

9-1949

## The Rouen Post, June-July-August-September 1949

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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

AND ALL FORMER MEMBERS OF B.H. 21 and 21st. G.H.

## LABOR DAY 1949 STYLE

"A Day Set Aside for the Restful Contemplation of the Dignity of You"

### LABOR DAY

By Edgar A. Guest

Tribute to Labor! Every spire  
And every roof and every wall  
And every blazing furnace fire  
Some worker's patient toil recall.  
From hand that have the gift of skill  
For sure and certain hammer blow,  
From work with wrench and lathe and drill  
Comes every comfort mortals know.  
Dreamers the marvels new conceive,  
But workers do what dreamers plan,  
And all that genius can achieve  
Depends upon the working man.  
He builds and fashions; plants and sows;  
Stretches the rails across the land;  
All things which men have made disclose  
The labor of some skilled hand.  
The clothes we wear; the fruits we eat;  
The grain that gilds the fertile soil;  
The prayed for daily bread and meat  
Are products all of human toil.  
If but the workers' hands be stayed,  
At that bleak moment progress ends!  
For every forward step that's made  
Upon the men who toil depends.

It will be several weeks before this issue reaches you, nevertheless, since we are getting back on the beam over this "restful and dignified" holiday weekend, we thought we could use the subject as a lead story. So here goes. We are off again.

\* \* \*

The first Monday in September is a legal holiday throughout the United States and Canada, with the exception of Alabama, Wyoming and the Philippine Islands. Its observance grew out of a labor parade held September 5, 1882 in New York City. Organized effort to make this a legal holiday first succeeded in Colorado in 1887.

We well recall the great labor parades (we have always loved parades) of our youth. At the turn of the century, employers of union labor rescheduled all of their services for the Sunday before, in order that employees would be free to celebrate Labor Day on the first Monday in September. There would be weeks of preparation, building elaborate floats depicting all sorts of subjects. Men had special combinations of shirts and trousers to give them the appearance of being in uniform. And they were drilled, so many of the units marched with a precision of trained men.

It is no longer necessary to have parades, union label displays and all of the ballyhoo which was, by tradition, a part of Labor Day—as were the picnics and speeches following the parade. Unionism has become such a powerful instrumentality that the leaders no longer deem it necessary to hold parades, picnics and what-not to demonstrate their strength. That they have succeeded one need only examine the membership lists of such powerful unions as the auto workers, the steel workers, the rubber workers, the electrical workers, the printers, the miners and many others too numerous to mention.

It is not our purpose to use these columns as to the "right and wrong" before and after the advent of

(Continued on Page 5)

## THE REUNION

By Bill Stack



The reunion of Base Hospital 21 and the 21st General Hospital in St. Louis on May 20-21-22, has been added to the list of memorable gatherings sponsored by Rouen Post 242. It was a gala affair, a three-day leave from the cares of the present, and 190 veterans, including many from other cities, made the most of the opportunity to renew old friendships. Numerically, the men and women of the 21st General dominated the gathering but as usual the members of both 21sts blended into one harmonious unit.

The three-day program opened at 5 p.m. Friday, May 20, with the traditional memorial services at Christ Church Cathedral, arranged by a committee comprised of Walter Fischel, Borden S. Veeder, and Estelle Claiborne. Dean Sidney Sweet offered the invocation and Colonel Lee Cady, who commanded the 21st General, gave a brief outline of the unit's wartime record.

From the cathedral the veterans headed for the Cortez Lounge in the Sheraton Hotel where a cocktail-buffet supper party served as a lively warm-up for the main event on Saturday night—a dinner and dance in the Sheraton's Club Caprice. The program ended Sunday afternoon with the Log Cabin Picnic at the Lazy MD Ranch House of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Ernst on the attractive grounds of their home near Kirkwood, Mo.

The cocktail party got under way in a hurry and the bartenders were evidently using over-size jiggers. About two hours after the opening gong, Helen Bowen, Edna Haase, and Emma Fröhbieter; usually known for their self-restraint at such affairs, were insisting that Willie Engel's thatch of white hair was gradually turning to



lavender blue. The fact that no one else shared their impression failed to shake the young women's conviction that they were witnessing a biological phenomenon.

A high light of the dinner dance was the presentation of a watch and a framed testimonial on parchment to Bill Engel in recognition of his work in Rouen Post 242. The presentation was made by the writer who gave a short summary of Engel's activities since the inception of the Post in 1935. There was no need for a lengthy eulogy; everyone present was aware of the time and energy Bill has contributed toward the perpetuation of the comradeship engendered during two world wars. As

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post commander, service officer, adjutant, and more recently, editor of the Post's monthly paper, he has been one of the mainstays in the organization.

Working for the Post has been Bill's hobby. In an organization with the limited membership of Rouen Post the only reward for one's work is the satisfaction of serving others and doing a capable job. In view of this fact, it was decided to present Bill with something more tangible than mere thanks as an expression of appreciation.



**Bill Engel—Mrs. Bill Engel—Bill Stack  
THE TESTIMONIAL  
WILLIAM E. ENGEL**

In appreciation of his long and capable services as adjutant of Rouen Post No. 242 American Legion, and the part he has played in fostering the comradeship engendered in two World Wars, this tribute is rendered by former members of Base Hospital 21, World War I and the 21st General Hospital, World War II.

The dinner dance program opened with short talks by Col. Borden S. Veeder, Base Hospital 21, Col. Lee D. Cady, 21st General Hospital, and Col. H. L. White, of the present reserve hospital unit at Washington University. Chairman Sim Beam then introduced Lucille Spalding, chief nurse in 21st General, Louise Knapp, director of the School of Nursing at Washington University, and a group of former Base Hospital 21 nurses; Lena Fabick, Mrs. Mae Auerbach Gluck, Mrs. May File Harned, May Stephenson, Mrs. Olive Serafini Flynn, Margaret Pollock and her daughter, Jeannette Parish, Mrs. Anastatia Moser Meyers, Mrs. William Engel, Mrs. Lee Cady, Mrs. H. L. White, Florence Kiefer, and Estelle Claiborne. Beam also called for bows from Spencer Allen, Ritchey Williams, Philip Conrath, and Post Commander Willard McQuoid.

Other facets of the evening were songs by Earl Shepard and L. C. Boemer, the activities of camera man Carl (Junior) Lattner, and Grethe Knudsen's strapless evening gown.

The presentation was a shining moment for Engel but into each life some rain must fall. The pleasure "Weaving Willie" derived from the over-due tribute was promptly offset by an unforeseen complication. As the tumult and the shouting died, Engel found himself saddened with "Cousin" Irl Trickey who took it upon himself to serve as Bill's escort for the remainder of the reunion. "Cousin" Irl was in a story-telling mood and his raucous cackles at the conclusion of each corny joke were likened by Judge Neely to a nocturnal outburst from a zoo.

The scene shifted Sunday from the Sheraton Hotel to the early western style ranch house on the Ernst estate where the fresh air served to revive Joe Parker, Spencer Allen and Joe Laffler, who had begun to bog

down after some forty hours of room service. The day was mild and clear, Forney Dixon, official bartender, reported early for duty, and the cooks presented mounds of appetizers, succulent barbecued ribs, roast beef, baked beans and slaw. It was a fitting finale for a memorable week end.

The few hardy veterans of Unit 21 who scorn the use of beds during reunions missed Allan Gilbert's lascivious reminiscences of Rouen and his fantastic tales of Arkansas ridge runners and mudbank noodlers. In case you don't know, noodling is the illegal practice of fishing by hand during the nesting season.

The windy physician had planned to be on hand but the arrival of relatives at his home in Fayetteville, Ark., caused him to cancel his reservation. We're sorry Allan couldn't make it. He's great company in a smoke-filled room.

