

MICHAEL HERR'S LURP TALE

Jonathan Lighter

I

The Vietnam war was filled with perplexities and conundrums for American writers. In the realm of pure narrative, one of the more haunting of these was the enigmatic tale Michael Herr says he heard shortly after arriving in South Vietnam from a laconic, third-tour “Lurp” of a U.S. Army Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol who already had more than two years in country. Herr’s classic of New Journalism, *Dispatches* (1977), reports the man’s exact words:

Patrol went up the mountain. One man came back. He died before he could tell us what happened.¹

Herr says he “waited for the rest, but it seemed not to be that kind of story”; it was, however, “as one-pointed and resonant as any war story I ever heard.” And not only that: “it took me a year to understand it.” That would have been more or less the remainder of Herr’s time in Vietnam, from December 1967 to late ’68—a very long time indeed if the story was just one more comment on the futility of war (Herr 16). Nearly forty years after *Dispatches*, the tale remains unexplicated for the rest of us. Its “enigmatic” nature for those (like Herr) seeking a “war story,” plus some attention from critics who note but never quite interpret it, makes further elucidation overdue. Michael Herr long ago declined to make further substantive comment on *Dispatches*, so we may never know what he finally understood from the anecdote.

First, however, we need to be aware of the nature of the LRRPs (I’ll use the official initialism *LRRP* for the organization and reserve Herr’s spelling *Lurp* for a member of a LRRP team). Introduced in 1966 at company and platoon levels, the elite U.S. Army LRRPs were successors of the highly trained Ranger battalions of

World War II and Korea. The characteristics essential to a member of a Vietnam-era Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol were described by Fourth Division commander General William R. Peers in 1968:

[A]n individual must be qualified both physically and psychologically... Physically, because LRRP duties are very, very arduous and you never know when you are going to have to cover 10 or 15 kilometers on the ground in very short order....The psychological qualifications...are extremely difficult. You need somebody out there who has nerves of steel, who can stay in there along the side of a trail, can sit there and watch that trail with a large enemy formation going by and not have the slightest inclination to stand up and fire a rifle or even move.²

Most Lurps were volunteers, chiefly high-school graduates between 20 and 21 years of age. When Michael Herr arrived in Vietnam in 1967, every Lurp ideally had three months experience in-country in a typical combat unit, and every member of a LRRP company was expected to have passed an advanced course in reconnaissance and jungle survival. LRRP operations, mostly high-risk, were varied, and typically lasted from three days to a week, followed by three days training and rest when possible. (Herr's offhand assertion that Lurps went on patrol "night after night for weeks and months" [3] is a little exaggerated.) Often carried out ten or more miles into enemy territory, a LRRP mission might involve setting an ambush and, after a point-blank firefight, seizing a prisoner for interrogation as well as collecting every item of possible intelligence value from the bodies of Viet Cong or North Vietnamese soldiers. But the primary method of LRRP intelligence-gathering was to observe and report on enemy positions, troop strength, and movements. Other than observing the enemy and securing prisoners, LRRP teams (typically four to six men) also ran missions to scout potential landing or drop zones for helicopters, to identify targets for air strikes or artillery, and sometimes to conduct searches for downed airmen. As fighting wore on, LRRPs were often employed as traditional infantry, both in patrols and in offensive combat operations. The LRRP name was soon shortened to LRP (simply "long-range patrol"), and in 1969, after Herr had left Vietnam, all LRRP units were reorganized under the revived designation of "Rangers."³

Whatever the mission of the patrol in Herr's anecdote, the nature of LRRP operations virtually necessitated that for just "one man" to return from "the mountain," he must have been either the only living soldier pulled on board of an

extraction helicopter; or else a lone survivor of enemy contact who, fatally wounded, made his way out of the jungle in what was elegantly called an “emergency walkout,” which in this case must have bordered on the miraculous. In any case the man in the tale soon dies—before he can reveal anything of importance, including what happened to his team. Many readers of *Dispatches* have surely been as mystified by the point of the Lurp’s Tale as was Michael Herr at Fourth Division headquarters in 1967. But the story’s apparent obscurity seems to be mostly the result of Herr’s narrative expectations and perhaps ours as well. It originates also in the natural failure of perspective in a newcomer like journalist Herr who, in 1967, had never been to war.

