Outstanding honors of the nursing profession came to attractive, red-haired Miss Brooks a member of Rouen Post No. 242 a short while ago. Miss Brooks, who is head nurse at the St. Louis Children's Hospital was named "Typical American Nurse of 1946" at the fiftieth annual convention of the American Nurses at Atlantic City. She received the crown that goes with the title and a $750.00 scholarship after being announced as the first choice in a nation-wide poll of almost 300,000 nurses. Accompanying the award was a citation declaring her "in character, education and competence, in her desire for increasing knowledge of her profession, in her loyalty and spirit of service, a true representative of professional nursing today"!

It was not the first time that Miss Brooks has been cited. She spent four years in the Army Nurse Corps with the Twenty-first General Hospital, a unit sponsored by Washington University, and, as a staff nurse on neurosurgical service of a 2000-bed general hospital, received special commendation. Later she was assistant surgical supervisor.

She served three years overseas in Africa, Italy and France with the unit, which is credited with treating more battle casualties than any other. Dr. Henry Schwartz, 5065 Waterman neurosurgeon with the unit, praised Miss Brooks and declared, "She certainly deserves the honor. She is tops."

Miss Brooks was one of fifty nurses chosen from the unit for special service in the northern part of France before the hospital itself had been established at Mirecourt, 20 miles south of Nancy.

Daughter of a small-town Kansas doctor, Miss Brooks is a graduate of the Washington University School of Nursing and this year completed the requirements for the degree of bachelor of science in nursing. Her thesis was based upon the care of neurosurgical cases.

Prior to entering the Army Nurse Corps, Miss Brooks was assistant head nurse at St. Louis Children's Hospital in 1940, and in 1941 was named head nurse, a post she held until going into army service.

Before entering Washington University she attended Park College, Parkville, Mo., and Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas. She is 29 and the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Brooks of Burden, Kansas.

Miss Brooks resides at 7557 York Drive, Clayton, with Miss Lucille Harrison, sister of a nurse with whom she served overseas.

Heartiest felicitations to Miss Brooks from all of the former members of both units. Rouen Post is indeed proud to have her as one of its members.

NOVEMBER, 1946
Visitors to Dodge City, Kansas invariably ask to be directed to Boot Hill, one of the most publicized landmarks in the Southwest. Formerly a potter’s field, it was the burial ground for miscellaneous characters from the wrong side of the tracks in the days when Dodge City was a rip-roaring frontier town. The Hill derived its name from the fact that most of its occupants were interred with their boots on.

Only the friendless and the notorious were consigned to Boot Hill. The substantial, right-thinking element of the town found honorable graves at Fort Dodge. In 1879 the Hill’s 43 tenants, comprised of gunmen, cowboys, bottle jockeys and a few dancehall girls, were removed to the municipal cemetery though the markers were left in place. Today the city hall and a cowboy monument share the Hill with a section of the old graveyard.

In plots separated by fences of white lath, wooden slabs present such names and inscriptions as “Angel Face Kid. Killed in 1875.” “Spider Baine. Tried to outdraw the sheriff, 1876.” “Town Bully. Whiskey killed him.” “Shoot-em-up Jake. Ran for sheriff, 1872. Ran from sheriff, 1876.” “Toothless Nell. Shot and killed in a dance hall, 1874. Her last words: Circumstances pushed me to the end, but I had a good mother.”

At the head and foot of each grave a concrete face and boot toes protrude from the grass. These additions modeled by the late Dr. O. H. Simpson, local dentist and sculptor, lend pseudo realism to a cemetery that has been unoccupied for 67 years.

IMPRESSIONS OF ROUEN POST PARTIES.

by Emma E. Frohbieter

The announcements and invitations are out for the Fall Party at Dr. Ernst’s home in the county. That really is good news as it brings to mind the party there last Fall shortly after our arrival home. That time not many of us could be present because the local contingent of the 21st General were pretty well scattered but this time things will be different! Rumors had gotten around about the parties that the vets of the first 21st put. The old guard welcomed us with open arms and it was our loss that we went home too early—not having had parties for the past four years we had forgotten how to act. But we learn quickly. Colonel Cady was among those present that night and I learned more about the 21st General than I had in the four years that I had been a part of it. The Colonel delivered a very interesting talk. He confirmed many rumors and clarified some issues that some of us had struggled with for some time. The food was wonderful at this party—spaghetti, two great mounds of beef, pork, waldorf
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salad, doughnuts, everything good. The only thing lacking was spam. Who wanted it anyway! We became acquainted with “Silent” Forney Dixon the bartender too, and found him qualified.

Last spring came the party at Dr. Larimore’s summer home near Chesterfield, Mo. What a delightful place. Many more were present at this affair and we stayed until the wee hours of the morning. Good fellowship prevailed. Interesting movies taken overseas were shown by Dr. Edwards and there was a banquet, no less, on the lawn. Roosevelt, Dr. Larimore’s chef had barbecued meat all day and he certainly knew what he was about. And then topping it off were fresh (home-grown) strawberries and ice cream. Here we also met for the first time Irl Trickey the legendary ridge-runner from southeast Missouri. He really is funny and we hope to see him again. Every one had a good time. We thought it especially cordial and hospitable of our host to sell his house and farm to one of the new members—for a club house, we presume.

Just when we thought the men had the monopoly on parties, an invitation came last June from Miss Pollock in Ferguson. Never will we forget where to find Carson Road, now—but that could not be said of us pre-party. Several cars were lost and delayed things but we discovered Kinloch. It was a “Saddity night in Camptown” and the colored folk were celebrating—jigging outside under the tree to guitar music, sitting on the corner curbs eating watermelon. Though I did not see it some of them must have been chewing sugarcane. For a short time we thought we were in the deep south.

