

L.J. - Sunoco. Friday, June 4, 1937.

ROOSEVELT.

Two meanings are being drawn from President Roosevelt's declaration today about the Supreme Court:- One--that he is more determined ~~than~~ to drive the court change through congress. The other--that he is willing to accept a compromise.

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The presidential determination to get Congressional action on the court plan was explicit and outright. Speaking to the Washington Correspondents he emphatically denied the assumption that the court-change-idea would be dropped or even delayed. He said the people of the country wanted court reform and they were going to get it--quickly. He attacked the justices again, rebuking them for recessing and going off on their summer vacation while important cases were still to be decided--cases like the Tennessee Valley Authority and other Federal power projects, which are left more or less up in the air until the court goes into session again next fall.

But what about the probability of a compromise? That's indirect, an inference. It's based on the fact that the president refused to deny it today. There have been White House conferences on the ~~subject~~

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suggestion that the court plan be compromised by the appointment of two more justice --instead of the possible six, for which the president originally asked. Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to deny this took the following form:

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He was telling the newspaper men that, on the subject of the court, the people of the United States saw the entire forest, not merely the trees. One of the correspondents spoke up and asked would the President be content with a compromise of two additional justices. To this the President replied quickly, that he was talking about--trees.

That was the way he refused to deny. He let it go at--trees.

STRIKE.

The latest in the steel strike points to the direction of ~~of-~~
mines. To manufacture steel you've got to have iron ore. Republic
Steel has continued doggedly to operate its plants in spite of the
strike. So the Union leaders announce that their next blow will be
at the iron mines, from which ~~the~~ Republic ~~company~~ gets its ore.
They'll call a walkout ~~at the mines~~, and stop ~~the~~ ^{all} shipment^s of ore.

These embattled statements are made by Philip Murray,
Steel Union lieutenant-to-John Lewis of the C I O. Murray is
gray haired, determined, pugnacious; something like Lewis himself.

Today we have this bulldog assertion from him: "I'm not
going to settle this strike ~~until~~ Tom Girdler signs an agreement. "
And Murray made the mine strike threat in these words: "I'm telling
Tom he's not going to get much more ore."

So the issue is drawn out personally between the pugnacious
union chief and Tom Girdler.

But who is Tom Girdler? He's president of Republic Steel,
sixty years old, and as pugnacious as the labor chiefs themselves.
Everybody calls him Tom, even his union enemies. Because that's
his name-the way he was baptized, ~~Not~~ Thomas. He gets mad whenever

he is styled- Thomas. He wants even his subordinates to call him - Tom. He describes himself as "bald as the blazes," and is known as a man of few words. He is famous for two-word decisions. He says only "I wil" or "I won't " for years he has been saying "I won't" to the idea of the union.

Talking of the big C.I.O. chief, he said that he had never seen John Lewis except in a fight he had once, and hoped he would never see him again.

Tom has a farm where he grows apples and potatoes. And he once declared his union policy by saying that before he'd spend the rest of his life dealing with Jon Lewis he'd retire to his farm, to his apple and potatoes.

So that's the Republic Steel president of whom Murray of the steel union says with his familiar personal ruggedness: "I am telling Tom he won't get mouch more ore."

All of which is a hint of the hard jawed pugnacity in the steel strike. It looks like a long, stubborn battle.

REDS

An astonished thing happened today in the domain of world radicalism. The hand of friendship has been reached out between two bitter enemies, two historically hostile organizations under the red flag. For twenty years they have been relentlessly antagonists - the Third Internationale and the Second Internationale, one communist, the other socialist. Now they're making up, and all because of Spain, because of the effect created by that Germany bombardment of Almeria.

To sense the drama of this reconciliation of the radicals, let's take a quick look backward to a bit of history. The First Internationale was founded in the sixties, with Karl Marx the guiding spirit. A dozen years later, it split. One wing became the Syndicalists and Anarchists, the other, led by Marx, formed a new Internationale called the "second Socialist". This remained the world organization of Socialism until the World War, when it got into difficulties.

