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JUNE 12TH
FOLLOW HY-WAY 94 ALL THE WAY TO AUGUSTA MO - HILLI-HAVEN

'242 PICNICS AGAIN'

'Twas a memorable day, Saturday, June 12, 1948, when the members of Rouen Post 242 gathered at the country place of Louise Hilligass of Unit 21 of World War 1... and the memories of that day may well remain for a long, long time... in the minds of those of us who were there.

High upon one of Missouri River's finest bluffs is situated a rose-covered cottage, the pride and joy... of Louise Hilligass... the background of which Louise so aptly describes following this brief story.

Even though threatening skies curtailed the anticipated attendance, a fine representation of both World War I and World War II veterans of Rouen Post were on hand... to enjoy the hospitality of Hilli-Haven.

To those of us gifted with an esthetic sense, the grandeur of the surrounding country side was ample reward for having journeyed those 60 miles. The memory of that sunset among the clouds will linger long after all else is forgotten.

Those who came to enjoy the more materialistic things of life were amply repaid for their efforts. Miss Hilligass and her co-hostess' were prepared for that. There were platters, bowls and other receptacles heaped with choice viands, salads and most every delicacy known... that go with a well-chosen outing supper. There were exclamations, such as "who is going to eat all that food" when the guests filed before the heavily laden table... serving themselves in buffet fashion... but ere the last guest had departed the plentiful supply had decreased considerably. There were innumerable trips for seconds and thirds... but to George H. B. Jordan again went the honors of the greatest consumption. At the last recording George had made a fourth trip to the table to reload... and we mean load. His championship crown for food consumption was lifted at Dr. Ernst's during the reunion in May (see the August issue of Rouen Post) by Dr. L. C. Boemer... in fact, he ran a poor third since Bob Kelley was the runner-up to L. C. However, we doubt if L. C. or Bob, in their best digestive condition, could have kept pace with Jordan on this occasion.

When we had the patio policed to its normal state, furniture back in place in the house and what food remained was being refrigerated an unexpected guest appeared upon the scene. How he managed those steep and uncharted roads on the darkest of nights we'll never know... when Jackson and Hamilton drove about the countryside for hours... not being able to locate the right road... and then only thru some native assistance. Bill Reeves started from his farm near Belleville, Illinois at six o'clock... and arrived at Hilli-Haven about ten... and Bill is a tee-totaler. We were unable to learn what happened at the Reeves farm to provoke this wild ride, but at any rate he came up... famished. But it was not for long as Louise and her co-hostess' remedied that situation in a hurry. Within the fractionest part of a minute Bill was surrounded by a bevy of charming women... each bearing choice foods. One would have supposed him to be some conquering hero, who had returned from the fields of battle... without food for days... instead of a "Johnny come late" guest.
It was another delightful party and we have added the name of Louise Hilligass to that list of gracious entertainers . . . of Rouen Post. We owe a vote of thanks and appreciation . . . to Louise . . . for making June 12, 1948 another red-letter day for the members of 242.

HILLI-HAVEN
by Louise Hilligass

The wee house on the side of the hill “Hilli-Haven” celebrated its tenth birthday by entertaining the members of Rouen Post 242.

“Hilli-Haven” and Louise were so happy to share their little house and view of the hills and fertile valley of St. Charles County June 12 with a “Smorgas Bord” picnic supper. Apparently a nice time was had by all, especially by Louise.

Many guests were interested to know how “Hilli-Haven” came into being. Since Mr. Engel has asked me to tell you, I’ll try.

You see, for many years I had planned for my future, and that meant a little house in the woods somewhere. And it meant a woodsy country place with old but comfortable furnishings—so I started collecting old walnut chests, tables, and bricabrac in my travels.

One day I visited Augusta, Missouri, the home of a respected German family with three daughters, who were students at the University of Missouri School of Nursing, where I was stationed. I was so completely impressed with the beautiful country around there I asked if I could buy a “spot” somewhere in the woods to put up a small log house for a weekend home. I was told no. Everyone had owned their places for many years and would not sell any of it. So I gave up the idea of ever living there.

One night one of the daughters with three other girls was returning from a Crippled Children’s meeting in St. Joseph, when her car was struck by a sleepy truck driver and she was killed. A passing bus with no passengers happened to come along and picked up the four stranded and helpless girls.

