## LAFF OF THE WEEK

"Nice Try, dear."

# Lonesome Hearts

By ALBERTINE ASHE

If you would like to correspond with a Lonesome Heart, write a short letter to me, giving full particulars about yourself and the person you'd like to meet. Sign your correct name and address to all mail. Enclose 50 cents in coin and stamped, addressed envelope for publishing, forwarding fee for each address wanted or general handling:

ALBERTINE ASHE
AFRO-AMERICAN
Baltimore 1, Maryland

**NOTICE**
**Be sure to enclose 50 cents with your letter.**

**SHE'S UNDERSTANDING**

I'm an understanding woman, 30, medium brown, lonely, interested in meeting a man 30-50 who likes pleasant things in life, someone interested in a fruitful marriage.

MISS SHERMAN

**TALL MINISTER**

I am a minister 55, tall and have good habits, full of fun and like sports, love to do things that make others happy. I've been a widower for over two years and need a nice housekeeper, some one that fits my setup.

PREACHER JOHN

**WILL PROVIDE HOME**

I am 41, divorced, brown-skinned, 5 feet 7, interested in a lady 35-40 who wants devotion and a home. I want some one true who will appreciate me.

MR. BUDGES

**LIKES GENTLEMEN**

I'm intelligent, considered nice looking, 27 years old, like church and I have a good sense of humor. I would like to correspond with a real gentleman, 27-35, intelligent, smart, employed, and wanting a real companion.

MISS BARCLAY

**WANTS GIRL FRIEND**

I'm a man, 26, employed, been married, seeking a real nice g.f. 18-27, she can have a child or so if well behaved. I like music, sports, and I'm willing to work to get ahead in life.

TRUMAN

**SUBURBAN LADY**

I am a divorcee, 48, light-brown-skinned, and would like to correspond with a Christian gentleman 50-60, can be a widower, a man with nice children, because I'm easy to get along with and I like suburban life.

MISS COOPER

**HE'S OVERSEAS**

I am 30, at present overseas but will be home soon and my g.f. has already married. Will some real nice lady near my age and type write real soon?

STALLINGS

**WILL MARRY**

I am an understanding Christian woman, 55, thrifty, intelligent and smart. I'm seeking real companionship with some nice gentleman my age, who is in position to care for a real, true wife.

BERTAMAE

**LONELY BACHELOR**

College grad, 35, and employed is lonely for the companionship of a nice girl, 25-30. She must be sincere, good habits, single and interested in church.

SCOTT

**WORKING GIRL**

I'm a young woman, 30, brown-skinned, employed, like church and all nice things. I am anxious to meet a man 30-45, who is smart, sincere, working and happy generally.

MISS QUINCY

**HE'S ELIGIBLE**

I am a man, 32, tall, sincere and employed, needing an attractive companion near my age who knows what she wants. I will marry if suited.

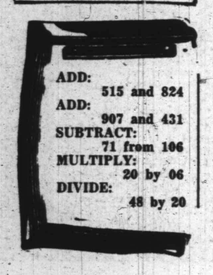
CHINK

**MABEL SEEKS MAN**

A lonely girl, 31, who likes a happy life, good friends, good life, etc., wants a good fellow around 31 to write her soon. Someone sincere, understanding and devoted.

MABEL

## Arithmetic



ADD: 515 and 824
ADD: 907 and 431
SUBTRACT: 71 from 106
MULTIPLY: 20 by 06
DIVIDE: 48 by 20

*Across The*

# Bridge Table

With ROBERT MATTHEWS

A sorely neglected fact of the fledgling bridge player's instruction, is the total absence of sacrifice bidding.

In this week's hand, the North-South pair were vulnerable with a 60 part-score.

Unfortunately, there is no rule or law to govern the do's or don'ts of sacrifice bidding. Naturally, the would-be sacrifice bidder must keep one eye cocked on the score.

He mentally weighs the consequences of allowing the opposition to win a rubber against a possible 500-set. If the set is over 500 points, that sacrifice wasn't worth it.

North opened the proceeding with one diamond, East passing, and South responding with one spade. North then jumped to three diamonds, in the event a possible slam was in the offing.

East would stand for no such shenanigans, overcalling with three hearts. A nervous South decided to leave it to his partner who doubled rather than carry on the fight.

