

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

The roar of many waters brings us tonight a bewildering tale of disaster. Not one, nor two, nor six, but (more than a dozen rivers in the eastern states have swept over their banks and at this moment are raging through the streets of metropolitan communities. Entire cities isolated, million dollar business districts under water, thousands homeless, roads impassable, communication lines smashed!)

Remember the great Vermont flood of Nineteen Twenty-Seven, which devastated most of New England, the great Mississippi flood in the same year that inundated forty-five thousand square miles? Well, the flood that is ravaging this land of ours tonight is worse than both of them put together.

So this broadcast is going to deal mainly with floods perhaps the greatest flood in American history.

From Nineteen Twenty-Eight to Nineteen Thirty -- so say Uncle Sam's figures, -- floods caused a total damage of a hundred and twelve million dollars, with a loss of a hundred and

eleven lives. Those totals are already made trifling by the cataclysm that has fallen upon eastern America today. Of course at present there's no estimating the actual damage nor the number of deaths. One guess is that the property destruction will run over a billion dollars, and the fatalities - people drowned - into the thousands. No wonder an official of the Red Cross declared that it is the worst calamity the country has suffered in the forty-five years of his experience!

(Imagine Pittsburgh under eighteen feet of water! That fabulous district known as the "Golden Triangle", the region between the Monongahela, the Alleghany, and the Ohio, is one turbulent lake, network of torrents. No light - no power - no elevators. Complete breakdown. Pittsburg by candle light, tonight! Bank vaults flooded. Four feet of water in hotels. Men in boats rowing down that fine new Boulevard of the Allies, down Penn Avenue, Liberty Avenue, Wood street and Smithfield Street.)

Early this morning the staff of the "Pittsburgh Press" was driven out of their building, which tonight is surrounded by

ten feet of water. The Press crowd went over to the hospitable offices of the "Post Gazette". But it wasn't long before both the "Pittsburgh Press" and "Post Gazette" had to leave in a hurry and take refuge with the "Sun Telegraph". All in all, it's literally and actually the most appalling deluge "the Smoky City" has ever known. The Mayor has declared a legal holiday. And people are warned to boil their drinking water. Thousands are out of work with most of the big steel plants shut down. Theatres making no effort to open. Yes, and more than two thousand people are marooned in Pittsburgh skyscrapers. All traffic in the Golden Triangle - that towering skyscraper section is by boat. The fare, five dollars for a block or two. One big department store alone is believed to have lost two million dollars - where I'm supposed to speak and autograph books next week.

And to make the confusion worse, there's the menace of fire. They've had three already - the buildings burned to the water's edge. The plight of Pittsburgh tonight is staggering.

( Western Pennsylvania in general, is suffering the  
brunt of the calamity. Also farther west the Ohio River is

rising at the rate of two and a half inches an hour.) All along the valley from Marietta, to Louisville, people are hastily packing, getting ready to flee from their houses.

Powel Crosley phones me that his station WLW is working all night to flash warnings to people on highways.

( In Connecticut, nineteen feet of water rushed down the valley of the Farmington River. Ithaca, New York, the home of Cornell University, is isolated completely, all communications cut. Not a word has been heard from fair Cayuga since noon. )

Hundreds of people are in danger in Waterford, New York. In Syracuse, entire families were rescued in row boats from the roof-tops of their dwellings.

Half of Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, is under a swelling torrent. In Eastern Pennsylvania the Susquehanna is on the rampage.

Last week the waters had subsided in Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire. Tonight ~~thxxx~~ they are creeping up again. And, Brattleboro, Vermont is in danger.

Down south the Potomac and the Youghiogheny and the

Shenandoah and the James River are setting new records, running wild. In Virginia, at Richmond, folks are building barricades for dear life.

Sitting in the Shore Wave Room here at the N.B.C. - Radio City - we heard the alarm from far and wide. Warnings posted in Boston. The Susquehanna still climbing, already above its highest point since the great deluge of 1865.

