the clouds, while, with jeweled spears, they stirred the briny chaos and flung the droplets far and wide to create the islands of Japan.

The sand bar projects into the Bay of Miyama and thus forms on its west the lagoon called Anu Umi.

Itsukushima Shrine, on Miyajima, lies 15 minutes by ferry from Miyajima-guchi, 204 miles west of Kobe. Dedicated to three princesses, daughters of the Shinto god, Susano-no-Mikoto, the shrine dates from A. D. 511.

A majority of sightseers devote only one day to Miyajima. To see the sacred dances and the lantern-lighting demands more time. However, if a generous offering is made to the shrine a private presentation of the Bugaku or Kagura dances may be viewed.

In the Asazaya or "morning prayer room," near the east entrance, masks and costumes used in the dances are on exhibition. Also displayed are armor and swords of noted warriors. One of the shrines in the west gallery

is dedicated to Sugawara Michizane, a scholar of the 10th Century.

The large camphorwood torii rising out of the sea about 530 feet off shore was erected in 1875. It measures 82.8 feet in height and 28.4 feet in width between the inner columns. The huge stone torii on the beach was built in 1908.

Within the inner shrine and the other galleries are a number of bronze lanterns. More than 100 stone lanterns are placed among the pine trees sheltering the shrine-buildings. When the lanterns are lighted at full tide the effect is especially fine.

Mizen, the highest peak on the island may be ascended in less than two hours. Near the summit is Gumenjido, a temple founded in the 9th Century by Kobo-Daishi. A view from the summit includes Hiroshima and islands of the Inland Sea.

Although Miyajima is noted for its April cherry blossoms and splendid scarlet maples in autumn, the island is worthy of a visit at

almost any time during the year. Mild winters and a cooling breeze in midsummer add much to the desirability of a stop over during off seasons.

Third in the scenic trio is the Matsushima Island archipelago, numbering nearly 30 pine-clad islands of volcanic tuff or white sandstone.

To most of them, in spite of scanty soil, native pine trees cling, twisted, into grotesque shapes by the heavy winds that may sweep in from the Pacific.

IN FAIR WEATHER or foul, the islands present a remarkable sight. Many of the bare cliffs appear like battlements, others rise in towering pinnacles and some are hollowed out into caves, galleries and corridors. A few are inhabited and some of the more picturesque are crowned by Buddhist temples or Shinto shrines.

The district of Matsushima was formerly the private estate of the house of Date. The period 1598 to 1838, when Date Masamune rose to be daimyo of the province and ruled from his castle in Sendai, marked the heyday of Matsushima's political glory. It was a brilliant epoch in the district's history; but tourists may be assured that the scenery 400 years ago was no more splendid than now.



ISLAND BRIDGE — Ama-no-Hashidate, "The Bridge of Heaven," along with Matsushima and Miyajima Island constitute Japan's scenic trio.

KY

Kou
Ste



OBSERVATORY—Gazing" was used

Staffer's Sketchbook

... OF KOREA AND JAPAN



"SIDE STREET"—"On my way to the Seoul racetrack to do a story I stopped to sketch this quiet street . . ."



"KOREAN FISH MARKET"—"It no rose, but it was good material paint . . ."

Korean Sketches
By Cpl. Dan V. Cavaliere

YONG-JU

ra's
nal
City"



This "Tower for Star" by court astrologers.

EIGHT-HUNDRED years before Korea invented its first star gazing instruments, wise Queen Min christened its first observatory. Built like a 20-foot milk bottle with a window to stare out of, the queen's "Hilla Palomar" served as office space for court prophets who watched for signs of evil among the stars.

Today, the 1,300-year-old granite tower stands near the hub of Kyong-ju, Korea; one of the best preserved relics of the Silla dynasty.

Kyong-ju was the royal seat of the dynasty. It was the science lab, Greenwich Village, Vatican, and throne of Korea's golden era. However, when the dynasty began a generation before the birth of Christ, things were hot on the Korean scene.

Vandal tribes rained the country as did the Huns in Europe, robbing for their food and kidnapping for their women. In 57 B. C. came the revolution. Three strongmen—Kokuryu, Pakche, and Silla—tore the country into three parts, with Silla coming out top dog. He won the fertile valleys of the south, set up house-keeping at Kyong-ju, and talked his bandits into leading the good life.

Chinese tourists swarmed in to hunt pheasants and go-about the summer resort—were horrified to find nary a temple—and called in Buddhist missionaries from the mainland.

The Sillas went overboard.

Today, there are more temples in Kyong-ju than churches in Rome. The Sillas built Bulukuk-sa, the grandest temple in all Korea, in the fifth century. It was surrounded by lush monasteries and pagodas filled with golden Buddhas studded with jewels.

The dynasty had its troubles. Signs of the plague and its 700-year war with the neighboring kingdoms can be seen today in mountainsides pimpled with burial mounds, grave markers for the peasants. (When a king died, a mountain was built over his grave.)

If he wasn't a soldier, however, life was pleasant for the Silla man during the 1,000-year dynasty. Artists painted the twisted trunked pines, jagged mountains, the fish and the birds. Meanwhile, masons and carpenters carved Buddhas and built great temples which have stood up through 2,000 years of storms and war.



GOLDEN BUDDHA—Inside the temple of Bulukuk-sa is this 25-foot Buddha. Although 14 centuries old, the goldleaf is still beautifully preserved.

Court musicians, tired of singing songs for the king, made Korea's first musical instruments: flutes carved from jade, and a forerunner to the banjo—the 13-stringed kayakeum.

Queen Min, interested in the zodiac, commissioned Chum Sung-dae ("The Tower for Gazing Stars") in 647 A. D. Maybe she was looking for a solution to the 47-year-old war with the sister kingdoms.

THE STALEMATED war with Silla's neighbors flared up in the year 600. Pakche was the first to fall. It had passed through a golden age into moral corruption. Her artists, tailors, even the brewers, had taken off for green pastures in Japan, leaving Pakche decayed at the roots.

Kokuryu was a harder nut to crack, having a gungbo army to make up for a lack of culture. To meet this threat, the good queen of Silla drew up a defense pact with friend China, marched over the evil Kokuryus and became

supreme ruler of everything below the Yalu.

After the unification of Korea in 608 A. D., the Sillas had a second golden age. More temples were built, more Buddhas carved, more highway built; philosophy and political science blossomed and many of the "old Korea customs" were born.

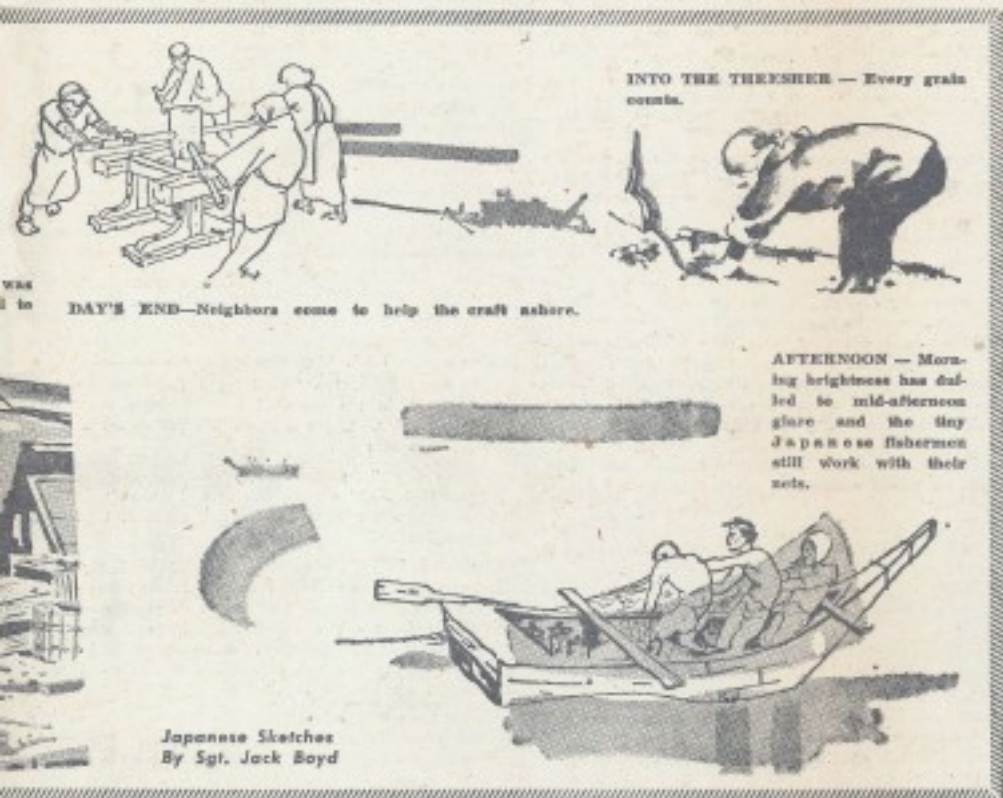
Someone starting from Queen Min's tower discovered order in the skies and wrote Korea's first calendar. Thus, historians know today that it was June 16, 618, when the Silla dynasty fell to a pair of feuding lords. The last king was deposed on that date, according to the records, and the strongest lord, Wangkeum, became father of the Koryu dynasty from which Korea gets its name.

Kyong-ju, just a few miles north of Pusan, has not forgotten its glorious past, though it has lost some of its shine with age. It still has more artists per square mile than any other city in Korea. They can be seen in the royal forests, armed with water colors, taking down the same impressions of nature the Silla artists painted 2,000 years ago. The carpenters and masons stay busy touching up limo-scars in the temples . . . for the tourists.

AROUND the turn of the century, a Yankee pheasant fan agreed with the local gentry that the wild game was the wildest and that the scenery was real gone, but that the country lacked Christianity. He called in Christian missionaries from the United States. As a result, Christianity is strong in Korea today.

But the modern Korean Christians play on the safe side of salvation. Mostly Methodists, the town folk occasionally pay the 5-cent gate fee at Bulukuk-sa and burn a stick of incense before the largest of the sitting Buddhas.

