

STRIKE

C.I. - Sunoco. Thursday, Feb. 11, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:\*

Now we can make it definite. The word <sup>that</sup> has been streaming in for the past hour makes it final. (The sit-down strikers

have just moved out of the factories in Flint.

Of course ~~xxxxxx~~ the strike was settled last night,

when the Union and the Company agreed on terms. ~~It was~~

That was made formal and still more definite, when the document was signed today. Still there was suspense hanging around

the word -- Flint. The ultimate thing, the final touch, would

be -- when the sitters-down vacated the factories. And now they've done it.)

There were scenes of jubilation in that city of auto manufacture. Wild cheers arose, when the sit-down strikers marched out after their long vigil. They were bearded and shabby, with all the signs of having roughed it for weeks in factories. Their families, children, wives, sweethearts awaiting them. There were tears, kisses and embraces -- while hundreds of auto horns tooted a triumphant din. A loud uproar ~~was~~ saying -- this means the strike is really over.

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I talked to  
Gov. Murphy

## TERMS

The news flashed - the strike is ended! And at once the question was asked - who wins? What's the answer to that? Maybe there shouldn't be any answer - although the old way of the world is for both sides to claim the victory. General Motors is pleased, and smiles. The Union leaders are smiling too, and the strikers received the news with cheers. That has the air of a compromise, although on the face of it the settlement looks like something of a backdown by John Lewis and the Union. ~~P~~ However, it takes time to tell things like these. Anyway, here's something said today by William Knudsen, General Motors Vice-President. He told the reporters they shouldn't try to decide who was the winner of the forty-three day labor battle. He declared that the idea was to have no crowing on either side, no ~~cock-a-doodle-doo~~ shouts of victory. He said both the Company and the strikers want work to be resumed with good feeling, tolerance and mutual understanding.

With that in mind, let's look at the terms of the agreement. (The main thing was - the recognition of the Union.)

That's always the case when labor leaders are out to unionize



an industry. Will the Company do business with the Union?

*Or - will it refuse.*

In this case John Lewis and the Union demanded a special

kind of recognition. Some of the General Motors employees

belonged to the auto workers organization, but not all.

The Union demanded that it should be recognized as a

bargaining agency to speak for all the workers.

Early in the negotiations, they got around to the point, where General Motors was willing to recognize the Union as speaking for the workers who belonged to it, but not for the men who are not members of the Union. That's what caused things to hang fire for so long, those incessant conferences one after another, about which we heard night after night.

( In today's settlement, the Union makes a concession.

It accepts recognition as speaking only for the <sup>E.W.O.</sup> Union auto workers. It will not be the representative of the non-Union men. On the other hand - General Motors agrees that in collective bargaining, it won't negotiate with anybody except

*John Lewis*

*Auto Workers Union.* ) It won't recognize any other

organization that might be set up among the non-Union men.

This is for a period of six months, and applies to the factories that the ~~strikes~~~~closed~~ strikers closed. ~~John~~ Lewis was afraid - that the Company dealing with his Union on one hand, might also foster some other organization among the men.

I have here a statement from General Motors which quotes a letter that Vice-President Knudsen wrote to Governor Frank Murphy today, a letter in which he gives renewed assurances on the part of General Motors. One paragraph reads as follows: "We undertake not to seek to inspire activities on the part of other groups, for the purpose of weakening this particular Union."

I think we might summarize it this way - John Lewis ~~and the Union~~ <sup>for his organization</sup> demanded recognition <sup>as</sup> the sole bargaining agency for all the workers. ~~He~~ <sup>he</sup> gets recognition for six months as the sole bargaining agency, but not for all the workers, and only in the plants <sup>that</sup> the strike <sup>was</sup> closed.

Under these terms, the Union and the Company will start collective bargaining on February sixteenth - these



negotiations to settle questions of wages, hours and working conditions. Right now, coincident with the ending of the strike, General Motors declares a wage increase of five cents an hour, which will come to a total of twenty-five million dollars a year.

