

001305

*after seeing Harry Byrd Jr.  
I hope into the Presidency*

*Pete Conrad  
Frank Brown  
Mike Collins*

REMARKS

BY

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

ALFALFA CLUB

STATLER HILTON HOTEL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*President Byrd -*

*I surely wish I  
could have ~~gotten~~  
a ~~former~~ President  
recommend me  
like ~~like~~ you  
had to do.*

*Just returned from  
the moon -*

JANUARY 24, 1970

*in Vice President - President Byrd (memo  
saluted  
Democrat)*

Secretary Rogers, Senator Byrd,

*President*

Lyndon Johnson, wherever

you are... Gentlemen of the Alfalfa Club and guests!

*now gentlemen in the ~~Antony~~ Capital*

Let me make one thing perfectly clear, I stand before you as

a living rebuttal to the idea that if you've seen one Vice President,

you've seen them all. !

*for which V.P. Agnew most  
grateful!*

*But*

You ought to know one more thing about me, before we proceed

on this historic convention: I am no longer a household word. ! My *distinguished*

successor is.

-2-

*all the time*

Kay Graham talks about him ~~and~~ at her house. So do

Scotty Reston and Averell Harriman and Eric Severeid. *and Frank Stanton*

⚡ It is strange, but somehow I can't believe this is a real  
nomination. Where's Dick Daley? Where's the tear gas? Where's  
Gene McCarthy? Where's Sandy Vanocur? — ~~—~~

*End*, No one seems mad at me! There are no policemen, no  
hippies, no yippies, not even any Eastern television commentators  
with smirks. (You can always tell those fellows by their smirks.)

⚡ Fellow Alfalfans, I have given serious thought as to whether  
 or not I should courageously and sacrificially accept your draft  
 as I have done for lesser parties in the past.

⚡ Just last night, I said to Muriel, "I don't know if I want this  
nomination for President." *Simone* I even wrote out a speech saying I  
 wouldn't run -- kind of a state of the reunion speech!

But tonight, when I reached into my pocket, it wasn't there!  
 I guess Muriel ~~left~~ left it on the bedside table!

*Then*

For a while, I didn't think I'd make it here. It was only this morning that I got my clearance to cross the Potomac -- from the Attorney General's office!

It was a funny looking legal document, hand written, on pink, frilly paper. All it said was, "Safe conduct for one old radical turned Alfalfan." It was signed, "Martha"!

I didn't really make up my mind about your nomination until I drove past the White House today and realized that for a whole ~~year~~ year Richard Nixon has been sitting in there, eating ketchup and cottage cheese, watching football games, and telling everyone that he represented the silent majority.

That really got me mad! What the Alfalfa Club needs is someone who can out-Nixon Nixon. I said to myself, "I've eaten more cottage cheese than he has, I've been to more football games, and God knows I have been silent for a majority of my public career!"

So, my fellow Alfalfans, in the spirit of middle America, I accept your nomination, and I'm raring to "lower my voice" and get going!

I'm willing to campaign on a high level -- except it would be so lonely up there!

And I'm going to campaign on an Alfalpa platform that recommends a new Presidential election system! You can't blame me for being dissatisfied with the old one.

I was brought up to believe that any boy could run for the Presidency twice -- so it is truly wonderful to have the Alfalpa Party behind me today.

Of course, it would have been wonderful to have had any party behind me in 1968!

But that defeat had its blessings. Without the fervent <sup>enthusiastic</sup> support ~~my campaign~~ received from every segment of a united, harmonious, well-financed happy Democratic Party -- from Lester Maddox to Jesse Unruh to Gene McCarthy -- without that kind of support, Muriel might be sitting in the White House with me today, eating Minnesota cottage cheese, leaving speech drafts on my night table, hiring the social staff, firing the social staff, hiring the social staff . . . . and I

would not be here to accept this nomination.

*+think of it,*  
*then,* who knows, if I had won, the stock market might have *gone down,*  
~~softened,~~ *Washington DC might have Crime on the Streets,*

...the oil depletion allowance might have been cut.

*Why,* We might still have inflation -- ~~we might~~ *and* still be in Vietnam --

~~and Texas might have won the National Football Championship.~~

↳ You know, when an election is as close as mine was in 1968,  
it's hard to believe it's all over -- It didn't really sink in til I got

my Alfalpa nomination. When Alfalfa nominates you, you know  
you've lost -- Alfalfans -- the illustrious losers -- who remembers

them now -- ~~Cat at Lodge~~ Harold Stassen, Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon .....

