

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

NORTH AFRICA.—One day Mrs. Sara Harvey of Nashville, Tenn., wrote a letter to me, and it finally found its way over here. Mrs. Harvey asked me to look up her husband in England, and tell him to hurry up and get the war won and get back home to her.



Lots of people write me letters like that. Unfortunately the world is a big place and our troops are scattered. Only once in a blue moon do I happen to be in the vicinity of the husband or sweetheart asked for.

But the Harvey case turned out just right. When Mrs. Harvey wrote, her husband and I both were in England. When the letter arrived we were both in Africa and Mrs. Harvey's ever-loving was right under my nose.

All I had to do was walk through a bunch of palm trees and across a little sand, and there he was.

He is Sgt. Benson Harvey, radio man with a fighter squadron.

Harvey and another fellow live in a pup tent just big enough to hold their blankets. Their private slit-trench is just a jump away. A small tinted picture in a glass frame hangs on the tiny pole in the back of the tent. The picture is of Mrs. Harvey.

One of 4 Brothers in Service

SERGEANT HARVEY is a young fellow. He is one of four brothers scattered all over the world. Maj. Robert Harvey is a doctor now on his way overseas, probably to Africa. James is a chief petty officer in the navy. He was through Pearl Harbor and the Solomon battles, and is somewhere at sea. His wife was once notified that he was dead—but he wasn't.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

CARL MOORE of Franklin township reports the first straw that appeared in front of the Claypool at 4 p. m. last Friday. Rushing the season a bit, Carl adds that the black and white setter which used to gambol on the statehouse lawn at 8 a. m. no longer is there. He hopes nothing has happened to it as the dog was the most obedient Carl ever encountered. Maybe that's because a policeman was its master. . . . Seen at Illinois and Market: A young soldier snapping a picture with a small camera. His subject was a U. S. marines recruiting poster with a girl's picture on it. . . . A drugstore at the intersection of Massachusetts, Walnut and Park, has a permanent sign in the window reading: Prescriptions our hobby. . . . Agent Z-9 phones in to comment that we've been having a sample of lend-lease right here at home recently, what with housewives lending or trading butter, sugar, coffee and other rationed items over backyard fences.

Robin Keeps Bobbin'

MRS. O. R. TOOLEY, 6120 Indianola ave., read about the silly robin that has been butting its head against the windowpanes at the H. W. Oberlies home, 1019 N. Kealing. And then she called us about another silly robin. This bird keeps flying against the enclosed porch windows all day long. The Tooleys have tried everything they can think of to stop the bird. First they washed the windows, thinking that would help, but it just made it easier for the robin to see his reflection in the glass. Then Mr. Tooley tried turning the hose on it—and found the robin didn't care. Mrs. Tooley says she'd like to know if anyone finds something to discourage the pest. . . . During Sunday night's blackout, Mrs. Glen Hanning, an air raid warden stationed at Washington between Pennsylvania and Meridian, saw a man walking on the sidewalk. "You'll have to seek shelter, sir," she informed him. "Sorry lady, but I'm a detective," he told her. She opined that maybe it was all right for him to be out. A couple of minutes later she dimly saw the outline of a man and also ordered him to seek shelter. "Sorry, but I'm still that same de-

fective," he apologized. The same thing happened a third time. Finally, when the lights came on, the detective approached Mrs. Hanning and said: "I've got now; I'm going home."

Around the Town

A NEAT PLAQUE bearing the names of teachers and other school board employees in the service has been prepared by pupils at Tech and placed in the lobby of the school board offices. It contains something like 90 names. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt, who is one of American Airlines' best customers, was aboard an airliner that stopped at municipal airport the other day. She stayed aboard the plane the entire time. . . . Pictures of some of the cast of the Ft. Harrison troops' play, Khaki Kapers, to be presented tomorrow, Friday and Saturday, are posted in the lobby of English's. The pictures have expressive captions. For instance, under that of the male lead, is: Jack Good—and boy, is he! Under another: Lynne Shore—she shore is! . . . Capt. Ed Stein and the staff of Stout field's publication—"The Fielder"—are proud that the paper has received a certificate of achievement in world-wide competition among U. S. army publications. The first prize was won by a paper in Hawaii. This was the only army paper in this area to win an award, we're told.

