

LEAD

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY: (The Democrats made short work of it today. A scant half hour. They elected Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas permanent Chairman, said O. K. to the report of the Credentials Committee, and adjourned.) There was disappointment among the spectators, who hoped to hear some oratory and see a few parades.

The delegates of democracy had something more serious on their minds -- a ball game. The St. Louis Cards and the lowly Phils. The Democrats, historically renown for being dizzy, wanted to see somebody still dizzier - the elder of Mrs. Dean's two big pitching boys. A double-header, with Dizzy sent in to pitch the first.

So the ball park this afternoon was the scene of the 1936 Democratic convention. Did the delegates see the "dizzy" one pitch. Just as the Democrats made short work of their morning session the Phillies made short work of the mighty Dean. Knocked him out of the box in the fourth, winning the first 13 to 4 -- losing the second 14 - 4.

Having disposed of these serious base ball matters,
let's go to the lighter and more trivial thing of Presidential
politics. (A two thousand word platform to be adopted tonight.)

WANT PLANKS

Many delegates, interested in getting planks into the platform, arrived an hour ahead of time this afternoon - taking no chances, wanting to make sure of being heard.

The delegates from Porto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska all told

me that they still dream of the day when they will win

— but saw no hope of getting it in this platform.
statehood. The Porto Rico delegates assured me that all the

trouble they have been having down there this year has been caused by a small but strenuous minority. In the recent election they said only 5,000 votes were cast by those who want complete independence for Porto Rico. Four hundred thousand were cast by those who don't want it. ~~They state~~

Statehood, they believed, would solve all their problems.

Senator Thomas of Oklahoma who must even dream about money in his sleep, was one of the early arrivals. He said that in all the forty years he had devoted himself to the study of money he had never yet met any one who understood it. But, he declared that he believed no one in America is in favor of inflation. He does feel however that if the dollar were a little less valuable than now it would

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enable us more easily to pay our taxes, and balance the budget. He was there to fight for the introduction of his money ideas into the platform.

HOLMES

Roaming around the committee rooms I ran into my first big-time newspaper boss:- George Holmes who hired me as a cub reporter in Denver - long ago. He's here for the great Scripps-Howard chain of papers. George told me about an interesting piece of political strategy that was pulled off this afternoon. As you may know, there's a keen contest looming for next January over the all-important post of Democratic Leader in Congress. That post fell vacant when the late Speaker Byrns died suddenly and when House Leader Bankhead of Alabama succeeded him.

There are two candidates for the Democratic leadership in Congress: One, Representative John J. O'Conner of New York, on the ground of seniority. His rival, Congressman Sam Rayburn of Texas, whose principal strength is that he is an out-and-out Administration man.

Which leads up to what happened today. The South, as everybody knows, had been fighting the proposal to discard the two-thirds rule. Their slogan was: "You Northerners are trying to Tammany-ize the party, you're trying to put the harpoon into the South which is the backbone of

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Democracy!" Now the New York delegation in caucus on Tuesday had pledged itself unanimously for abrogation of that two-thirds rule. Judge, then of the surprise to everybody when Representative O'Connor this afternoon announced that all of New York's ninety-four votes would be thrown to the side of Texas and the other Southern delegations. What did it mean? A neat gesture, keen strategy. A quick answer to that argument about trying to Tammany-ize the party. A move to forestall any hostile activity against Congressman O'Connor by Southern representatives next January, when they won't be able to say to New York: "You tried to crucify us at Philadelphia."

George Holmes told me another interesting circumstance in connection with this two-thirds rule fight. One Roosevelt is for abrogation, but there are two Roosevelts against. To be sure it's just a technicality. But it's curious. The Roosevelt in favor of abrogation of the two-thirds rule is the President. The two who are against are his sons, James and Elliott. James is a member of the Massachusetts delegation, Elliott a delegate from Texas. Their position in the argument

is not a matter of personal or political differences with their father. They are bound by the caucus rules to their respective states.