That failure is not hard to identify. From the perspective of Herr’s portentous, impatient, Lurp, the story is likely to suggest at least two things. The lesser point, one thinks, is not that a GI died so close to being saved, or even that a patrol had been wiped out. Those are irreducible tragedies of battle; they are also of a kind to trouble and move readers familiar with war only through the work of humanist writers like Crane, Owen, and Remarque, as well as those of twentieth-century journalists like Bill Mauldin and Ernie Pyle. For such readers, as for anyone, the death of the courageous and honorable individual in war is shocking as well as tragic, like the death of Prince Hector in the *Iliad*. But whatever else it may be, the import at LRRP level of the disaster on the mountain is surely, for the teller, more practical and more ominous. Specifically, an intrinsically hazardous, carefully planned mission has ended in fiasco—not to mention in a waste of planning, time, resources, effort, and lives—either through bad luck (frightening and galling) or through blunder (infuriating and unforgivable—though not always unexpected); if the target mission is not called off entirely—and this must be the primary point—a new patrol will have to be run by another team on the same mountain, dense with jungle forest and presumably thick with an enemy now doubly alert to American infiltration: not a good omen for the men on that next patrol, or even on the next extraction chopper.

Seen from that angle, Herr’s question, “Then what happened?” does more than just miss the point. It betrays an innocence of the changes in perspective enforced by being in any combat zone. Herr, the civilian feature writer, the rookie war correspondent for *Esquire* magazine, seems to have expected a *plot*, a rational and scripted sequence of events leading to a conclusion that can please consumers of fiction or drama, perhaps aficionados of tragedy in particular. But the Lurp’s Tale as quoted is just “not...that kind of a story.” Unlike stories in literature, including oral literature, it works toward no resolution whatever. For there is no artistic

plot in war any more than in life generally: there is only a shapeless, continuing, unpredictable sequence of events. Nor, despite a seeming gnomic quality, is the Lurp's tale an exemplary fable that must have happened a long time ago, if at all. For narrator Herr and most of his readers, it's an enigmatic anecdote, whose supposed "hidden" meaning must be teased out by critique; but to judge by the nature of the teller, there is no hidden or literary meaning: it's just an unalterable fact, not a "story" but recent bad news. From the unliterary Lurp's self-interested viewpoint, the most important "characters" haven't yet gone up the mountain—because they will be another team, possibly his own. His own dangerous role in the continuing plotless (and thus formless and "pointless") series of events is yet to be played. The Lurp, as Herr characterizes him, clearly thrives on danger, but even thrill-seekers recognize what can happen if something goes wrong—as it clearly did for the soldiers in the tale.

Herr says it took him "a year" in Vietnam to understand the story; but he never tells *us* what he understood from it, any more than the first teller informed *him*. One scholar notes that the three-sentence narrative "has been used to illustrate the essence of the violent wartime experience that can be related only in cryptic and elusive language."⁴ But is it true that the "essence" of combat is describable only in such hints and nods?

As part of *Dispatches*, and of Herr's developing appreciation in 1967-68 of the Vietnam War and how it was changing him, the provocative Lurp's story is like some combat-zone koan, thwarting and encouraging thought, demanding meditation that may be more enlightening in the long run than any likely exegesis. As Herr sets it up, there is an element of parable as well as koan in the tale, a koan being more of a riddle, and a parable more of a metaphor; and perhaps it could take even an unusually gifted writer like Michael Herr a year to fathom it. Positioned so early in *Dispatches*, the Lurp's tale seems to sum up in miniature the uncertainty, sudden death, and frustration of the war as it was experienced by so many. That, and not "what happened next," is the tale's "meaning" in the context of *Dispatches*, and Herr could not fully grasp it till he'd escaped the pop-culture misconception of combat operations as mostly under control and easily comprehensible. Nor had he realized that as a raw noncombatant he could not see through the Lurp's eyes. Tale and teller combine to begin Herr's initiation into the savagery and strangeness he writes about in so characteristic a voice—an often astringent, often hyperbolic, often emotional or sardonic voice that Herr has said he absorbed from the soldiers

and marines all around him. Herr's refusal to share his hard-won understanding of the tale makes it the parable-koan that it is—for civilians, if not soldiers. One does not explain a parable or a koan.

