

CRISIS

L.I. - P. + G. Friday, Oct. 15, 1948.

At the U. N. in Paris, there was one large question today -- would Vishinsky break his silence? The Soviet delegate is on a sit-down strike in the Security Council, refusing to take any part in the discussion of the Berlin Crisis - giving it the silent treatment. Today the proceedings took such form as to bring up the question, would Vishinsky talk? The answer tonight is dubious, a version of that old reply - yes or no.

The situation calculated to break down the Vishinsky silence was created by the Council's President, *the delegate from* ~~the Republic of~~ Argentina, who is leading an attempt *by* ~~the~~ small nations to work out a compromise between the Western Powers and Soviet Russia. That small Nation attempt scored a failure a couple of days ago - Vishinsky rejecting in private conversation.

TT But, the small nations are still trying, and today's effort took the form of two questions addressed to the four big powers - the United States, Great Britian, France, and Soviet Russia. One question asked for the facts

about the Soviet Hunger Blockade of Berlin, how it started and what the status was. The second query concerned the **K**remlin conferences which were held weeks ago, and which ^{were} thwarted by the **S**oviet Commander in Berlin, Red Marshal Sokolovsky, who imposed impossible conditions.

The Security Council President asked - would the Big Powers give an answer to the two questions? The American, British and French delegations immediately responded - yes, they'd be glad to. Which left it up to Vishinsky. Would he agree to an answer and thereby break the sit-down strike and the silent treatment? Would he talk?

Vishinsky delivered a harangue, waving his arms and pounding the table - his usual style of oratory. Referring to the questions propounded by the Council President, he shouted: "It is useless to think that the Soviet delegation will bite at this bait." ~~He will not be stuck by this glue which has been spread over~~

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He rattled off a lot more -- at the top of his voice.

So Vishinsky did talk today, emitting a flood of words, which really said that he wouldn't talk, wouldn't answer any questions. Continuing the sitdown strike, he asserted his own silence -- with a flood of oratory.

CORDELL HULL

Former Secretary of State Cordell Hull says that Governor Dewey's account of the origin of the bi-partisan foreign policy is incorrect - the Dewey statement that it began on the Republican side in the Forty-four election.

Cordell Hull explains that the bi-partisan foreign policy was a creation of both major parties, democratic and Republican - and by inference he criticizes President Truman's Democratic claim for the credit. To which he adds: "If these competitive claims continue they will inject partisanship into the ~~conduct~~ conduct of our foreign affairs."

POLITICS

Congress is going to investigate charges that the democratic campaign organization in Michigan is demanding - a kickback from Postmasters.

Congressman Rees, chairman of the Post Office Committee, states that he has what he calls - "definite information".

The accusation is that the big-time politicians are insisting that the democratic postmasters shall contribute part of their salaries to the Democratic campaign fund -- the kickback. Well, it's an old story. The job of postmaster, in this country is tied in closely with politics. Part of what is called - the spoils system.

In Minnesota, Governor Dewey is campaigning for Senator Ball, which seems to be something of an heroic experience. The news today tells of more tomato throwing, Senator Ball hit by a ripe tomato, part of which spattered on Mrs. Dewey's dress. That happened during a rear platform appearance. And then at the St. Paul auditorium today, when the Senator was introduced, he was greeted by a chorus ^{of} boos.

All of which is intertwined with personal angles. In the Nineteen Forty Four presidential campaign, Republican Senator Ball deserted the Dewey ticket, and came out for the fourth term of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Today Governor Dewey is responding by putting on a strenuous campaign in Minnesota - in behalf of Senator Ball, who is running for re-election, with)

His opponent ~~is~~ Mayor Humphries of ^{Minneapolis} ~~Philadelphia~~
^{The Mayor} supported by the Democrats combined with the Farmer Labor Party. Candidate Humphries is the fiery speaker who, at the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia, upset a political apple cart. He made the flaming speech that put across ^{the} platform plank on racial rights. ^{and} that wrecked a compromise between the party leadership and the southern democrats, and brought on the Dixiecrat secession - the Thurman-Wright ticket which is running against President Truman in the south.

Along with the personalities and tomatoes in ⁵ ~~Minnesota~~, we have a news dispatch from Virginia. The

Roanoke Times, one of the staunchest of democratic newspapers for long years, has come out - for Dewey. The Roanoke Times states: "The Democratic party has left us. We have not left the Democratic Party". Which sounds Dixiecrat; but, the paper declares for Dewey.

