

LT in
Chicago.
May 28,
1937.

L. T. SUNOCO, CHICAGO, FRIDAY, MAY 28th, 1937.

*Amman
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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I'm in Chicago tonight, on a swing across the country.

After having made a dash around Europe, seeing things over there,

I thought the best thing to do next would ^{be -} take a look at America.

~~So I've hopped out here to Chicago, and~~ ^H [^] ^T today I'm right in the center of news events -- the biggest story of the day, the steel strike.

The big labor battle is the talk of the town, with charges and counter-charges, declaration and counter-declarations, emanating from the companies and the union. C. I. O. leaders make the accusation against the Chicago police, saying the cops are bearing down unfairly on the strikers. Union Leader Bittner declares that some of the Chicago officers are on the pay-roll of the steel companies.

STRIKE CONTINUED

There's the usual argument about how many men are out, with the Union saying-many. And the companies arguing -- not so many. C. I. C. leaders announce that here in Chicago only three hundred men were at work today in the big South Side plant of the Republic Steel, which I visited this afternoon. Under normal conditions, the plant buzzes with ^{the} labor of twenty-five hundred workers. Now just a deserted temple of the gods of steel.

In the Youngstown district, the Company claims a thousand men are at work at its Warren plant, while the Union places the number at only two or three hundred.

At Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and ^{at} Cumberland, Maryland, a new contingent of Republic Steel workers joined the strike today. Nine hundred men walked out of the two plants. That's the latest news -- the addition of nine hundred to the number of workers on strike.

The confusion of affirmation and denial makes it a hard job to figure just how big the total is -- but some estimates put the number of men now on strike as high as seventy thousand, with twenty-four big steel mills affected in five states.

With a labor disturbance of such swollen proportions, there are comparatively few reports of violence. Thousands of pickets are on patrol, faced by hundreds of armed guards in the company plants. A menacing situation, but there has been but little trouble, not much of a clash of open battle.

As for peace prospects, they don't seem bright tonight. It looks like deepening deadlock, or a widening of the rift. One effort at mediation failed today. Governor Davies of Ohio scolded out the rival leaders but it was -- nothing doing. The governor announced that negotiations were, at the moment, impracticable. So the state of siege and battle is sure to last over ~~the~~ Memorial Day ~~holidays~~. Then, perhaps, some sign of a peace parley may be seen. It's a tense condition of affairs, a labor war of major proportions -- and the tension is particularly visible here on the South Side of Chicago -- along the Illinois-Indiana line.

On my way in from the steel region, just south of Chicago, at the corner of Michigan and Van Beuren I saw an Italian peanut vendor, and leaning over the peanut cart a familiar figure that caused the years to drop away, a figure reminiscent of my Chicago reporter days of more than twenty years ago. A man with pink whiskers. Well, more grey than pink now. Once the boulevardier of Chicago -- and Paris. Yes, United States Senator J. Ham Lewis. J. Ham is not quite as immaculate as he used to be. His eyes are not so good. His pink and grey hair sheds onto his coat, and he doesn't see it.

The last time we had been together was at one of the National Conventions. He told me he had come out from Washington to deliver a number of Memorial Day addresses. Senator J. Ham has long been famed as an orator.

"What about this steel strike, Senator," I said as I followed his example and bought a bag of hot roasted peanuts.
(Cough twice)

"You see," said the distinguished United States Senator, as he nibbled a peanut and then put one arm around my shoulder

and the other around the shoulder of the peanut vendor, "as I told my distinguished colleagues in the historic halls of Congress, recently, and as I expect to tell them again when I resume my seat in this nation's highest legislative assembly in a few days --"and then the Senator gave us his speech, punctuated now and then by the shrill whistle of the peanut wagon letting off steam. The gist of his speech was that the steel strike will not last long. And we all hope the Senator is right. As I strolled on down the street the Senator was still there at the peanut wagon, a charming and delightful figure of an era that seems to be passing -- or perhaps that has passed.

A momentous event in contemporary history occurred today - in the quietest and most sedate way. An event packed with meanings of drama, but it occurred without the slightest bit of dramatics. (Stanley Baldwin retired as Prime Minister of Great Britain.) And so one of the dominant figures in world affairs disappears from the scene of contemporary history. No more when there is some crisis in the British Empire or among the nations will the name of Stanley Baldwin appear in the news. Surely, a momentous change.

