

We Were There
Collingtonians and WWII

Part 3
December 1941 - August 1945

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The Bataan Death March

Arthur Christensen



Arthur Christensen

I was in the Philippines when WW II started. I arrived in 1939 and was assigned to the 31st Infantry, the only American Infantry unit in the Philippines. From Second Lieutenant I was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and then to Captain. When in August 1941 the Philippine Army was mobilized, I was sent to a Philippine Army Corps to assist in training. Once WW II started I became assistant to the Corps G-2 (Intelligence) and by the time of our surrender in Bataan I had been promoted to Major.

Although the Philippines didn't suffer the surprise of Pearl Harbor, they were soon involved when later that day the Japanese staged a massive air attack against Clark field in which they destroyed almost all of our aircraft. By the end of December, suffering from defeats on all fronts, our forces had closed to a final defensive position on Bataan Peninsula, located on the west side of Manila Bay. Bataan had long been planned as a final defensive position since possession of it and heavily fortified Corregidor Island to the south denied Manila Bay and its port to an enemy. There our troops fought desperately but finally were overrun by the superior Japanese forces and we were forced to surrender. The fight had taken its toll, though. When we arrived in Bataan rations had been cut in half. Later, as supplies dwindled, they were cut even further. Needing food, we ate even the horses and mules of the Cavalry. Disease was a menace. Malaria was endemic to Bataan and the supply of quinine, the only prophylactic and treatment then in use, fell so low that none was available except to treat active cases. Dysentery and dietary deficiency diseases appeared. By the time we were forced to surrender the overall health of our troops was appalling. Like it or not, though, surrender placed all of us in the hands of the Japanese Army as prisoners of war. Little did we know what faced us.

Movement to our first prison camp involved three phases. The first was as-

sembling the scattered troops at a collection point along the coast. As troops filtered into the collecting point they were assembled into groups of a few hundred and then marched to the town of San Fernando, about thirty miles away. The third phase, from San Fernando to Capas, about 30 miles away, was by rail and was followed by another march of about five miles to Camp O'Donnell.

The entire movement was to become known as the Bataan Death March. In all, some nine thousand Americans and about five times that number of Filipinos were moved from Bataan to the prison camp over a period of a month. The Americans were separated from the Filipinos at the start and we saw none of them along the way. The Japanese had never signed the international protocol governing the treatment of prisoners of war, although it is doubtful if they would have followed its provisions even if they had. Corporal punishment was the rule in the Japanese Army, and as they considered the POW to rank below their lowest private, they carried over their brutality to the POWs. Also, the Japanese Army with its strong code against surrender never anticipated such a flood of prisoners -- some nine thousand Americans and five times that number of Filipinos. They were not prepared to deal with them and wanted only to get them out of the way.

Much has been written about the Bataan Death March and to my knowledge most of it is true, at least to somebody somewhere. Events and conditions differed for each group as well as for individuals within the group. Further there has been confusion in reports between what occurred on the march and what followed after arrival at Camp O'Donnell. As an example, what is probably the most published photo about the march was actually taken at Camp O'Donnell a month or so later. I was with only one of these groups so I can speak personally only on what I experienced.

During the first phase the Japanese made every effort to just get people out of the combat area as quickly as possible. This meant that Japanese troops were moving south as the POWs moved north, often on the same road. Abuse by individuals was constant. Sometimes it was a Japanese soldier reaching out from a truck and hitting someone on the head with a stick or a rifle. Other times it was looting -- watches and rings were particular targets -- or beatings. Some were killed. In at least one case an entire Philippine Army company was lined up and for no apparent reason machine-gunned, killing all but a very few who man-

aged to escape into the woods and who lived to report.

