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The Rouen Post, December 1948

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Christmas is a happy time,
Hearts are full of joy and cheer,
Ringing church-bells so sublime,
Inviting all from far and near,
Stars are twinkling, sleigh-bells tinkling,
Trees are decked with loving care,
Mistletoe and holly mingling,
All the world seems bright and fair,
So here are wishes warm and true,

for Christmas and the New Year too!

LATE FLASH
Just before going to press we learned of the serious accident to our past commander that beloved and fine family man, Jules V. Silberberg. We are not familiar with all of the horrifying details which have put Jules in the hospital—but suffice to say that at this writing he lies—badly maimed—after being hit by an automobile. As we have news of our former contemporary of Base Hospital 21 we shall report it.

DECEMBER 1948
25th of December," old Scrooge had snarled, and went home to his lonely house to have a miser's Christmas Eve all by himself. When he had shut out the peace and good will that annoyed him he crouched over a stingy fire to spend the evening.

Perhaps he fell asleep. Anyhow, he thought he saw three spirits—the Spirit of Christmas Past, as Old Scrooge had kept it; the Spirit of Christmas Present; and the Spirit of Christmas yet to come. They showed him all his meanesses and the misery that he had caused others, and how he was bringing upon himself a neglect, a wretched death, and a forgotten grave. He was led to other homes of love and joy; and then to the poor little crowded cottage in Camden Town to see the happy family of good faithful Bob Cratchit. He heard the toast to himself, and saw the sudden gloom which the mention of his name brought.

Poor Old Scrooge! Poor, mean, stingy, cross-grained, lonely, wretched Old Scrooge! He suddenly knew how bad and pitiable an old man he was, and he envied his poverty stricken clerk Bob Cratchit. He envied him his cheerful loving family and his cheerful loving heart; and most of all he envied him his frail little crippled boy who with the bravest sunniest smile cried in a sweet reedy little voice like a bird's.

"God Bless us, every one!"
The spirit of Christmas Yet to Come showed Old Scrooge a vacant stool in the corner and a little crust without an owner; and he knew that unless there was help here that money could command—good doctors, better and more food, and greater comfort in the crowded cottage—poor cheerful little Tiny Tim must die.

The Spirit vanished just as Old Scrooge woke up in his cold and cheerless old home. A sparkling Christmas morning had dawned. The whole day of Christmas Present was before him, but he was so unused to Merry Christmases that he didn't know what to do with this one. He laughed and cried both at once.

I'm light as a feather. I'm merry as a schoolboy. I'm happy as a—as dear little Tiny Tim. Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year to all the World! Hallo there: Hallo there! Whooop!

Old Scrooge wasn't in the least crazy, for he began at once to do kind and sensible things just like anybody else. He bought the big prize turkey in the market, and to make sure that it would get there in time he sent it to Bob Cratchit's cottage in a cab. The cabman put on his gayest waistcoat and a beaming smile, and went to his nephew's to dinner like a Christmas gentleman.

Bob Cratchit was eighteen minutes late at the office the next morning! He started to explain to his scowling employer (who was trying to look as mean as ever and annoying him) that he had given the bewildered clerk a friendly dig in the ribs, raised his salary, and told him to put a whole scuttle-full of coal on the office fire at once.

That very day, after Merry Christmas, he began to be a second father to Tiny Tim. The darling child simply couldn't die as long as there were good doctors, good food, and other comforts in the world, and Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge had a pocket full of money. And the next Christmas, when the little crippled boy was stronger and heartier, you may be sure that all of the happy Cratchits thought first of their dear good friend, Mr. Scrooge, when Tiny Tim responded to the toast with his loving prayer:

"God bless us, every one!"

(Adapted from Dickens: 'A Christmas Carol.)

ROUEN POST XMAS PARTY

The Story of Tiny Tim, whether real or just a figment of Charles Dickens' beautiful imagination was the background for Rouen Post's Christmas Party. We invited a group of Tiny Tims who are students at the Elias Michael School, a special school in St. Louis for them. They have all been treated at that famous Institution, The Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children. Then there was another group of children who came to us through the Social Service Department of the Washington University Clinics and the Children's Hospital.

Since we do not have any "Old Scrooges" who need an awakening as the character depicted by Dickens, a couple of swell fellows named Joe and Bob played the part of Old Scrooge after his reformation. The idea was spawned during our October meeting but it was not fully developed until we had the party at Dr. Ernst's MD Ranchhouse in November, no doubt influenced by the glowing warmth of Dr. Ernst's massive fireplace and some of Forney Dixon's pots of cheer.

Joe and Bob are none other than Dr. Joseph C. Edwards and Dr. Robert W. Kelley of the 21st General Hospital. Arranging for the children, their transportation, gifts and what-not, were details each of which required special attention. That everything proceeded as planned was due to the fine organizing ability of these genial members.

It was an ugly, nasty evening at the beginning but "Stonewall" Jackson, who organized the transportation corps, had matters so well in hand that the children were delivered to the grand ballroom of the Forest Park Hotel and returned to their domiciles without mishap. Aiding Jackson in this important task were: Mrs. C. Boemer; Mr. and Mrs. Willard McQuoid; Mr. and Mrs. James O. Sallee; Mr. and Mrs. Ritchey Williams; and Frank Depke.

Since we are eager to get this matter into the hands of our printers, that we may have our paper available for mailing during the holiday period, we shall not have time to fully describe such details as the decorations in the ballroom, the improvised fishing pond which was supervised by the nurses of the 21st General, the cushioned positions snapping pictures, so we are certain to have a good pictorial record of the affair. These we shall use in our January number along with additional highlights.

