WHEN the battle of London was at its height Ralph Ingersoll, editor of PM, the youngest, but already one of the most enterprising of New York's newspapers, flew across the Atlantic to get the pictures with his own eyes. He remained a fortnight, and then, before his impressions had faded, flew home again and committed them at once to paper.

The result, "Report on England" (John Lane) has just reached New Zealand. Very wisely Mr. Ingersoll wasted no time polishing his Ms. but got it into print at the earliest possible date. He did not even arrange it all methodically, but threw it together more or less as it fell, which was as things happened to him day by day. So he has afterthoughts and overflows, bits and pieces to dispose of at the end, and many questions left without answers. But it is a vivid picture he presents, a story that will at once amaze and thrill New Zealanders.

We publish here some typical passages.

AS a journalist—a journalist as distinct from a human being—my position in England as the first American publisher to get myself on a 'plane and fly 3,000 miles to see and talk and be with the British, meant that, instead of snooping and prying and sparring for facts and information, I met no one anywhere in any walk of life who did not seem to feel that for the little time I was with him the most important thing in this world was to tell, explain and show and make possible for me to see and hear what I wanted. Not—and this is most important—what he or she wanted me to see or hear, but what I wanted.

Not even in the Ministry of Information, whose job after all was to sell me Britain's point of view, did anyone anywhere try to sell me anything. Even my most challenging assertions—such as that enormous numbers of Americans believed the British Government would still sell out its people and appease the Fascists—were met and discussed frankly and thoughtfully. So were expressions of scepticism that a democratic revolution was really taking place in England.

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BROADCASTER'S TESTIMONY

MURROW (London representative, Columbia Broadcasting Corporation) told me he had never seen anything like the way the English people took it, and praised their cheerfulness and complete confidence. They could take it and come back to win. He said he doubted if there ever had been anything like it. He said, "The English will drive you crazy. They are so slow. It takes them so long to get around to doing anything."

But he said, "They do get around to it. I get worried about them. But they get around to it."

Because I urged him, he told me about narrow escapes he had had. Several times he had been knocked down on the street, and houses around him had been blown down. He told me funny stories about how a friend had just come to town and was sitting in the apartment and he was describing the noises in London and saying, "An incendiary bomb goes like this: swish-swosh and then a plunk. And then another swish-swosh and another plunk." And then as if in echo came the sounds, "Swish-swosh, swish-swosh, swish-swosh, plunk, plunk, plunk." And there were incendiary bombs on the roof upstairs. They went up and put them out with shovelfuls of sand.

He told me what he thought about a lot of individuals—bad, indifferent, and good. How he felt about different phases of the war. He said that just for fun he asked his Home Office to make inquiries on whether the Germans would let him come to Berlin to broadcast and how he got back this extraordinary answer: "We will be very glad to have Mr. Murrow represent Columbia Broadcasting Company in Berlin, providing he is willing to give us his word as a gentleman that after coming to Berlin he will not visit England again until after the war."

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IN THE BBC CONCERT HALL

WE stopped and peeped into the great BBC concert hall. This was really the first big shelter I saw. The seats were out of it and the whole floor and the whole stage were carpeted solid with human figures. It was also dark in the hall and it took a minute to grasp the scene and understand it. Ed said, "The people are in their first sleep and that's why they are so quiet." Later on in the night he said they would be more restless and there would be more coughing and turning.

It's a strange feeling to be standing in the doorway and looking into a concert hall in which people are not listening to a concert but sleeping on the floor en masse. My first surprise was at how tight they were packed. Later on I got used to this. In all but the swankiest and daintiest shelters in London, people sleep packed tightly. Face against face. Elbows overlapping.

After a while, when my eyes got used to it, I could identify family groups—father, mother, child, curved into one another like piled saucers set on edge.

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HOW MUCH DAMAGE?

I SAW a map, 10ft. by 10ft. square, marked with pinheads to show damage in London. I was allowed to look at it for several minutes. This is what I saw:

Along the winding river where the docks and warehouses are—evidence of heavy continuous bombing. Around certain military objectives, such as power stations, termini — concentrated bombing. Two scores for those who believe German bombs seek military objectives. Over the rest of the area of the city of London, bombs scattered with an almost scientific evenness. The map looked as if whoever stuck the pins in it wanted to be sure that there was no square inch without at least one—positive proof that a major theme of German bombing is non-military in objective, aimed solely at terrifying the civilian population.

As to the accuracy of the bombing of military objectives, here I make no qualifications. The aim is surprisingly, astonishingly, amazingly inaccurate.

I am, as a result of what I've seen in London, extremely sceptical about all claims of severe damage to military objectives small in area. Yet in Holland and Belgium and France there is no doubt whatever that military objectives were utterly demolished—even military objectives as small as country crossroads. The secret of the difference, of course, lies in control of the air—real control of the air, ability to do what it likes in the air, can destroy anything above ground utterly and completely. An army that has not control of the air, but can only fly into it on a hit-and-run basis or by night and at great altitudes even then, cannot destroy what it likes, must waste its energies and its ammunition in fantastic proportion.

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IN A TUBE

HILDE MARCHANT, Ben Robertson and I walked down one tube, around the corner, and back the other. For exactly half a mile we walked, literally after each step having to find a place to put the next foot down without stepping on something human. As you might pick rocks to make stepping-stones across a stream.

As you walk into the tube the sounds of its humanity come to meet you—the breathing and the snoring and the coughing. The three sounds blend, but are distinguishable. As you walk into the tube the air seems to meet you, push gently, then shove, and finally almost to wrestle with you. Toward the middle of each tube it is so heavy and dense you really feel as if you could take handfuls of it and pack them into mud pies.

Whether it was space or the time of night, most people in the tube seemed to be lying in positions that showed their faces. Perhaps it was the cumulative effect of walking past so many sleeping people—walking past them until they ceased to become merely a spectacle and began being human beings again. But walking past the people in the Liverpool Street tube made me cry. I thought, many people become children again when they are asleep. And all become individuals. They stop defending themselves from each other in their sleep, stop being frightened.

The children kept stopping us. Most of the children have gone from London and there are not many in the shelters. But in the Liverpool Street tube there seemed to be a lot. Probably because it was so safe and people went a long way to make what was most precious to them safe. There were a lot of children in the Liverpool Street tube. They were very beautiful. Some put their arms around each other or around their mothers. There were several whole families of them, two, three and four children, and seeing them lie by each other in ascending size you could tell how far apart they had been born.

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CENSORSHIP

I FOUND in Great Britain, for instance, no evidence to believe that we in America had been either intentionally misled or confused, or that, con-

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