

HUEY P. LONG:
A SUMMARY OF GREATNESS,
POLITICAL GENIUS,
AMERICAN MARTYR

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POLITICAL GENIUS,
AMERICAN MARTYR

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Dedication

by Dr. Gerald L. K. Smith

This book is dedicated to my wife Elna whose understanding loyalty and dedicated courage have made it possible for me to carry on in the defense of truth regardless of the hazards, the lethal dangers involving character assassination, smear and ridicule.

There has never been a moment in my life when I doubted the believing loyalty of my sweet wife, who has been my companion, at this writing, [editor's note: 1975] for 53 years.

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Huey P. Long laying in state as over 300,000 paid their respect at the Louisiana State Capitol Building which was constructed while he was the governor.



Dr. Gerald L. K. Smith in 1935 leading Huey P. Long's funeral procession as hundreds of thousand of mourners gathered.

Foreword

by Dewey H. Tucker

SEVERAL months before Dr. Smith died he gave me this book along with permission to print it. This was prophetic for in a few short months I would preach his funeral, and after this his entire body of work went out of print with the termination of the very organization that he founded. Except for this short “Foreword” and all the picture graphics in this book, the following is what Dr. Smith had printed in 1975 unless specifically noted.

Preface

by Dr. Gerald L. K. Smith

THIS book has been prepared for the benefit of people who want the real truth concerning Huey P. Long, which truth has been kept from the public by authors, journalists, and historians.

No book on the life of Huey Long has been accurate. All books that have been published concerning this great man have either been published by his enemies, his cynical observers or ignorant historians who have built their books out of the newspaper morgues.

When young Long came to the political front, he challenged the tyranny, the robbery, the greed and the graft of the “feudal lords”. In fact, he said: “*Louisiana is the last stand of the ‘feudal lords’.*”

Almost without exception, these same “feudal lords” controlled the press – local, national and international – and practically every story that was written concerning this political genius was unfavorable. In fact, Long’s figure of speech for the newspapers was “*the lying press*”. They lied about him when he started. They lied about him at the apex of his power, and they have lied about him ever since his death.

This book is written by one knowledgeable concerning his greatness who loved him and respected him and dares, in this volume, to tell things that have never been told before.

The writer is fully aware of the fact that Huey Long was surrounded by loyal friends and men and women who, at great sacrifice to themselves, helped him to rise to a position of power and influence.

I wish time and space would permit me to discuss these individuals in detail, but the purpose of this book is to give the busy reader an honest glimpse into the life of Huey Long so that when some inquirer says, “Tell me about Huey Long”, this book will serve the purpose.

Family Background

HUEY P. LONG understood the vocabulary of the common man. He loved the people. He knew how to become their defender and their protector when it was necessary to confront the robber barons that had seized and held the State of Louisiana until he came to power.

His elementary language and his colorful manner caused superficial observers, absentee commentators and enemy character assassins to brand him as a proverbial Southern demagogue and buffoon.

The fact is that his family and ancestors, who came to Louisiana from Maryland and elsewhere, were true aristocrats, born and bred in the environment of gentility and refinement. His mother was one of the most refined and influential women in Winn Parish, and his lovely sisters became known in their respective neighborhoods, as well as in the State, as women with the typical bearing of Southern aristocracy.

Huey P. Long, Sr., father of the Senator, was a tall, strong, masculine, intelligent, influential man, a good provider, brilliant in business affairs and one who commanded the respect of his children. When Huey died, his father was asked by the family to visit me and invite me to deliver the funeral oration over his grave.

His older brother Julius was one of the most important attorneys in the State of Louisiana. His younger brother Earl became Governor of the State of Louisiana after Huey's death and another brother Dr. George Long became a prominent, influential and important member of the Congress of the United States. His sisters were prominent in sophisticated circles of society.

Vital Family Statistics

THE grandfather of Huey Long was John Murphy Long. In 1859 he drove an ox team and wagon to Winn Parish. With him was his wife and fourteen children.

One of the fourteen children was Huey Pierce Long, Sr. who was to become the father of the famous Huey P. Long, Jr., although the term “Jr.” was never used to identify the younger Long.