II

The Lurp's Tale even has something of a prehistory. For one thing, it's a depressing reversal of the dramatic scene in Robert Browning's once popular, ultra-romantic "Incident of the French Camp" (1842), in which a mortally wounded messenger dies moments *after* delivering a message of victory to Napoleon. William Broyles, moreover, sees a direct antecedent for the Lurp's words in Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr.'s story "The Stars in their Courses," which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* for September 14, 1940.⁵ Broyles is not alone in citing the story, supposedly based on the conversations and letters of Confederate Captain Praxiteles Swan, of Texas, as historical fact; but Thomason made it no secret that "The Reverend Praxiteles Swan, M.E. Church, South, sometime captain in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, is a fictitious character."⁶ The passage that caught Broyles's attention appears at the very beginning of Thomason's story:

We all went up to Gettysburg, the summer of '63, and some of us came back from there, and that's all except the details. I wouldn't bother you with the details.⁷

Yet except in the going up, the coming back, and the absence of details, Swan's "story," such as it is, hardly seems comparable to the Lurp's. Swan declines to repeat "details" that everyone knows—the crucial defeat of Lee's army at Gettysburg in his most audacious campaign—but also what few elderly white Texans, especially veterans of 1861-65, could have relished thinking of fifty years later, at the time of Thomason's story. But far from attempting graciously like the Reverend Swan to spare a listener's sensitivities, the Lurp, neither a profound nor an obliging individual, sees no need to fill in what hundreds of thousands of GIs in Southeast Asia might readily have inferred, namely the likely practical upshot of his offhand "tale." For the soldier faced with an unusually risky mission, the narrative details of the patrol up the mountain, so intriguing to an audience expecting a good story, really are insignificant—because they are now unrecoverable and thus of no guidance or prolonged interest. Herr betrays his complete innocence of the subject

he's reporting on—war in Vietnam—as soon as he asks what happened next: the Lurp “looked like he felt sorry for me, fucked if he'd waste time telling stories to anyone dumb as I was” (6).

Of *Dispatches* itself, only specialists are likely to know or appreciate that some of it is fiction, though the ratio of fiction to fact cannot be ascertained. Thirteen years after the book's appearance, Michael Herr told Paul Ciotti of the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* that “a lot of *Dispatches* is fictional,” including much of the chapter on Khe Sanh: the prominent characters Day Tripper and Mayhew are “totally fictional.” Moreover, Herr says disconcertingly that he “never thought of *Dispatches* as journalism”—not even the “new” or “literary” kind—and he told Eric James Schroeder in 1991 that he always “privately thought of it as a novel”; indeed, it was nearly “published...as a novel” in the United States—as in fact it was in France. About the only content that Herr promises is objectively true and accurate is the dialogue, nearly all of which he reported verbatim, or nearly so, from notes. Certainly the sarcastic understatement of the Lurp's Tale has the ring of authenticity. But whether invented or accurately retold, its striking appearance near the beginning of Herr's narrative makes it a literary gambit, along with its teller—as when Herr invented from whole cloth an American “general” to converse with philosophically in the opening paragraphs of his very first article for *Esquire*. In fact, the Lurp's tale may be entirely apocryphal, for during the Fourth Infantry Division's Operation Francis Marion, from April 6 to October 11, 1967, the division's most recent major operation prior to Herr's arrival in Vietnam, “there were fourteen emergency patrol extractions under fire, but only one American was killed.”⁸

III

Michael Herr published four substantial articles about Vietnam in *Esquire* between 1968 and 1970. One more appeared in *New American Review* in 1969. (It is often claimed that Herr also wrote for *Rolling Stone*, but this is demonstrably incorrect.) Most of Herr's wartime material was included in *Dispatches*, with some revision and much added content; but the Lurp's Tale was new in 1977. The Lurp and his story, moreover, hold major implications for later literary and cinematic interpretations of war.

The Lurp of *Dispatches* is no modest all-American boy of the kind beloved by correspondents in two world wars: he is more reminiscent of the hired gun in *Shane*, for example, or the mob enforcer in *The Godfather*. The Fourth Division Lurp was, according to Herr, the sole survivor in 1965 of an Air Cav platoon

“wiped out” in the Ia Drang Valley. Yet at the end of his twelve-month tour, he voluntarily extended. In Special Forces in 1966, he was the sole survivor of a second massacre, which he survived by hiding under the bodies of his dead team-mates. But home after his second tour, he “couldn’t hack it back in the World.” He got into the habit of sticking a hunting rifle out the window of his parents’ house and tracking civilian passers-by like a sniper (presumably one of his special skills in Vietnam: Michael Lanning notes that most LRRP teams included at least one qualified sniper). A rifle jutting out a Stateside window inevitably brings to mind mass murderer Charles Whitman and presidential assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, both former marines. (The soldier’s sniping fantasies used to “put [his] folks real uptight.”) “After that,” Herr says, “there was nothing left for him in the war but the Lurps” (15). In Vietnam for the third time, he is a menacing presence, routinely swallowing barbiturates and amphetamines

... by the fistful, downs from the left pocket of his tiger suit and ups from the right, one to cut the trail and the other to send him down it. . . .

