

LOWELL THOMAS SUNOCO BROADCAST

June 16, 1932.

Good Evening, Everybody!!

Well, the big show is over. Folks here in Chicago are beginning to breathe once more. What will be known as "the great Wet and Dry Convention of the G.O.P." is now a matter of history.

You will have to forgive me if my voice has a strange inflection tonight. My ears are still ringing with the peculiar sing song of political oratory. My brain is staggering a little under the effect of a Niagara of adjectives. I never realized before that there were so many ways of saying somebody was "a grand fellow".

The doings in the convention hall came to an end when the boys ^{this afternoon} nominated "Big Chief Charley Curtis" of Kansas for vice-president once more. That ought to be a bit of relief for Sister Dolly Gann as well as for Charley, ^{and all his friends.}

The renomination of Mr. Curtis followed close upon the overwhelming renomination of Mr. Hoover.

The last two sessions made up in excitement for the dullness of what had gone before. Everything had been pretty flat until ~~at~~ about 10:30 last night, ^{when} Jim Garfield, of Ohio, paused for a moment in his reading of the platform that had been wrangled out by the Resolutions Committee.

"THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT" he shouted, and stopped for a moment. Then the row was on. The entire assemblage got on its hind legs. Delegates from Pennsylvania and the other big eastern states started to form a parade joined by Illinois and others from the mid-west. The southerners and far westerners kept pretty much to their seats. But even individual members of those delegations joined in; strings of enthusiastic wets carried beer growlers in the procession; others came along with half empty steins. The noise from the galleries was deafening. It subsided after a while and Jim Garfield was allowed to continue reading his plank. ~~When he did this pandemonium broke loose. That subsided too after a bit and we let him read the rest of his platform.~~

There is no doubt that the thing had been carefully stage-managed by the steering committee. There were 39 planks in the ⁺republican platform - 39 of them!! At the end of the first 10 we began to nod; at the end of the 15th we shuffled our feet and yawned and stretched; at the end of the 20th the heat in the hall and the effort of listening to so many words became almost overpowering.

And it was not until eight planks later that brother Garfield reached the point which everybody had been waiting for. You see how clever it was. They doused a good measure of the crowd's ^{wet} enthusiasm in that torrent of words. But that was not all they did. If the prohibition plank had come last there would have been a chance to revive the wet enthusiasm. But after this 28th plank there were still eleven more to follow.

The biggest row of all came when Mr. Garfield was moving the adoption of the platform. He made the statement that owing to the prohibition/^{the} young people of today knew nothing about the saloon.

A yell of laughter arose that almost shook the rafters. Three times he repeated the statement. The second and third time the laughter changed to boos that had a savage note.

The chairman banged his gavel. Incidentally, it was not a gavel at all. Somebody had stolen Mr. Snell's gavel and he conducted the proceedings with a bung starter.

Well, the chairman banged his bung starter and told the galleries that they were the guests of the convention and that he would have them cleared out if they did not shut up. Whereupon a voice arose from the galleries with "We are the voters and we have paid for our seats. Try and clear us out."

Another demonstration followed when Senator Bingham of Connecticut submitted ^{his} a minority report with a substitute plank on prohibition. This plank afforded an agreeable contrast to the other. The one approved by the committee ^{sounded} ~~is~~ verbose and confused. Senator Bingham^{'s} was short, sharp and clear.

In the demonstration which followed there was pretty nearly a fight among the Washington delegation. A wet tried to ~~snatch~~ ^{to join the parade,} join the Washington^{'s} parade with a banner, but the Washington dries called eight husky Chicago cops to the rescue.

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"ADD CONVENTION"

A bit of quiet drama preceded last night's show. It was to be observed that a very exciting confabulation was in progress.

"Something important is going on there", exclaimed a lady prominent among the Drys, who was near the speakers' platform. Then she called out, "Oh Henry, Henry". Thereupon H. Allen of Kansas came to the edge of the platform and leaned over toward her,

"Is it peace, Henry", she asked.

Henry, his face beaming, chuckled and said, "Well, it will be peace as soon as the voting is over."

Henry, I might add, is the representative of the United Methodist Churches in this Convention.

Henry was right, sure enough. ~~For~~ Although the strength of the Drys was astonishing and without precedence, they sure ran the Hoover steamroller over the Wets. As as Clinton Gilbert pointed out, it was the South again that came to the rescue of the Dry cause. The Southern delegations, the postmasters and other Federal officials, did the President's bidding.

My friend Bob Casey of the Chicago Daily News, wrote

that the galleries dominated the Wet~~s~~ and Dry~~s~~ debate. But, he added, slyly, "They could not get their votes counted."

(The Hoover demonstration^{today} was an emotional affair.

But I can't say it was really exciting. Everybody knew that it was all "in the bag".)

At the sametime even when you do know it is "in the bag" there are certain noises that are bound to affect you.

