

LT in
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LOWELL THOMAS - SUNOCO - MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1934

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

The whole world seems like an automobile tonight. And life, the driving force, seems like a tankful of gas, a tankful of Blue Sunoco.

I've been spending the day at headquarters -- Sun headquarters in Philadelphia. So no wonder I'm thinking in terms of gas and oil and autos.

And, as for the news, I feel as though I were driving up to a filling station, chatting with the boys, while my gas tank is being refilled, telling the news to the boys and talking it over with them -- and the other fellows getting gas, and driver of that twenty ton truck over there and the man at the wheel of that new 1934 sedan.

I can imagine Sunny Jimmy, the live wire attendant here saying to me:- "Fill her up, Mister? Okay; and say, Mister, I see in the papers they're expecting a lot of trouble tomorrow."

MAY DAY

Oh, you mean May Day Jimmy. Yes, it's one of the most peculiar days of the year. It's a time for joy and feasting and also for trouble and battle. Children sing and dance around the May Pole. Communists sing and fight around the Red Flag Pole. May Day makes a slippery roadway for the sedan of State.

And this particular May Day promises to be more than usually full of skidding. The reason is that the Socialists don't like the way the Communists have been hogging the road. Both believe in social revolution. The Socialists are more moderate. They believe the Communists violate all the traffic rules. So tomorrow, all over the world, the Socialists are going to stage their own celebrations in competition with the Communists. And the result is sure to be a number of ^{side} swipes and a few head-on collisions. Not so many, we hope.

In New York the Socialist Party for the past twenty years has held its May Day meeting in Union Square Park -- with the Communists making plenty of trouble. This time the Socialists are going to allow the Communists to have the demonstration in a big way at another place. But just to tangle up the traffic a little more, the Communists won't have the park all afternoon. When their meeting is over a group of Veterans' organization^s and patriotic leagues will move into the park and stage their own show. And there may be a ~~side-swipe~~ *lander or two tented as they pass each other.*

So, it's going to be a test for Police Commissioner General O'Ryan of New York. It will be his first May Day. And I hope they don't crown the General Queen of the May.

All police vacations in New York have been called off. Twenty thousand cops will be on hand to see that nobody gets crowned.

In other American cities the police are all set. Chicago has organized special bomb and radio squads; and ^{the} Boston police held a special drill today.

But, of course, Europe is the place where May Day means the most. There won't be any trouble in Moscow, ~~the~~ Red Capital. There the demonstrations will be staged by the government in a huge way, and Stalin will preside over the waving of the Red flag.

And there will probably be little trouble, if any, in Berlin. Hitler has eased himself into the driver's seat of the parading Labor automobile and has grabbed the wheel. ^{Berlin} The May Day celebration, with ~~millions~~ ^{countless} of parading workmen, is being staged under government auspices. The Nazis have ordered all industry and business to declare a holiday and two million German working men will be out marching.

It's another story in Spain. The Socialists at Barcelona are calling a forty-eight hour ~~strike~~ ^{to} and promise to stage ^{the} a reddest May Day in all Spanish history. The new Premier of Spain, Ricardo Samper, with a ticklish political situation on his hands, has ordered the army to be ready.

Vienna, ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} over its civil war with the Socialists, is having a case of the jitters tonight. The police are

hunting bombs even in the sewers. And Paris, which had its spectacular riots not so long ago, is preparing for the worst. A strike has been called. The Fascists are mobilizing; likewise the Royalists; and ~~the~~ harassed Premier Doumergue has called out the Paris police, the Republican Guard, and the army.

Another bit ^{of} ~~new~~ news from France indicates how badly that ^{French} machine of state needs grease in its gear box ^{new spark plugs} or something. The French didn't wait for May Day to start riots. They seized the opportunity of an election. The government candidate won out, but only by a narrow margin of less than two hundred and fifty votes. He defeated a deputy who had tried to puncture the tires of Premier Doumergue's machine by asking for a vote of censure ⁱⁿ ~~from~~ the Chamber. It was a rampunctious election of the first order. The rioters overturned several automobiles, actual automobiles as well as the limousine of state. And today many people who are in the hospital nursing broken heads and broken bones must feel as though they've been in a real head-on crash.

