

L. T. - SUNOCO - FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1935

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GREECE

7

Reports from the civil war in Greece begin with an official government announcement that the revolt is rapidly being suppressed. As against ~~this~~ official optimism, comes word that the insurgents are ~~bombarding~~ the City of Salonika, ~~and~~ advancing against heavy ^{put up} resistance by the government soldiers. Salonika is under a booming artillery fire, as the rival batteries fling shells against each other. — *nothing new for Salonika.*

An ominous note comes from the northern border of Greece, where the fighting is still going on. The Bulgars are said to be massing their troops. The government of Sofia has ordered all soldiers on leave to rejoin their regiments. The Bulgarian authorities are making these military moves as a reply to the massing of Turkish troops. This is one of the worisome factors of the Greek rebellion -- the two ~~Hellenic~~ neighbors moving regiments to guard their ^{Grecian} borders ~~along to Greece~~, and ~~also~~ their own Bulgarian-Turkish border in the vicinity of Greece. The Bulgars claim the Turks have brought up more soldiers than is necessary, so they are bringing up more troops of their own. There is always danger when the armies of two nations that don't like each other are brought in close proximity, face to face.

Perhaps the most striking report is the one that tells that former Premier Venizelos has been wounded. He was eight times the head of the Greek government. ^{And -} They claim he is the ~~instigator~~ ^{instigator} of the present revolt. Now rumor has him seriously wounded, on a rebel destroyer bound for Egypt. If this is true, it would seem to indicate that Venizelos was active with the insurgents on the island of Crete, where there have been various sorts of hostilities, from government planes dropping bombs to destroyers from Athens cannonading the shore.

18

HUEY LONG

The Huey Long cry against Postmaster General Jim Farley struck a snag this afternoon, when the Senate Post Office Committee refused the Louisiana senator's demand for an investigation.

Senator Long had been demanding that the Committee hold a quiz of the charges he's making, but the Committee voted - "No". This followed a scene in the Senate, during which Senator Long expatiated on his ~~xx~~ accusations - charging the Postmaster General with misconduct in connection with the American National Bank of Nashville, Tennessee - only Huey didn't call it misconduct. The words he used were, "fraud and rascality." And he ~~ix~~ brought forth more details to back his contention that Postmaster Jim had played a sly hand in getting government business for a contracting firm with which he is connected.

The proceedings were enlivened by an attack on Senator Long's radio speech of last night. One senator called it "an adroit piece of demagoguery." Most of them ignored it - are not making any statements about Huey's radio speech. It is said they resorting to the old silence treatment, just ignoring him.

But on the q.t., the opinion is that the Kingfish

exposition of political philosophy last night was about as clever as you'd expect from so clever a politician as Long of Louisiana. I imagine that's the impression many of us got. I know I did. As I listened, I couldn't help remarking how smart it was for the Senator to go easy on invective and violent denunciation. A master of scathing diatribe, he was answering a scathing attack by General Hugh Johnson. But instead of exerting his admitted talent for tongue-lashing, and lavishing the bitter wealth of his vocabulary on his assailant, he chose to adopt a moderate tone - moderate for Huey. Of course he did pay his respects to the General with a few stinging jibes, but it wasn't the succession of dynamite blasts that were expected. It may have disappointed some of his public who were waiting to be entertained by blasting bursts of fireworks. It was as if Huey, the rough-and-tumble battler, were disdainful to reply to his enemies brickbat to brickbat.

But the larger aspect of political smartness was this -- that Huey had a magnificent spot prepared for him by General Johnson, a coast-to-coast hookup on the N. B. C., marvelously

advertised, everybody waiting to witness the hostilities. But he didn't put on the vaudeville act according to schedule, although he is a supreme vaudevillian. Instead, he used the spot that was granted him to put on the air a strategic, full-throated blast of his own political doctrines. His denunciations were reserved not so much for his immediate adversary, General Johnson, as for the Roosevelt administration. And his main theme was a share-the-wealth demand for the confiscation of capital.

