IN MEMORIAM

“For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before
And one by one crept silently to rest.”

Abbott, Dr. Frederick B.
Allison, Dr. Nathaniel
Alvis, Herbert A.
Aspelmeier, Elsie M.
Bell, Dr. Howard H.
Carfrae, Harriet L.
Carr, J. Franklin, Jr.
Claudius, Robert H.
Cobb, Ruth B.
Coogan, Edward J.
Davis, Dean Carroll M.
Evatt, Humphrey L.

Ferguson, Edith Mae
Ganey, Michael L.
Graham, John C.
Graham, Paul
Hanvey, Edgar
Hightower, Clayton A.
Johns, Charles E.
Johns, Fred C.
Knox, Richard F.
Lueking, Dr. Fremont
McCorkle, Julia
Marshall, Harlan
Martin, Lewis C.
Mercer, Alvin
Mitchell, Dr. Leland W.
Murray, Seldon
Noeninger, Robert E.
O’Hanlon, Thomas F.
Sasse, John
Simpson, James B.
Spiess, Marion
St. Clair, Charles E.
Withers, Dr. Sanford

REVOLT IN ROUEN

The untimely death of Dr. Sanford Withers in New York last March, revived memories of a famous event in the annals of Base Hospital No. 21—the mysterious destruction of a newly erected jail or clink, as a guardhouse is called in the British army. Every veteran of Unit 21 remembers that rebellious outburst against military authority, but few are familiar with the details and names of the participants.

As a result of a controversy with First-Sergeant Hester, Private Withers had been brought before a summary court and sentenced to thirty days in jail. In imposing the sentence on Withers, the presiding officer failed to take cognizance of the fact that the military jails in the Rouen area were reserved for the exclusive use of British and French army offenders, but Major Murphy surmounted this problem by ordering Sanford to build his own place of incarceration on the hospital grounds. Indignant, but resigned to the futility of further resistance, Sanford carried out the Major’s order and a few days later, a bell tent, surrounded by a high barbed wire fence, stood ready to confine its builder.

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On the evening before the day set for Withers to begin his period of servitude, a group of disgruntled enlisted men sat around a table near the fireplace in an estaminet on the Route D’Elbeuf. Their mood was in accord with the dreary November night; clouds of dead leaves swirled through the deserted inn garden; a cold rain tapped at the windows, and the wind crooned a doleful accompaniment to the babble of angry voices that drifted from the smoky tap-room. Sergeants, with one or two exceptions, were denounced as sadistic, boot-licking morons; the company cooks were classified as lazy, over-fed louts who slept while better men carried stretchers, and everyone agreed that British army rations were an insult to civilized palates. They criticized the Major’s leadership, sneered at the cut of his whipcord breeches, and the First Sergeant was pictured as a demon in uniform—a fiend who lay awake nights planning novel methods of harassing cultured gentlemen who had foolishly volunteered for army service instead of waiting for the draft.

This discussion of the inhuman qualities of those in power eventually led to the case of the unfortunate Private Withers, and as the evening wore on, the personal grievances of the capious group gave way to growing indignation at the sentence inflicted on their pal Sanford. After all, they maintained, old San had merely refused an order to carry an English patient pick-a-back from the receiving hut to a ward bed—and all agreed that the order was absurd in view of the fact that stretchers were available.

At this point Madame interrupted with the nightly warning that the military closing hour had arrived. The opponents of tyranny tossed off a farewell drink, paid the bill, and reluctantly withdrew from the cozy fireside to an empty, darkened hut on the camp grounds, where the conference was continued over a bottle of cherry brandy. It was agreed that a protest of some sort should be made against the severity of Wither’s sentence and after several rounds of brandy someone evolved an idea. Why not tear down the jail that awaited Sanford—destroy that symbol of injustice, as the mobs in Paris had demolished a similar monument of oppression when they stormed the Bastille long ago. The suggestion met with unanimous approval, and after a parting drink to the success of the venture, the conspirators left the hut and stealthily headed for the clink.

Ten minutes later a pile of tangled barbed wire, uprooted posts and mangled canvas greeted an astonished British sentry as he approached the plot of ground set aside for the new jail. As his bewildered gaze surveyed the wreckage, the faint sound of swiftly receding footsteps floated through the November mists. The blow for justice had been struck.

Uncertain as to the degree of interest he should display over the destruction of American Army property by Americans, in a camp partially controlled by the British, the sentry stood non-plussed for a moment and then decided to report the affair to the sergeant of the guard. As he turned from the wrecked jail, a man lurched out of the shadow of a nearby tent and approached with unsteady gait. He gave the name of Coogan—Private Edward Coogan—but when asked to explain his presence, Private Coogan became quarrelsome and abusive. He cursed the sentry, denounced the British Army and all its marmalade, and tossed in a few remarks uncomplimentary to King George, the Prince of Wales and Queen Mary’s hats. Coogan’s outburst, while vivid and highly descriptive, failed to reveal his reason for being in the vicinity, and the sentry escorted him to the guard tent where he was later turned over to Arthur Schanuel, sergeant in charge of quarters.
Next morning the camp buzzed with excitement as news of the mutinous uprising spread swiftly through wards and barracks. Major Murphy charged Coogan with having participated in the destruction of the clink and threatened him with dire punishment unless he divulged the names of his accomplices. But threats of a sojourn in Leavenworth prison and the grief such a fate would bring to his aged parents, failed to change Coogan's story. He stoutly maintained that he knew nothing about the jail razing—that he had returned to camp somewhat the worse for wear after a tour of Rouen cafes and was merely trying to walk off the effects of too much cognac when he had the ill fortune to encounter the sentry.

