

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

Ernie Pyle is with the navy in the Far Pacific. This is an article written on his way.

IN THE MARIANAS ISLANDS (Delayed)—Our chief pilot on the last long leg of our flight from Honolulu to the Marianas was Lt. Cmdr. Don Skirvin. He's from the family that owns big hotels in Oklahoma City and even if you didn't know, you could tell from his creased hands and neck that he's a Texan or an Oklahoman.



Cmdr. Skirvin has never worked at the hotel business, though he has to have freedom, and gad about the world. He has been flying 18 years—few for oil companies in South America, went to Spain during the revolution and flew combat there.

Then came our war and he went into the navy and flew combat in the South Pacific. But he likes big planes best, and now is trans-Pacific skipper on these huge airliners.

Just before daylight Cmdr. Skirvin sent the orderly back to wake me up, and asked me to come forward to the pilot's compartment. Then he had me sit in the co-pilot's seat, and from that exalted vantage point on this monster of the air I saw the dawn gradually touch and lighten the cottony acres of clouds out there over the wide Pacific.

Beautiful... and Far From Home

FLYING IS mostly monotonous and dull. But there are always little peaks of grandeur in every flight. Seeing this dawn was one of them. It was an exaltation, and you couldn't help but be thrilled by it.

Cmdr. Skirvin takes movies as a hobby, and has taken 1500 feet of color film of just such dawns and sunsets as this one. He said the folks at home wrote that if he saw such things as this often, no wonder he liked to fly.

We came out of the boundless sky and over our island destination just as the little dawn. The island was green and beautiful—and terribly far from home—down there in the fresh dawn.

It seemed unbelievable that we could have drawn ourselves to it so unerringly out of the vast Pacific spaces. It was like a blind man walking alone across a field, and putting his finger directly on some previously designated barb of a wire fence on the other side. But as I say, they do it all the time. (Thank the Lord!)

Then Cmdr. Skirvin asked if I would like to stay up front while we landed. Indeed I would, for that

is a rare invitation. I stood just behind the two pilots while we circled the field and dropped lower and circled again.

'Check'... for Five Minutes

LANDING ONE of these immense planes is like a ritual in school. The co-pilot takes a printed list, encases in plexiglass, and off the instrument board. Then he starts reading aloud, down the list. After each item the pilot calls back "check."

It takes five minutes to go through all the complicated adjustments to change the plane from something that will only fly, into something that will also merge successfully with the earth. Always the typed list is read aloud and checked to make sure that no single thing is forgotten.

And then we were ready. It was hot down close to the ground, and sweat was pouring off us. Over his radio the co-pilot asked the ground for permission to land. Cmdr. Skirvin twisted himself more firmly into his seat, took a heavy grip on the control wheel, pushed forward on the stick, and down we went.

When you fly, there is no sense of speed at all. It is as though you were sitting forever in one spot. But when you land, the earth comes up to you with appalling speed. Things go faster and faster. Everybody is tense. The whole field comes up at you almost as in a nightmare. It is the most thrilling thing about flying.

At Last... Close to the War

AND THEN you blend into the earth. These planes are so big and stand so high that it seems to me we were still 50 feet in the air when we felt the wheels touch. The plane stuck to the runway and rushed on forward with shocking speed.

The runway was long, and Cmdr. Skirvin called "we'll use all of it, for I don't believe in tromping on the brakes."

Then gradually we slowed and when we'd come almost to a stop, a jeep pulled out in front of us. On the back of it was a big blackboard and painted on the board were the words "Follow Me." The jeep slowly led us to our parking place.

Then the co-pilot read off another list, while the pilot pulled levers and turned switches and called "check." It took more than a minute to transform that great metal bird from something animate and miraculous, into something that stands lifeless on the ground.

And then the door opened, and we stepped down onto the strange soil of the Marianas islands—close at last to the vast sprawling war of the Pacific.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

MORRIS MARER, the florist at 114 E. Ohio, thinks a certain motorcycle policeman deserves commendation. The cycle cop—Mr. Marer didn't get his name or number—was riding in the 100 block E. Ohio, last Thursday or Friday, when the lens fell off his headlamp and broke on the pavement. The officer stopped, detoured traffic around him, picked up every particle of glass from the pavement and took it along with him. If more motorists would follow his example, precious tires would last longer.



