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dateline

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IN ASHES**

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THE BIG STORIES
OF THE LAST
EIGHT DECADES**

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75th Anniversary

2014
SPECIAL EDITION



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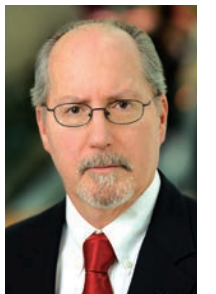
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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

The OPC Marks Its 75th Anniversary



Michael S. Serrill

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



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 UP 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.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT



During World War II reporters gather for a briefing at Army Headquarters in Holland in 1945. Left to right: Johannes Steel, a *New York Post* reporter who was later unmasked as a Soviet agent; Burnet Hershey, an early OPC President; an unidentified Army officer; famed NBC news anchor Lowell Thomas; Lt. Gen. 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 Harsch of *The Christian Science Monitor*.



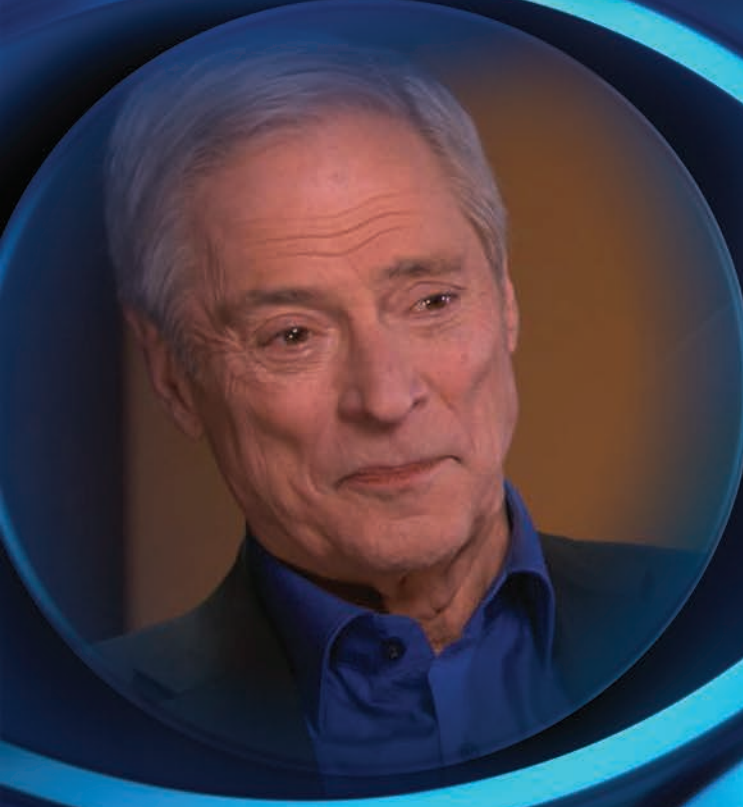
Reporters during the Korean War. From left: Max Desfor, photographer; Lief Ericson; Frank Noel, photographer; Don Whitehead and Hal Boyle.

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 Corbally 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

CONGRATULATIONS



BOB SIMON

RECIPIENT OF
THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB
PRESIDENT'S AWARD

CBS EVENING NEWS CHARLIE D'AGATA "CRACKDOWN IN CAIRO"

RECIPIENT OF
THE DAVID KAPLAN AWARD



CBS NEWS
ORIGINAL REPORTING

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT



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 Alvarez. After being freed, the four-man CBS team left for Jordan. AP PHOTO.

as Henry Kissinger, Richard Holbrooke and, tonight, U.S. permanent representative to the United Nations, Samantha Power, herself once a foreign correspondent in the former Yugoslavia and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for her book on genocide, *A Problem from Hell*.

The OPC's most important function, of course, is to honor the work of our fellow journalists, who, more than ever, risk their lives to bring us first-hand reports from dangerous places like Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria and Congo. In 2013 more than 100 reporters, photographers and other media workers were killed, according to the Committee to Protect Journalists. In the first two months of 2014 10 more fell in half a dozen countries, including Pakistan, Iraq and Brazil. We honor them tonight by lighting a candle in their name to burn throughout the dinner.

PRESIDENT'S AWARD

Each year, we choose one of our number for a special honor: the President's Award for a lifetime of achievement in international journalism. I am privileged to present the award tonight to Bob Simon, longtime correspondent for CBS News and for the past decade a prolific producer of fascinating stories for that network's *60 Minutes*. In his 47 years as a reporter, Bob has covered more than 30 overseas conflicts. He has won 25 Emmys, four Peabody awards and five Overseas Press Club awards.

Bob, a native of the Bronx, started his peripatetic overseas

career in 1969, when he was assigned to CBS's London bureau. He covered Biafra's war for independence and the Troubles in Northern Ireland, where he was beaten by a Protestant mob in Belfast. In 1971 he was dispatched to Vietnam, where he won one of his OPC awards for his coverage of a North Vietnamese offensive. He was on one of the last helicopters out of Saigon in 1975, and won another OPC award for his radio dispatches in the final days of the war.

A CAREER STARTED IN LONDON

Bob's next assignment was to the Middle East, and that region has been a focus of his career ever since. He covered the Yom Kippur War in 1973, and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's historic visit to Israel in 1977. Later he would be on the front lines for the first Palestinian intifadah, and he was there when Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was assassinated in 1995. In between, he did some national reporting and election coverage in the U.S. But when a foreign crisis hit—in the Falklands, in Lebanon, in Guatemala and El Salvador—it was often Bob who got tapped to wade into the fray.

No surprise then that when the first Persian Gulf War broke out in 1991, Bob was there with his CBS crew. Like many journalists who covered the conflict, he was frustrated at the severe restrictions imposed on the media by the U.S. military. So on his own Bob crossed into Iraqi-occupied Kuwait from Saudi Arabia.