DUBLIN TO FOLLOW PARIS

Meanwhile, in Ireland they've been renewing the battle of the shirts, Blue versus Green. General O'Duffy drove his machine against the government car of President DeValera, with pretty much the same results as in France; no deaths, plenty of shootings, many wounded. Telephone wires were cut, roads blocked, trees thrown down on highways. It was a whole series of riots, especially in County Leitrim. If May Day is any worse in Ireland, it will have to be one spectacular party.

The Irish situation reminds me of four drivers, all maneuvering for the right of way. There's the government, there's General O'Duffy with his blue shirts, there's the Labor Party, and there's the Irish Republican Army. *And that's* ~~There you~~ *most of us would like to dodge* ~~have~~ the kind of a traffic jam *I wouldn't care to be in.* (That

question asked by Sunny Jimmy, the Sunoco Station attendant, certainly got us *all wound up in* ~~into~~ a lot of news about ~~the~~ trouble and ~~all~~ *general* ~~around~~ disturbance.

And now the chap in the new sedan seems to be asking:- "What's happening in Washington?"

Well, let's see, here's a funny situation; Ex-President Hoover's Secretary of State honking his horn loudly for the policies of President Roosevelt. Mr. Stimson seems to have put a Democratic body on his Republican Chassis, when he pleads with Congress to give the President a free hand with the tariff. Says he:- "This tariff legislation is emergency legislation. And if you don't pass it, our hands will be tied."

You might have thought it was Senator Wagner or Senator Robinson of Arkansas talking. Ex-Secretary Stimson said it washonsense to talk of the tariff bill giving the President dictatorial powers. And further, as he put it:- "I see no reason to believe this authority will be abused."

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And I wonder what Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, now the leader of the Republican Party, thought of Mr. Stimson's statement that "Secretary of Agriculture Wallace is doing a very useful job."

Mr. Henry Stimson, while Secretary of State was exceedingly popular in Washington as a social leader. Among

newspaper correspondents he was noted principally for a bad memory and a strong temper. The authors of Washington Merry-Go-Round were so unkind as to describe him with the title:- "Wrong Horse Harry." Some people were inclined to criticize him no matter what he did. When he didn't interfere in the Far East, he^{7/4} was roasted. And when he did interfere with the attempt ~~at~~ to block Japan's seizure of Manchuria, he was roasted again because his attempt did not succeed. His principal pleasure is going to his country estate near Washington and playing with his dogs, ¹ of which he has a large number. He can well afford them because he is one of the richest lawyers in America.

I hear a loud honking of horns in the distance. And it comes all the way from Washington. It's the Committee of the Durable Goods industries, honking to the N. R. A. to get out of the way. The manufacturers who turn out the big heavy things, locomotives, looms, all kinds of machinery, are complaining that the ~~N. R. A.~~ National Recovery Act is not helping but hindering their welfare. And incidentally is threatening the welfare of the workers. ^R This is an echo of what has been heard from other industries. The Capital goods men are repeating what others have said, that if the government does not stop insisting on the raising of wages and the shortening of working hours, there won't be so many wages to raise; there won't be so many men to shorten the hours for. ^R Their argument is:- "If we have to incre^e prices we cut down sales. And if we cut down sales we have to cut down on our ~~output~~, ^{and} we obviously cannot put so many men to work." In other words, the Capital goods men say the N. R. A. needs some new oil in its crankcase so far as they are concerned.

In Lancaster, Springfield, and Jackson Ohio, I had the interesting experience of encountering a large number of people who apparently came through the depression without even knowing it existed. The Hocking Glass Company, one of the largest in the world, is working twenty-four hours a day, three shifts, with more business than they can handle. The Crowell Publishing plant in Springfield, Ohio, has about all it can do.

In Endicott, New York, 40,000 people paraded today to welcome home George Johnson, whose 19,000 workers are co-partners in his concern. Every worker enjoyed ^{my} a May Day holiday on full pay and 100,000 folks ^{taking} took part in the jolly celebration, ^S says Ted Morse of the Endicott Times.

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And, down on the Ohio River, in the picturesque old city of Portsmouth, where the inhabitants row in and out of their second story bedroom windows when the floods come every ten or fifteen years, I heard something cheerful. The big Drew Shoe Company plant is going full blast and the Selby Shoe factory has just given their thousands of employees a shock that has left the city in a daze. When the employees went to get their usual weekly pay checks they found that in the envelope ~~was~~ was a two and

a half weeks bonus -- a hundred thousand dollars in all. And

I guess that would make you kick up your heels and do a toe

dance whether you wear Arch Preservers to fit your foot --

or foot your fit -- or I'm all mixed up. *I've got my*

foot in my mouth I guess.

