

FOOD SOURCES ALL PLAY PART IN LIVING COST

National Geographic Society Traces Staple Article of American Dinner to Their Origin.

Washington, June 28.—Why is the cost of food so high? Most answers to that question, according to a bulletin from the National Geographic society, go no farther than the grocer, the wholesaler, or perhaps the cost of farm labor.

But to trace to their sources many staple edibles found on the American dinner table one must go beyond state, national lines and frequently across the ocean, it is pointed out. The bulletin quotes from a communication to the society from William Joseph Showalter as follows:

"Let us sit down to dinner and go over the menu and try to list those who have assisted in the preparation of our meal. At the top of the list come olives and salted nuts. The olives mayhap are from Spain, the almonds from California, and the pecans from Texas. The salt on the nuts was prepared in New York state. Also we have celery that came from Michigan."

"Then comes the soup. Without a cookbook at hand, this writer will not pose as an authority on the ingredients of soup, but it may be Chesapeake Bay clam chowder, which certainly has some pepper from Africa in it and other ingredients from far and wide. Omaha Does Best. Our fish is salmon from Alaska, and our prime ribs of beef came to our table through the Omaha 'packing-town.' Our potatoes came from Maine, our boiled rice from China, our string beans from Florida, and our tomatoes from Maryland."

"Next comes our salad, and it contains—if a man may guess at the contents of salads and dressings—Mexican peppers, Hawaiian pineapple, Sicilian cherries, Pennsylvania lettuce, Iowa eggs, Spanish olive oil, Ohio vinegar, California mustard and Guiana red pepper. Many Aid Dinner. When it comes to coffee, if we are fastidious we will have issued a draft on both Turkish Arabia and Dutch Java, or if we are only folk of everyday taste we will content ourselves with the Brazilian product."

"And so, when we come to reckon up those who have helped produce the raw materials of which our foods are made, we find the clouted African savage and the American

Traveled in Motor Truck Over 10,000 Miles in Europe

American Navy Had Special Automobile Party Scouring Battlefields and Territory Occupied By Yankee Forces for Photographs—Just Truck No. 40,159; a Dear Friend of Them All.

By LT. COM. WELLS HAWKS, U. S. N. R. F.

The christening took place at night, very late one night, and just under the tall bridge that spans the narrow, busy harbor at Brest. It was during the unloading of an American ship, and the giant crane on the dock was swinging automobiles and trucks out of the hold as if it were working on a mine of vehicles.

One of these glistening gray trucks was swung upward from the depth of the ship, guided and slided and pulled along, while the winches and chains kept up a turmoil to a chorus of French and American warnings to "look out below." Finally "she" came down on the dock. A dungareed artist, U. S. N., placed a pasteboard stencil to her starboard, amidships, and daubing the ventilated spaces with his brush, christened and commissioned her "U. S. N. 40,159." What it all meant we never knew, for in all our future traveling we never came across any of her relatives.

When next we met "40,159," she had seen a bit of the world, and her beautiful paint was polka dotted with that variety of mud which existed solely in France during the war. They told us she had made a fine run from Brest to Pauillac, not far south of Bordeaux, and now her rather prosaic duty was that of hauling officers to meals and back again. As the truck had been built primarily for reconnaissance purposes and could house and carry 12 men very comfortably (a rifle rack back of the middle seats and plenty of storing space underneath), it appeared to us that her sphere in life ought to be extended, and, as we were young men with a mission that we were under orders to perform, we asked, then begged until "40,159" became our own. For four months this truck was our home, our faithful friend and carrier, and before it was all over there were 10,000 miles to her credit, with only two punctures and one break down.

The gob chauffeur worshipped and loved her. I really believe he kissed her and wept over her when they parted—for "No. 40,159" is still overseas. Just to Take Photos. All of this rolling about, was because the navy wanted photographic records of its varied activities in France. We who live in the truck, were the camera party. Two of us

were at the christening, and all had stood by until the finish—and here it may be noted, that these young fellows were a fair illustration of the kind of men that tackled navy jobs when the war broke out; and who had the real navy spirit, to go in, take chances, and find out that in the service every man can, by his own initiative and energy, fit himself into the task for which he is best suited.

Two were expert camera men, whose pay in private life was more in a week than in a month of service. They had enlisted and asked no questions. One became a gun pointer on an ocean crossing "chaser" and the other a graduate from the coal pile at Pelham. A third left a university in the west, became a gob, and was digging post holes for a barbed wire fence when he was made chauffeur of "40,159." In two weeks the latter knew France like he knew Nebraska and whizzed along the Rhine valley roads like an R. F. D. cart on an every day trip. All of which indicates the wonderful adaptability of the American boy to new surroundings. As a result they did a piece of work that will live.

It was a new experience to go galloping all over the map in a navy truck, ad lib, as it were; for getting still and motion pictures was something like chasing butterflies. It was a new kind of thrill for a motor truck to be the only representative of the navy in the interior of France. With "United States navy" emblazoned on her side curtains and a speed cone suspended from the brass peak of her radiator; the blue uniformed crew, a rich note against the olive and khaki of the surrounding army—of course the gob chauffeur was proud, and when, after he had driven 20 straight hours from Brest to Paris, tilting his little white hat more jauntily over his Nebraska chock of hair, he drove down the Champs Elysee as if she were a \$10,000 touring car—well—even if it wasn't, the boulevards knew "his kind" and fussed him with "hallo jack" all along the way.

