

ICELAND

GE L.T.-DELCO. TUESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1958

(Given by Allan Jackson, L.T.in Africa)

That fishing war in the waters around Iceland - looks less like something out of a comic opera tonight. The first physical violence - has broken out. The Icelandic Coast Guard attacked two British trawlers today - and the reports we have, indicate some real fighting. — no shooting though

First, the Coast Guard caught up with the trawler, "Northern Foam" - when it was without its escort from the Royal Navy. The Icelanders put some men aboard the trawler - with orders to bring it into port. But the ship's radio man had already sent out an SOS. A British frigate hastened to the scene - and removed the Icelanders - in the words of the dispatch "by force." They are now aboard the frigate - which presumably will put them ashore at an Icelandic port.

In another place, the Coast Guard attacked the trawler, "Lifeguard". But this time the Icelanders were unable to put any men aboard - because they were beaten back by British crewmen using axes and clubs. The Coast Guard vessel had to pull away - with a hole in one side.

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That fishing war between Britain and Iceland - is beginning to sound like something out of a comic opera. Picture fifteen British trawlers, trailing clouds of black smoke - sailing boldly within the twelve mile limit - over which Iceland claims territorial sovereignty. With the trawlers - frigates of the Royal Navy - to protect them. Then, the Icelandic Coast Guard moving in - trying to approach the trawlers, only to have the frigates ^{head them off.} ~~back down the coast.~~ It's described as a kind of chess game - with the ships checking each other, moving to new positions, then checking each other again.

Not a shot was fired today. The Icelandic Coast Guard ~~wasn't even~~ confined itself - to shooting pictures. Tonight Reykjavik claims - its got the names and numbers of the offending trawlers. And the crews will be tried according to maritime law - which presumably means they'll be hauled into court, if the Icelandic Coast Guard can ever get past those frigates of the Royal Navy.

The British say the Icelanders on their frigate - are being treated as "guests". According to London, this is appropriate, because the men came aboard the frigate on the high seas - and not in Icelandic territorial waters. But, of course, the whole point is - that Iceland claims sovereignty for twelve miles out. And so in Reykjavik, they're calling the British ~~fish~~ fishermen - pirates.

The legal war goes on - with both sides filing complaints. Today, for the first time - the legal war was supplemented by a show of force, that may be getting close to a shooting war.

RIOTS

Today members of the MacMillan Cabinet and leaders of the opposition in the House of Commons - met in an emergency session. The subject - the race riots that have been erupting in many cities. The question before the government is - whether or not immigration from the rest of the Commonwealth should be curtailed.

Under the existing law, immigrants from Africa, Asia, and the West Indies - have been entering Britain at the rate of about seven hundred a week. They've settled mainly in the slum areas of big cities - London, Manchester, Birmingham, and so on. And one result is - competition for jobs, with the local population. Also, competition for the company of the girls in those cities.

The other half of the problem - is the "Teddy Boy" gangs - the juvenile delinquents, who make a habit of picking fights with the immigrants.

HURRICANE

~~After~~
Hurricane "Ella" belted her way across the Caribbean today. The storm hit Haiti - with winds of a hundred miles an hour. After smashing through the mountains - it picked up speed again over open water - and drove on toward Cuba. There, the big American Navy base at Guantanamo - was battered down. Three thousand sailors had been sent into underground storm shelters. Planes were hastily stored away in special hangars. And warships in the harbor - steamed out into the open sea, to ride out the big blow.

Hurricane "Ella" has been following much the same path - as Hurricane "Hazel" of Nineteen Fifty-Four. But the weathermen say there's no fear that "Ella" will do as much damage as "Hazel" - which left a billion dollars worth of ruin in its wake.

PAGEANTS

This Labor Day was marked, as usual - by colorful pageants. The two most brilliant - took place in Atlantic City and Chicago.

For Atlantic City - it was the opening of the Miss America Contest. City officials say - this search for the nation's most beautiful girl - has turned into a million-dollar-a-year industry. That's how much goes into the business - of finding candidates to represent the states and territories.

The first Miss America Contest was held - thirty-seven years ago. Each contestant brought one suit case - containing little more than a bathing suit. This time, the group brought hundreds of pieces of luggage - containing the latest fashions. Thirty-seven years ago the winner won a prize - and then went home. This year's winner will get fifteen thousand dollars worth of prizes, - a ten-thousand-dollar scholarship - and a nationwide tour worth about seventy-five thousand.

~~Chicago's~~ Chicago's pageant features - the American Legion. Fifty thousand Legionnaires, parading down Michigan Avenue - Chicago's "Magnificent Mile." Police estimate that two hundred thousand spectators - were crowded along the avenue. And the vendors of ice cream, balloons, and trinkets - have been doing better business, than at any past convention of the American Legion.

INTRODUCTION TO RECORDING:

Lowell has a musical note for us tonight - the effect of three orchestras - all playing at once - at an Arabian Nights dinner - in Aden.

