

11-1947

## The Rouen Post, November 1947

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# THE ROUEN POST

Base Hospital 21 — World War I

21st Gen. Hosp. — World War II

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

## ANNUAL ARMISTICE PARTY



Dr. Edwin C. Ernst

ROUEN POST'S annual observance of Armistice Day was celebrated November 22 at Dr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Ernst's MD Ranchhouse in St. Louis County which has been so aptly described so many times that we shall not repeat. Reservations exceeded 100—and they were all present and accounted for.

Since the beginning of Rouen Post this has been our principal celebration. Each year memories of our war days are revived as we oldsters get together. Also we are reminded of the days of yester-year when such incomparable characters were still alive as "Pat" Bryns, "never a dull moment" Delaney and some now too old to attend, Lee (Doc) Gay, Art Schanuel, the sourpuss, yet ever colorful little round man, Jablonsky. We are reminded of our early days at The Kingsway Hotel Tavern when talented members of Rouen Post stole the spotlight from professional entertainers, when piano sergeant Tobey Dunville played "Hearts and Flowers" as Pat Bryns introduced his war-time pal "Coward Jake" to the guests:

### COWARD JAKE

Coward Jake, was what they called him  
Till you scarce could believe his shame,  
Even children stopped their playing  
To deride him with the name,  
Then there came a dreadful fever  
Daily striking thousands dead.  
Strong men left their wives and children;  
Mothers from their babies fled.  
Then did Jake, like those who scorned him,  
Leave his stricken friends to die?  
Did he . . . Did he!! YES, YOU'RE DAMNED  
RIGHT HE DID.

One cannot appreciate this verse unless you had heard the eloquent Bryns recite it. His "Ode To A Factory Girl in Petit Quivilly" also was one of our old favorites. Yes, the years have taken their toll but the memories linger on. We well recall the words of Monsignor John J. Butler of St. Louis one Armistice Day when he paid tribute to the fellowship that led to the inception of Rouen Post. "I think that an organization of this kind is a splendid idea," he said. "Don't be too serious, laugh and have a good time

when you get together and I'm sure your departed comrades will rejoice." We have tried to follow his advice—and we are sure that those who have departed have rejoiced—Lueking, O'Hanlon, Abbott, Rainey, Allison, Knox, Mercer, Evatt, Edith Ferguson, Elsie Aspelmeier, Ruth Cobb and many others too numerous to mention. And the last to depart—Dr. Malvern B. Clopton. Yes, the shadows are lengthening—and the list is growing.

But we'll carry on as best we can. The return of such veterans as Tom Sheedy, the unfrocked chaplain and the man who gained his stripes thru his ability to play the piano, Tobey Dunville were on hand after an absence of several years. Spencer Allen of Cincinnati, who admittedly thoroughly disliked Unit 21 and regretted that he had not joined the infantry was on hand three days early to "get in shape". To those of us who saw him the morning after the reunion dinner this is



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to be understood. If ever a man was "indisposed" Allen was—and he looked the part. In the words of Dr. Allan Gilbert, after a return from a visit to his room, "I just saw a ghost and it resembled Spindly Allen." Time softens memories and Spencer now boasts of the many days he spent in the brig and herding G.I. cans under the watchful eye of "The Bard of Oblong", Horace Barker, then a lance-corporal.

A tasty supper, planned by that capable planner of the second unit, Dr. Earl Shepard, consisted of roast beef, baked ham, baked beans, potatoe salad, and cabbage slaw. Delicious bread and doughnuts from the bake-shop of Charles Koch completed the repast.

Forney "the efficient" Dixon was unable to take care of the demands for refreshments, so Justin "Stonewall" Jackson was pressed into service. For a novice he did a splendid job. Forney now knows who can be called upon in the future.

As the guests waxed mellow they crowded around the Steinway at which Dr. John F. Patton was officiating. A master of song and the piano is our past commander. His repertoire is long and he is untiring.

Since Dunville has grown too old & weak in mind and body to perform as in the days of yore, John Patton fills a long-needed want. Seeing Dunville at the piano suggested digging up this old cut, by Bill Stack.



On his last chevrons were superimposed a piano and some notes. Oh, yes, Eddie Winer used to do a good job at the piano, too. Memories of his "better days" were revived at the cocktail party during the reunion. Ask Genie Kohring.

That never to be forgotten man from Marion, Illinois, "Judge" Neely again drove the 120 miles to celebrate with us. What a char-

acter: conversant with Shakespeare, Kipling, Dickens and Longfellow as he is with Danny Boy, Horsey Keep Your Tail Up and the "gallopin' dominoes". The pages of Base Hospital 21 and Rouen Post history could never be complete without him. After they made the "Judge" they threw away the mold. He contributed his usual numbers so familiar to us all and generally lent color to the gathering.

