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WILLIAM WRIGHT DIES

William E. Wright, 53 years old, a traveling auditor for the General American Life Insurance Company, died Sunday, Aug. 7, in the Post Hospital at Fort Leonard Wood, following a heart attack suffered while fishing near Waynesville, Mo.

Wright, a former member of Base Hospital Unit 21, was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal by the British Government for his services as sergeant in charge of the company office during the unit's operation of British General Hospital 12 at Rouen, France.

Interment was in Valhalla Cemetery with former army comrades serving as active pallbearers. Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Ray Simon and Mrs. Clarence Noble, both of St. Louis, and four brothers, Oscar, Clarence, and Alonzo Wright, all of St. Louis and Elmer Wright of Los Angeles, Cal. The latter also served with Unit 21.

Wright, who had been in the employ of General American Life for the past 20 years, was born and reared in St. Louis, where he attended the Columbia School. His hobbies were hunting, fishing and baseball.

At one time Wright and Dr. Ernst, Commander of Rouen Post 242, were fellow members of the Cemarem Club at Glencoe, Mo.

20th ANNIVERSARY FOR WILLIAMS

Ritchey P. Williams, finance officer of Rouen Post 242, American Legion, had an eventful day, March 13, which marked his 20th anniversary with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Eight local district managers paid tribute to Williams, assistant manager of the Mound City District, at a presentation ceremony in which he received a 20-year service medal and a Veteran’s pin, the latter representing an association comprised of employees with 20 years or more of service. In further token of the esteem in which he is held by his associates the local staff presented Williams with a radio.

BEWARE OF GLASS

Appearing before a meeting of the St. Louis Advertising Club in the ballroom of Hotel Statler recently, Auxiliary Fireman Rudolph Haybrook of London described the importance of a civilian defense organization in actual warfare. One important fact, according to Fireman Haybrook, is that there would be no Britian today if there had not been a well-organized civilian defense in Great Britian when war struck.

“The best advice I can give you, although I am not here to give advice, is to obey orders without question and to stay off the streets during raids or blackouts,” he said. “Leave the streets for those who have a duty there. And secondly, fear glass as
you fear the plague. I have seen plate glass driven four inches into solid concrete, and you can imagine what would happen to a human in the path of such flying glass. Following one nocturnal visit by bombers seventy tons of broken glass were removed from Leicester Square."

HELLO AMERICA!

It is twenty-four years since I learned to know Americans. When I was carried into a hospital at Rouen on a stretcher I had no idea there were any Americans in France at that time. Frankly, I wasn’t pleased about it. I wanted to be among my ain folk. I did not like the accent. I did not like the cowboy hats. I consoled myself that it would only be for a few days, so why worry! But it wasn’t for a few days. It was eight long months, and during that time I was so dangerously ill that my very life was despaired of. After that long and trying time, can I ever forget the kindness, the consideration, the skill or the devotion of those doctors, those nurses and those orderlies? It was with very mixed feelings that at last I said goodbye when the time came for me to be shipped to England.

I had acquired almost a hundred per cent accent and great was the fun at the English hospital where everyone believed that I was an American. Often my thoughts went back to those happy memories of my stay with my Yankee friends whom I thought I had lost forever. I, at least, could never forget the fine work of the American surgeons on my poor wounded leg.

Another war had come upon our land. Again we needed help and again America answered. As I had something of interest to write about, old associations were renewed. France had collapsed and none of us knew what was in store. My former nurse, that devoted woman who had nursed me nearly a quarter of a century before, and who had stood defiantly between myself and death, again took the stage. The man for whose life she had fought had a young son in danger. She was older now and could not hope to again serve the troops, but she could still serve the rising generation. This boy, her own boy in a very real sense—for, but for her skillful nursing I would never have had a son—must be saved the horrors of war. A hurried note—for things looked black at that time—and in a few brief weeks the boy was in her charge.

Strangers? No! A thousand times no! Just comrades in a common cause. America had seemed a long way off in those geography lessons, but now he was an honored guest among real friends; friends who cared as much for his welfare as they did for themselves.

The surgeon who had taken a foremost part in the fight for my life chose to shoulder my burden again. This boy must have the best education America could give and he would see to that. He himself is the president of one of your big universities, a very busy man but not too busy to care for an English boy and get real pleasure in the doing.
When I was first brought into contact with Americans I was not pleased. I did not know them. I know them now as few Englishmen can ever know them. Staunch, determined, loyal, generous, and with hearts so big that they must have big chests to contain them. An Englishman who knows you says “Thank you, America, thank you a million times.”

It has taken many years for us to really know each other. We want to know you even better when happier times return. We want you to know we too have big hearts. We want you to know we are kinsmen!”

