

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The big show is on! The prologue over and the curtain has just gone up.

Perhaps you can hear a voice in the background. If you do, well, it is the first speaker putting the name of the first candidate before the convention. He is right in the middle of it. If you want to hear, just switch your ~~direct~~ dial to another N.B.C. station and out will come a flood of convention ~~oratory~~ oratory presenting the name of the man, the one -- I guess they all follow much the same pattern.

This is the way it all started a few minutes ago:-
the Chairman of this nineteen forty G.O.P. Convention, Joe Martin of Massachusetts banged his gavel, and after a few preliminaries in accordance with the usual courtesies and starting at the top of the Alphabet he called out:- "Alabama"! Whereupon the Chairman of the Alabama delegation arose from

his seat and with ceremonious southern courtesy said:-

"Mr. Chairman, Sir, Alabama yields to New York".

Whereupon, in a different part of the great hall, a stout, well groomed figure rose to his feet. Said Chairman Joe Martin:- "The chair recognizes the delegate from the State of New York, the Honorable John Lord O'Brien." And, the Honorable John Lord O'Brien strode to the front of the rostrum, opened a wide and voluble mouth from which poured a stream of spontaneous words. That is, spontaneous but prepared with the utmost toil. Those words are pouring out of loud speakers all over this land right at this moment and, before I conclude my news broadcast John Lord O'Brien will have concluded with these words:-"I Nominate Thomas E. Dewey!" And then will follow the first of the parades and wild demonstrations that are a picturesque and unique feature of all our National Political Conventions. To tell the truth these nomination speeches are getting under way a lot earlier than we had expected. Twenty four hours ago the word was that it would be a bitter long drawn out fight over the platform. But, that fight is over. The platform is all set.

It has been adopted unanimously, and at this moment the convention is busy with those momentous history-making job:- selecting the man who may be the next President of the United States.

Today the fight over the platform and especially the foreign policy plank ~~■~~ went on behind the scenes. And the way it was settled finds the entire delegate body of

the G.O.P. tremendously encouraged. That goes not only for ~~those~~ ^{the delegates} ~~in the Row,~~ behind the scenes, but for those on the floor of the convention.

There were moments this afternoon when it looked like a knock down and drag out fight. It was so ~~acute~~ ^{acute} that the Chairman of the

Resolutions Committee, former Senator George ^{Wharton} ~~Warden~~ Pepper of

Pennsylvania, at one time strode furiously out of the Committee

room. Pepper of Pennsylvania was hot under the collar over the

opposition to his pet resolution, a resolution pledging the

Republican Party against ever sending American soldiers to fight

on foreign soil. The former Senator's opponents were not

unsympathetic to ~~the~~ ^{his} basic idea. They just resisted the resolution

because of present world conditions, insisting that such a plank

in the platform might tie the President down to what they call

"umbrella diplomacy." There was a determined resistance to a

peace-at-any-price plank. And the prevailing sense of the resolution

committee-men was that ~~no plank should tie the hands of a Republican President in case of a~~

world exigency that cannot now be foreseen.

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Incidentally, somebody suggested that when it came to

sending American soldiers abroad, it might be better to fight

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American battles on foreign soil than **on** American soil.

So in the long run the Committee decided that there should not be any plank committing an American president against the best interests of the nation. And the delegates as a whole agreed.

The platform went over this afternoon and without the bitter fight on the floor that some of the soothsayers had prophesied. And it draws the campaign issues clearly and sharply. Peace, but preparedness! Here are the portentous words:-
I QUOTE - "The Republican Party is formally opposed to involving this nation in foreign war." Then again:- "The Republican Party stands for Americanism, peace and preparedness." Then it goes on to throw upon the shoulders of the New Deal the blame for unpreparedness.

It's one of the shortest platforms that the Party has ever put out. Referring to conditions at home, the platform charges that the New Deal has failed America, has failed by seducing the people to become continuously dependent upon the government, weakening their morale, quenching the traditional American spirit. The G.O.P. says further that the New Deal

has viciously attacked our industrial system, sapped its strength and vigor. It takes an acid crack at the administration for "attempting to send our Congress home during the world's most tragic hour." But the sharpest accusations pointed ^{to our un-} ~~upon~~ preparedness:- "The New Deal," says the Republican platform, "has disclosed military details of our equipment to foreign powers and has ignored the lessons of fact concerning modern mechanized armed defense."

So there you have it. That's going to be the battle cry in this bitterest of all presidential campaigns.

There's ~~argued that the~~ the utmost conflict over the prospects of the candidates. For instance, one prediction is that the first ballot will give Dewey four hundred and ten votes. ~~But that's a long way from another grapevine report which gives the~~ whittles the ~~Manhattan~~ prosecutor's first ballot strength to little more than ~~three~~ hundred.

