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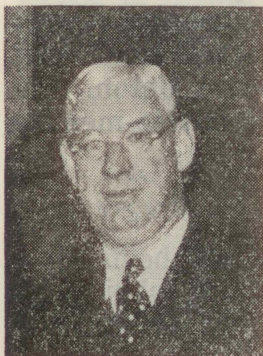
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THE ROUEN POST

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

WILLIAM STACK
Editor

NEW HOSPITAL UNIT GIVEN JOFFRE FLAG



Dr. Borden S. Veeder

Symbolic of the service given by the Washington University medical staff to the nation's armed forces during the first World War, an American flag was transferred from the custody of Base Hospital 21 Dec. 18 to that of the Unit's successor, General Hospital 21, at an impressive ceremony in Barnes Hospital.

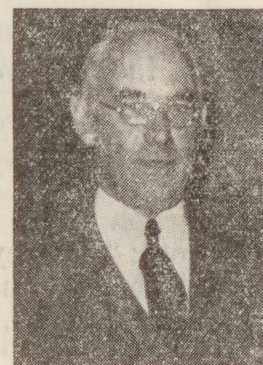
The flag was presented to the original unit 25 years ago by Gen. Joffre, French war hero.

The transfer came on the heels of an order just received by the younger medical unit to stand ready for duty in the war emergency.

Prior to the presentation of the Joffre flag the colors of Washington University were presented to the army and navy units by Dr. Malvern Clopton, president of the Corporation of Washington University.

Among the guests were Mayor Becker, Director of Public Welfare, Caulfield, Lt. Col. E. H. Perry, director of the R. O. T. C. at Washington University School of Medicine, Dr. Frank Tucker, District Superintendent of the Methodist Church and Chancellor George R. Throop of the University.

As we watched the ceremony in the lobby of Barnes hospital we gradually yielded to reverie; days long done flitted before our mind's-eye like the cut-back in a movie drama. We recalled our first glimpse of the colors which Col. Borden Veeder was about to transfer to Lt. Col. Lee Cady, commander of the new unit. It seemed like only yesterday that we stood in the warm May sunshine on the crowded lawn of this same hospital and joined in the demonstration as the massive figure of "Papa" Joffre, hero of the Marne, solemnly kissed the flag and handed it to Major Fred Murphy who was soon to lead Base Hospital Unit 21 to service in France. May 7, 1917 . . . Nearly twenty-five years ago! "Langsyne when life was bonny." The graying, veterans, scattered among the crowd of nurses and internes, again were young men looking forward to the adventure overseas.



Dr. Malvern Clopton

Now, unnoticed, they stand rather wistfully on the side-lines—too old, in the main, for military service. Time has marched on with depressing speed.

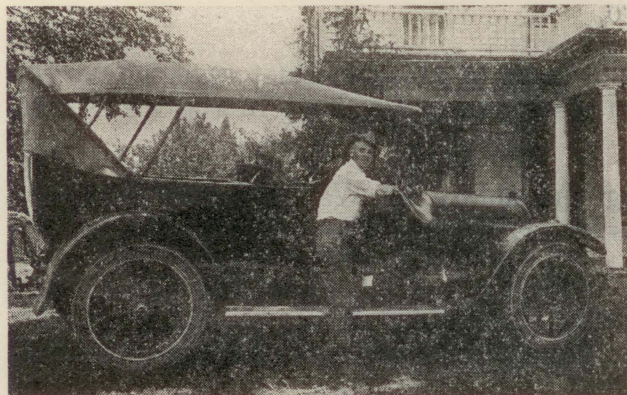
The voice of Col. Veeder broke in upon our musings. As he presented the flag to Lt. Col. Cady, our former commander sounded the keynote of the meaning of the occasion:

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"We wrote the first chapter of the tradition which this flag stands for many years ago in France. Now we ask you to carry it on wherever you may be called."

