


Good Evening, Everybody:-

Flashlights popped in the White House this afternoon, shutters clicked and newsreel camera^s ground away. It was to record an historic moment, ~~one of the~~^a ~~biggest~~ moments in the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President was signing the ~~famous~~ Social Security bill.

With those strokes of his pen Mr. Roosevelt put on the statute books the most sweeping, ~~the most~~^{and} far-reaching measure of his whole program. In a sense it is contrary to all hitherto accepted American tradition. It has been a cardinal principle of our social system that a man had to protect himself in the struggle for existence. He was expected to provide for his own old age and to lay up savings against the day when he might be out of a job. Those who failed to build these safeguards for themselves were supposed to be looked after by their families or by charity.

That was tradition. But, when



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he signed his name this afternoon the President relegated that tradition to the past. A man can now look to Uncle Sam for a pension in his old age, and insurance against unemployment; that is unless the collaboration of the States fails to work out.

HOPSON

Outside of the White House the principal excitement in Washington was again furnished by the smiling reduntant Mr. Hopson. The ^{chubby} ~~subpoena~~ utilities magnate played a return engagement before the House Committee and told them some interesting things. He admitted that his company, Associated Gas and Electric, had spent large sums to fight the utilities holding bill -- "eight hundred to nine hundred thousand dollars, maybe more. And," he added, "the ~~expend~~ expenditure was justified. The bill would ruin the industry." He threw down the gauntlet with the words, "I shall continue to do everything I can to stop more ~~xx~~ Government in business."

But that isn't all there was to Mr. Hopson's performance today. He finally accepted a subpoena from the Senate Investigating Committee, the subpoena ^{over} ~~of~~ which there was so much to-do last night. But, having accepted it, he ignored it. That got the goats of the committee. Senator Black, the Chairman, became really angry ~~after~~ after waiting and waiting and seeing no Mr. Hopson. The Senator finally announced that he was drawing up papers to ~~fight~~ fight the reduntant ~~little~~ Hopson for contempt.

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And he was. A warrant for Hopson's arrest has been issued. Also for his attorney.

If he's found guilty of contempt of the Senate he can be sentenced to jail. The last man to do time for this offense was genial Bill McCracken, former Secretary of Commerce in charge of aviation. He served ten days. Before him Harry Sinclair also did his bit.

STRIKE

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An optimistic statement came today from Mr. Roosevelt. Not the Great White Father in the White House, but his cousin, Henry L. Roosevelt, Acting Secretary of the Navy. It was all about that strike of ship-builders at Camden, New Jersey. It isn't settled yet but Mr. Roosevelt of the Navy Department has hopes. Indeed, he is confident. The Government has offered to negotiate with the men who walked out to the extent of setting up an arbitration board. ^{The Acting Secretary} ~~Mr. Roosevelt has~~ believes ~~it~~ this offer will be accepted, to-morrow, if not today.

His optimism has not as yet been echoed elsewhere. Officials of the Labor Union and executives of the New York Shipbuilding Company are still obdurate. If Each side holds its ground and refuses to budge. So at present no work is being done in that ship-yard. One of the main obstacles continues to be that the company declines to recognize the union. To which the men reply:- "No recognition of the union, no work!"

BUILDING

Uncle Sam's going to practice what he preaches in one respect. For a couple of years now Washington has been urging all of us to set our houses in order, to remodel, to patch-up, to mend that leaky roof, to build ^{the} ~~a~~ new porch that mother has been talking about so long. So now the Government's going to set us an example. It's going to spend sixty million dollars repairing and improving official buildings all over the country, some three hundred and fifty-one of them. Post offices, immigration stations, prisons, public buildings everywhere will be spruced up and have a nice new coat of paint. That will give jobs to thousands.

CHECK

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Fancy losing a check for two million dollars. I can't imagine having the opportunity to hold such a piece of paper in my hands. But if I did I'm sure I'd hold on to it for dear life. However, out in California a check for that amount has gone astray. The consequence of which is that thousands of families on relief are suffering. Their food supply has been cut off. If something isn't done soon three hundred and forty thousand people will go hungry. ^P Usually relief drafts from Washington have been cleared and forwarded by telegraph. Apparently through some error a clerk in Washington put this two million dollar voucher in the mail, or the waste basket. At any rate, it's lost. As a result the relief machinery in Southern California is temporarily wrecked. What makes it worse is that the officials say:- "It will probably take a month to straighten out this mistake even if the check comes through."

