GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The steamroller was wheeled out today in the United
States Senate. With it New Deal leaders intend to run right
over all opposition to the compromise bill for changing the
Supreme Court.

Day before yesterday in Washington we learned how the opponents of the plan to tamper with the Supreme Court were threatening to talk it to death, keep making speeches so the senate couldn't get to the business of passing the court bill. So today administration leader Senator Robinson announced that all the rules that can be used against filibustering will be applied. And he was joined by Senator Pitman of Nevada, President pro tem who announced that by virtue of his office he will stop any attempt to filibuster.

How will the New Deal stemaroller work? Well, they wom't allow any other business to be considered while the judiciary bill is under consideration.

Then, the Supreme Court debate will be limited to one day - but not a twenty-four ordinary day. They'll simply vote down any motion to adjourn and keep the Senate in constant session until the bill is voted on - make it one Legislative day, no matter how long it lasts.

They'll not allow a Senator in a long speech to have another Senator take over for him and fill in when he gets a rest. The Senator who gives place to another Senator, will lose the floor.

Each Senator will be limited to two speeches on any subject in one legislative day - the Legislative day that might last for a week, maybe. Then, no Senator will be allowed to prolong the debate by interrupting another Senator's speech - lenghty interruptions. The Senator who has the floor will refuse to yield to another Senator on a point of personal privilege. That's the steamroller, which today prepared to bear down on all filibustering opposition to the latest New Deal Supreme Court Plan.

This evening we have a picture painted in the colors of vague hope - a picture of aviators stranded on a reef, castaways on a tropical island. That's about the only hope for Amelia Earhart and her navigator, Fred Noonan. If they were forced down at sea - their plane could hardly have stayed afloat this long. George Palmer Putnam, Amelia Earhart's husband, continues to hope. He reasons that the wireless messages received from his wife indicate that the plane came down on some bit of land - else the wireless wouldn't have worked. If they had landed in the sea, their Radio apparatus would have been submerged.

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Meanwhile, planes have been scouting the wide

expanses of the ocean near Howland Island, and the report is
to, nothing. Two fast scouts of the Battleship Colorado flew

out afar scanning the sea - but saw nothing. The Aircraft

Carrier Lexington is on its way with sixty-two planes. The

Lexington won't reach the nieghborhood of Howland Island

before Sunday at the earliest. Still, the search will be

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landed war on one of those reefs that dot the Pacific.

The faint hope of aviators stranded on an Island we find it in still another case today. Remember Sir Charles Xx Kingsford-Smith, the great flyer of historic sky voyages. He disappeared in a flight from London to Australia more than a year and a half ago, vanished over the Bay of Bengal in the region of the Andam Islands. A part of the wreckage of his plane now has been found - and positively -found by a resident of Moulmein, Burma, identified, It's part of the landing gear, with a wheel set for a landing on the firm earth. The plane had retractable wheels, drawn up during flight, and let down only when landing on the ground. The wreckage shows that Kingsford-Smith's plane was set for just such a landing, Why? For what reason? surmise is - that Kingsford-Smith came down on land - andx an The wreckage shows a shaft bent and twisted in such Island. fashion as to indicate a pancake landing crashing down on solid ground. And once more a picture is painted with faint hope aviators cast away on an Island. The guess is that Kingsford-Smith and his co-pilot may have been forced down on

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one of the small remote uninhabited isles of the Bay of Bengal.

So remote the they may be still there - out of all touch with

the rest of the world. But it's a faint hope indeed.

of an ancient wall, said to be part of the Temple of Solomon.

The Wailing Wall of the Jews, where the elders of Israel stand and lament. Today the scene at the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem was without precedent - because the Jews have lost Jerusalem.

In new British scheme for Palestine - Jerusalem not included in the new Jewish state. So the Jews at the Wailing Wall retired prayers of woe, chanted a litany of sorrow, passages from the Old Testament, verses in which the prophets sang the glories of Jerusalem.

Less poetic, but just as pertinent, is the

declaration made by Vladimir Jabotinsky, President of the

Zionist organization the represents the represents the represents the represents Jewish

viewpoint. "The action of Great Britain," says he, "In

reducing our territory from thirty-eight thousand square miles

to eleven hundred square miles means killing the essence of

Zionism. Therefore, the scheme must be destroyed at birth.

We Jews must unanimously refuse to cooperate in the partition

of Palestine."

Today the Jewish reaction to the British Palestine

Plan announced yesterday is one of opposition reging from

mild complaint to bitter refusal. What about the Arabs?

Their leaders are not saying much, are reserving their

opinion - but they are said to be in the opposition also.

So British warships and British troops are concentrated in

great force in fear of a violent outbreak.

I can remember those epic days in Palestine twenty years ago, when Allenby conquered Jerusalem and the Holy Land in the Last Crusade. For Palestine, after its long and troubled history, the future seemed bright, with a new promise. Nobody foresaw the turmoil of hatred and antagonism that was to follow. I remember the outlook that Lawrence of Arabia visioned. It was not for nothing he had the title of the Arabia". Having led the Bedouin of the desert, his outlook was Arabian. And in behalf of Great Britain he had promised the Arabs that Palestine should be included in the Great Arab State. But London harkened to the Zionist aspirations of the Jewish people, and the Balfour Declaration dedicated the Holy Land as the national Jewish homeland. Two promises

were made, one promise was kept - the inevitable result was bitterness and strife, the deadly struggle between the Arabs and Jews. since the World Waz,

Under the new scheme, the Jews will get the merest small fraction of Palestine, the Arabs by far the larger part. The new Jewish State will be one of the tiniest nations af on earth, no bigger than our own state of Delaware. Yet it will consist of much the finer part of Palestine, the fertile lands, the green fields. To me the scheme visualizes itself in pictures of hills and plains. The boundaries of the Jewish State give it a broad sweep of plains in the north. Its territory stretches southward far along the coast. And that's about where most of the plains of Palestine lie. I've wandered about those level lands, like the group Plain of Esdrelon, the the historic Vale of

Samaria. The great bulk of the Holy Land is hill country - and that will be the portion of the new Arab state. The Jews

get the smaller section of plain, the Moslems get the great
expanse of hills. It happens likewise that the Jewish part
includes nearly all of the Zionist settlements, like the
many and Tel aviv in the orange
great development of Tel Aviv. But still there are a quarter
of a million Arabs in the new Jewish State, and they'll have
to be moved out. And, of course, there's a great Jewish
colony and Jerusalem, and Jerusalem, deep in the Arab State

is to remain under British control.

