

L. T. - SUNOCO Wednesday February 24, 1937

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It looks as though the argument between the United Automobile Workers and the Chrysler Corporation will not be a repetition of the General Motors affair. Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board, invited leaders of the Union to come to Detroit and confer with representatives of his Company, as a matter of fact, I am informed that the Chrysler Corporation has given its people two wage raises within the last few months. The principal objective of the C.I.O. in this move upon the Chrysler Corporation is recognition of the Union.

STRIKES

(Sit-down strikes are spreading like an epidemic.

From coast to coast, there are a series of them. Judging from the reports that pile up, they involve everybody including the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. Shoemakers in New Hampshire, press men in Ohio, watchmakers in Illinois, boat builders in Connecticut, munitions makers in California.)

In some cases only a few hundred employees are actually involved. But their sitting down keeps thousands more out of work. In fact, a piece of information from Washington says that in January seven hundred thousand people were added to the unemployment list, largely on account of labor troubles.

The sit-down strike epidemic has even spread to Hungary. There the workers in a mine not only sat down, shut off all the power, including the pumps, but went on a hunger strike into the bargain. They propose not only to starve themselves but the ponies that haul the underground trams. *That Hungarian affair* ~~that one~~ led to actual violence today when police fired a volley into a group of the striking miners' womenfolk. They were standing at the pit head, making a demonstration. The police claim the women *attacked them. 2 people killed.*

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ROSSOFF

A picturesque wild west flavor was added today to the story of the murder of Norman Redwood, sandhog union leader. The detectives' trail led them all the way across the country to what used to be Indian territory. One of the guns with which Redwood was murdered was traced to Wewoka, Oklahoma, in ~~the~~ Seminole ~~Indian~~ country. Wewoka is one of the few remaining relics of the old western frontier. And, I am told, it still has all its old picturesque Buffalo Bill color. There you can still see the noble red man in his native garb, squaws wrapped in shawls, young braves in yellow breeches. Down its streets ride cow punchers on handsomely decorated ~~saddles~~ saddles, ornamented with silver, holsters at their side with pearl handled and other fancy revolvers.

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The murder gun in the Redwood case, which was first sold in New York, was traced as far as St. Louis, and today the sleuths discovered that it was sold to a hardware dealer in Wewoka.

Actually, more than one revolver was used in the assassination of Redwood. From his body, two bullets were

recovered, one a dum-dum, the other steel jacketed. But they were both 38 calibre.

The only important developement in the east was that Max Friedman, Sam Rossoff's trucking superintendent, was released in ten thousand dollars bail. ~~You will recall that~~ ~~he~~ had been in jail as a material witness. Friedman came out of prison to tell a story of third degree, torture at the hands of the Bergen County authorities. The Jersey police, of course, deny his accusation. That injects a new scandal into the case.

As for Sam Rosoff, he still ~~declines~~ ^{refuses} to go to New Jersey, ~~and~~ says he doesn't want to be subjected to the same treatment that Friedman received. He also declared that he was conducting an investigation on his own, expecting to prove that it was a dispute inside the Union that led to Redwood's murder. He said he would probably increase ~~his~~ ^{that} offer of his Five thousand Dollars reward.

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BRISBANE

There's an ancient legend about newspaper men, the old Grub Street legend. It paints journalists as down-at-the-heel fellows, never more than half a jump ahead of the sheriff.

The latest blow to that myth comes from Trenton, New Jersey. It concerns the estate of the late Arthur Brisbane. According to an item from the State House, the inheritance taxes on Brisbane's estate, that is, the New Jersey taxes alone, will amount to the tidy sum of nine million dollars. If that represents only the state inheritance tax, what must the value of that estate be! I believe the will has not yet been admitted to probate. At any rate, if a newspaper man, a writer and editor, can pile up an estate of that size, what becomes of the poor old Grub Street legend? Of course Brisbane was an exceptional genius both as a reporter, editorial writer, and editor -- and investor in New York real estate.

COLSON

An advisor to an emperor passed from the earth today. An American wazir to an African potentate. Seven years ago, when Haile Selassie was still Emperor of Ethiopia, he found himself in need of a financial advisor. Like many other rulers in widely scattered parts of the world, he picked an American, a real down-east Yankee from Maine, Everett Andrews Colson. The career of this young Yankee shows that you don't need to be a fighting man or an explorer to have adventures in various and diverse parts of the world.

