



STRIPES

IN JAPAN AND KOREA

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1945

ST FOR THE FIRST



1st Cavalry Division rang up another record and is telling the world about it. First in Cav has been selected as honor guards of Tokyo. Pacific Stars & Stripes Photo

Government For Atomic Power Recommended By Roberts

(From Services)
With the U.S. sending a message President Truman recommendations for atomic bomb, former Justice Owen D. Roberts, prominent member of establishment government to con-

Red Light Off

TOKYO—Military Police have placed more than a hundred houses of prostitution off-limits to soldiers and sailors by order of Brig. Gen. Hugh Hoffman, Provost Marshal of Tokyo. The action by the MPs was taken on Monday and Tuesday after a medical survey showed that most of the women had at least one venereal disease. In one case, 100% of the women

8 MILLION IDLE BY NEXT SPRING

Jobs, Demobilization Fail to Keep Pace

WASHINGTON (ANS)—Reconversion Director John W. Snyder said Tuesday there might be 8,000,000 unemployed by next spring with "high unemployment" persisting through 1946.

Stripes at Fifty

IN LOCAL VOTING

National Victory Seen

Christmas at Home Possible for 60s

By Cpl. PETER GRODSKY
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.

The Eighth Army expects to have shipping available to send back 34,000 officers and enlisted men during October, and 33,000 during November.

Thousands of enlisted men became eligible for discharge on October 1, when the War Department lowered the score to 70 points. Additional thousands will become eligible November 1, when points drop to 60.

However, having points in the 60s and 70s does not mean that on October 2 or November 2 all men within those groups will board Stateside-bound vessels. Men will be called from their units as soon as shipping is available, with the highest-point men getting first call.

Once a man is called out of his outfit, he knows that shipping is available for him and that he won't be in the replacement depot for more than an average of 48 hours.

He will be "processed" at the depot, meaning that his personal records—pay, allotment, clothing, service record, etc.—are brought up to date.

"Processing" will not delay a man's departure, said Colonel Shaw. He told of an instance where a Navy ship radioed it would have the hold of an instance where a Navy ship radioed it would have the room for 112 men, but could stop for just a few hours. The men were hastily summoned to the depot, processed and on their way home the same day.

UNION CLAIMS AUTO MAKERS STIR STRIKES

R. J. Thomas Charges Companies Not Ready For Reconversion

CHICAGO (ANS)—R. J. Thomas, International president of the United Automobile Workers, CIO Tuesday charged automobile manufacturers with being "on strike" and declared they were seeking to provoke labor troubles now because they were not ready for reconversion.

"The automotive industry, and not the union, is on strike," Thomas said.

at a repre and air

Though the replacement depot in Yokohama has just been set up and can handle about 30 men a day, by October 15 it will be able to accommodate 10,000 men. As the need grows, the depot will be expanded.

There have been instances—and there are probably cases now—the colonel asserted, where high point men are in Japan, while lower point men are on their way home. He explained that these men who should have been on their way earlier are now being given priority on discharge.

Those men haven't left yet due to the fact that they or their records were probably in transit when the lower point men were sent back to the States. "It's strictly a transitional problem and is being rectified," Colonel Shaw declared.

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PACIFIC
STARS AND STRIPES
FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE

1945-1995

50 YEARS IN THE PACIFIC

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES

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50th ANNIVERSARY

1945-1995

SPECIAL ISSUE

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The cost of news gathering

BY HAL DRAKE
Stripes Senior Writer

Pacific Stars and Stripes, turning 50, has lost two reporters in two wars — one a 37-year-old veteran, the other a youngster only 24. I knew one only slightly and the other not at all.

I called the home of Ernie Peeler's son in California not long ago, wanting to know as much as he might remember about his dad — the reporter we lost in the hard and early days of the Korean War.

Gone before my time, he was a man I never knew, except by reputation and the quality of work I found in a few faded library clippings.

I learned Peeler had been an International News Service reporter and could believe that because of his neat, tight writing, the kind required by telegraphic news services. During World War II, he had worked in military information offices, which ideally qualified him for Stripes — a guy who knew the business from both ends of the telephone.

Told by former Stripes librarian Toshi Tokunaga Cooper that the younger Peeler kept a scrapbook on his father, I called not long ago — and got a hurtful



Ernie Peeler

shock. The son had died that morning, following the father he had lost when he was 7 years old.

The son, same name as his father, had been in bad health for some time, his twin sister LaMoynne told me. But he had spent his last days trying to get something done — raise funds and support for a memorial, honoring not only his father but all the sons of the city of



Paul Savanuck

San Bernardino who went to the Korean War and didn't come back.

She'd go on doing that, LaMoynne told me — and would do her best to get it done.

I apologized for my ill-timed intrusion and hung up. Ernie Peeler was still the man I never knew — except as a newsmen who gave his trade all a reporter could.

He was good and he was gutsy, this Peeler — the kind of reporter who would stand fire to get his story, walking into enemy cylinders of every caliber or millimeter.

Peeler and Hal Gamble were the first Pacific Stars and Stripes reporters sent to cover the war, which broke over the benign Occupation life in Japan like a storm over a picnic. Within days, the two were out of Tokyo and in Korea, reporting a difficult and confusing conflict.

Peeler took chances — a lot of chances. Good reporters always do, taking a soldier's chances to do a newsman's job.

So it was on July 28, 1950, when he was declared missing in action — perhaps slain by an enemy tank that blew his Jeep off the road. Old-timers at Stripes told me of hopefully scanning POW lists provided by the Communists at Panmunjom. Peeler, Cpl. Ernest never turned up.

On the day he disappeared, Peeler was out of hostile range when he and Ray Richards, an International News Service correspondent, decided to head north, toward a broken, disorganized nonentity called the front, to get "just a little more" before they wrote their stories — a decision that can cost a reporter's life.

But the good ones do it.

Please see DEAD, Page 19

THE OCCUPATION

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES

The birth of a tradition

BY PETER (GRODSKY) GRANT

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the first general to win five stars, had a love/hate relationship with the Army. He loved MacArthur. He hated the GIs. Peasants.

He wanted his own newspaper. A glory sheet for MacArthur. In fact, when he found out we were calling it Pacific Stars and Stripes and intended to run a real newspaper, word dribbled down to us: The name won't do — too European.

"Come up with another name," our OIC timidly asked us. Timid, because he respected our news professionalism as compared to his own experience in circulation for a small-town Southern paper. (I think he was a bit more than a news delivery boy tossing papers on lawns and roofs. Maybe. But he was a major, I a corporal.)

For names, I suggested "Stars Finally" and "The Oriental Express." Meanwhile, we pushed ahead to see if the eight of us writers and editors could put out a paper every 24 hours. We had almost no backup. We had no teletype, photo feed process or outside source for features. We did get to pick up carbons of wire service stories out of Tokyo and day-delayed news summaries sent (in cabalistic mumbo-jumbo) by the services to their Tokyo correspondents to help them evaluate stories that might affect their reporting.

Another handicap: We did not know what size newsprint or press we could commandeer. This would determine whether

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Peter (Grodsky) Grant was a wartime reporter for United Press and Transradio Press. In the Army he was a GI reporter and a founder of Stripes in Tokyo, and he wrote the lead story in PS&S Vol. 1, No. 1. After Army discharge, he reported for the Los Angeles Times for 17 years before switching to public relations. He is now retired.

the paper would be a tabloid or full sized. Also, we had to find English type and Japanese typesetters who could set English words. Setting up a distribution process was another pre-publication problem that had to be solved.

The name remained Pacific Stars and Stripes by a fluke. The Japanese Domei news agency carried a story saying that PS&S would soon start publishing. American correspondents were mad as hell that Domei scooped them on an American story, but they ran the story stateside anyway. This was too small an item for the general to make an issue out of, so the paper's name stayed Pacific Stars and Stripes.

On Sept. 28, 1945, we put out a practice issue — Volume 0, Number 0 — to see if we could beat the clock and put out a daily. We made it in 17 hours. That's less than 24, so we knew we could.

It was a great issue, with two pictures on the front page: One showed MacArthur accepting the transfer of God status from Emperor Hirohito to himself. (My description, not his.) Both men had their hands behind their backs. No shaking. The other picture was a billboard sign announcing the 1st Cavalry Division entering To-

kyo.

The real issue No. 1, for distribution to the troops, came out Oct. 3. The top story of the day was demobilization. Naively, I had expected to get the story from MacArthur. I was a full corporal. He didn't want to talk to me.

MacArthur's picture did not appear in issue No. 1. He made no news. We made no friend. The 1st Cavalry billboard photo made it.

Presenting myself to Gen. Bonner Fellers, MacArthur's military aide, I had explained my mission. I wanted to interview MacArthur about the big general morale story of the day among soldiers: demobilization. We wanted it as our lead story for Japan's first issue of Stripes.

"Come back in an hour," Fellers told me.

The answer was no. MacArthur didn't want to see me.

Then unfolded the strangest tale of all. Fellers, leaving no doubt in my mind that this was a message from MacArthur, began berating the whole Washington hierarchy including Gen. George C. Marshall, the chief of staff, whom he labeled a war monger. Of course this is all off the record, he told me.

Then Fellers turned the conversation. In effect, he told me I ought to write a think piece for the paper urging the U.S. to go to war now against our wartime ally, Russia. Wow!

But Fellers confused me. As I was leaving his office, he said, "It's your story. Do with it what you want."

I wrote the story, quoting Fellers. However, discretion being the better part of valor (and I wanted out of the Army, too), I brought three copies of the story to him to check before I submitted it. (The fourth copy I kept in my office.)

Reading two lines into the lead, Fellers blew up and chewed me out — but good, as a general could. He kept all three copies. I had no printable story.

But I did have a story for the civilian press. In the early days of the Occupation, correspondents were too busy to follow it up. Several weeks later, Fellers called a news conference. To the assembled newsmen he announced that the meeting was off-the-record and gave them the same convoluted shtick he'd given me.

(Those guys were in the same position I was, only in reverse. They wanted to stay and

spoke no English. This complemented the correspondent's inability to speak Japanese. But they were useful, as only beautiful girls could be.)

This made many a correspondent reluctant to leave Tokyo. Those reporters were satisfied to hang around GHQ, use PR handouts, get whatever stories they could pick up easily and call tidbits from Stripes. They shared stories among themselves.

One day I scrounged a story about a phony emperor. He had written to GHQ hoping for help. About 600 years ago, he claimed, his family had the imperial robes. In a war with the Hirohito branch, his family lost the empire, he said, and all he had left were impressive-looking papers, scrolls and drawings, many of which he sent in.

Seeing this stuff led me to the story. A generations-long peasant, the poor man had visions of grandeur. He was willing to replace Hirohito if MacArthur would say the word. MacArthur wouldn't.

The man lived 60 miles from Tokyo, but the brass had taken away my Jeep as a result of ongoing feuds. So I worked out a deal with Connie Ryan of Time magazine (who later wrote a book and war movie, "The Longest Day"). We would go together (in Connie's car) to see the guy, and I'd hold my Stripes story until the day his Time story hit the street in the States.

Ken Pettus, then editor of PS&S, didn't think much of the idea of holding a story for 10

Please see BIRTH, Page 28

On Sept. 28, 1945, we put out a practice issue. . . to see if we could beat the clock and put out a daily. We made it in 17 hours. That's less than 24, so we knew we could.

could be booted out of Japan if they didn't toe the line.)

Later the news dribbled out in pieces without the real impact or shock I had when a general proposed that I start a war. All I wanted to do was go home.

As the Occupation moved along, civilian correspondents didn't work too hard. Many of the men hired beautiful translators (via their expense accounts). Some translators were a little handicapped: They



Stars and Stripes staffers at work in their Japan Times office in February 1950, and Stripes' second home near today's present location at Hardy Barracks post in Tokyo.

Stripes file photo

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BY TOSHI
TOKUNAGA COOPER

Something was terribly wrong. I was a young Japanese woman trained in the traditional arts, expected to arrange flowers, obey custom and follow in the footsteps of whoever would be chosen to be my husband.

But here I was, in 1949, surrounded by the "conquering enemy" — smiling, warm-hearted GIs — in the bustling Pacific Stars and Stripes newspaper office that was so full of life it seemed like the center of the universe.

My conservative father was aghast. I was in heaven.

And that's where I stayed for about 22 years. I have often been asked how I got such an interesting job. The answer is simply that I was lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time.

Thanks to an introduction from a college friend, I had found a job in the public information office of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's headquarters (GHQ). Maj. Fred May was chief of the PIO newsroom. From there he went to Pacific Stars and Stripes, becoming the sixth officer in charge. He offered me a job at the paper.

I still remember the city room, on the third floor of the old Nippon Times building. It was very different from PIO in the NHK building, where well-dressed correspondents from important statewide news media worked in clean, air-conditioned comfort.

The PS&S city room was tiny in comparison — and hot, with fans buzzing and soldiers and sailors in T-shirts sweating and shouting. Every few seconds, the building would shake as a train rumbled by — mainline tracks were just a few feet from the windows.

I must have looked a bit bewildered on that August day in 1949. Maj. May, a kindly man who treated me like his daughter, said, "Don't worry, Toshi. They are all nice boys. You'll get used to them."

Yes, I sure did. They became like family. In fact, over the next 22 years, I would spend much more time with my Stripes family than with my own family.

People say the Japanese are kind, and I suppose that's true. But, for me, it was the people I worked with and came to know at Stars and Stripes who seemed so helpful and anxious to make me feel comfortable. With support and encouragement from so many, I quickly learned my new responsibilities — researching facts and filling in the library and interpreting for reporters and photographers.

I was inexperienced and naive, but I was also enthusiastic and willing to learn — and I had some great teachers. Here are a few of my earliest memories from those days.



Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio honeymoon in Tokyo.

1954 Stripes file photo

Right place, right time

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Toshi Tokunaga Cooper was PS&S's chief librarian and interpreter from the Occupation days of 1949 until 1971 in the Vietnam War era. She is chairwoman of the Stars and Stripes Association — a Stripes alumni organization — and lives in Newark, Del., with her husband, whom she met at Stripes.

The first assignment I recall covering with a reporter was a flood story in downtown Tokyo. It must have been the typhoon season. The reporter drove our Jeep. Stripes didn't have its own drivers then. Or photographers. We picked up a Signal Corps cameraman at the Sunshin Building at Hibiya corner, which was at A and Z avenues under the Occupation street system.

We bounded off, but suddenly I realized I didn't know where we were going. I was expected to give directions but I was completely unfamiliar with that part of Tokyo. It was one of those embarrassing moments.

We finally found the flood-

ing, and I'm sure we interviewed some people at the scene. But what I remember best is that this was my introduction to trying to get information from official Japanese sources.

I remember telephoning the police, the city officer and the weather bureau. And I remember getting nowhere. Information was doled out through individual Japanese "press clubs" connected with the various agencies.

To get information you had to be a member. I think that same "closed system" continues today.

It was frustrating not being able to get information, and I guess I didn't know enough to be intimidated by the government bureaucracy. Whenever I could, I began making personal contacts with officials and bureaucrats.

Somehow, I had the nerve and the spunk to walk right in, introduce myself and make contact with the right people. Today, they teach courses in such things and call it "networking." To me, it came naturally and seemed part of the job.

My first sports assignment came when a reporter asked me to take him to a sumo tourna-

ment. He didn't think much of it and soon declared, "This isn't a sport. I'll show you a real sport." He took me to see a military boxing match. You call that a sport, I felt like saying. It was a brutal display. I kept my eyes covered most of the time.

My first meeting with a member of the royal family

came in 1950. Cpl. Ernie Peeler, a veteran newsman who looked out of place in uniform, asked me to set up an interview with Princess Kazuko, the third daughter of then-Emperor Hirohito. She had just married, and it was one of the first happy occasions for the royal family after World War II.

I begged Ernie to wear a clean, pressed uniform for the interview and was much relieved when he showed up looking neat and sharp. But I almost screamed out loud at the royals' residence when he took off his shoes and there was a hole in the toe of his sock.

We got through that little crisis somehow and, shortly after that, Ernie went to Korea to cover the war. He never came back.

One of the biggest thrills for me was seeing Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio. It was early 1954, and they were on their honeymoon. When we got to Haneda airport to cover their arrival, it was total chaos. There were reporters and photographers everywhere.

In addition to covering their arrival we were supposed to deliver a letter to Marilyn from the Pacific Stars and Stripes officer in charge inviting her to visit the newspaper. To our great disappointment, Marilyn and Joe had been whisked away and avoided the press completely.

