

at Cleveland Convention June 12, 1936

L. T. - SUNOCO- FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1936

VICE-PRESIDENT

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RETAKE

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the ticket. Col. Knox like nearly everyone else, thought Vandenberg, at the last moment, would ^{weaken, and} take it.

Here's another of those wild rumors, inside stuff in Cleveland. (It is whispered that Vandenberg would have ~~xxx~~ taken the Vice-Presidential place if he could have had it by acclamation, just as Landon was acclaimed.) But it couldn't be that way. So the Senator stuck to his original determination to refuse.

COLONEL KNOX

As to Colonel Knox - the man who is to run for the Vice-presidency, I have had the honor of knowing him for some years, and can tell you a thing or two about him. The Kansas delegates say that Alf Landon has courage, common sense and is stubborn as a mule. The same description goes for Frank Knox. He's a fighter from the toes up. He comes from New England, his features are chiseled in granite, his fists are like the same rock, he is both cool and firey, a born leader, a born battler.

Neither Governor Landon nor Colonel Knox has any special gift of oratory. But they have other qualities which make it certain that this is going to be a rip-roaring campaign.

Both men have made their way in the world. Colonel Knox from a cub newspaper reporter in Michigan to the publisher of a paper in New Hampshire, to the executive leadership of a great string of papers from coast to coast, and recently to the ownership of the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, one of the world's most important newspapers.

Four years ago I stood with Colonel Knox at both the Democratic and Republican Conventions in Chicago, watching the parades, listening to the speeches of the nomination. I little

thought then that I was standing beside the next Republican vice-presidential nominee.

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One night since then we were having dinner together, in Chicago. Professor Keeler of Northwestern University, authority on ballistics and crime, dropped in to demonstrate his famous lie detector to us, a device that registers your blood pressure. Both Colonel Knox and I tried it ^{out.} ~~on~~ Freeman Gosden of "Amos an' Andy" fame, also. ~~tried the experiment.~~ And Colonel Knox, exerting that tremendous will-power of his, came nearer to fooling the lie detector than anyone *ever had.*

LANDON

It must be great to run for these high offices, doing your stuff in the dazzling spotlight of national politics, bowing to a thunder of cheers, competing for the greatest elective office in the world today. (Governor Landon now knows the thrill, as the sweep of his victory came to him over the radio,) as his neighbors stormed around him in a triumphant ovation -- and, as every instrument of publicity now focuses on him.

But in the midst of all the elation, "quiet" Landon of Kansas took time out of the jubilee, and turned to a while of sober thought. He's running for the presidency. But he knows he's walking alone. That's the way it is when you strive for a lofty goal. In great and final decisions you must be your own guide. You're on your way, by yourself.

Alf Landon was told that today over a telephone wire -- by that sagacious old philosopher, William Allen White. No whoops of victory from the Sage of Emporia to the candidate he helped so much to nominate. Instead, it was an earnest injunction.

"From now on, you walk alone," White told Landon. And

Bill White is right - at the top it's a lonely road.

BORAH

(Borah left Cleveland yesterday after giving the platform a none too enthusiastic okay. "It was just fair." -- That was about his attitude.) And then along came the candidate with a telegram putting himself on record in favor of the two planks Borah had kept out.

That made the Senator mad, and he said so. He explained that he wasn't surprised by the ideas Governor Landon expressed -- not at what he had done, but at the way he did it. "I knew the Governor's stand," said Borah, "but I didn't think about his doing this."

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What is the indignant Senator from Idaho expected to do? The Republicans have been worried all along about Borah. Could they keep him in line? The Question is all the more acute tonight. The Senator himself refuses to say what he will do. Political observers point out that he has three possible courses. He can swallow his annoyance and support the ticket, or he can buck out of harness completely and oppose Landon publicly. Or he can take the middle of the road, neither support nor oppose, say nothing -- like Achilles sulking in his tent. And

that's what he's expected to do -- take the middle of the road.

As for the Republican nominee, his platform telegram has increased his prestige in many quarters. Critics today have not been backward in saying that yesterday's platform is not an altogether decisive document. They say it's couched in generalities, beating around the bush, squirming around dangerous topics. Landon's forthright stand, going beyond the platform, insisting on his own ideas -- raises him above the ambiguous caution of some of the planks. As Col. Knox said when Landon's telegram was read: "That man has guts!"

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But it's curious to find Landon and Borah at odds in just the way they are. You'd expect them to be ~~two~~ poles apart on gold. But in addition to that we see Landon the conservative speaking up for the constitutional amendment, while Borah the Liberal shrinks from touching the constitution. That's something of a political paradox.

CONFERENCE REPUBLICANS

The curtain went down on the last act of the Republican Convention of Nineteen Thirty-two, the final scene, ~~was~~ in the ball-room of a Cleveland Hotel. There the cream of the ^{new} G.O.P., ~~which~~ was to be found late this afternoon. It was the meeting of the National Committee, assembled to reorganize the machinery of the Party, elect a new National Chairman, and all the other big-wigs to do the hard work of the campaign.

It was a curious meeting of the Old Guard and the New Guard. Fresh faces like Packard of Ohio, and Owlett of Pennsylvania, Corbert of South Carolina, the man who never wears a necktie, and Congressman Joe Martin of Massachusetts, ~~were to be seen~~ side by side with such veterans as Ex-Senator George Moses of New Hampshire, Senator Cary of Wyoming, Charles P. Hilles of New York, and Ralph Williams of Oregon.

Before the meeting opened, there were rumors of a fight. However, the fight was nothing ~~is~~ but shadow boxing. The talk was ~~that the~~ ^{of a} movement to elect Congressman Martin, floor leader of the Landon forces, the new Chairman. That was supposed to be a concession to the east. Actually, it meant

nothing but talk. It was a law of the Medes and Persians in both political parties, ~~that~~ that the presidential nominee dictates the name of the new Chairman.