The march from the collecting point was the major problem. From it to San Fernando was some thirty miles. Some groups were marched the entire distance without a stop and with no food. Others, including mine, stopped overnight at a couple of places along the way. There was no way of knowing as they started each day how far they would go. At their day's destination they were herded into a fenced enclosure or a large warehouse where some received some rice. Some groups received cooked and others only raw rice. Water, if available, was in limited supply and on the few occasions where it was plentiful the prisoners were often restricted or prevented from getting it. Sanitary facilities were primitive if available. Even with the hot tropical weather and the sun beating down, such a march, even the entire distance without a stop, would have been no great problem for well trained, healthy soldiers. For the ill fed and mostly sick who came out of Bataan it was torture. For someone whose malaria happened to be in the active phase it was a disaster. Fortunately at that time I was healthy and in good physical shape. I was able to help some of those in trouble. Others were not so fortunate. The reaction of the Japanese guards when someone collapsed or lagged was unpredictable. In some groups they were shot or prodded with bayonets. Some were ignored. In our group, when one man started to lag behind, a couple of shots were fired over his head which somehow gave him new energy and he caught up. Another man suddenly ran from the group and dived into a nearby rice paddy. He was ignored then but was picked up and brought in the following day. Of course language was always a major problem, for an English-speaking Japanese or a Japanese-speaking American was a rarity. Japanese guards were prone to shout, and if that didn't produce the effect they wanted, start swinging or shooting. During the march Filipinos standing along the highway were most sympathetic and sometimes were able to hand food to the POWs as they passed, often at great risk.

When the Japanese had entered our headquarters and discovered it was commanded by a Major General we were told to remain temporarily in place. They even brought back some watches that had been taken by the first Japanese to reach the camp. While the delay earned us a temporary respite from the brutality along the road, it didn't last long. A few days later, when we moved out, the first few miles of our march to the collection point went smoothly. Once

we reached the main stream of prisoners, though, everything changed. We heard stories of beatings and soon found they were common. We were told of one individual who had been buried alive the preceding day. The first outrage that I witnessed occurred the next day as we prepared to start our march. The two or three hundred who were in our group were lined up in rows of about twenty and we were then instructed to display all the money we had. I had only a little and expected it to be taken away but they merely glanced at it. The man standing next to me didn't fare as well. With much shouting and cuffing he and two others were pulled out from the group and taken to a building a couple hundred yards away where they were tied up. Their offense? They had Japanese money. We could only conclude that the Japanese assumed that they had taken the money from one of their dead. They were executed the next day.

From San Fernando, the trip by rail was not as hard on the legs as walking but we paid the price by being crammed into small metal box cars which were broiling hot under the tropical sun and had no ventilation. Doors were locked when we entered even though we didn't move for a long time. We were too crowded to do anything but stand, held in place by those around us. Some in our group passed out because of the crowding and heat. In other groups some died. It was a relief to get off the train and back on the ground even though we had several miles to hike to the camp. The air outside, with temperature of nearly 100, was downright cool compared to that in the cars. At the camp we were greeted upon arrival by the feisty Japanese camp commander who regaled us with the superiority of the Japanese. He laid down some rules of conduct and proclaimed eventual Japanese victory. "We will fight you over and over even if it takes 100 years to defeat you!" he shouted..

The toll of the march and at O'Donnell was terrible. There were 12,000 Americans on Bataan. Of these some 1,500 remained in the hospital on Bataan and 250 escaped to Corregidor. Some 950 disappeared either in the final days of battle or on the march. Only about 9,000 reached O'Donnell. Of these more than 1,400 were to die within the next three months, mostly from malaria or dysentery.

Attempts to escape from the POW camps were most seriously dealt with. Six men who tried to escape from our camp were caught, then lined up a few yards outside of the fence and shot. Three caught in another attempt were brutally beaten, then tied and left to suffer in the hot sun along the road outside

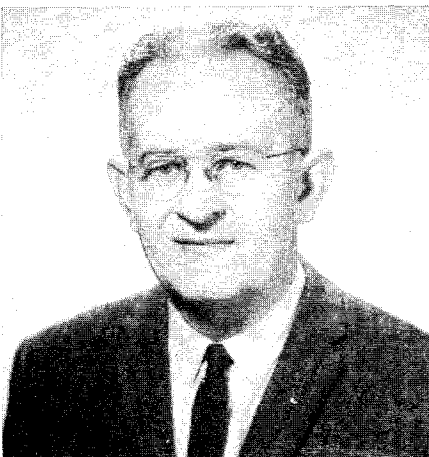
the camp for a couple of days, then beheaded. Later, though, after a successful escape from the camp in Davao we were formed into ten-man groups and told that if one of the group escaped all would be shot.

On March 24, 1944 I was on a ship being transferred to Japan where I was in three different POW camps before the end of the war. We were to find out after our release that our ship was the last one that made the trip from the Philippines to Japan without being sunk. The Japanese decided that they had to get all the remaining POWs out of the Philippines before the Americans arrived. They loaded them on unmarked ships which then became full prey to our aircraft and submarines which by that time controlled the area. The loss of life was terrible. One group leaving Manila in December 1944 hardly got out of port before their ship was sunk. Survivors were placed on another ship that made it to Formosa before it, too, was sunk. A third ship finally got the remainder to Japan. On another ship there were 2,000. Only six survived.

When the war finally ended we were returned to American hands. Needless to say, it was wonderful to get home once more to America and to our families.



How I Won the War in Washington ***Alex Dragnich***



Alex Dragnich

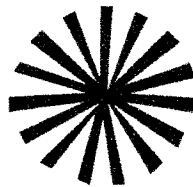
I got the news of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor from our obstetrician while I was in the waiting room of an Oakland, California hospital, eager to welcome our first child. I had finished work for my PhD in political science (University of California) except for the thesis. The Japanese attack changed our priorities. Urged on by one of my fellow PhD candidates who was already there, I applied for a position in the Department of Justice in Washington. I got the position

and took my oath of office on August 1, 1942.

The Special War Policies unit in Justice was charged with the responsibility of looking for possible impediments to our war effort among persons of foreign origin. The Japanese, Germans, and Italians got top priority. My assignment involved a Croatian-American organization that had supported the pro-Axis leader now heading Nazi-satellite Croatia which had declared war on the USA. Ultimately, a lawyer and I prepared a brief urging prosecution, but those at the top in Justice ruled that the Croats were not important enough to prosecute.

Somewhat discouraged and bored, I explored the possibilities in the Office of Strategic Service (OSS, often referred to as Office of Synthetic Soldiers). I was offered what seemed like an exciting position, but I would lose my draft deferment. I even had to volunteer for the army, but OSS arranged that I would flunk my physical. I was then sent to a "camp" somewhere in the Virginia countryside for a two-day testing to see how we would react to a variety of situations or experiences, but Justice refused to release me, which was a general rule in wartime Washington. The only way out was resignation, but the OSS unit that wanted me could not take me because they were afraid that Justice would blame them for my resignation.

Soon I got a job with another OSS outfit, the Foreign Nationalities Branch (FNB), but with the victory in Europe FNB was abolished. I was transferred to the Research and Analysis branch. That office continued even after the defeat of Japan, but I jumped to academia in September 1945. Having won the war, I could now launch my academic career in political science.



From "Letters Home" -- 1942-45

Aileen Aderton



Aileen Aderton

Note: In October 1942 I was accepted by the American Red Cross (ARC) for service overseas. Weeks of orientation followed and then arrival in New York for departure.

Dec. 11, 1942. "This is it darlings. This afternoon we were put on Alert, cutting off all communication. I think that sometime tonight we will board ship and start on our journey. We

went for the second time today to the N.Y. Port of Embarcation. We had been issued our gas masks, and today they were adjusted, and we had drill, and then gas. First through the gas chamber in masks, then in with masks and out without them. We wept and wept! They dress it up by calling the chamber a lachrymatore! Then came helmets - individual hair-dos have no effect at all in these! We have been finger-printed, mugged, dog tags issued, our height, weight, color, age and other identifying data taken. So tonight there will go aboard one girl, with Musette bag on back, one gas mask and one shoulder bag over the left shoulder, one helmet on the right, one bag and one typewriter in either hand, one belt with utensils and canteen strung on it. What a picture!"

