

GETTING THE LOW-DOWN!



HOT SITUATION!—Walter Goldrich, Stadium organ tuner, looking down at the convention crowd from his loft 110 feet overhead. It's so hot in his perch that Walter labors in a track suit.

ONE MAN KEEPS G. O. P. IN TUNE!

If you want a birdseye view of the convention, visit Walter Gollnick in the organ loft 110 feet above the convention.

Gollnick, who lives at 4182 Elston av., is by profession an organ tuner, and it's his business to see that the "works" of the huge Stadium organ don't go wrong and throw a lot of flats into the Republican party ditties.

He's one man who is sure of plenty of room. Where delegates and spectators are jammed knee to knee, he has a 100-foot runway and seven windows looking down on the hall, all to himself.

The only trouble is that it's warm up under the rafters. Gollnick has solved that.

"What do you think of it?" he was asked.

"They're all wet down there," he said. "You know what I mean. I'm a Democrat and I'm really wet. I'm waiting till the Democrats have their convention here. That will be more interesting, as far as I'm concerned."

HAPPY DAYS

One of the most stirring and joyous of our popular songs is "Happy Days Are Here Again." During the recent democratic convention at Chicago, it was played so much by the big organ and the band in the gallery, and produced such a hilarious feeling, that Governor Roosevelt has formally adopted it as his campaign marching song.

"Happy Days" is a happy choice, for while one is singing it, he might well imagine that happy days have arrived, although they are actually "just around the corner," and no one yet knows whether they could be found easily even if the corner were reached.

It is certain that President Hoover couldn't honestly choose such a song to march by just now. He is up against grim realities that chase the smiles from his face and make him look anxious. He isn't in a singing mood. Congress is in session and is giving him a lot of trouble. Every one who has a prescription for bringing happy days back again is offering it to him, and then blaming him for not accepting it. Although he is a hard and conscientious worker, he is receiving a great deal of criticism for not having become a Moses. Probably the most optimistic song he could select just now would be that old hymn, "In the Sweet By and By," for there isn't anything very sweet for him at present.

Governor Roosevelt is in the enviable position of being able to point out the real or supposed mistakes of his rival, the chief executive, and therefore is disposed to sing "Happy Days." He has just won a political battle of great proportions and has vanquished his powerful enemies in his own party. Temporarily at least, everything is going his way. His song choice is a good one. Happy days aren't here for most people, but all hope they will come soon.

It is the devout wish of everybody that after the election next November the future will be so promising that every one without regard to party affiliations can whole-heartedly sing, "Happy Days Are Here Again."

HEARD ON TWO NETWORKS



Here is Al Melgard, pioneer radio organist, at the console of the world's largest organ which he is playing at the Stadium during the democratic convention. When CBS and NBC cut in their big microphones to pick demonstrations by the delegates, Al's music goes out on both networks.

Al Melgard, Organist, Keeps Ears and His Eyes Open, Reports Miss Ducas

BY DOROTHY DUCAS.
International News Service Staff Correspondent.

Al Melgard has a nightmare. Sitting at his organ, the largest in the world, in the little balcony high over the heads of the delegates to the Democratic national convention, Al has the shivers when he remembers his nightmare. His nightmare is that by some trick of fate he played "Sidewalks of New York" for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He said:

"You have to keep up on politics in a job like this. Of course, they phone me in advance from the speakers' platform, but some things happen so fast I just have to keep my ears and eyes open. "For instance—wouldn't I be in a nice way if I played 'How Dry I Am' before they mentioned the repeal plank? I have to use my head. "I played the 'Sidewalks of New York' for the New York delegation in the Republican convention, but that was by request—a sort of joke they wanted

played on themselves, they said. But I play 'New York Fallsade' for Roosevelt. It would be too bad if I got mixed up."

Every celebrity has a song, printed on a neat list of Al's. John J. Raskob: "Give My Regards to Broadway"; Alben W. Barkley: "Dixie" and "Old Kentucky Home"; J. P. Jett: "Abdallah," the "We're From Kansas" song; Thomas J. Walsh: "The Warriors," whose tag line runs "Hi Yi, the Beating Drums Tell Big Chief Montana Comes."

For Alfalfa Bill Murray there's the "Oklahoma Hail"; for Garner, "Eyes of Texas"; Ritchie has "Maryland, My Maryland," of course—and "The Old Gray Mare" is the Democrats' own song.

Love Songs on Giant Organ Soothe Delegates' Nerves

BY KAY HALL

Chicago Stadium, June 15.—Grand Old Partisans wearing the grand old pachyderm (which is an elephant in any other circus) on their coat lapels are still taking the political peanuts today and hungering for something stronger than the dainty appetizers. Al Melgard, the organist, is rippling off, with the hundred bands he has at his command within the monester instrument, the love songs of the day. "You're the one—you beautiful son-of-a-gun," and "You're My Everything." Maybe they are meant for Hoover. Next he plays "This is the Missus—just look her over—she's mine."

Maybe that is dedicated to the republican platform—the "missus" to be presented late today.

Sanders on Job Early

Everett Sanders, sergeant-at-arms and slated for a higher post in party affairs, is sleek and composed in a drab green suit and green tie. It's five minutes after starting time and Mr. Saunders is looking patiently over the swarming panamas and a few print dressesc on the floor as if he doesn't expect the delegates and alternates to sit down for another quarter hour.

The Hamilton Glee club and the National Republican Glee club of Columbus, O., which has had its way paid to national conventions for the last 50 years, are vying for the male musical honors.

Snell Is Serious

Chunky, heavy-jowled Bertrand H. Snell comes out on the speaker's dais.

It's News, Says Morgan

Senator Walsh inherits giant gavel; also a depression gavel for rapping to order the still, small voice of conscience.

Big Stadium organ makes brass band sound like the tinkling of wind chimes or one of Joe Grein's musical beer steins.

In the meantime, downtown, a life-size replica of Missouri mule decorates Congress hotel lobby, but looks mighty lonesome a few minutes after midnight.

Alternates go A. W. O. L. to Arlington and play it on dark horse's nose.

Al Smith refuses to stand on chair after looking down over edge of Empire State building.

The congressman from New York and permanent chairman of the convention poses without a smile, with the gavel, for cameramen. He wears a bright blue tie to match his bright blue eyes. His gray hair is sparse. He wears a plain dark suit in contrast to the stately long tailed coat of Chairman Fess, who probably wont get to bang the gavel or fuss about the lights any more.

Cong Snell looks worried. Perhaps its because he had to come away and



(TIMES Photo) Sara Schuyler Butler of New York was the tea guest of Mrs. Alvin T. Hert of Kentucky, vice chairman of the national executive committee.

leave his republican colleagues without a floor leader in the house. Its 11:20 a. m. and Snell pours himself a drink of water. Its only a gesture. The delegates seem hopelessly involved in conversation that apparently requires being on their feet.

Strains of 'Dixie' Awaken Sleepy G. O. P. Delegates

By KAY HALL

Chicago Stadium, June 16.—The G. O. P. elephant, with tongue in cheek and one ear flopping a little ashamedly over the ruckus last night, tries to trumpet on with its old majesty today.

Its 11:40 a. m. and sleepy-eyed delegates and alternates amble in with the self-assurance and complacent at-home-ness of two-day old convention veterans.

"Dixie" from the organ arouses a momentary flurry and a few southern delegates jump on chairs and wave little American flags.

Tall, tired Sen. Bingham, champion of repeal, stands on the platform looking over the galleries which advertised themselves to the world last night as wanting what they want when they want it.

Grees Harvey Firestone

Perhaps he hears the ghostly echo of the clink of beer steins which figuratively came from those galleries last night. He turns to shake hands with Harvey Firestone. A half dozen notables stand about without much to say to each other. The galleries are filling up rapidly promising to reach their capacity of last night.

It is 11:43. Chairman Snell, who has renewed his morale with a fresh, starch-looking tan suit, hammers the convention to order. His voice cracks out hoarsely.

Big Bill Thompson is still walking around, telling his friends "that's a King George platform." Bishop James Cannon sits quietly with a happy, self-satisfied look.

Scott Nominates Hoover

With surprising quickness the convention comes to its main business of the day. Joseph L. Scott is at the microphone to renominate President Hoover. The Pasadena lawyer and Roman Catholic was not casually chosen for this job. The invocation has been given by a rabbi. Scott is an exceedingly prominent layman in the Catholic church.

Scott's face is a leathery California tan. His eyebrows are colossally beetling and vividly black in contrast to his short cropped gray hair. His figure seems slight, contrasted with the bulky forms that have been prevalent. His voice is sharp and powerful.

He goes back to ancient Rome and

its sins of material prosperity. He mentions the Christians that were thrown to the lions. He pleads for purification of the nation's atmospheres. He speaks of grand ideals and faith. He pictures Hoover as serene and keeping the faith, leading the way through the fog.

He is 10 minutes into his speech and applause has been only perfunctory. Now he uses the handy old phrase about keeping the ship of state on an even keel, and this prompts some handclapping and a few yells from the floor.

"Proud to Present Hoover"

"We of California are proud to present Herbert Hoover—I nominate this man—for victory next November. Thank you."

The floor is alive. Delegates stamp. The state placards are uprooted, pictures of Hoover dangling from them. Hundreds of little American flags wave. The delegates march into the aisles and madness reigns. The organ rocks the Stadium with "California, Here I Come." Then "On Wisconsin" and "Eyes of Texas." Two huge banners are streamed across the moving army. "From California to Maine press on with Hoover," they read.

Fess and Snell hoist a large portrait of Hoover bordered with the gold spread eagle. A band tries to march around the arena, but the flag wavers are too much for the bandsmen. Five hundred colored balloons are loosed with the magic word "Hoover" in white on them. Confetti streams from the galleries.

Now the band is together and playing a different tune from that of another band and the organ. Notables on the platform play with Halloween mouth toys. Around and around the arena for 15 minutes they go in the "yes-men's" demonstration.

Sec. Hurley Waves Hat

Delegates bat the balloons back into the air. Sec. Hurley waves his hat from the platform to his Oklahoma brethren. The kleig lights flash on and off giving a ghostly, unreal glare to the howling, pushing mob, the clusters of state banners. The presiding officers on the platform are laughing like schoolboys and punching the balloons in the nose. An illuminated portrait of Hoover has mysteriously appeared under the huge clock on the west wall. The Stadium rocks and swells still after 30 minutes of this emotional revel.

The galleries are rather apathetic, watching the antics on the main floor curiously.

Show Hoover Talkie

Now Hoover is here himself—in a talkie. A sheet is pulled from a screen on the third gallery. The figure of the president is seen briefly, but his talkie voice and what he says is lost in the pandemonium. Many of the delegates fail to see the stunt at all.

Now the spirit of the convention is changing. Majestically the organ strikes a sterner note with the heavy

rhythm of "Onward Cristian Soldiers." Rowdyism has given place to impressive awe. The Hoover show is over. At 12:50 Chairman Snell erases his broad smile and bawls for order and the show goes on.

ushers in nifty uniforms of royal blue bearing the labels of "The Chicago Stadium" and greeters in blue military blouses and white enameled trench helmets to dim for a moment the flaming crimson on the chairs. The aisles began to fill up with the usual mob of people with good reasons for being there.

GIANT ORGAN IS HEARD WITH APPROPRIATE TITLE

A good while before the gavel fell the thundering organ in the balcony appropriately opened with the musical greeting to the convention delegates entitled "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." Not content with this musical jibe, the organist, who seemed a little uncertain of his geography, and addressed the gathering republicans with the pipe-organ version of "Dixie." This gigantic organ, the largest in the world, can unloose a volume equal to 2,000 band instruments. Proud Chicagoans say its vibrations at full volume would shatter the light bulbs in this Stadium.

Keynoter Dickinson of Iowa arrived thirty minutes in advance, smiling and apparently untrified by the task he was about to undertake. He wore a special gold badge, a handsome souvenir for his grandchildren. Photographers hustled him before the microphone out on the speakers' tongue and photographed him holding his fist up in a fighting gesture.

Senator Dickinson paused in his posing and leaned down to this correspondent and, pointing his finger, said with a laugh:

"Now, write a nice story. Don't put in any dirty stuff."

He wore a dark-blue coat, gray trousers, a dark necktie of strictly orthodox Iowa pattern and a non-wilting collar.

Bingham Views Scene.

Senator Hiram Bingham, known as the tall senator from Connecticut, son of an American missionary, born in Hawaii, married into the millions of the Tiffany jewelry family, father of seven tall sons, arrived early to view the scene of his prospective battleground. He is the new champion of the outright repeal forces and will lead their charge on the convention floor. Senator Bingham recently clashed with the idol of the dregs, Senator Borah, in a flashing senate debate which brought him cheers from the gallery.

"They apparently are going to bring in a resubmission plank," Bingham said, "but if they do I am ready to fight it to the end."

This is the largest hall in which a national convention was ever held. It was said, and arrangements have exceeded anything in the past in elaborate detail. Hundreds of telegraph wires were already clicking off the story of the convention preliminaries before the opening gavel fell.

Beneath the platform the big radio companies had elaborate stalls established and equipped with microphones, comfortable chairs, electric fans—all the comforts of a studio.

Back above the platform were broadcasters sitting behind glass windows in small booths—looking from the floor below, all the world like a group of marionette shows.

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Hollywood Citizen-News

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1932

Two

Organ Expert Sways Crowd At Conclave

CHICAGO, June 29. (AP)—High up in the rafters of the Chicago Stadium, bespectacled, nimble-fingered Al Melgard regulates emotions of the volatile delegates to the Democratic national convention and the easily swayed thousands of spectators who sit perched around the galleries.

His magic wand is the full-throated great stadium organ, and his musician's sixth sense tells him what to play to move the immense throng to tumultuous enthusiasm, sympathy, or demonstrative action.

For 25 years, Melgard has pulled the stops of a pipe organ, in theaters, in churches and before the attentive gaze of students in his own school.

No other musical assignment, he said today, has thrilled him so much, or given him the opportunity to demonstrate so effectively the power of music as has the task of tapping the wells of human emotion during the national conventions.

Melgard has gratuitously given the Democratic convention a theme song, whether the delegates know it or not.

It is the popular ditty of the moment—"Bye, bye, Mr. Dry, You're All Wet."

In the intervals, throughout the convention sessions, he weaves it in, and the multitudes hum and shuffle to its catchy strains.

The songs that move the Democratic multitudes most, says Melgard, out of the experience of his quarter of a century of organ playing, are the home town tunes.

So he sits, a mogul of music, with the emotions of thousands of high-keyed men and women to dam or loose, as he wills.

Latest News

MUSIC OF GIANT ORGAN SOOTHES DELEGATES' NERVES

DAILY TIMES, CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1932

(Continued from page 5)

requires being on their

in close communion with yards of red, white and g, the farthest tiers of which were vacant yesterday. Lady delegates on por smoke cigarets brazen of Carrie Nation!

Ons in Ugly Tone

By two gray-haired gentlemen Walker Willebrandt, chief urban and widely smiling, determined little way e big, boisterous menfolk their feet wide apart in the back their hats and prop in their vests.

a. m. Temporary Chair-son toys with his gavel. m glasses are pushed down

He eyes the demizens of itical cage doubtfully. He's to crack his whip over them skulk to where they

accent on "kindly" and Dickinson's voice booms in a rather ugly tone desire that they do just pretty hard for politicians

houts for them to stand up, ence reigns for the involsgr. Thomas P. Bona. His simple and short and be for the sick, the poor, the d the wayward.

Albert F. Jeffries of the committee reads his list of handsome gray head and ve waistline shaking vig-

n Delegate Speaks beginning to be ladies day atform. Miss Katherine Connecticut, in soft blue, words introducing the report of the permanent committee.

"publicans," yells Chairman beaming smile and a tre after being escorted to y three women. Some- n the fery congress- ngly booming tones. Ap- breaking every minute ow phrases of republic- oming, a demonstration. mping, shrill yells ring

out. Gov. Rolph of California starts the fireworks. Down front he waves the California banner frantically. This is the sentence that brought it on:

Demonstration for Hoover
"Democrats, as long as they followed the leadership of the one man in America who has furnished leadership in this great crisis—Herbert Hoover—they functioned in splendid fashion."
There is standing applause for four minutes. Then Gov. Rolph jumps to his feet with his banner. Somebody else grabs the post bearing the California placard. They're off around the hall. "California, here I come," the organ peals out. Then "The Eyes of Texas," for the Texas delegation is already snorting on its feet in the back. Then Missouri, then Wisconsin, then New Mexico. All of them are falling into line now, yelling and screeching. Around the main floor arena they push. Canes wave, whistles blow. There's a fog horn in the New York delegation.

Eight Minutes of Din
Five, six, eight minutes of frantic din. The parade of the states won't stop until it's ready. There's a pleased, paternal smile on the face of Chairman Snell. He starts hammering with the gavel half-heartedly but gives up. The tumult swells. These are politicians on a hay ride. Men and women arm-in-arm. They're screaming out wisecracks like kids. This is a parade for Hoover. This is a parade against the weak old democrats. Didn't Mr. Snell just say every- thing he could politely utter against the democratic party?

Fess Holds Banner
Sen. Fess leans over the platform rail, clapping his hands. Oklahoma, as they pass by, hand up their state standard to Fess and he holds it aloft. The Wisconsin Hoover men, who have brought a "conservative" majority to a national convention this year after the long reign of Lafolletteism, also pass up their standard to Fess and he exhibits it gleefully.

"It's the first time in thirty years we're in it," the standard-bearer says. After a break of almost 26 minutes, Snell cajoles the delegates back to their seats. They're still jumping up and down and the organist in full sympathy is still stirring sectional patriotism with the state songs.

Their exhaustion leaves a lull finally and Snell says humorously: "Well, I

was talking about the democrats." He picks up in his stinging diatribe where he left off with the "Colossal incapacity, hopeless division and disintegration of the other party."

Snell Popular Speaker
It's the proud sentences, the brags of republicanism that make Snell the most popular speaker so far. Self-satisfied handclapping still breaks forth every minute or so. At 1 p. m.

he finishes and some stand to applaud him. Delegates start leaving. This is a different party finish today compared to yesterday's glumness. Faces are wreathed in smiles, lit up with G. O. P. faith and pride.

Ladies and gentlemen, a good time is now being had by all. In the last two hours the 26th annual republican convention has come to life.

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(Continued on page 12, col. 1)

MUSIC TO RESCUE

The second session of the convention met at 11 a. m. The delegates were slow in taking their seats and it took the combined efforts of the world's largest organ, the brass band and the Hamilton Glee Club to save the Stadium from the appearance of a flop show.

Representative Bertrand H. Snell, permanent chairman, was anxiously waiting to call the gathering to order and to boom out the long speech, on which he has been working for weeks.

ASSAILS DEMOCRATS.

When he did get under way, he said the Democratic majority in the House had an opportunity to show constructive effort, but that it wallowed and obstructed the President. That always gets a cheer in a Republican convention.

In an effort to pep up the proceedings, some of the delegations started the customary floor parades and for fifteen minutes they yelled and filed up and down the aisles. It was, however, a weak and unimpressive demonstration.

When Chairman Snell's mention of Hoover as "that great engineer" started a synthetic ovation, the organ appropriately recognized the President's engineering capacities by rendering "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

DEBATE ON PROHIBITION

WITH SHAFER AT CONVENTION



ROBT. M. SOHNGEN, HAMILTON, OHIO, A DELEGATE FROM THE THIRD DISTRICT

PETER J. MCGARTHY, ONE OF THE OLD GUARD

JOHN F. CURRY, BOSS OF TAMMANY

JOHN H. MCGOOEY, BROOKLYN LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL

SENATOR GARTER GLASS OF VIRGINIA

STEPHEN W. MCGRATH IS THERE

JAMES A. FARLEY, ROOSEVELT'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER, IS WELL PLEASED OVER THE FIRST BRUSH WITH THE SMITH-RASKOB CROWD

GOV. WHITE HAS A GOOD CHANCE FOR SECOND PLACE OF THE TICKET

SENATOR TOM WALSH WON THE HARD TOUGHT CONTEST AS PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

SHAFFER, CHICAGO

JIMMY SHEVLIN, ALWAYS PRESENT AT A SCRAP

AL MELGARD, ORGANIST AT THE CONVENTION HALL, SAYS THE ORGAN IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. THE PIPES ARE LOCATED IN THE CEILING, IT HAS 883 STOPS, AND IN VOLUME IT EQUALS A BRASS BAND OF 2500 PIECES

ORGANIST MEETS CONCLAVE MOODS

Sixth Sense, Master Sheet of States' Music Bring Right Tune at Right Time

VETERAN THRILLED BY JOB

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It is a popular ditty of the moment—"Bye, Bye, Mr. Dry, You're All Wet."

At the intervals, throughout the convention sessions, he weaves it in, and the multitudes hum and shuffle to its catchy strains.

His bald head shining in the reflected glare of countless lights, Melgard studiously and seriously handles the huge organ to cascade melody down from the rafters vastness of the Stadium.

Master Sheet of Music

He has prepared in one master sheet of music every known song of the States, and to his quick thinking in peeling forth the right tunes many of the Democratic demonstrations owe their origin.

Yesterday's near-capacity crowd yelled in uproarious approval when Maurice P. Cahill of that State said, "I come from Iowa," and the organist immediately burst into, "Out Where the Tall Corn Grows."

