

GENEVA

L. T. Sumner. Wednesday, Sept. 11-1935
Good evening everybody: - And now I'll
sing my song.

The biggest excitement in Europe today was over ~~the~~
~~speech made by~~ ^{'s solo} Sir Samuel Hoare at Geneva. One delegate to the
League of Nations pronounced it "the greatest speech ever delivered
before the League by a British statesman." John Bull's Foreign
Secretary seems to have astonished the entire continent. The gist
of his address was a plea for collective action to stop the Duce's
war in East Africa. British public opinion is solidly behind the
League, he said. And His Majesty's government is prepared to take
its share of any collective attempt to deal in a fair and effective
way with the problem, meaning the Ethiopian problem. He got a
noticeable response when he intimated that Italy was planning "war
for war's sake."

Well, those words made a strong impression at Geneva, but
what was the reaction of the Italians? Observers noticed that Baron
Aloisi, the Duce's envoy, was ^{visibly} ~~verbally~~ nervous as he listened to
Sir Samuel Hoare. As for the Duce himself, his answer seems
implicit in his call for fifty thousand more soldiers.

While all this was going on the British Cabinet minus

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its Foreign Secretary, was holding an emergency meeting. The Ministers present included the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Chief Air Marshall. The session lasted two hours. It isn't publicly known yet whether His Majesty's Secretaries were ~~discussing~~ discussing the Ethiopian mess or the crisis in Greece, the ⁻⁻ ~~the~~ proposition to restore the Monarchy.

Ethiopia declared to the League that the Italians had faked those photos presented as evidence of Ethiopian barbarity.

PORTUGAL

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The Portugese pot started to boil ~~over~~ again, a near revolution on the banks of the Tāgus. Officers of the army and navy, it seems, had concocted a nice little scheme to thro^w~~ugh~~ the government into the discard and deal themselves a new hand. But the government got wind of it, arrested several artillery officers, a command^{ant}~~er~~ of the Navy, several members of the old Monarchist party, and Blue Shirts. So the conspiracy was, in the old phrase, nipped in the bud. The authorities have declared what they call a "state of exception" throughout the Republic. That's just one step before establishing martial law. Tonight was quiet along the Tāgus, but there may be more to come.

ROUMANIA

Poor King Carol of Roumania is in hot water again. In the words of an old song:

"There's trouble abrewing and due for a fall,

And a red headed woman is the cause of it all."

The Peasants' Party in his Balkan Kingdom have turned moral on him once more. They don't like his goings on with the beautiful Magda. Fun's fun, they say, but for a king to run around openly with the daughter of a ~~king~~ junk man isn't nice.

So their idea is a march on the capital somewhat like the famous Fascist march on Rome. Only the peasants of Roumania will be Two hundred thousand strong. When they get to Bucharest they're going to say to Premier Taterescu in a loud chorus "Resign!" And the expectations are that Mr. Taterescu will reply "Okay".

That will put the job of running the government up to the leader of the Peasant Party, Mr. Juliu Maniu. A curious picture! Two hundred thousand people marching to expel one lone woman. ~~It recalls the days of the beautiful Lola Montes in Munich, 1871.~~ How long Mr. Maniu will remain Prime Minister is anybody's

guess. There are several leaders among the peasants. His principal claim to top them all is his intense dislike of the beautiful Magda. He says it isn't just her red hair that he

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objects to. He accuses her of meddling in politics. It's all her fault that there have been thirteen governments and four general elections within a ridiculously short period.

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It's a mystery to some people why the Peasants of Roumania look up to Mr. Maniu as their Number One man. He is small, shy, skinny, without any ability as an orator. But he's honest, they say, and he works like a dray horse. And he is respected because he's always scolding the King for his goings on with La Lupescu. Also, when they look at little Maniu they know that he's one of them. He is a real peasant from the rural district of Transylvania. He wears a high collar and a braided coat of the vintage of Eighteen sixty. ~~It takes all sorts of things to make a political leader.~~

Naturally, this brings ~~down~~ out more anecdotes about the voluptuous Magda. There are several versions of the beginnings of her long romance with the big bad king. One of these is that she used to be the wife of a major in the Roumanian army. When she was only eighteen years old, she went to a military ball and caught the King's eye. He fell for her on the spot, and since then it's been a course of true love that never

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has run smooth.

