

L.J. - Sunco. Friday, Feb. 26/37.

In the ornate city of Buenos Aires the crash of gunfire echoed today. A fashionable suburb of the city, a plaza of gardens and palms -- and the pistols spat fire, and bullets whizzed. More than a hundred shots. ~~banged out.~~ ~~It~~ was a battle between bandits and the police.

It all traces back to Argentina's sensational kidnapping affair -- the Lindbergh case of South America. Last Wednesday afternoon a two-year-old boy disappeared -- Eugenio Iraola, grandson of an Argentine senator, and grandnephew of the President of the Argentine Chamber of Deputies, and heir to one of the greatest fortunes <sup>of the Pampas.</sup> ~~in South America.~~

And immediately the hunt was on, the familiar hunt for a kidnapped child. All the servants at the two Iraola estates were placed under arrest. Every inch of the surrounding country was combed. But the child heir to millions was not found.

The police suspected a notorious gang leader, whose nickname is reminiscent of our own kidnap history. "Pibe <sup>Peeba</sup> Cabeza" they call him, and in Spanish that means -- baby-face.

Reminiscent of Dillinger's partner in killing:-- Baby Face  
Nelson. A few days ago, with the hunt for the child at its  
height, the South American Baby Face went so far as to try to  
snatch the boy's father on a public highway. The attempt  
failed, and the police got on the trail of ~~Baby Face~~ *Peeba Cabeza.* They  
killed him in a blaze of shots. But the gang ~~was~~ *kept on* led by one  
Antonio Caprioli, a desperate bad man. Presumably they  
still had the kidnapped boy. And the manhunt ~~went on~~ *continued.*

This afternoon the police found their quarry.

They caught up with Caprioli and the gang in Buenos Aires --  
that green plaza, in the fashionable suburb. And the battle  
was on, an uproar of gunfire.

What was the result of all the shooting? The  
bandits escaped. And tonight the manhunt is intensified.  
Every automobile along the ~~roads~~ *highroads of the Argentine* is being searched, every  
horseman riding toward the pampas is being investigated --  
as Argentina tries to solve its Lindbergh case tonight.

FARNSWORTH

Today in Washington a judge spoke ominous words to a prisoner. "If we," said the Judge, "had been at war with that foreign country, your acts would have been treason." That country - meaning Japan. And the penalty for treason would have been - death. Such was the grim pronouncement that fell upon the ears of John Farnsworth <sup>as he</sup> ~~was~~ was sentenced today. The Judge imposed upon him a <sup>term</sup> ~~sentence~~ of not more than twelve, and not less than four ~~years~~ years in prison.

Thus ends the story of espionage and secret agent plotting that made the headlines. The tale can be retold in the words the Judge spoke today. "It is unusual," he said to Farnsworth, "to impose sentence on a man of your background, with a long record of honorable service, finally terminated with dishonorable discharge." <sup>It</sup> Yes, the man now convicted as a spy was once a Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Navy, a brilliant officer. But he got into difficulties and was court-martialled and cashiered on a charge of - scandalous conduct. After that - well, let's repeat the Judge's words again. "A continued and persistent plot," said he to Farnsworth,

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"a plot carried on by you and emissaries of <sup>a</sup> foreign countries."

That meant Japan, the former Lieutenant-Commander convicted of selling navy secrets to Japanese naval officers, ~~who were doing secret agent work in this country.~~

ROOSEVELT

Here's a simple, <sup>L</sup>homey sort of term - fireside chat.

But today it was taken to mean something dignified and stately - the Supreme Court. The President announces that on the evening of March Ninth, he'll give another one of his fireside chats over the radio. Wiseacres in Washington immediately observed that in the past when the President <sup>put on</sup> ~~made~~ one of his informal radio talks, he has commonly discussed some outstanding political topic of the hour. And what political topic could be more outstanding than the presidential proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court? So the presumption is that on the evening of March Ninth, the <sup>clarion</sup> ~~ringing~~ Roosevelt voice will deliver some arguments in favor of the court change.

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A few minutes after today's fireside chat announcement, the Senate passed the bill to permit Supreme Court Justices to retire voluntarily at seventy - with full pay. The measure went through the Senate with an overwhelming majority. The House has already passed it. So it went straight to the White House for the President's signature.