We just learned that Pvt. Bob Carey has recovered the war souvenirs he lost in a taxi cab here. He had managed to get them across the ocean and all the way here before losing them. We didn't know we had so many readers until we pulled a little better Saturday. During an adulated moment, we referred to a "general's gold star." We knew better. Generals wear silver stars, of course. The Junior C. of C. is throwing a party tomorrow night. It's a stag party, but, following the current trend of spelling names backwards, they call it a "Gats" party.

Persistence Rewarded

THE TIMES' telegraph editor on leave, Cpl. Saxon E. (Red) Humphreys, is a persistent devil. He just never gives up. Back in 1938, he was a scholarship student in the University of Rome, candidate for a "Doctor in Letters" degree. He passed all the exams and wrote a 120-page thesis (in Italian) on the diplomatic relations between Italy and the United States during the period of Italian unification—1870. It was a fine thesis, but the Fascist government wasn't so sure about it. And before Red could get the tape cut so he could submit the thesis, he had to come on home. Came the war, and Humphreys donned a uniform and went right back to Italy—as an army secretary-interpreter-translator. With dogged

determination, he hunted up his old professor, and went to work again getting the red tape cut. This time, helped perhaps by the fact he had just conquered Italy, he had more luck, and was permitted to submit his thesis. He emerged with flying colors—and his degree. Now it's Cpl. S. E. Humphreys, Litt. D. It's a hard way to get a degree, if you ask us. While we're on the subject of The Times' alumni, Pvt. Frank Widner, the sports writer, drops us a note to say he's back on dry land—in Iran. A couple of years ago, Frank would have given you odds of 10 to 1 that he'd never set foot in Iran, formerly known as Persia. P. S. Frank says: "If you get a chance, put in a good word for the Spencer County (Ind.) chapter of the Red Cross. Imagine the thoughts of a homesick Hoosier at sea who receives a nice duffle bag containing cards, soap, candy, cigarettes (!), books, etc., on shipboard, and in it, a greeting card from the Red Cross back in good old Indiana!"

Belated Christmas Gift

THE CHRISTIAN Men Builders' class sent a Christmas package last fall to Cpl. Fred Clark—formerly with Barbasol. Before it arrived, Cpl. Clark had left the Netherlands West Indies. The package was forwarded from place to place, never catching up. Just the other day, the postal service returned it to the C. M. B.'s "undeliverable." The C. M. B. proved it wasn't undeliverable. In a formal ceremony, the class presented the package to ex-Cpl. Clark, in person, Sunday morning. He's back in town now, after getting his honorable discharge a week or so ago. J. L. McCormick, 535 N. Central court, wonders how many others got a chuckle out of the double billing at the Ritz theater last week: "The Very Thought of You" and "Maise Goes to Reno." A member of the School 91 P-T. A. has a suggestion for parents of school children who have pet dogs. "Keep the dogs penned up until the children get to school," she suggests. "Don't let the dogs follow the children to school. The dogs get in fights, and the children risk being bitten in separating them. And besides, the dogs hang around the schoolhouse door, darting in when the door is opened, and creating all sorts of commotion."

America Flies

By Maj. Al Williams

IT WILL BE a long time before we get the low-down on the shortages of munitions on the combat fronts. Some day we will learn who decided that we had to march into Germany instead of blazing together, the iron rings we laid about her in the shape of ground forces and then plunging her to surrender with airpower—airpower and more airpower.

Remember that wasn't until long after the battle of Britain that the British themselves conceded that if the Nazis had maintained their airpower pressure another 72 hours they (the British) would have been helpless. I have a strong hunch that we'll hear much the same story from the Nazis after the war. Then, too, time will tell the reasons, if any, to be offered in support of the apparent decision that it was possible to have "too many and too much" airpower.

We agree that most of the Nazi talk about new and mysterious weapons is propaganda for home consumption and for the bolstering of home morale in the face of repeated reverses. Nevertheless, there still remains the possibility that a new freak weapon may yet be launched.

