

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

CATHEDRAL CITY, Calif., March 31.—Not all of our air heroes are in uniform over Australia or on the flying fields of Britain. Some of them are sitting almost anonymously right here at home. Marshal Headle is one of them. Headle, chief test pilot of the Lockheed Aircraft Corp., is one of the finest and most respected pilots in the aviation world. I'm going to tell the strange story of what happened to him.

It all happened in less than 10 seconds. Headle wasn't even in a plane. The accident got brief notice in the Los Angeles papers, and then was forgotten. But it took out of the air one of America's most valuable fliers.

Marshal Headle is the quiet, serious type who does his job with an intense thoroughness. He has been with Lockheed 13 years. He personally flew every new type of aircraft first, even though some of them are tough to handle, and even though Headle had capable younger pilots under him.

And he was always experimenting. The experiment that almost led to his death was brought about by the great heights at which planes are flying in this war.

And Here's What Happened—

WE HEAR A lot about oxygen and so on, but the truth is that a pilot is no good, even with oxygen, when he gets about 35,000 feet. He just doesn't do things right, that's all.

Headle, for months, had been experimenting. They have a pressure chamber at the Lockheed factory, and Headle spent much time in there, using himself as a guinea pig. It came to its climax last June.

Headle was in the chamber alone, while observers stood outside watching through a thick glass window. The observers had duplicate controls, outside, on everything but the oxygen supply. Headle controlled that himself, from the inside.

Well, they slowly worked the pressure down until they had Headle in the rarified atmosphere of 42,000 feet—eight miles above the earth. All the way "up," he had given himself less oxygen than he really should

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

THE BICYCLE RAPIDLY is taking its place as a major form of transportation in this town as more and more autos are placed on the "temporarily restricted" list. Most any morning you can see scores of cyclists carrying lunch boxes or packages, en route to work. In some instances, they're using bicycles as "feeder lines," pedaling from home to the nearest streetcar or bus line and then parking the bike at some acquaintance's home. The situation is creating somewhat of a problem for firms whose employees are pedaling to work. They have to have a place to park the cycles. L. S. Ayres has solved the problem, temporarily, by installing an employee's bike parking rack in one of its warehouse buildings on Pearl st. There are racks for 20 bikes, with space for 30 more. Some motorists are beginning to grumble about the growing "bicycle menace." One insists he has been "forced over the curb" twice recently by youthful cyclist "scorches." Oh, well, turn about is fair play boys, isn't it?

And That's No Bull

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BILLY NIEBUS, 7-year-old son of Roy Niebus, returned from school the other day and asked his dad if he'd like to "hear me say my ABC's backward." Sure, said dad. Grinning, the 7-year-old turned his back, then began: "A, B, C, etc." You've got to get up early to get ahead of Young America. . . . Eddie McCammon got in line at the County Treasurer's office the other day and made a tax payment. He says he nearly was bowled over by the cashier's pleasant smile and "thank you." It almost—but not quite—made the proceedings painless for Eddie. . . . The Power & Light Co. is doing the biggest job of boiling in the city's history. They're getting a new boiler ready for service at the Harding street plant and for two days they'll be cleaning out almost 10 miles of tubing with 15,450 gallons of boiling water. The size of the boiler, incidentally, is as large as a . . . story house.

Junk? Junk It!

A USED AUTO parts company at 919 N. Senate ave. goes in for unique signs on its fence. For some time it's had a sign reading: "If you work for a man, work for him; if not, be a man and quit." Now they've put out a couple more signs with the patriotic motif, to-wit: "One car equals one machine gun. Sell us your old car." Another reads: "Twenty cars equal one tank, etc." . . . C. M. Whitney, veteran auditing department employee of the gas company, is one of the most independent men in town. You may remember that he declined last summer to change his watch to daylight saving time. Well, he's just as independent when it comes to war time. He settles the problem by just leaving his watch on the old central standard time, and then going to work and quitting an hour early. Ask him what time it is and he'll note that the watch says 8 a.m. and tell you: "It's 9 a.m."

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