

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Let's begin tonight with something age-old and perfectly familiar -- a river. But let's take the river in its ultra-modern aspect -- steam ships sail on it, and tunnels are driven under it. The ship pushing on through the breeze, while down below the bed of the river the sand-hogs in compressed air are boring through silt and rock with the power of giant mechanism.

The steam-ship and the tunnel are tied together today in the mystery killing of an official of the sand-hogs union.

There's many a one all over this land who sometime or other has taken the Hudson River Day Line <sup>or</sup> the Night Line, and sailed past the Palisades, past West Point, Bear Mountain

and the other scenic attractions of the majestic Hudson. And many a one has taken the trip on the Benjamin B. O'Dell, show-boat of the Hudson River Night Line. Tonight the craft is a charred ruin, she burned at Marlborough, New York, for a three hundred and fifty thousand dollar loss.

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The tunnel part of it is ~~this~~ -- the Hudson River Night Line was bought months ago by Samuel Rosoff, the millionaire subway contractor. And he is in the middle of the controversy over the murder of the sand-hog union leader, Norman Redwood.

The burning of Rossoff's night boat, the ~~Benj.~~ <sup>Benj.</sup> B. O'Dell, raised instant surmises that the fire had been a part of Rossoff's labor difficulties, may have been tied up with the killing of Redwood. Now, fire authorities declare that the blaze that destroyed the ship has all the earmarks of an arson job. Later still, Rossoff demanded that the state police protect his ships along the Hudson against ~~an~~ attack.

So there we have the untra-modern picture of a steam ship on the river and a tunnel driven beneath the river -- now



pictured as an equally untra-modern combination of crime -- the ship burning because of the tunnel.

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Millionaire tunnel contractor Rossoff said today -- "no." He won't go to New Jersey to answer in the investigation into the killing of Redwood. He had previously said -- yes, he'd go. But he's changed his mind. He claims that if he went to New Jersey just to be questioned, he'd be thrown in jail.

Four of his employees were arrested in New York today. This follows the declaration by two sand-hog union officials who declared they had seen an automobile load of gangsters -- these gangsters suspected of being the gunmen in the murder. Rossoff's four employees were taken before these two union leaders for identification. The result was -- no identification. The two said ~~they~~ did not recognize the four.

Another ~~xxxxxxx~~ Rossoff employee is under arrest in New Jersey, in the Bergen County jail tonight -- Max Friedman. His lawyers are claiming loudly that Friedman was tricked into the hands of the New Jersey police. He was told that his

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automobile had been involved in an accident. But when the Jersey cops got him, he found it was another kind of automobile affair. The Jersey District Attorney claims that he can prove that Friedman's car occupies an important place in the murder case. This connects with the statement that Rossoff threatened Redwood, that he pointed to five gangsters when he made the death threat. These gangsters were in a car. The Jersey authorities now claim it was Friedman's ~~car~~ *auto*.

This murder mystery reveals complicated labor relations of a millionaire subway contractor, sand-hog union leader and rival factions of the tunnel diggers union -- complications that resulted in murder.

But men still dig tunnels under the river, and today's news tells of how this afternoon a giant crane lowered seventy-two tons of woodwork into place. The site -- near New York's East River. The woodwork -- superstructure for the digging of a new tunnel to serve New York's World's Fair in 1939. The swinging of that seventy-two tons of woodwork represents the triumph of a young engineer, Willard G. Triest. Hitherto, the

ponderous scaffolding for tunnel digging had been put together at the place where the shaft was to be dug. But Willard Triest tried something new. He constructed the shafting in a Long Island lumber yard, had it floated across the East River on a lighter, and swung into place at the end of a giant crane. Just about the hugest wooden structure ever transported, as today ~~he~~ <sup>they</sup> started to dig the World's Fair Tunnel.

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STRIKE

I had a telegram from a man in Detroit who tells me that last night he listened to this Blue Sunoco program. "Sitting here in my office," he wires, "your words were of tremendous help and encouragement to me." Well, he certainly was sitting in his office, because that gentleman of Detroit is Walter L. Fry, the employer who staged a sit-down strike of his own. As for help and encouragement, I shouldn't want to extend ~~such~~ aid or incitement to either side in any labor dispute. But when Walter Fry's sixty girl employees staged a sit-down strike, and he replied with a sit-down strike of his own, matching his reposeful posture against theirs - why that came more under the heading of light comedy than of grim labor warfare. It lowered the sit-down strike, or rather elevated it - to the status of flagpole sitting.

