

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: This is No. 45 of the Ernie Pyle war dispatches that are being reprinted during Ernie's vacation.

ON THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA, June, 1944. Just a column of little items: The other day a friend and I were in a mid-penninsula town not many miles from Cherbourg and we stopped to ask a couple of young French policemen wearing dark blue uniforms and Sam Browne belts where to go to buy a certain article.



Being quite hospitable, they jumped in the car and went along to show us. After we had finished our buying we all got back in the car. We tried to ask the policeman where they were going. They in turn asked us where we were going.

Knowing it was hopeless in our limited French to explain that we were going to our camp up the road, we merely said Cherbourg, meaning our camp was in that direction.

But the Frenchmen thought we meant to drive right into Cherbourg, which was still in German hands. Quick as a flash they jumped up, hit the driver on the shoulder to get the car stopped, shook hands rapidly all around, saluted, and scurried out with a terrified "au revoir." None of that Cherbourg stuff for those boys.

Some of the German officers are pleased at being captured, but your died-in-the-wool Nazi is not. They brought in a young one the other day who was furious. He considered it thoroughly unethical that we fought so hard.

The Americans had attacked all night, and the Germans don't like night attacks. When this special fellow was brought in he protested in rage.

"You Americans! The way you fight! This is not war! This is madness!"

The German was so outraged he never even got the irony of his own remarks—that madness though it be, it works.

You Can't Do That!

ANOTHER HIGH-RANKING officer was brought in and the first thing he asked was the whereabouts of his personal orderly. When told that his orderly was dead than a mackerel, he flew off the handle and accused us of depriving him of his personal comfort.

"Who's going to dig my foxhole for me?" he demanded.

You remember that in the early days of the invasion a whole bevy of high-ranking allied officers came to visit us—Generals Marshall, Eisenhower and

Arnold, Admirals King and Ramsay—there was so much brass you just bumped two-star generals without even begging pardon.

Now generals, it seems, like to be brave. Or I should say that, being generals, they know they must appear to be brave in order to set an example. Consequently, a high-ranking general never ducks or bats an eye when a shell hits near him.

Well, the military police charged with conducting this glittering array of generals around our beachhead tried to get them to ride in armored cars, since the country was still full of snipers.

But, being generals, they said no, certainly not, no armored cars for us, we'll just go in open command cars like anybody else. And that's the way they did go.

But what the generals didn't know was this: Taking no chances on such a collection of talent, the M. P.'s hid armored cars and tanks all along their route, behind hedges and under bushes, out of sight so that the generals couldn't see them, but there ready for action just in case anything did happen.

Most Wrecked Town

THE MOST WRECKED town I have seen so far is Saint Sauveur le Vicomte, known simply as "San Sau-Vure." Its buildings are gutted and leaning, its streets choked with rubble, and vehicles drive over the top of it.

Bombing and shellfire from both sides did it. The place looks exactly like world war I pictures of such places as Verdun. At the edge of the town the bomb craters are so immense that you could put whole houses in them.

A veteran of the last war pretty well summed up the two wars the other day when he said:

"This is just like the last war, only the holes are bigger."

So far as I know, we have entered France without anybody making a historic remark about it. Last time, you know, it was: "Lafayette, we are here."

The nearest I have heard to a historic remark was made by an ack-ack gunner, sitting on a mound of earth about two weeks after D-day, reading The Stars and Stripes from London. All of a sudden he said:

"Say, where's this Normandy beachhead it talks about in here?"

I looked at him closely and saw he was serious, so I said:

"Why, you're sitting on it."

And he said:

"Well, I'll be damned. I never knewed that."

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

RAY RICE, head of the Quality Tool and Die Co., and one of the city's most enthusiastic amateur fliers, became a member of that exclusive organization, the Caterpillar club, recently when he accidentally fell out of an airplane, saving himself with his parachute.



