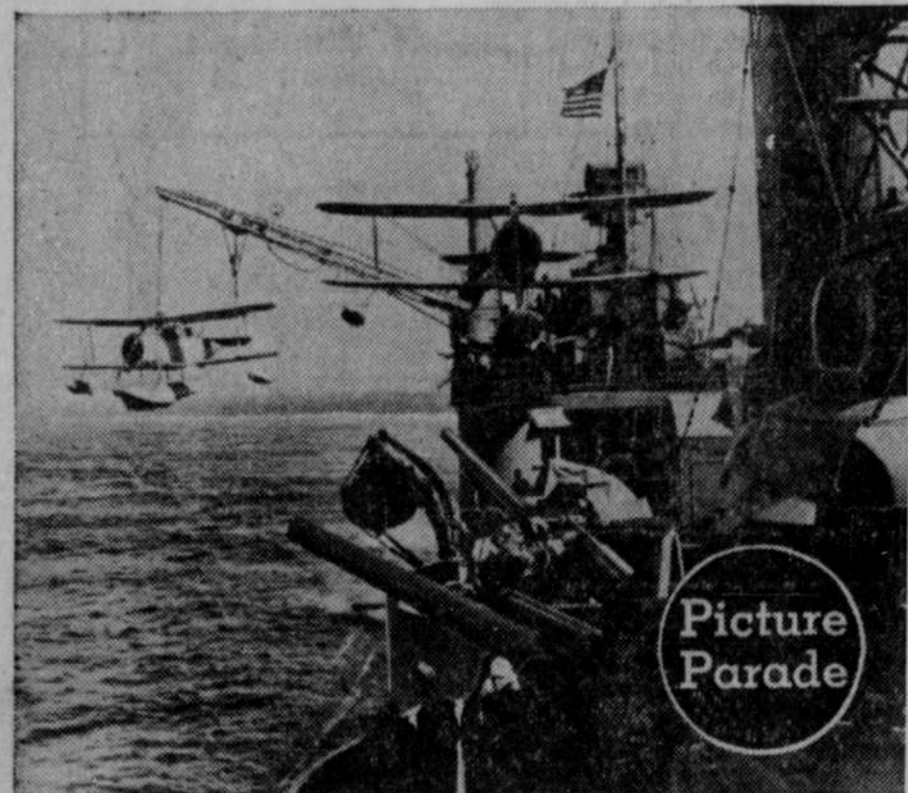


U. S. 'Atlantic Patrol'

These pictures of the U. S. Atlantic patrol have been approved by the U. S. navy. The Atlantic patrol operates from a secret base containing a self-contained fleet—from corvettes to battleships. The base is equipped for the servicing and dispatching of planes and warships for the purpose of keeping the sea lanes open.

