

MURDER

L.J. - Sunoco. Monday, Feb. 22, 1937

The murder of Norman Redwood, leader of the Sandhogs' Union, started by being purely a local affair. But today it sprouted ramifications all over the country. New Jersey is ~~curious~~ ^{aroused} because it was in that state that Redwood was assassinated.

In fact, the county in which the crime was committed has appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for an investigation.

Said the freeholders ~~of the county~~ ^{there! -} "We're not going to stand for those New York gunmen coming over here and doing their dirty work on our soil." New York passes the buck on by declaring that this murder has all the earmarks of having been done by gangsters from Chicago. We haven't heard from Chicago so far.

The prosecutor of Bergen County, New Jersey, who is conducting the investigation, intimated today that he had small hopes of breaking the case. However, this afternoon it was announced that the police have traced the revolver with which ~~Norman Redwood, a gallant fellow,~~ was slain. It was sold by a New York firm to a man who lives in New Jersey.

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Samuel Rosoff, the millionaire subway-building, tunnel-
~~building~~ ^{boring} contractor, on whose work the sandhogs are striking,

stands pat. He stands on his strict legal rights, declines to go to New Jersey, except for an open investigation under subpoena and accompanied by counsel. Technically, he's under arrest, though actually at liberty. The New York Supreme Court tomorrow will hear arguments on a writ of habeas corpus to set him free.

The Bergen County prosecutor wanted to get Rosoff in his ~~jur~~ jurisdiction for questioning because Rossoff and Redwood are supposed to have had a violent quarrel, ^{just} before the murder.

Rosoff's lawyer said: "He won't come to New Jersey because they have a way ~~there~~ of getting people over there to answer questions and then throwing ~~ing~~ them in jail."

All of which made the Bergen County prosecutor exceedingly angry. As for the one-time penniless immigrant, now millionaire Rosoff, he says: "Red was a grand fellow. Only a week before the tragedy he came to my house and stayed until two in the morning and we had a swell time. I'm dreadfully sorry for Mrs. Redwood and I'm offering ^a five-thousand reward for the capture of the murderer. This crime," he added, "was one of those union affairs."

Norman Redwood was just as famous in his way as Rosoff

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is in his. He comes of a famous, probably the most famous, family of sandhogs, lusty, brave, capable men who have helped build tunnels all over the world.

FRY

~~The most interesting personage in the news today, to my~~
~~mind, is a gentleman in Detroit named~~ Walter L. Fry ^{of Detroit} has
set the whole country ^{chuckling} ~~staggering~~ by the simple method of remembering
the old proverb: "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the
gander," and applying it to his business. You ^{of course have} ~~we already~~ heard
that Mr. Fry, as President of the manufacturing company that bears
his name, is the latest victim of a sit-down strike. About a
hundred of his employees the other day adopted the Flint formula.
They squatted on their office chairs, stools, or any other appliance
that could be sat upon, and handed in the usual ultimatum. "Here
we sit," they said, "until you recognize our union, raise our wages,
give us ~~xxxxxx~~ promotion by seniority, job security, and so forth,
and so on."

"All right," said Employer Fry, "that goes for me too.
I've got a chair myself and ~~if~~ I can ~~not~~ out-sit any ^{of you."} ~~bunch of women~~
~~in that ever lived, my name is George Washington!~~"

As Mr. Fry puts it, although he is the President of the
company, he is also one of its employees and one of the important
ones. He's the principal salesman of the ~~Fry~~ Company, which makes
slip covers for furniture and automobile seats.

"If I don't go out and get orders for slip covers, what can you do?" he asks. "Its my orders that keep the machinery running. So let's just see who can sit the longest."

Boss Fry, who is also solo strike leader Fry, has the hearty cooperation of Mrs. Fry. She brings him his meals regularly. His dinner last night was fried chicken, this morning fried mush; tonight fried steak and French fried -- all just to let his employees fry in their own fat.

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We've heard plenty about the fight over the Supreme Court. But we haven't begun to hear the half of it. The real battle is to begin March Ninth. On that day there'll be public hearings before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. And that committee has already reported favorably on the bill offered by Senator Sumners of Texas which would enable justices of the Supreme Court of retire at the age of seventy on full pay, if they wish. The vote on this bill in the Judiciary Committee was thirteen to five. The Senators opposing it were King, Burke, Pitman, Borah and Steiwer. Now the bill will be brought to the floor of the Senate probably tomorrow and there will undoubtedly be some pretty hot debating on the subject.

