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And Evening Chronicle

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Mr. Dewey

Now He Must Answer A Few Questions

Whatever else the country felt at yesterday's quick nomination of Thomas E. Dewey by the Republican Convention, it did not feel surprise. The whole affair has long since been cut and dried, and though there was an impressive unanimity in Chicago, there was little reported enthusiasm.

The GOP faces its test, and one of its greatest opportunities, with an exceptionally strong team. Governor Dewey, young, energetic, intelligent and vigorous, is the youngest man ever nominated for President by his Party. Governor Bricker, though he has given little indication of capacity for national leadership, has great strength in the Mid-West, where he is hailed as an extremely successful executive. These men are presented with the chance for and responsibility of leadership in a time of crisis.

But the national acceptance of the ticket, we dare say, will not be overly enthusiastic. For too long the nation has seen Mr. Dewey coming, and there is scarcely a man who does not realize that an active campaign has been operating quietly in Albany for many, many moons. Mr. Dewey is admired for his record as New York's Governor, for his part in destroying some of New York's more spectacular rackets, and for his ability to come back after initial defeats to political victory.

There, is however, reasonable doubt as to his claims of miracle-working in New York and New York State. There is reasonable doubt as to whether his foreign policy views are in line with those loosely held by the nation at large. Not everything about Mr. Dewey is certain by any means—but it must be said that he will provide aggressive leadership for his Party. We are not certain how his election would be interpreted in the countries of our allies, who have come to look to Franklin Roosevelt for inspirational leadership.

And we are not certain how the nation will react to his pointed words: "The making of world peace is no task to be entrusted to stubborn men, grown old and tired and quarrelsome in office." There are a great many questions to be asked about Mr. Dewey.

Invincibles

Many Germans Hold Fast To Beliefs In Victory

It seems only reasonable that the German would have begun, by now, to feel the inexorable pressure from East, West and South, and to reel under the rain of bombs. Through the curtain of propaganda, one would expect, almost all citizens of the Third Reich feel the coming of the inevitable end in defeat. But it is not so.

Nazi prisoners taken in France (and in other theaters as well) are still often defiant, and express firm belief in victory by Hitler. And that goes as well for Czechs, Poles, Russians, Japs and Frenchmen fighting in German uniforms in Normandy. The enemy has not yet come to accept his doom. That strange fact was never more forcibly illustrated than in leaflets fluttering from a German prisoner train in Minnesota recently:

> *"Americans! Soon the robot bombs will come to your soil. Soon you will feel what war means. Quit the war before it is too late."*

Robert Rice

Now He's Fuming Over Free Port For Refugees

Bob. Reynolds won't quit. With the establishment of a free port for war refugees in New York, he arose in his wrath as chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee to cry that the immigration laws were being violated. Bob sees that we're going to the dogs again, taking these aliens in our midst.

What he does not understand, after having been told very plainly by Attorney General Biddle, is that this practice of detaining aliens outside the immigration laws is an old, old practice. Immigration laws are in no way affected—or violated—in this move. The United States simply gives rest and protection to refugees from Hitler's Europe in a guarded camp. They are not assimilated, but are kept apart, to be returned to their homes when that becomes possible.

But the number one enemy of aliens is suspicious. He foresees contamination of pure old American blood. He's back in the early days of his Senatorial career, busy preaching against furriners and their isms—and furiously spreading those curious isms of his own. There are just six more months of this, before the option runs out, and he becomes Somebody Else's Bob.

The Purge

In Rome, Fascists Are Being Hunted Out

In Rome, the liberated Italians who have risen from the underground are wasting no time in clearing the scene of Fascists and their hirelings. Lt. Col. Charles Poletti, acting for the Allied Military Government, is doing his part to help the people of Italy purge public offices of the black breed, and thousands of Mussolini's henchmen have already been dismissed. But that is not all.

In the streets of liberated Italy the men and women who have suffered for a generation under Fascism have taken matters into their own hands. For months they have been conducting a savage man-hunt for Fascists, and though they have been constrained to stay within the bounds of law and order, they have proceeded with their task.

Mussolini's men will not all meet their deserved fate, for the problem is too large to be solved soon. But in the end the people of Italy, given free opportunity to single out their enemies at home, will do their work well.

