

# They Were Expencable

By W. L. White

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Lieutenant Kelly hears American broadcast tell of new battle plan captured. Received by General's order from back train in the line for Australia with Akers and Cox on last plane from Mindanao. General Sharp's final message to MacArthur.

CHAPTER 24  
"Back at the quarters I found an old Navy captain who arrived the day before—used to be in charge of the industrial department at Cavite. He listened to my story and MacArthur's promise and then said, 'The way it looks, I don't think I'm getting out. Then he talked about the 30 years he'd spent in the Navy, all of them training so he would be useful in case of war, and you could see it was discouraging for him to end like that apparently forgotten by the country he had wanted to serve. What had his life been for?'"

"He wanted me not to count on it. There aren't enough planes and gas to take us all. He was discouraged himself, and for the next six days the old man talked it all the time—we are not getting out, can't get out, can't get out. I suppose he was afraid to get his own feeble hopes up."

"On the night of April 22 my hopes were down. I was fiddling with the radio and cut in on a news broadcast from the States—a short wave station in San Francisco. It was the Navy news release on our flight with the Corregidor. I listened to the story of how

field at once, and bring everything I had with me.

"The old Navy captain who shared my quarters knew what that meant. 'Good luck, Kelly,' he said. 'I hope you'll see your wife and kids in time. He'd devoted his life to us, and he'd been at the front in spite of his rank and those years. It wasn't enough."

"What they needed outside here was technicians to build the new weapons, and that meant young fellows like me. So now in his old age, he was able and trained to do, and wanted to do, they weren't quite enough, so he was to stay and die in a fox hole or be captured. I said what I could, but it wasn't much, because the old man already knew."

"I was grim waiting at the airport. The priority list was made up in Melbourne and each man had a number. A plane would not hold more than 30, they knew, but more than a hundred were waiting there. Because perhaps they, maybe even three, planes might come. Or perhaps someone whose name was called would not show up, and your number might be high enough on the list to claim his seat. So they waited—all young technicians, most of them aviators. For this last chance to get out, so they could fight again. General Sharp had told me he had telephoned Cox and Akers that they were on tonight's list. Why weren't they here?"

"Suddenly I saw a familiar face—it was Ohio, the fighter pilot, who had been next to me in Corregidor. When he left the hospital, of course there was no plane for him, so he'd been an infantry soldier on Bataan. He'd missed this plane here once—his name had been called and he wasn't there. He was hoping it would be called again tonight. After Bataan fell he'd flown twice to Corregidor in that ramshackle old Beechcraft which was about all the air force had left in the islands, and with medical supplies for our hospital down under the Rock. I asked him about Peggy, and of course he remembered her—the pretty one with green eyes—sure. But he hadn't seen any of the nurses. He'd had to come in at night, while they marked the four corners of the landing field for him with flashlights, and get away as fast as he could. On the last trip he'd heard his propeller landing and averted blood while they straightened it for him in the machine shop down under the Rock."

"He stopped here, and a silence of death fell over every-

"There were three captains sent out from Australia to Corregidor at the very last," said Kelly, "which, among other people, were to bring out the nurses. One of them was shot down off Corregidor, but the other two landed and got back to Lake Luson, where they gassed up for the big homeland hop while Sharp held the line back from the lake. One of these two got safely away; the plane Peggy was in crashed up on the take-off. So now we won't ever know. Maybe she's prisoner, maybe she's back up in the hills with a few who are still fighting on."

"But as our big ferry-command bomber came wide over the field after the take-off, you could see the wind and then the path of smoke, gliding over the water, just as we used to watch it glisten from the tunnel entrance in the States. And suddenly I remembered the last thing she said to me—her voice was just as clear as it had been two or three weeks, instead of many weeks, over that Signal Corps telephone in the Army but on Bataan, after I had told her this was good-by. 'Well,' she said, 'it's been awfully nice, huh? And her voice had sounded clear and brave, but seemed to come from far away.'"