The diamond king was led. North ducking, and the suit continued, declarer ruffing with the heart three, and returning a low heart.

This dropped South's singleton heart and he then played a low club. Declarer put up the nine, North the 10 and declarer captured the trick in the closed hand.

Another round of trumps exhausted the opposition and North returned the spade deuce, declarer putting up the 10 and South capturing the trick with the king.

North-South Vulnerable
North Dealer

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | NORTH<br>♠ 2<br>♥ K 7<br>♦ A Q 10 8 5 4 3<br>♣ Q 10 7 | |
| WEST<br>♠ Q 3<br>♥ Q 10 9 2<br>♦ J 9 6<br>♣ A 9 8 2 | | EAST<br>♠ A J 10 4<br>♥ J 8 6 5 4 3<br>♦ 2<br>♣ K 5 |
| | SOUTH<br>♠ K 9 8 7 6 5<br>♥ A<br>♦ K 7<br>♣ J 6 4 3 | |

The bidding:

| North | East | South | West |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♦ | Pass | 1 ♠ | Pass |
| 3 ♦ | 3 ♥ | Pass | 4 ♥ |
| Dbl. | Pass | Pass | Pass |

Opening lead: King of diamonds

South chose to return a spade and declarer was all set. He ruffed a diamond in the closed hand, cashed the ace of clubs, ruffed a club in the closed hand, cashed the ace of spades and ruffed another spade in dummy.

Poor North-South couldn't explain what had happened. They had become the victims of a "psychic" that paid off. They shrugged it off however with the comment: "Well, there weren't five diamonds in the hand anyway!"

## Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

**Famous Places**

Song and story have made certain places famous. From the following clues, can you name the places they made famous

1. The Merchant of . . . .
2. Lloyds of . . . . .
3. The Thief of . . . .
4. April in . . . .
5. The Hunchback of . . .
6. The Barber of . .
7. Meet Me in . . .
8. The Maid of . . .

**ANSWERS**

FAMED PLACES: 1 Venice, 2 London, 3 Bagdad, 4 Paris, 5 Notre Dame, 6 Seville, 7 St. Louis, 8 Orleans.

*J. Saunders Bedding's*

# Book Review

*Journeyman Journalist*
*Horse Trader Addict*

**BACK DOWN THE RIDGE,** by William L. White. Harcourt, Brace and Co., 383 Madison ave., New York. 182 pp. $3.00.

**HORSE TRADER,** by Earl Conrad. Thomas Y. Crowell, 432 Fourth ave., New York 213 pp. $3.00.

William L. White is a journalist, and a good one. He is not the apologetic journalist who feels somehow that his profession is a sort of backyard of letters. He knows what the function of the journalist is, and he realizes its importance, and he directs his very considerable talents toward the fulfilment of that function. Thus his books take on the importance of contemporary history while at the same time they are written in the pattern of fiction. *Journey For Margaret, They Were Expendable,and Lost Boundaries* are examples.

**Back Down the Ridge,** Mr. White's latest book, is something else again. It is a narrative—indeed, it is several narratives, for it is anecdotal—and it is contemporary history; but it is also as eloquent an argument (though "argument" is the wrong word) for peace as this reviewer has read.

And it is an argument for peace because—in part at least—it makes the horrors of war so real.

But it is not quite fair to **Back Down the Ridge** to stress this aspect of it, for eloquent arguments too seldom attract readers. So let it be said at once that W. L. White's book has plenty of what does attract readers.

**Instilled With Reality**

Its various sketches have narrative pull; they have excitement; they have reality. And they are held together not only by the frame of the Korean war, but by the exciting story of the medical advances which are saving lives and restoring shattered bodies and minds.

**Back Down the Ridge,** grim and sometimes horrible as it is, is nevertheless heartening.

If heartening is one of the words for W. L. White's book, then heartwarming is the word for Earl Conrad's **Horse Trader.** Those who know Mr. Conrad's earlier books—particularly **Rock Bottom and Scottsboro Boy**—and think of him as a crusader against all those things that are wrong in American life are in for a delightful surprise.

In **Horse Trader** Earl Conrad takes a vacation from years of fighting and goes back to the early 1900's—to the days when there seems to have been nothing much to fight for—of his own boyhood to recapture some of the fun of those placid days.

