

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Ten years ago today a devastating hurricane swept eastern Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. It killed three hundred and seventy-two persons and injured sixty-two hundred. Now, again, ten years later to the day, the story once more is - hurricane. Does history repeat itself? Well, not exactly. The big blow of Nineteen Twenty-Six was far more disastrous than this one in Nineteen Thirty-Six. Considering the great magnitude and violence of the present blast, it is not nearly as destructive as it might have been.

(Off the Carolinas and Virginia, the wind whipped along at a hundred miles an hour. In New York City today, the breeze registered from sixty to eighty miles an hour - with the climax to blow at six o'clock tomorrow morning. Tremendous tides ^{are} running all along the Atlantic coast.) Ociacok Island, twenty miles off Virginia, was completely swept by a nine foot

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tide. The four hundred inhabitants of the island, however, escaped. Ocean City, Maryland, reports waves thirty feet high. At Atlantic City raging seas washed over the sea wall and the boardwalk. At Seabright, the waves swept over the fifteen foot sea wall. At Cape May three houses were washed into the ocean.

Rescues -- two houseboats on the Olympus River at Norfolk, fourteen persons aboard, caught in the hurricane - rescued by the Coast Guard, with lifeboat and ^{buoys} ~~bridge~~ buoy.

And another house boat with a man, wife and six children aboard, also rescued by the Coast Guard. And it's the same story in the case of a small boat with three men and three women.

Peril to ships at sea - several vessels missing. One of them, the Caspian, out of Spain harbor, New Jersey. Distress calls crackling over the ether waves throughout the day. In Delaware the steamship "Ida May Atwater", with a crew of thirty, called on the Coast Guard for help.

The familiar hurricane story - but not nearly so bad as might be. The vast circular storm raged mostly on the sea and blasted only along a fringe of the shore. Tonight the

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hurricane seems to be moving out to sea again, to blow out
its fury on the ocean waves. ^H Moreover, this was a case of
forewarned and forearmed. The coast was prepared, precautions
taken, that helped to keep down the damage and destruction.

Next -- relief. The news today tells of the relief
mobilization by the Federal authorities and the Red Cross.
Rescue parties in readiness to go by land, by water, and
through the air, -- ~~motor transport, ships and airplanes.~~

Damon.

Sept. 18, 1936.

INTRODUCTION TO RALPH DAMON FOLLOW HURRICANE

A sky fleet mobilized for hurricane relief - that sounds odd. You'd think that when the tropical terror blows, the place for planes would be, not in the air, but in stock hangars, safely stowed away. Yet it's a fact that squadrons of winged ships are mobilized for hurricane duty. How about a report from the aviation end of storm relief? Oddly enough, that takes us to the subject of - sleep, drowsy slumber, though a hurricane is no sleepy, drowsy affair. However, the man who'll give us our report on help flown through the skies, is in New York on a distinctly sleepy job. Tonight, the American Airlines are beginning their coast to coast aerial pullman service. The man in charge is Ralph Damon, Vice-President in charge of operations for American Airlines. And he's the man, more than any other, who is responsible for the way you can fly comfortably by day and sleep in the sky by night rocked in a cradle of high altitude. He worked on the idea, when people laughed at him.

Now, tonight, sky slumber becomes -- coast to coast.

That's the sleepy ^{end} ~~and the success~~ of it. The tempestuous hurricane part ~~is~~ is this - Ralph Damon, as an airline executive, has been in touch all day ^{today} with the problems of storm relief. So let's switch over to the New York studio, where Ralph Damon is at a microphone, and ask him for a report on how the sky fleet is carrying on in ^{today's} ~~the~~ relief battle against the hurricane.

FOR MR. RALPH DAMON

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The latest is, Lowell, that the government has sent aircraft to cover the entire storm area along the southern coast. Relief planes don't fly into the teeth of the hurricane. There wouldn't be any point to that. They get in around behind the storm and follow it. Their first job is to scout the devastated areas and flash wireless reports of the sections hit hardest, places where help is needed most, where communications are down, wires smashed, railroads and highways washed out. The planes spot conditions and direct the ground work - tell relief parties where to go.

