The Rouen Post, June 1944
TELLS HOW ST. LOUIS COLONEL TOOK OVER GOERING'S BATHROOM

How Col. Lee D. Cady, former instructor of internal medicine at Washington University, commanding officer of the Washington University Hospital unit in Italy, took over a rose-tiled bathroom built in Naples for Nazi Field Marshal Hermann Goering, in his better days, was told here yesterday by an associate back on leave.

Capt. Alfred Breuer, 32-year-old husband of Mrs. Harriet Kingsbecker Breuer, 7407 York drive, Clayton, a graduate of St. Louis University School of Medicine and former Barnes Hospital staff member, is on leave after 18 months in North Africa and Italy as a surgeon, attached to the Washington University unit. He was relieved from active duty after contracting a skin rash in the Naples area, from which he has recovered, and is visiting here before reporting for reassignment. He has been awarded a battle star for service in Italy and shares in the unit citation awarded the hospital group for service in North Africa.

In North Africa, Capt. Breuer gained such gratitude from a captured and wounded Italian officer, whose life he saved by an operation, that the Italian followed him from North Africa to Italy to express his thanks.

Breuer told of special work done at Anzio by Capt. Edward B. Alvis Jr., chief of the hospital's eye, ear, nose and throat section, son of Dr. E. B. Alvis, St. Louis eye specialist, and of meeting a number of former St. Louis University classmates, now with the university's Seventieth General Hospital unit in North Africa.

I dropped into Boyd's to buy a straw hat last payday and found Harold Jolley, of the Boatman's Bank, marking time while a clerk stretched a faded straw chapeau of 1943. "Are you setting an example of thrift to your clients—or is it a case of one-way pockets?" I enquired lightly. The venerable banker gave me a look of distaste. "I didn't come here to be annoyed," he declared in a querulous voice. "On your way, young man, before I call Mr. Boyd."

"Go ahead, call him," I challenged. "He'll probably be glad to meet a customer who intends to buy a new hat."

Before the old boy could think of a comeback the clerk handed him the hat which the stretching process had converted into something resembling an enlarged hoecake. Clapping it on his head, the banker grunted a word of thanks, gave me a sour glance, and shuffled into the sunlight.

Flash ... Irl Trickey claims he is now a key man in an essential industry. Irl, formerly a guard at Bush-Sulzer Diesel Engine Co., has been assigned to the firm's fire department.

What's happened to Clinton Tobias? The ex-postmaster hasn't been around since the Rouen Post dinner meeting at the Asia Restaurant in May, 1939... Nushan and I talked with Ed Bromeling at a Stockham Post party several weeks ago ... He, too, has been A.W.O.L. for several years.
HISTORIC CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN BURNED

London, June 1.—Fire swept the historic cathedral at Rouen, France, tonight, after an explosion near by, the Berlin radio reported. The broadcast said the blast was from either a delayed-action bomb or a land mine. An hour after the explosion flames were seen rising from the roof and soon enveloped the whole cathedral as well as the adjoining palace of the Archbishop, the report added.

The Cathedral Bells, including the famous Joan d'Arc bell, weighing 20 tons, were said to have melted in the fire.

A PLAINTIFF CRY

Bill Engel's meditations were recently interrupted by a telephone call from Charley Jablonsky. The rotund deputy jury commissioner was in a foul mood. "I don't like what I've been reading about myself in the Rouen Post," he wheezed. "The notes have been libelous, irrelevant, and tend to put me in a ridiculous light." Engel admitted that some of the recorded activities of the former top sergeant could hardly be construed as flattering but saw no reason why Jabby should protest to him. "Why don't you inflict your hysterics on Stack?" he suggested. "After all, he's the editor." "You know why I'm calling you," growled Jabby. "Stack is a weak character, easily swayed, and susceptible to your no-good influence. You are responsible for the silly cracks at my expense," Engel chuckled. "That's a hot one!" he exclaimed. "You're almost as funny as Hamilton. Wait till I tell Bill! I'm Svengali and he's a stooge. He'll really pour it on you."

Engel's prediction was wrong. I regard the irascible ex-sergeant as one would an erring brother and his charge that I am putty in the master hands of "Weaving Willie" is too amusing for words. I shall continue to be guided by facts in any story about Jabby. And if the facts put him on the spot... let him blame his conduct—not my reporting. The truth is mighty and will prevail.

FROM THE CINCINNATI SECTOR

Spencer Allen, a member of the Ohio State Salvage Committee, emboldened by the miles between us, recently mustered sufficient courage to write the following letter:

Dear Bill:

I certainly enjoyed the last copy of the Rouen Post, especially the column of cook house memories. You probably won't want to remember this, but I recollect very clearly the mess line in back of the old grand stand. I can see you standing in the kitchen door looking very supercilious and licking your chops after a good feed purloined from the men's rations. From the que of hungry soldiers comes a hoarse cry, "AUK-AUK-AUK." Down the line you stalk, berating "Dizzy" Shea, "Piggy" Martin, "One-kidney" Bowman, "Shorty" Wallace, and other men of small stature, until Jack Robinson tells you to shut up and go about your business. You no doubt remember how Robinson often threatened to flatten you when you became obnoxious, and how Pat Byrns, Johnny Higgins, "Chappy" Chalfant, Cal Tilton, "Old Folks" Jolley, and I used to send you scurrying for cover.

I am certainly glad you decided to continue getting out the Rouen Post as it affords me lots of pleasure reading about the fellows from the old outfit.

