

Correspondents Notebook

By Hal Boyle

ERNIE PYLE'S LIVING MONUMENT STUDENTS HELPED IN HIS NAME

BLOOMINGTON, Ind. — Ernie Pyle would be right pleased to know what his foster mother—Indiana University—is doing with his memory.

She raised no monument to honor him in limestone futility. Instead she is keeping the memory of her best-loved son alive by training other journalism students to the standards he wrote and lived by.

Money collected in his name is being used to give needy war veterans a chance to study and learn in the hooster atmosphere that produced Ernie's journalistic mastery of Indiana simplicity.

When Pyle died, his homespun fame was so near to millions of Americans who saw the war through his portable typewriter that he was in danger of becoming a legend totally unlike the real man. A number of ambitious projects were projected in his memory which Ernie would have been the first to hoot down.

I think he would approve what his own university has done. Without undignified or emotional tubthumping it collected \$52,000 to establish the Ernie Pyle memorial fund. There were 7,000 contributors.

"Most of the money was raised by newspapers and newspapermen," said Lawrence Wheeler, executive director of the fund. That would have made Ernie really proud.

The principle will be kept intact. It is invested in government bonds. The interest is spent to create journalism scholarships here.

Students from any part of America are eligible. Seven scholarships have so far been granted—six to war veterans. One candidate had three children, one ex-soldier had been injured before getting a chance at overseas duty. One

winner was a Wac who spent fifteen months in England and France.

"We are moving right on in to decent newspaper jobs," said Wheeler. "We will continue giving scholarships to veterans as long as there is a demand from boys and girls with service records."

"We feel Ernie's real memorial will be the active work of a good many men and women in the newspaper field who have held Pyle scholarships."

Ernie would find it hard to realize just what an inspiration his career has been to students here. The battered old desk where he worked as editor of the student newspaper in 1922 is still in duty.

In the University Memorial Union a glass case contains the salt-rusted typewriter on which he pecked out his columns, his pipe (although I never saw him smoke anything at the war fronts except cigars), and a droopy officer's cap he liked to wear with the cocky slant of the airman.

His portrait and the bust by Jo Davidson are there, too. Students and visitors come and stand many minutes to look at the symbols of his wry and sensitive man who took the public heart as did no other newspaperman.

Soon these and other mementoes will put in a separate Ernie Pyle room for journalism students. His library of 600 volumes, described by an expert as "the best working newspaperman's library I ever saw," will be there.

It includes many standard classics picked up by Ernie at second-hand bookstores in his travels. Some hold the empty envelopes he used as place markers. In one elderly copy of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Ernie wrote under the faded signature of the original owner: "\$3 to Edward Wood in 1867. 50c to me in 1932."

Left On The Field Of Battledore



Editorials

CORNING THIS YEAR AND TOMORROW

Corning's industries are much "taken for granted" by many of us who live in the community. When Corning Glass Works came here in the middle of the last century, its presence was probably welcomed by the citizens, just as Corning Glass Works is welcomed today with enthusiasm in other towns of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Tennessee and Rhode Island when branches or affiliates of Corning are established there. Perhaps some day, when these branches have long been in those communities, their citizens will become complacent, and today their Chambers of Commerce, official bodies, merchants and citizens generally not only speak but act to learn what the community can do to make easier the presence of a great industry in their midst.

Corning Glass Works' payrolls pay local taxes, rents, bills of consumers, of householders, service businesses, newspapers, merchants, utilities. Corning executives and other employees help to administer and operate our churches, charities, schools, cultural units, board of public works and other official bodies, which are non-commercial in purpose and without which no community, Corning or any other city, would or could or should exist.

Corning Glass Works has not grown to eminence in its type of industry because of its location, because there is actually no particular reason why that industry should be located in Corning rather than in any other of many cities which would pay handsomely to have our big local industry located there.

Many industries are decentralizing today. Corning needed homes before the war, for the Glass Works was expanding then, but efforts to build domestic Corning up to industry Corning were frowned on by selfish and shortsighted groups. The Stimson administration has done everything it knew how to do to increase the number of Corning homes.