\* \* \*

Illness kept Charley Jablonsky away from the reunion but a group composed of Spencer Allen, Jess Lasater, Francis Kendall, and Bill Engel piled into a cab and paid a visit to the former top-sergeant at his home on Palm street. A warning telephone call to Ann Jablonsky gave her husband time to shed his long flannel nightgown and don brand new pajamas for the occasion.

We regret to report that "Jabby" has since entered the Veterans Hospital at Jefferson Barracks.

George Jordan and Jess Lasater later called on Jules Silberberg who had been bed-ridden in City Hospital since the morning of December 20, when he was struck by an automobile on Page Boulevard while on his way to work in the composing room of the Post-Dispatch. Jules was discharged from the hospital a few days after the reunion and is now recuperating at home.

His son, Jules W., a 2nd Lieutenant of infantry, stopping briefly in St. Louis, enroute to Japan, attended the cocktail party.

\* \* \*

It was Francis Kendall's first meeting with his friends of Base Hospital 21 since the outfit was discharged at Camp Funston in the spring of 1919. Kendall, accompanied by his wife, checked in at the Sheraton from Chattanooga, Tenn., where he is president of the Kendall Oil Co. whose offices occupy an entire floor in the James Building.

Another Unit 21 veteran attending his first reunion was Edwin (Violet) Kohn, of Parsons, Kan., who bobbed up at the Log Cabin picnic apparently more physically fit than in 1917-1918. Kohn, owner of a drygoods store in Parsons, formerly lived in Walnut Ridge, Ark., where he took it on the chin during the depression. "I got out of town about two jumps ahead of the sheriff," he recalled. "But business is OK in Parsons."

Time has softened "Violet's" antipathy towards the characters who made a nightly ritual of slipping clammy starfish between his bedsheets in the hotel at Carnac, France. "I wasn't the only one pestered at Carnac," he pointed out. "They even raided the company kitchen and stole a basket of crabs belonging to Col. Veeder—remember? It was simply a case of Old Nick finding work for idle hands."

\* \* \*

According to Jess Lasater, the author of these rambling sidelights conversed with him while snoring lustily in an adjoining bed early Saturday morning. The only explanation for such a preposterous claim is that "Massa" Jess lingered too long in the mendacious atmosphere of Allen's room before retiring. Lasater, an attorney in Naples, Tex., owns a ranch nearby where he keeps registered beef cattle and palomino horses.

\* \* \*

Louis Hilligass attended the cocktail party but reluctantly passed up the dinner dance and the picnic to put "Hilli-Haven", her country home, in order for the summer. "Hilli-Haven", nestling on a hillside near Au-

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gusta, Mo., overlooks a valley of rugged beauty and the living room windows afford a view of the distant Missouri River.

Miss Hilligass, formerly superintendent of nurses at Barnes Hospital, is now engaged in public relations for that institution.



For thirty days in 1918, Lance-corporal Horace Barker, now a resident of Oblong, Ill., stood guard over Private Spencer Allen while "Spindly" herded G.I. cans as punishment for indifference to army rules. Thirty-one years have passed since that ill-mated pair made their daily rounds on the Champs de Courses in Rouen, yet, so strong is the force of habit, Barker spent most of his time during the cocktail party watching Allen with a wary eye from behind the potted palms.

A few years ago, Barker, crossroad philosopher, horticulturist, and part-time cemetery caretaker, succumbed to an urge to create poems. Like Bobby Burns, Barker's poetry sings of humble things—a cockroach plodding along a pantry shelf; a road apple shining in the moonlight; the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed. We've often wondered why Horace hasn't composed a sonnet to his days as Allen's keeper. The memory of that proud spirit engaged in compulsory sanitary chores should spur the Bard of Oblong to a masterpiece.

\* \* \*

"Judge" Neely's figure has been transformed from the proportions of a baby blimp to those of a streamlined heavyweight. The Squire of Marion tips the scales at 210 after shedding 75 pounds in the past eighteen months. "I had to get rid of the suet," explained the Judge. "My doctor insisted." Neely arrived at the Sheraton accompanied by his wife, an attractive blonde, who apparently enjoyed her introduction to a Unit 21 reunion.

A few members of the original Unit 21 were lounging in Spencer Allen's room where Allen was bidding for popularity by dispensing free scotch and bourbon to all comers. Elmer (Pink) Bowman, East Side coupon clipper, and Harold (Old Folks) Jolley, president of the Boatman's Bank, had dropped in for a bit of gin rummy but the game broke up when Allen ginned as Jolley was still trying to get his cards together. Jolley, who had been a heavy winner in a similar session at the reunion in 1947, decided to stay ahead, and hurriedly took his departure with the excuse that he was expected at a party for his son who is soon to be married.

With the departure of Jolley the gathering went into a reminiscent huddle and Bowman came up with an incident based upon the quarters occupied by the enlisted personnel on the Graf Waldersee, the creaking German tub that brought the Fighting 21st from Brest to New York in the spring of 1919. On the first day out from Brest, Sgt. George Delany, occupant of a stateroom, met Bowman who was bunking with Sgt. Spencer Allen in quarters comparable to a water front flophouse.

"Are you down far?" inquired George.

"Am I down far!" exclaimed Bowman. "Sarge, if I were two feet lower I'd be under the boat."

About an hour later Delaney wrangled a spare stateroom and sent for Bowman. "Bring up your pack and move in here," said George. "But you'll have to share it. This room calls for two men. Who would you prefer?"

Bowman suggested Allen to whom Delany was highly allergic at the time. The latter gave a deprecating shrug. "Your taste is revolting," he growled, "but if you can stand that spook it's OK with me. Bring him up."

I recalled the day, shortly after Pearl Harbor, when I called at Bowman's office with the news that there was a possibility of Allen re-entering the army with a commission. Bowman scoffed at the idea. "Not a chance," he declared. "Why are you so sure?" I queried. Bowman lighted a cigar and tilted back in his chair. "Look," he explained, "the army needs laughs but putting shoulder bars on Allen would be going too far. Can you imagine old 'Spindly' shuffling along a company street? The men wouldn't know whether to salute or offer him a pint of blood."

A few weeks later I brought Elmer another rumor. According to the gossip in some of the better saloons, Earl Hursey had been offered a commission as captain. Bowman threw up both hands. "That does it," he said. "If Allen and Hursey are samples of our officer material, we'd better learn to sing 'Schnitzlebank'—because Hitler'll be over."

\* \* \*

George (Mule) Brown, who had announced his intention to attend the reunion, failed to appear. Brown, now farming near Lebanon, Mo., wrote to Engel for information concerning the three-day affair and was advised that shoes were a "must" at the Sheraton. "I'm afraid he took me seriously," said Engel.

\* \* \*

A group of once formidable chow hounds of Unit 21 looked on with mingled awe and respect as L. C. Boemer, late of the 21st General polished off his fourth helping of barbecued ribs at the Log Cabin Picnic. George Jordan, always a good two-handed performer with a knife and fork, turned to Marvin Hamilton with a shrug of resignation. "I thought we were good in our day," he muttered. "But neither of us could hold a candle to that guy. We're looking at a real champ."

\* \* \*

Fayetteville, Ark., May 16, 1949

William Engel,  
The Rouen Post:

Allan A. Gilbert, M.D., F.A.C.P.

FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES and fun missed at The Reunion May 20-22, 1949, an indefinite but sizeable sum to bear interest at 10% until the next reunion, same to be paid to me in The Presidential suite at the Sheraton Hotel at the time of said occasion.

The guests are arriving this week and activities are planned which require my venerable presence. Try and understand my regret at not being with you and know that I will be thinking of you all.

