

LOWELL THOMAS SUNOCO BROADCAST - FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1933.

Chicago seems to be in earnest about the drive on
and racketeers.
rackets. The State's Attorney says that the recent indictment of
twenty-four men, lawyers, politicians, and business men, is only
a beginning. The authorities are investigating the T.N.T. trucking
and transport exchange which is said to dominate all teaming and
excavating in Cook County.

Meanwhile in New York, Aaron Sapiro one of the indicted
lawyers, *today fought* ~~was fighting~~ extradition to Illinois. Sapiro is a
prominent Chicago Attorney. It was he, you will recall, who made
Henry Ford apologize in public for his attack on the Jews. Sapiro
was arraigned in the Tombs Court in New York as a fugitive from
justice in Illinois. His Counsel says that Sapiro is being framed
by Chicago authorities.

LEHMAN

Rumors persist in New York City and Albany that Governor Lehman of New York is to succeed Mr. William Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury. For some time a story has been current, though not officially confirmed, that Mr. Woodin insists upon resigning despite the President's refusal to accept his resignation -- and he insists upon it, because he, Mr. Woodin, feels convinced that his presence in the Cabinet is an embarrassment to the Administration, on account of the revelations that he was on Morgan's Sucker List -- Preferred List, I mean. So the rumors go that Governor Lehman is to be drafted to succeed Mr. Woodin. Mr. Lehman, himself, refuses either to confirm or deny the rumor. There is strong sympathy, of long standing, between Governor Lehman and President Roosevelt.

Washington newspapers are predicting that Senator Couzens of Michigan will be the man to succeed Mr. Woodin.

NIRA

The officials who are handling Nira have struck a problem. They are puzzled as to whether the blanket code agreements now being distributed and signed by employers will affect contracts previously made between employers and labor unions. Harold ^a~~Bryman~~ wires the New York Evening Post that NIRA officials are awaiting the return of General Johnson from Detroit to settle the matter.

Here is a sample question: Suppose a manufacturer employs a group of union men who have signed a contract to work forty-four hours for forty-four dollars a week. When he signs the blanket code agreement, does it mean he has to pay those same men forty-four dollars a week for thirty-five hours work? If so, compliance with the Administration's blanket code will be excessively expensive for many. So it is claimed.

General Johnson, by the way, is in Detroit trying to persuade the automobile manufacturers to come to an agreement. Meanwhile, the drive to secure signatures to blanket code agreements is starting auspiciously. Three hundred thousand agreement blanks were delivered today in New York City, fifty thousand in Chicago and about ten thousand here in Pittsburgh.

SECRETARY LABOR

Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, is in Pittsburgh today. ^{She is} talking to steel workers and steel executives, talking to them about the steel code on which there will be hearings ^{when} ~~from~~ General Hugh Johnson reaches Pittsburgh, ~~was~~ Monday.

Those hearings on the hotel code are still under way in Washington. And maybe you think the hotel employees are not keen to know what the outcome is going to be. KDKA is on top of the William Penn Hotel and the topic of conversation, when you encounter maids, elevator boys, ^{and} porters ~~and so on~~ is: "Here's hoping we'll get shorter hours and more money."

WALL STREET.

Reform on Wall Street didn't last long. The Wall Street Journal informs us that the New York Stock Exchange will go back to its usual trading hours, ten to three, on Monday. However, it will remain closed all day Saturday, throughout the Summer. Meanwhile the authorities of the Board of Trade in Chicago abolished the limit on minimum prices of grains which have been in effect since Monday. However, the new rules fixing a minimum on fluctuations in wheat, rye, and barley became effective. The limit is five cents a bushel above or below the finish of the day before with a limit of four cents on corn and three cents on oats.

FRANK NORTH

I've just encountered a man whose hobby is collecting odd bits of useful information for motorists. He can tell you just exactly what to do in almost any situation, from petting in an automobile to keeping your car from climbing telephone poles. In fact, he is so well-known for this, that clubs everywhere invite him to talk on the subject, "What every motorist should know."

His name is Frank North, and he is one of the Executives of the Reo Company.

