STARS AND STRIPES
AN AUTHORIZED PUBLICATION OF THE ARMED FORCES FAR EAST
Vol. 8 No. 40
Week of October 3, 1965

WE'RE 20 YEARS OLD TODAY!

STARS AND *Pacific* STRIPES

PUBLISHED DAILY IN TOKYO — FOR U. S. FORCES — IN JAPAN AND KOREA

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 — DISTRIBUTION: FREE — WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1945

Christmas at Home Possible for 60s

By Cpl. PETER GROOSKY
Pacific Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

YOKOHAMA—Enlisted men with as low as 60 points have "a fair chance" of being home for Christmas, Col. L. B. Shaw, the Eighth Army's G-1 executive officer, predicted yesterday, emphasizing that only a shortage of shipping facilities will prevent completion of that goal.

"There's not an empty bunk on any sort of vessel or plane bound for the States which is not being used to return men for discharge," Colonel Shaw declared.

ANNAMESE GIRD FOR BATTLE IN INDO-CHINA

Casualties Mount as Rebellion Continues; Java Is New Hot Spot

Truman Looks In

FRESH FOODSTUFFS ARRIVING SOON

Thirty Days' Supply Due in at Yokohama

ANOTHER FIRST FOR THE FIRST

The First Cavalry Division rang up another record and is telling the world about it. First in Manila, the First Cav has been informed as being first in Tokyo.

Pacific Stars & Stripes Photo

UNION CLAIMS AUTO MAKERS STIR STRIKES

R. J. Thomas Charges

'MAGIC CARPET' TO TAKE VETS HOME

2,000,000 Pacific Troops Due Boat Ride

World Government Control Recommend

Six Corregidor Vets Given Purple Hearts To Go With Freedom

'Democracy' Heard In Chinese Confabs

Allies To Relinquish Large Portion of Italy

London Train Wreck —Kills 28; Injures 94

Home-Bound Yanks Set Speed Record in B-29s

The Weather

Japanese Air Force Demobilized by GHQ

Korean Occupation Ousting Japanese

Halsey Ready to Bow Out

World News Coverage Now On Daily GI Menu

Tokyo to Have Face Washed

Raw Rubber Hits U.S. From Pacific

PACIFIC

STARS AND STRIPES

AN AUTHORIZED PUBLICATION OF THE U.S. ARMED FORCES IN THE FAR EAST

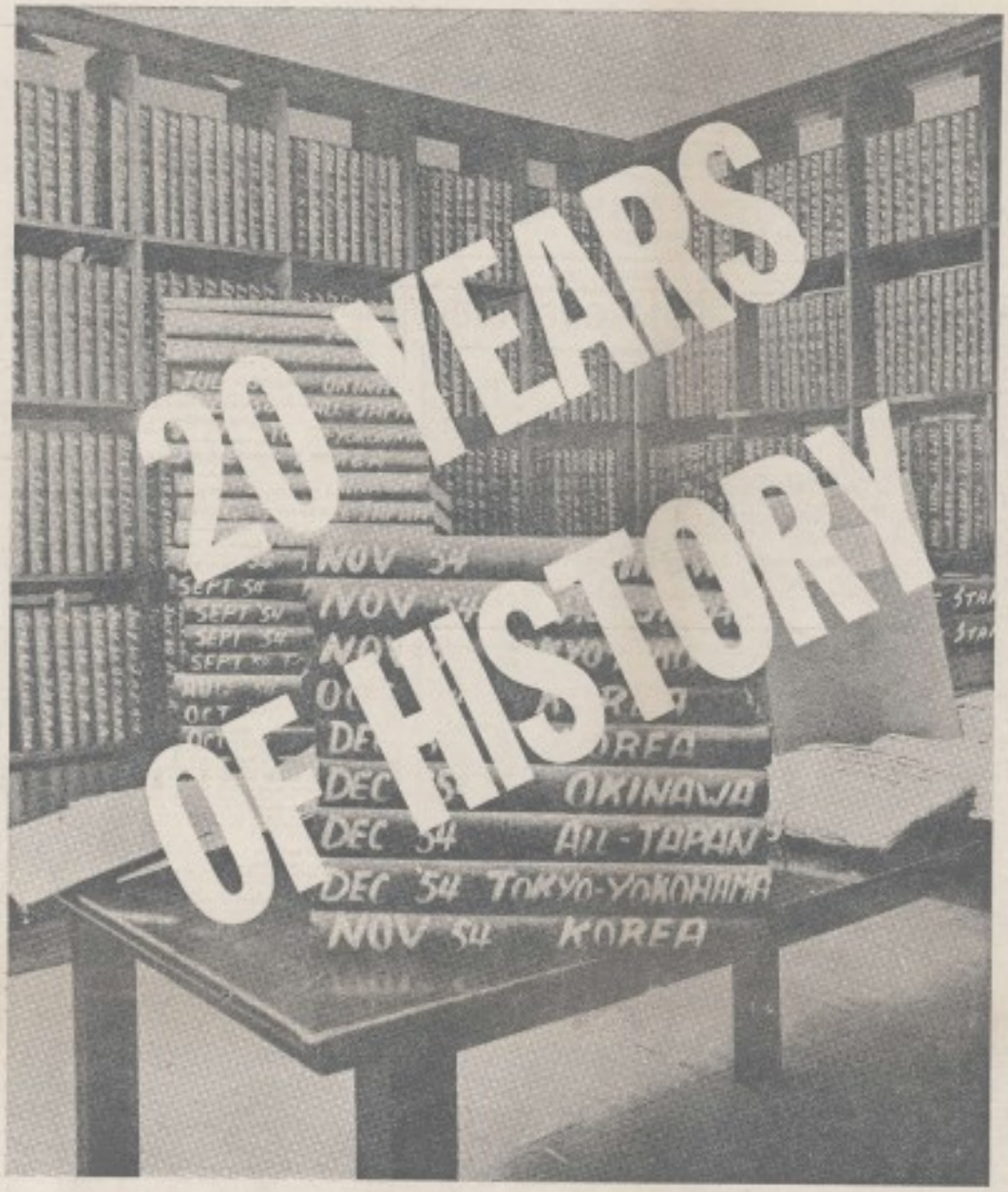
THE DAILY 10th BIRTH SUPPLEMENT

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES was born in the aftermath of one Pacific war, celebrated its 10th birthday in the wake of another and reaches the ripe age of 20 as many of its readers are engaged in even another great struggle in Asia.

It is logical, therefore, that much of what is reproduced in the following pages is of a warlike nature as we present some of the best of 20 years of Pacific Stars and Stripes. "The best of Stripes" is perhaps a misnomer. There is not enough space, even in this expanded supplement, to include all "the best" from the files of 20 years. But here is some of the best a birthday present to our readers from staffers past and present.

FEATURE EDITOR: Richard H. Larsh — ART DIRECTOR: George V. Stewart

Page 1, Oct. 3, 1945—Vol. 1, No. 1—Carried Birth Notice



Stars and Stripes reporter Cpl. Ernie Peeler was killed during assignment early in the Korean War.

ON OCT. 3, 1965, *PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES* celebrates its 20th anniversary and continues to publish and distribute daily in an area larger than all 50 United States.

No commercial newspaper in its right mind would undertake the job Stripes has been doing for two decades—serving readers in an area of almost 1½ million square miles and publishing a daily 24-page tabloid without advertising and virtually without subsidy.

One month after the first occupation troops landed in Japan—on Sept. 2, 1945—American men in uniform had a daily link with home and the rest of the world—their own newspaper.

Today members of the U.S. Armed Forces and their dependents throughout the Far East and Southeast Asia continue to read tri-service Stripes daily—but a bigger and better newspaper than ever before.

The crisp, 24-page tabloid that marines read today on the beaches of Chu Lai in the Republic of Vietnam is a lot sprightlier than that first *Pacific Stars and Stripes* that was distributed to 1st Cav. Div. soldiers in Japan in 1945.

Stripes was first printed in Tokyo on the presses of the Asahi Shimbun on Oct. 3, 1945. Editorial offices were established on the third floor of the Nippon Times (now Japan Times) building a few blocks away. (Times' presses were inadequate to print S&S).

The cramped downtown quarters and the awkward publishing arrangements, sufficed for eight years. During this time, staff writers reported military events, sports, arrivals and departures of military leaders and training exercises. But the routine of peacetime news coverage was shattered in mid-June, 1950, when the Republic of Korea was invaded by north Korean communists. Stars and Stripes editorial department was put on a war-time reporting basis and staff writers were dispatched overnight to the fighting fronts.

Two of these soldier-newsmen, Pvt. Hal Gamble and Cpl. Ernie Peeler, knew there was only one way to cover Korea: plod along with the infantry. They did. The keys of Tokyo's teletypes clattered out their dispatches. Later Peeler became the first U.N. correspondent listed as "missing and presumed dead" at the front.

Stripes had necessarily expanded and on Sept. 29, 1950, printing of a Korea edition began in Pusan.

On Nov. 29, 1953, S&S moved into a converted Japanese Army barracks at Hardy Barracks, Tokyo. One month later, it was operating independently with its editorial, business, circulation and production facilities all housed under the same roof. About 154,000 copies of

(Continued on Page A-25)

This is how the Stars and Stripes city room looked in 1953, when editorial offices were located in Japan Times Building in downtown Tokyo. City editor then was MSgt. Herbert E. Scott (at extreme left).

The Stripes Idea Was Born in 1918...

The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 1 FRANCE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918. PRICE: 50 CENTIMES.

MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Impression That They Will Be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP

Some System to Be Instituted and Rotated to Give All Possible Variety.

"FINE TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rates Are Explicit.

OFF FOR THE TRENCHES

When a certain regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door:—

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a [illegible],
By the howling, jumping [illegible],
Colonel, we'll be Gott-Strafed if the Blank-tench lets it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Rump ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a-squatting in the ditches very long;
For we'll soon be beating through, sir,
God help [illegible] when we do, sir—
Let's get going, Colonel (Mark), because we're feeling mighty strong.

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE

Red Cross Dentist's Office

Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF

IN this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home. Commensurate with their privilege in being here, is the duty which is laid before them, and this duty will be performed by them as by Americans of the past, eager, determined, and unyielding to the last.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE U.S. CAPTIVES

A.E.F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

GIVEN UNEATABLE BREAD.

Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS.

Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives Into France.

ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

"Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

Serving Stripes Runs in Family

Franklin P. Adams (left), who became famed as the newspaper columnist F.P.A. and the radio personality of "Information Please," served in uniform on the staff of World War I's Stars and Stripes. Thirty-five years later another Adams served another Stars and Stripes. This time it was F.P.A.'s son Timothy (right) who was a staffer on Pacific Stars and Stripes during the Korean War. Tim's father died in 1960.

NEWSROOM OF WORLD WAR I STRIPES WAS A SYMPHONY IN KHAKI EVEN TO THE WALLS AND FURNITURE.

...With Full Backing of General Pershing

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
Bulletin No. 10 France, Feb. 8, 1918

1. The Commander in Chief has authorized the publication of a weekly newspaper by and solely in the interests of the personnel of the A.E.F.

2. This newspaper—the only official publication of the A.E.F.—has been named the Stars and Stripes. It will be published every Friday, beginning February 8, 1918, for the duration of the war . . . .

Signed by Command of General Pershing

★ ★ ★ ★

BEHIND THIS TERSE announcement was the drama and Yankee ingenuity of 2d Lt. Guy T. Viskniskki, a mail censor with the AEF and the father of the Stars and Stripes idea.

Viskniskki had been thwarted in many efforts to organize a troop newspaper, and finally assured of official sanction, he borrowed $5,000 from GHQ, newsprint from La Societe Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay and arranged to use the Paris presses of the London Daily Mail.

Thus on the day of the official announcement, the first edition of Stars and Stripes rolled off the press with Viskniskki as officer in charge. He later became a newspaper efficiency expert.

Other staffers were Marine 2d Lt. Charles P. Cushing, formerly with the Kansas City Star, Pvt. Hudson Hawley, formerly with the 101st Machine Gun Battalion and the Hartford (Conn.) Times and Marine Pvt. Albian A. (Wally) Wallgren.

Hawley wrote 90 per cent of that first eight-page edition. Wallgren, the cartoonist who worked for the American Legion Magazine after the Armistice, did the drawings.

Within a month after the paper's first edition Hawley rescued one Sgt. Alexander Woollcott from Base Hospital No. 8 where he was performing duties as an aidman. Woollcott was joined two weeks later by Private Harold W. Ross, who became managing editor.

