

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: This is No. 27 of the Ernie Pyle war columns we are reprinting while Ernie is on leave.

IN TUNISIA, April, 1943.—Little items—Pete's drawing of his famous girl stretched out on her stomach musing about something is tucked up in hundreds of soldier's billets in North Africa. . . . It seems that at least a fourth of the young lieutenants I meet are expecting blessed news from home about now.

The German photographic plane that covers every important sector in Tunisia daily is known in the trade as "Photo Freddie." . . . On days when more than one comes over, the second is called "Freddie Junior." . . . Once in a while you can make out the plane as it flashes in the sun, but usually it's so high you can't see it at all. I heard a funny story about a road strafing the other day. Three soldiers were riding in a jeep when strafers came diving. The soldier in the back seat was riding backwards so he could keep a watch to the rear. The jeep took off across the fields, with the strafers after it. The rear guard kept calling "Right" or "Left" to indicate which way the driver should turn to dodge.

But finally it got too hot for the boys up front, and they just bailed out and left the jeep running. That left our hero alone, riding backwards in a driverless jeep, yelling "Right-Left" to nobody, while the bullets splattered around. Finally he looked around to see why the driver wasn't obeying. Then he too hit the dust.

Sand Has Its Drawbacks

IN SOME PARTS of Tunisia the sand is soft and yellow and moist, and it's almost a pleasure to dig slit trenches in it, the digging is so easy. But it does have its drawbacks.

I know of two cases where soldiers were sleeping in narrow slit trenches and the loose sand slid in on them without waking them up. They were smothered to death.

Our tank warfare has shown two things—that a large number of our tanks catch fire when badly hit,

and that although the fire is all over the place in a few seconds, the majority of the crews are able to get out safely and struggle back to camp.

In wartime living you relearn little things you had forgotten years ago. Such things, for example, as lighting a cigarette simply by putting it over the chimney of a coal-oil lamp and puffing.

Mail Comes Through

ONE DAY I was up on a mountainside with some troops who were holding a forward outpost. They were in such an inaccessible and perilous place that they were getting just one meal a day, and artillery fire was whining over their heads constantly. Yet right in the midst of that a truck arrived at the foot of the mountain, and here came soldiers lugging up sacks of mail. The boys were getting their letters right on the firing line.

You hardly ever hear Italian soldiers referred to as Italians. It's either "Eyedees" or "Wops" or "Guineas."

In one case the reason for abandoning "Italian" was a concrete one. In this case a mountain lookout reported that "Three Italians" were coming up the hill. The officer who heard it thought he said "three battalions," and ordered a heavy barrage dropped in that area.

When the lookout called back to ask why such heavy shooting, the misunderstanding was straightened out. But from then on, all men in that outfit were instructed to refer to Italians as "Guineas."

I saw the tragic remnants of a jeep that got a direct hit from a 500-pound German bomb. Three soldiers were in it, and they were blown to disintegration. Nothing was found of them to bury.

But searchers did find scattered coins, knives and bits of clothing. One soldier had a pocket Bible, and about half of its sheets were found.

Another had a large pad of currency—bills just folded over once. And the reason I'm telling this story—those bills were blown together with such force that it was impossible to get them apart. You couldn't even strip off one bill with a pocket knife. The blast had vulcanized them together, without tearing any holes in them.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

WAYNE WHIFFING, president of the C. of C. industrial safety club, was driving past 30th and Cornell the other day and saw a Colonial bread truck with a sign on the side reading: "Share Your Car." On the windshield was another sign: "No Riders."

A case of "Don't do as I do as I say" . . . Folks in the school board offices enjoy watching the city's most urban squirrel. The little critter appears in the alley back of the English hotel—just a stone's throw from the monument—about 10 o'clock every morning and climbs a ladder-type fire escape, then clambers onto a balcony and awaits a handout. Next thing you know, he'll be climbing the monument.

Last spring, Gen. Tyndall invited the mayor of Louisville to attend the opening baseball game here. The mayor of Louisville sent back word he couldn't come, that he had an opening game of his own to attend there. Well, just the other day, the mayor of Louisville sent word to the mayor of Indianapolis that he would like to have a nice long talk with him about baseball. Recalling that Louisville's ball team wound up the season near the top, while Indianapolis was near the cellar, the general declined. No use talking baseball, he replied, when we're in the midst of the football season, and getting ready for hockey and basketball. . . . Incidentally, the mayor must be working pretty hard these days. He showed up at the industrial fire demonstration at Lukas-Harold Tuesday about 3 p.m. and admitted he hadn't had lunch yet.

