

# LIFE



HALF-HAT

OCTOBER 11, 1943 **10** CENTS  
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

## "I LOOKED INTO MY BROTHER'S FACE"

Even now, I can't sleep.

All night long the distant thunder of the guns was like the sad sound of surf along the shore at Massachussetts where we spent last summer. And all night long I heard again the words I said bending over the litters as the wounded came in. . .

"Where are you hurt, soldier?"

Now, not even the blessed numbness we pray for in this place can keep me from living over and over again the moment when, sponging away the dark red mud, I looked into my brother's face.

He said, "Don't cry, Sis." And suddenly we were children again, playing nurse and wounded soldier on the battlefield of our yard back home, and I was crying because it seemed so real and I was scared.

I grew up last night.

Out here, I've seen my share of war. Women strafed in the streets . . . hospitals bombed

. . . ripped sheets, splintered beds, the living and dead tumbled together. And I've stood it, because I'm an Army Nurse and that's my job.

But a nurse is a woman, first. And when someone you love is wounded, something breaks inside, and the war hits home.

Hits home to you . . . and to your mother and dad in the little Iowa town where you were born. Hits home to the heart of America.

And then you know why we're out here. Not for glory. Not for new worlds to conquer. Not for the sake of great, high-sounding words. . .

But to make sure we keep on having the kind of America my brother and I grew up in. . . to make sure we'll always have a hand and a voice in helping to make it an even better land to live in. To make sure that we'll come home to the America we've always known . . . where we can make our lives what we

want them to be . . . where we'll be free to live them out in peace and kindness and security.

That's what my brother and I are fighting for. Keep it that way until we come back!

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard Propellers . . . readying production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . working day and night to make sure our sons and brothers will soon be coming home again . . . to make certain that someday soon we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash.

**NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION**  
Detroit • Kenosha • Milwaukee • Grand Rapids • Lansing

THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, WE LEND OUR MONEY.  
BUY MORE WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!



The illustration shows a young woman with blonde hair, wearing a green military uniform, sitting in the foreground. Behind her is a military ambulance with a red cross on its side, and a military aircraft is visible in the background. The scene is set against a sunset or sunrise sky.

**NASH**   
AUTOMOBILES

**KELVINATOR**   
REFRIGERATORS AND ELECTRIC RANGES

# Why not try a **SHAVING CREAM**

## *Guaranteed not to contain any **SECRET WEAPONS!***

**Why try to blitz your beard,  
when you can  
smother it with kindness!**

Men, if you want your whiskers to surrender unconditionally; why rub 'em the wrong way? You may only provoke extra resistance if you attack your beard with mysterious ingredients and secret formulas.

There's a better way, a gentler way, that is easier on your temper and the temper of your blade.

You begin by squeezing just a little of that fine, concentrated super-soap from the big sea-green and white tube of Listerine Shaving Cream. Then you quickly brush it up on your face into a cool cloud of moisture-laden lather.

Now the trick is to go at your beard bristles good-humoredly. Give them that sympathetic rub-in which melts the heart of the wiriest whisker. Draw the razor smoothly through the stubble, with understanding and mercy. And there you are . . . face smooth and clean-shaven, your tender skin refreshed instead of riled.

Sound good to you? Then try this humane way to shave. You'll never know how much better you like it until you meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. So ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

**P. S. TO THE LADIES:** For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

In every way worthy of the name,  
because made to the  
Listerine standard of quality

THE **35¢** TUBE THAT LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S  
*month after month after month*

**REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM**  
*Out of this tube come swell shaves  
for men who prefer no-brush cream*



## The Murtimers make a discovery



"We didn't just decide it," says the Murtimers. "We discovered it. The bus bulged, the trolley was stuffed—so we walked. What's more, we like it!"

But walking is a happy alternative, for the Murtimers have discovered that wet weather need never dampen their new-found pleasure. They're both enjoying the sturdy protection which is built into "Duration Quality" rubber footwear bearing the name of either Hood or B. F. Goodrich.

"Really marvelous," says Mr. Murtimer. "And 'Duration Quality' is a modest name, unless the duration is going to last a lot longer than I think it will."



FOOTWEAR LABORATORIES AND FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

**P.S.** Thousands of pairs of our rubber footwear are now being made with the new GRS synthetic rubber. Their quality is the result of many months of successful experimenting and testing. Be sure to look for one of these two names—Hood or B. F. Goodrich stamped on the footwear itself.

LOOSE TALK—COSTS LIVES

**Hood Rubber Co.**  
A DIVISION OF  
**B. F. Goodrich**  
**FIRST IN RUBBER**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### THE MIDWEST'S MOOD, I & II

Sir:  
I have read both parts of Mr. Janeway's "The Midwest's Mood" (LIFE, Sept. 13 and 20) with great interest and they are both excellent. They present a true picture of the Central West, an area with which I am very familiar as I cover it three times a year checking crops.

A. W. ERICKSON  
Beadstown, Ill.

Sir:  
I want to congratulate you on your honest and straightforward presentation of the farmer's viewpoint. I have come to the conclusion that politically we are a nation run by political liars and it is apparent to us farmers that the President considers the labor liars the most potent. Therefore it behooves the farmers to forget strict political lines and unite to defeat labor.

I deplore this state of national fiction and the politicians will have to find out that there's not much hayseed left in the farmer's hair, and that there will most certainly be a coalition of minorities to enforce our brand of justice.

CHARLES C. ROHRER  
No. Manchester, Ind.

Sir:  
We of the Middle West thank you for a job well done in showing the rest of the United States just where we stand in regard to the war. For almost two years the East has ranted and raved about the complacent Middle West without knowing the full story.

We had the first divisions to see real action in this war, Wisconsin's famous 32nd in New Guinea, Iowa's and Nebraska's 34th Division at HHI 609 in North Africa. The Middle West had the war brought home to them a long time before the eastern part of the United States.

I am stationed in Pennsylvania but my home is Wisconsin.

LIEUT. GEORGE H. HIBNER  
West Chester, Pa.

Sir:  
Mr. Janeway's attempt to say for the whole Midwest exactly what it says about this and thinks about that is ridiculous. Mr. Janeway is merely saying what he thinks and what he hopes the Midwesters feel and think.

JOHN IRVING MARSHALL  
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:  
In his article "The Midwest's Mood: Part II," Mr. Janeway states that the farmer is making too money. He is making too money just getting material to plow every day. There is no one to hoe the weeds from his crops, so he saves the money while his land becomes food. Fertilizers can't be bought, so he saves that money. He hasn't enough labor and equipment to plant soil-building crops and meet his own crop goals at the same time, so he eliminates the farmer, makes the money and ruins the fertility of the soil. Repairs to buildings, fences, terraces, ditches can't be made so he has more money in his pocket.

In short, he is changing the natural wealth of his farm into cash, and he doesn't like it. He knows that every time he makes in that way today will cost him a dollar later on. Because of circumstances beyond his control he is forced to be the contributor to the destruction of his most precious heritage.

When the hungry postwar world comes to the American farmer seeking breeding stock to restore depleted herds, seek to plant rye and feed and food to carry it through the restoration period, but finds his farm run-down and infertile, his equipment worn out and his labor reduced by fantastic industrial wages, the shock will not be pleasant.

E. M. FUREBY  
TUCSON, ARIZ.



## NOT "MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES"

*but—*

"For the want of a nail... a shoe, a horse, a message and a battle were lost." You remember the old rhyme.

Among the many fasteners that we make for the equipment of this dispatch rider are two snags to close the case that carries his messages. They're just about as unimportant looking as that old horseshoe nail. But bottles could be lost today if they were not there... on the job. Incidentally, the small size of these efficient fasteners saves an important quantity of strategic metal which can be used for other things. Like horseshoe nails, for instance! UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Conbridge, Mass.

# DOT FASTENERS



## She Still Has "The Voice With A Smile"

War traffic keeps her busier than ever but she manages to keep calm and pleasant.

She still has "The Voice With A Smile" even when the lights are thick on the Long Distance switchboard and the circuits are crowded. Even when she has to ask you to —

*"Please limit your call to 5 minutes. Others are waiting."*

That's to help everybody get better service and you couldn't ask for a better reason than that.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



This One



SY3R-OFD-C5YL

She cut us  
**DEAD!**



MY FRIENDS were calling me "Mrs. Stuck-in-p"—and no wonder! My blank stares must have seemed like deliberate snubs, but the truth was that I just couldn't see them! And to top every-

thing, I began to have nagging little headaches, "Lady," I said to myself, "much as you don't like the idea, you probably need glasses! And you'd better have your eyes examined soon!"



WHAT A SURPRISE! The glasses prescribed for me were slightly flesh-toned, quite inconspicuous. "They're modern Soft-Lite Lenses." I was told, "scientifically designed to filter glare—adding that advantage to the optical correction your eyes need."

### Are you taking chances with your eyes?

IN THESE TIMES especially, you can't afford to! Have your eyes examined regularly as a precaution; have them examined promptly at the first sign of strain. It may be "glare strain"—a condition for which Soft-Lite Lenses are often prescribed.

Soft-Lite Lenses are ground to



I'M MY OLD FRIENDLY SELF AGAIN—thanks to that eye examination and my new glasses. (Popular enough to be elected president of the Women's Club, by the way!) And I must confess that I never knew seeing could be so comfortable. My eyes are open again!

**America Needs Your Eyes  
Have Them Examined Regularly**

There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate.



**Soft-Lite Lenses**

Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc., 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Sirs:

I find LIFE's Reports on "The Midwest's Mood" most amusing—if not a bit absurd. Eliot Janeway falls miserably in whatever attempts he is making to catch the Midwest's mood. We who know the Midwestern farmers consider them as patriotic as any class of Americans—and more patriotic than many classes. Furthermore, "isolationism," or what LIFE chooses to call "isolationism," is livelier today in the Midwest than it was in the summer of 1941.

You can sum up the Midwest's mood by listing some of its chief aims: An administration that will be a complete antithesis of the present one; a protective tariff; less centralization of power in the Federal Government; an American foreign policy which will in no way endanger our complete independence as a sovereign nation.

Our leaders, men such as Governor Dwight Green and Senator C. Wayne and Brooks of Illinois, Senator Josh Taft of Ohio and Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, are the men you should consult if you are seeking the Midwest's mood. And that mood is always clearly reflected in the pages of Colonel Robert McCormack's *Chicago Tribune*.

PVT. ROBERT C. BYERLY,  
U. S. M. C. R.

### THREE AMERICANS

Sirs:

I want to compliment you on "Three Americans," in the Sept. 20 issue. It was a splendid way to bring home what is happening daily on the war fronts.

I served in Guadalcanal and the real and only heroes of this war are the fine American lads who have made the supreme sacrifice for freedom and their homes.

LEUT. CLINTON KANAHA,  
U. S. M. C. R.

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

Your Picture of the Week is a terrible thing but I was glad that there is one American magazine which has the courage to print it.

RICHARD FOSS  
Kenilworth, Ill.

Sirs:

"Three dead Americans on the beach at Buna" is the greatest picture that has come out of the war.

NANCY SCOTT  
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

"Three Americans" is the most inspiring thing I have read about the war.

Every soldier has fears and anxieties that he admits only to himself, and he doesn't quite realize what he is fighting for. The ordinary propaganda only makes him more cynical. This editorial is the first thing I have read that gives real meaning to our struggle.

PVT. HARRY NELSON  
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Sirs:

After posting your picture "Three Americans" on the bulletin board of the dredge "Ponchartraine" the number of employes participating in payroll deductions for War Bonds has increased from fifty-five per cent to one hundred per cent.

C. F. McAULEY  
Jahneke Service Inc.  
New Iberia, La.

Sirs:

May I make a strong protest against your Sept. 20th editorial, "Three Americans" and the picture which accompanies it. The fundamental principle for which we are supposed to be fighting is the dignity of man. The man's dignities five are greater than that of dying for his country. But pictures of mutilated corpses make a mockery of sacrifice. The War Department has made a grave mistake in permitting death to be

(continued on p. 9)

# NEW WAY TO FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

Medical science has made important advances recently in fighting Athlete's Foot. It is now known that the fungus organism which causes the disease cannot live under certain alkaline conditions . . . and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—causing danger of re-infection.

Based on new scientific knowledge, a new product—Quinsana Powder—is producing sensational results. Records kept of thousands of persons show that Athlete's Foot infection disappeared in practically all cases after only 30 days treatment with Quinsana. You can get Quinsana now in drug and dept. stores throughout the U. S.

## 2-WAY TREATMENT



1. Use Quinsana on feet daily to help prevent and relieve infection. Most common symptoms of Athlete's foot are cracks and peeling between toes; mild infection may suddenly progress to more serious form.



2. Shake Quinsana into shoes every day to absorb moisture, thereby reducing chances of re-infection from this source. Being a powder, Quinsana is conveniently used in the shoes as well as on feet.



Only 50¢ for large pkg. of Quinsana. Use daily as a protective measure as well as for relief. It is also excellent for excessive perspiration and foot odor.

Pharmaceutical Div., Merrell Co., Newark, N. J.  
HOTEL RADIO PROGRAM: "Ed Sullivan Entertainers," CBS,  
Monday nights, 7:30 East, 8:15 Cent., 8:15 Mt., 8:15 Pac.

# How to jockey a General Sherman



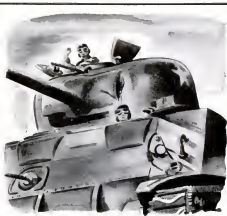
Test driver at Detroit (Chrysler) tank arsenal tells how tanks operate . . . and how they fight!



**"Down the hatch!** You slither across the steel hide of the General Sherman and squeeze through an incredibly small opening. You adjust a delicate microphone to your throat. A tug at the chin strap of your crash helmet and the earphones snap your head. You punch the starter button. You're open for business!"



**"You've got horses a plenty!** You give the motor a quick warm-up. Gauges check okeh. So you grip the two drive levers set in the floor between your knees—and wait. The clock hand nears 11 hour. Your earphones buzz. "Boston Z 1 to Charlie X 5. Boston Z 1 to Charlie X 5. Move out. Move out."



**"Cruising at better than 25 per,** you ride with your head outside. 5 speeds forward on this baby. You give her the gun. Plenty of jounce now. You're glad the edges of the hatch are padded. The tank commander up in the turret is taking punishment, too . . . eating dust, scraping floor and aft."



**"All buttoned up** is the way you go into action—a 36-ton avalanche of steel! You drive by periscope now. Inside the tank is painted white, to make the most of the feeble light. To your right, a machine gunner fondles his .30 calibre. Behind, in the turret "basket", another gunner and his loader ready the 75."



**"On target!"** The big 75 mm. gun swings on its 360-degree traverse and begins to speak . . . only a few inches from your ear. The tank shudders, then plunges ahead. You're in a first-class inferno now. Orders come to close in. The 75 hangs away as fast as the loader can feed it. Machine guns join in."



**"The best tank in the desert!"** England's Prime Minister once called the General Sherman. Now you know why. Shells spatter like hailstones over your surface. But they don't get in! This is the type of tank that scored for the British and American armies in Africa and Sicily. It will see you through!"

**F**IRST assignment in the U. S. A. to build medium tanks in quantity was entrusted to Chrysler Corporation on August 15, 1940.

It became necessary to plan, build, equip and man a huge tank arsenal which Chrysler Corporation would operate for the U. S. Army Ordnance Department.

Engineering talent and skills developed through years of volume production of Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars and Dodge Job-Rated Trucks, were drawn upon.

In April, 1941—within eight months—the

first General Grant was delivered to the Army.

In August, 1942, production was changed over to General Sherman tanks. They came off the same assembly lines without a halt in production!

To date more than 10 times as many General Grant and General Sherman tanks have been built and delivered by Chrysler Corporation as were originally contracted for when the Detroit (Chrysler) Tank Arsenal was projected.

**BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS**

## WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tanks . . . Tank Engines . . . Anti-Aircraft Guns . . . Bomber Fuelage Sections . . . Bomber Wings . . . Aircraft Engines . . . Wide Variety of Ammunition . . . Anti-Tank Vehicles . . . Command Reconnaissance Cars . . . Convoyment Furnaces . . . Troop Motor Transporters . . . Ambulances . . . Machine Tractors . . . Weapon Carriers . . . Marine and Industrial Engines . . . Gyro-Compasses . . . Air Field Scales and Fire Fighting Equipment . . . Forwarded Metal Parts . . . Navy Fastnesses . . . Harbor Tugs . . . Field Kitchens . . . Bomb Trucks . . . Bomb Sheddies . . . Tent Heaters . . . Refrigeration Compressors . . . Aircraft Landing Gear . . . and Other Important War Equipment.

In producing this war equipment, Chrysler Corporation is assisted by over 8000 subcontractors in 856 towns in 39 states.

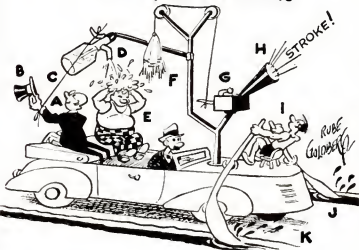
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, C. E. S., 9:00 P.M., E. W. T.

# CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER

# Save GAS for WAR!

URGES RUBE GOLDBERG



MAYOR (A), CAMPAIGNING FOR RE-ELECTION, LIFTS HAT (B) WHICH PULLS STRING (C) AND SQUIRTS SELTZER (D) ON PERSPIRING CAMPAIGN MANAGER (E) WHO TAKES SHAMPOO TO COOL OFF—HE REACHES FOR TOWEL (F), TURNING ON PHONOGRAPH (G)—COWSWAIN'S VOICE (H) YELLS "STROKE!" AND ONE-MAN CREW (I) DIPS OARS IN DITCHES (J AND K) AND ROWS CAR AHEAD—USE THE MONEY YOU SAVE ON GASOLINE TO BUY STILL MORE WAR BONDS.



Every gallon of gas you save helps the war effort . . . sound your Z for

## PENNZOIL

How can OIL increase GAS MILEAGE?

The problem is to get usable power from exploding fuel. If valves stick or piston rings leak, part of the force of each explosion is wasted.

Your engine can seal in this power only when these valves and rings are clean and able to move freely . . . not when they are clogged by sludge and varnish deposits.

Keep your engine clean and easy on gas by specifying PennZoil, the Pennsylvanian oil refined especially to resist sludge and varnish formations. PennZoil's tough, slippery film fights wear, too. Helps keep your car alive for the duration. Next time, specify PennZoil—and be sure to sound your Z!



GUARD ELECTRICAL "ARMOR"

Alr, oil and grease deteriorate insulation of the wiring in your car. Resulting "leaks" may cause hard starting or "missing". Keep all wires clean, and have them inspected twice a year.

Write for "Keep Your Car Alive"—16 pages of facts and pictures devoted to preserving your car. Address Dept. AL, The PennZoil Co., Oil City, Pa. Registered Trade Mark



PENNZOIL GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

held on cheap LIFE has erred even more seriously in editorially masking morbid sensationalism with talk about the necessity of arousing people to the meaning of the war.

LOIS HALSWORTH  
New York, N. Y.  
AMERICA AND THE FUTURE, I & II

Sirs:  
The two articles by Mr. Jessup, "America and the Future," I & II are very good indeed, and I think that they really break new ground.

WALTER LIPPMANN  
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:  
What Mr. Jessup has written is interesting and informative but in its total conclusions it is inadequate and dangerous.

In our very difficult world it is entirely true that any type of world confederation less than a centralized world state and more than a police-force alliance will be hard to get. Mr. Jessup is, I think, greatly mistaken in believing such a confederation more impractical than his scheme of alliances. He is completely vague in his suggestions about modifying the essential nature of power-politics alliances.

As to Mr. Jessup's domestic program, I never heard of more elaborate or extensive planning or of more state controls in the name of "free enterprise." Actually some of these controls can be very drastic indeed.

I think, moreover, Mr. Jessup makes a great mistake in not discussing more adequately what ought to be monopolized and who ought to own monopolies and natural resources.

NORMAN THOMAS  
New York, N. Y.

MACKING CONFERENCE

Sirs:  
Your issue of Sept. 20 reporting the 10-publican conference at the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, pictures the Casino with the conferees seated at their desks. The picture is captioned, "Hotel's Casino from which roulette wheels and gambling tables have been removed."

This is a most grievous error. The statement is wholly untrue. The Casino has been the scene of hundreds of important national meetings and conventions, with nothing more iniquitous than dancing and floor shows.

W. S. WOODFILL  
President

Grand Hotel  
Mackinac Island, Mich.

U. S. MOSQUITOES

Sirs:  
In your story on U. S. mosquitoes in the Sept. 20 issue you point out that "oil on water poisons the larvae. . . ." This is incorrect. Oil, sprayed over the surface of the water, prevents air from entering the tubes and they become asphyxiated and die. Oil, as such, has no poisonous effect on the larvae.

F. M. M. PLATKIN  
Washington, D. C.

● Reader Platkin is wrong; the kind of oil sprayed on mosquito-breeding places does poison the larvae. In some cases it may also choke them.—ED.

MARSHALL'S REPORT

Sirs:  
The Japanese cruiser pictured on page 32 of your Sept. 20 issue (Marshall's report) is not a light but a heavy cruiser.

The cruiser pictured is the *Aikuma* of the *Atago* class. There has been a long-standing argument as to whether the *Mogami* class cruisers are heavy or light. There was little or no proof for either side until the Japanese released the first forward view of a ship of this

(continued on p. 5)

**OUR TRADE MARK**  
**WINDBREAKER**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SEE WINE BOTTLES

ALSO ADOPTED BY MILITARY OFFICERS

ALSO NOV'S & 27-POUNDS

America's Most Famous Name in Jackets  
**A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP**  
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE  
FULL LINED WITH BERTHO RAYON  
OTHER STYLES, COLORS AND LININGS  
AT LEADING STORES . . . OR WRITE

**JOHN RISSMAN & SON**  
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

## ONLY

# Pleasure

can come out of this pipe

**Side-tracks moisture  
Keeps itself clean . . .**

The Smokemaster will give you a new idea of smoking pleasure—for in this different pipe, not a whiff of staleness mixes with fresh tobacco flavor. Moisture is immediately absorbed by an ordinary pipe cleaner in the stem. Smoke always has a clean, dry passage—it is not drawn through a saturated filter. From morning to night you enjoy your tobacco at the peak of its goodness.

Cuban-made Smokemaster, \$1.50  
Smokemaster, \$1.00

Beautifully finished to bring out their handsome grain. In many attractive shapes.

At your dealer's  
BRIAR CRAFT, INC.  
347 Fifth Avenue  
New York 16, N. Y.

Pat. No. 2,166,037

Moisture is absorbed by an ordinary pipe cleaner inserted in the stem.

## Briarcraft Smokemaster



## A new G-E giant even smaller than a baby's hand

*This tiny new General Electric motor  
is doing a hundred jobs for our fighters  
today—after victory it will do many  
things for you in your home.*

CONSIDERING its size this midget motor is doing one of the biggest jobs in the war—much of it of a highly confidential nature.

In our armed forces its uses are endless. There are guns to load, turrets to revolve, torpedoes to speed away.

And General Electric people are making these motors by the thousands—along with other fighting tools such as searchlights and torpedo mechanisms and heat controls for stratosphere fighting.

Today these tools are coming off the assembly lines in ever-increasing numbers—thanks to the skills developed in making the G-E appliances you have in your home.

And war, too, is proving an able sharpener of skills—the same skills that will build tomorrow's General Electric toasters and refrigerators and washers and ranges. All of which justifies this promise for those after-victory days: better living for you electrically in the low-cost home your War Bonds will buy.



**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

*Everything Electrical for After-Victory Homes*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The Hour of Charm" Sunday 10 P. M.—E. W. T. NBC. "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 P. M.—E. W. T. CBS.

**NOW!** OWN FIRST  
8mm 16mm MOVIES

# "ITALY SURRENDERS!"

## ALLIES MOVE IN!



### LIVING HISTORY FOR EVERY PROJECTOR OWNER!

AUTHENTIC, on-the-spot record of the fall of Fascist Italy! Tumultuous last moments in the crash of Il Duce's Empire! See American bombing crews blast a path for invasion! Watch as Allied warships make rubble of Axis

strongholds! Plunge ashore with Yank landing parties as they gain a foothold on Fortress Europe! Join them as they battle every inch of the way... on the road to Berlin! Here is history... written with fire and sword... filmed just as it happened! A blazing record of Allied victory that you'll want to see again and again! Own it. Get it today!

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New De Luxe Castle Films' Catalog describing 98 thrilling home movies you can own... can give. Send coupon now!

**COSTS LESS THAN UNEXPOSED FILM!**

## CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK, 29
FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO, 3
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8 mm.	
<input type="checkbox"/> 50 feet . . .	\$1.75
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Remittance Enclosed  Ship C. O. B.

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See your PHOTO DEALER or send the handy order form below TODAY!

Send Castle Films' "ITALY SURRENDERS, ALLIES MOVE IN" in the size and length indicated.

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Send Castle Films' FREE War Films Catalog

### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

claim. The picture showed the *Afognani* with a clear view of her forward turret. They contained three guns apiece. But on closer examination it was noted that the third gun on the left had been penciled in. It was then obvious that the Japs were trying to have their *Afognani*'s known to the enemy as light cruisers which carried 15 6-in. guns. But they did not succeed, for their faked picture gave conclusive proof that the *Afognani* carried ten 8-in. guns, making it a heavy cruiser.

ROBERT STRAUS

South Orange, N. J.

### CONGRESSIONAL'S WRECK

Sir:

In the Sept. 20 issue you have a story on the wreck of the Pennsylvania's Congressional Limited. It is possible that that wreck might have been prevented if someone who had read your story on the New York Central had seen the Congressional's blazing hot-box in time. The New York Central story (issue of March 1) showed a pic-



HOT-BOX HAND SIGNAL

ture of the signal given by a railroad man to indicate a hot-box to a passing engineer. I used that signal last spring to stop a freight on the North Western which was in the same condition as the Congressional just before it crashed. I was surprised to learn that the hot-box signal is always heeded whether given by a railroad man or just a passing motorist like myself.

ELLIOTT POWERS

Indianapolis, Ind.

### COLONEL CARLSON

Sir:

Thanks for the inspiring close-up on Lieut. Colonel E. F. Carlson (LIFE, Sept. 30). I cannot help contrasting his training methods with some I have seen. Many American soldiers feel that they are unfortunate victims of a low draft number.

With the exception of a few excellent training films shown to every trainee shortly after induction, almost nothing is being done to convince the American soldier that he is in this fight for his own good and the good of his children.

Lieut. Colonel Carlson is an outstanding exception. Eight months in the Army have convinced me that we have fallen short in educating our millions of open-minded soldiers.

PVT. KURT A. GRUBER

Mitchell Field, N. Y.

Sir:

In the article on Carlson's Raiders you have a picture of a group of Raiders on Guadalcanal. My brother-in-law is in the Marine Raiders. Can you tell me the name of the fellow in the front row on the left side of the picture? I am almost sure it is my brother-in-law.

MRS. ORION FORTSCHELLER

Detroit, Mich.

● For reason of military security, LIFE unfortunately cannot answer any such requests for identifications. —ED.

YOU CAN GET AROUND BY BICYCLE



For many wartime and essential transportation needs—a bicycle is best. See your local rationing board or dealer, who will help you secure a bicycle purchase certificate. If you do not need a bicycle for wartime service, buy War Bonds! Then you can buy a new and finer Columbia after Victory! The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Westfield, Mass.

Columbia

SINCE 1877  
"AMERICA'S FIRST"  
BICYCLE



the girl in the  
Seamprufe® slip

She's wise as she is lovely, for the choicest Seamprufe, the slip that stays new longer. In Bar Mill® quality rayon satin or crepe, from \$2.00 to \$3.00. At better stores everywhere.

If your favorite store can't supply you at once, be patient! Seamprufe's is making purchases today, as well as tomorrow.

"SEAMPURFE" 148 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

*When you pack his "punch" box*

# START WITH BREAD!

In spite of food shortages, you can still "pack a punch in every lunch" because modern white bread combines so many important food values in a single, inexpensive, unrationed food. Pack plenty of bread in every lunch box for these good reasons:

**Because** Inexpensive, unrationed and plentiful, modern white bread is the result of two years' work by the U. S. Government and The Baking Industry. The best bread America ever had, it belongs on every table every meal.

**Because** Enriched white bread is included in one of the "BASIC SEVEN" food groups you should eat every day.

**Because** The enriched white bread your baker offers is made to standards approved by the U. S. Government.

Enriched white bread contains VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> (which helps maintain normal appetite and good nerves) — Riboflavin (Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>) and NIACIN (important factors in the Vitamin B complex) — and IRON (which helps form good blood). Each loaf also supplies PROTEIN, which helps build tissue and promote body growth, and CARBOHYDRATES, which supply food-energy you can readily turn into work.



# BREAD IS BASIC

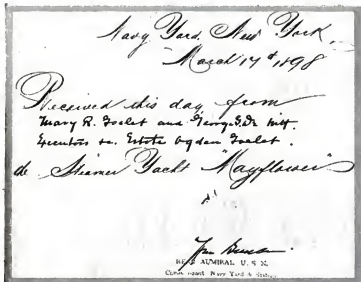
P.S. — MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

# SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE SHOW LIFE & TIMES OF FAMOUS U. S. S. "MAYFLOWER"

When the old presidential yacht *Mayflower* was refitted this past summer for duty as a Coast Guard cutter she reopened a distinguished career which seemed to have ended. Decommissioned in 1929 by President Hoover, who never liked yachting, she was almost completely destroyed in 1931 by fire at Philadelphia's League Island Navy Yard. Only the wartime need for escort vessels resurrected her.

Built privately, the *Mayflower* was bought by the Navy in 1898 (see left). She saw active service in the Spanish-American War, scored one hit with a 3-in. shell on a Spanish warship. In 1902 she was officially commissioned as the presidential yacht, remained in service throughout the terms of Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. T. R. added bathtubs cut from solid blocks of Italian marble to her already opulent interior. One *Mayflower* legend relates that a large crack appeared in one of these sometime between 1909 and 1913, when lefty William Howard Taft was in office. Shown here are a few scenes from this long and illustrious past.



"Mayflower" was sold to Navy in 1898 by the estate of Oplen Goulet, a rich New Yorker. Built by J. & G. Thompson of Clydebank, Scotland, in 1896, she cost Goulet \$1,850,000. The Navy bought her for \$430,000, converted her into a light warship. Above is receipt of delivery.



Theodore Roosevelt was first President to use *Mayflower* after she was commissioned as presidential yacht. Here he is shown standing in pilothouse during naval review in 1898.



Roosevelt reviewed 16 battleships of "Great White Fleet" from the *Mayflower* at Hampton Roads on Feb. 22, 1909. The Fleet, named because it was the last to be painted white in-

stead of gray, had just returned from famous two-year goodwill trip around the world. The review was one of Roosevelt's last acts as President. Ten days later Taft was inaugurated.



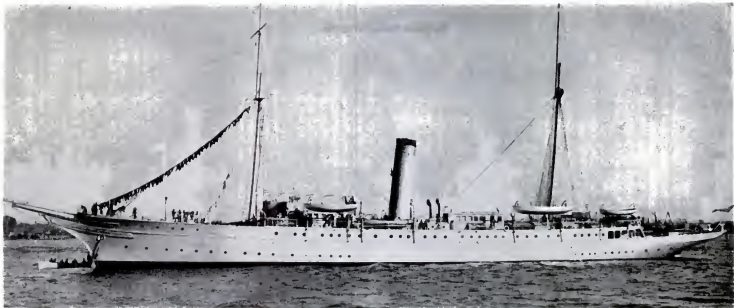
Japanese Admiral Togo, father of modern Japanese Navy, took a trip on the *Mayflower* in 1911 during a visit to the U. S. Here he is piped aboard by crew.



