

BERLIN, GERMANY — Colonel Thomas F. McCord has been nominated by the President to the Senate for promotion to Brigadier General. Colonel McCord is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. C. McCord, and the brother of Miss Margaret McCord of Kingsville. His present assignment is Chief of the United States Military Liaison Mission to the Commander-in-Chief, Group of Soviet Forces in Germany. Colonel McCord's new assignment has not been announced.

Sgt. John L. Eddins Laid To Rest Monday Afternoon With Full Military Honors

Kingsville Gunner Was Killed in Crash Of Big Bomber Near New Hampshire Base

The mortal remains of Sgt. John L. Eddins, Kingsville boy who offered his services to his country just three days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, came home Monday to rest in Chamberlain Cemetery, and hundreds of sorrowing friends and comrades of the Army Air Forces gathered to pay a last tribute of love and respect to the 26-year-old soldier whose career came to an untimely close just as he and his crew were making final preparations for overseas duty.

Sgt. Eddins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Eddins, was killed, along with nine other officers and men of his crew, when the Liberator bomber crashed and burned near Epsom, N. H., Monday, April 24. He was based on Grenier Field, near Manchester, N. H. Funeral services for the ten victims of the crash were held with Catholic and Protestant chaplains participating on Grenier Field last Wednesday, and then the body of the young gunner was sent from the New England airpost on its long journey to Texas with Technical Sergeant W. F. Riley, a native of Manchester and stationed on Grenier, as escort. Funeral services and burial here were planned for Sunday, but floods in the mid-west delayed trains and forced postponement of funeral arrangements until five o'clock Monday afternoon.

Services at the First Christian Church were conducted by Rev. C. R. Brooks of that church, assisted by Rev. E. L. Kelley of the Baptist Church of Alice. The services at the graveside included full military honors. Col. Swain of the Harlingen Army Air Field with a firing squad of eight men and a bugler to sound the traditional "taps," flew from their base to Kingsville in a Liberator to pay the Army's time-honored and impressive tribute to a fallen comrade.

Pallbearers were L. C. McRoberts, T. A. Simons, Jr., A. J. Freeberg, L. B. Taylor, Glenn Walker, W. T. Collier, H. P. Kemp, and F. E. Owens.

Sgt. John L. Eddins Killed In Wreck of Bomber Near New Hampshire Base

Crew of Ten Perish When Plane Crashes and Burns; Local Gunner To Be Buried Here; Army Service Today for Victims

Sgt. John L. Eddins, 26-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Eddins, and nine other members of the crew of a B-24 bomber, were killed Monday when their plane crashed and burned on Washtub Hill near Epsom, N. H. News of their son's death came to the parents Monday night in a telegram from Col. Marlowe M. Merrick, commanding officer of Grenier Field, Manchester, N. H., where the bomber was based.

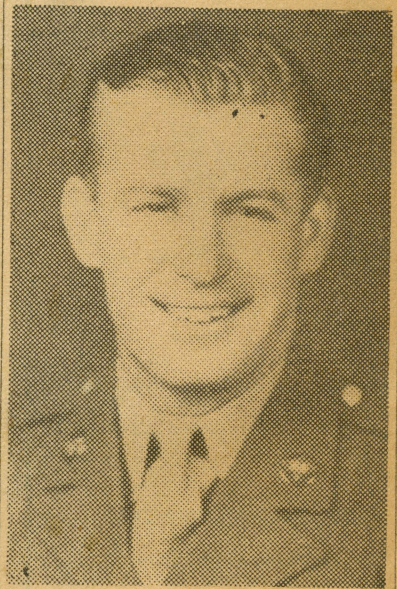
Later, in long distance phone conversation with the Sergeant's father, Colonel Merrick stated that a mass funeral service with a Catholic and a Protestant chaplain officiating would be held on Grenier Field today for the victims of the crash. The body of Sergeant Eddins will be sent here for burial under military escort. Colonel Merrick said, adding that arrangements would be made with officers of Harlingen or Foster Field for attendance of Air Force representatives at the service here. Time of this service will be announced by Allen Mortuary when exact time of arrival of the funeral party from Grenier Field is ascertained.

Sergeant Eddins was born in Mooringsport, La., January 12, 1918. He was a graduate of King High, and attended Texas A&I and Texas A&M. He entered Army service three days after the attack on Pearl Harbor and was first assigned to the 85th Infantry. Transferred to the Air Corps, he became a ground instructor in gunnery, applied for combat pilot training but was barred on account of his age. Assigned to a Liberator crew as gunner, he was expecting his crew to be assigned to overseas duty in the immediate future.

Besides his father and mother, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Nelson Lyon of Coronada, Calif., and Mrs. J. B. Gordon of Beaumont.

