

U.N.

L.I. - P & G. Friday, Oct. 17, 1947.

At the United Nations today, there was a scene to remind one of a wolf crying "wolf". The Soviets howling - "dictator." That's what they called the United States, and the Soviets [†] certainly should know what a ~~Big~~ dictator is.

The dictatorship ~~exchanged~~ charge was made by Gromyko, in a violent blast in which he proclaimed that Soviet Russia would accept no compromise on the American plan to ^{set} ~~set~~ up an all-year-round committee to represent the General Assembly, a committee ^{they are} ~~that is being~~ called "The Little Assembly." The British today offered a compromise proposal to limit the scope of the American proposal; but, Gromyko shouted "no compromise"! He said that, if any Little Assembly is set up, ~~which~~ Soviet Russia will have nothing to do with it - boycott.

The British in offering a compromise, employed some picturesque language to characterize the brand of Moscow oratory heard at the U.N. x British Delegate Shawcross described the Soviet style of reasoning in these words: - "A blood curdling picture of war mongers, Fascist

beasts, goblins and ghosts, engaged in some dark plot, some deep machination."

The outlook is that the British compromise for the establishment of a Little Assembly will be adopted, and Soviet Russia will respond with - ~~E~~ boycott.

BURMA

(In London today, signatures were appended to a document that makes history.) At historic number Ten Downing Street, residence of the Prime Minister, there was a gathering in what is called the "Treaty Room." ~~That's~~ That's a rather drab and even sombre place nowadays. But there ~~was~~ no lack of color of gaudy rainbow hues. True, Prime Minister Attlee and other officials of the British Government were there -- and they ~~are~~ ^{are} no flame of tinted brilliance. ^{TP} The splendor was ~~h~~ provided by small brown men of oriental visage, who wore pink silk headdresses and sarongs of pale blue. They were from Burma, exotic spectacular Burma. In other words, ~~they~~ ~~there~~ (the treaty of Burmese independence was signed today.)

We've been hearing from time to time how the British were granting freedom and sovereignty to that fabulous British colony - the land of Rangoon and *- the Irrawaddy River and the old Moulmein Pagoda.* Mandalay, So today the formalities were held, the signing of the treaty. This will be ratified by Parliament next week, and the terms will be made known - terms that will grant to ~~g~~ Great Britain special privileges in Burma. But,

by and large (the British Empire relinquishes another of
its most resplendent possessions.)

FOOD

The grain conservation program had a new recruit today, an important recruit - the Bakers of the country. Thirty-five thousand manufacturers of bread and cake adopted a program cutting down the amount of wheat they use -- a program designed to save three million bushels of wheat a month. The bakers estimate that the housewives of the nation can save ~~twice~~ twice that amount - by not wasting bread at home.

Meanwhile, the brewers have agreed to cut down the use of corn in making beer - reduce the amount of corn by twenty-five per cent. Also they'll stop using barley and other grains. That will mean an estimated saving of a million bushels of grain a month.

C.I.O.

There were ovations at the C.I.O. convention in Boston today and the climax was for Philip Murray -- reelected again as C.I.O. President. It was like a national convention making a presidential nomination -- the C.I.O. Delegates parading around the hall, roaring with cheers for Murray. The deafening demonstration lasted for twenty minutes, and could only be stopped by a typical device - music. The band was playing "Annie Laurie" - in honor of the fact that Phip Murray is a Scot. As long as the strains of "Annie Laurie" sounded, the uproar continued. Then the band switched to the Star Spangled Banner - which stopped the parade and stopped the shouting -- the respectful attention that the National Anthem commands. It's used now and then to restore order.

TAX EVASION

The news tells of a prison sentence, for income tax evasion, imposed on a White House Aide to the Late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is Eugene B. Casey, who served F.D.R. as a wartime assistant. Today in Baltimore he was sentenced to six months in prison and fined ~~three hundred~~ ^{thirty} thousand dollars, - also ordered to pay more than two-hundred-and-eighty thousand dollars in back taxes. The Roosevelt wartime aide made no defense to the charge of huge income tax evasion.

PRISONERS

In Minturn, Colorado, today, U.S. Army prisoners rioted aboard a special prison train taking them to the West Coast. The riot was the culmination of a series of disturbances, marking the journey of the train from Saint Louis. Two prisoners escaped yesterday at Windsor, Missouri, and then three more went "over the hill" near Tribune, Kansas.

