



# One color.

By Charlie Stuart

Much has been made of the color divide in America. Race has, for too long, played an unwelcome role in determining what America was formed to be - a place, an idea, really, where “all men are created equal” - where they are “endowed with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

And from the very beginning of America’s experiment in political and social order, those fighting and dying for this place, this idea, have known no color distinction.

So it was even in - especially in - Vietnam.

While reports abounded of the racial tension, friction and conflict back home and even “in country” - the reality of combat stripped away color until only red, blood red, was left.

That is why this picture, taken by Larry Burrows in 1966 near Dong Ha, Vietnam, is so powerful, poignant and personal.

In the picture a wounded Marine, just arriving at the casualty collection point, in the mud hell of Hill 404, ignores his own injuries and rushes to comfort a fellow Marine. And in this instant he shows true color blindness - a comrade is hurting and that takes priority over his own pain and suffering.



Perhaps the lesson in this photograph is too simple to believe - yet too powerful to ignore. When all that we have is stripped away, leaving only danger, mud, death, pain . . . and life - it is then we see through filtered lenses the true color of humanity.

What color do you see?