



OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Press conference, South Pacific style. The decorated gentleman presiding is Admiral Bull Halsey himself. Others, left to right: Lieut. Sanford Hunt, Marine Corps; Frank Tremaine, United Press; Fred Hampson, Associated Press; Lieut. Jonathan Rice, Marine Corps.

The Correspondents and Their Curly Mustaches

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

IN A RUINED house somewhere on an awful island, there is a red-haired man with no shirt, but a neat trick. When a fly lands on his freckled shoulders, he never stops pounding the beat-up little typewriter he holds on his knees while he sits on the edge of a discouraged Army cot. This house is unusual; it has a cot. Instead, the man merely ripples the sunburned skin of his back, after the manner of a bored horse. The fly, shocked in the innermost parts of his fly mind, retires to think things over. And Denis Warner, Exhibit A among the war correspondents of the Pacific Ocean areas, goes right on typing.

On one occasion on the island of Saipan, another correspondent came tearing through the coastal underbrush at full speed. Warner, correspondent for Australian newspapers and a four-year soldier veteran of the Australian 9th Division's African campaign before he took up war corresponding as a civilian, looked up from the ammunition box on which his typewriter was sitting. "What's the matter?"

The second correspondent, out of breath and perspiring, gasped, "The Japs just attacked down by the pier! Our ammunition's on fire!"

"How far away are they?"

"About two hundred yards!"

"Righto," quoth the pride of Tasmania and Melbourne. "I'm just about through. Only have another 'arf a page to type."

Warner completed the page, sealed an envelope and strolled along fifteen minutes later, never hurrying even across the section of beach under Jap fire.

I was the other correspondent witnessing this particular sample of the Warner type of insanity, which I still consider definitely unhealthy. But Exhibit A is by no means the whole show among the Pacific correspondents. There are other specimens equally strange.

This collection, incidentally, includes only a few more than fifty men, who know more about amphibious warfare than any other civilians—and more than any but a very few Army, Navy or Marine officers—simply because they have seen more of it. The Pacific war is the biggest of all in square miles covered, and it promises to last longer than most phases of the global conflict. But so far as the press is concerned, the territory between New Guinea and the Arctic Circle, San Francisco and the Philippines is practically a private

A Post author blows the whistle loud and piercing on his fellow madmen of the Pacific's watery wastes.

battlefield. The same men, with comparatively few changes, have covered it from the beginning until the present. The friend left on Attu in 1943 is the one to be met on the China coast in 1945. Meanwhile, the two have met and parted at Honolulu, Espiritu Santo, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Guam and a dozen other places, to none of which either would ever go on a second honeymoon.

Most of these men—frequently to their own amusement—have been cited, at least informally, for work on one campaign or another. A few have been specially singled out. Frank Filan, an Associated Press photographer, won a Pulitzer prize for pictures taken at Tarawa. Howard Handleman, of International News Service, and Rembert James, of Associated Press, received Headliners' Club awards. James has a Purple Heart for wounds, awarded by the Army. Richard Johnston, of United Press, also has a Headliners' award. Charley McMurtry, of Associated Press, burned in the torpedoing of the old carrier Hornet, was mentioned by its commander for his refusal of medical attention until more seriously wounded men had been cared for.

Many are veterans. Percy Finch, of Reuters, spent three months in Bridge House Prison, Shanghai, when he was interned by the Japanese as an enemy civilian at the beginning of the war. He returned to London on an exchange ship and promptly came back to the war as a correspondent. Both Warner and Guy Herriott, representing another Australian newspaper

group, went all through the African campaigns, Warner as a member of a tank crew, Herriott as a newspaperman with the troops. William Tyree—United Press—and Eugene Burns—Associated Press—have been covering the Pacific war from its inception, and were at Honolulu when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Others have covered from half a dozen to two score campaigns.

Some have been killed. In the last year, casualties in the Central Pacific theater included Raymond Clapper, columnist, and John Bushemi, Yank photographer, killed at Eniwetok, and Damon Perar, Australian representative for the American newsreel pool, dead at Palau. Only last October twenty-fifth, a single Japanese bomb falling outside a house on Leyte killed Asahel Bush—Associated Press—and fatally wounded Stanley Gunn, of the Fort Worth, Texas, Telegram, and John B. Terry, of the Chicago Daily News. Frank Priest, Acme photographer for the newspaper still pool, was killed by a sniper two weeks later on the same island.

