

For months we've heard that the argument between the C.I.O. and steel was going to be the industrial battle of the century. And now behold! All is harmony; nothing but compliments. John Lewis proclaims Myron C. Taylor Chairman of the Board of the U. S. Steel, as a great industrial statesman.

The principal objection comes from Mr. Green, Pres. of the A. F. of L. But even he admits a forty-hour week in the steel mills is decided progress.

Wall street expressed its opinion of the agreement in eloquent figures. All the steel stocks went to higher levels than they had reached at any time since Nineteen- Thirty-One.

And the movement was not confined to steels. Sympathetically, other stocks, such as rails, also went up. In other words, men who deal in money feel that peace in the heavy industries is a good thing all around.

Meanwhile the C.I.O. advances to attacks in other fields. It's the shoe industry that Lewis has his eye on today. His Committee has had organizers in Massachusetts, lining up the shoe-makers by the thousands. In St. Louis and Milwaukee,

where shoes are also manufactured in large volume, the C.I.O. lieutenants have been ~~hard~~ at work.

Olive branches were in evidence all over the land today. There had been prospects of warfare between ~~the~~ ^{the} C.I.O. and the electrical industry. But now we hear that Gerald Swope, President of General Electric, has agreed to a meeting with James B. Carey, President of the United Electrical Radio Workers, which is connected with ~~the~~ ^{the} C.I.O. Then we learn that prospects are favorable in Detroit. An agreement between General Motors and the Automobile Workers Union is being worked out; also between the Union and Chrysler. There's even hope of averting a strike in the soft coal mining industry. The conference in New York has adjourned for a week, but the belief is that there'll be no strike, no warfare.

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However, there are still one or two spectacular walkouts in widely separated parts of the country. Truck drivers ~~are striking~~ in Rhode Island, boat makers in Connecticut, stocking makers in Pennsylvania, and "Five-and-Ten" store girls in Detroit. But none of these conflicts ~~is serious or~~ seems likely to last long.

WHISTLER

Somebody in Washington has dug up a fact that will bring water to the mouths of those who collect etchings.

The most famous of all American etchers, of course, was

James A. McNeill Whistler, author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," ^{- antithesis of Dale Carnegie; Whistler,} and painter of many a celebrated canvas.

Now, a fair price for a Whistler etching, I believe, is

somewhere in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars. And

all these years Uncle Sam has been selling them for twenty

cents a piece!

It all comes from the fact that ^{Whistler} ~~James~~ after he left

West Point and before he expatriated himself in Europe, worked

for the Geodetic Survey. The maps he drew were perfectly good,

with flawless workmanship, but they annoyed young ^{Whistler's} ~~James's~~ boss.

He wasn't content to draw his maps and let it go at that. He

insisted on decorating them with illustrations, ocean scenes,

gulls, sea serpents, dragons, and mermaids. Time after time,

the Number One Man threatened to fire him, ^{But Whistler simply} ~~but he~~ couldn't

resist the temptation to practice his real craft of an artist.

Finally, he turned in an outline of the Atlantic coast,

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ornamented not only with mermaids but a couple of spouting whales. That was too much. Young Jimmy Whistler got the gate.

At the time, it seemed too bad, since he needed the dollar and a half a day he was getting for the work. However, the world can well be grateful to that disciplinarian but not any too discriminating boss of Whistler's. He deprived the government of the services of a first class draftsman, but he also set free one of the foremost protrayers in the arts of design ~~of~~ the Nineteenth Century.

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The funny part of it is that those illustrations ^{that} got Whistler fired are on sale at twenty cents a piece, even though they are signed with Whistler's name in full.

COURT

~~On the question of the Supreme Court, battle lines are~~
~~tightening in Washington.~~ A canvass of the ^{U.S. today} Senate shows the
forces pretty even. (Thirty-eight senators, both Republicans
and Democrats, have expressed themselves as vehemently opposed
to President Roosevelt's ^{Supreme Court} proposal. On the other hand, he has
thirty-eight Democratic, Independent and Progressive supporters.
That leaves twenty statesmen on the fence, most of them
Democrats. — *who under pressure may fall into line.*)

One of today's events in Washington may, or may not,
show which way the wind blows. The Democratic delegation in
the House from Pennsylvania got together and held a caucus.
As a result, it was decided that the Pennsylvania delegation
will unanimously support the President ^{Supreme Court} on this issue.

