

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Artzybasheff

CIVILIAN DEFENDER CLAY
No one is safe, but some can be saved.

MISS KARIN E. SIVANEN 309
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POUGHKEEPSIE N.Y.
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(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LVI NO. 14

U will B tickled...

to **C** Mr. 880, the old counterfeiting
Q
T who's been giving the U.S.
H for over ten years. **BUT**
 special agent Lancaster puts
 the **K**
O on the wonderful rascal in a
 chase so merry that
U will say
O Dorothy McGuire!
O
G what a wonderful picture!

which all
 spells an
L-egant
 good time!

Burt Lancaster
Dorothy McGuire
Edmund Gwenn



with MILLARD MITCHELL • Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
 Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN • Screen Play by Robert Riskin
 Based on an Article in The New Yorker by St. Clair McKelway

LETTERS

Gobbler

Sir:

Don't go on calling Russia's peace campaign phony [TIME, Sept. 11], since it isn't. Russia sincerely wants to gobble up her neighbors peacefully.

ERIC ARAGUARI

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Red Blood, Pink Ink & Ham

Sir:

... It is refreshing to see honest, positive and effective action taken against vicious and deadly Communist infiltration of our American Republic. Such sincere, upstanding, red-blooded Americans as Benjamin Schultz and his Joint Committee Against Communism, together with Theodore Kirkpatrick and *Counterattack* [TIME, Sept. 11], certainly should make all of us proud—especially when they base their actions on the good old American principle that a person is guilty until he proves himself innocent...

The actions of these people suggest a positive action we could all take to rid this wonderful country of filthy Communism. Each loyal citizen joins together with about ten of his loyal friends to form a Committee of Confidence. Each Committee of Confidence assumes itself innocent of any anti-American sentiments and makes all other committees prove they are not Red tainted.

JOHN E. SEVERSON

Duarte, Calif.

Sir:

... May I ask what is wrong with ... the organization of a committee against Com-

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

You saw the map on this page in TIME's issue of July 24. That was the end of the third week of war in Korea. U.S. troops were still falling back. Their defense position was breached; on the south bank of the Kum River they were threatened with envelopment from the flanks. It was obvious that they would have to pull out of the salient around Taejon and continue to fight a long delaying action. How far would they have to retreat before they were strong enough to make a comeback against the North Koreans?

TIME's editors attempted to answer that question with a map (herewith reprinted). It shows the week's combat zone, and the zone that U.S. troops would have to fall back to in order to hold off the enemy. The perimeter of this "Comeback Zone," as it turned out, was almost exactly the same as the line of the beachhead subsequently held by U.S. & U.N. troops. The beachhead covered the maximum area which three or four well-armed U.S. divisions plus regrouped South Korean troops could hold.

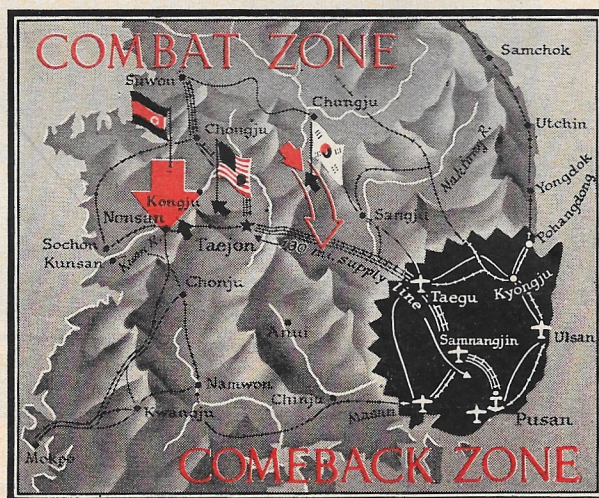
In a story accompanying the map the editors explained that it looked now like a three-phase war. The first phase was to fight a delaying action toward Pusan and establish a perimeter around this excellent port with both flanks resting on the sea. U.S. & U.N. forces, with control of the air and sea, ought to be able to hold such a protected beachhead indefinitely. The second phase was to build up U.S. strength inside the perimeter. The third phase, as outlined by the editors, was the break out from the Pusan perimeter supported by Allied amphibious attacks behind the North Korean lines.

Two months later the assault on Inchon bore out the editors' mid-July estimate of the situation and kicked off the third phase of the war.

A five-man team of TIME Inc. reporters and photographers covered *Operation Chromite* at Inchon. Like most other newsmen, they had a tough time of it. Correspondent James Bell, who went in with the third assault wave on Inchon and was present at the

taking of Kimpo airdrome, cracked up in a jeep accident (*see* PRESS) and is now in a Tokyo hospital. Tokyo Bureau Chief Frank Gibney, one of the first four U.S. correspondents to hit the beach at Wolmi Island with the marines, went along with them across the Han River and into Seoul before returning to Tokyo to file copy for this week's issue. Gibney, who was injured in a Han River bridge explosion on the fourth day of the war, has been ordered home for a well-earned rest.

As this issue of TIME went to press, Correspondent-Photographer Carl Mydans, who had accompanied General MacArthur during the first stages of the Inchon operation, was with the marines on the outskirts of Seoul—as



TIME Map by R.M. Chapin Jr.

were LIFE Photographers David Duncan and Hank Walker. Duncan missed the Inchon landing when the bombers of the Far Eastern Air Forces, which he had planned to cover, were grounded by bad weather. Walker almost missed it, too, when his landing craft was rammed and nearly sunk by a South Korean gunboat on the way into Inchon harbor.

As of this week, staff writer Dwight Martin, who was a TIME correspondent in Shanghai, Formosa and Hong Kong in 1948-49, has moved up to the Seoul front. And Hugh Moffett, National Affairs editor of LIFE and a former TIME Inc. Chicago bureau head, is on his way to take over Gibney's job as Tokyo bureau chief.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Distant Hope

To a generation born in depression, reared on world war, and greeted, at 18, with a conscription number, President Harry M. Wriston of Brown University offered some stern guidance.

"Abandon the most fatuous and debilitating slogan that ever misled a generation," he told Brown undergraduates last week at the opening of a new college year. "Give up security as an ideal. Anyone who promises security is misbranding his political, social and economic goods . . . If you insist on being cheated, buy gold bricks or perpetual-motion machines.

"It is now clear that if you live at all, you will live dangerously—not only during the instant crisis but for all your lives. There has been so mishandled for more than a generation that its convalescence will be long and its full recovery a distant hope . . ."

THE CONGRESS

Down Over Capitol Hill

All week Congress had been tapping its feet, waiting for the President's veto of the McCarran anti-Communist bill. In the House, when the page boys burst in with mimeographed copies of the message, members grabbed eagerly at the bundles, helped pass them out. With little more than a glance, they began shouting: "Vote! Vote!" And minutes after the clerk had intoned Harry Truman's 5,500 words of warning, they had overridden the veto without a word of debate, by a thumping 286 to 48.

