CHRISTMAS EVE WEDDING

First Lt. Frances Hayes of the WAC and Maj. Lee Petit Gay of the Army Medical Corps were married Christmas Eve in an Army post chapel near Atlanta, Ga., where she is stationed.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. James F. Hayes of Lincoln, Neb., and the late Mr. Hayes, former St. Louisans, who lived in Washington Terrace. She is a cousin of Mrs. Clifton H. McMillan of the St. Louis Country Club grounds and Alex H. Sullivan, 7614 Wydown Boulevard.

Major Gay, who served with Base Hospital Unit 21 in France, is on duty with the Army Air Forces at Madison, Wis. He is the son of Mrs. Roger W. Gay, formerly of Arcadia, Mo., who now lives in Washington, D.C., and the late Mr. Gay. His brothers are Major George Gay, based with the Army in England, and Samuel Tucker Gay, II of Ferguson.

LIEUT. CROISSANT COMMENDED

CONFIDENTIAL:

ARMED GUARD CENTER (PACIFIC)
TREASURE ISLAND
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

20—1943

FROM: Commanding Officer, Armed Guard Unit, S.S. ______
TO: Commander Task Force, APO ______
SUBJECT: Services rendered to this unit by MELVIN L. CROISSANT, 1st Lt., CE.

1. The following is quoted for your information:

"MELVIN L. CROISSANT, 1st Lt. CE, was embarked in this vessel as Army Transportation Officer in charge of cargo, on a voyage from San Pedro, Calif., to Calcutta, India. I take great pleasure in reporting that during the voyage Lt. Croissant rendered invaluable assistance to the Armed Guard Commander of this vessel in matters pertaining to security of the vessel and organization of the crew for its defense. This assistance rendered by Lt. Croissant, has, beyond a doubt, enabled me to train one of the best organizations that I have had the pleasure to command. It is with great pleasure that I submit this report of Lt. Croissant's devotion to duty.

Rhodes E. Day, Lieut., USNR
Commanding Armed Guard
S.S. ______"

C.B.I. Theatre, Dec. 14, 1943

Dear Bill:

It was really an eventful trip. The ship behind us was torpedoed, we were diverted off our course to Sidney, and almost had a plane washed overboard in the Tasmania Sea. We narrowly missed a reef in the Bengal Bay and the crew struck in Calcutta. At Ceylon we caught a saboteur aboard and three men deserted. Some fun!

Regards to the gang,

MELVIN
DR. ERNST TAKES OVER AS HEAD OF MEDICAL SOCIETY

Pledging continuation of current policies of providing St. Louisans with the best possible medical care and at the same time providing physicians to meet the growing demands of the armed forces, Dr. Edwin C. Ernst, 2 Schultz rd., Kirkwood, assumed his duties as president of the St. Louis Medical Society on January 4.

Dr. Robert Mueller, retiring president, said St. Louis physicians last year contributed $3,500,000 worth of medical care to the poor. The figure includes services by doctors at city institutions as well as in their private offices, Dr. Mueller said.

The St. Louis society has 261 members in the armed forces. Dr. Mueller, state head of the medical procurement and assignment division of the army, estimates a total of 450 St. Louis physicians are in uniform. The St. Louis Medical Society does not include all St. Louis physicians.

At the invitation of Dr. Ernst and the Medical Society about forty former members of Base Hospital Unit 21 occupied a reserved section. An American Legion color guard representing Rouen Post advanced the Post flags to the stage at the opening of the meeting and the Aristocrats quartette, led by Dr. Norman Rathert, took the crowd down memory lane with their splendid rendition of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," and "Mandy Lee." The Aristocrats were one of the winning quartettes in the national contest held at the Chicago Convention of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartette Singing in America, Inc.

The meeting was held at the Medical Society's building, 3839 Lindell.

TOBY DUNVILLE WRITES

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., December 31, 1943—

Dear Bill—

We are still working 48 hours a week up here which does not allow one much time to do anything else.

Last Sunday I dragged my skates out of the mothballs and tried to do a Sonja Henie. It goes without saying that my efforts in that direction were as feeble as Engels attempts at iris raising.

Well, Bill, here's wishing you and the gang a Happy New Year and lots of luck.

Sincerely, TOBY DUNVILLE
COCKROACHES INFEST FURNITURE, GETS $650 FOR NEW EQUIPMENT

Don Marquis, the late humorist, made a fortune from the accounts of the doing of Archie, a pet cockroach that lived in his desk, but A. K. Nushan, supply commissioner for the Board of Education, wants none of either Archie or his relatives.

Nushan appealed yesterday to a meeting of the Supply Committee for permission to purchase new office furniture, both because his present desk is infested with roaches and because the quality of the furniture does not befit an executive of the school system. After lengthy discussion, he was given permission to spend $650 for new equipment.

Columnist Charles (Kid) Regan of the Star-Times called on the telephone after reading the foregoing story. "Nushan must be getting ritzy," he wheezed. "Imagine a guy whose youth was spent in camel stalls objecting to a few cockroaches."

