

KOREA I.I.-P. & Y. Friday, June 8, 1951.

All day today, American cannon hurled a barrage of shells upon a road in Korea - the highway connecting Kumhwa and Chorwon. Those two places are the anchor points of the Iron Triangle of the Reds. The line of communication is vital for the enemy, and the highway was cut - by a roadblock of artillery shells.

The news from the warfront is heavily censored, but it indicates that the Reds may have abandoned Chorwon. Which, in turn, would likely mean that they will pull out of their iron triangle -- that three-cornered plateau which has been their great staging ground. Aerial reports indicate enemy movements northward, as if - evacuation.

The supposition is that the Reds may try to establish a new defense line based on Wonsan, ~~This~~ is up in North Korea, a little below the Red capital of Pyongyang. A withdrawal to the Wonsan line would mean - a long Red retreat.

MARSHALL

Secretary of State Acheson declared today that he knows of no peace developments in the Korean war - and understands that Secretary of Defense Marshall went to the battlefield merely to look over military operations. There are speculations that Secretary Marshall may have flown to Korea to discuss a "new directive" with Supreme Commander Ridgway. Such a "new directive" might have political implications. But the Secretary of State would not confirm any of these surmises

VOGELER

Robert Vogeler tells his story. The American telephone executive imprisoned for nearly a year and a half in Red Hungary declares that the confession of espionage that he made at his trial was false, ~~in his words~~ ~~rubbish.~~ He says the whole tale of complicated spy work ~~was~~ extorted from him by torture.

Vogeler, whose release was procured in April, has been recuperating from his harrowing ordeal.) Now he has recovered sufficiently to talk about it, and today he told the story at a National Press Club luncheon in Washington. Beside him sat his attractive blonde wife, who waged a desperate one-woman battle to procure his freedom.

Vogeler said he was in Red Budapest on commercial business alone, dealing with affairs of his telephone company. Then he was seized on November Eighteenth, Nineteen Forty-Nine, and rushed to the dread head quarters of the secret police, where he was questioned for seventy-two hours without sleep.

They gave him coffee and cigarettes, which contained strong stimulants, said he. Once he was slugged. Then he was dumped naked into a tub of ice water. They charged him with being a spy, and immediately began what Vogeler today called "a horrible mental torture." (They ~~xxxx~~ told him that the American legation in Budapest would not ask about him.) At the sixtieth hour of the inquisition he began to have hallucinations -- and, in the end, he collapsed and fell from his chair.

They let him have an hour-and-a-half of sleep, under what he ~~xxxx~~ calls - an "excrutiatingly strong" light. Then he was awakened, and cross-examined again. He was taken before the Red Attorney General, who told him that eighty people had testified against him. Which was followed by what Vogeler calls - "the real mental torture." The Chief of the Red Secret Police told him that his government was not interested in him.

This was followed by twelve days, during which he was given much coffee and little food, and

questioned repeatedly. Then he was kept in a small, damp, cold cell and for ten days he got nothing but black bread and water. "I lost contact with reality", he said today. He felt "lost, abandoned."

Based on personal experience, Robert Vogeler gave the following explanation of those Red confessions. "There comes a time," said he, "when a person is faced with the utter futility of not complying with their demands. He believes that he is abandoned, that he will be killed in any case, that an alleged confession will appear anyhow - and so he signs the rubbish placed before him."

He signed the rubbish, and repeated it at his trial. Today he stated the lesson to be learned from his ordeal. He said: "No price is too dear to pay for our way of life."

DIPLOMATS

(The mystery of the missing British diplomats is only deepened - by telegrams from them.) Today the London Foreign Office released messages their families got yesterday.

(One, to the mother of Guy Burgess, reads as follows: "Terribly sorry for my silence. Am now embarking on a long Mediterranean holiday. Do forgive." signed Guy.

A telegram to the mother of Donald MacLean goes this way: "I am quite all right. Do not worry. Love to all."

A wire to his American born wife says: "Had to leave unexpectedly. Sorry Darling."

