THE ROUEN POST

Base Hospital 21 — World War I
21st Gen. Hosp. — World War II

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242

"21 ON DECK"

The old familiar assembly call of wartime days will ring again through Hotel Coronado in St. Louis May 23, 24, & 25, 1947 when the men and women of Base Hospital 21 of World War I and those of the 21st General Hospital of World War II will reunite to celebrate their respective anniversaries.

Let the strains of old refrains, and new, awaken the memories of springtime long ago. Forget the burdens of today in the renewal of pleasant friendships.

Each mail is bringing reservations from out of the city (the locals will be present in considerable numbers). From Base Hospital 21, we have Spencer Allen of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. Byrd Boehringer Holmes of Greenville, S. C., Allan Gilbert of Fayetteville, Ark., Jesse Lasater and Howard Harding of Texas . . . The 21st Generalities are responding with considerable enthusiasm. Gayland Hagelshaw of Bay City, Mich., Mrs. Frances M. Dickerson, formerly Frances Banks, of Abington, Ill., Emma Miller and Kathryn Jones of Philadelphia, Penna., Allen Katz, Stan Goldberg, Bernie Greene and Alex Berman all from Chicago, Joe Parker of Oklahoma City, Okla., Henry P. Lattuada of Westville, Ill., Eloise Hagler and Lucile Brown of Wood River, Ill., to mention a few who have made reservations.

This will be the last issue of The Rouen Post before the reunions so we of the first 21st remind you it was 30 years ago that we sailed for Europe and the end of our trails may not be too far distant. It will be a long time until the 35th. Let each who can, plan to be present. Let us show the new group, that although, we have decreased in numbers and there is considerable difference in our average ages, we can respond with the same enthusiasm as of yesteryear.

There'll be a memorial service for our departed comrades. The list is growing, only recently the name of Dr. M. B. Clopton having been added.

And there will be the circus stuff, much silly conversation and usual gayety aided and abetted by such characters, as Allan Gilbert, the Arkansas ridge-runner, Earl Evert Trickey, the swamp angel, Arshav Nushan, descendant of a long line of furriers to the Sultan of Armenia and his harem, Spence Allen, a paper company executive, once a temporal soldier who spent much of his time herding G. I. cans under the watchful eye of the Bard of Oblong (Illinois) Horace Barker . . . Would that Barker could be here so we could re-enact those scenes . . . Of course, Bill Stack will be on hand to add color and charm . . . Needed to counteract the gloom that will be spread by that little round man, Charles Jablonsky, the former first sergeant of the old 21st . . . and last but no manner of means least, there'll be Colonel Veedeer, a former commanding officer of the unit, his usual vigorous self, still proclaiming, "I'll admit I made a few mistakes" and for which Jabby says he took the rap.

This should be the reunion of reunions transcending all others—and you will want to be here. Be seein' old friends—and new.
COL. PATTON'S REUNION MESSAGE

Plans are complete for the reunion and all indications point to a gala affair. We here in St. Louis are looking forward to greeting all of the out-of-towners, and from advance reservations, it looks as though a good turnout can be expected. Just remember that anyone ever connected with the 21st is eligible and welcome, in fact urged, to come.

It has been difficult to work up a complete mailing list, and many letters have been returned because of insufficient address, so if you haven’t received a notice or know of anyone who hasn’t, pass the word along.

Call “Transportation”, and come on. Hope to see you in St. Louis on the 23, 24 and 25th.

MISS FROHBIETER PUTS IN A PLUG

Dear Friends of the new 21st: Greetings and a cordial invitation to all former members, enlisted personnel, nurses, physical therapy aides, Red Cross workers, officers and MACs to come to the reunion in St. Louis.

We feel that after having been disbanded for one and one half years it is high time that we get together. After all we were a part of a single unit that worked, played and bitched our way through a foreign war. Now that we have finished our common job and are back home, but scattered from Honolulu to Haiti, from Portland to Miami, let us enjoy this, our first reunion. We have all made acquaintances and forged friendships that we do not want to lose.

