George L. Delany, sales promotion manager of Bussmann Manufacturing Company, was buried March 18, in Calvary Cemetery, after funeral services in St. Louis Cathedral, Newstead avenue and Lindell boulevard.

Delany, 50 years old, died of a heart ailment on the night of March 14, at his home on Ballas road, Kirkwood. He had been sales promotion manager of the Bussmann firm for the last thirteen years. During the World War he was a member of the Washington University Hospital Unit 21. Surviving are his wife, the former Miss Margaret Cregan; his mother, Mrs. George W. Delany; a brother, Henry and a sister, Gene Delany.

* * *

A colorful comrade has stepped from the slowly thinning ranks of those who served with Base Hospital 21. It is difficult to realize that George Delany is gone; he was so intensely alive—so dynamic. "Never a Dull Moment" Delany, Pat Byrns called him and the name was delightfully expressive. He was a refreshing individualist; self-reliant and courageous, he exacted the last full measure of all life had to offer. His relentless energy and agile mind left no room for the intervals of boredom that are the common lot of most men. George was not dependent for diversion on the situations provided by chance. He filled the intermissions with his own creations—and they were consistently colorful and varied.

His sudden passing was in keeping with the philosophy expressed in John Niehardt's poem, "Let Me Live Out My Life." It was a favorite with Delany.

"... Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow,
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus I would go . . ."

The departure of George Delany marks the termination of a friendship that had its inception on the docks of Le Havre twenty-three years ago. We have reached that middle age of life when, one by one, our friends of long standing, are successively responding to the final roll call. And when, at last, our name echoes through the mists, the thought of George and other staunch friends who have gone before, will enable us to turn with less reluctance from a world that no longer offers the companionship of other days.

APRIL, 1940
A MYSTERY SOLVED

During a recent business trip to Mexico, Mo., Bill Engel was introduced to Dr. J. Frank Harrington, well-known staff member of Audrain County Hospital. As they chatted in the doctor's consulting office, Engel mentioned Cordelia Ranz, the hospital superintendent. "We were in Base Hospital Unit 21 and I'd like to say hello before I leave." Dr. Harrington's face lighted with interest. "So you were in Unit 21? Then you probably know Dr. Ernst and my old friend Calvin Tilton." Engel nodded. "Certainly, I know them well," he replied.

Dr. Harrington leaned back in his chair with a reminiscent chuckle. "You know it was I who drove Tilton to St. Louis and helped him get in the Unit. Yessir, that's been almost twenty-three years ago, but I remember as if it were yesterday. Calvin was anxious to see Paris—I believe a friend at the Sorbonne had sent him a souvenir program from the Folies Bergere—and I finally consented to drive him in to Barnes Hospital. On the morning we were to leave, Cal insisted upon wearing a new pair of plough boots from Montgomery-Ward, but I threatened to call off the trip unless he donned oxfords. The kindly gray-haired doctor smiled and gazed thoughtfully for a moment at the rain beating against the windows. "Calvin was a great boy," he continued. "I've often wondered what became of him ... Where is he? How's he doing?" Engel informed him that Tilton resides in Pasadena, Cal., and is an assistant bank manager in nearby Highland Park.

"It's too bad I didn't know that last summer," said Dr. Harrington regretfully. I spent several days in Pasadena.

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After leaving Dr. Harrington, Engel enjoyed a brief visit with Cordelia Ranz. Miss Ranz, who has been on the hospital staff for 17 years, was warm in her praise of the <i>Rouen Post</i>. "Here in Mexico, I seldom meet former members of the Unit," she said. "But the monthly paper keeps me in touch with them all. I'm saving every issue."

Miss Ranz still thrills at the recollection of the 20th anniversary reunion at Hotel Coronado. Like everyone who attended that colorful gathering, she was deeply touched by the memorial service at Christ Church Cathedral and the renewal of old friendships at the dinner and the cocktail party.

She is one of three former nurses of Unit 21 who are hospital superintendents in adjoining Missouri counties. The others are Louise Hilligas at Columbia, and Saidie Hausmann at Fulton.

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Dr. James B. Costen, wartime athletic rival of Tilton, beamed and rubbed his hands when we told him Dr. Harrington's story. "That explains something that has puzzled
me for years," he said. "I've always wondered how Tilton found his way to the city. But that's all I intend to say on the subject," announced the wiry doctor as he hobbled toward a treatment booth. "You have a habit of distorting my statements, and I don't want Tilton on my neck."

"Then you admit you're afraid of him?" we taunted.

His head bobbed out from the booth like a puppet in a Punch and Judy show. "Don't be ridiculous," he quavered. "I fear him not—for always I am Costen. But there's no point in wantonly insulting the poor oaf."

