

I Was No Longer Ashamed... I Was Proud... Proud of Our Own Way of Doing Things!

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
Times Foreign Editor

PHILADELPHIA, June 28.—This is the most startling political convention I have ever seen. Not that it differs essentially from other conventions. In fact, when I analyze it calmly it is much like the rest of the conventions I have seen. Nevertheless, to me it is startling. What makes it so is the fact that I was suddenly precipitated into it like a body from another planet.

At 10 o'clock on Monday morning, the day the Republican National Convention opened, I was in Europe, where the greatest tragedy in human history is being enacted. On Tuesday night at 10 o'clock I walked into Convention Hall here in time to see Herbert Hoover take his bow before the milling, yelping delegates.

The rapidity of the transition was too much for me. I stood dazed and bewildered by what was going on. The shrieking and stamping and music and good-natured roistering. It was as if I had suddenly been thrust out of a very dark room into noonday sunlight. I could only

stand there and blink and gulp and give my senses time to adjust themselves from the way of Europe, dictators and war to the way of America, democracy and peace.

THIS MAY SEEM far-fetched. Nobody who has not had the experience, who has not crossed the Atlantic in a day from the invasions and blood and terror of Europe to an American political convention in full blast, can realize what a colossal change it represented.

Those who come by boat cannot sense it. The transition is too gradual. Such a journey takes from six to 10 days and those who make it have time to talk and walk and play games; to get up out of bed and dress and watch potpourris play and bet on the ship's run, dress for dinner and dance and so on.

But by Clipper, a few minutes after you go aboard you find yourself a mile and a half high, between sea and sky, suspended, it almost seems, entirely motionless. There is little to see except a void, and below it, so far as to be just a shimmer, the monotonous Atlantic. And then before you know it, before you have had time to begin

thinking of other things, Europe with its devastation and its blackouts is 3000 miles behind you and you land in the U. S. A.

POLITICAL CONVENTION crowds, I know, are like nothing else in the world. They used to strike me as something almost ludicrous if not disgraceful.

To me it seemed a little absurd that the greatest country in the world should go about nominating a candidate for the Presidency, the most exalted office on the globe, to the accompaniment of jazz bands, raucous noise-making machines, hoots, howls and an utter lack of ordinary dignity.

In the past I have sat with foreign envoys and watched the antics of our candidate-makers—and I have felt a tinge of mortification.

Abroad, I knew, they did things otherwise.

Here in Philadelphia I felt differently about it. I was no longer ashamed. I was proud. I was proud of the roistering, good-natured crowd; proud of that solid acre of newspaper correspondents pounding away at their typewriters, telling 130,000,000 other American citizens exactly what they saw; proud that there was no censorship to

kill whatever was displeasing to the regime in power; proud of the radio announcers and of the fact that people all over the nation were able to tune in on whatever station they pleased without fear of the secret police; proud that we are not forced by fear of a firing-squad to take ourselves and our candidates for office... even for the office of President... so damned seriously; proud, though regretful, that ours are now the only remaining free institutions on earth.

HOW LONG I STOOD there bedazzled I hardly know. I began to come to myself when I heard some one at my elbow saying: "Good Lord, Phil, when did you get back? Didn't you see enough of horror in Europe without hurrying back here for more?"

My friend laughed. And I said something, I don't remember what. I only know that I tried to make it light and joshing to suit the occasion and that I probably failed. For the thought that was going through my mind was more in the nature of a prayer, and it ran something like this:

"Please God, protect us from the fate of Europe and show us the way to preserve our own democratic way of doing things—even to these national conventions, jazz bands, monkeyshines and all. Amen."

IT WAS ALTOGETHER A BAD NIGHT FOR THE PROFESSIONALS

The Miracle of Modern Politics Occurs as America's Public Forces Its Own Candidate Over the Top.

By THOMAS L. STOKES
Times Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA, June 28.—The men and women in the galleries, middle-aged and old, boys and girls, won the verdict.

All night long, like the insistent chant at a college football game, they had cried to the delegates on the floor below:

"We Want Willkie! We Want Willkie!"

When, in desperation, the politicians and old-line bosses who were trying to check his victory began at the last minute to throw blocks of votes behind Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, the massed thousands in the galleries filled the hall with ghoully and all-pervading boos.

They knew the touchdown was at hand, at last, when on the sixth and final ballot Senator Vandenberg's manager took the platform to announce that the Senator had released his delegates, and 35 of the 38 Michigan votes were thrown into the mounting Willkie total.

