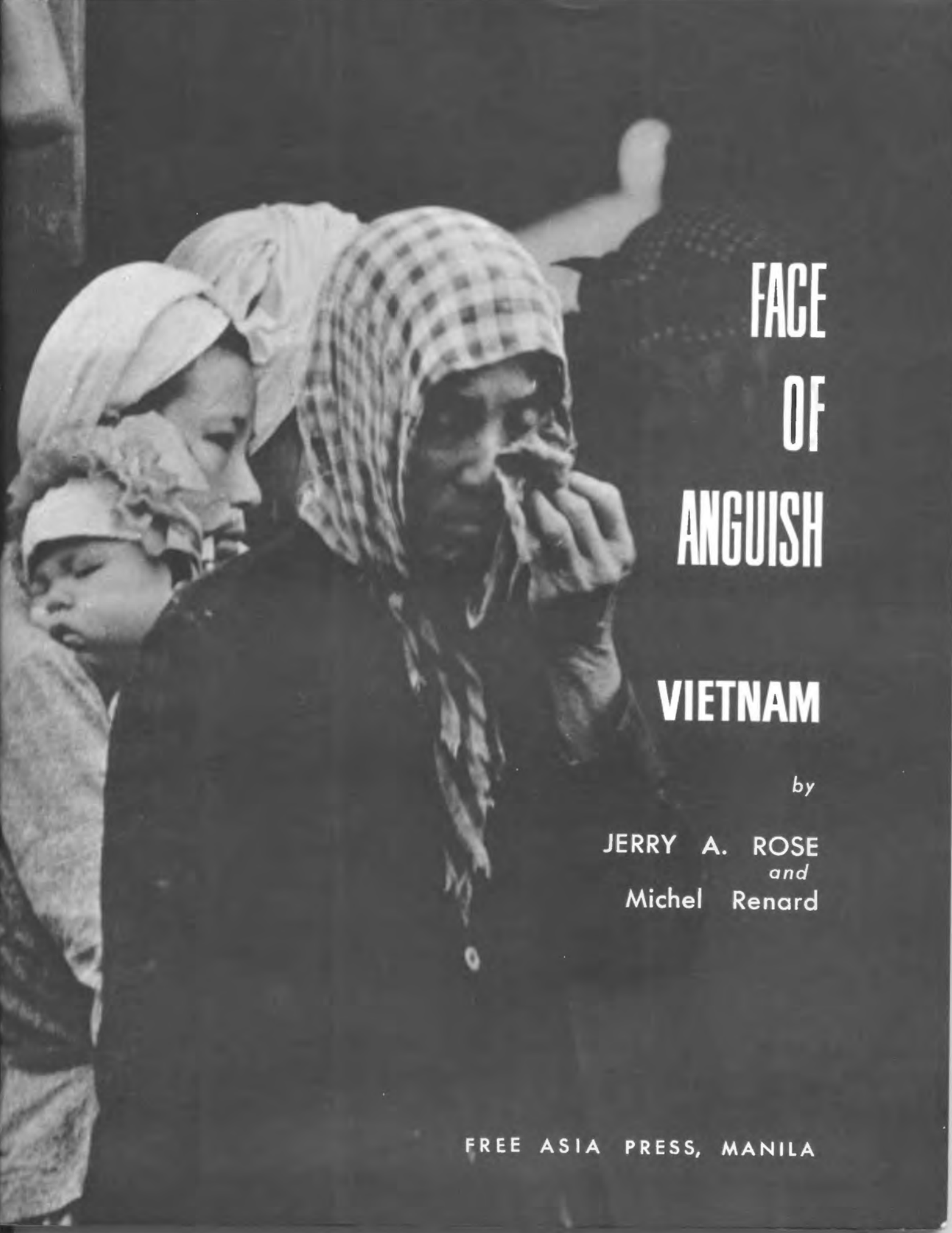


**FACE
OF
ANGUISH**

VIETNAM



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ANGUISH**

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by

JERRY A. ROSE
and
Michel Renard

FREE ASIA PRESS, MANILA

War afflicts this
nation, South
Vietnam, like
darkness upon a
blinded soldier.



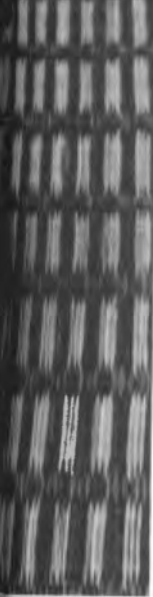


And yet, there is a vision of peace.