Some believe that the real purpose of the Sumners Act is a tactical stroke to forestall President Roosevelt's more drastic proposal for reorganizing the courts. The idea is that if Congress passes this measure, Congress can say to the White House: "We've gone this far in reforming the court, and that's about as far as we think we ought to go."

So the real fireworks will begin when the Committee

holds its public hearings about the President's plan. Many eminent witnesses will be called. The rumor is that Attorney-General Cummings will be the first.

FIGHT

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It's a dull month when we don't hear of at least one fight in Hollywood. I don't mean the regular weekly boxing matches but real scraps at which the spectators pay nothing for their ringside seat. The latest one was pulled off, as usual, in a restaurant. One of the principals was ^{one} ~~Bob~~ DiCicco, once husband of the late Thelma Todd, who perished under ~~such~~ mysterious circumstances. His opponent was ^{one} Dan Topping, described as a sportsman out of the Boston Social Register.

Nobody seems to know yet what it was all about. But it seems to have resembled in some respects the ^{recent} combination dance-and-foot race between Joe Louis and Bobby Pastor. There was plenty of swinging but neither of the fierce fighters landed a blow on one another. The only casualty was a bystander who blocked a wild swing with his chin and went down smacko for the count of ten.

Unimportant? Yes, but it sounds scandalous and interesting.

OGDEN

For the second time in all too short a period we ~~have~~
~~to~~ learn of the passing of a great newspaper man, the great
editor of a great paper. The New York Times is receiving
condolences from all over the world for the loss of Rollo Ogden.

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He was eighty-one years old and died ~~practically in~~ⁱⁿ
harness. In fact if he hadn't been so greedy for work he might be
still alive. A little more than a week ago he contracted a
severe cold and refused to stay at home. The consequence was
that the cold developed into pneumonia.

For forty-six years Rollo Ogden had been one of the
foremost names in the American newspaper world. In 1893 he was
Editor-in-Chief of the New York Evening Post. In 1920 he became
Associate Editor of the Times, and two years later the Editor-in-
Chief. The editorial pages of the New York Times, as every reader
knows, have reflected the scholarship, the profound grasp of
affairs the world over, and the ~~sound~~ fund of wisdom of Rollo
Ogden.

VIENNA

A young riot broke out in Vienna today. Baron Constantin von Neurath, Hitler's Foreign Minister, arrived in the Austrian capital for a visit to Premier Schuschnigg and President Miklas. It was ~~only~~ to be expected that the Nazis in Vienna should seize the opportunity for a demonstration.

Anticipating this the
~~en masse.~~ The Schuschnigg government had a strong force of police lining the streets. But the Nazis, singing the Hörst Wessel anthem and shouting "Heil Hitler," burst through the lines, and hand-to-hand fighting started. Numbers of them were ~~aff~~ arrested, but it isn't known yet whether there were any casualties.

not exactly doing their hero's favor
The rioters were ~~not doing further~~ Hitler any favor when they made this ~~inn~~ demonstration. Baron von Neurath is visiting Vienna on an exceedingly delicate mission, trying to iron out *the present* ~~permanently the~~ differences between Austria and the ~~Nazi~~ Reich. So the disorder they precipitated started those negotiations off in a *troubled* ~~decidedly unpleasant~~ atmosphere.

SPAIN

Life in Spain is just one victory after another. First one side reports an overwhelming triumph, then the other announces it has inflicted a crushing defeat upon the enemy. And at the end of it all, neither party is overwhelmed, neither is crushed.

- (Today it was the government's turn to win the battle of communique. "We have reopened the road from Madrid to Valencia and driven the Rebels back over the Jarama River, sixteen miles southeast of Madrid!" Important if true! The Madrid-Valencia road is the vital artery of the government's armies, their sole means of access to the sea.)

Government headquarters At Valencia claimed still another victory. Their northwest army, they say, has penetrated the rebel lines at Oviedo, fought its way into the heart of the city and captured a big rebel munitions factory. At any rate from all accounts there's house-to-house fighting in Oviedo at this moment.

ETHIOPIA

"The iron hand for rebels," that's Mussolini's answer to the bombing of the Viceroy of Ethiopia. The Duce today sent explicit instructions to the officers of Italy's new colony. "The firing squad for everybody who had anything to do with the attempt to assassinate General Graziani."