Then the planes take part in the direct relief work. That happens in cases where communities are hard hit, food shortage, homes destroyed, epidemics threatened - places so hard hit by the storm that they're completely isolated. Ground relief can't get to them. Parties on the ground can't break through. Then relief goes by the sky route. The planes carry food, clothing blankets, medical supplies and doctors.

The airlines are always ready for these emergencies, storm, flood, or forest fire. They're prepared to send their

~~their~~ planes at a call from the Red Cross. Here's an interesting point. The sky follows the old tradition of the sea. In the air, a distress signal has the same meaning as on the ocean. A distress signal has the right of way, and the airline planes answer it, to the exclusion of all other business - just as with ships at sea.

You were right, Lowell, when you said that the present tremendous hurricane was not as destructive as it might have been. Government relief planes are on the job. The airlines today did not get a call from the Red Cross. No distress signal came through.

FOLLOW RALPH DAMON

That's good news, Ralph - a sky relief indication that the hurricane didn't do its worst. It's interesting - the way the motor-driven wings work at hurricane time. It's a striking indication of the broad usefulness that aviation has achieved -- in the practical doings of the world.

Practical is the word, especially as we now come to another instance of plain work-a-day ^{utili} ~~utili~~tarianism. A trans-Atlantic non-stop, merely to get a job done. That projected across-the-ocean jaunt which Clyde Pangborn is going to make - Pangborn who has sky-voyaged around the world, the only aviator to fly the Pacific Ocean non-stop, ~~on the Pangborn-Herndon flight a few years ago~~ Pang is going to do the Trans-Atlantic classic again -- but not for fun or thrills or sport or aviation achievement. It's just a job. He'll ~~xx~~ take off on October fifteenth with Marion Grevenburg, the film flier, as co-pilot. ~~They're~~ Just a couple of workmen doing a chore.

The plane they'll take is the Upperco Burnelli transport called "The Flying Wing" -- the same ^{kind} ~~kind~~ that was

used in that Blue Sunoco test some time ago when the broad-bodied plane flew aloft, an automobile slung beneath its cabin. [¶] The British have taken up the "Flying Wing", and are going to manufacture it. Vincent Burnelli, the designer, is in England right now, starting the work. They've got to get their demonstration sky ship over to London, and Pangborn has been given the job of doing it. He has a contract to have the plane in England by a specified time, and get it there any way he pleases. He could ~~xxx~~ knock it down and ship it by boat. But Pang says the quickest, cheapest and easiest way is, ~~to~~ fly over. ~~So it's just a day's work, nothing but a job.~~

[¶] People ask, "What's the use of these Trans-Atlantic flights?"

In the case of Pangborn and Grevenburg, you can answer that with the old line: "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

"To get on the other side."

But getting back to this storm howling outside, word has just come of a vessel - the "Long Island" going down off the coast of Delaware. Of her crew of 40 apparently ~~only~~ 35 have been saved, - the rest missing. Late reports tell of other ships missing. New York will get the hurricane at dawn tomorrow.

SPAIN

The world is minus of its most famous architectural wonders tonight.

For They blew up the Alcazar of Toledo today. Dynamite placed in mines beneath the stronghold was touched off. The terrific blast rocked the whole city, houses in the town were knocked down, automobiles wrecked. The massive walls of the Alcazar were rent. They fell into crash and ruin. It is believed that many of the Rebel fighting men and their women and children were killed.

After the explosion the Left Wing Militia swarmed upon the ruins. The Government flag was planted above the shattered ~~am~~ masonry. Yet there was still more fighting. The Rebels left alive in the deep stone vaults appeared amid the ruins, resisting to the end. At last reports the battle was still going on, the Red Militia skirmishing their way amid the derbis and into the underground passage^s, where men were still fighting, ^{where} ~~HERE~~ women and children are. How many? Nobody knows.

Meanwhile General Mola's Fascist army is still fighting its way toward Toledo, advancing, winning successes -- but too

late to save the architectural glories of the world-famous
Alcazar and its defenders.

HARVARD

The President sat in the rain today. The hurricane along the coast reached up into New England with a driving rain and gale. The President sat on an uncovered portico, moisture teeming down -- and watched the parade go by. For today was the climax of the Tercentenary Celebration at Harvard. And Franklin Delano Roosevelt class of Nineteen Four, is Harvard's most ^{famous living} ~~distinguished~~ ^{alumnus}.

