

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

(Continued From Page One)

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."

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

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 miraculously got back when it wasn't in the cards for them at all. He 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 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 disappeared. 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 disappeared.

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THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO IDENTIFY THE BODIES FOR A BURIAL—

Buchanans Learn How Vernon Met Death

TODAY the family of 2d Lt. Vernon C. Buchanan knows the details of the death he felt was near as he flew the skies over the Philippines.

Word from his "buddies" has come through from the Pacific battlescarred islands.

His feeling of death prompted him to write an undated letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Buchanan, 2437 Stuart st.

IN IT he said he hoped it never would be delivered. It would mean he was missing or dead.

The letter with words of thanks, praise and endearment for his folks, his six sisters and his sweetheart arrived Feb. 5. The war department telegram came that afternoon. "Missing in action."

Since that has come the more dread phrase, "killed in action."

THE LETTER, signed "Eternally your son, Vernon," was printed in full in the Feb. 12 issue of The Times.

The heart of Indiana went out to the Buchanans. A shower of 122 cards, letters and wires were brought to the door. Several long distance telephone calls and countless local ones were received.



City Fireman Wilbur Buchanan sits alone in the kitchen of engine house 12, at 339 N. Sherman dr., and reads the details of his son's death in the fiery skies of the Philippines.

FROM Cpl. Walter Backer of New Jersey: "Vernon was buried by the plane."

"Butch," as we called him, absolutely was the nicest and best mannered person I've met in my life. Had I a brother, I would never have hoped for a better one."

NO, THEY HAVEN'T A SINGLE BIG, RED FIRE ENGINE—

OCD Dying, But Resents Being Pushed

By GWEN MORGAN

United Press Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The office of civilian defense knows that—thanks to the way the war's going—it is slowly dying. But it is a little sensitive about being pushed over the brink.

Especially when the people pushing just want to get the big red fire engines which they think it owns but which it really doesn't.

Lt. Gen. William Haskell, OCD director, said today that although his agency is dying "slowly and surely," it ought not to give up the ghost until the war is won in both Europe and Asia.

He added that the OCD doesn't have a single big red fire engine to its name.

THE OCD's difficulties with people who want to hurry it into eternity stem partly from the fact, Haskell said, that practice blackouts are a thing of the past.

The OCD has announced that it doesn't expect any air raid alerts from now on unless they are the real thing.

In case, for example, the enemy manages to get over a small sneak attack, or perhaps a buzz-bomb or two.

PEOPLE still think of the OCD exclusively in terms of air raid protection, Haskell said, although it has other essential functions.

He added that he is going to ask congress soon for another appropriation. The sum, he said, will be \$779,000, "much smaller" than last year's, which was only one-sixth of 1943's.

Rep. John Taber (R. N. Y.) charged recently that the OCD was "hanging on to" more than \$500,000 worth of fire trucks and other fire fighting equipment. He urged the agency's immediate liquidation.

ALL such buildings still must maintain an interior shelter which may be blacked out in case of a sneak raid.

THE OCD does other things, too. For example, it functions as a watch dog for the war department against fire, sabotage and other hazards in critical war areas, Haskell said, and the army wants it to keep on doing so.

It periodically inspects war plants in co-operation with state fire marshals. It has "helped out" in some 500 "natural disasters."

HASKELL said OCD is constantly reducing its belongings through sale or transfer of surplus property. Last year its inventory declined from \$50,000,000 to \$33,000,000.

It has transferred to the army 1000 fire pumps and declared thousands of beds surplus.

It has asked 2800 communities to report any equipment considered no longer necessary for protection.

HASKELL said he thought personal items like helmets, whistles, gas masks and shoulder bands should be given as mementoes, in line with a bill by Rep. Bernard W. (Pat) Kearney (R. N. Y.) to the OCD's 6,000,000 voluntary defense workers.

"Anyway," Haskell said, "it would cost more to collect, store and sell these items than they would bring."

What Haskell wants for OCD, in short, is "an orderly demise."

HE ADDED that acting union President George F. Addes had brought the entire subject to the attention of Senator James E. Murray (D. Mont.) and Rep. Mary Norton (D. N. J.), chairman of the senate and house labor committees.

The board ordered the hearing late yesterday after strikers at the Chrysler-Dodge plant nearly mobbed their own union leaders while rejecting all back-to-work pleas.

