

*Baseball*

Good Evening, Everybody:-

For years, when talking about radio, people have asked the question: <sup>Had</sup> ~~Did~~ I ever <sup>had</sup> ~~have~~ an accident, <sup>had</sup> ~~did~~ anything ever happen <sup>ed</sup> at the last minute, to keep me from doing ~~my~~ <sup>the</sup> news broadcast? My answer always was, "no", ~~so far I'd been~~ ~~lucky, and~~ In eight years on the air nothing worse had happened to me than to be three minutes late once in Chicago, when I got stuck in the traffic and arrived at the NBC Studios to find four Hawaiians on in my place. But, henceforth, my answer <sup>has to</sup> ~~will~~ be "yes." Yes, I did unexpectedly miss one evening, the night of Wednesday, September 21st, 1938, when I ~~accidentally~~ got in the way of a hurricane.

When the storm struck yesterday I was <sup>on my way</sup> ~~outdoors, on~~ ~~to New York.~~ ~~the way to Radio City.~~ Trees were crashing around me, bridges were going out, roads <sup>became</sup> ~~were suddenly turned into~~ rivers, and the light ~~had~~ turned strangely white, ~~just~~ as it sometimes does in <sup>hurricane or typhoon.</sup> the tropics during ~~storms~~ Except for getting wet, and <sup>for losing</sup> ~~except~~

~~for~~ a nice new Fall hat that the hurricane blew into some other State, the only difficulty I encountered was that the floods left me ~~temporarily~~ marooned. And, as those of you who were listening in know, Homer Croy, the famous novelist, humorist and screen dramatist, took my place. Some fate seems to ~~have~~ selected Homer Croy as the man to broadcast for me when there's a flood. A year ago last April, when I was on my way to London to <sup>^</sup>~~broadcast~~ <sup>^</sup>the Coronation, I asked Novelist Homer Croy to take my place one night, and the <sup>^</sup>~~news~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~he had to give~~ that evening concerned the Ohio River flood.

~~I don't quite know how I can repay him for taking my place, unless he would like to have me write a part of one of his novels for him.~~

Although tonight's hurricane and flood news all has to do with the aftermath of the storm, nevertheless ~~that~~ it's the big news of the day. -- with the President ordering <sup>the</sup> resources of the Federal Government ~~to be~~ mobilized <sup>^</sup> ~~in the aid of the~~ <sup>to help.</sup> sufferers from hurricane and flood.

## HURRICANE

( The hurricane story <sup>really</sup> came through only today, <sup>-- this</sup> morning and afternoon - though the ~~peak~~ big blow happened yesterday and was over last night. The reason for the ~~delinquent~~ delayed story is simple - ~~wires, telephone and telegraph, down~~ <sup>wires down everywhere</sup> in all the eastern seaboard states.) The Telephone Company reports that the hurricane caused the greatest destruction of communications in telephone history. A hundred towns were isolated, <sup>—</sup> wires down. And all today telephone men were busy with extra repair crews working at top speed - fixing up the <sup>lines. Then —</sup> ~~wires. So~~ as telephone and telegraph communications were reestablished, the hurricane stories came through at an increasing rate - <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ the extent of the catastrophe of wind and water, <sup>becoming more & more</sup> ~~became~~ apparent.

~~Of the hurricane stories, the most tragic is~~  
~~dated~~ <sup>— utterly destroyed.</sup> West Hampton, Long Island, A millionaire resort there called "The Dunes," a wealthy and socially exclusive summer colony on <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ south shore sandbar. One of the finest homes ~~there~~ was that of Mrs. Morvin Greene. In that home last night there was a children's birthday party, the two Greene <sup>youngsters</sup> ~~children~~ and a large company of ~~young~~ guests - two dozen children in all. Then came

~~the wild blast of~~ the hurricane, with wind up to a hundred miles an hour and a huge tidal wave forty feet high <sup>that</sup> swept the shore.

