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The Washington Post Magazine



A REPORTER'S DIARY

SAIGON'S LAST DAYS

BY PHIL MCCOMBS

**THE BRAVE AND THE
DESPERATE**

**INTERVIEWS WITH
SURVIVORS**

BY LARRY ENGELMANN

**FEAR AFTER
THE FALL**

**A FAMILY HIDES
FOR NINE YEARS**

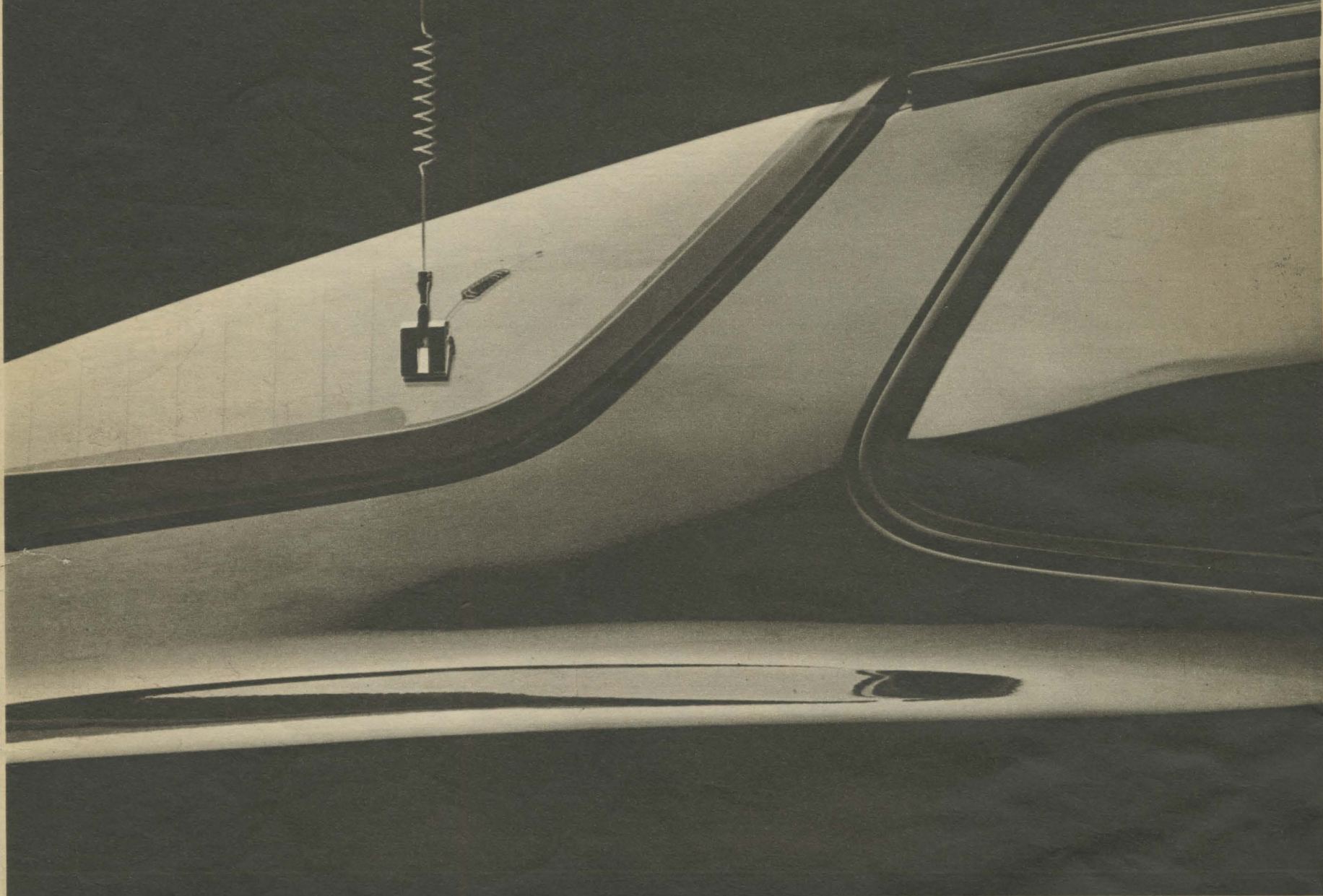
BY LENA SUN

VIETNAM

'I remember and I cry'

April 21, 1985

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For David Novak, the toughest part of every workday is *getting to work*.

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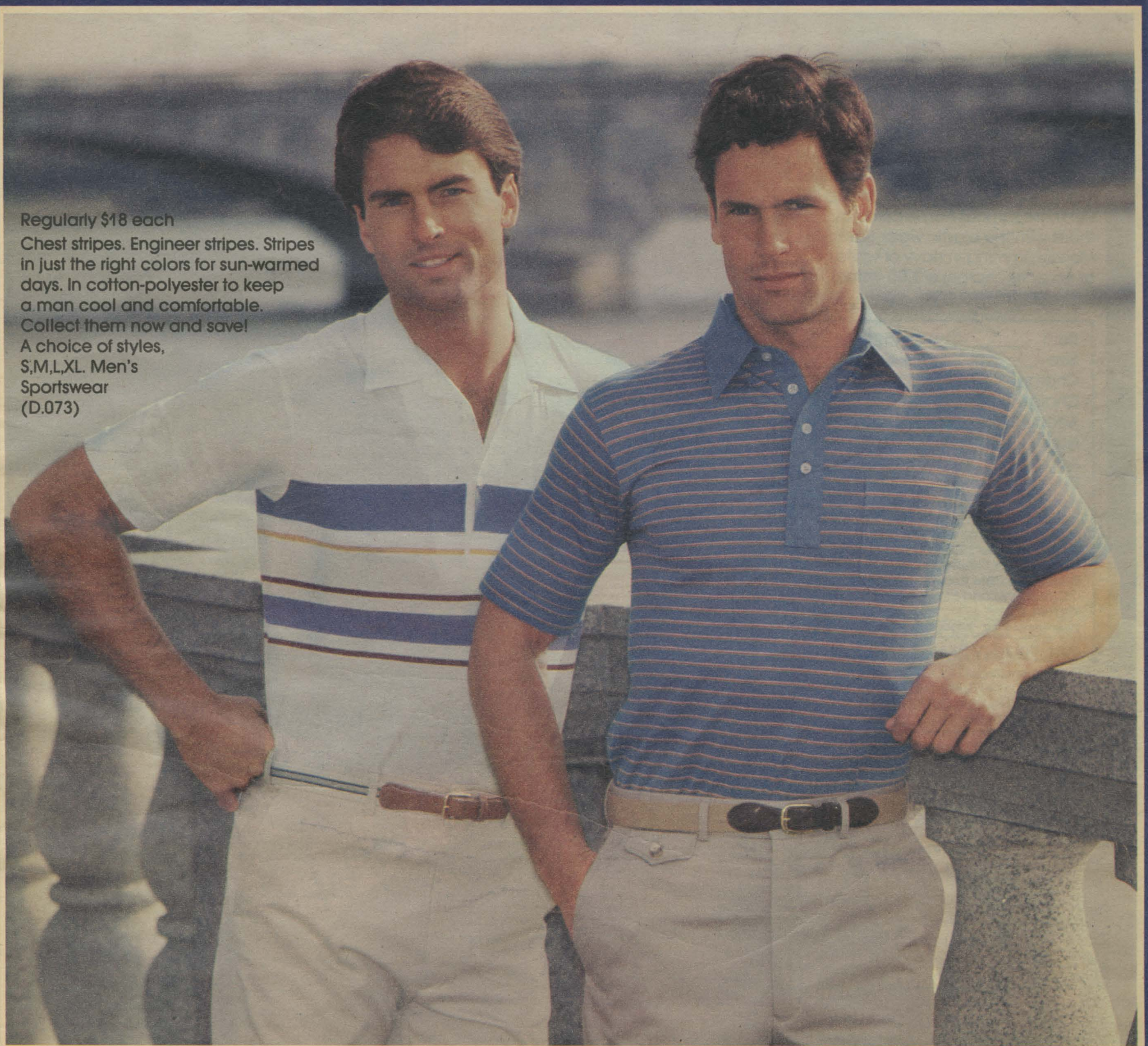
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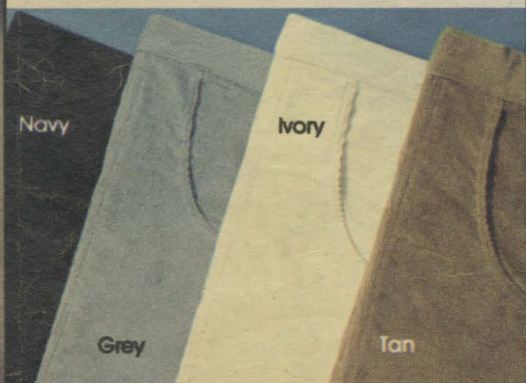
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The Washington Post Magazine

BY NIK WHEELER/BLACK STAR



Crowds form outside the U.S. Embassy in Saigon.

IN MARCH AND APRIL of 1975, in South Vietnam, it became increasingly apparent that communist forces were gaining and that the country would soon fall. The city of Saigon was a microcosm of the nation's chaos. In this issue: some who were caught up in that nation's closing weeks and one family forced to stay behind.

STRANGLEHOLD

By Phil McCombs

A Post correspondent witnesses the crumbling of a nation as the North Vietnamese close in on Saigon.

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'I WILL NEVER FORGET'

By Larry Engelmann

First-person accounts of fear and flight from Saigon.

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FAITH, HOPE AND SECRECY

By Lena H. Sun

A family's nine-year wait for freedom.

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Cover photograph of refugees on the South China Sea
by Nik Wheeler/Gamma Liaison

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April 21, 1985

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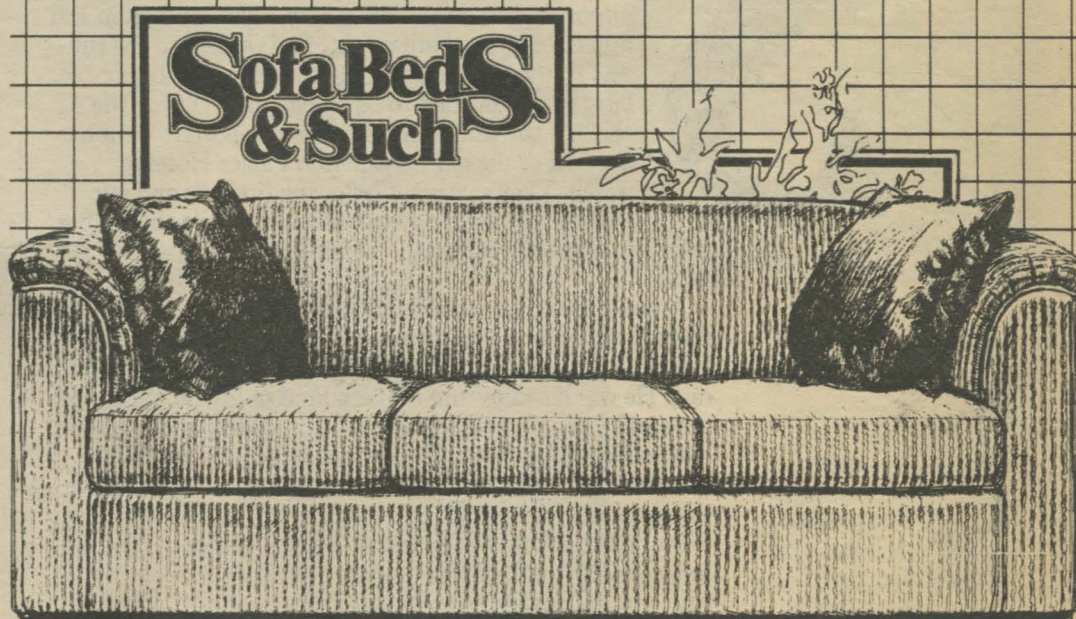
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Stranglehold

A reporter's personal story of Saigon's final weeks ■ BY PHIL McCOMBS

SAIAGON: On the last day I was there, April 29, 1975, the North Vietnamese Army shelled Tan Son Nhut airport before dawn. Hit it with 300 rounds from 130 mm guns located miles away and ripped up the runway so that the American evacuation that began later in the day had to be by chopper. During the shelling the whole city shook and reporters went to the roof of the old Continental Palace Hotel to watch. They saw great billowing fireballs and one said he saw a Strela heat-seeking missile shoot up and disintegrate an airplane. I slept through the whole thing.

Another Post correspondent, Dave Greenway, was up there. I was a 30-year-old bureau chief and Greenway was a longtime Indochina hand who would never miss a dawn raid. He was dashing, and brave, a kind of legend in his own time and I was glad he was in town. In March when things had started to heat up in Indochina, Greenway had been vacationing in Switzerland. A messenger had found him on the ski slopes and passed on a cable from Post editors in Washington asking him to get to Saigon "soonest." The editors also sent out Don Oberdorfer, a diplomatic reporter with Vietnam experience. I picked him up at the airport in mid-March and as we drove into Saigon's hot smoky sprawl, I remember how he mused that every country has its own moods and smells. Saigon, he said, smelled "lemony."

I had a cook, baby amah, interpreter, political analyst, secretary and office girl—all Vietnamese. They had husbands, wives, children, parents, brothers, sisters and grandparents. All these people wanted to escape their homeland during the final weeks as North Vietnamese divisions rolled south. But the government didn't want citizens leaving for fear it would trigger a rout. The executive editor of the

paper, Ben Bradlee, sent \$25,000 in \$100 bills to buy a boat, charter a plane, pay bribes, whatever was necessary to get our employees out. Before we had to use it, a secret semi-official airlift was set up for Americans and the Vietnamese who had worked for them.

It was kept secret because Saigon was near panic. For a couple of weeks I spent little time reporting and long hours helping Post employees and their relatives escape on the airlift. I gave them wads of the \$100 bills to help them through the refugee camps. The way it worked, nobody knew when a flight would go until a call came saying "Now!" Then I had to reach people fast. Sometimes they had to be hidden to get past guards at the airport gate. I remember driving frantically with one woman and her kids trying to locate her husband. We found him by chance. Then, as we screeched to a halt on the airstrip the family had to run pell-mell to make the flight. When I called my political analyst and said "Now!" he said, "I can't." He said his mother, who didn't want him to leave, had kidnaped his child to prevent it. Later I learned he had been a communist all along. The baby amah decided to stay for family reasons. The "office girl" lives in Washington and is swinging a good-sized real estate deal.

THE FALL OF SAIGON came quick and it was a big story. At the beginning of the year there had been a lull in



*SPEECH TO THE NATION:
President Thieu on television.*

PHIL McCOMBS,
a reporter for the
Style section of
The Post, was
chief of The Post's
Saigon bureau in
April 1975.



BY NIK WHEELER/BLACK STAR

IN FLIGHT:
Refugees at Xuanloc,
38 miles northeast of
Saigon, race for a rescue
helicopter.



BY TRAN KHIEU

CAUGHT AT THE PASS: A refugee family attempting to make its way from Hue to Danang in late March pauses at Haivan Pass, the highest pass in South Vietnam. Shortly before, the group encountered communist gunfire; the mother and the young boy at the left were injured.



SYGMA

PARIS LAUGHTER:
Henry Kissinger, White
House national security
adviser, left, and Le Duc
Tho, right, North
Vietnam's chief
negotiator, share a joke
at the 1973 Paris peace
talks that ended direct
U.S. military
participation in the
Vietnam war. The man
in the center
is interpreter
Nguyen Phong.

Our board of directors
all come from good
Virginia families. Some even
have papers to prove it.



THE WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE / APRIL 21, 1985

THE WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE / APRIL 21, 1985

2

Traditionally, Virginians have always loved their dogs as well as their bourbon. So, it shouldn't come as a surprise that the makers of Virginia Gentleman made their family dog, Jefferson, an honorary member of the Board. After all, Virginia's only distillery

believes in tradition. That's why they continue to make bourbon in a four-story, pure copper still. Fermented in cypress tubs. And age it in charred oak barrels. And like the other directors, Jefferson makes absolutely certain this tradition doesn't waver a wit.

I remember Oberdorfer shouting over the phone to an editor in Washington who wanted to know how many provinces had been lost: 'Hell, we're losing provinces between editions.'

the fighting and I was up to 50 laps a day at the Cercle Sportif pool. By mid-March the government had abandoned the Central Highlands and everything hit the fan. I remember Oberdorfer shouting over the phone to an editor in Washington who wanted to know how many provinces had been lost: "Hell, we're losing provinces between editions!" But I had Vietnamese friends and was overwhelmed at times with a sense of tragedy. In the end America evacuated thousands but left behind a vast number of people we had at first supported, then tainted by association and finally abandoned. Sometimes I try to imagine what America's Vietnam vets felt as they watched it on TV. I felt humiliated for my country.

At dusk on the 29th, as frantic Vietnamese clawed at the embassy gates, Greenway said quietly, "It's time to go." It had never occurred to me to hang around for the "liberation" and anyway Bradlee had ordered us out. Oberdorfer had gone out a few days earlier to report from the American evacuation fleet off the coast in the South China Sea. Staying alive in Vietnam had always been a matter of playing the odds, and if Greenway, whose instincts were perfectly pitched, said it was time to go, then it was. The big Marine choppers landing in the embassy parking lot seemed few and far between, the crowds outside the gates were growing uglier and night was falling. CIA station chief Tom Polgar was wondering aloud why the North Vietnamese hadn't turned their 130 mm guns on the embassy.

Thousands of Vietnamese were lined up in the compound waiting. Americans could go when they wanted, so we went to the head of the line. Inside the roaring chopper we strapped into canvas webbing. It shuddered and lifted off. We nosed out over the French Embassy and the cathedral.

The door gunners clutched heat grenades to drop in case of Strelas. I looked down and saw the apartment where I'd lived with my wife and two children, Heather and Willow, for 17 months. As we gained altitude I saw Saigon spread out below, ringed with fire and smoke against a darkening sky. Tears streamed down my face. Continued on page 46

FINAL EVACUATION:
Above, refugees hasten to a waiting rescue helicopter on the U.S. Embassy grounds in Saigon. In the end several hundred Vietnamese promised evacuation were abandoned.

INDEPENDENCE PALACE:
Right, on April 30 communist troops enter the stately grounds of the official residence of South Vietnam's presidents.



BY DIRCK HALSTEAD/LIAISON

THE TASTE OF VICTORY: National Liberation Front officials hold a news conference not long before the collapse of South Vietnam.



BY NIK WHEELER/BLACK STAR



BY J. PAVLOVSKY/SYGMA

'I will never

Tales of fear and courage in the desperate rush to get out

BY LARRY ENGELMANN

SWARMING:
Like the bees that
flew off toward
Vungtau in January,
refugees swarmed as
South Vietnam began
to disintegrate,
seeking new homes.

This group,
photographed April
12, clusters outside a
set of locked gates
in Vungtau.



BY J. PAVLOVSKY/SYGMA

EDITOR'S NOTE: Larry Engelmann is a historian who lives in California. The interviews that follow are drawn from *Tears Before the Rain*, a book manuscript that when completed is to include the voices of 100 people who left Vietnam in 1975 and 100 who remained under the new regime.

During the last days of January 1975 an unusually large swarm of bees descended on Saigon, the embattled capital of South Vietnam. The bees settled on two small apartment buildings. The terrified inhabitants of the buildings ran away. Some bolder residents soon returned to combat the swarm. It was decided to use smoke to dislodge the bees.

But the many seers and mystics of Saigon who were adept at deciphering strange signs announced that the arrival of the bees meant that in a short time the Vietnamese people themselves would be like the bees. "And as we treat them," the mystics and seers said, "so will we in turn be treated."

The conviction that the bees were a divine premonitory sign gained acceptance. No smoke was used. From around the city people came to gaze at them. No one entered the buildings. And then, only a day after they had first appeared in Saigon, the bees departed. They flew off to the southeast, toward Vungtau and the South China Sea.

Only a few days after the bees left Saigon, another unusual swarm appeared, this time near Phanrang, northeast of Saigon. A vast army of caterpillars materialized, seemingly out of nowhere, and migrated to the southwest, blanketing roads and fields. At first cars simply drove over them and people walked on them. But once again mystics cautioned that the caterpillars should be regarded as a divine sign and should not be harmed. "Soon we shall be like the caterpillars," they warned, "and as we treat them, so in turn will we be treated." The caterpillars soon disappeared.

By that time, South Vietnam was engaged in the second year of what President Nguyen Van Thieu termed "The Third Indochina War," with the armed forces of South Vietnam fighting the insurgent Vietcong and their North Vietnamese allies. Missing as a combatant was the United States. A decade earlier President John F. Kennedy had talked about making power credible and defending freedom. He had concluded that "Vietnam is the place" to do both. In 1973 the American people and their leaders had decided that Vietnam was not the place. Early in 1973 the United States had at last come to terms with North Vietnam and had signed an agreement in Paris providing for the disengagement and withdrawal of American forces from South Vietnam and an exchange of prisoners of war.

The Paris agreement allowed the North Vietnamese to keep between 140,000 and 300,000 combat troops in South Vietnam. For that reason many South Vietnamese recognized the agreement not as a peace treaty but as a death sentence for their nation. Both President Richard M. Nixon and Henry Kissinger, who had negotiated the treaty, assured the South Vietnamese that the United States would not allow the North Vietnamese to violate the treaty and to

forget'

conquer South Vietnam. Nixon promised Thieu that he would respond militarily to any gross violations of the treaty by the North Vietnamese.

Yet the passage of time brought new concerns and new leaders to the United States. The Watergate scandal brought the resignation of President Nixon. Then a war in the Middle East and an oil squeeze by OPEC brought inflation and a concern for America's ability to maintain its commitments to friendly nations.

In Vietnam the war continued. The United States continued to supply its South Vietnamese ally, but with inflated oil prices and intensifying conflict, supplies began to run short. On March 10, 1975, the North Vietnamese launched what was to be their final offensive against the South, certain that America had lost its will to fight in Vietnam, certain that they could win without fear of America's fulfilling its pledges to South Vietnam. They moved 100,000 fresh troops down the Ho Chi Minh trail, a trail no longer threatened by American B52 raids. The town of Banmethuot fell to the North Vietnamese on March 12. A counterattack by the South Vietnamese failed.

On March 14, Thieu made what turned out to be one of the more unfortunate decisions of the long conflict in Vietnam. He ordered a secret redeployment of the Vietnamese armed forces, including a withdrawal from the Central Highlands and a regrouping along the coast in preparation for another assault on Banmethuot. The attempted redeployment turned into a collapse. The secrecy of the troop movement encouraged speculation and rumors. Many soldiers and civilians concluded that there had been a secret agreement, that Vietnam was again to be partitioned and the communists of North Vietnam had been given the northernmost provinces and the Central Highlands. There was a frightened rush toward the coast to escape the new rulers. Officers abandoned troops in the field. A "Convoy of Tears" that included thousands of soldiers and civilians headed desperately toward coastal cities. The social and military fabric of South Vietnam appeared to be unraveling. The South began to lose the war faster than the North could win it. Victory for North Vietnam armies became, in many strategic places, only a matter of marching.

On March 29, the chaotic situation was filmed by a CBS news crew that flew aboard a World Airways Boeing 727 to Danang, Vietnam's second largest city, to evacuate refugees. The plane was mobbed by soldiers who shot each other and shot women and children in an insane effort to scramble aboard the aircraft and escape from the the advancing North Vietnamese. The plane limped back to Saigon, and the next evening a tape of the flight was shown on the CBS Evening News. American television viewers on that Easter Sunday saw the almost unbelievable horror of an army transformed into murderous rabble. The news crew that filmed the story concluded that without any doubt South Vietnam was lost. On March 30 the North Vietnamese

Army entered Danang unopposed.

In Saigon, American businesses, news bureaus and government agencies began evacuating employees and dependents. Commercial and military aircraft carried thousands of people daily to the Philippines, Wake Island, Guam and other relocation sites.

The collapse gained momentum. On April 5, under pressure from the United States, Thieu resigned, after giving a tearful speech on Vietnamese television. Vice President Tran Van Huong, a political relic, took control of the government. On April 28 Huong resigned and was succeeded by Gen. Duong Van Minh. It was believed that Minh would be acceptable to the North Vietnamese and that he alone, of all the political figures in South Vietnam, could arrive at a negotiated settlement. But the communists refused to deal with Minh. They demanded and, in the end, got an unconditional surrender.

On April 29 Operation Frequent Wind began: American and Vietnamese civilians and military personnel were evacuated from Tansonnhut airbase and from the U.S. Embassy in Saigon to a fleet in the South China Sea.

The operation was completed at Tansonnhut in the early morning of April 30; the embassy evacuation continued for a few hours more. Shortly before 5 a.m., Ambassador Graham Martin departed from the embassy roof by helicopter. And three hours later the last U.S. Marines were taken from the embassy. Remaining in the compound were 420 Vietnamese who had been promised throughout the previous day and night that they would not be abandoned. Everyone would get out, they were told. They watched the last helicopter leave. They had been abandoned. Even the final American promise to the Vietnamese was broken.

Late in the morning of April 30, the American evacuation fleet observed what appeared to be a massive swarm of bees heading out over the sea from the Vietnamese coast. As that mysterious swarm drew closer it was identified as hundreds of helicopters from the delta and other regions around Saigon, piloted by Vietnamese airmen bringing out their relatives and friends. So many helicopters crowded the landing decks of the American ships, that as soon as they were landed and emptied, they were pushed into the sea.

On the flight deck of the aircraft carrier Midway, to protect the Vietnamese who landed and to prevent them from being struck by helicopter blades or from being blown over the side, the deck crew used pieces of rope, about 10 feet in length, to guide the Vietnamese to safety. The rope was handed to the refugees in the helicopters, and then they held onto the rope and were led across the flight deck and downstairs to a special processing center. From a short distance, the groups of people clinging to the rope, walking across the carrier deck, resembled multi-colored caterpillars.

A decade has passed since the collapse of South Vietnam. And a generation of Americans has come of age knowing little about Vietnam and its tragic destiny. I spoke with dozens of individuals who were caught up in the fall of South Vietnam—soldiers, civilians, refugees, rescuers—and asked them to recount their memories from the spring of 1975. On the following pages are some of their stories.