German Admiral von Reuber-Paschwitz returns to flagship after visit to *Mayflower* in 1912. Gig flies Imperial German flag at stern, Admiral's ensign forward. Kaiser Wilhelm II and Edward VII of England also visited *Mayflower*.



German envoy Count Bernstorff (bottom left) salutes flag as he leaves the *Mayflower* after cruise in 1912. President Taft stands at top on the landing platform.



THE "MAYFLOWER" IN HER PRIME. SHE IS A BIG SHIP, DISPLACES 2,400 TONS, MORE THAN A GOOD SIZED MODERN DESTROYER. SHE IS 320 FT. LONG OVER-ALL, HAS A BEAM OF 34 FT.



Wilson (in top hat) used the *Mayflower* least of his five Presidents because of his ill-health and the great press of wartime duties. He had an elevator installed in her.



In 1919 Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels reviewed the returning Atlantic Fleet in the Hudson River. During war *Mayflower* had been frequently used for important conferences of Allied military missions.



Harding took many pleasure trips on the *Mayflower*, removed Wilson's elevator. Once he had Sunday papers delivered by seaplane. Here he passes marines at rail.



Coolidge, who loved the *Mayflower* best, studies himself in an unseamanlike manner at the rail during a naval review. Coolidge was last President to use her. While aboard he walked about the decks with a possessive air, gravely wore a yachting cap. He showed movies on her fantail.



During another review Coolidge outraged naval etiquette by remaining comfortably seated on a couch. Despite the drama of this moment Coolidge kept cool, wore the faint, dour smile of a man who is completely satisfied with himself. Note the famous, large old-fashioned high shoes.



## “Shake with the Farmer’s Daughter!”

“Mm-hmm—I’m a U. S. Crop Corps gal now!

“I pick apples on the Ives farm—where Jim and I used to fill our apple barrel every fall, before he joined the Navy.

“You’d think I was one of the Ives family—to hear Ma Ives and me swap wartime tips on everything from canning to sheets!

“Just last night, after the chores, we got talking about ironing. Then and there, I picked up some slick new ironing tricks for my lovely Cannon Percale Sheets at home.

“And even if Ma has been keeping house thirty years longer than I have, I knew a couple of tricks that she didn’t!

“Sure—I’ll pass ‘em on. They’ll help you make your sheets last longer, too. Just stay tuned in!”

### 1 Try this sprinkler system

Don’t sprinkle your sheets till the day you plan to iron them. That’s so they won’t mildew. Use warm water for sprinkling—spreads faster. Roll your sheets up *separately* and *neatly*.

### 2 These folding hints are worth folding money

Fold each sheet *lengthwise*, selvages together. Iron on the *right side*. *Never press directly on the folds*—makes ‘em crack and wear thin. Smooth the folds in with your hand.

### 3 Hot tips for hot irons

Never leave an iron when the heat’s on—no! even for a teeny phone call. Beware of “hidden scorch”—comes from letting your iron get a trifle too hot; doesn’t show—but it’s weakening.

### 4 Is your linen closet bare?

Nobody should buy *anything* she doesn’t *have* to have—but if you’re really desperate for sheets—just see what Cannon has to offer! Cannon Percalés, the smooth, sweet-sleeping things, cost just about the same as heavy-duty

muslin. And they’re wonderful for wear because they’re woven with 25% more threads than the best-grade muslin sheets!

### 5 If this should happen to you . . .

Maybe you can’t always find the exact size you want in Cannon Percalés. The war, you know. Then ask to see Cannon’s well-constructed, long-wearing economy muslin sheets. It’s all one big Cannon family—including those grand Cannon Towels!

Cannon Mills, Inc., New York



# Cannon Percale Sheets

Made by the makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery

# SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Evil days came to the *Mayflower* when she burned and sank at her berth in Philadelphia Navy Yard early in 1931. She had been decommissioned as presidential yacht.



After being raised, the *Mayflower* rusted sadly in storage at Wilmington, N. C. She was sold several times, but never reconstructed until Government bought her back.



In drydock last summer, the *Mayflower* was refitted and armed for service as a Coast Guard vessel. She has been rechristened the *Battle*, will shortly be on active duty.

**AN' SHE PROMISED TO MEET ME AT HALF-PAST EIGHT!**

YOU MEAN SOME P-F-R-I HAS BEEN HOLDING YOU UP FOR AN HOUR, MAC? GUY! WHAT ARE YOU ANYWAY — A MARINE OR A MOUSE?

LOOKS LIKE I'M AN EIGHT BALL WHERE THIS P-F-R-I IS CONCERNED, JOE!

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU ARE KIND OF AN EIGHT BALL, MAC! ANY GUY WITH A BREATH LIKE YOURS OUGHT TO TAKE IT TO HIS DENTIST — ON THE DOUBLE!

MAC SEES HIS DENTIST!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

I'LL BE A HOOTIN' NANNY GOAT IF IT ISN'T MAC! NO WONDER HE DON'T MEET ME AT HALF-PAST EIGHT!

COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!

**COLGATE**  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network



RATION  
BOARD

NO. 26

"BETTER BUY STORM SASH... IT SAVED  
US 35 GALLONS OF OIL PER WINDOW..."

My wife and I have it figured out. The Storm Sash, double glass insulation, we installed last fall, saved us approximately 35 gallons of fuel oil per window. By tuning up our oil burner and using Storm Sash, we were able to keep our house comfortably warm all winter on the amount of fuel oil that was allotted to us. The oil we didn't get was never missed... and the money we saved was socked away into War Bonds."

This is typical of the experience of thousands of families in the Eastern Seaboard States last winter. Substantial savings in winter fuel were effected through use of Storm Sash—double glass insulation—not only in the East, but everywhere.

Savings up to 30 per cent can be made with Window Conditioning, depending upon where you live and the type of house in which you live. You can increase these savings by insulating the walls and roof of your house, and by adjusting your heating plant to operate at top efficiency.

Whether or not you *have* to get along on less fuel, remember this; every gallon of fuel oil, every pound of coal, every cubic foot of gas are vital to winning the war. The fuel you can conserve by using Storm Sash not only saves you money, but frees fuel and transportation for important war uses.

RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME TO PLACE YOUR ORDER.

It will pay you to place your order for Storm Sash and Doors early this year... before the big rush. You can get Storm Sash now. A few months hence you may find it necessary to wait your turn.

Libbey-Owens-Ford does not make Storm Sash—double glass insulation. But it does make the high-quality, clear-vision window glass so essential to good Storm Sash. For greatest satisfaction be sure your Storm Sash is glazed with genuine Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass. Your Lumber or Storm Sash Dealer will be glad to give you an estimate and take your order, for delivery when you need it. See him today. Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., 63103 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio.



LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD *a Great Name in* GLASS



## You Can Get New Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades! True or False?

It's true! ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades and Arms are safety replacement parts—was rated by Uncle Sam as essential. Your dealer has them right now—and can get more quick.

RAIN-MASTER Blades are of one-piece, molded, virgin rubber of advanced design . . . used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and humbers too—and used for years as original equipment on many makes of high-grade cars and trucks. Because they clean quicker—clean cleaner—last longer.

Why drive half-blind—from wiper smear—in any storm? Smashed cars and broken bones today help only Hitler and the Japs. Your nation needs you and your car—both at your best—for Victory.

So—next time you buy gas—ask the man to change your dulled wiper blades to keen RAIN-MASTERS. Ask him to show you too how sturdy RAIN-MASTER Arms hold your blades straight and true and snug against the glass—so they can give you the cleanest wipe.

for safer driving . . . install new Anco

**RAIN-MASTER**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**WINDSHIELD WIPER**

*Blades and Arms*

Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and humbers too.

**THE ANDERSON COMPANY**

Gary, Indiana

Creators since 1916 of accepted automotive products

Buy still **MORE** war bonds

## La Cross AMERICA'S FINEST Surgical Instruments MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Transmit your appreciation La Cross manicure implements. They may be the last you can get for the duration. The craftsmen, who fashioned them in peace-time, today are making vital surgical instruments for America's armed forces. After victory La Cross implements will be better than ever.



Schiff's Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. • Est. 1903

## LIFE'S REPORTS

### THE PARTISANS

Yugoslav guerrillas  
become seasoned army

by HOWARD SMITH

From the listening post of Berne, Switzerland, Howard K. Smith, *Time* and LIFE correspondent and author of *Last Train from Berlin*, sends this report on what he has heard about the confused uprising of the Yugoslavs. There are two anti-Nazi military groups in Yugoslavia—the Patriots of Mihailovich and the Partisans of General "Tito." Here Mr. Smith writes of the Partisans. The Patriots are an older, more professional and possibly more formidable force. A cadre of 20,000 men was later in the nucleus of a professional army to hit the Germans effectively in conjunction with an Allied invasion. Mihailovich is officially backed by the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile, has title of Yugoslav Minister of War and an advisory staff of Allied officers.

Jugoslavia's Partisans, who now occupy about one-third of Yugoslavia, resemble the model, undisciplined, scattered bands of guerrillas that they were two years ago about as much as a Mack truck resembles a model-T Ford.

When they took down their rusty shotguns from the farmhouse walls or fled from university halls and factories to the forests south of Belgrade and the mountains of Serbia in the autumn of 1941, they totaled probably less than 15,000. The roving bands had almost no connection with one another, and discipline was such that most of the units would drop their guns and flee at the merest rumor that the German Panzers were approaching. To many Partisans, their own officers were

## And to think he called me "Squint-eye"!

I met Jimmy at a USO party just 49 days before we were married—and he called me "squint-eye"! But that was later in the evening, after I had looked straight through him a number of times. (You see, I couldn't see so well without my glasses, which I would never wear in public.)



Jimmy got me off in a corner and said, "Look here, squint-eye, I've got your number. You're not a snob—you're just a little blind without glasses. And that makes you squint and wrinkle up your forehead like a nice old lady. You know, specs are mighty smart when you wear the right kind."



When I asked what kind, he said, "why Shuron's, of course!" Right there and then I began taking Jimmy's advice, and look at me today. (She's wearing ultra-smart Shuron mountings made by Shuron, the nation's style-leaders in smart eyewear) . . . When you ask for Shuron mountings, please be patient if you have to wait. Shuron's work for Uncle Sam comes first, you know.

## Beauty in Strength

Note these superior Shuron features that have led professional men to prescribe millions of Shuron *Ful-Vue* mountings: (1) "Frame strength" with "rimless appearance"; (2) Patented construction eliminates lens strain; (3) Two-point suspension reduces lens breakage to a minimum; (4) Your choice of three flattering bridge styles.



Remember—the price you pay for eye care is an important investment in your health. Be wise in your choice of professional service and the glasses you wear.

# Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"LOOK, SARGE. MY PEN QUIT ON ME—JUST LIKE THAT! MAYBE IF YOU TALKED TO IT . . ."



"LISTEN, SOLDIER. A PEN IS NO JEEP. YA GOTTA PROTECT IT. I TOLD YOU TO USE PARKER QUINK CONTAINING SOLV-X. IT SAVES THE RUBBER AND METAL PARTS."

## Pens and repair parts are getting scarce!

To keep your pen writing... use Quink with solv-x!

THE PEN which fails now cannot readily be replaced or repaired. For the production of all pens is drastically reduced by government order.

We suggest, therefore, that you safeguard your precious fountain pen with Parker Quink. This ink alone has the magic ingredient solv-x.

Solv-x flushes away the causes of most pen failures. It fights off the metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by inks highly acid. . . actually cleans your pen as it writes!

For steel pens, too, Quink is ideal. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

FOR V . . . MAIL "Micro-film Black" Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly! It is jet-black—ideal for every use. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other size, 15¢ and up.

Copy, 1943 by The Parker Pen Company



**SOLV-X** in every bottle of Quink... protects pens in 5 ways!

1. Protects rubber. . . lengthens the life of sac or diaphragm.
2. Dissolves sediment and gum left by other inks. Cleans your pen as it writes.
3. Prevents clogging of feed.
4. Safeguards base metal parts . . . prevents corrosion.
5. Assures quick starting and even flow at all times.



# PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

## LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

simply uppity individuals at whom it was fun to take pot shots at night.

Today the Partisans are said to number around 100,000, all seasoned fighting troops. From Slovenia in the north through Croatia to southernmost Serbia, all units are under the ultimate command of a single general staff. Constant contact between them is maintained by a dozen-odd wireless sets they made themselves or took as booty from the occupiers. On the authority of the Germans themselves, discipline is model. The Partisans, they say, "seem to lose the capacity of speech the moment they are captured," and most of them won't reveal so much as their names.

The Partisans, whose official name is Yugoslav National Army of Liberation, are organized in corps, divisions and brigades like any regular army. The fact that most of their recent operations have been in Croatia has given the impression that they are mainly Croats. Actually about 40% of the troops are Serbs, 40% Croats and the other 20% Slovenians and others. They are most active in Croatia simply because the Croatian mountains offer them better protection.

In the past year the Partisans have also set up an International Brigade of Foreign Volunteers. Within this, the Czechs formed a Jan Zizka Battalion, named after the 15th Century Czech national hero. The Hungarians have a Sándor Petöfi Battalion, named for a democratic poet who wrote in the early 19th Century. A handful of Austrian-German deserters formed a purely German company, while from the British, French and Russian war prisoners that have been liberated in raids on German internment camps, other mixed battalions have been created. Recently the Partisans' general staff announced the formation of a purely Italian unit to be called the Garibaldi Brigade, which will be the biggest foreign unit in the army of liberation and its first completely motorized unit.

Moreover, the Partisans' general staff includes a mission of British and U.S. liaison officers and is in constant communication with resistance movements in neighboring lands. In the northwest, Partisans of Slovenia, who already had been working with the Austrian Partisans in the Carinthian Alps, established a common regional general staff with Italian irregulars in the mountains near Caporetto. In Montenegro they fight




**MOJUD**  
*the dependable*  
NOSEY

**MOJUD... that's all you need know about stockings**

The name Mojud on stockings tells a meaningful story of extra quality yarn . . . of skill in knitting . . . and of infinite care in testing, examining, finishing. That's why, to millions of women, Mojud means the utmost in long-lasting loveliness. A better stress everywhere.

**BUY WAR BONDS!**  
Trade Mark Reg.  
© 1943, Mohr, Zedek, Venzke Co., Inc., N. Y. C.



**Meet the man who'll never meet**

**DAVY JONES**

Like many an American fighting man, he's protected against dangers of the sea... with quick-inflating life belts and life jackets, for instance. Providing instantaneous inflation power to those life-preservers is now a full-time job for Sparklet Bulbs... the same Sparklet Bulbs that charge your Sparklet Syphon to make peppy home-mixed club sodas.

**SPARKLET BULBS**

Invest More than 10% in War Bonds... Now!

**SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.**  
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

# Why the ideas from Armour's Kitchen make such wonderful meals



**1. Pardon us for bragging,** but we don't think anyone knows more about making the most of meat than Marie Gifford, our head food economist at Armour's. Ever since steaks, chops and roasts have been hard to get, Marie's been coming up with swell new meals made from variety meats and unfamiliar cuts—point-thrifty meals like the lamb pie at right. And she keeps her recipes so simple and easy, they're a cinch for anyone to follow and keep a family happy though rationed.



**2. Men love these meals!** Before using them in Armour's magazine pages, Marie Gifford tries out her point-stretching ideas on our executives. You should hear them rave over her lamb and egg pie . . . or veal stew with noodles and celery . . . or her rich lamb curry. To make sure of the women's vote, these recipes are sent out to hundreds of housewives to try in their own homes. That's why they're so easy and inviting—why you can bank on their success in your home!



**3. Many an Army cook** has thanked Marie Gifford for her demonstrations in Army cooking schools. She's shown many ways to brighten the flavor and taste appeal of new dehydrated foods and other specially processed foods used by the fighting forces. What's more, women leaders in civilian defense and other club groups flock to the cooking demonstrations given regularly by Armour food economists. They get many practical tips for planning nutritious meals and making the most of meat.



**4. We're cooking up post-war surprises,** too! When peace returns and rationing is but a memory, you'll find that many delicious new meat dishes will be available for your table. New methods for improving the quality and flavor of famous Armour products . . . and delightful new foods to come from Armour are being tested in our kitchen right now! Sorry we can't let you in on our secrets now—but they're worth waiting for!

## FREE!

It's Armour's newest booklet of ration-stretching meat recipes! Shows you how to make the delicious lamb pie shown above—and 68 other good ways of fixing beef, veal, lamb and pork. Write Marie Gifford, P. O. Box 63104, Chicago, Ill.—for your free copy today!



THE meal planning research conducted in our experimental kitchens to maintain nutrition on the home front, is just one of many Armour and Company contributions to America's war effort. Because of our vast facilities developed through 75

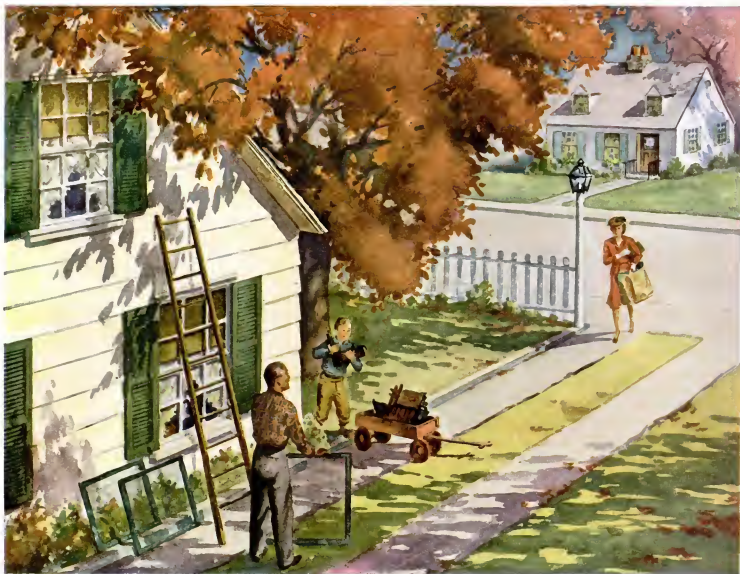
years of peacetime progress, Armour is able to supply a major share of the meat and dairy products for our armed forces. The millions of dollars Armour has spent in continuous research have developed many by-products that are vital to developing



## Armour and Company

For finest flavor and quality ask for Armour's Branded Products  
Star Ham and Bacon      Star Beef, Lamb, Veal      Star Sausages  
Star Canned Meats      Cleveland Poultry and Dairy Products

# Meet a Home that is shortening the War . . .



**Our biggest question about the war is "How soon will it end?" . . . We buy Bonds, we salvage scrap, we share our foods in order to get it over faster . . .**

**One of the greatest War Shorteners is the homes we live in . . . Let's fight with them to shorten the war!**

If everyone said, "Let George's home do it"—save and conserve and salvage and buy War Bonds—prospects wouldn't look so bright for the Red, White and Blue.

But American homes are fighters' homes. The streets they're on are scrapping streets—fighting to shorten the war.

For instance, in the picture above, three people are doing three things that help cut weeks off the length of the war.

The woman carrying her own groceries is contributing a few grains of rubber to an airplane tire by *not* using the tires it would take to deliver these groceries.

The youngster is rounding up scrap to turn in for fighting weapons.

The man, by putting on his own storm windows, is doing two things: releasing the work-hours of someone else, and winterizing his home with storm windows which will keep his family warmer with less coal or oil or gas.

Multiply this home by 30,000,000 homes. Multiply these activities by dozens more activities.

"Then say to yourself and your family," "Let's put a Fighting War-Shortening heart into this home of ours."

And not tomorrow—TODAY!



## THE HOOPER

IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The Hoover Company has worked for and with the American home for 36 years.

In these times, The Hoover Company feels it can help by pointing out to the American home the power of the American home in getting this war over faster.

### TO THOSE WHO OWN HOOVER CLEANERS

In the interest of conservation, and to be assured genuine Hoover service and parts, we suggest that Hoover owners register their cleaners with the Hoover Factory Branch Service Station (consult classified telephone directory) or authorized dealer. If you cannot locate either, write: THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio.

*Remember: do not discard any worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to secure replacements.*

## Handy, Quick Way to Make Nose Feel Clearer



Men! Women!... This handy new Vicks Inhaler makes cold-clogged, dust-clogged nose feel clearer—brings greater breathing comfort—in seconds. So packed with effective medication, just a few whiffs bring grand relief. You can use the new Vicks Inhaler as often as needed.

USE ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

## VICKS INHALER

**CHEST COLDS** To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort. **VICKS VapoRub**

Lovely Tuffy Miller, winner of the Miss Stardust title in our national contest... a typical American Girl.



★  
*Ha! America*  
★

Never before have women contributed so much to our war effort... in this industry or, in the front. And never before has Stardust quality been better, though, of course, here's the same lovely acetate rayon, as washable as ever... and still guaranteed for one entire year. It's well worth waiting for, if necessary!

About \$1.39

★ **Stardust** Insured Kips ★  
By the Makers of Stardust Blouses

## LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

together with Albanian patriots, and in Serbia they have contact with the Greek guerrillas.

The brain of all the units and the focal point of all communications is the Partisans' mobile general staff. It is headed by one "General Tito." General Tito is really Josip Broz, a former Croatian metal worker. The Axis press says that Josip Broz has a long criminal record, but people who knew him personally say he bears no resemblance to the rogues' gallery portraits of "Josip Broz" published by the Nazis. He is described instead as tall, blond, sharp as a knife and energetic as a dynamo. They say he is around 40, that he served time before the war in a Belgrade political prison for his activities in the Peasant Party, and that he also lived a long time as an exile in Paris where he spent his days learning Shakespeare and Clausewitz by heart.

In so far as any social movement can be the work of individual men, the Partisans are largely Tito's personal creation. He is said to have foreseen the war and the occupation of Yugoslavia years ago and to have laid plans. Against monumental difficulties he helped organize the first rude Partisan units in Serbia in the autumn of 1941. When the German offensive splintered them, he assembled all the splinters he could, led them in a long march of 250 miles through the mountains to Bosnia. There his friend Kosta Nagy, former commander of the Croat Battalion of the Spanish International Brigade, was arduously organizing the Croat guerrilla army. With the aid of Ivan Ribar, a Belgrade lawyer who in 1942 was president of the first Yugoslav Constituent Assembly, they started the organization of a national people's army—the Partisans of today. Tito's headquarters move with opportunities. When it was first established, it was in Bihać, Bosnia. Last spring and summer it was moved to Montenegro, then northern Serbia. At present it is thought to be in the Lika area north of the Adriatic Coast or nearby.

Until recently Partisans tolerated no rank and all commanders were elected by the troops. Three months ago they learned the lesson that all amateur armies learn sooner or later, and introduced ranks. Twelve generals were named. Only six of them were officers of the old Yugoslav Army—all six had been colonels and one of them had been a member of



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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# Social Security

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### THIS MAN...

retired from business, lives quietly but comfortably on his income of \$100 a month—\$40 from Social Security and \$60 from his life insurance policy.



### THIS MAN...

cannot afford to retire after 65. Not having saved through life insurance or other investment, he now lacks income to supplement the \$40 monthly check which Social Security will pay him if he quits work.



### THIS WOMAN...

is the wife of a man over 65, who is receiving a Social Security check. Her "wife's allowance" at 65 will add 50% to the family income. She will have a small income from Social Security during her lifetime.



### THIS WIDOW

is young, with two children—Dick, aged 9 and Sally, 5. The family enjoys a \$70 monthly check from Social Security. But after Sally reaches 18, Social Security will pay no benefit to the widow until her 65th birthday.



### THIS DEPENDENT PARENT...

in his 50's but a victim of ill health, cannot qualify for a monthly Social Security check. On the death of his son, a dependent parent receives benefits only if no widow or child survives, and then only at age 65.



### THIS CHILD...

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### LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

the old Yugoslav Army's general staff. Three of the other new generals learned all they knew about warfare in the International Brigade in Spain. Of the three others, two were peasants and one—Tito—a former mechanic.

Alongside this highly organized military apparatus, the Partisans constructed a Civil Administration. Every time the liberation army wrests a new town from the occupiers, this administration moves in behind the troops. The sanitation service cleans up. A brigade of teachers opens schools for children and adults, and loudspeakers are set up on public squares in order to provide the latest news from Italy, Russia, Yugoslavia.

The Partisans take full advantage of the democratic fits the Nazi occupation has fanned. An election of local officials is generally called within a few hours of liberation and speakers of a half-dozen political parties lead brief campaigns. People's Tribunals are established, drawn as much as possible from the local citizens, and justice is dealt to the quillings forthwith. Meanwhile, reporters for the Partisans' short-wave radio station (blown in piecemeal by Russian long-range transport planes) and the Partisans' newspaper *Bozha* ("struggle") interview the populace. Within a few hours the citizens of obscure towns never before mentioned in print can read their own testimonials of life under the Nazis and their plans for the future.

A peculiar feature of the Partisans' "State" is the freedom allowed religion. The Partisans' enemies testified to this in a recent article in the *Deutsche Zeitung in Kroatien*: "These bandits always spare churches. Oftentimes only the steeples of intact churches can be seen over the ruined village they abandon. They maintain so clergymen as field priests and these priests open churches in each village they prefer. Where there is no local priest available to say mass, they—often by violence—produce one."

Above the Civil Administration exists a regular federal assembly, called *Veche*. The *Veche* has 68 members of all races, religions and political parties, and is presided over by bushy-haired old Ivan Ribar, who was a member of the old democratic party until he gave up politics in disgust in 1945. Different national units in Yugoslavia have

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## LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

their own subsidiary assemblies.

All this shouldn't induce the impression that the Partisans are a living Robin Hood idyl, for their life is hard—far harder than most Western minds can fully conceive or than most Western bodies could long endure. For example, with all the goodwill in the world to the Partisans' medical corps, the doctors and former medical students haven't been able to prevent the devastating typhus epidemics such as those that ravaged Bosnia last winter. They have few medicaments but boiled water and native herb purgatives. In requests that the Partisans sent to the Allied headquarters in North Africa, medicaments were said to have taken precedence over munitions. The Partisans have no clothing. In fact, they joke that poverty has finally brought them uniforms—generals and parliamentarians, like privates and peasants, are indistinguishably clothed in rags. Their mountain haunts have been ravaged by offensive and counter-offensive so often that few of them ever sleep with a roof overhead. So far as is known, they have never suffered famine, but if any of them ever had an occasional full meal it was because they captured a chance German-Italian supply train intact.

The liberation army never has sufficient ammunition to fight a long-pitched battle. On countless occasions they lost or withdrew from battles they could have won thumbs down simply because bullets ran out. Often-times death sentences of the People's Tribunal are executed by poisoning rather than shooting in order to save shells.

They have no tanks, no anti-tank guns, very little artillery, no airplanes, no flak. Their numbers are easily great enough to have occupied a city, but they never dared it because towns are a fine target for bombers and they had no means of air defense. At Spalato they broke the rule against taking towns and within a few days they paid the price. The Germans began pouring bombs into defenseless Spalato.

Five times in two years the combined Axis forces have undertaken large-scale offensives to destroy the Partisans, aided by hundreds of tanks, bombers and inexhaustible artillery. Still today they are easily four times stronger than two years ago, and their authority continues to spread over Yugoslavia.



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**LIFE**

**LIFE'S COVER:** The jeweled headpiece worn as a hat will become the bodily features of Mrs. John Cross, Mrs. Cross, the former Betty Ribble, is the wife of Lieut. Cross, now in Australia. Taralike hand she wears is one of dozens of half-hats, or "curvettes," designed by Millner Sally, Victor to complement the new hair-down coiffure. For additional information on hats and hair, see pages 71 and 72.

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George Silk is a newcomer to LIFE's staff. Born in New Zealand 26 years ago, a top-flight yachtsman and skier, he was an amateur photographer until the outbreak of war in 1939. Since then he has covered the Australian armies in Crete, Greece, Cyrenaica and New Guinea and has photographed missions of the British Navy and R. A. F. He was one of the "Rats of Tobruk," was captured by Rommel and escaped. His pictures of Mrs. Roosevelt's Australian visits are printed on pages 27-31.

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## FIRST LADY'S SOUTH PACIFIC TOUR

On Sept. 23, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt returned to Washington at the end of a five-week, 25,000-mile tour of the South Pacific undertaken at her own expense in behalf of the American Red Cross. In the course of her odyssey she spent six days in New Zealand, eleven days in Australia and touched briefly at 17 island outposts. Tirelessly, cheerfully, she appeared at innumerable public gatherings, walked through miles of hospital wards, talked to hundreds of wounded American and Allied soldiers, inspected scores of Red Cross hostels and clubs.

Of all the travels which Mrs. Roosevelt's great energies and greatheartedness have prompted her to

undertake, none, certainly, ever reaped a greener harvest of gratitude and goodwill than this last arduous journey to the Antipodes. In Auckland, Wellington, Sydney and Melbourne, crowds massed daily outside her hotels and public buildings simply to view and cheer. Australian and New Zealand orators and editors competed with one another to find adequate expressions of affection and esteem. "Zealand owed America much," wrote an Auckland journalist. "She now owes another debt which can never be repaid. We can only thank you for sending her to us."

It was, however, the American soldiers in remote hases and in hospitals, the wounded, the malarial

and the lonely who most appreciated the journey she had made in their behalf. One wide-eyed soldier on a nameless island gazed at her in awe and muttered, "You're the first white woman I've seen in eight months." Another, in an Australian hospital, sighed after she had gone, "Jeepers, she's just like your own mother." She spoke to every wounded man she saw, smiled at each, signed her name on countless hand-ages and scraps of paper and cloth. She promised to write or telephone wives and mothers on her return, and began fulfilling her many such agreements the day she set foot on U. S. soil. For photographic record of Mrs. Roosevelt's great trip, turn the page.



**In Sydney,** Mrs. Roosevelt steps from her Liberator transport and finds only a few hundred aircraft workers on hand to witness her secret arrival. But word of her presence soon spread throughout the

city and a few hours later when she arrived at Town Hall to address the women of Sydney, a crowd of 20,000 was waiting in the street to greet her with the Australian cheer of "Coo-coo-coo" (below).



**In New Zealand** she visited Auckland and Wellington, and glimpsed the geysers at Rotorua. Here she chats with her Rangitikei guide outside Maori meetinghouse.



**At a Red Cross hostel** in Sydney she greets directors and staff. In her column, *My Day*, she wrote: "My admiration for the Red Cross personnel grows daily."



**She shakes hands with V. A. D.'s—**Voluntary Aid Detachment—who help in Australian hospitals. She made a point of meeting women's auxiliary groups.



Arriving at Canberra, the Australian capital, Mrs. Roosevelt is welcomed at the airport by Lord Gowrie, Governor-General. Her orchids are a present from Mrs. Douglas MacArthur.



Mrs. Douglas MacArthur expresses regret that her husband cannot be on hand to meet Mrs. Roosevelt, owing to duties in New Guinea. Mrs. MacArthur also bade her farewell when she left Australia.



