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The Rouen Post, July 1938

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THE ROUEN POST

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

WILLIAM STACK

Editor

THE JUNE MEETING

Tom Riste and Glenn Brasel, two veterans of Unit 21, journeyed from their homes in Salem, Ill., to attend the monthly meeting of Rouen Post, No. 242, American Legion, June 14, at Hotel Kingsway. Riste, the former barber whose erratic manipulation of clippers and razor made life behind the lines in France almost as hazardous as trench duty, is now a Ford salesman, and Brasel, the battling pedagogue, is director of athletics at Hoopeston High School. Herschel Storment, one time cook in the hospital kitchen, now chief of the Salem fire department, planned to accompany his buddies to St. Louis, but the sudden illness of the other two members of the department forced him to remain on duty.



Moving pictures taken by Arthur Melville during the rib-eating contest between Chaplain Tom Sheedy and George Jordan at Guilbault's farm, May 15, revealed Jordan the winner instead of Sheedy as erroneously reported in the June issue of the **Rouen Post**. The bout was hard fought, but in the opinion of those who saw the pic-

tures, which were shown by Melville during the June meeting, Jordan finished four ribs up on the aging Chaplain. Off to a bad start when he bit his thumb, Jordan rallied and his simian reach, tireless jaws and indifference to proper mastication enabled him to come from behind to win a well-deserved victory. Sheedy showed flashes of his wartime speed and timing, but was handicapped by the sudden loss of a filling from a molar during the final quarter of the contest.

Jordan's startling victory has earned him the right to meet Champion (Gartantua) Hamilton at the next outdoor meeting of Rouen Post. Hamilton, for years a dangerous opponent at table is on the down grade of a colorful gormandizing career, but his conquest of various Chinese dishes at the Asia restaurant during the anniversary dinner in May, proved that he is still of championship caliber—a smooth worker who never quits while there is a morsel of food within reach.

ORIGINAL PERSONNEL OF MOBILE HOSPITAL No. 4

Officers, nurses and men of Unit 21 transferred from Mobile Hospital No. 4: Lieutenant-Colonel Malvern B. Clopton, Capt. L. T. Post, Lieut. C. W. Eberbach, *Lieut. F. F. Lueking, *Lieut. F. B. Abbott.

Adelaide Brewster, Jesse H. Collins, Anna M. Deuser, Marie A. Franklin, Nellie H. Heinzelman, Eunice Holmes, Nellie Kuhn, Elizabeth Littig, Ruth Morton, Anastatia Mosier, Myrtle J. Nash, Margaret B. Otis, Jeanette Parish, Ola Mae Reed, Dolly Belle Schmidt, Francis Schouse, Genevieve Tetrault, Bruce Venable, Mary E. Weise, Olive E. Wilcox.

H. F. Chalfant, J. G. Anderson, P. Corrubia, J. V. Hettich, J. S. Allen, P. A. Conrath, L. C. Taylor, J. V. Silberberg, F. Dixon, A. E. Schanuel, F. M. Depke, J. O. Sallee, R. J. Puckett, H. Neely, E. Williams, A. E. Melville, J. A. Lennon, W. H. Pleuger, C. E. Duffy, C. J. Fox, F. H. Pitt, H. J. Purcell, *L. C. Martin, F. W. Knecht, E. Wright, *A. Mercer, W. S. Reeves, H. H. Smith, G. W. Freiberger, Lee Heidbrader.

*Deceased.

JULY, 1938

THE ROUEN POST

REUNION

"And life slips its tether
When the boys get together
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring."