Corning Glass Works will expand in the postwar era. Will the great industry expand locally or elsewhere? For persons in the community to maintain a "take it for granted" attitude toward Corning Glass Works is unappreciative, stupid, dangerous.

Dinners can be given. Resolutions can be passed. Speeches can be delivered. Letters can be written. Such acts are passively effective, for they certainly show good will. But actually they are inadequate. More is needed. The change must go deeper into the community point of view and community planning.

Will the people of Corning take the lead in promoting and developing the city, outside the Glass Works, up to the standard as a community that Corning Glass Works has attained as an industry?

Corning will be a more prosperous city, a more modern city and a better city—a city that will have individuality and distinction—when the foregoing has been recognized and acted on and when the following has been accomplished:

Abolishment of grade crossings in the city by diverting Erie to Lackawanna Railroad tracks through the city. Such a plan would save millions and restore Erie avenue to its original place in the city as planned by its fathers.

A program of street cleaning for the business sections of the city that will not only remove the dirt and debris, most of which is caused by carelessness of individuals but also provide for adequate sprinkling to keep down the dust.

Adoption of a garbage collection system by the city which would also include at least a monthly pickup of rubbish.

A housing program. Corning could use 1000 new homes in various cost classifications. Hundreds of industrial, retail and professional men, executives and all types of workers cannot find a place to live. Some very able men who would help to provide jobs for Corning have declined to come to Corning to live because they could not find a home for their family. This home shortage is depriving our industries of skilled employes, our merchants are losing hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in sales, our municipal government is missing out on taxes.

A municipal airport, construction cost to be borne primarily by federal and state governments, but city to operate it. A city without an airport a few years from now will be like a city without a railroad.

Unified plan for modernization of existing retail trading sections. This will help to keep trade in Corning, will slow down tendency for shifting of retail area, will increase values of property and will end the suggestion that retail district of Corning, above the first floor, resembles a moving picture mining town. Frankly, do you like what you see if you raise your eyes to the second and third floors of Mar-

The Nation Today

By James Marlow

THE QUICK LOOK-SEE

WASHINGTON — Thousands come here to see Congress at work. They see only a part of it. It doesn't look like much work to them. They feel cheated right away.

They wander into the Senate gallery, take a seat, and look down contentedly upon the senators at work.

There are 96 senators but the visitor looks down at perhaps only five or six, one talking and the others listening or reading.

Pretty often, except at voting time, there are only that many on the floor at one time. The other senators stroll in and stroll out. The visitors, not having seen them before, can't tell whether they're senators or clerks.

A senator flings open a swinging door in the back, ducks in, listens to the speech for a second, ducks right back out.

He's either not interested in the subject or he's heard this same speech or something like it before. Or a senator pops through the swinging doors, catches an earful, strides across the floor, disappears through other swinging doors.

This steady activity—ducking in, bobbing out, marching across the floor, disappearing—goes on daily.

So the visitor, a little bewildered, withdraws quietly and, patiently plodding through the capitol halls, lands in the House gallery.

(There are 435 House members, so more of them are bound to be on the floor at any one time than you'll find in the Senate.)

The visitor cocks an ear to hear what that congressman with the waving arms is yelling at the other congressmen.

Some of them may be reading newspapers. Some will be sitting with dead-pan faces. Some may be listening sharply. But again the visitors feels cheated.

One after another, talking maybe only two minutes each, half a dozen other congressmen jump up, talk, wave their arms, sit down.

Once more the visitor wanders away, thinking maybe: So this is Congress.

What he doesn't know is that most of the senators and representatives are busy elsewhere, in committees or in their offices.

The visitor might get a better idea of Congress at work if he took the trouble to visit the committee meetings and listen in there. But whole swarms of visitors, shepherded by capitol guides, flood into the galleries every day, sit, listen, and leave, undoubtedly puzzled.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

BELIEVES REDS STALLING FOR TIME

WASHINGTON — The morning-after stories on the General Marshall radio speech pictured hope and prospect of compromise with Russia which no official around here really feels.