One glance at the long sheet of State songs and Mr. Melgard knew what to do.

This business of bringing out the right tune at the right moment, however, is not all a matter of improvising. Careful preparations have been made. The console of the organ is connected by telephone with the Speaker's stand, and, when it is possible, advance telephonic warning is sent the organist of the imminent appearance of a prominent person. Show business, in other words.

Has Tunes On Tap

Thus, Melgard will be phoned: "Al Smith will appear in five minutes." So he has the "Sidewalks of New York" on tap.

Again, he will bring into play a pair of field glasses to pick out some distinguished Democrat and be ready to send the proper tune sweeping down in a symphony of sound.

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So he sits, a mogul of music, with the emotions of thousands of high-keyed men and women to dam or loose as he wills.

CHGO DIAL-OGUE

By Harry Steele. (Radio Editor.) Convention Reflections.

The business of sitting up until unmentionable hours listening to radio's dissemination of convention details reveals that while it is variously implied that Mr. Hoover is a dam builder no one has referred to him as a dam bad builder; that Mr. Al Melgard plays the organ at the top of his voice; that the Stadium organ has 396 stops, but seldom does, and again that Mr. Melgard, for his ability to keep demonstrations alive after their hearts have stopped beating, should be re-employed by one of the chains as a sustaining artist.

Agnew and Kahn Collaborate.

In his long program tonight, part of which is through NBC and the remainder broadcast through WENR, Charlie Agnew will introduce a successor to his "Fools in Love," a new plaint entitled "Too Many on Your Mind." Perhaps it is a tribute to the Democratic delegates, but at any rate Charlie wrote it in collaboration

DELBERT E. METZGER
ATTORNEY AT LAW
HILO, HAWAII

Al Melgard, Organist, Keeps Ears and His Eyes Open, Reports Miss Ducas

BY DOROTHY DUCAS,
International News Service Staff
Correspondent.

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His nightmare is that by some trick of fate he played "Sidewalks of New York" for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He said:

"You have to keep up on politics in a job like this. Of course, they phone me in advance from the speakers' platform, but some things happen so fast I just have to keep my ears and eyes open. For instance—wouldn't I be in a nice way if I played 'How Dry I Am' before they mentioned the repeal plank? I have to use my head.

"I played the 'Sidewalks of New York' for the New York delegation in the Republican convention, but that was by request—a sort of joke they wanted

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Every celebrity has a song, printed on a neat list of Al's. John J. Raskob: "Give My Regards to Broadway"; Alben W. Barkley: "Dixie" and "Old Kentucky Home"; Jouett Shouse: "Abdallah," the "We're From Kansas" song; Thomas J. Walsh: "The Warriors," whose tag line runs "Hi Yi, the Beating Drums Tell Big Chief Montana Comes."

For Alfalfa Bill Murray there's the "Oklahoma Hall"; for Garner, "Eyes of Texas"; Ritchie has "Maryland, My Maryland," of course—and "The Old Gray Mare" is the Democrats' own song.

was the Republican organization's public recognition of the fact that Wisconsin is now regarded as back in the Republican fold, since the delegation is controlled by the regulars.

The La Follette was defeated for the first time in twenty-eight years.

HAILED BY ORGAN.

The pipe organ gave Bentley a round of "Here We Come, Wisconsin," as he mounted the platform. He was cheered wildly when he declared Wisconsin had supported President Hoover and "would continue to support him." Bentley drew some pride, to, from the fact that the regulars won control, telling the convention that it was the "first time in twenty-eight years that we have been here with a voice."

The crowd cheered. Bentley said the regular Republicans of Wisconsin "registered their most emphatic protest after seeing Republicans standing in the squares of Wisconsin, urging the election of Alfred E. Smith, a Democrat four years ago.

CHEER AL SMITH.

The galleries started to cheer the mention of Smith, but Bentley waved for silence and kept on hammering the La Follette organization.

Bentley won the best cheer given any of the seconding speeches.

Mrs. Frank N. Mann, of West Virginia, made the fifth speech seconding Hoover's nomination.

Roscoe Conklyn Simmons, negro political leader in Illinois came next. He first mentioned the great patience of Abraham Lincoln. He said:

"Time again will write upon the page of eternal time, beneath the story of Lincoln's patience, the story of Hoover's endurance."

When Snell pulled the 5-minute rule on Simmons, the crowd roared:

"No, let him go—go ahead."

Then came a real burst of applause, as Simmons was allowed to proceed.

THE FOLLOWING CLIPPING IS FROM
THE...?...5...32... ISSUE OF

THE MOBILE REGISTER
ASSOCIATED WITH THE MOBILE PRESS

MOBILE, ALABAMA

AND CALLED TO YOUR ATTENTION BY

R. B. Chandler

PROPHETIC MUSIC

The Associated Press has paid tribute in the form of a feature story to Al Melgard, the organist at the Chicago stadium at both conventions.

Mr. Melgard is among the most intelligible of those who say it with music—intelligible and non-partisan. He not only could be understood by admirers of Al Smith (musical motif: Sidewalks of New York) or Franklin Delano Roosevelt (theme song: Happy Days Are Here Again) but by well-wishers of the honorable Herbert Hoover (theme: California, Here I Come).

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, however, in a recent editorial is not positive Mr. Melgard is the disinterested musician we believe him to be. The Post-Dispatch, which has suddenly gone Democratic in a big way, notes that the second line of "California, Here I Come," reads, "Right back where I started from."

Mr. Melgard is a man of so many musical moods that somehow we find it hard to believe that he could remain "put" long enough to form one political attachment. Instead, we like to see him as the one American who has a good word or a good song for everybody.

But if not partisan, he is, at least, as the St. Louis newspaper itself suggests, prophetic. "Right back where he was started from" is about the truest line ever sung to the music supplied by Mr. Melgard's vociferous and indefatigable organ.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS 6/29/32 Organist Sways Delegates

with Old Home-Town Tunes

Al Melgard, Perched High in Stadium Rafters, Moves Multitude with Music.

High up in the rafters of the Chicago Stadium, bespectacled, nimble-fingered Al Melgard regulates emotions of the volatile delegates to the democratic national convention and the easily swayed thousands of spectators who sit perched around the galleries.

His magic wand is the full-throated great Stadium organ, and his musician's sixth sense tells him what to play—move the immense throng to tumultuous enthusiasm, sympathy or demonstrative action.

For twenty-five years Melgard has pulled the stops of a pipe organ, in theaters, in churches, and before the attentive gaze of students in his own school.

Thrilled by Assignment.

No musical assignment, he said today, thrilled him as much or given him the opportunity to demonstrate the power of music as has the task of tapping the wells of human emotion during the national conventions.

Melgard has gratuitously given the democratic convention a theme song, whether the delegates know it or not.

It is the popular ditty of the moment—"Bye, Bye, Mr. Dry, You're All Wet."

At the intervals throughout the convention sessions he weaves it in, and the multitudes hum and shuffle to its catchy strains.

His bald head shining in the reflected glare of countless lights, Melgard studiously and seriously handles the huge organ to cascade melody down from the rafters vastness of the Stadium.

Has Master Sheet.

He has prepared in one master sheet of music every known song of the states, and to his quick thinking in pealing forth the right tunes

many of the democratic demonstrations owe their origin.

Yesterday's near-capacity audience welled in uproarious approval when Maurice P. Cahill of that state said "I come from Iowa," and the organist immediately burst into "Out Where the Tall Corn Grows."

This business of bringing out the right tune at the right moment, however, is not all a matter of improvising. Careful preparations have been made. The console of the organ is connected by telephone with the speaker's stand, and when it is possible advance telephonic warning is sent the organist of the imminent appearance of a prominent person. Show business, in other words.

Ready for Al.

Thus Melgard will be phoned: "Al Smith will appear in five minutes." So he has the "Sidewalks of New York" on tap.

Again, he will bring into play a pair of field glasses to pick out some distinguished democrat and be ready to send the proper tune sweeping down in a symphony of sound.

The songs that move the democratic multitudes most, says Melgard, out of the experience of his quarter of a century of organ playing, are the home-town tunes.

ROOSEVELT REBUKE FOR SMITH OFFICIAL

Albany, N. Y., June 29.—(P)—With Gov. Roosevelt's tacit approval, Dr. Walter N. Thayer yesterday reprimanded Warden Joseph P. Wilson of Great Meadow prison for his association with Charles "Vannie" Higgins, slain Brooklyn beer baron.

The state commissioner of correction leveled his criticism at Wilson, director of the budget in the administration of Gov. Alfred E. Smith, after a lengthy conference with Roosevelt.

Riot Lasts Forty-Three Minutes.

The name of Roosevelt fell from the lips of Mr. Mack. Mr. Melgard started to play "Anchors Aweigh" and the jamboree was on.

Up came the good old standards, up leaped the good old marchers, up went the good old thermometer. The 7,000,000 candle power lights, dimmed last night by the finicky fire department, were turned on at full flood. Flashlamps sparked like roman candles. Brave men sweated and carried woman delegates about the hall on their shoulders. Cheer leaders yelled and kept their eyes on the clock. The organ played "There'll Be a Hot Time" and switched again and again to the navy hymn, in tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's service as secretary of the navy.

In other words, it was just a good old demonstration.

Examined
June 30 1932
EIGHT ***

CROWDS ENJOY SHOW, SAYS MRS. LEWIS

Forget Economic Woes in Music and Shouting; All Candidates 'Real Americans'

By Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis,

The convention progresses with ever-increasing intensity. Each day the pressure for tickets grows

heavier! All Chicagoland has turned "political-minded" and determined to have a look at the overcrowded Stadium.

Whatever else this Democratic convention has done, or may do, at least one benefit accrues to the ordinary citizen, for it has dragged his mind away from harassing financial problems and for the time, at least, gives a new interest in daily life.

Once within the vast convention hall, gaily decorated with varicolored bunting, and with that glorious organ music rolling forth in stimulating vibrations, one forgets for the time the trials, the disappointments, the blasted hopes of these months past.

"GOOD DAYS" RETURN.

"Good old times," or before-the-world-war-days, when life was not too complex, seem to be with us once more when one beholds all those real Americans from the great Middle West, the South and the Southwest, the keen Yankees from New England gathered together with their minds fixed on choosing their leader.



Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis.

Whatever it is the band is playing it seems to make the organist awful mad. He watches his opportunity, then suddenly hops in



Organist Hops In With a Blast.

with a blast of sound so loud you can't hear yourself think. There should be something in the platform about the repeal of organist Mr. Victor Watson, able editor

American
6/16/32
Chicago's Most Widely Read

Even 'Stein Song' by Al Melgard Fails to Save Repeal

The heart of Al Melgard, well-known organist, was heavy with disappointment today.

For hadn't Al given his best to the cause dear to him?

Hadn't he banked everything on that old quip about music having charms?

And, last night, with the repeal plank in the balance didn't he "get in a couple of good licks" with the "Stein Song" and other moist numbers?

Right at what appeared to be the psychological moment, didn't he set the liberal delegates at the national Republican convention in the Chicago Stadium cheering with his stirring numbers?

Indeed he did—just poured his heart into those tunes!

And as he resumed his seat at the console of the organ in the Stadium for the day's session, Al Melgard said:

"Yes, I was a disappointed man when I learned that the repeal plank didn't go through.

"I thought that the 'Stein Song' might do the business—might swing the tide.

"Perhaps if the convention authorities had not barred 'How Dry I Am' the result might have been different."

Some one who overheard his lament observed that music had no chance against a machine—or an organ against a steam-roller.

WS RADIC

HEARD ON TWO NETWORKS



Here is Al Melgard, pioneer radio organist, at the console of the world's largest organ which he is playing at the Stadium during the democratic convention. When CBS and NBC cut in their big microphones to pick up demonstrations by the delegates, Al's music goes out on both networks.

THE ANTIGO DAILY JOURNAL

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AL MELGARD, THE ARTIST

There was one man who was on the job at both the Republican and Democratic conventions that hasn't been given much recognition, but who had about as much to do in keeping the delegates and galleries entertained and in good humor, as anyone, and that was Al Melgard, who played that great organ whose tones at times almost raised the very roof of that great stadium. We were in attendance at the Republican convention and listened in quite faithfully over the radio during the Democratic convention and we want to say that this musician is an artist. He is not only a master of the organ, but he seems to sense every situation, and before even that great audience realized it they were singing "On the Sidewalks of New York," or "California I Am Coming," "On Wisconsin," etc. One could hardly realize that this man sitting way up there in the gallery could accurately follow every move of the convention and inject the tones of the organ into every situation so perfectly as to make one believe that his program was outlined before him. He performed a most remarkable task under very difficult situations.

DELEGATES EAT AT FINE HOTELS; JOBLESS HUNGRY

Hedging and Hoovering, Orators Fill Air With Empty Platitudes; Not a Word for the 9,000,000 Hunting Work, Declares Writer

By Floyd Gibbons,

(Copyright, 1932, by Universal Service, Inc.)

CHICAGO STADIUM, June 15.—Hello, everybody. And here's your political hot cakes, served thin, tough and tasteless on a cold platform, with a garnish of nothing.

The Republican national convention stands adjourned until lunch time today.

They wanted lunch.

So they went to eat—at Blackstone—the Stevens—the Morrison—the Drake—the Sherman—Chicago's fine, big hotels.

The grand old party had a keen edge on its appetites—a mouth-watering hankering for another four years in the trough—but more immediately the delegates had a yen to get their feet under these heaped-up city tables, tuck the kitchen towel into the collar, pin back the ears and wade into food.



Floyd Gibbons.

Music for Exit

So the delegates went out to lunch.

And the Stadium pipe organ—they tell me it's the biggest in the world—started playing music for the exit.

"Happy days are here again," was the tune.

Yes, sir, boys and girls. The faces of the delegates looked grim and a little bit sheepish as they elbowed through the jobless idlers hanging around W. Madison st.:

"Will you give me a dime for a cup of coffee, Buddy?"

Noticed a few congressman delegates looking grim, too. Just wondered if they were thinking about those 12,000 ex-soldiers who marched across the country to Washington to ask their government for the money they earned during the war or a chance to work.

Yes, sir. The shadow of that bonus army in Washington fell across this convention assembly, a thousand miles away. And it lingers here.

Forget About Hungry

Their appetites were fine.

For two hours and a half they had listened to the paean of prosperity. They had heard how the grand old party had saved the country from the bow-wows, time after time, during the last hectic three years. They had learned once more that their party was the good old party of good old honest Abe Lincoln. And that the programs and policies of the good old party were the laws of this great country.

Yes sir, and they had heard the organ play "Happy Days Are Here Again" as the speaking ended and the march started for the nose-bags.

They had heard nothing unpleasant.

Not a word had been spoken about the 9,000,000 men and women who have no work and nothing to eat.

Happy Days Are Here

So the delegates went out to lunch.

And the Stadium pipe organ—they tell me it's the biggest in the world—started playing music for the exit.

"Happy days are here again," was the tune.

Yes sir, boys and girls. The organ played that rollicking ditty with faces of the delegates as they rushed for the exits and some of them looked grim and a little bit sheepish as they elbowed through the jobless idlers hanging around W. Madison st.:

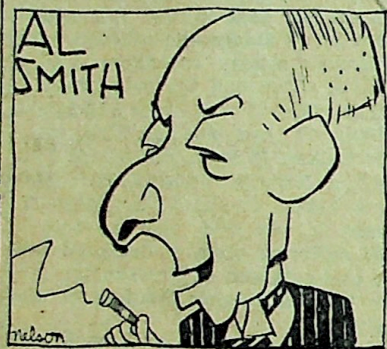
"Will you give me a dime for a cup of coffee, Buddy?"

Casey at Big Show

BY ROBERT J. CASEY.

The democrats, who seem always to have been with us, gathered here today to say a few words about prohibition. There was a growing impression out in the washroom, where the news comes from, that something was wrong with this important question. The platform was said to consist of only about a column and a half, and in a democratic convention where the keynote speeches run twenty thousand words and the prayers are half an hour long, this was looked upon as a violation of policy, not to say a breach of decorum.

However, it was common knowledge that you can't down a democrat even with brevity. A lot of the dele-



gates took the position that no matter how short the platform there would be plenty of time to debate it—plenty of time to say what has not already been said (if anything) about the eighteenth amendment.

While the 54 guests of the convention began to cascade down through the topmost of the red undertakers' chairs the statesmen who have taken over the destinies of the country since the republicans relinquished the job a few days ago were gathering in knots on the floor, some of them composing active deliberative groups, others just knots. And there the independent delegates gave voice to opinions that in a couple of hours would be smothered in unit rules and the like.

Same Plank Used by G. O. P.

It was said by many experts out in the washroom that the prohibition plank to be presented to the convention would have the benefit of age and trial. It was said to be the same plank used by the republicans at their recent successful convention, found amid the abandoned state standards in the basement of the Stadium. Dusted off and fitted with new red seals, it looked very bright and sparkling and the majority of the resolutions committee thought it might do very well indeed.

It called for a submission of the prohibition question to the states without committing the party to do anything more than count the vote when and if the democrats are in a counting position after next November.

Oddly enough this proposition did not suit all the delegates, despite the

was still noticeable and the little knots of amateur debaters were freely forecasting that the assembly would be called to order and adjourned, would be called to order and recess, would be called to order and proceed with nominating speeches, or what have you?

While the debate over a course of action was being taken to the rostrum Al Melgard, the eminent organist, went down into the barrel for a number of pieces that may expect a great revival in the event of a repeal. "Peggy O'Neill," "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," and "Sweet A-had-o-line," were not a complete success owing to the absence of the barber shop habits in the washroom. Mr. Melgard, undiscouraged, prepared to try it all over again.

It became apparent at this point that the management had made some improvements on behalf of Chairman Thomas J. Walsh. The rostrum had been raised six inches to lift Mr. Walsh's head over the microphones. This brought the suggestion that Mr. Walsh would be the only man in the convention standing on his own personal platform. The suggester was thrown out before he could be identified.

Cheer Favorite Songs.

At 12:35 enough delegates had come back to the floor to permit the customary opening exercises—cheers for Maryland, Dixie, New York, et al. When Mr. Melgard began his favored rendition of "Maryland, My Maryland" the supporters of Gov. Ritchie broke out with great quantities of black, yellow and red flags bearing the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore.

The New York delegation waved no flags but cheered dutifully for "The Sidewalks of New York," after which the band went into the throes of a classical item that found no response in any of the states.

Mr. Walsh looked about to make certain that Mayor James Walker of New York had arrived and rapped for order at 12:45. This set at rest



rumors that the convention would be called to order at 2 o'clock and recess until 2 o'clock.

The invocation was read by the Rev. Duncan Hodge Browne, dean of St. James cathedral, Chicago.

Mr. Walsh set at rest all doubt about the procedure when he announced that the committee on resolutions was not ready to report and would not be until 2 o'clock.

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CAPABLE ORGANIST OF STADIUM DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION=

CHICAGO STADIUM CHICAGO ILL=

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU ON STATE SONGS ARRANGEMENT ROOSEVELTS
BATTLE SONGS ANCHORS AWEIGH OR HARVARDIANA STOUTHEARTED MEN
FROM NEW MOON HE LIKES THOSE RESPECTIVELY YOU ARE HIGH LIGHTS
OF CONVENTION ENJOYED YOUR IOWA ETC YOUR PLAN SMART CLEVER ()
OPPORTUNE AND TO THE MOMENT TAKE CHOICE ABOVE THREE SONGS OR

USE ALL=

JOHN A BUTLER.

Form 16

BY JIMMY CORCORAN
AT G. O. P. CONVENTION

The convention has gone absolutely musical. The new plan is save the country with a song. There is an organist, one band and seven glee clubs all alternating. The harmonizers are giving the Republicans more of a battle than they'll probably get from the Democrats in November.

I have been having great trouble in dissecting the reason for the 50 minutes delay. One yarn is that Lafayette B. Gleason, secretary of the convention, is going to take the party out of politics and put it in the National League instead of the Phillies.

Even the bandsmen can be glutted only so long. They finally went Democratic and broke into the Al Smith's campaign ditty "Sidewalks of New York." This almost wrecked the show since the boys and gals started to come out of their shells and went to their cheering with great gusto.

NOTE—Report is the band has been fired. There probably will be a new one tomorrow that doesn't know "Sidewalks of New York."

Following this coupe (make of car not given) the Republicans decided they better come out of hiding and so the frolics started ten minutes before the chef below was going to toss on a batch of beans for those as wished to don the nose bag.

"Hell diver" Dickinson bunted one right off the bat when he said that two delegates from Minnesota would have to split their vote and thus bring them both down to weight. But "Dick" didn't say that they had to split what they might have brought along in their keysters. The guys who had to do this was a Swede and an Irishman named Jensen and O'Hara. Can you imagine that, me lads.

Representative Snell, permanent chairman of the convention, was the next one to man the prow, and he said that the Republican party was accustomed to victory,

A great touch of originality was added when the organist blew forth with "Cheer, Cheer, the Gangs All Here." And this is just what Mayor Cermak wanted to avoid. He thought that all the hoodlums were in the cooler.

More yodels by the Hamilton Club. This is one way to become famous. Sing at a political convention.

They couldn't stop the band and so they couldn't start the convention. Every time the music blowers would stop and the gavel swinger would try to call the show to disorder, the glee club would break loose again.

Mebbe this is going to develop into a musical contest. So far its about a toss up among the band,

something like the St. Louis Cardinals.

