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SYRIA: A NATION IN ASHES

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The Overseas Press Club was founded in March 1939, six months before the outbreak of World War II. Yet Europe was already boiling with war news. Having already been handed Sudetenland, on March 15 German Chancellor Adolf Hitler’s army took over the rest of Czechoslovakia without firing a shot. On March 20 Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop demanded that the Lithuanians hand over a German-speaking piece of their country. The next day Hitler told the Poles to cede to him the city then known as Danzig (now Gdansk)—or else. Their failure to do so was one pretext for the furious assault on Poland in September, 1939. On April 1 the Spanish Civil War came to an end with the victory of Gen. Francisco Franco—and mass reprisal shootings of the Republican losers began. In Asia, Chiang Kai-shek was still battling the Japanese in a conflict that started in 1931 with Japan’s takeover of Manchuria.

All of this meant that swarms of reporters were pouring in and out of conflict zones. Yet when they returned to the U.S. they had no place to go to relax and tell each other war stories. Wire service reporter Charlie Ferlin decided to take action. First, he and a couple of buddies covering Europe met at Rocky’s bar in Greenwich Village, where they agreed to send penny postcards to other overseas reporters, inviting them to discuss formation of a new club. On April 2, 1939, nine reporters met at the Algonquin Hotel and formally launched the Overseas Press Club. They were guests at the famous Round Table, favorite meeting place of the literati. The first annual dinner of the Overseas Press Club was held at the Park Lane Hotel in New York City in February, 1940. The dinner celebrated the publication of “The Inside Story,” which included foreign correspondent “adventures” by Eugene Lyons, the first UPI correspondent in Moscow, Irene Kuhn, a correspondent for the Daily News, and Cornelius Vanderbilt IV, who outraged his millionaire parents by becoming a newspaper reporter.
During World War II reporters gather for a briefing at Army Headquarters in Holland in 1945. Left to right: Johannes Steiel, a New York Post reporter who was later unmasked as a Soviet agent; Burnett Hines, an early OPC President; an unidentified Army officer; famed NBC news anchor Lowell Thomas; Lt. Glen; William Simpson; Howard Barnes; George H. Combs, who became a U.S. Congressman; John Vandercook, who went on to write detective novels; CBS radio broadcaster Quincy Howe and Joseph Hirsch of The Christian Science Monitor.

During World War II reporters gather for a briefing at Army Headquarters in Holland in 1945. Left to right: Johannes Steiel, a New York Post reporter who was later unmasked as a Soviet agent; Burnett Hines, an early OPC President; an unidentified Army officer; famed NBC news anchor Lowell Thomas; Lt. Glen; William Simpson; Howard Barnes; George H. Combs, who became a U.S. Congressman; John Vandercook, who went on to write detective novels; CBS radio broadcaster Quincy Howe and Joseph Hirsch of The Christian Science Monitor.

Reporters during the Korean War. From left: Max Desfor, photographer; Lief Ericson; Frank Nies, photographer; Don Whitehead and Hal Boyle.

place of some of New York’s best-known writers, including Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley and Alexander Woollcott. Two of the founding members of the OPC were women: Irene Cortilly Kuhn and Fay Gillis Wells, who was not only a globe-trotting reporter, but one of the first news broadcasters and an aviatrix.

The founding nine members would expand to 125 within a year, to 2,000 by 1959 and peak at 3,300 in 1961, by which time the club would occupy a large building next to Bryant Park and the New York Public Library. The OPC was a favorite gathering place, eatery, watering hole and jazz venue for every journalist in town, whether or not they had ever applied for a passport.

In 1940 the OPC staged its first annual dinner, with a guest list that included Herbert Hoover—by then an ex-president. In the following decades dinner speakers and guests at the OPC’s sometimes twice-weekly programs would include Presidents Harry Truman and John Kennedy, deposed Russian premier Alexander Kerensky, Fidel Castro, Golda Meir, Jordan’s King Hussein and the Shah of Iran. In more recent times they’ve included such diplomats...
CBS correspondent Bob Simon, center, speaks to reporters after he and three colleagues were freed in Iraq, March 2, 1991. Behind him is cameraman Roberto Saldanha. After being freed, the four-CBS team left for Jordan. AP PHOTO.

He was doing a stand-up report when the Iraqi military captured him and three crew members. They were tortured and starved for more than a month before being released, and nearly died when the prison where they were held was bombed. Simon described the incident as “the most searing experience of my life,” and, after his release, wrote a book about the experience called Forty Days.

Since 1996, Bob has done most of his reporting for 60 Minutes, with a focus on southern Europe, the Middle East and Africa. One of his more memorable pieces concerned the so-called Lost Boys, Somali youths who fled the civil war in their country, ending up in camps in northern Kenya. A lucky few hundred were sent to the United States, and Simon has reported on their sometimes difficult new lives in two 60 Minutes segments.

So, congratulations to Bob Simon on his President’s Award. No one ever deserved it more.

Congratulations too to the OPC’s own Sonya Pfyfer, who will retire as executive director of the club after tonight’s dinner. Sonya has been Ms. OPC for 20 years, and has kept the club running smoothly through financial crises that could have ended its existence. It sometimes seems that everyone in the world of international journalism knows Sonya, and we will miss her hard work and effervescent charm.

Michael S. Stern

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Executive Director
Sonya K. Fry

In December 2005 George Clooney and the cast of the film “Good Night and Good Luck” assembled for an OPC panel discussion about Edward R. Murrow and CBS in the McCarthy era. Sonya Fry, who is retiring after 20 years as executive director and is the public face of the Overseas Press Club, considers this event and this picture one of the highlights of her career.
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Since a coup d’etat in March 2013, the Central African Republic has descended into an orgy of violence with rival militias fighting along increasingly sectarian lines. Internally displaced people line up for food at a center in Bangui. WILLIAM DANIELS/PANOS PICTURES FOR TIME MAGAZINE (Submission Robert Capa Gold Medal Award/Olivier Rebbot Award)

We wish to thank the following photographers for their images used in Dateline: Goran Tomasevic/Reuters; William Daniels/Panos Pictures; Paula Bronstein/Getty Images; Tyler Hicks; Alissa Johannsen Rubin; Robert Nickelsberg; Jerome Delay; Marcus Bleasdale; Kevin (KAL) Kallaugher.

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COVER: A Syrian rebel fighter gestures to comrades in front of a burning barricade as they attack an Army checkpoint in the Ain Tema neighborhood of Damascus January 30, 2013. GORAN TOMASEVIC/REUTERS (Submission Robert Capa Gold Medal Award)

We wish to thank the following photographers for their images used in Dateline: Goran Tomasevic/Reuters; William Daniels/Panos Pictures; Paula Bronstein/Getty Images.

PR Newswire is the official news release distributor for the OPC.
Welcome to the 75th Anniversary edition of Dateline Magazine. On page one of this magazine, you will see a photograph with a hand-scribbled caption calling it the “first annual dinner” of the Overseas Press Club, proving that journalists are nothing if not optimists. The dinner was in fact arranged as the launch for a book called “The Inside Story,” which included the “adventures” of a glittering array of foreign correspondents in the 1930s. To mark our 75th anniversary, we decided to follow in their hallowed footsteps and publish a special issue celebrating the OPC’s long history of distinguished journalism. As you can read in the following pages, some of the best foreign correspondents and photographers in the business have sent us their memories—both in words and images—of the biggest stories of their respective eras. We’ve broken it down by decade: from China in the 1940s to the Arab Spring of the current decade. You can’t help noticing the incredible transformation that has taken place in journalism, beginning with Roy Rowan’s frantic chartering of a plane to ferry film to a waiting darkroom in San Francisco, to Nic Robertson’s live CNN broadcast using a simple iPhone when the Egyptian authorities confiscated his TV gear. Alan Barth, a long-time editorial writer at the Washington Post, is credited with coining the phrase “journalism is only the first draft of history.” I hope you enjoy this history as much as I did. Our thanks go out to the wonderful and brave journalists who took the time to remind us of their big stories and the idiosyncratic personalities who covered them. Our special thanks also go to Robert Nickelsberg for spending many long hours sorting and selecting (with the help of OPC intern Mariam Haris) the many brilliant and moving photographs that appear in this special report. Incidentally, Robert deservedly won this year’s OPC Olivier Rebbot Award for his photography book about Afghanistan. Kudos also go to Nancy Novick for her amazing efforts in designing the magazine.

Charles P. Wallace
By Roy Rowan

“This is a ghost city,” I cabled Life magazine’s editors in New York on October 29, 1948. “Most of the government’s troops are camped near the rail sidings waiting evacuation. In the heart of the metropolis freezing blasts whistle down the broad empty thoroughfares. Shop fronts, and even army pillboxes at the main intersections are boarded up. Jagged walls in factory areas, built by Japanese invaders, blasted by American bombers during World War II, and later pillaged by the Russian occupation forces, stand silhouetted against the steel-gray sky. Mukden, the capital of China’s richest industrial area, looks as ragged as the half-frozen refugees picking their way through the debris on the few streets where people can still be found.”

Just a few days earlier in Beijing, in a rare interview, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek told Life photographer Jack Birns and me that the strategic city would be defended to the last man. Now, it was obvious that it and the rest of Manchuria, a chunk of China bigger than California, Oregon, and Washington state combined, were being wrested from his control. Remarkably no other reporters or photographers were there, a situation hard to imagine with today’s media saturation of even the smallest most remote war.

We started up the road to Tieling, only to discover that the troops of Communist General Lin Biao, once General Chiang Kai-shek’s star student at Whampoa Military Academy, were coming down the other way. Surplus U.S. army tanks and howitzers abandoned by retreating Nationalist troops littered the fields. A freight train chuffed by, packed with fleeing soldiers. Those that couldn’t squeeze inside sat shivering atop the train.