Those summoned before the board include union International Vice President Walter Reuter, who was booed from a platform while proposing that the strike be terminated.

Company officials summoned to the hearing include Norman Mathews, national Chrysler director, and his assistant, Joseph Rubin.

Vaughn, Wounded At Leyte, Is Home

SGT. KENNETH E. VAUGHN, 24-year-old son of Mrs. Helen J. Vaughn, 3829 Salem ave., has been returned to this country after having been wounded in action at Leyte.

Member of a rifle company of the 7th Infantry division, Sgt. Vaughn also participated in the Guam operation last summer. He has been presented with the combat infantryman badge for exemplary conduct against the enemy. His father, L. S. Vaughn, lives at Greencastle.

Dr. Leo L. Thelan, Elgin, Ill., 3d marine medical battalion, is in charge of the hospital.

BACK AGAIN at the transport, I was amazed at the military installations which have mushroomed on the beachhead.

Mortar shells were falling 100 yards away across the open airstrip.

Then the shelling stopped, and we took off smoothly out over the armada of American ships riding at anchor.

We climbed up through the frosty air until Iwo Jima, the island of dust and blood and courage and death, was only a memory.

THE GREAT PLOT . . . By William H. Stoneman

Belgian Blamed in Mixup Of British and U. S. Flags

LONDON, March 3.—The great "Union Jack versus Stars and Stripes" incident moved to its climax today.

The "great plot" by the British to insult our national banner was probably nothing but the error of an enthusiastic Belgian, it was discovered.

The "culprit" didn't even know the top of the union jack from the bottom.

It all started with the publication in the New York Times of a photograph showing the Union Jack flying above the Stars and Stripes on a flagpole in Antwerp-Belgium.

Angry letters poured into the editor. So the matter was duly called to the attention of the British government.

The British at first refused to believe that the Americans were seriously worried. When they discovered that the Americans were—in fact, sore as a bull—they started to investigate.

The first thing they noticed was that the photograph showed the Union Jack flying upside down.

Then, when the military authorities looked into the business, they discovered that the flagpole in question was located atop Antwerp's lone skyscraper, which is occupied by Belgian civilian offices.

"It seems certain," states the military investigator in his reply to London, "that the flags were hoisted by Belgians."

As the British heaved a sigh and prepared to forget what seemed to them a pretty petty business, anyway, in came the mail with the Dec. 30 issue of the Saturday Evening Post with bigger and fancier reproductions of the same photo all over its front page.

"Does this Union Jack flying high above the hard-won port of Antwerp show which way the wind is blowing in Belgium?" asks the caption meaningfully.

"It'll bite," was the reply of one British flier. "Does it?"

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How Much Rent For Easy Chair?

SAN DIEGO, Cal., March 3 (U. P.).—The OPA today pondered a new question, one of the many headaches arising from the housing shortage in war-packed San Diego.

Just what should be the ceiling price for overnight or weekly rental of easy chairs in private homes?

The "chair rental" business came to light when a woman telephoned OPA headquarters to find out if she was required to register when renting chairs in her home to transients or steady customers.

"I charge \$15 a month because the easy chair tenant has no other place to stay," she reported.

Labor Claims Plot To Discredit Bargaining

WASHINGTON, March 3 (U. P.).—The United Auto Workers (C. I. O.) today accused Chrysler Corp. officials of seeking to destroy their union by "deliberately" provoking workers to strike in the hope of discrediting the whole process of collective bargaining.

Richard T. Frankenstein, union vice president, asked the war labor board to investigate what he called a "conspiracy . . . to undermine the U. A. W.-C. I. O., the WLB and the national war effort."

In particular he asked the WLB to subpoena John W. Scoville, Chrysler Corp. economist, whom he quoted in a speech before the Kiwanis club of Detroit last August as saying:

"It is probable that public sentiment will change in regard to collective bargaining. As industrial turmoil increases, more and more people will see the evils generated by collective bargaining, and we should look forward to the time when all Federal-labor laws will be repealed."

FRANKENSTEIN charges were contained in a statement prepared for the WLB's show-cause hearing called to determine why 13,600 auto workers were on strike at Chrysler's Dodge plant in Detroit.

The WLB, summoning both company and union officials to the hearing, termed the strike "in flagrant disregard" of labor's no strike pledge.

