

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

New York, Aug. 21.—Audience With the Kingfish: Suite 2200 at the hotel is not the most elaborate in the place. It is comfortable, conventionally furnished. You push a button and a melodious little chime sounds once. A young, 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 P. 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 squander good humor still. "Sit down there."

I take a chair in a corner. The Kingfish is discussing some elliptical matter, which is none of our 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. He pauses, flops in another chair, pulls at his nose, 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 has seen me for the first time. "How are you doing these days, boy? I knew you 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 10 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 spiritus frumenti (in the dry South that was always the one 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



They Gave Me Life

by TOM GERAK No. 47887

No. 4—At 17—A Life Sentence

This is the fourth of eight articles written exclusively for Central Press by a "lifer" who was pardoned after sixteen years in prison.

Cleveland, Aug. 21.—Had my background been one of moderate wealth and its attendant middle-class refinement, I should, in all probability, have entered the Ohio State university when I was about 18. My background being what it was, I did not enter that institution of higher learning at that age. Instead, I entered the Ohio State penitentiary when I was not yet 18—to begin serving a life sentence.

On Christmas Eve, 1918, George W. Bonner was killed by one of two robbers during a holdup. A pal of mine and I was indicted for that murder—before we were even arrested. I was captured in Mobile, Ala., a month after Bonner was killed.

Dunns 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 don't drink and I've got too much work to do."

"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 off, he is telling me about his youngest son, 10, who raises pigeons; his other boy 14, who seems to be politically inclined; his daughter, 19, 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 are drawn against your will into the plot. It is fun. He is the rugged individual if ever there was one, fighting, clawing, shoving through a world of prehensile men. Share the wealth? Maybe. No the power. He looks vaguely like Jim Tully. But his hair is not red; it is dark, glinting brown.

"Do you keep a bodyguard still?" I ask.

"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 yours several years ago in what is it?—College Humor magazine," he remarked surprisingly as another young man, muscular, suave, well-dressed appears noiselessly from another room to show me out.

TEACHER TRAINING FOR ERA TEACHERS

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel, BY J. C. EASKERVILLE.

Raleigh, Aug. 21.—Two teacher-training institutes for ERA teachers will be held beginning August 26, and continuing through September 7, according to a statement today by Mrs. Thomas O'Berry, State relief administrator. An institute for white teachers will be held at North Carolina State College, Raleigh, and one for Negro teachers will be held at State Normal School, Fayetteville.

Teachers certified for work on Form 600, and having approval of city or county superintendents, are eligible for attendance and urged to attend if they expect to teach ERA classes this year. This applies to previous and to new teachers. Expenses of fifteen dollars per week will be allowed these in attendance.

No teacher is eligible for registration at these institutes who has not at the time of registration been certified for work relief on Form 600 and approved by her superintendent. District administrators are supplying to the Raleigh office, lists of those certified to teach. Others qualified to teach in special fields are also certified. While ERA teachers need not hold a teacher's certificate they must have approval by the superintendent.

The line between a pressing economic competition and envy, hatred and malice is thin.

I do not want to plead here my case in the Bonner murder. No one can give me back those 16 years I spent in prison on that charge. I mention it merely to bring out a point. My pal and I were in Youngstown, O., that night. And at the very hour when Bonner was shot in Cleveland, we were robbing a man in Youngstown.

Juries Disagree One jury of 12 intelligent men believed that story; another half-believed it. I mention it merely to record what was in my mind when I went to the Ohio penitentiary.

Youngstown police had picked up a local fellow for the holdup committed in that town on Christmas Eve. Having read of alibi, the attorney defending the Youngstown suspect had my pal and me called as witnesses. We described the holdup, after picking out the man we held up, from a crowded courtroom. We told about the minute details of the robbery in Youngstown. The jury believed we were the robbers and acquitted the Youngstown suspect.