The maiden name of Huey’s mother was Caledonia Tyson whose family was related to the historic Albrights and Mackeys. They were big land owners and people of prominence and aristocratic background, as were the Longs.

Grandfather Long and his family came from Maryland. They were people of breeding and prominence and although they later became Baptists in Louisiana, they were originally Episcopalians.

Huey Long had six sisters and three brothers, as follows: Caledonia, Charlotte, Clara, Helen, Lucille, Olive, Julius, George and Earl. Charlotte, the oldest daughter in marriage became Charlotte Davis. Clara became Clara Knott. Helen died in infancy. Lucille became Lucille Hunt. Olive became Olive Cooper.

Huey was married to Rose McConnell, to which union three children were born, Russell B., Rose and Palmer.

Note: As suggested elsewhere in this book, the enemies and uninformed observers of Huey Long represented him to the world as the proverbial Southern, demagogic buffoon. This was because he made a study of the vocabulary of the common man and when he addressed audiences of unprecedented size, greater in number than any public figure that had ever held public office in Louisiana, he spoke the language of the people. This sometimes brought embarrassment to his proud sisters and other sophisticated relatives because they were afraid that the public would get the impression that he came out of a background of illiterate hillbillies. It didn’t take long to correct this impression when he rose to speak on the Floor of the United States Senate. His vocabulary was complete, sophisticated and demonstrative and characteristic of a true intellectual. However, he never lost the common touch.

Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith Embraces Huey P. Long

THE reader deserves to know how it happened that the pastor of a sophisticated, influential church known by some to be aristocratic, could embrace a man that had been advertised by the “lying newspapers” as a swaggering demagogue, a boorish “half savage” political gangster and a would-be dictator.

Here is a brief answer to these questions. The subject matter could be expanded into a large and expensive volume that most people couldn’t afford or wouldn’t have the time to read. It is the hope of the author that this inexpensive literary vignette will ultimately reach one million. Every family in Louisiana, especially, should have a copy of this book.

I was reared in the home of a minister of the Gospel, whose father was a minister of the Gospel. I received a liberal and sophisticated education and I rose to a position in my church, known as the Christian Church, of influence and prominence. I addressed national conventions and while in Indianapolis, Indiana, I was elected to the highest office my denomination could give me; namely, the Executive Secretary of the Marion County Council of Christian Churches.

Mrs. Smith became ill and it was necessary for us to move out of the polluted air of Indianapolis which, in those days, belched out into the community without any attempt being made to remove its impurities before it was breathed by the population. A spot developed on Mrs. Smith’s lung. When it became known that we were planning to move to a better climate, I was invited by numerous churches to come and be their pastor. One of the churches that invited me was the Kings Highway Christian Church of Shreveport. Upon investigation, with the help of expert students of public health, I learned that the “piney” woods of Northern Louisiana was one of the most healthful spots to which we could go. We were complete Northerners. We had never been South. We journeyed to Shreveport, visited with the officers of the congregation and I was called to the pastorate of one of the most important churches of my denomination in America. They had recently completed what is considered one of the most beautiful church edifices in the South.

It is not a boast for me to say that I became a prominent citizen, active in all the important community affairs. In the midnight of the

depression I was appointed as Chairman of the Community Chest fund raising campaign and even with the handicap of a depression, we raised more money than had ever been raised in one year for the charitable enterprises of the city.

I was invited everywhere to speak. I addressed the State Bankers' Convention. I addressed the State Convention of the American Federation of Labor. William Green, the late head of the American Federation before it had joined with the radical and left wing elements, made me an honorary member. It was not uncommon for me to address commencement exercises in high schools and literally scores of civic clubs.

I preached the old fashioned Gospel. I baptized, married and buried scores of people. I became one of the most active leaders in the campaign to persuade the rapidly growing cities of the South and the Southwest to save out enough land to build parks and recreation facilities for the young. My work was noticed by the most important patron in this enterprise, the widow of the late Thomas A. Edison and as an expression of respect for what I had done, Mrs. Edison invited me to come to Orange, New Jersey and be a guest in her home. This was one of the richest and most historic experiences in my life – to hear the widow of the great inventor recount details concerning the life of her illustrious husband that have never appeared in a book.