I was called and asked to take care of the body, which I did. I brought the body of their daughter home to Augusta. After the funeral, Mr. Nahm asked me if I still wanted to build down there. I was somewhat surprised . . . but said yes.

A deal was made and I saw the contractor the following week, who thought I was crazy. I drew up my plans then and there.

The house, and a 500 foot deep well, which I hadn’t counted on, cost more than I had planned for. I was neither farmer or city dweller, so I couldn’t use F.H.A. But the contractor was so kind and interested in my plan, because I had been an Army nurse and served with the British . . . he being English.

He went to the St. Charles Bank and told them about my plan. Whereupon, the president of the bank wrote me he would lend me at 6 per cent the amount I needed. My own bank couldn’t lend out of the county. So, I borrowed $2500 and told them I would pay it back in a year.

Now let me say here, if you want a thing badly enough, you can have it. Because that year I didn’t have enough left after I sent the bank $200 a month . . . to go to a movie.

But the year passed somehow, and the little house was finished except for having electricity, and a road was built. Then came the job of talking the Electric Company into running poles and wires and changing transformers. But they did.

Since then it has been fun landscaping. I call my garden “Friendship Garden” for so many friends have had a part in making it so. Louise doesn’t feel it belongs to her because so many have come and enjoyed the view from the grounds and large porch across the south side of the house. A friend named her “Hilli-Haven”. First, because Dr. Harvey G. Mudd called me Hilli and many of my friends still do. Then, too, the country there is so hilly and it is truly a haven, a quiet, restful, beautiful spot far away and yet, so near St. Louis.

And so long as I am there for life, my friends are always welcome to share my “Hilli-Haven”.

THE TURTLE AND THE HARE

Old Uncle Aesop in his rarest fablistic dreaming could not have written a better sequel to his "Tortoise and Hare" fable than the one which was unfolded on the way to Hilli-Haven by Justin J. "Stonewall" Jackson and C. Gordon "Shorty" Kimbrel.

It was planned to leave in the fewest number of automobiles possible, to avoid unnecessary car mileage and Shorty and Stonewall were elected, because of their temperate habits, to drive their cars. Kimbrel departed almost an hour before Jackson's load was ready ... in his new Studebaker, of less than 100 miles. The first 1000 miles on any new automobile being important to its future life ... and Shorty being an excellent mechanical engineer ... elected to drive at no more than 20 miles per hour ... with the admonition that he would get to Hilli-Haven ... but he would not prophesy ... how soon.

Jackson in his shiny, powerful super eight Packard, set out at his normal driving speed of 50 miles per hour ... a fine, conservative, comfortable driver is this man Justin. As the miles went by, on this occasion, we could detect a certain gleam in his eye and a look of deviltry on his ever-beaming countenance. Soon we learned why ... before us was Gordon in his new Studebaker still ambling along at about 20 miles per hour. Suddenly, Jackson pushed his Packard to a speed of 75 miles per hour and with warning signal blasting loudly, sped by the seemingly immobile, Kimbrel. Stonewall now was in high glee ... flushed with this temporary superiority over Shorty ... one of his most spirited competitors ... in athletics ... while in Europe during World War I. He continued at that high rate of speed for miles and miles ... something previously unheard of.

Acting as co-driver, was Marvin C. S. "Lt. Col." Hamilton. As mere passengers were Mrs. Olive Serafini Flynn and your editor. Always on the alert for new stories, the writer discovered Mrs. Flynn had wealth of material ... thus far, undiscovered. Consequently, the old news hawk pounced upon this new fountain of information with vigor ... entirely oblivious to our driver and the high rate of speed at which we were traveling. We did feel that with those two knights of the highway in charge, we were in capable hands and would be delivered to our destination ... safely ... and on time. Jackson has driven the writer over countless miles on business trips ... and erred but once ... that requiring only a few miles of extra driving.

