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The Rouen Post, April 1949

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THE
ROUEN
POST

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242
AND ALL FORMER MEMBERS OF B.H. 21 AND 21ST. G.H.

WELCOME! 21sters
To
St. Louis
Friday
Saturday
Sunday
May 20, 21, 22

WHY REUNIONS?
To live again the experiences and memories of those carefree days of our wartime service. To rekindle those memories. To keep burning eternally the torches of nostalgia. To renew the friendships formed while serving for God and Country. To be again with those of whom we lacked complete understanding—now made light of in our saner and mellower moments. That is why we have reunions.

There are times when even the most indifferent of the 21st personalities must dig deep into the pit of inexhaustible excuses to justify their inertia. Even the most glib of the disinterested will find no forensic weapon to combat our reasons for these periodical get-togethers.

We who have attended these gatherings with our wartime associates realize what an emotional pull it is seeing those with whom we shared our lives for awhile. Each of us have had experiences in our lives which cannot be effaced from our memories but we daresay none can be compared with those we experienced when the "chips were down". When the guy or gal next to you was neither kith nor kin, but with you gave his or her all, without a squall. That is why we have reunions, so those moments may be lived again.

Our reunions are not solemn affairs, nor are they planned without consideration and reverence to the sacredness of our service and the memories of our departed comrades. Dr. Beam in his message in the March issue of The Rouen Post told you of our program—which we briefly outline again.

Beginning Friday afternoon, after most registrations have been completed, we have a church service, which, through the years, has become a sacred tradition. Following that, we change the script and find ourselves mingling with the guests at a cocktail-buffet-supper party in the Cortez Lounge and the Club Caprice of the Sheraton Hotel. This is a departure from the programs of other years, which we feel is far the better. There will be many new faces this year and it is felt by the committee that the cocktail party, being a free and easy sort of thing, will give each of us a better opportunity to find out who is there. It has been planned that this shall be the get-acquainted-warmer-upper for the really big event—the dinner and dance on Saturday night.

After two days—and nights—of this, most of us will be ready to return to normalcy and prepare ourselves for our daily toil. Therefore, on Sunday afternoon we gather at the restful and charming country estate of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Ernst in St. Louis County—for the wind-up. Reads interesting, doesn't it? However, in the actual participation, the realization far exceeds the anticipation.

* * *

REMINDING YOU AGAIN THAT YOU HAVE A RENDEVOUS IN ST. LOUIS MAY 20, 21, 22, 1949.

While we have not mailed complete details, reservations are being made and principally by buddies who had not attended any of our other reunions. Full information on costs, hotel reservations, program and other pertinent data will be in the mail shortly.

You will like becoming a member of the REUNION CLUB of the two 21sts.

APRIL, 1949
THE LATE COLONEL JULIA STIMSON who headed the Army Nurse Corps after World War I, marches at head of Red Cross nurses in a Paris parade. These nurses, their leader included, often drove ambulances under enemy fire. Colonel Stimson was superintendent of Barnes Hospital nurses' training school, St. Louis, started her Army career as chief nurse with the famous Base Hospital No. 21, which was organized at Washington University in 1917 for service in France.

Forerunners of the Army Nurse Corps established in 1901, these nurses are shown on deck of an Army ship, The Relief, at a Cuban port. There were few casualties in the Spanish-American war, but many soldiers suffered from illness brought on by the unaccustomed tropical climate.

From a handful of nurses who tended the sick and wounded of the Spanish-American War, the American Army has built up a nursing service that operates on a global scale. The Army Nurse Corps was formally created by Congress 48 years ago this month. The Navy's corresponding unit was formed in 1908. In World War I, most of the womenpower of the two groups came from the American Red Cross, which provided them with 23,000 trained nurses. The Red Cross set up most of the facilities for treating the wounded. The Army medical service had its own nurse training program by World War II.

Army nurses are commissioned officers, and receive military courtesy and salaries equal to those of commissioned men of the same rank. They are subject to 24-hour-a-day service. In the field they endure the same hardships as fighting men, and some of them lose their lives.

World War II Army nurses give salute in mass formation at training area in Wales. From there they were assigned to field hospitals in European theatre. Two nurses killed by anti-personnel bombs dropped on hospital tents at Anzio beachhead were the first to lose their lives by enemy action in the last war.
A BOYS' TOWN IN MISSOURI

"There is no such thing as a bad bay."

In the November issue of the Rouen Post, Dr. Joseph C. Edwards told you how Lt. Bill James of the Navy and St. Louis, made a promise while drifting as a lone survivor on a life-raft, after his ship was torpedoed and the raft had been machine-gunned by a German submarine.

That promise has become a reality—a home and school to give socially handicapped boys an opportunity for rehabilitation, eventually leading to good, solid citizenship. The project is known as Boys' Town of Missouri and is sponsored by the Harold Francis Schramm Post 484 of the American Legion. Captain Harold Schramm, for whose post this is named, was a St. Louis flyer killed in combat. Property for the project has been purchased and it is planned the first boys will be admitted about May 1, 1949.

Rouen Post 242 was asked to join actively in Boys' Town and to take as our own post project, the responsibility for medical, surgical and dental needs that arise from time to time among the boys, other than the psychiatric and first aid, which can be handled locally.

At the February 17, 1949 meeting of Rouen Post 242, a motion was made by George H. B. Jordan that Rouen Post 242 accept the invitation of the Harold Francis Schramm Post 484 to supervise the medical, surgical and dental needs of the boys in Boys' Town of Missouri on condition that Rouen Post 242 have representation on the Advisory Council of Trail Rangers of America, a Missouri Association, formed to handle the fiscal affairs of Boys' Town of Missouri. The said representatives be appointed by the commander of Rouen Post 242 from year to year. The motion was seconded and unanimously accepted by the members of Rouen Post 242 who were present.

When apprised of the action of Rouen Post 242, the Trail Rangers of America heartily concurred and through their executive vice-president, C. E. Hovey, issued an invitation to the commander of Rouen Post 242 to participate in the deliberations of their Advisory Council. Wrote Mr. Hovey, "In order to coordinate the activities of your Post with respect to your official project of supervising the medical, surgical and dental needs of Boys' Town, as well as to furnish a means of keeping an active hand in all the workings of Boys' Town and keeping abreast of developments and progress of our joint endeavor, we would like you to designate several official members to represent you on our Advisory Council.

