

L. T. SUNOCO BROADCAST

June 27, 1932.

Good evening, everybody!

Well, things ^{in a whirl of smoke} ~~began to pop in a hurry at this Convention.~~ ^{certainly started off among the Democrats today.}

But the ^{big} sensation was provided by somebody a thousand miles away from Chicago. From the Executive Mansion in Albany, New York, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt dropped his fight for abrogation of the two-thirds rule. He sent a telegram to Jim Farley, his campaign manager in which he said, "This is no time for petty strife and momentary advantages."

And it is putting it mildly to say that this telegram caused a sensation. Mr. Roosevelt's action came at a moment

of great doubt as to whether he could win the Rules fight.

One delegation after another, including some of the strongest Roosevelt States of the South had indicated that they would refuse to follow their candidate ^{and} ~~the~~ breakdown ^{the} ~~the~~ century-old *two-thirds* rule of the party. It looked as though we were in for a terrific fight that might break the Democratic party wide open.

The gist of the New York Governor's message was a plea for ~~party~~ harmony. "I decline to be a party to poor sportsmanship," he wired. He added that he would not consent to the use of any steam-roller tactics.

When Al Smith read ^{Franklin's} Roosevelt's telegram he smiled and remarked eloquently, "Well, well, well."-- I, of course, have nothing to say."

The news broke while Senator Barkley, ^{of Kentucky} ~~the Kentucky~~ was in the middle of one of those long, long bits of leather-lunged oratory known as the "keynote." ~~He had~~ Two demonstrations had interrupted him. One when he mentioned the name of Woodrow Wilson; another when he came to the mention of the repeal of the 18th Amendment. That was the first real outburst of the Convention.

It started the parade. All the standards were in line except those of Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, Colorado, North Carolina and Virginia. They, ^{seem to be} ~~of course, are~~ the backbone of the dry strength. A fight broke out in the Texas delegation. The wets tried to grab the state's standard and swing it into the parade. The drys fought them ^{so} ~~if~~ vigorously ^{that} ~~and~~ it needed a delegation of Chicago coppers to stop the scrap.

Of course, the Roosevelt message has just upset all the dope. The prophets, for once, don't even pretend to know where they are at. It is considered possible that this may turn out to be a clever bit of strategy. It may arouse so much more friendly sentiment for the New York governor that he will gain enough votes to get the nomination, even with the two-thirds rule.

At any rate, it certainly provided a dramatic climax to the first act; and it made news. ^{Yes} ~~And already~~ it is receiving favorable comment from Democratic leaders, including some who were opposed to Governor Roosevelt.

"WOMEN"

One of the most impressive scenes in today's proceedings at Convention Hall was furnished by a lady. The Invocation was delivered by Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army.

It was indeed a moving moment. Commander Booth looks as dignified and charming as she is warm hearted. The evening before the

Convention she had held a huge audience spellbound ^{at Orchestra Hall.} ~~with a lecture.~~

It was a meeting of prohibitionists and Commander Booth's lecture was a plea against the sacrificing of the 18th Amendment.

Some of her listeners wept as she told in a broken voice of some of the battles she had gone through - yes, real physical battles to protect children from the blows of the fathers in the days of the saloon. She told of having gone into the homes of the slums and spread her dress to protect little children from injury. And she brought a vast audience to ^{its} ~~their~~ feet cheering at the eloquence with which she pleaded for prohibition.

And Commander Booth is not the only picturesque woman figure at this Convention. As a matter of fact, the Democratic Show is remarkable for the number of distinguished and colorful ladies who are active and powerful in the councils of the Party.

"CURTIS"

While Chicago was celebrating the Convention a lot of the folks in Northern New Jersey were making quite a show of the trial of John Hughes Curtis at Flemington, N.J.

