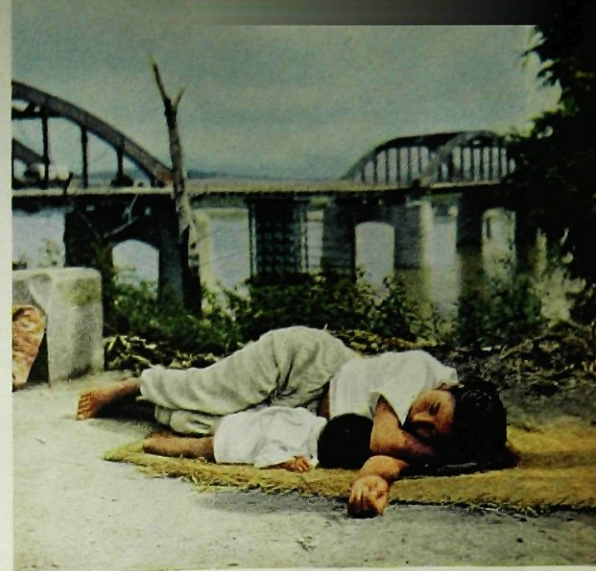




Seoul, like many South Korean cities, is now ruined, disease-ridden, foodless. UN teams have the job of trying to keep war refugees alive and of eventually rehabilitating them.



Although Seoul has been officially closed to war refugees because of its critical shortage of food and living space, desperate civilians continue to pour into the stricken city illegally.



A homeless Korean mother and her child sleep near the Han River bridge while awaiting entry into Seoul.



Refugees wait for their food ration. The UN is spending \$50,000,000 quarterly to feed starving Koreans.

A doctor examines children in one of Seoul's six orphan homes. There are 9000 orphans in Seoul alone.





American Red Cross Welfare Officer Richard Evans (center) watches as a young Korean gets sprayed with DDT at a UN refugee camp in Seoul.

What Must We Do About Korea Now?

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

The cost of resisting communism has been, for Koreans, national suffering worse than any people has known since the Dark Ages. Here is a report from the scene on how UN agents hope to relieve the misery of 24,000,000 people.

SEOUL, KOREA.

THE Han River is an improbable stream, nearly dry in spring and at full flood toward autumn. And the two helmeted American military policemen patrolling it in a native scow fitted with an outboard motor were as improbable as anything on its muddy surface.

So was their job. In the previous two days they had stopped half a dozen leaky skiffs, a couple of people pushing inflated rubber mattresses and one man swimming strongly from the south bank toward the north. Now they pointed the boat's battered prow into a sandbank where several thousand people stood in long lines. Under a tent, a Korean civilian policeman checked identity cards written in Korean,

and a medical attendant now and then jabbed a bared arm with a tetanus or typhus injection. At the shoreline, a flatboat propelled only by long sweeps waited. And on it 100 people jammed every available spot except one. That spot was occupied by a large and unhappy red bull.

Joe Cardozo signaled to a woman waiting to get on the ferry, and the woman handed him a slip of paper with a red-ink stamp across it. "See," Cardozo said, "this is her pass. It says she can cross."

Deciphered, the pass said a little more. It read: "This person is a farmer and is entitled to go home. Signed, Mayor Kim, Seoul."

When checked by Cardozo and his partner, John Davis, everybody on the ferry had such a red-stamped pass—except the bull, which was actually the only legal passenger. The ferry crossed and came back and crossed again. The military policemen let it go because their orders had said nothing about stopping it. However, three miles away at a bridge, other military policemen stood firm against a constant crush of Koreans—just as miserable, but not quite so resourceful as those at the ferry—and turned back every one. Orders given to them said no passes were to be honored unless signed by one of two or three specified persons—not including the mayor of Seoul.

In the ruined city both groups of homeless wanderers were trying to (Continued on Page 93)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ROSS

WHAT MUST WE DO ABOUT KOREA NOW?

(Continued from Page 33)

reach, other American and Korean soldiers were at the same moment loading 700 equally miserable persons—old men, tired women and a motley array of disease-ridden, half-starved children—into boxcars to get them out of the city toward the south, where they might have a fighting chance for survival. In Seoul they had almost none—nor would the people on the south side of the river, if they did succeed in getting across.