UNIFORMED SOLDIERS OPERATED THE LINOTYPE MACHINES IN PARIS.

★ ★ ★ ★

WOOLLCOTT'S ACID WIT in later years was to make him internationally famous as New York Times drama critic, radio commentator and writer ("While Rome Burns").

Ross later won fame as editor of The New Yorker magazine until his recent death.

The enlisted titans of that first Stars and Stripes staff also welcomed into their ranks the late Capt. Franklin P. Adams, New York Tribune columnist who gained fame as a humor writer and popular television panelist. Another well-known Stripes staffer was 1st Lt. Grantland Rice, who was "hired to be a sports editor, promptly canned the sports page for the duration of the war and went off to report the front."

One of the first front page bylines the newspaper carried was that of W. J. Pegler, then a United Press correspondent with the AEF who was yet to become the controversial Westbrook of later years.

★ ★ ★ ★

That first edition of Feb. 8, 1918, was prepared in a tiny shop on Rue St. Jean in Neufchateau, France, then the field press headquarters for the AEF. Later the offices moved to a plush hotel near the Louvre in Paris. In the 16 months of its existence, the newspaper soared to a peak circulation of 565,000.

Now, The Stars and Stripes banner continues its service in the Far East.

But that's another story.

Papers traveled from Paris plant by truck, train and motorcycle.

THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20301

Message to the Pacific Stars and Stripes on the Occasion of its 20th Anniversary on 3 October 1965

I am pleased to have this opportunity to compliment the personnel who are associated with the Pacific Stars and Stripes and who today celebrate its twentieth anniversary. It is a top-flight newspaper. Its production is an example of cooperation among the military services at its best. Its editions are welcomed in all corners of the Far East and its first-rate news reporting, comment, and features maintain the high journalistic standards readers have come to expect from any newspaper entitled Stars and Stripes.

You have my best wishes for continued success.

Earle G. Wheeler

EARLE G. WHEELER
Chairman
Joint Chiefs of Staff

GENERAL EARLE G. WHEELER
Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

Birthday Greetings

ADMIRAL U.S. GRANT SHARP
Commander-in-Chief Pacific

THE SOLDIERS, sailors, marines and airmen of the Pacific Command join with me in extending to the staff of *Pacific Stars and Stripes* heartiest congratulations on your 20th anniversary of publication.

For two decades, in peace and in war, Stars and Stripes has been a dependable source of balanced news from home and the world for those stationed in the far reaches of the Pacific.

Gallant U.S. servicemen serving in a combat area once again find Stripes to be an important link with home. The men in the Republic of Vietnam and across the vast areas of the Western Pacific depend on Stripes for many of the columnists, features and sports accounts which they have read daily in their Stateside newspapers.

Keeping our men well informed is an important contribution to the PACOM mission. To each staff member of Pacific Stars and Stripes, best wishes.

FOR TWENTY YEARS history has thundered across the desks of the publishers, editors and writers of *Pacific Stars and Stripes*. They look upon the whole world as their news beat. They are conscientious and dedicated to the news—to the fact, to the event. As veterans, or men in uniform, they have a broader concept of what is news to their readers because military personnel have a broader interest in international events.

Pacific Stars and Stripes has always been an unbiased and comprehensive news report the American serviceman demands. It is a product and a service and has a daily circulation of over 300,000. It is a newspaper with a "back home" look that the men in uniform recognize. It is a paper dedicated to keep Americans overseas informed of what is going on in the world.

To make the newspaper available to American servicemen in the Pacific, *Stars and Stripes* is flown, rushed by rail, hauled by ship and transported by helicopter, truck and jeep. To this end, *Pacific Stars and Stripes* extends its circulation lines to fantastic lengths. It publishes five editions. The Korea edition is flown to the shadows of the DMZ; the Okinawa edition is dispatched to that bastion of Asian defense; the Japan edition is flown, trained and trucked throughout Japan; the Vietnam edition is distributed to the foxholes, bunkers and lonely barracks of Vietnam; and the Air edition is delivered to the Philippines, the isolated flight lines of Wake and Guam, the Chinese stronghold of freedom on Taiwan and other far-flung regions of the Pacific.

In the Pacific area, perhaps more so than in any other place where U.S. Forces are stationed, it is important that they have access to a highly professional and sound news source. Through the years, the *Pacific Stars and Stripes* has served this purpose well.

During the two years that I have been with the newspaper, the professional quality and high journalistic standards have been especially noteworthy. Significant changes in format have measurably enhanced the effectiveness of an already sound publication.

It has been a privilege and an honor to be associated with the staff of *Pacific Stars and Stripes* and its readers. I sincerely hope that the progress of the past twenty years continues in the years to come. May I add my congratulations and best wishes to all who helped build the standards and reputation that set *Pacific Stars and Stripes* apart from other papers in the Far East.

WILLIAM V. SCHMITT
OIC, Pacific Stars and Stripes

Meeting MacArthur And Mme. Chiang

ANDREW HEADLAND JR.

Veteran Staffer Recalls High Spots of Career

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Andrew Headland Jr., chief of Pacific Stars and Stripes' Taiwan Bureau, is the staffer with longest service. Andy has been with the paper since 1945. He was a uniformed member of the staff and became a civilian staffer after discharge from the Army. He left Stripes for a short period to serve at General MacArthur's GHQ but returned to his first love. He tells here about what he considers the high spots of his career with the paper.)

By ANDREW HEADLAND JR.

IT WOULD BE ALMOST impossible for a reporter to work in a lively organization like *Pacific Stars and Stripes* for more than 16 years without having a few unusual interviews and experiences, and in this respect I have been a lucky guy.

One of the most exceptional meetings — with General of the Army Douglas MacArthur—wasn't an interview at all, nor was it an assignment. But it did result in a short story which was printed in Stars and Stripes 19 years later, after the general died.

The episode has a place in this account, just as it has in my memory, because it would not have happened had I not been a Stars and Stripes reporter.

Nor would it have happened without Jake, whose last name I have forgotten.

In 1946, as an Army enlisted man with Stars and Stripes, I was given the job of covering the birth of the Philippines as an independent nation. The assignment was a bit overwhelming. I spent considerable time in Manila feeling lost, but managed to get off a few stories. The main celebration, which was held on July 4, was in Manila.

One day while in the Manila Hotel, which served as headquarters for newsmen and other visitors to the badly bombed city, someone introduced me to Jake, who had been a Japanese prisoner in the city's Santo Tomas internment camp during World War II.

Jake asked about Stars and Stripes and when he heard I would be leaving shortly for Tokyo, made a strange request. On behalf of his wife and himself he asked me to carry a message to General MacArthur. The general, he said, had been of great assistance to him during a time of great need, and Jake wanted to convey a few friendly words of appreciation. Rather doubtfully, but with an adventurous spirit, I agreed to undertake the mission, provided it would be possible to see General MacArthur.

"Just say Jake sent you, and he'll see you," I was assured.

I wondered what the five-star general's reaction might be if I knocked on his door and said, "Jake sent me."

About a week after returning to Tokyo I put on a sharply creased uniform and went up to MacArthur's headquarters on the top floor of the Dai Ichi Building to fulfill Jake's request. There an aide asked my business and I replied that I had a personal message for the general from his friends in Manila.

I remember the quizzical expression that crossed the aide's face as he listened to my story, but he asked me to wait while he inquired. When he returned he smiled and said, "General MacArthur will see you in about 10 minutes."

And then I was through the magic portal facing the tall, erect figure of the general, a magnificent looking man. Automatically, I started to raise my hand in a salute, but he shook it cordially and said, "I hear you have a message from Jake. What's the matter with Jake? Is he broke?"

"Jake didn't say, sir," I replied, nervously, "but he asked me to tell you that his wife and he send their love."

The general pulled his corncob pipe out of his mouth as though surprised. "Fine, fine," he said. "That's one of the nicest messages I have ever received."

At this point I thought the interview was about ended, but the general invited me to sit down, asked where my home was, about my family, Army assignment and other details. Meanwhile, he paced up and down the handsome but austerely furnished office. I took his pacing as an outlet for energy, a type of compensation for an active man whose duties required considerable confinement indoors.

To this day the brief message of love Jake asked me to carry, shared by millions of Americans the general served through war and peace, remains my most pleasant "assignment."

MY first meeting with Mme. Chiang Kai-shek was another memorable incident of 1946. On this occasion I was on a reporting trip that took me thousands of air miles across China from Shanghai to Peking, Changchun, Manchuria and over to Nanking, where I met the First Lady.

I saw the Great Wall of China and the camel caravans swinging into Peking with loads of coal, the treeless hills, the little villages, farms and magnificent temples—sights that could have changed but little since the days of Marco Polo.

By this time my rank must have been advanced to sergeant, but I don't recall feeling any more assurance when the time came to meet Madame Chiang. My request for an interview, made more

(Continued on Page A-15)

Reporter Andrew Headland Jr., an Army enlisted man in 1945, interviews Gen. Douglas MacArthur.


McNamara's Military Plans
Troops Go; Fear Rules Congo
Supreme Court Test
RIGHTS LAW UPHELD
U.S. Expels 3 Russ Attaches
Orphans Survive Plunge
4 U.S. Offic
STARS AND STRIPES
PARATROOPERS QUELL SAIGON FUNERAL RIOT
Pirates Win 6-4 In Series Opener
BRITISH, FRENCH JETS HIT EGYPT
Suez Seizure Begins
Election Extra
IKE REELECTED BY LANDSLIDE
Ike Vows U.S. Will Not Fight
SINCE 1945 WE'VE PRINTED ALMOST 700,000,000 COPIES...
Chiang Leaders Flee From Perilled Chengtu
RUSS ORBIT MAN
Spaceship Circles Globe Once, Lands
Israeli Attorney Blasts Eichmann
Tokyo Lights the Olympic Flame
CARACAS TERRORISTS KIDNAP USAF COLONEL
CRASH KILLS DAG
Survivor Says Plane Exploded in Air; Fear East-West Fight Over Successor
RIPES
MARBO EDITION
Death Strikes Out Babe Ruth In N.Y.
Babe Ruth Dead
Ill Of Cancer For Two Years
1 MARINE KILLED, 13 WOUNDED IN D.R.
000 U.S. Paratroops Flown
NIKITA OUSTED
Brezhnev, Kosygin Get Top Posts
President Announces Ending Of Hostilities
LBJ LANDSLIDE
Dems Widen Congress Rule
Victory, Majority
SCHWEITZER DIES
CHURCHILL DIES
ARMY-FIRED MOON EXPLORING SPACE
EXTRA
SPACE TRIUMPH! ASTRONAUT SAFE
Moscow Reports
ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE LAUNCHED BY RUSSIA
Tokyo Theater Burns; 3 Killed
Egypt, Syria Merge Into Single State
Warsaw Students, Police Battle Again
Mollet Offered Premiership
Nehru Arrives In Japan On Good-Will Visit
GANDHI KILLED
AFL Warns Of Strike Waves
'Soul Of India' Assassinated By Fanatic; Rioting Begins
U.S. Orders Cut In Gas, Oil Export
EXTRA!
KOREA AT WAR


EXTRA
GLENN MAKES IT!
Orbits Around Earth 3 Times,
KENNEDY WINS
Help Us: Nagy
RUSSIA CRUSHING REVOLT IN HUNGARY
U.S., ROK Sign Military, Economic Pacts
NEW VIET COUP
House Slaps Johnson, Votes UAR Food Ban
Back to 'Earth'
Marines Beef Up Guantanamo Units
Ballot Forecast: Likes Ike
Troopers Embark For Suez
Quit Hungary, He Writes To Bulganin
...TO RECORD 20 YEARS OF HISTORY
Russia Outstripped
U.S. Confirms H-Bomb Tests
Widow Dies Saving Others in Blaze
RUSS WOMAN JOINS BYKOVSKY IN SPACE
Expected to Attempt Linkup
MACARTHUR DIES
Last Words Were of Battle
Pope Dies—World Mourns
95 Military Aboard
DC-7 LOST OFF ALASKA
704 Rescued, 5 Die
ATLANTIC LINERS COLLIDE, 1 SINKS
'MAN, WHAT A RIDE!' U.S. ASTRONAUT SAYS
Troops Ordered In
IKE URGES LITTLE ROCK TO HELP END TROUBLE
BULLETIN Court Backs Negroes
Big Hunt For Yacht
Inside Today
Hits Virginia
Talks Get Nowhere In Laos
Study Troop Aid
Khrushchev Perils Summit
SOVIETS SHOOT DOWN UNARMED U.S. PLANE
KENNEDY SLAIN
Shot by Sniper in Dallas
Johnson Becomes Pres
EXTRA
HAGERTY MOBBED, SAVED BY COPTER
Besieged in Car
Ambassador
RANGER HITS MOON
'Lucky 7' Takes 4,000 Photos
SPACE CHAMPS LAND
U.S. CLIMBERS SCALE EVEREST
RUSS ROCKET HITS SURFACE OF MOON
QUAKE RIPS ALASKA; 600 FEARED DEAD
Anchorage, Kodiak Hard Hit
Crowds Cheer
CASTRO FORCES ENTER HAVANA
Wave Rams California City

Picture Story of a News Story

Many Talents, Many Hands Join to Bring You the News

Reporter Mike Mealey and photographer Masahiko Nakamura interview two refugees dispossessed by the disastrous Niigata earthquake in northwestern Japan. Fires begun by quake blaze in background.