Driving back to Tokyo from the airport, we were dejected. Then, up ahead on the road, I thought I saw a blonde head in the back seat of a car. Gleeefully, we pursued. And it turned out to be Marilyn and Joe. We followed them to the Imperial Hotel, where they slipped past another huge crowd of media people and pulled up to a back entrance — with us right behind.

We delivered the letter of invitation, but Marilyn and Joe weren't able to visit the paper. That was too bad, but for me, at least, one dream had come true. I had their autographs. Marilyn went on to entertain the troops in Korea.

There was plenty of tough, tedious work, too. Being liaison and interpreter for sensitive labor negotiations, for instance, was difficult and exhausting. And I can't begin to count the hours I put in at meetings discussing the paper's move to its present location at Tokyo's Hardy Barracks in the early 1960s.

But to call my career at the paper exciting would be an understatement. Really, I can't think of a dull moment.

I still think of Stars and Stripes as my second home. And I will always remember the wonderful people I worked with, laughed with — and even argued with. My only regret is that I didn't get to Stars and Stripes sooner.

One of the biggest thrills for me was seeing Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio. It was early 1954, and they were on their honeymoon.

Watching history as it happened

BY JIM SHAW

If you could somehow choose to be a spectator at a fascinating chapter out of the history of the past hundred years — in other words, time travel — what time and place would you choose? For me, it would be Japan in the post-war era, and I got my wish.

When I arrived at Stripes in 1959, momentous changes were taking place in Japan. Fifteen years earlier, the country had been defeated in a devastating war. Military occupation of the country had ended in 1952, but there were still many thousands of Americans stationed at bases



throughout the country. The Japanese and Americans were warily trying to figure each other out. And, meanwhile, a mighty national effort was under way to rebuild, ultimately producing what would rightly be called an "economic miracle."

So, I was there, all right, and I wish I could say that I saw the



At work in Stripes' printing plant during June 1952.

"big picture" taking shape. But in truth what I remember is mostly everyday trivia of the period.

By the late 1950s few visible scars remained from the heavy damage inflicted on Tokyo by the World War II bombing raids, but the drab, gray city didn't seem much like a world capital, either. It was a bit threadbare.

A decent hamburger was very hard to come by "on the economy," but there were outstanding restaurants where you could enjoy a first-rate steak dinner for \$5 to \$10 at the then-prevailing exchange rate of 360 yen to a dollar. (The military clubs were even cheaper, serving 16-ounce Kobe beef steaks with all the trimmings for \$2 or less. At "dine time," you could order any drink at the bar for

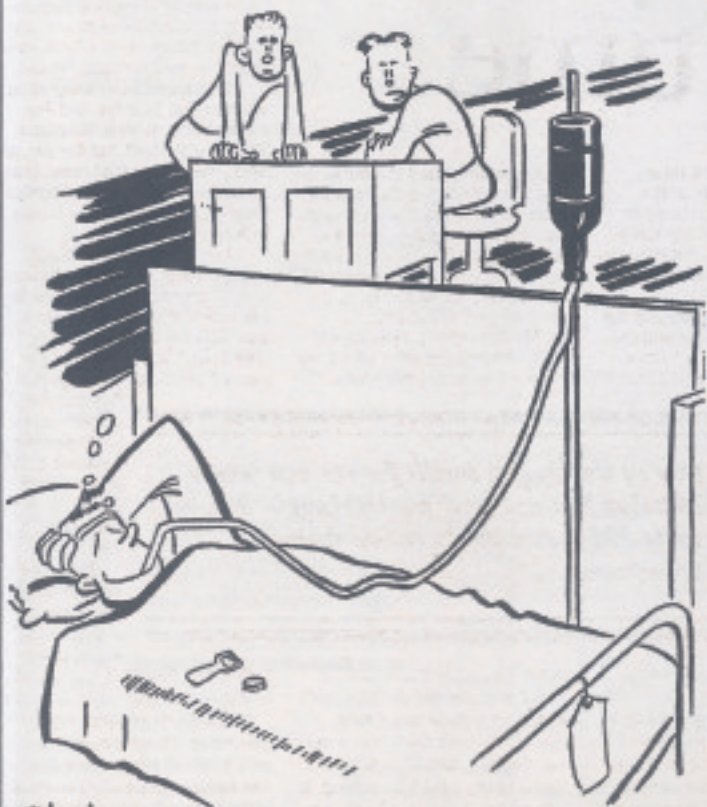
10 cents.)

But the Japanese still had their belts pulled tight, and luxuries were scarce. Few Japanese could afford to own cars, and they were naturally a little envious of Americans, who, for the most part, drove ancient, scruffy clunkers that had been passed down through a succession of owners. We bought PX

Please see SHAW, Page 28

ORIENT-TASHUN

by Stucky



Stucky

"Now that you mention it, that is a strange looking plasma bottle."

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THE KOREAN WAR

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES

Getting the story filed

BY DICK KEMP

During the Korean War, it seemed to me that the two most valuable things needed by anyone covering the conflict were transportation and communications. It helped, too, if you had experience in covering the military engaging a tough and mean enemy.

Like the time I was able to get agreement to cover a Mosquito outfit doing aerial reconnaissance for the United Nations forces.

My pilot was an Air Force captain who knew his business. We were to make four sorties during a two-day period with me sitting behind him.

Well, I was of no use to him as an observer, but I quickly grew to appreciate his courage. During one flight, he intervened after a call for aid from an infantry unit "in deep stuff."

My pilot got two Air Force fighter-bombers on hand and then led them in, placing smoke rockets on the enemy positions. The infantry on the ground got the help they needed. I got great copy for a combat story.

I finished my story back in Pusan at the Pacific Stars and Stripes bureau and walked it to a Signal center just down the road.

My story never got out of Korea. I was called to an inter-

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Dick Kemp retired as a sergeant first class after 20 years in the Army, including tours at Pacific Stars and Stripes in 1950-51 and 1964-65. He served in combat zones in the Philippines, Korea and Vietnam. On returning to civilian life, he worked for newspapers in Florida, Texas, Tennessee and Missouri.

view with a CIC agent. In my copy, I had used the radio code names of every ground and air contact we had. And I insisted that the copy go straight to Tokyo instead of through the field censorship unit.

Army intelligence wanted to know why I had breached security on radio codes — a certain aid to the foe. I just didn't know: I didn't know the rules in

communicating copy to my home office, and I didn't know that using the codes in the manner I had in an open story was a breach of security.

It didn't end my reporting career, but it killed a worthwhile story

and taught me some valuable lessons.

Field press censorship was attached to the Eighth Army correspondents' billets, where newsmen were briefed twice a day and where they slept, sometimes showered and, if lucky, managed to get a hot meal.

Most of the censors were newsmen recalled to active duty from Stateside newspa-



A soldier is comforted by a medic after watching a lifelong buddy killed in a mortar attack. USAF photo

pers. They knew the score. They also knew that it was easy to give information to the enemy through early release of news stories dealing with an unresolved tactical situation.

Many were the arguments between writers and photogra-

phers and the censors. Sometimes, the censors even lost. However, delays of up to four and five days did happen, although 36 to 48 hours was more the norm.

I moved about Korea any way I could, hitching rides on trucks, Jeeps, planes and even rail cars. Riding the trains was my favorite.

Usually, I could find a freight car that was empty or occupied by a few weary Koreans.

I spent about three months covering the men and exploits of the 1st Marine Division, which was in the Chunchon area in central Korea at that time.

I got used to the barking sounds the Marines made as I hiked or sometimes rode from point to point, but I doubt if I ever got used to the form of hazing that began when one of

them said, seriously, "Well, Kemp, the Army has done it again. They bugged out."

My reaction brought broad smiles and laughter to the faces of the Marine writers, who for the most part were World War II veterans recalled for Korean duty.

It really hit home late one day as I came in from a trip to the Marine front and was met outside the PFO tent by civilians Fred Sparks and Dave McConnell. Sparks was writing for several papers at the time, and McConnell was there for the New York Herald-Tribune.

"Hey, Dick," Sparks said. "The Army bugged out again today."

I grabbed my helmet, threw it on the ground and blessed the Army, using all of those salty

It didn't end my reporting career, but it killed a worthwhile story and taught me some valuable lessons.



Helicopters of the 6th Transportation Helicopter Company on duty in Korea. USAF photo

Please see KEMP, Page 29

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'From Here to Shimbashi'

BY JOHN SACK

For Chrissakes, Private Sack, said the voice on the telephone. "What have you done now?" It was Major Morgan, my commanding officer at Stars & Stripes.

"Well, sir, it's a long story," I said.

"I know. Far East Command has been phoning me all day," Major Morgan sighed. "Let me get this straight. This morning eight hundred Chinese prisoners docked in Pusan — right?"

"Yes, sir. They're going to be repatriated."

"Okay," said Major Morgan. "The ship docks. The gangplank comes down. The prisoners

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

John Sack, who now lives in Idaho, was a U.S. Army enlisted reporter for Pacific Stars and Stripes in 1952-53 during the Korean War. The author of several books and many magazine articles, he has given PS&S permission to print an abridged version of a chapter entitled "A Slow Boat to China" from his book "From Here to Shimbashi."

start getting off."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Sack, do you realize who the first prisoner off that ship was?" Major Morgan pressed. His voice seemed very forbidding.

"Yes, sir," I said. "It was me."

"Precisely," Major Morgan

signed once again — or perhaps it was a groan. "You're the lead story in the Nippon Times, Sack. They called up General Clark for comment. Listen to this: 'Pusan, Korea, April 16

(AP) — American military police gulped and looked again when they saw a pale-faced PFC walk off the prison ship from Cheju Island today. Then they arrested him.'"

"That's a bit misleading, sir," I said. "They didn't arrest me. They just put me in protective custody."

"Oh?" said Major Morgan. "And who were they protecting

you from, Private Sack?"

"I don't know, sir. They never said. Maybe it was from General McGarr. He was pretty angry. He thought I had broken some sort of regulation."

time. "Sack," he said finally, "why can't you be like other privates? In the last month you've written three stories that were Top Secret."

"Now this business with the prison ship. Where did you sleep? In the hold with the Chinese?"

"No, sir. In the cabin with the officers."

"But you can't, Sack."

"I know, sir. I keep trying to tell people. But they say no, look at the regulations, all correspondents are assimilated colonels."

"Colonels?" said Major Morgan.

Please see SACK, Page 34

Actually, the Army treated the Chinese pretty well, though the Reds were ornery. . .

"I see," said Major Morgan. "By any chance, could that regulation be, and I quote, 'No correspondent will be permitted on prisoner ships?'"

"That sounds applicable," I said.

Major Morgan paused a long

Cartoonist says Stripes his catapult to success

BY HAL DRAKE

Shel Silverstein, Playboy cartoonist, author and composer, served as a draftee on the staff of Pacific Stars and Stripes in the mid-

1950s and said it was the catapult that launched him success and wealth.

He was only an aspiring cartoonist when he arrived at the newspaper in 1953 and served through 1955, Silverstein told Stripes in a 1969 interview. He had never done any steady and serious cartooning until he began drawing daily panels about

barracks life and field soldiering.

"For a guy of my age and with my limited experience to suddenly have to turn out cartoons on a day-to-day deadline, the job was enormous," Silverstein recalled.

"It was a great opportunity for me and I blossomed."

As a soldier-cartoonist, Silverstein realized he could only offend some of the people some of the time. He seldom drew cartoons about officers, and those few drew bitter complaints.

"So I started working on sergeants," Silverstein sighed. "I had nothing against sergeants but that's all I could get and I went after them until finally I was told all I could attack were civilians and animals."

"But they even made zebras off limits to me because they had stripes."

Still, his cartoons drew popular as well as angry response, although one almost got him court-martialed. Silverstein sketched a woman and her child in cut-down uniforms, implying that quartermasters stole clothes from the depot and took them home.

He got out of that, Silverstein said, by explaining that he meant to say quartermasters were so gung-ho they went so far as to dress their families in uniforms.

He was as he was all during those Stripes years, oddtimers at the newspaper recalled — an indigent civilian.

MPs used to watch for Silverstein, looking for and usually finding faults in the way he wore a uniform.

Take Ten

by Silverstein



One day, two or three of them stood Silverstein tall, looked him over from head to foot and found no glaring discrepancies.

"Lift your cuffs," one MP ordered.

Silverstein did. He was wearing argyle socks.

Home and out, Silverstein and the Army eventually parted as friends.

"It did me good, taught me things about life and gave me the freedom to create."

He found the cartoon market

lean, unable to "sell my blood" until somebody told him about Hugh Hefner, who was putting together the first Playboy in a modest apartment. Hefner hired Silverstein, who literally moved from ground floor to an executive suite in the Playboy Mansion.

World famous for cartoons, songs and even poetry, Silverstein still recalled a Stripes cartoon that again almost caused a collision with the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

Please see SHEL, Page 29

Take Ten

by Silverstein



"My greatest thrill? ... Well, I guess it was my first day in the majors. ... We beat the Yankees and after the game I met this girl and she suggested that I come up to her apartment for a drink. ... Well, sir. ..."



Wounded soldiers receive medical treatment at an aid station somewhere in Korea.

USAP photo

BY ANDREW HEADLAND JR.

Reporting for Pacific Stars and Stripes always had a feeling of suspense, particularly back in the fall of 1945 when Tokyo was mostly a pile of rubble, and stories cried out to be told.

Those were the days when the West was putting Kipling's theory about East and West to the test, with the issue still to be decided.

Only a few years later, the Korean War broke out, and Seoul replaced Tokyo, which was already rising from its ruins, as a showplace of devastation.

This was the setting in which Air Force Tech. Sgt. Corliss A. Miller, an illustrator from the PS&S art department, and I were sent to Korea early in 1952 when the war had been going on for more than a year. My job, as a reporter, was to write stories for which Miller provided the illustrations.

At that time, more than a dozen United Nations groups were supporting the war effort in combat or by providing materiel and medical support. By hitchhiking — no regular transportation was available — we made our way from one unit to another and were winding up our work at the French Battalion when Miller decided to ac-

Taking soldier's risks for stories

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Before World War II, Andrew Headland Jr. was a reporter for a newspaper in Puerto Rico and then for United Press in Washington, D.C. He entered the Army and was sent to the Pacific in 1945. He spent more than 25 years as a reporter and feature writer for Pacific Stars and Stripes. He is now retired and living in Taiwan.

company a French patrol on a routine scouting mission.

I stayed in camp to finish a story while he was out sketching, and when the patrol returned, went to meet him. He wasn't there.

"Where's Miller?" I asked the lieutenant who led the patrol.

"Je ne sais pas," he replied shrugging his shoulders. "He left us at the end of the line to hike to the Dutch Battalion a few miles down the road. I told him it was risky, but he insisted

on going."

Miller might have carried it off all right — the country looked peaceful — but unfortunately for him he began his trek just the Chinese and North Korean communists launched their massive 1952 spring offensive by which they hoped to drive the Americans off the Korean peninsula.

The Dutch Battalion had already been ordered to fall back to new positions when he reached their old camp; in the meantime, the French Battalion had also pulled out. Having broken the basic rule for a combat soldier — to stay with his buddies unless unavoidably separated or sent on an urgent one-man mission — he had become hope-

lessly lost among 150,000 communist troops on the offensive.

While the French Battalion was breaking camp and I was casting about for a ride to rejoin an American outfit, Col. Dumoncel, the commanding officer of the French Battalion,

destiny and an unpredictable future of my own was all the kismet I could handle, I thanked him and caught a ride on a truck.

I never heard what happened to Col. Dumoncel, but had he come to any harm word would have circulated. The French lieutenant who led the patrol was not so fortunate. He died in the fighting.

As for Miller, I could only hope that the enemy's overwhelming size made it difficult to spot a GI lost in the woods. Too many trees to see the forest. He hid and slept by day and slipped along like a ghostly fugitive after dark.

At times he was close enough to smell the foe's cigarette smoke, and once he hunched under an embankment

while troops marched overhead. One day he found an old musket that he intended to keep as a souvenir, but, finding that two rifles were twice as hard to handle

as one and threatened to reveal his whereabouts by snagging in tree branches or rattling against rocks, he buried both weapons.

PS&S asked me to return to Tokyo, but in hope that somehow, somewhere, Miller might

"There are hundreds of Americans missing in this war, and you expect us to make a special case out of this one?"

Chaplain

pulled up in a Jeep and offered a lift, but with a proviso, namely that I share his fate, whatever it might be.

It sounded as though he had a premonition that something unpleasant might happen, as it very easily could. Feeling that being linked up with Miller's

Please see MISSING, Page 35

Interviewing Korea's president

BY ED DESWYSEN

The Korea Bureau of Pacific Stars and Stripes in 1953 was in a partially bombed-out apartment hotel in what was left of downtown Seoul.

