STRIKE

The strike of the General Motors Canadian plant at Oshawa didn't sound like a vastly important affair to begin with. now is Only thirty-seven hundred workers were out. But it the source of as many headaches as though there the number were ten times Its latest effect a Cabinet crisis in the Province of Ontario. Premier Hepburn wants to get rid of the members of his Cabinet who do not agree with him about that strike. To complicate the affair further, the Mayor of Oshawa demands that all the General Motors employees in the United States should strike in sympathy with the Canadians, That is, unless the Company and the men arrive at an agreement before the end of the week.

"The international union is not playing the game with
the Canadian workmen," says Oshawa's young Mayor. "The

Canadians," he declares, "are being fooled, hookwinked. I can't
bear to see Canadian workmen losing while American workmen are
gaining." Mayor Hall has insisted throughout that he was neutral.

However, he protested against Premier Hepburn's proposal to send

the mounties into Oshawa. "Our seventeen Osawa policemen are quite enough to keep order," he insisted.

Strikes their well heads in two unexpected places

today. Sixty of the crew of the liner PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, sat

down just as the ship was ready to weight anchors and sail from

New York. They objected because nine of the other men who had

signed-on had not been on the union side during the big maritime

strike that ended recently. The sailing of the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT,

with a passenger list of two hundred and five, was held up.

Three strikes in Trenton, New Jersey, are still unsettled. The most important of them is at the plant of Thermoid Rubber Company, a concern manufacturing among other things brake linings for motor cars. If it continues, it may seriously affect production in other states. The workers claim that this strike was started because the company discharged a woman employee, a woman who had worked there more than twelve years. She was fired, the union men say, because she had played a prominant part in the union. The company's side of it is that

tisxumin it's willing to recognize the union as a bargaining agent for its own members but declines to recognize it for all the employees.

ransom money.

18

Another dismal echo from the kidnap-murder of Baby

Lindbergh: The State of New Jersey is making good its promise of
a twenty-five thousand dollar reward. There has been a good deal
of acrimonious criticism although it's more than two years since
Hauptmann was convicted and a year since he was executed no move
was made to the Senate passed a bill last week and Governor Hoffman
signed it this afternoon, appropriating the money for that
reward. Three men have claimed it:- the gas station attendant
and his helper who took down the license number of Hauptmann's
car, and the bank teller who identified the note as part of the

49

It's just twenty-five years ago tonight that the world was horrified by one of the worst of all disasters on the high seas. R.M.S. TITANIC, the newly built flagship of the White Star fleet, the largest liner then afloat, the pride of John Bull's maritime marine, struck an iceberg off the great banks of Newfouldland, on her maiden voyage. It was all the more shocking because the TITANIC had been proclaimed by her designers and builders as unsinkable, with fifteen bulkheads to keep her afloat. down she went in unbelieveable few minutes, carrying more than one thousand five hundred passengers and crew with her. There were famous names on her passenger list. Many rich and celebrated people were among those who went down to Davey Jones's Locker.

Bitter criticism followed later and official investigations on both sides of the water: -8 ne of the tragic chapters in the history of men that go down to the sea in ships.

On this day, twenty-five years after the sinking of the TITANIC, a call for help came over the Navy's radio to Balboa in the Canal Zone. An American freighter, a motorship, ran on the rocks four miles from Balboa. Captain Jacobs of the Navy promptly

sent help and that motor ship's officers and crew of seventeen were rescued just in time, just before she sank in Panama Bay.

Her master and a radio operator were the last to leave the ill-fated vessel.

The pastime of the day in Europe is the ancient sport of twisting the tail of the British Lion. Today newspapers -- especially Italian newspapers -- are openly jeering at John Bull. The backdown of the British government in the face of the threats of the Spanish Rebel General Franco is being made the subject for merciless taunting. "Where is Britannia's once boasted supremacy on the sea?" they are asking. A question they answer themselves with the words: "Huh, she can't even protect her own shipping!"

