

BONUS

The battle of the veto ended today with every element of thrill - save the element of suspense. There wasn't any of that. When the Senate vote began, everybody knew how it would go. Early in the day all doubt had gone. Supporters of the bill themselves, even Senator Patman after whom the bill was named, conceded this morning that the bonus inflation measure was lost. And the Senate vote swiftly confirmed that prediction.

The bonus majority was fifty-four to forty, that necessary two-thirds. Supporters of the President were eight votes over the one third the number needed to sustain the veto. And, that's more than had been expected. Predictions had named four or five.

The surplus of veto-votes evokes the inevitable comment that it was the effect of the President's powerful veto message yesterday. In the debate preceding the vote, the bonus-senators brought every argument to bear - Senator Thomas of Oklahoma pointing to the defeat of the many law-makers who had voted against the bonus in the past. Nevertheless, when the showdown came, strength swung toward the President, not against him.

The advocates of the veterans' bonus are conceding the power and effectiveness of that presidential veto speech.

It had the swift effect of uniting the opposition to the Patman Bill. The Republicans rallied to the Roosevelt banner. ~~and~~ We had the unusual spectacle of dyed-in-the-wool, hard-shell ~~Republicans~~ <sup>G.O.P. stalwarts</sup> ~~charging~~ <sup>in a last minute rush</sup> to the defense of the New Deal President. <sup>For example</sup> there's the Young Republican Club of New York speaking out to assure the White House that the veto message was "admirable". <sup>TP</sup> The veto excitement reaches not only from the Pacific to the Atlantic, but also across the Atlantic. English newspapers have taken it up, like the sedate LONDON MORNING POST. The POST takes off its topper and adjusts its monocle and plunges into the bonus controversy by calling the Patman Bill an "utterly irresponsible piece of legislation." The lofty London editor, in his Oxford drawl, descends to Americanism <sup>and uses</sup> ~~when using~~ the term "racket", ~~and adds that the President is waging a grim battle.~~ The POST works itself into a quite a Britannic lather, as if the bonus meant pounds and shillings instead of dollars and cents.

FATHER COUGHLIN

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And there's plenty of re-echoing and comment today about another speech that rang out with ~~plenty of~~ <sup>loud</sup> reverberations - Father Coughlin's address in New York last night. There are the usual contradictory shouts of yes or no, answering the blistering things the radio priest said - his denunciations of the plutocratic capitalistic system, of the President's veto of the bonus bill, and of the newspapers of the land.

The scenes around Madison Square Garden were those of a political carnival, - hawkers selling Father Coughlin badges and photographs, Communists passing out pamphlets attacking the radio priest. The huge audience was like a musical instrument played by a virtuoso, ~~beats~~ beneath the spell of that curiously magical eloquence which has made the land ring with the fame of Father Coughlin.

Today it is brought sharply to us once more that the radio priest speaks as an individual political thinker and not as the spokesman for his church. Cardinal O'Connell has taken exception in the past to the things that Father Coughlin has said, and today once more the Boston prelate speaks his mind. ~~But~~ He doesn't name

the radio priest, but speaks pointedly of the creation of discontent

*"with voices of sham infallibility."*

in the hearts of the poor, Such agitation, he said, was unbecoming

to a clergyman.

AUTOS

I suppose some irrelevant soul smoking a pipe in the corner will remark in a ribald way that the President of the United States is taking up the fashions of gangsters. The big shots in the mobs popularized the legend <sup>of</sup> riding in armored cars, bullet-proof limousines.

The nation knows that in Washington every precaution is being used to safeguard the President, and now we hear that the official White House car will be of the invulnerable variety, bullet-proof, the body built of reenforced steel, windshield and windows of bullet-proof glass. Speedy too, almost as fast as a bullet; will do a hundred and ten miles an hour without pressing the motor. <sup>TP</sup> But, the news tells of two of these cars. The second is for J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. He <sup>has</sup> been the leader of bitter government warfare against organized crime, and his life has been frequently threatened.

Some week ago in Washington I rode in a gangster car, a veritable cruising fortress, but it looked like nothing but a big sleek limousine. The Department of Justice had taken it away from a criminal outfit somewhere. Inside, it was beautifully

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upholstered, yet if you wrapped with your knuckles you heard  
the clank of steel. The windows seemed like ordinary glass  
until you rolled one down and saw the glass was an inch thick,  
bullet-proof. When you pressed a button, a hidden compartment  
at the back of the front seat opened ~~and~~<sup>— a</sup> concealed ~~an~~ arsenal  
for pistols and machine guns.

