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DR. BORDEN VEEDER ADDRESSES AD CLUB

Member and guests of the St. Louis Advertising Club listened to a first-hand report on Blood Banks by Dr. Borden S. Veeder, Chairman of the St. Louis Chapter American Red Cross, at the club’s weekly meeting, Sept. 22. Dr. Veeder described in interesting details the operations, functions, and problems of the Blood Donor Service in St. Louis whose quota has risen from 1800 to 8000 units a month since the attack on Pearl Harbor.

It takes about 1200 to 1250 donors to make 1000 units. This is because of many factors involving the rejection of people whose condition won’t allow the Red Cross to accept their blood; cases where the full pint is not received; contamination of the blood before it can be converted into plasma (less than one-half of 1 per cent and other reasons.)

The blood must be converted into plasma within 72 hours after it is taken from a donor. This means rushing it to a receiving center where it is checked, the plasma extracted, packed in a bottle together with another bottle containing distilled water. Then the unit is ready for the Medical Corps.

Over 35,000 persons in St. Louis and the surrounding area have donated blood to the nation’s armed forces through the St. Louis Chapter of the Red Cross since the Blood Donor Center was opened the day after Pearl Harbor. Twenty centers similar to the one in St. Louis have been opened in other cities.

BLOOD DONOR CENTER AWARDED “E”

William King, Jr., editor of the Advertising Club Weekly, the first donor of six pints of blood to the Red Cross in St. Louis, hoisted the colorful Army-Navy “E” above the Soldiers Memorial at the presentation of the formal award of the pennant to the St. Louis Blood Donor Center at noon, Monday, Sept. 29.

Representatives of the army and navy from Washington made the presentation to Dr. Borden Veeder, Chairman of the St. Louis Chapter of the American Red Cross.

DIPLOMAT BYRNS

During a recent noon-day stroll along Locust street, I spied Harold Jolley gazing speculatively at a display of vitamins in a drug store window. It was my first chance meeting with “Old Folks” since his election to the Board of Directors of the local Red Cross Chapter. “Do you see much of Pat Byrns since you’re on the Board?” I inquired. The veteran banker scowled. “Too much,” he snapped. “But I’ll say this for him—he’s manners have improved. In the past his attitude toward me was entirely too flippant. On several occasions only my neuritis prevented me from clipping the old fossil. But now that I’m on the Board it’s a different story. He fairly showers me with 50 cent cigars.”
DEDICATION CEREMONY

The ashes of Mrs. Marion Archer Spiess, former Unit 21 nurse, who died in 1930, were interred in Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery June 27, at the dedication of a plot of ground set aside by the War Department in May for the graves of army nurses.

The dedication was held under the auspices of Rouen Post 242, American Legion, and the National Organization of World War Nurses. Burial was with full military honors. A military band escorted the cortege from the entrance to the cemetery to the grave where an army chaplain quoted the 24th Psalm, a favorite of the departed nurse. A company of regular officers of the present Army Nurse Corps stood at attention as the firing squad sent three volleys toward the cloudless June sky and a bugler sounded taps.

Mrs. Spiess was born Marion Archer at Newcastle-on-Tynne, England, on October 24, 1879. After her marriage, she and her husband came to the United States where a son, G. Nelson Spiess, was born. Martial difficulties followed and Mrs. Spiess obtained a divorce and entered the School of Nursing at the Jewish Hospital in St. Louis where she was graduated in 1910. On May 15, 1917, she was assigned to active service as Reserve Nurse, Army Nurse Corps, and was honorably discharged on July 15, 1917, at her own request.

Mrs. Spiess died in St. Louis July 31, 1930. Her remains were cremated and turned over to the Kron Undertaking Company at the request of G. Nelson Spiess, a resident of Wauwatosa, Wis. Failure of the son to furnish instructions as to the final disposition of his mother's ashes resulted in the urn remaining with the Kron Company until its discovery in 1940 by Charles Jablonsky, Service Officer of Rouen Post 242, who was engaged in locating the graves of former Unit 21 members for the Post records.

Through the persistence of Jablonsky and Erwin A. Schmidt, Service Officer of Bernard Diedrich Post No. 8, of Wauwatosa, G. Nelson Spiess was finally induced to issue an order to the Kron Company authorizing the release of his mother's remains for interment in the National Cemetery.

The grave will be identified by a regulation marker.

I dropped in on Elmer (Pink) Bowman at his office in the Banner ice plant one afternoon last week and during the conversation that followed I mentioned that there was a possibility of Spencer Allen re-entering the army with a commission. Elmer pooh-poohed the idea. "Not a chance," he declared. "The army needs laughs but sending Allen out as an officer would be going too far. Can you imagine "Spindly" hobbling along a company street. The men wouldn't know whether to salute or offer him a pint of blood."

I told Bowman that Allen has been on active duty in the Cincinnati sector as chairman of the Can Salvaging Committee. "Pink" lighted a cigar and settled back in his chair. "Now there's a job that's right in his line," he conceded. "Someone in Cincinnati must be familiar with Allen's record for herding G. I. cans in Rouen. But on second thought, I can't see him as chairman. It's a waste of talent. He should be out actually picking up the cans."
Dr. Edwin C. Ernst, eminent St. Louis radiologist, was elected Commander of Rouen Post 242, American Legion at the Post's August meeting. Other officers elected were: Richey P. Williams, First Vice-Commander; Charles G. Kimbrel, Second Vice-Commander; Emma E. Habenicht, Third Vice-Commander; William E. Engel, Adjutant; Frank M. Depke, Treasurer; Jules V. Silberberg, Chaplain; Justin Jackson, Sergeant-at-Arms; Charles H. Jablonsky, Service Officer; William Stack, Historian. Charles Jablonsky, retiring commander has been appointed to the Sons of the Legion Committee, Department of Missouri.