Ray was thinking about buying an open cockpit plane at Sky Harbor, to take him up for a demonstration. Ray wanted some acrobatics, so Bob accommodated him. While the plane was upside down in the middle of a slow roll, Ray accidentally knocked open the catch on his safety belt. Of course, he plummeted out of the plane. His first thoughts, as he fell were of annoyance with Clay. "I thought he had dumped me out, and as I was good and mad at him," Ray explained afterwards, "the parachute harness he was wearing didn't fit him well and in the fall, the rip cord release was twisted around his back so he had to pull it with his left hand instead of right hand. Thus, he fell more than 1000 feet before he got the chute open. 'As soon as the chute opened and I realized I was safe,' he said, 'I began to enjoy the sensation of floating down.'"

Noticing that he was about to land in a field with several horses in it, fearing he might be trampled, he pulled the shroud lines on one side to steer the chute. He missed the horses, all right, but landed in the top of a walnut tree. A farmer came running up, Ray says, looked up at him and asked solicitously: "Is that you in there?" Ray agreed that it was, and

Mr. Gooters' shoot

WHILE GOING from the Sunday school class rooms into the main auditorium of the Immanuel and Evangelical church last Sunday, Dr. Edward F. Bloemer noticed that his 5-year-old daughter, Linda, had dirty hands. He told her to wash them before going on into the church, then stopped to talk with friends. He was horrified when he looked back and saw Linda busily washing her hands in the drinking fountain, before a very appreciative audience. Child like, she probably figured it was silly.

America Flies

By Max B. Cook

ONE LIGHT PLANE manufacturer a month ago announced a post-war plan to rehabilitate returning war veterans and former war workers in need of a job readjustment.

It announced the belief that the light-plane industry is on the threshold of a new era which "may well parallel that progress made by the motor car industry after world war I."

It tied in its plan with the light plane industry's merchandising of personal ownership-type aircraft. And it invited letters from service men and war workers who might be interested.

Today, the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation of Middletown, O., has received nearly 5000 letters from all over the world. Most of the writers are service men now engaged on the various fighting fronts.

Taught 3000 to Fly

BEHIND THE PLAN, now definitely underway, is Alfred B. Bennett, director of sales for Aeronca. He was a light plane distributor for many years and is credited with having sold more personal aircraft than any other man in the business. He also has taught more than 3000 persons to fly.

"We will show young people how to get started in the aviation business and go as far as their energy and ability will take them," is the Aeronca creed on which the plan is based.

The plan includes aid in planning and installing small airports, setting up small airport business,

establishing of distributor and sales branches, training of light aircraft salesmen and maintenance men, methods of increasing the light plane business through interesting prospective purchasers and use of a carefully planned nation-wide promotion campaign.

How to Make Airports Pay

SPECIALLY PREPARED handbooks on how to make small airports pay, why "you should be a light plane dealer," and others offering an encyclopedia of information on the light plane business have been made available to interested service men and war workers.

The company announced that it also would help prospective airport owners to locate desirable territory and assist in "surveying areas to obtain airport populations."

On future sale of its own planes, Aeronca is proposing that cost of flying lessons be applied to the sales price of the plane if it is purchased within a year of the initial flight.

An insurance plan which "will effect a very substantial saving in insurance premiums to future Aeronca purchasers" has been made available through a group of large mutual insurance companies.

Referring to the airport phase of the plan, Aeronca officials today said: "We feel that progress in light plane flying in post-war years will be measured by the number of airports available to the person owning or renting such aircraft."

Faster, more streamlined, more comfortable and "easier to fly" light planes are promised for the post-war period by Aeronca, which some years ago pioneered the first light plane.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

NEW YORK, Friday.—We listened to my husband's speech last night, and I do feel sorry that he has not been able to leave Washington this week.

Every woman knows, however, that the choice between first things and second things must be made almost daily in everybody's life. If a child is sick, you subordinate everything else in the house to the care of the child.

If the country is at war, there are bound to be a constant number of little problems as well as big ones, but even the little ones may not be shirked.