There is no end to this confused incident, a tiny segment of the incredible survival problem of South Korea—24,000,000 people who must be fed, protected against disease, prevented from going home before home is even reasonably safe, and, most important of all, given something to live for. People are still trying to get into Seoul as this is written, and probably will still be doing so months from now. And the people will come, although there is nothing for them to eat, nowhere to live in that mass of burned-out rubble. They are Koreans, children of misery, and home is the only hope they can see, even though home is no more than a hole in the ground and a pile of ashes.

In Seoul, once a city of 2,000,000, just twenty army officers and civilians of half a dozen nations have been standing against that flood of returning refugees. And similar teams face similar problems all over this country in which civilians may have suffered more

from eighteen months of war than any other population in modern history.

Whether the Korean war dies or goes on for more bitter months—something that cannot be predicted as this is written—this monstrous question will remain: What to do about the ruined country? A houseless, factoryless, cityless nation must be rebuilt from worse than nothing. Farmers without barns, tools or livestock must be put back into business to feed the country. A nation almost without leaders must develop them, and a generation without schools must get them somehow. Doctors, teachers and scientists—what few there ever were—are dead now. New ones must be found somewhere.

The needs are endless—railroads, highways, water supplies, power, docks, fishing boats, hospitals—and, always and most important, survival of a people spiritually as well as physically—a people with a will toward freedom, some sort of resistance to the tides of communism which have swept over almost all of Asia.

This is the biggest job the United Nations has faced, and for it three agencies have been established. These form an alphabetical jumble—UNCURK, to find out what needs doing; UNCACK, to do what can be done now; and UNKRA, to do it later when the job is even bigger and more complicated. Within these three are the seeds of one of the world's really great international accomplishments or one of the century's most colossal failures. Either one can happen.

UNCURK translates as the United Nations Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea. This is a fact-finding committee formed in

November, 1950, with delegates from several nations, to report on what needed doing in Korea. Perhaps a more accurate statement of aims might have been to find out which of the thousands of things needing doing could be done. Like everyone else in Korea last winter, the committee had a miserable time. It was no more than established in a compound of office buildings and residences in Seoul than the confidently expected immediate unification of North and South Korea turned into something else. Secretary Constantine Stavropoulos, of Greece, got his forty delegates and clerks out of the capital city ahead of the Chinese winter attack. But there wasn't much time to worry about the future of Korea. At the moment, Korea did not appear to have any future, so far as the United Nations was concerned.

The situation changed again in the spring, but the committee, which now includes seven national delegates, prudently stayed in Pusan at the southern tip of the peninsula even after Seoul was retaken by the United Nations army. It is still there as this is written.

It would be unfair to judge this committee until the report it is making to the United Nations is thoroughly digested. It was instrumental in urging several nations to provide cash or goods for immediate Korean relief during the first year of war. The UN never can make large appropriations of its own, but must request member nations to do so. On the basis of the committee's current report, the UN presumably will decide whether to name another committee for next year or to conclude that enough investigating has been done.

The UN insists that organizations such as this pay their own way, rather than accept such things as quarters and transportation free from the American army. Thus, to keep UNCURK in South Korea for a year has cost approximately \$600,000. This is a justifiable expense if it results in a long-range program for the stricken country and wins international support. But up to this writing it hasn't saved a Korean life or rebuilt a single Korean home.

In fact, the only one of the three agencies which really can be understood by a starving Korean just now is UNCACK, which does feed him. UNCACK, translated, is the United Nations Civil Assistance Command, Korea. In the first year of war, this organization, under command of the United States 8th Army, spent \$142,000,000 in United Nations funds—65 per cent of it from the United States—just to keep Koreans alive. Its current quarterly budget is \$50,000,000 in cash and goods.

The United Kingdom, Canada, Thailand, Central-American countries and several others have contributed to the program, just now headed by Brig. Gen. Wm. E. Crist, whose headquarters in Pusan is responsible for all of Korea now in UN hands. This is broken down into rural districts approximating various provinces of South Korea and into urban districts for the larger cities. For each district there is an UNCACK military and civilian team. The largest, with one of the most dramatic jobs, is the Seoul-area team headed by Col. Charles Munske. Its activities are typical.