They all said Stalin indicated a willingness to compromise eventually or hinted Russia was coming around. What Stalin actually said was that differences such as ours are often resolved by the exhaustion of the negotiators and these might be, but of far greater significance in the Marshall speech was the state secretary's assertion he could not wait that long and his indication that he had a plan for action earlier.

The Russian diplomatic strategy is plainly visible behind the Stalin remarks. The Red leadership is stalling for time. By delaying any stabilization of peace and blocking growth of suffering in Central Europe and perpetuates surroundings in which communism thrives. It is deliberately blocking the German and Austrian peace treaties for that purpose.

No doubt the Generalissimo considers himself quite successful in his strategy because discussions now are to be delayed for months—five months until the next UNO meeting and six months until the next Big Four meeting. Stalin's proffered peace of a compromise was therefore certainly abstract and long range when measured against

the facts of what Russia succeeded in doing.

Two genuine suggestions that Russia might be coming around have been offered lately, both outside the conference. After ignoring four notes, the Kremlin finally agreed to negotiate conclusion of her \$11 billion lend-lease debt to us, and to come back to the Korean conference out of which she walked some months ago. Marshall is supposed to have told Molotov he could not seek any loans and credits here while persistently ignoring even a discussion of such a debt. Marshall also secured resumption of the Korean discussions by some means which has not yet been reported to me. Yet in both cases he secured only promises of more talk, while Russia persists in boycotting such international stabilization steps as the current trade conference in Geneva.

Those who hope for compromise thus are reveling in Russian bagatelles.

Marshall did practically all the talking since his interview with Stalin, the top congressmen have heard. He had deliberately avoided asking an interview until presented with a late invitation, believing this would have a good psychological effect on the Kremlin. But the congressmen did not hear anything important about the Moscow meeting or the interview which was not made public.

Marshall's suggested plan is already developing. Greek-Turk aid has been made ready for instant implementation by intricate preparations in anticipation of congressional passage of the legislation (the bill was wanted by March 31). The same policy can be developed around the world to meet and offset the Russian imperialism, the Communist dreams of world empire.

For Germany and Austria particularly, a permanent occupation policy can be worked out which will make the best of their bad economic situation. Steps to encourage agriculture and industry can be effected to a considerable further degree without Russia, and without anticipating that Russia ever will join wholeheartedly. Marshall can anticipate that the treaties will be accepted by UNO, or even Russia, if she ever wants to join in and proceed along that chartered line. No doubt the British and French would cooperate. Therefore Russian approval is not indispensable.

The American delegation to Moscow reports it was treated royally, was furnished good food and enjoyed the climate better than expected. Some dispensed with long underwear there.

As for the Marshall speech the apprehensive Congress regarded it as a welcome relief. Being the straightforward statement of a plain military man, it gave accurate news of the situation and properly evaluated what that news was, without emotional or political deceptions. That is something new in international negotiation.

A Woman's New York

By Alice Hughes

(American Cooking Preferred To Sauce-Drowned French Cuisine)

Best-known woman cook in New York is Mrs. Dione Lucas. She runs two restaurants, one in London, England; one in New York, both called Cordon Bleu. Also she teaches cooking classes at Smith College, at the Home Institute and several nights a week she permits food fanciers to gather round her cooking table for \$5 per hour (\$7.50 to guests) she parts with her pet recipes and supervises the class while they cook, serve and eat a French dinner. Nontimes Dione whips up incomparable omelets for lunchers at her restaurant, Restaurant, teacher, cook, it's the last title she likes best. This Spring she wrote her widely known Cordon Bleu Cook Book. Her profession gives her reputation and income.

London-born, Paris-raised, Dione Lucas has a social manner, a British accent you could cut with a knife, and a keen sense of business that seems to belie her luminous face that looks like a Raphael madonna. In the class attended by both men and women, she tells that she is one of two Paris Cordon Bleu School graduates entitled to bestow their diploma on others, if they're good enough. She sets great store by correct utensils such as copper and iron pots, wire whisks for beating, wooden spoons for stirring and innumerable sharp knives. To watch Mrs. Lucas skillfully slice paper-thin potatoes for soufflé or mince garlic and onions for sauce, is fascinating. She encourages constant tasting by spoon but by dipping the finger in the pot.