These telegrams were filed in Paris) and that would seem to be that - the two diplomats going off suddenly, leaving their jobs at the British Foreign Office without notice. Bound for a ~~Mediterranean~~ Mediterranean holiday."

But here's the strange thing. The originals of the telegrams, addressed to their families, are not

in their handwriting. In Paris, the French police had no trouble in locating the originals, and all three telegrams are in the handwriting of a third party, another man. The search is now on for him.

~~Of course, it's possible that the two truant officials might have had someone else go to the telegraph office and write out the messages to be wired.~~ But there is a supposition that the two have met with ~~some~~ foul play, of some sort or other. This notion could well be supported by another perplexing fact. It has been found that MacLean and Burgess were on a cross-channel steamer, which put in at the French port of St. Marlowe. They disappeared from the boat, their luggage left in the cabin.

More and more the London Foreign Office is inclined to discount the surmise that MacLean and Burgess, both of whom had access to high level secrets, may have gone to Soviet Russia - deserting to the world behind the Iron Curtain. Close colleagues of the two diplomats ~~state~~ declare that, of recent years, the political opinions of both had grown increasingly

conservative, a swing to the right - the opposite of any left wing inclination.

~~They have been close friends for years, having met at Cambridge, and kept in correspondence all through their diplomatic service. Both belong to the same private club - and it is an odd detail that both, recently, had trouble with the management of the Club.~~

Burgess ^{when} ~~had a ~~serious~~ nervous breakdown a year ago, and this could well tie in with a revelation about one angle of his career in the United States, when he was attached to the British Embassy in Washington, He was recalled after the Governor of Virginia put in a complaint ~~about~~ about him - Burgess arrested three times in one day for traffic violations, and claiming diplomatic immunity each time.~~

The case has brought about the greatest manhunt in European history. It is estimated that between ten and fifteen thousand searchers are on the job -- secret police, agents of counter-espionage,

undercover workers of every sort. The French counter-espionage is reported to have released every available agent for full-time work. Every railroad station, harbor, airport, frontier post, is being watched. Hundreds of ~~his~~ photographs have been distributed throughout France, and the Paris Secret Police are searching bistros and hotels. London has asked the cooperation of the police in every west European country - in the hunt for the head of the American ~~shop~~ ~~is~~ department of the British ^{Foreign} office and his companion, a Foreign Office expert on Far Eastern Affairs.

KNIGHTS

Here's a spectacular variation on the old theme of -- kill the umpire! It comes from Italy, the ancient city of Arezzo (Ah-ray-tso) where each year they hold a medieval tournament - with knights in the full armor of the days of Chivalry, tilting against each other.

This goes back to the year twelve hundred and eighty-nine, when Arezzo had a famous warrior-bishop. The city was at war with Florence, and Bishop Count Ubertini led the Knights of Arezzo, and died in battle. So, every year thereafter his exploits have been celebrated with a tournament - teams of knights in full panoply, shining helmets, breast plates, battle axes, and fifteen foot spears.

The traditional combat was held again today, with three hundred knights on each side. They rode against each other in teams, and everything went off according to form - until the judges announced the decisions, proclaiming the winners. The losing teams roared in protest, and went storming to the

Judges' stand - helmeted knights with battle axes
and spears.

The local police tried to intervene - and
were in danger of being beheaded by battle axes, or
impaled on fifteen foot lances. They had to call
the federal police, who arrived in jeeps. Which did
the trick - the modern military jeep being more than
a match for the armored knight of old. The disgruntled
warriors were herded away - muttering in their helmets.

Medieval version of - kill the umpire, ^{that is} and
do it with battleaxes and spears!

CONTROLS

Today brought a sharp congressional demand for modification of the rollback of beef prices.

The Agriculture Committee of the House states that if this demand is not met, the committee will propose legislation to exempt livestock from the price ceilings. It's an ultimatum - with a two-day deadline.

All this followed a statement from price Stabilizer DiSalle, who said he was standing firm on the rollback order. The committee contention is that the price regulation is causing the beef shortage.

