L.J. P. Juecday, Sept. 6, 1949.
(Cliptore Fadiman.)

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Sometimes dreams come true. At the city of Strasbourg, in France, the Buropean Assembly is trying to make one come true -- The dream of a United States of Burope.

It was announced today that an Friday, a committee
will begin the planning of what is called - "a Buropean political
authority, with limited functions, but real powers." That is,
a central control body, which will not try to do too much,
but will be able to take effective action in running the affairs
of western Burope.

But they're working on something even more basic -a committee will prepare what the news dispatch calls "the
blueprint of a Buropean political union." The head of the
Committee is former Premier Bidault of France, who stated today
that his group will meet in Rome on November Thirtieth, to
begin work on a plan - a blueprint for the long time dream of

a United States of Burope. In Seventeen Eighty-Seven our own Founding Fathers forged the United States of America. Will Mineteen Forty-Nime be Burope's Seventeen Eighty-Seven?

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BRITISH

Two important visitors arrived in New York tonight, British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin, and Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Cripps -- on their way to Washington for economic talks with the United States and Canada. Upon landing from the British liner MAURETANIA, Bevin said that he and Cripps had come: -- "to win the struggle for one world." At the same time. he discounted the British-American war of words over the British economic troubles. "We are not here to blame anybody," said he, "but we are not going to let anybody else blame us. " He calls a truce in the war of words.

RUSSIAN GRAIN.

A late story from London announces a BritishSoviet deal for one million tons of Russian grain. Moscow
has agreed to ship that enormous amount of wheat, barley
and oats, payment to be made in Pounds Sterling.

Important for the British food situation -- and

DEFPER
diplomats point out a meaning. They reason that
the Soviets, involved in a cold war with the West and a
shouting a war with Yugoslavia, do not expect a shooting
war -- not if they don't mind sending one million tons of
grain out of the country.

SUBSTITUTE MANEUVERS.

In Germany, the American Army of Occupation is holding war maneuvers, in which an attack is being staged by an armoured column, theoretically the enemy. drive is being launched from the east, from the direction of the Soviet Zone -- the meaning of which is obvious. The American Command is making a study of the only military problem likely to confront the one hundred and ten thousand American troops in Germany -- war with Soviet Russia. The theoretical enemy drive toway was toward the rivers Rhine and Main, which would indicate the most likely Soviet strategy in case of war -- an attempt to drive a wedge between the Americans and the British to the north.

Many Americans have wondered what, in case of war, would happen to the American Army of Occupation in Germany. Well, that is the problem which is being studied in the present maneuvers.

In Washington today, the battle of the junket ended when Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma withdrew his maniarmatic counter-attack -- on the subject of rides in military planes.

The junket is an assistant congressional institution, free trips for legislators who go traveling on government business, more or less.

The recent uproar started when Secretary of Defense
Louis Johnson issued an edict that military planes should no
longer be used to take lammakers on flights abroad - the planes
of the Air Force having long been favorites with overseas
junkateers.

This prohibition brought forth shouts of manife; congressional wrath, with Senator Elmer Thomas among the most audible. He retorted by addressing a request to the Secretary of Defense, asking for an account of all free plane rides taken by government officials - they too involves the Jays of the junket. President Truman, himself, was included, with mention of the free plane trips the President has been taking to the

JUNKETS - 2

Little White Mouse at Key West, Florida - on vacation.

The counter-offensive produced results, Secretary of Defense Johnson giving assurance that he will issue a new order, permitting the use of military planes by Congressmen and officials who need them for legitimate travel on what is actually government business.

And so the battle of the junket ends, with Senator Thomas withdrawing his demand. Now all we need is a good definition of -- government business.

Tokyo was shaken by a violent explosion today, which at first seemed a mystery. Modern buildings in the heart of the city trembled under the shock waves, as the blast rolled in from the outskirts. A huge pillar of such rose high, and witnesses declare it looked -- "like the pictures of the atom bomb." The blast occurred in a dynamite dump at a chemical plant, and in spite of the violence, no lives were lost, apparently.

The horror of the wholesale shooting at Camden,

New Jersey, is to be blamed on the mental sickness calledparanoia. A twenty-seven year old war veteran named

Howard Unruh ran berserk, shooting everybody he encountered

-- twelve persons killed and five wounded, within twenty

minutes.

Captured, and taken to a hospital, he said this afternoon: "People were talking about me." He served as a tank gunner in the war, and later attended college, a school of pharmacy, under the G.I. Bill of Rights, but dropped out. He is described as having been a meek, timid sort of fellow, and a religious fanatic. Last night he went to a motion picture theatre, and there brooded over his imaginary wrongs, and his delusion that the neighbors were talking about him. The horrifying consequence was of a sort familiar in psychiatry, but never, according to criminal records, has a maniac murderer killed so many in so short a time.

