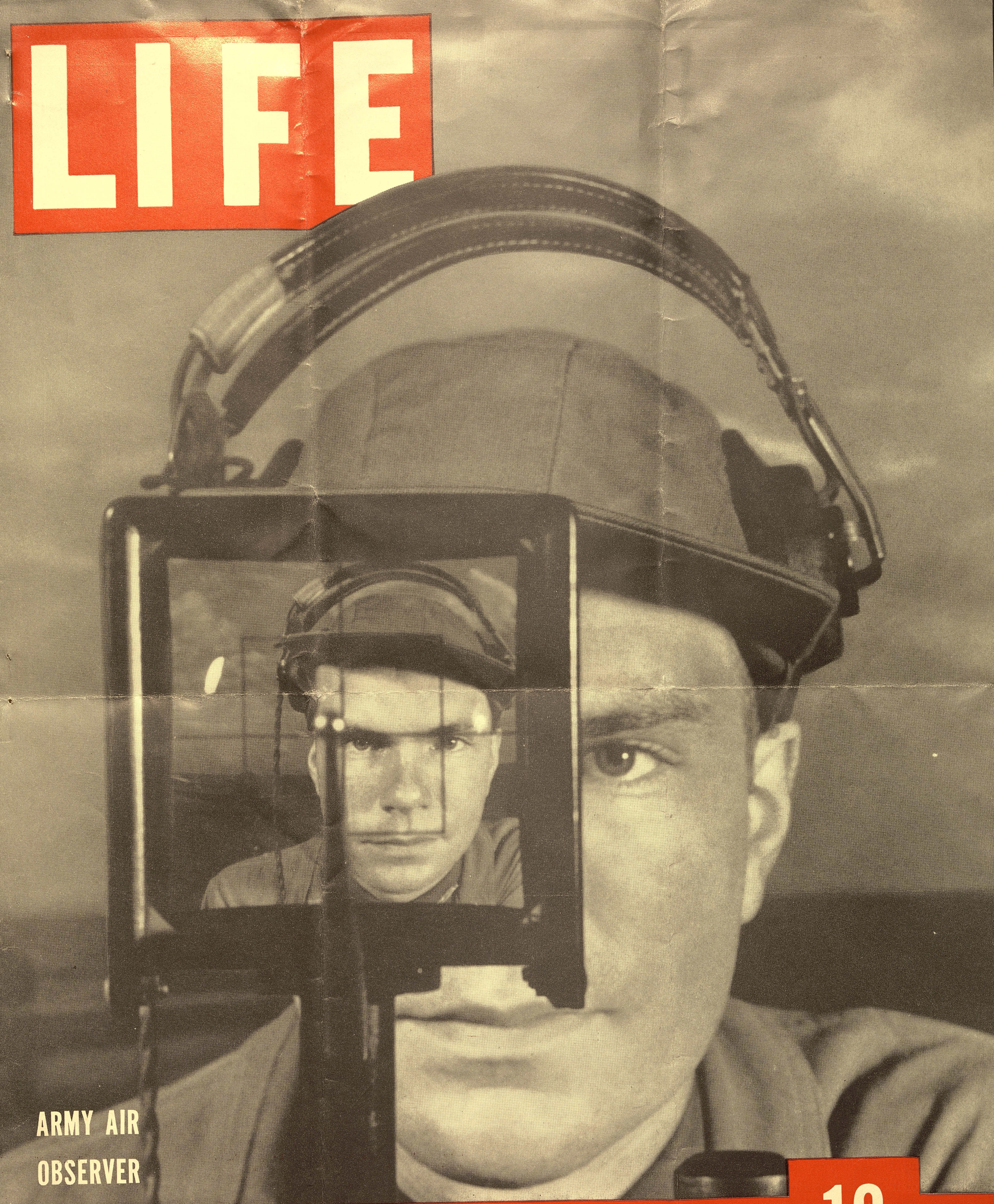


LIFE



ARMY AIR
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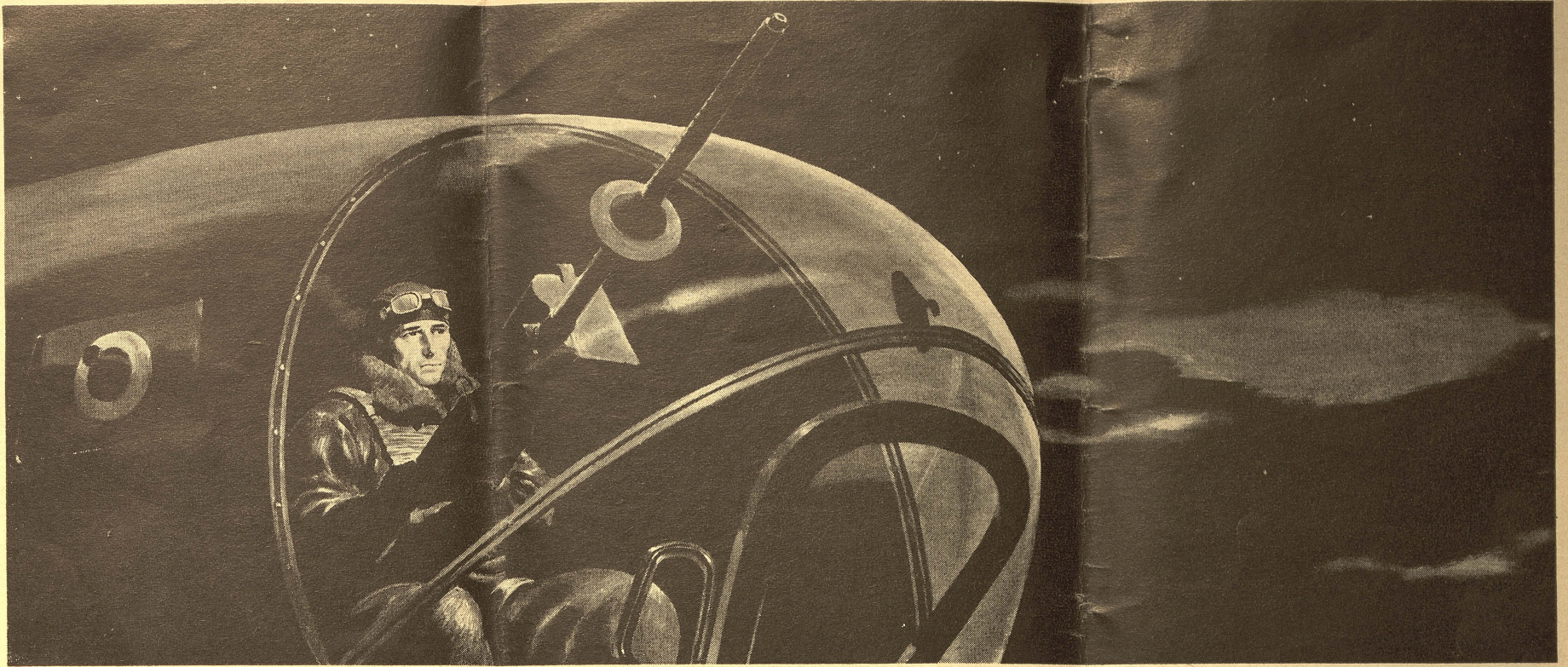


Till it be morrow

Parting has its compensations. Deep pride, for one . . . and the secure knowledge that he goes well, warmly, and handsomely clad in the finest of woolens. Yes, it is highly possible that the resolute lines of his "O.D.'s" . . . like those of your own spring suit . . . are the fruits of Forstmann looms. Sturdy yet trim, these fine virgin wool fabrics now uniform much of our armed forces. That is why you come upon the famous Forstmann label less often today . . . why finding it in stores, on clothes or piece-goods, is a memorable event. Heed it well . . . for it denotes a costume of constant grace, one which can become your good companion for the duration. Forstmann Woolen Company, Passaic, New Jersey.



Invest in Victory - Buy War Bonds and Stamps



"UNTIL I COME BACK"...

WE'RE over 20,000 feet now (the coffee's frozen in the thermos) and that's the Zuyder Zee below. We must be halfway across Holland.

Funny thing what happens to a fellow . . .

Those are the same old stars and the same old moon that the girl and I were looking at last summer.

And here I am—flying 300 miles an hour in a bubble of glass, with ten tons of T.N.T.

Somehow—this isn't the way I imagined it at all, the day I enlisted. Don't get me wrong—sure I was sore at the Japs and the Nazis—but mostly, it was the thrill of the Great Adventure.

Well, I know now—the *real* reasons—why I'm up here paying my first call on Hitler.

It's only when you get away from the U. S. A. that you find out what the shootin's really about and what you're fighting for.

I learned from that Czech chap in London. The refugee, the nice old fellow who reminded me of

