

ARMY NURSE

The work of the woman, with the rank of an officer, who follows everywhere Uncle Sam sends his soldiers.

By NANCY MacLENNAN

IT may come as a shock but it's a fact that there are thousands of female officers in the United States Army. They are not out on the drill grounds giving orders; they are the nurses in our expanding military forces, now 5,695 strong, with 3,000 more needed by next June.

Working as a team the Army nurse and the soldier fight for life in their different ways. She is the essence of faithfulness, following the man in uniform to the ends of the earth. From New York to California, from Alaska to Trinidad she serves at 180 posts, on duty on land, on sea and sometimes in the air. Most of these camps are bleakly functional, and the surrounding landscape, like an alarm clock, is crude but awakening. In them the Army nurse lives and breathes the rhythm of our fateful time.

Like the West Point graduate the nurse enters the Army as a second lieutenant. Her rank, however, is "relative." The West Point officer earns almost twice as much money as she does. Although he might become a general she never can rise above the rank of major, and if she were a major she neither would command a battalion nor spend \$40 on a pair of cavalry boots. The Secretary of War would appoint her Superintendent of the Nurse Corps. The present superintendent of the corps is Major Julia O. Flikke, who is stationed in Washington.

The insignia of their rank, which the nurses wear so gallantly on their right lapels, is both of "power and protection." Whether they request that a hospital floor be swept or "prescribe a glass of orange juice (no matter how gently) it is a military order. If a riot started and they, in trying to stop it, were disobeyed by a soldier, they are empowered to order his arrest.

To qualify for the corps at all the army nurse must be a registered nurse, graduate of an approved nursing school, and she has to pass a rigid physical examination. She must be single, though she may be either divorced or widowed.

THERE are roughly three types of nurses in the Army corps; the few who are really extraordinary women, the average and finally the gallant older war-horses.

The first, the archetype of the corps, possesses in equal measure beauty, dignity, compassion. She joined the Army in patriotism, expecting work, not romance. By joining she cut her financial income in half, and put her personal freedom in cold storage "for the duration." She cannot marry and remain in the Army, and she is subject to military law.

But the second type—the average nurse (she looks like the nurses you see in any big hospital)—did not enter the Army solely out of patriotism. The Army may have offered the only job she could get, or perhaps she was weary of "knocking about" in the civilian world and wanted that financial security which is one of the great selling points of the Army Nurse Corps. This average nurse isn't excited, living in a man's world, being one white uniform in a field of khaki. If war comes she probably will serve in that arsenal of mercy, an army field hospital. But the prospect of heroic destiny leaves her calm. In fact, like the soldier who gets so bored defending England's green and pleasant land he almost wishes for an invasion, so she, when Army life seems dull, all but prays for war.

This prototype of the corps is young and collects regimental insignia as well as phonograph records. There's more Strauss and Benny Goodman in her rec-

ord collection than Beethoven and Brahms. For fun she walks or bicycles, along the beige dust roads to see a motion picture at the post theatre (for 14 cents) or to swim in the officers' swimming pool. She likes to read, to play her radio. But she prefers novels to "Mein Kampf," dance bands to news commentators. Her room looks like any room in a college dormitory—except for the gas mask hanging by the closet. Modern as sulfanilamide, she does not agree with Florence Nightingale that "every woman is a nurse at heart." Wryly in the spirit of 1941, she comments, "A good nurse has to be able to take it."

ASIDE from desiring a raise in pay and a transfer to the Hawaiian Islands these nurses want "marriage and a home." It is the crest of their ambition. The typical camp is not like an Army post in Puerto Rico or the Philippines, where single commissioned officers, like bamboo, are plentiful. Only unusually attractive nurses frequently attend dances in the Officers' Club. Being officers, all nurses are supposed to date only officers. Army discipline depends on a ladder of ranks built without any slides between the rungs. Not even women whose rank is "relative" are allowed to flirt with this fundamental Army principle—although often they do.

