

L.T. SUNOCO. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1940.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

On the subject of the Vice-Presidency, the Great White Father has spoken. ~~So it is reported.~~ And his running mate is to be the Secretary of Agriculture, Henry A. Wallace. The Chicago Tribune, which does not hold the Secretary in high esteem, always speaks of him disrespectfully as "Corn-Wallace". That's a none too brilliant pun, which refers to the fact that, as well as being a publisher of farm papers, Henry Wallace sells corn seed.

There is every evidence that the report is true, for this afternoon the other candidates were tumbling over themselves withdrawing. Governor Lloyd Stark, of Missouri, bows himself out with a great sweep of obeisance to the Secretary whom he calls his friend, and an, ideal candidate.

Then, Jesse Jones does likewise, definitely withdrawing his name. He explained that he had had many offers of support since he came to Chicago, and voluntary offers at that, but, he adds, at no time was he ever a candidate and he has asked that his

name should not be considered. It was also reported that the job had been offered to Frank Walker, former Coordinator of Federal Agencies. Washington gossip had it that he was Mr. Roosevelt's first choice, but this afternoon Frank Walker refused to throw any hat in the ring.

One of the short-odds favorites in that vice-presidential race has been Senator James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina. I have just been reading a piece about him in the Saturday Evening Post. The article says that his enemies call him the slyest member of the Senate, and his friends declare he is the ablest. The article also quotes Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, on the subject of Byrnes as a possible vice-president. Says LaFollette, "I like Byrnes ~~as a possible vice-president~~ but God help us if he gets that job. With the President in the White House again and Byrnes running the Senate, bills will go through so fast that we won't even have a chance to offer an amendment."

So, now you don't need to worry on that score, Senator LaFollette, because today Byrnes of South Carolina says nothing of going as a vice-presidential candidate. On the subject of the

national chairmanship he was equally emphatic. At a late hour this afternoon, Speaker Bankhead of the House was the only big line Democrat who had not definitely withdrawn, but he was expected to at any moment.

So, tonight, shortly after 7 o'clock, Chicago time, Chairman Barkley will order the Clerk to call the roll of states. As the Clerk cries "Alabama" Evangelistic Junior Senator Hill of that state will announce that his delegation yields to Iowa. Thereupon Senator Clyde Herring, chairman of the Iowa delegation will inform the chair that Delegate Frank O'Connor of Dubuque has a nomination to make. The Chair will recognize Delegate O'Connor, who will thereupon place in nomination the name of Henry A. Wallace. It was first thought that Wallace would be nominated by Paul McNutt, another vice-presidential possibility, who also has withdrawn.

Tonight's proceedings at Chicago will be more in the nature of a rally than a convention. The voting, it is expected, will be cut and dried, no argument, no contest, no race. Last night there were at least the motions of a contest. Also there was color

plus a background of passions and profound personal emotions. Tonight there'll be none of that. I don't even venture a prophecy but I'm willing to predict that this, the finale of the twenty-eighth Democratic Convention, will be just one hooraw and love feast. Quite a nice party, probably, with the First Lady of the Land lending her actual presence to the occasion and the President Candidate coming to the Stadium only as a disembodied voice -- maybe. It has been reported definitely that he would speak to the delegates over the radio and there has been a deal of wonder about the time. As a matter of fact the latest information -- and this is as of ten minutes ago -- that there is nothing definite about it at all. It is not certain that Mr. Roosevelt will broadcast. But if he does, it will not be until after the nominating and seconding speeches have been made and the balloting is all over.

BURKE

A Western Democratic Senator takes a walk. Senator Burke of Nebraska, is the first Democratic big shot to bolt publicly following the renomination of the President for the third term. And, he makes the announcement in such fashion as to convey the impression that it is not he who is bolting the Democratic Party, but that it is the party that is bolting him. For he says that a host of other citizens, nurtured in the Democratic faith will applaud and support him in running-out on the New Deal.

Senator Burke made his announcement in the shape of a telegram to Wendell Willkie, who is in Colorado. The Nebraska Senator advised the Republican candidate that he would work for his victory at the polls in November. "Thus only," said Burke, "can we make certain that never again will any party or individual be tempted to overturn the wise precedent cherished by all Americans who prize their freedom."