**THE FATHER OF FRANKLIN CARR**

John F. Carr, father of the late Franklin Carr, who served with Base Hospital Unit 21, died during the latter part of February in St. Joseph Infirmary at Eureka, Mo. As I read his brief obituary in an evening newspaper my thoughts wandered back to a visit with him several years ago while he was living in North St. Louis.

Chancing upon a mutual acquaintance, I had obtained his address and set forth to pay him a long deferred call. It was a dreary Sunday morning in December; a pall of yellowish smoke hung over the city, and the dim headlights of motor cars moved cautiously through the gloom. As I picked my way along the ice-flecked sidewalk, peering at the faded numbers on a row of flats in Bacon street, I found myself musing on the shadows that had darkened the latter years of the man I was about to visit.

He had amassed a modest fortune and was devoted to his wife, his daughter Ethel, and Franklin. Life was gentle, and for a few short years, prosperity and contentment hovered over the Carr household. Then the rains came. Gradually his investments dwindled, until finally, an ill-starred venture into the baking business swept away his last vestige of capital. He took his financial losses gracefully—money had never been all-important in John Carr's philosophy—but adversity dogged his footsteps. One by one, his family died. Ethel was the first to go, then Franklin, and a few years later Mrs. Carr followed the children. John Carr gave up the family apartment and moved to a rooming house in the same neighborhood.

It was in a first floor front room that he greeted me on this particular Sunday morning. He had aged considerably since I saw him last; his hair was white. The room, with its worn carpet and commonplace furnishings, was not overly warm, and a fireplace that might have brightened the December shadows was sealed with a square of heavy cardboard. As he motioned me to a chair, I recalled to mind another room—a spacious, cheery room, whose walls echoed the laughter of Franklin, Clinton Tobias, Arshav Nushan, and the writer, as we sat around a dinner table heaped with tempting dishes. I could see again the reflection of the crystal chandelier twinkling like a cluster of rubies in the decanter of claret as John Carr filled and refilled our glasses, and hear the gentle voice of Mrs. Carr urging us to replenish our plates until we were forced to cry quits. Now and then, a genial parish priest, or school-
girl friends of Ethel, would be among the guests. Sunday dinner in the Carr home was a festive occasion.

We talked for nearly an hour. He seemed in good spirits; the bludgeonings of chance had not impaired his sense of humor. He was not in need of money; a monthly pension from a former employer more than sufficed for his modest requirements. His activities were limited to an occasional walk to the corner drug store to buy a cigar and chat with a few old neighbors. "I have to take it easy," he explained. "My heart isn’t so good—the doctor says it’s likely to check out any day."

As we parted I volunteered to give his address to Nushan and Tobias. They would be glad to see him again. A wistful smile crossed his face. "They’re probably busy with their own affairs," he shrugged. "Just tell them to remember me as they knew me in the old days. That will be enough."

Late afternoon found me lounging before a crackling log fire in my own living room. The soothing strains of a symphony orchestra floated from the radio and the clink of cutlery gave promise of an early dinner. It had begun to snow; the whirling flakes spattered softly against windows crystaled with frost. I thought of an old man sitting in a cheerless room ... marking time ... waiting.

I imagine he faced the end calmly. The relentless tread of Death crossing the Carr threshold had long been familiar to John Carr.

**SPEAKER DEPKE**

Frank M. Depke, of St. Louis, spoke before the Illinois Society of Chiropodists, on March 17, at the Hotel Morrison in Chicago. Depke, formerly a student at St. Louis University, and a graduate of the Illinois College of Chiropody and Foot Surgery, was mentioned in an Associated Press story last February, for his work in caring for the feet of two Chinese nuns following operations to relieve the crippling effects of footbinding in their childhood.

The former marmalade addict of Unit 21 entered the field of chiropody fifteen years ago. Prior to his enrollment in the college of chiropody, he was employed as a compositor by the Post-Dispatch and Star-Times in St. Louis, and was at one time a co-worker of Arthur Melville and Jules Silberberg in a local printing plant.

Depke is receiving royalties for a patent traction device to straighten hammer toes, a contraction of the dorsal tendons. He resides with his wife and 11-year-old daughter at 3517 Hebert street. His favorite diversions are books, travel and playing the violin.

**LUNCHEON FOR JOHN HIGGINS**

Former members of Base Hospital Unit 21 gave a luncheon for John Higgins of Washington, D. C., at the Hotel Lennox, Saturday, February 24. Higgins, a former corporal in the Unit, is an attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has resided in Washington since his graduation from Georgetown University in 1923. The luncheon was his first reunion with most of the guests since the Unit was demobilized in 1919. Those present were Arthur Melville, Joe Lennon, Marvin Hamilton, William Stack, Frank Depke, William Engel, Toby Dunville, Gordon Kimbrel, Thomas Sheedy, Pat Byrns, John Higgins and Philip Conrath.