SFC James C. Stevenson, sitting on the rewrite battery back in Tokyo, takes Mealey's story slowly and carefully after a difficult long distance connection is made. He then tightens and polishes the story and gives it to . . .

. . . Japan News Editor Forest L. Kimler (L), who gives the story a brisk but thorough editing, shows it to Managing Editor Ernest A. Richter, who also looks over Nakamura's pictures—rushed to Tokyo by plane.

Richter and Kimler decide the quake is a major news event and both the story and the pictures rate a "good ride." The news editor fits them in a pre-planned page. The story goes to the copy desk, where copyreader Joe Schneider (left foreground) checks it for accuracy, propriety and sense before writing a headline to go with it.

Story is received by linotype operator Hiroshi Osawa who sets it in type. Osawa is Stripes Japanese employe with longest service. Proof room will check set story with manuscript.

Nakamura's pictures, while good, need "arting" with paint and airbrush so they will reproduce properly in the newspaper. Navy JO3 Duncan Reed of the Art Department does it with a deft, careful hand.

Engraver Hatsuo Namiki makes negative of picture, then exposes it to arc lights that burn the image onto a zinc plate. It will be etched and sent to composing room to help illustrate quake story.

Ramsey Nishinuma, composing room foreman, fits type and engravings into form—which will have image pressed onto fiber "mat."

Mats are used to cast a semi-cylindrical plate that will be fitted onto the press to actually print the paper. First, however, unwanted metal must be removed from the plate. Navy Lithographer 2C Arthur Boutalis puts the plates on a routing machine and a probing circular blade whisks the waste away.

Plate is fitted with others on the press. At the push of a button, the press rumbles and 40,000 newspapers an hour roll off. Japanese pressman Kenkichi Oizumi glances over one of the first copies.

Press not only prints the papers, but moves them via conveyor belt to Japanese workers who bundle them up and throw them on the truck. Most of them will go by truck to Tachikawa AB to be flown all over Far East, Western Pacific, Southeast Asia.

Marine tankers read the story of the earthquake, unaware of the many skills and efforts it took to bring it to them. There will be other news, too . . . elections, baseball games, championship fights and the daily story of their war. Pacific Stars and Stripes will be in the Far East and Southeast Asia as long as the American serviceman is.

The CHOPSTICK Circuit

Show Biz Kept Troops Entertained for 20 Years

Bob Hope got to know the stages of the Far East as well as he knows those of the U.S. Here he mugs during one of several tours to Korea, usually at Christmas.

By AL RICKETTS
Pacific Stars and Stripes Entertainment Editor

AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II the entertainment scene in Japan was pretty bleak. For all intents and purposes the footlights had long been dimmed along Tokyo's Great White Way—the Ginza.

But it didn't take the American occupation forces long to get an entertainment program of their own in full swing. The mecca for thousands of servicemen seeking off-duty recreation was Tokyo's famous Ernie Pyle Theater, a large, four-story structure that served as a central meeting point. It is now the Takarazuka Theater adjacent to the Imperial Hotel.

The Ernie Pyle offered everything from American-style hot dogs, hamburgers and milkshakes, to movies, amateur stage plays, vaudeville and pretty Red Cross girls who were ready and willing to tell the culture-seeking servicemen about all the shrines and temples in Japan.

In time the Ernie Pyle practically became the Palace of the Orient. Its huge, well-equipped stage accommodated such widely diversified artists as ballerina Dunilova, Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic, Xavier Cugat, the Gene Krupa Trio, an Indian magic show and a fellow who caught rifle bullets between his teeth.

(The Krupa Trio, featuring Gene, Teddy Napoleon and Charlie Ventura, was the first jazz group to visit Japan after World War II. As a result, every Japanese drummer for the next 15 years was greatly influenced by the King's razzle-dazzle style of drumming.)

While all this was going on you can bet your bottom yen that the Japanese weren't sitting around sipping ocha. They watched and learned and soon the military clubs were flooded with Japanese package shows that were poorly polished but enthusiastically staged.

If the members of the combo seemed to have been introduced to each other that night, it was still remarkable that they could play together at all. Other than waltzes and a few violin-backed renditions of Japanese folk songs, Western music was comparatively new to the Japanese ear.

In the late 40s and early 50s it was almost impossible to enter any bar on the Ginza without causing a rush for the record player. No matter what was playing at the time, an American's entrance was the signal for some pickin' and singin' music. Every American, they figured, was a hillbilly music fan.

IN TIME, however, a lot of the singers who drew good-natured chuckles when they mixed up their "Rs" and "Ls", managed to survive the grueling military circuit and go on to become stars not only in their own country but in the United States as well.

To name a few: Miyoshi Umeki, a veteran military club trouper who starred on Broadway in "Flower Drum Song;" Izumi Yukimura, who was later slated for both the Dinah Shore TV show and a stint at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas; and drummer Frankie Sakai, who left his Spike Jones-patterned band to become a star in Japanese movies.

With the outbreak of the Korean War a whole new pattern was set. George Jessel was the first American performer to head for the Land of the Morning Calm, with a troupe including June Christy and Herb Jeffries not too far behind.

IT WAS around this time that the already booming Rocker-4 Club in downtown Tokyo really came into its own. The Rocker Club became a home away from home for Japan-based servicemen as well as for those on R&R from Korea.

The Rocker-4 boasted two big ballrooms, the longest bar in the Far East, a dining room that served some of the finest food to be found in a military club and a cellar bar called The Snake Pit, where good fellers get together to quaff a few brews and sing college songs.

If the Ernie Pyle was the Palace of the Orient the Rocker-4 rightfully could lay claim to being the Copacabana, Latin-Quarter and Moulin Rouge of the Far East. The Crystal and Marine ballrooms were constantly spotlighting performers whose yearly earnings sometimes hovered around the six-figure level.

Some of the top names who performed for capacity crowds at the Rocker-4: Louis Armstrong, Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane, PFC Eddie Fisher, the Ink Spots, PFC Dick Contino and heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano, who just clasped his hands over his head instead of knocking somebody out for an encore.

As the Korean hostilities progressed the top talent just naturally gravitated in that direction, with disc jockey Johnny Grant and his yearly Christmas package of stars (including Piper Laurie, Jane Russell, Debbie Reynolds and Angie Dickinson) leading the parade.

Marilyn Monroe, on her honeymoon in Japan with joltin' Joe DiMaggio, even hopped a plane for Korea (leaving a much-chagrined Joe behind) to appear in sub-zero weather in a skin-tight dress for thousands of whistling, shoving servicemen who came away thoroughly convinced that there really isn't anything like a dame.

Bob Hope, who has chalked up more air mileage entertaining American troops than any other performer in the business, hit Korea a couple of times and several of his compatriots made the Korea scene at later dates.

Although their visits were of a shorter duration and drew much less publicity, Red Skelton, Danny Kaye and Arthur Godfrey interrupted midyear Japan vacations to entertain troops that were now faced with a day-to-day stalemate with the stubborn communist enemy.

A couple of memorable moments: Kaye holding a bunch of fatigues-clad soldiers spellbound as he sang kiddie songs to a group of wide-eyed youngsters down front; and Godfrey—functioning on one lung—stepping outside a service club to catch his breath before entering with a great big smile on his face.

Today, the entertainment picture in Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Okinawa, the Philippines and Vietnam is gradually slipping into a third phase.

The show business market in Japan has expanded to include artists like the late Nat Cole, Frank Sinatra, Patti Page, Eartha Kitt, Les Paul, Julie London, Harry Belafonte, Perez Prado, Oscar Peterson, Dave Brubeck, Harry James, Count Basie and Duke Ellington.

A few of these performers also make the Oki-Taiwan-Korea-Philippines swing and a concerted effort is being made to step up the entertainment program in Vietnam.

Al Ricketts interviewed almost every touring celebrity. One pleasant assignment was a trip with Jane Mansfield and then husband Mickey Hargitay.

Films in Review

Underwater All Wet

UNDERWATER!
(RKO)
Jane Russell, Richard Egan, Gilbert Roland
Glub.
(Albert D. Ricketts)

Perhaps the shortest movie interview ever written was acerbic Al's one-word summing up of "Underwater!"

MAYHEM in the RING

Roving Writer Watched 'Roman Circus' in Bangkok

By HAL DRAKE
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff Writer

THE YOUNG FIGHTER was dumped on a dirty canvas stretcher and lugged out of the ring like a battle casualty.

He was 92 pounds of demolished humanity, and on the crudely-mimeographed fight program he was just a last name—Singhtaleh.

Singhtaleh was knocked out in three rounds; and that knockout was the most brutal finish of a fight we ever saw. It was something out of a Roman arena, or the lawless, bygone days of bare knuckle fighting. Fists, knees, feet—anything goes in Thai boxing.

Knocked out? Singhtaleh was kicked unconscious. He was punched, elbowed and kneed into oblivion.

It was the second fight on an eight-bout card at Lumpini Stadium in Bangkok. Thai boxing, everyone had told us, was something to see; you might be thrilled or revolted, but you shouldn't miss the modern sport which is closest to ancient Rome's Circus Maximus. Indeed, it seems at times that the tiny gladiators who punch and kick are fighting to the death.

Singhtaleh is in the red corner. His opponent, Sirisdrdej, is in the blue corner, facing him. There are no friendly waves, not even a smile. The boxers look glumly businesslike. They know what they're about to do to each other.

Royal Thai Army Lt. Col. Prasert Pengsuwanjuna, who came along to guide and advise us, says that these are not top fighters—they are the hopefuls, the aspirants, the hungry ones.

They look hungry. Sirindrdej drops his robe. He weighs 98 pounds, and looks every inch the weakling in the physical culture ads. Look closer; there is wiry muscle next to bone. Singhtaleh is shorter and lighter, but perhaps stronger; he at least has a little shoulder. They both look like kids squaring off for a street fight.

From beyond the crowd, there's the reedy wail of a flute, the beat of a small drum and the clash of a gong. The fighters come from their corners, face each other and turn their backs. They do a weirdly graceful, one-legged dance, hop-skipping the length of the ring. One after the other they fall to their knees and raise their arms to the blazing overhead ring lights, like pagans worshipping an artificial sun. Then they flop forward and bury their heads in their gloves.

They stand, return to their corners. The ritual prayer to Buddha, for victory and fair play, is over. The music pauses, wails again when the gong clangs.

Singhtaleh comes out like a classic, Western-style boxer. His gloves are up perfectly. His chin is tucked tightly behind his shoulder. But the left foot is out much farther than the probing left hand.

Sirindrdej is a rusher; he comes in fast, and his left foot lashes up for a kick. Singhtaleh is faster; he spins, pivots on his right foot, and high-kicks like a Rockette dancer. Sirindrdej is stopped cold as the kick scores a crunching bull's-eye on his chin. He blinks and stumbles back; his gloves are down. It looks like the finish.

BUT Singhtaleh rushes then, too anxiously. His opponent spins away, shaking his head, bringing his gloves back up. They clinch. Singhtaleh tries a knee and Sirindrdej twists his hip, the way a Western fighter might turn his shoulder to avoid a hook.

Singhtaleh left-hooks him twice, viciously.

"Singh-taleh, Singh-taleh," his fans shout; but it is washed over by a wave of noise from the crowd. Sirindrdej is holding on; his glove laces scrape Singhtaleh's nose. He breaks the clinch with a powerful shove. He seems angry and hurt now, but no longer dazed.

Singhtaleh has blown his chance. His cheering section is his worst enemy. Both fighters try kicks; their left legs hook and lock. They kick loose.

Finesse and style come now. Singhtaleh likes to hook his kicks; Sirindrdej jumps and kicks out straight. It's exactly like watching a hooker and a straight puncher in a Western ring. Sirindrdej shakes off that first kick, and comes on.

