

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The sit-down strike problem is producing as many headaches among Congressmen as it is among employers of labor. For days it has been a vexed question not only in cloak room arguments but on the floor of the Senate. Quite a few senators, led by Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, are vehemently opposed to this latest sit-down epidemic. For politicians, of course, it's a problem full of dynamite. Administration leaders in Congress have wanted all along to keep it in the background and avoid trouble. But Senator Byrnes from South Carolina didn't care whether it was full of dynamite or not. He introduced an amendment to the Guffey-Vinson Bill, the bill to regulate the coal industry. That amendment would make sit-down strikes "illegal and contrary to sound public policy." The Senate passed this amendment.

As Senator Byrnes had forced the issue, the administration leaders found themselves compelled to meet it. So it came to a show-down this afternoon. The Senate, under the earnest coaching of the party whips, turned Mr. Byrnes' amendment down.

While this was going on in Washington, union leaders in Kansas City were jubilant over what they claimed is another victory. After a one-day sit-down, the workers in the Ford Motor Company plant at Kansas City returned to work. Every one of them lined up at the pay window, including the three hundred who had been laid off. The lay-off of those three hundred was the cause of the strike.

With Governor Murphy presiding, John L. Lewis, head of the C.I.O., and Walter B. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board, resumed their conferences. A decision is expected anytime now - perhaps this evening.

C.C.C.

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This is the fourth anniversary of the establishment of the Civilian Conservation Corps, one of the first and one of the favorite new organizations created four years ago at the suggestion of President Roosevelt. Robert C. Fechner, Director of the C.C.C., has ^{today} ~~sent~~ sent in his report to the White House, setting forth the accomplishments of the Corps. And the most important thing in it is a plea that the C.C.C. be made a permanent institution. The President is in full accord with Mr. Fechner and ^{today} ~~sent~~ sent on his recommendation to Congress. The C.C.C., he says, has fully demonstrated its usefulness and has ~~met~~ met with general public approval.

Mr. Fechner sets forth some interesting facts. The ~~Conservative~~ ^{Conservation} Civilian Corps has taken care of one million, seven hundred thousand young men, young men who otherwise would have been on relief rolls or work projects. They have sent home to their families more than three hundred and sixty million dollars. They have helped fight fires, they have helped to wipe out insects and plant diseases over fifteen million acres. They have

built eighty-seven thousand miles of ~~trunk~~ trails through forests, to say nothing of roads, highways and park roads.

They've put up more than forty-five thousand miles of telephone lines, built more than three thousand fire lookouts and

observation towers. They've planted more than a billion trees and done invaluable work improving forest lands and state parks.

All of which we are reminded
of on this 4th. C. C. C. birthday.

SUPREME COURT

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Another session of the Supreme Court, another session which baffled and disappointed a crowded audience in the marble chamber where the nine justices sit! What ~~was~~ they had hoped to hear was that long expected decision on Senator Wagner's Labor Relations Act. They hoped in vain.

However, one minor ruling which they made public is interpreted by lawyers as a straw which may show which way the wind is blowing. An employer corporation had asked for an injunction restraining the National Labor Relations Board from hearing a case in which it was involved. The Supreme Court refused to hear that request. That refusal, it is believed, indicates that the ~~Supreme~~ Court, or at least a majority of the ^{high} justices, are favorably inclined towards the Wagner Act. However, that is mere conjecture and may be upset completely a week from now.

The court's opinion ^{today} on another case was slightly favorable to the New Deal. It declined to consider a new test of the Municipal Bankruptcy Act, an act which was passed to relieve ~~cities~~ cities and towns that are in financial

difficulties.

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Still another opinion, handed down today, was considered decidedly encouraging by New Deal partisans. It concerned the Tennessee Valley Authority. The Georgia Power Company had brought suit to impede the T.V.A. from expanding its activities any further. The government obtained an injunction against the Georgia Power Company, restraining it from pressing that suit. The Georgia Power Company appealed all the way up, and now the Supreme Court declined to interfere with that injunction.

There was just one moment of drama in today's proceedings, a sly dig by a couple of the justices against their colleagues. The case itself was unimportant. But, a remark made by Justice McReynolds spoke volumes.

