

The Modern Florence Nightengale

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College '44

She carries no lamp, nor does she force hard bitten, callous medical officials to bandage open wounds, yet I think Florence Nightengale would gladly, perhaps even a bit enviously, approve her modern counterpart.

Certainly she is not one staunch individual braving a storm of criticism and opposition alone. Probably any enthusiastic American would readily agree, maybe even boast, that there are hundreds of her kind, Yesterday she was "The Rose Of No Man's Land" and today she is an "Angel Of Mercy." As typical of her contemporaries I present a young lady, who, doubtless, you have "met" in your nightly meanders through the funny sheet of your daily newspaper Miss Taffy Tucker, of Milton Caniff's comic strip "Terry And The Pirates."

Florence Nightengale would probably envy Taffy, not only because our Blonde heroine was joyously welcomed into the foreign service division of the American Red Cross, so that she was on hand, alert and ready to serve when disaster struck, but also because Taffy is now a commissioned second lieutenant in the United States Army.

Going beyond and above duty, Taffy escaped from the besieged Phillipines, with a group of ill and injured refugees, who pressed their way through jungle wilderness and as many perils as the most daring western thriller affords, until they came at last to a forlorn medical unit in the China interior, with Taffy still in possession of her starched white uniform.

As the only experienced nurse of the army medical station she organized and trained a staff of Chinese nurses, assisted at all operations, supervised hospital supplies and assumed a vast number of other duties so that she was often on thirty-six or forty-eight hour duty, without rest.

The feverish, suffering, "Fighting Tigers" do not kiss the shadows of

their ministering angel who soothes their brows and eases their hangovers. Instead they "dish out" a good bit of "kidding" and "razzing;" yet as she "hands it back" Taffy Tucker feels her reward well worth her efforts, for she understands the mixed emotions of thanks and gratitude which are veiled behind those teasing "jibs."

And so I give give you a modern Florence Nightengale. Today the nucleus of the army's morale, a God-sent angel of efficiency in a field dressing-station, and a "queen" of the army canteen.

Pullman Pandemonium

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HIGH SCHOOL, '43

My eyes strained to hold that last vision of things familiar and stretched the limits of sight as we sped away into the blackness, an almost tangible blackness that held none of the things or people I had been so close to all my life. It was a pitiless blackness that engulfed the image that had been so material only a few seconds ago, though I cried out for it with every fiber of my being.

I stood at the top of the steps as the porter clanged the door shut, the banging and screeching of the train connections as they settled in their positions for their trek across-country, seemed to envelope me in a chaos of sound and confusion. The night whirling by outside seemed to whisper, "Hurry, hurry, hurry," and I felt as if the train were leaping ahead at a dizzy speed as I strained every sense in the opposite direction.

Finally, I pulled myself back to reality and turned blindly toward the nearest light, struggling to keep my balance on the lurching platform as I clutched the doorknob and pushed.

The door gave way just as the train shot around a curve, and I was literally thrown through the door into a pompous, portly gentleman who looked as shocked as I was. We both muttered a few indistinguishable

words of pardon as we vainly tried to recover ourselves and our belongings in the swaying narrow passage. Just as I would reach for my purse, the train would give a particularly energetic lur-u-urch, and the object of my attention would slide in the opposite direction, as I skidded skittishly after it, coming perilously close to bumping heads with the pillowy gentleman with whom I had collided. I had rash thoughts of not caring in the least whether I did collide with my companion in this nightmare again, as long as I got out of there with the sanity and possessions I had entered with.

By this time I was numb to any more humiliating experiences and made my way determinedly in the general direction of my berth, wondering how I could stand four, long, gruesome days of this. Just as my imagination reached its height, the train came to a bone-jarring halt, and I plunged, suitcase first, into the nearest berth. I felt someone thrashing violently around, and I thought desperately of crawling under the berth and spending the night with the suitcases, but since this proved impractical, my next impulse was flight, and quickly, too, for by now the occupant was muttering inarticulate words through gritted teeth, and I knew quite well the thoughts that prompted them.

I picked myself up and stumbled hastily down the aisle. I imagined furious, indignant eyes literally boring holes in me from between drawn pullman curtains, as I bumped into first one and then the other. I resolved that if I ever found my berth, I would shut myself in and hibernate for the entire trip to avoid the vengeance of my victims. I wondered if *this* was the manner in which one made social contacts on the train.

At last I discovered my berth after a long expedition up and down the car, peeking furtively at the numbers in the half light. I drew the curtains apart and threw my bag in and then clambered in on top of it. I was exhausted now and I just sat, or half sat and half-lay, considering my next move of brilliant strategy. Here I was