Dad except for the maimed hands. I was dumb enough to ask about it. "I got that," he said, "for writing a book the Nazis didn't like . . ."

Then there was the captured German pilot who screamed and spit when Izzy Jacobs offered him a cigarette . . . how do fellows get that way?

And that crazy Polish pilot—the fellow who rammed the Messerschmitt. After the funeral I learned what was eating him. Seems as how he has a sister in Warsaw who had been sent to a German Officers' Club . . .

I hope to hell Hitler's home tonight . . . light and wind are perfect.

Yes, sir, I've met 'em by the dozens over here—guys warped by hate—guys who have had the ambition beaten out of them—guys who look at you as if you were crazy when you tell 'em what America is like.

They say America will be a lot different after this war.

Well, maybe so.

But as for me, I know the score . . . you learn fast over here. I know now there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live.

When you find a thing that works as good as that—brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench.

And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drug store—I will murder the guy.

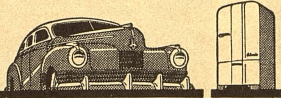
I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue . . .

I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs, or quit if I want to.

I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there.

That's *my home town* . . .

Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back.

NASH  **KELVINATOR**

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Published in the belief that here at Nash-Kelvinator we carry a double responsibility—not only to build the weapons for victory but also to build toward the kind of a future, an American future, our boys will want when they come back.

