

BY FIRST LIEUT. *Dorothea Daley Engel*

U. S. ARMY NURSE CORPS

Here is one of the most deeply moving romances of all time. A girl from the Midwest tells her own heartbreaking story of the strange fate that befell her in the Battle of the Philippines; of the husband she won and lost while Jap bombs rained hell on earth. Her stirring tale of love and courage will shock you awake to the realities of this war

I WAS MARRIED IN BATTLE



Our Bataan wedding . . . "no ring, no license, no veil"

THE AUTHOR belongs to a 100 per cent fighting family, from Hamilton, Missouri. Her father, a veteran medical officer of the last war, is now a major in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. Her sister, a former member of the Army Nurse Corps, lives at Ft. Riley, Kans., where her husband is in the Medical Department. One brother is a sergeant in the Army, and the other is a medical student scheduled to go into the Army after graduation. Her husband, Lieutenant Emanuel Engel, Jr.,

whom she met and married in the Philippines, was reported missing in action on Bataan. Mrs. Engel has never lost her faith that he is still alive.—*The Editor.*

I AM a war bride. Mother used to tell me about those in the World War, in which my father served as a medical officer. But I never dreamed that I would meet my husband at a fort, that I would be courted in the shadow of a global war, that I would be torn from my fiancé after

the Jap attack on the Philippines, that I would be reunited with him on a battlefield and married in a jungle without even a license.

Who could have imagined a honeymoon interrupted by incessant Japanese bombing; a married life in which I had a chance to see my husband only because he was sent to our jungle hospital at Bataan; a separation when he was ordered to the front lines in Bataan and I was evacuated to Corregidor; and a silence that has fallen upon his whereabouts now that the Philippines are in the hands of the Japs?

I am being carried on the records of the Army Nurse Corps as a widow; my husband is officially listed as missing in action. But I know I am not a widow; he will come back to me. Of that I am sure.

My sister, Mary, and I were appointed



The author in her uniform as an Army nurse "I know I am not a widow"

HAHN-MILLARD

second lieutenants in the Army Nurse Corps in June, 1938, after we had both enrolled in the Red Cross First Reserve. Two years later my sister was married and I pressed successfully for foreign duty. On June 6, 1941, I sailed for the Philippines, assigned to Fort Stotsenberg, the big Station Hospital about 60 miles from Manila. Sailing with me on the army transport were about 20 nurses and about 100 officers, the latter assigned to Clark Field. Only four of us nurses

were ordered to Stotsenberg, which is about a half-mile from Clark Field.

On the night of our arrival we put on our best evening dresses and turned up at a reception at the officers' club, where we were the guests of honor. Among the officers from Clark Field who came to say "Hello" to us was Lieutenant Emanuel Engel, Jr. He was with another girl that night, but never again. It was truly love at first sight for both of us.

"Boots," as everybody called him,

was born in New Orleans, and as a young boy he was sent to a Citizens' Military Training School in Louisiana for four years. He went on to Loyola University of the South and got his degree, but he decided to make a career of the Army. He received his commission in field artillery and was sent out to the Philippines.

I am not very tall, so Boots, being five feet six, seemed about the right size for me. He is not handsome, but is very attractive, with a slender face, very dark hair, even teeth, and a wonderful smile.

At the Station Hospital in Stotsenberg I was on duty only six hours a day. Our patients suffered mostly from malaria, dysentery, dengue fever, and pneumonia. Many of them were Filipino Scouts attached to the American Army.

The hospital had a capacity of 250 beds, and there were 15 American nurses, assisted by 10 Filipino Red Cross nurses who had been trained in Manila hospitals. After war was declared and each of us was taking care of from 100 to 150 patients, we looked back upon that average of 10 patients each, and marveled at the luxury of it.

Since Clark Field was so near, Boots and I saw each other often. We rode, played golf, and on the week ends visited night clubs. All wives of officers and their families had been evacuated from Manila in May, 1941, so that Army nurses were the only women on the post.

There was a lot of talk about war, but nobody worried for fear the great United States would not be able to handle the situation.

I can't say that any of us was surprised when news came on the morning of December 8, at 6:30 A. M. (Manila time and date), that Pearl Harbor had been attacked.

At 12:20 I was sitting in the ward office, reading the newspaper account of the attack at Pearl Harbor and waiting for dinner to be served at 12:30. The bombs fell, so suddenly that at first I did not realize what had made the mirrors bounce off the walls and the medicine bottles crash down off the shelves. I can remember what a mess the pharmacy was, mercurochrome and gentian violet (used for skin diseases) all mixed together to form a terrible color.