Next Mr. Snell introduced a man who needs no introduction, my friends. His name, the speaker said, was "Herbert Hoover."

This created quite a hubbub and a couple of Democratic photographers dropped light bulbs for which they'll have to account to the tune of 17 cents. A march around the place started and it's my guess that some candidates for the United States Olympic long-distance walking team may show up.

As the big parade continued the organ played "California Here We Come" "My Indiana Home," "You'll Be My Hot Potato in Georgia" and the like. There was no outburst by that radical band "How Dry I Am" because the Republicans got smart. They wouldn't trust the music to the band anymore. The organ did the blowing.

A lot of confusion followed the tramp because a lot of the boys ended up in the wrong states. It took some time to solve this tangle and get the lads back in their proper place. Can't you imagine a delegate starting to walk from New York and ending up in Nevada?

But on second thought this probably wouldn't be so bad if the terminal city happened to be Reno, where a bird could not only get a divorce from the little handicap for the asking but also a small-sized snort.

There was little stirring after this because all hands were pretty well petered out after the parade, so following Gen. Harbord's talk about the delegates at large (and there are a lot of them that way) they prepared to check out.

The next session will be held tonight and the chances are that much of it will be devoted to discussing the prohibition question. After this a lot of the wets probably will adjourn to little Jake's.

Fist Fight Liven's
Iowa's Part in
Parley.

OH! THE ORGAN
Droll Explanation
of Whistle in Gal-
lery Given.

By Damon Runyon.

Copyright, 1932, by Herald and Examiner and Universal Service.

CHICAGO STADIUM,
June 28.—Round 1—All Roose-
velt.

He out-gallops his opponents by a fair margin in the first heat of the Democratic knock-down-and-dragout now in progress in the Chicago Stadium, where some great fisty contests have been decided in the past.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana is elected permanent chairman of the convention over Jouett Shouse of Kansas by a vote of 626 to 528.

Walsh is Roosevelt's man.

Organist Early

That redoubtable man, the organist, is on the job bright and early. Long before there are any delegates in the hall, he is limbering up his muscles. The organist seems in a dreamy mood this morning. He is oozing soothing sound, reminiscent of the gentle lap of the blue waves on old Miami shore on a moonlight night, with a girl—but let us forget that.

He fills the great flag-draped arena with quiet melody as the delegates file in somewhat sleepy-eyed from sitting up all night arguing about nothing. Delegates to a national convention are great hands for arguing about nothing. They fill the aisles, standing first on one foot and then on the other, stubbornly refusing to sit down and take a load off their dogs. Delegates seem to hate sitting down with any degree of promptness, though there is no percentage in standing in the aisles.

Earl Peters, Indiana's Democratic state chairman, is an early arrival. Mr. Peters is one of the ablest citizens of Hoosierdom. He is high-

Plea for the Repeal of
Pipe-Organ's Peals
Is Sounded by Runyon

Continued From First Page.

them, proud of her now famous husband, the master mind of the Roosevelt campaign.

Photogs Chill Bertie

Bert Stand, known as "Bashful Bertie," secretary of Mr. Farley's New York boxing commission, wanders in and observes the numerous flashlights with great longing in his eyes. Back home "Bashful Bertie" is rarely out of focus when there is any flashlighting afoot, but here the photographers play the chill for him. It is a great tragedy.

Ed Halsey, the sergeant-at-arms, appears on the platform in white liner suit and issues brisk orders to the stenographers. Mr. Halsey is a very brisk fellow. The organist issues "Oh, Sweet Mystery of Life," with tremolos and stops, and one thing and another.

The inmates of the press section, including the actors, politicians and other celebrities who are serving as writers, drift in slowly. Mr. Will Rogers, his eyes gummy with sleep, wants to know how in tarnation a man can think up any words so early in the morning, it being now only 12:10. Mr. Gene Tunney, the ex-heavyweight champion, seems more sprightly than Mr. Rogers, but then Mr. Tunney keeps regular hours. Mr. Arthur Brisbane would probably say Mr. Rogers loses sleep staying up to count his money.

The band in the gallery finally steals a march on the organist and bursts forth with a volume of noise which Mr. Tunney says is the Venus song from "Tannhauser." He may be right. Far be it from me to argue questions of music with an ex-heavyweight champion.

Tall, scholarly looking, deep-toned and legal is Mr. Maurice Cahill of Iowa as he appears to speak for the minority report. Mr. Cahill informs the delegates that he comes from where the tall corn grows, and the organist promptly tears off a bar of Iowa's state song. Mr. Cahill is extremely brief and impressive. Now the chairman says the minority report with reference to Porto Rico has been withdrawn.

A man rushes up to the press section and yells at your tone-deaf agent:

"D'ye hear what the band is playing? It's all about Napoleon, and revolution, and such."

"How do you know?" I ask, curiously.

"Oh, I know," he says, and disappears.

Whatever it is the band is playing it seems to make the organist awful mad. He watches his opportunity, then suddenly hops in with a blast of sound so loud you can't hear yourself think. There should be something in the platform about the repeal of organists.

Watson Early

Mr. Victor Watson, able editor of The Chicago Herald and Examiner and his lovely wife take seats in the press section, and those of us who know Mr. Watson marvel that he is abroad so early.

"I hear rumors of Senator Bulkley of Ohio, as a great big dark horse," whispers Mr. Watson. "Well, anything can happen."

The organist plays "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking." This bucolic hymn can't be for Walker. Maybe it is for the famous Brooklyn ruralist, McCooney, who is also asked to stand for flashes. Mr. McCooney has been farming Brooklyn for a long time. Now the organist lets us have "The St. Louis Blues." The Missourians cheer their state anthem.

To one accustomed to seeing crowds of upwards of 100,000 handled with facility, all this confusion in getting a couple of thousand men and women seated is childish. Al Smith's arrival starts a mild demonstration. The organist plays "The Sidewalks of New York," the war song of the Manhattan Islanders. Then he switches to "My Maryland," so the gang from the old Oriole state can do a bit of whooping.

Now we have delay while the gentlemen on the platform go into a big huddle. One-ten and nothing doing. Even the organist ceases firing. A mumble of human voices fills the air. It is getting hot in the hall.

IT'S A RATTLING
GOOD STORY!



EAGLE-EYED REPORTER—Damon Runyon, famous journalist, Herald and Examiner special correspondent, seated at his trusty typewriter in the press section, writing the story on this page.—Photo by Herald and Examiner.

Delegates So Tired BEG PARDON! ORGAN PLAYS SMITH'S SONG BY MISTAKE

'East Side, West Side' Fills Stadium Just as Snell Mentions Hoover's Name; Every- body Seems to Have a Rip-Snoring Time

By Damon Runyon.

Play "Sidewalks"

The delegate awakes with a start to find himself surrounded by cheering and organ music. The organ is playing "East Side, West Side." The organist is probably one of those Democrats and you know from what Mr. Snell has been broadly inferring that Democrats are low-down, and despicable. Mr. Snell, the ex-cheeser.

The delegate gets up and prods his tired tootsies to exertion. He shuffles 'em around the concrete floor in company with other tootsies just as tired. The organist plays "Baby Mine." The committee on extermination of organists has advised him that he has been committing lese majesty, or harum scarum, or something to that effect, with that Al Smithy tune and he has taken the tip.

Distinguished guests pose on the platform for the photographers. A camera has a strange fascination for a politician. At 11:35 the delegates are still fumbling for their seats. The band pours out a lugubrious grand opera tune. William Allen White, the first Kansan, stands in an aisle in the press section, striking flesh with all comers. He is arrayed in a sprightly gray suit and looks remarkably well.

The band drones on manfully with its grand opera. I must see the bandmaster about his selection of tunes. Who wants to hear grand opera at a Republican convention? Who wants to hear grand opera at any time? We need a little more Irving Berlin and Walter Donaldson in this business.

The organist seems to realize the situation. The instant the band stops its sad, sad story, he strikes up a tune so brisk it awakes some of the browsing delegates and they applaud. The band leader takes the tip and renders that noble number that is always played by the circus bands while the performers and elephants and camels are parading in the grand entry. It isn't modern, but it's better than grand opera.

The organist responds with "East Side, West Side." He is practicing for the Democratic convention next week when Al Smith will be here. Some of the spectators applaud. The delegates scowl. They consider it musical treason.

The vocal chorus tries it again. This time the singers get within range of the mikes, and some of their words are distinguishable. About as many as in the usual song. At 11:45 the statesmanlike Senator Dickinson, temporary chairman, hammers his gavel on the block of wood on the speaker's table and says the delegates will please come to order. And the sergeants-at-arms will please clear the aisles.

After much mumbling and scraping of feet the delegates get settled down and Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas P. Bona, resident prelate of St. Mary Perpetual Help Church, Chicago, offers prayer. He is a big, fine looking man with a shock of hair standing stiffly upright on his head. In the course of his prayer, he says the rich are poor, but he does not say the poor are rich. It is a good strong prayer, and the delegates listen standing. He closes with the Lord's Prayer, and there is

Strike Up the Band!

very slowly. The organist plays "I've Been Working on the Levee." That refers to old times, of course.

A Texas delegate seizes the Lone Star signboard and begins shuffling his feet over the concrete floor to start a parade. A delegate from Alaska, bearing the standard of the Far North, follows.

Then a Louisianan joins in, and next comes California, the organist pouring out "California, Here I Come," by way of pepping up the lagging steps of the marchers. A raft of states sit still. Perhaps the delegates are too tired to march. Among the sitters-still are the New Yorkers. They were tired before they got here.

Illinois, Florida, Maryland, Kansas, North Carolina, Wisconsin and numerous others, march, march, march. The organist plays "On the Banks of the Wabash" as Indiana shuffles along. An Oklahoman hands the state standard to Mr. Snell, who holds it aloft on the platform while the cameras get him.

On, Wisconsin!

The delegates cheer loudly when Wisconsin's banner is also handed to the chairman, because the regulars grabbed the state from La Follette this year and for the first time in many a semester Wisconsin is back on the reservation, so to speak.

It is a triumph for the regulars to be able to parade Wisconsin's banner for Hoover.

Let me explain these things I have been mentioning as signs and banners and standards. They are nothing but narrow strips of cardboard wedged into cleft sticks. These sticks are planted at intervals along the floor to designate the different state delegations.

The organist plays "Dixie," and this produces the first real cheer of the demonstration, all the Southerners, including the delegates from South Boston, Boston of the Slot, South Street and South End, joining in. The outburst lasts perhaps seventeen minutes, with Mr. Snell occasionally pounding with his gavel, asking for order.

Finally the delegates all sink

Organist's Stein Song Sounds Real Democratic Keynote, Says Runyon

TAMMANYITES LOOK SLEEPY; JIMMY WALKER'S ON TIME!

Raskob Wakes 'Em Up With Repeal Plank; Delegates Doze Some More Until Barkley Starts Them on 20-Minute Beer Parade.

By Damon Runyon.

(Copyright, 1932, by Herald and Examiner-Universal Service, Inc.)

Keynote, keynote, keynote, now we've got the keynote. It's the Maine "Stein Song."

Remember?
"Dree-hink a toast to dear old May-hain—dree-hink 'til the rafters re-hing-gah—"

The organist at the Chicago Stadium, a most discerning man, keeps tooting the melody made famous by Rudy Vallee for upwards of twenty minutes yesterday, inspiring Democratic feet to fantastic shuffling over the concrete floor behind their state banners in a big demonstration in favor of stains, seidels, mugs and maybe mere glasses.

It is the first real sustained outburst of the delegates to the Democratic convention and it is brought on by Senator Alben W. Barkley, a fiery Kentuckian, temporary chairman, and official keynoter, when he finally gets down to brass tacks and starts putting in a boost for old John Barleycorn.

Convention Boils Up

Senator Barkley is the better of two hours getting to the point, what with lingual detours of one kind and another, the point being a forthright demonstration that the party platform call for repeal of Mr. Volstead's favorite amendment, immediately, if not sooner.

When the senator eventually arrives at the point, the convention boils up suddenly, and spills enthusiasm all around and about, with the organist giving his all in the Maine Stein song. He works in a little of "How Dry I Am" and "Happy Days Are Here Again." But the Maine "Stein Song" is his great big musical moment. I do not see the banner of dear old Maine in the parade at the moment. However, a lot of other states are obviously willing to claim the "Stein Song." Hence, New York. Yes, you can. New York will be glad to have

New York Likes It

No delegates step higher, wider, or handsomer than the New York delegates marching to the rhythm of the new keynote of the democracy. The Wisconsin delegates go good, too. The Californians march as if they would prefer something softer and more soothing, like "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

Some one remembers that Senator Barkley, who ribs up all this racket, was once a dry. He is wringing wet now. With perspiration. His glowing words have seeped right through his white linen clothes. The banners of the various states float past the speaker's stand on a roaring stream of enthusiasm for a high alcoholic content and Senator Barkley watches the river with tired eyes.

He has a right to be tired. He has been talking so long he has the delegates groggy with words, until he revives them again with his declamation for repeal, like slapping 'em suddenly in the faces with a wet bar towel.

The only man who isn't tired is the organist. He still has plenty of the Maine "Stein Song" left in his system even when the demonstration finally dies away to a vague mumble. Well, anyway, we now have the keynote, so let us go back to the beginning, which is arrival at the convention hall, six bits from the Chicago loop as the taxi flies.

Organ Cuts in

The organ starts booming. The organist shows little versatility. He plays "I've Been Working on the Levee," Princeton's football war song, and a lot of other musical bric-a-brac that he emitted for the Republicans. He gets a roar from the crowd when he breaks out with "My Maryland" as Governor Ritchie of Maryland comes in, a sartorial picture of an old-fashioned southern gentleman.

The Marylanders wear badges as big as pie plates proclaiming themselves for Ritchie.

I must see that organist and find out why he keeps playing that Princeton song. The one that goes: "Yea, Tiger, siss-boom-ha. Hear the tiger roar." He has played it ten times already this morning. Finally he sticks in the "Stein Song." This belongs to Maine. It is a relief.

The Texans get up and yell for no particular reason and the band they brought with them from the Lone Star state plays "I've Been Working on the Levee," with a girl leading the delegates in a big off-key chorus.

The list adopted unanimously on a viva voce vote, which means by voice, I believe, and Mr. Raskob appoints a number of distinguished gentlemen to bring Senator Alben W. Barkley, the temporary chairman, to the chair.

The organ hits into "Dixie" and the delegates yell loudly as the committee surrounds Senator Barkley in the Kentucky delegation. The band plays "My Old Kentucky Home" as the senator is paraded down an aisle with the committee fore and aft. One line of this song goes "Hard times come a-knockin' at the door," or something to that effect, if you remember. But perhaps we shouldn't mention that.

Senator Barkley is a fine-looking man in a white linen suit with a blue handkerchief peeking out of his breast pocket. He has iron gray hair with a marcel wave, and wears nose glasses. He has that slight rotundity that seems characteristic of senators. His voice is rich and deep, with little trace of what we know as the southern accent.

He mentions, with both hands outstretched, the name of Woodrow Wilson. Now the delegates cheer heartily. Mrs. Wilson is on the platform. The organ plays "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The delegates are standing up. It is quite a little demonstration.

At 2:40 Senator Barkley has been going over forty minutes.

"My goodness," complains young Mr. Roddan, thumbing the printed booklet containing the keynoting which had been distributed in the press section, "he is only at page 8 with twenty-one pages to go."

Congresswoman Owens gives up. "I'm going home to write my story," she says. "But Senator Barkley really can make a speech when he doesn't have to read it."

When he reads the words calling for Congress to pass a resolution recommending the repeal of the eighteenth amendment the convention comes to redhot, pulsating life.

The organ bursts forth with the "Stein Song." A parade starts. A Massachusetts delegate pops out into the aisle with the banner of the old Bay State. A dozen other banner luggers are right at his heels. New York, West Virginia, Alaska, Delaware, Canal Zone, Michigan, Indiana, Washington, District of Columbia, Connecticut, Minnesota. A score of others. The organ plays "How Dry I Am." Then "The Old Gray Mare." The mob mumbles and yells. A big banner reading "Wisconsin for Roosevelt," moves with the parade. A fist fight starts. The spectators in the gallery like this. They yell wildly. Nearly every state in the Union is now in the parade, per their banners. The organ pours out "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Another Fist Fight

Another fist fight. Senator Barkley stands on the platform, his glasses in his hand, his head drooped in weariness. California hoists a banner of blue, bearing Garner's features and the words, "For President."

The organ toots "Hot Time in the Old Town." This starts the cheering afresh. The Alaska, District of Columbia, Maryland, Kentucky and New York standards are massed in front of the speaker's stand.

A fellow climbs on a chair and tries to hold the banner of Rhode Island higher than any others.

Examiner

TIMES

Continued From Page Six

get up a little demonstration all their own.

"The chair now recognizes former Governor Alfred E. Smith of the state of New York," says Senator Walsh.

"Whoo-ee-ee!" begin the delegates all over again. The organ plays "The Sidewalks of New York." There is a wild flourishing of state banners. The delegates stand, waving and cheering Smith as he stands on the platform smiling at them.

Jouett Shouse of Kansas, who got licked for the permanent chairmanship, gets a big reception and the organist plays "My Old Kentucky Home," because he can't think of a Kansas tune at the moment. Mr. Shouse is introduced by Homer Cummings of Connecticut, who is now filling in for Walsh. Shouse is for the majority report. Everybody is getting on the band wagon. He pays a stout tribute to John Raskob.

Musical Night Hawk

The fact the organist is blasting away with the arrival of the very first delegates for the session supposed to begin at noon gives rise to the rumor, probably unfounded, that he has been playing all night long.

He is very fancy today. He is giving the early birds looking for worms a load of "Marcheta," soft and low and very sad. It is quite a contest between the organist and the band. The latter waits crouched in the second gallery and springs up on the slightest intermission by the organist. However, the organist leaves few intermissions as prey for the band.

Five Ladies in Row

A pleasing sight is presented by the Connecticut delegation with five lovely ladies, sitting all in a row. Joe Tumulty, once secretary to Woodrow Wilson, holds forth with a stout delegate from New Jersey. The band "cops a sneak" as the boys say, on the organist and plays a soothing southern melody to wit: "My Maryland," with variations.

Mrs. Mary Norton of New Jersey, a congresswoman who is called the mayor of the District of Columbia because she is chairman of the House district committee, sits with her delegation. She is a stout lady and wears a pink hat

Davis Reads Paper

The organist decides to make the band look silly. He piles on all he's got in "Dixie," "My Maryland" and other applause catchers that never miss. The delegates yell. The man from Texas who blows a whistle at intervals to let his wife back home know he's on the job let fly a few shrill blasts. The man is setting a terrible precedent. Other wives back home will be demanding their

The stately looking John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for President in '24, who spoke yesterday for Jouett Shouse, takes his seat with the New York delegation and begins reading a newspaper. Al Smith, whose arrival produces "The Sidewalks of New York" from the organist, as usual, starts visiting around. Al hasn't made much stir in this convention so far, outside of arousing the organist.

The convention now goes strictly vaudeville. Eddie Dowling, the New York actor, a slim, black-haired young man, steps up to the mike and introduces Will Rogers, while the organist spels "Pony Boy."

Dowling reintroduces Gene Tunney for a second time and Gene steps to the platform, an impressive figure of young American manhood. He gets a big hand and utters a few words into the mike.

There are cries for Mayor Walker and Dowling finally asks him to take a bow. The organist plays "Give My Regards to Broadway" and the crowd cheers, but it turns out Walker is on the committee on resolutions. Max Steuer, the New York lawyer, is spotted by Dowling. He bows.

At 2:15 Senator Walsh tweaks at Eddie's coat tails and the entertainment ceases. The chairman announces that word has been received from the committee on resolutions that it will not be ready to report until 4 o'clock and suggests a recess until 7 o'clock in the evening. He asks if there is any objection. There is, but not enough. The convention stands adjourned while the organist emits "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Shouse, Walsh Look Tired

Shouse was very busy among the platform early-comers when Sen. Walsh, his opponent for the chairmanship, appeared in the growing throng on the floor. Both looked very tired.

The Roosevelt men were working harder than beavers to rally their forces, and reports from some of the southern caucuses indicated progress.

Sen. Harrison of Mississippi reported to Raskob that Mississippi would go down the line for Sen. Walsh. Alabama delegates said they would do the same. Floor Manager Mullen went about canvassing the other southerners who had shown signs of breaking away.

Gov. Ritchie got a hand from the Marylanders and a ripple from elsewhere in the hall as he fought his way in to take his aisle seat on the Maryland front. The "Win-with-Ritchie" placards popped into sight.

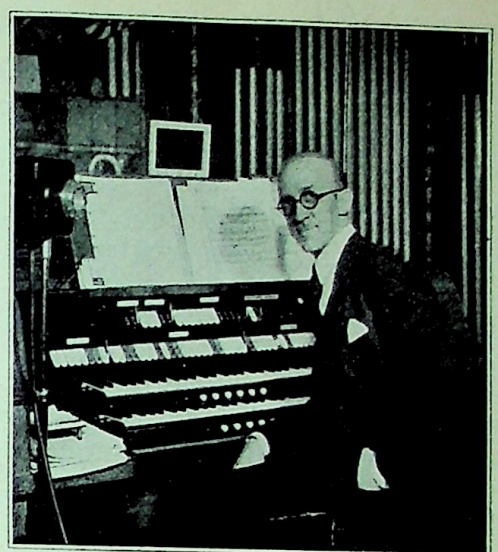
The organist serenaded several of the candidates. To the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland" Gov. Ritchie stood on a chair and waved a straw hat to cheering delegates about him.