The suit concerned a law applying to the District of Columbia, which provides that certain petty offenders may be tried without juries. The majority of the justices upheld that law. But Mr. McReynolds and Mr. Butler dissented. The minority opinion was written in red by McReynolds, who quoted the sixth

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amendment to the Constitution, the amendment which guarantees everybody a trial by jury. After he had read his dissenting opinion, Justice McReynolds raised his head and said: "We believe in the Constitution as written, and not as whittled away by tenuous reasoning."

As a member of the Blue Sunoco family I heard something this afternoon which set me thinking. I was told how one of the boys in the Philadelphia office of the Sun Oil Company had won a prize contest. You know, one of those competitions where you figure something out and get a reward. In this case it was a Studebaker affair -- the prize going to the one who provided the best name for a piece of music conducted by Richard Himber, the orchestra leader -- also a twenty-five word slogan for Studebaker. The award is captured by a young man of Sun Oil who I believe doesn't yet know of his good fortune -- Foreman Norman Harkins of the Blue Sunoco sales office.

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He wins a spic and span ~~new~~ Studebaker for turning in twenty-five words. It sounds like good business. I figure that in my six and a half years on the air I have reeled off about five million words. At the rate of an auto for every twenty-five words, I'd have collected two million cars.

~~However, I can't get an automobile for uttering another twenty-five words, and so I'll just say~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW~~

MURDER

There's no revelation of ^{the critical} ~~whatever~~ evidence New York police may have found in the triple murder that for days has been the sensation of the metropolis. They say they're sure they're about to break the case, but add that they must refrain from publishing their clues. This is the police attitude, as the Department has sent out an alarm for the arrest of a sculptor, a New York artist who makes shapes of marble. They've asked his arrest in a demand flashed through eight states. This -- as the dreadful triple murder, with its romance of the slain artists' model, continues to make sensational headlines.

SPAIN

One bit of news from the Spanish Civil War tonight carries a touch of grim humor. You remember that ill-fated freighter, the MAR CANTABRICO, the ship that dodged Uncle Sam's Coast Guard, and ~~set forth for~~ ^{set forth for} Spain with munitions of war for the Spanish government? And you remember the jubilation of the Rebels when they captured the MAR CANTABRICO with its precious load of deadly war munitions?

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One of the Rebel generals has a wry tale to tell about that glorious victory. It seems that in capturing the MAR CANTABRICO, they did the government forces a good turn. For that cargo of airplanes and munitions was nothing but a hoax, a gyp on a gigantic scale. The vessel was supposed to be full of the latest things in fast motor cars, modern machine guns, small cannon, up-to-date rifles. General DeLlano said the cannon were of use only as ornaments. There were about a score of machine guns. But they were such old models and so rusty, that they would have exploded in the face of anybody who would have attempted to fire them. There was, to be sure, one Douglas

motor in the cargo. But it was so old that when they put it in a Spanish plane, it flew to bits.

Then there was quite a haul of bayonets, but they were bayonets that wouldn't fit any type of gun that the Rebels were using. The only part of that captured cargo that wasn't a complete loss, said General DeLlano, was a consignment of two million bullets, dum dum bullets which the General says were manufactured in the United States.

YAGODA

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It's always ironic when a policeman who has sent his hundreds to prison, is himself arrested. But when ~~a big shot~~ ^{an officer of} ~~the law~~ ^{the law} ~~copper~~ who has sent hundreds, perhaps thousands, to execution, is sent to jail, that's irony of the highest order. (Nobody knows how many men and women were lined up in front of a firing squad for treason by Genirkh. Yagoda, former head of the Ogpu, the Russian secret police. Only last January, we learned of the treason trial in which Yagoda sent thirteen former Bolshevik big-shots to their death. - And now he's in prison himself.

The latest news from Moscow is that this man, the terror of Russia, will ~~himself~~ ^{soon} stand in the dock charged with the same offense of which he convicted so many others.) It is said that his predecessor, Memchinsky, signed no fewer than thirty-five thousand death warrants. And they ~~say~~ ^{declare} that Yagoda has ~~just as~~ ^{an equally} bloody a record. ~~as his former boss~~ His name throughout Russia is "Yagoda the Terrible."

