

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, Oct. 24.—The 50 enlisted men now studying to be second lieutenants at the army's new officers' school over here are a fine-looking bunch, but there is none of the puppetlike uniformity about them that you find in a picked parade unit.

They are all sizes, with all kinds of faces. You have freckle-faced Texans, guys from "Joisey," bookkeepers and farmers, tall one and fat ones. There are even a couple of bald heads. They are a good cross-section of America.

But one thing they have in common, and that is a pride in being chosen, and an eagerness for learning that I've never seen in students before. It occurred to me while watching their faces in class that it's a shame college students can't have the same hot desire to learn and progress.

They work so hard that they've all lost weight since starting the school, but they really feel wonderful. Their schedule is divided about half-and-half between lectures and outdoor work.

Taught Unbending Strictness

YESTERDAY, FOR INSTANCE, they had drill and hard exercises in the morning, four successive classes—on army organization, army medicine, gas warfare and military commands—a stiff bayonet practice and then lunch.

After lunch they had two hours of indoor practice and lecture on the Browning rifle, outdoor machine gun instruction, some bayonet practice and more drill. After supper they had two hours of compulsory

study. That left them one hour before "lights out" to wash clothes, shine shoes, clean guns, etc. No liquor is allowed in school, and they leave camp only on Sunday. But that is largely theory. For most of them need all day Sunday to get caught up on clothes-washing, letter-writing, studying and just generally recovering from the strenuous week.

Some of 'Em Are Draftees

THE CANDIDATES wear the same clothes they wore as enlisted men. On all their jackets you can see the dark patch where their chevrons used to be. One boy told me he felt naked without those stripes on his sleeve.

On the left shoulder they wear an oval green patch with the letters "OCS" in yellow. That means "Officer Candidate School." On some of their coveralls they had painted the chevrons with black paint, and of course they can't get that off.

Each day one of the candidates is appointed company commander. He has to act just as though he were already an officer, and give orders. Sometimes a man gets pretty embarrassed and stammers at first. When he finishes, all the students are called on to tell what he did wrong.

Some of the students are draftees, in the army only a few months. Some are regular men with several years' service. One has been in the army 17 years. A large detachment of regular soldiers is assigned to the school to do the ordinary work of military camp. They do the cooking, the lawn mowing, the range-building, the map-making, the guard duty, and all those things.

If they do it well enough, maybe they will go to officers' school too some day.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

PROFILE OF THE WEEK: Police Major Herbert Roy Fletcher, better known as Cap Fletcher, this city's chief air raid warden, an old-time cop who came busting out of official retirement as soon as he found that they needed someone to boss the air raid setup.

Cap Fletcher knows this city from top to bottom. He knows it from the viewpoint of a police veteran with 28 years' service from the lowest rank to next to the top. Since his retirement in 1937, he's been secretary of the Police & Firemen's Insurance Co.

At 62, he's husky and vigorous, still looks every inch the policeman. A little under 6 feet, he weighs about 240. He's full faced, wears glasses, has kindly blue eyes, a pleasant smile and gray hair that's getting pretty thin. He has very broad shoulders, walks with a rolling gait.

By nature, he's rather serious though genial. He's unusually shy and retiring for a veteran cop. An earthquake wouldn't excite him. He almost never swears—only when he's very angry.

Chops Holes in Ice HERBERT FLETCHER'S one big obsession is fishing, at his cottage—Shangri La—at Shaver lake. Before he took on the air raid post, he spent almost every week-end up at the cottage, winter or summer. He's even gone so far as to chop holes in the ice to fish.

His cottage is on a point, right where Keene creek enters the lake, and his favorite fishing spot is on the end of his dock. Sometimes he baits two or three poles at a time and sits and watches them. Gets more action that way.

Funny part about it, though, is that although he

dearly loves to fish, he can't stand to eat fish—at least not the fish he has caught.

Custard Pie Fan

HE SAYS HIS favorite fish recipe is: Clean fish well, roll in corn meal, fry until a deep brown, put on a big platter, garnish with green beans (his pet antipathy), open garbage can and dump contents therein. He has a weakness for fried chicken and custard pie.

Born near Monrovia, he attended Plainfield high school (not the Boys' school, he reminds folks), started in football both in high school and at Earlham college. Then he came here. His first job was with the Indianapolis & Vincennes railroad. He joined the police force in 1909.