Dr. Pete McKee and Dr. Earl Padgett, both of Kansas City, Mo., attended the annual Washington University Alumni dinner at Hotel Chase, June 4. Your editor, sitting quietly over a glass of mineral water in the hotel's cocktail bar late that evening, was aroused from his meditations by a gale of raucous laughter from a nearby table. The interrupted philosopher's mood of annoyance changed to pleased surprise as he recognized Pete McKee, Earl Padgett, Jim Costen, Doc Gay and Charles O'Keefe, all colorful veterans of Unit 21. Costen resplendent in blue coat, pleated white flannel trousers and highly polished steel-rimmed spectacles, was holding the spotlight with stories of his numerous athletic victories over Calvin Tilton the Pasadena banker. "Old Tilton's conception of physical prowess is an evening over a domino board, followed by a hot shower and a bowl of gruel," chuckled the former Arkansas mumbleypeg star. "He's so dried up that he creaks like a wooden sidewalk in Paragould, and it's only my early Christian training, and the miles stretching between us that prevent me from clouting him into oblivion."



COFFEE KLATCH CHAMPION

Charles Koch, former cook in the officers' mess of Unit 21, is the owner of an attractive bakeshop at 2903 South Jefferson avenue in St. Louis. The shop, modern and inviting, stands on the west side of the street, a few doors south of Pestalozzi, and lends a progressive touch to a neighborhood that has resisted the innovations of recent years. Old buildings and traditional customs still appeal to the solid burghers of the district, and for the past sixteen years Koch has been catering to the appetites of valiant trenchermen who adhere to the Teutonic habit of eating four meals a day.

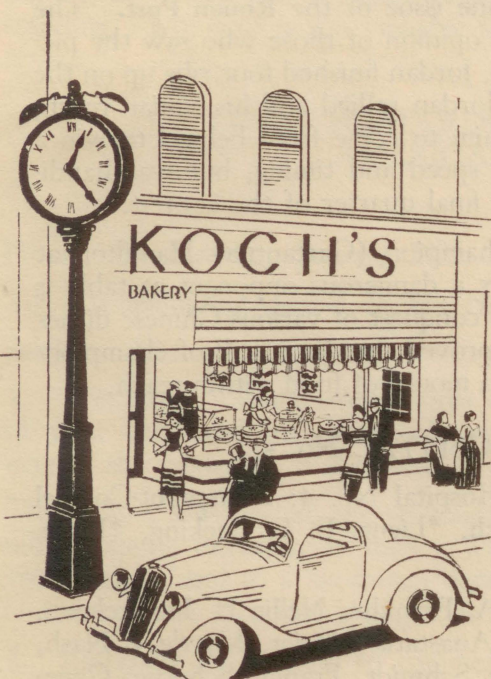
Koch has long been active in the interests of his craft. He has served three terms as president of the St. Louis Bakers Association and was elected vice-president of the Associated Retail Bakers of America during their recent convention in Chicago. In 1933 he was sent to Washington as a member of a committee selected by the National Association to draft a baker's code for the N.R.A.

According to Koch, the baking business is confining and requires close attention. But he finds time to edit the

Retail Bakers' News every month and to take an occasional fishing trip. He resides with his wife in an apartment over the shop.

♦ ♦ ♦

ROUEN POST OUTING TO SALEM, ILLINOIS — SUNDAY, AUGUST 21
KEEP THIS DATE OPEN
GOLF — SWIMMING — BARBECUE — PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE CHILDREN



THE ROUEN POST

NUSHAN NOTES

Arshav Nushan, the loquacious drum major and George (Puffer) Delany, the Ballas road farmer, met in a west-end cafe one Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago. At Delany's suggestion they found a table in a quiet corner of the bar. George ordered a highball and Nushan requested a glass of buttermilk. One drink called for another and the afternoon wore on with each man displaying a surprising capacity for his favorite beverage. For every highball consumed by the bibulous bee-keeper, the abstemious Armenian tossed off a beaker of buttermilk to the obvious disapproval of his companion. As they arose to depart, Delany stared glassily at Nushan with mingled distaste and bewilderment. "I don't understand how you can drink so much buttermilk," he snorted. "You'll probably turn into a pillar of cottage cheese on your way home."

Arshav Nushan, drum major for the Greater St. Louis Drum and Bugle Corps and the Moolah Temple Shriners' Band, was the recipient of a rhinestone studded baton from the Women's Auxiliary of the Drum and Bugle Corps May 14. The baton, made by Fred Simcock, an ex-service man residing in Long Beach, California, was presented to Nushan during an American Legion dance at Jeffla Hall in south St. Louis.

