

L.T. - Lunoco. Thru., Dec. 26, 1935.

Lunoco.  
1935

Today's delayed reports about the earthquake that happened over a week ago in the dim interior of China give a wilder and more fantastic picture, *— each report more shocking than last.* We hear more about the region where the frightful shock occurred, the most distant fringe of the Province of Szechwan, in far Southwestern China, near the border of Tibet. In the land of the Lolo people; that's one of the things that makes the story so weird.

Who are the Lolos? They live in China, but they are not Chinese. Anthropologists debate and dispute about the Lolos. They are pre-Chinese, a remnant of the people who inhabited the Far Eastern land before the black-haired Mongolian Chinese came conquering and civilizing. A relic of a lost race of mankind, the Lolos. Stranger still -- they are curiously Caucasian in type, have many physical traits of the white races. Their color is unusually light for those regions. They have a Caucasian type of face. They give an impression of an isolated, archaic fragment of the white race submerged by the Mongolian Chinese. Anthropologists, in fact, call them Caucasian, an early primitive strain of the white race, before the white man's characteristics

had become fully developed.

The Lolos have a curious primitive civilization, thoroughly distinct from the culture of the Chinese. One of their traits is to live in towns and forts on the hilltops, on the crests of steep hills. That's what made the earthquake so weirdly destructive. The shock was of incredible violence. A mountain cracked open, split apart, a chasm formed a mile long. In some places, the sliding of the hills pushed vast masses of earth across the courses of rivers, damming the rivers. And vast new lakes have formed. One vast landslide dammed up the Kinsha River. The Kinsha flows into the Upper Yangste. And the cutting off of the Kinsha water caused the level of the Yangste to drop five feet.

So, with the hills cutting up in that fashion, you can imagine what happened to the towns and forts of the Lolos. They were simply tumbled down into the dizzy valleys; towns jolted off and flung down the precipitous hillsides. Crashing death and terror!

A strange race of people, the Lolos, now strangely stricken by the violence of Nature.



## CHINA

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Those students are still rioting in Shanghai, the ones we heard about last week - trying to seize railroad trains to get free transportation to Nanking. <sup>Still</sup> ~~They~~ want to go to Nanking to protest against Japanese aggression. That's one reason why martial law has been clamped down in Shanghai. There's martial law also in Nanking and Hankow, <sup>--- because China's</sup> ~~the Chinese~~ millions are seething so violently against Japan. <sup>With</sup> ~~And~~ the central Chinese government ~~is~~ trying to keep the lid down.

Another reason for martial law was the assassination yesterday of Tang-Yu-Jen, Vice-Minister of Communications. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ known to be pro-Japanese; ~~He was~~ shot down in Shanghai. That has made the Japanese exceedingly angry. And then we hear of a bomb explosion in Shanghai, though that's a rather absurd affair. A coolie found a bomb in a dump heap and was carrying it in a basket. Another coolie kicked the basket and the bomb went off. Both coolies <sup>injured</sup> ~~were hurt~~. The serious thing from the Japanese point of view is, bombs lying loose in Shanghai.

In northern China the autonomy business goes on. An

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independent government has now been proclaimed in the eastern part of Hopei Province. Yin Ju-Keng, the Chinese leader who favors Japan, took over the powers of government.

Still, the Japanese are not satisfied. The business of lopping off northern China is progressing too slowly to satisfy them. This is indicated by the departure from China of Major General Kenji Doihara. He is intelligence chief of the Japanese Army in Asia, and has been in charge of the autonomy politics the Japanese are playing. His superiors don't believe he has been succeeding so well. Chagrined by this, the Japanese Intelligence General has departed. He left Peiping today for Manchukuo.



*And by the way —*

When the French Parliament tomorrow hears Laval state that France will support England if Mussolini attacks the British fleet, the deputies will have in mind some news that comes from Rome today -- naval news. The Italian fleet is getting ready. Rumours from Rome ~~xx~~ say that Mussolini has given the order -- "report for duty aboard your ships!" He has passed out that command to thirteen thousand naval technicians -- big gun specialists. The thirteen thousand are said to be experts in the firing of great guns aboard warships. And along with this the Roman rumour utters the words -- oil sanctions. They say the order to the big gun experts is ~~HH~~ just in case the League of Nations <sup>puts</sup> ~~declares~~ those oil sanctions *in operation.*

*African*  
A grim report from the <sup>A</sup>war front tells of an Italian plane shot down. It was flying low and didn't see some concealed riflemen, who blazed away with good aim. Plane forced down. Three aviators were in it. Two got away. The third is said to have been decapitated by the Ethiopians. The report comes from Harar, headquarters of the Southern Ethiopian Army.

