

L. T. - SUNOCO, TUES., SEPT. 10, 1935

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

There is one thing in the news today that seems to me more profound, perplexing and yet revealing than anything else for many a day - the last words attributed to Huey Long.

And those words were:- "What will happen to my poor university boys?"

Huey Long - and those university boys! He had been ridiculed from coast to coast for his guady doings with the University of Louisiana. His collegiate enterprises were regarded as farce comedy, and they were farce comedy - a weird performance,

a national joke. Remember those Kingfish football activities that we laughed about? The way he whooped up the state government in fantastic rootings for the Louisiana ^{State} team? How he was butting into the running of the team and clashed with Biff Jones, his star coach? ^{Then} there was a grand ^{chuckle} ~~stage~~ when he advanced the carfare to ~~thousands~~ ^{hundreds} of students, so they could go to the big game - and then issued flaming declarations, trying to get the money back. The climax of the farcical came when he had the star-back of the team ^{nominated} a state senator, though the lad lived in Mississippi, not Louisiana. And then the football star wouldn't take the state senatorship. Yes, these were comedy acts for a burlesque. People said Huey was a fool and a clown, and the best they could give him was to say that behind the fooling and clowning there was probably some ^{shrewd, slick} ~~tricky~~ politics. Nonsense and tricky cunning - that was a common analysis of the astonishing vagaries of Senator Long of Louisiana.

Yet now, after ~~we~~ ^{ing} laugh~~ed~~ at that football folly and collegiate harlequinade - we find Huey Long in his last breath, delirious, dying, saying - "What will happen to my poor University

boys?" What is the answer? It could only mean that in all that Rah, Rah college travesty, there was something deep and real - a heart-beat of genuine emotion ~~ix~~ within all that wild and rowdy extravaganza.

And there were some among those that laughed, who suspected that the bizarre phenomenon called Huey Long had inside of it a trifle of the real and genuine. They could point to the huge material improvement in Louisiana under the Long regime, splendid public works, roads, schools, hospitals, and the grandiose state capitol that was Huey's pride and is his monument. He lowered the Louisiana illiteracy rate from twenty-one per cent to ten. That's also a monument. With it went wild extravaganza, taxation, political skullduggery.

Anyhow it takes more than mere shallow, play-acting and humbug to make a man a dictator of his own state, a threat of dictatorship in a whole block of adjoining states, a national figure that might possibly have become president and

was likely enough to take a startling part in the next contest for presidency. Demagogue, dangerous demagogue, ~~perhaps~~ to be that, you have to have inside of you a ~~nerfless hand~~ ^{hot,} small something of motive and purpose.

And so we find a dying Huey Long gasping about those University boys, concerning ~~whom~~ ^{whom} ~~whom~~ he had risen to some of his dizziest heights of Kingfish, football, burlesque.

Such was Senator Long of Louisiana, of "share-the-wealth" ^{fame,} and "every man a king". ~~THEY WERE~~ A power and a threat while he lived. He would have been a greater power and greater threat, had he ~~he~~ survived the assassin's bullet. But now - the thing to be said is the ancient, echoing refrain - "Peace be with him." He had little peace in life, and wanted less.

It seems now that he never had a ^{real} chance to live. ^{I mean}
^{to pull through}
The bullet pierced not only his intestines, but also a kidney.

All the devices of modern medicine could do nothing with such injuries. ~~HEX~~ Neither five blood transfusions, nor the oxygen tent and the life-giving gas, nor the injections of adrenalin, could keep life in him for more than a few hours. From the moment

when the assassin pulled the trigger, it was foredoomed that Huey Long should die and that political consequences of the utmost moment should ensue.

In the national field, political observers were saying today that the passing of Huey Long removes an explosive political danger to President Roosevelt and the Democratic Party - President Roosevelt who yesterday expressed his sorrow to the public and to the Long family. But the most immediate grave consequences are in Louisiana. The State, ruled autocratically from top to bottom by the ruthless political machine, political dictatorship that Huey Long had built.

Firstly, the enemies of Long are leaping to battle with eager hope of breaking the power of the machine. Huey had always beaten them to the earth, but now with their arch enemy gone, they see victory. And there is one sinister thing to be observed, the way some of the Long enemies are making a hero of the young physician, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, Doctor Weiss - the assassin. He is regarded as a sort of martyr who sacrificed himself. He must have known that he was throwing away his own life in removing what he believed to be a dominant enemy

to good.
government. He is shown to be an intelligent, earnest, and devoted man, though perhaps a trifle odd. Of such stuff are fanatics made, *perhaps to become* ~~who can be~~ heroes and martyrs. But any such attitude toward political assassination might bring into our own country - the assassin's pistol as an instrument of politics, as it is in some others.

