



An organization of past and present, military and civilian, staffers and employees, their families and friends of the U.S. Armed Forces daily newspaper, *The Stars & Stripes*.

NEWS

Summer 2012



Sin City on a shoestring

**By Hal Morris
Reunion Chairman**

Las Vegas, an ever-changing fantasy-land that sprouted from the desert a little over 100 years ago, promises a fabulous time for those attending the 2012 Stars and Stripes reunion, Oct. 23, 24 and 25.

The South Point Hotel, Casino & Spa --- a newer property at the south end of the famous Las Vegas Strip --- will be the gathering spot.

Unlike other Strip hotels owned by New York Stock Exchange-listed corporations, the South Point is owned by one person. So better service and features are reflected in its operations.

The Oct. 23 to 25 special room rate is \$56, including taxes. That rate for Stripers

also applies for the Sunday and Monday preceding the reunion. Make hotel reservations soonest for the special rate by calling toll-free 1-866-791-7626 and mention "Stars and Stripes reunion." Specify queen or king size bed.

For those who seek to linger in Sin City, the room rate for the following Friday and Saturday is \$100.80.

(Fill out registration form soonest.)

Each hotel guest will receive a free "Funbook" that contains coupons for discounts and freebies, including food and drinks --- plus a complimentary souvenir from the gift shop.

Meeting rooms will be smoke-free.

Oct. 25 banquet guest speaker will be Francis (Red) Grandy (ESS 1951 to 1986), who, in a widely-circulated photo,

captured the reaction of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower on hearing about President Harry Truman's firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

See S&S reunion schedule for more details.

More information on South Point:

Four miles from McCarran International Airport, South Point guests get free shuttle service (call 1-866-791-7626 by 24 hours prior).

With 2,563 rooms, guests get unobstructed views of the glittering Strip and beyond, including surrounding mountains (up to 11,919-foot-high Mount Charleston) and airport landings and takeoffs.

Each oversized guest room functions

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Stars and Stripes Association Inc. is a California non-profit corporation with more than 300 members worldwide. Address, 1510 West Nottingham, Anaheim, CA 92802

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Reunion

From Page 1

more like a mini-suite with state-of-the-art 42-inch LED screens and high-speed Internet connections.

Unlike other major Las Vegas casinos, South Point does not charge resort fees, and parking outside or in the multi-story garage is free.

For those seeking side trips, ranging from touring Grand Canyon or Boulder Dam or sailing on a paddlewheeler on Lake Mead, an in-hotel travel agency will handle the bookings. The agency also offers discount admissions to a wide range of Las Vegas attractions, including long-running shows.

For Stripers with a gambling urge—and who feel lucky—the hotel features 2,563 slot and video poker machines with ticket-in, ticket-out technology (that way, players don't get fingers dirty as in former days when coins were dropped in).

The casino also spotlights about 60 table games including 21, craps, roulette, fortune Pai Gow poker and three-card poker. A recently redesigned race and sports book provides more than 300 seats with separate viewing areas via wall-to-wall screens showing football, baseball, hockey and other sports programming.

Also on premises is a 600-seat bingo room, with eight sessions daily (last one at 1 a.m.), that provides a solid chance to win up to about \$50,000 if the player has the right numbers in the progressive "Double Action" separate game. In addition, winning in 52 numbers or less on a three-card bonus strip bags \$10,000. Thirsty players can order free beverages.

Among dining places at South Point is an all-you-can-eat attractive buffet with separate stations featuring American, Asian, Italian, Mexican and seafood dishes plus salad and dessert bars.

Nearby are separate Mexican, Italian, prime rib and steak restaurants.

A deli and a Steak 'n' Shake eatery are among quickie food places on premises.

For S&S folks who win big in gambling, Michael's Gourmet Room is the place. It gets four diamonds from AAA and ranks among the top five restaurants in Las Vegas by the Zagat Survey. It's so fancy it has two dinner seatings, as on a cruise ship.

For those who seek to stay out of mischief between S&S events, South Point also contains a 400-seat showroom, a 16-screen movie complex, lounges with entertainment, a 64-lane bowling center and a large sports arena that often spotlights equestrian events.

Also on premises are a spa, a barber shop and a beauty salon.

For more hotel details and photos, go to www.SouthPointCasino.com.

For reunion updates and further details, check www.starsandstripesassn.com regularly.

