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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY MEDICAL UNIT CALLED TO ALERT

An alert order to prepare to move at an instant's notice has been issued to General Hospital No. 21, the army medical reserve unit affiliated with Washington University's School of Medicine.

Dr. Lee D. Cady, Lieutenant Colonel in the army's Medical Reserve Corps and commander of the unit, issued the alert order Christmas Eve following orders from his superiors. The sixty physicians and surgeons, most of them members of the Barnes Hospital staff, were told to buy ready-made uniforms instead of waiting to have them tailor-made. They were ordered to be "prepared to go" and to complete immediately the physical examinations they must pass before going on active service. Dr. Cady said today the group may leave here shortly.

As soon as the hospital unit is expanded to wartime strength it will total seventy-three officers, 120 nurses ranked as second lieutenants, and 500 enlisted men. It can staff and maintain a 1,000-bed hospital, capable of expansion to twice that number.

MAJOR MEREDITH JOHNSTON DIES

Major Meredith R. Johnston, 52 years old, of Mountain View, Cal., died of tuberculosis on October 28 in the Veterans Hospital at San Francisco.

A former adjutant of Base Hospital Unit 21 and Mobile Hospital 4, Major Johnston transferred to the regular army during the latter part of 1918 where he served in the Medical Department until ill-health forced him to retire in 1935.

Major Johnston, born in Alton, Ill., was reared and educated in St. Louis. He was a graduate of the Washington University School of Medicine. Surviving are his wife, the former Helen Smith, and a son. A cousin, Miss Esther Cousley, who also served with Unit 21, is a Public School nurse in St. Louis.

BLOOD DONOR SERVICE OPENS IN ST. LOUIS

The Blood Donor Service of the St. Louis Chapter of the American Red Cross opened a blood procurement center December 8 at 1007 Olive street, to collect 12,500 pints of blood from approximately 15,000 people by July 1 for use by hospitals of the United States Army and Navy.

The service is part of the national undertaking of the American Red Cross to collect 200,000 pints of blood for the army and navy, not as a war measure, but for immediate use for the 2,000,000 men now in military training.

Volunteers are asked to call at the Olive street center and donate a pint of blood for the service. An average of 80 persons a day will be needed to meet the quota for blood assigned to St. Louis and the 49th State extending over a radius of 100 miles. The blood procured in the St. Louis area will be rushed in iced containers to the Eli
Lilly Laboratories in Indianapolis for processing within 24 hours after it leaves the veins of its donors. After the processing, it will be shipped to that point within the army and navy where the need for it is greatest.

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Pat Byrns and Alonzo Kelly appeared in photographs accompanying a story of the Blood Donor's Service which ran in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat on Sunday, December 7. The venerable Red Cross secretary was shown putting a glass pint container used for blood in the electric refrigerator at the Service Center. A picture of the new white rolling unit, which will be used to transport doctors, nurses, equipment and blood, revealed Kelly's smiling face peering over the steering wheel.

JOHN NOWELL DIES

John M. Nowell, 51 years old, died at Columbia, Mo., Thursday, December 4, in the office of Dr. C. L. O'Bryan in the Elvira Building. Nowell had gone to the doctor's office for an examination after complaining of pains in the chest. Death was caused by a coronary occlusion.

Nowell, vice-president of the Nowell Wholesale Grocery Company at Columbia, was elected commander of the Herbert Williams Post of the American Legion last summer. He served in the army in France after enlisting June 6, 1917, with reinforcements for Base Hospital Unit 21, then on duty with the Fourth British Army at Rouen. Two months before enlisting he married Faye Caroline Sheldon.

Nowell entered the University of Missouri in 1908 and played on the football team in 1910 and 1911. He was captain of both the football and baseball teams in Columbia High School.

He is survived by his wife; two sons, Don and John M. Nowell, Jr., the latter a cadet at the Sherman-Dennison Air Corps Flying School in Texas; his mother, a brother and seven sisters.

Funeral services were conducted at the Missouri Methodist Church on December 6 with interment in Columbia Cemetery.

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Among those attending the funeral was Miss Louise Hilligass, a former nurse in Base Hospital Unit 21, and a member of Herbert Williams Post. Miss Hilligass is Superintendent of the University Hospital. During the State Convention of the American Legion in Columbia last September, Charles Jablonsky, Rouen Post delegate, held a reunion with Nowell and Miss Hilligass. At that time John appeared to be in excellent health and was looking forward to greeting his army friends in St. Louis next May when the former members of Base Hospital Unit 21 will observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Unit's departure for duty overseas.

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Through the efforts of Commander Charles Jablonsky, Miss Emma Habenicht, former Unit 21 nurse, has been granted a total disability rating. Miss Habenicht is suffering from spinal arthritis . . . Elmer Wright of San Gabriel, Cal., spent several days visiting relatives in St. Louis early in November. He had planned to attend the usual Armistice Day meeting of Rouen Post and was disappointed to learn that the affair had been postponed until Nov. 20. Wright moved to California shortly after leaving the army in 1919. He is married and has two sons.
THE ROUEN POST

HOMeward BOUND

The Baltimore & Ohio special train winding through the Blue Ridge Mountains . . . "On the trail of the lonesome pine." Historic Harper's Ferry drowsing beneath April skies.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave. He will not come again with foolish pikes And a pack of desperate boys to shadow the sun."

Emblem of 2nd Army Corps

Girls bearing bouquets of wild flowers on the station platform at Piedmont . . . A brief hike for exercise during a stopover at Parkersburg . . . Men and women waving from farmyards and fields . . . The lights of Cincinnati twinkling through rain-drenched twilight.

