

Hoosier Vagabond

(Ernie Pyle returned from London a few days ago by Clipper. Here is one of several articles based on material he gathered while there.)

NO DOUBT THE ONE voice coming from Europe which is best known in America is the one which says every night, in a certain dramatic way, "This is London."

It is the voice of Ed Murrow, who broadcasts daily for CBS from the bomb-pocked capital of England. His audience is estimated as high as 15,000,000.

When Americans return from London and travel about the country, a question frequently asked is, "Do you know Ed Murrow?"

Knowing all this, I decided to get acquainted with Ed Murrow. In fact, I got to know him quite well. And he is such a nice fellow it's hard not to break into encouragement.

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He is 35. He's tall and slender. His hair is coal black. He smokes 60 cigarettes a day, plus frequent pulls at a pipe. His middle name is Roscoe. He doesn't care much for food. And believe it or not, he's not passionately fond of broadcasting. He has been married seven years (a New England girl named Janet) and they have no children.

I've never seen Murrow in anything but dark blue.

He wears narrow, hard-starched white collars. He is left-handed in everything but writing. He reads a dozen London daily papers, several weeklies, a number of American magazines, and every outstanding new book.

Brought Up in Northwest

On his apartment wall there is a black and white Navajo rug woven in the Mexican pattern of Saltillo. Being an old Navajo expert, the thing struck me as being incredible, and I grilled him about it every time I saw him.

Murrow was born in North Carolina, but you'd never know it from his speech. His folks moved to Washington state when he was young. He loves the Pacific Northwest.

His parents still live at Bellingham, Wash., and never miss his broadcasts. He writes them every three weeks. Ed's brother designed that famous Tacoma bridge that fell down last year. Ed thinks it's a great joke, but his brother probably doesn't.

Ed graduated from the University of Washington in 1929. He belonged to the Kappa Sig fraternity, and washed dishes in a sorority house. Between school years he worked a year and a half as a timber cruiser on the Olympic Peninsula.

After school he went to New York and worked with the National Student Federation, and then with the International Institute of Education. Both these jobs took him to Europe every summer, arranging exchange professorships and so forth.

By Ernie Pyle

Murrow has been in every country in Europe, but he's a poor linguist and just manages to get by in French. He went with Columbia in 1935, and has been over here for the last four years. He has not been home since the war started.

Murrow has reaped good gain from his earlier travels in Europe. Many of his best friends of those days in England are now in high position in Whitehall. He has a terrifically wide acquaintanceship among the English-who-matter.

He aspires to a career in any "set," he has no ambitions to be an ascetically great "voice" on the air. He suspects that glory winds you up at 50 making a living by lecturing to women's clubs, and he has a horror of that.

To many people it must sound like a cozy, snap job to hang around London and just talk about seven minutes a day back to America. But what you may not realize is all the preparation that must go into that seven minutes. I doubt that any American in London works harder than Ed Murrow.

He's never in bed before 2, but he's up around 9 in the morning. He lays out a program for the day, chooses some subject, and makes dozens of phone calls and probably several personal calls, getting his information.

He and his teammate, Larry Leseur, divide up the work. Larry usually takes the afternoon broadcast, and Ed the midnight one.

CBS has moved its offices three times since the blitz started. They were bombed out of the first two. Their present office is actually a big apartment, just two blocks from the broadcasting studio in the BBC building.

Dinners Keep Him Busy

The office is more like a home. It has fireplaces and deep sofas and library tables. Also it has two secretaries—both British girls—who are jills-of-all-trades. They phone, write, survey, collect, suggest and think. Their names are Kay Campbell and Maureen Hall. They make the office their permanent home.

Murrow's own apartment is about two blocks from the studios. And he has rented a country place, about an hour out of town, largely so the staff can go out occasionally for rest and quiet. Mrs. Murrow stays there most of the time. Ed gets out himself only about twice a month.

He has to attend quite a few dinners in the evenings when he is not at the studio. And he has rented a country place, about an hour out of town, largely so the staff can go out occasionally for rest and quiet. Mrs. Murrow stays there most of the time. Ed gets out himself only about twice a month.

He says the easiest dinner party he ever participated in was one where he sat between H. G. Wells and David Low, the cartoonist. They carried on a running conversational fight all evening, and all Ed had to do was keep turning his head, as at a tennis match.

Around 10 every night Murrow returns to his office, and starts the final retyping of his manuscript. About midnight he walks over to the BBC building. He is finished by 1.

Next—Broadcast to America.

Inside Indianapolis (And "Our Town")

THE LATEST WORD from the traffic front is that the big "drive" is just about over. That is, it's over as far as the City is concerned. There are some indications that the courts intend to hammer down on offenders, but the blistering report of that committee a few weeks ago has gone to the happy hunting grounds of a dozen similar reports.

Persons who know the situation well insist that the Safety Board is completely uninterested in the safety of drivers (not hostile to the suggestions made by Lieut. Kreml and his aids).

