

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1935.

WBC

Pullitzer-Waldorf

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

A casualty list of fifteen thousand! That's the latest! That's the story, down to date, - the story of the earthquake that ravaged the island of Formosa. Of these more than three thousand people were killed outright and more than twelve thousand injured. — *no Americans or Europeans.*

That's not as bad as the terrific convulsion of the earth that laid Tokyo and Yokohama waste in Nineteen Twenty-Three, which was made worse by a tidal wave. The death roll then was over the appalling figure of a hundred thousand. Still this latest Japanese calamity is bad enough. The property damage

has been estimated at Twenty-eight millions of dollars, but so far that's not official. Nearly thirteen thousand buildings were destroyed, while twelve thousand more were badly damaged and still another three thousand damaged slightly.

A quarter of a million people in Formosa homeless today. And to make their plight worse, rains have been falling. The horror of the whole business is aggravated by outbreaks of fires. And there is a shortage of water. The waterworks in ruins, and a water-famine is threatened. To make matters worse, there is a shortage of doctors, - only one to every hundred injured. Tokyo was prompt in sending a Japanese warship to the port of Byoritzu with supplies and a fully equipped naval medical corps on board.

This is the second time the world has heard of Formosa in the Earthquake news since the Japanese took it from China in the War of Eighteen ninety-five. In the quake of Nineteen six more than twelve hundred ~~xxxxx~~ people perished.

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The population, somewhat less than five million people, is mostly Chinese. There are still a hundred and thirty thousand of the aboriginal natives, ^{mostly head hunters,} and two hundred thousand Japanese, mostly business men and their families. It is ruled by a Japanese Governor-General. Together with forty-seven other smaller islands, known as the Pescadores, Formosa constitutes what is known as the Province of Taiwan, its ancient Chinese name.

It is a peculiarly interesting part of the world, although ~~so~~ few foreigners have visited it. ^{To the average traveller it is closed by Tokyo.} It is believed that Formosa once was part of a Malayo-Chinese continent.

We shan't know for many days, perhaps ~~even~~ weeks, exactly how much damage has been done by this ~~earth~~quake. The interior of the island is mountainous, and many regions inhabited by the native Formosans, ~~whi~~ are almost inaccessible. There is only one railroad, serving none but the comparatively large towns. And there is only one way to get to the island, and that is by a small coastwise ^{China seas} steamer, ~~from Hong Kong and other ports.~~

TYPHOON FOLLOW LEAD

While the earthquake was shaking Formosa, a calamity of a different kind swooped down on Manchukuo. A typhoon, a hot raging hurricane which apparently had swept over the volcano of Assavayka, carried with it a terrific storm of dust for a distance of eight hundred miles to Harbin, one of the great cities of Manchukuo. In addition to the pall of dust, the typhoon brought with it stifling temperatures. The curious part was that as soon as it reached Harbin it stopped dead, as though that had been its deliberate destination. There the typhoon stopped as suddenly as it had started. And immediately afterward torrid temperatures dropped to zero, whereupon a terrific hail ~~sa~~ storm ensued. Here again the amount of damage has not been officially announced, but it is known that it will run into the millions. The typhoon left a trail of wreckage in its wake.

CHINA FOLLOW TYPHOON

As though these weren't enough ^{Far Eastern} calamities to report
in one day, we ^{also} have reason to sympathize with the Chinese. ~~once more~~
The interior of the once celestial empire suffered as devastating a
drought last summer as our own middlewest. Its effects are being
felt now. Crops were ruined over vast areas and today millions of
Chinese are subsisting on nothing but roots and the bark of trees.
Indeed, some of them are even eating clay to keep body and soul
together. Various relief agencies have been doing their best to
help. They report that in several provinces of the Chinese hinter-
land the peasants are selling their wives and children to get
enough money for food. An old story when famine comes
to China.

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QUAKES FOLLOW CHINA

Now let's see if there isn't something more pleasant to talk about. What! More earthquakes! But these were not so serious. Portugal, Italy and the island of Malta were visited by earth tremors. When we hear of earthquakes in Portugal, we are reminded of the historic one that killed forty thousand people at Lisbon in Seventeen fifty-five. But this time no lives were lost and the damage apparently was slight. The same may be said of the quakes that brought brief scares to Malta and to beautiful old Florence.

And our neighbors to the south in Chile had similar visitors. There was a brief shock this morning at Santiago and a more severe one at Valpariso. No loss of life and no serious damage!