Imagine our surprise, when Mrs. Flynn and her interviewer discovered we were headed for Kansas City instead of Augusta as shown on the map. Those two experts of highway travel could not be convinced that we were miles beyond the road leading to Augusta. Frequent inquiries at service stations, farmhouses, pubs and what-not only added confusion to the now "lost" drivers. "Ham" would hop out of the car, make inquiry, and off we would go in another direction ... up and down the same Highway 40. The advice of the back-seat drivers was totally ignored. Rain had started to fall. Up the road trudged a maid of some sixteen summers, clad in a bathing suit and a raincoat ... Our drivers, by this time, were grasping at any sources of information which would lead us out of the wilderness ... into the right direction ... always ignoring the advice of the better informed occupants of the rear seat. So the little lady of the highway was invited to ride with us ... not just to help a poor, little hitch-hiker, who had gotten off her bus too soon ... but to learn if she could direct us to Augusta. Little Miss Hitch-hiker did not know the way to Augusta but if we would take her to her aunt's house, where she was going to visit ... we could get accurate directions. Relieved at this bit of assurance Hamilton gallantly jumped from the car and in a manner which would have put Don Juan to shame, urged the little miss to a seat between he and Stonewall. At this juncture you readers are much relieved, feeling, at last we are headed for Hilli-Haven ... and some of that cold, amber fluid so ably dispensed by Forney Dixon.

Do not relax. It developed, Miss Missouri, was not certain where her aunt lived ... indicating one farmhouse, then another. Finally she espied one which she "thought" had the appearance of her
aunt's place. You see, folks, she had not visited the place since early childhood. Not too gingerly by now, M.C.S. again got out of the car and accompanied our "guide" to a gate leading to a farmhouse ... only to be greeted by barking dogs. Calling in their loudest voices, neither Ham nor the Miss, who came to visit her aunt, could bring forth anyone other than the barking dogs. Summing up considerable courage, evidently prompted by the plaudits of the strong, courageous man behind her, Ham's girl friend entered the yard ... while Ham remained outside the gate. Being trusting rural Missouri folk, the aunt obliging had left the house tmlocked ... and the guest-to-be, entered. Inspecting pieces of furniture, pictures and anything her childish mind could remember ... decided this was the house of her aunt she had not visited since the age of three ... and she was happy in her discovery.

But, alas, we were not seeking the home of her aunt ... but the road to Augusta ... and there was no one at this house to supply the information. Ham's companion, now flushed with a psychic courage ... again dug deeply into the memories of her childhood ... recollected that her uncle "used to talk about going that-away to Augusta". This memory now waxing clearer seemed to tell her that the journey to Augusta was a long one ... and required days ... to return. The psychic powers of this girl of sixteen ... imagine ... remembering pieces of furniture ... from a brief visit at the age of three ... caused Mrs. Flynn and her companion of the rear seat to take an interest in the proceedings ... and looking in the direction the girl indicated, we could see faint outlines of the beautiful bluffs of the Missouri River. Comforted, we urged the drivers ... be on their way ... lest they turn back in the direction from whence we came. They made a couple more stops to inquire if we were headed in the right direction ... but the real convincer was a sign reading ... 48 miles to Augusta ... and we had already covered more than the required 60 miles.

However, we did arrive at Hilli-Haven little the worse for the ordeal. Awaiting us were Shorty and his traveling companions, Mae Gluck, Mary McCrie and Jules Silberberg ... enjoying their fourth rounds of Budweiser and Falstaff ... now completely relaxed ... in comfortable chairs ... with looks of satisfaction and confidence on their faces ... Shorty Kimbrel had triumphed once again over his arch-rival of 1917-18, Stonewall Jackson.

Surely the bones of old Aesop must have chuckled in delight over the re-enactment of his famous fable ... the high flying, powerful Packard and Jackson ... to Kimbrel and his low, conservative, underslung Studebaker.

The moral of the fable still can be applied in all phases of our lives.

** **

FREAK MISHAP KILLS ANNA DEUSER

Climaxing a series of three violent deaths in as many days, a freak automobile accident claimed the life of Anna M. Deuser, 187 Molino avenue, near Baker, California Tuesday night.

Miss Deuser, long-time Mill Valley resident, was killed when the car in which she was a passenger overturned on the desert highway to Barstow. The car was being towed to that city after it developed engine trouble, when it suddenly began to swing from side to side.