I do not think, however, that making campaign speeches and traveling to different places is time wasted. I have a feeling that every public servant should renew his contact with the people as often as possible when

he is in office, and this is doubly true when a campaign is going on.

A lady from California wrote me an amusing little anecdote. It is about her little daughter, who once fell into conversation with an elderly woman and made a discovery! "Know what, mummy?" she said after the conversation. "That woman isn't grown up." Rather baffled, her mother asked her how she knew, and the child replied: "Cause she didn't vote."

Then my correspondent went on to tell me that they make it a family custom to take the children with them when they go to the polls on election day. The children hear the political discussions on the way to the polls and back; they meet people who differ in their political points of view; and most important of all, they learn that when you are grown up, you vote—which becomes for them a sign of maturity.

IT'S THE 'HAM' IN PEOPLE THAT KEEPS RADIO QUESTION BEES POPULAR —

Experts Guessed Wrong on Quiz Shows

By ROSELEEN CALLAHAN

NEA Staff Writer

SHOULD you see a well-dressed dowager squeezing her way onto a crowded bus with a big galvanized washtub under one arm and a mop over her shoulder, it's ten to one she's a quiz contest winner and not a patriotic shopper who's offered to carry her own purchases.

Despite predictions by experts that the quiz craze is on the way out—they've been saying that since its start in 1938—polls prove that the quizmaster is still king of the radio waves and quizzes are crowding many another program off the air.

Reason for the quiz program's tremendous audience appeal, psychologists explain, is its element of chance and the build-up people's egos get when an intellectual giant falls down on an answer they had put.

BUT THE REASON for its popularity with sponsors—and there are hundreds—is its low talent cost.

In the case of "Information Please," for instance, which competes in audience appeal with the best of big-time shows, talent is just a drop in the budget bucket.

Guest stars who demand up to \$3000 an appearance will as often as not accept a meager \$150 or so when they match wits with the experts, because they feel the show's publicity value more than makes up the difference.

Quizzes are big box-office draws. Requests for tickets exceed a hundred-fold the studio's seating capacities.

THOUGH MOST volunteer participants who appear on shows do it for the fun of having their names and voices go out over a nation-wide network into the homes of friends and relatives, there is quite a sizable group of "professionals" who try to aug-



Nothing is too nonsensical for the quizmaster. Here Ralph Edwards pays off a promise of a date with a popular model by having a contestant kiss Elsie the cow.

ment their earnings with winnings.

Though it's never been known to have happened, it would be quite possible for one of these regulars to run up several hundreds of dollars in prize money in a week.

One network discovered that these "pros" often came in groups, thus increasing the chances of one member being chosen by lot. The winning ticket was then slipped to the mastermind of the outfit and the prize divided after the program.

WHO ORIGINATED the brain-teaser type of program is a \$64 question which is as puzzling as the one about "who ate the first oyster."

One radio historian claims a Hartford, Conn., tire executive adapted a question and answer parlor game and called the pro-

gram "Jack Says: Ask Me Another."

And then there are those who insist it was a Washington radio salesman who combined the then-popular man-in-the-street radio interview and the old-fashioned spelling bee, and named it "Professor Quiz."

Whatever its origin, the quiz caught on, and stumping the experts and other brave souls willing to be put on the spot has become an international pastime.

ALTHOUGH educators point out the important thing about the quiz program is that it's a sugar-coated way of acquiring all sorts of knowledge, many of the shows are far from erudite entertainment.

The crazy quiz is as nonsensical and slapstick as the old pie-throwing Keystone comedies. One elated "Truth and Consequence" contestant who won the opportunity of taking out a popular model to New York night spots and kissing her goodnight, discovered his date was with Elsie the cow.

But not all the jokes are on the contestants. Quizman Ralph Edwards has found that many a consequence has backfired, and learned from several sad experiences to deal them out at safe distance.

