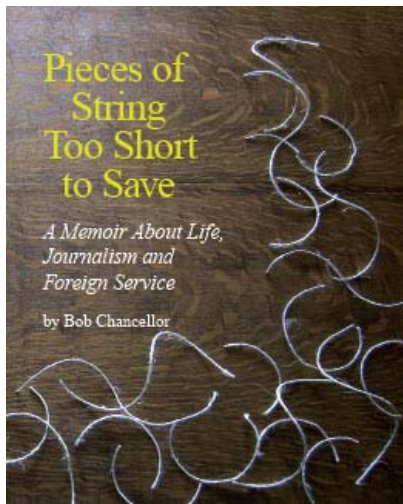


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SOME EXCERPTS

My maternal grandmother...was frugal. She lived alone as a widow for more than 20 years, maintaining an apartment and an independent life style in Kansas City. Thus, she saved paper bags, aluminum foil and string. At the time she was moved to a nursing home late in 1965, my Aunt Phoebe was helping to clean out accumulated possessions in grandmother's apartment, which included a large ball of string which had been saved and wound up for many years. And in that same cabinet, Phoebe found a full cardboard box, labeled "pieces of string too short to save." That is sort of the way with this work – there is not enough here to make a full ball, just a lot of little snippets which don't really wind together. But, I hope, there are at least enough "pieces of string too short to save" to fill a box. — From Introduction

Tan Son Nhut airport in Saigon was an overwhelming place for a fledgling foreign correspondent on his first assignment. . I had no idea where I was supposed to go, or what I was supposed to do. So I found a telephone and called JUSPAO – the Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office – and told the duty officer who answered: "This is Bob (I may have mumbled that part) **Chancellor from VOA in Washington**, and I am at the airport and I don't have a way into town." "I'm sorry, Mr. Chancellor. I don't think we knew you were coming. I will send someone out to get you " A car was to be sent when a foreign service officer jumped in and said he would retrieve the distinguished visitor. Did I cause all that confusion intentionally? – well, maybe a little bit. But I did say "Bob," not "John."

— From Chapter 13