A pleasant surprise will be awaiting you out of town members, in that you will meet and learn to know the members of the group that preceded us in World War I, Base Hospital 21, as well as our city, the home of Washington University the sponsor of both organizations.

The members of the first 21st organized Rouen Post No. 242 which is limited in membership to former members of the two 21sts. This post is of the American Legion.

Colonel Cady had his “characters” but the old group did likewise. You will meet such characters as the “swamp angel, the auk, a ridge runner from Arkansas, weaving Willie” and the squire of Texas who is coming to help us dig our own Town Hall. We want all of you to join our post—but that is another chapter.

So COME. You will be glad you came.

E. E. F.

REUNION FEVER RUNNING HIGH

One of our roving reporters just came in with a story that one Allen Katz of Chicago came to St. Louis on April 23 for the reunions. After searching the lobby and corridors of Hotel Coronado for several hours and not finding any familiar faces he telephoned Amy Tabor only to be informed he was a month early.

While Allen was in St. Louis he telephoned the writer to make reservations for the actual dates. Always willing to extend to all, hospitality typical of the 21st units we asked him if he came to St. Louis often and if so, to give us a call if we could be of any service. The answer was sort of evasive and incoherent — and we can now understand.

What a meeting this would be if each of the members of our units were equally as enthusiastic.

REGRETS

There have been letters from members expressing regret at their inability to be with us each of which we would like to use but space does not permit at this time. However, there is one from our first commanding officer, Colonel James D. Fife of the regular army from whom we have not had any word for quite some time. The letter was written to Dr. Veeder and we quote:

“It is needless to say that I am much pleased and flattered to get your invitation to the celebration of the departure of Base Hospital 21 for overseas service in World War I. It would give me great pleasure to attend, but my dear friend, I find it impracticable to do so. I am an old man and pretty thoroughly rooted to the home and quiet life of the retired man.
It would be nice to talk over old times with the officers, nurses and men of Base Hospital 21 as well as to meet the personnel of the new unit and hear of their exploits in the last war. The 21st General Hospital undoubtedly performed prodigies in World War II, but I doubt if they were greater than those performed by one of a slightly different name in World War I.

Sorry to hear of Clopton’s death and of Fred Murphy’s illness. They both came to see me during the war. Clopton came about two years ago and I was surprised and shocked to see his condition. He and I were just the same age and graduated at the University of Virginia in the same class.

Please express my appreciation to Ernst and Engel for their invitation to the reunion, and give my kindest regards to the others of my old friends of the unit.

I was glad to get the opportunity to serve in the last war—was assigned to the Red Cross by the War Department for six and one half years, August 1939 to April 1946. My work was exclusively foreign relief, medical supplies to 57 different countries; and to POW in the hands of the enemies around the world and up and down from Finland to China and from Greenland to New Caledonia. With kindest regards.

Dr. Murphy of Detroit writes, “I shall come if I possibly can but it doesn’t look now as if I would make it” . . . Dr. Walter Thomas of Rochester, N. Y., expresses best wishes for a successful reunion and kindest regards to all of the members . . . Major Stimson, formerly chief nurse of Base Hospital 21 and subsequently of the entire Army Nursing Corps states prior commitments prevent her being here—remembers so well the last reunion . . . Dr. Hugo Muench—Sorry, this is the end of our school year here (Harvard Medical School). Best wishes to the gang . . . Dr. Edwin P. Lehman, ‘May I ask you to express to all my old friends in the unit my best wishes and my regrets at not being able to join them . . . Carl W. Eberbach, M.D. of Milwaukee, writes, “I very unwittingly agreed to preside at the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association at that time and find it difficult to be released.” Best wishes to all . . . Colonel Thomas G. Hester, retired, now residing near Staunton, Va., sends his regrets. He had been looking forward to our next reunion but due to disability (a heart condition) was retired from the army and cautioned to avoid long tiresome trips. We too are disappointed as we have not seen Hester since 1917 . . . From the second 21st . . . Betty Atkins of Los Angeles—would like to attend reunion but it is not possible this year. Will try to make it in ‘48 . . . Melvin A. Casberg sent a letter from Long Beach, Calif., “Sorry, but circumstances will prevent my attending the get-together. Time moves swiftly and the pleasant memories of associations with the 21st seem like they belong in one of my previous reincarnations. Best regards to the others . . . Norma Fuller—Will not be able to be in St. Louis to my great disappointment . . . Dr. Blauvelt expresses regret at his inability to be with us . . . And Karl Hugo Metz of White Plains, N. Y. sends this breezy bit addressed to our commander:

