The summer is over and there will be no further excuses for failure to bring out this news sheet on time. It has required considerable pressure on the part of this writer to get our columnists and feature writers to contribute their bits. Though we are being called slave-driver, hard-boiled Smith and other uncomplimentary names, the results are excellent as you will soon learn when you have completed reading the columns to follow—and subsequent issues. Without further comment we submit FROHBY's story of the reunions, in her own inimitable style. Here it 'tis.

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Emma E. Frohlieter was a member of the 21st General Hospital Unit of World War II. Many of her interesting letters while overseas and articles since her return have appeared in previous issues.

FRIDAY

It was homecoming weekend May 23, 24 and 25 in St. Louis for the members of Rouen Post No. 242 and other former members of the Washington University Medical Units of World Wars I and II. Club Ravenel could not have seemed nearer to anyone on the afternoon of May 23 than it did to Ernie Hagemen, Gladys Johnson, Sue Morgan, Pewee Vereen and Tiffy Farrell. Ernie met the girls at the airport and on arriving at the Coronado Hotel, which was to serve as headquarters, club and mess hall for the next three days, whom did they meet in the doorway? None other than "Lt." Allen Katz and "Sgt." Willis, who in years past made us happy or sad with spam and beans or steak and potatoes, depending on their industry or foraging. The girls must have felt then they were in familiar and friendly surroundings.

The out of town members began arriving at the Coronado on Friday morning (all except Allen Katz, who had made a premature landing a month before). By the time we had assembled at Christ Church Cathedral for a Memorial Service a goodly number were present, and congregated in front of the Cathedral. Four o'clock came and we were still out front talking and greeting newcomers. Finally the Cathedral's old colored porter, who has been there for years and resembles Uncle Tom, came out and informed us the services had begun. So a number of us walked in late to hear Bishop Scarlet, who, in his message spoke to us of all our fellow travelers who would not meet with us again. Those of the first unit must have thought especially of their own Dr. Malvern B. Clopton who had just recently died and who of us in the 21st General did not think of our Ruthie Thayer, the last one to go? Chaplain Hook of the 21st General then read the beatitudes and the services were over.

After the services, while lingering on the Cathedral steps, we had our first case of mistaken identity and casualty—a friendly pigeon (?) mistaking Chaplain Hook's silvery hair for something other than the Chaplain, dropped a bomb. The damage, not being extensive, was soon repaired and we returned to the hotel.

The banquet was not to start until seven o'clock so there was ample time to look around at the exhibits which were arranged in the dining room, read the telegrams and letters from the absent well-wishers. Messages were received from Honolulu (Maudie
Morris) to Texas (Dorothy MacLeod, Dann and Bolotin) to somewhere on the high seas (Knudsen greeting us while enroute to Denmark) and from many others at points between. There were various and sundry parties of smaller groups in many of the rooms; the one taking place in Vivian Lovelace's room not being the least crowded nor quiet, with Mary Rock, Edna Kelly, Virginia Dyer, Kittie Huckins, Kathryn Jones, Emma Miller, Helen Bowen, Helen Leet, Betty Brooks, Moon Mullins, Eddie Haase, Jeanne Kohring, Maggie Robertson Loomis, Esther Anderson Imperato, Ernie Hageman, Gladys Johnson, Irene Stepelyk, Kay Kulig, Maggie Beumer, Geneva Book, Dottie Dugan, Esther Hesse, Amy Tabor, Frances Ward, Sue Morgan, Pewee Vereen, Tiffy Farrell and me, all talking at the same time. Miss Spalding being a good hostess remained at her post downstairs. Frances Banks, a bride of a few weeks did not desert her husband to join in the free for all. Judy Price, Eloise Hagler and Lucile Dauer Brown, arrived later for dinner. Frances Banks was the only member of the two 21sts who brought her husband—most of us know why we did not bring ours; Maggie Robertson and Andy did not bring their's.

THE DINNER
Time for dinner came to soon. The parties broke up and most of us found our way to the dining room without making too many detours. The banquet being for members only, the wives of the visiting members were entertained by the wives of the St. Louis members with a dinner at the University Club. Since Frances Banks's husband was the only husband present he was made an honorary member for the time being and was a special guest at the dinner.

