

STRIKE

L.T. - Sunoco - Thurs. Aug. 26, 1937

The date was set, six A.M. on September sixth.

The hour for the railroad strike to begin, was announced by President Whitney of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

One might have thought that in the strike outbreaks of the past months, we had seen just about the height of labor trouble, we might have imagined there couldn't be much more. But a railroad strike would ~~just about~~ cap the climax.

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Fortunately, something is likely to happen. An agreement may be reached through Government mediation. ~~from~~ *From* Washington comes the word, the labor mediation board is ~~xxxx~~ stepping in. *And* that promises to postpone ~~ment~~ *ment of the* strike. The latest announcement of the union leaders is - that they'll delay issuing the strike order.

Today's railroad crisis ~~xxx~~ comes after a series of futile conferences in Cleveland, between the union leaders and the railroad executives. The rock on which the negotiations foundered is a demand for increased pay - a twenty per cent raise. They couldn't come to any agreement on that.

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Five railroad brotherhoods are represented in the strike threat - the trainmen, the locomotive engineers, the firemen, the switchmen's ~~mk~~ union of North America, and the order of Railway Conductors. They have two hundred and fifty thousand members, the men ^{who} ~~run~~ run the trains. ^P Their strike plans are comprehensive. The Brotherhood leaders are laying out a detailed program of strike strategy - to stop the railroads if the demand for a ~~xxxxx~~ twenty per cent increase is not met.

FIGHT.

The fight is postponed, of course. Gloomy skies and flurries of rain caused promoter Mike Jacobs to put it off - not until tomorrow, but until Monday. The weather man promises bright skies for Monday night. So Champion Joe Louis and Challenger Tommy Farr are taking it easy over the weekend, trying to keep themselves in that proverbial pink ~~of condition.~~

Meanwhile, interest switches to another brawney gladiator of the thudding gloves - Max Schmeling. The news had it that Schmeling would fight Joe Louis next June, and see if he could knock him out once again. But today Promoter Jacobs spoke up and said Schmeling may go into a fight with Louis much sooner, this fall - on Columbus day. And that date is okay with Max. But don't jump to the conclusion that a Louis-Schmeling fight is a sure thing for October ~~twelfth,~~ ^a question arises:- The old question - money. Jacobs said that Max could have the Columbus Day fight if he would take the regulation twelve and a half per cent of the gate. That's what challengers are allowed under the Boxing Laws of New York State. To this Max replies with another figure - thirty per cent. He says he was

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promised that and argues he's entitled to it. Having beaten Louis, he should have fought Jim Braddock for the title. But the bomber got the bout instead. Max has the idea that he is the rightful champion and therefore is entitled to better than a mere challenger's twelve and a half per cent.

MURDER

Cleveland has been having a gruesome epidemic of what ~~are~~ are called - torso murders, ten of them, the victims dismembered. Today a man was arrested, and the story becomes still more sinister ~~and~~ ~~sinister~~ and fantastic. The prisoner was formerly employed in a Hospital, worked for fifteen years as a helper in the operating room. He fancied himself a great hand at surgical instruments, bragged of his knowledge of anatomy. ^R He was discharged from the Hospital, and declared it was because the Doctors were jealous of his talent at surgery. He stole a set of surgical instruments ~~when~~ when he left, so the Police say. Such is the suspect under arrest tonight for the Cleveland torso murders, and they say he talks in a wild, irrational way. ^R Into imagination comes a nightmare - fantasy of a possible killer mad with ~~many~~ hallucinations of surgical skill, haunted by delusions of the operating room.

CHINA

The news from China brings a drama of a personality. It's a grave international incident that has the statecraft of the World worried and anxious this evening. But it's also a story of an individual.

(A powerful automobile left Nanking, the Chinese Nationalist Capital, and today went speeding on the road to Shanghai. On the Radiator of the car flew a British flag. In the rear seat was the British Ambassador to China, ~~SIR HUGH~~ Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugesen.) For weeks his has been just about the most difficult diplomatic post in the World, ^{the} representative of Great Britain's vast Far Eastern interests as Japan strikes at China. Number one British diplomatic post just now.

Yet he's a career man, without wealth or great

inherited position, without the backing of great fortune and family. He's the younger son of a younger son. And you know what that means in England, where the eldest son takes the titles and the estates. Sir Hughe's father, as a younger son, went into the church. Sir Hughe himself as a clergyman's younger son, ~~he~~ went into the diplomatic service -- at the bottom, in 1908. Nothing was heard about him for eleven years. Then in 1919 he was a secretary of some sort or other, attached to the British Delegation at the Versailles Peace Conference. Seven years later we hear of him as Counsellor to the British Embassy at Brussels. Four years later he was made Minister to one of the Baltic Nations. Then he became Minister to Persia. Just a year ago he was raised to the rank of an Ambassador and sent to China. That certainly was working up from the bottom. Moreover, at fifty-one, he's one of the youngest of British Ambassadors.

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In China Sir Hughe appeared in the headlines last February in an odd and ~~disturbing~~ disturbing way. At Nanking -- his daughter was shot. ~~and~~ An Embassy party was out riding, the

Ambassador's daughter cantering along. They were passing a Chinese drill ground, and there was the cracking of Rifle practice. A stray Chinese ~~hit~~ bullet hit the Ambassador's daughter as she sat in the saddle. She wasn't badly hurt, and Sir Hughe announced -- the incident was closed. It served to illustrate the fact that China can be rather a dangerous place. Sir Hughe found that out again in startling fashion today. The Ambassadorial car was whirling along the road on its way to Shanghai. At the wheel a British Colonel, ^{an} ~~an~~ expert driver, was stepping on the gas. For there was urgent reason to get to Shanghai fast. The presence of the Ambassador was needed at once. The Chinese were being defeated by the Japanese today, and the International settlement was standing at arms, afraid of a rush of beaten Chinese soldiers.

(As the car went speeding along, they noticed an airplane overhead, a Japanese War Plane, and then they saw it was diving. They had no misgiving -- because wasn't the British flag flying on the Radiator of the car? The plane swooped low. There was an outburst of machine gun fire. Bullets ripped into

the car. Two shots hit the British Ambassador. He sank back, gravely hurt.)

The Colonel at the wheel stopped the car instantly, afraid it had been damaged and might be wrecked. He got out to look at it. As he stood on the road he was knocked unconscious by a terrific explosion. Another Japanese plane had dropped a bomb, ~~xxxx~~ a sky torpedo. After being ~~machine~~ machine-gunned the British Ambassador's car was being bombed.

Others in the car went to the aid of the Colonel. He revived quickly, jumped back to the wheel and drove a mad race to the Hospital.

This evening word comes from Tokio, regrets, explanations. The British Ambassador's car, say the Mikado's officials, should have had a British flag spread across its entire top as it drove into the War zone. Flying on the Radiator the British colors were not recognized by the Japanese Aviators. They thought the big car held Chinese Generals on their way to Shanghai battle. And so they attacked it.

In London the atmosphere at the Foreign Office is tense. His Majesty's Government announces -- they will take appropriate action. Admitting that the shooting of the Ambassador was undoubtedly unintentional, an accident, still it's a grave International incident. Some believe that London will demand an indemnity from Tokio. If the Japanese yielded to such a demand they might lose face -- a serious thing in the East.

Tonight the eyes of diplomacy are fixed on a Shanghai Hospital, because there's a difference between these two things, the shooting of a British Ambassador and the killing of a British Ambassador. What is the condition of Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugesen this evening? Serious. The Doctors say -- abdominal wounds. There are plenty of prayers for his recovery because if the British Ambassador should die from Japanese bullets the peril of that Japanese-British incident would be doubled and redoubled. Even without it there's an ominous conflict of interests between London and Tokio in the Far East.