**Horse Trader** is fun. It is in the spirit of **Horse and Buggy Days.** It is the story of Conrad's father, a man who, though he almost invariably lost money or got stung at it, just had to trade horses.

The elder Conrad knew all the tricks, but there were others who knew the tricks too, and, since taking advantage of tricking one another always make good reading, **Horse Trader** is surefire.

Beyond that, however, it is a glowing picture of a small upstate New York town (Auburn) at a time when America was untroubled. **Horse Trader** will induce nostalgia in those born in the first decade of this century; and for those born later, it will give delightful meaning to the cliche, "Ah, those were the days!"

## FORTUNE TELLER

**ORIENT**
**2 3 4 5 6 7**

YOU can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 12. Now take this result and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E | N | N | E | R | O | I | T | T | O | N | I |
| d | r | r | a | c | i | f | u | e | o | n | d |
| T | R | O | T | E | I | R | O | N | E | I | T |
| s | d | n | r | l | q | i | s | d | a | u | d |
| O | N | N | E | R | I | O | N | E | T | I | E |
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| I | N | O | I | R | T | E | I | M | O | I | R |
| l | i | e | t | o | o | c | i | v | n | v | h |
| N | E | I | N | O | R | E | N | I | T | R | I |
| c | h | e | b | t | s | a | f | m | e | r | t |
| R | E | E | N | O | I | R | N | T | R | O | I |
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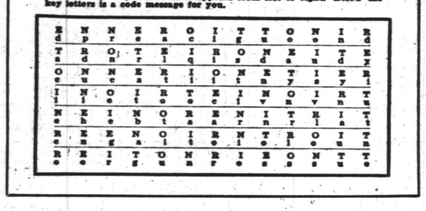




# DALE CARNEGIE

★ AUTHOR OF "HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING" ★

**This, Too, Will Pass**

Andrew Babayan, Chicago, left Iran and came to America to make his home. But all did not go well. He was homesick and he worried about the job that he left in persia which he really loved. He had been a successful dentist in his own country and had everything that average people would like to have to make their lives comfortable and happy. He owned his own home, a car, had a good position, and a very good business of which he was proud because it was the result of his hard work for fifteen years.

Dale Carnegie

Two weeks after arriving in this country, he had to face the fact that he could not be a dentist anymore because he couldn't get a license. He didn't know what he was going to do in a country where he had no friends and no business acquaintances.

**Optimist By Nature**

An optimist by nature, he now fell to such depths of desperation that life became a living hell. He could think of nothing but his job and position — both lost. He saw no hope for the future. Even his family life was near the breaking point, because his wife was the cause of their leaving Iran. So he accused her of that. He neither wanted to see anyone nor to leave his house.

With these dark thoughts he kept to his bed for a whole week. At the end of the week he started to realize that he could not endure life like this any longer. He said to himself, "Andy, if you continue to see your life in such dark colors, you'll be lost. Make an end to this. Think about your wife and your beautiful daughter. Remember what you used to tell others: Take it easy. Time is the best physician. The worry will go with the passing of time.'" Then he decided to get a job — any kind of job only to keep busy and so not have time to worry. He decided to make friends in order not to be alone with his thoughts. He decided, remembering the words of the ancient Persians kings who said, "This too will pass."

He declares that he is now one of the happiest human beings on earth.

## "I REMEMBER"

BY THE OLD TIMERS

From Mrs. J. M. Booth, Egypt, Texas: I remember when we had to walk a mile to school through black mud carrying our dinner in a tin bucket, a few biscuits, bottle of molasses, hard boiled egg, a red onion and sometimes a slice of home made ham.

From Esther Krumm, Ravenna, Ohio: I remember when we used to parch meal and molasses together for coffee. I drove oxen when I was 10 for my father to plow. We baked bread on the hearth in a skillet.

From E. Frank Garst, Jonesboro, Tenn.: I remember when we used to have corn huskings and the fellow who found the first red ear would get to kiss the prettiest girl there.

From Mrs. Anna J. Tomcal, North Riverside, Ill.: I remember when my sister and I had to strip feathers three nights a week so mother could make pillows and comforters for us.

From Mrs. Allen Dickinson, Dalton, Pa.: I remember when we owned our first Model-T car. We always had to stop just before we went into town and light our kerosene tail lamps. The rough roads usually put them out.

