

P.T. - Lunoco. Tues., Feb. 9, 1937

SUPREME COURT

Even if there were no sidelights glaring on the scene, today's session of the Supreme Court would have been a tense one - as the nine Justices took their places to hear the arguments on the Wagner Labor Bill. This is one of the most bitterly wrangled of all the New Deal measures - the act which would put strong government supervision over the relations between capital and labor. All along it has <sup>stood for</sup> ~~represented~~ one of the immensely critical decisions the Supreme Court would have to make, another landmark in the relations of the high tribunal to the New Deal, another weighty decree of "constitutional" or "unconstitutional."

Yes, all of this would make tense court drama - even without sidelights. But, the Supreme Court convenes under the threat of the President's proposal to enlarge the Court, pack it, his opponents say. And today, while the nine Justices were listening to the Wagner Act arguments, the repercussions to the plan to change the Court were rising to a climax.

In Maine, the State Legislature voted emphatically -

let the Court alone. But then Maine was Vermont's partner in November. Connecticut, however, was on the November band-wagon. Still, at Hartford today, the Connecticut House of Representatives adopted a resolution demanding that the Connecticut delegation in Congress shall vote against the bill to appoint a new justice for everyone over seventy. And, Texas, not only in November, but always - Democratic. Both Houses of the Texas Legislature voted <sup>heavily</sup> ~~heavily~~ against the idea of increasing the Court to fifteen. ~~The majority today was a hundred and fifty six to ninety.~~

8  
In Washington, the House Judiciary Committee, the body that starts things going on the President's proposal, is divided, split in two. Today the Committee had another reading of the presidential special message, and a discussion of its meaning. And the Chairman is supposed to have led the opposition, Congressman Summers, a Texas Democrat. He is reported to be responsible for a compromise that was considered, along the <sup>line</sup> ~~line~~ of <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ voluntary retirement of justices over seventy. They're thinking of proposing some such compromise to Congress next Wednesday.



The House and Senate show themselves more and more divided. Administration leaders say they expect a victory for the White House, but they admit that they'll have a fight on their hands.

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Senator Robinson, the presidential spokesman, spoke soothing words by saying that there was a misunderstanding of the White House plan - that there was no idea of ~~increasing~~ increasing the number of the Court to fifteen. The President wanted to keep the present number, nine Justices - but have them under the age of seventy. The fifteen was named as just a possible <sup>figure.</sup> ~~number~~, just in case some seventy year old justices failed to retire.

Such were the national events today pertaining to the Supreme Court, as the Court began its hearings on the Wagner Bill. One supposition is that those hearings will be long drawn out - the Justices withholding their decision until there has been a settlement of the plan to change the Court.

LABOR

The auto strike is still locked in that same dead-lock - and the principal fireworks concerning labor exploded in Washington ~~xx~~ today. Private detectives, testifying at the inquiry on labor espionage, told how their investigating agencies had been employed by the companies to spy on the union affiliations of the workers. One of them swore that he had been employed to sleuth on the trail of Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady, while that trouble-shooter was doing some auto strike arbitrating.

Tonight, a heavy guard has been thrown around a villa in Mexico. And tonight six hundred police ~~are~~ will be on duty at New York's Hippodrome. What's the connection? Three thousand miles of telephone wire! In Mexico, Trotsky, the one-time mighty man of the Soviets, will deliver an address by telephone to an audience in New York. <sup>Of</sup> What he will say there is no doubt. The former commander of the Red Army will savagely assail his bitterest enemy, the present Red Dictator, Stalin.

So that's the reason for all the guarding, <sup>that</sup> vociferous quarrel between two different kinds of Reds. In Mexico the official Communist Party, in sympathy with Stalin, has protested violently that Trotsky is thus allowed by the Mexican government to flash his anti-Stalin address ~~in~~ to New York. They might storm and break up the speech. Mexican Communist students of the Trotsky faction threaten that they will attack the Stalinites if there's any trouble. So the government has put a heavy guard around the villa from which Trotsky is to speak - the beautiful country home of Diego Rivera, the Mexican radical artist.

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Similarly, in New York there's danger that Stalin's  
Communist friends might try to break up the meeting of listeners  
to Trotsky. So six hundred <sup>New York coppers</sup> ~~cops~~ are on the job tonight.