By the time we returned to the city, business and traffic had come to a halt. We stopped at Tshurin Co. Ltd., the Soviet-subsidized department store. Still fully staffed, its display counters were filled with canned delicacies, chinaware, boots, furs, jewelry, and other luxuries. But not one customer appeared.

Most of the city’s activities centered around the railroad station. An enormous crowd of would-be ticket buyers had wedged themselves between the station and the 100-foot-high Russian victory obelisk topped with a Soviet tank. Some of the people were selling their belongings to raise money for a ticket, though most of the trains were already filled with soldiers.

At the U.S. Consulate we found everything moving in reverse. Instead of preparing to evacuate, Angus Ward, the 56-year-old consul general, and his staff were busy digging in for the long winter, barricading themselves behind a year’s supply of canned food and flour. Out in the courtyard, an Army major was chopping up a shortwave radio transmitter with an ax. All the files had been flown down to Qingdao for safekeeping. But the State Department had ordered the consular personnel to stay put. The hope was that they might start a dialogue with Mao’s hardliners that had been broken off two years ago when an exasperated General George Marshall finally gave up trying to mediate a peace agreement between Mao and Chiang.

Ward had also served in Vladivostok and had come to know the Russian Communists intimately. He welcomed the chance to stay behind in Mukden, which he called “an unusual opportunity to make contact with China’s Communists as well.” Fluent in both Russian and Chinese, this large imposing man with a white goatee could have stepped out of a Hollywood spy thriller.

Ward’s attempts at mediation failed abysmally. He was held under house arrest at first, and eventually slapped in jail. A year later he was deported.

“Consul General Angus Ward and his staff were busy digging in for the long winter, barricading themselves behind a year’s supply of canned food and flour.”
THE FORTIES: A SCOOP IN MANCHURIA

Racing to South Field, Birns and I found thousands of civilians waiting their turn to board one of the C-46 and C-47 cargo planes shuttling back and forth to Tianjin. As soon as an arriving crew finished tossing out the cargo of rice, a wild human phalanx would surge towards the plane’s open hatch. Kicking, punching, and clawing, men, women, and children would then try to fight their way aboard. The pilots had to stomp their cowboy boots on the outstretched fingers of those still trying pull themselves up into the already overloaded planes. Fortunately for Birns and me, pilot Neese Hicks let us board.

Some 24 hours later, we were back in Shanghai. The Central News Agency still hadn’t announced the fall of Mukden. Even more surprising, none of our reporter friends at the Foreign Correspondents’ Club had caught wind of the disaster.

The challenge now was to get the pictures and exclusive eyewitness account into the issues of Life scheduled to be put to bed that night in New York. My eyewitness account that went by cable posed no problem. But Birns’s dozen rolls of undeveloped film had to go by plane. And the transpacific flight on Pan-Am’s propeller-driven DC-4s took 40 hours, minus the 13 hours of clock time gained by crossing the International Date Line.

Fortunately our editors in New York refused to let the almost impossible logistics deny us a scoop, even if it meant the expense of holding the presses for 24 hours. They ordered a portable photo lab set up in the San Francisco airport. Processed between planes, the wet negatives were then couriered in jars of water to Chicago, where Life’s printing plant was located. But Chicago was socked in and the plane landed in Cleveland. A charter pilot was persuaded to fly the courier to fogbound Chicago. Holding the now-dried negatives against the window of a taxi, the managing editor, who had flown out from New York, was able to select five pages of pictures on the way to the printing plant.

People looking at Life the next day had no idea of the extraordinary effort that it took to get those pages into their copy of the magazine—and probably couldn’t have cared less. But knowing that millions of Americans were seeing those pictures and reading that story made Birns and me feel pretty darn good.

The Yellow River area in Central China was flooded intentionally by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to try to stop the Japanese invasion.

A convoy carrying U.N. relief supplies to villages in central China. The trucks were painted with yellow and black tiger stripes so they would not be shot at, but often were, by both the Communists and Nationalist troops.
When I arrived in Berlin in 1958 as the Associated Press bureau chief, the city was a smoldering flashpoint. Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev was attempting to force American, British and French forces out of the sectors assigned to them under the Potsdam Treaty.

Khrushchev’s purpose was to merge Soviet-controlled East Berlin with the sectors under Allied occupation into the capital of East Germany. In West Berlin, then isolated within East German territory, I was called upon almost daily to cover some crisis along the rail and autobahn links to West Germany. The 11,000 troops garrisoning the West sectors were on constant alert against the possibility of Soviet tanks crashing into their enclave. At the same time, East German forces tried to halt the flow of refugees out of drab East Berlin. By comparison, Free West Berlin was thriving with good hotels, casinos, nightclubs and a vibrant cultural life.

In June, the United States confronted the East German regime over its detention of nine American servicemen whose helicopter had strayed over East Germany and had been forced down. The East Germans were demanding direct negotiations with Washington for their release, something Washington was refusing to do since it would constitute official recognition of East Germany. I posted Communist officials for an opportunity to see the Americans. Late on the evening of June 30, there was a phone call to the bureau. “Please come to the Foreign Ministry in East Berlin tomorrow morning,” a disembodied voice intoned.

When I turned up at the appointed hour, there was a bevy of correspondents there, but all the others were from Communist media. We were taken to a villa near Dresden, a two-hour drive south of Berlin, where I was led to a room where the Americans were held. Before I could be silenced I tipped them off that they would soon face a show press conference. We were then herded before press cameras. In the question period, I tried to convey to the American servicemen that they were being held for ransom, the price being diplomatic recognition. Instead of appeals for Washington to pay the price, the servicemen ended the conference by shouting denunciation of their captors as kidnappers. When I filed my story upon my return to West Berlin, the worldwide negative publicity it generated prompted the Communists to release the Americans.

Observing Khrushchev’s maneuvers in Berlin, prepared me for my posting in Moscow in 1960 for The New York Times. Khrushchev’s reckless tactics leading to the Cuban missile crisis in October, 1962, therefore did not come to me as a total surprise.

Covering Moscow in the 1960s was an arduous but an extraordinarily rewarding assignment since you were reporting major history in the making. I flew to the Soviet capital on June 3, 1960 to replace Osgood Caruthers and Max Frankel as the chief correspondent of The New York Times. I would be followed several weeks later by Audrey, my wife, freelancing for the magazine section of The Times, and our four daughters.

When The Times offered me a job in 1959, with the obvious intention of posting me abroad, I accepted with the proviso that I would go anywhere except Moscow since no correspondent had ever gone to the Soviet capital with four kids. Yet here I was in Moscow not anticipating that the kids would be wonderful sources for inside feature stories, or that events in Moscow during my three-year tour would serve to radically change the world.

The day after my arrival, I attended the funeral of Boris Pasternak, the Nobel Prize winner in literature who had been a symbol of resistance to Soviet oppression. About 1,000 mourners stood outside his little cottage at Peredelkino near Moscow to render homage. Within, as I passed the bier of the seventy-year-old poet, who lay in an open coffin surrounded by flowers, I saw that KGB security agents were taking photographs of the invited mourners. It was the first of many times I was to be under KGB surveillance.

The pace of news coverage was intense in Moscow and very competitive when faced with correspondents like the highly experienced Henry Shapiro of United Press. I wrote at a battered desk in a tiny office, sitting opposite my fellow correspondent, initially Caruthers, and later Ted Shabad, an expert on the geography and resources of the Soviet Union. There was always a Russian police guard at the gate of the shabby building who kept check on our visitors. All news copy to be sent back to The Times, whether by wire or telephone, had to be passed through rigorous censorship at the telegraph office. You would push your copy onto the censor’s green curtained desk and eventually receive in return a marked up version that had been arbitrarily edited and transmitted.

Whitman Bassow of Newsweek was expelled from the Soviet Union in August, 1962, for writing “crudely slanderous dispatches.” What never knew the real reason for his expulsion but believed that it was due to a joke comparing Khrushchev’s rule with Stalin’s dictatorship.

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Our family lived in a walled compound, one of the so-called diplomatic ghettos for foreigners, with a militia guard at the gate,
in a four room apartment. Audrey and I slept in a small bedroom. One night, the lighting fixture at the foot of our bed exploded. We found a listening device in it. The KGB had been listening to some choice pillow talk.

On November 7, 1962, we were at a diplomatic reception in the Palace of Congresses in the Kremlin. This was the first time that Americans had been invited to the Kremlin since the eruption of the Cuban missile crisis. In the gilded hall, Khrushchev and other members of the Soviet politburo stood at a long table exchanging vodka toasts. Suddenly, I saw Audrey walking to a spot directly in front of Khrushchev, take a Leica out of her evening bag and begin photographing the Soviet leader. She had ignored the KGB order to check all cameras at the door. A swarm of KGB agents converged on her. But Khrushchev waved them off and posed smiling for Audrey. When Khrushchev began to mingle with the guests, I approached him. Asked about the missile crisis, he said: tension had not completely eased, “but our rockets are out of Cuba. We were very close—very, very close to a thermonuclear war.”

The next morning—Audrey’s photographs of Khrushchev were on the front page of The New York Times above my story on the end of the Cuban missile crisis.

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE

U.S. Marines retreat from Changjin (Chosin) Reservoir, North Korea, where they were nicknamed “The Chosin Few,” December 1950.

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN/LIFE ©TIME INC.
THE SIXTIES
PONDERING THE LESSONS OF VIETNAM

By David Lamb

Many of us who covered the Vietnam War found ourselves forever in the grip of Vietnam. No other story, no other war, quite measured up. The exotic charm and dangerous undertones of Saigon were seductive, the adrenaline rush of survival intoxicating. We hitchhiked around the country on military helicopters and roamed the battlefields without censorship. Seventy-three of our colleagues were killed in South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, yet, because we were young and often inexperienced in the unforgiving ways of war, we all, I think, expected to one day leave Vietnam safely and return home to the relative calmness of newsrooms and studios.