Dr. L. C. Boemer was in rare voice and gathered around him were the members of his choir of reunion fame, Bob Kelley, Earl Shepard, Bob Anschuetz, Joe Edwards, Dave Kerr, Webb Gurley, Jim Rose, Les Jasper and Carl Lattner, assisted by many of their wives.

Present in goodly numbers were former nurses of both units . . . Margaret Conochie, Mae Gluck, Lucille Spalding, Betty Brooks, the nation's typical nurse for 1946 and many others . . . Conny had a birthday earlier in the same week but when we endeavored to find out when she had her first we were answered with a terse, "no comment" . . . Amy Tabor was telling any one who would listen about her failure to receive an invitation to the party and your writer was subjected to much abuse during the evening . . . but we will not tell where she and Francie Ward spent nearly all of the evening.

Many kind words have been spoken and written of our host and hostess, Dr. and Mrs. Ernst. What we might add still can never adequately express our innermost feelings. If we said they are "tops" that probably would come nearer to our sentiments. Both Dr. and Mrs. Ernst worked and worked throughout the entire evening—Mrs. Ernst was there to close the place, in absence of the doctor who had "turned in" as he was leaving for Boston the next morning. Have you ever seen a Chief Nurse ladling beans? Had you been present at the party you would have seen Miss Spalding performing that menial job—evidently had some previous experience as she did not spill a bean. Another gal who is deserving of praise and thanks for her untiring work is Mrs. Sallee, Jim Sallee's wife. She was all over the place, helping with everything.

It was another good party and will so be recorded in the archives.



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### DR. S. I. SCHWAB DIES IN BOSTON

Dr. Sidney I. Schwab, 76 professor emeritus of neurology at Washington University and a leading figure in his field for many years, died of heart disease early this month at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

Dr. Schwab served overseas with Base Hospital No. 21 during World War I. He received his medical degree at Harvard in 1896 and took graduate training in neurology and psychiatry in Berlin, Paris and Vienna before coming to St. Louis in 1899.

Author of numerous articles, particularly on war neuroses, Dr. Schwab was widely known in his field. He served as president of the American Neurological Association. In collaboration with Dr. Borden S. Veeder, a former commanding officer of Base Hospital No. 21, a colleague at Washington University, he wrote a book, "The Adolescent" published in 1929. Dr. Schwab and Dr. Veeder also shared offices for many years.

### 4436 MOCKINGBIRD PARKWAY DALLAS 5, TEXAS

Dear Bill: Another marriage. The announcement reads: "Mrs. Cecil Reede Culler requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Mae Louise to Mr. Karl John Viola, on Saturday evening, November fifteenth at the Church of the Redeemer, Orangeburg, South Carolina."

Miss Culler came to us in March 1945. She had been in a hospital which was surrounded by the Germans in the von Runstedt Bulge, but fortunately they were not captured. The buzz-bombs had been dropping around their area too, and they had been through a very bad time.

When I interviewed her at Mirecourt after reporting for duty with the 21st, she said, "I was scahed, sho 'nuf."

Those who were fortunate enough to become acquainted with Miss Culler soon realized that even if she had been frightened a whole lot, she would not have shown it very much, and would have been busily engaged at her Red Cross work, buzz-bombs, deep snow, hell, high-water or Germans, notwithstanding. Her jolly wit helped bring back the interest of many a wounded man.

Sincerely, Lee D. Cady.

### CHAPLAIN HOOK HOST TO DR. AND MRS. L. C. BOEMER

Late in the summer Dr. and Mrs. Boemer journeyed north ostensibly to fish. However, a report from L. C. indicates that fishing may have been secondary. He writes—  
Friends:

Just to show how clear the mind works the morning after, wish to say, last night with Chaplain Hook as our host, was a corker. Mrs. Boemer and I are journeying up north to see if the fish still bite. While in Minneapolis we called Cornelius (long for what his friends call him here "Con"—not corn because there is no corn behind the chaplain's ears).

He just finished a heavy day, not only with his exceptionally good ministrations to the 1000 veteran sick, hospitalized in Minneapolis but he also officiated at a funeral and a wedding. The latter was not military.

At any rate after several in our room at the Curtis Hotel—set-ups are not permitted in rooms at this superior family hotel, nor were any drinks permitted on our transport vessels—we taxied over to the Flemingo Room. That was the beginning of a heavy session. Scotch and soda were \$1.20 each but the chaplain insisted upon double scotch for old times sake at \$2.40 each.