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 Fry, 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. Serrill



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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CONTENTS

Letter From the President	1
Note From the Editor	9
SPECIAL REPORT: EIGHT DECADES OF REPORTING	10
The Forties: A Scoop in Manchuria Roy Rowan	10
The Fifties: Flashpoint in Berlin Seymour Topping	14
The Sixties: Pondering the Lessons of Vietnam David Lamb	18
The Seventies: Covering Lebanon's Infinitely Innovative Chaos Jonathan Randal	22
The Eighties: In the Midst of Confusion and Fear in Central America Christopher Dickey	26
The Nineties: In Sarajevo, Scant Rations But Abundant Black Humor Emma Daly	30
2000: In Afghanistan, Where Travel Has Become a Barometer of the Possible Alissa Johannsen Rubin	34
2010-2013: Technology Revolutionizes the Arab Spring and Journalism Nic Robertson	38
THE OPC ANNUAL AWARDS	43
The stories and photos that stood out in 2013	
The Hal Boyle Award • The Bob Considine Award	44
The Robert Capa Gold Medal Award	
The Olivier Rebbot Award • The John Faber Award	
The Robert Capa Gold Medal Award Gallery	46
Attack on a Kenyan Mall Tyler Hicks	
The Olivier Rebbot Award Gallery	48
Afghanistan - A Distant War Robert Nickelsberg	
Feature Photography Award	50
The Lowell Thomas Award • The David Kaplan Award	
The Edward R. Murrow Award	
The Ed Cunningham Award	
The John Faber Award Gallery	52
Central African Republic Unrest Jerome Delay	
Feature Photography Award Gallery	54
The Last of the Viking Whalers Marcus Bleasdale	
The Thomas Nast Award • The Morton Frank Award	56
The Malcolm Forbes Award	
The Cornelius Ryan Award	
The Madeline Dane Ross Award	



The Thomas Nast Award Gallery Kevin (KAL) Kallaugher	58
David A. Andelman and Pamela Title Award	60
The Joe and Laurie Dine Award	
The Whitman Bassow Award	
Robert Spiers Benjamin Award	
Best Multimedia News Presentation	62
Best Investigative Reporting	
Best Commentary	
OPC Award Sponsors and Judges	65
Where OPC Members Are Welcome	67

Since a coup d'état 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)

dateline 2014 Charles Wallace, Editor • Robert Nickelsberg, Photo Editor • Nancy Novick, Design • Mariam Haris, Intern

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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 Tarma 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

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A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Books and Authors

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION
 "BATTLE STATIONS." Alec Hudson. (Macmillan.) January.
 "CAVIAR FOR BREAKFAST." Inez Lopez. (Appleton-Century.) January.
 "TIME IS A TALKER." Wellington Roe. (Putnam's.) January.
 "PORTRAIT OF JENNIE." Robert Nathan. (Knopf.) January.
 "SCATTERWOOD BAINES RETURNS." Clarence Budington Kelland. (Harper.) January.
 "THE MAD DOG OF EUROPE." Albert Nesor. (Epic Publishers.) January.
NON-FICTION
 "CAROLINE OF ENGLAND." Peter Quennell. (Viking.) January.
 "THE INSIDE STORY." Edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. (Prentice-Hall.) January.
 "A SMATTERING OF IGNORANCE." Oscar Levont. (Doubleday, Doran.) January.

in 1940 by Columbia University Press. The author is Miss Abigail F. Halsey. From an advance notice of this book we glean the interesting information that Gin Lane in Southampton was not named for the chief ingredient of a Martini cocktail. A gin was a trap for catching stray pigs and cattle, and today's Gin Lane marks the location of such a trap in the old days. While this bit of news will no doubt be a terrific shock to the unregenerate, it suggests to the editor of "The Pleasures of Publishing" that there may be other street names with equally interesting histories and that the editors of the linguistic quarterly American Speech (Columbia University Press) would be glad to hear from any one who has authentic information about such odd street names and their origins.

The new publishing house of Duell, Sloan & Pearce announces

Members of the Overseas Press Club of America, an organization of American writers who have been in the foreign press service, have contributed chapters to "The Inside Story," to be published in January by Prentice-Hall. The book is edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. Among the correspondents represented in it are Eugene Lyons, Wythe Williams, Irene Kuhn, Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., Mary Knight, George Sylvester Viereck, H. V. Kaltenborn and others.

Literature," published a few years ago by Simon & Schuster.

An unfortunate error occurred in the review of Thomas Mann's "Royal Highness" in our issue of Dec. 10, with the reference to Mrs. Lowe as the translator. The novel itself was translated by A. Cecil Curtis and the preface was translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter.

Random House has just concluded arrangements to publish a comprehensive book on the activities and aims of the American Youth Congress, with an introduction by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The book will be written by Leslie Gould with full authorization of the Youth Congress and will be published in the Spring of 1940.

Southampton, L. I., is the subject of a book, "In Old Southampton," to be published early

On Jan. 26 the D. Appleton-Century Company will publish "You Don't Have to Be Rich," by Allan Herrick, a banker, who for twenty-five years has been in close touch with the financial problems of all sorts of people. His book is a guide to family financial management addressed to the average middle-class family with an annual income below the \$10,000 mark. How far below?

Ida S. Shapiro, 143-48 Forty-first Avenue, Flushing, N. Y., has in progress a biographical and critical study of Charles Jeremiah Wells (1800-1879), author of the dramatic poem, "Joseph and His Brethren." She will be grateful if persons possessing material relating to Wells's life or a copy of his "Stories After Nature" will communicate with her. Mrs. Shapiro promises that all material entrusted to her will be

Welcome to the 75th Anniversary edition of *Dateline* Magazine. On page one of this magazine, you will see a photograph with a hand-scrawled 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

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LET'S GO.

The New York Times
 Published: December 17, 1939
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THE FORTIES A SCOOP IN MANCHURIA



Roy Rowan

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



PHOTOS COURTESY ROY ROWAN/JACK BIRNS

Above left: Ragtag Communist troops passing through town of Xihua in 1947; Right: A funeral procession in Kaifeng, the capital of Henan (now Henan) Province, 1947. *LIFE* magazine photographer Jack Birns covered the civil war in China during 1947 with author Rowan.



