## GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I am in Philadelphia tonight. In a ringside seat at the G.O.P. convention. Never were issues of such world shattering importance hanging upon even a Republican convention. And that's reflected everywhere you go in the City of Brotherly Love.

There's a different spirit in the air from Cleveland, four years ago. An electric feeling of tension, anxiety, in the atmosphere.

The grapeveine report tonight is that there'll be unanimous agreement in the Resolutions Committee on that xx ticklish and vital plank -- foreign policy. The plank is not yet finally drafted, the final job has to be done tomorrow. Sub-committees

have been at work today, batting out a tentative platform.

As a result of their work, it's apparently safe to say that the foreign policy plank will pledge the Republicans to peace patropreparedness.

The capitulation of France threw the Committee on the horns of a ticklish dilemma, the dilemma about giving aid to the Allies. There are Republicans who have expressed themselves as in favor of helping the Allies. But after the surrender of France there are no Allies. That problem will be got around by putting the party on record as promising aid to all property.

There never was a more difficult job for platform writers. For that particular plank had to reconcile Republicans whose opinions about the war in Europe and our relation to it, seemed to be oceans apart, the hundred per cent isolationists and those who wanted to give aid to the Allies.

The sub-committee that wrote this compromise was headed by the man whom the Republicans nominated last year, former Governor Alf Landon of Kansas. It included men as isolationist as the late Senator Borah as well as those who



wanted to throw in every possible aid short of war to beat

Hitler and Mussolini. The plank also pledges the Republicans

to increase the national defenses, planes, ships and guns and

trained men, so as to protect the entire Western Hemisphere and

enforce the Monroe Doctrine. It also levels the criticism at

President Roosevelt that his provocative notes to Europe threaten

to involve the United States in war.

And now to leave Thila for a moment... What about Europe? 48

Six weeks ago, Adolf Hitler, the Nazi Fuehrer, started his blitzkrieg. Tonight, at the end of those six weeks, the Republic of France is no longer at war.

There have been other periods in history that were full of drama and yet surprisingly short. For instance, those meteoric hundred days which followed Napoleon's escape from Elba. But, never was there a series of events so catastrophic, so swift and so brief as the six weeks that it took the Nazis to knock out Holland, Belgium and all the once mighty power of France.

In less than a hour from now, the generals of

Nazi Hitler and Fascist Mussolini will sound the order - cease

firing: Every fighting man in France will lay down his arms,

a courageous but hopelessly kikkwikk beatenarmy.

The end came in sight at one thirty-five this afternoon, that is, one thirty-five Eastern Daylight time in America, seven thirty-five in Rome. It was at that moment that the French delegates, headed by General Huntziger, signed the terms enforced by Mussolini. All hostilities were to cease

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ends-in France, But at What a cost!

All Frenchmen, though at peace, will be virtually

prisoners. Oh, they will have their own civil government, but with Nazi and Fascist commissars looking over their shoulders.

Even a certain number of French troops will be still in

mobilization, enough to preserve order. But to all intents and purposes, France, so long one of the great strongholds of liberty, will be virtually one huge prison camp.

Of course all this has appeared inevitable from that tragic moment one week ago, when the world heard Henri Petain, Premier and Marshal of France, announce that his country could fight no more. Actually, as our hindsight tells us now, it had been inevitable from the moment war was declared. It was inevitable from the time the Allies permitted Germany to rearm under the frenetic spell of Adolf Hitler and the Nazi idea.

Military experts over here are claiming that the Nazi and Fascist terms imposed on France are moderate from a military standpoint. From the standpoint of the rest of us, they are pitiful, crushing, devastating. For the time being,

WAY.

Atlantic Coast and along the Mediterranean will be in the hands

of foreign soldiers. The Petain Government can govern from

— under the Magi thunch

anywhere it pleases, It can even return to Paris, under Nazi

supervision.

The military soothsayers point to an interesting fact about the French fleet. Hitler does not propose to try to use it to fight France's former allies, the British.

But the experts declare that he makes this conditions because he can't do anything else. It means, they say, that he realizes could not he can't get surrendered French warships through the British blockade into German waters. Moreover, it is believed that even if he could get theminto German waters, he wouldn't have the officers and men to operate them.

As a matter of fact, the business of surrender of the French fleet leaves a great many people wondering. Will the French officers and their crews obey the command of the Petain Government to come back to France and surrender their men o'war to the Nazis? General Charles deGaulle, the Ex-Minister

who took refuge in London, announced that he had reason to believe that the men of the French navy would not give up their ships.

Wagain, if the commanding officers of the fleet were inclined to obey, would the British admirals permit it?

The Nazis and Fascists allow the French to retain part of their fleet to protect the colonial interests of France. That is taken to mean that the Rome-Berlin Axis now looks upon France as a virtual ally, though an unwilling one.

And that's the attitude taken in no uncertain phrase by the British. London declares unequivocably that the terms accepted by the Petain government makes France a virtual ally of Hitler and Mussolini. In fact, the Churchill government goes within an ace of declaring war on the Petain government. It has withdrawn its recognition of Petain and his colleagues and announces that from now on, the British government will deal with the committee in London, headed by General deGaulle. Ex-Premier Paul Reynaud probably will be on that committee to carry on the war outside of France.