In addition to the above, we would like all members of your Post to take part in these monthly meetings whenever they can. The meetings are held the first Monday of every month at 8:00 p.m. in the rathekseller of George E. Baker's residence, 29 Lake Forest, Clayton".

It is hoped that each of the members of Rouen Post will become interested in this project and meet frequently with the members of the Harold Francis Schramm Post.

Dr. Joseph C. Edwards and George H. B. Jordan have been designated to represent Rouen Post 242 on the Advisory Council of Trail Rangers. In addition, a full committee in Rouen Post has been appointed and they are: Dr. Joseph C. Edwards, Chmn.; Dr. Edwin C. Ernst; Dr. John F. Patton, Dr. Sim F. Beam, Dr. Earl E. Shepard, Miss Jeanette Parish, Mrs. Mae A. Gluck, Miss Helen Bowen, Miss Emma Frohbieter and George Jorgensen. We feel certain Mr. Hovey and his associates will find this committee jam-packed with professional knowledge and skill, executive ability and the desire to serve.

The Trail Rangers of America staff is: W. F. James, president, C. E. Hovey, executive vice-president and treasurer; G. C. Holtan, Jr., vice-president; Stuart Murphy, secretary. The Board of Trustees are: G. M. Berry, president; Berry Motor Car Co., D. R. Calhoun, Jr., president, St. Louis Union Trust Co., L. C. Fuller, Chairman of the board, Stix, Baer & Fuller, Alvin Griesedieck, president, Palastre & Leverence, G. P. Johnston, president, Mercantile-Commerce Bank & Trust Co., and H. A. Stanley, partner, Price, Waterhouse & Co.

On the 19th of February an inspection trip was made to the newly acquired site for Boys' Town, described by Dr. Joseph C. Edwards in the paragraphs to follow.

NARRATIVE OF TRIP ON SPECIAL TRAIN TO
BOYS' TOWN, ST. JAMES, MO.

By Dr. Joseph Castro Edwards


On Saturday, Feb. 19th nearly 200 members and wives, trustees and other friends of the Boys' Town of Missouri project of Trail Rangers of America, left at 12:30 on the Frisco Special for St. James, Mo. The train was car and cab car with a bar and a variety, including diner and club car with a bar. Nearly the entire membership of the Harold Francis Schramm Post and some of their wives were on the train. Several other prominent business men and civic leaders of St. Louis were also present. These included Mr. G. F. Johnston, president of Mercantile-Commerce Bank and Trust Co., Mr. Rush James, of James Chevrolet, Mr. and Mrs. Roger E. Lord, Mr. H. A. Stanley of Price-Waterhouse, and Father Link, the nature study leader at Pere Marquette State Park, who will participate in similar work at Boys' Town.

It was a very pleasant trip thru the Ozarks on the way down. The entire town turned out to greet us at the station, and took us about two miles to the 120 acre estate which is to become Boys' Town of Missouri, in school buses and private cars. Bill James then divided the crowd into groups, each with a leader, and we went on a conducted tour thru the main house, the manager's house, the two barns, the three car garage and to the large spring which is said to produce one million gallons of water per day. The three car rock garage, they plan to equip as a work shop for part of the boys' training program. The local school gave them enough desks to accommodate the first twelve boys, in the school at St. James, the rest of the Rouen Post were on the train clambered onto school buses, the doctor opened the door of another shiny new Packard and told Dr. Edwards to follow his car with the rest of the Rouen Post group to view Boys' Town. Dr. Stricker also agreed to take care of emergencies in Boys' Town. Dr. Edwads was very happy with the trip and plans to visit the Boys' Town in the near future.

One of the local physicians, Dr. Emil Stricker, met the seven nurses and two men from Rouen Post in his Packard and while the others on the train clambered onto school buses, the doctor opened the door of another shiny new Packard and told Dr. Edwards to follow his car with the rest of the Rouen Post group to view Boys' Town. Dr. Stricker also agreed to take care of emergency medical cases and his car was parked in his garage in St. James. Several members of Rouen Post are to be called on when any of the boys need to be referred to St. Louis for diagnostic
THE ROUEN POST

Dear Bill:

Long time between notes. The Rouen Post reminded me that I should take off a minute from demonstrated business with you. Last you think I wasted my time in Miami last October I am enclosing proof to the contrary, which should make "curly" Stack definitely exophthalmic.

Our 40 and 8 voiture ritual team is quite in demand. We go down to Hot Springs next week to put on the serious part of the work for the voiture there. Amongst the P.G.'s are quite a number of prominent World War II boys, including Governor Sid. McMath, Lt. Governor Nathan Gordon, Adjutant General Earl Ricks of Hot Springs, and Sheriff George Brown of Garland County. It just so happens that the party has been arranged to coincide with the last two days of the racing season at Oakland, including the final Arkansas Derby on Saturday, March 26. Rather considerate of them, don't you think?

The Southland Dixie Promenade will be held in Texarkana April 29, 30, May 1. Takes in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. That's a must with me. The State Medical Society also comes along in May, but I am definitely planning on being in St. Louis at the Sheraton on May 20, 21 and 22. That is also a "must".

Work is busy and rushing as usual. In addition I am doing a little pediatrics. Have a four month old grandson in the house. I change a nasty napkin on occasion, and rather enjoy "baby sitting" on occasion.

Best as usual to you and to all the old timers you may chance to see.

Yours, Allan.

Editors note: Evidently that lavish wardrobe Allan bought in St. Louis for his Florida expedition paid dividends. What else could have done the trick... interesting the fair young maid in being photographed with the incomparable doctor, the purveyor of those incredible tales of the backwoods of Arkansas. Despite the annoyances, listening to his wierd stories of "noodlin'" in Arkansas and the like, we'll be tickled to have the old boy with us and to share with him, the presidential suite at the Sheraton Hotel. The welcome mat is already in place for each and every member of either of the 21sts.
MORE NICE LETTERS
Richmond, Va.

My Dear William:

Sorry to be late with this small contribution.

Kindest regards,

James D. Fife

May W. Pettus
(Mrs. James T.)

Dear Bill Engel:

I am most grateful to you for sending me a copy of your interesting paper containing the very good pictures and complimentary remarks about my sister, Rachael Watkins. It is most gratifying to me (and the family) to know that the "Memorial Fund" is functioning and I am sure it would please Rachel to know that her idea has been fruitful, and her name honored in your write-up.

Thank you for sending me a copy. I shall treasure it.

