HARDY TRAVELERS

Apparently nothing short of a court injunction can restrain Arshav Nushan from carrying out his vacation plans on schedule. The boisterous drum major recently returned to his duties as chief clerk in the office of the Board of Education's Supply Commissioner, after a journey of several thousand miles under conditions that would have kept a less durable citizen in the shadow of his own fireside.

On August 10, with Arshav's vacation just around the corner, his mother suffered a broken leg and four days later, a headlong plunge down a flight of stairs at home, left her versatile offspring with a sprained ankle. In the face of these mishaps, the approaching vacation gave promise of a dull sojourn in wheel chairs instead of a long-planned ride in Pullman coaches for the Nushan family, but the indomitable Armenian refused to abandon the idea of spending his annual period of leisure in travel. Binding his wrrenched ankle with tape, he called Dr. Paul Webb who placed Mrs. Nushan's leg in a plaster cast and two days later mother and son set out for Hollywood. After a sightseeing tour of the movie capital, they departed for Galveston. From the Gulf they returned to St. Louis, where Mrs. Nushan was provided with a new cast, and the gallant pair boarded a train for Atlantic City where the mother remained while Arshav attended the American Legion Convention at Boston. Stout people, these Nushans.

LULU BENDER WIMMER INJURED

Mrs. Lulu Bender Wimmer, a former Unit 21 nurse residing at Cuba, Mo., suffered head injuries Sept. 9, when her automobile left the road as she was returning to Cuba after attending the American Legion State Convention at Sedalia. Mrs. Wimmer was taken to the Veterans' Hospital at Jefferson Barracks, where her condition was pronounced critical.

A CANINE CRITIC

"C'est la Guerre," a musical comedy by P. H. Byrns and Edwin F. Dakin, was produced by the personnel of Base Hospital Unit 21 in a Red Cross hut on the grounds of British General Hospital No. 12 at Rouen. During the first act, Justin Jackson, cast in the role of Casey (Colonel Veeder's massive German shepherd dog), appeared on the stage in a skin of burlap attached to an alleged dog's head. The impersonation was too much for Casey who was sitting at the Colonel's feet in the shadow of the footlights. With an outraged growl he leaped upon the stage and chased Jackson into the wings to the hilarious amusement of the audience who thought it part of the act.
BLA CK POOL IN THE LAST WAR

Training by the Sea

AMERICAN SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCES

The following article is contributed to the “Rouen Post” by Mr. William C. Stack, of the South-western Bell Telephone Company, St. Louis, United States:

* * *

"Does June, tripping through the roses, stir memories of Blackpool, veterans of Unit 21? Lazy, carefree Blackpool, basking in the sparkling sunshine, with the whitecaps of the Irish Sea caressing her white sands, and the great Tower stretching its steel network toward blue skies above the maze of hotels and rooming houses behind the promenade. Blackpool... World War headquarters of the Royal Army Medical Corps... home of countless side-shows and the entrancing Winter Gardens... the playground of Lancashire.

"You were sent to Blackpool, after a hurried trip from St. Louis, to train for"

Proudest gent for miles on all sides is William Claremore Stack, art director for the Bell Telephone Company's advertising department. "Slow Talker" Stack, editor of a monthly pamphlet for buddies in the Rouen Post of the American Legion, receives word from abroad that the Manchester (England) Guardian, one of the great newspapers of the world, clipped Willie's recent story about the antics of Hospital Unit No. 21 in Blackpool, England, in the month of May, 1917, and reprinted the entire article. Stack, as a horseplay-sergeant in that group, well remembers every item of tomfoolery, getting it on paper in good style.

* * *

Charles (Kid) Regan, whose widely read column appears daily in the sports section of the St. Louis Star-Times, has given considerable publicity to the activities of Rouen Post No. 242 during the past four years. Regan, formerly a well-known bantamweight boxer, served in the Navy during the World War. He is a member of Aubuchon-Dennison Post No. 186.

COMMANDER FOX

We lunched with Charles (Rabbi) Fox and his wife at a downtown hotel, September 19, as they stopped here for a short visit en route to West Palm Beach, Florida, after attending the golden wedding anniversary of Mrs. Fox's parents in Minneapolis. It was our first meeting with the former Mobile 4 cook since the American Legion Convention in Paris where he and his brother Dave strutted down the Champs Elysees with the Florida drum and bugle corps. Except for a slight increase in weight, the "Junior Auk" has changed but little since that day in 1927.

Fox left St. Louis for Florida in the autumn of 1925 with the intention of spending a winter free from smoke and snow, but the tropical charm of the citrus belt claimed him for its own and he remained to become a permanent resident of West Palm Beach. For many years he was engaged in the storage business but of late he has turned his activities to the sale of choice lots in the Everglades.

