

L.S. - Sunco. Inc., Jan. 28/36

Answer
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ALLEN

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The unexpected political blow that hit Louisiana today must be placed against the background of what had gone before. The bitterly fought primary election just the other day seemed to have settled the wild Louisiana turmoil for a while. The Huey Long machine, with its internal factional fights patched up, won a sweeping victory. The important question ^{had been --} ~~was~~ who would succeed the assassinated Kingfish in the United States Senate, and the answer was - O.K. Allen, Huey's devoted follower, whom Huey had made Governor. That seemed to settle that most turbulent ^{question;} ~~condition;~~ But now it flares wide open again. Because today - O.K. Allen died, suddenly. ~~The~~ ~~Senator-elect~~ expired ^{after} a cerebral ~~hemorrhage~~ hemorrhage.

That leaves Huey Long's place in the Senate still vacant. Who will succeed to it? That will be ~~the~~ answered only by another political battle in Louisiana. Some Nemesis seems to be stalking that senatorial seat. First the Kingfish himself shot down in the state capitol. Now, his Number One follower, ^{nominated} ~~elect~~ to succeed him, falls victim to ~~his~~ sudden death.

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With the passing of O.K. Allen, we have a puzzled ~~of~~ personality - left without an answer. What would O.K.'s career have been if he had lived? Observers in Louisiana ask that. Any student of odd human problems might ask it with a moody interest. ~~They~~ They called him Huey Long's rubber stamp. They said ^{as Governor} he was a mere creation of the Kingfish. Huey ~~had~~ made him, and Huey could break him. The story was that Senator Long carried in his pocket Governor O.K. Allen's undated letter of resignation, ^{which} ~~the~~ he could put into effect whenever he liked - an instrument of absolute control over the governor's actions. O.K. never denied any of this. "Huey", he said, "is the Kingfish, and I am the Little Fish."

So, when Huey was killed and O.K. Allen as Governor was left ~~the~~ next in line of succession, people laughed. He was only a rubber stamp, they said. He could be pushed aside by the real big shots. But the Little Fish went ahead and claimed the Kingfish's inheritance, his seat in the Senate. He battled for it against his enemies in the Long organization.

And he won out. He conquered the primary nomination to the Senate. ^R Yet, he remained a rubber stamp - in a way. He not only fought to make himself senator, but also to make Judge Richard W. Leche, governor. Leche had been O.K.'s private secretary at one time. But that wasn't it. Huey Long had intended that Leche should become Governor, so O.K. battled to put Leche in the job - and succeeded. When in the recent primaries he won out for the Senate, the man whom Huey wanted to be governor, also won out, and took the gubernatorial nomination.

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From the way O.K. pushed on and achieved his goal after Huey died, some supposed he would achieve ^{large} ~~much~~ power and personality for himself - that the rubber stamp ^{the} little fish would become the big somebody in his own right. ^{But} ~~and~~ ^{all} now - [^] that remains permanently unanswered!

TALMADGE

A wide ~~wide~~ brimmed sombrero has been tossed into the presidential ring. So, let's nail down the planks of a platform.

First, here's how the hat got in the ring. Tomorrow, the Grass Roots Convention of ~~the~~ Constitutional Democrats, opens ~~down~~ in Georgia. It's a strictly anti-Roosevelt affair, sponsored by Governor Talmadge, ~~of Georgia,~~ one of the President's most bitterly ^{out} spoken enemies. The Democratic Grass Rooters are out to fight the New Deal, every card of it, every ace, deuce and ten-spot.

Today, Governor Talmadge faced the issue. Somebody popped the question - "Do you mean you're ready to run for President, Governor?" And the answer was, "Sure -- every sane man would be willing to do that and I'm sane."

So, with the Governor's hat tossed into the ring, the Talmadge presidential boom is on - ready for the Grass ~~Rooters~~ Roots Convention tomorrow. The man from Georgia says he can count on a million votes in the south. He believes he will get plenty of support in New England. He is planning a speaking tour

from east coast to west.

After he declared himself, presidentially, today, Governor Talmadge was asked who he'd like for his running mate. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Who'd run for Vice-President with him running for President? And he answered - "Borah". He also said, "Ely". "Borah," he declared, "would make a good man, and that fellow Ely up in Massachusetts talks my language." Neither the mighty Senator Borah nor Governor Ely of Massachusetts has accepted the invitation; not yet.

So now let's go on to the Talmadge platform and nail down a few planks. The first plank is agriculture. Gene Talmadge is a lawyer and wears glasses, but he prefers to be known as a dirt farmer. He likes to have his picture taken in chaps, quirt, sombrero and spurs. And the nickname he likes is "King Cotton Gene." When King Cotton Gene moved into the Governor's mansion, he built himself a big cow-barn and a hen-house nearby. He said he didn't feel comfortable unless he heard barnyard noises. That's ~~his~~ ^{his} agricultural plank. ~~in the platform~~

What about the professors in the New Deal? King Cotton

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Gene ~~XXXX~~ once said that no member of a president's cabinet should have more than an eighth grade education. Gene himself is an alumnus of the University of Georgia, but he doesn't want to be a Cabinet member. He wants to be president, and maybe that's ~~sufficiently~~ different.