This was the correspondents' billets, the headquarters for the world's press covering the Korean War. Other tenants included the major wire services, the New York Times, Time magazine, a gallery of foreign correspondents from around the globe and an occasional dignitary from the Pulitzer Prize levels of journalism. The war was too early for serious television reporting.

There were a dining room, two bars, a briefing room, a censor's office — all the comforts of home.

The Stars and Stripes office was laid out as a one-man affair, about 12 by 14 feet in a well lighted corner on the second floor. There were a desk, a telephone, a chair or two, a typewriter and a sleeping bag. Just outside the door was a toilet and wash room. A communal shower bath was upstairs on the third floor.

There were little luxuries: a houseboy, Yuan; a Jeep; a .45 caliber side arm; somebody's live hand grenade used as a desk decoration.

The bureau was the relay station for news stories sent from Stripes correspondents scattered among the front-line divisions. The bureau itself generated news from two-a-day briefings by intelligence officers and from news events in the Seoul area.

All news items were passed through the censor's office, which then teletyped them to news media offices in Tokyo. The censorship arrangement was agreed upon by the press and the military early in the war to avoid spilling military secrets in the press.

I was the last of a line of about half a dozen enlisted men to be bureau chief for Stripes. The war ended on my watch.

The newsroom at the home office in Tokyo phoned routinely to check on what to expect from us each day. During one morning's conversation, the news editor in Tokyo made an unusual request:

"We had an editorial meeting yesterday, and it came up that President Rhee is going to turn 78 later this month. He's an old man; no telling how long he'll be around. It would be nice if you could get an interview with him. Can you do it?"

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Ed Deswysen was an Army Staff Sergeant in 1952-54 when he worked for Pacific Stars & Stripes — part of the time as Korea Bureau chief. On his return to civilian life, he worked for several Texas newspapers before becoming publisher of the Kingsville, Texas, Record. He is now retired.

Syngman Rhee, the first president of the Republic of Korea, was no friend of the press, although he used it craftily as a propaganda tool. At the moment, he was an embarrassment to Western diplomats seeking an armistice to end the war. Rhee wanted a unified Korea, with both north and south under his cloak. He would not

the end of it.

But he called the next morning. "You may come tomorrow at 2 p.m. to see the president," he said. "I will tell the guards to expect you. Yes, you may bring a photographer if you please."

Marine Sgt. Frank Praytor was in from the 1st Marine Division for a day or two. He was a real whiz behind a lens.

The next afternoon, Frank and I drove out to the sprawling presidential estate on the eastern edge of the city. The area was fenced with ornate wrought-iron railings. The palace was out of sight from the road, hidden by a grove of trees at the top of a hill.

The entrance to the compound was through a guard house set in the fence.

We stepped outside and started the steep walk up the hill with Praytor's camera equipment and my paper and pencils in tow. The palace looked more like a small

apartment building back home than the residence of a head of state. It was a two-story rectangular building with yellow brick walls and a red tile roof.

Inside, it sparkled with the trappings of royalty.

A staircase almost as wide as the reception room caught the eye with its marble banisters and ornate grillwork. The stairway branched out to right and left as it rose toward the second-floor living quarters. At the top, we found ourselves standing on a huge furry carpet that covered the marble floor.

As Praytor leaned down to brush his hand against the carpet, a Western-faced woman in the type of flowing gown traditionally worn by Korean women stepped up to us.

"It's goatskin," she said, with



Frank Praytor/Stripes

President Syngman Rhee of South Korea with dog Smarty.

a delicate German accent. Her regal bearing and distinguished gray hair made it clear that this was the Austrian wife of President Rhee.

She had met him in the United States while he was in long exile after imprisonment as a student radical in Seoul at the turn of the century. He was a vocal protester of the Japanese occupation of Korea, and he spread the message throughout the Western world until he was able to return home at the end of World War II.

During those long years in exile, he attended Harvard, picked up a Ph.D. at Princeton and did some graduate study at George Washington University. Championed by the U.S. government, he was elected the first president of the newly formed Republic of (South) Korea in 1948 and was reelected in 1952.

Mrs. Rhee led us to a long parlor at the side of the mansion. The double doors to the parlor were opened by a butler, and the smiling president of South Korea faced us directly as we entered.

We shook hands, then President Rhee opened the conversation.

He looked at Praytor's camera and asked, "Did you see my picture on that magazine cover?" referring to a pruned portrait of him on a recent cover of Time.

"Where did they get all of those wrinkles?" he said with a smile. "It makes me look uglier than I am."

This was the eve of his 78th

birthday. April 25, 1953.

"I got a present from China," he said, mentioning the exiled republic on the island of Formosa (Taiwan) off the coast of the Communist Chinese mainland. An aide brought over a lacquered box with a Chinese character carved into its lid. Inside was a brocade-covered album.

"This is a book of eulogies; eulogies are things written about men after they are dead," he said.

He turned the pages gingerly, admiring the illuminations and decorative calligraphy.

"So many people are sending presents. I must return them; so many people are poor."

It was feeding time for the big goldfish in a garden pool on the patio. It was still wintry cold outside, but Rhee put on a heavy coat offered by an aide and went out to scatter bread crumbs on the pond, creating a frenzy among the fish.

Praytor and I stayed half an hour, until our presence grew awkward. Finally, we thanked our hosts and left in a bit of a haze as to what we had seen.

I don't remember asking one reporter's question. I don't think I did.

But Frank got some good pictures — including one of Rhee with Smarty, his little brown-and-white dog — and I was able to put together a nice little piece on an old man's birthday party.

I don't think the Tokyo office really expected a story in the first place.

"You may come tomorrow at 2 p.m. to see the president."

Syngman Rhee's press secretary

settle for less.

I felt we had as much chance of getting the interview as the Tokyo desk would have of getting an audience with Emperor Hirohito.

"I'll try my best," I said.

What else could I say?

Rhee was reclusive, practically never speaking directly to the press, although he gave an occasional bombastic speech on the Capitol steps and put out fiery press releases.

He did have a press secretary, whose duty probably was to keep the press at bay. I called him as a first step. At least I could say I tried.

The press secretary was almost too polite. He wasn't sure about the president's schedule, but he would check and call back. I thought that would be



Photo courtesy Ed Deswysen

Stripes' Ed Deswysen, left, with North Korean soldiers.

Covering the war from ship to ship

BY BILL GILSON

SOMEWHERE IN THE ROCKIES, U.S.A. (PacS&S) — That's how we started a story nearly half a century ago, telling our readers from where we were reporting and that we were out there with them, stealing that report from Ernie Pyle, of course. And the logo for those of us at Pacific Stars and Stripes was equally important. We were identified along with AP, UP, INS, Reuters, et al. And the guys who read the paper acknowledged that, recognizing our S&S shoulder patch as quickly as they did the ones that said "war correspondent."

The in-paper "dateline" I remember after reporting to Capt. Billy G.

Thompson, the city editor, as the first sailor assigned to Stripes. I was first in the proofroom, where I read what the pros were writing.

Then to the art department, where I drew a couple of cartoons and thought this might be the rebirth of Bill Mauldin.

But pen and ink gave way to the typewriter in late 1950 when the battleship USS Missouri sailed into the Sea of Japan on a big mission. Thompson looked around and saw only one Navy uniform in the newsroom, and I got a great dateline: ABOARD THE USS MISSOURI.

The Missouri was sent to the Far East with what now ap-

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Bill Gilson was a Navy journalist when he worked for PS&S during the Korean War in 1950-52. After leaving the Navy, he was a reporter for several Southern California newspapers, including a weekly of his own. He then went into political public relations. He is now retired and living in Colorado.

pears to have been for one big reason — bombard North Korea, far north of the parallel.

In late 1950, it must have been known to the big brass that the Chinese were going to cross the Manchurian border.

The Missouri's job was to prove we had some big guns and were willing to use them. And it was to point those 16-

inches at Chongjin, some 50 miles south of the Russian border, and knock hell out of things to prove that we could and would do it.

And we did.

It didn't deter the Chinese plans to rush pell-mell out of Manchuria, blowing their bugles and clanging their cymbals. But it made a hell of an impression on that North Korean town when those shells that looked like freight cars leaving the muzzles of those big guns landed and left craters the size of a city hall excavation.

As a Navy guy, my only journalistic training had been at the Fleet Hometown News Center

in Illinois. The job was to match sailors with ships or duty stations and send a story to their hometown newspapers.

Here suddenly I'm exposed to big-time boom. Bang.

I'm now a reporter, hometown mentality, so I tried to get as many names and hometowns and the USS Missouri into every story.

I forgot one guy. Rear Adm. Arthur Struble, the really big gun on the Missouri. It was an omission of wisdom, because his story was embarrassing for an officer of his rank.

A blocky little man who wore his stars with all the authority his rank commanded, he stood behind the turrets, helmet on, issuing orders to the gunner's mate pulling the trigger.

Somebody yelled "Misfire!", which meant a powder sleeve had done something wrong and for everyone to beware of a muzzle flash.

Struble had chosen that moment to take off his helmet. He had the presence of mind to duck his head, but the top of that bald pate looked like the nightmare of a baby's worst rash.

He looked up, and nobody laughed. The public information officer later made sure I didn't chuckle, even in print, either.

The Missouri was a gang-plank to the next dateline, the cruiser USS Los Angeles, which was bombarding the Wonsan area, softening it up for the Marines and KMAC forces to move in.

A couple of stories and a horrifying helicopter ride later

Please see GILSON, Page 32

Take Ten

by Silverstein



Take Ten

by Silverstein



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THE VIETNAM WAR

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES

Saigon bureau was a mixed bag

BY WALLY BEENE

It has been said that war brings out the best, and the worst, in people. Most veterans are likely to look back on their wartime experiences as the most interesting period of their life.

The same can be said for former war correspondents. No other journalistic experience is likely to prove as memorable.

When I signed on with Pacific Stars and Stripes in the fall of 1965, I had no idea I would do four tours as Saigon bureau chief during the coming two years. My background included 10 years of police reporting on stateside papers, plus six years with European S&S as a reporter and Madrid bureau chief. I had served with the 5th Air Force in the Pacific during WWII, so the jungle would be nothing new for me.

I just had time to unpack my wife and two young children in Tokyo before heading for Saigon on my first 90-day tour. What surprised me most was to discover how few of the Tokyo staffers wanted to cover the Vietnam War. There seemed to be a "maybe it'll go away" attitude around the newsroom, or so it appeared to me. Not one of the staff photos showed up during my four tours.

We depended on our Korean free-lance photographer, Kim Ki Sam, who did a helluva job, plus the photos from the military reporters in our Saigon bureau. Their photo training was usually to pick up a Nikkormat and a couple of rolls of film to shoot around our office villa in Saigon. Then it was off to war.

Some of these guys came back with first-rate pictures. None were more outstanding than the shots made by the Navy's young Gary Cooper when five members of a 12-man patrol were hit in an ambush. Gary kept his camera clicking despite the panic, and there were no better action photos to come out of Vietnam, in my opinion.

The Saigon bureau was a mixed bag. We had a military officer to oversee the operation; I was the lone civilian responsible for getting the stories out, and there were usually about a half-dozen military correspondents assigned to Stripes for a year by the different services. One officer described it accurately as an operation that was as loose "as a two-minute egg."

My greatest concern was getting someone killed. You had to take chances in the field to get the stories, but I didn't want to lose one of the young guys just for a possible story. We also had a few "Saigon commandos" — guys who never left

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Wally Beene, was a civilian reporter for The Stars and Stripes (in Europe) from 1959 to 1965 and for Pacific Stars and Stripes from 1965 to 1967. Much of his time with PSSS was spent in Vietnam. After leaving PSSS, he went into the entertainment public relations business in Southern California. He now lives in Arizona.

town if they could avoid it.

I think the most dangerous story during my era was done by Army writer Bob Kersey, of Los Angeles. He got sent out with one of the patrols dropped behind the enemy lines up near the DMZ to observe troop movements. Kersey was lucky, and his patrol wasn't spotted, although the VC were so close by that Kersey could hear them talking.

Airman Bob Cutts got the distinction of being the only correspondent to fly over North Vietnam. The Saigon command had strict orders not to take journalists over the DMZ into North Vietnam, but Cutts eased over into Thailand and got permission to go on a mission. Whether or not the Thailand squadron was aware of the Saigon restrictions was never made clear, but Cutts got the flight, and his story was in the paper before all hell broke loose at the Saigon press center.

As for myself, the Vietnam experience was an almost daily

Please see SAIGON, Page 32



Photo courtesy of Wally Beene

Stripes' Saigon news bureau takes time out for a picture in 1966 or 1967.

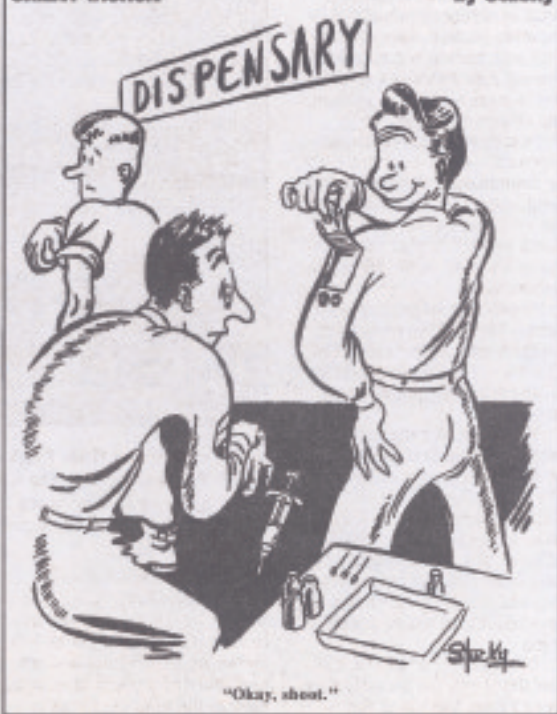
ORIENT-TASHUN

by Stucky



ORIENT-TASHUN

by Stucky



The Vietnam War

The war continues inside

BY GARY M. COOPER

The 20th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War was marked in May, but I'm convinced that war — any war — never ends for the people who come face to face with its horror.

Thirty years ago, when my little window on the war was about to be opened, I was on top of the world — a young sailor getting to live like a civilian and to work with civilian professionals at Pacific Stars and Stripes in Tokyo.

The place was bustling in those happy days. One U.S. dollar could be exchanged for 360

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

PACIFIC
Gary M. Cooper worked for PS&S from 1965 to 1967 as a Navy enlisted man and in 1974-75 as a civilian. He has also worked for the Miami Herald, McGraw-Hill World News and, since 1978, as an editor for the News Journal newspapers in Wilmington, Del.

yen. With 80 yen you could buy a taxi ride or a bottle of beer. If you had \$10 to spend, it was a good bet that it would be enough to get you where you wanted to go.

Silly me. I wanted to go to Vietnam.

The official dollar-piaster exchange rate of those days escapes me. In fact, it escaped most everyone. I vaguely remember pocket-change transfers with turban-wearing fellows in dim doorways. Greenbacks were as good as gold on the streets of Saigon.

And it was the streets and sidewalks of Saigon, not the PX or commissary, where the shopping was done. There was nothing covert about the so-called black market. It was well-lit and wide open in the steaming sunshine.

Need fatigues or jungle boots? The shelves were bare on the bases. At the market in Cholon — the Chinese quarter — any size, any quantity was available.

War news, for the most part, was served up to us downtown at what was known as the "5 O'Clock Follies." This was a daily briefing held in a theater-like room with a stage. Military officers with microphones, display boards and pointers would explain who bombed or shot up how much and where it was done.

Ironically, it was at the follies that I saw for the only time Sean Flynn, the son of the swashbuckling movie hero, Er-



Gary Cooper/Scripps

In the summer of 1966, PS&S reporter Gary Cooper, a Navy journalist, was with a 12-man squad of the 25th Infantry Division in South Vietnam close to the Cambodian border near Pleiku when 50 to 60 Viet Cong attacked. The U.S. infantrymen sought cover in tall grass or behind trees as they fought off the attackers. Cooper, though under fire, took these remarkable photos. They won him first place in the picture story category of the Military Pictures of the Year contest.

rol Flynn. He was tall and looked remarkably like his father. It was unusual to see him in such a place because he was known as a correspondent-photographer who spent most of his time in the field. As far as I know, he's still missing and

presumed dead.

Another brush with celebrity came covering the 1965 Bob Hope Christmas show. Besides Hope, there were comic Jerry Colonna, with his wild eyes and walrus mustache; singer Anita Bryant, later to become a noted

gay-basher; blond, vicious actress Carroll Baker, and the actress and dancer Joey Heatherton.

