

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT! BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

twingine times



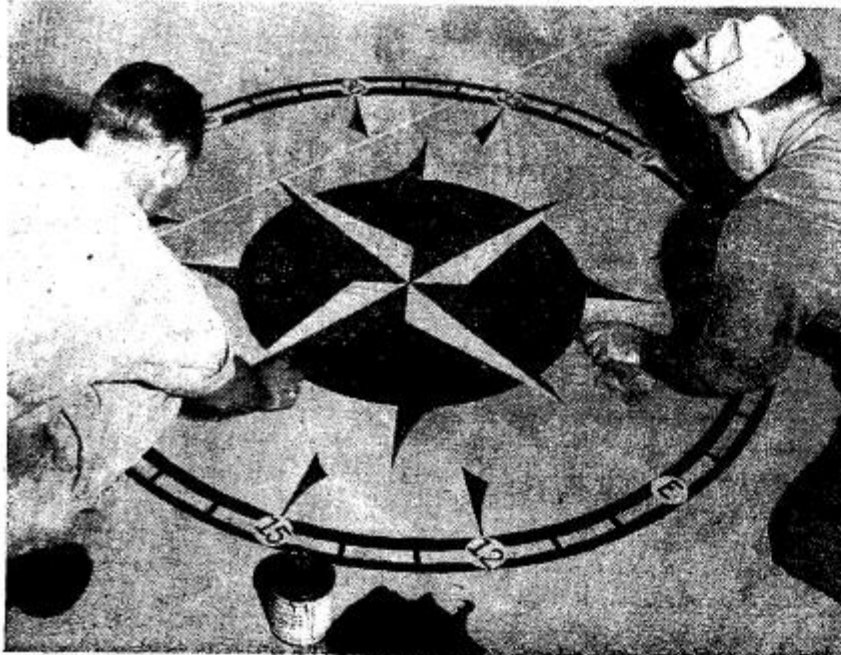
SEE PAGE FOUR FOR THRILLING STORY OF FLYER!

VOLUME LL. NO. 18

FREEMAN FIELD, SEYMOUR, IND.

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1944

Did You Ever See... a "compass rose?" Well now you're looking at one. The purpose of the rose is to help the cadet get a mental picture of compass headings and direction of flight. Painted on the floor of the Link Trainer building, it gives the cadets an opportunity to memorize the numbers and their positions, so that they may carry an image of it while flying. The art work was done by two of the enlisted men in the Link unit, and though they are unrecognizable from the rear they are. Pvt. Edwin J. Reilly and Sgt. Carl Cernik.



NCO's Vote 'Em In As 250 Jam Club

Wizard Coming

Did you ever know all the wizardry that is possible with electricity? If you never have seen a shadow shake hands with itself, a toy train that moves at a spoken command, or a bulb that is lighted with a match, the General Electric "House of Magic" show will edify and delight you on July 17, when it comes to the Post Theater for an hour and half show.

Watch for further details next week.

New High In Vote For Its President

Freeman's bi-annual NCO election was held Thursday night June 29, amid much merrymaking and shouts from the floor. Two hundred and fifty voters, the largest election crowd, came to jam the club, held court in their own manner as they re-elected T/Sgt. Frank Masterson to the office of president and swept in with him T/Sgt. Dats G. Murdock as vice-president.

T/Sgt. Radian, dark horse in the presidential race, was shot out somewhat, as voting proceeded to indicate that Masterson was going to do it again. Voting was done in the "head vote" manner, which is the standing ballot method. The voters simply rise to their feet indicating their choice after the name of the candidate is called.

New Proposal

Immediately after the election, Sgt. Mel Dilliplane proposed a bill that has been under discussion for many months. Reduction of non-coms has been a boiling volcano, and Sgt. Dilliplane held his nose and jumped into the cauldron. The general idea was that the sums should be reduced to five dollars, where previously there was a maximum of ten dollars.

It goes further in outline to propose that non-coms who have been at the field under six months would only have to pay three for membership.

The motion after being presented in all its facets was seconded, and the vote came through unanimously. Actually the end-in-mind of this decision was to build up the NCO club, since recent shipments have sorely depleted the membership roll.

Free beer was served all evening.

Letter From Sgt. Relates A Story Of Bomb Label

Last September, Capt. J. Y. Eberly of the Quartermaster here, bought a \$100 war bond, and signed his name to a sticker, which was to be placed on a bomb before it was shipped overseas.

Recently, the captain received the "bomb" label, which tells what happened to his Bomb-Bond.

New Guinea, June 9, 1944.

Dear Capt. Eberly:

I suppose you will be wondering who is writing you this letter. But it is just some sergeant in New Guinea, and I am taking time to let you know that the bomb you had packed with your name on the sticker has come over here.

It was loaded and went on a mission—and never returned. And the report that came back was very favorable. So that is one bomb you can score for our side. But will you make the bomb that will blast Tokio, then we'll all come home.

I remain, yours truly,
Sgt. R. H. Meyer

Rapidly Taking Shape, Our B-25 Has Captured The Hearts of Mechanics

Rapidly assuming recognizable shape under the skilled guidance of Pfc. "The Great" Robert Gallo, and Pvt. Jim Stamper, is the B-25 parked out in the Section H area.

In the past five weeks it has grown from boxes and bales until it is today about three quarters of an airplane. Though the wings and engines are not yet mounted, it has the definite semblance of a B-25, with its twin tail, and long sleek fuselage.

"Hard work and lots of it, plus a little coaxing in the form of wheedles and cussing has got us to where we are," one of the mechanics said as he wiped his brow with a greasy rag. It was so hot inside the fuselage one day that the men in there had others pouring cold water over them as they worked in their swimming trunks.

Meets Specifications

All replacement parts are government Air Corps specified, and though the plane will never actually fly it will readily pass a

men all over the country.

Peculiar Whimsy

When completely assembled only authorized personnel will be permitted on or near the quivering "25." Those who work on "her" feel that she is aching to take off, and further this sentimental notion by tying the wheels to posts in the ground. Its whimsical, yes, but the crew of mechanics feel that she is dying to get into the air once more.

Its main use however will be for ground operation instruction for cadets and flying officers. In addition classes will be held for enlisted clerks by Pfc. Gallo. It will be a practical course in engines and structure, and is planned to make up for a shortage of skilled mechanics.

Big Time Hook-Up Sends Post Radio Show To Hospital

The Base Hospital was treated to an unusual hour of entertainment last Tuesday afternoon, when the Special Service office

78,859 Dressings

Since its activation here at Freeman Field last May the Red Cross Volunteer workers have made 78,859 surgical dressings up to the end of May of this year for both the American Red Cross and the base hospital.

A moderately fast worker can roll a bandage a minute, which means between 150 and 200 bandages in the three hours of working time she donates weekly. Thus in one year, these women put in over 1,314 working hours with 60 bandages being made an hour.

Freeman Mothers Get Day Nursery For Children Care

With the building next to Chapel No. 1 selected, to house it, a day nursery under the auspices of the Freeman Women's Volunteer Branch, headed by Mrs. E. T. Rundquist, is expected to be in operation soon.

The building will be partitioned into two rooms. One room will be a quiet room, the other a play room. Both rooms will have hand painted motifs on the walls

Backstage At Freeman



"pre-flight" inspection. At the beginning it was seen that many small parts and fittings and tubings had not been included with the rest of the parts, so they were ordered from the machine shop at the sub-depot, and are coming along in a steady stream.

The exterior and interior of the cabins, bomb-bays and engine nacelles are virtually covered with names of persons who trained and worked in it. The under part of the bomb bay walls are filled with autographs of dozens of the crew, and seems to have been the main port-of-call for

broadcast a specially prepared program from the Service Club over a unique network. It reached the hospital in professional form, floating over ten loud speakers in the wards.

Written and directed by Cpl. Buddy Breeze, it was entitled "Rise and Shine", and followed the pattern of a whiz-bang variety show. Music was supplied by the 705th Army band under the direction of Sgt. Erwin Klocko. They opened the program with a couple of popular tunes and then relinquished the limelight to Cpl. (Continued on page 8, column 3)

The playroom will have games like hop scotch, painted in vivid colors right on the floor.

In addition, the playroom will have a small altar at one end, and Sunday School classes will be conducted. Open toy shelves will line the walls of both rooms at a low level, so that the children may select and put away their own playthings. Two long tables and benches, a sand table and an upright piano will also be in the playroom.

An icebox, money for curtains, lamps, toys, books will be do-



Freeman Falsies—are made in a little tucked away corner of the dental clinic at the Base Hospital. Major Marcus E. Miller, chief of the clinic is busy buzzin' at a nearly completed set of upper and lower plates. He estimates that an average of sixty-five sets are made a month—and the best materials go into each and every one. Called the Prosthetic Lab, this little room hums with the whirr of grinders, smells of waxes and synthetics.