For the drama of it, we need only look back across brief months to Baldwin's greatest crisis. Most of us must have thought at the time of the Ethiopian affair that the solid, sensible Prime Minister of Great Britain was facing his most difficult decision-- whether or not to plunge into war with the defiant Mussolini. Baldwin declared for peace, and Mussolini took Ethiopia. It was a defeat for Baldwin's government, a blow to his prestige. His stock at that moment was far below par. But then there came swiftly another problem which in English eyes transcended any mere ~~matter~~ matter of international policy and diplomatic defeat:

I refer of course to the royal romance, the drama of Edward the Eighth. Here Baldwin, in a most invidious and difficult position came out with astonishing dignity and success. In bringing about the abdication of England's most popular king, one of the world's fascinating figures, the stodgy and ponderous Baldwin earned dignity and national acclaim -- his prestige higher than it ever was. Just two weeks and two days ago I saw him preside at the Coronation of the new King -- and now, immediately he retires.

(Edward abdicated, and Baldwin resigns.)

It's typical of the English that they do some things with such elaborate splendor -- and others so simply. Tonight, here in Chicago, the news of Stanley Baldwin's resignation makes me remember vividly those scenes in Westminster Abbey, the unemampled glow and glitter, the majestic pomp, splendid ceremony piled upon splendid ceremony. It was all so different -- the Coronation of the King that Baldwin made was so different from Baldwin's retirement today.

Today the Prime Minister of Great Britain drove to Buckingham Palace. There he saw the King for a mere few minutes

of brief conversation. Baldwin told the monarch that he desired to resign. The king acceded to his wishes. (Baldwin advised His Majesty to summon Sir Neville Chamberlain to be the next Prime Minister.) Thereupon he left the palace, and immediately a telephone call summoned Chamberlain to Buckingham. The King asked him to become Prime Minister, and Chamberlain accepted. That was all -- the ultimate of matter-of-fact British simplicity.

The retiring Prime Minister becomes an earl, elevated to the peerage. (His wife is honored with the rank of -- Dame of the Order of the British Empire, which is the equivalent of knighthood.) Lord Baldwin, now an earl, still smoking his pipe, returns to his pig farming. (Always the country squire, his favourite and well-advertised pastime has been -- raising porkers. That -- and a study of the classics.)

When I was in London, I heard remarks about another peerage that was expected to be granted. "Won't it be odd," the ironical remark was made, "to talk about Lord Ramsey MacDonald?" And it did seem odd -- to think of the one-time Socialist labor leader as his Lordship, the Earl, wearing an ermine and a coronet.

Today, the interesting point is just why Ramsay MacDonald refused, why he declined the peerage which the king offered him. Not because he felt it was absurd, but because of a reason exceedingly characteristic of British political life. For his son's sake, because of the fact that his son would then soon be an earl. Ramsay MacDonald is far along in years and cannot expect to live so very much longer. On his death his son would inherit his title, and automatically enter the House of Lords. The younger MacDonald is politically ambitious and seeks to make a career on his own -- a career in the House of Commons. And to inherit a peerage from his father would be the equivalent of being kicked upstairs into the House of Lords.

There's oddity in the career of the new Prime Minister -- Sir Neville Chamberlain. He's one of the two famous brothers -- he's the one that did not go into politics. Joseph Chamberlain, that mighty leader in the last century, left two sons -- Austin and Neville. Austin chose the career of politics, aimed his life at becoming Prime Minister -- but never did. Neville chose a business career, and made a business success. It was a mere accident that

later on put him into politics. During the World War, he occupied a position in the war industries. He was impeded by so much red tape and bureaucratic bungling, that when the war was over he entered politics to fight for efficiency. Now he becomes-- Prime Minister.

SPAIN

Today, the Number One American Socialist had a chance to see at close range what civil war is like, a strife of classes. The Socialist candidate for the Presidency of the U. S. A., at the last election, and in other elections too, was in the heart of the terror today when those bombs hit Balencia. It was dawn in the capital of the Left Wing Government of Spain, where Norman Thomas has been observing the war effort of the radical regime. The city was asleep, and the droning of motors in the sky were scarcely heard. But the frightful crashing of bombs quickly awakened Valencia to disaster.

The planes are described as Italian bombers, Capronis. They sailed over the city from the sea, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ presumably from the base in the Balaeric Isles -- probably Majorca, in the Mediterranean, east of Valencia. The Balaerics are under insurgent control, said to be held by Italian auxiliaries of General Franco.

Two hundred people are reported to have been killed in Valencia today. Bomb after bomb rent the city, blasting houses to bits, tossing people out of their beds, blowing buildings into the streets.

Norman Thomas of Princeton, New Jersey, and his wife were asleep, when three bombs hit in rapid succession only a hundred feet from their house. Other Americans in the city were in peril, but none seems to have been injured --as Valencia today sustained one of the most terrific sky bombardments in all that bitter and merciless civil war.