Richard Nixon???

↳ You've heard a lot of stories about campaigning, but let me  
tell you what it ~~was like~~ *was like*. Here's a typical day.

↳ First thing in the morning, a guy from Dale Carnegie hit me  
in the nose.

↳ At noon, a guy, (and that's a guy, not goy), from the

-6-

Anti-Defamation League called me a dirty ethnic name. Later, I got on an elevator and someone tried to hijack it to Cuba.

Before dinner, I called Dial-a-Prayer and they hung up on me.

And then I gave my speech in Salt Lake City! That speech *sure* got a lot of publicity! Unfortunately, more last month than during the campaign? *By the way,* Did you know the Johnson-Cronkite interview was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize -- in fiction!

A year ago when I found myself out of a job I did what everybody else does. I went down to the unemployment office and filled out the forms. *the* And then an interviewer asked me some questions.

"Well, Mr. Humphrey, what kind of a job do you feel qualified for?"

"President of the United States," I replied.

And he wrote down "Needs intense counseling."

Then he asked me how long I had my last job and I said,

"Four years."

-7-

"You mean to tell me, Mr. Humphrey, that you're 57 and you've been on your last job only four years?"

So, he wrote, "restless, Job-hopper."

Then he asked for references.

I said, "How about my ex-boss?"

"That's a fine reference. What does he do?"

"Oh, he's out of a job, too."

So, he suggested I go back to college -- and that's what I have done. It's great to be working with students again -- The other

day they locked themselves in my office and wrote dirty words on

the wall -- BIRCH Dent, Chotiner, Mollenhoff, Mitchell, Thurmond. !

I know some of you Alfalfans may ~~not know me well and may~~

have some questions about my ability to carry the Alfalfa message

to the people. But fear not -- I promise to take TV lessons -- from Joe McGinnis. !

Remember, some nasty commentators said that Richard Nixon -- who deserted the Alfalfa Party when success reared its ugly head, once had an instinct for the jugular.



*Well*  
 and they're the same people -- the very same people --  
 who say I have an instinct for the windpipe.

Preparing for this acceptance speech, I spoke at another  
 dinner last night. I didn't think I was going on too long until I  
 overheard one of the guests ask another: "What follows this speaker?"  
 The answer was "Saturday".

The other day when the students occupied my office I had a  
 chance to reflect on this administration -- *that is -* the Kennedy-Johnson-  
 Nixon administration. *Section*  
 The Nixon administration was one year old  
 just the other day. And already we've seen some significant changes.  
 They've shown us what positive programs of negative thinking can do.

They've made some other little changes. Like LBJ's phones --  
 now they're two-way.

Speaking of phones: President Nixon has a special phone on  
 his desk connecting him with his two foreign policy advisors,  
 Secretary Rogers and Mr. *Kissinger-ho* Kissinger. The conversation goes like  
 this: "Hello, Henry, Hello, Bill. Good morning, J. Edgar. Good



morning, John -- can you hear?

↳ The President really meant it when he promised to have everyone in his administration "on tap." (It's the only way he can get all the Republicans on the same party line.)

↳ Even the drinking habits have changed in Washington. When I was carrying that other banner, everyone drank bourbon and branch water. Now it's Pepsi Cola.

↳ ~~Today, the favorite beverage is the Mollenhoff Cocktail. You make it with two parts mud, one part lemon sour -- and a dash of bitters. Then you muddle slightly, and sling it at your neighbors.~~

↳ Other things are changing at the White House, too. Everyone is travelling -- first class. The Vice President just returned from golfing in Asia and checking the dominoes.

↳ Secretary Rogers is going on an African safari -- using Dean Rusk's accumulated vacation time.

↳ And the President himself left California -- Watergate West -- for a few days visit to the White House East.

And I'm not partisan when it comes to President Nixon -- I'm ready to give him my Campaign Finance Committee and the rest of my program.

-10-

And who is in the White House East? Are they people who support the principles and programs of Alfalfa? No. *no!*

They are just a small, elite, clique of effete snobs, of New York corporation lawyers and California advertising men.