In the Senate, half a dozen Democrats with the gravity of a band of martyrs had just made another kind of decision. They would try to filibuster long enough for the nation to wire its reactions to the presidential veto message. Perhaps an avalanche of emphatic last-minute protests, plus the Senate's desire to finish up and go home, might swing the votes necessary to uphold the veto.

In Imperfect Wisdom. For five hours, with the White House turning on the heat and helping to direct the strategy, Minnesota's civil-righteous young Hubert Humphrey, Tennessee's Estes Kefauver, New York's Herbert Lehman and North Carolina's lame duck Frank Graham took turns lecturing against the bill. Their arguments were a direct paraphrase of Harry Truman's message.

The law, the President had declared,



Eastfoto

U.S. PRISONERS OF WAR IN KOREA

"If you live at all, you will live dangerously."

was a "terrible mistake." Parts of it were "a clear and present danger to our institutions." Ordering Communists to register with the Attorney General, he wrote, "is about as practical as requiring thieves to register with the sheriff."* And the section ordering the Secretary of Defense to list all defense plants (so Communists could be barred from them) was, said the President, like publishing a guidebook for the enemy.

Illinois' big, shaggy Paul Douglas (who, like Minnesota's Humphrey, had voted

for the bill in the first place) joined the filibuster. Obviously torn by the issues at stake, Douglas blurted: "In such imperfect wisdom as I have—and I say this with no sense of self-righteousness—I will vote to uphold the President's veto," and slumped into his chair with a groan.

"Get Some Sleep." It was a lone-wolf Republican, North Dakota's raw-boned, unpredictable Bill Langer, who stepped up with much-needed relief for the Democratic corporal's guard. Langer had been obstinately against the bill from its inception, and began his harangue in the clangorous voice that makes every sentence sound like the cry of a newsboy with an extra. Weary Senators drifted off to doze on black leather couches in corridors or handy offices, leaving a few sentinels to guard the Senate floor. Shortly after 2 a.m., one of Langer's roars, punctuated by a crashing thump of his fist, frightened a sleeping page boy and sent him sprawling off his chair onto the floor.

But by 3:25 a.m., Langer's voice was growing hoarse, and his face pale and haggard. By 5 o'clock he was in obvious distress. Humphrey, fresh and trim after a midnight shower and shave, sidled up to him. "I can stay until 6 o'clock," hissed Langer. "Go get some sleep."

Minutes later, the big North Dakotan

* An argument that could also have been used in the bill's favor. Police in many big cities keep track of underworld movements by required registration of ex-convicts.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

As of Sept. 15, U.S. casualties in Korea totaled 13,911 men. The Defense Department's accounting:

Dead 1,858

Wounded 8,535

Missing 3,518

The Army was still paying by far the highest price on the battlefield: 1,652 of the dead, 7,809 of the wounded, 3,415 of the missing.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

CIVIL DEFENSE

The City Under the Bomb

(See Cover)

Time was when a small American who got vaccinated and looked both ways before crossing streets had a reasonable chance of outliving his boyhood. But a new complication to survival has been added. One recent treatise on the subject seriously inquired: "Can Junior fall instantly, face down, elbow out, forehead on elbow, eyes shut? Have him try it tonight as he gets into bed."

Junior could probably do the trick all right. A little practice and an understanding of the situation might save the life of a small boy born into the Atomic Age. The

waves), built of concrete, with double-thick windows and stainless steel doors. Washington realtors advertised houses and lots "beyond the radiation zone." Worried people in Atlanta inquired about insurance policies against atomic-bomb damage.

Such precautions would help. There were other steps every citizen could take to save his own life if his city should be bombed (see box). But to save the lives of others, to keep a bomb-shattered community going, would require plans and cooperation such as the U.S. had never been forced to think about before.

Good, Bad, Indifferent. Against the common danger, the U.S. was slowly mobilizing its defenses. Eighteen months ago, President Truman had ordered up a study

lin through the Russian blockades, who was now chairman of the state's Civilian Defense Commission, earnestly turned his mind to the moment when the awful crisis might arrive.

Panic or Apathy. The problem was complex. The job required building and maintaining for an indefinite future a vast, complex organization that would be needed, no one knew when, that might never be needed at all. Uncertainty posed a psychological dilemma. Keeping civilians in a constant state of fear would produce impossible local demands on government, provoke the panic in an emergency which would compound catastrophe. Kept in a state of induced calm—even if that were possible—people would get apathetic.

There were some brutal facts to make clear. "Defense" was a misnomer. If an atomic bomb ever exploded above a U.S. city, thousands would die despite all the efforts of such men as Clay and his staff. Cities are pretty much defenseless and their populations are naked under the enemy. No one would be safe, yet many could be saved. Thinking of the worst, even while the "worst" itself could not be measured, Clay and his staff prepared to do what they could, basing their plans on a horrendous hypothesis.

For example:

The Horrendous Hypothesis. Suppose that on an overcast, autumn morning, a Russian bomber carrying an atomic bomb the equivalent of 50,000 tons of high explosives swept through the stratosphere above New York and dropped its missile. Suppose that the bomb was timed to explode half a mile in the air over Union Square.

Within a radius of one mile of Union Square (Ground Zero), the city would appear to have been struck by a giant fist. Within that radius would be the lofty Empire State Building, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building; the teeming cliff dwellings of Peter Cooper Village and Stuyvesant Town; Klein's department store; 14th Street's subway complex; a labyrinth of gas mains, water lines, telephone cables, electric wires; 55 elementary schools, high schools and trade schools; 17 universities and private schools; twelve of the city's hospitals.

Whole sections would be obliterated.

Within a second zone, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide, the destruction would be only a little less complete. In that area would be Times Square, Rockefeller Center, Hell's Kitchen, the Metropolitan Opera House; the Holland and Queens vehicular tunnels, the Williamsburg Bridge, the Pennsylvania and Grand Central stations. Many more buildings would be wrecked by the explosion, and gutted by fire.

In the zone beyond, destruction would be—as atomic scientists describe it—"severe." As the mushroom cloud drifted off, in the cluttered, congested, trapped island of Manhattan, storms of fire would lick furiously across the stricken city. An es-



DRISCOLL, DEWEY & CLAY
Against the common danger.

Wide World

treatise* explained how: "Junior will feel the wind go by, the dirt and pebbles blown with hurricane force against his head . . . A few cuts on the arms and legs aren't important. His playmates, standing upright, will be blown over like matchsticks. Some may get concussion, some broken bones."

Junior's terrifying new problem of survival was the problem of millions of his countrymen. For the first time a great many Americans were beginning to realize that the U.S. had become the target of a determined and ruthless enemy.

The U.S. thought about its dilemma on various levels. Some architects in Boston conjured up a design for a circular house (flat surfaces are vulnerable to shock

of civilian defense. Last fortnight the National Security Resources Board issued a careful, lengthy set of instructions to local governments. Net of NSRB's study: the states must be primarily responsible for organizing themselves and for their own welfare in the event of attack; they would get some federal aid in stockpiling and training.