★ Reprints of this Advertisement suitable for framing will be sent on request ★



Plane is sighted, circling, and the survivors laugh, wave and raise the V-salute. Long-haired Elspeth Duncan in bow was a better rower than the seasick lascars (*right*) from Goa in India. Head-scarf

at right belongs to Eisenhower's Irish driver, pretty Kay Summersby. Notice how crowded boat is. Pretty girl at the left is Jeanne Dixon of Washington, D. C., widow of a British air attaché.



Lifeboats that saved their lives are tied together and left behind the rescue ship. There were 17 boats, carrying between 55 and 100 passengers each. Bourke-White felt sad at abandoning boats.



Margaret Bourke-White drinks hot Ovaltine on the rescuing destroyer with David Herbert, second son of the 15th Earl of Pembroke, friend of the late Duke of Kent, radio officer of the transport.

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS

TORPEDOED ON AN AFRICA-BOUND TROOPSHIP, A LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER FINDS THEM AS BRAVE IN WAR AS MEN

by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

The torpedo did not make as loud a crash as I had expected, nor did the ship list as much as it does in the movies. But somehow everyone on the sleeping transport knew almost instantly that this was the end of her.

Tossed out of my upper bunk, I snapped on the light switch. The power had gone. I managed to find my flashlight and began a race into my clothes. I remember deciding whether I should take time to put on a belt and tie. I decided in favor of the belt and against the tie. Should I wear my greatcoat or trenchcoat? The trenchcoat was waterproof but the greatcoat was warmer. I decided on the greatcoat.

My two Scottish roommates were nursing sisters, so-called not from any religious convictions but because they belonged to Queen Alexandria's Military Nursing Reserve Service. Sister Ismay Cooper scabbled through the bureau drawers for her money and Sister Violet MacMillan pulled on her trousers and tore the curlers out of her hair. Even in the faint flashlight beam I was impressed by the trousers. We had joked about them during the convoy voyage because the nursing sisters, operating under "Old Battle-axe," their strict Scottish matron, had been forbidden to wear slacks except for a torpedoing.

When it came to choosing which of my six cameras I should save I didn't hesitate a second, for I had worked that out carefully in advance. Instead of packing my musette bag with extra clothing as instructed, I had stored in it my Rolleiflex and an emergency film supply, together with one other camera, my favorite Linhof, and the five most valuable of its 22 lenses. I put on my greatcoat, crammed my field cap into my pocket, slipped my lifebelt over my shoulders, my helmet on my head, and started up the companionway.

Although it was less than three minutes before we were out of our cabin, everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. Up from the hold of the transport came two orderly lines of troops, one filing toward the starboard side, the other toward port. Instead of going to my boat station, No. 12 on B deck, I raced up to a spot under the bridge which I had also selected beforehand. In case of enemy action I had arranged with the commanding officer to stay on deck and take pictures. As I reached the top flight of steps I was hoping that dawn had come so I would be able to use a camera, but I came out under a night sky gleaming with moon and stars. "Just like Jerry to do this at night," I said to myself. One of the ship's crew came running over to send me down to my boat station. But when I explained "I am the LIFE photographer and I have permission to be here," he went on.

The ship's deck tilted like a silver tea tray to port side. The gun stations on their pedestals looked like giant mushrooms silhouetted against the sky.

As long as there had been a possibility of working I had felt no great need for haste, but now that I had decided there was not enough light for pictures my boat station suddenly became the most desirable place in the world. I was sure that lifeboat No. 12 must have pulled out by now, and it was with grateful surprise that I found my group of American nurses and British sisters just begin-

Last year LIFE assigned Miss Bourke-White to the U. S. Air Forces as the first woman photographer ever so accredited. She covered the bomber command in England (LIFE, Oct. 19), then in December boarded a troopship for North Africa, where she arrived just at the turn of the year. She reached there by destroyer, the troopship having been torpedoed enroute, and it is this experience which she tells on these pages, with her own photographs.

ning to climb over the rail into the boat under the calm direction of "Old Battle-axe." I just had time to fall into my regular place in line, which I had occupied so many times during daily drill.

In the lifeboat I was astonished to find myself in water up to my hips. The torpedo splash had flooded the lifeboats on the port side aft. I hugged my cameras to my chest to keep them dry but as we made our quivering descent columns of water began pouring down on us from lifeboat No. 11, which was swinging over our heads. Its crew was pulling out plugs to empty the hull before lowering away. On our interminable descent I looked up to see the ship's hulk rising against cloud banks of pure silver. "If that were the sun instead of the moonlight on those clouds," I thought, "this would be a perfect K2 sky!" Just then the attention of all of us was caught by a heavy, dangling chain which swung cruelly back and forth while we ducked and twisted our heads out of the way.

We were in the water at last. The sea, which from above had looked so calm, rose up against us wave after wave and began beating us back against the side of the ship. Our crew strained at the oars. There was so little space left in our crowded boat that we started singing, bending our bodies in rhythm to give the rowers room to move their arms. Just as we had created a small margin between ourselves and the big ship, down came lifeboat No. 11 with its load of British sisters. Its crew had been unable to replace the plugs properly and it filled to the gunwales. A couple of dozen sisters were washed over the side. Some of them were carried immediately back into their flooded boat on the next wave. Others started swimming toward rafts which were tossed from the upper deck.

