

MARCONI

All other news tonight is dwarfed by the announcement from Marconi. Stated in his usual cautious conservative language it means that the Father of Radio is on the eve of perfecting an invention that may revolutionize modern warfare, make the airplane, the tank, the automobile, useless on the field of battle. And it's the sort of thing that might make his own country invincible against the entire world, provided he can keep the secret of his invention solely for the Italian army.

The idea is almost too fantastic. It is this:- By the use of new, ultra-short waves, the man who invented wireless can stop the motor of even any airplane in mid-air. The device goes further than that. It can paralyze all motor traffic that depends upon ignition from an electric spark. That means, that this wierd new radio wave can stop everything propelled by gas combustion.

Yes, it sounds too fantastic. It seems to belong in one of the novels of Jules Verne - or H. G. Wells. However, we have to remember that Marconi is a man who never has talked about any-

thing he has done until he has done it. He has never reported his experiments until practically complete. When he says he is on the verge of success it means just that. At least according to his past record.

Furthermore, we have actual testimony from an independent source that Marconi's experimentation has gone even further than he admits. And a strange, strange story it is. A correspondent of the NEW YORK SUN relates a personal experience that he had while riding in an automobile from Rome to Ostia. As he puts it: "The motor suddenly stopped. At the same moment there was a sudden rush of wind. The owner stepped on the starter and nothing happened."

Examination proved that the tank was well filled and there was nothing wrong with the ignition. All other cars on the road had been stopped, all the drivers busily hunting for trouble. Five minutes later, for no apparent reason, the trouble disappeared and they suddenly started moving.

On the following day, the City of Rome resounded with extraordinary reports. Peasants saw large trees which were

suddenly bent almost to the ground as though from the force of a sudden wind. Sheep and cattle were knocked senseless to the earth. One farmer was knocked down as though he had been hit on the head with a club. So he related. And we have it all on the unimpeachable authority of the NEW YORK SUN.

The gist of the whole thing, apparently, is that the modest and silent man who harnessed the Hertzian waves to make radio communication possible, - Senator Marconi - has now developed a force, whether you call it a mysterious ray or wave, which enables him to project destruction and to paralyze all traffic, from a safe and remote distance.

Compared to this, today's announcement that the Marchese Marconi has become Director of Communication for Italy's forces in the African field seems tame, though appropriate, - and it will be accompanied by a wrinkling of brows in the chancelleries of Europe.

ETHIOPIA

That announcement by Signor Marconi dwarfs everything else we hear today from Italy. So we will just skim lightly over the other tidings that concern the Ethiopian muddle. One of them tends to confirm the fears that the Duce's war project has aroused the sympathy of negroid peoples far and wide. For instance, in Cairo, the offices of the Ethiopian Minister to Egypt have been thronged with blacks, who want to fight against Italy. The Ethiopian Minister reports that there are enough of them ~~fast~~ to form a foreign legion five thousand strong. They include both Mohammedans and Coptic Christians. Some of them are not true negroes, but are Egyptians of mixed blood. As no state of war exists yet, the Emperor Haile Selassie has been obliged to decline these offers for the time being. Of opposite meaning is a raid reported in East Africa -- a raid against the Ethiopians by a war party of Somalis from French Somaliland. Sixty casualties reported. In this case it's black against black -- just one of those Frontier raids.

Two items from London. One of them is a grapevine from

His Majesty's War Office. All holidays have been cancelled for members of the Army Defense Council. They are directed to stay somewhere near London, within reach of a telephone until further notice.

The second item comes from the headquarters of the British Labor Party. The Party heads are trying to ~~xx~~ work up a trades union boycott-of-Italy in case the Duce goes through with his war. Boycotts not only in England, but all over the continent. That will be a difficult program to put through. In Germany, for instance, all trade unions have been abolished. No workers could lay down their tools without the permission of Der Fuehrer, and he certainly isn't giving any such permission. That would leave the Labor Party's boycott and strike program confined practically to England and France. And the French Government has turned thumbs down on any opposition to Mussolini. France, they say, has got enough to worry about at home.

Word from the war cabinet meeting at Bolzano is of the most warlike description. In the midst of his army, engaged in those war ~~ga~~ games, Mussolini made a declaration of policy to his ministers. And the policy is -- Italy will not draw back one step in the Ethiopian business. And Italy will go to Geneva at the next League meeting merely for the purpose of convincing the League of Nations that she has a right to advance in East Africa.

