

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

President Roosevelt today received from the Senate Judiciary Committee as stinging and sizzling a rebuke as was ever administered to any president of the United States. The Judiciary Committee made its final report on the Supreme Court reorganization bill. Seldom, if ever, has a committee report been couched in such biting, terse, unequivocal terms. "Utterly dangerous," is one of the mildest descriptions applied to the President's program.)

On the other hand, we must remember that this was a committee report. It isn't final. The bill still has to be considered first by the Senate, second by the House. Nevertheless, the Judiciary Committee hitherto has leaned almost invariably to the President's side of any controversy. The majority against him in ^{the} ~~he~~ Committee in this instance was not large, ten to eight.

The most striking thing about the report is its language, such as:—"We recommend the rejection of this bill as a needless, futile, and utterly dangerous abandonment of constitutional principle.") And it goes on:- It applies force to the judiciary and would undermine the independence of the courts. It violates all precedents in the history of our government and would in itself be a dangerous precedent for the future."

Furthermore, say the objecting Senators: "The theory of the bill is in direct violation of the spirit of the American Constitution. Its employment would permit alteration of the Constitution without the people's consent or approval.

Elsewhere in their report, the Senators say: "It would not banish age from the bench or abolish divided decisions. It would subjugate the courts to the will of Congress and the President and thereby destroy the independence of the judiciary the only certain shield of indi-

vidual rights." And it goes on:- "Its ultimate operation would be to make this government one of men rather than one of law. And its practical operation would be to make the Constitution what the Executive or legislative branches of the government choose to say it is - an interpretation to be changed with each change of administration."

And, say the objecting Senators finally: "It is a measure which should be so emphatically rejected that its parallel will never again be presented to the free representatives of the free people of America."

Stinging phrases, as you may observe! Will they stand up in the heat of debate on the Senate's floor? That this debate will be hot, heavy and acrimonious, goes without saying. The President, we hear, is undaunted and determined to push for a decision of his plan.

STRIKE

The strike situation today grew rapidly no better. The whole business is in a deadlock. The independent steel men ~~want~~ won't give an inch, John Lewis and the C.I.O. stand by their demands. And Lewis today contemplated a new attack. Having called out the coal miners, he's now planning a shipping strike on the Great Lakes, a tie-up that will prevent the Republic, Bethlehem and Youngstown corporations from moving a single ton of their product.

This wasn't announced but it is to be inferred. For one of the significant events in Washington was a long conference between Lewis and Joseph P. Ryan, ~~Mr. Ryan is~~ President of the International Longshoremen's Union. The inference, therefore, is that ~~the~~ Lewis is making overtures to the Longshoremen so that they will refuse to unload any boats carrying iron ore to the independent steel companies. However, there's a string to that proposition. Ryan and the Longshoremen do not belong to the C.I.O. but to the American Federation of Labor. So it is assumed that Lewis's efforts are concentrated in trying to seduce the

Longshoremen from their loyalty to William Green's A.F. of L.

^{John} Lewis also called upon the federal government for aid. ^{President of Republic Steel!}
"Disarm and restrain Tom Girdler," he appealed. He described Mr. Girdler as a "heavily armed ^{monomaniac} ~~maniac~~ with murderous tendencies who has gone berserk." Those are ^{John} Lewis's own words. And he went on: "Republic Steel and the Chicago police are already responsible for the murder of eight people and the maiming of a hundred others. If Girdler is not disarmed and restrained, he will turn the steel districts into a bloody shambles."

~~In another sentence of the statement he issued, Mr. Lewis charged that there were two Wall Street master-minds behind the resistance of the Independent Steel Companies: They are William G. Potter, he said, of the Guarantee Trust Company, and Eugene Grace, Chairman of Bethlehem Steel. These two men, he declared, are using financial coercion on the independent companies to make them continue the fight.~~

^{John Lewis was full of hard words today.}

Meanwhile, it was estimated that as many as seven thousand coal miners were on strike from the captive mines operated by Bethlehem, Republic and Youngstown Companies. Fourteen out of

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nineteen mines in western Pennsylvania and northern West Virginia are shut down. Others are expected to go out tomorrow.

At Monroe, Michigan, everything was fairly quiet today. Mayor Knaggs issued a friendly statement. "I've never objected to peaceful picketing," he said, "and I don't object now. But it must be picketing." At the same time, he declared that no mass meetings could be held without permits from his chief of police. Then he added: ~~"I don't know whether peaceful picketing will be possible. The people are aroused," he explained. "The thing that aroused them was Homer Martin's calling the American Legion the Black Legion."~~

At Anderson, Indiana, nine men were arrested, seven of them non-union workers, two of them Unionites. They were accused of responsibility for the shooting of nine people during the raid at Anderson yesterday.

