

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: This is No. 16 in a series of past Ernie Pyle columns that we are reprinting while Ernie is on leave.

A FORWARD AIRDROME IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA, February, 1943.—It is hard for a layman to understand the fine points of aerial combat as practiced at the moment in North Africa. It is hard even for the pilots themselves to keep up, for there are changes in tactics from week to week.

We will have some new ideas and surprise Germans with it. Then they'll come across with a surprise maneuver, and we will have to change everything to counteract it.

But basically, at the moment, you can say that everything depends on teamwork. The lone dashing hero in this war is certain to be a dead hero within a week. Sticking with the team and playing it all together is the only guarantee of safety for everybody.

Our fighters go in groups with the bombers, ranging the sky above them, flying back and forth, watching for anything that may appear. Then they see some Germans in the distance nobody goes after them. That would be playing into the Germans' hands. So they stick to their formation above the bombers, making an umbrella.

The German has two choices—to dive down through them, or to wait until somebody is hit by flak and has to drop back. Then they are on him in a flash.

Stay in Formation

WHEN THAT happens the fighters attack, but still in formation. Keeping that formation always and forever tight is what the flight leaders constantly drill into the boys' heads. It is a great temptation to dash out and take a shot at some fellow, but now they've seen too many cases of the tragedy of such action.

The result is that this war doesn't have many individual air heroes. A team may be a composite hero, but not an individual.

One group leader told me: "If everything went according to schedule we'd never shoot down a German plane. We'd cover our bombers and keep ourselves covered and nobody would come home safe."

The fighter pilots seem a little different from the

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

FERDINAND SCHAEFER, the white-bearded, pink-cheeked conductor-emeritus of the Indianapolis Symphony, ran into some amusing experiences while on his hiking tour of the Ozarks last summer. The 84-year-old musician is extremely fond of good cigars, particularly of Corones-Corones, and he found it next to impossible to get any there in the Ozarks. One day, pack on back, he arrived in Joplin, Mo., and went to a hotel. He glanced in the cigar counter and, to his joy, saw many boxes—all full—of various fine cigars, including Corones-Corones. Just to prolong the anticipation, he waited until he had eaten before stepping up to the cigar counter. When he did so, he beamed: "Give me some of those Corones-Corones."

"The clerk smiled apologetically. "Those are just dummies," she said. "All we have are the El Ropas at 6 cents." The day was ruined. . . . On another occasion, he trudged, pack on back, into a town of 311 population and inquired where he could get a meal. He was directed to a place, and was pleased to note he was the only patron, and that the juke box was mercifully quiet. But not for long. In came a couple of men, one of whom put five nickels in the juke box. Out came some jive that outraged the finer sensibilities of the symphony founder. But he bore it bravely, and heaved a sigh of relief when the men had gulped down their meal and prepared to leave. As he paid his check, one of the men glanced over and saw the white-bearded old gentleman, dusty and with a pack on the floor beside him. The man walked on outside, then turned and came back inside. Getting some change, he stepped over to the juke box, deposited four nickels, smiled, waved in friendly fashion, and walked out. He thought he was showing Papa Schaefer a good time. If he only knew . . .

A City Landmark

HOWARD H. BATES, 4915 N. Capitol, noticed the remodeling work going on at the old Astor building, 21 N. Pennsylvania st., and was reminded that it is one of the oldest buildings in downtown Indianapolis. "It was built," Mr. Bates said, "in 1858 or 1859 and was standing in its present state at the time of the Civil War. Early pictures taken at that time show that the exterior has not changed in all of that time." He adds that the study of old structures in the Mille

bomber men. Usually they are younger. Many of them were still in school when they joined up. Ordinarily they might be inclined to be more ham-scarum, but their work is so deadly, and the sobering dark cloud of personal tragedy is over them so constantly, that it seems to have humbled them. In fact I think it makes them nicer people than if they were cocky.

They fly so frequently they can't do much drinking. One night recently when one of the most popular fighter pilots was killed right on the home field, in an accident, some of them assuaged their grief with gin.

"Somehow you feel it more when it happens right here than when a fellow just doesn't come back," they said.

When they first came over here, you'd frequently hear pilots say the didn't hate the Germans, but you don't hear that any more. They have lost too many friends, too many roommates.

Like Strafing Best

NOW IT is killing that animates them.

The highest spirits I've seen in that room were displayed one evening after they came back from a strafing mission. That's what they like to do best, but they get little of it. It's a great holiday from escorting bombers, which they hate. Going out free-lancing to shoot up whatever they see, and going in enough force to be pretty sure they'll be superior to the enemy—that's Utopia.

That's what they had done that day. And they really had a field day. They ran onto a German truck convoy and blew it to pieces. They'd laugh and get excited as they told about it. The trucks were all full of men, they'd fly out like firecrackers."

The boys were full of laughter when they told about it as they sat there on their cots in the dimly lighted room. I couldn't help having a funny feeling about them. They were all so young, so genuine, so enthusiastic. And they were so casual about everything—not casual in a hard, knowing way but they talked about their flights and killing and being killed exactly as they would discuss girls or their school lessons.

Maybe they won't talk at all when they finally get home. If they don't it will be because they know this is a world apart and nobody else could ever understand.