Washington D. C. tonight looks like a ~~xx~~ besieged city. W.P.A. workers all day have been throwing up sand bags and earthen dikes around government buildings in the triangle between the Potomac, the White House and Capitol Hill. Army airplanes evacuated Anacostia air field and fled to Hampton Roads to be safe from the flood. Uncle Sam's weather bureau warned all Government departments that the surging Potomac sometime tomorrow will reach the worst stage ever seen there in forty-seven years.

Cumberland, Maryland, the prospect there is appalling. Six thousand people made homeless. All business called off. Bridges out, no communication to nearby cities on the Potomac. Three B. and O. trains marooned near Cumberland.

The Maryland National Guard sends us the message that nobody will be allowed to starve down that way. But, the drinking water problem is serious, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." That will be the story for days until they're able to repair the City Water Works.

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As for Johnstown, the scene of that historic disaster of 1889, it has passed the worst of its crisis. Early this morning it was reported that the great Quemahoning Dam, above Johnstown, had gone out. Later it was learned that it was a small one on the South Fork of the Conemaugh. Two thousand Johnstownites homeless. But they don't have to mourn that awful death list of 1889 when twenty-three hundred perished. Nevertheless, the Johnstown damage tonight is estimated at thirty-five million dollars. And there are still fourteen feet of water in the telephone company's building.

One of the dramatic incidents of the day happened in Washington. The National Broadcasting Company was all set for a broadcast between Johnstown and the Nation's Capitol - a two-

way conversation between a Capitol Hill Red Cross official and city authorities in Johnstown. Just as the control engineers had given the signal, "All right Johnstown, take it away"! a shout was heard:- "Dam has burst! "One of the dams above Johnstown just gone out!" N.B.C. men there in the Bell Telephone Building were warned to leave. But they insisted on sticking to their post. "The show must go on", they said. So the broadcast started. Then there was more excitement, a loud hubbub of voices in the background. One voice shouting louder than the others said: "The water is coming down the street!" After that, silence! No more broadcast. Luckily it was not the great seven mile long Quemahoning Dam.

President Roosevelt hastily appointed an emergency flood committee with War Secretary Dern as its chairman. It will cooperate with all local officials and with the Red Cross. Army planes will be used.

Late this afternoon Coast Guard headquarters in New York City informed us they're sending twelve boats with one officer and forty men to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania the American Legion and ten thousand

W. P. A. workers have been hurriedly mobilized.

Rescue work is impeded because of the fog. Traffic at a standstill in New York harbor. All shipping delayed.

What are the prospects for tomorrow? Doc Kimball the veteran chief of the New York Weather Bureau, offers no picture of optimism. More rains and snows tonight, he says. More moisture for the stricken areas.

In explaining the flood, he asks us to imagine the earth throughout the east as one huge tin roof with water rushing down it. The long hard cold winter left the ground frozen solid many feet under the surface. That's why it's throwing off the water like a tin roof. It isn't the thawing snow nor the rains, he said. They are nothing out of the ordinary. But as the snow and ice thaws, the ground simply can not absorb the water. So it rushes down the valleys of the big rivers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, New York, and Connecticut.



WASHINGTON

It's a relief to have at least one piece of news that isn't either flood talk or war talk. The information that President Roosevelt let loose today is something the whole country has long been waiting to hear. (How much will the government have to raise for relief. And the answer is:- one and a half billion dollars.)

That isn't the total sum Uncle Sam will shell out this year. The real total is three billion, one hundred millions. That's our little Nineteen Thirty-Seven bill for taking care of the jobless. However, as the President points out, Uncle Sam still has one billion, six hundred millions in the till, money left over and not spent, from last year's appropriation.)

However, there's one little joker in Mr. Roosevelt's message. The little word "if". "The government won't have to raise more than a billion and a half if the gains in employment by private industry are substantial enough." And to emphasize it, he adds: "The ultimate cost of the Federal Works Program will thus be determined by private enterprise."

