WAR

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bombing a city in the Midlends. Last night it was Cardiff, where savage destruction was inflicted. One correspondent today described the scene of ruin as reminding him of Ypres, that city in Flanders which was blown to bits in the previous war. Today, like yesterday, the German city mentioned in the bombing news is -- Bremen. The R.A.F. struck again at that great German fort. The second raid, not so heavy as the first, says London -- but

Ireland today sent protest to Nazi Germany -because of the bombs that have fallen on Irish soil. Considerable
damage done, several people killed, a number injured. One huge
land mine dropped by a parachute exploded early today and wrecked
an Just -Jewish synagogue. There was no further bombing in Ireland
today -- not since the dark hours of this morning.

Today's Dublin protest is based on the examination of pieces of the bombs. They are found to be of German origin.

Mair raids against Ireland still remain a puzzle. There is still some suspicion that they perhaps may be a prelude to a Nazi attempt to invade the Emerald Isle, or, they may be in the nature

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of a warning to the Dublin government not to make concessions
to Great Britain. This with special reference to allowing the
British to use the West Irish ports in fighting the U-boats.

Berlin may be warning Dublin that Ireland is not immune to sky bombing.)

reminiscence occurs tonight. The name — Thetis. Remember the submarine tragedy of the Thetis, the British undersea craft which sank with pitiful loss of life not long before the war began?

The mention of this ill-starred craft is in connection with the sinking of an Italian submarine. The Fascists submersible was torpoedoed by the British Submarine — Thurderbolt. That's the new name given to the Thetis — after the sunken craft was raised, repaired and put into service again. So the faithful Thetis, renamed the Thunderbolt, now appears in an exploit of war.

The French report the sinking of one of their submarines -- torpoedoed by another undersea craft of unknown nationality.

The French boat was off the North African coast when something hit

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it, and an explosion sank it. A French tanker went to the rescue of some survivors. Then the tanker was hit -- apparently by a torpoedo. The ship caught fire and sank, but most of its crew were saved. The story carries an air of mystery -- an unknown and unseen submarine torpoeding a French underwater boat and a French tanker.

At Buenos Aires, in South America, a French ship attempt to is ready to sail on what appears to be an attempt to run the British blockade. The vessel has aboard a large cargo of food, and the story is that she is going to try to take it to France—the realm of the Petain Government. One supposition is that French war vessels will try to escort the food ship through the British blockade. Another is that the Petain regime intends to make a blockade issue by sending the food ship through—to see if the British will interfere.

A French cabinet much revamped, was in power today -a sort of three-man directorate serving under Marshal Petain.

The first step was the resignation of the Minister for Youth
and Propaganda. He was an adherent of former Foreign Minister

Laval -- Laval having been forced out by Petain. The new three-man Ministry consists of former Premier Flandin, the prominent General Huntziger, and Admiral Darlan. The Admiral is regarded as the strong man of the group, but he's a salt-sea sailor, an intimate friend of Marshal Petain's -- and possibly the future ace in the French government.

In North Africa Australian troops today smashed through a section of the defense of Bardia. They charged the Italian positions with tanks and infantry, and got through in a critical area. The word from London is that this is very likely the beginning of the culminating British effort to capture the Italian stronghold.

In Albania the Greeks are reported to have advanced to a point only twelve miles from the key Albanian port of Valona.

Italian resistance is described as having been strong and determined, but the Greeks pushed ahead.

Woodrow Wilson d ays are recalled today, with the appointment of Harry Hopkins as President Roosevelt's personal representative in mopkins will not become United States Ambassador to Great London. Britain. He will have no ambassadorial rank, will not succeed Joe Kennedy. The President explained that Harry Hopkins is not well and strong enough to assume so burdensome a diplomatic post. When Hopkins resigned as Secretary of the Interior, we were told that he was not in the best of health. He's one of the President's best friends, and has been intimate with F.D.R. ever since Governor days He now lives at the White House. His mission in will be that personal representation -- a laison main between Franklin D. Roosevelt and the heads of British London makes the comment that Harry Hopkins is to be government./ a link between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill comment = "the next best thing to Mr. Roosevelt himself coming."