NEUTRALITY

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~~Our statement in~~ The United States Senate sprang quite a surprise today. Late this afternoon it passed, by an emphatic majority, the Neutrality Bill of Senator Key Pitman of Nevada, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

There's nothing astonishing in the fact that it passed, ~~the Senate,~~ but few people expected it to go through so quickly, *like greased lightning.*

Although it's a perfectly sincere and honest effort to keep Uncle Sam out of the next war, a great many publicists and statesmen, who are as anxious as anybody to achieve that purpose, have thought and said that Senator Pitman's measure was not the way to do it. Nevertheless, the gentleman from Nevada had enough of a following among his colleagues in the Senate to help him win the first round of his fight, ~~easily.~~

The matter now will be up to the House. Predictions are that there will be ~~quite a fight~~ *a scrap* among the Representatives. *Some of the Congressmen told me as much at dinner last night.*

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And by the way, I made a bloomer last night at that Veterans of Foreign Wars Banquet to Senators and Congressmen. I gave the credit to Jimmy Van Zant instead of to Nat. Commander Hearney - just a slip.

ARMAMENT

The world today learned some of the details of John Bull's colossal armaments plans. Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, took the House of Commons into the government's confidence this afternoon and outlined the Admiralty's proposals just for this year. Right off the bat ~~John Bull~~ ^{Britain} will build three battleships. That really means five, since keels have already been laid down for two new heavy capital men-of-war. They will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of forty million dollars apiece. And in addition to those the Admiralty intends to construct seven cruisers and two aircraft carriers. This rate of speed in new construction is going to be kept up for five years. ~~It means~~ ^{Meaning} that in 1942 ~~John Bull~~ ^{the King's} navy will have no fewer than twenty-five capital ships, thirty-five thousand tonners carrying heavy batteries of fourteen inch guns. That does not mean a total of twenty-five capital ships altogether, but twenty-five new ones.

3 { ^{British} The personnel of the navy is going to be increased by eleven thousand men. ~~The Admiralty is going to spend over two and a half million dollars for new aircraft. They will be~~ ^{also}

RECRUITS FOLLOW ARMAMENT

For all these mighty appropriations and the eighty war-ships ~~that John Bull is~~ ^{the British are} building, there doesn't seem to be any widespread enthusiasm for war or military service in that tight little island. A war veteran named Samuel Benjamin, being out of a job, wrote to the War Office and made a proposition. So the War Office employed him as a salesman, a salesmen for the British Army. The idea was that Sam, Salesman Sam as he is called, was to get twenty dollars for every recruit he enlists ^{for His Majesty's regiments.} ~~in the British Army.~~ Someone has just been asking Sam: "How ^{'s} business at twenty dollars a recruit?" and Sam's reply is: "Rotten!"

His line of procedure is to walk around London, looking for unemployed men. When he finds a likely prospect, he gets in conversation with him, and says: "If you're not working, why not join the army? It's worth fifteen hundred dollars a year, good food, free lodging, free clothes, sports, travel. Join the British Army and see the world."

It sounds like a good high pressure sales talk.

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But Sam says he doesn't have much luck with it. The answer in most cases is: "What me? Join the Army? ~~Not bloomin' likely!~~"
Go to bloomin' blazes!"

SPAIN

The history of that civil war in Spain becomes more and more one of repetitions. A few months ago, there were sensational stories of the defense of the Toledo Alcazar, and the obstinate bravery of the Monarchist officers and cadets who, with their womenfolk, held out in that ancient fortress, surrounded by enemies even after part of it had been blown up by a mine. At the time, the capture and surrender of Toledo were talked of as one of the most dramatic modern military sensations.

And now the tide turns back again. Today General Franco's forces are at bay in old Toledo, with government troops already penetrating the suburbs of the city. So once against the air is ripe for another melodrama in the Alcazar, another historic assault on that old subterranean citadel.