SPAIN

The fall of Santander is a major event in the Spanish Civil War, but let's not look at its deeper and more strategic meanings, ~~let's just observe the~~^a grim sidelight, ~~needy bit of drama.~~

Two officers of the Santander defense went to the rebel lines as emissaries to offer the surrender of the City. To the Franco Commander they declared that Santander was willing to yield - but on one condition. There would be a surrender, if the Nationalists would guarantee - not to shoot women and children.

"Shoot women and children!"

"That is not done by the Nationalists" was the answer

they received.

So the City surrendered on that one condition - no shooting of women and children. ~~Yes, that's~~^a vivid sidelight on the merciless inhumanity of a Civil War, class against ~~class~~ class.

WEDDING

I suppose I must be a sentimental soul, because - what do you think caught my interest on a visit to the National Jewelers Show in New York? No, not the glitter of diamonds and blend of rubies. I took the longest look at a display of mere bands of gold, which were of various shapes and designs. They were - wedding rings, an array illustrating the history of those circlets on the finger which from time immemorial have signified ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{sacred} bonds of matrimony. Ancient Egyptian wedding rings, and ancient Greek also.

The display was put on by J. R. Woods and Sons, Wedding Ring Manufacturers, and I talked to one of the Woods experts who told me the ancient Egyptians originated the wedding ring. The pharoahs considered the circle as the symbol of eternity, and the ceremonial ring on the bride's finger promised love and happiness without end, eternal.

But it was the ancient Greeks who found the proper finger on which to wear the ring. In their early beliefs, the Athenians of old thought that from the middle finger a special vein ran directly to the heart. Therefore, the Wedding Ring ~~was~~ had

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best be worn on the middle finger, the heart finger - where it could be most effective as a charm.

There at the Jewelers' show in the Waldorf ~~where~~^{where} I saw replicas of historic wedding rings one especially caught the imagination, a band of gold that once had graced the finger of Mary, Queen of Scots, her wedding ring. It was found in the ruins of the Castle in England where she was beheaded. It was given her by Darnley, the first husband she married in her tragic reign as a Scottish Queen. Darnley was killed and she was accused of having connived at his assassination. The deed was plotted by Bothwell, and then she married him. Years late^{ly} at the time of her doom in an English Castle, she still had Darnley's Wedding Ring, which was found long, long afterward amid the Castle ruins.

Yes, I'm afraid I'm growing a bit sentimental on the subject of wedding rings.

ROBBERY

At Calhoun, Missouri, a stick-up robber was in Jail today. He walked into the Sheriff's Office and surrendered, saying "I must have been crazy when I robbed the Bank." And he handed over the money he had snatched in the stick-up - three hundred and fifty dollars.

He's no traveling mobster, whirling about the country on hold-up raids. He's Charlie Hill, native of Calhoun, born and brought up there, everybody knows him. His father used to run the general store. His mother, one of the most highly respected widows of the town.

Nevertheless, Charlie Hill ~~walked~~ walked into the Citizens State Bank, where everybody knew him - friends. He pulled out a gun and held up the astonished Cashier, who said -
"Why Charlie!" *! "Tut tut Charlie"* or something like that.

but Charlie was dead in earnest with the pistol pointed, he scooped up all the money in sight, and made a getaway. The town of Calhoun was astounded. A few hours later, Charlie, the fleeing fugitive, came to his senses and realized what he had done. So back in town he came, right to the office of the Sheriff, and said - "I must have been crazy."

COW

At Paris, Missouri, Mrs. Lillie McMorris is Housekeeper in the home of Judge Crawford. Mrs. McMorris is a determined character, a woman of action. So what did she do, when she noticed something at the window, *Looking in -* a "Peeping Tom." What would any woman of powerful character do - with glimpsing eyes prying into her privacy, Mrs. McMorris grabbed a gun, and opened fire. She blazed away at the "Peeping Tom." ~~Shattered~~ Shattered the window, and shot - a cow. It was the neighbor's fine Jersey cow that had sauntered into the back yard and was looking in the window.

And that should be a lesson to cows, *and x-l-u-t-m* ~~if not to "Peeping Tom."~~

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