I was feeling mighty important covering all these stars, and it was Heatherton who brought me down to earth.

We were aboard the aircraft carrier USS Ticonderoga. I was one of a gaggle of guys with cameras following Heatherton as she graciously chatted with members of the crew. I was

Please see COOPER, Page 33

Just a stand-in for our readers

BY STEVE STIBBENS

A reporter, they taught us in journalism school, is merely a stand-in for all the people who cannot witness an event or get the straight scoop from the big shots. At PS&S, the seasoned civilian editors never let us forget that we merely represented the thousands of airmen, sailors, soldiers and Marines.

With that necessary humbling, we were truly privileged in our role and responsibility as surrogate for the GIs in Asia. It was surely a dream assignment.

It was not with any sense of bravery or derring-do that I volunteered for any and all assignments, attempting to do anything I figured my adventurous GI readers would give a right arm to try. The reason was Hardy Barracks, a decrepit old pre-war building in Tokyo's Roppongi district. Cold in winter and suffocating hot in summer. I made it a point to stay gone.

I confess I hid behind duty and responsibility to persuade editors to indulge me in my unforgettable adventure, to wallow in fantasy as proxy for the troops, playing a small role in some wild and woolly moments in history — with a few good datelines.

INSIDE THE EYE OF TYPHOON RUTH, 1962 — It was

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Steve Stibbens, then a Marine staff sergeant, worked for PS&S in 1962-64 and was the paper's first reporter in Vietnam. He was twice named military photographer of the year and received a Bronze Star for his work there. Now a civilian, Stibbens lives in Texas and is writing a biography of Associated Press war photographer Horst Faas.

barely dawn when the aging WB-50's four big engines coughed into a dull, powerful roar and the plane leaned into the wind for takeoff at Yokota AB, Japan.

When we breached the "wall clouds" to penetrate the storm, I braced. But the crew hardly paid attention. Not even a bump as the powerful engines of the WB-50 plowed through the black, swirling clouds.

Suddenly, we were inside the typhoon's huge eye. It was dead calm, and the water 10,000 feet below was still. It was deceptively beautiful as we flew circles inside, dropping instruments by tiny parachutes to read

the various pressures.

With our chores done, we exited through the wall clouds and went scouting for storms elsewhere. There was hardly a cloud in the sky as we flew another 12 hours, over the Philippines and Okinawa.

As we headed home to Yokota after 13 hours in the air, a crewman woke me from a deep sleep to tell me we had gone in and out of Typhoon Ruth once more — without a bump. The



A village defender receives a medal as his son watches.

most serious problem we had to overcome that day had been the microphone button on the pilot's yoke, stuck in the open position, forcing the sound of his breathing through everyone's headset.

BUCKNER BAY, Okinawa, October, 1962 — All the ships of the First Amphibious Fleet were huddled in the calm waters off the eastern coast of Okinawa. All the fleet's skippers sat in the ward room of Rear Adm. Francis Blouin's flagship that morning as officers critiqued Exercise Lone Eagle, which had just ended. The duty communications

officer, a tall, slim lieutenant junior grade, entered the room by a back door and walked briskly to the front. He carried the usual clipboard and wore the usual sidearm, a .45. But

this time the handle of his pistol revealed it was loaded. His expression was dead serious.

Blouin took the "top secret" folder, studied the single page inside, and wrinkled his brow. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, we have just completed a very successful landing exercise here. It looks now like we might have the real McCoy on our hands."

"The secretary of defense has ordered that we set DEFCON 3," he added. "DEFCON 3 has been set. All officers report to your ships immediately and prepare to get under way."

Quickly, the skippers left the wardroom. This was serious business. Pearl Harbor came to mind, as the many ships at anchor here were within bomber range of the Soviet Union.

Heading back to the PS&S Okinawa Bureau at Camp Sukiran, I was unable to enter Kadena AB. Security guards bore loaded weapons.

At the bureau office, we listened to replays of the president's speech over Armed Forces Radio. The teletype chattered endless instructions and restrictions from Press Secretary Pierre Salinger.

PS&S had just published a series of articles from my interview three days earlier with Gen. David M. Shoup, in which I had innocently asked the Marine commandant what would

Please see STIBBENS, Page 33



Marine Staff Sgt. Steve Stibbens, left, and AP photographer Horst Faas wait for a helicopter.



A Vietnamese Marine holds a coup trophy, Nov 1, 1963.

Dead: Good reporters take soldier's chances

Continued from Page 2

I think LaMorne will keep pushing for that monument, and I may someday see it. Let's-get-it-done seems to run in the family.

There was another man I scarcely knew, and wish I had known better.

Two decades have gone by since the last shot in Saigon, but I can't forget the most hurtful happening of a long-ago war — the loss of Paul Savanuck.

Why can't I scrub my memory of a 24-year-old kid I hardly touched hands with?

He was like a face on a passing

streetcar or a casual acquaintance

at a big party. A quiet kid — one of

those who could sit in a crowded

room for four hours without saying a word. Be-

spectacled and ab-

solutely preoccupied, he was re-

minded of a stu-

dent for the priesthood or the rabbinate.

His constant expression was a thoughtful frown — the one he wore that day in early 1969 as I walked into the Pacific Stars and Stripes Saigon Bureau with colleague Al Kramer, sent from Tokyo to do a special supplement on the war.

The bureau on Vo Tanh Road was a bizarre place, manned by youngsters who lived in the Age of Aquarius and Zumwalt. It showed. The walls were done over in psychedelic rainbow, along with pungent lyrics from the rock musical "Hair" and pinups that would have sent a chaplain into convulsive shock. Our people were called The Wild Bunch, and not without reason.

All except Paul Savanuck, who was a few-days new to the bureau and had a discomfited look, like a chaplain's assistant who was trying to be one of the guys but still blanched at a dirty joke. As we met, all I got was a loose handshake and a mutter.

Oh, no, I thought. Was this

another anti-Viet-

nam draftee, not

here to report the

war but to protest

it? The indiscrimi-

nate draft had

dumped all man-

ner of characters

on us, and the last thing we needed was

another Greenwich Village poet posing

as a reporter.

I spoke these fears aloud, in private,

to Dave Warsh, a Navy journalist attached to the bureau.

"No, Hal," Dave assured me. "He's a

shy sort, doesn't like to push himself.

He's new here, hardly been around a

week — just feeling his way around.

Give him time. He'll open up."

Bureau Chief Bill Collins told me Sa-

vanuck had volunteered for both Viet-

nam and Stripes, aggressively pounding

on the door until Bill granted him a try-

out and nodded him in. His diffident manner belied that. Again I was told — give him time.

There was a drowsy afternoon we were all sitting around, with Savanuck right beside us but a hundred miles away under a canopy of mood. Mike Kopp, a bureau photographer, had a new Nikkormat and was trying it out on anybody who would hold still for five seconds. Savanuck was staring at our wall-sized battle map.

"Hey, Paul," Kopp said. "This way."

Startled, Savanuck absently jerked around and put his chin on the heel of his hand, looking like that classic statue

of The Thinker. We would have

that, at least — a picture that

caught perfectly the subtle and in-

trospective character of Paul Sa-

vanuck.

A day or so later, he was gone,

headed up country to cover the war.

Then came that gloomy morning.

There had been a rowdy party at the

bureau the night before. Master Sgt. Bill

Bradford, the first shirt, expressed bitter

regret that a can of beer and the con-

tents of a wastebasket had been flung

into an overhead fan. Brad stood by, in a

surly posture with his hands on his hips,

while we meekly mopped up the mess.

Lt. Col. Sal Fede, the officer in charge,

walked in with a stormfront over his

face. Having just borne Brad's wrath,

we braced for Sal's.

Sal walked over to Collins and spoke

in a confidential tone that still carried:

"Savanuck's dead. He bought it last

night up at Quang Tri."

There was more boozing that night,

but it was morose and depressing. To

Dave Warsh fell the stressful job of go-

ing up to a remote corner of the Marine

base at Da Nang and walking under a

sign that read: "In Reverence — Uncov-

er." Dave nodded as an attendant lifted

a rubber wrap-

ping from a still

form.

Not long after,

Dave was in Tokyo

and he and I

toured the Kanda

district that

abounds with

bookstores. It also

had the oldest

beer hall in Tokyo, and we stopped to

pay proper respect to a cultural land-

mark.

After a time, Dave looked absent and

thoughtful, much like Savanuck, and

said: "Jesus, that was awful about Paul.

If he'd just been around a little longer

and gotten to know you and Kramer and

all the guys. He'd have opened up. He

was a nice kid."

I wept a little, for somebody I hadn't

known very well for very long.

I could never feel it like Mr. and Mrs.

Daniel Savanuck, but I still felt sadly de-

prived.



"He's new here, hardly been around a week — just feeling his way around."

Dave Warsh, on Paul Savanuck

Peeler took chances — a lot of chances. Good reporters always do. . .

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1945-1995

50 YEARS IN

P A C I F I C S T A R

MacArthur Relieved Of Command
Turnell, Scripps Exchange Clash In Border Clash
Transit Names Highway
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War

STARS AND STRIPES EXTRA!
KOREA AT WAR
Northern Government Declares State of Hostilities; 60,000 Red Troops Attack Along 200-Mile Front; Rhee Telephones Appeal for U.S. Help to Tokyo
Airliner Missing With 58 Aboard
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War
SCAP Rejects Pledge Protest
Dulles To Talk to SCAP On Korean War Situation
President Truman Confirmed Proposals


IT'S OVER
Most Yanks Got Out
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War

NIXON
Quits 'Agony'
Ford Set to

KENNEDY SLAIN
Shot by Sniper in Dallas; Johnson Becomes President
STAR AND STRIPES

BULLE

RFK CRITICAL
Suspect Held in L.A. Shooting
STAR AND STRIPES


Pacific Stars and Stripes
PRESIDENT'S OK AFTER WOUNDING


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World Government For Atomic Power Control Recommended by Roberts
U.S. To Hold Korea Responsible For War

Pacific Stars and Stripes
Pope sh
They loved the post!
In For East

2,000 Riot
\$17 M. Asked for F.E. Work
JCS Think Soviets Will Test
U.S. Holiday Road

THE PACIFIC

1945-1995

N GOES
inst His Instinct;
Assume Office

STRIPES
WASHINGTON — Richard M. Nixon and Theodore might not be the most popular names in the world, but they are the most powerful. Nixon, who has been in the White House for 18 years, is the 37th president of the United States. Theodore, who has been in the White House for 18 years, is the 37th vice president of the United States.

Nixon, who has been in the White House for 18 years, is the 37th president of the United States. Theodore, who has been in the White House for 18 years, is the 37th vice president of the United States.

Ford calls move
A Great Sacrifice

Ford calls move
A Great Sacrifice

ripes
not at Vatican

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Doctors predict recovery

Truce
Signed

STARS AND STRIPES

Fighting Ends Tonight

Armistice Signed
The 1953 armistice ended the Korean War. It was signed on July 27, 1953, in Panmunjom, North Korea. The armistice was signed by the United States, the United Kingdom, the United Nations, and the Soviet Union. It was signed by the North Korean government and the Chinese People's Volunteer Army. The armistice was signed by the United States, the United Kingdom, the United Nations, and the Soviet Union. It was signed by the North Korean government and the Chinese People's Volunteer Army.

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THE ULTIMATE
NEWSPAPER
ROUTE

Military and civilians alike rely on the paper for news. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every soldier in the U.S. Armed Forces. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every sailor in the U.S. Navy. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every airman in the U.S. Air Force. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every Marine in the U.S. Marine Corps. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every Coast Guard member in the U.S. Coast Guard. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every National Guard member in the U.S. National Guard. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every Reserve member in the U.S. Reserve. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every National Guard member in the U.S. National Guard. It is the only newspaper in the world that is distributed to every Reserve member in the U.S. Reserve.

Stripes is distributed over 25 million square miles daily from Moscow, Japan to Christchurch, New Zealand and Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean to Kwajalein Atoll.

This map compares the size of Stripes' distribution area to that of the continental United States. Subscriptions are sent by mail to the cities shown. Arrows indicate routes to main circulation areas.

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Bill Bellford/Stripes

at Georgia Prison

at Georgia Prison

at Georgia Prison

at Georgia Prison

at Georgia Prison

at Georgia Prison

at Georgia Prison

A MOONWALK!

U.S. Leaves Its Mark in History As Neil 'Leaps For Mankind'

U.S. Leaves Its Mark in History As Neil 'Leaps For Mankind'

U.S. Leaves Its Mark in History As Neil 'Leaps For Mankind'

U.S. Leaves Its Mark in History As Neil 'Leaps For Mankind'

U.S. Leaves Its Mark in History As Neil 'Leaps For Mankind'

U.S. Leaves Its Mark in History As Neil 'Leaps For Mankind'

Elvis Presley is dead

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

Heart irregularity claims 42-year-old King of Rock

3 WORDS SAID IT ALL:

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'

'GOD BLESS AMERICA'



A soldier during a patrol northwest of Saigon.

The Associated Press



Rifleman Pfc. Jesse Liddell and his rifle get a bath in a Mekong Delta canal.

USA photo

BY MIKE MEALEY

Two exciting, challenging years

The dreaded letter began, "Greetings..." It was, I thought, the worst thing to come along in my 23 years of life. I could not have imagined that the draft notice was, instead, a call to two of the most exciting, challenging years a young journalist could imagine — a passport to covering the war in Vietnam, the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo, the rancorous, unending negotiations in Panmunjom and other stories throughout the Pacific.

Thus, when I left my desk at the San Francisco Bay Area's Oakland Tribune to report to the nearby Army induction center in the fall of 1963, I was resigned to somehow making it through 48 months of a military life I was sure I would loathe.

Three months later, at the end of basic and advanced training, I was ordered to report to Pacific Stars and Stripes, Tokyo, Japan, and one

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Mike Mealey, then an Army all-star man, worked for PS&S in 1964-65 as a reporter and Vietnam bureau chief. He later went into public relations for a U.S. construction firm operating in Vietnam and became Tokyo bureau chief for McGraw-Hill. He now owns a Pennsylvania company that publishes 19 law newsletters.

couldn't have wiped the smile from my face had he tried to knock my teeth out.

Pacific Stars and Stripes was a famous newspaper, even among journalists with no military experience. By the 1960s it had carved out its reputation by

covering the occupation of Japan, then the Korean war. While I had never seen a copy of the paper before arriving in Tokyo, it didn't take me long to see why it was so appreciated: It brought news of home to those serving in cultures dramatically alien to our own. With Stripes, they could have Beetle Bailey, Art Buchwald and sushi all in one.

Two weeks into the job I was asked if I would like to cover the war in Vietnam. At the time, there were a mere 16,000 U.S. troops there, advising the South Vietnamese in a little-known skirmish to stop the advance of communism in Southeast Asia. I had vaguely heard of it, but back in basic, everyone talked of avoiding assignment to Ko-

rea, where tented U.N. forces still lived along the DMZ. Vietnam? It was never discussed.

I eagerly volunteered, and thus began a series of assignments that took me to places and people I will never forget. From day one, I was treated like a god, and being from Stars and Stripes, I learned, was about the next best thing.

There were the Navy housing people who decided that despite being a lowly E2 I was, after all, from Pacific Stars and Stripes. As a result, I found myself the sole tenant of a beautiful three-bedroom villa in Saigon, convenient to both downtown and the airport.

There were helicopter pilots who would make extra trips to ferry me to the field. There

were officers — all the way to bird colonels — who would stay with me at the villa rather than go to the BOQ hotels when visiting Saigon, so they could fill me in on what was going on. Always, they were trying to get me back to write about their units.

In those early days, I mostly hooked up with advisory teams assigned to work with the Vietnamese. We spent endless days slogging around the Mekong Delta or the jungles to the north, fruitlessly looking for the elusive Viet Cong. Inevitably, it seemed, the battles took place where I wasn't. But there were a lot of human interest stories and a lot of laughs.

There were lotteries about the exact minute snipers would begin their nightly harassments; there were trips with the Navy boat patrols in the Delta, when the VC tracers would light up the sky like the Fourth of July; there were flights with the Air Force to drop supplies or release huge flares to light up the night so ground troops below could see their attackers.

I once marched with a Spe-

Please see DRAFT, Page 36

The Vietnam War

Missing socks hurt morale

BY JOE SCHNEIDER

It was 1965, during the massive buildup of the American forces in Vietnam. Pacific Stars and Stripes staffers had arrived at a rambling villa in Saigon and were eager to cover the war.

But there was a snag: socks. Missing socks. Mismatched socks. Mangled socks. Forget the heat, bugs and dysentery. Screwed-up socks were lowering morale.