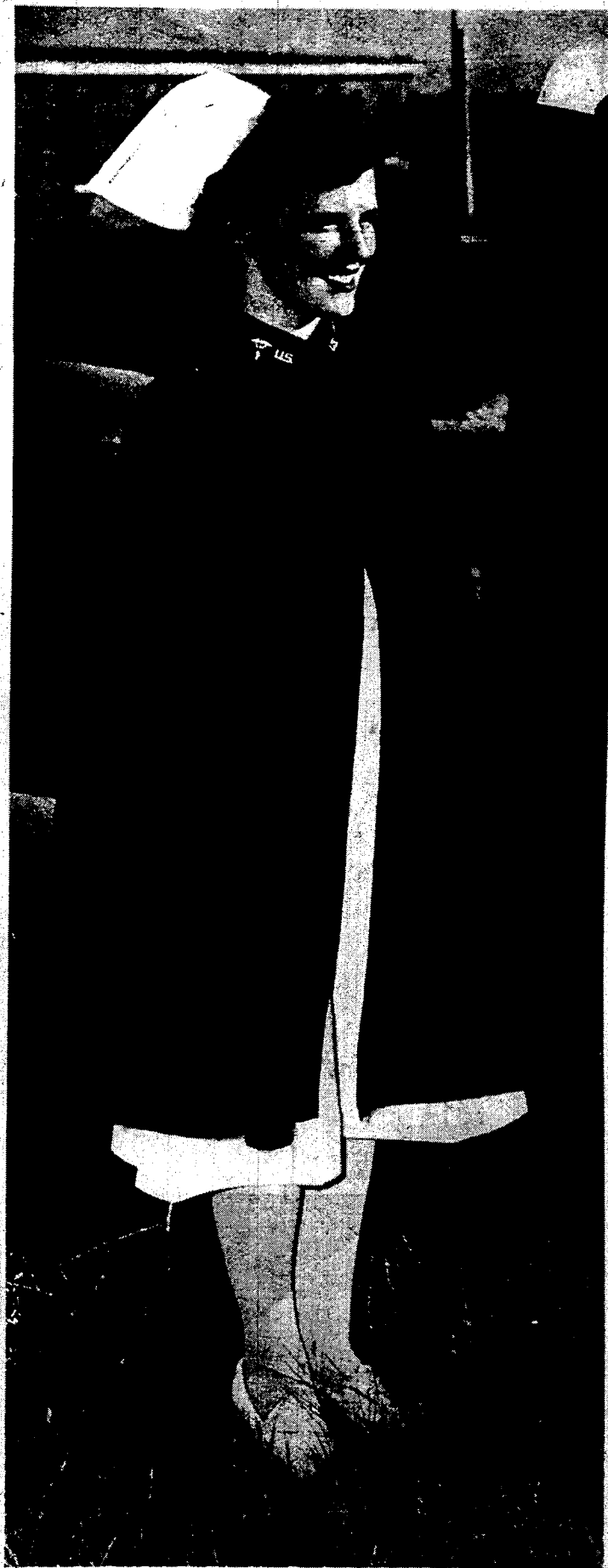
The third group—the older nurses who have been in the corps many years, a small contingent which represented the entire nurse corps before the national emergency—bears a striking loyalty to the corps. Against it these nurses breathe scarcely a whisper of dissatisfaction. They even present a "case" for the severely tailored regulation white uniform, which young and vainer nurses prefer to dismiss without a trial. The sales points of the corps are spoken by older nurses with as much fervor as they recited the Nightingale Pledge when being graduated from nursing school. Not only financial security but "the opportunity to travel" they emphasize.

The nurse's work in the Army is both easier and harder than civilian nursing. She arises at 6 A. M. and is on duty by 7. Mornings she works two hours; afternoons five. In the Army a soldier is either well enough for duty or fit for the hospital. No quarter is given the in-between—despite the first sergeant's daily "sick call" to the contrary: "Sick, lame and lazy!"