"Yes," explained one recently, "I Christian . . . but to make Buddha mad."



Japanese Sketches
By Sgt. Jack Boyd



BULKUK-SA—Still excellently preserved is this temple near Kyon-ju. It was built about the same time as the famous Roman Coliseum.

Loving a Soldier

EDITOR'S NOTE: Cpl. Richard Marinelli, with the 11th Field Artillery Battalion in Korea, sends this poem to Pacific Stars and Stripes. It was written by his sweetheart, but Marinelli thinks that it expresses the feelings of every woman who loves a soldier and wants his fellow soldiers to have an opportunity to read it.

LOVING a soldier is not all play,
In fact there is very little of it gay,
It's mostly having and not to hold,
It's being young and feeling old,
Loving a soldier is all milk and no cream,
It's being in love with a misty dream,
It's getting a valentine from a ship, or camp
And sending a letter with an upside down stamp.

It's hoping for leaves you know would not come,
And wondering if he'll ever get home again.

And when he does, it's laughter and tears together,
Unconscious of people of the time or the weather.

It's hearing him whisper his love to you,
And your answering whisper you love him too.

And then comes the ring, a promise of love,

And knowing you're watched by the Father above.

Loving a soldier is saying goodbye at the train.

And wondering when you'll see him again.

And reluctantly, painfully telling him go.

Then you watch for word that he's "well,"
And wait through a long dragged "no letter" spell.

And your feet are planted on sand and sod.

Then your source of strength comes slowly from God.

Loving a soldier is undefined fears, and crying until there are no more tears.

And hating yourself, the world and the war.

You stamp and kick 'til you can't fight anymore.

And then, giving up, and kneeling and praying

And really mean the prayers you're saying.

And when the mail comes you babble with joy,

Just like a baby with a shining new toy.

But you know he's oceans away.

But you just keep loving him more every day.

AND THEN comes the birthday, you're a year older today, but you feel just the same as you did yesterday.

You are your charger, you're wiser and stronger, you can weather this war, if it's 20 years longer.

Your job will be hard and you'll sure earn your pay and waiting for him some bright sunny day, you're helping your soldier to win over there so someday in happiness you'll share.

So, loving a soldier is bitterness, tears, loneliness, sadness and unidentified fears, which will long be remembered in hundred of yours.

No, loving a soldier is really not fun but is sure worth the price, when the battle is won! ! ! ! !



Illustration by Cpl. Richard V. Crestione
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

FORWARD AID STATION

By Cpl. S. J. Micciche
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

IT IS SHORTLY AFTER NOON and the aid station medics, some having just returned from accompanying a morning patrol, chatter while they eat their chow.

"Sure has been a quiet morning," remarks one. The patrol had encountered no enemy fire. He was about to say more but his lips froze, awkwardly parted, with the jarring ring of the field telephone on the bunker's log pillar.

Promotion makes the medics slowly and quietly set aside their mess gear while they stare apprehensively toward the man answering the phone.

Before M/Sgt. Robert Allen, platoon sergeant, can complete the aid station's call sign, the excited jabbering on the other end of the line subsides in the bunker.

The medics jump to their feet. Sgt. Gerald Bouda grabs his helmet and clears the door frame and the jeep revvets in two leaps. Cpl. Martin Greenberg snatches his aid kit, flips it open and gives it a quick check while waiting momentarily for directions.

"Take it easy," bellows Allen, interrupting the emergency-provoked voice on the phone. Then in a calmer tone, he asks, "Where? How many? How bad?"

As the answers are repeated, Greenberg jumps over the sandbagged jeep enclosure. "George Company. Four. Two litters, one may die."

Allen shouts the last words above the noise of the racing jeep motor, but Bouda and Greenberg heard them. Any one could tell they had from the way the jeep shot out of the revetment and two-wheeled a hairpin turn on to the winding dirt road, its horn blaring, "hurry, hurry."

As the jeep weaves on to the road, Greenberg yells back, "Save my assage." Though he hadn't eaten lunch, he knew he would be hungry when he returned.

While Bouda and Greenberg race toward the Company G line position, other medics quickly but seemingly unhesitatingly, prepare the aid station. Surgical instruments are laid out before the two operating stands; plasma bottles are strung up; water is set on the small gas burner.

The "doc," 1st Lt. Frederick Cassard in T-shirt, dowses his hands and arms in medicinal alcohol and checks the preparations.

Rain had poured over the battlefield the past two days and the valley between Allied and enemy lines is a bog-deep mire as the patrol crosses it.

Aidman Greenberg and Cpl. David Abbot, bring up the rear as the patrol inches forward seeking enemy to capture.

From out of the moonless night, the panting of men straining against grappling mud is broken by the halting "brrr" of Communist burp guns.

"Ambush!" someone yells. "Medic!" cries another. Greenberg and Abbot race forward through the exchange of bullets and hand grenades. One infantryman is dead, killed instantly. Another is hit critically, four bullets having crashed through his chest.

"He's bleeding badly. Quickly, Greenberg yanks the container of albumin—the life saving shock reducer—from his kit, while Abbot slows the bleeding by pressing his forefinger on a vital artery.

Greenberg is poised to make the injection but the night is too dark to see and he must be accurate. He takes off his field jacket and puts it over the wounded man's head and arm. Burrowing under it, he strikes a match, hoping the enemy cannot see the light through the fabric. Luckily they don't, and the precious albumin begins flowing through the wounded man's veins.

After what the troops reports of the morning called a "brief firefight," the lieutenant orders his men to withdraw.

The two aidmen lift the badly wounded infantryman and begin carrying him the 1,000 yards back to friendly lines, through the squishing mud, entangling underbrush and continuing Communist fire.

Halfway there, Greenberg has to make another injection of albumin. The infantryman is falling and they hurry their pace doggedly.

Closer and closer they plod forward. Finally one short but steep hill is their only confronting obstacle. Clutching brush, tree trunks and the slimy mud itself, the aidmen climb with their patient. Each time they step forward, the soggy ground slips from under them and they fight from toppling backward with their wounded charge.

Once they nearly reach the ridge line, only to slide halfway down. Then with desperation and fortitude alone whipping them forward, their energy long since having been depleted, Greenberg and Abbot lunge over the top. They had battled for an hour and a half the miserly 40 linear yards of stubborn hill.

The litter jeep is waiting where they knew it would be; after a maddening eight-minute ride down the winding mountain road, they reach the aid station.

In the bunker, the "doc" looks down at the four gaping holes in the wounded infantryman's chest and feels for a pulse. There is none. He probes for a heart beat. There is none.

"He's dead," he says softly.
"Oh, God, No!" cry Greenberg and Abbot, unbelievably. They stare blankly for a few seconds, then they turn and leave to try and sleep.

THROUGH THEY'LL SPEAK elaborately of the expertise of fellow medics or the infantrymen—who always take good care of them while on patrols—these front-line medics are a reluctant lot when it comes to relating their own experiences. Ask them to, and they'll say, "Go up to the line companies if you want 'war stories.' I don't know any."

And from the infantrymen on line will come the highest accolade they can accord others. "Being a medic up here is one job I wouldn't want for the world." That from guys who probe enemy lines perhaps three times a week!

Second Chance

By Ira Nickerson Jr.

HIS AIR FORCE BLUES were fighting a losing battle with his still growing body. He was part man and part boy, and was proud—too proud. Sgt. Callahan could see that, and more, as the cadet strode angrily across the orderly room; he saw himself reflected in the magic mirror of time. It was as though they had suddenly switched bodies and Callahan was across the desk, glaring down and snapping, "I want to resign from pilot training!"

FICTION

He felt the hot strength of youth—a strength that could be too strong—and then it was gone like propwash on a runway, and he was "Pop" Callahan again, a paunchy desk sergeant with one foot in retirement and a head full of memories.

"Did you hear me, sergeant?"
"I heard you," Callahan grunted. One of my boys, he thought. They didn't know it, but they were all his boys. Disgust welled up, and he bowed his head before it reached his eyes. Abruptly, he looked up, clear eyed. Quitters didn't come in, hands knotted into fists, anger brushing aside military etiquette.

"Name?"
"Ceznik, William F."
Painfully, the sergeant's mind combed the files behind him. The top files of the class were as familiar as the digits of his serial number. Ceznik, William F. Flying time to date: 80 hours . . . Judgement: very good . . . Coordination: excellent . . . Knowledge: excellent . . . Progress: excellent—

"The colonel is busy," Callahan said aloud. "I'll be a few minutes."

"I'll wait and get it over with."
Callahan nodded. "He doesn't want you in the air if you've lost your desire to fly."

"Desire to fly!" Ceznik gave him a hard look. "I'd rather fly than eat."

Callahan looked away towards the window. "There's flying," he said softly, "and there's military flying."

"If military flying means a daily chewing-out from an iron-nose in the back seat, you can have it. Nobody can talk that way to me! One more ride like today and I'm—"

The dejected snarl of a T-4 running up its engine on the taxi strip shook the building, then faded to a whisper.

Pop Callahan sat there thinking. He thought of a lot of things; the years that stretched like a gray thread behind him; the dread of retirement, and a future with nothing left to hang on to. Most of all, he thought of the cadet opposite him—best in his class, but full of a mullah pride that was destructive until tempered by knowledge that would come too late. Suddenly everything came into focus. An idea formed inside him, lightning into a hard knot of purpose.

"So your instructor's been riding you, and you don't like it," he rumbled. "If words bother you, what do you think bullets will do?"

Ceznik started.
"Precision flying, maximum performance, doing the right thing at the right split second, thinking, reacting—all under pressure. That's military flying." Callahan was on his feet now. "Holding your formation, flying your bomb pattern when your copilot's coughing blood and the stuff's coming at you. They don't pin that hunk of silver on your chest to pretty it up for parties. Those wings mean you can do a man's job, under any conditions."