CATERPILLAR:
On the deck of the aircraft carrier USS Midway on April 30, refugees from fallen South Vietnam snake along by guide ropes like the human caterpillars foretold by the seers.



Vietnam 1975



MAP BY STEPHEN R. WAGNER

THE UNRAVELING OF A NATION:

As the communist forces swept southward in March and April (Danang fell March 29, Nha Trang April 1), 40 ships of the U.S. fleet, including the aircraft carriers Hancock and Midway, gathered in the South China Sea off Saigon to receive evacuees. The last day a swarm of helicopters buzzed out of Saigon like bees leaving a hive, bearing retreating Americans and as many Vietnamese and their families as could escape.

What are t We're the good guys

JAN WOLLETT, flight attendant, World Airways: I was supposed to get a wake-up call at my hotel in Saigon at 5 in the morning on March 29, 1975. I was to be the senior flight attendant on a flight up to Danang and back. I never got the call. Then about 6 o'clock I got a call to be in the lobby in five minutes. So I jumped into my uniform and was downstairs in five minutes. Mr. [Ed] Daly, the owner of World, and Val Witherspoon, who was to be the other flight attendant, were waiting for me. Bruce Dunning of CBS News was in the lobby too and we chatted with him for a few minutes. I told him we were going to Danang, and he said there were rumors that the city had already fallen. I said, "Well, I'm sure we wouldn't go if it had." Bruce asked if he could come along with a CBS News crew.



Bruce rounded up Mike Marriott and Mai Van Duc and brought them out to the airport. We all boarded the aircraft—a World Airways 727. I had been informed that we would be carrying one or two Vietnamese flight attendants as interpreters and that we would also be accompanied by guards for crowd control, since they had some difficulty with crowds in Danang on the previous day.

When we got on board we discovered that the aircraft had not been catered. That was our first sign that there was something strange going on. There were no soft drinks, no orange juice and no sandwiches on board. There were no Vietnamese flight attendants either and there were no guards.

Daly and the flight crew were on board by that time and so was Dunning and the CBS News crew. Finally, two officials from U.S. AID came on board and assured us that everything was fine up at Danang and that we would not need the guards and that we could make the trip.

So we took off. And the flight up there was very good—routine. We also took along a British newsman and another man for UPI. We chatted casually on the way up.

Then we started our descent into Danang. About 20 minutes behind us was another World 727 flown by Don McDaniel, and behind him was another World 727 flown by Dave Wanio. We figured that we would be on the ground for 10 or 15 minutes, we would load and take off and then the next plane would land and then the third. That way we could bring out three planeloads of people in less than 30 minutes.

When we landed it was very strange, because we did not see a soul at first. Nobody. It was just like the entire airfield was deserted. And then, as we started to taxi, it was like a massive crazy swarm of people came up and out of bunkers. Thousands—and I mean literally thousands—started racing toward us. They were running, they were on motorcycles, they were in vans, they were in jeeps and cars and personnel carriers, they were on bicycles—they were coming in anything they could find to get to the aircraft.

We had already devised a plan that Joe Hrezo and Mr.

They shooting at us for?

Daly would get off the plane first and line the people up at the back airstair. I was to stay in the forward part of the plane; Atsako Okuba, another flight attendant, would stay in the middle part of the plane and Val Witherspoon would be in the aft.

We started a slow taxi. I was standing in the cockpit door looking out the front window. This was the first time that I realized that something really bizarre was happening. A group of people raced up beside the aircraft in a little truck. And this man jumped off the truck and ran up next to our aircraft. And I was looking down at him as we were slowly taxiing, and he took out a pistol and started shooting up at us. Suddenly, I had the fantastic feeling that I was in the middle of a John Wayne western. And I thought, "What are they shooting at us for? We're the good guys."

We taxied past the man with the gun and slowed down further. Then people started coming on board. They were running. They were just wild-eyed. And they were soldiers. About nine soldiers came on board, and I seated them. I thought I'd better go to the back of the aircraft to see what was happening. When I got to the aft, I saw Mr. Daly at the bottom of the airstair, and he was being mauled. His clothes were in tatters. And Joe Hrezo was gone. At the bottom of the airstair were hundreds of people, all desperate and crazy and screaming and clawing at Val and Mr. Daly. You could see no end to them.

The aircraft was still moving and the huge crush of people was running and trying desperately to grab onto the airstair. Mr. Daly was at the bottom of the airstair holding a pistol in his right hand, trying to restore some kind of order. Val was trying to pull people over the side of the airstair and into the aircraft. A family of five was running a few feet from me, reaching out for help to get on board. It was a mother and a father and two little children and a baby in the mother's arms. I could see the fear in all of their faces as they ran and reached out for me. I reached back to grab the mother's hand, but before I could get it, a man running behind them shot all five of them and they fell and were trampled by the crowd. The last I saw of them they were disappearing under people's feet. There were just several loud shots and they were gone—all five of them. And the man who shot them stepped on them to get closer to the airstair. He ran them down and jumped on the airstair and ran up into the aircraft. And everything was so chaotic and insane, I remember registering in my mind at that mad moment, "I'll deal with that later." And I kept pulling people onto the stair.

I felt a woman pulling on me from the side of the airstair. She was trying to come over the rail and she had grabbed my arm. At the same time Mr. Daly was waving a pistol in the air to restore some order, and he was trying to prevent us from getting pulled off and trampled. He had to hit people who were hanging onto us because it was the only way he could save our lives. I grabbed hold of the woman who was pulling on me and I grabbed her arms to pull her over the airstair rail and a man behind her grabbed her and jerked her out of my arms and as she fell he stepped on her back and on her head to jump up to the airstair. He used her as a steppingstone. And Mr. Daly saw that happen and as the man swung his leg over the railing Mr. Daly smashed



BY TRAN KHIEM

him in the head with his pistol. I remember suddenly seeing a sheet of blood splash across everything, and I saw the man fall off, and I saw people step on him and I remember thinking, "Good." That was just my reaction at the moment. The man disappeared under the feet of the mob.

By now people were streaming onto the plane so I ran back inside. I remember saying as I directed them to the seats, "Where are the women and children? Where are the women and children?" All of our first passengers were soldiers. It turned out later that we did have 11 women and children on board. But that was it.

Joe Hrezo and the British newsman had gotten off the plane for a moment and the mob prevented them from getting back on. Joe had run to the tower and the guy operating the tower let him in. Joe called the plane then and said he was separated from it. Ken Healy said he would taxi over onto the taxiway and when he did, he told Joe to make a run for the plane and to get on board. We would not be stopping at any time. And the moment Joe got on board we were going to take off.

I found Val at the back of the plane, and I told her, "Val, watch the airstair, and when you know Joe is on it, raise your arm in the air and I'll signal Ken."

We taxied past the tower, and Mr. Daly was still somewhere on the bottom of the airstair fighting people off. And a moment after we passed the tower Val turned around and raised her arm and I turned around and started to pound on the door and as I did I heard the engines start to roar and we started to gain speed.

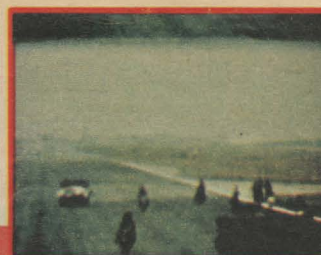
As we were taking off from the taxiway, Ken had turned off onto the grass to miss some cars that were stopped in front of us. We gained speed and lifted off and hit a vehicle and then a pole, which did considerable damage to the wing. There was more damage to the plane from bullets and from a grenade.

In any case, we were airborne. We had gotten out of Da-nang. I never really thought we would not make it out. You don't have time to think about things like that in the midst of so much confusion. We ended up with all that damage

FLEEING CHILDREN:

These two young Vietnamese awaiting evacuation from Da-nang were among thousands of children who fled with their families to South Vietnam's coastal cities in the final days, hoping to escape the country.

Brushed aside by panicked adults, though, they seldom succeeded.



'One guy managed to hang on'

PANIC IN DANANG: The dramatic pictures above, taken from Mike Marriott's film of the chaotic World Airways mercy flight, show the scene on the ground in Danang. In frames 1 through 4, desperate Vietnamese pursue the taxiing plane around the airfield on foot, motor scooter, auto and truck, trying to get aboard. In frame 5 white-haired Ed Daly, World Airways' president, draws a gun at the top of the rear airstair in a futile effort to establish order . . .

and with 368 people on board. We had 60 people in the cargo pits and we had people in the wheel wells. The plane was supposed to carry 133. Ken Healy later sent Boeing the statistics from our takeoff, and they ran them through their computer and told us that according to their figures our plane could not possibly have taken off. But we did. Ken sent Boeing a telegram later that said, "You build one hell of an aircraft."

When I had finished helping a wounded guy in the front row, I looked down the aisle and I saw a man crawling toward me. I recognized him right away. His whole head was caked with blood and there was blood all over his face. It was the man who had pulled the woman out of my arms—the man Mr. Daly hit. The last time I had seen that woman she was just pulp and cotton on the ground. And the last time I had seen the man he was being trampled. But he had managed to get on board. And now he was crawling up the aisle toward me. And I knew he was coming to me. And that was the only moment I remember saying a prayer that day. I said, "Oh, please God, don't have him come to me." And he crawled up to me. And he grabbed my pant leg and looked up to me and he just said, "Help."

So I grabbed somebody and pulled him out of a seat and I helped this man into the seat. His head was laid wide open and I could see inside his head and it was just a bloody, pulpy mess. A soldier next to the man had on a flak jacket. So I ripped open the flak jacket and grabbed the sawdust stuffing and I pushed the sawdust into this man's wound to try to stop the flow of blood. I am sure it would have shocked the AMA. But it worked. He was to make it through the flight alive.

I then went to the back of the plane again. Joe told me then that the British news guy had not made it back on board. He was still in the tower there and Ken Healy promised him that a chopper would come in and pick him up. Later that day it did.

I guess we had been airborne for about an hour when I started looking at the passengers. And I saw this horrible look on their faces. Finally they realized what they had just done. And then the questions started. "Will another plane come?" And we lied to them and assured them that "Yes, there will be other planes." They realized that they had shot and killed their own people to get on board. Now they were sorry. So we lied to them. We knew there would be no other flights to Danang. In fact Ken Healy had talked to Don McDaniel on the next 727 and told him to wait for us over Phanrang, and he radioed Dave Wanio and told him to go back to Saigon and to prepare for an emergency landing. We had quite a bit of damage to the aircraft; they were not sure the landing gear would come down when we tried to land in Saigon. I knew what that would mean.

After a while I noticed that there was nothing for these people to drink on the aircraft. But there was a drawer that had ice in it and the ice had melted and now the drawer was full of water. I asked Bruce to rip up the galley curtains into

little squares and to soak them in the water. Then I took them and I walked up and down the aisle passing out little wet pieces of galley curtain. And we'd go along and pat their shoulders and I told Val and Atsako to do something to bring up the morale of these people. The shock of what they had done to their comrades and friends seemed to be destroying them.

I was dying of thirst myself. And Mr. Daly came up to me and opened his shirt and showed me some Coke bottles. I went up to the cockpit and Mr. Daly came in with the Cokes and we passed that one Coke bottle around the cockpit. Then once more Ken told me that he was not sure that the nose gear would come down in Saigon and if it did he was not sure that it would hold.

I went back into the cabin to do whatever I could for the passengers. Then there was a startling moment. We had finally arrived over Phanrang, and Don McDaniel and his crew had been sitting up at 35,000 feet waiting. And they came down to us. And we looked out the window and there against the gorgeous blue sky and big puffy white clouds was this beautiful red and white 727. There was suddenly a terrific feeling that went through the aircraft—a feeling that our sister ship had found us and that we were going to be safe because she was going to escort us in.

So Don flew all around us and assessed our damage and that's when he told Ken, "It looks like you have a body hanging out the wheel well." One person did get crushed as the wheels were retracting. But his death saved the other eight people in the wheel wells because his crushed body stopped the gears and did not let the wheels fully retract.

So by that time we knew that we were possibly going to have a problem with all the landing gear and we knew that the cargo doors were open and we knew that the aft airstair was hanging open and we knew that the air flaps were shot and we would not have them to assist in the landing. We knew we were in big trouble.

We continued on toward Saigon. And I said to Val at one point. "Come on, let's go into the lavatory and have a smoke." So we went into the lavatory and we both smoked a cigarette, and I told her about the problems with the aircraft. I told her I did not think we were going to make it. So I told her what I wanted her to tell my family if she made it and I did not. And she told me what she wanted me to tell her family if I made it and she didn't. I remember saying to her, "Just tell my family that it was okay. I didn't have any fear." I didn't cry and she didn't either. You don't have time for emotions that are obviously there at a time like that. You keep them hidden.

So then it came to the final hour of the flight and I was again in the aft of the plane, and I started walking forward and there was this spontaneous movement. This man gave me an M16. And he didn't speak English and I didn't speak Vietnamese and I was not quite sure what he wanted. But I knew he wanted me to take it. So I put this damn gun on my shoulder, and as I walked people started giving me



... a while, but at about 600 feet he let go and just floated off."

things. When I ended up at the cockpit I had a couple of M16s hanging off my shoulder and I had a bandoleer full of bullets. There was suddenly the most obvious feeling—that the war was over for these people. They didn't want their bullets or their guns or anything. And it was so poignant. They were finished with it.

Then it came time to land in Saigon. I was sitting on the front jump seat with Bruce Dunning when Mr. Daly came out of the cockpit and asked Bruce to sit in the back of the aircraft. We wanted Bruce to put the film of the Danang landing in the back because we figured that if anything survived from the flight, that would, and there was this terrific feeling among all of us that the world should know what had happened to us that day.

Mr. Daly sat down on the front jump seat with me and he asked me if I knew the condition of the aircraft and I said I did and then he asked me if I was afraid to die and I said, "No, I'm not afraid to die." Then he put his arm around me and he said, "Good girl. I'll buy you a drink if we make it to Saigon." And I said, "Mr. Daly, if we make it to Saigon, I want you to buy me a case of beer." He laughed at that.

So we started the long descent into Saigon. And of course we were coming in much faster than we should have because we could not adjust the flaps or anything. And the front jump seat was right over the nose gear. I could feel it if it came down and if it didn't hold. I felt the main gear touch the ground and I watched the airport go flying by. I kept waiting to feel the nose gear come down and touch the ground. Ken held the nose of the plane off the ground for so long. I don't know how he did it. And all of a sudden we were running level and I knew then that the nose gear was down and it was holding.

We raced along the runway because we couldn't stop real well. Thank God they had a 14,000-foot runway in Saigon. There were fire trucks racing along next to us. And at the last minute we turned on to the taxiway. Then we stopped and had no visible sign of an emergency. I threw open the door. Joe Hrezo was on the ground already. He'd run out the aft stair. Joe and I both yelled at the same time, "We need an ambulance and stretchers." Then we waited for them to bring a stair up to the front door. The people inside stayed very calm. Nobody moved.

Finally we started getting people off. Most of our passengers were herded off to a side area. When everyone was off we started to check out the inside of the aircraft. Val and I walked through it and started picking up guns and bullets and hand grenades left in the seats. I realized that there was far too much for us to carry out. And so I said to Val, "Never mind. Just leave this stuff. Somebody will come and take care of it."

That night Val and I were picked up and taken to the Caravelle Hotel. We were escorted to Mr. Daly's suite where NBC was interviewing all of us. I was sitting on the couch drinking beer as they made their film. There was a room next door and a suite where there were several dozen

reporters waiting for us. They all wanted an interview. I asked Mr. Daly, "What should we say about the flight?" And he said, "Just tell the truth."

Mr. Daly took us all out to dinner that evening. And when we got back to the hotel I took a long shower. Then I lay down on the bed to sleep. But I couldn't sleep. I kept seeing the people from that morning in Danang. I saw the woman trampled to death and I could see her clothes and the bloody pulp of her body. And I saw the family of five again, all shot in the back and falling. And the man crawling down the aisle to me. I realized that I was not going to be able to sleep at all that night.

I got up and went over to the desk. And I thought maybe I could write it all down. I tried writing. I got some of it. But it was really frustrating because it was too big for words. I didn't know how to write it down like it really happened.

Time went by. I had lost my conception of time. All of a sudden the phone rang. I answered and the operator told me I had an international call. I looked at the clock and realized it was 7 in the morning. Then a woman came on the phone from a radio station in Los Angeles. She wanted to interview me. She had seen the CBS report on the flight from Danang. So I told her what had happened.

And at the end of the interview she said the dumbest thing I ever heard anybody say in my whole life. She said, "Miss Wollett, it sounds to me like you're still upset." I couldn't believe the naiveté of her remark. Many things went through my mind at that moment, but all I said was, "Let's just put it this way. It's not the kind of thing you see every day."

Then she said, "Well, thank you, Miss Wollett. And by the way, have a happy Easter." Only then did I realize that it was Easter Sunday. □

MIKE MARRIOTT, CBS News

cameraman: I was the cameraman on that last flight up to Danang. Bruce Dunning and Mai Van Duc and I got permission to go along from Ed Daly. When we asked him for permission to go along he said, "Sure, the more the merrier."

When we came in for a landing in Danang the twin runways were perfectly clear and there was not a person near the runways or the taxiways or anything. It seemed contrary to every report we had heard that Danang was about to fall. So we landed.

We started to pull off the runway when suddenly out of every hangar there must have been 20,000 people suddenly heading toward our aircraft. They were in jeeps, on motorcycles, in tanks and personnel carriers—in about every kind of vehicle known to mankind and they were all coming to-

... Frames 6 through 9, above, filmed from the top of the airstair, show other glimpses of panicked Vietnamese, most of them deserting soldiers, forcing their way aboard the mercy plane. After moving several times to different parts of the airfield, the 727 jet finally took off with the airstair still extended and Marriott clinging to it. Several Vietnamese also clinging to it fell to their deaths as the plane climbed, but Marriott was able to struggle back on board.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MIKE MARRIOTT/CBS NEWS



BY HARRY NALTCHAYAN

'This is the start of the fall of a country'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE MARIOTT/CBS NEWS



MERCY FLIGHT:
Marriott's film continues with shots of Jan Wollett serving the heavily armed passengers, some of them injured; a view of the flight deck; the comforting sight of the World Airways 727 escort that joined them in flight; Ken Healy, the captain; and unofficial passengers hastily leaving the baggage compartment after the landing in Danang. Eight people survived the trip traveling in a wheel well.

ward us. We were all going to get off before we saw all those people. Then, all of a sudden, I got a gut feeling. And I said to myself, "Don't get off this plane. Those people are panic-stricken. Anybody, no matter how small they are, if they panic, are stronger than you are, Mike."

I went to the back airstair to take some pictures. We were still moving around the airfield and people were running up the ramp. They had come over the sides of the ramp and bent it so that it was impossible to pull it up again. As I was filming they started shooting each other in the back to get closer to the aircraft. That's when I turned and said to Bruce, "We are in deep shit!"

Then Daly said, "Let's get the hell out of here." And at that moment we started to take off down the taxiway. We hit a vehicle as we started to lift off. Our left wheels clipped a jeep. I thought at first that maybe we were just taxiing, because I was still standing on the airstair. Then suddenly I heard the engines wind up and I thought, "Oh, shit! And I'm still on the steps." I did not want to fall down those steps. And there were five Vietnamese below me on the steps. As the nose of the aircraft came up, because of the force and speed of the aircraft, the Vietnamese began to fall off. One guy managed to hang on for a while, but at about 600 feet he let go and just floated off—just like a skydiver. I watched him fly away. Incredible.

What was going through my head during this was, "I've got to survive this and at the same time I've got to capture this on film. This is the start of the fall of a country. This country is gone. And this is history, right here and right now. It has to be recorded as history, whatever I personally might be feeling about it."

I got off the airstair and filmed out the windows of the plane. I doubted all the way back—very strong doubts, I should say—that we would be able to land the plane. Ken Healy, our pilot, was unable to retract the landing gear and they told us that there was a body hanging out of the wheel well. The wings were damaged and the flaps were damaged, and we were losing fuel all the time.

We landed safely in Saigon. And when there was trouble, the police always went for the camera crew. So we again expected them to go for us. We handed all of our film to Bruce Dunning, and he put it under his shirt when he got off. They didn't realize that there was a correspondent on board. It was something we did all the time—we made ourselves prominent with the cameras, and they went for us and the correspondent got away. The military police in Saigon detained us for a time—Duc and I. But Bruce just walked quietly away without acknowledging our existence. And he got the film out.

We won two awards for that film. The Overseas Press Club gave us one award and the National Press Photographers Association gave us another.

Still today whenever I look at that footage or something that reminds me of Vietnam, I get an immediate graphic flashback. It is crystal clear in my mind. I will never be able to forget it. Never. Not as long as I live.

I was never really concerned about getting out of Saigon until a Vietnamese police captain tried to shoot me. There had been an incident at the presidential palace. A plane had buzzed it or strafed it and there was all this excitement in

the streets. We went out to film it. And we saw this Vietnamese police captain with a .45 pistol shooting at a taxi that wouldn't move and couldn't move because the engine had killed. The captain was shooting at the guy in the taxi. He had just totally freaked out. And so I started to film him shooting at the taxi. And he saw me doing this and he turned and pointed his gun at me and started screaming, "American traitor! American traitor! American traitor!" To which I responded by saying, "Hey, wait a moment. I'm an Australian." I was trying to think of something to distract him and to keep him from killing me. So he ran over and put the gun about a foot from my head. And he pulled the trigger. And nothing happened. So he slid back the breach. And I could see the .45 round jammed in it. He tried to put his finger in and pull it out, but he was so panicked and paranoid that he was shaking and he couldn't do it. He pulled the trigger three times, aiming at my head. My camera wasn't running at the time. To this day I don't know why. I didn't dare point the camera at him—I just didn't want to make a move in any way, shape, or form that would make him snap out of what he was doing and realize that if he got that round out he could kill me. So I just stared right into his eyes and kept looking at him. And after the third time he pulled the trigger and nothing happened, he reversed the weapon and held the barrel and started smashing me over the skull.

Then and there I decided I was not going to stay in town and film the NVA and the VC when they rolled in. I decided as I was running away from the captain, "I don't mind the communists having a go at me. But these guys are the allies. And if they're prepared to shoot me, then I don't want to hang around here. No way."

I left Saigon early in the evening of April 29 from the Defense Attaché Office at Tansonnhut. I flew out on a Jolly Green Giant [CH53] to the Blue Ridge. I felt immense sadness at that time. Real deep unhappiness. I had no feeling of being glad to get out. None whatsoever. I felt, in one way, a sense of pride that two months earlier, even before Danang, I had predicted that the country was about to fall.

As we left Tansonnhut we stayed low. We followed the Saigon River for a short distance. Over the river we picked up a couple of F4s that were escorting everyone out. I remember looking down at the river. I was looking down and then suddenly, I saw, near the river, my apartment building. And I remembered that my apartment was still full of everything that I owned. And I was thinking, "Jesus, some North Vietnamese colonel is going to get all that. And tomorrow morning he's gonna look just great in my suits." It was a strange thing to think, I know.

Then we started to climb. I was on the back ramp of the CH53 with my camera rolling. And I remember that one of the gunners back there with me was looking at me and I had tears rolling down my cheeks. And he stepped over and put his arm around me and patted me on the back.

On the Blue Ridge, the next morning, I saw all the Vietnamese choppers coming in and then ditching in the sea. There were so many of them that they couldn't all land on the deck, so they just hovered around the ship like a swarm of bees. Then they would hover over the water and everybody would jump out and finally the pilot would put the

ry. This country is gone.?

nose up in the air and he would jump out the door and the chopper would just flop over into the ocean.

All of the embassy people were on the Blue Ridge. And so were the DAO people and the CIA people. They were embarrassed and insulted because they considered that the press lost the war. Even at that time they were saying that we lost the war for America. The CIA station chief, Thomas Polgar, was the most vocal about that. He really disliked us. General Ky was on the Blue Ridge too. He was still cocky. He was so sure of himself that he just sickened us. He was a multimillionaire and one of the most corrupt men going. He got out with his favorites, naturally.

Not long ago I went down to look at the Vietnam Memorial with those 57,000 names on it. I was looking at it and it was so sad because I realized that all of that sacrifice was for absolutely nothing. Nothing. I abhor war. I hate it.

I think that in the end we told the truth about Vietnam as television newsmen. What the military objected to—and I'm not saying that it was all the military, not by any means—was that we brought home to those people who watched the CBS Evening News the real horrors of war and the futility of Vietnam. There were some accusations that newsmen had staged some shots. I don't know about that. But I do know that no matter how you look at it, you've got real napalm victims and real young Americans dying in the arms of a comrade. And that's not staged. That's reality. That's the reality of war. I guess we changed the way America looked at the war. But we didn't do it recklessly or maliciously. We did it because it was there—it was reality. That's how we showed it. □

CATCHING THE PLANE: One way out was the sturdy DC3s flown by Air Vietnam, the national airline, and by the CIA contract airline Air America. Here a band of refugees boards an Air Vietnam DC3 at Tansonnhut Airport.



BY J. PAVLOVSKY/STGMA



LIAISON

DUONG CONG SON, South Vietnamese teen-ager:

Every night I cry for Vietnam. I remember and I cry. In the darkness my memories turn into tears. There are tears for my dad and my mom and for my brother and my sisters and for all of the people who ran away from Vietnam and for all of those who could not run away. I don't want my memories to be lost, like tears in the rain. So I will tell you my story. Then you can tell it to others. Maybe if enough people know what happened to Vietnam, then my memories will never be lost. Maybe then they will be like tears before the rain. So listen. This is very important. This is what I remember. This is what happened to me. These are my tears before the rain.

My dad's name was Tran Phong. He was a Buddhist. He was born and raised in Haiphong in the North. He fought

against the French. But in 1954, when the communists took over North Vietnam, my father moved to Saigon in the South. He hated communism. He loved freedom. All he ever wanted was to live in freedom. So he became a refugee in 1954. He was very very sad about his country being cut in half. But he wanted to stay away from the communists. My mom was born and raised in the North also—in Haiduong. And she came South with my father in 1954. Her mother and her brothers and sisters stayed behind in the North.