Everyone went on duty instantaneously and for 48 hours nobody slept. As the bodies were carried in, mutilated and burned almost beyond the point where we could bear to look at them, we heard snatches of how it had happened. We were told that the planes from Clark Field had been scouting all morning, but that the pilots had landed for lunch and were inside, eating, when the Japanese struck. All but three or four of the 100 planes lined up on the field had been destroyed. Many of them had been shot down while trying to take off in the five minutes' time (Continued on page 112)



I Was Married in Battle

(Continued from page 27)

that elapsed between the first warning and the time the bombs hit.

Almost as if by magic the hospital was cleared of peacetime patients. They got out of bed and, without waiting to be discharged, just went back to their posts and began fighting. We were terribly short of doctors and nurses, and because corps men had been put on ambulances the nurses had to do much of the heavy work. We had to cut off clothing soaked with blood and stiff from burning, and that took so long that we couldn't get to many of the men even to give them emergency treatment. By midnight, however, Filipino nurses and American doctors and 30 or 40 medical attendants from Sternberg Hospital in Manila arrived to help.

The hospital had a capacity of 200 beds, and every bed was filled. The men were suffering from burns, shrapnel wounds, and fractures, and many of them had bomb fragments in their flesh. The ones that could be moved were placed underneath the hospital. In the Philippines all buildings are raised five feet off the ground on account of dampness, and that space, ordinarily shunned as being unhealthy, served as a bomb shelter for at least 100 patients, stretched out on cots and mattresses.

There was so much work that we nurses did not have time to be nervous and upset. We helped with one operation right after another. There were no direct hits on the hospital. Clark Field was a much more important target.

AFTER the first day we worked out a fairly satisfactory warning system. Clark Field would telephone us when they had news of planes, and dental and administrative officers were posted as plane spotters. They found a big dinner bell to use as an air-raid siren.

Although the cold-storage plant was hit and fresh meat was scarce toward the last, we had adequate food supplies at Stotsenberg. In addition to all the patients and medical personnel, officers and men from Clark Field and Lingayen came to us for their mess, so that we had a daily average of at least 300 instead of the customary 200.

As time went on we were caring for at least 500 patients, and we nurses doffed our white uniforms and wore issued pants and shirts from the quartermaster. Air Corps coveralls were the best bet as an improvised uniform, but most of the issued ones were size 42 and, after all, I wear size 12.

On December 24, at 9:30 A. M., we were told to pack our clothes and put them on the porch of the hospital, to be sent to Manila. Two of my suitcases turned up later, but I've never seen my wardrobe trunk and another suitcase since that day. I spent Christmas Day in Manila trying to get out of the town. Some of us started to eat a big turkey dinner at Sternberg Hospital, but there were so many air-raid scares that not much eating was done. All kinds of buildings—university buildings,

convents, and night clubs—were being used as temporary shelters for patients.

I could not find Boots in Manila, but was told that men from Fort McKinley, where he had been ordered, had already left for Bataan. I felt better. My orders were for Bataan, too.

December 26, at 9 A. M., a group of Army nurses and doctors gathered at the docks in Manila, guarding about 500 patients. Eleven of us nurses crowded onto the Don José, a liner loaded with lumber and flour that it had not had time to discharge. We got away from the docks about 9:30 and sailed the bay to wait for a pilot boat to take us through the mine fields. No pilot boat appeared. We waited. The port area was bombed all day, but the most terrifying experience was the violent explosion that marked the destruction of Cavite by the Americans. Nichols Field was burning, too. No one knew what was happening. We just waited, numb with terror.

ALL night we hovered near Corregidor. The next morning we sent flag signals to the stronghold that we were a hospital boat waiting to unload patients. Corregidor signaled back that it had no knowledge of such a boat. Planes were flying overhead, and in desperation the colonel in charge sent another signal. Corregidor replied to stand by until they contacted Manila. In the afternoon they sent barges for the patients who were the most seriously ill, and the rest of us wandered around in the bay until 1 A. M. on December 28, when nurses and the other patients were landed at Bataan.

Bataan! It meant very little to me then. Little did I dream that I would soon be trying to care for patients on beds set in the middle of a sandy river bed, that snakes would hang down from the bamboo and mango trees which sheltered us from Japanese bombing, that monkeys would chatter through the trees and try to steal what little food we had, that we would bathe in a creek. That we would always be hungry, always frightened. That we would grab shovels and help dig fox holes so we would have some shelter to crawl into when the dive bombers came. That we would all suffer from malaria and dysentery and diarrhea. It was a good thing for all of us that we had no idea what we were getting into.

