

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

LONDON (By Wireless).—I went into an East End shelter, beneath a railroad track, with a friend who supervises repair work on shelter buildings.

This railroad runs through the city on a high grade, the top of which is heavily arched over with stone. At the street level under the tracks, are large rooms. And here underneath the rumbling trains, people sleep at night.

It was about 11 p.m. It was dungeonlike and gloomy, with only a faint light, and very cold.

About 20 people lay on the floor, on mattresses, covered with quilts. Everyone was asleep, or so we thought.

My friend looked at the ceiling to see if recent work aimed at stopping the seepage of water had been finished. We didn't say anything, but suddenly from among the recumbent forms came a woman's voice:

"When are we going to get bunks—after the war's over?"

The voice was old, but it wasn't a complaining voice. There was gaiety in it.

The remark opened up other sleepers. They lay on their backs and talked about the discomforts of this miserable place.

There were old men and women with lined faces. There were middle-aged men who said nothing. There were children. And side by side lay two girls—beautiful girls in their 20s.

10,000 in Double-X

And then in the midst of this conversation I heard—if you'll excuse me—what seemed to be someone using the toilet.

I didn't believe it could be true—here in public before children and elders and two lovely modern girls you'd have been proud to take to the Ritz for dinner.

The only toilet in that room was a public bucket. Nobody laughed or blushed. This vulgar intimacy had become accepted as a way of life under the whip of war.

As we left, the old voice with the gaiety in it called to me and my friend: "We'll all be dead before you get this place fixed up, so you'd better leave a deposit on a wreath for me."

They were all laughing gaily as we left.

Shelter Double-X is in the East End. I call it Double-X because I can't give its real name.

Inside Indianapolis (And "Our Town")

PROFILE OF THE WEEK: John George Benson, superintendent of the Methodist Hospital, who was born in Richmond, Ind., just 60 years ago today. John G. Benson is a doctor of divinity, not a doctor of medicine and he never gives medical advice even though he runs one of the state's largest hospitals.

Dr. Benson is a 5-foot, 9-inch tall 200-pounder with something of a bay window. His straight gray hair is starting to recede at the temples. He has a wide mouth that breaks readily into a smile or a laugh, and he is a distinguished story teller.

He is "John" to all the doctors and a good many associates, plain "Dr. Benson" to others. He is very much the superintendent at the hospital, but Mrs. Benson is superintendent at home, much to his delight.

He has taken a deep interest in medicine and he has got to the point where he knows quite a bit about the subject. He is forever looking up new medical words and when he runs across something he doesn't know he calls one of the city's specialists and gets a free lecture on the subject.

He Hates Hospital Smells

DR. BENSON BEGAN studying for the clergy when he was just a boy and he pursued his studies at DePauw ('06), Boston University and Ohio Northern University. He was a pastor in Terre Haute from '10 to '13, at Brazil from '13 to '16, at Detroit from '16 to '19, and in New York from '19 to '25. He's been superintendent of the hospital here for about 10 years, coming from Columbus, O., where he had a similar post.

He hates hospital smells and although he grants that you have to use disinfectants a lot of the time, he still thinks soap, water and elbow grease should be used often. That combination doesn't smell.

Washington

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Two birthdays come together, one dedicated to saving life, the other to killing it.

Europe has its Nazi birthday. Marking what? Eight years of raw, brutal, treacherous force. The black catalog of these eight years is long. Suppression of speech. Liquidation of labor unions. Robbing of businessmen. Beating of Jews and their exile into barbous ghettos and concentration camps. Grabbing and looting of weak neighbors. Betrayal of pledges to keep the peace.

Eight years of what they laughingly called peace in our time. Conquest in Scandinavia. Slaughter in Belgium and Holland. Millions of personal tragedies, like that of the little Dutch boy and his sister of whom we have been reading; like those of the refugees who packed the roads, fleeing in terror and wringing the heart of Quentin Reynolds, the American reporter; like those of the thousands of old men and women, living as moles in cold London subways, that made Ernie Pyle shudder and Wendell Willkie rush an eye. Eight years of tears.

