

L. J. - P. 9. Wednesday, April 13, 1949.

(Durango)

Substitute Earthquake

The western news wires tonight are dominated by the latest details about the big earth quake that hit Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia today. At least five lives lost, scores injured-- and heavy damage along the line of the tremblor.

Tonight at Olympia, the capitol building of the state of Washington was declared "unsafe"; and governor Langley says it is doubtful if the sixty-year structure will ever be used again. That badly damaged--huge chunks of masonry crashing down from the dome and the sides.

Two hotels in Olympia are near collapse, ready to fall into the street. Still another hotel so badly damaged that the roof of the kitchen has already collapsed. Other buildings ordered evacuated.

Seattle, near the center of the quake, was a scene of panic--as tall buildings shook and swayed. Terror spread to the upper stories, and in the

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streets. Women became hysterical as department stores shimmied and trembled. On top of one big store a huge water tank burst and poured down fifty thousand gallons of water. A crack 20 feet long appeared in the side of the Olympic hotel, Seattle's largest - down town. The ~~main spires~~ spires of St James cathedral, 200 feet tall, were still standing tonight-- although they seemed to weave in the earthquake. *Tonight* The sidewalks around the church are roped off, for fear ~~that~~ the towers will collapse.

Tonight Mayor William Devin of Seattle said: "The damage will run into the millions".

The roof of a grammar school at Tacoma caved in, killing a pupil. At Castle Rock, Washington, a pupil ~~lost~~ lost his life when the brick front of the school crashed down.

One man in Portland was walking across a bridge spanning the Willamette. *He* says: "I had to hold on to the railing. I felt like I was going to

be thrown off the bridge."

A patron drinking beer in a Portland bar relates;- "The whole place ~~shook~~ started shimmying and shaking. I was nearly tossed to the floor, when my stool started rocking."

These accounts could be multiplied over and over again in the quake which the seismologist at the University of Washington described in these words: "The most severe in the recorded history of the pacific northwest."

When earth ^quakes in the west are mentioned, people think of California, the region of ~~San~~ San Francisco. But when the big one came today, it was in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

Columbia river--1

President Truman asked congress today to establish a huge Columbia river administration, patterned on the Tennessee Valley Authority--the T. V. A. In a long message to both the senate and the house, ~~of representatives~~, he called for an amalgamation of all federal activities in the valley of the Columbia river, under one huge central authority. This to constitute an enormous unified project for the development of the ~~monument~~ Columbia river in a program of flood control, electrical power and irrigation. Accent on irrigation--the western cry for water.

Czecho-slovakia

An American woman, director of american relief, has been arrested in Red Czechoslovakia. She is Miss Vlasta ~~Adelle~~ Adele Vraz, a native of Chicago, who tonight is in a communist prison-cell at Prague. The charges against her are vague, the red police accusing her of what they call "political activities".

This coincides with the expulsion of two American baptist ministers, together with the wife of one of them ordered out of Czechoslovakia, apparently because their religious activities annoyed the Reds. These are the latest of a whole series of communist measures taken against Americans in Czechoslovakia.

BOMB

Some plain, blunt words were spoken today on that point which is in every mind -- American atomic strategy in case of war with Soviet Russia. The declarations were made by Congressman Cannon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House in answering to the criticism that his committee is trying to wreck our naval aviation.

Congressman Cannon presented his view of American atomic strategy in these words: "We must hit Moscow and every other city in Russia within one week after the next war starts -- and with land-based airplanes. With the signing of the Atlantic treaty," he argued, "we have the bases. All we need now is the planes to deliver the bombs."

The Congressman went on to state that, if war should break out, the Soviet Army would control all of Europe within sixty days. Therefore, he contended, the American Air Force must strike its devastating blows before any sixty days have elapsed. That is, atomic air attacks must be launched from bases in the countries

of our Western European allies, before the Soviets have time to overrun the bases.

Such is the reasoning behind the Congressman's repeated declaration that: -"The war must be won in the first three weeks." Says he:-"We must in that time pulverize every military center in Russia." On that bases, he urged the House today to concentrate on the Air Force, and gave this advice: "Put the money where it counts -- in long range, land-based bombers."

In opposition, Congressman Dewey Short of the Armed Services Committee said: "The atom bomb alone will never win any war." And then he backed the Navy plan for carrier-based-planes.

Cannon retorted that the Navy's proposed new \$65,000,000 super aircraft carrier would be, in his words "Sunk in three days."

So he hammered away at the theme of land-based bombers doing an atomic job in three weeks, flying from Western European bases that will be available to us under the North Atlantic Security Pact.

Follow Bomb--1

The latest--the **H**ouse of Representatives has passed the big appropriations bill, giving to the armed forces nearly sixteen billion dollars to spend during the next fiscal year. That's a record breaker for the postwar period. ^{TP} The bill does not provide an extra three hundred million dollars for the navy ~~and~~ air force. The lower house voted to reject that extra money for carrier-based-aviation.