Do those Watergate warriors represent the plain, humble people of America like you and me? Do they represent the Alfalfa roots of our country?

I say to you, that the future of America cannot rest with either of those two narrow, chaotic parties of special interest.

Only through Alfalfa can we reach those greener fields of economic and social happiness. — *yes* —

This is going to be a great year for the Alfalfa Party. The other parties are in real trouble. Let's talk about that Democratic Party. They've got a mob -- and I mean mob -- of bright young men.

They have elegant headquarters at the Watergate -- and with that eight million dollar debt. Why with both the Democrats and

*and just to show you how much I admire the President Nixon, I'm ready to give him my Campaign Finance Committee;*

Republicans hanging around over at the Watergate, it's just one  
big fancy political ghetto.

Those Democrats have forty seven possibilities yearning to  
be the candidate for President in 1972 -- ranging from John  
Connolly to Julian Bond.

Why, I understand that even Mayor Daley is interested, and  
has offered the Vice Presidency to William Paley of CBS.

↳ The Daley-Paley ticket combines the best the Democrats  
have to offer: a photogenic candidate, ideal for the cool medium of  
television, and a TV network, clearly on their side.

↳ Speaking of Daley-Paley and CBS, reminds me of Vice  
President Agnew's philosophic, analytical -- and mildly partisan  
speech *about our unbiased, totally objective media.*

↳ After Mr. Agnew made his speech, I called the ranch.

"Mr. President," I said. (He still likes for me to call him  
"Mr. President.") "Isn't that terrible the way <sup>V.P.</sup> Agnew attacked your  
friends in the press?"

↳ "Who is this," he shouted softly.

"It's Hubert, Hubert Humphrey, your own man," I said respectfully.

↳ "Oh yes, Mr. Vice President. (I still like for him to call me that.) ↓ heard that speech. Now, there is a Vice President who knows his job." ~~the~~

↳ We can't say that the Republicans are much better off than the Democrats. They have lost the mayoralty of New York -- at least I think they did, and Ronald Reagan has ideas again.

X ↳ He was recently quoted as saying, "This is the last time  
the press will have Ronnie Reagan to kick around."

✓ ↳ Nelson Rockefeller has said he is definitely not interested  
in running for the Presidency -- and you know what that means.

↳ And Spiro Agnew can't be counted out. He just bought his wife a cloth coat. And his brother is already writing a book. And just the other day, the Vice President said, "I know what happens to the 8 million pounds of garbage New York puts out on the street each night -- they print it."

*now*  
 L And what about the Congress, a representative body functioning without an Alfalfa bloc, run entirely by Democrats and Republicans. There's not much difference between those parties.!

L The Republican congressman is a fellow who asks how much it is going to cost, and a Democratic congressman only wants to know how much he can borrow on it.!

*and* When they get together on the House Ways and Means Committee, they do a wicked job on tax reform, the victims being those who can least afford it - the members of Alfalfa.!

L If you have the means, they will find the ways to get it.!

L It's no wonder they say that the present session of Congress will be short -- about 4 billion dollars short.!

L So let us rally now together, let us reason together -- let us lower our voices, let us look past the "old politics" of Democrat and Republican to the new politics -- of Alfalfa.! We will run on an Alfalfa platform:

*The Politics of Hi Spirits +  
 Low Resistance  
 to Politics*

-15-

where hay fever will replace the common cold --  
 where the only grass that is smoked is Alfalfa --  
 where Henry Kissinger will remain in the White House so  
 that our national anthem can be "Whose Kissinger Now."

when we will hire an Israeli commando unit to move an Egyptian  
 pyramid to ~~John~~ <sup>Johnson</sup> City so that the seventh wonder of the world can  
 rest next to the eighth wonder, God willing and the river doesn't  
 rise.

We of Alfalfa want for America what is best -- an America  
 of peace between men of all colors and creeds, where we can  
 pray together, where we can breathe deeply of God's good air,  
 where we can prosper and where our good fortune is shared  
 throughout a world without violence <sup>war</sup>.

Members of Alfalfa, with your help, I intend to be in the  
forefront of that effort. I recall an old English verse, "I am hurt,  
 Sir Andrew Barton said, I am hurt, but I am not slain, I'll lie  
me down and bleed awhile, and then i'll fight again."