Above: One of Rowan’s press passes, issued by the Nationalists; Above left: Rowan and Claude Lievesay, maintenance chief of the trucking operation, at the head of a truck convoy delivering relief supplies to villages in Central China, 1946; Right: Roy posing with Communist sentry at the gate of Xihua, in Central China in 1947. PHOTOS COURTESY ROY ROWAN.

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



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.

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.

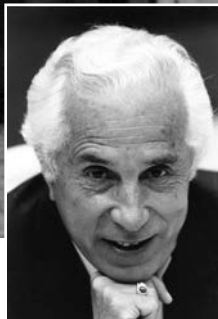
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THE FIFTIES FLASHPOINT IN BERLIN



Seymour Topping

By Seymour Topping

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 pestered 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.

Correspondents in 1957 at the Checkpoint Charlie crossing point from the American sector of West Berlin to Communist East Berlin. From left: Seymour Topping, AP; Joe Fleming, UP; Ed de Fontaine, Army Radio; Terry Davidson, Reuters; Harry Gilroy, *The New York Times*; unidentified officer; Gary Stindt, CBS; Russell Hill, Radio Free Berlin and Jeremy Main, International News Service. COURTESY SEYMOUR TOPPING.

"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."

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 serviceman ended the conference by shouting denunciation of their captors as kidnapers. 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 1, 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." Whit 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.

Our family lived in a walled compound, one of the so-called diplomatic ghettos for foreigners, with a militia guard at the gate,



Audrey Topping, wife of the author, pulled a Leica from her bag and took a grab shot of Soviet ruler Nikita Khrushchev deep in conversation with the man who later overthrew him, Leonid I. Brezhnev.

Photos reproduced from Seymour Topping's book *On the Front Lines of the Cold War*.

THE FIFTIES: **FLASHPOINT IN BERLIN**

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 eve-

ning 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.

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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 undercurrents of Saigon were seductive, the adrenalin-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 unforgetting 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 Lawrence 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 useless, 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. He wasn't out to change the world or take over West Virginia."



David Lamb



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

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

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.

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. ■



AP PHOTO

RIGHT: Photographer Eddie Adams in the field with U.S. troops.



AP PHOTO



Left: AP photographer Horst Faas, with his Leica cameras around his neck, accompanies U.S. troops in Vietnam, 1967; Center: AP's Henri Huet, left, and Larry Burrows of LIFE magazine, at the Laotian border in February 1971, just a few days before both were killed when their helicopter was shot down; Right: David Halberstam of The New York Times, AP Correspondent Malcolm Browne and Neil Sheehan of UPI.



Marines load their dead into a waiting chopper on the metal-slab airstrip at Khe Sanh, South Vietnam 1968. © DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN/LIFE

THE SEVENTIES

COVERING LEBANON'S INFINITELY INNOVATIVE CHAOS



Jonathan Randal



At one point during the two-decade-long Lebanese civil war, Palestinian fighters battle Lebanese Christian militiamen in the streets of Beirut. DOTATION CATHERINE LEROY/COURTESY CONTACT PRESS IMAGES. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award in 1976.

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 irredeemably: good-bye to the illusion of official protection and government accreditation for foreign correspondents and welcome to infinitely innovative chaos, Hobbseian 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 unpredictable 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 telex tape and went down to the swimming pool of the Excelsior Hotel in Ain Mreisseh, home of the Caves des Roy nightclub, 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 taxied 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 treetop-skimming Israeli fighter pilot flew right over my head before dropping a 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 in the Commodore Hotel, the hack hangout. Doonesbury 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 telex 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 unscathed, at least physically. Along with colleagues, I learned to distinguish the characteristic sound of incoming and outgoing ordnance as well as that of the Commodore bar's pet parrot's excellent imitation.

We routinely parked cars in the getaway position. In bouts of prolonged fighting we learned to appreciate being able to drive

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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 once 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 alas, 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 wars," 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 cowed 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 underdog PLO, routinely labeled as terrorists in much of the world, was equally forbearing, forlornly 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. Soon 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. ■