A sudden switch to "The Sidewalks of New York" raised Al Smith, who had just arrived, to his feet under the New York standard. He got a hand, and then the Texans cheered as the organ went into "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," the Garner campaign song.

Surrounded by admirers, Smith did not even wait for the inevitable question of what he had for breakfast. "I ate salt mackerel this morning," he announced, "and I feel fine."

"AL" MELGARD Organist

PLAYING the largest pipe organ in the world, the volume of which is equal to that of forty brass bands of 100 instruments each, Al has achieved International fame. During the recent Republican and Democratic National Conventions the music of the great organ produced by his nimble fingers was heard throughout the world over radio broadcasting hookups.



Speed Through Business of First Day in 2 Hours

The Republicans took less than two hours to hold the opening session of their convention yesterday.

Before the convention was called to order, just after 11 a. m., the Stadium was only one-third filled. Crowds kept pouring in from all sides.

Songs—a new one called "Our President" among them—came down from a chorus in the top gallery. Al Melgard played the huge organ and the notes reverberated through the flag-draped hall and off 20,000 red-painted seats, more of them empty than full. 3,000 FLAGS.

Three thousand flags. Wisps of cigar smoke here and there. People sitting and waiting. More people moving.

Senator Simeon D. Fess, chairman of the convention, went up to the speakers' platform and struck a few poses for photographers. Flashlights. They didn't "boom" as they used to; they're soundless bulbs these days.

Now, after a long wait, things are ready. Senator Fess tells the delegates to take their seats. They're already in them. Fess orders the calcium movie lights switched off. People who are getting hot applaud.

Fess makes a speech about the flag and the Republican loyalty to it. Everybody stands for the presentation of colors by the

Board of Trade post of the American Legion. Then the national anthem is played.

HEAR CERMAK AND STRAWN. Silas Strawn steps forward, says a few welcoming words. Then Mayor Cermak—only Democrat in front of the crowd—invites delegates and visitors to enjoy Chicago's beauty and its hospitality.

Next comes the invocation by the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, Episcopal bishop of Washington, D. C. He prays for guidance of the nation, expresses faith that it will surmount its problems as it has in the past.

It's noon. Things have been moving swiftly.

CALL FOR SESSION READ.

Routine business. George de Bienville Keim of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican national committee, reads the call for the convention issued three months ago by the party.

Specifications as to delegates from states, territories and the District of Columbia. Keim still on for a temporary roll call.

Then Senator Fess calls for nomination of a temporary chairman. That's all arranged. Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa goes to the stand and makes the hour-long "keynote address."

All over at 1:18 p. m. Everybody back at 11 a. m. today.

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HERE ARE MAIN COM

There are plenty of familiar names on the resolutions and credentials committee of the Republican convention.

Three cabinet officers, an ambassador, two senators, one of President Hoover's three secretaries, two former members of the farm board, the sons of two former presidents, and a former postmaster general are among the celebrities on the two groups.

Members of the two committees of the Republican convention are:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| RESOLUTIONS. | CREREDENTIALS. |
| J. T. Rose, Georgia. | Wilson Williams, Alabama. |
| O. D. Street, Connecticut. | J. M. Pennington, Connecticut. |
| Senator Bingham, Tennessee. | James F. Walsh, Tennessee. |
| James A. Fowler, Arizona. | James Logie, California. |
| Frank H. Hitchcock, California. | Marshall Hale, Maine. |
| C. Teague, Oregon. | Byron Boyd, Oregon. |
| Winal, Arkansas. | Osro Cobb, Arkansas. |

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| RESOLUTIONS. | Florida. | CREREDENTIALS. |
| John F. Harris, Tennessee. | | A. F. Knotts, Tennessee. |
| Arthur M. Hyde, Missouri. | Charles F. Scott, Kansas. | C. K. King, Missouri. |
| S. R. McKelvie, Nebraska. | C. C. Frazier, North Carolina. | William E. Byers, Kansas. |
| Henry W. Marshall, Indiana. | William J. Lowe, Utah. | B. I. Litowich, Nebraska. |
| Stanley A. Easton, Idaho. | J. P. O'Hara, Minnesota. | A. W. Jefferis, North Carolina. |
| R. A. Neston, Massachusetts. | W. M. Butler, Rhode Island. | Charles A. Jones, North Carolina. |
| Ambrose Kennedy, Nevada. | Samuel Platt, Montana. | Walter I. Sunlun, Nevada. |
| T. A. Marlowe, Vermont. | Jeremiah M. Keverts, South Dakota. | Charles P. Squires, Montana. |
| L. W. Robinson, New York. | Ogden L. Mills, Kentucky. | Dan Whetstone, Vermont. |
| W. B. Harrison, New Hampshire. | John G. Winant, Oklahoma. | Waldron Shield, South Dakota. |
| Patrick Hurley, Texas. | E. B. Creazer, Texas. | C. M. Day, New York. |
| Orville Bullington, Texas. | | Maurice L. Galvin, New Hampshire. |
| | | Mrs. Jessie Doe, Oklahoma. |
| | | S. S. Orwing, Texas. |

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MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE DAY LETTER

YESTERDAY OFFICIAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION BAND PLAYED SONG CALLED SEE THE SUN WRITTEN BY EDWARD SPECTER MANAGER PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE IF IT IS POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO DO SO I WILL APPRECIATE IT VERY MUCH IF YOU WILL ARRANGE TO HAVE BAND AND ORGANIST PLAY THIS SONG OFTEN DURING THE CONVENTION AND HAVE NAME OF SONG AND AUTHOR ANNOUNCED OVER THE RADIO WHEN IT IS PLAYED WISHING YOU ALL POSSIBLE SUCCESS IN YOUR NOBLE WORK=

BESSIE MCCOOK REED.

The Penna. delegation would appreciate it if you would play the above suggestion signed Mrs. Carroll Miller

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Chicago Stadium,
Chicago.

Organist

Ill.

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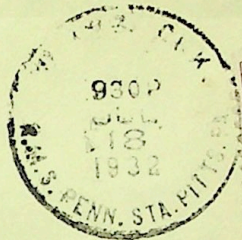
Mr. Al. Melgard ✓
c. Chicago Stadium
Chicago Ill.



Mr. H. Melgard,
W. G. N. Radio Station,
Chicago,
Illinois.



Mr. A. Melgard
Organist
Convention Hall
Chicago
Ill.



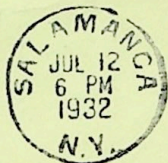
Mr Al. Melgard Official Organist
Chicago Stadium
Chicago,
Ill.

~~WGN~~

Chicago Tribune Broadcasting Station
On the Drake Hotel
Chicago

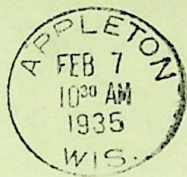


✓
Al Melgrade
Chicago Stadium
1800 N. Madison
~~City~~



Mr. Al Melgard
~~Columbia Studios~~
~~Wrigley Building~~
Chicago, Illinois

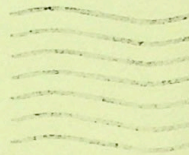
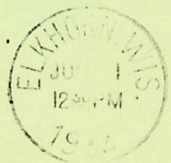
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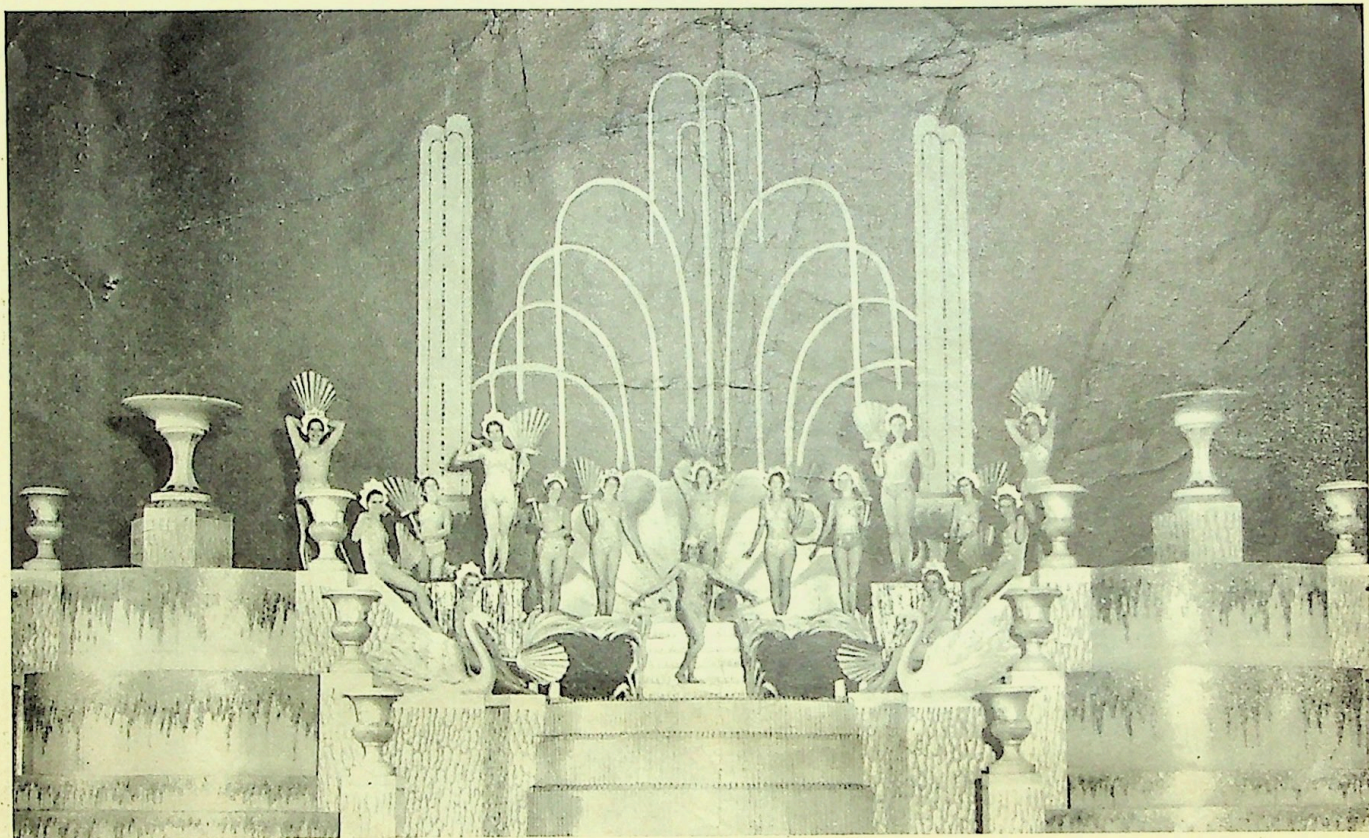
Mr. "Al" Melgard

Chicago Stadium.

Chicago, Ill.



Al Melgard
c/o W. B. N.
Chicago -



THE HOLLYWOOD DISAPPEARING WATER BALLET
Outstanding Feature of the Winter Garden Revue

GIRLS' ACHIEVEMENT BOOTH CONTEST

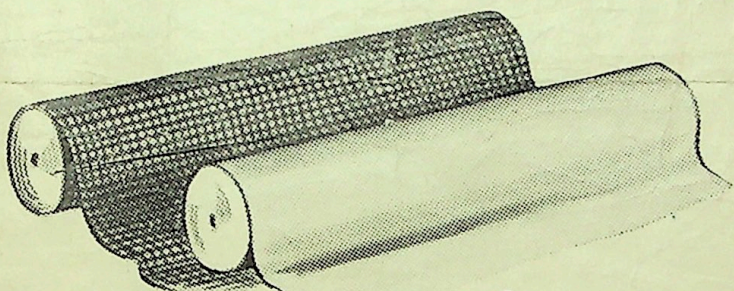
76. This contest is open to any girl between the ages of 15 and 20, inclusive, who has been enrolled in at least two home economics 4-H club projects during the year 1947. Winner of the achievement booth contest at Camp Shaw for 1947 is ineligible.

Achievement booth space shall be made available to each contestant, who must plan and set up her own exhibit. Contestants must be present on 4-H day for an interview with the judges.

Because of limited booth space, application for a booth must be made by the entrant's county agent to Edith Avise, Assistant State Club leader, Marquette, prior to August 8.

Winners will be chosen on the general appearance of the booth and contestant, and the all-around record of the club girl.

Awards: Four winners of this contest will be provided with an educational auto tour of several days, with expenses paid; this trip to be made probably in October. \$300 will be appropriated for this trip.



Marvalon

NEW WONDER MATERIAL IS PLASTIC COATED!

CAN'T STAIN, CRACK OR PEEL!

Gingham checks in red, blue, green. 42-in. wide—45c yd.
12 Plain colors—deep shades, pastels, white. 42-in. wide—40c yd.
Shelving—straight or scalloped edge. 14-in. wide—15c to 21c yd

Tilden Reserves Overcome 13-0 by Eagle Sophs

Rulis, Crane, Crotty Count Maroon Points; Rain Features Game

Playing in a steady, drizzling rain, the Lindblom Sophs, assisted by a variety backfield, splashed through a pool of mud and water to submerge the Tilden reserves by a 13-0 score. The slippery gridiron held the powerful Maroon offense in check, but the Blue-jackets were unable to stop the strong charges of the Eagle backs. The soggy ball caused a few fumbles while the muddy condition of the field made running difficult.

The Eagles pushed over two touchdowns, the first coming in the second quarter. "Snake" Crotty waded from the twenty-seven yard mark to the four yard stripe in three attempts, placing the oval in scoring position. Rulis dove through right guard on the next play and came over the goal-line for the initial tally. Crotty plunged for the additional point.

A blocked kick in the third period resulted in the second Lindblom score. Tonke, Tech fullback, attempted to boot the heavy pigskin from Tilden territory but Melgard, Eagle end, tore through the Blue forwards and stopped the kick. Crane of Lindblom snatched the ball and followed Melgard to the Blue and Yellow posts. The bonus was lost by way of a Maroon fumble.

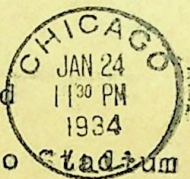
The Lindblomites completely overwhelmed the Tilden lads, making six first downs to one made by Tech. Maroon punts were executed in excellent form by Nagrodski while four of the Blue boots were blocked by Eagle linemen.

On The Air



'Al' [redacted], organist at the Parthenon Theatre, whose selections are broadcast nightly except Mondays, between 6:15 and 6:30 o'clock and on Saturdays between 9:15 and 9:30 o'clock from Station WTAY, Oak Park Arms Hotel, Oak Park, Ill.

Al. Melgard



Chicago Stadium

1800 West Madison St.

Chicago, Ill.



Chicago Ill.

January 24 1934

Dear Mr. Melgard

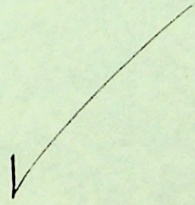
I am writing to you to ask you if you would be kind enough to send me your photograph. I have been saving photographs of well known Organists and have quite a collection. I sure would be proud to have one of you.

Thanking you in advance,

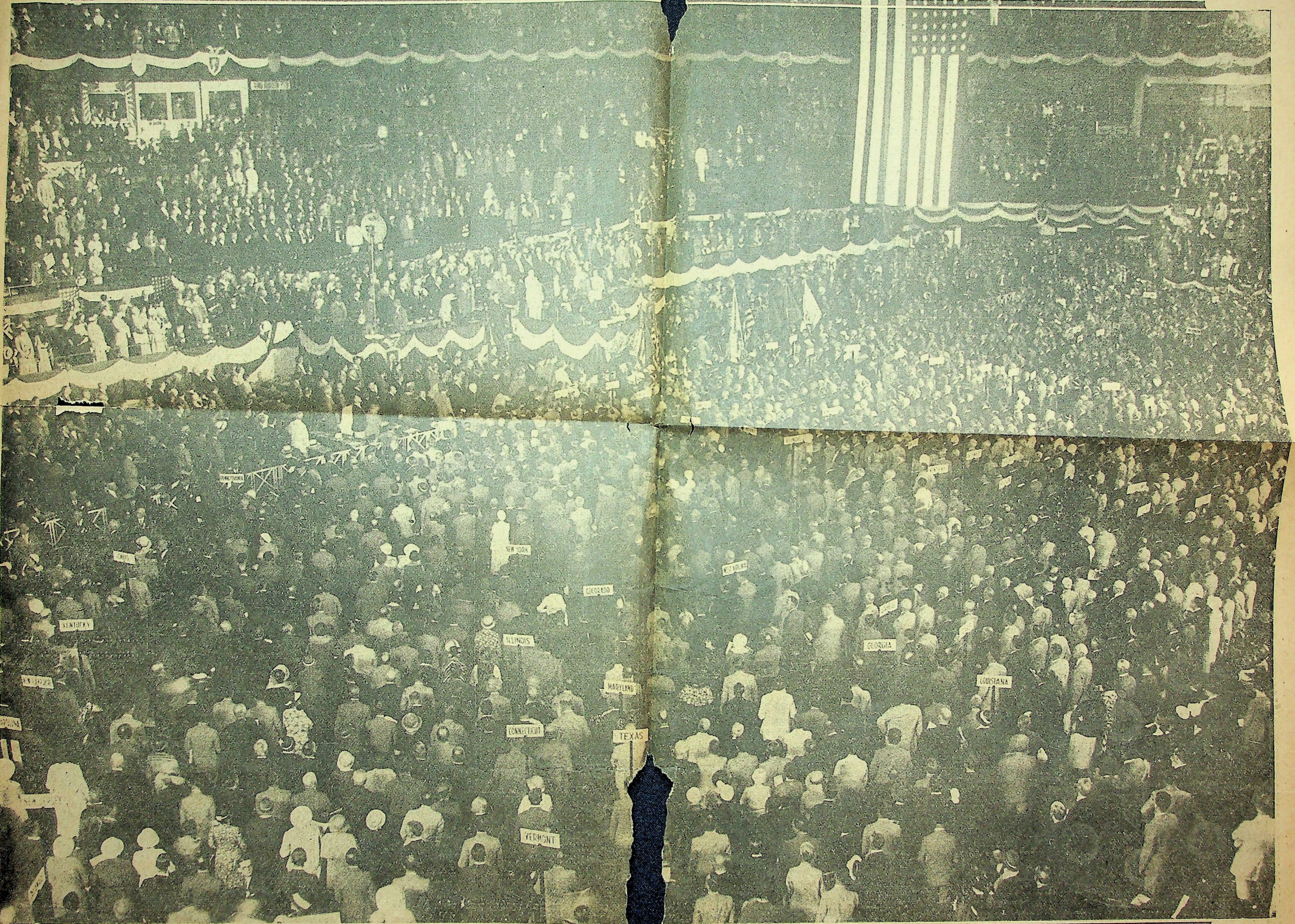
Thos. D. Cook Jr.

2455 N. Halsted St.

Chicago, Ill.

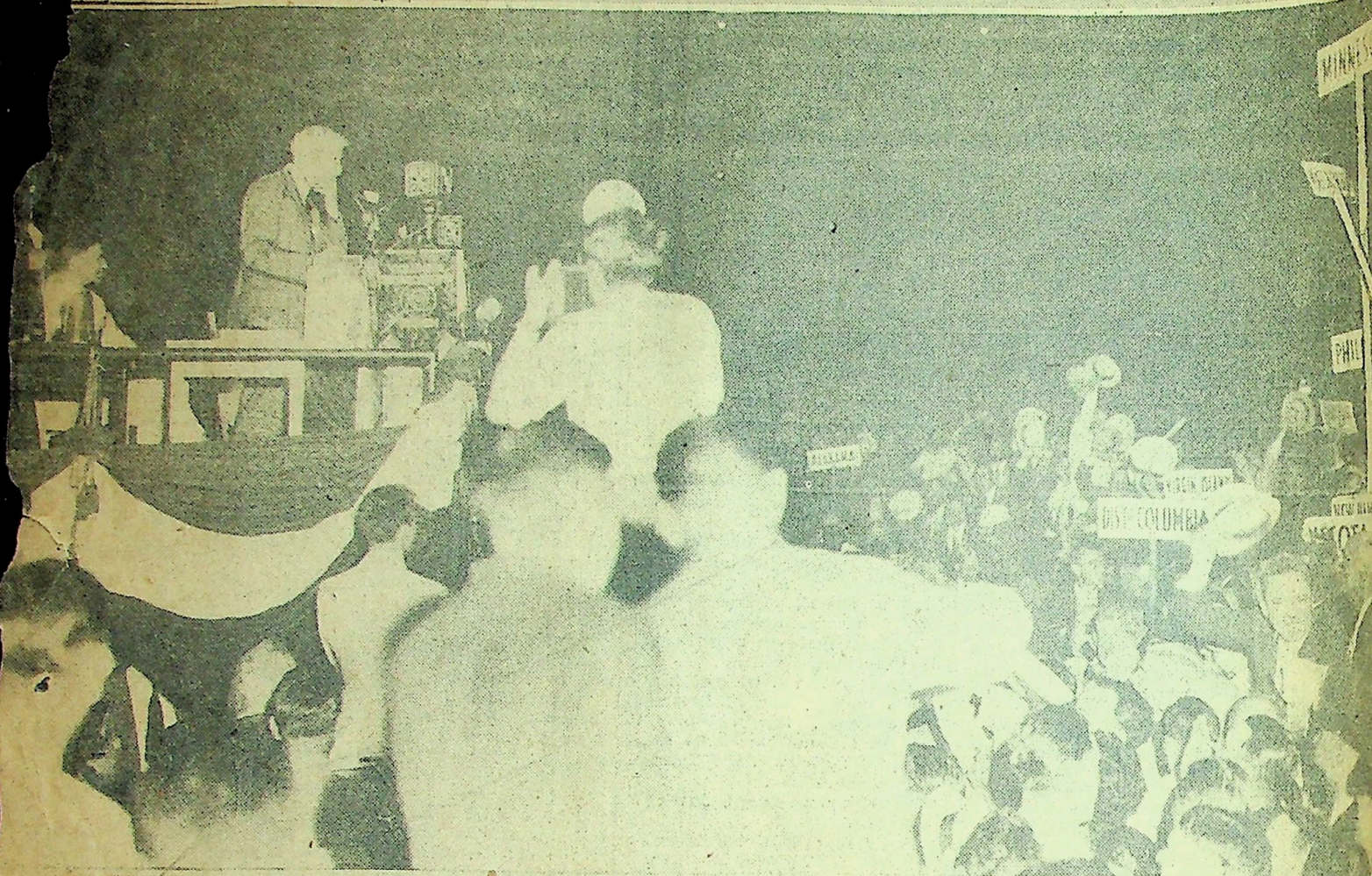


AS CONVENTION ROSE EN MASSE TO NOTES OF ANTHEM ¹⁷



Every man and woman rose as the stirring strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" filled the huge Stadium and an American flag fluttered down from a center girder of the building. A moment before the Republican National Convention had been called to order by the gavel of Chairman Simeon D. Fess. Then the delegations were led in prayer by Bishop Freeman of Washington and the actual business of the assembly began.

