

CRASH L.T.-P+G.M.M. Dec 31 - '51.

The first clue about that missing C- Forty Six, on a flight from Pittsburgh to Buffalo, with forty aboard, came today when a bedraggled, weary tan and white bull terrier trotted out of the woods to the home of G. E. McClintock near Salamanca, in south-
New York, ^{state.} A little later George Albert of Miami, a survivor, struggled out to nearby Sawmill Run with word that thirteen of those aboard ~~had~~ survived, when the C- forty six crashed in the Alleghanies. Tonight rescue teams are pushing through the forest on their way to the wreckage, -- and ^{the} survivors at a remote spot in Catteragus County, New York. →

ADD CRASH

The plane is down near the top of a remote ridge known as "Buck Tooth Run"^{- near Olean, N.Y.} Late word tells of snowplows and trucks clearing a path for ambulances, doctors and nurses. The first messages sent back by radio from the scene were urgent. "We can't move ~~from~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ the survivors until the doctors arrive! rush blood plasma!" George Albert, the survivor who trudged for miles to reach help, was exhausted and almost ~~incoherent~~ incoherent. However, he was able to gasp out the names of the survivors, and he described how they had managed to build fires and survive those bitter days and nights in the snow.

AIR FORCE PLANE

Still no word of the missing air force C - 47 with 27 aboard, including nineteen west Point cadets ^{who were} on their Christmas vacation. The only clue comes from a mining engineer in the Apache mountains of Northern Arizona who claims to have heard a big plane flying low in that area. There is also no news of the [^]F - 51 fighter missing on a flight from California to Texas.

The Civil Air Patrol reports finding the wreckage of a plane on the summit of Mount Baboquivari, southwest of Tucson, which may be the F-Fifty One.

ADD CRASH

Late word from Phoenix. The search for the C-Forty-Seven is now centered on the Superstition Mountain Range, east of Phoenix, where a search plane observer has glimpsed the wreckage. However, it is unlikely that either ground search parties or plane will reach the scene until tomorrow.

STRICKEN SHIP

Here is a wild story of the sea.

Some faint signals were picked up today from the freighter "Flying Enterprize." The message came from the ship's youthful skipper, Hendrik Kurt Carlsen, the only man aboard. Captain Carlsen told how The Flying Enterprize was hit by that weekend storm. At the time the vessel was off the south coast of Ireland. He says she rolled up to eighty degrees. While he radioed ~~me~~ for help, the crew and passengers were taken off by passing vessels. The skipper decided to stay with ~~his~~ his ship. Which seemed foolhardy. But there he is. The faint radio message picked up from him today said: "I'll either take her ir, or see her down."

The story has a happy ending. Tonight a destroyer and a naval transport are standing by. The heavy seas are going down. And it ~~me~~ looks as though all will be well with The Flying Enterprise and her stout young skipper, Henrik Kurt Carlsen.

MAIL

(For the third day ~~running~~, the Pan Mun Jom liaison tent was turned into a post office, today. The Reds brought along three parcels of mail, [^] nine hundred and eighty letters, from Allied prisoners of war in Korea.) In exchange ^{they were} ~~we~~ handed over a ~~max~~ package of mail ~~from the States~~ including three letters for Major General William Dean. No matter how the Korean peace talks may be held up ~~it seems proof~~ of that old adage ^{seems to be getting} "The mail must get through", with New Year's greetings to ^{the prisoners} ~~our P.W.s~~ from the folks at home.

CHURCHILL

From Southampton comes word that Winston Churchill is finally on his way for ~~the~~ his meeting with President Truman.

Mr. Churchill was scheduled to sail two days ago on the Queen Mary. Then came the great storm and the trouble with the ship's huge anchor, with Churchill patiently waiting in his suite with his staff of top-level advisors, including Anthony Eden and Lord Cherwell, head of the British Atomic Research. Finally this morning all was ready. Or so it seemed. But the Fates held still another card.

Just five minutes before the big liner was to sail, the crew spread the word - "no leave - no trip!" Because of the lightning turn around, the seamen had been prevented from getting shore-leave. So they started ashore! Union officials hurried to the wharf imploring the men to return. Which they finally and reluctantly did.

Just as the gangway ~~was~~ was about to be pulled in word came that diplomatic pouches were being

rushed from London, by "King's messenger." However, the "King's messenger" didn't make it. The post-haste journey must have been too much for him. Hurrying through the gates of the pier, the King's messenger collapsed. A note of tragedy in the high drama of the Churchill departure for America.

General Sir Brian Robertson, British Middle East Commander, is back in the Canal Zone following talks with his Prime Minister in London. He brought Churchill's answer to that newspaper article: "We will uphold our position in the Canal Zone and it would be a great mistake for anyone to imagine that progress and terrorism will in any way affect our resolve!" So says John Bull.

The first Egyptian nationalist attack following the newspaper announcement has been made against the British Brigadier commanding the Israeli division. A bomb was thrown at the windshield of his car, but the driver was injured.

CAIRO

In Cairo today the extremist newspaper, Al Misry ran a banner front-page ad-reading: "A thousand pounds for anyone who will kill Lt. General Sir George Erskine, British Commander in the Suez Canal Zone." The paper also offered "one hundred pounds for the death of any British officer."