The situation is really serious. So serious that relief officials have had to padlock the central disbursing office. What is more every relief office is now under heavy guard to prevent storming by hungry and angry people.

TAXES

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Senator Brandenburg of Michigan opened his big fight on the floor of the Senate today. That was the fight on the "tax the rich" bill. The gentleman from Michigan called it "ill considered, ill timed, ~~in~~ insincere."

It promises to be a wordy scrap. But the Democratic bosses in the Senate seem confident they can push it through by Saturday night.

ETHIOPIA

One can almost read the tears between the lines ~~in~~ ^{in that} appeal made by the Emperor of Ethiopia:- "Our people are ~~are~~ ^{not} threatening anybody," he telegraphed to the Council of the League of Nations. Then he continued, "But you're allowing Italy to go ahead without let or hindrance, preparing to massacre us. Is it just? Is it fair? Is it being neutral to prevent us from even defending ourselves?" Then he set forth what everybody already knows:- "Ethiopia cannot manufacture arms ~~for~~ and you don't allow us to ship them in."

Haile Selassie has sixty thousand troops on the frontiers waiting for an attack by the Italians. But most of them are equipped with obsolete arms and amunition, practically useless, or else with spears. He has thousands of others in training but no weapons to arm them with.

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In the face of this he makes another desperate attempt to stave off war. He offers Mussolini a valuable economic concessions. He also tenders him the right to establish colonies in northern Ethiopia. In this he holds out one of the principal things that the Duce wants. In northern Ethiopia is rich open

country, with a climate admirably suited to Europeans. On the face of it these offers would seem to deprive Italy's ruler of one of his principal reasons for going to war. He can have those concessions without striking a blow, and there would appear to be no valid excuse for taking them by force.

This promises to complicate the three-handed peace conference between Italy, France and England, which is to begin tomorrow.

One stab at Mussolini comes from London today. Thread-needle Street threatens to shut off his credit. The Duce is already in to the British manufacturers for some ten million dollars worth. But the answer is that if the English shut down on him he can buy from the French or the Germans.

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We've had some ^{recent} ~~serious~~ floods of our own, but the one over in Italy makes them all seem tame. Among it's other consequences has been an interference with Premier Mussolini's war-plans. The Duce has been obliged to stop the training of ~~man~~ many of his troops and hustle them north to the neighbourhood of Genoa. They were badly needed there to take care of the thousands who were suddenly made homeless when the dam burst at Ovada. Just at present there's no telling how many lives have been lost in that catastrophe. *Many have been* ~~There seems reason~~

drowned - ~~to fear that more than a thousand people have been drowned,~~
mostly women and children. The list of those now definitely *— probable list 200.*
known to be dead has risen to one hundred, ~~But~~ *hundreds*
more ~~were~~ injured.

This afternoon the valley of the Orva River was one vast sea of mud. The waters of the lake swept over an ~~an~~ area forty miles square, hitherto a happy, prosperous area of fertile farms and villages.

The town of Orvada is some ten miles outside of Genoa, the place where Christopher Columbus was supposed to have

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been born. The dam stored millions of gallons of mountain water for a huge hydro-electric plant. Throughout the summer numerous storms weakened the dam. Another terrific downpour last night added the weight that burst through the weakened structure. The rushing waters were let loose with one overwhelming roar. Bridges, houses, farm buildings, even factories were swept away like so many ~~mx~~ match boxes. The property-loss will amount to more than twenty-five million dollars. The torrent ~~also~~ drowned every head of live-stock in the countryside. The valley is piled high with wreckage. And, naturally, not a volt of electric juice is available today in that district.