Around the Town

THE FOLKS out around Brookside park are fond of the many squirrels in the vicinity. And when one of them happens to lose its life in traffic, the children of the neighborhood shed tears. One of our readers was walking along Brookside pkwy. at Ewing st. the other day and noticed a tiny grave, complete with a "headstone." On the "headstone" was written: "Squirrely—died Oct. 10, 1944."

America Flies

By Max B. Cook

GLIDERS—both the heavy commercial type and light sports type—are going to fill an important spot in the post-war aviation picture.

In discussing future aviation, most stress has been placed on power planes. Great success of the light glider movement prior to the war, plus tremendous success of the heavy glider during the past two years, have greatly changed the general picture.

Colleges already are planning glider training and glider clubs, many of which sprung up in pre-war days. They offer a cheap, easy and fairly safe means of flight training. Airlines, for months, have been studying use of towed gliders—in sky "trains"—to carry freight for five cents or less per ton mile.

Col. Edward S. Evans, the "father" of gliding in this country, takes up the cudgels for post-war use of gliders in the September and August issues of *Gilding* magazine.

Studied German Gliders

IT WAS the colonel who cabled his son, Bob, in Europe in 1938, asking him to study Germany's gliders and glider training system and bring back details to the states. Bob Evans did. He instituted a glider club at the University of Michigan, organized the Glider Society of Michigan and, in 1939, 227 students including 12 girls were trained.

In that same year Col. Evans helped form the

National Glider association of which he was president and Don F. Walker, secretary.

From that point on glider activities in the United States boomed. By 1931, clubs had been formed in every state and in Panama and Hawaii. Elmira, N. Y., was found to be the best glider flying site and activities have been centered there.

War Experience Helps

WAR EXPERIENCE has resulted in development of the heavy glider to a point where thousands will be available for post-war freights and express carrying. This writer saw 250 heavy gliders of the CG-4A type, towed by two C-47 transport planes, land in a large rough field in North Carolina recently during the Troop Carrier-Airborne Command maneuvers.

Cutting loose near the field, the gliders made 90-degree turns and came in at about 65 miles per hour. Their Troop Carrier pilots brought them in smoothly and stopped them in straight parking lines, as neatly as one might handle automobiles. A loaded CG-4 glider was "snatched" from a rough field by a fast-flying C-47. It took to the air with practically no run, as the tow line was picked up from two poles by a pickup mechanism.

It is Col. Evans' belief that several gliders can be used in sky trains "if the proper type of tow-plane can be developed," thus reducing carrying costs per mile to a minimum.

Students and other air-minded citizens who cannot afford powerful light planes are going to find light glider training and the gliding and soaring sport within their financial means.

By Eleanor Roosevelt

INDUSTRIES were bringing them an influx of workers of various races, creeds and color, they feared that unless an attitude of tolerance and common sense was encouraged, some difficulties might arise.

They therefore tried to have a clear understanding as to what are the "rights" of citizens as distinct from the "privileges," and to see to it that the "rights" were assured to all.

The pledge, which I give you in the hope that you will keep it before you and live up to it daily, is as follows:

"My country is engaged in total war to preserve itself and its ideals. We at home are as deeply involved as the man on the fighting front, and should respond to the best of our ability when asked to give our money, our blood, or our time and strength in public service. As important as any of these is our contribution to the national morale. Therefore:

"I make this pledge to my nation and my community: That I will promote unity instead of discord, true democracy instead of fascism, by refusing to heed any words written or spoken for the purpose of arousing racial or religious hate. I will discourage by my own words and actions all rumors or reports, however lightly expressed, which reflect upon the character of groups of my fellow Americans who may differ from me in race or creed. I will give no aid or comfort in this way or any other way to the enemy."

When they found that their two great war in-

nings had to be held at the same time, the two presidents of the two countries, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek, decided to meet at the Yalta Conference in February, 1945. The two presidents of the two countries, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek, decided to meet at the Yalta Conference in February, 1945.

