

STRIKE

L.I. - Sunoco. Thursday, March 25, 1937. *WBC*

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When You've been sitting down and then you stand up and walk out - that brings about a celebration. Such is the way of the sit-down strike. So in Detroit today, while it was snowing white and hard, crowds were cheering, bands were playing, and parades went streaming through the streets - as the six thousand sit-down strikers got up and walked out. They ~~emerged~~ emerged from the Chrysler plants ^{and walked straight} ~~into~~ into a celebration, the police couldn't control - traffic tied up.

(The truce signed last night was followed by quick action today. The sit-downers in the plants promptly ratified the agreement the Union leaders had made, ratified and obeyed, vacated. They celebrated the truce as a triumph - the terms agreed upon by motor magnate Walter Chrysler and C.I.O. leader John Lewis. The Union agreeing to take the sit-downers out of the plants, the Company agreeing to let the plants stay closed, just as they are. This to be the state of affairs, while the Company and Union discuss terms for a full settlement of the strike.)

As the sit-downers left the auto factories, state troopers went in. They're on guard now - they're the sit-downers in the plants tonight. Outside of the buildings, the Union picket lines are keeping a watch, to see that the Company observes the terms - pickets on duty day and night.

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The sit-down truce is another victory for Governor Murphy, as he pounds away for a final agreement. Chrysler and Lewis are still conferring in the state capital at Lansing. The chances are that the negotiations will be long and tortuous. The most thorny problem of all is still to be decided, the Lewis C.I.O. demand that the Union shall be recognized as the sole bargaining agency, shall be conceded the right to speak for all the Chrysler workers, whether they belong to the Union or not.

But, anyway, ^{that} ~~the~~ sit-down ~~dilemma~~ dilemma is at an end.

SHIP

The old way of the sea! The hard brutal way of windjammer days! The whaling skipper and the buc^{ho} mate! The cat-o-nine-tails - sailors flogged and lashed to the mast! The way of Captain Bligh of the "Bounty" and its mutiny. This reminiscence of the bad old times at sea comes with the news from New Orleans - a vessel in port there, tales of savage doings aboard, sailors beaten and brutalized by the captain. And tonight the authorities are looking for that heavy handed skipper, who is accused of being the "Captain Bligh" of today.

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On what kind of vessel did these hard-bitten events occur? What ship is th^{is} modern "Bounty", ^{almost} ~~ready for~~ a mutiny? You'd think it some grimy old tramp, plying between tropical ports, or maybe a lumber schooner manned by a tough and salty crew. Not at all. It's a different kind of craft entirely. It's the "Blue Water", which is a pretty name. And it's a pretty boat - a trim and graceful yacht, a holiday boat, a pleasure craft. Its owner, sailing aboard - a society woman connected with one of the famous American fortunes, the Huntington fortune. Years ago it was Collis P. Huntington who

founded the Southern Pacific Railroad and rose to giant wealth. Today, it's his fifty-two year old niece, Miss Marian Huntington, ~~who was~~ the owner sailing aboard the yacht "Blue Water."

It all occurred in the course of a holiday cruise to the West Indies - a pleasure sail under tropical skies ~~which~~ ^{with} paused ^S at palm-fringed islands, a ~~dream~~ dream of travel and romance. The sailors claim that on this romanic voyage they were brutally beaten by the captain and the first mate. The cook ~~says~~ ^{says} that off Puerto Rico the skipper and the mate lashed him with a ^{leather} whip, with a steel rod for a center. They lashed the sea cook unmercifully off the palm fringed shore - so he claims.

On another dreamy day, when the "Blue Water" was gracefully sailing before a balmy wind, the skipper tried to gouge the eye-out of one of the ~~sailors~~ ^{mariners.} That's the claim of the sailor in question, William Page, of football fame. He was captain of the Gaels of St. Mary's in Nineteen Thirty-Five. He enlisted as an ~~able-bodied~~ able-bodied seaman aboard the "Blue Water," and says that everything was blue, not only the water but also life aboard the yacht. He relates how the beating and brutality

came to a climax when the skipper tried to ^{fake out his eye.} ~~take an eye out of~~
~~his head.~~ ^{TP} The pleasure voyage ended, ^{when} the "Blue Water" put in
at New Orleans, and there the crew filed charges in the
Federal Court. Today the authorities were looking for the
captain, who was reported to be missing. The sailors have also
filed a court action against the society woman owner, suing
her for forty thousand dollars.

