

Good Evening, Everybody:

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Lake at Michigan City, Indiana.

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visitors day, ^{when} seven guns ~~appeared~~ apparently were smuggled into
~~the prison~~ They were delivered into the hands of these eleven
men, all of them serving long terms, two in fact being "lifers."
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hit him on the head, ~~and~~ knocked him cold. Then they rushed into
the main office. The clerk, an aged man, did his best to get
in the way, but they shot him in the leg and put him down.

Then they ~~burst~~ out through the gate, got on to the
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RETAKE

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The state police and the coppers of every city in Northern Indiana were mobilized in a man hunt. At four o'clock this afternoon one of the cars is believed to have been seen near Chester, Indiana, so a force of troopers was concentrated in that area. However, at latest reports these ~~men~~^{desperate} fellows are still at large.

N.B.C.

KELLY On the other hand, here's an important capture. ~~was~~ They've got Machine-gun Kelly, the southwestern

desperado who has been ~~so badly~~ wanted by Uncle Sam, ~~all these~~ ^{for months.}

~~weeks~~ In fact, ^{Kelly is} ~~he is~~ not only wanted by Uncle Sam who declares that he was an important figure in the kidnapping of Charles Urschel, the Oklahoma Oil millionaire, but the State of Kansas, and the City of Chicago also have been exceedingly eager to see Mr. Kelly. The Kansas officials want to ask him why he broke out of the Kansas penitentiary on Memorial Day; and the Chicago police want Mr. Kelly to tell them whether he took any part in that ~~noted~~ spectacular mail robbery and murder ^{last week.}

~~Mr~~ Kelly was apprehended in Memphis, Tennessee at six o'clock this morning. He was pinched by agents of the Department of Justice and Memphis coppers. His behavior is quite lamb like, as he admits his identity and is making no attempt to fight extradition to Oklahoma City. ^{In Oklahoma} ~~there~~ he will take his place in the ~~deck~~ by the side of Harvey Bailey and the others who are now on trial in the Urschel case. Mr. Kelly had disguised himself in a

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way popular with ladies. He had peroxidized his hair. He was

living with his wife at the house of an apparently innocent man.

In fact he was in bed when the U. S. agents nailed him.

Altogether quite a feather in the cap of the authorities.

N.B.C.

~~Good Evening, Everybody~~

Well, the officials of the NRA had plenty to worry about today. More than four thousand workers of the Ford Motor Car Company at Chester, Pennsylvania, threw down their tools and walked out at ten o'clock this morning. This comes on top of other strike troubles in various parts of the country. The strike in Chester was a protest against the new thirty-two-hour^a-week_^ schedule with fifty cents an hour pay. The workers say that means only sixteen dollars a week and "taint enuff." The Chester police tell me that strikers are behaving in a decent fashion. They put down their tools at a given word and marched in orderly formation out of the plant. Leaders of the American Federation of Labor will get together with officials of the Ford Company tomorrow.

Then there is strike news from Detroit, where twelve hundred workers at the Fischer Body plant failed to return after lunch. Similar things happened at smaller plants in Detroit, including those of eight~~een~~ independent companies that manufacture

tools. This is another strike called by the Mechanics Educational Society. ~~and it called out~~ Nine hundred men *walked out.*

However, to offset this, the strike at Flint, Michigan, was settled. General Motors officials say that more than seventy percent of those strikers have returned to work.

At the same time there were walk-outs in the trucking industry in Connecticut and in Brooklyn, New York. In the coal mines of Pennsylvania the atmosphere is still tense. A squad of Pennsylvania constabulary was rushed from the barracks at Uniontown to the mines to preserve order. Again, on the other side of the ledger, Grover Whalen, Chairman of the NRA Committee in New York, tells us that twenty-five thousand underwear makers are ready to get back on the job.

N.R.A.

General Johnson, the dynamic head of the National Recovery Act Administration, has been away from his desk owing to a slight indisposition. But his subordinates announce that he is expected back in a couple of days.

N.B.C.

Bill Van Deusen.

of Pan American
Airways.

Sept. 26, 1933.

TAMPICO

(That storm, the one yesterday that wrecked Tampico and surrounding parts of Old Mexico appears to have been even more frightful than we thought last night.) However, the total of the dead is not as stupendous as some reports indicated, reports that estimated the people killed up in the thousands. Pan American Airways tell me that the information they have gathered by radio, the only information yet available on this disaster, has it that (the dead may reach up into the hundreds.) |
But so far only fifty-two bodies have been recovered, In addition to these there are three hundred injured, and it is believed American Red Cross headquarters at Washington may send a unit to the scene. Pan American Airways have offered to place their planes at the disposal of the Red Cross for transportation.

