

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY ROGER SHAW

England to 'Fight On, Alone'

Despite French Capitulation; U. S. Speeds Up Defense Plans

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
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II GERMAN WAR:

Honorable Peace

Premier Paul Reynaud of France had often and sincerely pledged that he would lead his country in a "fight to the death" against the German invader. Thus when the government announced his resignation and the appointment of Marshal Henri Petain to take his place, the French people knew without further information that a peace offer was in the offing.

And soon it came. Marshal Petain declared to his people that he was making the enemy to end the war by giving to France a "peace with honor." Negotiations were immediately begun. While peace terms were being arranged, the badly crippled and out-gunned French army was forced to carry on its battle against Germany and Italy even as its leaders had asked for peace.

England meantime was rallying every force at her command to prepare for the next German blinding. Home defenses were bolstered and a firm resolution held away over the island center of the effective empire: "Even alone, we will fight on."

Prime Minister Winston Churchill declared in a radio address to England that the British empire would fight on "until the curse of Hitler is lifted from the brows of mankind." British leaders expressed the hope that despite any peace arrangements, France's resources would not be used against England.

Should Germany gain control of France's fleet (which would be England's in Europe) Britain would have a very serious naval problem on her hands. The British fleets of Germany, Italy and France are equal to or stronger than the great fleet of England's effective empire blockade of the axis powers would thus be put to the extreme test.

Russia meanwhile had not been idle. Exactly what the Soviet Union had in mind, few men except Joseph Stalin could be sure, but Russian troops marched into Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia and the governments in these three Baltic nations were being "reorganized" on a basis "favorable to the Soviet."

Italy Itizes
Egypt broke off relations with Mussolini, and put all her bases at the disposal of John Bull, but Mr. Bull had control of these anyway, even in times of perfect peace.

The Italians flew over Tunis and Malta and Kenya colony, and the allies flew over Tunis, Gambia, and Italian East Africa. Some lives were lost, mutually, and some names were called. Mayor LaGuardia of New York said Italian taking part in the name-calling himself. Every-one agreed that Italy was hardly heroic, but old-timers remembered Italy's parallel action in reverse back in May, 1918, when Mussolini again was war-active.

Spain Stirrs
Spain, in the sixteenth century, was the greatest and strongest of all imperial powers. There was nothing to beat her. Then, like the Romans, she declined and virtually fell. But Dictator General Franco was kicking her into stirring again. Spaniards relied for the return of Gibraltar to the British. Mussolini and Hitler helped France in the Spanish civil war, and his group are duly paid. When Italy went in, they declared Spain neutral, but merely non-belligerent, and Spanish troops were sent to the International Zone (supposedly neutralized) at Tangier, in North Africa, to help maintain Gibraltar for solid comfort.

NAMES

... in the news

It was the twenty-ninth birthday of an upstart N. Y. brother boy, William B. Shaw. He was reported to have drunk an estimated 90 whiskeys in 12 hours, then got 80 days for alleged drunkenness. He was indicted, two days for alleged driving without a license, and two days for drunkenness. He was released on \$1000 bail.

WASHINGTONIANA:

Foreign Policies

Following the President's speech at the University of Virginia, there was a storm. Part of it was a storm of applause by third-termers, New Dealers, warhawks. The rest was a storm of protest by Republicans, pacifists, independent Democrats. Senator Wheeler of Montana began to emerge as heir to the laurels of the late Senator Borah of Idaho. He indicated he might break with Roosevelt, if the Democratic party turned into the "war" party. Democrats planned to label the Democratic party by that tag, in the 1940 campaign.

On the other hand, some of the New Dealers were warning that the Johnson act and Roosevelt's own neutrality act, with its cash-and-carry provisions, France kept even as its leaders had asked for peace.

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INTERNAL INTERESTS:
Ex-Gov. Richard L. Leche of Massachusetts got 10 years in a federal jail for using the U. S. mails to defame the state in the purchase of trucks. Leche had held gubernatorial office from 1926 to 1930, when he resigned.

A new \$30,000,000 battleship, the North Carolina, was launched in the Brooklyn navy yard. She was the first of a new class of battleships, and was named in honor of the late Governor William W. Wood.

At Albany, N. Y., an organization known as the First Column was organized to oppose the U. S. military presence in Italy, and a reduced ceiling.

Pennsylvania reported half a million people, unemployed and on relief. A major purge was scheduled to start single, able-bodied men from the state in the next few weeks.