A launderer on one of Saigon's back streets pointed to a boiling cauldron and promised that whatever went in came out sparkling clean. There would be no mismatched socks, he said. And he was right — they vanished entirely.

Our salvation came in the form of a woman who arrived at the door one day with a letter of reference written in a graceful French script.

She was hired and soon turned chaos into order.

An old-style wringer washing machine arrived from Tokyo, along with an iron and a

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Joe Schneider was a reporter and editor for Pacific Stars and Stripes from 1962 to 1973, except for 1966-68 which he spent in Germany working for European Stars and Stripes. For some of his time at PSSS, he was Vietnam Bureau chief. He is now an editor at the San Diego Union-Tribune and a part-time university lecturer.

board. The house began to sparkle. Dirty clothes became crisp and clean — and socks were matched.

Spirits lifted. What did it matter that the clean clothing was soon returned to the washing machine covered with mud and smelling of sweat?

We ignored the other grem-lins — a byzantine phone system, malfunctioning water pumps and air conditioners, blackouts and electrical wiring that must have been installed by the Marquis de Sade.

When routine operations reached a state of relative order, the bureau chief could head for the field after delegating a staffer to handle the 5 p.m. MAC-V briefings and other chores.



The Associated Press

Getting some rest after an aerial patrol near Bu Dop.

Getting from one place to another during the Vietnam War was sometimes a matter of wrangling and waiting. At other times, transportation literally dropped from the sky.

A call from an Army unit alerted us to a nearby battle.

Driving to an open field near Tan Son Nhut Air Base, I stopped and looked skyward. A small helicopter appeared over the horizon and landed. I climbed aboard and was off to the battle scene.

That short helicopter hop

yielded a story in which tanks had been used to lure an enemy force into an ambush set up by troops of the 1st Infantry Division. It worked.

There were flights to the

Please see SOCKS, Page 37



The Associated Press

A young Marine reads in his sandbag-protected trench at Khe Sanh.

Whether it was the heroic efforts during World War II or Coach Tom Landry leading his team to another championship, great accomplishments have always required motivation, commitment, teamwork and endurance. The same is true for becoming financially independent. Now, it's up to you.

Tom Landry

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414 West Salsburg Avenue, Suite 601 - R. GCRC Building, Agaña, Guam

He begged to go to Nam

By BOB CUTTS

I had it all. I was 19, I thought I was talented, and I knew the gods were smiling on me that May Day when I first appeared, orders in hand, in the Stripes city room. I'd come straight from a PIO office on a backwoods air base in New York, with my NCOIC's commiserating advice still rolling around in my ego:

"You'll never make it to the Stars and Stripes, kid. They're too good a team for a young cub like you."

But, of course, the impeccable logic of the military held its majestic sway: As soon as I stepped off the plane in Japan, they assigned me directly to PS&S — before they were even sure I could spell "salubrious." Or "impossible."

Oh, those were empyrean days. I had a whole city room full of real newsmen, military and civilian, to coach my neophyte steps: my first photo caption, my first rewrite. My first feature story assignment was to find out "who changes the light bulbs on Tokyo Tower?" Two days later, the real reporter — our interpreter and editorial librarian, the exquisite Toshi Tokunaga — and I were hanging woefully off girders 650 feet straight up, reporting live from the scenery.

And the story got printed! And the next, and the one after that. And pretty soon I got my first real reporter's pay, that reimbursement every teenage cub lives on and for: a byline. Pretty soon, they were even sending me out to cover change-of-command ceremonies. I was on the way.

Then I began to hear echoing across the city room an exotic, evocative name: Vietnam. A good place for a young reporter to make a name for himself. I begged for a chance to go.

They sent me down to help get a bureau started in Saigon. What crisp, sparkling fun! We went to the Five O'clock Follies — the daily briefings — and thought up trenchant questions. Too low on priority to get a Jeep, we pushed our old rented Citroen through the streets when it broke down.

We roughed out our copy by candlelight each evening when the power went out. We dined exquisitely at the Caravelle, and we drank too much each night sitting up on the bureau roof, watching the flares and the deadline red firefalls from the gunships all around the city. I was part of history. My bylines justified each other on the front page.

And there was reporting from the field! Nha Trang, where I flew bombing patrols



Something stronger than a fortified bunker seems to protect these soldiers.

Kim Ki Sam/Stripes

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Bob Cutts was on the PS&S staff from 1965 to 1976, both as an Air Force enlisted man and as a civilian, working as a reporter and editor in Japan, Vietnam and South Korea. He is now a freelance journalist and divides his time between California and Japan.

with the Skyraider crews, watching our cannon-fire sparkling around the running, black-clad figures so far below us — and nearly went down on a beach when an engine started to conk out.

Qui Nhon, where I rode with the coastal patrol trawlers and got ambushed at the entrance to a bay, lying on the wooden

decks and watching great white towers of the bullets hitting water, spuming all around us like lawn sprinklers having heart attacks, my ears going deaf in the roar of our own .30 and .50 calibers.

Vinh Long, in the Delta, where I rode behind a burly, broad-shouldered Irishman named Kelly, who really did play "Ride of the Valkyries" over the intercom as he fired his rockets and skimmed his helicopter gunship across the hot LZs. We shot up the town; we flew back to the chow hall for steaks; we drank Carling's Black Label and listened to "Eve of Destruction" on the jukebox. Nobody but "Charley" ever got hurt; nobody on our side ever really lost anything. Hell, it was just rice paddies, trees and villages. What could

you lose? It all just made great, heroic copy.

Looking back, I don't think I ever understood what was going on around me.

I absented myself from the war for a while — the result of a dumb trick I played in Thailand, when I talked my way on board an airstrike over North Vietnam, a flight that reporters were forbidden to take.

It wasn't all that much of a story. But it got the squadron commander in trouble, and it got me on the surely very short list of American servicemen banned from the war zone by their own side.

But the military has a mercifully short memory. I was back covering Vietnam in 1968. It was right after the Tet Offensive, whose bombs and rockets, from both sides, had cracked

Saigon open. By now, there was much more of the loss and the pain and the real to see inside the writhing, bleeding body of Vietnam.

I went to Binh Hoa and watched the clouds of evac choppers rushing the broken and burned flesh of Americans my own age from the rubber plantations of I Corps to the field hospitals. I flew north to dusty strips where, chasing taxiing transport planes that never dared stop long enough to give the North Vietnamese gunners in the hills a clean shot, I felt the nakedness of history and of inferior, no longer superior, firepower.

I went to a Special Forces camp in the Delta and saw at dawn the bodies from last night's attack, stretched out in rows of bone and sinew in the dirt, like something for sale at the devil's country market. In forsaken outposts I could see what remained invisible to Americans at home: the courage and pride of our Vietnamese allies.

Along the flight ramp at Tan Son Nhut, I could see the long, long flatbeds with aluminum capsules, waiting for the last airlift home.

I went back finally to Long Binh, looking again to ride the gunships. And they remembered old Kelly there. The .50 caliber had caught him sitting in his pilot's seat, at the waist just under the hem of his flak jacket, coming up from below and, of course, not stopping on its way out the roof. I don't know if he died well.

How does a man die well 8,000 miles from home, with his guts ripped out by a bullet from an opponent he never saw, fired at him for reasons that were never made exactly clear by administration spokesmen?

I didn't go to Quang Tri province, but one of my Saigon Bureau colleagues did. And that's where reporter Spec. 5 Paul Savanack was killed, in a surprise night attack on a forward fire base near the DMZ. He paid the bill for all of our bylines.

Well, I still believed in the war, because it wasn't me who really had to fight it, I suppose. Anyway, I still believed in the nobility of the Americans who did, even as I sat on the copy desk in the city room back in comfortable Tokyo again, six years later, and watched the slot man spell it out in the front-page head: "It's Over."

Time went by, leaving no clearer explanations behind it. I still couldn't figure out why it mattered that I had ever been there. Until a few years ago.

Then some Stripes held a reunion in a Navy chiefs' club in San Diego. We watched the tourists and the sailboats playing on the harbor's late-afternoon waters for a while, then

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THE GULF WAR

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES



Wayne Regan/Stripes

Soldiers from the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment plow through the Saudi-Iraqi border during the Gulf War ground campaign.

BY ROB JAGODZINSKI

The war had finally arrived

The phone jangled me awake from a dead sleep sometime after midnight on Jan. 17, 1991.

I stumbled across the room to answer it, and the message I got drove the sleep from my head like an adrenalin burst.

"They're bombing Baghdad," it said.

After a six-month standoff, war had arrived between the United States and Iraq, and people were dying.

The caller on the phone, a Stars and Stripes reporter like myself at the time, had spent the night of Jan. 17 at an Army press center — across the Saudi Arabian city of Dhahran — where he learned of the invasion soon after it began.

He relayed what little he knew of the war's opening minutes as I listened in dazed disbelief. Though I'd spent five months in the Mideast preparing for the war, its arrival stunned me.

The days leading up to the fighting had seemed surreal, a waking dream.

The United Nations' deadline for Iraq to leave Kuwait had passed earlier that week without incident. Saudis on the

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

During his four years at PS&S from 1991 to 1995, Rob Jagodzinski reported from Japan, Philippines, Korea and Saudi Arabia. He left the Army in 1991 and worked for a New Hampshire newspaper for three years. He now covers the fishing industry for the Gloucester, Mass., Daily Times.

street went through the motions of normal life, but tension had filled the air as they waited for their world to explode.

Announcements on Arab TV had instructed children in the proper way to wear gas masks. In a nearby market, shoppers haggled over canned food, bottled water and jerry cans for extra gasoline, while storekeepers boarded their windows

against possible blast damage.

At Dhahran Airport, four Arab wives and children had departed for safer havens even as military transport planes disgorged fresh troops and gear.

Then the storm struck.

After the phone call, I banged on all the doors in the Stars and Stripes apartment — shared with

European Stars and Stripes — and roused our six other reporters.

War jets hurtled through the night sky on their way from nearby Dhahran Air Base to bomb targets in Iraq. Short-

wave radio broadcasts spoke of aircraft swarming Baghdad, of massive bombings, and of possible retaliatory strikes.

Then air-raid sirens sounded

I decided I couldn't do the war justice by covering it from television reports, so I forced my way onto a list of reporters chosen to go into the field that morning.

outside our door. We donned gas masks and milled around nervously, awaiting explosions from missiles that never struck. I felt as though I'd swallowed a rock.

Finally, all-clear air horns

wailed; we removed our masks and took off to gather war news.

An odd scene awaited me when I arrived at the press center that morning. Dozens of reporters crowded around a large-screen TV and scribbled away on their notebooks, watching CNN's coverage of the air strikes a few hundred miles north of us.

I decided I couldn't do the war justice by covering it from television reports, so I forced my way onto a list of reporters chosen to go into the field that morning.

Later, I sat on a bus with other reporters rolling north across a desert highway toward an Army camp near the Saudi

Arabian border with Iraq. We traveled six hours through a wilderness of sand whose subtle dunes gave way to an immense, dead plain that stretched beyond sight, flat as a parking lot.

We passed serpentine truck convoys carrying men and armor toward the border. The drivers shot hard grins out the window, like, "Man, can you be-

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50th: Tradition continues

Continued from Page 3

villian managing editor, covered the birth of the southern republic and was fired for referring to MacArthur as "the Cap" — a war-years nickname the general detested.

There were both military reporters and civilians who were hired to make sure a hard core of professionals would be on hand. Seasoned newsmen were needed because that border between two Koreas was a hissing fuse, sputtering toward an event that burst on a quiet Sunday morning.

KOREA AT WAR

That headline, on June 25, 1950, heralded *Stripes'* first extra.

Pvt. Hal Gamble went to Hansu Airport outside Tokyo and heard Defense Secretary Louis Johnson declare: "America will do all necessary for American security and the peace of the world."

Within days, the first Ameri-

cans were on the way and so was *Stripes'* first team of correspondents — Gamble and Cpl. Ernie Peeler, a World War II veteran who had been both a civilian newsman and a military information specialist.

Peeler and Gamble watched, wrote and took long chances as an understrength American division was punished murderously and pushed back down the peninsula.

In his last dispatch, Peeler told of how beardless youngsters discovered instant manhood:

"American soldiers — until recently most of them kids on dates and burning up the roads in hot rod cars — turned into men Friday and Saturday in a gallant stand at a South Korea town approximately 40 miles north of Taejon.

"They had read of war, and they had seen war movies, but out here they were faced with a grim game of killing for the first time in their lives.

"These kids, dead tired, battle-fatigued — and some of them wounded — drove the



Ken George/Stripes

A young refugee cries while her mother dies in a hospital outside An Loc.

Communists out of the railroad station on their left flank and proceeded to hammer against the invaders at every point.

"They are no longer battle-shy kids.

"They are war veterans. They are men who grew up overnight..."

Chided by his editors and colleagues for taking too many risks, Peeler split up with Gamble to better cover the confused and desperate fighting around Taejon. He was last seen getting into a Jeep with International News Service correspondent Ray Richards. The two drove north and were never seen again. A believable but never-confirmed story had it that they ran into a column of Soviet-built T-34 tanks and were blasted off the road.

The flood of North Koreans reached the flashpoint and threatened to spill all the way down to Pusan. American gameplan splintered the point of the Communist lance. Capt. Tom Baird, chief of the *Stripes* Korea Bureau, went ashore with the Marines in the master-stroke landing at Inchon, writing of how the Soviet-trained enemy reeled back and American fortunes turned.

Stripes was with the troops, all the way.

Sgt. Fred Gathman rode into Pyongyang, the enemy capital, with victorious United Nations troops and walked through Kim Il Sung's abandoned underground bunker. When Chinese troops rushed in to save the sinking Communist effort and another melancholy retreat began, Cpl. Larry Kane rode the last train out of a besieged town.

As Allied forces rallied again, *Stripes* newsmen ducked rifle and shellfire, scrawled notes, used the hoods of Jeeps for work tables and pounded out their stories on portable typewriters, getting them back to Seoul or Tokyo by any means possible. The war became a stalemate that locked and swayed on long ridgelines.

Sharing bunkers and foxholes with frontline troops, re-

porters could see shafts of light that marked off the truce-talk zone at Panmunjom and might wonder what their co-workers were doing. *Stripes* reporters stood by as U.N. and Communist delegates argued, pondered and pounded on a long table.

When an armistice was signed on July 27, 1953, there wasn't much for Air Force Staff Sgt. Bob McNeill to tell — just a careful recitation of formalities.

"Truce delegates this morning quietly wound up their two years of peace waging and rang down the curtain on the 37-month old shooting war in Korea."

But 42 years later, the world's longest unresolved armistice was still in place and American troops, faced now with the threat that North Korea could become a nuclear power, were still in Korea. So was *Stripes*.

Pacific *Stars* and *Stripes* had been forged into professional maturity there, and things looked up in other ways. In late 1953, the editorial and printing staff moved into a long wooden building at the old Hardy Barracks in Tokyo. For the first time, presses and typewriters were under the same roof. Gone forever were the days a dangling sword deadline depended on how fast a Jeep could rush from one building to another.

As the 1964 Olympics approached, NHK, the radio and television agency of the Japanese government, took the *Stripes* property for a satellite relay station they later decided to build somewhere else. On Oct. 23, 1962, the newspaper moved only a few feet, into a paid-for, fully equipped four-story building.

Later, for a better, easier-to-read newspaper, *Stripes* converted to offset printing, then became the first computerized, fully-automated newspaper in the Far East.

There were many all-service readers to serve in the far-flung

Pacific Command, which stretched from Asia to the Persian Gulf. That took in Vietnam, and the concussive ripples of that first-edition story now reached another generation of Americans.

First, a few advisers went to the field with South Vietnamese soldiers and ferried them from battle to battle in helicopters — then a massive commitment and buildup brought in hundreds of thousands. Capable newsmen like Al Kramer and Marine Staff Sgt. Steve Stibbens told of the expanding involvement, and told it well.

For *Stripes*, there was another long war and another man lost.

Ten years, from the first American thrust in the Mekong Delta to the last troop pullout in 1973 — Khe Sanh, Con Thien, Crazy Horse, Junction City, Loc Ninh, both Tet offensives, the battle for Hue, the carrier strikes launched from the Tonkin Gulf.

Stripes never missed or misreported a battle, working out of bureaus set up in old French villas on Truong Tan Huu and Vo Than Road in Saigon, one of them close to a cemetery for the French regulars and Foreign Legionnaires of another war.

A capable mix of civilians and military — Al Ching, Mike Kopp, Dick Berry, Charlie Richardson, Wally Beene, Bob Curtis, Gene Young, Dave and Steve Walsh, Jack Baird, Gary Cooper, Bill Collins, Joe Schneider and many others — worked tirelessly, and often took steep risks, to tell readers the daily story and dear cost of the war.