But the burden of Vietnam lingered for years in the American psyche, and journalists and others were left to ponder and debate what the lessons of Vietnam were. Perhaps Laurence of Arabia gave us the best answer when he once said, speaking of another war, “Better to let them do it imperfectly, than to do it perfectly yourself, for it is their country, their war, and your time is short.”

The quotation, framed, was found hanging on an office wall of the abandoned U.S. Embassy in 1975. “The awful, awful tragedy of Vietnam is that it was an absolutely futile, avoidable war,” the late Stanley Karnow, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of ‘Vietnam: A History,” said to me a few years ago. “Ho Chi Minh had a very narrow objective—to unify Vietnam. We wasn’t out to change the world or take over West Virginia.”

I covered the war for UPI from 1968-70 and when I returned to Vietnam in 1997 to take up residency in Hanoi on a four-year assignment as the Los Angeles Times’ South East Asia bureau chief, I was stunned to discover how little I had known about Vietnam during the war. Its history, culture and language were pretty much a blank. I can only assume that naïveté was reflected in my wartime reportage, but I can say with certainty that never did I work harder or care more deeply about a story than I did during those early years in Vietnam.

We covered the war—but not the fighting men themselves—more critically than did Ernie Pyle and other journalists in World War II. We weren't cheerleaders for a noble cause. Trust between the media and senior military officers was so frayed that journalists were often accused of losing the war because they didn’t get on the bandwagon. The charge was as ludicrous as contending that journalists won World War II with positive coverage. But in no war since Vietnam have reporters had as much freedom as we did to get as close as we dared, to travel where we pleased, to write what we believed to be true, to spend as long as we wanted with specific U.S. units. (We didn’t use the word “embed” in those days.)

I’ve often wondered why so many of us could never escape Vietnam’s grip. I put the question not long ago to the late George Esper of the Associated Press, who spent nearly a decade in Vietnam. “I’ve searched for an answer why I stayed all those years,” he said. “What I keep coming back to was a young nurse from Upstate New York I saw on a fire base. It was monsoon season. We were under rocket attack. She was tending the badly wounded. Some died in her arms. And I said, ‘Wow, what a woman! Why are you here? And she said, ‘Because I’ve never felt so worthwhile in my life.’ That’s how I felt too. What we were doing was really important. On top of that, we were living this freewheeling, unstructured life with so much freedom and a go-to-hell attitude. It was a very good life, despite the war. It was exotic, sensual. I think that’s one of the reasons some people wanted to get lost in Vietnam and why some stayed in Vietnam, mentally forever.”

In April 1975 the Los Angeles Times sent me back to Saigon to help cover the last few weeks of the war. Long forgotten by then were words Ho Chi Minh had used to indirectly address the American people in the mid-1960s. “We will spread a red carpet for you to leave Vietnam. And when the war is over, you are welcome to Thich Quang Duc, a Buddhist monk, burns himself to death on a Saigon street June 11, 1963 to protest alleged persecution of Buddhists by the South Vietnamese government. The photo by AP’s Malcolm Browne prompted President John Kennedy to remark that “No news picture in history has generated so much emotion around the world as that one.” Browne won the World Press Photo Award for Best Picture in 1963.

Marine Gunnery Sgt. Jeremiah Purdie extends a hand to a wounded comrade after a fierce firefight south of the demilitarized zone in Vietnam, October, 1966. LIFE Magazine’s Larry Burrows won the Robert Capa Gold Medal Award for the photo story in 1966. ©2002 LARRY BURROWS COLLECTION
come back because you have technology and we will need your help."

In Saigon’s last desperate hours before Hanoi’s army marched into Saigon, U.S. pilots shuttling American and Vietnamese evacuees to Seventh Fleet vessels 50 miles offshore had noted with alarm that the red warning light on their control panels flashed repeatedly, indicating that North Vietnamese missiles had “locked” onto their helicopters whenever they were over land. But no SAMs were fired and no choppers were lost.

It wasn’t until several years later that it dawned on me: the Americans had left on Ho Chi Minh’s red carpet.

**THE SIXTIES:** **COVERING VIETNAM**

South Vietnamese National Police Chief Brig Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan executes a suspected Viet Cong officer with a single pistol shot in the head in Saigon, Vietnam on February 1, 1968. EDDIE ADAMS/AP PHOTO.

**RIGHT:** Photographer Eddie Adams in the field with U.S. troops.
THE SEVENTIES
COVERING LEBANON’S INFINITELY INNOVATIVE CHAOS

By Jonathan Randal

In 1974 I went to Lebanon as vacation relief for The Washington Post and learned soon enough that war correspondence had changed and changed irrevocably: good-bye to the illusion of official protection and government accreditation for foreign correspondents and welcome to infinitely innovative chaos, Hobsbawian anarchy, car bombs, abruptly changing tactical alliances among pop-up armed gangs and asymmetrical warfare in which reporters became legitimate targets.

Indeed it was in Beirut, after a decade-and-a-half covering conflicts from the Congo to Vietnam, that I came to understand war reporting was on a new and accelerating path to unpredictability and ever nastier dangers.

That August it all seemed so easy. I had visited Beirut for years. I knew my onions. Old Lebanese friends and trusted sources provided chapter and verse. After a week’s reporting, my 2,000-word story stitched the clues together: Lebanon really was about to come apart at the seams and I had the color, quotes and anecdotes to show why.

I might have taken on board at least one obvious evil omen. Reuters, which handled the Post’s copy and that of dozens of other newspapers, punched my telex tape, but, fearing government retribution, refused to send it. Undeterred, I took the great cat’s cradle wad of teles scripts and went down to the swimming pool of the Excelsior Hotel in Ain Mreisseb, home of the Casablanca nightfly, formerly one of Lebanon’s most famous hotspots, and had its telex operator feed the tape through the hotel’s machine.

After a pleasant hour at the pool, I verified the tape had landed intact in Washington, picked up my suitcase at the office and tared to the airport in time for the evening flight to Paris. I cannot imagine that any other American newspaper would have run such a story then. Nor do I think any American paper would do so now. But the Post was riding high. That very month its Watergate coverage had played a critical role in forcing President Richard Nixon’s resignation.

In planning my story I had weighed the risks with my Beirut colleague who upon his return could—and did—proclaim his innocence when called on the carpet by the Information Ministry and threatened with expulsion.

I was banned until the following spring, when the conflict I had predicted indeed broke out. In fits and starts it lasted 15 years and claimed some 200,000 lives. Lebanon has yet to recover fully and (indeed today is being sucked deeper into the vortex of the current Syrian conflict). My personal punishment was to cover the increasingly nasty and innovative violence in Lebanon for years on end.

I soon appreciated one well-meaning Lebanese cop who early on stopped me from entering Tripoli by explaining the fighting I was so keen to cover had “nothing to do with the Marquis of Queensberry rules.” I still savor that uncharacteristic example of Lebanese understatement.

Over the years I was expelled at gunpoint from the office apartment, kidnapped twice, my life threatened more than occasionally. In 1982 when Israel invaded Lebanon, a troop-skimming Israeli fighter pilot flew right over my head before dropping a 9000-pound bomb nearby which collapsed a six-story building from which his quarry, Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat, had recently exited.

That same year a man I had never seen before fired a revolver between my legs as I dictated copy from the lobby of the Comey dore Hotel, the back hangout. Doomsbury strips insisted its illusion of expensive protection included disguising Himalayan-sized bar tabs as laundry bills. In fact, unflappable manager Yusef Nazzal coined a fortune during the Israeli siege of Beirut thanks to his foresight in installing multiple teles and overseas telephone lines.

Of all the conflicts I covered over five decades, Lebanon stands out as a peculiarly urban war confined almost entirely to the precincts of its capital’s divided and mutually hostile halves; East Beirut with its militant Maronite Christians allied to Israel and West Beirut subject to the ramshackle authority of the Palestinian Liberation Organization and its even more uncontrollable leftist Lebanese allies.

Somehow I emerged unscarred, at least physically. Along with colleagues, I learned to distinguish the characteristic sound of incoming and outgoing ordnance as well as that of the Commodo rone bar’s pet parrot’s excellent imitation of ‘Queenberry rules.’ I still savor that uncharacteristic example of Lebanese understatement.

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We’re going to help her do it.
fast down Beirut’s normally clogged streets. The first flak jackets appeared, still an oddity and not yet in the de rigueur kit.

I was not the only correspondent who lived in frequent fear of producing the wrong, or expired, pass at checkpoints manned by the proliferating militias requiring such talismans in exchange for safe passage.

All too often I was scared stiff. Much to the disgust of my excellent Los Angeles Times colleague, Joe Alex Morris, Jr., I froze as we approached the dangerous museum crossing from East Beirut. He finally gunned his Fiat convertible and we raced back safely to the Commodore in West Beirut. Joe had no sense of physical fear and that also, got him killed in the Iranian revolution in 1979.

I dealt with my near perpetual funk by getting out and talking to people. Recording others’ anguish somehow kept me functional. But I envied colleagues who did their reporting from the Commodore bar.

Over the years I was one of the few correspondents who regularly visited the Christian side of Beirut to report on the Maronites’ increasingly close relations with Israel. Bashir Gemayel, the headstrong young Maronite militia leader, once told me he could have me killed for what I’d written. I often wondered why he didn’t do so. I finally concluded he admired the very real chances I took to cover his frequently violent acts. Such were the traditions of a macho society.

My U.S. passport doubtless saved me and other American reporters on many an occasion. During much of Lebanon’s “little war,” rules of sorts oddly obtained most of the time although a practiced eye was necessary to discern them. That is not to say foreign correspondents were not fair game for deliberate intimidation. The Israelis, for example, had no compunctions about smearing the foreign press, based almost entirely in West Beirut, as frightened lackeys of the PLO shamelessly coed into writing Palestinian propaganda to save its skins.

