

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

LONDON (By Wireless).—The brother of a man I know has a hobby of riding around on a bicycle every morning looking for new bomb damage.

He phoned this morning to report that he had a big special one. (Reports of unusual bomb damage are spread around town by mouth-to-mouth grapevine, since the newspaper aren't permitted to mention specific locations.) So we took a bus to the scene.

The report was correct, plenty. We learned later that the damage was caused by a plane which crashed with its full load of bombs. They found little pieces of the plane.

All the nearby houses had been blown down. Big stone buildings remained standing, but their office furniture was splintered and smashed into ruin.

A window left for six blocks in any direction. And yet a policeman said only a dozen people were hurt and nobody was killed. Many bomb explosions are freakish like that.

All the public clocks in the area were stopped, but none at the same minute. Among a half dozen of them that I saw there was a variance of half an hour. The answer is that the blast moved the hands.

The Peter Pan Statue

Some London buildings now have corrugated-steel shutters that are pulled down at night over windows and doors. They don't save the glass if a bomb hits close by, but they do prevent a shattering of glass from flying so badly all around. In this particular explosion these steel shutters were bent and twisted, some of them bashed in but others ballooned out toward the street like a weak spot in an inner tube.

That is another freakish thing about bomb explosions—the pull if often greater than the push. I saw the statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens today for the first time. I think it must be the loveliest statue in the world. There is a big bomb crater two hundred yards away, but the statue is untouched. I think they ought to remove it and bury it for the duration.

The statue of Queen Victoria at Kensington Palace has several small chips missing from the hem of the Queen's dress, the result of a small bomb that dropped about a hundred yards away.

Inside Indianapolis (And "Our Town")

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD of "Alcoholics Anonymous" but it is one of the most useful organizations in America. The reason we mention it is that we've just learned that Indianapolis now has a chapter. That's right.

The "A.A." is composed of ex-alcoholics—confessed soaks who got together to see if they couldn't find unity in strength in their battles with the glass that comes out of the bottle. These chaps are not umbrella-waving, palm-sinning sinners. They're just plain people who wanted to stop drinking.

We might mention that there are no dues or fees to the "A.A." We have to add that we wish the Indianapolis chapter long life and success.

Courtroom Vigil

A COUPLE OF county judges were unwitting hosts Saturday evening to Criminal Court attendees waiting for the Iozzo verdict. Judge Frank A. Symmes, called in at 3 a. m. when it was indicated the jury might be ready, slept on a hard couch in Judge Earl R. Cox's chambers. A reporter nabbed a soft couch in Judge Herbert M. Spencer's rooms. . . . During the wait, prosecutors and spectators played bridge in the Prosecutor's Office. . . . The telephone rang continuously with requests for information. Albert Ward, deputy prosecutor, answered it once. "No," he said, "this is Albert Ward." He put the phone down and said to no one in particular: "They wanted the First Ward." . . . Vincent Iozzo showed the most strain of any of the Iozzo men during the trial. As soon as the verdict came in, it was he who rushed to the telephone to call his mother and tell her about it.

Washington

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—An ugly temper seemed to be brewing a few days ago when Senator Wheeler said President Roosevelt was preparing to ploy under every fourth American boy and the President retorted that the remark was the most distasteful, rotten and unpatriotic thing that had been said in a generation. If that was just the kickoff what would the rest of the battle be like?

Fortunately, since then tension has relaxed, or so it seems. Col. Lindbergh came and went. Lady Astor was hurt at what he said, and a crowd of ladies in the House committee room moaned over the young hero and his Congressmen who tried to ask him questions they didn't like.

Col. Lindbergh's Stand

Perhaps one reason for this is that everyone is being given credit for sincerity. Not all those who are talking may be sincere, but it is just as well to assume that they are and get on with it. It isn't whether a man is sincere or not that is important in weighing these questions, it's whether his arguments seem sound, whether his case seems best in the national interest.

Everyone is trying to figure whether Col. Lindbergh has a grudge against England. From London comes the story that he offered his services to the British government as an aviation adviser and they were not accepted. What of it? We are not trying to decide whether Col. Lindbergh is paying off an old grudge but whether there is anything to what he says when he tells the committee that it was a mis-

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Sunday—Yesterday morning, in New York City, I certainly did as many things as one could well put into the hours of one morning.

