

JAMES ASWELL

(Editor's Note: Mr. Aswell is the son of the late J. B. Aswell, longtime member of Congress from Louisiana.)

**NEW YORK**—Audience With the Kingfish: Suite 2200 at the hotel is not the most comfortable place in the place. It is comfortable, conventionally furnished. You push a button and a melodious little chime sounds once. A young man, neatly dressed, muscular man opens the door cautiously. He is a sort of secretary-bodyguard.

"Aswell? Oh yes, come right in. The Senator is expecting you." I go down a long corridor and reach the sitting room of the suite. There is a desk, but Huey Long, sovereign of the Sovereign State of Louisiana, is not at it. He is sprawled in a chair, one leg over the arm.

He has on a tan shirt, a tan tie, lighter tan trousers, light socks, no coat. His hair is towseled.

"Hi, boy," he says and smiles. It is the quick, bright, engaging smile of men who live on nervous energy; men who have tasted power briefly and can afford to regender good humor still. "Sit down there."

I take a chair in a corner. The Kingfish is discussing some elliptical matter, which is none of my business, with a thin, bald, ecclesiastical gentleman in a high collar. Huey is expressing his opinion of somebody. I don't know whom.

"That blankety-blank-blank. I hate him inside and out." He rises from his chair and paces. He sits down in another chair, pulls a rope, looks off into space. He asks what seems to be an irrelevant question. He resumes the tirade. Grows almost mellow finally. The man takes his leave, obsequiously. Huey, nods, doesn't rise.

He looks at me suddenly, as though he had seen me for the first time. "How are you doing these days, boy? I knew your father well. Your father was the best after-dinner speaker I ever heard in my life, although I could tell a story better. How many papers do you write for?"

I gave him a generous estimate of the number. He looks off into space. The secretary-bodyguard has answered the phone at least 19 times during all this. He now rises, for the door chime has sounded, and ushers in a young man who, I understand, is organizing Share-the-Wealth Clubs in New York.

Huey nods to him and tells one of the stories my father used to tell—the one about the church meeting to raise funds and the bottle of spirits (rumor) in the dry South that was always the hilarious euphemism for liquor) which somehow got into the punch.

Now the phone rings. The secretary-bodyguard is out of the room. The Senator answers it himself.

"Hello?" Booming.

"Who? There are a lot of Bill Dunes in this world. Who the hell are you?"

Huey Long grins and winks at me. "No," he says, "I appreciate your invitation and I'd like to come down to your party, but I can't drink and I've got too much work to do."

It is apparent that somebody is having a party in another room of the hotel and has conceived the idea that it would be a great stunt to call the Kingfish for a drink or two.

"This happens all the time," he says to me. "I don't know what to do. It always might be somebody I want to see."

He rises to pace again. Apropos of something, he moves fast from one subject to another—he advises me:

"If you can't break the hand in power, kiss it. Yes, sir."

Then, tangential, he is telling me about his youngest son, 10 years old, who raises pigeons; his other boy, 14, who seems to be politically inclined; his daughter, 18, who is "the smartest of the bunch."

I manage a question.

"Senator, if you made a guess at the candidate on the 1936 Presidential ticket, whom would you name?"

Instantly: "Hoover, Roosevelt and Huey P. Long!"

I watch him. He is moving about again. He is seldom still. There is an air about him of vast conspiracy. You draw against your willfaints the plot. It is fun. He is the rugged individual. If ever there was one fighting, clawing, shoving through a world of phantoms, men, share the wealth! Maybe. Not the power. He looks vaguely like Jim Fuls. But his hair is not red; it is dark, shining brown.

"Do you keep a bodyguard still?"

"Three," he says. "I'm not afraid of New York. It's my enemies at home who may try to have me assassinated. They might send someone up here."

My time is up and I rise to take my leave.

"I read a story of your several years ago in what is it?—College Humor magazine," he remarks.

## HIGH PRESSURE PETE



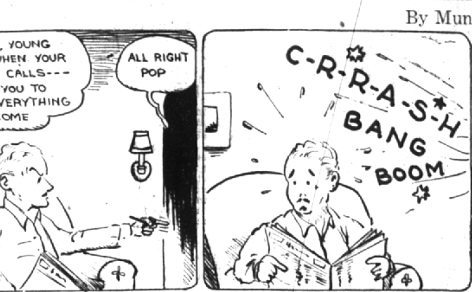
## A Poor Example



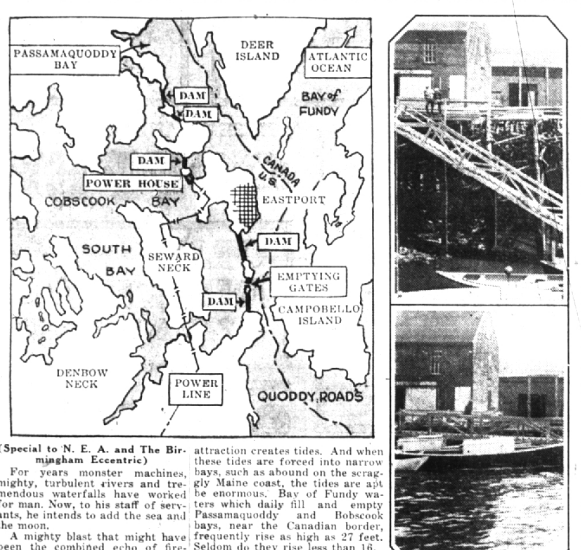
## By GEORGE SWAN



## MAC



## Mighty Tides Of Bay Of Fundy To Provide Power For Northwest



(Special to N. E. A. and The Birmingham Eccentric)

For years monster machines, mighty, turbulent rivers and tremendous waterfalls have worked for man. Now, to his staff of servants, he intends to add the sea and the moon.

A mighty blast that might have been the combined echo of firecrackers the nation over rocked the countryside about Eastport, Me., on July 4. This signal heralded launching of a project that had been a dream for decades—harnessing the great tides of Fundy, and converting this tremendous water power into energy for the northeastern part of the United States.

As everyone knows, the moon's attraction creates tides. And when these tides are forced into narrow bays, such as abound on the scraggly Maine coast, the tides are apt to be enormous. Bay of Fundy waters which daily fill and empty Passamaquoddy and Robcock bays, near the Canadian border, frequently rise as high as 27 feet. Seldom do they rise less than 18.

Canada Denies

For years engineers have tried to interest the Canadian and U. S. Governments in harnessing the vast potential hydraulic power. Canada has demurred because of possible damage to its fishing industry, but in President Roosevelt's engineers at last found a willing, even eager listener. Sumnering on Campobello Island in to be enormous. Bay of Fundy waters, the chief executive himself had frequently visioned the same possibilities. And so Uncle Sam has begun to pour millions into the Quoddy project.

The general principal is clear. Dams are to be constructed where ocean water can rush into Robcock Bay. Robcock waters are to be kept at low-tide levels. The tide starts to rise in the sea and in the Bay of Fundy, but the dams will prevent its usual rush into Robcock Bay. When the water is five feet higher outside than inside, the dam will be opened, and water will pour into Robcock Bay, turning giant turbines.

Power continues to be generated until the tide recedes to its low level where the outside water again is five feet higher than that inside. The dams are close until the level of both waters is even, then opened again to let both levels drop to their low-tide point.

Emptying Gates

Emptying gates will be provided for the outgoing water, and there will be a lock through which boats may enter Robcock Bay.

Note that power may be generated only during two five-hour periods each day; while the tides are rising or falling. To provide a steady 24-hour supply of power, surplus energy developed by the tides will be used to pump water into a great reservoir, 130 feet high, situated 15 miles away near Haystack Harbor. Then, when the tides are not turning turbines, the reservoir will be tapped and its waters, running downward, will take up the power-creating work until the next tide swell.

One great objection to the Quoddy project has been that Maine would not be able to furnish sufficient power for this new power. It is believed, however, the new supply of cheap power will draw industry to the northeast. And, in-

## Armless Wonder Plays Golf With Greatest of Ease

To those golfers long accustomed to touring the links in well above the century mark, a gold-demonstration, entitled "How to Break a 100 Without an Arm" at Lancaster at the corner of Telegraph and Twelve Mile roads and see just how Tommy McAlliff, golf's armless wonder, performs the feat. His demonstration will begin at 2:30.

In fact, it may be important enough for them to drop over to Lancaster at the corner of Telegraph and Twelve Mile roads and see just how Tommy McAlliff, golf's armless wonder, performs the feat. His demonstration will begin at 2:30.

McAlliff represents a real-life hero of the type fictionized in Horatio Alger's works. Deprived of his arms by a railroad accident when he was nine years old, young McAlliff began to think seriously as to how he was going to get through the tough road of life without these important aids. Chance fixed his course.

He happened to wander over to a golf course. Someone put a bag of clubs around his neck, and McAlliff soon was a first class caddy. And, arms or no arms, any caddy will learn the game of golf. In this case, it was a bit difficult. Some said impossible, but Tommy resolved to show them. He did.

Now he merely tucks the stick between his shoulder and the nap of his neck and hits the ball. And when it comes to a sound short game, McAlliff rates with any of the acknowledged masters.

Trick shots are another of McAlliff's specialties. While at the absorbing task of learning a new and successful way of playing the old Scottish game, McAlliff tried out various intricate shots and is now able to offer a fine repertoire of unorthodox shooting.

Outside of his marvelous triumphs over obstacles in learning the game of golf, McAlliff is also a writer of some note. He is editor of the magazine, Crutch and Cane, a magazine devoted to cripples exclusively to crippled people. He is a graduate of Michigan State College.

"Flower vase" is the name applied to women in China who have become employed by the government, meaning they are chiefly ornamental. The women, in return, call the male employees "ash trays."

To honor the spirits of 148 horses and 12 cows which had served the imperial Japanese household, a special memorial service was held in Tokyo.

One London firm has 6,000 customers who wear only heel-less shoes.

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## Out-Algers Alger

Climaxing a career more amazing than that in any Alger novel, Darryl F. Zanuck, above, at 32, has been named vice-president in charge of production of one of Hollywood's most prominent film organizations. Born in Nebraska, of Swiss parents, he left school after the eighth grade and became, successively, riveter's helper, longshoreman, soldier, scenario writer, producer and, now, one of film-land's most important executives.

His time is up and I rise to take my leave.

"I read a story of your several years ago in what is it?—College Humor magazine," he remarks.

## NEW BUMPERS MAY CUT AUTO TOLL

A safety bumper that knocks a pedestrian down and rolls him over to the vehicle stops, is a new English invention that may help cut down traffic mortality. In a recent demonstration, pictured above, a man was knocked down by a truck equipped with the device and traveling at a fair rate of speed. The "victim" suffered no injuries.



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## Obituary

**JAMES WALTER ADAMS**  
Funeral services for James Walter Adams, 11 years old, who died early Monday morning at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Pontiac, from streptococcal septicemia complicated with double pneumonia, were held at the S. O. Wyllie funeral home Wednesday afternoon with the Rev. L. Earl Jackson, minister of the First Baptist Church, officiating. Burial was in Greenwood cemetery.

James would have been a sixth grade student in Barnum school this fall. He was born in Pontiac but had lived in Birmingham since he was three months old. Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams, 544 Townsend street; and two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Wright of Birmingham, and Mrs. Ella Bowden, of Detroit.

**WILLIAM WHITSELL**  
William Whitsell, six years old, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Whitsell, who died at the home of his great grandmother, Mrs. Edward Banks, 684 Bird street, Friday, was buried in White Chapel funeral parlor Monday. In addition to the parents and the great grandmother, surviving are his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Whitsell of Walnut Lake.

The largest book in the world is to be found in New York. It is nine feet ten inches high, three feet three inches thick and weighs 600 hundredweight. The pages have to be turned electrically.

A thread that stretches, yet contains no rubber, is the discovery of a French inventor. The secret is in the weaving.