And there was Paul D. Sevanuck, a 23-year-old former Maryland State University student who had just joined the bureau when he died in a North Vietnamese ambush in Quang Tri Province. Nobody knew much about him, except that he was bright, eager and had begged for a chance to prove himself as a reporter.

Please see 50TH, Page 27



John Olson/Stripes

A Marine carries a wounded Vietnamese child to safety.

50 Years in the Pacific

50th: Stripes' tradition continues

Continued from Page 26

In that war, Stripes had another one going — the constant battle against obvious or subtle attempts to censor the newspaper. Some wanted to fill it with command directives, soft-pedaling casualty reports and scandals in which club NCOs enriched themselves by taking bribes and kickbacks, along with skimming the proceeds of slot machines.

The newspaper's charter was clear — everything reported, within the bounds of legitimate security, with no "calculated withholding of unfavorable news." But many couldn't see it that way, going over the newspaper's head to bring down command pressure.

In 1969, an officer assigned to take over the Stripes editorship told a public affairs conference in Taipei that the newspaper's frank war reportage had earned it a nickname — the "Hanoi Herald." He accused the reporter of one such story of "treason." The officer's orders were changed.

In the 1970s, all reporters and editors were required to read and follow a never-signed or attributed directive on "host-country sensitivities" — mostly restrictions on stories that would offend the less-than-democratic leaders of some friendly countries.

When the newspaper printed a Carl Rowan column criticizing Philippines

President Ferdinand Marcos and his wife, a reproving note came from the office of the military editor-in-chief, saying that such material "must be avoided without exception in the future."

A Stripes Korea Bureau interview with Kim Dae-jung, who led opposition to South Korean President Park Chung-hee, was suppressed by an editor mindful of the unsigned directive.

In 1990, staff complaints about censorship pressure were confirmed by a General Accounting Office investigation and led to reforms. The editor-in-chief resigned. In a restructuring of management, a civilian editor was appointed to oversee news decisions, and the military editor-in-chief became commander/publisher — responsible for business and logistics.

A civilian ombudsman was hired by American Forces Information Service in Washington to be make certain there were no attempts to censor either Pacific or European Stripes, published in Germany.

Unfettered, Pacific Stars and Stripes covered yet another war, dispatching a news team to the Persian Gulf before Desert Storm — staying with the story from the first days to the liberation of Kuwait City.

Free to tell it all, Pacific Stars and Stripes tells it all — and will strive to be here as long as there are Americans in uniform on this side of the world.

TO THE HEROES OF THE PACIFIC THEATER, WORLD WAR II,

FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, YOU WERE PROBABLY DREAMING OF HOME OR ON YOUR WAY. YOU HAD FACED A DETERMINED ADVERSARY AND PREVAILED IN THE FACE OF INCREDIBLE ODDS. YOU HAD GIVEN YOUR ALL AND MANY OF YOU HAD SUFFERED TREMENDOUS LOSS.

NOW, FIFTY YEARS LATER, WE WHO ENJOY THE FREEDOM AND PROSPERITY FOR WHICH YOU PAID SO DEARLY ARE STILL DEEPLY INDEBTED TO YOU. IT IS ENTIRELY ACCURATE TO SAY THAT YOU, ALONG WITH YOUR COUNTERPARTS IN EUROPE, SAVED THE WORLD.

ON BEHALF OF THE MORE THAN 2.1 MILLION MEMBERS OF THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE U.S. I SAY "THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU." PLEASE KNOW THAT AS LONG AS THE VFW EXISTS, YOUR HEROIC DEEDS WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

SINCERELY,
PAUL A. SPERA
NATIONAL
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS
OF THE U.S.



Take Ten

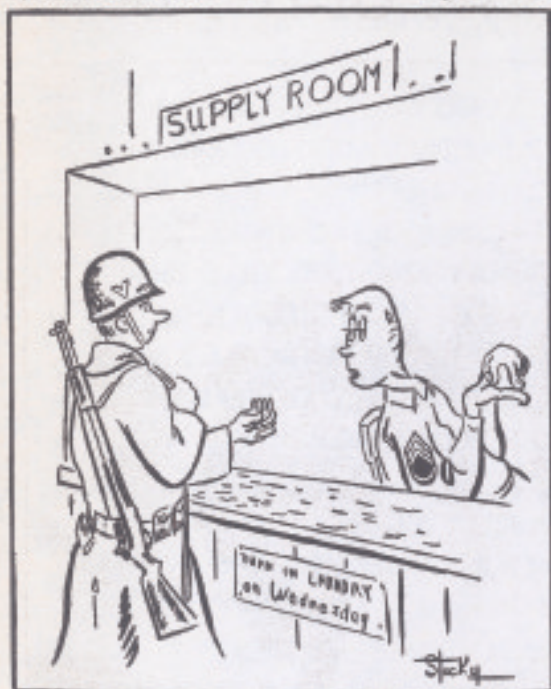
by Silverstein



"Snap out of it, Ed. . . other guys have received 'Dear Johns'"

ORIENT-TASHUN

by Stucky



"Now let's get this straight—yuh just got off guard, yer turning in a half clip of ammo—and yer checking out a shovel."

Birth: Could have been 'The Oriental Express'

Continued from Page 4

days. I wouldn't tell him what the story was about, only that "it was something big."

Finally, the day came and I brought in the story. Ken looked at it and said the equivalent of "Nuts. It's a nothing story." I had to do a hard sell to get it in the paper.

The next morning, all hell broke loose for the correspondents. Beginning about 5 a.m. they were besieged by their home-office editors wanting to know about the phony emperor. The mystery was on both sides of the phone.

They started waking up people in the Army press office,

calling all the officers, even generals in a frantic effort to get a hook on the story.

They didn't get their answer until Stripes came out. Then they all wrote stories quoting Stripes. I was vindicated. The phony emperor never got back his throne, but he did get a day

cle reluctantly after returning from a news expedition to Kyoto, which was 6th Army headquarters. A few years later, I realized that my nemesis had indeed been my friend, and I began telling people that MacArthur did me a great favor.

Who knew then about the

extent of radiation danger in Hiroshima and Nagasaki? And it was just as I was ready to drive off to see the two devastated cities that my Jeep

By the way, losing the Jeep wasn't as much of a hardship as it sounds, although at the time I felt it was catastrophic.

or two of glory.

By the way, losing the Jeep wasn't as much of a hardship as it sounds, although at the time I felt it was catastrophic.

I surrendered the little vehi-

slipped away from me.

Instead of my seeing the atomic bombed areas, my wife and I were able to have three wonderful children after the war. Who knows if that would have been possible otherwise.

Shaw: Sometimes it was more fun to get lost

Continued from Page 7

gasoline for about 20 cents a gallon.

There were still street signs in English, left over from Occupation days — A Avenue, H Avenue, 40th Street, etc. But finding one's way through Tokyo's narrow, twisting streets could still be a nightmare. Or sometimes it was just more fun to get lost and see what happened. For those of weak will, there was temptation at every turn.

There was a total of just one hour of English-language TV per week in Tokyo in the early '60s. One of the stations showed the excellent American series, "The Defenders."

As for the work of a reporter, I have memories of long periods of time spent dialing numbers that never responded. To this day my right index finger is a half-inch shorter than

the left one, the result of trying to reach numbers at various military bases around Japan — Sendai, Camp Drake, Tokoroawa, Itazuke — or, even more challenging, in distant Korea, Taiwan, Okinawa, the Philippines. The procedure we reporters used was to just dial the number over and over and over as if, by sheer force of will, you could force a connection. Sometimes you'd make it on the 20th

or 30th attempt. Sometimes not.

I still have vivid memories of covering the one event that turned out to be more dramatic than anyone expected: the airport arrival of White House press secretary James Hagerty in Tokyo in June, 1960. That doesn't sound like a big deal. Airport arrival stories are usually boring, well-scripted events that involve handshakes and bland statements and not much more. But Hagerty was the advance man — the point man, actually — for President Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was then making a tour of several Asian countries.

Ike was scheduled to conclude his tour with a visit to Japan, where, at that time, delicate negotiations were taking place concerning renewal of the security treaty under which the United States

guaranteed to defend Japan against attack.

But there was a lot of opposition to renewal of the treaty, and many Japanese resented the presence of large numbers of Americans on their soil, defenders or not.

Japanese leftists seized on this issue as a mainstay of their campaign to unseat the government and organized massive demonstrations in major cities



At work at the printing press, June 17, 1952.

and around U.S. bases. The closer Ike got to Japan, the bigger the demonstrations, some of them involving several hundred thousand marchers. To send a message to Eisenhower, the leftists dispatched thousands of demonstrators to meet Hagerty's plane when it landed at Tokyo's Haneda Airport.

Things went quietly enough at planeside — where pro-American demonstrators greatly outnumbered the leftists — but when Hagerty and U.S.

Ambassador to Japan Douglas MacArthur II left the airport, their limousine was blocked and surrounded by screaming demonstrators. While Hagerty and MacArthur remained inside, outwardly calm, smoking cigarettes, the demonstrators rocked the car, bashed it with placards and hurled rocks. Several even jumped on the roof.

At that point, a U.S. helicopter moved in to rescue the car's occupants. It was a moment when a disaster was just wait-

ing to happen. The chopper had to maneuver in close to the embassy car, and there was no telling what the mob's reaction would be. A well-placed placard hitting the helicopter's rotor might even have brought it spinning down into the mob.

But the rescue went off smoothly, without bloodshed, and the officials were whisked off to downtown Tokyo.

Stripes put out an "extra" edition. Ike canceled his visit to Japan.

There was a total of just one hour of English-language TV per week in Tokyo in the early '60s.

The Korean War

Kemp: Competing against some of the best

Continued from Page 8

Marine descriptive adjectives I had acquired.

My antagonists took it all in with dead-pan expressions until they could stand it no more. Then they roared.

We had to take turns using the telephone that was in the correspondents' tent. It went through a maze of land lines that were spliced to produce total frustration.

I had a low priority usually and got to the phone after everything else had been relayed. As they, the invisible switchboard operators, tried to reach the correspondents' billets where a *Stripes* man could take my story, I sat for what seemed like hours repeating "working... working... working," just to let someone know that the line was being used.

Sometimes managing editor Capt. Billy G. Thompson, after getting what had passed the telephone network and the censors, would even use some of my copy.

What a triumph. We competed for space in our own newspaper, *Pacific Stars and Stripes*, against some of the best in the business covering the Korean War. There were at least eight *Stripes* writers in Korea during the time I was there. Among us, we captured some space on a daily basis, and we earned our C-rations as we learned one of the toughest tasks in news coverage — how to write a war.



Marines march south of Koto-ri on Dec. 9, 1950, on their way to the Korean port city of Hungnam.

USAP photo

At that time, there were about 72 military people assigned to *Pacific Stars and Stripes*. Most were enlisted, and they filled all types of jobs in newspaper production.

Lt. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway said during an exclusive interview I had with him at Eighth Army headquarters in

Taegu that the U.N. forces in early 1951 were meshing as a major fighting force because of "mutual respect."

And it was mutual respect that created the bond between the combat soldier and the *Stripes* staffer covering his war.

Stripes printed 100,000 newspapers daily for the forces

in Korea. Sometimes our readers received them three to five days after publication, but *Stripes* was read word for word and passed on to buddies.

What really was wonderful, however, was the reception they gave you whenever you turned up on the edge of their foxhole. You were their tie to

home, one of their own with a message in print that perhaps looked and smelled and tasted like home.

The writer — and *Stripes* — helped them forget what had transpired and gave them hope that just maybe they'd make it home.



Shel: Narrowly avoided trouble with authorities

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Drawing a page of cartoons for April Fool's Day, Silverstein sketched a soldier holding out a messkit with a slab of toast in it. A cook splashed dark matter over it, saying: "Today, it really is."

The managing editor, required to inspect all Silverstein cartoons before they were printed, called him over and asked, "Shel, what does this mean?"

"Well, you know, powdered milk, powdered eggs. Today it's the real thing. April Fool! Get it?"

That editor, a World War II machinegunner in Europe, approved the cartoon. Many readers gasped over their breakfast on April Fool's Day.

Or as one of Silverstein's contemporaries on the newspaper put it at the time: "That cartoon, shingle and all, flew in and out of the fan for several days."



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Gilson: Memories of Pusan

Continued from Page 15

put me aboard a wood-hulled Navy minesweeper. It had a crew of 10 or 12, a junior grade lieutenant not long out of Annapolis and a three-legged dog as a mascot.

I think the dateline was ABOARD A U.S. MINESWEEPER OFF THE COAST OF NORTH KOREA. And I filed a couple of stories, along with reports by a documentary film crew assigned by the Navy, from that little ship.

One of my stories was about the discovery by the crew that the enemy was laying so-called influence mines in Wonson harbor, mines that lay on the bottom of the sea and surged upward when a vessel passed over.

A wood-hulled minesweeper could dodge and escape traditional spiked, magnetic mines, but the influence mines were another matter.

I was already ashore and working from my next dateline — WONSON — when I heard that an influence mine had tagged the minesweeper.

The story on the influence mines was mine. Thank goodness somebody else did the story about the loss of the minesweeper and all but the three-legged dog.

I have no idea of what happened to the mutt, except to know he had some good friends.

The WONSON dateline was glory days. We had crossed the parallel, pushing northward, and the war — officially "police action" — seemed all but over. This was late 1950.

It was back to Tokyo and a new dateline. I got to cover the Japanese Diet — parliament —

for the old soldier — "Imagination-shattering crowds line the streets..." — for MacArthur's procession from his Tokyo headquarters to the airport.

And when Ridgway relaxed MacArthur's strict discipline — who, boy! GIs thrown in the moat, and cars of Americans overturned and torched were stories that filled pages with the Tokyo dateline, not only in Stripes but around the world.

The chronology seems correct to me that the next dateline was PUSAN, Korea, where I was assigned to report on arrivals of

United Nations troops in 1951.

But perhaps as important was helping the circulation folks print and distribute the newspaper, which they did magnificently.

At that time, Stripes was printed in Pusan. Matrices were shipped daily from Tokyo to Pusan, turned out in lead and put on the presses of a bombed-out Pusan publishing outfit by guys who didn't speak English and who often stole large slabs of newsprint.

Our Pacific Stars and Stripes GIs oversaw the press run and got the papers on the road. They were without peer.

There were some stories on the arrival of U.N. contingents, of the largesse of the merchant

The big story from the TOKYO dateline was the firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

and do rewrite, but Capt.

Thompson had made me a reporter and not a wannabe Bill Mauldin. He knew something I didn't.

It was good, in our Shimbun Alley location, just across from the railroad tracks, to watch a bunch of amateurs and professional newsmen put out a daily newspaper that rivals any I've worked with since, and that's several, including my own.

The big story from the TOKYO dateline was the firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur by President Truman and his replacement by Gen. Matthew Ridgway.

The marvelous INS writer Bob Considine could have used his New York parade story lead

ORIENT-TASHUN

by Stucky



"Hm-m... better change that to CRUSHED pineapple."

ship crews, of the soldiers whose stories needed telling. But the one I should have written was about the PS&S crew in Pusan. All they wanted to do, and did with gusto, was put out and deliver on time a newspaper to the troops.

The dateline PUSAN left me with awfully fond memories of

the good a newspaper can do.

Somewhere in Psychology 101 it's taught that as time goes by we tend to remember only the good things and forget the bad.

There should be a dateline that says SOMEWHERE IN MEMORY, THE RIGHT THING (Pac&S) —

Take Ten

by Silverstein



"I have time in grade for another rocker... I just don't have room..."

Saigon: Vivid memories

Continued from Page 16

step through the looking glass. I was twice the age of the others, but I didn't feel that I could expect them to get shot at unless I spent time in the field as well. On any given day I might start out in some place such as Cam

Lo, where the VC got buried with a bulldozer after a bloody night assault on our fortified camp. I could catch a flight back to Saigon and make the "Five O'Clock Follies," the official briefing.

After making sure the various stories were filed at the UPI office and were on their way to our Tokyo headquarters, I could have dinner in a good French restaurant. After the curfew, I might end up the evening having a beer on the roof of our villa with the other guys while helicopter gunships sprayed tracers at suspected VC hideouts around the city. We did this seven days a week, and life tended to blur into a surreal montage of fantasy and

fact.

Among the most vivid memories:

Being the first correspondent to fly a combat mission in the F-4C Phantom while getting sprayed with ground fire; flying in "Spooky 13," an old C-47 gunship with a Gatling gun that

nominated for the Navy Cross, only to die a few days later from a short round fired by one of our guns. He was the only person to have a Vietnam base named after him during the war.