He feints a kick with his right. Singhtaleh starts his left leg up to block it. Sirindrdej vaults straight into the air; his left leg straightens in a blur. Singhtaleh's head jerks violently to one side, as though yanked by an invisible noose. Sirindrdej is suddenly back on both feet. He tears in a right kick to the ribs; it sounds like a mallet hitting a side of beef.

Singhtaleh is on the ropes, in trouble and kicking wildly. The bell. But what's a polite kick after the bell? Sirindrdej delivers one. It draws a frown from the referee, but no reaction from the crowd.

There's a two minute rest between rounds in Thai boxing, and both fighters need it. Something is missing in the between-rounds crowd noise. Music had been played all during the round. The musicians are on a raised platform behind the crowd. We asked Prasert what the music means; why Thai fighters in Thailand need a musical background?

It encourages them, he says. It picks up tempo if one fighter is doing well, or both are mixing it up. The music picks up beat if the fight is slow, and the crowd is getting restless and noisy. The fighters usually take the hint.

The musicians raise their instruments, and the bell sounds for the second.

It's Singhtaleh's round. His cheering section has calmed down, and so has he. Once, twice, he launches a left hook, missing both but following through with his elbow. It smashes Sirindrdej's cheek like a bony knuckle, and is plenty of repayment for the after-the-bell kick.

They call that the pivot punch in Western-style boxing; it has been outlawed since 1886.

Sirindrdej tries straight kicks; Singhtaleh throws the hooked ones, at the ribs and kidneys. They go in close, and the knees come into play—aimed at the groin. In some parts of the world you can lose a fight for aiming a punch there; never mind landing it. But this is Thailand.

The best kicks and blows are Singhtaleh's, Sirindrdej looks tired; and both men are wary.

ROUND three. It starts viciously, and it's over fast. Singhtaleh is first, with a long kick that gives Sirindrdej a rib welt to match his own. A straight kick by Sirindrdej, aimed for the point of the chin or the pit of the stomach, scrapes Singhtaleh across the chest.

The crowd is up on the hard wooden seats, and the musicians are playing furiously.

Sirindrdej spears Singhtaleh with a long straight left—with his gloved fist, not his foot. Singhtaleh's nose is flushed, pulpy and bleeding, and he is suddenly maddened. This is what the crafty Sirindrdej has been waiting for.

Sirindrdej is weary; he can't last. He needs a clean one, a kick or a blow, to put Singhtaleh away. He watches that right foot swing up; gambles by moving toward it, inside of it, to get in close. He could catch it in the kidney, and that would be a painful, crippling finish.

He's inside; and Singhtaleh is no longer strong. Those kicks to the ribs and chest have done it. An elbow to the temple and he's reeling. A hook, an uppercut, and he's stumbling back, grasping blindly and trying to clinch. Sirindrdej turns his shoulders behind a smash to the body.

Singhtaleh is doubled over, agonized, his glove tips touching the floor. "Singh-taleh, Singh-taleh," his schoolmates cry, but it's futile. Sirindrdej's left knee comes up, crushes into his opponent's temple . . .

YOU'VE never seen a fighter go down like this; he lurches up straight, then hits the floor like a slammed down sack. He is down on his knees and elbows; rolls over on his back, motionless. Most downed fighters will twitch, raise a glove, kick; try to gather their mangled senses and get up. Singhtaleh doesn't move. He is out.

Out? He looks dead. After the most unnecessary 10-count ever tolled, Singhtaleh's cornermen rush in, lift his head, splash water over him. He doesn't move or moan; there is not a feeble stir of motion. The crowd is shouting for the next bout. The stretcher is pushed through the ropes. The next fighter is in the red corner as Singhtaleh is lifted out.

Columnists, Cartoonist Hail Stripes

Disturbing Napoleon Part of Paper's Job

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I AM WRITING these words in a Volkswagen, behind a long line of U.S. Army trucks on the road between Munich and Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in West Germany. Evidence that American soldiers are still needed to guard the Free World is all about me. It seems an appropriate place to salute the *Pacific Stars and Stripes* on its 20th birthday.

No thoughtful German—as is evident from what is being said in the current political campaign here — really wants the American soldier to go home. Presumably, no thoughtful Japanese, or Okinawan, or Filipino, or South Vietnamese, in your part of the globe wishes the Americans to depart either.

CHAMBERLAIN

The problem is to learn how to discount communist propaganda which makes simple-minded people take the "Go home, Yankee" cry for real.

IN MUNICH I heard a good joke. It seems that Hannibal, Julius Caesar and Napoleon in heaven were talking about modern arms.

Said Hannibal: "If I had had tanks instead of elephants, the world would now be calling Carthage the Imperial City."

Said Julius Caesar: "If I had had the atom bomb, Brutus would not have dared trifle with me."

Said Napoleon: "And if I had had the communist propaganda apparatus, the world would never have learned that I lost the battle of Waterloo."

Greetings to you on your 20th birthday, and may Napoleon be confounded by the collapse of the basis of his joke.

(King Features Syndicate)

'News Enriches Understanding —Helps Assuage Loneliness —Fortifies Needed Resolve'

By BRUCE BIOSSAT

MANY AMERICANS LIKELY cling to the notion that U.S. servicemen stationed at Pacific and other outposts and battle zones are somehow remote from events beyond their own small part of the globe.

If they could have a good look at *Pacific Stars and Stripes*, this notion would quickly vanish.

Indeed, any Stateside observer familiar with the best of American newspapers has to be a little astonished at the variety and thoroughness of Stars and Stripes news coverage.

BIOSSAT

The sweep is broad, the materials are consistently lively, the format is brisk and arresting to the eye. Countless mainland newspapers might wish to do as well.

For 20 years now, *Pacific Stars and Stripes* has been hard at the business of turning out a highly professional product. Its 20th anniversary is properly to be hailed as an event in journalism.

Its news coverage and circulation area is wider than that encompassed by the 50 states, reaching from Pakistan on the west to Hawaii on the east.

The logistics involved in such coverage and the complex mechanics of producing and distributing the paper over so vast a span must surely excite both the professional journalist's and the ordinary citizen's imagination.

But, remarkable as has been this steady achievement through two solid decades, it is not this newspaper's most memorable accomplishment.

The very durable existence of *Pacific Stars and Stripes* is a dedication to the idea that servicemen, no less and perhaps more than civilian Americans, need to be well and continuously informed of the world about them.

The news, fully textured, thoughtfully and colorfully presented, is vital sustenance to the men advancing into battle-field peril, keeping vigil on a lonely island or vessel, or embedded in rear-echelon routine.

Whatever their tasks, the news offers perspective on them. It helps make big sense out of the smallest activity. It enriches understanding, helps assuage loneliness and fortify needed resolve.

The man who knows something of how he fits in the scheme of events is surely bound to be a better soldier, sailor, airman and marine. And, even though news of home areas often is a story of trouble, he finds much comfort in the warmth of that unbroken contact.

Now and then in the postwar years it has been charged that many U.S. servicemen were ill-informed about their country and its purposes. *Pacific Stars and Stripes* is not a course in political science or history. But it is living proof of an unrelenting effort to equip the servicemen with the sinews of current knowledge.

All who are connected in any way with this endeavor deserve the gratitude of free peoples everywhere. This stirring enterprise, flinging a vibrant free press across thousands of miles of land and water, shores up the spirit of the men we all look to to keep liberty secure.

No better undertaking can be imagined.

(Newspaper Enterprise Assn.)

'Newsboys' in 7-League Boots

STRIPES 'CIRCULATION DISTRICT' COVERS 1½ MILLION SQUARE MILES

TWENTY YEARS AGO, on Oct. 3, 1945, the first copies of *Pacific Stars and Stripes* rolled off the presses of the Asahi Evening News in Tokyo to supply occupation troops of the 1st Cav. Div. with news from home.

Today, your newspaper boasts the largest "home circulation district" of any newspaper in the world, serving more than 300,000 readers daily through five editions distributed in 12 nations of the Far East, an area of more than 1½ million square miles.

During the early years, Stripes circulation spread from Japan to Korea and Okinawa. Eighty thousand copies were being distributed free by 1951.

On July 1, 1951, *Pacific Stars and Stripes* became a self-supporting, non-appropriated fund activity and free distribution ended except for Korea.

By 1957, paid circulation reached 53,000. Free distribution in Korea was 80,000 copies.

On June 4, 1953, the first copies of S&S ever to be distributed to ships at sea were "piped aboard" Navy vessels in the Western Pacific. Daily distribution was made by "mail run" helicopters from fleet carriers.

On Nov. 1, 1957, free distribution in Korea ended.

Your paper is now sold through more than 1,000 cash sales outlets. Newsboys distribute the paper to homes and billets in eight countries and on Midway, Wake and Guam. Daily sales exceed 70,000 copies.

SEE MAP NEXT PAGE

The newest edition of *Pacific Stars and Stripes* is the Three Star, distributed free to all U.S. forces in Vietnam and to some elements of the Seventh Fleet.

The map on the following pages shows the S&S "paper route." Twenty-five languages and dialects are spoken in the vast area.

Fifty circulation districts, manned by over 1,000 workers, supervised by six area managers, bring you your copy of Stars and Stripes. The paper you are now reading may have been delivered by a newsboy, by Army truck, by Air Force jet, by Navy or Marine helicopter, by train or even by sampan or ox cart.

Hundreds of thousands of men have read *Pacific Stars and Stripes* over the last 20 years. For many, this newspaper is their only link with the world, and getting it to them is a story in itself.

Meeting MacArthur And Mme. Chiang

(Continued From Page A-7)

urgent because of the short time I could remain in Nanking, was approved on very short notice. I am sure this was only because Mme. Chiang is habitually as considerate of everyone as the many demands on her time permit.

The interview took place in a reception room of the presidential residence —a vast, rectangular room brightened with huge bouquets of winter roses in silver bowls. Here and there stood bronzes from ancient Chinese dynasties, encased in glass.

I waited, not exactly on pins and needles, but with some feeling of apprehension. Then a door at the end of the room opened—and a smiling Mme. Chiang swiftly entered. It was like being visited by a beautiful queen. As the evening was chilly, she wore a silver fox cape over her ankle-length chipao.

She has, I found, a great ability for putting one at ease almost immediately. Undoubtedly she could have been a great psychiatrist or perhaps doctor, had she chosen.

Mme. Chiang evidently was aware that sergeants always have a first class appetite, for she treated me to a huge slice of hot mince pie served with tea in which tiny, fragrant blossoms floated. I was enchanted.

Aborigines of Orchid Island, Taiwan, row Headland ashore in a canoe. He went to the island on a reporting assignment for Stars and Stripes.

DURING the Korean War I went on several field assignments between Kojedo, the prisoner-of-war island off the southern Korean coast, and the fought-over Hwachon Reservoir area far to the north.

Assignments included articles on each of about 15 United Nations outfits engaged in fighting, materiel support or medical services. My most memorable experience of the Korean War, however, did not concern an assignment. It concerned TSgt. Curtiss A. Miller, a Stars and Stripes illustrator who became lost behind the enemy lines.

Miller was on a sketching assignment with a French patrol in no-man's land north of Hwachon at the time he disappeared. I met the French patrol when it returned, and asked, "Where's Sgt. Miller?"

The patrol leader shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know," he replied. "He left us to go to the Dutch Battalion."

Meanwhile the communists were starting their great 1952 spring offensive. The American forces were ordered to take up positions farther south.

I went to the Dutch battalion. Miller was not there, either.

As it turned out, in the confusion of battle he was lost somewhere behind possibly 150,000 advancing Chinese communists trying to drive the U.N. forces out of Korea.

I spent the next 10 days doing a lot of praying and attempting to alert frontline outfits that Miller was missing and might possibly come walking in as a few soldiers in similar predicaments had done.

On the 10th night a telephone call came through at the division headquarters where I was staying to say that Miller, accompanied by a Korean farmer who had been tortured by the Reds, had just walked in through friendly lines and was safe.

GOOD old Miller! He set off a trip flare and narrowly escaped being shot as he stood silhouetted in the blinding light, but he came through. "Hold your fire!" went the word down the front lines. "That's one of our boys out there!"

