

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1936.

Cumman.
WBB

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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East, west, it's all politics tonight. The big battle is on along three fronts. In Washington Mr. Lemke pow-wows with the other leading world-savers of his third party. Going across the continent we hear faint, subdued bellows from the Bull Moose. The LaFollette Progressives are holding forth in Oshkosh, ~~Wisconsin~~, deciding which way to make their cat jump, ^{— from Oshkosh.} In Topeka, Kansas, Governor Landon preserves his strategic silence, ~~lets~~ leaving it to ~~his own chairman~~ John Hamilton, to do the talking in New York tonight at the big testimonial dinner for the G.O.P. chairman. That will be the real opening shot of the G.O.P. campaign.

Now, how about Philadelphia? (What's the reaction to that round robin manifesto from Al Smith, Ex-Governor Ely of Massachusetts, and their partners in protest? Nothing to it, say the big shot Democrats, echoing their Chairman Big Jim Farley.) Smith and his crowd are just a bunch of soreheads.

Furthermore, add the Democrats, Smith spoiled his shot by firing it too soon, firing it at that Liberty League banquet last January. If he had held it until now, what a bombshell it would have been!

Nevertheless, behind the cheering in Philadelphia, the playing of bands and the general jubilation, there's an undercurrent of worry. Whisperings in corridors and distressful arguments behind closed doors. The big shots of the party, when they think nobody is watching, show furrowed brows and an anxious gleam in their eyes.

There's one new angle to that manifesto. Chairman Farley announces it will not be read to the delegates en masse. In other words he won't incur the danger of any ~~ex~~ echoing sentiment from the crowd? But any delegate including Mr. Smith can get up and have his say. If anybody answers the telegram it will be Mr. Roosevelt. And so far Mr. Roosevelt is following the same course, ignoring the new attack of his erstwhile "Old Potato". The principal blast against Smith comes from another former ally, Governor Herbert Lehman of New York, Smith's protégé in politics.

Turning to the less serious side of the Convention, Stanley Chipman of the PROVIDENCE JOURNAL, told me an amusing thing. The Democratic bosses are determined to keep out the gate-crashers. They've hired private detectives to watch the doormen of the auditorium. On top of that, they've organized a large committee of young Democrats, one of whom will stand at every door. They will detect the detectives. That ought to make this the toughest convention in all history to crash. Nevertheless, I ran into that champion crasher, One-Eye Connolly, in Philadelphia. Wonder whether a corps of detectives plus a committee of young Democrats can keep One-Eye outside the gates!

CONVENTION - PERSONAL

If you had been at the Pennsylvania Station in New York this afternoon you would have witnessed a picturesque scene. A dense crowd packed around the gate leading to a special train bound for Philadelphia. There was an aisle through the crowd and along that aisle passed dozens of gentlemen, most of whom - most of whom so jovial, smiling and good natured, looked as though either they or their ancestors had been intimately associated with the Emerald Isle.

Above the gateway leading to the train shed was a sign on which was neatly painted the following: "Tammany Hall Delegation to the Democratic National Convention." And on another board, painted equally neatly I saw names such and reservation numbers as the following:- Steve Ruddy, A2; James Dooling, A3; Dennis Mahon, B2; Mike Kennedy, B3; John J. Mahony, and so on and so on, indicating where the great men of Tammany Hall could be found on the train. For the Tiger was setting forth from the jungle of New York, to take part in the harmony convention, the hijunks and jollification in the city of brotherly love which are being called the Roosevelt Ratification.

And what were they all talking about, the delegates of Tammany Hall and spectators standing on the sidelines there at Penn. Station? Yes, You've guessed it. They were discussing Al Smith, who was not with that Tammany party bound for Philly. Conspicuous by his absence. They were discussing that poke-in-the-jaw which Al and his dissenting Democratic friends had sent to the Convention delegations. I gathered that Al Smith still has many ardent supporters in Tammany Hall. And in Philadelphia, on all sides, I heard people remark: "Wonder if there's any chance of an unknown orator, some one who thinks the way Al Smith does, any chance of some unforeseen excitement at the Convention? Everybody assumes that Jim Farley will have the Philadelphia affair under complete control, that there will be no dissenting voices. But, some are beginning to wonder if there's a remote possibility of an exploding bombshell. They are saying that it's a perfect set-up for an ambitious and little-known Democrat to grab the limelight and gain national fame overnight.