William Young, a San Francisco newspaper photographer before he joined the Army, was especially proud of his bushy black beard, grown over a period of eight months. An adept at not being there when officers were ordering beards shaved off, Young began his before Kwajalein, and had a good, stubby start on it during that battle last February. One day, lying on his stomach with his camera ready on the front lines, he watched a patrol going out. A few minutes later, a Japanese sniper fired and one of the patrol fell. The fire continued. Young calmly got up, walked out to the seriously wounded man and helped him back to safety behind our lines. Then he went on taking pictures.

In due time, Young went on to Saipan and Guam. At the end of the Guam battle in August, the beard was just ready to be trimmed to an impressive point. Bill made a special trip up to see an outfit far forward, because he had been told that the battalion-headquarters barber was a beard expert. Young returned to Hawaii with the beard in full bloom, and was informed that he had been named for a Bronze Star for his heroism in the Kwajalein action. He appeared at headquarters, expecting to receive the actual medal, which always lags behind the announcement that it will be awarded.

An officer threw up his hands. "You positively cannot," he said, "appear before the general in that repulsive beard." Regrettably, Bill went home and shaved off each carefully nurtured hair. That afternoon, the officer belatedly informed him that the presentation had been indefinitely delayed because the general was busy. Young went off to another operation, beardless, and, at this writing, still had not received the medal.

Everything happens to correspondents, but more happens to Long John Brennan, eccentric Australian representing a Sydney weekly. Long John, who is six feet, four inches tall, with virtually no breadth, believes in traveling light. At Guam, he had half a shelter tent, a couple of bars of soap, and little else. His headgear invariably is a battered old Australian campaign hat with one side turned up. His shirt there was a vaguely green creation, one-time marine issue. Navy-blue dungarees, reaching to about six inches above his shoes, did for trousers. And his wispy beard was growing long.

After his inexplicable custom, Long John made numerous in-front-of-the-lines forays through the jungles and mountains, unarmed, chewing gum and generally unconcerned. On one of them, he followed a sergeant, who emerged from the bush alongside a sentry, who greeted the sergeant and looked at the second man.

"I see you got another native recruit," said the sentry. "Can he speak English?"

Howard Handleman, of International News Service, is a big fellow who wrote one book, *Bridge to Victory*, and any number of news stories showing a rare understanding of the ordinary working soldier. Handleman also has the largest mustache on record. Started once during the wet and dreary days on Attu, it was shaved off the minute he reached the States on his first leave. Mabel, his wife, just wouldn't stand for it. Now, somewhat more than a year later, the mustache is flourishing again, bigger and bushier than before; and in moments of stress, he twists the ends. On Saipan, he was hit by a spent piece of shrapnel, which struck him on the leg while he was sitting down, arriving with the force of a paper clip fired from a big rubber band—hard enough to hurt, but not hard enough to do any permanent damage. Howard looked at the shell fragment, said, "Ouch," then fingered the ends of his mustache once and picked up

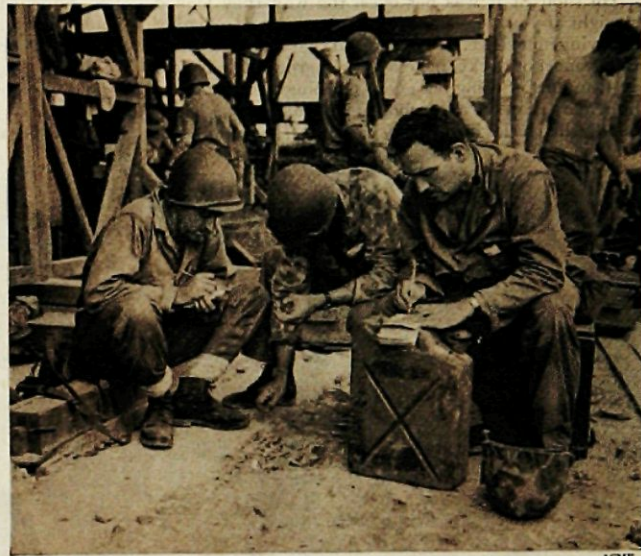
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An interview at the Leyte front. Luxuriantly-mustached Howard Handleman, of the International News Service, gets the yarn while it's still hot from a Filipino guerrilla leader.