Mrs. James T. Fife

HEADQUARTERS
EUROPEAN COMMAND
PROVOST MARSHALL DIVISION
APO 757, US ARMY

Frankfurt a/Main, Germany

9 March 1949

Mr. William Engel
220 North Fourth Street
St. Louis 2, Missouri

Dear Mr. Engel:

Many thanks for your nice letter and your kindness in sending me back copies of The Rouen Post. The membership application arrived yesterday. I'll let you know what I decide about that at some future date — I am a Chicagoan and think I'd make a better member by joining a post where I can attend meetings, etc. However, I'll decide later and let you know.

We were extremely disappointed in reading the Post you sent me to find that I couldn't associate names and faces any more. Most of the names I recognized worked both for Miss Spalding and Colonel Cady, but I had little or no opportunity to get really acquainted with all but a few.

Grethe Knudsen's account of her post-war travels in Europe were of particular interest to me because I've visited all the places she wrote about and agree with her almost 100%. She must have gotten a poor Czech plane on her trip to Rome. When I flew on the Czech lines they had plenty of that excellent Pilsner beer on hand to while away the time and the stewardess was lovely. Strange enough, although I've flown all over Europe during the past three years, I've yet to set foot in an American plane! I've ridden Swedish, Dutch, Danish, French, Czech and British airlines, but just never got the chance to fly American.

Would really like to attend that reunion in May, but don't think I'll be home in time for that. Had planned on arriving the 1st of May, but the Income Tax Man threw my budget out of kilter — so I'll stick around a few more months until my finances get back on an even keel.

I don't know how many of the 21sters had the opportunity to visit Germany when the hospital was at Mirecourt, but those who were here in 1945 would hardly recognize the place now. Until the currency reform in June, 1948, not much was done in the way of rebuilding as rubble disposal and procurement of building supplies hampered operations. After June 22nd, however, the place blossomed out like a hothouse rose.

Friedrich Ebert Strasse (the main drag in Frankfurt) looks like any American city with its neon lights, fancy window displays and hordes of window shoppers. Night clubs have opened up right and left, most of them catering to American personnel who still throw money around like water. The wines, champagnes (German), etc. are of good quality and fairly reasonably priced. A recent command directive placed all German establishments serving food or drink "Off Limits" and did that set up a howl! Both from the Germans, who could see the shekels dwindling and by the Americans who preferred to do their entertaining in German clubs. Surprisingly enough, very few Americans are violating the directive.

There are other forms of entertainment available, however, as the opera gives performances daily, and there are three other legitimate theaters for plays, operettas, etc. All performances are given in German, but Americans are used to foreign language operas anyway. Never really know how much more enjoyable an opera could be (particularly the comic operas) when you could understand the language. The acting is, I believe, much more realistic than at home. Saw a performance of "Carmen" at the Wiesbaden opera house and during one of the brawls staged by the cigarette girls, one of the chorus got a bloody nose!

"I am studying voice with the leading baritone of the Frankfurt opera and, through him, know most of the singers, and many of the dancers, in the company. Performances are, therefore, always more enjoyable for me since I know the singers personally. We have get-togethers frequently and all of them are unaffected, pleasant people, who have made music their life and who sing just for the sheer joy of singing. Walter Geiseking attended the last party which was held shortly after he returned from his unsuccessful trip to the States. I was particularly anxious to find out what his reaction was to the demonstrations at Carnegie Hall and was surprised to learn that it was only one of bewildermcnt. He reiterated his statement to the American press and said he would confine his concerts to Europe for the time being.

Spring arrived in Frankfurt like the proverbial lion, bringing with it death and destruction. Trees were uprooted, building streets turned into traffic, ruined buildings were toppled and it even tore half of the roof off our building. No one was hurt but a large section landed on three jeeps parked in the courtyard and smashed them to smithereens. In downtown Frankfurt, a four-story wall fell on a small shop and killed seven persons. The wind lasted for two days and then the cold arrived. Colder than it has been here all winter! Well, spring should arrive by June anyway.

Saw no mention of it in any of the Post issues you sent me so some of your readers may be interested to learn that Rollie De Munbruns threw out the welcome mat last October for Ronald Noah De Munbrun. Baby De Munburn seems to have upset their schedules considerably, but both Joan and Rollie are blissfully happy and still find time to write, for which I'm grateful.

Again, many thanks for the Rouen Posts. I'll include a contribution with my next letter.

Sincerely,

Hal J. Kapsch

Dear Mr. Engel:

Enclosed is a check for the Rouen Post, which I enjoy so much, especially since I am now living out of the state of Missouri.

It is so enjoyable when I spy the long envelope with the latest issue in the postman's hand. Please give regards to all and best wishes to you, always.

Sincerely,

Nicholson, Penna.

Saidee N. Hausmann

Hi Rouen Posters:

I like to get the Post although I have been out of touch since the National Convention of 1935 in St. Louis. As I wrote you I have been back to Rouen, France, twice — in 1937 and 1947. I went on the tour with National Commander Griffin in 1947. It is now 30 years since we returned from our tour of duty. Time does fly. Best regards to all of the B.H. 21 and the 21st General.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed. Blencowe

Dear Mr. Engel:

I have so enjoyed knowing of the activities of Unit 21 that it is a pleasure to enclose a check for 1948 and 1949. I hope all goes well with you.

Sincerely,

Detroit, Mich.

Jane Hudson Berry

Ed. note! Mrs. Berry was Dr. Murphy's secretary for many years.
Dear Mr. Engel:

I hope this "bill" will help in paying our printer, Mr. Johnson. I do enjoy each copy of the Rouen Post and that we will be able to finance "our paper" properly.

Sincerely,

Springfield, Mo.

Geneva Book.

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a small check to help defray the expenses of publishing our Post newspaper.

Several weeks ago I had a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Ruby Idle Dearing who was visiting some of her relatives residing in Clarksville.

Mrs. Dearing has been confined to an invalid's chair for the past six or seven years as a result of an arthritic condition. However, she is only on the surface as she has one of the most charming personalities I have ever known.

As you know — or probably know — Mrs. Dearing resides with her husband on a farm near Palmyra, Missouri and generally spends the winter months with relatives and friends in Louisiana and Clarksville. They always look forward to her coming to visit them as her sunny disposition makes her most welcome.

Incidentally I doubt seriously if I could locate a person in Clarksville who did not know Doctor Clopton. His contribution practically built one of the churches in the town and, in addition to providing medical services to needy persons, supplied many a family with provisions and money.

