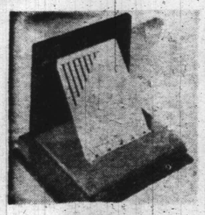
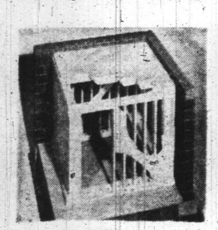


Cost $40



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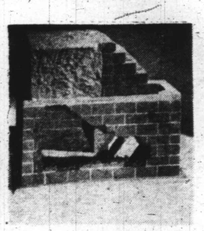

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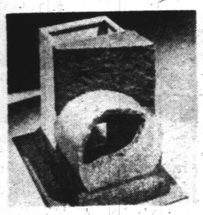

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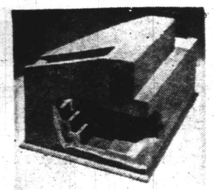


Cost $1,000

These bomb shelters all safely survived atom bomb explosion

'We Were Afraid'

Lt. John Staple of 805 Broderick St., San Francisco.

Pfc. A. B. Bowie, Tyler, Texas, 1031 Longview Rd.

Pfc. Charley Saad-ler, Dayton, Ohio, 2125 Howell

Pfc. Elbert Smith, Galveston, Texas.

A-3rd Class Rufus Spicer of Indianapo-lis, Ind.

Pfc. Vernon Rose, Charleston, W.Va., was in trench.

By JAMES L. HICKS

YUCCA FLATS, Nevada—This is how it was—down there in a slit trench two feet wide, five feet deep—and two short miles from an atom bomb.

It was the fear of the unknown that got you—it was like walking out on the high diving board in the pitch of darkness—and not knowing whether there was water in the swimming pool.

We knew what was coming—but we weren't sure what it would bring.

Would it bring flaming death through its unmeasured heat?

Violent death by its unmatched power?

Blindness by its blinding light? Or sterility by its cunning radiation?

These were the unknown:

The associates of the atom bomb which on this St. Patrick's Day was to be our guest.

These were our fears as we crossed Yucca Flats in the freezing desert dawn and took our places in the foxholes to await the unwelcomed guest whom we had all invited to come.

We Were Afraid

When men are afraid they react in as many different ways as they do when they are carefree and happy. In times of stress, it's considered ungentlemanly to ask a man if he is afraid unless you first admit you yourself are afraid. And in turn he is equally considered unmannerly if he lies and says he is unafraid when everyone around him knows he is.

Shortly after we arrived at the foxholes, and indeed quite a long time before we reached them, everyone engaged in the unusual horseplay. Wisecracking, crude, bad jokes, laughing, just to hear each other laugh.

But when one is afraid, he soon tires of horseplay and we

Space suits like this were worn by jet pilots flying planes over bomb area faster than the speed of sound.

were all afraid. We soon reached the honest stage of being man to man.

Private Berry—Wit

Private Freddie L. Berry of 311 Route street, Lake Charles, Louisiana was the first to show it.

Berry, a tall gangling fellow who is obviously the wit of his 505th Signal Group had been kidding me about having a "soft job" and challenged me to "let me write a story for you which no paper will print."

His comrades ganged up around us in the cold darkness as I told him to "go ahead" and dictate his story to me just the way he would write it and pulled my flashlight out to light my pencil pad.

He had scarcely begun "dictating" his story when word came over the loudspeaker located in the trenches: "It is now H hour minus 15 minutes," meaning in 15 minutes the bomb would burst.

Up to that point all of us had our backs turned to the 300 foot tower out there two miles away where the bomb was reposing. But at the words over the speaker, all of us, as if by prearranged signal, turned and looked in the direction of the bomb. It seemed that the bomb glared back at us from the tower.

Berry bravely began "dictating" again but as previously stated, when men are afraid, they soon grow tired of horseplay, and James A. Bunch of 2108 First street, Washington, D.C. was no exception.

"Aw man!" said Bunch, "Why don't you cut out some of that talk!" That did it. Berry caught one. Instead of "dictating" to me he said: 'Man I don't have any time to dictate any story to you. I'm scared. I admit I'm scared. How about you?"

I admitted I was scared too. Then again, as if at an unseen command, we all automatically grew silent.

The Signal

I tightened my steel helmet, felt my gas mask, and tried hard to remember instructions given me over and over again at numerous briefings. Instructions which said: "At the signal, face left in your trench, get down, look down, and stay down until you are told to rise."

The time was drawing near. Through that same invisible communication which seemed to join us all together in the trenches, I felt the rest of the men tighten up all down the line as I grew more tense.

