

P.J. - Sunoco. Tues, March 30, 1937.

STRIKE

Pay day for the strikers, was the announcement from Detroit today. Who's paying them? Why, Chrysler, the Company against which they are striking. It sounds as if they were getting paid for the sit-down and walk-out, the Company handing them their regular wages all the time. That would be astonishing - but it's somewhat different. The day the strike began, the workers had money coming to them, but they kept the Company from paying it, that is, the sit-down strikers did. They prevented the officials and the clerical force from entering the plants and getting at the books. It was impossible to figure out the payroll, and calculate the wages the strikers had coming. Now, however, the sit-down is over, and ever since it ended the bookkeepers have been hard at work, fixing up pay checks to the amount of two million dollars for sixty-seven thousand employees. And today pay-day was announced ^{for} Friday. On Friday a sheaf of checks will be distributed among the strikers.

Meanwhile, in Lansing Governor Murphy is still presiding over the conferences between Walter Chrysler and

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union leaders - but not John Lewis. The C.I.O. chief is in New York attending a meeting ~~of~~ the Coal Miners Union.

Labor questions are prominent in the black pit industry right now - negotiations for a renewal of the contract between the mine operators and the Union. So coal is causing a delay

for the autos. Bituminous ~~Bituminous~~ and anthracite, ^{holding up} ~~are making~~ coupes and sedans.

~~touring cars wait a little while.~~ The peace negotiations in

Michigan are marking time until Lewis returns to Lansing.


Indications are that ~~They will be~~ ^{They ~~will be~~} recessed tonight, until the big C.I.O. man gets back. Then the decision is likely to be favorable, peace, a settlement - so most observers believe.

Although - they're still wrestling with the same old problem, the demand that the Union shall be recognized as the sole bargaining agency for all the employees.

SUPREME COURT

Something spectacular flared in the Supreme Court argument today, something that tops the top. Not merely supreme, but also super -- a super-supreme court.

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Professor Griswold of Harvard appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee today. He related things he said he had heard from friends of his high in the administration. He ~~declared~~ that President Roosevelt had planned to put above the Supreme Court another tribunal to be called the Federal Constitutional Court. A super-court of three members to give the decision whenever any federal law was attacked as unconstitutional. This would be the ultimate pinnacle of our judicial system. 

And still, its decrees would not be final. If this topmost court decided in favor of a federal law, found that it was constitutional - why then okay, that ^{would be} ~~was~~ final. But if it declared against a law passed by Congress and said "Unconstitutional" - then an appeal could be taken. Taken where? It couldn't go up, for there'd be nothing above that court of three sitting on the final summit. The appeal would be taken down - to the regular old-time Supreme Court of nine. If both the three, and then the nine, said - unconstitutional, that would finally be the last word.

This project for a ^{supremest of} ~~super~~ Supreme Court^s was considered so seriously and in such detail by the President - that its members were tentatively considered. So said Professor Griswold of Harvard today. He declared that his friends in the administration told him that ~~the administration plan was to ask three of the present Supreme Court Justices to step up into the super tribunal.~~ Justices Brandeis, Cardozo and Stone were to be asked to resign from the present court and become the ultimate ~~constitutional~~ legal chiefs of the nation.

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SUPREME COURT

Justices Brandeis and Cardozo are liberals, favorable to the New Deal. Justice Stone decides one way and the other, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left.

Such was the astonishing once proposed change in our machinery of government - as described by Professor Griswold. It was never made public, says he. For the President changed his mind, and turned to the idea of enlarging the court, the plan he is now pushing.

Altogether, it was one of the liveliest of wrangling days in the Supreme Court hearings - lively even with human interest and a kid story. A newspaper man stole the show at one period, a journalist aged nine. He outshone the stately corps of Washington correspondents. At home, Nickey Arundel publishes a tiny paper called "The News". He appeared at the hearing today as an editor getting a Supreme Court story for his front page.

The first thing he did was to climb into the lap of Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada. And he got his interview sitting on the senatorial knee. It was an exclusive interview. Nickey refuses to reveal the deep secrets the Senator confided to him - so I can't tell you what they were.