That's what the Duce told his Ministers, and they shouted Yes, Si, si, ~~with~~ with unanimous ardor.

INDIA

The fierce tribesmen on that wild North West frontier of India have been on the loose again. You may remember that the Mohmand tribes in the northwest rebelled in Nineteen thirty-three. So the government of India built a road to protect the lower Mohmands from attacks by their kinsmen in the upper hills. This was in a region called the Gandab Valley.

And now a couple of tribal chieftains decided it was their cue to improve the shining hour. The Fakir of Alingar - of whom we heard strange tales a few months ago, and his father, the Haji of Turangzai, got busy and stirred up the countryside. There was a small battle on August fifteenth. The British troops won. But the Fakir and his father, the Haji, came back with reinforcements, mustering a bearded turbaned horde of two thousand men. The high command was obliged to send Indian troops from Peshawar and Nowshera. But it was not until a squadron of the Royal Air Force went into action that the rebels were finally put to flight. However, the row isn't over. A state of ~~xx~~ civil warfare is reported from Dir, a state on the Indian side of the frontier. So the British Raj is worried -- as he's usually worried up there.

HAMILTON

Another public enemy disposed of, a year-old mystery of the underworld cleared up. The G-men have discovered what happened to John Hamilton, the forty-year-old Canadian carpenter who used to be one of the most dangerous men in the country, next to the late John Dillinger. Hamilton is dead. He's been dead for more than a year and a half. For more than a year and a half there's been a price on his head, while all the time his body was lying in a grave near Oswego, Illinois. The authorities knew that he'd been wounded in January 1934 when he helped Dillinger rob a bank in East Chicago. But they never were sure that he was dead.

Now they know. And that's the last word in the last chapter of the history of the Dillinger gang.

TREES

Now three cheers for a congress of experts gathered right now in Philadelphia,- (I have seen the locust trees on my farm wither and die this year - great, tall trees. And I hope nothing happens to the elms, those great shady fellows. The meeting in Philadelphia is) a National Shade Tree Conference, out to battle the Dutch Elm disease.

Some years ago we lost our chestnut trees through a disease introduced into the country. Now the locusts are dying, caused by a tiny boring insect. And, a borer brought into the country from Europe, is attacking the elm. There's no cure. Once a tree is infected, it should be burned. (The principle center of disease is an area extending fifty miles around New York. Already several hundred thousand trees have been attacked and are being destroyed.) The federal government has appropriated Two million and a half dollars to fight the Dutch elm disease. And the ways of doing it are being studied by the National Shade Tree Conference now on in Philadelphia.

~~Good Evening, Everybody:-~~

Congress or no Congress, Washington declines to take a back seat as the principal factory for news. ^{Today} Stories popped from all parts of the capital. From the White House, President Roosevelt issued a statement calculated to drive a nail in the political coffin of Huey Long. That supplied fuel for those of his fellow Congressmen who seem now determined to go down to Louisiana and give the Kingfish what is known as "the works!" ~~the works!~~

Then we hear once more that Jim Farley, the big stamp and letter man, is going to quit. ~~xxxx~~ We've heard it before, but this time there will be substance to the story because they say he needs all his time to set the wheels going for next year's campaign.

From the Housing Administration we hear that James H. Moffett is going to ^{walk out on} ~~quit working for~~ Uncle Sam and go back to being an oil magnate. Then at the State Department Secretary Hull and his lads were seeing red over the rudeness of that Red reply from Moscow.

And -
~~then,~~

every office and boulevard in the capital was buzzing with the news that William Randolph Hearst has perfected his plans to launch a third party and throw a harpoon into Mr. Roosevelt's chances for next year. *How is that for a* ~~all that is certainly a~~

portfolio crammed with gossip.

4

Let's consider some of these tidbits from a closer angle. First of all, the latest move of the powerful Mr. Hearst. As everybody knows, his papers have been viewing the New Deal with alarm for the better part of two years. It has been no secret that the ~~Lord~~ ^{Duke Grandee} of San Simeon has been contemplating a third party for months. He doesn't like Mr. Roosevelt's policies or anything about them. And he's prepared to use all the vast strength at his disposal to destroy the President's chances of re-election.