13 YEARS OF DROUGHT—COMES THE WET PARADE



On the last day of June, 1919, the reign of prohibition shattered into the United States. Exactly thirteen years for the first time, a major political party, in convention assembled, declared for repeal of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act. Here is the mad scene in the

Stadium as the Democratic party prepares to take its stand. The delegates are parading. The great hall fills with cheers. The speaker before the microphone, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, prepares to introduce ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, who is pleading for repeal.

State banners waved crazily as the delegates showed their approval of repeal. When the tumult

had died the vote stood: For a plank demanding repeal, 934 3/4; for resubmission, 213 3/4.



A distinguished spectator is Mrs. Conde Nast, wife of the New York publisher.

Interested! Mrs. H. S. Marston watches the proceedings in the Stadium.

Four years ahead of time! Remember 1928? The Sides of New York? Al Smith, running as a wet on a dry platform! Here he is pleading the cause of repeal. And the party with him. Some one else, it appears, is to run on his platform.

Fighting for a lost cause, Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee tries to stave off the commitment of the party to absolute repeal. A great speaker, he is greeted with catcalls.





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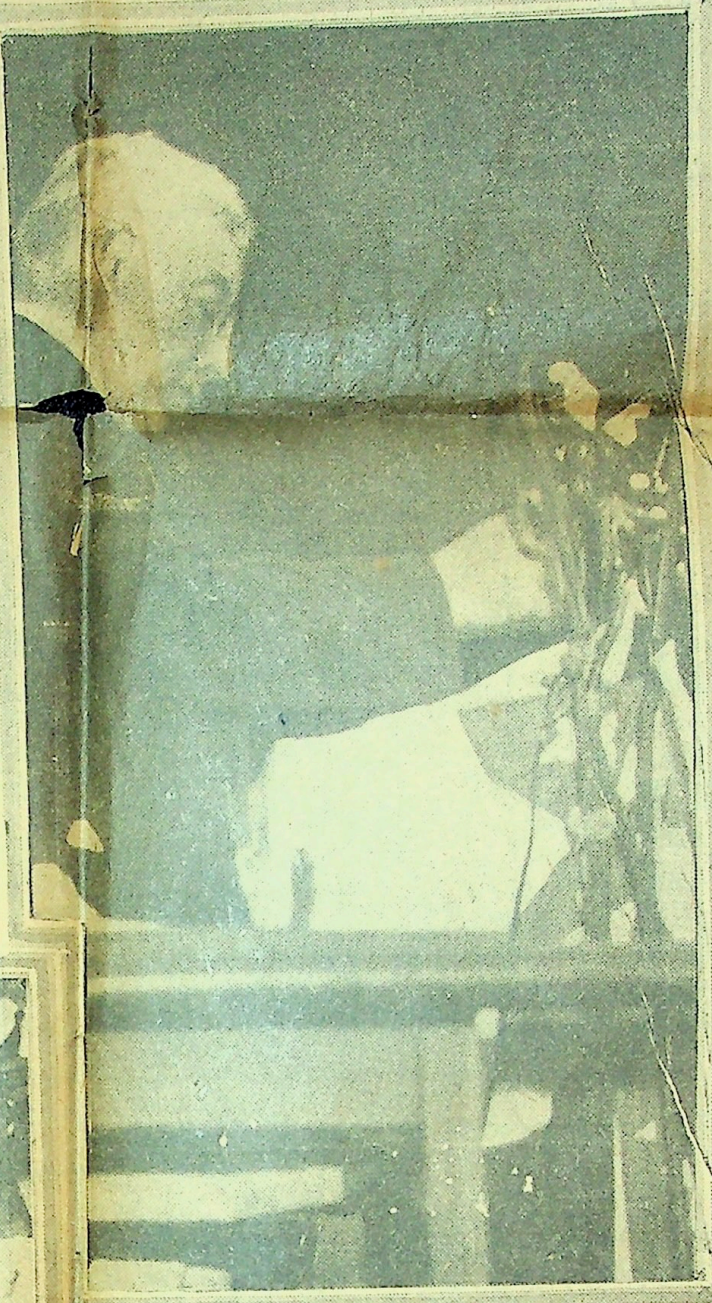
It's a family affair for Judge Joseph Sabath, shown here with his granddaughter, Elaine Grollman, left, and his daughter, Mrs. Harry Grollman. They all seem pleased with the decision on prohibition.



Don't they seem spellbound? This is John A. Warner and Mrs. Preston Davie, two more of the thousands that were thrilled at the great show Democracy put on last night.

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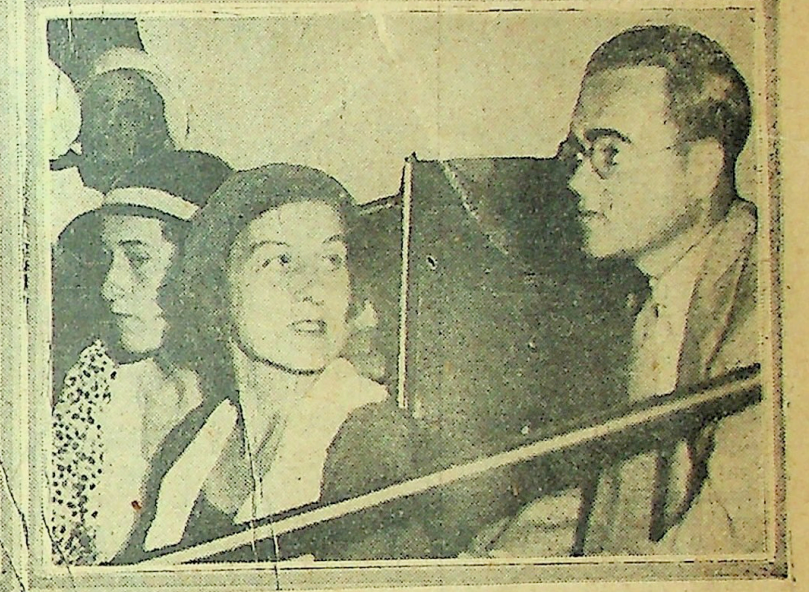
Another repealist. This is Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, a presidential candidate, telling his party not to pussyfoot.



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Society enjoys the demonstration. In the foreground is Mrs. Russell Kelley, daughter of Stanley Field, and to her right, her husband, Mr. Kelley.



Tammany wives in the reviewing stand, as the wet parade goes by! They are, left to right, Mrs. John H. McCooley, Mrs. John Delaney and Mrs. John F. Curry. Mrs. Curry's husband, the Tam-

many commander, has been for Smith for President, but may desert a lost cause and swing his votes to Ritchie, or even to the Roosevelt bandwagon. (All photos on page by Chicago American.)

Organist Sways Delegates with Old Home-Town Tunes

Al Melgard, Perched High in Stadium Rafters,
Moves Multitude with Music.

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It is the popular ditty of the moment—"Bye, Bye, Mr. Dry, You're All Wet."

At the intervals throughout the convention sessions he weaves it in, and the multitudes hum and shuffle to its catchy strains.

His bald head shining in the reflected glare of countless lights, Melgard studiously and seriously handles the huge organ to cascade melody down from the raftered vastness of the Stadium.

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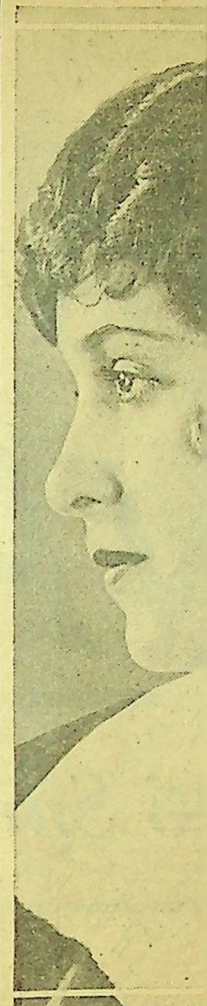
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SON IS F
SCREEN



Florence Vi
Jascha Heifetz
who is the motl
pound boy. Tl
named Robert
and Mrs. Hei
daughter 2 yea

NOBODY WILL K
ENCE, but you and ye
a VALUE PLUS Used
ings in today's DAILY
—Adv.

Crash, Bang! Cheers, Yells, Ring Out as Elephant Shows Signs of Life

BY KARL M. KAHN.

CHICAGO STADIUM, June 15.—
There's still life in the old elephant.

It was resurrected, as from the dead, in this convention a few minutes ago. At last the sweltering thousands gathered in this hall know they're here to nominate a candidate for President.

Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York, elected permanent chairman as the second day's sessions began, is the revivifying force. His advent has brought life where there was death, enthusiasm where there was lethargy.

A demonstration; the first genuine demonstration of this gathering is thrilling everybody in the Stadium.

It began with the first mention of Snell's name. A cheer greeted that name, but it was centered in the New York delegation.

SUAVE AND SMILING.

The cheer becomes a roar of greeting and approval as the permanent chairman is escorted to the platform. And the roar increases in tempo with his opening words:

"You have done me the very great honor of naming me permanent chairman of this convention which is gathered to name the next President of the United States."

A few minutes later the convention is on fire at the mention of President Hoover's name, when Representative Snell speaks of victory and following the President's leadership. It has become a demonstration.

Delegates turn from cheers and applause to songs. The state standards are pulled up. A parade of the delegates starts.

The enthusiasm is contagious. Photographers are climbing over our typewriters to shoot pictures of this demonstration, now lasting nearly ten minutes. Even typewriters click faster. Some reporters forgot to write in their eagerness to watch.

WISCONSIN A BEDLAM.

The Illinois standard goes by, but there are only eleven delegates in the parade. Bedlam is the keynote as the Wisconsin standard is lifted to the speakers' platform and waved aloft by Senator Fess. In a mezzanine seat former Governor Walter J. Kohler of Wisconsin applauds vigorously. His faction has ousted the LaFollettes from control of the delegation.

The Texas standard is lifted to

the platform. There's a burst of applause. Wild cheers. Maybe the Hoovercrats have arrived.

In vain does Snell bang his gavel and ask the delegates to return to their seats. The organ drowns his words. Once again he lifts his voice, sternly: "The delegates will please take their seats."

But the delegates won't take their seats.

LIGHTS ARE DIMMED.

The great, glaring flood lights are dimmed. That doesn't help. California's standard is taken to the platform. There is another great volume of noise.

Confusion, utter and without restraint. Marching, singing, shouting, gaveling by the chairman, music from organ and band. The organ plays "Dixie." Wow.

The old rebel yell cuts loose through the hall as Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas, Mississippi, Texas and the other delegations from below the Mason-Dixon line go into a frenzy of ecstasy. But on that note the delegates are subdued. Order is restored. Snell goes on.

But he has put life into the body.

Organist's Delegates with Old Home-Town Tunes

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CERMAK URGES QUICK ACTION TO HELP TEACHERS

Calls Upon Citizens to Unite in Demand for Relief Measures.

BY TOM BASHAW.

Relief—and immediate relief—for Chicago's 14,000 unpaid public school teachers and 4,000 school board civil service employes was the keynote of Mayor A. J. Cermak's address, delivered before the record crowd that jammed the Chicago Stadium last night.

The purpose of the meeting was to voice the united demand of an aroused electorate over the failure of the state legislature to make any move toward relieving the admittedly tragic situation in which the city's schools found themselves as they reopened yesterday after the Christmas holidays.

Calling upon every citizen of Chicago to lay off any indifference under which they may have labored in past weeks and months, Mayor Cermak promised that he would do all in his power when he arrived in Springfield today to bring action out of the chaos that has existed so far in the halls of the general assembly during the extra session that was resumed today.

"It is a question of saving the city government from a complete collapse," the mayor warned the great throng amid thunderous applause. "Proper legislative action in Chicago's crisis is imperative if the city and the county are to be enabled to operate effectively. That action must be immediate. The deadline is but a step away."

Text of Address.

Mayor Cermak's address follows in part:

"I recognize the importance of the problem which has encouraged you to gather here this evening.

"Action—courageous, unselfish and patriotic action—is the demand of the hour. No citizen, whether in private life, or a legislator, or mayor, or other official, has the right to be indifferent to the solution of the problem.

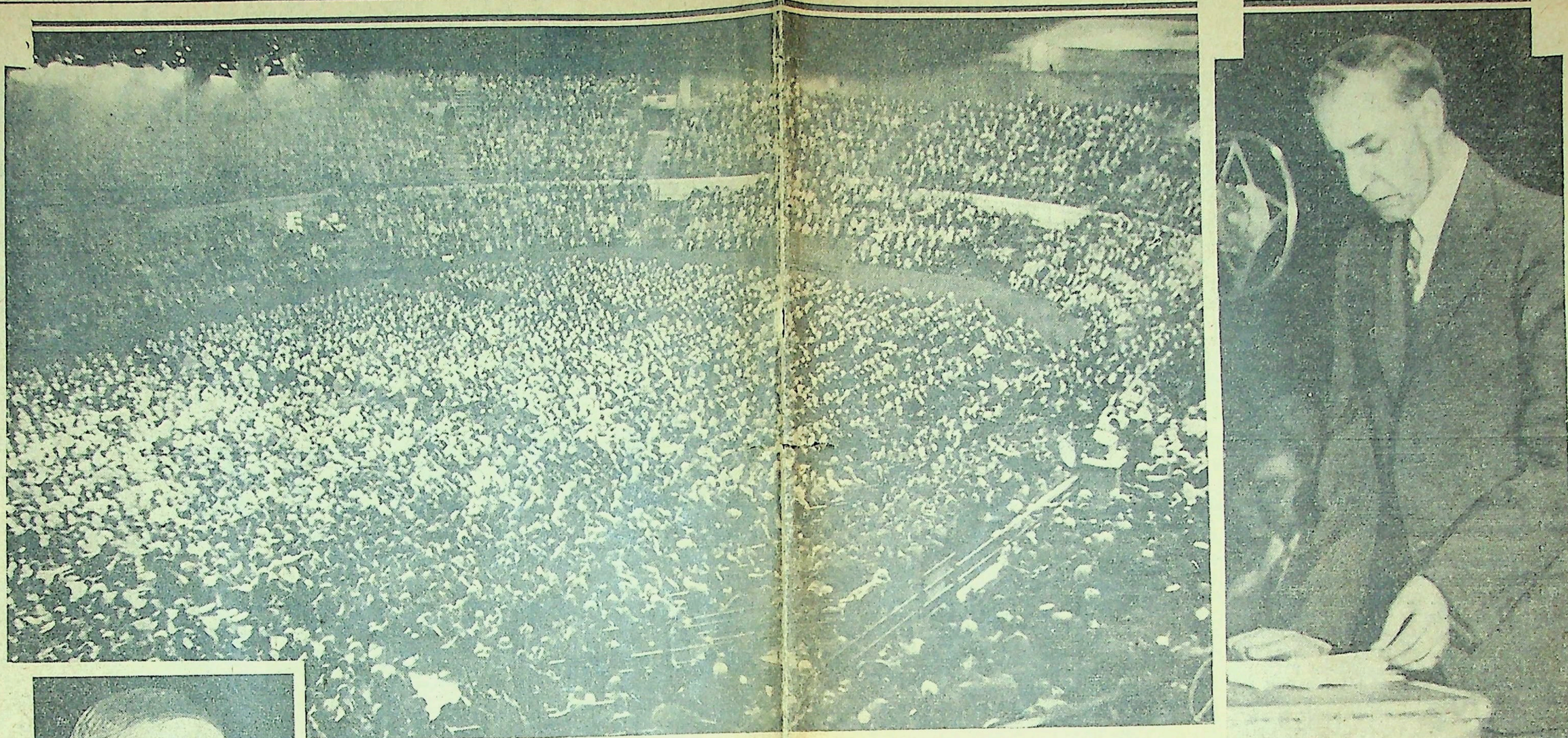
"This is not the first appeal I have heard from the teachers and their loyal allies on this situation. Not a day passes that does not bring to me letters from teachers and other citizens urging me to see that the teachers' salaries, now long overdue, are paid. The fact that teachers' salaries have not been paid for many months has been to me and to most of our citizens a keen disappointment—yes, a great humiliation.

"The writers of those letters believe, and some of you no doubt believe, that the mayor of Chicago has the power to control the management of school affairs. I wish I had!

"Under the Otis law, passed by the legislature in 1917, the board of education was created a municipal corporation with power and duties entirely distinct from those of the city of Chicago. Presumably the intention was to separate the board of education so completely from the influence of the city government that no politics should creep into school affairs. But that law also severed the control of the city government from school affairs as to all nonpolitical matters.