PLANES

Eight jet planes crashed -- at Richmond, Indiana. The series of accidents occurred in an electrical storm. Three pilots lost their lives. A flight of thirty-five jets caught in the thunderstorm, Two crashed within the city limits of Richmond, six others in the surrounding country.

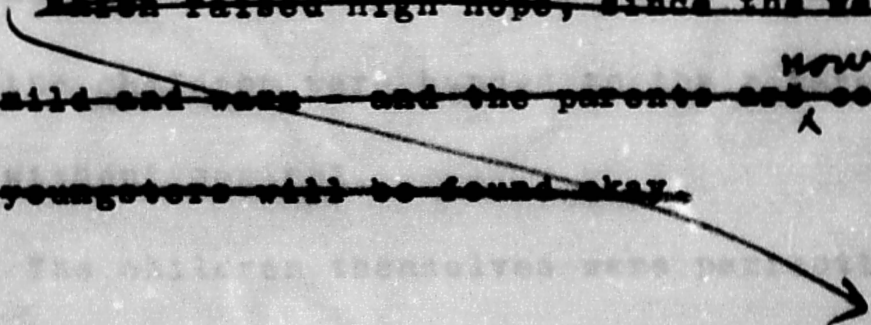
CHILDREN

News from the Sangre De Christo mountains, that rugged romantic range in wild parts of Colorado and New Mexico. Today two Indians, on their hands and knees, were scanning the dusty ground in an area of brushwood, and saw three pairs of ~~footprints~~ tiny human footprints, the tracks of three children. Which raised high hopes of finding the youngsters, who disappeared ~~in~~ yesterday from a picnic in the mountains - two boys, seven and three years old, and a girl of five. Their parents took them for an outing, and they wandered off - lost.

The police issued a call for volunteer searchers, ~~and the response was so great that the narrow road was lined with automobiles, bumper to bumper. Last night more than two hundred people, with flashlights, combed the wilderness of brushwood, and powerful searchlights threw brilliant beams into the wasteland.~~

~~But~~ Best of all were two Indian trackers, who had enlisted - Redskins retaining the ancient

hunting lore of the aborigines, skilled in ~~tribal~~
~~ways~~ of picking up and following a trail, ~~the two~~
~~Indian trackers went searching~~ often on their hands
and knees, ~~to pick up a sign on the ground.~~ Today
they found what they were looking for - three sets
of small footprints, the tracks of the missing
children. ~~Which raised high hope, since the weather~~
~~has been mild and warm and the parents are confident~~
~~that the youngsters will be found okay.~~



now
A

FOLLOW CHILDREN

All of which leads to a deliriously happy ending. The three children have been found - picked up by a party of soldiers in the search. By this time ^{the} posse of child-hunters had swelled to five hundred, including the Governor of New Mexico. The soldiers wrapped the youngsters in military field jackets, in which the children were handed to their parents, who ^w kept without control.

The children themselves were perfectly happy. "I took good care of Janet and Steve," said seven year old Larry. "We slept in a hollow log last night." He admitted that they heard the searchers but hid away from them. "We were afraid to yell, because we thought they were big gorillas," said Larry.

"We had a good time," little Janet told one of the soldiers. But Larry said they really kept moving. "Because" said he, "the bears were up there, they just keep after you."

GAME

From Hamilton, Ontario - a mathematical story. We all know that math can be a trial and tribulation, not to mention a ~~st~~ pain in the neck - but this brand of calculus was much to the point.

The police arrested two men who were running a lottery wheel at a carnival. They seized the wheel - and did the scientific thing. The cops took the gambling device to the University of Toronto, and turned it over to the professors of mathematics. They - to investigate the contraption, and report on the odds, the ~~xxx~~ chances of winning. So here's the verdict.

Using Algebra, calculus and the mathematics of probability, the professors found that the odds *against* ~~on~~ winning even the smallest prize were - one hundred million to one. As for the major prizes, these ~~were~~ - three hundred million to one. That's the mathematics, and you see the chance you have of winning at gambling.

So, stay away from lottery wheels - and one-armed bandits too. They are manufactured only to win for the house. Are you