

ADD SEARCH L.J.P. & G. Friday, Nov. 18, 1949.

This evening General Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, ordered the grounding of all B-29s that have not had their engines modernized or have been subject to stress and strain in recent operations. This followed the crash of a superfortress in Florida, as it was taking off to participate in the search for the B-29 forced down. Which, after the collision of the two superfortresses in California, came as a climax to several days of bad luck for the giant bombers.

SEARCH

This afternoon, a B-29 search plane reported sighting a yellow object on the sea - Two Hundred and Forty Miles northeast of Bermuda. The pilot said he thought it might be a liferaft - from the B-29 forced down on the ocean, day before yesterday. Then he lost sight of the yellow object, and was circling, trying to find it again. This follows the sighting last night of what were believed to be signal flares - ^{with} ~~and~~ hope ~~was~~ renewed in that greatest of air searches over the ocean.

The hunt has been narrowed to an area of some Two Hundred and Fifty Miles each way, and there the search for survivors is being pressed, though the weather is bad, with low visibility.

~~One of the planes in the rescue attempt came to disaster today - and it was another B-29. At Tampa, Florida, a big bomber was taking off when a motor caught fire. Five Lives Lost, while Four men escaped from the flaming crash.~~

~~Add to all this the collision in the air of two~~

BRIDGES

In the San Francisco trial of Harry Bridges, the usual noise and turmoil. This afternoon the lawyer for the union boss of West Coast longshoremen made his opening statement, and shouted a series of violent charges. He centered his fire on the union elements opposed to Bridges, and cried: "They hired murderers to kill Bridges, and we will show that murderers did, in fact, kill a C I O organizer in New Orleans."

Whereupon the Judge intervened, and told him to stick to the question ~~■~~ at issue - whether or not, Harry Bridges committed perjury in stating under oath that he was not a communist.

There was a laugh in court, when the first government witness, a naturalization officer, made identifications, and was called upon to point out J. R. Robertson, a co-defendant on trial with Bridges. The witness without hesitation identified the defense lawyer, which produced a roar.

MARITIME

A wireless message went out today to crews of American ships -- telling them to hurry back and save their union from the Reds. For the past two days there have been raging disturbances in the maritime union, with Red elements trying to take over.

Last night union President Curran presided over a stormy meeting, in which he got a vote against the Communists -- the Reds thereupon holding a rally of their own. They are able to get away with a lot, because many anti-Communist union sailors are at sea. Hence the message today, maritime President Curran sending a wireless to American ships, *in which he said: -* "The attempted Communist revolution in the National Maritime Union has begun."

Curran urged all members to get leave as soon as their ships dock in New York and join in the defense of union hiring halls from what are called -- "The Red Goons."

BISHOP MANNING

Bishop Manning died this afternoon - the Eighty-Three year old retired bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church. He held that high office for Twenty-Five years, and won renown as a crusader in Christian causes. He was ill for a week, and gradually sank until the end, late this afternoon.

SECURITY

A dispatch from Washington brings up a point that was bound to develop in the trend of union labor winning welfare ^{arrangements} ~~plans~~ in various industries. John L. Lewis led off with a welfare fund for the miners, and now the steel workers union has put through a program of pensions and insurance.

Today's Washington dispatch states: "Some government officials are alarmed that labor's drive for company financed pensions may seriously damage the administration plan to liberalize the Social Security System."

~~The belief is expressed that employees thus protected by arrangements between industry and the unions may become indifferent to Social Security provided by the government, and therefore may not fight so hard for federal benefits. The dispatch states that one high official has already suggested to President Truman that a special commission be appointed to study the matter - how industry - union security may affect government Social Security.~~

It is argued that these industry-union arrangements provide protection for only some of the workers, such as are highly unionized. Other categories of employees are left out, and have to look to the government for Social Security.

To which you might answer - yes, only some are protected, ~~but there is that much gained.~~ An increasing amount of security provided by industry would diminish the number depending on government Social Security. If the ^t trend continues, ^{d, then social security} ~~these would be~~ of the governmental variety would be reduced to a minimum.

Here are a few figures. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has already given its approval to some Thirteen Thousand company pension and profit-sharing plans. Three years ago, Nineteen Forty-Six, it was estimated that Three and a Half Million workers were thus protected. Right now, the estimates run as high as Eight Million workers. Multiply that figure by numbers for families, and you get a considerable percentage of

the population.

But the business of industry-union security for workers does not please everybody - and this includes people in Washington. Advocates of government Social Security are worried. Today's Washington dispatch states: "Some government officials would like to see the pension field restricted to the Federal Government." Sounds like a real bureaucrat *speaking.*

T D A
~~Well, it's all one special angle of~~ clashing political philosophies. One side saying - have the government do it. The other side arguing - have anybody but the government do it.