The other version makes a more designing Delilah out of Madame Lupescu. From her youth she had her eye on the royal affections. She kept tabs on him and learned that one night he would be dining in the country near Bucharest. "The play is the thing" said she, "wherewith to catch the fancy of the King." She put on an act. She went to a lonely part of the road, tore her clothes to shreds, and let her beautiful Titian tresses cascade down her back. Then, as the royal car approached, she ran screaming into the road in front of the royal headlights.

Whatever else you think about it, you can't deny it's a colorful story.

ROOSEVELT

The political soothsayers were buzzing today at Hyde Park, the ^{Dutchess County} summer White House. They were all agog over the visit of Father Coughlin, the radio priest, ~~to President Roosevelt.~~ And they are all the more excited because that visit was hedged around with so much secrecy. It was only today that the news leaked out.

Just a few hours after the death of Senator Long, Father Coughlin appear^s at Hyde Park, accompanied by Joe Kennedy, Chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission and one of the President's inner circle. Even Mr. Roosevelt's secretary had not

been informed of the event, and it completely escaped the ^{hawklike} ~~sharp~~ eyes of the summer White House correspondents. ~~at the time.~~ Father

Coughlin and Mr. Kennedy had lunch~~ed~~ with the President and passed several hours with him. A remarkable coincidence, to say the least, that this should have happened so quickly after the passing of Huey Long.

However, Mr. Roosevelt declared that there had been no intention of keeping Father Coughlin's visit from the public. The arrangements had been made between him personally and Mr. Kennedy over the telephone. Consequently, they had not passed through the usual routine for presidential engagements.

FARLEY FOLLOW ROOSEVELT

One of the principal occupations of Washington correspondents is firing big Jim Farley, i.e. out of his job at the Post Office. I've commented on that yarn at least five times this year. Only a few weeks ago it was revived for about the nth time in most convincing terms. The man who made Roosevelt president was positively going to retire as Postmaster General on the first of January, for the purpose of keeping the Boss President. The job of mending political fences, rounding up delegates for the convention, would take all of Mr. Farley's time. But -- now it's all off again. Big Jim telephoned to the correspondents' headquarters at Hyde Park to make one more ~~in~~ denial. Said he: "I'm not going to resign January first. In fact, you can put it down that I have no intention of leaving the Post Office."

He put it even stronger than that, when he added: "The question of my resignation has never even been seriously discussed, and moreover when the time comes to discuss it, it will be entirely up to the President."

And then Political Jim offered a Mark Twain quotation, which runs: "Always do right. It will gratify some people and astonish others."

The rumor mongers had been whispering it around that big Jim's successor at the Post Office would be Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce. That rumor was revived because Mr. Roper was one of the visitors at Hype Park last night. When he was questioned about it, Mr. Roper was obviously astounded and replied: "Why I never even heard of such a thing!"

LONG

Though Huey Long is out of the picture, his legislature at Baton Rouge goes on and on, functioning as though Huey were still alive. In the midst of all the gloom and excitement over their Kingfish's death, the state senators and representatives have now rushed through thirty-nine bills that he had drafted. They worked as speedily and obediently as though Huey were still there cracking the whip. Some of the laws were out and out bits of retaliation, measures designed to get even with Huey's enemies or obliterate troublesome opponents.

Having done his will - Huey's will - posthumously, the legislators adjourned. A committee of two senators and three representatives will pick the exact spot for his grave on the Capitol grounds. And it will follow naturally that a handsome monument will be erected over his remains.

The funeral will take place at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon and promises to be one of the most extraordinary spectacles ever seen in the country. From all parts of the state, from the most remote farms, from the back bayous and the red clay

hills, citizens and farmers are pouring into Baton Rouge. Flying by airplane, traveling by train, and joggling in mud spattered flivvers from the back districts. Already the state capitol in Louisiana is crowded to overflowing. (There isn't a hotel room to be had for love or money, and even private houses are taxed to capacity.

From that we can imagine what it will be like tomorrow. Special trains will leave New Orleans and other big cities every few minutes.) As was to be expected, the funeral sermon will be preached by the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, one of Huey's loudest champions and spokesmen. Indeed, he is the man who gave up a rich and fashionable church in Shreveport, to throw in his fortunes with the Louisiana dictator. He it was who organized all the "Share-the-Wealth" clubs.

While the funeral preparations are being made, Huey's would-be political heirs are in a turmoil over succession.