There's also an interesting story of intrigue and politics. It's a story that goes back several years. Some

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time ago, the ^{tale}~~story~~ runs, the tremendous power of the OGPU began to strike fear even into the heart of Dictator Stalin, ~~the Iron Man~~. He decided to do something about it. And, he determined, Yagoda was the man he had to get rid of. ^{Stalin}~~He~~ tried to ^{do this} twice:- In Nineteen Thirty-Three and again in Nineteen Thirty-Four. He had Yagoda fired from his job as Vice-President of the OGPU. But, on neither occasion did he stay fired. Each time he came back stronger than ~~he was~~ before.

Last August, after the ~~trial of the~~ famous trial is Leon Kemeneff, ~~and~~ Gregory Zinovieff and fourteen others, the trial which sent sixteen ^{important} men before the firing squad, Stalin again decided it was time to get rid of the formidable chief of the OGPU. So he tried to kick him upstairs, made him Commissar of Communications. But he couldn't keep Yagoda in the background. At the January trial, in which Karl Radek, the brilliant editor was the principal figure, Yagoda was again ~~again~~ the official principally responsible. Each time Stalin removed Yagoda, transferred him to another job, there was trouble in that redoubtable secret service.

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This time, however, the betting is on Stalin. Even the most redoubtable secret service chief and executioner becomes less redoubtable when he's in prison. Personally, he's a man of mild, rather diffident, appearance, clean shaven except for a small black mustache, modest in manner. In short, he looks like anything but the bloody Robespierre that his enemies make him out to be. (If he meets the death that he handed out so freely to others, they say there will be few tears shed throughout the Soviet Union.)

AIRPLANE

The mystery of that lost Douglas transport plane, missing somewhere in the mountains of the west, may be solved before long. Ever since it disappeared on Saturday, with eight persons aboard, searching parties have surveyed ~~mountain~~^{the wild} territory all the way from Burbank, California, to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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This ~~afternoon~~ afternoon a piece of wreckage was found which is believed to be the remains of the ill-fated airship. Some forty-eight hours ago New Mexico reported a rancher brought in the report that his young son had seen a plane battling desperately with a blizzard and finally crash into the side of the mountain. He took the information to the sheriff's office at St. Johns, Arizona. When the sheriff and his deputies learned that it was based on a child's story, they refused to believe it. Later on, however, both the boy's parents declared they too had seen it. Other persons besides declared that they had observed ~~a~~^a plane flying dangerously close to the ground, its motors missing.

So this afternoon a searching party was sent out.

It was tough going, since the ground where the plane was sighted,

is rough, broken, difficult to cross. Finally, the searchers sighted the wreckage of an airship in the White Mountains,

a mile and a half from Alpine, New Mexico. *And they are still on their way to that lonely spot.*

HUGHES

A new job has been found for Howard Hughes, number one speedster of the air, holder of two trans-continental records, aviation engineer, millionaire movie-producer, theatrical angel, and last but not least the nephew of the Novelist, Rupert Hughes. The man who has found the new job for him is Grover Whalen, President of the New York World's Fair of 1939. They want to make flying one of the features of the exposition. So Howard Hughes will try to induce representatives of the great air forces of the other nations of the world to come here in 1939 and contribute their bit toward the success of the Fair.

LINDBERGH

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has just had a novel experience on his way back from India. An encounter with a reporter who outsmarted him -- with the Colonel's innocent assistance. And, it wasn't an American newspaperman, it was a Yugoslavian. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh landed at Zagreb, and , as usual, found a bunch of journalists waiting. And as usual, the Lone Eagle declined to give an interview.

So he and Mrs. Lindbergh went to tea at the home of the manager of the airport, an Englishman. The most enterprising of the reporters followed them, climbed through the kitchen window. Lindbergh caught him, grabbed hold of him, pushed him into a room and locked the door. There the newspaper man was, imprisoned while the Lindberghs were teeing and chatting at their ease with their hosts. After the tea was over and the Lindberghs had gone to their hotel, the reporter was released.

Judge of the Flying Colonel's surprise when he learned that his entire conversation was published in a Yugoslavian newspaper the next day. Lindbergh didn't realize that the walls of houses in Zagreb are almost paper-thin and that every word he had said had been overheard. And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.