VEGAS REUNION REGISTRATION FORM

MEMBER(S) NAMES _____

NUMBER IN PARTY _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

PHONE _____

EMAIL _____

REGISTRATION BEFORE SEPT. 25 \$65 ___ AFTER SEPT. 25 \$80 ___ (NUMBER
IN PARTY)

MAIL PAYMENT AND REGISTRATION FORM TO: TOSHI COOPER,
15 POSSUM HOLLOW ROAD, NEWARK DE 19711

Arthur Milholland: Combat correspondent

Arthur M. Milholland, a combat correspondent for Pacific Stars and Stripes during the Korean War, died July 11 in Kenosha, Wis.

“Mac,” as he was affectionately known by family and friends, covered the 7th Infantry Division in Korea from 1950 to 1951.

He had just entered college when, as he

once wrote, he was called into “Truman’s Troopers” after earlier serving in Europe as “editor of a regimental rag out of Stuttgart.”

After discharge in 1951 he resumed studies at DePauw University. After graduation he and wife Carlotta settled in Kenosha where, as he put it, he worked in underwear for the next 32 years for Jockey

International—actually doing advertising, public relations and marketing, among other positions.

He retired to a farm south of town where he and his wife helped raise their grandchildren.

In addition to his wife, Mac is survived by four sons, two foster daughters and 12 grandchildren.

Las Vegas Reunion Schedule

Tuesday, Oct. 23

Noon to 9 p.m.—Registration/hospitality room, Mission Bay Room on casino level near elevators to guest rooms.

4 p.m. to 5 p.m. --- Briefings on what to see and do in Las Vegas, Mission Bay Room. On-premises travel agency provides discounts on tours and attractions and there will be a representative on hand to answer questions. Chairman Hal Morris, 18 years in Sin City, will provide guidance, too.

5 p.m. to 6 p.m. --- Chat time for attendees in centrally-located Del Mar Lounge. For those at the get-together who like to keep up with sports, the lounge is ringed with 30 monitors showing various live events. For bettors (after all, it's Las Vegas), the Sports Book is a few steps away. Also nearby is Seattle's Best, for those who like to sip premium coffee rather than booze. For those who do not drink, no problem while seated in the Del Mar Lounge.

Dinner of your choice among the hotel's dozen eateries—casual to formal. Consult coupon book (each attendee gets one) for special deals.

Wednesday, Oct. 24

Registration/hospitality in special S&S suite. (Hours to be determined.)

(Optional) Tour time. Destinations --- ranging from Grand Canyon to roller coaster rides on The Strip --- of your choice. Or linger with casino play ranging from craps (starting at \$5 a bet) to bingo (one-hour sessions start on odd hours to 1 a.m.; win up to \$40,000 on a \$1 "double action" card, \$10,000 on another special \$2 "bonus" card plus up to several thousand dollars for bingo on a certain number).

5 p.m. to 6 p.m. --- Chat time at Del Mar Lounge.

6 p.m. to 9 p.m. For those who seek a musical show and dance to a live band, Déjà Vu performs in the Showroom. While the admission is \$5, it includes a free drink and \$5 credit for slot play. Can't beat that.

Thursday, Oct. 25

Registration/hospitality in special S&S suite. (Hours to be determined.)

9:30 a.m. to 11 a.m. Board meeting, Napa Ballroom.

Work in about 10 minutes any time between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. for a free slot tournament, with \$5,200 in weekly cash prizes, for seniors 50+. Details on this will be given at the Oct. 23 briefing.

Noon to 1:30 p.m. Lunch break at eatery of your choice.

2 p.m. to 3 p.m. Free show featuring Las Vegas personalities in the Showroom. Program is taped for radio broadcast and includes top names appearing on The Strip. Doors open 1:15 p.m.

3 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. General meeting, Napa Ballroom, at second floor meeting area.

6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Buffet banquet in Napa Ballroom. Includes cash bar for those who are thirsty after three days in the desert. Guest speaker, with visuals, will be Francis (Red) Grandy (ESS 1951 to 1986), who, in a widely-circulated photo, captured the reaction of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower on hearing about President Harry Truman's firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Also on hand to update latest happenings at Stars and Stripes will be Max D. Lederer, Jr., publisher.

(Schedule subject to change.)