THE

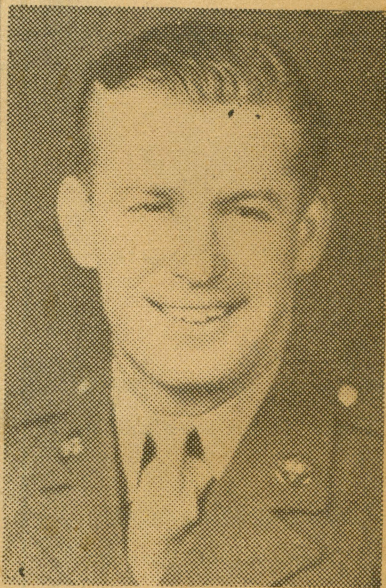
Gold Star



Sgt. John L. Eddins

Sgt. John L. Eddins was one of the crew of a Liberator which dashed ten airmen to a fiery death when it crashed on a training field near Manchester.

Gold Star



Sgt. John L. Eddins

Sgt. John L. Eddins was one of the crew of a Liberator which dashed ten airmen to a fiery death when it crashed on a training field near Manchester, N. H., April 24. Mass funeral services were held on Grenier Field, N. H. Military funeral and burial were held here the following Monday. Sergeant Eddins was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Eddins of this city, and a graduate of King High. He attended both A&I and A&M Colleges. He entered the air service three days after Pearl Harbor, and was making final preparations for overseas service.

Lt. Barnhill Dies in Action Over Europe



1ST. LT. WOODROW BARNHILL

First Lieutenant Woodrow B. Barnhill, son of Mrs. P. L. Barnhill, of this city, died in action over the European war area, it is revealed by War Department notification received by his family, Monday. He was believed to have been with an air force unit based in Britain.

The young pilot, age 25, last November 23, was a graduate of King High School and a former A&I student. Before entering the service, he was employed in the office of the tax-collector of Dallas.

He enlisted October 1, 1940, but had previous military experience in Citizen Military Training Camps at Bullis as a high school boy, and later as a member of the Texas National Guard as a cavalryman. After entering training as a pilot, he won every honor available to a cadet, serving as battalion or regimental cadet commander at Kelly, Chicasha and Randolph Fields. He received his army wings and second lieutenant's commission at Kelly Field on September 6 with Class 42-H.

On December 21, 1942, Lieutenant Barnhill was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Moseley, of Ennis, Texas. She was visiting his family here when news of her husband's death was received.

Besides his wife and mother, Lieutenant Barnhill is survived by two brothers, W. F. Barnhill, of Dallas, and Hobart Barnhill, of this city, and by two sisters, Miss Lochie Barnhill, of Houston, and Mrs. C. R. Stahl, of Corpus Christi.

To Tow Paratroop Laden Gliders



1st Lt. Roy M. Hurt (right), Kingsville, Tex., pilot of a Troop Carrier C-47 poses at a Ninth Air Force Troop Carrier Command base in England with four other members of his air combat crew. Standing at left is 1st. Lt. Maurice P. Mason, Lowell, Mass., Navigator. At center is 1st Lt. Kenneth N. Jolly, Ithaca, N. Y., co-pilot. Kneeling, left to right, are S-Sgt. Milton L. Frye, Emmett, Idaho, crew chief, and Sgt. Frederick J. Buckely, Chicago, Ill., radio operator.

—Official Photo: Ninth Air Force Troop Carrier Command.

Lt. Roy M. Hurt To Fly Paratroops In Invasion

A NINTH AIR FORCE TROOP CARRIER COMMAND STATION, ENGLAND. — 1st Lt. Roy M. Hurt, Kingsville, Texas, is now flying in England with the IX Troop Carrier Command as pilot of a paratroop-hauling, glider-towing C-47.

Headed by Brig. Gen. Paul L. William, IX Troop Carrier Command is part of Ninth Air Force, U. S. component of the Allied Expeditionary Air Force.

Lt. Hurt, the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hurt, entered the service in April, 1942. He graduated from Texas A. & M. in 1941, and was a Lone Star Gas Company industrial engineer until enlisting in the Army Air Corps.

Kingsville Man Replaces Bombed Out Rails

WITH U. S. SUPPLY FORCES IN FRANCE—Repairing bombed out tracks and sending the first supply trains over them since the retreat of the Germans, is the tremendous job being done by a railway unit under the supervision of Sergeant Reuben Walter, 905 Washington avenue, Loveland, Colo., with Pfc. Robert K. Newton as one of the group.

Only a small section of the Transportation Corps unit, this squad has been working many long hours to level the twisted pieces of rail and to raise once again the bridges that were bombed from under them. Tired and weary from the adverse conditions under which they work, however, they still push on and cover the number of kilometers assigned for them to repair.

In one day, they filled a bomb crater, raised a bridge 3 inches, and then saw the first train loaded with supplies go over it. With only 14 men working under him, and with the assistance of Corporal Robert Q. Lindon, of Seneca, Kansas, of the Building and Bridge Squad of this particular railway operating battalion, Sgt. Walter shuttles along the track bed leveling the tracks, filling in slugs, resupporting the weakened bridges and clearing away debris. At many places, due to the high elevation of the tracks, equipment must be hauled up nearly perpendicular hills.

This group on detached serv-

ice from their company and their Railway Operating Battalion headquarters, are living near a small village in an old chateau which was once occupied by the Germans. Every day they progress further along the tracks to do their work but retire in the evening to the old home singing and laughing, though very tired. They know that upon them lays a portion of the responsibility for the supplying of our armed forces in the front lines.