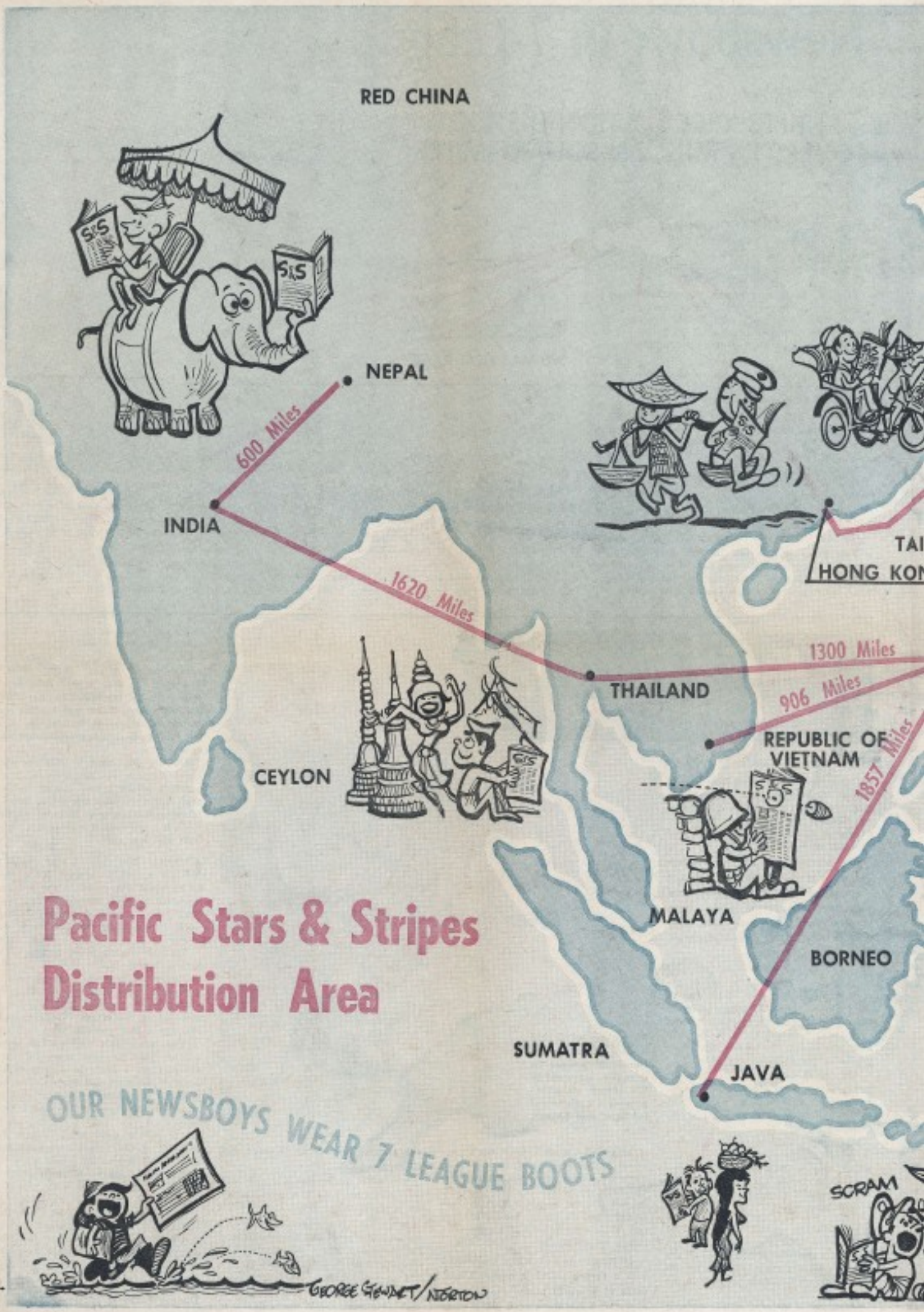
He had to circumvent a mine field before reaching safety.

During his long trek through enemy-occupied territory he hid by day and walked south at night, swimming rivers and having hairbreadth escapes from encounters with communists.

The news that Miller was back seemed like the best news I'd ever heard. Later I wrote an account of his odyssey for Stars and Stripes. The experience gave him, as well as myself, a new appreciation for life and friendship.

My present work is in Taiwan, the only bit of China that Americans can visit. Conditions on the island are prosperous and peaceful, although the Republic of China is at war with the communists, who have threatened to invade Taiwan, just as Free China has vowed to recover the mainland.

I'd like very much to see beautiful old Peking again. Then there would be new and different stories. What else can a reporter do?


RED CHINA
NEPAL
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906 Miles
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CEYLON
MALAYA
BORNEO
SUMATRA
JAVA
Pacific Stars & Stripes
Distribution Area
OUR NEWSBOYS WEAR 7 LEAGUE BOOTS
SCRAM
GEORGE GENET/NORTON


625 Miles
719 Miles
JAPAN
KOREA
MIDWAY 2247 Miles
HAWAII 3400 Miles
1758 Miles
WAKE
669 Miles
1700 Miles
965 Miles
1173 Miles
OKINAWA
IWO JIMA
1695 Miles
PHILIPPINES
1467 MILES
GUAM
CELEBES
NEW GUINEA
1950 Miles
AUSTRALIA
We Are
an All-Service
Newspaper

A TASTE OF HOPE

Marine Staffer Saw Something In Vietnam 'I Hope I Never Forget'

Happy villagers leave the 'copter at Vinh Long. Although they lost their homes to the Reds, here they can live in safety.

An old man, saddened over leaving his lifelong home, is consoled by another villager.

(U.S. military advisers in the Republic of Vietnam responded to an appeal to relieve beleaguered villagers recently and found themselves in the midst of Vietnam's "dirty little war." As advisers, they took no aggressive action, but returned the fire of Viet Cong ground forces. S&S Staffer Sgt. Stibbens went along on the mercy mission. Here is his story.)

By Marine SSGT. STEVE STIBBENS

BA DONG, Republic of Vietnam—They came in droves, running across the rice field, crying women clutching babies in their arms, old men half-carried by young boys. Some had managed to grab up a few family belongings in tattered blankets or cloths.

A hundred yards away, across a canal, were the guerrilla-held swamps. In between were smoldering ashes that had been simple peasant homes.

We took as many as possible aboard our helicopter and had to leave the rest. One old man begged us, with his wrinkled hands clasped in front, to take just one more passenger—his wife.

As the copter lifted off the ground, he tried to hang on to a steel landing strut.

Old-timers in this "dirty little war" say that you soon get used to the tragedy and pathos of the years-old battle against communism here.

But I hope I never forget what I saw at Ba Dong, a tiny coastal hamlet in the Ca Mau Peninsula, about 75 miles south of Saigon.

It began as a somewhat routine mercy mission for helicopter crewmen of the 114th Air Mobile Co., based at Vinh Long. Just before dusk, a call came in for eight UH-1B helicopters to evacuate villagers from Ba Dong, which was about to be overrun by the Viet Cong.

The Viet Cong guerrillas, estimated to be a reinforced company, had appealed to villagers the night before to give up their arms and come over to the communist side. They were answered with gunfire.

All night the villagers, supported by a handful of Civil Guardsmen, withheld the overwhelming fire as Vietnamese Air Force planes kept the enemy ground lit with flares.

In the morning, bodies were counted—one civil guard dead, 14 wounded. Just outside the village gate lay the bodies of 11 Viet Cong.

The guerrillas waited across the canal, like vultures, until nightfall when they would go in, this time for the kill.

A half hour after leaving Vinh Long, SFC Royce Linch, the copter's gunner, from Hico, Tex., pointed ahead where two T-28s were strafing and bombing a clump of brush alongside the canal. The "Huey" ahead of us reported he was receiving fire and we swooped down to cover him.

SUDDENLY there was an ear-shattering blast as two rockets flew out in front of us and spiraled lazily toward the ground.

Linch leaned out the door and emptied a magazine from his M-14 automatic rifle as we passed over.

The Viet Cong had dug foxholes in the swampy brush and paddy fields. A Viet Cong flag was flying brazenly from the middle of a blown-out bridge leading to the hamlet.

While the fighters and other choppers covered us, we broke out of the "daisy chain" formation and landed behind the hamlet to pick up 14 men, women and blank-faced children. Each helicopter followed in succession until each was filled.

Five Huey's, designed to hold only 10 persons each, managed to pick up 102. Then they could hold no more.

The last ship to land must have had it the roughest. Some 33 villagers, mostly children, climbed aboard before the crew chief was forced to leave the remaining 60 behind to await their fate in the night.

Crew chief SP Richard Smith extends his arm to signal an old man into the helicopter.

THEY ALSO SERVE

LOCAL EMPLOYES IN MANY LANDS HELP PRODUCE YOUR PAPER

Newsboy C. W. Lin loads newspapers on his bike and prepares to make his deliveries. He is one of nearly 900 newsboys who distribute Stars and Stripes.

THE 1½-MILLION-square-mile circulation area of Pacific Stars and Stripes would in all probability be reduced to a few miles at most if it were not for men behind the scenes—the newsboys, drivers, copy boys and other local employes.

In the main Tokyo office alone there are 55 U.S. civilian workers, 217 Japanese and 4 from other foreign lands.

There are nearly 300 non U.S. employes in all the bureaus. They include, copy boys, delivery men, circulation personnel, production men, reporters and photographers, and many others.

Starting with the Japan Bureau, let's take a look at some of the men and women who help bring you the news.

One-hundred-and-fifty newsboys deliver Stripes throughout Japan, plus approximately 200 other employes who handle driving, administration and circulation chores.

Teruyoshi Takesue has been with Stripes in Tokyo for 17 years. Known as "Terry," he works in the teletype room and handles most incoming news.

Right behind Terry with time at Stripes is Yoshiko Takunaga, head librarian, who has supervised the filing and clipping of the paper for 14 years as well as maintaining a sizable reference library.

Lyle J. McBride, circulation manager, has 63 Japanese Nationals working in the circulation department.

Atsushi Koshiba, one of three copy boys working in the city room, has been with Stripes over 10 years. Other copy boys are Mitsusaka Saito, and Tadashi Nagoshi.

In Korea, Kim Ki Sam, a photographer working out of Seoul, covers the ROK Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, and the U.S. forces. Sam has been with Stripes nine years. K. P. Hong, a Korean reporter there, has been covering stories for Stripes for over two years.

Pacific Stars and Stripes circulation on Taiwan is handled by approximately 23 Chinese newsboys, aged 19 to 45.

Fourteen of the newsboys deliver papers in the Taipei area while nine make down-island deliveries to American families and offices as far south as Tsoying and Kaoshiung.

Among newsboys there, Yeh Jui-feng, a three-year employe, was one of eight weightlifters selected to represent the Republic of China at the 1964 Olympics. Yeh placed 13th among 23 contestants in the lightweight category.

Newsboys work under the supervision of the district manager, Hsu Yuan-chien, an employe of Stripes for seven years. Down-island deliveries are supervised by Tang Yei-ping, a six-year employe.

The Okinawa Stars and Stripes News Bureau Circulation Dept. has grown from a pint-sized operation following the end of World War II into a vital service for the U.S. forces today, with a daily circulation of nearly 8,000 copies.

The circulation department is staffed with 22 Okinawan employes and 175 newsboys under the management and supervision of Hubert McElroy.

THE news bureau, located in the same building with the main circulation office, is staffed by one local reporter, Etsujiro Miyagi and staff photographer Eikoh Goya.

Moving to the Guam Bureau, we find the circulation department manned by a fairly new staff, with Central District driver John Camacho there the longest with a little more than three years.

Filipe Muna, North Guam District manager, is responsible for the pick-up of all papers at the MATS terminal. He sees to it that the Central District, managed by Ralph Taitano, gets the papers as soon as they arrive aboard a flight from the Philippines.

Other local employes on the island are Tommy Javier of Central District, Pete Castro, Joaquin Muna and Issy Muna, all of the other districts.

The Philippines is covered by a large force of supervisors and newsboys. Veteran reporter Juanito Pardico came to Stripes after working for some of the larger Manila dailies.

It would be impossible to mention the names of all the people who make up the Stars and Stripes team. But all over the Far East, these people gather the news, print it, and put it together to deliver your Stars and Stripes.

K.P. Hong is a member of the Korea News Bureau of PS&S. As a reporter and photographer, he handles top news assignments.

Toshi Tokunaga, chief librarian, has been with Stars and Stripes since 1949, is in charge of a staff of five employes who clip and file for future reference.

'STAND UP AND HOOK UP!'

That's a mighty high first step. Bolduc realizes as he prepares to jump. Instants later he is "airborne," waiting for chute to pop.