GERMANY

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If you read an advertisement in an American newspaper urging you in so many words "Buy, but don't buy too much," you probably would think somebody had gone ^{goofy} ~~crazy~~. But that's the sort of announcement you can read in any German newspaper today. The Nazi Government, of course, censors ~~the~~ advertisements just as it does what ^{we call} ~~is known as pure~~ "reading matter." ~~It~~ Supplies in the Fatherland have run so low that the authorities are at their wits end to find raw materials. So they've sent out a ukase to all department stores, all shop-keepers, saying, "Don't encourage people to buy anything but necessities." Window dressers are forbidden to make their windows too attractive. They are allowed to put up a sign "Sales now going on." But they mustn't announce it in too large letters. The only things that they may offer for sale now are summer goods. Also, they are ~~not~~ not allowed to say how much prices are reduced. The little woman who goes out hunting bargains in Berlin, Danzig, or Hanover, has to do her own sleuthing without ~~the~~ help from the salesman.

On the religious frontier in the Fatherland, Hitler's men have turned their attention from the Jews and Catholics to the Protestants. No minister who has not been ordained by Hitler's Bishop Mueller will receive a pfennig of salary. That's move Number One. And a new verboten has been added to the list. Students of the ministry are forbidden to study at any theological schools except those approved by Reich-Bishop Mueller.

METHODISTS (follow Germany)

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A religious paragraph of a different kind comes from
Chicago. Leaders of the Methodist Church ^{are holding} ~~held a~~ meeting ~~the other~~
~~day~~ ^{today's} The gist of ~~their~~ conference was: "Methodists must unite
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GOSHEN

This was the day of days for sporting people who follow the trotting horses. Thirty-five thousand trotting fans from all parts of the United States, even from Canada, trotted to the picturesque old town of Goshen, New York. They saw the ninth finish of the Hambletonian Stakes, the Blue Ribbon event of harness matches the world over. Watching those splendid horses round the turn at Bill Cane's Good Time Park is one of the perfect sporting spectacles.

Today's finish at Goshen was the most sensational in the nine years since the Hambletonian was established. Greyhound, the favorite, trained and driven by Doctor J. M. Parshall, more than lived up to expectations -- won the rich prize in only two heats. And in the second heat he came bowling round the track in two minutes, two-and-three-quarters seconds. A new Hambletonian record. That makes an unbroken list of victories for Greyhound this year. And last season as a two-year-old he won seven out of ten. So today the Sulky fans had nothing to be sulky about.

During the World War one of the Poilus in the French ranks was an ex-waiter named Albert Feugas. ^{Foo gah} He became an instructor and as such was assigned to the A. E. F. Among his pupils in grenade work, bayonet-technic and trench-warfare were two young officers named Roosevelt. To be precise they were Theodore and Archie.

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In 1916 one of the visitors to the French Front was Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia. He later became King Alexander of Yugoslavia, the monarch who was assassinated in Marseilles last December. On the occasion of his visit to the French Front Crown Prince Alexander climbed to the top of a tree for the curious purpose of making a speech to the French soldiers. What good he expected to do nobody knows. Evidently he didn't realize that he was just inviting a German bullet through his head. But Sergeant Albert Feugas in the trench below him did realize it. With one bound he made a football tackle and pulled His Oratorical Highness back into the mud, thereby saving the royal life ^{from a war bullet--saved it for an} ~~for the~~ assassin's bullet at Marseilles.

When the Armistice was signed the Sergeant was found to be one of only four survivors in his company; his uniform glittered with medal after medal. He had been wounded five times. Among his decorations was a Croix de Guerre with seven palms.

As soon as he was "demobbed" Sergeant Feugas went back to his job of being a waiter, and a good one. He came to America and went to New Orleans. And he's been plying his skillful occupation in a restaurant of the French Quarter. And today he's being congratulated. For he has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Not so long ago Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was having breakfast in a New Orleans hotel. He looked up and saw that the man waiting on him was his former instructor, the French war hero Sergeant. Whereupon the Colonel, with his best Rooseveltian abandon jumped up, shook hands warmly, and insisted that Feugas should have breakfast with him. Albert's reply was:- "Merci bien, mon Colonel, but each man to his job. Mine this morning is to wait upon you."

And my job just now is to say -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.