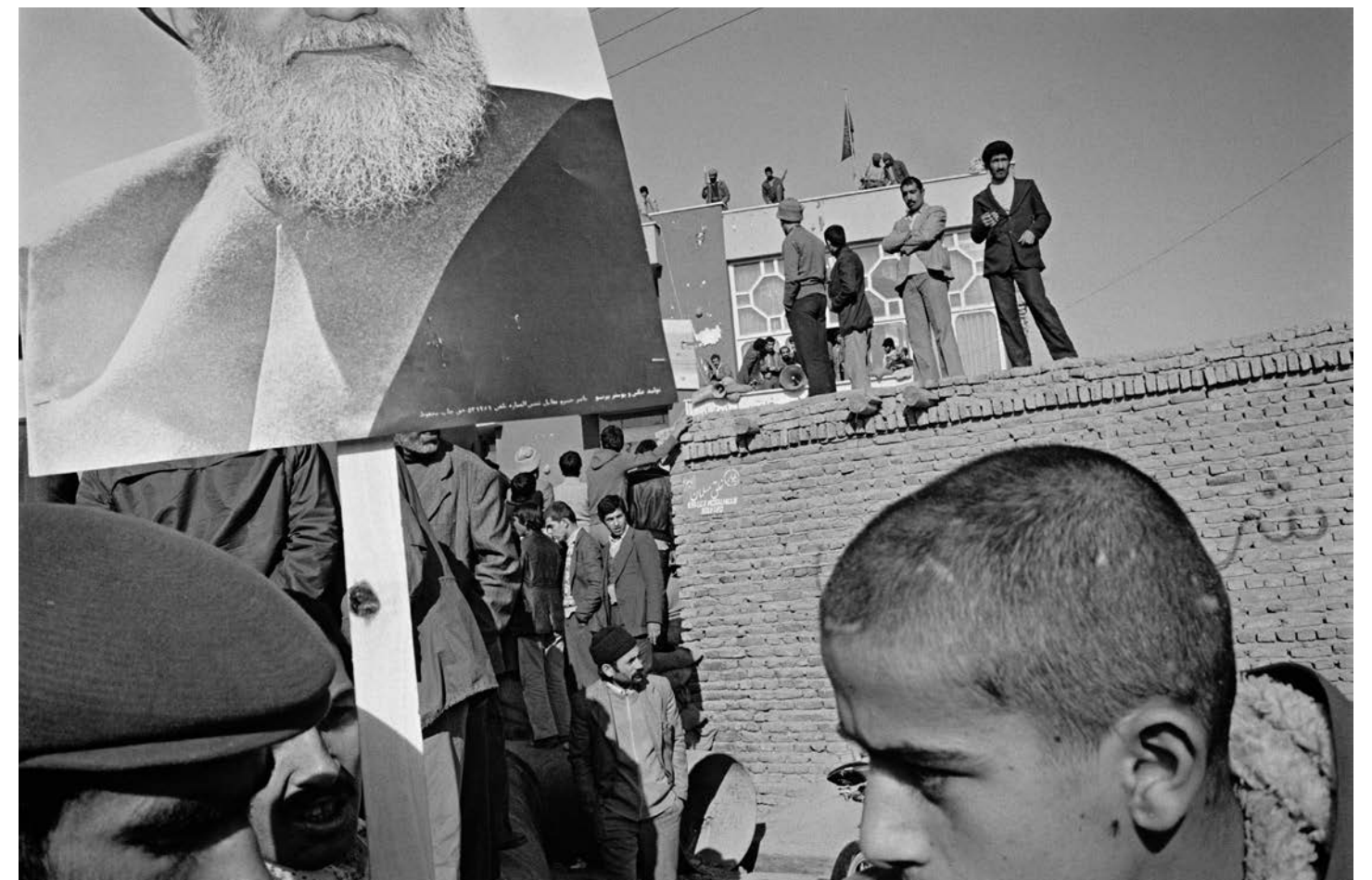


Fighters with the Sandinista National Liberation Front await a counterattack by the National Guard of Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza. The dictator was overthrown later that year. SUSAN MEISELAS/MAGNUM PHOTOS. The picture won Meiselas the Robert Capa Gold Medal Award in 1978.

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.



Near the central market after Friday prayers. Tehran, December. GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM PHOTOS. Winner of Best Photographic Reporting Award, 1980.

THE EIGHTIES IN THE MIDST OF CONFUSION AND FEAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA



Christopher Dickey



Left: John Hoagland, killed in March 1984 by Salvadoran military, from the collection of Christopher Dickey; Right: 1981, Olivier Rebbot, covering the fighting in San Francisco Gotera during the 1981 'Final Offensive' by FMLN, was hit with a bullet in his chest. Harry Mattison, (a Capa winner) tries to aid Olivier in this Murry Sill photograph.

By Christopher Dickey

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 *indocumentados* deported by the American authorities. I followed some of them to their villages,



Archbishop Romero, assassinated by the Salvadoran right wing military in 1980. CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

“We journalists are spectators, voyeurs, observers, witnesses—all of those labels are valid—just trying to make sense of it all.”

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.”

Left: Wounded Contra soldier being carried out. JAMES NACHTWEY/BLACK STAR. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 1985.

THE EIGHTIES: IN THE MIDST OF CONFUSION AND FEAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Eventually I saw the massacre on television, filmed by an incredibly brave Mexican cameraman with a wonderful name, Domingo Rex, who held his position between security forces and demonstrators as the security forces mowed 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 in a world 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 but felt like it was about us; Woody Allen's "Bananas" caught 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, 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 Mates, a soundman for ITN, back when TV crews were two-person teams. He had helped guide me out of the madness in the San Salvador cathedral when the murdered archbishop was being buried. Amid gunshots, 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. And 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'd 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 LeMoyné, who was with *Newsweek* then, 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 truism 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. ■



An anthill of workers carry bags of dirt at the famed Serra Pelada (Bald Mountain) Gold Mine in Brazil. An estimated 100,000 miners worked at the mine, which is now filled with water. SEBASTIÃO SALGADO/AMAZONAS/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES. Olivier Rebbot Award, 1987.

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE



President Ronald Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev after their historic "fireside chat" in the boathouse of the Maison de Saussure on Lake Geneva, November 19, 1985. DAVID HUME KENNERLY/GETTY IMAGES. Olivier Rebbot Award, 1985.



In the Spring of 1989, pro-democracy demonstrators took over Tiananmen Square in Beijing. Martial law was declared and the square was cleared in a brutal military assault on June 4, 1989. DAVID TURNLEY. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 1989.



Emma Daly

THE NINETIES IN SARAJEVO, SCANT RATIONS BUT ABUNDANT BLACK HUMOR



A son grieves his father's death at the funeral of a policeman slain during an ambush, Croatia, August, 1991. CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/BLACK STAR FOR TIME. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 1991.



In this Olivier Rebbot Award-winning photo, refugees flee from the Kosovo War that was fought between Serbian government forces and the Kosovo Albanian rebel group from February 1998 until June 1999. The Serbs withdrew finally after aerial bombardment by NATO forces. GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM PHOTOS.

By Emma Daly

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 Sarajevo 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

THE NINETIES: IN SARAJEVO SCANT RATIONS BUT ABUNDANT BLACK HUMOR

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 Standeker, a Slovenian reporter. Other were picked off because of their work—the sniper's bullet that killed David Kaplan of ABC News in 1992 entered between the letters "T" and "V" marking his car as press.

Bosnia changed me—I think it changed a generation of journalists raised on "objective" reporting (as if such a thing 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, though the Bosnian Serbs did their best to keep journalists out. How could we bear witness to war crimes, day in and day out, over not months, but years, 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 informa-

tion was 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 Arkan's Tigers executing Muslims on the streets of Bjeljina 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.