Cornelius saw the bride and groom, for whom he officiated earlier in the day, in the lobby trying to get into the Flemingo Room for a celebration. With his usual go-gettum spirit, he maneuvered them in—especially so he could dance with the bride later. These high class places have a dance floor about eight feet square so once was enough for me, just in time for the entertainment which was on a national hook-up. While this was going on the waiter gently suggested to "chappie" that he cut out the talking at the table. Believe it or not we were discussing his fine son, age 18. It seems the four stellar headliner performers wanted to be heard by the other guests.

After this came two filet mignons a piece. Since my wife is a little eater and was too busy building up a headache for the next day—I ate one of her steaks also. (Editor's note! Our readers can understand why he was proclaimed the rib-eating champion during the reunions.) We fellows who are de-



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veloping need the mesenteric fat supplied.

Followed several more dances, but no further imbibing, Chaplain Hook was willing to take off as he had a heavy day following, with three sermons, one at the Veteran's Hospital where I am sure he is pitching with heart and soul, the same as he does in play.

I awakened, as usual, when the sun starts coming, feeling fine while Mrs. Boemer is still getting a little beauty sleep. Shortly we will be off for the region of the big wall-eyed pike and closer to Canada, the muskies.

It is a great day in this wonderful free United States, when one, as I have, can be away four and one-half years in this war, not to mention a few months in the last—and in short order make enough money to take out most of one month for a vacation. Just think of the starving people in Europe, Asia and the absolute ignorance of the masses in Russia. Anyone who was overseas knows how fortunate he is to be back. Even though we only had meat three or less times a week overseas—and "C" rations entirely for the first months in Africa, being an American still is great. Evidently we were not hurt because of the rations as the 21st had 22,000 admissions in eleven and one-half months while our nearest competitor had 12,000 in ten and one-half months. Colonel Cady saw to it that we were kept busy.

But there is still a lot of work in all of us, so let's go to it. Much luck to all of you—and on with this vacation.

L. C. Boemer, M. D.

### **ANOTHER FOR THE ROUNDUP**

We have been trying for some little time to gather in all of the names of members of the enlisted personnel of the 21st General and while the progress has been slow, we are hearing from some not on our list thru one medium or another. A letter has just been received from Ray C. Coughlin, 12121 South Norman Avenue, Chicago 28, Illinois, which we quote:

"Would you please put me on the mailing list of the Rouen Post? I was a member of the 21st General Hospital of World War II. As I am still interested in everything pertaining to the 21st and it's members I would enjoy the "Post" very much. It was a great outfit and I think it had one of the best commanding officers in the service. My best wishes to every one and thanks."

220 No. 4th Street  
St. Louis 2, Mo.

We are glad, indeed, to add Mr. Coughlin's name to our list and any others not now receiving our paper.

### **THE BULLETIN BOARD**

Several weeks ago Dr. Patton received a letter from Berenice Haywood, of 2102 Cornell road, Clayton, Ohio expressing regret that she was unable to be present at the reunions. Also that she would like to become a member of the 21st post and that the ROUEN POST is the only way she has of keeping up with the gang these days . . . Willard Couch, Route No. 3, Madisonville, Tennessee, of the second 21st, writes, "First I want to say hello to all of my old pals and to say that I am sorry I could not join them as they celebrated the anniversary of the good old 21sters. Due to circumstances it was impossible but hope to do so in 1948. Here I am way down in east Tennessee, married and settled down. I have heard from many of our old pals and friends I made while overseas. Would like to hear from everyone. I can say I am really glad to have been a member of the 21st and like the rest of the G. I.s, I think it was the finest organization that was overseas during World War II. Please accept my thanks for putting my name on your mailing list for THE ROUEN POST. It is very interesting to we 21sters getting the news of those we knew. Remaining the same as always, etc. . . . A note from "Knut" Knudsen writes that she was sorry not to be able to attend our shindig on the 22d at Dr. Ernst's. I might have to go to work one of these days, she quotes!! Ben Charles, Bob Kelley and Mrs. Kelley visited Miss Knudsen in Chicago not too long ago. They Drake Hotel'ed and Chez Paul'ed—were very smart, chic and everything. The only complaint was that the St. Louisans did not stay long enough. "Knut" ends her note with "Thanks for such a warm and hearty welcome when I was in town last. Old 242 surely knows how to make an ordinary mortal feel important—the supreme compliment to a visiting fireman! All my best to everyone." . . . Born to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Happach (Sophie Cravitz) a son, Kenneth Martin, November 21, 1947. The Happach address is 416 Ann Eliza, Pekin, Illinois . . . We extend our best wishes for a lot of happiness for them.

BILL ENGEL



# ROUEN POST NO. 242

## Annual Armistice Party

### TIME

November <sup>22</sup> ~~11~~, 1947—midafternoon—until ?