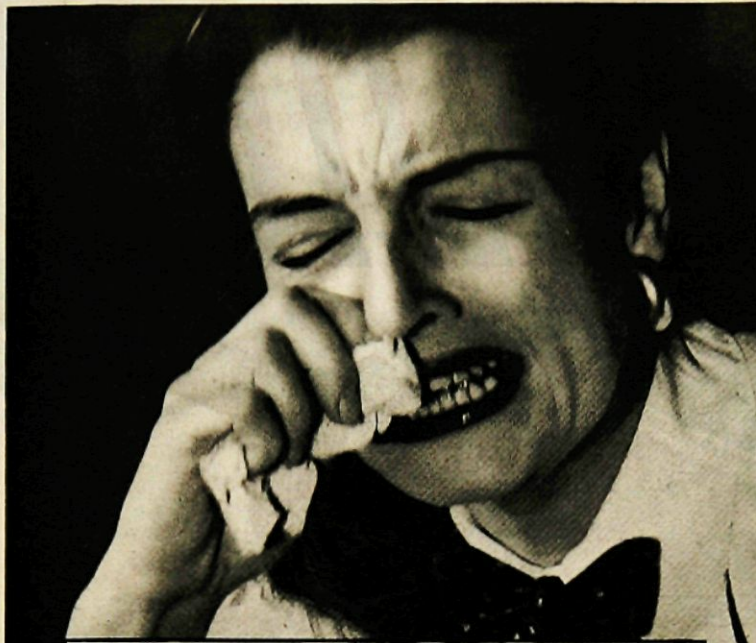
Purple Heart Pressman Charles J. McMurtry, AP.



Post-D-Day Press room, Tarawa. Taking notes on a gas can, John Henry, INS, checks facts with Bill Hipple, AP, left.



"Some have been killed." The late, beloved Columnist Raymond Clapper is shown above shortly before he lost his life while he was covering the invasion of the Marshall Islands.



How to go after a COLD

Take these basic steps advised by physicians, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold*. See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue and fights infection.
2 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms sodium citrate, an excellent alkalinizer.
3 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add - slowly - half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

THE CORRESPONDENTS AND THEIR CURLY MUSTACHES

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the hot fragment, and finally put it in his pocket to send to Mabel as a souvenir.

Rembert James was once described as an "apologetic little man." That was near the beginning of the war. But he has not changed in two years of kicking around the Pacific, being seriously wounded in one battle and going through a dozen others without wounds. He still moves unobtrusively, worries more about other correspondents than himself, manages to be equally well liked by marines, soldiers and the press—no mean trick.

Nobody is entitled to dignity among the correspondents, not even the Smiths. There are currently three Smiths operating in the Central Pacific. One is W. Eugene, photographer for Life. He never would tell anybody what his first name was. So he was promptly dubbed, and still remains, "Wonderful" Smith. This was not entirely fair to Harold, dean of the men active with the amphibious corps. However, he has one noticeable habit—he collects things. His nose for souvenirs is wonderful, and his collection is reaching houseful proportions. To the Chicago Tribune readers, he is a war expert and an amphibious reporter of no mean ability. But to the men he works with, Harold will evermore be simply "Pack Rat" Smith. Finally, there is Irving Smith, a newsreel photographer, who came to the Pacific late and had to take what nickname was left. So now he's "Horrible" Smith and, strangely enough, quite pleased about it, doing everything possible to live up to his title.

Filan, who distinguished himself on Tarawa, had the misfortune to be referred to in a news story as a fearless man. So now he's "Fearless Frank" wherever he goes. John Henry, of International News Service, grew a set of sideburns, became immediately "The Grade B Rhett Butler." Grant MacDonald, photography co-ordinator, is a meaningless "Affel." Serious-minded McMurtry is "Laughing Boy."

"All these strange people inhabit strange places, and in each of them there is shortly a press club. These press clubs are probably the shortest-lived in the world. At most places a tent will do, or, if the press is lucky, the bomb-wrecked house of some departed Jap or native. If there are half a dozen poker-table-sized spots in the roof through which rain does not pour, it is a superior club, to be recalled in bars from Honolulu to Brisbane.