A charter member of Fred W. Stockham Post of the American Legion in St. Louis, the loquacious "Rabbi" is the present commander of West Palm Beach Post No. 12, a big league outfit boasting a roster of over five hundred members and a formidable Auxiliary. The Post owns a palatial clubhouse, an outdoor boxing arena and—get this, members of Rouen Post—a balance of over $5,000 in the treasury.
We loved the trip through England and longed to stop a few days but, "we are in the army now" and do as we are bid. England was green and yellow and russet and red, the vivid colors that only that little island can produce.

We were served luncheon at noon a la British Expeditionary Force. At one station baskets of lunch were put on and the empty baskets were taken off at the next stop. In each basket was lunch for two. A plate with ham and chicken, two slices of bread in an envelope, celery and watercress on a paper plate and butter, cheese and mustard. My idea of a typical British lunch, plenty of meat.

At Southampton we began to feel the war. Sunday night we slept on a hospital boat and stayed there until late afternoon on Monday. Walls had been thrown up on the decks to make the interiors larger and the decks were passage ways. The dormitories had beds swung on iron frames; the bed could be locked to be made stationary and when unlocked it swung like a cradle. No doubt to give the patient greater comfort and more equilibrium in crossing the rough channel.

On Monday night, November 12, we were transferred to a small boat, a camouflaged boat and we felt that then we entered the war. We stood on the deck for a while and wondered what was to come. It was still and quiet. No sound save the gentle slapping of the water on the sides of the boat, no light save a red lantern that threw a long red ray as a warning against collision in the mists.

We had to be in bed and lights out at eight o'clock. Five men slept on the floor outside of our door to aid us in case anything happened to the American sisters. We knew where to go to our life-boats and our life-belts were close at hand.

We slept little of course but about four o'clock, when we were almost in, we put in an hour or two of real sleep. We had breakfast on the boat and landed about ten o'clock. We were fortunate in having good weather most of the way and our first experience of sunny France was sun, which according to the troops, was unusual. We reached Rouen about five o'clock starved for our tea. So quickly do we form the tea habit.

Miss Stimson met us with a char-a-banc (motor) and we felt very welcome. Everyone off duty came in to greet us and while we had our tea and bread and jam we told all the late hospital news—three months old.

And how do we find the "old originals." Thin, rosy, happy-go-lucky, priding themselves on the gorgeous color in their faces, their hipless status and most of all the number of officers, American and English on their trail. They worked like beavers and play with all the strength they have left. They asked us if we had been ill? And we thought we were in the pink of condition.

We do look pale and lifeless beside them but no doubt we will soon sparkle when we see, "Who follows in their train."

Until the thirty girls of the Volunteer Aid Division, whom we replace, leave, we have to bunk here and there as best we can. I sleep in Kate Murphy’s bed nights and she, days. Same sheets? Oh, of course, c’est la guerre, as they all say.

We had breakfast late and spent this morning in interviews in the office and in being escorted over the camp. At one-thirty we went on duty to investigate until four o'clock. It was quite enough walking on cobble-stones for one day and my shoes were completely full of feet by night. I found a host of letters here, most welcome but very old.

(To be continued)
Clifford J. Bindner, assistant coal traffic manager of the Missouri Pacific Lines, returned from Chicago last week with a telephoto, clipped from the pictorial page of the Daily News, showing French captives in Rouen, France, going to work past the wreckage of buildings surrounding the famous Rouen cathedral. The district north of the Rue Grand Pont is revealed as a mass of ruins ... Nurse Margaret Davison, of Maryville, Mo., attended the American Legion Convention at Boston ... While strolling through the grounds of the St. Louis Zoo on Sunday, September 15, we met Earl Hursey meditating on a bench in the shadow of the primate house—a meeting that ended with dinner and much talk of the days when Earl dispensed jam and marmalade to the grumbling mess-line in General Hospital No. 12. Hursey has completely recovered from a siege of low blood pressure that forced him to seek a long rest in Florida last year. He has a record of thirty years service as an employee of Swift and Company in East St. Louis.

Retta Snyder and Olive Meyer were recent week-end guests at “Hilly-Haven,” the new country home of Louise Hilligas, near Augusta, Mo. The house, built of brick, with central heating and running water, stands on a hillside overlooking a valley of rugged beauty, and the living-room windows afford a view of the distant Missouri River. Miss Hilligas, Superintendent of University Hospital at the University of Missouri, plans to make her home at “Hilly-Haven” when she retires from hospital work.

TO AN AVIATOR KILLED IN ACTION

I like to think that as you winged your way
Up through the dust of that deep darkening day
That God leaned down and took you by the hand
And led your soul into that other land.
Because He saw, engraved across the sky,
The paths you made where others dared not fly;
And saw you dim the distance of the west
A little nearer heaven than the rest.
And when, above some flaming battle’s wake,
My soul shall stand nor know which path to take,
I like to think I’ll find above the fray,
That God has taken you to show the way;
That, standing head erect, with wings outspread,
Between the earth and sky, you watch the dead;
And when their souls, confused, bewildered, rise
They find you there to point them to the skies.