Now where the Nazis didn't celebrate, Hitler paused in his work on the Nazi birthday only to promise more of the same, more than we have seen, enough to extinguish the last light in Europe and to shut down liberty and human dignity in the one stubborn outpost left across the Channel.

The Same Eight Years

America had its Roosevelt birthday, marked by bright lights and dancing. For what? To fight. Fight what? To fight crippling disease. To save lives from infantile paralysis. To bring comfort and cheer and, most of all, hope, to afflicted children. President Roosevelt has dedicated his birthday to that.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Yesterday, Sister Providence, a daughter of Congressman Tolson, held an exhibition of work done by the Indians in the Pacific Northwest Reservations, in the Indian Affairs Committee room at the Capitol. Sister Providence has been at work five years and she has succeeded in reviving some of the old arts and crafts among these people and adapting them to the modern market.

Their gloves are a joy, soft and warm, and anyone who lives a country life would be most thankful to possess a pair. I was late for my appointment and rather afraid that the exhibition might be closed.

But I found that the room was still crowded with people, which shows that there is active interest in this type of Indian handicraft. The President's birthday dinner last night was a great success. We had, as usual, an abundance of amateur talent displayed by every member of the group. Our only professional entertainment was provided by Lauritz Melchior, who sang a group of songs for us which lifted us far above our usual level of fun and entertainment. We are all grateful to him.

Every one at the table contributed something in the way of admonition, inspiration or affection, so

people feel sentimental about Double-X, they have been there so long. Some 10,000 people live there every night. It is one of the biggest shelters in London. It is so big it is like a state fair.

Openings have been walled up, and shock walls built a few feet in front of the entrances. The great vaultlike space is divided into bays, each holding more than 100 persons. Each bay is numbered, and each one has its own submarshals. At first 10,000 people slept on the floor. But now bunks are going in.

Double-X has two big first-aid rooms, with Red Cross nurses in charge. It has canteens. It has a wagon refreshment stand. It has one vast long promenade devoted to nothing but milling up and down on parade, just like the boardwalk at Atlantic City, except under cover.

Double-X is not modern and not too immaculate, but it has the saving grace of having become a social center. It's full of young people, handsome young people, walking and talking and laughing. And it's cosmopolitan. There must be somebody there from every nation on earth.

Everything happens at Double-X, from births to death. Evening classes for adults are held. There is a library. There are romances.

Double-X is a big, jolly city, all under one roof. It is a gigantic human omelet, fried in war.

The Anderson Shelter

Now to a private Anderson shelter. This is a half-above-ground cellar, usually built in a backyard. As I have said before, there are scores of thousands of them in Britain—in the suburbs, the small towns and the country, they hold more people than all other kinds of shelters put together.