Nor was the familiar spectre of international complications absent -- a British merchant ship was lying in the harbour. And it was hit by a bomb. Some reports say the British vessel was sunk -- others that it was merely damaged.

And ship bombing is the theme of a discussion between the Left Wing Spanish Government and Germany -- because of a sky attack on a German warship, a gunboat. This craft was on patrol, doing its work in that ~~xx~~ naval patrol which the non-Intervention Committee has decreed. Left Wing planes bombed and damaged it. Such is the German charge -- a serious one since the vessel was doing an international job. The retort of the Spanish Socialists is that the ship was near shore, where it had no right to be. The Non-Intervention plan specifies that patrol ~~x~~ vessels shall stay ten miles off the coast.

RUSSIA

It is announced today that Soviet Russia intends to go ahead with its North Pole plan after all. It had been reported that Moscow had abandoned the idea of establishing an aviation weather observation base at the northernmost point of the earth-- because the drifting of the ice made it impossible to maintain a post at any fixed geographical point. Now, however, the word is opposite -- the Soviets will go right ahead and establish that North Pole base. Right now three planes are at the Pole, with twenty scientists and aviators encamped there.

Professor Schmidt, who is well known here in America, recently honored by the Explorers' Club in New York, has radioed Moscow that they have put up a windmill to provide power with which to run the wireless equipment. They've built a house of snow and ice as a radio station headquarters -- and the polar windmill is now charging their batteries. They report some curious radio phenomenon. The wireless apparatus is behaving in an unaccountable manner. They can't explain it but they suppose it must have something to do with atmospheric electricity at the North Pole.

Meanwhile, the Soviet plane that was forced down while flying to the Polar base is still on the ice. The aviators are waiting for better weather conditions to resume their flight to the Polar observatory.

TRAVEL

Traveling on the train here to Chicago I was told by railroad and airline men that Memorial Day traffic this weekend was running twenty-five percent over the same holiday time of last year. For example, the New York Central is running more than a hundred extra trains out of New York from Friday to Tuesday. On the Pennsylvania a hundred and sixty-five extra trains and a thousand extra cars will roll out of New York during the same period.

And it's the same sort of story for the sky. American airlines reports that the Memorial Day passenger list is forty percent larger this year than last.

And Tom Burke, safety official who has just become one of the heads of the New York Add Club, urges me to remind you that on the highways the word is -- be careful, safety. Cars will be out by the myriads and warnings are being sounded on all sides -- for safe and sane driving. The physical director of the National Y. M. C. A. speaks up with a caution about swimming. There are too many holiday fatalities by drowning. He warns boys especially about the perils of the old swimming

hole. The Conservation Departments of a dozen states are making a plea -- be careful and don't start forest fires.

Holidays have their pleasures -- also their perils.

TENNIS

I was browsing back into some tennis history today, and ran across one bit of information which indicates vividly how long the Davis Cup matches have been played. The first classic of swinging racquets and bouncing balls was staged long ago at the Longwood Cricket Club in Boston, where the British and the Americans exchanged serves and volleys. The British took an artistic trimming to the tune of three to naught. They said it was because so many of their best tennis players were away at the battlefront -- not the World War, the Boer War. Yes, the Davis Cup play was instituted back in Nineteen Hundred.

Along with this tennis history there how about some tennis news? Today there's fulfillment of the big ambition of a little fellow. Bitsy Grant has been named to play in the singles against Australia tomorrow, Bitsy and Donald Budge. This is the first time the diminutive racquet man has had a chance to play in the American Zone finals. He has been in Davis Cup matches before, but those at that time were unimportant to him it seems. Now it's the singles against the Australians. The winners will go to Europe and battle it

out with the winners of the European Zone matches, probably the Germans. The team that wins this event will then go to the net with the English, who now hold the Davis Cup. Tennis experts believe that England is ready to be taken. The bright and predominant British star, Fred Perry, has turned pro -- and there's no English amateur to fill his tennis shoes. So glowing opportunities flash before the eyes of the tennis warriors who will face each other on the Forest Hills courts tomorrow.

Bitsy Grant gets his Davis Cup chance in precisely the year when the chances of snatching the mug from England are the rosiest. Bitsy deserves his name. He stands five feet four, and feels himself overweight if he tips the scales at a hundred and twenty pounds. But what he lacks in stature he makes up in agility. Now he has the chance of being just about the smallest chap ever to swing a racquet on the cup-conquering team-- if the Americans should happen to take the cup. IF!

And here's something with an if -- if I continue talking I'll be broadcasting to myself -- because it's time for me to start on West and say --

SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.