## SPAIN

51  
Bullets and raindrops - that's the news from Spain tonight. The reports tell of fierce fighting in an icy, drenching downpour - bullets streaming horizontally, while the rain streamed down vertically. Thus fighting bitterly in bitter weather, General Franco's battalions have cut the Madrid road to Valencia. That's the official Rebel report today, claiming that the Fascist forces drove across that vital highway, and thus severed the main line of communication between beleaguered Madrid and Valencia, ~~the~~ <sup>the Left Wing</sup> seat of ~~its~~ government and source of ~~its~~ supplies. They say this is a long step toward the encircling and starvation of the capital.

Madrid denies that the Valencia road has been cut.

The dispatches sent by ~~some~~ foreign correspondents are heavily censored, whole sections cut out. Moreover, the Socialist chiefs declare that even if the main road to Valencia is cut, they can <sup>still</sup> keep communications open by making detours, and this sounds as if they were discounting the success the Rebels claim, perhaps a tacit admission.

The news from London today concerns a matter of court etiquette. But it's the second time we have heard about that delicate point of propriety -- the Nazi salute at the Court of St. James's.

King George the Sixth held the first levee of his reign -- stately ceremonial, with everybody bowing low before<sup>e</sup> His Majesty in traditional style. Everybody -- except one, that same German Ambassador von Ribbontrop, who once more did the same thing that shocked British court circles some days ago. Instead of bowing, he raised his hand and gave the Nazi salute. This time less fuss was made about it. The English seem to be getting used to it.

The news from London continues with a diplomatic problem. This isn't the second time we have heard about it, it's about the two hundredth time -- the return of German colonies.

Right after he gave the Nazi salute to the King, Ambassador von Ribbontrop went to the foreign office for an important discussion, the gist of which is indicated by the report -- that Hitler has given his London Ambassador a standing order that Germany is to get back her prewar colonies, and that it's up



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to von Ribbontrop to do the persuading.

Hitler's emissary, however, did not talk to Foreign

Minister Anthony Eden. That dapper statesman is away to rest

*It's odd, but everytime lately that von Ribbontrop has*  
*conferred at the Foreign Office, Eden has been away.*  
up for a week or so. ^ So, the British side of the Hitler-colony-

negotiations ~~is being~~ <sup>was</sup> handled <sup>today</sup> by Viscount Halifax. He's a

leader of <sup>the</sup> died-in-the-wool conservatives, who are supposed to be

friendly toward Germany, *but adamant on that question*  
*of colonies.*

53  
In Vienna, Edward, the Duke of Windsor, was showing his sister, the Princess Royal of England, through Shoenbrunn Palace.

~~Exile~~ One report has been that the Princess Royal is visiting her exiled brother to persuade him not to marry Mrs. Simpson.

Later word is that when <sup>the Princess</sup> ~~she~~ was told of this rumor, she looked surprised. Another report is that she is visiting Edward to

talk finances with him -- the allowance to be made him by the British Government. Appearances indicate that the ex-king is

not so well provided with money. <sup>also denied</sup> Gossip <sup>^</sup> even goes so far as to intimate that Mrs. Simpson <sup>herself</sup> <sup>^</sup> might draw back, from marrying him,

because he has not his royal rank anymore, or his former financial resources. ~~That is all~~

Such is the background, as we find his ex-majesty who was Edward the Eighth, showing his sister, the Princess Royal, the Shoenbrunn Palace -- that superb monument to the fallen imperial line of the Hapsburgs. Edward spoke smilingly: "If worse comes to worse," said he, "I can always pick up a living showing people around Shoenbrunn -- I know it so well."

An invocation <sup>of</sup> ~~and~~ moody drama, the onetime monarch of the



British Empire, as a guide in the palace of the onetime imperial Hapsburgs.

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There's <sup>another</sup> rumor about the marriage of the ex-king and Mrs. Simpson, which is so precise as to give the exact date <sup>of the ceremony.</sup> -- April twenty-seventy. When he was told this, Edward had a remark to make: "The newspapers should have at least been considerate enough to set the date as April first."

And so, with the mention of April Fool, ends today's sketch of the man who was the greatest king.

The drama of royalty in exile was played likewise at the oft-mentioned castle at Doorn. And, the man who was once emperor and war-lord celebrated an anniversary that must have overwhelmed him with memories -- as the pageant was staged today. For pageant it was, In solemn state, as exiled royalty keeps up the fiction of its former splendour, as well as it can. In the lofty castle hall at Doorn high military officers filed past the ex-Kaiser and hailed him with the military pomp of salute and clicking heels. They were officers of the First Regiment of Imperial Foot Guards, <sup>who in days of yore</sup> stood ~~the~~ guard at Potsdam Palace <sup>during</sup> ~~in the days of~~ the Imperial glory of Wilhelm Second.