Back in Cleveland, my pal went to trial a month before I did. He was charged with murder in the first degree. The prosecutor asked for the death penalty. My pal told his story, he presented some witnesses. The case went to the jury. The jury was out but a short time when it returned with a verdict of manslaughter, which called for a sentence of from one to twenty years in the Mansfield reformatory.

Saved From Chair. I went to trial next. I presented the same witnesses my pal had. My defense was the same as his. I was confident that I would be acquitted. But I was found guilty of murder in the first degree—with a recommen-

dation of mercy. That recommendation saved me from the electric chair. You may believe or not, these words about the murder. It is unimportant what you believe about it, except as it applies to the state of mind of a kid not yet 18 years old who had learned only crime and the reform school's lessons in brutality.

As I look back on it now, perhaps I had those 16 years of imprisonment I did do. Had I been punished merit coming to me for the other for each offense against society, the total of those years might have been greater.

A Lifer at 17

So I went to prison. I was a lifer at 17. I was up on a "bum rap." How bitter I felt when the great steel doors of the prison closed and clanged behind me I cannot possibly describe!

But I wasn't through yet. Why, I hadn't even begun. I would show them. Show society. I would beat the prison!

In prison I was a rebel and an agitator. I got into difficulties with the guards and higher officials from the very beginning of my term. I was serving under a warden whose penal policy was based on the medieval theory that a prisoner's spirit had to be completely crushed and broken before he could be reformed, and who publicly stated that a willingness to inform on one's fellow-prisoner was a true sign of reformation. In plain words, Preston E. Thomas held that only through being a disgustingly repulsive, slimy rat and stool-pigeon could a prisoner ever hope to re-establish himself in society and be a good citizen.

Before I was in prison a month a tough guard raised his club over my head for what he termed talking

back. I beat him to the punch with a haymaker to his jaw. He went down.

For Incurrables

Other guards came running up. I was subdued and hustled off to the dungeon. They stood me up in the straight-jacket door, a hellish device made of two steel doors, one of them curved. When the doors are closed

THE DEVIL'S MANSION

CHAPTER 38

BLAIR WAS looking down at the girl tenderly from the stable window. She seemed so young, so lovely as she stood there, her hair awry, her face lifted to him, a white face with her lips blood red. They were quivering, he thought.

Just then, Nita appeared at the corner, and without a glance at Blair, walked toward the girl and took her by the arm.

"He's up there, Nita," and Janet pointed to the window. Still Nita did not look, but led the girl back to the kitchen door. Janet was loathe to go. She wanted to stay and talk with Blair. . . . there were so many things they had not said! Just a moment together was all they had.

In the kitchen Nita sank on a chair, and motioned Janet to pour the boiling water into the waiting tea pot. When Janet handed her a steaming cup, she pushed it away, with a hand that was trembling.

"What is it, Nita? Tell me!"

The servant looked at her blankly, and her lips opened slightly, then closed again.

Janet had forgotten she was addressing a dumb woman, forgotten everything except the stark fear in Nita's eyes. . . .

"Tell me!" she cried again, impatiently.

Again Nita opened her lips. It seemed as if she were trying to talk.

"Nita had uttered a word! A startled look passed over her face and her dull eyes brightened.

"Nita, tell me!" Janet insisted. Perhaps the woman was not dumb! Perhaps she could talk!

"Nita!"

"I . . . the sound was hollow, like the echo of a deep voice in an empty house.

"Nita!"

"I . . . can't . . . talk . . ." Her head was in her arms, and she was sobbing wildly.

Janet dropped on her knees, and patted the woman's shoulders.

"You can talk. You have just said something. You said you couldn't talk, but you can! You can, Nita!"

Nita straightened up, the tears still streaming from her eyes. Her voice caught in short gasps in her throat but her eyes had a triumphant look.

"I haven't . . ." she formed her words slowly, like a child learning to walk. "I haven't . . . talked for years . . . since he told . . . me—I couldn't . . ."

"Who is he?" the girl encouraged.

