

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The General Assembly of the United Nations went into session today by temporary President Aranha of Brazil - whose opening address was full of foreboding. He warned that the present session may determine whether or not the nations are on their way to another world war. He pointed to the diplomatic head-on clash between the United States and Soviet Russia, the libertarian West against the totalitarian East.

This, of course, is a dominant feature of the present session of the General Assembly. With terse emphasis on the American demand that the U.N. do something to check the aggression of the Red Puppets- Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania - their support of Communist uprising in Greece.

Right away we sustained a defeat, but one that we can accept with cheerful good - will. The division was not between America and Soviet Russia, but between the United States and Latin-America - our good neighbors to the

U.N.

south. The question was the choice of a permanent President of the present session of the General Assembly. We supported Evatt of Australia - the foreign minister from the southern hemisphere, who is an outspoken denouncer of Red Totalitarianism. The Latin-American countries lined up behind Aranha of Brazil, wanting the temporary President to stay on as permanent president.

The, Soviets, and their satellites supported Mazaryk of Czechoslovakia, but he never had a chance -- only six votes. The battle was between Evatt and Aranha, and this afternoon's news from the Assembly shows - Aranha twenty-six, Evatt Twenty-two.

This was the tally on the second ballot - which installed the Brazilian Foreign Minister as President of the General Assembly of the U.N.

Tomorrow will come the real clash - when American Secretary of State George Marshall addresses the Assembly and sets forth American policy. Also - Soviet Chief Delegate Vishinsky will make an address. You can imagine how far apart Marshall and Vishinsky will be - and the American-Soviet issue will be joined before the Assembly of the United Nations. ^

TRIESTE

At Trieste, which was formally proclaimed a free city today, there was an episode which turns out to be more tense and dramatic than first reports indicated. Earlier accounts told of ten American soldiers holding off a force of two thousand Jugoslavs - which sounded tense and dramatic enough. But now we have the decidedly spectacular details.

~~As this day of September Sixteenth broke at the ancient port, things were nervous and ~~xx~~ anxious - with endless possibilities of trouble. The city of Trieste, liberated in World War One, was claimed by Jugoslavia after World War Two - Red Marshal Tito demanding that Italy hand over the city. After a big argument between the western powers and Soviet Russia, Moscow supporting its puppet Tito - the whole thing was compromised by agreeing to make Trieste a free city, under control of the United Nations.~~

Today was the day, and as today drew near, there were riots and disturbances - Italians against

Jugoslavs, with the Communists of the city staging noisy demonstrations. ^R So what would happen when the actual change-over took place? Some incident might explode - the sort of incident that has touched off war in the past. Well, this very nearly came to pass, in the affair of the ten American soldiers and the two thousand Jugoslavs.

Tito's Troops were taking over sections awarded to them by the international agreement - the Jugoslavs required to stop at a specified line. But at the point where the ten C.I.'s were stationed, up came the two thousand Jugoslavs - with twenty-four military vehicles.

What were they up to? They intended to stage a triumphal march right into Trieste - just as that place was being proclaimed a free city. The Yugoslav officers gave the ten American^s an ultimatum - gave them five minutes to get out of the way. But the G.I.'s were not getting out of anybody's way. The news report states that they deployed for battle, all ten of them. Two young Lieutenants in charge told Tito's officers they

wouldn't move, and stalled for time-saying they'd have to refer the matter to the higher American Command. While this was going on, they sent back quick word for reinforcements.

Accounts earlier in the day told of shots being fired. But these appear to have been Yugoslav soldiers firing their guns and exploding hand-grenades in jubilant preparation for ~~their~~ their triumphal march into Trieste.

While all this was going on, up came a few Americans here and a few Americans there - G.I.'s from the surrounding area trickling in, answering the call for reinforcements. Two American tanks rumbled up. Next, a squadron of ~~x~~ planes appeared - twenty British warplanes ready for trouble, together with some American military aircraft - and these started circling the Jugoslavs.

Tito's Troops took notice of what was happening, G.I.'s appearing and taking positions for a fight, the two American tanks moving to a couple of

strategic points - while, right over the heads of Tito's boys, the warplanes were circling.

It might have ended in a battle, but it didn't. The firmness of the Americans, beginning with the determined attitude taken by the original ten G.I.'s and two Lieutenants, decided the matter. The Jugoslavs thought it better to call off their triumphal entry into Trieste, and the whole thing passed off without hostilities - a narrow escape from a dangerous incident, as Trieste today was ~~being~~ proclaimed a free city.

GENERAL KENNEY

General George Kenney, speaking at the Air Force Association Convention in Columbus, Ohio today expressed the fear that the people of this country "are lapsing into a state of complacency."

.....building up a Maginot Line by saying "oh, we don't have to worry for a long time. We are the only nation that has the atomic bomb. It will be many years before any other nation can make them and attack us'."