Very regretfully,

Allan.

\* \* \*

Houston, Texas

Dear Bill:

I was very pleased with my reunion and the fact that they honored you personally. I think you deserved it—and more.

I sent a box of questionnaires for those who want them. Quite busy.

Sincerely

Lee D. Cady.

\* \* \*

Ed's note. We have had inquiries about the 21st General questionnaires Colonel Cady has been sending to you of the 21st General. Several requests for them were mislaid during the rush of preparing for the reunions. Should any of you still be interested in receiving one of these, send your request to us. We have a goodly supply.

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## GRETHE WAS THERE



**Grethe Knudsen and Dinah**  
on the wards in Italy where we had the orthopedics department near the mess, by that statue of the deer. So I started re-unioning right in that cab.

R-r-ring! "ho-hum there goes that dog-goned alarm" I said that morning of the 20th when I opened one eye. But when I got the other eye open I suddenly remembered it was reunion day! And, believe it or not (I just know my old room-mate, Alice Kokrda, will never believe it) yours truly popped out of that bed like rice cereal shot out of a gun. Got dressed, called a cab, and waited and perspired for 10 minutes, so that when the cab driver came I was fit to be tied. I jumped in, and said "Union station and hurry please." The driver answered: "OK 21st general hospital, here we go!" It was Milt Jacobson, our old cook

Made the train OK and Marty Ferguson, formerly P.X. man, George Clancy, the medical supply hand-outer, and Bucky Custer, once transportation and once in medical supply with the 21st. G.H. were on board. So we talked a while and gradually, by common consent, drifted towards the club car. A quiet, distinguished gentleman, looking a little sour, sat in the club car and after we all decided we knew him but couldn't remember who he was, my curiosity was killing me, and in my "cultured, interviewing" voice I asked if he was a doctor. He said: "Yes, Miss Knudsen, I'm Dr. Hagelshaw." Well, then we all knew that THAT was the name we had on the tip of our tongues, but just couldn't spit out. The trip was short and sweet, we were in St. Louis before you could say Hagelshaw.

Registered at the Sheraton, made phone calls to warn people I was in town, after all I believe in giving everyone a fair chance. Chased Bill Engel from room to room by telephone but he's an elusive duck—I missed him every time! Went downstairs with the boys and took a cab for Christ Church to the memorial services. The services were impressive but had difficulty hearing Col. Cady because every fire engine in St. Looney was zizzing past during the service. After the services, took several pictures, talked to loads of people. Saw George Roulhac, "Mr." Friedman former W.O., met Mrs. F., met Mrs. Cady, talked to Col. Cady, Major Spalding, looking very spiffy in a cute natural straw hat, Maggie Robertson Loomis from Columbus, slim and pretty, Frannie Ward, Emma Frohbieter, "Sugar" or "Georgia Adams and Sue Anne Morgan, looking same as ever, who had forsaken the hills of Tennessee for the trip up north to St. Louis, "Moon" Lorine Mullins, Amy Tabor, Edna Kelly, Ginner Dyer, "Jedge" Kelley, and lots of others. Then we went back to the hotel to get our strength mustered for the cocktail party. The serious business of the reunion was now over.

At 6 o'clock people were already gathering for the cocktail party, and they just seemed to pour in. Jack and Annie Modlin looked fine, nice and slim, Helen, Bob Kelley's wife, had lost at least 20 pounds and looked slick,

Lucile Dauer Brown was fine, Bedonna Jacobs, just back from Hawaii, looked ver-r-ry interesting in a beautiful mandarin-type oriental silk cocktail gown and wore a silver dragon on the back of her hairdo, most unusual and smart. Col. Pat Patton and his Marjorie were jolly good company, as always, but unless there was "Choir practice" at Dr. Ernst's ranch house Sunday, we didn't get any. I had to forego that pleasure as I had to attend a banquet as speaker in Chicago Sunday nite. Little grey-eyed, dainty Sarah Holmes was lovely, she had come from Ogden, Utah, where she is still in service. How such a cute little trick can stay single without hiding, is more that I can figure out. Saw "Ike" Willie Mae Isenhower, another Tennessee gal that drove down, Geneva Book came in from Springfield, Missouri, the Burtonshaws who came from Cheyenne, Wyo., Chris and Eddie have two boys, Paul and Mrs. Max, yep, Paul still snorts, but he looks ten years younger than he did in the army, snort or no snort, he's one of the best for my money. Jules Silberberg's son was there, a handsome young Lt. in our streamlined army, Jules is now on crutches after his accident and will soon be OK. Dr. Joe Laffler, Woody O'Brien, Mrs. Woody, Les Jasper and Mrs. Les, Stan Goldberg, Col. Gurley, Earl Shepard and Helen Bowen were the old tooth ruiners during the war and are still up to their old tricks I guess, anyway I pay Stan good money in Chicago to keep me a few years away from "Choppers". Polly Roulhac had on a cute dress, black with a fancy white eyelet fu-fu down the back. Dr. Ernst, Dr. Larimore, Silent Forney Dixon, Dr. Veeder, Dr. Olmsted, McCuddy, McIvanie, the guy who made the play for Miss Spalding in November, Jackson, a guy named Kendall from Chattanooga attending his first—why can't I remember all those names—all were there.

"CAN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLING  
♪ CAROL-I-N-E ♪♪



An excellent and plentiful buffet supper was served and we really did justice to it too. A young entertainer who could play anything on the accordian accompanied all of us would-be vocalists as we attacked the mike. L.C. Boemer made up one verse after another for ages, to a funny little tune, he is a whizz at that sort of thing. Earl Shepard and Doc Hagelshaw, who by now had let his hair down in the approved reunion fashion, sang duets. It even got so bad that after rendering "Lydia Pinkham" which after all, the wives were curious to hear, someone

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got me started and I sang (?) Lili Marlene and ended up with a free translation of the "Sheik of Araby" in Danish. Glory be—I guess that was about two a.m. Sure am glad a lot of folks had gone home by then! Oh well, it was all in fun—and we had it. Joe Parker and Herb Slattery were giggling so I guess it just tickled their moods. And so to our little beds—after all they closed the bar.

\* \* \*

At 9:30 the darned phone rang and it was Jacobs trying to get some one to eat breakfast with her. Bah—breakfast, what a ghastly idea! It took every ounce of indomitable will-power I possessed to get in the vertical position for lunch. Fourteen of us gals had luncheon together at a restaurant way out in the country. Esther "Andy" Imperato joined us out there and my goodness sakes, you should have heard the chatter. Oh it was grand, we had such a good visit. Everyone contributed their bits of news; Did you hear that Mary Sue Prince Boody, Staten Island, has a new baby boy? Don't tell me Andy, is your boy Anthony five years old already? It doesn't seem possible. Gussie Blesse is married and lives in Denver, Ethel Klinke, now Mrs. Damon Ledley, lives in Marion, Ohio. "Pinkie" Maroon has a baby and Eleanor Dyson lives in Pittsburgh, Mary Harrison Smith lives in Bristol, Conn., and has the cutest 3 month old baby girl, Maggie Loomis showed pictures of her two daughters, and her cute 1st. Armored man Bart, without the crew-cut! Chris Burtonshaw said she couldn't imagine why anyone would, in their right mind, live in Cheyenne, and then she heaved a mighty sigh and said: "But we do." Of course, the boys have lots of room to play. Sue Anne and Georgia invited us to visit the hills of Tennessee and Sarah Holmes told about the beauty of Alaska where she spent a year. "Ike" beefed about St. Louis traffic, but Edna Kelly said "You should have a little puddle jumper like my Crosley and it would be a cinch." Someone had gotten a rumor that Kate McMurrich had passed away, then someone else said no it was "Pinkie" Maroon and we all had the most uncomfortable feeling, because Chris said: "why they can't be I just heard from them." We never did get that cleared up—and chose to believe it was a case of mistaken identity. But who could it be? Does anyone know? Let's hope it's all a mistake.