We had a beautiful life in Saigon. My dad was a boat mechanic and he made good money. I was the youngest child in the family. My father called me "Ut," which means, in Vietnamese, the youngest one. I had an older brother and two older sisters. I attended a public school and my brother was in college. I was 16 in the spring of 1975. At that time in school kids were starting to worry about the communists taking over. Some of them talked about leaving the country. Some days, on the way home from school, I saw long lines of people trying to get papers to leave the country or trying to change their money

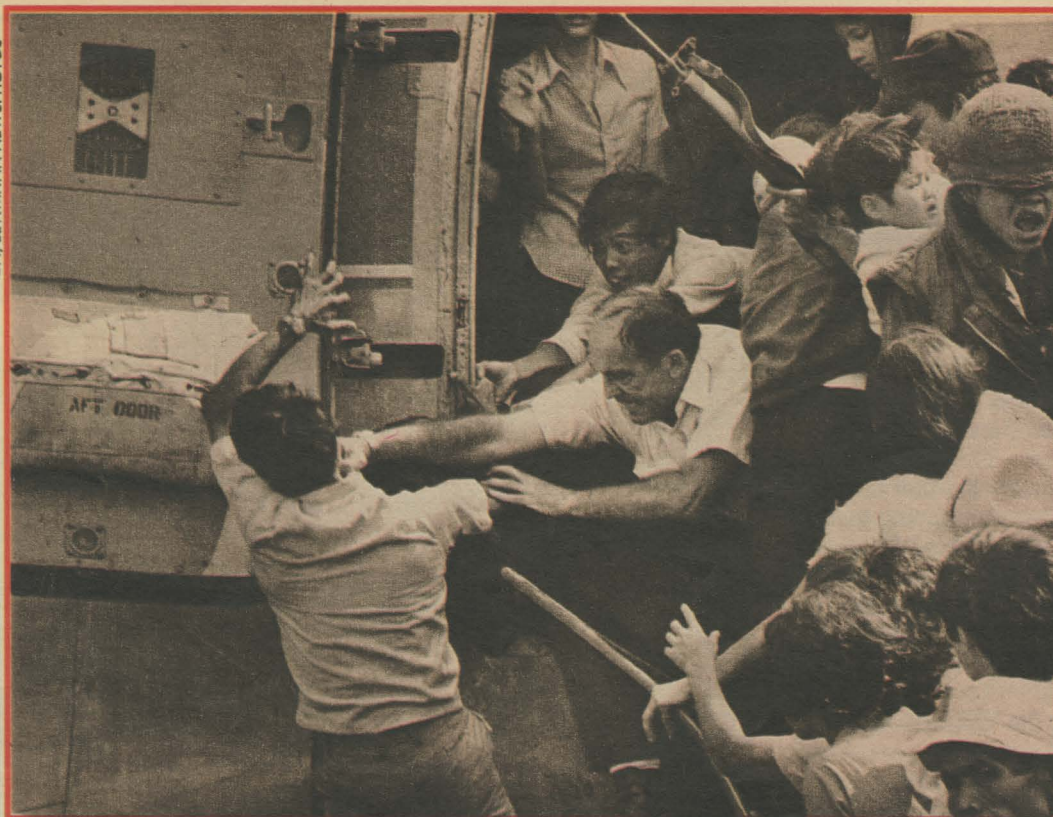


BY GARY PARKER

GOING BY BUS:
Top, a first step in escaping Saigon often was to catch the bus. But the drivers didn't know where to go or couldn't get their passengers past the guarded barricades.

PUNCHING OUT:
In desperation, Bob Hedrix, above, a pilot for Bird & Son Air, a State Department contract airline, uses his fist to drive a determined refugee away from his already overloaded C46 in the midst of the evacuation from Nhatrang. Minutes later the plane departed for safety. The following day the airfield was overrun by communist forces.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



ON THE ROAD:
Vietnam in April was awash with refugees. This family, right, is en route on Longbinh Road between Vungtau and Saigon.

so they could leave the country.

My brother came home from college. My dad told my brother and I that he wanted us to leave the country for a while. "You are young," he said. "You have a future. And when everything is safe again, you can come back." He wanted us to live in freedom. He thought we should go to the United States to study. Then when we returned to Vietnam, we would have a better future. But it was very difficult to get out of Vietnam. And for a long time we did not believe we would be able to leave.

My best friend's name was Nguyen Quan. His sister, Nguyen Houng, worked as a clerk at the American Embassy. He told us that she might be able to get us out of the country. The Americans told her that they would fly her and her relatives out of Vietnam. So all she had to do was type our names on a list. So we said that would be all right. She told her boss—who was also Vietnamese—what she was going to do. And her boss said that was okay.

After our names were on the list she called us and said that we had to be ready to leave at any time, day or night. She said she would tell us where to go when we were scheduled to leave. So we waited.

Then at 10 in the morning on April 28, she came to our house and she said, "Sonny, you had better get ready because you will be leaving in one hour." So my brother and I got ready to go. She told us where we were supposed to go. A bus was going to pick us up there and take us to the airport. We could only bring one bag each for clothes. We did not have much time to say goodbye. I only had time to say, "Dad, I love you. I have to leave now." Mom and Dad cried a lot that morning. They were very sad that my brother and I had to leave. They told my brother, "Take care of Ut."

Dad then drove us to the location where a bus was to pick us up. We had no special papers and we really didn't know if we would be asked for any. We drove to a big building that had a fence around it. We knocked on the gate and a man let us in. He had a list of names. Our names were on his list. When we got inside the fence, I was surprised because there was a large courtyard and it was filled with people waiting. The people had come from all over the country—from central Vietnam and from the northern cities. They filled up the whole courtyard and a parking lot. There was

about a thousand people there.

I felt happy at that moment. I was young and I would not have to live under the communists. I could go to school in the United States and then when the communists had been driven out, I could come back to Saigon.

We had not been in the courtyard of the building very long when they called our names. My brother and I went to the gate again and a bus driver was standing there with a list and he checked off our names. We got on the bus. I could hardly believe it. We were the first ones to leave the courtyard. My brother and I had no money at that time. My dad told us to call him when we got to the U.S. and then he would send us some money. We were going to stay with a friend in California.

We were driven to the airport. It was really crowded. We had to get off the bus and stand outside. There was a big field with people in it and the sun was very hot and we had to stand in the field with the people. There were loudspeakers paging people and there were vendors trying to sell food and drinks and trying to exchange money. Lots of people were crying and lots of them were shocked because they didn't really know what was happening. We were standing outside for a while and we really didn't know what would happen and then all of a sudden they called our names over the loudspeaker. I was very surprised because I had asked some of the other people, "How long have you been waiting here?" and some of them said, "One week already."

We were taken into the terminal with other people. They searched us there and then they searched our luggage. Then they asked us to stand in a long line. After a little time they led us out to an airplane. Outside the plane there were two Vietnamese MPs standing and watching the people. They wanted to prevent deserters from leaving the country. They looked at everyone carefully. They didn't stop us or question us and we got on the plane.

I thought it would be a nice airplane. It was a big C130. We walked up the back ramp. When we got inside we saw that there were no seats. We just had to get in and sit on the floor—like sardines. And when I saw the inside of the plane I thought to myself, "Oh my God, are we going to take this all the way to the United States without seats? And packed so close together?" But nobody was saying anything, so I

was

young and I would not have to live under the communists.⁹



SYGMA

didn't say anything about it either.

As they were loading us—it was very late in the afternoon—all of a sudden I heard a lot of explosions outside, around the plane. And I thought, “Oh my God, what is happening out there?” The door was still open and I saw an explosion right behind the plane. A big explosion. Then the airplane started to move with the door still open. I was looking out the door and I saw people running all around shooting their guns into the air. They were running in all directions shooting crazily into the air. They seemed to be in a panic. People all around me on the airplane started screaming and crying. Some of them started praying very loudly. I grabbed my brother and I said, “I hope we don't crash.”

They didn't even have time to close the door. They just went down the runway with the door open and then we took off. As we took off all of us could see out the back and on the ground it looked like there were hundreds of explosions and fires and people were running in all directions. It looked like the whole airport was going crazy.

Then right behind us another C130 came up—it took off on another runway only a few seconds after we did. I think we were the last two planes to take off from Tansonnhut. We were very lucky.

As we left Saigon, after taking off, there was an American soldier standing at the back door of the plane. And he was shooting at the ground. He just kept shooting and shooting and shooting as we pulled away. I don't know what he was shooting at, but he just keep shooting.

We landed in the Philippines at Clark Field. We were taken to a big warehouse. The Americans had everything very well organized for us. We were surprised.

They put us all in a big waiting area. We had televisions and beds. The next day they told us that the communists had taken over Saigon. We were shocked. “What about our family?” we asked. “What about Mom and Dad? What will happen to us now when we get to the United States?” We had nothing but questions.

We watched the news on television. We saw the communists in Saigon. A lot of people cried when they saw that. My brother and I cried too. Our family was still in Vietnam. And we looked at each other and asked, “What will happen to us tomorrow?” □



BY NIK WHEELER/BLACK STAR

TOM SAILER, *Air America pilot*: I think when that World Airways 727 came out of Danang and we learned what had happened to it on the ground, well, the handwriting was on the wall for Vietnam. They kept losing country—the South—and as they did our trips became more and more restricted. My trips became shorter and shorter. My last flight in the country was on April 26—flying supplies to some troops.

On April 28 I was sitting around my apartment—on Cong Ly street—with nothing much to do. And I decided to go out and buy some stuff. I bought presents for my family and put them all in the trunk of my car. Then I drove home and left the car parked at the curb with the packages still in the trunk. As far as I know it's still there today.

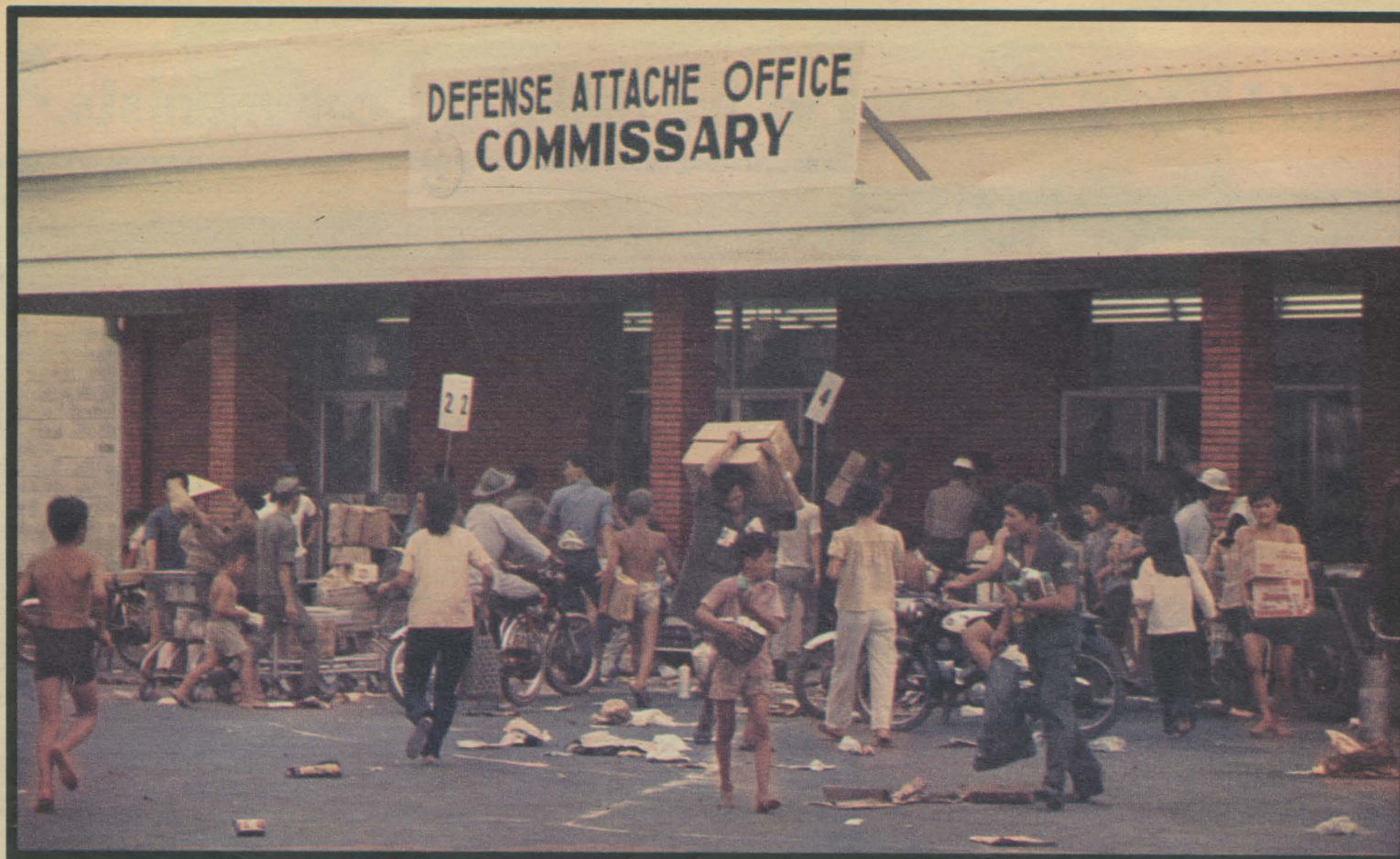
That night there was an attack on the airport. My apartment was on the sixth floor of the building and out the window I could see out near Tansonnhut and it was just a sea of flames out there. I had several Air America pilots over for dinner that night and several of them said that they thought they'd never see their aircraft again.

That night we watched the shelling of the city from the roof of my apartment building. My building was supposed to be a rescue point if it ever got really bad. And that night we thought it was getting pretty bad. We sat around and talked until pretty late in the night. And the other pilots said they thought it would be best if they stayed at my place that night. So they did.

We got up on the morning of the 29th and we were sitting around the table having breakfast, when all of a sudden we heard a chopper approaching. We wondered who it was, since we hadn't gotten any word on anything from our terminal at Tansonnhut. And they said they would keep in touch with us at all times as to what was happening. As it turned out, they had been holed up out there behind sandbags and they were not able to use their radio to call us.



SAIGON'S RUINS:
Top, on the day it fell, South Vietnam's capital came under repeated rocket assaults. Here survivors pick their way through the rubble of a devastated building.



BY NIK WHEELER/LIAISON

LOOTING:
Above, the Americans are gone, and the final clearance at the Defense Attache Office commissary begins.

CITY BESIEGED:
Right, communist bombs and rockets soften up Saigon before the final assault. This photo was taken April 14.

Now the big evacuation was on. As we heard that chopper coming in, we ran out the door and up to the roof. He had already landed there. And he told us, "We're gettin' out. Right now. Bring one bag." There were five of us who had stayed in my apartment and we all ran back down, grabbed a traveling bag and then ran back up to the roof. We left breakfast on the table, coffee on the stove and the door wide open on the way out.

We were told that all hell had broken loose at the airport. They had been shelled and bombed and sniped at and now some of the Vietnamese were stealing our choppers and taking off in them. Everything was going.

They dropped us off on the ground next to a C46 and told us to get on board. We did just that. We scrambled onto the plane, started the engines and just started rolling.

One of the main tires on the plane was low, I noticed when getting in, but there was no time to take care of it. We had to go. It seemed that everybody was leaving at that moment—there was a lull in the shelling. Dependents of the Air America personnel were there and they were streaming out of various buildings to climb aboard the Air America planes. We had about 20 on our C47. When I taxied out onto the runway, I saw a line of C130s all ablaze and people lying dead on the ground around them. Then, as I was coming up to the nearest intersection, here came a little French car. It pulled up right in front of me, just like he was preparing to ram. And a Vietnamese major got out. He signaled to me that he wanted to go out with us. He signaled by waving and pointing up into the sky. My copilot, a kind of hot-headed guy, said, "I'm going back and shoot that guy. He's a deserter." And I said, "Ah, hell. Let's take him. It's all over here anyway." So I signaled to the major that he could come on board. He backed his car off the runway. And we threw the ladder down for him and he came on board. He was unarmed. And he never said a word the whole trip. I could have left him there, I suppose. But I really thought we should take him. At the moment it seemed like the right thing to do. After he was on board we took off.

I wasn't sure how much fuel we had at that time. After we took off I saw we had full tanks. We took off toward the west because of a westerly wind at the time. Then I turned and headed southeast toward the nearest water. The main thing was to get over water, so we would be safe from ground fire and SAMs. My last look at Vietnam was through broken clouds as we turned. I looked down and it looked peaceful. Then I headed for Hong Kong. □

MARINE LT. ALLEN BROUSSARD, leader of a platoon responsible for civilian evacuation in Saigon:

On April 28, 1975, I was aboard the USS Okinawa in the South China Sea. We were still outside the 200-mile limit of Vietnam. All of us knew that we would be going ashore. We just didn't know when. They told us that we were going in for an evacuation. But they also said that we had to be prepared to fight and that if in fact we received opposition, we were to retaliate. Our specific job, though, was simply to evacuate civilians.

I was ordered to consolidate a platoon of Marines that were to be the primary evacuation forces. What I had to do now was brief the men and let them know what to expect. The situation was grim. We had to evacuate an unknown number of civilians in a short period of time. Everything had to click just right or we would be in big trouble.

On board the Okinawa we got our men up every morning at 2 a.m. We thought that if nothing had happened by noon, then we would not be going in that day. On the morning of



'Men, I think we're late for the war!'

the 29th we got our men up at 2 a.m. Then we sat around for the next 10 hours. No orders. At noon we secured the troops and the men went to lunch. Then, at 12:20, when many of the men were sitting down eating, the captain came on the intercom. He sounded winded, like he had just run from the message center to the bridge to make a special announcement. And what he said was, "Dear God, we've just gotten a message. It seems to be garbled, but, men, I think we're late for the war!"

That started a complete panic. It was one big scramble to the battle stations. We should have arrived in Saigon 20 minutes before we got the message from the captain.

Now, the night before I had been briefed and I was told where our landing sites would be. I was confident and I felt competent. But at the new briefing I was told, "Lieutenant Broussard, we are going to deploy you in an active mode at Tansonnhut air base. Your mission has now changed from reserve to securing the Tansonnhut air terminal." I went back to my men and told them that we were now going to occupy and defend the terminal at the airport.

We were taken into Saigon in CH53s, 51 of us in the same helicopter. As we flew over Tansonnhut I was at the back of the helicopter looking out the back hatch, and I noticed that we were going down. But what puzzled me, all of a sudden, was that we flew over the point they had designated for our landing. So I tried to make my way to the front of the aircraft to talk to the pilot. Then all of a sudden we landed in the area that I was initially slated to land in. So I knew immediately where we were. The question was, what do I do now?

I figured it was important for me to report directly to the battalion commander, Colonel Slade. So I picked up

and called the colonel and I got all of my people out of the chopper and deployed. Slade told me that one of the companies had landed in the wrong place, so I was committed now to perimeter security for the annex of the Defense Attache Office [DAO] at Tansonnhut.

There were two facilities that the Marines were evacuating people from. One was from the DAO office and the other was from the DAO annex. They were about a quarter of a mile apart, and in between them was a baseball field and a small row of buildings. We were to provide escort and security for the people to go from one facility to the other. There were in excess of 6,000 people there when we arrived. And it was pretty much a big joke—the so-called organization. The American ambassador—Graham Martin—had organized nothing. He had waited far too long to do what had to be done. I have no idea what must have been going through his pea brain in the previous days, but he almost got an awful lot of innocent people killed. In Phnom Penh, when we went in to pull our people out, everyone who was being evacuated had a colored card that designated who would go first, second, and so on. And in Phnom Penh the evacuation went just like clockwork. Then came this—Saigon. I couldn't believe it. There were no cards, no lists, nothing. We didn't know who these people even were. Nobody had priority. All we found was 6,000 people, scared to death, sitting there in the DAO annex, with their bags, chickens, ducks and pigs and people clambering at the fences to get into the place. So we just took them all. As soon as we rounded up a stick of 50 people we stuck them in an aircraft and flew them the hell out of there.

The same aircraft that brought in the Marines took out the evacuation crowd. The poor pilots must have flown for 18 hours without a rest. I've got nothing but great things to say about the United States Marine Corps' pilots. I think that every damn one of them was a hero, a real hero.

There was also mass hysteria among the people. Everybody was scared to death, a lot of them were crying and praying. Part of our job was to try to diminish the hysteria to the point where we would not have mobs trying to jump on the aircraft. We wanted no mob scenes like there had been with that 727 at Danang. We didn't want people killing each other to on our helicopters.

As it got dark we used some high-powered flashlights to bring in the choppers as they arrived. And people were still arriving. They had been arriving all afternoon and at night they just kept on coming. Then, at the point, we just had to stop people from coming in so we could get everybody who was inside evacuated.

Between midnight and 1 a.m. we had pretty much evacuated everybody and cleared the area. By that time the North Vietnamese were within three or four blocks of us. And they had tanks and fairly significant weaponry with them. I've just got to believe that they knew we were there and that they decided to let us do what we did. A little after midnight I got a call that we would be the next ones to leave. We would be going out on the next aircraft. It flew in under very overcast conditions. I started to load my Marines in to it and something really unusual happened. I had 50 Marines and myself—51 men when we came in. I was concerned that all of us get on the same chopper going out. So I stood next to the ramp on the helicopter and I counted



U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

RESCUE SHIP:
Photographs taken on the USS Midway on April 29 and 30 offer a variety of views of the "swarm of bees" and the human cargo that it brought to safety.



THE WASHINGTON POST MAGAZINE / APRIL 21, 1985

‘I grabbed those Marines by the seat of the pants and I threw them into the helicopter.’

the men as they got in. And I remember counting and I counted—48, 49, 50, 51. That threw me for a moment. I got concerned. I was going out with one extra man. And I didn't have any idea who he might be. But I knew for sure I had one more Marine going out than I had coming in. Well, there didn't seem to be room for all of us. I was the last one to get in and two Marines in front of me were standing on the ramp and they couldn't get in. Then the helicopter started getting ready to lift off and I still wasn't in the thing. Finally I said, "Let's get movin', son! Get movin'." And the two Marines said, "Sir, we're tryin'." And I said, "Don't give me that shit, get in there." And I grabbed each of those Marines by the seat of the pants and I just threw them into the helicopter, right over the heads of the guys already in there. And I'm just barely hanging on the gate of the aircraft with my toes. And the ramp is coming up and the aircraft is lifting off and I'm still hanging there. So I just dived forward onto about 12 Marines. And I was real mad. I was yelling, "You dumb sons of bitches, we got here with 50 Marines and we had room and we're going out with 51 and it seems like twice that many." And finally one poor bastard from the back yells, "But, lieutenant. There's a 106 mm recoilless rifle in here with us!" All I could say was, "You've got to be kidding! A 106 mm recoilless rifle and 52 Marines in an aircraft that is only supposed to carry 36 combat-loaded Marines. We are way overweight dammit! We're not gonna make it out of here."

Well, I was wrong. the only reason we did make it out was because the aircraft was a superpowered CH53.

When we were airborne and over water, I felt that everything was secure and I scrambled up to the front and told the pilot who I was. I told him I wanted to go back to the USS Okinawa and he gave me thumbs up.

Now you've got to realize that Air Force pilots are not really accustomed to landing on a small platform. And a helicopter platform is much, much smaller than an aircraft carrier platform. The Okinawa had a helicopter platform. So there was a little uneasiness about landing on that platform. I found that out.

About 40 minutes after we left the DAO, we arrived back at the task force. I sensed the aircraft lowering a little bit and I was looking for the number of the ship. All ships are numbered at the end of the runway and I knew that the USS Okinawa was LPH 3. And I was thinking, "Well, fine, we're almost home now. We made it. Thank God. Thank the Lord and say a prayer." But we kept on coming down and the numbers on the ship were wrong. We were not coming down on the right ship. So I said, "Well, dammit, we're just not gonna get off this aircraft. That's all there is to it. We did our job and now we want to go home."

The aircraft landed on the Midway and lowered the ramp. There was this Navy guy outside, the controller, who was waving us to come on board the ship. And I was just waving back at him, yelling, "Like hell. We're not getting off this thing." He came over and I said to him, "Son, this is the wrong ship." He ran back to his boss and then he came back to us and said, "Sir, you've gotta get off this helicopter."

And I said again, "Like hell. I'm not gonna get off this thing." Finally, he said, "If you get off, we can get you a ride on another aircraft to the Okinawa." So then I said, "All right." That was my big mistake that day. For the next eight days I slept with my men on the flight deck. Eventually there were about 150 of us—all Marines—dropped off on the Midway. The bastards took us to Thailand.

That first night on the Midway we got some very badly needed rest. We had been up for 24 hours under tense conditions. Then, the following morning—on April 30—came the most unbelievable moment of the entire operation. We were up in the morning and some people started pointing up in the sky toward Vietnam—and then we saw them coming. It looked like a great big swarm of bees coming out over the South China Sea toward us. As they got closer, we saw that they were helicopters. The sky was just filled with them. It looked like the whole air force of South Vietnam had come out all at once, and they were just looking for a deck to land on. When we first saw them coming we made radio contact with them and determined that they were friendly. The Marines were all pushed over to the side of the carrier. We were ordered to get in the nets and to get as far away from the flight deck as possible because it did not look like they could control the landings. Those people were coming in helter-skelter. If there was room to land, they tried to land. They had about six inches between blades when they came in. They were panic-stricken and desperate.

Then the Navy put the Marines to work. Once these people started landing, we had to get rid of their aircraft because there was no place for them on the ship. There were just too many. Nobody could stop them from coming in. What they had us do was make sure that everybody got off the aircraft, we took away their weapons and threw the weapons over the side of the ship. Then we escorted the people to a designated processing center. Another group would then get the helicopter out of the way. In most cases that meant dumping it over the side. If you ever saw a picture of people pushing helicopters over the side, that was probably us. In some cases, if the aircraft had wheels, we would push them over the side—just roll them. And if they had skids we'd have to literally lift them up and push and tug on them to put them over the side.

