

L.T. P.& G. FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1949.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

President Truman asks all Americans to observe Memorial Day next Monday -- by devoting an hour to prayer, starting at eleven o'clock in the morning. To pray for guidance and peace. And for the hope that mankind may attain the understanding necessary to avert wars and bring into being a world of peace.

STRIKE

Federal Conciliator Arthur Viat thinks there is a strong possibility for a quick settlement of the Ford strike. He says only minor points remain to be cleared up. So those sixty-two thousand auto workers may soon be back on the job. Also a hundred-and-six thousand others made idle by the Ford strike.

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Also in Detroit tonight, police have thrown armed guards round the homes of the leading officials of the United Automobile Workers Union. The fear being further shooting attacks. The police investigation for the world-be assassin of Victor Reuther continues. The most important clue is held to be the double-barrelled shotgun which the assailant dropped outside the window of the Reuther home.

BRIDGES

In Sanfrancisco, Harry Bridges, ~~the~~ Australian born longshore~~man~~^{na}
leader, surrendered to ^{U.S.} Federal authorities today. He is charged
with perjury and conspiracy to defraud the government ^{- giving} _^ ^{alleged}
false information to obtain U S citizenship.

NAVAJO INDIANS

Uranium in the Navajo country.

Charles Denning, head of the Arizona state mineral department, says the Navajo reservation, a part of which I crossed recently, may become the greatest source of uranium in the United States. And bring wealth to some sixty thousand Navajos. I hope they don't raise their hopes too high.

At any rate today's story tells of five uranium mines turning out some two hundred tons of ore a day with the production to be tripled in nineteen-fifty-one. All of which confirms what I reported from the Southwest and from Colorado six weeks ago.

COMMUNIST

America's number one communist, Gerhard Eisler, is walking the streets of London, a free man. Free to continue his journey to Poland or Moscow, or wherever he wants to go.

This morning at Bow Street police court, the chief magistrate dismissed the case against Eisler. The magistrate ruling that the offense for which Eisler was convicted in this country could not qualify technically as perjury in Great Britain.

Our justice department instituted the extradition proceedings on the allegation that Eisler was a fugitive perjurer. But, as the attorney representing our government at Bow Street police court could not back up the charge, the British magistrate freed the prisoner -- and Eisler swaggered defiantly from court.

Outside he was greeted by a mob of enthusiastic British Reds. They would have torn him to pieces in their enthusiasm, had not he been protected by twenty stalwart British bobbies. Cried Eisler to his friends, "I hope the United States suffers more defeats like this"

Back in this country, the Department of Justice says it will exert every effort to bring Eisler back to prison here.

But Late word from Washington tells of the State Department accepting the British magistrate's order as final, and advising the Justice Department to drop any further efforts to extradite the fugitive communist.

Senate Republican leader Kenneth Wherry views the situation in a jocular light. He says the British government has provided Uncle Sam with the least expensive way of deporting undesirables. And perhaps, says he, we can get rid of some more that way.

INTELLIGENCE

The United States Central Intelligence Agency - our spy set-up - was given new powers today, as the Senate passed a hush-hush bill, by a voice vote and after scarcely any debate. The subject too confidential. The new bill, already passed by the House, allows the Intelligence Agency to operate in complete secrecy. No need even to give the names of its agents to the comptroller general -- or say how it uses its money.

One section of the bill allows a hundred aliens a year to be admitted to the US regardless of the immigration quota. A hundred picked people -- this to give asylum here to foreign intelligence agents threatened with death in their own countries. The Senators were assured that members of deposed royal families won't be among the picked hundred. For our spies only. Ex-kings to get on the quota - if they want to come.

RITA

The news dispatches about the Rita-Aly wedding fulfill all promise-
only more so. The marriage of the movie star and the son of the
fabulously wealthy Aga Khan was supposed to be a splurge of splurges
and it was -- a super splurge. Rita Hayworth is a denizen of
Hollywood, than which nothing could be more weird and gaudy - so
we supposed. But the nuptial extravaganza on the Riviera today
was both Hollywoodish and Oriental. - And the fabulous East, with
its traditions of Sultans, Moguls and Nabobs, can teach even
filmland a lesson in spectacular show business. So we can only
gasp - sensational, terrific!

