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COMMANDER WILLIAMS

Ritchey P. Williams, assistant manager of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for the Mound City District has been named Commander of Rouen Post, No. 242, American Legion. Other officers are Adjutant, William E. Engel; First Vice-Commander, C. Gordon Kimbrel; Second Vice-Commander, Forney Dixon; Third Vice-Commander, Margaret B. Conochie; Finance Officer, Frank Depke; Historian, William C. Stack; Post Surgeon, Dr. Walter Fischel; Chaplain, Lewis Garner; Sergeant-at-Arms, Richard Sabath.

Williams served as Post Finance Officer from 1936 to 1941 and as First Vice-Commander in 1941-42. He is married and has two sons, Ritchey and Edward, both in the service.

HILL A MONUMENT TO AMERICAN DEAD

by DREW MIDDLETON.

WITH THE SECOND UNITED STATES CORPS IN TUNISIA—On the slopes of Hill 609 poppies grow as red as any in Flanders and among them lie Americans who died as bravely and as grandly as any who fell in the Argonne, at Gettysburg or at Bunker Hill.

For here, almost 2000 feet high and topped by an ugly, jagged cliff, is a monument to Americans for all Americans to revere—Hill 609.

You can go there, as I did, three days after the battle, and find it quiet. There are no monuments, as at Little Round Top or in the Argonne. Just the green grass, the slightly yellow wheat, the dirty white of the Arab village. There's a little graveyard being dug, with black German crosses. Down at the bottom there is an American one. The crosses there are white and they are interspersed with the Star of David for the Jewish dead.

They are dead—and, you hope, resting lightly. The Arabs—poor, meek people—are coming back to their hill. An old white horse roams in the field where the machine guns chattered. Little boys play in the streets of the Arab hamlet, oblivious of unexploded mines. Perhaps in time the American cemetery, with its white crosses, will be forgotten and the winds will blow poppies over the graves.

On the summit looking toward Mateur and Bizerte, you can see dust clouds along the roads as the Second United States Corps moves forward. It moves because Hill 609 fell, and many a good man with it. The wind brings you the dull boom of gunfire, the brisk note of machine guns in the distance where the enemy holds the road to Ferryville. But despite the signs of battle, from concrete gun emplacement to bits of equipment, this hill is quiet. History was made here only yesterday, but today only the wind blows over the rich grass and ruffles the wheat. And there is silence in the graveyards so far from home.

AUGUST, 1943
A small life raft which came to the surface an hour after a B-24 had sunk in the South Pacific near Guadalcanal, saved the lives of eight members of the crew who had practically abandoned hope of rescue. Among the survivors was Co-Pilot John M. Nowell, Jr., of Columbia, Mo., son of the late John Nowell who served with Base Hospital 21.

We were talking to Bill Engel about gardening. “I’ve learned one thing,” said “Weaving” Willie. “You can make a lot of enemies with a successful garden. Take Marvin Hamilton, for instance. Judging from his attitude toward me you would think that I was responsible for the fact that his tomatoes look like cranberries. On a recent Sunday afternoon I was lounging on a lawn chair in the shade of one of my tomato plants when Ham came along. He stopped, peered over the fence at the clusters of giant tomatoes and you never saw such an expression of envy and chagrin on a face. Muttering something about the immediate necessity for staking his plants to telephone poles he stalked down the street. Reminded me of Dunville in the days when he tried to compete with me in the growing of iris.”

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**A LETTER FROM LIEUT. FROHBIETER**

July 4, 1943

Dear Mr. Stack:

Well, I’ve just received the May issue of the Rouen Post — and how do I feel? I’m not sure — a mixture of a little pride, I suppose, and some chagrin. I had no idea that my letters home would be published or I might have polished them a bit. However, if they were interesting to your readers I’m glad you published them — and thanks for the copies.

Today is the Glorious Fourth and we really celebrated — by having cokes for supper. It was the second one I’ve had since leaving the U. S. A. last October — had the first one in London on Armistice Day. It’s quite hot here now and we are wishing for some of the coldness we had last winter. Then we wore all our clothes all the time — now we have discarded all the law (of the Army) allows.

Am to have a week’s vacation beginning next Monday and will spend it on the Mediterranean to cool off. Who misses such places as Cape Cod, and Virginia Beach? We have them right here. Thanks for letting me see myself in print.

Erma Frohbieter, 2nd Lieut., A.N.C.
21st General Hospital
A.P.O. No. 362, c/o Postmaster
New York

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**SONNET**

Oh! Death will find me long before I tire
Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,
One day, I think, I’ll feel a cool wind blowing,
See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
And tremble. And I shall know that you have died.

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,
Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—
Most individual and bewildering ghost!—
And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
Amusedly, among the ancient dead.

RUPERT BROOKE
May 8, 1918 — Miss Taylor is instituting a good many changes to our advantage. We have an hour at each meal instead of a half hour. We are to have a half day on Sunday in addition to the half day each week. We have been busy the past two weeks to have more than four hours. From now on we will have a whole day each month. I shall be glad for a leave but we have no idea when it will be.

My luncheon set is the most beautiful thing! I have ordered two linen towels, plain hemstitched with a large S. I must begin to collect things to bring home. Olive and I are thinking of going to Paris on our day off. We could have last hours, go up on the six o'clock train, sleep at the Regina, get up early for a walk, sight-see and shop and come back on the five o'clock.

We are too busy having a good time to write letters. What do you think we have now? Bicycles! We are like kids with a new toy. The Major gave us permission to ride Monday evening. Tuesday morning Edie and Estelle went to town, priced wheels at several shops and found one place where we can get them for 330 francs. That is a tremendous price (almost sixty-three dollars) but we can see a multitude of places undreamed of before. In the afternoon three of us went down and invested. I rode mine home but the others had to be made up.