Rice is the white gold of Asia and one reason the communist leaders of North Vietnam wish to conquer this country is its fertile earth : the Mekong Delta is among the most lush rice-producing areas in the world. More than 80 per cent of the 14 million South Vietnamese are farmers.







The South China Sea, inland rivers and even flooded rice fields provide a harvest for fishermen.





The busy hamlet market place and the people of the countryside are the fiber of the nation.







The strength of Vietnam is its peasant men. Their support is needed for victory. Thus, the aspirations of the people — and their wartime activities — are elements in the struggle. The struggle is between Free Vietnam and Communist Viet Cong guerrillas.



Quiet
could
come...





... to this land of variety, where tribal children pound rice in mountain jungles, where the neon jungles of Saigon throb...



...to the beat of a *cha-cha-cha*...





...and a culture of 2000 years endures in the Imperial City, Hue.



But war has struck : a man looks at the rubble of his village.







War has struck :
neither young nor
old are untouched ;
and a boy with a
chest wound
shrieks.







**"Why can't my people know peace,"
says the village chief.**



Caught in the
middle of
gunfire, the
country people
cower in mud
for refuge...







...or they flee
in terror.





Some always fall in the flight from war.
The survivors are left to mourn.



Like funeral candles, the widows and sons and daughters stand the wake.









The last rites occur when the coffins are closed.





The living must continue, and from the highlands to the delta, they build fortifications of bamboo and take up arms to defend themselves.





At times no
defense with-
stands the
onslaught, and
again the dead
and the mourn-
ers mingle.







From the rivers into the tropical forest, the nation bristles with the operations of war.





The people alone know who is friend and foe and where the foe can be located.







The government finds the elusive enemy — two communist Viet Cong guerrillas surrender in the rice paddies.







Among the guerrillas are tough communist cadres who infiltrate from North Vietnam ; these men are politicians, military leaders, and terrorists. But the guerrilla who is impressed into service by threats or misleading promises is a man or boy exploited.







It is an ugly war where devices, such as the foot-spike, often poisoned with excrement, are used by the guerrillas to immobilize government soldiers.



Helicopters appear as prehistoric birds, cumbersome yet agile. They can dip through the gaps in dense jungle or skim lightly over the flooded fields. Flown by American pilots, the choppers transport government troops into action against the aggressor.



Tense soldiers fly toward battle. The chopper's gunner grips his weapon. Then, the whirlybirds' hind legs grasp for ground. And tension is sprung ; the troops attack...









Military missions seem endless as the fight for South Vietnam enters its eighth year. Soldiers grow weary; so do their American advisers. But again they assault. Mortars erupt. A direct hit is signaled. A village blazes.







U.S. Army helicopters evacuate civilian and military casualties to the nearest hospitals.



A flying ambulance arrives at an air base and its human cargo is unloaded. Two weary Air Force specialists feel the strain of the burden.





Compassion is given the wounded : a woman's sad concern, a tough American soldier straining to be gentle.

U.S. Special Forces Medic comforts a young patient in the jungles of Vietnam.









Day by day, month after month, victims flow into the medical centers. Bullets do not distinguish among nationalities.



The pain of one man is the anguish of a nation.







The term "limited war" has been applied to the conflict in South Vietnam. Actually, it is both a civil and international war, with brother fighting brother and communism pitted against the forces of freedom.

Communist power has grown enormously since the time infiltrators from North Vietnam ignited the violence. Terrorism and misleading promises drum people to the communist cause, while the leaders of the Republic of Vietnam strive toward an effective government.

The peasants aspire to a better life, but with war enveloping their entire land, it comes with painful slowness.

The suffering people crave quiet. For many, the quest ends in death; but the Vietnamese will to live in peace and freedom does not die.



PICTURE CREDITS

JERRY A. ROSE :

Front cover, pages 3, 4-5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14-15, 16 left and right, 17 right, 18-19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30-31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36-37, 38 top, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49 top, 53 top, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, inside back cover & back cover.

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Pages 6, 16-17 bottom, 24-25, 26, 27, 38 bottom, 39, 40, 41, 42-43, 44, 49 bottom, 50-51, 52, 52-53, 53 bottom right, 54, 62-63.

Jerry A. Rose, 30, contributing writer for the SATURDAY EVENING POST, lived from 1959 to 1962 in Vietnam. During that time and the following 2 years, he has constantly photographed and written about Vietnam. His pictures and articles have appeared widely in U.S. publications. Mr. Rose now resides at 124 Pokfulam Rd., Hong Kong.

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In the hospital a young woman carefully places a tangerine section between the lips of her disabled husband.