About prohibition - he was a red hot prohibitionist right down to the end, and when the Wets demanded legal beer, he nailed down ^{a plank} ~~the platform~~ in these terms: "Beer", declared King Cotton Gene, "is a ~~x~~ passing fad. This ~~x~~ is a hard liquor country."

^{maybe} So there's the Talmadge platform, on which King Cotton Gene is going to campaign in his knock-down, dragged-out way. In his Georgia campaign^s, he ~~XX~~ rides around the farms on his big chestnut stallion, Hot Shot Charlie. When he's heckled, he hands out hot shot, though not Charlie.

There's one small complication in that Grass Roots Anti-Roosevelt Convention tomorrow. It's a Georgia affair, and the President is an adopted Georgian. His Warm Springs Foundation is down there, and Georgia can~~not~~ very well oppose

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that. So while they attack the President, they're going to hang his picture up, for one night only. That's next Thursday evening. The Grass Rooters will ~~go in session and~~ stage a presidential birthday ball.

Here's a flashing headline -- a new lead in the Lindbergh case. But that sort of headline has flashed so often, that it is dulled by usage. But today's new Lindbergh lead is a little more exciting than ^{the} average. It has a foreign color, with a touch of Latin-American politics.

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Into the fateful ^{problem} ~~politics~~ of Richard Bruno Hauptmann steps Dr. Arturo Gonzalez Alfonso of Havana. Dr. Alfonso stands as something of a figure in the complicated civic affairs of Cuba. He's the President of a small political party called -- the Menocalists Unionists, connected with former President Menocal of Cuba. Dr. Alfonso's story goes back to the days between the kidnapping and the arrest of Hauptmann. He tells of a German lawyer in Havana who showed him a letter one day. This letter was from the United States, and ~~had~~ asked the German lawyer for legal advice. It wanted to know about money, money that could not be circulated in the United States. Could such forbidden ~~easy~~ cash be disposed of in Cuba? Obviously, the inference flashes -- Lindbergh ransom money.

But who wrote this most suspicious letter of inquiry? Richard Bruno Hauptmann? No, not at all. The letter was from -- Isidor Fisch -- that mysterious Fisch, friend of Hauptmann, who died in Germany, and who ~~is~~^{is} accused by Hauptmann as having been the owner of the ransom banknotes. Thus -- ~~the~~^{is} story stands heavily in favor of ~~Hauptmann~~^{the Bronx carpenter.} and ~~The~~ Cuban doctor says he believes the German lawyer with ~~that~~ telltale letter is still in Havana.

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But here's the catch. Why didn't the Cuban doctor speak up before this? As a prominent citizen and politician he was surely aware of the long series of events in the Lindbergh ~~kidnapping~~^{drama} -- Hauptmann, ~~Isidor~~ Isidor Fisch, and all. Even the humblest Cuban in ~~a~~^a sugar cane field knew about that most sensational case. Why ~~did~~^{did} the doctor wait until now? . And why hasn't the German lawyer spoken up with his dramatically ~~significant~~ significant letter? These questions are not answered in the story that comes from Havana.

This new lead hasn't caused any excitement among officials in New Jersey. Colonel Schwarzkopf, head of the State Police, says it's all news to him -- that he'll wait and see.

New Jersey -- and the nation, for that matter -- are taking a much more serious interest in Governor Hoffman's declaration today. He's going to put Jafsie on the grill, have the aged but sprightly doctor rigorously questioned. Governor Hoffman told the reporters ~~xxxx~~ today that Jafsie should be made to explain discrepancies in the things he has said, things he told the police in the first place, ~~xx~~ the things he testified to on the witness stand in Flemington, and things he's been saying recently. So Jafsie will be grilled, and it won't be anything perfunctory, no cream puffs. "Dr. Condon's conduct," says the Governor, "calls for something more than the cream-puff type of questioning to which he has been subjected thus far."

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So much for tonight's news about the most sensational and pitiful of all kidnapping crimes. But what snatching affair would you name as Number Two, second in prominence to the Lindbergh case? *in all history?* Think back. (Remember Leopold and Loeb, the two wealthy, ~~and~~ highly educated youths, who ~~had~~ set out to commit the perfect crime? *?* ~~in~~ The kidnap-murder of little Bobby Franks? Hauptmann sits ~~reprex~~ reprieved in the New Jersey death house, the central figure in kidnap Number One. What about Leopold and Loeb, sentenced to life imprisonment for kidnap Number Two?

re There was the flash of a ~~knife~~ *razor* today in the Illinois State Prison at Joliet. The ~~knife~~ *razor* blow was struck in a fight between two convicts. And one of the two was Richard Loeb, of the Leopold and Loeb partnership. ~~The~~ wounded man was taken to the prison hospital, and now the word comes -- he has ~~xix~~ died.