Educational dignitaries from all over the world, in colorful academic robes -- marched through the rain. Harvard bestowed honorary degrees on sixty-two of its distinguished ^{sons} ~~alumni~~. Eleven of them Nobel Prize winners. John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England, read an ode composed for the occasion - "Lines on the Tercentenary of Harvard College." The congregation of the scholars was called to order by the sound of bells, bells over the radio, a ringing peal, flashed across the ocean by short wave, the bells of Southwark Cathedral in London. That's the church where John Harvard worshipped with his family -- John Harvard who founded the University ~~at~~ on the Charles.

And Peter Harvard was there in person, a Nineteen-year-old youth from Durham County in England. John Harvard was his great, great uncle.

President Conant paid tribute to the universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Paris -- "The great universities", he said he, "from which we are proud to claim our descent."

President Roosevelt watched the parade in the rain. Then he delivered an address -- but not in the rain. He went inside and spoke. "In this day of modern witchburning," he said, "when freedom of thought has been exiled from many lands which were once its home, it is the part of Harvard and the United States to stand for the freedom of the human mind, and to carry the torch of truth."

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LONDON FOLLOW HARVARD

Governor Landon also spoke out for freedom today, which should make it unanimous. His address, however, was not non-political, and so his remarks had a campaign barb. He denounced dictatorship, spoke of the evil of giving up liberty for a phantom security.

He spoke his words to youth -- to a gathering of young Republicans at Topeka.

POLITICS

Pittsburgh is in the political spotlight tonight. The Smoky City is in the pleasant position of a beautiful girl, ardently wooed by two suitors. And the pair of boy friends show up the same night, loaded down with bouquets of flowers and boxes of candy -- each spouting flatteries and protestations of undying devotion. That's wooing as is wooing.

President Roosevelt has ^lalready paid one campaign visit to the City of Steel - the fatal charmer. Governor Landon has been there too, handing the gal a big bouquet of sunflowers. Now, the President is going to Pittsburgh again, a second call on the damsel with the heart of ^{- stainless steel.} steel. Moreover, the G.O.P. will call on the killing beauty again, and sit in the parlor. This time in the person of Vice-Presidential Candidate Colonel Frank Knox. I wonder if the Colonel is a good parlor sitter.

The drama of courtship soars high when we find that the President and the Colonel will deliver their Pittsburgh orations on the same night. Any girl will tell you that it's an embarrassing moment when the two boy friends show up at the

same time. It's enough to make a lass feel all ~~xi~~ aflutter, although I can't imagine the city of steel on the Monongahela doing any fluttering.

A couple of weeks ago Colonel Knox signed up to speak in Pittsburgh on October First. A contract was signed by the Republicans for the use of Duquesne Gardens that night. Then came the announcement yesterday - of the date of the President's address in Pittsburgh. October First. It was thought that the President and the Colonel would both speak in Duquesne Gardens, at different hours of the day of course. They would hardly declaim on the same platform at the same time; that would be too much of a duet. Now, however, it's revealed that the President will speak the same hour as the Colonel, but at a different place. The Democrats have engaged Forbes Field. Duquesne Gardens, with the Colonel has a capacity of eight thousand. Forbes Field, with the President, has a capacity of forty thousand. You can see the arithmetic, as two boys meet girl.

When I arrived in Pittsburgh yesterday, I found

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politics running a high fever. From the stately clubs of the steel masters down to the corner saloons where the steel workers get their beer, the talk is -- election. The huge industrial vote in Pittsburgh is the key to the election problem there. And Pittsburgh may be the key to the election problem of all Pennsylvania.

Not within the memory of man has Pennsylvania gone Democratic in a Presidential Year. Once it failed to go Republican, but then it went Teddy Roosevelt Bull Moose Progressive - in Nineteen Twelve. In the last election, however, President Hoover carried the State by only a hundred and fifty thousand votes, a mere bagatelle as Republican majorities in Pennsylvania usually go. That's the record,

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New Deal and the Republican vice presidential nominee as the President ~~makes his special effort~~ in Pittsburgh, with

its teeming myriads of industrial workers.

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And as I say along until Monday.

conclude