The riot at Minturn Colorado, assumed serious proportions. Military police shot and critically wounded one soldier-prisoner as he left the train with a companion who escaped.

When the alarm was given, the train was immediately halted and a call for aid was sent to Camp Hale near Leadville; just over the Continental Divide. Reinforcements of military police arrived, and a search was made for the missing man who is still at large tonight, the prison train continuing on its way, heading for Camp Cook California.

FLYING BOAT

Here's an anti-climax to the brave story the other night of heroic rescue at sea -- sixty-nine people saved from a trans-Atlantic airliner forced down in an Atlantic storm. The Civil Aeronautics Board has issued an edict against American International Airways, the company that operated the big old fashioned flying boat that came to grief, the company is ordered to ground all its planes and is forbidden to engage in any form of air transportation. The reason? That it committed violations and was not registered for trans-Atlantic Air ~~Traffic~~ Traffic, not authorized to engage in ocean flying.

The perilous adventure has brought great credit to the coast guard for the rescue work, and the old flying boat did ride the storm waves in staunch fashion until passengers and crew could be removed. But, on the other hand, the airliner ran out of gas far out ^{over} the Atlantic - and now the Civil Aeronautics Board says it had no right to be flying across the Atlantic in the first place. ^{With a} record number of passengers ^{aboard}

on a trans-Atlantic hop, and the operating company not registered for across the ocean transport!

PLANE

The loop-the-loop, upside down airliner, about which we heard the other night, has now turned into a more absurd affair than ever. The weird gyrations of the crowded passenger transport flying over southwest Texas could have been as tragic as astonishing. But nobody of the fifty-three persons aboard was damaged in a serious way - they were merely stood on their heads up in the sky, and startled out of their wits. So the mishap was mostly in the realm of the fantastic and surprising. - And it's even more so tonight.

The question that hit all of us at the time was - how come? How did it happen that a big airliner, loaded with passengers, went haywire all of a sudden, did a loop-the-loop, and then flew on its back, airliner upside down? The answer provides a new amazement. In Washington, the Civil Aeronautics Board today disclosed that the freakish ~~behavior~~ behavior of the big passenger plane was because of the curiosity of an airman, an inquisitive streak getting the better of the pilot in charge of the flight. The report puts it

in these words: "He decided to engage the "gust lock" while in flight to determine what action, if any, it would have on the control." It had plenty of action, as the inquisitive airman soon found out.

The "gust lock" is a device, used on the ground to keep control surfaces of the tail, the ailerons, flaps - from being pushed around by gusts of wind. It holds them rigid. So what would happen if that gust lock were put on while the plane was in the air - the gust lock mixing up with the automatic pilot, the regular controls, and so on? That was an interesting point, and it beguiled the curiosity of Captain C.R. Sisto, the skipper of the big plane. A veteran of the airlines he just got too inquisitive about it - just an

old experimenter was Cap. Sisto.

At the time, over Texas, Sisto was not flying the plane. Another pilot was at the controls, with Sisto sitting between that pilot and the co-pilot. These two airmen never knew what he was doing, when he tried his experiment and pushed the button that set the

gust lock just to see what would happen. The answer was plenty.

The ponderous plane suddenly started to climb. The astonished airman doing the flying tried to work the automatic ~~pitot~~ pilot, tried all sorts of things. Sisto, alarmed, threw off the gust lock, ^{and} that sudden action complicated matters still further.

By now the climbing plane was going into a loop. Everybody aboard was thrown helter-skelter, including Sisto and the co-pilot. The flier at the controls stayed put. He had his belt fastened - but not they. So they were tossed headlong on the control board, which pushed other buttons, and got all sorts of gadgets working, throwing the airliner into wilder gyrations than ever. ^{with} the giant airliner ^{going into a} ~~partial outside loop~~ ^{partial} outside loop and then ~~then~~ ^{then} on its back.

With all this rearing and plunging upside down x the airliner was now only three hundred feet from the ground. ^{Death} ~~Death~~ and disaster were averted when ~~it~~ at that perilous altitude the pilot at

the controls, Captain Melvin Logan, was able to get the huge plane under control again, get it right side up - for a landing in an emergency and alarm.