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as a patriotic offering

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If Caesar Rodney Had Not Made His Heroic Ride, Americans Might Not Now Be Celebrating the Fourth of July

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Special to the Sun.)

HANKS to the poet of Paul

Revere and Gen. Phil

Sheridan are an imperishable

part of American tradition.

But, so far, no bard has

sung of the heroic ride of

Caesar Rodney—at least,

none has given us a poem

as good as the one of those

of Henry W. Longfellow and

Thomas Buchanan Read.

Yet here is truly an epic

theme—the story of how

death rode in the saddle with

this heroic borseman of our

history might have been

changed if he had failed in his

mission. The events leading

up to Caesar Rodney's ride

were these:

On June 7, 1776, a resolution

introduced by Richard Henry

Lee of the Continental Con-

gress, declaring that "these United

Colonies are, and of right

ought to be, free and indepen-

dent States," was accepted in

a committee of the whole by rep-

resentatives of every of the

colonies—a bare majority of one. If

this revolutionary step of sever-

ing the colonies from their

loyalty to the Mother Country was

to be taken successfully, there

must be great haste in the

move for independence set about to

win over every colony to such

such a radical step.

Jonathan D. Sargent hurried

across to Delaware from New

York where delegates were

being chosen and succeeded

in securing the approval of

the delegates to the Declaration

of Independence. A few days

later the Maryland convention

opposed to the idea of declaring

for independence, reversed its

position and adopted resolutions

instructing its delegates to vote

for the Lee resolution. Next South

Carolina and adopted resolutions

instructing its delegates to vote

for the Lee resolution. Next

Pennsylvania, although its dele-

gates were split on the issue, the

majority in favor of independ-

ence. The delegates to the

Continental Congress were re-

ceiving approval for their

action in their colony, though it

was not until the 12th that ap-

proval would be forthcoming.

A Divided Delegation.

There now remained only the

vote of Delaware. The delegates

to the Continental Congress

from Delaware were divided

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TRAILER GIRL

By VERA BROWN

©Lodge

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

"Never let me, Lynn, that's all the promise I'll ever ask of you," Wild continued. "Never let me go, for I've had enough of this life. It was only a two-week trip back, but to Lynn, although they were making knots, it seemed interminable. They were traveling with the waves, which seemed gigantic. In the rear of the wild Lynn moaned aloud. Why had she not told Wild then and there about that wedding? Why? Why? She could never summon up courage now! That night they all went off to the club for dinner. Wild danced with her at every opportunity, but there were not many, for the stage line exercised its privileges, but she was too impatient to be back in Wild's arms to be other than annoyed at the many who insisted on dancing with her. Terry was there, and cut in early in the evening. "Nice than Florida, what?" he murmured in her ear. "What did that dinner with me you promised?" Lynn was vague.

"See the girls staring at you. You'll hear about this tonight, or, I fancy, See Heloise Town over there dancing with Wild? She's been on the make for him ever since she's knickerbocker, but he can do. She'd probably like to cut your throat."

Then somebody said, "Lynn saw Wild was still dancing with Heloise, the blonde, who had come with Terry last night. Wild rescued Lynn before midnight and they escaped to his car, for he had driven her over."

"You're gorgeous. We're going for a ride and I wish we didn't ever have to come back."

It was hours later when they finally got home. Everybody but Marie and two of the boys were in bed. It never occurred to Lynn that Marie had deliberately waited up, just to see what time they got in. But it did to Wild, and he was furious when Marie followed Lynn upstairs. "I'll just come in for a moment to say good night," Marie said. "Thank I'll have one more night camp."

She opened up a little cupboard which Lynn had not investigated and took out a bottle of brandy. She poured herself a stiff drink.

"Want one?"

Lynn shook her head.

"Well, here's how it's by the way, how does it feel to be a South-American sensation?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I believe you're in earnest, I mean—tonight. The boys are nuts about you. And Wild's spinning like a top. Nice work, sister. It's more than any of us could do. Marie downed the brandy, poured herself another. Lynn flushed, too embarrassed to answer.

"Last time Wild brought home one of the great ones, that was a Spanish dancer!" Marie laughed. "She made terrific passes at the old man!"

Something in Lynn's clear eyes sobered Marie for a moment.

"Well, good boy. The boys must be amused, and there's nothing like a new sensation!"

And Marie went down an uncertain good night as she went out the door.

CHAPTER XVII

Lynn slept little that night, tired as she was. She lay there in her bed room in the Village.