At one point, an Israeli submarine melodramatically landed American television showman Geraldo Rivera on Maronite turf to highlight our alleged pusillanimity and, of course, his heroics in reporting on what his hosts called “free Lebanon.”

In fact, Maronite militiamen, always quick to murder local Muslims and other foreigners, were still shy about killing Americans whom, against the odds, they at long last eventually entangled in the Lebanese quagmire.

The undying PLO, routinely labeled as terrorists in much of the world, was equally forbearing, limply hoping the United States would recognize its national liberation struggle as legitimate and that the resident press corps somehow could help bring that about. Israel’s ill-fated 1982 invasion of Lebanon—and its subsequent 18-year-long occupation—drastically changed foreign reporting in Beirut. Lebanon’s long downtrodden Shia Muslims emerged as a formidable political, militant religious and military force called Hezbollah to fight the invaders.

Trained and financed by Iran’s Islamic revolutionaries, Hezbollah set about removing deep-rooted Western influence in Lebanon. Scorn enough, western, and especially American, reporters were kidnapped in broad daylight as legitimate targets and held for years along with other hostages. That became a much copied pattern elsewhere.

Never again were western newsmen to feel as safe in the Middle East as I did in the 1970s.  ■

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini is served tea in this photo taken Feb 5, 1979, three days after his return to Iran from exile following the departure of the Shah from the country, leading to the start of the Iranian Revolution. DAVID BURNETT/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES. Olivier Rebbot Award, 2009.

Fighters with the Sandinista National Liberation Front await a counterattack by the National Guard of Nicaragua’s President Anastasio Somoza. The dictator was overthrown later that year. SUSAN MEISELAS/MAGNUM PHOTOS. The picture won Meiselas the Robert Capa Gold Medal Award in 1978.

Nasir the central market after Friday prayers. Téhrán, December. GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM PHOTOS. Winner of Best Photographic Reporting Award, 1990.
The back alleys of Washington led me to the wars of Central America. We're talking 1978. I was 27 years old, and I had absolutely no experience with combat or with killing. Then, all that changed.

The Washington Post metro desk had assigned me to cover immigrant communities in and around the nation's capital, and I soon discovered among the busboys and dishwashers of the city that a lot of them came from El Salvador, Guatemala, and Nicaragua. Many had no papers. Many went to the Centro Catolico in Mount Pleasant for help. They depended on its director, a Capuchin priest named Sean O'Malley, for support. And as I got to know them through him, at first, I started to get to know something about their wars.

In those long and bloody struggles, priests and nuns were advocates for the poor, sources for the press, and, all too often, victims of the murderous dictatorships. The battles raging when I started my reporting in Washington were in Nicaragua. I watched from a safe distance, covering protest demonstrations in D.C., as the Sandinista rebels fought their way toward Managua. And suddenly Central America, so long forgotten by North America, seemed to be all over the news all the time.

In 1979, I took my first trip to the region, accompanying a group of Salvadoran documentados deported by the American authorities. I followed some of them to their villages, and was just writing up my story at the Camino Real hotel in San Salvador when a group of demonstrators allied to the guerrillas occupied the French embassy there.

Suddenly, this forgotten backwater—a Washington Post columnist called it “a Twinkie-shaped country”—became a front page story, and I was there on the ground. I called the embassy and got some of the occupiers on the phone. I went to the scene. Thus far it all felt like metro reporting. Then a Salvadoran officer saw me taking a picture, rushed toward me, and stuck a submachine gun in my gut. I put down the camera. Another, more experienced reporter nearby stepped in to mediate. The officer calmed down.

For several days I stayed in San Salvador talking to representatives of the group holding the embassy, and then, finally, I boarded a plane for New York. When I landed, I called the desk in D.C.:

"Boy, you sure missed it," said the news aide who handled logistics.

“What do you mean? What happened?”

“Looks like 20 or 30 people were killed on the steps of the cathedral.”

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Left: Wounded Contra soldier being carried out. JAMES NACHTWEY/BLACK STAR. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 1985.
Eventually I saw the massacre on television, filmed by an incredibly brave Mexican cameraman with a wonderful name, Domingo Jan, who held his position between security forces and demonstrators as the security forces moved down the people on the cathedral steps.

This was the first time I felt guilty for missing an event that was dangerous to attend and horrible to behold. But after a few years in the region, I accepted that I could not always be in the middle of the action, and the action that I was in was awful enough.

When I moved from Washington to Mexico City in February 1980, the Nicaragua war was over, or so we thought. And the Salvadoran war was just about to begin in earnest. Veteran correspondents now flooded into the Camino Real. The hotel became a dorm for the wayward press corps. Several set up offices. Some of the older men brought in women while some of the younger men and women in the corps had affairs. There is, in any war zone, a tremendous sense of personal license—lives out of control—which may be why a fair number of correspondents who don't get shot or blown up, die young nonetheless.

To kill time we watched pirated movies in the offices of the TV networks: "The Year of Living Dangerously" was set in Indonesia and showed us the craziness of the politics we covered every day. To raise our spirits, we wore t-shirts with targets on them and the number we'd been given by the death squads on their death lists. In El Salvador, corpses were used as messages, left, in various states of mutilation, by people in the midst of confusion and fear. We journalists are spectators, voyeurs, observers, witnesses—all of those labels are credible brave Mexican cameraman with a wonderful name, Do-mingo Jan, back when TV crews were on roadsides and at least once on the sidewalk in front of the hotel.

Over the next four years, a lot of my friends were killed and wounded—more than I can write about here. I remember the first was Ian Mateo, a soundman for ITN, back when TV crews were two-person teams. He had helped guide me out of the madness of the San Salvador cathedral when the murdered archbishop was being buried. Amid gunshot, firebombs and panic, at least 35 people died there that day. A few months later on a back road on the way to meet guerrillas, Ian tripped a makeshift mine that killed him. During the guerrillas' final offensive in January 1981, after a night of fatalistic partying in the Camino Real, Olivier Rebbot went out to cover the fighting and came back with a bullet in his chest. He died several weeks later.

My friend John Hoagland was a photographer who lived by the Robert Capa maxim that if your pictures are not good enough you are not close enough. One day near the town of Suchitoto, having covered the guerrillas in a confused firefight, he waited for the government forces to advance, to get close enough, which they did. And one of them shot him.

Dial Torgerson of the Los Angeles Times had been a wonderful colleague at our home base in Mexico and in the field. He was in his fifties, a man of the world, and you could not meet him without thinking he defined the word "gentleman." He and photographer Richard Cross were trying to cover a story about the U.S. backed Contra rebels in Nicaragua operating out of Honduras in 1983 when their car hit a mine, and both Dial and Richard died. A little before that, and three short and bloody years after I first arrived in Central America, I had traveled with the Contras myself in the wilds of Nicaragua. I'd nearly died of dehydration and exhaustion, and James LeMoyne, who was with Newsweek there, and afterward moved to The New York Times—saved my life.

One learns over the years that wars are begun by people sure that they are on the side of good against evil, but they are waged by people in the midst of confusion and fear. We journalists are spectators, voyeurs, observers, witnesses—all of those labels are valid—just trying to make sense of it all. And while I have covered many other wars over the last 30 years, the basic trauma I learned in Central America has stayed with me: there may be righteous wars and cynical ones, there may be wars of choice and wars of necessity. But there are no good wars. None at all.

**AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE**
THE NINETIES

IN SARAJEVO, SCANT RATIONS BUT ABUNDANT BLACK HUMOR

To cover the siege of Sarajevo was to live, at least in some measure, what its residents endured between 1992 and 1995: afraid of shells and snipers, surviving off scant rations, with limited water, light and heat, but abundant helpings of black humor.

The frontline ran along the river, through cemeteries and around tall apartment buildings, behind hills and across the airport. Bosnian Serb forces controlled the mountains all around, entrenched near the ski slopes used in the 1984 Winter Olympic Games, firing down onto the city’s Olympic venues now converted into barracks. Tram cars, disused buses, containers, even blankets, were set up at intersections around the city to shield pedestrians from snipers. But the guns were just so close.

Above, were tanks, artillery pieces, weapons and troops from the Yugoslav National Army and Bosnian Serb paramilitaries determined to take full control of Bosnia and, it seemed, kill or cleanse anyone who didn’t belong. Below, an evolving force made up of ex-military, volunteers, gangsters, artists, foreign fighters and conscripts, trying to protect (or create) their vision of Bosnia—a multiethnic, secular democracy at one end, a pious Muslim state at the other.

Serb forces cut water, power, and gas to the city, along with all commercial life except that negotiated by the black marketeers on both sides of the line. The United Nations Protection Force patrolled in white armored vehicles, but did little more to protect civilians than fly the blue UN flag. The UN refugee agency and the International Committee of the Red Cross ran aid convoys that were routinely blocked or harassed by Serb forces.

As journalists we lived the siege but were, of course, far better off than normal residents. We had flak jackets and some had armored cars. The UN peacekeepers would sell us alcohol or cartons of cigarettes (even the non-smokers used them as ice-breakers or for barter), we could afford black-market prices, we had access to water and electricity some of the time, we had fuel to fire generators and power cars—above all we had UN press badges that allowed us (mostly) to move in and out of the city.

But sharing this fearful, restricted space also built a genuine sense of community within the press corps. We became a dysfunctional family—it didn’t mean you had to like everyone else or want to hang out with them, but we were forced together, connected.

We depended on the talents and courage of the Sarajevan fixers and translators, for most of us spoke only basic Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian. They negotiated language barriers and checkpoints, guided us around the city and the history, and they told us jokes. You have to laugh, they’d say—if not, you would never stop crying. Because they were mostly young, educated and cosmopolitan, they gave us a vision of what might be.