At first I was stationed at Hospital No. 1 at Limay in the northern part of the peninsula. The hospital, a converted barracks, was well equipped with more than 500 beds for constantly arriving patients, mostly from the Twenty-sixth Cavalry, which was covering the retreat on Bataan. Air-raid alarms came constantly, given by a soldier who sat on top of the water tower with a dinner gong. There were not enough trenches and fox holes to accommodate everybody, so we'd just lie on the ground or roll under our beds during a raid.

You can imagine that even while I was tramping about from bed to bed, giving injections, helping with operations, changing dressings, giving baths, and being just plain motherly to the boys who were delirious and frightened, dodging bombs and shrapnel, I was subconsciously hoping I would run into Boots.

About the first of January, after he had been assigned to a beach defense unit at Mariveles, 20 miles away, he heard through the grapevine that I was near Limay. The first chance he got, he hitchhiked northward and found me. We were both in khaki, tired and discouraged, feeling like trapped animals, yet when his arms were around me I felt as if the reality of war was merely a nightmare and that only our love was true. When he did find me

in the midst of that living hell it gave me the conviction that always he would find me. I still have that conviction.

From the moment of the first bombing I lost my appetite. At Bataan I lost 30 pounds, and I was worried for fear I would look like a skinned chicken to Boots.

We nurses did try to make ourselves as presentable as possible. We had been able to bring along some rouge, powder, lipstick, and our toothbrushes. Every day we took our baths and washed our coveralls in the near-by creek. We all kept clean and neat, and the men whom we cared for used to tell us we were the most beautiful things in the world!

At Bataan we never had more than two meals a day, and they were unappetizing and monotonous—rice, salmon, sardines, bread, native peas occasionally, oatmeal with weevils in it, and tea. No butter, no coffee, coarse brown sugar. Only rice pudding and bread pudding for dessert, and they didn't have any raisins in them.

On December 23, after the line near the airfield at Abucay broke, the hospital had to be moved farther south to Little Baguio.

We took great precautions not to disclose our positions in the jungle, and most of the time the heavy foliage of the bamboo and mango trees protected us. We were given orders not to hang up anything white, to leave no papers on the ground, and to burn no lights at night. Few of our patients died, although some of them were suffering from fractures, amputations, malaria, and dysentery, all at once. The wounded soldiers were wonderful. Our biggest job with them was to keep them from returning to the front before they were healed.

We had a wonderful barter system. I have seen two cakes of soap go for the flint in a lighter, and a carton of cigarettes handed over for six rolls of toilet paper. Toilet paper really was precious stuff. At the last we put a special boy on duty to guard it. As for cigarettes, I saw one soldier pay 200 pesos (\$100) for a carton that had turned up mysteriously. There was nothing else to spend money on and a millionaire was no better off than a beggar in Bataan.

Boots hitchhiked a ride to see me as often as possible, and during January and part of February we were as happy as an engaged couple can be who are fighting a losing war. Perhaps we appreciated those moments more because they were so rare and unexpected.

MOST of the time the embattled troops had to find their own recreation. It was not all stark tragedy. There was about a pack of cigarettes a week, to be smoked when our nerves were the shakiest. Tea grew scarce, so we made a brew from the big leaves of a tree that sheltered us from the bombs of the enemy.

We had reports that pythons hung down from the trees in the jungle, although I never happened to see one. I did see green snakes, and monkeys chattered all around us. One friendly animal we named Tojo and he became a great pet.

One morning he did not come for his usual romp, and the officers were all out hunting him. Several of the patients happened along to brag about the good monkey stew they had just eaten, and it did not take a very sagacious person to figure out what had become of Tojo. By this time the mess was including caribou and horse and mule meat. Caribou had always been on the menus for natives in the restaurants of Manila, but I never expected to see the day when Americans would like it.

There were lots of wisecracks among the

A DEATH RAY THAT SAVES LIVES

ONE of the newest miracles of science is a magic lamp which emits an almost invisible ray that deals instant death to microbes floating in the air. Already this death ray is being used to save human lives by preventing the spread of infections in nurseries and operating-rooms, and warding off epidemic diseases in schoolrooms.

Behind this modern counterpart of Aladdin's wonderful lamp lies the dream of an obscure scientist, Robert James. In 1929, working for the Detroit Edison Co., James tackled the problem of air-borne microbes and the tribute man pays to them. They drift into open wounds, start infections, take lives. They spoil meat, mold cakes, ruin cheese—causing untold damage.