Once again there was a split. This time the more radical section, the Red Bolsheviks, were led by Lenin. He proceeded to create the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia and

found a new Internationale, the Third, the Communist world organization, directed by Moscow. The most bitter hatred existed between the two kinds of red, the Communists and the Socialists, the Third Internationale and the Second. They battled each other all over the place, and communist Russia found nothing more agreeable than to shoot agitators and conspirators. of the socialist group.

The Third Internationale, operating from Moscow, stands foremost. And now today, it makes overtures of peace to its old enemy, the Second Internationale. George Dimitroff, the Bulgarian bolshevik, who in Moscow is the head of the Third Internationale, today sent a wire to chairman Debrucker of the Second Internationale, proposing a joint commission of the two, the second and the third, to rally the workers of the world, communist and socialist, and unite the proletarian masses-in support of the Spanish Left Wingers from what he calls the "Fascist barbarians."

ITALY FOLLOW REDS

- That's one alliance, on the Red side. And here's another, between the Fascist powers. (It has been reported for some time that Italy and Germany were negotiating an alliance. And this is confirmed today -- it has happened.) This is revealed by that Italian journalist so prominent now-a-days-- Virginio Gayda--spokesman for Mussolini. An Italian journalistic phraseology, Italy and Germany are associating themselves in spirit, and are associating their forces until, says Gayda, Europe has returned to good sense and reason.

But meanwhile, the Italian foreign minister, Count Ciano, speaks reassuring words, speaks them to the U. S. A. Count Ciano gave the formal opinion of the Italian government in saying that the Spanish trouble would not lead to a European war. He gave these assurances to the American ambassador in Rome today.

On the other hand, word comes from Barcelona of a Spanish ship--torpedoed, badly damaged by a submarine attack. And hitherto the Spanish left wingers have been blaming submarine attacks on the Italians.

GERMANY.

An American citizen was executed in Berlin today--a citizen mostly in a technical sense. Helmuth Hirsch had never been in the United States, but his father is a naturalized citizen. And the United States government recognized the citizenship of the son. The sentence on Hirsch was not executed by the headsman and his axe, the grim medieval fashion customary in Germany. They used some sort of guillotine. And that fiercely terminated a case in which the American diplomatic authorities in Germany repeatedly tried to save the life of the technical American citizen.

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One curious point comes out in the story today. Hirsch came into Germany from Czechoslovakia and they found two infernal machines in his possession, bombs. He was convicted of plotting to kill a prominent Nazi official. The name of Julius Stricker is mentioned, loud protagonist of anti-Semitism. But it is also hinted that Hirsch intended to kill Hitler himself. Who sent him? That's the curious point. Today's story declares that the young man's attempt was instigated by one Otto Strasser, a bitter enemy of Hitler. That name Strasser sounds familiar. I seem to remember a Gregor Strasser, a prominent leader of the Nazis, something of a Nazi theoretician.

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He was killed in that merciless blood-purge of several years ago.

Can it be a brother of his--this Otto Strasser now mentioned as instigator of the plot to kill Hitler? Brooding question in today's grim story.

JAPAN

Today, a new government is in power at Tokyo. Dispatches from Japan tell us that Prince Konoye, becoming premier, has lined up a set of ministers for a cabinet of National unity. They are also calling it the "telephone cabinet," because Prince Konoye didn't go into any long personal conferences, asking generals and political leaders to accept portfolios as ministers. He merely called upon the telephone and got a quick "yes" or "no."

The accession to power of Prince Konoye and his telephone cabinet is regarded in Tokyo as a sign that the grave political crisis has passed, -- the struggle between the military elements and the civilian parties.

The basis for this optimistic reasoning is to be found in the personality and prestige of that Exalted nobleman of Japan, Prince Konoye.

Exalted is right. The Prince is the head of the Great Sujiwara clan, one of the most renowned of the warrior tribes of Japan's middle ages. As the chief of the Sujiwaras, Prince Konoye is legened to be a direct descendant of divinity - divinity number two! Japanese myth tells that the empire of Nippon was

founded by the Sun Goddess, from whom are descended the Emperors of Japan, sons of heaven. The mother goddess of the Sun was attended by a host of lesser deities. And from the greatest of these was born the Princely line of Sujiwara. That makes Prince Konoye second only to the Emperor himself.

Although a young man -- he has just been the President of the Japanese house of Peers.