Recognizes Son in Photo

A PICTURE IN The Times, March 19, showing a group of American soldiers who had been captured by the Germans in Tunisia, has given Mrs. Ora W. Cunningham, 319 Taft st., hope that her son is still alive and well. The son, Corp. Daniel Jones, 24, has been reported missing since Feb. 17. The soldier in the picture closely resembled photos of Corp. Jones, and Mrs. Jones is sure that he is her son. Corp. Jones attended Tech and before joining the army clerked at the Bloemker grocery, 1202 E. New York. . . . Every now and then the military censors have a little fun by adding something to the letters they censor. In writing to a local young woman, Capt. Charles McAuliffe, who's with the marines in the Pacific, forgot to put his address on the letter and wrote it incorrectly on the envelope. The censor corrected the address on the envelope, then wrote it on the letter itself—even to the full name, Capt. Charles Patrick McAuliffe—and added a postscript: "He forgot."

Washington By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, March 31.—The reason there won't be a big coal strike this year is that John L. Lewis has decided not to attempt one in the middle of a war.

Recently the war has been winning in Washington. That has not always been the case. Sometimes the war comes second—after some contractor gets his or some group gets its cut.

But the war sometimes wins out, although we don't hear as much about those instances as we might.

For instance, the war won out over the farm bloc on one point—the question of whether the cost of living should be increased by tinkering with the farm parity formula. That action, taken by the senate in the interest of holding the cost of living steady and thus discouraging inflation, has helped to strengthen all hands in Washington that are interested in that.

The restraint on the part of John L. Lewis is likewise a certain indication of the force that war's demands are coming to have here.

F. D. R. Can Give the Orders

THAT IS the meaning of the news that the United Mine Workers and the northern and southern operators will not interrupt work today when their contract expires, although they are far from completing negotiations for a new contract.

Two years ago Mr. Lewis told his miners out of the mines on less of an issue than he has raised this time.

In fact there usually is a strike every two years when the bituminous contract expires, even if only for a few days as a kind of demonstration of strength.

The last time, in 1941, the mines were tied up

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Tuesday.—The women's war bond savings staff of Chicago, which I addressed yesterday afternoon, featured particularly its booth workers. Cook county and the city of Chicago certainly are justifiably proud of these women workers in this particular service.

They stressed the fact that it was not in any way a glamorous service. It was something which women, who worked all day, were still doing in their free time in the evening. Women who had other jobs and could spare an hour here and there, were giving that hour whenever it could be found. They learned how to tell the story of the different bonds they sold and proved themselves highly successful.

I could not help thinking that, after the war, they might turn out to be very valuable saleswomen for some other product, having learned the art of mastering the value of the article they had for sale and the even subtler art of making the buyer want to possess it.

They had also completed the sale of "E" bonds to

The fourth brother is Frank, an aviation machinist's mate, who was on the Wasp when she was sunk.

Sgt. Harvey says it'll be tough when they get home, for they'll want to tell their lies at the same time.

While we were roaming around, Sgt. Harvey took me into the squadron's little dispensary and hospital.

We got to talking with Sgt. Burt Thompson of Cleveland. He used to be a production clerk in a hydraulic-equipment factory in Cleveland, but now he's in the medical section and has hung around doctors so long he's started inventing things.

Pocket-Size Medical Kit

THE AIR FORCES make up a medical kit for pilots to take with them on their missions. It's in a canvas case with a zipper, and is placed behind the pilot's seat. It's all right if you can get to it, but a wounded fighter pilot can't always reach it.

So Sgt. Thompson has assembled a smaller kit, which a pilot can carry right in the map-pocket on his trousers leg.

There is now starting to grow up among the soldiers over here, I've noticed, a little feeling of resentment at and superiority over the soldiers back in the states.

I'm sorry to see this, for I think it's unfair. Few soldiers have the slightest control over whether they are to be in Africa or Florida. Soldiers don't choose; they're sent. The ones back home aren't cowards, and are no doubt itching to get over here.

There is one thing concerning home life that soldiers are absolutely rabid on, and that is strikes. You just mention a strike at home either to soldier or officer, living on monotonous rations in the mud under frequent bombing, and you've got a raving maniac on your hands.

U. S. Share in China-Burma Battle Is Planes

Stilwell and Chennault Need Only the Tools To Do Their Jobs Well

This is the second of a series of eight articles by A. T. Steele, just returned from the Far East on leave.