No outsider saw anything of the catastrophe of the Greene mansion and its birthday party of children. Nobody out that way during the wild rage of the tempest. Nobody noticed anything until afterward, and then they saw - the house was gone! Nothing there save the stone foundation. The house had simply vanished, swept away into the sea. The children's party ~~went~~ with it. <sup>? No. They</sup> ~~Nobody~~

*got away just before the house went.*  
~~knows any more, whether there are survivors or not.~~

~~Another palatial mansion, that of a New York lawyer,~~

~~was swept away so utterly that not a stone remains. The lawyer's~~

*a* sixty foot yacht, anchored out in the bay, was picked up by the

forty foot tidal wave, carried inland, and left a battered wreck -

*left right*  
<sup>^</sup> at the twelfth hole of the golf course of the West Hampton

Country Club.

~~The millionaire colony is a scene of devastated~~

~~wreckage today, and the fatalities are estimated at fifty~~

~~with many more missing.~~ <sup>TP</sup> Today, from the historic financial house

of J.P.Morgan and Company, announcement was made that

*next door*  
Mrs. S. Parker Gilbert of Southampton, Long Island, <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ missing.  
^

She's the widow of the Morgan partner who figured in the financial history of the post war period, as agent-general for World War reparations. Tonight the Coast Guard is ~~searching for his widow~~ *she's been found.*  
^  
~~missing in the hurricane.~~

On Long Island Sound, a ferry boat with twenty passengers aboard and a crew of five, was plying its course between Port Jefferson, New York, and Bridgeport, Connecticut. The steam powered boat was caught by the gale and blown helplessly before the wind in spite of all the power of its engine. It was missing for six hours, until ~~it was~~ located by Coast Guard boats - everybody safe.

Further south on the coast, the section hardest hit was to the north of Cape May, New Jersey. There, the island resort of Brigantine was connected with Atlantic City by a great four hundred foot bridge. Wind and tide hit the bridge and smashed it. ~~The pier~~  
~~of~~ The bridge fell right into the ocean. (At Belmar, below Asbury Park, half a mile of boardwalk was swept into the sea. And all through that area fishing piers were wrecked and turned into drifting debris.)

(Especially hard hit was the New England coast, with the peninsula of Cape Cod right in the teeth of the gale. The Cape was cut off by the sweep of wind-driven water.) With the first blast of the hurricane, two <sup>one-</sup> hundred-foot yachts worth fifty thousand dollars each, were hurled right out of Cape Cod Bay *and onto* ~~on~~ land. Hundreds of smaller craft all along that stretch of

coast were ripped from anchorage and hurled high on the beach. *And*

*here's one:—*

^ A house with six people in it was tossed into the Cape Cod Canal, and there it floated. The six were finally rescued. Tonight the Cape Cod Canal is choked with the debris of hundreds of cottages blown into it, mere masses of wreckage.

*hard-hit*

^ Along the Rhode Island shore, from Narraganset to

Watch Hill, the count of destroyed houses is - four hundred,

*that*  
^ ~~with~~ many summer homes blown to bits and swept to sea.

The casualty list for New England <sup>now</sup> <sup>5</sup> ~~mounted~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>two</sup>

*than five hundred lives lost --*  
~~hundred and sixty-one this afternoon,~~ and thirty-five dead

have been counted in New York and New Jersey. (There were

casualties as far north as Quebec, the West Indian hurricane

*all the way to*  
^ reaching ~~as far north as~~ Canada! - almost unheard of. <sup>(1)</sup> The number of

homeless can hardly be reckoned, with the estimates of damage reaching ~~up~~ toward two <sup>hundred</sup> million dollars.

~~Such are today's reports on yesterday's hurricane, as the repairing of telephone and telegraph lines permit the stories to come through. But there's news of happenings today, happenings right now. Because~~ <sup>TP</sup> Yesterday's hurricane brought floods today. <sup>The</sup> Immense masses of water that fell from the sky turned streams far and wide into torrents, and these are pouring into the larger rivers, flooding them, sending the inundating waters far and wide. So myriads of people, having just gone through the hurricane, are now faced with the deluge of the rivers.

