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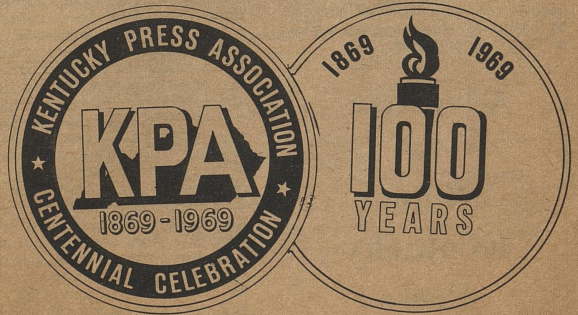
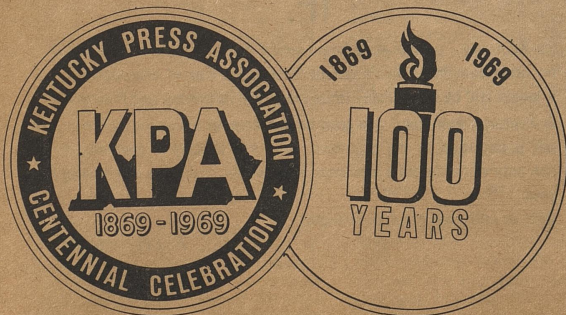
Voice of The Kentucky Press Association

VOLUME 35, NUMBER 1

JANUARY 1969

EIGHT PAGES

CENTENNIAL CONVENTION A SMASHING SUCCESS



THE KENTUCKY PRESS

Official Publication
 Kentucky Press Association, Inc.
 203 W. 2nd. St.
 Lexington, Ky. 40507

Printed By
 Voice of St. Matthews, Inc.
 St. Matthews, Ky. 40207
 A.J. Viehman, Jr., Editor
 Florida Garrison, Asst. Editor
 Member
 Kentucky Chamber of Commerce
 Newspaper Association Managers
 International Newspaper Promotion Assn.
 Better Business Bureau
 Kentucky Press Association, Inc.

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On the front Page

George M. Wilson presides as the new President of the Kentucky Press Association, at the closing luncheon of the KPA Centennial Convention. Seated to his right are Al J. Schansberg, chairman of the Executive Committee, Elizabeth Spalding, board member from the third district, W.E. Crutcher, of the ninth district, and Corban Goble of the seventh district.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Where is purpose?

As a new office, we hear a great deal about the task before him of "bringing the country together." Judgment is being withheld until people can see how he performs. Perhaps it might be well in the coming months for the people to look inward and judge themselves. Our country will become what the people make it. Unless we are ready to accept a dictatorship, we should cease expecting the President of the United States to be all things to all men. He is a fellow citizen filling one of the world's toughest and most dangerous jobs.

In the long run, the President can but reflect the philosophy and purpose of the people. We should

not ask the new President to perform like a monkey on a stick. We should ask, what is our philosophy? Do we believe in a government of laws? Do we believe in local initiative? Do we believe in the responsibilities, as well as the rights and liberties of the individual? Do we believe in the American system? The future of the country depends on our answers to these questions. The man in the White House cannot answer them for us. Nineteen hundred and sixty-nine may prove to be a year of testing people, not a President -- people who sadly need a renewed sense of purpose based on the ideals and principles of a self-government.

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The President's Column

By George M. Wilson

Happiness to a weekly newspaper publisher is a modern new building, good equipment and plenty of business. . .and Ben Boone III is a happy man!

When I visited Ben, who publishes the TODD COUNTY STANDARD at Elkton, it was the last day of the month. The bookkeeper was busy getting out the month's statements, the back shop was busy with job printing and Ben was gathering up the loose ends of a murder trail story which was about to go to the jury.

I located the TODD COUNTY STANDARD, after getting directions from the service station where I filled up the gas tank, in the corner of the public square. It is an attractive fireproof building. The front offices, with their paneled walls and tiled floors, are spacious and well arranged.

Ben had redesigned his front page that week and it was as airy and attractive as the Standard plant. Column rules had been dropped and plenty of white space made it easy on the eye. Pictures were sharp enough to catch the eye of the most critical reader.

My only disappointment in the visit to the Standard came when I

learned that Lou (Mrs. Boone) was not there.