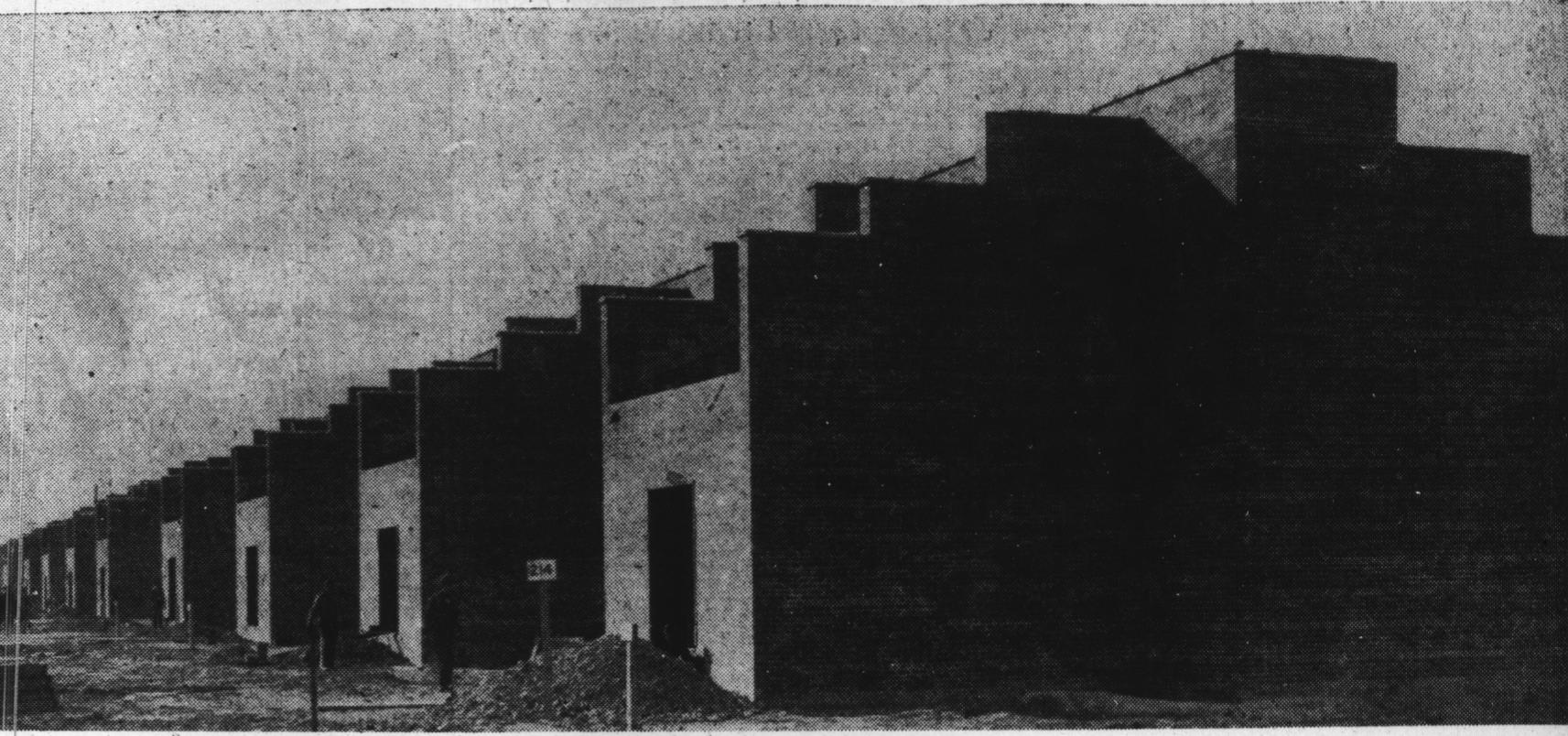
Any person making less than \$20 a week is supplied free with the material for an Anderson. Others must buy their own.

An Anderson shelter is formed of walls of sheet iron, heavily banked on the outside with dirt. A direct hit will demolish it, but it is good insurance against a noisy blast and flying debris. The other day, I saw a shelter which was unbroken but 15 feet from a bomb crater that was 20 feet across. But four people were miserably cramped in an Anderson shelter. Often the owners have trouble with water seeping up through the floor. And it is a problem to heat them without suffocating.

At first the Andersons were considered wonderful, but now the government is thrashing over a new policy of shoring up and fortifying one room in a house as a healthier and safer shelter.

Everyone's a fortress and a hideout—what a world!

First Unit at Charlestown to Be Ready About May 1



The first unit of the Government powder plant at Charlestown will be ready for operation about May 1, according to a recently revised Government estimate. The powder is made in these squat buildings that run in a long line, each unit separated from its neighbor for safety's sake. The walls of the powder buildings are reinforced with steel and the roofs are "laid on" so that only the roof will blow off in an explosion and the concussion will be limited to the individual building. The picture was taken by the Army Signal Corps.

VINSON TO ASK CURB ON LABOR

20,000 Workers on Strike; Roosevelt Mentions Commandeering.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1 (U.P.)—Congressional advocates of legislative restrictions on labor union activities in defense industries today mapped plans to force a show-down on that issue immediately after action is completed on the Administration's British aid bill.

Sentiment appeared to be growing in support of some yet-undetermined compromise plan to provide compulsory mediation of labor disputes which might impede arms production. Strikes in progress today affected about 20,000 workers.