I give the reader this thumbnail sketch of my background in order that they may understand how shocked the community was, and the people of “conventional decency”, when I joined hands with a man that had been represented by the lying newspapers and the puppets of the “feudal lords” as a political barbarian.

The depression deepened and people began to come to me at the door of the church as they went out from worship with tears in their eyes, some even leaned over on my shoulder and wept saying, “*We are about to lose our home. It is to be foreclosed by the local organization which financed our mortgage.*”

Those who are old enough to remember know that at this particular time there was no money. A family with a mortgage on a beautiful home paid down to \$1,000.00 or \$2,000.00 or \$5,000.00 couldn't raise even \$100.00 to pay on the mortgage. The local loan agency began to foreclose on these homes. Even though it was announced by those important in government that as soon as Congress met the next

year they expected to make a mammoth fund available from which desperate home owners could borrow and pay off their mortgages.

I went to the head of this loan organization, whose name I will not use because he is not alive to defend himself, and pled with him to cancel the foreclosures. He refused to do it and resented my interference. I told him that I would not stand back and watch any organization steal almost thousands of homes in the community merely because of a circumstance over which the owners had no control. The next day I received a call from one of the most important members of my church. The official board of my church included bankers, public officials, cultural and social leaders. I will not identify these men because most of them are gone and I have no desire to bring embarrassment to their families. But they came to my residence and served me an ultimatum to the effect that I was meddling in business that was not my own. I answered by saying, *"I am not going to stand still and see these people lose their homes by a foreclosure trick."*

Then it was that several members of the committee that called on me confessed that they were stockholders in the company and that I was jeopardizing their opportunity to make a profit on their investment.

The beautiful new church still owed money to a central bureaucratic, ecclesiastical organization which specialized in loaning money to churches with which to complete their structures. The next day I received a call from one of these ecclesiastical bureaucrats who issued an ultimatum to the effect that unless I harmonized myself with the authorities of the church, they would have to call the loan on the building, which meant that either I must surrender to these mortgage thieves or they would effect the bringing in of a new pastor.

The developments that followed were numerous and will not be given in detail here, but the next morning I took down the telephone and called Huey Long. I told him what had happened and without a moment's hesitation he said, *"Stay where you are until you hear something."* In less than an hour the head of the loan company that held most of the mortgages that were being foreclosed called me saying, *"I have just received a terrible call from Huey P. Long. He has issued ultimatums and virtually threatened the existence of my business unless I do whatever you want me to do. Can you come right down to my office?"* I answered with the words, using the man's first

name, *"I don't need to come down to your office. All you need to do is to cross the street to the Court House and cancel the foreclosures."*

The rank and file in the great church loved me and believed in me and admired me but, of course, they were not the ones that would have the control, especially during the depression, over the purse strings necessary to keep the church on its feet. I announced my plan to resign and then I announced that I was embracing Huey P. Long and I was going to start a campaign to make him President of the United States.

The situation created a tremendous furor. I rented the great downtown public auditorium which then was new. It held something like 5,000 people. The people turned out by the thousands and filled up the auditorium with people standing outside, requiring an additional public address system in order to hear my address. I will not take the time or space to tell what I said, but the topic sentences of my speech were: *"I am embracing Huey P. Long and I am going to attempt to help make him President of the United States, but I want you to understand that I am not becoming a whiskey-drinking ex-preacher. I am standing with the people to whom this great man has given his life. I am resigning, not because I have less faith in God but because I refuse to be a servile puppet of people who would use the holy church to satisfy their greedy ambitions."*

One who did not live during this period could scarcely realize what a shock this was to the conventional community. The common people received me gladly, as did many of the most prominent citizens, but the hypocrites and the "feudal lords" and the stuffed shirts and those whose estates and fortunes had been fattened by a system of legalized human slavery turned on me like wildcats and I became a victim of the same lying press, the same character assassins and the same physical assassins that eventually succeeded in persuading a neurotic enemy to fire the shot that ended the life of Huey P. Long at the age of 42. When he died I was 37.