\* \* \*

After lunch, Edna Kelly, Ginner Dyer, Betty Brooks, (the gal with a long string of degrees after her name and soon to acquire a master's degree) and I, went to the Bob Kelley's to see the children. Susan and Kris are simply darlings. Susie is so comical trying to get all the attention now that a baby sister has endangered her sole rights to the Kelley attentions!

\* \* \*

And so we come to the "piece de resistance" the big dinner and ball, also at the Sheraton. There were so many more there that I hadn't seen the night before. Jean Kohring, who was all excited because she claimed she had won a log cabin from Dr. Larimore for two kisses. Ask her, I don't know if she's moved in yet or not! Barbara Lynn, slim and sun-tanned, quiet and reserved, Ruby Walker and her husband Dr. Eimer, a nose and throat man, I believe, very cordial and friendly, Russell Larsen, H. Fenski, George Kovarik, Johnny Burns plus the three that came down with me, totaled seven of our enlisted men from Chicago, Ken Miles, Charles Winterbower, H. Whittemore, Leo Gottlieb, Carl Lattner, Truman Drake, Oscar and Stan Hampton, Sim Beam and more and more but I can't go on forever. We were about 200. The dinner was fine. The spirits were plentiful, our spirits were high, the music great. Bill Engel, who finally settled in a chair for a little while at table, was presented with a fancy gold watch from us all, with a plaque explaining it was for his invaluable services rendered to us. Bill Stack was the instigator of that neat job and it was a splendid idea, Bill Engel certainly earned it. There was a whole table of nurses from Base Hospital 21 who came in for their well-earned share of recognition. The pro-

grams were artistic with cuts from Rouen and Bou Hanifia plus histories of the units and the menu was clever, each course was named after some spot each unit remembered: such as Crevette, Carnac, Potage Mers-el-Kebir, Salade, Bou Hanifia, Cafe, Mostra, etc.

\* \* \*

Oh these reunions are a fine thing; through the years, they become a tradition that we cling to. I think the most notable thing I can see, is that so far, at least, we all look a hundred percent better than we did in the army. In spite of our chatter about the "good old army days" and that nonsense, all I can say, is: look at us now, after four years of decent civilian life, and see how much better we look, and you have your best argument for peace that there is. When I think of how tired, how much older, paler and jittery a lot of us were with that harsh, grinding unnatural existence we perforce led, and see most of us today—pooh, there's no comparison. Sure, I for one am fatter, but shucks I'm happy and so are most of us. Let's all work like mad for peace, now and forever.

\* \* \*

It was a wonderful reunion, beautifully planned and executed. Our hats off to Bill Engel, Chairman Sim Beam and all and sundry who worked hard to make it a success. It WAS a success. Thanks to everyone for the pleasure and opportunity of seeing you again and thanks to the committee for a lovely party.

Grethe Lind. "Knut"

P.S. They had a tornado near St. Louis but we 21sters never knew it! Too busy having fun! G.L.

\* \* \*

## LABOR DAY 1949 STYLE

(continued from page 1)

organized labor. What we point out is that Labor Day no longer is celebrated as a symbol of the accomplishment and furtherance of an ideal rectifying inequalities between the common worker and the employers. Labor Day has lost its real significance, just as have Memorial Day, Independence Day, yes, even Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. Each has either succumbed to commercialism or they are just holidays for hilarity—a day away from work. Beyond that to a great number of our people these important days mean nothing more. Organized labor no longer needs to educate the public on what it aspires to accomplish. It now has the power. Never having been a part of any labor organization or movement we feel we are not unduly sentimental or old-fashioned when we say, "had we fought the battles of organized labor as did the leaders of yesteryear, that strong and willful group of men, not aided and abetted by the power of the United States government for a place in the sun we would want to commemorate this day in a fitting and proper manner, a lasting memorial to those men who had not the aid of a President of the U.S.A."

But memories are much too short. Success has been the victor. The men responsible for better conditions among the working classes are forgotten and along with them has vanished the true meaning and purpose of Labor Day. There is now but the one thought—it is a day off—not a truly sacred day commemorating the liberation of men from some intolerable conditions—twelve hours in the mines, the mills and factories. The pendulum has swung the other way—give as little as you can and await the next holiday.

The National Safety Council had estimated that there would be nearly 300 lives lost over this last holiday weekend. (Ed's note: There were more than 500) Quite a price to pay is it not? Wonder if we shall ever return to the day when sentimentality will prevail over selfishness and that our traditional holidays may be treated with the respect and dignity with which they were established—not as vehicles of commercialism and pleasure.

Yea! 'Twas, "A Day Set Aside for the Restful Contemplation of the Dignity of You." Just another mellow old, honeys, huh?

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Be that as it may, we shall use this weekend to return to the purely sentimental and interesting job of "getting out" the Rouen Post—neglected since the reunions in May. For which we can ascribe no particular reason, our vacation period away from the Rouen Post has been somewhat longer this year than in the past. When we started clearing the work table in our basement studio, preparing to assemble and edit material for the Post, we discovered that we had failed to change Oscar Tamburro's calendar (Tamburro's Market) since the month of May. This little calendar from 403 Frankfort street, Frankfort, New York advertises that Oscar dispenses fancy fruits, vegetables, groceries and meats. How's that for a plug, Ock? Will send you the bill later.

\* \* \*

After the reunions we took this vacation from Rouen Post 242 and The Rouen Post as we felt that our readers would enjoy an interlude of not seeing the name of the writer. The weeks preceding the reunions were filled to the overflowing to bring about success. The reunions were humdingers.

\* \* \*

In the interim our garden and other chores were sadly neglected so we turned from one to the other all out. We offer this explanation since we have had inquiries about the Rouen Post and what has happened to it.

\* \* \*

"Dear Bill: I miss the Rouen Post terribly," writes one gal. Another lad writes, "Why have I been dropped from the mailing list? Please do not do that to me." And yet another, "Bill, haven't you recovered sufficiently to get behind that trusty typewriter of yours and bring us the news? When I last saw you at Dr. Ernst's you were quite unsteady, because of the terrific strain of the previous forty-eight hours. Remember that six o'clock breakfast somewhere along Grand Boulevard. I well remember your utter astonishment at finding your old shadow sitting on a stool at the counter. I believe you referred to him as 'Cousin Irl' in your talk acknowledging your presentation. You know, Bill, I kinda like the way you did that situation, as if you did not know you were going to get something. Anyway, it was a grand gesture and all of we 'enlisted men' of the 21st General liked it. We had a grand party. If I remember correctly I did not go to work until Tuesday. You may use this, but anonymously, because my boss likes your Rouen Post too. He was in World War 1." Now listen, "punk", that is what you were calling me at six A.M. on Sunday, May 22, 1949, how's about getting back on the beam? My memory is a bit foggy but I'll jot down a few refreshers should you care to use them.

Seems to me there were about eight of us around that table in the little restaurant on Grand avenue attacking steaming plates of ham and eggs—and "beaucoup" cups of black coffee. Besides you, you old World War I codger, I seem to recollect Maggie Robertson Loomis of Columbus, Ohio, Esther Imperato of Salem, Illinois, "Judge" Winterbower of Sacramento, California, those ex-G.I.'s from Chicago, Ferguson, Clancy and Custer and a lad from around Edwardsville, Illinois who wound up trying to talk a yellow cab driver into taking him home—at six o'clock in the morning—and being a bit incoherent about where he lived.