As a policeman, he worked on or directed many of the biggest police cases for years. He was shot in the hand during the Holtz Dry Goods robbery 15 years ago. A few years earlier, he shot and killed Hell Cat Thomas, a notorious bad man, in a gun battle in which Hell Cat killed Sgt. Maurice Murphy.

Too Young for Golf

CAP FLETCHER doesn't give a darn for golf, says he's "not old enough to play it." He enjoys football games, will play auction bridge occasionally, but doesn't like contract—says his chair gets tired. He hasn't any time for movies now, what with attending to both his insurance business and air raid duties. His movie favorite used to be Greta Garbo—now it's Alice Faye. He likes squirrel and rabbit shooting, likes to take along cold biscuits to nibble on.

One of his favorite pastimes is raiding the refrigerator, especially after reading or working until late in the evening. And he's quite a guitar player. Sometimes he even accompanies pieces on the radio.

Washington

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—We have suffered so many military blows beginning with Pearl Harbor that those who take their medicine straight, without sugar coating, haven't had much that was pleasant to swallow. Finally the tonic comes in the remarkable performance of our flying fortresses.

Regardless of whatever means the Germans may devise against them in the future, these heavy bombers are for the time being proving one of the major favorable surprises of the war.

Although some had earlier questioned the effectiveness of these bombers and called them flying targets, they are restoring our confidence while possibly introducing a new element in warfare that may have an important effect on tactics, as the introduction of the tank did.

Fortunately we are in heavy production on fortresses and the similar Consolidated Liberators so that we can press our advantage while it lasts. The unexpected thing about the performance of these big four-motored bombers is their ability to knock down enemy fighters. No one was prepared to count so heavily on the bomber to destroy enemy fighters.

Reports Almost Unbelievable

THE LILLE RAID showed that bombers cannot only take care of themselves, but can hand out deadly punishment. The unofficial reports passed were almost unbelievable. Both in Europe and in the Pacific the fortress has shown itself to be an animal with more lives than a cat, and able to bring down fighters while remaining in the air against the enemy fire.

The fortress has taken the Jap zero and the German Fock-Wulf 109 alike for a ride. We devised our heavy bomber originally to defend our shores, and designed it to fly high, fast and far, to meet the enemy in daylight far from our own shores and to turn him back, as OWI explains in its remarkable report on American aircraft.

We did not expect the enemy to reach us, or to fight him over his own territory. We devised a

bombing of accuracy which is still regarded by air-men in Europe as almost unbelievable—so accurate that the saying is almost literally true that if you can see it you can hit it.

The British developed the slower, lower, bomber capable of carrying more bombs than ours for mass night bombing over Europe. But always the bomber over Europe was regarded as a big lumbering carrier of explosives to be dumped. It had either to slip in at night or surround itself with protecting fighters if it went out in daylight. The bomber, whether British or American, never was regarded as a destroyer of other aircraft to any such degree as the fortress and Liberator have become.

Note This One Caution

OUR BIG BOMBERS are so heavily armed that they can outrange approaching enemy fighters. Information they are able to cover the approach of the enemy from any angle. Therefore the big bomber, with its devastating load, is now showing that it can range in daylight far out beyond the limits of short-range escorts hitherto regarded as necessary to protect bombers from enemy fighters.

The fighter plane has been regarded as the weapon to use against fighters. Will the big, heavily armed bomber become also a major weapon in destroying the enemy air force in the air? That is the possibility that appears now.

One caution should be noted. Although the allied air campaign over Germany is showing possibilities beyond what many earlier thought likely, few who are qualified to judge believe that Germany can be defeated by air alone.

Precision daylight bombing will be able to damage production and transportation. Mass bombings are evidently having a depressing effect on the German population. There is reason to believe that this may become an important factor during the winter. Yet there is little likelihood that air attack, no matter how extensive, can reduce Germany without ground attack also.

But it begins to look as if we can count on the air for a great deal more than had been expected by those who argued that, since the German's couldn't break England by bombing, we could count on it for little against Germany.

The countryside looks as green and as calm as ever, but every now and then in the city you come upon a heap of ruins and someone casually says, "A bomb fell there."

Our Ambassador, Mr. Winant, met me at the airport and on the train trip sketched for me the things which had been planned for the next few days. I shall, of course, do the more formal things that must be done, first. The king and queen met me at the station together with a number of officials, both British and American.

