SUBSTITUTE RESCUE E.J. P. S. Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1950.

The rescue story has cleared up, after hours of confused and contradictory accounts. All seventeen of the survivors of the B-36 have been found, and sixteen are okay. But the seventeenth is dangling from a tree at the edge of a three thousand foot cliff -- and a party of Canadian Air Force paratroopers are on their way to bring him down.

Doubt is expressed that he can be still alive, after hanging by one ankle for forty hours. He was caught in the tree when he bailed out of the stricken up super bomber.

It was supposed that the pilot of the B-36 had ditched his giant plane, making a forced landing on the water - after three motors had failed and icing conditions were weighing the sky giant down with frozen masses. However, the pilot in his radio messages, had spoken of the possibility of bailing out - but it seemed fantastic to think of parachute landings in the frosty northern sea. The answer is that they were able to pick out an island - by radar.

So, rather than try to land on a stormswept ocean, they preferred to bail out, hoping to come down on land.

It would seem that several did not - because the captain of a fishing boat declares that he picked three survivors out of the water a little distance off shore. But the others came down on the island.

Tonight the United Press has a radio interview with Captain Vance King, the skipper of the fishing boat, the "Cape Parry", who talked by wireless from his vessel to the newspaper office at Vancouver. He quotes the airmen as telling how they landed all over the place on Princess Royal Island, off the British Columbia Coast, four-hundred-and-fifty miles northwest of Seattle. Then they beat their way through thickets that cover the text island, and made their way to a beach - where they built a fire. The captain says he spied the smoke of the fire, and went to the rescue - picking up three out of the water and finding the others, huddled or shore.

Be says they were pretty well done in from bruises and scratches, cold and expire exposure. The weather was frosty storm and rain, and some had been hung up in trees, as their parachutes came down.

But all had been able to get loose and descend, except the one at the edge of the cliff. That is the one element of suspense and of possible tragedy in the otherwise heartening story of the saving of lives in the loss of the B-36 off the coast of British Colombia.

In a few more hours we ought to have a final report on the simus hanging in that tree at the edge of the cliff.

British Foreign Secretary Bevin says that
Britain is willing to negotiate with Soviet Russia,
if Moscow shows what Bevin called, "The slightest
change of attitude." (But he rejects the proposal of
Winston Churchill for another Big Time Three-Power
Conference. He calls the Churchill suggestion - "A
stunt proposal", made in the course of campaign oratory
in the British political battle.)

STATE DEPARTMENT

In Washington, the State Department says that the United States is always willing to negotiate with Soviet Russia to end the cold war - either through the United Nations or regular diplomatic channels. However, the Department emphasizes that we will not try to make any two-way deal, will not "Sit down in a corner" with Stalin to settle matters affecting other countries.

The interview that President Truman gave to columnist Arthur Krock of the New York Times, features confidence that peace will be maintained - but the President believes that you can't do business with the Soviets in any normal way, and must simply confront Moscow with an attitude of firmness.

Well, maybe so, but the interview is a cause of war. "Causus Belli," as they used to call it in the old diplomacy. When the other newsmen in Washington found out that Krock had had a private, personal and confidential talk with the President for publication, they went storming to the White House. Wanting to know - is a visiting columnist entitled to a privilege not accorded to the regular White House correspondents. A private Presidential interview is about as rare as a good word at the White House for the Republicans. The last one was obtained in Nineteen Thirty-Seven, thirteen years ago, with President Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was given to - that same Arthur Krock of the New York Times.

The White House war with the newsmen was

KROCK 2

handled today by Presidential Secretary Ross, who repelled the assaults as gently as he could. The questioning grew so hot that Ross made a plaintive objection - saying he was being "cross-examined like a criminal."

Well, while the President continues his labors for peace, it looks as if he might have a job of peace-making in the press room at the White House.

At Salt Lake City, the church of the latter days saints is hopeful of procuring the release of the two Mormon missionaries arrested by the Reds in Czechoslovakia. As we heard last night, the Communists are puzzled about Mormon missionaries, and have all sorts of deep dark suspicions. They need a little explanation about the Mormon church and Mormon missionaries. So says David O. McKay, second councillar in the church presidency.

for example, that there are not in the field some fifty-two-hundred Mormon missioneries, most of them expected by their ward bishops and "set apart" for missionary work. They in nearly every land, from Brazil to Finland, from E Spain to China. They pay their own transportation expenses - except that the church brings them home when they completed their missions. Their expenses run about fifty dollars a month in foreign contries, sixty a month in the United

MORMONS 2

States. For this, many save their own money, while others are financed by parents, relatives and friends.

It doesn't give them anything for luxuries - just their bare needs.

McKay, who adds: "An outstanding feature of the program is the willingness of the young missionaries to give up their time and money for their church, just at a period in their life when others of their ages are establishing themselves in business or completing the ker eduction."

The first Parliament of the new Republic of Indonesia met today - amid scenes that looked like a pitched battle. Soldiers everywhere, with guns and tanks, streets barricaded, fortified.