The outcome of all this now is a tragic succession of recriminations and counter-recriminations between the former

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complaint that the British war efforts were insufficient, that the London with passing the government tried to wage war in accordance with the traditions and compromises. There is vehement criticism in Bordeaux of the former French ministers now in London, especially George Mandel and General deGaulle. Incidentally, General deGaulle has been officially rebuked, reduced in rank to a colonel, and will be court-martialled in his absence for his failure to obey orders and come home.

Long after cables had flashed us the news of the

final signing of the Armistice, it also brought us bulletin
after bulletin of further disasters to French arms. Nazi
communiques continued to flash out cries of triumph. \*\*\*

In the heart of the Vosges Mountains, the advancing Nazi armies
captured an entire army corps at Donon, north of Colmar, on the
Maginot Line. The Nazis announced that they had taken twenty
thousand prisoners, including the commanding general, three
divisional commanders, one thousand officers and twelve complete
artillery detachments. \*\*Conce again the Nazi high command is

crowing about the booty captured from the French.

On the Italian front, the Fascists also announce that they have penetrated the French line. In some places they were attacking the French from the rear while the Nazis were crushing them from the front. The Italian front was 150 miles long from the Alps to the Mediterranean.

But all that slaughter is over now, or at least will

be within the hour. And now the French are sitting down once more to the humiliation they suffered sixty-nine years ago, facted the military occupation by enemy troops.

A Trojan Horse in the Middle West: That's the sensation offered today by Congressman Dies, Chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee. A good many people have been given to understand that the so-called Fifth-Column business was confined mostly to the eastern seaboard. Pursuing the work of his Committee, Chairman Dies has been traveling. He was in Chicago today, and declared that his Committee's investigators had found the Middle West a regular hotbed of Fifth Column conspiracy. Therefore, he has issued subpoenas for forty or fifty people, members of three German organizations and two Italian societies. And Dies added that his agents have been watching Communist, Nazi and Fascist outfits in the Prairie states for six months.

Reporters asked him what German and Italian organizations he had been investigating. That he refused to answer for the time being, but he proclaimed that they're as bad as anything in Europe and he added that the United States right now has a greater system of foreign espionage within its borders than France or England ever had.

Dies has begun to spread his investigation to cover the

Mexican border in Texas. He declared today that he has big surprises in store for us regarding the Nazi propaganda Fifth Column plots that are being fomented south of the Rio Grande.



## CONVENTION - PERSONAL - 2

one else can do that!

One of the wisest and most experienced of all the political experts here in Philadelphia remarked to me this afternoon that he had never seen such a wide open convention, a convention where anything could happen.

As you no doubt have heard in there is a lot of

lith hour talk about Wendel Willkie. His boosters are raising
a terrific hullabaloo. They are pointing out that they have

the man who can stand toe to toe with Mr. Roosevelt and
get the better of him in any kind of a bout. But, the

western delegates shake their heads. Dewey and Taft are

both going strong. We hear a lot about Senator Vanderberg

and Governor James. They are all saying that the Pennsylvania
delegation is the one to be reckoned with, the largest single

block of strength in the convention. And over the whole

scene looms the figure of a man who hasn't yet arrived in

Philadelphia, the man who is to speak tomorrow night, the man whom so many are looking toward in this time of world crisis, the Hormer President, Hoover.

If Dewey and Taft can get together, xxxxxx well, it is easy to see what would happen. But the political wise men are saying that unless they do their getting together before the balloting it will be too late; and then, the other -Vandenberg, Willkie, and Mr. Hoover will be in the running. so, perhaps you can see why I am in a daze. I wish you could all, well, one or two at a time, stand with me for a minute in the lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford. Although some of the candidates have their main headquarters in other hotels they nearly all have, also, rooms at the Bellevue. The National Committee offices are there. The broadcasting chains have their headquarters in the Bellevue. Also, the press; the U.P., A.P., XXXX. IXX I.N.S., and the telegraph companies. In fact, everybody seems to be milling around in the lobby of the Bellevue. If you stand there long enough you will meet every person

connected with this convention. As Alice Longworth and EXEXTENT

Eleanor Roosevelt, Colonel Theodore's wife, said to me a few

moments ago "Why, it is more exciting here than it is at the

Convention Hall".

there is a double thrill to a national CONVENTION convention for many of us: The thrill of watching the greatest American show; and, the thrill mx of seeing so many of your old friends. As you stand in the lobby of the hotel, you get a slap on the back and when you turn around it is an old pal from Texas, Someone grabs you by the elbow and it turns out to be Bert Mattei from Honolulu. You put your kear head in a room where you hear clicking typewriters and there and Damon Runyon and Bugs Baer, in their shirt sleeves, ripping out their stories. You come around a marble column and bump into Boake Carter and around the next one into Wythe Williams. You get into an elevator and encounter Congressmen and Senators. You get off x at a floor upstairs and int in the crowd trying to jam into the EXER elevator for the trip down you see George Sokolsky

famous writer and speaker, who apparently has lost

thirty or forty pounds during this first day of the Convention.

A moment later you bump into the head of one of the largest corporations in America, ask him who he is for and he pulls

his button out of his pocket saying that he is not wearing

it well, since he is called an "economic royalist", perhaps

it wouldn't do his favorite any good if he wore the button.

And one lovely gray-haired Congress woman, Grace Rennolds from Indiana come up to remind me that we were in school together thirty years ago.

I could go on indefinately telling of little

incidents, and people that I have met. But in this hour of world crisis all seems too unimportant. You are anxious to know who the candidate will be. And, right now 59/4 do you brown, what