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## The Rouen Post, July 1941

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# THE ROUEN POST

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

WILLIAM STACK

Editor

## DR. RAINEY VICTIM OF SPOTTED FEVER



Dr. Warren R. Rainey

Dr. Warren R. Rainey, assistant professor of clinical surgery at Washington University, died July 27, at Barnes Hospital of Rocky Mountain spotted fever, a rare disease in this section of the country. He was 54 and lived at 17 Washington Terrace.

He had been bitten by a wood tick which transmits the disease, three weeks before while visiting his farm at Salem, Ill. A number of cases and one death have been reported in that vicinity in recent years.

Born near Salem, Dr. Rainey was graduated from Northwestern University in 1911. During the World War he was a Major in the British Army and was awarded the King George Medallion for meritorious service. When the United States entered the war, he joined Base Hospital Unit 21.

In 1920, Dr. Rainey became a member of the Washington University Medical School faculty. He was assistant surgeon at Barnes, St. Louis Maternity and St. Louis Children's Hospital and was on the staff of St. Luke's Hospital. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Eugenia Rainey, and two sons, George R. and Robert Rainey. Dr. Rainey was buried

with military honors at Salem on July 31. Herschel Storment, Tom Riste and Glenn Brasel, Salem veterans of Unit 21, were members of the firing squad.

## ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Former members of Base Hospital Unit 21 were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Larimore, at their summer home near Chesterfield, Mo., on Saturday, May 24. The party was in commemoration of the 24th anniversary of the Unit's departure for France. Dr. Allen Gilbert, of Fayetteville, Ark., was the only out-of-town guest as the usually dependable Horace Neely found it impossible to leave his drug store in Marion, Ill. It was Dr. Gilbert's first Unit reunion since the Armistice Day dinner at the Melbourne Hotel in 1938.

## ARSHAV NUSHAN PROMOTED

Arshav Nushan, chief clerk of the Board of Education's supply department, was appointed Assistant Supply Commissioner on July 1. He has been in the employ of the School Board for 16 years.

Nushan, who is also an outstanding drum major, is a member of the All-American Judges' Association. He has been selected as one of the judges of musical competition at the Kansas State Convention of the American Legion at Topeka on Aug. 31 and Sept. 1.



# THE ROUEN POST

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## HOW IT HAPPENED

On the morning of July 27 a telephone call informed me of the death of Dr. Rainey.

As I hung up the receiver I found my thoughts drifting back to the days when I first knew him in East St. Louis—a polished, handsome young surgeon, but recently returned from France where he had served for six months as a Major in the British Army. I was introduced to Dr. Rainey by Dr. Royal Tharp with whom Rainey was sharing offices in the Murphy Building. It was a meeting that led to the most broadening experience of my life—the 23 months I served in France with Base Hospital Unit 21.

A chance visit to East St. Louis, on a May evening in 1917, added my name to the enlisted personnel of the Unit. During the previous autumn I had moved to St. Louis and enrolled at the School of Fine Arts at Washington University. New faces and fresh interests filled my days and I crossed the river but seldom during the following winter. But on this particular evening a nostalgic impulse had led me back to my home town. A tour of familiar haunts eventually brought me to the offices of Drs. Tharp and Rainey.

I found the latter packing his equipment. "What's wrong"? I inquired. "Have they raised the rent"? Dr. Rainey grinned from behind an armload of books. "My boy," he explained, "The rent will be Tharp's problem from now on. I'm leaving for London next week with a medical unit from Barnes Hospital."

Leaving for London next week. I had hailed America's recent declaration of war against Germany as a rare opportunity for foreign travel at the expense of Uncle Sam but, only that afternoon, editorial writers on the Post-Dispatch—men whose judgment I regarded as sound—had darkened my hopes of a conducted tour abroad. It was their opinion (probably wishful thinking) that Germany would quit before an American Army of sufficient size could be trained for service overseas and that our contribution to the Allied cause would be largely moral and financial. "If you want a bit of travel," they advised, "Join the Navy. At least you'll be sent to Norfolk or Newport News. Enlist in the National Guard and your service will probably be limited to encampment at Maxwellton race track."

Thus spoke the moulders of public sentiment, and if their prophecy proved true, Dr. Rainey, as a member of the Barnes unit, would be one of the few to see army service across the Atlantic. I envied his good fortune and told him so. The Doctor turned from his packing, lighted a cigarette, and gazed thoughtfully at a gradually widening smoke ring. Then he gave me the thrill of my young life. "How would you like to go along?" he asked.

\* \* \*

I met him the next morning at Barnes Hospital, passed the physical examination, and was sworn into the regular Army Medical Corps the following day. Thus a cultural and conservative influence entered the ranks of Unit 21.

## CHARLES COLLIER RECEIVES IMPORTANT POST

Charles (Chic) Collier, who served with Base Hospital Unit 21, was recently appointed managing director of the Pacific Advertising Association. Collier, former secretary of the St. Louis Advertising Club, was one of the organizers of "Move More Merchandise Conference" in 1922, out of which has grown the present American Retailers Association.

For the past several years the once zealous guardian of the officers' mess rations has been a member of the faculty of the Golden Gate College and dean of the School of Advertising in San Francisco.