Huey P. Long, The Lawyer

HE had a photographic mind. He could read law all night and then quote it from memory the next day. Among his most vicious and uncompromising enemies was an organization in Shreveport known as the Commercial National Bank. A client experienced a conflict with this bank resulting in a legal action. The trial was publicized and every move that Mr. Long made was misrepresented and downgraded by the lying newspapers. Both newspapers in Shreveport, Louisiana, where the bank was located gave thousands of inches of space and almost millions of inches in comment and slanted stories against the activities of this young genius.

The day of the trial was set. The officers of the bank had at their table a whole bevy of important, prominent attorneys. Huey Long was virtually alone. Space does not permit a discussion of the detail except to say that Huey Long won the case. He received a handsome fee. They asked him what he was going to do with it. He replied by saying, *"I am going to build a residence in Shreveport"*, which he did. When the residence was complete, the front door of the residence was an exact copy of the front door to the Commercial National Bank.

One of the most significant things that he did was to write a brief that was to be presented before the Supreme Court of the United States having to do with the giving of free school books to children attending parochial schools. The opposition contested his plan. Big taxpayers and certain anti-Catholic forces opposed this plan bitterly even though the educational life of the State of Louisiana in those early days was primitive and backward beyond estimation. When Huey Long came to power, as has been pointed out elsewhere, one-third of the children were not in any school, one-third of the children were in parochial schools and one-third of the children were in public schools.

The substance of the brief pointed out that the free school books were not to be given to the parochial schools but were to be given to the parents and that the parents must always remain the final authority over their children and it was their privilege to put the books in the arms of the children and send them to whatsoever school they desired.

Of course, that logical conclusion, which was approved by the Supreme Court of the United States, wouldn't fit in very good with the present custom of kidnapping children in the name of racial bal-

ance and hauling them ten, twenty and thirty miles away from home, when they have a schoolhouse within walking distance. Times have changed and more than once I have prayed, *“Oh God, give us a man with the intelligent, logical, effective courage of Huey P. Long.”*

All lawyers feared him because he carried in his head an intelligence equal to the intelligence of ten average lawyers regardless of how prominent and allegedly influential they were. He was a prodigy. He was so intelligent and so impressive and so logical that it remained for William Howard Taft while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States to say, *“He is the most brilliant legal mind to appear before me during my term of office.”*

The lying newspapers advertised him to the world as a buffoon and an ignoramus, but he had the vocabulary of the most sophisticated. He was a student of literature – modern, medieval and ancient. It was not uncommon to walk into his bedroom and find him sitting up reading one of the classics.

Due doubtless to the influence of his Christian parents, he became a student of the Bible. Few ordained ministers of the Gospel were as familiar with the contents of the Bible as he was. Seldom, if ever, did he make a nationwide broadcast that he did not quote from the Holy Scripture.

When he attempted a cleanup of the City of New Orleans, which had been known for years as the red light capital of the United States, he moved in the National Guard. His enemies screamed to high heaven and yelled “police state”. The stuffed shirts and the ministerial association who popularized themselves with their hypocritical congregations by cursing Huey Long, joined the opposition in condemning him for bringing the troops in to enforce his determination to clean out the red light district. In a broadcast he shocked the city and the state by suggesting over the air that he was fighting a strange combination of opposition in which the brothel keepers and the ministerial association were on the same side.

Accomplishments That Made Huey Long Great

IT must be remembered that every progressive gesture that he proposed was fought by the “feudal lords” and their prostituted press. The same gang of political enemies was willing, when completely defeated, to assassinate him. His life, his public reputation and his general welfare was always in danger. A permanent staff of bodyguards was necessary. At times it required the State Militia to give him personal protection in his campaign to free the people of Louisiana from a bondage that had not characterized the citizens of any other state.

New Orleans, being a harbor city with close contacts to the Latin American “banana” republics, was filled with people who patterned their treatment of the citizens of Louisiana after the treatment that was dealt out to the Latins by the “feudal lords” of South America.