Then they scaled their souvenir fans, hilariously, into the air and into the arena, those fans bearing the names of Vandenberg and Taft which had proved so serviceable in the long vigil under the hot lights, and they shrieked their joy. Soon it was over.

The Miracle of Politics. And, though perhaps they did not know it, the galleries had witnessed the miracle of modern American politics.

That was the real meaning of the nomination of Wendell L. Willkie as the Republican candidate for President.

Only two months ago was he seriously advanced as a candidate. Politicians laughed at the aspirations of this businessman, this boss of one of the great utility systems who had become the No. 1 enemy of President Roosevelt, this—and here the Republican politicians shuddered—this Democrat!

Yet he caught the public imagination. He caught the imagination of Philadelphia when he arrived here a few days ago. He caught the imagination of the party stalwarts and hangers-on of too many of the delegates with whom he fraternized. Shameful, the politicians whispered. Like a customer's man.

The People Revolt

In the conflict which ended last night in that hilarious session when the galleries crowned their champion—one of the most exciting conventions, by the way, that the galleries have held in years—is the story of something which has suddenly happened in America.

It seems to represent, to put it succinctly, a revolt against the politicians. This was the theme that ran through the thousands and thousands of letters and telegrams that poured in a veritable avalanche upon the officials and delegates of this convention, demanding the nomination of the colorful businessman who talked the folksy language they all understood. Some of them used such plain language as "stinking politicians."

This dragooning, this heavy pressure, galleyed the politicians, put up their back fur for politicians like to think they're rather important, and they also like to think they make up their own minds. So they ganged up in self-protection, and resorted to the secrecy of hotel rooms to plot their deals. Still the fellow continued his personal contacts.

But the party leaders tried to build what they thought would be an iron wall of defense. All the old-line leaders were against him

—Alfred M. Landrum, the 1936 candidate; Republican Leader McNary of the Senate; Republican Leader Martin of the House, who was permanent chairman of the convention; other Senators and a big block of Congressmen who came here to campaign against his nomination. Finally Herbert Hoover, who was himself scorned by the politicians in 1928 as not one of them, and who won his nomination over their protests as Mr. Willkie has done, joined the politicians. Also, the "angel" of the party, Joseph N. Pew Jr., the Pennsylvania oil man, was among them.

"We Want Willkie!"

So well had they plotted that, when the convention assembled for the balloting, it looked as if they had a combination that could "stop" him and throw the victory to Senator Taft. It was known that the strength of Thomas E. Dewey was in a disintegrating mood.

Sure enough, Mr. Dewey began to fade slowly after the first ballot, in which he led. Then Mr. Willkie jumped into the lead, but with Senator Taft not far behind. The fifth ballot ended with Mr. Dewey dropping from his first-ballot vote of 360 down to 57, with Senator Taft at 377, and Mr. Willkie at 429.

The galleries kept up their chant: "We Want Willkie!"

They crowded when Kansas was called on the fifth ballot and Alf Landrum himself stepped to the microphone and announced the state's 18 votes for Mr. Willkie. That looked like the break. The 1936 candidate had been one of the most determined in the opposing line-up. But he couldn't hold his own delegation, and he joined up.

They Knew It Was Over

The machine made its last desperate stand as the next ballot began. The Hoover influence was seen when California switched a big block of votes to Senator Taft and Illinois added some more. The galleries booed menacingly. But then the Michigan cave-in occurred, and the politicians knew they were licked.

The galleries roared for several minutes before the balloting could be resumed. New Jersey gave Mr. Willkie her whole batch of 32 votes, and New York, Mr. Dewey's home state, threw in all but a handful of its 52.

It was all over then.

But Pennsylvania passed, to decide what to do. Again the galleries booed.

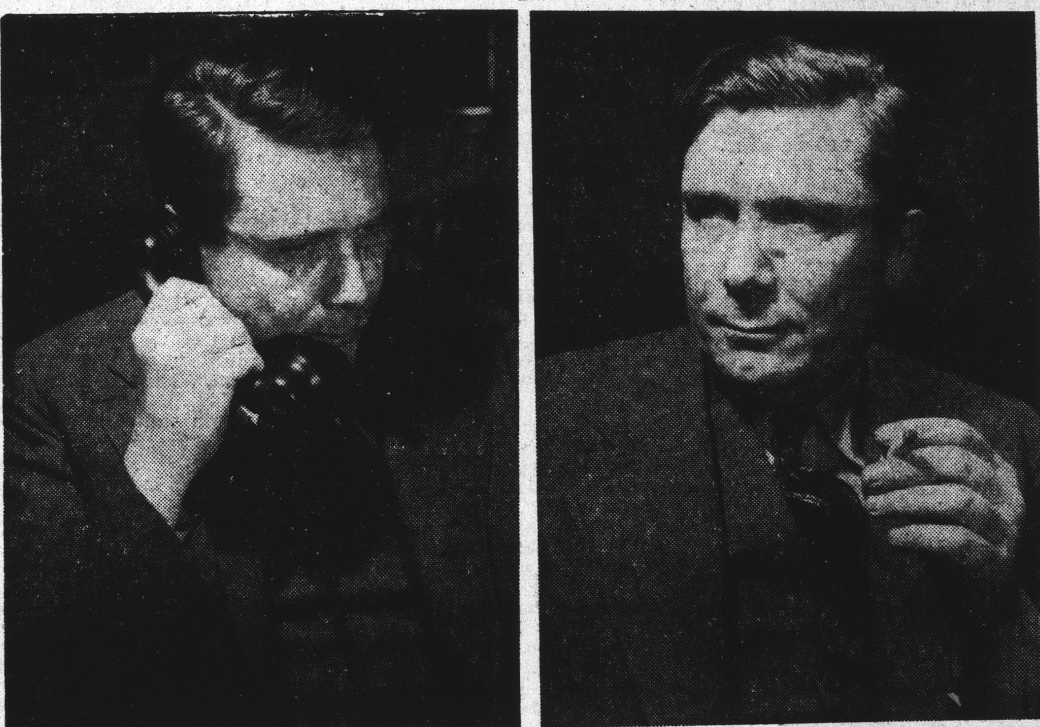
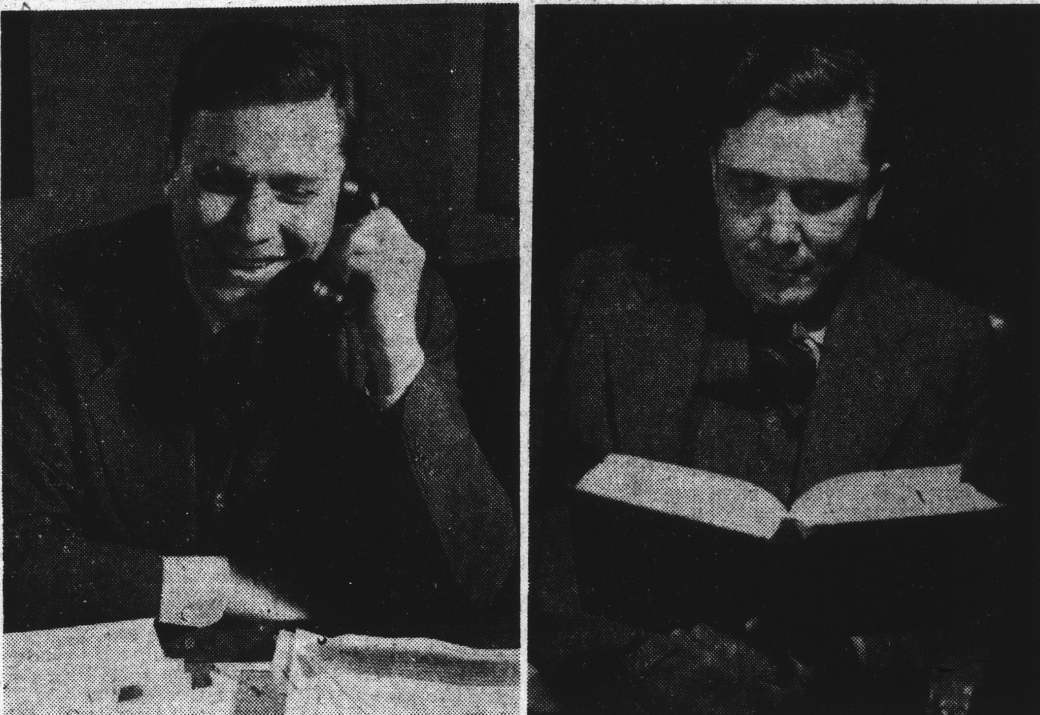
The politicians of the Keystone State, and they are old-liners, were caught. A few minutes later they surrendered.

But it was too late. Mr. Pew and his Governor James, had they thrown in earlier, could have claimed credit for the victory.

But they fumbled, as the politicians had fumbled all night. This was the symbol of the whole conflict. The galleries had given them the cue and they failed to take it. They were confused by this new uprising of the people.

It was altogether a bad night for the professionals.

Some Close-Ups of a Nominee



READY TO QUIT UTILITIES POST

Willkie Calls Brain Trust a Myth—a Trust Without Brains.