From Ester Anderson, 523 Laharon Street, Mesa, Arizona: I remember when grandmother cut a ring around her maple tree in Indiana, put a spout in the tree, caught the sap in a bucket, then boiled down the sap into maple syrup and maple sugar for us, the grandchildren.

From Mrs. Addie De Long, Murrayville, W. Va.: I remember when folks cut sour kraut with a straight blade. I've stood beside mother and watched as she woul quarter the cabbage and throw it in a barrel. Father and the boys would take turns chopping until the barrel was full.

## Word Steps

2. diphtong
3. consume food
4. tardy
5. handed out cards
6. overjoyed
7. way of folding cloth
8. fragile

Answers: ae (2) (3) eat. (4) late. (5) dealt. (6) elated (7) pleated (8) delicate.

## Pet Peeve

Miss Fannie, our nosey neighbor, was over to see me again yesterday. She hasn't been around much since the time she claimed I beat my wife.

I had a slight throat infection and temperature. The doctor came, gave me a couple of injections, and departed. Then, Miss Fannie arrived. She carried a steaming pot of chicken broth and an even steamier poultice which she insisted on slapping on my hairless chest.

"Now, prop yourself up and I'll feed you your broth," says she.

"Madam," says I sternly, "I am perfectly capable of feeding myself if I liked chicken broth, which I don't."

"But you must keep up your strength. You look like you have one foot in the grave. And you with a nice little wife and two fine boys. Eat it, I say!"

"No!"

"You will, too," says she. She grabbed my nose and held on. "Now open your mouth."

I had to open my mouth to get some air. She shoved a spoonful of that broth down my throat. I swallowed and moaned. My wife snickered.

I controlled myself and murmured to the wife, "Has the doctor put up the quarantine sign yet?"

"No he hasn't," says the wife. "Quarantine"! What quarantine?" Miss Fannie stammered.

"Didn't you know," says I, innocent like. "I've got chicken-pox."

"Good heavens," screams Miss Fannie, "and I've never had it."

She fled, leaving the chicken broth and one of her best soup plates.

The wife fluffed up the pillows, tucked me in, and drew the blinds.

"Have a good sleep," says she and pats my cheek. "My but you're getting to be an awful liar in your old age."

"Just little white ones," says I. "I think He will understand."

# —Fit To Kill—

(Continued From Page 5)

most ridiculous," she said.

**Linked To Drugs**

The D. A. sighed and went on. "Then there's a narcotics charge. You've been working in collusion with Cokie Larson. We found out that you, personally, checked the narcotics shipments to every drugstore in your chain.

"You diverted a lot of it to Larson. In return, he lent you his muscle boys, politicians. We found a whole consignment of heroin from the Malvern Drug Company in Larson's possession. It was supposed to go to your 59th Street store. You signed the invoice."

Judith Malvern sat very quiet, staring at the D. A. as though he were performing an act of wizardry.

"It's all over, Miss Malvern. The castle's tumbled down." He waved at Jiggs. "Bennetti, here, saw to that. We even got the man who murdered your fiance —that is, he would have been your fiance, if he hadn't already been married. You found out about that little detail and tried to clear the way for wedding bells with this little gun.

"Maybe it would have worked if another man hadn't been in love with the woman you killed, thinking Hubley had killed her so he could marry you." He paused again —more for effect than anything else. "Have you anything to say, Miss Malvern?"

Even in defeat she was regal. "Not without my lawyer."

"Very well. We're holding you, you know. The federal authorities want to talk to you, too, about the narcotics business."

It was a fine foursome at Jiggs' house. The boys in the white coats had released Bernie Clarkson from Bellevue and Sylvia had been a very repentant spouse. They made up, and celebrated the debacle of the Larson-Malvern machine at the Bennetts.

Bernie said: "I thought sure she'd beat it with that paraffin test. After 72 hours a paraffin test is no good on a human hand."

"I thought about that, too," Jiggs admitted. "I didn't know the D.A. was going to run tests on Judith's gloves. And, of course, he confiscated all of hers and came up with the pair she'd used in the killing."

Bernie shook his head. "Jeez. Half the local administration's been hauled off to the clink. VIP's, what I mean!"

Mae looked fine. The bruises had gone from her face, and those on her back were hidden by a discreet evening dress. "And did you see Vance at the trial?" she said. "Looked like he walked into a concrete mixer. A beating like that and five years."

Jiggs grinned mirthlessly. "In a way, Ramirez was the lucky one. He didn't live long enough to go to the chair."

The phone rang then. It was Jeff Sanders. He wanted to talk to Jiggs. "First, I want to thank you again, for taking the heat off all of us by getting that evidence. You were great."

Jiggs was unimpressed. "This sounds like a prelude to a rough detail. Say on, MacDuff."

Sanders' sigh was audible over the phone. "All right so I want you to cover Prince Kurutu's killing. He was just assassinated in Paris."

Jiggs was peeved. "I thought we had that all out."

Sanders sighed again. "That's gratitude for you. I boot him to the top, and—"

Jiggs handed the phone to Clarkson. "It's for you," he said, and winked at Mae. "I've got a magazine story to write."

THE END

## *Lovely Flowers From Old Nylons*

There's new life in those mismated or torn nylon stockings you get from time to time. New hobby converts them into pretty, colorful flowers and corsages which you can use to adorn hats, gift packages and low vases — as shown in photo.

They're stricking also as boutonnieres and as adornments for hair, wrists, dresses, jackets and coats.

Making the flowers is easy, inexpensive and full of fun. All you need besides the old nylons are a few boxes of color remover and all-fabric dye plus the usual tinkering vessels, ordinary copper screening, floral tape, scissors and corsage pins. Floral centers can be colored crochet cotton dipped in parafin.

Some alert housewives have even converted the hobby into a money-making enterprise.

You can obtain one or more leaflets from the Tintex bureau, by addressing it at 485 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

## *The Fight Against TB . . .*

Although tuberculosis remains a major medical and public health problem in this country, the disease took only one-third as many lives in the U.S. last year as 20 years ago.

There are now 1,200,000 cases of tuberculosis in the nation, according to the latest estimates, and in 400,000 of these the disease is active. Anout 250,000 of the active cases are outside of hospitals and sanatoria, and of them 150,000 are either undiagnosed or unreported.

In addition, each year approximately 115,000 new cases occur which require medical treatment and supervision.

The number of known tuberculosis cases has changed little, although there has been a rapid decline in the number of deaths.

One reason is that many more cases have been discovered due to the great increase in chest X-ray examinations, especially in hospitals, in pre-employment and periodic medical examinations industry and in community - wide tuberculosis detection campaigns.

Moreover, persons with tuberculosis now live longer, thanks to the increase in facilities for treatment, the employment of effective surgical methods in advanced disease, and the use of antibiotics and other drugs.

The death rate from the disease last year was approximately 18 per 100,000, less than half of the 1946 rate. Only 15 years ago it was nearly three times as high.

The death rate in the United States from all causes last year was 9.6 per thousand, the fifth year in succession with a rate lower than ten.

## YOUR brain budget

1. What is the traditional international limit of territorial waters? (a) Three miles; (b) Six miles; (c) Ten miles.
2. The new Russian Premier is: (a) Voroshilov; (b) Malenkov; (c) Khruschev?
3. What is the population of Russia? (a) About 150,000,000; (b) About 200,000,000; (c) About 200,000,000.

ANSWERS
1. Three miles.
2. Malenkov.
3. About 200,000,000.



Weldon, North Carolina, is a little town bubbling over with great potentialities.

It is in the Roanoke valley and its population is 3,800, 1,200 of whom are colored. Weldon has unlimited electric power potential with the Virginia Electric and Power Company and Buggs Island Dam production.

The town is in the heart of rural rich Halifax county and surrounding areas with bountiful human and natural resources —all fertile ground for growth.

Every town likes to think of itself as unique in some respect and in Weldon, "Rock Fish" is a distinguishing note. Yes, Weldon calls itself "The Rockfish Capital of the world." And they have the only striped bass (which is a more formal name for rockfish) hatchery in the world.

**From All Over**

The rockfish take to the Roanoke River rapids and it is at Weldon that they fight the rapids with the call to spawn every spring. And fishermen from all North America come to Weldon to cast their lines each spring.

Weldon's economy is based on abundant crops of cotton, peanuts, tobacco, corn, and small grain. Livestock and poultry production is increasing. A livestock market was recently opened. Pine and hardwood lumber is produced and shipped to all parts of the United States.

**Breeds Throughbreds**

Dr. J. A. Tinsley is the town physician. He and his wife live in a colonial style home. Dr. Tinsley breeds pedigreed collie dogs as a hobby.

Dr. C. L. Shoffner is Weldon's dentist and Dr. D. B. Cook is pharmacist.

Comfortable and attractive homes are to be found in this community. Typical of them are the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Whitaker, he is a taxi cab operator; Mrs. E. M. Holmes, a registered nurse who has worked with the Halifax county health department for 25 years, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Dunn.

The Rev. Mr. Dunn is a Baptist minister. His wife has operated a flower shop in the rear of their home for seven years. She has grown many of the plants she sells in her establishment.

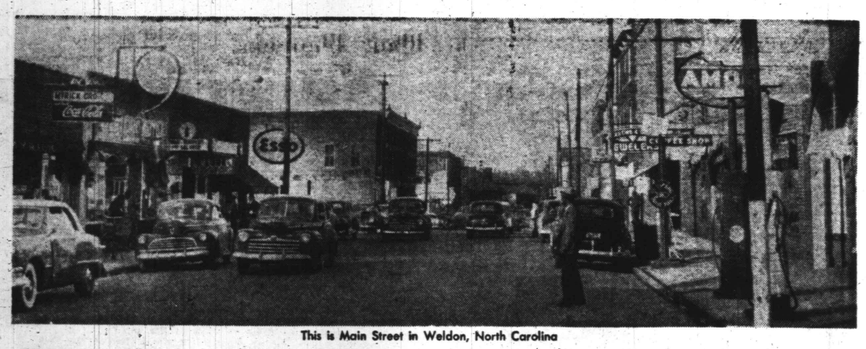
The Coward and Finch Grocery Store is a popular Weldon business firm. It has been in operation 25 years. Mrs. A. L. Finch and Miss A. L. Finch who live next door are both school system employees.

**Training School**

Halifax County Training School in Weldon is a center of public school instruction in the county.

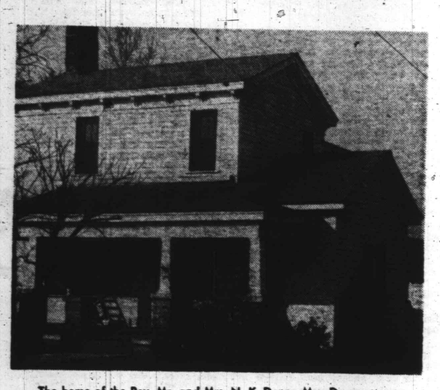
W. B. Davis is principal of the school, which has elementary and high school departments. He heads a staff of 30 teachers in the school which has 30 rooms, plus high school facilities including agriculture shop; home economics room, music and visual education room.

They boast a 40-piece marching band. The teachers hail from Columbia University, Boston University, North Carolina A. and T., Shaw, Elizabeth City Teachers College, Florida A. and M., and Fayetteville State Teachers College.

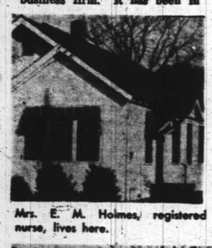


This is Main Street in Weldon, North Carolina

# Weldon, N.C.—Haven For Fishermen



The home of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn operates a flower shop in the rear of their home.



Mrs. E. M. Holmes, registered nurse, lives here.

The Coward and Finch Grocery Store, right, has been in operation 25 years. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Coward live in home on left.

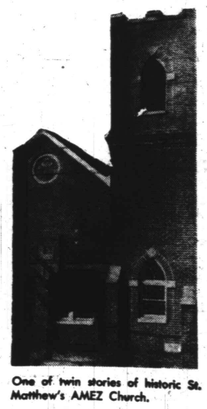
## *Watch For These Towns*

In coming editions of the AFRO Magazine, pictorial studies of these towns will appear:

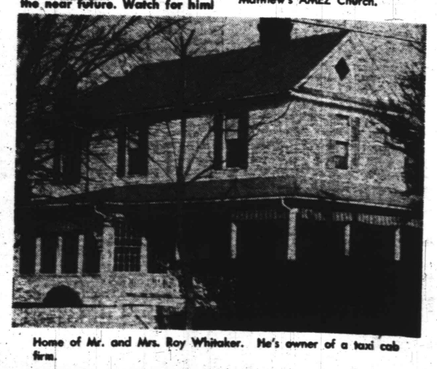
Culpeper, Warrenton, Manassas, Winchester, Front Royal, Harrisonburg, Staunton, and Waynesboro, Va.;

Durham, High Point, Lexington, Hamlet, Lumberton, and Laurinburg, N.C.

