

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Regular as clockwork is the word from Hawaii tonight -- planes flashed out of the sky and landed as precisely as the minutes ticked off. They were as regular as clockwork all the way across the broad expanse of the Pacific from San Diego to Honolulu -- a giant formation flight of twelve huge Navy flying boats. They kept formation at 12,000 as they steered a true course to the islands, and landed in the same way this afternoon. The flight time was 21 hours and 40 odd minutes -- across the open ocean - the vast Pacific -- two thousand five hundred miles.

COURT

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( People have been saying far and wide that yesterday's Supreme Court decision will take ~~an~~ <sup>the</sup> edge off the drive to change the court. The opinion is expressed that when the tribunal okayed the Wagner Labor law, it also weakened the argument that the number of justices must be increased, so that liberal laws can be declared constitutional.) So, there was likely to be delay or compromise in the court plan. Yes, a lot of people think that way - and there ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> one who does not. And he happens to live in the White House - the President of the United States. (Today, the presidential word is - push the court plan, rush it through. From the White House to Congress went ~~the~~ <sup>mandate</sup> ~~the word~~ <sup>that</sup> urging <sup>the</sup> President's proposal shall be enacted as quickly as possible.)

The New Deal contention was argued by Senator Robinson, the administration leader. He declared that the action of the court yesterday does not change the situation in any basic way - the need of a court change is just the same. He pointed out that yesterday's critical decisions were made by a five to four majority, the same old ~~majority~~ majority of one.

"Manifestly," said the Senator, "a change in the viewpoint of one judge has made legislation constitutional which was unconstitutional before he changed his opinion. What will happen, he asked, should that judge change again or some other judge change?"

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What about that one judge? Let's look at him a little more closely. We observe that Mr. Justice Roberts is something of an accident. President Hoover wanted to appoint Judge Parker of North Carolina to the Supreme Court, but the Senate turned down the nomination. Then Hoover turned to <sup>Warburton</sup>~~one Justice~~ Josephus Roberts, as a second choice. He had made a reputation in the Teapot Dome Oil Scandal, had played his part in the prosecution easily, informally, effectively. The Senate confirmed it.

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At that time George <sup>Wharton</sup>~~Warburton~~ Pepper, an old friend, declared that Mr. Justice Roberts should not be classified either as a liberal or a conservative. Soon Washington was saying that the Justice was not steadily with one side or other - he was always on the side of the majority. That made him a key man of the court. Again and again, in those hairline five to four decisions, Justice Roberts was the fifth vote on the <sup>winning</sup>~~one~~ side.

He began to be recognized as the key man when back in Nineteen Thirty-Five, he swung the issue in a five to four decision on ~~xxrailwayxpension~~ the Railway Pension Act. A couple of weeks ago, his vote tipped the balance in the five to four affair that okayed the Minimum Wage idea.

All this inspired a remark recently by Senator Minton of Indiana. The <sup>Hossier</sup> Senator declared that Justice Roberts was as powerful as any dictator on earth - in the middle between the liberals and the conservatives, he held the balance of power in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Such is the personality behind Senator Robinson's statement today about the one judge who might or might not change his mind - the declaration that pointed up the President's renewed drive for his court plan, with the opposition mustering its ranks for defiant battle.

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The Henry Ford angle of the new labor situation is not clarified today -- although the mighty man of motordom did speak up and make a statement. His utterance was in <sup>the</sup> symbolical form of ~~an~~ old proverb. He said:- he'd cross the bridges when he came to them. Signifying, if one may interpret an oracle, that he is forming no fixed and rigid plans. He'll shape his course of action when the question comes up. *So it's all suspense in the drama of Henry Ford and the C.I.O.*

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The Number One Man of the American motor world does declare however that the Wagner Act is now a law, and that he like any other American is subject to the law. He declares that the principles of the new labor regulation are already in force in his plants. He says any one of his employees can join any union. The only reservation being ~~it~~ that Henry Ford advises his workers against unionization. He doesn't believe <sup>it</sup> it, doesn't think it's good for them.

Meanwhile the dean of automobiling is not invited to the labor conference which is being called by Secretary of Labor, Miss Perkins. She gave the reason for the omission, saying that Henry Ford lacks experience in collective bargaining.

The broad aspect of the labor <sup>situation</sup> ~~existence~~ tonight is --  
that most authorities quoted are optimistic. They believe that  
yesterday's Supreme Court O.K. will ease the tension among the  
workers, and reduce the number of strikes.