The 48 states were making plans, good, bad & indifferent. A handful of states had appropriated money for civilian defense. The others had blueprints, authorizations and, at the very least, good intentions. Some of them moved to unite their efforts; last week New York's Governor Dewey signed a mutual aid pact with New Jersey's Driscoll.

On a local scale, a better than ordinary example of preparation was being carried on in a building on New York City's East 28th Street. There General Lucius Clay, U.S.A. (ret.), topflight military staff planner, the man who stubbornly steered Ber-

* *Atomic Attack, a Manual for Survival*, written by Scientists John Balderston Jr. and Gordon W. Hewes, published by the Council on Atomic Implications (University of Southern California), \$1.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

timated minimum of 75,000 people would be dead, 75,000 would be dying.

History's Biggest Pile of Rubble. No one could predict with any great confidence or in any specific detail what would happen next. But civil defense officials could visualize, at least, what would have to be done.

Around the periphery of the conflagration, firemen would set up mobile stations, try to supplement the inadequate and ruptured water supply with water pumped from the island's flanking rivers. Policemen would make their way into the devastated area, directing squads of mechanics who would turn off gas mains, burn through tangled girders, tunnel into debris after the entombed. Health department squads would penetrate into the dust-thick hell, monitoring radioactivity. Rescue squads and equipment would be ordered to the scene from undamaged, outlying communities.

The wounded and the panic-stricken would be led or carried out. The aimless would be guided into hotels, other havens marked with red, white & blue signs: "This is the emergency welfare center for this area." Evacuees would be routed into tunnels that were still open, over bridges that were still intact—carried to nearby communities by trains, buses, taxis, autos. Soup kitchens would be set up. Registration points would be established to record the names of the homeless.

From across the rivers would roll contraptions for clearing roads—bulldozers, road scrapers, clamshell scoops, cranes resembling prehistoric monsters—to try to cope somehow with history's biggest pile of rubble. Medical squads would treat the maimed and the burned, administer blood, try to save the thousands of victims of shock, who would die within a few hours if they were untended.

In Central Park ditches would be bulldozed for mass burial of the dead.

At East 28th Street. Could the civil defenders rise so systematically to such an incalculable emergency? The answer was to be found, in large part, in the aged, granite building on East 28th Street.*

New York's legislature created its Civilian Defense Commission in May. It was supposed to operate on an appropriation of \$100,000. To run the show, Governor Dewey had picked Lucius De Bignon Clay, the wiry, sharp-nosed, imperious West Pointer who accepted the chairmanship of the commission as a sideline to his new \$96,000-a-year job as chairman of Continental Can Co.

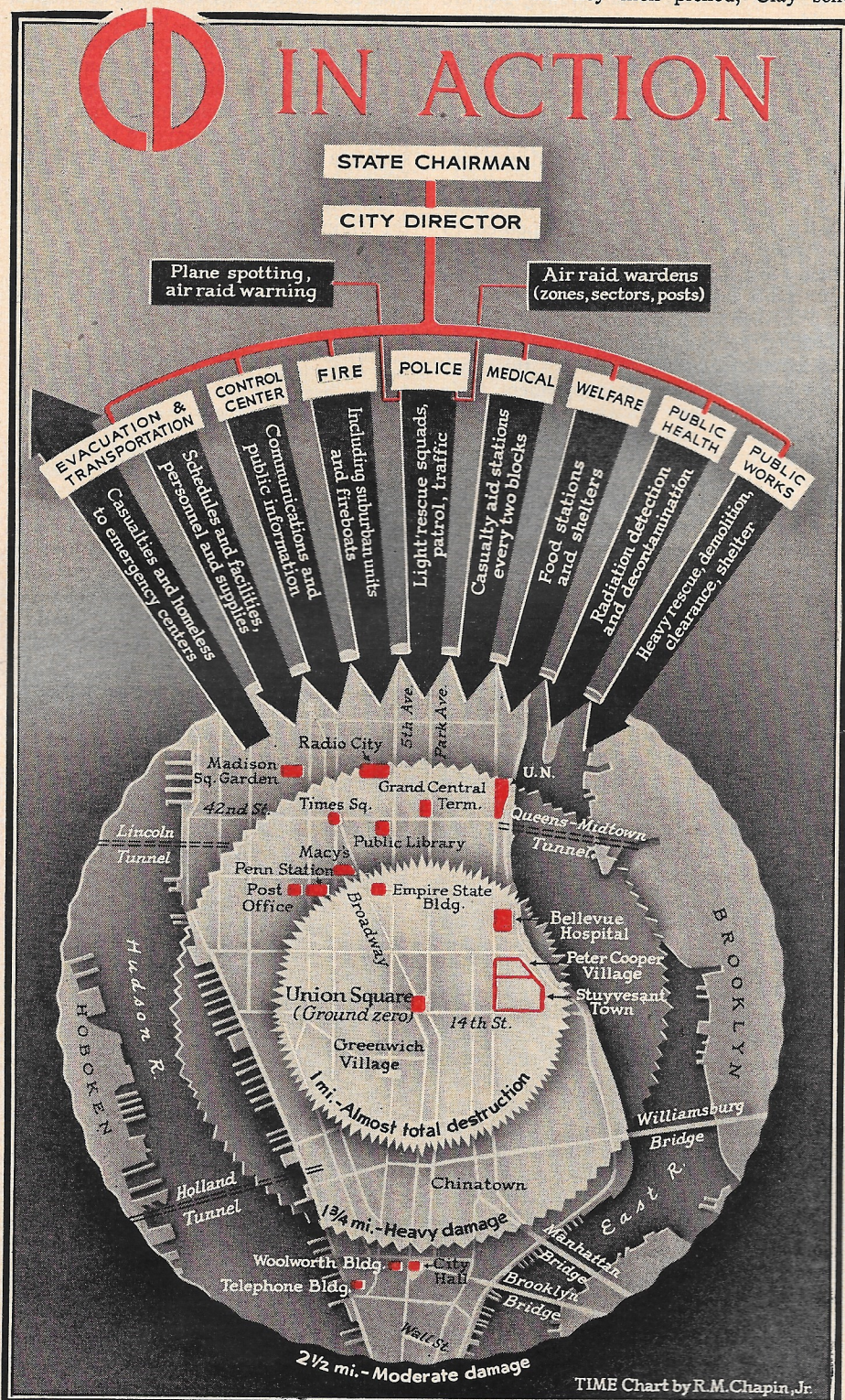
Clay persuaded Lawrence Wilkinson, 45, onetime banker who served in the Ordnance Department during the war, to resign a postwar banking job for the \$17,500 post of defense director. Their

staff consisted of 55 full-time employees, four of them volunteers. The key men in their setup were the state's own department heads in Albany, e.g., the Commissioners of Housing, Health, the Director of Safety, the Superintendent of Public Works.

The Burden Bearers. Clay's was a planning and coordinating job. Wilkinson was the commission's operating head. As a first step they enlisted 109 county and city directors of civilian defense to work

beyond and below the state level. The enormous task of organizing the defenses of New York City fell to Arthur W. Wallander, onetime police commissioner, now on leave from a job with a utility company. On Wallander and his staff would fall the burden of trying to pick up the shattered pieces of humanity, industry and communications while aid, directed by Clay's state organization, was arriving from outside.

