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SUN OIL COMPANY BROADCAST

AUGUST 16, 1938

TUESDAY

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- 7:00 P M

ING:

They're going like hotcakes - I mean those new 1938 Sunoco Road
Maps. And it makes us feel good to know it, too. We worked for
months getting those maps ready for you, did everything we could
think of to make them the most helpful and accurate maps you'd
ever used. They're not ordinary road maps. Instead, all kinds of
interesting places are located and described on them, and in addition,
the easiest, quickest routes through all of the bigger cities are
outlined. Stop in tonight, at any Sunoco Station for your free
Sunoco map. Just tell the dealer you were sent around by ...
Lowell Thomas ...

LL THOMAS:

Good evening, everybody. A friend of mine from far off Singapore,
Joe Fisher, who lives out on the Equator, came to the studio door
just a second ago, and he remarked that it's hotter here than it
ever was in Singapore.

Well, in Washington, even the Weather Man took the day off.
This afternoon it was not only hot, but moist - temperature 94,

humidity 50%. Even the Weather Man couldn't stand that, so the United States Weather Bureau closed down for the day - too hot to send out reports on the heat.

There was a strike at Woodbine, New Jersey, today in a hat factory; in the felt finishing department, where steam is used, the temperature went above 100 and twenty employees went on strike. It was quickly settled - the management gave them the day off.

And here's one for all of you who've been sweltering in the record breaking heat. Thirty men in overcoats today - thirty policemen in fifteen pound Winter woolen overcoats buttoned up to the neck. They stood in line all muffled up for a blizzard in December, while the broiling minutes dragged on. Where did it happen? Why in Brooklyn - today was the day for the routine police inspection of Winter overcoats, and of course, they had to have it on schedule, thought the temperature was over ninety! and the overcoats a nightmare.

I suppose it was the heat that caused a tennis player to collapse on the court at Newport today. Frank Kovacs, playing in the Newport Invitation Tournament, was overcome in the middle of a

match, had to be helped off the court - yes the heat, although Frank may also have been bothered by thinking about the coach controversy in which he is a figure at the moment. Today, Kovacs' former coach, George Hudson, came out with a blast against the officials of the Davis Cup team and the Lawn Tennis Association. Kovacs and Hudson parted company recently - Hudson blames it on the tennis officials. The coach says the officials intimidated his pupil. He adds that a couple of the officials told the press that Hudson had attached himself to Kovacs like a parasite, and the coach demands retraction of that parasite crack. He also quotes the officials as saying that they're tired of the way coaches capitalize on the ability of players, and to this Hudson makes mention of Don Budge and his coach for two years. Also player Frankie Parker and Coach Beasley, and player Alice Marble and Coach Tennant. It all points to another one of those paradoxes in the amateur sports, all so strictly amateur, playing without remuneration, no money involved, so how can somebody capitalize on somebody else, when there's no capital in the business? It'll take more than an amateur to answer that question.

Imagine a man in an enclosed car doing two hundred and seventy miles an hour and poisoned fumes seeping in - he's gassed, almost asphyxiated doing two hundred and seventy. That's today's story of Captain Easton, the English speedster who's over here to break the record for swiftness on wheels. On the Nonaville Salt Flats at Utah he was trying out his car, rushing along at a mad clap - clip, when fumes from the motor and the grinding brakes came seeping into the cockpit. Easton says the only thing that saved his life was the ventilator which kept blowing in fresh air. Otherwise, he'd surely have been asphyxiated, or losing consciousness, he might have crashed at two hundred and seventy an hour.

Jack Dempsey's children threatened with kidnapping - that's a sensational headline. It's asserted in Salt Lake City that the former heavyweight champion is so afraid of snatchers that he's moving his family from New York to Salt Lake. Dempsey and his wife, the former actress, Hannah Williams, have two daughters, ages four and two. In Salt Lake City, Jack's mother is quoted as saying that there have been threats to kidnap the children. Her son feels the West will be safer - also, he wants his children

to grow up in the West where he himself was reared. She adds that he will live in Salt Lake, probably go into business there, although he will retain his restaurant interests in New York. To all this, Dempsey's New York publicity man, Ned Brown, makes a statement that a couple of years ago the former champion did get a letter telling him that there was a kidnap plot against the children. But nothing happened. And he adds that the Dempsey trip West is not because of kidnap reasons.