Then, the man who convinced General MacArthur of the importance of air power went on to say: (~~"Right now there are aircraft in the hands of potential enemies which can carry deadly weapons to this country."~~) Whether we like it or not the laboratories of the world are burning the midnight oil.....the long range bomber has put the whole world ~~is~~ at the mercy of the atom bomb....The day some future aggressor decides to make a bid for world dominion, he'll simply call in his boss airman and tell him to start 'operation America'."

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General Kenney said we would be lucky if we would get a few hours warning.

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~~Further in his speech he said that while our combat fighters and bombers are in fair shape, and their crews better trained than during the war, we haven't nearly enough of them.~~ Also, he expressed alarm because as he put it, "our aviation industry is sick". Due to lack of orders, soon a large part of that industry may have to shut up shop. ~~Whereupon~~ Whereupon we will be in trouble. He concluded with these four words: "Only the strong survive".

NEW LEAD FOR HURRICANE

The giant hurricane which you no doubt have heard about - a hurricane some hundred miles across is moving towards the Florida coast. Although the storm is still a hundred and seventy-five miles or so east of Palm Beach., high waves are already lashing at the eighteen foot sea wall in the front of the city - and people are running before the ~~xx~~ wrath of the tempest -- a stream of traffic moving southwards to Miami.

Today ominous darkness heralded the approach of the storm. And along the Florida coast, everywhere there were the black and red hurricane flags.

Every precaution is being taken to prevent loss of life. All commercial airlines have cancelled their schedules. Planes lashed down in hangars, no in-bound planes to arrive. Red Cross workers from Florida to Maine alerted, ~~standing~~ ^{standing} ~~standing~~ by. Some of these are already in action, helping evacuate people. Farmers and their families from

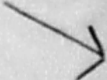
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the low sections around Moore Haven. There the Red Cross has commandeered trains to speed evacuation. They are ~~xxxx~~ remembering how nineteen years ago today heavy ~~xxx~~ lake tides -- tides backed by a similar hurricane took a toll of some ~~two~~ two thousand lives in the Moore Haven section.

Residents of Palm Beach have boarded up their houses and rushed in extra food, and gasoline too -- to carry them through an emergency. East Palm Beach, the most fashionable part, is like a ghost town tonight; an erie quiet.

At noon today the hurricane ^{struck} ~~struck~~ the Bahamas -- hitting the island called Great Abaco, winds roaring in at a hundred and sixty miles an hour. The British government has ordered a relief ship to Abaco, fearing great damage to that low lying island.

Today, an Army plane flew into the heart of the revolving wind - a plane belonging to a reconnaissance squadron called "hurricane hunters." It's their job to penetrate and study the cataclysmic violence of the gale. So right into the lash of winds flew that hurricane hunter, straight into the heart of the fury. The ~~heart~~ heart that is called "the eye". That's the very



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center of the circle of the wind, ~~and~~ Sea stories for centuries have ~~been~~ told of the weirdness that ships have encountered in the heart of the hurricane, the center, the eye - the strange unnatural quiet.

So what about the plane? The United Press gives us a report from the trained weather observer aboard, "Going into the eye of a hurricane," he relates, "is a strange experience. You are tossed around until you think every bone will break. When you look down you see the water raging in hundred foot waves and spray blowing in huge geysers. Then, all of a sudden, " he goes on, "everything is calm. The light is eerie, and the visibility is pretty good right in the center. The weather is fairly calm here. Then" he concludes, "you bust into the wall of turbulence on the other side of the eye, and the fury starts all over.

He says the ^{of this one} eye, is growing larger, perhaps an indication that the storm is breaking up. Which is tonight's report from the strange quiet heart of the hurricane, as it lashed ~~toward~~ toward the Florida coast.

At Jacksonville, where they're waiting for the hurricane winds, another kind of weird thing is reported. As the tempest draws near, Jacksonville is having a sort of poison gas epidemic. On the nearby beaches there's a mysterious effluvium, an irritating gas that causes a burning of the eyes, a tickling of the throat, and an outbreak of coughing. Along the coast, ~~there~~ there's a run on drug stores - people buying cough drops. Even dogs are affected, the gas causing the canines to go into convulsions of sneezing, and into fits of panic.

A physician chemist reports that the mysterious vapor has a smell like that of moldy grass, and he identifies it as phosgene - a poison gas used in the first World War.

Phosgene, as employed in battle, had a coughing, choking effect - and the doctor claims that on the beach near Jacksonville he caught sniffs of what certainly was phosgene.

So there we have the notion that a poison gas of World War One is causing an epidemic of coughing

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on Florida beaches - as the hurricane draws near. How explain this? No explanation is ventured.

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Meanwhile, the hurricane story has its counterpart on the other side of the world - in Japan. There, the tropical storm has an equally sinister name - the typhoon. Japan hit hard by a tremendous typhoon - which just missed Tokyo and created havoc in the nearby district of Kanto. The typhoon, with its deluge of rain, has been ~~fixxi~~ followed by floods, one river rising twenty-two feet in a few hours, with a bursting of levees. At last reports, ^{some} ninety ~~two~~ thousand acres were under water, hundreds of lives lost, tens of thousands ~~of people~~ homeless. - ~~in the devastation of wind and flood.~~

Hurricane here, typhoon there - the age-old fury of the storm.

