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## The Rouen Post, July 1936

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# THE ROUEN POST

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A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242

WILLIAM STACK

Editor

## AN OLD BUDDY

Elmer Bowman's prize souvenir of the Rouen Sector is a battered coffee pot that saw long months of active service in the company kitchen. The mention of this faithful utensil recalls many cheerful hours spent in that old frame shack. When Sergeant Puckett and other cares of the day had departed, it was pleasant to sit on a bench by the fire, sip coffee, and listen to Bowman, Hursey and Chalfont indulge in mendacious reminiscences of civil life. If Elmer ever tires of that coffee pot we'll be glad to offer it a home.

## LOW NUMBER

Bill Engel who left the gloom of the Surgical Hut for a job at Chaumont in August, 1917, had the distinction of holding one of the lowest serial numbers in the American Army. His "dog tag" bore number "Five" until he was commissioned.

## SERGEANT GUILBEAULT

Zephirin Guilbeault, the gentleman farmer of Festus, Mo., is the latest addition to the roster of Rouen Post No. 242. The former mess sergeant recently departed for the Veterans' Hospital at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he will undergo a general overhauling. Guilbeault's farm is on highway 25, about four miles from a junction near Festus, and he promises to kill the fatted calf or any edible animal that strays into his yard, in honor of the first member of the Post who pays him a visit after his return from the hospital.

## SERGEANT BYRNS TO THE RESCUE

P. H. (Pat) Byrns, executive secretary of the St. Louis Red Cross Chapter has been loaned to the St. Louis Relief Administration to place that organization on a more efficient and economical basis, according to an announcement by William C. Connett, chairman of the St. Louis Relief Committee. Pat intends to study the relief set-up for two months before making recommendations.

## DR. PROETZ TO GERMANY

Dr. Arthur Proetz has been invited to read a paper before the Third International Otological, Rhinological and Larynological Congress which meets in August in Berlin. His treatise: "Displacement Method of Sinus Diagnosis and Treatment," published in 1930, has aroused interest among international scientists. Dr. Proetz spoke before the above mentioned congress at Madrid in 1932, and was the guest of the Royal Society of Medicine in London in 1934.

JULY, 1936

# THE ROUEN POST

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDERNESS

Cream of tomato soup  
Oysters half shell  
Fried tenderloin of Sole, Spanish sauce  
French fried  
Roast Turkey a la Argonne  
Sage Dressing  
Creamed Mashed Potatoes  
Creamed Peas  
Celery, Lettuce, Olives, Pickles  
Pumpkin Pie  
Coffee, Demi-tasse  
Fruits · Nuts · Cigars · Beer

The above menu greeted the members of Mobile Hospital No. 4 when they answered chow call on Christmas Day, 1918, near the village of Cheppy in the Argonne Forest. This feast in the midst of desolation was made possible through the generosity of Col. Clopton and a hurried truck trip to Bar-le-Duc and Metz. "Dorothy" bags containing candy and a gift were presented to everyone and each man received a card bearing a verse based on some idiosyncrasy of the recipient. Arthur Melville's card is still among his souvenirs. It contains the following lines:

"I stopped as I heard the barker yell,  
"Stop one, stop all. Sirs do not fail."  
I looked at the freak and nearly fell.  
T'was Melville, the champion heavy tail."

## A CONTRIBUTION FROM ROBERT RICHNER

"I think the paper is fine as it brings back memories of long ago when things were different and we were less serious.

"It's a bit of consolation, that gives me quite a thrill  
To know my former buddies are thinking of me still  
That an everlasting friendship formed in Unit 21  
Still exists to lift life's burdens  
May that friendship carry on."

Robert Richner,  
Pixley, California.

## TOWNSEND WRITES FROM LINCOLN, NEB.

Dear Bill: I appreciate so much the Rouen Post. When is the August meeting? I expect to be in St. Louis late this summer and would like to see "21 on Deck."

