

P. 5 - Sunco. Thurs., June 13, 1935

Current  
1935

GERMAN EXPLOSION

In a town in North Germany, havoc and devastation broke loose today - terrific flames shooting into the sky, an earsplitting blast with an enormous roaring of echoes over the countryside. A plant making high explosives blew up. It was near the town of Wittenberg, sixty miles southwest of Berlin. Many Americans know that town, because it's the home of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, America's Draft Dodger Number One. He has been living there since he escaped from the United States during the World War.

The explosive factory was near Wittenberg, in the town of Reinsdorf. The facts at hand are meager. The censorship is on. No detailed information is being given out. The <sup>first</sup> official word says briefly that fifty people were killed, but well founded reports declare that the casualty list may run up to a thousand. The town was blasted from end to end. Report says that fires have broken out. Scores of doctors and Red Cross Nurses are being rushed to the stri<sup>c</sup>ken area, where the high explosive factory went up today in one giant fiery blast.

## ITALY

Here's some important and illuminating foreign news:-

Today's word on the Italian-Abyssinian controversy brings a sudden clarification of ideas. We get some rather plain word of just what Mussolini wants, and what the King of Kings is willing to grant. Rome proposes a Protectorate over the Land of Ethiopia -- keeping the present regime at Addis Ababa, the Lion of Judah on his throne, with everything under the general overlordship of Italy. This is all in accordance with past traditions -- European nations getting control of backward countries without actual conquest and annexation -- Protectorate. Mussolini believes that he can work out an arrangement with England and France on the basis of a treaty signed a long time ago -- in which Great Britain, France and Italy agreed to divide Abyssinian into British, French and Italian spheres of influence.

From the Abyssinian side the word is equally significant -- The King of Kings willing to hand over an entire province to the Italians. They say the government at Addis Ababa will agree to have the Italians annex the section called Ogaden. This is a large triangle of territory thrust like a wedge between Italian Somaliland and British Somaliland. It extends right up

to the line of mountain ranges which begin the Great Plateau of Ethiopia. It is this Ogaden section from which the wild Abyssinian tribes have been raiding against the Italian Somalis. The immediate cause of all the trouble, it seems to be lowland country, and for that reason may not satisfy the Italians, who want the high temperate table lands, suitable for Europeans.

Then there is a third proposal emanating from neutral sources -- that the Italians ~~shall~~ be given the right to build a railroad they've long wanted, a line connecting their two provinces of Eritrea and Somaliland, such a line to run through Ethiopia. According to the scheme advanced, the Italians <sup>should</sup> ~~shall~~ be given the right to police it and put their own soldiers along the right-of-way. The same right the Russians had in their railroad through Manchuria.

The general tenor of the Italo-Abyssinian news today emphasizes not war, but the possibilities of a political arrangement.

I don't know whether it signifies ~~any more~~<sup>much</sup> or not.

But there certainly are evidences of nerves in Italy - in the way Rome is clamping down on American journalists. Not only is the New York Times banished from the peninsula, but now the Rome correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has been expelled. And the reasons are closely similar.

The Times is banned because of an editorial it printed. One thing in that editorial especially irked Mussolini. It was reasoning to the effect that the Duce's position is insecure. A hint that he might be overthrown. In the case of the Chicago Tribune correspondent, the trouble was caused by a report he cabled to his paper, a report on Mussolini's speech in Sardinia last week. David Darrah intimated that the Duce's power was waning in Italy and that several sections of Italy were ripe for revolt. To this the Italian authorities respond:- "His stories were absolutely impossible and untrue." But they were not content with responding in words. Today David Darrah was on his way to Vienna. Without any warning, Secret Service men appeared at his home and told him he must leave Italy immediately. They

took him to the train for Vienna and escorted him until he was across the border.

Mussolini doesn't like it when foreign journalism declares that his power in Italy is shaky. Maybe it's because he feels shaky, or maybe he just doesn't like what they're saying.

The China news is confused tonight -- reports that China is yielding and not yielding. Rumors that Japan has made new demands on the Nanking Government and denials that this is true, dispatches telling in a large, rather vague way, of Japanese troops marching into China.

The Nanking Government seems tossed in doubt and uncertainty. A kaleidoscope of contradictory statements emanate from the Chinese capital. They have been coming that way for several days. Nanking yields to Japan. Nanking defies Japan. Nanking yields to some of the Japanese demands. All seems to be confusion in Nanking.