Parts of the business district of Hartford are <sup>still deeper</sup> under water tonight, with the Connecticut River pouring over its banks. Hundreds forced from their homes. The Connecticut, New England's biggest river, has risen to levels higher than those of Nineteen Thirty-Six, the disastrous flood year. (In Vermont, the Winwooski and White Rivers are surging with the flood waters, and the people dwelling in the lowlands are homeless.)

The tributaries of the Hudson are in flood, and so is that majestic Hudson itself. Today, the great stream was only a few feet below its record height, the height it reached in Nineteen Thirty-Six. ~~Flood warnings are out everywhere, with rescue calls and rescue work.~~

Altogether - an immense phenomenon of devastation, when the hurricane hit the North Atlantic coast. But that's not so surprising. <sup>These</sup> ~~along the~~ <sup>are</sup> shores so seldom visited by the West Indian terror of the wind. ~~But~~ <sup>Who</sup> who would have thought that a tropical hurricane would sweep so far north, and give mid-Atlantic and <sup>and even Canada</sup> New England coasts <sup>a</sup> blast of its wrath!

## EUROPE

(The town of Godesberg is on the River Rhine, that old romantic stream of endless story and fable.) And today perhaps the Rhine ~~landers~~ <sup>maidens</sup> of ancient myth ~~and~~ perhaps the Lorelei herself, combing her golden hair - were gazing with shadowy eyes, ~~and~~ wondering. For to Godesberg came a man with a funny looking mustache, ~~He~~ came like a conquering hero, amid the wild acclamation of crowds and the thundering of cheers. Adolph Hitler - ~~arriving at~~ <sup>coming to</sup> his greatest triumph, coming to be handed the surrender of Czechoslovakia from the hands of the Prime Minister of Great Britain. ~~Hitler~~ <sup>H</sup> went straight to his room in the hotel, then walked on to a balcony and gazed <sup>long</sup> out over the River Rhine. Perhaps he was thinking in that strange mystical mind of his - thinking of the <sup>Wagnerian</sup> ~~Bavarian~~ Rhine maidens, and the Lorelei, heroine of Germany's most famous poem - though that poem was written by Heine, the Jew.

Then ~~across~~ <sup>over</sup> the River Rhine came a spare, aged Englishman, Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of Great Britain. Having flown from London, and having put up at a hotel on the other side of the stream - he took a boat across to meet Hitler.) The boat was wreathed ~~wreathed~~ in gay colored bunting and everywhere Swastikas were flying and the Union Jack too, signs of Hitler's triumph.

They conferred today for ~~two and a half~~ <sup>three</sup> hours, conferred alone - alone as could be. All by themselves, they would not have conferred at all - neither speaking the language of the other.

So they were alone, save for one interpreter. <sup>And so</sup> They talked of the turning over of the Sudeten German area of Czechoslovakia to

Hitler <sup>s</sup> of Germany. Chamberlain said there should be a <sup>quiet, orderly</sup> ~~well-planned~~ occupation, ~~by German troops~~, nothing hasty. Hitler said, he wanted

Sudetenland right away, march in at once, <sup>)</sup> let the Free Corps of ~~armed~~ fugitive Sudeten Germans take possession. They also talked

of the demands of the Poles and the Hungarians, <sup>for the</sup> acquisition of their minorities in Czechoslovakia. ~~Hitler was approved~~

~~Chamberlain trying to ease things as much as he could for the dismembered little democracy.~~

They talked of an international guarantee to be given to Czechoslovakia, and of a four-power pact of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, to settle the question of European peace. They talked of these things - we know it, <sup>though</sup> ~~but~~ no official

announcement was made, everything deeply secret. ~~The topics of~~ <sup>It has all</sup> today's conference ~~had~~ been made apparent ~~to all~~ by reams of

publicity and the development of events.

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The official announcement is this, issued by the British: "The Prime Minister," it says, "had a conversation with the German Fuehrer, which began at four P.M. and lasted until shortly after seven P.M. It is intended to resume the conversations tomorrow morning. Meanwhile," the announcement goes on, "the first essential opinion of the Prime Minister is that there should be a determination on the part of all parties concerned to insure that local conditions in Czechoslovakia are such as not in any way to interfere with the progress of the conversations. The Prime Minister," the announcement concludes, "appeals most earnestly to everybody to assist in maintaining a state of orderliness and refrain from any action that would be likely to lead to an incident."