With his key men picked, Clay sent



* Which would itself be eliminated by a bomb over Union Square. Against just such an eventuality, an alternate headquarters has already been set up well outside the target zone.

directives to state, county and city officials, telling them what he expected them to do. He set a target date of Dec. 1, by which time organization was supposed to be complete.

367,240 Lbs. of Dynamite. Transportation men made inventories. Firemen made plans for moving equipment across county lines. The Department of Public Works counted up and tagged for emergency use some 24,000 pieces of equipment, e.g., 5,949 dump trucks, 2,120 stake and rack trucks, 155 tractor-mount cranes, 265 arc welders, 845 compressors, 558 concrete mixers, 444 hydraulic jacks; 40 million feet of timber, 640,000 feet of water pipe, 243,106 barrels of cement, 367,240 lbs. of dynamite. It lined up such specialists as 91 blacksmiths, 671 bulldozer operators, 307 crane operators, 45 pile-driver operators. Task forces of private construction companies were set up in ten state districts all of which were supposed to be ready on a moment's notice to move men, tools, equipment and materials into the bomb zone.

The Welfare Department, in charge of clothing, housing, feeding and registering the homeless, began canvassing the city's schools for shelters to supplement their 15 existing centers. They hoped to organize such big chain restaurants as the Horn & Hardart automats to prepare food (sample menu: soup, beefstew, bread, coffee); clothing would be requisitioned from the big department stores.

New York City police began organizing an auxiliary force of 40,000 volunteers, appointed "incident" officers for each of 82 precincts. The city was divided into zones of 500,000 people, zones into sectors of 5,000, sectors into posts of 500. Some civilian zone and sector wardens were named. The crucial men would be the post wardens, who would be charged with knowing their neighborhoods from cellars to roofs, knowing who were the aged, the blind, the infirm, knowing when the neighbors went to work and when they were expected home. So far no post wardens have been appointed.

Muzak & Pigeons. Police officers began training courses under a nuclear physicist. The city planned to give everyone of its 18,850 cops a briefing. Emergency communications were being installed. To supplement the existing police radio net, communications experts were thinking about training pigeons to respond to supersonic whistles, planned to enlist 20,000 high-school students and Boy Scouts as messengers. Plans were already afoot to tie the Muzak canned music circuits into the emergency system. The city's transportation men ordered a batch of city buses rigged with hooks for stretchers. The hospital department started briefing doctors in the medical aspect of atomic war.

But in the voluminous reports, charts, inventories were great holes and insufficiencies. Transportation men declared that they could not make specific evacua-

tion plans for traffic-jammed Manhattan* until they knew exactly what they were supposed to do. Would evacuation be mandatory or voluntary? No one could lay down a policy, nor would anyone have the authority to until the governor declared a state of emergency.

Firemen had made some plans, but the city's Acting Fire Commissioner Nathan Horwitz observed fatalistically: "We won't be much good at handling radio-logical work until we've tried." A state-wide mutual aid plan was being developed, but some firemen were not too enthusiastic about it; some were even a little resentful. Said B. Richter Townsend, state fire boss: "I can't blame the boys up at Poughkeepsie for being mad when I tell them they're going to have to be ready to send five of their six engines to New York. It's never been done before."

The insufficiencies were not so much in the willingness of men, however, as in the apocalyptic task itself.

600,000 Pints of Blood. No phase so graphically underlined the immensity and difficulty of the situation as the medical.

* After a brief tour of traffic-clogged Manhattan last week, four traffic experts from cluttered London found just the words to describe what they saw: an impenetrable "bramble-tangle."

IF THE BOMB DROPS . . .

If there is an air raid warning:

☐ Put out fires, turn off fuel, electricity, gas. Close all doors, windows, draw curtains, draperies. Go to the basement. If there is no basement, get in center hall. Cover neck, head, arms against flying glass, heat and radiation.

☐ If outside, run for the nearest shelter—underground or inside a building. If driving, pull to the curb, leave keys so the car can be moved, and head for shelter.

If there is no warning but the burst of the bomb:

☐ Turn away from the flash, fall flat, close your eyes, cover head and arms against flash burns. Outside, get as close as you can to a building or tree for protection against falling debris. Inside, dive under a bed or desk or behind a sofa.

After the all clear:

☐ If there is dust outside, cover mouth and nose with a handkerchief (the dust might be radioactive), nail blinds over broken windows. At the first chance, change clothes, scrub with plenty of soap, get hair and fingernails clean (they might carry radioactive particles).

☐ Don't: telephone; turn on water after blast (until you have been told it is uncontaminated); eat, drink or touch objects in contaminated area; try to drive your car away.

It was estimated, for example, that 100,000 casualties would require 600,000 pints of blood over a period of six weeks. It would take 17 freight cars to hold that many pint bottles. To distribute it to casualty stations the city would have to mobilize every vehicle with a refrigeration unit, from meat trucks down to Good Humor wagons.

New York City's 17,000 doctors, many of whom would be victims themselves, could not possibly handle the situation. Dentists, pharmacists, chemists would have to be trained to give emergency professional care. So would many plain civilians, who could be taught to perform one specific task—carrying litters, treating shock or burns, administering blood plasma.

People would have to be taught to look out for themselves. The state commission had made a start in that direction by issuing a booklet: *You and the Atomic Bomb, What To Do in Case of an Atomic Attack*, for free and wide dissemination. Like the advice to Junior, it was a manual for survival. But the necessity went beyond that.

Said one state medical officer: "These booklets are all right. But people have to be trained. When a guy runs by with half his face blown off and blood running down his shirt front, the booklets won't mean much. Then is the time that training and a job to do can keep down panic. People will have to learn that their survival depends on everyone keeping his wits about him and learning not only to help his neighbor but to rely on his neighbor's help. Everyone must become his brother's keeper."

As a matter of fact, if every department enrolled all the volunteers they said they needed, one out of every ten people in the city would have a specific job in the army of civilian defense. Many more would have to help out on a moment's notice. The biblical injunction to love thy neighbor was being forced on men by man's own unneighborliness. Communism and the atom had posed a problem of total war in which civilians were totally involved.

To Face, To Live With. There was one important modifying factor. Washington figured that 140 cities in the U.S. were potential targets. The others could relax.

But in the cities listed in the enemy's target folders—the centers of industry, aircraft-manufacturing centers, arsenals, key harbors, where an atomic bomb would pay the highest dividends—people had to face the possibility of disaster. This was the problem of survival which the U.S. had just begun to comprehend. U.S. citizens would have to face it and live with it for a long time to come—while Junior practiced throwing himself flat on the ground to escape the blow which would crush all small Americans unlucky enough to be standing in its path.

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

Mop-Up Ahead?