And in the midst of despair, such generosity and spirit, from the people who cared for their elderly neighbors, even if they were from the “wrong” ethnic group. Who insisted on coffee for their...
visitors, when it probably cost more than gold, or who stood in line for water at dawn and carried it up who knows how many flights of stairs to ensure everyone appeared with clean hair and clothes.

Many of us stayed in Sarajevo for weeks or months. And we lived the story we were covering. Journalists were killed—some because they were in a dangerous place at a dangerous time, like the Catalan photographer Jordi Pujol or Ivo Stanislov, a Slovene reporter. Others were picked off because of their work—the sniper’s bullet that killed David Kaplan of ABC News in 1992, entangled between the letters “F” and “V” marking his car as press.

Bosnia changed me—I think it changed a generation of journalists. It raised questions about reporting, and so about the truth. We navigated using “objectivity” reporting (as if such ever existed). We realized that we were seeing only a part of the war, and many of us traveled as widely as we could in the former Yugoslavia, via the Bosnian Serbs did their best to keep journalists out. How could we bear witness to war crimes, day in and day out, ever not being there, but wars, without wanting something to change? Especially when anyone could fairly easily see how decisive UN action could make for such a change.

At the time, the most we could do was to shatter plausible deniability for Western politicians—at least they could never say, “We didn’t know.” But our means of disseminating that information were so limited—most of the time we didn’t even have phone lines, let alone Twitter, YouTube or Facebook. There was no citizen journalism—we only saw Arkas’s Tigers executing Muslims on the streets of Bijeljina because they made the mistake of allowing the photojournalist Ron Haviv to tag along and then, when they searched for his film, missed one precious roll. Imagine how many stories we missed.

Of course, there were advantages to this lack of technology. The desk couldn’t reach you unless you wanted them to call. For many stories we missed.

“Between us, we saw the worst that people can inflict upon one another, but also the resilience of the human spirit.”

IN SARAJEVO SCANT RATIONS BUT ABUNDANT BLACK HUMOR

The Chicago Press Club Awards 75th Anniversary Issue

The New York Times

IN SARAJEVO SCANT RATIONS BUT ABUNDANT BLACK HUMOR

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JAMES NACHTWY/ FOR TIME

Roughly 2 million people died as a result of starvation and conflict in a 20-year civil war in the African nation of The Sudan. The nation of South Sudan won its independence in 2011. The picture, which won the Olivier Rebbot Award in 1993, shows the scope of the famine. JAMES NACHTWY/ FOR TIME

TIME IN SARAJEVO SCANT RATIONS BUT ABUNDANT BLACK HUMOR

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IN AFGHANISTAN, WHERE TRAVEL HAS BECOME A BAROMETER OF THE POSSIBLE

By Alissa Johannsen Rubin

A BAROMETER OF THE POSSIBLE

TRAVEL HAS BECOME CHALLENGING IN AFGHANISTAN, WHERE the Islamic Emirate—gave us 100 visas at their last consulate, in Quetta, to foreign journalists to come into their closed country and see the ravages the Americans had wrought.

A day later, a convoy of cars, each carrying two or three journalists and their translators, careened across the Khojak Pass into what had been a closed country. In reality it was still closed. We were guests, there on sufferance. Still, under the code of Pashtunwali, we were protected. It was a position that as Westerners, and especially Americans, we would not enjoy again in the Taliban community.

A mortar wounded Taliban soldier is carried away by Northern Alliance troops during the attack on Kunduz, Afghanistan, in November, 2001.

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would be kidnapped and taken to Pakistan. I did not wear a burkha and no one suggested that I should.

Fast forward to 2006. My trip that summer to Khost was a different matter. We had heard the situation was turning. I was veiled although still not wearing a burkha, that would not come until 2010. We stayed at a guest house on the edge of town: a simple place without electricity, near a pastoral field that washed up against the wooded mountains.

I awoke at dawn to an explosion. I started up, looking for the photographer who was in a nearby cot. “What was it?” we asked the guesthouse manager. He shrugged: “Oh, they were testing a bomb, I think,” he said.

“Oh, I see. Here in the city?” I asked.

“Yes, it happens,” he said.

Two days later as we turned the car towards home, we almost drove into an attack—a man with an semi-automatic weapon near the middle of town was openly shooting at a passing bus.

What I was seeing and hearing was the return of the Taliban, but even then, I didn’t entirely understand how much was falling apart.

By 2008, The New York Times had already had a Western reporter kidnapped, a second was taken in 2009 along with an Afghan translator, who was later killed during the rescue. In Dec. 2009, two French journalists were kidnapped and held for a year. In 2012, two Canadians were taken in Wardak.

Kabul was still safe, but the roads were not secure. People flew from one big city to another.

Today, with the exception of the road between Kabul and Mazar-e-Sharif and Kabul and Jalalabad, there are no two major Afghan cities which are safe for foreigners to drive between.

No one attack halts coverage, but as Afghanistan slips from the headlines anyway and the constraints on movement make it more frustrating for reporters to cover, the curtain will slowly fall on the country. The voices of many of its people could once again become as little known to the outside world as they were during the Taliban.
It was March 2011. The Middle East around me was being swept up by a tide of change, driven by what had until then been the largely unseen currents of social media. Facebook had enabled the mass protest in Egypt that carried the revolution to Tahrir Square. Blackberry messenger had become de rigueur in Bahrain for protesters to keep their communications hidden from the ruling royal family there. And here I was in Tripoli surfing my own bit of the broadband revolution. I was streaming my own live broadcast, from my own cellphone, which I can slip into my pocket when I’m done. It was unthinkable 10 years ago, and unimaginable a quarter century earlier when I went into this business as a satellite engineer. In that time, I’ve seen a few technologies come and go. In the 1990s, portable satellite uplinks were the cutting edge of TV news. During the first Gulf War, I was in Baghdad running our dish. We could go live where we wanted and often did, from refugee camps in Kurdistan and Ethiopia, to the killing fields of Kosovo, although it meant lugging 800 kg of equipment and a generator big enough to power a modest house. By the end of the decade, literally the last day of it, December 31, 1999, we could do the same thing digitally. With just two 25 kg cases of equipment, we streamed live pictures of the end of the Indian Airlines hijacking in Kandahar, Afghanistan.

For the next 10 years, which were dominated by wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, cameras, computers, and satellite modems got smaller. They needed to, because we often had just seconds to haul all our gear on and off helicopters dashing from one outpost to another.

As the Arab spring arrived, so the digital revolution rolled on. Cameras embedded in phones, Wi-Fi in greater abundance and cell phone signals strong enough to carry not only conversations but high-speed access to the Internet.

But as I head out of Cairo for the port city of Alexandria, I discovered that my powerful iPhone, which was armed not just with live broadcast technology but also a powerful array of reporter friendly apps, has effectively been killed. Just as past revolutions have founded at the gates of state TV stations, it now was clear that Egypt’s revolution was going to be fought over access to communications. This time, it was not soldiers holding back the hordes, but a far less visible barrier: an electronic blackout. The government effectively pulled the plug on the Internet, silencing their critics.

From our rooms in the Sofitel Cecil Hotel, which was made famous in World War II by British Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery as he did battle with Rommel’s tanks, we did battle with our new enemy, a near total communications blackout. Facebook and Twitter became our friends. As we struggled to a Syrian man cries while holding the body of his son near Dar El Shifa hospital in Aleppo, Syria, Oct. 3, 2012. The boy was killed by the Syrian army. MANU BRABO. Robert Capa Gold Medal Citation, 2012.

Anguish caused by the death of a brother during the clashes in Aleppo, Syria 2012. FABIO BUCCIARELLI/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE.

Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 2012.

Colonel Muammar Gadhaffi of Libya was about to appear, close to 100 journalists were jostling for position behind me in the lobby of a Tripoli hotel, and Gadhaffi’s security and government minders were pushing back. We’ve all been in those spots too many times. Waiting endless hours for the chance for a picture and a quote.

It was minutes now from the soon to be ex-Libyan leader’s arrival. “Can you get your cameraman to pan over so we can see the crowd?” our anchor asked me.

My mind was racing. I didn’t have a cameraman. I didn’t even have a regular camera. My iPhone was perched precariously on a ledge of a pillar in the hotel lobby a few feet from my face, transmitting my live broadcast back to Atlanta via the hotel Wi-Fi.

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Facebook had enabled the mass protest in Egypt that carried the revolution to Tahrir Square. Blackberry messenger had become de rigueur in Bahrain for protesters to keep their communications hidden from the ruling royal family there.

And here I was in Tripoli surfing my own bit of the broadband revolution. I was streaming my own live broadcast, from my own cellphone, which I can slip into my pocket when I’m done. It was unthinkable 10 years ago, and unimaginable a quarter century earlier when I went into this business as a satellite engineer.

In that time, I’ve seen a few technologies come and go. In the 1990s, portable satellite uplinks were the cutting edge of TV news. During the first Gulf War, I was in Baghdad running our dish.

We could go live where we wanted and often did, from refugee camps in Kurdistan and Ethiopia, to the killing fields of Kosovo, although it meant lugging 800 kg of equipment and a generator big enough to power a modest house.

By the end of the decade, literally the last day of it, December 31, 1999, we could do the same thing digitally. With just two 25 kg cases of equipment, we streamed live pictures of the end of the Indian Airlines hijacking in Kandahar, Afghanistan.

For the next 10 years, which were dominated by wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, cameras, computers, and satellite modems got smaller. They needed to, because we often had just seconds to haul all our gear on and off helicopters dashing from one outpost to another.

As the Arab spring arrived, so the digital revolution rolled on. Cameras embedded in phones, Wi-Fi in greater abundance and cell phone signals strong enough to carry not only conversations but high-speed access to the Internet.

But as I head out of Cairo for the port city of Alexandria, I discovered that my powerful iPhone, which was armed not just with live broadcast technology but also a powerful array of reporter friendly apps, has effectively been killed. Just as past revolutions have founded at the gates of state TV stations, it now was clear that Egypt’s revolution was going to be fought over access to communications.

