

They Were Expendable

By W. L. White

A tough year passes but Peggy clings to the dream for Lieutenant Bulkeley and Marshmallows for celebration supper. Lieutenant Bulkeley plans get-away to China. Peggy checks her patient's schedule.

CHAPTER 7

"It was a tough New Year's Eve for me, too," said Kelly, because we knew more or less what was going on. Then there was another reason. Some of the Army officers were throwing a little New Year's party with the nurses that night, and since this medical officer Peggy had been going with was just back from Bataan, of course I knew where she'd be.

"Along in the evening after sunset I walked out to the mouth of the tunnel and sat down, to watch the twilight of the old year die away. It had been a tough year, but the one ahead looked nurse. And here was I, useless for the war. In an hour or so I was from away off I could hear them playing the portable at the officers' party, and I remembered how cute Peggy had looked in her civilian dress when she danced, and why she didn't help a fellow soldier one of the other nurses I cheered up. She had to go back on duty presently, and she managed to sneak us out a couple of fair old bottles of Past beer, to celebrate on. But Peggy had because her boy friend had just been wounded three days before, and she was worried sick about him. She told me, and began to cry while she was telling it, that they were planning to lead him

to a hospital ship which was due to sail for Australia soon. She said she wouldn't mind being left behind and being captured by the Japanese—it wasn't that, it was because she was afraid his ship would be torpedoed—never get through.

"Just then I noticed someone sitting down on the other side of me—I turned and he was George. It was Peggy, either. She was wearing that cute fool-looking cotton-wool civilian dress.

"I couldn't figure it. Didn't you like the party? I asked. Wasn't it any good?"

"I don't know," she said. "I didn't go to the party."

"Didn't you asked?"

"Yes," she said. "I was asked. But it was New Year's, you see, and I thought it might be nice here."

"Not very many nice things happen to us during a war, but this was about the nicest that ever happened to me then, or any other time. It made me feel so good that between the two of us, we managed to sneak out a couple of fair old bottles of Past beer, to celebrate on. But Peggy had because her boy friend had just been wounded three days before, and she was worried sick about him. She told me, and began to cry while she was telling it, that they were planning to lead him

to a hospital ship which was due to sail for Australia soon. She said she wouldn't mind being left behind and being captured by the Japanese—it wasn't that, it was because she was afraid his ship would be torpedoed—never get through.

"I proved that later on when the doctor prescribed work for me to build back my strength, because I'd lost 30 pounds—and Peggy was assumed to go along with them because I would have to go so hard to take a look over hills and be sure Peggy would get it.

"Meanwhile Bulkeley was reporting to the Admiral daily, and he would talk over with me, as I was his second officer—for what we would do when our gas ran out. We had damned little left, and the Army couldn't spare us any. Our first plan was, when we got down to our minimum, to get out to Australia. The Navy patrol bomber had planted caches of gasoline among the islands like steppingstones, and the Admiral gave us their location. But the first steppingstone was Singapore, and the Japs were working their way down the peninsula, closer and closer to it. Could we get there first? Of course we wouldn't leave the hospital until all of our torpedoes were gone and we had just enough gas left to make the final run. But then, you know, Singapore fell and also the southern islands—Celebes and Cebu. The Japs had worked the cables gas was closed—that plan was out.

"So then we said, who wanted to go to Australia anyway? My job was to defend Manila Bay—wasn't that our part. In the end, we were left with it kept coming up, suppose the worst came to the worst—and Larson folded up—the whole

archipelago—even Java—what then? "The Bulkeley here hit on a real plan. When our gas was down to just what we could carry on our decks, instead of waiting around to get captured by the Japs, we'd take our torpedoes and the hospital ship to the coast of China, to continue the war. At first glance you'd say that was crazy—the Japanese holding most of the Chinese coast—but not the way the skipper had it thought out. He knew China from the years he'd spent out there on a gunboat while I was there on a destroyer.

"The Japs were closing in on Hong Kong—that was fine for us! We'd make our dash—shoot out last few remaining fish at their gathered transports just where they least expected an attack, and head north toward the realm of Swatow.

"Of course the Japs had that coast, too, but Bulkeley had worked out an answer, all in the matter of secrecy. He'd gotten in touch with Colonel Wong, the Chinese military observer. Wong had cabled Chungking to investigate the vicinity of Swatow, and a cable could be done.

"They said the Japs held the Swatow region thinly at most, but they had more than ten miles inland. So, at an agreed rendezvous, on the coast, Chungking would send a raiding party to meet us in the night, way to the beach and get us.

"There we would burn our boats—none useless with all torpedoes expended against Jap targets. The Chinese would take us to a long—but long enough to hustle us through that ten-mile Jap-held strip onto free Chinese soil.

"These trucks would take us to the nearest Chinese town, and fly to Chungking, and from there the four-motored American ferry would make plans to bring us back to the States.

"Where was the flaw? We couldn't see, unless somehow it leaked out. Besides that, only four 'living people' knew. They were Delaney, chief of staff, Colonel Wong, and our course the skipper here, who had worked out every detail.