CONVENTION HALL

Although there is absolutely nothing happening at the Convention Hall until tomorrow, so great is the curiosity of the crowds pouring into Philadelphia that hundreds have been visiting the great building today, just to have a look at it. When I was there the carpenters and mechanics were still at work, putting the final touches to the broadcasting booths at the rear of the stage just back of the speakers' stand. Gentlemen of the Democratic National Committee were there, inspecting. One of them pointed out to me ~~in~~ what ideal arrangements had been made for the press - compact - the rostrum right in the midst of the press.

(The Convention Hall looks small in comparison with the one in Cleveland.) But I understand that three times as many lights are to be trained down from the rafters upon the speakers. So I imagine the crowds will have the fun of watching political orators fried to a frazzle, well done on both sides. Will these high powered lights cause them to get up all the more steam or will they dry up?

The weather in Philadelphia today was perfect, sunny

and cool. If it stays that way all week the crowds will be as well off from the standpoint of weather as they would be if the affair were held at some summer resort in the mountains.

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At the Cleveland Convention Chairman Snell broke up quite a few ~~gr~~ gavels. Some Democratic scout must have been there, because the Democrats today were putting in a block of wood for Chairman Farley to bang on, and a gavel that would be okay as a pile driver.

Adjoining the Convention Hall is an exposition building and in this the Democrats have arranged exhibits ~~in~~ to show what the PWA has accomplished, and the CCC. Also, exhibits representing the army, the navy, the Federal Investigation Bureau, of the Department of Justice, and so on. As an exposition it doesn't amount to much - mainly hundreds of enlarged photographs. But it ought to serve at least one splendid and noble purpose:- If the delegates and visitors get bored stiff by the speeches, why they can just stroll next door and look at the pretty pictures. Both speeches and pictures for

the purpose of assuring us that President Roosevelt and the New Deal should be continued for another four years.

Delegates have been pouring into Philadelphia now for several days. And I found a traffic jam in great hotels such as the Bellevue-Stratford and the Ritz-Carlton, and even a traffic jam in exclusive, swagger smaller hotels like the Barclay.

Fred Essary, dean of Washington correspondents, told me he had been hanging around Philadelphia for five days now and had found it desperately hard to locate any news. Everybody seems to agree that it's just going to be a grand holiday for the Democrats, a jolly good time, a lot of fun watching the steam-roller, and then winding up with the dramatic climax next Saturday when Mr. Roosevelt addresses the ~~mi~~ multitude at Franklin Field.

(Oh yes, Mayor Wilson has issued a lot of warnings to visitors. One paragraph of his warning that caught my eye reads as follows:- "Be on the alert if approached by an apparently half drunk, jovial fellow who attempts to stick a cigar in your mouth. This occurs mainly in Gents' Rooms in hotels. While such a man is giving you a cigar he is removing your wallet."

All signs point to a gay and festive week in the Quaker Capital.

CHAIRMEN

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The opening of the Convention has revived a rumor studded with whiskers and badly in need of a shave. It's one we've been hearing throughout the last three years, almost every time Jim Farley got his name into the papers. Yes, I mean the familiar report that he is going to lose his nickname of "Three-in-One Jim": ^{That} Soon after the Convention, he will resign as Postmaster General and give all his time to the other two jobs, Democratic National Chairman and New York State Chairman.

This well worn bit of gossip gets its usual reply. "Nothing to it", says Sunny Jim. But experienced observers point out that handling two campaigns at once will be an all-time job for any man. That would leave the amiable James Aloysius precious few seconds ^{for} running Uncle Sam's post office. They also point out that John ~~Hamilton~~ Hamilton, the Republican Chairman, who will do the talking ^{Governor} for Landon, has no official post to claim his attention. He can concentrate his entire energy on the campaign. Consequently, they say Mr. Farley will have his work cut out fighting Mr. Hamilton without bothering about our mail.