Young Colson was a frail, studious fellow, who had no craving whatever for battle, murder and sudden death. His career was curious. Educated in Maine and Massachusetts, he took a law degree at Georgetown University. This at the age of nineteen. With all his book learning, the best he could do was a civil service job. But he had the luck to be sent to the Philippines as a government stenographer. There his capacity for reading human facts from figures developed to such an extent that he was sent on a special service to Canton. During the World War, he

fought in the A.E.F., as an auditor, one of those experts who earned the affection of the common soldier by making the lives of generals miserable. ~~Later still, the United States government sent him to Hayti, to see what was happening to the customs revenues.~~

Such was the man whom the King of Kings ^{some years ago sent} ~~sent~~ ~~to advise~~ for to advise him and help him bring order out of the chaotic revenues of the throne of the Lion of Judah. Colson became not only the Emperor's financial expert but his counsellor, friend and political advisor. For all this, he got nine thousand dollars a year in American money and a bungalow with a tin roof ^{in the center of Ethiopia. No sinecure, that.} He steered the Lion of Judah through many a difficult storm. They say it was he who was responsible for the admission of ~~Ethiopia~~ Ethiopian delegates to the League of Nations last September. He stuck to his post at Addis Ababa in the face of warnings from doctors. His premature death ^{today in} ~~in Washington~~ a Washington hospital was the price he paid for ignoring those warnings. ^{An American casualty from the war in Ethiopia.}

LINDBERGH

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has ~~the~~ reporters guessing again. He and Mrs. Lindbergh ^{have} arrived in Bombay on what they ~~have~~ announced ^a as ~~their~~ vacation flight. It was a bit of a surprise because it was understood that the Flying Colonel and his lady had planned to fly eastward, straight across central India from Jodhpur ^{where they had flown from Karachi}. Instead of that, they went south to the city of Parsees ^{and} Bombay. They made good their claim that they were simply on a holiday trip by promptly engaging in a sightseeing tour of Bombay. ^{Now} They propose to fly toward Calcutta tomorrow.

Whenever the Lindberghs go junketing in such fashion, the world finds it difficult to believe that they are merely holiday-making. After similar previous journeys, it has turned out that actually the Flying Colonel was surveying far flung routes for aerial travel. On many of his previous tours, he has been engaged as an expert by Pan-American Airways, which is known to have a friendly agreement with the British Imperial Airways. However, it seems hardly possible that Imperial Airways would engage an American, even such a famous

~~American flyer~~^{one} as Lindbergh, when they have quite a few top-notch pilots of their own who are familiar with the routes around the world, over the widespread British dominions.

The Townsend movement, the old age revolving plan, ~~as it's politely known, received somewhat of a smack in the~~ *took a setback today.*
~~eye today.~~ It's author, the aged ~~and unquenchable~~ Dr. Francis E. Twonsend, was pronounced guilty, guilty of contempt of the House of Representatives. And it wasn't the House itself which pronounced this verdict. It was a jury of the District of Columbia. Eleven men and one woman deliberated less than an hour to reach this decision.

Such is the aftermath of the ~~ambitious visionary's~~ *doctor's*
~~hardihood when he walked~~ ^{an} ~~out on~~ ^{an} investigating committee and ~~declined~~ ^{his refusal} ~~to return to answer~~ ^{to} any more questions. At the time it was thought that he had put the House in rather a tough spot. And it was noted sardonically by observers that the Administration waited until after the election to put the ~~good~~ doctor on trial.

The verdict means that Dr. Twonsend may be fined a thousand dollars and spend a year in jail. If the court is lenient and decides not to make a martyr of the ~~well-meaning~~ *doctor*
~~old gentleman,~~ he can be let off with a hundred dollars and one month.

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What effect this will have upon this extraordinary movement remains to be seen. It is already split by internal dissension.

HOUSING

For several patient years the building industry in America has been looking for that long-promised boom. So now the Administration proposes to give it a shot in the arm., to the tune of one billion dollars. That will be the effect of a bill introduced in Congress today: the long-awaited Federal Housing Program.

Actually it calls for four billions to be spent over a period of four years. The act establishes a new alphabet agency, The F. H. A. -- Federal Housing Authority. This body will have the power to allot government loans and grants from Uncle Sam to municipalities. The purpose, to help towns, cities and counties eliminate slums, and build safe, and sanitary homes for people of low incomes.