Still today thoughts come back to me from those last days in Vietnam. I felt that it was an extremely successful operation. I was very proud of my young Marines and very proud of their discipline. I felt very strongly about them and had a very close kinship with them. I really loved 'em to pieces. I'd like to be able to get back together with those boys and tell them today exactly how strongly I feel. All of my men were heroes. They had a lack of experience and a lot of things could have gone wrong. But my men all handled themselves like professionals. They did what I told them to do, and because they followed directions and obeyed orders—God bless them—we all made it out of Vietnam. All of us.

We were all part of history that day. Nobody can ever take that away from us. □

BY DIRCK HALSTEAD/LIAISON

APRIL 29:
Above, as the final evacuation of Saigon begins, a U.S. Marine guards a rescue helicopter taking off under fire at Tansonnhut airfield.





SAIGON, ADIEU:
Below, an Air America
crewman helps
refugees up a ladder to
the roof peak of a
building in downtown
Saigon where an
evacuation chopper
awaits them.

KEN KASHIWAHARA,

correspondent, ABC News: I was in Vietnam for ABC News during the last six weeks of the war. I was there from the middle of March until the end of April in 1975.

I remember the bombing of the presidential palace on April 8.

We were in our office in the Caravelle Hotel and we were standing in front of a window that looked out over Saigon. And I saw this plane flying low over the city. And it struck me because you didn't normally see planes flying over the city, and especially not fighter planes. So I watched that plane. And it sort of swooped down and I saw this object fall from the plane and I heard the explosion and then I saw a big puff of smoke. We ran down to our cars and then raced over to the palace. There were all sorts of guns being fired into the air at the time and soldiers had blocked off all the streets leading to the palace. I found out later that a South Vietnamese pilot had defected and had flown a plane from the South Vietnamese air force to bomb the palace.

Then ABC decided to pull everybody out except for two correspondents and two news crews. I was one of those chosen to stay.

On April 29 I was awakened by gunfire in the streets. The



BY GARY PARKER



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



WHERE IS SAFETY?

A group of refugees, right, flees through the Vietnamese countryside toward Saigon, but soon there would be no haven in the capital either.



BY DIRCK HALSTEAD/LIAISON

BIG MINH SPEAKS:

Duong Van Minh, above, a former general who was on the political sidelines before being handed the presidency of the dying South Vietnam, delivers inaugural remarks after assuming office April 28.

[North Vietnamese] were rocketing the airport, and soldiers were firing in the streets. I took my camera crew out early and we just drove around the city to see what was going on. Saigon was in a panic by this time. Helicopters were flying over the city, back and forth. And people were being evacuated from the Embassy and from some other buildings. We saw the helicopter loading people on the roof of one building—and a famous picture was taken of that, of people standing on the stairway leading up to the roof waiting to get into the helicopter.

The evacuation was on. Everyone had been told to go to a predesigned evacuation point to get picked up by a bus. Then the buses were supposed to take us to the airport to be flown out. We were led to believe that everything had been planned and organized.

So we gathered all our stuff together from the hotel. The whole scene was like an island of one kind of insanity in a world of another kind of insanity. The signal for the evacuation was the playing of Bing Crosby's "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" over the Armed Forces radio. It was April 29 and they were playing "White Christmas."

We went to our predesignated evacuation point and waited to get picked up by a bus. But by that time everything was breaking down in the entire city. The Vietnamese were sensing that the Americans were getting out because they are gathering at the evacuation points. So the Vietnamese also started congregating at those points, figuring that they could get on the buses, too, and get out with the Americans. And every time a bus would pull up there was pushing and shoving as the Vietnamese tried to get on with the Americans. I was prevented from getting on my bus because of the chaos. The bus drove away without me.

I got on the next bus and we drove out to Tansonnhut. But by that time the South Vietnamese soldiers guarding the entrance to the airport decided that they didn't want to let any more buses in. I think they were extremely upset that the Americans were leaving. The driver of our bus was from the Embassy. He got out of the bus to ask the soldiers to let us in. To make their point, the soldiers fired their weapons at the feet of the driver and shouted at him, "We are not letting you in." So he got back in the bus. And then we drove around.

Our driver didn't know what to do. He also had never

driven a bus before, that became obvious. He just drove around town trying to think of some place to go to get us out and looking for help. And as he drove around he hit cars parked on the street and fruit stands on the corners.

Finally, our driver decided to take us down to the port to put us on board a boat. We got to the port and we got off the bus. But it was the same kind of scene at the port that we had found in other parts of the city. There were thousands of people at the port trying to get on boats and barges out of the country. And they were panicked. We decided it was not a good idea to stay there. So we started to get back on the bus. And at that point, the Vietnamese decided to mob the bus. A riot started around the bus and I, unfortunately, happened to be the last one outside the bus.

The driver, seeing what was happening, started to pull away. And I was still outside trying to get on. The crowd, seeing him pull away, got real angry, and grabbed me. And they started pulling on me, trying to bring me back into the mob. I don't know why. I had on some shoulder bags and there were people hanging on to them to hold me back. And I tried to shake loose and I couldn't and so I turned around to face the people hanging on me, and I remember looking back into all those angry faces. And I saw the hatred in those faces. So I finally just threw off the bags, dropped them, and ran for the bus. The driver opened the door and jumped on. But I had lost everything that I was taking out of Saigon. Everything.

Then—and I remember this very, very clearly and I will remember it as long as I live—a Vietnamese man came running out of the crowd. He came running up alongside the bus. He was carrying a baby. And he ran alongside the bus and he held out the baby and he was pleading, "Please take my baby!" And the bus kept moving. And the man fell. And the baby fell, too, obviously. And the man dropped the baby. And the rear wheels of the bus ran over the baby. The bus ran over the baby!

And at that moment all of us in the bus were just stunned. People inside the bus were screaming now and some of them were hysterical. And somebody at the back of the bus kept yelling over and over again that we had just run over a baby. But the driver just kept on going.

I'll never forget that. Never. By that time I was in a numbed state of shock. I had been riding around on that

'The man dropped the baby. And the rear wheels of the bus ran over the baby.'

bus for several hours. Suddenly, I realized that I might not get out of the country.

While we were heading away from the port, I remember looking up in the sky at one moment and suddenly seeing several huge Jolly Green Giant helicopters coming in, being escorted by Cobra gunships and F4s. What a beautiful sight. That was some relief to me, because I saw them and I thought, "That is how we are going to get out of here!" The American helicopters were landing in the city.

Several of us on the bus said at the same time, "Let's go to the Embassy!" But when we got to the Embassy, it, too, was a complete mob scene. It was surrounded by a huge frantic crowd of Vietnamese trying to get in and trying to climb over the wall. So we got off the bus and went to the tennis courts across the street from the Embassy to try to decide how to get in. There was a phone by the tennis courts and we decided to try to call the Embassy to ask them what we should do to get in. Incredibly, we got through on the phone line.

And someone in the Embassy said we could get inside but that we could not come in through the doors or the gates, because if they opened the gates they would be mobbed by the Vietnamese. They told us all to go around to the back of the Embassy and to try to make our way through the crowd and then to climb over the wall. The Marine guards there would let us in.

Now you have to imagine what was going on. It was just sheer chaos and panic back there. Some South Vietnamese soldiers were outside at a sort of roadblock, but a very ineffective one. And they were firing their weapons into the air to try and calm the crowd. But that just made things worse. It just added to the panic. We got through their roadblock and made it to the back of the Embassy and there was just this mob of people back there trying to climb over the Embassy wall. And there were American Marines on top of the wall kicking the people down. They were kicking them in the head with these big boots. At that point I got real concerned. Because up until then I had been mistaken for a Vietnamese lots of times and it had always worked to my advantage. Because of the anti-American feeling in the country I had been able to get through Vietnamese guards and get some good stories. But at this point I figured it had finally caught up with me. I was sure that when I started to climb that wall, the American Marines were going to see me and mistake me for a Vietnamese and, I figured, "When I get to the top of that wall I'm going to get a great big boot right in the face."

So I had to think of what I should say to the Marines to prove that I'm an American. And in that state of chaos and panic, the only thing I could think of was, "The Dodgers won the pennant!" I know it sounds ridiculously funny today, but that's really what I was planning to say to the Marines when they ran over to kick me off the Embassy wall. But I never had to use it because I was with the other American journalists and the Marines recognized us. And when they ran over, instead of kicking me off the wall, one of them grabbed me and pulled me over.

Once I was over the wall I understood why they were trying to keep all of the Vietnamese out. The Embassy



BY NIK WHEELER/BLACK STAR

grounds were just packed. There were hundreds of Vietnamese already inside along with third-country nationals, employees of the American government and of the various news organizations. They were crowded around the swimming pool waiting for the helicopters to come in and get them out.

When we were safe inside the Embassy I tried to find the film that we had shot that morning. One of the guys on the bus had been carrying our film. We found him now and asked him where the film was. He said he had taken the film bags and thrown them over the wall into the Embassy but now he couldn't find them. That was all of our work for the day—incredible film. And now we couldn't find it. We discovered that somebody gave it to a CBS person who had already taken off with it in a helicopter.

We went into the Embassy building, then, to try to find a phone to file a report. But there was only one phone working inside and there was already a journalist using it filing his stuff and there was absolutely no way he was going to give up the phone. So we stood in line and waited for a heli-

NO WAY IN:
Crowds press against the fence surrounding the U.S. Embassy in downtown Saigon, and some try to scale it, but for most there is no entrance and no hope.



U.S. NAVY

CRADLING ARMS:
Above, a crewman aboard the USS Blue Ridge, the amphibious command ship of the American rescue fleet, holds a small refugee.



LIAISON



BY DIRK HALSTEAD/LIAISON

EVACUATION:
Above, U.S. Ambassador
Graham Martin meets
with newsmen after his
evacuation to the
USS Blue Ridge.

Top left and right, to
save deck space for
evacuees, a Vietnamese
helicopter is pushed into
the sea after its
passengers have
disembarked on an
American ship.

copter. About sunset we got one. The helicopters were landing in the parking lot. The back door would come down and people would rush inside. Then they took off. Ours landed and a bunch of us raced inside. And the door closed. And then the helicopter tried to take off. And he got up to about 20 or 30 feet and stopped and then came crashing back down. There were too many people on board. So they opened the door again and they put some people off. Then they tried to take off again. It got a little higher and then came crashing back down again. Too many people again. This happened three times. And I thought, "Oh, my God. I've made it this far now and here I am and we're all going to get it right here in the embassy!"

Finally, after three times, they got enough people off and we were light enough to take off. The sun was setting and I was looking out the window as we went up. I looked like the entire countryside was exploding in flames. That's no exaggeration. The ammunition dump at Longbinh, which was just outside Saigon, was exploding and the sun was setting and in several parts of the city there were big fires with flames going into the sky. It was just incredible. As we flew out over the South China Sea I could see other fires around Saigon and around Vungtau. It really looked like all of Vietnam was burning.

It really wasn't until we got over the sea that I felt some relief. And then when we landed on the USS Hancock I thought, "It's all over now." On the Hancock, we finally located our film. Someone from CBS had gotten it out for us.

Those last days in Vietnam were the most intense and memorable experiences in my life as a reporter. There is absolutely no question about that. During a period like that you don't tend to think about what is happening at the moment. It's occurring, but you are so caught up in the events in the sense of reporting that you never have time to reflect. You don't have time to step back for a moment and reflect. You don't have time to step back for a moment and to see the big picture. But now, looking back, I can see how important those last days in April were 10 years ago. That was history. It was being made right there. Not only were we reporting it, but we were part of it.

It doesn't seem like it all happened 10 years ago. My memory is not normally very good. But I remember those last two days in Saigon perfectly. How could I ever forget them? How could anybody? Even today I can close my eyes and see it all again just as it happened—the panic, the shooting, climbing over the embassy wall. And the man with the baby. □

GEN. NGUYEN CAO KY,

air marshal and premier of
South Vietnam: Our problems
started with the Paris agree-
ments of 1973. I was against
the Paris agreements. I talked
with Henry Kissinger many
times about the negotiations.

He kept putting pressure on us
to make concessions to the
communists. Finally, I said to
him, "All right. We are ready
to make all kinds of concessions. Anything. If you can get
just one thing for us. Just one thing! Free elections, new
presidential elections, a coalition government, sharing
power—everything. But in exchange for all of that we want
one thing. We want a total withdrawal of the North Viet-
namese army from our country. Leave the so-called Na-
tional Liberation Front to us. We can deal with them politi-
cally or militarily. We are not afraid of them. But we do not
want the North Vietnamese army in our country."

And Kissinger said to me, "Yes, yes, yes, of course." But
think they got to him. He agreed to let them stay. And why
did he let them stay? Because the American people by that
time were thinking, "Well, who cares about the South Viet-
namese? All we want is to have an agreement and to get our
signature on a piece of paper and to get our prisoners back."

The Paris agreement was a sellout—a death sentence.
But it was also partly our own fault. If we had had at that
time a really strong and popular leader—strong both mili-
tarily and politically—a leader that the people wanted, then
we could have done what was necessary. But we did not. We
had Thieu.

I watched President Thieu resign on April 21. I did not
feel sad for him at all. Then vice president Huong became
president for a couple of days. As soon as he was sworn in I
flew my helicopter to Presidential Palace and met with him.
I told him at that time, "Name me chief of staff." But he
refused me. I don't know why. All I know for sure is that no
one was in charge. It was probably too late for anything by
then. Too late. Too late even for me.

Huong only lasted as president a few days. Then General
Minh became president. When General Minh became presi-
dent I became concerned for my safety and for the safety of
my family. Minh had a brother who was a high-ranking offi-
cer in the North Vietnamese army. And I suspected that he
would try to arrest me and my friends and my family.



'I planned to fight on. I planned to turn Saigon into another Stalingrad.'



U.S. NAVY



BY DIRCK HALSTEAD/LIAISON

I had a problem getting my wife and family to safety because I had made no plans for them to leave. But on the morning of April 28 I said to my wife, "Let's go to Tansonnhut. Let's see if we can get you on an airplane to get out of here." We drove to the airport. Fortunately, the guards recognized my family and they let us in. My family flew out that morning.

I stayed. I planned to fight on. I planned to turn Saigon into another Stalingrad. I would try to reorganize the forces that remained defending Saigon, get out all the women and children, and then fight for every inch of ground in the city.

When I was commander of the air force, General William Westmoreland came to see me one day. He came to my headquarters. We talked and he asked me how the Vietnamese armed forces could be improved. And I said to him, "We should immediately get rid of all of the corrupt and old generals. Immediately. Let the younger generals command and we will win this war." But even as I said that I could see that Westmoreland could not understand what I was talking about. I think by saying that I made him feel uncomfortable.

My problem as a military leader was that I was not a good politician. I was not like Thieu's favorites. I treated my men like equals. I treated them like comrades in arms. I was the only general who really knew what was in the minds of the soldiers. I knew the commanding officers, the strong and the weak, the corrupt and the honest, the tigers and the cowards. I knew them from the beginning. And I knew that no matter how many men you have in arms, if you do not have good generals and leaders, you cannot win.

By April 29 most of the military commanders had left the country. I was at Tansonnhut with some of my friends. We were in the big empty military compound and my comrades finally said, "Well, we think it is time for you to go also. If they capture you they will kill you." So I decided to go the next morning.

But the problem once we had decided to go was where to go. We had a helicopter with a short range. We could not go far. We certainly could not go to Thailand. But we knew if we stayed we would be killed. So we took off and headed south toward the sea. Then on the emergency radio frequency we called for help—we sent out our SOS. The radio operator on the Midway caught our signal and he called us and told us to come to the Midway.

As we flew out I felt an emptiness. A profound emptiness. There was no conversation on the way out. When we landed on the Midway they didn't know it was me. And just before we landed—as we were approaching, I took off my pistol

and put it on the seat. All of my aides and officers then did the same thing. We had fought side by side with the Americans for so many years—so many lives had been lost—and I did not want them, in the sad end, to have to disarm us.

We were only on the Midway for about 15 minutes. Then they put us on another helicopter and flew us to the Blue Ridge. When we landed on the Blue Ridge a young guy on the deck was not aware of who we were. And when we landed he shouted, "Everyone come down here." He had a small table and there was a sergeant behind it to write down all of the information on who we were and where we were coming from. The officer asked us to stand in front of his table. Then someone came to him and whispered something in his ear. I believe he was told that I was General Ky. So he got up and came around to me and said, "You, come with me." I walked with him along the deck. And while we were walking, his voice was very soft now, and more polite, he asked me, "Are you General Ky?" And I said, "I think so." And he said, "Are you coming from Saigon?" And I said, "I think so." After that I was assigned to a cabin. I was treated well. They placed six soldiers outside my room to guard me.

I was on the Blue Ridge for the next week. I had a feeling of complete emptiness at that time. In the afternoons I walked on the deck of the Midway—alone. And I remember looking down into the waters of the South China Sea and very often I felt that I should jump into the sea and let go of everything. Day after day I looked into the Sea and wondered what would happen now—to Vietnam, to the Vietnamese people, to me.

And one day when I was walking—I will never forget this—I heard the voice of the chaplain of the Blue Ridge on the PA system. He said, "Men, you have delivered these latest children of Israel. Now I want you to pray for Vietnam, and then I want you all to relax and have a little fun." For the Americans, the war was over. Time for fun. For the Vietnamese, it was not over yet.

I decided to live. I decided that my eyes will see Saigon again. Yes, I will see Saigon again. We lost in 1975 not because we did not have a good cause. We had a good cause. We lost because we—and especially myself—we were young and inexperienced in world politics.

What Americans must understand is that we Vietnamese are not really so different from other people. We have the same hopes and dreams as you. But we did not have strong or experienced leaders in Vietnam. We came out from under 80 years of French colonial rule. And right after that they handed us independence. And right after that we were at



BY ALLEN BROUSSARD

LAST HOURS:
Top left, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky (in white), his government in ruins, arrives aboard the USS Midway.

Top right, as refugees continue to fly out to the waiting ships, some like these are transferred by helicopter from one vessel to another.

Above, among the last to be evacuated is the seal of the U.S. Embassy, here held on shipboard by a Marine.

**'I never dreamed
they would
betray us.'**

war. We were at war with the French and then we were at war with the communists. Actually, what we did not have—if you look at our history—we did not have a transition time. We did not have time to be educated and to form a generation of leaders for a democratic government. The North Vietnamese did not need time. They had dictators and terrorism to make their government work. But to build a democracy you need more time than you do to build a dictatorship. We did not have time.

I speak often to Americans—especially American veterans. The majority say they do not want to talk about Vietnam. But deep inside, they still think about Vietnam. They are still trying to find a complete answer to their sacrifice and to their commitment. Vietnam is still with them. When they talk about El Salvador and about Nicaragua, they talk also about Vietnam. Always, again, back to Vietnam. Vietnam is still a big deep wound for America. Vietnam is a wound that will not heal. You try to forget it. But you cannot. You cannot forget Vietnam. And neither can we.

I believe in fate. I might have died many times in Vietnam. Many times—15 or 20 years ago. Then I would have been like so many of my countrymen buried in Vietnam. But I did not die. I survived. And I survived for a reason. I have a special destiny. And I believe in my destiny. I have been lucky for a reason. And some day, if I have to die for a great cause—like freedom for Vietnam—then I am ready to die for that cause. Perhaps that is my destiny. There is no better cause to die for than for freedom, freedom for one's country. □



GEN. TRAN VAN MINH, *commander of the air force of the Republic of Vietnam*: I can only tell you the truth. It is not the truth for any other Vietnamese general or military officer. It is not the truth for any Vietnamese politician. It is not the truth for my family or for my friends. And above all else, it is not God's truth. It is only my truth—what I saw and what I believed. This is my truth.

The answer to the tragedy of the defeat of South Vietnam is simple. It can be summed up by two words: "not enough." We did not have enough supplies in the last weeks of the war. And we did not have enough soldiers. That was all. That was the problem. Not enough.

The American media said that we lost because we were corrupt. I cannot deny that there was corruption in Vietnam. There was. There was corruption in business and in politics and even in some parts of the military. But there was no corruption in the Air Force. My men believed in their country and they had faith in their officers. There was no corruption that I saw among the officers or the men.

Our problem was that we did not have enough parts and we did not have enough fuel. We were especially low on fuel at the end of the war. So we could not fly our airplanes. Our forces were grounded. The Americans, though, had computers and long lists of figures. They told us that we had enough. They decided that we had enough fuel and parts. They decided that on a political basis. They did not decide that on a realistic basis.

All we ever needed was supplies. Supplies to fight with. When the supplies were no longer given to us, that hurt the morale of the officers and the troops. Everybody saw the end of the supplies. They knew we would run out. And when they saw that happening they knew that we had been abandoned by our best friends. And then they lost much of their will to fight.

I never dreamed that our friends would betray us and drop us. I thought of Berlin and Korea. And I saw how the Americans protected them. I thought that we, too, were one

of the outposts of freedom in the world. Ambassador Martin told me again and again that the Americans would never abandon us.

What happened in the end is just what some Americans say happened. We lost the war faster than the North could win it. That is true. I suppose that President Thieu's policy of abandoning the highlands after the fall of Banmethuot was not a good one. But if we had been supplied properly, then our morale would have been maintained and we could have reorganized and redeployed and fought on.

When President Thieu resigned on April 21st, I thought that was a hopeful sign. I thought that perhaps now there would be a new agreement, a new partition. Vice President Huong became president. He was an old and revered teacher. He was an honest man. But then he turned the presidency over to Gen. Duong Van Minh. Some of us thought that maybe Minh could make a peace agreement. But we also thought that everything that was happening was just a shadow. We believed that in Vietnam we were no longer deciding anything. Everything, we believed, was being determined behind the scenes by the superpowers. The Americans and the Russians and the Chinese, we believed, had decided the fate of Vietnam. We were waiting day by day to see what they had decided in secret. We thought part of their agreement must have been for America to stop sending us supplies.

In the last days of the Republic of Vietnam I spoke with Gen. Ky many times. And many times he asked me to lead a coup. He said, "Be very careful. The Americans are protecting President Thieu. Don't let them know your plans." Then I would see him a few days later and he would ask me "When are you going to lead a coup? When is the coup?" I told him that I did not want to lead a coup. I asked him if he had a plan for a coup. And he said no. He said he thought that I did. He was so cautious. He wanted me to lead a coup so that he could become the new leader of the country. What Gen. Ky did not understand was that my officers and my men and I were not loyal to any one man. We were loyal to our country. We were loyal to Vietnam. We all loved Vietnam. So many of my men died for Vietnam. They fought and died not for a man, but for Vietnam.

In his autobiography Gen. Ky said that I came to his house and said that I was loyal to him whatever he did. He said that I told him that people from the American Embassy were trying to bribe me to work for them and to spy on him. None of that was true. No one tried to bribe me—especially no one from the American Embassy. And I never had that conversation with Gen. Ky. It is almost funny reading it. Why did he put it in his book? Where did he get that? Maybe he was writing about someone else. He could not have been writing about me.

On April 29th, late in the morning, I got a call from the DAO saying that there was to be a meeting of the Americans and the commanding officers of the Vietnamese air force. I went to the DAO with several of my men. We were shown into a room. Then we were left alone for a long time. We thought Ambassador Martin or Gen. Smith or someone would come in with a new plan for striking back at the North Vietnamese. But they never showed up. No one showed up until the late afternoon. After we had gone into

ned that our friends would

the compound they had a guard disarm us. That had never happened before.

Then finally someone came into the room, an officer, and he said, "This is the end, Gen. Minh. A helicopter is outside waiting to take you away." We went outside to the helicopter. We were flown out to the Blue Ridge in the South China Sea.

An American Air Force colonel was on the helicopter with us. He sat next to me. He was crying on the way out. He could not talk. But he wrote something on a slip of paper and he handed it to me. It read, "General, I am so sorry." I still have that piece of paper. I will keep it all my life. I will always remember that sad flight out to the Blue Ridge.

We Vietnamese who are Buddhists, we believe that God disposes of all things. We believe that in this life we suffer many things because in a former life we did something wrong. I believe that in some former life that I cannot remember I must have done something very wrong. That is why all of this happened to me and to my country. Sometimes we may be able to modify fate if we live right and do what our hearts tell us to do. That is what I have always tried to do. I have always tried to do what is right and to do what my heart tells me to do.

But since the fall of my country my heart has been broken. For 10 years I have felt a great emptiness and a great sadness in me. It will not go away. Every day I feel it. Not a day passes that I do not think of Vietnam. □

BY GARY PARKER

NGUYEN THI HOA,

Vietnamese teen-ager: I grew up in Saigon. My dad and mom ran a small cafeteria near Tansonnhut that served the Americans. But when the Americans left, in 1973, my dad lost the cafeteria—not enough business. He also said that many of the Americans had left without paying him. After that he was bitter and he did not like the Americans any more. My dad and mom had to take other jobs and we didn't live very well after that.

In the spring of 1975 my friends and I were very afraid that the Communists would come into Saigon and take over. There were stories that they would kill everybody, like they did in Hue in 1968. But my father was not afraid. He said that those were just stories. He said that when the communists took over nothing would change. But I didn't think so. I wanted to leave the country. And so did my younger sister. I was 16. She is two years younger than me.

First we had to find a way to get out. Of course, we did not have any money. But I found that one of my friends had parents whose friends owned a boat. And she said that if my sister and I wanted to leave on that boat we could. We



U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

would not need any money. So I said that we wanted to go on the boat and she said she would call when it was ready.

She called on the morning of April 29th. She told us to go to a certain corner and a car would pick us up and take us to the Saigon River. My sister and I each took one bag of clothes. We had to sneak out of the house because my father was there and he did not want us to leave. So I did not say goodbye to my father. But we went to the restaurant where my mother was working. She didn't know that we would be going on that day. I said to her, "Mom, I'm leaving now. I will make you very proud of me." She kissed me and she kissed my sister and she said, "Okay. Good luck." She was very strong at that moment. So strong. She did not cry. She just said goodbye. If she had cried my sister and I would have stayed. I think she knew that. And she wanted us to go. She was very strong. She gave me a lot of confidence. She made me strong enough to leave.

My sister and I went to the corner where the car was supposed to meet us. We waited and waited and the car never came. So my sister said, "I'll go back and call them and see when they are coming." She left her bag with me and went to a telephone. When she was gone the car came. It was full of people already. I told the driver that we had to wait for my sister and he said there was no way to do that. "We cannot wait," he said. "If we wait, we cannot get out." So I got in the car. I left my sister's bag there on the curb. I was very nervous now and very frightened without my sister.