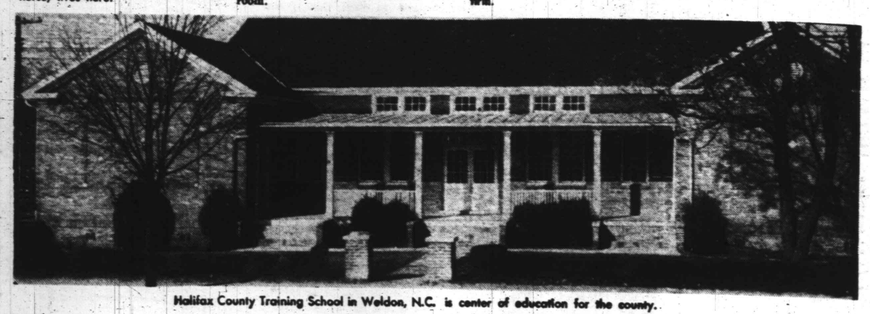
The AFRO roving photographer will visit these towns in the near future. Watch for him!



One of twin stories of historic St. Matthew's AMEZ Church.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Whitaker. He's owner of a taxi cab firm.



Halifax County Training School in Weldon, N.C. is center of education for the county.



# When An A-Bomb Explodes

By JAMES L. HICKS

Pictures of the March 17 atomic explosion at Yucca Flats show that the $20,000 two story house located 3,500 feet from the blast was flattened to the earth just two and one half seconds after the bomb went off.

The remarkable pictures, taken by a high speed camera located just 60 feet from the house show that the side of the house nearest the bomb first caught fire from the heat of the bomb.

Subsequent pictures show that the bomb blast which followed a split second later at that range, blew out most of the fire before it could burn the house.

The result was that one picture shows two forces of the bomb—the blast and the flame—apparently battling with each other to destroy the house. Apparently the blast won because the greater part of the house was reduced to a pile of kindling wood by the blast instead of to ashes by the flame.

**Hard To Imagine**

It's difficult to imagine the violence of this explosion in the house even from the vantage point which this writer held just two miles away from the bomb. But one can get some idea of what it must have been like when he considers how quickly the bomb leveled the house.

Ordinarily, even in a dynamite blast, one thinks of a building as reeling and rocking in the blast and finally tumbling down to earth after a struggle. But here was a sturdy built, brand new house collapsing in just 2½ seconds! From our trenches two miles away the violence of the blast was like ten thousand cannons.

At 3,500 feet the blast must have been like sitting in the muzzle of one of these cannons as it went off.

The heat at this range must have been terrific. Two miles away out where we were the heat blast was not too hot though some writers swear they received a sun tan from it. Others however, (after it was all over) complained that they wish the blast had been hotter so that it would have warmed us up a bit in the trenches.

**Bitter Cold**

It was bitter cold out there in the trenches waiting for the bomb to go off. We arrived in the trenches about 3:30 in the morning. Atomic Energy Commission officials had warned us to wear a pair of coveralls over our clothing and to tie them around our legs to try to keep out as much radiation as possible.

The commission said that white would reflect the heat and urged us to get light coveralls if possible. Indicative of the concern the correspondents had for the bomb, most of the 'trembling twenty" as we were called, including this writer, bought a pair of solid white coveralls such as painters wear.

The J. C. Penny Company in Las Vegas did a land office business selling these coveralls.

I also bought a pair of "long johns," that is some cotton long drawers to help protect me from the cold. Since I had carried my "bully woolie" undershirt with me that I picked up in Korea, when the blast went off I was clad entirely in a suit of long white underwear. Nevertheless I still nearly froze in the trenches.