### PLACE

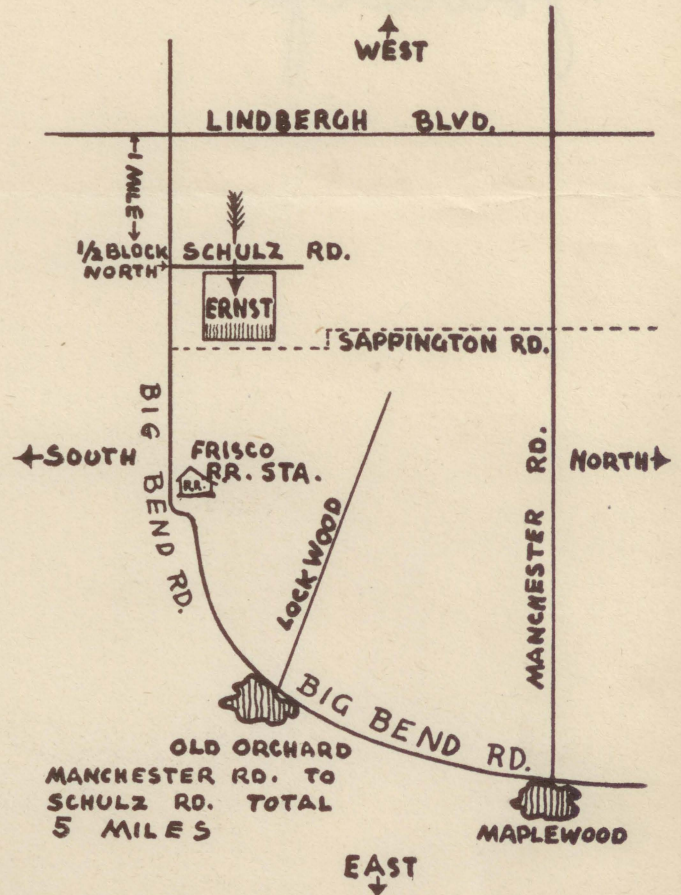
Dr. Edwin C. Ernst's MD Ranchhouse—  
2 Schultz road, Oakland, St. Louis County,  
Missouri

These parties have been an annual event and certainly require no new "sales" effort.

Wives and husbands are invited as well as any former members of either of the 21sts even though they don't receive an invitation. We again emphasize, because of the food situation, it is highly important that the enclosed reservation card be returned.

Also indicate thereon if you will require transportation and/or will you be able to transport some of those without transportation—and the number.

Assembly of cars will again be at the Beaumont Building parking lot east of 3720 Washington blvd., at 3 and 4 o'clock. Note two starting times.



DO NOT FAIL TO RETURN YOUR CARD

The Committee

Dear Colonel

I have your several memoranda for the "Post". Thanks. Just as soon as I can get some "promised" reunion photos from Earl Lattner I will bring you



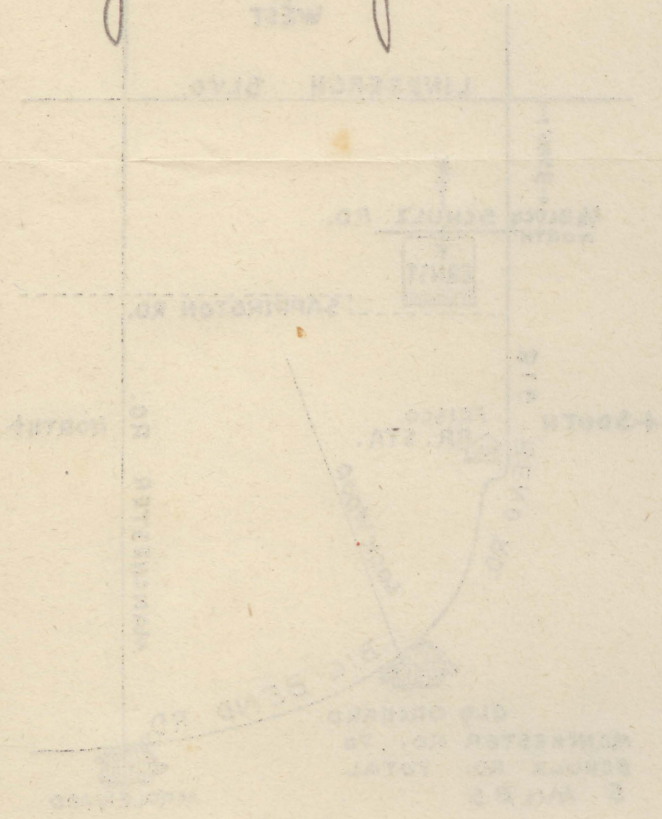
the paper up to date as I have  
ample material

Regards to Mrs. Cady

yourself

Cordially

Bell



DO NOT FAIL TO RETURN YOUR CARD

The Committee