Munske has a staff of twelve specialists: Lt. Col. Clifford Buckbee, adjutant; Maj. Thurmond Boaz, public-health physician; Warrant Officer Arthur Maheras, supply officer; Dr. Johannes Gertenbach, of Holland, public health; Richard J. Evans, an Amer-

(Continued on Page 95)



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So they began to turn up, armed with obscure facts and little-known bits of information, hoping to stump him. Still the professor held his own. Determined to get the best of him somehow, the boys schemed together to memorize an article on Taoism, one of the lesser-known religions of China, from an encyclopedia. Each took

two paragraphs. They were sure they had the professor at last.

Casually veering the conversation around to China, the boys reeled off their paragraphs in sequence as conversationally as possible. When they were through, there seemed to be nothing left to say. Then the professor gravely asked them to finish.

"Finish, sir?" one fumbled.
"Yes," the professor said, with his eyes twinkling. "You omitted the identity of the learned gentleman who wrote that for the encyclopedia. Surely one of you must have recognized my initials."

—EMILY MONSARRAT.



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(Continued from Page 93)

ican Red Cross field director on loan for public welfare; Rex Bowering, of Canada, a sanitarian; Peter G. Croes, also of the Red Cross, public welfare; François Pierobon, of Peru, a sanitary engineer; Clarence Petro, a United States economist; Alan Chrisp, of Scotland, a public-works specialist; and Frederick J. Shulley, a one-time Pennsylvania agricultural expert. With them are nine enlisted men and some fifteen permanently employed Koreans. They are able to call on various army sources for extra help and hire Korean labor gangs as needed. Korean police and government bureaus sometimes give a lot of help—and sometimes confuse the issue beyond recognition.

The job is frightening. Seoul's population reached 2,000,000 just before the war. The capital was the site of almost all of South Korea's important colleges, hospitals and institutions. It also was the rail hub and the center of the country's richest farming valley.

When UN forces finally retook it for the second time this spring, 175,000 people were left in the ruins. Hardly a whole building had survived bombardment. Water, power, sewer and transportation systems were in complete ruin—typical was a water main which developed 300 leaks in two blocks. The city government was without facilities, funds or trained personnel. There was no food, no hospitals were operative, no telephones worked. The fighting stabilized only an hour's drive away. Once after the city was thought secure, the communists surged southward again so far that all unessential services had to be evacuated against the possibility of a third loss. Some communist troops even got into the northern outskirts.

It was obvious that Seoul would be a city of misery for months to come, and that misery would be compounded every time another civilian got into town. As a result, the exclusion order was issued. It's never pleasant to tell a man who has lost virtually everything, that he can't even go back and look at the place where his house or office used to be or start trying to salvage a few things out of the wreckage. But in this instance it was necessary. The more who returned, the more starvation there would be.

Of course, the exclusion order didn't work. Such confusions as the river ferry were epidemic. Sympathetic American soldiers smuggled Koreans back into town—even hiding them under piles of army gear on trucks in order to get

them past military-police stations. Boatmen who had grown fat on the misery of the southbound refugees months before, now went back into business on northbound crossings, charging fantastic prices. For every rickety boat confiscated by the river patrols, two more were slipped into the water at out-of-the-way crossings.

Some men swam the river, and a lot of them drowned in it. Koreans are a sectional people—with no great interest in anyone outside of their own families, no interest at all in someone from another province. Refugees from Seoul found cool receptions in the south, and even local officials were inclined to shrug at their starvation ("this man is from another province and not our responsibility") unless UNCAK officers virtually stood behind every ration point and insisted on equal treatment for all. This added to the national fetish about going home. The Seoul people still come back, in spite of everything. A refugee may be hauled south to a camp one day—it isn't a very pleasant camp, and can't be when half the population is on the roads—but within a day or so will be right back at the old home site, digging in the ashes again.

Seoul's population had jumped to 800,000 people last fall—some estimates placed the midsummer increase at 100,000 people a week.