The automobile toppled over, taking the tow truck with it. Miss Deuser was thrown from the car and died without regaining consciousness. Driver of the car, Mrs. Eleanor Scott Arnold of Pasadena, and driver of the truck, Margaret Perro of Baker, escaped with minor injuries.

The accident occurred 25 miles east of Baker, as the car was being towed back to Barstow. The two women had been on their way to Las Vegas when their car developed engine trouble.

Rosary will be said tonight at 8 o'clock in the services at the chapel at Carew and English, 350 Masonic avenue, San Francisco. Funeral services will be held at 9:30 a.m. tomorrow at St. Ignatius church, followed by interment at the Golden Gate National cemetery, San Bruno.

Miss Deuser was a nurse to the parents of Mrs. Arnold for many years. She was a
member of the American Legion and a veteran of the first world war, where she served overseas as a nurse. She was also a member of the Mt. Carmel church.

Miss Deuser is survived by two brothers, Frank J. Deuser of Indiana, and Charles J. Deuser of Alameda.

Miss Nellie Heinzelman, residing in Long Beach, Calif., sent the foregoing article from Mill Valley Record, Friday, May 14, 1948, on the tragic death of one of the most unselfish and devoted members of Base Hospital 21 of World War I. Miss Heinzelman wrote, "to have known Miss Deuser was to have loved her... she was an honor to the highest profession of womanhood".

We mourn the passing of Anna Deuser, for her's was a faithful stewardship... a life of unselfish devotion to the welfare of the unfortunate. She has passed on to receive her reward and citation from the highest Ruler of all.

* * * *

SPECIAL COMMENT

Circumstances beyond the control of the writer—you are not interested in the horrifying details—have caused delay in "getting out" the Rouen Post. However, we are now back on the beam and will bring you up to date on the doings of our former unit members. We have a mass of fine material. If you have sent us a letter or a story... just because we have not used it does not mean it has not been of interest. We are eager to use as many new names and stories as possible and will do so as quickly as space permits.

* * * *

You have been reading the letters of our good friend Jim Hubbard from out California way. We have not had a complaint from him lately... but we do have a precious announcement... and that:

My name is

PATRICIA ANN HUBBARD

My parents are

MR. & MRS. JAMES HUBBARD

I arrived

JUNE 14, 1948...

and weighed 7 pounds, 10 ounces.

Congratulations to Mrs. Jim and Jim.

* * * *

BOYS STATE

by W. King Engel

At the outset, I wish to express my appreciation and sincere thanks to the members of Rouen Post 242, Department of Missouri, for having selected me to be their "citizen" of Missouri Boys State for 1948. It was an interesting experience and one from which all of those in attendance should have benefited immeasurably. I know I did.

For the benefit of those of you who are not familiar with BOYS STATE I have extracted from the manual each of us received, the following paragraphs outlining the origin and purposes of Boys State. I quote...

* * * *

The youth movement in the United States known as "BOYS STATE" is a program of citizenship training sponsored by the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion. Originated by the Department of Illinois in 1934, the plan was adopted by the national organization in 1935 and has since been put into operation in more than 40 States.

By authority of a mandate of the 1937 Department of Missouri Convention held at St. Joseph, Missouri, the Missouri Boys State Corporation was organized early in the Spring of 1938.

The first Missouri Boys State convened at the Missouri School for the Deaf at Fulton, Missouri on June 18-25, 1938 with one hundred ninety two boys in attendance, to become the "13th State in the Pioneering Boys State Plan of Functional Education for Leadership".

The program of training of Boys State has been developed on the fundamental assumption that youth can best "learn to do by doing". In the main, the mechanics of government in Missouri Boys State are patterned after the established agencies of city, county and state governments in Missouri. Such deviations as have been made are due to the exigencies of the situation. For all practical purposes, Missouri Boys State may be regarded as a mythical forty-ninth state with a constitution, a body of law and practices peculiar to it alone.

Boys State is a pure democracy in that all of its citizens may vote and are eligible to hold office. Its government is operated "of, by and for the people". It aims at all times to make its program of training in functional citizenship effective through creating a wide range of opportunities for participation by its citizens in all phases of governmental procedure. The amount of good that may come to a citizen is limited only by the extent of his willingness to participate in various citizenship activities that are made available to him.