She arrives at Parliament House, Canberra, with Australia's Prime Minister John Curtin, who gave her copy of diary kept by Captain Cook, 18th Century explorer.



She gives her autograph to an Australian on a piece of cloth used in physical therapy. Throughout her journey she signed thousands of bandages, cigaret packs, "short-norter" balls.



Luncheon guest at a base hospital in Sydney, Mrs. Roosevelt talks animatedly, but toys with her food. Her escorts, including Lieut. General Eichelberger (right) ate heartily to keep up their strength.



She interviews the chef at a Red Cross hotel. She explored behind the scenes everywhere she visited, examining bedsprings, cooking utensils with a discerning eye.



She talks to battle casualties in a big Army hospital in Sydney. During her visit she walked more than three miles up & down corridors and through wards greeting wounded men.



Addressing up-patients in Sydney hospital Mrs. Roosevelt reported the President had desired her to reassure each soldier he was not forgotten. She was tumultuously cheered by audience of 700.



She shakes hands with nurses of the Australian Army. Some of these girls served in Crete and Greece. One is the only woman survivor of hospital ship sunk by Japs.



Her initial chore upon arriving in Sydney was to type *My Day*. To LIFE Photographer George Silk, Mrs. Roosevelt said: "Congratulations. Dozens of photographers have been trying to get this picture since I started the column. You must be very lucky."



"I do hope you're better soon," Mrs. Roosevelt says to a wounded Aussie in Sydney hospital. She tried to speak to and shake hands with every wounded soldier she encountered, often walking some distance out of her way when she spied a bandaged youth, to greet him with a forthright kindness.



She joins Joes at chow in mess hall somewhere in Australia. In one of her columns she wrote: "The boys who have just come out from camps in the United States speak of their food as being better out here. That is partly because of lease-lend arrangements."



On hallowed Guadalcanal, Mrs. Roosevelt, first civilian woman to visit the island since its capture, pauses beside grave of a marine. "On the island there is a cemetery," she wrote a few hours later, "and as you look at the crosses row on row, you think of the women's hearts hurried here as well."





AN AUSTRALIAN WORKMAN'S CHILD WAVES  
"HELLO" AND MRS. ROOSEVELT WAVES BACK

# THE SENSE OF TIME

IN A SHRINKING WORLD THIS DIFFERENTIAL BETWEEN NATIONS IS ADJUSTABLE ONLY WITH CARE

Some months ago, one of LIFE's editors found himself in Arabia waiting for the automobile convoy which was to take him 800 miles across the desert to visit King Ibn Saud. When several days went by and the automobiles had not appeared, the editor decided to investigate. He went to see an official with whom several thimbles of coffee were pleasantly consumed and then asked:

"Would it be possible for you to tell me something about the automobile convoy that is going to take me across the desert?"

"But of course," replied the official, "What is it you would like to know?"

"Well," said the editor, "I have been waiting for several days and the convoy has not appeared. I was beginning to get worried."

"The King has said that the convoy will appear. It will appear," replied the official. "What else would you like to know?"

"To tell you the truth, I was wondering a little bit, just when it would appear," said the editor.

The official paused for several seconds. "You want to know when it will appear?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the editor. "Since you so kindly inquire, that is just exactly what I would like to know."

"A strange question," the official replied. "I doubt whether anyone could answer it but I will try to do my best. Perhaps it will come tomorrow. Or, then again, perhaps next week. That is, of course, God willing."

The convoy eventually appeared and took the editor to his destination whence, in due course, he reached London. Here, one evening, he stepped out of a hotel and asked the doorman to call a cab.

"Yes, sir," the doorman said and vanished. Fifteen minutes later the doorman reappeared. With him was a taxi which he had run to earth. The editor got in and went about his business which, in due course, brought him to New York. Here he hailed a taxi and gave the driver an address.

"Hell," said the driver, "You can get there quicker on the subway. I'll run you to Times Square."

## Americans Scuttle Around

What the above three incidents have in common is that each concerns what might be called a sense of time. To an American, it is natural to consider time as an important factor in any operation. A taxi driver feels, unless otherwise advised, that his fare will want to go wherever he wants to go as quickly as possible. Americans in general seem to feel, indeed, that time is their most precious possession. They are always hurrying and scurrying.

In Arabia, far from seeming precious, time

is not regarded as valuable at all. The time element, even where a long journey is involved is not merely unimportant. It is more or less nonexistent. Indeed, it is just as natural for an Arab not to include the time element in his thinking as it is for an American to include it. An Arab almost never hurries.

Regarding the American sense of time as one extreme and the Arabian sense of time as another, the countries of the world fall into relative places on the scale. England's rating is much closer to America's than it is to Arabia's. Nonetheless, an English doorman would be unlikely to suggest that the quickest way to get a taxi is to go out on the street and hail one. He assumes, perhaps, that the time saved is less important than the dignity lost by such an action. Time may be important but decorum is more important. Everything in its proper place, the British feel.

One peculiarity about this sense of time is that the standings which nations would have on the basis of their senses of time might closely resemble the standings they would have on other less abstract bases, such as Progress or per capita national income.

It would seem that the sense of time is connected with the matter of competition. In a country where people are competing in lively fashion for earthly rewards, time represents an advantage in the game. Where there is no chance of getting ahead in the world, what is the sense of hurrying? One might as well take it easy.

It would also seem then that the sense of time is connected with the matter of religion. Surely, if one regards life on earth as merely a more or less unsatisfactory preface to life elsewhere, this makes a big difference. Competing for the crumbs of pleasure available here would be, in fact, a waste of time. Possibly then, the Arabian's apparent disregard for time is really a disregard only for earthly time.

## Slightly Deeper Water

The question of a sense of time arises for the following reason. Outside of language, it is the most striking, albeit not the best understood, differential between nations.

Now, while it is agreed that freedom of religion and freedom from want—the latter a tall order, to be sure—are indispensable human rights, no one has said anything about the freedom of each nation to preserve its own sense of time.

Of course we are getting into fairly deep water here. Even on the matter of the four freedoms, one might wonder whether a nation in which religion tends to belittle earthly prosperity should be expected to compete for such prosperity; and whether, therefore, freedom of religion and freedom from want are not to some degree, mutually exclusive.

However, this may be splitting hairs and there are other points to be considered.

The fact is that this is a shrinking world in which, after all, the American sense of time, as tangibly expressed in airplanes and other contrivances, seems to be causing the shrinking.

Now, of course, we all have good and sincere intentions when the war is over or even before it is over of not infringing upon the ways of life currently preferred by other peoples. At the same time it seems that, without any intention of doing so, we might be so infringing by nothing more than the tone of voice in which we ask for a menu or the amount of man-hours which we allot in estimating a job of work.

## Big and Little Matters

We have on hand a world in which distances have dwindled to such a degree that all sorts of nations really must set about adjusting themselves to all other sorts of nations. In the course of this process, are we to assume, by and large, that the U. S. sense of time is superior to others and that we should induce its acceptance by example or otherwise? Or are we to assume that other nations are entitled to their own currency in this respect?

The tendency is to think that, in great matters, each nation can follow its own course whereas in small matters each will learn from the other. But in fact small matters and great matters are inextricably tangled together. If you spread automobiles around the world, you spread the U. S. sense of time with them, because that is what automobiles are about.

The ideal situation would be one whereby lively nations, when conferring upon leisurely nations the advantages associated with a sharp sense of time, received in exchange the more spiritual advantages associated with a dreamy sense of time.

In order to hope for such an outcome, however, it will be necessary to go about the whole thing very carefully. High-pressure experts in Washington, who are making plans for feeding this one and that one, and lively young AMG officials, still panting after their course in European management, must get it into their heads that the whole thing is not so simple as it seems. They must pause, for a time, before undertaking to cure the ills of the world, to study these ills, first making sure that they are ills.

The subject, after all, is to make this century the bright climax of the world's history, when the whole planet achieves some sort of unity, temporal and otherwise. In due course, such a happy state of affairs might be attained. That is, of course, God willing.

## PICTURE OF THE WEEK

In the nightmare after Dunkirk, the British fearfully anticipated Nazi parachutists and Panzer columns coming up the winding lanes of England.

Every last road sign was taken down and hidden. Ever since, a stranger has had a bad time finding a street or even a town. Now the nightmare has

been officially declared over, for England has put back its road signs. If there is to be an invasion it is Great Britain that plans to do the invading.



HADHAM WARE  
HERTFORD LONDON

BISHOPS STORTFORD  
CAMBRIDGE A 120

N BRAUGH  
NTINGFORD

The British at last put back the signs on English roads taken down to bewilder Nazi invaders after Dunkirk

# THE LANDING AT LAE

Navy reveals details of craft that made it and other amphibious operations possible

When Allied troops charged across the palm-fringed beach at the Japanese New Guinea base of Lae on Sept. 4, they sprang from an armada of strange new landing craft whose bows lined the shores behind them. These were the vessels that have made most of the Anglo-American offensives possible. The same type of craft carried our men into Sicily and Italy, into the Aleutians and the South Pacific islands east of New Guinea. Though not one of these ships had been built a month before Pearl Harbor, an accelerated Navy construction program has produced thousands of them for invasions all over the world. Their

black hulks ranged along a beachhead have become the most familiar pattern in World War II.

The most important of this group are two ships whose details were secret until a few weeks ago. The first is the LST (Landing Ship, Tank), 327 ft. long and displacing 5,500 tons. This is about the length of a destroyer and the tonnage of an average freighter. The other is the LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry), 135 ft. long, capable of carrying about 300 infantrymen. Both are able to cross an ocean under their own power and have a shallow draft to permit them to beach, unload men or armored vehicles and back off safely.

On an LST that took part in the Lae attack was LIFE Photographer Myron Davis, who watched the troops being loaded, transported and put ashore. He followed the Australian soldiers into the jungle surrounding Lae village and watched them hammer the few remaining Japs into submission. He photographed every phase of the operation, including the Jap air counterattacks, the movement of men and supplies inland and the final occupation of the battered villages of Lae. His pictures on these and the following pages are a complete documentation of the type of amphibious operations on which the Allied victory depends.



Australian troops are loaded into an LST for transportation to Lae. This efficient embarkation took place somewhere in eastern New Guinea, the soldiers coming out of the jungles at prearranged spots to find the landing craft waiting for them. The LST's also took jeeps, trucks and

supplies aboard for the crushing attack. Although they were originally intended to carry hundreds of tons of tanks, they are just as useful with a load of smaller vehicles, fieldpieces or troops. When the LST's and LCI's finished loading, they backed off and headed for Lae.



**LST at 583** is packed with Australian troops resting about the deck for the fight ahead. This view, taken from above the bridge, gives a good idea of the landing ship's size and construction. Tarpaulins have been stretched along the sides to protect the men. One in center forward covers the elevator.



**LST's bridge** is compact and well protected by rapid-firing guns. These are useful against low-flying enemy planes which may strafe them while they are coming in or lying at a beach. These ships are usually commanded by Navy or Coast Guard lieutenants.



**Running in at Lao**, the LST opens her wide bows to be ready to disembark men and vehicles when she hits the shore. Thick vertical ramp behind the doors keeps the sea from flooding into the ship. When she is beached, the ramp will be dropped horizontally to permit the men to run across it to shore.



**Troops on elevator** prepare to descend into bottom of LST. There they will line up in space behind ramp and go ashore when it is dropped. The plan of attack has been explained to them by their officers and they have checked equipment for the last time.



Troops go down ramp to assemble. By now Japanese resistance, much feebler than had been expected, has been overcome near shore and men are preparing to move inland.



Australians unload supplies, which include boxes of ammunition and gasoline. To left of the gaping doors in LST's bow is an American soldier, reporting to jungle beach headquarters by walkie-talkie.



Bombed LCI burns fiercely on the beach after a Jap air attack. Landing craft are especially vulnerable to bombing when stationary and engaged in unloading operations.



New Guinea village, once occupied by Japs, is now used as a loading base for U. S. and Australian troops. Waves of landing craft were able to beach at the village after Japs were driven out of area.



Heavy supplies are unloaded from an LCI (foreground) and an LST. Steel matting is being placed over beach to provide

traction for vehicles, and now drums of oil and gasoline and equipment to build roads and airfields are stacked in piles

near jungle's edge. Already, in this smooth-functioning operation, empty craft have returned to their base for more cargo.



The beach near Lao is a study in light and shadow as the Pacific sun begins to rise. The landing operation started at

dawn and by this time is an accomplished fact. A matted road runs down the center of the beach over which loaded jeeps are

being driven. The soldiers set up antiaircraft guns near the ships while their comrades fought in jungle behind them.



**Jungle Outpost** is manned by tough Australians, already hard at work after the air raid. Note man being given first aid. In this area, Japanese Zeros went back and forth at treetop level, strafing haplessly. Photographer Davis describes his sensations when caught in such an

attack as "ripping the mosquito net in a frenzy and grabbing my tin helmet. I threw myself into the bush and lay in terror. I tried to put my whole body under that one ridiculously insecure helmet. I was surprised that I could pick myself up and swear like I never had before."



**Jeeps** run along a makeshift road through the fields outside of Lae village. Bulldozers have not had time to level the ground for stream of wheel-tracked traffic. But the Australians kept the jeeps and trucks heading toward the jungle front. Davis, who stopped for some tea at a small truck

detachment hidden alongside the trail, writes: "Until one gets into such a place under such conditions, it is impossible to realize how welcome such nourishment is, even if it is made from muddy river water and contains leaves and insects that have fallen into the bucket."





**Anti-aircraft gun**, mounted near native shacks close to the village of Lao, is manned by an Australian crew. They have just finished firing at a Jap bomber and are ready to go into action again if it comes back. Preponderance of Allied troops who landed at and captured Lao were hard-fighting Australians.



**Bomb crater**, made by a Jap 500-pounder, is examined by Australians. Soldiers lay flat on their faces in muck alongside Photographer Davis when Japs dropped bombs. Others, not so fortunate, were killed in same attack and buried in crater where they lay.



**Road to Lao** is covered with steel mats by U. S. Engineers as the attack progresses. Japs, who could see it in the jungle, made a point of flying low and strafing men working on it. These nuisance raids only interrupted progress for a time, the Engineers went right back and soon had the job completed.



**Bulldozer**, run by an American, widens the road to headquarters. These drivers could not hear Jap planes because of their own motors, worked until bombs began to fall. The Australians, who took all sorts of chances, thought they were the bravest men at Lao.



**A dead Australian** from the burning LCI in background is laid reverently on the beach to which he was carried from his stricken ship. The explosion of the bomb, which set his craft ablaze, killed him instantly. Those soldiers who were wounded in the jungle fighting were carried by

stretcher back to the landing craft which returned to an advance base and transferred them to a hospital ship. The few men killed in the Lae attack, victims of bombing or picked off by Japanese snipers, were buried by the trail where they fell. Plain white crosses mark their graves.



## ENJOY THE LIVELY FLAVOR OF HEALTHFUL TOMATOES

In the soup that most people like best



By raking leaves  
I earn a dime,  
And with it buy  
War stamps each time.

SIT DOWN to a brimming bowl of this bright, tempting soup. Sniff the fragrant wisp of steam that rises. Dip in your spoon and feast on the tempting taste of sun-ripened tomatoes, deftly seasoned to point up the delicious flavor.

Campbell's take fine, specially grown tomatoes—the finest in the land—and blend them with fine table butter into

a purée so rich and smooth, it's become the soup that most people like best.

These days, when energy is needed more than ever, women everywhere are rounding out their wartime meals with Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . it's so rich with precious tomato nourishment, so satisfying to the appetite. Why not ask your grocer tomorrow for several cans.



### *Campbell's* TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



**SALVAGE TIN TO WIN!** It will mean more tin for canned foods and for war materials. Save every can you open. Remove label, then wash, fold in both ends and flatten. Turn over to your local Salvage Committee.

# AH-H! Two straight-from-heaven Recipes to prolong these heavenly PEAS!



LADY, LADY—read these savory new recipes! They're out of this world. Moreover, they show you how to "extend" the lives of such tasty, farm-fresh Peas as you've never known.

Birds Eye Peas are picked at peak perfection. Then the tenderest are whisked through the Quick-Freezer. This captures ALL the delicious, country-fresh flavor.

They're WORK-FREE, shelled and washed, ready to cook! And NO WASTE! One box of Birds Eye equals 2 lbs. of market peas. Compare prices, and ration points, too—then make them go farther in these marvelous recipes!



## Birds Eye Jellied Pea Salad

- 1 box Birds Eye Green Peas
- 1 package Lemon Jell-O
- 1 bouillon cube
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon scraped onion
- Dash of cayenne
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Cook peas as directed on package. Drain, reserving liquor; add hot water to make 1 1/2 cups. Dissolve Jell-O and bouillon cube in hot liquid. Add vinegar, salt, and onion. When slightly thickened, fold in peas, ring mold with cayenne. Cover bottom of ring mold with layer of Jell-O mixture. Arrange slices of egg around sides of mold. Jell-O mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Makes 6 servings.



## Birds Eye Peas & Celery au Gratin

- 1 box Birds Eye Green Peas
- 2 cups thinly sliced celery
- 1 1/2 cups seasoned white sauce
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1 cup buttered bread crumbs

Cook peas as directed on package. Drain, reserving liquor. Cook celery in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, reserving liquor. Make white sauce, using vegetable liquor as part of liquid. When thickened, add cheese and peas and blend. Add peas and celery. Turn into greased casserole. Cover with crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Cover with crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 30 minutes, or until crumbs are browned. Serves 6.



YOUR BIRDS EYE GROCER carries a wide variety of fruits and vegetables—all delicious! But large quantities of Birds Eye Foods have gone to our Armed Forces. So, if he happens to be out of one vegetable you want on a certain day—try another!

MARK THIS WELL! All quick-frozen foods are not Birds Eye. To protect yourself against possible disappointment, look for the Birds Eye on the store

window and the package! P.S. Birds Eye Foods MUST SATISFY—or you get your MONEY BACK! UNCLE SAM says: "For health, eat some food from each of these 7 basic groups—daily!" 1. Green & Yellow Vegetables. 2. Oranges, Tomatoes, Grapefruit. 3. Potatoes & other Vegetables & Fruits. 4. Milk & Milk Products. 5. Meat, Poultry, Fish & Eggs. 6. Bread, Flour & Cereals. 7. Butter & Fortified Margarine.



AL DEXTER PLAYS AND SINGS HIS HIT SONG, "PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA," WHILE BEING FITTED FOR ONE OF TRICK COWBOY SUITS HE HAS BEEN BUYING SINCE SONG CLICKED

## "PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA"

Periodically the American songbag is fattened by a tune that finally becomes a national scourge. Yes, *We Have No Bananas* (1923), *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More* (1923), *The Music Goes Round and Round* (1933) were cases in point. By last week a raucous little item called *Pistol Packin' Mama* gave promise of joining that obnoxious group. Like them, it is naive, folksy and almost completely devoid of meaning. Its melodie line is simple and its lyric rowdy and, of course, monotonously tautological (see next page).

*Pistol Packin' Mama* was written by a tall, shy, chinless plainsman named Al Dexter, who was born Albert Poindexter in Jacksonville, Texas, 41 years ago. With his yippy hillbilly six-piece band he recorded it for Okeh. Since last March, when the record was released, it has sold almost 1,000,000 copies and has yet to reach its peak. Sheet sales: 300,000.

Last week, with the lifting of the Petrillo-imposed ban on recording activities, *Pistol Packin' Mama* promised to become even more of a national curacha

than it is at the moment. It was the first tune recorded for Decca by Bing Crosby, the U. S.'s top juke-box favorite.

Curiously enough, *Pistol Packin' Mama* did not make the Loeky Strike Hit Parade on the Columbia network until last Saturday night, and then only as No. 9. Whether the delay was due to the sponsor's dislike of the tune or a suspicion that Frank Sinatra could not sing it, was not known. Nevertheless, publishers of the song are at present suing the program.



## IT HAS BROUGHT ITS SINGERS FAME

**A**l Dexter is already famous because of *Pistol Packin' Mama*, a tune which the Duke of Windsor hummed during his recent visit to Washington. Last week when he dropped into Hollywood's My Blue Heaven night club, Dexter found the Sherrell sisters singing his song. He got up and joined their performance (above and below). Doris Sherrell (brunette) is the wife of Gene Austin (at piano) who owns the night club. De. ter's song:

*Drinkin' beer in a cabaret,  
And was I havin' fun!  
Until one night she caught me right,  
And now I'm on the run.*

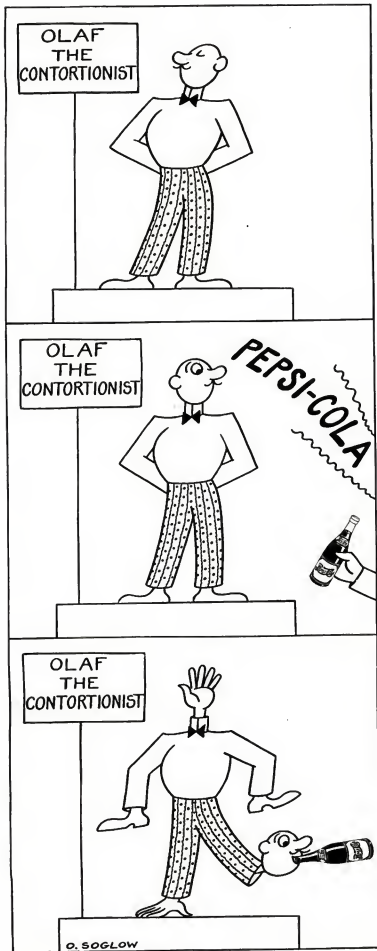
CHORUS:

*Lay that pistol down, Babe,  
Lay that pistol down,  
Pistol Packin' Mama,  
Lay that pistol down!*

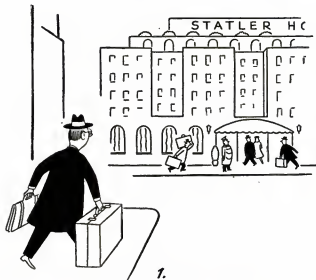
*She kicked out my windshield,  
She hit me over the head,  
She cursed and cried, and said I'd lied,  
And wished that I was dead.*

*Drinkin' beer in a cabaret,  
And dancing with a blonde,  
Until one night she shot out the light,—  
Bang! That blonde was gone.*

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# It hasn't quite come to this yet, but...



**No** it hasn't quite come to this at the Statler Hotels.

But, more and more, we are finding it difficult to accommodate guests who fail to make reservations in advance—*well in advance.*

And the war has brought other problems, too.

For example, the manpower shortage and Uncle Sam's call to many Statler employees mean that you may sometimes wait a little longer for your dinner to be brought to your table.

Your laundry may take longer to get than usual. The suit you send to Valet Service for pressing may be a little slower in coming back.

We are all doing our best to give you the finest service possible under difficult conditions. The newer members of our staff are being trained as quickly as possible—and they are doing a splendid job.

While certain inconveniences are unavoidable in wartime, the really important Statler services will be maintained—the comfortable rooms with their famous beds...delicious meals, just as fine as skillful chefs can devise under food rationing...restful relaxation, needed even in wartime.

**YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS**



HOTELS STATLER IN				STATLER OPERATED	
BOSTON \$2.85	BUFFALO \$3.30	CLEVELAND \$3.00	HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85	HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85	
DETROIT \$3.00	ST. LOUIS \$2.75	WASHINGTON \$4.50	NEW YORK	PITTSBURGH	

*Rates Begin At Prices Shown*



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for any weather  
in smart...



Fall showers can't take you by surprise in a Rainfair Storm Coat... yet these famous coats are so expertly tailored you feel right, and look right, even when the sun is shining! Both civilian and military Rainfairs are made of quality fabrics styled to assure "fair weather" smartness and fit... and *showerproofed* to take wet weather. You'll find too, that a Rainfair Storm Coat will take plenty of wear! But, remember, this year military needs come first. Rainfair dealers are supplied with civilian models now. We suggest, however, that you see them soon.

regent... 21.50 a superior part wool covert Storm Coat *showerproofed* to make you shine in the rain. The very finest Rainfair quality and styling. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of rayon. (also in part wool gabardine at 19.50.)

huckle twill commands... 21.00 officer's type *showerproofed* Storm Coat made from the famous Skinner's Tackle Twill, in tan shade. Other officer type gabardine Trench Coats 14.50 to 24.50.

free: write today for illustrated booklet of Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather... Address: Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wisconsin. \*SEE U. S. PAT. OFF.

smart as a topcoat... and ready for rain!

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies



## "I'M GOING TO GET LIT-UP"

In London last month J. B. Priestly devoted one of his weekly broadcasts to expressing disapproval of *I'm Going to Get Lit-Up When the Lights Go Up in London*, the British capital's No. 1 song hit. But his fears over post-war tip-siness served merely to increase business at the Prince of Wales Theatre where pretty Zoe Gail (above and below) covers up her neat legs with trousers and in a strong, shrill voice announces firmly:

*When the nations lose their war-sense, and the world gets back its horse-sense,*

*What a day for celebration that will be,*

*When somebody shouts "The fight's up!" and "It's time to put the lights up!"*

*Then the first thing to be lit-up will be me.*

CHORUS:

*I'm going to get lit-up when the lights go up in London*

*I'm going to get lit-up as I've never been before*

*You will find me on the tiles, you will find me wreathed in smiles*

*I'm going to get so lit-up I'll be visible for miles,*

*The city will sit up when the lights go up in London*

*We'll all be lit-up as the Strand was only more, much more,*

*A regular flare-up when they light Trafalgar Square up,*

*A regular night to open Nelson's other eye,*

*Through the day and through the night,*

*Signal beacons they will light,*

*"England this day expects the nation to be tight."*

*I'm going to get positively permanently pie-eyed,*

*The day we finally exterminate the Huns, Huns, Huns,*

*There'll be joy and there'll be laughter,*

*And there'll be no Morning After,*

*For we'll all be drunk for mums and mums and mums.*

© 1943 BY PETER MARBLE INC. BY PERMISSION OF SHARON, BERNSTEIN & CO., INC.





# Quit Worrying

## ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS



**Of course VITAMIN A!** Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra Vitamin "A" experts say you need.



**Of course VITAMINS G, P-P1!** You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the *entire* Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



**Of course IRON!** Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies *all* the extra iron you need—in the *only* way you can fully use it!



**Of course CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS!** They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The *Ovaltine* way, you have loads.



**Of course VITAMIN D1!** You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!



**Of course VITAMIN B1!** You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B1. The *Ovaltine* way, you get plenty!

### 3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals every day. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals includ-

ing fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

### 3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

*OF COURSE* Ovaltine gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

**OVALTINE**  
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

**WARNING!** Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, cooking reduce vitamin-mineral values of food. Today's food shortages make it more important to rely on Ovaltine for extra vitamins and minerals.



VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS

BUY WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS TODAY

*Keep America Free*



## SOMEBODY HAS TO *"keep 'em moving"*

MILITARY men long ago learned that it isn't the size of an army or the number of weapons that counts in battle, so much as the total of "effectives" available, among both men and machines.

So one of the major problems in winning victory is keeping complex battle equipment in good functioning trim despite inevitable damage and the toll of constant and grueling service.

At the start of the war, General Motors had a world-wide parts distribution system covering more than 100 countries. Amplifying this with new and improved methods of parts handling, it has placed invaluable help and experience at the command of the Army and Navy in keeping remote battle fronts supplied with vital replacement parts.

And by applying the lessons learned in developing efficient car-servicing organ-

izations at home, it has cooperated with the armed forces in setting up a network of training schools where soldiers and sailors learn how to service GM-built war goods, and teach others to do likewise.

Thus General Motors follows its product virtually to the very front lines to help "keep 'em moving" with skillful servicing and good parts.

This illustrates the process by which General Motors "know-how" keeps its products up to Army and Navy standards and requirements, not only as to manufacture, but as to operation in the field. It is part of a wartime policy aimed at producing the most war goods of the highest merit with the most efficient use of available materials.

From such policy comes not only aid to speedier victory, but assurance of fresh progress once victory is won.

# GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

PROGRESS THROUGH VICTORY

# 1. Swell for Baby



# 2. Grand for Dishes



# 3. Fine for Duds



# 4. Perfect for You



# SWAN

# IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN 1

Two convenient sizes  
—Large and Regular



## ★ WHEN WILL THE WAR BE OVER?

SOME SAY five months. Some say five years.

But this much is certain. You—a woman—can hurry the end of this war. You can bring our boys home sooner. By taking a war job—now.

Here is why you are needed so urgently. Here is what you are needed to do:

This fall, our fighting men will total almost eleven million. These



men have all left jobs behind. Jobs in stores, hotels, restaurants, banks, hospitals, laundries, transportation, communications—jobs that keep America going.

There are not enough men left at home to fill these jobs, and they must be filled.



If they're not, American communities will be hampered in many serious ways. Our war production is bound to lag. The flow of vital war materials will slow down. And our chances for a quick victory will suffer.

It's up to women to step in and keep America going at top speed.

Lady, it's up to you.

For jobs open in your community, look through the Want Ad section of your local newspaper. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service office—today.

## THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK THE SOONER WE'LL WIN





MERLE OBERON PLAYS MUSIC-HALL ENTERTAINER IN "THE LODGER." MOVIE IS ADAPTED FROM MARIE BELLOC LOWMOES' FAMOUS MYSTERY NOVEL ABOUT JACK THE RIPPER

## THE LADY DANCES

Merle Oberon does the cancan showing her legs for first time

Merle Oberon is a Lady both on the screen and in real life. When her Producer-Husband Alexander Korda was knighted by King George in 1942 she became Lady Korda. In 1938 she was "The Lady" in the movie *The Cowboy and The Lady*. Her entire career has been loaded with "lady" films that deal with floor-length dresses and sultry looks in a period manner (*Wuthering Heights*, *King Henry VIII*, *The Private Life of Don Juan*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*).

In none of these movies has she ever shown her legs, done anything fancier than ballroom dancing. Her singing has been limited to her friends. Now, in 20th Century-Fox's *The Lodger*, she plays part of a music-hall entertainer, not only sings and dances but shows her legs (see above). To dance Parisian Trot, a version of the cancan, Miss Oberon dons a ruffled costume, twirls a parasol, lifts her skirts to her head. On set she has won a new title: Gypsy Rose Korda.

# THIS CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities—



## PROVED less irritating to nose and throat

**H**ERE'S the proof—from clinical tests with men and women smokers. The findings by distinguished doctors—reported in an authoritative medical journal—show that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

# CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

*finer-flavored —  
and finer in every  
way . . . America's  
FINEST cigarette!  
Try it*



# EXTRA BUY MORE BONDS

## The Lady Dances (continued)



Merle Oberon's costume consists of a tight-fitting bodice without straps and a ruffled skirt with spangles. It looks like a Spanish dancer's costume turned inside out.



To toss her skirt properly in the cancan number Merle Oberon rehearsed every day for four weeks. The dance sequence included 125 high kicks and many leg mounts.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

IN TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S RADIO INDUSTRY...WORKING TOGETHER FOR VICTORY

EAST SIDE

WEST SIDE

ALL AROUND THE WORLD

## .... Radio Brings Them the Sidewalks of Home

Sure enough, that's a New York announcer giving the football scores! And there's no mistaking that hot music—it's a famous Chicago "name" band. And that comedian from Hollywood—why, he's the same zany who kept them in stitches every week back home.