John Taylor, 62:

'Steady hand in the newsroom'

By Parry Smith

KAISERSLAUTERN, Germany — Longtime Stars and Stripes Europe copy editor John Taylor passed away April 9 in Colorado. He had been undergoing cancer treatment there at the time of his death.

Taylor, 62, joined Stars and Stripes on Jan. 11, 1988, and worked in various positions, including features, the news copy desk and as sports copy editor.

Sam Amrhein, deputy managing editor for the Europe and Pacific editions of Stars and Stripes, called Taylor "a good steady hand in the newsroom."

Richard Braun, general manager of Stars and Stripes' European edition, said, "An organization consists of all kinds of individuals. Some are more noticeable and attract attention. Others, like John, are low key and simply get the job done without a lot of fanfare."

For more than a decade, Taylor headed up the features sections of the newspaper, to include Europe's popular Travel section and Quick Trips features, as well as being lead copy editor on local sports content.

"John volunteered to take over sports and features because I think he truly understood the importance of those sections in the newspaper," Amrhein said. "I think he also understood that no one else was going to give those sections the caring and feeding that they needed. ... I knew John was taking care of it, so it made my job easy."

Taylor's organizational skills made him the perfect choice to help Stripes move its office from Macedonia to Kosovo in 2000 when the paper sent reporters to cover the conflict there and its aftermath. As one former Stripes reporter, Rick Scavetta, put

See Taylor, Page 7

Stroube Smith, 77: noted copy maven

By Jim Shaw

Stroube Smith (ES&S 1959-61) was one of a vanishing breed of newsman: a journeyman copy editor. He worked at his craft more than 50 years, on a number of major newspapers and a national magazine, and earned the respect of fellow journalists wherever he worked. Stroube died Oct. 30, 2011 in Lewisburg, Pa. at age seventy-seven.

He came from a long line of newspapermen. His grandfather, father and uncle were at the Washington Post, and other cousins and uncles were editors and owners of papers in Alabama and Georgia. Stroube's long career in journalism began in the 1950s at the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) News and ended half a century later at the Washington Times. In between he got to see a lot of the world and work on some major publications.

He worked nights at the Tuscaloosa News while attending the University of Alabama, where he earned a degree in English. He also minored in journalism, and that's how we met. I was a J-school major at U of A and we had a number of classes together.

After graduation he worked on the copy desk of the Birmingham News (where his grandfather once worked) and our paths crossed again when I wound up there, too, in 1958. The following year I responded to a classified ad in Editor & Publisher seeking to hire copy editors for Pacific Stars and Stripes in Tokyo, and was hired. Three months later, Stroube did the same and was hired by European Stripes. After two years in Darmstadt, he moved to Paris to work on the copy desk of the European edition of The New York Times.

In 1964 he returned to the U.S. and landed at the Washington Star (which ceased publication in 1981). In 1970 he joined U.S. News & World Report and

worked there 20 years as a senior editor and columnist, writing on regulatory and federal court issues. He next spent 18 months editing and training local journalists on a new startup in Singapore, The New Paper.

He closed out his career working part-time on The Washington Times where, in addition to copy editing, he wrote a column. One of his last was this one, written to mark the Fourth of July in 2010: <http://www.washingtontimes.com/news/2010/jul/2/the-cost-of-declaring-our-independence/>

His boss at the Times, Frank Perley, said this about Stroube: "He was a newsman's newsman. He was meticulous and determined to get the facts right."

Stroube was born in Alexandria, Va. and early on developed an interest in Civil War history. He read extensively on the subject and visited many of the battlegrounds in Pennsylvania and nearby states. In 2005 he wrote this piece for Leatherneck magazine: <http://www.leatherneck.com/forums/showthread.php?22226-Bloodiest-day-remembered>

He was also a big sports fan, rooting for the Baltimore Orioles, the Washington Redskins and, of course, the Alabama Crimson Tide.

Throughout his career, from the early years in Tuscaloosa to his final days, Stroube was accompanied by his wife of 57 years, the former Rubie Jean Aultman, who survives him. Together they attended 10 Stripes reunions, the most recent in 2009. He also leaves two sons, Stroube Smith II of Hillsborough, N.J., and Russell Smith of Los Angeles; three daughters, Melissa Covaleski of Lewisburg, Pa., Elizabeth Harmon of Anniston, Ala., and Cassandra Smith-Vassighi of Silver Spring, Md.; 10 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

A VANISHING BREED

Copy editors, copyreaders, rim rats, comma catchers – whatever you choose to call them, they're going the way of the milkman and the street-car conductor. The copy editors, those fusty old guys wearing green eyeshades who sat on "the rim" of the copy desk, smoking smelly cigars, weren't always understood even by their newspaper colleagues. Beyond the newsroom it was thought that maybe they were kinda like proofreaders, while the reporters only knew that they "messed with" their copy.

