

Good Evening, Everybody:

(If you were with us in Philadelphia tonight you would hear about seventeen different estimates of how long that Roosevelt demonstration lasted in Convention Hall. One observer clocked it at sixty-two minutes, another at sixty-five, still a third at sixty-eight. By my watch it was a few seconds over forty minutes,) just about the same as the first of these spectacular charivaris, - I believe it was the first of them all that prolonged din for the other famous Roosevelt, the great T.R., at the Bull Moose Convention in 1912.

But maybe I was all wet as a timekeeper because I was so absorbed in the spectacle of dignified statesmen throwing dignity to the winds, elderly senators such as William Gibbs McAdoo standing on chairs, waving and shouting with all the fury and gusto of excited schoolboys, governors of sovereign states seizing their delegation standards and joining lustily in the parade.

There was a fitting, sentimental note in the fact that the nominating speech was made by the President's neighbor, his political foster father, Judge John Mack of Dutchess County, New York.

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For it was this same Judge Mack who, in 1910, nominated the unknown Franklin Delano Roosevelt for a state senatorship when not a soul thought the young man from Hyde Park had the ghost of a chance for election, and he has kept on nominating him for office ever since.

SMITH DEMONSTRATION

(In preliminary to the session today they were still trying to find out or figure out:- "What about that Al Smith outbreak last night?") In the absence of any presidential doubt or suspense, that was the reigning political question of the day. The official Democratic theory, of course, is that it was a Republican plot.

But a rumor keeps drifting around presistently, as rumors do, that it was a side-show, a bit of excitement hatched by the newspaper and news-reel camera men. One thing to egg on that suspicion was the speed with which the still camera men got on the job. The flicker of their flash bulbs could be seen (in the corner of that remote upper gallery just about 60 seconds after the Smith banners had been displayed to the astonished eyes of the Convention.) But really a minute was sufficient for those leaping fellows to swarm to the scene, climbing over everybody as they commonly do.

As for the news-reels, they shot the demonstration and fight from their platform on the other side of the hall. As it happened, the Al Smith outbreak was beautifully placed for them; all they had to do was swing their cameras and shout

for the beams of the floodlights to be focused on the fight. The news-reel camera lads were prompt in shooting the rumpus with their long range telescopic lenses. They got it - but it took them by surprise. I'm sure of it because at the time the Al Smith excitement broke, I was with Arthur De Titta, who is in charge for Fox Movietone. Certainly, if the show had been staged by the rews-reels, he as camera-commander would have been ready for it. But we were ~~was~~ nowhere near the cameras. We were down on the speakers' platform, chatting with Democratic leaders; watching the spectacle.

The latest on the Al Smith tumult is a story told by one of the young fellows who displayed the Happy Warrior banners - the banners that were torn to shreds while the boys were kicked about. Evidently they were all Italians -- youths from the local Little Italy. The one who tells all explains that they didn't know what it was about. Some fellow came up to them and said he would get them into the Convention and let them see the show if they would take the banners in and display them. And they did -- innocently unconscious of the trouble they were running into. Just innocent Philadelphians taken in by a

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wise guy -- so the story goes.

But don't let's forget the way some Republicans are interpreting the affair. They say it was a put-up job by the Democrats as a diversion, a scheme to produce a demonstration against Al Smith. But that fight certainly did help the show enormously.

DIPLOMATS

The newspaper observers have been commenting on the presence of American diplomats at the convention, ambassadors and ministers who represent the United States abroad. And, there have been jeering surmises -- the the New Deal knows it's in for a close fight, because the diplomatic notables of democracy have flocked home to take part in the convention and the campaign. However that may be it's true the boxes are full of diplomats.

That gave me the odd experience this afternoon of introducing to each other two State Department representatives who are almost neighbours of each other ten thousand miles from Philadelphia, out in the Far East. I was talking with John G. Kaufman, who recently retired as American Minister to Siam, when along came High-Commissioner Frank Murphy of the Philippine Islands.

Siam and the Philippines seem like next door ~~en~~ neighbours as distances go in the Far East -- but the two American diplomats in the Orient had never met each other.

That led to a yarn of Frank Murphy homeward bound from Manilla. His ship stopped at Shanghai. A party of Chinese

notables came down to greet him, a pageant of magnificent flowing silks. Governor Frank Murphy was asleep in his cabin.

Aroused he came out and received the delegation in his pajamas. That recalled how the late Huey Long once shocked and outraged a group of German naval celebrities by greeting them in his pajamas. "But the Chinese dignitaries," said Minister Kaufman, "were delighted with Gov. Murphy's informality." Maybe they thought the American Governor General was garbed in Oriental style, had gone Chinese - those pajamas.

Minister Kaufman joked about how he was once the highest minister in the world -- in Bolivia, at an altitude of 18,000 feet above sea level. This exalted station affected his heart, so he took a long slide downward. The State Department shifted him to Bangkok, Siam, ten feet above sea level.

I wanted to have a chat with Ambassador Bingham and talk about today's international news -- the opening of the League of Nations proceedings in Geneva. It would have been

interesting to have ^{some comment from the Amer. Ambassador} ~~an American slant~~ on that exceedingly

embarrassing affair -- the League lifting those sanctions against Italy, calling off the punishment from the neck of Mussolini. ⁵² ~~π~~ The Geneva statesmen, starting their session today, are in a sufficiently awkward position of backdown defeat, without having Haile Selassie on hand to make their faces still redder. And to pile it on, a practical jokester played some pranks at Geneva today -- pranks quite as embarrassing as the Al Smith comedy, here in the convention last night.