American radio manufacturers have supplied sturdy little short-wave sets that bring America to any part of the globe. And that's been a big factor in the sky-high morale of our fighting men overseas.

Every day, the radio manufacturers of the United States are making huge deliveries of military radio equipment to speed the day of victory. Their war production experience, added to their manufacturing skill, is effecting important technical advances—improvements that will bring you far better radio products when the days of fighting are over.

*Your purchase of War Bonds will help supply American fighting men with the world's finest equipment.*



SCIENCE SMASHES AT THE AXIS in RCA Laboratories, working unceasingly in radio-electronic research. Proud of the privilege of serving America's great radio industry in its united war against the Axis, RCA will continue to make the fruits of its basic research available to American makers of radio equipment. This will help American manufacturers to provide finer radio-electronic products and services to a world at peace.

**RCA Laboratories**   
A SERVICE OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Any color so long as it's **Red!**

Red...it's wonderful. Put a red hat on a woman and you see her chin lift. Strew a dozen neckties before a man, and the one with the red is the one he picks.

It's things like red...or a fresh shave...or a perfect-fitting suit that make people feel better and work better, because they look better.

When restrictions were first laid down on rubber, women wondered if girdles were considered essentials. The government quickly recognized that foundation garments were important to health and morale.

Today, foundations are made in the new ways, of new materials. You'll have to pick more carefully...getting those that will do the most for you...

that will last longer. Munsingwear "Foundettes" are quality.

You can't buy better than you'll find in this famous line. See them, try them, at better corset departments.

For figures from 14 to 40.

WOMEN ARE NEEDED  
FOR WAR PRODUCTION AND  
NECESSARY CIVILIAN SERVICE  
APPLY TO  
LOCAL UNITED STATES  
EMPLOYMENT SERVICE FOR INFORMATION

**MUNSINGWEAR**

INC. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Foundettes*

INC. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FINE FOUNDATION GARMENTS  
ALSO UNDERWEAR  
SLEEPING WEAR, HOSIERY  
MUNSINGWEAR, INC.  
MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK  
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES



The Lady Dances (continued)

## HOLLYWOOD IS FULL OF SURPRISES

Movie audiences who are surprised to find Lady Korda doing the cancan will be further shocked when they see Warner Bros. *Thank Your Lucky Stars*. In this all-the-stars-on-the-lot musical, dramatic actresses sing swing songs, actors who are usually seen in blood-and-sweat war movies do light-stepping vaudeville routines, and dashing lovers sing barroom ballads. High point in this reversal of form is Bette Davis singing *They're Either Too Young Or Too Old* and dancing a back-breaking jitterbug routine.



BETTE DAVIS IS TOSSED FROM SIDE TO SIDE IN A FAST JITTERBUG NUMBER



ERROL FLYNN SINGS A BALLAD CALLED "THAT'S WHAT YOU JOLLY WELL GET"



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (LEFT) AND IDA LUPINO (RIGHT) SWING "THE DREAMER"





At birth, your baby will still receive every "pre-war" attention—such as being fingerprinted in the hospital. But later you may find it very difficult to get hold of a doctor or nurse—just when you need them.

## FROM NOW ON—THE "OTHER FELLOW'S COLD" IS HIS GREATEST DANGER

AS LONG as your baby is growing sturdily and gaining properly, there's no need to worry over the fact that, in wartime, your overworked doctor cannot give him as much time and attention as usual. It simply means that now, more than ever, it is your duty to keep your baby well.

### Why the "other fellow's cold" can be serious

What is just an ordinary cold for an older child or for an adult may be really serious when it is passed on to your little baby. The great majority of fatal illnesses of infants and young children are caused by respiratory infections and their resulting complications.

The best way to protect your baby from the "other fellow's" cold—is to see that absolutely no one with any kind of cold or nasal irritation is ever allowed in his room. But what if you get a cold?

What if you are ill and the baby's grandmother has to help—and she has a cold?

### Insist on a protective mask

Where it is impossible to keep your baby isolated from a person with a cold—you should insist on a protective mask. Wear it, if you have a cold, whenever you nurse or bathe or do anything for your baby... and see that anyone else with a cold who has to be with your baby—does the same.

### Easy to make of tissue

If you do not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can quickly make an emergency mask of tissue yourself. Simply take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover the nose and mouth and secure at the back of the head with an ordinary pin.

Clinical tests show that two thicknesses of Scot-Tissue effectively trap the germs and greatly lessen the danger of contagion.

No other single duty to your child is more important than the prevention of respiratory infection.



● A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown above—has two practical merits. It is used only once and is instantly disposable. If you stick to the "Mask For a Cold" Rule your family and friends will soon get used to it. When you explain its importance they cannot object.



### Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities... you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

FREE—write for 32-page booklet "Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care." Authoritative information on Supplies for Emergency Use, Best After Birth, Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Use of the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Bathroom Habits. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 35, Chester, Pa. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MODEL SHIPS UNLOAD AT PORT OF DEBARKATION



RESIDUE AIRPORT IS USED BY TRANSPORT PLANES WHICH UNLOAD NEAR DEPOT

# CAMP LEE MODELS

Mock theater of operations simplifies logistics

To take the important principles of supply out of the dry atmosphere of the classroom so that they may be more easily understood, the Quartermaster School at Camp Lee, Va. has constructed a gigantic outdoor model on which is portrayed every problem that men of its corps might meet in the field. Simulating the shoreline and terrain stretching from a mythical port of debarkation to the front lines, the model is built of concrete and covers an area 230 ft. long by 40 ft. wide. Over it an instructor can move with his class, pointing out exactly why a camouflaged supply depot is placed where the terrain helps to hide it and explaining the complex mesh of road, rail and air transport that keeps food and ammunition moving to men at the front. An hour's tour of the model, made on platforms that border it, is worth months spent listening to lectures indoors.

The model is a marvel of accurate detail. To build it, earth was first shaped and pounded firm, then gravel and concrete were poured over the contours. Sections of earth were left to plant forests of miniature trees and the web of streams and rivers set as a natural drainage system. All of the buildings, ships, vehicles, trains and figures on the model are constructed on a scale of 1/4 inch to the foot, so that everything is 1/48th of its actual size. The trains that serve the supply depots run on real steel tracks, carefully laid on individual ties and powered by current carried by a brass rail mounted at the side of the track. Even the look of the landscape as it moves in from the coastline to the fighting zone has been kept realistic. In the first sections are many plots of carefully reproduced farmland but as the model comes closer to the front the land becomes more rugged. In this section, dead trees and shell holes indicate protracted fighting. And at the very front, small tanks and self-propelled guns are locked in mortal combat.

TWO SMALL MOCK TUGS WARP MODEL SHIP OUT OF DEBARKATION-PORT DOCK



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TIMELY AIDS TO GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED

# Hospitality

These developments of Socony-Vacuum Laboratories help modern hostesses provide the Old-Fashioned Hospitality so much appreciated.

**TAVERN LIQUID WAX**—Ideal for all wood and linoleum floors, venetian blinds, enamel. Easily polished. Resists water-spotting. Also in Tavern Paste Wax form.

**TAVERN PAINT CLEANER**—Ready to use. Smudges and dirt quickly vanish. Non-caustic...non-inflammable. Will not harm hands or dull lustre of painted surfaces.

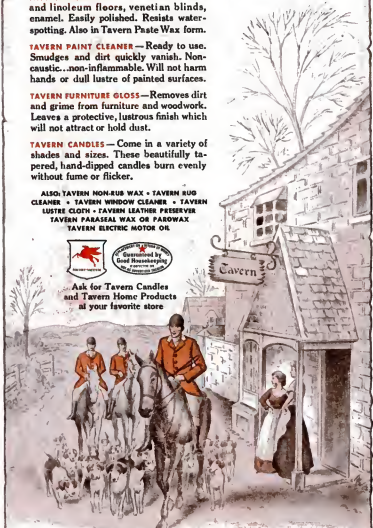
**TAVERN FURNITURE GLOSS**—Removes dirt and grime from furniture and woodwork. Leaves a protective, lustrous finish which will not attract or hold dust.

**TAVERN CANDLES**—Come in a variety of shades and sizes. These beautifully tapered, hand-dipped candles burn evenly without fume or flicker.

ALSO: TAVERN NON-RUB WAX • TAVERN BUG CLEANER • TAVERN WINDOW CLEANER • TAVERN LUSTRE CLOTH • TAVERN LEATHER PRESERVER • TAVERN PARASOL WAX OR PAROWAX • TAVERN ELECTRIC MOTOR OIL



Ask for Tavern Candles and Tavern Home Products at your favorite store



This quaint countryside scene appears on all packages of Tavern Home Products



# TAVERN

Home Products

BY SOCONY-VACUUM

# All sides of the *COLLAR* picture ★



★  
HAND-MEASURED FOR  
ACCURATE FIT

★  
SLOPED TO CONFORM  
TO YOUR NECK

★  
BALANCED PROPORTIONS IN  
FRONT, BACK AND SIDES

The beauty of a Manhattan Shirt is its perfectly tailored collar. A Manhattan Shirt collar looks right from every angle. It follows the precise curve of your neck from front to back. Every Manhattan is Size-fit to stay your size for keeps and Man-formed to flatter your figure.

## Manhattan SHIRTS

Wear Manhattan Ties with Manhattan Shirts

*If you have any difficulty obtaining Manhattan Shirts, please be patient. Inquire at your favorite store again; shipments are made frequently.*

### Camp Lee Models (continued)



Brig. General George A. Herkan, commandant of school, points out details to O. C. S. students in the miniature regulating station. From this rail classification yard, trains



Salvage depot is a major repair point located in main base section near docks. Here trucks bring all salvageable material from the front where it is repaired and reissued.





are broken up and reformed in small units to carry supplies nearer the front. Farther along, oil will be taken from tank cars and put into microscopic five-gallon cans.



Dummy depot, with real rail line, is located near real advance depot to throw off enemy reconnaissance. Even the model trucks here are fakes or purposely disabled ones.

Can a man have "Oomph"?

— SURE

\* Pipe Appeal



WHEN the woman in your life gossips admiringly: "And he smokes a pipe, of course!" don't let her down. Guard that personal plus with true PIPE APPEAL—Prince Albert! Pleasing fragrance to keep her smiling. No-bite mildness to keep you smiling. Rich taste, yet so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut to pour, pack, and draw smoothly, and help a pipe to cake up better. Better tobacco—world's largest-selling brand. Logical, isn't it? Prince Albert for PIPE APPEAL!

PRINCE ALBERT



CRIMP CUT  
LONG BURNING PIPE AND  
CIGARETTE TUBE

BUY  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

PRINCE  
ALBERT

THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE

50

pipetfuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

ENJOY RICH TASTE  
THAT'S EASY ON YOUR  
TONGUE—

GET  
P.A.



B. J. Hornfeldt Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



## Snowplows in the sky

ONLY A YEAR OR SO AGO, air-minded men used to talk about hauling tons of freight by air — someday.

*Today they are doing it.*

The great planes of the Air Transport Command are flying the global skyways with tons of everything our world-based fighting men need so badly — even snowplows for blizzard-locked Alaskan airports, and complete gasoline trucks, cut in half for shipment and welded together again at their destination.

Cargoes flown, with destinations and flying time,

have included medical supplies to North Africa, 27 hours — bomb fuses to Britain, 17 hours — aircraft engines to China, 37 hours — blood plasma to Australia, 35 hours — ammunition to India, 43 hours — mail to Iceland, 13 hours — precision tools to Russia, 24 hours.

The whole story of the magnificent job these airmen are doing cannot be told until after the war. To tell it now — even if we could — would endanger the lives of men and reveal military strategy.

Today these trans-oceanic fliers are making schedules — not headlines. It's a routine job to

them — flying each high-priority cargo to the spot where it will do us good and the Axis harm.

*Often that spot is halfway around the world.*

But to Air Transport Command pilots, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from the military airports "somewhere in the U.S.A." from which they operate.

On their timetables these pilots clock off the Atlantic and the broad Pacific like locomotive engineers. One Liberator Express was in the air only 33 hours and 27 minutes from the time it left Australia until it came down in California. Another flew from

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# CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

---

Newfoundland to Britain in 372 minutes. And a pilot on the New York-Lisbon run recently made 12 crossings in 13 days.

So it's too late, now, to wonder when the Air Age will come. It's already here.

And it's still too early for rash speculation about what the postwar years of the Air Age will be like. Our job today is to win the war so that there will be a postwar world worth living in.

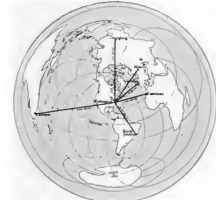
But the impact of air supremacy in winning this global war points more clearly, every day, to this fact:

When Victory has been won, air power, in the hands of the freedom-loving nations of this 60-hour-wide world, can well become "the strong right arm of peace."



MERCATOR PROJECTION

Our old maps do not always give us a true picture of the new "aviation" geography. If a Liberator Express pilot tried to chart a Washington-Chungking "great-circle" route on a Mercator projection (above), he would find that it disappeared off the top of the map!



GNOMONIC EQUIRECT PROJECTION CENTERED ON WASHINGTON, D. C.

Maps like this enable us to show great-circle airline routes from Washington to any spot on the globe as a straight line. Such a map can be drawn so that it is centered on your home town or any city.

#### CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas  
New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich.  
Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.  
Louisville, Ky. • Dearborn, Mich. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

## QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

**10 planes an hour** — It is estimated that U. S. aircraft manufacturers are now turning out planes at a rate of about 1 plane every 6 minutes, around the clock, every day of the month.

**The danger of ice formations on airplane wings** has been completely overcome, according to a statement by TOM M. GIRDLER, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. This feat is accomplished by a new thermal antic-icer, pioneered by the N.A.C.A. and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. Hot exhaust gases now are used to keep all leading edges of plane at a temperature well above freezing when icing conditions are encountered.

**Teamwork for victory**—Consolidated Vultee was the first to build multi-tan bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line. To help maintain Allied air supremacy, the Consolidated-designed Liberator bomber is also being built by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

**To speed production**, more than 10,000 subcontractors and suppliers, in cities all over the U. S., are working to provide subassemblies, parts, and materials for the planes being built in the Consolidated Vultee plants.

**Tomorrow's fledglings**—Elementary aeronautics is now being taught to students in more than 14,000 American high schools.



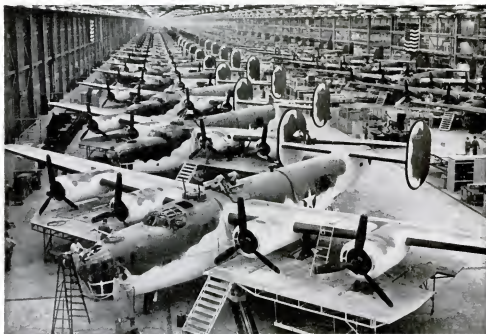
"Gone today, here tomorrow!" — This 33-ton, 4-engine Coronado, shown here on the take-off, has a range of over 3500 miles — can remain aloft a whole day at a time. Designed and built by Consolidated Vultee, this giant Navy patrol bomber is also in service as a cargo transport plane.

**Note to plane spotters** —

This is the new insignia for U. S. Army planes. The change provides visibility at 60% greater range, and overcomes confusion between our former insignia and the insignia used by Axis planes.



**No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport**



In their war point — Before Liberator bombers go to war, they are camouflaged and fitted with special equipment for the combat area where they will be operating. Above: White-bellied Liberators move down an assembly line in a modification plant.

**LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)**

# AN ALBUM OF CHINESE PAINTINGS

by WILDER HOBSON

The great British Orientalist, Arthur Waley, tells a lively Chinese tale of a man who was fond of dragons. "He was always talking about them and had them painted all over the walls of his house. 'After all,' he said, 'there is nothing pleasanter to look at than a dragon.' One day a huge, shiny, slimy paw flopped onto his window sill; soon a green and golden scaly face reared itself up at the window and grinned a dank greeting. Tzi-kao, the lover of dragons, was beside himself with terror. He fled shrieking to the hall where he tripped over the oozing, slithery tail which the monster had thrust in friendly salutation through the doorway of the house. The story is told as a warning against insincere enthusiasms."

A sincere enthusiasm for Chinese painting is, for most people, easy to come by. The great works themselves are among the acknowledged glories of art. Their charm, if not their enduring strength, is at once apparent. Moreover, for over 2,000 years the Chinese have not only painted with mastery; they have also talked eloquently about painting. They are a richly philosophical people who, at one time or another, would seem to have thought most of the available thoughts. They are a witty people whose discussion is seldom lacking in piquancy. They are a poetic people, constantly aware that man is a creature of feelings and that his thought processes are apt to be no more than the scud on a wave. As a result, their talk about art—and they have viewed the matter from many standpoints—is among the best there is.

It is so good, in fact, that it is an almost irresistible temptation for a writer about Chinese art to concentrate on the flood of Chinese theories, anecdotes and parables about artistry. Yet these are, inevitably, by-products of the art itself. In the end, genius cannot really account for its own abilities, and the truest appreciation of Chinese painting, as of any other, is to be had from persistent, detailed inspection of the work. Nothing in the way of reading or study can take its place. On the following pages the reader will find almost incredibly subtle draughtsmanship with the grace and verve of swirling water or leaning bamboo. He will find this delicate mastery of the brush used in the building of compositions of great intricacy and power. Chinese paintings, such as Ma Yuan's *Bare Willows* or Tung Yuan's *Landscape*, may at first seem to have a sort of tinted fragility, but on longer acquaintance the observer is apt to find in them a serenity, an exquisite degree of balance and harmony, which is one of the strongest impressions to be derived from any painting whatsoever.

Centuries ago Chinese painters came to feel that realism, the literal representation of natural forms, was not the artist's proper concern. Nature was nature, paint was paint, and never the twain could meet. The most skilful imitation of nature remained but a copy—a species of trick. The Chinese artist, however, did not avoid the imitation of nature for any such purely negative reason. The very value of painting lay in the original creations, luminous and absorbing in their own right, which a highly gifted artist might achieve. As one Chinese critic put it, the artist considered *li* (the spirit he felt in an object) in connection with *hsing* (its physical form) in order to arrive at *yi* (his own conception to be painted in water color on rolls of silk or paper).

But while the Chinese masters were no imitators of nature, they—unlike many modern painters—continued to regard nature in its appearance as well as in deeper senses as the chief source of their inspiration. Many of the great landscape artists were Taoists, followers of that great mystical doctrine which holds that by profound, solitary meditation man

may obtain knowledge of the Absolute. With such intense purposes they climbed into the mountains and, whatever their mystical experiences, they brought back landscapes of ravishing detail and grandeur of design. (The Chinese word for landscape means, literally, "mountains and waters.") It has often been felt that such works, anything but imitations of the mountain scene, evoke the moods of nature more powerfully than the most realistic artistry.

The basis of Chinese painting technique is Chinese calligraphy—the brush writing of the Chinese language. Ever since its highest period in the 3rd and 4th Centuries, brushmanship has been regarded by the Chinese as a fine art—perhaps an even finer art than painting or sculpture. As Waley suggests: "In the West writing is a convenience; in the East it is almost a religion." Chinese students recognize, and often can imitate, the styles of the great calligraphers as Occidental music students recognize the styles of Haydn or Chopin. Chinese brushmen have experimented with virtually every possible stroking of the Chinese characters and have developed dazzling talents as line draughtsmen.

This fact is directly reflected in Chinese painting. Its most immediately outstanding quality is its line—the linear subtleties of this art beggar description. Lin Yutang only begins to suggest them when he points out that lines may, variously, be expressive of force, suppleness, swiftness, neatness, seriousness, ruggedness, reserved strength, exquisite tenderness, etc. When it is further considered that in Chinese water colors a line must be painted with one stroke, that correction or erasure is impossible, the full linear virtuosity of these artists becomes apparent.

Many of the greatest painters, by Chinese estimate, are represented today only by doubtful works, or by hearsay. Among these are the famous Ku K'ai-ehih (born circa 344 A. D.) and Wu Tao-tzu (born circa 700 A. D.). Fortunately, however, a clear idea of most of the Chinese masters may be obtained from copies. The ancestor worship which stands at the very center of Confucianism and Chinese life has also an artistic application. Chinese painting, with its clean, linear emphasis, lends itself to copying much more easily than most Occidental painting. And there has been a prodigious amount of the most devoted copying of the Chinese masters by other Chinese, often masters themselves.

Finally, throughout Chinese painting there is a pervasive tone of the philosophic modesty which has long distinguished the Chinese race—the chastening sense that man is no more than a small and impotent element in some enormous and inscrutable scheme. In the painted mountain reveries of the great landscape artists, man is a tiny figure of the valleys, and the work often has a melancholy beauty recalling the sentiment which the calligrapher Wang Hsi-ehih wrote for his friends on the occasion of a picnic at Lan T'ing in the year 335 A. D.:

"That day the sky was cloudless; the wind blew softly where we sat. Above us stretched in its hugeness the vault and compass of the World; around us crowded in green newness the myriad tribes of Spring. Here chimed around us every music that can soothe the ear; was spread before us every color that can delight the eye. Yet we were sad. For it is so with all men: a little while

(some by the fireside talking of homely matters with their friends, others by wild ecstasies of mystic thought swept far beyond the boundaries of carnal life) they may be easy and forget their doom. But soon their fancy strays; they grow dull and listless, for they are fallen to thinking that all these things which so mightily pleased them will in the space of a nod be old things of yesterday. . . ."

The album of Chinese masterpieces on the following pages represents some of the greatest paintings of China. Originals of these are now in the U. S. and are reproduced here through the courtesy of the Boston Museum and New York's Metropolitan Museum. Some of them, like *Bare Willows* (opposite), are so rare that they are stored away in a secret vault for the duration. That LIFE readers may better understand the culture and civilization of our great ally, LIFE was granted permission to photograph these paintings at the vault.





"BARE WILLOWS AND DISTANT MOUNTAINS" is a picture poem showing man's insignificance before the grandeur of lofty mountains and natural splendor. It was painted by the great Ma Yuan in the 13th Century during the Sung Dynasty. The artist expresses his romantic philosophy by placing all emphasis on the ethereal landscape and showing man as merely a detail in the vast tapestry of natural beauty. This painting is the essence of all Chinese landscape painting influenced by Taoist philosophy which says,

in effect: "Get away from it all, out into the country and don't worry." The scene itself is an impression of Ma Yuan's own countryside around the west lake, Hangchow, in eastern China. Because he usually painted trees growing mysteriously from a corner of his picture, the Chinese called him "One-Corner Ma." Reproduced here in almost exact original size, this picture is one of Boston Museum's greatest Oriental treasures and, with their other Chinese masterpieces reproduced on these pages, is now stored away in a bomb-proof vault for the duration.



"SPRING FESTIVAL" in March along upper Yangtze River records the Chinese custom of taking gifts to ancestors' tombs. Painted during the Ming Dynasty (17th Century) when story-telling pictures became popular, it is now owned by New York's Metropolitan Museum.

"TIEN-TAI TRINITY," painted in the Tang Dynasty (9th Century), shows the originator of a popularized form of Buddhism, Priest Chih-t'ai, expounding his doctrine to celestial and human beings on top of T'ien-T'ai Mountain in Chekiang. (Boston Museum)





**"MAN ON A WATER BUFFALO** Returning Intoxicated from a Village Feast" is believed to be a self-portrait of great 13th-Century Artist Li T'ang, court painter to Artist-Emporer Hui Tsung (see next page). When the Emperor's regime collapsed in 1147 Li T'ang

moved to Hangchow, there began to paint bold landscapes while drunk with rice wine. He often returned home from a party happily unsteady like figure in picture who can stay on water buffalo only because the attendant on right is holding him up. (From Boston Museum)



**"AN IMPERIAL LADY"** belonged to Ch'ien Lang, greatest of Manchu emperors, who reigned 36 years (1736-1793). Only most beautiful girls of noble birth ever achieved honor of being one of his many concubines. She is now owned by the Metropolitan Museum.



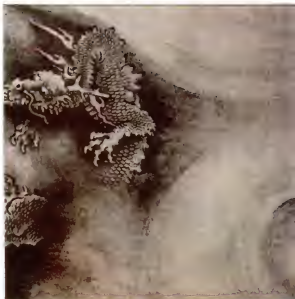
**"SEATED KUAN YIN"** of Yuan Dynasty (13th Century) shows a male Buddhist god of universal love. Originally sexless, this deity later assumed a feminine role, sometimes held a child. (Metropolitan Museum)



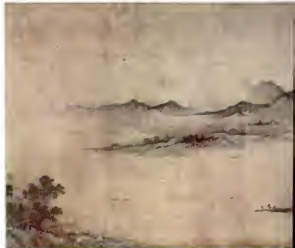
**"PRIME MINISTER'S LADY"** was unusually honored in Manchu Dynasty (18th Century) by being allowed to wear this magnificent five-clawed dragon robe reserved for Ch'ien Lung's imperial family. (Metropolitan Museum)



**"BUDDHIST SAINT DARBHA MALLI-PUTRA"** looks down on his four disciples and their two attendants as they watch him ascend into the sky surrounded by flames in this picture by Chou-Chi-ch'ang. It is one of a set of 100 paintings Chou and another artist painted in Sung Dynasty (10th Century) for Hui-an-yuan Monastery at Ning-po. During 13th Century they were all taken to a Japanese temple in Kyoto where 82 still remain. (Boston Museum)



**"NINE DRAGONS,"** two of which are shown here, was painted during Sung Dynasty in 1244 on a 26-ft. bamboo-paper scroll by the great dragon artist, Ch'ien Jung of Fukien province, as a Taoist symbol. Unlike the gruesome monsters of European memory, Chinese dragons were the incar-



**"LANDSCAPE,"** also titled *Clear Feather in the Valley*, is reproduced from Boston Museum's Chinese collection. It is by one of China's best painters of trees, Tung Yuan, who made many pictures like this during the Sung Dynasty (10th Century) along the Yangtze River valley near



**"LADIES PREPARING NEWLY WOVEN SILK"** bears inscription in upper right corner by Emperor Chang Tsung, who died in 1209, testifying that this picture was copied by the Emperor Hui Tsung during the Sung Dynasty (10th Century) from a scroll by Court Painter Chang



nation of strength, goodness, spirit of change and the mystery of the universe. The swirl of brush strokes represents the conflict of the elements. Chen Jung painted only as a sideline. As a magistrate in Shansi he established construction projects.

Later, as a governor in Fukien he became a member of the Emperor's court in spite of being more often drunk than sober. Sometimes when excited by drink and about to paint one of his dragon scrolls he would give a shout, seize his cup and

with it swirl the ink around on the paper to get cloud effects, then spit on it to make "mist." Next day, sober, he would touch it up with delicate brush strokes for the final effect which was always one of marvelous beauty. (Boston Museum)



his home in Kiangnan in central China. More realistic than most early Chinese artists, Tung Yuan painted scenes that could actually be recognized as landmarks of his own countryside. Like all great Chinese artists he was also a poet and

philosopher. He founded a new school of landscape painting and influenced other artists like Ma Yuan and Li T'ang. The inscription which appears at the right was made by an early Chinese collector who bought this picture and testifies that

this painting is really by Tung Yuan. It was the custom of Chinese collectors to place their seals and personal comments all over a masterpiece. (Note collectors' red seals on five paintings reproduced in this portfolio of Chinese masterpieces.)



Hisian of the Tang Dynasty (8th Century). Like all Chinese compositions, this scroll should be read from right to left. The ladies at the right are softening panels of silk by beating it while next couple sew two parts of silk together with thread

unraveled by girl sitting on mat. The girls with the fan is keeping hot coals alive to heat flat-bottomed ladle used for ironing silk by girl third from left. A great art lover and collector, Emperor Hui Tsung also dashed off small but expert paint-

ings of flowers and birds. He founded an Imperial Academy of Art which was dispersed when Hui Tsung lost his throne and his art treasures in 1127 to the Tartars, who in turn lost everything to Genghis Khan 90 years later. (Boston Museum)



"THE TRAVELERS" is typical of paintings done in Honan province by Kuo Hsi in the 11th Century. So great was his influence on others that this picture was painted during the Ming Dynasty—some 300 years after he had died. Kuo

Hsi loved to paint tumultuous mountain scenes, once wrote an essay in which he said: "Noise and dust—these are what man's nature is ever weary of. Haze and mist—for these man's nature pines eternally." (Metropolitan Museum)

# Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN

## Shoes for Men of America

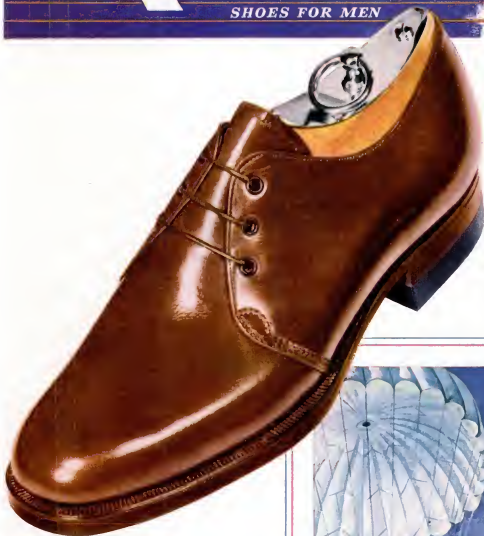
When you build a shoe for a man who may parachute out over enemy territory, or walk a destroyer's deck on a hostile ocean, you don't hesitate about putting in honest-john stitches and the best leathers you can get.

The point is, men fighting here on the Home Front also deserve "shoes they can trust."

The "civvy" shown (B979) is that kind. Hold it to your face as you would a pipe. Smell that good leather. Feel that superhine smoothness. Simple but rich and real. Long-wearing. A true Roblee\*. Made by United Men's Division, Brown Shoe Company, Manufacturers, St. Louis.

*\$6.00 to \$8.00*

*Some special styles slightly higher*



### *Flouts through the air with the greatest protection!*

First in Sicily, hours before landing barges disgorged infantry, were our paratroopers. Landing via chute is like jumping from a fifteen-foot height. An instep "bandage" protects the arch, and toes are extra reinforced. And note wedge heel and rounded soles, so nothing catches as wearer jumps. The makers of Roblee have made literally thousands of dozens of these U. S. paratrooper boots.



ERNIE PYLE writes a column for the folks back home...



## “U. S. TROOPS FIGHT ON CHOCOLATE DIET”

*“When our infantry goes into a big push each man gets three bars of D-ration chocolate, enough to last one day. He takes no other food”...*

This is the way famed war correspondent Ernie Pyle started one of his columns that are appearing daily in the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

And what he said explains why you can't buy all the chocolate you might like to have today.

Yes, chocolate is a fighting food, it supplies the greatest amount of nour-

ishment in the smallest possible bulk. So wherever America fights, the Army uses chocolate in the form of emergency rations, selected because it contains so much quick energy.

Serving our fighting men comes first, but Nestle's Chocolate Bars may still be found in limited quantities on your dealer's shelves.

When he is out of stock, please be patient... the demands of our armed forces are heavy, they will be supplied, they must come first.



**“GIVE YOUR BLOOD”**  
says ERNIE PYLE

*“... I beg you folks back home to give and keep on giving your blood... Plasma is absolutely magical... Thousands have already been saved by it this year.”*

Send your blood to help bring him back alive. Call your nearest Red Cross Blood Donor Center for an appointment. It is the most important contribution you can make.



...NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE BARS;

SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE MORSELS, EVERREADY COCOA





FOR THE FLAT-TOP, BUN-IN-BACK COIFFURE, MRS. CROSS FIRST COMBS HER BLONDE HAIR FORWARD, THEN PARTS IT IN CENTER AND PULLS IT BACK TIGHT ON BOTH SIDES

## HALF-HATS & BUNS

Snug bands and new hair-do make women's heads look sleek and neat

On the cover is the picture of a lady wearing a half-hat. It is really a headband which can be tied on either across the top or the back of the head. Either way it looks as if it were part of the new flat-top, bun-in-back hair-do which, with the first cool days of fall, suddenly appeared on many of the nation's fashionable heads.

The sleek coiffure with the hair neatly tied in a knot or chignon on the neck (see picture at right) is a complete reversal of the upswept hair-do popular this summer (LIFE, Aug. 23). To achieve it women are letting their hair grow and letting it down as they did during the Veronica Lake period but this time the effect is different. The just-out-of-bed or disheveled look is out and the neat sculptured look is in. Whether it makes a woman appear more like Cleo de Merode or plain Jo March depends on the shape of the face it frames.

Most people have lopsided faces. A part made straight through the center of the hair, like the one worn by Mrs. Cross on this page, accentuates any irregularities in the features. Hairdressers therefore advise all but the beautiful to part their hair to one side, slightly off center, then draw it back loosely with a slight dip or wave. To keep it from getting straggly they offer sticky creams such as the Japs use, wax which comes in a stick and is rubbed over the hair, and lacquer which is sprayed on. Blondes, because their hair is often fine and unruly, will need these preparations most. Redheads with tough manageable hair will need them least. For women with short hair who want the hairdown look (hair grows at the slow rate of about  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch a month), there are switches of false hair. Whether false or real, the bun on the neck is encased in a hair net. On the page following are several examples of half-hats and buns.



A KNOT OR LOOP AT THE BACK COMPLETES THE NEW HAIR-DO, MAKES WEARER LOOK LAOYLIKE AND FEMINE

See Paulette Goddard in  
 "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"—a Paramount picture

## Paulette Goddard sings at USO party



**VIVACIOUS AND VERSATILE** Paulette Goddard proves why she's a popular "pin-up" girl as she sings for the boys at a USO party. Here she's putting over a catchy number featured in a recent hit. After several encores, Paulette joined the gang and enjoyed her favorite soft drink—Royal Crown Cola!



**SHE MADE UP HER MIND** more than a year ago when she took the famous taste-test. "Leading colas were given to me in paper cups," Paulette says. "Royal Crown Cola clicked at once ... it's been clicking ever since!"



**BEING A LEADING LADY** in pictures and war work keeps Paulette on the go ... another reason why she prefers Royal Crown Cola. "It's a grand 'quick-up' *always*," she says. "It gives me the lift every busy person needs!"

**BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY**

*Paulette Goddard prefers*  
**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
 Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
*Best by Taste-Test!*

### Half-Hats (continued)



**Worn at the back of the head**, a half-hat looks like this. It hugs the hair closely at the nape of the neck and has the virtue of keeping the hair neat without hiding it.



**Worn forward**, half-hats look like this. They stay on without pins or elastic, readily fit any head because they are tied on. Prices vary from \$35 (custom-made) to \$8.



**ERMINE** and other furs are used to make bathbands which match fur coats or trimmings. Most bands are made of bright-colored felt or velveteen with scrolls of braid.



## AFTER THIS WAR ... An Ever READY America!

By L. B. ICELY, President

**B**UT for the grace of God, and the protecting breadth of our oceans, we might have been another France, another Poland, or another Greece.

With this fearful lesson on the value of preparedness still fresh in mind, let us here and now resolve, as a nation, that never again shall America be caught physically unprepared and untrained.

Our national purpose in this war is to help establish worldwide peace and freedom.

But—let us resolve that from this war on, America shall be a physically fit, ever ready people.

First—let us see that our returning fighters are kept in good condition, through participation in organized sports and vigorous games, to form the nucleus of the new, physically fit America.

Through compulsory Physical Training in our schools, colleges and universities, let us train all of America's youth, from the beginning, to be robust, strong and adept in the skills and agilities that foot-

ball, basketball, baseball, tennis, boxing, and other American competitive sports develop.

Let us broaden the application of Industrial Recreation so that all the millions of young men and women who work in our great industrial plants may have access to organized sports and games that will keep them healthy and vigorous.

Let there be more golf clubs, more tennis and badminton courts, more play fields and gymnasiums, and organized participation in them by more business executives and office workers.

Let there be more help for that part of the youth of America whose only playgrounds are the sand lots of our cities and towns.

As a vital factor in our Postwar planning let us establish new and higher physical standards for all of America.

Let us resolve that not only our industrial and economic machinery, but our millions of Human Machines shall be physically equal to the challenge of our job as leaders in world restoration and progress after the war.

Let us now, therefore, dedicate this great, democratic nation of ours to the proposition that all men everywhere are entitled to Freedom from Fear, Freedom from Want, Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Worship. But let us also be a Nation of athletes—ever ready, if need be, to sustain our rights by the might of millions of physically fit sports-trained, freedom-loving Americans.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc. Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

**Wilson**  
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT





**Heading for Stuttgart,** Scherschel snapped this picture of a Fortress squadron formation flying at 23,000 ft. near his plane, the *Warming Pan*. His pilot flew a high position in the last group of the attacking bombers so that LIFE would have a ringside seat for all of the action going on.

**Feathered propeller** is an ominous sign of the engine that went dead north of Paris on return from target. Scherschel's Fortress was still two hours from home. Plane was able to hold formation on three engines. When it reached French coast, a second motor cut out for lack of gas.



# STUTTGART RAID

LIFE photographer rides through flak and fighters on tough Fortress mission to Southwest Germany

by FRANK SCHERSCHEL



To LIFE Photo-reporter Frank Scherschel befell the rare and dangerous task of photographing the American bombing raid on Stuttgart, Germany, Sept. 6. The day of this air action—one of the war's greatest—35 American planes were lost and many more barely reached England before crash-landing. Of the latter one was Scherschel's plane, *Winnipeg Run*. As eleventh man of a B-17 bomber crew, Scherschel manned three cameras in a space of less than phone-booth size. LIFE here presents both his pictures and his own story of the flight.

We landed on a wing with four dead engines and no time for specific prayers. My prayers had all been said going into Southwest Germany. We wished ourselves back out of Germany, cursed the Nazi fighters through France, said a prayer for our gas to hold out to the Channel and thanked God or His Son for the sight of the English coastline. (It was the most beautiful coastline in the world that day.) We crash-landed in a pasture after missing two houses.

It all started the night before at the dinner table. Lieut. Colonel Stevens invited me along on a hot one. He wouldn't say where, but just reaffirmed that the going would be rough. So, two Coca-Colas, one double-feature movie and three hours' sleep later I found myself looking at two fried eggs that looked right back at me. Eggs out of a shell are a treat given quite regularly to combat crews—nothing is too good for them when it's available. I met the skipper of the plane, Lieut. Jacob C. James of Valliant, Okla. (the best darn pilot in the world). Several officers chipped in flying gear for me. We spent many anxious minutes finding a parachute harness to fit properly. Arriving at the plane I found the space I thought would be a good place to ride was all filled with extra gear. I wound up behind the pilot and copilot straddling a hatch. There was as much room as in an undersized phone booth with three people in it. Lieut. James called out, "Two minutes to engine-starting time." There were some last-minute preparations. I left my Graphic and a borrowed aerial camera behind since there was no room to use them, and took three small cameras along—a Leica, 355-mm. lens, Rolleiflex and an Ikonta B. We wouldn't be on oxygen for an hour after take-off, so I could move about the hatch with comparative ease. Copilot and Lieut. Howard C. Neas pointed out my oxygen outlet and intercom plug-in. Then he left me to start engines. I was on my own for a while. I spread my cameras out, placed one in the nose of the ship. Why? I'll never know . . . it took 20 agonizing minutes to retrieve it later on.

## You never know about oxygen

All the warnings about using oxygen came back now: you don't know when you are not getting enough because you just drift away very pleasantly. A story told by an officer lecturing on oxygen flashed back. It seems during an active part of a mission when fighters were coming in from all directions one waist gunner didn't hear his partner's gun firing. Turning around he found him leaning on his gun, grinning at the show, having a great time watching the battle. He noticed that the gunner's oxygen supply had been cut off by a twist in the line. Untwisting the line, the gunner soon had the other revived and down to business. The moral was if anybody looks like he's enjoying a mission, he lacks oxygen.

Moving about was extremely difficult. The heavy clothes and cramped quarters meant inching forward or back. The motors were started and we moved along the runway to our take-off position. Plugged into intercom, and the show was on.

Pilot to crew: "We are going to be on a long mission that will require a lot of oxygen. Want everybody to keep spare bottles nearby . . . we have more than enough."



Nazi fighters dive in head-on attack on low planes in Scherschel's formation. These Focke-Wulf 190's are two of the hordes of fighters that jumped U.S. bombers in Germany and harassed them all the way into northern France. More than 70 Nazi fighter planes were destroyed by Fortress gunners on the Stuttgart raid.



Flak bursts show just ahead of the three lead planes and at their left as they approach the target. Formations went into twisting turns and violent evasive action that threw enemy AA gunners off aim and jolted Scherschel from floor to the ceiling of his plane. Below: planes come off target with bomb-bay doors open.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



## No use, men, you'll never understand

To you it's just a lot of waves and curls (and mighty pretty, too). But to Betty, now . . .

To Betty it's all that a brand-new permanent can mean to a woman. Something to fortify the spirit . . . to do the soul good.

One of those little things, in short, that count so big in times like these . . . a shine on your shoes . . . flowers for your wife on your wedding anniversary . . . a cheery "hello" from your next door neighbor.

Little things that lift the courage . . . warm the heart . . . boost morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . as a beverage of moderation after

a good day's work . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—*morale is a lot of little things like this.*

Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

*A refreshing glass of beer or ale—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.*

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS





**Bombardier** Walter Witt sends his bombs away in a quick target run over Stuttgart, then returns to his job as nose gunner, protecting *Wingman Rex* from head-on attack.

### STUTTGART RAID (continued)

Copilot then checked all members of the crew, calling out: "Copilot to navigator."  
 From the nose came, "Go ahead, copilot."  
 "Everything okay?"  
 "Everything okay," came back from the navigator.  
 In turn came the bombardier, engineer, radioman, tail gunner, turret gunner, waist gunners and last he called out:  
 "Are you all right, LIFE?"  
 I replied, "Everything okay." My voice through the throat mike over the intercom sounded like I had my head in a bucket of water.  
 Climbing into position behind the pilots, I watched them take off and soon we were circling the field. Planes were everywhere—high, low, circling and joining their groups. In the formation a signal flashed and we headed for Germany. We reached the British coastline and several planes turned back. Over the intercom: "Pilot to tail gunner."  
 Tail gunner: "Go ahead, pilot."  
 Pilot: "Did one of our planes abort?"  
 Tail gunner: "Yes, but Number 3 is moving in to take his place."  
 Pilot: "Roger. We are now going up. Everybody on oxygen."  
 In a few minutes the copilot checked all hands making sure oxygen masks were functioning properly. The bombardier called out the altitude as we climbed up into the blue.

### No flak or fighters—so far

As we crossed the French coast, scattered clouds began to appear. We seemed to crawl along. The French countryside differs quite a bit from the English terrain in that the plots of farmland seem to be rectangular rather than square . . . no flak or fighters so far . . . looks like a soft trip—I hope.  
 Talking to the copilot I discovered we usually had fighters over the target and coming out. Make a few formation pictures . . . have to save film . . . changing film is too much trouble . . . every picture must count. Up ahead we see some flak. The bombardier reports it over the intercom: "Flak at 10 o'clock." We plod on.  
 "Pilot to navigator."  
 "Go ahead, pilot."  
 "What time do we reach our target?"  
 The navigator announces the time: "Two hours to go to target."  
 The intercom quiets down.  
 Turret gunner: "I don't like this. It's too damn quiet."  
 Meantime . . . I have found and lost my camera three times. I check my oxygen supply . . . maybe I am getting forgetful. Between the space where I am standing and the hatch I climb through are many places to scatter my equipment—too many.  
 The formations are all about us. We are going to be the last group into the target. Some miles ahead are two more groups of B-17's . . . they are mere specks. At times a puff of flak explodes near them.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



# CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

always favorites for every farm engine, are plugging away as never before to help produce and swell the harvest of food so vital to Victory. Their dependability in severe service is their outstanding characteristic.



A very food conscious America is learning about agricultural America and its indispensable part in the cause of Victory.

Cars, trucks, tractors, stationary engines and power-driven equipment of all kinds give the farmer manifold help which he sorely needs. All these engines in their own way are directly enlisted in the war effort—on active duty on the home front.

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs help to make every engine a better performing, more economical engine. All the engineering skill of this company, with thirty odd years

of "know how" in the field of spark plugs exclusively, is packed into every Champion Spark Plug produced by us. Agricultural America long ago gave strong preference to Champions for these reasons. The farmer also learned long ago to inspect and test his spark plugs regularly, replacing worn-out spark plugs whenever necessary.

Have your spark plugs been tested recently? Keeping them clean and gaps properly set will materially increase their efficiency, prolong their life and repay you for the small effort in better, more economical engine performance.

**BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS**

# HOW SHOULD I START THIS LETTER?



**DO YOU** think I should write: "Dear Tommy, judging by the photo you sent me, it's been too long since you had a Barbasol shave!" But on second thought, why should I remind him to get a nice, smooth Barbasol Face—when the gals down there are there—and I'm up here?

**DID YOU KNOW** that the boys in service use more Barbasol than any other shaving cream—for better shaving, for better protection from wind and weather! And when they miss their daily Barbasol shaves—well, it's because they're too busy doing you know what. Try Barbasol yourself... the sweetest shave you ever had!



**BARBASOL MEANS BRUSHLESS**—just wet your face, spread on Barbasol, and then begin to give your beard the quickest goodbye it ever said to your skin—the sweetest goodbye it ever said to the bite and burn of old-fashioned shaving methods. Large size Barbasol 25¢, Giant size 50¢, Family size 75¢. Tubes or Jars.



## STUTTGART RAID (continued)

The navigator is calling out the altitude every 2,000 feet. We reach 25,000. Meantime the engineer in the top turret is whirling about looking for fighters . . . every time he turns I try to make myself smaller so as not to get fouled up in his machinery. We are flying directly into the sun.

Pilot to crew: "Keep sharp lookout into the sun . . . for fighters . . . that's where they come from."

Below, the long rectangular cultivated fields of France seemed very peaceful. On one side of the plane is a dial registering pounds of oxygen pressure in the main tanks. It still reads 400 lb. Alongside the dial is a tube with a little red ball. Each time you take a breath of oxygen this little red ball goes up and drops down when you exhale. I am fascinated by the movement, and watch this little red ball continually. I look at the pilot's and copilot's oxygen indicators . . . they seem to be taking shorter breaths. Their indicators don't travel as far as mine. We reach the German border. Straight ahead are some mountains, on our right about 75 miles are the Swiss Alps. Three of our planes later landed there and one ditched in Lake Constance. We are approaching our target . . . far ahead out of camera range, the first section is getting heavy flak. It appears and they pass through it.

### Battle starts near target

"Tourist at 10 o'clock."

The first German fighter appeared, a speck out in the sky. He reminded me of a lone duck that refuses to be decoyed. It is an F-W 190. He circles, looking for an opening. One of our machine guns fires a short burst and the whole ship vibrates. My intercom goes out again . . . I spent half my time fishing my intercom tube connection out of the hatch below me, one-quarter of my time watching the oxygen red ball and the rest of the time changing from the telephoto to the normal-view camera. Changing cameras is almost a WPA project. Clouds cover our target and we circle for an opening. The air becomes rough or else it's flak near us or some flying tactics that bounce me all over the place. At the same time my intercom goes out completely and when it comes on again our bombs are away and we are heading for home. Then fighters come from all directions.

"Fighter at 12 o'clock level. . ."

He came straight in, head on. . . I tried to take a picture but have been ducked too soon. . . I tried to get behind the copilot's armor plate. The ship shuddered from all the guns in the forward part firing at the same time. When I poked my head up again there was a lot of talking on the interphone.

"Pilot, there's a plane right below us!"

Turret gunner to pilot: "I could read the tech chart in the radio room of that plane below us. . ."

It seems we had come very close to the plane below us. . .

### Scherschel struggles with camera

About this time I ran out of film in the Ikonta. Laboriously I climbed down into the hatch and sat down . . . a quick glance at the oxygen pressure . . . it was now down below 250 . . . the little red ball was jumping up and down like a jumping jack. Opening the camera and extracting the film I looked for a way to seal the gummed label . . . my oxygen mask covered my mouth and I didn't want to fool around taking it off for fear of not getting it back on properly. The problem was solved very simply—I just passed one finger over my sweating brow and there was enough moisture for three rolls of film. The guns are chattering away every few moments . . . seems continuous. Now I know what the communiqué means when it says the Fords fight their way back from the target. I am taking all my pictures through thick glass . . . had left my filters below in the nose of the plane. Getting confidence in the handling of my oxygen mask I change to a walk-around bottle and crawl down for my other camera and a filter. . . on the way back I hear a noise that sounds something like a siren . . . my intercom wasn't plugged in so I hadn't heard the conversation. Coming up the hatch I see a lot of lights flickering on the panel beneath the throttles of the ship . . . getting up behind the pilots, I watch some frantic change being made with the motors. Our No. 3 motor is dead . . . the siren was an inertia starter. Motor ran away and then wouldn't start. Soon the pilot has it feathered and we are still holding our position.

The tail gunner came in, "Plane below is throwing out stuff. Guess they are low on gas. . . Looks like ammunition and ammo boxes are going out. . . they have a dead motor too."

I squirm around trying to see the plane, but cannot.

Pilot to navigator: "How soon do we meet our fighters?"



# War reveals new facts about lip care

**S**OLDIERS were quick to discover what dermatologists have long advocated—that keeping the lips protected from exposure to sun, wind, heat, dust, and grime is an important health guard.



**Yes—they use lipstick!** So many little lip troubles grow into big ones that daily lip care is part of a soldier's keep-fit program. And that's the big

reason why Fleet's Chap Stick—the specially medicated lip protective—is the stand-by of so many soldiers from Attu to Africa.



**Cross Section of Lip.** (1) Inner muscle membrane extends outward as a muscle fold to form (2) the free margin of the lip. (3) Lubricate outer skin. (4) Lacks sebaceous glands to lubricate and protect lips. Glands start here (4) below lip membrane.

**Says a leading dermatologist:** "Sun, wind, heat, cold, dust, and dryness can cause serious lip trouble. If a good lip protective were more generally used, lip disorders would be considerably reduced." (Fleet's Chap Stick is such a protective.)



**An aid to war workers!** In England, munitions plants issue skin protectives free and make their use a "must." In America, war workers subscribe

dust, dirt and drying indoor heat as well as sun, wind and cold, use Chap Stick to ward off painful lip troubles.



**Starting 'em off young!** Mothers find that children love to have "their own" Chap Stick—and that they need no urging. The use of Chap Stick before children go into the sun or wind helps prevent the development of painful sores and chapped lips.



**Tough going for germs!** Fleet's Chap Stick forms a medicated, soft but wax-like coating over the lips, guards cracked and tender tissues, makes it harder for germs to get a lip-hold. Chap Stick soothes chapped and rough lips, too—makes them soft and comfortable.



**Do this for protection!** Morning—noon—and night give your lips the "film of protection" Chap Stick provides. Made solely for lip care, Chap Stick is on duty with the U.S. Forces the world over. Only 25¢. At drug counters, PX's and Ship's Service Stores everywhere. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

guard



your lips...

Easily carried in vest pocket or purse



morning



noon



and night



## NORTHERN TISSUE'S GENTLENESS GIVES THE FOLKS AT YOUR ADDRESS

COMFORT AND SAFETY!

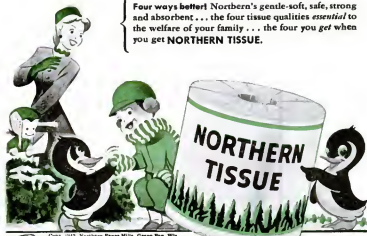


Ah-h-h, such softness . . . so safe. It's just right for even the *teard-rest* skis. No wonder so many mothers always insist on Northern, the *gentle* tissue.



Oh-h-h, such strength . . . so absorbent, too. Your entire family will agree that Northern is by far the most satisfactory bathroom tissue.

Four ways better! Northern's gentle-soft, safe, strong and absorbent . . . the four tissue qualities *essential* to the welfare of your family . . . the four you get when you get NORTHERN TISSUE.



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NORTHERN HANDY TOWELS are gentle-soft and more absorbent, too. Just the thing for your kitchen and will save you lots of time and work. Use Northern Handy Towels regularly.

★ DO YOUR PART! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY! ★

## STUTTGART RAID (continued)

Navigator to pilot: "In about an hour."

Pilot to navigator: "What time do we reach the French coastline?"

Navigator to pilot: "We are due there at 12.05 . . . it is now 10:30."

Pilot to navigator: "When do we reach the English coast?"

Navigator to pilot: "At 12.25 . . ."

A few more fighters came in on our formation. Up ahead the other groups are catching a lot more fighters than our group.

Waist gunner to pilot: "Want us to lighten our load?"

Pilot to waist gunner: "No, I think we can make it all right."

From over their shoulders I watch the pilots babying along the three motors. Copilot Ness is checking the gas. We have something like a two-hour gas supply if nothing happens. A new group of fighters come in and then our own fighters show up. . . one break for us. A quick glance at the oxygen supply shows it is down to around 125-lb. pressure.

Longo, the turret gunner, calls in: "I think I have enough oxygen but will somebody please check me every so often in case I run out?"

Waist gunner assures him that he will look out for him . . . there is a spare walk-around bottle of oxygen beside me. . . I change over to conserve the main supply. The engineer signals me to make room for him to come out of the turret. He starts pumping gas out of No. 3 tank into the other tanks. Lieut. Ness takes off his mask and shouts, "Better get back to the radio room—take your chute."

### "Prepare to bail out!"

I shed all my surplus gear and go down the hatch for my chute. Meet Lieut. Scoggins throwing out ammunition . . . take time and help him. Lieut. Witt, the bombardier, comes back with a heavy box of ammo. . . "Damn shame we couldn't shoot it at those fighters."

Through the hatch between the engineer's legs I head through the bomb bay for the radio room. . . I try to squeeze through the catwalk but my heavy clothing and parachute harness stop me. I go around and walk into what was a radio room. All the radio equipment that was loose or could be pried loose was being thrown overboard. I help pass some things back to the waist gunners. . . At the remaining radio a grim radioman is sending S. O. S. Here was the real thing. . . S. O. S. has been dramatized in books, movies and the stage, but when an S. O. S. is personal it reaches new heights. Another motor has gone dead. . . Radioman stops and shouts we have reached the Channel, prepare to ditch. We take off our chutes and cut the safety wires of the rubber dinghies. We peek out of the hatch and look at the Channel. "Helluva lot better than Germany or France," somebody shouts. Everybody is calm. . . radioman is still sending S. O. S. He stops. We are not going to ditch.

"Prepare to bail out."

We snap on our chutes. . . Pop Hamilton comes over to me and looks over my harness and chute . . . puts his mouth to my ear: "Go out crouching like this."

And he doubled up to show me how.

"When you jump go head first and count ten before you pull the rip cord. . ."

I nodded O.K. Everybody is calm. . . It proved what training and instruction has accomplished. . . Nobody was visibly excited. . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



"Winning Run" skidded in to land with four engines dead but her crew safe and two houses she dodged undamaged. Over her nose, another Fort makes emergency landing.

# THE KID TAKES OVER

This morning, all at once, the guns  
stopped firing here.

Then the Yanks came in.  
And hungry people cheered.

Now it is almost quiet. Men in khaki  
patrol the streets. They look for booby  
traps. They search for wounded un-  
derneath the rubble.

Suddenly, the kid sees a little girl . . .  
sobbing, frightened, cringing in a  
doorway.

☆ ☆ ☆  
He smiles, holds out his hand. She backs  
away.

"Come, Don't be scared. I won't bite  
you."

She looks up. She doesn't understand  
the words, but she knows the common  
language—kindness.

He stoops and lifts her in his arms.  
From a pocket full of cigarettes and sou-  
venirs—out comes a candy bar.

She takes it in her hands, unwraps it.  
Now she takes a bite. Her eyes light  
up—she smiles.

And suddenly, a world black with hun-  
ger, fear and hate is bright—with  
peace and human love.

☆ ☆ ☆  
A couple of hours from now, tonight,  
again the zero hour will come.

The guns will shake the earth. The tanks  
will roll.

This kid and a thousand other fighting  
Yanks will push ahead—

With food and comfort for the bomb-  
shocked children, hiding in the cel-  
lars of the world.

☆ ☆ ☆  
Today when you plan to travel, remem-  
ber the countless things that we must do  
to help the kid.

Freights must roll to fill a thousand ships.  
Troops must keep on going endlessly.

At home the forging of the tools of war  
must race ahead.

We dare not—and we shall not fail him.  
For more than we may realize, he needs  
our every effort—every hour, until his  
job is done.

## THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

Serving New York and  
the Great Industrial States of  
Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut  
in War and Peace.

For FREE Reproductions of this advertisement  
address: Manager of Public Relations, The New  
Haven Railroad, Grand Central Terminal, N. Y.

FOR VICTORY



## COUNT ON 'EM

*For years to come*



Make tomorrow's plans with the War Bonds you buy today! Buy, and buy again, until the war is won! And, as you save for Victory, guard your health and clothes in your smart, long-wearing Alligator Raincoat. It, too, is one of the wisest investments you ever made—truly, "the best buy in rainwear"! Finest quality through and through, skillfully tailored, dependably processed for maximum wind and rain protection. If you don't yet own an Alligator, see your dealer, as limited stocks are available. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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Dealers Everywhere

# ALLIGATOR

*Rainwear*

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

## STUTTGART RAID (continued)

Not even me . . . somehow I felt we would make it all right. The pilot was very optimistic at all times. He later told me he was lying like hell . . . he didn't want to excite anybody . . .

We see the beautiful English coastline. The navigator has found an airport.

"Prepare to land in a small airport. . ."

We all sit on the floor bracing our backs against the wall behind us. Three boys are seated like they were bobbleheading. . . We are turning in. The flaps are down, the motors sound throttled completely (they were out). Martel, the radioman, is sitting in his armored chair and pecking out of a window. . . "Here we go," he shouts. The wheels hit with a bang. Empty shells rattle and dust flies into the air. . . We bounce twice with more noise. Then there is a helluva lot of noise and we are all thrown up in the air and sideways—plop askew. The plane has stopped . . . nobody moves. Somebody says, "Let's get the hell out of here. . ." We started to scramble to our feet. . . Sgt. Hamilton says, "Let's take it easy or somebody might get hurt. . ."

Everyone slowed down and we got the hell out of there. Our tail surfaces were in a hedge and we ran around the wing. Lieut. James saw us, counted noses. Everybody was out.

"Let's go way out in the field. Number 1 motor is burning and it might explode."

The first words said when the crew looked back at the plane were, "Moore ain't goin'" to like this. . ."

"Who's Moore?"

"Oh, he is the crew chief and this is his pet plane."

I had left all my cameras up with the pilot . . . they were still in the plane.

"How about the cameras?"

"Stay away for a while and see what happens. . ."

### Just 14 miles to spare

We waited for a minute, then Lieut. James and I went to the plane. He boosted me into the pilot's window headfirst and held my legs while I got all three cameras out. Then I boosted James in and he picked up a fire extinguisher to put out the engine blaze.

Looking overhead we saw another formation of B-17's pass in perfect formation. . .

"Where in hell did they get the gas?"

All about us planes were landing in all directions. Upwind, downwind. . . Lieut. James said we would have made it O.K. if he hadn't been cut off by other planes. We still had two motors when he started to land but as he swung around another Fort these two went dead. There was nothing else to do but jump fences so long as we could and miss houses until we stopped.

A truck with some R. A. F. boys came along, took Lieut. Ness over to a telephone where he reported the crew safe and the plane a wreck. This same truck then dropped us off at a nearby pub where we had a cheese sandwich and a boilermaker and a helper. Later in the afternoon we rode to an airport and were picked up by a plane and flown back to base. We had made the English coast by about 14 miles.



Crew of Scherschel's Flying Fortress included (standing) Lieuts. James, Ness, Scoggins, Witt, and Sgt. Watts; (sitting) Sgts. Martel, Hamilton, Misiak, Tripp and Longo.

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY



FAMOUS SINCE 1894

BIRTHPLACE OF TRADITIONS DEEP-ROOTED FOR CENTURIES IN OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, PHILADELPHIA IS THE CITY THAT GAVE TO THIS NATION ITS PROUD HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY. ONLY A WHISKY AS FINE AS PHILADELPHIA IS WORTHY OF THIS PROUD NAME. BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS, PHILADELPHIA IS TRULY A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKY, ORDINARILY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS... YET ONE YOU CAN ENJOY... REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

85.8 Proof • 63% Grain Neutral Spirits

# *The Heritage that is Philadelphia*





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## “Mother! Bob’s ship’s in!”

A thousand miles away, a bronzed young ensign has stepped ashore for the first time in months. And a Navy bride has just received the happiest words in the world.

Tonight, she’ll be speeding to him—for a brief, belated honeymoon before he puts to sea again.

She is one more reason trains are crowded now and Pullman travel is the heaviest in history. There’d be no problem handling such a load if the whole Pullman fleet were in regular passenger service. But it isn’t. Many cars are assigned to special troop trains, moving an average of almost 30,000 men a night.

So fewer cars must serve more people. And there are bound to be some inconveniences, at times. Occasional disappointments, too. But the great majority of wartime travelers cheerfully accept

whatever accommodations are available.

That’s partly because they feel, as Pullman does, that boys in uniform come first. And partly because they look on Pullman travel now not simply as an overnight adventure in a sumptuous way of life but as an overnight *vacation* that refreshes weary minds and tired bodies.

It relaxes taut, strained wartime nerves. Gives passengers a precious opportunity to do nothing for a change and thus, as like as not, starts those little grey cells to working on thoughts there hadn’t been time to think. Then, when bedtime comes, Pullman

privacy and comfort invite sleep so compellingly that the cares of a war-torn world dissolve in pleasant dreams.

So, if yours is a *necessary* trip—one on which you must get there feeling fit to do the *total* job that *total* war requires—go Pullman, by all means.

You’ll have a place to sit and a place to sleep that are all *yours* straight through to your destination. And you’ll be leaving coach space for *necessary* travelers who can’t afford the privacy and comfort you’ll enjoy.

• BUY MORE WAR SONGS NOW! •

# PULLMAN

THE GREATEST NAME IN PASSENGER TRANSPORTATION



FOR COMFORT AND SAFETY AS YOU GO AND CERTAINTY THAT YOU WILL GET THERE

# ATTU

## U. S. RETAKES THE ALEUTIANS

The campaign for the cold, tundra-covered island of Attu, in which the American soldiers stormed the positions of the fanatically resisting Japanese until they fell back into the hills and finally—seeing that their plight was hopeless—committed mass suicide, was the last fight for the Aleutians. When a joint Canadian-U. S. expedition landed

on Kiska it found nothing but wreckage and abandoned Jap equipment. The fight for Attu was price enough to pay for both islands. Troops had to face the hardships of snow, bad terrain and worse weather before the battle was over. Then they had the unpleasant job of burying the rows of dead Japs whom they had literally dug out of holes to kill.



Leading from Massacre Bay was this road that only heavy tractors and jeeps with chains could traverse. Vehicles and cases (right and background) mark the U. S. supply dump.



Back from the front, these U. S. soldiers rest after the fight. This tractor housing and tents in background were the only shelters to be erected during first days of campaign.



The losers on Attu are gathered for burial. Their clothing was generally warmer than the Americans', but their equipment inferior. They put up a stiff defense until the end.



Fresh troops move to the mountain front up brown-carpeted pass from Massacre Bay. Fiercest fighting for the island took place in distant hills where Japs dug themselves in.



By his fire of broken parking cases, an American soldier, dressed in rain clothing, cuts a can of field rations. Most soldiers found holes like this one to use for shelter and sleeping.



Dead Japs are examined before being buried. Rather than give up, many of these soldiers killed themselves with hand grenades or pistols as the Americans kept pushing forward.



## *I guess I knew he'd come back*

I'LL NEVER FORGET the day Bart *didn't* ask me to marry him.

I thought he was going to. I'd put on my white dress with the pink roses, and I'd done my hair a new way, with ribbons...

Bart never noticed. He looked at his shoes, and said something very fast about not tying ourselves down with a war going on. And he got away as quickly as possible.

Next thing I heard, he'd joined the Air Corps.

That was two years ago... but I'm not pretending I ever got over it. (I'd even bought some of my International Sterling, on hope.) I couldn't stop believing that some day I'd answer the door and find Bart there.

Last night, he was. He took my left hand and looked quickly at the bare third finger.

"Honey," he said, "I've acted like a kid. But out where I was... well, all the things

I'd missed got to seem pretty important. I made up a house, and I put you in it, and that was just about the realest thing I had..."

Beginning tomorrow, Bart won't have to pretend any more.

Because I'm marrying him, and we're taking a cottage... for the few days his leave and my time off from my job\* will last. And of course, our International Sterling goes along... the first of our lifetime possessions... one of the most beautiful and enduring things of home.

Somehow, it *belongs* with the pictures Bart will take back with him... the friendly, low-ceilinged rooms of our cottage... the red and gold leaves that swirl past the windows... noontime breakfasts in front of the fire...

A man who has faced the loneliness of war knows how much these things mean. And so does the girl who has waited for him.

International is working full speed on war production and making less sterling, so your jeweler may not have all the pieces you want.

But no American complains about shortages. He knows that until victory is won, bullets are more important than butter knives.

So buy more War Bonds with your money... earmark some of them for International Sterling after the war. International gives you the lifetime satisfaction of knowing...

— that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house...

— that your pattern was designed by International craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 100 years ago...

— that pieces created by these craftsmen have been exhibited in leading art museums.

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### \*WOMEN! TAKE A JOB — HELP WIN THE WAR!

YOU are needed—now—to fill essential civilian jobs of all kinds.

It's up to you to help keep America going. You can do this best by taking a job in your own community.

Choose a job from the Want Ad section of your local paper. Or go to your U. S. Employment Service office for advice.

Do it today! The more women at work, the sooner we'll win!



THE  
SPRING GLORY  
PATTERN



# *International Sterling*



# LONDON BANQUET

Anglo-American commanders attend dinner given for Knox, Alexander

Running a war requires a lot of important officials. There are presidents, prime ministers, ambassadors, cabinet members, marshals, admirals and generals. The business of war requires these officials, sometimes irreverently referred to as "brass hats," to meet frequently. Usually such meetings take place in formal operations rooms, behind locked doors. But occasionally a lunch or a dinner may provide an opportunity for a meeting of great minds.

Such an opportunity came the night of Sept. 17 in London when U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, John Winant, and Admiral Harold ("Betty") Stark, commander of U. S. naval forces in Europe, gave a dinner for A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the British Admiralty and Frank Knox, U. S. Secretary of the Navy. To the banquet, held at the Dorchester, came important Anglo-American military commanders stationed in England. They ate a dinner of chicken, peas, lettuce-salad, potatoes, pears, stewed plums, red wine, brandy and kilmnol, and listened to speeches by Knox and Alexander. The Secretary of the Navy, who had arrived in England only the day before, was on an inspection tour of American bases.

These pictures were made by LIFE Photographer Dave Scherman, who was only photographer present.



In his speech, Frank Knox, Secretary of Navy, pays sincere tribute to Britain's lone fight against Germany in 1940 and tells of America's pride in fighting by Britain's side. He called Alexander that "realhead over there."



Frank Knox and John Winant, the American Ambassador to England, converse steadily during the dinner. Secretary Knox was a guest of honor and Winant a host at the dinner.



A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, talks with Admiral Harold Stark, commander of U. S. naval forces in Europe. Alexander met Knox for the first time at dinner.



Sir Alan Brooke (right), Chief of Imperial General Staff, cuts his food and talks with Clement Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister. Brooke has job comparable to General Marshall's.



Sir Charles Portal (right), Air Chief Marshal, and Lieut. General Jacob L. Devers, commander of U. S. forces in European theater. Devers succeeded Lieut. General Andrews.



"WE'RE READY NOW, MOM!"

From the stairs, they say their reluctant good-nights. But they're really *ready for sleep* . . . in the warm, cozy comfort of their HANES Merrichild Sleepers.

These popular garments are knit from downy cotton and keep children warm and comfortable—even where house temperatures are lower.

They protect each child from neck to toe against exposure from kicked-off covers. Smooth, flat-tucked seams won't irritate and

awaken youngsters. Double-sole'd for scuffing feet.

You get wonderful values, too. HANES, the makers of the nationally popular HANES Underwear for men and boys, can also knit these garments for moderate prices.

The happy youngsters below illustrate the variety of Merrichild styles. Available in pink and blue—in lovely pastel tints. Shop at your leading store—for *your children's sleep!* P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



- A Two-piece suit. Ages 6 to 8.
- B One-piece button-back suit. Ages 6 to 8.
- C One-piece button-front suit. Ages 4 to 6.



*Merrichild*  
SLEEPERS

FASHIONED BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS HANES UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS



Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten (left), Allied Southeast Asia Commander in Chief, and Rear Admiral George Barry Wilson, Chief of Staff to Admiral Stark.



Admiral Sir Max Horton (left), Commander of the Western Approaches to Great Britain, and Lieut. General Frederick Morgan of the British General Staff.



Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador to the U. S., sits to the left of Admiral Harold Stark and talks across the table to Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal.



Vice Admiral Sir Edward Neville Syfrel (left), British Navy Vice Chief of Staff, and Vice Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, liaison officer to Admiral Harold Stark.



Air Marshal H. Edwards (right), Air Officer Commander in Chief Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, and Major John Lee of U. S. Army Service Forces.



Rear Admiral H. L. Vickery (right), Vice Chairman of U. S. Maritime Commission, who is in Britain, and Lord Leathers, British Minister of War Transport.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



## Should a girl "date" while her sweetheart is at Camp?

*It's Etiquet* to go out with another man... if your sweetheart doesn't object, or if he's a friend of the family. At all times be loyal to your man at Camp... and stay sweet and attractive for him, too! Guard against under-arm perspiration and its odor with Etiquet... the new antiseptic deodorant cream. More effective! Works 5 ways!

*It's Etiquet that checks under-arm perspiration... stops odor, too!*

### "BIKE TESTS"

proves Etiquet over 246 more effective against under-arm perspiration odor than other deodorant creams tested. Details sent upon request.



Tested and Guaranteed by Food Research Institute, Inc.



- SAFELY CHECKS under-arm perspiration.
- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration odor. 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.\*
- SAVES CLOTHES. Helps prevent clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- ANTISEPTIC. Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- WORKS FAST. Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off or wait to dry. Dab on... dress... dash!

LOOK FOR THE BLUE-PLAID JAR AT TOILET-GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢. PLUS TAX.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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# Etiquet

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

**THIS INVESTMENT DOESN'T REQUIRE A**  
*Fortune*  
**\$18<sup>75</sup> is all you need for a war bond**  
**and you will get back \$25!**

Buying is saving when you invest your money in War Bonds. For every three dollars you put in, four will be returned. Your dollars will buy Victory . . . and the things you want when Victory is won. They're desperately needed . . . don't delay, buy a Bond today!

**STEP INTO THIS *Fortune* FOR**  
**A WEALTH OF LASTING COMFORT**

Style 4710, from Fortune's "Military" series. One of many handsome styles at your Fortune dealer's.



**\$5 to \$5<sup>50</sup>**

SOME SIZES HIGHER

For those extra miles you're walking, turn in your next ration coupon and step into a Fortune! Snug-fitting comfort and long mileage are built into Fortunes at a sensible price you can easily afford. Before you buy, give Fortune a try . . . dollar-for-dollar you can't buy better.

**FORTUNE**

*Shoes for Men*



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**London Banquet** (continued)



General Andrew G. McNaughton, Commander in Chief of Canadian Army in European Theater, broods by himself during the dinner and talks little.



Mountbatten, Knox and Alexander chat during cocktails. These are the first pictures to show Lord Mountbatten with his new admiral's stripes.



About 35 important officials attend the dinner. A bomb dropped on the Dorchester Hotel at this minute might have altered the course of the war.

*Keep on having folks to your house for dinner.  
Let them taste low-ration-point dishes made  
a special way—and served with  
moderate glasses of wine*



Ever make a "Crown Roast" of Spareribs? Have a side of fresh pork spareribs (2 to 2½ lbs.) cut lengthwise into 2 long strips. Rub with salt and pepper and skewer together to make a crown. Fill center with this stuffing: Mix 6 cups bread crumbs, 2 apples diced, ¼ cup diced onion, ½ cup raisins. Add salt, pepper, celery salt and sage to taste; 2 tbsps. melted margarine or bacon fat; and 1 beaten egg mixed with ½ cup water and ½ cup California Sauterne wine. Bake in hot oven (400°) about 1¼ hrs., basting ribs occasionally with additional Sauterne (about ½ cup). Serves 6



## WINE lends a hand to wartime cooks

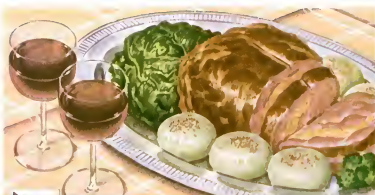
**G**OOD CHEER is a weapon, too! And perhaps the best of all places to build cheer is at your own dinner table, sharing food with your friends.

So invite people to your house often. There are many gratifying main dishes that will keep a watchful eye on your ration points. Nourishing war dishes that take on extra delicacy of flavor when a little wine is used in the cooking!

You not only make these dishes with wine, you serve the same good wine at table. An ages-old custom for building morale, it's hard to improve upon today.

We invite you to try this custom, starting with the foods and wines pictured here. For a new booklet filled with wonderful low-ration-point dishes cooked with wine, write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California.

- If your wine merchant or restaurateur hasn't your favorite wine type, let him suggest another California wine... it's your opportunity to become acquainted with some of the many other excellent types



This is Stuffed Heart Burgundy: To serve 6, buy ½ beef heart. Wash, trim off hard portions, veins, etc. Let stand several hours in ½ cup California Burgundy wine. Drain, saving wine. Season inside and out. Fill with this stuffing: Mix 2 cups bread crumbs, 4 tbsps. minced onion, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, ¼ tsp. poultry seasoning, 2 tbsps. melted margarine or bacon fat, and ½ cup of wine drained from meat. Sew up openings. Season again. Place in a deep covered baking dish. Add remaining Burgundy and ½ cup water; bake slowly at 300° F. 2 or 3 hours, or until tender, basting occasionally. Remove meat; skim off excess fat. Thicken and season remaining liquid for gravy



*You Can't Express all in Words Alone*

Often the thoughtful little things  
more surely signify unspoken  
sentiments . . .



*Whitman's Sampler is laden with a rich assortment of chocolate coated fruits and creams, caramels and nuts and other rare good sweets.*

*Whitman's*

**CHOCOLATES**



BUY MORE UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★ A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS



**RULERS OF PALESTINE JEWS**, photographed in Jerusalem headquarters for first time, are elected by Zionist and non-Zionist Jews of the world. Executives of the

Jewish Agency for Palestine, from right, include: Chairman David Ben-Gurion, a Pole; Itzhak Gruenbaum, a Pole; Rabbi J. L. Fishman, a Russian; Emil Schmonak, a Czech;

Eliezer Kaplan, once a Russian revolutionist; David Senatov, a German; Moshe Shapiro, a Pole; Eliezer Dabkin, a Russian; Moshe Shertok, a Palestinian; and a secretary.

# JEWISH HOMELAND

## PALESTINE WANTS A MILLION MORE JEWS

A strip of subtropical greenery along the coast of Palestine is the pride of most of the 16,000,000 Jews of the world. It is the physical homeland of 380,000 Jews living there today. It is the spiritual homeland of the rest who for 2,000 years have said at Passover, "Next year in Jerusalem." In this small land of 10,000 square miles, big as New Hampshire, most of the Bible was lived and written. The monotheistic worship of an invisible God, from which both Christianity and Islam derive, was born here. For 30 years the Jews of the *Diaspora* (in exile) have worked and planned to go back.

What gives the Jewish homeland pressing point now is that half the Jews in the world, some 8,000,000, have been trapped inside Hitler's Europe. At least 3,000,000 of these are by now certainly dead. The others yearn desperately to escape. Palestine is ready to receive them, 300,000 a year, a million and more in three years. Yet a British White Paper of 1939 forbids further Jewish immigration into Palestine after 1944.

Britain got a League mandate over Palestine in 1923, having promised the Jews to "facilitate . . . the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." Since then, the Jews have poured into Palestine \$360,000,000. Bit by bit, through the Jewish Agency for Palestine, they have bought land from the Arabs, until now Jews own nearly 400,000 acres of Palestine, or

67%. Of this total 157,000 is owned by the Jewish National Fund and leased to the workers. Palestine Jews have their own legislature and council, but the powerful Jewish body is the executive board of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, sitting in Jerusalem (above). These men are elected, not exclusively by the Jews of Palestine, but by the World Zionist Organization whose president is Dr. Chaim Weizmann (below). It is asserted that as soon as the Jews have a sovereign majority in Palestine (they now number 33% of world Jewry) will hand all its Palestine powers and properties over to the Jews in Palestine.

The prospering of Palestine in the past 20 years has attracted and enriched the Arabs. Many farsighted Arabs see an industrial Jewish Palestine as a natural bridge between the Christian West and the Moslem Middle East, which is now one of the world's major dead ends. Palestine has already boosted the wealth, standard of living, health and efficiency of the Arabs multiplying there.

The pictures on the following pages by LIFE Photographer John Phillips show the new Palestine. The Jews of Palestine, like Americans of the early 19th Century, are a new people, bold, energetic, friendly, unconventional. They know how to sweat and their natural social idealism is applied to advancing their community rather than themselves. Jewish Palestine may once have been an experiment, but it is not an experiment any longer. It is a fact.



**PRESIDENT WEIZMANN**

# JEWISH HOMELAND (continued)



**PALESTINE SETTLEMENT**, one of 276, is named Ain Hahofet ("Well of the Judge," in honor of U. S. Supreme Court Justice Brandeis). It is in the valley of the River Kishon in

**TEL AVIV**, meaning Hill of Spring, is the sparkling, all-Jewish center of modern Palestine. Its population is over 150,000, greater than Jerusalem's. This photograph looks toward the sea,

Galilee, northern Palestine. The land is owned by Jewish National Fund, rented to the community on a 40-year lease. Notice here unfinished refrigeration plant and tower headquarters

across Dizengoff Circle, named for the first mayor's wife, down Allenby Street. Notice the subtropical planting and the modernistic German architecture. Average temperature here is 60°.







(left). In the background is the quarter where the children live and study. At the far right are workers' homes, of which the fourth is that of Dov Vardi and his wife (see p. 98). Right of the

**THE BEACH** of Tel Aviv might be Miami Beach. Sand is the foundation of all Tel Aviv. The coast road runs here past the Hotel Pils. There is rarely much surf. Palestine Jews are as

refrigeration plant is community bathroom. Two modernistic stone buildings stand on the outskirts. These are fortresses in case of Arab guerrilla attack from Carmel range in the distance.

addicted to getting tanned as if they were North Americans. The Arabs are equally fanatic about staying out of the sun. The rocky peninsula in the background is the Arab port of Jaffa.

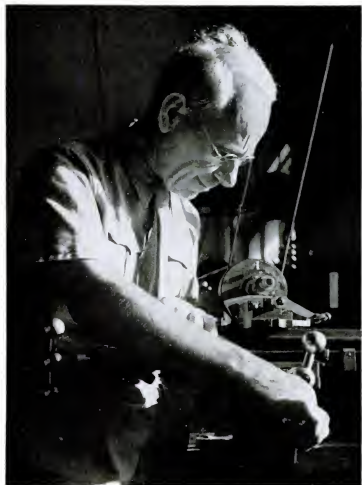




CHIEF RABBIS of Palestine are (left) Isaac Halevi Herzog of the Ashkenazi Jews of Central-Eastern Europe, and Ben-Zion Uziel of the Sephardic Jews of Spain and Asia. They

preside together over Palestine's religious House of Justice and rule on marriage, divorce, alimony, inheritance and charity. Rabbi Herzog, born in Pole, was once Chief Rabbi of Ire-

land, speaks English with an Oxford accent. Orthodox rabbis once opposed any attempt to redeem Palestine until after the coming of the Messiah, have since abandoned this argument.



**GREAT SCIENTIST** is Dr. Emanuel Goldberg, inventor of the Contax camera, who has a great camera development, not to be released until after war. He escaped Germany in 1937.

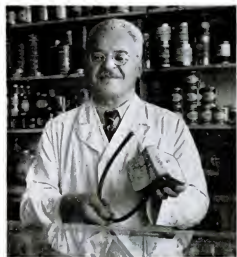


**YOUNG GENERATION** is healthy and handsome. Above are Miriam Bishop, commercial student, from Rumania, and David Spelman from Germany, who works in drugstore.

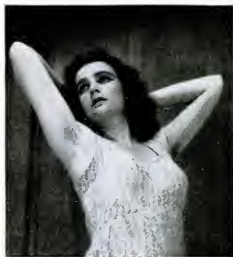
## IT LABORS AND LIVES WITH ZEST

The variety of Jews speaking many tongues makes Palestine one of the most cosmopolitan and worldly places in the world. Its Orthodox rabbis indeed consider it far too worldly, deplore its girls' tight shorts and the non-kosher food served in many restaurants. On the other hand the Jews of Palestine are probably the most literate, highly educated, healthy and sober group in the world. German Yiddish is dying out and modernized Hebrew and English are taking its place. There is no dividing line between city and country

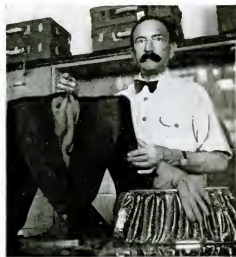
Jews. City children must work in the settlements during vacations. There is in fact a serious labor shortage. Fifty out of every hundred people are farmers or workers. They produced last year \$120,000,000 in industrial products, 200,000 tons of grain, 200,000 tons of oranges. In the last year five new settlements have been founded, more of the Biblical hills of Judaea re-terraced. Today Palestine boasts 2,300 factories, 4,000 small shops and a lively production in potash, tuluol and bromine.



**GROCER** from Austria is Max Bartfeld who got out just before war began. He had a big wholesale grocery in Vienna, now runs prosperous retail store in Tel Aviv and enjoys life.



**FIRST BALLERINA** of Tel Aviv's Gertrude Krauss Ballet is Païna Schevetov who came from Russia in 1923. Soviet Jewish theater toured Palestine in 1928 and just stayed on.



**OFFICER** in Hungarian Army was Cornelius Hochberger who came to Palestine in 1934 with 25 skilled leatherworkers and now runs Tel Aviv's most expensive leather-goods store.



TEXTILE FACTORY in Tel Aviv is privately owned. It is Lodzia Textile Co., named for Jewish city in Poland, Lodz. On German machines it makes socks for the British Army.



DIAMOND POLISHER in Tel Aviv is Abraham Jankielewicz, son of Polish rabbi, earning \$80 a week. Industry was transplanted from Low Countries. Diamonds are bought from England.

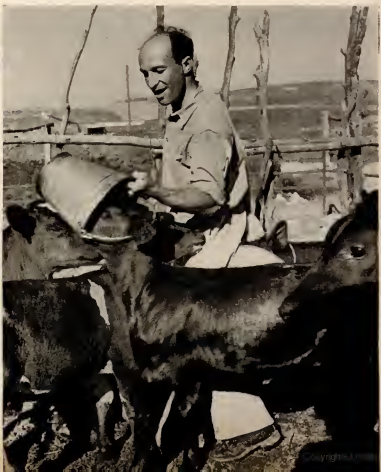
## PALESTINE TRIES ALL EXPERIMENTS

HOME of Dov and Simcha Vardi (Hebrew for Bernard and Sadie Rosen) from Brooklyn, is one room at Ain Hashofet. Both are college graduates. Bath and kitchen are communal.



Not many outsiders realize that Palestine Jews, far from being all of one mind, have many parties, many ways of life, many social and political theories. At the political left are the Labor Zionists, whose left wing is the Young Guard (*Hashomer Hatzair*). One of their settlements, now five years old, is shown on pages 94-95 and below. Here the community owns everything, the individual nothing. Yet even the community does not own the land, which is actually rented out by the World Zionist Organization through the Jewish National Fund. Settlement shown here is manned

COMMUNAL JOB of Dov Vardi is to get up at 3 a. m. and feed community cows. His working hours are limited to eight. Jobs rotate. Cows are Holsteins. This is voluntary communism.





**STOCKING MAKER** is Chana Krnig, 26, who came from Poland nine years ago and makes \$23 a week at Lodzia Textile Co. She asked LIFE's photographer to send her a U. S. millionaire.

by Americans and Poles. The children are raised communally and play with their parents for a few hours in the afternoon. The system may be described as communitist, with the important qualification that it is entirely voluntary.

Nearer to the political center are the "General Zionists" in whose villages the individual virtually owns his land and home and may will it to his children, so long as he works it satisfactorily. But even there, the land is usually leased from the Jewish National Fund. Further to the right are the Mizrahi settlements, the Orthodox

**COMMUNAL LUNCH** at the Ain Hahofet settlement is of cucumbers, tomatoes, one egg, meat, tea without sugar, rice, fruit. All foods are rationed now. Dov Vardi is at the second table.



**TEL AVIV SOCIETY**, one of the most cosmopolitan in world, takes tea, coffee, cocktails at cafe outside Gat Remon Hotel. Nearly every language in the world is spoken here.

Jewish communities, where all males wear skullcaps and the economic system varies between the cooperative and outright ownership. Purely capitalistic are some villages and the industrial firms shown above. Palestine's labor organization, the Histadruth, is unusual in including both farm and shopworkers.

The final oddity is that Palestine Jews have little to do with ruling themselves. They are ruled by the British Colonial Office, controlled socially and economically by all the organized Jews of the world voting in the World Zionist Organization.

**COMMUNAL CHILDREN** live apart from parents, spend Saturday afternoon with them. Vardi is at right. Children are what Palestine Jews want most. Birthrate is high.





**MILITANT YOUTHS** are Betar Legion of New Zionists or Revisionists, who propose to fight for Palestine if necessary. They train between ages of 8 and 23. Below are por-

traits of Founder Vladimir Jabotinsky in his Memorial Museum in Tel Aviv. He fought with the Jewish Legion in World War I, was long hanned from Palestine, died in 1940 in U. S.



## ARAB-JEW RELATIONS

**T**he relations between the Jews and the Arabs in Palestine are occasionally scarred by violence, but more often are marked by petty irritations. Most of the Jews get along with most of the Arabs. Each has its extremist group spooling for a showdown fight. The Jewish group is shown at left.


Its leader was the late Vladimir Jabotinsky who fought with the three all-Jewish British battalions under Allenby in Palestine in 1917 which helped the revolting Arabs throw the Turks out. He later grew tired of the polite legalisms of the World Zionist Organization. Though he was outlawed, his illegal army still hides machine guns, drills by night and pulls off an occasional act of counterterrorism against the Arabs. They want to revise the 1922 separation of Palestine and Transjordan.

In general, however, no sharp racial line is drawn between Jew and Arab. Arab children can go to Jewish schools and medical centers. Arab and Jewish merchants trade side by side; labor on many Jewish projects is 30% Arab. Arabs charge the Jews high prices for their lands, collecting up to \$3,000,000 a year. On the other hand, Jewish entertainers in Tel Aviv have no qualms about "taking" any rich young Arab sport who comes in to sow a wild oat. Arabs claim that Jewish Palestine has already grabbed all the good land and will die if foreign money stops flowing in. But they don't seem to believe it themselves.

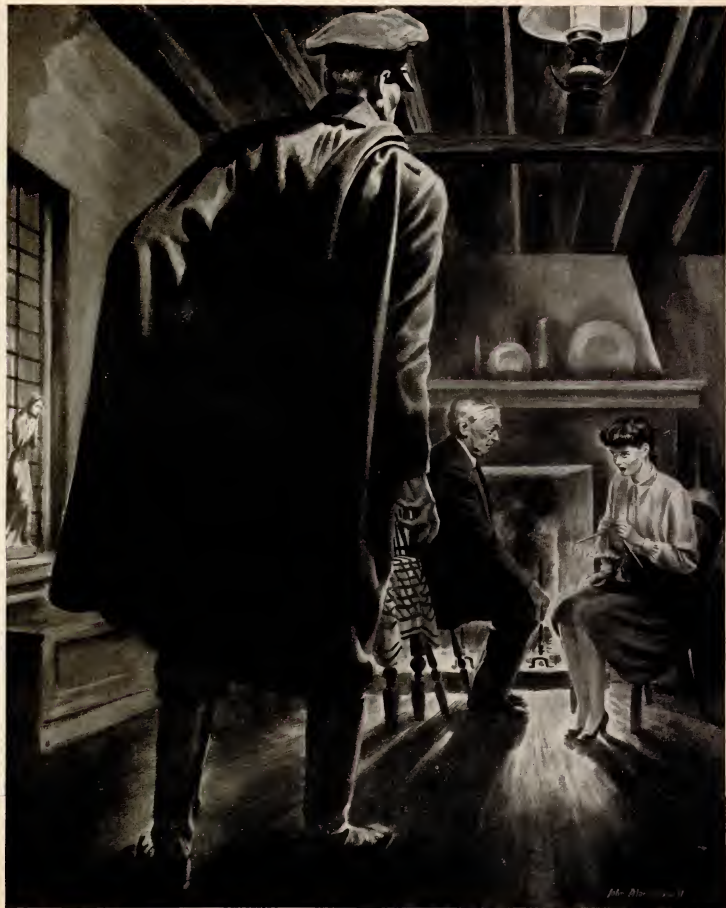
Some attempt is made by the British to bring the two peoples together, as in Auxiliary Territorial Service (*opposite*), where Jewesses and an occasional Arab girl march together in war service. Some 23,000 Jewish men and women have enlisted in the British armed forces. Whether or not world Jewry has spent its money recklessly in creating a garden spot in Palestine, it has certainly produced something unique and potent on the edge of the dreary deserts of the Middle East.



**BETAR COMMISSIONER** is Moshe Gold. His Revisionist party refuses to accept the *Hasidim* (self-restraint) discipline of the World Zionists, wants the Jews to get tough.



BRITISH UNITE  
JEWS & ARABS  
IN ARMY A.T.S.



**THE GERMAN OFFICER**, in long cape and boots, enters home of the provincial French family where he is billeted for the winter. Almost every evening he comes to warm himself be-

fore the fire and speak of his life in Germany, his love for France and his hopes for a happy union of the two countries. Every evening he is met by utter silence from the old man and his niece.



# SILENCE OF THE SEA

A story of a French family and a Nazi officer,  
written in France under the German occupation

## A PREFACE

*In a few weeks it will be three years...*

*It will be three years that France has lived under the emblem of silence.*

*Silence in crowds, silence of houses. Silence because at noon the German parade goes up the Champs Elysees, silence because an enemy officer occupies the next room, silence because the Gestapo hides microphones under the hotel beds, silence because a child no longer dares say he is hungry, because the bodies of hostages fallen each evening make of each morrow a new day of national mourning.*

*And silence of thought, forced silence of writers deprived of the right of expression, silence toward the world.*

*No people that has not lived behind the wall that Germany has built around the European intelligence can understand the extent of punishment. But let them at least realize that men are dying in order to breach that wall.*

*We are so fearful, over here, less from a distance French thoughts appear to be shrinking slowly into the shadows; we suffer so much because of this first absence of France, for many centuries, from the great exchange of human values!*

*At the side of the workers fighting on their own soil, at the side of the workers committing sabotage in their factories, at the side of the chiefs who are preparing an army of insurrection, journalists, men of letters and philosophers have taken their stand.*

*Let those who read this story realize what it has gone through and what it stands for.*

*By writing this story, the author, who hides under the pseudonym of Vercors—perhaps a famous novelist, certainly a very great writer—put a price on his own head. The man who provided the funds and the printing presses, and found paper, at a time when the most official and most favored publishers were short of paper—this Frenchman, too, put a price on his head; so did the compositors by setting the type, the binders by binding the sheets—while the black half-boots of the enemy walked the street over their heads.*

*Ah, no! This is not a diminished people, this is not a missing people, when men of every social stratum are capable of giving their liberty and their lives for the written word. Let no one speak ill of a country where blood flows for the primacy of the spirit.*

*France has not abdicated; and she is finding again the greatness which she seemed to have lost.*

He was preceded by a great display of military ostentation.

First, two privates, both very blond, one gangling and thin, the other square-shouldered, with the hands of a quarry-worker. They looked at the house without entering. Later a noncommissioned officer came along. The gangling private accompanied him. They spoke to me in what they supposed was French. I did not understand a word. Nevertheless, I showed them the rooms that were free. They appeared to be satisfied.

"The Silence of the Sea" (*Le Silence de la Mer*) is perhaps the most remarkable literary product of this war. It is a long short story, written in Occupied France by a French author who signs himself Vercors but whose real name is kept secret. It was printed on Underground presses and published by an Underground house called Editions de Minuit (Midnight Editions).

"The Silence of the Sea" is the story of a young German officer who is billeted at the home of an old Frenchman and his niece. It is not only a distinguished piece of fiction, but also a brilliant piece of reporting on French resistance to the German occupation.

Proofs of the story were smuggled out of France to London where it was re-published in French. An English translation will be published in the U. S. by Macmillan Company. Herewith LIFE presents a somewhat abridged version translated by Mario Jolas.

The next morning an enormous, gray military car drove into the garden. The chauffeur and a slender young soldier, blond and smiling, dug out two boxes and a large bundle wrapped in sacking. They took all this up to the largest of the rooms. The car left, and a few hours later I heard the sound of hoofs. Three riders appeared. All of them, both men and horses, went into the barn which I use as a studio. I saw later that they had driven the clamp of my worktable between two stones of the wall, tied a rope to the clamp and the horses to the rope.

For two days nothing else happened. I saw nobody else. The riders left early with their horses, they brought them back in the evening and themselves slept in the hay which they had put in the loft.

Then, on the morning of the third day, the big car returned. The smiling young man lifted a roomy field trunk on his shoulder and carried it into the room. Then he took his bag and set it down in the next room. He came downstairs and, turning to my niece, asked in accurate French for sheets.

When someone knocked it was my niece who opened the door. She had just served my coffee, as she did each evening (coffee puts me to sleep). I was seated at the other end of the room, more or less in the shadow. The door gives onto the garden, on the same level. A pavement of red brick tiles, which is very convenient when it rains, runs the whole length of the house. We heard steps, the sound of heels on the

tile. My niece looked at me and set down her cup. I kept mine in my hands.

It was dark, not very cold, that particular November was not very cold. I saw the enormous silhouette, the close-fitting cap, the raincoat thrown over the shoulders like a cape.

My niece had opened the door and remained silent. She had pushed the door against the wall, and herself stood against the wall without looking at anything. I kept on drinking my coffee in small sips.

The officer in the door said, "If you please." He bowed his head slightly. He seemed to measure the silence. Then he came in.

The cape slid down over his forearm, he gave a military salute and took off his cap. He turned toward my niece, smiled discreetly and bent over slightly from the waist. Then he turned to me and made me a deeper bow. He said, "My name is Werner von Ebrebnac." I had the time to think, very fast: "The name is not German. Perhaps he is a descendant of a Protestant emigrant?" He added, "I am extremely sorry."

The last word, pronounced in a dragging manner, fell into the silence. My niece had closed the door and remained, her back to the wall, looking straight before her. I had not risen. Slowly I set my empty cup on the harmonium, folded my hands and waited.

The officer resumed: "It was naturally necessary. I would have avoided it if possible. I am sure my orderly will do everything so that you won't be disturbed." He was standing in the middle of the room. He was very tall and very thin. He could have touched the rafters by simply lifting his arm.

His head was bent slightly forward, as if his neck were joined not to his shoulders but to the top of his chest. He was not stoop-shouldered, but it looked as if he were. His narrow hips and shoulders were impressive. His face was handsome: virile and marked with two deep hollows along his cheeks. We could not see his eyes, which were hidden by the shadow of the archway. They seemed to me to be light colored. His hair was blond and soft, combed straight back, and shone silkily under the light of the chandelier.

The silence lengthened. It became thicker and thicker, like morning fog. Thick and motionless. The motionlessness of my niece, mine too, probably weighted this silence, made it leaden. The officer himself, rather lost, remained motionless, until finally I saw a smile form on his lips. His smile was one of gravity and without a trace of irony. He made a skerchy gesture with his hand, the significance of which escaped me. His gaze settled on my niece, who was still stiff and straight, and I had the opportunity to look unhurriedly at the powerful profile, the prominent, thin nose. Finally he turned and looked at the fireplace and said: "I feel a great respect for persons who leave their country," and suddenly, lifting his head, he stared at the sculptured angel

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**HOW GOOD IS YOUR MEMORY?**



**can you remember to see your dentist twice a year?**



**can you remember to turn in scrap tin?**



**can you remember which RUM to use for Planter's Punch?**

**N**O need to take a memory course to know which rum to use in your favorite rum drink. Just think of the simple name "Government House Rum" and you have the complete answer. The label on the front of the Government House bottle tells you—in plain English—for which drinks that type of rum is especially recommended.

No guesswork about mixing either—recipes are right on the bottle, too. And when you mix 'em with Government House, you're sure of rum drinks delightfully smooth and superb in flavor.

Your dealer will show you all three types of Government House Rum. Just pick the type that makes the rum drinks you like best. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City. Sole agents for U. S. A.



**for ANY rum drink—all you need remember is "Government House"**



**Government House Rum**

86 PROOF

86 PROOF

90 PROOF

**SILENCE OF THE SEA** (continued)

over the window. "I could go up to my room now," he said. "But I don't know the way." My niece opened the door giving onto the little stairway and started up the steps, without a glance at the officer, as if she had been alone. The officer followed her. I then saw that he had a stiff leg.

I heard them cross the vestibule; the steps of the German soundcd in the hall, alternately loud and faint; a door opened, then closed again. My niece returned. She picked up her cup and continued to drink her coffee. I lighted my pipe. We remained silent for several minutes. I said, "Thank God, he seems to be decent." My niece shrugged her shoulders. She drew my velvet jacket over her knees and finished the invisible patch she had started to sew on it.

The next morning the officer came downstairs as we were having our breakfast in the kitchen. A different stairway leads to the kitchen and I don't know whether the German had heard us or whether he just happened to come that way. He stopped in the doorway and said: "I had an excellent night. I hope that yours was the same." He smilingly looked over the large room. Since we had little wood and even less coal, I had resorted it, we had put some furniture in it, some bits of brass and old plates, in order to confine our living there during the winter. He examined all this and one could see the shining edges of his very white teeth. I saw that his eyes were not blue, as I had thought, but golden brown. Finally he crossed the room and opened the door to the garden. He took two steps, then turned to look at our long, low house, covered with latticework, with its old brown tiles. His smile broadened.

"Your old Mayor told me I would stay at the Chateau," he said, pointing with a backward gesture of the hand to the pretentious building that could be glimpsed through the bare trees, a little way up the hill. "I shall congratulate my men on having made a mistake. This is a much nicer chateau."

Then he closed the door, bowed to us through its glass panes, and left.

He came back that evening at the same hour as the day before. We were having coffee. He knocked but did not wait for my niece to open the door. He opened it himself. "I fear I am disturbing you," he said. "If you prefer, I shall pass through the kitchen—in which case you will lock this door." He crossed the room and remained a moment with his hand on the knob, looking at the various corners of the room. Finally he bowed slightly from the waist. "I bid you goodnight," and he went out.

We never locked the door. I am not sure that the reasons for our not doing so were either very clear or unmixed. By tacit understanding my niece and I had decided to change nothing in our lives, not even the slightest detail, as if the officer didn't exist; as if he had been a ghost. But it is just possible too that another feeling mingled in my heart with that one: I cannot offend a man, even though he be my enemy, without suffering.

For a long time—over a month—the same scene was repeated each day. The officer knocked and entered. He said a few words about the weather, the temperature, or some subject of equal importance. They had this in common, that they did not call for an answer. He always lingered a little on the threshold of the small door, looked around, and then a very slight smile expressed the pleasure that this examination seemed to give him—the same examination each day and the same pleasure. His eyes lingered on my niece's bowed profile, which was unflinchingly severe and indifferent, and when he finally turned his gaze away from her I was sure to find there a sort of smiling approbation.

Then, bowing, he said, "I bid you goodnight," and left the room.

One evening things suddenly changed. Outdoors a fine snow mixed with rain was falling, terribly cold and wet. In the big fireplace I was burning some thick logs that I kept especially for days like this. In spite of myself I pictured the officer outside and the powdery look he would have when he came in. But he did not come. It was well past the time for him to come and I was irritated with myself that he should occupy my thoughts. My niece was knitting slowly and very intently.

Finally footsteps could be heard. But they came from inside the house. From their uneven sound I recognized that it was the officer. I realized that he had entered by the other door, that he was coming from his room. Doubtless he had not wanted to see him with a wet uniform, his prestige diminished; he had first changed.

The footsteps—one loud, one faint—came down the stairway. The

door opened and the officer appeared. He was in mufti. His trousers were of thick gray flannel and his jacket of tweed, steel-blue interwoven with a warm brown tone. The jacket was cut loosely and hung with an elegant casualness. Under his jacket a heavy, natural-colored wool sweater molded the slender, muscular torso.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I feel a bit cold. I got very wet and my room is quite cold. I shall warm myself a few minutes in front of your fire."

He crouched down with a certain difficulty before the fireplace and stretched out his hands, turning them first one way, then another. "Ah, this is good!" he said. Finally he turned his back to the flame, still crouching with one knee in his arms.

"For me, this is nothing," he said. "Winter in France is a mild season. Where I live it's very bitter. Very. The trees are all pines, the forests are thickly planted, the snow lies heavy upon them. Here the trees are delicate. The snow on them is like lace. At home one thinks of a sturdy, powerful bull that needs its force in order to live. Here, it's the spirit, the subtle, poetic thought."

His voice was muted, almost toneless. His accent was slight, marked only on the hard consonants. The whole thing was like a rather musical droning of bees.

He rose and stood leaning with his forearm on the upper edge of the fireplace, his forehead on the back of his hand. He was so tall that he was obliged to bend over a little, whereas I should not have bumped the top of my head.

He remained without moving for a long while, without moving and without speaking. My niece knitted with mechanical vivacity. She did not look at him, not once. I kept on smoking, more or less stretched out in my big cozy armchair. I thought that it would be impossible to lighten the weight of our silence. That the man was going to say goodnight and leave.

But the muted musical droning started up again. It cannot be said that it broke the silence, it was rather as if it had been born out of it.

"I always loved France," said the officer, without moving. "Always. I was a child during the other war and what I thought then doesn't count. But since then I have always loved it. Only it was from afar. Like the far-off Princess." He paused a bit before he said gravely, "Because of my father."

He turned toward us and, with both hands in his coat pockets, leaned his full length against the side of the fireplace, his head slightly touching the mantelpiece. From time to time he rubbed the back of his skull slowly against it, with the natural gesture of a deer. There was an armchair invitingly just beside him. He did not sit down. Until the very last day he never sat down. We did not suggest it to him and he did nothing, ever, that could be considered a familiarity.

He repeated: "Because of my father. He was a great patriot. The defeat caused intense suffering. Still he liked France. He liked Briand, he believed in the Weimar Republic and in Briand. He was very enthusiastic. He used to say: 'He is going to unite us, as husband and wife.' He thought that at last the sun was going to rise over Europe."

As he spoke he looked at my niece. He did not look at her the way a man looks at a woman, but the way he looks at a statue. And, in fact, she really was a statue. An animated statue, but a statue.

"... But Briand was defeated. My father said that France was still led by your cruel ruling class—people like your de Wendels, your Henry Bordeaux's and your old Marshal. He told me: 'You must never go to France until you can go there in boots and helmet.' I had to promise it, for he was about to die. When war came I was acquainted with all of Europe, except France."

He smiled and said, as if it were an explanation: "I am a musician."

One of the logs fell apart and a few live coals rolled off the hearth. The German leaned over, picked up the coals with the tongs. He continued:

"I am not a performer; I compose music. It's my entire life and, for that reason, I strike myself as rather a comic figure when I see myself as a military man. Still, I don't regret this war. No. I believe great things will come out of it."

He straightened up, took his hands from his pockets and held them half-raised:

"Excuse me, perhaps I may have offended you. But what I have just said I believe with all my heart: I believe it through love for France. Great things will come out of it for Germany and for France. I believe, like my father, that the sun is going to shine on Europe."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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SILENCE OF THE SEA (continued)

He took two steps, and bowed from the waist. As he did every evening, he said: "I bid you goodnight." Then he left the room. I finished my pipe in silence. I coughed a little and said: "It is perhaps inhuman to refuse him the pittance of a single word." My niece lifted her face. She raised her brows very high over shining, indignant eyes. I felt almost as though I were blushing a little.

From that day on his visits took this new form. We saw him only rarely in uniform. He changed first and then knocked at our door. Was it in order to spare us the sight of the enemy uniform? Or to make us forget it—to accustom us to his person? Probably both. He knocked and entered without waiting for the reply which he knew we would not make. He did it quite frankly and naturally, and then came to warm himself before the fire, which was the regular excuse for his coming—an excuse that fooled neither us nor him, and the comfortably conventional nature of which he made no attempt to hide.

One time he said (this was at the beginning of his visits): "What is the difference between a fire in my home and here? Of course the wood, flame and fireplace resemble each other. But not the light. That depends on the objects it lights up—on the inhabitants of this room, the furniture, the walls, the books on the shelves. . .

"Why do I like this room so much?" he said thoughtfully. "It is not so very attractive—I beg your pardon!" He laughed. "I mean to say, it is not a museum piece. Your furniture, for instance—nobody would say: What marvelous pieces! No. But this room has a soul. This whole house has a soul."

He was standing in front of the shelves of the bookcase. His fingers touched the bindings with a light caress.

. . . Balzac, Barrès, Baudelaire, Beaumarchais, Boileau, Buffon . . . Chateaubriand, Corneille, Descartes, Fénelon, Flaubert . . . La Fontaine, France, Gautier, Hugo—what a roll call!" he said with a light laugh and a lift of the head. "And I've only come to the letter H! Neither Molière, nor Rabelais, nor Racine, nor Pascal, nor Sordahl, nor Voltaire, nor Montaigne, nor all the others!" He continued to glide slowly along the books and from time to time he let out an imperceptible "Ah!" when, I suppose, he read a name he hadn't thought of. "The English," he continued, "make one think immediately: Shakespeare. The Italians: Daote. Spain: Cervantes. And we, right away: Goethe. After that, one has to stop and think. But if one says: What about France? Then, what names immediately spring to mind? Molière? Racine? Hugo? Voltaire? Rabelais? Or which others? They come piling in. They are like the crowd in the entrance of a theater: one doesn't know whom to let in first."

He turned about and said earnestly:

"But music, that's our department: Bach, Händel, Beethoven, Wagner, Mozart—which name comes first?"

"And we make war on each other!" he said slowly, shaking his head. He came back to the fireplace and his smiling eyes settled on the profile of my niece. "But this is the last war! We shan't fight any more. We shall get married!" His eyelids crinkled, the hollows under his cheekbones marked two long furrows, his white teeth showed. Gaily he said: "Yes, Yes!" A slight nod of the head repeated this affirmation. "When we entered Saintes," he continued after a silence, "I was happy that the population received us well. I was very happy. I thought: it will be easy. And then I saw that it was not that at all, that it was just cowardice." He had grown serious. "I had contempt for those people. And I was fearful for France. I thought: has France really become like that?" He shook his head. "No! No! I saw her later; and now I am happy about her stern countenance."

His glance met mine—which I turned aside—lingered a little on various parts of the room, then returned to the pitilessly indifferent face it had just left.

"I am glad to have found here a dignified old man. And a silent young woman. This silence must be conquered. The silence of France must be conquered. I like that."

He looked at my niece, his fine profile stubborn and reserved, silently and with earnest insistence, in which, however, there still floated the remnants of a smile. My niece felt it. I saw her blush very slightly, and little by little a wrinkle formed between her brows. Her fingers pulled a little too vigorously, too sharply, at the needle, at the risk of breaking the thread.

"Yes," cooed the slow, drooping voice, "it's better like that.

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**NO SUGAR  
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**Give children extra IRON  
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## BRER RABBIT GINGERSNAPS

1 cup melted shortening	1 egg, beaten
1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*	4½ cups flour
½ teaspoon lemon extract	3 tablespoons ginger
	1 teaspoon salt

Combine shortening and molasses and lemon extract. Add egg and stir until mixture is blended. Mix and stir dry ingredients and add. Chill dough until firm enough to roll. Roll about ¼ inch thick, cut and bake on a greased cookie sheet at 375° F. cookies.

\*Name of the iron in Brer Rabbit Molasses is listed in cooking. For example, there are 10 tablets shown in the cap of molasses used in this recipe will contain one tablespoon of the molasses with 100 iron.



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Much better. That makes for a firm union—the type of union in which each grows in nobility. There is a charming tale for children, which I have read, which you have read, which everybody has read. I don't know if the title is the same in the two countries. At home it is called *Das Tier und die Schöne*—Beauty and the Beast. Poor Beauty! The Beast has her at his mercy, powerless and a prisoner; at every moment of the day he forces upon her his implacable heavy presence. . . . The Beauty is proud, dignified. . . . she has hardened herself. But the Beast is worth more than he appears. Oh, he isn't very polished! He is awkward, brutal, and appears very uncouth beside the fine Beauty! . . . But he has a good heart; yes, he has a heart that aspires to raise itself. If only the Beauty were willing! . . . Yet, little by little, she discovers deep in the eyes of the hated jailer a gleam—a reflection in which prayer and love may be read. She is less conscious of the heavy paw, of the chains of her prison. She ceases to hate him, she is touched by this devotion, and she holds out her hand. . . . Immediately, the Beast becomes transformed, the enchantment that had held him in this barbarous hairy skin is dispelled, he is now a knight, very handsome, very pure, refined and cultivated, whom every kiss of the Beauty adorns with ever more radiant qualities. Their union brings about sublime happiness. Their children, who combine the gifts of both their parents, are the most beautiful the earth has ever known! . . .

"Don't you like that story? I have always loved it. I used to read it over and over. It made me cry. I especially loved the Beast, because I understood his suffering. Even today, I am moved when I speak of it."

He stopped speaking, drew a deep breath, and bowed:  
"I bid you goodnight."

One evening—I had gone up to my room to fetch some tobacco—I heard the sound of the harmonium. Somebody was playing the *Eighth Prelude and Fugue*, on which my niece had been working before the debacle. The book had remained open at that page, but until that evening my niece had not brought herself to practice again. That she should have taken it up aroused in me both pleasure and surprise: what inner necessity had suddenly decided her to do it?

It was not she. She had not left her chair or her work. Her glance met mine and sent me a message which I did not decipher. I looked at the tall figure before the instrument, the bent head, the long, slender, nervous hands, the fingers of which moved over the keys like autonomous beings.

He played only the prelude. He rose and went over to the fire. "Nothing is greater than that," he said in a muted voice which did not rise much above a murmur. "Great? . . . That is not even the word. Beyond man—beyond his flesh. That makes us understand—no; guess—no; feel . . . feel what nature is . . . divine, inscrutable nature—nature . . . divested of the human soul. Yes, it is an in-human music."

In a dreamlike silence, he seemed to be exploring his own thought. Slowly he bit his lip.

"Bach . . . He could only have been German. Our land has that quality, that inhuman quality. I mean to say it is not to the measure of man."

A silence, then:

"This music, I love it, I admire it, it overwhelms me, it is in me like the presence of God, but . . . it is not my own."

"I myself want to create music to the measure of man: that, too, is one of the paths toward the attainment of truth. That is my path. I would not want to, I could not, follow any other. That, now, is a thing I know. I know it wholly. Since when? Since I have lived here."

He turned his back to us. He pressed his hands on the mantelpiece, holding on by his fingers, turned his face toward the flame, and peered through his forearms as through the bars of a fan. His voice became muted.

"Now I need France. But I ask a lot. I want France to welcome me. It is nothing to be here as a stranger—a traveler, or a conqueror. Then she gives nothing—for nothing can be taken from her. Her richness, her great richness, cannot be conquered. One must have drunk of it at her breast, she must offer you her breast with a maternal gesture and feeling. . . . I know that that depends on us. But it depends on her, too. She must be willing to understand our thirst and be willing to assuage it. . . . She must be willing to unite with us."



• "Me... who used to be such a softie..."

"Here I am on my feet all day for Uncle Sam—and loving it..."

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## SILENCE OF THE SEA (continued)

He straightened up, his back still turned toward us, his fingers still clutching the stonc.

"For myself," he said, a little louder, "I must live here a long while. In a house like this one. As the son of a village like this village... I must..."

He grew silent. He turned toward us. His mouth smiled, but not so his eyes, which looked at my niece.

"The obstacles will be surmounted," he said, "Sincerity always surmounts obstacles."

"I bid you goodnight."

I cannot remember today all that was said during more than a hundred winter evenings. The theme, however, scarcely ever varied. It was a long rhapsody about his discovery of France: the love he had felt for France from afar, before he knew it, and the daily deepening love which he felt now that he had had the good fortune to live there. And really, I admired him. Yes, for not getting discouraged. And for never having tried to break our implacable silence by any violence of language. On the contrary, when occasionally he allowed the silence to invade the room, to saturate its farthest corners like a heavy, unbreakable gas, he, of the three of us, seemed to be the one who was most at ease. On these occasions he would look at my niece with that smiling, yet serious, expression of approbation which he had worn from the first day. And I felt my niece's spirit grow disturbed in its self-constructed prison. I recognized this from many signs, the least of which was a slight trembling of the fingers. And when, at last, Werner von Ebrename dispelled the silence gently and without a jar, through the filter of his drooping voice, it was as though he had allowed me to breathe more freely.

He spoke often of himself:

"My house in the forest, I was born there, I went to the village school, on the other side; I never left it until I went to Munich for my examinations and to Salzburg for music. Since then, I have always lived there. I never liked big cities. I know London, Vienna, Rome, Warsaw, and all the big German cities, naturally. I don't like to live in them. I really liked only Prague—no other city has so much soul. And above all Nuremberg. For a German, that is the city that makes his heart swell, because there he finds the phantoms dear to his heart, the memory, in every stone, of those who made the nobility of ancient Germany. I imagine that the French must feel the same thing before the Cathedral of Chartres. They must feel the presence of their ancestors very close to them—the grace of their souls, the grandeur of their faith, and their gentleness. Fate took me to Chartres. Truly, when it appears above the ridge with all blue with distance, and transparent, incorporeal, that is tremendously moving! I imagined the feelings of those who once went there on foot, on horseback, or in wagons. I shared those feelings and I liked those people, and how I should like to be their brother!"

His face clouded over.

"It must be hard to hear that from a man who came into Chartres in an armored car... Nevertheless, it is true. So many things are stirred up together in the souls of Germans, even the best ones! And things of which they would like to be healed..." He smiled again, a very slight smile which gradually lighted up his entire face.

"Now, fortunately, they are no longer alone: they are in France. France will heal them. And let me tell you something: they know it. They know that France will teach them to be men of real stature and integrity."

He started toward the door. In a repressed voice, as though to himself, he said, "But for that there must be love."

He held the door open for a moment; with his face turned over his shoulder, he looked at the nape of my niece's neck as she bent over her work, that pale, delicate neck from which the hair grew in rivets of dark mahogany. In a tone of calm resolution, he added: "Shared love."

Then he turned his head away and the door shut behind him while he was still rapidly pronouncing his daily words; "I bid you goodnight."

The long spring days arrived. The officer came downstairs now with the last rays of the sun. He still wore his gray flannel trousers, but with them he wore a lighter jacket of brown wool jersey over a rough linen shirt with open collar. One evening he

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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## SILENCE OF THE SEA (continued)

came down holding a book closed over his forefinger. His face lighted up with that restrained half-smile which foresees the anticipated pleasure of someone else. He said:

"I brought this down for you. It is a page from *Macbeth*. Lord! What grandeur!"

He opened the book:  
"The power of *Macbeth* slips between his fingers along with the devotion of those who finally understand the blackness of his ambition. The noble lords who defend the honor of Scotland are expecting his momentary downfall. One of them describes the dramatic symptoms of this collapse..."

And he read slowly:  
*Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-brothers;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.*

He lifted his head and laughed. I asked myself with astonishment if he was thinking of the same tyrant that I was. But he said:

"Isn't there something there to disturb the nights of your Admirals? I feel sorry for that man, really, despite the contempt he inspires in me, as he does in you. *Those he commands move only in command, nothing in love.* A leader who hasn't the love of his men is a pretty poor puppet. Only... only... could one wish it otherwise? Who else but a dismally ambitious man like that would have accepted such a position? Well, it had to be. Yes, someone had to be willing to sell his country out because today—and, for a long time to come—France cannot fall voluntarily into our widespread arms without losing dignity in her own eyes. Often the most sordid matchmaker is responsible for the happiest union. The matchmaker is none the less sordid for that, nor is the union less happy."

He shut the book with a bang, stuck it in his coat pocket and with a mechanical gesture slapped the pocket twice with the palm of his hand. Then, his long face lighting up with a happy expression, he said:

"I must inform my hosts that I shall be away for two weeks. I am very happy to be going to Paris. It is my turn now to take a leave and I shall spend it in Paris—for the first time. This is a great day for me. It is the greatest day, while awaiting another which I am hoping for with all my heart and which will be an even greater day. I shall know how to wait for years, if necessary. My heart is very patient."

"In Paris I suppose I shall see my friends, many of whom are present at the talks we are having with your statesmen, in order to prepare the wonderful union of our two peoples. In this way I shall be a sort of witness of that marriage... I want to tell you that I am happy for France, whose wounds in this way will heal very quickly; but I am happier still for Germany, and for myself! No one will ever have benefited from a good act as much as Germany will in giving back her greatness and her liberty to France!

"I bid you goodnight."

**W**e did not see him when he returned.  
We knew he was there, because the presence of a guest in the house can be told by a number of signs, even though he remain unseen. But for a number of days—much more than a week—we did not see him.

Shall I confess it? This absence did not leave my mind at rest. I thought about him and I can't say to what extent I did not feel a certain regret, a certain disquiet. Neither my niece nor I spoke of him. But occasionally when evening came and we heard his unequal footsteps indistinctly from upstairs, I saw plainly, from the obstinate attention she suddenly applied to her work, from a few light lines that marked her face with an expression at once obdurate and expectant, that she, too, was not entirely free from thoughts that matched my own.

Finally, one evening, when we had hardly emptied our cups, we heard the irregular beat of the familiar steps, this time coming unquestionably towards us. I suddenly recalled that first winter evening, six months before, when we had heard those steps. I thought: "Today, too, it is raining." It had been raining hard since morning. A regular, persistent rain which soaked everything about and even



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For men who must shave every day—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Gilder is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Gilder has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

#### SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Gilder Tube away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Gilder will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-14, Gloucester, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## NESCAFÉ

The Armed Forces continue to receive almost all of the Nescafé that we manufacture. Therefore, the quantities that are available each month to our civilian customers are very small, and Nescafé appears only occasionally in grocery stores.

We are glad that Nescafé is able to play an important part in satisfying and stimulating our fighting forces—it is very regret that it is necessary to disappoint our civilian consumers. We know our customers will take satisfaction in the thought that the package of Nescafé that is not available today is serving some friend or relative in the military service.

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SAVE KITCHEN FATS—your butcher will pay for them and Uncle Sam needs them to make WAR MUNITIONS

## SILENCE OF THE SEA (continued)

bathed the inside of the house in a cold, damp atmosphere. My niece had thrown about her shoulders a square of printed silk on which ten disturbing hands, designed by Jean Cocteau, pointed languidly at one another. I was warming my fingers on the bowl of my pipe—and we were in July!

The steps crossed the hall and began to make the stairs creak. The man came down slowly, increasingly slowly, but not as one who hesitates; rather as someone whose will power is going through an exhausting test. My niece had lifted her head and was looking at me; during all this time she fixed me with a transparent, inhuman gaze. And when the last stair had creaked and a long silence followed, my niece's gaze vanished; I saw her lids grow heavy her head bend over and her entire body wearily seek the back of her chair.

I don't believe this silence lasted more than a few seconds. But they were long seconds. I seemed to see the man behind the door, with his forefinger lifted, ready to knock and yet putting it off, putting off the moment when, just by giving a knock, he would invite the future... Finally he knocked. And it was neither with the lightness of hesitation, nor with the brusqueness of conquered timidity; there were three strong, slow knocks, the assured calm knocks of a decision from which there can be no turning back. I expected to see the door open right away, as it used to. But it remained closed and I was now seized by a mental excitement difficult to master. Should we reply? Why this change? Why did he expect that this evening we would break a silence concerning which he had shown by his serious attitude how much he approved its wholesome tenacity? What did dignity demand this evening—just this evening?

I looked at my niece in order to seek in her eyes some encouragement or sign. But I found only her profile. She was looking at the doorknob. She looked at it with that inhuman stare that had already struck me. She was very pale. I, myself, faced with this suddenly revealed inner drama that went so far beyond the mild torment of my own evasions, seemed to lose what strength was left me. At this moment there were two more knocks—two only, two quick, light knocks—and my niece said: "He is leaving..." in a low voice that was so completely discouraged that I did not wait any longer and said in a distinct voice: "Come in, Monsieur."

I expected to see him appear in mufti, but he was in uniform. I might even say that he was more in uniform than ever, if by that it is understood that it was plain to me that he had put it on with the firm intention of making us look at it. He had thrown the door back against the wall and he stood straight in the doorway, so straight and so stiff that I almost doubted whether I had before me the same man. He stayed like that for several seconds, straight, stiff and silent, his feet slightly apart, his arms hanging expressionless at his sides, and his face so cold, so perfectly impassive, that it did not seem as though the slightest feeling could dwell there.

But seated as I was in my deep armchair with my face on a level with his left hand, my eyes were fascinated by that hand, which gave the lie to the man's entire attitude. That day I learned that a hand, for him who knows how to observe, can reflect emotions quite as well as a face—as well and even better than a face, because it can better escape the control of the will. And the fingers of that hand were engaged in the intensest kind of pantomime while the face and the entire body remained motionless and stiff.

The eyes seemed to revive, they turned for an instant toward me. Then they settled on my niece and they did not leave her again. The hand finally became motionless, and the officer said, his voice more muffled than ever:

"I have some very serious things to say to you."

My niece was facing him, but she lowered her head. She wound the wool from a ball around her finger, while the ball came unwound as it fell on the carpet; this absurd work was doubtless the only kind to which she could still give her distraught attention—and keep her from being ashamed.

"Everything I have said during these six months, everything that the walls of this room have heard," he breathed with effort, "must be—forgotten."

Slowly the young girl let her hands fall in her lap, and slowly she raised her head, and then, for the first time—for the first time—she offered the officer the gaze of her pale eyes.

He said (I hardly heard him): "Oh welch ein Licht!" And as if, indeed, his eyes could not stand the light, he hid them behind his fur. Two seconds: then he let his hand fall again, but he had lowered

his lids and, from then on, it was he who kept his eyes on the ground. . .

He said—his voice was muted: "I have seen those victorious men." Then, after a few seconds, in a still lower voice: "I have talked to them." And finally, in a murmur, with bitter slowness: "They laughed in my face."

He raised his eyes toward me and very gravely nodded, almost imperceptibly, three times. His eyes closed, then:

"They said: 'Haven't you understood that we are making fools of them?' They said that. Exactly. *Wir prüfen sie*. They said: 'You don't imagine that we are going to be stupid enough to let France rise again right on our frontier? No!' They laughed very loudly. They slapped me gaily on the back looking me right in the face: 'We are not musicians!'"

His voice, as he pronounced these last words, held an obscure contempt about which I am uncertain whether it reflected his own feelings toward the others, or the tone itself of what they had said.

"Then I talked a long while, with much vehemence. They said: 'Politics is not a poet's dream. Why do you suppose we made war? For their old Marshal? Then they laughed again. 'We are not fools: we have the opportunity to destroy France: she will be destroyed. Not only her power; her soul as well. Especially her soul. Her soul is the greatest danger. That is our task at this moment. Make no mistake, old man! We will make her rotten by our smiles and our attentions. We'll make a cringing bitch out of her.'"

He became silent. He seemed out of breath. He clenched his jaws so energetically that I saw his cheekbones stick out and a thick vein beat under his temple. His eyes clung to the pale, wide eyes of my niece, and in a low, flat tone that was intense and oppressed, he said with exhausted slowness:

"There is no hope." And in an even more muffled, lower voice, and slower, as though to torture himself with this unbearable fact: "No hope. No hope."

Then, suddenly:  
I thought I heard him laugh.

"They blamed me, with a certain anger: 'You see yourself! You see yourself how much you love it! There's the great Danger! But we will cure Europe of this pestilence! We will purge her of this poison!' They explained everything to me. Oh! they didn't let me forget anything. They flatter your writers, but at the same time, in Belgium, Holland and all the countries occupied by our troops, they have already set up the barriers. No French book can get through now—except technical publications, manuals on dioptries or formulae for cementation—but works of general culture, none. Nothing!"

His glance went over my head, flying and knocking against the corners of the room like a lost night bird. Finally it seemed to find refuge on the darkest shelves—those on which stand Racine, Ronsard, Rousseau. His eyes remained fastened there and his voice resumed, with groaning violence:

"Nothing, nothing, nobody!"  
His glance swept once more over the bindings shining gently in the half-light.

"They will put out the flame entirely!" he cried. "Europe will no longer be lit by this light!"

Silence fell once more. Once more, but this time how much darker and more strained. Certainly, under the earlier silences I had felt—just as, under the calm surface of the waters we sense the mingling of creatures in the sea—I had felt the crawling submarine life of hidden feelings, of desires and thoughts which deny their existence and which struggle. But under this one, ah! nothing but a frightful oppression. . .

Finally the voice broke the silence. It was gentle and unhappy: "I had a friend. He was like a brother. We were students together. We shared the same room in Stuttgart. We had spent three months together in Nuremberg. We never did anything without each other: I played my music for him; he read me his poems. He was sensitive and romantic. But he left me. He went to read his poems in Munich, before new friends. It was he who kept writing me to come and join them. It was he whom I saw in Paris with his friends. I saw what they have done to him."

He shook his head slowly, as if obliged to give a sorrowful refusal to some appeal.

"He was the most rabid of them all. He mingled anger and laugh-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Give your good looks a chance

PAULETTE GODDARD reveals beauty secret between scenes in Paramount's "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

**SCRIPT GIRL:** (to cameraman) Gee!—how does she do it? Always looks like a million! Wish I . . .

**GODDARD:** (overhears) Sleep nights, honey—and make it eight hours . . . every night.

**DIRECTOR:** Ah! How to be young and beautiful—the secret's out! . . .



Good News!  
North Star Blankets are right on top of it! They are the woolly way to live!

**GODDARD:** Secret indeed! Anybody knows you can't look your best without rest. Or act either. And by the way, you don't look so lively today.

**DIRECTOR:** Had a bad night. Dreamt I was buried under a collapsed tent.

**GODDARD:** Maybe your blankets are too heavy. You need fine, all wool blankets if you want to stay warm and comfortable yet avoid that smothered feeling. Now, my blankets are really light and downy and soft . . .

**DIRECTOR:** North Stars, I'll bet. But you can't buy these blankets today.

**SCRIPT GIRL:** Yes you can. North Stars are back again—I saw 'em advertised.

**DIRECTOR:** Recess, everybody! Call my car!

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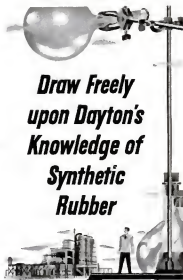
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## Draw Freely upon Dayton's Knowledge of Synthetic Rubber

Today, every industry in America faces two big problems. The first is the maintenance of war production. The other is post-war planning for the development of the new or improved products of free, resourceful enterprise which must provide ample work opportunities for all in the kind of an America that our men in arms are fighting to preserve.

It happens that Dayton Rubber, as the world's largest maker of V-Belts and the builder of the first American all-synthetic rubber automobile tires, has spent nine years in the development, processing and application of synthetic rubbers of all types.

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Out of such collaboration may well come, we sincerely believe, products which promise a full measure of service to the people of post-war America. THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO. DAYTON 1, OHIO

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# Dayton Rubber

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## SILENCE OF THE SEA (continued)

ter. Sometimes he looked at me with flashing eyes and shouted: 'It's a poison! We must empty the animal of its poison!' Then he would poke me with his forefinger: 'They're scared to death now. Ah! they're afraid for their pocketbooks and their bellies—for their industry and their commerce! That's all they think about! The few others, we flatter them and put them to sleep. Ah! it will be easy!' He laughed and his face grew quite pink. 'We'll exchange their soul for a mess of pottage!'

Werner took a breath. "I said: 'Have you thought about what you are doing? Have you thought about it?' He said: 'Do you expect to intimidate us with that? Our lucidity is of another variety!' I said: 'Then you will close this tomb—forever?' He said: 'It's a matter of life and death. To conquer, Force is sufficient; but not to dominate. We know well enough that an army is nothing to dominate with.' But at the cost of the Spirit! I cried. 'Not that price!' 'The spirit never dies,' he said. 'It's been through a lot. It is born again from its ashes. We must build for a thousand years; but first we must destroy.' I looked at him. I looked into the depths of his blue eyes. He was sincere, yes. That's the most terrible thing about it."

His eyes were opened very wide. "They will do what they say!" he cried as though we didn't believe him. "With method and perseverance! I know these tenacious devils!"

He shook his head, like a dog whose ear hurts. He hadn't budged. He was still motionless, stiff and straight in the doorway, his arms stretched out as though they had to carry hands of lead; and pale—not like wax, but like the plaster of certain dilapidated walls: gray, with whiter spots of saltper.

I saw him bow slightly from the waist. He lifted one hand. He held it out toward my niece, toward me. He contracted it, waved it as if on the expression on his face grew tense with a sort of ferocious energy. His lips had opened, and I thought that he was going to hurl forth God knows what kind of an exhortation: I thought—yes, I thought that he was going to encourage us to revolt. But not a word crossed his lips.

Suddenly his expression seemed to relax. His body lost its stiffness. He bent his face a little toward the floor, then lifted it:

"I have exercised my right," he said simply. "I have asked to join a field division. This favor has finally been granted me; tomorrow I have been authorized to start on my way. . . . His arm was raised toward the east—toward those immense plains where the future wheat will be fertilized with corpses.

My niece's face hurt me. It was pale as the moon. Her lips, like the borders of an opaline vase, were apart, and they suggested the tragic pout of the Greek masks. And I saw, at the point where forehead and hair meet, that drops of perspiration were starting forth.

I do not know if Werner von Ebrennac saw it. His pupils, and those of the young girl, linked fast like a boat to a ring on the shore, seemed held by such a taut, stiff cord that one would not have dared pass a finger between their eyes. With one hand Ebrennac had taken hold of the doorknob. With the other he held to the doorframe. Without shifting his gaze a hair's breadth, he drew the door slowly toward him. He said—his voice was strangely striped of expression: "I bid you goodnight."

I thought he was going to close the door and go. But no. He looked at my niece. He murmured: "Goodby."

He did not move. He remained quite motionless and in his motionless, taut face, the eyes even more motionless and taut, fixed to the eyes—too wide open, too pale—of my niece. That lasted until finally the young girl moved her lips. Werner's eyes shone.

I heard: "Goodby."  
One had to have listened for this word to hear it, but finally I heard it. Von Ebrennac heard it too and he straightened up, and his face and his whole body seemed to relax.

And he smiled, so that the last picture I had of him was a smiling one. And the door closed and his steps grew fainter and disappeared at the other end of the house.

He was gone the next day when I came down to get my morning cup of milk. My niece had prepared breakfast, as every day. She served me in silence. We drank in silence. Outside, through the fog, a pale sun was shining. It seemed to me that it was very cold.



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Now, as always, you'll find LEE is your best buy in work clothes. If your Lee Dealer doesn't have exactly the garment you want, he may have a different one suitable for your purpose. If you should happen to hit one of those rare times when he can't supply you at all, you'll be glad you waited a few days for the garment with this unconditional guarantee. "Your Lee garment must look better, fit better, wear longer than any garment you've ever worn . . . or you get a new one free or your money back."



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# JAM SESSION

A jam session is an informal gathering of temperamentally congenial jazz musicians who play unrehearsed and un-scored music for their own enjoyment. It usually takes place in the early morning hours after the participants have finished their regular evening's work with large bands. Five or six men get up on a bandstand, someone calls out a tune (usually old favorites like *Jazz Me Blues* or *Changes Made*) and the music begins. With a trumpet punching out the lead, a reed or horn weaving patterns around basic chordal structure of the tune and a rhythm section providing a rock-solid beat, that music is likely to emerge as something fresh and unforgettable. It

represents the discarding of the shackles imposed by working with a band that plays *You'll Never Know* and *All or Nothing at All* in the same unimaginative arrangements night after night. It represents the final freedom of musical expression.

Recently such a session took place in the New York studio of LIFE Photographer Gjon Mill. From shortly before 9 p. m. until after 4 a. m. some of the most distinguished talents in jazz performed for an audience which, in the smoky sweaty barn of a studio, derived an alert, fascinated, almost frenzied enjoyment from what it heard. On these pages LIFE presents some of the more glowing moments of that exciting evening.



**Edward Kennedy ("Duke") Ellington**, who leads what is unquestionably the world's most exciting dance band, plays *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, his own current best-selling composition. Composer-pianist-arranger Ellington is regarded by his colleagues as the greatest single

influence in jazz music. His appearance at the session proved biggest stimulus of entire evening for the musicians. The Ellington band, which just concluded a record-breaking engagement at the Hurricane, a Broadway night club, will give another Carnegie Hall concert in December.





The staff of "Vogue" is represented by Condé Nast President Patóvitch and Editor Chase (at right). At left is a model who kept changing her hat during the jam session.

## THE MOST EXCITING JAZZMEN IN NEW YORK PARTICIPATED IN THE SESSION

By 4 a. m. both the audience and the performers at Gjon Mili's jam session were agreed upon one thing: it had been the greatest jam session ever held in New York. Throughout the evening, many of the most hallowed names in jazz took turns playing. Eddie Condon, a sharp-jawed, quick-talking, wiry little guitarist who has been the moving force behind some of the greatest jazz records ever made, acted as co-ordinator. He selected the men for the various combinations, suggested tunes and, more often than not, stamped off the tempo.

Present too was a staff of recording men from the Army. Their job was to record the music on V-Discs which will be sent to U. S. soldiers in foreign theaters. Milton Gabler of Decca Record Co. served as supervisor for the Army. Presently the music that was played during the session will serve as a remembrance of something distinctly American to homesick troops in unfamiliar surroundings.

From Nick's, the Greenwich Village jazz shrine, came Brad Gowans and his band. From the Famous Door came a powerful trumpet player named Bill Davison. From Cafe Society came Teddy Wilson's superb little combination. From the Zanzibar came members of Don Redman's band. From the broadcasting studios came such high-paid stars as Drummer "Cozy" Cole, Trumpeter Bobby Hackett, Trombonists "Miff" Mole and Lou McGarity. From Benny Goodman's band came Jess Stacy and Sid Weiss. And from the Hurricane came the great Duke Ellington. All had one thing in common: a deep and abiding talent for making the sort of music indigenous to the U. S. and known, among musicians, as either gutbucket or barrelhouse.



The next morning, Gjon Mili's studio was littered with cigarette stubs, broken glasses, spilled liquor. Many jazz musicians eat scrambled eggs & benzedrine for breakfast.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Jam Session (continued)



Pearl Primus, who is just about the greatest female dancer of her race, performs to Honeysuckle Rose as played by all-star group consisting of Teddy Wilson (piano),



Mary Lou Williams plays a boogie-woogie selection. Miss Williams, who arranges for the Duke Ellington band, is one of the very few capable female jazz musicians.



Lon McGarity (trombone), Sidney Catlett (drums), Bobby Hackett (trumpet) and John Simons (bass). At Cafe Society downtown, Miss Primus dances barefooted.



Billie Holiday sings *Fine and Mellow*, a blues recorded for Commodore label. She has most distinctive style of any popular vocalist, is imitated by other vocalists.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Designed for Men of Action...*  
**This Ideal  
 Comfort Combination**



*Kut-Ups* shirt won't creep, crawl or bunch up in your lap. Try one and see for yourself how this amazing patented "Kut-Ups" feature improves undershirt comfort. You'll cheer the way it fits every action of your body. You'll like the soft, absorbent quality of Healthknit Kut-Ups' fine combed yarn, too! Wear famous Kut-Ups with any type MacDees.

**MAC DEES** give support! More and more men are finding restful, gentle comfort in Healthknit MacDees. Let your dealer show you how the new scientific cantilever principle helps provide needed support to combat fatigue and increase endurance. Note the comfortable, long-lasting adjustable waist band with elastic insert in back. Choice of 3 winter styles—Mids for inside men, Knee-Length of "Anks" for outdoor men.



**Healthknit**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

*Kut-Ups* - **MAC DEES**

STANDARD KNITTING MILLS, INC.  
 KNOXVILLE, TENN.



**IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT**—like inspections, for instance! Here a trained inspector is checking uppers with painstaking care. Shoes with flaws are rejected immediately. And every shoe must pass five such inspections before it can be stamped with the W. L. Douglas trade-mark.

**The Painstaking Work of 260 Hands goes into Douglas Good Looks!**

The 130 men and women whose skilled hands cut and stitch and finish each pair of W. L. Douglas Shoes are shoemaking experts, every one. Perfection is their standard—and they adhere to it through 130 separate hand and machine operations.

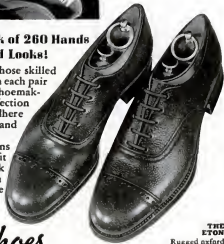
Those are two good reasons why W. L. Douglas Shoes fit better, wear longer, look smarter. Invest your ration coupon in W. L. Douglas shoe quality. Buy a pair today.

**\$6.50 \$8.50** Some styles \$5.50

**W. L. Douglas Shoes**

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS.

Stores in Principal Cities Good Dealers Everywhere



**THE EYON**  
 Rugged comfort in genuine scotch grain, antique finish—heavy leather sole. No. 4673

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY**



## PRINCE GARDNER

"Invisible Stitch" BILDFOLDS

**THEY ALSO SERVE . . .** somewhere a homesick boy turns for the millionth time to consulting pictures of loved ones... perhaps to a lock of curly hair... to old lodge cards... to proud military credentials. More than a billfold, his Prince Gardner serves as a storehouse of keepsakes and memories. What better gift can you give him? These models of rugged, handsome Hand-Boarded Indo Goatskin come in Black, Brown and Gainsa Mission Brown.



**REGISTRAR (above)**—Wristed Felt Case for credentials and snapshots, in easily removable, leathery water-tan billfold for dress . . . \$3.00

**BANKER (above)**—Many-purpose billfold. Double bill compartment, window, secret pocket . . . \$3.50

**THIN MAN (right)**—Not an exposed stiff to flip or rise in car's seat. Made of leather . . . \$3.00

At leading stores everywhere. Because of the **SAFETY** of the leather, your dealer may be unwilling to sell the model you want. It is in 92 equal parts **PRINCE GARDNER, 2027 S. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.** Made in Canada at Hill King St., West, Toronto.



CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILDFOLD



From a FROWN to a SMILE in no time

THE very first sip of VIRGINIA DARE wine gives you a new taste thrill. For this truly American wine has a flavor all its own . . . not too dry, not too sweet, not too heavy, not too light. Keep smiling with VIRGINIA DARE.

SAY IT AGAIN VIRGINIA DARE WINE

GARRETT & CO., INC., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jam Session (continued)



Irving Fazola (right) who is member of Horace Heidt's commercial band, plays the blues. Jam sessions afford such musicians a chance to play as their heart dictates.

James P. Johnson, tutor of "Fats" Waller, sparks his own Old-Fashioned Love. Fazola is on clarinet, Wilbur De Paris on trombone, Frans Jackson (left) De Paris)





Josh White sings and plays on guitar his *Hard Time Blues*. White, one of greatest of blues singers, taught Trench Singer Loby Holman her current blues repertoire.

on saxophone, Al Mott on bass, Chelsea Quarley on trumpet. Johnson composed *The Organist*, a folk opera, and *Harlem Symphony*. In foreground: Eddie Condon.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WISE OLD DOG SAYS —

THIS IS A  
DOORWAY-  
DECORATOR

PARDE DEHYDRATED

Swift's Dog Food

The front door is for people to go in and out of. Not a showcase for your rags, old shoes, and treasures. So keep it spic-n-span like your bowl after a dinner of appetizing Pard.

PARDE DEHYDRATED

Pard's so popular—your dealer may sometimes be fresh out. But please your dog and always ask for Pard first.

\*The family dog... in life our firmest friend, the first to welcome, the foremost to defend. Let's treat him well.

Wylor  
incaflex

The Only Watch with a Flexible Balance Wheel

The Flexible Balance Wheel, an ingenious shock-absorber, adds to the long life of the precision tested movement.


WYLOR INCARLEX (illustrated)—Guaranteed waterproof, extra thin, stainless steel case, anti-magnetic, sweep second hand, luminous dial, \$57.75 at Better Jewelers.

WYLOR watches are sold and serviced in 52 countries.

WYLOR WATCH AGENCY • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N. Y.



# CALL OUT THE DONUTEERS\*



**\*I AM A DONUTEER**

I'M THE GAL WITH THE DONUTS. WHEREVER OUR FIGHTING MEN GO, I GO—TO HELP KEEP MORALE HIGH! I FEED 'EM AND CHEER 'EM AT CANTEENS HERE, AT SHIP SAILINGS, IN BATTLE AREAS, ASIA AND THE PACIFIC. I'M A SYMBOL OF AMERICA!

WATCH THAT MORALE. THE BOYS ARE GETTING HOMESICK



HM! HEY LOOK! I THINK I KNOW WHAT'LL FIX THAT QUICK.

COME AND GET 'EM!



WOW! SEE WHAT I SEE—A CLUBMOBILE!

COULD IT BE DAMES?

COULD IT BE DONUTS?



M-M-M, JUST LIKE HOME

MY DAD ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT GETTING DONUTS IN FRANCE, LAST WAR

YEP! WHEREVER THERE ARE DOUGHBOYS THERE MUST BE DONUTS



## AND ON THE HOME FRONT...



At all canteens, at railroad stations before drafters train. Donuteers are at hand. Donuts and coffee are standard morale lifters—used by all service organizations and hostesses for cheering up the boys.



Keep 'em cheerful—and speed production! Plant cafeterias feature donuts big as meals. Donuteers lifesavers for pick-up snacks on the swing shift. And the most popular dessert in lunch-boxes from home!



invite 'em to your HALLOWEEN PARTY  
OCTOBER 25th to 31st

NATIONAL DONUT WEEK

**A DONUT IS ALL THIS (AND HEAVENLY, TOO)**

A MODERN, TESTED, QUALITY DONUT CONTAINS:

WHEAT AND SOYA FLOURS  
POWDERED MILK  
VEGETABLE SHORTENING  
SUGAR POWDERED EGG YOLK

**2 DONUTS = 340 CALORIES (ENERGY UNITS)**

How's wheat? Tested Quality Donuts give you Protein, 10-15% Carbohydrate, 49.4% Fat, 18.81%

How's milk? Testes Quality Donuts give you Protein, 6.15% Carbohydrate, 49.4% Fat, 18.81%

How's wheat? Testes Quality Donuts give you Protein, 10-15% Carbohydrate, 49.4% Fat, 18.81%

How's milk? Testes Quality Donuts give you Protein, 6.15% Carbohydrate, 49.4% Fat, 18.81%

**AMAZINGLY HIGH NOURISHMENT AT AMAZINGLY LOW COST!**

**BUY WAR BONDS!**

**ENJOY THESE TESTED QUALITY DONUTS TODAY!**

**MAYFLOWER** *Delicious! Different! Digestible!*

**DOWNYFLAKE**

**FREE! NOURISH-METER BOOK!**

The government tells what foods you need—you know what you like to eat. Here's a new book that tells how to get all the basic food elements, in the right balance, out of your favorite foods. Makes meal planning under rationing easy as ABC. Mail coupon now. Get this helpful book FREE!

**FREE—AMERICA'S NOURISH-METER BOOK!**

Doughton Corp. of America, 393 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me Nourish-Meter Book FREE.

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Doughton Corporation of America, 393 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



The crowd listened to speeches by former governors, senators and mayors, but it was Johnny they came to see. He told

them: "Only part of this medal belongs to me; pieces of it belong to the boys who fought by my side on Guadalcanal."



John Basilone towers over his parents and parish priest, Father Russo (above). He has never been wounded. Said Papa

## Life Goes to a Hero's Homecoming

John Basilone, winner of Congressional Medal, gets mammoth welcome

Tattoo (below) bears sword and "Death before dishonor." On his right arm a girl is tattooed. He was in the Army 1934-7.

The town dignitaries greeted Johnny on his first trip home. Every county in New Jersey sent delegates to celebration.

A few years ago Raritan, N. J. knew Johnny Basilone as the kid who drove Gahuro's laundry truck. He was one of ten children of Italian-born Salvatore Basilone who had a tailorshop. He attended St. Bernard's parochial school but never went to high school. When he joined the Marines in July 1940, nobody dreamed he would come home with the Congressional Medal of Honor. But when he did, a couple of Sundays ago, the town of Raritan turned itself inside out to give him such a welcome as few 26-year-old heroes ever see.

The whole town was decked with banners and signs saying: "Welcome home, Sergeant J. Basilone," and

Congratulatory messages are received by John, only enlisted marine to wear Congressional Medal of Honor in this war.







Baslone: "Johnny is a good boy. . . . He never had a slap of me." He has another son in the Marines, one in Army.

his picture appeared in the shop windows along with General MacArthur's. After he had been greeted by most of the important people in Somerset County, he went to mass at St. Ann's Church with his family. There was a big luncheon in his honor, and after that a parade in which marched soldiers and Wacs from Camp Kilmer. A dirigible flew overhead, bands played, and 15,000 people lined the streets to see him go by. A crowd of almost 30,000 gathered at the Doris Duke Cromwell estate for food and speeches. Later there was a big bond rally at which war trophies were auctioned. Pledges of \$1,400,000 were made, and the com-

medal is examined by one of Johnny's young nephews. Children scrambled over him all day long, to his great delight.

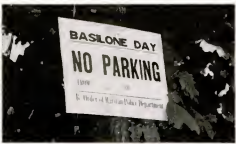


Johnny's buddy, Pfc. Stephen Holstowski, Pittsfield, Mass., rode (top front) in the parade with the Baslones. Introducing

him, Johnny said: "He pruned in the same combat with me on Guadalcanal." Women marines marched beside the car.

munity presented John with a \$5,000 bond for himself.

Everyone then knew the story of how Johnny had mowed down 38 Japs single-handed the night of Oct. 34, 1942. He was platoon sergeant of a battalion guarding Henderson Field, in charge of four heavy machine guns. One by one the men were wounded, and he took over two guns, firing first one and then rolling over on the ground to fire the other. When ammunition got low he ran 150 yards through the Jap lines to bring back more rounds. Every now and then he'd use his pistol to pick off a Jap at close range. By 5 o'clock in the morning the enemy dead were piled high around the guns.



Movie star, Louise Allbritton, was on hand to kiss Raritan's hero. He was much more interested in seeing the home folks.



Johnny's mother got a letter. It said: ". . . I am very happy, for the other day I received the Congressional Medal. . . ."



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# GIVE YOUR NECK A BREAK!



Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar attached!

**T**HE collar on a Van Heusen white shirt is the most practical shirt collar in the world—and the only one of its kind. Can't wilt or wrinkle, yet has no starch and needs no starch. Smooth-fitting and comfortable because it's woven—not just sewed but woven—to fit the human neck. Ask for Van Heusen shirts, Sanforized and laundry-tested, in a wide variety of pattern and collar styles.

Van Heusen Shirts, \$2.25 and up



**1** Smooth Collars' "yuck" effect is woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!



**2** Like magic! Always folds right, stays perfectly flat the following morning. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.

# Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PALAMAS  COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

Life Goes to a Hero's Homecoming (continued)



Johnny requested mass be said at St. Ann's for his buddies on Guadalcanal, not for himself. Before he left the island's marines presented him with \$600 to buy a watch.



The Basilone home at 113 First Avenue was decorated by the town. There is a proposal before the Board of Commissioners to change First Avenue to Basilone Street.



Six Basilonas posed for their portrait in 1917 with John, the youngest, enthroned on a chair in center. Brothers George (Marines) and Alphonse (Army) came along later.



**Father Russo** (p. 106) said mass in small parish church of which Johnny has been a member since childhood. Before mass he attended dedication of St. Ani's honor roll.



**Gaburo's Laundry**, for which Johnny used to drive a truck, is a block from his home. He is godfather to the youngest Gaburo, born in September and named John for him.



"Manila John" Basilone said when he left: "See you in the funnies." He now appears in comic-book series on war heroes. "Manila" refers to Army service in Philippines.

## MENNEN LATHER SHAVE WINS DERMATOLOGIST POLL

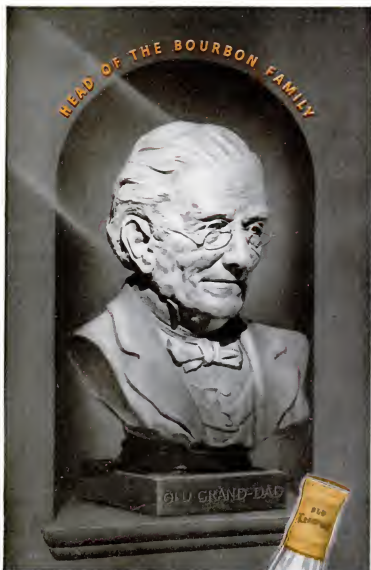
In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Lather Shave than any other brand... one third more than the next leading brand! Here are the final poll results:



This clear-cut preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Lather Shave. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in care and treatment of the skin.



—both in jar and tube



**I**T TAKES but one taste to show why we want to make present stocks of Old Grand-Dad last out the duration. So when your licensed dealer is sold out, remember—his supply is being limited now so that it may be kept continuous. The best way to get fine whiskies you can trust is to call again when his next shipment comes in.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

This whiskey was made before America entered the war.

This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

### CANINE STYLE POINT

Sirs:

In typical Cocker-Spaniel manner, Suzie always ran with nose held close to the ground, could not keep foxtails out of her ears. Her canny owner became tired of taking Suzie to the veterinary time after time to have them removed, finally

thought of a solution. He designed this snood which serves the purpose, please Suzie no end.

JACK BURKENS

Hollywood, Calif.



### MAKE-DO HAIR-DOER

Sirs:

Going over the Alaska section of the Alaska Highway, I stopped for lunch at a construction camp beside the Big Gerstle River. The colonel with me mentioned that he badly needed a shave and haircut. The camp barber ushered the colonel outdoors to one of the strangest barber-

shops under the midnight or any other sun. In the open was this chair made of packing cases with a peered tree trunk for a pedestal. The colonel got his shave. I got the picture.

WILLIAM S. HOWLAND  
Atlanta, Ga.



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**BONITA GRANVILLE, Star of RKO-Radios' HITLER'S CHILDREN, finds her pet canary member of her many 'admirers.'**

**HAVE A BIT OF HOLLYWOOD RIGHT IN YOUR HOME**

Canaries continue to be favorite pets in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captures America. Why not have a "Hollywood canary" in your home with one of these lovely, gold-plated little creatures? They're easily cared for, and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as Hollywood does, let French's help keep your canary a happy singer!



**OWN A CANARY...THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!**

**BUY WAR BONDS**

**gray-rite** AIR MAIL PERIOD ENVELOPES

**20 SHEETS and one ENVELOPE**  
Weigh 1 oz.

Sturdy, brilliant white with fine crease, makes possible fast preparation of mail. Also makes possible the use of a special machine for air mail envelopes. Available in 100 and 250 sheet packages.

**AGENCY PAPER COMPANY**  
New York and Chicago

Sold at all better stores.

**Lubricates • Cleans • Polishes • Prevents Rust**

**3-IN-ONE OIL**

**PROTECTS SEWING MACHINES**

At Home, Drug, Grocery and 107 Stores

**Do You Own A "Scratching" Dog?**

If you own and are fond of a dog that is constantly scratching, digging, rubbing, biting himself until his skin is raw and sure doesn't just feel sorry for him. The dog can't help himself. But you may. He may be clean and thin and just suffering from an itchy, itching irritation that has crested in the severe eruptions of his skin. Do as thousands of pleased dog owners are doing. At any Home, Drug, Store or Pet Shop get a 25¢ package of Rex Hunters Dog Powders, and give them once a week. Note the quick improvement. One owner writes: "My female setter, on Sept. 20th, did not have a handful of hair on her body—all scratched and bitten off. I gave her the powder as directed. By Nov. 10th she was all hair-again." Learn what there will do for your dog. Make a 25¢ test. Economy size box only \$1. If dealer can't supply send 25¢ or \$1. to E. Higgins & Co., Dept. 361, Birmingham, N. Y.

**PICTURES TO THE EDITORS**  
(continued)

**SURVIVORS' SOUVENIR**

Sirs:  
The gold earring worn by Seaman William Wagner is a memento of his stay on a South Pacific island after the sinking of the *Helen*. Survivors borrowed the idea from the natives.

THOMAS McDONOUGH  
Oakland Tribune  
Oakland, Calif.



**SHOW GOES ON**

Sirs:  
Broken windows and the battered barn door make the legend "Fine Art Hall" seem like a misnomer in this picture taken at the Drake County Fair at Greenville, Ohio.

H. B. HARRIS  
Greenville, Ohio



**G. I. MISFIT**

Sirs:  
Cpl. Charles W. Baird, soldier at the Fort Knox, (Ky.), Armed Replacement Training Center, is 6 ft. 8 in. tall. Two inches taller than his cot, he must cut up like a cat to sleep on it.

Sgt. JAMES GOBLE  
Fort Knox, Ky.



**YELLOW-BOLE**



REAL HONEY

Pipe Shape, \$2.50  
Actual size of pipe 5 1/2"

**the honey-cured smoke**

The only pipe, according to thousands who have tried them all, that yields a completely mild, fragrant, wholly agreeable smoke the first time you light it, without a trace of harshness. This uncommon experience is so welcome that Yellow-Bole has been famous for ten years as the pipe that requires no "breaking-in" and which stays sweet continuously due to the presence of the honey in the bowl. Ask a pipe-smoker about it.



- YELLOW-BOLE STANDARD \$1
- YELLOW-BOLE IMPERIAL \$1.50
- YELLOW-BOLE PREMIER \$2.50

BUY WAR BONDS

YELLOW-BOLE • 630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### MURDER IN THE BRONX

Size:

Frankie and Johnny, 5-year-old lions at the Bronx Zoo, were brothers, had lived together peacefully since cubhood. Then a chunk of meat caused this outburst, brought swift death (from a fractured larynx) to Johnny.

At top, lions wait in tail-bating impa-

tween for keeper to toss meat; it lands between them and they join in savage battle. Victorious Johnny walks off with prize but it is over dead a few minutes later. A third lion got the meat.

H. L. CLINK-CALES  
New York, N. Y.



# PARIS



## The Support of a Nation

Your best friends have stood the test of time. Same way with Belts. They all look good at first sight—but the best belts prove their worth long after you've bought them. That's when enduring quality, real craftsmanship and solid value prove their worth. On that score PARIS Belts score their success. *Don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the Trade Marks which have stood the test of time.* Illustrated—No. 400, Bench-made cushioned cowhide—Colors, Suntan, Military Brown, Black, \$1.50. Other PARIS Belts, \$1 and up.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# PARIS ★ BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

the trend's to  
**CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY**

... and soda

Buy War Bonds first!



Take the liquid sunshine of Caronet Brandy, distilled from golden California grapes...add the sparkle of ice and soda...and discover the flavor, the bouquet of brandy-and-soda deluxe! Coronet gives new distinction to this happy combination...makes a drink that's smoother, lighter...rich with the fragrance of a truly great American brandy.

Tune In "Schenley's Cresto Bianco Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening Columbia Broadcasting System.



California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.

# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Grading leaf," Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd



... YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw