

WE'LL SHARE THANKSGIVING

This year we should be thankful for what we lack. The man in charge of lend-lease food shipments to our allies tells us why

by Roy F. Hendrickson

"**T**HANKSGIVING won't be quite the same this year," my wife said recently. "There won't be as much to eat."

In our home, as in millions of others throughout the nation, Thanksgiving has always been one of the brightest days of the calendar. It has always been a day of gayety, of happy reunions and, above all, of eating enormously for the sheer joy of eating.

It will be different this year. We shall feast, of course, and there will be turkey, just as in the past, but some of the trimmings will be missing. We won't use pork sausage in preparing the turkey stuffing. There will be no olive oil in the salad dressing, no bananas in the fruit bowl. The array of cakes and pies will be less impressive than in the past. Other familiar palate-tickling delicacies will be absent, too.

In these very scarcities, however, lies a new reason why we should be grateful to our Creator this Thanksgiving. We should thank God that we are sharing our abundance with others. We should be thankful not only for the food we eat, but also for the food we are doing without.

IN THE past, our ancestors celebrated Thanksgiving in a spirit of deep gratitude for a livelihood wrung from the wilderness. They were poor people who were humbly grateful for the hard-won harvests which made possible their continued survival. They thanked God for having barely enough.

Later, as our frontiers receded and the land was brought under the plow, we observed Thanksgiving with a surfeit of all good things. Too often, I am afraid, there

was an element of smugness in our feasting. We were like a fat man dining complacently in a restaurant while the rest of the world looked hungrily through the window. We thanked God for having too much.

This year, in the midst of war, we are neither poor nor complacent. We have just harvested the largest crops in our history, yet the Thanksgiving season finds us scrimping in order to share our great bounty with others. Every day we are taking \$5,000,000 worth of food from our larder and running it through a gantlet of bombs and torpedoes to our friends and allies in other parts of the world.

The good which is being accomplished for all freedom-loving peoples by these vast food shipments is so great as to be incalculable. Reports reaching me daily show that in every quarter of the globe American food — the food we are doing without — is sustaining the cause of human liberty and enabling the fighters and workers of the United Nations to strike against the forces of tyranny and oppression.

Recently one of our American officials just back from Russia told me about a woman in Moscow. Her husband had been killed in the fighting at Kharkov. Her three children had grown pale and thin from undernourishment. Now, however, thanks to American food shipments to Russia, she was able to put a bit of lard on the bread which constituted the family's main food every day. As a result, her children were growing stronger again and she was able to work longer hours in the munitions plant where she is employed.

"Please keep sending food," she begged the American representative. "Our own best farm land is gone. We will never give

up, but we must keep strong to fight and work."

A member of my staff who returned recently from the British Isles told me of the extreme joy of factory workers, miners and merchant seamen when, because of increased American food shipments, their cheese ration was stepped up. The increase wasn't much. It meant that each worker's daily slice of cheese would be about one-eighth of an inch thicker, but for men and women craving protein food it was like manna from heaven.

AMERICAN food is in the battle wherever United Nations troops are fighting. American dried eggs, powdered milk and dehydrated meat sustain the gallant garrisons at Malta and Gibraltar, in the Solomons and scores of other outposts.

A limited amount of our food is even getting through to our starving friends in the occupied countries — in fighting Yugoslavia, Greece, and stricken Poland.

Everywhere, the food we are doing without is providing strength for the armed forces and workers of our allies and keeping alive the sparks of freedom that one day will blaze into a conflagration to sweep tyranny and slavery from the face of the earth.

Considering all these things, I told my wife I was solemnly grateful that our Thanksgiving dinner table would not be so sumptuously laden this year as it had been in the past. I feel that my 130,000,000 fellow Americans should be grateful too.

And if we are called upon to scrimp still further on food, if we are asked to make much greater sacrifices, let us still be thankful.

Let us thank God for the food we aren't eating!



SIDELINES

MODEST. On every desk in one of the more "hush-hush" sections of the Army is a little card which reads, "My Daily Prayer: O Lord, please help me to keep my big mouth shut." A good idea — especially in wartime. But one employee, an attractive young lady, wasn't quite satisfied:

On her card she has neatly crossed out the "big."

UNFAIR. It was a Sunday evening in early fall. Two boys — they couldn't have been much over 20 — were riding in a bus up New York's Riverside Drive. The lady in the seat behind them couldn't help overhearing their conversation. They were obviously seamen on leave after weeks of



They came through this — for what?

bringing oil tankers through submarine-packed waters. Then she noticed that they were both peering out of the window with increasing looks of bewilderment on their faces.

She looked, too, and saw a steady stream of cars — all of them, apparently, returning from a nice afternoon's drive in the country. The traffic got heavier and one of the boys, finally, breathed quietly — almost to himself:

"Gee, Joe, look. And for that we burn."

TRADITION. Fort Riley, Kansas, has a well-earned reputation for turning out skillful, tough cavalrymen. One reader's research proves they've been doing it for at least 100 years. He sends along an official Fort Riley Order, issued October 28, 1842:

"Student Officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes."

WORRIED. A friend of ours just back from England tells the story of a group of Londoners huddled in a shelter during an air raid. The bombs were falling at an alarming rate but one lady, blessed with a fatalistic philosophy, turned to a little man beside her, shrugged.

"It's no use worrying — if my name's on a bomb, I'll get it."

The little man wasn't impressed: "That's all very well for you. But my name is Smith." M.

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