

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

TIMBERLINE LODGE, Ore., Feb. 11.—There is one trouble with learning to ski, as far as writing about it is concerned. That's the fact that your mood changes so often. You go through a whole cycle of determination, elation and disgust. After you've been doing fairly well for a couple of days, the beginner usually has a bad relapse. Everything goes wrong. You're worse than the first day. Also you hurt all over.

Right there's the critical time. A great gloomy disinterest in skiing comes over you. That's where I was this morning. It was my last day here. When I awoke I was in pain from head to foot. And it was storming outside.

"I've had enough," I said.

And so I didn't even put on my ski clothes. When my friends arrived from Portland at noon, they found me sitting before the fire place.

"How do you like skiing?" they shouted.

Who's Afraid, Not Ernie!

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Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

A SUGGESTION that the new Army camp to be located near Columbus be named after Private James Gresham, Evansville, "first American soldier killed in World War I," was carried in this column last week. Now C. F. Wicksler, 2654 N. Harding St., writes

in to take issue with us on a point or two. Mr. Wicksler says he believes Corporal (not Private) James Bethel Gresham was born and lived in Henderson, Ky., and that his family moved to Evansville after James joined the Army.

We checked with the American Legion headquarters and learned: He was a lance corporal, he was born in McLean County, Tenn., in 1914, enlisted in the Army in 1914 at Evansville, and that he was one of the first three American combatants killed in front line action. The other two were Privates Thomas F. Enright and Merle D. Hay. And we don't feel so bad about missing the title, since the Indiana Historical Society's Gold Star Honor Roll of Indiana also refers to him as Private Gresham.

An Unbalanced Menu

WE DONT KNOW why we mention it, but a correspondent suggests a sample menu from the Indianapolis telephone directory. There are, he reminds, two Coffees, a column of Greens, one Hamburger, four Salmons, six Sweets not to mention one Kidney and five Hams. As we said before, we don't know why we mention it. The Bridgeport Brass Co., which will have its 12-million-dollar plant here in operation within a month or so, puts out a very handsome employee magazine. The February issue just arrived here and, believe it or not, contains not a single word about the new Indianapolis plant. Maybe this plant is to be a surprise to the employees at the older plant in Bridgeport, Conn.

Lots of Luck—All Bad

BAD LUCK continues to dog the police traffic department. Capt. Troutman has four men on the

Washington

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—Many letters and telegrams reflect the discouragement of this one from a Southern city:

"Please advise me if I should keep on buying defense stamps. I am a colored orphan girl 16 years old. I work after school and buy 50 cents in stamps each week. That is so hard for me. Is it true that Mrs. Roosevelt is giving our money away for foolishness?"

Here is a telegram from the Middle West that answers the main question of this bewildered girl:

"Volunteer loyal Americans giving their time and money in teaching first aid, home nursing and like civil defense projects represent the high salaries paid to Eleanor's friends. Volunteers won't strike because the job must be done."

That is the answer. The job must be done. I don't think it is possible to make a convincing defense of the way Mrs. Roosevelt has been using her position and influence to plant friends in the Office of Civilian Defense. Nevertheless we are not fighting this war because we like or do not like some things that go on here.

We Must Go Right On

WE ARE IN this war because it is necessary to the security of the United States.

To stop buying defense bonds, or to stop volunteer civilian defense work through disgust with what may have happened here, would be to do the country serious harm. We would hurt ourselves.

We must go right on. And we must go harder, because the war is going against us in the Pacific and we are suffering serious losses of ships. We are fighting a Atlantic from submersibles off our coasts.

But it should be obvious to anyone now that public sentiment is bitterly resentful of peacock government such as has prevailed at OCD.

My Day

NEW YORK CITY, Tuesday.—I went last night to speak at a patriotic rally held in one of the large churches in Washington. Those present reiterated again their willingness to fight and die for the United States, and recounted the part that the colored

people had played in the history of our country during every war.

I never like to have us remember only our contributions as military contributions, because there are so many things which people have given in times of peace which are just as important to the development of the country, even when these horrible days of war are upon us.

All of our racial groups have made a vast contribution to the development of the United States.

Many of them have worked in our fields and have developed our agriculture. Without them the cotton fields of the south would never have been tilled and the wheat fields of the west would not have produced their abundance.

Our mines would not have been developed. Our factories would not have operated without the labor of the countless people who, once upon a time, came

asked her to go along. I needed company in my misery.

The four of us rode the lift to the top. It was storming again.

One of our friends took off. Then the other. Then came that terrible panicky feeling. But I gave a smile.

I guess that first straight run must have been 50 yards, and at the bottom you either had to turn or smash into a hillside. So do you know what I did? I turned! And me a guy who can't make turns!

I found my friends waiting for me over the brow of the next slope. I skied down to them. "You look fine," they said. "You're doing dandy." I began to feel a sort of pride.

We worked down the mountain slowly. A racing skier can make the Magic Mile in a minute and a half. But we took an hour, and probably covered three miles.

The Boy Who Came Back!

WE STOPPED FREQUENTLY for our legs got tired holding on the brakes. The afternoon fled, and living became fun again.

Suddenly we looked at our watches, and saw it was almost time to leave for Portland. The veteran of our party said it was still half a mile to the bottom.

"Let's be off," he said.

It was the last mile which finally made a rabid, raving ski enthusiast out of me. For I personally skied that last half mile without stopping and without falling down.

When we wound up with a snow-swirling flourish at the bottom, I felt an elation I hadn't known in years. I wanted to ski forever.

But they went out and asked Olaf, and he said it would be all right. Then they had me. I couldn't refuse without being a plain coward.

When I saw there was no way out, I hunted up my novice skiing companion, Maureen Jackman, and

she said, "I think it's asinine."

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