The night I was guest every one was given a different course to make. My assignment was the dish I detest most: Frog's legs, sautéed with a Provençal sauce. It was good; got eaten, but by me. The sauce alone took half a pound of butter, a cup of wine, a big onion, 2 garlic buds, herbs, etc. Others made filet of sole, a veal-rice-and-squash dish, apple-and-walnut soup, vegetables, salad, a wonderful praline dessert. It was fun, and the price \$7.50, is little enough for confirming what I already knew: that good American cooking is the best in the world, unless you like everything you eat drowned under a rich, garlicky sauce. I don't.

TEN PER CENT KICKBACK PLAN—Are you being ten percented in your town? Or hasn't the Newburyport plan reached you yet? Some housewives are several dollars ahead in their weekly budgets ever since this idea took hold and they're elated for these little sums saved seem to mean more to them than one large dollar, so they say. It seems a bit childish to me, and time-consuming, too, to pay the original price and get a ten per cent kickback. Why can't the shopkeeper charge the reduced price in the first place. Maybe housewives don't have much fun and like to play with decimals.

Here in New York a man named Samuel Slotkin, the biggest independent meat and food packer in the U. S., and also fifth largest among the big packing corporations, came out with what seems to me a more substantial suggestion. He urges all industries to meet and by popular action, no legislation, reduce prices without this ten per cent kindness. Why should housewives have to shame business into cutting prices that are too high? If prices need to be cut, why don't the business men do it themselves? That's Slotkin's idea, and a good one, I think. Are prices too high? Oh people!

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Summer is a coming, and New Yorkers are beginning to cultivate friends who have a country place. May's a trifle early for summery weekends, but New Yorkers are beginning to see lilacs and dogwood growing and hear the purring of a rustic brook, cluster round florists' windows. One of our Park Avenue florists has in his window this week a bubbling brook, a waterfall, a garden path overhung with ferns and flowering foliage. It's Spring under glass. To be more than there's standing room only before this sylvan scene.

Your Health

By Dr. William Brady

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, care of The Evening Leader.

WHEN THE DOCTORS DISAGREE

A reader was in Alaska trapping for four years, and he often had insufficient clothing for comfort. During the entire four years he never had even the slightest cold. That's what the man says, and I can prove it.

Some of them may be reading newspapers. Some will be sitting with dead-pan faces. Some may be listening sharply. But again the visitors feels cheated.

One after another, talking maybe only two minutes each, half a dozen other congressmen jump up, talk, wave their arms, sit down.

Once more the visitor wanders away, thinking maybe: So this is Congress.

What he doesn't know is that most of the senators and representatives are busy elsewhere, in committees or in their offices.

The visitor might get a better idea of Congress at work if he took the trouble to visit the committee meetings and listen in there. But whole swarms of visitors, shepherded by capitol guides, flood into the galleries every day, sit, listen, and leave, undoubtedly puzzled.

What he doesn't know is that most of the senators and representatives are busy elsewhere, in committees or in their offices.

The visitor might get a better idea of Congress at work if he took the trouble to visit the committee meetings and listen in there. But whole swarms of visitors, shepherded by capitol guides, flood into the galleries every day, sit, listen, and leave, undoubtedly puzzled.

physician can so identify or describe or even diagnose frankly in the early stage of the indisposition or illness when most respiratory infections are most communicable.

Now the University of California professor who went to the University of Minnesota to teach doctors there how to do the trick, said he was sure "the great majority of colds are not the result of bacteria or virus infection," and as he spoke he himself "had a slight cold," according to the newspaper reporter, but the doctor was sure he did not catch his "cold" from any one. . . . and that's the way most selfish people try to excuse or justify themselves for spreading infection—laymen may be sometimes be just too ignorant to know better but when a doctor commits the crime, well, heaven help us all.

The Doctor of Medicine who submitted the only definition of "the common cold" I have received so far, begins with the assertion that "the common cold is caused by filterable viruses as proven by bacteria free filtrates obtained from the nasal washings of individuals with colds."