Colonel Munske, Evans and their co-workers had no choice: they could try to stop the influx; then they could try to feed the people who evaded their regulations and came home anyway. A few other little problems face the team. Pierobon runs an assorted crew of borrowed army engineers, Korean soldiers and civilians attempting to restore some sort of water supply. Communists had used the waterworks for machine-gun and sniping positions. All three major reservoirs were wrecked in the fighting, as a result. The two doctors, if they did nothing else, could keep busy with the refugees still coming south. Every day and night more North Koreans get across the lines somehow. These are the most miserable of all, having lived under constant bombing and shelling as well as all the things which have plagued their relatives in the south. Unofficial army estimates are that at least 4,000,000 of the 9,000,000 Koreans who lived in the communist part of the country are out of it now. Thousands died on the roads or froze to death on railroad tracks last winter. But the rest came south, preferring even the wretch-

(Continued on Page 97)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(Continued from Page 95)

edness of South Korea to living longer under the communist regime, plagued by the communist armies who depend on the country for the food which their own supply services cannot get to them.

These fleeing hordes are sent back from divisions and corps, mostly to Seoul, bringing with them typhus, smallpox, lice and a hundred lesser ills. The only way to prevent horrible epidemics is to cure these people before they get far. So the gloomy temporary refugee stations in Seoul exist under a constant cloud of DDT. Korean adults and children alike are so accustomed to being given immunizations that they line up automatically and bare their arms whenever they see a clean-looking table and a man in a white coat in a courtyard.

UNCACK could use thousands of doctors. It has a few dozen. It could use thousands of tents, and has a few hundred. Semipermanent refugee camps south of Seoul—a "refugee line" has been drawn roughly at Suwon, some forty miles away, and all agencies attempt to keep refugees south of it—aren't pretty. Some people seeing them for the first time have called them "horror camps," thereby providing nice propaganda for Soviet and Chinese agencies. They are horrible, by Western standards. But they're a thousand times better than the real horror from which North Koreans in particular have fled. Miserable people have a pervading odor, but no real estimate of the work of UNCACK can be made without getting past the resulting stomach upset. The problem of this agency is to keep men and women alive in the midst of war. That they have done so with as much success as they have had is a testimonial to the efficiency of United Nations medicines as well as the work of military and civilian personnel.

Refugee control is just a starter. In the Seoul area are 9000 orphans, out of an estimated 100,000 in South Korea. Some of them are not true orphans and may find their families again someday. But most of them won't. UNCACK has the job of keeping them alive; education will come later. Half a dozen orphan-

ages are operating now and other orphans are sent outside the city daily to institutions—bedless, toyless, often heatless institutions. Children are allotted the best of the available rations, but it still is not enough. Tiny youngsters laboriously put together souvenirs—typical Korean A-frames for carrying loads, shoes, half a dozen other trinkets. UNCACK sees to it that they are allowed to sell them to United Nations troops desperate for something pleasant to send home. The money buys extra food for the orphans themselves.

Food comes in odd ways. Shulley, the agricultural expert, has a team of men nosing through the ruined farming areas just back of the fighting line near the thirty-eighth parallel. Their duties include estimating what land, if any, can be put back into use soon, and what must be left dotted with mines against new communist attacks. On the side they look for buried food. Sack after sack of it was buried in the bad days last winter. These grain sacks, when found, now go to the youngsters in the orphanages.

Shulley's more important job, however, is to get production from the farms. The entire area north of the Han River appeared last spring to be lost to production this year because farmers were not going to be back on the land in time to plant rice on the same day that it had been planted for centuries. Both farmers and government officials were ready to write off the whole area. Shulley, with persuasion, example and appeals, finally convinced a few farmers to try planting rice where they were, for later transplanting in their own fields. It was a system widely used in Japan, but seldom in Korea—and to the Koreans' continued astonishment, it worked. Last August estimates were that a crop about 40 per cent of normal might be obtained this year from fields north of the Han.