Turning North for a moment, here's one that may interest the ladies. We all know what a job it is to jack up a car when we get a flat. It's simple. Just remove your extra inflated tire and rim, or wheel if it is on a wheel, lay it on the ground just back of your tire that has gone flat (or directly in front). Then carefully drive your flat up on the inflated spare. This makes it easy to slide your jack beneath the axle. With one finger you can run up your jack three notches on its ratchet. Then take away the inflated tire, and ~~prestoix~~ presto!

you can change it with the flat in a few moments.

Also, says Mr. North: "Drive to the right and
see America; drive to the left and see the next world."

INDIA

Here's news from far off India. The headquarters of the British army at Delhi today issued mobilization orders. The Commander in Chief announced that all troops must be ready to march, at a moment's notice, to northwest Frontier to subdue a rebellion of Mohammedan Tribes. For years, that has been one of the trouble spots of the world. And how those mountaineers can fight!

Arthur Green.

President,
International
Short Wave Radio
Club.

July 28, 1933.

INTRO TO GREEN

~~I think~~ ^{Anyone} who broadcasts will agree ~~with me~~ that one of the most interesting phases of the job is reading the mail that comes in. And, most interesting of all are the letters from a long way off, ~~letters~~ from folks who get us by short wave. ~~I've never gotten over the thrill of receiving a letter post marked from some where in South America.~~ Occasionally I ~~also~~ hear from people in ^{and South America.} remote parts of Central and South Africa, I also hear, ~~occasionally~~ from the farthest north white man in the World, a representative of the Canadian Mounted Police, among the Eskimos, way up north of North America. ^ein Elsmere Land.

[^]
This program, each night, goes
~~My own talks go~~ out by short wave from here in Pittsburgh where I am tonight. ~~They are sent to the ends of the earth by KDKA.~~

But it was not until recently that I discovered there was an International organization of short wave radio fans. The President ^{Mr.} of it is a man named Arthur Green, who lives out this way. So, tonight, as a special tribute to KDKA I want to pay my respects to all who happen to be getting this by short wave, and I wish you would write to me more often and tell me about your experiences.

Your President, Mr. Arthur Green, of the International Short Wave Radio Club, is sitting beside me. Mr. Green, ^{just why} ~~I think it~~ are you a short wave fan?

FOR MR. GREEN.

I suppose it is the kick I get out of hearing things that are not specially intended for me. On my short wave set I get an endless series of thrills, listening to amateurs talking back and forth across the world to each other, listening to aeroplane pilots reporting to their ground stations, ~~and~~ to experimental radio stations and to the Police radio reports, that's great sport!

~~It is even more fun if you have your own short wave sending equipment and can talk back to people.~~

There are over fifty thousand short wave sending stations in the whole World. Fifteen Thousand of these are equipped to broadcast the human voice. ~~I listen to the folks broadcast from England, France, Germany, South America, Japan, Australia, and also to broadcasts that come from different parts of Russia, South Africa, and everywhere. In fact, we short wave fans get programs and broadcasts from ninety one different countries.~~

Our common interest in short wave radio is to build up a curious and unusual friendship with people who are thousands of miles away, big game hunters in Africa, dog team drivers in the Far North, lighthouse keepers (and occasionally a lighthouse keeper's daughter) or perhaps a Hindu priest or some ^{Dutch} ~~Jap~~ planters experimenting in Java

or Borneo.

As President of the International Short Wave Club, one thing I have discovered is that there are people all over the World, in far off places, who depend on you, Mr. Lowell Thomas, for your news reports each night.

And here's something interesting, we short wave fans are going to listen to in a few weeks: *An American naval officer* ~~Piccard~~, is going to take a short wave sending set fifty thousand feet above the earth ^{to} in the stratosphere. He will report to us direct from there.

Mr. Green.
L.T. ~~Well, Mr. Green,~~ That sounds fascinating, I've never listed ^{ne} much to a short wave radio. But, you've got me interested, and I am going to be a fan from now on.

WASHINGTON

Here's a late bulletin from Washington: At the White House conference this afternoon it was learned that Mr. Woodin will continue on as Secretary of the Treasury.

NBC

WILEY POST

Well, Wiley Post and his "Speedy" girl friend, Winnie Mae, are now in vaudeville. Wiley and Winnie are doing the five a day. It's not so easy for aviators to cash in on their exploits as it was a few years ago, but Wiley and Winnie performed ~~the~~ ^{superb} ~~supreme~~ feat and many will wish them luck in vaudeville, knowing that the receipts therefrom will probably be spent as Wiley always spends his money, on doing something more to advance aviation.