Meanwhile (Mexican troops under the command of the Minister of Interior, are in control of the city and the surrounding country.) The soldiers are in charge of relief and rehabilitation work. The job of rescuing people is extremely difficult because of floods. More than a hundred miles of railroad tracks

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have been washed away, entire sections of Tampico itself and the region nearby are under water.

Bill Van Deusen of Pan American Airways is here with me. What about that?

NBC

Pan American Airways - whose network of thirty-eight weather and radio stations encircle the Caribbean Sea - is called the "Hurricane Watch" - because of the heroic work our fliers have done in detecting these big blows before they strike and in flying in relief hardly more than minutes after the storm has passed. Pan American pilots probably have had more experience with hurricanes than any one.

They have had a box seat at twenty-seven hurricanes in the past four years -- and are popularly credited with having saved the lives of more than thirty thousand inhabitants of the islands of the West Indies and Central America by their timely ~~MESS~~ warnings, their preparations against the coming of the storms -- and their relief work.

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The first word of the disaster which struck Tampico Sunday afternoon came crackling over the radio waves from a little set on the airport at Tampico in the early morning hours Monday. The message was brief. It simply said that the hurricane was the most disastrous in Tampico's history.

From ~~the~~ reports ~~which have been~~ filed from the
airport station we can piece together pretty well ^a ~~the~~ picture
presented ^{of} by Tampico, ~~the~~ ~~Sunday afternoon~~. ^{at} The city, a
prosperous, ~~attractive~~ business capital, is located on the
edge of the Gulf of Mexico and only a few feet above sea level.

✓ The first immediate sign of the approaching storm was a dense
humidity with very little, if any, breeze. Windows and doors
of homes were battened, everything loose was tied down, buildings
were reinforced and the population was huddled within walls.
Gradually the wind developed to 30 -- 40 -- 50 -- 60 miles an
hour in much less than as many minutes. Great black masses
of clouds appeared on the horizon, moving steadily toward the
city, preceded by squalls and then torrential rain. Within a
few minutes the storm itself ~~is~~ swept over the city. For seven
hours it raged -- until eleven o'clock that night with the
wind reaching 150 miles an hour at its peak, bringing with it a
monstrous wave of water from the Gulf which flooded the Panuco
River and swirled through the streets.

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Electric lines were blown down, telephone poles were uprooted and the town was left without a means of communication, and in total darkness. Dwellings, wooden cottages were almost completely demolished, roofs were torn from business structures, windows crashed, walls cracked. Then began the long night.

The most imperative thing was to get word of the city's plight to the outside world in order that proper relief might be organized Monday morning. The only possible means of communication was by the little aircraft station at the airport, and one of the big international planes was pressed into service with its radio apparatus forming an auxiliary station. It was from this plane, anchored outside its hangar with its ~~xx~~ aerial stretched along the ground that the first word of the catastrophe was dispatched.

Two hours after this message was sent, the first plane arrived over the city and dropped food and medical supplies by parachute. Tomorrow the big ten-ton airliners will be able to land at the airport and then relief work will be under way in earnest.

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EARTHQUAKE

Old Mother Nature certainly seems to be taking her revenge on the population of a wicked world this year. On top of all these terrific storms on this side of the Atlantic ^{comes} ~~next~~ the account of a murderous earthquake in Italy. It killed twelve people in the mountain districts of the central part of the peninsula and injured more than seventy. It was so violent that the shock was felt even in Rome, hundreds of miles away. A wireless dispatch says that thousands of Italians are staying outdoors today fearing death from tottering buildings.

N.B.C.

MOSCOW

What the diplomats call a serious situation ^{has} developed in the relations between the Hitlerite Fatherland and Soviet Russia. It began when Russia newspaper men reporting that trial at Leipzig, the trial of Communists accused of setting fire to the Reichstag, were arrested. They ^{Russian newspaper men} were later set free, but they were barred from the court room.

Today Moscow hit back at Berlin by ordering all German correspondents to leave Soviet territory immediately. The order was modified later on and the German reporters were given three days time in which to pack. At any rate, there's no love and kisses in the notes ^{now} being exchanged between Moscow and Berlin. ~~today~~

* * * *

As for the trial of those Communists, the prosecution sprang a dramatic effect today. (Marin^{us} ~~Vander~~Lubbe, the young Dutch brick mason ^{and Communist leader,} made a confession. He admitted that he had set fire to three large buildings in Berlin several days before the fire at the Reichstag, the German parliament.) ~~building.~~ He told

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the court that he had used rags soaked in gasoline and that the buildings where he practised his incendiary art were the Berlin City Hall, the former palace of the ex-Kaiser, and one other edifice. So the claims of the Communists that this trial was merely a bit of Hitlerite hocus appear to be not so well founded after all.