But copy editors once were vital players in getting out the paper. They were the last line of defense against lousy grammar, misspellings, factual errors and typos. They sometimes saved a newspaper from much embarrassment – or a lawsuit. But the job of copy editor is fast disappearing from all but the largest newspapers and magazines. On many medium- and small-circulation publications today there is little or no fact-checking or "comma-catching" between what the writer writes and the reader reads, and the result too often shows up in the final product.

In the old days the copy editor also wrote the headlines – heds – for the stories he or she edited. Hed-writing is an art, akin to writing haiku. Sometimes it requires telling a complicated story in as few as thirty characters or so. Ambiguity, puns, slang, a play on song titles or ad slogans, alliteration, rhyming – all these are tools of the hedwriter. A good hed grabs the reader and keeps him from turning the page.

Some examples:

Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash,
Expert Says

Drunk Gets Nine Months in Violin Case
Farmer Bill Dies in House
Prostitutes Appeal to Pope
British Left Waffles on Falkland Islands
Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe

Told

Sex Education Delayed, Teachers Request
Training

And these two all-time classics:

WALL ST. LAYS AN EGG (Variety, 1929)
HEADLESS BODY IN TOPLESS BAR
(New York Post, 1983)

Isabelle Walker: Came close to 100

By Dave Feldman

Our favorite Chinese restaurant in Carlsbad was quieter than usual July 28, 2011. Isabelle Walker, who would have celebrated her 100th birthday this day, wouldn't be shouting to perfect strangers, "We all met in Germany, at Stars and Stripes."

We were all sure Isabelle would reach 100, and far beyond. But she surprised us, passing away two months short of the century mark. We had skipped birthday No. 99, planning for the big 100.

At her 98th birthday, Isabelle had been her exuberant self, especially after her double martini started to work. She had taken my arm as I walked her from the door at her retirement home, Carlsbad by the Sea. That was after she ditched the walker the management insisted she use.

At the door to Chin's restaurant, Isabelle disdained my offer of a hand, wanting to show the waitresses she could navigate by herself. After all, a retired lieutenant colonel, one of the few Army nurses to reach that rank then, could certainly walk inside by herself at 98.

Isabelle Mason Walker was a pioneer among Army nurses. After she retired, she became a legend as a volunteer in San Diego County. At 90, she was carting heavy trays to people 20 years younger at any number of retirement homes. "Hey colonel," they would call, "I could use a fresh cup of coffee." Isabelle always obliged, smiling.

Listing all her volunteer activities, just as listing all her firsts as an Army nurse, would take pages. Suffice to say that, in 1988, she was named state Volunteer of the Year by the California Federation of Women's Clubs.

There was no doubting Isabelle's keen intelligence, although she herself had early doubts. Her mother had called Isabelle "stupid." Later, we learned the remark came after Isabelle, who grew up in Russell, Minnesota (pop. 820), didn't have the worldly knowledge of a cousin from a bigger city.

Isabelle spent much of her life proving her mother wrong. In 1933, she graduated from nursing school in Minneapolis. In 1934, she finished the Menninger Postgraduate Course in psychiatric nursing. Not content, she later completed a three-year nursing program at the University of Minnesota in a year and a half. "I didn't get much sleep," she admitted.

Isabelle also regaled friends with tales from her work, during the Depression, at the New Mexico State Hospital for the Insane. "We had one patient who was allowed to go into town on the weekends," she said. "He really thought he was an angel, St. Michael, and always asked us to adjust the wings on his back so he could fly to the moon. When he came back, exhausted, he simply said, 'It was a great trip to the moon.'"

She joined the Army in 1940, with a steady rise in rank and assignments, including Germany and Iran. In those days, lieutenant colonel was the top advancement women could achieve. In today's Army, her friends say, she would have been a general.

Love, in the form of a retired British lieutenant colonel, struck late. Isabelle was 45 when she and Wilfred T. "Hookey" Walker were married.