This contemptuous chorus of course is led by the Fascist press. With that, they urge General Franco to go ahead and sink all the enemy ships he wants to . "Nobody is going to hurtyou if you do!" is the slogan.

o far this latest Italian outburst against John Bull is unofficial. But it does emanate from the office of Farinacci, former Secretary of the Fascist Party.

The rumor of a secret understanding between Hitler and Mussolini is being revived. Revived and believed, since the idea is
that the Fascist countries are mending their fences in the east
before turning their attention to the knotty problem of Spain. They
want to complete a series of treaties with the governments on the

eastern frontier ${f so}$ as to establish a solid barrier against what they consider the menace of Communism .

British Lion. Not only conservatives but labor leaders backed what he called up the vehement attack on the government's cowardice that was made yesterday by the Dean of Canterbury. Ship owners we might have been expected, are particularly bitter. They have ships lying idle at their piers, with cargoes waiting to be loaded and carried to Spain. But the complacent policy of Downing Street towards axmilitants where the militant General Franco virtually cripples the British shipping. The anxiety is increased by the rumor that more mines are being set afloat off the Spanish coast, especially around Bilbao.

All this culminated in a violent and ENRIEN tempestuous scene on the floor of the House of Commons this afternoon. The House and all its galleries were jammed, as the leader of the Labor Party, moved with formidable and ponderable resolution a vote of censure on His Majesty's Government. The head of the Labor Party followed his motion with stinging and vitriolic irony. ""This surely is a 'blockade on the cheap'", he said.
"Apparently anyone need only inform the British government that

they intend to sow a few mines about a port, and the British fleet will then come down to blockade the port for them." Stinging irony.

of the Labor Pary leaders. They talked about spineless submission and said that Britannia had run up the white flag. The proceedings got so uproarious that the speaker had to come to the government's rescue and squelch opposing Labor members who with singing interrupted the reply of Sir John Simon who was defending the Government's policy.

of censure approved by a majority of the house, the Baldwin government would have toppled right over. But even thoush many of Mr. Baldwin's supporters privately are shocked by his timidity, the party machine is too strong at present for Baldwin's opponents to succeed.

The Nazi government makes no bones about the reason for its latest measure against the Jews. It is aimed at America, the American attitude in general, and specifically Mayor LaGuardia of New York. It is a reprisal for the remarks that Mr. LaGuardia made about Herr Hitler.

Actually, the new prohibition isn't as severe as it sounded at first. 't just forbids any Jewish political meetings. It does not include any gathering for religious or cultural purposes, and it doesn't prevent athletics. Officially, the proscription is for sixty days. But, the Berlin government announces it will be lifted as soon as certain anti-German activities cease.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, writer of spy thrillers, declared the other day that the spy mystery novel was dead. It may be vanishing from the fiction field, but not from the world of fact.

In Telaviv, Palestine, there lived until recently a man named Jacob Zwanger. He had formerly been quite a big-shot Soviet official, a Vice-Commissar of Harbors. His occupation in Palestine was of a devious and more or less clandestine nature. About

About a month ago, on the tenth of March, Jacob Zwanger. former Vice-Commissar of Harbors, disappeared. Later his body was found, buried in an orange grove. There was a great to-do locally about the case, though but little news of it got abroad. There were certain suspicious circumstances. The police found reason to believe that he had not been killed in that orange grove but had been murdered in his own house. As the investigation proceeded. other sinister details came to light. The trail led the officials to the belief that the complete truth about Zwanger's murder would also solve the mystery of the arms that were smuggled into Jaffa in April a year ago, just before the outbreak of the big Palestine

revolution.

Further investigation led the Palestine to the door of one Reuben Schenzirt. The interesting fact about him was that he had at one time been a munitions salesman for the late Sir Basil Zaharoff. The then found an Arab who confessed that he had killed Zwanger. He said he had done it at the orders of this Reuben Schenzirt. The armament salesman denied it.

