

## Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

LONDON (By Wireless).—This is a little late, but maybe some of you will be interested in knowing how long it took me to get here from the United States.

Well, I was exactly 24 days coming from New York to London. It took 10 days to cross the Atlantic by boat. I waited 13 days in Lisbon.

And it took one day to travel from Lisbon to London by plane and train.

The total cost was \$500—\$305 for the boat, \$145 for the plane, \$5 for the train, and \$15 for eating, sleeping, high-hat and debauchery.

You are allowed to bring into the United Kingdom only 10 pounds in English money. The current rate of exchange is about \$4 to the pound, but down in Lisbon you can buy a pound for a little more than \$2. If I could have changed all my money in Lisbon I could have had for half price in England.

But that's the point in not letting people bring in more than 10 pounds.

When I arrived in England I had four kinds of money—English sterling, American currency, Portuguese escudos and some travelers' checks.

## He Gets a Receipt for His Money

The immigration man made me list all of it, and gave me a receipt, which means that when I leave I'll be permitted to take the same amount out of the country.

I don't know what leads them to believe I'll have any money at all when I leave.

One of the things I most looked forward to in England was getting away from those dinner menus in French and Portuguese that I wrestled with for two weeks in Lisbon. And now that I'm in London, where people speak English, I find that practically all the menus, even in medium-price restaurant, are in French.

It burns me up.

And to make it worse, most of the waitresses can't read French, so half the time I can't tell what they've got to eat.

Just before leaving America I bought a corduroy coat, a sporty one with leather buttons. Well, the other day I sent it out to be cleaned and when it came back this is the way it was described on the cleaner's slip: "Gent's cream corded velvet jacket."

I don't know whether I'll ever have the heart to wear it again or not.

There are about 60 American newspapermen here, including the staffs of the three press associations,

and they form a sort of small town. Everybody knows everybody else. And how the word gets around!

## Grapevine Works Fast in London

On my first day here I met a dozen or more newspaper people, and almost without exception they said, when I was introduced, "Yes, I heard you came in last night." The grapevine works fast.

Quite a few of the American newspapermen have left in recent days, some headed for Cairo to cover the war in Africa, but quite a number headed home to the States for a few weeks rest from the bombs.

Most of these hoped originally to be home for Christmas, but transportation is so difficult and delays are so long that most of them were either still here or between home and New York for the holidays.

There is one ironic thing about these vacation trips home: the men can't take their wives along. For the State Department wouldn't let the wives come back again once they had landed in the States. In order to set it out for the duration alongside their husbands, the poor wives have to stay right here while their husbands run home to America.

The American correspondents, I think, are a grand bunch of people. Most of them are old-timers, with a decade or more of experience in Europe. I feel like a mental child beside them. Yet almost without exception they are friendly and helpful. And I discovered that among them almost nobody stands higher than my one old friend and I, Ben Roberson, of PM, who now back home on leave.

Ben had lived in London before. This time he has been here since the fall of France.

He seems to know everybody and everything. And he is constantly being invited to dinner by people whose names make me tremble.

## Ernie Doesn't Need an Invasion

He has been through some pretty terrible stuff. He has been machine-gunned in fields. He has sat on the cliffs of Dover and seen German planes fall in flames almost at his feet.

A room across the hall from his was blown up a few days before I arrived.

He told me his entire outlook on life had changed.

He feels that nothing can hurt him now and that never again can he be afraid of anything.

Ben hopes to be back in London in March. He thinks the invasion attempt is still coming, and he wants to be here for it. I have given him a pound of Green of Indianapolis.

"I do not crave power," Mr. Schricker said. "I never was a pugilist. Political power is the last thing I'm thinking of. I want to discharge the duties of Governor honestly, uprightly and without fear."

When you come to the State House and walk in the Governor's office, you don't want to see Henry Schricker. You want to see an individual committed to do a job.

"And you don't want to see an office boy."

Mr. Schricker also warned against tampering with the State labor conciliation setup.

"Government should be impartial and fair," he said.

## Urge Conciliation

"All misunderstandings (between industry and labor) should be solved around the council table. In any dispute, both parties should gather as soon as possible in conference. They should meet as men and not as enemies."

Under the G. O. P. "Decentralization Bill," the Division of Labor would be placed under a three-man board headed by Mr. Dawson.

Mr. Schricker said he was anxious to work with the Legislature.