Ben is a member of the KPA Executive Committee from his 4th district. He is president of the Western Kentucky Press Association, after having served as secretary for several years.

Many who attended the mid-winter convention of KPA were pleased with the outstanding program arranged by Don Towles and his committee. "Best I have ever attended", was the comment heard on all sides. It was truly a working convention and that seems to be the kind of program most members want.

Howard Ogles has left a record as president during the past year which will be hard to follow. He has done an outstanding job for all of us in the association. I will need a lot of help from all of you if I am to come even near to his example.

If any member has a suggestion as to what they want the KPA to accomplish during this year, or criticism to offer, write to me at Irvington, 40146. It is your association and it should be conducted the way the majority of you want it to be.

GUEST EDITORIAL

An end and a beginning

The great transition has come to pass and today an entirely new set of officials are in charge of our government in Washington. It came to full fulfillment on Monday with usual fanfare and color that such inaugurations bring each four years. No incident of any sort occurred to mark the occasion. Richard Nixon took the usual oath of office as President of the United States and with hand placed upon selected passages of the Holy Bible and Chief Justice Earl Warren administering the oath, Richard Nixon swore to "Preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States," as thirty-six other Presidents have sworn.

It was an impressive ceremony that gave all the traditions of past years to such occasions and with the colorful parade that followed every aspect of the inaugural was carried out.

It is such occasions as this that speaks so well for our democracy and reveals that here in these United States we have a fixed and established way that has never been broken through the nearly two hundred years. We, all of us, bow to the will of the majority and when the votes are cast and the winner announced we forget our political harangues and accept what the people have chosen. We can pass from one administration, be it Democratic or Republican, with little change in the aspects of government. Each new administration takes up the burden of state where the other left off and the people of our country realize little change in the process.

After eight years the administrations that have been under the direction of the Democratic Party come to an end and the Republican Party takes its bow and brings to our country a new set of officials and new issues to forward the interests of our people. During the past eight years our nation has enjoyed the greatest upsurge of prosperity than at any time in recent years. More new laws for the benefit of all our people have been enacted and greater advances in most every avenue of our economy. Former President Johnson can be credited with more laws for the welfare of our people than any president in recent years, if ever. We are trusting that our new

president will not retard any of these advances in our welfare.

Lyndon B. Johnson gave up the office of President on Monday at high noon and for the first time in nearly two score years became a private citizen. He goes to his beloved L.B.J. Ranch in Texas for a well-earned rest where no more must be burdened with all the apparent dangers that accompany the President of the United States. No more will he have to be watched by guards, but can now go and come wherever and whenever he desires without fear.

Now the burden and the danger evolves upon Richard Nixon to bear for the next four years, and to him we wish every success and safety that can be assured. We greet him as OUR President as all of our citizens do and trust to him to direct the affairs of state in the best manner possible. He can be assured of the wholehearted support of our people and with every attitude of approval we look to the next four years of advancement built upon what has gone before, with new avenues of approach that he may foster. Long has he tried to achieve the honor and the burden and now that it is his to carry we wish him health and ability to carry on in the best manner.

R.I.D. in
 The Hancock Clarion

**Jack
 Notes**

By A. J. Viehman, Jr.

The 100th Winter Convention of the Kentucky Press Association is over. From all that we can gather, it was a huge success. Attendance was good, the food was good, and we had some new activities this year. We also tried to have some real meat in the program. . .something that you could take home with you. Who, for instance, will ever forget Hugh Mulligan's talk?

Now that the convention is over we have to set our sights on the future. We won't let you forget the past completely, however, as we'll be featuring convention pictures and a few speeches in THE KENTUCKY PRESS during the next few months. In fact, we had so many good pictures that I hate to waste them by not showing them to you.

As I said, we have to concentrate on the future, and the best way to start is by making reservations for the Circulation Division of KPA meeting at Lake Cumberland State Park, April 11 & 12. If you've ever attended one of these meetings, I'm certain that you can vouch for the fact that they are a worthwhile undertaking. The programs are full of the kinds of information which can help solve your circulation problems (newspaper), be they mail or carrier. Coming up next is the "reely big shew." We are fortunate to be able to have the only Web Offset Seminar, Inc. offset workshop in the South this year, take place right here in Kentucky. The place is Frankfort and the time is May 17 & 18.

