

# Stevenson, Kefauver Far Ahead of Field Going Into Stretch

By ALICIA RUHL  
Chicago, July 23—(By Air-mail)—The Democratic field, which two days ago seemed nothing but a slate of "dark horses," is already narrowing down to the favored few. Vice President Barkley's withdrawal late Monday night left the contest pretty much between Stevenson, Kefauver, and Harriman with what seems to be, at this early stage, a strong edge in favor of the Governor of Illinois.

The Chicago Daily News, doubtless still "heady" over their accurate forecast of Republican nominees, has crawled out on another limb and predicted Stevenson's victory on an early ballot, and a newsboy greeted delegates pouring out into Chicago's sizzling heat with the shouted comment that the tide was turning in favor of the "bald-headed candidate from Illinois" — a characterization which would doubtless tickle the sensitive sense of humor of the man in question.

In the meantime, the reluctant candidate, who seems to think that Stevenson "is the man to beat," has been doing his best to do just that, without apparently making a dent on anyone. His technique seems to be to squeeze the air out of the balloon without going so far as to prick it, and since the balloon swells despite him no one takes these efforts very seriously.

Barkley's withdrawal has left some footloose and fancy-free votes, most of which — Stevenson supporters claim — will deflect to them, but it is too soon to count out Senator Kefauver, whose popularity with the masses is evidenced by the preponderance of Kefauver buttons and coonskin caps sprinkled amongst the crowd. (Oddly enough, an amazing number of the coonskin-cap contingent look quite at home in their headgear.)

Kefauver, whom one suspects is deeper than meets the surface, nonetheless knows the importance of the surface, and is doggedly playing true to character. Anyone passing the Palmer House Hotel late yesterday afternoon could have seen the delegate from Tennessee patiently urging a stubbornly disinclined donkey through the door.

Candidate Harriman, who is popular with labor — and possibly with President Truman — seems to suffer from a cloistered personality and a somewhat too uncluttered tongue which is hardly likely to convince the convention that, even if he is "the man to beat," it would be very difficult to do so.

It seems likely, therefore, that the contest will soon narrow down to Stevenson and Kefauver. President Truman has thus far held his fire — probably deliberately — and if he continues to do so much longer the boom for Stevenson may be irretrievably launched.

Some of the pace and sustained tension of the Republican convention has fizzled out, and the Stockyard auditorium — despite its new and snappier decor, its new and relatively fresh delegates — has a somewhat anti-climactic atmosphere about it. This convention is less well attended, and the city — though still alive with sirens, calliopes,

and sideshows of various sorts — is less interested in the performance. The crowds around the auditorium have thinned out and one not only gets a clearer idea of the whole crazy panorama but is an easier subject to various handouts, so that one arrives at one's destination with an armful of pamphlets advertising everything from Kefauver to Jesus Christ. The bars across the street all have large welcoming banners strung across their windows, varying only in the drink they have to offer, so that one reads — "Welcome Delegates! Cool off with a glass of Schlitz!" — the next, "Cool off with a glass of Budweiser!" — "a glass of Blatz," etc.

Inside the auditorium the Democrats impress one as more colorful, noisier, and less attentive than the Republicans. The performance is better stage-managed on the whole — from the point of view of entertainment rather than drama; but the list of speakers includes no great star attractions such as the Republicans were able to muster, and this is probably just as well since the speakers can hardly be heard above the muffled roar which constantly rises from the bobbing, surging delegates' pit.

Temporary Chairman Dever, who someone cracked made a fine temporary chairman because he had such a temporary voice, ruined his vocal chords the first day and since has only been able to make himself heard with the gavel. "Will the delegates kindly keep silent," croaks Dever painfully, his voice breaking and completely going under on the last word.

Mrs. India Edwards, whom he has just introduced, casts a calculating look over the completely unshuffled sea in front of her, her rather formidable jaw sets, her mouth thins out, she grabs the gavel and pounds sharply bringing momentary order out of chaos. This afternoon, she says, you have heard several speakers, and you have been exceedingly rude! All the television audience has remarked on it. Now I can perfectly well sit down right now, or I can go on if you are willing to listen to what I have to say. This brings a good-natured roar from the crowd and a promise to behave, so that Mrs. Edwards — some-

what mollified — is able to proceed.

But Eleanor Roosevelt, "the first lady of the World" — as Chairman Dever somewhat over-enthusiastically introduced her — was more tolerant and completely helpless in the ovation which her appearance on the rostrum set off. She looked a little uncomfortable as time went on, but never lost her good nature, and smiling and waving occasionally, exuded that aura of good will which is particularly characteristic of her.

From time to time she would turn appealingly to Dever, but Dever, beaming with obvious approval at the crowd was clearly happy to be voiceless and no help at all. Her face disappeared and re-appeared kaleidoscopically amidst the shifting, bobbing banners of the parading delegates.

First she tried waving them into their seats, but they responded to this as they might to a cheer leader, so she subdued her gestures into a kind of gentle, fanning motion, like someone handling a particularly touchy cake of yeast. The ovation was clearly partly directed at the First Lady herself, but probably more of a tribute to the "Great White Father" of the Democratic party, whose face from a huge poster to the right of the rostrum smiled down knowingly on the noise and tumult.

## Accordion Band Will Play at Convention

Members of the Eve Prentice Accordion band have been invited to play at the American Legion state convention in Klamath Falls this week-end, it was announced by Mrs. Prentice today.

A group of the band members will go over in cars driven by parents on Saturday, Mrs. Prentice said. They will gather at the studio at 11 a.m., and will leave at noon.

