

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

In addition to Ernie Pyle's story which appears here today, we will print several others which we have just received from Okinawa. We believed he would have wanted us to. As a great reporter, a great newspaperman and a great person, he would have wanted his stories to go through, despite his tragic death.

OKINAWA (By Navy Radio).—Now I've seen my first Jap soldiers in their native state—that is, before capture. But not for long, because the boys, or my company captured them quicker than a wink.

It was mid-forenoon and we had just reached our bivouac area after a march of an hour and a half. The boys threw off their packs, sat down on the ground, and took off their helmets to mop their perspiring foreheads.

We were in a small grassy spot at the foot of a hill. Most of these hillsides have caves and have household stuff hidden in them. They are a rich field for souvenir hunters. And all marines are souvenir hunters.

So immediately two of our boys, instead of resting, started up through the brush, looking for caves and souvenirs. They had gone about 50 yards when one of them yelled.

"There's a Jap soldier under this bush."

We didn't get too excited for most of us figured he meant it dead Jap. But three or four of the boys got up and went up the hill. A few moments later somebody yelled again.

"Hey, here's another one. They're alive and they've got rifles."

Japs Too Scared to Move

SO THE BOYS went at them in earnest. The Japs were lying under two bushes. They had their hands up over their ears and were pretending to be asleep.

The marines surrounded the bushes and, with guns pointing, they ordered the Japs out. But the Japs were too scared to move. They just lay there, breathing heavily.

The average Jap soldier would have come out shooting. But, thank goodness, these were of a different stripe. They were so petrified the marines had to go into the bushes, lift them by the shoulders and throw them out in the open.

My contribution to the capture consisted of standing to one side looking as mean as I could.

One Jap was small, and about 30 years old. The other was just a kid of 16 or 17, but good-sized and well built. The kid had the rank of superior private

and the other was a corporal. They were real Japanese from Japan, not the Okinawan home guard.

They were both trembling all over. The kid's face turned a sickly white. Their hands shook. The muscles in the corporal's jaw were twitching. The kid was so paralyzed he couldn't even understand sign language.

We don't know why those two Japs didn't fight. They had good rifles and potato-masher hand grenades. They could have stood behind their bushes and heaved grenades into our tightly packed group and got themselves two dozen casualties easily.

Sweating Like an Ox

THE MARINES took their arms. One marine tried to direct the corporal in handbook Japanese, but the fellow couldn't understand.

The scared kid just stood there, sweating like an ox. I guess he thought he was dead. Finally we sent them back to the regiment.

The two marines who flushed these Japs were Corp. Jack Ossege of Silver Grove, Ky., across the river from Cincinnati and Pfc. Lawrence Bennett of Port Huron, Mich.

Okihawa was the first blitz for Bennett and this was the first Jap soldier he'd ever seen. He is 30 years old, married and has a baby girl. Back home he was a freight dispatcher.

The Jap corporal had a metal photo holder like a cigarette case. In it were photos which we took to be of three Japanese movie stars. They were good looking, and everybody had to have a look.

Ossege had been through one Pacific blitz, but this was the first Jap he ever took alive. As an old hand, he was a freight dispatcher.

That rifle was the envy of everybody, later when we were sitting around, discussing the capture, the other boys tried to buy or trade him out of it. Pop Taylor, the black-whiskered corporal from Jackson, Mich., offered Ossege \$100 for the rifle.

The answer was no. Then Taylor offered four quarts of whisky, the answer still was no. Then he offered eight quarts. Ossege weakened a little. He said "Where would you get eight quarts of whisky?" Pop said he had no idea. So Ossege kept the rifle.

So there you have my first two Japs. And I hope my future Japs will all be as tame as these two. But I doubt it.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

THE WATER CO. reservoir near Oaklawn is becoming increasingly popular with fishermen, picnickers and just plain nature lovers. Nature Study club members find it an ideal place for spotting birds. Several hundred ducks and a few geese are among the reservoir's inhabitants.