HE STILL blanches whenever he recalls the time he told a blundering contestant to walk a plank into a 30-foot water tank as a consequence.

When the man came spluttering to the surface, Edwards extended a helping hand, but the spirit of the gag got the better of the contestant and he yanked Edwards, microphone and all, into the tank, too.

Battered or bruised as their feelings may be during microphone tilts, participants seldom show themselves poor sports. They're glad to be the butt of practical jokes just to be able to say they have been on the air.

No matter how you slice it, it's the ham in people that's putting over the quiz.

THE CANDIDATES YOU'LL VOTE FOR AT NOV. 7 ELECTION — NO. 11

Jenner, O'Brien in Short Term Senate Race

INDIANA VOTERS Tuesday will choose a United States senator to serve out the remainder of the term of the late Senator Frederick VanNuys, which ends with the beginning of the new congress in January.

The two candidates are William E. Jenner, Republican, recently honorably discharged army air force captain, and Cornelius O'Brien, Lawrenceburg businessman.

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN of Lawrenceburg, the Democratic nominee for the short U. S. senate term, has wide business interests in southeastern Indiana.

He heads A. D. Cook, Inc., which manufactures deep well pumps and water well supplies, is president of the Peoples National Bank at Lawrenceburg and director and former president of the Dearborn County Building and Loan association.

He is an orchardist and breeder of Hereford cattle and Percheron horses.

PLEASE REMIT—
\$32.50 Waitress
Must Pay Back
\$4000 Allotment

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 4 (U. P.).—Mrs. Arlene Bookman today advanced the weekly paycheck of \$32.50 she gets for waiting tables and the bill for \$4000 she got from the government. She figured she could pay it off in about 10 years—maybe.

Maybe longer, considering she supports her 2 1/2-year-old daughter and her aging mother.

THE BILL arrived yesterday with a note. It said the government shouldn't have been sending her all those allotment checks for her husband and would she please send the \$4025 back at her earliest convenience.

"I never did know what they were for," she said, "and I still don't."

Her husband left her in 1942. He said he was through and was going to join the merchant marine. She didn't hear any more from him. Then in November, 1942, the mailman brought her an allotment check for \$175.

"I DIDN'T know what it was all about, so I wrote to Washington," she said. "I got a letter back telling me to write to somebody else."

"So I wrote again to find out where my husband was. I got another answer back."

"This happened eight times. I never did get an explanation and the checks kept on coming."

"So I gave up."

Meantime, Mrs. Bookman, 25, had got a divorce, but that didn't stop the checks. She used part of them to pay for it.

"THEN I got a letter telling me to wait for further communication."

"So I waited. Then the 'communication' arrived. It said please send the government back the \$4025."

"The \$25, maybe I could send back, but that \$4000 will take quite a while."

She isn't sure yet, she said, whether her husband was in the merchant marine or with the U. S. engineers. The communication didn't mention it.

UNION CHIEF TO SPEAK

David J. McDonald, international secretary-treasurer of the United Steelworkers of America, will speak at a public meeting at 2 p. m. tomorrow in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers hall, 168 W. 9th st.

The one chosen will take office as soon as his election is certified. He will succeed Senator Samuel D. Jackson, the Democratic gubernatorial nominee, who was appointed last January by Governor Schricker to serve until, as state law provides, a successor is chosen.

Continuing its policy of acquainting its readers with the candidates, The Times today presents short sketches of the two major party candidates for the short U. S. senate term.

WILLIAM E. JENNER

WILLIAM E. JENNER of Bedford, Republican nominee for the U. S. senate short term, was elected to the Indiana state senate in 1934, representing Orange, Martin and Lawrence counties. He was re-elected in 1938 and served as president pro tem in the 1939 and 1941 regular sessions.

He was 26 when first elected to the senate. He enlisted in the air forces on June 25, 1942, and was commissioned a first lieutenant.

