DR. FRED BROCKMAN DIES

Dr. Fred J. Brockman, 9 Garden Lane, Kirkwood, Mo., died October 5, 1940, at Barnes Hospital after an illness of several months. Funeral services were held Monday evening, October 7, from Bopp Chapel in Clayton, with interment in Kettlekamp Cemetery at Nokomis, Ill. Surviving are his wife, Anna K. Brockman and a daughter, Mrs. Kathryn Pool.

Dr. Brockman, born and reared in Nokomis, was a graduate of the Washington University Dental School and served overseas as a dental surgeon with Base Hospital Unit 21. He was a member of the St. Louis Dental Society and Delta Sigma Delta Dental Fraternity.

ARMY HOSPITAL DRAFTED AT WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Plans for sponsoring an Army Hospital in case of need are being made by the Washington University School of Medicine, and a temporary organization has been formed, headed by Dr. Lee D. Cady, as acting director.

During the World War, Washington University sponsored Base Hospital 21, first as a Red Cross organization and then as an Army unit. This summer the office of the Surgeon-General announced the War Department’s revival of hospital unit sponsorship by university medical schools.

Col. Borden S. Veeder, who succeeded Col. Fred T. Murphy as commander of Base Hospital 21, has announced his intention to present a volume of bound copies of the Rouen Post from May, 1936 to December, 1940, to the Washington University Medical School historical library. “I have been requested by Dr. Cady to write a brief official history of Unit 21,” said Col. Veeder. “I shall do so, of course, but I shall also recommend that the members of the newly formed organization consult the files of the Rouen Post for detailed information concerning the activities of Base Hospital 21 in France.”

OCTOBER, 1940
THE ROUEN POST

A MESSAGE FROM "BLIGHTY"

Dear Editor:

I am not sure if I know you, or if you remember me, but in England we have a song which says:

"Your pals are my pals and my pals are your pals,
And the more we are together the merrier we shall be."

Judging by a copy of the Rouen Post now in front of me, the veterans of Unit 21 seem like a merry crew. I hope this letter will add to their pleasure.

I was your guest for eight long months, October, 1917 to May, 1918, in the surgical hut, British General Hospital No. 12. Most of you were certain that I was doomed to stay in France—but I didn’t. I’m still alive to tell the tale—and in the Rouen Post I see a name that strikes a responsive chord. Severy was the wardmaster in our hut who was always fast asleep when we wanted him most badly. And while Severy slept, a fat orderly from another ward would invade the hut pantry and consume the daily jam ration. I can’t remember the latter’s name—but I have never forgotten his fearful capacity for preserves. The brandy supply for the hut also dwindled with alarming speed each day but the guilty party was never discovered. I think Major Murphy secretly felt that I was at least partly responsible.

But all this is by the way. With all your faults I have such pleasant memories of the men and women in Unit 21 that now with England at war again I am entrusting David, my schoolboy son, to your care. Miss Jeanette Parish is taking charge of him as she took care of me when I was so desperately ill twenty-three years ago. I hope David will soon have the opportunity to meet you all in my stead. Although only fourteen, he is on his own to show you what his father would liked to have been when with you.

I frequently see our old Padre, Rev. J. R. Edwards, who has a church in Brixten, a suburb of London. When I wrote to tell him that David was going to St. Louis, he sent such happy messages to be conveyed to you all by the boy. He said, "They were great hearts—all of them. God bless them all." I suppose his blessing included orderlies who drank the brandy.

It was Major Clopton who sent the Rouen Post to me and I suppose you have Miss Parish on your mailing list. Perhaps when she has helped some of you to remember me I may hear from you again. And one of these days I hope to be visiting my boy and you. In the meantime my kindest regards, happiest memories and all good wishes.

62 Canterbury Road
Whitstable, England

William V. Dawkings

David Edward Dawkings, of Whitstable, Kent, arrived in St. Louis October 10, accompanied by Jeannette Parish, of 5604 Washington Court, with whom he will make his home for the duration of the war.

He sailed from Liverpool September 24, arriving in New York October 4, when Miss Parish met him. David, who is only 14, but tall for his age, carried among a bag of war souvenirs a newspaper clipping telling of his capture of a downed Nazi warplane pilot in the outskirts of Whitstable. In describing his exploit David said:

"The German was flying a Messerschmitt 109 in a formation of 300 or more when a Spitfire attacked him. The Spitfire got under his tail and shot up vertically, pouring fire into him. His engine caught fire and he came down, pancakes in a cornfield..."
near the town. I rode toward where he fell, on my bicycle, determined to have a look at him, but the people nearby locked their doors.