Note: We sailed in a large convoy, aboard a small Dutch ship; sixteen days later we anchored in the Firth of Clyde. Then to London and assignment. We found that General Eaker, CG 8th Air Force, had requested ARC to establish clubs on its air fields; ARC had accepted as a temporary war-time measure. Until then clubs were in large cities for enlisted men on leave. Thus, on a dreary January day, I arrived on a B-17 base, Colonel Lemay commanding, to set up one of the first Aero clubs, a new job, wide-open, undefined.

"I wish you could have seen it on opening day! It looked perfectly lovely with curtains and comfortable chairs, American magazines, old but American.

Every man, not on actual duty, was there. In the lounge they were banked rows-deep around the radiogram, sprawled on the floor, leaning against the wall - the library, the card room, the pingpong room, were filled - and as for the snack bar, it was a sea of faces! We had found a field kitchen and used it in the bar to make doughnuts. We must have made a thousand of the things. And now, the club open and running, I'm being transferred to open another - from Fortresses to Liberators!"

Note: The original aero club program expanded amazingly as England was "invaded" by American forces. Requests for on-post clubs poured in "through channels" from Glider groups, Engineer units, Tank Bns., Troop Carriers, and Infantry Divisions. So, following the opening of the second club, I was assigned to ARC Headquarters in London as Director of Field Club Development. In May 1944, General Brereton, CG 9th Air Force, asked to have on-post clubs on the "Far Shore", agreeing to fly over equipment and personnel in cargo planes

July 9, 1944. "Airborne 12:17. Piano, barrels of doughnut flour, tables, chairs, three gals. 1:17 land at air strip, cut out of meadows and woods of a beautiful chateau, pin-point bombed - had been a German headquarters. We, the first American women, not nurses, to arrive in France. Gals assigned tent in Officer's Row, all equipment hidden against hedgerows, under trees. Strict curfew. Challenge and shots in night. Put helmet over face!"

July 18, 1944. "Worked hard setting up club. Opened tonight. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon entertained. Great success. All Airforce brass on hand."

July 19, 1944, "To Cherbourg headquarters. Needing bathroom facilities we stopped at a farmhouse. 'Ah mademoiselle, there are so many in the family and there is so much field!'"

July, 1944, "Cherbourg. The Fort de Roule broods from its great hill over a city buzzing with activity. The old Fort, where the Germans surrendered, looks down on a methodically shattered waterfront, but not for long. The Army Engineers and Seabees are at work. To be away for a few days means on return an amazing transformation - bridges well under construction, more ships in harbor which means mine clearance, basins filled with small boats loading with every

imaginable kind of equipment, tiny French harbor engines chugging up and down the basin sides.”

Aug. 12, 1944. “To Utah Beach to set up two clubs, one each for Navy and Army. Standing on the sea wall I look west and seemingly endless LSTs lie against the beach, drying out, their great bow doors open, trucks rumbling down their steep ramps. Lying off the beach are the Liberty ships, balloons bobbing gently above, awaiting the Ducks which ply this water like busy water bugs. An LCI nudges the long floating pier and erupts a steady stream of GIs, each weighed down with full field pack. From the Beach Master’s lookout lights blink out to the ships off shore. It is an ever-changing powerful sight. Speaking of lights and messages reminds me of the one flashed yesterday. Vern Lyn had arranged for Peggy Wood and me to go out to his flag ship (he was an LCI flotilla commander here on D Day) for dinner and a hot shower. We climbed aboard a Duck and out we went and found that the message he had flashed the skipper read ‘See what Santa Claus has sent you.’ The skipper flashed back, ‘Don’t worry. I’ll see that their stockings are filled.’ And he did. We had ice cream! AND that hot shower! I could write a poem about hot water. I have had hot water all over me, at the same time, twice since July 9 - once in Barnville days, in a meadow where a Field Hospital had rigged a beauty near a brook, and the one last night.”

Dec. 5, 1944. Paris. “On November 25, after my return from Liege, I stopped in Marian Hall’s office to check on something, to find her in a dither. Not a single driver was available and the Commissioner had just asked her to go to General Patton’s headquarters. All the Commanding Generals had been asked to write a letter telling of the work of the ARC with their particular army, and Georgie was the only one who hadn’t answered. Without thinking, I said I would drive her, and so at three exactly I found myself on my way out of Paris in a Command car with two hundred miles to go. I wasn’t regretting my impulsiveness, but I had had time to remember how bad some of the roads are, and to think that I was responsible for Marian as well as for my own safety. But it was one of the rare clear days, traffic was light, and later we had a full moon. The two hundred miles flew behind us and we were in Nancy by eight-fifteen that evening. We had lunch with the Gener-

al the next day. Colonel Carter was there, Colonel Koch, G-3, General Gay, C.of S. and Willy, the General's dog, complete with dog tags. We saw General Patton's ivory-handled pistols (they are not pearl handled) , and his collection of canes. We washed our hands in the General's bathroom before lunch. We inspected his armored car. We passed judgment on his lacquered helmet. And Marian came back with the letter!

“We drove back Sunday night, Bunny Carter coming with us. We stopped in a tiny village for supper. It was a sort of bistro, one room with wooden tables and benches. Just as we began our soup, the door opened and a little boy, about five, came in and with cheery self-possession greeted us all, ‘Bonsoir Messieurs-dames.’ He was obviously interested in us and asking his mother who we were. I asked Bunny to give him one of the bars of tropical chocolate you sent me and which I always carry on trips. Bunny who has lived a great deal of his life in France, put the candy in his hand and told him I wanted him to have it. I wish you could have seen that child's face. Remember he was only five and probably had had chocolate only once or twice in his life. He looked at me in complete disbelief. ‘Chocolat?’ Slowly he unwrapped it. Then he got a knife from the kitchen and cut it with great care in three pieces, wrapping each separately. Each time he cut, he carefully brushed the crumbs into his hands, not to miss a bit. He walked about, showing the candy to everyone in the room, all of whom had been greatly interested in the whole performance. I'll never forget his face, with its look of wonder and delight. As we left, he called out hopefully, ‘A demain?’ And I was only sorry that tomorrow I wouldn't be able to give him more chocolate.”

May 8, 1945, “The end of the European War.”

June 1945, Paris. “Decisions are being made for the Occupation of Germany. Patton's Third Army is to occupy the American Sector. Bob Hull and I were sent to Third Army headquarters to discuss plans for ARC clubs. As we left Munich to return to Paris, I said that I would like to go to the Dachau Concentration Camp, just a few miles northeast of Munich. I wanted to see it for myself; I felt that it was possible that as these years receded, the terrible things we had heard would be said to have been exaggerated, that they had not occurred, even were lies.

"The stories were not lies. We saw the ovens with their steel stretchers used to dump the bodies in the fires, the gas chambers with outlets in the ceiling which looked like shower heads, the dark brown stains reaching to the ceiling where bodies had been piled high, a great mound of discarded shoes, railroad cars on a siding. But Dachau had been cleared and disinfectant disguised the terrible stench earlier arrivals remembered. GIs were taking pictures. It was only when an American Army doctor asked me if I would like to go through the wards with him that I saw something of what Dachau had meant to men imprisoned there. It had been six weeks since Dachau had been liberated, but I saw men so weak they could speak only in whispers, men whose bodies were like those which pictures have made familiar, men whose eyes I will never forget. I can't tell you how I felt - numb, inadequate."