Miss Esther Lape went with me to my first appointment at 10 o'clock at the Museum of Modern Art. There we began on the top floor and progressed downwards through the Indian exhibit. I think it is one of the most exciting and thrilling exhibitions I have been to in a long while. What beautiful work the Indians did, even in the days when stone tools were all they had. I am thrilled by the fact that their skill has not died out and that many of the things which they make today are easily adapted to our modern life.

Some woven Indian material makes a delightful cover for a modern chair, and an Indian drum makes a very convenient little table for use beside that chair. Much of the silver work is really beautiful and one of the best silversmiths was there himself to explain his art, which he is now teaching in one of the Indian schools.

Never before have I had the sense of centuries of development which lie back of the arts of our Indian people. This Indian exhibition should certainly stimulate production and bring us, as con-

Many bomb craters in the parks are being filled with debris hauled from bombed buildings. Three-fourths of the windows of Buckingham Palace are blown out and boarded up. In one window a torn, ragged blind has been hanging for weeks. I'll bet they wouldn't fix it for 10 thousand pounds for it shows all England that their King is taking it too.

While the checkrooms in restaurants will check tin hats and soldiers' rifles, they aren't supposed to accept gas masks, the point being to make you keep your mask with you all the time, just in case. And I thought this was a good one: The lost-and-found department of the London Transport announced the other day that not a single lost plum pudding has been found over the holidays. (There are usually hundreds, it seems.)

Polish Fliers Admired

There are so many different uniforms that I haven't got them all straight yet. But I can tell all the dominion soldiers, for they have the man of their country—Canada or Australia or New Zealand—spelled out on their shoulder tabs. And that is true also of foreign units in the British Army. You very frequently see the word Poland or Czechoslovakia or Belgium on officers' shoulder tabs.

The Poles, incidentally, have been doing some wonderful fighting with the British, especially in the air. They are highly skilled fliers, and they fight with a terrible zeal. England looks upon the Polish airman's uniform with deep respect.

The uniform of the Royal Air Force is a pale blue. England idolizes the R. A. F., as well it should. The uniform commands a grateful minute the minute it is seen, whether on a wing commander or a lowly corporal mechanic.

Another thing about soldiers on leave in this war—almost any place you go you can see a private and a colonel and these two girls sitting together. No, it doesn't mean that the war has brought true social democracy to England. It merely means that description makes officers of some aristocrats and private of other aristocrats, and when they're on leave they're still both aristocrats regardless of their uniforms.

King Zog of Albania lives at a prominent hotel, and since he doesn't like to sleep in the hotel's regular shelter he sleeps in the basement dining room. The waiters have to clear out all diners shortly before midnight so the King can go to bed!

The Greatest, the Most—

SUN-TANNED INDIANAPOLIS folk returning

from Florida report Joe Copps, press agent extraordinary who handles the Speedway plugs, is still the same busy, hand-shaking man. If you know him well enough he can get you a couple of tickets to Hialeah Park. . . . The big snow last week brought the sleds in droves to the splendid sliding site at Hilton U. Brown's place at 5087 E. Washington St. Saturday they were out before their papers even started for the office. . . . Friends of Red Cabie, a Red Cabie, says he's a perfect double for tough-guy Jimmy Cagney, the movie man. Mr. White says it makes his fares ask him a lot of fool questions. . . . Mrs. Helen Boyd Higgins of Golden Hill is the latest short story writer to come through with an acceptance check from the National Magazine. It was a children's story, about twice a month a man calls up the Mayor's office, wants to speak to Hizzoria pronto. The secretary then asks who's calling. . . . the man refuses to say, hangs up. This has been going on for a long time now. . . . Biggest customer for the Sonja Henie show is Harold West, president of the West Baking Co. He bought 20 tickets to the West Baking Co. party. . . . he'll take the whole company in one big party. Incidentally the Saturday and Sunday shows are already sold out. It opens Thursday night for six performances.

The Need for Tolerance

The fight over the pending War-Aid Bill is far from over. While passage appears to be assured with a limited limit and some other restrictions acceptable to the Administration, there will be much debate and need for tolerance during it.

