

to protect, so they have a fuller understanding of their purpose.

Above all, he has an unconquerable determination to succeed. Our victories

over our foes the world over have been made possible by this determination of men, all of whom were at one time recruits.

Mrs. Harper

MARJORIE LITTLE

Mrs. Harper came to keep house for Grandma many years ago when everyone in the family was ill. Grandma had about given up hope of any answers to her advertisements asking for help. One day a taxi drove up in front of the house. A small, bird-like woman hopped out. Her hair was pulled tightly back into a knot at the back of her neck. She wore a gray dress and a funny little hat perched on top of her head. She paid the driver and came lightly up the steps. Ever since then Mrs. Harper has belonged to us and we to her.

She pitched right in and took care of the whole family during that illness. When she opened Mother's door with a cheery word, Mother knew that everything was going to be all right. And so it was.

Mrs. Harper is one of the kindest-hearted people I have ever known. She will not stay still for more than a few minutes, for as long as there is something to be done, she will be doing it. Although she and Grandma seem to vie to see which can jump up from the table the quickest to get something that is missing, she wins at least half the time.

Mrs. Harper has a small face. Her cheeks are round and firm. A wrinkle around her chin makes her look like a ventriloquist's doll. Her hair is unusual for a little lady of over seventy, because it is thick and brown. She is so neat that she goes to the basement to comb it.

The last time we were at Grandma's she would say to my younger brother, "Well, you're just a *darlin'*." Then turning to one of us, she would say, "He's worth his weight in gold!" Of course, being a boy, Rob wishes nothing less than to be a "darlin'", but he would sheepishly grin each time and would pretend not to hear her. One morning she came up to me as I was looking out of the window and said, "It's a darlin' day, ain't it?"

Mrs. Harper is very unassuming. When the family sits in the living room in the evenings she is there, too. She sits quietly in a corner and knits. When a visitor comes, she will get up and start upstairs. One member of the family will urge her to return saying, "Oh, come in, Mrs. Harper. They want to see you, too." Sometimes she will not be persuaded, but often she will come back to sit in a corner. She says nothing, for a while. Suddenly she will sit on the edge of her chair and, fixing her twinkling brown eyes upon the visitor, will say, "I've got a question to ask you. Is Hitler really dead?" Or another time she may ask, "Well, now what do you think of them Japanese? Are we going to have more trouble with them or aren't we?" These are questions to which the visitor has no true answer, since he is only human, but he gives his own ideas while she listens attentively and puts in a word now and then. After this small bit

of conversation, she picks up a newspaper and leans back, her social duty done.

Her favorite expression of praise for a person is, "He's just as common as an old shoe." It seems rather strange to hear her say this after a visitor has left, especially if the visitor is a distinguished professor!

When the family is planning to go for a ride and someone mentions her, naturally supposing that she is going, she says, "Oh, I'm not going." There are protests from Grandma of "Why, of course you're going, Mrs. Harper!" "No, I'm not. Nobody wants an old woman like me along." There are many protests at this. Our preparations continue. "I'm not going," says Mrs. Harper again. "I'm going to stay home and wash clothes." The youngsters beg her to go. The older people see that her brown hair is freshly combed. Later one of the children says, "Mrs. Harper is going, isn't she?" "No, I'm not going," says Mrs. Harper again. But we notice that she has changed her shoes. Finally when

we are nearly ready, Grandma says to her, "You'd better change your dress, Mrs. Harper." Up she goes to change her dress, and not another word of protest is heard.

One day the family had been downtown, and they came home without her knowing it. When she found that they were at home, she told me that we had better hurry to get dinner on the table. I said that I had seen the family come home quite a while ago. "Well, I don't know nothin'," she replied. "Nobody ever tells me nothin'. If it was raining soup, my bowl would be upside down."

When we were washing dishes together one evening I told her something of interest and she commented, "Well, you've had more education than I've had, Marjorie. I don't know nothin'." Perhaps she has not had much schooling, but Mrs. Harper has done more with her life than many college graduates have done. She has spent her whole life helping others, and she has made other people's tasks easier.

Autobiography [Part III]

IRENE BROWN

Before graduating from nurses training, I started serving in the capacity of Supervisor of Nurses of the Eli Lilly Research Clinic at City Hospital. Here we had both an in-patient and an out-patient clinic where we were doing research on blood dyscrasias and hypertension. In this position I continued on at the hospital with the Lilly Company until my marriage, April 4, 1941.

The saying goes that all nurses marry doctors, and so it was in our case. When one of the doctors was called to active duty with the Army Medical Corps Reserves in

March of 1941, he just couldn't see his way clear to go to Fort Knox, Ky., without a nurse, so we were married in the Madonna Chapel of the Third Christian Church, Indianapolis.

Being the young officer's wife in pre-war days was great fun. We had a whole house in a nearby town and enjoyed the officers clubs, swimming pools, and frequent excursions to Louisville. Everyone was gay, with no thought of threatening war and little sympathy for all the trouble brewing in Europe and Asia. But this was a period of bliss before the storm. For