"He doesn't love me. I'm just a girl! Marie is right. I'm just a sensation! Why must I be like this?"

Then persistently would come memories of that morning on the windward reef. Wild had been sincere then.

"And I couldn't be honest with him."

It was all such a muddle that Lynn dissolved into tears. She slept late the next morning and awoke heavy lidded and listless. When she came down for breakfast nobody was except Chuck, who was having his solitary breakfast.

"Late hours don't agree with you," he said as he poured her a cup of coffee.

"I'm not used to them, I guess," she admitted, refusing anything to eat.

"Everybody's gone going, you might just as well let me amuse you."

Lynn managed a wistful little smile.

"Wild's playing golf with Terry. He wants me to bring you over to see the clubhouse at 11. We've got an hour."

Chuck and Lynn walked in the garden after breakfast. The girl could be had something on his mind. But he seemed more cheerful than he had lately. "You did me a good turn last night, letting me blow off steam!" he said suddenly. "I'm going to say something. Tell me it's none of your business. That's all right, but I'm going to say it anyhow."

"Of course, Mr. Austin, I was pretty hard on you."

"Call me Chuck."

"All right, Chuck."

"Now, here goes!" Chuck took a deep breath.

"It is hard to begin. I don't want you to misunderstand. You know I am fond of Wild—"

Lynn suddenly became frightened and wished Chuck would stop.

"But be careful, Lynn. He's a great guy, but women have always spoiled him. He's got a heart as big as a pretty skeptical about women; doesn't think much of them. Hasn't any love life."

Lynn tried to speak.

"Now wait until I'm through. You're a good kid. I hate to see you get your heart broken."

Lynn tried to keep her lips from trembling. "You're trying to warn me not to fall in love with Wild?"

"Not exactly, only don't make me do it. I don't mean that he's added; much what he says when he says it. But he never means it for very long at a time."

"You needn't worry about me, Chuck. I'll remember. Wild's been very kind to me. That's all."

"Just don't be too kind to him," Chuck said solemnly. "Now we'll forget all about it. You raise a man's protective instincts. Wild plays the field, Lynn. I think you ought to know it!"

Terry and Wild had just come off the ship when the evening. The three men had cocktails with Lynn at the club and a lot of people were about, but the boys were hurried back for luncheon, since there were to be a lot of extra guests with a buffet served by lawn by the swimming pool. Wild

had little chance to talk with Lynn until they had reached his home.

"Come," he told her. "We'll drink this mob as long as we can."

They went down to the beach and found a shady spot.

"What's the matter, Lynn?" Wild asked, but first he kissed her.

"Nothing."

"What's he had to do. It was Marie, wasn't it?"

"I got myself engaged to her once, she's a bit sharp about things, so just forget anything unpleasant she said."

"She was all right, Wild."

"Just as harmless as a king cobra," he told me to try for the Guggenheim. It carries a year's travel abroad. Thought I'd enter that picture of you. He thinks it might have a chance."

"Wild thinks it's good, and he has good judgment. People tell me. His father's been a collector for years."

Rene tried to make his voice sound natural as he mentioned Wild's name. Lynn was too excited to notice.

Lynn could not conceal her joy now. She hummed as she did the supper dishes, and Rene, listening, said to her, "You're a wonderful girl. When she left him that night she dropped a light kiss on his forehead."

"I'll see about the apartment tonight."

Downstairs Lynn looked for Wild. He was not there. But even that disappointment could not dampen her spirits. She hurried on over to the little apartment house which had just been done over. They were one-room apartments with a little electric stove and a fireplace which burned real wood. It was a walk-up place, but to Lynn it seemed the last word in luxury.

The second morning, with his bright September sunbath, Rene and Lynn were out. She put on a new black frock and went off to work. Rene remained in the dark circles under her eyes, thought she must remember to warn Lynn to keep better hours. Wild was taking her out too much. That was the trouble with these young girls. Madam sighed.

Later, when the shop had closed, Lynn let her mind to dream, hoping that Wild might be waiting. She looked stalling as she left the shop, her waist still black frock and small, her blonde hair. Wild wasn't there. "Terry was."

He was there, and she nodded, forcing back the tears of disappointment.

"You look as though you were expecting a date."

"I'm not. Just a date to get home and let Rene wait for an hour."

"Let me drive you?" Lynn boasted.

"Come. I've got a little time to kill if you really won't wait with me."