You will note that I failed to get back into the army but I have been working in the salvage drive, first through my own county (Hamilton) and for the past several months throughout the State.

Please give my regards to any of the fellows you see.

Sincerely, "Spence"
Allen's well-known aversion to facts grows more pronounced with the march of time. The idea of a man with the mental and physical agility that was mine in those days being pushed around in Unit 21 is too fantastic for comment.

I read Allen's letter over the telephone to "Pink" Bowman in East St. Louis. "That speckled beauty has a lot of gall to put himself in the same physical class as Robinson and Chalfant," declared Elmer. "But I'll say this for him—he's finally found the right field. Salvage work is right down his alley—and I do mean alley. Tell him to stay away from those ash cans or he'll probably end up in one."

Bowman recently leased his East Side ice plant to the City and has taken an office in the First National Bank Building. The first piece of furniture installed was a heavily reinforced couch. "The demands on my energy are so great that I have to take time out for an occasional nap," explained Elmer.

I asked the former playboy of the White Star if he missed the exercise he got from tossing 200-pound ice cakes. "Yes, a little," he said. "But I've found a new way to keep in shape. Every other day I change the position of a massive walnut desk and a heavy old fashioned iron safe. It would take the combined efforts of ten P.U. cases like Allen to budge either one."

In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations.'

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they walk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy

A REPORT FROM OLIVER LOHR

Mr. W. E. Engel, Adjutant
Rouen Post No. 242
Dear Mr. Engel:

I am going to try to comply with your request as I am on the road to New York to see my son who is getting ready to do the same thing we did in 1917—go overseas to help crack down on the Nazis.

Twenty-five years—it is a long time since the old unit disbanded at Camp Funston, and it did not seem possible that we would all be separated so completely and only a very few would still remain in the same area.

I see Dr. Thomas, who took our part of the unit to France, once every year when I attend the pathological meetings. We always like to reminisce a bit, and he tells me about the Rouen Post and Bill Stack and the fine job he has been doing all these years publishing data and keeping alive the old unit spirit.

I suppose my story is probably about the same as all of the rest of you, plugging along trying to keep the wolf from the door and wishing that I were still young and energetic enough to get into this "biggest of all affairs" right now.

After the unit broke up, I went back to St. Louis and finished my two years of Medical School at Washington University, served a year of internship at Barnes Hospital
and then came to Saginaw, Michigan, where I have been running a clinical pathological laboratory. We do the public health laboratory work of this city (about 95,000) and also the pathological work for the three hospitals here, and others within a radius of 50 or 60 miles. The work is very interesting and there is plenty of it to do. We have a very fine group of doctors here and they have been very cooperative.

In 1929 I served as president of the County Medical Society and about five years ago was president of the Michigan Pathological Society. My hobby is photography and, with the advent of kodachromes, it has served me well in pathological conferences and teaching purposes for the nurses.

I have a wife and two children, a boy 18 who is in the service, and a daughter 14. In 1934 my wife and I took a trip to Europe visiting Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France and the British Isles. Of course, we had to travel down to Rouen from Paris where we spent a day visiting the old Cathedral and the Champs de Cours where the old Base Hospital No. 12 held sway for all of those months. It seemed queer not to see any hospital tents or nisson huts, but the old grandstands were still there. We rode out to the place on one of the No. 12 trams and I was quite sorely tempted to pull the trolley rope just to see whether the reaction would be the same as the old days when we used to get in trouble with the French conductors for trying to delay the train so that the late arrival might get on board.

There were a number of new buildings out near the old race course. I inquired about the whereabouts of the Captain but nobody seemed to know where he had gone. They remembered him but that was all. I stopped at the Quais de Harve to make a picture of the plaque announcing the arrival of Dr. Crile's unit as the first one in France. The old Transbordeau barge was still carrying merchandise across the Seine and we stood on the bridge Grand Pont and watched the tug with the bendable smokestacks pass under it with strings of barges in tow.

We visited the Jardine des Plantes, and the Butterfly in Flowers was still there in all of its glory. While standing in front of the Cathedral Notre Dame, I noticed that some of the religious figures had lost their heads (weather-worn). I expressed regret to one of the Frenchmen. He exclaimed, "Bomb, La Guerre!" I told him that I happened to be in Rouen during the war and no bombs had hit the Cathedral. Then he exclaimed, "Then I can't tell you that, can I?"

It was interesting to pass through the Belgian villages and to note how all of the places had been rebuilt. St. Quentin didn't look as if there had ever been a war. We flew from Paris to London and it was quite a contrast from that awful trip across the channel in '17.

While in London we had a visit from Herbert Pickering. He was a British Sergeant Major on detached service with our hospital and undoubtedly he will be remembered by most of the gang. He was quite active in the plays that were put on by the unit. I hear from him every year at Christmas so it was very delightful to get a chance to visit with him. He often inquires about the members of the old unit. His home is in Leicester, about 100 miles north of London. He lost some of his people in a bombing raid in this present war. He told me in a letter last year that this war was much worse than the last one and a lot worse than the Battle of Rouen.

I just learned not so long ago that Tom Lodge was down in Louisville, Kentucky, working in a hospital operating room and very much appreciated by Dr. Barney Brooks. I tried to get in touch with John Sullivan when I was in St. Louis, but I got discouraged at the enormous number of Sullivans in the telephone book, and so gave up.

It has been nice to get in touch with the unit again and I hope to hear more about the activities.

Sincerely, Oliver W. Lohr, M. D.