When Joe Scott of Los Angeles exclaimed, "I give you the great Californian, Herbert Hoover", the din broke loose, Cowbells, whistles and bands. Frequently the bands were playing all at the sametime, all in different rythmn and sometimes even different versions of the same tune. Of course, the principal tune was "California, here I come". To be sure Mr. Hoover was born in Iowa. ^{as we all know} But he went to school at Leland-Stanford. So, it is becoming the fashion to let California claim him.

It was^{an} /amusing sight even for those who could not get excited about it. At intervals huge clusters of colored balloons were released from the ceiling. As they floated down onthe heads of the delegates and spectators they served various purposes. Some of

the playful boys were popping the balloons with their cigars. The ladies captured then, let the air out and took them home to baby. On the platform Chairman Snell and Senator Fess started playing ball with such as came their way. In the Press boxes ^{we} ~~they~~ were batting them back and forth with the members of the Chicago nobility, who sat behind us. I was standing on top of one of the desks watching the show when Senator Dickinson hit me on the head with a balloon.

"Why don't you get down there on the floor and work", shouted the Senator, with a grin. "Help us make the Show good".

Well, undeniably, it was a great spectacle for those of us who have not seen it before. It was not the longest demonstration of its kind. It lasted only 26 minutes.

To tell you the truth, most of the seconding speeches seemed to be to be superfluous and nothing but so much wind. With one exception, and that was the most dramatic speech I heard during the entire Convention.

~~(Insert Thomas' story about Negro Speech.)~~

"DRAMATIC SPEECH"

~~Just one highly dramatic speech has been made at this~~
~~G. O. P. Convention.~~ And like every dramatic speech ^{should} ~~heard~~, it
came as a complete surprise. Grove Patterson, the Toledo editor
sitting next to me turned and said:

"That's the first thrill I have had. It made the
chills run up and down my spine."

Willis Abbott, editor of the Christian Science Monitor
told me of a similar speech he once heard in Atlanta, Georgia.

Said Mr. Abbott:

"After the speech I was sitting in a famous Atlanta
Club. In came a Southerner, magnificent grey hair, pointed grey
beard, long black frock coat. He threw himself into a chair,
mopped his brow and calling a waiter he spoke up: 'Bring me a
Mint Julep and bring it quick! I have heard something I never
expected to hear in my life. I just heard a Negro make the
finest speech that was ever made in the State of Georgia.'"

And then Mr. Abbott of Boston added:

"And the Negro who made that ^{Atlanta} speech was Booker T.

Washington. And it was the speech that first brought him fame."

Well, something similar happened today ^{here in Chicago.} A thin-faced

colored man, grey hair, frock coat, came quietly to the platform to second the nomination of Herbert Hoover. No-one paid any attention to him. He was a delegate from Illinois. His name I discovered afterwards was Roscoe Conkling Simmons. At first he spoke softly. People here and there over the vast assemblage began to stop their chatting and their walking about. A few minutes later the Negro delegate had them spellbound. You could have heard a pin drop. When he came to the limit of his time he was obviously nowhere near through, but ten thousand people shouted and demanded that Chairman Snell allow him to go on. The only time that ~~that~~ has happened at this Convention. The colored delegate continued. It was magnificent. When he finished even the hard boiled newspaper men stood on their chairs. That speaker got the greatest ovation of this Convention.

"Dramatic Sppech" - #3

He proved that human beings still respond to words aflame.

He had eloquence. He had passion. He leaned forward and spoke intensely. Every gesture had meaning. There was no bunk.

He, too, spoke of Abraham Lincoln. He spoke of chains. He spoke of slavery. He spoke of his old life and the miracle which now permitted him to speak in the language of Shakespeare. A free man.

Then he went on to second the nomination of Mr. Hoover. And when he finished more famous men came to shake him by the hand and congratulate him than congratulated any other speaker. ~~And~~ It was a great tribute to the colored race that a Negro should make such a speech.

ADD "CONVENTION"

(6) The fight on Big Chief Charlie Curtis turned out to be a flop after all. His final vote was 633-3/4. Gen. James G. Howard of New York got 161-3/4. Hanford MacNider of Iowa got 178. And by the way, MacNider was put in nomination by Ding Darling, the famous cartoonist of Des Moines. Other names mentioned were those of General Dawes, Pat Hurley, Senator Cuzens of Michigan, Senator Bingham of Connecticut and Chairman Snell. Eventually the nomination of Charlie Curtis was made unanimous.

One episode of this afternoon's proceedings very nearly resulted in a riot that would have shocked you. It was the spectacle of a United States senator and presidential candidate being ~~stopped~~ hustled off the platform and taken in charge by coppers. This was Senator France of Maryland.

I have a telegram from Wapakoneta, Ohio, asking me if I can tell why they didn't let Senator France speak ^{this afternoon.} The reason

is easy to tell. Senator France wanted to put Calvin Coolidge up for nomination and what a riot that would have been. ^{Anyhow he had no credentials. But} ~~and as it~~

Add "Convention" - #2

was, it was ^{a turbulent} ~~an angry~~ scene. Senator France shook his fist at
 Chairman Snell. Gen. MacChesney, Assistant Seargent at Arms,
^{led} ~~took~~ ^{of} him by the arm and a flying wedge of Chicago coppers
 then took Senator France in charge. Senator France was
 trembling with anger and almost speechless.