July 21, 1945. Telegram "Leave shortly for home. Oh happy day. Aileen."



War Work on Hands and Knees

Edna Lingreen



Edna Lingreen

Iowa.

During World War II I saw a story in a magazine seeking women to help relieve the acute shortage of farm workers. A program in Maine called the Women's Emergency Farm Service or WEFS, seemed interesting, so I wrote for information. I thought outside work during my vacation would be a welcome change from sitting in an office and law school classroom every day. I signed up for three weeks, leaving the last few days of vacation to visit family in

The farm I ended up on as one of six young inexperienced female workers consisted of 40 acres of truck farming of vegetables produced and trucked to Por-

tland a few miles away. Mr. Hansen, the farmer, had had rheumatic fever, and could not do heavy work, even though he was a large husky man.

We six girls were a diverse lot. Two had just graduated from college. Another had been a newspaper reporter, wanted to get into the WACs but was underweight and hoped to put on enough weight to be accepted. And then there was a girl who was on vacation from her job in a munitions plant in New Jersey.

We girls shared the three upstairs bedrooms. The Hansens' bedrooms were downstairs, with their own bathroom. On our floor, the water in the bathroom had been turned off, for the stated reason that six girls would be using so much water that the septic tank would be overloaded. This meant that we used a "chick sales" up the hill away from the house. We brushed our teeth and washed our hands and face at the kitchen sink. Bathing - if we really felt we had to do it! - involved carrying a bucket of water and a wash basin up to our bathroom, where we carefully washed with the little bit of water, poured it back into the bucket, and carried it back downstairs. Once or twice a week, usually on Saturdays, Mrs. Hansen's brother, who worked in Portland during the week, would come to the farm and drive us over to nearby Crystal Lake for a most welcome swim in the well-named lake, crystal clear and icy cold.

We were not stinted on food. In fact, we got first pickings. For example, we had corn on the cob before there was enough to harvest for town. THAT is the way sweet corn should taste-not this stuff one buys in the market!

We were paid one dollar a day, and of course room and board, for long days of physical labor. We were wakened at 6:30, had breakfast, and were in the fields by 7 a.m. For the first hour or so we would be harvesting vegetables for the market, e.g. pulling beets or carrots, etc. Then assigned tasks were weeding or thinning. Forty acres may not seem a lot, though traversing it on one's knees weeding or trimming newly sprouted carrots or lettuce makes the rows really long. One must get down to practically eye level to do a good job of thinning carrots about an inch and a half in height. Not being used to much knee travel, my knees got quite sore. One day when I briefly sat back on my haunches Mr. Hansen came over to see what the problem was. I remarked that this was good training for becoming a

Catholic, to which he frostily responded, "Do you have to be a Catholic to get down on your knees?"

He was the son and brother of Lutheran ministers, quite austere and rigid, and a rabid Roosevelt hater. He and I occasionally had vigorous conversations at lunchtime. His attitude was that Roosevelt had gotten us into the war and it was up to him to provide the workers needed to grow the food, etc. Clearly he blamed Roosevelt for leaving him dependent on incompetents like us. In fairness, it must have been bitterly hard for Mr. Hansen, with the need so great, and he himself with health problems making him unable to do physical work. He rode a tractor, did the plowing and seeding, but beyond that it was a matter of telling us what to do without being able to do it himself.

And truly we were not able to keep up with the work. I remember gathering green beans with both bean plants and weeds taller than I. There was always work, even when it rained. I remember doing some sort of repair work in the barn (there were no animals on the farm), and on another day too wet to work in the fields we dug a ditch! On another day we harvested heads of cabbage, filling crates, and throwing them up on a truck. And on one occasion, after we had been to a square dance on Saturday night, we were roused out at 8 a.m. Sunday morning to work on weeding lettuce. I suppose it had to be done, but we felt pretty sorry for ourselves. One of the girls had a portable radio and we carried it out in the field and listened to a philharmonic concert. To this day, when I hear the "Liebestodt" I am transported back to that endless lettuce field and indulge in a nostalgic moment of self-pity.



