

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 dungeonly 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 anger 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. "Well, 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 again as we left.

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

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 sub-marshals. 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 deaths. 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 oneness, 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.

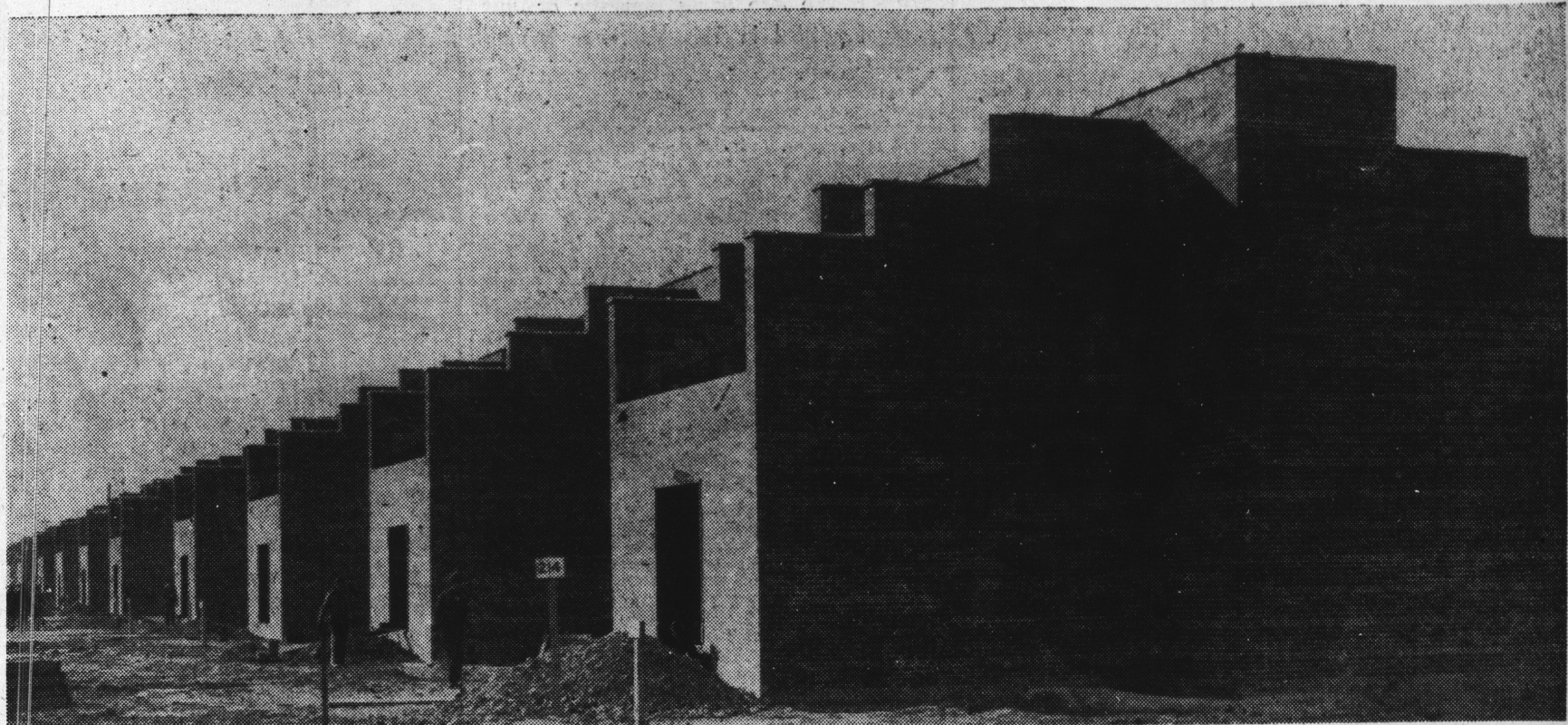
An Anderson shelter is formed of walls of sheet iron, heavily banked on the outside with dirt. A direct hit will demolish it, but it is good insurance against a nearby blast and flying debris. The other day I saw one standing unharmed not 15 feet from a bomb crater that was 20 feet across.

But four people are 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.