Such a tent or house becomes a press club when two correspondents move in. They throw their filthy battle clothes on the floor, ball up a few pieces of copy paper and toss them into corners, break out their portable typewriters on the edges of cots if it is a good club, or on boxes if it isn't. Then somebody gets a sign and letters it. Sometimes the sign says "Press Club," with the name of the island or base on the front. Sometimes it says something else. On Adak, there was a "Korrespondents Konvalescent Kwonset" in a round-topped hut. On Kwajalein, the sign said "General Officers Only" in big letters, and "Plus Press" in very small ones. The general officers never came around, and nobody else dared bother the recumbent newsmen who did.

Even more effective was the sign drawn by Sgt. Larry McManus, of Yank, when he found an especially good house in Agana, Guam. McManus and some friends, all enlisted men or civilians, moved in, then were afraid of losing their quarters to some of the staff of a marine division headquarters which followed them into the town. McManus thereupon lettered a large, formal sign, "COR-PAC," and nailed it over the door.

For days, weary lieutenants and dust-covered majors trekked past, all looking for houses out of which they could rank some juniors or enlisted men. Everyone stopped and looked, but the sergeant and friends merely stayed put, looking pleased and important. Nobody ousted the inhabitants.

Civilian war correspondents, according to the various military rule books which nobody ever reads, are entitled to be treated as officers wherever they go. But their only rank is an "assimilated" Army captaincy, which takes effect when and if they are captured by the enemy. (Continued on Page 15)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't be so rude. Can't you see we're talking?"

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS



California Sunkist Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

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Nevertheless, the Navy has felt a certain lack in its own provisions for the press. So Vice-Admiral R. K. Turner took care of the matter personally on two occasions when groups of correspondents were going out with his 5th Amphibious Force. By ukase, he declared the correspondents to hold the rank of lieutenant commanders for purposes of billeting and eating. This gave every correspondent a beautiful opportunity to call every other correspondent "Commander" whenever they were within hearing of impressionable civilians or officers. It also gave rise to a current threat against the Army. The press, says the threat, will not write any more Army stories until they are promoted to assimilated majors—and sometimes the threat even gets believed.

The business of getting laughs for themselves takes other odd forms. On Guam, Marine Major General Geiger, at a press conference, made a horrible mistake, referring to odd things captured from the Japanese and pointing to half a dozen cases of Japanese whisky. "Of course," he said, laughing gaily, "the press probably knows all about this sort of thing."

After the conference, he was visited by a deadly-serious press delegation, which approached him while he was talking to Admiral Chester Nimitz.

"General," said a spokesman, "about that whisky. If we're going to investigate atrocities thoroughly—"

There was no out for the general, who presented one of his precious cases of whisky to the grinning, bearded and filthy committee.

Everything happens to correspondents. Guy Herriott, representing a Sydney, Australia, newspaper, was married four days before he left home in 1939. He covered North Africa, Crete, the Grecian retreat—literally hundreds of actions. In 1944, he asked for a leave, and was told by his employers that he apparently did not understand that he was supposed to take some of the hardships of the soldiers about whom he was writing. When the letter was written, all Australian troops had been home from the Africa-Europe theater for nearly a year.

McMurtry, now a bureau chief in Honolulu, had two ships shot out from under him in a little more than a month, was badly burned in the torpedoing of the old aircraft carrier Hornet, returned to Honolulu, and has been unhappily

fighting the battles of headquarters ever since.

Robert Trumbull—New York Times—smallest of the correspondents—130 pounds when full of beer—is automatically chosen to do much of the correspondents' battling with authorities. He can take command of a joint meeting with a Navy captain or an Army colonel with more aplomb than any three of his larger co-workers.

Howard Norton—Baltimore Sun—had close calls on Guam and in a year of other Pacific actions, but he and William McGaffin, of the Chicago Daily News, have lost all hope of being known to other correspondents for any other feat than their alleged attempt to fight a marine military policeman for the contents of a Japanese cellar on Saipan. They have both denied the libel, but absolutely nobody believes them. The story is too good.

Robert Sherrod, of Time, is noted as the man with so much personal presence

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Prayer for a Sampler

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

Please, God, make us as sane and mellow
As we would have the other fellow.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

that he can quiet an officers' mess simply by walking into it. Al Dopking, of the Associated Press, possessing some Indian blood, is Red Dog wherever he goes. He also has the dubious distinction of getting on ships which never put into port. His longest voyage was a little jaunt of fifty-six days trying to get to Guam. During that time, the only word which appeared about him, even in a company publication, was a thoughtful note that nobody had heard from him in a long time.

