U. S. Flier Dodges Shell in Midair

Odd Adventure Befalls Yank Pilot in Italy.

U. S. BASE IN ITALY.—Ducking an American mortar shell in midair gave Lieut. D. R. Garrels of Diller, Neb., a bigger thrill than dodging German flak, an American correspondent in Italy writes.

The odd adventure befell the 23-year-old invader pilot as he returned across the Volturno river battle line.

"We had just bombed and strafed German road targets a couple of miles the other side of the river," he said. "I had pulled up at about 450 miles an hour and was only about 500 feet off the ground when I saw a flash from the other side of the river where our troops were at that time.

"Then suddenly I saw a black mortar shell hurtling toward me. It was only about 100 feet ahead and 20 feet to the right—just barely off my course.

"It was right on top of me, and I did what I could; but if it had been a few feet to the left I would have run right into it. It ripped over my plane and landed down among the Germans, where the guy who fired it meant it to go.

"Boy, if I had caught that one there wouldn't have been enough left of my plane to make a jigsaw puzzle."

Cases of planes being accidentally or intentionally knocked down by mortar or artillery fire are extremely rare, although some enemy aircraft have been caught taking off from a field as it was being brought under American artillery fire.

"When a plane runs into a mortar or artillery shell in the air there generally won't be any people left in it in shape to talk about the experience," one flier said.

Locate Toltec Capital

The capital of the ancient Toltec Indian empire which disappeared four centuries before the arrival of Cortez has been located in northern Mexico.

CIVIC CLUBS UNITED FOR TIN CAN DRIVE

At one time tin was one of the most critical war materials needed, so members of the two civic clubs of Kings Mountain, The Kiwanis Club and the Lions Club co-operated in a tin can collection drive and the success can be seen above. Lion President H. T. Fulton and Kiwanis President W. E. Blakely are shown on the picture along with members of the Police Department who aided in the Drive.

GEN. MARSHALL OPPOSES LARGE STANDING ARMY

WASHINGTON. — An American army of wartime strength may be needed long after the defeat of Germany and Japan, General George C. Marshall believes, but he feels that the armed forces in peace years should consist of the "smallest possible" number of professional soldiers.

Marshall has issued a directive to all officers concerned with postwar military organization that a large standing army "has no place among the institutions of a modern democratic state."

The chief of staff said, however, that he assumed that congress would approve a policy of universal military training for all youths, under which "every able-bodied young American shall be trained to defend his country."

Such reserves, after their discharge from training, Marshall said, should form the citizens' reserves of the regular army. He added that nations which choose a large standing army for a protecting force automatically concentrate their control of military policy "in a special class or caste of professional soldiers."

This is the system of Germany and Japan," the chief of staff's directive said. "It produces highly efficient armies. But it is open to serious political objections. In a nation maintaining such a system, intelligent opinion as to military policy and the international political policy associated therewith is concentrated in a special class."

Marshall suggested as the second type of peacetime military establishment one "no larger than necessary to meet normal peacetime requirements" but which could be reinforced "in some time of emergency" by organized reserves.

He listed four specific suggestions for the citizens' army proposal: (1) the citizen soldier should be encouraged to develop his talents and hobbies; (2) peacetime army costs would be reduced to a minimum; (3) a broad and intelligent public opinion would be provided because most of the army wartime leaders would be former civilians; and (4) the non-professional army is traditional with the American people and needs only to be perfected in advance of necessity.

Enemy of Forest

One of the greatest enemies of our forests is fire, which annually takes a toll of nearly $40,000,000. Approximately 25 per cent of the forest fires are of incendiary origin and another 35 per cent are set by careless smokers.

THE LITTLE GUY COMES HOME

"My spirit is wobbly and my mind [illegible] Ernie Pyle wrote [illegible] war correspondents [illegible] Germans [illegible] the guys in home [illegible]

[illegible] wrote about war [illegible] The people [illegible] personality [illegible] hair.

Ernie writes of war as the dead soldier sees it. From 29 months overseas he knows the horror, the mud, the [illegible] constant presence of death. He is the special [illegible] of Joe. He [illegible] the average age of the [illegible]

War has its awards for heroes. But the highest honor that can be given a newspaper man is the acclaim of his profession. This Ernie Pyle has won from the highest [illegible] down to the newest [illegible]

He has faced death with the best of the troops but never lost his [illegible] as a great reporter.

All Americans wish for him a speedy recovery, and, chief among those will be his friends, GI Joe.

'Trigger Happy' Marine Proves Anything but That

NAMUR, KWAJALEIN ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS.—An officer thought Edward Dupeck, private first class, of Philadelphia, was "trigger happy" because throughout the first night after the marines landed on Namur he kept up a rat-tat-tat on his machine gun.

Lieut. J. R. Donovan of Peoria, Ill., managed. "There aren't any Jap's down there. And that night shooting is liable to get you killed by someone mistaking you for a Jap."

Private Dupeck replied he was shooting at the enemy.

Next morning Lieutenant Donovan strolled over to see what Private Dupeck had been shooting at. He found 35 or 40 Japanese piled up on the beach before the machine gun.

CONGRATULATIONS

W. E. Blakely, Postmaster and Chairman of of the Relief, Bank sends the following message to the boys who have made the great victory possible:

"Congratulations to you, our fighting men on the magnificent victory you have won. We of the Post Office Department have echoed the hopes and prayers of your loved ones as we have handled thousands of letters and packages so regularly sent from the home folks. We have rejoiced with your loved ones as they received your welcome letters and have shared the anxiety when they were long in coming. Much has been [illegible] the Germans [illegible] of [illegible] Pacific [illegible] Front [illegible] war effort. [illegible] that we [illegible] for our gallant [illegible] hearing these [illegible] that our [illegible]

Bails Out at 650 M.P.H.; Survives

Plane Dives, Falls Apart on Flight Over England.

P-38 FIGHTER BASE, ENGLAND.—The wind was so strong it torn off goggles and gloves and even ripped a wristwatch from the arm of Second Lieut. Eugene Fleming, 22 years old, Kansas City, Mo., when he was forced to bail out of his twin-engine Lightning fighter in a power dive that exceeded 650 miles an hour.

Fleming described the experience after spending two days in the hospital for a bruised hip, his only injury. He was on a practice mission over England, flying at 30,000 feet when the nose of his plane turned toward the earth.

"I didn't intend to put her in a dive, but something went wrong," he said. "It just kept going faster and faster. It threw me against the safety belt and I was scared—really scared.

"Suddenly there was a big bang and everything felt like it was shaking to pieces. I opened the escape hatch—I don't know how—and the wind pinned my head against the side of the cockpit. It blew my right hand against the rear of the cockpit and held it there. It torn the goggles off my helmet, blew off my gloves and even whipped off my wristwatch.

"By that time the plane was coming apart. One wing flew off into space. Other parts were flying here and there.

"I managed to unfasten the safety belt, and the minute it was released there was a whoosh! and I was out. The wind chucked me right out of the cockpit."

Fleming went somersaulting through the air, but his parachute opened with surprising ease. "I could hear the wind whistling all around me," he said. "My hands were numb with cold since I didn't have any gloves. I was so cold I didn't care whether I froze to death or not. I just hung there in the chute and said my prayers."

When Fleming saw blood dripping from his face he investigated and found that his nose was bleeding, but otherwise he was all right. He fell into a tree.

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