He soon was promoted to a captain and was

an eye infection necessitated his return to this country from overseas duty in May, 1944, and an army medical examining board recommended his retirement from active duty as of Oct. 7, 1944.

HE WAS BORN in Marengo, July 21, 1908, and was educated in the grade and high schools there, completing his education at Central Normal college in Danville, and at Indiana university where he received his A. B. degree in 1930 and L. L. B. degree in 1932.

He began the practice of law at Paoli, later moving to Shoals, where he took over the practice of Frank E. Gilkinson when the latter became judge of the Daviess-Martin circuit court.

HE IS NOW vice president of the Indiana Economic council and is a member of the Indiana War Finance and Indiana War Fund state committees.

HE WAS BORN in Marengo, July 21, 1908, and was educated in the grade and high schools there, completing his education at Central Normal college in Danville, and at Indiana university where he received his A. B. degree in 1930 and L. L. B. degree in 1932.

He began the practice of law at Paoli, later moving to Shoals, where he took over the practice of Frank E. Gilkinson when the latter became judge of the Daviess-Martin circuit court.

HE IS NOW vice president of the Indiana Economic council and is a member of the Indiana War Finance and Indiana War Fund state committees.

HE WAS BORN in Marengo, July 21, 1908, and was educated in the grade and high schools there, completing his education at Central Normal college in Danville, and at Indiana university where he received his A. B. degree in 1930 and L. L. B. degree in 1932.

He began the practice of law at Paoli, later moving to Shoals, where he took over the practice of Frank E. Gilkinson when the latter became judge of the Daviess-Martin circuit court.

HE IS NOW vice president of the Indiana Economic council and is a member of the Indiana War Finance and Indiana War Fund state committees.

HE WAS BORN in Marengo, July 21, 1908, and was educated in the grade and high schools there, completing his education at Central Normal college in Danville, and at Indiana university where he received his A. B. degree in 1930 and L. L. B. degree in 1932.

He began the practice of law at Paoli, later moving to Shoals, where he took over the practice of Frank E. Gilkinson when the latter became judge of the Daviess-Martin circuit court.

HE IS NOW vice president of the Indiana Economic council and is a member of the Indiana War Finance and Indiana War Fund state committees.

HE WAS BORN in Marengo, July 21, 1908, and was educated in the grade and high schools there, completing his education at Central Normal college in Danville, and at Indiana university where he received his A. B. degree in 1930 and L. L. B. degree in 1932.

He began the practice of law at Paoli, later moving to Shoals, where he took over the practice of Frank E. Gilkinson when the latter became judge of the Daviess-Martin circuit court.

HE IS NOW vice president of the Indiana Economic council and is a member of the Indiana War Finance and Indiana War Fund state committees.

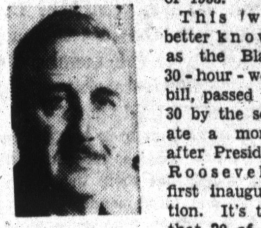
HE WAS BORN in Marengo, July 21, 1908, and was educated in the grade and high schools there, completing his education at Central Normal college in Danville, and at Indiana university where he received his A. B. degree in 1930 and L. L. B. degree in 1932.

He began the practice of law at Paoli, later moving to Shoals, where he took over the practice of Frank E. Gilkinson when the latter became judge of the Daviess-Martin circuit court.

Tomorrow's Job Kilgore Still Favors Sharing Of Scarcity

By E. A. EVANS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—Among labor measures on which he says Republican senators have voted wrong, New Deal Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia lists the five-day week bill of 1933.



Mr. Evans votes again

it were cast by Republicans. It was that labor organizations favored it, and that Labor Secretary Perkins sponsored it. It was in those try-anything-once days a great many people were for it.

But that its proposal to limit the industrial work week to five days of six hours each would have helped workers, or relieved depression, is not true. The Roosevelt administration itself later conceded that the Black bill was unworkable and unsound, and opposed its passage by the house.

The only good that came out of the Black bill was the discussion which led, in 1937, to enactment of the sound wages-and-hours law.