TWINGINE TIMES

Freeman Field Seymour, Indiana

Published every Friday for the personnel of Freeman Field, A.A.F. Pilot School (Advanced Twin Engine), Seymour, Indiana, by Public Relations Office.

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All photographs, unless otherwise noted, are official Army Air Forces photos by the Air Forces Eastern Flying Training Command, Freeman Field, Ind.

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- Lt. Col. William N. Coxse Deputy for Adm. & Services
- Post Exchange Officers
- Lt. Leland Jackson Post Exchange Officer
- Lt. Susan J. Ferrigno Asst. Post Exchange Officer
- Public Relations Staff
- Capt. William F. Hartman, S/Sgt. E. Squitieri, Pvt. Albert Rachleff, Cpl. Helen Courtney.

THE CHAPLAIN CHATS

By CHAPLAIN HALL

After the last World War we hated war so much that we reduced our army and sank part of our navy. From the pulpits and in the class room we were taught that "He that takes up the sword must perish by the sword", so, applying this to ourselves we decided



Chaplain Hall

to stay at home and not take it up. Now that our generation is engaged in war we find conflicting emotions within, for those who taught us not to kill drafted us and told us that we must. The conflict within subsides when we realize that there are two ways of reading the above portion of scripture.

Read it this way: "He that takes up the sword" is the aggressor. The rest of the verse is a command to peace loving people, sending them forth to make certain that the aggressor "perishes by the sword." This is not contradictory to the command "Thou shalt not kill" for in connection with that commandment God has taught that whoever is guilty of murder must have his own life taken. On about the eighth page of your Bible you will read that, "Whosoever sheds human blood, by human hands shall his own blood be shed". In the middle of the last book of the Bible you may read, "If anyone is eager to lead others into captivity, he must himself go into captivity. If anyone is bent upon killing with the sword, he must himself be killed by the sword".

It is not pleasing in the sight of God that men should take each others lives but when men whose hearts are filled with evil rise up to enslave millions then peace loving people have a solemn and serious duty which they must perform.

100 OCTONE—THE "FIGHTING FUEL."

From somewhere in England, thousands of Army planes rise in a majestic sweep and speed unerringly to enemy targets. From bases in the South Pacific, Fortresses and Liberators race across miles of ocean to pound Jap installations. The already amazing speed of these Army planes has been steadily advanced; their tonnage capacity greatly increased. The power behind this new speed, this greater carrying load is 100 Octane gasoline, the "fighting fuel."

To be specific, 925 planes using 100 Octane gasoline could carry

Roving Reporter

Question: What facility at Freeman Field gives you the most pleasure.



Pvt. James Lee Dupuy, Guard Sq. MP—"I like the Service Club. There's always something going on there, swell food at the snack bar, entertainment and contests. Besides it's a place for all the fellows to get together, and chew the rag. The atmosphere is bright and friendly."



M. Sgt. Kenneth W. Fields, Sec. A—"The NCO club is the place for me. I've been to other fields and seen lots of clubhouses, but I've never seen one as well laid out and furnished. Its certainly a swell place to spend an evening and a great place to take friends."

HOW COME THE NEWS

By PROGNOSTICATOR

By Prognosticator.

Strange things are happening in this World War and our article this week will bring out a few of them.

First, in the recent defeat of the Japanese naval task force between the Philippines and Saipan, why did they base their ships so far from the American task force off Saipan that their carrier based planes had to refuel at Guam or Rota before they could return to their floating bases? Why did not the task force turn and run out of the reach of American planes when their only real protection, an air umbrella, was known to be lost? Our only explanation is the impossibility of the Japanese regimented mind to evolve a new plan of action if the original one is upset. The bombing into uselessness of the air fields on Guam and Rota caused the aerial disaster and the Admiral's stupidity or, if you will, stolidity of mind caused the large naval losses.

Second in north Burma, imagine the foolishness of the Jap losses to General Stilwell of 17,000 killed and only 100 captured including all living wounded. It is beyond American comprehension, this preferring to die rather than be captured but such is the Shintu custom.

The third imponderable is the disappearance of the Luftwaffe in force from the Russian, Italian, and Normandy fronts. If ever the Germans need air cover, it is in these threatening advances and yet only a few planes are seen. We know the Germans have fighter planes on hand to put up a better scrap than they are doing. A possibility, and I would say, prob-

ability, is that the destruction of almost all the Rumanian oil refineries and of much of the synthetic oil industry has largely grounded the Luftwaffe for lack of gas and oil. If this lack of fuel continues Germany must continue to lose men and material in costly retreats which will bring the end of the European phase of the war much closer. Let's hope she is starved for oil.

The fourth strange thing is the "buzz bombs" or pilotless airplanes. We thought them nothing but nuisances but now we hear they are doing real damage in southern England and occasionally penetrating into London itself. Do not discount the value to the Germans of the "buzz bombs." Let us hope we can shortly drive the Nazis back from Calais and from whatever other French beaches these strange bombs are released.

Twin-dad Says



It is with a deep sigh of relief that Twinnie comes to the fore this week with his golf set (fore!) and sez we can expect some rain. The farmers are begging him for it, he tells us, and he's been doing his darndest to help them out. This time he crosses his fingers and says "wet me down bub, wet me down." So Friday, showers, Saturday possible showers, and Sunday clearing.

Mussolini Made Films Of Ciano's Execution

New York—The British radio said recently that Benito Mussolini had a film made of the execution of his son-in-law, Count Ciano, and other members of the former Fascist grand council sentenced to death for their "betrayal of Fascism."

Ciano, Marshal Emilio de Bono and two others were "shot from behind with revolvers" by their executioner, Pietro Caruso, Fascist police chief of Rome who now is in Allied hands, BBC said. The United Nations radio in Algiers reported Saturday that Caruso had



For Jewish Personnel
Friday, 8:00 p. m.—Jewish Service in Chapel.

For Catholic Personnel
In Chapel No. 2
Sunday Masses at 6:30 a. m.; 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday Masses at 7:00 p. m.
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Masses at 7:00 a. m.
Tuesday Evening, Miraculous Medal Novena at 8:00 p. m.

as much of a bomb load and fighting power as 1250 planes using ordinary 87 Octane. Thirty percent more of the sick and wounded were evacuated by planes using 100 Octane than could have been possible during a like period by planes using ordinary fuel. These accomplishments are a tribute to American scientific skill which is bending every effort to one goal: the winning of the war as quickly and as efficiently as possible.

The development of 100 Octane was not simply a matter of rubbing Aladdin's lamp to release the genie. Thousands of experiments were necessary to perfect a fuel that would meet the demands of super-powered motors. Ordinary fuel would cause overheating and inside of ten minutes could destroy an airplane engine. In slighter measure, you who drive a car, know what low octane gasoline can do to your engine: that all too familiar knocking as your car strains to make that hill is tell-tale evidence of low octane fuel.

But once the super fuel was developed then the problem arose of producing it in the tremendous quantities required by our armed forces. Ever figure out how much gasoline your car used in a year . . . a pre-war year? Today, one bomber burns that much fuel in a three and a half hour trip! One thousand bombers on a six hour mission over Germany use one million eight hundred thousand gallons of gasoline. How many bombers were over Germany and France last week? How many will fly over next week? The very thought of the billions of gallons of fuel consumed is staggering.

But the men and women of America's petroleum industry are equal to the task of keeping 'em flying farther and faster. Handicapped by the shortage of critical materials, they nevertheless set to work building the great refineries needed to produce 100 Octane gasoline. Refinery workers themselves collected steel scrap. The country was scoured for second hand equipment that could be salvaged and put to work. Existing refineries were remodeled. Oil companies, highly competitive in peace time, now pooled their resources. Yes, despite all difficulties the production of 100 Octane fuel has steadily increased.



S/Sgt. Jack Greenberg, NCO Club—"I think the post library is a fine facility. For a field the size of Freeman it certainly is well filled with the best literature and all other reading matter from newspapers to scientific journals. Spare time can't be put to any better use than a few hours a week in the library.

The war was over, Hitler's death finished it. And the corporal who had helped to lay the body underground was describing the scene: "The Germans put the coffin down 25 times," he said. "Twenty-five times?" echoed his listeners. "what for?" "Encores," replied the corporal.

Confessions will be heard before each Mass.

For Protestant Personnel In Chapel No. 1
 Sunday worship at 10:30 a. m.
 S. M. C. L. Meeting at 8:00 p. m.
 Choir Rehearsal Thursday 7:30 p. m.
In Section F Chapel
 Sunday Worship 11:00 a. m.
 Choir Rehearsal and motion picture Wednesday 8:00 p. m.

