

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST
FOR LITERARY DIGEST
FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1932

Good Evening, Everybody:

(Tonight is the time to say a different kind of so long.

It's a case of the Literary Digest saying so long for a little while at least.

The Digest is taking a vacation, so far as the ether waves are concerned. The Digest is discontinuing its nightly program for a while)- a sort of Summer vacation. And so it's time for us to bid the Digest a friendly and exceedingly cordial so long. It's been a mighty pleasant association, the Digest, you folks, and I. At least it sure has been pleasant for me.

It's as if there were three jolly companions, and one of them took a vacation for the summer. But our absent comrade's place is being taken by another. That is, there will still be

three of us because (this daily news broadcast at 6:45 will keep right on going-with a new sponsor. The Sun Oil Company is going to enable us to continue these nightly sessions with the news.) Next week we'll be remembering our old host the Literary Digest, but we'll be the guests of a new host - the Sun Oil Company.

But I'll tell you more about that in a few minutes. First let's see what's going on in the world today.

Well, (the most startling thing is that a maid connected with the Lindbergh family died today. What makes it startling is that she died of a quick and deadly poison. In fact the county prosecutor's office is convinced she committed suicide.)

Her name is Violet Sharp. She was employed in the home of the late Senator Dwight Morrow, father of Mrs. Lindbergh. She had been questioned by a Jersey City police inspector in connection with the kidnaping and murder of the baby. And it is understood that she was to undergo more questioning today.

(The head of the New Jersey State Police admitted that Violet Sharp had been under suspicion in the case. But now she apparently committed suicide.)

Here's another story about Senator Brookhart of Iowa. Tonight he will soon be an ex-Senator. It seems that his defeat will make extra work for Eugene Meyer, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Brookhart never lost an opportunity of heckling Eugene Meyer. He was always trying to make out that the Reserve

Board wasn't doing right by the farmers.

So whenever Meyer appeared at any Committee hearing, Brookhart would fire a set of hostile questions at him. After years of experience Meyer had worked out routine answers. He knew the questions by heart, and even knew in what order the Senator would fire them. He had his lines down pat, and it was duck soup for Meyer.

But now that Brookhart is going perhaps some new heckler will pop up with a new set of questions, and poor Mr. Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board, will have to learn a new part.

Here's serious business. The American man is becoming careless in the matter of dress. If that's true, it's almost revolutionary news. The statement was made by no less an authority than R.G. Dun and Company. It appears there are several reasons for this. One is the general use of the motor car. That doesn't help the creases in your trousers.

Another is the shift to outdoor life. It appears too many of us think that with a pair of knickers and a sweater we are amply well-dressed.

I suppose if the day ever comes when the boiled shirt is a thing of the past, it will mean the American has changed with a vengeance. But at that think how lucky we are compared with the English. We don't have to wear a top-hat to business. Praise be to Allah for that.

Oh, by the way, I am asked to beg those of you who have written in for enlarged reproductions of Colonel Ayres' chart to be good enough to have a little patience. The mailing of these charts will begin on Monday - They'll be sent as quickly as possible.

I am also asked to let you know that if you haven't sent in your application for a chart, it would be advisable to do it as soon as possible.

Talking about Brown Derbies - or weren't we? -

Well, we'll probably be during the Democratic Convention. So, talking about brown derbies here's a new one.

The brown derby has become an election symbol among the San Blas Indians of Panama. In fact, it's more than an election symbol. It's a martial banner, a war helmet. For the San Blas Indians have gone on the warpath, each with a brown derby cocked over one eye. According to a United Press Dispatch to the Hartford Times the Indians were dissatisfied with the result of the last election. Only the braves of the San Blas Braves wear the brown derby. It's the only part of the white man's civilization for which they have any use. Its wearer is considered a man of distinction and he is allowed a share of the profits of the San Blas coconuts. The San Blas gentlemen have a corner in this tasty specialty. It was an enterprising New Yorker who introduced the Brown Derby to the San Blas. He took a cargo of them and swapped

the derbies for cocoanuts and became rich. What a noble idea. In fact he made himself a hat full of money.

Oh...Men may be men in the open spaces of the Far West. But in the Far East there's a man who at the end of a half a million years turns out to be a woman. She's not only a woman. She's the oldest known specimen of human life. She helps to revive the old question as to who came first, man or woman. She has been masquerading as a man for fifty years. In scientific circles she is known as PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS. In other words she was the famous Java ape man. In class rooms she was known as OLD JOE FROM JAVA. She was the fossilized remains of the first man. She was discovered fifty years ago and all the scientists took it for granted that she was a man - the first man. Good old Pithecanthropus Erectus, our old college chum.

But now it seems all the scientists have been wrong.

Doctor Ales H-r-d-l-i-c-k-a - I don't know how to pronounce his name so I'll have to spell it for you, of the Smithsonian Institute, is the man who has exposed the so-called Java ape man. Old Joe from Java is not a man - never has been, says Doctor H-r-d-l-i-c-k-a.

According to a staff correspondent of the New York Evening Post, she was about 5 feet 5 inches tall. She was past middle age when she died.

This news has created a sensation in the scientific world. It ought to be a good talking point in family discussions. She probably died of a broken heart.

Can you picture the President of the Irish Free State being cheered by the English. Well, that's what happened today. President DeValera arrived in London this morning. It was his first visit to England since he became President of the Irish Free State. He is in London for the peaceable purpose of negotiating with John Bull. When he arrived

at the station a huge mob of Londoners cheered him wildly. All along the streets from the railway station to Downing Street excited crowds gave the Irish President a warm welcome.

One of the points that will come up in discussion between DeValera and the British will be the question of a United Ireland. But this, it is pointed out, will be nothing but a talking point. The chances for a United Ireland are practically nil.--They say. The people in the South of Ireland would be glad enough but the Ulsterites froth at the mouth at the very mention of joining the Free State.

And to get back to that Summer Vacation the Literary Digest is taking. I mean a radio vacation.

Of course, we Digest subscribers will be reading the magazine every week as it comes out, and I most certainly am going to depend upon those Digest articles for many an inside slant on the news of the day.

Well, anyway, the Sun Oil Company will be our sponsor after tonight. There will be no break in the continuity of

Georp F.
McClelland.

Vice-President,
General
Manager,
National
Broadcasting
Company.

June 10, 1932 -
p. 10.

the broadcast. Next Monday at 6:45 p.m. we'll be on the job as usual.

I wish I could say how deeply I feel toward the Literary Digest for the way the editors and everybody all the way from the directors down to the office boys have helped me out- and there were plenty of times when I needed help. There sure were. And I know the National Broadcasting Company feels the same as I do. But there's no need of my saying that. Here in the studio with me are George F. McClelland, Vice-president and General Manager of the National Broadcasting Company, and Wilfred Funk, President of Funk and Wagnalls, publishers of the Literary Digest. I think I'll turn the microphone over to Mr. McClelland for a minute.

Now this, Mr. McClelland, is a microphone. Perhaps as Vice-President of the National Broadcasting Company, you are familiar with this interesting bit of mechanism.

Yes, Lowell. I seem to have heard of these funny things we call microphones. In fact, we use them in our business.

But I do want to say a few things in behalf of the National Broadcasting Company.

This broadcast, we are sorry to say, and we are sure you will be sorry to learn, is the last which the Literary Digest will present for the time being. As Lowell has mentioned, they are going to take a summer vacation from the air. And so after a pleasant association which has continued through nearly seven hundred consecutive programs, we must say "au revoir." We content ourselves with the thought that our good friends will be back with us again before long.

The National Broadcasting Company welcomed the Literary Digest to the air more than two years ago, and ever since has been proud to cooperate in a series which we believe has been a real service to the people of the United States.

Wilfred Funk.

President, Funk
+ Wagnalls,
publishers of
"Literary
Digest."

June 10, 1932 -
p. 12

Mr. Wilfred Funk, President of Funk and Wagnalls, publishers of the Literary Digest, is here with us this evening, and will speak to you for a moment.

I am sure you will join me in wishing Mr. Funk and his great organization a pleasant summer, and in looking forward to the renewal of our association later in the year.

Thank you, Mr. McClelland, and I do want to tell the National Broadcasting Company how much we have appreciated their splendid co-operation during the past two years and more.

We are more than sorry to leave you folks of the radio audience. We are sorry to have even a temporary break in our association with you, and with Lowell Thomas, who has been spokesman for the Literary Digest.

Mr. Thomas, we feel, has done an excellent job. He has brought to his work a remarkable background of romance, travel, and adventure. And to this he has added the most pleasant of personalities. We are losing more than a business relationship tonight. We are losing, for a while, the pleasure of a daily contact with a friend.

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Company, one of the great oil companies of America, known across the continent under the trade name of "Sunoco".

We are happy that they have secured so capable a man.

We are, of course, pleased that Mr. Thomas has found so famous and so successful a sponsor. We are delighted that the millions of the radio audience who have enjoyed these news broadcasts will be privileged to hear them, as usual, each evening.

It is fine to know, as we go off the air, that we are simply saying "au revoir" to our friends, and not "Good-bye".

After 696 consecutive programs, the Literary Digest is taking a well-earned summer vacation. We may greet you soon with a new surprise.

Well, Wilfred, I'll bet it's going to be an interesting surprise, - one of those exciting things we've come to expect from the Literary Digest.

At the same time I want to apologize to the Literary Digest, and ask forgiveness for some of the mistakes that I have made. More than once - or twice or three times - torrents of correction and abuse have descended upon the head of the Digest for something I have said. Perhaps I suffered a slight lapse of grammar, or mispronounced a word. But' worst of all was when I mispronounced somebody's home town. Or perhaps I got a fact wrong, a date or some historical circumstance. Or maybe I offended somebody's sensibilities.

A lot of folks in this country are sticklers for correctness. So naturally they'll jump on a fellow every time he makes an error, a slip, or a bull.

And they also have jumped on the Literary Digest for my shortcomings. Letters would come pouring in to the heads of the Digest explaining at length just where I was wrong.

Well, I always enjoyed being corrected, and as for the heads of the Digest, why, they were always most tolerant and forgiving. They seem to have a thorough grasp of the old philosophy that to err is human, and that it's especially human for radio news broadcasters to err. So as I say, I apologize.

And so it's time to say so long, so long for a little while to the Literary Digest. And to you folks, so long until we [—] gather again at this same hour on Monday.

lin/8/28/34

L.T. at
1932 political
Conventions,
Chicago.

June 13, 1932 -
P.I.