Truck

Several weeks ago I told how, driving through Nevada I had occasion to strike up acquaintance at one stop--acquaintance with truck drivers,, who pilot those 20-ton Juggernauts along the highways. I was impressed by them, those hardy stalwarts who make the long runs, transcontinental sometimes, with ponderous loads of freight; and I heard stories of the courage and endurance of the truck drivers.

~~Today comes~~
~~out. the story of a driver who, caught in a dilemma of spectacular terror, gave his life, trying to save his truck.~~
Today comes out. the story of a driver who, caught in a dilemma of spectacular terror, gave his life, trying to save his truck.

Nolie Glover of Pomona, California, a 43-year old veteran of the highway, was driving one of those giant gasoline trucks, loaded with four thousand gallons. He was rolling along the ridge route, the main road between San Francisco and Los Angeles, ~~and~~ ^{and} he came to the top of a steep five-mile grade. ^{and} as he passed over the brow of the hill, with the sharp

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descent before him, the brakes of his truck burned out. There was no way to hold the huge gasoline tanker on the slope, and down it rolled-gaining speed. On the slope ahead were automobiles and other trucks, the ridge route being a busy highway. ^{TP} So what did Nolie Glover do? He ~~never~~ stuck to his truck, that speeding juggernaut, trying to stop it, sticking it out to the bitter end. ^{TP} In to the ~~fr~~ frightening picture came two policemen in a patrol car. They tell how, at the top of the slope, they came up behind the gasoline tanker, and passed it, and saw Glover wrestling with the wheel, trying to run the truck into the bank along the road, but he couldn't do it. The two policemen could give him no aid. All they could do was ~~to~~ race ahead and warn the cars down the line, get them out of the way of the run-away truck with four thousand gallons of gasoline. ~~So~~

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So they got in front of Glovers truck. ^H Today highway patrolman H. E. Dewitt related: "We kept ahead of him, and he kept gaining speed. When he hit sixty miles an hour, we turned on the siren and cleared a path for him. We were going ninety miles an hour;" the policeman relates, "and the truck was gaining on us. It was doing over 100 miles an hour when we swerved over to one side and it shot past us. Immediately ahead was a sharp curve, ^{ic} Glover, says the police offer, "was still trying to force the truck into the bank".

At the turn, the gasoline tanker, at more than 100 miles an hour, ran off the road and crashed. The truck driver who had stuck it out was ~~run~~ hurled 130 feet by the impact, and killed instantly. The gas tank broke open and the gasoline flooded out-and caught fire. There was an explosion that badly burned a driver whom the police car had warned off the road, and one of the policemen was injured trying to rescue him, and ~~a~~ smother the flames.

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Terror on the highway and the self-sacrifice
of a driver who ~~tried to save~~ ^{stuck to} his truck.

right heel, a sort of spur. He has suffered this for several years, Jolting Joe playing a hard, fast, game of ball, day after day, often when it was an agony for him to run. He has been in the hands of the doctor repeatedly.

He finished out last season, virtually lame, and went to Johns-Hopkins, where the spur was removed from his heel by surgery.

He thought he would be all right this year, and reported to training camp six weeks ago in high hope.

ROUTE DURANGO

I'm broadcasting tonight from the foot of the mountain that moves, from Durango, the metropolis of the far distant southwestern corner of Colorado, a region of giant mountains, lofty peaks still deep in snow, mountain ranges that are a part of the great Rocky Mountain chain.

We drove through the night across the Painted Desert of Arizona, through more of the Apache and Navajo country, to Gallup, New Mexico. There we were met early this morning by three gentlemen from Farmington, who brought us on across the New Mexico desert where the only signs of life were occasional Navajo braves and their squaws, on foot, or in wagons, or on horseback, some of them with their flocks of sheep. And now and then a trading post.

One of our companions was an oil man -- Hubert Monroe, from Smackover, Arkansas, who told us about the Indians, the white traders, and the oil that has been found here and there in the desert.)

About the Great Barker Dome Area on the New Mexico - Colorado line, which he referred to as the largest natural gas reserve in the world. One ~~at~~ well, Delhi Number ~~two~~ ^{that} came in recently, is perhaps the ~~largest~~ largest ever found. ~~the~~

The natural gas from this region already is piped to a number of cities in the southwest, such as Albuquerque. And the second Big Inch pipeline which will be in operation year after next ~~is to~~ carry ^{ing} this natural gas to California.

We stopped with him at Shiprock, a Navajo trading post named for a towering sandstone formation that from a distance resembles a high-masted sailing ship. (Here he introduced us to a man who some years ago borrowed ten thousand dollars, took over an Indian trading post, and since then is reputed to have made a million. Not just from trading with the Indians. Far from that. Uncle Sam came into ~~the~~ this region, not long ago. ^{TP near here, oil} Still drillers in boring through the New Mexico sands ~~at~~ suddenly discovered Helium, that rare and precious gas which is so much needed in dirigibles, which unlike hydrogen doesn't catch fire and explode. At Shiprock we saw the helium plant, and the homes which are not yet occupied because this helium is being held in reserve -- the largest supply of helium known to man.