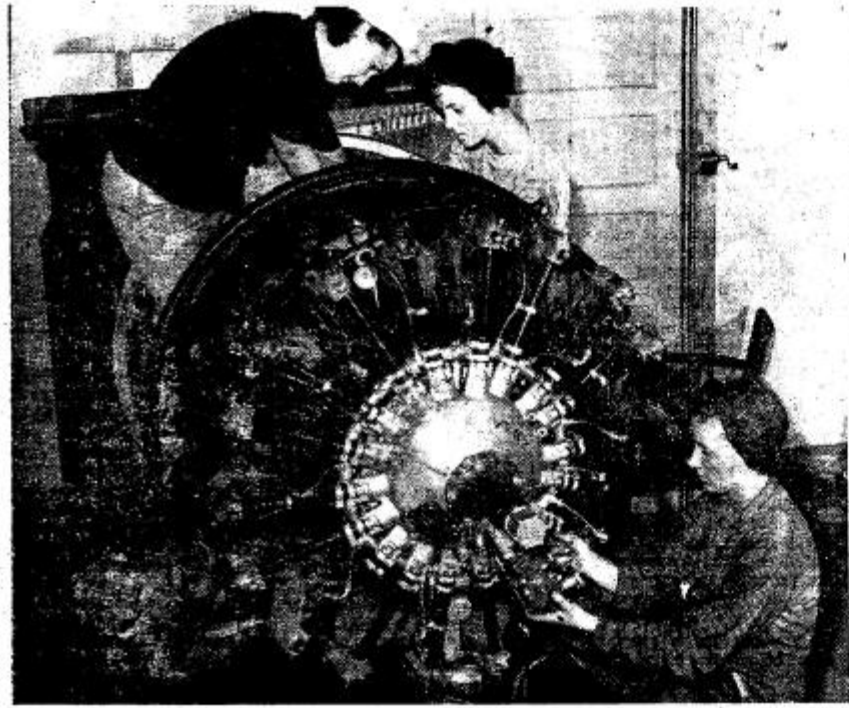
been captured by Italian patriots in Bagnoregio, near Viterbo.

The British said Ciano "lost his nerve" after his sentence and begged to be allowed to telegraph Adolph Hitler. This was allowed, but he received a "curt reply saying that the fuhrer had no concern in the matter."
 "Ciano had to be carried to the place of execution and, shrinking away from the first shot, was killed with a second bullet," BBC added.



Glamour By Night---

Grease by day. That's the way it goes, with motors and manicures sharing the hearts of these four line mechanics. Hangar No. 2 says nothing can surprise them any more. In fact they've almost forgotten the gender of their co-workers, who wear sweatshirts, grease-streaked denims, tie their hair in knots, and use engine oil instead of Max Factor. No secrets of the AT-10 motor escape their eyes. It's their job to tear down defective sections and send them on to the replacement department. From left to right: Misses Betty Ennis, Betty Smith, Julie Lubker, Margaret Kestner.



Female Airplane Mechanics Brighten The Scene At Hanger 2, In War's Irony

Betty Smith. As American as completely taken apart in Hangar No. 2, the grease wiped off, work, intends to keep doing it and then packed carefully and as long as she can. shipped for complete overhaul at Maxwell Field. In addition every

Two of these girls are joining

Hitting Hard

Two civilian workers, both women, on Freeman Field each bought a thousand dollar war bond this week.

Mrs. Alice L. Boggs, stock record supervisor, who has lived in Seymour for four years, was the first buyer. She knows that her investment will help bring her two brothers and sister back faster.

They are: James Runyan, BM 1cl. and Dearl Runyan, Torpedoman 2nd cl. The brothers met for the first time in two years recently in South America. James is on the Baltimore while Dearl is on the Yorktown, both aircraft carriers.

Her sister, Fannie Runyan, is an Army nurse stationed in England.

Mrs. Charlotte Shepherd, of the Civilian Personnel Office, also bought a \$1,000 bond this week. In addition, she allots 20% of her salary to war bonds, and thus gets one every two weeks.

Former Freemaner Tells Of Travels Thru Orient

He of the long, scrawny neck and gangling body, Sgt. John Berk, is now in China. Friends will remember him as the NCO in charge of the Intelligence office of Headquarters. Closer friends will recall him as a witty, sincere guy who was always ready with a cherry hello and a quick smile.

He left Freeman about three months ago, and shortly afterward letters started coming from India. After a short stay there, in which he wrote of the purchase of a few rubles and star sapphires, (Berk was always a collector) letters started coming from China where he was assigned to the 14th Air Force. "The Chinese kids," he writes, fight with each other for the honor of shining our shoes."

It seems a little queer to think

Civilians Organize CEA; Pop Election As First Formality

Fostered by the employees of Freeman Field, under the direction of Lt. Kenneth Knight, a new group called the Civilian Employee's Association of Freeman Field has been organized. The idea was introduced at last week's Bond Rally and has rapidly caught the imagination of the civilians at the field who are already campaigning for officers.

In effect at most other fields of the command the system's main purposes are to create a feeling of unity and coordination among the employees and to provide recreational and educational opportunities for its members. Dances and outings are only two of many possible events on the agenda.

"It will make the civilians here realize that they are a group working together toward a common end," said Lt. Knight, "and also create a team-work feeling that does everyone a lot of good."

Elections of officers is to be held some time today, and results will be announced in the Daily Bulletin. The method employed in the primary nominations is similar to small caucus groups with each of 26 divisions of the field presenting the name of its choice, which will be voted upon in a general group.

Officers, Enlisted Men Receive More Rank And Ratings

The promotion of 13 officers and 33 enlisted men was announced here by Col. E. T. Rundquist last week. Promoted to Major, Robert M. Noonan; to Captain, James H. Estes, Jr., Charles H. Gobde; 1st Lieutenant, James E. Bellamy, Francis H. Gullo, John M. Liedtke,

light brown hair tumbling out of her white grease smudged cap with the upturned peak. Light mussed slacks, white grease stained waist.

How has the war affected her? All the young men she should be going to the movies with at night or to Saturday night parties, have gone to the wars. What is Betty doing?

Engine Tear-Down

She's an American. Remember. She's a grease monkey on an AT-10 right here at Freeman Field. She's the reason why America cannot lose. Her job is as dramatic to her as the air-men's above. She knows that without her tearing down the engines after 975 hours, or after something has gone wrong with them, and crating them, wrapping them in cellophane, so that they can be sent to Maxwell Field for complete overhaul, — maybe that pilot would not be up there flying so easily through the light air of the afternoon.

For if something goes wrong with an engine no matter how short a time has elapsed since it was last serviced, the engine is

engine which has seen 975 hours of continuous service is taken apart, and sent for complete overhaul also.

Five Females.

She's typical of the other four female airplane mechanics in Hangar No. 2.

There's another Betty,—Betty Ennis, from Carbondale, Ill. Nineteen year old Betty came to Seymour, to see her brother, Sgt. Don Walker who was coming home from Louisiana to Seymour, where he resides, for his last furlough before going overseas. Betty had not seen her brother in eleven years.

She thought he would have a fourteen day furlough. She arrived expectantly in Seymour, to find out that her brother's furlough had been cut short. That he had had only seven days. She never got to see him at all.

She came out to Freeman and got a job as an apprentice mechanic. In her dark blue suspended denim trousers, and light blue shirt just bringing out the bright blue of her eyes, Betty makes a fine picture even with grease up to her elbows bending

the Cadet Nurses Corps when winter comes. There is nothing too little or too big for them to do now.

It hurts a little to see them. It makes the grimness of war crink your smartly in the face. It does as much as the mud-filled trench pictures one sees in the newspapers. It's the casual American youth in epitome, who has always had the "easy way", the lindy-hoppers, the shaggers, the flappers, of early days. We thought them soft sometimes. We know now we were wrong. We don't have to worry about them. If there's something to fight for they'll give their all. There's nothing decadent about them. They are inwardly clean and hard.

Their attitude is rather touching, too. They sense that they are missing something, and so they do their work more intently. They cannot tell you why they asked for this mechanical grease job. They did—although not one of them has ever before held a tool in her hand. It gives them the sense of really being "in it".

ends, sharing of troubles, deeper and deeper. Never was one seen without the other, except for the one time when Hubie was in the hospital with pneumonia. And then Edward's face was a study in tragedy!

Picture, if you can dear reader, (hearts and flowers offstage) the parting. Both wore a hand-dog expression for days before the fatal hour. Hubert scurried to do favors for his buddy, and each time they looked at each other tears welled up in a copious flow, so that soft-hearted barracks mates had to look away in pain and anguish.

And then— Carey left. Off he went to Utah, and the probability of Casey walked alone, as we have described above. Finally unable (Continue on page 8, column 2)

of typical American youth way out there, without his shiny convertible and dates. Editorially speaking, "C'est la guerre."