That's the picture as the White House presented it to

Congress this afternoon.

Reading between the lines, we can see that the President and his advisors are painting the picture as favorably as possible. They are taking the most optimistic view of the situation. That billion and a half of dollars is the low down minimum. If private industry doesn't put vast numbers of men and women back to work, the sum will be more. ~~That isn't what the message said, but it is implied.~~ As the President points out, "The trend of reemployment is upward. But at its present rate of progress, that trend is inadequate." And here's his solution. "I propose, therefore, that we ask private business to extend its operations so as to absorb an increasing number of the unemployed."

*to ask about the Federal relief program is:-*  
The next thing ~~business men will ask is~~ "How will that money be used?" The President wants to turn the entire billion and a half over to the W.P.A., the Works Progress Administration. In other words, it goes to Mr. Harry Hopkins' department.

Then, again, how does this sum compare with <sup>the previous</sup> ~~last~~ year's appropriations? It's four hundred million dollars less than Uncle Sam <sup>is</sup> ~~shell~~ <sup>ing</sup> out for the present year, the year ending June Thirtieth.

## VENIZELOS

The death of Eleutherios Venizelos, leaves the European scene considerably the poorer. He was one of the most picturesque and most admired statesmen across the waters. Even his enemies - and there were plenty of them - conceded that he was properly described as a statesman. In Nineteen Nineteen, Paris was crammed with brilliant and distinguished figures. But of them all, no one attracted more attention than the "Lion of Crete", the "Grand Old Man of Greece", as he was ~~variously~~ called. And at that he represented one of the smallest, least important <sup>nations</sup> ~~countries~~ in the world.

57  
He was Prime Minister of his country no fewer than seven times. People had every reason to describe him as the "Father of the Greek Republic". Seven times a premier, six times exiled, six times recalled. Even in South America ~~that would be~~ you'd have difficulty in finding a man with such a stormy and varied career.

He dies at the age of seventy-two. ~~But he started working for the freedom of the Hellenes ever since he grew up.~~ When he was twenty-three, he was elected deputy in the legislature of Crete. Ten years later, in Eighteen Ninety-Seven, he achieved his first

important success. He brought about the liberation of Crete, his native island, from the stupid, corrupt and brutal rule of the Turks.

His last days, though comfortable, were sad. He lived to see all his efforts brought to naught, the republic destroyed, a king once more on the throne in Athens. When the unfortunate March revolution collapsed, Venizelos left his native land for the last time. And when the Hellenes in November, Nineteen Thirty Five, voted to bring ~~ax~~ back King George, he described the election as a "bitter comedy". One of the King's first acts was to pardon the great man of Greece, but Venizelos disdained it and remained in Paris, where he died. It was a great man that passed away in Paris today.

## EUROPE

Meanwhile, let's see how goes the war of words in Europe? There's not one conference in London, but two. In one chamber, the League of Nations; in another the signatories of the Locarno Treaties, minus Germany.

Italy is saying "no", no sanctions against Germany. France says "no", no, a thousand times no, to Captain Eden's latest suggestion; the suggestion for a neutral zone, sixty miles wide, along the Rhineland. The idea being to internationalize the frontier between Germany and Belgium, and Germany and France with a neutral thirty mile strip on each side.

It is hardly to be wondered that France says "No". If she agreed, it would mean that she would have to demolish what is known as the Maginot Line. That's the line of massive subterranean fortifications designed by General Maginot, the most powerful line of defense ever built in the world. Billions of Francs have gone into those underground fortresses. In place of that impregnable steel and concrete line, France would have to depend for her defense upon a corridor policed by an international force. Such a police force, in the opinion of

EUROPE - 2

Paris, would probably be dominated by John Bull. Something  
the Quai D'Orsai cannot view with equanimity. And I can't  
view this clock with equanimity. So, --

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.