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I RAN THE GANTLET OF NAZIS' DEADLY BLACK AERIAL FISTS—

Spreading a Carpet of Death at Bologna

By GEORGE WELLER

Times Foreign Correspondent

ADVANCED BOMBER BASE, U. S. 15th AIR FORCE, Italy.—Across the blue Italian sky, dirty with thousands of puffs of vicious Nazi flak, flying Fortresses and Liberators led a cavalcade of allied Mediterranean air power against Nazi emplacements around Bologna Thursday.

It was the greatest number of heavy bombers ever directed against a single objective in the Mediterranean theater.

As the only civilian correspondent participating in the raid, I rode in a Fortress which was among the earliest to run the Hitler gantlet of German flak.

SCHEDULED to be the first over Bologna, our Fortress actually reached the well-camouflaged German bivouac area after two earlier waves had laid initial carpets of bombs.

By that time German flak (anti-aircraft fire) had found the range, too. A Fortress of the first wave caught fire from the flak.

The pilot put it in a perpendicular dive to extinguish the flames, pulled out miraculously without snapping the plane's backbone and finally disgorged seven parachutes. They floated down into the streets of Bologna.

OUR FORTRESS, too, was already in distress as it entered its bombing run. Though the flak then had been light—German gunners were waiting until the giants had committed themselves on their final run—one engine suddenly died.

"A small piece is torn from the left wing," scribbled Navigator Lt. I. C. Heffron in his log as we exchanged glances over oxygen masks.

It was at that moment, when the inside engine on the same wing suddenly stopped. Its blackened propeller motionlessly confronted us from the side window as 1st Pilot Lt. John Wheedon and co-pilot G. F. Cooley of Howell, Mich., fought to keep the ship in formation.

IN THIS case, it was necessary to hold formation, not only for protection against an unexpected fighter attack, but in order that our bombs should fall at the chosen point in the smoking carpet which had been German emplacements.

Hardly had the affected engine been doctored and the ship begun to grow with an effort to hold its place, when three Messerschmitt-109's were reported climbing in to attack.

Though I have flown against Italian anti-aircraft fire, this was my first experience with the high-powered flak which today is Germany's chief weapon of aerial defense, as its factories labor to rechristen it "demolition bombs" which the "heavies" carried.

Here, once again, our bombers were able to slide along its edge and yet adhere to the green checkerboard where the camouflaged Reichswaer crouched.

Not a single bomb of the hundreds I saw coasting down from the yawning bomb-bays landed within the nearby yellow walls of Bologna.

DURING the long high-altitude ride over Bologna, our oxygen masks were on for more than four hours and this was only part of the flight—I had figured that our Fortress would be on the flank of Bologna.

These lips open and shut with each breath, you draw through the mask, as though the instrument were also inhaling.

As the flak bloomed around us, breaths came faster and white lips parted and closed even more rapidly.

The heat of fear made our electrically heated flying suits sweat and the rubber mask moist inside.

We crouched low, so that fire

and after, in impulsive style, the flak suits would protect as a skirt our legs and thighs as well as

our feet.

THE FORTRESS group which took me over Bologna was the same which saved Cassarino pass by destroying 70 per cent of Marshal Erwin Rommel's armor after his breakthrough.

It was among those responsible for the similar carpet-bombing at Anzio and the attempt—less successful—at Monte Cassino, to break the mountain deadlock.

For this reason, the briefing crews—several of which have returned more—in which I took part before dawn in the barn of an old Adriatic farmhouse, was particularly moving.

WHEN THE MEN shuffled in from the cold starlight, Briefing Officer Maj. George M. Sander of Spokane, greeted them with the words:

"Of all targets, this time we have the most ticklish one. If we hit our own troops we can cause disaster."

"Never forget, when you are

turning into a bombing run, that it is the 5th army that has called for our help and that is an American army.