Dr. Lee Petit Gay has returned to the army with the rank of Major. The jovial “Doc,” whose vocal rendition of the questionable deportment of the “Jolly Tinker” once vied with Pat Byrns’ recitation of “Coward Jake” at stag gatherings in Rouen, departed for duty at Madison, Wis. several weeks ago ... We have received a post card from 1st Lieut. Melvin Croissant of the Engineer Corps. “Sorry I didn’t have a chance to tell the gang goodbye,” he wrote. “We were put on a confidential alert and then shipped out on an important military mission. One of these days I’ll be able to tell a very interesting story of that particular experience.”

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A RED CROSS NURSE

Sick Sisters Hospital, Rouen

By Retta Snyder

I had been having a naggy headache morning and evening for about six weeks or more. Otherwise I felt perfectly fine. A week ago I reported it and took some medicine that did not help. Friday morning I had started my dressings and after doing three I decided to rest. Miss Hilligass made me go off duty for middle hours and I went up to the hut. I went over and took a hot bath and when I came back Miss Stimson had left word for me to get ready to go to Sick Sisters. Edie said she seemed relieved that I wasn’t there for she knew I would make a fuss. I said I would not come, but of course I did. Major Fischel doesn’t know what it is. Since I have been here I have ached all over and the Captain has decided it is rheumatic migraine. I am lots better and ready to go back on duty though I shall probably have to stay a few days more. It is nice to rest up, though I feel like I am swinging the lead.

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This room faces the southwest and we are reveling in sunshine this morning. This is the second sunny day after three weeks of cold rain and drizzly snow. The birds are out singing themselves and it is hard to believe there is a war on. An American girl in here has just arrived with a hundred others. They are divided among the British Hospitals and quite a number of them are ill. When they landed in France they had to stay on the top deck while the boat was fumigated for one of the girls had measles. They stood on the cold wind for four hours and consequently a number have had neuralgia and colds. They came on the same boat we did and had a thrilling time.
Mary Hutchinson was brought in two nights ago with a bad cold and another gallstone attack. Now she is going home. They can’t risk that gall-bladder any longer. Ruth Hamill is going home too. She has been quite ill and the two will go together. I would hate to leave the army at this time.

There is plenty of diversified interest here and the work is tremendously worth while. I never want to see a sick rich man or a sick rich woman again as long as I live. I am “fini” with rich people’s whims and neurotic pains. I shall have to earn my living, but it will have to be some other way than sitting in an immaculate room by a snow white bed reading a senseless novel.

This morning I had my eyes dilated and tested and went on to No. 12 for lunch. Olive and I came in town and walked up the Rue Grand Pont to the Cathedral. When we got there my knees were shaking so I could hardly walk so we went on to my carline and I came back to Sick Sisters. My head is better and I hope a change of glasses will cure it. I have been bored to death out here but now that I can get out I do not mind so much. I can go for walks, so for a pleasure trip I walk down the road to the Tommies graveyard and pick daisies. The country is beginning to look very spring-like and many flowers are in bloom.

Olive and I have decided to go to Nice on leave. Paris is closed up and so frequently raided that all of the new contingent are going to Nice. It gives us more time for we are allowed seven days and travel time. I wanted to stay in Paris but in waiting our financial condition has cleared up and we can afford Nice. We can travel first-class on military rates, which are about one-fourth regular fare. After this leave I am going to begin to worry the officials for leave in Spain next fall. Either Spain or England, only I am afraid England cannot feed us as much as we want to be fed. My appetite is entirely too big for war times, but I seem to be able to satisfy it easily enough. Those cookies saved my life this week and I miss diving into the can.

Bon jour Monsieur et Madame Snyder. Comment allez-vous? Tres bien I hope. It is another glorious day that I am idling away. We all stay in bed for breakfast and read and write until after cocoa, 10:30. Then I dress and am ready to start out after lunch. Today I am going to personally conduct a V. A. D. through Rouen. We shall have our hair washed, visit the Cathedral and St. Ouen and wander about the streets. If Matron will let us. In an English hospital everything revolves around Matron. If we want to tease Miss Stimson we call her Matron and she gets furious. I do not blame her, no more identity than a post. Irwin Cobb says a nation has no more privacy than a gold fish and I might add no more privileges. It gives me the willies to have to consult the whole staff before I can take a tub bath. If this life does not broaden one nothing on earth can.

I often hear the English speak of bread and drippings and did not know what they meant until I came here. Butter or margarine outside the army is very expensive and scarce, so the people use drippings to fry bread like French toast without the egg. It is very crisp and very good. I am growing weary of fish. At Sick Sisters we some times have it four times in two days. Not so often at the camp. I must get up before Matron speaks to me.

We have been having so many social events lately that we won’t be able to settle down when the next push comes. As I wrote before we have thirty new nurses whom we sadly needed weeks ago. Fifteen came Tuesday night and fifteen Wednesday night. (One always arrives anywhere by night.) Friday night we gave them a party in the mess. Saturday, Miss Stimson talked to the original group and the rest relieved. Sunday night was hymn-singing in the mess. Monday night we had our weekly “hop” and tonight a reception for Miss Stimson and Miss Taylor. Tomorrow Miss Stimson leaves for Paris to take charge of the Red Cross nurses in France.