New Group of PAC's Here For "On-Line"

A new group of Pre-Aviation Cadets reported to Freeman Field this week for "on the line" training in addition to ground school familiarization classes. These PAC's came from Davis and Elkins College, Elkins, W. Va.; Waynesburg College, Pa.; and Concord College, Athens, W. Va., where they have completed their college training. They are now ready for Pre-flight.

St. Louis (CNS) — St. Louis firemen are restricted — in the Fire Department's new manual of regulations—from washing cuspidors in the firehouse bathtubs.

Edward Kovacic, Joseph C. Anderson, David M. Lovitt, Joseph D. Shepherd, John D. Willey, Charles L. Clark, Glen H. Dolan.

To Tech Sergeant, Stanley F. Eaton; to Staff Sergeant, Edgar H. Bunsold, William L. Griffin, Fred W. Feuerrriegal, Edward J. Stival, John C. Collins, Victor A. Pini, Jr., Richard Veronesi, Harold J. Callison, Joe C. Crews, James M. Rogers, Jack B. Cross; Winifred M. Raabe, Jack H. Miller; to Sergeant, Sidney A. James, Kenneth C. Johnson, John C. Redman, Clarence H. Erickson, Camille G. Juntunen, Jesse Greenwald, Willie W. Meador, Irving W. Heller, Henry H. Waddell, Guido C. Zampini, Cornelius Leach, Douglas H. Barlard, Harry C. Reed; to Corporal, James P. Abrams, Samuel W. Bentley, Willie L. Bradshaw, Roy C. Frick, Andrew Matesky, Franklin A. Better.

WAC OF THE WEEK

From Oklahoma City, comes Pvt. Ann Clark of the Supervisor of Supply Office here. Before enlisting in the WAC, Ann did similar work to the work she is now doing in an air depot in Oklahoma City. Prior to that, she attended Oklahoma college for two years.

Her ambition after the war is to get a law degree—following in the footsteps of her dad who was once on the Supreme Court of Oklahoma. Ann's mother is a court clerk.

She's very proud of her two brothers, James and John. James is a private at Tyndall Field, Fla., taking a gunnery course, while John, is a member of the V-5 Naval program. She also has a sister who attends Oklahoma college. Asked about her hobbies, Ann answered, "Men, politics, and tennis."



Buddies Who Carried The Flame Of Deep Friendship, Torn Apart

There was never a lonelier man than S/Sgt. Hubert Casey, about a month ago. Friends of Hubert's watched him with concern, and clucking tongues would follow him, as he walked alone. "What will happen to poor old Hubert now?" they said. And shaking their heads they went their way, but carried the pain in their hearts.

Here's what had happened. After almost two years of being together, two years of unusual friendship, S/Sgt. Casey and T/Sgt. Edward Carey were split up when a request came in for Sergeant Carey to report to Kearns, Utah, for POE. Everyone

knew they were rare buddies they had met at Craig Field, Ala. came to Freeman together. In the year and a half they had been here, they had beds next to each other, worked in the same building, picked up their laundry together (their names are only one letter apart C-A-S-E-Y and C-A-R-E-Y) had their names under one another on rosters, and took furloughs together. When Casey "got hitched" a while back, Edward went home to Philadelphia with him, and stayed a few days. "Why," Edward once said, "I think Helen cares for me as much as she does for him!" And so it went. Trips on week-

Special Features Dept. The Story Of A Freeman Graduate

One of the most poignant letters ever sent to Twingine Times from a man in combat arrived last week through Major William B. Poe, deputy for training and operations. The letter was written by Lt. Frederick H. Ihlenburg, Jr., of New York City, a graduate of Freeman Field with Class 43-K and was sent to Mrs. Francis L. Jordan of Seymour, by the lieutenant's wife.

The Ihlenburgs became close friends of the Jordans when the lieutenant was in training here. Like many other Seymour people, the Jordans entertain personnel in their home and prepare delicious "home cooked" meals. Mrs. Jordan is affectionately called "mother" by the Ihlenburgs.

In Mrs. Ihlenburg's letter, which accompanied the lieutenant's, she said he had received the D. F. C. and the Air Medal. He had just recently become squadron training officer and was responsible for the indoctrination and training of new crews, sched-

uled to be sent to Germany. Too bad, he was a good boy.

I sure missed him on the trip home. Without a navigator you can trust it's no fun especially with a solid under-cast so you can't see checkpoints or flak bottoms until they start shooting. They don't have to see you, they use radar.

You try hard, but what you don't know, you just don't know—and I think we hit every flak oven in Germany.

Being that far in, I couldn't afford to hit the deck as altitude can come in awfully handy when you're trying to stretch distance.

Even being alone and able to do violent evasive action, we sustained heavy flak damage on the way out. After one of these scrimmages, we found ourselves all alone—no fighters. That's a hell of a feeling. We were still more than an hour inland.

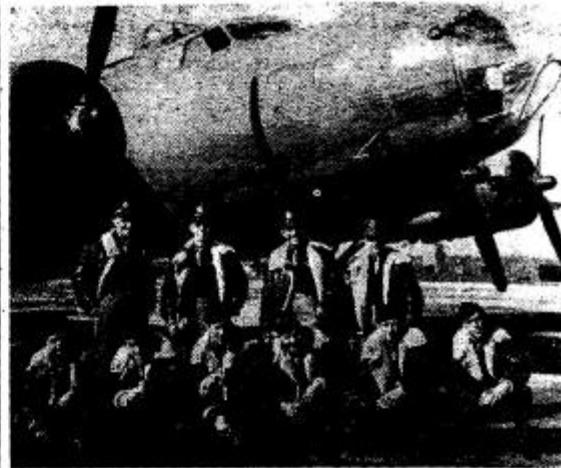
It's hard to tell a 100 from a 51 at any distance, especial-

ly when you're crawling into and several you could put your head through. In all, we counted 87 bullet holes or good sized flak holes—not counting a few dozen peppered holes here and there. Four shells had passed right through No. 2 prop. Our flaps were shot out, my compass and gyro instruments, too. Bob had to run down to see the navigation compass up front and tell me if I was going the right way.

We still had a one-half hour to go to the coast, and truthfully I didn't think we'd make it. This might sound like something or other, but I still believe I actually prayed my way in. I'll never understand how we got over the enemy coast which is just solid with flak between and at only 9,000 feet too. Boy, that channel looked good and when I saw the English Coast, I cried!

I wish it were possible for me to give you a picture of the hell, the turmoil, confusion, panic and tension in a fight like that, but that's im-

Lt. Ihlenburg's Crew



Read Story to Left of Picture

Army Sees That All Servicemen Get Justice Thanks To JAG Counselors

He may not get to sleep until 11 every rank from private to a a. m., and he doesn't get breakfast three-star general. in bed, but the Army sees to it. Courts-martial, however, are the

urn practice missions, checked out pilots, gave instrument checks and helped with the planning of missions and briefings.

Mrs. Ihlenburg commented that since the war she and her husband had been brought close to God, "a place where neither of us were before—and it's such a comfort."

The Lieutenant's letter follows:

Since I last wrote to you, I have probably had the greatest experience in my life.

We were headed for target areas. We were to go there the day before, but were forced to turn back short of the target due to lack of oxygen. So, when we got to the same point the next day with only 25 pounds more oxygen than the day before, I just said a silent prayer and kept going. I knew we couldn't make it all the way, especially at the terrific altitude we were flying at. It was 52 degrees below zero up there, the highest and coldest I've flown.

We had the usual run to the target, just sweating it out all the way.

Then Berlin—you never saw so much flak in all your life. It just filled the sky, and they are awfully good shots.

While that flak was breaking loose, my oxygen supply warning light went on—which means you haven't got long to go.

I stuck it out in formation until I began to feel a bit queer. That was about ten minutes after bombs away, two hours inside enemy territory.

I maintained radio silence not to give my position and trouble away to the enemy and shot red flares for fighter protection.

We had to drop fast to get down to where we could work without oxygen and I took advantage of it in speed so that it wasn't even necessary for a P38 to circle us. Possibly, I was indicating 300. I may have told you we were being checked out as lead men which made Chm lead navigator. Well, he was getting his final check this day so wasn't riding with us. I thought he was lucky not being with us until yesterday when they told me he went down right after we left the formation. I don't know if

ly when you look for a 51 and the 109 is painted just like it and uses his tactics. We kept our eyes on them and they just flew along with us as an escort would for about ten minutes.

Next thing we know at about 12,000—they peeled off at us. Due to our speed, they couldn't get us head on, but came in from the rear and both sides near. Those boys were really good, but it cost us too much to find that out.