"But before we left we knew there would be plenty of action ahead for us here, and Bulkeley was crazy to get out of here. If they let me get back to duty, I'd agree to anything—no matter how long it took for many hours a day, anything they said, just to get back even on a semi-duty basis.

"So we staved it for the next morning, when the ward doctor would be dressing my hand and about the time the head surgeon made his rounds. We faked him. I made my hand and he went to wash. Tell this bird you need me. I said to the skipper. "We really can't see Bulkeley, but just then Peggy overheard and queried the whole thing. "Certainly not," said Bulkeley, "but just then him go back to duty with his hand wide open!" That swung him back. "That's his crow's foot," said anything about it. "Two weeks of it and now look at your whole arm."

"I tried to argue—point out that if the MTB's went out on a mission, I could hold on with one arm as long as I had. Peggy had done it, and now he wouldn't listen.

"One of these days you're going to find an empty bunk," I said. I was gloomy all that next week, but Peggy said I was a fool. That there were plenty of well fit men to do my job. And that if I hadn't been so damned stubborn in the first place, and had got that hand treated in time, I'd never have come to the hospital. He'd never met her, and she would never have been able to break up my plan to get out, so it was all my fault!

"She's always had that cute way of seeming to storm at you and dress you down, so that you ended up by grinning and couldn't stay mad at anything.

"So it went along for another week, she leading me out for walks every day to get some of them 30 pounds back, and then one day we returned to find that Bulkeley had been by looking for me. He said he was going out on a raid that night, up to Subic Bay looking for Jap cruises. That he'd waited hoping to take me, but finally had to leave.

"It set me almost crazy. If I had been out on that damned raiding party with a pretty girl, I wouldn't have missed the raid. I was there, and he was up there tangoing with a cruiser, maybe getting killed, because the Japs had Subic Bay in their hands, and that it was almost suicide to go in.

"That night there was no news. I was up at 3:30—"Army dep. from the torpedoes boats?" I asked. "But he'd told me, yes, Bulkeley had come back, managed to stop a cruiser, and get away, but the other boat was missing—probably lost."

Next Chapter: Scrapper Torpedo Boat Tackles Jap Cruiser in Night.

BLONDIE

YOU'VE BEEN WITH A HARDNESS SO LONG YOU CAN'T EVEN GET UP THE PUPPES TO HER NEW WAGON

WHY CAN COOKE, BULLY, READ TO TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE

WHA

By CHIC YOUNG

LIL' ABNER

9 A.M.

9 A.M.

9 A.M.

By AL CAPP

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WHEN THE BOSS SEES THAT NICE PEGGY'S GONNA BLOW A FUSE

COME ON YOU TWO

AW-HUH, THAT'S A FACTORY

OH, DON'T YOU THINK YOU CAN SEE ENOUGH FROM HERE, CHIEF?

OF COURSE NOT! CONFOUND IT, I'M GOING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH EACH WORKER PERSONALLY

By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS

WELL, GO OVER THE INFORMATION THAT'S BEEN COLLECTED CAPTAIN. FORTUNATELY THERE'S QUITE A BIT ALSO I WOULD KNOW DANIELS' PARTLY WELL, ANYWAY, I'D WANT YOU TO ASSIST IN WORKING OUT THE DETAILS

FIRST, HOW MANY GERMAN TROOPS THERE?

POSSIBLY 200. WELL, BE OUTRAGED! WE'VE BEEN OUT SO TO, AND WE'VE TO HAVE TO QUARTERED DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET FROM OUR OBJECTIVE

HMM! TO MARCH INTO SUCH A NORTHERN TOWN AND NOT HAVE TO HAVE TO DEPEND ON MORE THAN GUNS

OUR GREATEST ASSET WILL BE THE FREEDOM OF SURPRISE

AND SET IN IMPORTANCE WILL BE GOOD PLANNING, SPEED, TEAMWORK, AND A DISPOSITION TO TAKE THE MOST LIKELY I FORGOT TO MENTION LUCK

By ROY CRANE

THIMBLE THEATER

I AM GONER, FIND ME MOMMA, IF IT IS THE LAST THING I DO ON EARTH!

THEY WOULD BE MUCH DIFFICULTER, ALL I WANT TO DO IS GO TO WHERE YUKS ARTS SHE IS (ALL)

SO WHAT?

THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE WHERE SHE'S GOING TO BE. MILLIONS OF PLACES WHERE SHE ISN'T

I AM POPPHE. THE SAILOR, I'VE NEVER FAILED YET

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME GNATZ!

By FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER

ADDER, KID PEPPER, HOPE YOU GET TO BE WITH ME, I'LL SEND YOU THE PATRIOT

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'VE HEARD SOMEBODY SAY THAT BANNERS' CONNECTIONS IN THE KITCHEN HERE IS BY ALL MEANS A GOOD IDEA

BUT LOIS! YOU LEFT YOUR POSITION TO GO TO RESTAURANT LIKE THAT! PRINT IT! OWNER WOULD BE AWESOME!