This time, it was not soldiers holding back the hordes, but a far less visible barrier: an electronic blackout. The government effectively pulled the plug on the Internet, silencing their critics.

From our rooms in the Sofitel Cecil Hotel, which was made famous in World War II by British Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery as he did battle with Rommel’s tanks, we did battle with our new enemy, a near total communications blackout.

Facebook and Twitter became our friends. As we struggled to
find enough bandwidth to send our video out in a timely fashion, we kept the story alive over social media. Even though the Egyptian government shut down social media, I could phone updates to my wife, Margaret Lowrie Robertson, in London who could post them.

Alexandria was in chaos, armed gangs controlled the streets, more than once we ended up manhandled out of neighborhoods, fearing far worse than the roughing up we got.

Chasing down a story door-to-door quickly became impossible. When two young sisters in Alexandria posted video they took of an unarmed protestor shot and killed by Egyptian security forces on YouTube we figured the chances of finding them would be slim. But, as I slept inside Egypt’s Internet blackout, my wife went on Facebook and found the sisters. When we woke up in Alexandria, a quick drive took us to their front door.

As the door opened, I realized the full power of the social media revolution to our reporting. Amazing video captured by two teenagers on a cell phone, uploaded to world’s most prolific story sharing site, YouTube, found in a few hours’ search through Facebook. Even the Egyptian government’s cyber blockade couldn’t stop it.

Through 2011, each of the nations rocked by the upheaval of the Arab Spring had tried their best to control the message by blocking communications. When I arrived in Bahrain, for example, airport customs officials took away my video camera, satellite modem, and almost all of my equipment in an effort to thwart my reporting. I even joked with one official, “What about my iPhone?” He laughed, but I laughed longer.

Within moments of hitting the streets I was streaming live video over the cell phone network, later uploading horrific video of injured protestors at the local hospital. And so the list of how technology has reshaped reporting in the field could go on. Paradoxically, as the Arab Spring revolutions have slowed, skewed or even slipped backwards, technology continues to advance, increasing both the advantages and demands for a working reporter.
REUTERS CONGRATULATES
THE WINNERS OF THE 2013
OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB AWARDS

We honor and support the Overseas Press Club and the 2013 award winners, and wish them continued success.

As the reality of leaving home hits him, a Filipino man about to be evacuated along with thousands of victims of typhoon Haiyan in Tacloban on November 13, 2013, cries while on board a US military C-130 aircraft. PAULA BRONSTEIN/GETTY IMAGES: (Faber Award Submission)

A military crackdown in Egypt, a terrorist attack on a shopping mall in Kenya, the death of a beauty queen in Mexico—those horrible events provided the canvas on which reporters and photographers painted vivid pictures of what happened around the world last year. It wasn’t just murder and mayhem that attracted the attention of the winners of the 2013 Overseas Press Club Awards. Whales, elephants and iPhones made appearances, too.

Bloomberg News’ Cam Simpson worked his way down the Apple supply chain to describe how Nepalese villagers supplied the bonded labor that goes into making a 5s smartphone. Reuters’ Steve Stecklow led a team that laid bare the $95 billion financial empire built by Iran’s Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khameni. NPR’s Alex Blumberg took a simple idea, the making of a T-shirt, and followed it to the ends of the earth. And AP’s Rukmini Callimachi traveled to Timbuktu, hot on the heels of fleeing al-Qaida combatants, to gather a trove of documents strewn across 10 buildings that she used to recreate a harrowing series of pieces that captured the accolades of two judging panels, making her the first reporter ever to win both the Hal Boyle and Bob Considine awards in the same year.

Callimachi was only one of many reporters and photographers who put themselves at risk doing their jobs. The AP’s Adriana Gomez Licon was in constant danger of attack reporting her piece about a young woman killed in a shootout between Mexican drug cartels. Photographers Jerome Delay and Robert Nickelsberg ventured into war zones to bring back pictures of horror and despair. CBS correspondent Charlie D’Agata and producer Randall Joyce risked their lives to report from Cairo’s Tahrir Square during one of the bloodiest weeks in Egypt’s history.

More than 75 judges on 22 panels sifted through an impressive array of entries this year to find the ones they deemed most deserving. It was a labor of love, a dedication to honoring the best of our profession—and for that we thank them as we congratulate all the winners.
1. THE HAL BOYLE AWARD
Best newspaper, news service or online reporting from abroad

Rukmini Callimachi
The Associated Press
“Al-Qaeda’s Papers”

AP’s Rukmini Callimachi won both the Hal Boyle and Bob Considine awards for her reporting on a trove of al-Qaeda documents uncovered in Mali. She is the first reporter ever to win both awards in the same year.

Hal Boyle judges: At great personal risk, Callimachi traversed a desert route through Mali, alone and with militants close behind her, to uncover one of the most significant troves of al-Qaeda documents ever made public. Her sly, witty and sharply observed accounts of al Qida’s operation, goals and mindset—from penny-pinching to public stonings—shed light on an organization that, despite more than a decade of war, remains largely opaque. From one of the most dangerous places on earth, she gave voice to civilians crushed under jihadist rule and followed in the footsteps of fighters at the scene of the biggest battle against al-Qaida in years.

Bob Considine judges: Callimachi captured the chaotic aftermath of the takeover of Timbuktu by al-Qaeda fighters. The thousands of pages of documents she found strewn in 10 buildings, formerly occupied by the fighters, led her on a painstaking journey of verification, and it resulted in stories that painted a fascinating portrait of al-Qaeda’s presence in Africa. Her work—courageous, resourceful, persistent and sensitive—resonated with the authority of a reporter who understood the people and history of Timbuktu. In particular, she vividly captured what came in the wake of al-Qaida’s departure—a brutal, opportunistic mission by Mali’s military to target light-skinned Arabs and Tuaregs who looked like the vanquished invaders. She documented the efforts of family members to find the remains of the victims, and her elegant first-person piece was a model of the form, reported without fear and written with restraint.

HAL BOYLE CITATION
Tripti Lahiri and The Wall Street Journal Staff
“Crimes Against Women: The Call for Reform in India”

2. THE BOB CONSIDINE AWARD
Best newspaper, news service or online interpretation of international affairs

Rukmini Callimachi
The Associated Press
“Al-Qaeda’s Papers”

3. THE ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL AWARD
Best published photographic reporting from abroad requiring exceptional courage and enterprise

Tyler Hicks
The New York Times
“Attack on a Kenyan Mall”

Every frame tells the story of a terrifying and dangerous situation. The photographer is at obvious risk, yet he continues to photograph multiple scenarios and stays on scene to document the horrors and aftermath of the attack.

CITATION
Goran Tomasevic
Reuters
“Battle for Damascus”

4. THE OLIVIER REBBOT AWARD
Best photographic reporting from abroad in magazines or books

Robert Nickelsberg
Prestel
“Afghanistan - A Distant War”

The winner displayed an unparalleled commitment to the story and topic. The depth of his years-long reporting shows a unique perspective and helps bring a deeper understanding to a critical geopolitical topic.

HAL BOYLE CITATION
Tripti Lahiri and The Wall Street Journal Staff
“Crimes Against Women: The Call for Reform in India”

BOB CONSIDINE CITATION
Jason Szep, Andrew R.C. Marshall and Reuters Staff
Reuters
“The War on the Rohingyas”

5. THE JOHN FABER AWARD
Best photographic reporting from abroad in newspapers or news services

Jerome Delay
The Associated Press
“Central African Republic Unrest”

The highest standards of news photography are displayed in the winner’s work. The images powerfully convey the situation with unfailing decisiveness from this underreported and continuing African conflict.

HAL BOYLE CITATION
Tripti Lahiri and The Wall Street Journal Staff
“Crimes Against Women: The Call for Reform in India”

BOB CONSIDINE CITATION
Jason Szep, Andrew R.C. Marshall and Reuters Staff
Reuters
“The War on the Rohingyas”
Returning from his wedding in the United States, Hicks was near a mall in Nairobi, Kenya, on September 21 when terrorists started killing shoppers and children. He captured this extremely dangerous and confusing situation in these images.

A band of Somali militants had stormed the Westgate mall. Hicks caught the fear, bravery, grief and death. He documented the devastation, but did not stop there. He tracked down survivors and loved ones, attended funerals and recorded what people were feeling during the most trying moments of their lives.

Above: Visitors to the mall shelter their children from Somali militants’ gunfire.
Left: A child solemnly marks a garden created in memory of those killed in the unexpected massacre.
Right above: Victims and witnesses help one another move away from the scene of the shooting.
Center: Shoppers rush from the casino and the stores not knowing where the attackers are located.
Right: Plainclothes officers rush into the mall, on guard for the unknown.
Afghanistan - A Distant War brings to the reader’s attention the essential images of the historical events and personalities in Afghanistan that paralleled the rise of Islamic fundamentalism, militancy and terrorism following the Soviet Army’s withdrawal, from May 1988 to the present.


Mujahideen commander Jalaluddin Haqqani at a base camp in Khost, near the Pakistan border, May 1996.
6. FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
Best feature photography published in any medium on an international theme

Marcus Bleasdale
VII for National Geographic
“The Last of the Viking Whalers”

Completely original photographic storytelling executed perfectly. The work is technically superior and each frame is a unique version of the overall story. The flawless edit gave insight into a rarely reported subject.

7. THE LOWELL THOMAS AWARD
Best radio news or interpretation of international affairs

Leila Fadel
National Public Radio
“Egypt: A Turbulent Year”

Leila Fadel draws listeners in with engaging reporting and storytelling from Egypt, capturing the complexities of a country in turmoil through a riveting series that puts listeners in the middle of violence on the streets, at a morgue of the unclaimed dead and in a family home to illustrate the anguish of a nation torn.

