

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

History with a capital "H." The Veto message and the vote in Congress that followed. The radio carried a voice saying: "Gentlemen of the Seventy-fourth Congress, The President of the United States!" A volley of applause. And then the voice of the President telling the Seventy-fourth Congress why he was returning the Patman Bonus Bill without his approval.

No such scene had been witnessed on the banks of the Potomac since Woodrow Wilson appeared in person before both Chambers in Nineteen Eighteen, and made the address which ended: "And thus the War comes to an end!"

Mr. Roosevelt said: "No" to the Bonus Bill in his address of thirty-five hundred words. He said: "I have never doubted the good faith lying behind the reasons which have caused a majority of the Congress to advocate this bill."

And again he remarked: "With your permission, I should like to continue from time to time to act as my own messenger." That got a rousing round of applause.

Well, the President reviewed the history of veterans' compensation from the year 1924, on.

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One point he made was that the bill would destroy the insurance protection for the families of veterans. He said: "If they are paid what is suggested, they will have lost this protection for the remaining ten years."

The President answered the argument that the Patman Bill would increase the purchasing power of millions, would provide relief, would lighten the relief burdens of cities, counties and states. This he denied saying: "The Congress has just passed an act to provide work relief for such citizens." He pleaded: "Equality for all." That is:- "If a man is suffering from the causes of the depression, even though he is a veteran, he should be placed on a par with all other ~~victims~~ victims of the depression." Those were his words.

The President issued two warnings. One was this: "Today the Credit of the United States is safe. But it cannot ultimately be safe if we engage in a policy of ~~ye~~ yielding to each and all groups." The other was: "I'll venture this prophecy, if these

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certificates are paid in full today, every candidate for re-election in Congress will in the future be called upon to support general pension legislation."

The President wound up with the ringing declaration:

"I am thinking not only of the past, not only of today, but of the years to come."

And as the entire assemblage, Senators, Congressmen, the glittering diplomats and other notables in the galleries rose to their feet, the President shook hands with Vice-President Garner, with the Speaker of the House, and walked out. He was escorted by the special committee of both chambers, by his naval and military aides and by his bodyguard.

The first repercussion came from the House. The Representatives re-convened soon after the President left the Chamber. They considered his veto. Their answer was a polite but overwhelming defiance. They overrode his veto by three-hundred-and-twenty-two to ninety-eight. Practially the same as the original ~~vote~~ vote which was passed by a vote of three-hundred-and-eighteen to ninety.

The Senators postponed their ~~vote~~ fight. After a short session, the Upper House decided to call it a day, and get down to verbal fisticuffs tomorrow. According to the latest dope, the line-up on the President's side is thirty-six Senators -- enough to support the veto. But who knows what may happen overnight?

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PUBLIC WORKS

If you hear a loud clinking noise from Washington, a noise as of many dollars ringing on the counter, that's the sound of one billion dollars being put into circulation, the first billion of the Four billion, eight hundred million appropriated for Work Relief.

The moment he returned to the White House from that historic veto scene before Congress President Roosevelt announced his okay for the first Billion Dollars' worth of public works projects. So the clinking sound of coin is going to be echoed loudly all over the land: echoed in hummin^g factories, in the voice of puffing steam shovels, and the rattling of pneumatic drills; also in the sound of many men coming home to the little woman with the tidings, "Well, mama, papa got a job."

The President estimates that we shall see real signs of public works and the reduction of unemployment by July the first. And four months latter, by the first of November, the whole Five billion Dollar program will be zooming ahead; most of it going for wages.

TAXES FOLLOW PUBLIC WORKS

So much for the cash that is going out of Uncle Sam's pocket. How about what's coming in? Well, that's on the increase too, though not in quite such tremendous jumps. The treasury spoke a few words today; figures. Your Uncle took in Forty million Dollars more in taxes this April than he did in the same month last year. And for the year that ended May first, his cash registers rung up a total of half a billion more than the preceding year.

FORD FOLLOW TAXES

While we are listening to sounds, there's a big noise from Detroit. It's the voice of Henry Ford, talking the language of Nineteen twenty-nine. Through all these years Mr. Ford has been saying, "Wages are too low". And now he backs it up with the new cry, "Back to the wage scale of six years ago, a six dollar a day minimum." That was his scale of the boom days of Nineteen twenty-nine.