Another event in today's calendar was a step taken by the National Labor Relations Board. It filed charges against the Inland Steel Company, accusing it of having violated the Wagner Act. The violation, said the National Labor Board, was ~~its~~ refusal to sign a contract with the steel-workers-organizing-committee.
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A new stage developed today in the ~~grievous~~ case of the missing Mrs. Parsons of Long Island. It was heralded by the noise of a siren shrieking out a signal to the countryside around the Parson's estate at Stoney Brook; ~~It was~~ a signal to volunteer firemen to join G-men, state troopers and local police in a search for the body of Mrs. William H. Parsons. Some two hundred men joined in ~~that distressful and~~ harrowing search. They are still at this moment scouring every square foot of ~~the~~ ground, every thicket, every clump of trees.

Until today the authorities had abstained from any active measures except the following up of leads. The efforts of the officers were concentrated chiefly in keeping people away from the Parson's house. This, of course, was at the request of the family who implored everybody to keep the roads clear for any possible contact with the lady's supposed kidnapers.

~~Frank McDonnell, Mrs. Parson's brother, is with Mr. Parson's at Stoney Brook. Another brother, Howard McDonnell, is on his way East. He is flying from Hollywood, where he is comptroller of one of the picture companies. Howard McDonnell, as he boarded~~



~~his plane, said he is convinced that his sister is still alive.~~

The many unusual features of this case make it one of the most baffling of all kidnappings. Several of the stories told by witnesses and informants conflicted with one another. The air is rife with rumors. One of these is that Mrs. Parsons withdrew a considerable sum of money from her bank last Wednesday before she disappeared. There's much conjecture about Mrs.

~~supposedly a woman who is a~~
Kupryanova, the Russian member of the Parsons' household ~~called~~
a countess.

~~These conjectures, as probably most people have already heard,~~

Some of the things she is said to have ~~xxx~~ told the police, are reported to have been flatly contradicted by her ex-husband,

~~Mr. Kupryanova~~. For one thing she is supposed to have told the police at first that she was a widow. But ~~i~~ at that moment

her husband was working ~~at a match xxxxx~~ *in a* factory at Long Island City. Then the investigators are said to be puzzled by the

fact that ~~Mrs. Kupryanova~~ *Russian woman* and her eleven year old son went

by the name of Parsons. ~~the position of Mrs. Kupryanova in~~

~~the~~ ~~house has never been clearly defined. According to one~~
version she was an upper servant. According to another, a

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LENI

A characteristic tale comes today from ~~the land of the~~ ^{Germany} ~~Nazi~~. It comes by way of Paris, and some may be inclined to take it with a grain of salt.

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A good deal of publicity has been given to the friendship of Fuehrer Hiter for a dancer, Leni Riefenstahl. ~~Even by our standards,~~ she's a beautiful creature with gorgeous red hair and one of the most sumptuous figures in Berlin. The Chancellor thought so well of her that he gave her an official position as censor of motion pictures. She had first come before the public eye in Munich as a fan dancer - except that she had no fan. ~~Hitler gave her his approval and encouraged her to move to Berlin, where~~ she became one of the most sought after, influential women in the Reich. People who did not like her, asked the Fuehrer how it was that he gave his official okay to a lady, no matter how beautiful, who was of partly Jewish descent. To that his advice is supposed to have been: "It is I who decide who is a Jew and who is not."

Be that as it may, the lady has fallen from ^{Nazi} grace. That's today's story, ~~from the land of the Fuehrer~~. And the

news was broken to her in as public and humiliating a fashion as could possibly be devised, ^{- from Paris -} so the story goes. The occasion was a reception at the home of Wilhelm Frick, Hitler's Minister of the Interior. Among those present was Dr. Goebbels, the acid and vehement Minister of Propaganda. As the beautiful ^{Leni} ~~lady~~ entered the room, Goebbels shouted in a loud voice: "I am leaving. I will not stay in any house that shelters a person who is not Aryan!" Naturally, this remark, ~~screamed~~ at the top of the ministerial voice, shocked the whole assemblage, ^{which} ~~who~~ stood silent, gaping, ~~and some of them trembling. The gentlemanly~~ Goebbels then continued: "I have documents in my pocket proving that the grandparents of Leni Riefenstahl were not Aryan."

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In the face of that, Minister Frick, the host, had no alternative but to ask the beautiful guest to leave. When she arrived at her home, she found all her furniture piled into a truck on the street outside her apartment. Standing by was a detail of storm troopers who informed the red haired beauty that she was no longer permitted to occupy that apartment.

The French newspaper which relates this ~~charming little~~



anecdote offered a speculation as to the reason. Leni has

been superseded in ^{high favor by a beauty} ~~the regards of the Fuehrer, and by a lady~~

not unknown to American ^{movie} ~~picture~~ fans, ^{the dark and} ~~the new female center~~

^{flashing} ~~of his esteem, says Paris, is none other than~~ Pola Negri.