\* \* \*

You know, Bill, it really was funny, you bracing your wobbling head with your two hands going over the events of the night. Do you remember quoting the story by Knudsen on Maggie's wedding in Italy, when there was so much rice thrown at the newly wedded couple, that it lodged everywhere in their clothing—and several days later Maggie discovered a grain in her umbilicus. That last word was sort of tough for you but you finally spelled it for us after someone suggested it should begin with an "a" instead of a "u".

\* \* \*

I'll never forget that scene in the "Chicago" suite which was so crowded that one could scarcely move and yet Joe Laffler and "Knut" Knudsen found enough room

to put on a "rassling" match. With that unbelievable low-cut strapless gown Knute was wearing I thought at any moment she would be putting on a strip-tease in oriental style just as she performed in the ballroom. It is the first time I had ever seen the "burlesque queen" of the 21st perform. Not a bad number, Bill. Will have to look her up sometime. Would it be unethical to ask you for her address? Who was the guy trying to proposition Francie Ward as they were "sitting" on the edge of the bed? Francie was not responding very well—had such a sour look on her face that a lemon would have seemed sweet by comparison. When I think of Miss Ward I cannot help but be reminded of her inseparable friend Miss Tabor. Was it Maggie or Esther who recalled the orchestra playing that popular tune so often during the evening, "Once in love with Amy, Always In Love with Amy." Has anything happened, yet?

\* \* \*

Wasn't there another G.I. in that room, also from Chicago by the name of Fenski. Seems to me he was the fellow I encountered in the lobby of the Sheraton, after the cocktail party, about three A.M., who was after your scalp. If I recall the story correctly you made reservations at another hotel for Fenski, his buddy, an ex-marine, and their wives. That when they arrived at 2 A.M. after driving from Chicago, there was no space for them and they really blew their tops. If your six a.m. description was authentic, this burly ex-21ster and his buddy were still looking for you the next day, still hostile but calmed down somewhat. That they finally caught up with you about three in the afternoon and how you met those angry cookies, in your suite, with your "aide" Trickey (if the President can have his Harry Vaughan surely you should have your Trickey) who looks like the kind of guy who could give and take a lot of punishment, and how finally you appeased them—with the aid of double shots of Old Taylor. By the time Fenski joined the party for dinner he was "doing alright". Boy, I missed that trick he played on the bartender. Bartenders usually are accustomed to anything but I understand that exhibition really floored him.

\* \* \*

There were so many interesting and funny incidents that I could ramble on and on. Perhaps one of your columnists will cover most of them so I'll wait. Should they not come up with them you'll hear from me again.

There is one officer of the 21st General whom I shall always remember. You know, Bill, for a distinguished and dignified man of the medical profession, Dr. (L.C.) Boemer certainly can let his hair down. I am not too certain I would want to be a patient of his the way he draws on his imagination. Imagine going into his office with a minor ailment, you might come out with one foot in the grave. Bill, the Major was a real friend of the G.I.'s overseas. The guys loved him as he was always ready to go all out for them. I understand he has quite a "professional reputation" in your town. I have chuckled many times over his rare renditions of song and verse. His manner of approach at the microphone is really an accomplishment. What amused me most of all was when he was trying to "put over" to Mrs. Engel that story about his early morning visit to a turkey farm where he found the latest and more scientific approach to reproduction he had ever witnessed. I am unable to repeat all of the horrifying details of the Major's very minute description but I do remember that the female turkeys on this farm were equipped with a special kind of canvas harness with stirrups. You'll have to finish the story. Yes, old Major L.C. certainly has real imagination.

\* \* \*

If it is copy you needin' go ahead and use this. Just tell the folks it is from a former 21st General G.I. who had a heluva swell time during the reunions and is already looking forward to a visit in good old St. Louie for the next get-together. How long have I been missing this sort of thing, Bill? When I envision Colonel Beam trying to do the rumba while delivering cocktails to everyone present, Colonel Patton officiating at the Steinway, Miss

# THE ROUEN POST

Spalding going about greeting everyone in her very pleasing manner, and when I see our illustrious commanding officer, Colonel Cady standing by happily absorbing it all, I have just begun to realize what a swell outfit this 21st General was.

\* \* \*

And, say Bill, while I have been raving about the folks of my unit, even though we outnumbered you, the weight of Base Hospital 21 veterans—and I do not mean just because of their waist lines—was felt because of their dignity and self-restraint. I have a sneaky idea that old B.H. 21 had a lot of characters, too, who, when they were our ages could put on quite a show. From time to time in your Rouen Post you have mentioned them and I certainly hope you'll keep it up. Those stories about the "camel-herder" were real pieces de resistance. Why did not that "character" put in an appearance? (Ed's note. We do not make any apologies for any of B.H. 21 members nor do we ask them why they were not there. It is their loss not ours) I had the pleasure of meeting the genial and effervescent Colonel Veeder. What a commanding officer he must have been 30 odd years ago. I wish I could remember the names of some of the others I was introduced to but they were so d--m nice and dignified that they did not leave any unusual impressions by which to remember them. Of course, that shadow of yours, whom you tagged the "swamp-angel" was ever present where you were and as I stated before, even at six o'clock in the morning he was on guard seeing that no harm would come to you while in the company of unknowns. You know, Bill, the fellow has, a long with his loyalty, a perserverance and a physical stamina which would do credit to many men of our generation. I do not know if you saw him but when I finally came too later in the morning and stepped outside the hotel for breath of fresh air, whom did I encounter standing guard at the door but this same Trickey. Could it be, Bill, that he is a some sort of a private agency man? Certainly, that slouch hat and the pipe give him some of the basic qualifications.

\* \* \*

So long, you six in the morning bum. You certainly set a stiff pace for those of us of World War II. Hope you can keep it up. Please tell anyone and everyone that I have recorded those three days as among the happiest of my life—my most precious memories. And please, Bill, just one more last request, tell anyone who had a part in those reunions that it was a fine job and that I thank each of them. Stories have a way of getting around, especially good ones and maybe you'll have more of the 21st Generalites for the next one. Until then,

Sincerely,

A PROUD 21ster.

\* \* \*

When you get letters like those we have reproduced there can be no doubt that we must get back on the job. Well, we are and we'll try to bring you up to date on all items of interest. We have a couple of good articles on the reunions by those interesting columnists Grethe Knudsen and Bill Stack. There'll be pictorial pages and other information about the reunions which you have been awaiting. So off we go with The Rouen Post.

\* \* \*

Bill Stack is still piling up mileage as a feature writer for The Telephone News, Southwestern Bell's magazine for employees. On June 11, he was in the press section at the Little Rock Stadium when President Truman spoke during the 35th Division reunion. The following week end he boarded the Texas Eagle for Fort Worth from where he headed for the oil fields in the western part of the state. It was Bill's 14th assignment to Texas since 1945. He'll probably bob up some night at a Rouen Post meeting with a ten-gallon hat and a drawl.

## JEANNETTE PARISH

By Bill Stack



Another former member of Base Hospital Unit 21 has slipped away. This time it was Jeannette Parish. Before this comment appears, taps will have been sounded over her ashes in Arlington Cemetery.

Jeannette Parish did a lot of good for others during her 69 years on earth. She reared a nephew from childhood; as Director of Women's Welfare for the Missouri Pacific Railway her services often extended beyond the call of duty; in 1942, when bombs were rocking England, she opened her home in St. Louis to an English lad whose father, a former Coldstream Guardsman, had been her patient in France in 1918.

One by one the lights go out. That's how the late Alexander Woolcott described the passing of old friends after one reaches the middle ages.

At this stage of our existence the departure of one we knew "langsyne when life was bonnie" is an irreparable loss. Miss Parish, affectionately known as "The Sergeant Major", shared the great adventure of our youth in 1917-18. She was also a staunch member of Rouen Post 242, which was formed to carry on the friendships begun in those days. Her death leaves our own universe a little darker.