Aroused by the gesture of appreciation on the part of the Women's Auxiliary, the Shriners promptly authorized Nushan to order a similar baton with their compliments. Nushan plans to carry one in his teeth on parade in case of emergency.

FAN MAIL

Dear Mr. Nushan: I have been an admirer of yours for some time but did not know your name until I read the story by Lyla Hertslet in the Star-Times. One line in particular caught my eye. It read: "I don't fool myself. When the girls smile at me, I realize that it's the effect of the uniform and the music that impresses them." I am certain, Mr. Nushan, that you are fooling yourself. The music and clever uniform undoubtedly affect the emotions, but it's your personal charm that really impresses the spectators. Mr. Nushan, I have a hobby. You may think it odd of me, but I collect socks or stockings from people whom I admire, and as you happen to be one of my favorites, won't you send me a discarded sock of yours so I can add it to my collection. It would make me very proud and happy if you will.

Mary B——
Lemay, Mo.

"If I can find a sock with a foot in it, I shall be glad to comply with the young lady's request," said Nushan in his office at the Supply Department of the Board of Education. "But with business what it is today it may be impossible."

MRS. DILLMAN DIES

Mrs. Elizabeth Dillman, 64, widow of Dr. Sam Dillman died Tuesday, June 21, 1938, in the Missouri Baptist Hospital. Mrs. Dillman, mother of George Dillman, former member of Base Hospital No. 21, was a native of Williamson County, Ill., and came to St. Louis in 1923. Burial was at Sailor Springs, Ill.

Surviving her are two sons, George and Lee C. Dillman; a daughter, Miss Velma Dillman; a brother, John B. Carmichael and a sister, Mrs. Ira M. Briggs.



NEXT MEETING OF ROUEN POST, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11

BLACK FOREST, 6432 GRAVOIS, 8 P. M.

THE ROUEN POST



Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bowman have returned from a visit to Hawaii and languid Elmer has resumed his daily naps in the office of the Banner Ice Company in East St. Louis. "I was amused by 'Spindley' Allen's protest against your reference to me as a truthful man," said Bowman during a recent conversation over the telephone. "Allen was notoriously allergic to facts during our stay in France and it is evident that passing years have only served to aggravate this condition. If I had intended to withhold stories of my army activities from my fiancée I would never have introduced her to that freckled scandal-monger whose capacity for backstairs gossip is exceeded only by his utter lack of discretion."

♦ ♦ ♦

Pat Byrns, the magenta-hued Red Cross secretary, has returned from a business trip that took him to San Francisco, Seattle and Spokane . . . Your editor lunched with Dr. Clarence Koch at the Marion Hotel in Little Rock during the Arkansas Dental Convention in May.

Clarence asked to be remembered to his friends in Rouen Post . . . Harold Jolley, the venerable banker, has been named by Gov. Lloyd Stark to succeed former Gov. Caulfield as a member of the St. Louis Board of Election Commissioners.

♦ ♦ ♦

Dr. Jim Costen recently received the following postcard message from Dr. Arthur Proetz, who is lending a touch of color to the boulevard cafes of Paris: "Hi, Jim—What is that little song about 'Under the Bridges of Paris'? My best to you—and General Stack. A bientot."

Dear Bill:

Congratulations on your fine work in getting out the **Rouen Post**. It is very interesting. I have been living out here for some nine years after having traveled around the country quite a bit before deciding to locate.

Give my best regards to all our mutual friends.

Charles (Chick) Collier,
99 Van Ness Ave. South,
San Francisco, California.

♦ ♦ ♦

Miss Mary E. Rynders, former nurse in Unit 21, has moved to Fort Smith, Ark., where she will reside at 1711 I Street.

SUICIDE IN THE TRENCHES

I knew a simple soldier boy
Who grinned at life in empty joy,
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches, cowed and glum,
With crumps and lice and lack of rum,
He put a bullet through his brain
No one spoke of him again.

You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.

Siegfried Sassoon