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The rules committee succeeded this afternoon in settling that vexatious fight. The South is appeased, even the most die-hard delegates from below the line have been won over. The compromise effected is just what we expected. To preserve the strength of the ~~Solid~~ Solid South its representation will be apportioned not according to the population of the states but according to the number of Democratic voters. That will, of course, substantially increase the number of Southern delegates. ~~But this will not be settled finally until 1940.~~

Here's the way it's stated in the heavy words of the report of the Rules Committee late this afternoon:-
"The rule heretofore existing in Democratic Conventions requiring a two-thirds vote is hereby ~~officially~~ specifically obrogated."

The report continues: "The Democratic National Committ

is hereby instructed to formulate and to recommend to the next National Convention a plan for improving the system by which delegates and alternates are apportioned. In formulating this plan the National Committee shall take into account the Democratic strength within each State, District of Columbia and Territory."

In other words, the new apportionment will have to be approved by the 1940 Convention and cannot go into effect until 1944.

SENATOR J. HAM

(While waiting to hear the outcome of the deliberations of the Platform Committee, I ran across that human splash of color, the rainbow of the Senate, the orchid of Democratic Conventions, the gentleman with the world-famous pink whiskers -- Senator J. Ham Lewis -- Saratorially as resplendent as ever! But snuffling into a cerise handkerchief. Between sniffles Senator J. Ham told me that he believed the day of our present type of convention is all but over - and thinks the radio partly responsible -- maybe entirely. No longer do delegates debate freely. They don't like the idea of airing their difficulties into the microphone with the whole country listening-in. Everything is now done in committees and when brought before the convention the delegates are supposed to vote in the affirmative without a comment.

Senator J. Ham, perhaps the most flowery speaker in the Democratic Party, believes that a new type of convention orator must appear, not this year -- too late now - but in future conventions, speakers who will get their say over quickly, and only talk about vital issues, not re-hash all the things that the listening public already knows.)

GERARD

Among the newspaper and radio men I missed the face of my old friend Frederick William Wile. And while looking for him I ran into the permanent chairman Senator Joe Robinson and former ambassador James J. Gerard. Ambassador Gerard and Wile were together at one of the most exciting periods of the world's history - - in Berlin.

And as the three of us stood there reminiscing Mr. Gerard told me a story about Frederick William Wile that will interest hundreds of thousands of you who have heard him on the radio or who have read his syndicated newspaper column.

Although an American, Wile represented the Northcliffe papers in Berlin. After the outbreak of ^{the World} war he wanted to leave Berlin, of course, Mr. Gerard went with him to the German foreign office, ^{on} ~~along~~ the Wilhelmstrasse. The Acting German Foreign Minister started to make out the ~~paper~~ passport. But suddenly stopped, and as Ambassador Gerard told us this afternoon: "and" threw down his pen and shouted 'I will not ^{sign} ~~make out~~ any passport for Frederick William Wile. I won't

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do it. For he is the man who started this war!"

Which shows what the Germans thought about the importance of Frederick William Wile in international affairs - - An

American representing English newspapers ~~and~~ *and writing about the menace of Germany.*

Then added former Ambassador Gerard: "That night, before leaving Germany Wile stayed at my home - the American Embassy. ~~While~~ Outside, in the street, a mob howled, clamoring to get hold of him!"

James J. Gerard is one of the patriarchs of this convention. But I am afraid I ~~nearly~~ insulted him by asking if he happened to be present at the convention which nominated Grover Cleveland. He said: "No indeed. I was a boy in boarding school then." And to the delight of Chairman Robinson, and the ladies who were with me, Mr. Gerard sang for us some of the lines from both Democratic and Republican songs that were being sung throughout America the year Cleveland was elected.

REPUBLICANS

While the Democrats are still orating, the Republicans are well underway with their campaign. Word comes from the Republican Headquarters at the Waldorf in New York that Tom Sabin, Director of Radio, is organizing a vast motorized squadron -- cars all over America, equipped with radios, to be parked at corners so that passers-by may listen to campaign speeches. According to Mr. Sabin many of these flying motor squadrons are being made up of women -- their uniform, red, white and blue. Republican news at a Democratic convention.

SPY

Tonight amid the utterly American sights and scenes of a national convention a Japanese secret agent yarn may seem outlandish and improbable.