Many of us wondered which colonel outranked the other, but it was a happy marriage. "Queenie," he would say, for that's what he always called her, "let's have a party next Friday." Isabelle was as adept at preparing scrumptious food for 40 guests as she had been at prepping patients.



Isabelle Walker

After their stint in Darmstadt, Germany, where Hookey was financial officer for the European Stars and Stripes, and Isabelle had been chief of nursing for the Seventh Army, they retired to Carlsbad.

Isabelle merely traded her military job for civilian volunteering. And she looked forward to her birthday parties with friends from Stars and Stripes.

One of her friends is hoping her nursing legacy will endure, perhaps with a room, or even a wing, named after her at Walter Reed Medical Center in Washington. Isabelle had taught advanced nursing courses there for five years." She did things no other Army nurse had done," said the friend, Michael Penner.

Penner and the rest of us lunched at Chin's on July 28, 2011, without Isabelle this time. But at least one of us told strangers at the next table, "We all met at Stars and Stripes in Germany. And we're celebrating the 100th birthday of an amazing friend who almost, but not quite, made it to the table today."

Taylor

From Page 4

it, Taylor saw Stripes “through some of its most challenging days.”

Scavetta recalls sitting with Taylor in the newsroom when the paper was located in Griesheim, Germany, and watching the television as Sept. 11, 2001, events unfolded.

“That quiet September afternoon ... the Stripes newsroom in Griesheim was practically empty. ... We stood there, staring silently at the Twin Towers on fire trying to make sense of what we were watching. ... John, thinking like an editor, knew we had work to do. This news would change the next day’s paper. So, we got to work.”

In the following months, as Scavetta deployed to Afghanistan and later Iraq, he said that Taylor was a “lifeline — not just

an editor on the phone, but a friend who offered compassion and a sense of reality from the outside world. ... I remember his kind words and support, just a voice on a satellite phone, that helped me through many difficult times.”

In addition to his wife, Chris, Taylor is survived by a daughter, Laura; and a son, Alex. A memorial service was scheduled in Colorado Springs.

Manfred meets the great DiMaggio

By Bob Wicker

It was a dark and stormy night...no, wrong story.

It was a sunny day in May ‘62 at *The Stars and Stripes* newspaper headquarters in Griesheim/Darmstadt, Germany. I came to work at 2 p.m. that day, as the six-man day crew in the sports department was finishing up. Thanks to the day crew, the “B Edition” was hot off the press and now on its way to the airport for next-morning delivery to our readers in England, France, Spain, Italy and a few other countries. My job as “night sports editor” on mid-week days like this one was to work alone and update later editions for overnight delivery by truck to newspaper sales points in Germany and Belgium.

Around 4 p.m. I was hunched over some wire copy doing my thing with a No. 2 pencil when I heard footsteps in the sports office. I didn’t bother to look up, assuming it was the “copy boy” delivering more wire copy, mail or notes from the managing editor to our sports in-box. Suddenly, I was aware that someone was standing in front of my desk. I looked up.

“Hi, I’m Joe DiMaggio,” he said, extending his right hand.

“I know,” I blurted. “Everyone knows who you are.”

It must have been obvious to the Yankee Clipper that he had surprised a long-time baseball fan who was now in a mild state of shock. Before I could say anything stupid (like “Thanks for dropping by, Joe” or “What are you doing here?”), he tried

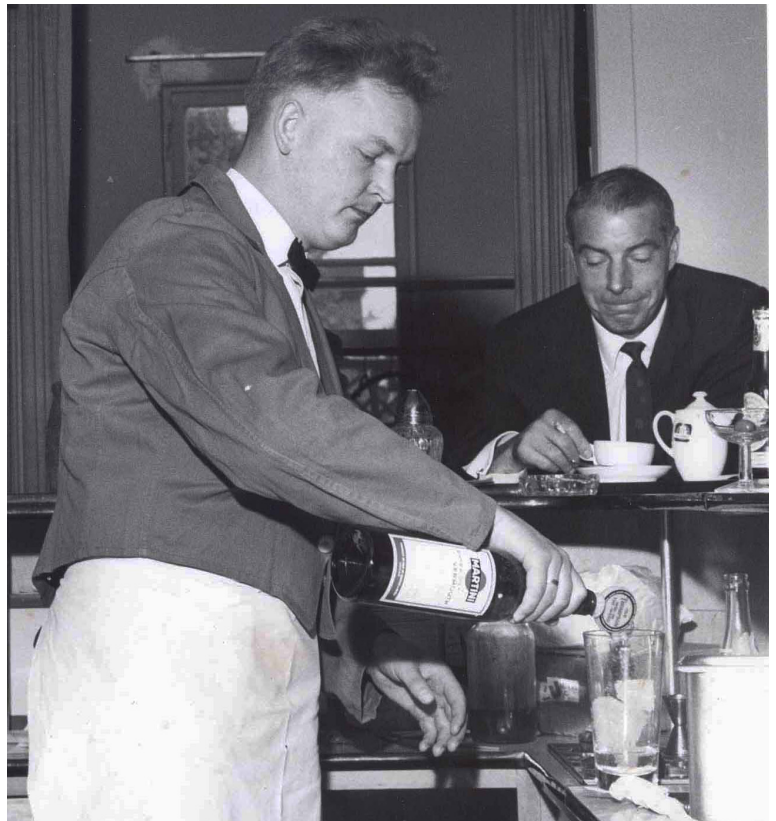
to put me at ease by asking about one of my co-workers in the sports department.