From the town of Little Current, in Canadian Ontario, tonight comes a tragic story. It's of Daniel Dodge, twenty-one years old, heir to nine million dollars of Dodge Motor Car wealth. Up on Georgian Bay with his bride of two weeks - she was a telephone operator when he met her, daughter of a tugboat captain - rich young man and poor girl, and the threads of every favorite romance were woven. Yesterday, evil fatality came to pass in the form of a stick of dynamite. It had been in the garage and to it was attached a fuse. Young Dodge noticed it, thought he would try it out, to see what a blast it would make, like a stupendous firecracker. The fuse was timed for three minutes - he would surely have plenty of

time to hurl that stick of dynamite so it would explode at a safe distance. Five persons were gathered there when the match was touched to the fuse. But the dynamite instantly exploded. All were injured, including the wife of the automobile heir. The caretaker of the place critically hurt. Young Dodge himself had his arm and shoulder shattered and was in agonizing pain. They carried him to the speedboat to rush him to the nearest doctor at Little Current. Mrs Dodge drove the boat, although she, too, was injured. A surging run through the water, mile after mile, and after a while the young wife grew faint. One of the injured men took the wheel and as he did so there was a scream from the back of the boat. He turned and saw Daniel Dodge plunge into the water. The rush of the boat took it far before they could circle back. The water was rough and there was no chance to save the heir to the Dodge fortune. That's the story the doctor listened to today as he treated the other victims of the blast. And his diagnosis: the dynamite injuries to young Dodge were of such agony that he was driven out of his mind, driven momentarily insane, and so he leaped overboard, so thinks the doctor. But the young wife thinks her

injured husband was trying to help her when he saw her grow faint and then fell overboard. And thus ends the romance of the telephone girl and the heir to a giant fortune. And who gets the fortune now? No, not the bride. Late word reveals that the nine million dollars was left to Daniel Dodge in a trust fund, the income of which will now revert to his sister. They say the wife will share only in monies accumulated and also personal estate, but not the nine million dollar trust fund.

There was a convict escape from a Texas prison farm today, and the officials say the leader of the outbreak was William Everett Garner. In Texas, that name means the most desperate kind of desperado -- Garner serving a long sentence, a sentence one hundred years long, and you couldn't blame the Judge for handing him that exaggerated stretch. Some while ago, a highway policeman saw a car wrecked in the ditch. The cop in dutiful and friendly fashion, hurried over to help the driver, and that driver was Garner, the criminal. And when he saw the policeman coming, he opened fire and shot him, and that got him the hundred years in prison. Today the convicts were working on the prison farm, desperado Garner among them. Somehow they had a knife. Suddenly they leaped upon the

guard near them, stabbed him, wounding him severely. And as the guard fell, they snatched his shotgun and ran. The guard still had his pistol - he drew it and blazed away but didn't hit any of the prisoners. They fled to the bottom lands of the Trinity River and there posses went searching for them and found them. There was a fight - two of the fugitives killed. Desperado Garner was captured, taken back, so that he can serve the rest of that hundred years.

In the news, day by day, the most constant element of melodrama lies in the dark world of crime. In my eight years of news on the air, I have told many an episode of crooks and cops. And today I find the strangest story of all - the most fantastic sort of shocker. A gang of robbers in Japan, a holdup mob, at Osaka, and the wierd thing is the weapon they used in terrifying their victims. No, not guns, nor blackjacks, nor any sort of explosives, nor even poison - a weapon you would never guess - leprosy. They held up homes, stores, and passersby with the threat and the horror of that dread malady. They themselves are lepers, residents of a secluded, quarantined section of Osaka, called Leper Avenue. The maimed,

misshapened, robber band would go secretly forth at night, would confront people, the stickup being made with the threat: "Hand over the money or we'll infect you." And that never failed, that terror worse than pistols or bombs. For months the leper robbery gang stole and frightened far and wide. But now they've just been arrested. The Far Eastern dispatch tells how police descended upon them - cops in uniforms, uniforms drenched with germ killing chemicals, and on their hands they wore rubber gloves with which to grab the prisoners. The gang was tried in a court sprayed with disinfectant - the prisoners, the guards, the judge, everything disinfected. And now they've been sentenced, not to any jail, but to places of quarantine - the height of a fantastic crime story, one for the Grand Henno (?).

