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*Cover
NBC*

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

This has been a year of violence and madness, but ~~we~~
few things
~~can think of nothing~~ madder than the attempt to assassinate Senator

~~Huey~~ Long. Naturally, it's the one topic that everybody is talking about. Even over in Europe it is foremost in the peoples' minds. In London it has eclipsed all other news, including the Duce's war.

The facts are still veiled in the utmost confusion. From hour to hour contradictory reports come from Baton Rouge, where the wounded Senator lies fighting for his life. One moment we hear:—

"Huey Long has a chance to live." The next moment a bulletin comes flashing "He has taken a turn for the worse."

*And he has,
that's the latest.*

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The same confusion surrounds the immediate circumstances of the assassination. Only two definite facts have been established. One is that the unfortunate Dr. Weiss, who must have been at least temporarily insane, was mowed down by machine gun bullets from Senator Long's bodyguard, before he could fire a third shot. The other is that only one of his bullets lodged in the body of his victim. And there we encounter more contradiction. One version has it that the bullet hit him under his right armpit and passed all the way through his body. But the surgeon in charge declares that the slug entered the right upper quadrant of the abdomen.

Again there are conflicting accounts of what happened after Weiss fired his first shot. One ~~eyewit~~ eye-witness reports that Huey Long grappled with his would-be murderer and grabbed the hand holding the gun. Another version has it that one of his bodyguard tackled ^{the would-be assassin} ~~Dr. Weiss~~ and succeeded in deflecting one of the

47
two shots he fired from his Luger pistol. *That shot hitting Huey's defender.* The Coroners Inquest, today, showed that Dr. Weiss was drilled by 61 bullets from the pistols + machine guns of Huey's guards.

There's even a mystical side to this melodrama.

It is told by Mrs. Long. When the Senator left her at New Orleans to attend a special session of the Louisiana Legislature he said to her: "I may not come back, but I'll die fighting."

That would indicate that he had a premonition of what was going to happen to him. But as a matter of fact, he has for a long time predicted that he would be attacked in this fashion sooner or later. ~~That is evident in the fact that he was always~~ ^{So he was} accompanied by a bodyguard wherever he went. As a Dictator, he knew ~~that~~ assassination is always an occupational hazard for absolute rulers.

The possible political consequences of this desperate affair are almost endless.

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Word comes from Baton Rouge that Governor Allen is prepared to declare martial law at any moment. If the Kingfish dies political chaos might ensue in the bayou state.

On the other hand, if he survives, his power ~~will~~ ^{may} be greater than ever. It won't be the first time that a statesman whose influence was beginning to wane was made more popular and

more powerful than ever by such a mad attempt on his life. You might cite the case of Theodore Roosevelt and of the late Mayor Gaynor of New York. Meanwhile Huey's Legislature is rushing through the bills he wanted, including the one to beat the election of the Father-in-Law of the man who shot him.

The opinion of all was expressed by President Roosevelt today. He learned of this attempted assassination when he awoke at Hyde Park this morning. And he promptly issued the following statement:-

"I deeply regret the attempt made upon the life of Senator Long of Louisiana. The spirit of violence is un-American and has no place in a consideration of public affairs, least of all at a time when calm and dispassionate approach to the difficult problems of the day is so essential."

The statement is of particular moment considering that Senator Long made himself one of the foremost enemies of the President.

ETHIOPIA

At last we have something almost new in the Ethiopian situation. Hitherto, it's been Mussolini who has said "No" to all peace proposals. Today, just for a change, it's Haile Selassie. None of the plans suggested by the many-tongued statesmen on the shores of Lake Geneva are any good. So says the King of Kings, and he so instructed his representatives in Switzerland.

Statesmen big and little, the great and the near-great, continue to pour into Geneva. They are there for the full assembly of the League of Nations, which will begin tomorrow. There seems to be a faint hope that the League as a whole will be able to achieve what its Council has failed to do. And the optimists see additional hope in the fact that the tactful Dr. Edward Benes of Czechoslovakia has been elected President of the Assembly.

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Sir Samuel Hoare, John Bull's Foreign Secretary, arrived in person to take charge of negotiations from the British end of the argument. The British spokesmen continue to utter words of hope. But the business men of the City of London don't take much stock in this optimism. As for the French, their viewpoint is always realistic. They take it for granted that war is inevitable. Indeed,

it is said that Premier Laval has given up any expectation of being able to prevent war. However, he will be in Geneva tomorrow for another one of those conferences with Sir Samuel Hoare. And Germany is speaking up - demanding colonies in Africa.