I don't quite know how to figure the new partition scheme. It's time since I've been in Palestine.

It does, however, seem to promise practical reality to the idea of a Jewish nation, tiny to be sure - instead of the large area of incessant conflict, doubt and uncertainty.

The Jews will have their country, their's alone, one hundred per cent. For the first time since Titus captured Jerusalem and destroyed the Temple, nearly two thousand years ago, there's to be a free and sovereign nation of the Jews. Yet, it will not include Jerusalem. That's the paradoxyZionism without Zion. That's why the elders of Jerusalem wept at the

wailing wall today, criedout their lamentations, and recited the words of the prophets that tell of the glories of Jerusalem. "Terusalem!" they wailed today.

There are confused reports from the Far Eastern

Battle Line, where violent fighting has been going on between

the Japanese and Chinese - a renewal of the old bitter

antagonism between those hostile peoples. One report gives an

alarmist view of heavy forces of men and guns being rushed to

the Peiping and Tietnsin area for more and heavier battle.

Another dispatch relates that things have quieted down and

there's hope for a quick, peaceable settlement.

It all seems to have begun with a mistake, a tragic error, a sham battle turning into a real one.

Peiping means - northern peace. The city was still northern today, but peace was War. Last night it was mimic war, mere battle manouvres. The troops quartered in the Japanese patrolled section were staging a sham battle on the outskirt of Peiping practicing night fighting. The Nipponese soldiers were skirmishing along in the darkness. They came to the fringe where Chinese control begins, Chinese troops **Existing** stationed there. And nobody seems to have given out word about the sham battle. The Chinese sentries saw stealthy forms

advancing in the darkness. They challenged. They gave the alarm. The next thing you know - hundreds of Chinese soldiers were blazing away at the mysterious attacking force, in the dim and darkness - never knowing. Apparently, it was a mere case of Japanese night manouvres.

None of the Japanese were hit, apparently. But their officers demanded redress for the shooting. And then the gun fight began more violently than ever. The Japanese discarded their sham battle blank cartridges, and loaded up with real bullets. And it was a deadly battle for the rest of the night. Day came and the fighting spread, all along the line from Peiping to Tientsin. An armistice of some sort brought quiet for a brief while. But the armistice somehow was broken and the battle was on again. The casualties are reported as two hundred killed, mostly Chinese.

The details are confusing and ominous. Any incident may touch off an explosion out there in the Far East. A sham battle has turned into a real battle, and this might turn into a war.

The road to heaven is a bit difficult today. angels had some trouble getting to the pearly gates, and all because of some Bus drivers. At Kingston, New York, the angels are celebrating the heavenly olympics. Father Divine's angels, a couple of thousand of them took a boat up the Hudson River today, and at Kingston a fleet of busses was to take them to heaven -- a few miles further on. Then came the argument. The bus drivers demanded more money to carry all those angels. It was a kind of heavenly bus strike. So the angels started on their way afoot - a bunion derby to paradise as the beginning of the heavenly olympics. However, at the last minute a compromise was arranged with the bus drivers and the angels rode on to heaven in what seemed to them like golden chariots.

The heavenly olympics don't seem to be quite so gigantic as originally advertised. The announcements had been ten river steamers and one hundred thousand angels. But actually there was one steamer and eighteen hundred of the celestial beings. But the fervor and enthusiasm were right up

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to standard. Angels crowded the pier hours in advance of departure. They sang hymns and shouted the Father Divine Shibboleth: " Peace. It's wonderful." Then the dark divinity made his appearance, the negro colored leader whom his followers revere as God. Father Divine drove up in a big shiny limousine. He was sitting among soft cushions. The angels swarmed about shouting their homage. They kissed the windows of the limousine, thousands of frantic kisses and they yelled in enthusiasm - " Oh Father Divine. Oh he's so beautiful." Then they swarmed aboard the boat for a helleluja voyage up the river, only to run into trouble with the bus drivers at the other end. But that was all settled, and tonight the heavenly olympics are on.

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Today a voice from Hollywood was crying - " I am a spinster" it was the voice of Mae West. I don't know if you'd call Miss West's florid tones exactly spinsterish, but she claims loudly to be an old maid. That was her response today to the final verification of the astonishing fact - that she's married. That presumably, should make her a wife, but Mae argues it leaves her a spinster.

Movie Star of ample charms has finally admitted that she did indeed marry a vaudeville actor back in Nineteen Eleven, twenty-six years ago. But, declares Mae - it was a wedding in name only, just so much ceremony. She didn't even say to her Eridegroom: "Come up and see me sometime." So she's still a spinster. She never did anything but spin. Hubby's vaudeville name is Frank Wallace, but his real name is Szatkus, but Mae denies that she should be called Mrs. Szatkus.

She explains her long and vehement denial, her refusal to recognize her one-time husband, hubby in theory only. We start which is says she was afraid he might try to get some cash - which is

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and which causes Was to call him by his real name - 5zat-bus! and &-l-u-t-m.

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