At each plate was a package of favors, presented by M. C. Hamilton, a former member of Base Hospital 21, containing a deck of cards, books of matches, a six inch ruler with a gauge for Kirschner wires, a key ring and a mechanical pencil with a tube of catgut. Being a good Scotsman, Ham evidently put the squeeze on some of his suppliers. I do want to caution you about the key ring—I have already lost my car keys.

The menu was a work of art. In the upper left hand corner was a sketch of the Gros Horloge, famous Rouen, France clock. On the opposite side at the bottom of the page was a view of the Grand Hotel at Bou Hanifia. These were printed in dark blue and the lettering in gold. It should be reproduced in this paper, along with the menu of original items.

Between the shrimp cocktail and the filet mignon the entertainment began with Dr. L. C. Boemer as M.C. His efforts left nothing to be desired. Professional entertainment was on the program but when these did not appear L. C. was not at a loss. He called upon his choir boys and they performed as of yester-year, bringing back memories with renditions of "Pony Boy", "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and many other familiar old tunes, all presented avec l'illustration grand. Many situations and laughs were revived by this group.

Major General Percy M. Carroll formerly of the Army Medical Corps who won fame in the Philippines early in the war was the guest speaker. I feel we missed something nice when we could not join him as he had requested of Surgeon General. Other speakers were Colonel Veeder of the 21st of World War I, Colonel Cady of the 21st General, Estelle Claiborne representing the nurses of the first unit and Lucille Spalding who always has the right thing to say on any occasion. Dr. Robert Moore of Washington University School of Medicine also made a short talk.

The two former mess officers of the 21st General, Katz and Willis autographed menus—there was much visiting between tables—everyone having a good time. The dinner was excellent and relished by all except Jablonsky and Bill Stack. For reasons of health Jabby paid five dollars for an order of scrambled eggs. Stack had a shrimp cocktail for his money. He had a steak before him, but while lending aid to the pianist and the choir boys, somehow it disappeared—he is still looking for the culprit who enjoyed it. We missed Jerry Kreuger—kept expecting him to pop up with his "Great balls of fire" and "I'm telling you" as he did on the first anniversary of the 21st General at Bou Hanifia.
SATURDAY

First on the agenda for Saturday afternoon was a tea given for the ANC by Miss Spalding at her apartment. It was the first opportunity the visiting nurses had to be with her since they were discharged. We are always happy to see Miss Spalding (Aunt Lucy). Next came the cocktail party at Hotel Coronado which opened and closed with a bang. With the wives and sweethearts attending this was a much larger affair. It was the first time we had the opportunity of meeting Mrs. "Silent" Forney Dixon, wife of our illustrious bartender. It adds to the fun having the ladies present. They usually hold their own in the exchange of "raze" and "banter" with the men. One of the ladies, I cannot recall who she was, was seriously complimenting one of the men on his elaborate hair-do—he was bald. Several were present for the cocktail party who were not at the dinner. Ruby Walker was there with her fiancé, and told us she was to be married in two weeks. Sergeant Nowak came all the way from Texas where he is still adding and Subtracting names to and from the disposition slips—at the last minute. The Sergeant is with the Veterans' Administration in Texas.

We should have had a larger representation from Texas, with the large contingent of talent down there. What happened to some of Colonel Cady's original "characters"? We were ready for you this time. William J. Dann and Abe Bolteline. The first 21st was represented from Texas by their gentleman farmer member, Massa Jesse Lasater. He is the man who is going to grab a spade when Rouen Post begins to dig for its own foxhole for a meeting place. I had met him briefly during the dinner but before anything could be said about axes and spades he was taken away by admiring friends. At the cocktail party I had hoped to again bring up the subject—but there was not a chance. His cronies had him so lassoed, button-holed or tied that an outsider would have had to have a password to get within shouting distance. He was without doubt the busiest conversationalist present. Bill Engel, our hard-working, slave-driving adjutant was wandering around with a benign look on his face—and well he might. He had worked hard for the success of these reunions and I am sure he was well satisfied with the results. It was evident everyone was having an enjoyable time. Tiffy Farrell joined the post on the spot—she was that pleased. I believe our visitors liked St. Louis and the St. Louis contingent. This was one gathering at which "Silent" Forney Dixon was on the receiving end instead the pouring end of a cocktail shaker. It gave him an opportunity for a bit of conversation—for a change?

