

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

Mr. Simms

Photo by



stand there and blink and gape 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 taken 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 wash and pores 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 elective 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.

A broad, 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 we 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 through these national conventions, jazz bands, monkeyshines and all. Amen."

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

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 ghoulish 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 arenas, 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 fancy—to the chagrin of the party stalwarts and hacks—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 Republicans have held in years—is the story of something which has suddenly happened in America.

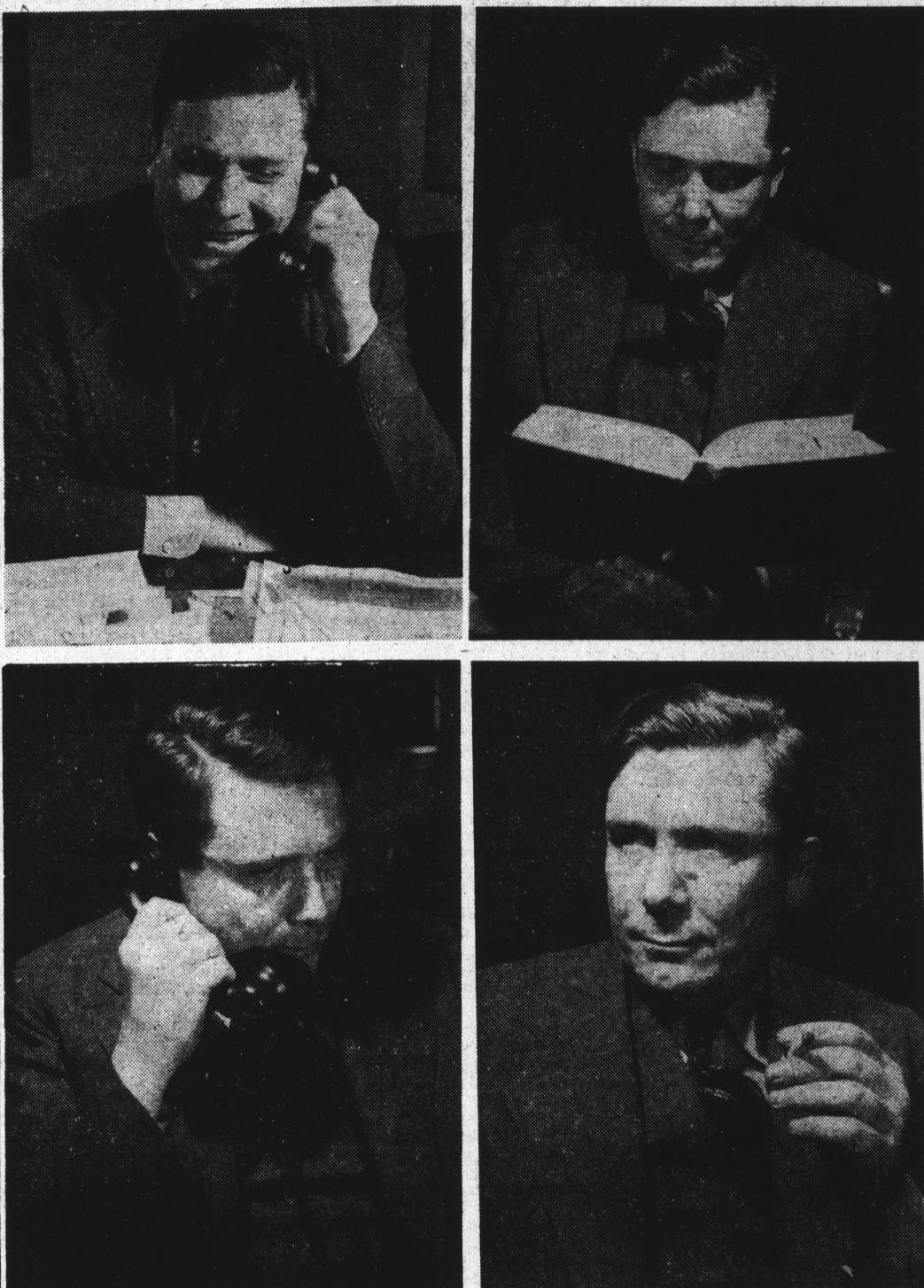
It seems to represent, to put it succinctly, a revolt against the politicians. This was the theme that ran through the thousands and thousands of letters and telegrams that poured in a veritable avalanche upon the officials and delegates of this convention, demanding the nomination of the colorful businessman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

This dragooning, this heavy pressure, galled the politicians, put up their back fur, for politicians like to think they are rather important, and they also like to think they may make up their own minds.

So they ganged up in self-protection, and resorted to the secrecy of hotel rooms to plot their deals. Some 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

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 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 treasurer to impose 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 quickly to another room "to compute 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

(Continued from Page One)

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

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. The job is a big one. We cannot afford 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.

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.

Tomorrow—Wendell Willkie writes about the budget.

He sat with 25 newspapermen and headquarters attendants around the radio.

At the end of the second ballot he asked if anyone minded if he ordered supper. Shortly up came filet mignon, French fried potatoes, which he ate with his fingers, asparagus, salad and coffee.

The third ballot is going to be the crucial one," he remarked. "I think that's where they'll start to break. There are going to be lots of caucuses after the second ballot."

The First Uprise

He moved over to a settee and conferred frequently by telephone thereafter with his floor managers at the convention hall, notably Gov. Stassen of Minnesota.

The first uproar in the headquarters occurred during the third ballot, when Massachusetts turned him. Wild yelling broke out from the crowd in the six-room suite which had more than tripled at once.

Willkie said he expected to get more than 300 votes on the fourth ballot. He got 203.

Then the crowd really moved in. Many had rushed there from the convention hall, to tell Willkie that his nomination was a foregone con-

clusion. 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 bitten 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 more does it take 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, "It's Taft and Dewey, combining 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 423.

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 until the final deafening crescendo which announced his nomination.

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 we are now the only remaining free institutions on earth.

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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

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