I'M GONING TO HAVE THE RESTAURANT PRINT IT! OWNER WOULD BE AWESOME!

By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

SUPERMAN

LET'S GO TO THE STORE TO GET THE FOOD! I'VE HEARD SOMEBODY SAY THAT BANNERS' CONNECTIONS IN THE KITCHEN HERE IS BY ALL MEANS A GOOD IDEA

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'VE HEARD SOMEBODY SAY THAT BANNERS' CONNECTIONS IN THE KITCHEN HERE IS BY ALL MEANS A GOOD IDEA

By FRANK KING

GASOLINE ALLEY

THIS MINE TRIED TO SHOOT ME, SO WHAT? WE DOCTORED HIM IN BOONS OF HIS BACK WITH A BANG! WE'VE GOT TO DO WITH HIM!

LEAVE HIM HERE TO ROT! I OVERLOOKED THAT!

CAN'T WE TAKE HIM ALONG TO BE GUARDED?

WE COULDN'T CARRY HIM, WATER AN GAS ENGINE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET WOULD BE A HORROR OF FOUR!

WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH HIM? HE'D RUN US OFF.

WE'LL BE THE ONLY FORCES IN THE AREA OF GAS, DON'T WE?

WE COULD TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE, BUT HE'D BE SHOWN AS A PRISONER.

HE'D BE SHOWN AS A PRISONER, HE'D GOT A DISPOSITION TO TAKE THE MOST LIKELY I FORGOT TO MENTION LUCK

IF HE KNOWS HOW TO PRINT IT! OWNER WOULD BE AWESOME!

By MILTON CANIFF

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

WHY DOES DEEPER GO TO THE STORE TO GET THE FOOD? I'VE HEARD SOMEBODY SAY THAT BANNERS' CONNECTIONS IN THE KITCHEN HERE IS BY ALL MEANS A GOOD IDEA

LET'S GO TO THE STORE TO GET THE FOOD! I'VE HEARD SOMEBODY SAY THAT BANNERS' CONNECTIONS IN THE KITCHEN HERE IS BY ALL MEANS A GOOD IDEA

By FRANK KING

WISHING WELL

3	5	2	7	4	6	3	8	2	5	7	4	6
G	W	A	A	O	M	O	I	N				
3	8	2	7	4	6	3	8	2	5	7	4	6
O	O	U	S	D	A	D	U	T	A	H	L	
4	2	7	4	6	3	8	2	5	7	4	6	
O	O	U	S	D	A	D	U	T	A	H	L	
3	8	2	7	4	6	3	8	2	5	7	4	6
K	O	G	R	N	O	M	S	F	A	T	U	A
I	R	R	6	3	8	2	5	7	4	6	3	8
2	3	3	8	7	4	6	3	8	2	5	7	4
W	N	T	E	W	O	A	V	O	I	O	I	B
P	N	B	E	N	E	N	E	G	S	Y	T	G

HERE is a pleasant little game that will give you a message every day. It is a numerical puzzle designed to spell out your fortune. Count the letters in your first name. If the number of letters is six or more, subtract four. If the number is less than six, add three. The result is your key number. Start at the upper left-hand corner of the rectangle and check every one of your key numbers, left to right. Then read the message the letters under the checked figures give you.

OUT OUR WAY

WHOA! IT'S TIME FER HIS TEA AN' TOAST!

ONLY 96 MILES MORE, DAVE-- SAY, I'D LIKE TO TRADE YOU OUT OF THEM PANTS!

WAS IT WASHINGTON, SEZ, I KIN TELL MY OFFICERS FROM TH' PRIVATES-- THE OFFICERS' PANTS PACHED!

OH WHERE, OH WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE? I'M HUNGRY!

"BEST ARMY IN THE WORLD MAN FOR MAN" LORD WOLSELEY

NO BANNERS BLUFFING EARTH AND SKIES, NO GOOSE STEP POUNDING OUT DEPIES-- A SMARTER MAN LOOKED NEATH THE PLATE AND SAW WHAT HITLEK WILL TOO LATE.

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

HAW! IF YOU MILKGOOPS ONLY POSSESSED THE COURAGE OF A FULL-GROWN MOUSE, YOU'D BE SHARING IN MY WINNINGS ON THAT NOBLE THOROUGHBRED "SMART GOAT!"-- HEH HEH! AT 20 TO 1-- PRETTY FAIR FOR A DREAM, PREMONITION, EH?

IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN FALLING INTO A CISTERN! THE TREATS-- NOW I URN DRAFT WENT THROUGH THE BOER WAR WITH NOTHING BUT SUNBURN AND BUNIONS!

WHY DOESN'T YOU SHOW A FEW PUFFS ON THE PIPE AND YOU COULD MAKE THE WAR SHOW A NEAT PROFIT.

#18.75 GETS YOU \$25, BUB!

GREAT TALENT ALWAYS IS ENVIED

By J. R. WILLIAMS

Today's News TODAY!

Why Wait 'Til Tomorrow?

Next Chapter: Scrapper Torpedo Boat Tackles Jap Cruiser in Night.