

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 tacked up in hundreds of soldiers' quarters in North Africa. . . . It seems that at least a fourth of the young lieutenants I meet are expecting Blessed Event 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, you just hear it. . . .

I heard a funny story about a road strafe 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 all 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 straggle back to camp.

In wartime living you learn 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 "Eyeties" 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 knives, keys 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—do as I say." . . . Flies in the school board offices enjoy watching the city's most urbane 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. 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 park, at Ewing st. the other day and noticed a tiny grave, complete with a "headstone." On the "headstone" was written: "Squirrel—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 successful use 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 Gliding magazine.

Studied German Gliders

IT WAS the colonel who called his son, Bob, in Europe in 1928, 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 1929, 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-4A 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," this reducing carrying costs per ton mile to a minimum.

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

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Yesterday afternoon, being Columbus day, the President gave a radio speech which was attended by the ambassadors and representatives of the various Latin-American republics. Then they joined us at tea. It was very pleasant to see familiar faces and to meet the new representatives, and I know that the President enjoyed it as much as I did.



A young woman from India came to see me yesterday, a niece of Tagore, the Indian philosopher and poet. I have always loved his writings and therefore I felt it a privilege to see this young woman, who lived so closely to him in his early youth.

She has been 11 years in this country studying, and hopes some day to return to India and help her own people. She has studied largely in the field of arts, and hopes to preserve the native cultures of her country.

We hurried our dinner a little last night, as the President had to speak again over the air in recognition of an award which was made to him by the Italian American labor council.

Burgess Johnson wrote to me the other day from Schenectady, N. Y., and sent me a pledge which the Citizens Unity committee of that city circulated. When they found that their two great war in-

dustries 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 men 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."

'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 bitter 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 until 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.

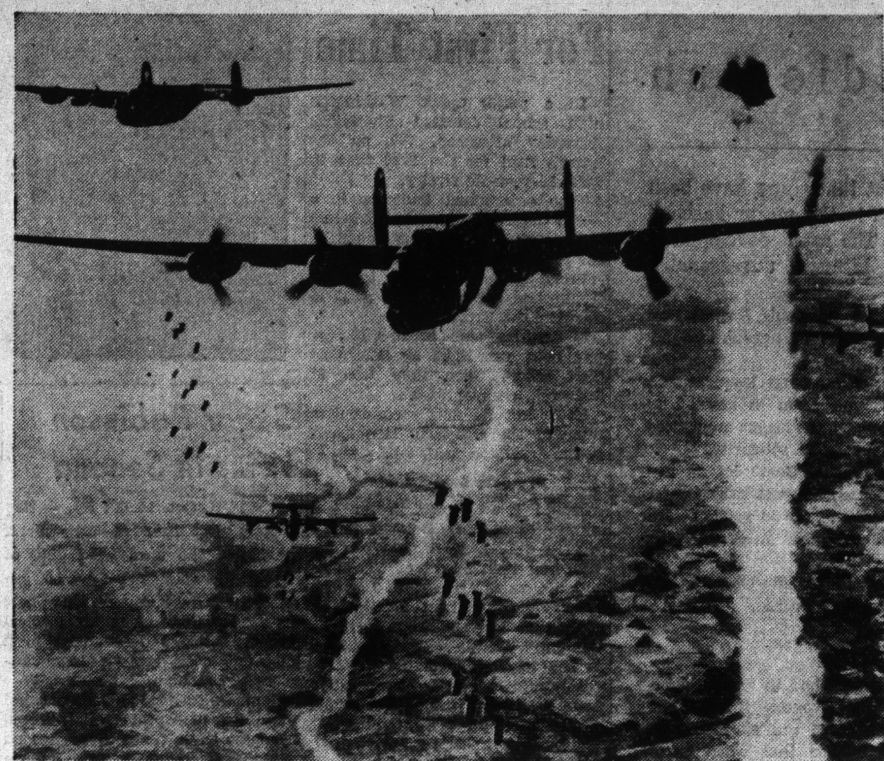
It was at that moment, when the inside engine on the same wing suddenly stopped. Its blackened propeller motionlessly confronted us from the side window as 1st Pilot Lt. John Whedbee and co-pilot G. F. Cooley of Howell, Mich., fought to keep the ship in formation.

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 encampments.

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

Though I have flown against Italian 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 replenish its fighter reserves.

From the moment the first black blossom bloomed near us, it seemed as though the Nazi gunners had chosen this ship.



"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—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 nearest and most exposed to the flak surrounding Bologna.

This prediction unfortunately proved true. Though not a single black puff penetrated the heart of the formation, the sky ahead of us and beside the window was stippled with deadly black fists.

The most menacing of all was a giant cauliflower-like cloud of hundreds of bursts which the Nazis erected over their troops as soon as the first Forts struck them.

WITH SCANT regard for the fact that the constant winking of their flak might betray them to counter-battery fire by the artillery of Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark's 5th army, which was already raining shells into Bologna's outskirts, the Nazis kept up a thick, compact cloud of defiant smokepuffs.

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

As far as I could see behind us, stretched back columns of bombers, creeping like caterpillars against the cloudbanks.

THE MOMENT we were crossing the Nazis' hideout, the flak intensified. We crouched lower in our metal helmets.

Almost as though the gunners were trying to throw black dust in our eyes, handfuls of thick smoke appeared ahead of the nose, seemingly as near as tobacco rings to a smoker's face.

Others pockmarked the blue just above us while another set ran alongside us, appearing and

disappearing like black porpoises beside the ship.

OXYGEN USE is denoted by a black-faced dial, which has a semi-human mouth with cold white lips.