Dark shades and bright shades in the picture painted at the Steel Institute. Eugene Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, told the institute that in three years, 1932, 1933 and 1934, the steel industry had lost two hundred and sixty-eight million dollars. That's a lot of money to lose. It's the dark shadow in the picture. *¶* The bright highlights concern not the past, but the present and the future. The steel masters say that business is picking up and things look good. Recovery is with us, but they add that recovery can only swing along on its way if the government doesn't fiddle around too much with business. They warn against the interference of Washington in private trade -- experimenters throwing monkey-wreches into the machinery, *as they phrase it.*

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And a strong declaration of policy was made by the men of steel. Sounds a little bit like Stalin, the Red Dictator, who is called "The Man of Steel". But the gentlemen who operate the blast furnaces are different men of an opposite kind of steel. The policy for which they declare is open shop. Bethlehem-President Grace spoke against the Wagner Bill, and against the ~~idea~~ idea of complete unionization -- the closed shop.

COURT MARTIAL

That veil of secrecy in Washington was torn aside today, the court martial exposed to the public gaze, with a glaring beam<sup>of</sup> limelight. We now know not only the name of the officer who was on trial amid such a clouding of secrecy, but also the charge lodged against him, and the sentence the court martial <sup>today</sup> imposed.

The story unfolds the blighting of a brilliant military career. Colonel Alexander Williams graduated from West Point in Eighteen ninety-eight and was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry. Serving in Cuba, in the Philippines, in France and in Germany, he was promoted through successive military grades to the rank of Colonel. At one time he was detailed as Brigadier-General in the Quartermaster Corps. He became Assistant Quartermaster General of the Army. Further, he served as Brigadier-General in charge of Transportation.

This is the distinguished officer who was tried in that secret court martial — and today pronounced guilty.

The charges against him were grave indeed. He was accused of soliciting and accepting a bribe of Twenty-five hundred Dollars from a business concern that was trying to get War Department contracts.



And today the sentence is announced - Colonel Alexander Williams dismissed from the Army, expelled from the military establishment of the United States. That's the court martial verdict which now goes to the President for confirmation.

WOODFILL

While this bonus matter is in the air, there's something else I hope Congress will attend to. The House Military Affairs Committee is expected to report out a bill sponsored by Congressman <sup>Spence</sup> ~~Spence~~ of Kentucky, a bill to make a certain ex-U. S. Army Sergeant a Captain on the retired list.

At the end of the war, when General Pershing selected the Pallbearers for the Unknown Soldier, in running down a list of war heroes, Sergeant York, Major Whittlesley of the Lost Battalion, battle-scarred Dan Edwards, and others, Pershing suddenly came upon the name of a Sergeant. He stopped and said:- "Oh, here's the man whom I would select as America's Number One soldier in the World War."

And the name of that Sergeant was Sam Woodfill, who did incredible things in the Argonne Forest. Sam Woodfill also served his full thirty-three years in the American army. He is in retirement now. But it certainly would be an appropriate gesture if Congress would honor him by making him a Captain on the retired list -- to reward him for his deeds. A little more prestige in rank and a small increase in funds for his old age.

PLANE

The tragic fact about the lost plane in the naval manoeuvres is that the big bomber came to disaster while trying to help another plane in distress. The sky fleet and the ocean fleet were manoeuvring off Midway Island. The sky fighters were conducting a theoretical bombing attack on the enemy fleet. One plane spotted a sister plane on the surface of the sea. It had been forced down. The big bird aloft circled around, flashing wireless messages to the warships, calling for help. That was the last sign of it. The plane in distress on the surface was rescued. But the bomber that had begun the rescue -- simply vanished from sight. <sup>P</sup> There's no mystery though, <sup>T</sup>ell-tale bits of wreckage were found, ~~indicating that~~ <sup>S</sup>omething had gone wrong. Just what is not known. ~~But~~ the <sup>big</sup> ~~single~~ <sup>^</sup> <sup>^</sup> fighting ship, with six men aboard plunged to the bottom of the Pacific. So the casualties are six; --Lieutenants Harry Brandenburger and Charles J. Kelly, Machinist Mates Litts, <sup>---</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>^</sup> Proteau and Sharpe -- <sup>^</sup> Radio Man Derry.

This is the second aviation accident reported in the manoeuvres of the fleet, <sup>those</sup> <sup>^</sup> ~~though~~ secret war games <sup>that</sup> <sup>^</sup> are being staged in mid Pacific.