Staffer Recorded Story of Fight Against Fear

By LT. LUCIEN BOLDUC

187th Airborne RCT

As Told to Warren Girard
S&S Staff Writer

'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 hurls himself into space 1,200 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 M-1 rifle. I am as tightly rigged as a fat lady in a junior-miss corset.

Our drop-zone is 16 seconds long, an island of rice paddies. It is my job to hit the "T". The "T" is a series of panels—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 man 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-age 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 locks 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.

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.

"SOUND OFF EQUIPMENT CHECK . . ."

They start shouting from the rear. No. 10 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. The "T" is ahead—white panels—white smoke on the DZ—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 quick back to see when the green light flashes.

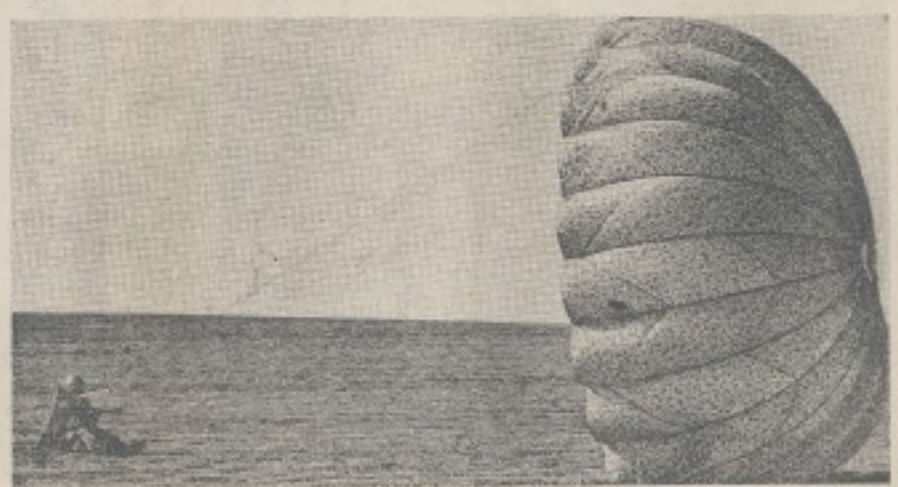
MY PULSES quiver and I shout "LET'S GO!" and spring out the door. One thousand—am I crazy . . . I whiz through space without feeling it. My body straight ahead, head snugly in, my hands ready on the reserve. Two thousand—I know in a second I will get the full opening shock—or will I? . . . Or will I just keep on traveling on a one-way street 123 miles an hour?

Suddenly I am brought up short, like a lassoed 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 DZ 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.



"I'M DOWN IN A RICE PADDY . . . I'VE GOT IT MADE . . . BUT I'M HUNGRY . . ."

Highbrow Mechanical Monster

ROBOT HAD STRIPES REPORTER MOPPING HIS (LOW) BROW

By MILLARD ALEXANDER
S&S Staff Writer

THE OTHER DAY I entered into a contest of wits against a machine.

I pitted the product of a modern educational system, the powers of reason, emotion and logic against an insensate bundle of nuts, bolts, wires, tubes and dials—plus an occasional squirt of electricity.

It was no contest.

The scene of what became a one-sided battle between stolid, unshakable steel and a quivering mass of stammering, evasive protoplasm was Fifth Air Force headquarters at Fuchu Air Station, just outside Tokyo.

There, up on the second floor, lurks a roomful of machine with rotors, gears, flashing lights, clicking things, whirling discs and a few human technicians who plug the thing in and keep it whirring happily.

Nominally under the Fifth AF comptroller, but actually working primarily for operations, the huge network of electronic "thought" has the deceivingly innocuous name of Electronic Data Processing System.

As SSgt. Richard Pierson, 28, explains:

"In two seconds, our machine can deliver detailed information on any one of thousands of subjects—anything from enemy strength at a given place to target information; from management data to the types of weapons at any base in the Far East."

On the RAMC (Random Access Memory Control, they insist) are stored no less than 6 million "digits" of data, more than 100,000 complete records at the fingertips of the Air Force technicians.

All this was explained to your digging reporter by Pierson, a bespectacled, studious looking young man, and Dick Spares, a civilian technical representative of the IBM people.

Those two electronic eggheads invited me to test the IBM brain cells by putting a few questions to both of us.

"Splendid! Fire Away! Shoot!" your intrepid reporter cried, with the slightest trace of a swagger. No fast-talking, slippery machine was going to make a monkey of him!

"OK," says Pierson, "Here's an easy one. Who was president of the U.S. in 1849?"

YOUR obedient servant: "Hmmmm. 1849, you say. Oh, yes, 1849. The president? Well yes. Well, I know it was well after John Adams and considerably before Calvin Coolidge. Let me put it this way—1849?"

Meanwhile, a disconcerting, steady clicking was coming from the wiseguy machine—at about 1,500 words a minute. While Pierson asked me the stumper, he had also typed out the question to the IBM.

"The president of the U.S. in 1849 was Polk," the machine clattered onto paper—rather insolently, I thought.

"Well, let's try again," said Pierson, a little scornfully. "How about a little mathematics?"

"Right you are," I responded with a false laugh and phony heartiness.

"OK. I was born Nov. 15, 1931," Pierson declared. "How old am I?"

"LESSEE now. 1951—had year all way 'round." I commented jovially "Now then, subtract the 31 from 60, carry the 9, multiply the dividend and coincide the cosine. Hmmmm. You don't look too old, son."

"Sgt. Pierson is 28 years, two months and zero days old," the machine snapped, seemingly losing patience with me.

"Oh," I managed. Then, boldly, defiantly, I said, "Say, let me ask the wise machine a few questions. We'll see who's so smart here."

"Be my guest," Pierson said.

"All righty," I said slyly to the machine. "Who was president in 1961?" (Editor: This article was written in March, 1949).

"That information is not available yet," IBM said stiffly.

"OK, smarty," I shouted, reddening. "I was born Nov. 15, 1900. How old am I?"

With a shattering calm, the machine, without a pause, typed out (1,500 words a minute), "You have not been born yet."

"Take this, machine!" I bellowed. "I was born Nov. 15, 1849, then. How old am I?"

I thought I heard a snicker from the nuts and bolts, then the answer came clattering out, "You are too old. Drop dead."

Honest.

I was helped from the room, a broken man. The IBM looked agonizingly unruffled.

SPORTS EDITOR'S TRIBUTE TO STAN THE MAN

By LEE KAVETSKI

Pacific Stars and Stripes Sports Editor

NEWS ITEM: Stan Musial will play his last major league game Sunday after 22 seasons in a Cardinal uniform.

* * *

SO LONG, STAN.

Nobody ever rapped you—the pride of the St. Louis Cardinals and the particular jewel of all baseball.

You stood by yourself. You rocketed up the rocky baseball road to brilliant success without making a single enemy anywhere along the way.

STAN IN JAPAN

You were a once-in-a-lifetime ballplayer who combined a fine sense of loyalty to the team, a sensitivity toward others less gifted and the all-around talents to rise to the top of your profession.

* * *

As a baseball hero, you had little privacy and less peace. But nobody ever saw you sulk or throw a tantrum.

As a national figure, you found strangers who were your friends.

The dominant image you left behind in baseball involved the familiar, knock-kneed batting crouch uncoiling into a magnificent swing. But the style with which you accepted the demands of your fans seems equally memorable.

You were the symbol of sportsmanship, slugging and St. Louis.

* * * *

YOU STRUGGLED OUT of an ordinary background to become an extraordinary man—Stan the Man.

The images and memories you created on the field were as bright as your youth on the sooty sidewalks of Donora, Pa., was dark.

With reflexes still sharp and aging muscles still limber, you were setting new records each time you hammered out a hit . . . a grandfather at 42.

Seven times National League batting champion, your more than 40 league marks are in the ledgers for posterity.

You could have played a few more seasons—perhaps sub-par seasons—but you retired with honor and dignity.

Guys with class don't wait to be pushed.

* * * *

ONE COULD CITE your baseball records all day. But the record books don't list the little things.

- Like learning how to sign your autograph in Japanese characters to please the kids on a 1958 tour of Nippon.
- Or making the last days of cancer-stricken Dickie Kerr more comfortable . . . the guy who talked you into staying in baseball and switching to the outfield when you were a sore-armed young pitcher in the minors.
- Or announcing your retirement with honest, unashamed tears in your eyes.

Your achievements gave baseball majesty and grace.

No star of your brilliance ever played the game with greater zest.

There will always be only one Stan Musial. You have retired and the game will be infinitely poorer.

* * * * * * * * * *

STRIPES REPORTER BATTLED FUJI—LOST

* * * * * * * * * *

Fuji was the reporter's beat—and it beat him. Here's how Simons wrote his story.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: At the opening of the season for mountain climbing Pacific Stars and Stripes usually sends a staffer to assault Mt. Fuji. In 1955 Henry A. Simons, a new arrival in the Far East, was assigned. This is his report.)

By HENRY A. SIMONS

I FLUNKED OUT on Fuji-san.

I arrived eager, resolute and determined at the foot of the beautiful, cone-shaped mountain. But in the long history of mountaineering few exploits have been less significant or more humiliating.

There are two ways of going up Fuji: you can walk all the way or you can ride a horse part way and walk the rest. Lover of fine horseflesh that I am, I passed up the opportunity to walk all the way.

At Station Five the horse, which had signed up for a seven-station hitch, threw in the sponge and had to be sent to the shoeers.

From then on it was man versus mountain, and those are pretty poor odds.

There's no question about it. Training and physical conditioning pay off. Between stations five and six I began to wish I'd had some.

The end came suddenly near Station Seven. I lay down in the trail, beyond caring. The whole project is obviously impossible. (Editor's note: It isn't.)

Two girls stepped over my body and continued up the trail chattering gaily. I rolled over to the side of the road just in time to avoid being trampled by a Boy Scout troop headed for the top.

I staggered upright, filled with new determination. "Tenning," I said to the guide, "let's find a rest house."

I saw the sunrise from Station Seven. The usual thing—a bleary red smear with a lot of clouds.

I started down the mountain.

This is where the feeling of humiliation set in. Mostly because of the Fuji stick.

The Fuji stick is a plain wooden staff worth 5 yen and is available everywhere at 50 yen. At each of Fuji's 10 stations you stop and have a brand burned into the stick (10 yen). These brands are the best evidence of how high you have climbed. They remain after your blisters have healed.

The successful Fuji climber comes home with his stick branded all the way up. The top brand says "Mt. Fuji. The Top. 1955." This type climber develops a strange habit.

He continually twirls his stick so the brand can be seen from all angles. He is careful to lean it against the wall so the brands show.

There are several ways to cope with the problem if you didn't make it to the top.

1) In the midnight confusion at the restrooms it may be possible to exchange sticks with someone who has been to the top and is on the way down. The hours between 12 and 1 a.m. are best for this.

2) From unscrupulous dealers at the bottom you can buy pennants which say "Top Mt. Fuji. 12,365 feet."

3) You can hang a coat or field jacket over the stick and stand it in a corner. The coat will cover the top half of the stick.

Different techniques must be worked out, of course, for dealing with people who ask point-blank, "Did you get to the top?"

First, you can mutter phrases like "terrific winds . . . worst in 20 years . . . guide refused to go on . . . three people swept away . . . ." This method will work best when you get back to the States.

Or you chuckle and say: "Getting along in years . . . little too much beer . . . long time since basic training . . . heh, heh . . ."

With the latter technique the listener feels superior and expresses this feeling as warm camaraderie. He may even buy you a drink.

As a final word, if you intend to climb Fuji make sure your equipment is first class and you're in good physical condition. Check everything. Have your gear examined, have your feet examined. Have your head examined.

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 should 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-Masan 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 bumped at the closed end to command the fingers and flanks. 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 Taejon.

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 textbook 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 taunt the imagination at night when a GI and his buddy are alone in their foxhole.

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 OP's 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 on to the ridge opposite my position. Their patrols are starting toward us now . . . Able 3 this is East 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 6. 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 Bn. of the 19th 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 supper, pocket. 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 Midwest twang. Or he poked his buddy in the ribs and said in pure Brooklynese: "Let's moider de bums!"

A green flare went up on the ridge opposite "C" Co. 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 curtain of our mortar fire only to reappear suddenly on our forward slopes. The holes torn 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, spraying 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, load magazines, feed machine gun 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" Co. 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 mouthpiece. A few minutes later the enemy silenced him, but not before 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 butts 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 balsam. 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 goin' no place!"

Stripes Found Men In Aid Stations Heroes to Men in the Line

By CPL. S. J. MICCICHE
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff Writer

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.

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

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

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

"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."