(The voting for ^{Mr.} Hoover was ^{rather} ~~almost~~ mechanical. His
 final vote was 1126½. There were 4½ for Coolidge, one for
 General Dawes, one for Senator Wadsworth of New York, 13 for
 Senator Blaine of Wisconsin and 4 for Senator France of Maryland.)

So that's how we helped to make
 American history today.

"BONUS"

And now for some history of another sort. The Veterans in Washington, D. C. got a setback today.

Yesterday they had their innings when the House passed the Patman Bonus Bill which would have handed them \$2,400,000,000.

Well, today the Senate Finance Committee voted an unfavorable report. According to reliable accounts the vote was fourteen to two against giving the marchers their bonus.

"CONFERENCE"

14.

There is another convention going on in/^adifferent part of the world. Strictly speaking, it should be called a conference. This is the Conference of the European Nations at ~~A~~ Lausanne in Switzerland. According to a despatch in the Chicago Daily News it opened with a bombshell. People imagined that the European countries were meeting for the sole purpose of re-hashing the Reparation^s question. But the opening speeches by Ramsay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, and by the President of Switzerland, show that the boys in Lausanne are aiming at even bigger game.

The actual object of this Confab of the European Nations is to dish up all the financial troubles that have ^{put this dizzy old} ~~got the~~ World on its ear. They are going to begin with Reparations. But after Reparations they are going on to world debts, and then they are going to try to decide on something that will make everybody less hard up. Quite a job.

The idea seems to be British in origin. The British are organizing the works. The British control the Secretariat. So runs the story. ~~in the Chicago News.~~

According to Premier MacDonald and the President of

Switzerland, the end of the World will ~~happen~~^{come} if the Lausanne Conference fails. The Swiss told the assembled delegates that the fate of peace and civilization are in their hands.

Uncle Sam can't stay out long. So declared the Swiss President. And Premier MacDonald added that he had been encouraged by the United States to believe that they would co-operate. But the actual prospect for that, according to advices from Washington, is cloudy.

Here is something to stir up the athletic fans.

The Finnish Olympic Committee decided today to enter the great runner Paavo Nurmi in the Marathon at the forthcoming Olympic Games in Los Angeles. There is a good deal behind this. The International Olympic Committee suspended Nurmi sometime ago. According to a United Press Despatch in the Indianapolis Times, the Finnish Committee declines to accept the decision of the International Committee.

So we may have a jolly row about that. Anyhow, after the big political games are over at the Chicago Stadium all roads will lead to the Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

he ought be getting \$7,500, *berries.*

When talking about baseball today one thing that strikes a visitor to Chicago is the countrywide popularity of the fence-busting Bambino Babe Ruth. Chicago has two perfectly good ball Clubs of it's own and many star players. But if you look at the Chicago sporting pages you would think there was hardly anything to the game but the New York Sultan of Swat. There are pictures of the Babe ~~banging out; ~~hits~~~~ ⁱⁿ. Pictures of the Babe getting a shave; Pictures of the Babe fanning, which even the Bambino does at times.

They take their baseball seriously in Chicago and to my mind that is as it should be.

And there is quite a bit of excitement in the baseball world over a Mr. Jerome Dean. If you are a fan you will know him better as "Dizzy Dean" the troublesome pitcher of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Dean ^{has} spilled the beans ~~today~~ by leaving his Club flat in Philadelphia. He has been having a little argument with Gabby Street, the manager of the Cardinals. So, ~~today~~ he ran out on him. According to a United Press despatch ~~in~~ the Trenton Times, Mr. Dizzy Dean told the reporters that he had run out because the manager of the Cardinals had treated his wife discourteously. It seems ~~he~~ ^{Dizzy} asked them to give ~~Mrs. Dean~~ ^{the missus} his salary check. This he ~~claimed~~ the Club refused to do.

I know men who would have an entirely different idea about this, however - one suspects the real cause of Mr. Dean's ~~displeasure~~ displeasure is his contention that he is underpaid. He quite frankly admitted he is a big drawing card. He confessed that large crowds come to the games every time he pitches. In the next sentence he claims they save him for week end games.

^{Dizzy} Mr. Dean gets a pittance of ~~\$~~ ^{simoleans} 3,000 a year and thinks

Here's a bit of news that ought to encourage everybody. It comes from Detroit. But it has nothing to do with automobiles.

According to the county clerk of the motor world's capitol, cupid's business is on the up grade. There has been a steady increase throughout the whole year in the number of marriage licenses issued in Detroit.

Well, with more marriage licenses and more motor licenses maybe cupid will help us drive around that corner where our old friend Prosperity is said to be. So let the wedding bells ring out.

Anyhow the big G. O. P. Convention is over and that's cause to let the bells ring out. And s - l - u - t - m.