CITATION
Marine Olivesi
PRI’s The World
“Leaving Syria or Living the War”

8. THE DAVID KAPLAN AWARD
Best TV spot news reporting from abroad

Charlie D’Agata, Patricia Shevlin, Heather Abbott, Randall Joyce, Haithem Moussa, Alex Ortiz
CBS Evening News
“Crackdown in Cairo”

Correspondent Charlie D’Agata and producer Randall Joyce risked their lives reporting on what was to become one of the bloodiest and most important weeks in Egypt’s history. They were on the front lines with protesters in Tahrir Square as the military regime’s crackdown intensified and the bodies piled up, telling us their harrowing stories. What stood out was the team’s bravery, knowing they could have been killed at any time. They put their lives on the line so the truth about what was happening to the Egyptian people could be known.

CITATION
Tony Maddox, Parisa Khosravi, Ellana Lee, Cynde Strand, Roger Clark, Samson Desta
CNN International Newsgathering Team
“Coverage of Typhoon Haiyan”

9. THE EDWARD R. MURROW AWARD
Best TV interpretation or documentary on international affairs

Ric Esther Bienstock, Felix Golubev, Simcha Jacobovici, Sheila Nevins, Nancy Abraham
Associated Producers Ltd. for HBO Documentary Films
“Tales from the Organ Trade”

In the finest tradition of Edward R. Murrow, this documentary challenges everything you thought you knew about the illegal trade in kidneys and the international campaign to stop it. Through interviews with donors, recipients, go-betweens, doctors and prosecutors from North America to Israel and Eastern Europe to the Philippines, the filmmakers provide a rare look at how an illegally acquired kidney reaches a sick person and how both desperation and good will drive the trade.

CITATION
Olly Lambert
WGBH – Frontline
“Syria Behind the Lines”

10. THE ED CUNNINGHAM AWARD
Best magazine reporting on an international story

Rowan Jacobsen
Harper’s Magazine
“The Homeless Herd: An Indian Village Battles an Elephant Invasion”

Rowan Jacobsen’s beautifully crafted story about a herd of displaced elephants terrorizing a farming community in India is magazine writing at its best. It took us into a world we didn’t know existed and taught us something new about the larger conflict between animal and man in vivid and compelling detail. It’s a testament to the power of his reporting and narrative that the story magically stayed with us long after we read it.

CITATION
Matthieu Aikins
Rolling Stone
“The A-Team Killings”
THE JOHN FABER AWARD

JEROME DELAY
CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC UNREST

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Photographer Delay captures the continuing unrest in the Central African Republic between Christian militias and the mainly Muslim Seleka rebel group that overthrew President François Bozizé in March. The number of people displaced by fighting between the militias and vigilantes in the CAR has more than doubled recently. Some 900,000 people have been driven from their homes in the clashes and the increasing violence is making it harder to deliver humanitarian relief, the United Nations has warned.

A Christian man chases a suspected Seleka rebel with a knife in the chaotic capital of Bangui, December 9, 2013.

Civilians wait for treatment at Bangui’s hospital, December 5, 2013 following a day-long gun battle between rebel soldiers and Christian militias.

Christian children from the village of Bouabou, north of Bangui, are packed in the trunk of a taxi to flee sectarian violence, December 4, 2013.

A crowd moves a tree trunk to try to prevent regional peacekeepers from rescuing Muslim clerics who took refuge in the St. Jacques Church in Bangui, December 12, 2013.

Christian children from the village of Bouabou, north of Bangui, are packed in the trunk of a taxi to flee sectarian violence, December 4, 2013.
Marcus Bleasdale has captured a dying way of life in Norway as the whaling profession shrinks under an international quota of 1,286 whales per year. The communities in Norway that rely on whaling rarely capture more than 500 whales because the demand for whale meat has diminished as well. Over thousands of years, Norwegians have hunted whales to eat. As cultural and environmental challenges weigh upon the industry, fewer people take up this profession. With more opportunities to study and travel, young people in the whaling communities have chosen increasingly to leave and the communities are dying. The whalers, who once numbered in the thousands, now man just 17 boats. Faced with international opposition to whaling, there has been a reluctance to allow photographers into their community to document their lifestyle. But for over two years, Bleasdale lived in these villages and convinced them to let him be the first photographer in 30 years to document their world. With this way of life fast disappearing, this was one of the last opportunities to see how whalers must overcome the elements to provide for their communities.
11. THE THOMAS NAST AWARD
Best cartoons on international affairs
Kevin (KAL) Kallaugher
The Economist and Baltimore Sun

In a strong year for political cartoons, Kevin Kallaugher’s work stood out for its clarity, visual élan and mordant humor. From the war in Syria to the power struggle in Egypt to the Obama Administration’s use of unmanned drones, Kallaugher’s finely wrought sketches offered consistently provocative and often surprising takes on the year’s biggest international stories.

CITATION
Patrick Chappatte
The International New York Times

12. THE MORTON FRANK AWARD
Best international business news reporting in magazines
Kerry Dolan
Forbes
“Prince of Insecurity”

This reexamination by Forbes of one of its “Rich List” constituents unmasked the myth of Prince Alwaleed as the “Buffett of Arabia.” Kerry Dolan’s reporting and analysis revealed a pattern by the Prince of “systematically exaggerating” the market value of Kingdom Holding, his publicly traded company, and other assets while misleading journalists and the public about his real net worth and his golden touch as an international investor.

CITATION
Nicholas Shaxson
Vanity Fair
“A Tale of Two Londons”

13. THE MALCOLM FORBES AWARD
Best international business news reporting in newspapers, news services or online
Steve Stecklow, Babak Dehghanpisheh, Yeganeh Torbati and Reuters staff
Reuters
“Assets of the Ayatollah”

The judges were impressed by Reuters’ ability to piece together how Iran’s top religious cleric, Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, had amassed a financial empire worth $95 billion, rivaling the wealth of the late Shah. In a three-part series, Stecklow and colleagues drew a devastating portrait of how Khamenei had secured a position in nearly every sector of Iran’s economy through a little-known agency called Setad. Reuters took major risks in investigating the ayatollah. In retaliation, the regime revoked its press credentials, forcing the agency to close its Tehran bureau.

CITATION
Nicholas Shaxson
Vanity Fair
“A Tale of Two Londons”

14. THE CORNELIUS RYAN AWARD
Best non-fiction book on international affairs
Jonathan Katz
Palgrave Macmillan
“The Big Truck That Went By: How the World Came to Save Haiti and Left Behind a Disaster”

A riveting first-person account of the Haitian earthquake and the failure of the international relief effort by the former Associated Press bureau chief in Port-au-Prince. Jonathan Katz impressively weaves together the dramatic events of the earthquake and its aftermath, including a United Nations-induced cholera epidemic. He highlights the self-defeating efforts of NGOs to deal with the tragedy and the impotence and corruption of Haiti’s government.

CITATION
Gary J. Bass
Alfred A. Knopf
“The Blood Telegram: Nixon, Kissinger, and a Forgotten Genocide”

15. THE MADELINE DANE ROSS AWARD
Best international reporting in the print medium or online showing a concern for the human condition
Adriana Gomez Licon
The Associated Press
“Death of a Beauty Queen”

Adriana Gomez Licon ventured deep into an area of Mexico where journalists operate under constant risk of attack. Reporting alone, and with considerable initiative, she pieced together details of the death of a young woman killed in a shootout between the cartels. The result is a compelling narrative, meticulously reported with a fine eye for detail and dialogue, which offers an illuminating look inside the drug wars. The reporter went to admirable lengths to illustrate the human cost of the violence.

CITATION
Hisham Matar
The New Yorker
“The Return”
THOMAS NAST AWARD

KEVIN KALLAUGHER
The Economist and Baltimore Sun

CITATION

PATRICK CHAPPATTE
The International New York Times
16. THE DAVID A. ANDELMAN AND PAMELA TITLE AWARD
Best international reporting in the broadcast media showing a concern for the human condition

Habiba Nosheen, Hilke Schellmann, Hemal Trivedi, Dan Sugarman
WGBH – Frontline, ITVS, Pulitzer Center and H2H Films
"Outlawed in Pakistan"

"Outlawed in Pakistan" shows how and why it is nearly impossible for rape victims to get justice in Pakistan. This compelling and beautifully filmed Frontline documentary follows 13-year-old Kanai and her family over a period of years as she tries—and fails—to bring to justice the men who allegedly gang-raped her. In the process, the reporters spotlight conditions for women, abuses under Islamic law and serious police failings. Frontline and the filmmakers give the full picture of what a nightmare it is to bring a rape case in Pakistan.

CITATION
Dan Harris, Nick Capote, Jeanmarie Condon, Almin Karamehmedovic
ABC News – Nightline
"The War for Paradise"

17. THE JOE AND LAURIE DINE AWARD
Best international reporting in any medium dealing with human rights

Cam Simpson
Bloomberg News and Bloomberg Businessweek
"Tech’s Hidden Price"

Bloomberg’s series showed the grim reality of the life of workers who make the shiny Apple phones so coveted by the world’s consumers. The stories by Cam Simpson were impressively detailed. He went down the supply chain to write about migration, the tactics of recruiters and life in the Himalayan villages that supplied the bonded labor to Apple’s subcontractors. Simpson also questioned the contractors and Apple about their practices. His eye for detail made the story compelling. Weeks after reading it we still remember the images of the stranded workers in Malaysia forced to eat rice flakes after their contracts were abruptly terminated, then returning home still in debt to the brokers who had sold them the right to jobs at the factories of Apple’s supplier.