"Turk" Westerling, to storm the first meeting of
Parliament. Westerling is, of course, that former
Dutch officer who is half Turk, and who has been
heading an insurrection against the new republic.

Along with Mohammedan rebels, "Turk" Westerling has
been making daring raids - and, twenty-four hours
before the opening of Parliament, the Indonesian
authorities arrested agents of his, and sezied what
they call "plans" to capture the whole Parliament.

The proceedings were opened today by President Soekarno, who told of the plot, and admitted that the Mohammedan forces of "Turk" Westerling are in control of considerable parts of Java. He said he was puzzled. "It is an utter mystery to me," declared the Indonesian president, "how there can be people who will

INDONESIA 2

allow the sacred name of Islam to be associated with the movement, which is traitorous to the country, and led by a non-Islamite."

Moslem - in spite of the fact that he was an officer in the Dutch army. Faul West, an observer that back from Java, tello me Westerling grandfather was valed to the Dutch ambassador at the court of Sultan arbaisador at the court of Sultan abassador at the court of Sultan arbaisador at the warried a Turkish Westerla was throughout of the army of the Netterla was throughout of the army of the Netterlands and the Sant Indies for his brutality.

In British Honduras today, the authorities declared a state of emergency in a battle between "God save the king" and "God bless America." Governor Ronald Garvey proclaimed what amounts to martial law, and the police today used tear gas bombs to disperse a mob. An orator was urging crowds not to sing "God Bless America," and was greeted with a barrage of stones after which the crowd was greeted with a barrage of tear gas bombs.

The strange battle of songs arises from discontent in British Honduras caused by the devaluation of currency, which has caused an increase in the cost of living. The native people down there are angry about it, and for weeks have been staging anti-British demonstrations. The best way they can think of - is to make the demonstrations pro-American. So, instead of singing the British national anthem, they change an American patriotic song, which they learned from American soldiers.

The authorities tried to make a compromise -

in preparation for a royal visit. Princess Alice, wife of the Earl of Athlone, is to make an appearance in British Honduras, and the fear was that the crowds would greet her with - "God Bless America". So the proposal was that, the British anthem would not be played if they laid off that American song. But the compromise was rejected, and today's state of emergency was declared. Over who sings what.

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In Washington, the fate of the Missouri has been decided - and it may be the formal marker for the end of the battleship age. Big Mo is to be retired, and turned into a training ship. The historic battlewagon, on which the surrender of Japan was signed, will not be used for the training of Annapolis midshipmen and the naval reserves. The money saved will be used to give the Pacific fleet another aircraft carrier.

overations Admiral Sherman and Secretary of Defense
Louis Johnson undoubtedly with the consent of
fresident Truman. Some while ago, the President was
all against any idea of retiring the famous battleship
named after his home state. But, when the Missouri
ran on the mud-bank, the suggestion was renewed - and
this time the President said he would leave it up to
the chiefs of the wavy. So now they have spoken.

Hereafter the U.S. Navy will have not one single bataleship in active service, all the sea giants

having been settreds. It's a victory for the air-minded men in the Navy, who say the aircraft carrier is the warship of the future. It's a victory also, at a mighty late date, for General Billy Mitchell, that legended prophet of air power, who was court-martialed for being too obstreperous in backing the airplane against the battleship. In Nineteen Twenty-Five, a quarter of a century ago, Billy Mitchell said: "The menace of submarines from below, and air craft from above, constitutes such a condition that the surface ship, as an element of war, is disappearing. Which prediction comes true for battleships - and, as for carriers, they tre elements of air power.

An enemy invasion is moving eastward across
this country - an enemy of trees, an invasion of
killing off the oak trees. This is stated by Dr.

Wendell Camp, curator of experimental botany at the
Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. He says a blight
is moving eastward in the Mississippi Valley, blown
by the prevailing winds and spreading at the rate of
about fifty miles a year. It's a microscopic fungus,
against which no defense has been found.-

stokes consis persons. He ound by at these seasons

If any of you gentlemen think you look like George Washington - here's your chance.

In the forthcoming sesquicentennial celebration of our national capital, a pageant is to be put on and the principal character will be the father of his country. So playwright Paul Green is trying to find somebody to take the part. He's hunting for George Washington, just as Diogenes used to go around with a lantern in daytime, hunting for an honest man.

The author says he'll take anybody, a farmer, a lawyer, a hod-carrier - or even an actor. So here's your chance fellows, if you fit the following specifications: "The man to play George Washington," says author Paul Green, "must be a rugged, heavy, almost craggy person. He must be at times a jovial character, at other times he must be deadly serious. He should have big hands, a big featured face, with wide spaced, level and penetrating eyes. His voice must have authority, for Washington always spoke with

WASHINGTON 2

such a voice."

So there you are - all you have to do is look like Washington crossing the Delaware. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The best thing, I guess, would be to give yourself a tryout in front of a mirror. The maybe small yourself a tryout in front of a mirror. The maybe small think you'd do better as Napoleon or Caesar. How about you, Nelson?