Off For Germany. When orders came to go into Germany, very proudly the truck rolled into Chaumont, to get permission to proceed. From then it was night and day traveling; lunches and meals by the road side, by day, in old court yards and in camps by night. On it rolled, making more friends every mile, eyed with wonder by every camp, then asked why the navy was so far from water. Beyond Hesperange, where the party had its first German billet and where an unwilling host had to have his door battered down with a gun before offering beds, we struck a snow storm and steep hills, but the faithful old car never faltered. Then came an interesting moment when, at the junction of the Moselle and

Sauer Rivers on the German frontier, an American soldier with a fine old brogue challenged us for our passes. Three more days and we had rolled up to Coblenz and had crossed the Rhine on that wonderful pontoon bridge, planked across boats of iron and lashed together with steel chains, which is just at the foot of the hill crowned by the famous fortress Ehrenbreitstein, and from which floated the Stars and Stripes.

Here began a series of receptions for our truck party. The U. S. N. was first sighted by marines operating the Rhine patrol, and was greeted like a long lost friend, or perhaps an indication that there was something doing in the way of going home. For three weeks "No. 40,159" rolled over Rhine roads, climbing hills and finally mounting the steepest of all to that last out post where stood an American sentry beside the sign "Verboten."

Car Breaks Down. Once, on the roadway up in the hills among snow-covered vineyards, with the Rhine stretched out below us, we hopped off our roller and started out for a walk, to work some of the stiffness out of our joints. It grew colder, and we were delighted when we ran across a young German making a fire alongside the road. We gathered about him, and understanding, he went off for more wood and soon had it blazing higher. We didn't exactly fraternize, but we gave him our Y. M. C. A. chocolate and went on our way. However, when the car caught up with us, being all and entirely American it evidently did not approve, for part of her gear gave way; and we had to make the fire all over again, while our German friend walked down the hill munching our chocolate.

Once we met a party of 100 Americans on grave registration—splendid fellows, who, while in performance of their sombre tasks had found, in a German dugout in the Arzonne, a fine Belgian piano. This they had mounted on a Ford, and were carrying it with them from place to place. We followed them into the shattered ruins of Buzancy and there, in a tumble down French house, the walls of which decorated with German mottoes, we gave an impromptu celebration for it was the eve of Washington's birthday—and of course we all sang "The Army and Navy Forever." To show us their appreciation, they filled old "40,159" with gas before we took the highway.

At Verdun, we were just coming down the hill by the ruined cathedral when the bluejacket chauffeur stopped short, and jumping out of his seat yelled "By jimmy, if they ain't gobs." And there they were, about a dozen, fresh from liberty in Paris, so we exchanged reminiscences of our adventure for cigars and fresh chocolate.

More days and nights we traveled across the "No Man's Land" country, finally passing through Virzy and then to Chateau-Thierry where, wonder of wonders, a submarine chaser lay at anchor on the Marne. We almost kissed it. Then past the line of crosses and wreaths, to Belleau Woods, where the first leaves of spring hum a requiem to the gentle breeze. Then the broad road to Paris.

The last leg of it brought us to Brest, and then, alas, a farewell to "40,159." As we shoved off in a motor sailer to board the U. S. S. von Steuben, we could see it stand-

ing on the dock just above the landing stage. It seemed to be sobbing. We felt a pang at leaving it; and almost on the site of its christening—but after having made its unique record—we said our goodbyes to the only navy truck that had a voyage of this kind on its log.

SRomo Worked Only On Pay Days—a Highwayman Junction City, Kan.—Romo Alonso, a Mexican, only works on pay days; that is, the other fellow's pay days. At least a half dozen or more of his fellow compatriots say so, and he is now lodged in jail here.

Romo had the habit, the Mexican railroad laborers said, of coming to town on pay days, holding up the Mexican laborers and making away with their pay checks. Then he vanished until the next pay day. He had no trouble, cashing the checks,

as one Mexican is the same as another to the average merchant. Shawls Fashionable. London.—Embroidered shawls are all the rage now, delighting those grandmothers who are still alive. Tady Tree set the fashion.

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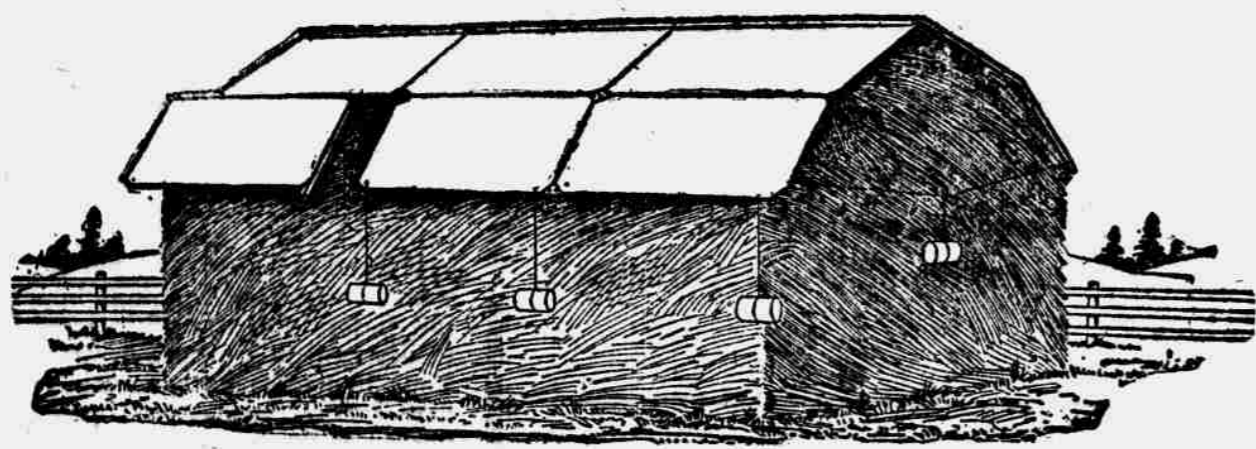
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