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HARLAN MARSHALL

Through the efforts of Charles Jablonsky, Service Officer of Rouen Post 242, American Legion, a Government headstone has been placed on the previously unmarked grave of Harlan Marshall in Greenwood Cemetery at Spokane, Washington. Miss Marshall, a former Red Cross nurse who served in France with Base Hospital Unit 21, died on May 18, 1919 at Hospital No. 40 in the old Arsenal in St. Louis.

During the summer of 1940, while trying to locate Miss Marshall's place of burial for the Post's record of deceased nurses, Jablonsky learned through Mrs. Katherine M. Lambert of Shawneetown, a sister of the former nurse, that the latter was interred in Greenwood Cemetery and that her grave was unmarked. She wrote, "I do not know the section nor the number of the lot where Harlan is buried and have not been able to place a marker at her grave."

Jablonsky obtained the section and grave numbers from the Superintendent of the Greenwood Cemetery Association. He then applied to the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington for a Government marker and through the assistance of K. Klemmetson, Department service officer in Seattle and Walter Bogart, chairman of the Graves Registration Committee of Spokane Post No. 9, a flat marker was set level with the ground in accordance with the cemetery regulations. Jablonsky sought permission to have "Base Hospital 21" added to the official inscription but was advised by the War Department that the authorized inscription was "Army Nurse Corps."

Harlan Marshall was born in Morganfield, Kentucky, on October 22, 1887. At the age of twelve her family moved to Spokane, where she lived until 1907 when she entered the nurses training school at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Louis. Following her graduation she spent three more years in Spokane and then returned to St. Louis where she resided until her departure for France with Base Hospital Unit 21 in May, 1917.

The arduous demands of overseas nursing eventually impaired Miss Marshall's health and after weeks of confinement in hospitals in France and England she arrived in New York and was sent to Jefferson Barracks. Obtaining a furlough she spent two weeks in St. Lukes Hospital and, through the influence of Dr. Blair, was transferred to Hospital 40 in the old Arsenal at 6800 West Arsenal street where she died of meningitis on May, 18.

Her funeral was held from All Saints Cathedral in Spokane on May 24 with the Very Rev. Dean W. C. Hicks officiating at her request. Six army officers served as pall-
bearers. The funeral cortege was headed by the 21st Infantry band from Fort Wright and the guard of honor was composed of nurses who had been in service overseas. About five hundred persons, including personal friends, officers and directors of the local Red Cross, canteen workers in uniform, and members of the Sunset League, attended the service and journeyed to Greenwood Cemetery where full military ceremonies were held at the grave. A firing squad from Fort Wright fired a farewell salute and a bugler sounded taps. It was the first military funeral ever accorded a woman in Spokane.

On August 31, 1919, the Victory Medal, awarded posthumously to Miss Marshall, was sent to her mother, Mrs. Wm. Bayne Marshall in Spokane.

Service Officer Charles Jablonsky did a splendid job in locating and marking the grave of Harlan Marshall. It was an assignment that called for perseverance, capacity for detail and voluminous correspondence and Jablonsky came through after months of patient effort. His correspondence file reveals from one to four letters to the following persons and organizations from the time he started to locate the grave until the marker was finally set: Office of the Surgeon General, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Katherine Lambert, Shawneetown, Ill.; Greenwood Cemetery Assn., Spokane, Washington; Department and local American Legion officers in Seattle and Spokane; Office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.; Lee Marble Works, Lee, Mass.; Office of Superintendent, New York Port of Embarkation; Office of Superintendent San Francisco Port of Embarkation.

The marker was shipped by boat from New York to San Francisco and thence to K. Klemmetson, department service officer at Spokane.

THE SPIRIT OF 1917

From the St. Louis Republic, May 17, 1917

Standing upon the terrace I witnessed the presentation and consecration of the flag to be borne to France by Hospital Unit 21 of Barnes Hospital of St. Louis, presented with solemn dignity and consecrated by the entrance and reverential kiss of Joffre, Field Marshal of France. Hero of the Marne, beloved, revered by his countrymen and the nations of the Allies and the peoples thereof. Looking upon the unit as a whole, I saw physically expressed the intelligent devotion to that loved flag of a unit that represents the best in educated efficiency, mentality and medical and surgical specialties. Men and women of the Red Cross Society of St. Louis in whatever capacity you serve, I salute you.

The people of St. Louis are sending to thee, O France, this flag of freedom, our national emblem accompanied by the banner of self-sacrifice and devotion of those who proudly bear it—the consecrated banner of the Red Cross. With these two holy and revered flags, Hospital Unit 21 presents itself, men and women, of and from the United States, a compact, cohesive, efficient and intelligent body, highly educated in their special vocations. In the name of this, our beloved country, they give their time, their abilities and if need, their lives to the ideals so gloriously defended by France, her Allies of which we as a people are one.

Looking forward, I seem to behold that self-same flag returning home. Not all who journeyed away are there. Some of the chosen of God have made the supreme and final sacrifice. But the flags come back!

Back to the state and city that gave them status. To be placed in an honored niche with our local historical emblems. There to remain as a revered and consecrated emblem, saying, demonstrating to future generations, the great American principles of universal democracy and equality of mankind.

P. C. WYETH.
HETTICH NAMED MANAGER

John Hettich, of El Cajon, California, has been named manager of a travel promotion program sponsored by the Highway 80 Chamber of Commerce and the San Diego county board of supervisors.

