

Borneo Landing

By Lee G. Miller

ABOARD AN LCI OFF TARAKAN, Borneo, May 1 (Delayed)—If anybody had told me six months ago that I'd be setting foot on the soil of Borneo today, I'd have thought him daffy.

This morning I set not only foot but elbows, knees and torso. Four of us reporters, who had come down to these waters together, were assigned to a PT boat by Adm. Russell S. Berkley, commander of a task force supporting a landing on Tarakan Island by elements of an Aussie division. Brig. Gen. Earl Barnes of the 13th air force came along for company.

Scuttlebutt about midget Jap submarines and unswept mines gave an air of excitement to our swift journey from our cruiser to the command ship carrying Rear Adm. Forrest Royal, commander of the whole task group, and the Australian commander in charge of ground operations.

The PT paused a while on the way to watch our warships pitch in shells, and rockets and to see Aussie B-24s lay beautifully accurate strings of bombs along the left flank of our landings. We had seen the first waves of small boats and amphibious trucks creep into the smoking shore and disgorge "Digger" troops with no apparent opposition.

Columns of smoke and large fires were visible. The offshore-area was dotted with warships, assault transports and small craft.

20 Minutes to Go

ON BOARD the command ship while I was talking with the Australian commander, he passed the word for a third battalion to join the two already ashore. He said he was going in himself in 20 minutes.

"Where are you going to land?" I asked him. "I think alongside that southermost dock," he said, pointing through the murky haze and orienting me by a pillar of smoke. "The dock itself seems to be breached here and there."

So we returned to our PT and I explained the situation to the PT squadron commander, Lt. John W. Lt. (j.g.) Ben Stephens, of Ohio. They were delighted. "We haven't had a chance before to get in so Morrison, West Englewood, N. J., and to the skipper, close on a landing," Morrison explained, although during the night his PTs had been patrolling inshore.

MR. AND MRS. A. F. SIGLER have decided that all these people on the far east side who ween and wall because they can't get garden space don't really want to garden—merely want to talk about it. An item Wednesday mentioning that they were

willing to provide garden space on E. 18th st. just east of Arlington brought only two calls—one from an applicant for garden space, the other from a man wanting the job of plowing it. . . . One of my agents reports that an elderly woman, apparently a bit near-sighted, was passing Thompson's restaurant, next door to Keith's, and saw her own reflection in the full length mirror before the door. Mistaking her reflection for someone else, she stopped and asked her reflection a question. She repeated it and then, still getting no answer, went on her way. . . . Harold Holland, chief engineer of WEFM, is pretty good when it comes to things electrical. But apparently his skill doesn't apply to clocks. Fellow workers report that he just can't keep the electric clock in his office running right. It always seems to be either 10 minutes slow or a half-hour fast. . . . Eddie Moriarity, a pressman for The Times, heard that there was a cigarette line at Ayres'. Hurrying up there on his lunch hour, he found a fine in the basement and got in it. As he got up near the counter, the clerk said: "That's all there is. No more Kleenex." "Hey, where's the cigarettes?" asked Eddie. "Oh, they're upstairs," the clerk said. But his lunch hour was up and Eddie had to go back to work.

The Bird Is Smart

A YEAR AGO, a silly robin made its nest over the rafters of a driveway pergola at the G. H. Rosse home, 420 E. 48th st. There being no roof, the poor bird was entirely at the mercy of the elements, so Mr. Rosse constructed a roof for the nest out of shingles. This year the same robin (they're sure it's the same one) showed up and gave evidence of having learned its lesson. Instead of building its nest outdoors, it chose the Rossebo garage. They left the door open, so the bird could get in and out for food and water and eventually the eggs hatched. The mother

to keep the Japs from replacing the beach barriers blown down the day before by Aussie engineers under cover of shelling, strafing and a smoke screen.

So, we moved in.

The dock looked stable enough, and the PT couldn't go clear in to shore anyway, so we clambered onto the dock and started walking ashore.

But soon we came to a breach some yards wide. The timbers were gone, but twin oil pipe lines remained. I can't swim and I didn't relish doing a tightwreath act along those slippery looking pipes. But the others started across and I found myself nervously following. I made it all right—only to discover a longer breach beyond. I made that, and then there was a third breach twice as wide as the second.

I managed that, too, though my knees were shaking as the pipes swayed.

I Looked Easy

AFTER THAT it looked easy. Gen. Barnes and I were sauntering along the remaining stretch of pier when the whoosh of a shell—coming from inland and passing low over our heads into the water beyond—revealed to us exactly what that phrase "negligible opposition" signifies.

"Leave us get ashore," I said, finding a voice somewhere.

Our time for the distance wasn't recorded, but it was only a few seconds before I was throwing myself down among some crouching Aussies in a mass of greasy vegetation behind a Jap obstacle.

The shelling kept our heads down for some time. I had forgotten that Jerry Thorp of the Chicago Daily News and Sam Kinch of the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram were behind me in the crossing of that last breach in the pier.

Well, here came Jerry. It developed that he and Sam had just crossed the breach when Jap rifle fire got after them. They took a cue from a couple of Aussies and somehow or other got themselves under cover, clinging from timbers below the pier. When the rifle fire ceased Jerry extricated himself, but Sam, who is a big fellow, got stuck. An LCVP came along and took him aboard, and then a Jap machine gun opened up on the boat.

Eventually we all got aboard this vessel, bruised a little and some of us green-stained from the flora of Borneo.