Science already knew that the sun gives off a band of natural light which destroys these enemies of man. Why, James wondered, couldn't this light be duplicated artificially in a lamp or tube? Then use the tube to shoot invisible bullets at the invisible enemies?

James communicated his enthusiasm to Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, director of lamp research at the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, N. J., who went to work to translate the dream into a reality. Years of experiments finally produced a slender, gas-filled glass wand which permits only the passage of the germ-killing band of light. Shedding pale blue rays, all but invisible, it consumes less electricity than a small household bulb, but it kills bacteria with unmatched effectiveness.

In a few seconds, this ultraviolet lamp completely sterilizes surrounding air. Bacteria stop dead in their tracks as soon as the light is switched on. When the slipper-shaped bacteria found in stagnant water are exposed to this light, they actually explode.

Dr. Deryl Hart, a distinguished surgeon in Duke Hospital, Durham, N. C., recently installed a battery of these lights over an operating table. The results were astonishing. Previously, despite the most rigid aseptic practice, infections were occurring about a third of the time in operations requiring deep chest or abdominal incisions. In one series of 110 such operations four of the patients died.

After the lights were installed there were only 5 cases of infection in 132 major operations. And no deaths. Infection in orthopedic operations dropped from 17 per cent down to 0.74 per cent; and with goiter surgery from 1.8 per cent to zero. In a grand series of 2,463 opera-

tions performed under the ultraviolet lamps there wasn't one fatal infection!

Scores of hospitals today have equipped operating-rooms with this extra ounce of protection for patients. Institutions for children now guard infant health by dropping invisible curtains of light between cribs. A sneeze can launch tens of thousands of bacteria—but they can't cross the ultraviolet barrier.

As an experiment, the new lights were installed around the ceiling of selected schoolrooms on the outskirts of Philadelphia, Pa. When a measles epidemic struck Philadelphia and its suburbs, only one third as many cases of measles appeared in irradiated rooms as in rooms without the lights.

In such installations, ultraviolet tubes are strung around the ceiling. Schoolrooms can be equipped with these lamps for about \$140.

Whether the lights will work to protect us against those twin scourges, cold and flu, is as yet unknown. But preliminary figures from one New York hospital ward where the lamps have been installed indicate a 50 per cent drop in respiratory infections.

INDUSTRY is finding scores of uses for the new lamps. They are destroying mold on wine corks, in sirup vats for the soft-drink industry, and in cheese-aging rooms. Cosmetic manufacturers are using them to keep down mold that forms on the top of cold creams. In bakeries, they are destroying spores which float in the air and spoil cakes and bread.

One of the most valuable uses, however, is in the meat-packing industry. To be properly tender, meat is usually aged about six weeks at a temperature slightly above freezing. In experiments with the new lamps it was discovered that meat could be aged properly at a temperature of 65° F. in three days, instead of six weeks—thereby effecting an enormous saving in refrigeration and storage costs. Something like 2,000 packers, butchers, and wholesalers now use the lamps.

The lamps are being used to keep toilet seats sanitary, to hold down disease in poultry coops, to sterilize milk bottles. Soda fountains and bars are employing them to destroy bacteria on drinking glasses, and they are cutting food spoilage in home refrigerators. Barbershops find them valuable in sterilizing combs and brushes.

Uses for the lamps are indicated anywhere that air-borne bacteria are a problem. And that is just about everywhere.

J. D. RATCLIFF

men and nurses that showed Americans never lose their sense of humor. Every morning there was a display of cartoons drawn by talented members of the outfit. Men were pictured wearing beards in 1952, still waiting for a convoy. The men named themselves the Battling Bastards of Bataan, No Father, No Mother, No Uncle Sam. The nurses were named the Sisters of Bataan and the Japanese the Yellow-Bellied Bastards.

The chaplains, both Protestant and Catholic, were wonderful. They kept us in good spirits by their serene air of optimism and they made constant efforts to provide places of worship. At No. 1 Hospital the Catholic chaplain made a nice altar of bamboo with benches for the worshipers, and it was soon destroyed by a bomb. The Protestant chapel was enclosed by a wire fencing which the Filipinos had lovingly covered with leaves.

DURING Holy Week a Nipa Festival was put on by the Filipinos in a jungle chapel that was packed and jammed with soldiers and nurses. During a sacred Filipino dance, bombs fell and all the worshipers "bit the dust," but when the all-clear sounded, the dancers completed their routine. On Easter morning, just three days before our tragic retreat to Corregidor, there were sunrise services for both Catholics and Protestants. Communion was served in small cups made from the rounded sticks of bamboo, set on a tray, also fashioned from bamboo, which had been rubbed with sandpaper until it was as smooth as a machine-made tray. Grape juice was used mostly, although one chaplain found a bottle of wine that he blessed.