The purpose of the program is to increase the flow of travel from the east over U. S. Highway 80, which originates in Savannah, Ga., and traverses seven southern states on the way to San Diego.

Hettich, born and reared in Bowling Green, Mo., moved with his family to San Diego in 1912. In 1916 he returned to St. Louis to enter the employ of the Century Electric Company where he remained until his departure for France with Base Hospital Unit 21 in May, 1917. Returning two years later he worked for a time as a cub reporter on the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. For the past six years he has conducted a suburban page for the San Diego Union and published a small weekly newspaper of his own at El Cajon.

We are completely in the dark as to the activities of Comrade Hettich from the time he left the Globe-Democrat until his appearance as an editor in El Cajon six years ago. Your guess is as good as ours.

MASCOT

The presence of Melvin Croissant at a recent meeting reminded Arthur Melville of Toto, a young dog of plebian ancestry, who attached himself to Melville's squad as the men of Base Hospital Unit 21 were leaving Camp Merritt in April, 1919. Melville put the self-appointed mascot aboard the train, and as no one knew his original name it was decided to call him Toto. When the outfit reached St. Louis Toto greeted reporters in Union Station in a coat cut from an army blanket and bearing the insignia of the 2nd Army Corps. His picture, taken with Edward (Dizzy) Shea, was published on the front page of the St. Louis Star. Toto was permanently adopted by Croissant with whom he lived in East St. Louis until his death nine years later.

"I never thought of it at the time," said Melville, "but I realize now that some poor kid probably looked in vain for his pet after we left Camp Merritt. But Toto seemed so eager to accompany us that I hated to leave him behind. At any rate, he found a good home with Croissant."

SONGS ABOVE THE DUST

Where rain-wet crosses know the dawn that gleams,  
Safe from the crashing shell, the raw steel's thrust,  
They face the resurrection of their dreams  
Where only songs now live above their dust.

What hate or greed or cowardice can bar 
The errie, golden echoes that still creep 
Where Kilmer waits beyond some flaming star 
That lights the holy darkness of his sleep?

They sang their songs heroic with the fire 
Of unstained courage through the shell-swept mud, 
Up to the barricade of trench and wire 
That knew the shining glory of their blood.

They sang their songs heroic with the fire 
Of unstained courage through the shell-swept mud, 
Up to the barricade of trench and wire 
That knew the shining glory of their blood.

* * *

Shall their songs be forgotten with their dust? 
Songs which their valor wrote by hill and glen? 
Sing, winds, above their rifles, red with rust! 
Blow, bugles, soft and low, blow taps again.

GRANTLAND RICE
Patients' hut surrounded with sand bags

We are having a big snowstorm today. It rained night before last most of the night, and we were so busy. Twenty-eight in on my line, six out, a hemorrhage and a dying man. Last night it continued to rain until it turned colder toward morning, then began to snow. We came up in a grand snow and now it is a howling blizzard. We have our capsule red hot and are very comfortable. The hut is very cold when we come in but we fire up before breakfast and by the time we are back it is beginning to heat up. Olive and Harlan went to the canteen and brought back chocolate sauce, canned milk, and plum pudding! We make chocolate every morning before we go to bed, if it is only grated chocolate and water. Since we get milk it is better. This chocolate sauce is very nice and less trouble to prepare. The plum pudding was fairly good but quite too rich for morning use. We ate it anyway.

The boxes from the Gundlachs came and I was delighted. Three books, a box of chocolates, nabiscos, anolas, and some of Mrs. Gundlach's delicious cookies. We ate the top layer of the candy, and I took the rest down to the line. There was just enough for one piece around for two tents. They do like sweets and get very little. I gave the nabiscos to another tent and they had them with their coffee about ten o'clock. I'm so glad for the books. Olive and I like to read aloud when we are not too tired.

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We have been having a lot of sport about our hut being inspected lately. Night before last Miss Stimson came in to see if the lights were out of order about 5 p.m. At six she brought a matron from a nearby camp to see how cozy we are. Olive and I were just dressing so it was rather upset. Then yesterday morning in walked Matron with a Major, a Captain and a Sergeant to see how the capsule heated. I was sitting on my trunk in pajamas but fortunately was behind a curtain. We decided we were the model hut so on our door we posted a large sign.

Model Hut No. 6 duly inspected, hardly admired; We would clean it up, but we are always too tired.

On the other door Edie put:

Model Hut No. 6. If you want to inspect, use the other door. You can't get in here, there is too much on the floor.

When we got up tonight they were gone and we expect to be confined to barracks or thrown into the hoosgow!

Speaking of cold, last night was the coldest we have had. This is the honest truth, the ink froze coming out of my pen as I recorded the morning temperatures, and I had to use a pencil. Also the solution in the thermometers was frozen, as I went along and I had to punch holes in it to wash the thermometer but I was not cold. I laugh to think what the men must think when they first come in. Their idea of a Sister is a clean, fresh-faced female person in a calico dress, starched snowy apron, cuffs and cap. What greets them? A pair of spectacles astride a large nose, a knitted helmet, a great coat, large boots (to be used as extra beds when we are rushed) and puttees. It may be a female or it may be a male. They all look alike at night striding along with a lantern. But I guess the men don't mind. They are so grateful for a bed.

(To be continued)