Yes, the boat builder of Norfolk, Virginia, ^{the man} charged with perpetrating ^{that} a cruel hoax on Colonel ^{and Mrs.} ~~Charles~~ Lindbergh. According to a United Press despatch in the Kansas City Journal, Post, the trial opened in the atmosphere of a Roman holiday. The balcony was packed with farmers and housewives an hour before the Court convened. The street swarmed with almost as many newspaper reporters and photographers as are today in Chicago.

Colonel Lindbergh himself was one of the first to arrive. He has been subpoenaed as a witness for both the Prosecution and the Defense. He sat at the table with the Prosecution's attorneys, about ten feet away from Curtis. The boys write that Curtis, grey and dignified looking, appeared a perfect picture of confidence. His eleven year old daughter was at his side and two of his brothers not far off.

Lindbergh and Curtis never looked at each other. Betty Gow who was the nurse of the kidnapped Lindbergh Baby, was in the enclosure behind Colonel Lindbergh. Also the Lindbergh butler. There was a great deal of confusion in the Court because evidently it was the first time the sheriff of that County has had the job of running a trial on which the eyes of the whole country are focussed. The sheriff's chief difficulty was with the photographers. First he let them into the Court room. Then, he changed his mind and yelled to his deputies to herd them out. There was such a row that the Judge sent out word that if the noise did not stop he would clear the Court room of all spectators.

10) It is certainly going to be a sensational trial. If it weren't for the Convention at Chicago this would be the chief topic of conversation today.

~~At the same time~~ The Eucharistic Congress ^{in Dublin has brought} ~~was made~~
the occasion ^{on} ~~for~~ riots and religious fights in other parts of
Ireland. According to a United Press despatch to the St. Louis
Star, pilgrims on their way to Dublin reported that many of
them had been insulted and attacked by Orangemen. One steamer
carrying 1400 pilgrims was bombarded with bottles, stones and
lumps of coal. In Belfast the police were obliged to charge a
crowd which was throwing stones at street cars that were carrying
pilgrims to the railway station. Two policemen were injured.

In other parts of Ireland women were knocked down
and the windows of a pilgrims' special train were smashed.

Poor old John Bull! As if he didn't have enough trouble on his hands! Here we have the Welsh getting up on their hind legs and demanding things.

Taffy says he does not want the British flag flying over him any longer. He wants his own flag. He was apparently content, for Lord knows how many hundred years, with the Union Jack. But now the example of Ireland seems to have fired his blood. All England was startled the other day when a crowd tore down the Union Jack from Carnarvon Castle. That is the only royal castle in Wales. The British flag, say the Welsh, shall not fly over Wales; they want their own official banner. It is not much different from that of England, but it has ^{the} Union Jack with a red dragon. It is interesting to recall that it was in order to pacify the Welsh nationalism that the heir-apparent to the British crown was called "Prince of Wales," and that happened in the reign of Edward I. In fact, for a long time it was customary for the eldest son of the British king to be born on Welsh soil.

"LAUSANNE"

~~And~~ From Switzerland comes the information that Chancellor von Papen of Germany returned from Berlin to the Lausanne Reparations Conference today. He came back, determined to offer France everything except money.

According to a U.P. Dispatch to the Chicago Daily News, the German Chancellor seemed quite optimistic when he spoke to newspapermen. He declared that Germany is ready to collaborate on any scheme, with ~~either~~ the Germans, the French, or any one else, which will relieve the depression in Europe.

"DUFFY"

PROBLEM

Protestants and Catholics alike are today mourning the passing of a great Catholic clergyman, ~~a man beloved by Catholics and Protestants alike~~. I mean, of course, Father Francis Patrick Duffy, the ^{famous} ~~beloved~~ chaplain of the Fighting 69th, the Rainbow Division.

For years Father Duffy ^{name} has been ~~a name~~ ^{one} to conjure with. ~~almost anywhere~~. His war record was honorable and gallant. The Great War was not the first in which he served. During our little argument with Spain, Father Duffy was First Lieutenant and Chaplain of the 69th Regiment. ^{Later} ~~After~~ on, when that regiment was ordered to the Mexican Border in 1916, Father Duffy went along too. It was not until his death that an unusual bit of information about him came to light. At one time when the famous Rainbow Division was in the midst of an offensive during the war, Father Duffy was recommended for command of the 165th Regiment. So far as I know, that fact is unique in history. I do not remember ever before hearing of a Chaplain being recommended for the command of a regiment. This recommendation was made by General ^{Douglas} ~~McArthur~~, now Chief of Staff in Washington.