The sophisticates and snobs of New Orleans seldom journeyed into the main part of the State. They commuted between New Orleans and New York and Havana and Paris and the rest. To them Louisiana was merely their “banana republic”.

The exploiters of natural resources, whether it involved timber, gas, oil or agriculture, had no concern for the welfare of the people who did the hard work. This complex, plus the big banks and the great international interests, just assumed that their henchmen would be able to buy the legislators, regardless of who was elected, and prostitute them into a behavior satisfactory to the greedy combines that continued to “bootleg-slavery” of both the whites and the blacks – the emancipation proclamation notwithstanding.

The following numbered items suggesting the greatness of his accomplishments constitute merely a thumbnail sketch. Even so, it is amazing how many instructors of history in the great tax supported universities of Louisiana, as well as other instructors and citizens of responsibility – it is amazing how many of these people have either forgotten or have never known the facts contained in this brief summary.

1. The abolition of “debt” slavery. Sharecroppers and common laborers worked in the forests and on the plantations and in the mills and the mines. They depended for their basic necessities on the commissaries. These commissaries were owned by the same people who

owned the mill or the plantation. Many of these people, and in some instances most of these people, could not add, subtract or read. Consequently, the bookkeeping operation was in the hands of a well-trained commissary manager who did not hesitate to add up the debt according to the value of the worker. Under the law, this worker could not move from one place of employment to the other until his debt was paid. Thus, when another employer wanted a worker, he did not say to the employer of the man he wanted, "How much will you take for that nigger?" Or, "How much will you take for that Cajun" or that "hillbilly". He would merely say, "How much is his debt?" Upon paying the debt which had been in many instances, run up artificially according to the value and the muscle of the man, the worker moved to the other plantation, or to the other mill, or whatever the place of employment was to be.

The debt that was owed was transferred to the new bookkeeper and the worker was held, in some instances, all his life as a hostage to a debt that he was never able to pay. Another trick of bootleg-slavery was practiced by political complexes in Parish seats.

Note: For the benefit of anyone who is reading this book who is not familiar with the State of Louisiana, the political subdivisions of Louisiana are not called counties; they are called parishes. So when the words Parish seat are used, they have the same meaning that the words County seat has in other states.

The election of sheriffs, district attorneys and judges in many parishes was a farce. By the process of intimidation, coercion, vote stealing and intimidation in general, the sheriff, the district attorney and the judge were elected and they worked together as a gang. This complex was used for graft, tax favors and a wide variety of the normal practices of corruption. But the slavery came in when poor, ignorant workers, black and white, were arrested when they came to town. The charges could be real or false, according to the need for free labor in the parish. The arrested man would be hauled into court, sentenced to prison and then released on parole to a deputy sheriff who turned out to be an employer cooperating completely with the political machine. The paroled man would then work as a criminal without wages on a plantation, in a mill or whatever place of employment needed him.

The termination of this practice created the kind of bad blood that demanded murder and some believe that the man who assassinated

Huey Long was used as a neurotic instrument of Long's political enemies in Washington, because he and his family had been accused of various formulas of abuse, with great profit to themselves. Names will not be used in this connection for the sake of living relatives who were not responsible for the conduct of the young Jewish doctor who fired the fatal shot.

2. A modern road system built. When Long came to power, we had 33 miles of pavement in the State of Louisiana. I lived in Shreveport and it required a day and a half for us to drive to New Orleans. Those who had fought his election as Governor and had so corrupted the press as to completely assassinate his character were the same ones who opposed the building of a great road system. The building of good roads in this modern day is taken for granted by the younger generation, but the citizens of Louisiana as well as all interested parties should realize that the campaign to build good roads in Louisiana was carried on by Huey at the risk of his own life. The skeptics and the saboteurs screamed to high heaven that no road could be built through the swamps. They said the expense would be prohibitive and that the development of the highways would bankrupt the State. They were wrong in every detail and when the road system, over a period of time, was completed in harmony with the needs of the day, Louisiana began to blossom out as a state that had something in it besides the City of New Orleans. The "feudal lords", the aristocrats and the sophisticated enemies of Huey Long in this great City of New Orleans, had no interest whatsoever in the comfort of the general citizenry as long as they got their sugar, their sulphur, their fish, their shrimp, their oil, their gas, their timber, etc. and as long as their program of multi-million-dollar commerce in one of the three outstanding harbors in the nation could exploit the railroads and the shipping companies as they helped supply the needs of the Western Hemisphere.