With kindest regards to the "gang" I am, Clarksville, Mo.

Sincerely yours,

Toby Dunville.

* * *

8203 Gladstone Rd.
Philadelphia 18, Pa.
March 14, 1949

Dear Mr. Engel:

I am finally writing the letter I meant to write months ago. There is so much I want to say and ask, but will try to confine myself to the most pertinent facts, this time.

I left the 21st in January, 1945. In March, 1945 I became Mrs. Loyd A. Price. Soon after Loyd's retirement from service, he started work with the National Headquarters of the American Legion as a rehabilitation officer. We were transferred from Little Rock to Philadelphia in 1946 and have been here ever since.

Like most every one else we multiplied and now number four. The additions are Kitty and Peggy. Loyd and I wanted to attend the reunion but will not be able to make it as I am attending Temple University (working for my B.S. in Nursing Education) and that is the week of our final exam.

However, sometime during the summer we plan on visiting Loyd's family in Arkansas and hope to spend a day or so in St. Louis on our way.

I would really appreciate a questionnaire, as I never received one.

I am enclosing a check to help a little, wish I could do more.

Sincerely,

P.S. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCann (formerly Julia Fossler) are proud parents of a baby girl, as of January 28, 1949 — or is it now?

Editors note: Will Colonel Cady please send Marjorie a questionnaire. Would gladly send from here but we do not have any extras. Perhaps the Colonel should send us a few — just in case there are other requests.

Hi Bill:

Sorry I didn't send you my contribution sooner. I've been receiving my copy of the "Rouen Post" regular and I do want to tell you I've enjoyed reading every line of it.

The boys of Brooklyn and Queens are holding a May 7th affair this year. As yet I haven't found out where. But who cares as long as we meet and have a good time.

Everyone is doing their best for the affair. But most credit should go to Johnny Christian, Max Cohen and Vincent Badalmente. To be sure I almost forgot Chester Crancarelli. (Thunder Cloud)

Bill Kelly is quite busy with fires. Of course you know he is a fireman.

Thomas Burke is a policeman so we have nothing to worry about as far as burglars are concerned. With fires we have Bill Kelly to protect us.

The stork is getting busy again. The Freddie Russo's and the Vincent Badalamentis are running a close race. Its even money take your pick. For place its Patti's, can't lose on him. For show it's anybody. The Milton Kleinman's already have two. I heard a rumor that his is on his way again. Is it true Milton? Bernie Plotkin has a daughter. Nice fellow Bernie.

Sidney Shindler is still single. I wonder why? James Pellegrino has a daughter. By the way Jim, I hear you live out in the country. Don't they have any buses or trains out your way. George Huber is a lone wolf — all alone. Jim Schrippa shows his face around once in a while. Anthony Fezza's bread is so delicious, you ought to try some Bill. He's being kept quite busy with his job and baby also his wife. But he's still the same old Pezza, nothing can change that man.

Will close now Bill, make sure you put this letter in the Rouen Post.

A 21st ter

Dom. Palastro.

* * *

RETROSPECTION

By Joe Meyer, with apologies to Ogden Nash

Was it 32 years ago, or only yesterday, that you of Base Hospital 21 boarded a Pullman and rode in style to New York?

Was it that long ago when you got your first hint of war's woe (the food) as on that lumbering old liner, the St. Paul, you did embark?

Surely it hasn't been 32 years since you dispored yourself in Blackpool, braved, seasickness and submarines in the channel and planted your unsteady feet on old Rouen's cobble-stones?

Was it almost half a life-time ago that you learned, to the detriment of your meagre store of francs, who was the smartest man in camp?" (Roll them bones!)

Was it all of a third-century ago that you carried Aussie-burdened stretchers half the night, after carrying bed-pans all day?

And then had energy left for fun during your time off. And say —

Have 32 winters intervened since you missed the last tram-car bound for Champ de Courses — and then, madn't or sadn't, battled with British officers for a taxi (if you had francs) or staggered back to camp on food (if you hadn't)?
Was it 32 years ago that you heartily damned the inventor of MacConochies stew, and with your emphatically expressed opinion of Australian rabbit made the air blue?

Was it that long ago that through your first air raid you shivered, and then got used to them, more or less, and just mildly quivered?

Has it been 32 years since AWOL, VAD, BEEF, WAC, PU and VVV meant something in your mundane scheme, and how long has it been since you first went on leave to Paris — or was the whole thing a dream? No, it wasn’t a dream, and it’s been all of thirty-two years. But often just like yesterday it appears. You yourself with the reminiscent list of happenings can carry on. There are dozens and dozens of high-lights for your mind to tarry on.

Of those two years which to your country’s service you dedicated, there are memories which “bless and burn” and which you wouldn’t want eradicated. In fact, you’d find it enjoyable.

To revive those memories in company with your old comrades — so come to the Unit’s 32nd Reunion. There’s no better way in which to make your time employable.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

From the Rouen Post May, 1939

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

(From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, June 15, 1917)

“Officers of Base Hospital Unit 21 of the American Red Cross at Rouen, France, are wearing skirts in order to play baseball with the women nurses, according to a letter received from one of the nurses by Miss Helen Bridge, Superintendent of the nurses’ training school of Barnes Hospital. Unit 21 was recruited and equipped in St. Louis. The letter in part follows:

“It is such fun to get the home news and to hear of all your doings. We are not yet working at all hard and find it embarrassing to have people taking it for granted that we are overworked and suffering real hardships. We are comfortable and well fed, have interesting work and many pleasant diversions.

“There is a lot of very simple entertainment back and forth among the camps. Once or twice every week there is a tea party or a tennis party or a concert with refreshments somewhere near here. Tomorrow we are going to return some of the many courtesies that have been shown us and be at home to our neighbors. The party will be out of doors and there will be tennis and a baseball game between officers and nurses. The officers are having baseball suits made for them by the nurses. These suits are to be very gay skirts, so that the men may be not as much hampered as the women.

“It’s a great sight, these lovely evenings between 8 and 9, to see the crowd of hilarious nurses careening over the grass (possibly the after effects of the British daily rum ration) between the hedge and fenced off center of the course where all the tents are, and hanging on the fence about two hundred ‘blue boys’ or convalescent patients in their hospital blue suits.

“The English tea parties are charming and I think myself in a story book every time I attend one. The uniforms of the British sisters are so gay and bright with their flowing veils and red-bordered capes; all the men in uniforms, and the tiny tables under sun-shades or special marquees.”