The civil wedding was performed at the ^Pred city hall by the
Communist ^HMayor of a small town, which gave a dash of the
proletarian to the hoity-toity doings. - most modern. Then the
high-jinks began at the millionaire villa of the Aga Khan,
religious head of an ancient sect of Islam.

The newsmen siezed frantically for adjectives to describe the
scenes of most fabulous expense - the grounds of the villa fixed
up like a money-bag vision of Heaven.

Rita - 1 b.

~~No 22 in Rita story add following after paragraph ending
"Religious head of an ancient sect of Islam."~~

The Aga Khan ^{of course} attended the ceremony with his white Begum, she ablaze with diamonds. And the Emir Abdullah in a robe studded with gold and jewels: ^{also} the Gaekwar of Baroda, India's greatest playboy, ~~he~~ almost as rich as the Aga Khan. ~~and present too,~~ a four year old girl. Her name -- Rebecca Welles. She so bewildered by the dazzle of the party that she ran from guest to guest -- asking what all the excitement was about. To be told that her friend, Aly was now her mother's husband -- her new daddy. And then to be sent to bed.

And Hordes of ^{other} guests- some wearing striped morning trousers and the costliest gowns of Paris, others flashing turbans of gold and the gay colored saris of the Orient. A troop of seven fiddlers in white coats, strolling around, ~~and~~ playing soft music. And the champagne, the finest vintage, [—] rivers of it flowing from ^{en}numerable ^A bottles. Which inspired one reporter to poetry, virtually, calling it all - "A dreamland of champagne."

It was also - a dreamland of security. Former war correspondents who went through the American invasion of France, say it was the hottest kind of security they had seen since they were at G.H.Q. There were special wedding day security police who checked passes with so much vigilance, you might have thought Rita and Aly had an atom~~se~~ bomb in the place. But they were only trying to make sure that nobody got in who might swipe the jewels.

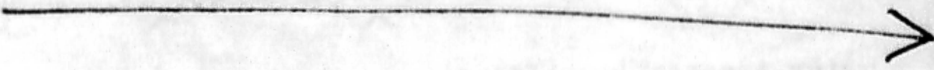
The Hollywood touch was vivid when the motion picture cameras arrived, the newsreel men. They set up their equipment and Prince Aly asked them, "What do you want?"

"Action", they said, briefly.

"I am sorry," responded Aly, "but I cannot give you a love scene."

So that was all that was lacking. - although the wire pictures printed today ^{do} show the connubial kiss, ^{it was} but not a real Hollywood clinch for five or ten minutes.

Still another thing was lacking, which became evident when the bride and bridegroom strolled along the side of the swimming pool, ^{that} the Aga Khan has at his villa - ^{-- a swimming pool} big enough for two large ^{specially designed as} seats, ^{which were} a part of the wedding decorations today. That swimming pool is something to see - also to smell. As we heard the other night, they dumped hundreds of gallons of perfume into it, ^{so} ^{and} it was scented to high heaven. ^{So} Today Aly said to Rita:

"Darling they want to film you walking around the pool; - but don't fall in!" So that was what was lacking - not the filming, but the falling in. 

No chance of a fragrant tragedy. History tells of the English royal duke who was drowned in a ^{hoghead} bucket of Malmsey wine. But it would have been too much - the movie queen bride drowned in a swimming pool or perfume. That, while the seven fiddlers in the white coats played sweet music.



There's only one sour note to be injected into the romantic strains, and it comes - from the Vatican. Rita Hayworth was born in Brooklyn, a Catholic. She has been divorced a couple of times - and this, her third wedding, was a little too much for the Papal authorities. They declared officially today that Rita's marriage to Aly was - illicit, not legal in the eyes of the church. That - and about her being married by a communist mayor to the Mohammedan son or the head of a Moslem sect.

But, on the other side it's okay - the Mohammedan side. In Pakistan today, ^a the Moslem ^{authority} ~~former mayor~~ of Pakistan declared that the marriage was, in his words, "Both permissible and correct under Moslem law." To which he added: →

"We are most happy about it."

The Mohammedan sect of which Aly's father is the religious head, flourishes mostly in Pakistan, where there are twelve million of that sect, the Ismaili.

They give to the Aga Khan, annually, his weight in gold.

