

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

WITH FIFTH ARMY BEACHHEAD FORCES IN ITALY, April 3 (By Wireless).—This is a little series of vignettes about our frontline sergeants. They're just little scenes that came along in conversation as we lay on an Italian hillside chatting one day. The four men are platoon sergeants of the 45th division of the allied 5th army on the Anzio beachhead.

Sgt. Samuel Day of Covington, Ky., is a big guy. He weighed 257 pounds when he came into combat in January, and he still weighs 240 despite all the K-rations he's eaten.

Sgt. Day would be hard on his feet in any circumstances, but when you get into a trench-fool world, 240 pounds is a lot of aggrava-tion for sore dogs.

We get to discussing trench-fool, and Sgt. Day told about an incident that happened to him. It seems his feet got in pretty bad shape during their last recent tour in the foxholes, so he went to the frontline medics for ointment or something.

The medics' solution for his troubles was simple. With a straight face, they told him, "Keep your feet dry and stay off them for two weeks."

Sgt. Day went back to his water foxhole, still sore-footed but unable to keep from chuckling over the irony of this advice. Their prescription for trench-fool takes its place in history alongside W. C. Fields' sure cure for insomnia—get lots of sleep!

No Hero Stories

SGT. EUGENE BENDER of Stroudsburg, Pa., is the company first sergeant. He is short and curly-headed, and has a thin black moustache. When I first saw him, he was sitting on a C-ration box, getting a between-battles haircut from a soldier barber. "You don't write news stories, do you?" the sergeant asked.

I told him no, that I just sort of tried to write what it was like over here, and didn't even especially look for hero stories, since there were so many guys who were heroes without their being any stories to it.

"That's good," the sergeant said. "Hero stories are all right, but they don't give people at home the whole picture. You read a story in America of something terrific a guy does over here, and his folks think that happens to him every day."

"Now take me. Once I was on patrol and was

behind the German lines for 36 hours. We lay all day covered up with weeds in a ditch so close to Germans we could have reached out and touched them. When we finally got back, they had given us up for lost.

"Now if you just wrote that story and nothing else, people would think that's what I did all the time."

Front-Line Raft

SGT. VINCENT MAINENTE is from Astoria, Long Island, and of Italian extraction. He isn't volatile like most Italian-Americans, but friendly in a quiet and reserved way.

Sgt. Mainente used to be a steam-heater inspector for the Pennsylvania railroad, and he says, "I sure could use some of that steam heat in my foxhole these days."

We were just lying around on the ground talking, when one of the other boys said:

"Vince, tell him about your raft."

"What do you mean, raft?" I asked. So Sgt. Mainente told me.

It seems the bottom of his foxhole was covered with water, like everybody else's. So the sergeant saved up empty wooden C-ration boxes, and one night he nailed them together and made a raft to float on top of the water in his foxhole.

From all I could gather, it wasn't 100 per cent successful in keeping him dry, but at least there wasn't any harm in trying.

Sgt. Michael Adams is from Akron, O. He used to work for a trucking company. He is tall and thin, with a straight face, and a very quiet manner.

Adams seems a little older than the others; his hair is beginning to slip back in front, and you can tell by his manner of speech that he thinks deeply about things.

We got to talking about soldiers who crack up in battle or before; the ones who hang back or who think they're sick and report in to the medics as excuse cases.

I personally have great sympathy for battle neurosis cases, but some of the soldiers themselves don't have. For example, Sgt. Adams was telling how some of the replacements, after only a few hours under fire, will go to the company command and say: "Captain, I can't take it. I just can't take it."

That makes Sgt. Adams' blood boil. He said to me, "They can't take it? Well, what the hell do they think that happens to us stay here for, because we like it?"