Another Supreme Court ~~idea~~ ^{oddsity came} comes to me today, ~~in~~
~~a note~~ ^{at the W} From Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, The Colonel is one of the
judges who just ~~awarded the~~ ^{granted a} literary award in honor of his father,
the great T.R. This ~~was~~ ^{year} the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Prize
goes to a book about ~~the~~ ⁺ contemporary controversy - a volume
entitled "The Supreme Court and the National ~~Health~~ ^{Will.} ~~Itt~~
Its author is Dean Aflange. Colonel Teddy tells me that this
prize-winning Supreme Court author was born in Constantinople,
a Greek. So we find one of the Helens ^s of old Stambul ^m, in the role
of the Theodore Roosevelt authority on the nine justices.

TWEEDSMUIR

Tonight at the White House the shade of Horatio Alger may be hovering about, that immensely popular boys' author of a generation ago who specialized in the tales of the poor lad who rises to great success. Yes, the shade of Horatio Alger should be present, as Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, visits President Roosevelt.

There aren't any large political affairs to be told. His Lordship, the Governor-General of the Dominion holds an office of more stately splendour than real power. He's merely returning President Roosevelt's Canadian visit of last summer. It's the Alger angle that comes to mind tonight.

John

He was born simple^A Buchan of the poorest Scottish parents in a Free Church manse. He was a brilliant student at Oxford where he worked his way through writing novels. Then came a career of the most varied distinction: poet, soldier, barrister, editor, business man, historian, biographer, statesman. He has written more than fifty books, including a stupendous and authoritative history of the World

TWEEDSMUIR #2.

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Also
War. ~~He wrote spy~~ thrillers. One of them was made into a popular movie. That's the John Buchan whom you may recall we had on this Blue Sunoco program several years ago. In 1935 King George the Fifth raised him to the peerage as Lord Tweedsmuir, and he became Governor-General of Canada. Today -- visiting at the White House.

SPY

Another spy story looms in the news. It breaks on the Pacific coast, with hints of spectacular complications - foreign secret agents spying into the military and naval secrets of the United States.

This latest espionage thriller began in the most prosey, commonplace way. A fight, a battle with knives, a man injured and in a critical condition in a Los Angeles Hospital tonight. The victim, a Japanese named Onishi. He refuses to tell who stabbed him. Another Japanese suspected and arrested, one Buichiro Abo. But Onishi declines to identify Abo, won't say - "that's the man."

A bit suspicious all this reticence. It might be just the conventional secrecy of the Oriental. Suspecting nothing in particular, the police investigated the room where Buichiro Abo lived. And there they were astonished.

They found a large collection of plans, drawings. Among these were identified blue-prints of the fortifications of ~~Hawaii~~ Hawaii, elaborate and in complete detail, the placement of guns, forts, coast defense. There were plans of the Los Angeles

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water-works, the underground system which the city must have, to live.

The police searched further. And they found an alcove above the bed room, and there - a powerful short-wave sending and receiving set, small, compact, the latest thing, capable of radio communication far and wide.

They questioned Buichiro Abo. "What was the meaning of these blue-prints of fortifications and water-works? What was the meaning of that secret radio station?"

To all of this Buichiro Abo answers - nothing. He refuses to make any explanation - just ~~is~~ more oriental secrecy and silence. And the word flashes - another spy plot.

MURDER

New York police report little progress in the solution of the frightful murder of the artists' model, her mother and a male boarder. It's a detective problem of perplexing difficulty, which points an irony. For the murdered model, Veronica Gedeon, had often posed for covers and illustrations for detective story magazines -- for those perplexing thrillers of fiction.

Now, she, herself -- the principal in a fearful crime sensation, a grewsome detective perplexity.

Scientific sleuths are now making a microscopic study of strands of gray hair -- the only clue.

SPAIN

Today's report of trouble among the insurgents in Spain carries the date line of Algeciras. That's ^{the} Spanish port right next door to Gibraltar, just across the Bay. It is said that Rebel soldiers there revolted, and declared for the Madrid government, hoisting the Socialist flag. The mutiny, the report concludes, was immediately put down - the ringleaders executed.

This is the latest in a whole wave of reports telling of discontent and uprisings, suppressions and executions - on the Rebel side. One account tells of Franco's soldiers being discontented with their pay. Another declares that among the insurgents there is growing ~~more~~ pessimism, doubt of success. Still another describes a general antagonism against foreigners fighting for Franco, especially the Italians. One detachment sent by Mussolini was jeered and hooted as it marched through Burgos, the Rebel capital, so the story goes.