3. He built a great University system. The enemies in New Orleans and elsewhere insisted that the existing private colleges were enough and that Tulane University was sufficient to fill the needs of everyone who was entitled to a higher education. This did not satisfy Huey Long because the little State university located at Baton Rouge had only 1,500 students. Its quality of education was so low that it had a "C minus" rating among the educational experts of the nation. They were still using the old Civil War barracks as the dormitories for students. It is difficult for the "smart alecks" and ingrates connected with

the present great modern University system in Louisiana that grew out of the vision of Huey Long – it is difficult for these blind ingrates to realize that the luxurious environment that has been provided not only at the great University of Baton Rouge but on the campuses of the great associated State universities came out of the aggressive campaign of a man who was willing to suffer character assassination, abuse, ridicule and even death in order to leave this as an inheritance to the boys and girls and the men and women of the State of Louisiana.

He loved the State University of Louisiana. With genius-like wisdom he became not just a football enthusiast, but a scientific meticulous student of the game. If he had had the time or had wanted to take the time to do it, he could have written a textbook for football coaches. There were times in the middle of critical games, after the university had grown and the team had become a part of the Southern Conference – there were times when the coach, during an intermission, would go over where Huey was sitting and ask his advice as to how to proceed with the game. This wasn't the interference of an egotistical demagogue who had intimidated the coach. This was the sincere search for wisdom by men who realized that there wasn't a more brilliant mind on the subject of football than Huey P. Long.

4. He established schools for everybody. It is difficult for the average person who is reading this book to realize that when Huey Long became Governor one-third of the children were not in any school. They were growing up like illiterate human weeds, subject to one of the most ruthless programs of child labor within the memory of any living American. Some student in one of the State universities of Louisiana or any state should write a Ph.D. thesis on the subject: The development of the school system in Louisiana under the direction of Huey P. Long. This thesis alone could fill a thick book.

Suffice it to say, schools were built and made available to every school aged child in the State of Louisiana. His enemies fought him. They sabotaged him. They ridiculed him. They did everything they could to prevent him from laying his hands on the money necessary to accomplish these purposes.

When he became the Governor as indicated above, only one-third of the children were in public schools, and one-third were in the parochial schools operated chiefly by the Catholic Church.

Since the church had carried such a heavy load, providing elementary education for so many thousands of children, it was the belief of Huey Long that they should have the same benefits in the distribution of free school books as the public school. This was fought by his political enemies who mobilized religious prejudice and powerful financial interests who opposed taxation in any form. As referred to elsewhere, he fought this issue clear to the Supreme Court of the United States which made a decision in his favor. He led Louisiana into the Southern Football Conference. Under Long's leadership, the football team of the State of Louisiana was to become one of the great teams of the nation, but it wasn't easy. Huey Long was not only hated in Louisiana, but he was hated in other states of the South where the "feudal lords" functioned not as brazenly, but enough to know who to hate, and the one man they feared more than any other was the "maverick" statesman from Louisiana.

The predominating influence in the Southern Conference was the State of Georgia and the most influential family in Georgia was the "Cannon" family that controlled the manufacture of Coca-Cola. Whenever application was made to admit the Louisiana team to the Southern Conference it was vetoed. It did not bother Huey Long to be unconventional and even ruthless when the welfare of the people was at stake. So one day after the application of the State University of Louisiana for admission to the Football Conference of the South had been vetoed again, Huey just casually said to the press, *"It looks like we are going to have to put a tax of 5 cents a bottle on Coca-Cola in Louisiana."*

I need not develop the details of this confrontation more than to say that the football team of the State University of Louisiana became a member of the Southern Conference.