## WISHING WELL

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

8	3	7	2	4	3	2	8	4	6	3		
H	A	N	A	G	O	W	A	G	D	U	L	O
4	8	3	5	6	7	2	4	8	3	6	7	8
B	O	R	G	E	O	S	L	R	Y	W	S	L
6	4	3	2	5	4	3	5	4	3	4	6	7
O	O	O	T	Y	A	H	U	O	R	W	S	R
3	2	7	6	8	4	3	5	6	7	2	8	3
S	A	L	P	J	M	K	L	R	M	K	L	R
6	4	3	2	5	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	5
C	R	L	A	O	K	E	U	I	E	D	D	6
5	2	6	3	8	4	2	3	6	8	7	6	5
7	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	5
T	O	H	U	E	M	T	N	E	K	S	8	7

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.

## DUT OUR WAY

MY GENERAL ORDERS ARE TO WALK MY POST IN A MILITARY MANNER—TO WALK MY POST IN A MILITARY MANNER—UH—AH—KEEPIN—UH—KEEPIN CONSTANTLY ON THE SET—AN—OBSERVIN—EVERYTHING IN A MILITARY—WITHIN SIGHT OR HEARIN—NO, NO! MY GENERAL ORDERS ARE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS POST—



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON J. WILLIAMS '30

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



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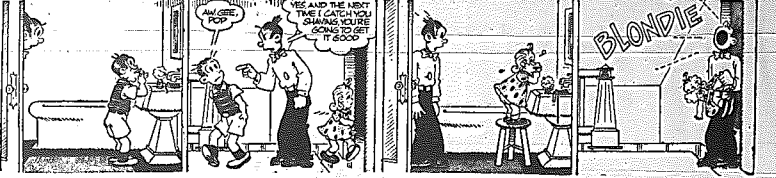
## STARTLING!

Startling events bring health and suspense to the action-packed comic "Wash Tubbs," now starring

CAPTAIN EASY  
Read it every day in The News, and don't forget there's a Color Page Saturday

Today's News Today  
Why Wait 'Til Tomorrow?

## BLONDIE



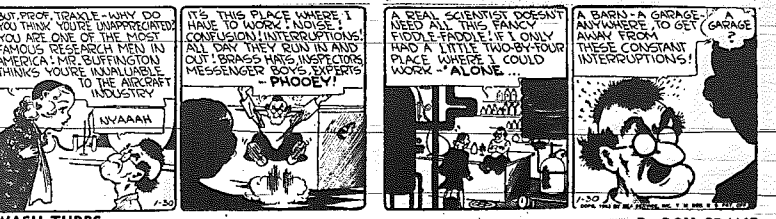
By CHIC YOUNG

## L'L ABNER



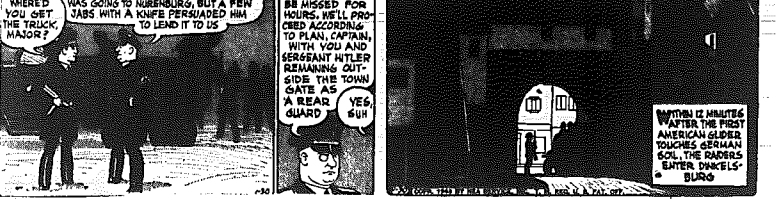
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## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By MARTIN

## WASH TUBBS



By ROY CRANE

## THIMBLE THEATER



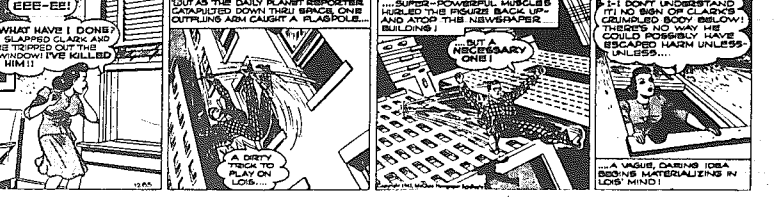
By FRED HARMAN

## RED RYDER



By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

## SUPERMAN



By FRANK KING

## GASOLINE ALLEY



By MILTON CANIFF

## TERRY AND THE PIRATES



By MILTON CANIFF