## METAL STRIKE

At Waukegan, Illinois, today the war tactics of classical antiquity were revived. There two factory buildings were to be attacked. How did they do it? In the days of ancient Rome, an army besieging a walled city would build a moveable tower and push it close to the city wall. From the top of the tower archers and slingers would sweep the top of the wall, showering the defenders with a hail of stones and arrows. Today at Waukegan, a tower was likewise used in the siege of the ~~Fax~~ Fan Steel Company metallurgical factories. The tower, on a truck, rolled up to the factory wall. On top of it was a shield of steel, through which protruded the mouth of a gun - a tear gas gun, and a stream of tear gas shells *and a new nauseating gas* spurted through the windows into the building.

This brought to a climax the sit-down strike of the metallurgical plant. A few days ago there had been a previous tear gas attempt on the sit-downers. At that time they beat off the lachrymose assault. *Then -* The sheriff and his deputies tossed the gas bombs through the windows of the lower story. The

sit-downers endured the torment of streaming eyes, and replied with a hail of missiles, missiles of rare, valuable metals, <sup>and</sup> they sprayed acid with a hose. They won that battle. The sheriff and his deputies could not force an entrance and enforce a court order to evict the sit-down strikers.

Today the story was different. They ~~were~~ <sup>strikers</sup> taken by surprise. That tall tower on a truck, reminiscent of the moving towers of an ancient siege, caught them completely un<sup>aw</sup>ares. It was something they never expected. They never anticipated that kind of an attack - shooting ~~down~~ gas bombs through the upper windows of the buildings they held. They tried to reply with a shower of missiles, those same valuable metals. They tried to shoot back a stream of acid from a hose.

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But the <sup>and that new nauseating gas</sup> tear gas <sup>^</sup> overwhelmed them. The gas shells, fired from the tower incessantly for two hours, filled the buildings with the tearful fumes.

After <sup>those</sup> <sup>^</sup> two hours, the sit-downers were forced to flee. They dashed out of the factories and fled through a ~~wh~~ hole in the wire fence - leaving the gas filled buildings to the

sheriff and his men.

All this time Governor Horner of Illinois was trying to bring about negotiations for a settlement between the Company and the Union leaders. But the Company officials refused to talk peace. They said that if they went into conference with the Union leaders, that would be a tacit recognition of the Union.

## AIRPLANE STRIKE

At Santa Monica, California, there was no fighting today, no strike battle. The sit-downers in the Douglas factory had vowed, "We'll die rather than quit." Against that the police, enforcing a court order of eviction, made such a display of power and menace, such a threatening, almost theatrical show - that the sit-downers not only vacated the plant, but submitted to arrest.

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The ~~sit-downers~~ were all set for resistance. They had piles of machinery stacked against the doors of the aviation factory. They wheeled airplanes, tail first, to the windows, ready to start propellers going, so the back blast of air would blow any tear gas out. They had drums of inflammable paint open - these to give meaning to their threat that they'd burn the factory. The strikers were at the windows, jeering and hooting at the few police who were on guard outside.

Then things happened swiftly. There was a sudden rush from surrounding streets. The strikers saw police cars come speeding from all sides. Three hundred cops and deputies poured out of the cars. They had clubs in their hands.

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Revolvers were ready in holsters. Their pockets were bulky with tear gas bombs. The strikers watched them unlimber a brace of machine guns, which they set up in ugly menace. Fire engines came clattering to meet the threat to set fire to the plant. Then the finishing touch, ~~xxxx~~ as the police, in full view of the strikers, set up a first aid station, with doctors and nurses. They stood up a pole and on it hung a Red Cross flag. The finishing touch indeed, a grim medical symbol that desperate things might happen.

In the plant, some of the ~~hardier sitters-downers~~ hardier sitters-down raised the cry - "We'll die rather than quit!" But most of the three hundred and forty-one looked at the ominous display of force, weapons, deadly preparations ~~of~~ the Red Cross - and thought ~~the~~ better of it. They listened to a labor relations official who advised them to come out and submit to arrest peaceably, promising an investigation of the charges against the Company. Charges - that the Company had discharged men for union activity and stopped union elections. The door swung open and out came the sit-down strikers.

The police hurried them, under arrest, to the County jail.

There they were held on bail. They're facing indictments for trespassing and destruction of property.

