And now for our Personality of the day!

A few blocks down the street from our NBC studios here in New York, a photographic exhibit has been going on for some weeks, an exhibit of pictures taken by Miss Therese Bonney an American woman who has done what I consider some of the finest camera-reporting of the war!

In a whole room full of her war pictures, there's not a gun, not a plane, not a Nazi soldier not even a bomb-wrecked cathedral, or a mud-strown battlefield.

They're just simple pictures of children! And yet...the horror, the tragedy, of war...shricks at you, from these photographs.

Look at them with me, won't you?

First, here are pictures taken in peace time...happy youngsters and healthy...racing through the hallways of clean, modern, European Schools. But here is one showing a child reading a leaflet announcing...War! Obviously, the childish mind doesn't...understand.

Then we have photographs of children fitting-on GAS-masks...children helping to dig slit trenches. And now...look now! the parade of the homeless!...children separated from their parents...children sleeping in gutters...children sleeping in cow-barns...

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children with bandages around their heads, to cover ugly wounds!!

And then... for stark tragedy... look at this one!... Two pathetic little figures behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp!... Pictures of children climbing back into their bomb-gutted homes... children, orphans, wandering the streets in gangs... Pictures of the wild children of France, stealing food... Spanish children scrambling for rotten oranges... Finnish children, with their stomachs swollen from the diseases of malnutrition... British children, blitzed out of their homes... children born during nights of horror... children growing-up in what seems like the twilight of civilization... children dazed by the loss of their parents and by this apparent insanity of their elders.

Pictures of little-fellows, just following the crowds, along the highways of Europe... children sleeping (month after month) in underground shelters... on subway platforms.

Look into the faces of these Children-of-Europe! Look into their bewildered eyes. Look at their tightly-drawn lips! Look at these faces which have heart-ache written across them! These youngsters can't possibly understand the madness which drives them hither and yon, across the face of Europe... homeless... hungry. And yet... they have grown-up, overnight. Why... some of their little faces actually look wizened and ancient!!

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Yes...here!...is the tragedy of war!...the tragedy of Europe...the tragedy of the world!

But let me tell you about the photographer-herself. Miss Bonney is a journalist, an historian and an artist, as well as a photographer. She's a handsome woman. (Yes...I think handsome is the word for her type of beauty.) Her eyes are dark and direct. When she talks to you of famine in Europe and...of the things she's seen, there'a an arresting quality about her, which holds you, completely!

The walls of her studio, on the East side of Manhattan, are lined with beautiful paintings. Over her mantle-piece there's an original Renoir.

She's spent much of her life, among painters, writers and musicians. She herself has a whole string of college degrees. She worked her way through three French universities! On her leather topcoat are medals which include the Croix de guerre, the Legion of Honor and the Finnish White-Rose.

Miss Bonney is dynamically interested in this problem of Europe's children. She says that they are our responsibility. We must be responsible for them, for there are no others to care for many of them.

It's difficult to get Miss Bonney to talk about herself, but we do know that she was the first journalist on the scene of the Finnish-Russian war. She went there on a hunch!

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When she sailed to Europe on the Normandie, others-of-us were headed for the Balkans. But on a hunch, Miss Bonney went to Finland. We...rather laughed at her! But she was right. She had that war to herself, for almost six weeks!

It was another hunch which took her out of Scandinavia just before the Nazis marched in...and out of Brussels, just 12 hours before that city was seized by the Germans. And remember...she had 7 thousand negatives to haul along with her!

She was the only photographer with carte blanche during the Battle of France. France, of course, is one of her dearest loves. She calls it the "country of her adoption". She lived through its fall and recorded that fall with a terrible heartache. Someday...she wants to record, with her camera, its rebuilding!

When Miss Bonney was in England, Queen Elizabeth asked to have the American photographer presented to her, knowing of her work in France. Miss Bonney was tremendously impressed when the Queen said to her (in her perfect French), "Tell me, of France! One never thinks of France, without a catch in the throat!"

The Queen's own country was in danger, then, but she was infinitely concerned about France, a country dear-to-her heart!

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Other correspondents call their missions, into warzones, "Assignments". No so, with Miss Bonney. She calls her assignments..."Truth Raids". And that's just what they are, with her!...no staging, for effect, no tricky lighting. She carries no photographic paraphernalia - not even a portrait lens! In fact, she claims to know nothing about a camera's insides. She calls herself a "rank amateur"... and she hates the "gadgets" which most photographers use.