Douglas MacArthur had predicted that the Reds would find it impossible to try to contain both the Inchon-Seoul invasion beachhead and the Eighth Army's southeastern perimeter. They would have to take their choice. Last week they took it. They fought like tigers for Seoul and melted away in the south. Early this week, Eighth Army spearheads racing west and north from the old perimeter were only 40 miles from a link-up with the southern arm of the Seoul enclave.

At Seoul the Marines had cut the rail-and-road line north to Kaeson and the 7th Division had blocked the main line south to Taejon. The capital's function as a supply funnel was destroyed and the actual moment of its fall was of secondary military importance.

At the rate the Eighth Army and the X Corps were approaching each other, a junction seemed almost certain this week. After that, the trend of battle would depend on: 1) how many North Koreans would be caught in the southwestern corner; 2) whether these troops would be able to fight or filter north through the Allied line (the U.S. spearheads driving up from the southeast naturally had no solid line behind them); 3) whether the Communists would be able and willing to fight in the northeastern corner of South Korea. If they did fight there, MacArthur could choose between a wheeling operation anchored on Seoul to press them back, or cut behind them in an attack eastward from the Seoul enclave, along the 38th parallel, toward the Japan Sea. If he chose the latter, and if it succeeded, the rest of the fighting for South Korea—barring, as always, outside interference—would be a mop-up.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Siege & Race

Kimpo airfield was easier than expected. As the U.S. Marines moved west from Inchon toward Seoul, the only defense of Kimpo (South Korea's best airfield) was a brave but hopeless charge by several hundred green Communist security troops. The marines waited until the screaming Reds were a few yards away, then mowed them down. Said a sweating U.S. staff sergeant: "It was just plain murder."

Within hours, a U.S. helicopter landed at Kimpo, carrying high brass, and soon the big airlift transports were coming in (*see below*), adding more to the 4,000 tons of supplies shoved in by the Navy at Inchon every day.

As the week wore on, the pattern of fighting in Korea changed. The Communists' defense of Seoul, feeble at first, stiffened sharply as they poured in artillery and reinforcements. The Allied attack on Seoul bogged down into a siege. In the

southeast, around the old Pusan perimeter, the Reds fought tenaciously for a few days, then began to pull back, very rapidly in some sectors. Elements of the North Korean 9th Division, which had been engaged in the southeast, surprised the Americans by appearing in the lines around Seoul—another example of the amazing mobility of the Red troops.

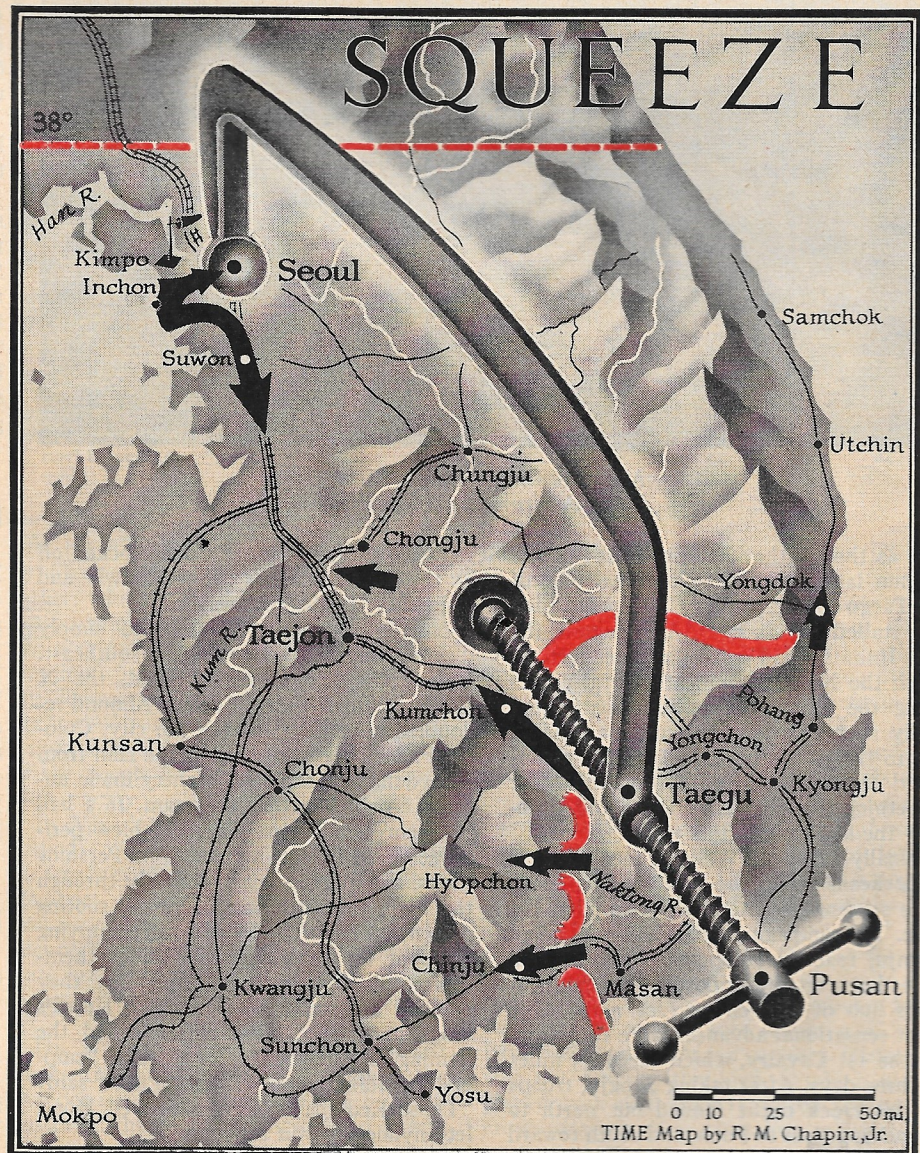
Yard by Yard. After the fall of Kimpo, the U.S. and South Korean attackers mounted a two-pronged assault on Seoul, one from the northwest along the north bank of the Han, the other from the southeast through the industrial suburb of Yongdung, south of the river. Before the north prong could get going, a battalion under Lieut. Colonel Robert Taplett—whose outfit had stormed Wolmi Island last fortnight (*TIME*, Sept. 25)—had to cross the Han. Taplett's men had brought along amtracs (amphibious tractors), but the first crossing was not easy.

A reconnaissance patrol of doughty swimmers was badly shot up, and before

the survivors could report that the Reds were waiting on the other side, the first amtracs had started over and run into savage mortar and machine-gun fire. Although some amtracs turned back, most of Taplett's force got across, whereupon the defenders faded away. Some were caught; naked North Koreans (*see cut*) were a common sight in the countryside (the marines strip them as a precaution against hidden weapons).

After a fast advance of five miles along the north bank, the marines came under heavy artillery fire from Reds dug in on high ground. Thereafter their advance was yard by yard. They suffered severely from supply shortages due to the fact that all of their supplies had to be ferried across the river behind them.