PUBLISHERS (follow Quakes)

But coming home to a typhoon of talk, Secretary Ickes got a rousing cheer when he addressed the newspaper publishers of America at the annual meeting of the Associated Press at the Waldorf this afternoon. "Honest Harold," as the Secretary of the Interior has been nicknamed in Washington, made a hit with the men who publish the news.

The Secretary took a few cracks at Huey Long, at the generous Dr. Townsend and at Father Coughlin. He didn't mention any of them by name, but he described the various remedies and recovery plans they had proposed and covered them with ridicule. Then he made the remark which brought the assembled potentates of publication to their feet when he said: "I despise the demagogue, but I would not curb his right to free speech."

Of course there's nothing particularly new in this observation. Voltaire expressed it when he wrote to one of his contemporaries: "I disagree entirely with everything you say, and will fight to the death for your right to say it." What made the publishers cheer Mr. Ickes was that they have been ~~xxx~~ nervous about the freedom of the press for

^{Some of them}
 the last two years. ~~They~~ have openly expressed fears that certain policies of the New Deal threatened freedom of speech. Consequently, that statement coming from such an important member of President Roosevelt's official family was ~~at this time~~ particularly welcome to the officers and franchise holders of that ^{great} organization, the Associated Press. ^{Mr. Ickes} ~~He~~ backed it up with the assurance:- "The Government knows America without a free press will no longer be the America we have known and loved."

On top of this he added a pungent and significant comment:- "There are other equally precious rights guaranteed by the American constitution, namely free speech and free assemblage." And he continued:- "I wish those rights were today on as firm a footing in this country as is the right of a free press."

The Secretary of the Interior again made a hit with the publishers with the tribute he paid to the memory of that great newspaperman ~~extra-ordinary~~, the late Adolph Ochs.

HUEY FOLLOW PUBLISHER

Mr. Ickes named no names when he pitched into Dr. Townsend, Father Coughlin and Huey Long. But the Kingfish was not so reticent. He named names and called names. Huey had an S.R.O. (standing room only) audience to talk to. The Senate galleries were jammed, as they always are when it becomes known that the boisterous boy from the Bayous is about to give tongue. He flung out charges of "corruption and political prostitution" against the Roosevelt administration. He made no bones about attacking the President himself, charging an attempt to force a corrupt relief system on Louisiana. He waxed rhetorical with the charge that "the President has set up a Boston Tea Party of his own." Then he threw out the threat, "there might be another kind of Tea Party."

The Kingfish tossed away all semblance of kid gloves. He described Secretary Ickes as "the Lord High Chamberlain" and called him a "Chicago chinch bug." He saluted Postmaster General Farley with the title of "Prime Minister", and Secretary Wallace as "the ignoramus of Iowa". And his final defiance to the President was his declaration that Mr. Roosevelt today could not get more than four per cent of the vote in the southern states.

ALASKA

An expedition is going to start from San Francisco on May first, which the Sourdoughs of the North will consider as important as the historic voyage of the Mayflower. Next week, the United States transport St. Mihiel will steam through the Golden Gate; the first step by Uncle Sam toward the systematic colonization of Alaska. Almost seventy years have passed since we bought that vast country for a trifle of Seven million, two hundred thousand dollars from the Russian Czar. In all that time we have left its settlement to the haphazard ways of rugged individualism. And certainly is rugged up there. But now, in one of the most interesting undertakings of the Roosevelt program, the government is going to make practical use of that rich and for the most part virgin territory.

In all, fifteen hundred people, who up to now have been on the relief rolls in Michigan and Minnesota, will be taken north. Seven hundred of them, including a hundred and sixty five women and children, will leave San Francisco next Wednesday. Eight hundred more, including five hundred women and children, will embark at Seattle two weeks later. In addition to these,

Harry Hopkins, Administrator of Federal Emergency Relief, is going to send some four hundred men from the transient camps established in various parts of the country.

Sounds like a great adventure. Maybe the pioneer spirit which settled this continent is to be revived again with a new opportunity to express itself.

These fifteen hundred who are going to carve a new life for themselves will be taken to the beautiful wooded valley of Matanuska. Like the men and women who settled these 48 states their first job will be to clear the land. After that will come the plowing and cultivating for truck gardens and dairy farms. The valley of Matanuska is a large area and at present there are only a hundred and seventeen families in it. Those hundred and seventeen will soon have a lot more neighbors.