I have been telling you about Easter, but I must turn the days of the calendar back a little to tell you about my wedding. Boots and I had decided we would be married while we were still together on Bataan. We are both Catholics, and we consulted with several chaplains as to how a ceremony could be performed on a jungle battlefield. Father William Thomas Cummings, who had been director of a boys' school in civilian life, agreed to perform the ceremony. He said that in the presence of death he would give us the spiritual blessing that he knew we wanted.

And on February 19, I, Dorothea Mae Daley, took Emanuel Engel, Jr., to be my wedded husband, for better, for worse, in sickness or in health, till death do us part. Everybody in the wedding party, including the bride, was in khaki. I had covered my khaki pants with a khaki skirt which one of the nurses had concocted and which she loaned to me for my wedding night.

There was no ring, no license, no bouquet, no veil, no Mass. It was Lent, a season during which Catholics are forbidden to wed. The chaplain had not had time to get a license to marry in the Philippines. Sounds of bombs were in the distance, and my feet, encased in huge army boots, felt awkward as I stood in an army hospital, the like of which had never been seen before. Two male witnesses heard us exchange vows. But there was a solemnity and a sacredness about the ceremony, performed in the midst of so much tragedy, that made us both feel that ours was no ordinary marriage. We had taken vows which can never be broken.

We had a six-hour honeymoon before Boots had to return to duty at Mariveles. A few days later Chaplain Richard E. Carberry, who had to go to Corregidor on business, procured a license there and with it an official paper signed by José Abah Santos, Chief Justice on the Rock. It read as follows:

To Whom It May Concern

This is to certify that Emanuel Engel, Jr., born September 1, 1912, in New Orleans, Louisiana, and Dorothea Mae Daley, born May 7, 1916, in Hamilton, Missouri, have been granted a license to enter into a contract of marriage.

Ours was a strange honeymoon. I saw Boots at least twice a week until April 1, so that we were not separated for six weeks. During that time he had a severe attack of malaria and was sent to Bataan to the hospital. He was in another ward than mine, but I saw him when I could. The hospital was strung out for three miles through the jungle.

After he became an ambulatory patient, he came to officers' mess and there was the joy of seeing each other regularly each day.

Boots could not get even an hour's leave on Easter Sunday, and I felt very lonely and neglected. If I had known that I would not see him again on Bataan—

ON APRIL 8 came orders to evacuate to Corregidor. Things had been getting worse. Skilled fliers were being used as infantrymen, and, as one crack pilot said as he died on the operating table, "A ten-thousand-dollar pilot shot to hell in the infantry!"

Food was the chief problem. We had eaten every caribou and every cavalry horse that was not too tough to chew. We were battered by massed tanks and artillery which destroyed the fox holes where we had previously taken refuge. Patients were miserable because we did not have enough mosquito nettings. At dusk we had flying ants, but of course the worse pests were the bombers overhead. To this day, when I go to sleep in a room where an electric fan is blowing, I dream of airplanes and wake up trembling with horror.

Up to the very last we were hoping and praying for reinforcements, and no amount of explaining as to how difficult it was to provide transportation convinced us of the impossibility. After General MacArthur left, we were very gloomy for several days, but General Wainwright brought our spirits right back up again. He was very friendly, and soon everybody was calling him "Skinny."

As I said, things had been getting increasingly worse. We had eaten the last horse and the last mule. Shells were landing much closer than usual, and the story went around that the enemy had broken through the lines and were only a few hundred yards away. For some hours we had been hearing continuous rifle fire, and it was no surprise when First Lieutenant Josephine Nesbitt, our head nurse,

came to tell us to get ready to leave right away, carrying only what we could take in our hands. That was about 8:30 P. M. on April 8.

We stuffed a few things in barracks bags or pillowcases, and with my few belongings was my marriage license. We got away on the truck, with our sergeant as driver.

The road was full of civilians, women and children crying. Nurses were riding out on all kinds of conveyances—ambulances, trucks, private cars, garbage trucks, anything. Some of them had to walk uphill because the autos were in such bad condition that they couldn't make the grade. One car ran out of water, and nurses helped fill the radiator with water from their precious canteens. One car broke down completely, and those nurses had to walk the eight miles to Mariveles.