Altogether this was ^{a red} government day so far as the news was concerned. The heavy cannon of the ^{Left Wingers} ~~so-called Royalists~~ are battering the heard of Oviedo. Neutral observers report

— Franco's men —

that the Nationalist Rebels [^] are weakening and it looks as though

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Oviedo will be flying the government flag again and soon.

At the same time, (General Franco's armies staged a renewed and ferocious attack on Madrid, and again, according to government reports, were beaten off.)

Early today reports came that one of the belligerent armies near Madrid had bombed a gas bomb factory.

~~As it turned out, the story was somewhat less than accurate.~~

The factory, which was owned by American capital, was not engaged in turning out gas to kill or injure human beings,

but powder to destroy fleas, ^{Spanish fleas.} As anybody who has traveled

in the Iberian Peninsula will tell you, flea powder is one of the prime necessities of a comfortable life in Spain.

ADD SPAIN

Just a minute! (Here's later news from Toledo.

The government forces are said to have penetrated clear into the heart of the city. The Rebels are fighting inch by inch ~~in~~ but being forced to give ground.) A large area, close to the Toledo Alcazár, is now under occupation by government soldiers. General Franco's battalions are slowly being driven out of such parts of Toledo as they still hold.

ZAMORA FOLLOW SPAIN

The wheel of fortune turns in curious fashion for an elderly journalist who is to be seen frequently these days around the cafés of Paris. From time to time, articles from his typewriter appear in the Parisian papers. They are signed ^{the} Niceto Alcalá Zamora. Yes, the ex-President of the Spanish Republic, its first, ~~and probably its last,~~ has to eke out a meager livelihood, peddling pieces to the Parisian papers. And as French newspaper men are about the most poorly paid in the world, we can imagine what a come-down it is for the man who a year ago enjoyed an income of one million and a half pesetas a year, roughly three hundred thousand dollars. There's a riches-to-rags story for you with a vengeance.

But dramatic contrasts like that are nothing new in the life of Niceto Alcalá Zamora. A similar sudden change in reverse-direction came to him not ~~so~~ so long ago. It was in April, Nineteen Thirty-One, that the aristocratic Royalist Premier of Spain, Count Romanones, found himself obliged to look into a prison cell for a man to organize a new government. The Spanish people were everlastingly fed up, or so it seemed,

with the Bourbon Hapsburgs. Even the once spectacular personal popularity of Alfonso, had waned. Romanones himself could not hold any government together. So he let Alcala Zamora out of jail, where he had been placed for his offensive political opinions. And so the ill-fated Spanish Republic was born!

Zamora had a tough job. ~~He himself, though considered~~
~~a radical, almost an anarchist, in Spain,~~ ^{He} would be considered nothing much more than a liberal of a mildly pink color in this country. As such, in Spain, he earned the animosity of both sides. To the forces of the Right he was too advanced, while the politicians on the Left renounced him as reactionary. For five years he walked a precarious ~~part on a~~ tight rope, trying to please everybody. In July, Nineteen Thirty-Six, he gave it up as hopeless, fled once more into exile. A vote of no-confidence had been passed against him in the Cortez with only five members of the Spanish Parliament voting to sustain the man who had once been called the "Father of the Republic."

So now, ~~with~~ that once glamorous and adventurous

figure is reduced to his former estate, a penniless old newspaper man who has a tough time selling his stuff and whose enemies heap their dislike on him even in exile.

EXPLORATION

For years my mail has included a steady stream of letters from young men asking the questions:- Is there anything left in the world to explore? And if so, how can I become an explorer? Today's news gives a partial answer. Commander Donald MacMillan announces that he is setting forth on his sixteenth Arctic expedition, starting in June. And here is something that will interest many: MacMillan is going to journey North this time in the famous Queen of the Gloucester fishing fleet the Gertrude Thebaud. That staunch vessel has sailed in some great races and on several occasions I have told about her on the air -- racing against the Blue Nose.

As usual MacMillan will have a crew made up largely of college men who will handle the sails, stand watch, and when ashore help the expeditions scientists -- with some polar bear and walrus hunting on the side. Frobisher Bay, Davis Straits, Labrador, Greenland, Baffin Land. Places to explore - if you must. As go I mu t -- and ---SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.