It was my first landing. And that'll be enough for this week.

bird came out the other day, accompanied by four young birds. Who says birds can't learn? . . . Mrs. H. R. Weiss, 419 Alton ave., offers a solution of the alarm clock shortage: "My son, Robert R. Weiss, who lives in a second-floor apartment. He has no clock. So when he wants to know the time he taps twice on the ceiling with a broom, and an alarm clock is lowered from the third floor to his window. He looks at it, jerks the string, and back it goes. When the boys on the first floor want to know the time, they tap three times on their ceiling, and the boy on the second floor does the same on his ceiling. The clock is then lowered on the string, down to the first floor window." Ingenious, the sailors!

Just Like the Weather

ARE YOU SATISFIED with the present calendar?

I was, up until the postman brought me a copy of the Journal of Calendar Reform. A neat pamphlet, published by the World Calendar Association, it reveals the vagaries of the present Gregorian calendar. The latter is described as a "vacillating planless outline of time." The journal points out that our calendar always is different from year to year, the quarters are of unequal length, months begin and end on different week days—to mention a few of its faults. The proposed world calendar is based on a year of 364 days, because that number is more easily divisible than 365. Divide 364 by four and you get 91 days—13 weeks—to the quarter. Each month would have 26 week days, plus Sundays. Each year would start on Sunday, Jan. 1, and the business year on Monday, Jan. 2—and end on a Saturday. The 365th day, a holiday, would be known as December W, being inserted between Saturday, Dec. 30, and Sunday, Jan. 1. It would be an extra Saturday. The occasional leap year would be taken care of the same way, becoming June W. Holidays always would fall on the same date. For instance, Christmas would be on Monday, Dec. 25; Thanksgiving, Thursday, Nov. 23; Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 4, and probably the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln would be combined on the week-end of Feb. 11. And the chances are, adoption of the new calendar would be accepted as an opportunity to place Easter on a fixed date, a goal sought by several church groups. Well, the idea of a new calendar probably is in the same category as the weather: Lots of people talk about it, but no one ever does anything about it.

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Members of Committee

Hoagy Carmichael, composer and Indiana university alumnus; Wilbur E. Cogshall, Louisville Courier-Journal; Dale Cox, International Harvester Co., Chicago, and classmate of Pyle; Brown K. Elliott, Boston insurance executive.

Donations Received

Among those who have sent in

donations to the Pyle memorial to President Wells are Booth

Tarkington, Will H. Hays, Adm. Jonas Ingram, Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, John T. McCutcheon

and other noted Hoosiers.

Indorsements with accompanying contributions also have been received by the Indiana University Foundation from a number of men and women who knew the war correspondent only through his writings.

Members on the fund's national committee, which is still incom-

plete, are Howard Allen, New

York; George A. Ball, Muncie;

Charles A. Beale, editor of the La Porte Herald-Argus; and Pyle's first employer, Joseph

Beebe, Indianapolis News; Claude

Bronchecker, American Press association, New York.

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Richard J. Finnegan, Chicago

Times; W. Steel Gilmore, Detroit

News; Stuart Gorrell, New York;

Will H. Hays, New York; James A.

Stuart, Indianapolis Star; George

W. Healey, New Orleans Times-Picayune; Don Herold, New York;

Maj. Gen. Hershey, Adm. Ingram;

Harijan Logan, editor of Look

magazine, New York.

Also John T. McCutcheon, Chi-

ago Tribune; Paul V. McNutt,

Washington; Mr. Tarkington;

Donald W. Thorburn, Colum-

bia Broadcasting System, Los An-

geles; Mark Trueblood, Los Angeles; Basil

Walters, Chicago Daily News; Roy

B. White, president, Baltimore &

& Ohio railroad, Baltimore; Judge

Ora L. Wildermuth, Gary,

H. Frederick Willkie, Joseph

E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville.

IT IS CERTAIN, though, that the army and Ford are right in halting production of Liberators there as quickly as they can. To go on making any sort of munition after the need for it has ended, merely to maintain jobs, would be a grave mistake.

It would add useless waste of

manpower, materials and money to

the perhaps unavoidable waste already gone down the drain of war.

LET'S HOPE that Willow Run is an exception—that productive peacetime uses will be found for a great majority of the war plants on which the government has spent billions upon billions.

And that rapid reconversion, made possible by co-operation between government and industry, will provide productive peace-time jobs for workers whose war jobs are nearing their end.

Now It Can Be Told: U. S. Did Hold Back

Leaving Berlin to Reds Saved Lives

By CLINTON B. CONGER

United Press Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. 9TH ARMY IN

GERMANY, April 24 (Delayed by Censor)—The 9th army was on the march to Berlin on April 15 when it suddenly got orders to halt.

13, the date of that false report,

the most advanced elements of the

9th were not more than 3000 yards

east of the Elbe.

The 5th armored division, closest

unit to Potsdam, was 46 miles east

from there and it had not yet

crossed the Elbe.

The 2d armored division was bat-

tling to keep the bridgehead it

later lost south of Magdeburg, 61

miles from Potsdam, to meet the Russians.

THE 83D infantry division was

just forming its Darby bridgehead.

It then was 56 miles from Pots-

dam, and today with that bridge-

head expanded and consolidated it

is still 52 miles away.

On April 15, Gen. Omar N.

Bradley, 12th army group com-

mander, got the new orders. Lt.

Gen. William H. Simpson, 9th army

commander was with him at the

time.

Those new orders which came

from SHAEF said that the 9th

should not cross the Elbe, except

for the bridgehead the 83d division

already held. That bridgehead was

to be kept, but not expanded, unless

it proved too costly, in which case

it was to be abandoned.

THE ORDERS left no room for

loose interpretation.

(Here a substantial part of

Conger's dispatch was deleted by

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