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Of course, there were advantages to this lack of technology. The desk couldn't reach you unless you wanted them to call. For most of us, phone lines were available only from the wires and the BBC, who made their table-sized satellite phones available for fees ranging from \$40 to \$100 per minute. We'd hook up laptops and file direct to the paper's modem—if everything worked properly. In the countryside we borrowed field comms from UN peacekeepers—if you were lucky, you'd get to dictate to copytakers.

I remember Allan Little's tone of contemptuous disbelief when telling us that a BBC producer in London had just asked him to do a live interview "by mobile" from the frontline Bridge of Brotherhood and Unity in Sarajevo, sometime in 1994. Back then, cell-phones were a new and mysterious luxury enjoyed only by the well-heeled in major capitals—Sarajevo didn't even have landlines for much of the siege.

And of course—no Internet! So the only reports that made it back to Bosnia on a regular basis were on CNN, at that point the only source of international TV news. The BBC's Serbo-Croatian services would summarize newspaper stories, and sometimes we'd see print copies of the *International Herald Tribune*, which carried *The New York Times* and *Washington Post* stories. But that was it—no Google to prove your identity, for good or ill, to secret police, immigration officials, or warlords. We navigated using

big, paper maps with frontlines drawn in and roads identified by symbols.

But this inability to communicate from anywhere, at any time, probably kept us safe. There was no point in journalists staying in a trench for very long, because there was no way to get the work out. We had to drive somewhere—to the TV station downtown, to the Holiday Inn, to the AP offices—in order to file (and to develop photos and edit video).

In fact, security trumped competition in a way rarely seen in our circles, with the creation of the Sarajevo Agency Pool, a system suggested by the BBC's Martin Bell in which the television news agencies and the networks shared news assignments and footage to minimize risks. Of course that agreement didn't apply to enterprise reporting, and it broke down when APTN was created, but there's a general consensus that the pool saved lives over the years.

Without the Internet, our outlets were only in competition at home—but even then we handed round information pretty freely. We passed on notes from UN briefings and quotes from witnesses, shared cars and translators and interviews—even images.

The AP, Reuters, AFP and the BBC had bureaus in Sarajevo, as you would expect, but so did major papers, including US re-

gionals like the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Baltimore Sun*. And shocking as it might seem now, *Time* and *Newsweek* had photojournalists on semi-permanent assignment, while the US networks kept crews on the ground for months on end—long before an American soldier set foot in the place.

We partied hard and fell in love—Malcolm Brabant of the BBC even wrote about seducing his future wife in the weeds along Sniper Alley.

When we meet, we remember those who perished in Bosnia and those who survived but are no longer with us: Kurt Schork, who anchored the Reuters office for the entire war, and Miguel Gil Moreno, a Spanish lawyer turned AP cameraman who discovered a dirt road over Mount Igman and gave us all a way in and out when the airport was closed, were killed together in an ambush in Sierra Leone. Julio Fuentes, a veteran Spanish reporter executed by the side of a road in Afghanistan as the US invaded. Alexandra Boulat, the fabulous French photojournalist who succumbed to an aneurism in 2007. Paul Douglas, the CBS cameraman killed by an IED in Baghdad and Elizabeth Neuffer, the *Boston Globe* correspondent who died on an Iraqi road. Margaret Moth, a CNN camerawoman shot in the face by a sniper, who returned to wartime work in Sarajevo after many operations and died of cancer in 2009. Marie Colvin, intrepid and stylish, killed by a shell in Homs, as she tried to sound the alarm about the horrifying plight of civilians in the besieged Syrian city. Xavier Gautier and Paul Marchand, who took their own lives.

And I know that we're all desperately hoping for the swift return of Didier Francois and Javier Espinosa, kidnapped in Syria with so many other journalists.

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

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE



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 NACHTWEY FOR TIME.



Rioting erupted in Jakarta Indonesia in 1998 against the regime of dictator Suharto, who resigned in May. The Army was blamed for fomenting violence against Indonesians of Chinese descent. In this Robert Capa Gold Medal Award photo, an unarmed man is beaten sadistically by a mob. The photographer stepped between the victim and the mob to beg for the victim's life. The victim was spared but died of his injuries. JAMES NACHTWEY FOR TIME.

2000

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

By Alissa Johannsen Rubin

At first I didn't realize what had hit the windshield. When a rock slams into glass it doesn't always come through. Instead, all that is visible on the seat are the broken shards.

The year was 2001 and it was October.

Kabul had fallen to the Americans and scores of reporters had walked with the Northern Alliance into the city. But I was on my way from Quetta, Pakistan, towards its sister city in Afghanistan, Kandahar, where the Taliban still ruled.

It was the beginning of one of the most important lessons Afghanistan taught me. The ability to travel is the ultimate barometer of possibility, both for Afghans and for journalists. And with that as a measure, Afghanistan, had been on a downward slide,

becoming ever more dangerous over these past 12 years of war, but most precipitously over the past seven years. Now only Kabul and a few places in the north were safe for overland travel. And, even Kabul was looking precarious.

Back in 2001 though, before the war's end, the Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan—as the Taliban called their government—gave out 100 visas at their last consulate, in Quetta, to foreign journalists to come into their closed country and see the ravages the American bombing 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



Alissa Johannsen Rubin

were protected. It was a position that as Westerners, and especially Americans, we would not enjoy again in the Taliban community.

A truer sense of how we were seen came from the Afghan men who lined the half paved, half gravel road that led from the Pakistani border post of Chaman to Spinboldak. They stared silently as our cars rattled by. There was none of the cheering or welcome that my colleagues were experiencing in Kabul. And after a few too many white faces, they heaved the rocks.

The sound of glass of breaking had a sort of honesty to it. We would not, could not, be welcomed. The mistake was to think we were. We were unarmed members of an armed invasion that was trying to kill these men or their brothers or cousins. Still, that was one of the few times I travelled in Southern Afghanistan with complete confidence that I was protected.

