



"UNTIL I COME BACK"...

WE'RE over 20,000 feet now (the coffee's frozen in the thermos) and that's the Zuyder Zee below. We must be halfway across Holland.

Funny thing what happens to a fellow...

Those are the same old stars and the same old moon that the girl and I were looking at last summer.

And here I am—flying 300 miles an hour in a bubble of glass, with ten tons of T.N.T.

Somehow—this isn't the way I imagined it at all, the day I enlisted. Don't get me wrong—sure I was sore at the Japs and the Nazis—but mostly, it was the thrill of the Great Adventure.

Well, I know now—the *real* reasons—why I'm up here paying my first call on Hitler.

It's only when you get away from the U. S. A. that you find out what the shootin's really about and what you're fighting for.

I learned from that Czech chap in London. The refugee, the nice old fellow who reminded me of

Dad except for the maimed hands. I was dumb enough to ask about it. "I got that," he said, "for writing a book the Nazis didn't like..."

Then there was the captured German pilot who screamed and spit when Izzy Jacobs offered him a cigarette... how do fellows get that way?

And that crazy Polish pilot—the fellow who rammed the Messerschmitt. After the funeral I learned what was eating him. Seems as how he has a sister in Warsaw who had been sent to a German Officers' Club...

I hope to hell Hitler's home tonight... light and wind are perfect.

Yes, sir, I've met 'em by the dozens over here—guys warped by hate—guys who have had the ambition beaten out of them—guys who look at you as if you were crazy when you tell 'em what America is like.

They say America will be a lot different after this war.

Well, maybe so.

But as for me, I know the score... you learn fast over here. I know now there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live.

When you find a thing that works as good as that—brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench.

And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drug store—I will murder the guy.

I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue...

I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs, or quit if I want to.

I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there.

That's my home town...

Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back.



NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

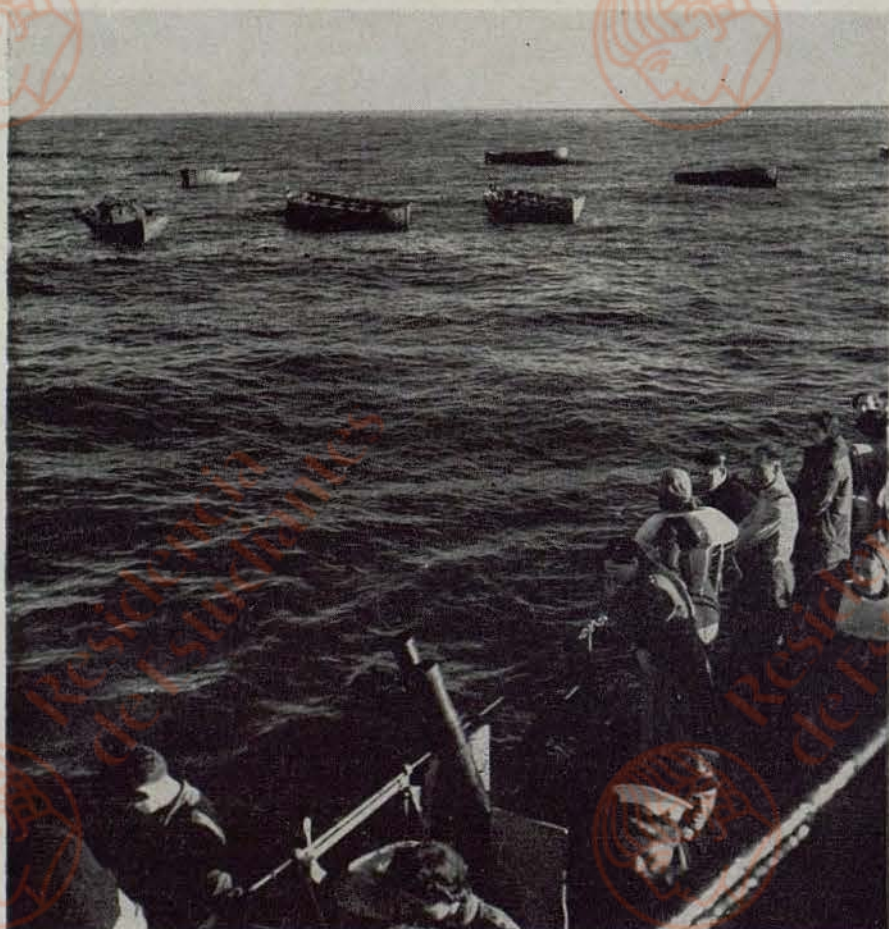
Published in the belief that here at Nash-Kelvinator we carry a double responsibility—not only to build the weapons for victory but also to build toward the kind of a future, an American future, our boys will want when they come back.

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Plane is sighted, circling, and the survivors laugh, wave and raise the V-salute. Long-haired Elspeth Duncan in bow was a better rower than the seasick lascars (right) from Goa in India. Head-scarf

at right belongs to Eisenhower's Irish driver, pretty Kay Summersby. Notice how crowded boat is. Pretty girl at the left is Jeanne Dixon of Washington, D. C., widow of a British air attaché.



Lifeboats that saved their lives are tied together and left behind the rescue ship. There were 17 boats, carrying between 55 and 100 passengers each. Bourke-White felt sad at abandoning boats.



Margaret Bourke-White drinks hot Ovaltine on the rescuing destroyer with David Herbert, second son of the 15th Earl of Pembroke, friend of the late Duke of Kent, radio officer of the transport.