His voice throbbled back. "I've spent half a lifetime watching them come and go in the training squadrons. I can spot pilot material the length of a runway in an overcast. I know why your instructor's riding you. He knows you can't fly under pressure. You don't



"... a daily chewing from an iron nose in the back seat. . ."

have it, son. You're doing yourself and the Air Force a favor to get out."

Pop Callahan felt tired, out of gas. Dimly, he watched the other come towards him, wondering if the youth was going to lash across the desk at him.

Ceznik's face was like the after-burn of a night flying jet, his lips white, as he hunched forward. "So I don't have what it takes . . . I can't make the grade."

The orderly room fan droned. Deeper in the distance was the throb of engines on the flightline.

"Well, let me tell you something, sergeant. I'll make you eat those words. I'll stuff 'em down your throat and make you eat 'em. On graduation day, you'll pin my wings on, sama you!"

Cadet Ceznik went out the door and down the sunlit walk that led to the flight line with short strides, head erect.

Callahan watched him go long after he was out of sight.

"Are you deaf, sergeant?"
Callahan faced the colonel awkwardly, blinking.
"Sir?"

"I asked if someone wanted to see me."
"Yes, sir. I mean—there was a cadet, but he changed his mind."

The colonel eyed him sharply, then glanced at his wrist watch. "Take over, then. I'm due at the flightline for some F-80 time."

Left alone, Callahan fumbled in the back of a drawer for a minute and drew out a tiny package. The paper crumbled in his fingers as he unwound it, slowly at first.

Then all at once, he had them out, the symbol of a lost dream, cradled almost reverently in the gnarled palm of one hand. The tarnish would take some rubbing with a blitx cloth, the shield in the center was smaller than on the now-fangled ones, and the wingtips curved higher. But after 25 years they meant the same.

Pop Callahan thought the wings were going to look fine on Lt. Ceznik. Just fine.



Jet Music

By M/Sgt. I. G. Edmonds, USAF
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

SONGS HAVE SPARKED the spirit of America's fighting men since Washington's men first sang "Yankee Doodle". The Korean War failed to produce a comparable song, so men of the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing made up for the deficiency by assembling their own jetpowered Hit Parade. These songs mirror their hopes, dreams, bravado and—sometimes—resentments. Occasionally they pointed out a moral, as this rebuke:

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
Bless tipstaks and tailpipes and all.
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is causing 'em

got
For he tried to go over the wall!
With tipstaks and tailpipes and all.
His needle crossed; his wings came off,
As did his tipstaks, tailpipes and all
(break supersonic barrier)

Here is one written after a sarcastic pilot decided the tower didn't clear him for landing soon enough. It is a clear libel.

Listen to the rumble, listen to the roar,
I'm flying over Mojave like I never flew before.

Hear the swift ruck of the albatross
Hear that tailpipe moan.
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer,
And hope it gets me home.

"Tower! Tower! This is Air Force 801.
I'm on the downwind leg, my race is almost run.

The '80s overbested '40 it's hotter than a gun.
Call the crash crew; get them on the run!"

"Air Force 801! This is the tower.
I can't call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour.

You're not cleared as you can plainly see.

Park on a cloud and wait while we land a YIP."

SOME of the hot shots have found a song is a good way to roast the boss in a way he can only grit his teeth and smile. Like this:

My name is Thriftle Bender. I'm leader of the group
I always cause confusion, but I don't give a hoot.

I climb too fast, I dive too low, I pull excessive G's,
But I know my bags are following—
I can hear their knocking knees . . .

Authors of these songs are impossible to pin down. Ask and the answer is always that it came from Yum, who got it from Dook who heard Harry sing it one night in the club. Some are new, some very old. One at least goes back to World War I with slight modifications:

I'm going to a better land where every-thing is bright,
Where cool beer flows from a refusing here

And you sit at poker every night.
There's not a thing to do, but fly and sing.

The ground crew will be pretty girls—oh, death,
Oh, death, where is thy sting?

But regardless of where they come from, they are an expression of the irreplaceable spirit that enabled our flyers to master the Korean skies within ten days of the outbreak of the war.



"Well, Sergeant, I'll make you eat those words."

THE GREAT



THE GREAT BUDDHA—The bronze image of the Great Buddha at Kamakura (1252) has been widely photographed. This is a helicopter shot. (S&S Photo by T/Sgt. William Colton)

"The Buddha voice,
As the voice of Jesus,
Speaks in deep quiet
Yet resounds as a gong
Through worlds of form."

—Raga, "The Buddha Heart"

AMONG JAPAN'S MANY ANCIENT religious symbols, one of the most admired is that of the Great Buddha, or Daibutsu, as it is called, at Kamakura.

Almost any day of the year, even during bad weather, at least a thousand visitors including many foreigners, visit the temple grounds containing the huge bronze monument of the revered "Lord of Light." Many of the visitors take pictures of the magnificent, brooding presence they have come to see, and perchance, to be inspired by. The image is one of the most photographed objects in the Far East.

One of these visitors was a young American soldier completing a leave from Korea. He stopped at the home of Mitsuo Sato, the chief priest of the Kotoku-



THE MOUTH—A slight smile characterizes the mouth, over which is a long, thin moustache.



THE HANDS—Position of the fingers signifies meditation. Zen Buddhists still use this meditation pose. Greek influences show in eyes and nose ridge.

in temple near the Great Buddha and asked to see the family shrine (a feature of every Japanese home). The soldier was received by the chief priest's wife, who later recalled:

"His eyes filled with tears when he stood before the shrine and asked questions and told me something about himself. He looked so young, but he was the eldest of four brothers. I told him to be happy in his own religion, whatever it is, and although I do not know his name, here before the Buddha I pray for his safety and well-being every morning."

Although of much more recent origin, the statue of the Great Buddha is quite as famed in Japan as its own way as is the Great Sphinx in Egypt. Unlike the inscrutable Sphinx, the features of the Buddha have remained unmarred by time, elements, or passing vandals.

All So Small

Story and Illustration
By A/IC Skip Troelstrup
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

HE WAS A SHOESHINE BOY. I didn't pay much attention to him. They're all so small . . . like little brothers. I didn't want a shine but when I wanted a book in a street-side stall he called the proprietor out to get it for me. They wanted 12 hwan (20 cents) for it . . . I gave the man 15 hwan. Now I remember the boy's look. He tagged along pleading for a shine . . . he wanted six hwan. More came along but he didn't fight off the competition. I don't remember where he gave up.

The PX area is filled with shine boys. They stuck by and fought but they got no sale. Some daubed off-color polish on my shoes in hope I would then submit. It made my refusal positive.

I took a side street back toward the Capitol building. It was quite awhile since being bothered.

I didn't notice the boy. He noticed my multi-colored shoes . . . asked if I liked my book . . . said he had helped me many shoes away. He didn't heed my continued refusal . . . wanted to apologize for the rudeness of his compatriots.

"Get you near PX when that happen," he smiled. "Please let me do number one job . . . I not like PX boy."

I stopped and he put his little box down and I put my foot on it. He smiled again. It was infectious. I asked how many shoes he did in a day. He showed me the equivalent of a nickel. He didn't say much.

I asked if his family lived in Seoul.

He applied one coat and smiled sadly.

"Father dead."

"Killed in the war?"

"He killed in 1948. He try to come to

South Korea but police stop him . . . my home is North Korea . . . Pyongyang."

The boy paused long enough to draw a crude map on the cement with the polish lid.

"They ask him why he want to go . . . then shoot him. Cousin have friends in police. They let mother, sister, me go. Keep working father's rice factory in Pyongyang."

"How did you get here?"

"American planes destroy factory after war starts. We happy when GI come but when he leave we come with him to Seoul and never see home again . . . not want to go back."

He put on a second coat of polish . . . not much left. He fingered his clothes. Worn shoes . . . rag pants . . . sack shirt and coat. Apologized for appearance . . . "No have change."

"I don't like this job . . . want to be in school again. Family very pumber one but now have nothing. Mother cries every night for father. I tell mother don't worry. I make much money for you. She know I can't."

HE WATCHED three boys walk by laughing and happing as school boys do. The black school suits were trim and military. He pointed to his side.

"Mother sick . . . there."

I'd heard that many times but not seen eyes water in telling it. He looked twelve.

"How old?"

"Sixteen."

"What are you going to do when you don't shine shoes?"

"Three more year I join South Korea Army."

His bearing sharpened. He took out a metal strand and soft cloth and the shoe

surface glistened. He was proud. His father would be proud. He stood up and smiled . . . asked for his six hwan. I handed him 60.

"Oh, no!"

I looked at him but couldn't say anything.

"Six hwan," he said.

I told him to give it to his mother for me.

"I not tell you story for money . . . you ask questions."

I told him I believed him . . . his eyes glazed and fixed on my face.

He took my hand . . . his was very small . . . and shook it very hard. He picked up his box and two nearly empty polish tins. I walked away . . . turned for a last glance.

He stood alone . . . gazing after me.

I walked on . . . saw another kid . . . he was a shoeshine boy. I didn't notice him much. They're all so small . . . like little brothers.



BUDDHA

By Andrew Headland Jr.
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

In dream-like, meditative pose, the monument has remained on the same spot through tidal wave and earthquakes since 240 years before Columbus discovered America in 1492. Nothing is known of the maker of the prototype of this masterpiece and only the name of the master has been recorded (Ono Goroemon). Shortly after being erected, the statue was housed inside a large temple, but a typhoon swept away the building, leaving only the sky for a roof.

After passing the temple gateway, visitors immediately face the majestic monument which Bayart Taylor termed "... the most complete work of Japanese genius, in regard both to art and to the religious sentiment ..."

In style, the statue shows Indian and Grecian as well as Japanese influences, (India being the homeland of Buddhism). The posture, legs crossed in front, is particularly favored by Zen Buddhists, who practice one of the most abstract forms of Buddhism in Japan.

GREEK influence, which penetrated the Far East by way of Gandhara, Bactria, and other countries of Hellenic civilization, is evident through semi-circular eyebrows, horizontal eyes, and the high ridge of the nose.

Japanese characteristics are disclosed in that the upper part of the body is large in proportion to the lower part, while the head is proportionately larger than the body.