Meanwhile, General Sir Brian Robertson, British Middle East Commander, is back in the Canal Zone, following talks with his Prime Minister in London. He brought Churchill's answer to that newspaper ad: "We will uphold our position in the Canal Zone and it would be a great mistake for anyone to imagine that pressure and terrorism will in any way affect our resolve!" So says John Bull.

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MOSCOW

High revelry in Moscow tonight. As a matter of fact it's already after midnight in Moscow. New Year's Eve, is the time of the traditional winter carnival in Russia, with skating and dancing on the ice, blazing bonfires and winter sports. However, it seems the ~~mm~~ carnival has had to be cancelled this year because of - the weather. We learn that Moscow is in the grip of a warm spell, extremely mild, and that there is no snow today, which certainly doesn't sound like Moscow in mid-winter. Here in the Adirondacks at the Lake Placid Club, and all around in this north country there is plenty of ice for skating and lots more snow than in frigid Moscow, Apparently.

However, the Soviets have been painting their town Red, in more senses than one. A late dispatch tells of hotels and restaurants booked solid for the New Year celebration, with more than enough champagne and Vodka. The Russian Santa Claus - they call him "Grandfather Frost" - is King tonight, or

Czar, or super-Commissar, at this the beginning of their mid-winter holiday. The Russian Reds almost disregard Christmas and concentrate on tonight. The department stores also reported an eleventh hour rush on New Year gifts, fancy ~~groceries~~ groceries, and decorations for trees. All of which sounds somewhat capitalistic for the Communist Utopia. Here is Pravda's Happy message for Nineteen Fifty Two - "the year will pass, and happy Communism will triumph on earth."

It would take lots of vodka to convince the millions in the Russian slave labor camps of that!

FRANCE ESCAPE

France reports a sensational prison break. The fugitive -- a bogus Belgian Count, convicted in a weird affair called the "Espionage murder." He was awaiting the guillotine at the city of Amiens -- when, together with another doomed murderer, he broke out of jail in a fantastic episode of escape.

The crime was a weird headline a few years ago, when the body of a beautiful French noblewoman, the Countess Sauty De Chalon, was found on the Brussels - Paris highway. This led to the arrest of a man who called himself Count Leon Meurant. It turned out later that the title was ^afraudulent_^. He had taken the Countess Sauty De Chalon on a motor trip from Brussels, bound for Paris.

They were on a mission, he declared -- a mission of espionage. He said that both he and the Countess were spies in the employ of Soviet Russia working under the direction of an espionage boss whom

he called the "small mongolian;" A sinister individual, who gave him orders to take the countess to Paris. She -- having in her possession important secret documents. The "small mongolian" accompanied them intending to get possession of the documents. In doing so, he strangled the Countess, and threw her body out on the highway -- between Brussels and Paris.

This ^{weird} ~~astounding~~ story was backed by no evidence at all, and the French police were unable to find any sign of the "small Mongolian."

The investigation dragged on for several years, and then the bogus Count was tried and convicted for the murder. Sentenced -- to be guillotined.

The method of escape today was equally remarkable. The criminal in the "espionage murder" was chained in a cell, which he shared with another doomed killer -- also chained. A special guard was assigned to watch them at all times. But there were certain amenities and the two condemned were having a card game with the

guard -- playing cards through the bars of the cell door. They were deep in problems of aces, kings, and queens -- when the bogus count drew a pistol, and held up the guard. At the same time his companion ⁱⁿ of the cell reached out and took the guard's keys. With these they unlocked their chains and the cell door -- made a dash to the prison office, and held up other guards, forcing them to open the prison gates. Reports are that a couple of bicycles had been placed outside awaiting them -- and on these they went pedalling away.

Signs of outside help in the jail break!

Somebody plotting the escape -- maybe that "small mongolian."

UNCLE SAM

A controversy^{is} on between Chicago and Troy, New York. And, in the middle is -- Uncle Sam. Shall he get a new suit of clothes -- and a shave? It is hard to think of Uncle Sam in a double-breasted business suit, with a chin as smooth as an advertisement for a safety razor. But this is what Chicago wants him to be like. A Windy city newspaper is holding a contest for a picture of your Uncle, offering a prize for a portrait that will reveal what the newspaper calls -- "The moral grandeur of the U.S.A." The editors don't think the moral grandeur requires the red, white and blue suspenders, the star-spangled vest-- and chin whiskers.

Troy, New York, disagrees -- Troy being the city that invented the name of "Uncle Sam." The Chamber of Commerce there has adopted a resolution -- protesting against the Chicago attempt to put Uncle Sam into a ready-made suit and steer him to the nearest barber shop. Troy stands fast for the old tradition

and even Chicago has to make a concession.

The Editor sponsoring the contest admits that the prize might possibly be awarded to a portrait picturing the patriotic spinach, if it expresses what the Editor calls -- "Heroic characteristics and principles."

Well, I never heard of whiskers expressing "heroic characteristics and principles," except maybe in the case of the ^{Nelson,} Billy goat. ~~But~~ how do you prefer your Uncle S^{am} -- with or without whiskers?