## BURMA ROAD

This evening we have an official British declaration about - the Burma road. Prime Minister Churchill himself gave the House of Commons a formal statement concerning that highway which has become a focus of World Wide interest. Winston Churchill had a rather difficult bit of explaining to do -- he was decidedly on the spot.

The Burma Road! It sounds romantic, and it is. Something like the Road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play. And it does connect with the Irrawady River and the Road to Mandalay. Burma, that exotic British possession of Pagades and Buddhist Monks, extends Northward from the Indian Ocean to the border of China. And the Burma Road is the new highway connection with the west Chinese Interior. It was just eighteen years ago that I myself did a bit of adventuring along the frontier of Burma and China -- beyond Mandalay and Bhamo -- and what a strange, remote land it was, home of Barbaric tribes -- the wild Kechins, who chewed bettle nut and did weird whirling sword dances.

Today, however, modern civilization has penetrated into that secluded area, at least to the extent of making it a strategic line of military supplies -- armament, munitions, aviation material.

The Burma Road has been the number one thoroughfare along which Nationalist China has been getting equipment for resistance against Japan. Close the Burma Road, and it would seem as if the Chinese battle would have to end -- for lack of supplies. The only other artery still not closed would be the long and difficult route from Soviet Russia through Turkestan.

Well, as we know, the Japanese demanded that Great Britain close the Burma Road to the Chinese armies, insisted, applied pressure. And Great Britain yielded -- in spite of bitter protests by China and a complaint registered by the United States. American war material sold to the armies of China has been passing along the Burma Road -- the only way.

Today, Prime Minister Churchill faced an indignant house of Commons. The Prime Minister spoke in cautious, measured words - none of the flaming Winston Churchill eloquence. He had difficult things to say, and he said them in rather abstract language. Why has Britain yielded so much to Japan in the Far East? Churchill phrased the answer in these words: "We could not ignore the dominant fact that we are engaged in a life and death struggle."

Meaning, of course the threat of Hitler is so great in Europe that Britain did not feel like defying Japan at the other side of the World. Japan was taking advantage of the European war situation, and pressing hard. "It was clear," said Winston Churchill that tension was rapidly growing - due to the Japanese complaints regarding the passage of war material over the Burma Road."

But what about China? Does not Great Britain now leave China in the lurch -- without the means of resisting Japan much longer? The Prime Minister replied with a line of argument that the closing of the Burma Road was not necessarily a bad thing for China, because it might bring about peace in the Orient. Churchill put it in these weighty words. "What we have therefore made," said he, "is a temporary arrangement ~~in the hope~~ in the hope that the time so gained may lead to a solution that is just and equitable to both parties in the dispute." Meaning -- that China may be better off by making peace with Japan. Great Britain is prepared to promote a settlement. "We are prepared," said the Prime Minister, "to offer our collaboration and contribution. But," he added, "it must be a process of peace and conciliation."



To this China no doubt will reply, as China already is saying -- That what the British intend to do is force China to make peace with Japan.

## REFUGEES FOLLOW BURMA ROAD

The British Prime Minister had a second difficult subject to tackle today -- that of Children Refugees sent to the British Dominions and the United States. He replied to bitter complaints made by the Labor Party -- that the children of the rich were sent to safety abroad, while the children of the poor were left behind.

Winston Churchill stated that plans for sending child refugees overseas had been postponed -- not abandoned. They may be resumed and if so -- consideration will be given to the problem of rich and poor. The United Press dispatch summarizing the Churchill declaration, put in these words: "Further evacuations of children would be regulated in view of a desire to restore a balance between classes:" The Prime Minister himself put it in these plain words: "There will be no question of advantage ~~of~~ to the rich over the poor."

Then he went on to explain that, when the question of sending children abroad was first raised, the British Government did not quite realize the full implications - the question of classes, and the ugly complaints that would arise. He described the uproar about the child refugees in these grave words: "Depressing rumors entailing detriment to national defense interest."