On the first pass, they shot out No. 2 engine and both gas tanks in the left wing. My bullet-proof glass proved to be just that as it stopped four 303-mm machine-gun bullets, the concussion of which knocked my sunglasses off my face. I thought I was dead, and took time out to feel for blood and stuff. I couldn't believe it. Shorty, the ball turret, got one on that pass. It just blew up into nothing. The next pass was the worst. They shot Shorty out of the ball, and Rohman out of the top turret. It's pretty tough getting into the top turret, not much room. Well, Rohman was blown out of it like he was shot from a cannon and landed in the aisle between Bob and me.

I thought he was dead, but he got up, shook his head and got back up in the turret in time to get another glance on the next pass. Mind you, there was no glass left in the top turret except the piece in his eye which was the only place he got cut up, somehow.

Shorty crawled out of the ball, with a hole through his leg, into the radio room just in time for the third pass.

Andy, tail gunner, got another and Dory, waist gunner, a probable on that pass. I'm pretty sure Dory got his too, cause they didn't ask for anymore, thank God. All this time, yours truly was making shots for the boys and spoiling theirs and praying like a mad man.

Well, we took inventory. No radio—so Bob acted as my communication system running from one to the other and reporting results to me. Two engines out and 3 gas tanks leaking, 1 empty. The 20 mm shot half the wing off, cutting through five spars, leaving only the main one to hold it on and a hole big enough for me to crawl into. The rudder also had a hole big enough to

possible as it's indescribable and can only be appreciated when you have gone through it.

If you can picture me in a matter of minutes, trying to fly the ship with six guys yelling at me over interphone for position, having bullets whizz past you by inches, (there were 17 peppered holes right by my legs and seat) feathering props, cutting switches, transferring pumps and gas tanks and convincing the tail gunner not to bail out and a 101 things I can't describe, you might get a small idea of what I mean.

I spotted the first field I could, which turned out to be an RAF base and somehow managed to make the nicest landing ever with that wreck. Even with the smooth landing, the battered wing started to buckle at the impact.

I was OK until I got into the ambulance with Shorty and Young. I shed some bitter tears over them. After I saw them into the operating room, I went to pieces and don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the swell chaplain, that stuck with us from when we first landed.

I came to a day and a half later feeling pretty queer. My bed was doing slow-rolls and I couldn't focus my vision yet. I can see OK now, but as you will probably have noted, my penmanship is a little worse than usual and goodness, that's bad enough. It's hard to light cigarettes too.

I was three days at the RAF hospital—down back to my field for interrogation and then on to where I am now. I'm at what we call a rest home now. I will be for a week. It's a beautiful place on the Thames where you do just as you please. We wear civilian clothes, go boating, horseback riding, tennis, bicycling, golfing, drinking—just anything.

There are about 24 of us here and we have this whole British Mansion to ourselves. It's just like you see in the movies of an old English estate with the latest improvements and the best food.

I can't help being a little proud to tell you that I've been recommended for the Distinguished Flying Cross—which I should get in about three weeks.

that of Joe gets his share of justice, thanks to the Judge Advocate General's Department, according to an article in the July issue of Coronet magazine.

Best-known for his rather sinister connection with general courts-martials, the GI lawyer's duties include many other phases of the law. And, while he has about as many friends in the Army as an MP, he still must possess the cold reasoning power of Sherlock Holmes, the smooth diplomacy of Talleyrand and be an all-round expert in handling people.

The members of the Judge Advocate General's Department didn't just happen into their jobs, according to Coronet, though some of them thought it might be that easy. The "Lawyer's West Point" at Ann Arbor, Michigan, subjects "lawyers, 26 to 48 years of age with outstanding legal backgrounds and superior military records" to a grueling course of training before it turns them out, four months later, as commissioned officers in the service of the Judge Advocate General.

Once commissioned, the J.A.G., as the GI lawyer is called, finds himself with a real handfull of legal business. Every army post in this country and abroad has the services of at least one Judge Advocate and these men have found that legal business on the post equals that of a good-sized town.

Our newly-commissioned GI lawyer wrote home: "The day I arrived, I had the case of a soldier who got drunk and smashed a couple of windows, a contract fraud case amounting to over a million dollars, an irregularity concerning the soldiers registered mail and a bond question involving a high government official. I had to give an opinion of state taxation and two on general courts-martial. I spoke to men of

outstanding activity of the Judge Advocate General's men. There are three types of court-martial... only one of which is the immediate concern of the J.A.G.s. The summary court-martial, presided over by only one officer (not a judge advocate), tries comparatively mild offenses, pronounces sentences up to one month of confinement. The special court-martial, consisting of three or more officers, none of them a judge advocate, imposes sentences up to six months. The general court-martial has at least five members, with a member of the Judge Advocate General's Department usually sitting in as legal expert and administering the oath to members of the court. The general court-martial, the highest military court, tries the most serious crimes, such as desertion, rape, murder and treason, and pronounces the stiffest penalties, including death.

In spite of the fact that the very name of general court-martial strikes terror in the heart of the most rugged soldier, GIs, on the whole, have more rights in military trials than they would in civil courts, says Coronet in conclusion, and the men who wear the crossed quill and sword are for better friends than they think.

New York (CNS) — Emanuel Kalyika, a German prisoner of war at the Army's Halloran Hospital here, slipped past his guards recently and wandered around peering the sights for a couple of days while police of eight states were looking for him. Finally, weary of his lonely odyssey, he returned to the Hospital, worked his way into the chow line. A few minutes later he was "captured" by guards while eating mushroom soup.

Bonds For Victory!

PX CLEARANCE

Unusual value for top-hat wearers. Chino and tropical worsted garrison caps, with genuine leather brim.

Broken Sizes \$1.00



Section A

"COPY BOY!"

Shout the works boys, and buy bonds. That will be one way of celebrating the fourth this year. Correction please. I made an

SQUADRON NOOZ
"ALL THE DIRT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

705th Band

Every once in a while some one will reveal his talent. Such was the case the other night. Cpl. Worshinski came in and after a little priming, he burst forth in song. He sang some old songs that I thought had vanished with this younger generation. If you ever get him primed, you'll discover another crooner, or operatic

On Monday night the band played an hour concert under the stars, preceeding the showing of a movie. Old man weather gave us a very nice setting for the

be sure of the details, but when the cloud of dust faded away on the volley-ball court last Monday, S/Sgt. James Bayun was seen grabbing for elusive Cpl. Charlie Tyahur through a big hole torn in the net. The Sergeant was grim as he marched the Medic PT detail back to the hospital, but Charlie continued to be



WACs Works

GETTING TO BE A HABIT

These North Barrack's marriages come off almost weekly now that summer has come. Next in line is Pfc Florence Hendricks

error in last weeks column. It should have been bald one" instead of "dopey one, or dumb one". I was informed that the light was bad for the photograph.

LOST: Three shades of golden brown. Cpl. Jakeway just came back from his furlough minus some of that beautiful tan he had before leaving. He claims that it is due to the weather up there in Michigan, but knowing both, I am inclined to doubt Cpl. John. Could be?

Just me and my shadow. Well, come home Ed. T/Sgt. Carey says that Freeman Field is his idea of heaven, since being on a vacation in Kearns. It will seem good to see the "twins" again united on the field. A certain young lady will be pleased also.

Has any one seen the piece of furniture which was supposed to go into T-44? I understand there was some sculdugery going on to obtain it? Come on T/Sgt. Freeman, give us the low down on it. I want to try it out.

You wolves who have been in the habit of running around with very little covering your torso, will have to be more careful or you are liable to get bit by the wasps. Ask F/Sgt. Farragher, he should know. Remember Marty?

Congratulations to the NCO Club president on his re-election. Regrets go to T/Sgt. H. Hadian. Better luck next time Hank. Better support eh?

Have you heard of the biggest deal of the week? According to S/Sgt. Putney, he finally unloaded his automobile. At least that is what he called it when relating the deal he had made.

Who is this "super super man" who rides his bicycle 2 1/2 miles to take P. T. every morning? Well almost every morning. Isn't it tiring just to think of it?

I told youse guys that I would be on the lookout for corner cutting. I have a list that would fill up this column. Next week, if you don't stop, there will appear some obituaries. Grrrrrrrrrr.

Congratulations to Cpl. Frick, Cpl. Abrams, Sgt. Greenwald, Sgt. Erickson, and Sgt. Meador, on your promotions.

My apologies are offered to the one whom I so unkindly ribbed last week.

We are sorry to have lost three of our boys out of the supply room. Sgt. Dial goes to special services, Pfc. Wempe went to the central supply, and Pfc. Hecker-son is keeping the boiler fires burning. We don't have to worry about cold water, or will we? Keep 'em burning, Heck.

star. Just try it some time and you'll be amazed. I sure was.

Two new members of the NCO club this week are Cpl. Abrams, and Cpl. Worshinski. Set 'em up boys.