From the point of view of the young citizen, the success of the week's work will be determined very largely by the attitude of the boys themselves toward the pro-
gram. No expense or effort has been spared by the sponsors of Boys State to secure the best personnel and the best instructional material that is available.

In Boys State, good citizenship means loyalty, good sportsmanship, cooperation, dependability, responsiveness, and keen interest in the week's activities. Good citizens think before they talk, and act only after mature consideration of their plans. Good citizens are true Americans!

BOYS STATE CREED

American citizenship is my most priceless possession. I believe in the constitutional form of government of the United States of America—which guarantees me the right to worship God as I choose and as a citizen, equal opportunity, and equal educational rights.

It is my obligation to participate in and contribute my effort to the civic and political welfare of my community, state and nation.

I resolve to learn and understand government and the civic needs of my community and I hereby dedicate myself to the task of arousing and maintaining a like interest in my fellow citizens.

Therefore may the experiences of Boys' State be ever with me as a reminder of my obligation to my country.

Saturday, June 12, at 7:30 a.m., a group of 70 boys, ages 16 to 18 years, assembled at the Greyhound Bus Terminal at St. Louis as representatives to Missouri Boys State, sponsored by American Legion Posts of St. Louis, Missouri. We were taken in two buses to Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Missouri which was our home, headquarters and school for seven days.

Mr. Joseph Bernard, long active in the Legion's Americanism program was in charge and accompanied us to Boonville. Affable, genial, kindly—aptly describes Mr. Bernard, although my pater, your editor, quoted some uncomplimentary remarks supposedly made by Mr. Bill Stack, about Mr. Bernard's physical and mental capacity to handle such a responsibility. Evidently, most of it was in jest . . . as Mr. Bernard took it all with a huge grin . . . on his well-rounded face . . . and offered no retaliatory comments.

While enroute we became acquainted with each other, the future greats and near-greats of Missouri Boys State of 1948. At noon we enjoyed a box lunch at Kingdom City. Despite what your editor and Bill Stack said about Mr. Bernard, we fellows consider him a good planner and provider.

After we arrived at Kemper we checked in, which meant we were given physicals and assigned to a city, a party and a room. When we were settled in our quarters we were divided into wards to elect ward officials. That evening, after a general assembly, each party (we were divided into the Nationalist and Federalist parties of which I was of the former, elected its candidates for the city election which was held on Sunday.

That was the beginning of seven days of a well-rounded program of educational and recreational activities. A typical day at Boys State consists of four hours in lecture sections, and about the same length of time in citizenship practice and organized recreation. Schools of instruction were held in law, parliamentary procedure and peace officers.

I specialized in law and successfully passed the Missouri Boys State Bar examination.

Possibly some of you are interested in a typical days program, so here it is . . .

TUESDAY

6:40 a.m.—First call: everybody up.

6:45 a.m.—Revielle.

7:00 - 7:15 a.m.—Setting-up exercises by cities; all citizens participating.

7:15 a.m.—Breakfast

7:45 - 8:30 a.m.—Clean-up quarters; all citizens participating.

8:30 - 9:30 a.m.—General Assembly

(a) Techniques of voting in a General Election.

(b) General Announcements.

9:30 a.m.—Bar Examinations

8:45 - 10:30 a.m.—Schools and Meetings

(a) Senate and House representatives organize.

(b) City councils meet in their own cities.

(c) All newly elected county judges meet in one group.

(d) Informal electioneering by candidates, campaign managers, and their friends. Arrangements made to "get out the vote".

(e) Law

(f) Peace Officers: Police examination.

(g) Election Officials: Meeting for final instructions.

10:30 - 12:00 a.m.—State Primary Election conducted by cities.

Vote by parties to select candidates for General Election.

12:15—Dinner

2:00 - 5:00 p.m.—Physical Training and Recreation Program.

4:30 - 5:30 p.m.—Band practice

5:00 - 5:45 p.m.—County courts in session

6:00 p.m.—Supper

6:45 - 7:30 p.m.—Band Concert

7:30 p.m.—General Assembly

(a) Successful bar examination candidates sworn in.

(b) Successful nominees both parties speak on own behalf to all Boys State citizens.

(c) Official business

(d) Address—Hon. Lowell R. Johnson

10:15 p.m.—Tattoo

10:30 p.m.—Taps: "Lights out".