In Japan, Buddha's Birthday is celebrated Apr. 8, but the greatest Eastern festival in connection with the cosmic Lord of Light has broader significance. This is the May Full Moon Festival of Wesak, which has been observed throughout the Orient for centuries. The tradition is that at the time of the May full moon the Lord Mahaveya with members of the spiritual hierarchy assemble with the Buddha in a remote Himalayan valley. There the Buddha, for a brief period reappears and



POWER CENTER—The silver protuberance over eyes symbolizes a focal point from which spiritual rays of light are believed to emerge.



THE FACE—Circular disk on top of head represents wisdom. Flecks of original goldleaf covering remain.

renews his association with humanity while healing and beneficial rays of energy are directed into world affairs.

The family name of Buddha was Gausama, the term Buddha being of theological origin. (Alice A. Bailey, in "Initiation, Human and Solar," defines a Buddha as "one who is the 'Enlightened' and has attained the highest degree of knowledge possible for man in this solar system.")

Outstanding among Buddha's teachings was that Nirvana, or release from mortality and suffering, could be attained by following the "Four Noble Truths" and the "Noble Eightfold Path." The truths were that one should not attach himself to material objects, desires, or regard possession and existence on earth as of major importance. The Path consists of right speech, values, living, thinking, aspiration, conduct, effort and right happiness.

By living incarnations according to these standards from lifetime to lifetime, it is taught, individuals can advance rapidly toward Nirvana or the condition in which rebirth no longer is necessary. Mistakes are atoned for and the scales balance.

Today concepts taught by Buddha are held by millions of Asians, predominantly in Thailand, Tibet, Indochina, Nepal, Burma, Ceylon, China, Korea and Japan. Some 25 million Japanese are Buddhists. But India, the cradle of Buddhism, retains only a few hundred thousand members of the Buddhist faith.

TENZING HOUTSI, on top of Mt. Everest, said the first thing he did was to pray to Buddha. "I thought of God and the greatness of His work," he added. A fitting tribute at the end of a climb by a man whose "Noble Eightfold Path" led him to the highest point on earth.

Waiting for the Reds

Editor's Note:—The hardest part of war isn't always the actual contact with enemy troops. The waiting is worse, especially when you're waiting for an enemy you're sure will come. Sometimes he doesn't, but it's rough on the nerves. A marine combat correspondent recently spent a night with a machinegun crew at the front. This is his account.

By Dave X. Sharpe, USMC
Combat Correspondent
1st Marine Division

IT WAS LIKE being in the waiting room of a dentist's office. We hunched in the early-morning cold, waiting for the Red regiments reported heading our way.

A full moon lighted the frost-covered ground of the Korean apple orchard where we waited. Every half-hour an itchy finger brushed a trigger and sent a burst of machinegun fire slashing into the half-light.

To the Marines all around, it was an old story, this silent, patient waiting. Talk drifted everywhere, touching everything but Korea and war. In the machinegun nest were three marines, shadows in the darkness.

One was a replacement, a nervous replacement, on his first night on the line. He was a reservist, an ex-China marine, and talked ceaselessly of China, as if trying to make up for his lack of conversation material in Korea.

We could almost feel them. They had been reported only two miles away just before dark. And the men talked, or hunched low in foxholes to light cigarettes without showing match flares. Many, many nights like this, at Iwo, Tarawa, Inchon, Seoul and the Changjin (Chosin) reservoir, had given them confidence.

They are grown up now, and aren't afraid of the dentist any more.

A machinegunner, Cpl. Gerald E. Augusting of Detroit, was talking about his year-old daughter: "The wife's spoiling the kid. She's got some kind of fancy buggy now, 'n the kid'll think she's a princess." He thought a moment, then said into the dark, "... she is."

A machinegun bolt slammed back, cracking metalli-

cally in the quiet. Bits of metal clinked up and down the line. A rifle butt scraped on the ground.

PFC Gerald Murphy of Jersey City sat behind his gun, smiling. He was talking about his late duty as embassy guard in Paris: "Chelle, you shoulda seen these winnins. They just wouldn't leave us alone." The voice that must have been "Chelle" hissed, and grinned as Murphy continued.

Another marine hollered "shedup" and Murphy slid to the bottom of his hole.

A replacement whispered: "I wonder if they'll come. Jeez, I wish they'd hurry up." The next hole said, "Don't worry about it, kid ... they're probably hurrying."

Less than 100 yards out in front, a Korean thatched roof house peered out of the leafless trees. Since dark it had been one of the main topics of conversation.

"If (they) start gettin' close to it, send a couple tracers through that roof," said Sgt. O. Warren of Lexington, Ky. A marine for over 30 years, Warren slid along the line from man to man, "Keep it down ... how'd you? ... keep alert ... watch that trigger ..."

ONE man stamped his feet to keep warm. Every few minutes he broke into a tune, humming "Hot Lips" to anyone who cared to listen.

Somewhere a truck clattered down a dirt road. Off to our left, it must have been miles away where the line road sloped down from the mountains, and over a bomb-dent, three-masted bridge into the town we guarded.

There was nothing left of the town. It was just a dot on a map, strategic, but smashed. Living, but flattened, collapsed after half a year of supporting the weight of war.

A trip fare went off, and along the line marines pressed against the ground. The silence grew tense. Eyes probed—found nothing.

"Relax, dammit. Probably only a dog."

A dozen watches moved around to three, then four. As the cold grew worse, the tension loosened. It had been a small force reported. Soon it would be daybreak and the enemy's temporary advantage of darkness would be gone. Speculators began their verbal bargaining.

"But they won't come now." "Let 'em. When the sun comes up, we'll slaughter 'em."

As always, the waiting, the uncertainty, was the worst.

To the east, the sky grew steadily lighter over the Korean mountains. Men who hadn't moved for hours stood up to stretch in the early morning glow, and frost that had settled on their parkas cracked and peeled off.

The enemy had decided not to try it tonight. After 12 cold, dragging hours of tension—waiting for something they'd almost known was coming—the whistled, dirty faces started working again.



THE LONG WAIT—Cold and tired, Marine infantrymen watched for signs of the enemy. The early days of the Korean war in particular were characterized by hours of waiting in foxholes dug in frozen earth. Page Seventeen



The 'BALD EAGLE' Is Grounded

By James A. Michener

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON tough, salty Adm. John Perry, commanding the Navy's Task Force 77 off the east coast of Korea, decided that the Bald Eagle of the Essex had done enough. He growled, "No man in this task force is required to risk his life more than four times in a row."

Footloose he laid plans to stop the bravest man in the Navy from flying any more low level missions against the Chinese Communists.

Bald Perry: "This fellow has been shot down into the ocean twice. He has floated in icy waters where other men have frozen to death. He has brought an almost shattered plane into an emergency landing field. And he has limped back to this carrier on a plane containing 99 holes through the wings and body. From now on he's to do paper work."

The man Perry referred to is 35-year-old Cmdr. Paul N. Gray of St. John, Kan., squadron leader of Fighter Squadron 54, and if there is a braver American fighting in Korea nobody has told the Navy about it.

Gray is completely bald, very handsome and apparently without fear. He flies the Navy's heavy AD fighter bomber and when he takes it off the carrier deck it is as heavily loaded as a B-17. Gray's specialty is going in low for some North Korean bridge or railroad trestle, flying through heavy flak and getting whatever he gets after. In the past months he has flown nearly a hundred missions against some of the toughest flak concentrations in the world.

The first time he went into the freezing ocean, where exposure kills a man in less than 20 minutes, was after a run on Hwachwang where he cut railroad tracks to prevent the Communists from bringing supplies up to their frontlines. Missing a succulent engine, he doubled back for a second run and as he laid his heavy bombs into the target, flak smashed his engine and sent flames back along the cowling. Gray fought desperately to reach the sea rather than bail out into Communist hands. He made it and was picked up by a South Korean patrol boat which sailed right into Wonsan harbor to make the rescue.

A week later Gray spotted a cave into which the Communists had run their railroad engines for protection. He faced a

difficult decision. His heavy bombs could get the engines if he went real low, but since their fuses were set for high level work he would run the risk of blowing himself up, too. He took the risk, laid his eggs perfectly, then felt his plane shot into the air by his own bomb blasts.

His plane was practically torn apart. This time he figured that anything was better than hitting the ocean again, so he fought for altitude and drifted south to an emergency field, just making it as his engine cut out. The mechanics said, "This plane can't fly again and the pilot oughtn't to."

Four days later Gray came back from Korea shot up even worse. This time he had 99 holes through his crate and elected to bring it back to his home carrier, the Essex. They gave him a clear deck and stood back to await the crash. He wheeled his heavy bomber in without a tremor, taxied it into position and walked away from it as if he had no nerves in his body.

Gray is a medium sized man with a square jaw which flexes as he talks. After this experience he said, "These boys over there in Korea are getting closer each time."

NEVERTHELESS he went out the next week and flew lower than ever. This time he had a big day and shot up North Korea for a pretty wide stretch but as he headed home a 37-mm. got him right in the engine. He was about ten miles from the sea and coasted his plane in on a long glide. When the destroyer Gregory got to him his hands were frozen and he was suffering from exposure but as soon as he got aboard he asked to be transferred immediately to the Essex, where next morning he conducted his usual briefing for the members of his squadron.

As a result of this fourth escape from death, Perry decided that the Bald Eagle of the Essex had had enough.

But this morning, before the word got to Gray, he was off again. In the bitter cold morning light, with a 45-mile wind whipping icy spray across the deck of his carrier, Gray hurried out to his fifth plane, revved it up, and reared out toward the railroad bridges and trains in North Korea.

I watched this gallant man go and I was in the wardrobe when the sickening news was broadcast, "Commander Gray has been shot down. He landed in the ocean off Wonsan but has not yet been recovered."

LIKE A PARIS MANNISH, the soldier in Korea models what the best dressed men in the United Nations army are wearing this season.

Fall Fashions

By
PFC Hal Ruble
PIO, 24th Inf. Div.



