## LT. -OLDS. Monday, August 22, 1960.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

unhappy about that ten year sentence now appeals to the Premier of the Soviet Union. Mrs. Barbara Powers, writing to Nikita Khrushchev - asking for an interview. Saying - she wants to plead for her husband; try to persuade the Soviet Premier - to offer Powers a pardon. Khrushchev's office, promising a quick reply to Mrs. Powers - although the top man in the Kremlin is still vacationing in the Crimea.

Abstrian neutrality; striking at hey tergets - in Venderk

San Jose, Costa Rica - last minute maneuvering behind the scenes. Several nations of Latin-America, trying to prevent a conflict - between Cuba and the Organization of American States. Subject - Soviet influence in Cuba. The United States, pressing for a strong condemnation - of the Kremlin conspiracy. The Cuban delegation - threatening to walk out. The other Latin-American states mediating - but basically siding with Secretary or State Herter. Accepting his proposal that Soviet penetration of this hemisphere be stopped, now. The conference, alarmed by reports - of Communist arms arriving in Cuba.

The Congo situation looks like this - tonight. In New York, the Security Council of the United Nations - backs Dag Hammarskjold. In Leopoldville - Premier Lumumba confers with the Soviet Ambassador. In Katanga - Premier Tshombe predicts that Lumumba will rall within two weeks.

The U.N. angle - is the clearest. Dag Hammarskjold,

and having a definite mandate from the Security Council - to

pursue his "neutral" policy in the Congo. The Secretary General,

refusing to take sides - in the Congo-Katanga dispute. Simply

trying to have his U.N. forces take over from the Belgians -

Lumumba's conference with Soviet Ambassador Yakovlev
in Elizabethville - concentrating on the vote in the U.N.

Lumumba, emerging to say - ne'll go along with the U.N., for now.

Which may mean - no Russian offer of troops.

Tsnombe, in Katanga been meeting with secessionist leaders - from other Congo provinces. Trying to line up a solid front - to oppose Lumumba. The force that Tshombe believes will unseat Lumumba - within two weeks.

The House of Representatives handles its first legislation since the Conventions - choosing a dramatic bill. The drama - those coming debates over radio and TV between Nixon and Aennedy. The House, agreeing to suspend the equal-time provisions - in the broadcasting law. Setting aside any notion of giving splinter parties - equal time. So, the stage is set for Nixon and Kennedy to cross swords - in their electronic duel.

A dispatch from Lahore, Pakistan - telling of an outbreak of cholera. An epidemic - sweeping across west Pakistan. Beginning in Kashmir - following the River Aik

Nullah - to the Pakistan town of Sialkot. Spreading from there - it into the nearby towns, Many fatalities, and, etark panic. Survivors, fleeing to the hills - leaving the dead and dying behind. Fleeing from the ancient scourge of Hindustan - cholera.— the Pleque.

shut down today - rollowing that cry at Sea Girt - "snark!"

snark!" John Brodeur of Jersey City - swimming off Sea Girt,

gays he was attacked by a shark, and badly bitten - before he

was pulled up onto the shore. Brodeur, in the hospital tonight 
his condition, fair. A Navy helicopter, patrolling the

New Jersey shore - on shark patrol.

Here's a psychological description - "superior equilibrium - tranquil nature." Whom does it fit? The Soviet space dogs - Belka and Strelka. The stars of that Moscow news conference. Introduced by Professor Oleg Gazenko of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Professor Gazenko, revealing that the dogs were carefully chosen - because of their temperament. The space flight, showing - that they seemed worried at the start. Then settling down - as they got used to weightlessness. Belka and Strelka, going into orbit returning to earth in good shape - because of their "superior equilibrium - tranquil nature."

That fire in New London, Connecticut - happened at an appropriate time - in a way. At any rate New London was full of firemen. Seven thousand of them - at their annual convention. Including a big parade of fire-fighters - complete with hook and ladder units from all over the state.

Suddenly, the fire alarm. A New London home going up in flames. The local fire department - answering the alarm. Forcing their way through traffic jams - caused by the parade. Unlimbering their equipment - as visiting firemen looked on. Putting out the blaze - after damage running to about eight thousand dollars. One of the local fire-fighters, overcome by smoke - late arriving at the hospital, because his ambulance ran into the traffic jam, because New London is full of firemen.

A Swedish tourist almost became a displaced person today - because she went to the San Francisco Aquarium.

Blook Berit Solberg - visiting the alligator house. Anxious to see the gators - because her native Sweden didn't have anything like them. Berit, a little too enthusiastic - leaning too far over the alligator pit. Dropping her purse - which landed with a clatter at the bottom of the pit.

One gator, jarred awake - spotting Berit's purse - which he gobbled up with a loud snap of g his jaws.

Berit, becoming frantic - shouting, "He's got my passport - all my papers - all my money!" Aquarium guard, Tom Greene - to the rescue of the damsel in distress. Tom, beating the gator over the head with a stick - which didn't work. Tempting him - with a chunk of meat. Nothing doing. The gator - snoozing, blissfully.

Berit, standing there - wringing her hands, for over an hour. Then the gator yawned nonchalantly - and returned her purse to the bottom of the pit. Guard Tom Greene, recovering

it - half chewed up. The lipstick - bent like a pretzel.

The compact - dented. Passport and money - barely

recognizable. And that Dick was the adventure of Blonde

Berit Solberg of Sweden, and and alligator.

Race, they put an a jay/dree of their swa - in dewntown

Springfield, collared - ninety-one riders, put ther in

Springfield: rosring through the streets - yelling at the

A lot of motorcyclists, who came to Springfield, Illinois, to compete in yesterday's race - didn't even get to see it. Reason - they were in jail.

Not waiting for the Illinois State Fair Motorcycle Race, they put on a jamboree of their own - in downtown Springfield; roaring through the streets - yelling at the townspeople - getting into free-for-alls.

A hundred and fifty special police - rushing into Springfield, collared - ninety-one riders, put them in jail, fined them, and let them peer through the bars while the Illinois State Fair held its motorcycle race.