So far as Monsieur Felgines is concerned, the war is done and the hated Boche is gone. Now, he and his wife and his two children must begin the larger war: the war to keep alive through one more winter.

PIERRE FELGINES looks a little bit older than his 52 years. His eyes are dark and seem to have a perpetual flick of uneasiness in them. The truth is that Monsieur Pierre Felgines is worried. He's worried about the health of his family. He knows that neither his wife Thérèse, his 9-year-old son Roland, nor his 4-year-old daughter Jacqueline gets enough to eat. He knows that winter is approaching and that his apartment at 76 Rue de Cherche Midi will be very cold, and he looks back toward last winter with a shudder. There was no heat then, either, but he and his family were lucky. None of them fell ill. Then, too, they thought that would be the last bad winter they would have.

The Americans are in Paris now. Order is coming out of the chaos. Somehow they thought the Americans would get coal. But now Pierre knows that there will be very little coal and very little food in Paris during the coming winter.

Pierre Felgines is employed as an electrician. He makes a decent salary which was quite adequate to take care of his family before the war. During the war he was a registered member of the FFI. When the Americans came, he helped defend his power station against German sabotage. This man comes pretty close to being the typical middle-class wage earner, and a study of the problems which confront him show very convincingly what the people of France are up against today.

Pierre Felgines, in short, is the French equivalent of John Smith, Average Citizen, U.S.A. M. Felgines' salary averages about 8,500 francs a month ($170). That used to be a very good salary in France. Rents are about the only thing in France which have not risen to stratospheric heights. M. Felgines pays 400 francs per month—about $8. Each month he makes careful notes of what he has spent. Last month these were his expenses:

- Taxes 200 francs ($4)
- Rent 400 francs ($8)
- Gas and electricity 450 francs ($9)
- Bread 600 francs ($12)
- Wine 96 francs ($1.92)
- Sugar and coffee 120 francs ($2.40)
- Meat 300 francs ($6)
- Cheese 60 francs ($1.20)
- Vegetables 3,700 francs ($74)
- Soap, toothpowder (almost impossible to get) 300 francs ($6)
- Subway fare 200 francs ($4)

Total: 6,426 francs ($128.52)

This leaves about 2,074 francs ($41.48) of his salary. With this he has to buy clothes for his family of four, pay any medical bills that might accrue, buy schoolbooks for the children, buy cigarettes, and pay for occasional movies—the only diversion he and his wife can afford. Pierre Felgines, a
cigarette smoker all his life, gave up smoking three months ago. He just couldn't afford it. Then cigarettes are a valuable item in barter. Madame Felgines, a dark-haired tidy woman of 32, told me that she had saved twelve packs of cigarettes—three months' ration—and had exchanged them for a bottle of olive oil.

"Our butter ration is so small," she explained, "that we keep it for the two growing children. Growing children need fats. It is impossible for children to live entirely on boiled vegetables, which are our staple dish. We get very little meat. Occasionally I can get a little horse sausage, but it makes the children sick. My husband and I eat it when we can find it. Now and then we get a piece of meat. Three weeks ago Sunday, we did get a chicken. That was a very great treat."

Madame Felgines had just finished the luncheon dishes. For luncheon she had given her family two pounds of beans mixed with boiled potatoes, and some prunes.

"Tonight we shall have a very good soup," she said. "With noodles in it. That and bread and what is left of the prunes. We finished the beans. Yesterday, I had to stand in line for an hour to get them. We have to stand in line to get anything, and that is a bit wearing on the nerves. It is not so bad now, but it will be bad in the winter."

To say that the Felgines family—thousands like it—may starve to death this winter would be stating the case too strongly. To say that all of them will be suffering severely from malnutrition before the winter is over, is a plain statement of fact. All observers in Paris agree that a family of four in moderate circumstances cannot exist healthily on the food it is able to get under present rationing arrangements.

Today, the two Felgines children, Roland and Jacqueline, are considerably underweight. Like all children who do not have enough to eat, their eyes seem to be very large and solemn. Last winter two or three amateur American observers made flying visits to Paris and then reported that the people of France were doing right, they were well fed, well clothed. These statements received wide publicity at home and were repeated in Paris. The veteran correspondents here were shocked at the absurdity of such statements; the people of France were shocked and bewildered.

Restaurants on Taboo List

Unfortunately, the amateur observers had confined their attention to the black-market restaurants where food is good, if prohibitive in price. Pierre Felgines and his wife have never been inside such a restaurant. The average meal in these restaurants costs 1,000 francs ($20) per person. A de luxe meal with good wine would average about 2,500 francs ($50).

The black market in France is almost, but not quite, now accepted as a feature of French life. It is considered to be semi-legitimate by the people who frankly say that they would starve without it. It began under the occupation, when every French farmer or storekeeper hid his excess produce or goods to prevent them being taken by the Germans and sent to Germany. There were strict German rules against the hoarding of food or commodities.

The farmers and the shopkeepers, rather than see their goods spoil or fall into the hands of the Germans, sold them to their countrymen. They charged (Contd. on page 87)
IT IS fun and scientifically worth-while to watch a dead-leaf mantis capture a thorny spider; to discover how all the small beings of the tropics get their dinners. And when we see certain ants prepare and fertilize their fields, sow and reap, it brings them very close to ourselves.

Having dined and being suitably clothed, every jungle beast large and small must have a home. The simplest is that of a sloth who has only to hang from a branch and curl into a ball to be safe. He looks like a clump of moss, and the teeth and claws of his enemies are useless against the barrier of thick fur, tough skin and palisade of flat ribs.

Even butterflies concentrate for miles on a definite, communal sleeping bush, while ants rival our own cities in the intricacies of their miles of thoroughfares and nesting chambers.

With food, clothing and home assured, there remains the climax of all—courtship, a mate, offspring, the continuation of the race. The ancestral line of each living being has never been broken since it joined with ours millions and millions of years ago, from which time we all, humans and wild creatures, stretch back to the beginning.

And it is a pleasant thought that butterfly, frog, parrot, sloth, you and I are all blood brothers, nth cousins of sorts, all bound for life to our little planet Earth. It helps us to think of these jungle beings as real folks.

These pictures are from 16-mm. Kodachrome motion films, taken by Miss Jocelyn Crane, of living animals in the Venezuelan jungle, on the forty-third expedition of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. The expedition was sponsored by the Committee for Inter-American Artistic and Intellectual Relations, and the Standard Oil Company of Venezuela.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOCELYN CRANE