One thing is clear -- that whatever decisions have been made by the Council of the Nationalist Government, the Japanese generals are not satisfied. They demand a clear, unequivocal backdown on the part of China. They insist that Nanking shall relinquish control of the cities of Tientsin and Peiping, and the whole Province of Hopei. Evasions and half measures will not satisfy the <sup>men</sup><sub>A</sub>. So it's not surprizing that we hear reports of further Japanese demands. The Tokyo ~~generals~~

have virtually said that if they do not get what they want right away, they'll ask for more.

And the indecision of the Chinese leaders adds plausibility to the reports of Japanese troop movements -- Nipponese regiments marching into China, through the Great Wall.

PLANE

Wide wings over Honolulu today, and big wheels landed on the flying field. The second outward bound trip of the giant Pan-American Clipper Ship. Time -- seventeen hours and seven minutes for the twenty-four hundred mile span, a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. The Clipper Ship is soon taking off for Midway Island to observe weather conditions in the mid-Pacific.

~~That big bus certainly is on the go, while I'm off  
the air, and~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~



HUEY - LEAD

I feel sort of overwhelmed tonight by that phenomenon of oratory -- Huey Long.

In the first place -- was it the world's longest speech? That question takes us to a memorable scene twenty-seven years ago -- when a short, sturdy figure with a bushy pompadour arose in the United States Senate. It was just after noon, twelve-forty. A few minutes before the Aldrich-

Vreeland Currency Bill had been introduced. This was during the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt. The bill was a bank measure dealing with the panic of Nineteen Seven. And, by the way, it contained some of the ingredients which Carter Glass, some years afterward, put into his Federal Reserve laws. The Senator who jumped to his feet was the elder Bob LaFollette. Then in his prime, he started at twelve-<sup>noon</sup>forty and he talked and talked and talked, all day. Supper time came, and still he talked -- all night. Midnight found him <sup>just getting his second wind.</sup> ~~in full blast.~~ It wasn't until five minutes past seven in the morning, eighteen hours and twenty-three minutes after he started, that Senator LaFollette said his last word and sat down.

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Now let's skip twenty-seven years and come down to the Senate scene yesterday. Once more a Senator rose to speak shortly after noon. Twelve-fifteen to be precise. Once more it was in a Roosevelt Administration. And, carrying the coincidence still further, it all had to do with legislation that deals with panic and depression. It was Huey Long, and he talked and talked and talked -- all day -- all night. He sat down at ten

minutes past four this morning. A speech of fifteen hours and

a half. ~~That's~~ **T**hree hours short of that LaFollette oratory of

twenty-seven years ago. According to those figures, the King-

fish gab-fest would rank as the world's second longest speech.

But Veteran Senators point out that Bob LaFollette, in his

masterpiece of length, had short periods of rest, while Senator

Long kept going incessantly, on his feet all the time. So they

say that he deserves the crown for long drawn out verbosity. *Anyhow,*

it's quite appropriate that Huey Long should make the longest

speech.

In the art of oratory, it isn't ~~z~~ only how many words

you say -- but what kind of words, *--- so they say!* And right here we find a

still more interesting phase of that Huey Long masterpiece. Of

course, he talked just <sup>to</sup> be talking, on every subject he could

think of -- from the Bible and Victor Hugo to Pot Liquor and

Southern cooking. Once he gave a lengthy discourse about the

right way to wash turnip greens. Another time he told at enor-

mous length ~~that~~ how Vice-President Garner was out hunting.

The Vice-President was up a tree, and shot a deer. As he did

so, he fell out of the tree. And of course there was plenty of harangue and diatribe against the Roosevelt Administration and against Huey's pet enemy, Postmaster General Jim Farley. It was wild and rambling. The Senator from Louisiana pacing up and down the aisles, shouting and roaring, his arms swinging, munching bits of food from time to time, his hair desheveled. No, there certainly wasn't anything impressive in the general gist and meaning of that fifteen and a half hour orgy of talk. What Huey Long did display was his bitter ~~fi~~ gift of retort. The jeering and jibing answers -- the savage Kingfish comeback. Pale, fagged out, husky voiced, he lashed back again and again at interrupters. Once Senator Barkley of Kentucky broke in with the suggestion that Huey ought to sing.