Moreover, the Fry Products, Incorporated, manufacture ~~the~~ slip-on coverings for furniture and automobile upholstery, which means largely chairs and seats. So the girl workers and the boss master-mind had really been working at the sit-down business all their lives, serving the great human

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comfort that is expressed by the phrase - "be seated, please."

But anyway, it's all over now. The double action competitive sit-down strike ended today, when Walter Fry and the girls agreed on peace terms, and then stood up - no doubt taking a stretch. We are not told what the terms of the compromise were - merely that the girl sit-downers vacated the factory today and the boss sit-downer arose from the office chair in which he had been sitting for a hundred and eight hours. , To him, sit-down meant just that - parked and planted in the swivel chair of his desk.

He says the first thing he's going to do is get some sleep, because he found sit-down striking to be nothing more than sit-down insomnia. He will lie down now for ten or fifteen hours, with nothing striking but the clock.

~~the~~ Work will be resumed in the Fry factory on Thursday, and they'll <sup>go</sup> right on manufacturing slip covers for furniture and automobile upholstery.

NAVY

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News concerning the United States Navy tonight gives us a twofold repetition of that short and conclusive word - end. The end of a great naval career - and the end of that sensational navy spy case.

Admiral Mayo, the American World War admiral, died today at the age of eighty. He was the fighting kind of sea officer. During the Mexican Revolution in Nineteen Fourteen, he it was who took action when the Mexicans seized an American navy dispatch-boat with paymaster and crew. Admiral Mayo demanded a top-ranking apology and a twenty-one gun salute to the United States flag - and got it. During the World War he commanded all American naval vessels in European waters and in American waters as well. He ranked above Admiral Sims. <sup>A Naval</sup> ~~naval~~ career of distinguished honor - ended today.

Now, in utter contrast - the end of the case of the former lieutenant-commander in the Navy brought to trial for selling navy secrets to the Japanese. In Washington, District Justice Proctor gave a ruling today, in which he refused to let John Farnsworth change his plea of nolo contendere. The man



accused of espionage will have to stand by his decision in court - no defense.

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When Farnsworth the other day reversed himself, proclaimed ~~his~~<sup>ed</sup> his innocence and declared that his plea had been forced by heavy pressure - his attorneys immediately withdrew from the case. They declared that Farnsworth had executed his right-about face without consulting them. The District Attorney, in opposing any change in plea, related that Farnsworth had made damaging admissions to him. The most incriminating was - that he had received twenty thousand dollars from Japanese secret agent sources. So today the judge ruled against the former lieutenant-commander, ruled that his plea of nolo contendere must stand. Practically - a plea of guilty.

Farnsworth heard the court decision, returned to his cell, and declared he intended to get some other lawyers and appeal his case. But the legal experts of the Navy believe that this famous affair of espionage is closed - ended.

GASOLINE

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Yesterday was Washington's birthday, tomorrow is another birthday, which motorists over the country do not cheer with such patriotic fervor. It will be just eighteen years tomorrow since the first gasoline tax was slapped on in the State of Oregon. Since then, as the American Petroleum Industries Committee reminds us, the auto owners have paid more than six billion dollars in gasoline taxes. The average individual motorist kicked in with thirty-one bucks last year. Right now the tax on an average day comes to a countrywide total of two million dollars *a day*.

So, tomorrow, if you take the old bus out, and the motor starts coughing - that's raspberry cheers for the birthday of the gas tax.

ETHIOPIA

( There's nothing definite about the number of Ethiopians that have been executed in Addis Ababa. Mussolini ordered drastic measures in reprisal for the tossing of a hand-grenade at Viceory General Graziani, who was injured by the explosion.) The immediate reprisal was a ruthless enforcement of the law forbidding Ethiopians in Addis Ababa to possess weapons. The decree forbids them to have firearms, under pain of death. So a citywide search was made of the natives' houses, and everytime a gun was found concealed - the owner was condemned and shot. The Italian announcement does not give the number, so that's left to rumor. One account says a hundred were executed. Another puts the figure as high as ~~two~~ <sup>six</sup> hundred.

