

**Two Speakers Heard  
At Club Meet Today**

Two speakers are scheduled for today's meeting of the Thursday Literary Club this afternoon at 3 o'clock in the home of Mrs. F. A. Michael, 75 Liberty Street. Mrs. Michael will speak on "In-

dia" and Mrs. Fletcher Cannon will talk on "Phosphates." The meeting will begin promptly in order that there may be plenty of time for both talks and members have been asked to be on time.

Read The Ads.

**Miss Dorothy Potter Writes Some  
Red Cross Experiences In Service**

Miss Potter recently visited Mrs. Mary Aleshire, of Oak Knoll, Black Mountain, N. C. This letter will be run in installments each week. Watch for it—you will enjoy reading her experiences in the Red Cross with the service men of the U. S. Armed Forces. Written exclusively for The Black Mountain News.

(Continued from last week)  
Two other arm amputation cases when paired had a right and left hand between them. . . so . . . together they made a belt. Then they argued who should have it and settled that by making another.

A ward of officers, bored with reading and each other, finally condescended to learn square knotting. So avid became their interest that they spent hours daily tying knots and view with each other in creating new designs and products. They introduced coaster sets and shopping bags. After the knotting struck a ward it was most amusing to see yards of cord streaming from springs of top bunks, screws on the ceiling (overhead), sides of bunks and any place on to which cord could be tied.

One of our craft displays inadvertently helped an exhibitor over a difficult mental hurdle, he had lost a leg, was just 2, and had a great deal of unschooled artistic ability. With much coaxing he consented to submit for the exhibit an unfinished satirical cartoon of two doctors walking away from two amputation cases discussing the remarkable progress of science. He was awarded second prize and was completely bewildered but eventually he changed from a caustic critic of everything

Army and medical into a congenial, pleasant passenger.

The guessing of the number of beans in a bottle would cause many bets and arguments and introduced very original methods of determining the exact number without actually counting the beans individually. A bottle filled with beans went onto each ward for a day with an attached list for the patient's name and his guess. I saw one patient carefully weigh a single bean in one hand, the filled bottle in the other, think with great concentration and then hastily scrawl his guess!

Individual interests merged into group activities daily. Special service musical instruments were massed for evening jam sessions and roaming talent shows. Bingo, monopoly, bridge, cribbage and all manner of games, including anywhere from an entire ward down to two players, were in progress on some ward at all times during waking hours. Local Red Cross

chapters "back home" kept me supplied with handsome gifts for birthdays and prizes. A ward nurse would present the gaily wrapped birthday gift to the celebrating patient with a background of male voices banging away at "Happy Birthday."

On one such birthday celebration activities terminated in uproarious gales of laughter and the nurse was much embarrassed. The birthday march, sound effects included, ended at an empty bed. No one had informed the birthday-dayer of his part in the celebration.

My daily high spot was P. A. program of 15 minutes, dubbed by someone "Potter's Patter." In visiting wards, talking and chatting with patients, and knowing the ship's permanent personnel, I garnered considerable personal items—human interest—and then added interviews with a variety of people. The Army dietician, ship's steward, a doctor formerly with the medical "platoons," Stores (the old time seaman replete with lore and adventure), a mate from the bridge all vouchsafed information and experiences. I also had a P.A. talent show of patients and detachment. Some of their talents were questionable but they at least varied the ward routine and conversation each evening.

It was the policy of the Master and our Commanding Officer to broadcast to the ship our destination and any other vital information that necessarily cannot be given on board a troop transport. Pursuant to this policy the bridge daily provided me with daily information as to total distance covered, knots per hour, wind direction, air and water temperature . . . which I broadcast on my program.

Each new load of patients brought new experiences for all of us. One of our detachment men, acting as a guide in loading patients, found he was leading his brother whom he hadn't seen in two years. Two patients, former buddies from Camp Carson, Denver, met accidentally in my office and spent the entire trip busily reminiscing. Two other patients had met when members of the same battalion in the States. They had gone through three different Army camps, overseas, in-

to action and been wounded together. The wounds were both in the right thighs. They were then transported to England in the same hospital, and, to end this "sameness," we took them home in the same ward. One patient, walking aboard the St. Olaf, glanced at a cargo ship alongside and suddenly realized that it was the one on which his father was first mate. The father had signed on that particular ship hoping to get to England and see his son. They met if but briefly. One of our crew members located his soldier son in an English hospital and talked with him. And another reunion was arranged for a brother and sister . . . he, a newly embarked patient, and she a nurse at a nearby Army station hospital.

Each trip volunteer patients helped me with my work, keeping the library open and in order, instructing in crafts and running innumerable errands about the ship. Each of these men presented a variety of experiences and personalities. One had a habit of often gazing for long periods through our lone office porthole. Finally I commented on it.

"Oh . . . you see I've been thinking about the United States and wondering what it'll be like. I don't remember a thing about it."

"How come?" I queried.  
"Ohhhh . . . they tell me I was found in a French house that had a direct hit from an 8. Guess I was buried under rock 'n stuff for a day or so. Wasn't hurt a bit but I can't remember a thing about myself or what I've ever done."

He paused thoughtfully—"They say I'm married—but I can't believe it—and that my father died last year . . . since I've been over here. It's funny but I can't imagine what he looked like or anything. I have a mother though. They say I live in Virginia. It's going to be funny to see a country and people and folks I can't remember."

(Continued next week)

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**Sunday**  
10:00 A. M.—Sunday School  
11:00 A. M.—Preaching  
7:30 P. M.—Preaching  
**Wednesday**  
7:30 P. M.—Prayer Meeting  
**Saturday**  
7:30 P. M.—Y. P. E.

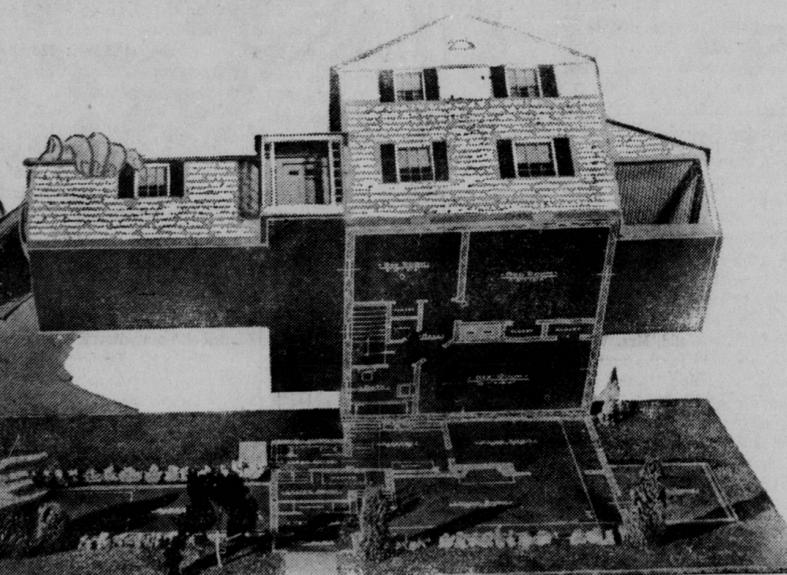
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