Several thousand workers at a Briggs Fig. Co. plant in Detroit are also on strike, but none of the officials of this company were called to the hearing. Union officials summoned represent workers in both plants. In both cases strikers are protesting disciplinary discharges of fellow workers.

FRANKENSTEIN charges that since Scoville's alleged speech the Chrysler Corp. had repeatedly ignored or violated established grievance machinery.

"In the instant case," he said, "the corporation ordered the dismissal of seven employees in violation of the union contract, and in violation of established grievance machinery."

Urging the board to call Scoville for questioning, Frankenstein also suggested a "thorough investigation" of the labor relations policies of the whole Chrysler Corp.

HE ADDED that acting union President George F. Addes had brought the entire subject to the attention of Senator James E. Murray (D. Mont.) and Rep. Mary Norton (D. N. J.), chairman of the senate and house labor committees.

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We, the Women What Would You Do With Four Million?

By RUTH MILLETT

GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCIO, who recently became mistress of a fortune of nearly four and a half million dollars, has had a lot of bad publicity in the last few years, and consequently a lot of private criticism.

But the other day in a Midwestern city when a newspaper reporter questioned a group of young women who were about her age on what they would do with the much money if they had it, they didn't come through with any answers that would put Gloria to shame.

THEY TALKED about big cars, travel, the best in clothes, servants. Some even admitted that they would immediately quit their jobs.

And the very best any of them did was to say they would continue with their studies. But Gloria is apparently doing that much, for she is going on with her art work.

It is easy to criticize what wealthy people do with their money. It is easy to jump on them for their mistakes, to blame them for not knowing or caring how the other half lives, to ridicule them for their extravagances.

BUT WHAT if you had the money yourself? How would you spend it? On some practical plan for the good of humanity?

Or, like these typical working girls and service wives interviewed in the middle West, would the first thought be all the personal comforts and luxuries money would buy for you?

Figure that out before you get upset over the way the girl like Gloria live and spend their fortunes.

World of Science By David Dietz

YOUR POST-WAR CLOTHES may be fashioned from peanuts, egg albumen, milk, chicken feathers, blood serum and pumpkin seeds among other things. All of these substances yield proteins which can be spun into fibers.

The best known protein fiber now in use is a purely synthetic one that could be made from coal, air and water, but is manufactured more simply from intermediate organic compounds. Yes, we're talking about nylon.

Chemists everywhere are thinking in terms of a protein fiber that would rival nylon; and some of the other substances from which fibers have been spun recently include soybeans, a soft yellow protein known as zein which is obtained from Indian corn, a protein from wheaten gluten known as gliadin, and collagen, an albuminoid which occurs in bones, cartilage and connective tissue.

It may seem strange to the laymen to think of turning to such things as bones and blood for the raw materials for clothing fibers. However, man has long made use of furs and leather for articles of clothing and there is no good reason why the protein wastes of the packing industry should not be turned into thread if it is possible.

New Fibers Promising

IN A REPORT to the American Chemical Society, Milton Harris and G. B. Frankenberg of Washington, D. C., say that the new fibers which appear to hold the greatest promise are those made from the casein of milk, the soybean, the peanut and zein.

There are now a number of such water-repellent finishes that are sufficiently permanent to withstand numerous launderings or dry cleanings.

THESE RESEARCHES were encouraged by the army and navy who were determined to make Uncle Sam's fighters the best dressed soldiers and sailors in the history of the world.

Military demands have called for fabrics that would be equally good in Arctic snows and jungle storms. Fabrics were wanted that would be resistant to fire, water, weather of all types, insects, mildew and rot.

These developments, many of them still in the category of war secrets, are expected to have a profound influence on civilian clothes in the years after the war.

The war has put particular demands upon nylon and as a result the civilian will find many superior nylon fibers at his disposal when the war is over.

A particularly important war development has been the production of materials that give fabrics a water-repellent surface without clogging the pores. The result is a comfortable garment since perspiration can evaporate at a normal rate.

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Mr. Wallace was confirmed as secretary of commerce yesterday by the senate, and so his views as set forth in his book are important to the people of this country.

I have an amusing letter from someone taking me to task for saying that the education of returning veterans must be considered on a grade and high school level as well as on the college level.

My correspondent seems to think that by choice I am insisting that those who wish to go through college shall be kept down. The point is that over 60 per cent of the men in the services have not finished grade school or high school, and therefore before they have any other opportunity they will have to have this type of school training.

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