

STRIKE - 4

P.J. - Sunoco. Wed, April 7, 1937.

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A sit-down strike in another part of the country ended today in unique fashion. It was started last Friday at the *famous* *model* Hershey Chocolate factory in Pennsylvania. Everything looked rosy for the sit-downers, until today. Then it turned out they hadn't taken one ~~factor~~ *thing* into consideration. That chocolate factory had been a steady, profitable and welcome market for the dairy farmers in the surrounding countryside. Altogether, it bought from them no less than eight hundred thousand pounds of milk a day. All through Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the farmers stood by watching their milk turn sour, ~~it~~ a dead loss. All day Tuesday, the supply of waste milk, for which they naturally could find no other market, piled up in their barns and creameries.

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Today, they decided they had enough of it. They gave the strikers until one o'clock this afternoon to come out. At first the strikers agreed. Then they went back on their agreement. The next thing they knew, an army of angry farmers, together with factory ~~workmen~~ workers who didn't want to strike, marched on the plant. Their leaders tried to control them. One of them shouted

to the crowd: "If you go into that factory, don't lose your heads and be sure you don't hit a friend." The upshot of it was they rushed into that Hershey plant, headed by a Fife and Drum Corps of the American Legion. And the next thing was, from all accounts, as pretty a free-for-all as anybody ever saw. Some of the strikers came out of the plant with their hands up to face that mob of farmers and workers. And in the mob were Mennonites, in their broad brimmed hats, men of peace. Others were emphatically not Mennonites or men of peace. They were armed with sticks and clubs and any other handy weapons that happened to be available.

The strikers had to run the gauntlet between two lines of jeering men who were in no way reluctant to use those clubs. There were broken heads and bruised bodies. The president of the Union came out with a black eye. This story seems to have a moral for sit-down strikers, which is: "Don't get the farmers sore."

There's a fly in Detroit's ointment today. The joy over the settling of the Chrysler strike is mixed with a strong solution of anxiety. "Chrysler is unionized, now for Henry Ford!"

That's today's slogan in the Automobile Workers Union. Everybody who reads knows that means a struggle probably even more bitter and prolonged than those with General Motors and Chrysler. It's no secret that Henry Ford has long resisted any idea of unionizing his plants. So it's anybody's guess what new kind of outbreak may be at hand.

There's some disagreement about the effect of that settlement between Chrysler and the Union. But when analyzed, it all turns upon a quibble, a technical point. But there's one matter on which both sides agree. They vie with each other in throwing bouquets to Governor Murphy of Michigan. And that's an unusual experience for a peace-maker. Customarily, the peace-maker finds himself a target for bricks from both sides, instead of which the Michigan Governor finds himself aces all around. And the Reo Strike in Lansing is settled.

## CERRY TREES

An inviting bit of news from Washington is that the Capital's famous cherry trees burst into bloom today. That's worth remembering when your tank is full of Blue Sunoco and you are off touring. The Washington cherry tree festival is almost as famous as Japan's. They were of course, presented to Uncle Sam by the Mikado himself, at the suggestion of Mrs. William Howard Taft.

The blooming of the cherry trees is worth making a note of because this may be the last year you will have a chance to see them. According to the plans drawn up for the Jefferson memorial in Washington many of those beautiful trees will have to be uprooted, perhaps destroyed. For the project, as approved by the Democratic Congress, calls for the erecting of a gigantic building, a thing copied from the Roman Pantheon, right on the spot where those cherry trees are growing.

## MURDER

Whenever detective-story fans get together -- and that means almost anybody -- the conversation sooner or later is sure to drift round to that classic detective of fiction, Monsieur Dupin. Yes, I mean the unforgettable sleuth created by Edgar Allen Poe, Dupin the forerunner of Sherlock Holmes, Charlie Chan, Philo Vance, and the other crime hunters of modern fiction. I hardly need to remind anybody that the most famous mystery solved by Edgar Allen Poe's Dupin was the mystery of the murders in the Rue Morgue, the problem of the brutal killing of a mother and her daughter.