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## RECOLLECTIONS OF A WORLD WAR NURSE

By Retta Snyder

I've had several very sad cases the last few days, and though we try to take a disinterested view of the situation, it is impossible. The personal element is there and will not be ignored. I had a twenty-four year old boy, a sweet, patient child, who had very serious trench feet and the medical officers said they could not save him. However, we put an electric heater over the feet and watched him closely for signs of gangrene or poisoning of any sort. The second night he developed pneumonia, just as they thought his feet were beginning to improve, and he died in eighteen hours. I was really thankful he died if his feet could not be saved but—well, it is just one of the many cases and we must not dwell on them too much.

\* \* \*

Today I said to Olive, "We must go somewhere," so we went to Bonsecour, a lovely village on the bluffs of the Seine and tonight I feel myself once more. Hutch went with us, so we had to go in the car, as she has been ill, otherwise we could have walked to the river and ferried across. The village is quaint and old, on top of a high bluff. The river is beautiful, with many tiny islands and other things I cannot mention.\* It reminded me of the English lakes more than any place. There is a church with more of the beautiful purple and red windows like the cathedral. A school of boys was having mass, so we sat down and stayed through the entire service. The boys sang and their voices were sweet and fresh. I believe we miss children more than any one thing. Coming back we saw a darling baby in a carriage going our way. We three walked beside it for over a block. I wanted to touch its hand, but being somewhat prone to germs, I did not venture. We heard a rooster crow, too, and realized we had not heard that for weeks.

\* \* \*

Edith and Estelle gave us a beautiful table lamp for Christmas. It has a Persian shade to match our hangings. They have an old rose lamp so we are very dressy in our hut. We never expect to get finished and neat but it keeps us happy thinking how nice it will be when we do get straight. We are happy with each other and though it rains a good deal we do not mind. If we are ill we are well taken care of, and if it is cold I need think only of private duty, of Sarah street and Florissant avenue at 5:30 a. m. and I smile to myself. No phone, no alarm clock and no long, cold rides in the morning. I am glad I came, if there had to be a war.

We hear that we may be taken back into the American Army, in fact there are rumors of our moving soon so I must hurry and see all I can of Rouen.

\* \* \*

Yesterday one man I bathed said he had not had a drop of water to wash in for eight days and another one six. Then the other men said they were in luck that it was not longer! One chap brought in a Fritz helmet and we all took great interest in it. I wondered what had happened to the owner.

\* \* \*

I have a pet tent where the patients are so amusing that I am tempted to stay all the time. There are two men side by side who call themselves Cuthbert and George and they furnish plenty of comic relief. Yesterday George invited me to accompany him to Rouen and we mapped out our walk, where we would dine, and the prospects of returning to camp in a taxi. He has a fractured leg. I shaved George recently when I wasn't so busy and Cuthbert announced that he was next. "I'm walking out with a young woman this afternoon," he explained, "And I could do with a bit of a shave, myself." "Get your mind off girls, my lad," advised George. "Leave them to me. You'd better be jolly well thinking of a seat in Heaven and ways and means of getting one."

\*Camouflaged boats.



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## PEACE

Now God be thanked Who matched us with His hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanless leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

RUPERT BROOKE, 1887-1915

There is a grave in Scyros, amid the white and pinkish marble of the isle, the wild thyme and the poppies, near the green and blue waters. There Rupert Brooke was buried. Thither have gone the thoughts of his countrymen, and the hearts of the young especially. It will long be so. For a new star shines in the English heavens.  
Beverly, Mass., October, 1915

G. E. W.

## COMRADE DAWKING'S WRITES

Dear Bill:

I had a very nice letter from Charlie Koch, the baker, in December. I answered him promptly and hope he received my letter. Another friend I would like to hear from is Miss Venable. She was in charge of the tent which was my home from the time I entered the hospital until I was transferred to the Surgical Hut at Christmas. If my memory serves me well she came from Virginia. There were lots of other friends but until I get a reminder it is difficult to remember names.

The two medical officers who had several chops at me were a Dr. Stewart and a Doctor with the build of a boxer—a swarthy chap with black curly hair.\* If you are in contact with them give them my kindest regards.

Well, Bill, aside from the pleasure I get in knowing that my youngster is safe and happy among you, I get a kick out of being in touch with you all again. Best regards to the members of Rouen Post.

62 Canterbury Street  
Whitstable, Kent

WM. V. DAWKINGS

## FIRE CHIEF STORMENT

If you hear of a fire in Salem, Ill., promptly notify Fire Chief Herschel Storment who can be reached at the local station of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. Storment, a former member of Franklin Carr's staff of cooks in the patients' kitchen in British General Hospital 12, has been an employee of the C. & E. I. for over 25 years, but he finds time to direct the volunteer fire fighters at all of the better conflagrations in Salem. When his duties as fire chief and station clerk permit Herschel resides with his wife and three children. He was one of the six Salem boys who enlisted in Base Hospital 21 through their friendship with Dr. Warren Rainey.

Storment, Riste, and Brasel are still residents of Salem but Capps moved to Mt. Vernon, Ill. soon after his return from the army. Martin and Mercer are dead.



Herschel Storment

\*Dr. Levi Fuson