But tolerance doesn't come by merely urging tolerance. It comes only when one has respect for the sincerity of the other side. You can believe the other side completely wrong and still be a sincere opponent that your side is right, and you can argue and vote without ever once wavering and you can still be tolerant. Tolerance means only fighting within the rules of the game. It is more important, to think, to hammer down Col. Lindbergh's argument than to hammer him down.

That is not being naive it is being effective. Senator Borah was the most effective isolationist among the isolationists in the League of Nations battle. He, more than any other individual, fixed isolationism as a national policy during 20 post-war years. He was effective because he never indulged in personalities. He made a case that won the confidence of a majority of the country, and he fastened his view so deeply in the public mind that it hasn't been shaken out completely yet. There was never a more tolerant man in public life than Senator Borah—one more fixed in his conviction about American foreign policy.

Services for Mr. Richardson are to be held at 3:15 p. m. tomorrow at the J. C. Wilson Funeral Home with burial at Floral Park Cemetery.

Surviving him are four daughters, Mrs. Ethel Hunsaker of New Castle, Mrs. Martha Mahoney of Bend, and Mrs. Belinda Ritter of Indianapolis, and brother, William, of Indianapolis.

Services for Mr. Wigal are to be held at 11 a. m. Wednesday at the Alaska Christian Church in Emence, Ind. Burial will be there at the Mannan Cemetery.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wigal; a brother, Earl Eugene, of the Navy; his grandmother, Mrs. Vessie Wigal of Lewisville, Ind., and his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hammonds of Paragon, Ind.

Those on trial will be Arthur P. Eickhoff, president of the Eickhoff Realty Co.; Charles E. Jefferson, contractor, and Carl F. Korteper, former Marion County WPA co-ordinator. They are named in one indictment.

Two other persons, who with Mr. Korteper are named jointly in a separate indictment charging the same offense, will not be tried at this time. They are Arthur V. Brown and Miss Elizabeth Claypool.

Two physicians have told Federal Court that Mr. Brown cannot stand trial at this time without seriously endangering his health.

Two more lives were added over the week-end to Marion County's record-breaking traffic toll as 10 other persons were killed in state traffic deaths in the county for 1940, compared to three on Jan. 27, 1940.

Victims here were Louis Richardson, 55, of 502 1/2 S. Meridian St., and Fred Wigal, 23, 4902 Hillside Ave.

Mr. Richardson was killed by a hit-and-run driver Saturday night. Critically injured, he was found lying in S. Illinois St. near the Union Station overhead. His clothes were nearly torn off. He died about six hours later at City Hospital.

On the basis of a name plate and part of a grill found near Richardson's body, police yesterday arrested a man on a vagrancy charge. At his hearing today in Municipal Court, an involuntary manslaughter charge was added to the count, bond was fixed at \$500 and the case continued until Feb. 11.

Confession Claimed

Police said the man signed a statement admitting that he had struck Mr. Richardson.

Mr. Wigal was killed when his car crashed head on into a truck on Road 67 south of Belmont Ave. Calvin Church, 314 E. 10th St., and Miss Mary Wellman of Emence, Ind., both passengers in the Wigal car, were reported in critical condition at City Hospital.

In an accident this morning on Road 40 immediately west of Bridgeport, two were seriously injured when their car rolled down an embankment and into a creek. The injured were Robert Symmonds, of 6222 W. Minnesota St., and Miss Lenora Shelton, 1340 Nordyke Ave. They were taken to City Hospital with severe injuries about the head.

Worst of the state accidents was a wreck south of Kokomo on Road 31 Saturday night, in which four already have lost their lives and another remains in critical condition.

Four are Killed

The four victims are: E. STUART MATLOCK, 38, New Castle. MRS. GANNELL MATLOCK, 38, Mrs. NINA LEWIS, 25, Prairie, Ind. CARL LEWIS JR., 1, Mrs. Lewis' son.

Mrs. Lewis' daughter, Wilma, still is in a critical condition. The accident occurred when Mr. Matlock's car skidded and crashed head on into Mr. Lewis' car. Another auto then rammed into the wreckage.

Joseph's Hospital in Kokomo. Mr. Matlock was manager of the Mt. Summit Products Co., a canning establishment, and was a former State Legislator and active in AAA and Farm Bureau affairs.

He was a student at Purdue University and were married in their junior year.