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rest of the boys. They're Doing Okay

THE INDIANAPOLIS Symphony orchestra has about 40 stars in its service flag. Franklin Miner, former manager, has been promoted recently to a navy lieutenant commander. Richard Powell, an assistant manager, is a major in the China-Burma-India theater of war; Alan Meissner, another assistant, is a marine captain in the Pacific, and Leon Zawisza, concert master, is a chief warrant officer in the Pacific. The boys are doing all right. . . . A while back we had to quit printing requests for cameras, bicycles, radios, etc., for servicemen and others because we were getting swamped with such requests. But it's pretty hard to refuse to try to help a serviceman, so we're going to make an exception and note that: (1) Saul Munter (WA. 2235) is searching desperately for a regulation Boy Scout knife to send to his son, Capt. Dick Munter, over in France. And (2) Pfc. Eugene Stowers, Ward 1202 at Billings hospital, who had the bad luck to step on a German mine in Italy, would give just anything for a small radio—as would many of the other boys out there. Phone MA. 8055 if you can help him. And (3) Mrs. Glenn Short Sr. 1114 N. Beville ave., has been looking for a 35 millimeter camera for her son in France. Her phone: CH. 0178. And H. L. Pond (BR. 1623) wants a chromatic harmonica for Pfc. Joe Nesbit, in France. We may publish more for service men from time to time, but we can tell anyone right now that small radios are practically impossible to find. So are cameras.

WITH THE AMERICAN AIRBORNE FORCES IN HOLLAND, Sept. 30 (Delayed) (U. P.)—Lt. Col. Ned Moon of Guthrie Center, Ia., revealed today that he used an old kid trick of casting a donkey shadow with his hands to save himself and Pvt. J. J. McCarthy from the Germans while on a recent patrol.

The two had been pinned down together in a ditch by German fire. After dark they were heading for a house which Moore had spotted for shelter when a tank shell set the building on fire.

Afraid the Germans would spot their silhouettes, Moore recalled the kid trick.

"The fire cast the shadow of a donkey, big as a house, right in front of a German tank," Moore said. "If the Germans heard us, they must have thought it was a stray animal for them to fail to investigate."

A little later Americans destroyed the tank and Moore and his companion reached safety.

GIVE VOTE FIGHT TO END

PARIS, Oct. 2 (U. P.)—The army newspaper Stars and Stripes published a full page of letters today from American soldiers commenting on its recent editorial entitled, "So you wanna go home?"

"What these letters boil down to," the newspaper commented, "is this—to quote from Cpl. Donald Gillespie of a combat engineer battalion: 'Sure we wanna go home, but we don't want to go home until it's over over here. We want to be here when Hitler and the rest of his mob are completely rubbed out.'

"We didn't offer war bonds for the best letters. They were scrawled in a white heat by men who never dreamed the day would come when they would write a letter to the editor."

The letters will be pasted in a scrapbook and sent to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower for relay to the war department.

SARONG SABURO REPORTED

HEADQUARTERS, 13th A. A. F., Southwest Pacific, Oct. 2 (U. P.)—Stories brought back by P-38 pilots attacking Japanese installations in the Philippines that Filipinos have signaled happily to them as they made low-level raids were topped today by the report of an exuberant pilot who said he observed a Filipino

In this collection of paintings and drawings, I think the painting which means the most to me was that of a soldier sleeping, done by Sgt. Albert Gold in England between May, 1943 and February, 1944.

The utter weariness of the figure, the boy's face in repose so sensitive, all drive home to you that there are many hardships in war besides the periods of actual battle.

I was, of course, particularly interested in the water colors by Sgt. Olin Dows. They were done in England, too, and I especially liked "Crossing the Stream by Roppe Bridge" which was done in the early period, and some done in the second period between March and June, 1944.

You may remember having read that Sgt. Dows not only paints, but brought in 50 prisoners single-handed not long ago in France. He is 40 years old, and is one of our neighbors here in the country.

World of Science

By David Dietz

GEORGES CLAUDE'S attempt to harness the power of the ocean represents one of the most exciting chapters in the history of man's attempt to put the forces of nature to work for him.

It may be that the last word has not yet been written about it and that other experimenters may return to the investigation after world war II. (Meanwhile, the report from Paris is that Claude, "the Edison of France" and the inventor of the neon advertising sign, has been arrested as a collaborator, charged with inventing the robot bomb for the Nazis.)

It was in 1930 that Claude burst forth on the front pages of the newspapers of the world with his scheme for putting the ocean to work. Unlike other methods which sought to make use of the mechanical power of the tides or the waves, Claude planned to utilize the difference in heat between the surface waters of the tropical oceans and the deep waters.

Natural Field for Claude

THIS WAS a natural field for Claude to enter since his original invention, one of the methods for liquefying air still in use, made use of an ingenious method for cooling compressed air by using it to operate an engine.

Claude chose Matanzas Bay, Cuba, for his experi-

ment in 1930. The surface waters of this bay have a temperature of 82 degrees, but the bottom of the bay, a mile below, has a temperature of 48 degrees, only 16 degrees above freezing.

His scheme was to introduce the surface waters into a chamber in which a vacuum had been created. The water as a result would immediately turn to steam, for the boiling point of water drops with the pressure. Travelers know that water boils on a mountain top at a temperature that is not sufficiently high to boil an egg.

BUILT MILE-LONG TUBE

THE STEAM thus generated would run a turbine. Then it would pass into a condenser. Cold water, brought up from the bottom of the bay, would then be turned upon the condenser, causing the steam to condense and at the same time creating a new vacuum that would cause more of the warm water to turn to steam.

The scheme required the sinking of a tube a mile long to the bottom of the bay. Claude built two such tubes in 1930 and lost both of them in attempting to lower them to the bottom of the bay, the inch-thick cables snapping, like threads. But this time, his experiments had cost \$1,000,000.

But financial backers came to his rescue and a third tube was built and put in place. Claude's engine worked, lighting some 40 electric lights. However, the verdict of engineers was that the scheme was too expensive and that the amount of power generated did not justify the cost of the installation.

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