And so it happened.

The meeting, which took place in front of a group of newspaper men, was opened by a ^{cadisy}~~crack~~ old nestor of the west, Ralph Williams of Oregon, senior member of the Committee. The first thing he did was to read a communication from Governor Landon. That communication conveyed Mr. Landon's formal request that John Hamilton, the young man who got him the nomination, should be elected Chairman of the Republican Party. It was done with the utmost smoothness and politeness. But there was a dramatic note when the ~~representative~~ committeeman who arose in his seat to nominate Mr. Hamilton turned out to be Charles A. Hilles of New York, one of the most rock-ribbed of the eastern Old Guard. The moment Mr. Hillis sat down there was a scramble by committeemen and committee-women from all over the Union, to second Mr. Hamilton. Thereupon, naturally, his election was declared unanimous. Then followed a really extraordinary spectacle. Among all those

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experienced politicians, veterans of many a political war, the man who took the seat at the head of the table as Chairman was occupied by a slim, handsome, brown-haired young man, who looks young enough to be a grandson of several among his colleagues.

I heard an interesting comment on Mr. Hamilton from a member of the party who ought to know. It was Senator Cary, the six foot four, two hundred pound leader of Wyoming. He looks just like what he is, an old-time cattle owner and stock man. He is peculiar among politicians because he says what he means and means what he says. About young John Hamilton of Kansas City he says:- "He will make just as good a national chairman as Will Hays was for Harding. I have never seen anything slicker than the way John Hamilton put over Governor Landon."

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The rest of the communication received from Governor Landon was a request that a committee appointed by the chairman should come to Topeka next Tuesday. It was so agreed and there the committee named by the chairman will get together with Mr. Landon and the rest of the machinery that will grind out the hard, gruelling work of the most exciting campaign the Republicans have faced in many, many years.

And here's a word from young Mr. Hamilton himself:-

"You might say if you care to that my election as Chairman means a re-organization of the Party by the Younger Group."

At that I asked: "How do you think the Older Group will like

it?" Mr. Hamilton smiled genially, ~~He's got quite a pleasant~~

~~smile,~~ and said confidently:- "They don't seem to be averse

to it."

RUSSIA

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The big political show at Cleveland fades away into the plain reality of the accomplished fact. And as we glance over today's news the Convention scene dissolves into a distant spectacle of bulbous towers, roughly dressed crowds, the Kremlin and Red Square. Over here the G.O.P. has made American political history, while Moscow announces the same sort of thing from its own side of the fence. ~~The London legions hope to make the United States Republican, while Stalin and his cohorts are making Russia democratic.~~ It gave one a novel feeling today: -- with ears and brains crammed full of the Cleveland Convention doings to take note of the new Soviet Constitution.

The mere headline has a startling look -- Russia turns to democracy. And the reading of the new Stalin decree confirms the bewildering impression. Red Russia, the dictatorship of the Proletariat, the iron-handed rule of the lords of Communism, the OGPU, those ferocious red courts, mass executions, the crushing of the Kulaks -- that's what Russia has meant to us ever since Lenin and Trotsky seized power eighteen years ago.

What a contrast the new picture gives us -- a parliament,

an upper and lower house, free and secret ballot, the right of freedom of speech, freedom of religion, property in small units guaranteed, small-time private enterprise -- all recognized by law.

Hard-boiled Communism turns into democracy! That summarizes the new constitution which today was approved by the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee at Moscow.

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Russia will stay Socialist -- that is emphasized by today's dispatch from the Kremlin. All large industry will remain collectivized, operated by the government. Individuals may engage in business and may run their own farms -- but are not allowed to exploit the labor of others, not permitted to employ people to work for them. That's been the keynote of the Stalinist system of Socialism as it has developed in Moscow, and it is clarified as the keynote in the new Constitution, ^{now announced.} It's the central idea of Communist Russia's ban on capitalism. Obviously, if all private business is merely personal and you can't employ labor -- why then large private industry is impossible. And the same goes for farming. If you are forbidden to employ farm labor, large landholders are out of the picture.

Thus, according to the new Constitution, Russia retains its Socialism of the Stalinist variety. But otherwise the new government has all the trappings of a democratic regime. The lower house of the Soviet Parliament will be elected by universal suffrage and a secret ballot.

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The Russian upper house reminds one a bit of our own United States Senate. Our Senate represents not the people but the states. The Moscow upper house will represent -- "Nationalities", the various peoples, European and Asiatic, of the vast Russian realm. Right now these "Nationalities" exist as separate Soviet Republics. Hence the title U.S.S.R., the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Add to that form of government the usual freedom, liberties and rights coming under the head of democracy and you have the picture of a new kind of regime which Stalin, the Red Dictator, announces is to be set up.

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Tonight the rest of the world is wondering what all this amounts to. Will it be a real democracy, or will it be a democratic camouflage for a continued dictatorship? Only time can give the answer.

FRANCE

It was a thing of world consequence when the workers in France began to stage that epidemic of strikes -- the seizure of the factories. But it's far more catastrophic now, because the French strike trouble has hit the Americans in Paris -- those citizens of the United States who love to frolic on the boulevards.

Today the waiters and bartenders of the fancy hotels and cafes of Paris joined the strike seige. At the Grand Crillon, the Continental, and other swagger hostelries waiters, chefs, bus boys and chambermaids walked out. In such glamorous dining places as Maxims and Webbers they no longer serve steak Chateaubriand and Crepe Suzette. The bartenders at Harry's Bar seized, not the factory, but the bar.

So tonight the bars in Paris are closed to the Americans.

And, SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.