The firing kept getting closer and closer. Our truck went along very slowly, and finally stopped for an hour. Some time later we stopped at Little Baguio and were told it was after 5 A. M. We were due to arrive at Mariveles at 5 and we'd gone only halfway. They were blowing up ammunition dumps near by, and I thought the end of the world had come. The sky was brilliant with fire. We inched along; then made faster time. At 6:45 A. M. on April 9 we reached the dock, only to be told that the ship on which we were supposed to escape had left, all filled, for Corregidor.

Excited voices proclaimed that it was the last boat, and there was talk of all of us going back to the hospital to be taken prisoner with our own group. Japs floated over, dropping a few bombs around the dock. No hits. Officers on the docks guided us to a gully beside the road, where we would be safe from bombs. I was so tired I curled up in the gully and went to sleep.

I WAS awakened by cheers. Another small steamer was coming. We grabbed our things and ran to it. It was then 9:30 A. M. and we were told that Bataan had surrendered at 6 A. M. We all got on board. Just then bombs began to fall. Some of the girls fell flat on the dock, but when the sound died down they raced for the boat. A few minutes after we pulled away the dock was blown to pieces.

I was so tired that I promptly went to sleep again, but the girls told me about the lively voyage. Six dive bombers were above us. Back of us at Mariveles the Army was still blowing up the pitifully small store of ammunition that was left. Both the Corregidor and Bataan shores were all smoke and fire. It took us two and a half hours, zigzagging and shifting, to cross, although it usually takes only 30 minutes. Just as we reached the Corregidor shore, there was a small earthquake. We hardly noticed it as we ran to the tunnel under the island fortress.

That was a terrible night. Haggard troops in a steady stream had made their way across the bay in all kinds of boats. Some of them swam, though the waters were filled with sharks. Some made it and some did not.

During our twenty days at Corregidor we were bombed constantly. On April 9, Tojo was busy setting up long-range guns on Bataan. We found, however, that the chief danger was not from shells or bombs but from being knocked down and mashed trying to get back into the tunnel during raids. The air inside was thick with the smell of disinfectant and anesthetics and there were too many people. Several times the power plant supplying the tunnel was hit and the electricity was off for hours. It was pretty ghastly in there, feeling the shock of the detonations and never knowing when we would be in total darkness.



W. von Riegen

"I always test my engagement rings to see if the diamonds are real!"

We had a funny white mongrel dog topside which was better than an air-raid alarm in giving us warning. Whenever we would see one sharp little ear go up we would watch him. He would listen a minute, and when he would start trotting toward the tunnel, we would start trotting after him. Sure enough, the siren would sound immediately afterward. One day a monkey jumped down from a tree so suddenly that he landed on the pup's back and rode inside in state.

I NEVER heard from Boots during that whole terrible period after we fled from Bataan. At Corregidor I tried to get a copy of my marriage license, which I had lost when a bomb destroyed that dock in Bataan. But I found that José Abah Santos had left on February 20 for Australia in Quezon's party. And all records on the Rock were destroyed. I asked Chaplain Carberry, who had obtained my license originally, to make a copy for me and he did so.

On my way home I stopped in Wellington, New Zealand, and had it recorded again.

Many of the nurses had romances, some of which ended more tragically than mine. One of the most attractive members of the corps rejoiced when her fiancé was ordered to Australia, away from the horrors of Bataan. But he was killed when flying near Darwin. She found his grave in Melbourne.

Another of my friends was married secretly before war began and she has come home alone to have her baby. Her husband is officially reported missing. Another had a chance to come back to America, but requested permission to stay in Australia with the man she expects to marry when the war is over and she will no longer be needed as an Army nurse.

Our tale after we were ordered from Corregidor on April 28 is full of weariness and heartbreaks, but has none of the stark tragedy of the sieges of Bataan and Corregidor. We were scheduled to leave the Rock by launch and were to meet a PBY flying boat out in the bay. It was a bright moonlight night. Planes were flying overhead constantly and we waited until 11 o'clock before we could take off. From then on until 7 o'clock the next morning we were trying to contact the plane.

So perfect was the co-ordination between launch and plane that we did not hear the plane's motor until we were at its side. We climbed aboard. We had planned to land on another island, but the fog was so heavy that the plane had to float around on the bay. Finally the pilot tried a landing and hit a reef, cutting a small hole in the bottom of his ship. Luckily it could be repaired easily.

At our island destination, we were greeted by natives, all wearing odd costumes, and chewing betel nut. A native bus carried us to a small camp of American soldiers, who were having mess. They immediately treated us to peanut butter sandwiches and hot cakes. This was about 7 A. M.

We ambled on by bus to a hotel, where we had a regular breakfast of scrambled eggs, biscuits, and coffee. At 12 noon we ate again—fried chicken, beans, bread, cake, and tea. It was time then to bump back over the dirt road to meet the plane. As we rode along, the natives would rush out and hold up their fingers in the sign of Victory. On the edge of the water we waited for two or three hours.