The south prong—a regiment under famed Colonel Lewis ("Chesty") Puller—fought a hand-to-hand battle in Yongdung, where the main Inchon-Seoul road joins the southbound road to Suwon. Scores of bayoneted Reds perished in



WAR IN ASIA

Yongdung, but after five days Puller's men were still mopping up.

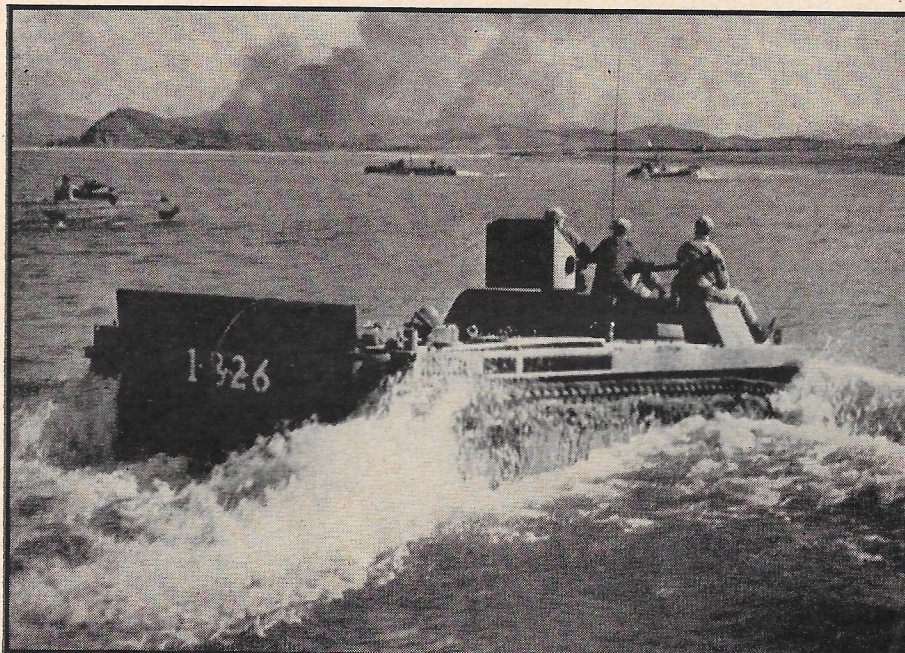
The 7th Infantry Division, which had gone ashore hard on the marines' heels and was now on their right flank, had sent a small armored force slashing southward under Major I. A. Edwards of Tulsa, Okla. to seize Suwon and its airfield, and to block any Reds coming north to Seoul's defense along that road. Suwon and its airfield were secured. Carrier planes began using the airstrip. The 7th's task force pushed on south to Osan—along the old road of defeat and retreat that the first U.S. battalions committed in Korea had taken nearly three months before.

Plug Pulled. On Walton Walker's southeastern front, the enemy fought at

Kumchong, where the 24th Infantry was meeting resistance. On the fourth day the cavalrymen pushed on to Chochiwon and Chongju, bypassing Taejon.

Laundry on Bushes. General Walker insisted there was no general rout, but a fairly orderly retreat with a few rear-guards left to fight and die. At some points the North Koreans fought until overrun in their foxholes; at others, they took off so fast that the pursuers found Red laundry still hanging on bushes.

Where the Reds were forced to pull back in daylight, Allied airplanes took their toll, and some roads were littered with enemy dead, smashed oxcarts and other debris of war. At only one point on the front was any sizable force of Reds



AMTRACS CROSSING THE HAN
No report from the swimmers.

Associated Press

first as though they had not heard of the Inchon landings. Trying to break out of the Taegu corner, the 1st Cavalry Division was stalled for six days. At Yongsan, the 2nd Infantry had a tough time even to reach the Naktong, and at several points along the river U.S. assault boats were badly shot up. On the south-coast flank, Negro troops of the 25th Division recaptured formidable "Battle Mountain" for something like the tenth time, and probably the last time in this war.

Finally, however, Walker's men got four bridgeheads across the Naktong, and all at once someone seemed to have pulled the plug. The rampaging doughfeet outflanked Chinju, reached Hyopchung and Songju, bore down on the important communications hub of Kumchong (*see map*). The most sensational advances were racked up by the 1st Cavalry, which raced 55 miles in three days. After taking Sangju, troops of this crack outfit fanned out north to Hamchang, east to Poun, and south toward

reported trapped—some 5,000 blocked off by the South Koreans below Kunwi—and even these might get away.

North Korean divisions were simply disappearing from view in the southeast. Before they could reach Seoul, the X Corps' Major General Edward Almond redoubled his efforts to take the city. Colonel Puller's regiment crossed the Han from Yongdung and the 7th Infantry made another crossing farther upstream. In a hail of enemy small-arms fire that blew periscopes and wireless antennae from Pershing tanks, the marines blasted slowly through the main thoroughfares of Seoul, rooting out enemy nests one by one and occupying some of the sandbagged buildings themselves. In the heart of the city, they reached Duksoo Palace in which Korea's kings once lived. One officer called the flaming, crashing chaos of Seoul a "snipers' paradise," and Colonel Puller said: "Those Reds haven't given up yet. Don't let anyone tell you they have."

AIR WAR

The Hump to Kimpo

Said Air Force Major General William H. Tunner, a World War II commander of the India-China airlift: "We who worked the Hump always knew that what was done there could be picked up bodily, carried to any part of the world, and started up again." Two years ago, as commander of the Berlin airlift, Tunner carried the Hump operation to Germany. Last week he started it up again at Korea's Kimpo airfield.

Only a day after marines had driven the last North Koreans off the field, work-horse C-54s and C-119 "Flying Boxcars" were starting to set down at Kimpo at the rate of one every ten minutes during the daylight hours—almost half the average Berlin airlift rate.

On the first day of the Kimpo airlift Tunner's newly formed Combat Cargo Command delivered 280 air-cargo specialists and 215 tons of supplies—bombs, ammunition, high-octane gasoline, equipment for stepping up the pace of the new job. In its first four days, the Kimpo airlift landed 1,337 tons of supplies and 604 passengers. On return flights it evacuated 313 wounded to Japan.

On its fifth day of operations the airlift flew into Kimpo about 2,400 paratroopers with trucks, trailers and weapons.

By week's end Tunner's men had installed landing lights and Ground Controlled Approach equipment at Kimpo. Soon they hoped to increase the landing rate to one plane every six minutes around the clock. The speed-up wouldn't stop there. "The trouble with airplanes," says hard-driving General Tunner, "is that they spend altogether too much time on the ground."

PROPAGANDA

In Packages

Before the attack on Inchon General MacArthur issued to his troops a conventional statement explaining the military purpose of the operation (*TIME*, Sept. 25). Last week Moscow's *Pravda* "translated" his statement into Communist Russian: "Before you is a rich city. In it are many sweets and wines. Take Seoul and all the girls will be yours. The property of the inhabitants belongs to the victors and you can send it home in packages."