Even as hyperbole a “fistful” is a lot; the ups and downs in either pocket suggest a sinister variation on *Alice in Wonderland* (a pervasive atmosphere in *Dispatches*), and Herr goes on to characterize the man in language equally appropriate to a drug trip: “He told me that the pills cooled things out just right for him, that he could see that old jungle at night like he was looking at through a starlight scope.” And at the time he tells Herr his “story,” his “face was all painted up for night walking now like a bad hallucination.” His long hair, falling “below his shoulders,” conceals a “thick purple scar”; and not even his commanding officer is “about to tell him to get a haircut” (16):

“No man, I’m sorry, he’s just too crazy for me,” one of the men in his team said. “All’s you got to do is look in his eyes, that’s the whole fucking story right there.”

“Yeah, but you better do it quick,” someone else said. “I mean, you don’t want to let him catch you at it.”

... I was afraid of him. All that I ever managed was one quick look in, and that was like looking at the floor of an ocean. . . . (15)

“[H]e was a good killer,” Herr assures us with ironic ambiguity, as though the civilian reader is to concur that efficient killing really is a virtue: “One of our best” (16). Impatience, a propensity for inflicting death, a penchant for risk and violence, a menacing presence, and a confident ability to survive anything appear to be his primary characteristics. Herr enthusiastically surmises it would take “at least half a squad” of VC or NVA to defeat him.

A historical comparison may be instructive. Half a century before Herr went to Vietnam, the American James Norman Hall, a volunteer in the British Army, recorded his meeting with an English sniper on the Western Front in June, 1915. Hall (the future co-author, with fellow veteran Charles Nordhoff, of the H.M.S. *Bounty* Trilogy) noted that while snipers invariably took a “sportsman’s pride” in their marksmanship, few seemed to “enjoy” the job. Those who did notched each kill on their rifle stock in imitation of the Western gunfighters of pulp fiction. Yet the man Hall describes is at least affable:

He had registered four hits during the day, and he proudly displayed four new notches on a badly notched butt in proof of the fact. ‘There’s a big ‘ole w’ere the artill’ry pushed in their parapet larst night. That’s w’ere I caught me larst one, ‘bout a ‘arf-hour ago. A bloke goes by every little w’ile an’ fergets to duck ‘is napper. Tyke yer field-glasses an’ watch me clip the next one....Duck, Fritzie! Whatever you do, duck when you come to that ‘ole!’⁹

Hall’s marksman lacks entirely the baleful, emotionless affect of Herr’s Lurp. A reader—particularly a modern reader—may feel distaste for the sniper’s high degree of enthusiasm and Hall’s semi-comic presentation of it, but the man, with his stylized Cockney speech, is not far removed from the world of the rough-edged but comically human Tommies of Kipling’s *Soldiers Three* (1888) and *Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892), the books that provided Hall’s generation with its most influential representations of English-speaking soldiery.

Cold-blooded he may be, but approval as one of “our” finest “killers” is present subliminally at best in Hall’s anecdote of the Great War, though a flamboyant style like Herr’s could easily have changed an uncritical reader’s estimation of Hall’s affable Tommy into something more disturbing. From an American journalist like Herr, the dry, ironical praise of the Lurp as one of America’s top killers ratifies a

new, darker era of popular thinking about the American soldier at war. It required some years to take hold in film and pulp fiction, but it effectively originated in 1969 with the breaking story of the My Lai massacre. Admitted participants seemed in television interviews to be ordinary American boys themselves, and that included the man in charge, twenty-four-year-old Second Lieutenant William L. “Rusty” Calley. Along with the soldiers of My Lai, Herr’s defamiliarized, enigmatic man of violence and few words, described in 1977, is an avatar of the stereotypically violent, unfathomable, and often dangerous Vietnam veteran featured in ‘80s action movies. The type had made its first significant artistic appearance in the shape of the alienated, gun-crazy Travis Bickel of *Taxi Driver* (1976, dir. Martin Scorsese), who sports a Marine Force Reconnaissance patch on his field jacket (Force Recon being the Marine Corps counterpart of the Army’s LRRPs), but the character in 1976 was recognized as an aberration. Portrayed as hero rather than psycho, the inarticulate, ultraviolent Green Beret veteran Rambo of *First Blood* (1982, dir. Ted Kotcheff) and its sequels relevantly sports the headband and long hair of Michael Herr’s Lurp.