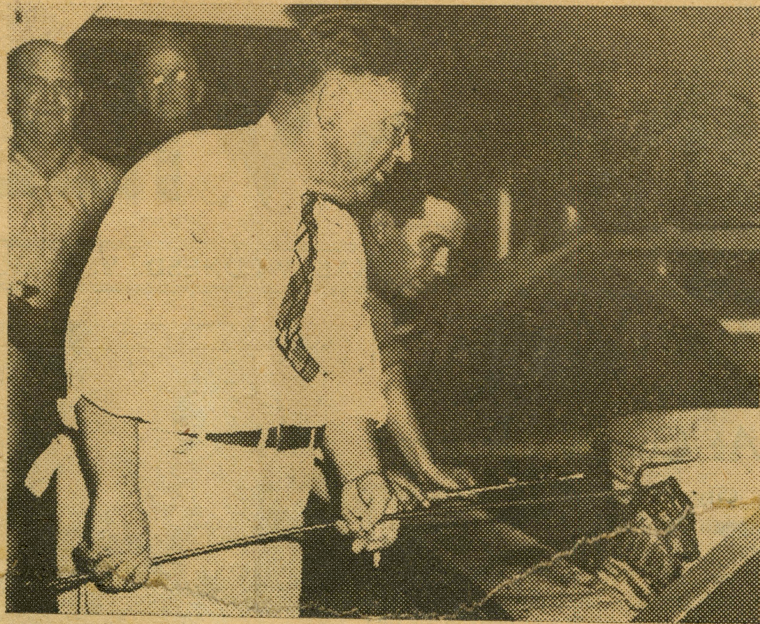
The Railway Operating Battalion, of which these men are a part is sponsored by the Southern Pacific Railroad, San Antonio Branch. The battalion is under the command of Major Walter Marlin, 2938 56th Avenue, Oakland, California.

To Tow Parat



400 Early Settlers Attend Reunion

E KINGSVILLE RECORD Wednesday, August 2, 1944



Tom Simons, Jr., hardworking hero of every Kleberg County barbecue, prepares the feast. Hobart Barnhill stands by to assist and Bill Shields and O. A. Smith in background, work up an appetite.

Kingsville Flier Delivers French Baby in Jeep After Wild Ride Through African Town

A story of how a young naval aviator, Lt. Ed Gibbs, son of Postmaster and Mrs. J. D. Gibbs of Kingsville, delivered a French baby in a jeep after a wild night ride through the torn streets of a North African town, came to light here yesterday.

Lieutenant Gibbs told the story in a letter to his parents.

"Last Saturday night," he wrote, "four of us went to a nearby town to a dance. We all had dates with Army nurses. I took my date home early as she wasn't feeling well. The others were still at the dance so I went to the parking

lot and went to sleep in a jeep.

"Sometime later I was awakened by a French gal excitedly spouting her French and crying. Not understanding French and still having cobwebs of sleep, I asked her for a repeat. I got some more French talk and caught a couple of words... 'maternite'... Then she said in English 'babe.' Still being under the influence of sleep, I thought, 'Well, she's going to have a baby.' So I said 'Congratulations.'

"Then she pointed over in front of the jeep. A French Army officer was coming up carrying a woman

in his arms. It began to dawn on me. By hand signals, much palaver, crying and sobbing, we got the woman in the jeep. She seemed to be having a hard time, but not having much experience along this line I figured it was her first and she was excited and scared. The hospital was about four blocks away, but I wasn't too sure where it was so the French officer started running out in front to show me the way.

"He was in a hurry and it took all that little jeep had to keep up with him. We got to a spot where the street was torn up

and were delayed trying to find a way through. The expectant mother was having quite a time and I was at a loss what to do except hurry, but the road was blocked.

"Another woman then came up to help. She was evidently aroused by the commotion in the streets for she was dressed in a nightgown and a coat. She got in the jeep and began to comfort the girl in pain. We now proceeded on our way via sidewalks and finally arrived at the maternity hospital gates, which were locked. After more palaver, running

around, crying, screaming (and a few well chosen cuss words from me), the gates were opened.

"By now I was completely worn out and sweating like a horse. I drove up to the door of the hospital and nurses came running out to get the would-be mother onto a stretcher and into the delivery room.

"But fate stepped in and the baby was born right there in the front seat of the jeep, 'Doctor' Gibbs in attendance and very well surprised. The woman who was dressed in the nightgown and coat promptly fainted, hit the

ground and bounced once. Another woman screamed. I needed a drink. I helped get the baby, mother, clothes and bags out of the jeep and went looking for a shot. I found the drink and remembered that I had forgotten to find out whether it was a boy or girl.

"And that's the latest news from North Africa. The story is true and should be all over North Africa by now. The commodore just authorized me to have a stork painted on the jeep to commemorate the event."

King and Queen Compliment Kingsville Soldier



AN EIGHTH AAF BOMBER STATION, ENGLAND: The King of England, the Queen, and Princess Elizabeth on a recent visit to a veteran Flying Fortress base personally complimented Corporal Robert C. Goodwyn, of 924 Gross Avenue, Kingsville, Texas. (Cpl. Goodwyn is fifth from the left in the above photo).

