

KOREA: FIRST PICTURES FROM TAEJON

As news comes of the fall of Taejon, first pictures from the front give a vivid idea of the hopeless task the U.S. forces faced. A recoil-less rifle, a handful of men and less than two miles away the enemy heavily armed, and in strength. Steadily driven back day by day, snatching rest when they can, the G.I.s fight their delaying action as bigger weapons trickle in.

Buy time, soldier, buy time: that's the order.

Even if you're expendable, giving all you have, whilst somewhere behind strength builds up - you eat to fight on with bazookas against guns and now it comes.

Now it's retreat or capture. Minutes later this road fell into enemy hands as the battle-weary troops pulled out to run the gauntlet of hell.

In Taejon itself it's the old familiar scene, civilians streaming to the rear as the guns thunder nearby. The so old and the so young, going on and on to where? And what? And mingling with them, guerrillas and spies. How do you tell friend from foe when a nation fights itself?

When the first American tanks were rushed up to hold the Kum River, hopes soared. But they failed, out-numbered, out-armoured and out-gunned. So against fantastic, hopeless odds, the G.I.s fight and fall. It's easy to be impatient from afar. But a man can only give this much. Now comes Stalin's bargain offer. They made no bargain. They fight for the right to live - and die - in peace.