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Such is the end of a pleasure cruise which to the crew
was a pain ^{and} - not only in the neck.

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The debate was on before the Senate Judiciary Committee today. The President's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court was being attacked from various sources. There were hostile remarks about the supposition that justices should retire at seventy. In the heat of the denunciation a letter was handed to Senator Ashurst, the Committee Chairman. It was from Robert L. Williams of Oklahoma, who has just been appointed by the Administration as a Federal judge -- to fill a vacancy in the Tenth District Court of Appeals. Judge Williams is sixty-eight years old. *R* His letter, handed to Senator Ashurst, was addressed to Attorney General Cummings, and in it Judge Williams accepted the appointment, with one qualification, a promise. He said he would retire at seventy, ~~and~~ serve only the two years, until ~~he was~~ seventy. "This," wrote the judge, "would be in harmony with the President's judiciary plan and court plan, which I endorse and approve." *Thus spake the judge.*

This was a feature of the day, during which the court plan was attacked by Young B. Smith, Dean of the Law School of Columbia University. *Dr.* ~~Dean~~ Smith proposed that an age limit for
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justices should be set at seventy-five. And ~~proposed~~ that it ~~should~~ be enacted by a constitutional amendment.

Meanwhile, in the Supreme Court, a birthday was being celebrated. Justice Sutherland is seventy-five today. He was born in England, but came to America as a small child -- his father joining the trek of the Mormons to Utah. The future justice remained in the Mormon country, and won success as a lawyer -- in several fifty million dollar cases.

THIRD TERM

One of the most firmly fixed of American traditions has been put to a test - a straw vote, a poll. It's the third term tradition, which goes right back to Washington - who held that a president should not serve more than two terms.

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It's the magazine FORTUNE that has staged the test, to find out whether the American public believes that there should be no third term. And what's the result? The vote would seem to indicate that the bulk of the American people are not opposed to a third term, and don't hold to the old Washingtonian tradition.

The poll propounded this question: "If there should be agitation for President Roosevelt to run ^{again} ~~for a third term~~, what would be your attitude?" The answers come out like this: Twenty-two per cent are out-and-out in favor of a third term for the president. Twenty-six per cent favor a third term for him if his present administration should be successful. Seven per cent were non-committal, ^{don't} ~~don't~~ object to a third term as such. Eight per cent said they just couldn't make up their mind about ~~the third term tradition~~. So ~~the~~ total, sixty-three

per cent, had no ^{particular} ~~particular~~ feeling against a third presidential term.

Twenty-six per cent were emphatically in favor of the Washington tradition. Ten per cent said they were against a third term for anyone, especially President Roosevelt.

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I don't know how well a test like that can sound out public opinion, but it's interesting to get a reaction on that historic American tradition - no third term.

GOLD

Today in South Dakota, the United States Secret Service arrested five men for the theft of a million dollars' worth of gold from the richest gold mine in the world. Stealing a million, a hoard of yellow ingots - that's startling enough. The story goes on with an astonishing maze of plot and counter-plot.

It's the Homestake Mine at Deadwood, South Dakota - and that name "Homestake" is of world renown, as the richest
— the origin of much of the vast W^m Randolph producer of gold on this globe. There the yellow millions are taken out of the earth, with ^a long shaft bored ^{deep deep' into} ~~through the~~ ^{the earth} ~~rock~~ to get the ore. ^{ff} The story revealed today, pictures a fantastic scene. A night watchman making the round^s of the mine. He comes into a metallurgical room where there's a cache of the gold. He stops suddenly, startled. For he sees a hand - come up out of the floor. A hand from nowhere, from out of the depths of the earth.

That led to the discovery of a tunnel below the ~~shaft to the~~ room where gold was stored. Thieves had driven

Heaven's Fortune.

this tunnel ~~below the shaft~~ ^{and} had broken into the gold room, had been stealing treasure - a million dollars.