SAINT STEPHEN - FOLLOW INTERNATIONAL

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It's difficult today to size up the drift of British opinion and observe the way the English newspapers are looking at things. Because today no newspapers were printed in Great Britain.

Over there they have just one good saint after another. After Saint Nicholas comes Saint Stephen. ~~Yes,~~ Today merrie England, with suitable merriment, celebrated Saint Stephen's Day, <sup>-- which</sup> ~~only~~ the British call ~~it~~ Boxing Day. Boxing in this case doesn't mean punching people in the nose. It means putting things into boxes -- presents for the postmen, messenger boys, policemen, and all those persons who render service to the public without being employed by any individual. All day long they make the rounds, collecting their gifts, taking the day off.

It's a real holiday, a big time for 'Arry and 'Arriet. Banks are closed, business at a standstill -- no newspapers printed. Britishers can wait for the news of the world while Saint Stephen is being glorified -- on Boxing Day.

That's one aftermath of Christmas. Here's another.



## INTERNATIONAL

Premier Laval of France is called the master acrobat, juggler and tight-rope walker in world affairs today. Using that figure of speech, we can go on and say that he is going to put on his big act tomorrow. Today he gave it a dress rehearsal, a preview - to be sure that every contortion, back-flip, and fancy step on the tight-rope was just right - and that the audience reaction was okay.

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Tomorrow, Laval will appear before the Chamber of Deputies to state his foreign policy and defend it, and explain why he and Sir Samuel Hoare got themselves into that Franco-British offer to Mussolini, which turned out so badly. And he will tell the Deputies where his government now stands in the tense dispute between Great Britain and Italy.

That will be the big show in the Chamber of Deputies - Laval walking the wire, juggling four billiard balls, turning a handspring, and doing a bit of sleight-of-hand for good measure. Today's dress rehearsal preview was in a cabinet meeting. Laval ~~gave~~ gave his Ministers an advance hearing of what he is going to tell the French Parliament. They say it

was a success. The sound of ministerial applause could be heard down the Champs Elysees. The Cabinet thought the wire walking was clever, ~~foolish~~, the juggling dazzling, ~~and bewildering, and they especially admired the back-flips.~~

What did Laval tell them? What policy is he going to lay before the Deputies tomorrow as the French stand between London and Rome? That's a secret, of course. A dress rehearsal is not public. The critics do not review a preview. But just the same, there's insistent dope about the more salient points of the show. Laval, they say, is going to state outright just how far France is signed up to support England in case of trouble with Italy. How far <sup>is that?</sup> well, the word is that the Premier will tell the Chamber that he has guaranteed to lend the armed support of France to England - in case Mussolini should make an unprovoked attack on the British fleet in the Mediterranean. If the Italians, growing desperate, should sally and toss bombs on the British warships, why then the French army and navy and everything will fight beside England. At the same time, Laval will declare himself



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against measures that will drive Italy to any such desperation. He's against more drastic sanctions and penalties. And at the same time he is going to continue, in spite of discouragements, to work for a peaceful compromise settlement. Laval is going to say that unless there is an unprovoked Italian attack, France will not make any move of military preparations against Italy.

That's the forecast of tomorrow's parliamentary circus stunt in France. And Paris expects Laval to win out, and get a vote of confidence: ~~For one thing,~~ his acrobatics ~~are~~ scintillating enough to bring down the house. He is not likely to fall off the tight-rope. And <sup>then,</sup> ~~for another thing~~ France does not want a European war.)

^ This is made the more evident today with a declaration by the French war veterans. On the eve of tomorrow's showdown in the Chamber of Deputies, the French equivalent of the American Legion, hands an ultimatum to the government. The association of men who fought in the World War numbers a million. They have nine thousand branches. They are a most powerful

influence in French politics. Every one of the nine thousand branches joins in the warning, and the warning says bluntly,

"We don't fight our old comrades-in-arms. We ~~do~~ won't fight

Italy. We won't fight Italy any more than we'll fight England."