By A. T. STEELE

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A YANKEE AND A SOUTHERNER are America's two outstanding military men in continental Asia, and both are as tough and salty as they come. Each in his own way, Lieut. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell and Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault are making ready for the still-far-off big push. Given the tools, it would be hard to find two men better fitted for delousing Burma and China of the noxious Japanese invaders.

China, under Chiang Kai-shek, and India, under Sir Archibald P. Wavell, have the armies. The Americans have the air force. But the United States army's role in China, Burma and India is more than just knocking zeros out of the air and bombing Japanese bases. Our army is doing a tremendous job of supply.

It is helping also to equip and train up a model Chinese military force in India which is expected to demonstrate that the Chinese, when properly armed, can hit as hard and as effectively as any other fighting force.

The day may possibly come when it will be necessary for the United States to send big armies to India and China to help the British and the Chinese to complete their job of expelling the Japanese from continental Asia. How much American military assistance will be needed depends to a very large extent on how effectively China is able to utilize her enormous manpower. Six years of war have sapped China's military strength. But Gen. Stilwell, for one, is convinced that once China's lifelines are restored that strength can be refreshed, revived and directed in such a way that China's vast armies will

become a very powerful offensive factor.

Chinese Form Model Unit

"UNCLE JOE" STILWELL'S pride and joy is a camp, "somewhere in India," where a unit of Chinese troops is being groomed, with American equipment and under American and Chinese instructors, to show what the Chinese can do when given half a chance. This detachment, consisting partly of Chinese soldiers who retreated from Burma with Stilwell, has been outfitted and armed almost entirely with American materials. You'd never recognize them for the same men who struggled out of the jungle a year ago. They have made astonishing gains in weight and general physical well-being. They are as delighted as children with their new weapons and keep them in immaculate order. What's most important, they have responded remarkably to instruction and have made it a point to show range and on the maneuvering grounds which compares favorably with that of any modern army after a similar period of training.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has promised that when the reconquest of Burma begins, the Chinese will take an active military role. They will attack not only from China, but also from India. It is then that this experimental Chinese force in India will have an opportunity to show what Chinese soldiers can do when, for once, they can face the enemy with decent odds. It has been possible to divert to this Chinese expeditionary force some part of the lend-lease materials which have been piled up in the India bottleneck awaiting shipment to China.

Generally speaking, India has been a bigger base of American military activity than China. This is natural, for not only is India much more easily supplied but it is also the logical base for the

main push against Burma—most important allied chore in continental Asia. For our air offensive, however, which is steadily growing in power and which must be pushed regardless of delays in the Burma campaign, China offers the only suitable bases from which we can strike deep into the vitals of the Japanese empire.

Air Force Divided

UNTIL RECENTLY, our air force in China, Burma and India was under a combined command, with Brig. Gen. Clayton Bissell as its head. Now our small China air-wing has been made a separate air force—the 14th—under Gen. Chennault. This is good news, for it means greater harmony in a place where it was badly needed. The outspoken differences of view between the Chennault and Bissell camps had long been a cause of anxiety to detached observers who recognized the special abilities of both these officers but felt that the need of better understanding between their adherents. Both Gens. Chennault and Bissell remain, of course, under the general command of Gen. Stilwell.

Gen. Chennault, a rugged, weather-beaten oak of a man, has long been and still is one of the outstanding air theorists in the American armed forces. Some of his tactical theories are so revolutionary that they do not set well with more orthodox minds. But among his own subordinates Gen. Chennault is idolized almost to the point of worship. His record as commander of the old "Flying Tigers," and more recently, of the China air task force, provides convincing proof of his talents.

During his early years in the army air corps, when flying was still in its infancy, Gen. Chennault delighted in tearing up out-of-date theories and devising new ones. His specialty was pursuit

fighting. He had the annoying habit (to the older heads) of thinking years ahead. He was an admirer of Billy Mitchell. He wrote a manual on pursuit flying. He devised a new system of gunnery. For years he remained there, helping to train Chinese pilots and studying Japanese tactics. He spent hundreds of hours, during Japanese air raids, watching Japanese aerial maneuvers through his binoculars. He rarely bothered to go into a dugout. The result was that when Gen. Chennault took over command of the American volunteer corps (the "Flying Tigers") he was able to tell the men exactly how the Japanese would behave and to instruct his pilots in a revolutionary method of dealing with them.