CROMMELIN

That embattled Navy pilot, Captain Crommelin, to the attack again today. ~~During his war career, he might be hit by anti-aircraft shellfire, and blasted by enemy fighter planes, but he'd always go winging back with guns blazing - and so it is in his campaign against unification, the way the Navy is being treated. Today~~ he made a demand that he be given a court martial, put on trial before ^a Navy tribunal.

When he was reprimanded sternly and severely, a week or so ago, for disclosing a letter written by admirals, he was told that he could make a reply - if he so desired. Well, he did desire, and today replies with a cannonade. In a long statement addressed to the new Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Sherman, Captain Crommelin declares that the reprimand was in violation of Naval regulations. The correct thing, he argues, was a court-martial. So now he wants the rebuke to be cancelled, removed from the records. If not, he asks for a chance to explain his actions in a trial before a Navy tribunal.

Along with this, Captain Crommelin states that two members of Congress, Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin and Representative Sutton of Tennessee, have offered to serve as his defense lawyers - if he is court-martialled.

U.N.

The United Nations has just imposed an arms embargo on Albania and Red Bulgaria, until they stop helping Communist guerrillas in Greece. In spite of bitter Soviet opposition, this action was carried by an overwhelming vote in the general assembly. The two Red satellites have been fomenting Communist revolution in Greece, and now the U.N. forbids the shipment to them of any military equipment, until they amend their ways.

MARRIAGE

The Vice-President got married today - bringing to a successful conclusion a romance that has had almost as much publicity as a Presidential election. At St. Louis the Seventy-One year old bridegroom was united to a Thirty-Eight year old bride - and Mrs. Carlton Hadley becomes Mrs. Alben Barkley. It was a small, quiet wedding, with only family and close friends attending - and the newsmen.

The ceremony went off without a hitch, except for the hitching - though the bride was a few minutes late at the church, and the V.P. fumbled things a bit as he took the oath of office - I mean the wedding vows. As the solemn lines were prescribed by Dr. Ivan Lee Holt, Methodist Bishop of Missouri, the Veep got a little mixed up on the phrase - "Till death do us part." He had to repeat it all over again, but finally got it straight.

The newlyweds are now off on their honeymoon, and Vice-President Barkley names the place as - Shangri-la. Well, when General Jimmy Doolittle bombed

MARRIAGE.....2

Tokyo, President Franklin D. Roosevelt used that expression - Shangri-la. In "The Lost Horizon,"
Shangri-la is in Tibet ^{from whence} and I've just come ~~from there,~~
~~with a broken leg. Not that that means anything. We~~
^{we} found Buddhist monks, the Dalai Lama, polygamy and
polyandry. But I'm getting ^{off my subject} ~~all mixed up. So~~

Congratulations, Mr. Vice President, on your honeymoon at Shangri-la.

There is, however, no report of wedded bliss to be made on Mayor O'Dwyer of New York - neither wedding nor bliss. He too has been chased by headlines - engaged, as he is, to ex-model Sloan Simpson, ^{he} ~~Fifty-Nine~~, she ~~Thirty-Three~~. They went up to Saratoga Springs, New York, and the news men trooped along - expecting a wedding. But no dice - all they got was a bawling out.

His honor was irked by the way the bloodhound pack of reporters pursued him and his fiancee, and today he told them - either you go or I go. He went - or at least he tried to. The ultimatum resulted in his honor summoning an airplane to fly him away. But the weather

MARRIAGE.....3

was too bad, and the plane couldn't fly. So at last reports Mayor O'Dwyer was still at Saratoga Springs with his fiance - and the newspapermen.

CATTLE

Over in England, a prisoner faced the judge today, charged with an offense you could hardly imagine. This was at Oxford, where the ancient university stands in the venerable tradition of classical studies of Latin and Greek. But the crime was something entirely novel, brand new. The prisoner was charged with - putting false teeth in a cow.

(Sounds like a twist of the welfare state in England, where false teeth are free. There may not be so much food to chew, but, anyway, they get the teeth. So did the cow - although even the Labor Government never imagined that socialized medicine would ever go so far as to provide a new set of molars for bossy ~ so that she could chew the cud.

However, it was nothing like that.) The case at venerable Oxford concerned a cattle dealer, who took middle aged cows, and replaced the teeth that show ^{a cow's} ~~the~~ age. You know how a cattle dealer looks at the mouth of a cow to tell how old she is. This rogue simply put in false teeth of a kind to make the cow seem like a heifer.

CATTLE....2

In this way he fixed up and sold ~~Nine~~ fraudulent heifers -- and to the government, ~~M~~aking matters worse he got some ~~Thirteen Hundred Dollars~~ from the ministry of food - and today faced a sentence in jail, ^{— —} in the case of the cows' false teeth.

