

Here in the middle of the Pacific Ocean is the Eniwetok Atoll; the chosen rendezvous for the American team of scientists — making their first experiment with a force that will change the course of destiny. Housed in a rough structure, is the first Hydrogen Bomb; in a few minutes it will be exploded. And thenceforward, mankind must choose the road he wants to travel; to progress and peace; or to the ending of this age of civilisation. That is the shadow that bestrides this narrow world.

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Instruments are set to record the effect of the thermo-nuclear weapon. On board the command ship of the task force that is implementing the years of research and months of preparation --- the dials flick away the last moments of an era, ~~that is about to end~~ ~~etc.~~ / Stand by!

The shock-wave travels a distance of thirty-five miles --- and is still powerful enough to jar the watching camera, *M* The ball of fire is three miles across --- as it tears a gaping wound in land and sea.

This explosion can no longer be measured like the atom bomb --- in terms of thousands of tons of TNT. The term is megatons --- tons by the million.

After the explosion, helicopters take off to assess the immediate result. They have to see --- and get back within the hour, before the radioactive dust begins its reign of ^{fresh} destruction.

And this --- has taken over from the fireball. The test island has vanished; above it, is a cloud ~~hundred miles wide~~ ~~reaching~~ ~~up more than twenty miles into the stratosphere~~

Once again we go back to the control room, to watch this first H-Bomb explosion. Horrifying as it is --- it is small, compared with more recent experiments still on the secret list.

For the sake of comparison --- here is the size of it, superimposed upon the skyline of New York. ^d

We live to-day, in the shadow of a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ decision that must be taken. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ To live in peace --- or to wipe this age for ever from the earth.