

L.I. - Sunoco. Tues., March 16, 1937.

If you know Detroit and have stopped at the Book-Cadillac, you may be familiar with ^{its modernistic} ~~the~~ Casino. That's the hotel night club, where the great and not so great of the capital of motordom are customarily entertained with the strains of an orchestra and the rhythms of dancing. A floor show, the ~~play~~ ^{sound} of instruments and voices, the sinuosities of a dance team. But not tonight. In the Casino of the Book-Cadillac a strike committee held a meeting today -- the leaders of the Waiters and Waitresses Union. This in spite of the fact that the hotel declared a lock-out, closed the hotel to the workers, and posted guards.

Today, in spite of the guards, thirty union workers forced their way through a back door and dashed into the Casino. ^{There} ~~and~~ they encountered a guard with a pistol. They seized him. A union organizer wrenched away the pistol, and fired a shot into the floor.

The strikers remained in possession of the Casino, and there a meeting of union leaders was held.

~~This was today's spectacular episode in Detroit's~~

I had luncheon in that same Book-Cadillac Casino a week ago Sunday and the manager, Mr. Chittenden, told me he was afraid to raise his voice above a whisper for fear it would provoke a sit-down strike. But it isn't a sit down strike. It's a lockout by four of the biggest hotels. The strike trouble began at the Statler, and then swiftly the Book-Cadillac, the Detroit Leland and the Fort Shelby joined in quick action. When the night shift went out the doors were closed against the day shift -- lock-out. Guests were advised to leave and seek quarters elsewhere. Twenty-five hundred and fifty guests had to clear out - or go without service -- among them celebrities like Lily Pons, the opera star; Tyrone Power, the movie-actor; Sonja Henie, the skating champ; and Mrs. Martin Johnson, the widow of the explorer now on a lecture tour. Osa in a wheel chair, -- no food -- longing for Africa. The hotels contrived to keep one elevator going to help the exodus of the guests -- hundreds of whom streamed out laboring with their own luggage. You can paint the picture for yourself -- a novelty in strike history. The legions of guests streaming out of the four biggest hotels,

looking for some place to go.

So now Detroit is a strike-ridden city indeed, with the hotelslock-out as well as an automobile sit-down. Today the Chrysler Company turned down a new proposal made by the Union. There was a conference -- negotiations -- but the company's answer was "no." The six thousand sit-downers are still occupying the Chrysler plants, with tomorrow as the deadline. A court order has given them until Wednesday to vacate. Will they move out peacefully, will there be violence? That's tomorrow's big question in Detroit.

Governor Murphy is in the auto capital, wrestling with the problem of what the state authorities will do in the enforcement of the court's command which says -- sit-down strikers, get up and go.

GERMANY

The German newspapers were blazing again today because of attacks upon Reichsfuehrer Hitler in the United States. But a sudden halt was called on the newspaper campaign - the Hitler government intervened. The controversy was stirred up anew by the anti-Nazi rally in New York last night. Loud attacks on the Berlin regime were delivered by General Hugh Johnson of N.R.A. fame, John L. Lewis of C.I.O. fame, and Mayor LaGuardia of Chamber of Horrors fame. Naturally, the news of this inspired the Nazi press to new heights of wrath. And in this, most of the abuse today was heaped on the head of LaGuardia. That's characteristic, because New York's Mayor has become a large and looming target for German editors to shoot at.

at the Garden - following a speech at
LaGuardia's speech last night, provided a new

angle for argument today, not only whether he was right to say what he did - but just what did he say? In shooting vitriol at the German Reichsfuehrer, he used a German word. LaGuardia knows German. He hurled one of those long Teutonic polysyllables. He declared that Hitler was not - satisfaktionsfaehig. Now what does that mean? The German dictionary says it signifies

the Waldorf on auto safety

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"qualified to give satisfaction." Such as, satisfaction in a duel. It can mean qualified to fight a duel. But LaGuardia has a different meaning. He explains that when he said Hitler was not satisfaktionsfaehig, he meant that Hitler "couldn't take it." There seems to be some difference of opinion about the definition of those German polysyllables.