-16-

Until that time only one man leads our nation. On him  
 rests awesome responsibility. *and heavy burdens. He deserves*  
~~our respect and need our prayers~~  
 With respect and the sincerest hope that his leadership

may be successful in finding peace at home and abroad, I ask you  
 to join me ~~now in a toast,~~ *Saluting* to the President of the United States. *Antitaking*

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CONVENTION OF THE ALFALFA PARTY  
ACCEPTANCE SPEECH OF THE HON. HUBERT H. HUMPHREY  
24 JANUARY 1970

President Byrd of Alfalfa: To offer a resolution of highest privilege, the Chair recognizes the distinguished Alfalfan who also is the Secretary of State, the Honorable William P. Rogers. (applause)...

Mr. Rogers: Mr. President, I have the following resolution to present:

Resolved, that in keeping with time-honored tradition, this meeting of the Alfalfa Club shall now become a National Convention for the purpose of nominating a candidate for President of the United States on the Alfalfa Ticket.

Resolved, that when the convention has been called to order, the Chair shall announce that the Honorable Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota is the unanimous choice of the Alfalfa Party for President of the United States in 1970. (applause)...

And be it further resolved, that on the presentation and reading of this resolution, the previous question shall be considered as ordered, and without intervening motion, debate, or other dilatory proceedings, a vote shall be taken on the adoption of the resolution, the decision of the Chair to be final in this question, not subject to appeal or point of order.

Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of the Resolution  
and I second the motion. (applause)...

President Byrd: You have heard the resolution; all in favor say aye... (Group, "aye")...The ayes seem to have it, the ayes have it, and it is so ordered. The Dinner of the Alfalfa Club will be in temporary recess. The Convention of the Alfalfa Party will come to order. (gavel)

Pursuant to the Resolution just adopted, I declare the Honorable Hubert Horatio Humphrey of the State of Minnesota, to be the unanimous choice of the Alfalfa Party for President of the United States. (applause)...I appoint the following committee to escort the candidate to the rostrum: Astronaut Frank Borman, Colonel, United States Air Force, Commander of the Apollo 8 Spacecraft that orbited the moon. (applause)...Astronaut Michael Collins, Assistant Secretary of State, who piloted the module around the moon and successfully picked up the moon men on Apollo 11. (applause)...Astronaut Charles (Pete) Conrad, Captain, United States Navy, who commanded Apollo 12, and who spent more time walking on the moon than any man alive. (applause)...Astronaut William A. Anders, of Apollo 8--first manned spacecraft to orbit the moon. (applause)...

With such an escort, Alfalfa's candidate for President of the United States while aiming for the White House might well also shoot for the moon. (applause)...Thank you. (applause)...

The Chair recognizes the Honorable Hubert H. Humphrey.

Mr. Humphrey: Mr. President, President Byrd, I surely wish I could have a former President recommend me like someone recommended you tonight--(laughter and applause)...

Mr. President, I do thank you for giving me a jurisdiction wherein it seems that the vote could be well controlled such as on the moon. You may be interested to know that there are those who think that's exactly where I ought to be.

Our distinguished Vice President, Secretary Rogers, President Johnson--wherever you are--(laughter and applause) Gentlemen of the Alfalfa Club, and guests.

First may I say I'm highly honored by the resolution that has been adopted. I gathered it was unanimous, but I wish

it had been enthusiastic. (laughter). But it was nice to know who proposed it. It's about the only way I can be sure of anything these days.

Now gentlemen, let me make a bipartisan rhetoric, crystal clear. I stand before you a living rebuttal to the idea that if you've seen one Vice President, you've seen them all. (laughter--applause). For which my friend, Vice President Agnew, is most grateful.

But you ought to know one more thing about me before we proceed with the work of this historic convention. I am no longer a household word; my distinguished successor is. Kay Graham talks about him all the time in her house and so does Scotty Reston and Averell Harriman, and Eric Sevareid, and Frank Stanton.

It's strange, but somehow I can't really believe that this is a real nomination. Where's Dick Daley? Where's the tear gas? Where's Gene McCarthy? Where's Sandy Vanocur? (laughter).

And then, nobody seems mad at me, and there are no policemen and no hippies, no yippies, and not even any of those eastern television commentators with smirks. You can always tell those fellows, you know, by their smirks.