“I read with much pleasurable interest Sim Beam’s eulogistic treatise of one Commander John Patton’s colorful days, both past and present. In the glowing warmth of retrospect and reverie, I once more am transported to les environs of a billet at Ravenel near Mirecourt whence lurk the familiar tinkling notes of “SCHOOL BEGINS AT EIGHT”. Ah, yes, once again I hear Patton’s theme song as it seemingly percolates from those glistening keys known as the ivories under the enchanted guidance of friend John’s inspired fingers. As the well known Gabriel of the air waves so aptly says: Ah yes—there is good news tonight! Once more a familiar tune haunts my memory. Subtle music pervades the atmosphere and its lilting refrain could but emanate from that metropolitan area called Saint Louis, Missouri, recalling as it does pleasantly to mind remembrances of happy association with personnel of the 21st General Hospital (US) one likes to consider friends.

“Special love and kisses to all of The Dental Service.

“Regards to every one, each and all.

Many thanks for including me on the mailing list, I have enjoyed reading the several copies of The Rouen Post now received. Happy Reunions to you all in May.
COMPTE RENDU DES EXPLOITS DES CHEVALIERS DU SANGLIER DES MONTAGNES VOSGIENNES EN HIVER 1945

By Captain William J. Dann, Jr.
Master of the Boarhounds of the 21st General

The first wild boar hunt of the season took place on this memorable day. As the guests of M. Le Comte de Chatellus, Maire of Bettoncourt and M. R. Magny, Inspecteur des Eaux et Forets, the hunters, warmly if not uniformly clad rode in the mid-morning to Mirecourt where they were joined by M. Camille Gaspard, Brigadier Domanial des Eaux de Forets, with the great boarhound Pollux, and by M. Francois Genet, gentleman of Mirecourt with his hunting horn. Proceeding to Bettoncourt they were welcomed by the Comte de Chatellus, a hearty man indeed, for all his ninety years. The Comte was sorry that Colonel Cady was detained by official business and unable to take part in the day's sport. There would be other hunts, the Comte said, and sent his respects and regards to the Colonel. The old nobleman's blue eyes were a little wistful as he looked toward the wooded hills and observed that he had foregone active sport for some winters now.

Summoned by the Comte the rabatteurs gathered and guided by M. Gaspard, son and grandson of earlier forestiers, the whole party set out single file across the Comte's fields, along paths covered with fresh snow, past his vineyards and up into the forested hills.

Perhaps a thousand meters within the dense undergrowth was the first stand. While the valorous huntsmen took their posts along a ravine the rabatteurs, led by the forestiers in their green coats with brass buttons, disappeared into the woods on either flank. Clear, spine-prinkling notes from the hunting horn heralded the start of the chase. The hunters brushed the snow off their sights, looked to their powder horns, and to the nearest tree.

Soon, off to the left could be heard the cracking of branches, the thunderous thudding of hooves on the frozen ground and, as they came nearer the throaty snorts of the beasts themselves. The rumble and roar grew louder. It was certain the infuriated beasts would charge straight over the hunter on the left flank, where that redoubtable sportsman, Major J. C. Edwards, of Enid, Oklahoma stood fast. But such fears were in vain after a veritable fusillade of shots rang out, and the sounds from the maddened boars died away.

M. Genet's horn triumphantly proclaimed the kill and soon a circle of amazed hunters and rabatteurs stood round the Major, gazing at a truly remarkable scene. There on the snow, before the muzzle of his still smoking fusee de chasse, lay not one wild boar, but three!

(To be Continued)