*Chamberlain*  
This appeal seems most pointedly directed at

Czechoslovakia. There, the Czech cabinet resigned today, and a new cabinet was appointed by President Benes, a coalition cabinet representing all parties. And President Benes, on his part, issued an appeal: "There will be an agreement," he told his people,

between Germany and Britain, between us and Germany, and between us and eastern Europe. Our people will understand," he went on, "that it is sometimes necessary to negotiate and at other times necessary to fight. If and when we have to fight, we will fight to the last breath. When, however," he concluded, "there is a solution such as a call for negotiation, then we should negotiate."

In these soothing terms, or intended to be soothing, (the President of Czechoslovakia appealed to the nation to be calm; appealed to them not to flare into an outbreak that would bring about swift German invasion.)

~~and~~ meanwhile in Prague angry crowds were marching through the streets, <sup>menacing</sup> crowds shouting against the partition of Czechoslovakia, <sup>wrathful</sup> crowds cheering for the army, and demanding weapons, <sup>enraged</sup> crowds calling for war.) <sup>So there is</sup> ~~Angry and menacing~~ the danger of an outbreak. And the latest from Prague tells us of military precautions everywhere, cavalry stationed, machine guns posted - to prevent a popular <sup>revolt,</sup> ~~outbreak~~, such as indeed might bring the German army storming to Prague.

From the German border, come <sup>more</sup> stories of clashes. In one place hand grenades were flung, as members of the Sudeten Free Corps tried to push from Germany across the boundary. And other stories tell us of Czech troops and police pulling out, and leaving the local Sudeten Nazis in full control. <sup>also</sup> ~~and~~ there are rumors that in other places the Sudeten Free Corps from Germany has successfully taken over Sudeten areas. The indications seem to be that the Germans intend to accomplish their first occupation of Sudetenland by means of the Free Corps, and tomorrow may be the day for that outfit of Sudeten Nazi fugitives to march in and take possession.

Late from Paris: - Cabinet crisis! One group revolting against the Czechoslovak surrender. A split in the cabinet that might jeopardize the whole arrangement.

## FOLLOW BASEBALL

As the baseball season draws to a close here's a grand operatic baseball story. It is told me by Mostyn Thomas a Welshman with a great sonorous voice, who is the baritone pride and joy of Impresario Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Opera here at Rockefeller Center.

"There was," Mostyn Thomas relates, "an American tenor who sang in Italy and didn't sing so well. That got him into trouble with those uproarious Italian audiences who not only hiss and yell derision, but are also known to throw things.

The American tenor made his debut in a small Italian town and at a rehearsal sang so badly that the word spread through the community -- he was terrible. Whereupon the audience went to the theatre armed with stocks of vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, carrots to throw. The big aria -- and the American tenor was awful. That touched off the barrage. And from the galleries vegetables came flying.

The unfortunate tenor, unaccustomed to the Italian operatic ways, was astounded as he stood there under the bombardment. Then he went into action. He had been a baseball player before he took to singing, so it just came natural to him to catch the

flying vegetables and toss them back. He sure could catch and he sure could throw. A battle of one man against the multitude.

The Italian audience had never dreamed of anything like that. They were filled with admiration. They cheered the ~~baseball-player-tenor~~ <sup>not-so-hot-</sup> as he stood there catching and throwing, ~~and~~ <sup>even</sup> they gave him an ovation when he just about knocked out a guy ~~in the gallery with a big potato~~ <sup>— to the jaw.</sup> ~~square in the face~~

~~Yes,~~ The baseball-~~tenor~~ player-tenor won the crowd. ~~immediately~~

~~The performance was resumed. He scored a first class success. --~~  
~~Even his singing improved. More gusto.~~  
~~although his singing still was terrible.~~

~~Another one of those funny operatic stories -- as told by,~~  
~~I'll say :- s - l - u - t - m.~~  
~~baritone My Mosteyn Thomas -- of the San Carlo season at~~

~~Rockefeller Center.~~