Fellow Alfalfans, I've given serious thought--not long, but serious, thought--as to whether or not I should courageously and sacrificially accept your draft--as I have done, of course, for lesser parties in the past. (laughter).

Now just last night I said to Muriel, (laughter) I said, "I don't know if I want this nomination for President." I even wrote out a speech saying I wouldn't run--kind of a democratic state of the reunion speech, you know. But tonight when I reached into my pocket, it wasn't there. (laughter). I guess--(applause) I guess Muriel left it on the bedside table.

Then for a while, I didn't even think I would make it here. It was only this morning that I received my clearance to cross the Potomac--that is, from the Attorney General's office. And it was a funny looking legal document, handwritten on pink frilly paper, and all it said was, "safe conduct for one old radical, turned Alfalfan," signed, "Martha." (laughter)

And fellow Alfalfans, I hope you'll understand, but I didn't really make up my mind about your nomination until I drove past the White House today, and realized that for a whole year, Richard Nixon has been sitting in there eating ketchup and cottage cheese, watching football games and telling everyone that he represents the silent majority.

Now that really got me mad! Now what the Alfalfa Party needs is someone who can out-Nixon Nixon. And I said to myself, I've eaten more cottage cheese than he has, I've been to more football games, and God knows I've been silent for the majority of my public career. (laughter and applause).

So my fellow Alfalfans, in the spirit of Middle America, I accept your nomination and I'm rarin' to lower my voice and get going.

I'm willing to campaign on the highest level, except it would be so lonely up there.

And I'm going to campaign on the Alfalfa platform, one that recommends a new Presidential election system. You can't blame me for being dissatisfied with the old one, you know.

I was brought up to believe that any boy could run for the Presidency twice, so it is truly wonderful to have the Alfalfa Party nomination behind me today. Of course it would have been wonderful to have had any party behind me in 1968. (laughter and applause).

But we must look at the better side of things. That defeat had its blessings. Why, without the fervent, enthusiastic support received from every segment of a united, harmonious, well-financed happy Democratic Party--from Lester Maddox to Jessie Unruh to Gene McCarthy--why without that kind of support, Muriel might be sitting in the White House with me today, eating Minnesota cottage cheese, and leaving speech drafts on my night table, hiring the social staff, firing the social staff, hiring the social staff, and I would not be here to accept this nomination.

Then think of it, who knows--and I want my fellow Alfalfans to think of this--if I had won, just imagine, the stock market might have gone down. (laughter). Why, Washington, D.C. might have crime on the streets and the oil depletion allowance might have been cut. Why we might still have inflation and still be in Viet Nam, so maybe it's better this way.

You know, when an election is as close as mine was in 1968, it is hard to believe, you know, that it is all over. It really didn't sink in until I got my Alfalfa nomination, because when Alfalfa nominates you, you know you've lost. Alfalfans, Alfalfans, the illustrious losers. Who remembers them now? Harold Stassen? Henry Cabot Lodge? Barry Goldwater? Richard Nixon? Whoops--Richard Nixon? (laughter). Ah! happy thought.

Now you've heard a lot of stories about campaigning, but let me tell you what it was like to campaign as a Democrat in 1968. Here's a typical day...the first thing in the morning the guy from the Dale Carnegie outfit hit me on the nose; at noon a guy, (and that's a guy, not a goy) from the Anti-Defamation League called me a dirty ethnic name; later I got on an elevator and someone tried to hijack it; before dinner I called "Dial a Prayer" and they hung up on me.

And then I gave my speech in Salt Lake City, and that speech sure got a lot of publicity, unfortunately more last month than during the campaign. By the way, did you know that the Johnson-Cronkite interview was nominated for a Pulitzer prize--in fiction?

A year ago when I found myself out of a job, I did what everybody else does, I went down to the Unemployment Office, filled out the forms. The interviewer asked me questions and said, "Well, Mr. Humphrey, what can I do for you? What do you feel qualified for?" I replied, "President of the United States." And he wrote down, this man needs intense counseling.

Then he asked me how long I'd had my last job. And I said, "Four years." You mean to tell me, Mr. Humphrey, you are 57 and you've been on your last job only four years--so he wrote down "restless, job-hopper."

Then he asked for references. I said, "How about my ex-boss?" He said, "That's a fine reference, what does he do?" "Oh," I said, "he's out of a job too."