55  
The wood chopper of Doorn was costumed to suit the occasion today. He wore the field grey of a general of the old German army; <sup>because</sup> this was the Sixtieth anniversary of the day when he became a soldier, when as a mere boy, a young prince, he joined a crack regiment. Yes, his anniversary as a soldier in that renowned war machine with which he expected to conquer the glory of a Caesar -- the ambition that led him to a woodpile in Holland.

## BICYCLE

The peasants of western France are inclined to superstitious notions, ghosts and goblins. So no wonder that along the coast of the Bay of Biscay the country-folk are talking in a fashion to suggest the Pied Piper of Hamelin, who piped the children to destruction. They're telling of a spooky spectre that led and beguiled men on a wild chase to their doom, a ghost on a bicycle. A weird tale, and we can discount all the superstitions of the peasants, and it's still weird enough. Let's stick to the simplest, prosiest facts that come in the news.

56  
At the fashionable resort of Biarritz, the officials promoted a special feature to entertain the wealthy guests, and this naturally enough was a bicycle race. The French are enthusiastic for the competition of the pushing pedals. So the race was arranged along a course which also was peculiarly French. Over there they delight in a ~~XXXX~~ cross country kind of race where time and again the riders have to carry their bikes up <sup>or down</sup> ~~and around~~ steep and rugged slopes. Sometimes it seems that they carry their two wheel vehicles more than they ride them. So in the Biarritz



race the contestants were to ride speedily to a certain point along the tall cliffs. There they were to clamber down a steep trail with their bikes, and continue the race along the sandy shore.

Race riders from all over France entered, and on the appointed day, with gala ceremonies, they started out on the long grind. The story goes that after a mile or so they were joined by an unknown rider, and could he ride! He jumped into the lead and led the pace, the other cyclists following him in a strung-out line.

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Suddenly, the unknown racer swerved to the edge of the cliffs, picked up his bicycle, and went climbing down to the beach. Spectators ~~who were watching~~, saw that he had turned off at the wrong point on the cliffs. The other riders automatically followed him. The spectators shouted that they were making a mistake, but they didn't hear. One after ~~the next~~ another the whole string of them carried their bikes down to the beach.

And now the race continued along the sand. But there

was more than sand - the tide was coming in. Flood tide, aided by a high wind, swept rapidly upon the beach. And now it was a race indeed - a race for life, with the riders pumping madly - straining to get beyond the imperilled stretch of shore.

58  
The unknown, in the lead, made it safely - he certainly could ride! The next four - they also managed to get into the clear, splashing through the incoming water as they rode. The remaining seven - they were overwhelmed. A great surging breaker rushed upon the beach and hit them - ~~for~~ a tangle of bicycles and struggling men! They were hurled and swirled, head over heels. Four contrived to grasp the rocks of the cliff and hang on, with the receding wave pulling at them. But three of the luckless riders were helpless in the grasp of the churning breaker and were swept away, and lost. When the tide ebbed, it left their bodies on the beach - the deadly end of a ghostly race.

Now, who was the unknown bicycle rider? Nothing more has been seen of him. They're looking for him. Did he, as an outsider, join the race, and make a mistake about the point at which to descend the cliff? Or did he, as a sinister joke,

deliberately lead the way into the peril of the tide? The  
peasants answer - a Pied Piper, a spooky <sup>gh</sup>ost in the <sup>race,</sup> ~~race,~~  
Maybe - the devil on a bicycle!



## YACHTS

2 1/2  
beat the Babe.  
Tonight the WATER WITCH is out to beat STORMY WEATHER - and ~~also the day~~ <sup>right now, tonight</sup> They spread their canvas at Miami, and this noon

set sail for the Bahamas. It's the Fourth Annual Miami-to-Nassau Yacht Race. So twenty craft are out in the Gulf Stream <sup>right now, tonight</sup> nineteen scudding gracefully before the wind. One- chugging along under steam. But that power-driven craft is not in the race.

59  
She's the United States Coast Guard Cutter MOHAVE, trailing the yachts, to do a rescue job if needed. For it's a race of adventure, with the little wind jammers sailing their course through the hazards of wind and weather. WATER WITCH is last year's champ, when she set a sailing race-record of seventeen hours. The smallest craft in the race is, naturally enough - the BABE, a thirty foot cutter. The outstanding challenger is STORMY WEATHER, a fifty-four foot yawl that won the trans-Atlantic race to Norway.

59 1/4  
And, ~~now~~ there'll be ~~stormy~~ stormy weather for this Babe, unless <sup>he goes scudding with</sup> ~~there's~~ a quick - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.