

LT in
Washington.

April 27

1934

INTRODUCTION

Good evening, everybody. This week end provided a rather confusing and paradoxical combination of feast days. Yesterday was Easter Sunday and April Fool's Day, all rolled into one. So today a resume of the week end looked like a potpourri of Easter lilies and brickbats, the lilies for the day of Resurrection and the brickbats for April Fool's Day.

Most prominent among the April Fool brickbats is the one aimed at the head of our Fair Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins - although it does seem shocking to speak of the lady and the brickbat in the same breath.

Let's listen for a moment to the echoes of that rather violent resignation of Charles G. Wood of Boston, who has been a mediator in labor disputes for Miss Perkins' Department of Labor.

Mr. Woods first complaint is that the regime of Miss Perkins has been futile, and is not accomplishing anything. He claims that things she should have done in settling labor disputes have had to be done by others. He declares that some of the jobs of peacemaking have had to be taken over by the President

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and General Johnson. Well, we do remember some of those big peacemaking affairs handled by Mr. Roosevelt and the crack 'em down Generalissimo of the NRA --- the threatened automobile strike, for example. The question is, should these major labor problems have been handled by Miss Perkins and her Labor Department?

The second accusation is that Miss Perkins has permitted avowed enemies of the Government, people affiliated with foreign, un-American movements - to enjoy the same privileges as the American Federation of Labor and other unions of high standing. Meaning - that communist unions got a break.

This is right in line with a recent uproar in New York concerning a communist cartoonist who was on the payroll of the PWA, and, while drawing wages from the Government, was contributing revolutionary, anti-government cartoons to a communist magazine.

To all of this Miss Perkins' Department replies that Mr. Wood was only a minor employee - he was not resigning, but had been dismissed - hence he is disgruntled. And that's toss-

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ing the brickbat right back.

Miss Perkins' is one of the interesting personalities of the New Deal. That recent book, "The New Dealers," declares that when she took over the Labor Department it was at a pretty low level, but now it is the greatest statistical headquarters in the country.

She is described as an exceedingly forthright person. She speaks right out - even to the President.

One characteristic thing about her is that she keeps her private life very much out of the limelight. In public she is Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. In private, she is Mrs. Paul Wilson. Her husband is a business executive in New York, and she has a daughter in college.

So much for the lady and the brickbat.

DINNER

The weekend mood of April Fool's Day was mingled with that of Easter at that secret dinner of prominent national Democrats at the Willard here in Washington. Of course we've been told how Easter lilies were heaped upon the President in the form of a gift of an island. The plan is for the government to name a bit of land in the Chesapeake Bay "Roosevelt Island" and donate it to the President for fishing and swimming.

Of the secret things at that secret dinner a few have leaked out. The April Fool spirit led to a lot of merciless fun, poked at some of the political high and mighty of the land. I understand that Thurston, the magician played an embarrassing prank on a highly respectable Southern Senator. The magician extracted from the Senator's pockets a deck of cards and sundry intimate articles of feminine apparel, you know those delicate, flimsy things which no Senator is supposed to carry around in his pockets.

A Cabinet member, a prominent dry, protested that this magical waggery was an insult to the Senate. Whereupon, Thurston went to work on the prominent prohibitionist and extracted from his pocket a pint bottle of what looked like rye,

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smelled like rye, acted like rye. In fact, it was rye.

I am told that the secret dinner at the Willard was mostly a hilarious proceeding of the great men of the nation, hurling April Fool bricks at each other.

N.R.A.

The blue eagle is a pretty tough bird, and a couple of brickbats more or less don't matter so much. Two more missiles have just bounced off its szure dome - one, I suppose, for April Fool's Day and the other for Easter.

The flour millers of America have announced that they want no Code. They declare they intend to get along without the wisdom of the N.R.A. A brickbat made of dough, baked to a proper degree of hardness!

And then comes an annual report by Alfred P. Sloan, big shot of General Motors. He warns against the price fixing angle of NRA. He also warns that unless the clauses of the National Recovery Act applicable to labor are made more plain and intelligible there will be "industrial strife such as this country has not yet seen." However, while this report is made public right now, it was written on March 15 - ten days before the settlement of the threatened automobile strike.