Because of this yes-or-no, sick-or-well attitude of the Army, the camp hospitals are full of soldiers all but across the border to health. "The patients who aren't really ill need authority," says the nurse who is glad she is an officer. Because there is no floor supervisor in a camp hospital, the nurse has more authority and more responsibility than she had in a civilian hospital. To keep the "ambulatories" almost-well patients dressed in maroon lounging suits, from being a nuisance, and also to ease her own work, the nurse details them to small jobs.

SOLDIERS are "wonderful" patients, the army nurse says. They are a relief from that civilian patient who kept saying, "Nurse, pick up this; nurse, get me that," whose signal light kept going like a pulsebeat.

Be her patient a general, a buck private or a guarded prisoner, she nurses the man not the rank. She has treated hospital cases for only ingrown toenails and later said, "You almost feel silly putting a wet dressing on a toenail case, but there is no mother here." Sympathetically, she has nursed the "goldbricker," faking illness because he is ill-adjusted to army life. She has sent messages for the one who sobs (Continued on Page 24)



Army Nurse—Now 5,695 strong, there are 3,000 more like her needed by next June.

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave every day. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like your wife's "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean without scraping or irritating the skin.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave every day—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

We're so positive that *Glider* will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used that we'll send you a generous tube—ABSOLUTELY FREE. No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. RG-4, Glastonbury, Conn., and we'll send a tube of *Glider*. On this FREE trial test, we rest our case. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of *Glider*. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

GLIDER

THE MODERN BRUSHLESS SHAVE WAY

ROOVERS—SAMPLE MAKE YOUR OWN METAL GARDEN MARKERS

ROOVERS Label Embosser is the first practical life-line device for making indestructible metal labels for all plants, shrubs, trees, etc. Tells instantly what is growing where. Great fun to use and the label and EMBOSSE, with any pressure, is beautiful relief letters on ribbon of heavy and solid—proof Metal. Any desired marking or letter. Great for marking equipment, tools, etc. Not a "label" but a real life-line device. Send for your own on postcard. Complete, with instructions, circular, \$15. Money-back guarantee.

ROOVERS,
3449-14th Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Note insignia (Second-Lieutenant) of her rank on this nurse's collar.

ARMY NURSES

(Continued from Page 12)

for his wife and children, who would go A. W. O. L. if he were well. She knows the pangs of a "good-bye" salute from a dying soldier.

As a "mobile unit" the army nurse may see America, traveling from post to post. To the seasoned nurse travel has the lure of a passing parade. When stationed at Fort Jay, comfortable ottoman beside New York's skyline, she learns to know Manhattan as sentimentally as she knows her home city in the Middle West. When ordered to a transport ship she may trail Columbus and Raleigh to the island of Trinidad. When assigned to Mitchell Field out on Long Island, where the planes drone overhead, she feels nearer to the stars. She gets the feel of wings and wants to learn to fly. With ears for the celestial mores of war planes, she learns to distinguish the voices of a P-40 (pursuit plane) from a B-18 (bomber). When on duty at the Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.—a peaceful campus between humming Sixteenth Street and Georgia Avenue—she is in the golden dome of all Army medical activities. She works in Walter Reed Hospital and lives in Delano Hall, nurses' home, with a beauty parlor on the first floor, a ballroom on the second. On a Summer evening she may sit by the Potomac in the moonlight listening to the National Symphony Orchestra, playing on a barge where seagulls winging in to searchlights turn to gold.

EAST, west, north, south, the army nurse travels without financial worries. Her expenses are low. At the "PX" (post exchange) she may buy cigarettes at only \$1.20 a carton. Off duty, if traveling in officer's uniform, her railroad fare is reduced; on duty, the government pays her way.

The salary of army nurses starts at \$840 a year, rising every three years to \$1,080, \$1,380, \$1,560. Each year the army nurse has not a two-week vacation but a whole month's vacation—and a month's sick leave. If she becomes ill, she may retire on three-fourths of her salary. After only twenty years in the service she may retire if she is 50. She'll retire anyway after thirty years' service.