The first rebellion against the Rebels is said to have occurred at Tetuan in Morocco. ^{- Tetuan of Riff War fame a few years ago} Other outbreaks happened at

Burgos and at Malaga. Today - at Algeciras. There are lurid reports of mass executions, the shooting of mutineers - and also of Socialist prisoners.

The picture is one of widespread discontent and revolt on the Rebel side. But it's a picture painted by Left Wing artists. The reports are widespread through Europe; ^{however} ~~but~~ they emanate from ^{Madrid} ~~Madrid~~ sources.

Do we hear anything about it from the Franco side? Yes. The insurgent dispatches tell of sedition and executions. They claim there was an infiltration of radicals into the Rebel ranks, boring from within. These Red elements in the Fascist army, conducted a secret propaganda, stirred up mutiny and revolt. That's the Franco version of the ~~incident~~ insistent reports of trouble among the Rebels.

From Germany comes word that two men have patched up their quarrel and are friends once more. The two men are Hitler and Ludendorff. And that revives all sorts of memories.

The crusty, quarrelsome old Ludendorff doesn't easily forgive and forget. He quarreled with von Hindenburg with whom ~~he had led the~~ ^{armies} ~~he commanded for~~ Germany in the World War. (Hindenburg and Ludendorff were the World War Siamese twins: Ludendorff was a monarchist, believed in the Kaiser. So, he disapproved when Hindenburg became President of the German Republic. He never patched things up with his old comrade. Among all the dignitaries at Hindenburg's funeral, Ludendorff was conspicuously absent.)

He made friends with Hitler at the very beginning of the Nazi agitation. They were together in the beer hall putsch. When the police and soldiers opened fire on the Nazi attacking column, Hitler and the others took to flight -- but not Ludendorff. The old soldier just marched on, bullets or no bullets, until they made him a prisoner.

When Hitler afterward rose to his enormous power, Ludendorff quarreled with him. Maybe the curious ideas of the

veteran general were too perplexing and troublesome. He formed the Tannenberg Bund, named after his and Hindenburg's mighty victory at Tannenberg. But the bund was devoted to the resurrection of the old Teutonic gods, Thor and Wotan. In his castle at Munich he snorted curses against Free Masons, Jews and Americans. He carried a pistol in his coat pocket ready to shoot the Grand Master of the Masons, ^{or} Albert Einstein or some American.

Now he's made friends with Hitler again, and to prove how thoroughly the quarrel has been patched up the Berlin announcement ^{today} ~~has~~ described ^S ~~Ludendorff~~ as "war lord of the World War." That has a ringing sound. Heretofore, only Ludendorff's friends have called him that, but now the Nazis named him officially-- "war lord of the World War."

SAN FRANCISCO

Every so often an island is added to the map, as a new one is discovered. Now an island is being manufactured. In San Francisco they're creating the largest man-made isle on earth. It will be a mile long and two-thirds of a mile wide - in the Bay, midway between San Francisco and Oakland.

What's the purpose of this artificial island? It's to be ^{an} exposition grounds first, and then an airport. They'll build great airport executive structures and giant hangars. But these will be also exposition buildings. The lofty spacious hangars will be spectacular places of display, for San Francisco's big show of Nineteen Thirty-Nine. Then they'll be transferred to aviation use ^{s)} and the biggest man-made island will become the mighty airport that ~~is~~ San Francisco needs as the coast center for both continental and ^{Pacific} oceanic aviation.

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This will be important for the art of traveling on wings - but here's something for that old-fashioned art of traveling on foot. It's something new for the benefit of tourists in big cities. They do so much walking, seeing sights,

that they get footsore. They go limping around with aching corns. So here at Rockefeller Center they've started what they call ped-ache-cure. No not headache, ped-ache. The head being the top, while ped is the bottom as in pedal. It's a scientific treatment for the aching dogs of the tourist. I have one of those from skiing last week. Anyhow, the throbbing bunion is here at Radio City fixed up in such fancy style that it's a positive pleasure - and the tourist goes on seeing the sights, footsore no longer - although some of the sights may be an eyesore. So ped-ache is the word, and it's ~~this~~ time for me to go ped-aching out of here - and s-l-u-t-m.