THE BLACK bill was one of those share-the-job schemes prevalent in 1933. The idea was that this country needed only a much production by industry and therefore had only so much work to be done—that the total amount of work couldn't be increased, and that, therefore, the amount done by any individual should be restricted.

It was one symptom of the "mature economy" philosophy that fear of over-production which Governor Dewey charged still afflicts New Dealers, and which certainly still appears to afflict Senator Kilgore.

We wouldn't undertake to defend all the votes cast by Republican senators in 1933, or since it, or before it. We have been extremely critical of many of them

BUT it certainly seems to us that the 30 Republican and 10 Democratic votes against the 30-hour-week bill were far wiser than the 41 Democratic, 10 Republican and one Progressive votes for it.

And the fact that so ardent a New Deal supporter as Senator Kilgore cites Republican opposition to that phony remedy as a reason for voting for President Roosevelt seems to lend weight to Governor Dewey's charge.

At least it strengthens the conviction that this country and its workers have more to hope from Mr. Dewey's program: Encourage productive enterprise, foster conditions under which there will be plenty of jobs, prevent a post-war return of depression and unemployment—and so deprive the Kilgores of opportunity to try phony schemes for sharing national scarcity.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4 (U. P.).—The Grumman Aircraft Co., maker of the famed navy Hellcats, has been authorized to manufacture immediately the first civilian airplanes to be made in this country since Pearl Harbor, it was learned today.

With navy approval, the war production board authorized the company to make 25 twin-engine amphibious planes at its Bethpage, L. I., plant, provided that only workers in training are employed on the non-military project.

THE PLANES, which are understood to be a modification of a navy design, will be sold to several Latin American business firms whose employees require air transportation. The Grumman craft can carry about five persons and can land on small lakes or jungle airports.

WPB officials explained that Grumman trains about 175 workers a month who practice on scrap metal to achieve the proficiency required by the navy.

The agency explained that only these trainees would work on the civilian planes and emphasized that it was not permitting assembly line production.

THERE are several other applications pending from other firms to build non-military aircraft, but no action will be taken by WPB for some time, it was said.

An abundance of aluminum and other materials are available for plane construction but little manpower is available.

The industry has expanded 50-fold since the outbreak of war and war schedules call for a higher output in coming months.

J. A. KRUG, WPB chairman, announced yesterday that 7429 aircraft were produced last month, bringing the number of planes turned out by the United States since July, 1940, to 240,000. About 25,000 were four-motored bombers.

In the first breakdown of plane types, Krug reported that 75,000 bombers of various types and more than 70,000 fighter planes have rolled off U. S. assembly lines during the last 39 months.

About 54,000 trainers were made during this period, 17,500 transports, 2345 naval reconnaissance planes, almost 11,000 communication planes and almost 1500 "special purpose" planes. Most of the latter group are experimental types and classed as "secret."

"SOMETIMES I think the men left at home are the ones who are really having it tough. Joe is working so terribly hard these days." It takes perfect self-control for the wife of a man living in a fox hole to let that kind of remark pass unchallenged.

Comments like these make war wives feel that they aren't understood or appreciated. Because no one even faintly understands the problems and worries of a war wife would make any of these cracks.

"OH, HE'S probably all right," one said airily to the wife who is worrying because it has been weeks since she heard from her husband.

"Well, we can't expect to win a war without losing a lot of men." Nobody with a loved one on a fighting front appreciates that kind of matter-of-factness from women whose men are still at home.

"Lucy isn't making a very good adjustment," said one war wife about another, a woman who hasn't had to learn the hard way that there is no real adjustment for the wife whose husband is in constant danger—that the best a woman can do is fake a cheerfulness and untroubled exterior.

"SOMETIMES I think the men left at home are the ones who are really having it tough. Joe is working so terribly hard these days." It takes perfect self-control for the wife of a man living in a fox hole to let that kind of remark pass un