It seems our softball team has been neglected in our column. You members will have to get on the ball and let us know any and all dirt that is dishd out on the games. The latest report I got was that the team has won 14 straight games. Nice going boys, keep it up. I will try to get the complete line up from the big boy and see what gives by next week.

If you section heads, or department heads have any scandal just drop it off somewhere in the area, and I'll dig it up and presto, we shall see what gives.

That's all! Next!

Patient's Antics

Chaplain Henderson, a patient at the hospital at this time, who is participating in the Patient Convalescent Program, gives his opinion:

"The days of hospital 'gold-bricking' are over! No longer does the soldier find refuge from work, P. T., and K. P. at the Station Hospital. The plan for convalescence prepares the patient to assume his responsibilities as soon as he is discharged. The daily program usually consists of P. T. and a lecture in the morning; lecture and or movies in the afternoon. To date, these lectures have been on chemical warfare, first aid, military courtesy, and venereal diseases. Training Films and Red Cross Movies provide information and entertainment. The 'Rec' Hall has excellent recreational facilities. Apparently the aim of the convalescent program is to provide entertainment, information, and recreation in its broadest meaning so that a soldier will go back to his duties in good physical condition and high morale.

"The fact that this is a small hospital, and that patients are generally here a short time, only create difficulties in providing an adequate program. However, Lt. Wirpsa, removed these obstacles by initiating many new innovations. From the patient's point of view, the ideals of the program are excellent."

Philadelphia (CNS) — A local radio station broadcast this message last week: "Anybody lose a coffin? Police found one in an empty lot."

formance, but we are assured by several of the local farmers; that it was only because he didn't want to please them. Rain is the most popular element with the agriculturalist just now.

The concert on Monday was to have been "broadcast" to the station hospital but due to difficulties in handling sound equipment, the hospital program was given Tuesday afternoon, with the Aeronautors participating.

Here's some interesting alumnae news. A/C Bob Utterback is still in Santa Ana and the last word had it that there were about 2 or 3 weeks left there. (and requests a Twingine Times weekly).

Sgt. Francis Pahl, th tall slush pump you used to dig, is now in the band at Selfridge Field, Detroit, Mich., after shipping from Sheppard Field, Texas.

Pfc. Bob Cotter is now at Bangor, Maine, and we're still waiting for more news. Cpl. Odum, our former first horn player, was last heard of in Amarillo, Tex.

Pfc. Jim Edens is now in training, in preparation for joining the band at Tampa, Fla.

He mentioned something about a new cycle, so he may have found one of the gradually disappearing animals.

Cpl. Garner, once the one and only fute-piccolo player in the 705th, is evidently still attending radio school.

For further information ask any red head named Jane in Vallonia.

That concludes the list except that, if Cpl. Emile Acitelli persists in playing his ocarina during noon hours, he may be the next.

Medics

Last week the Medical Officers, smarting from their defeat at the hands of the GI's a few days before, came back for more, and this time were permitted to landslide to victory with the overwhelming score of 5-4. Outstanding revelation of the event was Sgt. Abe Slobodkin's umpiring. The close score indicates a return match, if another umpire can be found.

Highlight of the war bond drive in the Detachment was Sgt. Jay Manashil's offer to double the bond purchase of any Medic in any amount up to two G's. Understand that Cpl. Charlie Starler is laying plans to offer a new challenge which will make even the great Manashil sit up and take notice.

It happened so fast you couldn't

clusive—and provoking. At last the Sergeant and certain accomplices grabbed Charlies behind Ward 8, if you follow our meaning, took off his shoes, and tossed them quite some little distance. But Charlie strode merrily on down the road in his socks, indifferent to his loss. You can't get a man's goat when he's as full of good spirits as Charlie was that day.

Items overheard here and there: Latest local boy to make good is Captain Charles Gohde, Medical Inspector, who said farewell to his Lieutenant's bars last week when he got the well-known letter from the Adjutant General's Department. . . Detachment Co. Lt. Henry Wirpsa made the headlines in Training News last week in a sketch telling of his meteoric rise from corporal to Detachment Commander at this hospital in only a few months. . . the body of Cpl. Bob Bennett was shipped back to us by train early Monday morning after a large week end in Cincinnati. . . Sgt. Jay Nelson is back on the sick list again; careful, Jay, one more check-in and it gives a burial job.

Apologies to all readers who missed this report last week, and thanks to all who were kind enough to say so. Though dispatched to the Twingine Times in sufficient time to make the deadline, the MS met with foul play. Either our special courier stopped at the Oasis for a short beer, or the fine Italian hand of our competitor, Patients' Antics, had something to do with it. The matter has been referred to the Detachment gestapo.

WASP Training Course To Be Abandoned Soon

Washington — Abandonment of the women's air service pilot training program has been announced by the army, effective as soon as student flyers now in schools complete their courses.

The Wasp now has 721 women pilots on active ferrying duty. Those now in training will boost the number to 1,019 by next September.

Gen. H. E. Arnold, commander of the army air forces, said the rejection by the house last week of a measure to give Wasp members the rating of commissioned officers in the army prompted the decision to discontinue the program.

The Wasp was organized June 28, 1943. Jacqueline Cochran, director of woman pilots for the army, is head of the Wasp.

Buy More War Bonds

who will take the nuptial vows tomorrow night at Chapel No. 1. She will marry S/Sgt. Maurice Knight of Section C-2, whom she met a year ago on the field. The groom-to-be is from Mississippi, while Florence comes from Wisconsin.

Florence will wear khaki tropical worsted, yellow scarf and high heels. She will have as her maid of honor Cpl. Marjorie Johnson also of Wisconsin, and the best man probably will be Sgt. Janet Hunter, newly added to the Stewart of the station hospital, and Marjorie's beau for some time past.

Best wishes and good luck.

SMILES

The new smiling face around headquarters belongs to Cpl. Janet Hunter, newly added to the Personal Affairs section. Her smile is due, of course, to the return of her best feller, T/Sgt. Ed Carey, whom everyone is glad to see back.

SALTINES

WAVE: "Why is your tongue black?"

Sailor: "I dropped a bottle of Scotch downtown where they're tarring the road."

BACK HOME

Back again with us are S/Sgt. Ruth Meyers and Sgt. Marguerite Williams, from Randolph Field where they took a Link Trainer's course. Welcome, too, to Cpl. Mary Herak, formerly of Maiden Army Air Field, Mo., who came to us via Randolph Field where she took the same course as our sergeants. Her home is Charlie, Mont.

NO EXCUSES BUT

As this paper goes to press we do not know the results of the softball game the Diamond Lills played yesterday afternoon against the George Field Wacs, right here on our diamond. But—if they beat us by a large score, there's a reason. And if we won—we are really sparklers.

Most of the complete regular team is away. The 'captain and pitcher, Cpl. Ski Karowoski and Pvt. Evelyn Johnson are furloughing. So don't blame us.

HERE AND THAR

The G. I. letter writers in Australia now are cautioned to "watch your language, boys—the censor is a lady." Maj. Hazel K. Miller, Wac officer just returned from Australia, said today the advice started with the arrival there of the first Wac group, part of them to do censorship work. These Wacs went over on a regular troopship. Soldiers, outnumbering the Wacs, drew lots to see who would go to the dances during the crossing.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Nice Legs On The T. O.



3 Tennis Players Are In Semi-Final Indiana Tourney

Three Freeman Field tennis players, Lt. Lewis Hilley, Gordon Snow and Leo Schumann, and Sgt. Jack Waters of Stout Field, will participate in the semi-finals of the Indiana Service Men's tourney sponsored by the Highland Golf and Country club of Indianapolis at Indianapolis Sunday. Two of the men will meet in the finals.

July 1 eight Freeman men were among the 40 service men entered in the tourney which attracted participants from camps, fields and depots in the state. In addition to the three men who earned the right to play in the semi-finals Freeman representatives were Major Norman Wood, Capt. Julian Wihik, Lt. Davis Lovitt, Sgt. Abraham Slobodkin, Medics, and Cpl. Donald McAuslan of Section B.

Outstanding Play.

McAuslan won plaudits for his play against Waters in the quarter-finals, losing 6-4, 1-6, 6-3. Waters, regarded as one of the strongest players in the meet, had previously beaten Capt. Wihik, 10-6, 6-2. In his initial match McAuslan trimmed Pvt. Richard Ritcher of Fort Benjamin Harrison, 6-2, 10-8. In his second match he defeated C.P.O. H. Sellers Ordnance Plant, Indianapolis, 6-2, 6-2.

Results of the three Freeman winners are: Lt. Hilley-Pvt. William Brown, Ft. Ben, 7-5, 6-3; Hilley-Pfc. Bernard Mayrhohn, Camp Atterbury, 6-3, 6-0; Hillery-Pvt. Duane Littall, Ft. Ben, 6-3, 11-8.