One of the most tragic war losses for farmers was in livestock. Cattle had always played a dual role—as draft animals and as a cash-producing meat crop which might be sold in city markets

(Continued on Page 99)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(Continued from Page 97)

even if rice failed. Tiny Korean ponies, pulling enormous loads on two-wheeled carts, were the only transportation for crops or the farm families.

Like smaller animals, these disappeared during the last year. Almost no dogs or cats are visible in Seoul today—they've been eaten. On the farms, plows are pulled by human draft animals because there is no other way to get the furrows turned. UNCAACK has this problem, too, and as yet has not begun to solve it. Strayed animals have been rounded up, some villages have been sold on co-operative use of what stock is available, and one enterprising Korean was aided in bringing a few head by ship from unharmed Cheju-do, an island off the tip of the peninsula, up to the Seoul area. But no animals have come from outside the country.

Most of Seoul has been burned in one or another of the battles. There is almost no lumber. In spite of the continuing demands of the military, UNCAACK managed to get the first shipload for civilian use to Inchon—port for Seoul—last August. Fuel is now beginning to take priority among the nation's problems, and UNCAACK is already trying to find enough charcoal to keep people from freezing.

UNCAACK controls distribution of essential medicines, sent in units designed to care for the needs of 100,000 people for thirty days. It distributes some Korean currency when it can force the South Korean government to produce actual cash, rather than promises, so that destitute people can buy a few vegetables to round out their rice diets. It even handles CARE packages. In the orphanages and refugee camps it attempts to make use of the shipments of clothing gathered and shipped by various church and charitable groups in the United States and elsewhere. Its officers wonder now and then, privately, why people with good will enough to send relief packages across half the world have not also enough interest to send things which can somehow be used, rather than the dancing slippers, ladies' corsets and baseball catchers' chest protectors which have been pulled out of such packages in Korea.

Most of the UNCAACK teams are realists, above everything else. They have faced from the beginning two or three axioms which cannot be escaped: the war must be won, above all other

considerations, and anything done for the people of Korea must come second to that necessity; there is no real chance of making a happy Korea until the fighting stops and for a long time afterward; relief is no good unless it is guarded all the way to the ultimate consumer.

The first of these considerations has led to co-operation between the teams and the fighting army. There can be no question about whether a relief ship or a ship bearing ammunition for the United Nations army should have the right of way into a Korean port. If there is room and time for the relief ship, fine. If there isn't, it must wait. UNCAACK does as well as it can for the helpless civilians. But it cannot and does not interfere with the fighting men.

The second bitter realization has saved the existing relief organization from a lot of waste motion. The problem for the last year has been to keep people alive—there has been no time to add frills. No grandiose plans have been publicized; nobody talks about great colleges or wonderful hospitals. It is better to treat a hundred civilians in a hospital where the patients must lie on the floor—and to treat them now, when they are dying—than to waste effort in trying to build a hospital which would not be ready until long after these patients were dead.

For the same reasons, UNCAACK has stood firm on the subject of returning refugees, even against the sympathies of soldiers and officers. It may seem like an act of kindness to help a Korean family get home in an army truck, but it is the opposite if they are inviting certain starvation by going home. UNCAACK's worst problem in orphanages has been the soldiers' pets—youngsters picked up by soldiers and given temporary mascot status. The end is almost always the same: the guardian angels go back into battle, where they don't want to take the children, or go home, where they certainly can't take them. So the bewildered youngster, almost inevitably tagged as Sergeant Pete or Yardbird Eddie, is eventually turned over to UNCAACK.

One officer states it bluntly. "A few weeks ruins them," he says. "The soldiers feed them, and perhaps some of them save the lives of the orphans. But by keeping them around, they nearly wreck the youngsters' lives. They don't want to be Koreans any more—it's a



The Night After Christmas



'Tis the night AFTER Christmas, in this happy house.
Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse!

The Christmas gift boxes are gay 'neath the tree.
But ONE box is empty. Where can that gift be?

It must have been something these folks found SO pleasant
That they used it at once! (Happy fate for a present!)

Look there at their bed. Just ONE blanket in sight!
But look there at the window. A cold winter's night!

Mama wears no "woolies," Papa no nightcap.
Yet they're plainly enjoying a GLORIOUS nap!