SANTA CLAUS FOLLOW SAINT STEPHEN

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What happened to Santa Claus yesterday? It looks like something of a Kris Kringle scandal. There's a hotel in New York that would like to know, and it's trying to find out. The good saint with the white whiskers and red jacket, who drives a sled and lives at the North Pole, must have been celebrating his own particular feast day in a big way.

Some genius at the Hotel McAlpin had a grand idea - a big Christmas dinner for Santa Claus. So they sent invitations to more than a hundred of those various editions of good Saint Nicholas that officiate in stores, on street corners and at Christmas church parties. And they all accepted, said they'd come in full Santa Claus costume. So the hotel figured it was going to have Santa Claus multiplied by a hundred, sitting around a festive yuletide board.

Elaborate and extensive preparations were made, turkey, plum pudding, mince pies, the table set for a hundred. Then - imagine the chagrin. Were they mortified - when only five lone, bedraggled Santa Clauses showed up. There was nothing else to do, but sit the five at the table for a hundred, and let them

eat in lonely grandeur.

The annoyed hotel people spent hours today, trying to find out what happened to those other saints. Maybe they got a better dinner somewhere else, <sup>---</sup> or were in a saloon, or, on their way back to the North Pole, or asleep in an alley. It looks scandalous for Santa Claus. Maybe good Saint Nick was following in the ways of bad old nick.



New York has been having an odd, sensational, ~~spectacular~~ and most peculiar affair. It has been loudly discussed in the newspapers for a week or so, and today things happened. It all concerns that interesting and ~~delectable~~<sup>delicious</sup> vegetable, the artichoke. Some days ago Mayor LaGuardia announced a ban, an embargo, on artichokes. And today that ban and embargo went into effect.

57 There are several astonishing angles to this. First and most important -- in the largest city of the United States the food racket is so powerful, so formidable, so difficult to suppress, that to beat the racket the mayor has to forbid the entire whole-sale trade in the food that's being racketed. The artichoke gangster game has long been a scandal in New York. And now it climaxes with today's embargo.

The artichoke prohibition doesn't concern the vegetable as most of us know it, and like it or dislike it. The general American trade is in the large artichoke, the big bunchy mass of dark green leaves. But, there's a small artichoke. Most Americans don't know anything about it. It is exclusively eaten by the Italians, who like it better. The significant thing

is this -- that LaGuardia's artichoke embargo does not apply to the big but only to the small artichoke. Meaning -- that the racketeers have to deal only with Italians, whom they can more easily intimidate. The Italian store-keepers are ordered under pain of death to buy only from the racketeers, and they are frightened.

Some of the fantastic twists of the artichoke racket are told to me by <sup>my friend</sup> Mike Fiaschetti, former head of the Italian Squad of the New York Police Department, ~~Mike~~ now Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Markets, which is fighting the racket. Mike tells me how it all began, some years ago, with the original artichoke king, whom he describes as the most formidable black-hander of them all. The king's name was Galucci. He founded the present gangster system of racketeering <sup>on</sup> the small artichokes preferred by the Italians. He made fabulous money. He became the boss of Little Italy. He fought gang wars and exterminated his enemies. That artichoke ~~King~~ ~~of~~ the ~~First~~ grew as bold as a medieval tyrant.

<sup>Commissioner</sup> ~~Mike~~ Fiaschetti tells me how King Galucci's favourite sport was this -- when he'd had an enemy killed he would stand on a



street corner and wait for the funeral to go by. And when the hearse passed, he'd laugh and spit at it and shout:- "Another dog gone."

He was a mighty monarch of Blackhand. In the end he was killed by his own lieutenants, fighting to make themselves king. And the racket has come right down the line to the present gang that's running it.

Mayor LaGuardia has received a telegram from the artichoke growers of the Pacific Coast, applauding the embargo, and calling upon the Department of Justice to step in and help crush the racket. And LaGuardia says he's going to ask for federal aid once and for all to put an end to the artichoke racket.

And now Ted Pearson, who is quite a witty fellow, has just whispered to me that my time is up and if I go on any longer I "artichoke." So --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.