So he suggested I go back to college, and that's what I've done. And it is great. It is really great to be working with students again. The other day they locked themselves in my office and wrote some dirty words on the wall--like Dent, Chotiner and Mollenhoff and Mitchell and Thurmond and a few others.

I know some of you Alfalfans may have some questions about my ability to carry the Alfalfa message to the people, and I can understand why. But fear not, I promise to take TV lessons from Joe McGinnis, none other.

Remember, some nasty commentator said that Richard Nixon--who deserted the Alfalfa Party when success reared its ugly head--once had an instinct for the jugular. Well, they're the very same people, the very same people who say I have an instinct for the windpipe.

Now, preparing this acceptance speech, I spoke at a dinner last night. I didn't think I was going on too long until I overheard one of the guests ask another, "What follows this speaker?" The answer was, "Saturday."

Now the other day when the students occupied my office I had a chance to reflect on this administration, that is, the Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon administration. Now the Nixon section of that administration was just but one year old the other day and already we've seen significant changes. They've shown us what positive programs of negative thinking can do.

And they've made some other little changes too, like LBJ's telephones. Now they are two-way. And speaking of phones; President Nixon has a special phone on his desk connecting him with his two foreign policy advisors, Secretary Rogers and Mr. Kissinger. The conversation goes like this: Hello, Henry. Hello, Bill. Good morning, J. Edgar. Good morning, John. Can you hear? Now the President really meant it when he promised to have everyone in his administration on tap. Now you see that is about the only way you can get all of those Republicans on the same party line.

Even the drinking habits have changed in Washington, my fellow Alfalfans. When I was carrying that other party banner, everyone drank bourbon and branch water; now it's Pepsi Cola.



Other things are changing at the White House too, everyone's traveling first-class. Our Vice President has just returned from golfing in Asia and checking the dominoes, and Secretary Rogers is going on an African Safari using Dean Rusk's accumulated leave and vacation time. (laughter). And the President himself has left California--that is, Watergate West--for a few days' visit to the White House East.

Now I don't want you to think that I'm being partisan when it comes to our President. In fact, I'm ready to do a great deal for him. I'm ready to give him my campaign finance committee. (laughter).

And by the way, who is it that is at--who is it that's in--the White House East? Are they the people who support the principles and the programs of Alfalfa? No, no. They're just a small elite clique of effete snobs, of New York corporation lawyers and California advertising men.

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Yes, this is the great year for the Alfalfa Party. The other parties are in real trouble. For example, let's talk about the Democratic Party. They've got a mob, and I mean a real mob of bright young men; they have elegant headquarters at the Watergate and \$8,000,000 in debt. Why, with both the Democrats and Republicans hanging around at the Watergate, it is just one big fancy political ghetto.

Those Democrats have 47 possibilities yearning to be President in 1972 ranging from John Connolly to Julian Bond. Why, I understand that even Mayor Daley is interested, and he has offered the Vice Presidency to William Paley of CBS. Now the Daley-Paley ticket combines the best that the Democrats have to offer. A photogenic candidate, ideal for the cool medium of television and a TV network clearly on their side.

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"Mr. President," I said. (He still likes me to call him Mr. President) (laughter) I said, "Isn't that a terrible way Vice President Agnew attacked your good friends in the press?"

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"It's Hubert, Hubert Humphrey, Mr. President, your own man," I said respectfully.

"Oh yes, Mr. Vice President." (I still like for him to call me that too) "Oh yes, Mr. Vice President, I heard that speech. Now there is a Vice President who knows his job."

Well, we can't say the Republicans are much better off than the Democrats. They have lost the mayoralty of New York, or at least I think they did. And Ronald Reagan has ideas again. He was recently quoted as saying "This is the last time the press will have Ronnie Reagan to kick around."

And Nelson Rockefeller has said he is definitely not interested in running for the Presidency, and you know what that means.

And Vice President Agnew can't be counted out. He just bought his wife a cloth coat; his brother is already writing a book; and just the other day, the Vice President said, "I know what happens to the 8 million pounds of garbage that New York puts out on the street each night. They print it." (laughter and applause)

And now what about that Congress? A so-called representative body, functioning without an Alfalfa block, run entirely by Democrats and Republicans. And there's not much difference between those parties, even our president isn't quite sure about it. Alfalfa President Byrd, that is. The Republican Congressman is a fellow who asks how much it's going to cost. A Democratic Congressman only wants to know how much he can borrow on it.

