

Congressional Record

SEVENTY-THIRD CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

J. P. Morgan & Co.'s Magazine Attack on Huey P. Long

SPEECH

OF

HON. HUEY P. LONG

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

June 10, 1933

Mr. LONG. Mr. President, I wish to put in the RECORD what has been mailed to me by someone who signs himself "The Committee of the Common People." I do not know who he is. The statement is typewritten. I have not had time to read it all, but it gives in parallel columns what was printed in Collier's Weekly in December 1930 by Mr. Walter Davenport and what was printed in Collier's Weekly in June 1933 by Mr. Walter Davenport regarding me.

I was accorded the courtesy of appearing before the Committee on Banking and Currency on yesterday to examine Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. Mr. Lamont admitted, under cross-examination by myself, that the House of Morgan, through himself, controlled the Crowell Publishing Co., which publishes the American Magazine, Collier's Weekly, the Farm and Fireside, Country Home, the Womans Home Companion, and other publications in this country. He admitted that on the preferred list of J. P. Morgan & Co. was the name of Mr. Martin, a partner of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, owning the Saturday Evening Post, the Ladies Home Journal, the New York Evening Post, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and that through their direct connections, the preferred list, and their stock control, Morgan's house published directly part of them, and had its preferred clients who published these other publications.

It so happened that Mr. Lamont was so ignorant yesterday that he knew absolutely nothing of his own business, and I never knew I would find a partner of the House of Morgan so wholly devoid of familiarity with the business of the House of Morgan. He did not know how it could happen that at this particular time articles written by himself propagandizing for J. P. Morgan & Co. should appear; he did not know why they could not appear at any other time except at a time when needed to try to set up public sentiment during this investigation. He did not know how it could be that following the time of my making my remarks here, by some accident this same Morgan publication got out another article on me and others, and in such speed and with such haste that they had to have a preliminary print made and sent to all the Members of Congress in order that it could get here in time.

I shall ask to have printed in parallel columns this article which has been sent to me, and I want to read some portions of it.

In Collier's Weekly for December 1930 Mr. Walter Davenport said this referring to me:

Filled with the same unconquerable confidence, cleaving to the same directness of purpose and speech, overflowing with an energy which flattens weaker beholders, ruthless as a machine gun, a political bob has overcome enough obstacles and achieved successes enough to make up two or three robust careers.

I have met many men, many politicians, but I have never met one so quick to turn an enemy's thrust against the attacker or to convert a mean situation into a personal triumph.

(Anent the problem of free textbooks for the children of Louisiana.)

Huey met the situation with characteristic simplicity. Huey is one of the earth's perpetual children anyway. All he did was to draw up a bill which provided that every child in Louisiana should be given free schoolbooks. That's all—schoolbooks. It mattered not where that child went to school, just so long as it was enrolled in a school. Free schoolbooks—and God love 'em.

That is the pen of the Morgan syndicate, through Mr. Davenport, before I was on the floor of the Senate undertaking to give some of the statistics relative to this outfit's manipulations.

Now let us hear from them along the same line in this specially prepared article which they shoved in here and have put into the Senate by a special publication, not even a part of their own paper, to be reproduced in their paper, and which has been sold on the stands here more than a week before the time when they were supposed to sell the paper, this week.

Having read this other article, I want to read what has happened since the Morgan hearing started, what was written by the same author, in the same Morgan paper, the same one that described me as one of God's perpetual children, filled with the spirit of the Lord, and in love with the children of the country. Now, let us hear from this same bunch that has come here. I read from Collier's of June 1933 an article by Walter Davenport:

To see him for the first time is something of a shock.

[Laughter.]

You would expect a picture of power, the intensity of a zealot, the burning eye of fanaticism, the uncompromising jaw of the crushing autocrat, the lean asceticism of a prophet, the austerity of a despot.

That is what you would expect, he said.

But nothing like this. He's pudgy. His cheeks are blotched, flabby. His uncertain nose is red, betokening either bad circulation or entirely too much.

[Laughter.]

His face is weak, willful, and there is no discipline in it. But his eyes, soft, protruding robin's eggs, are nevertheless bold; hit-and-run eyes that roll upward as he talks.

Mr. President, remarkable changes have occurred, and I am not going to infringe upon the gracious disposition of my friend from West Virginia too long. Remarkable changes have occurred in my physical make-up and in all of my characteristics, in my mind, and in my heart, according to this Morgan journal, in the short time between the time when the same writer wrote me up in the Morgan magazine in the last part of 1930 and when he wrote me up in the first part of 1933. Yet Mr. Lamont says that he cannot understand how such coincidences occur, and he is positive, so far as it concerns his good heart—and of course everyone knows he has a wonderfully good heart, as he has bestowed his blessing so fruitfully and so bountifully upon everybody he could get to receive the gifts thereof where they were in position to give him help and advice and counsel in the operation of the Government—that in his good heart he could not understand how anything like this could occur, and it was a matter of even less than passing notice to the gentleman.