Addis Ababa, meanwhile, was still the center of alarm today. Reports reached the Ethiopian capital of suspicious movements of Italian troops around the frontier in Eritrea. Four columns of Mussolini's soldiers are said to be on the march, though nobody but the Italian general staff seemed to know exactly where they were going. The Emperor's Ethiopian armies are still being held on a line eighteen miles from the frontier. They are ready to march at the given word. But the word has not yet been given.

It's a particularly difficult moment for the Lion of Judah, because some of his more warlike tribes are getting restless. They want to know when the fighting is going to begin and apparently it can't begin any too soon for them. Haile Selassie himself and his immediate staff are apparently the only people in the country who know how serious the war will be when it does begin.

This war, by the way almost reached American soil today. The New York police got a tip of a plot to blow up the Italian Consulate in New York. According to the information, four men were heard planning the explosion in a restaurant. Instructions were immediately sent out from Police Headquarters, and the Duce's New York Consulate is now surrounded by a heavy guard of Father Knickerbocker's Finest, in other words - Cops.

I have just learned that we are all going to hear a message direct from Addis Ababa tomorrow night. Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Menen, consort of Haile Selassie, is going to talk to America from Ethiopia over this network. *In Ethiopian I suppose --* And that ought to be interesting.

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From all accounts she's a remarkable woman, cultured, of keen intelligence and impressive personality. ~~Personally she's~~ Tall, stout, heavy. The flowing native robes in which she dresses make her look even larger. Her hair is beautifully and meticulously arranged, and her large luminous eyes are particularly remarkable. She wears enough ~~valery~~ jewelry to stock any ordinary jeweler's shop. She has a great deal of poise and is peaceful and quiet in manner. They say she runs her household with the utmost efficiency, in the European fashion.

We may wonder what this dignified lady will have to do with the war. If the conduct of her predecessors is any criterion, she will have plenty. For in Ethiopia it's the custom for women to fight shoulder to shoulder with their menfolk. They accompany

them to the most hardfought battlefields, even to guerilla fighting in the mountain ravines.

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According to one version of history it was the women of Ethiopia who turned the tide against the Italians at the unforgotten battle of Adowa in 1896. One of the most prominent figures in that fight was the lady Tāitōū. She was the fourth wife of the Emperor Menelik. Right onto the battlefield she marched behind her husband. And many women followed her. She not only nursed the fallen and fed the hungry. Her fiery speeches to the warriors inspired them to fighting madness. As the men fell in their tracks, wounded or dying, ~~the~~ wives picked up their rifles or spears and took their places. But what was still more ~~ferocious~~ ferocious, many of the female Ethiopians came up behind the line of battle and mutilated the wounded Italians. That's a custom ~~is~~ not peculiar to Africa. It's also done in Asia, particularly ^{the} ~~in~~ ^{border} ~~on~~ ^{of} Afghanistan. It's not a pretty thing to hear about. Nevertheless this sidelight on history shows what ~~ix~~ effect a race of women as warlike as their men can have on a campaign.

MINES

It is somewhat astounding to learn that in the past year no fewer than sixteen gold mines have been opened up in the Province of Ontario, Canada. Meaning that holes in the ground, which formerly were mere prospects, have become producing properties.

Of course the day is long since past when a man could go out with a pick and shovel, and, with luck, dig himself a fortune out of a mountainside, -- at any rate it's most uncommon. Nevertheless, there's always something exciting to our imaginations in a gold mine. All the more so to us, perhaps, since we nephews and nieces of Uncle Sam are forbidden to own any of the precious metal except in the form of jewelry.

Ontario's mining boom is partly due to President Roosevelt's action, which sent the price of gold skyward. But also to improved means of transportation.

Railway lines, trucks and airplanes have made it possible to operate mines which some years ago would have been a dead loss. Those new gold shafts and tunnels in the earth have been developed principally in the northwestern part of

Ontario, where things had been relatively quiet for mining for almost forty years - and where now the golden sound of whirling shive-wheels is heard in many places.

By the same token, it is interesting to learn that our Canadian neighbors have become the principal producers of platinum, more than eighty-seven thousand ounces in six months.