Web Offset Seminar, Inc. is a non-profit group, composed of various newspaper and related product equipment companies, who have been given the time by their bosses to travel around the country several times a year to show newspaper people the very latest in offset techniques. There is no sales pitch involved. . .and no play, either. If you can't remember how it feels to go to bed at night "reely beat," then you're going to re-live that moment during the month of May. THERE IS NO REGISTRATION FEE!!! The only cost to you is your transportation, motel room, and your meals, with the exception of the Saturday noon meal, which is furnished.

We'll be telling you more about the offset seminar later, and with more detail, but right now I want to remind you that the Summer Convention is coming up June 5-7. The place is Kentucky Dam Village. Make your reservations now. It's too early to give you any details, but we promise a dandy meeting.

IF. . .

the Kentucky Press Association served no other purpose, performed no other functions, didn't sell or distribute a line of advertising . . . it would still be worth many times more than its present cost in dues. . . . as Kentucky publishers' one great united force for public protection and self preservation in the chambers, halls, and officers of government, not only while the state legislature is in session, but every day of every year.

Only in unity can there be strength!

A KPA member.

Hugh Mulligan tells it like it is

Would you believe I came here to talk about Vietnam, Israel and Biafra?

Actually, there is a slim connection. Covering a war is like covering a nudist camp in one way. It's not an assignment where you can take your wife.

As most of you know, I spent 21 months in Vietnam, on three separate assignments, and inbetween, got to cover the six-day war in the Middle East and, more recently, the war in Biafra.

The world and war have changed a good deal since I was an infantryman in World War Two and mom hung a blue star in the window.

When I first went to Vietnam in July, 1965, the number of Americans killed for the whole war, going all the way back to 1961, numbered about 700. When I left the last time, early in November, the death toll had rolled over the 30,000 mark and was approaching the 33,000 killed in the Korean War.

More men lost

We already have lost more men in Vietnam than we lost in the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the Spanish American war combined.

Since I first went to Vietnam, the refrigerated morgue at Tan Son Nhut airport has had to be enlarged four times, and now they've even added new morgues in each of the four corps areas. Any Thursday you can see them loading the aluminum coffins--sometimes 400 at a time--onto the C-141 cargo planes for the long voyage home to Travis Air Force Base. Among the dead have been 18 correspondents, three of them photographers with the Associated Press.

And yet people have a hard time understanding the war in Vietnam. No other war in our history has caused so much controversy, so much confusion. You hear people say all the time: "if only we really knew what was happening out there."

Part of this confusion is understandable. Vietnam is a strange land. The east at its most mysterious and inscrutable. Also, the east at its most alluring and exciting. Saigon was once a gay city. The Pearl of the Orient, they called her. The Paris of the East. Ocean liners on the grand tour always made the winding 100 mile journey up the Saigon River to call at this fashionable French capital of Asia.

Tries to keep gay

Behind the mask of war, Saigon still tries to keep up the gaiety. Artillery fire on the outskirts of town rattles the hotel window. B-52 strikes in the nearby jungles disturb the night with a trembling roar that sounds like a waterfall of bombs, a sound you never forget. Convoy rumbles through the narrow streets night and day, carrying ammunition, supplies, troops off to war. Flare ships and giant searchlights bathe the broad brown Saigon river in eerie light to protect the freighters waiting at moorings in the river to be unloaded. Fighter planes and jet bombers roaring off from Tan Son Nhut have made it the busiest airport in the world; more flights a day than O'Hare field Chicago or Miami at the peak of the season.

And yet, in a way, Saigon swings. The streets are always full of flowers and crowded with happy women shoppers, some of them in mini skirts and some in the traditional ao-dais, the marvellously high camp native costume with the silken tunic over the see-through

trousers. The streets are a constant chaos of roaring Hondas and motor bikes which some idiot in the AID program imported by the thousands to bolster economy. B-girls have gone out of style in the morality that followed last year's Tet offensive, but the jazz hot still pours out into the sultry night, and the cuisine at the better French restaurants is still superb, even if the filet de boeuf is of water buffalo, and the salad is sure to induce a quaint malady known as the Saigon quick-step or Ho Chi Minh's final solution.

