

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

There's a breathing spell in the strike war,
you might call it an armed truce. For the moment ~~there doesn't~~
~~seem any chance of~~ ^{there doesn't}
~~to worry about any more~~ bloodshed at least. There was ~~cause for~~
~~the greatest~~ ^{plenty of} anxiety over the enforcement of that court order.

(The twenty-four hours grace allowed the sit-down strikers at
Flint by Judge Gadola expired at three o'clock today. The
attitude of the sit-down strikers was threatening and there was
sound reason to fear that the sheriff of the county would not
be able to get them out without a desperate ~~and sanguinary~~
battle.

The united action of President Roosevelt and
Governor Murphy has at least postponed that crisis. There was
a meeting this morning between William S. Knudsen, Executive
Vice-President of G.M., John L. Lewis, and Michigan's Governor.
Mr. Murphy submitted suggestions to both sides. He proposed to

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General Motors that its chiefs recognize the United Automobile Workers of America as the only body to talk turkey with.

To the Union, on the other hand, he suggested that they withdraw their sit-down strikers. In return for this he personally guaranteed that the Corporation would not try to reopen the plants for production until terms are agreed upon.) He made this his personal guarantee and undertook to back it up and use the National Guard to see that it is enforced.

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Meanwhile, the sheriff at Flint, Sheriff Walcott, said he would make no move against the sit-down strikers, ^{And} ~~not~~ ₁ he didn't try to ~~not try to~~ ₁ evict them at three o'clock. It was believed that the sheriff took this attitude upon instructions from the government. But Sheriff Walcott declared that he was merely acting in accordance with his instructions from the court. The judge's writ, he pointed out, ordered him merely to inform the strikers of the court's order. If they refused to obey, his next duty ^{being} ₁ to go to the judge and tell him about it. ~~He is~~ ₁ Not obliged to remove them by force until he gets a positive writ of eviction from the court.

It was due solely to the request from the White House that
Mr. Knudsen finally consented to meet Mr. Lewis. *The General Motors executive* ~~He~~ issued a
statement saying: "The wish of the President of the United
States leaves us nothing to do except to comply." When the
meeting was over, Governor Murphy declared: "There has been an
exceedingly interesting conference, interesting is the word - ~~And~~
And he added: "Another will be held here late today."

FLOOD

(It's the zero hour at Cairo, Illinois. And it looks as though the flood fight were won. If the levees hold until tomorrow the town is safe. That in turn will mean that the entire lower Mississippi Valley is safe. So say the engineers.)

Six thousand watchers patrol the walls of Cairo day and night. These are moments of terrific anxiety for the Cairenes. To add to their worries those water boils keep on bursting. The waters were stationary, neither receding nor rising for nine hours. But this afternoon they began a slow but ominous climb. Backing up of drainage ^{set} up columns of water into the air within the city limits. Sidewalks gave way, water mains burst. The river has not yet said its last word. Evidently the flood has still another punch in reserve and everything depends on whether it turns out to be a knockout blow.

FOLLOW FLOOD

The first active step toward flood control was taken by the President today. He has submitted a plan to Congress. If it's adopted, it will mean the spending of two billion, seven hundred and fifty millions. We say it's the first step, because the Army has estimated that, to make all the United States flood-proof will cost not two and three quarters, but eight billions. The plan offered by the President today is for control of the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi Rivers. It would strengthen the dikes and levees on the Ohio and the Lower Mississippi, to carry off excess waters in such emergencies as that of the last three weeks.

Along with this flood control program, the President sent another communication to Congress. It was a report of the National Resources Committee. Briefly, the idea is that the government should set up a permanent public works program to make the country depression-proof. Along with this the President suggested that a Six Year Plan for building should be inaugurated at once. But the general idea would be to plan in advance a number of public projects. When any signs of a lag in business appears, especially in heavy industries, and when a substantial

increase in non-employment makes its appearance, work should be started immediately on these public projects to provide the country's industries with a shot in the arm.

KIDNAP

One more kidnapping, one more horrible murder! An aged physician, grown old ministering to the health of his neighbors, doen to death most cruelly and foully. And the crime is attributed to a twenty year old youth who thought he could beat the game that has landed the most hardened and experienced crooks of America in Alcatraz.