BOY

In Brooklyn, a runaway spent the night in what certainly was the nearest thing to heaven. He's a Thirteen Year Old, and paradise ^{to him} was the sumptuous toy department of a big department store.

An inquiry today disclosed that Angelo Cruz, living with his parents in a Brooklyn tenement, set out to go roaming, ^{all on} ~~with~~ a couple of dollars his mother had given him. The first night he slept in the subway, and then yesterday afternoon ^{he} wandered into Brooklyn's Million Dollar department store, Namm's. ^{There he} ~~he~~ headed for the toy department, and what he saw ~~there~~ was a pageant of delight - Namm's having put on a most elaborate exposition for Christmas, toys without end. Angelo looked and gaped, and thought - ^{how} ~~it would be~~ wonderful to play with all those toys!

He figured this might be done - at night, when everybody was gone. Moreover, it would be a lot better to spend the night in this paradise - instead of a subway. So he hid himself away, and in due time the busy department store became empty, everybody going, the

place closed up.

Whereupon Angelo proceeded to have fun. He went through the fabulous displays of toys, sitting on the floor and playing with electric trains and fire engines putting on boxing gloves, taking practice swings with baseball bats - everything. Then he noticed the department for boys' clothes, hundreds of new suits hanging up. He tried on a couple, seeing how he looked.

Well, all good things come to an end, and after a while Angelo grew tired, and thought about a place to sleep. But first he put all the toys he had played with back in their places - and he got into his own old, shabby trousers and coat, hanging up the new suits he had been trying on, placing them carefully where he had found them.

He noticed the furniture department, and there he stretched out on a big comfortable overstuffed lounge. They found him asleep when the store opened this morning.

The police promptly sent him back to his home and parents - after that Brooklyn boy had spent the night in the nearest thing to heaven.

MULE TRAIN

There seems to be a song called "Mule Train". I never heard it, but Leonard Eilers did - and now! Today in Wisconsin, he was on trial for hearing "Mule Train" Four Hundred and Eighty One times.

The evidence showed that at Beaver Dam, he went from one juke box to another, playing his favorite piece of music over and over and over. In one tavern they finally threw him out - the same thing in another tavern. Even the bartender couldn't stand it any longer.

In the third tavern playing "Mule Train," he used up Fifteen Dollars' worth of coins. - Stubborn as a mule. This time, the bartender was about to scream - driven to such a state of distraction that he called the police, Whereupon it was found the music lover had swiped Eighty Dollars from a room-mate in Milwaukee - so that he could go on his "Mule Train" spree.

Well, matters were settled in court today, the defendant put on probation. The judge made him take the pledge. "Repeat after me," said his honor, "I swear I

MULE TRAIN....2

will stay out of taverns during probation and will not play "Mule Train" on the juke box." The pledge duly taken, the prisoner released. So now he'd better take up something more classical, like Chopin's "Prelude in E Flat Major." ^{But} You won't find that in the juke boxes.

WORDS

This next item should be recited with beautiful words - because that's what it's about. In the ^{diminutive} news magazine ~~named~~ ^{it} "Quick" tells how a professor named Mario Pei, author of a book called "Story of Language", took a poll of writers, asking them for a list of words they thought the most beautiful. Two lists, in fact - one American, the other British.

So here are the words American authors picked as the sweetest of sounds. They selected - lullaby, dawn, murmuring, tranquil, luminous, golden, melody.

The choice of the British is different. They selected - carnation, azure, moon, heart, silence, shadow, April.

In the American list the consonant "L" is featured, five words out of seven - lullaby, tranquil, luminous, golden, melody.

The British list goes in more for sibilants - like azure, shadow, silence, carnation. Maybe a reflection of the more resonant character of American English, as compared with English English.

There's also a selection of ugliest words, and here are the horrible examples - gangrene, scam, guzzle, jazz, cacophony, gripe, spinach. Ugly words with ugly meanings - unless you consider jazz beautiful, or maybe you like spinach. But there's one word on the list that makes me wonder. The meaning is ugly - but is the sound so harsh? Forget the big significance and consider merely the pure sound, and what's ugly about - gangrene? The syllables are, in themselves, harmonious - gangrene.

Names of disease are odious, but some are truly mellifluous. What, for example, is more lovely sounding than - influenza? Forget the fever and the shivers, the coughing and sneezing, and you might imagine a fair girl named - influenza. And the ringing syllables of gangrene, and you might have a poem.

"How sweet the gangrene of your voice,

My lovely Influenza."

Carry on from there -
~~Confidential, tent to in~~ Nelson?