The Rouen Post, May 1944
W. U. HOSPITAL IN ITALY PRAISED

For uniformly superior performance of duty resulting in an outstanding contribution to the war effort in the North African theatre of operations, the Washington University-sponsored Twenty-first General Hospital was commended by Brig. Gen. Arthur R. Wilson, commanding general of the Mediterranean Base Section, in an announcement March 19.

The Hospital unit, which was activated shortly after Pearl Harbor and is under the command of Col. Lee D. Cady, received the commendation on the occasion of its transfer from the North African theatre to the Italian zone.

The commendation read in part: "It is appreciated that this hospital, though organized as a 1000-bed general hospital, was actually expanded over 300 per cent without authorized addition of personnel. This is an outstanding example of proper command and initiative with resultant co-ordination and co-operation of each and every individual in a unit. Many thousands of patients were examined, treated and cared for in accordance with the highest standards and traditions of the medical profession.

"I consider that the officers, nurses and enlisted men of the Twenty-first General Hospital have made an outstanding contribution to the war effort in the North African theatre of operations."

COLONEL CADY WRITES

Dear Dr. Veeder:

Your letter of February 15, 1944 has arrived saying you are sending by the ARC a juke-box with 48 records.

The Officers' and Nurses' Mess will be very grateful for its use. They have been "shorted" on this sort of recreation because patients and men come first. We do have a Medical Center Officers' Club which serves a good recreational purpose but this especially designed piece of apparatus will fill a place in particular.

I believe you would enjoy being in command of the unit again; you would find it interesting despite the hard work. We are really hitting the ball.

Regards to Bill Stack and all those who know us new fellows.

Sincerely,

Lee D. Cady,
Colonel, MC.

MAY, 1944
A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Toby Dunville was in town for a few hours the other day—but not the Toby Dunville we knew before his departure for Minneapolis. There's been a marked change in the old Piano Sergeant; outwardly he's the same porcine companion of other days but it is obvious, to old friends, that he has undergone a thorough spiritual renovation. Perhaps this surmise is wrong but what else can explain his grabbing the checks at a luncheon with Bill Engel, Charley Jablonsky, and the writer. Toby snatched them with alacrity and a determination not to be denied, a performance without precedence in the 26 years of our acquaintance. Had we anticipated such a move on Dunville's part he would have been ushered into the Statler dining room instead of a modest priced eating house near the Telephone Building. Bill Engel shook his head regretfully as we filed out of the place. "Had I known the lunch was to be on Dunville I'd have ordered dessert," he muttered.

Dunville, who left St. Louis in the autumn of 1941 to take a position as field auditor of the Twin Cities Ordnance Plant, stopped here enroute to Kansas City on a business trip. Toby enjoys his work and finds many things to praise in Minneapolis, but he misses his St. Louis friends. Like all of us the former sergeant prefers to feel that his absence creates an aching void, that eyes grow dim at the mention of his name, and he seemed none to pleased when told that his former role of stooge at the Rouen Post meetings has been ably filled by cousin Irl Trickey who bobbed up from the swamps of Southeast Missouri shortly after Dunville moved away.

Toby, whose ability as a piano player is believed by some to have been largely responsible for his rapid promotion in Unit 21, has forsaken his first love for a place in Gould's Banjo Band, the largest outfit of its kind in the United States.

Speaking of his present work, Toby recalled that as a boy, earning a few roubles by holding huckster's horses in front of various South Side bars, his ambition was to be a business man and sit in conferences. That ambition has been realized. Conferences are part of his daily routine at the Ordnance Plant. "I'm getting so I can doze through a session without nodding my head," he declared.

Seriously, we are glad to have had a chance to talk with Dunville during his brief visit and he can rest assured that his lively personality is missed at the Post meetings.

DICK SABATH'S SON CITED

Sgt. Harold F. Sabath, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Sabath, Sr., 6740 Alabama avenue, has been given the Presidential Unit Citation and Soldier's Medal for heroism in the rescue of ten men of the crew of an amphibious boat that overturned in Morro Bay, Cal., February 1. He swam 200 yards through surf to carry a tow line to the boat and help the men cling to the overturned craft until help arrived. Sgt. Sabath, whose father served with Base Hospital 21 in World War 1, entered the army a year ago.

CIVILIAN CASUALTY

For 14 placid years Williard McQuoid enjoyed the unconfined life of an auto salesman. The business of stalking prospective customers agreed with Willard; as time went by he developed a substantial waist-line and his face assumed the ruddy glow of a Union League gourmet. Then came Pearl Harbor and the repercussion of Jap bombs lifted McQuoid from the salesroom of a West End motor company to an inspector's job at the Small Arms Plant. No complaints have been heard from Williard but his face is no longer baboon-pink and he admits the loss of twenty pounds since his introduction to the workaday world of timeclocks and whistles.
WILLIAM ROGERS DIES


He is survived by his wife, Clarice Whiting Rogers, a son, William Rogers, a daughter, Elizabeth Rogers, and a sister, Mrs. Winifred Bruce Rogers, of Kansas City, Mo.