This forbidding affair of plotting, bombing and executions, provides a grim background for the latest story of Britain's glamorous royal coronation to be held in May.

According to ~~the~~ formalities of state, the British government has ~~sent~~ <sup>forwarded</sup> invitations to all the governments on earth to send representatives to the coronation. And Britain recognizes the Ethiopian government of Haile Selassie, King of Kings.



Actually, as practical politics, London has said okay to Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia - but official recognition has never been granted to Italy or withdrawn from Haile Selassie. So, it was in the routine - for Haile Selassie's Ethiopian government to be invited to send a representative to attend the coronation of His Majesty, George the Sixth, and his Queen, Elizabeth.

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This contingency was never surmised at Rome. King Victor Emanuel planned to send his son, Crown Prince Humbert, to represent him. Suddenly the word came that Haile Selassie would be invited. That created consternation. Mussolini has consistently boycotted all ceremonies at which the government of the King of Kings was still recognized. So the word from Rome now comes that if Haile Selassie is to be represented, Rome will boycott the crowning of George the Sixth - the Crown Prince of Italy will not go to London.

Now the latest: - ~~The~~ Ethiopian representatives in London announced today that an invitation to the coronation had been received. It indicates that Haile Selassie himself will not attend the ceremony. He will appoint a dignitary to represent

him.

The routine of invitations to the coronation produces still another curious situation. Britain has never withdrawn recognition from the Left Wing government of Spain. Therefore, the coronation invitation goes to the Socialist regime. They'll represent Spain at the crowning of the King. But suppose before the day in May, General Franco should win out, the Fascist regime should rule in Madrid? The coronation would then be decorated by the representatives of two non-existing<sup>†</sup> governments, the Ethiopian King of Kings and the Spanish Left Wing.

Now here's something that makes me dizzy. That isn't surprising, because it's about Dean, the elder brother Dean, the Dizzy ~~Dean~~<sup>one.</sup> Even if that mighty pitcher were not dizzy at all himself, he would still deserve the name -- because he keeps us in a daze.

The king of right-handers has been demanding fifty thousand dollars from the St. Louis Cardinals next season. But today his royal dizziness announced -- he doesn't want it, won't take it. He won't even take more than that. Why? Diz says it's because he needs a rest. He's been resting all winter, but still he needs a rest. He won't play baseball at all next season, not with any team in either major league. And the St. Louis Cards can keep their fifty thousand dollars, even if they should insist on giving it to him. This declaration was made in the presence of Mrs. Dean, and she nodded heartily and agreed. Fifty thousand dollars -- bah! <sup>pooh!</sup> snap your fingers at it.

Now that we've got that settled, here comes a report from Peoria, Illinois. This declares that Dizzy is threatening to play with the Peoria team in the Three-I League.



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That has made Peoria dizzy. The chamber of commerce telegraphed Dizzy today asking him how much he wants to play in Peoria, and curve them over for the honour and glory of the Three-I League. So the great Dean, being too great for the majors, may go into the minors.

But let's look a little closer at the Peoria team. It belongs to the Cincinnati Reds. You know how major league teams control minor league clubs as a source of players. So if Dizzy joined up with Peoria, that would be a combination with the Cincinnati Reds -- <sup>making</sup> ~~and~~ the dizzy daze ~~complete~~.

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Just to make a quick descent to sober sanity, let's observe the latest about Eleanor Holm Jarrett, the mermaid <sup>m</sup>chap of the backstroke. Of course, Eleanor, herself, in times past, has provided a dizzy news item or two. Today's word is that she has turned professional. She wants to be paid for swimming, and there's nothing dizzy about that. She is to show her backstroke professionally in the aquatic spectacle for the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland. And just to keep the tone of sanity at its soundest, we observe that the

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pulchritudinous Eleanor has signed up with the Broadway beauty expert, Billy Rose. Billy Rose has always picked them for their looks. Maybe that's the way he picks a swimmer. Maybe that's the way he picked Eleanor, but Eleanor can also swim.

59 1/4 & I can also say s-l-u-t-m.