THE PONCHO is a flowing one-piece garment which gives the wearer that Grecian line—and can be used as a tent in an emergency.



BEFORE putting on the "bangles", be sure to apply deodorizing powder freely so you'll know the itching is caused by the wool alone.



EVEN THE SMALLEST of men will leave behind them large footprints in the snows of Korea.



YOU'LL NEVER look so good in a fatigues jacket—and you'll never see anything in Korea like this.

An anguished hush fell over the Essex. Card games stopped. Men who know that no pilot could expect to survive those waters three times running sat staring at the loudspeaker. A young kid next to me started to pray.

Then further details were announced, "Commander Gray was flying low to strafe positions north of Muschon. His propeller was ripped off by 80-caliber fire. There is no news of his rescue."

It was a hellish time in the wardrobe and two members of Squadron 54 left. They trailed aft to their own ready room to be with their own group of men.

Then came the astonishing news, "The destroyer Twining has succeeded in picking Commander Gray out of the ocean off Wonsan."

The card games resumed. A comedian posted a big sign, "Use caution when ditching damaged airplanes in Wonsan harbor. Don't hit Commander Gray." And on the Twining the Bald Eagle of the Essex was arguing that he had to get back to his carrier. When he gets there it won't do him any good. For Admiral Perry has announced, "From now on, paper work."

FREDDY FIFTY-ONE

By T/Sgt. W. J. Colton, USAF
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

IT WAS EARLY MORNING. Low-hanging clouds covered the tops of the mountains surrounding the air base and the sun painted their bottoms pink. Earlier the roar of engines on their pre-flight warm-up awakened me. There was something on my mind that I couldn't shake.

The night before I'd listened to some of the pilots talk about their airplanes. They had said that they were almost human—that they talked to each other while on missions. Of course I didn't believe that the planes were really human or could talk out. I wondered what they might be like if they could.

Now I was wandering among the planes. The parking ramp was deserted. The crew chiefs had finished their pre-flight and were at chow. The parked F-51s gleamed purple in the early morning light. I read the names on some of the planes. Then I saw "Freddy."

Freddy Fifty-One was standing alone in one corner of the parking ramp. He looked tired and dirty and, somehow, almost human. I went over and looked at him. The paint from the insignia was chipping off. His body was scarred with shiny riveted patches. Freddy had been around a long time and had seen a lot—that was evident. I don't know why, but I said, "Good morning, Freddy."

"Mornin' kid," he answered. I gulped a couple of times and looked hard at the airplane. Then I looked around to see if somebody was playing a joke on me. There was nobody in sight.

"What's the matter kid?" The voice was a little hoarse.

"You can't really talk, can you?" I asked.

"That's the trouble with you guys who always keep your feet on the ground," he said almost violently. "You got no faith! Ain't I talkin' to you now?" His voice was still hoarse; next, he was an F-51 Mustang.

"You'll have to admit that it's a little unusual," I said. "What's the matter with your voice?"

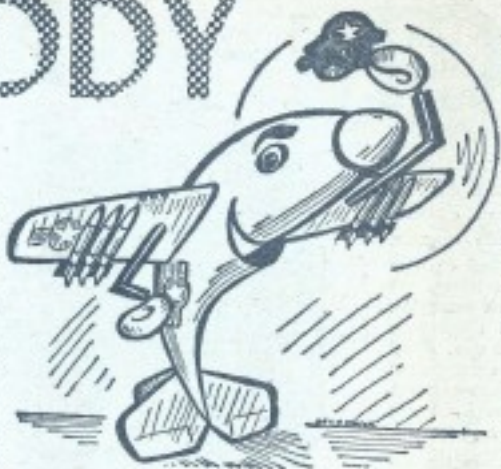
"I ain't as young as I used to be, kid." His voice softened now. Overhead an early morning flight of jets roared by. Freddy looked up at them wistfully and continued, almost as an afterthought, "Yup, I'm gettin' old I guess."

"HELL, OLD!" I said. When you're with an outfit for awhile you kind of get lost in its glory. You're right with it all the time and know what it does. That outfit gets to be the greatest in the world to you. That's how I felt about the 18th Fighter Bomber Wing then. And Freddy was an important part of the 18th.

"If it weren't for you and the rest of these 51s the 18th wouldn't be." I was getting mad now. "Why, hell, you should hear what some of the guys up front say about you."

"Thanks, kid," Freddy said. "I just get discouraged sometimes. I know the guys up front sort of like me. In fact I take a personal interest in them. They're what makes it worth while for me to keep going. And when they wave to me from those mountains up front it kinda makes my Packard heart feel a little better."

Freddie paused a minute as though thinking. Then he continued sort of softly, "Why the biggest thrill of my life was when a bunch of them wonderful ground pounders came out to the strip at Pyongyang, right after the Chinese came into this war, just to see me. They were tired and dirty and I felt kinda sorry for them. Then one of them came up and patted me and said, 'Thanks fella.' Sure made me feel good." A few tears of engine oil oozed down Freddy's cowling. "When you're fightin' for guys like that you can't help but fight hard."



"Tell me, Freddy," I said, "you were one of the first 51s over here in Korea, weren't you?"

"That's right, kid," Freddy answered. "Been here over a year and a half now. They rushed me over from National Guard duty back Stateside. I was in mothballs before that. They gave me a rest after the last war."

"You must have seen plenty in that time," I said.

"Well, kid, I don't usually tell war stories but there were some times when it was kind of rough. There ain't no Purple Hearts for us, ya know, but I guess it wouldn't make much difference if there were I've lost count of the times I've come back shot up. No rotation policy either. The day just sort of comes around when I'll buy the farm like a lot of the others and my grave will be some paddy up in North Korea or else they'll strip me for parts back here. People will soon forget who Freddy was."

"Tell me about some of the things you've seen, Freddy," I asked.

FREDDY chuckled. "I remember the time that two of our boys coming off a mission spotted a haystack with a T-34 tank in it. Boy were they mad. Nothing left but 50s in the wing guns. They strafed the stack and it started to burn. Then they decided to make it a good fire so they took us down on repeated buzzes and fanned the blaze until it got to roaring. Damned if the tank didn't blow up. Another time one of our boys got two tanks with one napalm bomb."

"And speaking of tanks, we got our share of those when they were plentiful—during the early part of the war. We were the first to use the new 6.5 rockets. Worked just like a can opener on those T-34s."

"There was the day we made water burn too!"

I looked kind of puzzled so Freddy came up with the answer.

"My pilot that day walked his 51s past a target and into a stream. Must have been gas stored under the water, cause the whole stream caught fire and burned like hell."

"Our pilots are good, too," Freddy said.

"They have to be good to get us into the places they do. And it was getting into those places that earned us the name 'Truckbusters.'"

"Up on the other side of the line they've taken to trying to fool us with dummy trucks and guns and stuff. Only way to really tell is to get right down on the deck and take a look-see. That's the way to find the camouflaged trucks, too, hidden under trees or in haystacks."

IT CAN get on your nerves though when you're tearing along under trestop level down a valley and come across a cable strung up to peek you off. We're used to it now, though. Besides we got a lot of experience flying under high tension wires and power lines up north. Sometimes the Reds used to throw rocks at us, we were so low. But that gave away their positions and they didn't last long.

I looked at the stars painted on Freddy's side. Freddy saw me looking. "Four easy birds out of the 13 or so the wing has got so far—not bad for an old man, huh?" he said.

"What's the truck for," I asked, and pointed to a brown truck painted alongside the red stars.

"That's the day our flight got 15 trucks on the ground and one in the air!" He saw my double take on that one so explained. "We caught a conveyer coming down a mountain pass. Had a field day but one of the characters tried to outrun us. He missed a curve and shot out into the air, doing slow rolls. Lt. Vernon Burke was in my wing plane then and he caught him going down—blew him up right in the air."

"Oops, here come my medals. Guess it's just about time to shove off kid. Take it easy."

The ground crews were coming out to the planes. Two napalm tanks weighing 1,600 pounds, were loaded onto Freddy's racks. Six rockets joined the tanks and the six wing guns were loaded with .50-cal. bullets. Gas and oil were loaded into Fred-

dy's tanks. The ground crews checked him over one more time.

Then the pilots came out. Freddy's pilot climbed into the cockpit and the crew chief helped him into his harness. Then it was "thumbs up" and 15 F-51s, with Freddy leading, taxied through the mud towards the strip. It was a pretty sight. The Flying Tiger squadron with the tiger teeth painted on the cowling into a gleaming, almost fierce smile; the silvery Mustangs with the Flying Cheetahs painted on their sides—planes of the South African "Z" Squadron; the red tailed, red nosed squadron; and the blinking blue and white nose squadron.

THERE were the last F-51s in Korea. Jets had pretty well replaced the older propeller driven planes. They were patched up and fixed, recalled to active duty but still ready and willing to give out with real close support or to find and destroy enemy materials.

Freddie coughed a couple of times and then his Packard heart beat itself into a roar. With the go ahead from the tower he began to lumber and bounce down the runway. As he passed by where I was standing I swear I saw him wink.

"Good luck, Freddy," I said.

Films in Review

Underwater All Wet



UNDERWATER! (RKO)

Jane Russell, Richard Egan,
Gilbert Roland
Gladys
(Albert D. Hecht)



PLANE TALK—Freddie-51, the plane that tells its own story in the article on this page, held the line in Korea until the jets arrived. (USAF Photo) Page Nineteen

Action at Chinju

By Forrest Kleinman
24th Inf. Div. PIO

THEY CAME AT DUSK, came out of the saffron hills and green rice paddies that faced our battalion's horseshoe position a few miles south of Chinju. They were shooting as they came, charging straight up, screaming between bursts from their automatic carbines. Perhaps they thought that we would be afraid and run away. After all, we had run away before—"strategic withdrawal," I think the newspapers call it.

For more than a week we had been executing strategic withdrawals only a jump ahead of them as they'd steamrollered their way toward the vital Chinju-Musan highway. But we were tired of running, tired of being afraid, and this time we'd been told to hold.