Meanwhile, some rodent in khaki had furnished Major Murphy with the names of the men who had spent the evening in the Route D'Elbeuf cafe and after a careful perusal of the list, Holland (Chappy) Chalfant, Robert (Shorty) Richner, and this writer were called to the Company office and asked to give an account of their whereabouts and activities of the night before. No reference was made to the destruction of the jail, but it was obvious that the Major and First-Sergeant Hester were morally certain that Coogan and the forenamed men were responsible for the nocturnal disturbance. But even a Unit 21 summary court would have lacked the hardihood to convict on evidence that amounted to no more than a strong suspicion, and after grilling the suspected men in a manner worthy of a district attorney, the Major was reluctantly forced to admit defeat. Chalfant and Coogan escaped unscathed but the investigation revealed that Richner and the writer had been out of camp without passes and the Major indirectly retaliated for the assault on the clink by causing them to be fined ten days pay for leaving the hospital grounds without permission. Despite popular belief to the contrary, Coogan's story was true. The clink was demolished by Sergeant Clinton Tobias and Privates Chalfant, Richner and Purcell.

FRANK CARR, JR.
Sergeant 1st Class, M. C.

Doomed to know not Winter, only
Spring, a being
Trod the flowery April blithely
for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought
and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor
ever ceased to smile.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON

Colonel Veeder claims the French Military authorities sent him a report on every clandestine dance held by nurses and men of Unit 21 at Sotteville during the autumn of 1918. As long as the dancers confined their activities to Sotteville he made no effort to stop them, but when a New Year's Eve party was staged so close to his quarters that he could hear Byrns and Delany wheezing as they waltzed, the Colonel decided to take action.

Arthur Schanuel, field representative of the National Adequate Wiring Bureau of New York will be at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco on May 17. Art would enjoy holding a reunion on that date with any former members of Unit 21 living in or near San Francisco.
OBLONG WEDDING BELLS

Edith Kimberlin and Horace C. Barker, both of Oblong, Ill., were married April 2, at Vincennes, Ind., by Rev. Whitman at the Methodist parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Barker will reside on Adams street in Oblong.

Barker, a member of Base Hospital Unit 21 in France, will be remembered by members of the Unit as the lance-corporal who helped win the war by standing guard over Spencer Allen during the latter’s protracted period of confinement in the clink following a clash with Sergeant Art Schanuel. “Allen was not a bad prisoner,” recalled Barker in a recent letter. “During the first week of his incarceration he became unruly several times at the sight of unemptied G. I. cans and one evening he balked as I was putting him back in his cage. But on these occasions, a few stern pokes in the flanks from my sturdy cane convinced him that he was pitted against a man who would tolerate no nonsense. During the remainder of his term he became very docile and I rewarded his good behavior with daily hunks of meat containing a minimum of gristle.”

ANNIVERSARY DINNER

On Thursday morning, May 17, 1917, the gallant members of Unit 21 boarded a Baltimore and Ohio train in Union Station, waved farewell to tearful relatives, friends and baffled creditors and set forth to augment the profits of Rouen cafe owners. Members of Rouen Post No. 242, American Legion will commemorate the 21st anniversary of that eventful day with a dinner May 17 at the Asia Restaurant, 712½ Market street. Marvin Hamilton, leading gourmet of the Post, is in charge of arrangements and the former Sergeant recommends the Asia as an unpretentious house known for the excellence of its Chinese cuisine. Dinner will be served at 7 o’clock.

Owing to the anniversary observance on the 17th the regular Post meeting scheduled for May 11, has been cancelled.

ORDERS ARE ORDERS

Rogger Puckett, former regular army Sergeant, is the only person of our acquaintance who spells Roger with two g’s. During the Spanish-American war Puckett entered a recruiting station and offered his merry youth to the service of Uncle Sam. A sour-faced Sergeant entered his surname in the record book as Rogger. “Hey!” exclaimed the recruit, “there’s only one g in my first name.” The Sergeant laid down his pen and fixed a pair of cold blue eyes on the protesting newcomer. “Lissen, Rookie,” he snapped, “maybe that’s the way you’ve been spelling it—but those days are over. From now on you’ll spell it with two g’s.”

Almost forty years have passed since that memorable day, but Puckett is still obeying the grim Sergeant’s order. He spells it Rogger.