Finally the plane was ready, and we were taken out to it on native bancas—narrow boats balanced by bamboo rigging. Once inside the cabin there was another solemn moment. The plane was so heavily loaded with passengers and cargo that we made a three-

PRINCESS MARY WHITE



SHE'S just seven years old, she lives at 514 Plum Street, her father is plain Bill White. Most people notice her pigtails and her blue eyes, but they never guess they're in the presence of royalty.

But we know!

Maybe that's because we know more about her kingdom—the kingdom she'll be queen of one day—than these people. It's no ordinary kingdom, this—it combines the best features of all the fairy stories you ever read rolled into one. Instead of an ordinary marble palace, she'll have a real home made of inexpensive materials that you haven't even heard of yet, flooded with sunlight, and opening on the whole outdoors.

Instead of a pumpkin coach, she'll drive a car such as you have never dreamed of, and fly a plane as readily as you would drive a car. Plastic shoes will be her glass slippers. And her servants will all be electric, for electricity, in modern electric appliances for cooking, heating, cooling, and cleaning, is just about the best servant man has ever had.

Where is this fairyland? It's right here in America, tomorrow!

But how can we be sure that this is not just another fairy tale? Because American industry has already made enough discoveries and developments to reveal to us the shape of things to come. New materials like plastics, new developments like television, new sciences like electronics, assure us of this—and promise even more.

Today's job is fighting for that better world. But when tomorrow comes, American industry, once again busy producing things to make living better, will help to make tomorrow's young men and women more truly princes and princesses than the heroes of yesterday's fairy tales. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

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and-a-half-mile run before we could take off. When we arrived at Darwin, Australia, we discovered that we had harbored a stowaway, one of the soldiers from the lonely encampment.

On the trip to Darwin, the plane got off its course and we were flying over the Jap base at Kupang before we discovered where we were. Next we caused an air-raid alarm at Darwin because we gave the wrong signals. But we made it and were met by the Australian navy. After we had a good rest in Australia we were sent home to San Francisco, and then on to our own homes. We all were given a month's leave before going on duty again. . . .

As I think back over Bataan I realize that the morale of the nurses was wonderful. No one griped or complained. We were terribly frightened and we longed for peace and home, but none of us ever broke down and indulged in hysterics. It meant a great deal to the wounded and sick men to have American women to give them the expert care their mothers and wives would have wanted for them.

It was a wildly inspiring experience that I hope no Army or Navy nurses will ever be called upon to endure again.

The girls who are well enough want to go

back to the front. I probably will go on duty at the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, so as to be near my parents until I am strong again. For a while I want to have a permanent address, so that any message from Boots will find me.

I am proud to have been one of Uncle Sam's nurses when I was so desperately needed, and I hope that every nurse in the country who is eligible will sign up in the First Reserve of the Red Cross for service with the Armed Forces.

Our country needs every one of them.

THE END ★★

Afraid of Nothing

(Continued from page 23)

that calendar of action she had been following almost blindly for several months, but a decision that she had a part in, that she could follow. She was not going to enter that horrid house. All along she had wondered if in the end she would, and now she was sure she would not. She was going to do what was natural, what other women did, what was possible to her as well as to them. She was glad, with a relief that flooded her.

After a while she found a motion-picture house where she could sit and think in the dark. And some time later in the early evening she went into a small shop that sold hamburgers and had one with coffee, and read the last edition of an evening paper. She wondered with scorn why she was so concerned over her own fate, why it took so much of her time, when tragedy was being served up to thousands at a time. And at this narration of death a second surprising and involuntary reaction came over her, a satisfaction that she was not killing anything that could live.

Her vitality rose, and she felt herself vowing without words that, no matter what came, this was not going to be allowed to degrade her or to make her a cheap, shabby drab.

FINALLY back at her hotel at nine o'clock, she found a pressure of messages from Madeline. She had called at intervals, leaving a first message to ask Sue to dine with an informal party and a final message to urge her to join them if possible in the Rainbow Room.

Sue threw the messages in the wastebasket with immediate refusal, and then, as the prospect of the long night began to stretch before her, she changed her mind. She would go—why not? Why lie here in bed and think of dreary immediacies and a harder time ahead when she could go where there would be people to help her forget, where she could at least reach out and touch fun even if she couldn't hold it for herself? She chose a dress and turned on a bath.

