WRUL Prepares the Public for Post-War Tasks

Directors of Short-Wave Station Sponsor Long-Wave Program, ‘Beyond Victory,’ With Distinguished Speakers Discussing Varied Problems

The World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, whose radio voice, short-wave station WRUL, now serves government war needs twenty-four hours a day, has turned its attention to the problems which lie beyond victory. The phrase “post-war problems” includes everything from electronic gadgets for the laboratory housewife to blueprints for world organization, and it is this broad vista that World Wide Broadcasting Foundation set out to encompass in its series of long-wave broadcasts, “Beyond Victory.” Collaborating with the foundation in this project is the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, with its vast resources of materials on world affairs.

The speakers, experts in every field from statesmanship to food research, have been glad to cooperate. They include Dr. Charles F. Kettering, Glenn L. Martin, Count Carlo Sfora, Jan Masaryk, Thomas J. Watson, Henry Wallace and Wendell Willkie. Their opinions, the value of their research and experience, were condensed into fifteen-minute electrical transcriptions, which are being distributed to radio stations across the country each week.

Programs Carefully Planned

The “Beyond Victory” programs are planned in groups, each built around a central theme, much as a university course proceeds from one general heading to another. For example, in the group of broadcasts on “Living Conditions in the Post-War World,” one broadcast was devoted to housing, not only its basic aspects but also the tremendous post-war opportunities in the post-war building field.

This group concluded with a stirring challenge by Dr. Charles F. Kettering, General Motors, who talked on “Invention and Post-War Jobs.”

It did not look promising. On October 22, 1935 Walter Lamborn suggested to the President that a world university of the air might be a potent harmonizer among the peoples of the earth and help them to understand each other’s viewpoint. Mr. Wilson was enthusiastic, but soon afterwards he became ill. It was not until 1936 when Walter Lamborn was able to found the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, using the newly discovered short waves to spread educational ideas abroad. He is now a member of the executive staff of International Business Machines, but still devotes all his spare hours to carrying forward this radio idea.

Soon the World Radio University (WRUL) was in daily operation, with professors from Harvard, M. T., Mount Holyoke and other colleges giving courses in economics, languages, literature, aviation and engineering.

Course in Basic English

In 1938 WRUL pioneered a course in Basic English for listeners in South and Central America. Thousands of Latin Americans followed the course, acquiring a workable amount of their neighbor country’s language. Here was impressive realization of Mr. Lamborn’s idea—an international language laying the most necessary foundation for understanding between nations—men of communication between human beings.

As soon as WRUL’s transmitters no longer are needed for government war-time broadcasting, Mr. Lamborn and his board of trustees have secured a 90-year lease on the building. When Dr. Harlow Shawley, Harvard scientist, was ready with an entire curriculum of units, WRUL plans to devote half hours of instruction weekly to aerodynamics, navigation, and others.
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This group concluded with a stirring challenge by Dr. Charles F. Kettering, research head of General Motors, who talked on "Invention and Post-War Jobs." Said Mr. Kettering: "We can take peace and carve out anything that is a benefit to the human family, as are the arts and literature, the sciences and industry.

The current group of "Beyond Victory" programs has the underlying purpose of bringing home to the American people the actual conditions in some of the enslaved nations of Europe and the hope of the conquered-european peoples for the future. Last week's program was devoted to Greece; the one next week will concern Poland.

Broadcasts Heard Here

These broadcasts are heard locally Friday nights at 8 over WNYC and Saturday mornings at 9 over WQXR. Other standard wave stations carrying "Beyond Victory" are WPAS, White Plains; WSB, Atlanta; WNBC, New York; WRUL, Washington; KFRC, San Francisco; WDIV, Detroit; WRUL's transmitters in California, Alaska, Hawaii, and the newly discovered short waves to spread educational ideas overseas. He is now a member of the executive staff of International Business Machines, but still devotes all his spare hours to carrying forward this radio idea.