Barns and silos punctuating monotonous stretches of Illinois prairies . . . A fleeting glimpse of a cheering crowd as the train thunders through Salem. On the strength of an unconfirmed telegram—the work of a sardonic joker—a St. Louis morning newspaper has announced that four Salem boys in Unit 21 have been awarded medals for distinguished service overseas. What a letdown for the home folks when the alleged heroes return to Salem with nothing on their manly chests but stains of Graf Waldersee stew!

Carlyle . . . Lebanon . . . Caseyville . . . East St. Louis. The pungent odor of packing houses and coal smoke . . . Grinning negroes waving from the porches of weather-beaten shacks . . . Grain elevators rising ahead. And at long last, the lacy spans of Eads Bridge stretching across the yellow Mississippi and the skyline of St. Louis tinted by the morning sun.

A brief plunge through the smoky darkness of a tunnel—sunlight again—and finally the cool shadows of the train shed at Union Station. The thrill of greeting loved ones in the midway . . . Refreshments from a Red Cross canteen.

Colonel Veeder leading his voluble veterans through the downtown streets . . . Twelfth Boulevard impressive with flags and pylons . . . A huge victory arch . . . Windows filled with girls . . . confetti sparkling in the air like multi-colored snowflakes . . . The blare of bands mingling with cheers . . . Everyone out of step but Cook Haralambos Bellios . . . Spectators darting from the sidelines to welcome old friends in the passing squads.

Luncheon at Barnes Hospital—cradle of the Unit . . . A few free hours—then off to Camp Funston to be demobilized and returned to the hazards of civil life.

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The tumult and the shouting dies; the men and women who served at Rouen depart after an association of twenty-three months and three weeks. They will be scattered far and wide as time rolls on, but in spirit, the personnel of Base Hospital Unit 21 will march shoulder to shoulder through the years.
February 1, 1918

It's getting right cold again after several days of warm weather. Tonight I have on two sweaters and my big coat. I could not get along without that brown coat. We had an interesting escapade the other day. Olive and I went for a walk in the forest one morning, intending to hike about two hours at the most. I wanted to explore a hill beyond the road where we usually turn, so we walked on. There was a sign board showing the way to three villages we have wanted to visit, Petite Couronne principally. We decided we would start in that direction and see how far it was. We walked on and on and came to a quaint old place, passed through it, and walked on to the river. It must have been four miles at least. We were too tired to return on foot, so ferried across in a row boat to Petite Couronne to take a boat back to the city. It was then eleven-ten and the boat came by at one-thirty. It happened to come on its way up the river just then, so we stepped in and went up to La Bouille. We had forty-five minutes there to walk around and started back at twelve forty-five. Got into the city at two o'clock, out to the Camp and in bed at three. We had three and a half hours sleep and felt fine. It was a beautiful trip. The Seine is not a wide river but very deep. The banks are lined with tall, straight poplar trees which, of course, are leafless now. The fields are quite green, the bluffs high and covered with shrubs and trees of many colors and the sharp air reminded us of autumn in Missouri. Everything has a lace-like appearance, so old and so fragile.

February 12, 1918

Olive and I are off night duty Sunday. We intend to move our beds back to our own hut tomorrow morning, wash our heads, and be ready to gad about Sunday. We have not decided where we shall go Sunday, perhaps to the opera, but I do not want to spend my money now, so we may walk in the forest. Monday we want to have a river trip and visit more villages. I'm perfectly sick for a kodak.

I have been very busy all week and expect to be busier. We are taking French lessons twice a week and every night there seems to be something to do. Last week we had two lectures. Thursday evenings Captain McCullough is giving war lectures which are well given and very interesting.

We had our French lesson today and learned quite a little. But a professeur spoiled us for anyone else. When we are on day duty we must study some every day but so far I've not looked at a lesson between times. One madame who comes here always says, "tres bien" to everything the girls say, but ours does not and I am glad she does not. She drills us over and over on words that are difficult. I could not say "parapluie" (umbrella) nor "portion" (portion) today. I found that by stretching my neck muscles like I used to do I could wiggle my mouth into the right position. I know I could talk German in no time, for I answer Olive in half German and half French all the time. For instance, I say "Avey-vous la fourchette, haben?" and she will say "Non, mademoiselle, je n'ai pas la fourchette, haben." I must go and put on bandages for there is an early convoy out.

On my half day this week Elsie Aspelmier and I went to the other end of the car-line that runs out here. It started to rain but we walked up on the bluffs above the city. We could see the city, the Cathedral of course, the river and the villages beyond. It is surprising to us how many villages there are huddled in the valley. It rained and rained but no one stops for rain. We came back early and had a long evening to do some things that could wait no longer. We have been issued gray dresses like the others and most of us are altering our own for the Madame is far from finished with the original group.

(To be continued)
Dear Comrades:

The new World War is creating a sentiment among former service organizations not unlike the feelings and ambitions of 24 or 25 years ago. I know the people of Unit 21 seem to feel that way and we can continue keeping this spirit alive through The Rouen Post. We want to continue the paper and with your assistance can readily do this. Bill Stack wondered if writing of happenings of the last war would be of interest at the present time and it was agreed by all of us that by all means those memories should be kept alive. They should now be dearer to us than ever before.

As you know costs are mounting and paper is getting scarcer so we will have to make some provisions to see that we are amply supplied for the duration. Therefore, we are again appealing to you for a contribution so that we can keep The Rouen Post very much alive. Again thanking you, I am

Very truly yours,

W. E. Engel