Three civilians, including our own Kim Ki Sam and Arnaud du Borchgrave of Newsweek, got slightly wounded on Hill 400. Two Marine photos also got hit, and the chaplain was among those killed.

It was somewhere about this time that I became convinced that Vietnam was not going to be won with military force. During a trip back to the U.S. in 1966 to see my ill father, I wrote a story for the *Shreveport Times*, one of my former employers, saying in effect that after a certain point, you got the feeling that the whole ball of wax wasn't worth the life of one more American. Unfortunately, it took the politicians several more years to arrive at the same conclusion.

Two Marine photos also got hit, and the chaplain was among those killed.

fired 6,000 rounds a minute in a desperate attempt to protect some Marines getting attacked near the DMZ; riding in the convoy that launched the first battle of Bong Son in the Central Highlands; "flying the Bug," one of two helicopters used at night in duels with the VC along the canals of the Mekong Delta; seeing the aid station at Dong Ha that was so primitive that it made the MASH unit look like Johns Hopkins; and the roughest fight of them all — Hill 400, where Marine Capt. J.J. Carroll got

Cooper: Life-saving advice from AP photographer

Continued from Page 17

looking through the camera snapping away in the dim light when she veered and headed right for me. As I lowered my camera, she pointed at it and said, "Isn't that wire supposed to be connected to something?" I had failed to attach the flash; none of my pictures came out.

A more profound photography tip came from celebrated combat cameraman Horst Fass. It was a piece of advice that probably saved my life.

I had been on the fringes of some fighting but had yet to receive my baptism of bullets. At lunch one day in a French restaurant near the Associated Press bureau in Saigon, Fass was describing one of his techniques for taking photos while under fire.

Fortunately, I was paying attention. Drop to the ground on your back, he explained. That way your body stays low and

you make less of a target, but you still have the mobility to look around and aim your camera.

Not long after that I had a chance to test the technique. The 12-man squad I had been with all night at a listening post was on its way back to home base about dawn when it stumbled into a force of 50 to 60 Viet Cong.

When the shooting started, somehow Fass' advice popped into my mind. I dropped to the ground on my back and started taking pictures. Naturally, most of the photographs I snapped were taken from the same distinct angle — from down low looking up. If I had been standing, I undoubtedly would have been cut down.

The fighting became intense, and I had to drop my camera and grab a weapon. Actually, I picked up three. All M-16s. And each one jammed.

When it was over and the

squad (five of the 12 had been wounded) was saved from annihilation, a crusty sergeant from the company that came to our rescue asked me if that was the first time I'd been under fire.

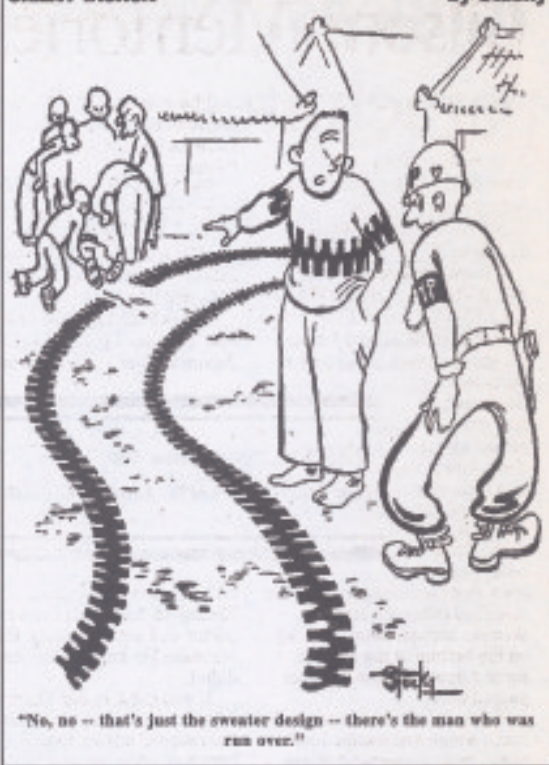
I said it was the first time I'd been shot at with only 12 people around me to fight back. He grinned wickedly and said, "Yeah, but that's when it gets good."

I didn't include that quote in my story. It didn't seem appropriate. But it's haunted me for nearly 30 years.

I ended the story by saying that the men who survived the fight unwounded would be back on patrol that night. And I said they would probably be there tonight and every other night. I couldn't know for sure then, but it turned out to be a fairly accurate observation. Eventually, the nightmares subside, but they never disappear.

ORIENT-TASHUN

by Stucky



"No, no — that's just the sweater design — there's the man who was run over."

Stibbens: Blockade of Cuba announced



Vietnamese soldiers celebrate atop a broken tank.

Steve Solis/Stripes

Continued from Page 18

turn out to be sensitive questions about Marine readiness at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

President Kennedy had just announced the blockade of Cuba. The world was holding its breath.

AP BAC, Vietnam, Jan. 2, 1963 — At 2,000 feet above the rice paddies in an L-19 spotter plane, I saw that the battle was clearly defined. Three downed helicopters — two sausage-shaped H-21s and a crumpled UH-1B — lay alongside the paths where ARVN armored personnel carriers had been stopped cold by the intense fire of a guerrilla unit that, for the first time, had stood and fought back against government troops instead of melting into the countryside.

The Battle of Ap Bac has survived in controversy as "the first battle of the American war" in Vietnam. Many call it a victory for the Viet Cong. Some argue there was no victory — merely a standoff. All agree that it was an important milestone in the American involvement in Southeast Asia.

In any event, three American soldiers were killed.

Back in Saigon, Peter Arnett of the Associated Press and David Halberstam of the New

York Times persuaded me to change into my Marine uniform to get us past roadblocks and drive us to the battle site in PS&S' little black Ford Falcon.

CA MAU, Vietnam, Oct. 31, 1963 — Approaching Saigon in the cargo bay of a low-flying C-123, we were about to become eyewitnesses to another bit of world history.

"We can't land at Tan Son Nhut," the crew chief shouted.

On my Huey alone, we bailed in 23 men, women and children before we had to leave. I never learned the fate of those we left behind.

"Too much anti-aircraft fire!"

Horst Fass, the now-legendary Associated Press photographer who later won two Pulitzer Prizes, was upset. He might miss the biggest story of the time. We had been choppering around the Mekong Delta's paddies and swamps for several days in a vain attempt to find and rescue three captured Americans being herded toward the dreaded U-Minh Forest.

In Saigon, we had skipped out on another of those exasperating "coup watches" after "Radio Catina," the grapevine, buzzed rumors of imminent revolt against the South Vietnamese government of President

Ngo Dinh Diem. We were careful to stay near radios, and it paid off when we got word of "something going on" in Saigon.

So we were flying back, our C-123 flying low to avoid a band of storm clouds. Fass looked out the porthole for a moment and told the crew chief, "Okay, we jump." He turned to me and repeated, "We jump."

"Okay," I said. "You jump, I jump."

But there were no parachutes on board. Diverted to Cap St. Jacques (Vung Tau), we waited — engines off — on the tarmac through the agonizing hours until dawn. As the sun came up

in the South China Sea, we were in the air, aboard an Army Caribou approaching Tan Son Nhut Airport.

The PS&S Ford Falcon got us to town in time to join the rebel Vietnamese Marines storming through the presidential palace. Diem and his notorious brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, had escaped through secret tunnels. They were later found and slain by the coup-makers.

SAIGON, Nov. 1, 1963 — "Viet Victory Near" screamed the five-column front-page headline in Pacific Stars and Stripes. The unfortunate head-

Please see STIBBENS, Page 34

Stibbens: No parachutes

Continued from Page 33

line introduced a roundup story assessing the state of affairs in Vietnam, where nearly 15,000 U.S. advisers attempted to train an army to deal with Communist insurgents.

In separate interviews, Gen. Paul D. Harkins, commander, Military Assistance Command-Vietnam (MAC-V), and Maj. Gen. Charles J. Timmes, commander, Military Assistance and Advisory Group (MAAG), had spoken in unison. Barring unforeseen circumstances or political turmoil, they said, the war against the Viet Cong could be finished by "the end of the next dry season," just nine months away. Asked about the Vietnamese army's feuding Buddhist and Catholic soldiers, both generals said the ARVN troops were "loyal to their government."

Copies of Pacific Stars and Stripes arrived just as the coup was starting.

"Go talk with my G-1," Harkins had said at the end of his interview. "We're sending 1,000 soldiers home by Christmas."

And they did. But when President Kennedy read the PS&S story, which had been

picked up by the wire services, he fired off a rocket to Harkins, sternly reminding him of an agreement that they would not forecast the "light at the end of the tunnel."

Three weeks later, Kennedy was dead. It was the beginning of a new era of escalation in South Vietnam.

CAVITE, The Philippines, 1962 — Generalissimo Don Amalio Aguinaldo watched as we signed his guest log — a thick bookkeeping ledger that held such names as Dwight D. Eisenhower, Douglas A. MacArthur and Harry S. Truman.

Aguinaldo, who led his army against the Americans at the turn of the century in a war for independence and hence was called "the George Washington of the Philippines," had been his country's first president.

Navy Journalist Paul Brinkley-Rogers, assigned to Stripes' Philippines bureau, shared my fascination as we spent the day with the 84-year-old soldier reminiscing about the birth of his nation. (The British-born Rogers went on to become an American citizen and correspondent for Newsweek in Vietnam and Cambodia. He is now an editor at the Arizona Republic in Phoenix.)



Steve Stibbens/Stripes

AP photographer Horst Faas in the doorway of the Associated Press Saigon bureau.

lic in Phoenix.)

Aguinaldo's old, unpainted wooden house in Cavite was like a national museum. We stood with him on the second-floor balcony, overlooking Cavite's main street, where he had waved his country's first flag and proclaimed independence. He told us how he was tricked into captivity when he agreed to a cease-fire meeting with the U.S. Army's Col. John Funston, which ended the war.

BA DONG, Vietnam, October, 1963 — A Viet Cong flag was already flying from the center of this small coastal hamlet near the southern tip of Vietnam. Hordes of villagers swarmed through the waist-high weeds as our UH-1 helicopters descended at twilight to rescue villagers being overrun by VC.

On my Huey alone, we hauled in 23 men, women and children before we had to leave. I never learned the fate

of those we left behind.

PAPEETE, Tahiti, 1963 — With NASA communicators, a weather specialist and two C-130 loads of long-range para-rescue teams, we waited for Air Force Col. Gordon (Gordo) Cooper's launch into his 22 space orbits aboard Mercury 9.

The shot was delayed, and we were forced to spend three awful weeks on this remote island...

Sack: Chapter called 'Slow Boat to China'

Continued from Page 12

gan. "Yes, sir. It gets very confusing. At Taegu they made me sleep in the VIP billets."

"Sack," said Major Morgan wearily. "Please. Don't say another word. Let's forget the whole thing. Just promise me, until you're out of the Army, you won't write a word about this."

"Yes, sir." Well, here I am out of the Army and I'd like to tell you about the second prisoner who got off the ship, the dai biao. He was a small Chinese Communist, not very handsome, and he was the head man, or dai biao of all the others. I first met him on Cheju Island and said goodbye to him, a week later, at Panmunjom. Cheju Island is a bit south of Korea and its people came, according to legend, from a hole in the ground. The hole is now a national shrine, with a steel chain around it and a sign saying NO SMOKING; and not far away is the Cheju prisoner of war camp. Here, in a single enclosure, were the dai biao and all the other Chinese prisoners who wanted to go home — about one quarter of the total.

Actually, the Army treated

the Chinese pretty well, though the Reds were an ornery people.

The Army even put loud-speakers in the enclosure, and played music during the daytime. At first the music was jazz, but many of the prisoners thought they were being driven insane, and the Army changed to Oriental songs like "Shina no Yoru" ("China Night"), describing the lights of Shanghai harbor, and sung in Japanese. "Do you like our music?" the Army would ask the prisoners, on printed questionnaires.

"No!" they would answer. "What kinds do you like?" "None!" "What kinds don't you like?" "All!" "Why?"

"Because it is degenerate!" The answers were the same on all five thousand questionnaires, suggesting that someone was telling the prisoners what to write: and that man, of course, was the dai biao.

The first time I saw the dai biao was the night before he sailed to Pusan. He was standing on top of a hut waving a Communist flag and leading five thousand Chinese prisoners in a song which, according to the GI's on duty, was titled "Open the Freaking Door, Joe."

The next morning, after an hour's folderol, the dai biao led eight hundred men to the America LST in the harbor. The LST skipper invited me along (he didn't know the regulation, Major Morgan), and an American soldier, of Chinese parents, offered to translate on the voyage. "Radio Peiping calls me a Chiang Kai-Shek agent," he laughed.

The eight hundred prisoners marched into the vast hold of the LST and began laying out their bed rolls.

"Most of them are pretty stupid," said the Chiang agent. "Ask them what communism is and they don't know. They're going to China because that's home. Some of them are PhD's, though."

"That's the dai biao," whispered the Chiang Kai-Shek agent; and, as the LST started moving, he called him over to talk.

"Look," said the dai biao in the Mandarin dialect (the Chiang agent, of course, was translating), "you people have me all wrong. All I am is a Manchurian farmer. We don't want any trouble on this trip; we want to get along with everybody."

Please see SACK, Page 35



"To use an old Yank expression, 'It's raining cats and dogs'."

Missing: Country looked peaceful

Continued from Page 13

walk in out of the night, I stalled along and spent my days alerting front-line outfits that he was still missing, and contacted a chaplain to ask that he spare a prayer for Miller's safe return. Men think more of God in times of death and danger, and it seemed like an appropriate request, but the chaplain's response left me speechless.

"There are hundreds of Americans missing in this war, and you expect us to make a special case out of this one?" he asked.

I left without saying good-bye. Whether the chaplain ever

prayed or not I do not know, but on the 10th night after Miller disappeared a sergeant came into the tent where I was sacked out and said, "Miller just came in. He's all right."

"Where is he?" I asked, jumping up and starting to pull on my clothes.

Over at the neighboring division, he answered. "He'll be here tomorrow."

The next day Miller showed up lean and hungry, despite having just come from a full meal. He had already been subjected to a press conference by correspondents whose line of questioning plainly indicated they thought he was nuts for getting lost in no-man's land.

He countered by asking, "Doesn't everybody get lost sometime?"

The rest of the story is that wrong-way Miller had literally returned in a blaze of glory by touching off a trip flare that

spotlighted him down in a valley being watched by the Americans.

"Hold your fire, men!" an officer shouted. "That looks like one of ours down there!" Someone else shouted for him not to move. He was standing in a mine field. A technician who knew the lay of the land carefully worked his way down and escorted Miller to safety. Home at last.

During the many talks we had about his experiences on the trail, he said the thing that impressed him most was how Korean country people gave him food and indicated the best route to follow to avoid the

communists and to find his own people.

Our ride back to Tokyo wasn't on Air Force One, but it seemed like the height of luxury, with good hot food on the way. We did find something new to pray about — that Miller wouldn't be disciplined for his disappearing act. In fact, he was well received at PS&S.

We did find something new to pray about — that Miller wouldn't be disciplined for his disappearing act. In fact, he was well received at PS&S.

fact, he was well received at PS&S, so I guess the powers that be considered the important thing to be not that he had been lost, but that he had returned.

The account I wrote of his adventures for PS&S caused a copy editor to ask whether I really considered Miller a hero. I hadn't written him up as a hero, and I'm sure he never thought of himself as one. He was simply being himself, and that's not too easy.

After all, fools rush in where angels fear to tread, but only a fool for luck could survive to tell such a beautiful story.



A medic works on a wounded GI as another is pulled up the plateau toward medical attention. USA photo

Sack: Trouble while negotiating release

Continued from Page 34

But the dai biao broke his word, and caused quite a bit of trouble because—Manchurian farmer or not—he was first and last a Communist. When the LST docked in Pusan, at eight the next morning, he was leading a mass meeting in the hold. "We're not getting off this ship," he told the Chiang agent, "until you meet two demands. First, I must go ahead and inspect the hospital, to see if it's okay. Second, you can't check the rosters. I'll be responsible."

"First," said the Chiang agent, "you can't inspect the hospital because there is no hospital. You're going straight to the trains. Second, we have to check the rosters because we promised the Communists, at Panmunjom, we'd check the rosters."

"In that case," said the dai biao, "I have four different demands."

"What's going on here," an American colonel asked. "Why won't the prisoners get off the ship?"

"First," continued the dai biao, "we demand that no photographers be on the dock. Second, ID tags must not be tied to our arms, because some of us have no arms. Instead we'll carry them. Third, we must not be fingerprinted, because that is for criminals. Fourth, we refuse to go to the hospital, because you will cut off our arms and legs."