And then ~~is~~ at Farmington, from the gentleman from Smackover, Arkansas, and others, we heard the story of how ~~Smack~~ Farmington has flourished in recent years -- partly because

of the Indian country and its native inhabitants, partly because of the fine fruit and more recently oil and natural gas.

One story I liked was about an auction held at Farmington. An oil lease came up on the auction block and there were no bidders. Finally the auctioneer said: "Isn't anyone going to bid on this?" Whereupon one of the men, a man named Munose, said, "I'll bid a thousand." Everybody laughed. There were no other bidders and he got it. Shortly afterward he put down a well, and after going only six hundred feet, which is nothing in oil drilling, he struck oil, lots of it, and sold only half of his interest to a big company for a million.

The West is full of tales like that - which makes one feel that part of our West is still a great undeveloped empire - still a region of big distances. As we drove through Arizona, New Mexico and into Colorado almost everybody was at least a hundred miles apart.

I still haven't gotten around to that hanging story I promised last night.

At luncheon today in Farmington, I had a talk with one of the top men of the Navajo nation. He told me how we had met years ago when he was on his way to Washington to talk

over Indian problems. His name is Nakitukticic.

I asked him what of the plight of the Navajos, and the story that went out over the press wires this winter of their hardship and tragedy. He replied that in his opinion the stories of the suffering of his people had been considerably exaggerated. He blamed newspaper, and magazine writers, and radio speakers too -- for this. He said they had made it too big.

But he went on to say that the Navajos of whom there are sixty thousand, do face a serious problem. Several years ago the Great White Father ordered their flocks be cut down. Each Navajo allowed to have less than before. The reason: Because Washington felt there were too many sheep, that they were trampling the earth and loosening the soil so that in time it would move down as silt and fill the great Hoover Dam - the one that for a while was called the Boulder Dam.

According to Nakitukticic it was all right to reduce the Navajo flocks. But, the Great White Father

should have made up for this in some other way. How? One way he said would be to give the Navajos greater irrigation facilities.

The people at Farmington call him Jake Morgan, because they have difficulty, just as I do, in pronouncing his name. He explained that Nakitukticic is a word in his people's language that means: The man who comes in with a speech. For long years he was the spokesman for the Navajo people.

I know someone else for whom that would be an appropriate name. It is time for a certain gentleman in Hollywood to come in with a speech -- meaning you Nakitukticic Niles.

HOAX

That West Coast kidnap thriller comes to a depressing anti-climax. The father of the kidnapped five-year old boy was arrested today.

He is Joe Goodman, a one-time prize fighter, who now is named in connection with gambling, and is said to have been associated with Mickey Cohen, of Los Angeles gambling notoriety. Goodman is under arrest on a charge of "grand-theft." This on the complaint of a woman who declares that three weeks ago, while dining with Goodman at a fashionable Hollywood spot, she gave him a diamond watch which he was to have repaired for her. She never got the watch back -- and now brings charges.

As for the kidnapping of the Goodman boy, there have been various guesses of what kind of hoax it might have been. The police say it was connected with underworld gambling, and one theory is held by police chief Clinton Anderson of Beverly Hills: "It was an attempt," says he, "to gain sympathy -- so he would not be pressed to pay \$15,000 in gambling debts which he

admits owing."

Today former pugilist Joe Goodman said -- Yes, he dropped \$15,000 recently in a gambling spree. But he would make no comment on whether or not the kidnapping of his five-year old son was a hoax.

Mrs. Goodman, meanwhile, has gone home. She tells the story of having paid \$33,000 to a stranger to get her boy back -- and today, with little Joey, she took a plane bound for her former home in Georgia. "To stay until this mess is settled," says she.

Tanker--1

There was heroism in Delaware bay today--ship collision, and a 11,000 ton oil tanker bursting into flames. the tanker was--the Pennsylvania Sun, operated by the Sun Oil Company. Which does bring back memories. This program sponsored by the Sun Oil Company for ^{so} many years. ^{all of which gives it} ~~so there is~~ added interest for me, in telling how the crew of the Pennsylvania Sun saved their ship today.

The collision occurred in the foggy channel, — the tanker in a crash with a freighter. Nobody injured, and the damage was no shattering havoc-- but both vessels caught fire. The blaze aboard the freighter was brought quickly under control; but aboard the Pennsylvania Sun--the bow was engulfed by flame. It looked like disaster, as if the whole ship might blow.

The tanker was empty, having discharged a cargo of oil at the ^{big} Marcus Hook refinery of the Sun Oil Company--^{leaving only} ballast aboard, ~~this~~ consisting of

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cans of lubricating oil. The chief danger came from the oil fumes, explosive gases filling the great spaces of the tanks. So it took courage to fight that fire. ~~But~~ the crew had the nerve.

The battle against the blaze went on for ~~xxx~~ six hours, and at ~~one~~ point an airplane flew from ~~a~~ New York with added supplies of a fire fighting chemical--the crew had ^{using} used up all they had.

Ships gathered around to take them off--35 men--if they seemed to be losing out against the fire. But they won the stubborn fight, were finally able to extinguish the flames ~~of the blazing bow--~~ and saved the tanker.