We retired to bed shortly after reading this interesting letter, but sleep would not come. Between our tired eyes and Dreamland flitted awe-inspiring visions of Fred Murphy, Borden Veeder, and Walter Fischel flashing across the diamond in colorful dirndle dresses.

THE JUKE BOX THAT WENT ASTRAY

From the Rouen Post July, 1944

General Hospital No. 70, stationed in North Africa, is enjoying a windfall. A juke box, intended to lighten the leisure hours of the officer personnel of the 21st General Hospital in Italy, is now doing duty in No. 70 and members of the St. Louis University Unit are wondering whom to thank for the lively donation.

The following story from the March Rouen Post, with letters from Col. Lee D. Cady, commander of 21st General, and field representatives of the American Red Cross, tell the sad tale of the music box that went astray.

In much as the canned orchestra failed to reach its intended destination we are glad it eventually found a haven with a St. Louis outfit. However, it is doubtful that thought will enlighten the chagrin of the men and women of the Washington University Unit whom hopes of nocturnal rug cutting have been blasted by the hazards of transportation.

From the Rouen Post March, 1944

Thanks to Col. Borden Veeder, Marvin Hamilton and P. H. Byrns, a juke box is en route to the 21st General Hospital in Italy. A few months ago Emma Frobieter, 2nd Lieut. A.N.C., in a letter to Miss Helen Gracie Schroeder, of St. Louis, stressed the need of music for occasional dances and wondered if it would be possible to obtain a juke box. Miss Schroeder, secretary to Drs. Royston and Krebs, showed the letter to Marvin Hamilton, past-commander of Rouen Post 242, and the latter promptly wrote to Washington for information regarding the procedure necessary for such a shipment. Informed that it would have to be approved by the Red Cross and consigned to the Commanding officer of the hospital unit, Hamilton called at the local Red Cross office and introduced the subject of canned music for the 21st General to Col. Borden Veeder, Chairman of the St. Louis Chapter. The Colonel thought it a good idea; Secretary Byrns obtained a juke box, and when shipping arrangements were completed, the box was consigned to Col. Lee D. Cady, was started on its way with 48 records carefully selected by Miss Schroeder. If all goes well the hospital personnel will soon be able to engage in a bit of fancy footwork with appropriate music.

Italy, April 12th

Col. Lee D. Cady to Dr. Borden Veeder:

Dear Dr. Veeder:

Your letter of February 15, 1944 has arrived saying you are sending by the ARC a juke-box with 48 records. The Officers’ and Nurses’ Mess will be very grateful for its use. They have been “shorted” on this sort of recreation because patients and men come first. We do have a Medical Center Officers’ Club which serves a good recreational purpose but this especially designed piece of apparatus will fill a place in particular.

Sincerely, Lee D. Cady.

(to be continued)
THE ROUEN POST

From the Rouen Post March-April, 1944

THE INSTALLATION OF A CAID
By MAJOR HENRY SCHWARTZ, M.C.
21st General Hospital

Somewhere in No. Africa, February 21, 1943—I wish you could have been with me a few days ago as a spectator in a most interesting performance. Sam Harbison and I accompanied Lee Cady to a nearby small city to attend an official function in a semi-official capacity. The occasion was the "crowning of a new Caid by the French authorities. We arrived somewhat early at the town hall and spent the waiting interval in the home of the Administrateur, a jolly, stout, roly-poly Frenchman about 50, with a most attractive wife about his own age. Language was a considerable barrier but we got along all right drinking wine and being very polite. Little by little various and assorted men and women representing the French gentry arrived and the party became more jolly. Shortly before noon we finally got started. Drove a few kilometers out into the country to the farm of the Caid to be. His name was unpronounceable Arabic, but sounded like Aghaili. There in the fields were gathered a large number of Arabs and many French Army and civil dignitaries. A beautiful rug lay on the ground, surrounded on three sides by tents. The central one was for the visiting ladies; the one on the right was for the protection of a very nomadic looking group of natives; and the one on the left served a useful purpose. I might add that everyone was dressed in their best, and the colorful garb of the ranking Arabs was something to behold.

After much shaking of hands, the simple, but most impressive ceremony began. The candidate and his aged sponsor stood before the Administrateur, who presented his qualifications to the Prefect in a rapid French speech. The Prefect then proceeded to tell the new Caid about his qualifications to the Prefect in a rapid French speech. The candidate was a magnificent concoction of ground almonds held together with honey and topped with whipped white of egg. It was too sweet, but I managed. Sixth, came one of the national Arab sweets kous-kous (or kus-kus) which consists of whole wheat grits, with raisin and sugar (it is something like hominy grits). Then came one kind of native pastry, made of almonds, honey and egg. I gathered my forces and wound up in a blaze of glory when the meal ended with oranges, tangerines, coffee, and another kind of wine.

It was really something and I thoroughly enjoyed it.
THE ROUEN POST

REUNIONS

May 20, 21, 22, 1949

HOTEL SHERATON
ST. LOUIS

ROUEN POST NO. 242

Base Hospital 21 - 32nd Anniversary

Program

Friday - May 20

9:30 a.m. Registration
5:00 p.m. Service at Christ Church, Locust at Thirteenth.
6:30 p.m. Cocktail-Buffet-Supper, Cortez Lounge and Club Caprice, Sheraton Hotel.

Saturday - May 21

Informal luncheons and gatherings, sight-seeing tours, baseball game and such other activities as may be of interest to the guests.

7:30 p.m. Dinner and Dance, Cortez Lounge and Club Caprice, Sheraton Hotel.

Sunday - May 22

2:00 p.m. Log Cabin Picnic at Dr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Ernst, 2 Schultz road, St. Louis County.