Along this line, we find that there are many business men who declare they are going to postpone the signing of their Codes as long as possible, because they do not believe they can carry on efficiently under the NRA. I am informed that there are 300 Codes as yet unsigned - 300 industries that shy at ~~looking up~~ ^{with} the Blue Eagle.

However, that General Motors report goes on to celebrate Easter Monday with a handsome lilly, guilded to the queen's taste. Reviewing business conditions, it declares that the tide of recovery is so irresistable that even the government could not stop it, if it wanted to.

Unwise acts in Washington might slow things us a bit, but nothing can stop the recovery that is under way.

On the otherhand, ~~we note that~~ in New York State alone, two hundred and forty thousand C. W. A. workers have been dropped from the Federal payroll. And that's going on all over the country. Some people are worried about it. Others hope that the rhythm of recovery will be rapid enough to provide normal jobs at a rate to ~~make things safe~~ *avoid widespread distress.*

President Roosevelt established another precedent on Easter Sunday -- and yet it was entirely according to rules. People throughout the country, whatever their religious faith, ~~may~~ ~~be~~, must have been stirred by the simple message in which Vincent Astor told how the President of the United States had conducted divine services on Easter morning on the quarter deck of the Nourmahal.

It sets a precedent all right, but it was in strict conformity with naval regulations. It is an old rule of the sea that if there is no ordained clergyman on board, the captain reads divine service every morning. In the navy that usually means the senior naval officer. Aboard the Astor yacht the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, was emphatically senior officer.

SPRING

Well, I've caught Spring at last -- here in Washington, and all the way north from summery Florida.

(Another day or two like this and the cherry blossoms will be out, those fragrant pink cherry blossoms that have come to be a symbol of Washington. Harry Somerville tells me here that they're all set for a big Cherry Blossom Festival. It will be the first ever held in Washington. Cherry blossoms and romance!)

And talking of romance, I found it in blazing colors on my way north from Florida, in the oldest city in the United States. The days and nights still tell of old Spain, at Saint Augustine. And the Fountain of Youth is there, which Ponce de Leon once sought.

I went through the great old fort built by magnificent cavaliers, who fought for Santiago and Spain. You should see those ponderous walls of massive stone. The sun shines brightly on the antique stones, tropical palms, and quaint streets and alleys in St. Augustine -- the city of "the Spanish Cavalier.

And then I found Spring in Martinsville, Southern,

Virginia, and as Col. Ford and General Byrd drove me over the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia past Dovers Leap where lovers no longer leap in Springtime, and on to Bristol, Virginia Tennessee, and Tazewell, and then up the Shenandoah Valley, the Vale of Kashmir of America. At midnight last night I attended a springtime organ recital and service at the Natural Bridge which every American should visit. It was my first trip there and I found it indeed one of the Seven Wonders.

Then up the Shenandoah to hospitable Staunton, city of schools and history and romance. To Lexington - Washington and Lee. I found Spring everywhere. So I've caught up with her at last -- and I hope she doesn't change her mind and leave us.

VIZATELLE

Now for a bouquet of Easter Lillies to Doctor Vizately. But, wait a minute, that won't do for the great lexicographer. I should not say Easter lilly but lillium formosum. I got that scientific name from the director of the Washington Botanical Gardens, especially in honor of "Viz", the man of a million words, editor of the Funk and Wagnalls dictionary. Today, Easter Monday is his seventieth birthday. So a shower large and langurus lillium formosum for Doctor Vizately, the great "Viz."

A desperado is terrifying the United States. Half of America is ^{under arms} ~~alarmed~~ hunting for this master of crime. Banks in New York, Chicago, Washington, Jersey City and throughout Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have armed guards outside their front doors. New York is practically surrounded by police. The state of New Jersey is in a panic. Governor Moore is afraid the ~~terrible~~ outlaw will kidnap him.

No, that's no April Fool joke. Those statements are taken literally from the great British newspaper, the London Express. They indicate the way an alarming story can grow as it travels afar. The London Express ~~tells of the Dillinger escape story~~ ^{tells the story of the crooks Dillinger} with startling scare-heads, and with wild, fantastic rumors, such as those I ~~quote~~ ^{Just quoted.}

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TP That English writer seems to have a little too much English on the ball.

Easter

The lilies are sad and funereal, for the greatest horsewoman in America, the mother of American polo. She was not only the mother of the brilliant player, Tommie Hitchcock, but was the inspiration, the spark plug of the younger generation of Americans, who ride in the game where horse and man are partners.