The man is Robert Kenyon -- now in custody. State troopers and an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation declare that he has confessed. When Dr. Davis' body was found a check book was in his left hand. Earl Connelly, the G-Man in charge, accompanied by state troopers, took Young Kenyon in a car and they say made him point out the scene of the murder. Connelly's reconstruction of the crime is that young Kenyon kidnapped the sixty-seven year old physician, inveigling him out into the country with a phoney call for help, then murdered him and sent notes to the family demanding five thousand dollars. The fact that the elderly doctor died with his check book in his hand seems to indicate that he was desperately trying to buy his life.

Like many country physicians of his type, Dr. Davis was dearly loved in Willow Springs, Missouri. His murder has stirred

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up such a storm of fury that the authorities rushed their
prisoner into another county.

SPAIN

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More fighting in Spain! Not, apparently, between the ~~government~~ government and the national forces of General Franco. The scrap is among the officers of the loyal army. And it's all about publicity. One of them has been getting too much of it, and the rest haven't had their share.

The most colorful figure in Spain's so-called Loyalist Army, is not a Spaniard at all. He was born in Austria, naturalized in Canada, and his name is General Emilio Kleber. He is commander of the International Brigade, foreign soldiers enlisted in the Spanish government's cause. As a soldier of fortune, a handsome six-foot fellow with a romantic colorful background, it was natural that the correspondents should pick him out as good copy. ~~I must say I would have done the same myself.~~ During the World War he was a soldier in the Hungarian Divisions of the Austrian Army. Thereafter he went to Russia and is supposed to have commanded a battalion of the Red troops against the Czechs under Kolchak. Evidently that was the only time he has ever fought on the winning side so far, for his next adventure was to go to China and join up against the Japanese. When things

quieted down for a while in the Far East, he went to Canada.

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P But the moment the civil war in Spain looked serious he took ship to Spain and arrived in Madrid during the ~~the~~ darkest hours of the siege. Once he was on the scene of battle, with his experience and background, they set him to organizing an international brigade. And that brigade of hard-bitten soldiers of fortune from all over the world proved the one serious obstacle in the way of the then victorious Rebel Army. For a while all the ~~authorities~~ government partisans were strong for Kleber, and called him "the saviour of Madrid." But now that that phrase has caught the ear of news writers, and Kleber is the most famous soldier in the peninsula, next to General Franco, his brother officers are so sore at him that he has lost his job. At least so an unconfirmed report tells us. He is supposed to have been relieved of his command and ordered to Valencia.

TURKEY

Duce Mussolini appears to be in a peace-making mood these days. Perhaps it's one consequence of the shirtless skiing we've seen him doing in the news pictures. The latest is that he is making friends with Turkey.

For several years there has been no love lost between the Italian Duce and the Ataturk - Kemal. Kemal began to scowl with a jaundiced eye when Italy started to fortify the Dodecanese Islands, right off the Turkish coast. Mussolini, on his side, took it as a personal affront when the Ataturk sided with Ethiopia before the League of Nations.

But today the talk is of "hands across the Mediterranean." The Ataturk Foreign Minister is in Milan smoking the hubble bubble pipe of peace with Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Secretary, Count Ciano. One of the things they'll talk about is the Dardanelles. That much is known, and it provokes the belief that this meeting was arranged by Great Britain. London has consented to Turkey's fortifying the Dardanelles once more. The Duce hasn't like the idea so far and the rumor is that he won't sign any treaty on the subject. But there will probably be

an unwritten understanding.

John Bull
~~Cousin John~~

by the way, is having more troubles in the Near East. Not in Jerusalem this time, but in Bagdad.

A new dispenser of worries has come to the front in Mesopotamia, a chap somewhat after the order of Mad Mullah, who raised so much Cain in the Sudan at the end of the last century.