Every home 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 showdown 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-unintroduced 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 plant for the words "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 bid 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 any thing we can (for the Government) without a profit. We should be glad to have 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 end closed shops in connection with Navy construction work as soon as the British aid bill is disposed of.

"I have no quarrel with labor but everyone must make concessions in this emergency," Rep. Vinson said.

Provides Waiting Period

Rep. Vinson's bill would "freeze" labor disputes for 30 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 public.

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

Seven Strikes in Progress

Largest strikes in progress were those at the Milwaukee, Wis., Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. plant and at the Chicago International Harvester Co. tractor plant, affecting a total of more than 12,000 workers and defense orders totaling 43 million dollars. A strike at the Elizabeth, N. J., Phelps-Dodge Copper Products Corp. plant involved 1400 workers and halted production of materials essential to the making of defense materials worth 200 million dollars.

Negotiations between Allis-Chalmers officials and R. J. Thomas, president of the C. I. O.-United Auto Workers Union, were under way today. Harvester 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 seeking to end strikes of 3400 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 always in this desert campaign, spectacular efficiency of transport and communication.

Armies have to be fed, and the successful work of dragging food and at times water—across 500 miles of sand trails and shell-pocked roads was just as painful as Marshal Rodolfo Graziani's more noisy performance of tankers and artillery.

"It's not a new technique," a British transport officer said. "It's old. Aurelian used it against Palmyra over sands that were just as hot as these. It's like a fireman's bucket brigade, one man passing on the bucket to the man next to him."

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, 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—somehow you associated it with the preaching of the Gospel by St. John. More particularly, as an important 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.

America seemed far away from such a place as this and you men-

tioned as much. But the officer knew his chronicle.

There were four expeditions by sea against the Barbary pirates—he said—Youssef Carmanali, Pasha of Tripoli, had offered to keep his strongarm men off Yankee shipping if the United States would pay him for his trouble. The States sent four naval expeditions against him, all of which came to no good off Tripoli.

Finally, a land expedition was sent ashore near Alexandria and came along the coast, just as the British armies have done in this campaign. In a month and a half the troops reached Derna, took it in a surprise attack, held it against Youssef in a decisive battle, and continued to hold it until the Pasha agreed to suspend his racket. They left in 1805. They must have been good soldiers—

And, as you pictured how a New England marine must have looked, rolling about on the deck of a camel, you agreed with him.

Badgett Quads Are 2 Years Old

GALVESTON, Tex., Feb. 1 (U. P.).—The Badgett quadruplet sisters—Jeraldine, Jeanette, Joyce and Joan—celebrated their second birthday today.

Mrs. Esther Harper Badgett, 38, their mother, said they would be given cake to eat for the first time, but that they probably would prefer their regular canned food.

Highlights of the day for them will be the visit of their father, W. Ellis Badgett, who will come home from his ranch at Bay City for the occasion. The girls are all blue-eyed blonds.

Strongly-worded resolutions condemning Mr. Willkie and declaring him unqualified to speak for the Young Republicans were taken under advisement by the resolution committee of the federation's fifth biennial convention. The committee was expected to reject many of the vituperative resolutions and modify others in an attempt to prevent an open breach on the convention floor.

Spokesmen for a group leading the opposition, however, said they were determined to take the issue to the floor despite 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 is expected to reject the bill before he left for England.

Republican National Chairman Joseph W. Martin Jr. said at Washington he would "regret 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 considering the resolutions, G. O. P. policy makers from Indiana and 16 other states met at Omaha, Neb., to discuss party organizational harmony and consider similar action against Mr. Willkie.

Chief Justice Alfred A. Wheat ordered Pelley extradited in District Court at that time but the decree was stayed when Pelley applied for a writ of habeas corpus. He charged North Carolina authorities wanted to jail him for political purposes.

Justice Jessie C. Adkins denied the petition but Pelley won another stay by taking the case to the Appellate Court.

Pelley, founder of the "dissolved" Silver Shirts, is the reported backer of The Fellowship Press, Inc., at Noblesville, Ind. His connection with the publishing company recently was investigated by the Dies Committee.

The petition here was presented by District Attorney Edward J. Curran. Ordered extradited to North Carolina last March to be sentenced for a six-year-old conviction on a "blue-sky" law charge, Pelley thus far has resisted his removal successfully.