## DYNAMITE

Today the New York Police traced down a clue which had been considered important in a sensational crime. The British pavillion bomb outrage on the Fourth of July - when an infernal machine intended for the British pavillion at the New York World's Fair, exploded and killed two detectives.

Today comes the word -- the police have tracked down the burglars who stole the dynamite, two were under arrest today -- one named Mike, the other Leo. One, fourteen years old -- the other sixteen; Mike and Leo have confessed -- they swiped the thirty-nine sticks of dynamite to make some firecrackers for the Fourth of July.

The store of high explosive was on the sixth floor of the building under construction. The two lads, loaded down with the thirty-nine sticks of it, made their way across a narrow plank from one building to another, six stories above the ground. If they had fallen off -- loaded with all that dynamite! However, they didn't fall off. They went ahead and used the blow-up stuff to make firecrackers, and that might seem risky too.

"Oh no." said Mike, aged fourteen, "I'm an expert on dynamite. I know how to handle it."

He explained that he learned about explosives from reading a book. Instructed by the book, the lads made firecrackers constructed of chunks of dynamite and percussion caps tied up in cigarette cartons. They wired these miniature bombs to <sup>a</sup> dry battery, and exploded them. First class firecrackers for the Fourth.

They used up two sticks, buried three in Central Park, tossed one into the lake and kept the remainder hidden in the Empty water tower of an abandoned building. Their story accounts for all thirty-nine of the stolen sticks of dynamite.

So out of the window goes one of the promising clues the detectives had to the mystery of the bombing of the British pavilion.

PRESIDENTIAL BROADCAST

There has been speculation all day about the time the President is scheduled to speak.

Here's a bulletin: - eight p.m. Central Standard time.

About three hours from now.

GLASS

Tomorrow night I'll be broadcasting from New York, and for one reason alone I shall always be glad that I came to Chicago for this convention. ( For nothing in the world would I have missed that gallant spectacle last night when Carter Glass, of Virginia stepped slowly and, it seemed, a bit painfully towards the mike, every nerve in the Stadium became taut. The tension increased when the sounds which came from his throat proved to be faint, scarcely audible. It seemed only too obvious that he had indeed risen from a sick bed, and that in his eighty-third year, to race half way across the continent. Just to make a gesture. For, it could be nothing but a gesture to place in nomination the name of James A. Farley as did Senator Glass last night. But, it was a gesture which Americans of all kinds of different persuasion are admiring today and they say it was not a futile gesture even though it did not and could not change the outcome.

After he struggled with hoarseness for a minute or two the old lion of Virginia began to get his voice back and it came thundering defiantly through the vast hall. As he flung down

his challenge to the third terms and the New Dealers, the crowd booted out its spleen, as some of you may have heard. You could not realize over the radio that the boos did not come from the delegates. They came from the rabble in the galleries, a rabble which, it is freely reported, was dragged out of the tough districts of Chicago and packed into the galleries for that purpose. And, as the crowd booted him the diminutive figure of Carter Glass of Virginia seemed to grow visibly prouder, more erect, as he tossed his head back in scorn and I could have sworn that in those minutes the man actually grew taller. Figuratively he was certainly taller for in spiritual stature he towered over everybody in that hall. He alone stood like a light house in the sweeping tides of Roosevelt enthusiasm and third term fervor.

The convention, that is the delegates, appreciated him to a man. Indeed, many observers say that secretly many wished they could be voting with him. Even the rabble in the galleries grew somewhat shamefaced and its boeing died away as his voice roared out the protest of the Virginia

veteran, against the third term.

A stirring spectacle! And I shall always be glad that I was there.

As I drove away from the convention hall, I felt worried, wondered whether his young bride had had to take Carter Glass back to his hotel in a fainting condition or in an ambulance. Later I learned that my worry had been vain, in fact a bit comic. Carter Glass stayed until the end of the proceedings, which was more than I did, because I had to hurry to Movietone to turn out the Nomination newsreel. And as the last of the crowd vanished Carter Glass was as chipper and hearty as anybody present. I saw him from a distance today, chatting and laughing with a group of his colleagues and to be quite frank, he seemed to be one of the strongest and healthiest men in the City of Chicago -- at eighty-three!

Full of pep like New Blu -- how about it Hugh?