Helmets used as bailing buckets

We tried to force our way toward the swimmers but our rudder broke and we found ourselves being drawn magnetically toward lifeboat No. 14. Getting clear of No. 14 was as long a job as I have ever known. Our ten oarsmen were Goanese from the Portuguese colony of Goa, India. They had made excellent dining-room stewards on the troopship, but this was a different kind of a job. We were not swaying our bodies now just to give them elbow room. All of us who were close enough to reach them were helping with the oars.

"Start bailing!" shouted our skipper, and those of us who were wearing helmets took them off and began to dip and pour. I emptied the batteries out of my synchronizing gun and took the cup-

like case off my telephoto lens. They made two more small vessels for bailing.

The two nurses opposite me began trembling in a peculiar way. At first I thought it was fright. In less than five minutes 40 nurses in that boat were as seasick as only human beings in a tossing lifeboat can be. I admired the two American nurses opposite me who kept on bailing between spasms of seasickness.

Toward the stern of the big ship a lifeboat was still trying to free itself. Its crew pushed and struggled until one of the Tommies dived under the lifeboat to disengage its ropes from the propeller. The big ship settled down a little lower now, its great bulk listing more sharply to port. In the moonlight I could see that her side was a network of rope ladders, and clinging to the one nearest us was a cluster of nursing sisters. The nurse on the lowest rung was being dipped into and raised out of the sea time after time and the end of the ladder was whirling her about dizzily. A raft drifted close enough so that we could pull a girl into our boat. She had a broken leg and the sisters sitting behind me held her tight to keep her from bouncing back and forth with each swell.

We were bobbing farther away from the big ship but were still too close to lifeboat No. 14, which was also maneuvering a rescue from a raft. Just as a soldier let go of the raft to reach for a rope from the lifeboat, a wave flung the raft against him and cracked his skull. The skipper of No. 14 dived overboard, caught hold of the soldier and the two were dragged back into the lifeboat. Before the night was over the soldier had died. During all this we heard a voice from a distant raft shriek out, "I am all alone! I am all alone!" over and over. We tried to steer our rudderless craft toward the cry but it drifted farther and farther away until it was lost in distant silence. Now the swell was carrying us toward one of two destroyers which stayed behind as the convoy plowed on without us. "Keep away from us! We're dropping depth charges!" There was little we could do to guide our crippled boat but the deep roar of those depth charges was music to us.

Late the afternoon before we had scored a "probable" on a submarine. I knew that we had been pursued for three days, and the talk among the few passengers in the know had been that a pack of subs was after us. The chase followed the most savage and relentless storm that the troopship's captain had experienced in 45 years at sea. For five days we had battled our way through waves sometimes 60 ft. high. The furniture was roped back in the lounge after several passengers had been injured by flying sofas. One afternoon the piano broke loose and rushed back and forth like a great mad beast until it crashed against the wall with its legs broken.

That all seemed like ancient history now. Three whole hours ago we had left the big boat for the little one. Our steering problems were under better control. The Indian rowers in their white turbans had succumbed to dizziness and a few of us who seemed seasick-proof were dragging at the oars under the direction of the little quartermaster who was acting as our skipper. A splendid big Scottish girl, Elspeth Duncan, one of General



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1. A perfectionist like you asks me that!! Would you jump with only one ski? Would I paint with only one color? Not likely!



2. Just as the artist "multi-blends" many colors to achieve perfection in a masterpiece... the matchless flavor of Fine Arts Whiskey comes from the "multi-blending" of several great whiskeys. That's why Manhattans long for Fine Arts!



3. Yes! Golden-smooth whiskeys are tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskeys... then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And what's more... each whiskey is a full 5-years old for full-rounded mellowness!



FINE ARTS WHISKEY

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF

The straight whiskeys in this product are 5-years old—90 proof.
Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York.

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS (continued)

Eisenhower's clerical staff, made the best rower of all. Rafts with soldiers clinging to them were still drifting by and we managed to intercept three, picking up a total of nine soldiers. Some joked as we dragged them over the gun-wales, but some had a glazed look in their eyes from shock and exposure which I have never seen before and hope never to see again. We peeled off our sweaters for them and our diminutive skipper wrapped them in yellow-hooded oilskins. "You're all right now, mate," he would say as he tied the capes around each one. "You look just like the donkey in the Christmas play."

We had the boat pretty well bailed out by now. The nurses made the girl with the broken leg as comfortable as they could on the floor boards. I saw that she had no socks and, remembering that I had wrapped one of my lenses in a spare pair, I dug them out of my camera case. The nurses drew them on her feet as gently as they could.

Near us a lifeboat had roped together and was towing three heavily loaded rafts. The sisters in the boat were passing lighted cigarets back to the men on them. From the rafts came snatches of a song: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine." Sunshine, I thought. That was all I needed to record this drama in pictures instead of words. I felt in my pocket for my notebook and discovered with joy that my fountain pen was still stuck in the cover, so I started jotting down notes in the moonlight.

People began joking now. The irrepressible Kay Summersby, Eisenhower's pretty Irish driver, announced her breakfast order. She wanted her eggs sunny-side up and no yolks broken. One soldier said he'd take his brandy with a dash of hot milk in it. Alfred Yorke, our little skipper, confided to me the story of his life—how he had been a baby photographer before he went to sea.

At last the dawn—and pictures

The moon was sinking, incredibly large and golden. As it lost itself in the sea, the night seemed to darken and the stars blazed brighter than ever. We had drifted away from our little community of boats but could still see dimly the shapes of the mother ship and a destroyer. From the destroyer we could just barely hear a voice through the megaphone say something about towing the ship away, then something we couldn't quite catch about "survivors." A new loneliness came upon us while we watched the fading outline of our mother ship.

"Survivors," I thought. This was the first time I had thought of myself as a survivor. I made a resolution not to allow myself to become impatient until the end of the sixth day. We had each been given a can labelled "emergency ration," about the size of a tin of sardines. It was stamped: "Purpose of contents: to be consumed only when no other rations of any kind are procurable." I resolved not to let myself think again about that can until the morning of the 14th day.

It was growing light now. "Let's tidy up the ship," Skipper Yorke said, and began throwing odd lengths of rope and bits of planks overboard. "Toss out those helmets to save weight," he ordered. But no one would part with a helmet because too many nurses were still getting seasick into them. Around the complete circumference of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



After rescue, two British nurses cheerfully swig hot Ovaltine served by the destroyer crew. In background is Elspeth Duncan, clerk with the American Field Headquarters.



SCENE FROM THE WARNER BROS. MOTION PICTURE, "AIR FORCE"

There's a new glamour girl in Hollywood

She doesn't wear sweaters, or pose for glamour photographs. She's never seen at night clubs. And though her autograph is well-known in certain French and German cities, nobody has ever asked her for it.

Yet Mary Ann — star of Warner Brothers' new picture, "Air Force" — passed every screen test with flying colors. And that's no more than you'd expect from a Boeing Flying Fortress!*

"Air Force" is the story of a Boeing B-17, and the gallant hell-for-leather crew that flew her to glory . . . via Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Manila,

the Coral Sea and Australia. Made in collaboration with the Army Air Forces, it's a picture to make your heart skip a beat . . . then beat faster.

What the camera *doesn't* show is an invisible supporting cast: the Boeing designers and engineers, the technicians and researchers, the craftsmen and workmen who originated the Flying Fortress and now keep a steady stream of B-17's and other war planes flowing from Boeing plants — in Seattle, Wichita and Canada.

More than twenty-five different kinds of engineering know-how are represented by several

thousand Boeing engineers. Daily they challenge the word "impossible," in a relentless, 'round-the-clock effort to do the job *better*, and do it in *less time*.

Some day this effort will be applied to making life richer and happier, in a peaceful world. For Boeing engineering talent and experience, while devoted primarily to the continued advancement of aeronautics, also encompass resources which are relevant to almost every phase of civilized life.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

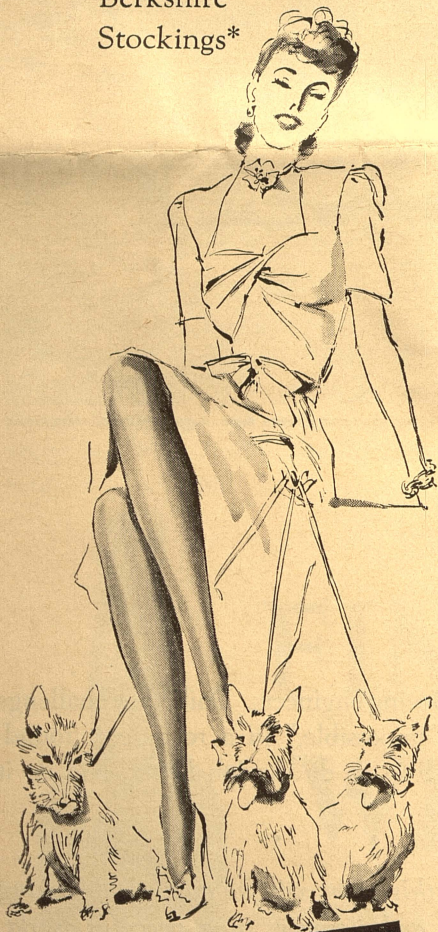
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*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

*Three of a kind
means
longer-lasting
stockings*

Berkshire Stockings*
should be
rotated
wisely
in sets of three

One pair to wear
a pair to wash
and one to dry
adds to their wear . . .
keeps you looking
your well-dressed best
in lovely
trim-fitting
full-fashioned
Berkshire
Stockings*



**Berkshire
STOCKINGS**

*in rayon or cotton lisle

Ask your salesgirl about stocking care!

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS (continued)

horizon, bands of tumbled clouds were picking up the light of dawn—a photographer's dawn!

The skipper, an enthusiast about photography, as any baby photographer would be, helped hold me up on the gunwales of the bobbing lifeboat to get as favorable a viewpoint as possible for snapping my fellow passengers. One of the American nurses had unaccountably saved an orange which she passed out generously, section by section, as far as it would go. Then there was a hum in the sky and a British flying boat dipped over us while we waved back wildly.

A destroyer and hot drinks

After a few more hours we could make out the shape of our destroyer appearing over the horizon and by her interrupted course we guessed that she was picking up other survivors. She reached us after we had been eight hours in our lifeboats and as soon as we were dragged aboard her we were given cups of steaming Ovaltine. I climbed up to the gun station and photographed the last of our family of lifeboats as their occupants were helped to the deck. The man who had died from a cracked skull was handed up strapped to a pair of oars. Another boat yielded a soldier who had died from shock and exposure. Several nurses were brought up, suffering from sprained ankles, twisted arms and broken legs, and one Scottish sister was moaning about her back, crushed when she had to jump from the ship's ladder into a lifeboat. But the soldier who took all our hearts was sitting alone in the middle of his raft and when we drew close he raised his thumb toward our destroyer and shouted, "Hi, taxi!"

When the last survivor had been transferred, the destroyer pulled away, leaving behind us the deserted lifeboats which swept down our wake like empty walnut shells. I came back to the teeming deck where friends were greeting each other with cries of joy. I was delighted to find my two roommates, Sister Violet with a few curlers still stuck in her hair. I was happy too to find our ship's charming young radio officer, Lord David Herbert III, son of the Earl of Pembroke. He was groping through his pockets for a little box which luckily he had not left behind. In it was a pair of red-enameled cufflinks set with gold crowns which had belonged to his great friend, the Duke of Kent, and had been given to him as a keepsake by the Princess Marina.

Then everyone began fishing in his pockets. The beautiful Kay still had two precious possessions, her lipstick and her French-English "soldier's speak-easy." Lieutenant Ethel Westermann of Englewood, N. J., on her way to be chief nurse of the General Dispensary Headquarters, still had her rosary, and blonde, petite Jeanne Dixon of Washington, D. C., secretary to General Eisenhower, had saved her prayer book.

I found I still had my Short-Snorter bill. Anyone who has flown across an ocean is entitled to carry a signed dollar bill indicating membership in the Short-Snorters. When a Short-Snorter can catch another member without his bill he is entitled to collect a dollar fine. In the six months since my initiation, my bill had been signed

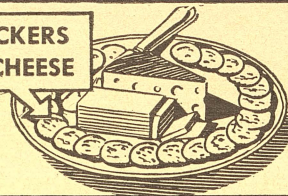
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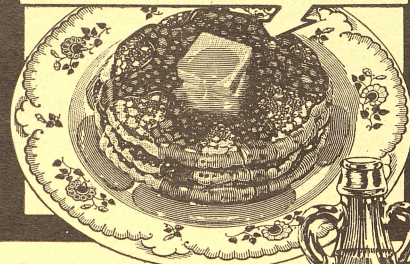
"Short-Snorter" bills, emblems of those who have flown an ocean, are signed by Waac Ruth Briggs and Bourke-White, who glued together U. S., Chinese and Algerian bills.

**THEY JUST
NATURALLY
GO TOGETHER!**

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● Vermont Maid Syrup adds the crowning touch to pancakes. Packed in Vermont—right in the heart of the maple sugar country—Vermont Maid Syrup is always rich in true maple sugar flavor. Get a jug today!



**Vermont Maid
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**HOLDS HIS LIFE IN THE
HOLLOW OF HIS HAND**

SPARKLET



**BULBS
Go to War**

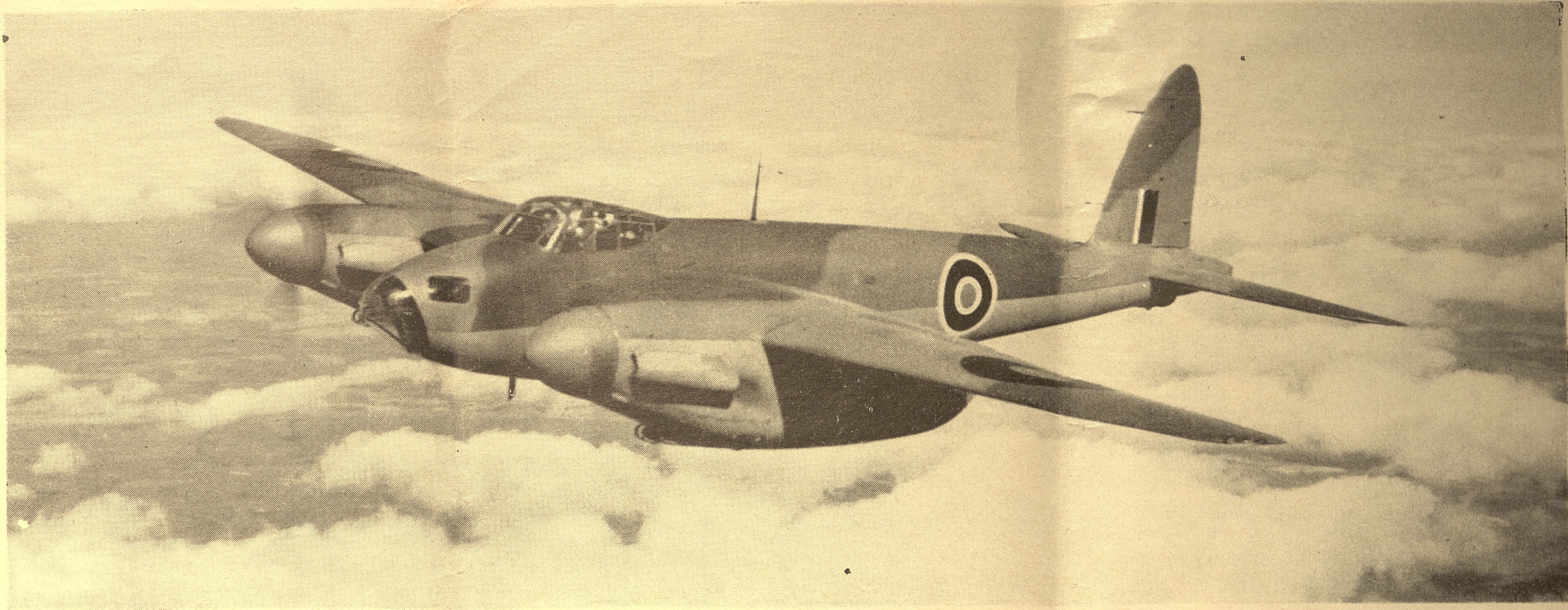
Once you drank to his health with home drinks mixed with a Sparklet Bulb and Syphon. Now these same little bulbs may save his life at sea. With a single motion, enough inflation is provided for a life-belt or vest to keep a man afloat until rescued. They add to the safety of our fighting forces on and over the sea.