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 sweaty and the rubber mask moist inside. We crouched low, so that fore and after, umpire style, the flak suits would protect as a skirt our legs and thighs as well as torsos.

AS OUR Fortress sped on past Bologna, I could see the brown cloud raised by the splintering and obliteration of demolition bombs which the "heavies" carried.

Suddenly through the rolling brown smoke, there appeared a bulge of white, like a pallid rose, on a brown flower bed. Evidently, some hidden dump had been hit.

Not a single bomb of the hundreds I saw cascading down through yawning bomb-bays landed in Bologna, a city of medieval skyscrapers, though its yellow walls were close nearby and the Grand Piazza was clearly visible, indenting its center.

THE MILITARY motive for this gigantic effort could be read easily from the skies.

The 5th army's artillery, looking down from the Apennines, dominates the approaches to most of the Po valley.

But these roads all intertwine at Bologna.

And the area where the bulk of

this bombing fell was between Gen. Clark and Bologna—a distance less than 10 miles broad.

If the chief Nazi force entrenched between the two rivers and two roads entering Bologna is really deprived of a foothold by this carpet of death, the Nazis must either withdraw beyond Bologna or fight for the ancient city, house by house.

If the latter should be the case, it is likely that Bologna's beauties may succumb to war's necessities as did those of Florence.

THE FORTRESS group which took me over Bologna was the same which saved Kassarine 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 no 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."

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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 ammunition for their attacks in the current situation of the war labor 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 estimated 20,000,000 American and with possible repercussions on all other citizens.

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

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

If Mr. Roosevelt decides to issue before election, he will have to choose between pleasing or disappointing the labor groups supporting him; and between rising a defection of labor votes or choosing an inflationary rise in cost of living prices affecting other groups.

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.

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

This would be contrary to bureau procedure, but would concentrate the heat where the labor spokesmen think it would have most effect.

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 South-erners 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 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.

Ladies getting on chummy terms with their butchers, who never before knew their butchers' names.

Maybe all this getting acquainted with the unfamiliar will have lasting effects on our lives. And maybe it won't—with everyone anxious to go back to the old way of thinking and doing things, just as they'll go back to their old brands of cigarettes the minute they can buy them.

G. O. P. "SURE" OF FA.
NEW YORK, Oct. 14 (U. P.)—Republican National Chairman Herbert Brownell Jr., just returned from conferences with party leaders in Pittsburgh, said last yesterday that he was confident the Dewey-Briker ticket would secure Pennsylvania's 26 electoral votes.

State Aviation
Hearings Listed

Public hearings on post-war aviation problems will be held by the governor's commission on aviation at South Bend, Evansville and here, beginning within the next few weeks.

The commission, at its meeting here yesterday, decided, in addition to holding the hearings, to ask members of the state legislature, mayors and other public officials for their views.

Among the problems on which the commission will seek information at the hearings are: "What assistance should be rendered by the state to local communities planning and constructing airports; what responsibility has the state with reference to commercial airlines that serve state communities; what action is required to provide for the needs of private aviation; what methods of public financing are most desirable."

Capehart Election
Vital, Willis Says

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Oct. 14.—Senator Raymond E. Willis (R. Ind.) called for the election of the Republican senatorial nominee, Homer E. Capehart, in a political speech here last night.

"It is vitally important that Governor Dewey as President have the support of a Republican senate to establish the unity needed in meeting the problems confronting the country now and those of the immediate future," he said.

He said that Governor Schriker, the Democratic senatorial nominee, had promised, if elected, "to give undivided support to the policies established by the New Deal."

BARNABY

Jane says Barnaby's at that deserted house playing with those Pixies and Ghosts he dreams up. . . . You'll have to look for him, John. It's dark—

It's time to begin worrying if that kid's so engrossed in imaginary creatures he doesn't realize when it's way past his supper-time—

Here he is!

Hello. Is lunch ready?

Up Front With Mauldin



"Hell of a patrol. We got shot at."

Renovated Pound Slates Open House

It's to be a red letter day at the city dog pound tomorrow when that institution marks conversion of the old lethal chamber into a modern canine hospital with "open house" from 1 to 4 p. m.

A group of the pound's "4 dogs" will be on hand to greet visitors to the new pound room, once notorious as a gas chamber for hapless inmates. Pound Supt. Leona Frankfort dedicated the "wing" to Mme. Oscar Hecker, former teacher of Miss Elizabeth Trotter, secretary to Booth Tarkington who bequeathed pound pooches with the title of "4 dogs."

Most of the liquor industry throughout the state already has endorsed the proposal.

The commission also advised permit holders that under state law the sale of liquor must be stopped for the New Year's holiday from 1 a. m. Sunday, Dec. 31, until 6 a. m. Tuesday, Jan. 2.

Jackson Urges
State Progress

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Oct. 14.—Hitting hard at the Republican state leadership, Senator Samuel D. Jackson, Democratic gubernatorial nominee, declared in a speech here last night that "we must not revert to the D. C. Stephenson days in the state house."

"We must not," he said, "return to the days of Ed Jackson. We dare not go back to the McCray administration."

"In short, we must not lower the present standard of state government. We must go forward, not backward."

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Oct. 14.—In an address here last night, Governor Schriker, the Democratic nominee, reiterated his pledge to "exercise the same kind of old-time, Hoosier economy" if sent to the U. S. senate as he has practiced in the governor's office.

ABC Asks V-E
Day Liquor Ban

The state alcoholic beverages commission today appealed to state liquor permit holders to discontinue for 24 hours the sale of alcoholic beverages upon receipt of official word of the surrender of Germany.

"V-E day," said the commission, "is not a day for celebration or hilarity; rather it should be a day for thankfulness and solemnity."

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By Crockett Johnson

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