From early youth he has been groomed for great political office, under the tutelage of the elder statesman, Prince Saionji.

The belief has been held all along that Prince Konoye was being held in reserve for a time when he could head a successful and long continued administration. And they were not going to sacrifice him politically by putting him in to head a makeshift government that might soon fail and fall.

POWEL CROSLY

I'm in Cincinnati this evening in the W. L. W. studio at the Netherlands Plaza Hotel. W. L. W. means Powel Crosley who is one of the ruling moghuls of the National League. And right now he's ready to stage a celebration. As one of the tycoons of balldom into whose lap that Dizzy Dean-Ford Frick fracas was about to land, I found him in a mild state of elation because the Dizzy volcanic eruption apparently had come to a happy ending with the irate pitcher's suspension lifted.

When I talked to him he was greatly pleased about the news just in from Philadelphia that at the end of the fourth his Cincinnati Reds had chased the star Philly pitcher from the box and were leading five to one; then 8 to 1. "If they win this one," and they did 9 to 8, said owner Powel Crosley, it will mean they've taken three out of the last four games, and that may mean we are definitely back in the National League Pennant Race.

Today out here I've been hearing a lot more about the distressing record of the Cincinnati Reds - still in the cellar, and how -- more than about what is being done up and down the Ohio River to undo all the damage done by the recent flood,

the greatest flood in American History. The question of the hour here is when will the Reds get out of the cellar?

DEAN.

Well, Diz didn't sign an apology, but just the same, Diz was reinstated today. It happened at a stormy session in the office of Ford Frick, National League president. Loud voices and hot words, ^{the} back and forth of shouted argument--between the pitcher and the president. Ford Frick demanding that Diz sign the apology, and Diz replying at the top of his voice that he wouldn't. At one stage of the proceedings, the mighty tosser of fast baseballs and fiery words stormed out of the office, and said he was through. "They're trying to make a heel of me," he roared.

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His manager, Frankie Frisch, persuaded him to go back. Diz is the big card of the Cards, and Frisch was anxious. The second installment of his argument with the League president resulted in a compromise. Diz still wouldn't sign, but he agreed to make a public denial to the newspaper men. So the sports writers, who were waiting by the dozen, were called in. They asked the crucial question. Did Diz, before the Men's Club of the Presbyterian Church, declare that Ford Frick was a crook? And Diz answered →

no, he didn't say any such thing.

So the league president accepted that as enough of a public apology, and reinstated the talkative right-hander, He put Diz back into the game, and declared-the incident is closed.

~~And so is this broadcast and so long until Monday.~~

NAVAHO INDIANS.

On my way east from Colorado I travelled ~~in company~~ with thirteen Indian chiefs, prominent councilmen of the largest of all surviving tribes of redmen - the Navajos, ^{They are} chiefs from a region called "The Four Corners," ^{that's} the only place in the country where four states come together, ^{near} ~~and~~ where I at one time worked on my father's ranch.

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These Navaho councilmen, in their sombreros, their many-colored blankets and their silver belts, told me they were bound for Washington to protest to the Great White Father. They say the present New Deal Indian Bureau, of which John Collier is the commissioner, has treated their people shockingly. How? They say by reducing the number of their sheep ^{that are the} ~~which is their~~ principle means of ~~support~~ support for their squaws and papooses; by breaking promises and ignoring their treaty; and by not allowing them enough land.

They struck me as being a magnificent group of men, and I'm sure most of us pale-faces wish them luck when they ^{visit} ~~visit~~ the Great White Father who has poured money like water over other parts of this fair land in the past four years. Maybe the Navajos would get more ~~help~~ help if their votes counted. But the councilmen of The Vanishing Race no longer have any voice in the land.

On a streamline train of all places, tearing across the prairie where once the buffalo roamed, I wrote down their names. Here are some of them:- Chief-Big-Bitter-Water; Chief He-Who-Comes-With-Speech (appropriately he's the leader and spokesman); Chief Little-Curley-Hair; Chief His-Ear's Grandson (that's a good one); Chief Has-Cow's Son; and Chief The-Man-Who-Ran-Home-Angry. Which give my my cue; not to run home angry, but to run along home!

So, solong until MONDAY.