TIBET

I notice that traffic officer McGuire has just wandered into this filling station of ours to get a drink of water. Say, Officer McGuire, are you interested in the theocratical situation among the Lamas in Tibet? No, I thought not. Officer McGuire asks: "What's theocratical and what's Lamas, and what's Tibet?"

Well, it's like this, the weird land of Tibet on the roof of the world is dominated by the Lamas, the Buddhist monks. The Monarch of them all is the Grand Lama, The Dalai Lama, in the mysterious city of Lhasa. Not so long ago the Dalai Lama died. For the new Dalai Lama a baby is always ~~is~~ selected with mystical fantastic rites. There has been a good deal of Far Eastern scandal connected with the choosing of this latest infant who becomes the living Buddha. They say it was a frame-up. And ever since then the road up there on the Himalayan Plateau hasn't been so smooth for the Tibetan automobile of state. Not automobile---a cart drawn by yaks would be a better figure of speech.

And now the word comes that the Panchen Lama is on his way back to Tibet. The Panchen Lama is the second chief Lama.

He got into a row a long time ago, and left the country. He's been in China ever since. What makes it important is that the old Dalai Lama was in favor of Great Britain, while the Panchen Lama is all for the Chinese. And the word that he is on his way back to Tibet is of momentous political significance. There is a great agitation among the Buddhists. A great congress of Buddhists is meeting. They say this is in preparation for the arrival of the Panchen Lama, with indications that this second holiest man of Tibet may become the first holiest man,--that he may become His Serene and Exalted Holiness, The Lord and Ruler of the Roof of the ~~World~~ World.

I hear traffic officer McGuire ask:- "What's he like?

This Panchen Lama? "

Well, they say he's quite a person. He's a small bearded yellow man, fifty-two years old. He's considered so holy that no woman may approach him. He's a shrewd politician, too. When his old enemy, the Dalai Lama, died, the Panchen Lama spent forty-nine days in prayer, forty-nine solid days praying. His friends say that shows how holy he is. His

enemies say it shows he's a shrewd politician. The important thing about the Panchen Lama is that he has always been an enemy of the British, which makes his bid for the throne in mysterious Lhasa an international affair, and around the Governor-General's table at Viceregal Lodge in Simla tonight, on the Indian side of the Himalayas, the British are no doubt discussing this latest complication in High Asia.

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I see that officer McGuire as he sits here on his motor bike is still not very much interested in the Lamas of Tibet. But here's one that will make him reach for his gun and see that it is in good working order. He is better prepared than the three cops who were in that filling station outside Chicago when those four gunmen~~d~~ drove up. The three coppers out west were chatting ^{with} to the attendants when the gang walked in with sub-machine guns showing. They slugged one copper and held the others at bay with their tommy guns. They~~d~~ they filled up their tank and drove away.

Of course you can't ~~blame~~ blame the police in the Middle West so much for having reached the point of ~~jitters~~ where they have the jitters, and ^{for} ~~blame~~ ^{ing} everything on Dillinger. Although they admit Dillinger was not among the four who held up that filling station, nevertheless they're ^a sure those bandits were members of his gang.

It is natural in such a crisis that everything should be blamed on this desperado. And maybe the Chicago cops are whistling to keep up their morale when they put out the rumor

that John Dillinger himself may be dead. The idea is that he was killed during the battle in the Wisconsin woods. Of course all such reports are mere underground rumors. These underground rumors have it that one gangster was killed when Dillinger and his crowd fought their way out of the Little Bohemian resort. So says Melvin Purvis, in charge of the agents of the Department of Justice in Chicago.

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And I suppose it^{is} is a case of the wish being father to the thought when the authorities are inclined to assume that the man killed was Dillinger himself. Purvis points to the fact that since that battle Dillinger has not been positively sighted anywhere. The fact remains that if a man is killed, his dead body usually is found somewhere. The principal reason his gang might have for concealing his death would be the fear created throughout the country at large by the supposition that public enemy number one is still at large - as no doubt he is.

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All this adds considerable significance to the other manhunt that is going on in the Middle West, the hunt for those three convicts who escaped from the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus. There seems to be no end to these jail deliveries.

DILLINGER - 3

Yes, officer McGuire, I suppose that Dillinger
affair is more important to all of us over here than that
high altitude squabble between the lofty Lamas of Tibet.