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In 1928 WRUL pioneered a course in Basic English for listeners in South and Central America. Thousands of Latin Americans followed the course, acquiring a usable amount of their neighbors' country's language. Here was impressive realization of Dr. Lemmon's idea -- an international language laying the most necessary foundation for understanding between nations--a means of communication between human beings. As soon as WRUL's transmitters no longer are needed for government war-time broadcasting, Mr. Lemmon and his board of trustees, headed by Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard scientist, will be ready with an entire curriculum of university courses.

WRUL plans to devote half-hours of instruction daily to aerodynamics, navigation, engineering, the arts and literature.
The enclosed manuscript will be broadcast on a national hook-up, Saturday, May 20th. This copy is being forwarded for your inspection. If there are any objectionable features (I see none), please let me know about them in a few days and I will ask the author to make the necessary corrections.
CBS World News presents DATELINE ......... Istanbul...

THEME...IN AND FADE OUT BEHIND

This week, as every week, countless men and women, forced from
their homes, were wandering through Europe trying somehow, somewhere,
to find momentary freedom....momentary refuge from the persecution
in this war that has become so difficult to escape. And this week,
as every week, the War Refugee Board was seeking haven for those
people in Portugal...in Spain....in Turkey. Since President Roosevelt
established the War Refugee Board on January 22nd of this year, it has
arranged safe passage for persons. This is the story of one
boy's search for liberty. And now...

A report based on first hand information supplied by Ira A. Hirschmann,
for three months official representative of the War Refugee Board in
Turkey. Your narrator, Douglas Edwards.

IN AND BEHIND
Istanbul is a busy, crowded, teeming city. Its old buildings press in around the harbor, and its hybrid peoples flow endlessly through its narrow streets. Istanbul is a true meeting of East and West.

There are the veiled women of the Middle East, the slant-eyed men of the Orient, and the dapper well-dressed cosmopolites of Europe... the omnipresent diplomats. And there are the sartorial, rugged, tired, and hungry men who don't belong — the men, and children too, — yes, and women who have fled the long, hard miles to Turkey... who have a momentary haven on their way to Palestine, hoping for an end to persecution. These are the persecuted peoples of Hitler's Europe. These are the ones who have had the will and strength to strive for freedom. — These are the refugees.

There is a building where they go. It is a small modest building. There's an office, and a desk, and a representative with sympathetic ears. His job is to try somehow to find passage to Palestine for these people. And his job is to listen to their stories...... endless stories....stories like this told by a 13-year-old Polish boy...... a boy with a frail body and burning eyes.

It was five years ago when the Nazis came to Poland. I was eight years old then. When they came to our town in the northeast, they wrecked my father's store. They dragged my mother and my father out and lined them up with lots of other people. There was no other reason for it, except that we were Jews. I stood and watched with my younger sister, I watched the Nazi soldiers set up Tommy guns. (SOUNDS: SNEAK IN CROWD EFFECT) And I heard a Nazi officer give his command.
DATLINE...ISTANBUL

SOUNDS: CROWD EFFECT UP

NAZIS: Ready.....aim.....fire.

SOUNDS: LONG MACHINE GUN BURST.........CROWD EFFECT ALMOST OUT.

NAZIS: Quick, now! Round up these children. Put them on the train for the concentration camp.

SOUNDS: CROWD EFFECT UP AGAIN

BOY: Hurry, Wanda, we mustn't let them catch us.

WANDA: But where can we go?

Y: Here. Take my hand and come with me!

MUSIC: RUNNING MUSIC IN AND BEHIND

BOY: We ran through the crowd as fast as we could, ducking in between the people and bending low so we couldn't be seen. Then, when we crossed the square, we ran down a narrow side street. But the Germans must have seen us, for we heard them coming too. Just then we saw a house with its cellar door standing open, and we darted in there, with the Germans close behind.

MUSIC: WIPED OUT BY...

SOUNDS: CHILDREN'S FEET RUNNING DOWN STEPS.....FOLLOWED BY HEAVY BOLETED FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING.

FIRST GERMAN: (VERY SLIGHT ECHO) This cellar is very dark. I wonder where the light is.

SECOND GERMAN: There should be a switch here by the door, but I can't find it.
FIRST GERMAN: Well, hurry up or we'll never find them.

SECOND GERMAN: Ah, here it is.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

SECOND GERMAN: THERE.