There are dozens of other stories. No correspondent rides the Pacific waves without a deep-seated conviction that his home office is crazy. Pacific pay is lower, generally, than that in Europe, and mail is often so slow that the correspondents imagine themselves forgotten by their employers and friends, and deserted by their wives. Home offices beat tom-toms about men who make a landing or two in Italy or France, and forget to mention those who make a landing every month in the Pacific, and have

been doing it for years. Newsmen hitchhike their way back to their temporary quarters on some unspeakable island after days on the front line, and find mail complaining that there isn't enough front-line coverage. In the Central Pacific, they go green with envy at stories from Europe or other fronts about correspondents having jeeps assigned to each one or two men. In the Pacific, they have had jeeps assigned once or twice—usually one jeep for about twenty-five men, all going in different directions.

Photographically, these newsmen look terrible. Dressed in a variety of Army, Marine and Navy uniforms—or combinations of the three—they are balding, graying, over-stomached in some cases, overbearded most of the time. Without assignment to individual units, they seldom have laundry facilities, draw work uniforms by devious methods or not at all. Their luggage makes movies of the Okies look like migrations of the privileged classes. They have more mosquito bites per man than any other newsmen in the world, and a lovely collection of rashes, skin irritations and peeling sunburn.

Their copy moves from the scenes of battle to their newspapers by such slow means that most of it arrives long after headquarters communiqués have taken the edge off the stories they have to tell, and much of it never sees the light of day in newspapers.

Most of the time they are writing about places that nobody ever heard of and conditions so foreign to the average reader that there is no basis of comparison. They get mail irregularly, if at all.

The battles they've covered have been comparatively small in numbers of men involved, but just about as rough, inch for inch, as any battles ever fought.

To get to these battles, the correspondents, technically based at Honolulu, but seldom there, cover unbelievable distances. Away from mail and civilization, they long for a war that is being fought from street to street and tavern to tavern.

Their sense of humor goes down in direct relation to the lack of letters and the distance from Honolulu. They resent, most bitterly of all, the well-meaning soul who says, "Oh, you're a civilian? Why, I know a man in the marines who is a combat correspondent."

"What in hell is this we've been doing," say the bearded men, "if it isn't combat?"

keep them on deck. That pile they shovel overboard to grow some more—they're under the legal three inches. Those little ones will see many a deck before the season's over. And the dredge is coming in again.

The dredge—"drudge," the men call it, and "drudge boat," not grinning either, because the pun was old in their fathers' days—is a broad iron scoop with a toothed edge to dig into the oyster bottom, a chain bag to hold the oysters, rope mesh above it to let trash work through. There's a dredge on each side of the boat, and three men to each dredge.

Off the hill loiters the patrol boat, a plain Government-gray motorboat; and two big-bellied ships, with purring Diesels and waiting cranes, watching their 1880 sisters. They are buy boats, to buy the oysters and take them to market. On them, the men talk of the dredges they could drag—they'd scrape the bay clean in a season. That's why the efficiency of motors is forbidden. The situation is bad enough as it is. Chesapeake Bay is the world's greatest oyster ground, but in fifty years its yield has come down from 111,000,000 pounds to 35,000,000. The country as a whole is down from 171,000,000 to 88,000,000.

Doublehead swears at the first haul of oysters. Less than a bushel, in this light air, and half of them have to go back, to grow another inch in another year. "The bottom's laid over with young 'uns. Next season, now—and last season, that was a season."

Times are good in the oyster country even if the bottom is laid over with young 'uns. Share crews man the drudge boats. Of every dollar of oysters sold, thirty-five cents goes to the captain for his ship and gear. The captain and the six others, including the cook, share alike in the sixty-five cents, and from this they all split the grub bill. Last year the drudgers often made \$125 a week, while oysters reached a historic high, three dollars a bushel—about a penny an oyster.

At sunset they quit, according to law. If the wind has died, they turn on their other engine, in the push boat that hangs in davits astern. They run into a creek or lie under a point for a lee. The home port is usually too far from the beds. On bitter cold nights, the anchor splashes in the rolling open water, so that a boat won't find itself frozen in. The anchor light goes up, boots come off, socks hang over the stove to dry. The men are all in

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3 ounces of...



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