Lt. Snow-Sgt. Charles Brown, Camp Atterbury, 6-1; Snow-C. P. O. Andy Bickett, Vincennes Recruiting, 8-6, 6-3; Snow-Pvt. Thomas Taber, Camp Atterbury, 6-3, 6-2.

Lt. Schumann-Cpl. Dick Topper, 6-2; Schumann-Lt. J. R. Sevier, Naval Ordnance Depot, 6-2, 6-1.

Snow was a net star at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. Schumann was an ace at Louisville.

Prairie, Miss (CNS) - Two freight trains met head-on at an intersection here. Lone casualty was a chicken which somehow got caught between them.

Looney Tune

Section A vigorously wags war against fatigue, while taking calisthenics in the early morn by singing the Volga Boatman in cadence to the exercises. And when over three hundred men sing it at once, Russia is her name.

1500 Fans Crazy As Devils Trounce Local Muncie Club

One of the largest crowds that the Devils have played before this season turned out July 4th at Muncie, Indiana. Well over 1500 cheering fans watched the Freemanites take Muncie heroes 6-1. It was the second game of the day for the Muncie boys. They dedicated a semi-pro rival in the morning 5-4 and were pretty confident that they could do likewise to the soldiers. Four double plays were the feature of the game as Madrid ran wild, helped by Leahy and Tiemann. Muncie fans cheered and applauded the wily combination. Olde cracked out three hits to lead the batting parade, collecting a triple, double and single. Pitcher Albright was in rare form and fanned 18 batsmen. He, too, collected 3 hits. Lieutenant Bob Tiemann coming into his own with the hickory, got two for four. Reports say that the boys did a complete turn about from what they looked like last Saturday.

Laff of the Week

Camp Campbell, Ky.—A certain discharged soldier can have his teeth back by reporting to headquarters here.

The ex-GI was stripped of his clippers because a literal-minded clerk had been instructed to take all government issued articles from soldiers given CDDs.

England—A sleeping GI was awakened by the sound of a truck being turned around just outside his window. "Hey," he yelled, "you're making too much noise. Why don't you bring that truck right on inside?" At that moment the driver's foot slipped from the clutch, the truck lurched and backed right through the wall into the GI's boudoir.

SPORTS PAGE



More or Less—ear boxing. Cadet Field Day featured this zany game, where the 25 contestants had a dandy free for all, the object of which was to knock the other fellow's hat off. Strangely enough it's called "Hat Boxing."



Devils Come From Behind To Wallop Fort Knox, 13 to 12

Last Saturday in a game where everything and anything could happen, the Freeman Blue Devils came from behind to win 13-12. The crowd was given a good example of what not to do to win a ball game, and then were shown how to pull the game out of the fire and win. For the first four innings the Freeman performers did everything from misjudging pop flies to overrunning bases. What was the reason for this sudden slump? Surely, they never looked that bad before. It was the Devils' seventh game in ten days, and in that time they had lost only one—that one to a gang of seasoned ball players that play regularly and very often. The Lafayette Red Sox beat them 3-0 under the lights at Lafayette. It was time for someone to blow up and everyone picked the same day. They had been playing heads up ball with a total of only 17 errors in seven games, they had been on long road trips.

Knox struck fast in the very first. Signerrillo slashed the first pitched ball into right center for a single, Higgins fanned Behl, and Schwartz picked Sig off first. Saccone singled into left center. Big Les Burge, a powerful hitter and former Pro ball player laid wood to a shoulder high pitch and sent it into deep right—where Gittens lost it momentarily and misjudged it. He went all the way around scoring Saccone ahead of him. Lepato singled but was thrown out by Madrid to Leahy on a fielder's choice on the next play. The Devils were hitting the ball too, however, Schwarz walked and Tiemann slashed a grounder down third base way. The ball took a bad hop and struck 3rd baseman Sampson in the eye, retiring him from the game. Schwarz stopped at 3rd. Gittens doubled scoring Schwarz and Madrid grounded out short-first. Score 2-1.

Knox continued to hit and Freeman continued to boot, and at the end of four innings, Freeman trailed 10-3. The Knox half should never be forgotten.

The Freeman fans indeed remember the Freeman half of the 5th and 6th, both led by Lt. Bill Schwarz. In the 5th he walked followed likewise by Tiemann; Al Schwartz flew to left for one down. Gittens got his 2nd double of the afternoon scoring Schwarz and Tiemann. Madrid singled, Gittens held up at third. Wolan walked, Crimmins popped to the catcher for 2 down. Leahy, with the bases loaded, crashed a double into left center clearing the bases and putting Freeman back in the ball game. Higgins flew to right to end the rally.

Knox scored again in the 9th and threatened in the ninth but failed when Saccone attempted to steal home with two down. Said Al Schwartz, "Imagine that guy thinking he could steal home on

Leading Sports Editors Give Us Real Lowdown on What Comes After War

By Pvt. James Moore
You are fighting for a golden era in sports.

When that day comes—the fall of Germany and Japan—a new era for sports in America will be one of the legacies of gold which will evolve from the ashes of war.

That picture was painted especially for you men and women at Freeman Field by some of this country's leading sports editors—and they should know.

The heralds of good days ahead include such outstanding newspaper names as:

Early Ruby, of the Louisville Courier-Journal; W. Blaine Patton, Indianapolis Star; Herb Graffis, Chicago Times, who does "The Sporting Scene" for Esquire; Chet Smith, Pittsburgh Press, who also does the sport's cartoon "Time Out"; Maurice Shevlin, Chicago Tribune's racing expert; Harry Keck, Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, who excels in covering boxing, and Lou Smith, of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Let's hear from Ruby first:

"Listen, pal: Have you ever dreamed of a swimming pool in every neighborhood, where the grimy little kids could dunk themselves without feeding the kitty of some overstuffed operator?"

"Of sand-lot recreational centers, where the bare-foot boys could play softball, or baseball, or horseshoes, tennis, or mumbly peg without a park cop giving his the hot-foot to git off d'grass?"

"Of Class D baseball in Punkin Center, Double A ball in Texas and the South, and major league ball reaching to the Pacific Coast centers?"

"Of big time football an accepted thing at all colleges worthy of the name, of college basketball bulging the doors at Madison

and the others will follow until America emerges with the most comprehensive athletic and sports program of any nation on earth.

"Many old geezers back home like myself, already are planning those swimming pools, play centers and recreation halls. When Uncle says, "Boys, you can quit fooling around with blue prints now, and go to work," we will be there with the old shoulder, pushing."

Patton, who I met in the press box at the Kentucky Derby, told me:

"In any sport, conditioning is one of the salient features of success, and the Army and Navy training of our youngsters means that thousands of these kids will have the foundation to become great athletes when they return to become citizens again.

"America loves its sports and there are very few exceptions where you find a boy who has no desire to be an active participant in some form of outdoor entertainment.

"A foreign diplomat, making his first visit to this country and seeing his initial football game once made the remark, "There isn't a nation in the world can lick a country which plays as rugged a

The Wolf

by Sansone





Square Garden and other major sports centers of the nation, and college track regaining its ancient Olympic glory?

"Of horse racing spreading like floodwaters into virtually all states of the nation, contributing wealth in taxes and salaries?"

"Well, pal, that dream is coming true, as sure as you're born immediately after this war is done. The kids will get the first break, too."

Hitler probably realizes that now.

"The post-war sports outlook couldn't be better—we're going to have better track athletes, better football players, better baseball players, better basketball players and better swimmers. We are going to have more athletes who can think quickly in the pinch along with that groundwork stamina."

Freeman—13 runs, 18 hits and 8 errors.

Knox—12 runs, 18 hits and 1 error.

Wichita, Kans. (CNS) —Ralph Bailey dashed down states, ate a bowl of nasturtium seeds, drank a cup of coffee and rushed off to catch his regular morning bus. In his hurry he thought the seeds were breakfast food.

As we pray for Their Safety...



Let us send Our Dollars to **FIGHT** with them...
in the 5th War Loan Drive!



Pray for them, America.

Pray for their safety in this fateful hour. Pray for Victory in their bitter, bloody fight for freedom. Pray for their return to us as soon as may be.

A long, hard road lies ahead. There will be many a desperate, heart-breaking day before they reach the end of that road. And many a white cross will mark its course through the tortured battlefields of Europe.

Would that we could do something to help our gallant fighting men in their hour of need! Would that we could do something to express the gratitude in our hearts for

the sacrifices they are making for us.

Do something? We can do something. Each and every one of us, right now, can join the fight by purchasing extra War Bonds during the 5th War Loan. Let us support this drive as we have never done before. Let us show our loved ones over there that we are with them heart and soul. Let them know that we are backing them to the limit—to our last dollar.