And today in Shanghai American soldiers with bayonets and machine guns ready went into action. There was no shooting, no bayonet charge, just a demonstration of authority. They moved against Japanese troops and drove them out of the International Settlement. A lorry crammed with the Mikado's soldiers, crossed into the foreign quarter, but when it was confronted with the

American machine guns and bayonets, it turned back. And the British have the same story to tell about Japanese troops today. A detachment of Seaforth Highlanders turned them back as they tried to cross guarded bridges. But there was no driving away the Japanese warplanes that flew over the settlement today -- twenty bombers circled low over the international area while pursuit planes stunted high above. No foreign planes could do anything about that, although this war flying above the foreign settlement was done in the face of vigorous protest by the settlement authorities. The sum of these incidents seems to be that the Japanese are trying out the authority of the Western powers in Shanghai, seeing how determined they are to protect that International Settlement against invasion.

Meanwhile, again from Hankow, the same terrible story - another terrific, devastating air raid. The report tonight is that the Premier of Left Wing Spain has just resigned. A new government is being formed to guide the affairs of Barcelona. This story of political crisis has a dark, forbidding sound. The execution of hostages - there is said to be strife between the Reds and the Moderates

in the left Wing government - strife that came to a climax after the shooting of sixty-eight prisoners held as hostages. We have word that the new Cabinet will exclude Communists, anarchists, and syndicalists. The rumor is that the former Minister of War Prieto is staging a comeback, and he is said to advocate an armistice with the Franco Forces. This late bit of news would seem to indicate that the Barcelona extremists have lost out in the crisis provoked by the execution of hostages. One of the most ferocious inventions of moder class war, the killing of persons held as security for the behavior of their kinfolk, or of their class. A typical present day horror when there is Red revolution and counter revolution. We heard much about this horror when the Spanish Civil war was new, and now we hear of it once again, but the Barcelona Embassy in London denies it and declares that the crisis in the Left Wing regime is not because of shooting of hostages, and that the Left Wingers don't hold any hostages and don't kill any.

I recall making a remark a couple of years ago when the epidemic of sitdown strikes was on that the idea had spread from France to the United States by some sort of invitation. Today the statement

is made that it wasn't any mere invitation at all. Sitdown strikes were imported directly by the Communists. This contention was made today by A F of L Chieftain, John P Fry before the House Committee, investigating un-American activities. He stated today that the French sitdown strikes were directed by the Communist element in the French labor movement, and that this particular strike technique was transferred into the United States by the International Communist organization. American Reds adopted it from the French Reds and followed their example in fomenting sitdown strikes in the United States. A F of L leader Fry repeated that the C I O had plenty of Communists and said that he thought the John Lewis Union were about to stage a purge to get rid of the Red element. Moreover, today he charged that the communists were exceedingly active in the ranks of the W P A. He cited figures and named names to show that the workers Alliance which organizes W P A workers is under Red Influence.

Chairman John Hamilton spoke two words today - "very definitely", said he. In that fashion, he answered the question: Did he think President Roosevelt would run for a third term? "Very definitely",

said John. And President Roosevelt launched another blow at Democratic Conservatives today. The "Yes, but" man - he attacked Congressmen John J O'Connor of New York and Senator Miller Tydings of Maryland. Of Congressman O'Connor, he said: "He is one of the most effective obstructionists in the Lower House". Of Senator Tydings, the President declared: "He wants to run with the Roosevelt prestige and the money of his conservative friends both on his side." Yes - but - for the New Deal - but. And now, it's not "Yes, but" - it's so long until tomorrow.

ING: It seems rather queer. I mean, that out of all the gasoline manufacturers you can think of, Sunoco is just about the only one, with only one grade of motor fuel. Almost all of the others have either two or three. But Blue Sunoco is made in only one quality, no second or third grades. IT DOESN'T NEED THEM! By devoting all of our time and effort to Blue Sunoco, we save in production and transportation costs, so that we are able to sell High Geared Blue Sunoco at regular gas price. Just you think it over, it's time for Hugh James to say ... good night.