Obviously these new pioneers will have many advantages over their ancestors. For one thing, they will have the help of Uncle Sam's army. The army has been given the job of transporting the colonists and will also help them to plan and start their enterprise. Practically a new town will be built around the

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little village of Palmer, Alaska, which is ^{about a}~~some~~ hundred and twenty-five miles from the port of Seward. But even with the help of the army, it is a great undertaking. I'll venture to say that many who are not going will envy those pilgrims their new horizons, ^{and} a fresh start in life. Somehow this to me is the most thrilling item in today's news.

BOB BARTLETT

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Captain Bob Bartlett, dean of Arctic explorers, is getting ready to go north again. I bumped into that famous polar mariner today, the man who commanded Admiral Peary's ship, and who since then has ^{led} ~~read~~ so many expeditions into the Far North.

He was all steamed up about his next trip, and about his sweetheart, as he calls his sailing vessel, "The Effie Morrissey." Bob has just gotten some new sails for her, the finest the old girl has ever worn.

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Captain Bartlett hopes to pull off the most important piece of exploration of his life. He's going to cajole his sweet^{heart} "The Effie Morrissey" into poking her nose into parts of the Arctic never ~~been~~ before penetrated by man. In his breezy Newfoundland sailor lingo, Cap'n. Bob told me just where he expects to go, but swore me to secrecy. He has room for a few extra men on ~~her~~ board. But they'll have to be sportsmen of some means, because Arctic exploration can't be done for nothing. Wish I could go along. I'd rather go north with Captain Bob than any one.

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Furthermore, I think we ought to all encourage exploration, and explorers. So if you have the means to take part in an expedition of this type and want to reach Captain Bob Bartlett, go ahead and write to him in care of the Explorers Club in New York, or I'll be glad to forward ~~hx~~ your message. If you go north with him maybe your name will go down in history, along with the names of Amundsen, Nansen, Peary, Frobisher, Heinrich Hudson, and all the other great figures who have penetrated the mysteries of the land of the Aurora Borealis.

Here is his definition of laughter:- "A tightening of the auxiliary muscles, together with a relaxation of the muscles of the lips and tongue. The areas at the east and west sides of the eyes become puckered, and in extreme cases (very funny stories) there's a distinct wobbling of the ears." That means you are smiling. "As the culmination of the funny story is reached, the listener goes into a form of convulsion, holding his breath in hurried gasps as if about to faint. This is the reaction upon the story teller, who sits back, expands his stomach and goes into a similar convulsion." And after that definition we do tell you how to produce it.

LEACOCK ENDING

At this point in the broadcast I wish I could always provide you with a laugh, just turn the spigot and give you a dash of humor. But that's not so easy.

The dean of living humorists, Stephen Leacock, has just brought out a book entitled, "Humor -- Its Theory and Technique. He says that "in a world that studies and teaches everything that can be studied and taught, humor alone remains an unexplored field." And then he proceeds to write a text book on humor, telling you just how to do it.

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Here is his definition of laughter:- "A tightening of the maxillary muscles, together with a relaxation of the muscles of the lips and tongue. The areas at the east and west sides of the eyes become puckered, and in extreme cases (very funny stories), there's a distinct wobbling of the ears." That means you are smiling. "As the culmination of the funny story is reached, the listener goes into a form of convulsion, emitting his breath in hurried gasps as if about to shout. This in turn reacts upon the story teller, who sits back, expands his stomach and goes into a similar convulsion." And after that definition ~~of~~ he tells you how to produce it.

Here are some of the subjects he discusses:-

"Can we Learn to be Funny?;" ~~"Fun with Words;"~~ ~~"Parody and
Burlesque;"~~ ~~"Technique of the Greater Humorists;"~~ (and, by the
way, he calls Charles Dickens and Mark Twain the greatest of all
humorists); "Humor Through the Ages;" "Sex Stuff;" "Comic and
Supercomic Verse." I'll not give you an example of the supercomic,
because I wouldn't want to cause any violent convulsion. But here's
something milder that certainly started me tightening my maxillary
muscles and wobbling my ears:-

"When Grandmamma fell off the boat
And couldn't swim, and wouldn't float,
And young Matilda sat and smiled,
I almost could have slapped the child."

Which causes me to pucker the areas of the east and west sides of my
eyes and say -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

TUFTS

This day is being celebrated by gentlemen who are pulling at the tufts of their disappearing hair. All over the world, the alumni of Tufts College are shouting "Rah Rah Tufts!" With reason. Tufts last year had a football team that was unbeaten. Today it's Tufts birthday, and the old grads tonight are having not a Tuft time, and I'm having a tough time, ~~saying~~ saying it. So --- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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Hartford.
Apr. 23rd
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