Recently, there were at least 100 fishermen standing on the banks of the reservoir, patiently waiting for nibbles. They weren't catching anything but small ones, but that didn't matter—they were fishing and that's what counted most. There are a few good-sized fish in the lake, but they seem to hang around the dam, where no fishing is allowed. . . . It might surprise you to know that Indiana has quite a sizeable deer population. Outdoor Indiana for April carries an article by William B. Barnes, project leader for the Pittman-Robertson wildlife research Project 2-R, reporting on the results of a survey conducted last year. The survey disclosed an estimated 1200 white-tailed deer in the state, an increase of 300 over the number tallied the preceding year. Most of the deer are in the south central counties. But three counties adjoining Marion county—Hamilton, Morgan and Johnson—have herds. Mr. Barnes says deer were reported in 35 of the state's 92 counties.

Just Use Stove Polish

BERNICE FISSELL, who works in selective service headquarters, got a letter from her husband, John, who is with the 34th division in the Philippines, saying he had just been promoted to lieutenant colonel. Naturally, she was delighted. But then arose the problem what to do about the military emblem she wears. It had a major's gold leaf on it. "Nothing to it," said Mrs. Spellman, who also works at the headquarters. Sheupon took the ornament, polished it with stove polish until the gold disappeared from the leaf, leaving it with the proper silver finish.

America Flies

By Max B. Cook

POWERFUL ARMY and navy air forces, an adequate private aircraft industry, economically sound private domestic and foreign air commerce, utilizing the technical progress of the armed services to reduce operating costs, improve service and thus recover the costs of air force technical progress.

Develop Airports

"4. DEVELOP A SYSTEM of airports, airways, aids to navigation and facilities for the use of the air forces, air commerce and expanded private flying designed to improve the utility of the airplane.

"5. Encourage young men and women to study aeronautics, learn to fly and acquire the spirit and traditions of aviation."

Wilson, also vice chairman of United Aircraft Corp., points out that "we have seen that leadership in the field need be no physical burden, but rather, an investment.

"Possession by the United States of the greatest air power," he adds, "imposes upon it the major responsibility for world peace. The United States' superiority had its origin in the American philosophy of freedom. It developed through the democratic process of co-operation. This new medium of transport and communication under wise leadership is capable of keeping the peace and helping to bring abundance to the peoples of the world. The airplane is at once the symbol and the embodiment of human freedom and can hold high freedom's torch. We Americans face the challenge to make air power synonymous with peace."

1. Maintain the army and navy air forces at the strength and technical proficiency necessary to preclude a successful assault on ourselves or our possessions.

Encourage Private Industry

"2. FACILITATE THE GROWTH of an adequate aircraft manufacturing industry through a planned air force replacement and development program working through engineering competition calculated to promote technical leadership and provide the capacity for emergency expansion."

My Day

WASHINGTON, Friday.—There is always a certain emotional strain about the last time for anything. When you have lived 12 years in a house, even though you have always known that it belonged to the nation, you grow fond of the house itself, and fonder still of all the people connected with your life in that house.

Yesterday, the President and Mrs. Truman and Miss Truman here with us, and, from then on, I began to do "last things." At 4 o'clock, I greeted the members of my press conference for the last time in this house, though I hope as a co-worker to see many of them often in the future.

Afterwards I said goodbye to a number of people, and then we sat down to our last dinner here. We were just a family party, including Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Miss Thompson, and our old friend, Mrs. Henry Ostrager.

I have always looked out at the Washington monument from my bedroom window the last thing at night, and the little red light at the top of it has twinkled at me in friendly fashion.

That simple shaft, so tall and straight, has often made me feel during this war that, if Washington could be steadfast through Valley Forge, we could be steadfast today in spite of anxiety and sorrow.

Now, I have spent my last night in the White House. I have had my last breakfast on the sun

porch. And all today, I shall be saying goodbye to different people who have been loyal and kind and have given all that they could for the success of my husband's administration or for the comfort and welfare of us all as a family. Yet I cannot feel that it is goodbye for, when you are fond of people, you are sure to meet again.