\* \* \*

Jeannette Parish, 69, died in Missouri Pacific Hospital of cerebral hemorrhage. A nurse, she served 23 months overseas with Base Hospital 21 in World War I.

Miss Parish, a graduate of Missouri Baptist Hospital School of Nursing, was nurse and supervisor of the women's service bureau of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, St. Louis, Missouri, for 25 years. She served many prominent St. Louis families as a private nurse prior to World War I. Base Hospital 21 left St. Louis for overseas duty May 17, 1917.

Jeannette Parish was born in Archie, Missouri, Oct. 17, 1880, the daughter of Duty Dorsett and Marguerite Simonton Parish. She is survived by a brother Arthur Parish of Warrenburg, Missouri. Preceding her in death were a sister Viola Parish Garrett and a brother Claude Parish. Other survivors are six nephews and four nieces, among them H. Sherman Garrett of 10427 Lackland, Overland, Missouri and a cousin, Mrs. Maurine Heft of 468 Laurel Avenue, St. Louis.

Memorial funeral services were held at the Alexander & Sons Chapel in St. Louis under the auspices of Rouen Post 242. Dr. Edgar C. Taylor of Clayton, Missouri delivered the funeral service. The remains were cremated and buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.



# THE ROUEN POST

## DR. MELVIN A. CASBERG

Dr. Casberg, member of the 21st General Hospital in World War II and one-time physician to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek has assumed his new duties as dean of the St. Louis University School of Medicine.

The 40-year old 21ster is the fifth dean of the medical school. The St. Louis University medical school is the largest Catholic medical center in the world.

Dr. Casberg succeeds Rev. Alphonse M. Schwitalia, S.J., who was dean for 21 years until he resigned last December 12 for reasons of health.

The new dean was on duty in the office of the Surgeon General of the Army in Washington as a Lieutenant Colonel from which duties he was released in time to accept the St. Louis University appointment which became effective August 1.

Dr. Casberg has had a career such as few men have ever achieved or even dreamed of. He was born in Poona, Bombay Presidency, India, where his missionary parents were stationed. He is a graduate of the school of medicine he now will run. He was an intern at City Hospital, and a resident in surgery there from 1937 to 1940.

He returned to India in 1940 with his wife and two children—he now has three—to become surgeon in chief at the Umri Mission Hospital, a Free Methodist institution which had been built by his father Samuel D. Casberg.

His first major operation at the hospital was on his father. While he was there he also had to operate on his wife, because there were no other surgeons within many miles of the station, which was halfway between Bombay and Calcutta.

Later, he joined the 21st General Hospital, served through the North Africa campaign, and then was sent to China-Burma-India theater. He became station surgeon in Chungking, China, and also physician to Madame Chiang.

In 1944 he joined a United States army observer section with the Chinese Communist Army and made an extensive trip behind the Japanese lines in North China. He returned to the United States in 1945, was released from the Army in 1946 and then practiced surgery in Long Beach, Calif., for three years.

He was senior attending surgeon at Harbor General Hospital in Los Angeles, County, Calif., and in 1947 became chief of staff and chief of surgery at Harriman-Jones Clinic Hospital in Long Beach. Early this year he went back on active duty with the Army.

\* \* \*

The members of both the 21sts wish Dr. Casberg every success and all the happiness possible as dean of the medical school of St. Louis University.

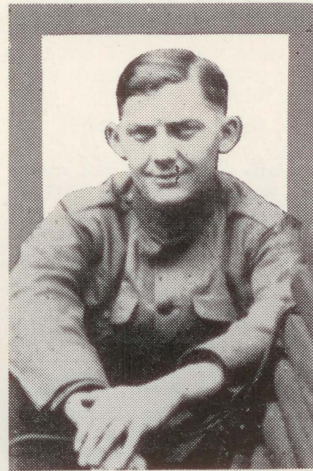
## ANOTHER 21st ACTIVATED

Dr. H. L. White, Professor of Physiology at the Washington University Medical School who was introduced at the reunion dinner, is commanding officer of the present 21st General Hospital, the third medical unit to be affiliated with the school.

The original unit, Base Hospital 21, left for France in May, 1917; its successor, the 21st General Hospital, saw four years service overseas in the second World War.

The present reserve hospital, reactivated more than a year ago, has a personnel of 33 officers and nurses, including seven veterans of the former 21st General; Truman Drake, executive officer; Sim Beam, chief of medical service; John Patton, chief of surgical service; Harry Agress, chief of laboratory service; Earl Shepard, chief of the dental services; Ed Manley, adjutant. Joseph C. Edwards also is a member of the unit although at the time we go to press we have not learned if he has any special title.

## SERGEANT JABLONSKY RECOVERING



**Charles H. Jablonsky** The former first sergeant received these former incorrigible underlings meekly and humbly, in a manner such as we have never before witnessed. He accepted the taunts directed at him without the return of a single abusive retort—at which he has always been a past master. He did not have his usual fire and fighting spirit.

We now know that Charlie Jablonsky was not himself. The shadows over him were lengthening—but we did not know, until several days later. In the middle of the night we had a telephone call from his ever faithful wife Ann. "Charlie may not live through the night," she reported, "so the attending physician said." We watched, we waited and we visited this loyal, fair man, who as first sergeant knew no favorites. Not even those who dealt out the most vituperous invectives against him were treated any differently than those who tried to gain favor with him. Colonel Veeder, answering a question we once put to him, as to why he selected Jabby over a host of other sergeants, stated "I knew the fellow had the stuff, I knew he would deliver, that nothing would swerve him from the performance of his duties, that he would discharge them as first sergeant in a firm but impartial manner. I would do it again should the occasion arise. Sergeant Jablonsky lived up to every confidence I reposed in him," quoted the former commanding officer of B.H. 21. That admiration is mutual. Jabby was thrilled beyond words when the Colonel accompanied us on a visit to his bedside. He has repeated many times, "my old Colonel came down to see me." It was easily discernible that he cherished that visit from his old "Colonel"—more than any other.

Charlie Jablonsky lay for hours upon hours apparently at the end of his colorful life. And then he rallied. For some two weeks he seemed to improve, when suddenly and without warning he again sank to a questionable level—hovering between life and death. Again we had a call to "stand-by". Again he rallied and since has improved to where he is up and around—still at the hospital—but recovering.

On the occasion of our last visit he had gained weight. His color was better and he was eager to go home. However, that is not to be for some time we do not believe. He understands this. Jabby has had so many maladies to combat, that time only can mend. At the age of sixty progress naturally is slow. We can report he is on the road. We know his many friends will be pleased with this information.

Allan A. Gilbert, the Arkansas ridge-runner, maintains that Jabby was too ornery to leave this world so soon. When we reminded him of Gilbert's quotation, after he was well enough to appreciate it, he registered the first smile in several weeks. Of course, Jabby understands the source of that remark.

# THE ROUEN POST

Another very important symptom that the old sergeant is recovering is, that he is again inclined to disagree and argue with better men. During the last two visits this has become more pronounced. We'll gladly trade verbal punches with him if he will get well. We know his many friends wish him well and fervently pray for an early and complete recovery.

\* \* \*

FLASH—Just before sending this to the printer Mrs. Jablonsky called to advise us that Charles is going home on a 30 day furlough. Yes, there is good news today!

\* \* \*

## JOHN DOUGLAS DYER, SR., DIED

John Douglas Dyer was the father of Virginia "Gin-ner" Dyer. Mr. Dyer resided in and passed away at Troy, Missouri several weeks ago. We of Rouen Post 242 join with the family in mourning the passing of John Douglas Dyer, Sr.