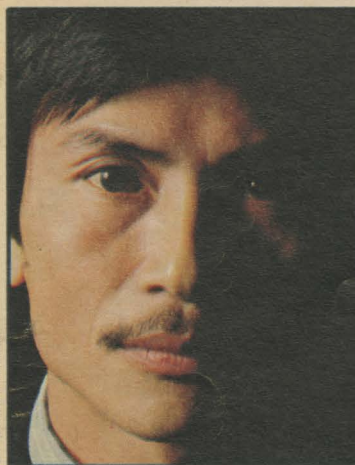
When we got to the River we had to hurry to get on the boat. And in the confusion I lost my bag. So I left the country without anything but the clothes on my back. The name of the boat was the Tan Nam Viet. It was a big boat and it carried about 500 or 600 people. I thought maybe my sister would arrive before the boat left, but she didn't.

I was very scared as we went down the river. Some of the people on the boat stayed on the dock to get a last look at Vietnam. The last thing they saw was the beach at Vungtau. But I did not look back. I was so sad. I was leaving everything behind. And I didn't know where I was going or what would happen to me.

Later I learned that my sister tried to get out and she got caught. She was sent to jail. When she got out of jail she tried to leave Vietnam again. And again she was caught and put in a special camp. She is still in Vietnam, in a camp. □

GOODBYE, FOREVER:

Above, as evacuated South Vietnamese military officers gather on the decks of the U.S. rescue ships, many weep.



BY GARY PARKER

ARMED NO LONGER:

Facing page, left, a Marine on the USS Blue Ridge throws ammunition into the sea. Refugees on board were searched and any weapons or ammunition seized and thrown away.

NGUYEN PHUC THIEU, second lieutenant, South

Vietnamese air force: I was a helicopter pilot. I had been in the air force for five years by 1975. And I had been stationed at Danang and Nhatrang and finally in Saigon at Tansonnhut. I was living in the air force barracks with other helicopter pilots. None of us believed that the country would collapse.

On April 29th the American Marines landed and surrounded the Defense Attaché Office. From there they began to fly out refugees by helicopter. We stayed in our barracks and waited for orders. We didn't know that our commanding officers had already abandoned us.

When the Americans had completed their evacuation, they blew up the DAO. Then the Marines left. And we were still waiting for our orders. On the night of April 29th we listened to Gen. Ky on our radio. He made a speech in which he said he would stay and fight to the death. He said we should do that too. Then he left.

On the morning of April 30th we decided we could no longer wait at Tansonnhut. It was 5 a.m. when we decided to fly south in our helicopters and to join up with units in the delta to continue the fight against the communists. But when we went to our helicopters we found that most of them had been vandalized. Parts were missing and the batteries had been stolen and someone had taken most of our fuel. We took parts from some of the helicopters, and fuel and batteries and we got two helicopters working. All of us got in those two and flew down to Cantho. When we landed there, some of the soldiers came to us and asked, "What are you doing here? Haven't you heard the message from the Americans?" They told us that the Americans had said that all helicopters should fly out to the Seventh Fleet to keep their aircraft from falling into communist hands.

We flew out over Vungtau. We were low on fuel and we did not know how far away the Seventh Fleet was. When we saw the American ships we only had five minutes more fuel in our tanks. As soon as we had landed on the ship, American Marines took away our weapons. We thought that was very strange. Then they led us to another part of the ship. And then we watched them start to push our helicopter over the side. Some of our men starting shouting and they tried to run over to stop the Americans from pushing the helicopter into the sea. But a Marine stopped our men and he pushed them back and he said, "Stand back, boys. The war is over."

Some of the men started to cry. And when they saw our helicopter fall into the sea and they knew we would not be going back to Vietnam, some of them tried to jump in the sea. The Marines stopped them. Many of our men had left their families in Saigon and they wanted to go back to their families. But now there was no way. □

HENRY HICKS, director of personnel, Defense Attaché

Office, Saigon: I sent my family out of Saigon on April 24. I thought when the emergency was over they could come back. I never really believed the country would fall but I sent my family out anyway. I thought if I was wrong, I didn't want my family to pay for it.

I was in charge of evacuating our personnel. And everything was all right until the night of April 28, when all of a sudden, here comes these damned airplanes. They were flown by former South Vietnamese Air Force pilots who had defected to the damned North, and they bombed our airstrip to stop our planes from landing. And then that same night they sent in some rockets.

About 2 a.m. on the 29th I decided to go home for a while

Is it really possible

and sleep. The next morning I woke up and drove my car back to Tansonnhut [air base] and the damn Vietnamese guards started shooting warning shots at me as I approached the gates. So I drove back home and called the DAO to find out what in the hell was going. And they told me that all I had to do was to park my car and then walk to the gate. Then there would be no problem, they said. So I drove back out there and I parked my car and I walked to the gate and those damned guards started shooting at me again. They were not trying to kill me, remember. They were just trying to scare me. So I turned around and left a second time. I got in my car and drove home again and called the DAO. I said, "Your damned men out there haven't gotten the word yet. I'm trying to come to work and they're trying to shoot me." This time they told me to go down to 191 Cong Ly Street. I thought when I got there somebody would take me to work. Well, I got there and was directed up to the roof. And a helicopter landed there—an Air America helicopter. Then he just waited there. He waited there for three damned hours! So I called the DAO and asked them why the guy couldn't take me out and they said, "Well, he's got orders to wait for some other people." So we waited. And more people showed up. And then finally the pilot said, "All right. Let's go. And everybody piled into that one helicopter. There were so many damned people in it that he couldn't take off. So then he had to make some people get out. When he finally took off, he headed out toward Vungtau.

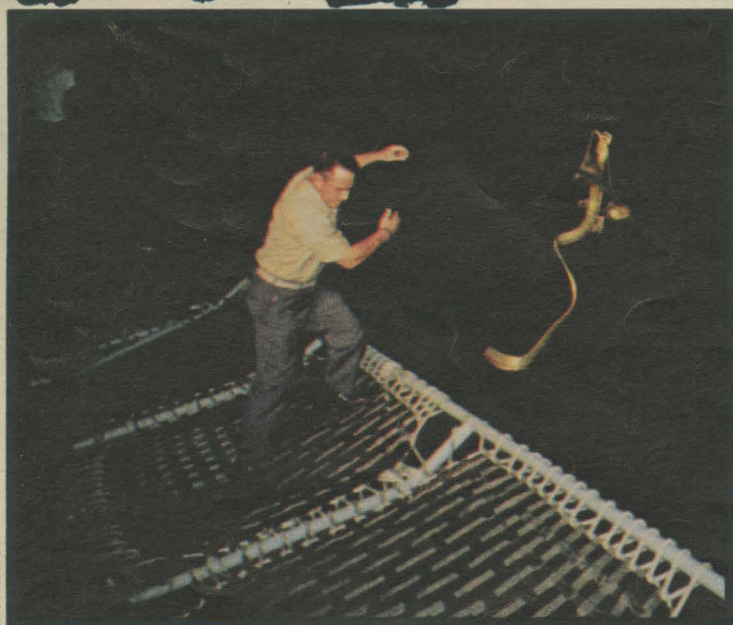
He swung out low over the city. Everything looked pretty peaceful. But I felt an absolute disgust. I could not believe that we were going to let the communists win. We headed out over the South China Sea and all of a sudden I saw the fleet. We approached the Blue Ridge but were waved off on our first pass. We came in a second time and landed. The next day they had helicopters landing on the Blue Ridge, and they just pushed them over the side into the sea. It was the damndest sight. We suddenly had disposable helicopters.

On the Blue Ridge the press had their own special room. And they did their thing. But I didn't socialize with them. In fact, I had gotten along well with the press until 1968 and the Tet offensive. After that it dawned on me that they were calling Tet a great victory for the communists. And I knew damn well that it wasn't and so did they. And I thought then, "What in the hell are they saying?" Then I saw some photographs, obviously staged, that they had taken after Tet. Photographs that were meant to pull at your heartstrings.

At first, early in the war, we set up briefings for the press so they could get any information they needed for their stories. Well, pretty soon they were calling those briefings the 5 o'clock follies. It was always a damn game with them. Really, I never felt that it was anybody's duty to make sure that the press got good stories so they could sell newspapers and make profits and pay dividends to their stockholders. That's what they do. They're a business. But they act as though they're a very special group.

And the television people were the worst. The damned television people never told the truth. They never even looked for it. I never understood what the hell they were after, anyway. But it sure as hell wasn't the truth. □

e we have been defeated?



U.S. NAVY

KENNETH MOOREFIELD, aide to Ambassador Graham Martin: Ambassador Martin left the roof of the embassy about 5 a.m. on April 30. I waited until the next helicopter came in, about 45 minutes later. By that time the Marines were on their way up to the roof of the embassy. They came out a couple of hours later.

When we lifted off the roof dawn was just breaking. It seemed hard to believe that the North Vietnamese would be in the center of the city within a few hours and that South Vietnam would literally cease to exist as a country at that time.

I was also thinking, "Is it really possible that we have been defeated?" But I also recognized that the United States had been unable to fulfill its commitments to supply and support the South Vietnamese, and so when the North Vietnamese finally launched their big offensive, there seemed to be a certain inevitability to all that happened.

I can't believe it's been 10 years. I think today it is important that people remember that there were hundreds of thousands of men like myself who believed that in Vietnam we were doing something that was necessary, useful and essential. The South Vietnamese wanted their own country and their own way of life and they wanted to be free.

I was in Thailand last year working on a film on refugees along the Thai border. And seeing those refugees brought back to me the realization that there had been a good reason for our presence in Vietnam. The reason was freedom. Until you can see the direct evidence of the failure of South Vietnam to defend itself against the communists, it's hard to understand and appreciate what the war in Vietnam was all about. We may not like to think about it, but there are still people fleeing oppression or standing and fighting against it. For those people, the war goes on. □



BY J. PAVLOVSKY/SYGMA

HO QUANG NHUT, high school teacher: I was in Saigon when it fell to the communists on April 30th, 1975. I had come to the city from Bienhoa, where I was a high school teacher. On April 30th I was on Le Loi boulevard when the surrender took place. I saw a lot of people rushing around trying to find a place to hide from the communists on that day. Then, on the street, I saw an American. He was the last American I saw in Vietnam. He was standing in front of a restaurant. His eyes were red and I think he was very sad. He was waiting for somebody to come and pick him up, I thought. But nobody came to pick him up. Or maybe he was waiting for someone to come and help him, to hide him, I thought. But nobody came to help him. I saw him look at his watch several times and then look up and down the street. But it was too late for him.

At 4:45 the Vietcong came along the boulevard in a truck. When they saw him standing there, they stopped and jumped out and started to question him. Hundreds of people were watching this. The American said to them, "I am an American citizen. I am an American citizen." But they hit him and pushed him into the truck. He kept saying, "I am an American citizen." But they weren't listening to him. They didn't want to hear anything like that. So they didn't pay attention to what he was saying. They drove away with him, and I never heard of him again. □

► EPILOGUE NEXT PAGE



BY GARY PARKER

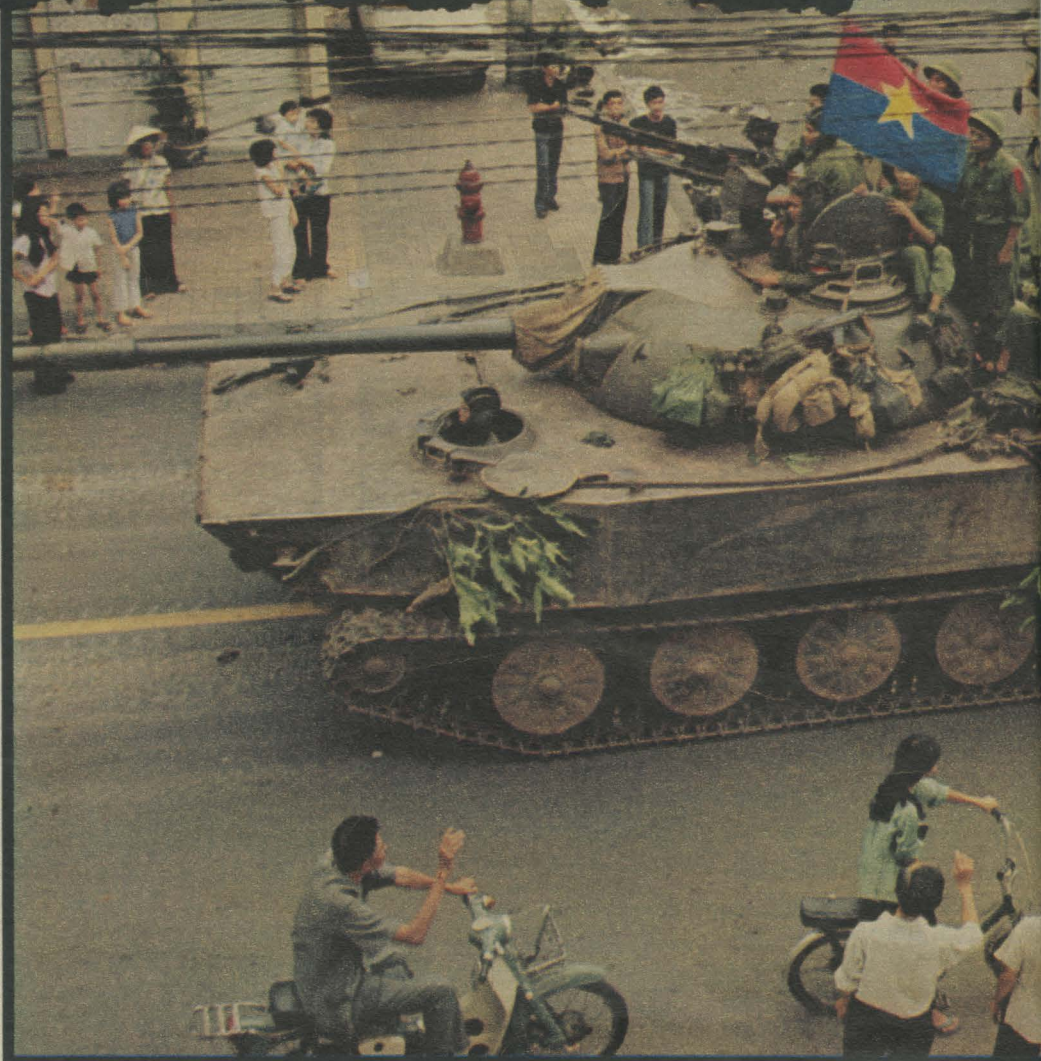
SHORT TERM: Top, Duong Van Minh, sworn in as South Vietnam's president April 28, leaves Independence Palace April 30 to surrender to the communists. Shortly afterward a two-story-tall portrait of Ho Chi Minh, North Vietnam's founder, was erected over the front door.

'All my father ever wanted was freedom. H



BY J. PAVLOVSKY/SYGMA

THE VICTORS:
Troops flying the
flags of North
Vietnam, above, and
the National
Liberation Front,
above right, drive
through the streets of
Saigon following the
communist takeover
April 30.



BY YVES-GUY BERGES/GAMMA

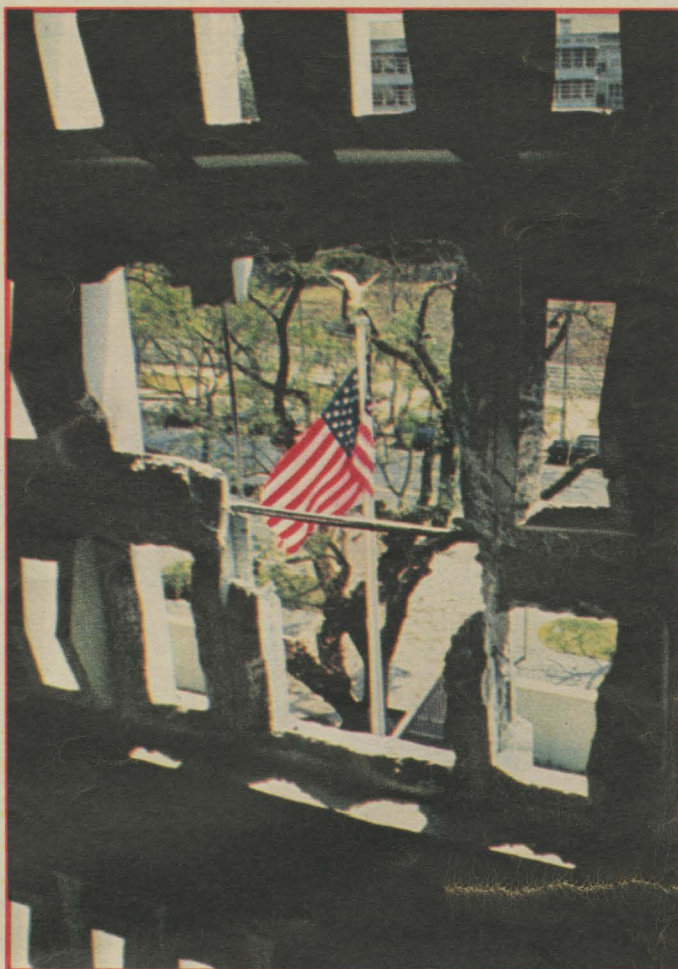
EPILOGUE ♦ DUONG CONG SON: In 1979 I was home watching "60 Minutes" because they were doing a show on the Boat People coming to Malaysia. Ed Bradley was interviewing some people. And they said they had come from Vietnam in a boat and the Malaysian government would not let them land. And their boat sank and many of the people on the boat drowned. All of the people who had survived were crying.

One of the people interviewed I recognized. He was my brother's best friend in Vietnam. His name is Phuoc Hong Dang. So I called my brother right away and asked, "Are you watching '60 Minutes'?" And he said, "Yes. Did you just see Phuoc Hong Dang?" And I said, "Yes." We decided to try to get in touch with him and sponsor him so he could come to the United States. We wrote to the Red Cross.

After we got in touch with him he wrote to us. And he told us that one of the people on his boat who had drowned was our father. He said that our father had paid the boat owner to take him out of Vietnam. But then the boat sank off the coast of Malaysia and my father was lost.

All my father ever wanted was freedom. He just wanted to be a free man. That was all. He sent my brother and me to America so we could be free. And then he tried again to run away from the communists. But it was too late for him. Too late. Too late. ■

e just wanted to be a free man.?



U.S. NAVY



BY CHARLES STEINER/PICTURE GROUP

REMEMBRANCE: Above, the Stars and Stripes still waved at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon in 1968 following a communist rocket attack. In 1975 the taste for battle was gone.

Left, a U.S. veteran of Vietnam checks a name at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial on the Mall.

Where They Are Now

JAN WOLLETT lives in Washington and does not have a telephone.

BRUCE DUNNING is the CBS assistant bureau chief for Latin America in Miami.

KEN HEALY is retired from World Airways and lives in San Leandro.

JOE HREZO lives in the Philippines.

EDWARD J. DALY died in 1984.

MIKE MARRIOTT works as a cameraman for CBS News in Washington. He lives with his Vietnamese wife and two children in Virginia.

DUONG CONG SON lives in San Jose and works in a high-tech company. Each month he sends part of his salary to his mother and sisters in Saigon. He hopes that they will soon be able to join him in the United States.

ALLEN BROUSSARD retired from the Marine Corps last December as a major. He lives in Kentucky.

GEN. NGUYEN CAO KY lives with his wife and children in Huntington Beach, Calif. He has several grandchildren. He hopes sometime soon to open a Vietnamese restaurant in Orange County.

PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU recently visited this area. He lives in Connecticut.

GEN. TRAN VAN MINH lives in California.

NGUYEN THI HOA lives in San Jose with her brother, who escaped from Vietnam two years ago. She works at three jobs and sends much of her income home to her mother and sister in Saigon each month.

TOM SAILER is retired and lives in San Francisco.

KEN KASHIWAHARA works for ABC News in San Francisco.

NGUYEN PHUC THIEU lives in San Jose.

HENRY HICKS works for the U.S. government in Egypt.

HO QUANG NHUT is an insurance agent in San Jose.

KENNETH MOOREFIELD works for the U.S. Embassy in Lima, Peru.

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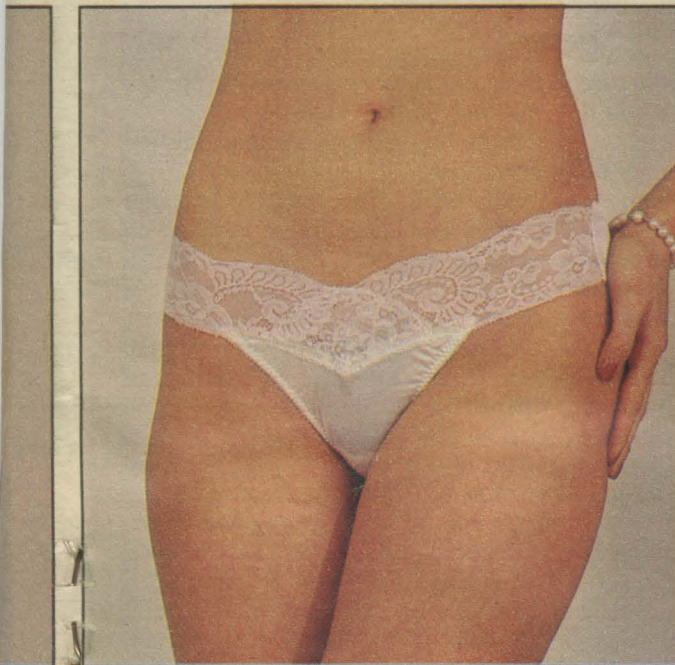


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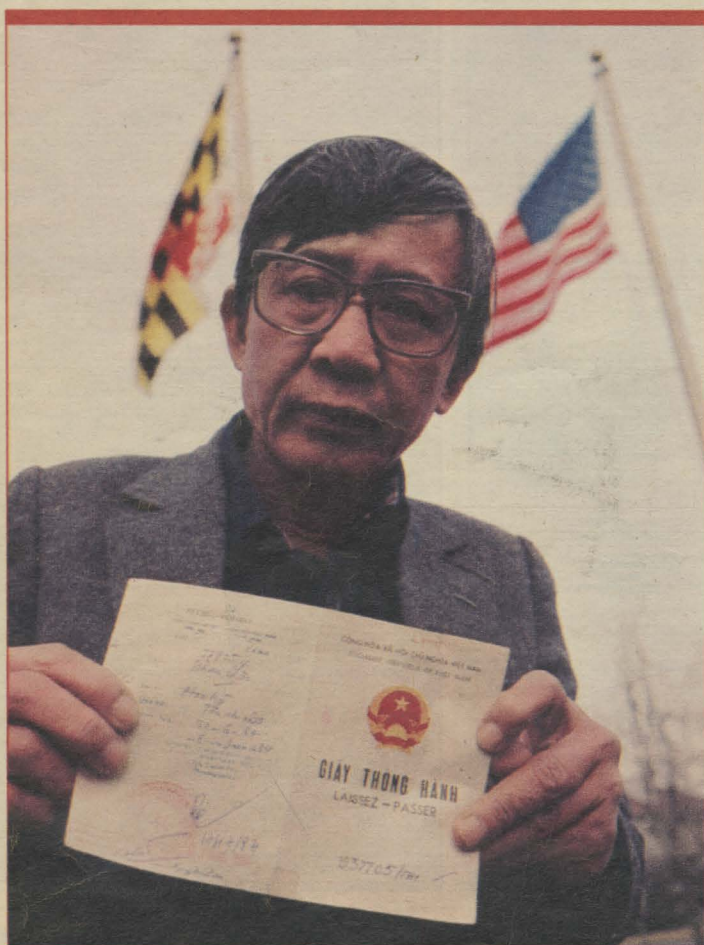
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WOODWARD & LOTHROP

Faith, Hope and Secrecy

Pham Loc and his family hid for nine years in conquered Saigon, always certain they would someday reach America

BY LENA H. SUN



SYMBOLS OF A NEW LIFE:
Framed by the flags of his new homeland, Pham Loc holds the exit visa Vietnam authorities finally granted him and his family. A week before the family was scheduled to leave Vietnam, police began daily interrogations of Loc, telling him his answers would determine whether he stayed or left.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK JOHNSTON

FROM HIS SEAT at the dining room table, Pham Loc can see the yellow school bus that brings his 10-year-old daughter back to their Frederick, Md., home each weekday afternoon. Before the bus comes to a full stop in front of the small stone house, he is at the door to greet the girl. Then, almost immediately, he opens her lunch box.

On this particular March afternoon, he is pleased to find that she has eaten most of her lunch. "Sometimes she like to play, sometimes she forgot," he says. "I want to make sure she eats everything up. She needs it for her school."

Most people outside his family do not understand Loc's attention to such details. But it was just such an attitude that allowed the now 52-year-old Vietnamese man to save his family and finally bring them to America five months ago.

For nine years after the Vietnamese communists took South Vietnam in 1975, Loc, the former office manager for United Press International in Saigon, defied his new rulers by hiding his family in a small apartment. For the first five years, Loc himself almost never left the apartment, slipping out only once a month, usually at night. "I did not want to be recognized by former acquaintances on the street," he says.

To keep his family from being "contaminated" by communist doctrine, he kept his four oldest children—all teen-agers—out of school. He chose not to be part of the system, he says, and accepted the consequences.

When security agents knocked on his door, he told them he was a street merchant. Sometimes, he engaged them in talk about communism and Vietnamese leader Ho Chi Minh.

At night, in the cramped apartment, he taught his children algebra and trigonometry, Vietnamese and American history and English gram-

mar. In the beginning, he had no textbooks, no paper, no pencils. "If they found paper and pen, they think we write reports, that we are trying to destroy their regime," Loc says.

Eventually, he bought used textbooks on the black market; friends gave the family rough brown paper pencils, chalk for a homemade blackboard and helped teach the children.

LOC, WHOSE NAME MEANS "prosperity" or "luck" in Vietnamese, is a short, intense man whose English often succumbs to French. On most days, he sits alone at the small dining room table, a pot of tea in front of him, an ashtray nearby. A former member of the intelligentsia in Saigon, he has had to scale down his expectations.

