

LOWELL THOMAS BROADCAST FOR THE SUN OIL COMPANY

June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1932

Good evening Everybody. Let me echo from Chicago, those same sentiments. Here's hoping. Anyhow I'm back in Chicago, the big town where I was a cub reporter years ago. And this promises to be<sup>the</sup> most interesting time I ever had here.

I've been to many places and have covered many assignments, from wars down to prize-fights. Curiously enough, I never before happened to sit in on one of those great American shows, the national political conventions. So I was dee-lighted glad when my Sun Oil friends asked me to launch my new series out here at the Conventions.

And what a show it is! Well, it starts tomorrow, but the prologue has begun. Am I glad I'm here? Well I should smile. This is a show that can be seen nowhere else on Earth. It's more colorful even than a baseball world series, the English Derby, or anything else. For the national conventions of the Republicans and Democrats are the two prime occasions when you can see Americans from all over the good old U. S. A; Yankees from Maine, ranchers from Oregon, oil men from Oklahoma, cattle men from Texas, wool

men from Idaho and Utah, wheat growers from Kansas and so on. It would take a pretty dull fellow not to get a kick out of this spectacle.

One of the features of this Convention is the almost unbelievable number of writers who have assembled here to flash you the news. At a careful estimate it is calculated that there are no less than 750 newspaper men in Chicago, not including the staffs of the great Chicag papers. Just imagine 750 newspaper men! Laid end to end I suppose they'd stretch a mile along Michigan Boulevard. 750 newspaper men!

Each of the big press associations, for instance, has two reports with every state delegation. Then there are the writers known as the "Big Suspender Boys" - fellows like Heywood Broun, Will Rogers, Damon Runyon, Claude Bowers, Frank Ward O'Malley, Louis Seibold and Westbrook Pegler. You know the chaps I mean, the lads who give you the color, the drama, the side-lights and the humor. I have run into sport writers who have been detached from their ball-games to write about the Convention. And, after

all, there is a considerable element of sport in one of these great national shows. Coming down State Street a moment ago I ran into a couple of dramatic critics. And are there any/lady feature writers and sob-sisters present? Battalions of them!

There are about 250 telegraph operators tapping the news over the wires to you. It is expected that they will send a total of 300,000 words a day. That is a powerful lot of words. And when you figure that the reporters by no means burden the telegraph wires with all the words they hear, you can figure out what a tremendous lot of talking will be done. As our friend Bill Shakespeare once remarked: "Words, words, words". And, mind you, the Convention hasn't even started yet. It opens tomorrow at eleven.

In addition to all these reports and special writers there are novelists, short story writers, playwrights and humorists, all of them adding to the total of information and entertainment you will get. The heads of the big press associations are here in person. Coming out on the train I ran into Roy Howard and Bob Scripps, heads of the United Press and the great Scripps-Howard

chain of papers. Kent Cooper of the Associated Press, and Joe  
Connolly of International, are also here in Chicago to watch  
the boys at work and join in the fun.

Note.

Oh, by the way, <sup>though</sup> the Sun Oil Company is my new sponsor,  
 You must not be surprised if my tongue slips occasionally and  
 I refer to the Literary Digest. After all, it is pretty  
 difficult to break a habit of two years, especially such a  
 delightful habit. And, anyway, I figure that I will be doing  
 the Sun Oil Company a service because I will be helping the  
 quality of the broadcast by ~~referring to the~~ <sup>now and then relying upon those</sup> excellent articles  
 in the Digest.

PARADE

Everywhere you go in Chicago today you are liable to run into a parade. Sometimes there are three or four going on at the same time in different parts of town, and all for different purposes. They even had a naval parade yesterday on the lake.

Wet ballyhoo against the dries.

Sometimes you can hear three different bands at once, each playing a different tune and, I might add, a trifle off key. Then I came across the last wrinkle in soap-box oratory. A traveling soap-box. A whole string of cars, equipped with front and rear loudspeakers and amplifiers. Four loudspeakers to each car! You should have heard the blare. In fact, at one time the din was so great that while I was trying to work on the 23rd story of the Palmer House this afternoon, I had to shut the windows to keep out the row.