Program

ROBERT W. KELLEY
Chairman
LILBURN C. BOERER
JOSEPH C. EDWARDS
ARTHUR W. PROETZ
AMY TABOR
Provisions and Refreshments
For Log Cabin Picnic
EDWIN C. ERNST
Chairman
CHARLES W. KOCH
F. R. DIXON, R.B.
Decorations
PHILIP CONRATH
Chairman
MARGARET BUERMER
STANLEY HAMPTON
C. GORDON KIMBREL
JOHN F. PATTON
Finance
CARL W. LATTNER
Chairman
TRUMAN DRAKE
ERNESTINE HAGEMAN
JUSTIN JACKSON
BETCHY WILLIAMS
Auditing
GEORGE H. B. JORDAN
Chairman
DAVID N. KERR
HARRY KUROA
Reception
BORDEN S. VEEDER
Chairman
LEE D. CADY
Co-Chairman
HARRY AGRESS
SIM F. BEAM
ESTELLE CLAIBORNE
JAMES D. FIFE
WALTER FISCHER
EDWIN C. ERNST
LEO GOTTLEIB
WEBB GURLEY
STANLEY HARRISON
THOMAS R. HESTER
CHARLES H. JABLONSKY
JOSEPH W. LARIMORE
HORACE NEELY
CHARLES D. O'KEEFE
WILLIAM OLMSTED
JEANETTE PARISH
JOHN F. PATTON
LAWRENCE T. POST
HENRY GERARD SCHWARTZ
CHARLES F. SHOOK
LUCILLE SPALDING
FRANKLIN E. WALTON

APRIL, 1949
At five o'clock Friday afternoon, May 20, we will again assemble for the traditional 21st Memorial Service at Christ Church Cathedral, Locust at Thirteenth Sts. Christ Church is rich in tradition. Since its organization in 1819 it has been prominent in the history of St. Louis. Men and women in all walks of life have worshipped behind its portals, many leaders in the sciences, literature, industry, commerce and finance. The present edifice built in 1888, is an architectural gem, an historic landmark of which St. Louisians may well be proud.

As we have written in the columns of the Rouen Post, it was at Christ Church that Base Hospital 21 received its spiritual blessing before setting forth for Europe in World War I. For that reason we have always felt that no reunion would be complete without a service there—at the beginning. To honor our associates of the great wars, now departed, and to pay tribute to the important part played by each member of the Units 21 in those wars.

Dr. Fischel would be pleased to see a large number of unit members present, as well as their families and friends.

Transportation will be available at the Sheraton Hotel thirty minutes before five o'clock.

DO YOU KNOW?

THAT: Dr. and Mrs. Oscar P. Hampton, Jr., are the parents of a daughter, Marjorie Gail, born March 20, at St. Luke's Hospital. The Hampton home is at 8153 Stanford Court, University City, Missouri. Dr. Hampton was a member of the 21st General Hospital. We all join in extending, belatedly, heartiest felicitations to Doc' and Mrs. Hampton.

THAT: We have a note from Jeanne Carter of Denver, Colorado with which she enclosed a contribution to Doc's and Mrs. Hampton. We are certain Jeanne's many friends in the 21st General will be happy to learn of this and we all join in wishing her well and for a long life of affluence and happiness.

THAT: When we returned from luncheon a few days ago we found a note on our desk from an old Base Hospital 21 member, we quote: "Dear Bill: I would like to come to your party next month but, at present, it is rather difficult to say either way. I am going to the Veterans' Hospital at Wichita, Kansas for an operation, so we know you would rather be at the party. If I can be up I will do my darnest to get there. Best regards to all from Edwin S. Kohn, 1232 Detroit St., Denver, Colorado. We are certain Jeanne's many friends in the 21st General will be happy to learn of this and we all join in wishing her well and for a long life of affluence and happiness."

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CORRECTIONS

In the March issue of the Rouen Post the article about the Base Hospital 21 Memorial Fund, we omitted the name of Miss Louise Knapp from the list of members of the Board of Trustees. Miss Knapp not only is an important member of the board but, as Director of the Washington University School of Nursing, she is in contact with the students and the one person upon whom the board lends for advice.

In the same issue we stated that "a description of the events and persons photographed during the 1947 reunion could be found in the September issue of the Rouen Post. This was an incomplete statement and it should have read "in the September 1947 issue of the Rouen Post."

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, April 28, 1949

AWAKES TO FIND GREYHOUND BUS IN FRONT ROOM

Salem (Ill.) Man Thought Home Had Blown Up When Crash Aroused Him.

SALEM, Ill., April 28 (UP) — "There is a Greyhound bus in the front hall," Mrs. Tom Riste told her husband here about 3:30 a.m. today.

Riste, his wife and their roomer had been awakened by a tremendous crash which shook the whole house. Believing his gas heater had exploded, Riste had jumped out of bed and had telephoned the fire department. Then he had dashed to the basement to turn off the gas. As he emerged from the basement, his wife told him of her discovery.

The bus, southbound from Chicago to Memphis, plunged off the highway as it rounded the curve on Route 37 on the north edge of Salem. R. B. Conner, 26 years old, driver and sole occupant of the bus, told authorities his brakes failed. He was taken to a hospital with head injuries and a broken leg after it took almost an hour to get him out of the mangled bus.

Riste may have to look for a new house. His two-story house was moved off its foundation, its frame badly sprung, and its whole front end was torn up.

Tom Riste served with Base Hospital 21 during World War I. We regretted reading of his misfortune and sincerely hope that he will be able to find a new home and, that this carelessness on the part of the Greyhound Bus driver does not prevent Tom from attending our reunions.

KNUDSEN EXPRESSES OUR SENTIMENTS

Grethe the "Knute" Knudsen, Korrespondent der til Dansk Tildende, Danish Times to the unenlightened, published in Chicago, has a regular column. Fortunately we are on the mailing list and we do enjoy reading of Grethe's visitations among her kin and friends in the Danish Colony in Chicago. From 24 March 1949 column we quote a couple of paragraphs in which she has rung the bell on our sentiments.

"Speaking of Meat I saw something today that made me sick! Coming to work I passed the corner grocery here on North ave, and what do you suppose he had in cages outside? You'll never guess. Kids! No not children, but darling baby goats. They were so affectionate. I was late at the office because I petted them and talked baby-talk to them and they answered "Ma-a-a" just like a baby. One got his head stuck between the wire bars and I dashed in to the butcher but by the time he came out I had his head a piece."

Imagine, how can any one be hungry enough to kill a beautiful little black and white kid with soft brown eyes, a little kid that sucks your finger, just to fill your stomach? I tell you I could not eat 'em. Went into the shop tonight and he had them out of the cages in the back; golly they were cute. Wonder if Mom would object to a little kid for Dinah to play with? Maybe it does grow up into an old stump, but I just love it some whiskey and stump its growth couldn't I? I remember once Mom won a duck at Lily Lake on a raffle and we named her Goo-goo and had him three days. I remember once having a small house for the first time and I..."