Saigon swings, until all of a sudden a keening sigh rips through the sky, like a giant zipper ripping open the night, a sound you'll never forget, a Viet Cong rocket with a 200-pound warhead crashes into the city, followed by another, and another. One night recently there were 34 of them dropped indiscriminately on the city from the darkened rice paddies and jungles less than 20 miles away. Always the same sound; the tearing at the sky, followed by the tumultuous explosion. Then everyone scatters, or tries to find a stairway to hide under, because that's what the posters on the crumbled walls say what you are supposed to do. Then there is the wail of the MP jeeps, and the sad clanging of the alarm bell on the funny little French ambulances, the fire engines screaming out to where the sky is a giant sheet of flame. Then gradually the curious return, to see where they fell this time, who got it and how many. No bombers over the north tonight, just a rain of rockets on Saigon.

A strange city, a strange war

There's a war going on, and the highways don't go anyplace anymore and the railroads end in a snarl of twisted track just outside town. The Viet Cong have long ago blown up the bridges, cratered the roadway, planted mines and roadblocks along the right-of-way. Death and ambush await at every lonely curve and jungle clearing. In Vietnam to this day about the only really secure road night and day is the 14-mile stretch of divided highway that the Americans built from Saigon to Bien Hoa, the big jet base northeast of the city. And yet the Vietnamese, with no place to go, are still the world's most inveterate Sunday drivers. Every Sunday afternoon, same as always, thousands of Vietnamese families crowd into their little egg beater cars or hop aboard the family Honda, sometimes five or six on the handlebars and the buddy seat, and take a spin out to Bien Hoa and then a family picnic right along the side of the road, because it's not wise to venture too far into the woods. That's enemy country. What results is a traffic jam of Mack Sennett proportions, 14 miles of chaos and confusion, fed by the military convoys that still keep pounding out to Bien Hoa, fed by the lumbering tanks and armored cars that dig gaping holes in the concrete, fed by the hundreds of cars that overheat in that blazing tropical sun, fed by the 20 spanking new police squad cars, complete with sirens and flashing red lights, that the American police gave to the Vietnamese police to catch speeders, in the unlikely event that there was any place to speed to.

There's a war on

There's a war on, and it's Sunday, but the Pho Tho race track isn't running anymore. It's been turned into a staging yard to build refugee housing. In a way it's a shame. In its day it drew 10,000 people and it was considered more honest than many American tracks.

Here all the horses were presumed to be doped. You could see them come staggering down to the finish line, some running sideways, some backwards, frothing at the mouth under a full head of opium.

But if the race track is closed, there are still Sunday sailboat races at the yacht club, right out there among the blown up ships in the river, and there's still golf, same as always, at the Saigon country club, where the caddies are all girls, because the men have either all gone off to war or are in hiding from the draft, and where the bunkers are sometimes real bunkers, with mortars and machine guns in them, especially on the back nine where security conditions aren't considered too good. For people who wonder if we're making any progress at all out in Vietnam, I can remember when I first went out there you could only play the front nine, but since then we've managed to pacify the back nine.

There's a war going on and all up and down the 600 mile length of Vietnam, all roads lead to death and destruction. Anywhere you fly you can look down and see the bones of convoys that never made it, the blackened carcasses of blown up trucks, the burnt out villages, dried up rice paddies, defoliated patches of forest, here and there the glint of sunlight on the fuselage of a downed plane.

And yet this year, same as any year, the annual bike race took place from Hue to DaNang, a distance of 80 miles. Bike racing is a national madness that the Vietnamese inherited from the French. American advisors have suggested

more in bitterness than in jest that if the North Vietnamese cared to infiltrate a whole division, the easiest way would be to skip Laos, have the troops strip down to their skivies, put a number on their backs, mount them on bicycles, and village after village would turn out to cheer as they swept down from the DMZ.

French Culture Survives

The amount of French culture surviving in Vietnam still surprises most visitors. The Vietnamese fought the French for 20 years, regarded them as rigid colonialists, but the French have been gone for nearly 15 years now and they still cherish all vestiges of French culture; French wine, French perfume, French cooking, the French language in the better schools. Vietnamese officers trained by the French are fond of telling their American advisors that the French way of doing things is still the better way. The French built a two and a half million dollar medical school in Saigon, with closed circuit TV and 170 dental chairs. Twentieth Century pathology for a country where most of the deaths are from 18th century diseases. Vietnam has the highest incidence of T.B. in the world. It had 150,000 cases of leprosy. The Chol-Ray hospital, the country's biggest, still doesn't have running water, and the waste pipes from the operating room empty directly into the Saigon river. Right in the city limits, 5,000 refugees live in a Catholic graveyard, using the mausoleum for