It was a lovely position to hold. It had a "U" of beautiful big hills nicely lumped at the closed end to command the flanks and fronts. They were the kind of hills that murder your legs and lungs but save your life, we'd learned. So we'd climbed those beautiful, brutal hills in the scorching sun and dug deep into their rocky slopes and crests. At the open end of the "U" we'd placed our pair of tanks to cover the road, and then we'd waited in the too peaceful hum of that hot summer afternoon for our enemy to come to get us.

We knew that they were coming long before they began to scream and shoot. Our patrols spotted them about three miles away—a long brown column snaking along one of those back roads in Korea that aren't supposed to be there according to the map but always are when the enemy comes after you. They made a fair target for our artillery and heavy mortars but our stock of ammunition was limited so we saved it to kiss them with later when we could get better acquainted.

Soon their advance patrols were scurrying around the outskirts of our position, trying to draw fire that would disclose our location and strength. I think they were a little puzzled not to find us along the road or on the forward slopes where they had found us before. The speed with which Americans learn from their combat errors puzzled the Germans too, I recall. The enemy we faced now didn't know it, but we had learned many things during the bitter weeks that had passed since we'd first met north of Taegon.

We'd learned that our front is the four points of the compass and to prepare for

attack from any and all of them. We'd learned that an ounce of salt a day can be the difference between an effective combat soldier and a prostrate evacuee. We'd learned to fit our tactical doctrine to the ground as it exists in Korea, not to the ground of the text book examples, and to climb and climb and climb even when we couldn't take another step. We'd learned to hold our fire, to shoot to kill men—not the shadows that come to haunt the imagination at night when a GI and his buddy are alone in their foghaze.

We held our fire now. Even the replacements fresh from the States who'd joined us during the afternoon remembered what they'd been told as they were hurried into the lines. Not a man stirred on the saffron horseshoe of hills. The enemy patrols grew bolder, came closer. Skirmish lines began to form behind them and move forward.

AT THE battalion command post in the yard of a Korean farmhouse within the horseshoe, the staff listened to the reports that flowed in from the OPs by field phone and radio, and they forgot to wipe off the perspiration that dripped from their faces onto their maps. "Able 3 this is Fox 4 . . . approximately 300 North Koreans are moving onto the ridge opposite my position. Their patrols are starting toward us now. . . . Able 3 this is Easy 6 . . . Enemy moving in on us from west and northwest. Looks like at least two companies with machine guns and mortars . . . Able 3 this is Zebra 8. They're closing in fast now. Think they are getting ready to assault. My range is only 400 yards!"

The S-2 and S-3 grinned tensely at each other. Here was the break the 1st Battalion of the 24th Infantry had been waiting for. The enemy was walking right in with his chin out. He'd become so cocky that he was going to assault without further reconnaissance and without artillery or mortar preparation.

The man upon whom the successful utilization of this break depended crouched in his foxhole on the horseshoe, chewing gum from his C ration upper packet. As he peered through the fading light at the gathering figures on the ridge opposite him, he felt for the reassuring presence of this rifle and hand grenades, and he swore softly in a Texas drawl or with a boyish mid-west twang. Or he poked his buddy in the ribs and said in pure Brooklynese: "Let's molder de hums!"

A green flare went up on the ridge



opposite "C" Company on one finger of our "U," followed quickly by another flare from ground at the base. A few seconds later all hell broke loose.

Whistles blew and they came down the slopes into the narrow valleys that separated us from them. They disappeared into the curtains of our mortar fire only to reappear suddenly on our forward slopes. The holes tore in their ranks seemed to be filled as if by a quick-flowing brown liquid from reservoirs behind them.

UP THE slope of the horseshoe they came, apraying the ground ahead of them with fire that crackled around our heads and fused with our own fire into a solid crescendo of sound and fury.

The boys from Texas and Kansas and Brooklyn were firing into them as fast as fingers could squeeze triggers, lead magazines, feed machinegun belts, drop shells into mortar tubes. Tracers laced the purple dusk around them. Bits of their ridge exploded into flashes of light, and jagged metal whined overhead.

At the "C" Company OP the artillery forward observer was calling prepared concentrations onto the rear and flanks of the charging line. A burst of automatic fire hit him in the shoulder, but his voice didn't falter as he spoke into the radio microphone. A few minutes later the enemy silenced him, but not be-

fore he had completed his fire orders for their destruction.

The enemy ranks were ragged now, yet the remnants came screaming over the crest led by a saber-brandishing officer. A burst of automatic carbine fire dropped him.

Grenades popped out of the foxholes like baseballs and took their toll. Here and there along the reverse slope, screams died into gurgles as American bayonets found bellies and throats.

At close quarters in gun positions and foxholes, the enemy died under smashing rifle bullets and the quick, desperate thrusts of trench knives.

Abruptly all firing, all of the sound and fury, ceased. . . .

The silence seeped into our numbed and drunken senses like healing balm. The knots in the pits of our stomachs loosened little by little, and gradually we became aware of the croak of frogs and insect rustles of the lush summer night.

WE FOUND that we could speak again without choking on pounding blood in our throats, and voices began to drift out of the foxholes:

"We did it! We stopped the bastards!"

"Yeah they ain't so tough."

"Well, let's get some more ammo up here. What's left of 'em will be back at dawn."

"Yeah, but they ain't gona' no place!"

U.N. MERRY-GO-ROUND

(Continued from Page Five)

patrol go out to the front and see about the three men.

"So we call our S-2 and our S-2 check to the French. Is that the French send your soldiers on patrol?" my S-2 asks the French.

"Okay, I send my soldiers," says the French. "So my S-2 tells me don't shoot, it is the French?"

"You mean," I asked, "you saw three soldiers in the night? You thought they were Chinese? But they weren't, they were French?"

"That is right," said the Thailander. "But of course we help the French too. Our French soldier and our Thai soldier don't know each other to the language, but we are good friends."

"How about the Americans on your other flank?"

"I tell you a funny story," said the Thailander. "My soldier he drives truck yesterday, he sees some GIs hitchhiking. He stops truck. 'Get in my truck,' he says."

"When he gets out of truck, GI says to my soldier, 'Wish you luck!'"

"So my soldier says, 'Oh never mind,

today hava-yes, tomorrow hava-no.'"

"Why did he say that?" I asked.

"He thought the GI wanted a Lucky Strike," said the Thailander.

"Oh," I said. "Now tell me, how come golden umbrellas are sacred in Thailand?"

"Because the king and the queen, wherever they go, they have golden umbrellas above them."

"If the king came to Korea, would he have to have a golden umbrella?" The Thailander stroked his chin. "In the front, maybe not use."

"I guess that does it," I said. "Thanks a lot." And I started the jeep. "Say,

incidentally—which of you is firing the artillery? The Thailanders, the French, the Dutch, or the Americans?"

"The artillery?" said the Thailander. "That is from the Scotemen."

So I drove away, and picked up a hitch-hiker about a mile down the road. He looked sort of Oriental, but he wore Canadian clothes, a chattrouse scarf, and a beret.

On the beret was a pin with the words: "Ubique quo fas et ducunt gloria."

That's Latin.

"Are you a Thailander?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Are you a Korean?"

"No."

"What outfit are you from?"

"Nihongo-wa wakarimasu-ka?" "No."

He got off at the 2d U. S. Division. I don't know. Maybe he was a Communist.



PVT. WATASHI

By M/Sgt. I. G. Edmonds, USAF
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

PPRIVATE WATASHI WAS THE ONLY buck private jet pilot in history and his nationality was odd even for a U.N. force.

For he was a cannibal, an honest-or-may-I-leave-rotate, sworn to (and at), genuine head-hunter. The facts of his life are obscured by outlandish stories, but research among old meeting reports, charge sheets and KP rosters, plus information from dusty files of old romers, disclose a few unquestionable bits of information.

It is claimed that he flew so many missions the first month that the shadow of his plane wore a groove nine feet deep across the runway. Research proves this a typical exaggeration of his unit. The groove was only four feet deep and besides, it took him three months to do it.

Flying so many missions was not necessarily to his credit. Haste being a proverbial waste-maker. Once he launched a rocket while diving too fast. His plane, "The Stew Pot," outreased the projectile. As he started to pull up, the rocket jammed into his tailpipe. The combination of his own power topped off with the explosion of the rocket's war head sent him flying off into the wild blue yonder so fast that he ran off and left his shadow 42 miles above the bomb-line.

They made him sign a statement of charge for the lost shadow, but since they were not-in-stock at supply, he flew the rest of the war without one. This didn't seem to bother the jet any, which was probably because the "Stew Pot" was as big a character as its pilot.

The plane got its name, incidentally, not because its owner was a cannibal as popu-

larly supposed, but because it was made of left-overs from the salvage yard. It had an F-40 nose and an F-86 tailpipe. Its wings were once tips of a B-36 stabilizer and the fuselage was made up of parts from a P-38, a helicopter, a World War I Jenny, the dirigible Von Hindenberg and a couple of Schuffert cartoons. Its top speed was secret, but it was commonly supposed to combine the performance records of all its component parts. Its bomb load was so great they had to be stacked atop the wings. They were dropped by waggling the wings.

Watashi was a member of the Headhunters Squadron of the 5th Fighter-Bomber Wing. He first joined the unit about 1917 at least. Then he was just a hideous head painted on the sides of their aircraft. Just where, what, when, why and how he stopped being a picture and started flying himself is lost in a mass of conflicting stories that have no place in a true account like this one.

ONE THING is certain. He joined the service as a private and remained such through three wars. It is authoritatively reported that his rank was so low he had to salute "Bad Back".

One day, however, he failed to come back from a mission. No one thought much of it at first and were grateful for the unaccustomed peace and quiet. Watashi had been late before. Once he fell out of the cockpit. The "Stew Pot," having more sense than the pilot, came on home and landed. Watashi parachuted into a barren area and had to chop off his left leg and dine on it cannibal fashion to keep alive.

The Old Man had been properly outraged and wanted to court martial him for mutilating government property. But he softened when the little cannibal got

some indigestion from eating himself and almost died.