"It is extremely doubtful to me that it accomplishes its purpose of separating politics from school affairs. Under the Otis law the mayor has no power in school affairs other than to appoint members of the board as

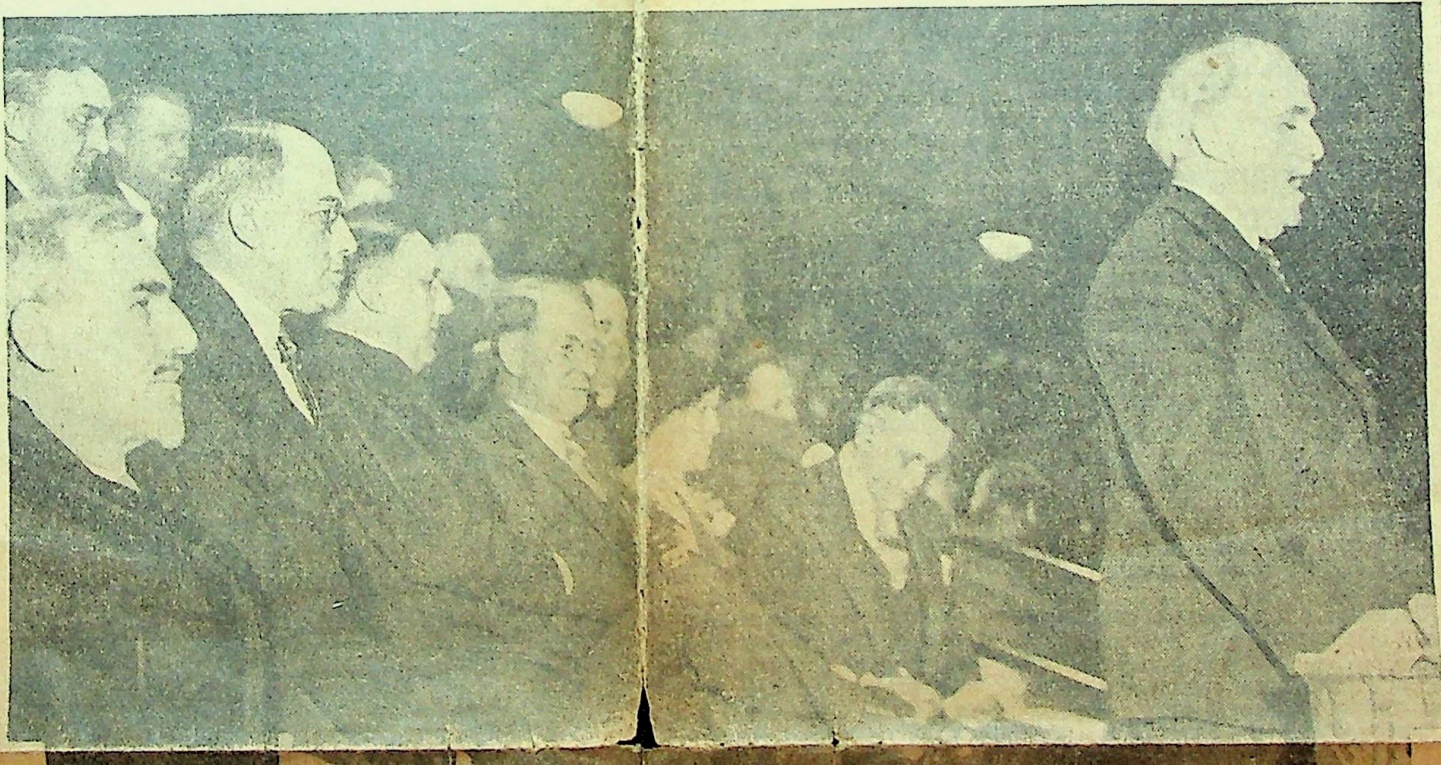
RECORD THROG AT STADIUM DEMANDS LEGISLATIVE ACTION TO SAVE SCHOOLS



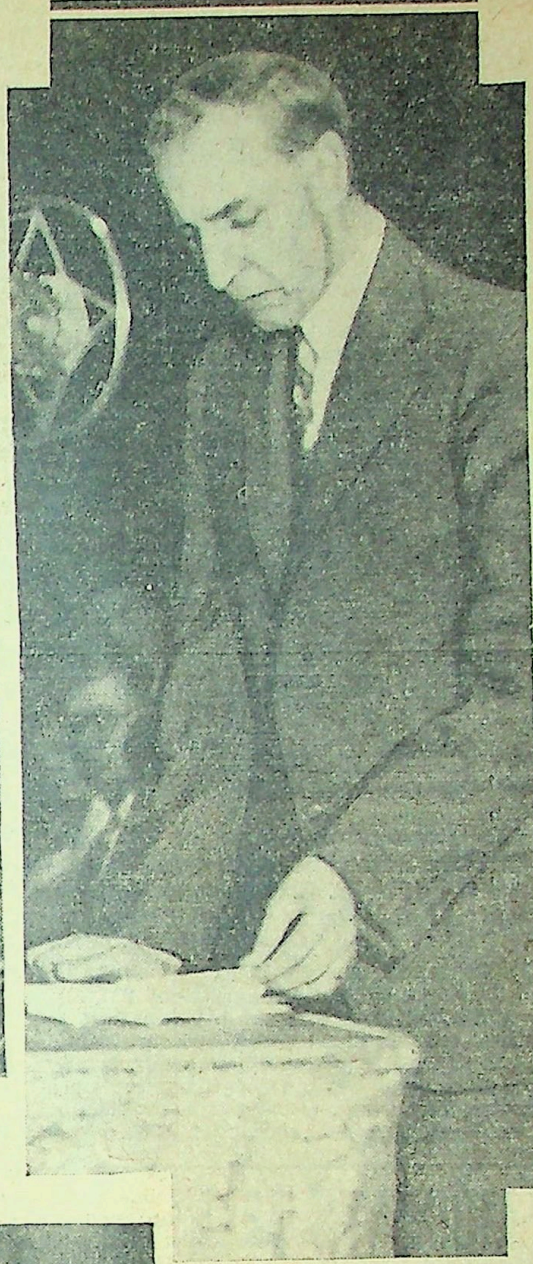
Scene in the Chicago Stadium last night when 25,000 teachers and parents gathered to demand immediate action of the Illinois legislature to pay Chicago's 14,000 public school teachers and prevent the schools from being closed.



Mayor A. J. Cermak, who addressed the mass meeting, announcing that he was carrying the fight for relief to Springfield today.



James Mullenbach, Fred Atkins Moore, Mayor Cermak, Frank Knox, Mrs. Holland Flagler and Ald. Wiley W. Mills (seated from left to right) hear William J. Bogan, superintendent of schools, speak at the mass meeting.



Allan J. Carter, chairman of the conference of attorneys for all of the teachers' organizations of Chicago.

26,000 SOUND CALL TO SAVE CITY'S SCHOOLS

(Continued from First Page.)

the salaries of Chicago's public school teachers. He had been misquoted as advocating this step.

Mr. Bogan stressed the fact that "when government breaks down and education fails the poor are the first to suffer.

"Free public education," he continued, "not so long ago a charity handed down by the rich, has now

that "there can be no question that the situation which was critical when we planned this meeting two or three weeks ago is made more critical by this decision."

"In the meantime," Mr. Carter continued, "if the public schools of Chicago are to be kept open, some emergency relief in the way of new sources of revenue must be found by the legislature. We appeal to the members of the senate and house of representatives to find such revenue and keep our half million Chicago children off the streets."

Attorneys Donald R. Richberg—who got up from a sick bed to attend and address the mass meeting—Wiley W. Mills, Thurlow G. Essington, I. T. Greenacre and Leo J. Hassenauer, all counsel for teachers' organizations,

MORE PLEDGES OF ACTION ON TAX BILL MADE

(Continued from First Page.)

Joseph L. Rategan (21st.)
Thomas P. Keane (23d.)
Edward M. Overland (23d.)
Benjamin S. Adamowski (25th.)
Joseph Rostenkowski (27th.)
A. L. Auth (27th.)
Robert M. Woodward (29th.)

Police Win Praise for Handling Stadium Throng

City officials, school chieftains, civic leaders and private citizens of Chicago from every walk of life were unanimous in proclaiming direction of the record-breaking throng that packed the Chicago Stadium last night at the teachers' mass meeting as the best handled civic assemblage in the city's history. Inside the Stadium and outside the story was the same. Twenty-six thousand Chicagoans, estimated by police officers accustomed to gauging crowds when no admission fee is charged, filed in and out of the Stadium in perfect order—and maintained that order throughout the evening.

SENATE PUSHES RELIEF BILL TO THIRD READING

(Continued from First Page.)

Jarecki's decision and start similar proceedings in their own counties. He said he believed reviewers should be appointed by the County judge after getting suggestions from the central committees of the major parties.

THOUSANDS SIGN PETITION TO KEEP SCHOOLS OPEN

Pupils Flock Back to Classes with Signatures of Parents.

Rolling along with speed was a petition that promised to reach avalanche proportions before nightfall, the huge petition from the electorate of Chicago demanding immediate relief at the hands of the legislature from the crisis that threatens to close the city's public schools was being completed today. Five hundred thousand school children, spreading from the thickly populated near downtown districts to the far-flung suburban borders, went to the public schools this morning armed with petitions signed by their parents and relatives and friends. Estimates of the total number of signatures were refused by the heads of the organizations sponsoring the public referendum.

Schools Lead to Prosperity. "Schools are responsible in large degree for the great prosperity that has blessed the American people from the earliest days. Advances in culture and in standards of living are due in great part to advances in education made through the schools; and these advances have led to a great increase in the consumption of goods of every conceivable kind. "The most highly educated nations have the highest standards of living. In expressing the predominating economic position held in this nation among all the nations of the world, the United States department of commerce gives as a first cause 'the advance in education and scientific research.' "We of the schools who are in close touch with school work agree with this conclusion. We know that money spent on education is the best investment for individuals and nations; but we also know that in times of economic stress the schools are the first public institutions to suffer. A better understanding of the difficulties and a greater desire to co-operate in the removal of the difficulties always work for the benefit of schools and industry. "Therefore, I say that the slogan 'Save the Schools!' strikes deeper in its implication than salaries or supplies or any other material things. The impairment of the schools means the weakening of the rights of every citizen, and though in our despair of democratic government we sometimes cry for the man on horseback to save us from ourselves we know that every vestige of liberty taken from us will be difficult to restore, just as we know that some phases of democratic education eliminated in a crisis like this will never be restored. "At best we are not nearly so free as we imagine. Some one has said that liberty is what twelve butchers, bakers and candlestick makers think it is and little else. The method of

SCHOOL HEAD WARNS CITIZENS THEY MUST HELP TO MEET CRISIS.

Warning the great throng that packed the Stadium last night that in times of economic distress the public schools are the first to suffer, William J. Bogan, superintendent of schools, told the audience that the citizens of Chicago must see to it that the state legislators perform the task they have been sworn to perform and enact legislation that will immediately put the public schools and the public school teachers on a basis that will not disgrace the city and the state.

"The New England town meeting, the cradle of democracy, was the finest expression of the will of the people since the days of Pericles," said Mr. Bogan. "This gathering is like unto that. It is an expression not only of democracy but of the molders of democracy—the teachers. Furthermore, it is the first united effort made by the teaching organizations in years. This is an object lesson in the results of sincerity and unity of purpose. This audience is evidence of the interest of the public in the welfare of the schools.

"What is the primary source of the interest of this audience? The breakdown of government. According to various decisions of the courts, there has been thrown into the taxing machinery the crowbar called corruption. Not only is corruption used to break down the machinery of taxation, but it is used to attack the very foundation of democracy itself. It is used to attack the schools, the greatest investment ever made by any nation, an investment especially profitable in the United States.

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ROOSEVELT REBUKE FOR SMITH OFFICIAL

Albany, N. Y., June 29.—(AP)—With Gov. Roosevelt's tacit approval, Dr. Valter N. Thayer yesterday reprimanded Warden Joseph P. Wilson of Great Meadow prison for his association with Charles "Vannie" Higgins, plain Brooklyn beer baron.

The state commissioner of correction leveled his criticism at Wilson, director of the budget in the administration of Gov. Alfred E. Smith, after a lengthy conference with Roosevelt.

Delegates Rock Stadium with Cheers When Name of Hoover Is Mentioned

The address of Permanent Chairman Bertrand H. Snell of New York is on page 6.

BULLETIN.

At 1:10 p. m. the republican convention adjourned until 8 o'clock this evening.

BY PAUL R. LEACH.

Any illusions that might have been entertained by rebel republicans for a stampede against the renomination of President Hoover were shattered into a million pieces today by 99 per cent of the delegates in a fifteen-minute howling demonstration as the second session of the national convention opened at Chicago Stadium. Congressman Bertrand H. Snell of New York had hardly begun his address as permanent chairman when he said that the national house of representatives had functioned perfectly as long as it had followed the leadership of President Hoover.

When the democrats took over control, he added, "they exhibited colossal incapacity, hopeless division and disintegration—uncertainty increased, confidence all but disappeared, business continued to slow down."

Cheers, much wilder and more prolonged than those which greeted the president's name yesterday, broke out all over the floor.

Texas Starts Parade.

With that T. P. Lee of Houston grabbed up the Texas standard. He leaped into the central aisle with it and started a parade. The Texans with a wild whoop joined Lee. Then the delegates of other states could not get out of their chairs fast enough.

Lee of Texas was given credit for starting the show, but a Californian waving aloft his state flag in the heart of his delegate section can claim at least corollary honors.

At any rate, the man at the con-

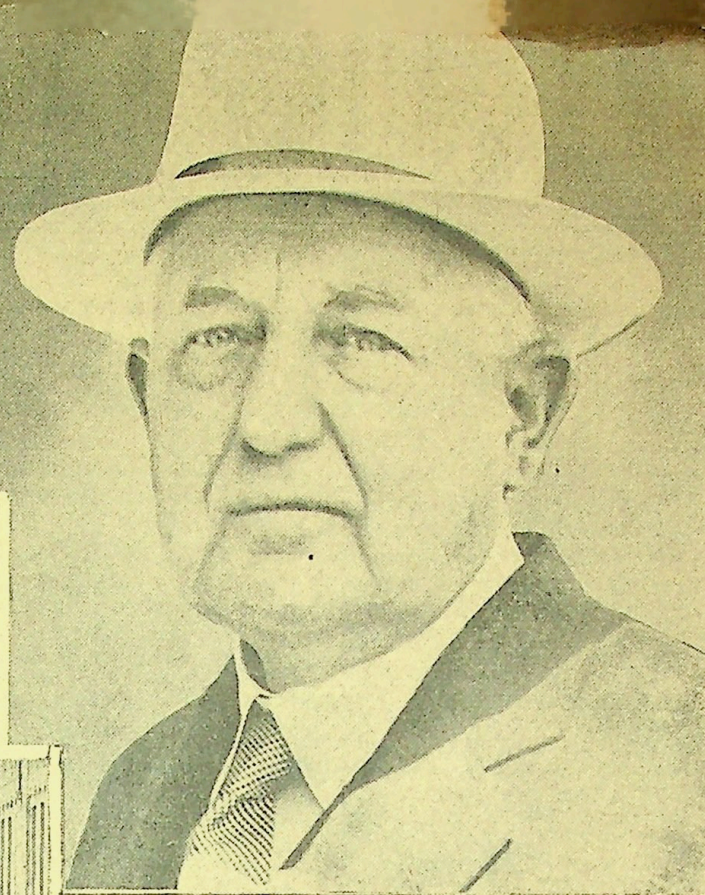
sole of the deep-lunged Stadium organ took his first cue from the California flag by playing "California, Here We Come," the song of President Hoover's alma mater, Leland Stanford, which was paraphrased in the 1928 campaign as "Hoover, Hoover, Here We Come."

Then as the state standards were all messed up in one great howling mob the organist played "The Star of Texas," "Illinois," "Dixie" and many more.

It was the first chance the delegates had received to let out their

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

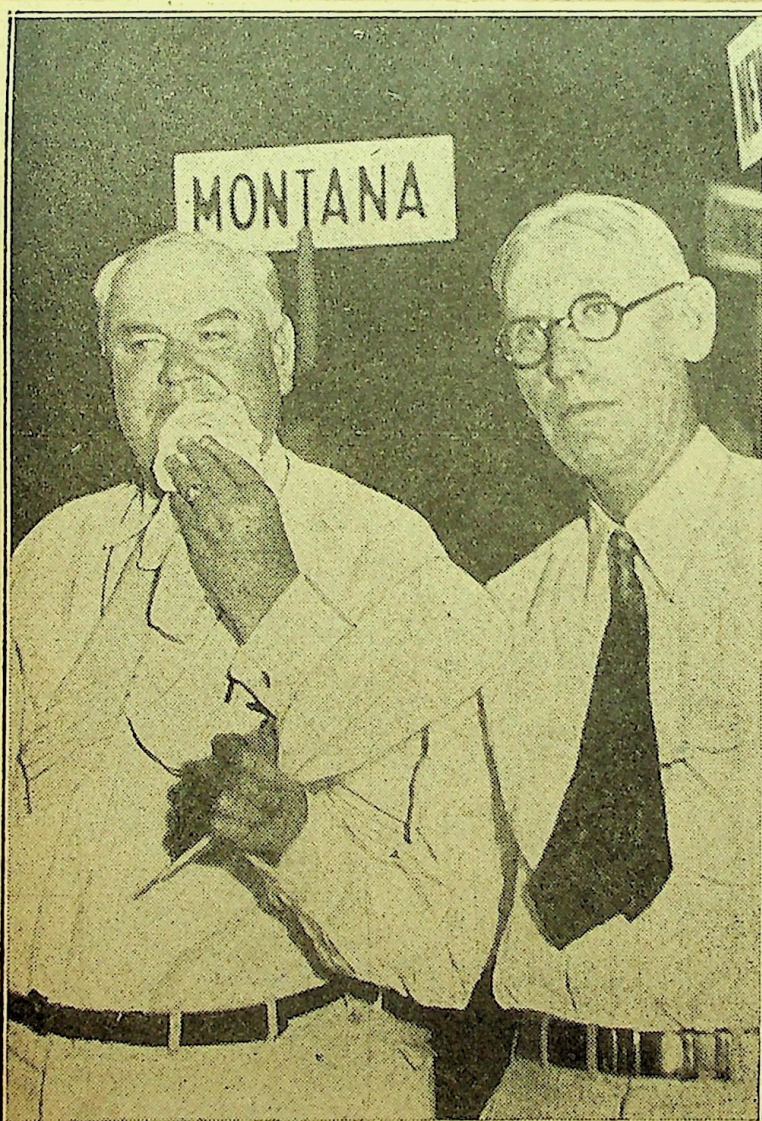
...chair-
...by the
Thomas
Bona, resident prelate of Perpetual
Help rectory, Chicago.
Music.
Report of committee on credentials.
Report of committee on permanent
organization.
Address of permanent chairman,
Bertrand H. Snell of New York.
Report of committee on rules and
order of business.
Recess until 4 p. m.
Report of committee on resolutions.
Adjourn until Thursday.



Scene outside the Stadium as delegates began to arrive this morning for the second session of the republican national convention. At top—Bertrand H. Snell of New York, who was elected permanent chairman of the convention today.
[By a staff photographer.]



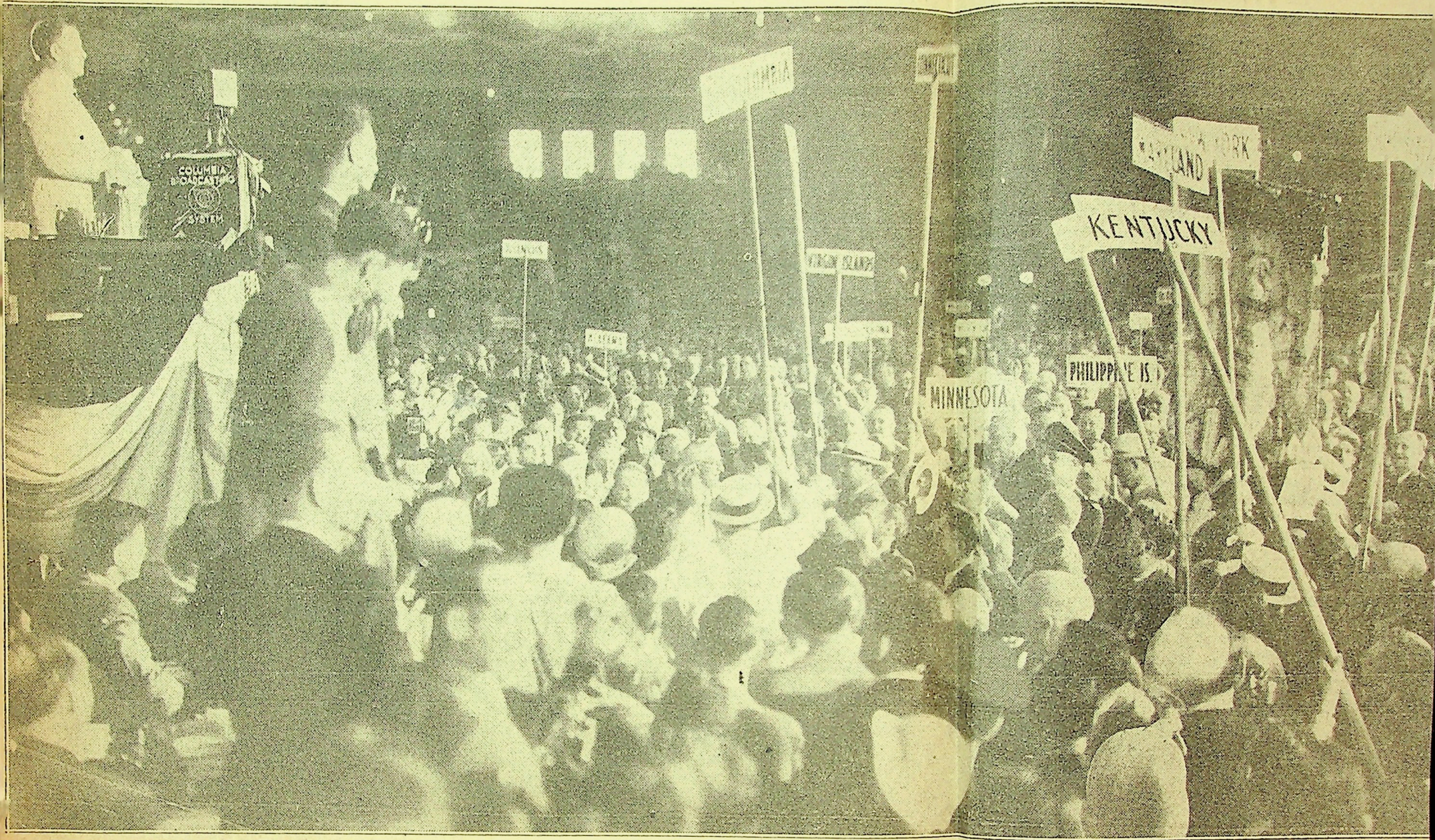
GET TOGETHER—Daniel J. Mooney of New York (left), supporter of "Al" Smith; Dr. Raymond Sullivan (center), also of New York, and George F. Getz, noted Chicago business man and civic leader, put their heads together at the fourth session of the Democratic convention here.—Herald and Examiner photo.



HEAT DOESN'T WORRY THEM—Fred Wolfe (left) and John McMullin, both delegates from Kansas, don't worry about the heat here. It's as bad in their home town, they say. With coats off, they're quite comfortable.—Herald and Examiner photo.



DELEGATES FETED—Miss Marion Shouse, daughter of Jouett Shouse, defeated candidate for the permanent chairmanship of the Democratic convention at the breakfast given at the Chicago Women's Club for the women delegates to the convention.—Herald and Examiner photo.



PARADE FOR REPEAL—A general view of the demonstration and parade at the Chicago Stadium yesterday which followed Senator Barkley's demand for repeal of the eighteenth amendment in his "note."



