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HANOI, North Vietnam, Dec. 27 (Agence France-Presse)—In the northern Hanoi district of An Duong, between the Red River and the Great Lake, an old metal drum is jammed in some rubble beside a hole 25 feet in diameter and six feet deep.

Incense was burning and the drum had a sheet of school paper stuck to it. On the paper was written: "Owner gone. Any inquiries to Tuan. I leave for Tam Dao in the country on Monday."

The surname of the departed survivor is written on the drum in red: "Tong."

The districts of An Duong and Nghia Dung were on a strip, 1,500 yards long and 300 yards wide, that was literally plowed up by American bombs.

There, less than a mile from the presidential palace, beside corn and vegetable fields, in low houses with yellow walls and green shutters and in thatched-roof homes, lived 950 families, totaling 10,000 Vietnamese. The Mayor of Hanoi, Dr. Tran Duy Hung, said that 80 bombs were dropped there by

B-52's one morning last week. Most of them, he said, weighed 500 pounds.

It happened at 5:40 A.M., at dawn last Friday, the Mayor said. It took five minutes, he added.

A group of diplomats and journalists measured some craters, but could not count them all. Most of the craters were 15 to 25 feet wide and 6 to 10 feet deep. The visitors also saw too many razed houses to count, but the Mayor said there were 235.

There are also houses with burned or blown-off roofs, and hundreds of gaping walls, as if in a ghost town.

According to the Mayor there were 200 dead, and several families were wiped out.

A House in a Crater

The visitors found a young, red-helmeted steel worker staring at the rubble of his house, which had fallen into a crater. Only two brothers, serving at the front, remained of his family.

At the bottom of one crater were a dead black hen, some school books and an oil lamp. On the end of a beam jutting into the sky hung a bed and a mosquito net.

From a nearby crater, the body of a nurse had been pulled from the wreckage of her dispensary. Another bomb, 300 yards away, had struck a nursery, but the children had been evacuated, the Mayor said.

The visitors went past destroyed trucks, torn-up trees and a section of wall decorated with the colored covers of Chinese magazines bearing

photographs of a revolutionary opera, "The Taking of Tiger Mountain."

Where a factory had stood, all that remained were a few hundred of the porcelain sinks that had been made there.

A Field Untended

A field of lettuce was still in good condition but there was no one to tend it.

On walls were the slogan: "We shall avenge our compatriots slain by the Americans: Nixon, you will pay this blood debt."

A cat crept among the ruins. As silent as the cat, a 12-year-old boy was moving about the place. Here and there among the craters and heaps of rubble was a home that had been spared. Some fowl clucked as a girl went among them carrying water buckets on a yoke across her shoulders.