Grethe Lind.
GENEVIEVE TETRAULT, A LIFE OF SERVICE
by Roland R. DeMunbrun

In a faded, olive-drab booklet, titled "Service in France by Base Hospital Unit 21, U.S.A.", appears a long muster-roll of distinguished men and women whose names belong in history as the individuals who donned the khaki and the blue in the service of democracy some thirty-two years ago.

A book could be written about each one of these soldiers of democracy. Yet, no book could adequately translate the deeds of valor which had been performed unselfishly, heroically by each and every one.

Homer, when he laid his creative genius to the task of translating the epic of the Trojan War, chose one hero. Not even he could subsume the individual contributions of a whole people involved in the major opus of war. And many of these men and women, who were young and gay in 1917, have passed on to their reward. I do not know them all. I am not Homer. But on this muster roll, now dinned by fame, gathering the years of the years, I see a name which personifies for me the great sacrifice of the nation in eras of grave peril. It is the name of a nurse whom I know, the name of a courageous and colorful woman whose history, in the mysterious chain of casualty, became involved with mine. For we are all, those who shared the common experience of war, historical brothers and sisters. Here and there, under the most unexpected circumstances, our lives touch, gain deeper meaning, higher stature, brighter color.

To tell the story of Genevieve Tetrault, one of the pioneer 21sters, is to tell part of my own story, part of the story of all those who served under 21's banner during World Wars I and II. For me it is paramount that this woman, who gave so unstintingly of her strength through all the years of her life, really may not have known that the human race should be judged, not by its failures, but by those who have vanquished adversity.

Over a year ago, my wife and I left the confinement of academic circles to revisit the state which is our "pays," as the French say: California. We were expecting an addition to our family, and at first we were undecided whether or not to make the trip. If we had not, this story would never have been written. I would have been denied one of the most pleasant experiences of my life.

Tired, we arrived in Los Angeles. My wife, having been separated from her professional colleagues for many months, immediately sought out a telephone booth, and when she returned announced that we must not leave Los Angeles without visiting one of her closest friends.

We climbed the stairs of a house on Hoover street and knocked on the door. A cheerful, vigorous voice bade us enter. We were served with coffee, and when the door closed, I soon discovered, that realm of contact where history reaches out from all corners to touch the living wherever they are.

The tall, imposing woman whose titian hair framed a face sparkling with Gallic charm and refinement was introduced to me as Miss Genevieve Tetrault. The French name struck a warm chord. I acknowledged her smile with a gallant response in French, "Enchantée, mademoiselle!" and was immediately answered, "Pareillement, monsieur!" Before the evening was over I had held in my hands a priceless book of photos taken by Miss Tetrault during World War I, and had learned that she had served with Base Hospital 21, the same unit which was my home for so long during a later war. A bond of affinity had been established which we must not leave. The story. I cannot tell all of it, for Miss Tetrault is an extremely modest woman who prefers that her deeds, not her words should express a life devoted to the service of humanity.

She was born in Faribault, Minnesota. Her father, a pioneer co-founder of this city, was a Frenchman of prominent lineage. From him Miss Tetrault inherited her instinctive love for France and the culture of the French people. When she was a girl she attended the French School at Faribault, and later, demonstrating her life-long desire to be of service, enrolled in the nursing school at St. Joseph's Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri.

While in training she could not have known that great historical events were shaping the course of the world. But when those events reached crescendo on June 28, 1914, with the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, Miss Tetrault, a young girl whose knowledge of life had been gained in the theater, and at the bedside of distressed humanity, was prepared to accept the challenge. She offered her services to the Red Cross and left New York City in November of 1914 for the battle-front in Serbia.

She relates of this momentous decision, Miss Tetrault confesses that she was ever an adventure-loving spirit. She heard the call of humanity in need, and not counting the consequences, went into the theater of action. And when she was soon to blaze into a conflagration involving the entire world.

The great typhus epidemic which had its locus in the Balkans swept this courageous woman toward a higher, more impressive epoch in her life. She worked long and gruelling hours in military and civilian hospitals in Serbia. She was assigned, because of her linguistic ability, as interpreter to high Serbian officials, travelling through that unhappy land under the protection of a special bodyguard.

Many nurses perished in the great epidemic. Miss Tetrault was one of the few to survive, and her survival was due to the intervention of Sir Thomas Lipton.

Having given up hope of ever leaving Serbia alive, Miss Tetrault did not know that Sir Thomas Lipton had anchored his yacht, "Erin" off Salonika and was journeying to Belgrade to rescue the Red Cross personnel trapped in Serbia.

Miss Tetrault, with the remaining survivors of the Red Cross Mission to Serbia, went aboard the Lipton yacht and spent the remaining months recuperating from her hardships in the Balkans. She traveled through Europe, where her culture, charm, and courage brought her to the attention of royalty. She was presented at three European courts. She made friends with men and women whose participation in World War I is an item of historical interest. Of this interlude in her life she says little. One can only speculate...

When America declared war on Germany, Miss Tetrault, with nine other Kansas City Nurses, joined the St. Louis unit and embarked aboard the "S. S. Majestic" under the leadership of Miss Julia C. Stimson, for duty in France.

The ship docked in Liverpool May 27, 1917. During her stay in London and other places in England, Miss Tetrault renewed her acquaintance with Sir Thomas Lipton. She remembers this period with happy memories, but was relieved when the unit finally headed for Rouen.

She remembers Rouen for two important and history-making events: The burning there of Joan of Arc in 1431, and the establishment of a Hospital center in the race-track four-hundred and eighty-six years later. The photos taken by Miss Tetrault which accompany this story illustrate more vividly than any words could possibly do the achievement of those hospital units in Rouen. Of her own experiences, Miss Tetrault says little. She speaks nostalgically of her visits through the surrounding countryside, speaking to the people of her ancestral land, remembering the happy moments of childhood at Faribault, when French was the home language.

And it is regrettable that she would not be more responsive about her war experiences. She only says, ... all this is part of history, history in which I had a wee bit to do. And today, many years later, I still feel that I received more than I gave..."More than I gave..." It is the key-note of her life. It is the key-note of all those who served with the American forces in Europe during the First World War. She does not have to talk. She has the many medals which she received from foreign governments for her work in Europe. She could open the letters from high officials whose names are recorded on history's roster. She could show the valued photographs which commemorate her friendships with important men and women. She could write the history of Public Health which she pioneered in the state of Kansas, her lecture tours in the
THE ROUEN POST

interest of nursing, expanding over a period of three years. She could record the story of the sanitarium for the aged which she managed in Hollywood, California. Above it she could write in gold letters: ***

Forty Years of Active Service in American Nursing. But she does not have time.