Last Word

FDR Speaks It In Graham Controversy

The controversy over Dr. Frank Graham's divided time between the University and the War Labor Board seems to have burned out, with Dr. Graham calmly proceeding about his business. It evidently comes to an end in this letter from the President to Horace Carter and Sara Yokley, editors of *The Daily Tar Heel:*

> *It was good of you and Miss Yokley to write me about the feeling expressed by some North Carolinians that Dr. Frank Graham should devote his full time to the presidency of the University of North Carolina. Knowing Frank Graham as I do, I am not surprised that they want his full energies and full time. But knowing North Carolinians, I am sure they rejoice in the knowledge that the University's sacrifice in sharing Dr. Graham's services with their country is an important part of the University's contribution to the successful conduct of the war. Other colleges, corporations and institutions are lending the nation their best officials and officers. The nation is grateful for their services, but I believe that in serving America, they also best serve the companies and colleges whose free future depends upon our full victory.*
>
> *I have known the University of North Carolina as one of our great institutions which recognizes its responsibility for service not merely to its campus but to the commonweal. I know I can count on the University of North Carolina and the Old North State to continue to let the nation share Frank Graham's wisdom and energies in the cause to which the State and the University have sent so many of their daughters and sons.*
>
> *Very sincerely yours,*
> *Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

And if that ends the matter, it is well ended.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

CHICAGO

ALTHOUGH Dewey forces guarded the convention closely, they were so confident of victory in Chicago that they completed a detailed blueprint of the New York Governor's political program for the Summer and Fall well before the convention convened.

Here's the strategy drawn up for the go-getting mustachioed gentleman from Albany— Spend the bulk of the Summer in Albany preparing a series of six major addresses in which he will state his position on all questions. In these, Dewey will assume the role he likes best, that of the people's district attorney, and will put the Roosevelt Administration on trial.

Dewey and Herbert Brownell, his personal campaign manager, have ruled out the traditional campaign train with its stumping of the country from end to end, visiting small towns and greeting the folks on their doorsteps. They point out that the country is so large, the candidate wears himself out try— to see and greet everyone, and ends up as Wendell Willkie did, meeting only a fraction of the folks.

Important Republican politices will have a chance to see Dewey this Summer, but many will trek to Albany for the opportunity. This does not mean Dewey will do no traveling. He plans to deliver his six speeches in carefully spotted cities around the country.

One major speech will take place in Michigan, another in California, a third in Minnesota, a fourth either in pivotal Kentucky or Tennessee. The last major speech will probably be delivered in New York City. On all these trips Dewey will make a few back-platform appearances but, unlike Willkie's patient, plodding tours through the country, he will make no great circle swings of four or five weeks' duration.

Unhappy Labor

A. F. of L.'s bulky Bill Green was a mighty disappointed man when he got a look at the Republican convention's committee on labor. Green, who has been a bit cool on the Roosevelt family, had looked forward to a liberal GOP convention where he and his labor buddies could throw their weight around.

However, Green got the surprise of his life when he walked into the committee room and found Senator Albert Hawkes of New Jersey, former vice-president of the labor-baiting National Association of Manufacturers, dominating the labor committee. Bill Hutcheson, president of the powerful A. F. of L. carpenters' union and perennial chairman of GOP labor committees, tried to make things pleasant for Green, but the anti-union sentiments of the members got under Green's skin.

Emerging from the meeting, perspiring and unhappy, Green told intimates: "No matter what these fellows do or say, labor's going to be 80 per cent for Roosevelt in November. Imagine having an ex-official of the National Association of Manufacturers sitting on the labor committee!"

Landon's Problem

Wives of some of the most prominent politicos from all over the USA pitched in at the convention to make beds and answer telephones because of the acute Chicago hotel labor shortage. However, Mrs. Alf Landon was less worried about the help shortage than her youngsters are at home.

A few weeks ago, in Topeka, the children of the GOP 1936 Presidential nominee said they wanted to see an exhibition of aerial bombing which the Army was putting on to promote the sale of war bonds.

"If it's going to be dangerous to watch," the ex-Governor of Kansas said, "then we shouldn't go. If it's not dangerous, it won't be worth seeing."

"I don't care if it is dangerous, I want to see it," chimed in Landon's cute freckled-faced daughter, Nancy Jo.

But Mrs. Landon said that she was tired of all this war stuff.

"I want to live to see the day when we are finished with all this mess," she said.

To which Landon's young son Jackie replied: "I want to live to see the day when we get a maid so I won't have to do the dishes."

Speaking Of Footholds—

—By Dorman Smith

No Fire In Chicago

By Samuel Grafton

CHICAGO

THIS is an emotionally cool convention. Mr. Dewey is in, but one hears surprisingly little Dewey talk. He has won because he is so terribly "available"; he has won technically; he has won on points, so to speak. The delegates assembled, the Dewey hand was spread out on the table, and the game was over. You can't argue with a royal flush.

The convention was blitzed. The delegates don't mind this, especially. But as a result, the feeling about Mr. Dewey is more one of professional admiration for a hard job, brilliantly done, than one of warm, emotional, rootin' tootin' fervor for the man who did it. Nobody walks around in a daze, personally overcome by Dewey sentiment. The theme of the week is skill, not passion.

One just doesn't even hear conversations about Mr. Dewey. There is plenty of talk about the number of votes he is getting, from this state delegation and that, but all talk about the man himself there is hardly a trace. This is perhaps a tribute to what politicians call availability: to that poised middle-of-the-road position which leaves so little room for dispute that it provides almost no content for discussion.

If the campaign to get Dewey elected follows the lines of the campaign to get him nominated, the Democrats may also find themselves wrestling with a cloud, fighting a shadow, an exercise which tends to give one a certain feeling of helplessness. The Bricker people will know what I mean. They couldn't fight Dewey because they could never get their hands on him. There was no way to secure enough purchase for a good grip.

Technically, the Dewey campaign has followed the line, not of advancing arguments on behalf of his candidate, but of knocking down arguments against him.

The effort was not to increase his positive appeal, but to increase his availability. I.e., Dewey did not try to get anybody to vote for him on account of his foreign policy, but he did try to produce a situation in which nobody would vote against him because of his foreign policy. He threw in just enough foreign policy to make it harder, so to speak.

This is what has overwhelmed the delegates in this city. All the negative arguments against Mr. Dewey were batted down; it is impossible to argue that he has no foreign policy, or that he has too much foreign policy, just as it is impossible to argue that he is a reactionary or that he is a liberal. Pure and serene availability has swamped the convention; and it has been brilliantly done; but the lack of positive arguments for him has produced that curious air of convention coolness which almost all observers have noticed.

If these same tactics are continued into the actual election battle, then perhaps a surprisingly moderate campaign may be postulated, one in which the Republicans will do comparatively little pawing of the air, but will devote themselves methodically and coolly to proving, well, that they are not so bad. They will try to make Mr. Dewey as "available" to the voters as he was made "available" to the delegates in this steaming city.

Dewey's Slick Operators

By Marquis Childs

CHICAGO

WITH smooth professionalism, a group of leaders of New York politicians has stage-managed this show for Thomas E. Dewey. From the beginning everything has been under careful control.

On the 25th floor of the Stevens Hotel Dewey's three musketeers completed the trick that was begun a long time ago. One is New York State Republican Chairman Edwin F. Jaeckle who looks like a genial cross between Santa Claus and Mephistopheles. No. 2 is J. Russell Sprague who developed a trained political touch as boss of Nassau County on Long Island.

Third, and far from least, is Herbert Brownell Jr., who neither looks nor talks like a politician. He is typical of the young, hard working, intensely loyal followers Dewey has gathered around him. Carefully tabulating the delegate strength from hour to hour, the triumvirate never conceded Ohio's Bricker more than 47 votes. They allowed Lt. Comdr. Stassen not more than 40 at the outside.

When they went to call on the chairmen of the big delegations such as Pennsylvania's, which was theoretically unpledged before the Sunday night caucus, they talked turkey. They were professionals speaking the language of professionals. On Saturday before the convention opened one of the three musketeers said:

"This is over. We're already pointing toward November."

This is typical of the cool-headed men who did the technical job for Dewey. Without stopping to celebrate the victory in June, they were already plotting for victory in the far tougher contest this Fall.

How nearly the whole Draft-Governor Warren-for-Vice-President move was set up before Chicago I couldn't say. It may have been as pre-arranged as the Dewey nomination, although you'd never get a hint of this from the Dewey managers. They have tried to avoid any appearance of dictation. To win in November, it's gone to take professionalism plus the kind of appeal that will enlist independent voters. This last will take more than vague assurances and generalizations.

One imperative confronting Dewey immediately is the repudiation of the nationalists and the America Firsters who seem to be concentrated here in Chicago, on the periphery of this convention they have raised clamorous voices. Far more than a year Gerald L. K. Smith's America First, We the Mothers and similar organizations have constantly urged the necessity for working within the Republican Party. The Democratic Party, they tell their followers, is hopeless, and it is too early for a third party that will tie in nationalism, anti-Semitism and the other trappings of totalitarianism. Most people are inclined to dismiss them as screballs or fanatics. The lunatic fringe which will always be with us, they say complacently.