Living in England During World War II
by Elsie Morin

Returning to England in August 1939 after a two-week vacation in France with my former husband, we heard the radio announcement on September 3 that war had been declared on Germany in response to Hitler's invasion of Poland. Anticipating air raids and possible gas attacks, a blackout was ordered and gas masks were distributed, as were ration books for food and clothing; petrol

(gasoline) was severely limited for private cars. Children, pregnant women, and many elderly people were evacuated to the countryside from London and possible



Elsie Morin

landing sites in coastal areas and were housed with families willing to provide accommodations.

We were living in Chelmsford, Essex, 26 miles northeast of London, where my husband taught history in the technical college and was a lecturer in adult education classes for the Workers' Educational Association. The "phony war" lasted for several months and many evacuees returned home, but by the summer of 1940 the Battle of Britain raged over east and south England. When our husbands volunteered for night fire watch duties, I stayed with a friend in their cramped Nissen hut

shelter buried in their garden, their infant son suspended over our heads in a hammock.

I worked in local schools as a substitute teacher until my husband was called up for basic training in 1941, followed by officer training in coastal defense. We sublet our flat and I camp-followed, finally settling in a rented house on the Isle of Wight close to Bembridge Point, which had also been a lookout in the Napoleonic wars. The island, a popular resort area, was declared off limits for all but permanent residents and military personnel. Many people had moved inland, and hotels and boarding houses were empty.

Since able-bodied women without children under the age of 14 were required to be employed or to house evacuees or those relocated to war-related jobs, I taught in a private boarding school for the short time before it was obliged to close down as children were withdrawn when their families moved or they were sent to boarding schools elsewhere. One couple, concerned for their only child, offered the use of part of their empty hotel to accommodate the dozen or so 5- to 7-year-olds left behind. A friend agreed to join me, and we were able to use the furniture and equipment from the abandoned school for two large rooms, as well as space for the indoor air raid shelters that had replaced the Nissen huts. These were large, heavy, metal tables that protected against a collapsed ceiling and were much more spacious and comfortable. When an air raid siren sounded, we all

played at becoming rabbits running to our burrows. As long as we showed no concern, the children were unafraid and happily played the game.

Occasionally a sea mine would drift toward the shore, and neither the army or the navy could decide whose responsibility it was to detonate it before it exploded by itself, blowing out windows. A warden would warn us and we would take the children as far as we could from the promenade until the danger was past.

I became pregnant in December 1943. My husband, meantime, had been transferred to an Intelligence unit inland, so I left for the village in Suffolk where my in-laws lived. I was able to book into a maternity home in Bury St. Edmunds, which had opened in a former boy's school to accommodate women from London as well as local residents.

Late on September 7, when I thought I was going into labor, our good friend the local postmaster drove me to the maternity home. It was decidedly primitive, with no doctors in attendance except for emergencies, and since there was no bed available, I spent a restless night on the examining table. Next morning the Matron, aware of my distress, suggested I go home since it would be at least 24 hours before true labor began. About 2 AM, when labor resumed, I was driven back to the maternity home, and with only the Matron in attendance, at 10 AM on September 9, 1944 I delivered a healthy 8-pound girl whose 55th birthday we celebrated in Toronto in 1999!

I stayed in Suffolk until my husband was demobilized and we were back in Chelmsford. He was very restless after his wartime experiences, and accepted an invitation from the president of Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, to join the Department of Sociology. We arrived in New York on Thanksgiving Day in 1947 and were immediately struck by the contrast between the traditional reserve of the British and the open curiosity and friendliness of Americans, and astonished by the bright lights and the goods of every kind that were available. My mother had searched everywhere for a doll for my three-year-old daughter that opened and closed its eyes--and now, in every drug and department store, there were dozens of them! We stayed in Washington for two days and then went on to Nashville--and the rest is another story.