Wm. V. Dawkins,
Whitstable, Kent, England

From the Sea-Gull, London

AFTERGLOW

Dear Rouen Post:

Since my return from the reunion I realize, more than ever, what the Post means to the 25-year old Unit 21. In keeping the unit well tagged, and calling us home from hither and yon, the paper and the entertainment committee did a fine job.

The dainty sprinkling of silver over the beautiful programs was just a trifle less than the sprinkling of silver locks among the gold and the news of another Unit from Washington University in training at Fort Benning, made us feel a wee more silvery with the thought that we shall never again see service with our armed forces.

The cocktail party Saturday was the climax of two perfect days. Cheerio,

May File Harned, Mattoon, Ill.

YOUR SOLDIER

It is for you. Through endless nights
Of mud and rain he stubbornly
Plods on, head down, back bent beneath
His pack—on towards the shell-streaked sky
And maddening road where truth and lies
And love and hate and life and death
All meet in war, red war! He loves
And hates, and so he fights. To all
His love be true. Guard well your heart
And keep the faith. He fights for you!

H. J. L.

Author's name unknown

Alonzo Kelly and Jim Sallee are out for blood these days and they don’t care how far they have to travel to get it. Kelly, assisted by Sallee, is in charge of equipment used by the mobile unit of the St. Louis Division of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. For the past five months the gleaming white mobile unit truck, with Kelly at the wheel, has been a familiar sight to residents of towns within a 55 mile radius of St. Louis and the two veterans of Base Hospital 21 have found time for brief reunions with other unit members scattered throughout Missouri.

In a recent letter to Charles Jablonsky, Kelly told of visits with Mrs. John Nowell and Miss Louise Hilligass in Columbia; Mrs. Nina Shelton Tucker, Hannibal; Walter Gantner, Booneville; Irl Tricky, Cape Girardeau; George (Mule) Brown, Fruitland.
RECOLLECTIONS OF A RED CROSS NURSE

By Retta Snyder

The long-expected German drive was launched on March 21 and we have not had a minute off duty yesterday nor today. Convoy after convoy in and convoy after convoy out. It's exciting and tremendously interesting. I am in the head hut with Harlan Marshall in charge. Olive Meyer, Bing Flint and another nurse and I are the staff. We just chase and make beds all day long. The first day I went on duty I thought I would expire before the night.

On my line four day nurses and one night nurses had 125 beds, patients constantly coming and going, fifteen to twenty operations a day and heavy dressings with only ourselves to do them. Dr. Gay (a recently graduated student) helped in three tents for awhile and now does all the big dressings on the line. At that, one of mine takes the two of us nearly an hour to do. Sometimes I have done such big ones I really thought I would faint or quit but I never did.

I am back on my beloved D line alone with a double tent holding twenty-eight patients. Everyone has a dressing, some small but most are heavy surgery. I just plod along and do my best. Many nurses have more than I and no one fusses.

Mrs. Hausmann went to the C. C. S. (Casualty Clearing Station) last Friday. She returned to Rouen in a cattle car arriving here at 6 a.m. Wednesday, nearly dead from exhaustion and minus everything but her sleeping bag.

Thank heaven we have help. Unit D, an emergency unit of fifteen nurses, arrived here from Vichy night before last. With their assistance we will be able to handle the rush very nicely. Last night we had four of the newcomers in for cocoa and another quartette were our guests this evening. We had an uproarious time and felt young once more. They are a nice lot and glad to be here, but I am afraid there will be friction with Base nurses who are coming over. They boast of the huts they had with running water, and this and that. Well what of it? We have been roughing it by comparison, but we have been able to adapt ourselves to our surroundings and do a pretty fair job of army nursing. We heard only recently that Unit 21 has been reported at Washington as having done the best work of any unit in France. I hope the new girls won't get too uppity. If they do Matron Stimson will put them in their places in a hurry.

I had last hours Friday and took a tribe of the new girls for a walk. We had a party in the mess for them in the evening. It was one of the nicest parties we have had this winter, though we had to stop at 10 p.m. Will we never grow old enough to stay up until eleven? Then yesterday I cleaned my trunk and bureau. I counted my soap—36 bars! Soap seems to last a long while here.

Last night I stayed on until 9:30 while the original unit had a seance with Matron. She announced to them that she is to be chief of the Red Cross nurses in France, and Mance Taylor is to be chief here. I think she has wanted to leave us, though she says not. We'll still carry on. Mance is capable of running two or three camps. We have always known that two such capable people would never be allowed to stay in one outfit. The demi has been chosen but not announced. I do not know the reason for such secrecy.

We wonder why the Virginians who came in July and we who have been here so long have not been included as part of the unit. I guess we never will be anything but reinforcements.

(To be continued)