It's as if there were sunshine a-glow o'er their bed.
It's December, remember. Seems like Maytime, instead!

For the gift box that's empty had brought them a treasure.
The gift of real comfort, snug bliss beyond measure.

'Twas a blanket to guard them from dampness, from chill.
A gift that's as warm as the giver's goodwill!

And all through the night, they'll be soothed and sleep sound,
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Now, if you'd give a treasure to those you love best,
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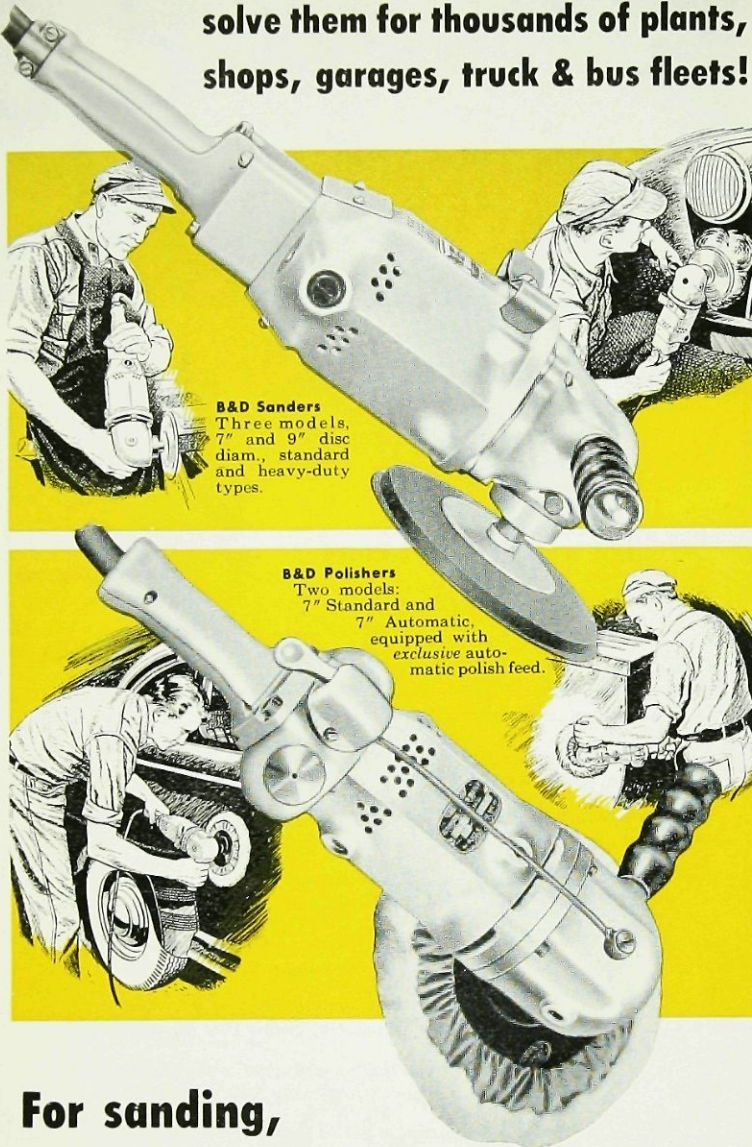
PUT IT THIS WAY

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

- ▶ A girl who plays her cards right doesn't have to do it at solitaire.
- ▶ Nothing slows down a motorist more than following a hearse.
- ▶ A secret engagement is often one that nobody tells the young man about.
- ▶ Most parents have every right to be proud. Not everybody can survive such an ordeal.
- ▶ A taxicab always looks best in the rain.
- ▶ The easiest way to please your wife doesn't very much.

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brutal wrench when they come into the orphanages and are just like all the rest."

The final consideration—that relief has to be watched all the way—has been a revelation to Korean officials. City fathers of Seoul did nothing about orphans roaming the streets for months. UNCACK set up an orphanage in the more or less whole quarters of an old government school for the blind and in a few weeks made it a model institution, with a general improvement in health and attitudes of the children. Whereupon, smiling city fathers decided that it was worth taking over, and offered to do so.