"Because we are of opposite political parties, our service to the people should not be hampered," he said. "After all, we both serve the same people."

Mr. Dawson made a brief talk preceding Mr. Schricker's address.

Tries to Be Fair

"I want to assure you that your representatives will receive every consideration," he said. "In the selection of committees, I have tried to be as fair as possible."

"Selecting a labor committee is one of the hardest tasks of all. I don't know whether it is going to be to your liking or not. The best we can do is to give representation to everyone."

The labor program adopted by the conference delegates includes:

1. Liberalization of the Unemployment Compensation Act to include: Shorter waiting period; increased benefits; longer period of payments; elimination of merit rating and present labor-disputes clauses; extension to include employers of one or more.

2. Liberalization of the Workmen's Compensation and Occupational Diseases Acts, with provision for public councilor.

3. State operated industrial insurance for Workmen's Compensation and occupational Diseases Acts.

4. A state labor relations act to protect Indiana workers in Intrastate Commerce.

5. A state wage-hour law.

6. A state-wide primary election for all elective offices.

7. Income tax based on ability to pay.

8. Removal of the garnished law.

9. More adequate mine safety laws.

10. Retention of the full crew law for protection of railroad workers and the public.

11. Adequate relief and WPA for those not employed by private industry.

12. More adequate public welfare.

13. A broader state health program.

14. Advancement of slum clearance and low-rent housing programs.

15. A state youth program to provide improved employment, education and recreational opportunities.

16. Old-age pension payments of \$60 per month at age of 60, and \$30 additional to aged wives.

17. Appropriations for the State Planning Board.

18. Establishment of a State Consumers' Advisory Commission.

19. Repeal of the poll-tax law.

20. Elimination of graft in politics and in public employment by adopting the merit system for all state, county and municipal employees.

21. Protection and extension of the Civil Rights of the Negro people and enactment of a national anti-lynching law.

22. C. I. O. representation upon all appointive state, county and municipal boards.

23. Protection of the civil liberties of all, protection of labor's right to strike and picket.

24. Repeal of the pauper's oath and with respect to relief and welfare.

25. Free school text books.

Mrs. Cowles had remarkable judgment. She was interested in public affairs and in history. I used to think she might have governed an empire either in her own right or through her influence over a king or an emperor. She was remarkable in her tact, and had the great gift of being able to listen to others, as well as to talk delightfully herself.

I am sure that all my generation would have taken any amount of trouble to spend an hour with Mrs. Cowles, even in the days when she could no longer move from her wheelchair and her body was wracked with pain. Only a little black box of the table made it possible for her to hear us, and yet her spirit rose above all physical trials and shone out of the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen.

Mrs. Robinson was entirely different. Greater charm, perhaps, greater gentleness, a more easily lovable quality and feeling for the arts. She had a gift for writing poetry, but her appreciation of others' talents illuminated their work for those of us with duller perception.

Again, she could join with us in joy or sorrow as though she was of our generation. Then she was a precious gift granted to all of us—not only appreciated by my generation, but by those even younger. Mrs. Robinson is remembered with a tender smile and all of us are grateful for the windows of her soul which she opened to us.

To me they were "Auntie Bye" and "Auntie Corinne." Two women never to be forgotten, whose influence will live as long as any of us who knew them can transmit to later generations a quality which we hope will long be preserved in our family.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

HYDE PARK, Sunday.—The nearer I drew to Hyde Park on Friday evening, the more excited I became, for our children from Seattle, Wash., were arriving in the late afternoon and were to be at the station to meet us. With my daughter I feel the bond that exists with any child, but in addition, there has grown between us the deep understanding such as exists with an intimate friend. John is not just my son-in-law, but one of my dearest friends. I can be serious or I can be gay with Anna and John without any thought of age or generation to divide us.

Yesterday, I put in a little time trying to rearrange my books at the cottage, particularly the shelves of my poetry books. I came across one volume by my aunt, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and I find that I am lacking another one which I must get, for it contains many of the poems I like best.

That set me to thinking about my two aunts, Mrs. Douglas Robinson and Mrs. William Shefield Cowles. So different in many ways, and yet with one thing in common—their love of people. Just as the two brothers, President Theodore Roosevelt and my father, Elliott Roosevelt, were so entirely different and yet had certain family traits in common so the two sisters drew people to them in the same way but for entirely different reasons.

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