

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Tomorrow morning, when the General Assembly of the U.N. meets, the first item on the schedule will be the election to fill that vacant seat on the Security Council. What country will win out? There are only two candidates.

All along it was clear that the savage quarrel behind the Iron Curtain was being transferred into the halls of the world organization. The Tito-Stalin feud has been growing more revengeful all the time, and the U.N. was sure to be a battleground -- because a seat on the Security Council was falling vacant, and the logical candidate was one of the nations that are Slav and Communist. Yugoslavia would have it with hardly any opposition - were it not for the fact that Tito's Yugoslavia rebelled against the Soviet.

Last night Moscow delegate Vishinsky declared that the election of the ~~two~~^{Tito} people to the Security Council would not be legal -- an obvious intimation of a Russian walkout.

Today American Secretary of State Dean Acheson noted that, according to Vishinsky, the one thing needed to qualify Yugoslavia for a council seat was -- domination by Soviet Russia. Speaking with sarcasm, he denied that a nation, to be elected legally, had to be a faithful puppet.

In other words, the United States is supporting Yugoslavia in the election to be held tomorrow morning -- and tonight the word is that the Tito delegation will win out. An unofficial poll of the delegates to the General Assembly shows a majority in favor of giving Yugoslavia the vacant seat on the Security Council.

SUBSTITUTE CONGRESS

Congress adjourned tonight, both Houses of the National Legislature calling it a session — going home. It was a musical termination, with the sound of sentimental song. Three girls gave a serenade, three employees of the Department of Agriculture. They raised their voices and crooned to the tune of "thanks for the memories". But the words were different. The girls warbled "thanks for the money raise." Congress, by enacting a series of pay hikes, gave them a raise. But their serenade was an appropriate theme song for the whole business of ending the session.

In their hurry to go home, the lawmakers passed a deluge of bills, most of which were for spending and disbursing. They voted a new farm bill that promises to lower prices to the housewife for eggs and pork, and maintain high prices for the farmers

-- the U.S. Treasury paying the difference. They poured out government cash in all sorts of bills.

President Truman's old friend, Mon Walgren of the State of Washington was officially voted into a job. Some while ago he was turned down as Chairman of the National Securities Resources Board, much to the President's chagrin. But this evening his nomination as a member of the Federal Power Commission was okayed.

Tonight the President sent a message of congratulations to Congress -- on its adjournment. He used appropriate and edifying words, but the real spirit of the occasion was voiced by the girls, as they crooned "thanks for the money raise".

UNIFICATION

In speaking of the testimony given between the Navy on one side, and the Air Force and the Army on the other - the newsmen have been using appropriate figures of speech. The admirals firing broadsides, the Air Force generals hurling a bombing attack, the Army cannonading. But today General Omar Bradley, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, resorted to another kind of metaphor.

Replying to bitter charges made by the Navy, the General spoke scathingly of the admirals - accusing them of misrepresentation and of doing harm to our national security.

He said the Navy men were complaining because they were not allowed to run things themselves. But he put it in football terms.

"This is no time," said he, "for fancy dans, who won't hit the line with all they have, in every play - unless they can call the signals." Then in a plea for the unified command, he said: "Each player on this team-whether he shines in the

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spotlight of the backfield or eats dirt in the line -
must be an all-American."

Earlier in the day, General Hoyt Vandenberg,
~~Chief of Staff~~ of the Air Force, declared that the
Navy, by trying to blow up unification, is endangering
world peace. *Also, that the* ~~Coming around to the much debated, B-36,~~
~~he declared that~~ the super-bomber, can do the job the
Air Force claims, ~~can~~ get through fighter defense,
~~can~~ baffle radar detection, and ~~can~~ hit the target
accurately with atom bombs.

NOURSE

President Truman has accepted the resignation of Dr. Edwin G. Nourse as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. At the same time, Nourse issues an emphatic denial of interpretations placed on statements he made yesterday. In an address, the retiring economic adviser voiced a whole series of criticism, and these were taken as a parting shot at the Truman administration. This is what Dr. Nourse denies! - no parting shot!

The fact is that the doctor's criticisms were spread around rather impartially - ~~taking a fling~~ at government spending with deficit financing, ~~but also~~ ~~making sharp remarks about~~ the ways of labor unions, the farmers, and business management. The doctor took a shot at just about everybody.

LABOR

In the world of labor unions today, soft and courteous words changed, and became an angry blast. The soft and courteous words had been spoken by John L. Lewis - who is more famous for hurling verbal thunders.

The mine union chief invited the A F of L to join in backing up the C I O steel strike, with a combined strike fund of Two and a Half Million Dollars a week. In issuing the invitation, Lewis referred to the A F of L President as - "The able Mr. Green." soft and courteous indeed, toward a long time antagonist.

The "Able Mr. Green" replied by saying - nothing doing, unless there was an all-around merger of the labor organizations, with both the mine union and the C I O coming under the leadership of the A F of L. So what's the reply to that?