And it isn't all. The Ford workers who get more than the minimum, will also have a swelling in the pay envelope.

All of this concerns a hundred and twenty-six thousand men. And of course, indirectly, it affects many thousand more, wherever there are Ford plants. What that increase means in money, is about Two million Dollars a month for the Company's total payroll. And Henry Ford adds: "That's only a beginning. We haven't seen any real wages yet! That's his promise!

At the same time it was announced that the Company had produced a total of Five hundred thousand cars this year; up to May tenth. The prediction is that the million mark will be passed before Christmas.

We have similar news from Cincinnati. The great
Crosley plant is so jammed full of orders that it is turning
out radios and refrigerators day and night.

LAWRENCE

Here's a story that may not interest you unless you are interested in Lawrence of Arabia.

Well, I have just been talking to a group of distinguished Englishmen. They all agreed that Lawrence should have been buried in Westminster Abbey. I asked them if ~~it~~ it might be possible to move him there later on. To which ~~the~~ Valentine Williams, former London newspaper editor, replied, that he believed it was a tradition never to move a man once interred.

In reading the dispatches describing the simple funeral of Lawrence, I was particularly interested to note who were present. As you perhaps read, no brilliant uniforms were worn, there was no guard of honor, and he was buried in a Dorset countryside grave, without even a nameplate on his coffin. His friends knew this ^{have been} would ~~be~~ his wish. But there was glamour and color and romance in the mere names of those who were there.

For instance, there was a representative of the King of Iraq. Without Lawrence young Ghazi would not be ruling in Bagdad today. For he's the son of Feisal, Feisal, the Arab Emir who owed both his Syrian and Mesopotamian thrones to the pink-cheeked blue-eyed Lawrence. At the grave also was a representative of Emir Abdullah, the Sultan of Transjordan, He too rules because

of the success of that desert revolt led by Lawrence.

Another at the grave was ^{my friend} Jaafar Pasha, Iraq Minister to Britain, the same jolly old Jaafar who was a General in the Turkish army, was captured by the British, broke his leg trying to escape from the prison citadel in Cairo, and afterwards volunteered to serve with the Arabs against the Turks. I knew him when he became the Commander of all the regular, drilled forces under Lawrence.

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And beside that coffin without a name, stood Winston Churchill, the man who forcibly pulled Lawrence out of retirement, after the World War. Churchill placed him in charge of Near Eastern affairs at the Colonial office. Lawrence reluctantly agreed to help Churchill for a year. When the year was up no one remembered that the time had expired -- that is, no one ~~did~~ but Lawrence. And he, without saying a word to any one, put on his hat and walked out -- into retirement again, the retirement that took him first into the Tank Corps and then into the Air Force, under an assumed name, to escape the limelight.

Yes, and the Earl of Winterton was among the mourners. He was the gallant British lord who grew himself a fierce black beard and helped Lawrence for a time in the desert campaign -- today one of the leading peers in the King's realm.

There also stood Augustus John, one of the great artists of our time, who delighted to paint Lawrence in his Arab robes. And Lord Lloyd, a British pro-consul and ruler of empire, recent Governor of Bombay, ^{and recent} Presidency in India, ^{and recent} High Commissioner of Egypt. In war days, we in Arabia knew him as plain Captain George Lloyd, just another young officer associated with Lawrence and the Arabs, ~~helping~~

Mrs. Thomas Hardy, widow of the novelist, stood by the grave. Her husband had been one of Lawrence's few close friends, since the war. Yes, and Lady Astor, who on her last visit to America told me of how she had ridden double with Lawrence on his motor-bike, *the same one on which he rode to his death.*

And then -- the six pallbearers at the funeral of Lawrence! What a story could be written around them! Patrick Knowles, the batman, the boots, who had been looking after T.E.

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these last few years; a private from the Tank Corps; and an aircraftsman of the Royal Air Force. Also Eric Pennington, the young artist whom Lawrence, at great expense, sent to the Near East, to paint portraits, on the spot, of old Sheik Auda Abu Tayi, the Arab robber, and others with whom the young Englishman had fought -- the pictures ~~which~~ he used in his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" "Revolt in and ~~Arabia~~ the Desert."