The other terms of today's settlement merely guarantee a state of peace. The Company agrees ~~that~~ it won't discriminate against the strikers, and will drop the legal steps taken against the sit-<sup>ters-down</sup>~~down~~ strikers in Flint. The Union agrees to have the sit-<sup>ters</sup>~~down~~ strikers leave the plants. It promises not to start any more strikes while the negotiations on wages and hours are being debated. And it won't conduct any campaign to unionize non-union auto workers <sup>-- that is</sup> ~~not~~ in the factories, not on the Company's property.

Such are the terms that have made both sides cheerful, and have brought lively congratulations from Washington, especially from the White House. As for discordant notes - they come from the American Federation of Labor. President Green of the A.F. of L., who is John Lewis's chief union rival, declares that the auto strike settlement is a

surrender by Lewis. But for the most part, the story goes

back to what we started with - Vice-President Knudsen's

remark that there's to be no crowing of victory on either side-

*no note*  
~~no rock-a-doodle-doo~~ of triumph.  
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MURPHY

But I can tell you who won the strike -- Governor Murphy of Michigan. His patience and persistence and incurable optimism carried the day after many long days. ~~Today~~ Right now he is being overwhelmed with congratulations -- from General Motors, from the Union -- from the White House.

The Governor told me on the phone that he's getting too much credit. But he admitted he hadn't had any ~~sleep~~ sleep for seventy-two hours.

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Feb. 11,  
1937.



## INTRO TO DR. FINLEY

The Boy Scout movement has become of such vast national size that its anniversary is observed not only by but the Boy Scouts, by the Press of America, the Radio and even by the President of the United States.

It occurred to me that perhaps the best way I could pay my tribute and help in the anniversary celebration would be to invite a friend of mine to come on the air for a moment, the *associate* Editor of the New York Times, and former head of the American Geographical Society.

I first knew Dr. John Finley when he was Colonel Finley with Allenby's army in Palestine. He recently celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday. He wasn't ready to retire at seventy! And isn't yet. He keeps eternally young. Dr. Finley is a famous hiker. When I first crossed his trail in the Holy Land, when he was with Lord Allenby, he spent his spare time walking -- from Jaffa to Jerusalem, from <sup>Jer</sup>Bethlehem to Jericho, from Dan to Beersheba.

As one of the heads of the Boy Scouts of America, I have asked youthful seventy-four-year-old Dr. Finley to help us celebrate tonight the anniversary of scouting in this country.

DR. FINLEY

DR. FINLEY:- Thank you Lowell. I am afraid I must plead guilty to all charges. I was a persistent hiker even before you and I were with Allenby in Palestine. I still walk from eight to ten miles a day. At least once a year I walk around Manhattan Island, 32 miles, and my pedometer tells me that in seven years I have walked about 21,000 miles.

L.T.:- Three thousand miles a year, on foot! That's going some, Doctor!

DR. FINLEY:- So I guess it's little wonder that I should be devoted to the Boy Scout Movement. I have watched it grow both here and abroad.

L.T.:- Yes, <sup>Dr. Finley,</sup> and in addition to your position with the Boy Scouts of America, I recall <sup>hearing at a scout banquet at The Waldorf</sup> you are an Honorary Vice President of the ~~Boy~~ Scouts of Scotland. that

DR. FINLEY:- Which reminds me of our plans for next summer when we shall hold our great National Jamboree in Washington, D.C. I, for one, am looking forward to that event which will



gather together not only about 25,000 boys from our own country, but delegations from Scotland and many other foreign countries.

If any word of mine will help, I should like to commend this great Jamboree to the parents of American boys as an educational experience for boys that is unparalleled in the history of our country.

