

CAPITOL STUFF

By JOHN O'DONNELL AND DORIS FLEESON

Another bonus army is forming to march on Capitol Hill—and quickly. Selectees who are being released after completing their year's training—the Army is counting on there being a quarter of a million of these by Christmas—already are being organized into a political group. Each selectee is a vote, and the Congress bloc, ever sensitive



to the wishes of the "veterans," already is at work on an "adjusted compensation" measure to win their favor. The argument: Bonuses went to hundreds of thousands of World War veterans who had only a few months' training; in all justness, the selectees of '41 deserve as much from the U. S. Treasury because they have suffered as much in their pocket-books as did the draftees of '18 who never went overseas.



The only episode that approached embarrassment in the brief visit of Windsor and Wallis to the United States had its origin in the sweet young girl reporter in Miami who was told by her editor to ask the Duke "one important question in private—and don't let those other reporters know about it."

It was her first important assignment, and the gal was determined to make good. The royal couple, to make certain of privacy, took over the entire fifth floor of the Miami-Colonial Hotel. Up the service entrance slipped the determined Florida girl reporter, reached the floor, crept softly down the corridor, then paused in front of an open bedroom door. She peeked in.

There stood the Duke of Windsor in his shorts. The familiar voice instructed his valet: "Get me those other trousers"—then, catching sight of the figure peering in the doorway, he exclaimed, "Good God, what are you doing here?"

The young lady of the press was sped down stairs by Scotland Yard Sgt. Harry Holder; her question unasked.

"What was this mysterious question? Whether he and Wally expected a blessed event?" asked the newspaper veterans later. "No," replied the young lady. "My editor wanted me to ask the Duke if he would go over and fight Hitler in the trenches if he could, and now I've fallen down on the assignment."

And the only lady of the American press who has ever visited Windsor's bedroom and seen him in his shorts wept because she didn't have a story.

President Roosevelt's former favorite, Thomas G. ("I'm calling from the White House") Corcoran, now a lawyer-lobbyist, is making a bitter fight for the potent position of Solicitor General of the United States.

Attorney General Francis Biddle, who apparently failed to read in the newspapers that Indiana's Chairman Van Nuys has announced his Senate Judiciary Committee will vote unanimously against Corcoran, is backing the busy braintruster to the hilt.

The President has thus far been cool to Biddle's insistence that he be allowed to choose the Solicitor General. In fact, the White House choice is a young New Dealer, Charles Fahy, now Assistant Solicitor General.

With Biddle holding out for Corcoran, the matter has been held in abeyance. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court is returning to work and the important law post—many consider it even more important than the Attorney Generalship—remains unfilled.

Out of the Corcoran-Biddle drive to capture the Solicitor Generalship for Tommy developed one of the strangest press conferences ever held in this blase Capital.

Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, head of the anti-trust division, asked the reporters to come in and hear his version of the consent decree which he approved for Corcoran's client, Sterling Products Corporation, a drug firm with German connections.

Arnold, the author of "The Folklore of Capitalism," is almost as colorful a New Deal character as Tommy and one of the best-liked men in Washington.

Out of his division in recent weeks have leaked disturbing stories that Corcoran had blitzkrieged the Justice Department into granting favors to his client, that Arnold had fought Corcoran—but without success. The result has been that consent decrees finally approved for Corcoran clients were not so strong as they might have been.

In a lengthy statement, derisively labeled "file in the fuller explanations department" by most reporters present, Arnold undertook to whitewash Corcoran completely. He asserted that Sterling



Products had not received preferential treatment and that he and all his staff were personally very pleased with the final decrees.

Left a mystery was the question of who then could have furnished reliable reporters with comprehensive, lengthy and factual descriptions of what went on during the four months that Corcoran camped in Biddle's office and arranged settlement of the complicated case.

When Arnold was asked about a midnight ride he took with Corcoran into the moun-



Thomas Corcoran

ains to get the signature of the vacationing Attorney General Biddle to a paper in the case, Arnold insisted he would do the same for any lawyer. This will doubtless be good news for the legal profession, but it was received with skepticism. Tommy the Cork is now known as Paul Revere Corcoran in the antitrust division.

The belief among correspondents is that Biddle, blaming Arnold or keymen under Arnold for the stories which have retarded at least the Corcoran drive to be Solicitor General, had forced Arnold to hold the conference and give Tommy a clean bill of health.

Already a House committee has quizzed Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes about an oil deal he talked over with Corcoran, who was representing another client with a large pocketbook. Ickes had made no commitments in the matter but he has since nearly wept to reporters about his narrow escape from serious injury. As a successor to the late Albert Fall of noisome Teapot Dome oil memory, Honest Arnold is naturally sensitive about any oil deals made by the department.

Ironically, Arnold himself might be reasonably expected to aspire to the Solicitor Generalship as a promotion for the good work he has been doing in the department.

Corcoran and his friends argue that White House Tommy is persecuted merely because he has a colorful personality. But Corcoran takes pains never to throw down the many carefully nourished reports of the potent backdoor influence he is supposed to wield in the Capital.