5. He met the bank crisis. Only those who were mature and alive during the depression and the bank crisis can understand what a calamity that was. Banks were closed by the thousands. Depositors were left in the lurch, innocent stockholders were assessed. The genius of Huey Long was demonstrated in the way he handled the bank crisis.

The surrounding states were typical of what happened all over America. Texas lost hundreds of banks, either temporarily or permanently. The same thing happened in Mississippi and Arkansas, but Huey Long took the bull by the horns. He called the top officials of every bank in the State to Baton Rouge for a conference. He gave

them a big dinner at the Governor's Mansion and after the dinner, he stood up and asked his guests how they enjoyed the dinner. They gave him a hand and expressed appreciation for the good food. He then gave them what seemed to some of them as bad news. He said, "*Make yourselves at home. You are going to be my guests for a while*", and as they looked toward the doors, where stood the State Troopers.

He said, "*I have arranged cots on the top floor of the Mansion and I want you men to get together and count your money. I want the banks with plenty of cash to take care of the ones that are short of cash. We are going to audit every bank and we are not going to save the neck of any bank that is not honestly and sincerely in trouble.*"

To make a long story short, when the compulsory conference was finished and the smoke cleared away, the State of Louisiana lost only eleven banks, compared to the hundreds and thousands that had been lost in the three adjoining states and in all the other states of the nation. It was the work of a genius. This story alone should be the subject of a complete book.

Incidentally, it might be well to remind the reader that when Huey Long was assassinated the bonds that had been issued against the State of Louisiana were the most marketable bonds in the financial district of New York.

He was branded as a demagogue. He was cursed as a waster, but this was false. He was a genius in his understanding of public finance. He knew how to tax the public without destroying private enterprise, while at the same time bringing great relief to the rank and file. He never indulged in the vocabulary of the modern demagogue who is constantly referring to poor people. He grew up in an environment where no proud person would say, "I am poor", no matter how limited their resources might be.

6. He "bridged" the great rivers. There were practically no bridges across the Mississippi or the Atchafalaya River and other giant tributaries like the Red River. When he announced that he was going to build a bridge in the lower Mississippi next to New Orleans, he was not only ridiculed by his political enemies, but he was ridiculed by highly respected engineers. He knew what he was doing. He made a study of bridge engineering and became independently intelligent on this subject.

Space and time here do not permit the development of that story, but the fact still remains that a gigantic bridge was built across the

**THIS IS THE END OF
THE SAMPLE PART OF
THE BEGINNING OF THE
CONTENT OF THIS BOOK.**

The following pages are the last 3 pages at the end of the Book.

Notes

For more articles by Dr. Smith, then visit the ONLY web site in existence dedicated to the memory of this great 20th Century prophet and patriot, Dr. Gerald L. K. Smith, at <http://www.TheCrossAndFlag.com>

Other printed books by Dewey H. Tucker are “Bible Keys 101” ISBN 978-0-578-15712-2 and “Hidden Mysteries: Truth From God Volume 1” ISBN 978-0-9964281-2-5. These along with this book are available as eBooks also. Contact the publisher Dewey H. Tucker by email at deweyhtucker@gmail.com, by regular mail at 830 Tucker Place, Dandridge, TN 37725, by phone at (865) 438-7597, or visit his web site <http://www.TruthFromGod.com> which contains hundreds of articles in pdf format as well as audios and videos. In a few short years there have been over 300,000 visitors to this site where many people have added to their knowledge about importantly vital things which have been carefully concealed during the last century. History being understood in a truthful way brings light that clearly shows what is coming in spite of a worldwide propaganda blitz creed of insanity hiding behind a guise of humanitarian political correctness.





Broadcasting to a record breaking audience in 1934



Huey P. Long (L) and Carl Weiss (R) his assassin



Dr. and Mrs. Gerald L. K. Smith (Elna M. Smith) when he was 37, and this is as they appeared in 1935 the year Huey P. Long was assassinated.



The Giant Statue "CHRIST OF THE OZARKS" On Magnetic Mountain, Eureka Springs, Arkansas It is 7 Stories High with an arm span of 65 feet and is the largest in North American.