"When I sing," snapped the Kingfish, "it will be for somebody who is better looking than the Senator from Kentucky."

Another time Senator Minton of Indiana reproved Huey for talking too loudly, adding:- "There are a lot of Senators asleep around here."

"I am sorry I woke up the Senator from Indiana," Huey

apologized. "The Senate would be better off if he remained asleep."

Again and again he blazed with that knock-down, drag-'em-out genius of reply. Which has made the Senator from Louisiana a terror in debate. [ The Kingfish was filibustering to keep the N. R. A. Bill from passing. ] More specifically, his object was to tack a rider on the Blue Eagle bill, an amendment to make the President get the consent of Congress in handing out any <sup>paying</sup> job over four thousand dollars a year.

That amendment was just a back-handed slap at the White House -- Huey was trying to tire out the Senators so completely that they would have to declare a recess -- without voting on the N. R. A. He quit only when he was utterly played out, his voice worn to a whisper, and then the floor was immediately taken by Blind Senator Schall, who continued the filibuster. ~~The Senate~~  
~~read from a manuscript prepared by the blind Senator.~~ Whereupon the filibuster was continued by Senator Pat McCarren, etc., etc. He didn't talk for such a long time, however.

The Administration's Senators had stuck it out, with grim determination, tired, weary, some of them asleep, some driven half to distraction. They had stayed at their benches during the interminable hours of speechmaking. They refused to recess. When Senator McCarren got through, there was a swift call for a vote. Huey Long was on his feet. He wanted to start talking again, he shouted for recognition. But the Chairman didn't hear it. That's how the filibuster was broken. Senator Barkley of Kentucky in the chair must have been a bit hard of hearing so far as Huey's shouts were concerned. He overlooked the wild and gesticulating Kingfish and called for a vote.

So, all those eventful Senate proceedings boil down to this -- that the Senate has passed a skeleton N.R.A. Bill, and extended the life of the clipped Blue Eagle -- a mere vague azure shadow of that gleaming sapphire bird that used to spread its wing tips from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

That's a rather long item. But it concerns a long speech -- by Long! Too long.

JIMMIE WALLINGTON

Here's one that I suppose comes under the heading:-

RED HOT IMPORTANT NEWS! FLASH! FLASH! --- STOP PRESS! EXTRA EDITION! You know, the way Walter Winchell does it.

It's from our Tall Story Club Florida Correspondent, J. Wallington, otherwise known as "Jimmie." It's from Sarasota.

It reads:-

"Tarpon biting swell stop landed one weighing nine hundred and twenty-five pounds yesterday at Passa Grille," (must be a typographical error somewhere in that.) Then he says:- "The Sarasota County Angler's Club has just honored me with life membership; they have declared me this year's champion -- liar." Full stop!

Then Jimmie goes on to add the even more important news:- "Blue Sunoco almost invariably used as fuel in these fast tarpon boats and that makes me happy. Stop." But I'm sure that doesn't make Jimmie nearly as happy as it makes our radio sponsors in Philadelphia.

Nine hundred and twenty-five pound tarpon -- champion

liar of Florida -- yes, the two go together. And anyway, it's nearly a hundred in the shade up here in New York where some of the rest of us are sweltering, and I suppose Jimmie's telegram is just a friendly message to cheer us up as we swelter and pant and gasp.



## FIGHT

In the ring tonight Max Baer and contender Jimmy Braddock will appear. That's no news. But this is news -- Joe Humphries will not appear. For forty years the leather lunged man of the strident voice has been a prize-fight institution yelling out the announcements - the battlers' names and weights and sundry distinctions, and raising the winner's arm at the end of the bout. But this time good old Joe Humphries is missing - a paralytic stroke. He's in bed. So my friend Joe will be listening to the fight returns over the radio.

There will never be another Joe Humphries, no need for one. His peculiar genius came to the fore in the days before microphones and amplifying systems were heard of. A voice of natural and inherent power was needed to boom to the far corners of the hall. And Joe Humphries' raucus bellow resounded to the farthest corners. In these days when sound machinery can magnify a murmur into a roar - there's no longer need to develop paladins of lung power. Why you can even whisper and be heard for thousands of miles, if anybody is listening. You might even send a whisper round the world as I'm going to try and do now. Here goes:- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.