FIRST GERMAN: Hmmm, they don't seem to be here.

SECOND GERMAN: But they must be here. We would have seen them coming out. There's no other door.

FIRST GERMAN: Well, let's begin our search then.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING ACROSS FLOOR AND FADE UNDER

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND

BOY: When we went into the cellar the only thing I could see was a barrel of muddy scrub water. It looked like a good hiding place, and I climbed in. There wasn't room for both of us, so I took my little sister Wanda to another room and hid her in the coal bin. It looked like a very good place. She was so small, I was sure they'd never find her. Then I heard the Germans coming so I climbed back into my barrel. I ducked my head under the water and stayed there as long as I could.

MUSIC: OUT

FIRST GERMAN: That's funny....I'm sure they're here....

SECOND GERMAN: But we've looked everywhere.

FIRST GERMAN: Wait a minute, listen.
SECOND GERMAN: What's the matter.....I don't hear anything.

FIRST GERMAN: I could have sworn I heard something. It sounded like a little splash.

SECOND GERMAN: (LAUGHING) You're just hearing things. Maybe too much schnapps, heim?

FIRST GERMAN: But I could have sworn..... Well, maybe you're right.

SECOND GERMAN: Besides the only water here is that filthy stuff in the Barrel. No one could hide there.

FIRST GERMAN: Let's see......

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR... PAUSE

FIRST GERMAN: No, there's nothing there. I guess you're right. Let's take another look at the rest of the cellar.

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND

BOY: They were there a long time. Sometimes when they were on the other side of the cellar I could keep my head out of water for quite awhile. Then, when they'd come closer I would duck again. Finally I listened and couldn't hear them at all. At first I thought it was a trap so I stayed in the barrel. Then I thought I'd take a chance and creep out. I went to the coal bin, but Wanda wasn't there. They must have taken her with them. I don't suppose I'll ever see her again.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT
EDWARDS: The youngster's tale was a dramatic story of escape... of constant fleeing and hiding. Through Poland he went from house to house where loyal Poles could hide him. It took him a long time... Almost three years. He had lost a lot of weight and had done his share of starving by the time he reached the Polish border. This is his story of what happened then.

BOY: I guess I was so tired I wasn't thinking very well. I saw a road turn off to the left, and I saw some boys and a wire fence and an open gate. I had walked on through before I realised it was a children's concentration camp, and that the Germans were just bringing some prisoners back for more of the same. Sometimes the Germans aren't as bright as you might think. (SOUND: SNEAK IN LIGHT MARCHING FEET,...)

AD LIB: SNEAK IN AD LIB BACKGROUND) I think maybe it's because they try so hard to be efficient.

SOUND: MARCHING FEET

AD LIBS: LOUDER

Hauptmann: Ready...halt...one...two. Herr Oberlootenant, will you please call the roll. Unteroffizier Schmidt, count the children. We can't have them fool us again with one boy answering to five names.

Oberlootenant: Berkowski...Chopinski...Pirkmueller... (AND DROP BEHIND) Greliski,... Holochek...
When they told the children to halt I slipped into the line. I was afraid if they knew I had come there by myself they'd ask too many questions and maybe hurt me. It was all right until they finished the roll.

Unteroffizier Schmidt, did you count the prisoners?

Ja, meiner Hauptmann. There are ninety-three.

Ninety-three! There are only supposed to be ninety-two. Count them again.

But meiner Hauptmann....

I said count them. (ASIDE) The fool can't even count. Herr Oberleutnant, how many names do you have on your list?

(SURPRISED) Why ninety-two, meiner Hauptmann. We did have ninety-four, but you know what we did to the ones who tried to escape.

Of course - ninety-two. Just as I thought. This stupid unteroffizier can't count. (PAUSE) Well, Schmidt, have you counted them again?

Ja, meiner Hauptmann.
HAUPTMANN: And how many did you find?

SCHMIDT: Ninety-three, niener Hauptmann, just like I said.

HAUPTMANN: (GOING TO PIECES) Dumkopf (FADING) but there can't be ninety-three (FADE OUT)......

BOY: That's what I mean about their trying so hard to be efficient. While they were arguing about whose mistake it was I just slipped-out.