Butler Students Go All-Out for War Effort



The student-faculty war council at Butler university is sponsoring the sale of war bonds and stamps and in the first two weeks sold more than \$2000 worth. Here, Jane Mottern, a junior, purchases some war stamps from L. Harold Burr, a sophomore.



This old wash pail set on a smoking stand is the trophy in the inter-fraternity scrap drive at Butler. Here the five fraternity presidents gaze longingly upon the prize. The men are (left to right) Robert Fletcher, Delta Tau Delta; William McCleod, Sigma Nu; James Seller, Sigma Chi; Scott Dukes, Phi Delta Theta, and Harold Mossey, Lambda Chi Alpha.

Scrap Metal, Bond Selling Top Four-Point Program

The student-faculty war council at Butler university is beginning to make things hum. Cooking strictly on the front burners, the council now has four things in the fire. They are:

- 1. The interfraternity scrap metal drive.
2. Selling of war bonds and stamps.
3. A drive to get students to donate blood to the Red Cross.
4. Preparing air raid precautions.

The council was named about a month ago by Dr. M. O. Ross, president of Butler. It is composed of 10 students and nine faculty members. Concerning the interfraternity scrap metal drive, it might appear that nothing has been gathered as yet—but actually the five fraternities have been working frantically to gather the scrap and each has hidden the old metal it has collected.

As to the amount any one of them has collected, that can't be ascertained. They're keeping it a "military secret" until next week, when they will drag the scrap out onto the campus. Then the winning fraternity will be awarded the trophy—an ash tray consisting of an old wash pail mounted on a smoking stand.

Recently the "blackout" king and queen, elected by the students, were crowned and presented flashlights. They are William Witt, sophomore, and Jackie Blomberg, sophomore. This was sponsored to focus attention on air raid precautions.

Faculty members are Dr. Charles C. Jossey, Dr. Elizabeth B. Ward, Prof. George F. Leonard, Prof. Charles J. Anthony, Dr. William J. Moore, Paul Ross, Dr. Albert Mock, Dr. Karl S. Means and Prof. Kathryn J. Journey.



One of the first to heed the council's plea for blood donations to the Red Cross was Ruth Chandler, a junior. The "blackout" king and queen are crowned at Butler university and presented with flashlights. Duane Joyce (right) presents the flashlights to "King" William Witt, a sophomore, and "Queen" Jackie Blomberg, a junior.

OVERTIME FOR U. S. FAVORED

Senate Civil Service Group Approves 44-Hour Work Week.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24 (U. P.)—The senate civil service committee has approved legislation setting up a basic 44-hour week for all government employees with time-and-a-half pay for overtime to begin after 40 hours.

Committee chairman William J. Bulow (D. S. D.) estimated the bill would result in pay increases for approximately 40 per cent of all federal workers, or about 1,000,000 persons. The rest, chiefly army and navy civilian employees, already receive time-and-a-half for overtime, he said.

The bill also provides a straight 10 per cent pay increase for postal workers and other government employees who do not have a fixed working week. Overtime pay would be calculated on the basis of salaries up to \$2900 a year, and not on that part of any employee's salary exceeding \$2900.



Leland Stowe

At the Russian Front—By Leland Stowe

XI. Col. Smirnov—A Terror in Any Man's Army.

By LELAND STOWE

WITH THE RED ARMY ON THE RZHEV FRONT. —Lieut.-Col. Anatole Alexandrovitch Smirnov wears the map of the Ukraine on his face yet, strangely enough, it bears a surprising similarity to the well-known two-legged map of Ireland. If anybody presented the lieutenant-colonel to you as a second cousin of the Chicago Daily News' Bob Casey, or maybe his big brother, the chances are you would believe it.

The fact is, you've seen giants with faces much like Smirnov's on the police force can city—but, just the same, you've never met quite the equal of Smirnov. Nor have the Germans. Nor have very many Ukrainians for that matter. In my wanderings I have encountered a considerable number of happy warriors but this six-foot human dynamo with his rolled steel muscles and snorting relish for battle, tops them all.

Talk with Lieut.-Col. Smirnov for five minutes and you wonder if anybody, anywhere, is having as good a time out of this war as he is. Talk long enough to get his story out of him and then it seems most unlikely. Unquestionably, the lieutenant-colonel is the only man in this whole world-wide war who has captured a German general and brought him back alive—on his own back. But wait a minute—and also on skis.