\* \* \*

## MARGARET CONOCHIE RETIRES

When Margaret Conochie of Base Hospital 21 left St. Louis to live in retirement she left behind a host of friends. "Connie" as she was familiarly known to those of B.H. 21 and Knudsen, the columnist of the 21st General, was a faithful member of our unit and Rouen Post 242. We do not recall that she ever missed a meeting or a function during the years we have been meeting regularly. A wee wisp of a Scotch lassie she could take her "scotch" with the best of us. Well do we recall an occasion at Dr. Ernst's when the dynamo of the 21st General Grethe Knudsen challenged Connie to a "bottoms-up". We did not think our little scotch lassie would or could accept the challenge. Not only did she accept but she came up the victor, as Knudsen, veteran toper that she is, was unable to compete. We have had a couple of messages from Margaret Conochie which we shall quote: Received the Rouen Post and enjoyed it very much. Many thanks. Had a wonderful trip over. Highways were grand but hot. I am O.K. Margaret Conochie

\* \* \*

Dear Friends:

Sorry to be so slow in sending this. (Dues). Am enclosing extra for the postage. Miss you all very much. Best of luck to each of you.

Sincerely,  
Margaret Conochie.

\* \* \*

Editor's note: They may leave us but they do not forget us. We wish Miss Conochie a long and peaceful retirement which she so well earned.

## MISCELLANY

We have a note from Colonel Cady in which he stated that Beverly Andre' has accepted a teaching position on the nursing staff of the Famous Charity Hospital at New Orleans, Louisiana. She has been doing post-graduate work in California for the past year. Quoted the Colonel, she said, "I know that the 21st reunion must have been grand. Perhaps, next time I'll be in position to attend."

\* \* \*

Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sim:

Thanks for your very kind letter. I am just as sorry as you are that I cannot be with your excellent group at the coming reunion. I know that we would have a grand time. Business must come before pleasure and I just can't make it this year.

I am glad that Lee Cady is coming, and I know that everyone will enjoy seeing him.

I too am awaiting Dick McKean's report upon the Atlantic City meeting. I am anxious to know when and where the fall meeting will be held.

Thanks again for your personal invitation, and I know that you will extend my regrets.

With sincere best wishes to you all, I am  
Sincerely yours,  
Charlie Shook

Whenever we get a card or letter from Mae Auerbach Gluck of Base Hospital 21 it is either from the President at Atlantic City, The Homestead at Hot Springs, Virginia, the Waldorf-Astoria at New York, the Meurice in Paris, France, the Royal Palms at Palm Beach, Florida, the Shamrock at Houston, Texas or some other equally notable hostelry. Mae certainly gets around. Our latest is from Atlantic City and it reads, Dear Folks: Hope you are cooling off by now at home. Soaking up lots of this healthy sunshine. Here until end of September. Spent a week in New York and in Philadelphia for World War I Nurses breakfast the 30th of August. Very best wishes to all . . . It is a tough assignment our amiable friend has. We could take a lot of that kind of life, too! 'Tis a fine reward for a faithful person.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

Just received my first issue of The Rouen Post—it was nice reading about people we were overseas with. I should like to be added to your mailing list if possible.

Enclosed please find postal note to help defray expenses. It isn't very much at this time because I have not been working since June of 1948 when I was finally separated from the army. Since then I've been on the sick list more often than not.

With best wishes to all and may the "21sters" have a happy reunion.  
Sincerely,  
Berwyn, Illinois Viola Saul

\* \* \*

Dear Mr. Engel:

I want to thank you for directing the meeting of the Rouen Post 242 Reunion our way. It was indeed a pleasure to have handled this group, and I hope when planning your next meeting, you will consider the Sheraton Hotel.

Thanking you again for your splendid cooperation,  
I am

Yours very truly,  
Joe Chamberlin  
Resident Manager  
THE SHERATON HOTEL

\* \* \*

Dear Mr. Engel:

Many thanks for your patronage of the Sheraton Hotel. We greatly appreciate the business which we have received from Rouen Post 242 Reunion and want you to know that we have installed teletype reservation service for your further convenience.

No doubt you and many of your members would find a Sheraton Hotel Credit Card very useful. If you care to send us a list of names, we will be very glad to establish their credit and send cards which will be honored in all Sheraton Hotels.

We will be pleased to hear from you whenever we may be of assistance with your plans for we are certain that our excellent facilities will adequately fulfill all of your hotel requirements.

Sincerely yours,  
Otis A. Kelly  
Sales Manager  
THE SHERATON HOTEL

\* \* \*

VA Hospital  
2002 Holcomb Blvd.  
Houston 4, Texas

Dear Bill:

The above is my new address. I finally won out on my political battle here and I've been manager since July 21, 1949. It was really rough going for a while.

I've been quite busy and observing quite unlike the popular opinion of governmental working hours. I have had a more normal time of it the past two weeks.

My correspondence has languished during the past six months, but it will pick up soon, I hope.

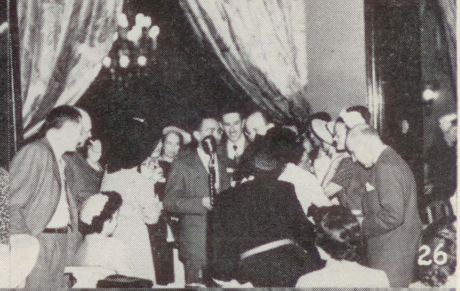
How is Manley? Best wishes to him.

Sincerely,  
Lee D. Cady

# THE ROUEN POST



# THE ROUEN POST



# THE ROUEN POST

## THANKS

Please, each of you who made possible the handsome gift and the parchment mentioned in these columns, accept my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. I was deeply touched by it all. It was a beautiful gesture before a distinguished, wholesome and colorful group of people as I have ever known.

The event shall ever remain indelibly inscribed in my rose-colored book of memories.

Bill Engel.

## OFFICERS ROUEN POST 242 1949 - 1950

REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE  
ROUEN POST, AMERICAN LEGION  
MEETING OF 29 SEPTEMBER, 1949

At a meeting called by the Chairman of the Nominating Committee at his home, Wednesday evening, September 21, 1949, with three of the five members being present, the following recommendations were made:

Commander.....	Dr. Earl Shepard
1st Vice Commander.....	Mr. Forney Dixon
2nd Vice Commander.....	Mr. Edward Manley
3rd Vice Commander.....	Miss Lucille Spalding
Adjutant.....	Mr. William Engel
Finance Officer.....	Mr. Justin Jackson
Service Officer.....	Mr. Charles Jablonsky
Historian.....	Miss Emma Frohbieter, Mr. William Stack
Child Welfare.....	Miss Edna Haase
Chaplain.....	Dr. Russell Crider
Sgt. at Arms.....	Dr. James Rose
Post Surgeon.....	Dr. Joseph Edwards

Present at the meeting:

Dr. David N. Kerr, Chairman  
Mr. George Jordan, Secretary  
Dr. George Roulhac

Absent from meeting:

Miss Ernestine Hageman—out of town.  
Dr. Stanley Hampton—on vacation, out of town.

Respectfully submitted,  
David N. Kerr, Chairman

We are pleased to advise that the report of the Nominating Committee was accepted as read and it was regularly moved and seconded that the officers recommended be elected by acclamation. Therefore this group will pilot the destinies of Rouen Post 242 for 1949-1950. Congratulations.