Another thing that strikes the ear of the observer, is the names yelled by the pages as they scurry through the lobbies of the hotels:- "Paging Judge Kokus" "paging Governor Whokus," "paging Senator Hasenpfeffer", and so on.

Of course a lot of the boys in Congress have had to stick

to their knitting and couldn't get here. But none of the leaders are absent, at least not many.

As you walk down the corridors of any hotel where committee meetings are in progress, you can hear the rumblings and echoes from many a discussion.

8

"LADIES" — *Mills.*

Then there are the ladies. Never before have they been here in such multitudes. Of course, it is the dynamite question of prohibition that has brought them out in such forces this year.

In most previous conventions the ladies used to say "We want the country dry, dryer, dryest; we demand it in the name of the women of America". But now there are ladies just as numerous, ~~in fact~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> more numerous, who reply, "What do you mean - women of America?" "You girls are not the only pebbles on the beach", reply the feminine forces behind Mrs. Charles Sabin and the Women's Association for Prohibition Reform.

As for <sup>the 18<sup>th</sup> Amendment</sup> ~~prohibition~~, the squabbles about it are numerous and humorous. I never heard so much contradicting going on in my life. In one corner you can hear "The drys are on the run". In another corner you will hear "Nothing of the sort - President Hoover won't stand for a repeal plank." Incidentally, there is a curious situation in <sup>the</sup> New York <sup>Delegation.</sup> Ogden Mills, secretary of the Treasury, is New York's member of the National Resolutions Committee.

7



Now, the New York delegation is unanimously in favor of repeal.

But Mr. Ogden Mills, ~~as everybody knows,~~ <sup>the</sup> is <sup>the</sup> cabinet ~~minister~~ <sup>officer</sup> now reported to be <sup>now</sup> closest to the president. Mr. Mills has himself been a strong dry in ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> past.

~~A number of us were~~ <sup>We</sup> ~~A friend of mine was~~ talking to Mr. Mills today. ~~and~~ asked him what his attitude would be in view of the fact that his colleagues in the New York delegation are in favor of repeal to a man - even, ~~in fact,~~ to a woman. Mr. Mills replied that he would enter the meetings of the Resolutions Committee with an open mind; in other words, Mr. Mills will not take the overwhelming wet vote of the New York delegation as instructions.

Between you and me and the microphone, Mr. Mills, <sup>they all say, is</sup> ~~is going~~ to be Mr. Hoover's voice in the Resolutions Committee. <sup>And that's the</sup> ~~Committee they're all watching.~~

By such details you get what Kipling calls actions and reactions. One minute the dries are on the run, the next minute the dries have got the wets <sup>shut out.</sup> ~~stymied, as a golfer would say,~~

The shock troops of the Bonus Army won their first major victory to-day. According to the United Press Deppatch in the St. Louis Star, they marched up Capitol Hill in Washington through the rain. The reward was that the House approved consideration of the Patman Bill for immediate payment of \$2,400,000 to the Veterans. The test vote was 226 to 175. The Patman Bill will be the order of ~~the~~ business tomorrow.

However, there are still two obstacles which stand in the way of the Veterans. So runs the story. One obstacle is a definitely hostile Senate; the other is assurance that President Hoover will veto the Bill.

11  
"PROHIBITION"

Ah, now for a sweet little story about married life. But, wait a second, maybe I'm wrong. They've been holding prohibition rallies in the Third Presbyterian Church in Chicago.

A reporter noticed one elderly couple who were sitting two feet apart. The male member of the couple was grumbling, "Those birds are going to talk all night", he muttered. To which the lady replied, "Well, why don't you get out if you don't like it?"

Finally, the man left. As he went the lady remarked, "Somebody ought to kick that man to death."

The reporter asked her, "Who is the gentleman?" and the lady replied, "He's no gentleman, he's my husband."

Germans interested in air traffic are becoming excited over what it will mean to them when Hitler, the handsome Adolph, rules their country. Here, for instance, is a statement from Dr. Hugo Eckener. Yes, the famous commander of the Graf Zeppelin. Dr. Eckener threatens to emigrate from the Fatherland if any government arises in Germany which will deliberately throttle international traffic.