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MOSCOW - 2

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N.B.C.

GENEVA

5-

The principal sensation at Geneva where the League of Nations is again confabulating, was ~~secret~~^{more} provided by Chancellor Hitler's Minister of Propaganda today. You may recall that yesterday this modest violet of a fellow astounded the ~~League~~^{peaceful} by stalking into the assembly hall escorted by twelve Nazi storm troopers in military formation.

Well, his stunt today was to have lunch in secret with the Polish Foreign Minister. I don't know quite what the dispatch means by saying that the luncheon was secret, because it seems to have become known all over the world ~~xxx~~ within a few moments.

But at any rate, the little ~~party seems to have been~~^{luncheon party was} not according to Hoyle in diplomatic procedure. All the other delegates got extremely hot and bothered about it. Well Propaganda Minister Goebbels poured oil on troubled waters by explaining that his little luncheon was merely for the purpose of improving relations between Poland and the Nazi Fatherland, ^{Just helping the Dove of Peace.} ~~Do that as it may, for~~

~~Minister of Propaganda, this young Hitlerite certainly has got the spotlight focused on him.~~

LARDNER

Literary folk and people who read, today are busy estimating the amazing gifts of the late Ring Lardner who died last night at Easthampton, Long Island. ~~Incidentally, I learn that he is to be buried tomorrow.~~ ^{Ring}

Ring Lardner had one thing in common with Mark Twain. The world in general thought of them both as humorists. The more thoughtful people considered them the most pessimistic of all American writers. Lardner I suppose is best known for the phrase he coined: "You know me, Al", the pet phrase of the famous Bush League ball player that Lardner created. Most writers describe him as a humorist. As a matter of fact, he wrote some of the most masterly but acid short stories ever printed in America. He died far too soon because there are few fiction writers in the country who can approach him, let alone equal him. Ring Lardner & I were reporters together in Chicago N.B.C. long years ago.

EXCHANGE

Apparently the scenario is being rewritten in the story of the moving of the New York Stock Exchange over to New Jersey.

There were signs in the air ^{today} that Father Knickerbocker, or rather his Tammany Government, were entertaining a change of heart.

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Mr. Richard Whitney, president of the Exchange, wrote a letter to New York's Mayor, offering to drop the plan, shifting the stock market over to Newark on October 7th, providing the Mayor will veto those tax bills which stock brokers have objected to so furiously.

And it was said around City Hall today this is probably what will be done. The Mayor will veto the bills, The Stock Exchange will stay where it is, everything will be forgotten and forgiven. Meanwhile the city authorities are under the painful necessity of providing a new scheme of raising dough, always a painful problem.

N.B.C.

WORCESTER

While Trenton, New Jersey, was all dolled up today in honor of the opening of the State Fair -- they had sixty thousand people incidentally -- another interesting city in the east is holding ~~another~~^a celebration. ~~That is~~ Worcester, Massachusetts, where they are dedicating a two million dollar auditorium in memorial to the five hundred odd soldiers from Worcester who lost their lives in the World War.

As most of you know, Worcester, Massachusetts, took its name from Worcester, England. When the city fathers of the English town learned all about these high ~~jinx~~ jinx in its Massachusetts offspring, they decided they would have to have some share in the celebration. So the Lord Mayor of Worcester has sent over a beautiful wreath ~~which would have~~^{to occupy} a prominent place in the new auditorium and with it a bugle used by the soldiers of Worcester, England, in ~~the~~ World War. So anybody in the neighborhood of Worcester, Massachusetts, ~~will~~ hear^d many long loud blasts from that historic English bugle ^{today -- & they'll hear it again} during the next four days.

~~And this is my last blast for tonight, so I'll say
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~

Correspondence.

HONEY

An interesting scene is reported to have taken place in the municipal court at San Francisco. Sitting on the bench in the absence of the regular incumbent, was an exceedingly dignified judge. Before him was brought a ^{Jovial}~~sublime~~ dame, a lady of color, beaming with good nature and gold teeth. The police accused her, ~~gold-teeth-and-all,~~ of having disturbed the peace of the Golden Gate. She explained to the court: "I was just celebratin' my new deal a little bit."

Thereupon the dignified judge remarked: "But the officer says you were shouting and singing on Market Street."

To this the colored lady prisoner with her beamingest smile cried out: "Why honey, you don't think I'd tell a fib to you, does you sugar?"

That was too ~~xxx~~ much for the dignified judge who exclaimed hurriedly: "Case dismissed," and dashed into his private chambers saying as I do now

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

N.B.C.