But this time it looked as if Watashi had bought the farm. The Old Man was all broken up. In a way he and Watashi had a lot in common; both liked to chew on airman.

Then shortly after Watashi showed up, looking gray and transparent, an authentic ghost if there ever was one. The two old fighters cried on each other's shoulder for several minutes. The moment of tragedy swept away all the ill feelings of the past year, including the one that arose when the squadron roster kept decreasing while Watashi's pot-shaped tummy kept increasing.

Then Watashi allowed as how he must get back to his new assignment, the devil having only given him a three-day pass.

"Confound it, Watashi," the Old Man said. "You can't leave. You're our spirit."
"Maybe so," the little ghost said, "but

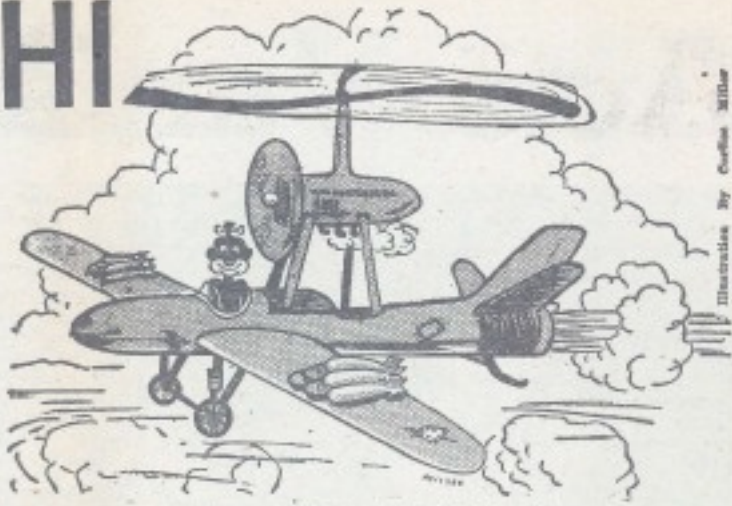
I always had this outfit stowed up as preferring their spirits in a bottle—"

"That'll do, Watashi!" the Old Man broke in. "No devil is going to steal any of my men. Get your helmet and flag yourself down to briefing right now!"

Then to take the sting out of his angry words, for he was a kindly man at heart—100 persons of his squadron to the contrary, he added:

"LISTEN, Watashi. You are the symbol of the American ability to make light of its difficulties. In times like these we need our Paul Bunyans, Pecos Bills and Davy Crocketts. Maybe you aren't quite the man those heroes were, but until something better comes along, you'll have to do. I'm depending on you to keep them flying. Now don't let me and the country down."

And so that is why a little gray ghost rides with the Headhunters Squadron, complaining, scolding and pleading as he tries to make top combat pilots of his men.



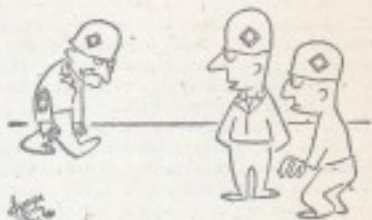
The Stew Pot, Watashi's Hybrid Fighter

Illustration by Corbin Miller

LAFFS from the PAST



"When you're on latrine detail, Hakim, YOU pull latrine detail!"



"Speak of the devil . . ."



"If they attack, I want you to make them PAY for every inch of this hill!"



"I think they're British. Can you speak any British?"

The Vanishing AINU

By PFC Howard J. Sayre
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff



REJECTS PRESENT—The Ainu, the Orient's only Caucasian people, reject the march of progress and cling to their ancient customs.

This rejection of changing times is leading the race rapidly toward extinction. Less than 2 percent are full-blood Ainu.

CLINGING TENACIOUSLY to their homeland in the Hokkaido hinterlands, 300 pure-blood Ainu represent the last remnants of a once proud and thriving race.

Through intermarriage with Japanese, reluctance to accept modern ways, and devastating epidemics and plagues in the 18th Century, their number has dwindled to the vanishing point. Within 30 years authorities estimate the last of the pure-blood, hairy people will be gone. There are about 18,000 living mixed-blood Ainu.

Ainu average under 5 feet 2 inches tall, have unusually broad, short faces with long mustaches and beards, bushy eyebrows and large, sunken light-brown eyes.

A portion of the Ainu descent can be traced to their fierce repulsion of anything new or Oriental. Two schools of thought exist relating to their origin. The most favored surmise the tribe migrated from the Caucasus mountains in Central Russia. They worked south over the Kuril Island chain and eventually settled in Hokkaido.

Other anthropologists believe the Ainu came from the island group north of Australia. The Ainu spoken language is similar to the dialect spoken in that area.

There is also disagreement among the scientists regarding the time of the Ainu migration to the Japanese islands. Estimates range from 50,000 to 2,000 years ago, with most scientists agreeing on a period

Ancient Korean Customs

By Stella B. Winnia

SINCE THE ANNEXATION of Korea to Japan in 1910, followed by the establishment of a republic, the Korean mode of living has been somewhat modified. Nevertheless, many time-honored customs and traditions still persist.

As late as 1920, no Korean was without his top-knot, an inherited custom established upward of 20 centuries ago. When a youth gave up his twin pig-tails for a stiff twist of hair atop his head, he acquired the badge of manhood. In fine weather he added a black horsehair hat with a conical crown about five inches in diameter. This one-to-two-ounce wisp of headgear, completing a white costume of astonishing impracticality, may still be seen in Korea.



The costume peculiar to Korean women was a current fashion during the Ming era in China. After its adoption by the Koreans, the short jacket and swathed skirt became the national costume, varied only in the manner of wearing. For a long period of time the women attached the coat below the eyes, the sleeves falling over the ears. The effect was that of a person who has hastily thrown a coat over the head without putting the arms into the sleeves.

Tradition has it that this peculiar way of sporting a coat arose at a time when Seoul was attacked and the fighting men were reduced in number. The women, arrayed in men's coats to deceive the enemy, mounted the walls and carried on the defense. For many years, thereafter no Korean woman put her arms through the sleeves of her coat, but in modern times the jacket is worn again in normal fashion.

The costume of both sexes was formerly made from the fibres of the white nettle, woven on crude looms. This material made a compulsion to scratch for any cause whatsoever come under the head of socially permissible acts. When the Koreans can afford it, they wear thin silks of blue, lavender or white. Probably owing to the poverty of the country the heavy *spangelle* brocade common in both China and Japan have never proved popular.

The social position of Korean women was formerly deplorable and still leaves much to be desired. Only

the lower classes were permitted a normal freedom and that privilege was accorded them for the purpose of accomplishing their daily task of pounding to lily whiteness the garments worn so nonchalantly by members of the family.

The style of dress wished upon her by an unimaginative emperor has always proved a handicap to the Korean woman of the laboring classes. In many instances a nursing mother solved her costume problems by sidetracking fashion and wearing her breasts outside her bodice with the gay unconcern of a Bettieell Venus.

Women of the upper classes lived the lives of secluded slaves. Silence was a woman's first duty. Perhaps this rigid rule accounts for the old custom of building in each residence a special room for women, wherein no male was permitted to enter. In this sanctum sanctorum the long waffling female could blow her top and put in the middle name of friend husband or father when sanity depended upon a safety-valve for pent up wrath.

Etiquette demanded that a Korean gentleman never glance at a woman, and if a young girl were seen talking to a man she was considered disgraced.

On her wedding day, the proper bride was supposed to keep as mute as a graven image. Even in the nuptial chamber she was forced to maintain silence as she was spied upon by female servants listening for a breach of etiquette. A single word and the bride lost caste forever in her circle.

AS MARRIAGES were usually family arranged unions, a husband might be married for weeks before he knew the sound of his wife's voice. Often years passed without a well-bred woman addressing her father-in-law.

Korean girls often possess a delicate patrician beauty not unlike that of the Manchu women of North China. *Pyeong-An* is said to have produced the most beautiful women and from that region in ancient times came the concubines for the royal court.

The people of old Korea were divided into four classes: higher civil and military officials, the social elite, the commoners, and the peasants or laborers. The number of rooms in a dwelling was fixed by social caste, an official rating 90 to 90 and a commoner no more than 30. Because of the patriarchal system of housing a tribe of indigent relatives, a well-to-do person built his residence to the prescribed limit.

A special heating system peculiar to Korea is a hearth built under the house with passages to carry the heat and smoke beneath the floors to warm the rooms. According to an ancient legend, the concubine of a rich

lord was in the habit of entertaining her lover on the sly. One night hearing her lord approach, the two-timing beauty hid her boy friend in the cold furnace under the floor, only to have her master order a great fire built to warm his aged bones. It is further declared that the poor little dear had great difficulty in maintaining her composure as her sweetheart twisted about under the floor until he was done to a turn.

The Korean wedding ceremony is also performed according to lacquered etiquette. The groom visits the bride's house and takes an oath in front of a wooden goose, emblem of constancy. Later the bride comes by on a palanquin and serves wine to her parents-in-law. She then worships before the ancestral tablets and returns home. The groom makes a second visit and finally brings the silent bride to his home.

Funerals are also showy exhibitions with many costly features, including hired mourners. Interment without cremation is still prevalent on the peninsula.

The festivals in Korea are not unlike many in Japan. New Year's Day; the Birthday of Buddha, April 8; and the Day of the Children, May 5, are celebrated in a



merry fashion. The lucky day of the lucky month July 7, is a time when all maidens pray for their hearts' desire. On Aug. 15 and Sept. 9 songs and dances, games and wrestling tournaments are held in connection with the moon and the harvest. The month of October is devoted to visiting family tombs and making the yearly supply of pickles, these totally unrelated activities being described in an old book of travel as among the common customs of Korea.

No traveler mentions Korea without describing Korean pickles. All kinds of fruits and vegetables are pickled in brine or vinegar; but according to the some cosmopolitan gourmets, the most exciting dish is *kimchi*, Chinese cabbage, pickled with a mixture of garlic, red pepper, parsley, chestnuts and other kitchen edibles. *Kimchi* is really out of this world when served as a side-dish with milked puppy, or hot dog in the literal sense; at least that is what old-timers in Korea claim.