His wife, Vinh, 44, is a quiet woman who defers to her husband on most issues so it is he who deals with the new headaches: a mysterious charge on the electric bill, whether the four oldest children will be able to transfer to a four-year college, and, of course, a job for himself.

The worries, though, seem to fade when his son and four daughters are mentioned. He grins and rolls out their names, as if counting pearls on a string: Chi Anh, 27, his oldest, the daughters Anh Ngan, 26, and Ng Tam, 24, his only son Nam, 21, and the baby of the family, Tam Chien, 10, who is known as Be Ty, meaning "youngest," and now goes by Betty.

The family left Saigon March 1980 last year aboard an Air Vietnam flight from Saigon to Bangkok, Thailand, with more than 200 other refugees under the United Nations' orderly Departure Program. The program was set up in 1979 in response to the plight of the boat people, who were fleeing Vietnam and dying in the thousands.

From Bangkok, Loc and his family went on to the main refugee-processing center in the Philippines and waited six and a half months for a sponsor in the United States. The

Lena H. Sun is the Asia editor of The Washington Post



THE FAMILY THAT HID:
From front to back, Chi Anh,
Anh Ngan, Vinh, Loc, Ngan
Tam, Nam and Tam Chinh
near their new home in
Frederick, Md., an area that
reminds them of the rolling
hills of Vietnam's highlands.



PLAY AND PRIDE: Tam Ching and Nam, left, take a break between studies. Below left, Loc speaks to his daughter moments after she has received the Citizen of the Month award at her elementary school.



touched down on American soil on Oct. 22, 1984. By 10:20 p.m. that night, they were in Frederick.

Loc wrote down the arrival time on the slat of a bamboo fan he brought with him from Vietnam; many of the other slats are also marked, a personal record of a journey that began 10 years ago.

LOC'S FOUR OLDEST children are now first semester freshmen at nearby Frederick Community College, all of them receiving college grants for tuition and fees. Without completing formal high school education, each tested well enough to begin college-level math, says admissions director James Holton.

They are making "great progress," Holton says, and he expects them to be enrolled in the regular academic program by the fall.

Betty, a fourth-grader at nearby Waverly Elementary School, recently received a Citizen of the Month award from her school. "She says she plans to send it back home to Saigon, to her piano teacher," Loc says. "He told her before she left, 'I am going to die soon, but I will fly above you and look at you if you are good.'"

A FEW MONTHS BEFORE the collapse of Saigon, Loc, who had worked for UPI for nine years, quit his job as the bureau reduced its staff. At the time of the takeover, Loc was selling artisan products.

On the morning of April 30, 1975, Loc saw the Vietnamese communists enter Saigon. "They were in tanks, the tanks followed by combat jeeps,"

he said. "The communist kids were wearing shorts, no shoes. They were very young, 14 or 15 years old." The youths, he remembers, were carrying the North Vietnamese flag.

The day before, because of heavy fighting, Loc and his family had fled their spacious villa on the outskirts of the city. There was no time to take their belongings.

They lived for a few days in an empty villa deserted by an American official. But Loc knew it was not safe. He turned to an official in the former Saigon government for help.

"The following day, I went to look for him at the location he gave me. It was the location of a communist office." A smile flickers across his face as he recalls. "I told the guard with the gun I wanted to see such and such a person. I was shocked to find out that my friend was his boss, but of course he could not leave."

The friend had been working for the communists for 20 years. He suggested that Loc seek refuge in a building in downtown Saigon, a block behind Saigon's French-built City Hall. The next day, Loc moved into an apartment on the third floor. It was clean and neat, and Loc remembers feeling relieved. But shortly thereafter, many communist officials and their relatives also moved into the building. The fear returned. "But where to run now? I had nowhere to go."

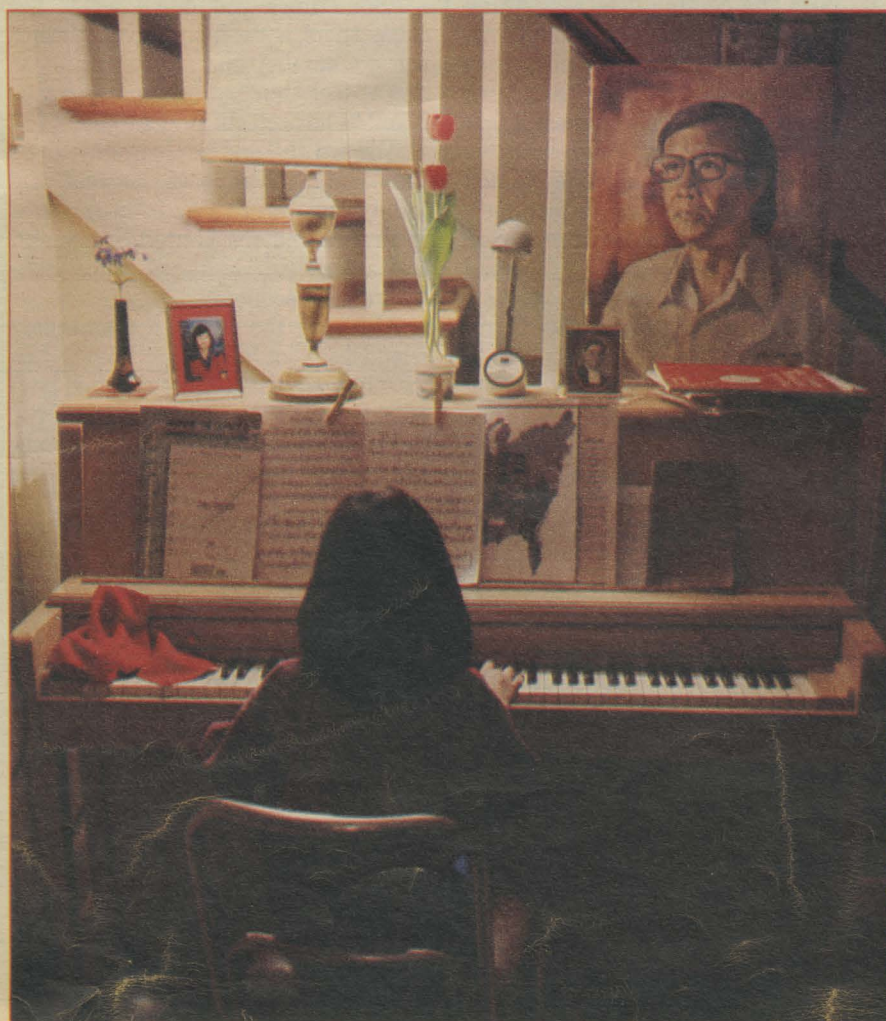
A few months after the takeover, Loc, using a nickname, wrote a letter to an American friend who had worked with him in Saigon, asking him to contact another friend who worked for the U.S. State Department.

It would be four years before he would receive his first communication from U.S. authorities, and another three years before he got an exit visa.

In the meantime, Loc looked for



A NEW WORLD OF STUDIES:
Ngan Tam helps Tam Chinh, left, with her homework, which includes daily practice at the piano. Chi Anh, below, learned to crochet delicate patterns while living in the family's Saigon apartment after the communists took over.

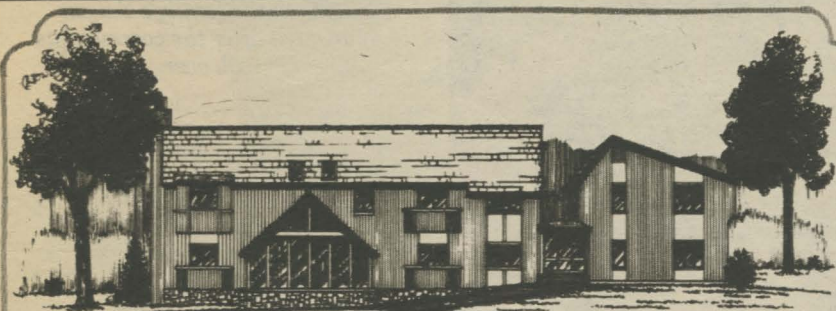


The four oldest children,
educated by their father, attend a community college on scholarships

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WATCHFUL: Tam Chinh's piano teacher in Vietnam promised to hover above her after he died.



other escapes. In 1979, when Vietnam began expelling thousands of ethnic Chinese, a Chinese friend asked Loc to join his group. Loc agreed, adopted his friend's Chinese surname, Lee, and added his name to the list submitted to the authorities.

The Chinese built and stocked a boat, using about \$100,000 in gold for the material and bribes. But months passed and permission to leave was not granted. Loc decided not to go. Several weeks later, the two friends in charge of the money were arrested.

Throughout the nine years, Loc lived in constant fear that he would be arrested. Security agents came to his house as often as several times a week. They wanted to know how many children he had, what he did before 1975, why his children did not go to school and what his views were about the political situation.

He told them he was a street merchant and pleaded that his children, educated under a capitalist regime, needed time before they could accept a new way of thinking.

"With the communists, everything is easy, but everything is difficult," he says. "... They are very nice, they are very polite, but they can turn their gun on you easily and send you to prison any minute."

At one point, he uses the French word, *tattonner*, meaning to feel one's way, to describe how he approached them, slowly, cautiously. "I showed them the history books, about Vietnam and Russia, and said, 'See, I am teaching them about your leaders.'" Once he told them he was teaching his children Russian when the books were in English. "They are country people, they don't know," he says.

College-educated under the French colonial regime, Loc turned his reading in philosophy and history, particularly of communist regimes in China, Hungary and the Soviet Union, to his advantage in controlling conversations. "That is an art, how to control the talk," he says with a smile. "I talk to them long, long and long, but nothing. I let them know I know their regime much better than they do. I talked to them about the history of communists in Vietnam, ask them questions. They could not answer me. They tried to avoid seeing me."

At first, Loc relied on help from friends and relatives in Saigon. It is a

concept westerners have found hard to grasp, but he explains, with a certain amount of exasperation, that it is common in Asian countries. There were many people like himself in Saigon who did not work, he says, because the economy was in such a shambles.

For the first few years, the family lived simply. Their rent was minimal; they spent most of their money on food. Rice was scarce and expensive, so they had to eat boiled sweet potatoes and "bo bo," a type of livestock grain that had to be soaked 10-12 hours before it could be cooked.

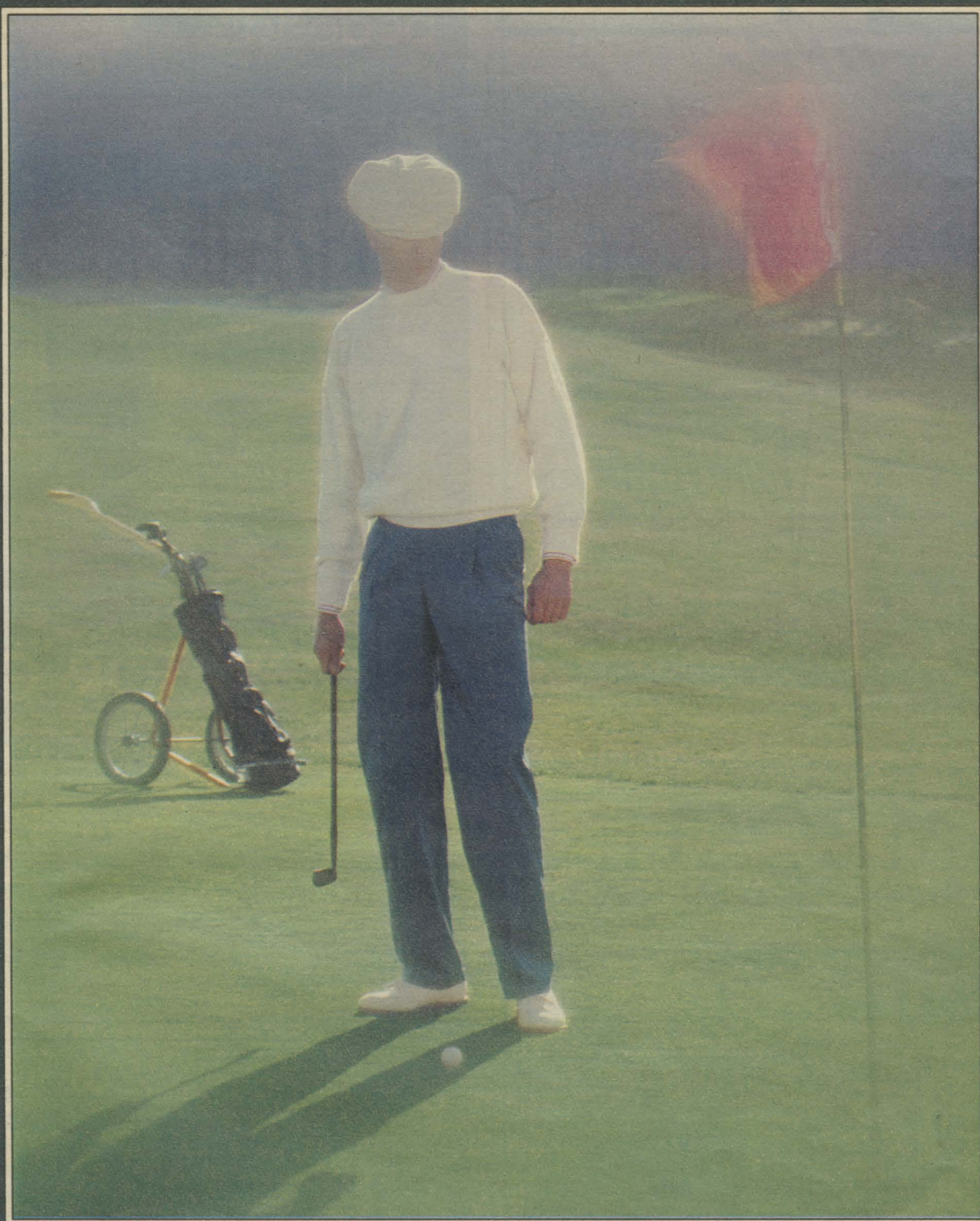
"Sometimes you drink water because there is no food and my stomach got smaller and smaller and you don't feel hungry anymore," says Nam. "I have to study to forget."

Toward the end of their stay, their life began to improve because the family received money from relatives in France and the United States and the authorities loosened some controls on the economy.

Although the children maintained friendships outside the home, Loc discouraged them from having boy friends or girlfriends because, he says, it would be more difficult to come to the United States.

EVEN WHEN HE KNEW his family would be able to leave the country, Loc says he was always afraid that the authorities would change their minds at the last minute. As if his worst fears were true, security police came looking for him the week before their scheduled departure. It was Nam who answered the door.

"That morning, around 11:30 someone knocked on the door... They wanted to know where my father was, they said their boss wanted to meet my father that afternoon," recalls Nam.



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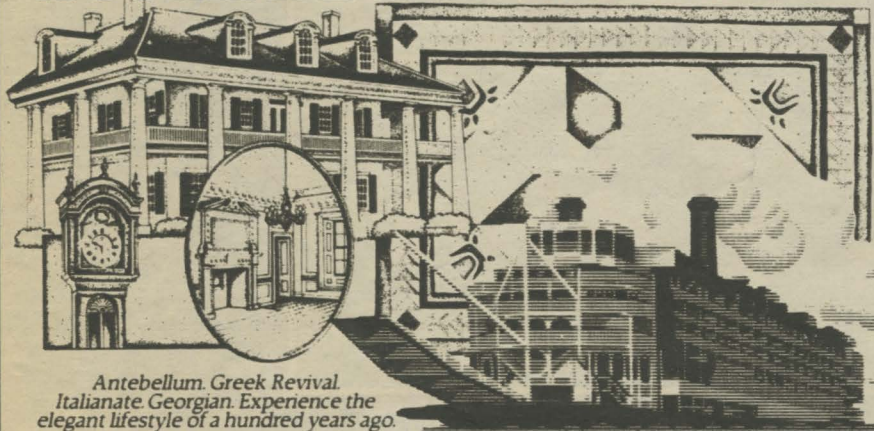
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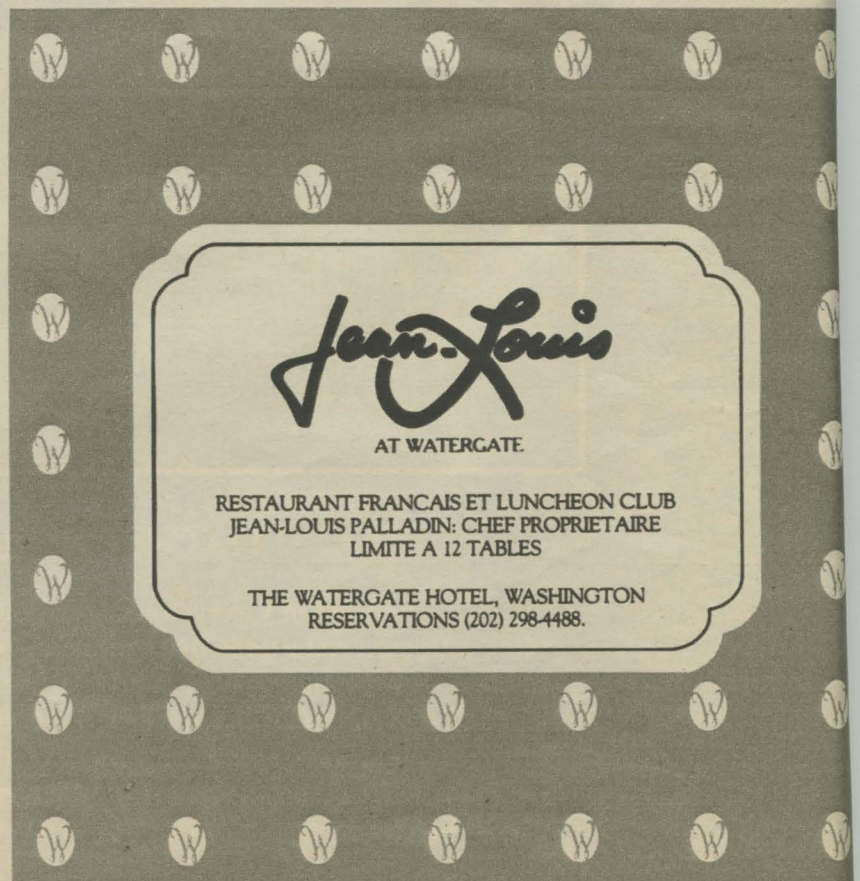
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For a week, Loc went daily to the police station where he was interrogated by four men who told him that his chance to leave Vietnam depended on answers to their questions.

From their questions about his contact with former government officials, some of whom were in jail, some abroad, some who had died, it seemed clear they knew his background.

He told the police he had done nothing to harm his country. "I told them I wanted to leave for my children's education. They were polite with me. But they threaten me a lot."

Finally, the authorities allowed them to leave with one bag per person. They boarded a Soviet-made plane. But they had heard stories about the Vietnamese taking people off the planes. Safety was Bangkok. "I like it the minute we got out of the plane," says Nam. "I breathed the air."

ON THIS PARTICULAR weekday morning, the mail looks promising. There is a letter from the United States Information Agency, where Loc has applied for a job as a broadcaster for the Voice of America. He is quick to point out that his job search is secondary to his children's education.

"I brought them here not for food," he says angrily. "... Americans are afraid that we are hungry, hungry. But I tell them, education first, food later, even if it is only one meal a day."

Their local sponsor, the Cavalry United Methodist Church of Frederick, provided food and paid the \$600 monthly rent on their furnished two-story home for four months. Friends in the area and in the large Vietnamese community in Arlington have been helping the family since. The house is small—the four daughters sleep in one bedroom on three beds—but there is a color TV and an upright piano on loan from a church member.

Loc is eager to find a job, and slowly he cuts open the letter with a pair of scissors.

It is encouraging news. They want him to take a proficiency test in Vietnamese but they have been unable to contact him. He calls the office. "No, no, I don't need a dictionary," he says, and hangs up the phone and rushes upstairs to tell the good news to his wife and daughters Tam and Ngan, who have no classes until the evening.

"I will buy you a new car, what kind of car do you want?" he shouts, clapping his hands with glee.

It is nearly time for lunch. The older children are picked up by Loc each day and brought home for the meal. Over bowls of steaming noodles with chicken and vegetables, everyone is in a good mood. Nam, an aspiring economist who wants to go to Harvard, has good news too. He has scored 103 out of 100 on an algebra test—five extra points for a bonus question, two points off for one wrong answer. Loc, at the head of the table, teases his children that he, too, will be taking a test. Everyone laughs. They are happy to see him in a good mood.

While in Vietnam, Loc stayed awake many nights composing poems to discipline his mind. But he was afraid to write them down. One of his poems was composed for his youngest to explain why they had to leave Vietnam. It is called "Why We Go."

*I am nine years old
I quit my country
I ask my father
Why have we to go?*

*He says to me
The country is without
peace
The land is not safe to live
I ask my father why?*

*He says to me
The country is under
tyranny
The land is ruled by
brutalities
Man does not love man*

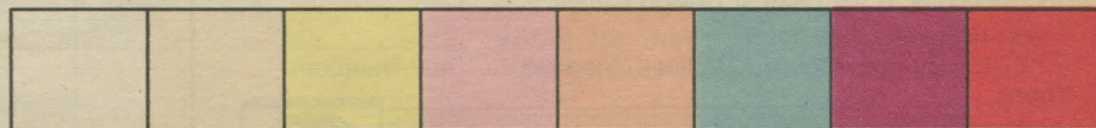
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People are suffering
Sadness and sadness,
everywhere
That is why we go.*

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The Style Plus Page

Scoreboard

McCombs, from page 11

The North Vietnamese arrived the next morning and it was no longer Saigon but Ho Chi Minh City. Some 1,300 Americans and 5,600 Vietnamese were evacuated that last day and another 5,400 and 39,000 had gone out on the earlier secret airlift. The Americans included diplomats, military advisers and grizzled private contractors who had built roads and repaired warplanes. U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin later said "well over a million" Vietnamese would have left given the chance. The fiasco was a historical turning point. Suddenly we were a long way from Washington's Farewell Address: in decades of entanglement in Indochina we had spent billions and lost 57,000 troops only to be defeated.

I don't smoke, but in those last weeks I smoked Ruby Queens, the local cigarettes that came in a pink package. A protected upbringing hadn't prepared me for the crumbling of a civilization. The masks came off. Sane people went insane with fear and many bright Vietnamese simply couldn't see that their world was ending. A senior official told me with a straight face that Saigon would be safe because high school kids were being armed. I oiled a leftover M16 rifle in my apartment and threw some clothes into a getaway bag. I spent an entire morning getting my cook's cat off on a Pan Am flight and was scratched up so badly I had to stop by the hospital to be disinfected. There were long lines at the U.S. Consulate and you could make \$35,000 by marrying a Vietnamese girl and getting her out.

My family and I had gone out to Saigon in the fall of '73 on an SAS flight out of Copenhagen called the "Trans Orient Express." It made a midnight fuel stop in Tashkent in the central U.S.S.R. and I remember the grim Soviet guards and then later, airborne again, how we woke at dawn and saw the great thrusting rim of the Himalayas in the distance. Earlier

I'd been in Vietnam as an Army sergeant. Returning now as a correspondent I plunged into the story, which concerned the two sides blowing each other up under the so-called Paris "cease-fire" signed by Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho in January 1973. The last American troops had left March 29.

In 1974 there was heavy fighting and diplomatic pressure on President Nguyen Van Thieu to soften toward the communists. Congress was balking at the big aid bill but Thieu remained firm and I remember one speech in which he used a memorable phrase. He said freedom had cost "rivers of blood and mountains of bones." But his government was deeply corrupt and there were demonstrations against him. At year's end the war wasn't going well and on Jan. 7, 1975, communist troops overran a province capital 80 miles north of Saigon.

Then came the lull. In late January Thieu granted me an interview in which he declared "I won't give up!" and appealed to Congress for aid. But there were signs of trouble. An American diplomat said of the precarious military situation, "This is the worst it's ever been." A Vietnamese woman joked weakly, "I think we had better learn how to swim."

On March 11 Banmethuot, a city in the lush jungles in the Central Highlands 150 miles north of Saigon, fell to an overwhelming North Vietnamese attack. I dropped by the office of a rival correspondent who screamed in my face, "This is it!" Paul Leandri of Agence France-Presse reported strongly on Banmethuot and was summoned by Saigon police to disclose his source. Before going, he telephoned me and others to say nervously that he wanted someone to know where he was "in case anything happens." Hours later, the National Police shot him dead at their headquarters.

I sent my wife and children to Bangkok. The fall of Banmethuot was the beginning of the end. Soon the highland cities of Pleiku and Kontum

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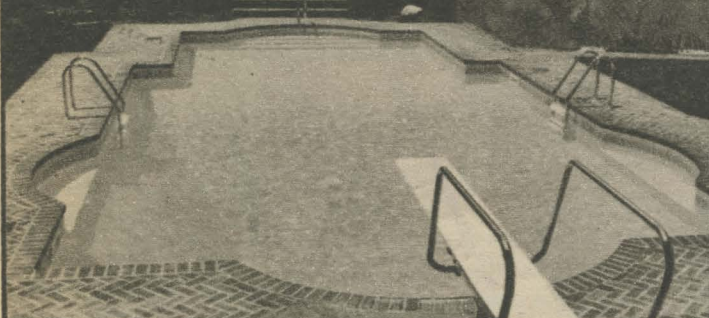
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fell and Saigon's troops in
region were in ragged flight.
In the history of war in In-
china, the highlands had be-
key. "When I was young
learned geography," an of-
cer who had fled North Vi-
nam two decades earlier to
me, "and you cannot possi-
hope to hold the coastal strip
in Central Vietnam without
controlling the highlands.
On that strip are the old im-
perial capital of Hue and the
country's second largest city,
Danang. By the end of March
both cities had fallen.

The fall of Danang was
horror as mobs of refugees
and defeated soldiers ran
paged. There were gunfight-
and babies were lost in the
sea as their terrified mothers
fought to get on ships. The
normally placid Oberdorfer
wrote that it was "a scene
from the inner circle of Dan-
te's Hell."