YOU FOR ROOSEVELT? SO AM I!—

Two Roosevelt supporters greet each other on the convention floor. In the white suit, Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi. Looking over his Roosevelt badge, Mayor James Curley of Boston, who was defeated for delegate in the Al Smith victory in Massachusetts, but came on as a visitor anyway.—Herald and Examiner photo.



IN CONFERENCE—Judge John E. Mack (left), who will nominate Governor Roosevelt; Max Steuer (center), New York attorney, and John W. Davis, former presidential candidate, in conference at the convention.—Herald and Examiner photo.

Convention Takes a Rest

Herald Chicago and **Examiner**

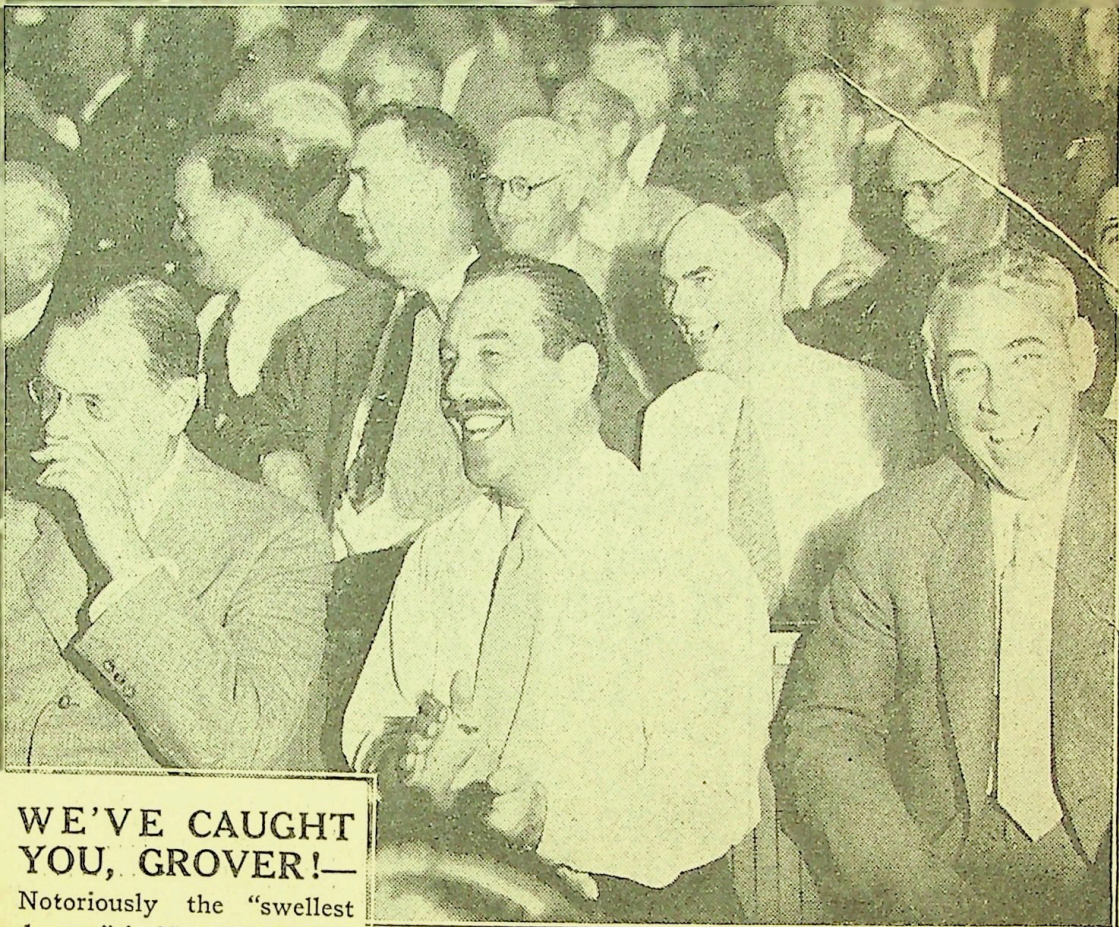
★★★

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1932

Thousands Turned Away From Stadium as Platform Session Opens



DISAPPOINTED—Part of the overflow crowd, estimated at 10,000, which failed to get inside the Chicago Stadium last night to hear the arguments on the Democratic platform with its dripping wet plank. Special police details were rushed to keep order.

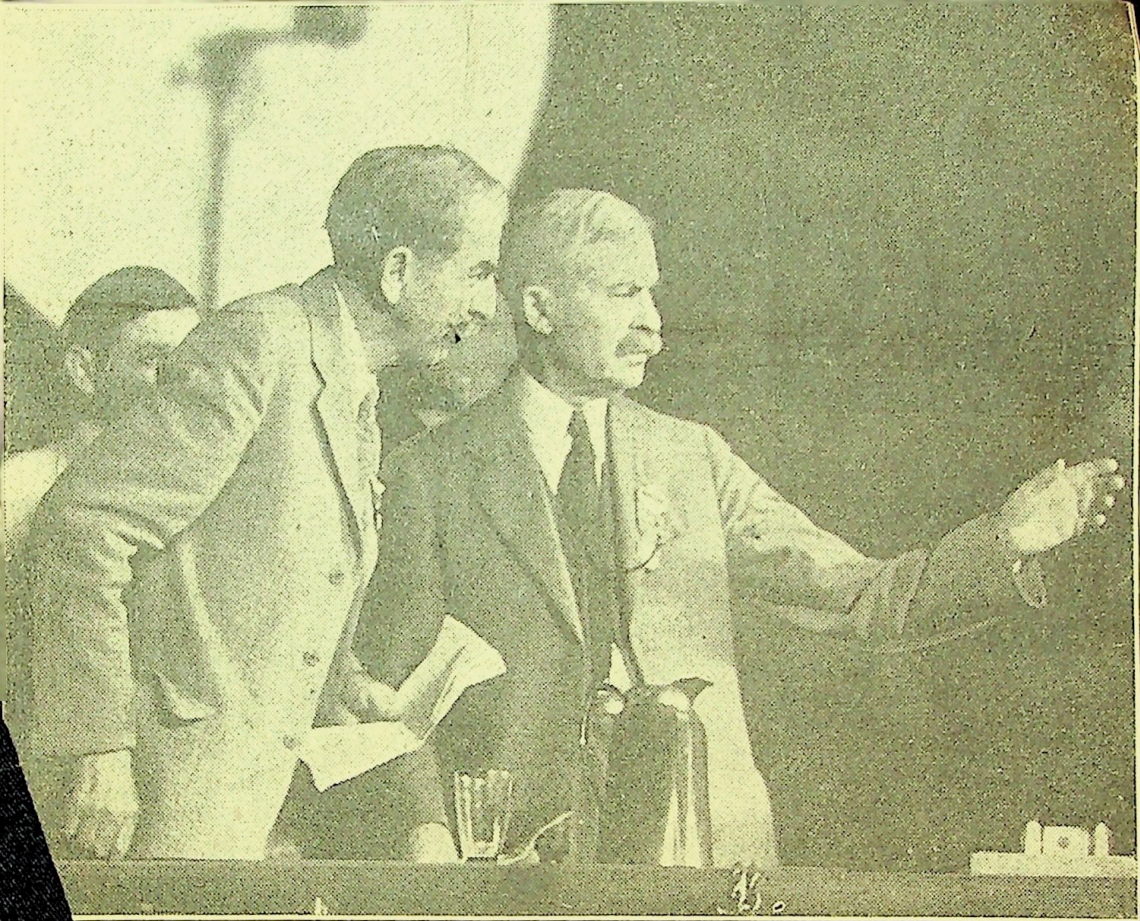


WE'VE CAUGHT YOU, GROVER!—

Notoriously the "swellest dresser" in New York, Grover Whalen (center) wasn't living up to his reputation when the photographer caught him at the convention yesterday. Maybe, if he was police commissioner here, he'd let policemen discard their badges as he has his gardenia.—Herald and Examiner photo.



WALKER'S NEMESIS—Judge Samuel Seabury, in charge of the investigation into alleged graft and corruption in the administration of New York, who has demanded the removal of Mayor Walker, seen at the convention yesterday with Mrs. Seabury.—Herald and Examiner photo.



BACKS MINORITY PLATFORM —

Governor William ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray of Oklahoma (left), and Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, permanent chairman of the Democratic convention, before the former made his speech in support of the minority's plank.—Herald and Examiner photo.

Proceedings in Democratic Convention and Its Committees Told in Pictures



[Copyright: Kaufmann & Fabry-Moffett Photo.]

IN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION BEFORE START OF DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOR OF REPEAL OF THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT.

On that day of the Republican convention, there were many empty seats. The balconies contained a larger audience than they did at the Republican convention, but never person the mezzanine seats. Shortly after this picture was taken the delegates, aroused by utterance of Barkley, staged a thirteen minute demonstration, carrying banners of protest with them.

PARTY LOYALTY, KEYNOTER PLEA

Will Tells of Plot to Ditch Good Injun

By Will Rogers.

Well, got some scandal for you today, for it wouldn't be a Republican convention without some sort of undercover "finagling." They are out now to throw poor old Injun Charley Curtis off and get another Vice President.

Now they are trying to do this at the last minute. They wouldn't tell him a few months before and let him run and get his seat back in the Senate. They wait till now to root him out.

Their alibi is that he is too old in case something happened to the President. Well, they knew a few months ago how old he would be about now. Anyhow how can you tell when a Vice President makes good and when he don't. They have never given one anything to do yet to find out.

What they are after, only they haven't got the decency to come right out and say it, is:

"We are in the hole and we got to try and dig up somebody that will help us swing some votes. It's not your age, Charley; it's not your party loyalty.

"You got to be the goat, not us. So any one we can think of that can carry the most votes we are going to nominate 'em, be it Charley Chaplin or Amelia Earhart.

"You been a good Injun, but it's votes not sentiment we are after this year. So long, Charley, take care of yourself."

My candidate for President on both parties blew in here yesterday, John D. Rockefeller Jr. He and I may huddle to-night on plans.

Alternates Cared for by the Army

The alternates are camped on the edge of town and are being cared for by the Salvation Army. They say they are going to stay till they get badges as big as the ones the delegates have.

If the House votes the soldiers the bonus today we are arranging a window for the Secretary of the Treasury to jump out of.

The vice presidential candidates, in case they throw out Curtis, is Charley Dawes, Pat Hurley and Hanford MacNider.

Lots of beautiful ladies lobbying for the wets. If a man will just act doubtful he can get a lot of attention.

Where the Interest Really Centers

The convention (so the advance literature says) opens today, and today the House of Representatives votes on the soldiers' bonus, only way they can make this meeting worth while is to put a radio loud speaker in and let us get the speeches from Washington on the bonus, then they can pack convention hall here.

Being at this show listening to a "keynote" speech, while those in Washington is going on, is like listening to a chautauqua lecture when you could have gone to the Ziegfeld "Follies."

The wet lobbyists have taken the whole convention, they give you a badge and a drink; lots of us don't know what to do with all the badges.



WILL ROGERS.

CHICAGO AMERICAN

VOL. XXXII. NO. 291—P. M. CHICAGO, TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1932 REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE PRICE THREE CENTS



REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OPENS

Small Heas Deadlocked Illinois Group

VET BONUS BILL NEAR PASSAGE IN HOUSE

Advocates Hope for Vote Before Night; Patman Cheered.

BY WILLIAM S. NEAL, International News Service Staff Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The Patman bill for immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus moved toward passage in the House today as new arrivals swelled the ranks of bonus forces.

Considered they are in control, leaders in charge of the bill planned to hold the House in session until final passage late today or tonight.

While the legislative battle was being waged, the luckless veterans who overcame hardships to present their plea in person, milled about the city. Maintaining an admittedly remarkable restraint, they avoided interference in the capitol deliberations.

With passage of the measure virtually assured in the House, Senate leaders weighed pleas of bonus advocates for an early vote. Compromise proposals also were being discussed in the Senate, which included payment of the face value of the certificates and a reduction of the interest rate on loans.

PATMAN SEES GAIN. Although the vote of 226 to 175 by which the House decided to consider the bill indicated that a presidential veto would be sustained, Representative Patman (D.) of Texas, handling the measure, pre-

BITTER FIGHT OVER POST COMMITTEE

Emmerson, Smith Lead as 25th Vote Is Taken.

Former Governor Small was elected temporary chairman to head the Illinois delegation upon a motion by Congressman Oscar Priest to substitute his name for that of Gen. Abel Smith. The delegates, still deadlocked, then adjourned to the Stevens Hotel at the Stadium.

BY WILLIAM H. STUART.

The Illinois Republican delegation still was deadlocked today in its efforts to elect a national committeeman.

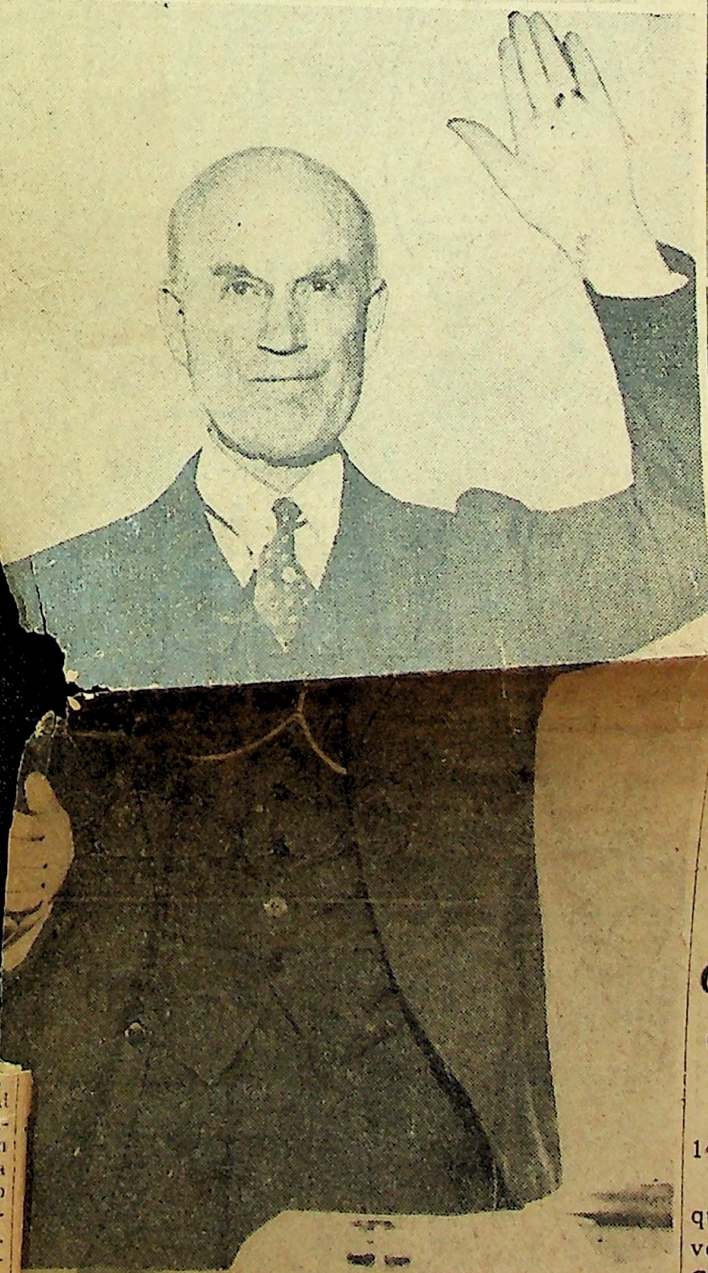
The twenty-fifth ballot gave Frank Smith 27½ votes, Governor Louis L. Emmerson 24 votes, and National Committeeman Roy O. V. 6½ votes and George F. Hart 1 vote.

With the deadlock, unprecedented in the state's history, still prevailing, Homer Galpin made a motion that the delegation proceed to a temporary organization, in order to be able to participate in the convention. This was done, with Gen. Abel Davis as temporary chairman.

OTHER POSTS FILLED.

Garrett de F. Kinney of Peoria was named as the Illinois delegation's member of the resolutions committee, George F. Barrett to the committee on rules and procedure, and W. R. James to the committee on permanent organization. Immediately thereafter, Congressman Edward J. Con-

GAVEL IS POISED



Senator Simeon D. Fess, chairman of the Republican national committee, who called the convention to order at today. (Chicago American photo.)

LOYALTY, PLEA OF KEYNOTE SPEECH; PROHIBITION NOT EVEN MENTIONED

Today's Convention Program

Convention called to order at 11 a. m. by Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, chairman of the Republican national committee.

Prayer by the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, bishop of the Episcopal diocese, Washington, D. C.

Call for convention read by George de Bienville Keim of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican national committee.

- Temporary roll call.
- Election of temporary chairman.
- Address of temporary chairman.
- Election of temporary officers.
- Selection of committee on credentials, committee on permanent organization, committee on rules and order of business and committee on resolutions.
- Miscellaneous business.

Growls Pervade Party Loyalty Is G. O. P. Opener Keynote Plea

BY KARL M. KAHN. CHICAGO STADIUM, June 14.—The elephants are coming. Text of Senator L. J. Dickinson's keynote speech will be found on Page 8.

BY GEORGE R. HOLMES, International News Service Staff Correspondent. The Republicans are going to the country this year on the record of Herbert Hoover, with no apologies and no excuses. This was the keynote of the oncoming campaign sounded here today by Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa as he took over the tempo-

The doors of the convention hall were opened only a minute ago. The opening was preceded by a prayer for the "G. O. P."

The alternates are camped on the edge of town and are being cared for by the Salvation Army. They say they are going to stay till they get badges as big as the ones the delegates have.

If the House votes the soldiers the bonus today we are arranging a window for the Secretary of the Treasury to jump out of.

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The wet lobbyists have taken the whole convention, they give you a badge and a drink; lots of us don't know what to do with all the badges.

Weather May Be Only Topic

Mr. Dickinson of Iowa is the "keynoter" and he has the toughest job any one of them ever, if he points to accomplishments he is sunk, and if he views with alarm he is sunk, so we are liable to get two solid hours on the weather.

Charley Dawes is the most popular man in town, he still has a bank that's open.

All you can hear is, "When does the Democrats come?" Chicago is trying to sublet this convention to Cicero, Illinois.

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VERY LATEST NEWS

- BOSTON AT COMISKEY PARK.**
 BOSTON (Weiland, P).....
 WHITE SOX (Lyons, P).....

MAN ASPHYXIATED IN LOOP HOTEL.

A man identified only as John Peregrine was found asphyxiated today in room 703 of the Planters Hotel, 19 N. Clark st. He was found lying face down on the bed, fully dressed and with chloroform-soaked wads of cotton in his nostrils and mouth. He left a note, according to police, stating he was "tired of living."

EXCLUSIVE

Confident they are in control, leaders in charge of the bill planned to hold the House in session until final passage late today or tonight.

MILL ABOUT CITY.

While the legislative battle was being waged, the luckless veterans who overcame hardships to present their plea in person, milled about the city. Maintaining an admittedly remarkable restraint, they avoided interference in the capitol deliberations.

With passage of the measure virtually assured in the House, Senate leaders weighed pleas of bonus advocates for an early vote. Compromise proposals also were being discussed in the Senate, which included payment of the face value of the certificates and a reduction of the interest rate on loans.

PATMAN SEES GAIN.

Although the vote of 226 to 175 by which the House decided to consider the bill indicated that a presidential veto would be sustained, Representative Patman (D.) of Texas, handling the measure, predicted a gain in strength.

THE WEATHER

FORECAST—For Chicago and vicinity: Partly cloudy; probable thundershowers; cooler this afternoon or tonight; Wednesday generally fair; moderate shifting winds becoming northwest.

C. A. DONNEL, Forecaster.

HOURLY TEMPERATURES.

12 midnight 68	6 a. m. 66
1 a. m. 70	7 a. m. 67
2 a. m. 70	8 a. m. 68
3 a. m. 68	9 a. m. 69
4 a. m. 67	10 a. m. 69
5 a. m. 67	11 a. m. 66

Sunrise, 5:14 a. m.; sunset, 8:26 p. m.
 Light lamps on all vehicles at 8:26 p. m.

- Program Horses**
AT WASHINGTON PARK.
- 1—Flying Home, Tweeney, Plucky Girl.
 - 2—Indian Mist, Tiverton, Veruzza.
 - 3—Martie Flynn, Adsum, Grand Prince.
 - 4—Portecodine, Town Limit, Lady Dean.
 - 5—Late Date, I Say, Princess Camella.
 - 6—Jean Lafitte, Playdale, Totem.
 - 7—Flying, Doane Dear, Chicon.
- WASHINGTON FIELDERS.**
- 1—Tonawanda, Vonair.
 - 2—Lady Aleene, Cloisters Dream, Mad Flight.
 - 3—Jack Palpit, Bay Leaf, Just Ormont.

the Stevens Hotel Stadium.

BY WILLIAM H. STUART

The Illinois Republican organization still was deadlocked day in its efforts to elect national committeeman.

The twenty-fifth ballot gave Frank Smith 27 1/2 votes, Governor Louis L. Emmerson 24 votes, National Committeeman Roy O. Vinton 6 1/2 votes and George F. Harbo 1 vote.

With the deadlock, unprecedented in the state's history, still prevailing, Homer Galpin made a motion that the delegation proceed to a temporary organization, in order to be able to participate in the convention. This was done, with Gen. Abel Davis as temporary chairman.

OTHER POSTS FILLED.