Richard Loeb.)

Perhaps they were too smart, too intellectual, too scholarly to begin with -- those two young men who, with twisted brains and with twisted pride thought they could commit a perfect

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crime of atrocious kidnapping and murder. Perhaps their distorted minds were swollen with the pride of learning. It was the dropping of a pair of scholastic spectacles that led to their detection and undoing. ^R During their long years ⁱⁿ ~~at the~~ prison they've been described as model convicts. Perhaps they could not help from feeling ~~ing~~ themselves above their fellow prisoners, the illiterate burglar, the uncultivated gunman.

Anyway, some bitter enmity flared at Joliet today. Richard Loeb ~~is~~ got into a fight with a fellow convict, and was ^{slashed} ~~stabbed~~ to death.

MORRO CASTLE

Sixteen months ago the Morro Castle burned off the New Jersey coast, a dreadful disaster of the sea. Today, sentences were handed down in court. ^{TP} ^{you will recall,} The tragedy, ^{and} was followed by bitter recriminations against the ship's officers ^{and} the Ward Line. These led to an inquiry by the United States Bureau of Steamboat Investigation. That was followed by proceedings in the Federal Court. These dragged on, hardly noticed at ~~the~~ time.⁵ Today, the Judge imposed the penalties. ^{TP} Acting Captain William Warms, in command of the ship - ~~he~~ gets two years in prison for failing to send ^{distress signals} ~~the SOS~~ until it was too late. Chief Engineer Eben Abbott - ~~he was~~ charged with escaping in a lifeboat, concealing the fact that he was an officer, ^{and} letting the passengers fare as they ~~may~~ might. He is sentenced to four years in prison. And Henry Cabaud, Vice-President of the Steamship Line - one year in prison and a Five Thousand Dollar fine, for failing to enforce safety rules aboard the ship. But the judge suspended the prison sentence. The fine stands.

Sentenced by the Judge - -
~~Prison~~ - an echo of flaming tragedy at sea!

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KING

Four hundred million persons stood in mourning today. (The British Empire bowed its head for the funeral of King George. There was a stupendous pageantry and ^{touching} ~~and~~ simplicity - the dark pageantry of the funeral cortege in London, the affecting simplicity of the brief Church of England ritual as the monarch was laid to rest.) Four hundred million in mourning - and they say there was one whose grief was curiously poignant:- the late King's cousin, who was the Emperor of Germany. In his exile at Doorn, the former Kaiser bowed his head in melancholy thought, meditating on the strange tricks of destiny. Wilhelm and George - both grandsons of Queen Victoria. One dying in ^{the} purple, the other - deep in the blues. still living, ~~chopping wood and cultivating a garden.~~

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BEAR

At the Central Park Zoo in New York, they are in the throes of a perplexing bear mystery, a zoological problem that seems insoluble for weeks to come. When I heard about the puzzle of the two black bears, I made immediate investigation. Of course I'm interested in the genus ursus ^{i.e.} - ever since I had that bear which wouldn't go to sleep, and which the radio audience helped me to name -- Nudist, because she was all bare. She became so troublesome finally that I gave her to the Central Park Zoo. ~~However,~~ as it happens, in today's mystery of the ursine ladies, one of them is Nudist herself, my old pesky pet.

So I promptly called up Captain Cheyne-Stout^{director} of the Zoo, and inquired. And he responded in ~~extreme~~ the tone of a detective, outlining the perplexities of an insoluble case. He told me the baffling story of the new born cubs.

~~There were~~ Two she-bears in the same enclosure, one named Maggie, the other - Nudist. Maggie proceeded to dig into the side of ^a ~~the~~ bank and excavated a comfortable cave. But it was Nudist that went into the cave and occupied it. Later Maggie

followed her. And there were the two bears in the deep, dark den. Captain Cheyne-Stout thought nothing in particular about this - until strange sounds were heard. From the black interior of the cave came shrill piping squeals - cubs! That was astonishing, because it is exceedingly rare for black bears to breed ~~in~~ in captivity. There was no doubt about it, the squeals meant cubs.

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But whose cubs were they? Maggie had dug the cave, but Nudist had promptly occupied it. Maybe they're Maggie's cubs, ~~with~~ with Nudist ~~in~~ in the back of the cave and Maggie won't let her out. ~~When a bear has cubs, don't try to pass~~ ^{by her.} ~~and get near them.~~

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Or, maybe Nudist has the cubs and won't let Maggie out. Or maybe they both have cubs. It's all very complicated, and there's no way of telling. New born bear cubs are tiny critters, blind and hairless. And the two big bears with the cubs will stay in the cave until about March. Meanwhile, the zoo attendants are feeding them, tossing food into the depths of the den - waiting till spring to see whether the cubs are in the maternal care of Maggie or Nudist, or both. And that's the story of the two bears - one of them named by you. And s-l-u-t-m.

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