Terry was amusing, and he kept Lynn laughing as he recounted a party he'd attended the previous night on Long Island.

There was no time to lose. Chuck was cordial to Lynn, asked

him to make him talk to her. He could not say what was in his mind. He suspected, perhaps, that something of what Marie had said during the long week-end.

"I talked to Marie a bit when I was away, and he thinks I'm foolish to go off to Europe just now. I have some interesting plans for me."

He tilted his chair back.

"I guess I'll stay on for the winter, Lynn, and get the cash while the sun is shining on my side of the fence."

Lynn tried to conceal her joy at the announcement, but it did not deceive him. He said nothing, not telling her the whole truth, and he added with apparent casualness: "Marie would like me to try for the Guggenheim. It carries a year's travel abroad. Thought I'd enter that picture of you. He thinks it might have a chance."

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Later, when the shop had closed, Lynn let her mind to dream, hoping that Wild might be waiting. She looked stalling as she left the shop, her waist still black frock and small, her blonde hair. Wild wasn't there. "Terry was."

He was there, and she nodded, forcing back the tears of disappointment.

"You look as though you were expecting a date."

"I'm not. Just a date to get home and let Rene wait for an hour."

"Let me drive you?" Lynn boasted.

"Come. I've got a little time to kill if you really won't wait with me."

Terry was amusing, and he kept Lynn laughing as he recounted a party he'd attended the previous night on Long Island.

There was no time to lose. Chuck was cordial to Lynn, asked

him to make him talk to her. He could not say what was in his mind. He suspected, perhaps, that something of what Marie had said during the long week-end.

"I talked to Marie a bit when I was away, and he thinks I'm foolish to go off to Europe just now. I have some interesting plans for me."

He tilted his chair back.

"I guess I'll stay on for the winter, Lynn, and get the cash while the sun is shining on my side of the fence."

if he might come along some night with Wild for dinner.

"Please don't," Lynn said as he held her hand.

Next morning Lynn was up and dressed on time, found on time, and servants running in and out of her room. They wanted tips, of course. She told them five dollars to the maid if she'd helped her, and to her chambermaid, at least two dollars. Lynn was struggling with tip money when Wild stuck his head in the door.

"How you coming?" He came in, took the money and put it back in Lynn's purse. "First, how about 'good-morning' kiss?"

The maid was hovering about in the doorway. "Never mind about her. I'll take care of the tips. Come to breakfast, Sweet. We've got to be on our way."

On the drive, they were mostly silent, the silence of happiness.

Half of female New York seemed bent on getting their Autumn wardrobe ready at that first September day. It was after 8 before Lynn finally got free and climbed onto a taxi.

She walked over to a delicatessen and got some food for his supper. He had asked her to bring him there, working without a bit of food in the house.

"Have a good time?"

"Grand!" Her voice had a happy note which caught at Rene's heart. He had said that before Lynn had slapped on some deep brown paint to the picture he was doing.

He had done a lot of thinking up in the country and he had talked to Marty. Things were going well. It would be foolish to go ahead just now. In another year, perhaps—

—he turned his head. Lynn would be married to Wild by then.

When Lynn finally called him to supper, she was amazed to see tears in his eyes.

"What is it, Rene?" she said, running to his side. But he pulled away from her and answered her brusquely, trying to keep his voice hard: "When do we eat?"

CHAPTER XVII

Lynn got Rene to the supper table and tried to make him talk to her. He could not say what was in his mind. He suspected, perhaps, that something of what Marie had said during the long week-end.

"I talked to Marie a bit when I was away, and he thinks I'm foolish to go off to Europe just now. I have some interesting plans for me."

He tilted his chair back.

"I guess I'll stay on for the winter, Lynn, and get the cash while the sun is shining on my side of the fence."

Lynn tried to conceal her joy at the announcement, but it did not deceive him. He said nothing, not telling her the whole truth, and he added with apparent casualness: "Marie would like me to try for the Guggenheim. It carries a year's travel abroad. Thought I'd enter that picture of you. He thinks it might have a chance."

"Wild thinks it's good, and he has good judgment. People tell me. His father's been a collector for years."

Rene tried to make his voice sound natural as he mentioned Wild's name. Lynn was too excited to notice.

Lynn could not conceal her joy now. She hummed as she did the supper dishes, and Rene, listening, said to her, "You're a wonderful girl. When she left him that night she dropped a light kiss on his forehead."

"I'll see about the apartment tonight."

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