Garrett de F. Kinney of Peoria was named as the Illinois delegation's member of the resolutions committee, George F. Barrett to the committee on rules and procedure, and W. R. James to the committee on permanent organization.

Immediately thereafter, Congressman Edward Hull of Peoria rose to a point of order, insisting that the delegation must finish up the election of a national committeeman.

Gen. Davis overruled the point, and another fight was precipitated. At midnight when the Illinois caucus recessed after a four-hour session.

POLICE ALERT AS REDS MEET

One hundred police were held in reserve for quick action today as Communists gathered in the shadow of the Republican national convention hall.

At a special conference with Commissioner James P. Allman Arthur Fisher, representing the Civil Liberty League, was granted a permit for a demonstration at Honore st. just south of Jackson blvd.

The place is three blocks from the main entrance of the Chicago Stadium. Though Fisher agreed there would be no disturbances, the reserve force was provided to balk any attempt to march to the convention.

Handbills which announced the radical gathering also heralded another meeting at 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

Blow by Blow of G. O. P. Convention Sketched by Cork Himself

BY JIMMY CORCORAN.

CHICAGO STADIUM, June 14.—And so here goes for a blow sketch of the opening of the battle of the elephants, brothers, blow. I'm ready.

The old organ atop the Stadium all wound up. "Cheer, cheer 'em all here" was the first note. Two delegates from New York got up and took a bow. An audience and they'd have fallen for beads.

Some one guessed that they were waiting for the corpse.

The first gent paged through the large speaker was named Callahan. Perhaps Mr. Callahan brought something good along with him.

Mr. Josephus Foley, public accelerator of the Stadium, made the first popular suggestion. He said that he'd be glad to supply the

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

Today's American

Classified Ads Pages 28-29
 Claude G. Bowers Page 3
 Comics Page 26
 Cross-Word Puzzle Page 26
 Daily Short Story Page 18
 Drama, Movies Pages 10-11
 Edgar Guest Poem Page 20
 Elsie Robinson Page 20
 Financial News Page 27
 Looping the Loop Page 10
 Joyce Fenley Page 21
 Mark Hellinger Page 10
 Mrs. Culbertson, Bridge Page 12
 Radio Page 12
 Society Page 19
 Sports Pages 23 to 25
 Skyscraper Page 18
 Walter Winchell Page 11

WILT IN HEAT.

But things are brightening up now, although collars are wilting even before there is the semblance of a battle over prohibition or a vice-presidential candidate. The cooling system is stirring a few flags in the rafters, but it doesn't get down to the delegates' necks.

More wind is coming from the band than from the coolers. Already it has played everything excepting "The Sidewalks of New York." The organ also has had a tryout, but it is waiting for its second wind.

Fifteen minutes after the doors opened the delegates and alternates' seats are not more than one-tenth filled. The same apathy that was so noticeable around the national committee's headquarters in the Congress Hotel is prevalent here.

There is much hurrying and scurrying, but it is by radio broadcasters, ushers, reporters, policemen, photographers, telegraph messenger boys.

ROGERS CREATES STIR.

More excitement than has yet been caused was evoked a moment ago when Will Rogers entered the convention hall. He was grinning

Continued on Page 2, Column 6.

- Temporary roll call.
- Election of temporary chairman.
- Address of temporary chairman.
- Election of temporary officers.
- Selection of committee on credentials, committee on permanent organization, committee on rules and order of business and committee on resolutions.
- Miscellaneous business.

Growls Pervade Party Loyalty Is G. O. P. Opener

BY KARL M. KAHN.

CHICAGO STADIUM, June 14.—The elephants are coming. Into this magnificent three-quarter of a million dollar convention hall are trooping the G. O. P. pachyderms, delegates to the Republican party's twentieth national nominating convention.

The doors of the convention hall were opened only a minute ago. The opening was preceded by a growl, ill omen for this "harmony" convention.

The growl was occasioned by the 10 o'clock opening. Delegates who arrived as early as 8:30 and 9 had to mill around on Madison st., with the rag tag and bobtail of curious who showed no respect whatsoever for a badge and a shave.

SILENT ON DRY LAW.

On prohibition—the only real controversy before the convention—the Republican keynoter was eloquently silent. The word was not even mentioned in the twenty-two page speech.

He said:

"Racketeering and thuggery should be stamped out of our nation."

But beyond praise of Mr. Hoover's law enforcement record, the senator did not even remotely touch upon the issue.

Twice as many criminals, he said, are now behind the bars of the jails of the country than when Mr. Hoover entered the White House.

PLEADS FOR REGULARITY.

He concluded with a plea for party regularity in these critical times. He said:

"Our victories have been won on constructive issues. Our platforms have become the laws of the United States.

"To my mind there is no greater patriotism than the employment of every effort toward the restoration of normal conditions. And there can be no more dependable means to this end than the re-election of Herbert Hoover."

Keynote Plea

Text of Senator L. J. Dickinson's keynote speech will be found on Page 8.

BY GEORGE R. HOLMES, International News Service Staff Correspondent.

The Republicans are going to the country this year on the record of Herbert Hoover, with no apologies and no excuses.

This was the keynote of the oncoming campaign sounded here today by Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa as he took over the temporary chairmanship of the national convention.

"Hoover and no regrets" was the burden of his plea. Coupled with it was high praise of the President's course in the economic depression and savage denunciation of the Democrats for what he described as "obstructionist" tactics.

Senator Simeon D. Fess, chairman of the Republican national committee, who called the convention to order at 10 p. m. today. (Chicago American photo.)

Story of the Republican Convention by Will Rogers and Floyd Gibbons

Roosevelt's Strength in Illinois Is Slashed by Influence of Cermak; Downstaters Listen to Mayor's Talk

Cook County Almost Solid Against New York Governor.

BY WARREN RHINNEY.
Startling shrinkage of the Roosevelt strength in the Illinois delegation testifies today to the persuasive influence Mayor Cermak is exhibiting over the delegates from downstate counties.

Most of the Illinoisans argue the roll call on election of a permanent chairman of the convention was a test of strength between the friends and foes of Roosevelt. Barely a quarter of the delegation cast their votes for Senator Thomas J. Walsh.

More than half of the downstaters voted against Walsh. Cook county, where the Montana senator is personally popular and where he was tendered a complimentary breakfast only a few months ago, went almost solidly against him because he was Roosevelt's candidate.

Those for Roosevelt.
Former Mayor Carter H. Harrison and Former Governor Edward F. Dunne were the only Chicago delegates to be recorded for the Roosevelt choice for convention chairman.

The others among the eighty-two delegates checked by Walsh in the chairmanship battle are M. B. Welsh of Blandinsville, Frank A. Ortman of Pontiac, James Wyatt of Chrisman, James A. Meeks of Danville, Craig Van Meter of Mattoon, William N. Hairgrove of Jacksonville, Vincent Y. Dallman of Springfield, James Hardie of Carlinville, Joseph C. Faulstich of Alton, Robert L. Kern of Belleville, Peter J. Kolb of Mount Carmel, Arthur Roe of Vandalia, Chauncey S. Conger of Carmi, J. Riley Rankin of Sparta, Willis J. Spalding of Springfield and Truman A. Snell of Carlinville.

The total strength of the Rooseveltians in the Illinois delegation on that test ballot reached only 15 1/2 votes, Dunne, Spalding and Snell being entitled to only one-fourth of a vote each. The eighty-two delegates cast only fifty-eight votes.

The poll was announced by Mayor Cermak as 16 for Walsh and 42 for the anti-Roosevelt candidate, Jouett Shouse of Kansas. It was explained there was a question over a quarter of a vote and that rather than poll the delegation a second time the mayor credited the questioned quarter vote to Senator Walsh.

Below Leaders' Claims.
Sixteen votes is a heavy reduction from the twenty-four or twenty-five claimed by the Roosevelt leaders before the caucus Sunday night as the starting strength of the Roosevelt vote in the Illinois delegation. It is a drop from twenty-two votes to which estimates fell

STRICTLY BEHIND THE SCENES



Mrs. William H. Murray of Oklahoma, who believes that the wife of a governor should make a happy home for him, then politics and public affairs will take care of themselves.

to the New Jersey delegation, of which his daughter-in-law is an active part. Mrs. Edward F. Dunne Jr. is a delegate from Morristown, N. J., and occupies a seat in the central part of the space reserved for delegates, while her husband sits facing her on the platform. He is not a delegate.

With Edward F. Dunne Jr. two stalwa six

Organist Sways Delegates with Old Home-Town Tunes

Al Melgard, Perched High in Stadium Rafters, Moves Multitude with Music.

High up in the rafters of the Chicago Stadium, bespectacled, nimble-fingered Al Melgard regulates emotions of the volatile delegates to the democratic national convention and the easily swayed thousands of spectators who sit perched around the galleries.

His magic wand is the full-throated great Stadium organ, and his musician's sixth sense tells him what to play to move the immense throng to tumultuous enthusiasm, sympathy or demonstrative action.

For twenty-five years Melgard has pulled the stops of a pipe organ, in theaters, in churches, and before the attentive gaze of students in his own school.

Thrilled by Assignment.
No musical assignment, he said today, has thrilled him as much or given him the opportunity to demonstrate the power of music as has the task of tapping the wells of human emotion during the national conventions.

Melgard has gratuitously given the democratic convention a theme song, whether the delegates know it or not. It is the popular ditty of the moment—"Bye, Bye, Mr. Dry, You're All Wet."

At the intervals throughout the convention sessions he weaves it in, and the multitudes hum and shuffle to its catchy strains.

His bald head shining in the reflected glare of countless lights, Melgard studiously and seriously handles the huge organ to cascade melody down from the raftered vastness of the Stadium.

Has Master Sheet.
He has prepared in one master sheet of music every known song of the states, and to his quick thinking in pealing forth the right tunes many of the democratic demonstrations owe their origin.

Yesterday's near-capacity audience welled in uproarious approval when Maurice P. Cahill of that state said "I come from Iowa," and the organist immediately burst into "Out Where the Tall Corn Grows."

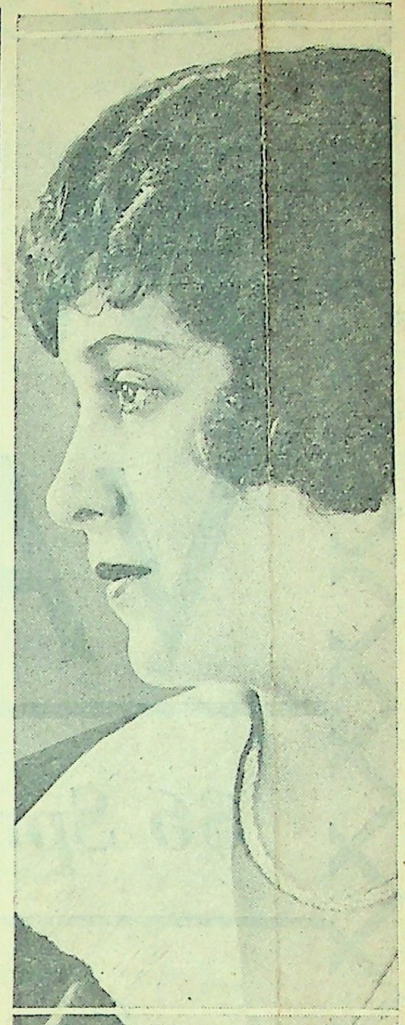
This business of bringing out the right tune at the right moment, however, is not all a matter of improvising. Careful preparations have been made. The console of the organ is connected by telephone with the speaker's stand, and when it is possible advance telephonic warning is sent the organist of the imminent appearance of a prominent person. Show business, in other words.

Ready for Al.
Thus Melgard will be phoned: "Al Smith will appear in five minutes." So he has the "Sidewalks of New York" on tap.

Again, he will bring into play a pair of field glasses to pick out some distinguished democrat and be ready to send the proper tune sweeping down in a symphony of sound.

The songs that move the democratic multitudes most, says Melgard, out of the experience of his quarter of a century of organ playing, are the home-town tunes.

SON IS BORN TO SCREEN STAR



Florence Vidor, wife of Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, who is the mother of an eight-pound boy. The boy will be named Robert Joseph. Mr. and Mrs. Heifetz have a daughter 2 years old.

NOBODY WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. but you and your check book. Buy a VALUE PLUS Used Car from the offerings in today's DAILY NEWS WANT ADS. —Adv.

What the Candidates Are Doing

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.
The radio announcement "Walsh wins" brought a broad smile to the New York governor's face. Sitting in his armchair, with his coat off and a stack of state papers before him, he followed the convention proceedings.

ALFRED E. SMITH.
Batting among the delegates for Jouett Shouse yesterday, the former presidential candidate decided not to make a speech on the subject after all. Between conferences he went to a refreshment stand, saying: "I want a hot doggie."

ALBERT C. RITCHIE.
The governor of Maryland, who is descended from an associate of Thomas Jefferson, got another big hand when he appeared at the convention. He stood on his chair and waved his straw salior.

WILLIAM H. MURRAY.
"Alfalfa Bill" emerged from a conference in his Chicago sanctum to stand in his socks and regale scores of visitors with stories. "I came hundreds of miles to see that man; now I'm happy," said one woman.

JAMES A. REED.
The former senator from Missouri, after hours of battling to hold the lines, saw his state's delegation break from his leadership and give a majority to Roosevelt delegations in contest fights.

ROOSEVELT REBUKE FOR SMITH OFFICIAL

Albany, N. Y., June 29.—(AP)—With Gov. Roosevelt's tacit approval, Dr. Walter N. Thayer yesterday reprimanded Warden Joseph P. Wilson of Great Meadow prison for his association with Charles "Vannie" Higgins, slain Brooklyn beer baron.

The state commissioner of correction leveled his criticism at Wilson, director of the budget in the administration of Gov. Alfred E. Smith, after a lengthy conference with Roosevelt.

GEORGE WHITE.
The Ohio governor, lured from Columbus by the sniff of battle, was invited up on the platform when he arrived at the convention. There were wild shrieks as he went forward, the arm of W. A. Julian.

NEWTON D. BAKER.
President Wilson's secretary of war stayed away from the convention, saying little. He is one of those looked on as a possible "dark horse" nominee.

JOHN NANCE GARNER.
The speaker of the house remained at Washington cleaning up the remainder of his legislative duties.

JURY DISAGREES IN \$1,000,000 RUBENS SUIT

Los Angeles, Cal., June 29.—(AP)—A jury has failed to agree in the \$1,000,000 suit of Mrs. Theresa Rubens against Photoplay magazine for alleged libel. Members reported last night they were divided, seven to five, favoring the magazine.

Mrs. Rubens, mother of the late Alma Rubens, screen actress, charged that the April (1931) issue of the magazine did not correctly describe the funeral of her daughter.

FOSTER, REDS' LEADER, SEIZED IN LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles, Cal., June 29.—(UP)—William Z. Foster, communist party candidate for the presidency, was arrested at the plaza yesterday before he could mount a box to address more than 1,000 sympathizers of his cause. The meeting was called to protest the shooting of a member of the unemployed council in a police raid last week.

HURLEY FLIES TO VIRGINIA FROM KANSAS CITY

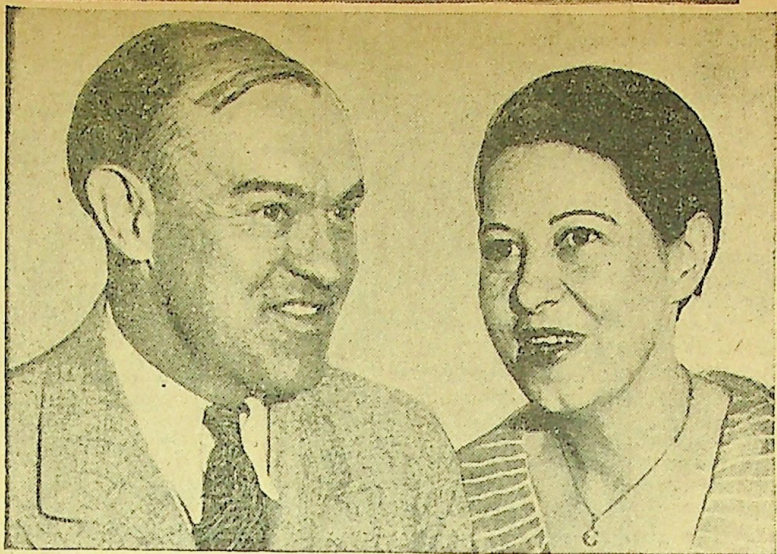
Washington, D. C., June 29.—(AP)—Patrick J. Hurley, secretary of war, reached his Leesburg (Va.) home last night after a flight from Kansas City, Mo., on which he abandoned plans to spend the night in Dayton, O.

POLICE EXPERT VOLLMER SEEKS TO BE RETIRED

Berkeley, Cal., June 29.—(AP)—August Vollmer, Berkeley's widely known chief of police, yesterday applied for retirement on pension effective June 30, and announced that on the advice of his physician he would spend

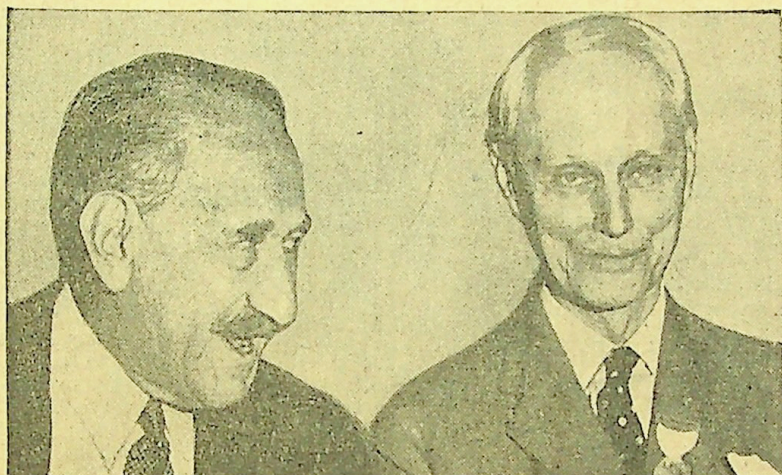
SENATOR WALSH A STERN RULER OF CONVENTION

WHEN DEMOCRATS GET TOGETHER



From the usually republican Sunflower state, Gov. Harry E. Woodring and Committeewoman Florence Farley of Kansas.

[By a staff photographer.]



Nabobs from New York. Samuel Untermyer passes the time of day with District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crane.



That was a good one! William F. Delaney tells a bit of Tammany news to Judge Daniel F. Cohalan.



Among the convention ladies. Mrs. Edward S. Moore of New York and Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, leader of the Woman's National Organization for Prohibition Reform.

[By a staff photographer.]

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SIGNS

DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

CH 145 23 4 EXTRA=NORTHHOLLYWOOD CALIF 2 110P

1932 JUL 2 PM 3 44

AL MELGAARD=

ORGANIST DEMOCRAT CONVENTION CHICAGO STADIUM=

MUSIC WONDERFUL STOP AFTER ROOSEVELT COMES PLEASE PLAY

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW SO ALL CAN SING=

:MR AND MRS E L C MORSE

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Received at

CM157 12=JY CHICAGO ILL 2 1216P

1932 JUL 2 PM 12 27

AL MELGARDE=

STADIUM MADISON ST=

APPRECIATE YOUR TIRELESS EFFORTS IN KEEPING UP THE MORALE
OF THE CONVENTIONS=

MRS ELESHA MURPHY.

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Received at

1932 JUL 2 PM 5 11

)CN108 13=CHICAGO ILL 2 504P

AL MELGARD=

ORGANIST CHICAGO STADIUM=

DEAR AL HAVE ADMIRER WONDERFUL SELECTIONS THIS WEEK HARD
WORK AND MARVELOUSLY GOOD=

LYDIA MERSCH RICHARDSON..

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

- SIGNS

DL = Day Letter

NM = Night Message

NL = Night Letter

LCO = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

WLT = Week-End Letter

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

1932 JUL 1 AM 12 49

CG19 6=STLOUIS MO 1 1228A

AL MELGARD=

PLAY STLOUIS BLUES FOR SENATOR REED=

DR C W STUCKMEYER.

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

SIGNS

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CLT = Cable Letter
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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

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Received at Exchange Bldg., Union Stock Yards, Ill. Blvd. 4321

1932 JUL 2 PM 6 21

CQ91 25=CHICAGO ILL 2 613P

AL MELGARD=

2318 WEST 36 ST=

WISH TO THANK YOU ON BEHALF OF DR. CAREY MR HARTMAN AND
MYSELF FOR YOUR HEARTY COOPERATION ORGAN MUSIC WONDERFUL
SORRY TITLE WAS NOT BROADCAST=

MRS H D VINTON..

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables



All America
Cables

Mackay Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

C88 11=TD CHICAGO ILL 1 740P

AL MELGARD, ORGANIST =

.CHICAGO STADIUM CHICAGO ILL =

1932 JUL 1 PM 8 04

PLEASE PLAY KEEP ME OUT OF MISCHIEF TONIGHT WILL APPRECIATE SAME

.BOB COLE.

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Received at 427 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Wabash 4321

LD452NZ 7

MINUTES IN TRANSIT

FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

OAKPARK ILL JUN 30 1932 428P

MR MELGARD

ORGANIST STADIUM CHICAGO ILL

PLEASE PLAY DIXIE FOR AL SMITH DEMONSTRATION

W J DOHERTY

547P