Yet these fanatics have helped to nominate a Republican candidate for Congress in Illinois' Sixth District which takes in part of suburban Oak Park and part of less prosperous Chicago. Charles J. Anderson, who sat on the platform with Smith when Smith took over the ballroom of the Stevens Hotel in a pale imitation of the stormtrooper technique, talks the whole fascist line.

Now it's up to Dewey to speak out with all the conviction that's in him against these hitch-hiking little fascists.

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"Those girls in the crop corps dress cool, all right, but I'd be afraid to wear a costume like that with the fields full of bees!"

A Young Salt On Watch For Mail Buoy

By HAL BOYLE

A BRITISH PORT, June 18.—(Delayed)—(AP)—His first trip to sea was the greatest adventure in the life of 19-year-old Edwin Piechog of Chicago, a tall, boyish merchant seaman whose mates have nicknamed him "Sweet Pea."

BOYLE

He scribbled an account of his first ten days on a freighter bound for Britain, an experience typical of that of thousands of young American sailors who have been delivering war goods with which Allied soldiers are winning the campaign in Normandy.

"There is nothing like your first trip at sea," wrote Sweet Pea. "I remember the posters in boot camp (for apprentice seamen) telling you that boot training was tough because it got you in shape for life at sea.

"At one time I didn't believe that, but after two days out, I knew there was a lot of truth in that.

"I happened to be one of the so-called boots on this trip. The Navy boys are all salty after their first trip. My first ten days out I think I learned more from those salts than I could by going through a four-year course in the best college in the USA.

TALL TALK

"I'm just nineteen and not too bright, yet I'm not a gourd head, but some of this stuff they tell me about is just impossible. Like the gunner's mate who was in the invasion of Sicily. He told me about shrapnel on the deck, and said he had to use a broom and shovel on it. Now would you believe that? Well, frankly, I did.

"This one fellow is quite an artist at this tall talk stuff. Another time he told me he was taking a cup of coffee to the bridge and it happens it was pretty rough on this ship and it makes a big dip before he reached the bridge.

"Well his story goes that the cup came up filled with water instead of coffee. I thought I could tell some good ones, but I'll take a back seat.

"The first time a general alarm sounded I tramped on three guys and got run over twice myself. Then after getting to battle stations I got the life jacket on backward. I think the skipper got a kick out of that one.

THAT MAIL BUOY

"On the eighth day I was on watch and the gunners mate told me to go below and get all my letters together for the mail buoy to pick them up.

"I ran down and got the letters I've written and rushed back up. He has me watch on the right side of the ship for him. At 10 I'm still watching when our officers tell me to go to bed. Now I know there is no such thing as a mail buoy.

"The tenth day has been the most exciting one for me. We were all in the mess hall talking and kidding around when we happened to hit a huge wave. The salt sitting beside me hollers 'this is it' and then the place turns into a mad house. The best men get out the door first. I rush to my battle station when I know I should have went to the lifeboat.

"After everything has calmed down we have about eight casualties aboard, three sailors with smashed fingers and five with sprained ankles.

"Now we line up the first ten days of my Navy career at sea. I only hope the future holds many more pleasant things in store for me."

—Alfred M. Landon.

Everyday Counselor

By Herbert Spaugh, D. D.

YESTERDAY I related the story of the Waccamaw bridge-keeper whose triplet sons in the armed service were reunited by order of the President and Secretary of War at the father's written request to the White House, as an illustration of democracy in action.

Some time after this the President came to Hobcaw Barony the plantation of Bernard Baruch near Georgetown, S. C. He had not forgotten the bridge-keeper and his sons. One day the latter received an invitation from the President to visit him at Hobcaw. A car was dispatched for the father and he was soon sitting down face to face with the man who had not been too big nor too busy to answer the plea of a father for his sons. Before the President returned to Washington, the two went fishing together.

The friend who told me the story of the Waccamaw bridge-keeper also related his own personal meeting with the President. He with his wife and daughter were on the way home from church. His daughter was wearing her choir vestment. As they approached the highway leading from Georgetown they saw a procession of cars pass on the way toward Myrtle Beach. They quickly sensed it to be the Presidential party, so they decided to wait for its return. In the meantime two soldiers joined them, coming out of Brookgreen Gardens.

In a short time an Army jeep came down the road carrying guards, who looked them over carefully, waved their approval and went on. In a few minutes an open touring car appeared with the President on the front seat by the driver. Seeing the little group, the President ordered the driver to slow down. My friend, a veteran of the last war, and now a member of the Home Guard, was in uniform. He with the two soldiers lined up on the side of the road in strict military salute. This the President returned.