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still

The mystery man of the convention continues to be the big gas and light man Wendell Wilkie. ~~Betting commissioners who earn their living by placing bets and figuring odds, quote Wilkie at even money.~~

CONVENTION SIDELIGHTS

Monday evening I said something about being in a fog:
just no definite idea ^{at all} as to who the Republican candidate may
turn out to be. And, tonight I am in more of a fog than ever.
Here and there ^{you} ~~who~~ run into ^a camp followers ^{or a} delegates ~~and~~ ^{or a}
~~candidate~~ managers who insist ^s that his man will win out. But,
all day I have been milling around ~~in~~ the various headquarters
and I have ^(come) ~~gone~~ back here to the Studio tonight feeling more
than ever that ^{no one} ~~none of them~~ knows ^{much} ~~any~~ more than I know or you
know. The thing is still wide open -- moreso, perhaps, than
ever before at a national convention.

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One one hand you are told that Tom Dewey still leads
the field, and that this simply ^{reflects} ~~reports~~ the attitude of the
general public as indicated in the Gallop Poll and other polls,
that Dewey is the man who can make the best race.

On the other hand ~~wh~~ you are told by people on the
inside -- (side remarks:- where is the inside at this convention?) --
^{you are} told that tonight Senator Taft, is out in front. TH Then, you ~~xxx~~
go over to the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, ^{and} ~~There~~ on one of the
upper floors ^{you} ~~who~~ find a milling throng, ^{of} Willkie enthusiasts,
singing songs, and carrying on with more enthusiasm than you

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encounter at any of the other hotels. And, you wonder what that means. ~~When~~ When I went in to chat with Mr. Willkie ~~XXXXX~~ he was with his young brother. Candidate Willkie is a big brawny, hearty, gusty, individual, and his brother is still more of a giant, ~~and an ex-olympic athlete.~~ And on the way out you run into Emil Hurja. Remember Emil? He was the chap who ^{for some years} was associated ~~for some years,~~ with Jim Farley. Emil Hurja was the political prognosticator whose dope was always so fantastically right. So much so that it made him nationally famous. Well, Emil tells me that he has been sounding out Republican County chairmen all over America, ~~by wire.~~ ~~a thousand telegrams he sent.~~ And, from them he learns that Dewey is their favorite, but that Willkie, the newcomer who has been in the race such a ~~an~~ short time, ~~that he~~ is runner up, and travelling fast.

Frank Gannett, the newspaper publisher who already has covered the continent several times in his pre-convention campaign, told me this afternoon that he had ^{flown} ~~broken~~ nearly sixty thousand miles, making speeches, meeting people, getting set for this week. Nearly every time you turn around in Philadelphia you run into Gannett banners, Gannett bands, ^{yes} and elephants parading with Gannett posters. And nearly everywhere

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the question is being asked why was so much money spent on the Gannett campaign -- if it was -- and what ~~will~~ will his reward be in case he is not nominated, ~~Will~~ Will he be invited to join the next Presidential cabinet if the Republicans win? Or, will he be given one of the big ambassadorial appointments.

Governor James of Pennsylvania was in a jovial reminiscent mood this afternoon. Stretched out on his bed in ~~a~~ ~~xx~~ his shirt sleeves, he told me something of the story of his life, from breaker boy in the coal mines to Governor of the Keystone State. And, with a rare gift of story telling
— in dialect —
he told me of the Polish fellow in Wilkes-Barre who went to the railroad station and got on a train. When the conductor came through the Polisher ~~said~~ said: "Is this train going to Pittsburgh?" "No", ^{replied} ~~said~~ the conductor, "it ~~is~~ going to Philadelphia." Whereupon the Pole responded:- "All right, so long as it's going somewhere." Governor James said he felt somewhat the same way regarding the convention: That if the party feels it needs him, why all right. If not, okay.

And then, in his deep musical bass ~~voice~~ voice he let loose some of the oratory that has carried him so far in his

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fifty nine years, from the coal pits of a Pennsylvania mining camp right up to the point where his name is about to be put before the G.O.P. convention as a candidate for the Presidency.

On all/sides of us there has been much talk of the Hoover speech last night. Seldom has a man had a more attentive audience, an audience of so many thousands ~~xxxxxxx~~ who followed him thoughtfully, without emotion, sentence by sentence. As Governor James/said today:- In Bryan's celebrated Cross of Gold speech there was just one epigram that made the speech, the sentence about crucifying upon a cross of gold. "But," said Governor James, ⁱⁿ ~~xxxx~~ Ex-President Hoover's speech last night there were at least a dozen equally striking epigrams.

FISH

One of my New York State neighbors is an engaging gentleman, named Hamilton Fish. You've heard of him Representative in Congress from my own district. A congressman -- and a darn good ball player.