Today in Texas, a murder mystery of the Army was solved in strange fashion, when a soldier at Fort Bliss went to his commanding officer, and told a surprising story. Private Charles Meloche, a Canadian born G.I., said that last Saturday night he had a date with a girl in El Paso. They were walking home after midnight, when they were accested by a civilian, who tried to molest the girl. A fight followed, in which the soldier knocked down the civilian, and left him lying on the street -- apparently kayoed.

Today the G.I. saw a newspaper picture of
Lieutenant Edward Helmstetter of Fort Bliss, described as
the victim in a murder mystery that had army Intelligence
baffled. On Sunday morning, the dead body of Lieutenant
Helmstetter had been found on the street, bruised and
beaten. The Lieutenant was in civilian clothes, and his
picture was now recognized by the soldier, as the civilian

KILLING - 2

whom he had knocked out - as he had thought. So now Private Meloche finds that, without knowing it, he has killed an officer.

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AIRPLANE

Late news tonight reveals the narrowness of the escape of the Navy's giant flying boat, the Philippine Mary With forty-five persons aboard, Navy personnel, the huge plane was flying from California to Hawaii, when DROPPED one of its four motors broke loose -- and sent into the That happened four hundred siles from Hopelul d the Philippine Hars flow that distance with ealy t landing enfely. The late point of detail is that when the outside engine on the portside tore loose, it also burst into flames. But it dropped clear so quickly that the fire did not have time enough to spread to the wing, with its cargo of gasoline. Otherwise, the giant flying boat would have blown up in mid-air out over the Pacific.

I was lucky enough yesterday to watch the finals of the National Amateur Tennis Singles, in which twenty-one year old Bichard Gonzales successfully defended his title against Fred Schweder in a terrific and grueling five-set match which contained some of the most exciting tennis ever seen at the historic West Side Tennis Club. Both Gonzales and Schreeder are West Coast boys -- Gonzales is a Los Angeles lad, and Schreeder is from La Grescenta.

To the sunny skies and the orange juice of the great State of California, a salute for helping to produce these lion-hearted young American athletes -- axaguaxts the game and to their home state!

The season's vogue of Channel swimming came to an end today, when Shirley May France failed tomake it. The favorable time for battling across the stretch of water between the French coast and the white cliffs of Dover, has about run out and Shirley's futile attempt amounts to a bit of closing drama. It's rather remarkable that Channel swimming had such an enthusiastic revival this summer - recalling the days, twenty-three years ago. when Gertrude Ederle rose to fame. Why the new revival, with all sorts of space in the news given to the Channel swimmers of Nineteen Forty-Bine? Maybe people are tired of the long and dreary stretches of international crisis and political events -- and yearn for a bit of old-fashioned adventurousness. In any case, there was no end of hoopla, as a whole string of swimmers struck out into the waves and tides of the English Channel, with a couple of them making it - one an English boy, another a

veteran of the Belgian resistance to the Nazis.

But Shirley May France was the darling of them all, because the American girl was the youngest ever to attempt the classic swim - a seventeen year old high school pupil from Somerset, Massachusetts. It was a heart-breaker for Shirley. She had waited for long weeks, with delay after delay. With the bad weather of autumn at hand, these few days were her last chance - or she'd have to go home, without ever having tried it. So she was determined to take the plunge today, no matter what. Things looked bad. It was raining, and the wind was high. Shirley's father, who is her trainer, didn't want her to start, but Shirley insisted. "I must make a try at least, " she said, bursting into tears. If I don't the kids at school will say I was scared."

So in she plunged, - her stroke strong and steady. But soon she grew tired, and, after a few miles of bucking the Channel tides, seemed all in. Her father, who went along in a boat, tried to persuade her to quit.

But Shirley May refused, insisting that she would go on. So she did, and seemed to get her second wind. She swam to within seven miles of her goal, being in the water for ten hours and thirty-nine minutes. As she swam, she spoke to her father in the boat nearby, and said it was getting too cold for her. They gave her a drink of hot grog. Again her father asked her to give up. "No, no," screamed Shirley. She was frantically determined to go on. Her father again warned her that they'd better take her out of the water. "No, I don't want to come out," Shirley cried again and again.

At last her father grasped her, and, as she wept and protested, lifted her over the side of the boat.

It was a brave attempt by the school girl from Somerset, Massachusetts, but the angry waves and treacherous current of the English Channel have defeated swimmers older and stronger than she. And so ends this year's revival of the vogue of Channel swimming.

What's the good word tonight, Nelson?
As Lowell Thomas says, So Long Till Tomorrow.