While Boude and Greenberg race toward the Co. G line position, other medics quickly but seemingly unhurriedly, 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 Casserd in T-shirt, douses his hands and arms in medicinal alcohol and checks the preparations.

Aidmen 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 knifing "burr" 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 crushed 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 torso 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.

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

Closer and closer they plod forward. Finally one short but steep hill is their only 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 ridgeline 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 60 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.

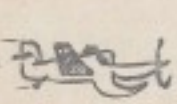
"Oh, God, No!" cry Greenberg and Abbot, unbelievingly.

THOUGH they'll speak elatedly of the experiences of fellow medics or the infantrymen—who always take good care of them while on patrols—these frontline medics are a reticent 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."

FREDDY FIFTY-ONE

Whimsical Staffer Interviewed WW II Vet 'Retreaded' for Korea



By TSGT. 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. 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.

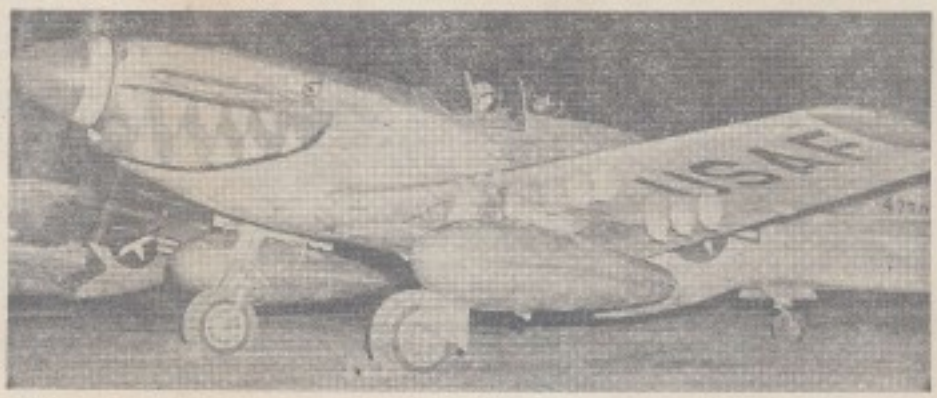
"That's the trouble with you guys who always keep your feet on the ground," he said almost violently. "You got no faith! Ain't I talkin' to you now?" His voice was still hoarse; natch, he was an F-51 Mustang.

"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.

(Continued on Page A-31)



20 YEARS OF HISTORY

ABOVE: Editorial offices until 1953 were in Japan Times building. LEFT: Stripes moved to Hardy Barracks in Tokyo in 1953. BELOW: Stripes moved into its present modern quarters in central Tokyo in October, 1962.

(Continued From Page A-3)

the "Seijoki Shimbun"—as the Japanese know it—were printed and distributed daily.

On March 3, 1955, all editions printed in Tokyo were expanded to 24 pages; the Korea edition, first printed in Pusan and later in Seoul, remained 16 pages. The Seoul plant ceased operations Sept. 2, 1956, and the Tokyo plant began printing a 24-pager for American servicemen in the ROK. An Okinawa edition was inaugurated July 27, 1957.

Stripes celebrated its 17th anniversary on Oct. 1, 1962, by moving into a new, four-story main plant at Hardy Barracks, a stone's throw from the rambling wooden "bungalow" that had housed the plant since 1953.

There were other editions, other changes with time and necessity. With the buildup of American forces in the Republic of Vietnam, *Pacific Stars and Stripes* was covering a war for the second time as early as 1962.

STRIPES' staffers again held their own in covering a war. Marine SSgt. Cecil C. (Storm) Stibbens was picked in mid-1965 for the second year in a row as Military Photographer of the Year in the "Picture of the Year Competition." Stibbens made his prize-winning pictures while in Vietnam on assignment for Stripes. He is now with Leatherneck Magazine, Washington, D.C.

A fifth daily edition, the Three Star, was added Sept. 1, 1965. More than 30,000 of the Three Star edition are printed daily for free distribution to troops in the Republic of Vietnam and to certain elements of the Seventh Fleet. The daily press run of this special edition is expected to exceed 40,000 copies before November.

Today, regular S&S sales exceed 70,000 copies daily throughout the Far East. Japan and the Republic of Korea sales account for more than two-thirds of total circulation, but Stripes pays equal attention to its 7,500 readers on Okinawa, 8,000 in the Philippines, 2,500 on Taiwan, almost 4,000 on Guam and others in such spots as Nepal, Afghanistan, Burma, Australia, Laos and Thailand.

Self-supporting Stripes pays its own way with newsstand and subscription sales, sale of books, and job printing done in the newspaper's Tokyo plant.

Each branch of the military service is represented in all phases of Stars and Stripes operations, in the newsroom, in the circulation department, in the printing shop—wherever there's a job to be done.

Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force men, along with a civilian force, carry out Stripes' daily mission with speed and professionalism. But they have help.

Speedy transportation is provided by the Military Air Transport Service, which, flies copies of Stripes to readers all over the Western Pacific, Far East and Southeast Asia. Area commanders provide S&S with office space, transportation and other administrative and logistical support.

STRIPES employs about 237 Japanese, Taiwanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Thais and Vietnamese. There are also 37 American military personnel and 35 U.S. civilians assigned to S&S. Reflecting the all-service make-up of the staff, the Army officer-in-charge, Lt. Col. William V. Schmitt, has as deputies an Air Force officer, Maj. H. E. Swinney and Marine Corps Maj. Clifford D. Steiner.

The far-flung staff teams up to publish 24 pages daily and 56 pages on the weekend, gathering and writing news and distributing papers from a network of editorial bureaus and circulation offices scattered throughout the Far East. Stripes also maintains a bureau in the Pentagon.

Serviced by United Press International and Associated Press for world news coverage, the S&S that hits the doorsteps or barracks every day also contains pieces by internationally-syndicated columnists. Much of Stripes' local coverage comes from the troops themselves through military information offices. Pages are filled daily with news stories on various outfits, their activities and achievements. Human interest features and pictures roundout Stripes' regional pages. Stripes' own military or civilian newsmen are often sent to seldom-visited areas to cover special events or maneuvers.

Pacific Stars and Stripes is an authorized but unofficial publication for the Far East Armed Forces, operating under Department of Defense guide lines with the theater commander (CINCPAC) charged with basic responsibility. Operational control is exercised by the commanding general, U.S. Army, Pacific, who has delegated direct supervision to the commanding general, U.S. Army, Japan.

Stars and Stripes—the serviceman's daily link with home and the world—continues to defend their right to know. They have the proof in their hands every day whether they are in a sandy fox hole in South Vietnam or at a breakfast table in northern Japan. A necessity to the American way of life.

UNITED NATIONS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Ex-Staffer, Now With New Yorker Magazine, Had a Language Problem

By PFC JOHN SACK
Pacific Stars & Stripes Staff

BY THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT, xis United Nations army she makes dizzy ze mind, niet warr?

You could drive along the battlefront 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-ingest 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.

"Me no talkie Inglis so bun," he said.

"All right, I'll say it slower. Is this the—holy 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 Hindi," 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 send 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—pff, pff.' 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 groet en meld 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.

"Heinekens?" 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 Opoe, 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 said them, "they have men from South America and Poland in the Dutch battalion?"

"No, no," said a captain. "We have no men here from ze South America."

"An Arab?" I asked.

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

"This is Monsieur Medda," the captain said. "He is from ze 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 ze Hollanders we are great friends. On patrols we—hey!" He whirled to a Korean houseboy 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 said he didn't do it, it was his friends," said the captain disgustedly.

"Now about these Dutchmen. . . ?"

"Also," said the captain, "We are great friends with ze Thailanders. Often we invite them for wine."

"You have wine here?" I asked.

"But of course!" he said. "Ze men at ze front have ze wine in ze jerrycan. Or in ze 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 10 minutes down the road. "My 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, to my soldier, 'Wish you luck!'

"So my soldier says, 'Oh never mind, today hava-yes, tommorow 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 Scotsmen."

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 chartreuse scarf, and a beret.

On the beret was a pin with the words, "Ubique quo fas et decent 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 wakarimas-ka?" "No."

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

THE GENTLE ART OF THE GEISHA

An Early Staffer Set Our Readers Right on a Delicate Question

END PRODUCT OF A LONG TRAINING PERIOD.

By DONALD S. RICHIE
Pacific Stars and Stripes Staff

THE WEST HAS CONSISTENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD the position of the geisha in the society of Japan. With typical duality, 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 perpetuated by the newly arrived Americans or Europeans. Lafcadio Hearn once wrote:

"Notwithstanding all this apparent comradeship, 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 at the festivities only as a human flower, to be looked at, not to be touched. The familiarity 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 decorous geisha has been the object not of occasional but of constant advances by the foreigners. She has been confused with her lower sister, the *jura*, 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 nautch-girls of India, the hetaerae of ancient Greece or the ballad-singers of Old China. The West has only a distant equivalent in the nightclub-hostess or the taxidancer.

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.

An elderly dance instructor teaches a step to a young geisha in training.

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 consummation 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 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 samisen or the koto; 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 10. She had to learn entire sections of Japanese classical literature, she had to become thoroughly familiar with the classical 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 18 years 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 9th Century when young ladies called the "shirabyoshi" or white-measure 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 eras, 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 1718, an edict appeared which stated: "Girls of this class are such patent 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.

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.

Learning to play the tsuzumi (drum) is part of the education of a geisha.

The Bald Eagle's Wings Are Clipped

Famed Author Wrote Tale of Korean War for Stripes

By JAMES A. MICHENER
Special to Pacific Stars and Stripes

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."

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

Said 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 59 holes through the wings and body. From now on he's to do paper work."

The man Perry referred to is 35-year-old Cdr. Paul N. Gray of St. John, Kan., squadron leader of Fighter Sq. 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 train, flying through heavy flak and getting whatever he goes 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 Hwachwong 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 left 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 59 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, tucked 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, "Those 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 10 miles from the sea and coaxed 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 roared out toward the railroad bridges and trains in north Korea.

I WATCHED this gallant man go and I was in the wardroom 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."

An anguished hush fell over the Essex. Card games stopped. Men who knew 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.

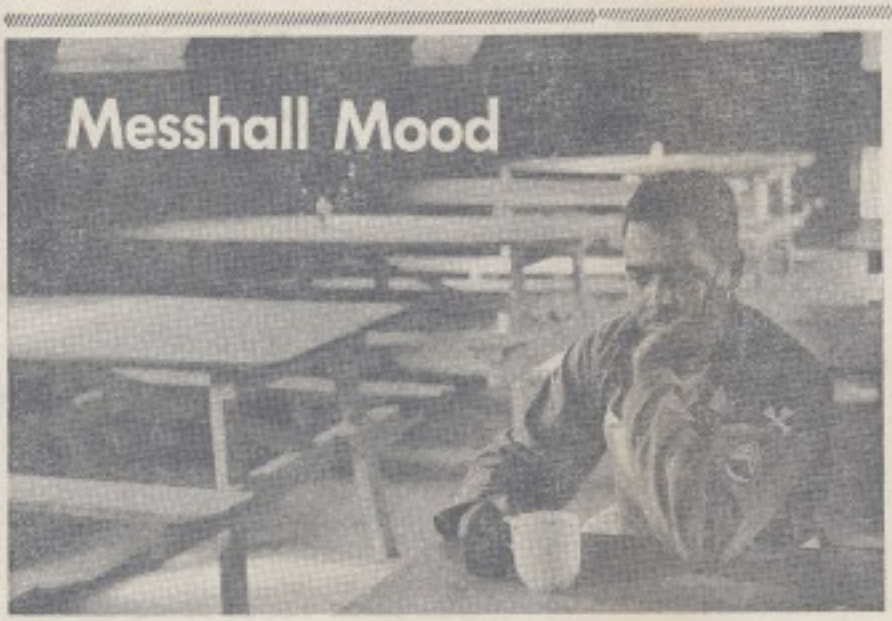
Then further details were announced, "Commander Gray was flying low to strafe positions north of Hamchon. His propeller was ripped off by 20-caliber fire. There is no news of his rescue."

It was a hellish time in the wardroom and two members of Sq. 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."