The latest twister of the British Lion's tail is called Fauzi ed-Din Kaukji. Styling himself "Commander-in-Chief of the Arab Army", he raised the cry of "down with all foreign interlopers." That meant, of course, the British. Born in Syria, he served in the Turkish army during the World War and was in fact once of its few really able officers. He was able enough and menacing enough for the British Raj to put a price on his head. The police ~~of~~ and troops of not only Mesopotamia but Palestine tried in vain to catch him. Nevertheless, his revolt collapsed and he had to take to his heels. He turned up the other day in Iraq, and now he's issuing calls for an Arab army to drive the British back to Britain. That makes a ticklish situation, since there's a solemn treaty between Iraq and Great Britain. Iraq is

the keystone state of the British political structure in the Near East. *R* General Fauzi ed-Din Kaukji is a picturesque character and seems to have quite a following.)

R In the best of times it isn't difficult to stir up the Arabs!

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But wait — Neil Enslin has something to say —

SPORTS

Next Sunday evening one of the big events in the sporting world comes off, the annual Dinner of the Baseball Writers Association. That's always one of the most diverting events of the year.

Just one thing will be missing from that banquet, the presence of the one and only Dizzy Dean. Dizzy is down in Florida fishing and practicing his customary dizzy modesty. He comes to bat as the first of the Nineteen Thirty-Seven crop of baseball prophets. Dizzy says: "The St. Louis Cards will finish first next season in the National League, provided I sign. If I don't sign they'll finish seventh or eighth."

Among the guests will be one they'll greet with a shout of "Poosh 'em up Tony!" Signor Antonio Lazzeri of San Francisco, picked out by the reporters as the player of the year. Tony finished with three major league records and tied another. He also had to his credit a new World Series record and two others that he tied. Aside from his playing, Tony Lazzeri is known as the most reticent, laconic man in either league. Getting Tony to talk is as difficult as getting Dizzy Dean to stop talking. The baseball writers are all looking forward to the speech

that Tony will have to make Sunday night -- speech without words probably.

But the live question in the realm of sports today is, "Can the New York Athletic Commission compel Champion Jim Braddock to fulfill his contract with Madison Square Garden, to fight Max Schmeling in June. It's interesting to observe how little these state boxing commissions care a hang for one another. The New York magnificoes of boxing say to the champion, "If you don't fight Schmeling you'll lose your license, and you'll lose five thousand dollars, and we'll say you aren't champion." Says the Illinois Commission: "What do you care about five thousand dollars? Come to Chicago and fight Joe Louis and we will acknowledge you as champion no matter what those New York guys say. What's more you'll get a cool half million for the job."

The offices ^{of} ~~the~~ General Motors ^{are} ~~corporation will be~~
in a position to have sympathy for a pretty young lady in Excelsior
Springs Missouri. The love of an ardent suitor has put her in exactly
the same position as the magnates of G.M. You may ask what on earth
has love to do with General Motors? Here's the answer.

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For two years the ardent swain who is thirty years old
and used to be an actor has been making love to the young lady. For
two years she has been unable to make up her mind. Apparently the
young man read the news from Michigan. So he came back to the damsel
again and said:- "Now look here, I've got to have an answer, yes or
no."

and I'll tell you."
Said she: "Come tomorrow," That meant yesterday. "Come
tomorrow evening," ~~that~~ meant, last night. ~~And I'll tell you.~~ At
the appointed hour yesterday evening he rang the bell. The young
lady came to the door and let him in.

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When they were in the parlor he said: "Well, what's
the answer?"

Said she: "I haven't made up my mind yet."

Said he:- "I was expecting that. I came prepared."

With that he pulled from under his arm a rubber cushion and from his own coat pocket a chain. He took off his overcoat, put his rubber cushion on the floor, chained himself to the radiator, and sat down.

Then he said: "I've waited two years for an answer and this time I'm going to get it. I'm sitting here until you make up your mind."

That made the young lady frantic. Like President Sloan of General Motors she said: "Until you get up from that floor I will not answer a word."

And he, taking a leaf from the book of the Fisher Body employees in Flint replied:- "Here I sit until you give me my answer. If it bothers you, you'll have to find a new place to live."

The first sit-down strike for love, sofar as ~~the~~ Cupid's records show.

1/2
~~and maybe~~ He's sitting there until tomorrow —
~~tomorrow~~ and tomorrow — and
solong until tomorrow.