Yours for beans and bully beef,  
Ex-Guzzie king

J. B. Townsend.

## RETROSPECTION

The comely Madeleine whose presence lent charm to the estaminet on the Route d'Elbeuf commonly known as "The Second Cafe" . . . And her buxom black-eyed mother, with a talent for blending cognac and water. Madeleine married an Australian after the war . . . Moonlight falling on a pile of empty jam tins outside of Wardmaster Depke's bell tent. Mute testimony to his uncontrollable appetite for sweets . . . The mellow voice of Major Walter Fischel singing "Old King Cole" in the Officers' mess. We'd like to hear that voice again at a meeting of Rouen Post . . . Arshav Nushan, scourge of the Balkans, teaching English to the son of Madame Stephanie, owner of the gilded palace of sin off the Rue de Gros Horloge . . . Sergeant "Pussycat" Rogers scorching the seat of his pants against stoves in the company kitchen as he watched superior fellow beings peel vegetables . . . The embarrassment of First Sergeant Jablonsky, when he almost blew out a wall in the company office while attempting to demonstrate the use of a .45 automatic pistol to guards about to go on duty . . . Earl Hursey and Jerry Joyce, screaming insults at better men from the shelter of the ration hut.



Rue de Gros Horloge—"Street of the Great Clock". Naughty post cards in the shops . . . Prints of Kirschner Girls. Old men playing billiards in Brasserie Paul on the Rue Grand Pont . . . Colorful crowds at the tables on the terrace of Cafe Victor . . . The girls at the nearby flower stall . . . Women conductors on the tiny trams . . . The luxury of Sole Omnia with a pint of Chablis at the Brasserie Omnia, on the Place de la Republic. Triple-decked trays of hors d'Oeuvres . . . The blind accordion player who furnished dance music at the White Star . . . "Slim" Graham on duty as a military policeman . . . Made-moiselles with seductive voices promenading in the Tivoli Theatre . . . Old women sleeping in doorways on frosty nights. The spires of the great cathedral against the moonlit sky . . . Camouflaged hospital ships lying at anchor. The ships that sailed for Blighty.



"There's a ship that sails for Blighty  
There's a smile behind the tears  
There's a star of Hope still burning  
Through the dark of waiting years.

There's a day of joy for someone  
When the night of pain is through  
For the ship that sails for Blighty  
May bring a loved one home to you."

Evening in the village of Bon Secours . . . The chimes of the Angelus floating from the church belfry . . . White-capped housewives chatting in doorways . . . A venerable priest with snow white hair showing beneath his broad brimmed hat, walking with a group of children across the tiny square . . . The faint tinkling of distant cow-bells . . . And far below, the Seine winding peacefully through the valley. "They tell us there's a war on."

# THE ROUEN POST

## RETURN TO ROUEN

By Calvin G. Tilton

It is the thought of Normandy—  
Of poppies in the rain—  
That prompts me now to dip the pen  
In Champs de Course again.

Twenty swiftly moving years  
Like leaves have blown away,  
Since thunder rolled through St. Severe  
And hob nails trod the quay.

By fate we never stopped a shell,  
But that was only half.  
For that we didn't lose our minds  
Was just because we laughed.

The convoy came by day, by night—  
A caravan of pain.  
It dropped its ghastly load to us  
And drove away again.

There's stone and iron in old Rouen,  
There's art and beauty too.  
There's also blood in Champs de Course—  
'T was seen by me and you.

## A BIT OF PRAISE FOR ROUEN POST

Dear Bill: I have the May issue of the Rouen Post and find it very interesting. To one who has seen so few of the boys, and has had but little opportunity to attend any of their gatherings, such a paper means much . . . And those Retrospections! How they bring back so many other things that happened. For instance, Sergeant Costen advising me to swipe a pair of British issue shoes when I needed a pair—and the howl he put up when someone stole his tailored suit. He said that taking the shoes was "the old army game." But stealing his clothes was different . . . In a Catholic cemetery at St. Marie, ten miles southwest of here, the father of Justin Jackson is buried. I am there occasionally helping a local undertaker and I never fail to visit the grave of the father of my comrade and friend. Dell McKinney married a girl from Oblong and I have seen him twice. Brasell stopped to see me here once when he was passing through. I met Tobias in the Library in St. Louis one day . . . Give my regards to all the boys and tell them if they are ever near here I would be pleased to have them pay me a visit.

Your Buddy,

H. C. Barker,

Oblong, Ill.