Indiana gives us a personal twister. President Truman, on a hard day of campaigning, was in the bailiwick of Congressman Charles Halleck. Continuing his assaults on Congress, the President-Candidate blasted Congressman Charles Halleck - speaking of him as both a friend and an opponent. "Charlie" said the President "is the floor leader of the Republican Party in Congress. While I like him personally, and I wouldn't want to injure him personally -- politically I would like to put him out of business."

Well, that's politics - friends on all ~~sex~~ occasions, except in an election.

FOLLOW POLITICS

The latest -- President Truman having trouble with hecklers. At Tipton, Indiana, he was making a rear platform speech - when he was interrupted by mysterious noises, raucous uproar that was drowning out the presidential voice. The squealing and shrieking emanated from a loudspeaker attached to a building beside the tracks. A secret serviceman cut the connecting wire with a pocketknife, and the disturbance came to an end -- after which the President continued his rear platform address.

POLK

This weekend the solution of an international
- the death of Geo. Polk -
Murder Mystery is to be made public - so announced
in Athens. The Greek Government is taking a party
of American Newsmen to the Ancient Port of Salonika,
where they ^{are} ~~are~~ to be given the official verdict in the
case of George Polk, ^{C.B.S.} radio correspondent, ~~for the~~
~~Columbia Broadcasting System~~

(He was killed last Spring, and since then there
have been all kinds of sensational rumors. One -
that Greek Reactionaries committed the murder. Another -
that Communists did it. The Government at Athens is
keeping silent about the solution to be made public
this weekend, but) The unofficial word is that the crime
was - Communist.

At Salonika, the Police for weeks have been
questioning a Greek newspaperman and his mother ^{who are} ~~he is~~
said to have Communist connections. George Polk's body
was found in Salonika Bay, and the theory is that he
was killed aboard a boat in the harbor. The ~~G~~reek
newspaperman, alleged to be a red, is said to have been

aboard the boat at the time.

There are puzzling angles. On Polk's body the police found his money, his watch, and some papers. But his notebook and address book were missing, and so was his Army Post Office card. This card, in fact, had been mailed to the police at Salonika. Why? There is no answer to that. But they say ~~that~~ the envelope in which the card was sent was addressed with ink similar to a kind found in the home of the mother of the Greek newspaperman under arrest.

At Polk's apartment in Athens the C B S Correspondent had a file, with news notes; - but, the most recent of the notes he had made in Greece were missing. In the apartment, a letter was found, ready to be mailed, a letter addressed to Ed Murrow, the Radio News Commentator, who was then in charge of news at C. B. S. In this letter George Polk informed Ed Murrow that he was going to make an attempt to see General Markos, the Chief of the Red Guerrillas in Norther Greece. "Most of us," he wrote, "have done an awful lot of talking about the

Markos Gang, and yet few of us have really factual information. (I've worked since December on getting to Markos's headquarters -- even blindfolded." To which which the C. B. S. correspondent added: "I would like to put Markos on the air from his secret radio station.")

So, he went on that mission; and was mysteriously murdered -- the crime surrounded by all sorts of puzzling circumstance.

At latest reports they were still trying to find the explanation of the gas attack that assailed the San Francisco Bay area today. A brisk wind was blowing from the Pacific, when in came a nauseating vapor, a sickening stench that smelled something like naphtha. All along a thirty-mile stretch of coast the gas blew in, and spread across San Francisco Bay.

At Pacific Beach people became sick. In one community the rumor was that ^{an} unknown enemy was making a gas attack. Women ^e rushed into the streets crying and carrying their children. From far and wide -- accounts of sickness and panic.

Some thought there might be gas leaks. But it was not that. You might suspect the oil refineries. But the gas attack came from the ocean. Some suspected a coastwise tanker, or a barge with refuse from a chemical plant.

Another surmise is that the nauseating gas might be from the bottom of the sea - some disruption of the ocean floor releasing bubbles of petroleum under

the pressure of natural gas. Whatever it may have been, the balmy breeze from the Pacific was no sweet perfume today.

Another innovation in the world of twentieth century aviation, along with jet planes and super-sonic speeds, has been a thing that goes back to the knights and ladies, the kings and castles of the Middle Ages. The Royal Air Force has organized a squadron of falcons. Birds that are the medieval hunting bird, the peregrine falcon.

The reason is that air bases in England are plagued by flocks of seagulls and gulls, swarms of birds that fly through the sky - and are a nuisance to the speeding fighters and bombers. When a plane goes plowing through a flock of birds, it can be dangerous.

In England, the figures as for the year show that thirteen flying accidents are blamed on birds - planes crashing, engines damaged, men's feathers flying. In England there is a way of concentrating around flying fields, and have become a nuisance to the R.A.F. base.

FALCON

From London, word of one of the newest of developments in modern air power. The British R A F reports another innovation in the realm of Twentieth Century aviation. Along with jet planes and ^{Trans- or} supersonic speeds. But it's a thing that goes back to the knights and ladies, the kings and castles of the Middle Ages. The Royal Air Force has organized a squadron of -- falcons. Birds; that is; - the medieval hunting bird, the peregrine falcon.

The reason is that air bases in England are plagued by flocks of ~~the~~ sparrows and starlings, swarms of birds that go ~~whizzing~~ ^{wheeling} through the sky -- and are a menace to the speeding fighters and bombers. When a plane goes plowing through a flock of birds, it can be dangerous.

In England, the figures ~~is~~ for the year show that thirteen flying accidents are blamed on birds -- planes crashing, planes damaged. Man's feathered friends in England have a way of concentrating around flying fields, and have become a menace to the R A F bases.

Hence the revival of the medieval sport of falconry. Fifteen birds of prey have been mobilized as a starter -- and other squadrons of falcons will be put into operation, if the plan works out.

The idea is to station falcons at air fields, and send them out on flights - to assail the swarms of other birds. The mere appearance of the falcon does the trick -- they frighten the other birds away from the neighborhood. The sparrows and starlings don't mind supersonic jet planes, but they but they keep as far away as they can from the killer with fierce beack and talons that poises on high and ~~plunges~~^{SWOODS} down on its prey.

The Twentieth Century Royal Air Force goes in for a new idea that would be well understood by the noble lords and ladies of the days when knighthood was in flower.

More about the Maharajahs of India
~~are~~ cutting down on their lavish expenditure; ~~they~~
~~are~~ worried about their future, as modernization slowly
comes to India. Some have closed their palaces, and
are living in small houses, with one or two servants.
No more ~~ceremonial elephants~~, of those fifty thousand
dollar hand made automobiles from England, with gold
plated fittings, which were once the delight of ^{nearly} every
Indian Prince ~~ing~~.

Among the new poor is the Nizam of Hyderabad, ~~and~~
~~was~~ reputed to be the richest man in the world. His
staff have instructions to scout the idea that the
Nizam is rolling in wealth. To prove it, an officer of
the household of his Exalted Highness recently issued a
statement to the press. It wasn't true, said he, that
the Nizam uses a huge uncut diamond as a paperweight.
Oh no, that paperweight is only an emerald.

TRUCK DRIVER

There's always a salute for that raw, primitive, magnificent thing called courage. So, three cheers, are in order for an Arkansas Truck driver, who tonight is nursing a few bruises - lucky that he is still alive.

E. W. Petty of Little Rock makes those long trips driving ponderous cargoes from one end of the country to the other. His latest large truck load was ^{- T.N.T. -} dynamite. At a Pennsylvania plant ^{that} manufacturing ^{the} explosives, they loaded his truck with twenty thousand pounds of ^{the stuff} dynamite, four hundred 50 ⁻ pound cases, to be delivered to Raleigh, North Carolina.

So E. W. Petty set out, rolling South on a busy Pennsylvania highway. Then he smelled something, and it was as terrifying a perfume as possible when you're driving along with twenty thousand pounds of dynamite. He smelled fire. The motor of the truck was ablaze - flames shooting out. The gas tank might go at any minute - and then the four-hundred 50 ⁻ pound cases of dynamite.

E. W. Petty wanted to get away as fast as he could ¹²

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but he was aware of all those automobiles streaming along the highway -- in danger of being blown to kingdom come, when the blast came.

So he acted fast -- to save them. He drove his truck with its blazing motor into a ditch -- jumped out and ran back to stop the traffic. He halted a car, and warned the drive - stationing him as a traffic block.

At that moment, the gas tank of the truck burst into flame -- the dynamite was ready to go off at any moment. But, there were cars coming in the other direction; and E. W. Petty took his life in his hands to halt them. He ran past the blazing dynamite truck and was lucky enough to get beyond it - waving at on-coming cars to stop.

Then the high explosive let go with a blast which the police describe as sounding - "like a hundred ^{big} bombs going off all at once." In farmhouses out across the fields, windows were shattered, ^{and} the shock was felt for a radius of ^{some} fifteen miles.

~~man~~ Petty was knocked down, flattened, battered

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and bruised by the concussion. He had a narrow escape, and so did a number of automobiles. ~~He~~ He was thinking about them - in his exhibition of raw, primitive, magnificent courage.

And now something neither raw nor primitive from you, Nelson.