So there you are—although the University of California professor who solemnly assured the University of Minnesota doctors that you get a cold from wet feet in the Spring or from wearing too few clothes in the Fall, did not enter the contest, his notion of the nature of whatever he calls "the common cold" is so far from the view the lone contestant expresses that we can only infer that they must be talking about two different diseases.

The Minnesota reader who did not have the faintest suggestion of the cold pronounced Greek, new readers, a term coined from the initial letters of the phrase Common Respiratory Infection and proposed for honest people to apply to such infections in the early stage before the precise nature of the disease becomes obvious; during the four years he trapped in Alaska will be astonished by the California professor's statement that studies have shown persons living alone or in sparsely settled areas get colds in the Spring and Fall just as regularly as those living in crowded cities. So will Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson and his party who had no such illness during their five years in the Arctic. So will scores of woods-

men, hunters and fishermen who have found that however severe or uncomfortable the cold and wet they never suffer from such illness while they are isolated from other people.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS
Hundred Per Cent Mother
My baby, 3 month old, sleeps from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. without feeding—has done so since eight weeks old. He is happy and weighs more than the average baby at his age. I know many mothers who say they can't nurse their babies—or they don't want to. Why the sudden trend against nursing babies? I should think any mother would realize how much easier and simpler it is to nurse the baby than it is to fuss with formulas, bottles etc. (Mrs. K. W.)

Answer—Perhaps they take the Hollywood glamor bunk seriously. Your baby is lucky, whether you nurse him for two months, or for ten months, exclusively or to supplement bottle feeding.

Are starlings of any value to farmers?
Many full admirals of permanent rank have been in the history of the Navy?
Answers will be found in the classified columns of The Evening Leader.

Now You Ask One

The Word Of God

They who are at one with God cannot be separated from eternal life. — Luke 18:18: A certain ruler asked him, saying Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

Rain may leave its mark on leather handbags, especially those with a smooth finish. To protect your bag, wax it. Apply an even coat of good quality floor or furniture wax, let it dry and polish it thoroughly with a clean soft cloth. Then repeat process in 24 hours. Wax not only helps to protect the leather from water marks and soil, but helps keep it from drying out and losing its flexibility.

The first rule of egg cooking is to use low to moderate, even heat.

Looking Backward

25 Years Ago

Monday, May 1, 1922

Delegates from the Girl's Friendly Society of Christ Episcopal Church held their 10th annual meeting at the Western New York diocesan convention at Mrs. C. L. Hardenburg, Mrs. Harry Scholz, Miss Frances Lawrence, Miss Maude Baxter, Mrs. C. M. Gamman.

The following members of Cockfknra Club enjoyed a hike to Bath Saturday: Misses Quylla Kelley, Frances Herr, Nora Ash, Lillian Speakman, Kathleen Reynolds.

In a try out held at the Northside auditorium the following were chosen to represent the school speaking team in the annual interscholastic contests: Misses Anna Smith, Frances Herr, Nora Ash, Fred Walls, James McKenna.

ADDITION — Mrs. John Crane has returned from Washington, D. C. where she attended the Continental Congress, D. A. R. as a delegate from the local chapter.

PAINTED POST — William R. Sinden has resigned his position with the Prudential Insurance Company to take one as clerk with the Phillips and Martin Store.

Thomas A. Townsend has left the city to start a three year's course of study in the Monastery of the Order of the Holy Cross of the Episcopal Church in Poughkeepsie.

Washington Letter

By Jane Eads

WASHINGTON — The salt is not added until the last. That is the secret of the success of the bean soup in the Senate restaurant.

Paul C. Johnson, head waiter since 1900, is proud of that soup. It has won an international reputation.

During the war he passed around a printed recipe for the soup. It read like this: "Help your Uncle Sammie to defend America by making that good Old Fashioned Bean soup for a squad of eight hungry persons—and here's how:

"Take three pounds of small navy pea beans that have been soaked over-night. Mash and run through hot water until the beans are white again.

"Put on the fire with four quarts of hot water, then take one and one-half pounds of smoked ham hocks, boil for two and one-half hours. Brraise one onion, chopped in a little butter. When light brown, put in the bean soup.

