OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Captain Williams and part of his crew. When they took off across "the ditch" to bomb the concrete sheds under which Nazi subs wallow, flames licked around them, flak blossomed under them, and shells exploded in their laps.

We Bomb the U-Boat Pens

By LT. ARTHUR GORDON
8th AIR FORCE

A Bomber Base in England, by Cable.

IF YOU were a German infantryman crouching behind the barbed wire that guards the Brittany coast, you would look up and see the tiny formation etched against the wintry sky and say grimly, "Look, the Americans are after the U-boat pens at St. Nazaire again." Americans—ten of them in each Fortress—the kind of boys you used to know, barefooted in summer on the farm, grease-stained under some car in a corner garage.

Suppose you were up there. Which gun would you like to man? Which seat would you prefer to fill? The pilot's of course. He is the leader, the man in command. He makes the final decisions; he is the oldest, the wisest, the steadiest—or should be.

All right, you are the pilot. Your name is Robert C. Williams, captain, U. S. Army Air Corps, 8th Air Force. That's your real name. Ask anyone. In Flint, Michigan, chances are they'll remember how you used to sing in church choirs there; used to go to the University of Michigan Law School, until —— This is not a big guy, five feet eight maybe, but solid, with steady hands and intelligent, rather tired blue eyes, one a little bloodshot right now, and a reddish mustache. A guy who likes group singing more than anything else, piloting a bomber with the lives of ten men and four radial engines resting on your shoulders. This is your first combat mission. Normally, you are squadron operations officer. Normally, you don't go on sorties. But today your roommate was sick, so you borrowed his plane and crew. It's a little like borrowing a valuable set of books—you want to return them intact, and the sooner the better.

So far, everything is right—too right. The briefing was clear, comprehensive. The take-off was perfect—the eternal miracle of lifting tons of metal off the sullen earth into the empty sky. Good weather so far; guns tested and okay; engines okay. Over France now and no sight of enemy pursuits. No flak.

Where are Goering's yellow-nosed Abbeville kids? Where is the flak? Things are too quiet, too easy.

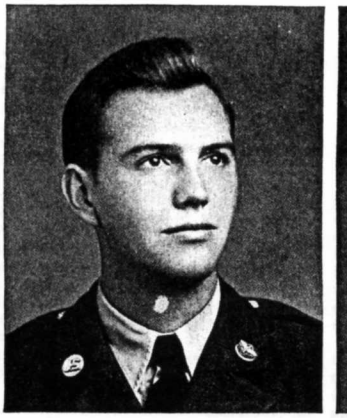
You are on the left wing of the squadron leader. There he sits, not thirty yards away. Beautiful thing, a Flying Fortress. If there were only more of them! The sunlight picks out the camouflage on the wings, and under the glistening belly the ball turret turns slowly, the gunner inside looking like an embryo chick in a glass egg. In the transparent nose, the bombardier kneels before his bombsight like an acolyte before an altar. You can see the livid yellow of his inflatable life jacket, the dark green of his oxygen mask. The interphone crackles in your ear: "Bombardier to combat crew. Altitude is twenty-two thousand feet—two-two thousand feet. Check oxygen supply."

You turn up your oxygen gauge to 24,000. Over the interphone someone begins to sing Deep in the Heart of Texas, more a metallic croak than a song. Still, it will get some laughs and reduce the tension. Where are those pursuits? Where is the flak? Things are too quiet.

The formation drones on, the roar of the engines muted by the altitude. The flanking ships have their

COPILOT: Warren George, Jr. Everyone calls him "Junior." A 200-pounder.

PILOT: Robert C. Williams. Lots of people remember him in Flint, Michigan.



TOP GUNNER: Kenneth Aulenbach. Known as "The Flying Dutchman."

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

NAVIGATOR: Jacob Shively. A nice-looking fellow. "Jake" to the others.

props close behind the trailing edge of the lead bomber's wing, as if from their proximity they gain strength and confidence. The rubber diaphragms of the oxygen masks expand and contract like living lungs. Outside, the sun is bright, but the temperature is fifteen below zero. Frost begins to form on the transparent nose, and the bombardier opens a panel to let the icy air stream through, clearing the glass. A thousand feet below, a tiny, circular rainbow with the shadows of three planes in it races across the clouds. A good omen, maybe. Almost across the peninsula now. Down below on enemy airdromes there must be frantic activity.

Have they solved the puzzle of the diversionary flights? Do they know the target is the concrete sub pens at St. Nazaire?

Yes, now they know. Near the target the flak comes up, menacing puffs of brown, oily smoke mushrooming across the sky. But it isn't bad. Low and to the left. Not bad at all—not like the time the group went over at 8000 feet.

Evasive action now, to fool the gunners down below. Flak can be tough. It can be terrifying, mainly because you can't see it coming up—just big, ugly puffs spreading closer and closer through the empty sky. But today it's light. It should be easy to give the bombardier the brief seconds of steady flying he needs.

The bombardier is waiting on his knees, his eye glued to the soft rubber eyepiece. This is his moment. This is everybody's moment. To these fleeting ticks of a watch the whole mission, the whole elaborate preparation, is dedicated. To hit the target—that is the main thing. Getting back safely? That is desirable, but secondary.

A good man, this bombardier, Emmett Ford by name. Tall and rawboned, with green eyes and crinkly hair. From Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Big and a little sleepy and easygoing. He likes his job, its importance and exact skill. Likes it, too, because he has a machine gun to shoot after his bombs are loosed. He can fight back when he has to. The pilots have to sit there and take it. He has made his calculations.

Now the bomb-bay doors yawn open; his finger is on the little lever that releases the load of death. He talks fast, his lips barely moving, the sensitive disks strapped to his throat carrying his instructions to the pilot.

Under his straining eye, the cross hairs bisect a certain infinitesimal point miles below. He touches the shiny little lever. The bombs are away—the bombs are away, and they will strike home and maybe one U-boat less will stalk the African convoys. But it's not enough. It's never enough. This is a pin prick. When do we start breaking their backs?

Step into this Flying Fortress and accompany ten young Americans you'll like on a raid over St. Nazaire.

What the bombs may do when they strike does not concern the bombardier personally. Most of the things that concern him personally are 4000 miles away. The girl from Kansas, for instance, that he hopes to marry someday. Frankie, her name is. Frankie, who does not drink, but likes fun and dancing. Funny, the way he met her. He left home at nineteen to roughneck as an oil driller. He has a happy home, with a good mother and a father who was justice of the peace. There was a lot of peace in Siloam Springs. And four brothers and four sisters. But he left it because he liked to move, liked to meet new people. So he moved and he met people. He was the derrick man on a drilling crew that wildcatted all over the oil country. Five men in that crew, as closely knit and interdependent as any aerial combat crew. They made money and tossed it away, mostly on clothes and cars—a new car every year. Sometimes they'd drill sixty days, sometimes four or five months. Sometimes the well would come in, sometimes not. A rough life and a good one.

And then one night at a Bohemian dance in Lyons, Kansas, he met Frankie, small, dark-haired, more attractive than pretty. He was wearing his working clothes. He was pretty grimy, really, but she didn't seem to care. Then the attack on Pearl Harbor, and Emmett Ford enlisted the next day. One man on this plane will not come back alive from today's raid, but don't worry, Frankie—that man is not your lieutenant.

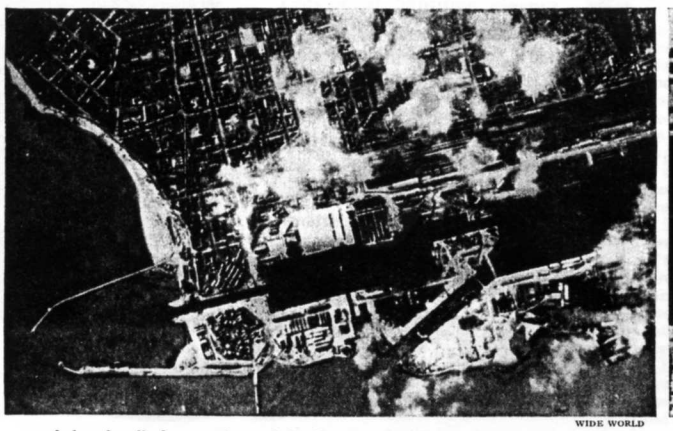
Past the target now and heading for home. Losing altitude. Hoping to hedge-hop across the peninsula. Down to 18,000 feet . . . down to 16,000. Captain Williams has turned over the controls to the copilot. Everyone is feeling better. Wait a minute! What's that? Over there on the left, climbing fast. A low-wing monoplane with a radial engine. Hey, it's a Focke-Wulf 190! Look at him waggle his wings, trying to pretend he's a Spit.

Give him a couple of bursts, navigator. Show him we know who he is.

The navigator charges his gun, slides the safety catch to the right. His forefingers squeeze the twin triggers. The red tracers streak angrily away. He's too far away. Never mind, he'll come closer when his friends have joined him.

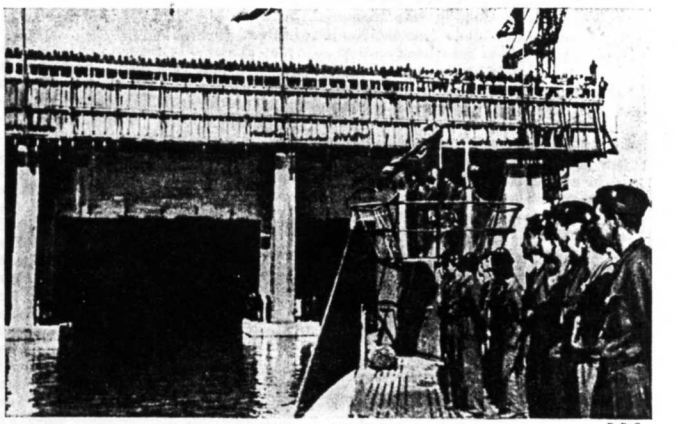
A nice-looking kid, this navigator. Small, compact, with brown eyes and skin, a straight nose and neatly parted hair. Jacob Chester Shively, of Fayetteville, Pennsylvania, "Jake" to the rest of the crew. Grew up on his father's farm with four brothers and two sisters. Pretty place, that farm. All the buildings painted white and trimmed with green, set in the rolling blue of Franklin County not far from Gettysburg, where they also fought a battle once. Remember?

Maybe 700 people live in Fayetteville. There's a drugstore or two, a couple *(Continued on Page 58)*



WIDE WORLD

A bombardier's-eye view of St. Nazaire. To hit the target—that is the main thing. Getting back safely is desirable, of course, but secondary.



P. P. C.

A Nazi U-boat pen open for business. The thirty-foot ceiling of steel and concrete is said to be bombproof, but American fliers are not convinced.

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Increased activity exposes your clothing to increased damage from soil, perspiration and fiber-chafing grit particles.

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Your local Sanitone cleaner eases out the enemies of fabric with a thoroughness unmatched by ordinary methods. And yet, his unique service is safe for the most delicate cleanable fabrics. Sanitoning refreshes dulled colors, revives matted textures.

Compare it with ordinary cleaning. You can actually see and feel the difference.

LICENSED SANITONE CLEANERS

EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC. · *SANITONE DIVISION* · CINCINNATI, OHIO

(Continued from Page 56)

the final executive order that went to F.D.R. As it studies departmental estimates, the bureau is constantly getting ideas for cutting red tape, combining, expanding or contracting agencies, or moving them out of war-swollen Washington.

Meanwhile, Smith is throwing his weight on labor policy, military policy, industrial, fiscal and economic policy, handling Washington's delicate distinctions and touchy, jealous, powerful prima donnas with confident realism and a dry sense of humor. A member of the last Congress, having in mind that American life was increasingly controlled by executive orders, half seriously puts it, "We grant the power and Harold Smith writes the laws."

But Smith himself, sitting literally at the nerve center of our democracy, almost literally with one hand on the moneybags and the other on the President's knee—the living answer to the question: "What sort of men really pull the strings in Washington?"—is principally impressed by his success as a scientist, rather than his status as Mr. Roosevelt's Mr. Fix-it.

"We consider the budget as an integrated social and fiscal program," he says. "We go into the economic interrelativities of various proposals. We serve as an agent of the President in coordinating operations. No budget office, if it is worth a damn, can run counter to the social forces of a democracy. In peace or war, management lies at the core of democratic government."

Smith leans forward earnestly and adds, "I've never thought I was very smart, but I do think I can make a contribution. We are trying to implement good government and stifle bad. This is my contribution."

WE BOMB THE U-BOAT PENS

(Continued from Page 13)

of churches. Jake's parents were steady churchgoers—United Brethren. He went to Sunday school regularly, hunted rabbits and pheasants; fished for bass and suckers with his brother; stayed out late, so they missed supper. Got paddled when they got home. Once that same brother, flying for the Navy now, chopped the end of Jake's finger off with a corn-shucking knife. The sight of blood scared them both half to death, but Jake wasn't badly hurt. He'll see more of his own blood today, but he won't be badly hurt this time either.

The Focke-Wulf on the left disappears. The formation of Fortresses roars on. There is something majestic about that formation. There is security in its united power. But let one bomber lose its place, let it be shot out of formation for even a minute, and the squadron's deadly combined fire power is impaired.

Then suddenly over the interphone comes the warning, "Here they come! Seven o'clock!" The nose of a bomber is twelve o'clock, the tail is six. Out of the sun dive four Focke-Wulfs, one after the other. They are plenty brave, those German fliers, and they can shoot. Their 20-mm. cannon shell, fused to burst at 800 yards unless they strike something first, begin to explode in the thin blue air behind the bomber's towering tail fin.

They move closer and closer. In his lonely turret, the tail gunner watches them grimly until they hit. When a cannon shell hits a plane, the way it sounds depends on where you are. If you're not too close, it's a kind of metallic whoof, like a small bark from a big dog, and you feel a jar that shakes the whole ship. But if it's right beside you, it sounds like some giant slamming his cupped hand down on the surface of still water—a double sound really, the first from the impact and the second when the shell explodes, ka-plonk, like that. Like firing a shotgun into a rain barrel. And your stomach shrivels up until you know how much damage has been done.

The first shell hits the port elevator two feet from the tail gunner. The nose of the Fortress leaps as the tail is slapped down. She loses speed and drops back somewhat from formation. It takes a strong man to force the stick forward and bring her back to an even keel. The copilot is very strong.

He is Warren George, Jr., of Palestine, Texas. Don't forget the Junior—everyone calls him that. Thick crowbar wrists and a round, good-natured face dubiously ornamented with a very new mustache. Plenty of beef around the shoulders and a little under the chin. A strong boy, all 200 pounds of him. His mother wanted to make a concert pianist out of him once, but he was secretly delighted when he broke his hand. He can still play some boogie-woogie though.

Now he wrestles the wounded bomber back to a horizontal flying position and just as he does—whoof—they hit the other elevator. They really wreck that elevator. They hit the port wing. They damage the rudder controls. The tail drops again and the nose rides up, and Copilot Junior braces his feet against the control post and shoves forward with all his might. He can see the post bend under the strain. The old football muscles under his thighs bulge with it. Slowly the nose comes down. But now they are behind their formation, and are a juicy isolated target. The F-W's come whooping in, their guns winking spiteful little tongues of flame.

Waist Gunner Neeley to pilot, "Houston is hit, sir!"

Radioman Espitallier to pilot, "Radio room on fire!"

Top-turret Gunner Aulenbach to combat crew, "Here they come again! Shoot the ——"

Slowly, now, or it will be impossible to follow all this. Nobody can follow it really. Too much happens too quickly, with too explosive violence. They wondered if it could happen to them, and then they thought it wouldn't, and now it is happening. In five minutes or five seconds they may be dead, or maimed, or floating down over the hostile fields of France with the F-W's circling triumphantly. But there is no time for thinking. There is time only for acting.

Waist Gunner Neeley. Who is he? Colin Neeley, of Columbia, South Carolina, an old hand and a Regular Army man, with service in Panama. Close-mouthed and dependable and tough as an old hunting boot. No nerves at all. A leonine head with tawny, rather ruthless eyes—a hunter's eyes.

Once, on a former mission, the tail gunner's twin guns jammed and he called on Neeley for help. Neeley twisted his own gun and calmly picked off the F-W as it closed in. A dead shot with any kind of a gun. Already one of his bursts has sent an enemy pursuit reeling away, damaged, if not destroyed. But now a cannon shell slices through the fuselage. It bursts and Neeley feels the fragments sting his legs. He sees the other waist gunner go down. Surprisingly, Neeley keeps a diary of his combat missions. Look back a few weeks and you will find this entry:

"Major Wilson suggested that we have two waist gunners and said we could pick any man in the squadron who satisfied us. I am taking Sergeant Houston, a mechanic on our ground crew, as he seems to be a good man, and think he will make a good gunner. I am going to bed early, as I'll probably need a lot of extra energy tomorrow."

down goes Houston with a cannon in his thigh. Neeley bends over him, stretches him out and applies a tourniquet, although blood flows slowly in the freezing air. Now the sulpha pills. Now the morphia needle.

And Hubert Houston. What do you need to know about him? That he was born twenty-seven years ago in Johnson City, Tennessee? That he went to Happy Valley High School and likes baseball and football? Or is it enough to know that lying there now, with his leg split open like a watermelon, he simply says, "Never mind me. You'd better throw some more baseballs at those damned F-W's."

So Neeley goes back to his gun, but not for long. Down from the radio room staggers Eddie Espitallier with an empty fire extinguisher in his hand. A cloud of smoke billows into the waist behind him. Is the radio-room fire out? No, it certainly is not out.

"Well," says Neeley, without taking his eye from his sights, "take that other extinguisher and go back and put it out!"

So back goes Sergeant Espitallier. Eddie Espitallier, of Fresno, California, whose father was French and whose mother was Austrian. They came to America long ago, those two, bringing with them cuttings from the fair vineyards of France. And they started their own vineyards out under the shadow of the Sierra Nevada, and this is their boy Eddie. He is tall and slender, with milky brown eyes and an even milder mustache. He admits that he has no temper and no resentments, and harbors no grudges against anybody. He likes to collect guns and go places in his car, and his main hobby was always electricity. Once, as a small boy, he nearly blew up the old ranch house under the elms by unwisely connecting two carbon rods. He smothered the fire with a pillow, and his parents never knew.

But this fire is another matter. It must have started when a machine-gun bullet creased an ammunition can in the radio room and scattered incendiary material from one of the tracers in the belt. Anyway, the green insulation that covers the walls is blazing and the smoke is getting thicker, and there is nothing worse than fire in an airplane. Nothing.

Now Navigator Jake Shively and Bombardier Emmett Ford leave their guns to go help fight the fire. Jake goes first, crawling between the sturdy, widespread legs of Aulenbach, the top-turret gunner, who is firing his piece steadily. Jake gets to the catwalk that leads across the empty bomb bay. He has taken off his oxygen mask. They are down to 15,000 feet now, and losing altitude. In his right hand he carries a fire extinguisher. He starts to worm his way into the narrow passage between the girders, but his parachute is too bulky. He must climb around them. He can climb either to his right or his left. He chooses the right, and that is a mistake.

If he had climbed to the left, he would not have been touched. The 20 mm. came through about ten feet from him. He was standing with his head down, and when it exploded, he felt the way he used to feel in his Washington and Lee days when somebody in the boxing ring clipped him a good one on the chin. He hung on there, a little dazed, and then he saw the fire extinguisher lying on the floor of the bomb bay. He tasted blood, but his mind had just one idea in it—to put out the fire. So he jumped down after the fire extinguisher.

It was when he tried to pick it up that he knew his right arm was broken. Ford was right behind him. Ford never liked the sight of blood. It made him feel sick. But he saw some now, and he was to see a lot more. He helped Jake Shively out of the bomb bay and did not tell him that part of one of his nostrils had been clipped away by a fragment that had also furrowed his chin. He took the fire extinguisher. Its nozzle was sliced off neatly at the base. And they went into the radio room.

Shively worked the extinguisher, broken arm and all. Espitallier and Ford tore out pieces of smoldering material and flung them out of the hatch. Ford had taken off one of his gloves, and his hand was scorched a bit, but he did not feel it. He kept tearing away at the green insulation and throwing it overboard. The fragments came sailing by the tail gunner and he thought the ship must be breaking up. But he stuck to his guns.

A lonely job, the tail gunner's. No company but the clouds and the harsh voices on the interphone and the F-W's. It takes a man who does not mind solitude and can talk to himself when there's no one else to talk to.

This tail gunner is Willie Williams, of Jasper, Florida. Hazel eyes and mouse-colored hair and a wide, humorous

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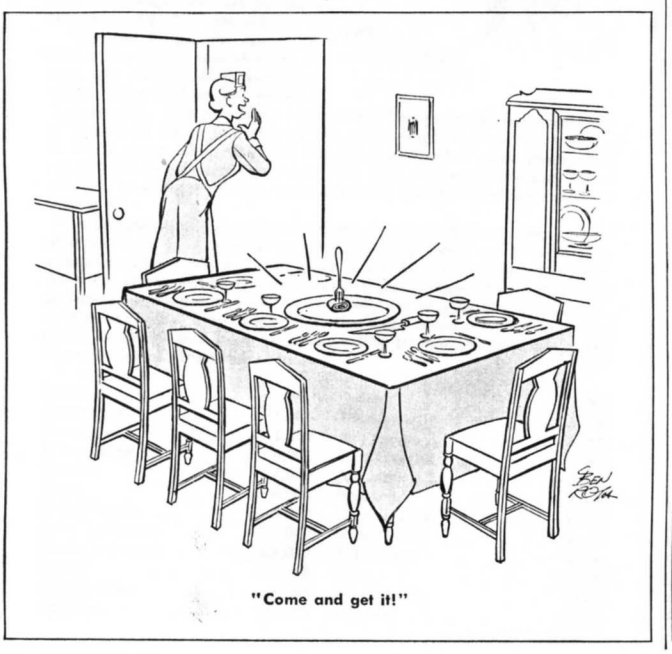

"Come and get it!"

ONE BELLE AND ALL'S WELL — NO '5 o'clock Shadow'

PUT one sailor and one belle together—subtract "5 o'clock Shadow"—and you have *romance*. And, say—there's a tip for *you!* Nothing is so quick to blight love's young dream as "5 o'clock Shadow," that messy afternoon beard stubble. So away with it! Switch to sturdy, super-keen Gem Blades and get *all-day* face neatness!

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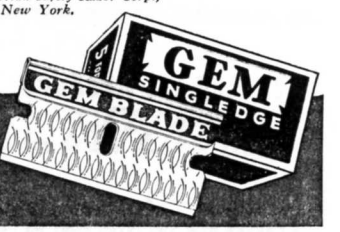


(Continued from Page 59)

mouth. A great talker and a lucky guy. Already cannon shells have burst like gigantic paper bags on each side of him. Turning around and looking forward, he can see a hole in the port wing that looks as wide as a barrel. But he is still intact, and so are his guns. A thousand yards away, an F-W climbs lazily, hangs in the air and shakes its wings like an old hen getting up out of the sand. Then suddenly it comes boring in close, closer. Willie Williams pours his tracers into it. He sees them enter the propeller arc, glance off the armored cockpit. And then, abruptly, the F-W rolls over, slips gently down and bursts into flames. A confirmed kill for Sergeant Williams.

Maybe he learned the knack in his boyhood on those cold gray mornings when he used to crunch among cornstalks white with frost, waiting for the doves to come in. Or maybe something his parents taught him had more to do with it—fear of God and nothing else in the world. Whatever it was, this is the same boy who used to go to school every day with his mother, who taught and still teaches the first grade. The boy who liked fishing and hunting and roller skating, and baseball on Thursday afternoons, and the old-fashioned square dances afterward at the women's club. This is the boy who used to take a girl, now and then, to the movies at the Fay Theater down on Main Street, and who likes one blond girl better than the rest. This is Willie Williams, who went to CCC camp because it seemed the best thing to do, and who wants to go back after the war and get a college education. And maybe he will. Maybe he will.

So now he has shot down an F-W 190 15,000 feet over France, and so he's a hero, of course. But he's still Willie Williams, of Jasper, Florida—and that's why we're going to win this war, if you see what I mean, and I think you do. The fight has been going on twenty minutes now, and to some of them it seems like two seconds and to others it seems like two years.

Down in the ball turret, crouched like a squirrel in a woodpecker's hole, Claiborne Wilson, of Holly Springs, North Carolina, is still firing his guns. There is a cannon shell hole the size of a cabbage six inches from his turret. That doesn't bother him. But now a machine-gun bullet drills the No. 2 engine, cutting an oil line. Out spurts the thick yellow liquid over the wing and over the ball turret.

So now Claiborne Wilson, of Holly Springs, cannot see to shoot. All he can do is wave his guns threateningly. So he does that. He's the pet of the crew, really, this little chap who looks more like a Teddy bear than anything else, when he stands up in his sky-blue, electrically heated suit. His father is a tobacco farmer, and evidently a good one, since he brought up not only Claiborne but eleven other children down in the flat Carolina farm lands.

They all lived in a big white farmhouse and grew their own vegetables and raised their own hogs, and went to the Baptist Church and square dances at neighbors' houses, where the music usually consisted of a guitar or two and a violin and a banjo.

It was a good life, too, but Claiborne liked mechanical things, so he became an automobile mechanic. And then came the war, and now he flies in a spot where you have to crawl out and put on your parachute before you can jump, if you have to jump. And maybe they will have to jump, because the No. 2 engine goes wild and the vibration seems to be racking the ship apart, and outside on the wing, strips of torn metal are flapping and clashing like hail on a tin roof.

And the Germans keep coming, and now they put a 20-mm. shell into the top turret. A direct hit, with Aulenbach inside the turret. He was a debonair sort of chap, was Kenneth Aulenbach. They called him affectionately, "The Flying Dutchman," or sometimes "that coal farmer," because he came from Reading, Pennsylvania. He had had a good job at home, and he was engaged to a girl back there, and he talked often of what he'd do after the war. But he was happy flying too. They tried to ground him once—a good ground job. But he'd have none of it. He was an engineer, one of the best. He bought a motorcycle and went careering around on it over the muddy English roads. He was the leader of the noncoms, in a way—the one who got them to combat-crew meetings on time and saw that they got all messages and such. They liked him fine because he was such a good-natured guy, always ready with a grin.

Kenneth Aulenbach never knew what hit him. Ford took him out of the turret—Ford, who hates violence. He did what he could, but it was no use, so he climbed into the turret and tried to man the guns. But they were useless too.

Captain Williams called Ford then to take his place, while he threaded his way back through the ship to estimate the damage. And the ship was a wreck. Fifteen cannon holes at least, and sieved by machine-gun slugs. One elevator damaged, the other destroyed. Trim tabs useless, one motor out, rudder working on three cable strands. No use enumerating the rest of it. The Fort was still flying, wasn't she, on the stamina the boys in the workshops at home gave to her?

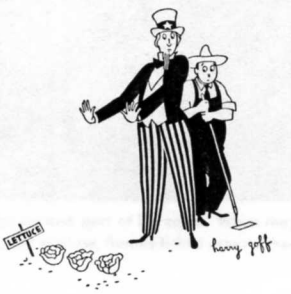
But still you can see Williams' face, can't you? Lined with strain and, yes, with rage too. This was his roommate's ship, remember? His roommate's crew. He might have given the abandon-ship order, if it hadn't been for the wounded. Perhaps the other members of the crew could have wrapped their arms around the wounded and jumped, pulling first one rip cord and then the other. But everyone stuck.

The worst of it is over now. The formation has fallen back to protect them. They shut off the No. 2 engine and get rid of the vibration. They stagger over The Ditch at 2000 feet, and somehow, with two men fighting the controls, coax her along to a friendly airfield. The tail wheel is stuck. No matter. Little Wilson jumps on it till it comes down, so they set her down without flaps at 130 mph., leave her there, like a big, tired bird, for the salvage expert. There's not too much left, even for salvage.

Ten men went out that day. They bombed their target. Nine came back alive. Of the nine, three were wounded: Houston, Shively and Neeley. Already, Neeley is ready to fly again. The others are going to be all right. Unusual? Not particularly. It has happened before. It will happen again. War breeds heroes, thousands of them. Captain Williams will get the D.F.C.; the wounded will get the Purple Heart.

They deserve it, but don't forget this: Heroes are people. They never stop being people. They get scared and excited and desperate, like any other people. That's what makes their achievements remarkable. And don't forget this, either: Men are what their parents make them. If they are cool under fire, if they are steady in the face of danger, if they sacrifice themselves for others—it's because that selflessness has been bred into them from the start. Whether that selflessness has its origin in the Blue Ridge Mountains or the San Joaquin River Valley, is unimportant. They have it, these boys. And because they have it, you can count on them—you, the people who gave it to them.

Yes, We Have No Lettuce



THERE'S a new development in the food situation—one which may have a lot to do with which fruits and vegetables are plentiful this year, and which are scarce.

To sum it up, the supply of various foods will now depend, in part, on their calorie-man-hour ratios. This isn't so complicated as it sounds. It's simply an evaluation of crops on the basis not only of their food value but also of the work required to produce them. It takes more labor to grow, harvest and market some crops than others. The calorie-man-hour ratio of a food represents the number of calories, or energy-building units, returned for each man-hour of labor behind it.

In this period of farm-labor shortages, the United States Department of Agriculture is, generally speaking, pushing foods which have high calorie-man-hour ratios, and playing down those which have low ones. Thus you can expect to see less than usual this summer of such stand-bys as lettuce, asparagus and cucumbers, and more of items like Lima beans, carrots and beets. Here is how these foods and many other familiar ones stand in calorie-man-hour ratio, according to figures compiled by the Department of Agriculture.

Lettuce	1,000	Onions	11,000
Asparagus	1,000	Tomatoes	5,000
Cucumbers	1,500	Dry beans	46,000
Lima beans	5,000	Blackberries	1,000
Carrots	4,000	Apples	10,000
Beets	6,000	Spinach	2,000
String beans	5,000	Cantaloupes	3,000
Sweet potatoes	22,000	Green peas	6,000
White potatoes	28,000	Artichokes	4,000
Barley	172,000	Rice	98,000
Strawberries	9,000	Raspberries	1,000
Cabbage	10,000	Peaches	13,000

—NORMAN KUHNE.

Study This Picture

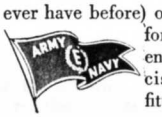
IT REPRESENTS FREEDOM.

It represents our liberty to do those things we choose to do—to buy, with our earnings, the comforts that appeal to us—and to enjoy them as we will.

It represents the American way of distributing fine things with equality. The factory watchman, the mill superintendent, the millionaire yachtsman—all may and DO drive the same model Sea-Horse. All enjoy the same perfection of performance.

It represents the things which will be ours again when the war is won. In the meantime there is work for us to do.

For our part, we have stopped the production of outboard motors for civilian use. We are working (harder than we ever have before) on certain war items for which our experience in building precision products has fitted us.



All to the end of winning the earliest possible victory—so we can get back to those things we hold dear—including golden hours on the water.

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