Danang fell March 30 and
it was feared panic would grip
Saigon with its millions of in-
habitants. If its defeated
armies fell back on the cap-
ital, an American evacuation
could have been impossible.
Martin walked a tightrope
because mob violence could
follow if he appeared to thin
Saigon unsafe. I remember
realizing on March 21 how
bad things were. I was in line
in the U.S. post office at Tan
sonnhut chatting with an
American fluent in Vietnam-
ese. He said, "I don't know if
you realize this, but the Viet-
namese are just panicked out
of their minds." It suddenly
dawned on me that I had
failed to report a major story
panic was news. I returned to
the office, cranked in a sheet
of paper and wrote:

"SAIGON, March 21—
There is despair, fear and
outrage here. People are
hoarding rice and packing
their belongings to flee, but
they don't know where or
when. Girls who have lived
with Americans are talking
about suicide. There are no
firm indications that Saigon
itself will be attacked soon.
But people and officials here
are shocked into numbness
by the vast magnitude of
what has happened to their
country. 'When my dad

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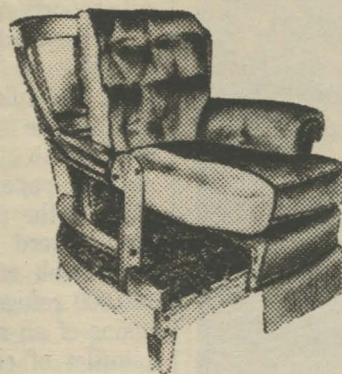
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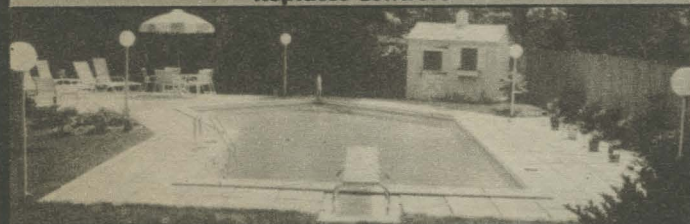
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heard about the abandonment of the highlands, he broke down weeping,' said a secretary. 'He told me the last time he wept was when the country was partitioned in 1954.' The movement of refugees out of the highlands and in the extreme northern part of the country is of biblical proportions . . ."

I chartered a light plane and flew to Tuyhoa on the coast 240 miles north of Saigon to see the "convoy of death" out of the highlands, as local papers called it. At Tuyhoa the pilot turned inland toward the mountains for a look at the convoy—200,000 refugees and the remains of an army running a gauntlet of enemy fire. But before we reached the convoy there was a pop in the air and the pilot, thinking he'd been shot at, wheeled back to Tuyhoa. As we landed, government halftracks were sprinting south across the runway. Starving refugees with tears in their eyes said relatives, including babies, had been killed by communist machine gun fire. Jittery and armed deserters wandered the streets. I remember one man shaking his fist at an American TV crew and shouting, "My wife and children are dead—dead, dammit—and these guys are going around shooting pictures!"

On March 29 Oberdorfer wrote: "After 21 years, a million dead and a devastating impact on life and thought here and across the seas, the second Indochina war seems to be lurching toward its end." This story by a widely respected reporter sent shock waves through official Washington. Two days later I wrote, "A deadly panic is beginning to grip this city of despair . . . My friend of years, an astute Vietnamese who analyzes the political scene here, broke down with compulsive heaving sobs, grasping my hand. 'Nobody can believe in the government's ability to defend Saigon or in American help after the fall of Danang,' he said . . . The agonized realization has dawned on my friend that in a short time, possibly in weeks, the Vietcong flag

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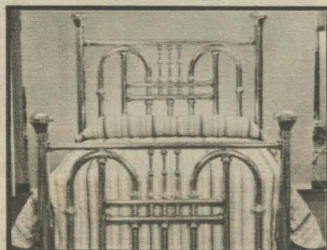
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may be flying over Saigon." I remember how we were alone in my apartment with the sun streaming in, how he said maybe he would get a small boat and how the thought made him break down—his precious wife and children adrift on the sea! Later this man and his family got out on the secret airlift and now live in Washington.

Saigon's collapse seemed inevitable by April 2. The government had only seven divisions left and 19 NVA divisions—a quarter of a million well-armed troops—were rolling south. Gen. Frederick C. Weyand visited Saigon to report to President Ford and he brought along a top CIA guy who told a wonderful story at dinner: Back in the '50s he had been the Saigon station chief and one night he and some friends went tiger hunting out near Tay Ninh. As they walked under the moon near a dark and crumbling villa, they were suddenly transfixed by a spotlight from its balcony. It was the Viet-minh and this CIA guy remembered in that instant thinking: *I can roll and fire but the others will be killed, or we can try to bluff it out.* Somehow they talked their way out.

On April 4 I was with U.S. Information Service chief Alan Carter in his office when he received a call. His face fell and he said, "Oh God." A Galaxy C5A full of Vietnamese orphans on a "babylift" to the States had crashed near Tansonnhut. I drove out as close as possible and then ran a mile across rice paddies to the smoking wreckage. The sight is a blur in memory but I remember breaking down with convulsive sobs when I saw it; 135 of the 330 passengers had been killed. A few days later I was having breakfast with ex-finance minister Chau Kim Nhan at his downtown apartment when a South Vietnamese air force pilot bombed the nearby presidential palace in an unsuccessful effort to kill Thieu. Nhan, who had been a heroically honest civil servant in a den of corruption, now works in suburban Maryland.

During the last weeks I

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spent some time destroying office records, God knows why. Greenway, Oberdorfer and I would gather for dinner in the Post apartment before writing the day's dispatches. The embassy had distributed evacuation instructions designating departure points. When "White Christmas" played on the radio you were supposed to go to a departure point. I never heard it played. Sometimes Terry Rambo, a scholar, joined us for dinner and I remember one night he picked up a copy of The New Yorker from the coffee table, scanned the ads and dissolved in laughter. It wasn't possible in Saigon that April to understand why anyone would pay \$8,000 for a crystal figurine.

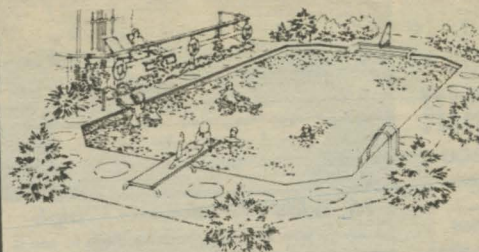
On April 28 there was fighting at a bridge on the northern edge of Saigon. North Vietnamese troops were holding it and I drove out to watch the skirmish. By then Thieu had fled the country and that afternoon Gen. Duong Van "Big" Minh became president. As he was giving his speech, the first monsoon storm of the season lashed the city. I was in my office writing the Minh story when I heard machinegun fire outside. I dropped to the floor and crawled to a back room. Later I peeked out the window and saw a jeep with a mounted automatic weapon and a soldier firing it into the sky. It turned out that communist warplanes had bombed the airport and were flying over the city.

The next morning after sleeping through the shelling of Tansonnhut, I learned that Martin had driven out there to check the condition of the runways to determine if a fixed-wing evacuation were feasible. I was still bleary-eyed but the ambassador in a combat zone seemed like a good story and I got in the car. The streets were empty. I drove out to the gate at Tansonnhut and there was small-arms fire crackling and the scream of incoming artillery and I remember leaping out of the car and sprawling in a ditch. Then I got out of there.

Martin saw the runways were bad and called for "Op-

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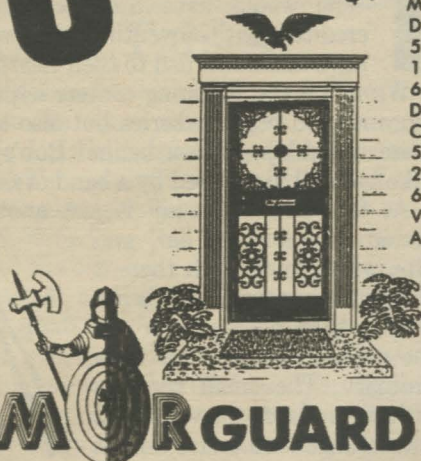
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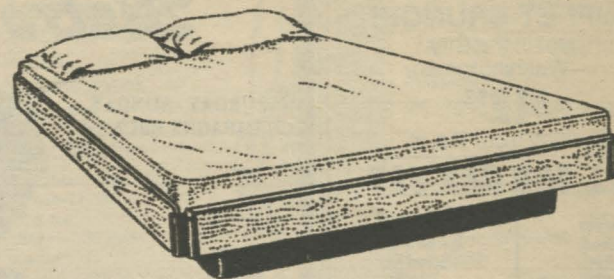
tion IV," a helicopter evacuation. Word went out and Americans went to evacuation points. Things were still calm late in the morning when Greenway and I went to the embassy, but soon crowds of Vietnamese were in the streets. The embassy gates were locked against them. As the day went on the crowds grew and people became desperate.

There was a restaurant in the embassy compound and at lunchtime I went there with quite a few other people. No restaurant employees were working so everyone went into the kitchen and helped themselves. It was an orderly crowd at first, mostly Americans, but over the course of a very few minutes it grew unruly and then desperate. Suddenly people were grabbing for food and rushing around and things were spilling on the floor.

The choppers didn't start arriving at the embassy until late afternoon. When the first one hovered into the embassy parking lot, two lines of U.S. Marines in full battle dress sprinted out the back. I remember the sound of their gear slapping as they ran. They circled at full speed and formed up near the embassy gate. I walked over and looked at them and they seemed young and scared but nonetheless Marines. The evacuation lasted all night and Martin left at dawn.

Out on the gray ships we watched boats and choppers full of Vietnamese arrive. Some choppers were pushed overboard to make room for refugees and I remember how they would tilt slowly and then drop into the sea. Greenway and I walked up to one that was tied down on deck. It was green and scratched and smudged with the red clay of Vietnam. Greenway touched it and said, "I hope I never have to see one of these again." Then we steamed east for Subic Bay in the Philippines, and I spent hours on deck looking at the flat sea. You could look down into the bow wave and see flying fish that seemed to keep up with us. I remember the flying fish.

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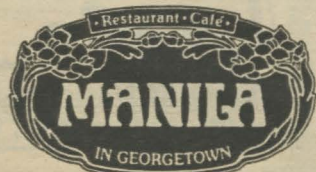
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have taken raw fish to their hearts, or their mouths?

We now have shopping centers with not only Chinese
restaurants and bagel bakeries but also sushi bars. New among
these is Tsukiji, hidden behind Bob's Big Boy off Rockville
Pike but still discovered by a band of faithfuls.

At first glance Tsukiji is just another luncheonette
converted into a sushi bar, and after a couple of meals there it
is apparent that the fish is not
fresher than average, nor are
the cooked dishes better than
ordinary. The small room is
rather standard, one wall lined
with orange leatherette booths
and the other with a sushi bar,
the whole made slightly oriental by Japanese hanging
slightly festive by blue tablecloths and utterly American
by hanging colored glass lamps.

The first outstanding characteristic is the prices. Sushi
is \$2 an order—that's \$1 per piece—and even rolled sushi
(maki) are \$2. An order of sashimi (four pieces of raw tuna)
only \$3. That makes it at least as cheap to order sushi
carte as in an assortment. Most main dishes are about \$7.50
\$8.50, and that includes miso soup and salad. But even so
Tsukiji I would stick to the sushi.

The second factor that makes Tsukiji special is the personnel.
The owner and the sushi chef both communicate well,
plaining dishes that nearly defy description, and they also
friendly and gracious. It makes a big difference when
don't know the subtleties of three kinds of clams or the possible
combinations of fish and seasonings that might be made
into seaweed-wrapped rolls. The sushi chef is also a first-class
craftsman: his sashimi platters are lovely still-lives with
shells and seaweeds artfully arranged, and his sushi plates
charmingly garnished with fanned-out cucumbers dabbed
with salmon caviar. And in his combination rolls he goes
beyond the usual, adding scallions, radish sprouts and sesame
seeds to the grilled salmon skin roll, sesame seeds to the
and avocado in the California roll, and decorating those
coated rolls with tiny orange specks of flying fish roe.

There are certainly Japanese restaurants in town where
fish is firmer, more moist and more fresh; where the tuna
less fibrous; where the negimaki—thinly sliced beef roll
around scallions—is more juicy and meaty. The dumpling
called gyoza, are nicely browned and delicate little noodle
velopes, but their filling is bland. And the tempura is reason-
ably light and crisp, but not noteworthy. Swordfish grill
with either salty (shioyaki) or sweet-salty (teriyaki) marinade
is well seasoned, perfectly fresh fish but a bit chewy. But so
dishes, such as tuna with sticky, gummy and bland yamaimo,
or a plate of strongly fishy little fried fish called shishamo,
require some time before a taste can be acquired for them.

The appetizer list includes bean curd several ways, fish or mushrooms with grated radish, yakitori and a delicious little dish of cold boiled spinach with sesame seeds and bonito flakes. Main dishes include several teriyakis and a couple of pork dishes along with the tempuras and noodle dishes—hardly different from dozens of other Japanese menus. Nearly everything comes with a slightly watery miso soup and an iceberg lettuce salad with a nicely tangy sesame dressing. Sometimes dinner ends with colorful rectangles of gelatinous sweet bean paste, definitely more decorative than delicious.

The point of Tsukiji is the sushi bar, where sushi and sashimi are a good value and prepared so expertly and served pleasantly that this shopping center restaurant may give hamburger stands a run for the money.

Phyllis Chasanow-Richman

Turning Tables

Big Apple Bites Again—My idea of dining in New York is trying restaurants unlike those we find in Washington. Nowadays they include tapa bars, where Spanish appetizers can mean a meal or an entire evening's entertainment. Of New York's two tapa bars with extensive listings, I can vouch for El Internacional at 219 W. Broadway (tell the taxi driver you're heading for Teddy's, for the sign has not been replaced). The tapas number more than 30, and average \$3 for small size, \$6 for large. Sip sherry or quaff carafes of wine (or squirt them down your throat from pourrons). Don't bother with a main dish, but feast on smoky vinegared grilled sardines, piquant and delectable scallops, Moroccan-style eggplant crunchy with parsley and refreshingly tangy, or thick chorizos afloat in a paprika broth. You can get quail or grilled shrimp or baby eels, an omelet layered with Spanish flag colors or codfish puffs. If your party is four or fewer, sit in the bar room, where the Day-Glo decorations and funky costumes of waiters and diners will make you think that discos are not dead.

If your feasting time is breakfast, line up at Barney Greengrass, 541 Amsterdam Ave. (closed Mondays), for the kind of smoked fish that made New York famous. There are three kinds of nova (my favorite is the Atlantic salmon) and the most moist of whitefish, a very silky sable and a subtle white kippered salmon. If sturgeon is your inclination, you should know that Greengrass is called "the sturgeon king." Breakfast is in a Formica-and-leatherette dining room with all the charm of the subway, under fading murals of New Orleans. But Greengrass knows how to buy a good bagel and toast it right, and certainly has the inside track on smoked fish supplies. The most important bit of information about this place, however, is that the scrambled eggs with nova and onions are so good that one woman in California orders them by mail—and now that I've tasted them I'd do the same if my mailman came in time for breakfast.

If you're in New York looking for full-blown grandeur, Le Cirque is the restaurant that offers every flourish in the book: phalanxes of captains, waiters and busboys in intricate choreography; and after dessert, lavish trays of tiny, jewel-pretty pastries made by one of the restaurant's three full-time pastry chefs; then chocolate truffles in an etched crystal box. But what about Le Cirque's reputation for playing favorites among customers? Proprietor Sirio Maccioni answers that charge by saying that the chef would have no reason to cook less well for unknowns than for friends, and that it would be too complicated to cook better or worse for specific tables. And, he adds, one should approach a restaurant just as one should go to the opera, having prepared ahead and learned what it is about. As for us, knowing about the simply perfect roast chicken with garlic cloves and wild mushrooms is enough to warrant our seeking seats for this hit show.

—Phyllis Chasanow-Richman and Carole Sugarman



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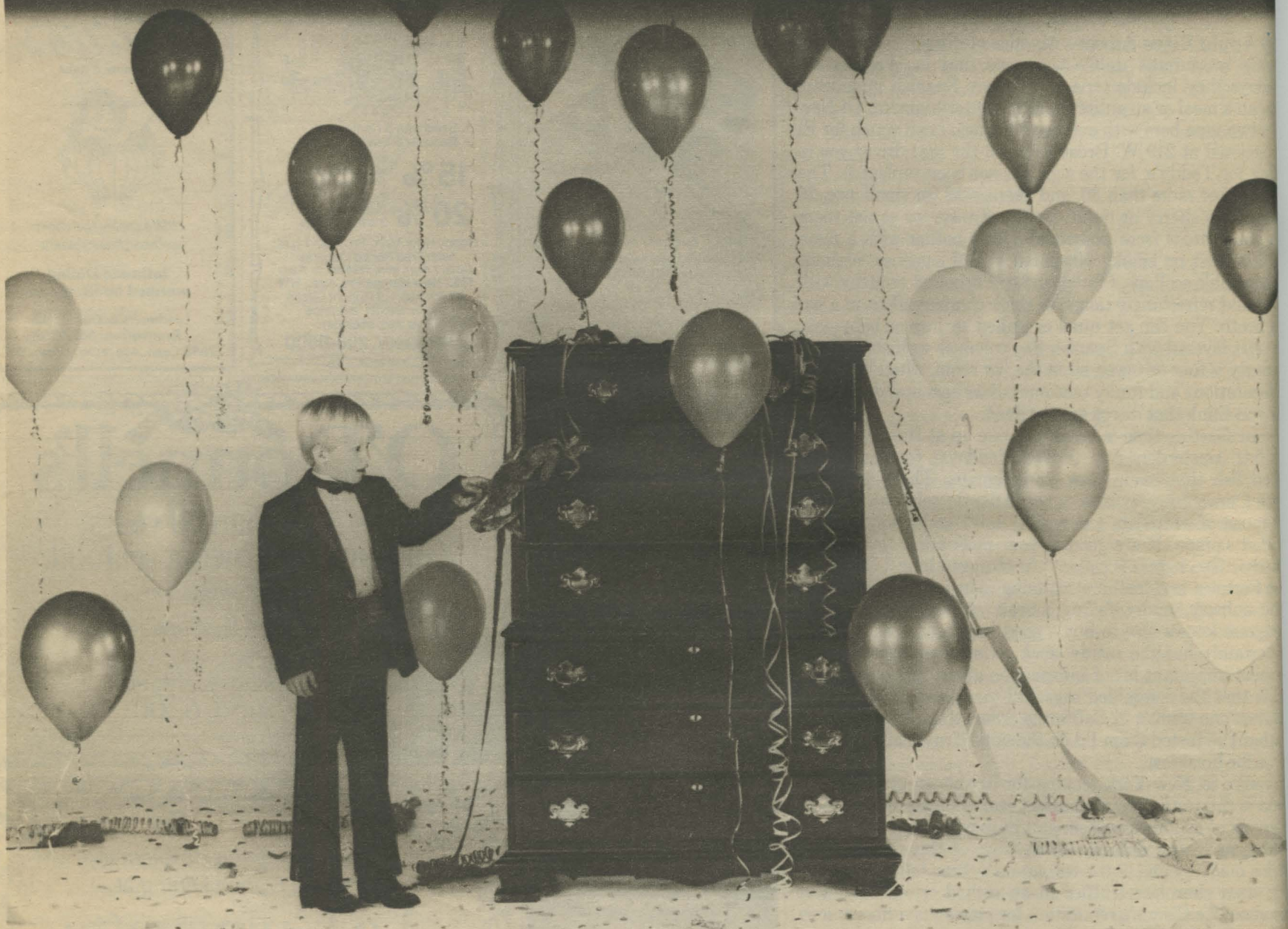
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Conaway on Wine

ROLL BACK THE BARREL

The 10th annual California barrel tasting at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York last month turned out to be the last. The news came as a surprise to 240 guests invited to one of the most prestigious culinary events of the year. The barrel tasting of recent vintages shipped east to be tasted in conjunction with older wines from the same wineries has promoted California wine and unofficially determined who's who in the wine and food trade for a decade.

Corridors of wine glasses graced the white tablecloths this year. Into the glasses went no less than 28 different wines poured to accompany eight food courses and a lot of encomia about California wine, most of it justified. The wines were generally impressive. Most of the barrel samples were politely sipped and the more mature wines savored, but several barrel samples stood out, among them the '84 Iron Horse chardonnay, the '84 Clos Du Val merlot, the '84 Burgess zinfandel (with wild boar pâté, no less) and the '84 Ridge Monte Bello cabernet. Good older wines included the '80 Chateau St. Jean sparkler served as an aperitif, the '74 Robert Mondavi fumé blanc served with sole and lobster, the '83 Acacia chardonnay with seafood risotto, an '81 Felton Empire pinot noir with peppered breast of duck, the '78 Jordan and '75 cabernets with medallion of venison, and the '78 Stag's Leap Cask 23 cabernet with cheese.

Other California wines offered that night were equally good—the '83 Far Niente chardonnay; the '81 Acacia, '82 Chalone and '81 Carneros Creek pinot noirs; the '81 Duckhorn merlot; the '75 Chappellet, '80 Diamond Creek and '82 Mayacamas cabernets; and the '75 Phelps late harvest riesling.

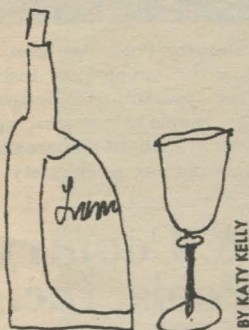
The bruised egos of winemakers and journalists not invited are never so bruised that they don't try to get invited the following year. Well, no more. Wine writer and importer Gerald Asher said of the original idea of an East Coast barrel tasting that "it is only through the prism of New York that what is happening in California is reflected to the world." Now the organizers apparently think the prism of California will be sufficient to spread the image. Henceforth the barrel tasting will be held in California, they say, where people already drink mostly California wine, where California wine tastings are as common as abalone and where no converts will be won among the East Coast's "European" palates.

It seems an inopportune time for California to turn inward. A cold wind is blowing through the American vineyard nowadays. Wine consumption among Americans has tapered off after rising dramatically a few years ago; a strong dollar has significantly increased the market share of foreign wine; neo-Prohibitionists are dedicated to increasing taxes on wine and reducing its exposure through advertising. Squabbles among winemakers, brewers and distillers exacerbate that situation. Those California winemakers not faced with bankruptcy need all the (self-) help they can get, and writing off the barrel tasting is no way to start.

I have a modest proposal: Don't move the barrel tasting to California—move it to Washington. Even New Yorkers will come here to visit. The capital's exceptional chefs would get together for a common good, creating something new and audacious. We would all be wiser and happier, and the California winemakers would still have a chance to present their wares to European and other palates.

Who knows, it might even become a tradition.

—James Conaway



BY KATY KELLY

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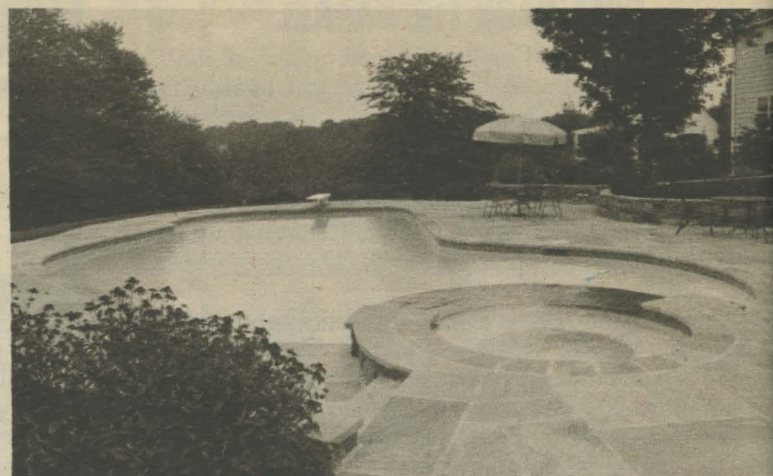
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Mock Picnic

BY EVE ZIBART

If you go by the Greeks, this whole ambivalent spring season is the result of an archetypal ménage à trois: teen-age seductress Persephone spending half the year with her fertility-goddess mother and half with Hades, lord of the underworld, who made her an offer she couldn't refuse.

So spring deserves a sensual, if not sensible, celebration, suitable to its simultaneous virtues of romanticism and flightiness.

But if you're at that awkward age—too old for spring fever and too young for ho-hum afternoons—announce a picnic and invite your friends. Skewer Mother Nature on her own shish kebab by throwing a rainy day picnic, safely indoors yet sophisticatedly spoofy.

First of all, proper outfits required: Hawaiian shirts, flip-flops or ragged sneakers, chewing gum and cheap sunglasses.

For the living room, get rid of the coffee table and spread the tackiest plastic tablecloth available (something with palm trees) or toss several garish beach towels together. Plastic-covered wire chairs are acceptable, but nothing with upholstery or non-stick pillows.

Musical suggestions: Slickee Boys ("When I Go to the Beach"), Go-Go's ("Vacation"), Springsteen ("Sherry Darling"), Philip Glass ("Einstein on the Beach"). We're talking psycho-surf here: no Easter Bunny, no Beach Boys.

Fill a child's plastic splash pool with ice for beer; rinse a bright beach pail and scoop and fill with light brown sugar—set out as decoration but meant for dessert.

Eve Zibart's last article for The Magazine was on cocktails.



Buy excruciatingly loud paper plates—magenta or lime, for example—and count out enough for all participants. On each plate draw three triangles, points to the center, at 10, 2 and 6 o'clock. Spray the first triangle with insect repellent, squeeze coconut-oil tanning lotion on the second, and splash the third with charcoal-lighter fluid.

At appropriate moments play "name that odor," and watch the nostalgia flow.

To make the menu suitably outdoors-ish, lay out topless sliced chicken sandwiches sprinkled with ant-sized chocolate jimmies (yes, chocolate—what do you think Mexican mole sauce is?), the tops to be supplied later.

Remember green-yolked hard-boiled eggs? The ones your mother

didn't chill fast enough so the yolks turned yucky? Instead of classic deviled eggs, beat the cooked, cooled yolks in the food processor with chopped fresh coriander, parsley and sautéed scallions or greens of leek, then stuff them back in the whites.