I do not know by whom this document was very kindly sent to me, but I thank whoever sent it. I ask that it be

printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD in parallel columns; and if my friend the Senator from West Virginia will pardon me just one more moment it will save me making a speech today, which I do not want to make, and I know the Senator from West Virginia will be happier if he saves the Senate that affliction.

Mr. HATFIELD. I am very glad to yield to my good friend.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Louisiana asks unanimous consent to have a certain article printed in the RECORD. Is there objection?

There being no objection, the matter was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

PUTTING THE HOOK IN THE KINGFISH—WHAT COLLIER'S HAD TO SAY BEFORE AND AFTER HUEY PUT THE HOOK IN THE HOUSE OF MORGAN—LET THERE BE LIGHT!

[From Collier's, December 1930]
(By Walter Davenport)

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Huey met the situation with characteristic simplicity. Huey is one of the earth's perpetual children, anyway. All he did was to draw up a bill which provided that every child in Louisiana should be given free schoolbooks. That's all—schoolbooks. It mattered not where that child went to school, just so long as it was enrolled in a school. Free schoolbooks—and God love 'em.

His opponents, chagrined that so old a problem should be solved by this irrelevant upstart, appealed to the courts.

* * * And Huey himself, admittedly one of the best lawyers in the South, went along arguing to victory after victory until it appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States. There Huey defended

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And then out of the car steps Huey—the Honorable HUKY P. LONG, general manager and business agent of the State of Louisiana, United States Senator, protector of the poor, Hotcha Huey (Tell 'em nothing and make 'em like it), Get-'em-while-they're hot Huey, Let's go-Long, the hardest-working demagogue in America.

Among the first things they tell you about Huey in Louisiana is that he lacks physical courage, that he sleeps behind a machine gun, and that his slumbers are guarded by such staunch lads as Joe Messina, Wheaton Stillson, Two-Gun Thompson, and Squinch, or Squinch-Eye McGee. There's a boy for you—Squinch. Listen, mister, don't lay no hand on the Senator; just don't lay no hand on no

[From Collier's, December 1930] his naive legislation with such conviction and enthusiasm that it was not only declared wholly constitutional but Huey was commended by Mr. Justice Brandeis.

Even if he weren't a good lawyer, he'd be a prominent one because of his love for a fight. * * * The truth is that the Long mind is usually five or six laps ahead of any political rivals.

(Anent the attempted impeachment of Huey:)

Presently they dropped the whole impeachment, admitting thereby that Huey was boss. Not only that, they adopted his magnificent road program—

His plan is to lay 3,000 miles of concrete roads and 6,000 miles of gravel highways. Somebody discovered that this will cost \$99,000,000. * * * Not that Huey pauses. He simply refers you to his new tax on gasoline (he raised it from 2 cents a gallon to 4) and says the solution lies there, because with better roads there will be additional motorists and with more cars to consume gasoline the aggregate taxes will * * *

There was nothing in Huey's campaign to indicate he was interested in national affairs. Hardly once did he mention a national issue. He won on his good-roads issue and his tremendous appeal for the rural vote. To compensate for the enmity of all the daily papers in the State he started a newspaper of his own—a weekly—the Louisiana Progress. In no time it achieved a circulation of 50,000 and the right to its claim to being the liveliest and frankest journal in the State.

[Collier's, June 1933]

Senator, pal, and you and me will be okay.

There's no handshaking. Not that Huey's above handshaking, but sometimes, particularly these days when hatreds have boiled to the surface and one's enemies are putting everything they have into one roundhouse wallop, Huey is taking no chances.

In his suite at last, Huey makes ready for the affairs of state. It's quite warm, so he sheds his coat and vest, hurling them from him. They are picked up by retainers who either stand there holding them or hang them in the closet. And while Huey is making himself comfortable on the bed, pillows at his back and his hands hooked behind his head, let's look over the assemblage. We'll have time because Huey is delivering himself of a few snappy commands and a brisk summary of the situation in general. Too bad we can't quote him; but, except when delivering himself for the papers, Huey isn't very quotable. To try it on paper is to lose all the salty flavor of the man's tongue.

Presently, when he needs him, Huey will telephone Baton Rouge, and Gov. Oscar K. (Okay) Allen will come galloping in with hat in hand. "Hi-yah, Allen, where the hell have you been?"

In Louisiana, primary elections are actually pulled out of a hat. And statesmen, too. Anybody's hat will do; the make, shape, style, and quality have nothing whatever to do with the result. Your hat will serve, or mine would, were we on the scene at the time and in line for such honors. Of course, the growing but still disorganized minority in New Orleans will have it that it is Huey's hat, but that is only a figure of speech, although where virtually everything worth having belongs to Mr. Long, why quibble about the ownership of a hat?

One thing before Huey paid his respects to the House of Morgan; something else when Huey took up for the interests of the common people.

It's enough to make a polecat detour.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.