I suppose the German editors know what the word means. Anyway, they were shouting in wrath today, demanding that the United States government should do something about LaGuardia. The official Nazi newspaper, DER ANGRIFF, demanded that President Roosevelt shall actively intervene to stop the insults that are being hurled against Germany. However, Hitler's authorities called a halt. Only one issue of DER ANGRIFF appeared with the demand for Roosevelt intervention. The issue was suddenly withdrawn, taken off the stands. Apparently Berlin is stopping, or at least toning down, the anti-American agitation. ^{TP} This may tie up with another bit of news from Germany today. There's a voice raised in criticism of Nazi newspaper policy, the voice of a prominent journalistic official,

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Wilhelm Weiss. He made no mention of the German replies to the LaGuardia attacks. But he's likely to have had some such thing in mind, in saying that the prestige of German journalism in other nations was being endangered. Even in Germany, he intimated, the public might lose confidence in the newspapers. He declared that in the official regulation of the press, there were too many regulators. Editors have to take directions, not from one superior, but from half a dozen or a dozen. And he called for one ~~single~~ single chief in guiding the policy of the German newspapers. From this it is possible to surmise that the reason for the unbridled outbreaks in the German press is because there are too many directing heads telling German editors just what to do, more or less ~~irresponsible and~~ at cross purposes - no single unified control.

SPAIN

(Bitter fighting continues to the northeast of Madrid, with the Left Wingers continuing to assert that they're battling against Italian divisions. They say their counter-attack has succeeded so victoriously that they were about to surround the Italian headquarters on the Guadalajara front.) Madrid is jubilant with accounts of victory, indicating that the swift, long distance drive of General Franco's battalions on the northeast went too fast and too far, so that the desperate Socialist counter-attack pushed it back.

However, the report from Franco's side is that Rebel artillery is shelling the Guadalajara road - that close to it. So, neutral military opinion is that while the Fascist dash at the gates of Madrid has been stopped and partly rolled back, the Rebel positions are far enough advanced to cut the main road by artillery fire - one of the last highways by which Madrid can get food and munitions.

The fighting today was largely in the sky, with both sides bombing, each side claiming to have shot down planes of the other.

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The Moros of the Philippines are now ruled by two sultans ^{of Sulu,} but not by a sultana. A woman, Princess Dayang-Dayang, aspired to be sovereign over those fierce Mohammedan islanders -- but she's given that up, taken the next best thing. She's had her husband crowned with a royal diadem, which gives the Moros two sultans, a double dose of Moslem majesty.

The royal difficulty of the Moros began last year with the death of the old sultan, His Highness Padukka Mahasari Mana Manaluna Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Kiram II. He left no sons, only a daughter, the Princess Dayang-Dayang. She thought she'd make herself the ruling sultana. But a powerful party, headed by the Grand Vizier, opposed. Such mighty warriors as the ~~Moros~~ ^{Sulus,} they swore they'd never be ruled by a woman. After a bitter controversy, they dispossessed the Princess Dayang-Dayang and gave the crown to the old sultan's brother, Rajah Muda Mawalil Wasit Kiram. Somewhat later Dayang-Dayang seemed to resign herself to the loss of the crown. She visited the new sultan with humility and submission. Shortly thereafter the monarch fell ill, and he was dying-dying. The official version is that he succumbed to

a heart attack, but the rumor spread -- poison.

Still, the Princess Dayang-Dayang did not get the throne. The party against her vowed once more that the Moros ^{of Sulu} would not be ruled by a sultana. ^{So} They crowned a new sultan ^{of Sulu,} His Majesty Jainal Abireen II. This convinced the Princess Dayang-Dayang that the Moros would never bend to the beardless femininity of a sultana. So what did she do?

~~Today's~~ News from the remote southern islands of the Philippine Archipeligo tells us how Princess Dayang-Dayang has had her husband crowned sultan. Muskets and fire-crackers crashed in salute as nine Imams placed the ^{Sulu} ~~Moro~~ diadem on the head of His Highness Ombra Amilbangsa. So the Moros ^{of Sulu,} instead of being governed by a sultana, are ruled by two sultans -- but the power behind one of the thrones is Princess Dayang-Dayang.

HOBSON

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Tonight memories come back of the hero days thirty-nine years ago. Eighteen Ninety-Eight. The Spanish-American War. The army fighting in Cuba, the navy operating against the Spanish fleet of Admiral Cervera. Then - the legended exploit, which created a national hero. An attempt to bottle up Cervera's fleet in the harbor of Santiago. Sink a ship across the narrow channel and block it. A young naval lieutenant commanded the spectacular adventure, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson. *You remember.*

A black night. A ponderous coaling ship, Hobson in command, steamed to Santiago harbor. The Spanish searchlights picked it out. Spanish cannon blazed away. Through a storm of fire Hobson sailed the MERRIMAC to the narrow channel. Sinking it there, it stopped the Spanish warships from getting out. With shells bursting on all sides, Hobson touched off the explosive, and he and his seven men plunged into the sea and swam away - as the explosives burst aboard the MERRIMAC. The swimmers were picked up by the Spaniards. Hobson was rescued by Admiral Cervera's own ship. Cervera gave his prisoner the honors of war, as a hero.