They are making their debut this week at ~~the great~~ Radio City, ^{at the great} International Music Hall in New York.

As soon as I get back in New York, after spending the weekend in Darke County, Ohio, Sunday in Piqua and a jaunt to Dayton the home of the Wrights and Aviation, I am going to make a bee-line to pay my respects to Wiley and Winnie.

TENNIS

It looks as though the Davis Cup might go to England this
year, for the first time *in many long years.* The finals began today in Roland Garros

Stadium near Paris. The first match of the day was won by the British
star, Bunny Austin, who defeated Andre Merlin in three straight
sets: six-three; six-four, six-love.

And a wireless from France, via London, informs me that ~~an~~
another Englishman, Fred Perry, defeated the brilliant *old master,* Henri Cochet
after a dingdong battle which went five sets. *It looks as though*
the British -- England I mean -- will rump
to victory.

YACHT

Yacht racing is a peculiar pastime. You would think that as in other races the yacht which comes in first would be the winner. But not so! In the crack British event known as the Fastnet Race, from Cowes on the Isle of Wight to Fastnet Rock and back, the American Yawl DORADE finished second. The British yacht FLAME came in first. And the American yacht GRENADIER was third. Well, who do you suppose won that race? Why, the American DORADE on account of her handicap. And, the American GRENADIER was declared second. The British yacht which came in first was placed third. Sounds like a rather confusing sport, doesn't it?

FIGHT

An interesting event took place in the prize ring in San Francisco last night. It was the first appearance ^{the} in ring of Buddy Baer, eighteen year old brother of Max. Wise-~~acres~~ have been prophesying that Primo Carnera would hold the heavyweight championship until Buddy grows experienced enough to tackle him. They say none of the present prominent heavyweights are big enough or strong enough for the Italian. Well, Buddy won his ^{first} ~~fight~~ fight last night, knocking out a two hundred and fifteen pound opponent in the first round. Buddy tipped the scales at two hundred and forty pounds.

Hyde Park

President Roosevelt spent the afternoon clearing his desk, getting ready to leave for his Summer White House. Among the last things he did was to sign a number of recess appointments with which he doesn't want to be bothered during August. A special train with the Presidential party on board will leave Washington tonight for Dutchess County, New York. The party includes a large office staff, secret service men and newspaper men.

BEER

Perhaps you've heard about the beer drinking contest staged at a club in Paterson, New Jersey. Four men and one woman entered. The lady stuck it out only fifteen minutes. Three of the men dropped out gradually. But the winner, a two hundred and sixty pounder, named Michael Sciro, held his ground nobly and guzzled stein after stein. In thirty minutes he took aboard forty-eight ounce steins, a total of three hundred and eighty-four ounces of beer.

A Ridgewood, New Jersey, physician, Dr. B. A. Smith, happened to be present. He conducted a medical examination of the winner and pronounced him neither intoxicated nor even liquified. Liquified means being so thoroughly saturated, ~~so they tell me,~~ that the body cannot assimilate any more fluid. Doc. Smith also examined the other contestants and found they were liquified but not petrified -- not intoxicated. All of which probably proves the old theory that where the stomach is the brains are nearby.

STRONGMAN

Aimee Semple MacPherson's husband David Hutton, popularly known as Strongman, Hutton, made his appearance at ^{the} Warner Theatre in Hollywood last night. Aimee's Strongman had just walked into the spotlight and started to sing when a girl in the front row wound up and bing, zowie, went an egg -- a ripe egg. The umpire called it a ball because it missed Hutton by several inches and splattered all over the backdrop.

But the next one was a strike. It caught Strongman on one of his many chins. Before the reluctant police could interfere, Strongman caught it four times.

Cops took the lady egg pitcher in tow. She's a stenographer and a parishioner of Angelus Temple, and ^{seemed} ~~was~~ proud of what she had done. She expressed her resentment regarding what Strongman had said in the public prints about Sister Aimee. As they led her to the Hollywood Calaboose she said: "He can't talk about Angels that way."

Strongman wiped the egg out of his eyes and hair and continued with his act, but seemed somewhat nervous. ^{And we} Can't blame him for that. ~~And~~ ^{When} it was all over he said: "I thought something like this might happen. At any rate, I'm glad they were not ostrich eggs," and so long until Monday.