Being an officer she may leave

her card at the White House and expect an invitation to the President's Spring reception for the Army and Navy. When she dies she will get services with military honors; if a war veteran, with a United States flag officially provided by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs; if—how fantastic!—"destitute," free services in a national cemetery. And finally, the army nurse has every hero's fighting chance of winning that highest military distinction, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Serving beside the soldier, whether at field manoeuvres or in real war, the army nurse is too busy to admire her role in the world drama. She serves in a rehearsal for war—freedom's last weapon against intolerance. In a design for death, she cherishes life.

WASTE PAPER IN USE

By REX HUNTER

BECAUSE waste paper is used in the making of ammunition and for other vital needs its collection is now an essential industry. The point was emphasized in a letter sent recently by Leon Henderson, Administrator of the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply, to Mayor Kelly of Chicago asking that waste paper be collected in fashionable districts from which collectors had been banned. The ban was costing from 4,000 to 5,000 tons of waste paper every month.

The appeal "Put out waste paper" is enforced in embattled Britain by means of posters. The necessity of a similar appeal to the American people is now clear.

Mr. Henderson's office has recently fixed prices for this waste paper by agreement among the dealers and the paper mills.

"Lots of people think we get the paper for nothing," said one dealer in an aggrieved tone. But some shrewd fellow perceived years ago that he could cut the overhead by exacting a price for his waste paper instead of giving it away, and thus started an industry which is now highly organized. The dealers make contracts, running from three months to a year, with the owners of office buildings, with printers and with bookbinders. A dealer on West Broadway paid \$10,000 a year for the waste paper from a single building. That was during the earlier World War, when paper became extremely scarce.

About 90 per cent of all used paper is collected. An individual dealer collects about ten tons of paper a day, or sixty tons a week. Sixteen dealers are listed in the Red Book; among them, there-

fore, they collect nearly 1.0 tons weekly.

Printers and binders usually rope up their paper and cart board for transportation to the warehouses. Office buildings are provided with large sacks in which the cleaning women dump waste paper. Paper collectors must remain in storage for minimum of twenty-four hours lest some document may have been thrown away in error.

THE stroller along Thompson Street or West Broadway has to make his way around trucks loaded with bags of waste paper. Men are hauling these bags from motor trucks and a lesser number of horse-drawn wagons onto platforms behind which lie long dark warehouses, dimly lit by naked electric bulbs. What, the stroller wonders, happens to this paper?

It is sorted into huge bins by men who are expert in distinguishing the various grade Newspapers are tossed into a separate bin. The contents of the bins are carried down in an elevator to the baling press. The bale paper—a bale weighs from 1,200 to 1,300 pounds—is shipped to mills in New York State, Jersey City and Philadelphia by rail boat or motor truck.

There it is converted into boards, corrugated boxes and book paper. The paper trimming from printers and bookbinders goes to make a finer grade of paper which in turn is used to make quality bond paper. The waste from office buildings goes into the making of paper board which is converted into boxes.

Newspapers are put through a bleaching process to remove the ink; then the paper is repulped and is ready to serve all over again.



"WILL I ALWAYS BE WORTH MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE?" Most men have asked this, half jokingly. For a man usually plans wisely, with life insurance, to provide an income for his family should he die.

But all too few have a plan whereby they will lay aside enough money to provide equal security should they live.

Look about you today and you will see people who are too old to work—but who are still working! People who are dependent upon those they love for their daily bread. Look about you and vow, "This will never, never happen to me!"

And it need never happen to you. For there are plans by which you can set aside small sums regularly, and persistently, and accumulate \$2,000,

\$5,000, \$10,000... even \$25,000 or more! Money to cushion your declining years, to build a home, to educate your children.

Let your local representative of Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Company explain a plan designed to fit your needs, with no obligation to you.

The first and foremost step in accumulating money is to find out where your money goes. Send for a useful booklet, "Living Expenses. Not a budget book. For your free copy, write today to the address below, Dept. NT-221.

INVESTORS SYNDICATE
TITLE & GUARANTY COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City