Today among the Ismaili in Pakistan, there is a great celebration of the wedding, and in this we find the final touch of Hollywood. In a movie theatre at Karachi, they are running Rita's latest movie - "The Loves of Carmen." And today the showing of that film was extended, as Ismaili flocked to see the bride of the son of their religious leader.

Hot Hollywood! "The Loves of Carmen," and the perfumed swimming pool.

This fabulous wedding would have been one for Bob Ripley. But the Believe-it-or-not man died today, in New York. Only 55 years old. His Believe-it-or-not cartoons were syndicated all over the world. He himself had visited some 200 countries.

RIPLEY

(Beginning of Ripley story about his death is mission.)

And, he was - or had been - quite an athlete. Probably overdid it. Because Ripley died of a heart attack. One more mission from the lineup of my ballteam - the Nine Old Men.

VOLCANO

A strange drama of the snows took seventeen lives at Popayan, Columbia, by the unexpected eruption of a volcano; a fourteen thousand foot cone - snow covered all year round.

For fifty years this mountain had shown no signs of activity - a dead volcano. Yesterday, seventeen students from the University of Popayan set out to climb the summit of the great mountain. Although the older inhabitants of the city warned them not to go, saying the volcano would resent their intrusion no one having reached the snow-capped top of the mountain for the last half century.

But the students set out, seventeen of them, determined to make mountaineering history and defy superstition. And suddenly, when their leaders were within a few feet of the rim of the volcano, there was a mighty eruption -- and the crater bubbled over with a fiery torrent of lava. Molten fire pouring down over the snow, sweeping the students in its scorching path;

as burning rocks and ashes cascaded from the upper
skies, blown heavenward with the force of the blast.

VOLCANO--2

Two of the students lagged behind. They had sat down to rest, allowing their companions to go ahead to claim the honor to be the first to conquer the mighty mountain. And suddenly these two looked up, and beheld the horrendous explosion at the summit -- the sky black. They heard the snow sizzling, as an avalanche of burning rock came rushing toward them. So they ran to the shelter of a boulder, and lay flat, as what one of them describes "an awesome river of lava " roared past them, spattering them with flames, and setting fire to their clothes.

They came back to Popayan, their faces burned, their hair singed, but otherwise uninjured, to relate how their seventeen comrades had lost their lives in the fiery blast.

Tonight air planes are flying over the crater. The pilots tell of seeing only black seared rivulets of lava, starkly contrasting in the snow. No signs of life.

And the word is that possibly the bodies of the young students will have to stay ~~xxx~~ where they died, forever in the eternal snows on the rim of the crater of the volcano that suddenly came to life-- as if resenting the intrusion of the intrepid students.

LADY

The original Lady Godiva rode a white horse through the streets of Coventry in medieval England. And her name has gone down in tradition as the lady in the nude. In Inglewood, California, the police are searching for a modern Lady Godiva, who rides in a battered sedan - instead of on a white horse. To date she has been seen twice in the Los Angeles area, clothed in only shoes and bobby sox. According to witnesses, a comely lady, with excessive make-up. Her age? Somewhere in the 20s. Her charm, say those who say her -- unquestionable.

According to reports, the Sunny Southern California Lady Godiva drives at a furious speed. Then stops - walks around her car -- presumably to cool off; and then drives on. The police, motorcyclists and prowl car men, have dropped everything, to search for the modern Lady Godiva, who is a fast driver, and wears only babby sox.

SHIRT

How often have we heard the expression of some one losing his shirt at the races - although I doubt if such a thing ever really happened. But here's a story of how a man who went, not to the races, but to court, to lose his shirt -- only it wasn't his shirt.

Emil Higgins, appeared before Judge Ambrose Haddock in a New York court today, charged with stealing a suit and a shirt from his friend. The suit was missing, but the friend identified the shirt. "I'd know my shirt anywhere," he told the judge. "He's wearing it now!"

So the judge ordered the defendant to leave ^{the} court ^{room.} ~~where~~

The shirt was taken off him, and he came back for the hearing ^{his shirt,} having lost [^] his borrowed shirt-- in court -- not at the races.

Nelson, ^{-o-} I don't suppose you [^] ~~set you by any chance~~ ever lost your shirt?