Knowing that I would have to write out there in the trenches I picked up a "hand-warmer" in Las Vegas in a surplus army store. These little gadgets are highly recommended for anyone outside in the cold who must use his hands for such things as writing.

They cost very little, you fill them with cigarette lighter fluid, light them and then put out the light. A chemical reaction sets up that keeps the warmer very warm. You can then carry it in your hand or keep it in your pocket and warm your fingers.

I wore a pair of working gloves to protect my hands from radiation and bought a blue bandanna handkerchief to put around my neck as a scarf. Many of the white reporters bought red bandannas. (I selected the blue.) We must have presented a funny picture out there in the desert with our makeshift uniforms.

**Protection Necessary**

The idea for the coverall protection was to keep as much of the desert dust from getting on our skin as possible. The Atomic Energy Commision has been conducting experiments in Yucca Flats for two years now and most of the dust is not only pulverized, but it is also highly radiated.

We were given a sensitive little chemical badge to wear next to our bodies by the AEC. This badge will set up a chemical reaction when exposed to too much radiation. The badges were numbered and each number recorded after the name of the writer before he went into the trenches.

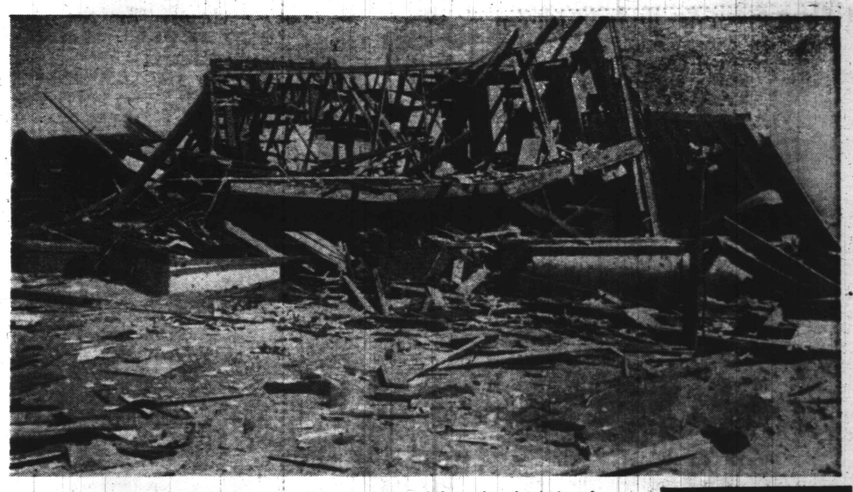
When we left Camp Desert Rock we had to turn in those badges. They will be put through a test to see how much radiation we absorbed. If anyone got too much, AEC will contact him and advise him what to do to protect himself.

This of course caused many jokes among the correspondents. The writers kidded each other about how when certain ones reached their homes the phone would ring and the operator would say: "This is Camp Desert Rock calling correspondent So and So."

They pictured the writer tremblingly answering the phone and having an AEC official saying: "Mr. So and So this is the Atomic Commission calling from Desert Rock. We just had a look at your radiation badge. Tell me how do you feel?"

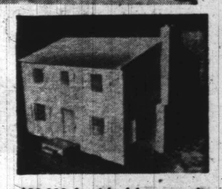
The frightened writer by this time would be very ill at ease and would say "I don't feel so good." To which the Commission would replay: "According to your radiation badge you're supposed to be dead."

It was all in fun—but honestly I don't want any calls from Camp Desert Rock just now!



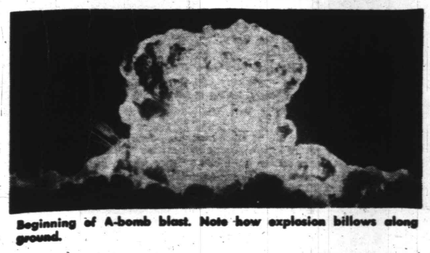
Only 2½ seconds after atomic blast—camera just 60 feet away recorded complete destruction of this house. Camera was enclosed in two-inch lead sheath. Only source of light was bomb itself.

Blast blows out fire. Then goes the roof.



$20,000 furnished house as it looked before blast.

Heat from bomb 3,500 feet away sets house afire.



Beginning of A-bomb blast. Note how explosion billows along ground.

Fire out. Nothing left but smoke and kindling.