We knew that at H minus ten seconds Captain Harold Kinne, the briefing officer would begin counting the seconds, "H minus ten,—nine—eight — seven— six— five—four—three—two—one.,,

And we also knew that when he hit "one" the A bomb would burst in all its fury. This "count down" from "ten" to "one" is the most suspenseful, most frightful ten seconds this reporter has ever known.

At such times a man does not breathe easily. His throat becomes dry and his breath comes in short gasps. He pants as if in the excitement of passion.

Last 10 Seconds

Captain Kinne's voice rang out loud and clear over the speaker. "It is now "H minus ten." A radio man on my right began to vomit violently. I paid him no attention. We were all down on one knee now, "facing left, looking down" and determined to "stay down."

"Nine" said Captain Kinne.

"I suddenly realized I had a book of matches in my left hand. I felt sure the heat of the bomb would ignite them—but I felt it was too near H hour to change my position and attempt to throw them out the trench.

"Eight" said Captain Kinne.

"I couldn't throw the matches to either my right or left for it would possibly mean setting fire to the sick radio man or to Major Eichler of Wellsville, N.Y. on my left.

"Seven" said Captain Kinne.

In desperation I pressed the book of matches in the sand by my right knee and quickly covered them with dirt which I scooped up with my free left hand.

"Six" said Captain Kinne.

I braced myself against the forward wall of the trench, according to instructions.

"Five" said Captain Kinne.

I began to wonder if the forward blast would hurl me back against the rear wall of the trench. Still on my right knee, I pivoted my left leg outward as far as possible so that my left heel braced against the rear wall of the trench, making my left knee form a perpendicular to the instep of my right foot.

"Four" said Captain Kinne.

I wondered if the blast would blow off my eye glasses and whether I would ever find them in the dark.

"Three."

The radio man on my right babbled something incoherently.

"Two."

I pushed the right side of my steel helmet hard against the wall of the trench and the scraping of the steel against sand flashed my mind back to another day in another hole in a Korean school yard.

"One" said Captain Kinne.

My mouth came open automatically from years of army traing—to protect my eardrums from the deafening roar I knew was coming.

Blinding Light

And then a blinding light lit up the dark trenches as if we had all walked before a battery of television cameras.

This was the crucial moment. The Thing was on its way. The light grew brighter and brighter and flashes of color whirled through the bright light while all the time the very walls of the trench began to shake and a rumble like the echo of thunder sounding through a valley built up all around us.

Then it came—as we knew it would. The sound wave that follows the light wave—like the night follows the day.

It came with a deafening roar of thunder, the hot whirl of a tropical cyclone, and the dry arid breath of a giant blast furnace. We were at the end of our ropes. There was nothing else to do but hang on. We pressed hard against the sides of the trembling trenches and hung on.

Eternity

In a few seconds which to me will always be an eternity—it was all over.

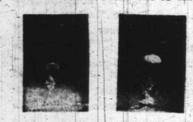
All over that is except the radiation.

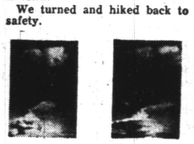
We had survived the blast and the heat and with that supreme joy that always comes when one grapples with death and realizes he is still alive, we boldly stood up in our trenches against orders and faced radiation.

We were still alive—and at the moment we didn't give a damn about anything else.

Three hours of courting death, biking around in the radiated area, convinced us we had protection enough to accomplish our mission.

We turned and hiked back to safety.





Pictures show A-Bomb explosion at various stages

Newest Opera Star One Of 6 Sisters

(Continued From Page 1)

and Mattiwilda poseessd deep love for and inclination to follow musical careers," said their father.

Mattiwilda is the fifth in line of the six Dobbs girls, and like all of her sisters finished Spelman College Atlanta, Prior to her training at Spelman, she sang in the Sunday school and church choir at First Congregational church.

Changed To Music

At Spelman, she began in home economics but changed to music in her sophomore year. She led choruses and glee clubs and was presented in recital in her senior year.

Professor Willis James was her vocal instructor at Spelman. After her graduation in 1946, Mattiwilda studied under Madame Lottie Leonard of New York, a former opera star.

In 1947, Miss Dobbs was awarded the Marian Anderson scholarship, and the following year she won a scholarship to the Mannes Music School of New York where she began to learn her operatic repertoire.

More study and awards followed. In 1949 she was awarded a scholarship to the Berkshire Music Center for a special summer course in opera study.

Granted a John Hay Whitney Fellowship in 1950, Miss Dobbs went to Europe. For a year, she studied with Pierre Bernac in Paris and then took a special courses in Madrid with Lola Rodriguez Arajon.