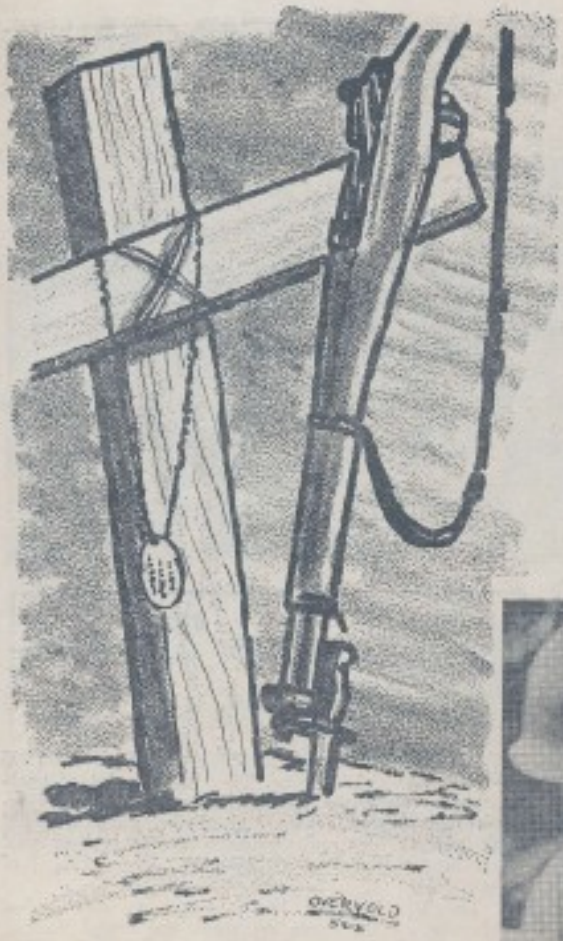
The card games resumed. A comedian posted a big sign, "Use caution when ditching damaged airplanes in Wonsan harbor. Don't hit Commander Gray." And on the Twining the Bald Eagle of the Essex was arguing that he had to get back to his carrier. When he gets there it won't do him any good. For Perry has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

Loaded to the wingtips with bombs, rockets and napalm, this Navy Skyraider zooms down the flight deck of the carrier Essex on its way to slam a few targets in Korea. Cdr. Gray in inset.



Messhall Mood

This sensitive study of a cook taking a coffee break won a prize in the human interest division of the first Pacific Stars & Stripes photo contest in 1954. Photographer's name has been lost.



In Memoriam

One-time Staffer, The Late Famed Author John McPartland, Wrote Ode to Heroes Which We Couple With Prize Winning Photo by Ex-Staffer Al Chang, Now With National Geographic

Written on Memorial Day, 1952
By Sgt. John McPartland
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 gray 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 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.

A grief-stricken U.S. infantryman, whose buddy has been killed in action in Korea, is comforted by another soldier. This prize-winning photo by ex-staffer Al Chang was reprinted in many publications. Chang is now with the National Geographic.

BLONDE BOMB SHATTERS FRONT

Marilyn made the lives of these soldiers a bit warmer in the chill winter of 1954 during her four-day tour of the front. At left she gives out with "There Is Nothing Like a Dame."

Stripes' Man in Korea Covers Biggest Event Before Armistice

By CPL. BOB JENNINGS
Pacific Stars and Stripes Staff

MARILYN MONROE sizzled through giant outdoor shows on Korea's cold front yesterday and proved to 35,000 Yanks that the world's best known chassis is "for real."

The fabulous blue-eyed platinum-top blonde exploded in song at a 7th Div. 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 clans 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 welcomers. A screen of yellow smoke billowed up to herald the arrival of her party in three-chops.

The girl who rocketed to stardom on a calendar in her birthday suit embarked and giggled "These 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—shimmying to the floor.

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

Following the performances, McGarr climbed on stage to thank the Hollywoodite for bringing to the Bayonet Div. "our biggest morale boost" 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 insignia.

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

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

The show 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.

On the Town

MARILYN MONROE, AMERICA'S FAVORITE calendar girl, is gone. There'll be a lot of post-mortem words written about the passing of the misty-eyed, moist-lipped movie star. Rewritemen will dig back in their files and reminisce about her bursts of temperament that cost Hollywood studios millions of dollars.

They'll tell about her marriage to Joltin' Joe DiMaggio and the curve she threw the famed Yankee Clipper the day she filed for divorce. (There was little joy in Movieville that day, because the mighty Joe had struck out.)

They'll tell about her marriage to playwright Arthur Miller, which was billed as a "Beauty and the

Stripes 'Funnyman' Writes Serious Tribute to MM

Brain" union. And they'll write about her attempts to bone up on Shakespeare and the classics in order to preserve a marriage that was doomed to failure.

But not one of them, we're sure, will bring up the trip that Marilyn made to Korea in 1954 when she was on her honeymoon with DiMaggio. The wildly acclaimed "Princess of Pulchritude" donned long johns and fatigues, pursed her lips in a kiss and left Joe standing at Haneda Airport.

Her wild reception only a few days before by 2,500 screaming Japanese fans was more than equalled by enthusiastic American troops who greeted her on arrival in Korea.

(It's just lucky the communists didn't choose this time to make an all-out push. They'd have been eaten alive by the maddest bunch of guys this side of the 38th Parallel.)

An estimated 6,000 members of the 45th Div., bored with the 45-minute show that preceded Marilyn's performance, began flinging rocks at the stage. "Bring on Marilyn!" was the cry, and when the hip-tossing actress appeared in a skin-tight purple dress, one soldier was trampled and had to be hauled away in an ambulance.

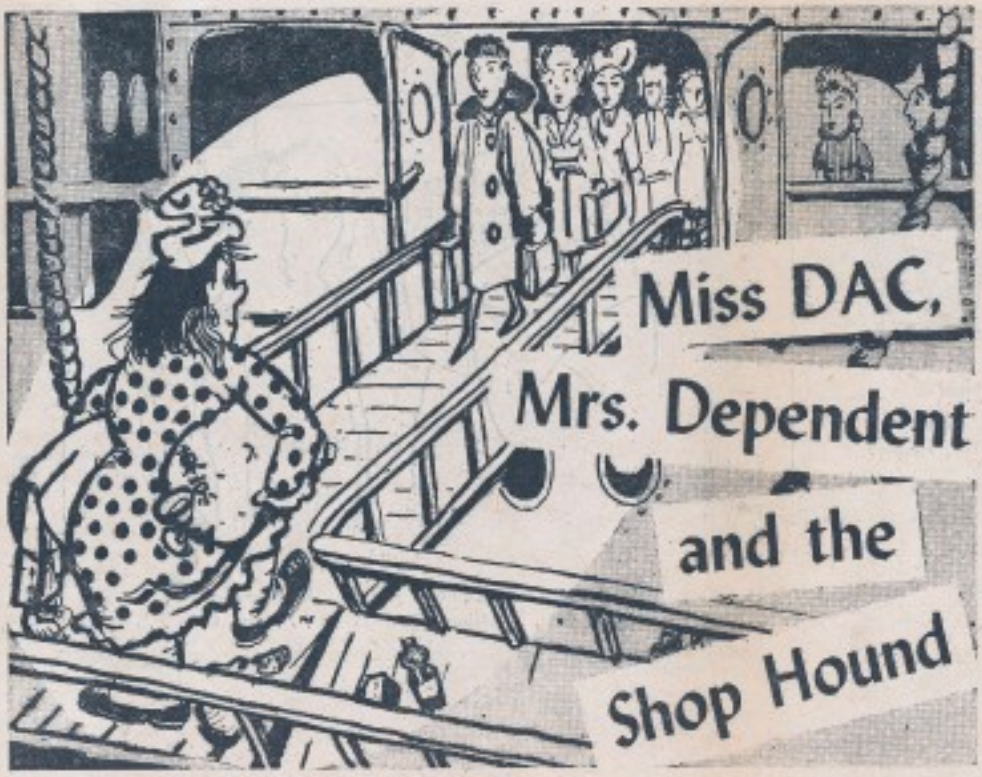
THROUGH IT ALL, MARILYN SMILED. SHE got down on the floor to talk to a serviceman whose broken back kept him immobilized in bed—face down. She ate with the men in their mess halls and posed for hundreds of photos in sub-zero weather.

Marilyn capped off her four-day morale-boosting swing through Korea with a show which electrified the large, hollering and whistling throng she faced at Taegu. She came on in a form-fitting black gold-flecked dress, cut like a California hot-rod.

Singing "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," the vivacious blonde from Hollywood captivated that last audience in the same manner she enthralled her first—by just being Marilyn Monroe.

And that, we figure, is the way she would like to be remembered.

Meet you . . . On the Town



EDITOR'S NOTE: When the occupation began in 1945, Japanese women were still living pretty much in a feudal age. So the arrival a few years later of the emancipated American woman in the form of DACs, WACs and dependents hit the country with a terrific impact—and vice versa, as Eleanor Hicks and Sally Hawkins 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. 12, 1948.

FIRED BY THE AMBITION to see the world, the neophyte DAC 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 bound 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 Fuji is. She'll be able to give with words like takusan, anone and kobee. 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 charity born of watching them remove girdles and put their hair in curlers. She'll recognize a shower hog, 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 kabuki and noh, 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 chiisonne, Kutani and Imari. When she gets home she'll have a Japanese corner, and woe be to the visitor who doesn't want to look at it.

In addition to Oriental culture, she'll have gained a psychological mastery of a 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. Her man 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. 10, 1948, that "Dependents Are Here To Stay", shows that both sides amusingly misunderstood the other:

WHEN I ARRIVED in Japan, my husband said: "Be careful what you say. Remember you are a dependent."

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

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, girls! Chinese coat hangers left over from the Ming dynasty."

Accompanying Mrs. Shopping Hound is the Going-Along-With Woman who confesses 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. . ."

FREDDY FIFTY-ONE

(Continued From Page A-24)

"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 worthwhile 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."

Freddy 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 roger, 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 4.5 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 50s 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.

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 caliber bullets. Gas and oil were loaded into Freddy'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 16 F-51s, with Freddy leading, taxied through the mud toward the strip.

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

Freddy 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.

"What's it like, flying the F-100, Herbie?"

"Let's see now . . . heart good . . . hearing perfect . . . lungs OK . . . vision 20-20-20-20 . . . feet OK . . ."

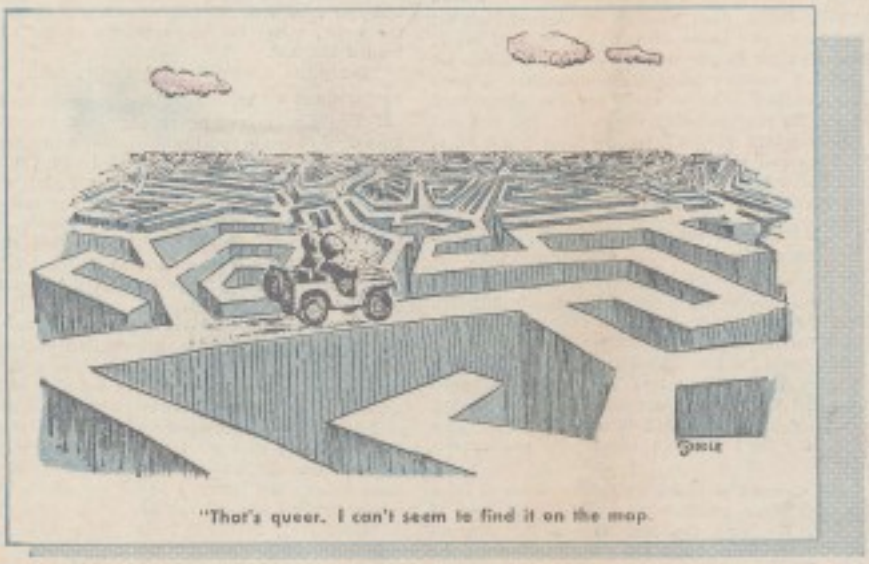
Cartoon Capers Through the Years

TWENTY YEARS OF *Pacific Stars and Stripes* produced at least a couple of thousand real block buster cartoons and at least a couple thousand more that brought a chuckle or two.

Going through the cartoon files was the most pleasant part of producing this anniversary edition. From the hundreds of possibilities we have chosen this small selection. All the artists here were full-time staffers; the work of non-staff contributors over the years is equally good, but it would take a complete issue to be fair to all those who helped entertain our readers over the years. Therefore, we have concentrated here on staff work only.

Three of the artists represented are still producing laughs: Silverstein for readers of Playboy; Opie for New Yorker readers and Bill Sanders for readers of the Kansas City Star editorial page.

Michael Biddle has turned more serious and recently had a one-man show of his paintings in New York City. Sonae Colton, who caught the little old Japanese lady at the perfume counter, is married to former Stripes photo chief William Colton but still creates beauty in line for Seventeen magazine in New York.



"That's queer. I can't seem to find it on the map.