During the war she had the distinction of being the wife of the oldest aviator in the American Air Corps and the mother of the youngest.

Yes, she was the greatest horsewoman in the land, and she died from a fall ^{from her horse -} the hazards of riding.

PREACHER

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It was a great Easter Sunday for the Rev. Timothy Edwards. Years ago, he had an affliction of the throat and could not preach any more, So he took up newspaper work and became an editor. Then he studied law, was admitted to the bar and became a circuit court commissioner. Then ~~once more~~ he returned to the ministry and became a preacher again.

he was 90 years old.
Ten years ago [^] ~~he quit preaching once more; he~~
~~was 90 years old.~~ He told his congregation, "I shall not speak from this pulpit again until I am 100 years old."

He kept his word. Yesterday was Easter Sunday - also his birthday. He church at Washington, Michigan, was heaped with Easter lilies, as the 100 year old Rev. Timothy Edwards mounted the pulpit and preached his sermon as he said he would.

HITLER

lilies, often And now when I say "Hitler," *and that means, seldom* ~~you know what I mean~~
brickbats. They are always bouncing off the head of the

dictator with the Charlie Chaplin moustache. Dr. Nicholas

Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, heaves

one this time! The news is that Hitler has put the kibosh

on the German branch of the Carnegie Endowment for Inter-

national Peace, of which Dr. Butler is the director. The

nazis have taken over the peaceful activities of the

Carnegie Foundation in Germany. And you know what the

war-like storm troopers think of peace. Hence the brick-

bat from Dr. Butler.

LEGION

There has been a gathering of the clergy. That sounds appropriate today - Easter Monday. However, the gentlemen of the clergy launched a brickbat. At whom? Why, at the American Legion.

It began with the Rev. Dr. Russell Bowie, rector of Grace Episcopal Church in New York, who described the lobby of the American Legion in Washington as a "sinister, deadly cancer upon the body of American life." And now no fewer than 500 ministers, bishops and rabbis speak out: ^{saying:-} "Brother, you said something." They endorse the denunciation and go on to demand that Congress investigate the American Legion.

The organization that represents the ex-soldiers who fought for their country in the greatest of all wars has a somewhat different slant. They ^{boys} consider it only right and proper that they should be represented in Washington by men who put the case of the veteran up to the lawmakers of the land, and if those representatives do an

effective job, why so much the better, say the Legionnaires.

The two newspaper men who write the Washington Merry-Go-Round column, published in many newspapers, tell us that the man behind the action of Congress in overriding the President's veto last week was John Thomas Taylor of the legislative council of the Legion. He is the No. 1 man of the Legion representatives in Washington -- lobbyist, his opponents say. He is a big fellow with a fighting jaw and a loud voice; chews a big cigar. They say he once did political work for Senator Boies Penrose, the mighty Pennsylvanian who played politics as Paderweski plays the piano. Isn't afraid of anybody and would buttonhole the President himself. He wasn't afraid of the Germans, either. He won thirteen decorations in battle.

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I don't know whether it was mostly Easter or mostly April Fools' Day for the king of Sweden. Easter is a time for love and romance, but April Fools' Day seems a good time for a royal grandfather to be annoyed because his royal grandson has decided to get married because he loves the girl.

But really, King Gustave the Fifth of Sweden has some reason for being disturbed. He is famous as a democratic monarch ---but things can go too far. Three grandsons marry ladies of common rank, two within the last month!

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A couple of years ago Prince Lennart married the daughter of a Stockholm merchant. Last month Prince Sigvard ~~married~~ ^{capitulated} a German movie actress. And now Prince Bertil has decided ^{upon wedlock with} ~~to marry~~ the daughter of an army captain. ~~With~~ ^Q All of these royal grandsons ~~it's a case of~~ renouncing royalty for love, and if it keeps on the King won't have any royal grandsons left.

It seems as if the Swedish royal family were reverting to type. After all the present kingly Swedish line goes back ~~to~~ only a hundred and twenty years to Napoleon's Marshall Bernadotte, who began life ^{as} a carpenter.

And now this Easter Monday tale of the festive lily and
the ^{falling}~~chump~~ brick ^{bats} must cease. I've got to stop gilding the lily
and adorning the brick ^{back; and}~~and~~

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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