He is the assistant ground crew chief of the Flying Fortress "Ole Miss Destry" which has completed 60 combat missions over Germany and the occupied countries without once having to turn back due to a mechanical failure.

Cpl. Goodwyn is the 29-year-old son of Mr. F. E. Goodwyn, of Hebronville, Texas. His wife, Mrs. Ruth L. Goodwyn, resides at 3609 Dunn Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Prior to his enlistment in the AAF Cpl. Goodwyn was employed in the research department of the Humble Oil & Refining Company, of Houston, Texas. He has been in the AAF since October 24, 1942 and has been serving overseas since June 5, 1943.—Official AAF photo.

Former Top Gridster, Leroy Fry Now Setting Up New Laurels

In 1938, A&I College tacked up the name of Leroy Fry among the greats in the collegiate football world. That season Fry was the nation's leading scorer with 139 points and was honored by the Williamson Rating System by being named a member of the official "Little All-American" football team.

Today—almost five years later—Cpl. Fry, Army of the United States, again has won for himself additional football honors. A member of the Abilene Army Air Base football team and one-half of the coaching combination, Fry brought back memories of the '38 season at A&I by winning for himself a position on the All-Southwest Service football eleven.

The selection of the backfield ace was made last week by The Associated Press, and placed the physical training instructor on a team with some of the most outstanding colleges and service athletes in the country today.

This wasn't the first time Fry had been named to an all-star team, the honor also coming after his selection as Little All-American. He went to the West Coast in 1939 with the Southwest All-Stars, playing at the halfback spot.

Here at A&I, where many a husky Javelina gridster has ripped the gridiron, and where the blue and gold moleskins have been stored away for the duration of the war, the name of Fry recalls many a Herculean task—in fact no one has come close to his record. He ended the '38 season by totaling 139 points in 10 games—21 touchdowns and 13 extra points.

Fry had one of the best statistical ground-gaining and scoring records any back could wish to ring up—all this during a schedule in which the Javelinas played six toss-up games and a season's opener against Texas A&M, who whipped the Hogs 52-0. Out of a 10-game gauntlet, the Hogs won seven, and in every game, except the Aggie clash, Leroy Fry scored a touchdown or more—and he led the Javalina offensive against the Aggies.

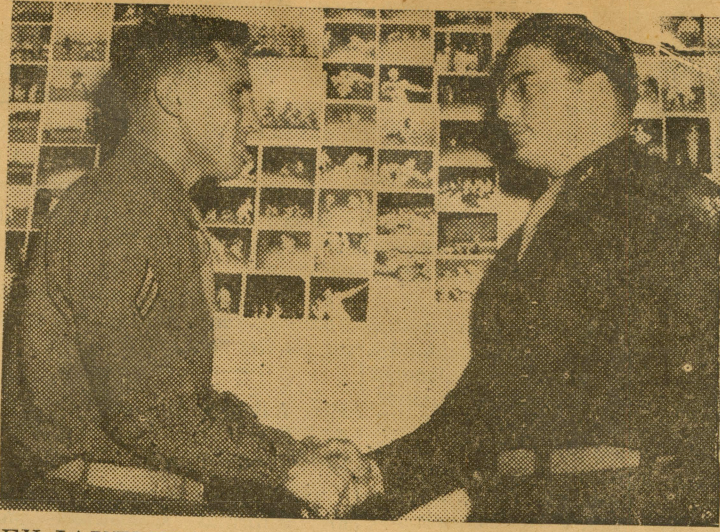
Fry, working with a great quarter-back in Ken Grimes, a dazzling halfback named Don Hightower, and a smashing tailback named Francis (Sacks Mattingly, carried (in nine games statistically available) the ball 125 times, gained a total of 912 yards, lost 79, for a net of 833, and an average of 6 and two thirds yards per carry. The 139 points he scored accounted for seven-tenths of all Javelina scoring of the season 209.

Plus the fact that he was not held scoreless in any of the nine games in which A&I scored, Fry in two games scored the lone A&I touchdown. Against Schreiner and Sull Ross, Fry scored the touchdowns that put the games on ice for the Javs.

Fry's greatest individual performance was against the Sull Ross Lobos. Tied for the national lead, the 200-pound line was set like a vise to stop Fry, but he carried 17 times, gained a net of 167 yards, for an average of nine and seven-eighths yards, while scoring one touchdown on a 78-yard gallop around left-end and kicking two extra points.

On defensive Fry played safety and was a stalwart at checking the goal line when the Hog forward wall had missed an ileusive back.

Little All-American Comes Back



EX-JAVELINA HONORED—Cpl. Leroy Fry, A&I College grid star in 1938, and at present a member of the physical training staff at the Abilene Army Air Base, is shown above being congratulated by Lt. Don Beeler, athletic officer, upon his selection on the Associated Press All-Southwestern Service eleven. During the '38 gridiron season, Fry was the leading collegiate scorer in the nation, and at the conclusion of the season he was named on the Little All-American team. His home is at Sinton.