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Daughter Claims Mother Made Her Slave to Cotton

TEXARKANA, Ark., Feb. 1 (U. P.).—Mrs. Dorothy Garner, 19, received a message in the fall of 1939 from her mother and her stepfather that her grandfather was dying. She bundled up her baby, left her husband in De Queen, Ark., and hurried back to McKinney, Texas, to comfort him in his last days.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Miller took her, not to the bed of a dying grandfather, but to a cotton field, where she was to pick cotton.

There's your grandfather. Now get busy," they told her.

They thought a girl Mrs. Garner's size (186 pounds) should pick at least 250 pounds of cotton a day. She couldn't and the Millers undertook to punish an undutiful daughter.

Their methods were described to a Federal Jury yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Joe Hall of Grayson County, Texas.

The Millers are being tried on charges of kidnapping.

SHOUT ACROSS TEPELINI LINES

Greeks, Italians Arrange 'Truces' to Get Good Night's Sleep.

By MARY MERLIN

United Press Staff Correspondent

WITH THE GREEK ARMY BE-LOW TEPELINI, Jan. 29 (Delayed).—At places on this sector, I was told, the battle lines are so close together the Greeks and Italians hold shouted conversations and occasionally the soldiers arrange "truces."

"Let's have a good night's sleep tonight," the Greeks may yell and the Italians reply, "that's all right with us."

Sometimes, instead of taking advantage of the truce, the Italians lie awake talking among themselves. When their talk turns to politics, the Greeks told me, the Italian officers take a hand, firing some trench mortars to wake up the Greeks. Then everyone goes back to battle stations the rest of the night.

Slept in Battered Inn

I spent last night in a half-ruined inn just out of range of Italian machine guns. When Mohamed, my Albanian guide, woke me just before dawn I could hear artillery firing from a barricade half a mile down the road.

Outside, the Viosa River mist was thicker than a London fog. A gun carrier loomed out of the haze; it was an anti-tank unit moving up for action.

An hour later the wind came up, the mist cleared and the Italians came into view—an advance guard headed by 20 tanks. Greeks fired their 75-millimeter field guns point blank into the tanks which blocked the narrow road. Five tanks were destroyed; two captured intact by a Greek sergeant from a mountain village, who told me: "We call them porcupines—if you take them immediately they can't hurt you."

Crushed Like an Egg

A young Greek soldier gave me a "joy ride" east toward Kilisira in a truck. I saw an Italian armored car crushed like an egg shell; 60 or 70 Italian prisoners being lined up; the twisted forms of dead Italian soldiers, black against the snow, being piled along the roadside for burial.

A young Italian lieutenant, who said he was from one of Italy's oldest families, told me: "Our men are not cowards; they just don't believe in this war. They're not blackshirts; they're fathers of families. They will fight for their homes like the Greeks. But send them into these terrible mountains to attack a country half of them never thought about? That is a different matter."

FLIGHT TEACHER KILLED

HICKSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 1 (U. P.).—Flying instructor Matthew Kerr, 42, was killed today when he fell from the plane in which he was teaching a student acrobatics. The student jumped to safety.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

1 The first accession to the territory of the United States came through the Louisiana Purchase, what was the second accession?

2 What do the initials C. M. T. C. stand for?

3 Which three New England States border on Canada?

4 Of what country is Adolf Hitler a native?

5 At what temperature does water boil at sea level?

6 Name the Undersecretary of Agriculture.

Answers

1—The Florida.

2—Citizens' Military Training Camps.

3—Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

4—Austria.

5—212 degrees Fahrenheit.

6—Paul H. Appleby.

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 collars 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 1910 to '13, at Brazil '13 to '16, at Ellettsville 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

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 barbarous 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 brush an eye. Eight years of tears.

No wonder the Nazis didn't celebrate. Hitler paused in his work on this Nazi birthday only to promise more of the same, more than we have seen, enough to extinguish the last light in Europe and to shroud 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 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 brush an eye. Eight years of tears.

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My Day

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Yesterday, Sister Providencia, a daughter of Congressman Tolen, held an exhibition of work done by the Indians in the Pacific Northwest Reservations, in the Indian Affairs Committee room at the Capitol.