Rogers, a former St. Louisan, moved to California ten years ago. For many years prior to his departure he was associated with his father-in-law Sid Whiting, well known local photographer.

One of the original members of Base Hospital Unit 21, Rogers served with that organization from May 10, 1917 to May 30, 1919 when the Unit disbanded at Camp Funston, Kan.

NORTH AFRICAN SCENE

The city is very pretty with buildings all of white stone or concrete painted white, colored roofs, walls dotted with broken glass around lots of the places and very clean streets. I am much impressed by the picturesqueness of the Arabs who remain untouched by the French influence. They still dress as their people dressed centuries ago. These seem much cleaner and more prosperous than those in Oran. We strolled past a native market and you should hear the noise they make in bargaining. One young fellow was selling wine out of a goat skin, hair still on it, with a spiggot of sorts in one of the feet. He had a little set of cymbals that he swung to attract customers who came up holding out their cups to be filled. The Arabs keep very much to themselves though they are friendly enough to Americans. I wish I could talk to them better. So far we have depended on the sign language. I am trying to learn French—but it's a job.

On the return trip the bus broke down three times. It was crowded with passengers and the roof fairly sagged beneath trunks, baskets, crates of chickens and sacks of feed.

ITALIAN NOTES

January 15

It's colder here than in our first camp and rains as much or more. There is ice on all the puddles this morning and I am wearing more clothes than usual. We expect to have lights in our room before long and they'll be welcome as we have had only candles. Downstairs in this building they have field stoves in the halls but they smoke a lot. This is the only place I have been where my nose, underclothes, and hair get dirtier than they did in St. Louis.

We had the usual Christmas and New Year parties and, since Christmas, two weddings at which our choir sang and really made a hit.

The city near which we are stationed is off limits to all military personnel not stationed there so we have no place to go. However I've made a good contact and am going to go to the front one of these days. Tried it once before but the trip was postponed. Hope to make it this time.

I've totalled up 36 Christmas boxes and am embarrassed that I haven't written more thank you notes but it's simply been too cold to sit and write. Must close now and get to work again. It's raining again this afternoon so I will wear my pants and field boots.

Erma Frobleter, 2nd Lieut., A. N. C.
"CHICK" COLLIER PAYS BRIEF VISIT

A crowd of Ad Club old timers held a reunion with Charles (Chick) Collier in the Lounge of the St. Louis Advertising Club, March 24, when he stopped briefly in St. Louis, enroute to San Francisco, after a business trip to New York and Washington. Collier, a former Executive Secretary of the local Club, is now Advertising Director of the Pacific Advertising Association, San Francisco, where he has lived since 1924. For many years he was on the staff of the Recorder Publishing Company of that city.

Following the Ad Club party "Chick" left for Fort Sill, Okla. to pay a flying visit to his officer candidate son. He expressed regret that lack of time prevented him from getting together with the members of Rouen Post. "I saw Syl Horn in Denver on my way East and Syl recalled the pleasant evening he spent with the gang the last time he visited St. Louis," said "Chick." "Next time I get back here I hope to have a similar experience. Give my regards to the veterans of the 'Fighting 21st.'"

A veteran of Unit 21 whose path crosses ours at least once a day is Jim Barnard, one of a group of coffee addicts who add to the general untidiness of a lunchroom in the vicinity of the Telephone Building. Jim, with enthusiasm unwarranted by a creaky chassis, enlisted in the State Guard the summer after Pearl Harbor but 48 hours of toting sandbags during the May floods of 1943 resulted in a medical discharge for the once stormy lance-corporal of the Champs du Courses. Jim, a division rate engineer in the St. Louis office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has a service record of 25 years with that organization.

Former members of Base Hospital 21 are active in the affairs of the St. Louis Chapter of the American Red Cross. Col. Borden Veeder is chairman of the board. Harold "Old Folks" Jolley, Vice-chairman, P. H. "Beaver" Byrns, executive secretary, with more than 20 years service, and Alonzo Kelly is listed on the payroll as orderly chauffeur for the Blood Donor Mobile Unit.

Your Editor was introduced to the inner workings of the Forty and Eight during a wreck held by Voiture No. 38 at Moolah Temple on the night of January 29. Among the voyageurs who enjoyed the varied indignities heaped upon superior men on that occasion was wily Arshav Nushan, the Board of Education's Supply Commissioner, who recently made the local headlines by his impassioned plea to the Board for aid in ridding his office of cockroaches. "Fleas I do not mind," declared the former camel vallet, "But there's something about a cockroach that arouses my worst instincts."

Lieut. (j.g.) Alvin B. Jordan, a graduate of the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. in 1943, has been assigned to foreign duty. Ensign Jordan, who recently completed a radar course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was promoted to Lieut. (j.g.) on April 1. He is the eldest son of George B. Jordan, past-commander of Rouen Post No. 242.

ED WENDLEBURG WRITES

Dear Ham:
That dilapidated but interesting chapeau of yours arrived OK. I put my hook on it and delivered it to Doc Polk who in turn sent it to Doc Padgett in Kansas City. I suspect that Bill Stack started the hat on its way; the nude was his handiwork. Best regards to you and the gang.

Sincerely
Ed Wendleburg