Yes, it's reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson days, when the legendary Colonel House was the President's persenal agent in dealing with the warring powers in Europe. Colonel House was like a shadow of Woodrow Wilson.

There's much talk about the question of working hours in the building of national defense - will working hours be lengthened? (Will there be an increase of the eight-hour day, which is prescribed by government regulations?) Today's answer is - yes. That is - in one particular category of defense work. The eight-hour—day limit has been raised in the rask of building naval and air bases on the sites acquired by the United States from Great Britain. President Moosevelt has done this in consideration of what is described as - "an extraordinary emergency."

This was revealed today, and at his press conference the President gave a bit of explanation. He said that the British possessions where the naval and air bases are to be built, have different labor regulations from Yours. They don't necessarily have the eight-hour day. Most of the construction work at the defense sites will be done by native labor, and the working conditions will be such as are customary at each place - the same average rate of pay and the same average working hours. Hence the President has invoked his emergency powers to abolish the

President Roosevelt, as we all know, is nautically minded.

He loves the smart lines of a trim and graceful ship. He does not enjoy the clumsiness of a lumbering old tramp, an ungainly tub.

So we can sympathize with the President who has so much sea-faring esthetic sensibility. But when you start building freight ships on a mass production basis, you have got to turn them out cheaply and fast -- you can't expect the rakish lines of a speedy cruiser or the majestic proportions of a queen of the sea.

The president announced a new shipbuildings program today. Construction is to be started on two hundred freight ships of about seventy-five tons each. They'll cost between three and three-and-ahalf million dollars. The President today pointed out that the huge destruction of shipping by the Nazi U-boats has certainly caused as shortage of vessels. He was asked about reports that the new ships to be built might be leased to Great Britain. He replied he did not care to make any comment about that. The comment he did want to make, he said, concerned the question of beauty. He referred to his own love for a good looking ship, and bemoaned the artistic shortcomings of the freighters to be built. He said they would be -- dreadful

them. And they'll be easy and quick to build. Right now those are the important points -- not oceanic beauty.

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Mere's the kind of thing I always like to tell on the air one of those fashion notes; a description of a gown in the latest mode. It gives me a superior feeling - to recite the stylish details into the mike with a knowing air - as if I understood what they meant. Something like quoting Latin or Greek, with a classical air. So here goes.

In New York today Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt bought some new dresses for the inauguration. One is a creation which she'll wear while riding in an open car with the President to and from the inauguration. It's vermillion gown - called Americana red. It has the new fluid shoulders, a tucked top, a square neckline outlined in crystal beads, slightly flared skirt with unpressed pleats and a panel of tucks. Yes sir, it sure makes no feel superior to rattle that off, like Latin or Greek. It especially like the panel per tucks.

be heard later on.

Today the capitol at Washington the last session of the

Seventy-Sixth Congress turned into the opening session of the

Seventy-Seventh. A few sharp blows of the gavel in the Senate

signalized the transition. The lawmakers of the old Senate were

there, and, most of them remained. Most of them are in the new

Senate. The ones that were not re-elected last November took their

departure, while Senators who were elected stepped into their places -
and were sworn in.

One new Senator was challenged -- Langer of North Dakota.

A delegation of North Dakotans are demanding that the Senate refuse to see thim. They're making charges against newly elected Senator But Dakotana always have been making Langer. They he was seated today -- for the time being. He was demitted with the provised that the complaints against him should

Today's session was brief, but immediately the number one question popped up -- the war in Europe. Senator Carter Glass of Virginia gave a great deal of expression to one side of the controversy He declared himself in favor of the President's proposal to lend armament to Britain. He said we should lend all the war equipment we can. And he expressed the purpose in these words:- "To wipe

Germany off the face of the earth." As against that, the Isolationist group headed by Senator Wheeler is planning a determined battle to keep this nation out of the war.

The Senate adjourned, until Monday -- when President

Roosevelt will present his messge to the joint houses of Congress,

and will outline his plans for aid to Britain.

Today in an isolated section of southwestern Texas,

that found it
they found giant navy bomber afloat on the surface of a small
lake. And with this comes a story of high adventure and
flashing courage.

The story begins with the flight of three navy seaplanes, thirteen-ton bombers. They were bound from San Diego, California, to Pensacola, Florida. As they were winging over Texas, trouble befell one of those battleships of the sky. Caught in a snowstorm, ice forming on wings. So much ice collected that the huge seaplane was getting out of control. It was a desperate state of affairs. The pilot, J. Murray Hanson, snapped a command to his crew of six. It told them to save themselves - and bail out. He himself would stick with the ship, and try to save the thirteen-ton craft, the pilot risking his life for his plane.

Of the crew of six, five obeyed the order - five parachutes went fluttering to earth. The sixth man refused to obey. Co-Pilot R.B.Clark elected to stick it out with his commander, in the attempt to save the ship. A desperate attempt - trying to land the ice-logged monster - a seaplane to boot.



The chances were that they'd have to bring it down on hard, firm ground.

all right. One was killed. The survivors told the story that led to a search for the bomber. They hardly expected to find anything more than the shattered wreckage of a crash somewhere. That was last night, and today the word came through. At the last moment the pilot, with his co-pilot beside him, had spotted a tiny lake, a shallow body of water hardly bigger than the big ship. Today he described it as - "a fight squeeze." But he last her down - on a duck pand. made it. The two men aboard uninjured, the plane undamaged!

There's an extraordinary document, and I should like to read the following United Press dispatch:-

New York, January 3rd. Magistrate Anna Kross called a mother from among spectators in court today to take care of her wayward son -- charged with throwing bottles through plate glass windows. But when the mother, a demure-looking woman, stepped up to the bench, she was arrested on a charge considerably more serious than that against her son. She was accused, the news dispatch relates, of using a broken bottle to cut the throat of a woman neighbor. To which we may add that the woman neighbor was in the hospital for two weeks.

It's quite a slice out of life, as the novelists used to say. The mother got into a row with her neighbor in a saloon. She picked up a beer bottle, knocks broke off the bottom by striking it on a table -- and went to work with ax the knocks jagged edge. That mother could hardly assume any lofty moral tone with her boy for throwing bottles through plate glass windows.

Today at Pittsburgh, Mrs. Fannie Shannon got a divorce. The judge agreed - yes, she certainly had waited the appointed length of time. Fifteen years ago, to Nineteen Twenty-Five, in the Shannon home, Mr. Shannon picked up his hat, and walked to the door. "Well, so long," he said to Mrs. Shannon, "I'll see you in Nineteen Forty." Whereupon he departed, and Mrs. Shannon Mixxxx waited for Nineteen Forty to come. She waited patiently for fifteen years - Nineteen Forty arrived but no Mr. Shannon. She waited the whole year through, and when the whistles of New Year's blew two nights ago, Mrs. Shannon finally decided that Mr. Shannon was not going to keep the appointment. And so she applied for a divorce - and got it.

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I always like a fine string of adjectives, and I also ride a horse now and then. So the following hits the right spot. In Hollywood a man today entered suit against a riding academy from which he rented a steed. He says they knew he was not an experienced rider, but here's the horse they gave him. The legal document describes it as vicious, wild, untamed, unruly, undependable, tricky, and dangerous. Also, cantankerous, fence-rowing, spinning, rearing, plunging; bucking cayouse. Well, I myself a time or two have climbed on a horse that would fit that description perfectly, so I can sympathize.

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It's far better to ride in your ear-full of Mu Blue — than on a plunging mustang feeling his oats—eh Hugh?

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