And it's that spirit, I guess, that wins wars.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

THE CITY POST-WAR planning committee is getting ready to conduct a city-wide survey among private property owners to learn just what improvements they expect to make when the war's over. The committee feels there's a big backlog of such work—new homes, painting, redecorating, remodeling—that will provide jobs for thousands of returning service men and also for war workers during the conversion period. With an estimate of the manhours to be required by work on private property, and by industry, the committee will be in better shape to estimate the amount of public works that will be necessary to avoid a post-war depression. Incidentally, the committee has grown until it and its subcommittees now comprise 104 members. . . . Ray M. Souder, secretary of the Indiana Implement Dealers' association, will leave here in May to take a similar job with the Texas association. . . . Pvt. Carl Henschen of The Times' advertising department has been transferred from Ft. Harrison to Sheppard field, Tex. He's in the air corps. . . . Every once in a while an operator on one of the street railway vehicles decides to start calling off the streets in a loud voice. Whenever that happens on the Northwestern trolley, passengers usually get a laugh as he calls out one certain street, 11th and Allfree st. Invariably, some passenger quips: "Gosh, he ought to give my fare back, if it's all free."

Don't Be That Way

NOW THAT IT COSTS 3 cents to mail a letter right here in town, we offer the thought that 3 cents is a lot of money to waste on anonymous letters. There has been a recent epidemic of unsigned epistles. We don't mind reading them, but that's as far as it goes. We can't accept the information contained

Don't Be Fooled

AKRON, O., April 3.—Our gigantic new synthetic rubber industry this year will produce more general service synthetic—the kind of which automobile tires are made—than the greatest tonnage of natural rubber ever used up to 1941. In addition, we are importing substantial quantities of hevea rubber from South America and Africa, some guayule rubber from Mexico, and probably a little cryptostegia rubber from Haiti.

Why then, can't I and I go to a neighborhood service station and buy a set of tires to replace the ones that are getting dangerously thin? Why must we still hold down to the annoying "Victory speed," and take other precautions to assure that our tires shall give maximum wear?

I posed these questions to two men who ought to know, if anybody does. They were John L. Collier, president, and Dr. Howard Fritz, director of research for the B. F. Goodrich Company, who have had at least as much experience with synthetic as any tire manufacturers.

Part of the answer has to be off the record, because it involves information which it would be better to let Herr Hitler continue to wonder about. But I think I can report enough to answer the questions reasonably well.

May Lose Key Men

IN THIS first place, as of today there isn't enough rubber to supply the nation's normal demand. The program is just getting into swing. The great bulk of the year's production will come later, when—some time between Labor day and Christmas—the whole of the 900,000-ton-a-year installation gets into full use.

In the second place, we do not have enough machinery to utilize the rubber that will come out of the synthetic program. The rubber companies are spending \$75,000,000 of their own money to provide the needed utilization equipment, but it will be some time before their new plants are ready for full use.

In the third place, there is a manpower shortage. The rubber companies already are digging the bottom

out of the barrel. They are threatened with the loss of thousands of key men through the new draft regulations.

In the fourth place—and here I have to remain vague—military use and the demands of our allies have grown enormously and still are increasing. These, naturally, have first priority. Behind them come tires for trucks, buses and essential civilian use, including war planes.

The greatest pre-war usage is not even an approximate gauge of the amount of rubber we critically need now, before any of us non-essentials can be considered.

Bottleneck in Textiles

IN THE fifth place, there is a bad bottleneck in the cotton and rayon textiles which are as important in building tires as is rubber. There again plant, materials and manpower shortages contribute to the tire-makers' difficulties.

And, finally, if the lid were lifted, we Sunday drivers were permitted to step out and buy tires when, as and if we chose, the demand would not be normal. It would be grossly excessive. There has been built up, during these years when we are restricted, such a large backlog of cars needing complete re-tiring that it will have to be supplied gradually.

When the rubber problem was "solved" by provision of "sufficient plants" for making synthetic tire problem remained unsolved for months to come.

Among the elements in this picture is the fact that synthetic rubber requires much more machinery and manpower for its fabrication into consumer items than natural rubber requires, which is one reason why it has been necessary to increase the fabrication so greatly, and which contributes to the power shortage.

So don't be fooled by the apparent solution of the rubber problem. Don't feel that somebody is deliberately holding out on you. Tires still constitute an unavoidable major bottleneck, and will continue to do so at least through 1944.

By S. Burton Heath

IN Recife, we drove along the docks, and the length of that drive gave one an idea of the amount of shipping activity there. When we came to one of our cruisers, Rear Adm. Read and I went aboard. It was a great chance for me to see this ship and her men, who have done such valiant work. They had painted on her side three swastikas, which means three German ships sunk. You will remember reading about this in the paper some time ago.