**SPARKLET
BULBS AND SYPHONS**

for home use . . .
are still available
at some dealers.



SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS



The deadly new de Havilland *Mosquito* fighter-bomber

Who puts the buzz in the Mosquitoes?

THEY'RE AMAZING CRAFT, these lightning-fast PT boats the Navy has dubbed its "Mosquito Fleet."

Their exploits, in fact, are becoming legendary... as witnessed by this message to Lt.-Comdr. John D. Bulkeley from a superior officer...

*"Dear Buck: I really think your gang is getting too tough. The latest report is that 'three dive bombers were seen being chased over Mariveles Mountain by an MTB.' Don't you think that is carrying the war a bit too far?"**

This "kidding" comment referred to the amazing feats of Bulkeley's famous "expendables" and their PT boats in the Philippines.

In these boats, General Douglas MacArthur and President Quezon were spirited out of the Islands. Two PT boats aided in the rescue of Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker and his bomber crew. Off the Solomons... off North Africa...

*From "They Were Expendable," copyright, 1942, by W. L. White. By permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

in the English Channel, the PT has been in deadly and successful combat with the enemy.

The heart of the mile-a-minute torpedo boat, we're proud to add, is its bank of giant Packard super-marine engines—a precision-built brute of an aircraft-type engine.

That's the buzz that lets the PT boat give the Axis the business!

AND THERE'S ANOTHER MOSQUITO—the sensational new de Havilland "Mosquito" that's been giving the Axis headaches.

Nazis who've felt the lethal sting of its bristling armament or the earth-shaking *c-r-rump* of its belly-load shake their heads over the double dose of poison this fighter-bomber gives out.

Many a pair of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines that comes off our assembly lines ends up in this type of versatile new combat plane.

We're not only giving the Mosquito its buzz—but we're turning out gratifying quantities of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines for the British Hurricane and Lancaster, and our own Curtiss P-40F, the deadly *Warhawk*.