SPEED RECORD

(Man traveled at a rate of over four hundred miles an hour -- in an automobile today.

At Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, this afternoon John Cobb, the British racing driver, broke the world's land speed record - his own record. His record of three-hundred-and-sixty-eight point-nine miles for the measured mile.)

Cobb made two runs up and down the salt flats this afternoon in his huge hundred thousand dollar racing car. On his first dash, north-to-south he exceeded three-hundred-and ninety-four miles an hour. Then he stepped out, to refuel also to have the radiator packed with coding ice; and, new spark plugs. A second run was necessary to take the record. Cobb set off amid tense excitement - a cool nerved man buttoned into a plexi-glass cockpit. Spectators held their breath as he roared into the measured mile, flashing across the warm salt flats at tremendous speed. And tremendous ~~px~~ speed it was. When Cobb returned the official timers gave him the news -- four hundred-and-three, point-one-three-nine miles an hour --

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the fastest speed man has ever traveled on four wheels -
a speed that only recently was tops for military pursuit
planes.

MONKEY

Here's the story of a good idea, a remarkable idea - but what happened? In Baltimore, at the zoo, they were puzzled by the problem of Charlie, the battling monkey - so they figured out a solution; it seemed like a wonderful solution; - but how ~~id~~ did it work?

In the monkey house, Charles was one tough egg - always beating up the other monkeys. The keepers decided they'd have to do something about it - something to tame Charles' rough-house temperament. To tell you of the plan they hit upon, I need mention only one thing - they had a porcupine. Off in ~~xx~~ a cage by himself, lived Wilton, the porcupine, bristling with sharp, needle-like spines - what Shakespeare called "the quills of the fretful porcupine."

So they put Charlie in with Wilton - and did they laugh. Charlie made a lunge at Wilton, clawing and biting, and came out of the clinch with a ~~xxxx~~ face full of bristles, like a face full of needles. Whereupon Charlie had a ~~xi~~ painful time, picking the needles out of

his face. Then he made another dash at Wilton, and again found himself picking porcupine quills out of his face.

He did that one time after another, and the laughing keepers were sure that sooner or later Charlie would give up - he'd run out of pugnacity. But, alas - Wilton ran out of quills. Every time Charlie got a face full, Wilton had that many less - the quills of the fretful porcupine were being used up.

Today, at the Baltimore Zoo, with sad regret - they buried Wilton. Last night the supply of quills having become exhausted, Charlie the battling monkey took him apart.

And that, dear children, ^{— and you too Helga,} is the bed-time story of the monkey and the porcupine.

ITALY - FOLLOW TRIESTE

In Italy the Communist Labor trouble grew worse today with a strike of eight hundred and fifty thousand metal workers. Previously the Reds had called out a million agricultural workers. They threaten ~~now~~ to bring about still other strikes.^{TR} The purpose of the Communists is to demonstrate their control of Italian labor unions and to bring about a crisis to overthrow the moderate non-Communist government of Premier De Gaspari.^R There's talk of the peril of the strikes turning into a Communist revolt, and the government at Rome is taking all the precautions it can against the menace of a Red uprising.

RECLUSE

From Pittsburgh ^{comes} ~~we have~~ a story with a familiar theme - the recluse, the modern hermit, living in blank solitude amid the crowded hurly-burly of a metropolitan city. Not long ago, New York had its famous hermit story of two brothers. In Pittsburgh, its a case of two sisters.

Today, the police removed them ~~far~~ from their rubbish-filled house - Frances and Molly Bittner, eighty-nine and ninety-one years respectively. For long years they had lived in the weird solitude of their decrepit mansion - until they fell ill, and today were taken away.

They were asked if they had any relatives, and at first they denied it. Then finally the ninety-one year old sister admitted - yes, they had a niece, named Clementine. But she added: "We haven't seen her in ~~a~~ many, many years, and we dont want anything to do with her."

~~She related that~~ The niece, when they looked her up, turned out to be a seventy-three year old woman, also living alone. She said she hadn't spoken

to her Aunt Frances or her Aunt Molly for forty-eight years. The trouble? A family quarrel of long ago.

She related that the two sisters, Aunt Frances and Aunt Molly, had once been fashionable beauties - "The best dressed girls on the South side," said she. They were talented too - at music and singing. Then there was ^{more} ~~other~~ good fortune ^{for} ~~of~~ the beautiful, talented sisters. They were left heiresses to ~~a~~ ^{the} considerable estate of their father. But in the division of this, they got into a wrangle with another sister, and her daughter - bitterness and estrangement. The family quarrel was the background of events that led the sisters to become recluses, who hadn't spoken to ~~them~~ their niece for forty-eight years.