In successive journeys it became more and more clear that as

questionable policeman. The Americans were rarely any help. They had too many rules and were too scared. If you weren't embedded with them, they would leave you literally in the road as they did a *Time* magazine writer last year. Fend for yourself, who cares, you didn't start with us, so tough.

But those first days of 2001 and 2002 were a heady time. The Taliban had mostly fled and we wandered with abandon, driving anywhere that our cars could navigate: to the Pashtun south and east, to the north, up the Panshir valley to the foot of the Hindu Kush. The greatest danger then was a flat tire or, in winter, getting stuck in heavy snow. We negotiated our routes with local warlords, getting protection to the limits of each one's realm and then linking up with the warlord whose domain covered the next stretch.

There were occasional chilling moments, a reminder of darker

“For those of us, who like me, travel mostly un-embedded, mostly to places on the edge of danger, the constant calculation is: how much risk is the story worth?”

important as travel was for me as a journalist, it was even more important to Afghans. If people are afraid to leave their homes or move beyond the limits of their fields, or, if they live in a city and worry about whether they will arrive at work or make it home, there can be no political development and little commerce.

For journalists, if you cannot get there safely and, most importantly, get back, you cannot tell the story with your own eyes. For those of us, who like me, travel mostly un-embedded, mostly to places on the edge of danger, the constant calculation is: how much risk is the story worth? The best stories often demand the greatest risk, but you can also take great risks and get almost nothing.

Early on, I became a travel fanatic, anxious to hear about every road, village, bridge that had gone out, illegal checkpoint, and

realities: We were robbed at gunpoint by three men on motorcycles who were armed with AK47s at dusk on the Kabul-Kandahar highway in July, 2002. The men were tattered, poor, desperate and yes, dangerous.

Still, it was possible then to drive all the way from Kabul to Oruzgan and wander through small villages, asking about civilian casualties without fear of kidnapping or attack. The villagers still hoped that we would have something to offer them. The Americans were already bombing Pashtun villages to hit a few Taliban and leaving dead women and children as collateral damage, but in the early days, the villagers were still patient.

I traveled three times that year to Khost Province, crossing Logar Province, where six years later my colleague David Rohde

A mortally wounded Taliban soldier is carried away by Northern Alliance troops during the attack on Kunduz, Afghanistan, in November, 2001. LUC DELAHAYE/MAGNUM PHOTOS. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 2001.



Taliban prisoners captured by Northern Alliance soldiers in Northern Afghanistan following the invasion of American forces in the fall 2001. CHERYL DIAZ MEYER/John Faber Award, 2001.

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 re-

porter 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.

Even moving around at night in Kabul, a place that until recently had a lively social life for the large expat community, has become a dubious proposition.

On Jan. 17, suicide bombers hit a Kabul restaurant frequented by foreigners, the Taverna du Liban, killing 21 people, of whom 13 were expat officials and aid workers.

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. ■

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE

Five-year-old Samar Hassan, spattered with her parents' blood after they were killed by U.S. soldiers in 2005 in Tal Afar, Iraq. Troops fired on the family car when it unwittingly approached during a dusk patrol in tense northern Iraq. Samar's parents were killed instantly. CHRIS HONDROS/GETTY IMAGES.



Palestinian men sleep inside the sanctuary of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem during the siege of 2002, a 39-day siege when Israeli troops surrounded the church with tanks. CAROLYN COLE/LOS ANGELES TIMES. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 2002.



A sick man walks unsteadily from the shower in Harare Hospital where he will have to be cleaned by nurses, documenting the suffering resulting from the AIDS epidemic in Zimbabwe. JAMES NACHTWEY for TIME. Olivier Rebbot Award 2001.



Nic Robertson

2010-2013

TECHNOLOGY REVOLUTIONIZES THE ARAB SPRING AND JOURNALISM

By Nic Robertson

Colonel Moammar 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.



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.

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 foundered 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

2010-2013: TECHNOLOGY REVOLUTIONIZES THE ARAB SPRING AND JOURNALISM

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. ■



A mortally wounded Gadhafi soldier is arrested in Sirte, during the last days of the regime, 2011. ANDRÉ LIOHN/EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY//PROSPECT PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR NEWSWEEK.

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOS FROM OTHER BIG STORIES IN THE DECADE



Thai troops on Silom Road near rival protesters after 5 grenades exploded in the city's business district, Bangkok, April 22, 2010. AGNES DHERBEYS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES. Robert Capa Gold Medal Award, 2010.



Dusk sets in over central Pyongyang, North Korea, 2011. DAVID GUTTENFELDER/AP. Feature Photography Award, 2011.



REUTERS/JORGE DAN LOPEZ

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.

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ANNUAL AWARDS

Overseas Press Club of America



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)

Robert Friedman, Chairman, Awards Committee

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 make 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. ■

ANNUAL AWARDS OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB



Rukmini Callimachi

1. THE HAL BOYLE AWARD

Best newspaper, news service or online reporting from abroad

2. THE BOB CONSIDINE AWARD

Best newspaper, news service or online interpretation of international affairs

Rukmini Callimachi

The Associated Press

"Al-Qaida's Papers"

AP's Rukmini Callimachi won both the Hal Boyle and Bob Considine awards for her reporting on a trove of al-Qaida 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-Qaida documents ever made public. Her sly, witty and sharply observed accounts of al-Qaida'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-Qaida 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-Qaida'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

The Wall Street Journal

"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"

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.

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 unflinching directness from this underreported and continuing African conflict.



Jerome Delay



Tyler Hicks



Robert Nickelsberg

THE ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL AWARD



TYLER HICKS ATTACK ON A KENYAN MALL

THE NEW YORK TIMES



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.



THE OLIVIER REBBOT AWARD

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.

ROBERT NICKELSBURG AFGHANISTAN - A DISTANT WAR

PRESTEL



Mujahideen commander Jalaluddin Haqqani at a base camp in Khost, near the Pakistan border, May 1990.