"He told me . . . I could never talk again . . . as he told Miss Morelle . . . she could . . . never walk again . . ."

"He?"

"We must . . . go right away . . ."

"We can't leave Mr. Rodman!"

Starting to her feet, Nita touched her tongue with her fingers. She was smiling to herself, as she faced



She seemed so lovely as she stood there.

Janet. "We must go now, while Rajah . . . is guarding Mr. Rodman . . . he won't bother us . . . alone . . . we can run until we get . . . to the main road . . . he won't bother us there . . ."

"But, Nita . . ."

"He told me . . . now, a few minutes ago . . . when he called me . . . that he would have you . . ."

"Have me!" Janet gasped and sank on the chair.

"You are . . . to be his wife!"

Janet could say nothing. She looked blankly at the servant, her violet eyes wide with fear.

"His wife!" she said after a while, when she could talk again.

"Yes, his wife!"

"The older woman took her arm. "Come!"

Still the girl sat, numb with fear. "We have only . . . a few minutes . . . he is out of the house . . . now."

Nita grasped her more firmly, and tried to carry her from the kitchen.

"Who is he?" Janet asked.

"He is . . ."

Nita stopped and glanced around the room, as if someone were listening. She was holding Janet in her arms.

"Yes?" the girl asked weakly.

"He is Miss Morelle's son . . . the devil, himself!" Her husky voice

was charged with fright.

When Janet opened her eyes, she was on the kitchen table, and Nita was standing over her, looking at her forehead with cool water. She was dizzy and the kitchen seemed moving in circles around her.

"I . . . must have fainted," she murmured, blinking her eyes. Nita lifted her in her strong arms, and carried her to the cot in her room.

Janet sank on it thankfully. After a short rest, she felt better. Nita was rubbing her wrists slowly to bring back the circulation.

"I never faint, Nita," she said. "I can't remember when I ever have. My nerves must be all gone . . ."

"Don't try to talk. Just lie a while."

"I don't understand anything. Will you tell me about this house . . . and everything in it?"

She waited for Nita's answer but the woman was gazing toward the kitchen still mechanically rubbing her hands. She was muttering something under her breath, something Janet could not understand.

"What is it?"

"Too late now . . . to go. We'll have to wait here . . ."