I don't suppose that Huey Long by any other means could have procured for himself so extraordinary a spot on the air for a countrywide blast of his chief and central idea, with which he is belaboring the Administration. With this strategy put over, the radio stage is left big, bright and open for Father Coughlin's appearance on the air on Monday.

Meanwhile, I got something of a paradoxical sort of slant on the imbroglio today. I had neglected my mail for a few days, and this morning dove into a stack. I found a raft of letters and postal cards ~~sent~~ commenting on my having introduced General Johnson and his epoch-making speech at the Waldorf on Monday night.

We know that the General himself has been deluged with communications. The RED BOOK MAGAZINE, which gave the Waldorf Banquet, reports that several barrels full of telegrams and letters have come in. And a count shows that an overwhelming majority of those praise General Johnson for his attack on Senator Long and Father Coughlin. The proportion, it is stated, is about six to one, six patting the General on the back to every one balling him out.

Of course there always has to be some small exception impeding the clean-cut significance of a general truth. My own case happens to be that exception. Of course I never do expect to get six slaps on the back for every crack over the head, and I certainly didn't get the chorus of acclaim this ^{sp}time. General Johnson, in his mail, gets a majority of six to one in his favor, but I get an even bigger majority -- the other way. Mine is one long blast of protests, from people who are eager to tell what they think of the General and what they think of me. Only a few express their approval.

So according to General Johnson's mail the public is

HUEY LONG - 5

with him, but according to my mail, the public is against him.

One of those yes or no opinions - take your pick.

TABOR

To me it seems like the closing fact of a stupendous legend -- ~~the~~ to read today's tragic story from Colorado. Nobody who grew up in the Western mining country at the turn of the century could fail to have ^{had} impressed on his mind the silver dollar fame and splendor of H. A. W. Tabor. As I myself was reared in the mining camp of Cripple Creek, the name Tabor is like a glamorous symbol dominating early memory. He was the top notch and over-shadowing example of a money coining, money tossing, flaunting gold-and-silver king of the bonanza era. ~~of mining.~~ And his wife, Baby Doe was a queen to match her king, with her beauty, her laughter and ^{the} stunning brilliance of her personality. When they were married, the President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, attended the wedding.

49

The apogee of their splendor was in Washington, where Silver King Tabor strutted in the dignity of a United States Senator. He went by appointment for thirty days as the Senator from Colorado, and legends flared of the spend-thrift munificence of the Silver Senator and his wife Baby Doe. They say he wore a night-~~gown~~ ^{-shirt} studded with diamonds.

Yet, I have heard it said by old timers in the West that Tabor, King of Silver, started the breaks going against him when made that glamorous marriage - when he "ditched his old woman." The "old woman" had stuck along with him through many a hard year when he was little more than a roustabout and a hanger-on at the mining camps. In those poverty days he ran across two shoe-makers who had abandoned half-soles and uppers, and gone mine hunting in Colorado. Tabor grub-staked the pair and they struck a fabulously rich vein of silver at Leadville. It made them all wealthy, and Tabor went on to acquire further mines, which made him the Silver Croesus of the West.

In Denver, he built the spectacular million dollar Tabor Opera House -- a phenemon of grandeur in the West. And all the time he had the "old woman" with him.

Then, at the height of his wealth he met Elizabeth McCourt Doe, whom they called Baby Doe. Young and flashingly beautiful! As Tabor had the "old woman", so Baby Doe had a husband. But these impediments didn't count in the face of the

immense power of the Silver King. And the old timers say that when Tabor discarded the "old woman" to marry Baby Doe, he busted his string of luck. Certain it is that not long after the riotously splendid wedding and the brief senatorial career in Washington, things took a swift turn for the worse.

The gold standard was put into effect. Silver was no longer a metallic base. All of Tabor's wealth was in silver. The financial rocks were before him and his fortune declined swiftly. He sank to poverty and died. One of his daughters whom he had christened Silver Dollar Tabor, died ten odd years ago in a cheap rooming house in Chicago. Silver Dollar Tabor had tried to become an author but she had tried in vain.

Tabor had always told his wife Baby Doe to hang on to the Matchless Mine. It had been the chief source of his wealth. It had petered out but he always believed it would come back. And Baby Doe, believed it too. She clung to the mine with a pathetic fidelity, so much so that she became a Western legend. She lived in a shack near the shaft of the Matchless Mine and worked in rough overalls and a man's shirt, digging and prospecting.

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It was there that she was found, frozen to death, in the mine shack - 73 years old. No, she wasn't dressed in rough overalls and a man's shirt when they found her. She was wearing that faded, feminine finery, the remnants of a wardrobe that had once been made for her by fashionable dressmakers. She had put the old glory on before she lay down to dreeze. She had two wrinkled bills, the last two dollars of the fabulous fortune of the Silver King.

BESSON

And now - Senator Long of Louisiana takes us across the ocean to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris. The association of ideas runs this way -- Huey's blustering remarks in the Senate are always causing a discussion of the principle of legislative immunity, whereby a lawmaker cannot be touched by law for anything he says in Congress. Over in Paris the reigning story today concerns that same principle of legislative immunity. It takes the form of that sort of farce comedy which inspires flashes of wit in the cafes along the boulevards.

For years the "Peck's Bad Boy" of the French legislative halls has been Deputy Besson. When he got up to orate, he insulted everybody, lambasted the heads of the government, savagely twitted his fellow deputies. Several years ago it seemed as though the Parisian "Peck's Bad Boy" had definitely been squealched, when he was prosecuted for having stolen a receipt from a lawyer during a case, ^{He} ~~she~~ was sentenced to three months in jail. The Chamber of Deputies piously expected that for three months at least, Deputy Besson would do his insulting in the solitude of a prison cell. But nothing of the sort, and all because of that principle of legislative immunity. In France a member of the Chamber of Deputies

is immune from arrest as long as the Chamber is in session. So the gendarmes could not lay hands on the legislative "Peck's Bad Boy" until the session was over. The Chamber of Deputies waited impatiently for their lawmaking term to end and for their rambunctious colleague to be smacked in a Parisian hoosgow. But the day before the Chamber of Deputies adjourned, Monsieur Besson climbed into an airplane and flew to Belgium. There, safe from arrest, he waited during the vacation period until the Chamber opened its next session. ^{Then he} ~~he~~ returned to Paris -- immune once more! He took his seat in the stately halls of government, and once ^{again} ~~he~~ insulted the other deputies, heckling and badgering them day after day. And again, just before that session ended, he flew to Belgium, waited there and returned for the next session. This has gone on for three years, with Deputy Besson growing more vituperative all the time.

The patience of the long-suffering deputies couldn't last forever, so now, during the present session, they proceeded to take drastic measures. If the principle of legislative immunity prevented Monsieur Besson from serving those three months in jail, why then the thing to do was to remove that protective shield of

immunity from around him. The only way to do this was to expel him from the Chamber. Of course during all of this, Monsieur Besson showered on them the most violent personal abuse, calling them scoundrels and jailbirds. But the deputies gritted their teeth and said nothing. Just wait till the vote came, and they'd see who was the jailbird!

The vote to expel the Deputy was staged with solemn enthusiasm. Two gendarmes waited outside the ornate door of the Chamber. As soon as the vote was counted their cue would be to seize Monsieur Besson and rush him off to the bastille to serve his three months!

But, while the voting was under way Deputy Besson rose with great dignity. He took his chapeau, and stick and strolled out of the Chamber. He walked right by the two gendarmes. They didn't dare lay hands on him because he was still a Deputy. He sauntered to a taxicab, and drove off. He hasn't been seen since.

The Chamber voted three hundred and thirty-five to twenty-eight to expel him. Which of course makes it entirely

possible to put him in the prison cell so long reserved for him.

So what? Monsieur Besson's legislative immunity has vanished,

but Monsieur Besson has vanished. And I'm vanishing too -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.