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was a Democrat until after the 1932 election—"very good and I still subscribe to it."

He declared expectation of supporting the Republican platform in its entirety.

"I think," he said, "that Congress should stay in session because of the extremely delicate and difficult situation."

He listed these major issues of the campaign:

1. National unity.
2. Building of additional national defenses.
3. Rehabilitation of the national economy.

"There are others," he said, "but these are the major ones."

Asked if he would have a brain trust if he won the election, Mr. Willkie said:

"I say that the greatest myth in America is the brain trust. It takes two things to have a brain trust—brains and trust—and we have only had a trust."

Willkie said that he would make statements of policy on issues of the day later.

Approves Hatch Act

However, he gave strong approval to the Hatch Act barring political activity by civil service employees.

He said he did not believe the budget could be immediately balanced but said that efforts toward a balanced budget could be initiated at once.

"I expect to make a very aggressive campaign," he said, "a very widespread one."

He said, in endorsing the Hatch Act, that one of the first things he proposed to do was to ask the Republican National Committee to refrain from imposing some restrictions similar to those of the Hatch Act upon Republican campaign contributions.

"I think," he said, "that the limit is \$5000 and I hope that the contributions will be smaller than that and widely diffused. I don't want any large contributions."

Last night Willkie knew what was coming, and in fact his prediction on what ballot he would be nominated proved remarkably accurate. While this sixth ballot was being taken, he left the large, top floor parlor in his hotel headquarters and went quietly to another room "to compose himself."

He stayed there throughout the tremendous victory demonstration, which occurred in his headquarters as well as at the convention.

When the balloting started, Will-

NATIONAL DEFENSE—

By Wendell Willkie

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knitted together in love, understanding and brotherhood no outside agency can shatter it. A nation united in spirit need not fear a fifth column.

THEREFORE I say to New Dealers and reactionaries alike: Let us work together. We are tired of quarreling. Let us bring together our planning brains, our management experts, our philosophers, our labor, our young men and women; everyone who is an American. Let us take our resources and transport them to our factories. Let us assign each factory its job for the defense of our nation; and let us gear these jobs together.

But first of all, and last of all—let us bring ourselves together! Let every American shake hands with every other American. We are the nation in which, when two strangers meet, they call each other "Brother." Let us make that deeply felt but repressed brotherhood a fact.

WE must do this quickly. We have no time to lose. England and France constitute our first line of defense against Hitler. We are not going to send them any men.

We could not do it if we tried;

our army is too small. But it is to our advantage, even from the standpoint of pure selfishness, to help France and England now in every way we can, short of actually declaring war.

And if we are to provide them with the supplies they need, here again we must stand shoulder to shoulder, for it is an enormous job.

The same thing applies to our own army. In the past 10 years we have spent six billion dollars on home defense, and President Roosevelt himself says we have little to show for it.

If now, on top of the biggest national debt in our history, with most of our depression problems still unsolved, we intend to spend more billions—surely we must do it efficiently, with the least possible waste and confusion. We cannot handle it unless we work shoulder to shoulder.

I say we cannot work for our national defense either at home or abroad under an administration which sows discord among our own people. These United States must be united. That is our historical mission, our sacred duty and our first and most important immediate task.

Tomorrow—Wendell Willkie writes about the budget.

Flashlight bulbs ripped the semi-gloom of the corner next to the radio where Willkie was sitting.

He was getting a bit nervous. All evening he had hummed cigarettes from the newspapermen, and now he smoked more than ever. About 20 persons around him were keeping running totals of the convention vote.

In a staccato voice, Willkie asked: "How many votes did we pick up then—How many does that make for Senator Taft?—That went as expected—Now it's down to Taft and myself—Looks like Dewey is out—Did we lose one there?"

Someone said, "If Taft and Dewey combine their votes they will have 504, three more than enough."

"Well, I ought to pick up four votes on the next ballot," Willkie grinned.

He did. On the fifth ballot he had 429.

Photographers roosted on every chair; some chairs had two. The atmosphere was impenetrable, and suffocating.

After only a few states had voted in the sixth ballot, Willkie left the room, returned, was called out to take a telephone call from Mrs. Willkie. He did not return during the final deafening crescendo which announced his nomination.

WILLKIE WINS NOMINATION ON SIXTH BALLOT

Plans Speech of Acceptance At Old Red Schoolhouse Back Home in Elwood.

(Continued from Page One)

Joseph W. Martin Jr. He would appear, not to deliver a formal acceptance address—as President Roosevelt did at the 1932 and 1936 Democratic conventions—but only to say a few words. He will maintain the Republican tradition of a formal acceptance speech in his home town later.

Efforts to bring Mr. Willkie to the hall immediately after his nomination were overruled by the Willkie strategy board but he sent a message to Mr. Martin, who said to the sweating, weary delegates in the wee hours of this morning:

"I want to say that I had a message phoned me from the nominee of this convention. Mr. Willkie wants me to thank you for your loyalty and for your generosity in supporting him so enthusiastically."

"He is grateful that this verdict has come in a free convention where there has been deliberation such as no other party ever had in political history. He wants me to tell you that he is ready and willing and well prepared to take up the fight to carry the principles of the Republican Party to victory."

"He further asks me to ask you to give him your undying support."

"He will be a great leader, a tremendous fighter for the real principles of America. But he needs the support of every delegate in this convention and of every man and woman in America who believes in American principles."

Delegates who had said of Mr. Willkie's lightning-like last minute campaign for the nomination, that he couldn't possibly win, were on top of the Willkie bandwagon today and promising deathless devotion to the Willkie cause. His nomination was against all the rules of the political game and this time really puts up for the nation's highest office a business man who is that and nothing else.

Office Just Off Wall Street

It was Mr. Willkie's business that created most of the opposition to him and the confidence among veteran politicians that he could not be nominated. He had none of the traditional political connections. His office at 20 Pine St. is only a few steps from Wall Street and he is head of the Commonwealth & Southern Corp., which is one of the big public utilities systems.

Mr. Willkie first came to the prominence that led to his nomination as a critic of the Roosevelt Administration's power policies. He had a bulging vocabulary and a handy way of hitting hard in print and on the platform and with those weapons he battled the Tennessee Valley Authority when the New Deal extended it into the Commonwealth & Southern's Tennessee Valley domain.

THE WOULD-BE'S

PHILADELPHIA, June 28 (U. P.).—A few words about the men who wanted to be President but won't be at least this time:

THOMAS E. DEWEY

His headquarters had been the most cheerful after the first ballot. But there were fewer cheers after the second ballot, still fewer after the third, and none at all after the fourth. Dewey was sequestered, listening to the radio. Word came out that he had released his delegates.

When it was all over, Dewey received the press in his all but deserted headquarters. Somberly, he said he had phoned the news to his wife and she was "relieved"; he had congratulated the victor and would work hard for him and the party; he would return to New York City at once and resume his duties as District Attorney. No, he wouldn't accept the Vice Presidential nomination.

ROBERT A. TAFT

Even up to the beginning of the sixth ballot Taft supporters expected victory. Word arrived that Vandenberg had released his delegates. Surely, they would go to Taft. But Michigan went to Willkie and Taft's candidacy collapsed at that instant.

Taft received the press. He hid his disappointment behind a smiling countenance. He had congratulated the victor and would work hard for him and the party. No, he wouldn't accept the Vice Presidential nomination—he could do the country and the party more good as the Senator from Ohio. It had been a real fight, anyway.

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

The Vandenberg men had hoped for a deadlock among the leaders. It didn't develop by the third ballot and they began drifting away. The candidate, not unaccustomed to disappointment, released his Michigan delegates, and receiving the press, discussed the result philosophically.

His delegates had been "magnificently loyal"; there was little to say; he had congratulated the victor and would support him, of course. No, he wouldn't accept the Vice Presidential nomination.

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THE L. STRAUSS & CO. INC. MAN'S STORE

SIX-BALLOT RECORD

PHILADELPHIA, June 28 (U. P.).—The record of the six ballots which brought Wendell L. Willkie's nomination as the Republican Presidential candidate: (When Willkie passed a majority on the sixth ballot, all delegates who had voted against him on that ballot changed their votes in his favor):

Candidate	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
Willkie	105	171	259	306	429	998
Taft	189	203	212	254	377	0
Dewey	360	338	315	230	57	0
Vandenberg	16	73	12	61	42	0
James	74	68	59	56	59	0
Martin	44	26	0	0	0	0
MacNider	34	34	28	26	4	0
Gannett	33	30	11	4	1	0
Bridges	28	9	1	1	0	0
Capper	18	18	0	0	0	0
Hoover	17	21	32	31	20	0
McNary	13	10	10	8	9	0
Bushfield	9	0	0	0	0	0
La Guardia	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	1000	1000	999	997	998	998

(The last four ballots did not total 1000 because a few delegates did not vote.)

At the vote of the sixth roll call, before the various delegations began the switches which finally resulted in making the sixth ballot unanimous, the totals were: Willkie, 571 (70 more than needed to nominate); Taft, 309; Dewey, 8; James, 1.