I wonder if others have been thinking, as I have, of the rather remarkable way in which our people and our government have passed through this major period of change. Ordinarily, when there is a change of administration, there is a period between election and inauguration during which the outgoing President and his family prepare for their departure, while the incoming President and his family prepare to assume their new responsibilities.

Never before has a sudden change of Presidents come about during a war. Yet, from the time that Mr. Truman, followed closely by Secretary of State Stettinius walked into my sitting room and I told them of my husband's death, everything has moved in orderly fashion.

There was consternation and grief but, at the same time, courage and confidence in the ability of this country and its people to back new leaders and to carry through the objectives to which the people have pledged themselves.

That this attitude established itself so quickly is a tribute to President Truman, to the members of the cabinet, and to the congress. But above all, it is a tribute to the people as a whole and it reaffirms our confidence in the future.

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WORLD ORDER OR WORLD WAR III?... By William Philip Simms

Where U. S. Stands—The Record Is Clear

The United Nations conference at San Francisco begins next Wednesday. This is the last of six articles highlighting the background.

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21.—There are those who say that, in collective security, the United States has lagged behind.

That is not true. Our record in international co-operation shows it is not true.

The late President Roosevelt . . . took the lead in his first inaugural address March 4, 1933.

"In the field of world policy," he said even in those days of unparalleled economic difficulties at home, "I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor . . . the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements with us in a world of good neighbors."

THAT SOUNDED a note and set a standard from which neither he nor the nation has wavered from that day to this. International co-operation became the foundation of the world structure which he died trying to create. And the American people wholeheartedly supported his endeavors.

Here are some of his pronouncements down through the years, pronouncements which today are a sort of last will and testament, words of admonition from the tomb for the guidance of the statesmen at San Francisco.

IT IS USELESS to win battles," he said in October, 1942, "if the cause for which we fight these battles is lost. It is useless to win a war unless it stays won."

AND THIS in 1942: "There comes a time in the affairs of men when they must prepare to defend, not their homes alone, but the tenets of faith and humanity on which their churches, their governments and their very civilization are founded . . . No nation can be safe in its will to peace so long as any other powerful nation remains at peace."

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AS THE war progressed, President Roosevelt became more and more impressed by the tragedy of the

sacrifices, unless a just and enduring peace would result.

"It would be inconceivable," he said in January, 1943, ". . . it would indeed be sacrilegious—if this nation and the world did not attain some real, lasting good out of all these efforts and sufferings and bloodshed and death."

And so, just six weeks before his sudden passing—and almost as if he had a premonition that he might not be here to say it in person—he uttered what might well be a special warning to the United Nations envoys now converging on the Golden Gate.

"For the second time in the lives of most of us," he observed in his Crimean report, "this generation is face to face with the objective of preventing wars . . . The nations of the world will either have plans or they will not."

BUT IN any event, he said, "The groundwork has now been furnished you for discussion and decision . . . No plan is perfect."

Whatever is adopted at San Francisco will doubtless have to be amended and time again over the years just as our own Constitution has."

Again and again he warned against perfectionism. The good should not be cast aside because the better is unattainable.

"We are not fighting for . . . a Utopia," he declared last October. "So in embarking on the building of a world-fellowship, we have set ourselves a long and arduous task, a task which will challenge our patience, our intelligence, our imagination as well as our faith."

AND IN all this, the President was not alone. By votes in Congress, by national polls and in countless other ways it has been demonstrated that the nation stands solidly behind his pledges.

And on the best possible authority—his own—it can likewise be said that President Truman, in the field of foreign policy, has dedicated the nation to the same lofty principles.

ON the eve of the conference, therefore, no one can possibly be under the slightest misapprehension as to where America stands.

THE END

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But, he reminded (Nov. 4, 1944), "No less than war must offer a spirit of comradeship, of achievement, a spirit of unselfishness and indomitable will to victory . . . and we must wage it (the struggle) in

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