And when they get together in the House Ways and Means Committee, they do a wicked job on tax reform. The victims being those of us who can least afford it, the members of Alfalfa. If you have the means, they'll find the ways to get it! It's no wonder that the present session of Congress will be short, about 4 billion dollars short according to what we hear.

So now let us rally together tonight, let us reason together, let us lower our voices, let us look past the old politics of Democrat and Republican to the new politics-- politics of Alfalfa, politics of high spirits and low resistance. We will run on an Alfalfa platform, and I'm proud to do it, where hay fever will replace the common cold, where the only grass that is smoked is Alfalfa, where Henry Kissinger will remain in the White House so that our national anthem can be "Who's Kissinger Now?" (laughter) When we will hire an Israeli Commando unit to remove an Egyptian pyramid to Johnson City so

that the seventh wonder of the world can rest next to the eighth, God willing. (applause) God willing and the Pedernales River doesn't rise.

Now in a serious note, we of Alfalfa all want for America what is best and we've seen much of it here tonight in our guests, an America of peace and harmony between all people of all colors, creeds, races. Where we can work together, play together, where we can pray together. And where we can breath deeply of God's good air. Where we can prosper and where our good fortune is shared throughout a nation and a world without violence and war.

Members of Alfalfa with your help I intend to be in the forefront of that effort. I recall an old English verse: "I am hurt, said Sir Andrew Barton, I am hurt, but I am not slain. I'll lie me down and bleed awhile, and then I'll fight again."

Until that time, however, only one man leads our Nation. On him rests awesome responsibility and heavy burdens. He deserves of us our respect, our cooperation and our prayers. And with that sense of personal respect for the man and for the Presidency, and the sincerest hope that his leadership may be successful in finding peace abroad, and peace and harmony at home, I'm sure tonight you would want to join with me in saluting the man who is really our President, the man who guides the destiny of this Nation, and is deserving of our help, the President of the United States.

Thank you very much. (extended applause)

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8.

Alfalfa

This is the spring trading season, and I hear that  
Martha is trying to work out a trade --- me for Kruschev,  
an Olympic track star, and one discredited poet.  
That's a Russian poet, not a Minnesota poet in Russia.

6.

John Daly recommended LBJ for a guest shot on "What's my Line." John did a good job at the Voice of America. He asked Averill Harriman to narrate the USIA film on Vice President Agnew. He asked Agnew to read the comics for fat kids everywhere... from Japan to the one slum he's seen ... comics, by the way, from the New York Times. And he asked Murray CHotiner, new special counsel at the White House, to play the lead in "How to Succeed in Business without really Trying."

10.

Things have changed since I left Washington. Even the drinking habits have changed. When I left everyone was drinking bourbon and branch water.

Now we have the Moltonhoff Cocktail. You make it with two parts mud, ~~one part lye~~, and a dash of bitters.

Then you sling it at your neighbor.



9.

Gene has a new book coming out, you know, called the  
Love Poems of Eugene McCarthy. Its a very unusual  
book -- the author dedicated it to himself.

They say we aren't going to have 20 cities for our  
gala. They're wrong. I have the list right here:

Grygla, Minnesota, Lemon Grove California, Estherville,  
Iowa, Rio Grande City, Texas, Waterville, Maine, Wallace,  
South Dakota. ----

Alfalpa  
Copy to Mr. McKnew -  
2 weeks in advance

30-32 years

Not mean, bitter -  
spoofing

Time Limit - 20

Sim. Byrd period

Sony 11th meal 1965 dinner -

Until now → Nixon was candidate for Alfalfa speech  
" only one made the speech - been  
elected Pres

His fortunes very low at the time

As a host - heady nonsense

Harry Byrd - takes over as President  
preside

Put date of dinner in context with the times

Total - 190 members -  
Speech always a member

620 people at dinner

If we spoof - they be invited

→ Windsor Booth - Nat. Geo. news service will help prepare  
same place - one time



Allo -

Here's the Alfalfa speech -

The Mollenhoff job is  
back in!

But the tone - on the  
whole - is softer than  
the earlier - as you  
will note -

Not bad though -  
give me a reaction?

Caryl



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