(The serious part of the Geneva news is that the former King of Kings appeared today to plead his case and demand that the League shall compel Mussolini to get out of Ethiopia, so that Haile Selassie may be restored to the throne of the Queen of Sheba.) The former Conquering Lion of Judah ^h traveled via Paris, where he got a snub. Neither the French Government nor the French people paid any attention to him -- the railroad station deserted. But at Geneva it was a different story. Haile Selassie arrived on the railroad, traveling second class. On the same train, traveling

To London

first class, was Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, and he didn't get a hand at Geneva either! Several thousand people did burst into an ovation at the station, but the applause was for the dignified little man who comes like an accusing ghost to the counsel table of the League of Nations.

Shortly after Haile Selassie's arrival Geneva was mystified by his lightning-swift actions -- or what were supposed to be his actions. There was Haile Selassie in an open car, Ethiopian costume, black cape, white trousers, pith helmet. And that same familiar swarthy face with a hook nose and a melancholy beard. This Haile Selassie proceeded to dash from place to place, accepting salutes, and laying wreaths on public monuments, flowers upon flowers, all with the utmost haste and informality. Diplomatic Geneva was aghast. Had the fallen monarch gone mad? The ghost ~~of~~ at the Council Table running wild?

The international embarrassment was terrific, faces scarlet red. Then it developed that it was all a joke - a young Swiss Fascist impersonating Haile Selassie. This man's face and figure were such that he was able to make up as a

dead-ringer for the King of Kings.

All the time while this crazy business was going on -- the fugitive emperor of Ethiopia was at his hotel, preparing himself for a solemn appearance before the League.

Such is today's news about which I wanted to chat with Lloyd Bingham, our Ambassador to London. But it was no go, the pandemonium was swelling high, the business of the Presidential nomination was on its way, and words of conversation were drowned out by the din.

LABOR

The thunder of the ovation at the end of the Roosevelt nominating speech was still going on when I came across a figure who brought to mind another bit of news from Europe today. He was Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, the "New Deal Trouble Shooter" when labor disputes come along. Naturally, he reminded me of the days dispatch from France. French news right now is strike news. In Marseilles where the walk-out was supposed to have been settled, nine thousand strikers are on the rampage -- no settlement at all, - striking sailors seizing ships, hoisting red flags and cheering ~~for~~ for the Soviets. Workers on new French battle-ships all on strike. Communists near Paris attacking a local mayor.

And the first blood has been shed in that nationwide but hitherto peaceful revolt of labor. Bloodshed -- not in France proper, but in French North Africa, to which the epidemic of strikes has spread. In Algiers 150 native workers savagely attacked the police, overwhelming them with a barrage of stones. The police opened fire. Six gendarmes knocked out by stones, while seven strikers were wounded by gun fire.

But I didn't have any chat with Strike Settler McGrady, about those foreign labor troubles. We walked out of the steaming, thundering Roosevelt ovation to get a breath of air in a corridor, and he told me of some of his own problems. He said he had just received word of a strike riot at Gadson, Alabama - the Goodyear Plant. He thought he might have to leave for that town tonight because things looked threatening. Strike leaders locked up ~~xx~~ supposedly to keep them from being lynched.

But he told me the most serious labor problem that he sees on the horizon is three months away -- September 29th. On that date the Assistant Secretary of Labor told me, the renewal of all maritime contracts comes up on the Pacific Coast. There will have to be an agreement between ship and dock workers and the maritime companies, he said - or there will be one of the biggest of strikes. Mr. McGrady added that there might be a walk-out that would tie up all the Pacific Coast ports and spread to the Gulf Coast and the Atlantic too.

After that gloomy prognosticacion was made, we

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went back inside where the delegates were celebrating their wild jubilee, singing "Happy Days Are Here Again".

G- MEN

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At breakfast this morning -- some of us, observers, and newspaper men, were talking about the G-Men ^{how} and/the President and the Attorney General have allowed Mr. J. Edgar Hoover to take all credit for the really magnificent exploits of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Among these observers, the consensus of opinion seemed to be Mr. Hoover and his G-Men had done such a great piece of work that the higher-ups, the Attorney General and the President, very wisely would not take any of the credit unto themselves.

But, the G-Men came to the convention today. Attorney General Cummings made one of the speeches seconding Mr. Roosevelt. He was there representing Connecticut. And Chairman Joe Robinson made an ^{eloquent} ~~elegant~~ speech handing the credit for what the G-Men have done to Attorney General Cummings. The ^{band} ~~band~~ struck up the Star Spangle Banner and the Connecticut~~s~~ delegates produced a banner about fifty feet long on which were

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the words: "For the protection of the family and the
home -- Homer Cummings"

But the Attorney General didn't follow it up,
made no mention of G-Men.

SENATOR ADAMS

At lunch this afternoon -- while the seconding speeches were still going on and on and on --, I chatted with Senator Alva Adams and his wife from Colorado, and Mrs. Burns, the wife of Senator Burns. Senator Adams, by the way made a short, humorous seconding speech which seemed to make a hit with the crowd. If you were listening in, you may recall that he's the one who said:

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"Out my way we love the Republicans. In fact, I live on the Republicans. In Colorado they have all the money. " Then, he added, "Governor Landon of Kansas is one of my Republican neighbors.. We like him too. In fact, we like him so much that we're going to keep him as a neighbor. We're going to vote to keep him right in Kansas."

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Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Burns both agreed that our present form of national convention is on its way out, because of the radio. Said Mrs. Adams: "When we older people have the radio on, listening to long convention speeches, and when the youngsters come into the room

they say: 'So you're still listening to that?'" Then, added the wife of the Senator from Colorado: "Zip, zip, and they turn it off." And zip, zip and I'm off -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.