Yes, to our last dollar. No matter what sacrifices we have to make, let us all invest in War Bonds now—more and more War Bonds—until we have poured out the might of America in overwhelming measure.



BUY YOUR INVASION BOND TODAY

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

How Many—of us have someone like this looking like this while we dream away our nights in tuneless sack time? Ah, me! To sleep perchance to dream, to dream of floating off the GI mattress into the arms of such delight. Yes, Jane Wyatt makes it hard for a fellow sleeping in an army barracks.



Anonymous Snow Job Gives Evaluation Of A Real Man

(The following was sent to the Snow Job Editor of the Twingine Times.)

Now that Snow Job No. 7 has finished your series of mowing them under, may I offer my conception of what a woman would really like? You can have your snow jobs; I like mine straight.

It's not a strange idea; I like sincerity in a man. Smooth by all means, but frank and honest. If my nose is shiny, or my slip is showing, let him tell me. Now of this "Honey, you're gorgeous,

other women. We do appreciate sincere compliments—in their place.

Some time ago, I met a certain man. The first night we went to a movie. He called for me in his automobile, opened the door, and helped me into the car. We went to a movie—a mushy affair. He didn't try to hold my hand, in fact, he didn't even kiss me good night. I liked him. Now, don't get me wrong. I have a certain amount of appeal. You see, I married that man.

Paratroopers Out For New Recruits From All Branches

You G.I.'s with your feet on the ground. Listen to this... A chance to corner a pair of boots and wings, but you still like the dirt under your feet. That's o. k. because in this job you work in the sky and on the ground... mostly on the ground. That's what being a paratrooper means. It also means that you draw \$50 bucks more every month, and if you're an officer, you double that the minute training begins.

Sure you'd like to get in, but you thought the paratroops was a closed outfit. Not anymore, Bud. It's open, and the sky's the limit. It's this way. The paratroops are through being an experiment. New Guinea, Sicily, Italy, and France gave us enough proof that they can do the job and that we need a lot more of them. Ask General Eisenhower if he needs you, and you'll find out.

If you're in the army, no matter what service, you can apply by seeing your company commander. He'll set you right. The physical is no push-over, but it's worth a try.

Hospital Broadcast

(Continued from page one) Janet Hunter and Private Ken Derby, who were featured in a comedy playlet called "7th Floor Please."

A piano solo by Pvt. John Bataites offset the lighter tone of the proceedings, and rounded out the variety acts. Cpl. George Goodman then took over the mike for a few moments and presented a short dramatic recitation.

The entire performance was piped through to the hospital by use of telephones and the new transcription set in Ward 8, which is now the Recreation hall. A special attachment on the set allows sounds to come over a phone, in this instance at the Service Club, where it is re-

News And Views

(Called from our contemporaries)

Proof that you can't squelch the G.I.' sense of humor comes in a fan letter Mark (Your Hit Parade) Warnow received recently from a Yank who wrote within the confines of a German prison camp and told the maestro "am spending a little time in Germany." The card also referred to Bea Wain and Barry Wood, who haven't been on Warnow's program for three years... a clever way of telling how long since the soldier had heard his favorite radio program.

David Peterson, accused in New York, of keeping a rooster "That did disturb the neighbors by crowing," was asked by the judge if he had any defense.

"He's in the pot, your honor," answered Peterson. The judge suspended the sentence and Peterson went home—to eat the bird.

Double trouble is heading for the Axis. Ralph and Ray Hutchins, 24 year old identical twins of Lancaster, are bombardier-navigators in the Army Air Forces. Ralph, a captain, holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and has completed fifty-eight missions in the middle east theater. Ray, a second lieutenant, is awaiting an overseas assignment.

The diamond industry in 1943 reached an all-time peak of prosperity, says the bureau of mines.

Diamonds have never sold higher, the bureau said in a report, and "prices may have advanced too rapidly for the good of the industry."

The long-standing custom of wedding guests throwing rice at newly married couples is a war casualty in McLean, Ill. But a handy substitute has been found. Soy beans, which are plentiful are considered a perfect substitute for rice.

Our State department has released a nostalgic story about the good old days. It tells of the happy times when Herbert Hoover and Ramsey McDonald sat on a log by the Rapidan and quietly abolished war.

Al McCoy of Yakima, Wash., candidate for the Democratic nomination for representative in Congress, thought he saw an opportunity to talk to a group of voters. He interviewed workers harvesting peas on the farm of State Senator Henry Copeland. Ninety per cent of them were willing to do all they could for him, he said. Back at the house, he learned that the harvest hands were convict laborers without the right to vote.

AT THE POST THEATRE

Saturday, July 8—STORM OVER LISBON with Eric Von Stroheim, Vera Ralston plus Lew Lehr Short and Grantland Rice Sportshort.

Sunday and Monday, July 8 and 9—HOME IN INDIANA with...

tonight" business.
I know I'm not beautiful (a trite expression), but I appreciate an occasional, "That's a good looking dress, or "Gee, but you're a lot of fun".
I'm really not different from

Children's Nursery

(Continued from page one)
nated by the Red Cross.
At present, plans are to have the nursery open Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons so that mothers who do Red Cross work making surgical dressings, will have a place to leave their children. Moreover, it is expected to keep it open from 9 a. m. to noon on Sunday, so that children may have a Sunday School class while the parents attend church services on the Post.
Six assistants from the WVB will be selected to run the nursery. If there is a demand for the nursery to be kept open on other days and more hours, more volunteer workers will be chosen.

Truth is a virtue few of us possess. A woman who is true to herself can easily recognize it in a man. She is not easily fooled; she cannot be "snowed".
When she meets the man who tells her what she knows to be true, she is, shall we say, "rained in"—for life!

True Friendship

(Continued from page 3)
Pacific area assignment. Little to bear it, he went home on furlough to seek solace from his wife, (who truth to tell was also secretly suffering)—and has not yet returned.
And what happened to Carey while this was going on? We see our friend suddenly called in for processing interview, and the discovery made that he had too much rank for the specific shipment he was supposed to fill.
So when Casey comes back to Freeman this week end, he'll find the bed next to his occupied by a fellow named Ed Carey.

played through the Signal Office to a hook up on the transcription unit, which amplifies it and sends it through the loud speakers.

Eisenhower's Son Visits the General

Supreme HQ, Allied Expeditionary Force—Gen. Eisenhower and his son, Lieut. John Eisenhower, had their first reunion since before the invasion of North Africa when the youth visited here shortly after his graduation from West Point earlier this month, it was disclosed today. Lieut. Eisenhower is understood to have returned to an infantry training school in the United States after spending his leave with his father.

Short short story: One upon a time there was a little girl who wouldn't smoke, drink or stay out late with soldiers. Yeah, once upon a time.

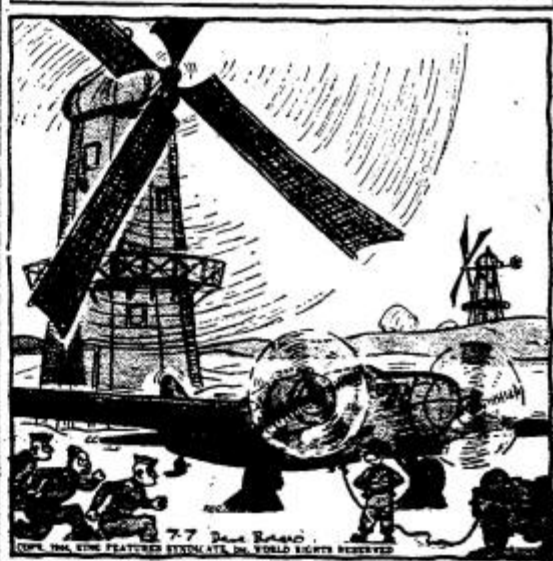
Buy More War Bonds

Water Brennan, Joe McAlister, George Lewis plus News and March of Time.
Tuesday, July 10—THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE plus Sports Parade, Melody Master Bands and Color Cartoon.
Wednesday, July 11—THIS IS THE ARMY with all star cast plus Pet Problem.
Thursday and Friday, July 12 and 13—MARINE RAIDERS with Pat O'Brien, Ruth Hussey, Robert Ryan plus News, Walt Disney Cartoon.

Boston (CNS) — Comfort-loving Paul Buccì won a divorce decree from his wife after testifying that she kept their home too clean— "like a show place and I couldn't enjoy myself."

Albuquerque, N. M. (CNS)—"The meanest thief in New Mexico" broke into a USO here the other day and stole all the clothes (except the GI shoes) from suitcases left by soldiers.

Private Bregger Abroad By Dave Bregger



"He's goin' around, supplyin' extra wind for all the local farmers!"

FROM.....
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TO.....
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.....
Advanced Twin Engine School

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Wakeman & Billings Hospitals, Freeman AAF, German &
Italian POWS in Indiana, and many others*