I repeat, the story ^{is} from Paris.

TURK

A novel ~~and, to put it mildly, unusual~~ bit of news comes from Europe. A dictator gives all his personal wealth to his country. What dictator? The Ataturk, Mustapha Kemal, President and absolute ruler of Turkey, the man who almost overnight changed his country from ^{one of} ~~a~~ medieval Asiatic culture into a modern civilized ~~XXXXXX~~ nation. Incidentally, ~~It~~ is no ^{small} ~~mean~~ gift that ^{the Ataturk} ~~he is~~ ^{is} making to the country he rules. His personal fortune is ~~conservative~~ ^{is} estimated at many millions.

SPAIN

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(The capture) ^{is at hand - and so}
~~The surrender~~ of Bilbao ends the gallant and desperate
but futile defense of the Basques.) Their capital ~~has~~ fallen ^s
to the troops that have already demolished their sacred city of
Guernica ^{and} ~~bombed their women and children.~~ ^{TP} General Francisco
Franco himself headed the Rebel hordes that pierced the last
lines of Bilbao's crumpling defenses. ^{TP} The leading column was
composed chiefly of Italian troops!

The final advance ~~had been~~ ^{was} ~~pro~~ ^{ceeded} by the most complete
and violent of all bombardments from the German airplanes on the
Rebel side. With not only bombs but machine guns, they wrecked
and riddled ~~inhabitants of~~ the beleaguered city. Late this
afternoon, the Rebel vanguard marched ~~through~~ ^{into} streets lined with
ruined houses from whose windows and doorways white shirts and
bedsheets fluttered as tokens of surrender. ~~Before the final~~
~~capitulation,~~ ^{It} was reported that the Basque capital had decided
to move to the neighboring city of Santanda ^{er!}. This was denied by
Jose Aguirre, the Basque President. But his denial was hardly
cool before the capital ^{was reported to be} ~~surrendered~~. The first news of its
yielding came from British warships lying off Bilbao.



However, with or without their capital, the Basques are determined to go on resisting ~~General~~ Franco's ^{relentless} ~~ferocious~~ fighters

~~to~~ ^{resist} to the bitter end. ~~Now~~ Now, they say, they have no choice in the face of the ferocity and cruelty of the insurgent leaders.

Before ^{the fall of} ~~Franco entered~~ Bilbao, another consignment of Basque children was removed to French territory. One liner carried forty-five hundred, another took three hundred and ten. And a French steamer stood by ready to protect fifteen hundred more ^{bound for} ~~to~~ Russia.

The Spanish government now has only one large port on the Bay of Biscay. That is Santand^{er} to which the Basque defense has retreated. ~~And the prospects there are not glowing. Santand^{er} is jammed full of refugees already. What's more, it is now hemmed in on all sides. There seems small doubt that Santand^{er} too will, before long, fall into the ~~flerce~~ hands of the Rebels, leaving Spain without ^{an inch of ground} a single port on the Bay of Biscay.~~

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All British consuls, not only in Bilbao but in Santand^{er},

^{have been} ~~were~~ ordered to leave and take refuge on board British warships.

MOCKER

I'm sorry to have to record the death of one of the most distinguished heroes of the World War. He had been decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross and with the Croix de Guerre. His name was Mocker. ~~And~~ Mocker was the carrier pigeon who flew through a hail of shrapnel to carry a vital message during the Battle of the Argonne.

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It was early in the morning of September Twelfth, Nineteen Eighteen. Mocker was one of a cagful of pigeons that accompanied an observation post on the advanced front near Beaumont. That observation post, way beyond the front lines, had spotted the exact location of certain enemy batteries. The information was written down, wrapped in a little tin case, and tied to Mocker's leg. Not only shrapnel but machine guns raked the territory over which he had to fly. When he reached the battery of guns to which he had been sent, his right eye was completely destroyed by a shell splinter and he was covered with other wounds. But he flew on, delivered his message. The result was that the ^{artillery} ~~battery~~ was able to silence the enemy's guns within twenty minutes.

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When the French War Department heard about this, it conferred the Croix de Guerre on Mocker and later on, Uncle Sam for the first time in history awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to a bird. ~~After the War, he came back with the rest of the Signal Corps and for all these eighteen years he has lived on at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, one of the most honored birds of the Signal Corps establishment there.~~

Two years ago, there was some talk of selling some three hundred ~~of these~~ Signal Corps carrier pigeons because they had grown too old for active service. When it became known that Mocker was one of them, ~~to be sold,~~ there was a roar that could be heard all the way across the country. Naturally, a ~~bird~~

pigeon entitled to wear the letters D.S.C. and C.D.G. after it, *Now he has passed on to the Pigeon Paradise at* could not be disposed of in that fashion. ~~He lived to~~ the ripe old age of twenty. — *and s-l-u-t-m.*

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