SPORTS

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If it weren't for politics and the Convention, the biggest topic of the day would be sports. The classic English tennis championship matches at Wimbledon would be almost enough by themselves to hold preferred position in the news. But in addition to that, there's the great regatta up at Poughkeepsie, the thirty-seventh intercollegiate race, ^{along the Hudson. We'll} ~~we shall~~ know all about it in ~~a little more than~~ ^{one} an hour from now. There are ~~sixty~~ ^{sixty odd} thousand spectators on the banks of the Hudson, waiting for the cry, "Ready, row!" ~~That's~~ the cry that will send seven husky varsity teams swinging north on that terrific ^{final} four-mile grind.

Once again the westerners, Washington and California, are heavy favorites. But, whether it's local sentiment or not, some experts give the Cornell crew a good chance. All in all, however, ~~it~~ what makes this year's affair so exciting is the question: "Will California's Golden Bears establish a ~~new~~ record with a fourth consecutive win at Poughkeepsie?" ~~They~~ ~~have two Olympic victories to their credit already.~~

Ordinarily, they would be favorites by long odds. What lowers

the odds is the race they lost to the Washington Huskies in their home waters.

As for Wimbledon, the hero of the day was Bitsy Grant of the United States. As usual he had a tough assignment. His colleagues, Don Budge, Wilmer Allison, Gene Mako, and John Van Ryn had an easy time getting through their first round. But Bitsy, as usual, drew the tough target. He had to beat Henner Henkel, the sensational young racquet virtuoso of the German Davis Cup team. Bitsy lost his first two sets and didn't seem to have a chance. But in the third he found a flaw in his opponent's game and started hammering at it. Thereupon the German began to crack and Bitsy took the match. But he'll have tough going all along the line. For in his half of the draw are Fred Perry, the English champ, Vivian McGrath and Adrian Quist, the fast cracks from Australia and his own countrymen, Don Budge and John Van Ryn.

For Britain Fred Perry won his first round easily, likewise the German Baron, Gottfried Von Cramm.

CHINA

Over in China there's a fuse burning dangerously short. The fuse leading to the dynamite in the political turmoil of the Far East. Everybody out there seems to agree that some sort of explosion is inevitable. And that surely will be a shot heard round the world, as surely as the bullet that killed an Austrian Archduke twenty-two years ago,

It's in the Province of Kwangsi, that the explosive scene pills up most formidably tonight. Kwangsi is ruled from Canton. And the observers on the spot tell us that it is there the big blow-off will start in the shape of a civil war, the most deadly since the jade throne of the Manchu emperors was overthrown. Here's what makes the picture ominous:- On the northern border of Kwangsi are massed the troops of the Nanking government. That's no idle rumor. We learn it through an official announcement from the Cantonese. Nanking, say the Cantonese, proposes to try to crush Canton's power both in Kwangsi and in Kwangtung. And there's a sting in the tail of that ~~ga~~ announcement. It's contained in the defiance that the ~~gi~~ big-shots in Canton flung at Nanking. They

declare, "We are ready for anything Nanking may attempt. The moment Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek's soldiers cross the borders of Kwangsi, our generals will be prepared with the stoutest defense that has ever been seen in China." *So says Canton.*

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So far there ^{has} been no actual fighting. But if either side makes a move or even a wrong kind of a gesture, that civil war is bound to erupt.

MEXICO

Stories of embarrassing moments are always enjoyable.

That is, other people's embarrassing moments. This one happened in the ~~picturesque~~ old Mexican City of Jalisco (Halisco).

In a certain house of that picturesque ~~town~~^{town} ~~the~~^a roulette wheel was rattling merrily. At another table the dice clattered up against the board. Elsewhere the rattling of chips played an obligato to the ~~note~~ polyphony of the grand old game of poker.

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Came the dawn, dawn over Jalisco. With the dawn came a company of soldiers, Mexico's finest. At the orders of His Excellency, General Cardenas himself, they raided that den of pleasant iniquity. One hundred of the guests and inmates were loaded into cars and rushed off to the Cuartel, the police station of Jalisco.

That's where the embarrassing moment came in.

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When the prisoners were lined up, the first to be identified were, one - the Mayor of Jalisco; two - the chief of police; three - the chief of detectives; four - one senator; five and six - two congressmen; seven - an ex-governor of the sovereign state of ~~Gu~~adalahara. Just for small change, the raiders caught

in their dragnet round half a dozen or so other officials of the federal government. That was embarrassing.

And it will be embarrassing for me if I don't say.

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.