So you see I do have great faith in the Scout Movement, not only because it takes our youth into the out-doors but also because through the code of the Scout there are built up some of those great virtues that have always accompanied good citizenship. In the words of the Scout Oath, which is our present day counterpart of the ancient Athenian Oath, Scouting is producing a generation of boys "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

## ROBBERY

56  
This is the story of a perfect lady, quiet, well bred, charming manners. A perfect lady, except in one small detail - robbery. A model of the social graces, she makes only one slip, only one faux pas - she holds people up with a gun. They're calling her, the "Woman in Black." She dresses simply and with excellent taste, preferring that color of aristocratic reserve - black. I'd call her the "Girl with the Handbag", because of the stick-up technique she uses - ~~it's~~ so deft and so ladylike. And now she has committed another robbery, this time a monument of boldness - only <sup>it's hardly</sup> ~~it's~~ proper to apply the word "bold" to such a perfect lady.

A few days ago there were headlines in New York, when the girl with the handbag held up a Chinese restaurant and got away with the contents of the cash drawer. Before that, she had robbed another place. Today, the perfect lady and her elegant handbag achieved the height - the height of what? ~~No~~, I won't call it boldness - let's say nerve. But then a perfect lady wouldn't be nervy. <sup>So</sup> Let's just say - the height of something.



57  
A policeman in full uniform, blue coat, long night stick, and a pistol and holster, was sitting not more than twenty feet away from the cashier's desk in a restaurant on upper Broadway - when in stepped the perfect lady. Seeing the big and burly cop, the expression of her eye never changed from that sedate aloofness, which mothers teach their daughters, ~~and is recommended in the book of etiquette.~~ She stepped to the cashier's desk - the proximity of the policeman didn't bother her at all. Why should it <sup>with that</sup> ~~That technique of hers was~~ ~~so left~~ exquisite ~~the~~ handbag technique ~~of hers.~~

The cashier ~~behind the desk~~ saw a good-looking young woman in her early twenties, finely chiseled features, black eyes, ~~and she was~~ fashionably dressed in black. She asked for a couple of packs of cigarettes, and the cashier noticed that her voice was well modulated, of educated accent. Then he noticed something else - something astonishing.

The perfect lady raised her handbag ~~xxxxxx~~ and opened it - so that the cashier ~~xxxxx~~ could look into it. He saw - a pistol, the lady's well manicured hand grasping the

gun, a slender finger on the trigger. And -- she never took it out of the bag.

"Hand over the money," said she politely.

And he did -- all the cash he had in the cash drawer. She deftly stowed it away in her handbag beside the gun.

The policeman twenty feet away saw nothing. Who would suspect a lady's handbag? Who would dream of walking over and peering into that feminine carry-all, in which womanhood may have almost anything stowed?

So the robbery was carried out under the nose of the law. Then the perfect lady coolly- courteously - demanded the money in the safe. The clerk said he didn't have the combination. Fooled her. Maybe he wasn't such a perfect gentleman to fool a lady.

The getaway was quiet and dignified -- as the girl with the handbag tripped prettily out into the street and took a taxi. Then the cashier let out a roar - "Robbers, police, robbers!" The astounded cop at the nearby table got the story as quickly as he could, dashed out, took another taxi in pursuit - vain pursuit. She was gone.



Half an hour later, the taxi she had taken returned to its stand in front of the restaurant. The driver said the girl with the handbag had merely stepped into his cab and told him with quiet dignity that she was in a hurry to get to seventy-first street. He took her there -- never suspecting that she was ought but a perfect lady.

## NEW YEAR

Wouldn't it be appropriate for the big strike to end as the old year ends, and the New Year begins? That's just what has happened! --Chinese New Year! The celestial celebration of the year four thousand, six hundred and forty-one.

However, this is not a Far Eastern story. It's most distinctly an American story. For it's no longer Chinese New Year in China. The Nationalist Government has formally decreed of the Tangs and the Mings the western calendar. Observance of the ancient lunar year is forbidden. People who celebrated New Year today were put in jail over there. Only outside China fireworks were popping and Tong enemies joined in friendly festivities, and the upright Chinese paid their debts, so they might enjoy an honorable New Year.

An American story, to be told of every Chinatown in our land weird festivities and slant-eyed rejoicings, as with booming brazen gongs they today rang in the New Year, the year 4641.