UNCACK still runs the orphanage. "We'd had experience with the city government before," they explain. "Everything would be fine for a while. Then they'd begin to discover how much work it is to run an orphanage, and the place would be a pesthole in a matter of weeks. We have a national government department now which has shown real ability and interest. When they're ready, we'll turn the orphanage over."

The UN idea of really getting relief to the needy has been adopted very personally by one elderly Korean lawyer, who has no practice now, but keeps busy. Tattered and harmless, he spends his days haunting one ration station after another, and his evenings bringing in detailed reports about what politicians are demanding what concessions for helping the poor, what rice doesn't get distributed. He has his information invariably straight. More than one minor Korean grafter still wonders how in the world UNCACK, that bunch of silly foreigners, ever found out about him.

The same thing, on a different level, was illustrated recently, when an exceptionally bedraggled group of refugees were moving out of Seoul. One woman struggled with five separate packages, each of them heavy, while her husband calmly stood by, watching her efforts. This has been Korean custom for centuries—but it was holding up a truck convoy. The interesting development was that the impasse was broken up, not by an UNCACK officer, but by a half-grown Korean boy who acts as an interpreter. In a few weeks this youngster had caught the American idea. So he forgot his respect for elders and his acceptance of long custom. The elderly village gentleman found large strips of his hide being taken off orally by a small boy—and was so astonished by the tongue-lashing that he lifted most of his wife's packages before he realized what he was doing.

The accompanying UNCACK officer shrugged. "Joe," he says, "got the idea we're trying to get across. They have to help themselves or we'll never get anything done in Korea. That means forgetting customs and seeing that even the men do some of the work."

UNCACK hasn't sponsored any baseball teams in the last year. But it has kept most of 24,000,000 people alive. It's a record on which the organization can afford to stand.

The third member of the United Nations Korean relief trio, UNKRA, still has to prove itself. These letters, translated, become United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency—and the plan is for it to take over where UNCACK leaves off. UNKRA, less than a year old, at this writing has about 70 employees in Korea and Japan. The organization is headed by J. Donald Kingsley, director-general of the International Refugee Organization at Geneva. Kingsley, a veteran of several American Government agencies, has made two trips to the Far East and left

Sir Arthur Rucker, of Britain, as his operating deputy, with headquarters in Pusan. Kingsley, planning a third trip to Korea soon, has in the meantime been commuting between Geneva, New York, Washington and Paris, trying to iron out multiple problems of financing, administration and international politics in which his agency has been mired from the outset.

The agency has a budget of \$250,000,000 for the first year of full-scale operations, presumably to start shortly after the fighting stops in Korea. So far, this sum is only an estimate and in reality a fiction; of the forty-five nations pledged to contribute to UNKRA, only Canada paid in promptly, with \$7,000,000. The United States Congress cut the estimated American contribution of \$162,500,000 to \$50,000,000, transferred from Marshall Plan funds; other countries were still to be heard from. As outlined, the plan of operation includes rebuilding of Korean industries, development of new water-power sources, coal and tungsten mines, and many other activities. Whole herds of cattle and droves of horses are to be imported. Schools are to be improved. Some publicity has asserted flatly that the agency will make South Korea a "show window of democracy."

John R. Minter, American technical-assistance adviser to UNKRA's deputy agent-general, in August told Reuters News Agency, "There are coal and tungsten deposits in South Korea that can be developed along with water power. . . . UNKRA will go ahead with its reconstruction program even if fighting does not stop, provided the Reds do not overrun the whole country."

Taken all together, this certainly calls for a few quick questions before the public is lulled into thinking the Korean future is assured. Question No. 1 is: When does all this start? Other pertinent ones are: Where is the money coming from? Can you get the efficient personnel to make these things work? Can Koreans, official and unofficial, be changed or trained enough to use the planned improvements? Can international interest in Korea be maintained anything like the length of time necessary to make real improvements? Will this create an independent, self-respecting nation or a permanent pauper state? Can any conceivable amount of improvements make Korea a show window for democracy?