CITATION
Todd Pitman
The Associated Press
"Massacre of Muslims in Myanmar"

Jason Szep, Andrew R.C. Marshall and Reuters Staff
Reuters
"The War on the Rohingya"

18. THE WHITMAN BASSOW AWARD
Best reporting in any medium on international environmental issues

Craig Welch and photographer Steve Ringman
The Seattle Times
"Sea Change: The Pacific’s Perilous Turn"

The Seattle Times’s five-part examination of carbon’s effects on our oceans represents an extraordinary effort: fresh, important, and dynamic in its presentation and depth. Times reporter Craig Welch and photographer Steve Ringman took on a subject of crucial scientific and environmental importance that is under-covered and classically challenging to convey to readers. They did it ambitiously and gracefully, finding stories that connected their local economy with larger global issues, and with creative images that were engaging and added a sense of wonderment. The Times demonstrated its commitment to the project with excellent video production, an interactive web presentation and prominent placement in print that elevated the overall effort.

CITATION
Antoni Stodkowski, Mari Saito and Reuters Staff
Reuters
"Worker Exploitation at Fukushima"

19. THE ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN AWARD
Best reporting in any medium on Latin America

Simon Romero
The New York Times
"Latin America’s New Paths"

Simon Romero’s rich reporting and elegant writing provided readers with compelling stories that shed light on a variety of issues across Latin America. His insights on the factors driving protests in Brazil were deep and were accompanied by relevant stories such as those on public rage catching up with the country’s Congress, outsized pay in the civil service and the fact that the ruling leftist party was perplexed by the protests. His ability to weave cultural and political context into his reporting helps readers better appreciate the events he covered, be it from Venezuela, where his obituary of Hugo Chavez cast a spotlight on the state of the revolution he created; Argentina, for stories on its native son, the new pope; and even tiny Uruguay, to profile the president and his austere lifestyle.

CITATION
Jon Lee Anderson
The New Yorker
"Slumlord"

Cam Simpson

Habiba Nosheen

Hilke Schellmann

Hemal Trivedi

Dan Sugarman

Craig Welch

Steve Ringman

Simon Romero
20. BEST MULTIMEDIA NEWS PRESENTATION
Best use of video, interactive graphics and slideshows to report on international news

Alex Blumberg
Planet Money and NPR Visuals
National Public Radio
“Planet Money Makes a T-Shirt”

“Planet Money” creators found a way to add an additional layer to its multimedia by not only presenting their findings, but also by producing T-shirts—the actual item about which they are reporting. In doing so, they tackle a subject we might think too familiar and show us much we don’t know. It melds text and video so that they don’t just coexist, they complement and amplify one another, with layers and layers of information adding to the audience experience.

CITATION
The Washington Post Staff
The Washington Post
“Stories from the Syrian Exodus”

21. BEST INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING
Best investigative reporting in any medium on an international story

Gerard Ryle
International Consortium of Investigative Journalists
The Center for Public Integrity
“Secrecy for Sale: Inside the Global Offshore Money Maze”

“Secrecy for Sale” is a ground-breaking project in the digital age. It is a true tour de force in which a very large team came together to assess, report and analyze a massive trove of data about a secret world of offshore accounts hidden from the eyes of governments and citizens. Villains were named and shamed, while the underworld in which they thrived was revealed and explained with precision and depth. The project was accomplished through the effective management of many editorial partnerships and Gerard Ryle deserves enormous credit for pulling together the whole team so effectively.

CITATION
James Yardley
The New York Times
“Made in Bangladesh”

22. BEST COMMENTARY
Best commentary on international news in any medium

Martin Wolf
Financial Times

Wolf is not afraid to express a sharp point of view, thoroughly backed up with fact. His depth of knowledge on politics, economics and environmental issues is striking, and it gives his writing a calm authority. His tone is pragmatic in the best way—firm but not strident, convincing but never shrill. And he does more than criticize—he also offers well-thought-out solutions.
As a company that does business in more than 200 countries and territories, PepsiCo thanks the Overseas Press Club of America and its members for everything they do to promote great journalism and bring attention to serious issues and events around the globe.

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AWARD SPONSORS AND JUDGES 2013

NORMAN PEARLSTINE IN MEMORY OF JERRY FLINT HAL BOYLE AWARD
Datha Lazare, MSNBC.com; Jesse Eisinger, ProPublica; Azmat Khan, Al Jazeera; Marilee Schwartz, Shorenstein Center
WILLIAM J. HOLSTEIN AND RITA SEVEL
BOB CONSIDINE AWARD
Scott Kraft, Los Angeles Times; Keith Richburg, former Washington Post; Sebastian Rotella, ProPublica; Amy Wilentz, University of California Irvine
TIME MAGAZINE
ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL AWARD

OLIVIER REBBOT AWARD
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
JOHN FABER AWARD
CYMA RUBIN
BUSINESS OF ENTERTAINMENT
FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
Judge for all 4 Photography Awards:
Pancho Bernasconi, Getty Images; Natasha Cholerton-Brown, Bloomberg; Ruth Fremson, The New York Times; Adreas Lattt, Thomson Reuters; Alan Taylor, TheAtlantic.com; Stokias Young, NBCNews.com

Judges in the 4 previous categories recused themselves if their agency or media organization was in the final selection.

LOWELL THOMAS AWARD
Abigail Posta, Freelance journalist; Bob Dowing, freelance writer; John Koppisch, Forbes; Sarah Lubman, Brunswick Group; Geraldino Sealey, NBC News Digital; Joel Whitney, Al Jazeera
ABC NEWS
DAVID KAPLAN AWARD
Elizabeth Koraca, Thomson Reuters; Rita Cosby, CBS; Missie Rennie, media consultant
CBS
EDWARD R. MURROW AWARD
Mark Selbit, McClatchy newspapers; Paul Brandus, West Wing Report; Lindsay Krostron, U.S. State Department; Mona Shikaki, Al Arabiya Television
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
ED CUNNINGHAM AWARD
Farnaz Fassihi, TheWall Street Journal; Kim Barker, ProPublica; Mohammad Bazzi, NYU; Wendell Steavenson, The New Yorker
THOMAS NAST AWARD
Romesh Ratnesar, Bloomberg Businessweek; Aisha Labi, NBC News; Joel Stein, Time; Ward Sutton, freelance illustrator
MARC LEMCKE
MORTON FRANK AWARD
AllanDodds Frank, freelance journalist; Walt Bogdanich, The New York Times; Richard Greenberg, NBC; Consuelo Mack, Wealth Track

FORBES MAGAZINE
MALCOLM FORBES AWARD
William J. Holstein, business journalist/author; Pete Engardio, The Boston Consulting Group; Leah Nathans Spirito, Riverside Creative Management; Alex Taylor, Fortune

FRIENDS OF RICHARD TRELKELD
CORNELIUS RYAN AWARD
Dan Hertzberg, former Bloomberg; John Bussey, TheWall Street Journal; Neil Hickey, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism

LINDA FASULO
MADELINE DANE ROSS AWARD
Vivienne Walt, Time; Celestine Bohnen, The New York Times; Jim Frederick, Time; Judith Mattot, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism

DAVID A. ANDELMAN and PAMELA TITLE AWARD
DAVID A. ANDELMAN and PAMELA TITLE AWARD
Minky Worden, Human Rights Watch; Ivan Greenberg, freelance journalist; Al McCaig, Bloomberg; Jill Savitt, Center for Civil and Human Rights

PHILIP DINE
JOE and LAURIE DINE AWARD

ANYA SCHIFFRIN, School of International and Public Affairs at Columbia University; Jonathan Burchall, Open Society Justice Initiative; Nicole Pope, former Le Monde; Allison Silver, Thomson Reuters

WHITMAN BASSOW AWARD
Abraham Lustgarten, ProPublica; David Biello, Scientific American; Andrew C. Revkin, The New York Times; Eric Roston, Bloomberg; Martin Smith, PBS

DIDI HUNTER IN HONOR OF HER FATHER LESTER ZIFFREN

ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN AWARD
Gary Rosenstel, former Reader; Andrew Blau, CBS; Tim Ferguson, Forbes; Scott Johnson, freelance writer; Ricardo Sandoval-Fuentes, Fund for Investigative Journalism; Abi Wright, Alfred I. duPont Awards at Columbia University

DAVID A. ANDELMAN and PAMELA TITLE AWARD

JENNIFER BONSOL, The Henry N. Jackson School of International and Public Affairs

MADELINE DANE ROSS AWARD
LINDA FASULO

BEST COMMENTARY
ROBERT SERIO, GIBSON, DUNN & CRUTCHER

BEST INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING
Charles M. Sennott, GlobalPost; Tom Hundley, Pulitzer Center for Crisis Reporting; Bob Ivry, Bloomberg News; Sarah Stillman, The New Yorker

BEST MULTIMEDIA NEWS PRESENTATION
GOOGLE

BEST INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING
Charles M. Sennott, GlobalPost; Tom Hundley, Pulitzer Center for Crisis Reporting; Bob Ivry, Bloomberg News; Sarah Stillman, The New Yorker

BEST COMMENTARY
Mary Rajkumar, Associated Press; Mary McGinnis, Al Jazeera; Lydia Polgreen, The New York Times; Robert Sullivan, freelance journalist

Malcolm Forbes Award

William J. Holstein, business journalist/author; Pete Engardio, The Boston Consulting Group; Leah Nathans Spirito, Riverside Creative Management; Alex Taylor, Fortune

Friends of Richard Trelkeld

Cornelius Ryan Award

Dan Hertzberg, former Bloomberg; John Bussey, The Wall Street Journal; Neil Hickey, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism

Linda Fasulo

Madeleine Dane Ross Award

Vivienne Walt, Time; Celestine Bohnen, The New York Times; Jim Frederick, Time; Judith Mattot, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism

David A. Alndelman and Pamela Title Award

Minky Worden, Human Rights Watch; Ivan Greenberg, freelance journalist; Al McCaig, Bloomberg; Jill Savitt, Center for Civil and Human Rights

Philip Dine

Joe and Laurie Dine Award

Philip Dine

Joe and Laurie Dine Award
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TOGETHER, WE WISH TONIGHT’S WINNERS ALL THE BEST.