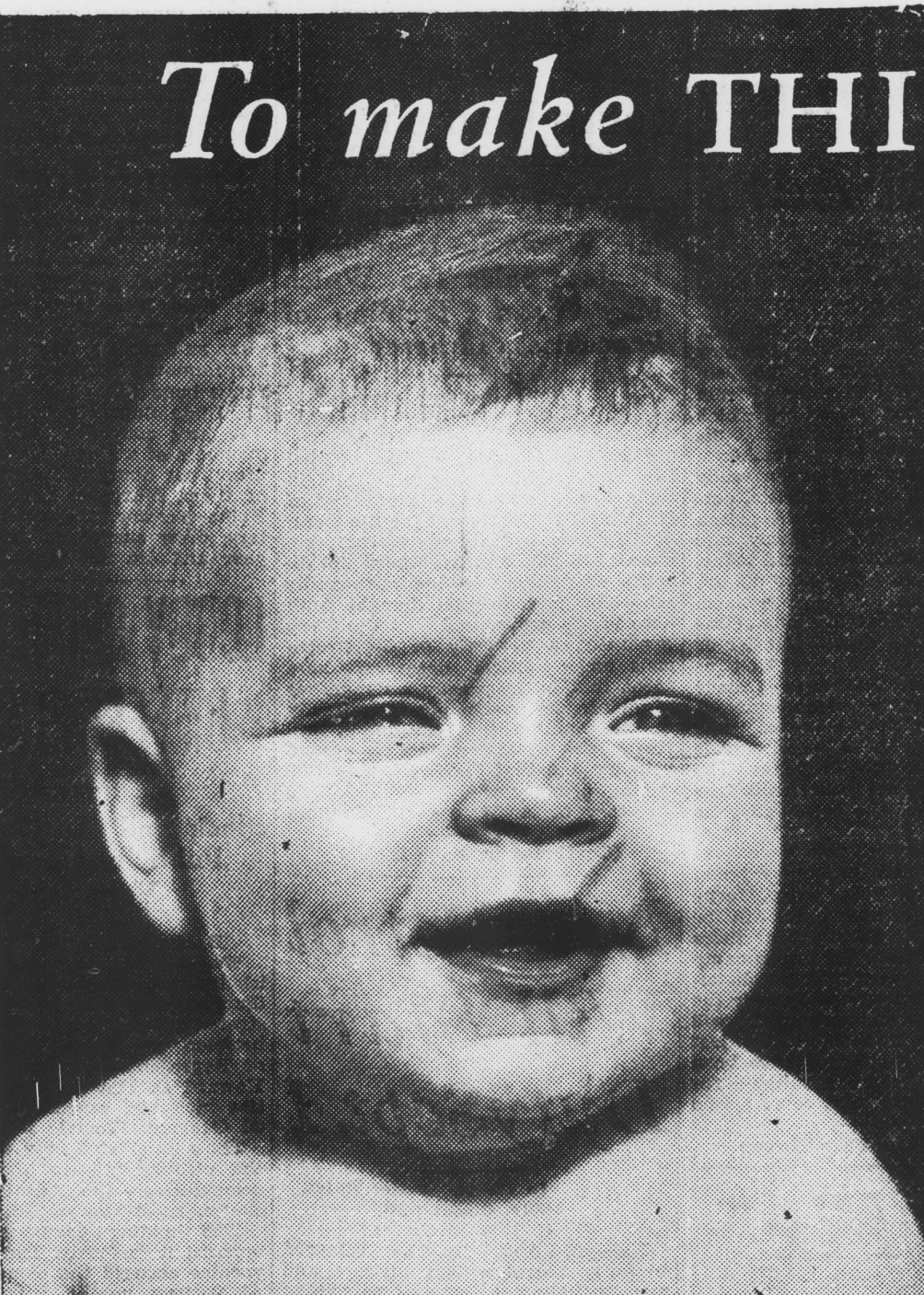
(TO BE CONTINUED)

and locked, the prisoner's face and body are close to the front (straight) door and the curved door is tight against his back. He cannot turn, he cannot stoop. He can only shift his weight from one foot to the other. He stands there, locked between those doors, for 10, 15, 24 hours, some times much longer. When I came out of the strait-

jacket my feet and ankles were swollen to almost twice their natural size. My body was weak. But my spirit was uncrushed. I was determined to escape. That was the one dominating thought of my life during those months and years. My chance would come. When it came, I was determined to be ready to stake my life against the liberty it offered.

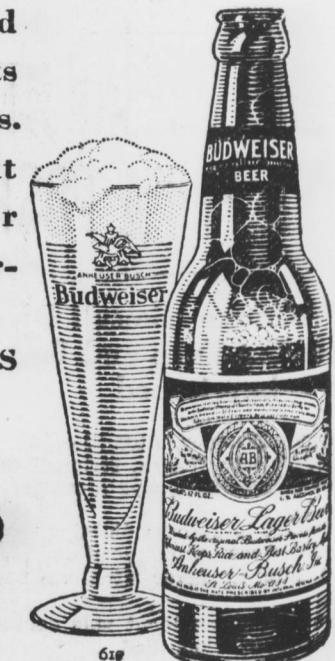
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yeast cells must be fed just as carefully as babies



Since the yeast discoveries of the great French scientist, Louis Pasteur, revolutionized brewing practices, we have learned many things. We know that to make good beer, yeast cells must be fed as carefully as we nourish our own infants. So, during the BUDWEISER fermentation period, we see to it that the yeast cells get just the right amounts of the various food values they need. Thus, BUDWEISER is always uniform—in flavor, bouquet, carbonation, color, clarity, and purity.

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