Boys State is by no manner of means—strictly a formal program. While discipline is one of the fundamental requirements, the officers and counselors of Boys State were well-balanced men and expected us to exercise discretion . . . in our extra-curricular activities, pillow fights . . . gruesome stories . . . and other harmless pranks . . . were in order after lights were out. As a group I have never been associated with a finer collection
of boys ... coming as they do ... from every city, town and hamlet in the state. I became greatly interested in a lad from the middle of the state where much of the spoken word is still in German. Folks, you should hear him ... a master linguist. It was real fun being with him and learning of the type of life he leads ... in rural Missouri. I hope our paths cross ... often ... Bob Gerken.

It is my judgment that all of the citizens of Boys State owe a vote of thanks and appreciation to the American Legion, Kemper Military Academy, the citizens of Boonville who extended us such a warm welcome ... and to Mr. Harry Gambrel, Director, his counselors and any others who assisted ... in making it possible for us to have this most enjoyable experience.

And to the members of Rouen Post 242 my compliments and best wishes ... AND AGAIN MANY THANKS.

**COURAGE AND DEVOTION BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY**

Meade Johnson and Company, Evansville, Indiana, put out a thick book by the above caption. It was devoted exclusively to the publication of the name of the Doctor of Medicine who had received a decoration, a copy of his Citation, and a statement of his date of medical graduation, the medical school name, the date of entry in the military service, etc.

If there were more than one decoration, the information for each should be furnished.

Although I am collecting data on those members of the 21st General Hospital who were decorated, I do not have the time to furnish the individual's information. Your unit was one of the most decorated of its class, and you owe it to yourself and the in to Meade Johnson and Company, Evansville, Indiana, to get this information in to Meade Johnson and Co. I will take care of the Unit's special citations.

If there were more than one decoration, the information for each should be furnished.

QUESTIONNAIRE REGARDING OFFICIAL MILITARY AWARDS AND CITATIONS AWARDED TO MEDICAL OFFICERS

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<td>Indicate Branch of Service</td>
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SWEATING OUT PROMOTION

By John A. Ackermann

The Commanding General, MBS, always anxious to improve military discipline, or-dered officers up for promotion, to a weeks duty as an MP. Late summer, 1943, about 8 of us from the 21st General Hospital proceeded to the City of Oran to report to Col. J. A short briefing, grouping into teams, and off we went to perform. My partner in this was Bernard Greene, then addressed at NP Ward 3, Bou-Hanisia. I was fortunate, for Bernie’s luck was well known, and would surely hold out for me too.

Our first station was in the busiest section of Oran, to check passes of enlisted men. The job needed courage and strategy, and I lacked both. Bernie, a good psychiatrist, quickly realized that my faculties had to be adjusted. "A few treatments is what you need," he said, and got busy setting my mind at ease. After listening the better part of an hour to his instructions, I was ready, I thought, to do the job and alone, too. With Greene watching from a safe distance, I approached a likely victim. The enlisted man had few things according to Hoyle, and little of my newly acquired persuasive powers were needed to make him realize how just I was in cancelling his pass. I was elated over my successfullness.

But 1st Lieutenant Greene approached as I was about to depart from my first victim. The soldier admitted being up to the front, and had done a good deal of fighting. "We can’t arrest this man, he’s a hero!" protested Bernie. I was ashamed. I restored the soldiers pass and we bid him good luck. Again! the same thing happened. Once more, I would have made a third arrest by following Bernie’s instructions about how to be hard-boiled and win a promotion, but he got me to set my victim free. This was too much, for already half of our allotted time had elapsed, and there were no arrests to our credit. I demanded a break in our diplomatic relations. Bernie suggested a peaceful plan: (a) He would attend a French movie; (b) I would make the arrests without his interference; (c) he would share the credit for the arrests I would make!...

I was performing my duty when a jeeping high-ranking MP officer stopped alongside. I was so frozen I admitted I was 1st lt. Bernard Greene, and I was to appear at Col. J's office at 20:00 hour. I could only salute. Rumor had it that Col. J. had men out checking us, and I was now sure of it, and we were
going to be disciplined. No promotions, and how would Bernie take that news?