We ordered four for the next day. Others went to other shops and in two days there were ten wheels in camp. The others paid 350 and 370 at the other shops but we bargained with our madame for a fixed price. An American officer came in and talked French for us. I know this in three days riding — France is built up hill! To be sure you have to come down but it's much farther going up. There is a short cut through the Base across the road from us and a grand hill to coast on. But, my word, how we pant up.

This afternoon I wrote four lines of this letter then went for a pitcher of water for Edie, met Danger outside the door ready to ride and I went along. We went to St. Etienne, through the old, old town, down the long path to the river and the St. Adrienne ferry. We sat on the bank and admired the cliffs, rested awhile, started back and got beautifully mixed up in a __________ one of the censored places. A sergeant came and escorted us out and politely told us we were not allowed there. We said we knew it but we could not help it. You can rest assured we are not telling the Major, he might put the quietus on the bicycles.

I am going to be in a play that Gilbert and Lehman wrote. (Successors to Gilbert and Sullivan.) They are giving it May 17th, our anniversary of departure. It is a scream. I am the only female in it and my name is "Miss Tootie." It is a satire about military tactics.

We are not too busy now and are to have four hours off until the next push comes off. Friday, Olive and I have our day off. As she has to learn to ride her wheel we will take a walking trip. Four others (the Big Four) took it Monday and they say the forests are perfect now, for violets and daisies are in bloom. 11 P. M. I rode all evening until 9:30, then we had to plan our Friday trip with two other Sisters. There is a mouse at our biscuits in the cupboard. I have to go after it but I would much rather not. I am sitting on two chairs lest it come after me. We have never had mice before.

May 9, 1918 — We had a huge convoy in early this morning and realize that another push is beginning. Believe me, I hope the C.C.S. keeping going this time for we are not so keen about being one again. That was a mad rush we had in April and it looks as though we are due to repeat it. It is hot now at midday and not so easy to work hard as in cool weather. My hut is much more quiet and going easily. Anyway I won't have
any more headaches now that we have wheels to ride and won't have time to dwell on the patients and their troubles. Kate and Danger have wheels and Kate has to learn to ride. It is a wonder there is anything left of her. She said last night that if bruises would suppurate she would soon slough away.

11 P.M.—I had a busy day this evening. Went to a baseball game between the officers and enlisted men. The boys won much to our satisfaction. After supper took a spin up the road to buy oranges. Then we put a dozen eggs on to boil for our lunch tomorrow. At 8:30 we practised for the show and at 9:30 made sandwiches and devilled eggs. We are given bread and butter rations, a can of potted beef and two eggs each. Two eggs and we require six at least! I had just calmed my appetite down to something decent when I bought the wheel and now it has soared up again. I am never satisfied.

May 17, 1918—I have brought my chair and table out under the trees to write for our huts are very hot and close. Olive goes on night duty tonight as surgical supervisor. Mae Kelly (Casey) is medical supervisor. I am alone in my hut and the next hut is empty too. I hope I do not hear the cannon for it keeps me awake and with no one to talk to it is lonesome. We hear the roar every night now. It sounds like far off rumbling thunder, I don't care for it.

The play we are giving is coming on nicely. Tonight two plays will have a dress rehearsal in the Sisters Mess for the night nurses. Tomorrow will be the big celebration for the first anniversary of the unit's departure from St. Louis. In the afternoon there will be sports of all sorts. The enlisted men will have their supper on the green in front of their huts about 5 P.M.

A marquee will be erected for a stage and there we will give our play. Between six and seven the officers and nurses will have their supper served in the open, if it does not rain. If it rains, they will put up a marquee. Our play will be given immediately after the boys' supper and anyone can come. After supper the other play will be given in the mess.

2-CENT TAX DUN COSTS MOTHER OF SAILOR 70 CENTS

It cost Mrs. John J. Kelly 70 cents and required a two-hour street car ride to pay a 2-cent delinquency on the 1941 State income tax of a son, Daniel F. Kelly, now a sailor on a United States aircraft carrier in the Southwest Pacific.

Daniel, 21 years old, enlisted in the Navy last Sept. 1, after paying more than $40 in State income taxes, Mrs. Kelly, who lives at 5118 Robin avenue, related today. On Jan. 4, she received a notice from the Attorney General's office to go to the office of Joseph A. Lennon, 705 Olive street, as 1 cent was still due on the tax, and that a penny penalty had accrued. Lennon is tax attorney here for the Attorney General.

Mrs. Kelly paid no attention to it, but early this month she received a second letter from Jefferson City, threatening suit within 24 hours if the two pennies were not paid. She hastened downtown, paid 10 cents carfare, paid the bill, had a 50-cent lunch and took the long street-car ride home again at the cost of another 10 cents.

The foregoing story from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch was mailed to us recently by Toby Dunville of Minneapolis from whom Lennon once collected a similar amount of State tax. In a letter accompanying the clipping, Dunville wrote:

Dear Bill:

According to the enclosed clipping Joe Lennon is really going to town in the pursuit of petty tax claims. According to my information his record to date is as follows:

2-cent tax cases assigned for collection............2
2-cent tax cases collected........................................2

Wonder what he would do with a 3-cent case? Tell Engel the folks up here raise vegetables in their gardens— not rocks.

Regards to the gang,

TOBY DUNVILLE

Another honor has been added to Dave Millar's imposing list. The former "King's Runner" was recently elected president of the St. Louis Bar Association.