Needs More Planes

GEN. CHENNAULT came back into the American army as a Brigadier General when the Flying Tigers gave way to the China air task force. He has been handicapped by insufficient planes, but has done wonders with the small force at his command. Gen. Chennault's theory is that the Japanese are using China as a training ground for pilots destined for the South Pacific. He believes that given enough fighter planes he could cripple Japanese air operations in the South and that given still more planes he could knock the Japanese air force into a cocked hat.

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weakness, it is his soft-heartedness. He is lenient to a fault.

It would be unfair to Uncle Joe Stilwell's boys in China and India to pass up the great job they are doing in ferrying strategic supplies to China over the Himalayan "hump." A share of this traffic between India and China is handled by the Chinese National Aviation corp., a Sino-American concern; but the bulk of it is carried in army transports, with army pilots. These young transport fliers, who are increasing in numbers as more and more transport planes go into service, have not had half the recognition they deserve. They're performing a task less glamorous but no less dangerous than that of the men who drop bombs on Japanese bases—and it has to be done almost every day of the year, regardless of conditions. Their hazards are not only Japanese Zeros—for they often skirt the Japanese lines in northern Burma—but also foul weather, mountains higher than McKinley, fierce winds that toss you scores of miles off course, and frequent icing conditions that push down transports to dangerously low altitudes at the very peak of their climb. The roll of Americans who have died fighting the elements over the hump is a lengthening one. Bad weather and blind crashes into mountainsides are usually responsible. Several fliers have had narrow squeaks from the Japanese.

There is the pilot, for instance, who lost his way and was forced to land in a riverbed behind the Japanese lines. He finally got his bearings and took off, just in time to get a bird's-eye view of a Japanese patrol heading its way toward the spot where his plane had been.

TOMORROW: Why U. S. planes are not bombing Japan.

Washington to Forego Its Favorite Sport—Dinners

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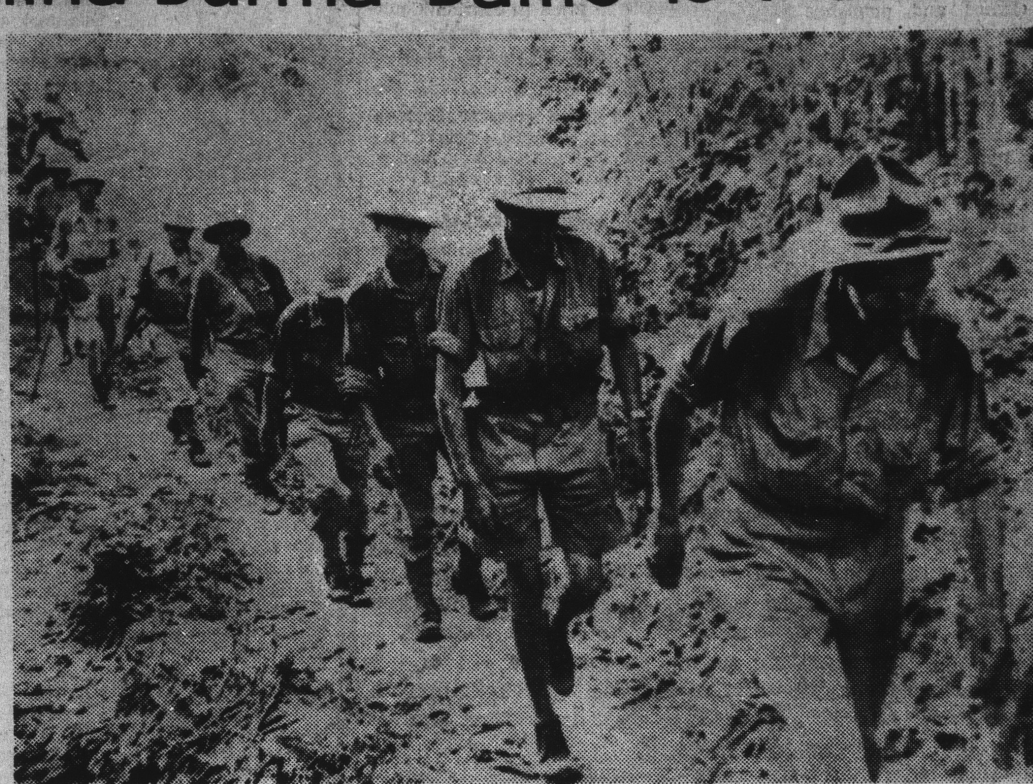
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