So it will be thoroughly appropriate that ^{he} ~~Father Duffy~~ shall have a military funeral next Wednesday. And his

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Funeral sermon will be preached by another veteran. That veteran is Monsignor Chadwick, who was Chaplain of the Battleship "Maine" when it was blown up in Havana Harbor.

And thus passes a man beloved by Catholics and Protestants alike, a man who became almost a legendary figure - Father Duffy.

CONVENTION

There was little difference between the Republican and Democratic keynote speeches, except the paragraph referring to the repeal of the 18th amendment. Senator Barkley, the keynoter, called for a clear, understandable and downright declaration on this subject.

(This Democratic convention is a more colorful than the show staged by the Republicans here two weeks ago. There is something like the spirit of a carnival throughout Chicago.) There is more gayety, and though there are not so many parades, the air is full of music. Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray is supported by a band of pretty girls in kilts. Alfalfa Bill is not the country's prize dresser; in fact, it is part of his make-up to go to the other extreme. But his Oklahoma lady kilties are as well groomed and charming a sight as you can behold.

Then this afternoon a chorus of 160 descended upon the Palmer House and filled its lobbies and corridors with musical sounds. They are a part of the equipment of Governor White of Ohio, one of the presidential candidates, who has his headquarters at the Palmer House.

When I came in on the Twentieth Century this morning I found Chiago full of celebrities. For instance, there's Admiral Byrd. You may ask what is Dick Byrd doing at a political convention. What has it got to do either with the North Pole or the South Pole? Well, of course, his brother is governor of Virginia and one of the heavyweights of the Democratic party. Then there is the debonair Grover Whalen, who made such a stir when he was police commissioner of New York.

b- You would say that Gene Tunney might get at least the vice-presidential nomination; that is, judging by the crowds that surround him whenever he ventures abroad. I ~~met~~^{met} Gene on Michigan Blvd. ~~last night~~ and he was in the center of such a thick mob that it took him almost a half hour to walk a half block.

"PERSONALITIES ON THE FLOOR"

~~But to get back to Chicago!~~ -

There is one striking difference between this Convention and the Republican one. I mean a striking difference that is apparent right at the start, before any of the fireworks begin. It's this:

You can sit anywhere above the ^{main} floor where the delegates sit, ~~I mean anywhere that enables you to look down on the delegates who occupy the level space in the arena,~~ and you can pick out striking personalities, ~~whose~~ ^{that} faces are perfectly familiar to you. For instance, when you turn to the Maryland delegates ^{on} there is Governor Ritchie. You couldn't miss him. If you turn toward California, ~~and~~ even if you tried to, you couldn't avoid ^{letting your eye fall on} ~~looking at~~ the tall angular figure of the man who looks a bit like a cross between Bill Hart of movie fame and Abraham Lincoln. Yes, I mean Mr. McAdoo.

Turning a little and letting your eye rest on the folks from Oklahoma I defy you to overlook the walrus mustache of the Honorable Alfalfa Bill. Here comes Dudley Field Malone down the aisle, the man who fought with Darrow against Bryan

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in that Tennessee trial. Here comes Al Smith. The New York delegates are on their chairs yelling their heads off. Mayor Jimmie Walker of New York and white-haired John W. Davis of West Virginia are chatting. Will Rogers, chewing gum faster than he ever chewed it in the days when he twirled his rope for Ziegfeld. D. K. Aylesworth, head of the National Broadcasting Company, head of R.K.O., once upon a time a Denver lawyer, is chatting with John J. Raskob.