“Is Steve Lakos here today?”

I explained that Steve had worked the early shift. I offered to call Steve in Jugenheim, a small town about 20 minutes from the office.

“Oh, that’s okay,” Joe said. “Steve interviewed me a few weeks ago at the Frankfurt Airport. I was on my way to Moscow on a business trip. He gave me his Stars and Stripes card and invited me to drop by if I was ever in the area again. Well, I’m on my way back to the States. My flight to New York doesn’t leave until tomorrow morning. I grabbed a cab and said, ‘Take me to Stars and Stripes.’ So, here I am.”

I’m thinking, “What do I do now?” First, I decided I did not need to update that page I was working on. Then



Manfred Kuchel & Joe DiMaggio

I showed Joe the nice story Steve wrote after interviewing him. I gave him a copy of the fresh “B Edition” and he was delighted to see a story and box score from last night’s Yankees game.

While Joe, who had slipped unnoticed into the sports department, raved about our good coverage of major league baseball, I was thinking about my next move. I considered strolling with him down the hallway and into the newsroom. Wouldn’t that be fun?

DiMaggio

From Page 7

I finally called Steve. I needed badly to validate the fact that Joe DiMaggio was hanging around my office. Heck, if he leaves the way he came in, no one will ever believe he was here. "Oh, come on, you're pulling my leg again," Steve said. "B. Wicker, you are always trying to play a joke on me," he laughed.

Joe could tell I was having a tough time. I handed the phone to him. It was a short conversation. Joe: "How are you, Steve?" Steve: "Great, Joe. I'll be right out."

Joe handed the phone back to me. Steve apologized, and said he would call our boss, Jack Ellis, and the other sports guys. "We'll be there soon," he said.

Acting as if we had been old drinking buddies for years, I boldly suggested we

walk over to the Press Club for a beer or two. "Sounds like a good idea to me," said Joe, rolling up his "B Edition" as I showed the way.

By now, Joe and I had been hanging out for about 30 minutes without anyone noticing. I figured my friends must all be at the Press Club bar. Wrong. The club was empty. Thank goodness, Stripes' long-time German bartender, Manfred Kuchel, was on duty as usual. Manfred had often talked about baseball with his American friends and listened to games on AFN radio. He knew that Joe DiMaggio was a baseball legend, but had never seen him on TV. I thought he would be happy to meet him. Manfred gave Joe a half-hearted handshake, all the time looking at me as if to say, "There you go again, trying to play a joke on me."

Joe smiled, knowing that Manfred was not convinced. We sat quietly at the bar,

talking mostly about the Yankees and Red Sox while drinking our beers. After listening for a few minutes, Manfred realized this was the real Joe.

Steve and my other friends from the paper soon arrived, followed by dozens of kids -- many with their dads -- from a nearby military housing area.

Joe ordered a cup of coffee and thanked me for the beer as I headed back to work.

Don Schuck, my best friend and mentor in sports, told me the next day that Joe stayed several hours at the Press Club. "He thoroughly enjoyed one of the Press Club's famous \$1.50 T-bone steaks," Don said. "By the way, I told him we often talked and argued in sports about who was the greatest player -- Joe DiMaggio or Ted Williams. Joe said: 'Don, you know no one could hit like Williams, but I may have had an edge otherwise.' "

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