Nushan recently returned from a vacation in the South. He had planned to spend a week in West Palm Beach as the guest of Charles (Rabbi) Fox but a heavy three-day rain and the garrullity of his host impelled the harassed Armenian to seek sanctuary in New Orleans. While in West Palm Beach he met Bob Martin, 19 year old sailor son of the late Lewis (Piggy) Martin, former member of Base Hospital Unit 21. Martin, who was spending Christmas leave with his mother and sister, is a yeoman, 2nd class, stationed at Bainbridge, Maryland.

* * * *

I clearly recall my last meeting with Lewis Martin, one of a group of Salem, Illinois, youths introduced to Base Hospital Unit 21 by a former fellow townsman, the late Dr. Warren Rainey. On a stuffy afternoon in the late summer of 1919 I was nodding over my drawing board in the art department of a long-since defunct advertising agency when the office boy announced a visitor. Looking up I saw Martin standing in the doorway... Martin, with his round, rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes; "the wee fat man," as he was called by a jovial Highland nurse on H line. He had taken leave of Salem for a while and was enroute to the grapefruit belt. I was pleased that he found time to drop in and bid me adieu.

A FANCIED AILMENT

Dr. Joe Magidson called at the home of Charles Jablonsky one evening last week and the former top-sergeant complained of a poor appetite in the mornings. "I used to enjoy breakfast," said Jabby, "but lately I can't eat a bite." As Magidson was leaving Mrs. Jablonsky called him aside. "Before taking that guy too seriously I suggest you drop around some morning about eight o'clock," she advised. A few days later the doctor paid an early call at the Jablonsky maison where he found the invalid moving into a stack of syrup-laden wheatcakes, two big sausage patties and a pot of coffee. "There's nothing wrong with that bird that a few days honest labor wouldn't cure," was "Maggie's" diagnosis.

* * * *

Jules W. Silverberg, 19 year old son of Jules and Mary Silverberg, 4875 Cote Brilliante avenue, St. Louis, has received an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point upon the recommendation of Congressman John J. Cochran. Silverberg, who has been in training as a Naval Aviation cadet for the past eight months, will be sent to preparatory school at Lafayette College in Easton, Penn. He was graduated from Christian Brothers College in 1942. His father, Jules V. Silverberg, who served with Base Hospital 21 in France, is a compositor for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
It is almost impossible for us to get out of this community. Adequate transportation is just something one hears about. Four of us did brave the local bus one day last week and visited the home of the French Foreign Legion. We nearly laughed ourselves sick on the trip. The bus is an antique to begin with and now since the people don’t have gasoline, they’ve rigged up a stove or burner of some sort on top of the bus. We’ve never been able to find out what makes it go—they probably use alcohol or steam—but it doesn’t perform well at all. One man drives and a co-pilot sits in the door with a log in his hands ready to jump out and put it under the back wheels when the engine dies—which it frequently does. Apparently the brakes are useless or non-existent.

The bus is partitioned; the Arabs sit in the back and use the rear door and when someone wants to get off enroute while the bus is on the upgrade the co-pilot jumps out the front, opens the back door and lets the Arab out, then darts back to the front seat. This takes place with the bus under full steam ahead—so you can get an idea of how fast we travel. We stopped in a little town enroute to our destination and walked around for about an hour and as usual all the village children followed in our wake. Upon arriving in the city we learned that we would have just three hours to spend before the bus started back so first we visited the Arab shops; nothing much to be had except baskets, shoes, and the white robes the Arabs wear which can be converted into nice bedspreads. No silver of any kind was available—but one can usually haggle them down about one third.

We saw many well-dressed Arab men—the proprietors of the shops—wearing beautiful dark blue robes with embroidered shirts and one wore a tarbush of white cloth, embroidered with gold thread. Later we went to a restaurant where we had lamb chops, noodles with gravy, fried eggs, olives, and wine; the first real meal we had in two months. I love the French food. There were a number of Legionnaires eating there and one of them invited us to visit the Museum. It was very impressive. We passed through the gates into a beautiful garden and then entered the Museum which is filled with guns, swords, and mementoes from all over the world. The walls were lined with paintings giving the history of the Legion; famous battles, portraits of officers, past and present, all done by members. They also made every bit of the exquisite furniture, rugs, carvings and statues on display. Being pressed for time our inspection was rather hasty but we heard many interesting stories from an English speaking guide. One was about an American serving with the Legion during the last war. He was lost behind the enemy lines and eventually his name was entered in the Legion book of those killed. Last month this same fellow, now a Lieut.-Col. in the American Army, paid a visit to the Museum and saw his name recorded among the list of dead. We didn’t get to see the horses nor the daily review but we hope to get back when we have more leisure.

The 70th General Hospital (St. Louis U.) has been here about three weeks and it wasn’t until they arrived that we began to take stock of ourselves and discovered how awful we look. Most of us have a distinct yellow cast from atabrine, we have lost weight, and the mineral water does things to our hair. The newcomers, fair skinned and plump, still look like members of the white race.