The talk in Congress followed a warning by President Roosevelt at his press conference yesterday that the Government is prepared to commandeer any plant if it becomes essential to the national defense and its owners refuse to co-operate in production of defense materials.

Vinson Asks Concessions

He made the statement when asked whether he was ready to take over Ford Motor Co. plants if that company persisted in refusing defense contracts conditioned on written agreement to abide by labor laws. Substitute the phrase any day for the words "Henry Ford," he said, and the answer would be "yes."

The new controversy between Ford and the Government grew out of the War Department's rejection of Ford's proposal on small trucks because of the company's refusal to agree to a clause specifying compliance with labor laws.

Later, Mr. Ford was quoted as saying "We and all the other manufacturers ought to make anything we can (for the Government) without a profit. We shouldn't quibble about anything, the Government wants us to do."

Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee said that he expects his group to act on his bill to compel mediation of labor disputes and ban closed shops in connection with Navy construction work as soon as the British aid bill is disposed of.

Spokesmen for a group leading the opposition, however, were determined to take the issue to the floor despite any action in committee. They said there was little chance that the federation would specifically repudiate Mr. Willkie, but said adoption of any resolution condemning the Administration Lend-Lease Bill would be regarded as a rejection of Mr. Willkie, who endorsed the objectives of the bill before he left for England.

Republican National Chairman Joseph W. Martin Jr. said at Washington he would "reject it" if the Young Republicans "seriously considered" any resolutions attacking Mr. Willkie. In London, Mr. Willkie said "I am not interested in the resolutions."

While the Young Republicans were divided on the resolutions, the House yesterday voted down appropriations bills amendments which would have banned the closed shop, construction of merchant vessels by the Maritime Commission and aboard vessels subsidized by the Commission.

Sevens Strikes in Progress

Rep. Vinson's bill would "freeze" labor disputes for 90 days, during which employer and employees would try to settle their dispute or send it to mediation by a board appointed by the President. No strike would be permitted for 30 days after the mediation board reported to the

House.

The second time in a week the House yesterday voted down appropriations bills amendments which would have banned the closed shop, construction of merchant vessels by the Maritime Commission and aboard vessels subsidized by the Commission.

Negotiations between Allis-Chalmers officials and R. J. Thomas, president of the C. I. O.-United Auto Workers Union, were under way today. Harvested negotiations for the Chicago and Rock Falls, Ill., plants were to begin Monday and Phelps-Dodge negotiations were in their second day at New York.

Federal conciliators were sent to strike ends of 3,400 C. I. O. shipbuilders at Mobile, Ala., 600 U. A. W. C. I. O. workers at Cleveland's Standard Tool Co. and 200 members of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee (C. I. O.) against the Mountain State Steel Foundry at Parkersburg, W. Va.

KILLED BY TRAIN

LEBANON, Ind., Feb. 1 (U.P.)—Paul S. Moss, 54, Boone County Farm Bureau employee, was killed last night when a Big Four passenger train struck the car in which he was riding at a local crossing.

Like Giant Bucket Brigade, British Advance Supply Lines Across 500 Miles of Hot Sands

By ROBERT J. CASEY

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ON THE LIBYAN FRONT

Feb. 1—Undoubtedly, a chief feature of

the triumphant British maneuver

against Derna, 175 miles west of

the Egyptian frontier, was, as of

now, when the Americans took Derna,

it was different.

"When the Americans?"

You remember having heard

something about American activities

somewhere in this neighborhood?

"From the Halls of Montezuma

to the Shores of Tripoli."

There was something in the

school books about successful naval

operations against the Barbary pirates

early in the history of the

new republic. But Derna—some

how you associated it with the

preaching of the Gospel by St.

John. More particularly, as an im-

portant village in the district

whence—legend has it—came one

Simon of Cyrene who was to help

a prophet called Isa Bin Miriam

to carry His cross up the hill road

out of Jerusalem.

"But here, as the man in front

moves forward, you put another

man in behind. So the line doesn't

stretch. It moves. It gets longer,

but it doesn't get thinner. Now,

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