Above: A Kabul family flees their home during factional fighting between President Burhanuddin Rabbani's government forces and opposition Hezb-i-Islami and Hezb-i-Wahdat fighters in western Kabul, March 1993. Below: Wounded U.S. Army soldiers from the 10th Mountain Division are evacuated from Kamdesh, Nuristan, August 2006.



ANNUAL AWARDS OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB

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.



Marcus Bleasdale

7. THE LOWELL THOMAS AWARD

Best radio news or interpretation of international affairs

Leila Fadel

National Public Radio
 “Egypt: A Tumultuous 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.



Leila Fadel

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 this 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.



Charlie D’Agata

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

Oilly 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.



Rowan Jacobsen

CITATION

Matthieu Aikins

Rolling Stone
 “The A-Team Killings”



Ric Esther Bienstock



Felix Golubev



Simcha Jacobovici

THE JOHN FABER AWARD

JEROME DELAY CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC UNREST

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS



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

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.



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 Bouebou, 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.



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.

ANNUAL AWARDS OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB

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.



Kevin Kallaugher

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.



Kerry Dolan

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

Katherine Eban, Doris Burke, Frederik Joelving
fortune.com
 "Dirty Medicine"

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"



Steve Stecklow



Babak Dehghanpisheh



Yeganeh Torbati



Jonathan Katz

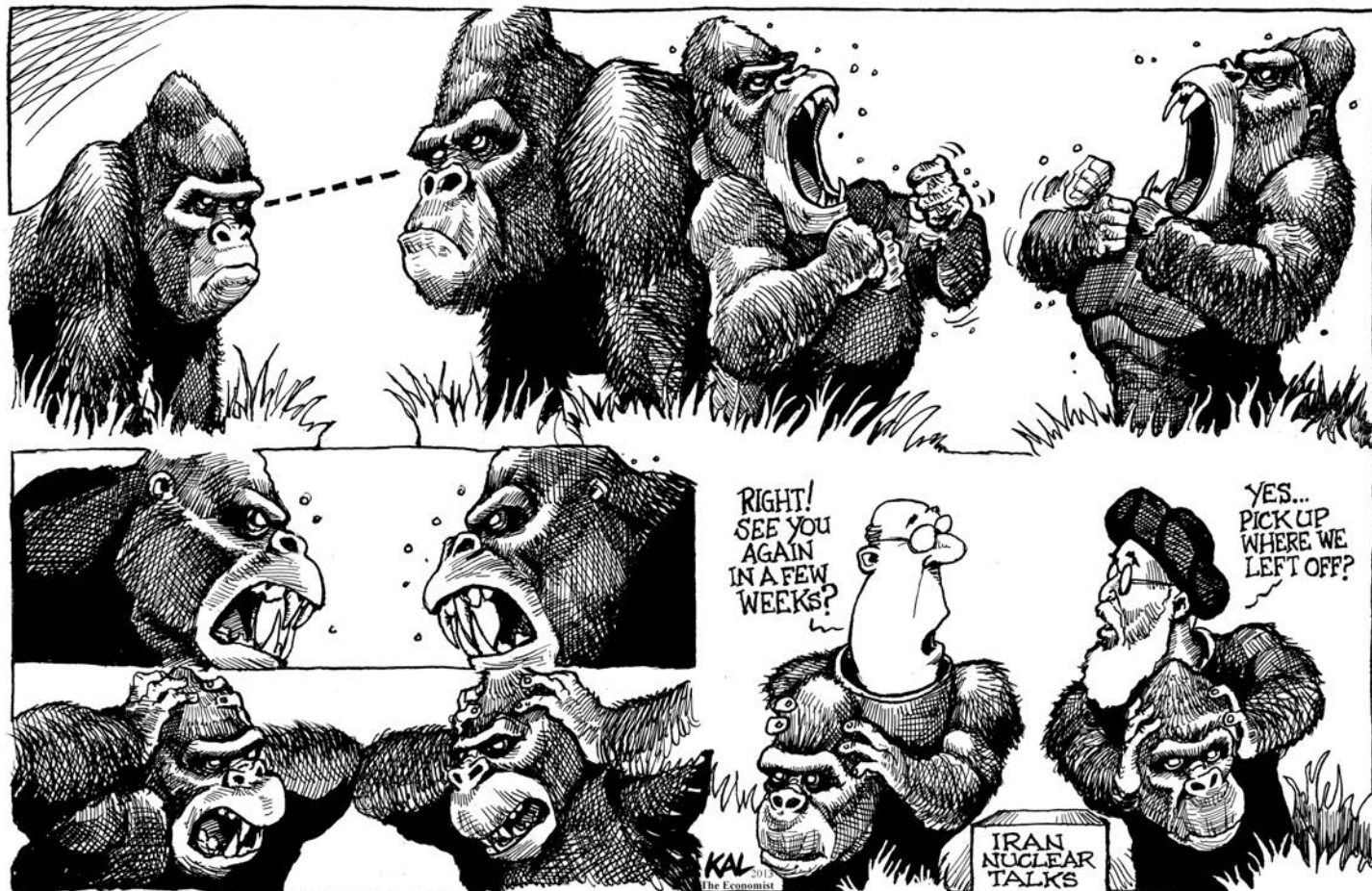
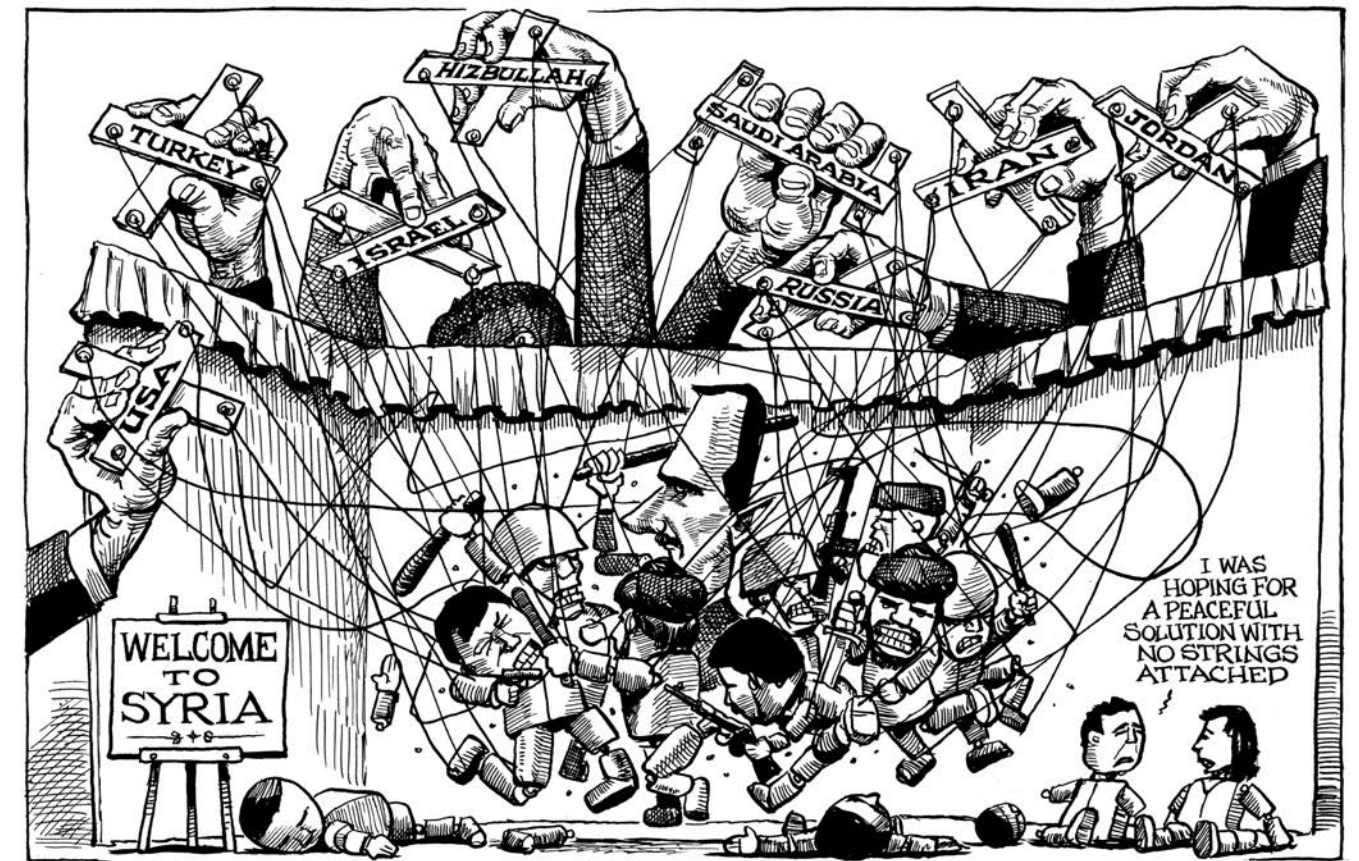