According to a cable to the Chicago Daily News, Dr. Eckener feels gloomy about the future of air traffic under what he called the present feudal and military government.

"Autocratic rule would put us back in the tree tops", in the horse and buggy age, exclaimed Dr. Eckener.

" J O N E S "

Among the many reunions that are going on in Chicago is one that will interest base-ball fans. It concerns a Mr. Jones. The fans will know him better as "Sad Sam Jones", the great pitcher of the Chicago White Sox. The reunion will be one between Mr. "Sad Sam Jones" and his mother, and this reunion is made possible by the Republican National Convention. It so happens that Mrs. Jones is a politician; in fact, she is here as an alternate delegate from the fourteenth district of Ohio.

So that is typical of one sort of reaction from the activities of the dear ladies in politics.

SCAVENGER

~~Well,~~ I found something new in the way of parties in Chicago. By the way this little bit has nothing to do with politics. I must also hasten to add that I was not myself at this party I am going to describe. I read about it in ~~the~~ *the* Chicago ~~paper~~ *Daily News.*

3

Well, ladies, it is called a "Scavenger Party". It made its first appearance on the American social scene Saturday night. From what I can gather you start with dinner - and that is always a good beginning - then you go on a hunt up hill and down dale through the surrounding villages. Perhaps I should add, that this party took place in the fashionable suburb of Lake Forest.

Now the object of the hunt is to collect as many things as possible from a list furnished by the hostess. For instance, hot dogs, a bicycle lamp, a chicken feather, a hair from the tail of a coal black horse. Also one live animal, any animal except a cat or a dog. I suppose a cat or a dog would ~~be~~ be too easy.

It seems that Chicago's Smart Set is the first section of

the American nobility to adopt this pastime. It is supposed to have been started in London by no less a grand dame than Mrs. Marshall Field. It's not a treasure hunt. It's something else.

At some parties you are required to find such things as an old fashioned nightshirt, a lady's switch, a red stocking or a bone hairpin.

Can't you imagine bringing for your live animal an elephant borrowed from my friend John Ringling? Or better still, one of Clyde Beatty's lions?

2  
I know some rough and jokesome fellows who would be rude enough to seize the opportunity to bring uh - well, uh, what's that striped animal you meet in the woods sometimes.

From conventions to baseball! Well, both are national pastimes.

According to a United Press story sent to the Newark News, our popular hero, the Sultan of Swat, the Big Bambino, Babe Ruth, is now blasting out Home Runs at the same merry clip that gave him an all time world's record in 1927.

Five years ago The Babe slammed out a total of sixty homers. Today he is 38 years old, and that's old in baseball. But that didn't stop the Fence Buster from stepping up to the plate in Cleveland and knocking out Homers Nineteen and Twenty.

And by the way it's interesting to note that this was the New York Yankee's 52nd game of the season. In 1927 it was also during the 52nd game that Babe knocked his 19th and 20th, and in Cleveland.

And so His Highness, the Sultan, is eight circuit clouts ahead of this date last year. Pretty good for an old man!



(1)

17

"F I G H T"

And here is news about a fight that is not political - I mean the forthcoming engagement between Mr. Max Schmeling and Mr. Sharkey, of Lithuania, Boston and other points. The news is this: Jim Corbett, the grand old man of prize-fighting, is predicting a victory for Sharkey. At any rate, he doubts that Mr. Schmeling can knock out Mr. Sharkey. This was conveyed in a special by Walter Trumbull to the Chicago Daily News.

Well, the point about this is, as any fight fan will tell you, that my old friend Jim Corbett has been wrong about practically every important fight in the last twenty years. It does not need a fight fan to tell you that. Jim will admit it himself with a grin for which he is almost as famous as he is in fighting. Jim is a swell fellow and a past master of the noble art of box, but he never won any championship by his prophesies.

I am not a prophet either, but I will make one little prediction. I am liable to get into a fight myself if I don't get away from this mike and say:

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

1932 - Chicago  
conventions