“When I arrived his plane was sitting in the field—it wasn’t on fire any more as he had cut off his ignition—and he was sitting calmly on the wing. As I approached he held up his hands and surrendered. I took a very light pistol from his belt and marched him to a farm house close by where he was later turned over to a squad of soldiers.”

Whitstable, a town of 13,000, along the Thames estuary has been bombed and machine-gunned many times, David said. The Germans have dropped eighty-nine bombs on the town but only a dozen or so houses have been damaged and only six persons killed.

David has been enrolled in the Taylor School at Clayton.

OCTOBER

“They’s something kindo’ harty-like about the atmosphere When the heat of summer’s over and the coolin’ fall is here— Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees, And the mumble of the hummin’-birds and buzzin’ of the bees: But the air’s so appetizin’; and the landscape through the haze Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days Is a pictur’ that no artist has the colorin’ to mock— When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder’s in the shock.”

—James Whitcomb Riley

October is with us again—lovely, wistful October with her yellow and crimson robes, the nostalgic smell of burning leaves, and subsidized broken-field runners dodging and twisting their way to national fame. Nature is never more flattering to Missouri than in these ripened days of autumn. The rolling hills are splashed with color by the brush of frost, roadside stands offer pumpkins, green tomatoes, cider, jars of home-made preserves, pyramids of apples and other fruits of the harvest; wild geese wing their way against the afterglow of the departed sun.

At this season we think of Calvin Tilton in far off Pasadena, smugly entrenched behind a bank desk in his self-imposed exile from Worth county. We wonder if his thoughts ever turn to those invigorating fall mornings of his youth in Grant City—mornings redolent of Arbuckle’s coffee and sizzling country sausage. Does he dream of hayrides in the moonlight, taffy pulls in cozy kitchens—and wander in fancy through misty woods where persimmons shining with frost lie scattered on a carpet of wine-red leaves? Perhaps he hears again the rollicking music of a barn dance—the cackle of crated poultry on the station platform and the familiar whistle of “No. 80” piercing the twilight.

We feel that Tilton treasures such memories but Dr. James Costen scoffs at the idea. “Tilton has all the tender sentiment of a Ubangi,” declared the eminent physician during a recent chat. “And unless he has undergone a terrific spiritual upheaval since I saw him last, his thoughts never transcend the foreclosure of the moment. It would take a Federal warrant to bring old creaky Cal back to the scenes of his boyhood.”
One afternoon, during the summer of 1918, Colonel Veeder and a party of officers and nurses set forth in three motor cars on an excursion to an oleomargarine factory in the environs of Rouen. After a tour of the plant, the visitors were invited to the home of the owner, where drivers Jackson, Omar Warren and Dick Saba promptly established cordial relations with the servants by the lavish distribution of Lowney's chocolates. A few weeks later, when Colonel Veeder and Captain Warren Rainey returned for another visit, they were chided by their hostess. "Why do you not bring me chocolates like your drivers bring to my maids? I too, am very fond of candy." Captain Rainey turned to the blushing Colonel. "Looks like the boys have put us on the spot," he grinned.

From time to time we have wondered what had become of Andrew Shea, our fellow East St. Louisian, who helped win the war by toiling on a ration truck in General Hospital 12. Last week Hawkshaw Byrns called from Red Cross headquarters to report that Shea is employed by the Nickel Plate railroad at Madison, Ill., and lives in Namnoki with his wife and daughter.

More members of Unit 21 died during 1932 than in any other year. The death list compiled by service officer Charles Jablonsky, records the passing of five men during that period. Dr. Howard Bell, Dr. Nathaniel Allison, Dean Carroll Davis, Edward Coogan, and Charles E. St. Clair.

Nance Taylor, who succeeded Julia Stimson as chief nurse in Base Hospital Unit 21, is a nurse in public schools at Berkley, Cal. The St. Louis public school nursing staff is headed by Mary Stephenson and includes Louise Dierson, Mary McCrie and Flora Cleland. Edith Dangerfield Hunt is an office worker in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. Mary Hutchinson (Mrs. Emil Hamm) lives at the Great Lakes Training Station where her husband is chief pharmacist's mate.

Our Pal

Dear Engel:
Enclosed is my check for ten dollars. Six for Legion dues—and the balance a contribution to the best one-man paper I have ever seen.

Joseph N. Meyer

Memories of a Wayside Inn

All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve at apples, much depends on dinner.
—Byron

Arthur Melville and your Editor are still discussing our trip to the Notre Dame-Illinois football game at Champaign, Ill., on October 26. It was a day packed with color and excitement, and not the least of our recollections are the tender steaks, French fried potatoes, and brown October ale served at Mayer's Cafe at Pesotum, Ill., on U. S. Highway 45. We spent a pleasant hour dining in an alcove of this unpretentious bar and restaurant which offers the sort of food, service, and hospitality rarely found in highway eating houses.