Adriana Gomez Licon

THOMAS NAST AWARD

KEVIN KALLAUGHER

The Economist and Baltimore Sun



CITATION PATRICK CHAPPATTE

The International New York Times



ANNUAL AWARDS OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB

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 Kainat 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 Rohingyas”



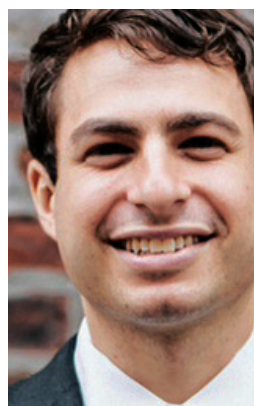
Habiba Nosheen



Hilke Schellmann



Hemal Trivedi



Dan Sugarman



Cam Simpson

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 Slodkowski, 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, oversized 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”



Craig Welch



Steve Ringman



Simon Romero

ANNUAL AWARDS OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB

20. BEST MULTIMEDIA NEWS PRESENTATION

Best use of video, interactive graphics and slideshows to report on international news



Alex Blumberg

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

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 off shore 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

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.



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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

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Judges for all 4 Photography Awards:

Pancho Bernasconi, Getty Images; Natasha Cholerton-Brown, Bloomberg; Ruth Fremson, *The New York Times*; Adrees Latif, Thomson Reuters; Alan Taylor, TheAtlantic.com; Stokes 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 Pesta, freelance journalist; Bob Dowling, freelance writer; John Koppisch, *Forbes*; Sarah Lubman, Brunswick Group; Geraldine 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 Seibel, McClatchy newspapers; Paul Brandus, West Wing Report; Lindsay Krasnoff, U.S. State Department; Muna Shikaki, al Arabiya Television

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Farnaz Fassihi, *The Wall Street Journal*; Kim Barker, ProPublica; Mohamad 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

Allan Dodds 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 Spiro, Riverside Creative Management; Alex Taylor, *Fortune*

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

LINDA FASULO MADELINE DANE ROSS AWARD

Vivienne Walt, *Time*; Celestine Bohlen, *The New York Times*; Jim Frederick, *Time*; Judith Matloff, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism

DAVID A. ANDELMAN and PAMELA TITLE DAVID A. ANDELMAN and PAMELA TITLE AWARD

Minky Worden, Human Rights Watch; Ilan Greenberg, freelance journalist; Alec McCabe, 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 Birchall, 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 Regenstreif, former Reuters; Andrew Bast, CBS; Tim Ferguson, *Forbes*; Scott Johnson, freelance writer; Ricardo Sandoval-Palos, Fund for Investigative Journalism; Abi Wright, Alfred I. duPont Awards at Columbia University

GOOGLE BEST MULTIMEDIA NEWS PRESENTATION

Jennifer Bensko Ha, Federated Media; Lena Groeger, ProPublica; Tim Smith, *Fortune*; Robyn Tomlin, Digital First Media

MICHAEL S. SERRILL BEST INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING

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

ROBERT SERIO, GIBSON, DUNN & CRUTCHER BEST COMMENTARY

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

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