"DO NOT ADD SALT UNTIL READY TO SERVE."

Paul, a thin Negro, a bit stoop-shouldered at 65, was brought to Washington December 24, 1900, by Senator John Warwick Daniel of Virginia. His starting salary was \$5 a week. "I got into the crowd early and been there ever since," says Paul. Sure enough, the Senate restaurant is on the first floor of the capitol.

In peak times Paul is responsible for the serving of meals to some 900 people a day, including most of the senators.

"You have to be a diplomat and know how to handle folks," he says.

A cup of that "good old fashioned navy bean soup" costs 15 cents; a plateful is 20 cents.

"Now, if you want the superior variety," says Paul, "you dice up a little ham—Smithfield ham, that is (if you can get it). You put this at the bottom of the dish, pour the soup over it and the essence will strike through."

Paul says he doesn't carry the "superior" kind on the regular daily menu.

Paul is of the opinion that the new senators don't go in much for eating big meals.

Senator Taft of Ohio, often gets along with a piece of pie and a glass of milk for lunch. Sometimes he eats a steak, Paul says he "wouldn't say very conservative."

It's the night sessions that get Paul worried.

When they call "em unbeknowing to me, I sometimes have a hard time. The help's usually gone home and I have to get on the phone and call 'em back. Of course, we always have a good supply of food on hand."

One of the senators' favorite meals, fixed up for special luncheons, includes creamed chicken Eugene. This is breast of chicken served on a slice of ham, topped with mushrooms and a cream sauce, and served under glass. With this comes potatoes and peas. Pie for dessert.

THE EVENING LEADER

CORNING JOURNAL Est. 1847
Published daily except Sunday by Corning Leader, Inc. in our fireproof building, Water Street, Corning, N. Y. E. A. Underhill, Jr., president and publisher and E. S. Underhill, Jr., secretary and treasurer, assistant to the publisher, L. D. Kimble, Editor, W. A. Underhill, advertising manager, John A. Osborne, managing editor, George H. Bevan, business managers, W. A. Underhill and E. S. Underhill, Jr.
Entered at Postoffice at Corning, N. Y., as second-class mail matter under Act of March 3, 1879.

CORNING DEMOCRAT Est. 1893
Published daily except Sunday by Corning Democrat, Inc. in our fireproof building, Water Street, Corning, N. Y. E. A. Underhill, Jr., president and publisher and E. S. Underhill, Jr., secretary and treasurer, assistant to the publisher, L. D. Kimble, Editor, W. A. Underhill, advertising manager, John A. Osborne, managing editor, George H. Bevan, business managers, W. A. Underhill and E. S. Underhill, Jr.
Entered at Postoffice at Corning, N. Y., as second-class mail matter under Act of March 3, 1879.

TELEPHONES
Telephone 1000 Private Exchange
Ask for the Department You Want
The Julius Mathews Special Agency 300 Madison Ave.
Boston Office—38 Newbury St.
Detroit Office—1000 Woodward Ave.
Chicago Office—303 No. Wabash Ave.
Subscription Rates by Carrier: per copy, 8 cents; per week, 30 cents.
By mail in stubben, Schuyler, Chemung and Yates Counties, N. Y., and
Thru and Potter Counties, Pa., one month, \$2.00; two months, \$3.75;
three months, \$5.00; six months, \$9.00; one year, \$16.00.
Elsewhere in New York and Pennsylvania and Washington, D. C. \$10.00
per year, \$18.00 for six months, \$25.00 three months and \$1.25 one month.
Elsewhere in United States, \$12.00 per year \$7.00 six months, \$4.25 three
months, \$1.49 one month.
Rates outside of United States proper, submitted on application.
Mail subscriptions strictly in advance. All currency at subscriber's risk.
By motor route delivered day of publication: one month, \$1.50; two months,
\$2.50; three months, \$3.50; six months, \$6.00; one year, \$10.00.
In New York copies may be obtained at Printing's News Agency,
Times Bldg.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use of reproduction of
its news dispatches credited to it and also the local and vicinity news not
otherwise credited published in each issue of The Evening Leader.