Demonstration in First War

THE MOST formidable weapons of this war are the tank, the sub, the airplane and radio—all demonstrated on test-tube scale in world war I.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Saturday evening we came back to Washington and Sunday was a quiet day, with only a few friends coming in, until I went at 5 o'clock to a meeting at the John Wesley A. M. E. Zion church sponsored by the adult education group of the Parent-Teacher associations.



They have been holding discussions on the problems of children, particularly such problems as the war has high-lighted. It was a very full meeting and I thought it showed a commendable interest on the part of both parents and teachers.

A few days ago a kind gentleman sent me a copy of Munsey's magazine for November, 1908. I am sure you will be interested, as I was, in the fact that this copy contains an article entitled "Washington, Our Beautiful Capital—Its Seamy Side." As I read it, I realized that very little had changed.

We can be proud of our buildings, since they make our city one of the most beautiful in the world, but we cannot be proud of many of the things which do not make it a good place to live in. Our institutions are not model institutions, such as we might hope for in the national capital, and it is really discouraging to see that what was written in 1908 could be written with so very little variation today.

On March 1 the drive will begin for the Red Cross war fund. This, like all the other funds being sought today, is larger than any collected in the past.

Philadelphia has an idea I think is very good. They are selling "shares" in the war fund for \$5 each. On the back of the "bond" which they give you, 12 dividends are marked out for your monthly inspection.

I held a press conference this morning. There is already great interest in hearing from my daughter of her experiences when she returns. All I could do was to promise that I would transmit the invitations.

The Indianapolis Times

SECOND SECTION

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1945

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FROM THE SKIES, THEY PAVED THE WAY FOR THE ALLIES—

Girl Paratroopers Helped Liberate France

By ROSETTE HARGROVE
NEA Staff Writer

PARIS, Feb. 20.—On a certain night six months before D-day a plane took off from its base "somewhere in England." Its mission? Parachuting arms, money, and instructions to the men of the resistance in France.

But the bomber also carried two men and a pint-sized French girl, 22 years old.

The three were going back to their native country to carry on an even more dangerous mission, knowing full well that if anything went wrong and they were caught by the Germans it meant being shot on the spot.

"THE JUMPING wasn't half as bad as the waiting," she commented when I met her a few days ago, just before she left for Brittany to marry a fellow parachutist, "it was over so quickly that I didn't have time to be scared."

"Besides I had jumped three times during my training and was beginning to feel like an old hand at it."

That there were a number of young Frenchwomen in Great Britain training as parachutists was another of these "top secrets," the story of which can now be told.

"NONE of us knew how many we were," she said, "because we were trained separately."

"After a bit, though, when I met the same girls in the building at odd times, I concluded they must be doing the same sort of work that I was doing. But we never talked about it."

The normal training for women accepted for this highly specialized and dangerous work was three months. She trained only six weeks because she already knew a great deal about the type of work she would have to do.

SHE COULD handle explosives, radio transmission and could send messages in code.

Training was especially strenuous, and the girls needed courage and endurance to go through with it.

Actual jumping was just one phase of it, although their first jump in France conferred on them the right to be rated as parachutists.



Mademoiselles in lower photo may have been among those secretly trained in England as paratroop girls. (Note sidearms.)

FAR LONGER and more complex was training as a "terrorist." Several weeks were devoted to the study of sabotage and radio transmission.

Not only was it essential to know how to use the instruments but the girls also had to learn to construct makeshift ones if the need arose.

They had to be instructed in secret codes as well as Morse.

THEY HAD to learn to recognize every German uniform, know all about French rationing, food tickets, identity cards and a host of other details which were matters of everyday knowledge in France.

They learned to shoot (every woman parachutist carried a revolver), to wrestle, and also how to read staff maps.

"The most astonishing man in the world was certainly the Ma-

quis chief in charge of parachutists, the night he saw me fall from the skies," she chuckled.

"HE WAS expecting arms, mail and money and all he saw was me. I was wearing my jumping outfit with ordinary shoes, as it had been impossible to find parachuting boots small enough." (She wears a size two in shoes and stands five-feet nothing in her stockinged feet.)

"What did I do after that?" Well, I started by blowing up a section of the railway in my native department.

"Then I coded and decoded messages from England, instructed men in the Maquis and superintended parachutings. This was a difficult and very responsible job. Then we were trained to dispose of parachutes and containers in the space of a few minutes."