Captured a General

THE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL didn't even mention that little item about skis, at first. It took a little time after we got back to his dugout inside the ridge and could really chew the fat: Time and some vodka, that is. The trouble was the lieutenant-colonel had been having too good a time telling about his men—about fellows like that young corporal from Krasnodar who has two decorations, one of them for taking up his gun right on the heels of the infantry in a hot attack.

"Horosh, eh? (Good, eh?) Smirnov gets a tremendous kick out of his men and maybe it's no accident that his artillery battalion has collected an extraordinary number of decorations scattered through all the ranks. The lieutenant-colonel, of course, has three medals: One of them for lugging in that Nazi general alive and kicking.

"When I caught him in bed he squealed like a pig," Smirnov said. "He thought I was going to shoot

A Build Like Tunney's

BUT THAT IS getting ahead of the story. It really begins, I suppose, on the riverside quays of Nikolai, Anatole Smirnov's native town, in the southern Ukraine. That is where this Red army giant began collecting his muscle unloading ships and working as a stevedore as a youngster in his early teens. He is blond, of course, and blue-eyed and his hands are half as broad as my portable typewriter. Today Smirnov is 32 but his build would rival Gene Tunney's in the days when Gene was topping Jack Dempsey.

"I always did a lot of skiing," Lieut.-Col. Smirnov was saying, "so last winter when things were a little too quiet, they let me do some raiding behind Fritz's lines. This time I took 50 men with me. That was up on the Leningrad front. We were raiding a place called Porchovno;gorod, about 70 miles or more inside the German lines.

"We got their sentries without shooting—before they knew what

Like a Dead Pig

"HE WAS A Lieut.-Gen. Von Hoffman—I think a brother of that Hoffman," Smirnov laughed. "Anyhow, I slung him on my back like a dead pig and we started back on our skis. I carried him first a couple of miles and then we shifted him around every mile or so. In order to avoid German troops we had to ski nearly 100 miles before we got back inside our lines. Then we delivered the general.

This time Lieut.-Col. Smirnov's ho-ho-ho filled the entire dugout. He reached for the vodka bottle. "Oh, Fritz has had plenty of surprises in Russia all right. But wait until this winter. He'll get lots more. This winter the Germans are really going to get their bellyfull of Russia—but they won't get much else. Look at my men, Look at the Red army."

He didn't say "look at me" but he didn't have to. After all, you couldn't help it. The lieutenant-colonel would be a terror in any man's army—and he is.

'I Hit Him Once'

"I TOOK FOUR men and posted them around the town hall," Smirnov continued. "The Russian woman pointed out the room where the German general always slept.

"I hit him once with the butt of my revolver and then stuffed a pillowcase in his mouth, tied his hands and feet and brought him down.

"I slung him on my back and we got back into the forest as fast as we could.

"One of the troubles with these damned Germans is they eat too much," boomed the lieutenant-colonel. "This Gen. Hoffman wasn't so tall but he weighed nearly 200 pounds."

"Gen. Hoffman?" I asked, "was he any relation to the Gen. Von Hoffman who invented the Hoffman plan for invading Russia?"

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"Come on! You can knock off a few Japs and get 'em for nothing!"

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

LONDON, England, Friday.—The past few days have been so filled with a variety of experiences that it is difficult to tell you about them. In the first place, I should explain that I find myself this evening in England because, a short time ago, Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, realized that we in the United States were just beginning to go through some of the experiences which the British people have undergone during the last several years.

Her Majesty felt that it might be valuable for me to see with my own eyes the work of the women in Great Britain, and so she wrote and asked whether I would care to come here.

I was assured that I would be given full freedom to see everything in the way I felt would be most useful to me. I realized at once this would also give me an opportunity to see our armed forces, which have been sent to this country in such great numbers. I hope very much that what I see may mean something to the mothers, wives and sweethearts of our men who are now stationed here. I hope, too, that the opportunity afforded to see the work which the women

are doing in Great Britain, may also be of use not only to our women at home, but also to the children who also have a share of the sacrifice which is made.

Now you have the background and the reason for the visit. There was some delay in my departure. The trip, across what has now become a very small pond indeed, was as comfortable and as delightful as possible.

No one knew I was actually arriving, in spite of newspaper rumors. Since Miss Thompson and I traveled under very unimaginative names and our bags looked like everyone else's, there was no easy method of identifying us. But, as I stepped out of the plane, I heard someone say, "Why, there is Mrs. Roosevelt!"



"Well, if they can't read how do you explain it?"