Another group, bringing the band to full strength, will go over on Monday, and will march in the parade on Tuesday. Accommodations and meals for band members are being arranged for by the Legion, according to Mrs. Prentice.

### TIME TO RUN

Naugatuck, Conn. —(U.P.)— Mrs. Joseph Gejda, Jr., turned and ran after raising a window shade of her home. Bearing down on her was a giant trailer truck. The front of the truck landed on the Gejda's front porch. No one was hurt.

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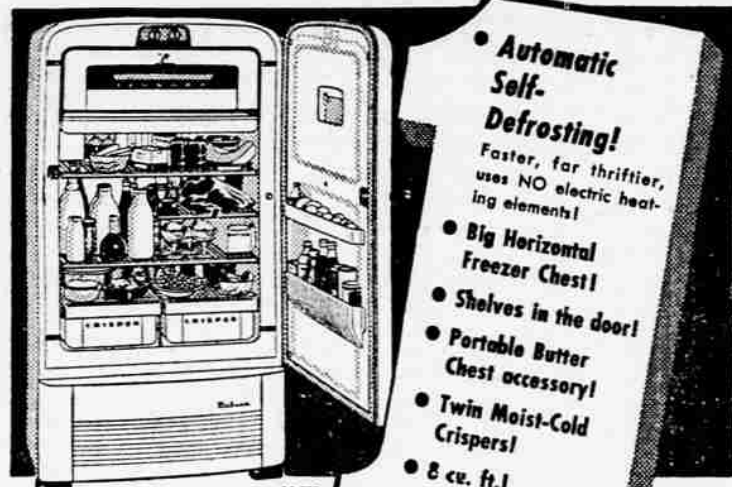
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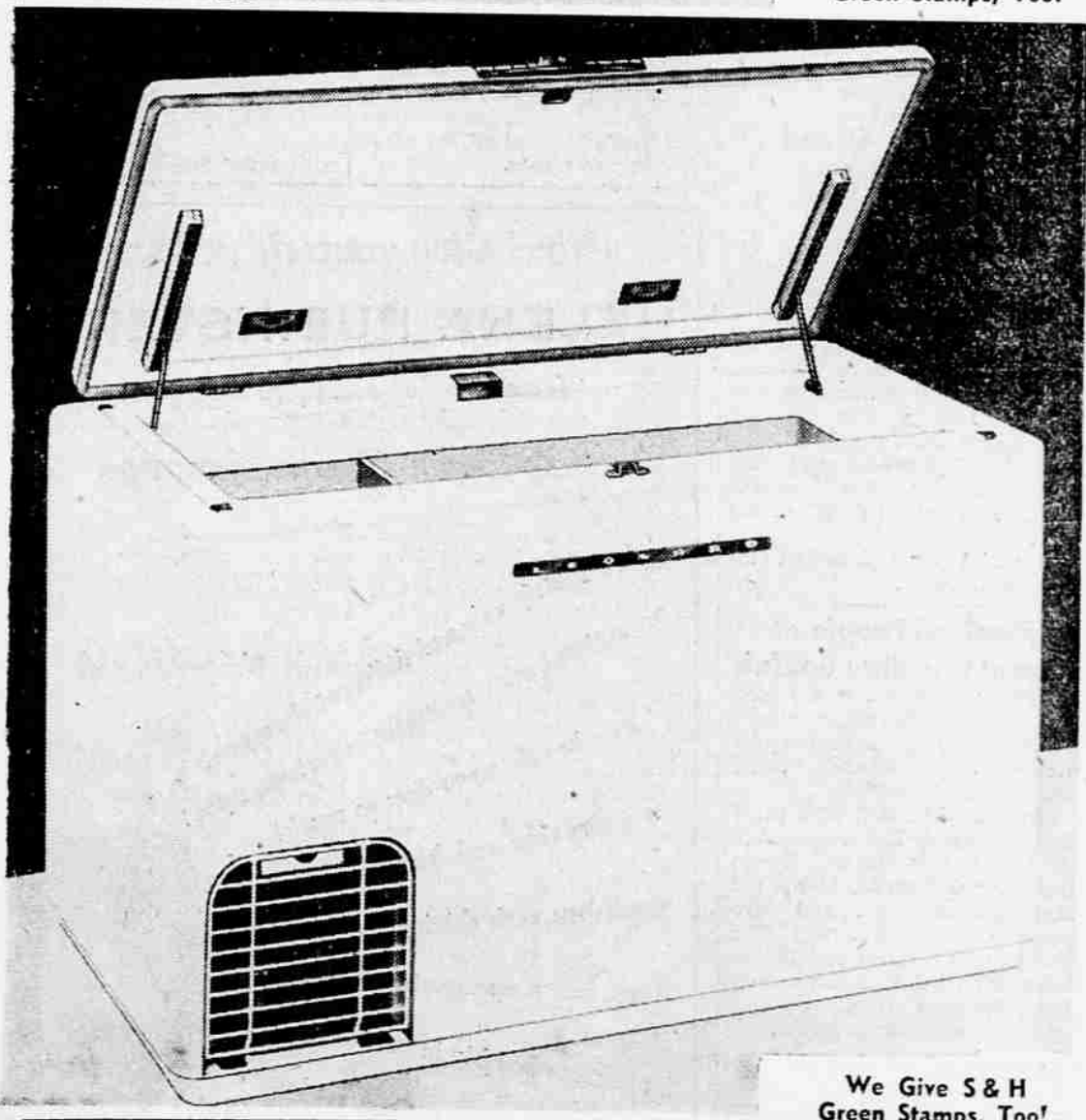
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