ONCE WHEN her work took her near home she decided to visit her parents. Her father opened the door and shouted to his wife: "It's our daughter." They couldn't believe their eyes.

They plied her with questions and wanted to know how she had come. "By parachute," she calmly replied.

Her mission lasted six months, until the liberation of Brittany. During this entire period she never stayed more than three weeks in one place.

SOMETIMES she averaged two hours sleep in 48. Covering anything from 80 to 100 miles by bicycle was just part of a day's work, and not the most difficult by any means.

She spent some time in a Maquis group of 2000 men and 15 women.

One day the Germans attacked them with machine guns and tanks. They were able to collect most of their material, including radio sets and arms, in trucks.

"WE WERE lucky that day. We were able to hide the trucks in a forest some 50 miles away, then walked another 15 miles through plowed fields to a village where we knew we would be given shelter."

"But that was only one of the many times when we were almost caught by the Boches."

Only a few of the girls who trained in England were actually parachuted into France during the occupation. She was the second one to go.

SHE IS a little proud of the fact that she "jumped" in France before her fiancé, who also trained in England.

They were unable to get in touch with each other during the six months her mission lasted but she always had the conviction they would meet again in their own country.

When I asked her what their plans for the future were, she smiled and said: "Personally I still hope to be sent on another mission when I return from my honeymoon, as I don't suppose the war will be over yet."

"AS FOR after the war—well, I intend to go back to chemistry and pass my final examinations. I could never be content to stay at home and be a housewife. Besides, I believe France will need young women like me to carry on with the work of reconstruction. "Then I shall produce a family, I hope."

BIZARRE MELODRAMA AND SOME AWFUL, STARK FACTS OF LIFE—

Diary of a Nurse in Jap-Held Manila

By PEARL LA CARMA HAVEN

United Press Staff Correspondent

SANTO TOMAS, Philippines, Feb. 20.—Life under the Japanese in Manila during the first six months of the war was a curious blend of bizarre melodrama and some awful, stark facts of life.

I read the diary I have kept every day for the last 37 months and I am amazed that so much could have happened.

This whole dreadful experience however has been a God-send to many of us. It has taught us a proper sense of humility.

FROM the window of my boarding house on Dewey boulevard I watched the Japanese under the district one-by-one on tiny put-put motorcycles.

The first we saw of the devils was on Jan. 7, when we were told we could take food for a three-day stay and were then brought to St. Tomas.

That night I started to help organize the first camp hospital. Food was being furnished by the Red Cross, and I am ashamed to confess I gained 10 pounds.

THEN, as arranged by the Red Cross, I was to go to the Holy

Pearl La Carma Haven, 29-year-old registered nurse and farmer's daughter from Pasco, Wash., left the United States in August, 1940, and worked in the U. S. army's Sternberg General hospital in Manila. She also served in Corregidor until the war broke out, when she was interned.

For the last 37 months this attractive, 120-pound, blue-eyed brunette has kept a daily diary of what the life of an average internee is like under the Japanese.

This is the first of a series of dispatches she has written on what the internees have undergone in the last three years.

Ghost college (a Catholic convent) where all the internees' children were kept. I was the only American nurse there.

The parents came to visit their children once every fortnight. The kids behaved beautifully.

They absorbed all the war rumors and took to air-raid precautions better than the adults.

We never had an epidemic of any kind among the internees.

I CONSTANTLY wished to be in Bataan helping care for the wounded. We all were terribly heart sick and cried bitterly at the fall of Bataan and Corregidor.

My diary on May 27, 1942, discloses we received the first rumors of the terrible treatment being accorded our war prisoners. We heard they were being beaten

and that many died on the march of Bataan.

On May 6 came rumors of enemy troop landings on Corregidor. Many of us kept from going crazy by crocheting. My diary also shows I read 300 books during our period of internment.

MANILA's puppet papers of May 7 showed pictures of the dead on Corregidor. They looked terrible.

Two days later it was heart-breaking to hear that Japanese imperial fleet units were in Manila bay.

The Japanese held a big victory parade on May 18. I guess the main party was at Malacanang (the governor's residence). My diary shows I expressed the wish then that we'd bomb the place out of existence.