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND

EDWARDS: The boy told of walking on through Slovakia. It was a long hard trip. Finally he met a group of other Polish children, and they decided to try to make their way through the steep Slovakian mountains together. He had a picture of a girl. She was older than he, probably 18. She had deep, flashing eyes. She had a noble face and a proud lift to her head and he told about her.

MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND

BOY: She was our leader. Her name was Zenia and she was wonderful. She argued with the guides and talked them into showing us the way. She helped find us warmer coats before we started and when any of us got sick she took care of us. She was like a second mother. Some of the others weren't very strong. There wasn't much food and all we could find some days were berries. And that isn't much. I don't know how many of us died along the way. And then there was the day when the guides spotted Germans ahead near the border. We all ran and hid, but Zenia stayed behind making sure the rest were safe. She tried to hide too late and they captured her. We could see them through the bushes where we were.
MUSIC: OUT

FIRST GERMAN: Where do you think you are going in these mountains?

ZENIA: Why I was just going for a walk.

SECOND GERMAN: A walk! That is a likely story. The one who has been taking children over these mountains, you are either 101 and there is a price on your head.

ZENIA: Hurry up girl, we saw you with the others. Where are they?

FIRST GERMAN: There are no others.

ZENIA: That is a lie. Speak up.

FIRST GERMAN: I have nothing more to say.

SECOND GERMAN: You had better tell us the truth!

ZENIA: It is no use. I told you I have nothing to say.

SECOND GERMAN: She is not going to talk and we haven't time to argue.

FIRST GERMAN: You are right. We haven't much time.

SECOND GERMAN: She's probably their leader. Why are we taking her here as a lesson to the rest?

FIRST GERMAN: You are sure that you won't change your mind?

ZENIA: I said I have nothing more to say!

FIRST GERMAN: Well, it's your decision.

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND
We watched them. But she was proud and wonderful. It was almost as though they were embarrassed. They seemed ashamed. And they walked away as though they'd been defeated. She had been our leader. It is hard to tell you what that means. But we all felt lost after that.

It was a few days later when I knew I couldn't go on. I was tired ... more tired than I had ever been along that whole long way. I knew I couldn't take another step. I knew I couldn't breathe much longer. I was hungry and I knew if I couldn't eat something I'd never be able to get up again. I just told the others to go on and I lay down flat. I didn't care what happened.

We can't leave him there like that.

But what can we do about it? I'm tired too.

Well, we are almost there. We have got to take him with us somehow.

Maybe the guide would help.

The guide's on up ahead. If we could carry him ... I told you I can't. I can't even walk myself.

But it's just a little way. I'm tired too, but we've got to help.
BOY: They carried me, I don’t know how long it was. I don’t know how far. They fed me some berries along the way and then all of a sudden it was a bright sunny morning and we looked down the mountains into Hungary. I got up and walked then.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

EDWARDS: The children went to a representative of the Jewish Agency. There was more waiting, but finally there were passports, papers, visas, and passage to Turkey. It was just a month or two ago when their train pulled into Istanbul. And that was the end of the journey that had begun five years before. The boy sat in front of the Board. At 13 he had known more hopes and fears and tragedies and sorrows than an average man knows in his entire life. This boy had been so warped and scarred by life that he might never be the same again. But his eyes were burning, and his soul was still filled with hope.

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND

BOY: Now that I’ve had some food here and some rest, I can hardly wait until I can move on again. Through all these years I’ve wanted just one thing. I’ve wanted liberty. I want to go to Palestine. I want to be a Chaluts pioneer. I want to help my people. I want to be free. I want to spend my life making sure that no one can ever be enslaved or tortured or killed like the people whom I have seen. I want to be a citizen that freedom-loving people will want to have around. —And just think, I have my passage now. —And my dream is leaking tomorrow.

MUSIC: TO TAG
You have been listening to DATELINE... ISTANBUL. A report based on first-hand information supplied by Ira A. Birschmann, for three months official representative of the War Refugee Board in Turkey. DATELINE...

Istanbul was dramatized by Margaret Miller, narrated by Douglas Edwards.

Tune in again next week at this time when CBS World News presents ...