Yet what does the news give us tonight? Some weeks ago I had occasion to tell about a navy court case on the Pacific Coast, a man named Thompson tried and convicted on charges ~~of~~ preferred by officers of the fleet. There were rumors of spy business. But the naval authorities kept a veil of secrecy around it, only admitting the mild, lukewarm fact that the man Thompson was charged with impersonating a naval officer, that he had dressed himself as an officer and contrived to hobnob with lieutenants and captains aboard the warships of the fleet.

Today the lid is off, the secrecy broken. The Navy still says nothing for publication, but an indictment has now been placed before a Los Angeles grand jury. And the dry legal allegations of that indictment were worthy of a lurid secret agent thriller. Espionage is the charge. Several persons named. One, the American Thompson, charged with impersonating an officer for the purpose of getting possession of navy secrets.

A second man indicted, a Japanese, Lieutenant-Commander Toshio Miyazaki, of the Imperial Navy of the Mikado.

The California grand jury is informed that from time to time since the summer of 1934 Thompson, dressed as an officer, went aboard ships of the fleet at San Pedro and San Diego, and with clever conniving got hold of such important navy documents as maps, plans, photographs, blue prints, signal books, and secret codes. The list reads like a catalogue of just about all the confidential documents a spy could hope to lay hands on -- documents concerning the strength, newly invented mechanisms and means of secret communication of the navy. All of this, the indictment charges, Thompson turned over to Lieutenant-Commander Toshio Miyazaki. This Japanese officer appears as a master spy -- with the American on his payroll.

The indictment rises to the full glamor of a secret agent thriller with the mention of a beautiful Japanese girl. She is being sought by the police and Navy Intelligence. She is described as the sweetheart of the accused American -- Thompson. The inevitable romantic inference is that the Japanese Lieutenant-Commander, the master secret agent, used her to decoy the

American spy. The usual thing is for secret agent stories to have a beautiful blonde spy, but a lovely Japanese rather heightens the romance; gives it exotic flavor.

The latest now is that Lieutenant-Commander Toshio Miyazaki, lord of espionage, has fled. The naval authorities believe he got across the border into Mexico, on his way back to Japan.

What does Tokyo say about it? Nothing much, just an expression of innocence and ignorance. Tokyo says it has not been informed of the details of the case, and knows no such Lieutenant-Commander as the one named in the California indictment. That's usual -- a government non-committal about its spies.

It's an American story, part of the news in the U. S.A. -- but it does seem like bizarre fiction here in Philadelphia among delegates and platform planks.

FRANCE

The French strike crisis, having threatened the safety of the Republic, now attacks something even more sacred - the ladies. And I don't mean just the average woman. The strike is directed at those lordly creatures of wealth and leisure, who need entertainment - and are willing to pay for it. Just imagine tonight the chagrin and annoyance of scores of buxom dowagers on the blue shores of the Riviera. There they are glittering with silks and diamonds - ready to go places. But with whom? The gigolos have gone on strike. This is the latest flare-up in the industrial revolt of the French workers - if you can call gigolos workers.

A dispatch from Nice tells us that the professional escorts and dance partners of rich women have walked-out, demanding a pay increased. They've been getting thirty francs an evening. And want forty. They say their job is worth it. They claim that spending a long evening with a plump and exceedingly mature beauty, whispering compliments in her ear, kissing her hand madame, dancing and getting their feet out of the way of hers - that's hard labor.

Those recent French folded-arm strikes have been unusual because of the worker's tactics in seizing factories or stores.

The gigolos of the Riviera are now threatening to seize the dance halls, capture the shiny ballrooms, and hold the fort for days or weeks --(dancing with each other I suppose.)

And then -- a report from Paris tells us that the new Socialist Government is planning to double the wages of French soldiers and sailors. They are getting, not a gigolo's thirty francs, but one cent a day now, and they may ~~be~~ get two. Wonder if a French soldier would feel himself overpaid on two cents a day?

Now ^{from} ~~from~~ gigolos and soldiers back to Philadelphia -- to the Democrats and the Mummers. Platform night at the convention, and on the street the Quaker Mardi Gras, dancing harlequin ~~and~~ mummers. Mum, mummer, mummist. That's my cue, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.