SCHOOL TO GET FLAG

The treasury department flag for war stamp sales will be presented to John Hope school at flag raising ceremonies at 10 a. m. tomorrow at the school.

Students and faculty of the school and members of the P-T. A. of the school will be present.

Citizenship Flaw

Covers 40 Years

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 20 (U. P.).—After 40 years, Karl Frederick Elers, 73, has discovered that he was a man without a country.

In 1904, Elers, a native of Sweden, was given citizenship papers and began exercising the privileges of a citizen. Elers has voted, and taken pride in being an American.

Recently, however, he requested a copy of his citizenship papers and learned that they had not been signed by the presiding judge at the time of his application.

Yesterday Federal Judge F. P. Schoonmaker rectified the error by signing a court order declaring Elers a citizen since 1904.

RADIO PRODUCTION

TO BE DEMONSTRATED

The Indiana Association for Education by Radio will sponsor a demonstration of radio production at a meeting Thursday. Rehearsal will be held at 1 p. m. and the program will be broadcast from 2:15 to 2:30 over WISH.

Radio trends will be discussed by Dr. I. Keith Tyler, Ohio State university, national president of the association, at a meeting at 3 p. m. Thursday in the War memorial. A business meeting to discuss election of local and national association officers will be held at 4 p. m.

Soldiers Fire Job Questions At CIO Leader

(Continued From Page One)

to the interests of the great mass of Americans. The biggest American political question, he said, is what will be done to advance Henry A. Wallace. Mr. Carey gave a sweeping pledge of unity of interest between the C. I. O. and the returning war veterans.

About the world labor conference, Mr. Carey said, "I got a different impression of the Soviets than I had."

He doesn't like American Communists because they don't have the courage to put their cards on the table, but the Russians we met here are different. There was no trickery, no intrigue. They talked straight from the shoulder.

"Our delegation's belief in political democracy did not suffer from this association," he said.

SGT. ED SAYER, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Cpl. Henry Murphy, of Detroit, asked why should a working man have to pay unions for the privilege of working at his trade in a closed shop, a problem which the unions will have to fight out after the war with the return of millions of men who never carried a union card.

Mr. Carey conceded that there was much controversy about this, but he argued that obligatory membership in a union works out to benefit individual as well as the whole group in general.

He declared that the union way is the way to prevent development of either communism or fascism in the United States.

HE PRESCRIBED full employment as the answer to all America's economic problems and said the formula should be written "by the common people and not by some investment banker in New York."

Chairman Meyer interjected, "there's a clause in the selective service act which guarantees your old job back."

Sgt. Meyer did not continue to outline the statement of officials that this clause must operate despite any union agreement negotiated since the war started, that being one of the big union after-war problems when servicemen may claim legal priority on jobs now held by civilians.

There were questions about the annual intake of the C. I. O. from dues which Mr. Carey estimated on a national basis at 60 cents a year from 6,000,000 members.

CHAPLAIN MORTON FIERMAN, formerly a rabbi in Washington, D. C., asked about the progress of the plan for a Missouri valley authority.

The visitors went back to London convinced that if this was a true sample of the men in uniform overseas veterans will go home well-informed on domestic questions and determined to play a big part in our political and economic affairs.

We the Women

So the Girls Wear Mink to Keep Warm?

By RUTH MILLETT

A GROUP of young Hollywood beauties, who recently visited Washington to coax money from citizens for a worthy social cause explained that the reason they all happened to be wearing mink coats was simply because they wanted to keep warm.

Uh-huh. And the reason women buy silly hats is because they are so practical.

And they pile junk jewelry on themselves because it is absolutely essential.

AND THEY do over their living rooms every so often because the furniture is really falling apart.

And they go to beauty salons because they can't wash their hair themselves.

And they give parties because they are devoted friends of all the guests and thoroughly enjoy their company.

AND THEY discard last year's suit because it is really "an old rag."

And they miss nylons because they were so nice and warm.

And they read best sellers because they are really the best books.

AND THEY buy things they don't need because they are "such bargains."

And they just happen to discover the very day they see a suit or dress that takes their fancy that they haven't a thing to wear.

Sure, sure. Women understand all about the warmth of mink.

HANNAH

RAPID HAIR GROWER

DANIEL

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