Miss Pollock was most gracious and excused our late arrival. We immediately sat down to supper. We had just about decided to give the palm to the menfolk for their culinary triumphs at the Ernst and Larimore parties, but changed our mind. Did anyone ever eat such tasty potatoe salad before? This party was sponsored by the women of the first 21st, the food was prepared by them and it was so good! The “refreshments” were good too. Dixon was again on the job as bartender. As a result the very expensive and smart hat of a woman guest was further embellished with radishes, onions, etc. It really was a mess when the experts finished with it. Commander Jules Silberberg voted it first prize. We also found it pleasant to go out into the spacious yard and take off shoes and stockings, dig up dandelions and eat the fallen green apples.

The house was filled with beautiful things, French, English and Dresden china, Venetian and Bohemian glass, pictures and many other mementos from a different life in a different land. They must mean much to the Pollock family and bring back many memories, but did anyone ever bring back such a conglomeration of stuff as we.

Many thanks to those who made these pleasant evening’s for us. I see we’ve a standard to uphold, but I think we can do it.

If we only had a place of our own to meet! We don’t need much as we are past masters of the art of improvising—just ask Miss Spalding and Colonel Cady. All we need is an old beaten up basement—doesn’t someone know someone who has a basement that needs further digging. We’ll even furnish it with our souvenirs. What a fascinating job of interior decorating that would be! Koopersmith* probably would not approve, but just think dehydrated potatoe cans for the light fixtures (surely someone brought a dehydrated potatoe can home for a souvenir) oriental rugs on the floor, more rugs for wall hangings, pictures from all over M.T.O., E.T.O. and the near east, crystal from Baccaret should provide glass galore, artillery shell ash trays, linens and laces from Italy, France and Belgium. Perhaps we could even get the record player that the original members of Rouen Post started on it’s way to us while we were in Africa and which was purloined by our neighbors of the 70th General. Can’t you just see it? All we need is a chance. Is there a fairy godfather or a Santa Claus?

* A former 21st General Sergeant now an interior decorator in Chicago.
ELIZABETH KENNARD JOLLEY

His Mysterious Majesty's selection of the gracious Miss Elizabeth Kennard Jolley to serve as a royal consort in the absence of an official retiring queen of St. Louis annual Veiled Prophet Ball was in keeping with tradition that only the fairest maids in St. Louis shall share his dais.

Miss Jolley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Jolley, 50 Kingsbury pl., and was born in St. Louis on May 21, 1924. She is a granddaughter of Mrs. M. H. Jolley of Los Angeles, Cal., and of John B. Kennard, St. Louis.

"Betty," as she is known to her friends, attended Wilson Kindergarten and Rossman School, and was graduated from Mary Institute in 1942, and from Bennett Junior College, Millbrook, N. Y., in 1944. She attended secretarial school last year, and from September, 1945, to last June held the position of secretary to County Community School.

The lovely consort, whose very appearance drew admiration from the large crowd gathered to pay homage to the Veiled Prophet and the ladies of his court, is a member of the Junior League. Her main interests are athletics and child psychology.

Harold Jolley, the father of this charming miss, was a member of the original 21st.

ROUEN POST No. 242 BUSINESS

Forty-four members of the second 21st have joined Rouen Post and there are more to come. Their names will appear in an early issue.

At annual election of officers the following were elected to serve for 1946-1947:

Dr. John F. Patton, Commander
Dr. Sim F. Beam, 1st Vice Commander
Forney F. Dixon, 2nd Vice Commander
Emma E. Frohbieter, 3rd Vice Comdr.

Dr.'s Patton, Beam and Freedman and Miss Frohbieter are of the second 21st.

Commander Patton has announced his committee appointments as follows:

MEMBERSHIP
Dr. Sim F. Beam, Chairman
Dr. Robert R. Anscheutz
Miss Elizabeth Brooks
Dr. A. H. Conrad, Jr.
Forney F. Dixon
Dr. Harold Freedman
Dr. Paul F. Max
Edw. J. Manley
Miss Mary E. Rock
Dr. H. G. Schwartz

VISITING
Dr. H. Freedman, Chairman
Marvin Hamilton, Co-Chairman
Dr. Lester H. Jasper
Miss Edna Kelley
Miss Mary Rock
Jules V. Silberberg

ENTERTAINMENT
Dr. Edwin C. Ernst, Chairman
Dr. Earl E. Shepard, Co-Chairman
Dr. B. S. Veeder, Honorary Co-Chrmn

Americanism
Geo. H. B. Jordan, Chairman, Dr. Truman G. Drake, Co-Chairman

Child Welfare
Miss Edna M. Haase, Chairman
Dr. H. H. McCullough, Hon. Chrmn.
Miss Regina A. Kohring
C. Gordon Kimbrel, Co-Chairman

Mortuary
Chas. H. Jablonsky, Chairman
Dr. J. C. Edwards, Co-Chairman
Miss Mae A. Gluck
Miss Helen Leet

Publicity
Wm. Stack, Chairman
Miss Emma E. Frohbieter, Co-Chrmn
Miss Helen Bowen
Dr. O. P. Hampton, Jr.
Edward J. Manley

Service
Chas. H. Jablonsky, Chairman

Finance
Justin J. Jackson, Chairman

Legal
Chas. H. Jablonsky, Chairman
Dr. Harry Agness, Co-Chairman

Wm. E. Engel

Lou Robertson
Miss Lucille Spaulding

Hqrs Rouen Post No. 242 & The Rouen Post
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BIL ENGEL