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The exploit was not a success - in bottling up the Spanish fleet. Of ten torpedoes attached to the MERRIMAC to sink her, only two exploded. So instead of sinking to the bottom and blocking the channel, the hulk drifted into the harbor. So Cervera's ~~xxx~~ fleet was able to get out - which it did, only to be sunk by the guns of the American warships. Admiral Cervera, ^{later} captured, was given the same honors and courtesy that he had granted to Hobson.

When the War was over, Hobson came back, the hero of the hour. Men cheered him, women kissed him. Hobson's kisses became a national phenomenon. One day in Kansas City alone, four hundred and seventeen women saluted him with smacking lips. A candy manufacturer put out a brand of caramels which he called "Hobson's Kisses," and they sold like hot cakes all over the country. The hero was made an admiral. He went to Congress for four terms, battled for prohibition, ^{- and against narcotics -} ~~more~~ ^{more} lately against Communism - always surrounded by the legend: ~~of the~~ hero of the MERRIMAC.

Today in New York Richmond Pearson Hobson died at the age of ~~xxxxx~~ sixty-seven.

COMA

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In the Los Angeles County jail a woman lies in a coma and stupor that has medical science puzzled and the law perplexed. There is talk of strange powers, the influence of the mind, mental control, the command of the spirit upon the body.

The story begins in a gaudy, disenchanting way - a New Year's party, the merry festivities that heralded the year of Nineteen Thirty-Seven. In Los Angeles there was one night club jollification that came to an end with the loud ring of pistol shots, a man named Love - killed. That name of Love sounded discordantly when the headlines came out, because they read - killed by his wife. In the due course of law, there was a trial and a verdict - Mrs. Helen Wills Love convicted of slaying her husband. All that remained was for the judge to impose on her the penalty for second degree murder - seven years to life.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Love made a declaration to attendants at the jail. "I will kill myself by will power," she said. She insisted that by the mere determination of her will she would put an end to her life.

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Now, that indeed was something to arouse speculations about mental control, mind over matter. To me it recalls stories I have encountered in the barbaric parts of the world, where weird mysticism runs riot. I've heard white men explain fantastic deaths under witchcraft in Africa or the jungles of Malaya. Many a European or American, to be sure, will say that there's something mysterious which we don't understand in the deadly curse of the sorcerer. But the more rationally minded are apt to say that the victim believes so profoundly in witchcraft, that when the sorcerer puts the curse of death on him, he is convinced that he will die. And so he does. He makes up his mind to die. He wills it and because of the control his will exerts upon his body, he languishes and breaths his last. Grotesque ^{turne} ~~part~~ of barbaric superstition.

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Now let's go back to the woman in the Los Angeles County jail who said, "I'll kill myself by will power." Shortly afterward she became unconscious, sank into a coma. Doctors examined her, and were puzzled. They couldn't understand it, some kind of trance. They tried to revive her, and all the

scientific tricks of psychiatry were used - but in vain. They ~~had~~^{he} been feeding her by injections of food materials into the blood stream.

Tonight she is in that same stupor, has been lying unconscious for five days. And today - the ~~prison~~^{jail} physician declared she might die.

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The judge came to the jail to pronounce the prison sentence on Mrs. Love. He has to do that, according to law. Sentence must be imposed on a prisoner in person. The judge found the woman lying motionless, breathing slowly, with a twitching of lips. He demanded of the doctor - was she shamming? Was she pretending this stupor to escape the imposition of a prison sentence? The doctor shook his head - "no." He said she was in some strange mental condition. It was possible, he explained, that some turn of the mind might bring her to ~~consciousness~~^{consciousness} suddenly. On the other hand, as she ~~lay~~^{lies} in the coma she ~~was~~^{is} growing so weak that some quick malady ~~might~~^{may} carry her off, such as a cold, pneumonia.

The judge was left in a quandary. He couldn't pronounce

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the sentence of imprisonment. If he imposed it on an unconscious person, the law is such that the whole case might be reversed by the higher courts. So the law must wait to see what happens in the medical dilemma and the legal dilemma of the woman who *has* declared she ^{will} die by will power. *And a-l-u-t-m.*

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