Today's news dispatch from Washington states that this is the first time the Civil Aeronautics Board has ever blamed an aerial mishap on an airman's curiosity. Well, it sure was the height of the inquisitive when a flyer suddenly decided to experiment and see what would happen if the gust lock were applied while the plane was in flight. It was gusty going, all right.

INDEPENDENCE

The inhabitants of Wendover, Utah, have petitioned Congress for the establishment of "autonomous District of Shangri La -- a district loyal to the Constitution of the United States, but with its own constitution to enable its two thousand one hundred people to live and act as they want." Twenty-one thousand square miles of liberty, ten square miles ~~per~~ per person with plenty of scope for individual freedom. That's the dream of Wendover, Utah.

The leader for the movement for independence for Wendover is Lester Giffen, ~~Ex~~ Chairman of the Wendover Development Association. Giffen is mad at Utah because the children of Wendover have to go more than one hundred miles to school, because there are no ~~sewers~~ sewers or playground in their town. ^{them --} Because Wendover can't build [^] the town being too poor. For years Wendover has tried to secede from Utah and set itself up as an independent district. It has even tried to get itself annexed to Nevada, without success. So now Wendover is petitioning

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Congress, presenting its own declaration of Independence. ^R Says Giffen:- "In order to maintain our rights as American citizens, we are compelled to separate from the State of Utah and establish ourselves as the autonomous district of Shangri La."

^π An old grievance in Wendover with a modern twist;- Shangri La is a symbol for individual liberty.

BUS RIDE

In Los Angeles today, Charles Harader, a young musician, rode all day long in a Griffith Park bus - and it was the fifth day of his round-the-clock bus traveling. He's trying to keep a date, and says he'll continue his all day bus riding until he meets the girl -- traveling on **Bus Thirty-Three-Fifty-One**.

Los Angeles newspapers picked up the story today, and told how the young musician boarded a Griffith Park bus one balmy night last summer - and spied a young woman who enchanted his eyes. He got to talking to her, and made a date - a date to meet on the same bus again the next day. Thereafter they had other dates - ~~sixty~~ always on **Bus Thirty-Three-Fifty-One**.

"She wouldn't tell me where she lived," explains the musician, "and she wouldn't let me call for her or take her home." So he didn't know who she was or where she lived. He had to be satisfied with romance in **Bus Thirty-Three-Fifty One**.

Last Monday he got a letter from her asking him to meet her - "At the usual spot," said she.

So he caught the bus for the customary trip - but she failed to appear. He was worried, and kept riding on the bus - hoping she would catch it on one of its runs. He's been doing that ever since - riding old Bus three-thousand-three-hundred-and-fifty-one since Monday.

Today he explained: "I'm afraid she's in some kind of trouble. I haven't found her yet, but I'm going to keep riding until I do."

He has bought a weekly pass, which keeps down the cost of twenty round trips and a hundred and forty miles a day. Other bus passengers have got used to him - and, having learned his story they bring sandwiches and coffee - as he pursues his lovetorn quest on Bus Thirty-Three-Fifty-One.

And now Nelson what quest do you pursue tonight.

WAR CLAIM

At Bradford, Arkansas, Farmer Pyle is a war casualty! - He sure is. The army, however, has not seen fit to recompense farmer Pyle for the injuries he incurred in that giant conflict of nations - World War Two. So in Congress Senator Fulbright of Arkansas has introduced a bill to do justice to Farmer Pyle - as a war casualty.

He didn't obtain his purple heart wounds in any fox hole or naval engagement. It happened in Arkansas. In June of Nineteen Forty Five, Farmer Pyle, out in the barnyard, was harnessing his mules. Just then, three army planes came roaring low over the field. The startling sight and sound caused the mules to bolt, kicking and plunging. They knocked Farmer Pyle flat on the ground, and trampled him. In the scuffle, he lost his pants, and his right leg was bruised so badly that he's lame, -- Not to mention the damage to his dignity. It's humilating for an Arkansas farmer to be kicked around by his mules. War casualty is right.

So the Congress of the United States is

called upon to act in solemn legislative proceeding.

You can talk about the battle of the Coral Sea and Guadalcanal; you can talk about the Battle of the Bulge; but, for Farmer Pyle, for the rest of his days he'll talk about the Battle of the Mules.

And what have you to talk about Nelson.