George Creel, nervous, jumpy, just as full of pep as in the days when so much 'hullabaloo' was raised because Woodrow Wilson made him czar ^{of} ~~the~~ the Committee on Public Information, has strolled in with a beautiful blonde on either arm. There is Mrs. J. Borden Harriman looking at me through her ^{lorgnet.} lorgnette. That lorgnette gives me the "jitters".

~~Talking~~ Tony Cermak is making his speech of welcome. ^{He's} Mayor of Chicago. He said the same thing^s when the Republicans were in town. But there is a difference this time. Tony is a Democrat, and he is all "hepped" up. He is actually making a

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speech. He doesn't stop ^{with a} ~~to~~ merely welcome ~~the folks~~ to Chicago. He makes the ^{delegates} cheer time after time ^{by his references to} ~~when discussing~~ the 18th Amendment, and the unnamed Democrat ^{who} ~~that~~ he says will be elected President next November.

Joe Tumulty, secretary to Woodrow Wilson, comes strolling along buttonholing delegates - probably just renewing old acquaintances. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junior, playing the role of a glorified page boy, ~~he~~ stands at the foot of the stairs leading to the speakers' platform, looking at your credentials as you come up. He tells me he is for Franklin Roosevelt and that Mr. Roosevelt is all set to go riding through on the first ballot. But when I tell him that I've just had a chat with one of Al Smith's trusted lieutenants he eagerly says: "What-did-he-say, what-did-he-say?"

On the speakers' platform, bowing Mrs. Harriman into her chair on one side and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson on the other, is the debonair ex-president of the New York Ad Club, a man with a million-dollar smile, Charlie Murphy. ^{Charley} ~~He~~ is a sort of field marshall

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~~on the platform~~ ^{up there} where several hundred leaders of the Democratic party and their wives are banked just back of the row of microphones.

William Hard, Floyd Gibbons and David Lawrence seem to be in fine form. Their running comment is better than ever. William Hard has just discovered he can talk without notes. He never tried it before, and he is as pleased as a school boy ^{who has} ~~with~~ just ^{won the} ~~one~~ annual oratorical championship.

The lady who sings "The Star Spangled Banner" has an immense, gorgeous voice. But unfortunately the band accompanying her is high up on one side ~~of~~ the stadium, almost a city block away, and it's almost impossible for the singer and the band to keep together. Nevertheless, she has such a clear and stirring voice that she brings down the house.

Keynote speeches somehow don't seem to arouse much enthusiasm. Delegates are chatting with each other. Mobs ~~are~~ pouring up and down the aisles, and ~~the~~ to show you how much attention the newspaper folks are paying to the keynoter, Arthur

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Crawford, head of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate, has just leaned over to tell me that his little boy fell out of an apple tree and broke his leg last week.

But just wait, this Convention is sitting on a volcano. And I sure wouldn't miss it for anything. ~~Maybe the explosion will come tomorrow.~~

"LONGWORTH"

If you had the whooping cough would you come a thousand miles to attend a political convention just as a spectator? I don't think many of us would. It takes a real political fan to go so far as all that.

Among the spectators at the Convention I saw a familiar face, a face very much in evidence at the G.O.P. session ten days ago. A fair lady, a popular lady. In fact, wherever she is there is a small convention going on all the time. She seems to have as many friends among the Democrats as she has among the Republicans, and certainly her name has a Republican ring to it. I mean Alice Roosevelt Longworth. She told me that she had the

She whooped a bit for me.
whooping cough, and then proved it. [^] But it has passed the contagious stage. If she were running for any office, on any ticket, she'd get my vote. What a volatile, enthusiastic, gracious, friendly person she is!

Mrs. Longworth
~~She~~ [^] told me that her daughter, Paulina, has been listening to all the Convention talk^s over the radio, and although she is only a little girl, she has given her mother an ultimatum.

She demands that her mother take her to the next convention.

Princess Alice was wearing a simple cotton frock, chatting with everybody, not the least bit high hat. Therefore, whooping cough or no whooping cough, she just can't stay away, and neither can I, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.