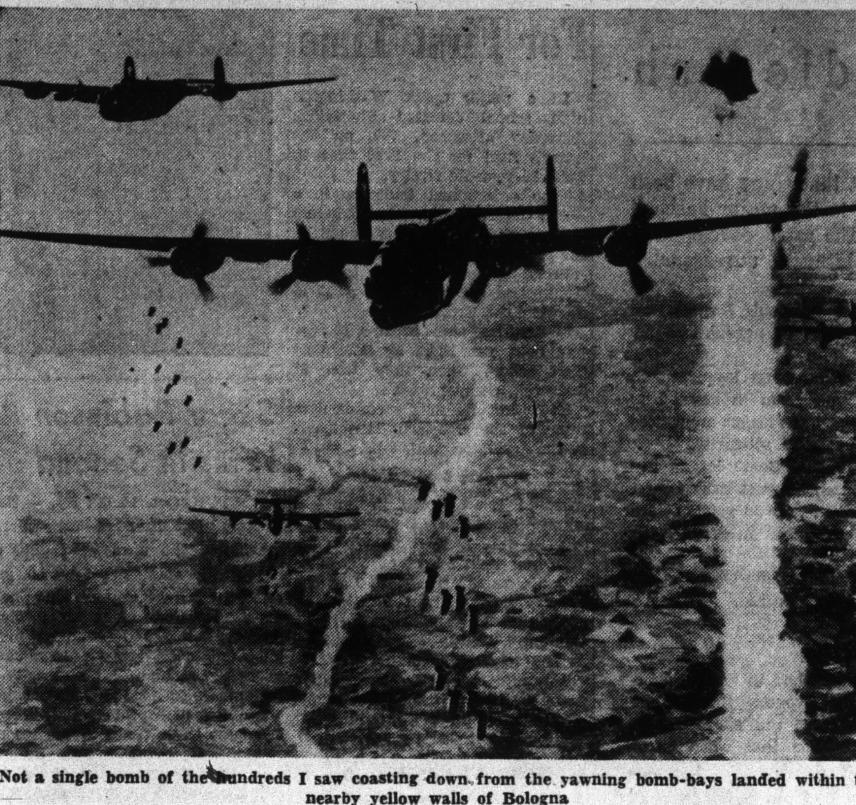
"Those kids down there are kids

we went to school with, and kids

we will have to live with after the war. Be careful."

But these roads all intertwine at Bologna.

And the area where the bulk of



"Not a single bomb of the hundreds I saw coasting down from the yawning bomb-bays landed within the nearby yellow walls of Bologna."

Labor

WLB Action Is Grist for F.D.R. Critics

By FRED W. PERKINS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Critics of the Roosevelt administration's labor policies, including Governor Dewey, will find more ammunition for their attacks in the current situation of the war board.

This board, after spending 10 months in compiling a huge mass of testimony and arguments on the question of revising the Little Steel formula which is the basis of wartime wage control, now has disqualified itself, through the stand of public members, from making recommendation to the President.

The effect is that Mr. Roosevelt, before or after election, will have to make a one-man decision affecting the incomes of an estimated 20,000,000 Americans and with possible repercussions on all other citizens.

THROUGH the mechanics of the stabilization program Mr. Roosevelt could make this decision anyway, but he would help in the public mind if he had some backing from an agency that was appointed to handle the wartime wage problem.

Thus "the heat" is applied. Mr. Roosevelt, in the closing weeks of his effort for a fourth term, is an agency of his own creation and with the labor members this agency announcing they will see that the question is before him well in advance of Nov. 7.

If Mr. Roosevelt decides this issue before election, he will have to choose between pleasing or disappointing the labor spokesmen, including Philip Murray of the C. I. O. and George Meany of the A. F. of L. who have shown a determination to get the issue on the presidential desk by the end of next week.

The labor group of WLB declared it will not wait for lengthy processes of the board, including consultation with the government bureaus concerned with stabilization, but will send its ideas direct to the White House.

IF HE defers the question until after election he will disappoint the labor spokesmen, including Philip Murray of the C. I. O. and George Meany of the A. F. of L. who have shown a determination to get the issue on the presidential desk by the end of next week.

We, The Women War Acquaints Everyone With The Unfamiliar

By RUTH MILLETT

WATCHING your friends who once thought they could smoke only their chosen kind of cigarettes smoking anything they can buy, have you been reminded of how many ways the war has forced people to get acquainted with the unfamiliar?

The Southerners who once swore they would never live anywhere but in the South are somehow managing to get along in other parts of the country.

Sheltered girls, following their young husbands to army camps, find themselves living in one shabby room and not even turning up their noses at their new homes.

WOMEN who haven't cooked an honest meal in years are getting acquainted with recipes and dirty dishes.

Neighbors who never bothered to be neighborly borrowing lawn mowers and riding in one another's cars.

Rich women and poor women working side by side in Red Cross rooms and becoming interested in one another's lives.

CLINGING vines standing on their own two feet and managing to be both mother and father to their children for the duration.

Ladies getting on chummy terms with