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Aye, and there were two other pallbearers whose names bring romantic, ~~and~~ stirring memories back to me: Sir Ronald Storrs, who first introduced me to Lawrence, before I joined him in Arabia. And, Colonel S. F. Newcombe. Storrs was the man whom Lawrence accompanied on his first wartime visit to Arabia -- the visit that resulted in his casting his lot with Faisal and the Arabs.

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But ^{was} Newcombe? Well, he was Lawrence's fighting predecessor. He was helping the Arabs against the Turks before Lawrence arrived on the scene. But, unlike Lawrence, Newcombe always wanted to do the fighting single-handed. He was one of the most spectacular figures of the war in the East. But the Turks

captured him. Later, with the aid of a beautiful Levantine girl, he escaped from prison in Constantinople. And, the gallant ~~and~~ dashing Colonel married the girl.

These were the pallbearers who carried that coffin without the nameplate; the coffin on which were placed no flowers except a bunch of lilacs and forgetmenots. The flowers were placed on the grave by a young girl. With them was the inscription:

"To T.E.L., who should sleep amongst the Kings."

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The last rites accorded to the young Oxford don, the archaeologist who became the leader of a great army, and a maker of kings.

EUROPE

Yesterday we heard Hitler's voice saying to Germany, so that all Europe might hear: "Every young German to the colors by November!" Today we hear the retort of John Bull. John says "Here's your answer:- One thousand new fighting planes!"

Portly British John spoke through the voice of the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council, who made the announcement in the House of Commons this afternoon. It means that Great Britain will be able to put a total of Fifteen hundred ~~xx~~ war planes into the air by two years from now. And that does not include naval planes. It'll give England an air fleet as formidable as the squadrons of France and Germany.

Stanley Baldwin's statement is not only a reply to Berlin. It's also an ~~xx~~ answer to thousands of Englishmen who have been criticizing the government. On the day of King George's jubilee, Rudyard Kipling delivered a speech which expressed a growing sentiment in England - especially when he said: "We have had enough of state defended defenselessness." And when he said it he was greeted with a

roar of cheers.

And so the duel of armament continues. Every time the Reichsfuehrer proclaims a new departure from the Versailles Treaty, his neighbors counter with a *defense more of their own.* ~~still more powerful measure of~~

~~reference~~

WHEAT

There's a race going on, a race round the world. It recalls the good old romantic days of clipper ships. It's the race of windjammers carrying wheat from Australia to Europe. Seventeen of them, their bellied hulls jammed full of Australian wheat, cramming on all sail, straining the mainmast to be the first into port. Around two capes, some around the Horn - some around Good Hope, swishing along with a bone in their teeth, anxious to be the first to unload. The winner is due any day now, in Queenstown harbor - Cobh, Ireland.

There's as much rivalry as though those sailing vessels expected to make the trip in a hundred and five hours instead of a hundred and five days, which is their usual time for the sixteen thousand miles. To be sure, one sailing vessel, a Finnish craft, once made the turbulent voyage in eighty-three days. But that's ~~an~~ the all-time record. Those seventeen vessels are flying the flags of five countries - England, Germany, Finland, Sweden and Australia.

LIAR

Do you remember the story I told ~~you~~ the other day about that young Hungarian girl? I mean the Magyar maiden who had a bad attack of influenza and came to, insisting that she was not Hungarian at all, but Spanish? She claimed further that she was forty years old, had lived in Madrid and had twelve children. To back it up, she babbled fluently in Spanish and declined to recognize her Hungarian parents.

The case was a nine-day wonder in the scientific world.

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Not only reporters but scientists, experts in psychiatry, swooped down to investigate her. The ever fascinating hint of reincarnation was suggested.

Oh, It's too bad, but the young maiden's balloon was punctured today. She was brought before a committee. It was composed of a number of medical men. The chief of police of Budapest and the Spanish Minister were also present. They gave her a rousing third degree; only in words of course. And the young lady broke down. The investigators discovered that she spoke a rather poor Spanish. She used expressions which showed she wasn't a native of Spain at all. And while all this was going on, the Budapest cops searched the house;

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LIAR

They found in a cupboard Spanish dictionaries, Spanish grammars,
Spanish textbooks.

The young Hungarian turns out to be just another
pathological liar. That's what the doctors say. Bang goes another
illusion! *And s-l-u-t-m.*

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