Seldom has the capitol building resounded with such hearty laughter as ~~resounded~~ this afternoon. The scene of the comedy was the stately hall reserved for the deliberation of House committees. In session was the immigration committee, whose chairman is Representative Samuel Dickstein of New York. They've been hearing witnesses with reference to the bill Mr. Dickstein proposes to author, an act to keep foreign artists out of the United States without special permission of the Secretary of Labor. Two of the witnesses at today's session were, to say the least, unusual figures in a Congressional investigation. Mr. Herbert Minsky and Mr. Morton Minsky appeared for the purpose of heartily endorsing this proposal to keep foreigners out of America. America for the Americans, say the Messers Minsky.

In case you don't happen to be a burlesque fan, perhaps I should explain that the patriotic American Messers Minsky are popularly known as the king of the burlycue. It is in the entertainment palaces of the Messers Minsky that the removal of clothing by shapely young ladies was developed

into one of our foremost industries. Nay, more, the Messers Minsky declared, it is an art, a fine art, an American art.

It would be a shame, they said, to permit foreign~~xxx~~ interlopers to enter our country and compete with our own ~~lissies~~ ^{lissies} in this American ~~xx~~ art. To the uproarious amusement of Congressmen,

they said quite solemnly that it has taken seventeen years to

develop ^{form of esthetic} this ~~xxx~~. To demonstrate it the artist~~e~~ must acquire

rhythm, poise, discretion, she must know exactly the psycholo-

gical moment at which to remove each successive garment. In

short, if you believe the Minskys, a strip tease artist must

have the tact, diplomacy and savior faire of an ambassador.

So far as the Minskys are concerned no~~o~~ foreign stripper will

be allowed to strip on any Minsky stage.

There's ~~quite~~ a storm in our ~~national~~ House of Representatives. *An iconoclast is there,*
~~over the presence in that usually conservative~~
~~body of an iconoclast.~~ What's more, an iconoclast from the south, ~~Mr.~~ Sam Hobbs of Alabama. This idol smasher has taken a crack at one of the most sacred and hitherto inalienable rights of congressmen *-- the right* ~~to~~ fill the Congressional Record with millions upon millions of words that never were and never will be spoken. And, says young Mr. Hobbs: "There's too much buncombe in the Congressional Record." He moves that the record ~~fi~~ confine itself to matters of importance and that the rights of Congressmen to fill it with endless drivel, be abolished.

It was a nice idea but you can imagine just how much chance it had. If every Congressman were allowed to get off his chest all the words bottled up inside him, Congress would never get through with its job. So the practice is to allow young and obscure representatives to say a few words from time to time and then ask permission to "extend his remarks in ~~the~~ the Record." The precedent has been for such permission to be granted unanimously. The idea, of course, is to give the

boys and girls on Capitol Hill something to send out to the folks back home and show their constituents how hard they are working in their interests. Something like throwing a bone to a dog. The cost of all this to us taxpayers is six hundred thousand dollars a year. That's what it cost to print the Record in Nineteen Thirty-Six.

So you can imagine how popular was Mr. Sam Hobbs of Alabama when he got up on the floor of the House and proposed to abolish all those words, words, words. A few colleagues timidly agreed with him. But the real response to his iconoclastic bravery was a howl of "No!" from some four hundred audience-hungry legislators.

LOBBYIST FOLLOW HOBBS

Another Alabama legislator has stirred up quite a hubbub by asking a peculiar question: ~~The question is~~ "When is a legislator not a legislator?" State Representative Chichester of Birmingham, answers his own question with the words, "When he is a lobbyist." At present, he says, it's difficult to distinguish a legislator from a lobbyist.

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Mr. Chichester of Birmingham has a solution for the problem. The idea is to make all lobbyists wear uniforms. Not the same uniform, but distinctive regalia which will indicate what a man is lobbying for. Railroad lobbyists, for instance, should wear overalls, carrying an oil can and a switching lantern. The gentlemen who represent the public utilities in the legislature, ~~should~~ should be equipped with a water faucet in one hand and a ~~hand~~ telephone set in the other. Gentlemen who represent the cause of education ~~will have to~~ ^{should} wear a cap and gown, covered with a coon-skin coat, ^{to give fair recognition to football.} Medical lobbyists should be arrayed in white, like ~~an~~ interne^s, with a stethoscope and a bottle of smelling salts. I presume that a lobbyist for the boxing industry will be required to appear ~~invariably wearing~~ ^{with} a black eye, ^{and} a cauliflower ear, ^{And s-l-u-t-m.} and ~~a set of gutta serena teeth.~~

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