And the Fascist Dictator's orders go even further than that. All Ethiopian chiefs who continue to make trouble are to be promptly shot. It appears that the colonial officers of Italy did not wait for those drastic instructions from Rome. They captured a number of Ethiopian leaders in a pitched battle ~~fought~~ south of Addis Ababa. ~~on Saturday~~. Every one of them was killed on the spot. ~~One of them perished in the battle.~~ [#] All through the conquered territory, divisions of Fascist soldiers ~~are working~~ ^{right now are} mopping up, suppressing the ^{present} outburst with ^{the Fascist} mailed fist.

DUTCHMAN

Once upon a time, the legend tells us, there was a romantic figure known as the "Flying Dutchman." You know all about him. There's a visitor on our shores today known as the "Diving Dutchman." He travels the Seven Seas, not in a ghostly three masted brig, but in a submarine. He came here all the way from his native ~~ixix~~ Holland under seas. In fact, he has out-done Jules Verne's hero, Captain Nemo, who went twenty thousand leagues under the sea. The "Diving Dutchman" has travelled more than a hundred thousand miles in that fashion.

He doesn't do it because a curse was laid upon him, but does it because he's a scientist, and he's interested in the floor of the ocean. He's Professor Bening Meinesz.

On his last traverse of the Atlantic, he paid no fewer than fifty visits to Davey Jones's locker. From those he learned a curious thing. The bed of the ocean is not constant, unchangeable. It's all the time buckling and erupting. And that, he says, is what causes earthquakes in North America and Europe. Then, out in the middle of the Atlantic, there's a huge ridge, an under-water mountain. Part of it, as a matter of fact, sticks up on the surface and forms the ground ^{17 islands called} ~~the~~ Azores ~~islands~~.

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Professor Meinesz has discovered that the ridge now under water is getting closer to the surface all the time. If it keeps on,

we may have a new ^{crop}~~bunch~~ of islands in the Atlantic for airplanes to land on.

The Professor ~~Meinesz~~ is going back tomorrow, going back as he came, in his submarine. It belongs, ~~by the way,~~ to the Dutch Navy, and has been detailed for just such scientific observations.

WASHINGTON

You might suppose that there was nothing new that could possibly be said about the Virginia country gentleman whose birthday we've been celebrating today. You'd be surprised. And George Washington would be surprised if he could come to life and find his country celebrating his anniversary on February Twenty-Second. He would have said: "You're all ^{wrong} ~~not~~ I was born on February the Eleventh." He would not have been telling a lie, either. On the calendar that George himself used in Seventeen Thirty-Two, the date of his birth was February the Eleventh.

But the most amusing anecdote concerning our first President, has to do with the first official attempt of the country ~~to~~ he fathered to honor him. A hundred and five years ago, Congress decided there should be a statue of ^{the Father of our Country.} ~~him~~ So they appropriated five thousand dollars and commissioned a then famous sculptor, Horatio Greenough, to do the job. He completed the work ~~and~~ of art at his studio in Florence, ^{Italy.} The consequence was that when it arrived in the capital a large expense bill for transportation came with it. That made the Congressmen a trifle sore. But they

paid the bill and the ~~marble~~ ^{marble} ~~statue~~ likeness of George Washington, twenty tons of it, was set up in front of the capitol. On the appointed day, with much ceremony, all the big-wigs of the government and the surrounding country assembled to see that ~~marble~~ ^{marble} masterpiece unveiled. The string was drawn, the curtain fell. Also the faces of the assembled Congressmen when they perceived a huge marble effigy of an almost perfectly nude gentleman. The eminent sculptor, Greenough, had decided that neither the civilian costume of a country gentleman nor the full regimentals of a ~~gentleman~~ ^{general} of the Continental Army, was sculpturally artistic. So he had done George arrayed in nothing but a laurel wreath - which was on his head - and a curious little skirt like that of a ballet dancer, which sadly needed ironing, about the general's equatorial line. *It was classic as the Greeks of old.*

The House and the Senate immediately rushed inside the capital, convened hastily, and appropriated enough money to build a shed around George. ~~That wasn't the end of the story.~~

A successive administration decided that the shed was more of an eyesore than the statue, so down came the shed. Later followed

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a Puritan Congress, which restored the shed. This went on until Nineteen Eight. In the reign of Theodore Roosevelt, a Mark Hanna Republican Congress, cut the Gordian knot by removing George, shed and all, permanently. In case you are curious and wishful for the scene, of that sample of American art as confectioned on the banks of the Arno, you'll find the Father of your country arrayed in his laurel wreath and ballet skirt, in the Smithsonian Institute — hidden in a corner. And it's time for me to ~~retire~~ retire into some corner and s-l-u-t-m.

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