It was a fine display. The work of the Indians 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 in a country like this would be most thankful to possess a pair. I was late for my appointment and rather afraid that the exhibition might be closed.

I found that the room was still crowded with people, which shows that there is a true 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

Dr. Benson makes about 30 talks a month and spends a good deal of time writing out his speeches in longhand. Then he never reads them, but speaks extemporaneously.

He LIKES ALMOST ALL kinds of food, but has cut down lately to keep his weight steady. His favorite dish is Boston baked beans. He is a prolific reader and has a big personal library. He reads adventure stories, theological works, biographies, political books, magazines, newspapers—anything that interests him.

He doesn't smoke or drink. He is fond of clean, funny comedies and he sees a lot of plays. He has seen, though, to get up and leave a play if it's dirty or silly, but he never bothers the rest of the group. He just takes a taxi home and leaves the car for the rest of them.

He is forever buying old walking sticks. He likes to play phonograph records at home (he does not like jazz music), he doesn't like dull or serious people and he won't have his photo taken.

The Good Old Circus

DR. BENSON USED to play golf, but gave it up a few years ago, complaining the water hazards were too much to contend with. He loves football and baseball games and when he goes to a game he whistles like a college boy and waves his arms.

He is a laborer in chief and an out-of-town minister who came to see Dr. Benson last year mentioned it frankly. The doctor's secretary told the minister that the doctor had dashed out saying his "grandmother was very sick." The minister looked at the secretary sadly, shook his head and noted that Dr. Benson's grandmother became ill every time the circus came to town.

In other words, Dr. John G. Benson is a very human, very tolerant, very likeable minister whose business is running a hospital.

What's more, he's fond of publicity and he'll probably like this.

By Raymond Clapper

cause. The nation has dedicated his birthday to that cause. Mr. Roosevelt's severest critic, Gen. Hugh Johnson, has been slashing out his anti-Roosevelt columns with the hand and with the collecting money for the celebration of the President's birthday.

This makes eight years of it—the same eight years that Hitler has had. America's eight years have been devoted to trying to be the good neighbor toward other nations, to discouraging war and conquest, to freedom and equality of opportunity for all. Rights and privileges of men have been added to rather than taken away. Liberty has been saved for all. Those who don't like it have the liberty to say so, and no concentration camp awaits them.

Now We Are Awake

These two birthdays in themselves tell the story of what it is all about.

We have had to begin making guns, planes and warships. We have started that reluctantly because we want to preserve the kind of America that this birthday means in our country. We have been driven to it by what that other birthday in Europe means.

We were late in starting because we were too trusting. We thought others would be reasonable, would make peace once they had breathing space. We thought since we were not looking for more territory, that nobody else was. We thought, because we were offering a program that would open up trade channels and bring all nations into reciprocal agreements, that no one would feel the need to resort to armed conquest.

Least of all did we suspect that a combination of tyrannical powers, operating in ways completely alien to ours, was about to try conquering the rest of the world outside of our hemisphere.

But the unexpected happened and woke us up. We have learned to understand better the meaning of this Nazi birthday and how it differs from the meaning of our own.

By Eleanor Roosevelt

that at least during this dinnertime the President must have felt that he was having a personal birthday celebration.

I feel, occasionally, that this day has become such a collective birthday party, that the personal side of it has rather slipped away. But the small group who have attended these reunions ever since 1921, reminded me the now augmented gathering last night that this was the 20th year we had met together on this occasion. Many of those years had no connection with public functions, therefore, it is only right that a short period of this day should be devoted to a purely personal celebration.

As soon as dinner was over, I started to visit the different birthday balls. It seemed to me that the crowds were larger and more enthusiastic than usual. I met the different stars at various hotels and cut a most beautiful birthday cake at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Then I dashed back to the White House in time to join those stars who were able to be there during the President's broadcast. They continued on their rounds after the broadcast was over, but I went gratefully to bed, and actually had a little time to read an article by Irwin Ross in Harper's Magazine of January, 1941. I collect articles that I want to read and am always several months behind.

Today is a much more peaceful day. I hope from now on, since the busiest month of the year has come to a close, that we shall lead a quieter and more reasonable life in the White House.