Later we walked over Kingshighway through the December twilight. A cold gray sky gave a hint of snow, the bare branches overhead creaked mournfully in the wind; dead leaves scurried riotously across our path. We thought again of that sunny afternoon in May so long ago—and sighed for the parti-colored years that have gone.

Former members of the original Unit held a brief reunion in the lobby after the ceremony. We talked with Arthur Melville, Bill Engel, Philip Conrath, Marvin Hamilton, Frank Depke, Charles Jablonsky, Estelle Claiborne, Drs. Edwin Ernst, Jim Costen, Lawrence Post, Arthur Proetz, Lee Gay, Borden Veeder and Malvern Clopton. Pat Byrns had announced his intention to be present but a Red Cross committee meeting forced him to make other arrangement.



Banker Tilton and his latest acquisition.

Dr. Jim Costen, unctious and beaming as of yore, hobbled toward us rubbing his hands with an air of self-satisfaction. "What do you hear from Banker Tilton?" we asked. The former Paragould parchesi star chuckled as he wiped the steam from his glasses: "Haven't had a line from old Cal in months," he quavered. "I imagine he's too busy to take time out for writing. Knowing Cal as I do, I'd bet dollars to doughnuts the first blackout in Los Angeles sent him scurrying in the direction of his Missouri hills. He's probably tunneling through the Rockies enroute to Grant City. Banker Tilton's favorite weapon is the foreclosure. He was never keen about high explosives.

Shortly after we reached home the telephone rang. It was Dr. Costen calling. "Bill, I was wrong about old "Creaky Cal" falling back toward Grant City. He's still in Pasadena. When I got back to my office there was a letter from Tilton enclosing a photograph of the old boy standing proudly beside an automobile in front of his house. He wrote: "My bicycle was falling apart and as I have always wanted to own a car I recently bought the tidy job shown in the snapshot from a friend who has purchased a horse and buggy. I think I got a bargain. All it needs is a set of new tires."

Col. James D. Fife, first commander of Base Hospital Unit 21, has been called from retirement to serve with the American Red Cross in Washington, where he is supervising the purchase and distribution of medical supplies authorized by Congress in a special bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for that purpose. These supplies have been going to China, Poland and other invaded countries.

It has been brought to our attention that the name of Edward McCuddy, past-commander of Central Memorial Post, is missing from the personnel list of Base Hospital 21, which was published in the December issue of this paper. We apologize to McCuddy and any other members whose names did not appear. The omission was due to error.

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HURSEY, HORSERADISH AND HOGS



Earl Hursey

Earl Hursey, former administrator of canned goods, butter, and jam in the company mess of General Hospital 12, has turned to part-time farming as a sideline from his regular duties in the sales department of Swift Packing Company. Hursey, a salesman of thirty years experience in the packing business, recently purchased forty acres of rich farm land adjoining the Bunkum road on the outskirts of East St. Louis where he will concentrate on raising hogs and horseradish. The property acquired by Earl was a Government bonus to a soldier shortly after the war of 1812 and a venerable brick residence, which was occupied by descendants of the original owner until a few years ago, is still standing. The gentleman-farmer plans to eventually remodel it into a modern home.

Earl told us of his latest venture as we drove back to St. Louis after the Armistice-Thanksgiving party at the home of Dr. Ernst. The veteran salesman is confident that the sale of porkers and horseradish will net him a profitable annual income. "I've learned a lot about hogs through my experiences with Swift and the Company mess in Unit 21," he explained. "And horseradish always finds a ready market in St. Louis owing to its limited production. My farm is one of the few in this vicinity with the type of soil essential to its growth."

We suggested that Earl plant a couple of acres of beans as a reminder of army days. The potential farmer gave us a reproving stare. "Don't be funny," he retorted. "I've told you what I intend to produce. There shall be no beans—if there were I'd have to hire a watchman to keep "Violet" Kohn and "Pink" Bowman off my property."

Hursey has no intention of putting on the man-with-the-hoe act in person. An elderly negro, who has worked the land for fifty years, will carry on with the chores under the week-end supervision of his new employer.