FLANDIN

If the indications, this springtime in Paris, mean anything - Europe may soon have its biggest dictator. Bigger than Mussolini, bigger than Hitler - by quite a few inches. Not that the giant Premier of France is contemplating any coup d'etat or march on Paris to make himself the Parisian Duce or the French Fuehrer.

~~It~~ It's all parliamentary.

The French Parliament meets next week. The Franc has been falling, showing signs of taking a financial high dive. The French Treasury faces a heavy deficit, because of the barrel <sup>spand</sup> ~~of~~ hogsheads of Francs that Paris is pouring into military expenditures, to meet the threat of German rearmament, *— and gold has been flying from France.* The boulevards and the ~~boulevardiers~~ boulevardiers are faced with a crisis. So, the expectation is that Premier Flandin will present to the new session of the Chamber of Deputies a demand for dictatorial powers, all in a parliamentary way and according to precedent. The precedent goes back to Nineteen twenty-six, when the battle of the Franc was on. That wild financial crisis which sent French money tumbling head over heels, ~~and~~ headed for nowhere. The situation was saved by Poincare, who was granted temporary powers of a virtual dictatorship - the

right to command the nation by the decree of the premier, without parliamentary sanction. That's the model ~~which~~ Premier Flandin is expected to imitate, by going before the deputies and demanding dictatorial powers to save the Franc and rehabilitate the French financial situation.

So, temporarily at least, Europe will have the biggest dictator, whom they might well call "His Highness". He is six feet, six inches high, an Eifel Tower of a man in France. A Royalist deputy once suggested that he would stop calling the Premier "Your Excellency" and address him as "Your Highness". That's one of the amusing quips they tell about the lofty stature of the tall statesman. Another relates the incident of - Napoleon's bed.

Flandin's official residence was being refurnished. Some new furniture was sent by the Government Department that looks after such things. And some functionary or other thought it would be a compliment to the Premier to send him Napoleon's bed to sleep in. When the bed got there, ~~the tape-measures~~ tape-measures were hastily produced for some swift computation. Napoleon was a sawed-off shorty; five feet two is the figure commonly given for him. And the imperial ~~German~~ liked a bed in which his toes

Corsican liked a bed in which his toes could touch the baseboard.

So they hastily sent the four-poster back to the museum. "What

would the Premier of France do with his feet?" That was the

question asked concerning the French statesman who is nearly a

foot and a half taller than Napoleon was.

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Rumors have been drifting from London for a week now, predicting a shake-up in the British Cabinet. The report was that Prime Minister McDonald would step down from the Number One seat in the Cabinet and that Stanley Baldwin, chief of the Conservative Party, would take his place. The dope continued with the further prophesy that Ramsey McDonald would take over the Foreign Office, become Foreign Secretary in succession to Sir John Simon.

What about these rumors? How do they look today? Well, they look like virtual certainty -- with an exception or two. Word from London is almost a hundred percent confirmation of the report that Ramsey McDonald will cease to be Prime Minister, and that Stanley Baldwin will take his place. They say the shake-up will occur not later than June Ninth.

Today's indications, however, do not put an okay on the rumor that McDonald will become Foreign Secretary, and that Sir John Simon will resign. We now hear that the change will be a McDonald-Baldwin switch of places. Stanley Baldwin is ~~now~~ Lord President of the Council. The Prime Minister will become

Lord President and the Lord President will become Prime Minister.

That's the way it looks now.

The change will give England a straight out conservative government -- instead of the anomaly of the Conservatives in power, <sup>with a</sup> ~~while the~~ Prime Minister <sup>who used to be</sup> ~~is the former~~ leader of the Labor Party. Stanley Baldwin won't be anything new as the head of the British Government. He's been Prime Minister twice before-- the very type and figure of the sturdy Britisher, solid and unperturbed.

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BAILEY

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There's an artist frequently seen around New York making sketches on the streets, holding a drawing board in one hand and working away with a pen in the other. It's Vernon Bailey, who has an exhibition of his Pictures of the Metropolis at the Waldorf.

Bailey was telling me of an odd incident. A Traffic cop noticed him -- the man with the drawing board, and asked about him with an air of concern. The burly cop seemed to be quite a connoisseur of art. In fact said he too was an artist, a creator of pictures.

Artist Bailey wanted to know in what manner of art he ~~worked~~ worked, oils, watercolors, pen and ink, or etching?

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"Oh," responded the cop with modest pride:- "I used to be a tattooer in the Navy." And he proceeded to tell of the works of art he had created: anchors, battleships, hearts, and the figures of girls punctured in the tough skins of sailors.

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And -- I'll be punctured somewhere if I don't hurry up and say SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.