Began Recital Tour

In 1951, her second year in Europe, she began to give recitals and during the autumn of that year was awarded the first prize in the internationally famous Geneva Competition.

At the Holland Festival in the summer of 1952, Mattiwilda appeared in the title part of Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol" under the direction of the famed composer.

Mattiwilda's mounting experience makes her ready for most of the coloratura operatic parts that may be offered. She knows eight such roles already and though they call for light-skinned singers, she is willing to use make-up.

She finds no reason why she should not, pointing out that for roles like Aida or Othello, white singers must make up as colored.

Role Of Elvira

Her role as Elvira in the Rossini opera "An Italian Lady In Algiers" was the climax of two years of study and concert performances in Europe.

In this LaScala debut, she became the first of her race to ever sing in this hall. She had been contacted for an appearance at LaScala in 1951 but the talent scout who talked with her said no more about it.

She was about to leave for Atlanta when a message came asking her to sing in the Rossini opera in Milan.

Next summer, Mattiwilda will sing the lead in a Straus opera at Glyndebourne, Britain's most fashionable music festival. It will be the Coronation season and to have been selected this year is another large feather in her cap.

A Timid Youngster

A career on the concrete stage is now realized but her father can recall the time when appearing before people literally frightened her.

He said: "In early life, Mattiwilda was delicate, timid and afraid. It was difficult, but she overcame these things."

Her drawing was another indication of her potential talent. While still a youngster, said Mr. Dobbs, she taught herself to draw very well and taught this art to June, her baby sister.

Though timid then, Mattiwilda liked the stage. She and sister June would play for hours, dressed up as actresses and movie stars.

She had two early obsessions. One was to own a bicycle, the other a fondness for Venetian blinds.

"We had to buy her a bicycle early," said her father, "she rode it all over the neighborhood for several years, and because Matiwilda liked them, we finally had to install Venetian blinds in our home."

Perhaps nothing sums up Mattiwilda's progress from sophomore music student at Spelman to "finest coloratura of her generation" as well as these words from her college's magazine "The Messenger."

Reviewing her recital at Spelman last fall, the writer said:

"The promise, apparent in her student days, has been richly fulfilled and to the many who have watched her sound and consistent progress, there was both joy and amazement that so much has been accomplished in so short a time."

Miss Dobbs has made two recordings. One, Mozart's Zaide, the other, Bizet's "Pearl Fishers."

Impressario Sol Hurok, who will manage her U.S. concert tour next season, says flatly that she should sng in the Metropolitan.

In her Stateside recitals, appropriately enough, her piano accompanist has been Mrs. Irene Dobbs Jackson, an excellent musician, and Mattiwilda's oldest sister.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Dobbs of Atlanta have raised a fine family of girls. Mattiwilda is a good example.

Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs, who sang in the Milan, Italy, Opera House recently, is one of six sisters to complete training at Spelman College, Atlanta, Ga. This picture shows this charming sister sextet at the graduation of their youngest sister, Miss June Dobbs. From left to right, Mrs. Maynard Jackson, class of '29; Mrs. Benjamin Blackburn, Class of '31; Mrs. Millicent Jordan, class of '33; Mrs. William A. Clement, class of '37; Mattiwilda, class of '46 and Miss June Dobbs, who finished in June, 1948.

John Wesley Dobbs, father of Mattiwilda, encouraged her career. An outstanding Atlantan, Mr. Dobbs is grand master of Masons, Ga. jurisdiction, a leading Republican and active in local civic affairs.

These are some of the people who helped Mattiwilda toward her career as opera singer. From left to right, Willis L. James, professor of music at Spelman College, who instructed Miss Dobbs; Miss Florence M. Read, president of Spelman; Mrs. Irene Dobbs Jackson, Mattiwilda's sister and accompanist; and Kemper Harreld, head of Spelman's music department.

Minute History

By LINDSAY PATTERSON

Here are some facts about our ancestors: Do you know: that the captain of one of Columbus' ships the Nina, was a colored man named Alonzo Pietro, and when Balboa set sail for Panama on the tour of exploration (which resulted in the discovery of the South Sea) a colored man, Nuffo de Olano was in his party. Black men also assisted in the exploration of Guatemala and the conquest of Chile, Peru, and Venezuela.

In 1883, Elijah McCoy invented automatic lubricators for machinery. Granville T. Woods of New York, invented the steam boilers furnace, incubator, automatic air brakes; and several devices for the telephone. W. P. Purvis of Philadelphia invented a machine for making paper bags and S. J. Davidson invented a tabulating machine and an adding machine.

On Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, 1909, the NAACP was founded and on March 13, 1870 Thomas Peterson was the first colored man to vote in the United States, the day after the Fifteenth Amendment had been ratified.