TENNIS

Oregon a tennis Fan? At any rate,

55'
It was a day of surprises at Forrest Hills, New York, where the tennis champions were fighting it out. The most important event on the male side ~~happened~~ ^{came} when Sidney Wood of New York took Gregory Mangin, indoor champion, in four sets. He lost the first one, three-six. But he took the next three, six-one; six-one; six-two, a victory rousing enough for any ace.

It was not so astonishing that Helen Jacobs, our defending champion, beat Mrs. Phyllis Mudord King of England. She did it in two sets, six-four; six-three. That puts her in the finals, where everybody naturally has expected to see her.

The big upset of the day came when the comely Katherine Stammers of England was beaten by ~~her own wife~~. Sarah Palfrey Fabjan. That match went two sets, but they were bitterly contested. The score was nine-seven in the first; seven-five in the second, both deuce sets. That means an All-American final in the women's singles.

In this connection, the celebrated Mrs. Helen Wills Moody has some interesting things to say about women as sportmen. In the October COSMOPOLITAN, Mrs. Moody points out that women are, if anything, more individualistic than men. "They take no special

pleasure in playing on a team", says Mrs. Moody. Of course she's not thinking of matrimony. And she continues: "Team work is a term which will remain for the most part foreign to the feminine point of view. The real pleasure the woman derives from playing is her personal success. She wins only incidentally as a member of the team."

Mrs. Moody has another illuminating fact to offer, which will be news to us men. "No woman admits defeat to herself," she declares:- "After defeat in a tennis match, a woman in her own mind does not accept the fact. She explains the case to herself so logically that in a short time she is thinking that she has won." And this feminine logic is also carried into the home! And Mrs. Moody adds by contrast: "A man, on the other hand, will shake his head and say to his opponent, 'your game is too good.'"

Those will be interesting things for men to think about the next time they step upon a court, - any court - to play against a woman opponent -- even an alimony court.

STOCKS

The barometer of the New York Stock Exchange registered in interesting fashion today. The ~~xxx~~ Stock Market is still reacting to the shot in the arm it got last week, the exchange of letters between Roy Howard and the President. Shares were bought and sold on Wall Street at a rate of Four hundred thousand an hour. Some of the leading securities went up anywhere from one to six points.

BUSINESS

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If you were to go round the country asking: "What is it the country needs most?" you'd probably get fifty-seven varieties of answers. The late Vice-President, Tom Marshall of Indiana, used to say: "What the country needs is a good five cent cigar." Some of my ~~bibulous~~ ^{bibulous} friends declare that, "What the country needs is a five cent schooner." ~~of beer~~ Mr. Roy Howard wrote to President Roosevelt last week, as you will remember, and said: "Business men are saying the country needs a breathing spell." The President, as you know, replied to Roy Howard and said: "I agree with them and they are going to get it."

But the Republican National Committee has another version of it. What the G.O.P. leaders say is: "Breathing spell be hanged! What the country needs is a complete rest cure."

~~Well, that gives you quite a few answers to pick from. As for me, what I need at present is my dinner, so -~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~

SCHOOLS

This is the day our old friend Bill Shakespeare was thinking of when he wrote the lines: ~~about~~,

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like ~~a~~ snail
Unwillingly to school."

In other words, Blue Monday for the young idea of America.

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At least for boys and girls in the cities. Out in many of the country districts vacation time ended six days ago. But in the big towns it's the first Monday after Labor Day that brings an end to the summer's felicities.

Enrollment was heavy, we learn, all over the country. In the large centers there was hardly room for all the youngsters.

(In New York City,)

~~For~~ instance, One million, a hundred and sixty-nine thousand

chorused the cry, "Good morning, teacher!" Quite a number of them have to do their studying in part time.

58 1/2
The National Institute of Psychology has been making a lot of tests, comparing the intelligence of city children with that of country youngsters. Dr. ~~Free~~ Free, in "The Week's Science", tells us that the results are not so flattering to the cities.

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The children of the pavements are more glib, they are quick of tongue. Those who live in the country may be slower of speech, but they have both better minds and better bodies. They are not only better trained in the use of their muscles, especially in the accurate employment of their hands, They also reason better, think more clearly.

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An investigation made by the statistics sharks of the
— - assisted by Freddy Benham —
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, showed that country people
live longer than city folks. The average is five years longer.

The test of the National Institute of Psychology may help to explain why.

59 1/2 today. At any rate school opened
"Good night teacher." And s-l-u-t-m.