In the tradition of our finest nurses, Miss Tetraul		

t still stands at her post of duty in Los Angeles hospitals today as she did in Europe before and during World War I. In her spare time she catalogues her valuable collection of stamps, which she will someday give to the French School at Faribault.

With her philatelic hobby Miss Tetraul		

t has brought many hours of happiness to bedridden veterans. She has encouraged many children to begin the fascinating hobby of stamp collecting. For she is a firm believer in the philosophy that those with busy hands do not grow old. And one can believe it, looking at her. She has no age.

Her eyes twinkle, she is alert and charming, a woman of sincere culture, a Francophile who loves America deeply.

Miss Tetraul		

t has studied with some of the outstanding ceramists in America. She has created items of beauty in ceramics. Her cousin, Felix Payant, art-educator in America, and editor of "Design" magazine, has told the story of her creative life in the pages of his magazine, with photographic illustrations by Joan De Mumbrun, one of Miss Tetraul		

t's proteges.

From the traditional atmosphere of service in hospital rooms in St. Joseph's Hospital to this room in Las Vegas, New Mexico, where I write this story, stretches the golden thread of history. The thread which unites all of us who served in comradship and loyalty in the shaping of the world's ends.

When I asked my wife what she, who has known Miss Tetraul		

t and her family for many years, would write of this American nurse if she were telling the story, Joan said: "I would say that Miss Tetraul		

t is the symbol of great nursing. She is the type of American who has always served as an inspiration to generations facing the dark moments of history with courage, grace, and dignity."

Editor's note: Mrs. De Mumbrun, who is an expert at photography in all its phases sent us enlarged duplications of Miss Tetraul		

's interesting collection of pictures taken while at Rouen. Also there is a picture of Miss Tetraul		

t which we should liked to have used in connection with Mr. De Mumbrun's interesting and well written narrative. However, the pictures did not arrive in time to have half-tones made before the time we went to press. This being a story of one of Base Hospital's outstanding members contributed by an outstanding member of the 21st General, we could not resist using it at the reunions of the 21st General, who died while in the armed services in an airplane crash in Italy in 1946, was laid to final rest March 5 in the American Legion plot at Greenwood Cemetery, Orlando, Florida. Military services were held at the cemetery, a 21 gun salute was fired and pallbearers from the Orlando Airforce Base placed the casket over the grave.

Marion Clark Phillips, was honored by having an American Legion Post named for her. She was on her way home for a furlough on February 2, 1945. Lt. Phillips was on a transport high in the air north of Rome, one lap of her journey to rest and peace. The journey was over some mountains, one filled with avalanches.

Afterward, it was figured that the ore deposits must have thrown the plane's instruments off. In any case, all aboard were killed when the ship crashed into a mountain peak.

Marion Clark Phillips was buried temporarily in Folonica, Italy. In 1946, a group of 40 women veterans of Orlando, Florida banded together to form an American Legion women's post. Unanimously, they decided to name it the Marion Clark Phillips Post 227 of the American Legion.

Services were held at the Fairchild Funeral Home, with military rites at the cemetery. After the 21 gun salute was fired over the grave, an Air Base nurse acted as escort and presented the parents of Marion Clark Phillips with the flag from the casket.

Marion Clark Phillips was born in Orlando November 27, 1911. She is survived by her father Louis Ross and mother Therese Frances Phillips of Orlando; a grandmother, Mrs. Francis A. F. Bush, East Sanwich, Mass.; a brother, Dr. Roger E. Phillips, Topeka, Kansas, and several aunts, uncles and cousins.

She was a graduate of Orlando Senior High School, Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee; the Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing, Philadelphia.

"Through laughter, thru roses, as of old comes Death, on shadowy and relentless feet. Death, unappeasable by prayer or gold." — Rupert Brooke.

Concluding

THE JUKE BOX THAT WENT ASTRAY

Italy, June 26, 1944

"Dear Dr. Veedor: It is a long time between letters. About a year ago I wrote about band instruments or something when I was in Africa. Shortly after we arrived in Italy you wrote that you were sending us a juke box. I also saw the story in the March issue of Rouen Post. So far it has not arrived. I wonder if a tracer would be the thing
to send this time. We would certainly like to have it."
Lee D. Cady
Col. M.C.
21st General Hospital.
Italy, June 5, 1944

Mrs. Marguerite Grolton Nordman
Home Service Section
American Red Cross
St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Mrs. Nordman:

The 21st General Hospital Red Cross was notified by
the director of supplies of this theatre that a juke box
had been sent to this hospital by a group of St. Louis
people through Red Cross Channels. Unfortunately, we
do not know who is responsible and cannot write a letter
to them direct. Perhaps this was cleared through your
office and you can express our deep appreciation to the
St. Louis people. Unfortunately, the machine arrived at
another port in such terrible condition that, when it was
repaired, it was not moveable. However, the Red Cross
in that theatre placed the machine at the 70th General
Hospital which is another St. Louis unit. They would
also like to express their appreciation.

We are very distressed because this machine arrived
in such a condition as we certainly have a very great
need for such equipment.

Very truly yours,
Polly A. Billington
Asst. Field Director
21st General Hospital.
Italy, June 29, 1944

American Red Cross Mid-Western Area
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

We are writing to ask that you express our appreci­
ation of the group in St. Louis who were responsible for
sanding the juke box. As you know, it was originally
sent to the 21st General Hospital but was unable to
weather the trip.

We wish the group to know that the patients of the
70th General Hospital, a St. Louis unit, are deriving
much pleasure from the juke box and it plays from morn­
ing to night.

Thank you for conveying our message to the group
responsible for this gift.

Sincerely yours,
Mary E. Brown
Asst. Field Director

So ends the tale of the juke box; a story of great
expectations, shattered hopes, and pleased surprise. In
North Africa the battered box is filling the nights with
music, while, somewhere in Italy, the officer personnel
of the 21st General sigh for their lost orchestra as they
strummed around the floor of the Medical Center Club to
the strains of Col. Cady’s concertina interpretations of
“O Sol Mio”. And we in St. Louis, who still step to the
music of big name bands, extend our heartfelt sympathy.

ARSHAV ‘KASANOVA’ NUSHAN MARRIED

Mrs. