

Elec' PTs

IN ACTION



THE STORY OF THE U. S. NAVY'S MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS



KNIGHTS

To a PT

The Navy's new mosquito boats,
Tricky swerving reckless craft;
Seventy feet of streaking fury,
Bow up, streamlined as a porpoise
Hurtling through a crust of sea.

Greater than the men who made them;
Tougher than the wizened seamen;
Give no mercy—ask no quarter,
Knifing through the inky water
In cascades of diamond spray.

Engines roar with repressed power
Pull like restive four-year-olds,
Forward force that pulses under
Superhuman drive and thunder
On the rattling high speed turns.

PT—synonym for beauty;
Ships that catch a sailor's breath;
Young aristocrats of power,
Black machines of speedy death.

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Back the Attack!

BUY WAR BONDS