MEN AT WAR

Hedge Goes Home

Perhaps more clearly than other U.S. officers on the scene, Naval Lieut. Horace G. Underwood knew what he was fighting for in Korea. He put it no more and no less eloquently than many others. "I just feel," he said, "that the things I believe in can't go on under a Communist regime." More tangibly, however, than those of the

others, the things in which "Hedge" Underwood believed were symbolized for him right there on the battlefield. Two miles west of Seoul's center stands Chosen Christian University, founded by Hedge's own grandfather and namesake, Horace Grant Underwood, one of the first Protestant missionaries to Korea.

House on a Hill. Horace Underwood I, a Presbyterian, had gone out to Korea first in 1885 and there married a medical missionary. By 1915, when the Underwoods first opened the gates of Chosen college, Korea had become one of the most Christianized nations of the Orient. In time the new college grew to be the second largest university in Korea. Under the Japanese occupation (1910-45), Chosen and a few other Christian schools like it were the only educational institutions in Korea which kept native Koreans as teachers. It became identified with Korean nationalism.

When the elder Underwood died, his son Horace Horton stepped easily into his shoes as president of Chosen. He and his wife Ethel lived and reared their four sons in the big comfortable Underwood house on a hill overlooking their college. When Pearl Harbor came, the Underwoods were interned by the Japanese and later repatriated to the U.S. Young Hedge, the eldest of their sons, served with the U.S. Navy. After the war he joined his parents at Chosen college. One day early last year two Korean Communists dropped by at the Underwood house. Mrs. Underwood, who was entertaining some friends at tea, went to the door to see what they wanted. The intruders pumped a charge from a sawed-off U.S. carbine into her (TIME, March 28, 1949). Hedge himself preached the sermon at his mother's funeral.

Behind a Ridge. When the Communists invaded Seoul, Hedge headed south to see what he could do to help the Army. Wearing the same threadbare seersucker suit he had worn when fleeing Seoul, he was soon a familiar sight at General William Dean's 24th Division headquarters.

Last week, back once more in his old Navy uniform, Hedge Underwood crossed the river Han with a detachment of U.S. Marines. Facing eastward, he could look once again at a flat-topped ridge behind which lay his old home and his family's college. His job with the Marines was the interrogation of Communist prisoners. From them Hedge soon learned that a large unit of North Korean troops was using the college as headquarters. The Marine commander gave the obvious and necessary orders. As Hedge watched, a rain of shells poured down on Chosen Christian University, which three generations of Underwoods had helped to build. Refugees from the city brought back a tale of terrible destruction. U.S. observers rushed up to forward observation posts to check on the damage done. Hedge Underwood for once lingered behind.

DANGER ZONES

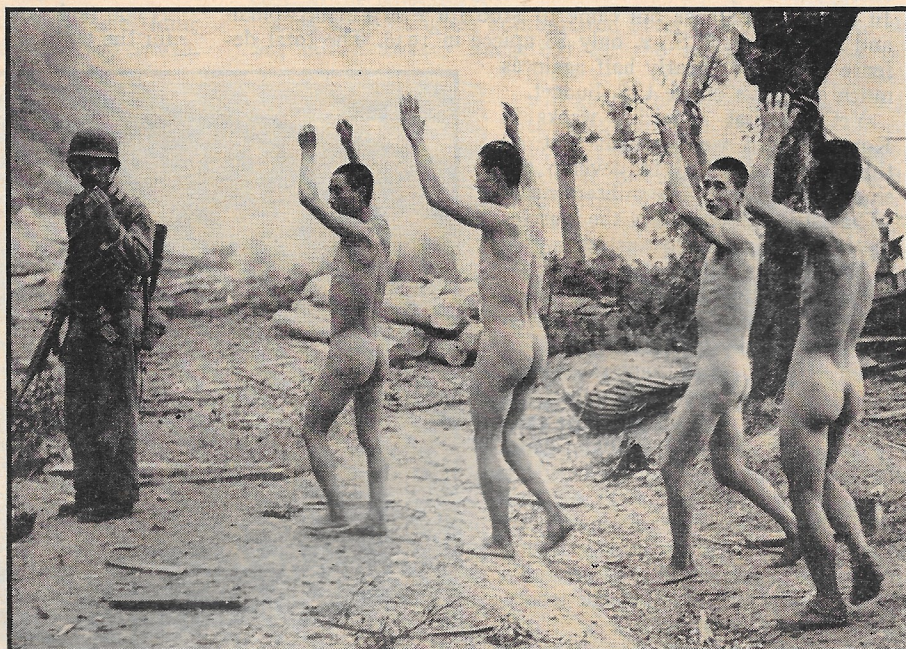
No Freedom of Silence

China's scholarly Dr. Hu Shih, former president of Peking National University and Ambassador to Washington from 1938 to 1942, is now in the U.S., a refugee from his country's Red rulers. His son, Hu Szu-tu, 28, is still behind the Bamboo Curtain, has already undergone the so-called "new learning" in political science at the North China Revolutionary University in Peking.

Last week, Hong Kong's Communist-lining *Ta Kung Pao* published an essay under son Hu's signature. It reported that he had faithfully read Communist tracts, passed two "scrutiny" examinations. At

fostered for 25 years by Joseph Stalin, won China for Communism. In the process of dispelling the widely held notion that the Chinese Communists won because of their popular appeal rather than because of their armed force, Dr. Hu related a fascinating story to illustrate how Stalin hoodwinked Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta in 1945.

"[On] a September day in 1939 [I called] on President Roosevelt in my official capacity as Chinese Ambassador. The war had broken out in Europe and the President was worried. He said to me: 'I have been thinking about mediating for a peace between China and Japan. The most difficult question, of course, is Manchuria. I have a new formula: I can settle this



RED PRISONERS & U.S. MARINE GUARD
No chance of hidden weapons.

Acme

first his filial loyalty had been outraged by Communist slurs—"To represent my father, whose knowledge is so wide, as a person who does not understand imperialism was rather an insult." But the "new learning" finally brought him round. Son Hu denounced his father as a "reactionary" who had paved "the road for capitalism—until he returns to the embrace of the people he will always be the people's enemy and also my own enemy."

In New York, father Hu was not disturbed. "We know, of course, that there is no freedom of speech . . . in Communist countries . . ." he explained. "But few persons realize that there is no freedom of silence, either. Residents of a Communist state are required to make positive statements of belief and loyalty."

Dr. Hu emphasized another point last week. In an illuminating article in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs*, he demonstrated how the Chinese Red army,

question of Manchuria on the same basis as the new agreement we have just signed with Britain regarding the joint interest and control over two islands in the Pacific: the Canton and Enderbury Islands. Some such arrangement can be made with regard to Manchuria for the benefit and security of both China and Japan."

"I subsequently found that Canton Island was nine miles long and 500 yards at the widest. Its population was 40. Enderbury Island was three miles long and one mile wide, and had a population of four persons! Manchuria, of course, has a population of 33 million and an area of about 413,000 square miles.

"I am sure that at Yalta in 1945 President Roosevelt had in mind his favorite case of the Canton and Enderbury Islands which were placed under a U.S.-British condominium for 50 years. History will not forgive the man [Stalin] who played such deliberate tricks on the generous idealism of a great humanitarian."