Well Ham Fish wanted some inside dope about the platform today, and you might figure that he was fairly well entitled to it since he has been ranking Republican member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He thought a good place to get the inside dope would be at the office of Franklyn Waltman, publicity chief of the G.O.P. Ham knocked at the door and one of Frank Waltman's subalterns, opened. Not knowing he was talking to a big shot, he said, "nothing doing", or words to that effect. Ham Fish is not only a Congressman but in his time one of the most

famous All-American football tackles that ever bucked the line at Harvard. In short, ~~if you have followed me thus far,~~ Ham Fish is not the sort of guy in whose face you slam doors. The up-shot of the episode was that ~~Ham - I mean~~ Congressman Fish - and Publisher Strassberger, got inside Publicity Chief Frank Waltman's office.

And that's all the good it did them. All the information they got was like a box score of the Washington

Senators' baseball team. *A lot of zeros. And now Ham is on the war path.*
~~In case you're not a baseball fan -- that means~~

~~nothing.~~

Henry Ford seems to have tossed a bombshell into President Roosevelt's Advisory Defense Commission. Although I suppose there was nothing so unexpected about it. Henry Ford has a strong will and a positive mind, and has never left the country in any doubt about either. So when he announced that he flatly declined to make airplanes, engines or any war-making contraption for a foreign country, it was no more than might have been anticipated. And, as observers are pointing out, within his rights, as an American citizen, prominent or obscure.

At the same time, the announcement of his decision produces a dilemma for Henry Ford's former employee, William Knudsen, President of General Motors, and Production Coordinator of the President Defense Commission. Knudsen today is looking round for somebody else to manufacture those nine thousand airplane engines which Henry Ford was invited to make -- three thousand for Uncle Sam, six thousand for Great Britain.

Knudsen today explained that there is a solid and sound economic reason behind the pooling of those orders. Any manufacturer who is asked to turn out three thousand motors would have to revamp

his plant, go into a complicated and highly expensive job of reorganizing his ~~plant~~ ^{assembly lines,} putting in new machinery, hiring new and ~~highly qualified~~ ^{highly paid} mechanics, and so forth. It wouldn't pay

anybody to do all that just to turn out three thousand airplane

^{So} motors. That's why the British and American orders were lumped.

And that's why Bill Knudsen is now looking around for another

~~manufactures.~~ ^{manufactures.} ~~plant.~~ ^{I mentioned the other night,} Of course, as ~~somebody pointed out last week,~~ there are

no fewer than a hundred and sixty-seven factories in Detroit ^{alone,}

and the smallest of them counts its employees by the hundreds.

Like almost everybody else, I've had the most acute curiosity about the details of the terms that Mussolini forced on ~~the~~ the beaten French. Tonight we have something specific. As expected the Duce's armies will hold the lines they had reached at the moment when the bugles blared out the order to "cease firing". And a strip of land thirty miles beyond those front lines is to be demilitarized; no troops there, either French or Italian.

A similar provision applies to French possessions in Africa, but on a larger scale. A zone one hundred and twenty-five miles wide, along the French borders of Algeria and Tunisia.

By and large the Italian terms are just what we were led to expect, only a bit milder. All French fortifications, on land or sea, are to

be demilitarized - ~~knocked out. That, in the Mussolini's~~ ^{out of commission} ~~That~~ means

~~Bizerta~~ Toulon, Bizerta, Ajaccio in Corsica and Oran in Africa.

But that is only for the duration of Hitler's campaign to reduce Great Britain.

Both Fuehrer and Duce exude loud confidence that it won't take them long to knock out the United Kingdom. But there are other ideas about that.

As for the French fleet, Mussolini's claim is quite modest. He made the French promise to bring their warships into certain designated ports and ~~demobilize~~ demobilize them. On the other hand, he promised not to use them against France's former Allies, the British, nor to try to seize them after the war is over. All of which sounds fair - if you believe it.

The Petain government promises to prevent Frenchmen from leaving France to join any of the armies fighting either Italy or Germany. Any Frenchman who kicks over the traces will be stigmatized as an outlaw and a guerrilla.

The zones to be demilitarized will be designated by a commission of Italian officers. ~~Mussolini's men retain the right to~~

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Some people raised their eyebrows about that suggestion from Senator Key Pittman of Nevada that the Churchill Government should pick up and move to Ottawa.

Well, ~~there~~'s no reply from Downing Street at all, except from one of those abacadabrous persons described in the cables as an "authorative source." And it conceals a polite sting. In good United States we should phrase it: "What do you mean suggesting that we're going to be licked?" As the British put it, the Senator's proposal fails to realize that Britain has every confidence in the outcome of its battle with the Axis powers.

And now Hugh.