BUS

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For a nerve-wracking experience -- take today's story of twenty-two bus passengers in the water. The ponderous vehicle was bowling along a Georgia highway. It was foggy. On a bridge the driver pulled out of the way to avoid hitting a car. He was blinded by the fog, the bus went over the bridge.

The passengers, tossed head over heels, found themselves in swiftly rising water. As best they could, they kept their heads above. The water continued to rise, was up to their necks. It seemed as though they would be drowned like the proverbial rats in a trap -- then the water stopped rising. The bus had landed in a fairly shallow place. There they stood, up to their necks. A trying experience, if there ever was one.

Rescue came -- men of the vicinity in small boats. They dragged the passengers out of the nearly submerged bus.

*No casualties reported.*

TROTSKY

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Today Leon Trotsky was testifying before the committee that is to judge whether the charges made against him in Russia are true. <sup>It's</sup> ~~is~~ one of those mock trials, quite unofficial, which the radicals like to stage now and then. Trotsky denied the Moscow accusation that during his exile in Denmark he had plotted to overthrow Red Dictator Stalin <sup>with</sup> Germany and Japan helping. He declared he had not held meetings with conspirators from Russia in the Danish cottage where he lived. They couldn't have got in because the place was so strictly guarded by the Danish police.

"It was," he said, "more difficult to get in there - than here." With a satirical eye he gazed upon the scene about him:

A spacious studio room, with high colored decorations - the studio of Diego Rivera, the Mexican radical artist who paints glowing primitive scenes of the land south of the Rio Grande. Aztec antiques for ornaments, bizarre fragments of the vanished civilization of Montezuma. At a long table sit Trotsky and the five Americans who have volunteered to act as his judges. The



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studio looks out on a courtyard bathed in sunlight, a riot of flowers - now in early bloom. <sup>a</sup> ~~The~~ blaze of <sup>blossoms</sup> ~~flowers~~ everywhere <sup>^</sup> ~~surrounding~~ the Rivera country house of blue and pink adobe.

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Surrounding the grounds are tall walls. As Trotsky looked out, he could see - the guards. For the villa of the artist is under heavy guard - ~~sent~~ by the Mexican government. Labor elements, sympathetic to Stalin, are bitterly hostile to the mock trial - which they say is designed to whitewash Trotsky. They threaten violence. Hence the vigilant watch. Nobody can enter it without all sorts of permits, ~~and~~ signing and counter-signing.

So there was an eloquence of irony when Trotsky said - "It was more difficult to get in <sup>-Denmark-</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>than</sup> ~~here~~, ~~mexico~~,

The former warlord of the Red army is producing documentary evidence, which he claims disproves the testimony against him at those Trotsky trials in Moscow. One point of his evidence strikes a dark human drama. It concerns his son, who is now in Sovietland - in danger of death, if not already executed. At the Moscow trials, Trotsky's son was mentioned by

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witnesses, who later were shot. They declared that the son had taken them to see Trotsky in Denmark, to discuss the anti-Stalin conspiracy. They gave the dates. Now - Trotsky produces a copy of his son's passport - showing that it bears no visa for ~~Denmark~~ Denmark. He produces statements sworn by various persons, who declare they saw Trotsky's son in Berlin at the same time when the Moscow testimony placed him in Denmark. His trump card is an affidavit by a woman who relates that she telephoned the son in Berlin every day.- this during all the time that he was supposed to be with his father in Denmark, scheming the downfall of Stalin.

Such is ~~in~~ today's aftermath of those ferocious trials and executions in Moscow - Trotsky, the one time companion of Lenin, facing a mock trial in Mexico while the flowers glow with the flame of color in the garden outside.

## CHOPIN

Word from Warsaw tells of a free-for-all fight, a battle that raged all over the place. What was it ~~all~~ about? Music - a battle royal about Chopin.

That reminds one of some of the famous musical fights, of the past like the debut in Paris of Stravinsky's symphonic ballet about spring. It was so modernistic and excruciating, that a wild riot broke out in a concert hall. The advanced intelligenzia thought it was excruciating <sup>ly</sup> ~~and~~ beautiful. The rest of the audience howled that it was excruciatingly terrible. And the two factions fought it out. The pandemonium made more noise ~~even~~ <sup>even</sup> than Stravinsky's music.

