

**From General
James M. Gavin:**

Sirs:

Capa first came to the 82nd Airborne Division in Africa. He flew with the parachute assault echelon that fateful first night of the Sicilian invasion. That one should have convinced him that the best place to be in a parachute operation is back home with Hemingway's *Men at War*. But not for Capa. From then on he kept mumbling in Capa-language about wanting to jump. We finally got around to it in England when he took the requisite five training jumps. Then he kept after us to make a combat jump.

Since we could not predict the exact date of our next combat jump it meant that he would have to wait around with us and sweat it out. This was not to his liking. Torn between idling about Leicestershire and the flesh pots of Soho, he displayed an understandable leaning to the latter. September 17 found the division, without Capa, winging over the North Sea en route to the invasion of Holland. He never quite forgave us.

He spent a great deal of time with us after that, though. I believe we actually ran a rest camp for Capa. But he was a good guy to have around. His conversation wasn't limited to subject "A", or how to take good pictures. He had had a lot of practical combat experience, and he knew more about judging combat troops and how to fight than most of the so-called experts.

CAPA

From Bill Graffin:

Sirs:

People say that the Happy Hungarian lacked fear of any assignment during the war. Don't get me wrong. I think Capa has a plethora of guts, but on his part it was always a beautiful demonstration of smart bravery.

As an officer in the 82nd Airborne I once asked Capa to go on a small troop-carrier re-supply mission to the Maquis. He refused, stating, "To your pilots and the Maquis the mission is important. To my editor it means only one or two pictures at the most. To Capa, it is not worth the trouble of such a small affair to get his beautiful head blown off, without benefit, at least, of a four page spread. I refuse, my old."

I'll ride with you on the statement that Capa was probably the greatest photographer of World War II, just because he was smart enough to weigh the risk to himself against magazine space.

Moreover, Capa is one of the most truly liberal and democratic gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure to know. Capa will chase any woman regardless of race, color, creed, height, age, weight, marital status or nationality.

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J.D. SALINGER

J. D. Hainsworth

*University of Sheffield, Department of
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J. D. SALINGER is reputed to live behind a six-foot fence. He refuses to be interviewed, and generally keeps quiet about himself. He seems afraid that journalists and publicity men might sell an image of him to the public which he'd be tempted to try and live up or live down to in his life and writings.

Already, with even this brief glimpse of Salinger's private life, we approach the central problem of his fiction. How, if you have any sensitivity or discrimination, do you live in a society, which, to use the recurrent Salinger words, is just so *goddam phoney*? In his fiction, he goes on to a further, more important question: how do you live with the people who are passive victims of phoniness, without knowing it?

Salinger was born in New York City, the setting for most of his fiction, in 1913. Like several of his leading characters, he was with the American army in Europe during the war. He has a wife and two children and leaves them daily at 8.30 a.m., taking a packed lunch to a concrete hut at the bottom of his garden, where he works till 5 p.m.

In spite of his solid and regular writing, his published output has been relatively small. But no book since the war has had such an impact on American youth as his one full-scale novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*. In it, Salinger seems both to have captured a teenager's view of the adult world, and, in seventeen-year-old Holden Caulfield, the narrator, to have portrayed someone with whom a great many teenagers passionately wish to identify themselves. But it's an adult's book, too, piercing in its satire, but inspiring as well, because of Holden's many positive qualities. It's also very very funny.

Holden is so obsessed by the phoniness around him that he can't see any reason at all for working hard and passing school exams. He turns down his young sister's suggestion that he should train as a lawyer.

'Lawyers are all right, I guess—but it doesn't appeal to me,' I said. 'I mean they're all right if they go around saving innocent guys' lives all the time, and like that, but you don't *do* that kind of stuff if you're a lawyer. All you do is make a lot of dough and play golf and play bridge and buy cars and drink