The murder mystery that the New York police have been trying to solve ever since Easter, the Gedeon case, has some points of extraordinary resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe's classic. There are two main differences:- The Gedeon case goes further than the mystery in the Rue Morgue, since it was a triple murder. Moreover in the Poe story it was murder with a razor. As every student of

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literature knows, Edgar Allan Poe got his material for the murders in the Rue Morgue, as well as for the "Mystery of Marie Roget," out of the day's news, out of the "New York Sun", ~~as a matter of fact~~. One can't help speculating what a ~~marvelous~~<sup>guin</sup> tale he would have made out of the crime that is still page one news in so many American papers today. With its weird suggestions of insane pathology, the Gedeon case seems even more complicated and bizarre. Whether ~~the~~ murderer is brought to book or no, it will certainly stand out for all time as one of the classic cases in the history of American crime, ranking with the story of Lizzie Borden, the Elwell murder, the ~~xx~~ Hall-Mills tragedy, and those never-solved poisonings in the wealthy Swope family of Kansas City.

The Number One ~~coppers~~<sup>sluths</sup> of the New York force say they are more than ever convinced that they have broken the Gedeon case, that all they need is the capture of the suspect. The police of all the Atlantic states and even some of the others, are on the lookout for the man. And, as always happens in such

instances, rumors pile in from all over the country that he has been seen here, there, everywhere. A man resembling the missing sculptor arrived in Boston on a coastwise steamer, from Baltimore. The latest is the police claim that fingerprints found in rooms which the suspect occupied recently correspond with fingerprints left on the scene of the crime.

So the New York police say they are satisfied they have broken the case.

DRAKE

A motorist in California made a lucky find, ~~the~~  
~~other day.~~ On a rocky point overlooking San Francisco Bay  
he came across a brass plate. There was an inscription on  
it, and that seemed to be a peculiar place for a brass  
monument of that kind. He took it to the University of  
California where Dr. Herbert Bolton, Professor of American  
History, had the plate cleaned. It was encrusted with the dirt  
of two centuries. When that was all scrubbed off they found an  
inscription etched in archaic lettering and ~~an~~ Elizabethan spelling.  
It read as follows:-

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"Be it known unto all men by these presents  
June 17, 1579 by the Grace of God and in the name of Her Majesty  
Queen Elizabeth of England and her successors forever, I take  
possession of this kingdom whose king and people freely resign  
their right and title in the whole land unto Her Majesty's  
keeping, now named by me and to be known unto all men as Nova  
Albion." ~~Signed Sir Francis Drake~~

Below that was the signature ~~Francis~~ "Francis Drake, Knight."

*California*  
The historians thereupon looked up their records and recalled the fact that in 1579 ~~Francis Drake~~ *Sir Francis* on one of his round-the-world voyages sailed up the West Coast of America as far as the ~~four~~ forty-eighth parallel of Latitude. In other words, near San Francisco. The historians also found a record made by Drake's Chaplain, Francis Fletcher, who wrote a book about that voyage. In it he stated that Drake had landed in that place and left the ~~an~~ brass plate, claiming the territory for good Queen Bess.

That's the story that my colleague Douglas Williams has just finished cabling to his newspaper, the London Daily Telegraph. He adds an interesting fact:- The motorist who found the plate got for <sup>his</sup> reward the handy little sum of thirty-five hundred dollars.

LINDBERGH

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Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has had another laugh at the expense of people who were anxious about him. While the authorities of seven countries were using all their civilian and military resources looking for him, he and Mrs. Lindbergh were ~~sz~~ safe and comfortable at a hotel in Munich all the time. They landed in Munich at two o'clock Eastern Standard Time, yesterday afternoon. Apparently they were unaware that their whereabouts had become a source of serious consideration, that the whole civilized world was anxious about them.