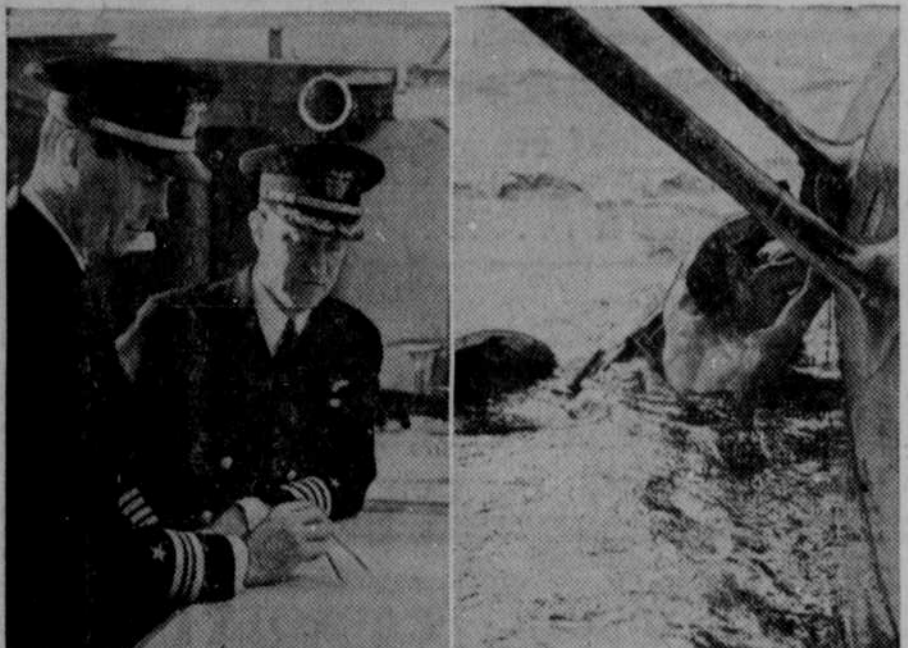


Picture Parade

A seaplane tender of the U. S. Atlantic air patrol is shown with a number of patrol planes on her stern deck, and still another being hoisted aboard for an overhaul.



After a 12-hour flight one of the many "Catalinas" of the U. S. Atlantic patrol lands beside the mother ship.



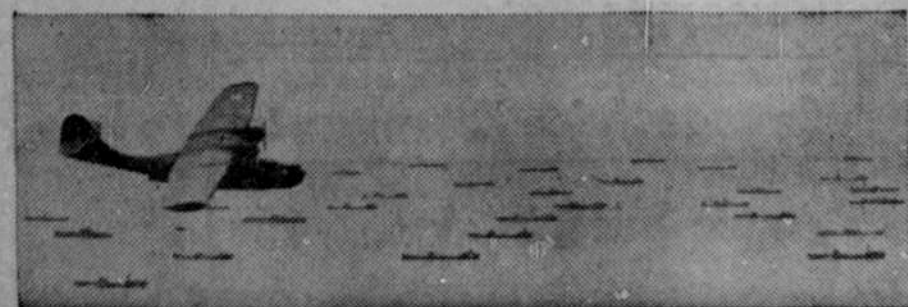
A patrol plane is being fitted with a port wheel by a landing crew that works shoulder-deep in icy waters.



Back at the secret base executive officer Lieut. Col. L. Rice and Capt. H. Mullinnix keep track of their "eagles."



Crew of a navy patrol plane shown in a motor sailer as the men left the plane tender to board their big flying boat scheduled to take off on a patrol of their Atlantic "beat."



American Wings Over Convoy . . . A flying boat of the Atlantic air patrol winging over a huge convoy somewhere in the North Atlantic.

STORY OF THE WEEK

Two Kinds of Horses

By VIC YARDMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

LOOKING at her friend, Libby Miller, sitting on the veranda of the Lazy Y dude ranch, Evelyn Billings thought: "Libby's hard and callous. She hasn't any feelings." She saw Rus Crandall, the tall, handsome dude wrangler approaching from the horse corral leading a mount. Rus' face was grave and somewhat pathetic.

Impulsively Evelyn turned to Libby: "Lib, do you realize you're breaking that girl's heart, I mean Hope Palmer, the little western girl who works at the ranch here. She's dreadfully in love with Rus. They were going to be married."

Rus Crandall had reached the foot of the veranda steps and doffed his hat. He sat there, watching Libby, waiting. His attitude was that of servitude; his smile almost beaming.

Libby stood up and smiled down at her friend. "Darling," she said, "that little western girl was all that saved the affair from being horribly dull." She smiled again and crossed toward the steps. "Hello, Bill Hart. Planning on going somewhere?"

The extra horse stood quietly and submissively while Libby vaulted lightly from the third step into the saddle. A bewildered expression had appeared on Rus Crandall's face. "Why, yes," he said, "I was planning on taking you ridin'. Wasn't it today you told me we'd go?"

"It was today I told you I'd go. If you don't mind I think I'll ride alone."



Do you realize you're breaking that girl's heart? She's dreadfully in love with Rus.

"Oh, I see," Rus, seeming a little chagrined, turned his horse away, but hesitated as Libby called to him.

"Wait a minute, Bill Hart," she said. "You'd better ride to the fork in the trail with me. Then folks won't think I've ridden off alone, and worry." From the corner of her eye Libby had seen Hope Palmer appear at a corner of the horse corral and stand watching them.

She didn't want the little western girl to think she was entirely through with her boy friend, just yet. There were still two weeks more of vacationing.

Rus Crandall followed her through the ranch gate, his expression still a little puzzled. Once in the trail he tried to catch up, but Libby put her own mount in the way and kept the lead. At the fork she spurred ahead dismissing him with a farewell wave and a flashing smile.