On the other side of the road his wife and daughter were standing. They both waved and called out "Hello." Quickly the President turned, smiled, waved and returned a cheery "Hello," giving them the V-sign. The car then picked up speed and passed on.

All this took place on a quiet country road; there were no crowds; no photographers; no armed guards; just democracy in action, even in war time.

Mostly Sham

By Dorothy Thompson

CHICAGO

THE only breath of motion-pulsing life in this convention so far is in the Minnesota delegation and among the followers of Lt. Comdr. Harold Stassen. Unless my eyes and ears completely deceive me they are the only people who genuinely believe in their candidate, his principles, his vision, and his future.

The most remarkable thing about the convention, which gives it a peculiar quality of deadliness and dullness, is that it is all set to nominate for President a man for whom there is almost no personal enthusiasm, even amongst the delegates pledged to him. There is not a shred of the excitement, energy and warmth of feeling that permeated the followers of Wendell Willkie four years ago.

Apparently the real creator of the Dewey-for-President bandwagon is the Gallup polls which have convinced the party leaders that he, alone, has a good chance to win against President Roosevelt. His supporters are voting according to mathematical calculations and not according to convictions and feelings.

Pressure is being brought to have other candidates withdraw in order to get a unanimous first ballot for Dewey. If this occurs it will be a most profound reflection on the Stassen delegation is being urged to withdraw its candidate for his own good. This has some interest, because the underground army opposed to defeatism, as far as the coming elections are concerned, keeps throughout continuously in the press saying that under the influence of the general depressive pessimism the bets were being off red this morning of three to one that Roosevelt would win.

The Stassen followers, who fully concede that their man has not a look-in, and that the Deweyites have sewed the convention up tight, are absolutely convinced that if Roosevelt wins again Stassen will be President in four years' time, and are debating whether to offer his candidacy and have him turned down or to draw aside. This afternoon it looks as though they would register their minority protest. One of them said, "Some of us have got to have the guts to register that we don't want Dewey. After all, this is a free country."

Among Stassen followers a tiny greeted the welcoming address of Governor Green when he said to a hot and extremely inattentive audience, "we will win again on the issue of human liberty."

An ardent opponent of Dewey and supporter of Stassen said, "Liberty, we are already hamstrung in this convention."

Old-timers say that the convention recalls that of 1932 which renominated Herbert Hoover. There is the same deadness as of something agreed upon without enthusiasm. The discouragement of the Stassenites is somehow more dynamic than the triumph of the Deweyites, for the former know exactly why they are for their man, and believe utterly in his future.

There is even more real affection and enthusiasm in the Bricker camps than surrounds the champion.

The tone of yesterday rather than of today or tomorrow was set by the opening songs, with which the convention was rallied in the few minutes before being formally called to order, an hour behind schedule. The songs were, "I Want a Gal Just Like the Gal That Married Dear Old Dad," and, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding Into the Land of My Dreams."

Gerald L. K. Smith, who crashed the Stevens Hotel ballroom last night and delivered a two-hour speech to 2,000 fanatical followers cheering America First and the Chicago Tribune, worked up more heat, if not light, than has other wise been furnished except by the weather.

Only the unthinking will vote for a candidate simply on the claim that he has a "strong" foreign record. A man can't be a statesman abroad and a fathead at home and he of much use in the period ahead.

—Alfred M. Landon.

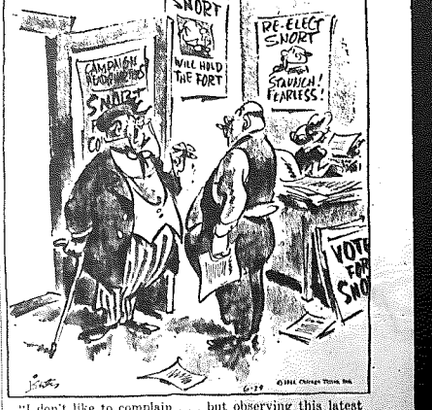
Australia Reports Expenditures To U. S.

CANBERRA, Australia—(AP)—The War Cabinet has received a treasury report that Australian expenditures for the United States forces on a reciprocal-aid basis totaled 150,000,000 pounds (roughly equal to $300,000,000) to last April 30.

Of this total 80,000,000 pounds were spent in the ten months starting July, 1943, food alone accounting for 30,000,000 pounds.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"I don't like to complain . . . but observing this latest war bond campaign makes me pretty dissatisfied with you as my campaign manager!"

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