The pictures on pages 11 and 12 are scenes taken after the service at Christ Church Cathedral, the cocktail party and the dinner. Scenes from the picnic at Dr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Ernst's will follow in the next issue. (1) Registration desk with Charles Winterbower of Sacramento, Calif., as the first registrant. At the desk is Bill Engel flanked by two girls from the St. Louis Convention Bureau loaned for the occasion. The pictures at the church numbers 2 to 22 inclusive were taken by Grethe Knudsen and Dr. Carl (official photographer) Lattner. The others are scenes from the cocktail and dinner parties and were taken by Carl Lattner. (2) Col. & Mrs. Lee D. Cady. (4) Edna Kelly, Francie Ward, Ginner Dyer, Amy Tabor, Maggie Loomis. (5) Marty Ferguson, Elmer Custer, George Clancy, Coleman Friedman. (7) Dr. Hagelshaw, Dr. Roulhac, Louise Hilligass, Carl Lattner, guests of Miss Spalding, Miss Spalding. (8) Spalding, Maggie Beumer and guests of Miss Spalding. (12) Dr. Eyerman, Mrs. Barker, Engel, Dr. Schwarz, Dr. Larimore, Mrs. Jackson. (13) Engel, Knudsen. (14) Spalding, Roulhac, Beumer, McCuddy, Friedman, George Kovarik. (15) Roulhac, Dr. Ernst, Schwarz, Mrs. Schwarz. (16) Ward, Tabor, Loomis. (17) Sue Morgan, Hagelshaw, Roulhac, Dr. Kelley, Ferguson, Friedman. (18) Mullins, Bedonna Jacobs, Mrs. Beam, Bowen, Mrs. Anschuetz, Dr. Anschuetz, Dr. Beam, Dr. Kelley, Friedman, Ferguson, Morgan. (19) Barker, Mrs. Barker, Bowen, Frohbieter, Larimore, Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, Friedman, Ferguson. (20) Tabor, George Jordan, Barker, Mrs. Barker, Miss Stephenson, Engel, Schwarz, Loomis, Conochie, Hilligass. (22) Eyerman, Engel, Larimore, Kelley, Friedman, Ferguson, Morgan, Sugar Adams, Hagelshaw. (23) Knudsen,

Room 310  
220 No. Fourth Street  
St. Louis 2, Mo.

Hagelshaw, Roulhac, Ferguson. Cocktail and dinner pictures. (24) First row, Robert Kelley, Dave Kerr, Joe Edwards, Joe Laffler, Frances Ward. Second row, Les Jasper, Mrs. Kelley, Edna Haase, Mrs. Kerr, Edna Kelly, Frohbieter, Mary Rock, Ginner Dyer, Eddie Burtonshaw, Lee Cady, Jr., Sugar Adams, Earl Shepard. (26) Paul Max, Mrs. Edwards, Knudsen, Spalding, Burtonshaw, Stan Goldberg, Shepard, Mrs. Rose, John Patton. (27) L. C. Boemer, Depke, Garner, Burtonshaw. (28) McQuoid, Lasater, Depke, Bowman, Trickey. (29) Dr. O'Keefe, George Vossbrink, Amy Tabor's guest, Mrs. Mary Lattner, Tabor. (30) Joe Edwards, Mrs. Edwards, Boemer, Ward, Burtonshaw, Shepard, accordion entertainer. (31) Drs. Cutler, Bricker and Burford. (32) Jasper, Burtonshaw, Morgan, Shepard. (33) Adams, Arnold Mintz, Goldberg, Knudsen. (34) Morgan, Shepard. (35) Mrs. Henry Schwarz, Hagelshaw. (36) Kelley, Ferguson, Dr. Harry Agress. (37) Ike Isenhower, Spalding, Betty Brooks, Adams, Eleanor Brinkmeyer Spence. (38) Maggie Loomis, Winterbower, Col. Cady, Howard Whittemore, Mrs. Anschuetz, Mrs. Cady, Francie Ward, Spalding, Barbara Lynn, Ferguson. (39) The Bard of Oblong (Illinois) and Mrs. Barker. (40) Bill Engel receives congratulations from Bill Stack, Mrs. Cady, Sim Beam. (41) Jeannette Parish (since deceased), Mrs. Anastasia Meyers, Florence Keiffer, Mrs. Olive S. Flynn. (42) Harry and Mrs. Agress, Gene and Mrs. Bricker, Mrs. Tom Burford, Mrs. Gurley, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Shepard. (43) Kelly, Isenhower, Ward, Sara Holmes, Spalding. (44) Mrs. Beam, Mrs. Max, James and Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Oscar Hampton, Paul Max, Oscar Hampton, Anschuetz. (45) Edna Haase, Dr. Walter Fischel, Mary Rock, Ock Hampton. (46) "Judge" Neely and Bill Stack. (48) Mrs. Neely, Trickey, McCuddy, Neely, Sallee, Kimbrel, Jordan, Mrs. Sallee, Depke, Francis Kendall, Mrs. Kendall, Garner. (49) Stack, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Depke, Hamilton, Depke.

## REUNION GUESTS BASE HOSPITAL 21

Allen, Mr. J. Spencer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Askew, Mr. and Mrs. John, Marion, Ill.; Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Horace, Oblong, Ill.; Bowman, Mr. Elmer F., E. St. Louis, Ill.; Clelland, Miss Flora, St. Louis; Claiborne, Miss Estelle, St. Louis; Conochie, Miss Margaret, Galt, Ontario, Canada; Conrath, Mr. and Mrs. Philip, Webster Groves, Mo.; Depke, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, St. Louis; Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Forney, Pine Lawn, Mo.; Engel, Mr. and Mrs. Bill, University City, Mo.; Ernst, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin C., Oakland, Mo.; Fabick, Miss Lena, St. Louis; Fischel, Dr. and Mrs. Walter, St. Louis; Flynn, Mrs. Olive S., St. Louis; Gluck, Mrs. Mae A., St. Louis; Garner, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, St. Louis; Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. S., University City, Mo.; Harned, Mrs. May File, Mattoon, Ill.; Hilligass, Miss Louise, St. Louis; Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Justin J., University City, Mo.; Jordan, Mr. George H. B., St. Louis; Jordan, Orville, St. Louis; Keiffer, Miss Florence, St. Louis; Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Kimbrel, Mr. C. Gordon, St. Louis; Knapp, Miss Louise, Clayton, Mo.; Kohn, Mr. Edwin S., Parsons, Kans.; Larimore, Dr. Jos., St. Louis; Lasater, Mr. Jess, Naples, Texas; Meyers, Mrs. Henry A., Davenport, Iowa; McCrie, Miss Mary, St. Louis; McCuddy, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin, St. Louis; McIlvaine, Mr. and Mrs. E. H., Pine Lawn, Mo.; McQuoid, Mr. W. G., St. Louis; Neely, Mr. and Mrs. Horace, Marion, Ill.; O'Keefe, Dr. and Mrs. Charles D., Clayton, Mo.; Olmsted, Dr. Wm., St. Louis; Parish, Miss Jeannette, St. Louis; Pollock, Miss Margaret and daughter, Ferguson, Mo.; Reeves, Mr. William, Bellville, Ill.; Sallee, Mr. and Mrs. James O., St. Louis; Stack, Mr. Bill, St. Louis; Stephenson, Miss Mary E., St. Louis; Trickey, Mr. Irl Evert, St. Louis; Veeder, Col. Borden S., St. Louis; Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchey, St. Louis.

## THE 21st GENERAL HOSPITAL

Adams, Miss Laura, Mountain Home, Tenn.; Agress, Dr. and Mrs. Harry, St. Louis; Anschuetz, Dr. and Mrs. Robert, Alton, Ill.; Beam, Dr. and Mrs. Sim F., Clayton, Mo.; Beumer, Miss Margaret S., St. Louis; Boemer, Dr. and Mrs. L. C., St. Louis; Book, Miss Geneva, Springfield, Mo. (Concluded in next issue)

BILL ENGEL