But the anti-Longites are also in a state of confusion. This fact somewhat reduces to absurdity the rumor that his assassination was planned by a gang of his political enemies. It

is only natural to infer that if his death had been the result of a plot, the conspirators would have had a definite plan of action to seize the reins of power after his death.

It seems there was a surprise in store for the squabbling lieutenants of Senator Long. When the smoke of preliminary skirmishing had cleared, they rubbed their eyes to observe with astonishment that one figure emerges definitely over the heads and shoulders of his followers. And that figure is a woman. She is the late dictator's secretary, and her name is Mrs. Alice Lee Grosjean Tharpe. The late Huey never designated her as his successor. But it looks as though she were more definitely in a position to hold the balance of power than anybody else.

A good-looking young woman, she was Huey's secretary since she was seventeen years old. And she is now in the formidable position of Supervisor of Public Accounts. Actually, that makes her at present the most powerful official in the entire State of Louisiana, not even excepting the Governor, O. K. Allen. Mr. Allen can okay the bills passed by the legislature and he can okay appointments. But she has to okay all the payments. Through

her pretty hands will pass no less than Twenty-two million dollars of the funds of Louisiana, half the state's revenue, now at her disposal. Under her she has a large staff of collectors, inspectors, auditors and armed investigators. She does exactly as she sees fit. When she reports to the public how she has spent that money, she employs a brevity than even the Spartans would have envied. For instance, under the heading of disbursements, she quotes no figures but says simply "All funds". Just like that -- "Disbursements, All funds."

If any taxpayer waxes curious and wants to know just how all those funds were disbursed, he can ask Mrs. Tharpe. But there's nothing to compel Mrs. Tharpe to answer. She can reply, "None of your business!" And not a soul has the right to rebuke her. She's perfectly within her rights according to the present laws of Louisiana as established under the reign of Huey the First-and-Only.

You may remark that Twenty-two million dollars is some money. And right you are. For in a state the size of Louisiana it represents a large wad of political power. Alice in Huey's Wonderland -- with the Mad Hatter gone.

TENNIS

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Tennis fans had better hold onto their chairs, and hold tight, because here's something strong enough to knock 'em down. Willmer Allison, our own Wilmer, wiped up the court at Forest Hills with the invincible Fred Perry. The crowd at Forest Hills hasn't yet recovered from its astonishment. The English Number One man was supposed to be at the top of his form, good enough to hold the championship for at least two or three years to come. But he fell to ^{the} ~~our~~ Texas boy in three straight sets. And that makes the victory all the more amazing.

Not a soul in the tennis world, not even Wilmer Allison himself, expected the amateur championship to stay in America this year. The first set was a hard one. The score ~~was~~ 7-5. Evidently that deuce set took so much out of the usually long-winded Englishman that he had nothing in reserve. Because the score for the next two was 6-3, 6-3. What a whirlwind game Mrs. Allison's boy ~~from Texas~~ must have played to beat Fred Perry in that fashion!

However, that still doesn't make Allison the champion this year. He has to play Sydney Wood in the finals tomorrow. And that ought to be something worth watching.

ATTICA

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In the prison of Attica, New York, an upstate town, there's a lyrically minded inmate. He's handy with his pen, but he's not so handy at observing prison rules. Consequently, he has lost a good deal of the customary time off for good behavior. So he wrote a plea to the Commissioner of Corrections and wrote it in verse. The Commissioner's name is Doctor Thayer. The letter began like this:

"Dear Doc Thayer
I hear you're good
And answer a prayer
Whene'er you could."

(Don't be alarmed, I'm not going to read you the whole poem).

The prisoner goes on to say he's sorry and would like another chance. His letter ends with the stanza: "

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"And here's my prayer,
All done in Rhyme,
Please Doc Thayer
Return my time
And turn me free
To play the game
Ere gods that be
Cross out my name."

Commissioner Thayer was not to be outdone by one of his

boarders. He replied as follows:

"I have your note all written in rhyme,
I see you're worried about some time.
You have lost, like other fools
Who have no use for prison rules.
It hurts me sore to say you nay,
But you've danced and must the fiddler pay.
I've read your card, your record's rotten,
And things you've done can't be forgotten."

I wonder whether our governments would run any
smoother if all official communications had to be written
in rhyme. It's not such a bad idea. For one thing, there'd
be far fewer official communications.

And that would work to no one sorrow,
Just like - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.