Libby had no special desire to ride alone that afternoon. Only she thought it was high time Rus Crandall got it through his thick skull that their little affair was ended. It had been fun, so long as he acted shy and indifferent to her bewitching smile. But now that he had come to heel, the glamour of the thing was gone. Despite his western drawl and western mannerisms, he wasn't unlike a dozen other men whom Libby had known and broken back east.

Dull and stupid, she thought. Just like the rest. Just like these western horses. You break their spirit, and they're nothing but a means of transportation. They haven't sense enough to get in out of the rain.

Libby rode farther than she had planned. The longer she stayed away the more Rus Crandall would wonder where she was, and worry. Thoughts of him worrying were satisfying and amusing.

Toward four o'clock Libby turned about and headed back toward the ranch. Her pony seemed reluctant to go, and his stubbornness annoyed her. Once or twice she jerked savagely on the reins when he wandered from the trail.

An hour later Libby drew to a halt and looked around. She was in a little pocket, or valley, in the mountains, and nowhere, in any direction, did she see a familiar landmark.

Feeling vaguely uneasy she guided the pony up the nearest slope and surveyed the surrounding country. And in that moment an icy hand clutched at her heart, a feeling of panic swept through her. She was lost.

Realization of her predicament became more and more vivid during the next hour. Night was shutting down, and a cold breeze was whipping across the hills. The country through which she rode was entirely strange and unfamiliar. Fear possessed her, fear and horror of what was to come.

Libby tried not to lose her head, tried not to let her thought dwell on stories she'd heard of the dreadful things that happen to tenderfeet lost in the hills. She sat very still, trying to think of some plan, unconsciously loosening her grip on the reins.

Abruptly the pony turned completely around and set off at a jogging walk. Libby caught up the reins with an angry gesture, and as quickly loosened them again. A thought had flashed through her mind, something someone had once said about western ponies finding their way home. And then she remembered how a few hours ago the pony had seemed reluctant to follow the direction she wanted. The memory caused her heart to leap.

She slumped in her saddle and let the reins hang loose. The panic and fear that had possessed her were gone. Curiously she had a sudden faith in the plodding pony. She felt relieved and suddenly weary.

The pony's gait was steady and smooth. It made Libby drowsy and she dozed. Once during a waking moment she laughed out loud. She had called her pony dull and stupid, and now here he was carrying her safely home. She wondered if she had been as far wrong in judging western men as she had western horses. She thought of Rus Crandall, and knew a pang of regret. Perhaps, like the pony, he had qualities worth having, qualities which had remained concealed because occasion hadn't demanded their display. Dreamingly she told herself she had been unwise to cast Rus aside so easily; he would bear further consideration.

Libby dozed and woke intermittently. Presently the pony ceased its jogging gait and Libby opened her eyes. The animal had stopped near a structure that proved to be the Lazy W. horse corral. Beyond, lights from the main ranch house winked in the darkness.

Libby sat still a moment, conscious of a stiffness in her muscles, grateful for the instinctive knowledge of her pony and regretful because of her previous contempt for it; thinking, too of Rus Crandall.

Abruptly she heard voices. Figures came toward her, paused near the corral, unaware of her presence there. She heard the silvery laugh of Hope Palmer and deep-throated chuckle of Rus' voice. "—Yep, in two weeks' time we'll be set of them eastern folks, an' it'll be a relief not to have that Miller girl around. Eastern folks is like eastern horses, I guess, honey. Spirited an' all, but without a lick of sense Say, it must be awful to be as dumb as that."

There followed a pause. Libby felt her cheeks burning, despite the cool night air. Impulsively she made as if to speak, and hesitated.

"We'll be married then and buy that ranch we've been savin' for, honey. Then we'll be set of easterners once an' for all."

The figures passed on. Libby sat still for a minute. Then abruptly she dismounted and set off toward the house. There was a smile on her lips. She was thinking of what Rus had said about the spirit of eastern horses—and eastern women.

Most Workers 'Starved'

For Vital Food Elements

Nutritional science supplies the solution to the problem of how to attain "buoyant health" in a single word—vitamins. In most cases the failure to enjoy buoyant health is due to vitamin deficiency. In the past two decades a tremendous amount has been learned.

Recently Doctors Stiebeling and Phipard of the department of agriculture made a careful survey of the diets of working people from coast to coast. They found that half of those workers lived on poor diets; 35 per cent could call their food "fair." Only 15 per cent had diets that were good.

The chief difference between the "good" diets and the "fair" and "poor" diets was in the amounts of vitamins and minerals they contained. Eighty-five workers out of a hundred, although they might be getting enough food by bulk and weight, were in reality partly starved for vital food elements.

Early last spring, when our own national defense went into high gear, the Nutrition Group was organized at the California Institute under the headship of Dr. Henry Borsook. Dr. Borsook and his associates have conducted nutritional surveys, carried on clinical work with vitamins, analyzed foods and performed studies of the effects of vitamins on human beings. They proposed to see how their new knowledge could best be put to the service of national defense.

The old idea that if people got enough to fill them up they were getting a good diet has been proved erroneous. There must be not only enough food to provide energy and repair wear and tear, but enough vitamins for the body to use this food efficiently.

The amount of vitamins any of us needs daily is amazingly small. A person can be healthier on a little food and plenty of vitamins than on plenty of food and too few vitamins.

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IT IS difficult to know what to say about the National Legion of Decency's banning of Great Garbo's new picture, "Two-Faced Woman," with Archbishop Spellman also condemning it, and various cities banning it as well. The plot, that of the woman who poses as her twin sister to prove to her husband that she is glamorous, has been used in Hollywood over and over. Will H. Hays' office had passed the picture. There is hardly a picture-goer who hasn't seen things on the screen that shocked him. But since "Two-Faced Woman" was banned, there must have been some excellent reason for it.

Do you remember that delightful story, "The Constant Nymph"? It will be made again by Warner Brothers, with Charles Boyer and



CHARLES BOYER

Joan Fontaine—who can have practically anything she wants these days—in the principal roles.

Bob Hope and Victor Moore are to be teamed in Paramount's version of "Ready Money," the farce about a young man who becomes a financier by mistake. Last time it was filmed was in 1914, after it had been a successful stage production.

Barbara Stanwyck may have contributed a new slang phrase to our language. During the making of "Ball of Fire" she happened along when Director Howard Hawks and the picture's authors were trying to think of something slightly slangy for her to say when she walked up to some men she didn't know very well, in a night club. "That's easy," said Barbara. "I'll say 'What's buzzin', cousin? That's what we used to say in Brooklyn.' It's in the picture.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" is under way even though the cast isn't complete. More than 120 technicians and actors left Hollywood recently for the loftiest location site in film history—a spot 9,300 feet up in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Technicolor and long shots had to be made now because of favorable snow conditions, similar to those in the book.

Donivee Purkey knew what she wanted years ago; now she's got it. She wanted to get into the movies; she worked hard in high school and college dramatics, for four years, and a Paramount talent scout plucked her out of a college play and sent her to Hollywood for a screen test. You'll see her, probably, in "The Fleet's In." Oh yes—she changed that name to Laura Lee.

When Gilbert Roland, Philip Reed, Errol Flynn and other Hollywoodites who like tennis enter the annual motion picture tournament next spring they're likely to rue the day that Paramount signed up Jim Brown, who's now playing the romantic lead in "Out of the Frying Pan." Brown is Texas tennis champion.

Radio's "Woman of Courage" has two leading women who made names for themselves in the movies in the days when radio was a lot of strange machinery and a couple of ear phones. They are Esther Ralston, one of the most beautiful blondes of that day, and Enid Markey, one of the most striking brunettes.

If you're a star of "Meet the People" you're destined for Hollywood fame, apparently. First Virginia O'Brien, then William Orr, signed up for the movies. The third member of the cast to face the cameras is Betty Wells, who was nabbed by Metro.

ODDS AND ENDS—It's rumored about that Errol Flynn succeeded in making himself exceedingly unpopular with the newspaper photographers of New York recently. . . . President Roosevelt will be heard over the Mutual chain December 24 during the ceremonies at the annual lighting of the National Christmas tree. . . . The actor-raven of "True to the Army" has been offered to the U. S. army signal corps, to co-operate with the army's carrier pigeons. . . . Bob Hope and Rita Hayworth have been selected by the news cameramen assigned to Hollywood as "the most photogenic stars of 1941."

FARM TOPICS

FARM FAMILIES NEED A-1 DIETS

Use of Protective Foods Will Aid Good Health.

By MISS MABEL G. FERNALD (Home Demonstration Agent, Ohio State University.)

One of the best ways rural homemakers can help in the defense program is to promote better health through better nutrition for the family.

Rural families could improve their diets by using more protective foods such as milk, eggs, fruits, and vegetables produced on the farm. The average family does not eat enough of these products to adequately supply body needs. Studies show that only one-fourth of the families in United States have good diets, more than one-third have fair diets, and another third have poor diets.

The fact that 40 per cent of the men given physical examinations in this country failed to pass because of ailments due to faulty nutrition should spur homemakers on to a better food program. There is much discontent and unhappiness in family life due to poor health. America wants to protect her children with plenty of the right food.

Well-balanced meals at regular hours and plenty of rest and sleep are essential for normal growth. Foods necessary for an adequate diet at moderate costs have been worked out by nutrition specialists who say children should have four cups of milk daily; adults, three cups; Irish or sweet potatoes should be served once or twice a day; dry beans, peas, peanuts, and nuts, three times a week; tomatoes, citrus fruits, or other vitamin C-rich foods, one serving a day; leafy, green, or yellow vegetables, one or two servings a day; other vegetables and fruits about two servings a day.

Every member of the family should have an egg a day in addition to those used in cooking. Lean meat, fish, or poultry should be served seven or eight times a week; cereal daily; bread at every meal; and dessert once or twice a day. An adequate diet can be made possible by careful planning by the homemaker but each individual will have to assume his share of the responsibility by living up to the higher nutrition and health standards.

Farm Marketing

Progressiveness is a distinctive characteristic of many of the co-operative organizations for marketing farm products, the U. S. department of agriculture notes in reviewing recent reports. "In many fields," says George H. Thomson of the Farm Credit administration, "co-operatives are maintaining their leadership. One large co-operative, for example, developed the X-ray method of inspecting fruit which reveals defects hidden from old inspection methods. An olive co-operative perfected a machine which pits ripe olives at the rate of 750 to 1,000 a minute. It has enabled the association to lead the way in putting out a commercial pack."

Exercise for Cows

Is First Rate Tonic

During the winter months cows should be turned out daily for exercise as fresh air and sunshine, combined with a moderate amount of exercise is nature's best tonic for them. Cows that are stabled continuously become lame, stiff and develop a general unthrifty condition, he reminds dairymen.

Research has shown that moderate exercise tends to increase slightly, both the percentage and total yield of butterfat. Cows also benefit from direct exposure to sunshine when they are turned out-of-doors. The ultra-violet light in sunshine penetrates the skin and produces vitamin D from traces of ergosterol found in the skin tissues. Sunshine and quality roughage are the principal sources of vitamin D in the dairy ration.

The length of time cows should be permitted to remain out-of-doors will naturally depend upon weather conditions. It is a good plan to provide an exercise paddock on the sunny side of the barn where it will be sheltered from the prevailing winds. From a management standpoint, it is a good idea to clean the barn and re-bed the stalls while the cows are outside.

Disease and War

Germany's invasion of the Channel islands, home of the Jersey and Guernsey dairy cattle breeds, has infected them with foot-and-mouth disease, according to Dr. John Mohler, chief of the federal bureau of animal industry. The islands were occupied in the summer of 1940. Russia's invasion of Finland last year brought the disease to that country, too. He emphasized the importance of effective quarantines to protect U. S. livestock from foreign disease.

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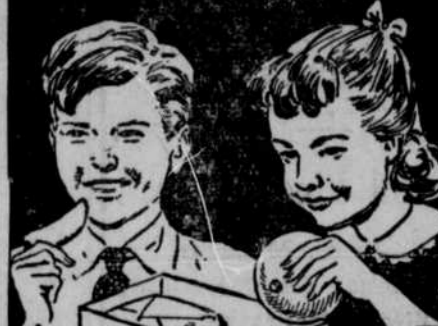
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