

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Not in many a year has the Supreme Court of the United States been the scene of such hectic excitement as it was today. Normally, its quiet is so austere as to be almost sombre. Several times in the last four years that serenity was tinged with dignified but unmistakable agitation. This afternoon that austere atmosphere was positively feverish. Never before had the highest judges in the land convened with such a threat hanging over them, a threat of drastic transformation. And the judges were to hand down vital New Deal decision!

And though not a word was uttered in court about the question that is at this moment rocking the nation, several little things happened to show that the tension had penetrated even the armour of Supreme Court imperturbability.

The nine justices are the most keenly concerned of all by President Roosevelt's plan. But they had so far as possible to conceal any personal feeling, while the rest of

the country is free to express and display its excitement as it pleases. It became known this morning that the nine judges held a long conference on Saturday afternoon. Nobody knows what they discussed, but we can guess.

Inevitably today the court room was jammed with spectators, the legitimately interested and the curious. Aside from the drama of the moment, the court was expected to hand down a number of rulings on cases that have become keypoints in the New Deal, the Wagner Labor Act, the Minimum Wage for Women Act in the State of Washington and the Gold Question.

A number of mishaps and coincidents, served to make today's session still more extraordinary. In the first place, the spectators had to wait forty-five minutes, which is something

~~quite~~^{most} unusual. ~~obviously~~ only a ~~most~~ momentous discussion could make the nine high judges break their rigid rule of punctuality.

When that forty-five minutes delay came to an end, the first mishap occurred. The rule is for a buzzer to sound before they^{Justices} enter the court room, so that the spectators may instantly jump to their feet and be standing when the judges enter. Today that buzzer didn't work. The consequence was that ~~the aged~~ Justice Brandeis, who led the procession, walked in unannounced — ~~walked in upon a~~^{walked in upon a} ~~upon a sitting and~~ loudly gabbling congregation. This ~~naturally~~ horrified the Marshal-at-Arms, who is responsible for the procedure. He hastily gave a signal whereupon the belated buzzer sounded and Chief Justice Hughes with his seven other associates, entered grim of face, some of them frowning. The only smile visible was that on the face of Mr. Justice Brandeis.

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Thereupon followed another departure from the rigid procedure of court. The first thing that happens usually is for Chief Justice Hughes to announce that anybody who is interested in the orders of the day, may inspect them in the Clerk's Office

where they are on file. Today no such announcement was made until the list of new lawyers admitted to practice before the Bar was read out.

But the most dramatic episode ~~of the day in the Supreme~~ Court was not something that happened but something that didn't happen. Not a single ruling was handed down! Neither on the Wagner Labor Relations Act nor on the Minimum Wage Law in Washington, nor on the Gold Question, did the Supreme Court ^{give} ~~hand~~ ^{the} ~~down its~~ long expected ^{decrees,} ~~ruling.~~

That ~~naturally~~ gave rise to a host of conjectures.

People familiar with the court, its procedure and tradition, drew the inference that this was no mere accident, but ~~it~~ was the result of deliberate purpose. Some ~~of them~~ ventured the guess that the justices are debating whether or not those of them who are over seventy years old shall immediately resign. That would create six vacancies in the court, six new justices including the Chief Justice, to be appointed by President Roosevelt. And the guessing is that in such a case the court would leave those three important New Deal issues to be decided by the new members. However, it is

to be remembered that this is mere conjecture. A statement, was issued by Chief Justice Hughes himself, and that of itself is another event, quite unusual. The Chief Justice's statement was a contradiction of two stories that were current this morning. It was reported that the Chief Justice would go before the Judiciary Committees of the House and the Senate and tell them his own ideas on what should be done to reform the Supreme Court. It was said that he believed the Justices should be obliged to retire at the age of seventy-five. Also, that there should be more of them but not as many as President Roosevelt proposed. Eleven was the limit supposed to have been set by Mr. Hughes. It was to deny this report that the Chief Justice issued a statement through his secretary. All those rumors he said had no foundation.

(It's no surprise that over the weekend a violent reaction to President Roosevelt's proposal was heard from every section of the country:- criticisms not only from Republican sources, and not only from conservative Democrats.) The NEW YORK TIMES made a rough survey of the federal judges appointed by President Roosevelt in his first term, and says the TIMES:

"The inspection which followed showed that a large majority of the appointments were of the political and extremely partisan kind."

The NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM, one of the most constant supporters of Mr. Roosevelt is even more dubious tonight. The tone of its editorial is that the President is trying to make a right out of two wrongs. "Our first reaction when we read the message was that the plan was just too clever," says the WORLD TELEGRAM. "Having spent nearly every waking hour since, studying it, we are still of the same mind. And the WORLD TELEGRAM adds: "We don't believe that Mr. Roosevelt's plan is the only way."

Some Roosevelt supporters say it doesn't go far enough. And now (so far as Congress is concerned we hear of a formidable addition to the progressive and normally pro-Roosevelt senators opposed to packing the Supreme Court.) Senator Hiram Johnson of California, a lawyer who first gained prominence as a prosecutor of celebrated cases, comes out flat-footed against the Roosevelt~~xx~~ suggestion. So the controversy rages.

STRIKE

The automobile strike entered upon a new phase today. A fresh complication was added. Union Leader John Lewis and his committee for Industrial Organization found themselves up against a new antagonist. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, injected himself into the fray. He demanded that the United Automobile Workers of America, the Lewis C.I.O. Union handling the strike shall not be recognized as the sole agent to represent the workers.

Obviously that multiplies the perplexities of this wearisome, destructive dispute. Already the non-union employees of General Motors have got together and registered a strong protest against having their destiny decided by a union to which they don't belong. Opponents of Mr. Lewis have declared that he represents so far only a minority of the employees of the plants. They insist that this is the main reason why John Lewis is so vehemently opposed to the idea of taking a poll of the men. The Lewis faction denies this.

The dramatic entry of the American Federation of Labor makes this strike deadlock more completely locked.

(In Flint, the center of the sit-down strike, the tension is more acute than ever. The city is on tender hooks, expecting martial law to be declared at any moment. Strikers and their sympathizers, three thousand National Guardsmen, and a number of special police deputies, are all sitting tight, watching each other.)

FLOOD

Half a million southerners are sighing with relief tonight. (The crest of the flood on the Mississippi reached Memphis today, bringing with it the assurance that the worst is over.)

And the people living along the lowlands of the lower Mississippi have another reason for breathing easily. They've been told that there's plenty of room below Memphis for the crest of the flood to flatten out. There'll be no destructive flood in the valley of the lower Mississippi this year. Both the Arkansas and the Red Rivers are comparatively low, so also is the southernmost stretch of the Mississippi itself. The country learns that from a man who has made a lifelong study of Mississippiology -- Walter Parker, father of the National Flood Control Commission.

He tells us further that there is another reason which make the lower Mississippi valley practically flood-proof for this year: the authorities at New Orleans have removed ten miles of the levee lines, at a point beginning fifty miles south of the city, causing the river to reach the sea sooner.

In past years, says Flood Expert Parker, flood control was based on a mistaken idea. It was wrong, he adds, to build an unbroken line of levees from Cairo to the Gulf. Those levees were

constructed on a wrong idea. The normal action of the river would be to use twenty-five thousand square miles of lowlands below Cairo as a natural reservoir. This natural reservoir was abolished by those levees.

The best way of preventing floods, so Expert Parker suggests, is to plow every farm in the water-shed of the Mississippi, in such a way that every furrow on every farm would become a tiny reservoir, permitting the water to soak into the ground where it is needed. He doesn't think levees should be abolished. There should be a combined system of levees, spillways, artificial reservoirs, with elaborate contour plowing reforestation, and the planting of grass.

SPAIN .

Any story from Spain these days should be told with fingers crossed. But what we hear tonight sounds not only real and vital but of the utmost importance. There seems to be no contradiction of the report that Malaga has fallen, that General Franco's forces have taken the second most important sea^{port} in the peninsula.

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All in all it looks as though only a miracle can now prevent the Rebels from administering a final defeat to the Valencia Government. With Malaga in his hands, General Franco is in a position to attack Valencia, to cut off the so-called Loyalist government's source of supplies, to shut them off entirely from the Atlantic seaboard.

So far we can't either deny or confirm the other big story from Spain, the report that Malaga was taken by the help of fifteen thousand of Mussolini's troops. The air has been full of that ~~ix~~ rumor for twenty-four hours. But there's no word from Rome, either Yes or No about it.

However, the story persists that an Italian division

was landed at Cadiz Saturday, in three troop ships escorted
by one of Mussolini's ~~best~~, most powerful men-of-war.

FORGOTTEN SOLDIER

A new and curious version of the famous old Enoch Arden story is being acted out in France. Twenty years ago, the military police found a French soldier, just another poilu apparently, wandering aimlessly about a railway station. He was a complete case of amnesia, remembered nothing, his name, birthplace, origin or any leads to indicate who or what he was. He had lost the so-called "dog tag" that all soldiers wore around their necks for identification. In short, his identity was a complete mystery.

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He had not, however, forgotten how to talk. And he did remember one name, which was ^{Mă jă} "Mangin." The authorities looked him up on the army lists and found no record of any soldier by that name. Nevertheless, they decided to call this mystery man "Mangin." Since he couldn't remember his first name, they said to him: "Well, choose one for yourself." So he picked the curious monicker of "Anthelme." Thereupon he became known as Anthelme Mangin. ~~Ferry~~

For years bereaved women from all over the country went to the hospital where Anthelme Mangin was being kept in a psychopathic ward. They hoped to find in him a missing husband,

brother, son or sweetheart. For a long time nobody claimed him.

But now, all of a sudden, not one, but two women, turned up,

each of whom declared that Anthelme Mangin was her husband. And

both of them produced photographs to support their claims,

photographs of men in uniform, each of whom strongly resembles *the*
unremembering soldier.

~~Mangin~~ [^] One of the ladies took her ~~g~~ case into court. So today

judges and lawyers, as well as doctors and scientists, are

investigating Anthelme Mangin to decide who he is. As for the

man himself, he seems to enjoy hugely being the ^{central} ~~central~~ living

character in a mystery and revels in the interest that so many

people are taking in him. Also, he is quite anxious to have somebody

decide who he is, to have an identity, a civil status, a position in

life— *to be somebody.*

Van de
Poelle.

Feb. 8, 1937.

Let's have a questionnaire. How many know the meaning of the word apiary? I understand they included that in a list of trick questions at Harvard ~~University~~ recently, and half of the boys said an apiary is a place where you keep monkeys. But, ~~of~~ *all of us farmers of course* ~~course, you who are listening in all~~ know that an apiary is the home of the busy little bee.

Here in Radio City, ~~in~~ Rockefeller Center, you are liable to encounter strange sights, and have odd experiences. I've just had one. I've just encountered twenty thousand live bees, honey bees. In fact they are here in the studio right now.

The keeper of these particular bees is John Van de Poele, Inspector of Apiaries for the State of Massachusetts. Inspector Van de Poele *— is a philosopher on bees —* also writes on bees [^]for various magazines such as "The Farm Journal."

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The Inspector ~~Van de Poele~~ has been telling me that there are eight hundred thousand apiaries in this country -- eight hundred thousand bee-keepers. And, he hopes the number will increase because the more bees, not only the more honey, but the more fruit we get from our orchards, the better the *— and the pollenization of the back of your* pollenization of our trees, ~~He says that Michigan, New York and~~

neck if you happen to get stung.
~~California have the largest bee population.~~

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Inspector Van de Poele, by the way, is one of those rare people who don't mind getting stung. Just a little while ago he gave me a demonstration. He put his fist right in among these twenty thousand bees, let them sting him, then swept them off as nonchalantly as though he were brushing off a bit of dust.

You say you have twenty thousand, ~~Mr.~~ Van de Poele. How do you count them?

--O--

MR. VAN DE POELE:- We don't. We simply know that there are about five thousand bees to a pound. And there are four pounds of bees in the box here on the ~~th~~ table beside us.

--O--

L.T.:- They seem to be making a lot of noise. Will you hold them close to the microphone so the radio audience can hear them.

--O--

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MR. VAN DE POELE:- Right, Lowell. And this is the sound
that comes from twenty thousand bees!

--O--

L.T.:- And now before they get out of that box, I think
I'll make a beeline for home, and

59 1/4
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.