On her "Truth Raids" she takes only one camera...and a sunshade...and a flashgun. Her whole equipment weighs only 14 pounds. To her, a camera is just a medium by which she records a moment's impact! Really...she hates having a camera come between her and what she's looking at!

Miss Bonney's career with a camera came about, quite by accident! You see...she founded a picture news service shortly after the last war, when she was very young. But the men she sent over to Europe, brought back such poor pictures, that in desperation, she picked up a camera and went off herself, looking for photographic stories...not just scoops, but stories with meaning!

One of her first ventures was to try to photograph the Pope, in Rome. But at the Vatican she learned what an impossible task, she'd set for herself. One didn't just...take pictures of the Pope...not unless one was an Italian and the official Vatican photographer. But after working at the job for weeks, Miss Bonney extracted a promise (from one of the Cardinals) that an exception would be made...she could...take the pictures of His Holiness.

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But...she would have to be convoked, first. And that might take months and months! Miss Bonney had run out of money. She couldn't wait. She had to return to Paris. It wasn't until sixteen years later that she finally got her, behind the scenes scoop at the Vatican! Perhaps you remember the 10-page display in Life Magazine, about 5 years ago.

Her friend, the Cardinal, by now was one of the most important men in the Vatican and he made it easy for her to obtain a suitcase-full of photographs.

When war came and Miss Bonney went to the battle-areas for the first time, she had no conception of what it would be like. She "went into battle" wearing silk stockings and a silk jersey dress. She ruined many pairs of silk stockings before realizing that such things were...not in order.

So she got herself a pea-jacket, ski trousers, heavy ski-shoes, and a good steel-helmet. Her salvation (in the icy Finnish weather) was a chamois suit, which she wore under her ski suit. (Chamois is practically wind-proof.) Her great difficulty was keeping her head warm. She couldn't wear the usual cap with a visor, which ski-troopers wear, because the visor was always getting in the way, when she started taking her pictures.

After eight months in Finland, Miss Bonney went into France just in time to see the Germans break through. It was a bad time to try to get a new outfit of clothes. So... (during the hottest May which Paris had ever experienced), Miss Bonney trekked about in that now-ridiculous Finnish got-up.

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Because of the heavy ski-boots... and because of her Finnish helmet (which looked like a Nazi helmet)... she was often mistaken for a German parachutist! More than once she was put against a wall, to be shot... and then... was saved, in the nick of time!... either by her eloquent French, or by one of her passes. Once some hysterical French peasants attacked her and pushed her into a garage. Hundreds of them demanded that she be put to death! Just then, some French gendarmes came along. They, too, were carried away by the mass-hysteri. They drew guns, while the peasants yelled, and threw stones. But somehow... she talked her way out of it. She still thinks it was a miracle that saved her.

Miss Bonney has made four of those Truth-Raids into Europe. She's getting ready now, for her fifth. Meanwhile, the pictures she's already taken, are being shown in ten different countries. And... she's published a book, called "Europe's Children"... full of those children-pictures.

And now... I have an amusing story to tell you about Miss Bonney. Just before she left England, she spent a week with George Bernard Shaw. She discovered that the noted Irish wit isn't at all the eccentric person he's supposed to be. Miss Bonney insists that the world-at-large has a very false impression of him. One thing which especially interested her, about him, was the fantastic things he did with his hands. Usually, it's the Latins who "talk with their hands" and express their many moods through their fingertips. But Shaw, not a Latin, of course, uses his hands incessantly.

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Even when not speaking, his hands keep moving. But the funny story is how this very photogenic man turned the tables on Miss Bonney. She, of course, wanted to photograph him. But Shaw insisted on doing the picture taking himself. Every time she got out her camera, Shaw got out his and said: "No... I'll take the pictures." Then he'd make Miss Bonney pose this way and that way... turn her head thus and so. When she got home, she got a letter from Shaw announcing... that all those pictures he took of her had been over-exposed... hadn't come out at all!

Well, that's a picture of Therese Bonney... a woman who should go down in history for giving to the world... a scathing indictment of war... an indictment without words... without sound... But... an indictment which you can't escape, if you look into the eyes, of the... Children of Europe!! And so... I salute... this woman who takes pictures which can break your heart!