The party was in plain sight as she entered the restaurant. She saw Madeline's white, exotic face, Kelly's glossy, shoe-polish hair, a girl with a flower thrust back of her ear, other people she didn't know. There was Presley Scott's cheek with the identifying scar across

it, and, with his back to her so that there was no escape after she realized he was in the company, the shock of Timothy Condell.

Quick, welcoming greetings gave her at least an instant to possess herself. Kelly's cordial, "Here's a friend of yours I met today and couldn't detach when he heard you were here," and Madeline's, "It was a spur-of-the-minute party, and I've been practically putting the FBI on you to get you here!"

Sue met Timothy's eyes, analyzing her, remembering everything, holding up his manner toward her until he saw how she would react to his being there. His glance was curious, almost shrewd, it seemed to her. No help there. But she didn't want any help from him.

She was conscious immediately that she must guard against something else. Madeline was watching her meet Tim. Madeline must be put off; Madeline might be trying out her reaction. She must be completely and deliberately deceived, convinced that Timothy Condell had no part in the situation which Sue had confided to her. "So be cordial to him," Sue directed herself, "be very easy; put her off the track. Don't show a trace of self-consciousness. Madeline must never guess. And Tim must not; he least of all."

"Hello, Tim, how are you? Nice to see you. I thought that they kept you in Washington along with the Lincoln Memorial. . . . Presley, it's been a hundred years since I saw you."

Her place was between Tim and Kelly when all the introductions were over. Tim kept on being cautious with her for a while, and she knew that he was remembering that last scene, when she had practically put him out of her house and done her best to insult him. "Cancel that out now. Show him what you can be like on a party with a lot of other people. He's never seen you like that. Be gay. Have fun. Give him a picture to remember."

"Did you get all that work done?" he asked. "I guess so. More or less. Anyway, I'm on a holiday now."

"Good for you. You deserve a holiday. A couple of them!"

"I'm going to take a long one. It's beginning tonight."

"Yes, you look as if you were out for a good time. And more beautiful than ever."

"Don't let a word or look of his get under the surface," she cautioned herself.

"You've been learning in Washington how to butter the girls up," she said. "Are you married yet?" Sue turned to Madeline and said, "Did you know that Olivia Ferguson has a bride picked out for Tim? A beautiful, dark girl called Mildred something."

"Mil Merrick—we used to be at Miss Hall's together. She's in Washington now."

"Naturally," said Sue. "So's Tim."

"She's staying with her uncle. He's been pulled back into the naval service," Tim remarked coolly. "She's a nice girl."

"But I had Tim picked out for you, Sue," protested Madeline.

"Work on that, will you, Mrs. Shaw?" asked Tim.

But he wasn't in earnest. The talk sounded joking and gay, not poisoned or full of meaning. "It's not this man," decided Madeline Shaw. "Maybe it's Bill Briggs who's the father, as I first wondered. What a mess! He's no good to anybody. Could it possibly be Charley Cameron? He was wild about her. But Sue knows a lot of men. I may not know him at all. It's none of my business, and she'll wash this whole incident out and forget it, all right. But one of these days something will catch up with her."

"I like your New York mood," said Tim. "I understand it better than some of your other ones."

"Yes, it's pretty transparent," said Sue.

"I MADE a fool of myself last time I saw you, and I was sorry afterward, but I didn't know what I could do about it."

"Nothing."

"That's what I did. But I was afraid that you'd decided to hate me."

"Hate you? No."

"You're sure you don't?"

"I'm perfectly sure," she told him, smiling, and gave her next smile to a man across the table whom she had never seen before, and who was adding her up with great admiration.

"Thanks," Tim said quite simply.

Her mind whirled. "Don't be alone with him tonight. This hurts."

"What's happening in Washington now?" "Everything from bad to worse. I'm going back on the one o'clock train."

"That's good," she thought. And at the same minute she knew that meant there were only two hours and then he would be gone.

"I was going to write you," said Tim casually, "but I never got to doing it. I wanted to tell you that maybe I could fix up what you wanted in Washington. If you still would like to go down and meet some people in the know and give them your ideas, it can be worked."

"The pay-off," she said to herself. "Here it is."

"Don't bother—it was just a notion."

"It was a pretty good notion, as a matter of fact. They are scouting for some expert advice in just your line. Of course, that layout is going to change a dozen times in the next twelve months. But there are a few key people you ought to get in touch with. Not right away, I should think. But in the fall, when the consumer plans shake down a little, you should come down and talk it over."

"What are you urging Sue to do so earnestly," Madeline called. "I have to be consulted on Sue's plans. She's just a child, for all her worldly ways."

"Can she go to Washington in September?"