Not that killers, described as such, were entirely new in American fact and imagination: always, however, they had been on the wrong side of the law. Bill Mauldin’s reportorial *Up Front* had presented a far-ranging, predatory dogface as far back as 1945, but only as a curiosity—an American soldier who (bizarrely in the popular understanding of the 1940s) enjoyed war:

The swamp hunter once killed eight krauts with one clip from his M-1 rifle. He loves to go on patrol, all alone, with a rifle, a Luger pistol, a knife, plenty of ammunition, and a half dozen grenades hung to his belt.... [He] has been decorated several times. He says war is just like swamp hunting.¹⁰

A similar though fictional figure, the plainly sociopathic Private Endore (John Saxon) who likes to go out alone and cut throats behind Chinese lines, is the focus of the low-budget but thematically provocative Korean War film *War Hunt* (1962, dir. Denis Sanders). And there is the reckless though still human Sergeant Montana, played by Aldo Ray in *Men in War* (1957, dir. Anthony Mann), who is nonetheless brutal enough to make Lt. Benson (Robert Ryan) exclaim, in one of the most penetrating lines in Hollywood war films, “God help us if we need men like you to win our wars!”

Herr’s unnamed Lurp, however, is more significant *in situ* than any of these. Other than Herr’s first-person narrator, the Lurp is the first American in *Dispatches* who

speaks directly in his own voice and the first to be characterized in detail. And he is the antithesis of iconic embodiments of fictional and actual Americans at war, like Stephen Crane's frightened Henry Fleming or the First World War's conscientious Alvin York—each of whom, one in fact, one in fiction, became the subject of a critically acclaimed motion picture. Both York and Fleming were originally averse to battle for very different reasons (Henry was afraid, Alvin was a pacifist). Both, however, become conventional heroes: the once cowardly Private Fleming leads a charge and captures a flag, while Corporal York's shooting skills in the Argonne saved the lives of his squad and led to the capture of scores of German prisoners. But such acts exemplify a traditional kind of personal effectiveness in combat, the supposedly "clean" kind called heroism that comes in a stand-up fight or in the face of great odds. In stark contrast to soldiers like Henry Fleming and Alvin York, Herr's "good killer," like *War Hunt's* Private Endore, is emotionless, distant, "detached" (56), and uncomfortably single-minded when it comes to killing people.

Despite the classic World War II journalism of Mauldin and others (particularly Ernie Pyle), and countless movie portrayals of the front-line GI as a good-hearted moral agent tackling a bitter but necessary job, no actual American combat soldier of the Second World War would be likely to find Herr's words startling or even remarkable. The Army's practical training mission was set forth by Commander of U.S. Army Ground Troops, Lieutenant General Leslie McNair, in a radio address to his soldiers on Armistice Day, 1942:

We must lust for battle; our object in life must be to kill; we must scheme and plan night and day to kill. There need be no pangs of conscience, for our enemies have lighted the way to faster, surer, and crueller killing; they are past masters. We must hurry to catch up with them if we are to survive. Since killing is the object of our efforts, the sooner we get in the killing mood the better and more skillful we shall be when the real test comes. ...It is the avowed aim of the Army to make killers of all of you.¹¹

Excerpts of McNair's address, which would surely ignite controversy now, appeared without comment in the *Washington Post*, *Baltimore Sun*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, and other papers.¹² American culture generally, however, seems never to have fully absorbed the core of McNair's self-evident but morally disquieting message—that war makes not just the know-how but an actual

enthusiasm for killing the enemy a cardinal virtue—till long after World War II (and perhaps the Vietnam War) was over.

Herr's Lurp, moreover, a monolith of repressed and not-so-repressed violence, has mastered that requirement. Unlike Mauldin with the swamp hunter, or *War-Hunt's* Private Loomis with Endore, Herr admits "I was afraid of him" (16).

