

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

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doubtedly caught hell for that. A third had a prop run away when he lost an engine.

My friend Maj. Walter Todd of Ogden, Utah, "aborted" on the mission I watched take off. He blew a cylinder head clear off.

He was within sight of Japan when it happened, and he beat the others back home by only half an hour. He flew 13½ hours that day, and didn't even get credit for a mission. That's the way it goes.

Those left on the field will idly look at their watches as the day wears on, mentally clocking the progress of their comrades.

"They're about sighting the mainland now," you'll hear somebody say. "They should be over the target by now. I'll bet they're catching hell," comes a little later from somebody.

By late afternoon you look at your watch and you know that by now, for good or bad, it is over.

You know they're far enough off the coast that the last Jap fighter has turned for home, and left our men alone with the night and the awful returning distance, and their troubles.

Our planes bomb in formation, and stick together until they've left the Japanese coast, and then they break up and each man comes home on his own.

It's almost spooky the way they can fly, through the dark at night, up there above all that ocean, for more than six hours, and all arrive here at these little islands with a few minutes of each other.

Messages Begin Coming In

BY LATE AFTERNOON we've begun to get radio messages from the returning planes. A flight leader will radio how the weather was, and if anybody went down over the target. It isn't a complete picture,

but we begin to patch together a general idea. We lost planes that day.

Some went down over the target.

Some just disappeared, and the other boys never knew where they went.

Some fought as long as they could to keep crippled planes going, and then had to "ditch" in the ocean.

And one tenacious plane load miraculously got back when it wasn't in the cards for them at all. They had been hit over the target, had to drop down and back alone, and the Jap fighters went for him, as they do for any cripple.

Five fighters just butchered him, and there was nothing our boys could do about it.

And yet he kept coming. How, nobody knows.

Two of the crew were badly wounded. The horizontal stabilizers were shot away. The plane was riddled with holes. The pilot could control his plane only by using the motors.

'Going Out of Control'

EVERY HALF HOUR or so he would radio his fellow-planes "Am in right spiral and going out of control." But he would get control again, and fly on for an hour or so, and then radio again that he was spiraling out of control.

But somehow he made it home. He had to land without controls. He did wonderfully, but he didn't quite pull it off.

The plane hit at the end of the runway. The engines came hurtling out, on fire. The wings flew off and the great fuselage broke in two and went careening across the ground. And yet every man came out alive, even the wounded ones.

Two other crippled planes cracked up that night, too, on landing. It was not until late at night that the final tally was made, of known lost, and of missing.

But hardly was the last returning bomber down until a lone plane took off into the night and headed northward, to be in the area by dawn where the "ditchings" were reported. And the others, after their excited stories were told, fell wearily into bed.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

FOR YEARS, the help-at Baker's restaurant in the Board of Trade building has been complaining about the restaurant kitchen ventilating system. The kitchen is in the basement, and there is a big pipe that leads from a hood over the stoves, up to the roof. Every morning, for years, someone has turned on an electric fan, up on the roof. It was supposed to draw the smoke and food odors up to the roof, but it never seemed to work properly.

Yesterday, tired of hearing complaints, a building serviceman took a look at the fan, and found the trouble. The blades of the fan were reversed, so they were blowing air into the restaurant instead of out of it. He reversed the blades, and the suction nearly sucked the cook's caps off. Manager F. C. Baker said he didn't think the fan had been touched since it was installed 20 years ago. "Do you want to hear my comment?" he asked a customer. Without waiting for a reply, he added: "John Sap had many sons."

Mrs. E. Keating asks for information: "Having resided in your fair city the last three years, I still am unable to have explained the Hoosier pronunciation of the name 'Mayer.' Hoosiers pronounce it 'Meyer,' while in Chicago it's pronounced just as it is spelled." There doesn't seem to be any explanation. It just happens that most—not all—the families here with that name choose to pronounce it "Meyer." Just like the different pronunciations of some other names, such as Mueller. Some families pronounce it "Miller." Others give it the long U sound.

Watch Your \$2 Bills

PROBABLY THE last place you'd look for anything of a sentimental nature would be in the Indianapolis Clearing House bulletin which goes to its bank members. But you might be surprised if you saw

something like this:

"I am seeking nothing of the

value of the