A few negatives are obvious. One is that no great amount of reconstruction can be done before the fighting stops—not a cease-fire, but some sort of peace which will lessen military demands on Allied shipping, Japanese and other industry, and on Korean land transportation. Until these demands are lessened, there simply isn't room for a grandiose amount of reconstruction. UNCACK recently took about four days just to get enough box cars to move 700 refugees a few miles. Every time a rice ship comes in, the agency must fight for dock space, rolling stock and labor—against the army, which must have priority, today, tomorrow and every day until there is some real assurance it won't have to keep on fighting. UNKRA doesn't stand a chance for labor, steel, shipping or box cars enough to make a dent on Korea's miseries under conditions which exist as this is written.

The answer to the money question is almost as unhappy. That budget of \$250,000,000 looks big, in a chunk. But it is only \$50,000,000 more than UNCACK is already spending—judging from the budget of the current quarter—just to maintain life and health, with virtually no building. Fifty millions

won't build a lot of anything else for a nation of 24,000,000 people. That's only two dollars a person per year, over and above raw subsistence. To do a decent reconstruction job on Korea is going to cost in the billions just to restore what was there in June, 1950. If you add new industries, you can name your own figures, and decide whether the UN, the United States or anybody else is prepared to foot such a bill in the face of the fact that Korea may go communist any time, with or without a new war, regardless of what is done to aid her.

One thoughtful Korean legislator was astonished by one of the first UNKRA suggestions—that the agency intended to have 500 persons in Seoul and for their use would require the Chosen Hotel, another large building and a whole group of the best residences in town. He pointed out, "Seoul has only a few buildings, a couple of hotels still standing and hardly any residences. If they take all that, what will be left for the Koreans?"

An UNKRA man admitted it did sound unfair. But he added, "UNKRA salaries will approximate those of similar civil-service jobs in the United States and there is no guarantee of permanence. You have to offer the people something or you won't get them."

It is obvious that no Americans or Europeans are going to accept Korean native living conditions. Getting competent people to live in Korea at all is going to be a considerable chore. UN-CAK civilians have not shown any great enthusiasm for the new agency—and another three or four or five years of Korea. Most of the men who know most about the situation are dead tired and half sick from a year in this war-stricken country now. For such a force as is contemplated, at least 90 per cent will have to be recruited elsewhere and taught their work on the job. Maybe the personnel can be obtained. But the whole program can end in frustration, resentment and failure if the wrong people become executives telling the Koreans how to work and how to live. This was a constant problem in the occupation in Japan, where the Japanese had to take orders—often from men whose competence at home is definitely questionable. Korea is a

friendly country and will not have to take orders. The wrong man can throw it right out of the democratic camp entirely.

The training of Koreans cannot be accomplished overnight. The fact that the Japanese never permitted leadership to develop before 1945 is bearing ugly fruit now. There simply are no competent doctors for the country as a whole. There are a handful of teachers, less than a handful of competent and trustworthy political leaders. The administration of Syngman Rhee as president has been blotted constantly by embezzlements, police brutality and various other unpopular features. But no other leader has arisen to challenge him seriously. A power plant is going to be a sad thing, and a fine school a sadder one, if no Korean is found to run it. The farmer may learn to transplant his rice and even be grateful for the new information, but above that level, development of Koreans is a wide-open question.

Finally, Korea has now been more or less dependent on outside help for the entire six years of its modern life as a free state. The pouring in of relief moneys must go on for added years to prevent immediate collapse and communism. Perhaps this can be reduced and finally stopped without resentment by the Koreans. That's not the history of recent international relations, but maybe it will be this time. If it's not, the United Nations can expect to keep on feeding South Korea, one way or another, indefinitely.

As for being a show window of democracy—well, Korea was a country of mud huts in 1950, with a standard of living low even by Oriental standards. It has a normal peacetime infant death rate of something like 50 per cent in the first year. It never has been anything but a police state. It never has been a going concern, economically, except as a colony contributing to the now-vanished Japanese empire.

And you can talk in any language you like about a show window of democracy, or the plans of UNKRA, or the brave new schools and factories. Talk to the man ferrying his red bull across the river on a flatboat, and you'll get a blank look. What that man wants is his mud hut back again.

THE END

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