## HUNGARIAN STRIKE

From Europe too comes the story of the end of a sit-down strike -- and a grim, desperate affair it was. In a mine, the black depths of a coal pit. Two hundred and <sup>Hungarian</sup> sixty-seven<sup>^</sup> miners remained below, vowing they would never come to the surface and the light of day again, unless they were granted a twenty percent pay increase. They had no great supply of food down there -- so it was also a hunger strike. <sup>^</sup> The mine owners refused to make any concession. So it was a harrowing struggle of endurance. The miners in the subterranean depth suffered not only the pangs of that hunger strike but also seeping gas and <sup>the peril of</sup> ~~any~~ gas explosions. They held out for four days.

The break came today. Twenty-three of the men could stand it no longer. The thought of the open air, and dinner tables was too much for them. They decided to give up. The others refused to let them go. It was a fight in the black pit. The twenty-three broke loose, and made their way to the surface. A few hours later the remaining two hundred and forty-four likewise lost heart and hope. They thought

HUNGARIAN STRIKE #2.

of the open air and dinner tables, and it was too much for them also. They too emerged from the darkness and rejoined their families waiting at the top of the mine shaft. And the strike was over.

NON-INTERVENTION

I must confess this evening that I am in hearty sympathy with the Communists, Bolsheviks and Red Soviets. I think they're entirely right. This may sound shocking to some. It may not be according to the principle of my sponsors, the Sun Oil Company - to go over to the side of the Red Communist Bolsheviks. But in this case I am compelled to do so. ~~My~~ ~~conscience forces me,~~ So I'll make the declaration tonight that the Moscow proletarians are a hundred per cent right in their latest action in the Spanish non-intervention business.

# The government of Red Dictator Stalin announced today that <sup>it</sup> ~~he~~ <sub>^ ^ ^</sub> was withdrawing from the scheme to patrol the Spanish coast - won't have anything to do with it. Why? For sound and excellent reasons. The various nations were given various parts of the shores of the Iberian peninsula to patrol with their ships. To the Russian fleet was assigned - the Bay of Biscay. That's what Communist Moscow objects to. The Red warships will not patrol the Bay of Biscay - because it's too stormy.

I'll say it's stormy - famous from of old for

tempests. I myself had a couple of the roughest trips of my life across that Bay of Biscay, but the one that sticks in my mind the most didn't happen to me at all. It happened to my wife. ~~She joined me in London one time, shaken and unnerved.~~ She told me about <sup>it</sup> as wild a storm as ever blew on the troubled ocean - how the ship was battered and tossed, how one giant wave broke over the vessel and swept away the mast - and with it a sailor who was on the look-out in the crow's nest. The tempest was so wild that the captain never even dreamed of stopping and try to pick up the poor fellow. So that's the Bay of Biscay. And I heartily agree with the Soviet fleet for refusing to patrol those waters - they're much too stormy.

The Non-Intervention Committee, in agreeing to put a guard of ships around the Spanish coast to keep out war supplies - divided that coast patrol among Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Italy. They decided, reasonably enough, that the shore controlled by the Rebels should not be guarded by a nation that is supporting the Rebels. And vice versa for the

Left Wing coast. The only strip of shore controlled by the Spanish Socialist government is along the Mediterranean.

That gave Germany and Italy a Mediterranean patrol - ~~that was~~ soft and sweet, the blue, balmy Mediterranean! ~~(The coast controlled by the ~~Spanish~~ Fascists consists of some Mediterranean, some open Atlantic, and the Bay of Biscay.)~~

It seems like the boys were bearing down on the comrades of Moscow, because the "Bay of Storms" was handed over to the Russians. They protested vehemently, kicked like a steer, howled like a storm. The Soviet delegates pointed out, ~~how~~ ~~tempestuous~~ the Bay of Biscay was. They argued that their own ships, the Communist fleet, <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ not so hot. That had to be admitted. The Red armada is of such quality, that instead of winning a battle it would be more likely to sink in a storm.

The Soviet delegation demanded that Russia be given a patrol in the Mediterranean, the balmy, blue Mediterranean. ~~The Soviet fleet would do better there.~~ But Italy, as the chief Mediterranean power, objected. ~~Mussolini refused to~~

~~consent to allow Communist warships in what he considers his own~~  
~~pat port.~~ So, all the Soviets could get was the Bay of Biscay.

Today ~~we~~ came a decision from Moscow - no! Rather than navigate those tempests, the Soviet fleet will withdraw from the patrol business altogether. ~~The Soviets will keep out of it.~~ They explain that they won their point anyway by being allowed to take part in the patrol at all. So why fool around with tempestuous wind and wave in the Bay of Biscay?

I heartily agree. ~~with them.~~ They won't do it, and neither would I.

~~would you or I~~ And along until Monday.

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