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L.T.-ADEN WEDDING BANQUET

(Arab music - 10 seconds)

Hello Everybody:

A banquet where the music is provided by three orchestras, all playing at the same time, and each a different tune! Does that sound confusing? Actually it wasn't bad at all. Oriental music, at any rate to my ears, seems to blend better than I imagine our Western music ever would under similar circumstances. For instance can you imagine three orchestras at the same party, at the same time, playing "Home On The Range", "Anchors Away", and

Our three oriental musical groups were playing at an Arabian wedding - pre-nuptial banquet we attended in Aden. The complex music didn't seem disturbing at all until some bagpipes joined in. Whereupon the din, for a while, was a real cacophony.

Aden, at the southwestern tip of Arabia - the Southern end of the Red Sea - is on many sea routes, to East Africa, India and Indonesia, the Far East, and Austral-asia. A refueling stop for more ships than any other port in the world. But, because of its reputation for furnace-like heat, and its bleak forbidding appearance, travelers seldom go ashore there for more than a few hours.

Which is too bad, because Aden is one of the world's most fascinating ports, if you know some local who will take time out to show you around. Young Bill Crawford, our brilliant young State Department representative at this strategic point, and his number two Mike Sterner, and their charming wives Ginger and Coco made sure we saw everything:- a swim in the Arabian Sea on the black lava sands at The Golden Mohur Beach Club, Slave Island, the Queen of Sheba's Boat Yard, King Solomon's Gap in the

mountains, to the tops of two of the barren peaks looking down on Aden, an early evening party with top British officials and their wives on the terrace of the Governor's palace -and finally to the night - Arabian Nights - banquet on the housetop.

To get there we drove through Solomon's Gap, the cleft in the rocks, between Steamer Point and Crater, the native city with its mostly Arab, or Adenese mixed population of a hundred thousand or so.

The bride-to-be's father, one of the rich men of Aden, was giving the banquet in honor of his son-in-law to be, The Fadhli Naib, or deputy sultan of Fadhli, the Arab state on the Arabian Sea coast just east of Aden.

As we approached the section of crater where the party was to be, runners appeared out of the darkness to show us the way. The narrow streets, with their balconies and shuttered windows were jammed with cars. Mostly European.

At the street entrance to our host's building, where the night was illuminated by lights on the roof four stories up, we were officially welcomed by two members of the family. At the head of the first narrow stairs we were greeted again. And so on at the top of each stairway. Then, on the roof by the host himself, who passed us on to others who led us across the roof to a low platform where sat the guest of honor, the groom, a handsome, swarthy, young Arab prince, the Fadhli Naib, in white dinner jacket and black tie; poker faced - maybe bored with it all. But having to go through with an ancient custom. After all he already has one wife, at his palace in his own domain. Now he was taking a city wife.

Of course we didn't see her. Whenever she leaves the harem she will be veiled. But the ladies in our party stopped off to spend a little time with her where she and her girl friends were having their own feast on

the floor below. They reported that she was stunning, well-poised aden belle. Of course she will take off her veil whenever the Fadhli Naib takes her to Europe, where all rich men of these eastern cities go from time to time.

We were on the roof of the tallest building in that part of the city. Only one of the nearby barren mountains looming above us, its outlines made visible by the banquet lights.

Several hundred of us sat at small tables, the size of Western card tables. The dinner, buffet style, platters heaped with rice, whole chickens - one per person, vegetables, fruits and pastries.

Drinks? Only a well known American soft drink, in bottles. Not the one you may be thinking of. And of course Arabian coffee from nearby Mocha in Yemen, where so far as we know coffee originated.

The crowd - all men, except a dozen or so Western

women - half in European garb and half in Arabic costume. Many of them in from the wold mountains to the north and east. A few even from those mysterious skyscraper cities of Badhramout on the edge of the Rub al Khali, the great desert.

No dancing girls. A much more dignified party than you might encounter under similar circumstances at home.

(Arab music)

But the scene was like something out of the Arabian Nights and in an Arabian Nights city half as old as time. So long.

(End by bringing up Arab music)

There's a lot of hush-hush - about the air show at Farnborough, England. Farnborough is where the British send their best planes every year -/to let the public have a look at them. But this time - some items are so advanced,/they're still classified.

The main one - is Britain's first satellite rocket. It's called the "Black Knight" -/and is said to travel at Twelve thousand miles an hour. The rocket is due to be launched on Thursday -/at Woomera, Australia. But the MacMillan government is afraid -/the test may be a fiasco. That's why the Black Knight - is being kept under wraps - at ~~Farnborough~~ Farnborough.

Britain's new atom bomber - is getting the same treatment. It's parked in the hangar -/with no one allowed in, except top officials, with security clearance.

All this secrecy is causing a lot of criticism in Britain. Said one disgruntled visitor to Farnborough - "The ordinary spectator is going to see -/only the ice-cream stands."