For that seaside smell, serve the potato salad hand-roll style—scooped like ice cream into sheets of Japanese sushi seaweed twisted into cones. Or chop kelp into the pickles.

To obtain that charred kebab effect, very slowly roast a chunk of chuck steak or a loin leg of lamb in the oven until rare but cooked. Try not to brown the outside or trim off any scorched marks later. (This is a cinch if you have a microwave,

since in most, browning meat is impossible.) Cut the meat into large cubes, stab both sides of each piece with a fork and soak the cubes in a red wine or teriyaki marinade overnight, or for at least six hours.

Blanch some whole onions in boiling water for four or five minutes, then peel and cut into wedges; red "sweet" onions are the prettiest. Skewer the meat and onions with tomatoes, mushrooms and green peppers, all of which should be semi-raw. When the company comes, heat up the hibachi on the back porch and toss the skewers on the grill while it's still too hot, thus searing the outsides to recreate that charred-on-the-outside look known so well to picnickers.

Alternatively, marinate a thick London broil, slice on the bias and ribbon-thread the strips on wood skewers à la oriental satay. Remember to soak wood skewers for 30 minutes so they won't burn when you wave them over the fire.

(Or if someone brings kids at the last minute, you can create the same effect with parboiled hot dogs. Be sure you serve them with mustard and ketchup in plastic squeeze bottles. Accouterments are important.)

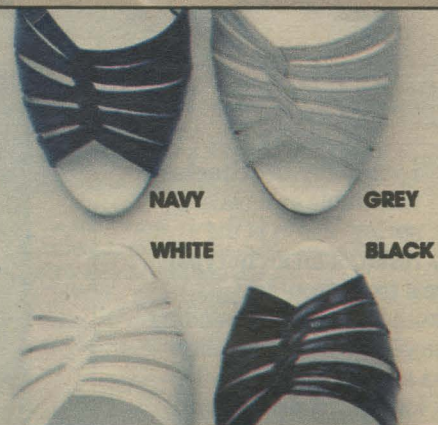
Dessert is strawberries and/or green grapes with sour cream and brown sugar. The strawberries taste best if hand-dipped first into the sour cream and then into a pile of sugar, but serve them in bowls and scoop brown sugar "sand" on top if you prefer. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM WOLFF

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HECHT'S

Shirr Thing

BY ANNE BEHRENS

Watch the waist. It's the first place to look to see the new proportions that are breaking rules for traditional suits. Jackets are short, skirts narrow and tight, and the wide, shirred waist catches the eye.

This two-piece outfit demands a firm body. Broad shoulders are less exaggerated. The extreme narrowness of the skirt merges the hips with the waist.

Brilliant colors are also essential to the new attitude. These bright clothes are an invitation to step away from safe tailoring in shades of blue and gray. ■

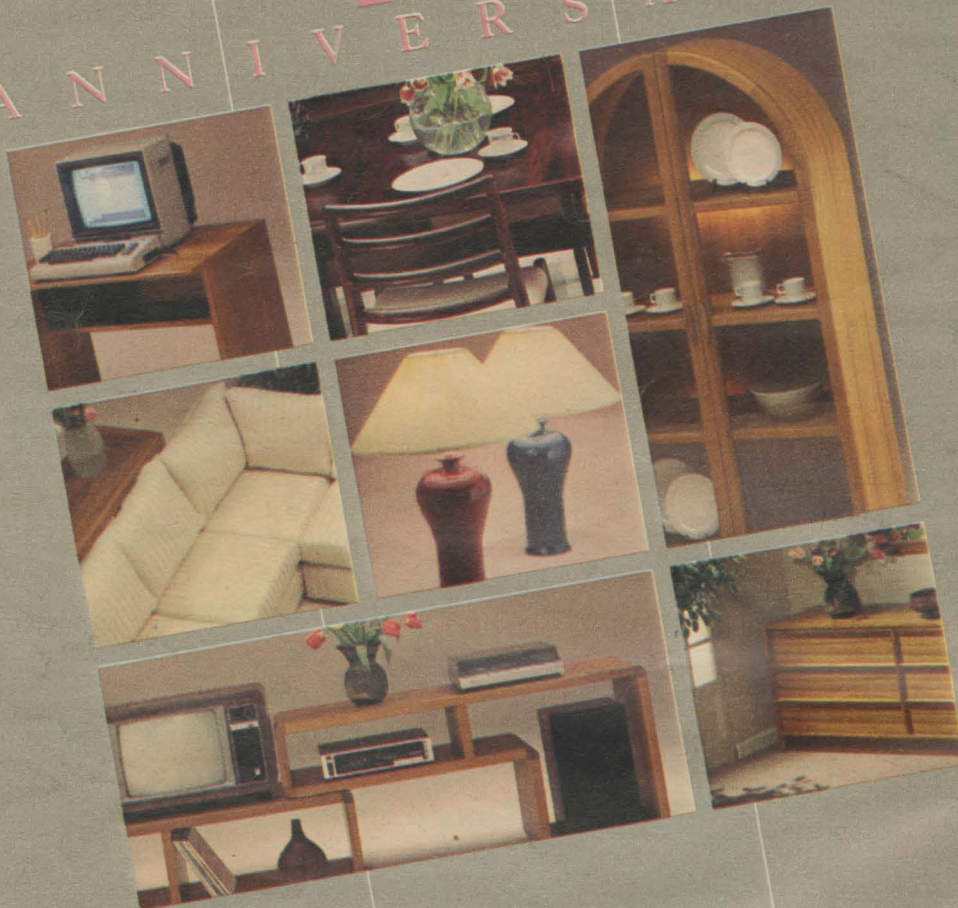
EMANUEL UNGARO'S brilliant shirred-waist suit, \$1,175; star-shaped leather earrings, \$28. All at Garfinckel's.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SWANN/NIEMANN

MAKEUP BY ROBERT CONNER AND HAIR BY BOB STARKEY, BOTH FROM FLASHBACK; STYLED BY KATHERINE COOKE.

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Old Wall, New Hall

BY ANDY LEON HARNEY

Many architects begin their careers by working on their homes. But when Yugoslavian-born architect Sylvia Gottwald started out it was on a larger scale—working on the conceptual design for a section of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. From there, the Harvard University and MIT trained architect and urban planner went on to design and plan projects in India, Morocco and Thailand.

Now Gottwald has turned her attention to residences, and she decided to begin her change of focus by making her own home a showcase for her distinctive style.

Her Kalorama Circle town house, like many town houses, had a long hall that cut off the living room and formed a long dark corridor. To relieve that narrow feeling, Gottwald took the central load-bearing wall, which extended from front to back, and made it into a dramatic sculptural element. She pierced the wall with windows and open shelves.

"The functional aspects are key," says Gottwald. "I wanted to be serious and honest in defining spaces—but I wanted whimsy as well." To pull together brass and silver works of art, Gottwald chose copper as a distinctive yet metallic accent. ■

Andy Leon Harney contributes regularly to The Magazine on design.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNE GUMMERSON

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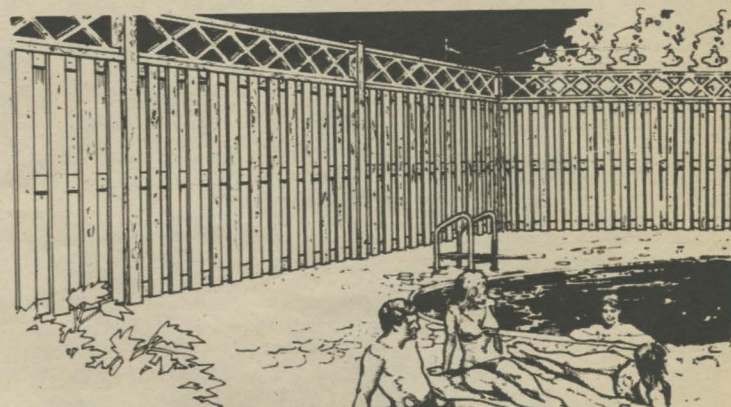
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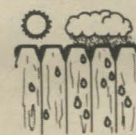
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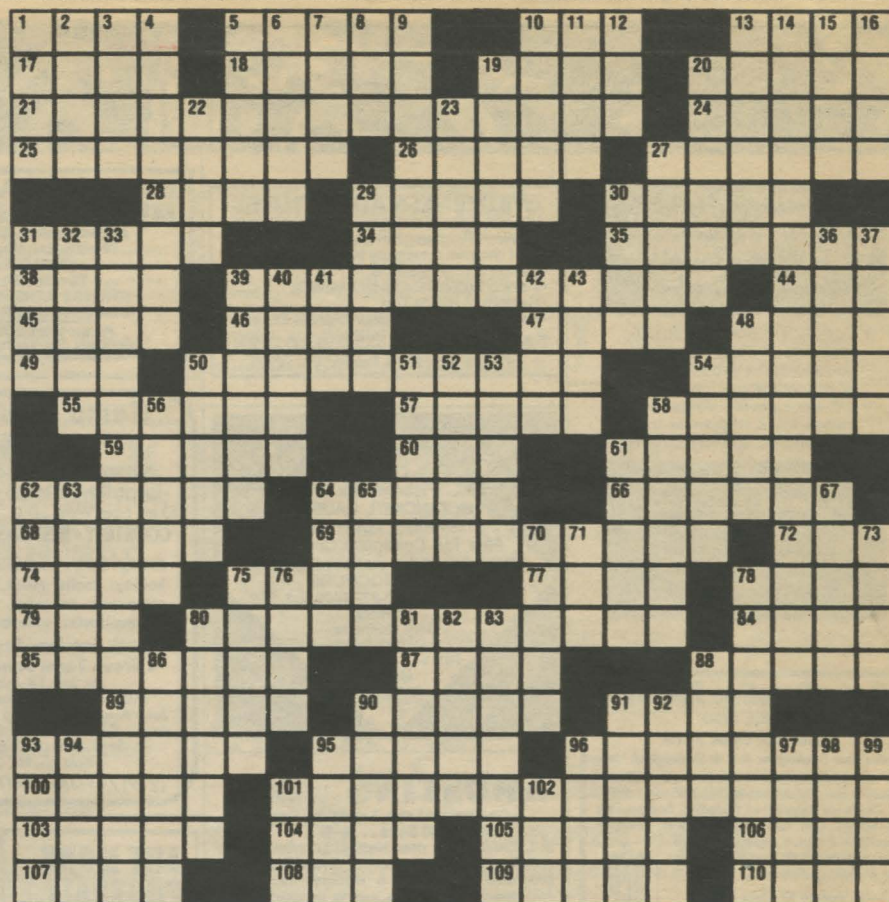
It's About Time by William Lutwiniak

ACROSS

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Stare open-mouthed | 31 Disorder | 59 Basque topper | 88 Turn aside |
| 5 Red ink entry | 34 Vigoda and Fortas | 60 Onassis | 89 Men |
| 10 Bullring cheer | 35 Drained dry | 61 Andrea del — | 90 Bored with |
| 13 Agenda tick-off | 38 Riata | 62 Chateau rooms | 91 Go slack-jawed |
| 17 Parrot | 39 And 50A (old song) | 64 Nimbi | 93 Not so cool |
| 18 Flooded | 44 Guidonian note | 66 Trial prints | 95 Stillier's Anne |
| 19 Points in time | 45 Sound of a gaffe | 68 Fish in a way | 96 Very sensitive |
| 20 Rustic crossover | 46 Close by | 69 See 21A | 100 Concorde, par exemple |
| 21 And 69A (old song) | 47 Eleven PM staple | 72 Pro — | 101 Living it up |
| 24 "— Rookh" | 48 Rip | 74 Optimistic | 103 Let up |
| 25 Exclusive 100 | 49 NCO | 75 Lounge around | 104 Ripened |
| 26 Comeback | 50 See 39A | 77 Ibis milieu | 105 Tearful one |
| 27 Bee's pickup | 54 Kind of crayon | 79 Alliance letters | 106 Israel's Abba |
| 28 Wee | 55 Hacienda lady | 80 Old song | 107 Exec. |
| 29 Silvery fishes | 57 Like a galley | 84 "— a man who..." | 108 Wire measure |
| 30 Lapwing | 58 Got together | 85 Fuel for a torch | 109 Bancroft and Baxter |
| | | 87 Imminent | 110 Make an impression |

DOWN

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Catches | 13 Like certain type | 31 Gator's cousin | 51 Author Dahl |
| 2 Hurt some | 14 Old song | 32 Barrel features | 52 Gypsy card |
| 3 Reporter's query | 15 She: French | 33 "I'll Be With You in —" | 53 Dubliners |
| 4 Vichyssoise base | 16 Snide | 36 Happify | 54 Yule song |
| 5 Writer Runyon | 19 City on the Rio Grande | 37 Found the nerve | 56 Nice — (prude) |
| 6 Castle place for linens | 20 Tapped the brakes | 39 Accrues | 58 Keg |
| 7 Pipistrelles | 22 "How sweet —!" | 40 Worm: pref. | 61 Overflow |
| 8 Somewhat: suff. | 23 Biblical patriarch | 41 Cousin of 59A | 62 Hone |
| 9 Douglas best-seller | 27 Banana | 42 "This one's —" | 63 Bellowing |
| 10 Profs' posers | 29 Skier Phil | 43 Tour de force | 64 Vagueness |
| 11 Gossamer | 30 Deere product | 48 Jay Silverheels role | 65 Freshly |
| 12 Native: suff. | | 50 French philosopher | 67 Cut |
| | | | 70 — nous (confidentially) |
| | | | 71 "...the giftie — us" |
| | | | 73 A Dillon |
| | | | 75 QE II, e.g. |
| | | | 76 Nancy or Ed |
| | | | 78 Sidetracked |
| | | | 80 Star quality |
| | | | 81 Like some floors |
| | | | 82 Get word |
| | | | 83 Ristorante |
| | | | 86 Dialect |
| | | | 88 Mimicked |
| | | | 90 Chamfer |
| | | | 91 Sphere |
| | | | 92 Fragrant wood |
| | | | 93 Bard's prop |
| | | | 94 Through |
| | | | 95 Creche figures |
| | | | 96 Classical conflict |
| | | | 97 Poke fun at |
| | | | 98 "— old cow-hand" |
| | | | 99 Smallest of change |
| | | | 101 — it up (emote) |
| | | | 102 French department |



Quote-Acrostic

How to solve the Quote-Acrostic:
1. Define "clues," writing definitions in "words" column over numbered dashes. 2. Transfer letters to numbered squares in diagram; black spaces separate words. 3. When pattern is completed, quotation can be read left to right. The first letters of the filled-in "words," reading down, form an acrostic yielding the speaker's name and the topic of the quotation.

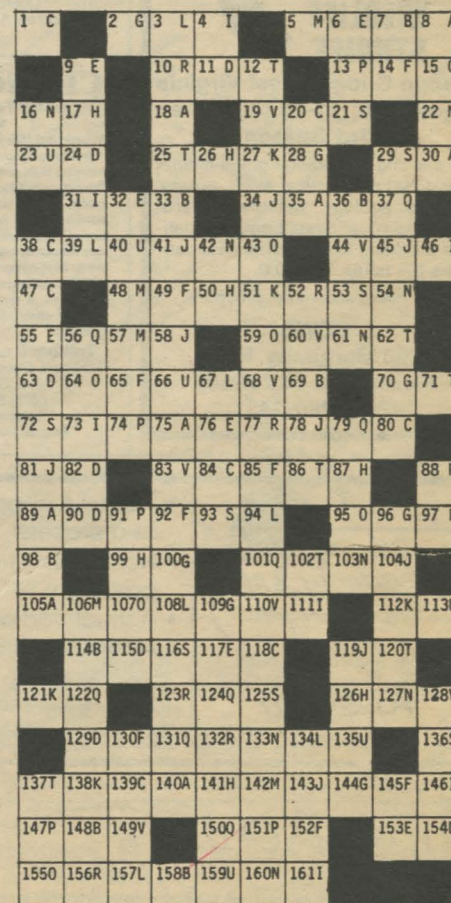
CLUES

WORDS

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| A. Inanimate equine | 8 18 105 89 75 140 |
| | 30 35 |
| B. Orchid variety | 69 36 98 148 158 33 |
| | 7 114 |
| C. Often stormy promontory | 84 20 118 47 139 38 |
| | 1 80 |
| D. Prospective loser | 154 82 24 90 129 115 |
| | 11 63 |
| E. Minor prophet | 153 76 9 55 117 6 |
| | 32 |

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| F. Month of the dead | 65 130 92 49 145 14 |
| | 85 152 |
| G. Fast cat | 2 96 144 100 28 70 |
| | 109 |
| H. Crosswise | 50 141 26 99 126 87 |
| | 17 |
| I. Oven vessel | 111 73 46 161 31 146 |
| | 4 |
| J. Favorites' roster (2 wds) | 143 45 81 34 104 78 |
| | 119 41 58 |
| K. Pledge | 97 138 121 112 27 51 |
| L. Most proximate | 134 157 3 67 39 94 |
| | 108 |
| M. Morning confection | 48 22 57 142 5 106 |

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| N. Memento | 54 42 16 61 160 103 |
| | 133 127 |
| O. Utopia | 107 155 64 95 59 15 |
| | 43 |
| P. Drummer of drama | 91 151 74 13 147 |
| Q. Adherent | 150 56 131 37 124 101 |
| | 79 122 |
| R. Malady | 77 132 10 123 52 156 |
| | 88 |
| S. Rigid leader | 116 136 53 72 29 21 |
| | 93 125 |
| T. Stance | 102 25 120 86 12 71 |
| | 137 62 |
| U. Leman's other name | 135 66 23 113 159 40 |
| V. New York's Board of — | 110 149 83 68 19 60 |
| | 44 128 |



Cryptogram

FNYYNYNIIN WRONGD TRY WDGDC SKAAM YKCD VS
ZVT FRWM Y'Y OV KYD OV YIDAA ZNY YOROD'Y WRFD.

Last week's answers on page 68



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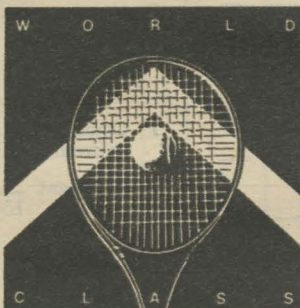
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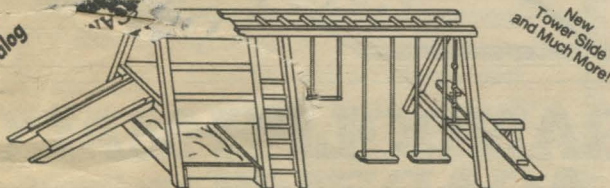
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Games Bridge

About 25 years ago, Canadian expert Doug Drury suggested a response of two clubs so that a player who has passed can show an interest in game when his partner opens the bidding in third or fourth position. Today's North-South had agreed to use that convention at the North American Championships last November.

Drury recommended that the opening bidder make a negative rebid of two diamonds if he had a doubtful opening bid. Hence today's North made a strength-showing response of two clubs, and South then showed rebiddable hearts but doubtful values when he bid two hearts.

When North passed at two hearts, it was clear he had heart support; then Los Angeles expert Eddie Kantar, sitting East, felt compelled to bid. Tournament experts don't sell out at the level of two when the opponents have found a fit.

Mark Lair of Canyon, Tex., sitting South, took the push to three hearts, relying on his partner for a fair hand and some hearts. Then Swedish expert

P.O. Sundelin, West, felt compelled to double.

Sundelin, at 17 points, had never opened his mouth; he needed the nine of hearts instead of the seven. (At rubber bridge, you'd need at least Q-J-x-x of trumps to risk doubling the opponents into game.)

Sundelin cashed the king of clubs and switched to the king of spades, holding the trick. He led his other space to the ace, and South ruffed a club and led a diamond to dummy's queen.

South continued diamonds, covering the jack with the king. West took the ace of diamonds and led the eight of clubs. East stepped up with the jack of hearts.

South overruffed, ruffed a diamond in dummy, ruffed another club in his hand and led his last diamond. Here is where Sundelin could have used the nine of hearts. As it was, Sundelin did his best by ruffing with the six to drive out dummy's nine.

West's last three cards were the Q-7-3 of trumps; and South had the A-10 of hearts and a

North dealer
East-West vulnerable

NORTH

♠ A 4

♥ 9 4 2

♦ Q 4

♣ Q J 10 7 5 4

WEST

♠ K J

♥ Q 7 6 3

♦ A 3 2

♣ A K 8 3

EAST

♠ Q 10 8 6 3 2

♥ J

♦ J 10 7 6

♣ 9 6

SOUTH

♠ 9 7 5

♥ A K 10 8 5

♦ K 9 8 5

♣ 2

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1♥	Pass
2♣	Pass	2♥	Pass
Pass	2♣	3♥	Dbl
Pass	Pass	Pass	

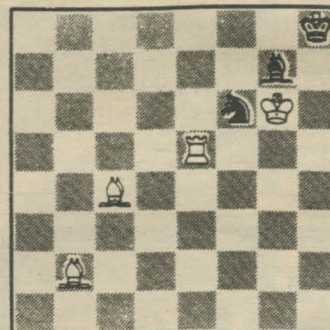
Opening lead: king of clubs.

spade. Lair led one of dummy's clubs to get rid of his spade whereupon West had to ruff and lead from the Q-7 of trumps to Lair's A-10.

—Alfred Sheinwald

Chess

My first reaction was shock when the title match in Moscow was abruptly canceled. When Anatoly Karpov, 33, took a commanding four-point lead over Gary Kasparov, 21, in the first games, some influential critics charged either the match was



White mates in two moves

rigged or the contender's faculties had been sabotaged in some unknown way.

Karpov seemed to have the title on ice after a string of 17 draws and a victory in Game 27, only a tantalizing point away from a required six wins. Then Kasparov mounted a superhuman effort that must rank as one of the greatest comebacks in the history of any sport. He took Game 32. Another long string of ties obviously exhausted the frail champ, who shed 10 of his 120 pounds. Kasparov narrowed the gap to 5-3 with consecutive wins in 47 and 48 and the momentum was now his after a marathon struggle entering its sixth month.

The president of the World Chess Federation, Florencio

Campomanes of the Philippines halted the match without a winner because it had degenerated into a "test of endurance." With this unprecedented gesture, he may have exceeded his authority.

Both players protested vainly against this stalemate and fan felt cheated the world over. The champion will keep his title until the match is rescheduled, presumably in September, under new ground rules. What now?

If sanity is to prevail and skill is to reign instead of stamina perhaps the Soviets will press for a 24-game format and strike a rematch clauses from the agreement. Since it looks like Russia is likely to dominate chess until next century, why worry?

—Larry Evans

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE ANSWERS

QUOTE-ACROSTIC

M(ark) TWAIN: Tangible benefits:

It is a good thing, perhaps, to write for the amusement of the public, but it is a far higher and nobler thing to write for their instruction, their profit, their actual and tangible benefit.

CRYPTOGRAM

Latest tacky survey: Some "real" men, when questioned, admit they honestly don't even know what quiche is.

Word List

A Mia Farrow L Bight
B Tired M Libretto
C Whiffle N Errors
D Attrition O Brush up
E Iphigenia P Ethnic
F Nibble Q Nutant
G Thresh R Effort
H Automat S Foot-ton
I Nuthatch T Idiotic
J Giggie U Tented
K Irene Papas V Shire

CHESS

1 Kg7! waiting.

Composed by E. Holladay.

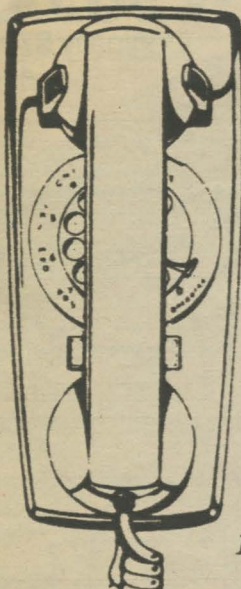
COLAS	GRAB	NABOB	COS
AROSE	RARA	EMILE	ALE
MACHINE	GUN	GOLDEN	BEA
ELK	ZOE	TAMALE	OLAN
RUSTY	NATE	FARE	
BAKERY	ELATE	MINISTR	
ALINE	LOOSE	CANNA	HE
NONO	DEMO	LANAI	BEL
TOG	GREAT	PROFILE	ARA
UFO	EARN	EAVES	PREY
FLAGS	DANES	FIEND	
ORSON	SARGO	BETA	BA
PAWS	LITTLE	FLOWER	AR
ANIS	ARIES	IDEM	ERN
LEN	SWARD	TAMER	SPOI
SEGMENTS	GOING	STONE	
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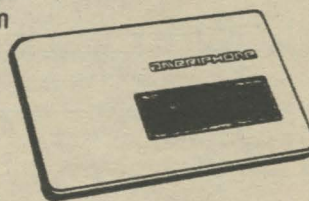
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OPERATIC OFFERINGS

The Metropolitan Opera sweeps into town on May 27. If you seem to remember that Lohengrin ends up marrying Mimi and Fiordiligi fights a duel with Rigoletto, you might do well to browse through *The Metropolitan Opera Stories of the Great Operas* beforehand. The book covers 150 operas. While you're reading, chomp on some operatic fudge (light mocha or dark chocolate, both with walnuts) made from former Met mezzo Rise Stevens' recipe.

Book. \$20 plus \$2.75 shipping and handling. Candy. \$13.50 for a pound plus \$2 shipping and handling. Specify light or dark. The Metropolitan Opera Guild, 1865 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. 212/582-7500.

SIGNING ON

Cicero, Rudolph Valentino, Marv Pickford, William Randolph Hearst and Judy Garland are all said to have collected autographs. So why not you? Or better yet, autographed photographs of Bette Davis or Robert Redford (looking tousled). Platinum Image offers framed and unframed photos of movie stars and other celebrities, their autographs as authentic as can be. Look for: "To Neil, Best Wishes, Sincerely, Jimmy Dorsey" if your name is Neil.

Autographed pictures. Bette Davis picture (shown), \$40. Others from \$25 to \$200. Movie Madness Inc., 1635 Wisconsin Ave. NW. 337-7064. Also at Toucan Gallery, 2014 P St. NW. 775-8406.

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