Later, we drove to the plaza to review some Brazilian army units. They went through a delightful drill. Then, with great fervor in Portuguese, the soldiers sang "God Bless America." This song is quite appropriate for any country in North or South America, so I was delighted to find it was translated and evidently liked, because it was sung so lustily by these Brazilian troops.

The men have horse-shoe pitching and games and quite a number of nice looking horses which they can ride. A boy from Tennessee, in a few weeks, had built up a pretty nursery garden, and you will recognize that this was quite a feat when I tell you that all their water comes to them in barrels by cart loads.

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A meeting will be held tomorrow in Bedford and Thursday at Newcastle. The entire state post-war program has been estimated to cost \$160,000,000.

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SECOND SECTION

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1944

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8 UNOPPOSED IN PRIMARIES FOR CONGRESS

Ludlow Among Candidates Virtually Assured of Nomination.

Three Republican incumbent congressmen and five candidates for the Democratic nomination for congressman, including Rep. Louis Ludlow, of the 11th district, will be unopposed in the May 2 primaries. Candidates in the three remaining districts will have opposition.

The candidates listed follow:

FIRST DISTRICT
Republican—Frederick A. Heidt, Wood of Crown Point.
Democrat—G. C. Mays of Crown Point.
Rep. F. Schutz of Gary and Samuel W. Cullinan of Gary.

SECOND DISTRICT
Republican—John C. Mays of Monticello and James Otto of Valparaiso.

THIRD DISTRICT
Republican—Robert A. Grant of South Bend and Herman W. Voges of Elkhart.
Democrat—F. Marshall of South Bend.
Rep. F. Kizer of Plymouth and Dr. Glenn W. Warner of South Bend.

FOURTH DISTRICT
Republican—George W. Gillis of Ft. Wayne and State Senator Roger Phelps, Ft. Wayne.

Democrat—Howard E. Minett of Ft. Wayne and Robert E. Ossian of Fort Wayne.

FIFTH DISTRICT
Republican—Oscar B. Smith of Frankfort, Forest A. Harness of Kokomo and Willard L. Hamilton of Frankfort.

Democrat—James V. Kent of Hillsburg, Edith Griswold of Peru, Charles W. Eaton of Kokomo and Robert E. Sharp of Frankfort.

SIXTH DISTRICT
Republican—Harold F. Landis of Linton and F. Marion of Indianapolis.

Democrat—Olis J. Johnson of Terre Haute.

SEVENTH DISTRICT
Republican—Harold F. Landis of Linton and F. Marion of Indianapolis.

Democrat—Arthur H. Greenwood of Washington, Dr. Otto A. Noland of Indianapolis and John L. Adams of Vincennes.

EIGHTH DISTRICT
Republican—Charles M. La Follette of Evansville and Chester V. Lorch of New Albany.

Democrat—Ben F. Garisch of Huntington and William Emerson Rogers of New Albany.

NINTH DISTRICT
Democrat—Earl W. Huron, Huron.

Rep. George W. Miller of Rising Sun.

TENTH DISTRICT
Republican—Raymond S. Springer of Connersville and Randall S. Harmon of Muncie.

Democrat—Sidney E. Baker of New Castle.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT
Republican—T. Ernest Mahon of Indianapolis and J. C. Wren of Indianapolis.

Democrat—Ralph E. Hiner of Indianapolis, Edward D. W. Hiner of Indianapolis, Charles Alfred Huff of Indianapolis, John J. Johnson of Indianapolis and Edmund John Rucker of Indianapolis.

TWELFTH DISTRICT
Democrat—Louis Ludlow of Indianapolis.

THIRTEEN DISTRICT
Democrat—Earl W. Huron, Huron.

Rep. George W. Miller of Rising Sun.

FOURTEEN DISTRICT
Democrat—Raymond S. Springer of Connersville and Randall S. Harmon of Muncie.

Democrat—Sidney E. Baker of New Castle.

FIFTEEN DISTRICT
Democrat—T. Ernest Mahon of Indianapolis and J. C. Wren of Indianapolis.

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