Aided and abetted by that dark and handsome prince, who boasts of descendancy from a long line of nobility in the near east, Arshav Nushan. We were indeed fortunate in having as our entertainers that distinguished group of business and professional men known the the "Hayshakers". This group are members of the nationally famous Moolah Temple Band of the Shriners of St. Louis and formed their own little organization originally for the purpose of entertaining the children who are patients at the Shriners' Crippled Children's Hospital. They have been doing such a good job that their services are sought after for many such occasions as our party.

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They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves.

We of Rouen Post feel highly honored that these splendid men gave unstintingly of their time and talents to make all of us happy. That they have a very profound interest in this work is best exemplified by the fact that one of them drove a distance of forty miles or eighty miles for the round trip from Oermann, Missouri. Another came from St. Charles, Missouri, and as long as the program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves. They did an excellent job in providing a Christmas program of appeal to our party goers. The program was an amusing one of fun for themselves.

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The Hayshakers Roster:

E. D. Bafunno, 3603 Wright Avenue, Overland, Mo.; Charles Stotz, Oermann, Mo.; Samuel Kraus, 1 Layton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. A. Kraus, St. Louis, Mo.

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In all sincerity, I wish each of the former members of Base Hospital 21 of World War I and of the 21st General Hospital of World War II a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A JOYOUS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Most cordially,
Charles H. Jablonsky

2406 Riverside Drive
Richmond 24, Va.

My Dear William:
Now that we are approaching the Christmas season it moves me to join you in the Seasons Greetings to that brave and loyal body of troops of Base Hospital 21 with whom I had the pleasure of serving in the British Expeditionary Forces in World War I.

As I will be enjoying my first Christmas on the River James I am reminded of some others that I have spent in unusual places and under unusual circumstances none of which stands out in my memory more than the following which at the time bid fare to be both joyous and near tragic.

On my second return from the Philippine Islands, Christmas came when we were two days out of Nagasaki. The stateroom next to mine was occupied by the mother of a Marine officer who had just heard of the assignment of her son to what she considered a very undesirable station, and she was up in arms about it. She didn't enter the holiday spirit with the other passengers but held forth loud and long relating her troubles to everyone she could get to listen. She was going to Washington and straight to the Commandant and have her son's assignment changed or she would know the reason why. It seems that she had gotten away with it before. At first it was funny but soon became monotonous.

I wish that I could again have the pleasure of being with the Commandant and have her son's assignment changed or she would know the reason why. 

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ing effort in their medical program.
Please extend to all the members of the 21st General Hospital and our compatriots of Base Hospital 21 the merriest of Yuletide Greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

Sincerely yours,
C. F. Shook, M.D.

Dear Bill:

I am glad of the opportunity to extend Christmas greetings to all of the old members of Unit 21.

It brings back to mind our two Christmases in Rouen. In some ways the second Christmas was the more memorable. The war was over and the Christmas tree decorations would never be equalled and wards would never be bedecked more gaily or more originally. Those carols thru the wards that Christmas Eve were beautiful. Do you remember the German version of war ward with the lighted candle at each bed —and their appreciation?

To those of the Medical Service may I let you know, most sincerely, that some way or some how I wish that we could reduplicate in this country the Christmas Party we had centered about "Sacred Cow's Milk" and thick sandwiches. Could we all be together here where there would be nothing too fine to make the party a success.

But to all my very best and as the years pass may our paths cross more frequently, our friendships grow stronger and all the plans of which we dreamed become.
The grab bag would include things more imaginative than French piers, ash trays and other awkward objects.

Sincerely,
Bill Engel.

CELEBRATES 100th BIRTHDAY

William H. Hagemann of 721 Washington, St. Charles, who first voted in 1876 and has outlived four of his seven children, was 100 years old Thursday, December 29.

Hagemann, who is still active despite his advanced years, attributes his longevity to "wholesome food and regular hours." He came to the United States from Hanover, Germany, at the age of 18 and went to work on a farm near St. Charles. In 1874 he moved to St. Charles and went to work in the American Car and Foundry Company Plant there, helping to build the first 200 railroad cars produced in the plant.

Hagemann operated a dairy farm in St. Charles County for many years but retired in 1918. His main interests now are his garden at the rear of his home, reading newspapers and following political trends.

Hagemann has two sons, Henry and George Hagemann of St. Charles, and a daughter, Miss Caroline Hagemann, with whom he resides. His wife, the former Miss Elize Birkemeier of New Melle, Mo., died in 1936 at the age of 83.

William H. Hagemann is the grandfather of our own Ernestine Hagemann of the 21st General. Not only can she boast of the centenarian, but she points with justifiable pride to her "young" grandpa who has only reached the age of 96.

THE MARIPOSA

Metta Baxter of Pacific Palisades, Calif., sent us a clipping from the Los Angeles Times with a date line, December 2, 1948. The members of the 21st General will be interested we know as it was this ship which carried them overseas, sailing October 2, 1942. We are informed it was one of two troop transports sailing without navy escort ships. We quote:

Possibility that reconversion of the luxury liner Mariposa will be completed was seen yesterday with the announcement in San Francisco by the Matson Lines that bids have been received from three shipyards.

The announcement said the bids were requested in connection with negotiations being carried on by Matson Lines with the Maritime Commission concerning disposition of the Mariaposa and her sister ship, the Monterey.

Reconversion work on the two ships was halted in July, 1947, because of spiraling labor and material costs, the uncertainties surrounding passenger traffic between this country and Australia and increasing air competition.

When work was started the cost of modernization was estimated at between $6,000,000 and $8,000,000 for each ship.

The company's flagship, the Lurline, was returned to passenger service between Los Angeles and Honolulu last April after being rebuilt at a cost of $18,000,000. All three served as troop transports during the war.

Bill Engel.