If the courts do start inflicting relatively heavy penalties you will see a quick improvement in traffic conditions.

But some day, somebody is going to do something about traffic handling, too.

His Lines Were Crossed

AN ANGRY TAXPAYER called Sheriff Feeney: "Why don't you do something about the gambling that's going on," he challenged.

"I'm trying to do all I can," the Sheriff soothed.

"Well, I'd like to see the bingo stopped at the—," said the taxpayer.

"I'd advise you to call the sheriff, then," Sheriff Feeney answered.

Washington

WASHINGTON, March 31.—I go back again to the statement that a New Deal official made to me recently to the effect that if labor became responsible in the eyes of the public, for blocking defense production, labor's cause would be set back for 20 years.

Labor is working itself into that unhappy position. Already it is beginning to take the rap.

The Oklahoma Senate has passed a bill making it a penitentiary offense to interfere with a person doing his lawful job. The Georgia Legislature passed a bill outlawing collection of fees from non-union workers on defense Talmadge vetoed it after obtaining an agreement from labor leaders to maintain an open shop on defense work.

Those are samples of what happens when public feeling becomes inflamed against labor. In Congress not only are the professional labor-baiters going at it with new zeal but such demonstrated friends of labor as Rep. Tammie of Georgia are turning in strong criticism against the conduct of union leaders in the present situation.

The Gallup Polls

Labor has laid itself open to public condemnation by such indefensible walkouts as that at Wright Field. When it loses public sympathy by flagrant abuse of its power, then it is unable to win a sympathetic hearing when it has a just grievance. The Gallup polls show 74 per cent of the people in favor of labor unions. Collective bargaining is now accepted universally except among a handful of hardshell holdouts like Ford. Yet the same Gallup polls show 85 per cent of the people favoring a law compelling employers and labor to submit differences to a Federal

My Day

MOBILE, Ala., Sunday—Friday morning we all sat solemnly around a table and discussed business of which I knew little, for this was my first meeting with the Rosenwald Fund trustees. After a delicious lunch at Dorothy Hall, the Tuskegee sweet heart, we had real education for the day began.

Incidentally, I would like to say a word about this guest house at Tuskegee Institute. It was arranged years ago by the college to receive its white guests and is a most comfortable and homelike place. The students in the home economics and commercial dietetics course cook and serve the food, and better food and service I have never seen.

Flowers are charmingly arranged and, as I came up the stairs, I looked straight at a very a of my uncle, Theodore Roosevelt. His picture looked down at me also from the wall at the trustees' meeting, so that I felt that the family had some connection here over a fairly long period of years.

Now let me tell you about our afternoon. The first thing I noticed is that the land about us is badly eroded. Neither white nor colored farmers can make a living on this land as it is. None of them can afford to put in the capital which will be needed to bring it back, and at the same time keep their families from starvation.



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By Eleanor Roosevelt

Even the good farmer barely makes a meager existence. That, I think, explains the fact that, without assistance from outside, the schools are at such a level that one wonders whether it is possible for the children to learn anything at all. We were, of course, visiting Negro schools, and it is fair to suppose that while schools would be better. Even 100 per cent better than those we saw, however, would hardly satisfy you if you believed education was necessary for participation in our democratic form of government.

Three of the schools we visited have some help from Tuskegee Institute. One very important way of co-operating with the rural schools is to send out internes for three months to live in a given neighborhood and to help with the teaching in the schools while they are taking their last year of training as teachers at Tuskegee. Only one school which we visited yesterday includes two years of high school. Most of them have only six grades.

The effort to provide a hot lunch interested me. In one school, the teachers live in the school and, therefore, are able to cook and serve lunch on the premises. In other schools, the food is cooked in the homes and brought to the schools and warmed up on the stoves which heat the schools these chilly days. Alabama has taken some forward steps—she provides free school books and her teachers receive slightly higher salaries than teachers receive in some of the neighboring states.

2 AXIS SHIPS BURNED

PUNTA ARENAS, Costa Rica, March 31 (U. P.)—The crews of the 6072-ton Italian steamer *Felida* and the 4177-ton German steamer *Eisach* set fire to their vessels in the harbor today.

"Step on it—there's an extra fish in it for you if I get there in time for dinner!"

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"Step on it—there's an extra fish in it for you if I get there in time for dinner!"

Both Sides of the War

You Can Live in Fear Just So Long—Then You Take An Air Raid in Your Stride

Here are two more in the series of parallel dispatches by two American reporters recently returned from tours of Europe and England.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

(Copyright, 1941, by United Press.)

What happens to people's systems under aerial bombardment? How can they face death from the skies day after day and not give way to panic?

Everywhere I went in England I asked for an explanation of the nation's mass courage. I asked whether Britons were unlike other peoples and whether there was some special reason for the slogan: England Can Take It.