BEAUTY NOTE—Tattooed moustaches and strings of glass beads are the height of fashion among Ainu women. Tattooing was prohibited by law 45 years ago.

BEAR BAITING—At the Ainu bear festival a live animal is killed with spears. This ancient custom has been outlawed, but still is rarely performed.



about 4,000 to 5,000 years ago.

Their first homes were caves. They refused to bow to the existing customs and soon segregated themselves. Gradually the need for more land sent the Japanese across the straits to Hokkaido, forcing the Ainus to smaller settlements in the mountains and fishing villages.

The separate villages were ruled by chiefs. There was no harmony among the isolated groups and tribal wars were common. No record of any written language exists and all communications was done orally.

Their pagan religion, based on animal gods, and weird beliefs about good and bad, were factors that led to their disintegration as a race. They believed that only those things that benefited the community

were good, regardless of the effect on the person.

Punishment was administered to evildoers by striking them with knurled clubs. If the victim lived, he was innocent. If he died, he was guilty.

Their worship included a bear fetish. Until recently a three-year-old bear was sacrificed annually in a bear festival. The bear was tied to stakes and shot repeatedly with arrows. While dying, the bear was goaded with a long spear to increase its suffering. As a final touch, the bear's neck was crushed between two poles.

Villagers then danced and chanted around the dead bear until it was skinned and its blood drunk by the celebrants. The Ainus believed the bear was really a god in disguise and they were doing him a favor by

killing him so he could return to heaven. In return for the favor the bear gave his meat and hide to the Ainus.

Such primitive and cruel celebrations have been outlawed and are now held only at rare intervals.

Also women occupy a secondary position in the family. Everything they do is to help their husbands and they are not allowed to nag or bicker with their male partners. Although it is generally conceded that having a baby is a woman's job, it is the man who does the resting and recuperating after the child is born.

The male must rest so that the spirit which rests with the man may pass from him to the new-born babe.

PRAYING to the animal gods is a masculine job. It is considered sacrilegious for the women to pray. Their duty is to bear children, support the family if the father is not a good provider, or hit the sake bottle as some do. They also make clothes and look ravishing—at least according to Ainu standards.

Lip and arm tattooing were considered essential to the well-groomed Ainu lass. The painful process was begun when the young woman reached her 18th birthday. Usually an aunt of the girl performed the ritual by piercing the skin between the lip and nose and rubbing charcoal and dark dyes into the wounds. Other tattooing was done on the body.

Tattooing has been prohibited by the government for the last 45 years and only women over 60 still carry the marks of their "beauty."

Ainu hand-made native dress is made by chewing the bark of the Japanese elm until the fiber is soft and pliable. This is then woven into a loose fitting garment resembling a kimono. Once a design has been used, an Ainu woman never uses the identical design again.

With the passing of the last pure-blood Ainu in the near future, another of the races of the world will disappear. As a people, the Ainus asked for nothing, made no important contributions to world culture—did little to perpetuate their race—refused to accept modern ways of life and finally gave way to a more progressive world.

Wakarimasen

By Eleanor Hicks

ON MY WAY to visit a Japanese friend's home near Fujisawa recently, I got lost and decided to try out my Japanese conversation, which I have been practicing for two years, on one of the native population. I parked my jeep in front of a Japanese home and walked over the stone steps in the garden to the rear of the house. There I found two maids who were washing clothes and hanging them on a bamboo pole to dry.

"Obie gazzai—ee maasoo," I said to the maids. "Anno-nay dekkadeeka house Nakamura-san?" I hoped that Mr. Nakamura would turn out to be a neighbor.

The maids shook their heads and giggled, and one of them rushed into the house. She came out quickly, bringing with her a Japanese-looking gentleman as these old eyes have ever seen. He was dressed in kimono and gets, he carried a fan, he was silent and mysterious. The gentleman bowed, and I bowed, and he waited for me to speak.

"Gomendassayee," I explained. "Mushimushi—dohkedeska house Nakamura-san?"

The gentleman looked thoughtful. "I am sorry but I do not know this gentleman that you refer to as 'Nakamura-san,'" he replied. "But if you're looking for a house in Fujisawa, I suggest that you drive straight down this road, and turn right at the first big turn. Keep going to the railway station . . . perhaps you can telephone your friend from there."

"Thank you ever so much," I gulped, astonished and admiring. "You have a wonderful command of English, you know."

"Ah yes," replied my inscrutable Oriental. "I am a graduate of the Harvard School of Business."

As I drove away in my jeep, I couldn't help reflecting a bit about the strangeness of this encounter. Once again, I felt the mystery, the enchantment of the Orient all around me. I blessed the day, two years

before, when I had diligently begun the study of the Japanese language. How would I make out in Japan without it?

At the railway station, I telephoned my friend and he bicycled to the station to direct my way. That evening, I returned to Tokyo without further adventure or mishap.

The following morning, however, two things happened that crystallized the slowly forming thought in my mind that I should write an article about learning to speak Japanese. I went to a barber shop where several attractive Japanese lady barbers worked. While I was waiting my turn, an American GI conducted the following Japanese conversation with the prettiest barber.

"Sorry I no see you Friday night, baby san," said GI Joe. "Me catch had cold go bed Friday sleep tekann no get up."

The Oriental beauty smiled. "Take it easy, Joe," said she. "See you later."

AFTER the barber shop, I had lunch at the Imperial Hotel where I heard another Japanese conversation. An American lady was talking to her driver at the hotel's entrance. "Me eat luncho," says she. "You eat luncho come back 1 o'clock." "Yes, madame," was his answer. "I shall return for you at 1 o'clock."

"O. K. Joe," said the lady. "Don't forgeto."

Newcomers to Japan who wish to learn to speak Japanese should also remember that in dealing with certain people, you must use different dialects.

Take your dressmaker, for instance. If she has difficulty in understanding what kind of dress you want her to make, it's probably because you are speaking Tokyo Japanese to her, and she's a Kyushu girl. Whereas in Tokyo Japanese you would say to her, "Hey, you make dress dooo same this picture Sears Roebuck catalogue," in Kyushu you would say, "Anno ne . . . Sears Roebuck catalogue, ne? . . . you make dress dooo same this picture, ne?"



One more example, because this dialect business is more important than a beginner can possibly imagine.

In Tokyo Japanese, you say to the garage mechanic, "Hokay Joe, you fix?"

In Kyushu, the correct remark is "Joe you fix bokay?"

There are certain basic Japanese words and phrases which, once learned, will make it possible to talk to the Japanese anywhere, anytime. If you have any sense at all, you will jot down the following Japanese words, learn to say them correctly, and benefit thereby.

English Word	Corresponding word in Japanese
GI	GI
MP	MP
whisky coke	whisky cokoy
Scotch and soda	Scotch soda
beer	beero—beera
stiter bug	stiter bug
cigarette	cigaretto
hurry up	hubbuhubba
dance	dance party
eat	chop-chop
jeep	jeeps
Gary Cooper	Gakree Coops
Ingrid Bergman	Inglish Bergman
20,000 yen	20,000 yen
thank you very much	sessh you very much

BLONDE BOMB Sizzles FRONT

By Cpl. Bob Jennings



MARILYN PROVES THAT WORLD'S BEST KNOWN CHASSIS IS 'FOR REAL.'

WITH U.S. 7TH DIV., Korea, Feb. 27 (Pao, S&S)
—Marilyn Monroe sizzled through giant outdoor shows on Korea's cold front yesterday and proved to 25,000 Yanks that the world's best known chassis is "for real."

The fabulous blue-eyed platinum top blonde exploded in song at this Bayonet outfit last night with the impact of an eight-inch gun. To training-weary Americans 5,000 miles from home, Marilyn was an uncanny phenomenon.

Even for the little class of thinly-clad Koreans that nestled quietly behind the 12,000-man audience, she was like a strange creature of another age brilliantly blazing in the quiet of shell-fractured Korea. Miss Monroe was met at the 7th Div. CP by Maj. Gen. Lionel C. McGarr, division commander, and a corps of official and unofficial well-wishers. A screen of yellow smoke billowed up to herald the arrival of her three-chopper party.

Embarked, Giggled

The girl who rocketed to stardom on a calendar in her birthday suit embarked and giggled "Those birds are wonderful."

The bombshell was introduced with a rousing assembly version of "There's Nothing Like a Dame" followed by hair-raising, ear-splitting cat calls which brought her—here in the flesh—shimmering to the floor.

The hot-eyed calendar girl tossed off kisses and "thank yous" to the troops, then dove into a surveyed version of Gerahwin's "Do It Again." The point in the lyrics that go "You Won't Regret It Come and Get It" brought earthshaking hubbub shattering this already electric air.

General Welcome

Following these performers, General McGarr climbed on stage to thank the Hollywoodite for bringing to the Bayonet Div. "our biggest morale booster" making her an honorary member of the outfit. "You are the greatest hit the Yankee Clipper ever made" the general said.

With two huge tanks flanking the stage, Marilyn said she felt "very safe" and after the show slipped away to the general's mess where she was presented with a Bayonet smothered with rank and unit insignias.

Charm, Poise

Anti-Monroe fans in Korea became pro-Monroe fans in a matter of seconds for the wet-eyed bombshell startled the most war-torn lot with a barrel of charm, poise and general good nature.

At the afternoon performance at the 1st Marine Regt., Miss Monroe, came wittingly close to inciting a riot among the leathernecks, some of whom had been waiting for eight hours to see her.

The show, to be followed today at the 3rd Div., 40th Div. and 25th Div., was in every way incredible, but all too short to suit homesick servicemen on the front.

"Were you cold up there?" asked one correspondent. "I didn't feel anything—except good," drooled Marilyn. Twenty-five thousand Americans felt the same way.



"Tell him again that Marilyn has gone home and that maybe she'll stop here next year—but be careful, he may get violent."