"There is no hospital," said the Chiang agent in desperation.

"What's the prisoner saying?" asked the colonel. The Chiang agent told me, and I told the colonel, who told a general.

"There is no hospital," said the general.

The dai biao, however, was intractable, and the American officers had never negotiated with Communists before. The farce, I'm sorry to say, lasted four hours, until noon. Finally the colonel roared, "Dammit! Tell him to come out in thirty minutes, or we're sending troops into the hold with tear gas!"

The dai biao began leading the men off the ship, and I went ahead; and that, as you remember, is when the MP's did their double take and arrested me. By evening Major Morgan had cleared everything up, but I had lost track of the dai biao and didn't see him tell a week later, at Panmunjom. There, under a Communist "Freedom Arch," with red flags flapping in the wind, the eight hundred prisoners were repatriated. About one hundred Communists were waiting to greet them — officers, enlisted men, Chinese nurses in drab white sacks, and Korean nurses in leather boots, purple skirts, Sam Browne belts, medals and berets, looking for all the world like the military number in the Folies. There was the sound of

horns, and a convoy of American ambulances pulled to the arch. In one of them was the dai biao, intense.

"Welcome home, comrades," droned a Chinese officer. "We... welcome you. We know you suffered much pain under the brutal Americans."

The first prisoner jumped off the ambulance and saluted. "How did the Americans treat you?" the officer asked.

"Pretty good, sir," said the prisoner.

"What?"

"Pretty good, sir." The officer glared at him crossly. Then the dai biao stalked from the ambulance. A man was on hand from People's China, the Communist magazine, and he later wrote:

"It was a tragic scene. From American ambulances... emerged group after group of terribly emaciated figures, mostly amputees and nearly all limping. Survivors of the horrors of Keje and Cheju mustered all their strength to leave the American vehicles."

"American vehicles rolled into the Korean-Chinese reception area led and followed by MP's wearing helmets and carrying truncheons — obviously experienced butchers from the Cheju and Keje slaughterhouses..."

The dai biao, himself, hurried to a Communist truck and soon rolled north.



The latest and oldest in 'featherweight' headgear.

Father Charles L. Moore/Special to Stripper



USA photo

Clearing a bunker complex was a two-man job. Pfc. Gary Davis secures the rear with an M-60 machinegun while Spc. 4 Kent Zerr takes a good look inside.

Draft: Olympics a highlight

Continued from Page 22

cial Forces team from the darkness of early morning through a scorching hot day, accompanying a Vietnamese patrol to a small town in the Mekong Delta. We waded through neck-high water full of leeches, were unendingly pestered by mosquitoes, and constantly alert for VC. After about 14 hours we neared the town, and one ever-humorous sergeant, his beret askew and sweat-stained, said, "They better have a beer in this town or I'm turning around and going back."

There was Army Capt. Gene Wyles who said the Vietnamese soldiers he advised "treat me like ivory." My story about his unit was carried in *Stripes*, and forever more, Wyles was known as "Ivory Gene."

As the war picked up—there were about 365,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam when I finally left in the summer of 1968—so did the activity. The B-52 bombings began, at first so close to Saigon that I awoke to what I first thought was a violent thunderstorm.

The Big Red One and 173rd Airborne arrived, along with the Marines to the north, in what was called I Corps, or "Eye Corps." For the reporter, there was always the problem of being one place when the battles broke out in others, but I

solved that by hanging out with Medevac teams, who were always happy to take me where they were called, although never to bring me back. I wrote about some of those fearless men, often to hear of their deaths weeks or months later.

Gen. William Westmoreland, then commanding the U.S. forces, would occasionally let me accompany him on his helicopter forays to the countryside. I could interview him on the way, then hear stories about him on the ground, from soldiers who had served with him in Korea or knew him when he commanded West Point.

They said he never forgot a name, and I believed it later, when he read of my discharge from *Stripes* and took the time to write a letter thanking me for my Vietnam coverage and wishing me luck in civilian life. I still cherish the letter.

Every once in a while, *Stripes* gave me a break. Editors would call and ask me to fly back to Japan for special assignments. And they were special indeed.

I covered the Tokyo Olympics in '64, writing mainly about U.S. athletes, their victories and travails. Ralph Boston confided that he lost the broad jump because he had tremendous stomach cramps, but



Ray Castro/Stripes

South Vietnamese casualties are hurried down Route 13 — once known as Thunder Road.

made me promise I wouldn't disclose his illness. The highlight of the games, for me, was when a little-known Marine named Billy Mills won the 10,000-meter run. I sat near the great sprinter Jesse Owens in the press box and had the honor of meeting him.

I covered war games with a team of *Stripes* reporters off a small island in the Philippines, and, thanks to my experiences in Vietnam, was the only reporter not to fall ill to what we called "Chinese revenge." I had shunned all the local water in favor of San Miguel beer.

On my final trip to Vietnam,

my villa was a madhouse, intruded upon by other staffers as well as circulation wizards and officers from the front office.

U.S. advisors were now few and far between. Capt. Ivory Gene was back on another tour, now a major. His former assistant, a staff sergeant, had been killed along with his entire unit in an ambush. He had asked me to come along that day, but I declined — I had set my sights on another mission that I was sure was going to bring more action.

Luck. Blind luck.

My biggest *Stripes* thrill was yet to come. Back in California

at the Oakland Army Terminal, of all places.

It was my last day in the Army, and, as I sat among about 50 GIs getting discharged, someone heard my name called. He looked around to glimpse the ID plate on my chest, and asked if I was the guy who wrote for *Stars and Stripes*. When I said yes, he came over and shook my hand.

I was soon surrounded by 15 or 20 others, all of them saying "Thanks," and that they had read my stories in *Stripes*.

The lump in my throat wouldn't permit me to reply.

Socks: Focusing on war's human element

Continued from Page 23

Mekong Delta. After touching base with Army units, I boarded a Coast Guard cutter that spent the night chasing gun-runners on the Gulf of Siam.

Automobiles couldn't be used for long trips. The countryside wasn't secure. Travel was by helicopters, Caribous, C-123s, C-130s, venerable two-engine Gooney Birds and single-engine aircraft.

The war could never be conceived as a grand design of strategy and tactics — there was no coherent overview. This war had no defined front line. It wasn't a repeat of World War II.

Our coverage focused on the human element — the day-to-day grind of the men and women who went about their assigned duties.

The enemy came in many guises — firing automatic weapons and mortars, hurling satchel charges and planting body-shattering mines. There was no safety in a hospital, airport terminal or snack bar — they were all targets.

And the elements added to the mis-

ery. Humidity and heat were prevalent, and each terrain had its own variety of discomfort.

There were visits to aircraft carriers where Navy men worked long, grueling hours to keep a steady aerial pressure on the enemy.

A quick ride to Bien Hoa provided stories on the operations of the U.S. Air Force. Farther north, we covered the operations of the U.S. Marines. Operations were not limited to daylight.

In briefing a couple of reporters, a lieutenant described the objectives of the operation at hand: A battalion of U.S. soldiers would march during the night and encircle a major Viet Cong force. At dawn, the trap would be sprung. The lieutenant said there would be spectacular pyrotechnics. Blazing phosphorus grenades would explode in our midst, and tracers would rip overhead. He was the Cecil B. DeMille of briefing officers and seemed to enjoy making the reporters sweat on a cool night.

Please see NAM, Page 38

A grave was dug. Was the young man a combatant? You couldn't be certain in this war.



An ice cream vendor uses her head at the Saigon Zoo.

Howard Larrick/Stripes

Hang with Marilyn!

Pacific Stars and Stripes!

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Nam: War hit home during stopover

Continued from Page 1

Smoking was prohibited on the march. Commands were whispered. Even the crunch of boots on the dirt road seemed muted as the troops made their way to the village.

Dawn. The village had been surrounded as planned. A few bursts of machinegun fire from a helicopter gunship and it was over. There were no fiery tracers or blazing grenades.

"They got one Viet Cong," a briefing officer said. "Probably stayed too long with his girlfriend and was trying to escape when we got here."

The element of surprise obviously had been compromised.

Following the established procedures, the headman had been told that an American force would be moving on his village. Aside from the one Viet Cong who had overslept, there were no adult males left in the hamlet when the trap was sprung.

And there were reminders that armed conflict is ugly — there's no haven for civilians in modern warfare. The Vietnam struggle was no exception.

A commander agonized over whether to drop shells near a village where the enemy was blocking the pursuit of a Communist force in the Central Highlands.

The results of a soul-wrenching decision were announced by the carumph, carumph of 105mm howitzers. Shells exploded near the cluster of thatched huts.

There was no joy in this operation. Sullen GIs went forward. The limp body of a young Vietnamese man was lying on the ground.

A grave was dug. Was the young man a combatant? You couldn't be certain in this war. Who would ever know? In the gravediggers' haste, the man's hand was left protruding from the ground.



Jack Preston/Stripes

An underwater pothole gives a hapless GI an unexpected dunking as a buddy grins at his discomfort.

A soldier pressed a cigarette between the dead fingers and moved on.

Women and children — there were no adult males — were huddled together, many sobbing, others with faces frozen with shock. The troops went among the villagers, offering food and water.

"What's the matter, haven't you ever seen anything like this before?" asked veteran Associ-

ated Press photographer Henri Huet, who had covered countless operations.

"No," I replied.

This was different from the

had gotten in the way of a war.

Huet's words were not taken as a reproach. It may have been his way of expressing outrage.

He had seen similar scenes and would see them again and again.

The photographer would die in 1971 when the helicopter he was aboard was shot down in Laos.

In 1966, I left Vietnam for a two-year stint with European Stars and Stripes in Darmstadt, Germany.

It was during a stopover in Kentucky while returning to Pacific Stars and Stripes that another tragic piece was added to the understanding of war.

My wife's brother — and my good friend — came home from the Mekong Delta in a crate marked "not suitable for viewing."

He was the point man for a unit of the 9th Infantry Division. He tripped an ambush and saved his comrades but paid with his life.

With military honors, he was laid to rest in Zachary Taylor Cemetery in Kentucky. As a child, he had played in the nearby forests with his brother and sister.

Women and children — there were no adult males — were huddled together, many sobbing, others with faces frozen with shock.

carnage of police beats in American cities. The violence that disrupted the lives of these people was impersonal — they

Cutts: GIs gave us their trust

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went inside for the serious drinking. The club manager, a rangy CPO, was at the bar that night, just listening to our war stories.

"Man," he said, finally breaking in with a softness that was almost an apology. "I really want to thank you guys. When I was in Nam, I got hit and spent some time in the hospital there. I read your paper every day when I was laid up — and out in the Delta whenever I could get it. For me it was like a letter from home. There were

times when it kept me going. I just want to say thanks."

That was it, of course. The pieces just came quietly together. It had never been about me, us, any of the writers or the editors, in that war or in any of the places where GIs have waited for their Stripes.

It was about the readers.

They relied on us to be there.

Just as they gave to their country, they gave to us their loyalty, their trust.

So I really did have it all.

For a Stripes newsmen or woman, after all, what else would be worth having?

Association of Stripers

By MAURY MARTIN

The Stars and Stripes Association began in mid-1968 with an exchange of correspondence among a dozen ex-Pacific Stripes. The group expanded rapidly and was incorporated the next year as the Pacific Stars and Stripes Alumni Association, a California non-profit association. In September, 1989, the first national meeting was held in Las Vegas, Nev.

At the second annual meeting in Washington, D.C., Col. Geoff Baker of the American Forces Information Services talked about the efforts of the people of Bloomfield, Mo., to

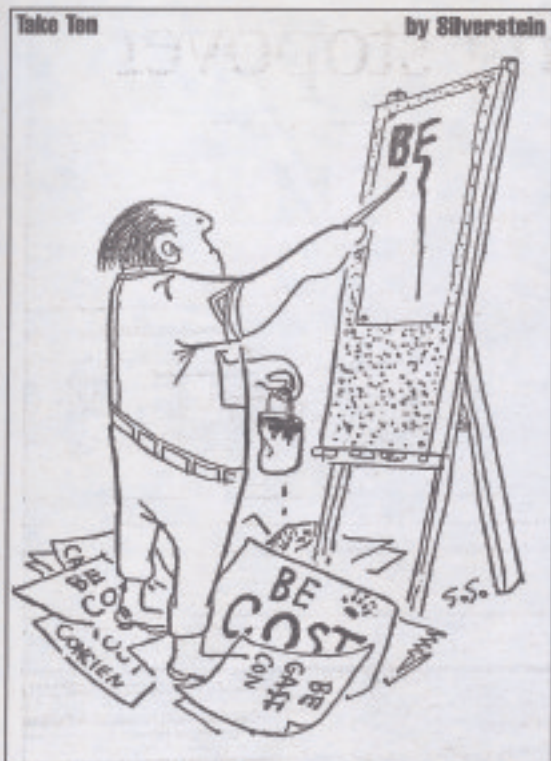


establish a museum/library as a monument to Stripes. Bloomfield is the place where the first edition of Stripes was published on Nov. 9, 1861. Members of the association have contributed memorabilia and money to this effort and continue to do so. First presentation of the as-

sociation's Military Journalist of the Year Award, selected by the editors of Pacific Stars and Stripes, was made at the third annual meeting in Chicago in 1991.

After the fifth annual meeting in San Antonio, Texas, the award was renamed the Peeler-Savannick Military Journalist of the Year Award. The name honors Stripes staffers Ernie Peeler, lost during the Korean War, and Paul Savannick, killed in Vietnam.

Last year, the association's name was changed to The Stars and Stripes Association; since then, a large number of ex-Stripers from the European and Mediterranean editions have joined.



Jag: Returned south too soon

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lieve this is happening!"

Further north, we passed silent, abandoned towns evacuated weeks earlier.

The first night of the war—and many that followed—offered no sleep.

In a tent at our desert outpost, I stood in a huddle of reporters and GIs around a tiny shortwave radio, hanging on every word of a British newscast.

At once, triple blasts from truck horns sounded outside—the signal of a chemical attack. We put on gas masks and chemical suits and filed into a sandbagged bunker.

Packed shoulder-to-shoulder in the dark, we listened for shell bursts. None came. The missiles hit a town south of us.

Somewhere miles north, allied planes dropped strings of bombs that struck the earth in faint drum rolls.

We went through the same kind of alert several times that night. By morning, sweat soaked everyone, and chemical-suit charcoal colored our skin corpse-gray.

I moved in with an armored cavalry regiment a few days later.

The troopers had arrived in Saudi Arabia straight from the West German-Czech border. Their desert mission was to scout ahead of large armored units to "engage and crush the enemy" and clear an assault path. They expected a big fight.

Some of the troopers seemed

to have walked right right out of a Wild West script.

"I'm extremely relieved there will be hostilities," one eager staff officer confided.

"Besides, we'll do anything to get out of this ashtray."

Not everyone was so brash. "I can see death from here," a solemn corporal told me one day as he looked north.

He and other cavalrymen lived in small tents beside their 65-ton Abrams tanks or Bradley fighting vehicles, painted the color of baked earth.

They ate, smoked, slept, played cards, wrote letters, cleaned their weapons, listened to shortwave, and tried not to think about what the next days might bring.

Barbed wire ringed the outposts where they lived, and miles of emptiness separated them. From above, the small bases looked like flyspecks in a sandbox.

In late January, cold, heavy rains turned the northern Saudi desert to swamp, and cloud cover hampered the air campaign.

When the rain stopped, windstorms blew. The brown blizzards reduced sight to a few feet and covered everything with a fine coating of earth.

Afterward, on clear, moonless nights, temperatures dipped to freezing, and the desert turned nightmare black.

Jets crisscrossed the sky. Sometimes, rockets' orange trails arched toward the stars



Bob Wickley/Stripes

Through it all, delivering the news has been what Stripes is all about.

from bases south.

On the ground, the rattle of tanks broke the dark silence as heavy armor crept north.

But the war seemed distant.

The regiment's only excitement had been a few artillery duels and one lopsided firefight that wounded two cavalrymen and killed two Iraqis, with six others captured.

But the war was never far from anyone's thoughts. One staff officer said he expected the regiment to lose up to 10 percent of its men in the initial invasion.

Weeks later, in the ground assault, when much of the cavalry's opposition either fled or surrendered, the regiment suffered few casualties.

But I didn't get a chance to witness the ground assault. I'd earlier promised the editors back in Tokyo to stay in the desert for a month, then swap out with another reporter.

So I returned south, cursing my fate.

Two days later, the ground campaign started. I watched it on TV.



1941-1945

The sacrifice & victory of World War II.



1995. We honor the sacrifice & celebrate the victory of those who served 50 years ago.