All of this happened several years ago, but it was kept quiet - save for rumors. A legend grew about the theft of the million. Mine officials always denied that large amount, said they never had that much gold stored ~~in the mine~~ ^{there}. But the secret service officials today said the sum was approximately correct - about a million.

During the several years that have elapsed, there has been ~~a secret service hunt~~ ^{a sleuthing} - but nothing so simple as a mere search for the gold thieves. ~~It's~~ ^{All} more complicated, plot and counter-plot. The story goes that the gold thieves buried their loot of a million in the South Dakota hills. There another gang of crooks planned to plunder them. A shady mine-promoter and several Chicago gangsters were all set to rob the robbers, ^{make them} ~~disgorge~~ ^{was} their plunder. That the trail the secret service picked up, the trail of the hijacking scheme. It was never carried out, because the secret service arrested the plotters one another another and sent them to prison for

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other crimes. *Now from these*
~~From the hijacking~~ hijackers they got on the
trail of the original thieves, and these were arrested today,
five of them. The sixth, said to be the leader, is being
hunted on the Pacific Coast. So tonight the million dollar
gold theft from the *world famed Hearst* Homestake Mine, the crooked exploit that
of the Black Hills --
became a legend of the gold country *is* solved.

PRISON

The Canadian Parliament today faced a curious problem of crime. You hear of crooks breaking out of prison. Breaking into prison -- that's something else again. Today a member from British Columbia told parliament that inquiries had been put to the Minister of Justice -- about the crime mystery of robbers breaking into the new Westminster Prison and stealing a lot of valuable equipment.

It's a mystery in Canada how the crooks were able to surmount the high prison walls and get by the guards. Breaking in -- not out. The prison was burglarized, and the robbers getting away with the loot.

DRINKWATER

So John Drinkwater is dead -- the English playwright of so many American associations, the dramatist who made his greatest success with a play about Lincoln the Emancipator. His father was a school master who became an actor. The son travelled with a theatrical troop. But he became an insurance clerk, who wrote poetry at night. Then back to the theatre once more, this time as an actor, then as a playwright. In 1918 he wrote the play that made him internationally famous -- Abraham Lincoln. Now he passes -- at fifty-five.

DANCER

Tonight in London there's a man in hiding, a theatrical producer of note in the British capital - George Black. He's being pursued, pursued by a dancer, an artiste.

The story is one of tragic misunderstanding. Producer Black is putting on a show - scheduled to open Monday. In it he had a spot, for something special, something hot. Producer Black had been hearing rumors from across the ocean about the strip-tease. He didn't know quite what it was - London had never had anything like that. He merely knew that the brothers Minsky were proclaiming it - the great American art. So Producer Black decided to fill that vacant spot in his show by giving fashionable London a glimpse of said American art - although he didn't quite know what it was.

He sent to New York for an artiste of the strip-tease and so presently in London appeared Miss Diane Raye. He had her perform a preliminary demonstration of her art -- so that he might see what it was all about. So Miss Raye went through her routine and Producer Black nearly fainted! He took one look, lost his eyeglass and gasped: "That would never never do for sedate London!

There would be a constitutional crisis. London Bridge might fall down and the Houses of Parliament might slide into the Thames."

So Producer Black fled into hiding. He had brought the young lady all the way across the Atlantic. There she was in London ready to enact her art - insisting on so doing. She declared angrily that she hadn't crossed the ocean to take a job and then immediatly be fired. Producer Black was in a dēlemma and figured the only thing he could do was keep out of the indignant young lady's way. So today shē was looking for him, filling London with loud declaration that she'll be in the show with her stri-tease on Monday, in spite of all the producers, censors and properties in England. But the Broadway gal obviously doesn't know her England.

END

I am going to take the day off tomorrow. My place on the air tomorrow evening will be taken by a distinguished English editor, and cosmopolite:- internationally famed as a war correspondent. And, known around the world for his mystery stories, detective novels. Also, audiences on both sides of the ocean are familiar with him as a speaker. His name is Valentine Williams. He will pinch-hit for me tomorrow night while I spend the Easter holidays in the White Mountains.

So, so long until we all hear Valentine Williams tomorrow.

Williams
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