Then there ~~was~~ were the historic events when the first Wagnerian opera was performed in Italy. They gave Lohengrin at Bologna for the first time. Rioting broke out in the theatre. It was continued outside. Legend relates that there was street fighting for three days - until they had to bring in the troops to put down the musical insurrection.

Today's trouble about tone came ~~about~~ in a pianistic competition. In a Warsaw concert hall, the contestants went to

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the pinao one after another to see who could play Chopin with the most fervor and feeling. It was an international affair, with pianists from various lands. Everything was as sweet as a nocturne, until the prizes were announced:- The first award went to Jacob Sak, of Soviet Russia. The second was given to Rosa Tamarkini, also of Soviet Russia. The <sup>Russian</sup> contingent in the audience approved with loud applause.

Japan also was represented in the competition - by Miss Ohieko O'Hara. She took fifteenth place. The Japanese contingent was convinced that she should have been placed first. The Germans were indignant that their candidate didn't do so well. So the whole audience broke into a loud argument about the first prize award to Jacob Sak - and socko, the battle was on!

"What do you know about Chopin" - sock! "You couldn't tell the Military Polonaise from the Ninth Symphony" - sock!

The riot was ripping the stately concert hall to pieces, when the <sup>Warsaw</sup> police reserves came and threw out the music lovers. At last reports the Chopin contest award still stands, first price won by Sak, ~~and - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~

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HANFSTAENGEL

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The great Hanfstaengel mystery was solved today. Why did the one time powerful chief of the Nazi Foreign Press Bureau leave Germany? Why is Hitler's piano player in exile? Why does the Harvard alumnus who was such a powerful Nazi protagonist, now refuse to return to Germany? Putzi Hanfstaengel was aces high in the Hitler group. For several years he ran the Foreign Press in Berlin, played Wagner for the music loving Reichsfuehrer, and talked loud and long as a Nazi son of John Harvard. Recently it was found that he was living in London, and the news dispatches expressed their wonder - why? What had happened to the mighty Hanfstaengel in Germany? Today we have the answer. On his birthday, Putzi didn't get a telegram of congratulations from Hitler!

In London he tells his story. He relates that in his Press Bureau work, he got into a feud with Goebbels, the powerful Minister of Propaganda. The towering, burly Hanfstaengel in bitter conflict with the puny, lame and limping Goebbels. He's a dangerous antagonist to have, that swarthy, thin lipped, clever, spell-binding Minister of Propaganda. Not the sort to

ease up on an enemy, or go soft in a vendetta. So that was the personal struggle - between the musicianly giant and the eloquent dwarf with a limp.

Who won out? Hanfstaengel found that out early last month - on his fiftieth birthday. It is a fixed custom in high Nazi circles to exchange telegrams of good wishes on each other's birthdays. But on Putzi's birthday - no telegram from Hitler. He and the Reichsfuehrer had been intimate friends - Hanfstaengel playing for hours and Hitler listening, while from the piano came the rich chords and lyrical <sup>rhythms</sup> ~~ripples~~ of Tristan, Lohengrin, Siegfried. So ~~now~~ - no birthday telegram from the Reichsfuehrer! <sup>Thus</sup> Putzi knew - Goebbels had won.

<sup>Thereupon</sup> Hanfstaengel lost no time. He told friends he was going on an outing in Bavaria, with his son. The two flew by plane to southern Germany, and there went on a walking tour. Nothing suspicious about that - Germans are always going on walking tours. Their pedestrian pastime took them near the Swiss border. And, they walked across - to safety!

It was several weeks before the Nazis noticed that

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Hanfstaengel was out of Germany, and then they started <sup>trying to</sup> ~~to try to~~ get him ~~to come~~ back. Agents visited him in Switzerland, and then in London, urging him - "Come home Putzi, come home, all is forgiven." This solicitude for the return of <sup>the</sup> prodigal <sup>son</sup> the prodigal Putzi - had a reason. Hanfstaengel has written his memoirs, and for years he was in a position to learn many a perilous secret. He knows too much, can say and write things most uncomfortable for Berlin. They say that right now the manuscript of his memoirs is in the hands of a London publisher.

Today, Hanfstaengel declared that he will not return to Germany. He says that if he did, it would mean - jail or death.

So he'll stay in London. Putzi stays  
Putzi — and s-l-u-t-m.

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