To the "Able Mr. Green," John L. Lewis today sent a letter as follows: "You have justified my

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judgment. I didn't think you would do anything.

You didn't. You rarely do.)

↳ "Unfortunately you follow invariably your well known policy of anxious inertia!"

So that's the unhappy ending of what began with soft and courteous words.

PALESTINE

From the Jewish capital of Tel Aviv^v, comes word of arrangements for Christian pilgrims to visit the holy places next year - in connection with the celebration of holy year by the Roman Catholic church. Tens of Thousands will flock to Rome, on a pilgrimmage, and many will want to visit the Hold Land. Israel is prepared to welcome them - that was announced today. So is the Moslem kingdom of Trans-Jordan.

The holy places are divided between Jewish and Mohamedan control. (Nazareth and Galilee, the home of the Saviour, are in the territory of Israel. Bethlehem and the old city of Jerusalem, are under Arab control.) Both sides have arranged to have the pilgrims cross the line, and visit the age-old shrines.

MIRACLE

Here's a story that shows how the ways of the modern world are being applied to matters most medieval - Twentieth Century science playing its part in a drama reminiscent of the older age of faith.

In southern Germany, the village of Thurn, there's ~~popular~~ excitement over - a miracle, It began ten days ago, when a group of children, from Nine to Fourteen, were playing on the grounds of the old castle of Thurn. Suddenly, ~~as they tell the story,~~ they saw a white figure hovering over some fir trees, and they recognized the gleaming apparition - as the Virgin Mary.

Every day since then, those same children, at sundown, go to the same place, and say they see the vision. People have been flocking to watch them. Last Sunday, Fifteen Thousand gathered, kneeling and praying.

Today ~~the~~ church authorities announced ~~that~~ they ~~are~~ making an investigation of the miracle. A committee ~~has been~~ appointed to inquire, and report

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to the Vatican. ^a ~~The~~ committee ~~consists~~ of churchmen -
and psychiatrists. That's the modern touch -
psychiatrists, Twentieth Century science called
in to give an opinion on something so reminiscent of
the middle ages.

RECORDING

We've been having inquiries, asking how we made our broadcasts in Tibet. Well, that was one of the most interesting angles of the whole trip. We took along the latest portable mechanism for recording a radio broadcast. It was about the size of a shoe box, filled with batteries and electronics. Out of one side a cord projected, with a microphone at the end.

Along the Himalayan trail our routine was this: after a day of riding with our caravan, we'd come to a Tibetan village, and put up in a native house - on the second floor, the first floor being reserved for the yaks, ^{sheep} ~~cows~~ and other animals. We'd put the recording box on the floor, and set up the microphone on a table. Then, either Lowell, Junior, or I would sit down and tell of events of the day - as if broadcasting in a C B S studio.

That was recorded on a roll of tape, and later we'd

send the rolls ^{back to India and the outside} ~~our caravan~~ world by ^{courier - runners, who actually} ~~do run in relay. One man every 5 miles.~~ The Tibetans who witnessed the broadcast watched us broadcasting, ~~performance~~ thought we were crazy, talking to what

seemed like a piece of metal. They'd gape and laugh.

Even the highest Tibetan officials were baffled by it.

And it was funniest of all when we used our mechanism to
getsound effects.

To illustrate here's a recording Lowell Junior
made in the Forbidden City - and in the most august, even
sacred, company. Here it goes.

FOLLOW RECORDING

Well, to the American ear it sounds like the weirdest kind of noise. But, actually, Tibetan music is part of an ancient culture in which primitive barbarism is contrasted with a refined, exotic civilization. But let's go on to something altogether American - though its fantastic too.

At Wellington, Ohio, Richard Cordray, the elderly sanitary engineer of the town was installing a new furnace in the basement of his home - one of the oldest houses in town. As he dug around, he discovered - money, treasure. He unearthed a heap of old gold notes, worth thirty thousand dollars.

Sounds mighty lucky - but ~~the~~ ^{Town} sanitary engineer ^{Cordray} says he is tormented to death. His doorbell and telephone bell have been ringing incessantly. (People inquiring, people curious, people with bright ideas.)

One young fellow showed up and said he was an agent of the estate of an aged recluse who formerly lived in the house, and presumably buried

the money. ("I could see the glint in that young man's eye,") says the sanitary engineer. "It took me about three minutes to discover he was a fake".

One ~~of the~~ neighbors ~~appeared, and~~ said ~~that~~ he had lost those gold notes years ago, and the old recluse must have found them and buried them. But that didn't work either.

(Other people figured - maybe there's more treasure in them thar basement floors. Two fellows came around, saying they were inspectors, with orders to examine the new furnace. That sounded plausible, but they were too eager, and that showed them up.)

"I'm tired of all this," growls the lucky discoverer of treasure, "and my wife is becoming a nervous wreck." Well, with the doorbell and the telephone bell ringing day and night, she must

thing ^{be} it sounds like that Tibetan music. Nelson, *how about a little soft soothing music?*
~~have you something that sounds better?~~