Night Ride Toward the Rhine

By First Sergeant Jesse Temple Miller

The morning was quite cool and very foggy. The fog lay close to the ground and everything was very wet and soggy. We ate a very light breakfast, consisting of ten-in-one rations and coffee. After breakfast we rolled and packed our equipment. The scene was one of a ladies sewing circle just breaking up and everyone grabbing, snatching, and bundling his belongings. At this stage in the game no one seemed to bother how things were rolled or packed. The main point stressed was getting ready. The First Sergeant, was yelling and swearing something about "get those dam tents down," the Lts. were screaming for the tractors to start pulling guns into place.

The sound almost reminded one of a three ring circus, and of course the damp ground and the heavy mist helped things along wonderfully. Some "Joe" asked: "Do I roll my blankets wet?" he was properly and thoroughly chewed by the First Sergeant and told that if he wished to carry the dam blankets, that he had better roll them. This bedlam lasted for about forty-five minutes, and we finally found ourselves loaded and ready to move. The column was a sight that would have pleased any Inspecting General very much. We looked much the same as a bunch of refugees moving back from the front lines. The cats, guns, jeeps, and trucks were laboring under their heavy loads. One could see everything from bicycles to kitchen stoves on board our caravan of overloaded vehicles. The old march discipline was still there; we kept our fifty yard interval only at halt. To bring out the army in us, we were lost for the first few miles and we made several circles which brought us back to our starting point. I imagine to bystanders it looked as though we were warming up for a race. Finally some of our efficient staff brought out a map with those pretty red and blue lines on it. He was able to get things going and by the grace of God we started our journey about 0900 o'clock that morning.

The purpose of our long drive was unknown to most of the Joe's, but we had heard of Patton's drive toward Paris, and we had a good hunch we were the supporting artillery. Now we figured we

were in for a fancy ride and was sure there would be some exciting moments along the way.

Since "C" Battery was leading the column and as I ride in the command car, I figured we knew all the straight dope and would have a nice ride, because we had certainly started early enough.

"C" Battery had a very low rep. in the Battalion, as in most artillery units, so we very seldom led a convoy. There was something fishy about this one and I knew we had some rough Joe's that could tangle with anything, so I came to the conclusion immediately that the Colonel had his purpose in letting us lead the wild parade after General Patton's spearheading tanks. No one ever mentioned it but I'm sure that's the whole thing in a nut shell. Anyway we were leading the famous 961st Battalion known as Colonel Koehler's Raiders, and the only people between us and the Krauts were Patton's boys.

Shortly after our convoy was well on the march we stopped for one of those famous army five minute halts. You know where all the men are forced to dismount and limber up their stiff muscles. Believe me during our three year army career some of those muscles got plenty stiff too. Anyway we all dismounted and were stomping around trying to shake the chill from our bones. We were all ready to get rolling again when a command car pulled along side with a big Master Sgt. riding high on the back. He threw our Captain a salute and announced that the road is blocked and we will remain there for a while, so we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible and wait.

The hours passed very slowly and after much weary waiting, it was announced to all that we could eat a wonderful "K" ration for lunch. Well, that didn't take long because they are very easily eaten unless you eat box, can and all. After lunch we waited hopefully for something to happen, but no orders came to move. Finally a few of the boys decided to lay down for a nap; that was of no avail because they were rudely awakened by the booming voice of our Colonel. He informed all of us of the fact that we were in the American army and that we would police the road immediately. So with much weariness of heart the men went about the task of policing

and burning all paper and boxes on the road. This was the old army game, so we didn't mind too much, because we had been used to those heartaches for some three years.

Shortly before four o'clock the convoy moved out again and all had hope of driving for some time; to the disappointment of all we stopped again. This time we halted by a French farm house, and all the Frogs were out to greet the passing parade. They had bouques of cider and greeted us with "Vivi La Mirique." Then informed us that the Jerries had left only a few hours before we came. They were all very excited and enthused over their liberation.

By this time the men were so tired of waiting that no one paid any attention to the cheers from the Frogs. They didn't seem to give a damn whether we moved or not but it was a relief when the signal came to start rolling again.

During the afternoon the hours passed rather hurriedly and night was falling fast. Before long orders came down to use black-out-lights, so we knew we were in for a night drive. To our question as to how far we were going, was answered by the Captain. He informed us that we were to travel about eighty miles. At our rate of speed that would take all night to reach our destination. Still no one knew exactly where we were going or where the Germans were located. No one seemed to be bothered about the matter until darkness fell upon us.

Since we were leading the convoy our car was proceeded by only one vehicle. The occupants were a Captain and a driver, who seemingly knew the route we were going to take but in the darkness there was much confusion at cross roads. The column was halted at every inter-section. At that time we had the impression that we were only making certain of our location. We were informed later that scout cars were making reconnaissance on these roads in search for German troops, at any rate the Captain in charge would come to our car and talk with our commander. They would in low tones discuss our position. Now we began to get information as to our mission, and the immense darkness did not help our moral. The night had grown so dark one could imagine seeing numerous things. Everything from German infantry to Panzer tanks were seen by members of our weary group. We kept rolling and continued our steady climb

out of the low lands country from which we had started.

Eventually we reached the level country and approached a huge forest which still smoldered from the recent battle. The smoke and stench of burnt flesh made your heart rise and your hair stand on end. There were fires still burning and by the glow of them one could make out the figures of steel tanks. The whole scene sent a spookey feeling up and down your spine. Now and then we passed wreckage which only a few hours before was a farm house, but now it lay blown and smoldering in ruin. Every so often we would have to stop and feel our way around, a burnt out tank or vehicle. Yes, we were close on Patton's heels because the wreckage on the road revealed it very plainly.

The convoy halted again and this time the Captain in charge stumbles up, cursing about a damn shell hole. He told us to go on because his car was stalled in a shell hole and we couldn't wait for it.

Now our car was leading the parade and the nervous strain became more intense with every mile. We are in level country now and due to that fact, the visibility becomes some what better. Once we missed a M-4 tank by a hair and this excited everyone almost beyond control. After we passed, everyone resumed his position and the silence remains unbroken for the exception of whirring motors. Finally someone muttered something about wishing he knew where the hell we were and wishing for daylight to hurry and come. Of course his wishes didn't receive any answers and every thing remains silent.

After riding for sometime in silence someone notices a huge illumination far to our front. Several comments were made about the front, some were of burning cities others said "by God we were getting too close for comfort." Finally we reached the burning town; the fire was on the outskirts and things there were illuminated too much to suit our fancy. At the same moment of our arrival the Jerries arrived too, with all the planes they possessed. At any rate we figured that there weren't too many left because the sky seemed almost full of Jerry planes. This lowered our morale and made the nervous train jump to a new peak, but lucky enough we weren't spotted for they droned on towards Germany.

Now we were in the heart of the town and the buildings darkened the narrow streets to an inky blackness. There was a cross road now so we stopped; the Captain hopped out to investigate for directions. He climbed the sign pole and clambered back down. He got in and said "we go that way," as yet we still do not know where the hell we are going but we know that we should soon arrive. The morning hours were very chilly and everyone was busily trying to keep warm. It was getting much lighter now and one was able to make out various objects along the road. The scene was none to pleasant for the eyes, and we passed very few comments about the matter. Presently we came to an inter-section, our Major was waiting and in his own way explained to us to occupy at the present, the field to our

right. As there were no trees for cover we circled the vehicles in covered-wagon style. Immediately the men started putting nets up for camouflage, but many were already preparing for a few winks of sleep. We all laid down anywhere and on anything that was a suitable bed. Little did we realize that our worries were not over.

The next moment we were all awakened by the chatter of our anti-aircraft guns. Someone was yelling "they're here," and the G. I.'s were running and ducking behind what cover they could find. This was all over in a matter of a few seconds, but that wasn't enough; they came in again very low and the whole countryside seemed to light up with tracers. One Jerry went down immediately, and the other left trailing smoke. In about an hour a report came down stating that we had accounted for four planes. This made our morale rise a little, but no one was very enthused because sleep seemed more

important.

Now we have orders to move again; the "K's" are passed out and we are loaded up again in our little caravan. No one seems to care; no one seems to be too worried because we had our night and we will probably see many more. Such is the life of a G. I. at war. Many have experienced worse and many have died for a great cause, but we all live for tomorrow, home and our loved ones.

THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE

Much-Decorated Aviator Gets Acquainted With Son

Maj. L. B. Everett, Jr., Home After Flying 35 Missions.

Maj. Leroy B. Everett, Jr., 23-year-old Houston pilot, commander of a B-17 Flying Fortress squadron of the Eighth A. A. F., veteran of 35 missions over enemy-held Europe, and holder of the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Purple Heart, is going to spend the next two weeks of his leave home getting acquainted with his 7-month-old son, Jimmy, whom he met for the first time this week.

Major Everett, who has marked up a distinguished record during his airman's career in the European theatre for more than a year, agrees with so many of his comrades over there who feel that it would be pretty fine "to sit on your own front porch and watch the rest of the world go by." After the job is done, of course.

Son Thinks Its Fine, Too.

Jimmy thinks it's fine, too, making a disinterested pass at all those pretty-colored ribbons on papa's chest. He and his mother came on from California to be with Major Everett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Everett of 3130 Quenby, in time to greet the returning warrior, who arrived Wednesday.

But those ribbons mean plenty. Two battle stars on the European theatre ribbon, three Oak Leaf Clusters to the Air Medal and one cluster to the D. F. C. testify to the major's continued gallantry in action, flying skill and devotion to duty.

Toughest Mission.

The Distinguished Flying Cross came after the first A. A. F. raid on Schweinfurt August 17, when Everett led his squadron after four other Flying Fortresses were shot down. His toughest mission, which drew him the Silver Star and the Purple Heart, was a raid on enemy aircraft plants at Oschersleben, Germany, when he led his formation through "the meanest aerial battle I ever hope to see" in a running fight with enemy aircraft which continued all the way to the target.

He was flying the Hell's Halo then—and that was her last mission. With the ship severely damaged by the enemy fighters and himself burned by exploding oxygen bottles and signal flares and hit by flying fragments, he brought Hell's Halo back from that flight but she never left the ground again.

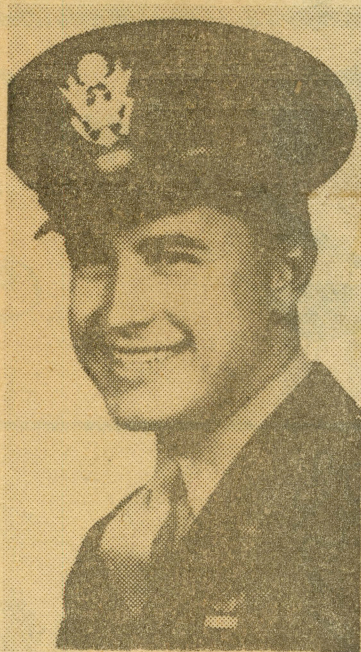
Enemy Fighters Come Close.

The German fighters come close in an aerial battle like that:

"The fellow who hit us so hard wasn't more than 150 yards away," he said. "But he ran out of ammunition."

Sometimes they get so close the bomber crew can see the men plainly, even the scarfs around their necks. Sometimes out-of-ammunition and dodging away, they wave to the Allied airmen.

The enemy fighter's objective to intercept and turn away the attackers before they reach the target hasn't made much progress against the Eighth A. A. F., he says. To his knowledge they have not yet turned back an Eighth unit.



MAJ. L. B. EVERETT, JR.

Unit Received Citation.

Major Everett's group was in the unit that received the presidential citation for extraordinary achievement in action.

But half of the men he flew are dead now and half prisoners of war, the major said, deeming himself very lucky to have escaped. His last mission was a tactical support operation August 4 over France.

Based in England ever since he arrived overseas on July 4, 1943, Major Everett hasn't "set foot" in Europe. His continental travel was confined to the skies, with telling effect. He only missed a couple of countries.

England and the British people's wonderful treatment of American soldiers impressed him terrifically.

"They'll do anything to help you out," he remarked, telling of various illustrative incident. One old lady in a candy shop wanted to give him all her chocolate coupons, when he came in to ask for "a pound of this and a pound of that," knowing nothing of the English rationing requirements.

Money Doesn't Mean Much.

"Money doesn't mean so much, coupons do," he said. Travel is pretty hard in England, though, much worse than in this country. But his only major complaint was the fact that he found no Houston newspapers in any of the Red Cross centers he happened to visit. Dallas papers, yes, and from other Texas cities, but none from his home town. He thinks something ought to be done about that.

Major Everett will report for further orders to Santa Monica, Cal., at the end of his leave. His wife, a former Los Angeles girl, and Master Jimmy will accompany him to the West Coast.

A graduate of San Jacinto High School and Texas A. and M. College, Major Everett was employed by the International Harvester Company before he enlisted in the cavalry in August, 1941. In June of 1942 he transferred to the air corps and was commissioned second lieutenant at Douglas, Ariz., in February, 1943.

Fighting Men Express Themselves On Things Over Here, Over There

Colorado Officer Says Prisoners Treated 'Humane'

Writing Mrs. T. A. Simons, Jr., to tell her that he had roomed with her son, Lt. Capen Simons, for 11 months in a German prison camp. Lt. Eugene L. Beville, Denver, says the treatment received by our boys in Nazi camps is "humane," and that Lt. Simons is in good health and spirits. His letter follows:

5 March, 1945

Dear Mrs. Simons,

I am writing in regard to your son, Capen, whom I knew quite well at Stalag Luft III in Germany, rooming with him for about eleven months of my stay in Germany. I last saw Si on the fifth of January, the day I left the camp at Sagan for repatriation. Si was in excellent health and in good spirits, and, of course, very anxious to return to "A Spot That Is Forever Texas." I do hope he shall be back with us soon.

Although the Red Cross has done a wonderful job in keeping the families here in the States posted as to conditions and treatment "over there," I do want to add my reassurance that the German treatment of Allied Prisoners is humane. After talking to some of the families here, I feel that most of them have a much harsher picture of conditions than is actually the case.

The Red Cross parcels, together with the German food issue, provides sufficient food, not that the boys aren't a bit hungry most of the time, but they do have enough food to remain in good physical condition and do not suffer from lack of food.

In regard to clothing, the Red Cross maintains stores which insure that every man has serviceable clothing sufficient to keep him warm in cold winter weather.

Si's personal parcels were coming thru quite regularly and were very satisfactory as to contents, so I shall offer no suggestions. I know he would be very appreciative of additional snapshots and pictures of the family and "Eddy."

The Y. M. C. A. has done very well in supplying sports and recreational equipment, alleviating the difficulty of having too much time on the boys' hands. The "Y" also supplies musical instruments, popular and classical recordings and plays, all of which help a great deal in making things more liveable over there.

If you have any questions, I would be very happy to answer them for you.

Joining you in the hope that Si shall be back with us before many months.

Sincerely,

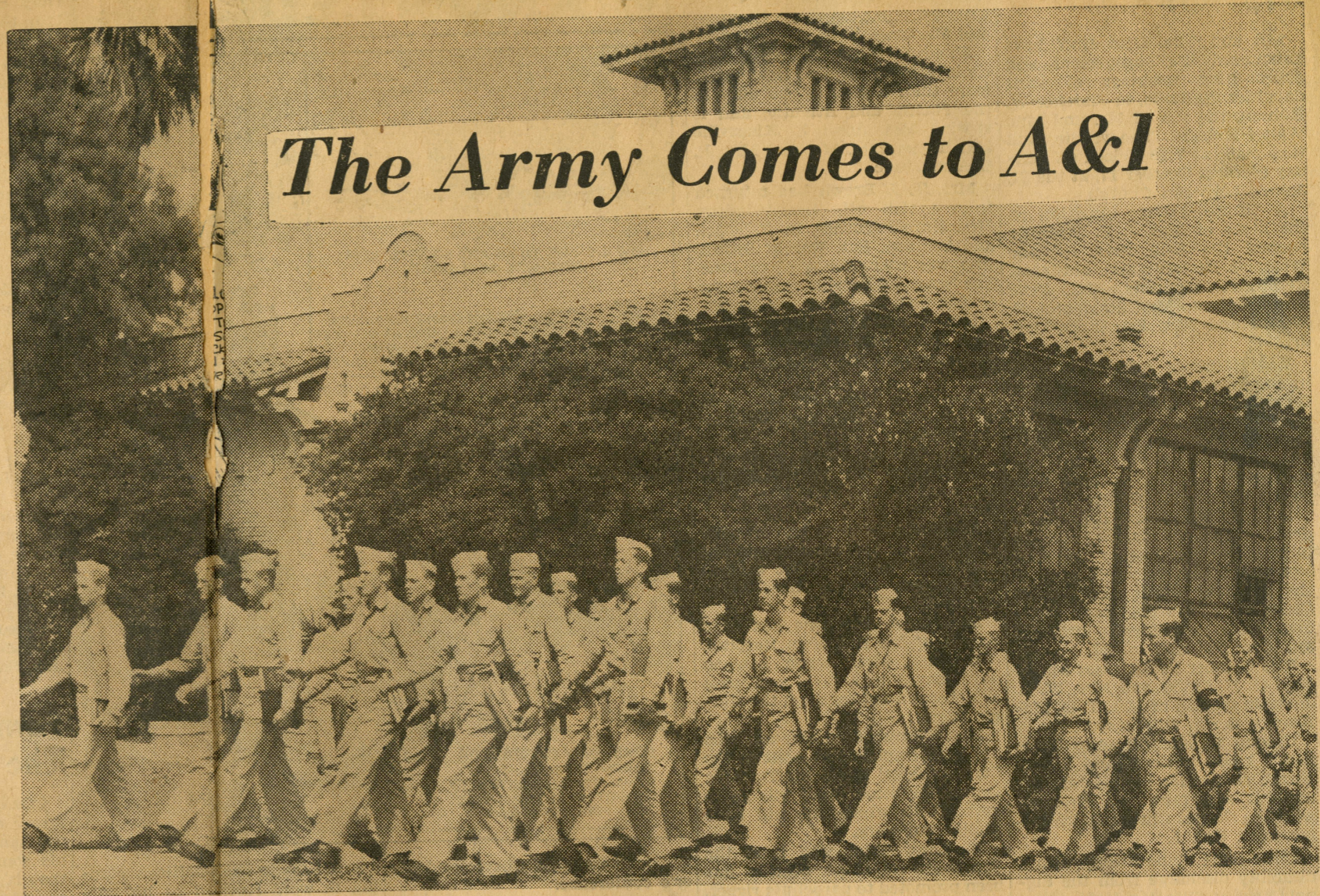
Lt. Eugent S. Beville
720 Logan
Denver, 3 Colorado

LT. CAPEN SIMONS, is in good health and spirits in Stalag Luft III. The news comes from Lt. Eugene Beville, Denver, Colo., who writes Mrs. T. A. Simons, Jr., that he roomed for 11 months with Capen in the German prison camp. The Denver officer was repatriated, leaving the German camp on January 5. He lauds the Red Cross and the YMCA for what they are doing for the boys and says "German treatment of Allied prisoners is humane."

Army Specialized Training Unit Comes to Kingsville for Pre-Engineer Courses



KINGSVILLE NOW ARMY-NAVY TOWN—With the arrival of 250 Army engineering reservists who will train at A&I College, Kingsville, long the center of a vast ranching empire, is a changed city. While Navy cadets practice dive bombing tactics overhead, the Army reservists march to classes at the college; right above, work at pre-engineering courses in the study hall, below. Dr. E. N. Jones, president of A&I College, is shown above, greeting Col. Harry M. Carroll, commanding officer of the Army Specialized Training Unit No. 3870. Kingsville, already a college town, is now a temporary home to civilian, Army and Navy students.—(Pictures by courtesy of Corpus Christi Caller-Times.)





FOOD, RECREATION AND WORK—Members of a basic unit of the Army's specialized training program, the 200 uniformed students have fallen into a routine pattern of life at the college. Long days of intensive study leave them little time for extra-curricular activities. Above, a group of the men is shown in the mess hall, and at right the new students are working in the chemistry laboratory. They mingle with sailors from the nearby Kingsville Naval Auxiliary Air Station in the downtown USO, as shown at lower left. Twelve new faculty members have been added to assist in the training program.—(Photos by Dodd.)