There is one easy explanation, but it is only a fraction of the truth. It is this: "The people have no alternative. They've got to take it, because there's no place to go. It's a long swim to Iceland."

The British Government must have wondered about that too, because a survey has been made of the morale of the working class. The result, still unpublished, shows them more determined than ever to see it through to victory.

The deeper reasons behind the British attitude involve both the individual and mass reactions to danger from the skies. What happens inside an average individual is something like this:

At first you feel helpless but you don't know quite what to expect. You have read about air raids, and the printed words seem impersonal and far away. You feel a little foolish about going to an air raid shelter.

"Coffins of Death"

You hear the guns and the planes overhead but if you're lucky nothing drops near you and later you think really it wasn't bad.

Then you hear what happened to your friends. Their house was hit and you see what happened to a row of tenants in the East End and you are scared. Nobody can see the effect of a land mine and not be scared. A land mine is a six-foot coffin of death. It floats gently to earth under a huge green silk parachute, and about 20 seconds after it comes to rest it explodes with enough force to wipe out half a block of houses. The censor won't let you mention a land mine in the British newspapers but everybody knows about them and says with grim humor: "When you see a land mine, run like hell for 19 seconds and then flat on your face. But you really can't run far enough so you might as well stay where you are."

You are uneasy because you

know it's all a matter of chance and you can't do anything about it. But you can live with fear just so long. You may not get rid of the fear but eventually you begin to set up a defense mechanism against it. The Government tries to help by giving jobs to as many persons as possible so they will be too busy to think about fear. If you're in a crowd your nerve is better. That is one reason why thousands spend their nights in crowded subway shelters.

"Joking Helps Out"

When you can joke about it, that helps, too. Your worst moment may be when you hear a plane overhead at night and you argue about whether it's a friend or a foe. Finally somebody says he knows a sure way to tell a British plane from a German plane. The British plane, he says, goes: woo-woo-woo-woo. But the German plane goes: woo-woo-woo-woo!

You keep away from windows during a raid, but you tell yourself that after all there is only one chance in 75,000 that a bomb will hit you tonight.

You know that a 1,000-pound bomb went through six floors of the building next door, but your apartment is on the second floor and you have heard that the second floor is the safest.

You walk past a big street intersection in London and see a 2,000-pound bomb torn through front feet of life, exploded in a crowded subway station and caved in a circle of paving 150 feet in diameter. But you tell yourself that such horrors don't affect you because a bomb either has your number on it or it hasn't and there's no sense hiding underground.

You go into the street during a raid, because you know that after all there isn't any protection.

When you reach that stage, your defense mechanism is work-



Lady Astor, American-born member of Parliament, and wife of the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, gracefully curtsies a greeting to the King and Queen, arriving for an inspection tour of the bomb-stricken port. During the raid, the Peeress helped extinguish incendiary bombs that fell on her house.

Briton Is Dogged

The middle class Briton is dogged and imperturbable—sometimes to an extreme that is irritating to an outsider. If he chooses to regard anything as contrary to his way of life, he simply ignores it, even a bomb. The idea of "business as usual" prevails until the walls come tumbling down and there is sure to be a sign stuck on the debris right after a new address.

Tradition is back of the upper classes. It is the same tradition that built an empire; that prompts King George to scorn an armored car during a raid; that sent boys from Harrow into the air last September to face odds of 20 to 1. They had been trained to responsibility and leadership and if they failed to set an example the nation would fail. They had the old school tradition that "a man must not let his side down."

NEXT—Juvenile crime.

WOOL AND BEEF PERIL U. S. PLAN

Good Neighbor Policy Is In Danger From House Embargo Riders.

By THOMAS L. STOKES

Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, March 31—Over a little canned beef for the Navy, and some wool for Army uniforms and blankets, the Western beef-and-wool bloc in the House is endangering the careful structure of goodwill which the Administration is seeking to build in Latin America as a part of hemispheric defense against nazism.

Argentina is hit most importantly, as far as the Good Neighbor Policy is concerned, by the House bloc's attempts to impose embargoes on foreign food and clothing purchases through riders on two nation-defense appropriation bills. These are being resisted by the Senate.

The Senate faces the issue again this week in the Fifth Supplementary National Defense Bill, in which the House inserted a broad proviso against purchase of foreign food and clothing. The Senate is expected to vote it down, as it did last week a ban limited to food in the Naval Appropriation Bill.

The final decision will come in the House, and Speaker Sam Rayburn is rallying his forces to defeat the embargo bloc led by Rep. James G. Scrugham (D. Nev.), sponsor of riders in both bills. The issue will come in the report of conference committees of each branch.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

1—Are there mosquitoes in Alaska?

2—What is the name of the barber in the opera "Barber of Seville"?

3—Which of these three cities is the capital of Switzerland; Geneva, Zurich or Berne?

4—What is intrastate commerce?

5—Will a light, placed in front of a mirror, produce twice its volume of light?