Just for fun, let's add up the units at Mr. Hearst's disposal. He owns twenty-six newspapers, including the New York American and Journal, ~~the~~ Chicago Herald-Examiner, ~~the~~ Chicago American, ~~the~~ Boston American, ~~the~~ San Francisco Examiner, ~~the~~ Los Angeles Examiner, ~~the~~ Los Angeles Herald, ^{— and so on.} He ~~we~~ owns a newsreel, and half a dozen radio stations. He has a large stable of magazines including Cosmopolitan and Good Housekeeping. He owns two press services, I.N.S. and Universal, and the King Features Syndicate, one of the largest in the world. If you add all that up you'll have the largest combination of publicity channels on the entire planet,

55

all controlled by one man, who frequently astonishes the men who work for him by the intimate knowledge he has of the most intricate workings of every unit that he owns.

The master of this huge engine of publicity is seventy-two years old. He's as strong-willed, as definite in his views today, as he was ~~when~~ some forty years ago, when he forced a reluctant president and congress into the Spanish-American War. Supporters of ^{Roosevelt} ~~the~~ President have been countering the Hearst attacks with the accusation of "reactionary". To which Hearst, on his huge estate at San Simeon, where he owns thirty miles of California seacoast, replies with a sardonic smile: "I was a Progressive before Franklin Roosevelt was born."

56
It has been rumored for some time that he was ready to launch his third party. Even now it isn't official. But today it has extra force and substance because even candidates are mentioned: for President, Ex-Governor Joseph Ely of Massachusetts, for Vice-President Lewis Douglas of Arizona, once Director of the Budget and one of Mr. Roosevelt's ^{early} white-haired boys. Among the principal

supporters of the movement is Bainbridge Colby, whom we remember as one of President Wilson's Secretaries of State. He has been spending much time at San Simeon recently, and he it is who makes a third party announcement today.

Even considered as a rumor, this story throws shivers down the spines of Democratic leaders. They can't forget that it was by a convention compromise with the Hearst forces that Mr. Roosevelt is President today. As you may recall, the White Father of San Simeon had been plugging John Garner for President. And it was not until an agreement was made and the Garner delegates switched by McAdoo to the Roosevelt side at Chicago in Nineteen thirty-two, that the nomination of F.D.R. was possible.

Ever since the longshoremen's strike in San Francisco, Hearst has been concentrating his resources in two directions. First, the fight on the New Deal; second, a fierce campaign against Communist propaganda. The word goes around in Washington that Uncle Sam's recent note to Moscow was forced upon the Administration by Hearst.

LONG - follow Hearst

You've got to say this much for Huey Long -- he doesn't duck a fight. Indeed he seems to enjoy going places where he isn't popular. Instead of going back to Louisiana when Congress adjourned, to be in the middle of his own supporters and henchmen, he took a train for New York. And, surrounded by skeptical and heckling reporters he threw down the gauntlet. He defied all the people who are ~~fx~~ sore at him because he filibustered the Deficiency Appropriation bill to death, incidentally putting the kibosh on the President's Social Security bill for the time being. He stuck to his guns. He's proud of having squelched that Deficiency bill.

And ~~we~~ are his colleagues furious with him! Especially the representatives! They'd counted on the Old Age Pension and Unemployment Insurance measure to bring in millions of votes. As it is, the Act is to all intents and purposes a dead letter until the next session of Congress.

President Roosevelt restrained his indignation and disappointment. That is, he didn't ^{exactly} express it. But the terms and tenor of the statement he issued ~~on~~ ^{today} the subject, ^{today} are unmistakable. The killing of the third Deficiency bill will make it impossible

for him to find funds to start his Social Security program going. To be sure, he can ~~xx~~ make appointments and establish the machinery of the various agencies. But they can't do a thing without money. And now there can't be any money until Congress reconvenes in January and appropriates it.

In other words President Roosevelt definitely lays at Huey Long's door the blame for the inevitable delay in the working of his pet measure, the one most designed to win him votes.

All of which the Kingfish took with gaiety, even with a jeer. "It won't hurt me," he said. As for the threatened inquiry into Louisiana politics by a sub-committee of the House, he shouted, "Let 'em investigate!" And he sticks to his previous statement that, unless the Republicans nominate Senator Borah, the grand old man of Idaho, the next President of the United States will be none other than Huey P. Long of Louisiana. You have that on the word of Huey P. Long. And I have it on the word of Jimmy Wallington that's it's time for me to say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.