So far as is known there were no casualties at this function—only one case of considerable confusion. Eddie Winer was doing his utmost to entertain at the Steinway aided and abetted by an occasional sip from a highball. It has been proven in the past that Eddie is much more accomplished and relaxed at the piano when encouraged with a bit of libation and his friends saw to it that he was amply supplied. He would have a sip from a newly filled glass, play something and when he reached again, behold the glass had been drained. He was amazed at his capacity, yet puzzled that he reached more times for an empty glass than a full one. A certain little lady in black who has a great fondness for "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" was lending much encouragement to the venerable pianist—with the aid of the missing highballs. When the truth was learned the drinks were doubled—and Jeanie Kohring and Eddie Winer both were very happy. Their renditions of the favorite melody were superb.

SUNDAY

The Log Cabin Picnic at Dr. Edwin C. Ernst's lazy MD ranchhouse in St. Louis County proved to be a perfect climax to the reunions. The ranchhouse is situated in a beautifully sculptured park, with a lake, huge trees, blooming shrubs and flowers everywhere. Scattered throughout are walks, groups of tables and chairs under lawn umbrellas. Here we had photographers, chief among them being Junior Lattner who was a sort of roving camera man, taking group pictures and individuals, wholly unposed. He rendered a real service to the
cause as you will see in the next issue of our paper. Among his "shots" was the crowning of the new barbecued rib eating champion, Dr. L. C. Boemer. He dethroned a great champion, who held the crown for many years. George Jordan of the first 21st. It is evident youth will be served even in contests far removed from athletics as Bob "Jedge" Kelley was the runner-up. Jordan ran a poor third. I was considered an entry when it was discovered that I had seconds at our dinner hour after having had an infinitesimal shred an hour earlier with the popular Texan, Jesse Lasater who was catching an early train. And I was not first in line—Hamilton was ahead of me. Massa Jesse was still being trailed by his buddies, so the plans for the fox-hole still have not been made.

THE WIND-UP
Many remained until quite late. There is always a good time to be had in the ranch-house. Dixon was again behind the bar—Colonel Patton was at the piano and far into the night old refrains rang out. So came to an end to three happy days and nights.

Those of you who were unable to be here missed a real treat. Plan to attend the next time. We were glad to have so many out of town members of both units—but what about the rest of you—come the next time—you will have fun just as we have had.

POSTSCRIPT
The editor is unhappy because of his long overdue date line. He has gotten many inquiries as to the whereabouts of the June, July and August issues of this paper (and is he flattered!) But he told me he had written Maggie Robertson Loomis to write me and he said in a most threatening manner, "just wait until you hear from her", I am waiting. The letter has not arrived. This material is in his hands before his own set schedule. Special quote, "I hope you drown in it slave-driver. Alright, you said you would print the last paragraph." FROHBY

Editor's Note—Spiteful little damsel, isn't she? It has taken three months of cajoling, persuading, threatening, et cetera to get this story—but don't you think it worth it? Despite all, THE ROUEN POST must go on.

Mr. W. E. Engel, 220 North 4th Street, St. Louis 2, Mo.

Dear Mr. Engel:

This is just a short note to express to you our sincere thanks and appreciation for the fine group of people we were privileged to serve when you had the reunion of Base Hospital 21, the 21st General Hospital and the Rouen Post.

It is our hope that each and everyone had an enjoyable visit while here.

You may be sure that we will welcome the opportunity to serve you again whenever a reunion is called for St. Louis.

With kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,

THE CORONADO HOTEL
Ray E. Karr, Resident Manager

Evidently the house detectives were lenient in their reports to the management—or they did not know of room 411.

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We are glad they liked us as surely we do want to return. It is the unanimous opinion of those present that we were treated well and that the service at all times was excellent. They did a good job with the dinner and the cocktail party.

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The reunions are over but not the memories. Through these columns we shall try to bring you more incidents of the three happy days we spent together.

Any one having an item which they feel will add something which may be overlooked please send it to us.

It was nice seeing each of you and we hope it will not be too long—until we meet again.

Bill Engel