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Yes, the political machine that Huey built is threatened with dangers from the outside - also from the inside. The struggle is on, for the power that the Louisiana Senator and Dictator left behind. Each of his chief lieutenants would like to succeed him. It's the old story, when the dictator dies - a struggle to grasp his power.

The official directly in line of succession is Governor Allen. Huey Long made him Governor. They were both natives of Winn Parish, and were pals as boys thirty years ago. Governor Allen's initials are "O.K.", and that's significant. His enemies say he was never anything but a rubber stamp for Huey Long - saying "okay". They rose together in politics. Huey became Governor and "O.K." became a state senator. When Huey put through a grandiose Seventy million dollar road building project, he named "O.K." his Highway

Commissioner. Huey climbed on and went to the ^{United States} Senate, and ~~simultaneously~~ simultaneously "O.K." was elected Governor by the biggest majority ever given a candidate ^{for} that office in Louisiana. He is next in line to Huey, and the report is that he is going to act on that principle. They say Governor Allen will resign. The Lieutenant-Governor will thereupon become Governor. And he will appoint "O.K." ~~to~~ ^{in Washington} to the senatorship, left vacant by the Dictator. But they say that the mild, gray-haired, farmer sort of fellow, called "Okay", will never have the commanding strength to wield Huey Long's power, will never be able to hold together the Long machine.

In fact, the general belief is that the machine will break up. It was definitely a one-man affair, held together by that famous Kingfish personal power, cleverness, audacity, ^{clowning} and persuasion. A general free-for-all inside ~~of~~ the machine is expected, with the logical consequences of disintegration and defeat.

Today, however, the shade of Huey Long still hovered over Louisiana. The State Legislature this afternoon passed a bill to bury the Senator on the grounds of the State Capitol - if his family wishes.

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We'll be hearing more and more about that affair of the Bremen. There ^{has} been talk that Governor Lehman might investigate Judge Brodsky. ^{And -} That was made definite today in a statement made public by the Governor, himself. The sequence of ~~af~~ events goes like this:-

A crowd of anti-Nazis got aboard the Bremen, tore down the Nazi swastika flag, staged a battle and beat up a Jewish policeman who was protecting the swastika.

The rioters were held for trial, and five of them were dismissed by Judge Brodsky of New York, who said they had a right to protest against the swastika. In his verdict the judge denounced the Nazis bitterly, and called their swastika a pirate flag.

This was angrily denounced by the Germans. ^{And -} The German Ambassador presented a protest to the United States Government, complaining about the insult to the German flag.

Secretary of State Hull in considering the protest wrote to Governor Lehman of New York asking him to make an inquiry ^{into} the affair.

And today Governor Lehman answered by ordering an investigation. He directed Chief City Magistrate Jacob Gould Schurman, Jr. to look into the actions of Judge Brodsky. These have been criticised even by people opposed to the Nazis, on the ground that the judge in handling a police court decision had no business delivering a tirade against a foreign nation.

BOY SCOUTS

Good news for the Boy Scouts! They couldn't have that international jamboree, but they've got something in return for their disappointment. The President called off the get-together of the Scouts from all over the world, because of an outbreak of infantile paralysis. However, some sporting soul had insured the jamboree, had taken out a policy against its being called off. And today the policy was paid up. How much? A quarter of a million dollars. The Scout Headquarters in New York received an insurance check for that amount. So, if dollars can take the place of a jamboree -- that's that.

SHARK

Australia has been having one of the weirdest of criminal trials. They called it the shark murder case. Today it ended, with the judge saying that there was no legal ground for prosecution. There was no Corpus Dēlictī. According to the law, you've got to produce a body in order to make a charge of murder stick. In this weird case there was nothing but a tatoored arm that came out of a shark.

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Last spring James Smith, caretaker of a yacht, went fishing on the ocean with Patrick Brady, a sheep shearer. After that nothing more was seen of Smith, the caretaker of the yacht.

It all remained a blank mystery, until a shark was caught, and taken to an aquarium. There it disgorged ^{an} ~~the~~ arm with tatooring.