No wonder. Herr's piratical Lurp who, with his gold earring, shoulder-length hair, and parachute-cloth headband, would be more at home in a biker movie like *Angels from Hell* (1968, dir. Bruce Kessler) than in the journalism of Ernie Pyle.¹³ Indeed, Herr's Vietnam-era grunts do not often resemble Pyle's dogfaces any more than the soldiers portrayed by Pyle and Herr exhibit the devil-may-care nationalism and moral righteousness of doughboys in World War I press accounts, or the vivid idealism so frequently found in Civil War writings. Herr enhances his disorienting description of the man through comments that offhandedly imply a refined, almost class-based sadism in LRRP activities and thus in U.S. operations as a whole: Lurps, unlike ordinary troops, Herr observes, are issued "exclusive, freeze-dried rations, three-star war food, the same chop they sell at Abercrombie & Fitch." When he sees the Lurp return next day with a bound and blindfolded Vietnamese prisoner, Herr concludes that there's no reason to stay there, noting darkly that "the Lurp area would definitely be off limits during the interrogation anyway" (16).

IV

In the foreword to his wartime memoir of Camp Zama, the base near Yokohama whose medical staff cared for the seriously wounded from Vietnam, Dr. David J. Glasser doubted that anyone could ever write a traditional novel of the Vietnam War. "There is no novel in Nam," he wrote; "there is not enough for a plot, nor is there really any character development."¹⁴ Since then, of course, there have been a number of notable and interesting novels about the American military in Vietnam. Unlike such works, many of them of considerable length, the concise, unstudied Fourth Division Lurp's Tale, as reported by Michael Herr, remarkably reduces the Vietnam War to just the sort of plotless, depersonalized, frankly non-literary narrative that Glasser suggests might best typify the American soldier's take on fighting the Vietnam war. Fact or fiction, Herr's tale is likely to remain the classic American literary passage of the Vietnam war in twenty-five words or less.

Notes

¹Michael Herr, *Dispatches* (N.Y.: Knopf, 1977), 16.

²Quoted in James F. Gebhardt, *Eyes Behind the Lines: US Army Long-Range Reconnaissance and Surveillance Units* (Fort Leavenworth, Kans.: Combat Studies Institute Press, 2005), 85.

³LRRP operations in Vietnam have been described in detail in a number of books. This essay relies on the detailed overviews by Gebhardt, plus Shelby Stanton's *Rangers at War: LRRPs in Vietnam* (N.Y.: Ballantine, 1992) and Michael Lee Lanning's *Inside the LRRPs: Rangers in Vietnam* (N.Y.: Ballantine, 1988). Also useful were Frank Camper's *L.R.R.P.: The Professional* (N.Y.: Dell, 1988) and John Leppelman's *Blood on the Risers: An Airborne Soldier's Thirty-five Months in Vietnam* (N.Y.: Presidio Press, 1991).

⁴Lawrence A. Tritle, *From Melos to My Lai: War and Survival* (N.Y.: Routledge, 2000), 66.

⁵William Broyles, Jr., "Why Men Love War." *Esquire* (November, 1984), 55-65.

⁶John W. Thomason, Jr., *Lone Star Preacher* (N.Y.: Scribner, 1941), 7. Hemingway thought highly enough of Thomason's story to include it in his anthology *Men at War* (1942), a paperback edition of which was on bookstore shelves in the mid-sixties, giving Vietnam-era readers like Herr the opportunity to be impressed by its opening.

⁷Thomason, 12.

⁸Paul Ciotti, "Michael Herr: A Man of Few Words." *Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine* (Apr. 15, 1990), 25-26; Eric James Schroeder, *Vietnam, We've All Been There* (Westport, Conn.: Praeger, 1992), 34; Stanton, 93.

⁹James Norman Hall, *Kitchener's Mob* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1916), 117.

¹⁰Bill Mauldin, *Up Front* (Cleveland: World, 1945), 43.

¹¹"The Struggle is for Survival." *Vital Speeches of the Day* IX, 111-114.

¹²Washington Post (Nov. 12, 1942), B6; Baltimore Sun (Nov. 12, 1942), 17; Los Angeles Times (Nov. 12, 1942)15; Chicago Tribune (Nov. 12, 1942), 5.

¹³The Pulitzer-Prize winning war journalism of Ernie Pyle (1900-1945) is said to have appeared in over three hundred American newspapers between 1940 and 1945. Pyle was killed by a Japanese sniper in the Pacific in 1945. Many of his columns are reprinted in *Ernie's War*, ed. David Nichols (N.Y.: Random House, 1986).

¹⁴Ronald J. Glasser, *365 Days* (1971; rpt. N.Y.: Bantam, 1972), ix.