They expect to take off from the aerodrome in

Munich tomorrow on another stage of their flight from India *back*  
*home--*  
to England.  
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SPAIN

That Spanish Civil War is blowing up another international breeze. The British Lion was growling today and lashing his tail. Said John Bull to General Franco; ~~the Rebel Generalissimo~~

"Look here, you've got to quit kicking my ships around." Couched in more polite terms, His Majesty's destroyer GARLAND proceeded at full speed to ~~General~~ Franco's <sup>Rebel</sup> naval headquarters in the

Balearic Isles, and there the commander of the GARLAND said to the ~~Rebel's chief~~ <sup>Rebel Command:-</sup> "His Majesty's government instructs me to ask

Your Excellency why two of Your Excellency's planes aimed eighteen of Your Excellency's bombs at His Majesty's torpedo boat destroyer GALLANT, while she was patrolling off the east coast of Spain?"

To which the British commander added - or he might have - "The fact that Your Excellency's bombers are bum shots has nothing to do with the case. On some future occasion they might make a mistake and do some real damage, in which case His Majesty's government would be exceedingly vexed <sup>with your Excellency."</sup>

But John Bull isn't the only one to get sore. Premier Mussolini has a bone of his own to pick if one may judge from the rumblings in official Italian newspapers. It's barely six weeks

since the international agreement went into effect against intervention in Spain. And already there's a storm brewing. Italy's patience is becoming exhausted. This doesn't come from the Italian Government, but from the Fascist newspapers, which usually speak for the government. France and Moscow have been shipping munitions and war planes into Spain for the use of the Madrid government. That's the reason for those astonishing government victories over the Rebels last week. So says the Italian Fascist press.

## SKYSCRAPER

One bit of information from Madrid has peculiar interest for us in America. The skyscraper is a characteristic American institution. Throughout the terrific bombardment of Madrid from rebel artillery and bombers the one structure that has taken the brunt of it is the thirteen-story building. It has been a towering target for the rebel marksmen, has taken a terrific beating, and been hit day after day. Hundreds of people have taken refuge there. But, there have been few casualties.

This seemed peculiar. Everybody has thought that in the improbable event of a bombardment of New York, Boston or Philadelphia, the safest thing to do would be to clear out of the city, step on the gas and get out to the country as fast as possible. To satisfy my curiosity I called up some friends who are construction engineers, men who have worked on some of America's best-known skyscrapers and have erected earthquake proof buildings on the West Coast. Everyone of them gave me the same answer. The skyscrapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis or any city you choose would be the safest places of refuge in wartime. All structural steel buildings, they explain, are built to allow what engineers call "give." They must be prepared

to resist winds of hurricane force and take any violent sudden shock. For instance, one engineer explained that if the most powerful kind of a high explosive shell registered a hit on the R. C. A. Building, here in Rockefeller Center, the damage would be negligible. The worst that could happen would be that the high speed elevators would be put out of commission for a while, windows would be shattered and maybe some of the decorative externals might be destroyed. As for the structure as a whole it would sustain little or no damage. I hope we never have to find this out under fire!

PUTZI

It's nice to be the king's favorite - so long as it lasts.

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But being an ex-favorite - that's tough. One learns that from innumerable chapters in history. <sup>π</sup> One alumnus of Harvard University ~~is now~~ ~~doesn't need to refer to history books for that information.~~

~~He's~~ learning it out of his own experience. I mean Herr Ernest Hanfstaengl, popularly known as "Putzi." Up to a couple of months ago, Putzi was sitting pretty. He was head of the Foreign Press Bureau of the Nazis. To make his job seem solid, he was chief piano player to Fuehrer Hitler himself. And now he's out, exceedingly out, and thereby hangs a mystery.

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Nobody knows what it's all about. Whether his piano playing fell off, or what. ~~note~~ At any rate, as long ago as two years, observers noticed that Putzi had ceased to be the white-haired boy around the brown house in Munich. A couple of months ago we heard the news that his office in Berlin, the Foreign Press Bureau, had been closed. The next thing we knew, Putzi was heard of in Switzerland. He had been detailed on a special mission to Spain but he never went near Spain. Furthermore, he was quoted as saying that he hadn't the remotest intention of going to Spain.

Now he turns up in London where he has been for some weeks. What brings him into the news is that he shows a marked disinclination to return to the Fatherland. In fact he says quite positively he's not going back to the Fatherland. Not now, at any rate.

What the trouble was only Putzi knows. And that's all I know — and s-l-u-t-m.

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