

L.T.-OLDS, FISHER. FRIDAY, OCT. 25, 1963

(Bc. given by Richard C. Hottelet)

GOOD EVENING:

Medical quackery was discussed at some length in Washington today - by two separate groups. One conference included the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and the American Medical Association as participants. There, the National Health Federation was called "one of those so-called health and nutrition organizations which are not all they seem to be.:" Health Secretary Anthony Celebrezze declared that the unsuspecting victim of medical quackery is not only fleeced of the price of the nostrum, but is deprived of the considerable benefits of modern medicine. This, said Celebrezze, could be a matter of life or death.

At the opposition National Health Federation session, a former instructor of the University of Pennsylvania accused the A.M.A. of trying to impose conformity on medical

practitioners. Out of those two meetings, this startling revelation by George Larrick, the Food and Drug Commissioner. He said medical quackery was estimated two years ago to have cost the American public one billion dollars a year.

VIET NAM

The United Nations Fact-Finding Mission, in South Viet Nam, to investigate charges of suppression of human rights - ran into its first big government-controlled roadblock today. The seven-man group had been scheduled to visit a number of Buddhist pagodas - to look into allegations of religious discrimination. But the government cancelled one visit without explanation, to the Xa Loi Pagoda. Found it almost completely vacant. The two monks inside were in the company of many secret and uniformed Viet Nameese police, and the streets around the pagoda had been cleared in an apparent fear of demonstrations.

MINE

A full shift of one hundred and twenty-nine men was down in the iron ore mine in Peine, West Germany last night, when some nineteen million gallons of water and sludge poured in around them. The roar of the flood alerted seventy-nine men working at the three hundred foot level. All of them managed to climb their way to safety. Early this afternoon, seven others were rescued from the hundred and eighty foot level, where they had found haven on a muddy ledge away from the waters. But forty-three others remain unaccounted for. They were working on the three hundred foot level of the mine when water and mud thundered in on them.

The cause of the disaster -- the bottom fell out of a small lake that had been used by the mine to wash the iron ore. At the bottom of that pond tonight -- mud, and a hole eighty yards wide.

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HI THERE DICK, GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Now for that tale about women that I promised -- just one more yarn from the Pearl Coast -- the story of Big Lil and Snaggle Tooth Sal.

The Australian government does what it can to control the men who dive for pearls out here. But, it isn't easy. The Japanese and Malays who for generations have played the major role in the off shore world of pearls, they are allowed to do just about as they please - so long as they do not come ashore farther than a hundred yards beyond the high tide mark.

There were fourteen European girls living in that narrow zone at Broome for a time.

Big Lil from England - she was a sizeable gal of fourteen stone. About two hundred pounds. Now the Roebuck Hotel is in that one hundred yard strip - named for the ship

in which that great Dutch navigator -- what the hell was his name -- William Dampier - Dampier in the Roebuck -- he was the first European to sight this wild coast. Now Big Lil's man was a Malay pearler who one night put her up for auction on the Roebuck bar. And she was knocked down at twenty eight pounds, ten shillings. If you figure it out that's about three shillings a pound on the hoof -- dressed I suppose.

And at that time beef was selling for more than that at Broome.

As for Snaggle Tooth Sal she was a blonde. Not much for looks. But she was solid, the husky type. She had arrived at Broome from Sydney or Melbourne with a Javanese seaman. She had expected to go to Java with him. But she had no papers and got only as far as Broome, the pearling center. And there he sold her to Mustapha Pieman, a net maker. And Mustapha in turn sold her to an engineer on a pearling lugger.

Now the engineer on a lugger also is the man who opens the shells that are brought up by the divers. And he usually has more money than any of the others for there are ways of hiding a pearl now and then. And this Malay sold her to a Chinese merchant -- an old man. But blonde Snaggle Tooth Sai was too much for the old Chinese so he sold her for twenty six pounds, about seventy five dollars. He made a deal for another man to take her with the understanding that she was to return and spend every Thursday with the old Chinaman.

Life is strange wherever you go. But I wonder if it's stranger anywhere than here on the North Coast of Australia?

Oh by the way, there's a new way out here of making a living. Buying and selling not women but giant turtles for which this north coast of Australia has long been famous. Turtles weighing up to three hundred pounds. A new outfit is now catching them at sea - harpooning them. And then shipping them to Germany -- three thousand giant turtles so

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far - they say. That means nearly a million pounds of turtle.

Dick, can you imagine five hundred tons of turtle?

Solong,

TRISTAN

One hundred men, women and children boarded a ship at Southampton, England, today. Beginning a sentimental journey back to their homeland -- the South Atlantic island of Tristan Da Cunha. The bleak little island was evacuated in November, Nineteen Sixty-One. The islanders rescued and taken to Britain when a dormant volcano burst into life. But the past two years have been frustrating for the Tristanites.

Although they were given assistance, jobs, and even settled in their own British community. The highly mechanized life of Great Britain had little appeal. They had been used to the raw, but easy-going life of a fishing and farming community. Last December, they decided to return. But in spite of their distaste for modern civilization, some of its benefits are returning with them to Tristan Da Cunha. The ships cargo includes a fabricated steel building and X-ray machine, a motor barge and furniture. Two hundred tons of modern-day foodstuffs are also making that voyage.

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This is Richard C. Hottel reporting. As Lowell Thomas would say -- So Long Until Tomorrow.

BRITAIN

One of the ancient and exclusive English public schools has the motto, "Manners makyth man" -- but Britain's bible of men's fashions, the magazine "Tailor and Cutter" - understandably maintains that clothes do a better job. It has been known to comment most unkindly on the wardrobes of men like Prince Philip, Harold Macmillan and others of comparable eminence. In fact, while there is nothing at all Socialistic or otherwise plebian about "Tailor and Cutter", it declares it was not sorry to see Mr. Macmillan go -- a man who wore his clothes for twenty years and didn't mind their showing it. In contrast, says the magazine, Britain now has a Prime Minister who looks like the head of a nation which embraces Saville Row within its boundaries. But it warns him, now that he has shed his titles, not to try to look like the common man. Few thinking citizens, says "Tailor and Cutter", are likely to be impressed.