She was the daughter of A. B. Ayres, wealthy New Castle oil man and a Pennsylvania Railroad director. He had attended Tudor Hall school for girls at Indianapolis.

2 MORE DIE IN TRAFFIC HERE, TEN IN STATE

Police Claim Confession From Driver in Hit-And-Run Death.

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Others victims in the state were: MRS. ESTHER ENGLAND, 33, and her daughter, LOIS FITCH, 15, of Ellettsburg, Iowa, who were killed on a railroad track at Anderson.

MRS. RUTH HELGERSON, 35, Chicago, who died Saturday following a six-car crash on Road 41 near Rockville Friday night.

CHESTER S. LAMENSKI, 47, struck by a train in South Bend, Ind. HILDA JEAN ERTLE, 22, of North Vernon, killed yesterday morning when the car in which she was a passenger rolled down an embankment on Road 50 northeast of North Vernon.

EVANSVILLE, killed in an accident Saturday on Road 41 in Vanderburgh County.

Burial Tomorrow

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Hillman "On The Spot" But He Likes It

Sits Tight on Double Duty Defense Job

(This article, the fifth in a series on defense production chief, William S. Knudsen and Sidney Hillman, pictures Mr. Hillman at work in Washington.)

By Tom Wolff

Times Special Writer

THE man they said would be wrong no matter what he did, is still sitting tight. And if he ever has been very far wrong, nobody—not even his best friends or his severest critics—has caught up with the fact yet.

When the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' beloved and beleaguered Sidney Hillman took the job of No. 2 National Defense Commissioner, knowing Washingtonians dubbed him Sidney-on-the-Spot.

They pointed out, and not without reason, that no matter which way he turned he would be criticized. If he held out for labor's interest, industry would flay him. If industry gained an upper hand, he would be called a traitor of the labor movement.

For in Hillman's hands rests a double duty—or maybe double moral responsibility is a better phrase.

First, it behooves him to see that labor is available so that the \$10,000,000,000 (plus \$5,000,000,000) two-ocean navy appropriated in 1940 can be used.

Second, he must see to it that the labor gains of the New Deal are preserved during a time of national crisis.

THAT'S a formidable assignment, but Hillman is a man who says he can straighten out any difficulty in 48 hours if both parties are reasonable. If they are not, he has several weapons.

Against labor he has the threat of calling out public opinion. His strong words of advice "to Vultures workers were instrumental in setting that strike."

Then, too, he has a four-man committee (two A. F. of L. and two C. I. O.) to iron out jurisdictional disputes. Finally, there are his personal contacts. In one of his personal contacts, longshoreman union heads, Joe Ryan and Harry Bridges, Hillman got Ryan on the phone and informed him: "Look here, Joe, you can't do that."

Against business, Hillman has a legal weapon. There is a penalty clause that may be invoked against a manufacturer for late delivery. To date, Hillman has invoked it only once.

But, above and beyond all these, Sidney Hillman knows business. And this is an ideal co-pilot, with William S. Knudsen, of the national defense drive.

Amalgamated is famous for investigating manufacturing concerns with which it makes con-

ferences fill the morning—once a week with his Labor Policy Advisory Commission, consisting of six C. I. O. men, six from the A. F. of L. and four from the railroad brotherhood; twice a week with the whole Office of Production Management (Knudsen, Hillman, and War and Navy Secretaries Stimson and Knox); and once a week with the President (along with other defense commissioners).

But his newest job is a gigantic one at best, and Sidney Hillman approaches it with a healthy respect.

To get the job done, Hillman, like his colleague Knudsen, gets up about 6:30 every morning. A cold shower, precedes breakfast, cooked by a maid in his sixth floor apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington.

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Sidney Hillman on his defense job in Washington

tracts. It has often helped them work more efficiently for as Hillman once said: "There is no chance to bargain efficiently with an employer whose business is not prosperous, and it cannot be prosperous if efficient production is lacking." Labor, says Hillman, "must be industry conscious."

HILLMAN also knows something about banking, real estate, and insurance. In 1922 Amalgamated started a system of unemployment insurance for its members and also started two banks—one each in New York and Chicago. More recently it built a co-operative housing project in the Bronx for its higher-income members. And last year Amalgamated successfully experimented in Chicago with a Life and Health Insurance Company for union members.

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