Bernie was shocked too, but was confident he could arrange a story which would fully explain our erratic behavior. We both got busy arresting people, and totted up by supper time the supposed minimum for passing a mark. But Bernie still labored under the impression that, since we had done wrong in the afternoon Col. J. would want an explanation. He was busy concocting one.

As two doomed men we reported to Col. J. — "You have been doing a good job," he said.

(And two deuces were wild again in Oran! LCD.)

**ORCHIDS**

My greatest impression while with the 21st, and as a matter-of-fact, during my whole Army career, was made by Major Lucille Spalding—our chief Nurse. In my opinion she is one of the grandest persons I ever expect to meet. In most hospitals the atmosphere becomes more gay while the "boss" is away. Not so with Major Spalding! We were curious to know when she would return, if she should be gone, and glad when she came back. She held a firm but silent command. She treated the nurses as adults and made no attempt to govern our private lives. At the same time one felt that at all times she had our welfare as well as our patients at heart. I guess she only exemplifies all that the 21st represented—just a little better in everything than you could find elsewhere.

"Col. Cady, you really had a wonderful outfit!"

Lyla M. Ferguson Wilmerth

Lyla joined the unit at Mirecourt, December 16, 1944,—two days before that von Rundsted Bulge officially started, but the 21st was already bulged to about 3500 patients! LCD

**IMPRESSION**

I was impressed most while in service with the ease in which a civilian is adjusted to military life and ideals, especially in comparison with the difficulty of transmission from a soldier to a civilian upon discharge.

—Don Oliver, 1703 W. 6th, Racine, 1, Wis.

**ROUEN OPERATING ALMOST ENTIRELY ON AID FROM U.S.**

United States Ambassador Jefferson Caffery and French ministers have just toured this large industrial port, which is operating almost entirely on United States aid. The group traveled through miles of Rouen shipyards, oil refineries, chemical works, paper mills and docks. All are getting their fuel and raw materials from the United States.

Factory foremen and technicians told the same story: the French people have done their part in rebuilding the industrial center out of the scraps of bombed-out ruins. They said, however, activity halted last fall when dollar credits for raw materials ran out.

"Give us the material, and we will show the world how we can work," one foreman told the group.

The skeleton of the Cathedral and the leveled houses of workers showed in contrast to the reconstruction. There has been no time for rebuilding them.

There was nothing in the attitude of the people to indicate they regretted the bombs which blocked the German retreat from Normandy. The bombs killed 1000 civilians of Rouen.

The people appeared to be thankful when they described how German armored units, caught here, were destroyed later by bombs. The bombs demolished Rouen port installations but left the piers intact beneath.

This is of interest since, anything from Rouen, France is of interest to former members of Base Hospital 21 of World War 1. The first 21st's tour of duty was at Rouen, where it established a record unequalled by any like outfit during World War 1.

**ODE TO A FACTORY GIRL IN PETITE QUIVILLE**

Dedicated to Sgt. Roger Puckett, 1918

You shall not barter your fair name
Your pure chaste youth for gleaming gold
And lead the life of calloused shame
That trails the wake of virtue sold.

Let others tempt with promise rash,
Your youth with roseate dreams enthuse;
I will not buy your soul for cash
But will you for a pair of SHOES?

P. H. Byrns

BILL ENGEL

220 No. 4th St.
St. Louis 2, Mo.
Out in the beautiful Missouri River bluff country, famous because of that hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, where was his first burial place, also the home of Nathan Boone, lies the rose-covered summer cottage of Louise Hilligass of B.H. 21.

We are invited to picnic with Miss Hilligass at lovely Hilli-Haven on June 12th — mid-afternoon until ?

Miss Hilligass and her committee have promised a menu with enough variations to satisfy everyone. As all of the foodstuff will be taken from St. Louis, it is important that we know as early as possible the number to expect. We have been asked to prevail upon the members to send in their acceptances, early.

The sketch shows the route to Augusta and the cottage. It is about 58 miles to Augusta and just a short walk from Highway 94 up a county road and down Hilli-Haven road to the cottage. Miss Hilligass is expecting a large crowd so please do not disappoint.

Do not hesitate about making a reservation because of the lack of transportation. We will see that everyone has a ride.

Return your card — early.

W. E. Engel