Then the authorities found in Schenzirt's house an elaborate radio apparatus. When they accused him of having sent out suspicious radio messages, he denied it, said that the radio outfit was just an ordinary layout for receiving regular programs.

The trail of Schenzirt is expected to turn up some international. Zwanger was murdered, the police now say, at the instigation of the secret service of a foreign power vitally interested in expansion in the Mediterranean.

That foreign power of course is interpreted as Italy.

However, there's another angle to it. They found in

the house of the accused Schenzirt, the ex-armament salesman, a list of German-Jewish immigrants. They were all people who were suspected of having sneaked their money out of Germany illegally. So the theory now is that **EMERKETEXXEXX** Zwanger, ex-Soviet Commissar, was murdered because he knew too much. Knew too much about the smuggling of arms at the east end of the Mediterranean, and the smuggling of money out of Germany.

Naturally, no such story would be complete without delectives the feminine touch. The Palestines are looking for the usual beautiful blonde spy and other female accomplices of

COUNTERFEITERS

A melodramatic conspiracy involving a mysterious woman has just been scotched by Uncle Sam's Secret Service. A few weeks ago Captain Houghton, of the Secret Service, told some alarming facts about the recent revival of counterfeiting. They've now caught three of the gang, the mob that was pushing phoney five dollar notes by the thousands. The Captain and his men got the m just as they were getting ready to deluge the country with a supply of false tens. Houghton says the tens were so nearly perfect they would have taken in anybody but experts.

An angle of mystery comes into the story because the Treasury's detectives don't seem to want us to know the name of the woman in the case. She is booked on the New Work police blotter as Jane Doe. All that they tell us about her is that she's fashionably dressed and drives an expensive car and lives in Easton, Pennsylvania. It was in her home town of Easton that she had already begun to circulate those phoney tens.

When she was brought before the commissioner 3 weeks ago she was first held in bail of ten thousand dollars which said she, she couldn't raise. The sleuths thought that if she were set at large, shemight without knowing it, lead them to the headquarters

of her confederates. So the bail was reduced, Jane Doe was released and then they shadowed her. Sure enough, she finally led them into a social club where they found two men witha package containing fifty of those phoney tens.

Once more Uncle Sam rounds up a gang of counterfeiters.

Ringling.

Apr. 147
1937.

There's one sure sign of spring -- when the circus begins its rounds. The big show is in town -- Ringling. And one of the Ringlings dropped in a moment ago to invite me to ride the elephant -- Robert Ringling, son of Charles one of the five original brothers. Bob is a Wagnerian baritone, an opera singer. He's been telling me about the old time circus sharps and grifters. His father drove them out.

RINGLING: He did, Lowell, but it wasn't easy. If he had the crooks pinched, local justices of the peace usually discharged them. What my father did was to call in the leaders of the grifters and say to them: "Now look here boys, in future we are not going to arrest you, we're not going to try to send you to jail. We're just going to give you the most doggone awful beating you've ever had in your lives.

L.T.: Did it work?

RINGLING: Did it work! Have you ever seen a crew of canvas backs sailing into a gang with their four foot tent stakes?

L.T.: Nope!

TOMORROW.

Well, you wouldn't want to see it twice. And RINGLING: strangely enough, the grifters didn't resent it. On the contrary, they respected the Ringlings. I was with my father on a golf course one day watching a tournament. There was a huge crowd, and suddenly a voice whispered in my father's ear: "Watch out Mr. Charlie, the boys are working!" What he meant was that the pickpockets were applying their art in the crowd. Many people had their wallets lifted but an old circus sharper had warned us. Antwerk Another time my father and I went to the movies. In the crush someone swiped his wallet. As we came out a man rushed up sweating and apologizing profusely. In his hand he held my father's bankrell which he returned. "Awful sorry. Mr. Charles, " said the man. "That dumb dip didn't know it was your's that he was lifting!"

L.T.: Nice story, Bob. By the way, here's your watch. I didn't know it was yours I was lifting. And SO LONG UNTIL