* * *

Arshav Nushan, outstanding drum major and Hursey's nemesis in France, expressed surprise upon learning of Earl's investment. "I always thought a good plough-jockey went astray when Hursey became a meat vendor," said the Pasha. "Now he's responding to the call of the soil. H-m-m—the return of the native. Hursey, horseradish and hogs. What a combination! When you see that potential weed jumper impress on him the importance of doffing his hat and addressing me as "Mister" when we meet. Otherwise I shall put a Turkish curse on his farm. The hogs will be razor-backs and turnips will stifle the horseradish."

"Hursey really fears that curse," I commented. Nushan's swarthy face lighted with a wicked grin. "Of course he does—and why not? You remember the spell I cast over him at St. Malo in 1918. He was worried sick. Every time he engaged me in horseplay his thumb snapped out of place, insomnia spoiled his nights, and as we pulled out of the station en route to Paris, a shower of tomato juice and seeds tossed from a can in the compartment ahead, smacked him right in the face. He looked like a salad. The curse proved so effective that I relented and lifted it at Le Mans—but I still have the power to invoke it again."

* * *

"There'll be blue birds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow, just you wait and see.
There'll be love and laughter
And peace everafter
Tomorrow, when the world is free."

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A WORLD WAR NURSE

By Retta Snyder

I'm afraid my family is worrying that we are cold and they have so little coal and such terrible weather at home, while we are enjoying delightful days. Today, as I read about their cold weather, I was between sheets with only two blankets. The girls say it is warmer now than in the summer time. The sunrise this morning was exquisite, and all day the sun shone and everyone basked and purred. At all hours you see the blue-coated army of nurses starting out for a walk or coming back with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. We are a healthy looking lot. I'm much thinner, but have splendid color, and am so glad that I came, if there had to be a war.

It is about two o'clock, and time to start my morning's work. We had a letter from Miss Ruffer at Saint Luke's today. She said they were busy with one hundred and eighteen patients. I believe I shall write her that one hundred and eighteen patients for sixty nurses must keep them busy. I have one hundred and twenty-five myself. But I can't give them the service demanded by St. Luke's pampered pets, you may be sure.



Shrine of St. Adrienne

Olive Meyer and I had lunch at twelve, took our letters and departed for the forest. We plodded through a lot of mud en route but the road in the forest was dry and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was a clear, bright day; the trees were quiet and peaceful. We sat on the moss and got a good laugh from our letters. Dolly Meyer wrote a long gossipy epistle and at the end she simply wrote "to be continued." No signature.

Resuming our hike we headed toward a village on the Seine but missed the road and had to do a lot of extra walking to find the ferry. Finally we reached the village where a church is built on a shelving rock on the side of a bluff. It is called the shrine of St. Adrienne. We lingered in the church is built in a rock shelf on the side of a bluff. in a large cushion, a custom followed by single girls who come to the shrine to pray for husbands.

Olive and I are going on leave March 2nd for two weeks. We are getting so excited and anxious to go. We didn't expect to go so soon but we told Miss Taylor last week we were ready to go anytime. That was the first day or so when I had gone to the surgical hut and felt strange. Olive was on the P. U. O. line, and was bored with nothing to do. Now I am doing dressings and Olive is in one of the new huts and we both are so crazy about the work that we hate to go. I have nine heavy dressings to do alone and it some trick to dress and irrigate wounds in legs strung up in splints and every move you make you bump into a weight bag or rope. You know that story Madame Montessori tells of the narrow platform on which the children's tables stood. She found it was too narrow and ordered the carpenter to change it but before it was done she found that the children had adapted themselves to the narrow space so she did not change it. It is like that with us. We have developed a sense of obstacles and automatically avoid them. But I love it, as I love every bit of the work I have to do, except taking those temperatures for three hours every morning on night duty. That irked me exceedingly but I did it of course.

Five former members of Base Hospital Unit 21 passed away during the latter part of 1941. They were: Dr. Warren Rainey, Louise Dierson, Rachel Watkins, Major Meredith Johnston and John Nowell.