Lamb Control

Sheep raisers regard ewes as rather lazy beasts; most of them produce each year only one crop of lambs. The rest of the time they contribute nothing but wool to their owners' support. Last week Armour & Co., which has a commercial interest in lamb chops, announced a method of making loafing ewes do double duty.

The trick is done with hormones. Unlike some other domestic animals (e.g., mares), a ewe does not come into breeding condition soon after lambing. If she "lamb" in spring, she is seldom ready to start again until the following fall. Working under an Armour grant, Professor Frank X. Gassner of Colorado A. & M. found that carefully measured and timed injections of a gonadotrophin a few weeks after lambing could make 100 ewes produce a fall crop of 65 to 85 extra lambs. A control group of 25 ewes without hormone injections was given a ram for company, but only one of them produced an out-of-season lamb.

Since the injections cost only about 25¢ each, Armour hopes that this method will make sheep a more profitable U.S. crop.

Chestnut Replacement

The man who boasts about gathering chestnuts as a barefoot boy is usually owning up to getting on in years. Nearly all U.S. chestnut trees were destroyed by a fast-spreading fungus disease which started in New York City before 1910. Since then there have been many attempts to find or breed blight-resistant chestnuts. Most of the new or introduced trees were unsuited to the climate, or they required too much care, or they produced poor nuts or low-grade timber. None had all the qualities of the old trees.

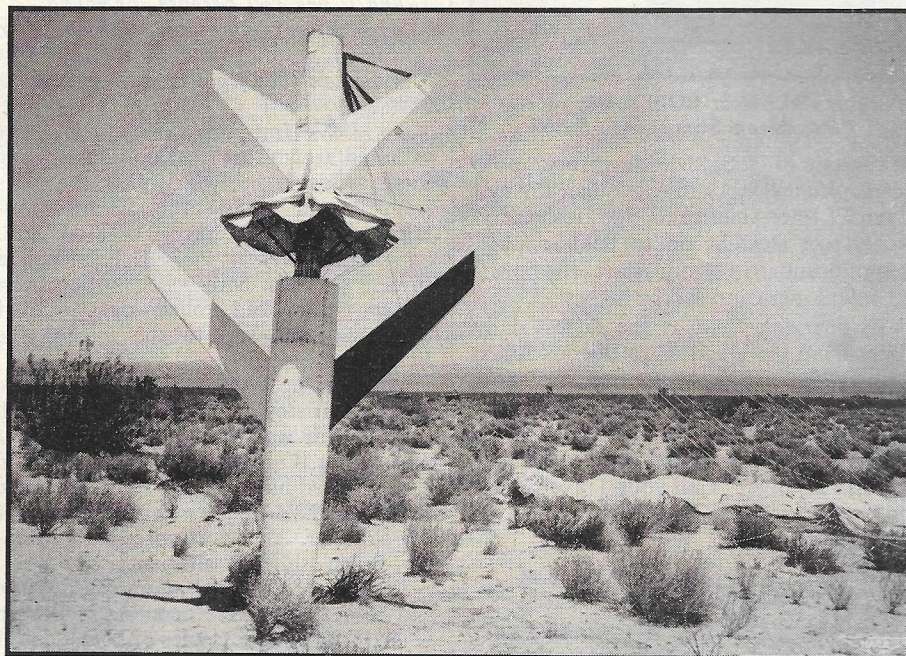
Last week the U.S. Department of Agriculture had good news for barefoot boys and for the lumber industry. It reported that a Chinese chestnut, *Castanea mollissima*, is doing well in many parts of the U.S. The trees in an experimental plot near Roanoke, Va. are now 14 years old, and appear to have all the desirable qualities. Besides resisting blight, they produce good nuts and good straight trunks for timber. Best of all, they come true to seed, and are actually seeding themselves beyond the experimental plot, just like native trees. The only part of the chestnut belt where they have not done well is New England.

The new chestnut has been sold by commercial nurseries for some time in small quantities, but the Department of Agriculture is not interested in lawn or even orchard chestnuts. What it wants is a tree that will establish itself under forest conditions. If *Castanea mollissima* does so on a large scale, a side benefit may be an upsurge of wild turkeys, which once lived largely on chestnuts, and were greatly reduced in numbers when the blight killed the trees.

Transonic Model

Supersonic wind tunnels are rather simple (though very expensive) to build. When their air moves well above the speed of sound, it passes through the experimental chamber in a smooth, even stream. "Transonic" tunnels (close to the speed of sound) are much more difficult. At this critical speed, very important in the study of aerodynamics, the tunnel tends to "choke." Shock waves form inside it, making accurate experiments difficult.

To get around this hurdle, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has been developing "gravity propelled" models to be dropped from airplanes high



DROP-MODEL (WITH DIVE-BRAKE & PARACHUTE)
Tunnels tend to choke.

above the earth. They are heavy, bomb-shaped objects which carry experimental wings, tails and control surfaces. During a fall from 40,000 ft., they usually attain speeds above the speed of sound.

The early models could be used only once; they smashed themselves to bits when they smacked the earth. So the models had to be equipped with telemetering devices to send the readings of their instruments by radio to recording receivers on the ground—an expensive and not always efficient process.

Last week the NACA told about a recoverable model that can be used over & over again. In its tail is a strongly made dive-brake which opens gradually as the model approaches the ground (see cut). When the speed has been reduced sufficiently, a parachute pops out and lowers the model to the earth. The model's instruments are self-recording. After the records have been taken out and the parachute repacked, the model can be sent aloft for another drop.

Hot Bugs

The Atomic Energy Commission's "health-physics" experts, who worry about the problem of radioactive wastes, have given close attention to mildly radioactive plutonium. They are not much afraid of short-lived, fiercely radiating isotopes, which can be isolated for a while until their activity has died away. Other isotopes with longer radiant lives are comparatively harmless, too. If they are eaten or drunk by accident, the body excretes them quickly.

Plutonium is different. When it gets into the human body, it accumulates in the bones and spleen and stays there, gradually killing the tissue cells around it. A mere trace is poisonous. Water containing more than one millimicrogram of plutonium per liter (one part in one trillion)

is dangerous. Isolating it does no good: plutonium loses only one-half of its activity in 25,000 years.

Last week, AEC Engineers John F. Newell and C. W. Christenson told about a promising solution of the waste plutonium problem. They found that certain "zoogical" bacteria (which form gelatinous masses in sewage-disposal systems) have a hearty appetite for plutonium. So they filled a tank with stones inoculated with bacteria, and trickled through it artificial sewage made of water, sugar, ammonium phosphate and flour. When the bacteria were well established, they were fed some of the deadly waste water. The helpful bugs removed from 90% to 95% of the plutonium. A series of such tanks could reduce the water to complete harmlessness.

Apparently the plutonium does the bacteria no harm. If the bugs get too "hot," the sludge in which they live can be dried to a small volume and disposed of more easily than a pondful of dangerous water.