Relatives of the missing Smith identified it by the tatooring. Thus, the charge was that sheep shearer Brady had killed his fishing companion, tossing him to the sharks.

The sensational affair in the land down under, now goes out of court, because the Court refuses to consider a tatoored arm out of a shark as ^{the} a necessary legal Corpus Dēlictī.

ITALY

From Italy we hear about something that will happen in the near future -- the date not given. But let's see what it is that will occur we don't know just when -- but soon.

It will be a mobilization of a nation. The Italian army is mobilized right now, some of it in Africa, the rest of it in Italy. But now there's a call to arms for everybody else, the entire Fascist power. ~~In Italy.~~ Not only men, but also boys and girls. Mobilization for one day.

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Early in the morning bells and sirens will ring out. And instantly everybody will rush to his appointed place. They all have appointed places. The Fascist training that ~~has~~ has been going on has drilled the Italian millions for warlike emergencies -- grown-ups and children in those many Black Shirt organizations. So on that particular day the whole nation will stand in readiness, everybody who has anything to do with any warlike activity, and that means ~~just~~ ~~about~~ everybody in the Fascist ranks.

This is regarded as a huge gesture by Mussolini to tell the world that Black }
^ Shirt Italy is prepared for

any eventuality. No doubt it also is designed to incite the ardour of the people to a flare of national enthusiasm.

But what about the day upon which this colossal national gesture is to take place? It isn't specified. But it is believed that it will be the day on which the Italian army in East Africa begins its march into Ethiopia. National Fascist mobilization at the moment when the war actually begins.

And it looms nearer. The Five-Power League of Nations Committee has virtually thrown up the sponge. No hope of peace. And the Ethiopians are protesting to the League about huge forces of Italian troops concentrating on her northern border.

GREECE

Naval affairs in the Mediterranean are worrying the Greeks, although Athens has no great concern about the Anglo-Italian dispute. Athens doesn't care about the increase reported today of British warships at Malta and Suez. And you wouldn't think the Greek government would have much concern about the fact that the Italians are replying to British naval parades with naval parades on their own. Not unless the Italian fleet invades Greek waters. And that's what's happened. Unexpectedly, without warning or previous notification, a big Italian fighting craft put into the harbor of Pylos. And the same thing has happened at other Greek islands, Ithaca in the Ionian Sea and Syra in the Aegian - Italian warships steaming into harbor and dropping anchor. What does it all mean? That's what the Greeks want to know. Officials at the ports in question have telegraphed Athens, asking for instructions.

This international perplexity puts just another wrinkle in the brow of Premier Tsaldaris, who has plenty of home troubles of his own. These concern that leading Greek question -- to have or not to have a King. There have been fierce arguments and violent clashes over it.

One story tells ^{how} ~~that~~ the general commanding the Athens garrison attended a meeting of the Cabinet last night. The Cabinet is Royalist. The General is Republican. And to the Cabinet meeting he brought some of his brother officers, also Republicans. They came to protest against the Royalist activities of the government.

There was not only a loud debate, but also ^a physical scuffle. The Minister of War, General Kondēlis, who is the chief Royalist leader, ordered the Republican general under arrest. And he said, "arrest his brother too." The General's brother is a Republican deputy in the Greek Parliament. When, in response to the order, police and soldiers came to arrest the general and his brother, there was a bit ^{of a} ~~of a~~ scrap, and something ^{of a} ~~was~~ slammed ^{bang} ~~down~~. And both prisoners were injured.

There was a much more serious battle on the steps of the national Parliament, where Royalist and Republican mobs slammed away at each other in a lively free-for-all. Royalist deputies were grabbed and chucked out of the building.

The army and navy are badly split on the King ~~x~~ problem. But it remains to be seen what the attitude of the people is.

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And it may be soon found out, because the latest from Athens is that Premier Tsaldaris has made an urgent demand to Parliament to decree a national plebiscite so that the nation may vote on the question - to have or not to have a King.

Meanwhile, the prospective King, the former George the Second of Greece, who abdicated his throne eleven years ago, is visiting King George of England. In the quiet of the British countryside he announces that he won't return to the throne unless it's mighty clear the Greek people want him. In a plebiscite there'll have to be better than a sixty per cent Royalist majority, before he'll come back.

Now, with Italian warships steaming into Greek harbors, the perplexities of the Athenian government are redoubled - perplerity! Maybe the Greeks had a word for it! And maybe they had a word for -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.