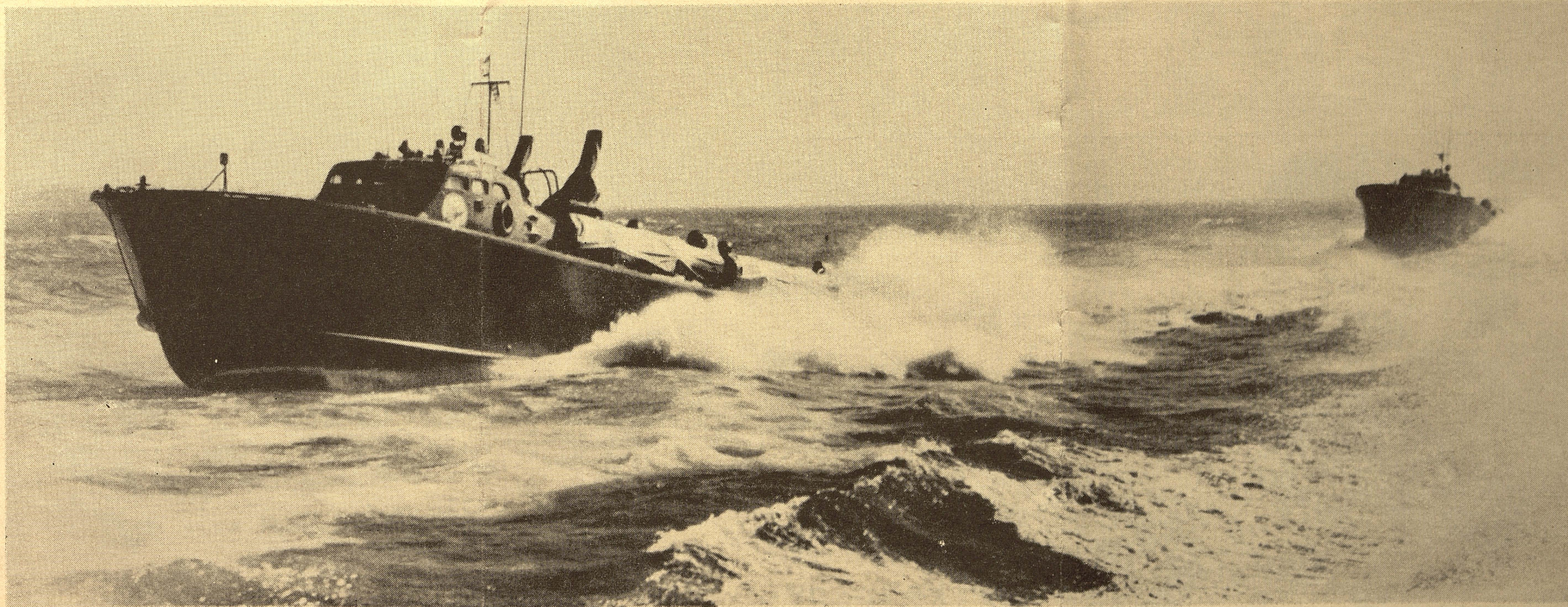
★ ★ ★

BUILDING PRECISION "JEWELLED" ENGINES by mass-production methods is nothing new at Packard. But this wartime job of ours means that thousands of skilled Packard craftsmen are constantly acquiring *new* knowledge and precision techniques—experience which is bound to carry over into a still finer precision-built Packard car after the war has been won.

Ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD

Precision - Built Power



OFFICIAL UNITED STATES NAVY PHOTO

PT boats in Uncle Sam's hard-hitting *Mosquito* fleet

"Oop wi' our glasses...
thi' better tae see our absent friends"

Invisible, too—but quickly discerned—is the distinctive quality of Teacher's that makes it so unique...

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HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended
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MADE IN SCOTLAND
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Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

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Please be patient if your grocer is temporarily out of EVERBEST PRODUCTS. Our armed forces must come first!

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The easy way to help keep food values in left-overs! Moist foods stay moist, dry foods stay dry... *Longer!*... in transparent, pliable, strong Waxtex. It's America's handiest food-saver!—The Menasha Products Company, Division of Marathon Paper Mills Company, Menasha, Wisconsin.

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USE WAXTEX FOR BETTER FOOD PROTECTION

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WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS (continued)

by Generals Spaatz, Clark and Doolittle, Prince Bernhard and Eddie Rickenbacker. I looked up to see Waac Ruth Briggs from Westerly, R. I., one of the first five Waacs sent on overseas service. I knew these five Waacs were members, having been sent over by Clipper. "Do you have your Short-Snorter bill?" I shouted. "Bet your sweet life," said Lieutenant [now Captain] Briggs. So on the deck of the destroyer we signed each other's bills.

The Torpedo Club is formed

Most of us carried the special currency issued on board the troopship by the British military authorities, to be used in North Africa where regular British and American currency is kept out of circulation so it can't find its way into enemy hands. We decided that a new organization, even more exclusive than the Short-Snorters, should be formed—the Torpedo Club. Membership bills would consist of 10-shilling notes of the military currency. Only people who had been torpedoed would be permitted to join. One of the Waacs started my bill by lettering on the top, "Property of Torpedo Peggy," meaning me, and we went around the destroyer exchanging signatures.

The nursing sisters were comparing experiences and white-haired Helen Freckleman from Edinburgh turned out to be the sister I had seen clinging to the bottom ladder-rung with the waves over her. "How long were you on that ladder?" I asked. "Half an hour," she replied. "I kept telling myself: I must concentrate on holding on with both hands. I must think about nothing else but holding on with both hands." I glanced down at those hands which had nursed the wounded of two wars. They were not young enough for such a stern assignment. But they had held.

I hunted up the girls who had managed to stay in flooded lifeboat No. 11. It had stopped sinking just as its gunwales were even with the water. Its buoyancy chambers had held it up, but until the girls were picked up seven hours later they had been in water up to their chests.

Two other boatloads of British nurses had been so far away from the destroyer and so tired from rowing that they dubbed themselves Oxford and Cambridge to keep up their spirits. Cambridge reached the destroyer half a length ahead of Oxford.

I climbed again to the gun station. Far over on the horizon our mother ship was still afloat. She was listing much lower to port now and destroyers were taking off all the troops that were left. The hundreds of survivors on our destroyer watched the mother ship disappear in the distance. She had meant something very special to all of us. She had stood by us through 60-ft. waves and 70-mile-an-hour gales. When wounded she had held up until the last living man was removed from her decks. Our destroyer picked up speed now and before the day was over we sighted the purple hills of Africa.



The purple hills of the coast of French North Africa rise before the cheerful survivors on the destroyer. Here Margaret Bourke-White ends her story of the torpedoing.