Continued to page 7

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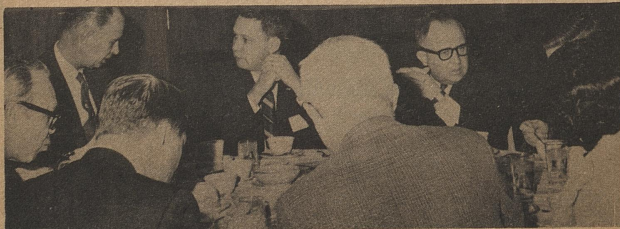
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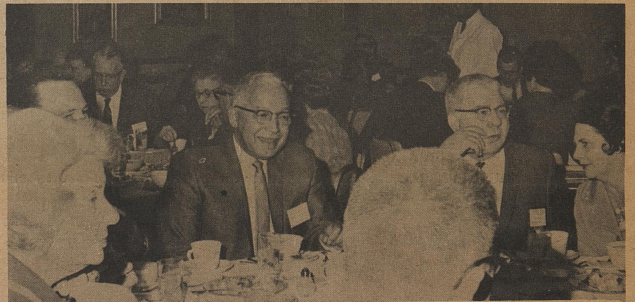
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Hugh Mulligan

Continued from page 3

their homes and shops, the caskets for bunks. There's a shortage of nurses, a shortage of doctors, and the patients often sleep three in a bed, but someone sees to it that the hedges out on the lawn are trimmed to look like dragons and dogs, even if no one bothers to collect the garbage.

A strange land, a strange war.

"Je Ne Regret Rien"

I remember one Christmas eve, Peter Arnett, AP's Pulitzer Prize winner, was having dinner with me in my room at the Caravelle Hotel when a house boy came running in to tell us that Nha Be, the big ammunition dump and petroleum tank farm just three miles south of the city, was under attack. Well it was night and the curfew was on, so before heading out we grabbed our cameras and went up on the roof for a look. In a way what we saw typifies the war in Vietnam. It was a lovely tropical night with a big delta moon silhouetting the tall coconut palms and stretching a wide silvery path across the dark brown river where the freighters rode at silent anchor. Across from us, a dance was going on on the roof of the Rex, the main officers' club, you could hear the music and the clinking of the slot machines. On another nearby rooftop, softly lit with swaying Chinese lanterns, a Vietnamese singer in a bright red Suzy Wong dress was singing into a microphone, Edith Piaf's "Je Ne Regret Rien" -- I regret nothing, the song that French foreign legion sang when it marched down the Catinet, Saigon's main street, defeated and embittered, never to return. And before us, just down the river, Nha Be indeed was under attack. Two of the big fuel tanks already were on fire. The artillery had begun firing, and the first wave of armed helicopters was just going in. You could see the whoosh of their rockets and the tracer bullets embroidering the night with gaudy neon stitches. And then the bombers went streaming in. And over the rooftops, the sweet little voice singing: "Je Ne Regret Rien."

The war is like that in Vietnam; the gore and the gaiety, the music and the madness all mixed into one.

No front: No rear

The war can be in downtown Saigon, as it is when the rockets fall, or can be 300 miles away in a mountain redoubt named Khe Sahn, which is fought over to the death one day, and abandoned as strategically unimportant the next. The war can be 25,000 Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, Koreans taking part in a huge operation, like Junction City or Cedar Rapids, or it can be two American sergeants wearing the green beret of the special forces leading a patrol of barefoot montagnard tribesmen through the mile high mountains on the border of Laos hunting for infiltrators coming down the Ho Chi Minh trail. It can be a Navy pilot from the carrier Kitty Hawk going down in flames from a SAM -- a surface to air missile -- or thousands of US marines storming ashore, as they did last week, in the biggest amphibious assault since the Inchon landing. Or it can be one lone American civilian, a doctor or an agricultural advisor, standing on a street corner waiting for a bus when an unseen hand drops a hand grenade over a wall.

The war in Vietnam: it has no front, no rear, no real estate objectives, and at times, so it seems, no end. In the entire history of the republic, there's never been another war like it. In other wars the GI went off to fight, and per-

haps to die, with the banners waving and the crowds cheering. This war, there are banners flying too and crowds shouting, but the banners say "Get out of Vietnam" and crowds chant "Hell, no, we won't go." A marine can get on a troop ship in Oakland Bay, look across the railing at the peace pickets, spend 21 days crossing the Pacific, and go down the gangplank at Da-Nang in time to see the Buddhists go parading by with their banners crying "Yankee Go Home."

The American GI in Vietnam, caught in a tragic moment in history, fighting a war that most people don't understand, fighting for a country that at times hardly understands itself. Against a background of profound and growing anti-war sentiments at home, amid daily insane headlines about the size and shape of the peace table in Paris, amid constant speculation about whether the new administration will escalate and go all out, or negotiate and get out, he is asked to take his chances in another one of those limited wars, with limited weapons, against an indistinguishable enemy, who is an expert at camouflage and concealment, fighting in a bizarre, confused land, where he might lose his life trying to head off a civil war among the insanely jealous factions of the very people he has come to save.

Strangely lovely land

And yet for all its ironical, oriental ways, Vietnam is a strangely lovely land. People think of it as tawdry and ugly, I suppose because we associate ugliness with war. But it's not. It's unbelievably lush and green, blessed with an abundance of rubber, coffee, tea, rice, all kinds of fruits and vegetables that in peacetime would make it one of the richest countries in Asia.

I remember once on an operation in the Mekong delta meeting a tall Negro medic from Pass Christian, Mississippi. We sat there talking on the banks of the Bassac, a tributary, and I remember him telling me how much he loved the delta, how beautiful he thought it was, how much it reminded him of home. The wild river. The tall palmettos. The enormous sunsets, the rich alluvial soil. The afternoon monsoon building up enormous sunsets in that vast sky.

A couple of days later I headed back to Saigon. Reporters usually travel on the supply helicopters, that take in water or ammunition, or with the medical ships taking out the wounded. This time there was no room on the helicopter taking out the wounded, so I rode on one taking out the dead. At my feet were four rubber body bags. I was the only live passenger. I looked at the name tags on the body bags, and to my sorrow and astonishment, saw the name of the sergeant with whom I had chatted on that river bank.

The sergeant was going home. Evening was just spreading out across the flat land, the land that reminded him so much of his home in Mississippi. A lovely delta sunset was mirrored in the rice paddies below, where the long river curled back and forth like a big brown snake.

The sergeant had come a long way to die for his country, for this poor country. And yet, strangely, there were people back home who would hate him for what he did. They'd call up his mother or his widow and tell her that he got what he deserved anyway, that he was just a paid killer. And there were others back home who would hate him because he was black. The bugle blowing taps over the body

of a negro soldier being laid to rest in Arlington cemetery echoes in the canyons of high rise apartments where he never would be admitted in his lifetime. There were still others, among his own race, who would say he died fighting Honkie's war.

A strange war, in a strange age. And yet, if the war in Vietnam is so strange, so bizarre, what is one to say of the war in Biafra? Here the civilian casualties, the children dying of protein deficiency, are so beyond belief that few even bother to picket or parade.

You see them everywhere

No one really knows for sure how many Biafrans are dying every day of the war, from kwashiorkor, the protein deficiency disease. Father Anthony Byrne, an Irish priest who headed up the relief work for Caritas, the Vatican agency, tells you its 6,000 a day. Dr. Herman Middlekoop, a Dutch doctor who was bombed out of his hospital at Itigi and now runs the relief program for the World Council of Churches, puts the figure at 25,000 a day. But it doesn't really matter. You can go out and count the starving children for yourself. You see them everywhere: along the roads, at the soup kitchens, in the refugee camps, looking up at you with those hollow eyes out of those skeleton faces in the dazed, listless stupor that is the first nudge of death. You see them so often, everywhere, that like Scrooge and the ghost of Christmas yet to come you say to your guide, please show me no more.

At the Uthoma feeding center, the line of women, children and old people waiting for the once a day distribution of dried milk stretched for nearly a mile down the dusty road. The milk was handed out through a locked gate, and guards with red crosses on their arms and switches in their hands stood by in case the hungry tried to charge the relief workers. Some of those in line didn't even have a cup or an empty tin can to pass through the fence for their driplet of a ration, so they folded a green paw-paw leaf in their hand.

Dance Macabre

In the sick bay at Umuokapara, where last week 30 died, Sister Ann, a native nun, presided over a weird dance macabre. She had the more or less ambulatory cases among her 84 starving children get up and dance to keep from falling into the somnolent slumber. In most cases, their hair already had turned ashen red, the skin on their tooth pick thin legs was turning hard and leathery, covered here and there with sores. In their lethargy, they had lost interest even in food, but sister, for their own good, made them dance. And so they came forward in that sunlit clearing, frugging and twisting, while the others clapped their hands and chanted in the Ibo language: "we shall win my brothers, we shall win."

At the Oboro sick bay, which had been a Methodist high school, relief workers doled out food on one side of the school yard to 350 children, while across the way gravediggers dug a common grave for the 26 who had died last week. And vultures sat on the fence taking it all in.

It reminded me of the Arab children I seen in the streets of Ismailia, on the banks of the Suez Canal, trying to steal food away from the packs of dogs that roamed the streets of that ghost town.

Horrors and absurdities

The commonality of all wars are their horrors and their absurdities. One could dwell forever on the horrors of wars, all wars; the napalm blackened sands of the Sinai, where an Egyptian army

died, the slaughter of a Montagnard village that refused to lend its young men to the Viet Cong, the dead in the marketplace at Umuahia after the Nigerian migs have passed over, but in the long run, for a reporter, its the absurdities that save his sanity.

I think of flying in the jungle airstrip at Annabelle, just a stretch of highway lit by kerosene lamps, flying in at night in a creaky D-C6, dodging ack-ack sent up by the Nigerians. It's the last airfield left in Biafra, it can fall at any minute, but nothing in war survives like bureaucracy. They hurry you through the dark and into a tin shed, where a smiling native wants to look at your passport and is worried about whether your shot record is up to date.

"Have you had your yellow fever shot?" he wants to know, as if anyone were in danger of dying from plague that night.

I think of flying into Tel Aviv the first day of the Middle East war in an El Al Boeing 707 chartered by former kibbutz boys coming home to fight. The huge plane blacks out all its windows and makes a daring landing on a pitch black runway unlit by runway lights. The passengers cheer the pilot when the plane sits down, and a man comes out with a red glowing wand and waves you into a darkened building. The whole city is blacked out. No one knows for sure whether the whole Egyptian air force has been wiped out, or the Jordanians with their American planes, the airport could be bombed at any minute, but the customs man wants me to open my bags -- all of them. By flashlight he probes and pokes.

"Have you any cigarettes?" he wants to know. "Any whisky?"

Outside in the black, jeeps with little cat eyes are hurrying Israeli pilots out to their fighter planes. Anti-aircraft crews hunch over the work at the end of the runway, and the man is worrying about cigarettes and whisky undermining the economy.

Marvellous.

Radio in Hong Kong

Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport can be under mortar attack, with fire engines chasing off in every direction and crews racing across the runway trying to get as many aircraft as possible off the ground and into the air, but nothing stays the immigration officer from the lethargic completion of his appointed tasks. Vietnamese bureaucrats were trained by the French and they bring to their little paperclip empires a passion for trivia under pressure that is positively exasperating. The man behind the counter examines your passport with painstaking skepticism, studying each visa as if they were part of the Dead Sea scrolls or perhaps issued in Red China. And while Saigon burns, the customs man demands in an accusatory fashion if you purchased a transistor radio in Hong Kong or any jade in Bangkok. For a bribe, he'll go away, and worry about whether the fellow next to you has any jade.

A strange war.

Wars used to have answers: a world safe for democracy or freedom in our time.

Today they don't even have questions.

Is Vietnam being invaded from the north? Is it an outside job or civil war?

Did the Israelis attack first? Was there provocation?

Is there genocide going on in Biafra?

A surprising number of people will tell you it doesn't make any difference. Nothing makes any difference. Where war is concern-

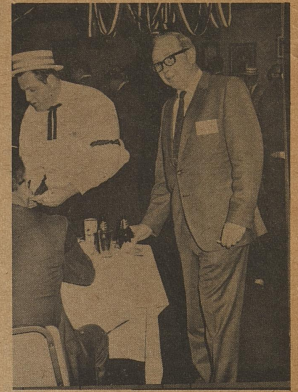
Continued to page 8



Buckner plans his move-----and makes his point.



Excedrin Headache Number 1003.



Is this one mine or yours?

Hugh Mulligan

Continued from page 7

ed all questions are irrelevant; all answers immoral.

Covering a war today at least you feel you have the advantage over soldiers fighting it. At least a reporter knows why he's there, even if he doesn't seem to know what it's all about.

No glory in war

Let no one think the sum of these anecdotes is a paean to the glory of war. There is no glory in war. The day when the vanquished garrison stood at attention, while the commander surrendered his sword and the flag was slowly run down the pole, that day is gone forever. It lives, if it ever lived at all, only in movies like "Zulu" on the late, late show the other night. In the deadly modern world of wars of national liberation, of third country wars, there is no place for gallantry, no conscience for the amenities. The captured American pilot is an animal to be led through the streets of Hanoi in chains and spat upon by a howling mob. . .the kidnapped infantryman is put in a bamboo cage, three feet high, squatting in the broiling sun until he confesses his crimes against humanity. . .the Pueblo crewman is another pawn gone from the board; beat him with two-by-fours.

The American in Vietnam. His country calls on him to do his duty in an unpopular war, to fight and die impervious to the draft card burnings back home, the near anarchy on campus, the inane bickerings about what size or shape the peace table should be in Paris, the insanely jealous in-fighting among the inscrutable people he has come to save. He fights on knowing in his heart, in each day's headlines, that a great portion of the world and a highly vocal minority at home either outrightly condemns what he is doing or just doesn't give a damn.

The American in Vietnam. Has his country ever asked more of her soldiers?

"Yankee Go Home"

His country asks him to be a killer; that's a soldier's job, to kill. But then when the killing's

over, he is asked to help put back the pieces. Pacification, they call it. His country expects him to be a medic, a missionary, a diplomat, a peace corps man with an M-16 in his hand. He is asked to fight for months on end in the broiling jungles of a far off land, amid the leeches and the snakes and the ever present threat of ambush, the constant menace of disease, and then when he finally gets a chance to go on leave, to spend a weekend in Saigon or DaNang, when those cities are not off limits, his country asks him, please, don't get drunk, lest you offend the people; don't spend your pay in the souvenir shops and fine French restaurants, lest you undermine the economy; don't cavort with the pretty bar girls in the swinging clubs on Tu Do street, lest some American congressman call Saigon a brothel, don't wander around alone for fear of being kidnapped, don't travel about in large groups, for fear of inviting a terrorist bomb.

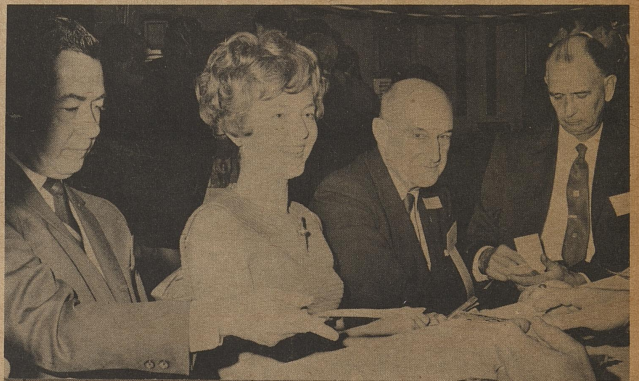
Yesterday in the rain forests you saw your buddy's face turned to jelly by a 50 caliber slug. Today you're on the streets of Saigon and the children are taunting, "Yankee Go Home."

But forgive them, soldier, they know not what they do, and you're an ambassador of democracy.

Quite a lot to ask of a 19-year-old boy. And yet the wonder is, they do go on fighting. Eight years now, they go on fighting.

Whether you're for the war or against it, whether you're hawk or dove, you have to stand in awe of the emotional complexity of the role of the American in Vietnam. And you can't help wondering what's really going to happen when Johnny comes marching home.

The unknown soldier rests in honored glory in Arlington Heights, Vietnam has produced an even more tragic figure; the unwanted hero.



Toss it on there, Ray.



EVERYONE A WINNER!

Who's No. 2? Who's in the Top Ten? Forget it. Kentucky has NINE Number Ones.

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These cities, of the 68 entered in the contest, achieved a rating of excellence in at least four of the eight project categories.

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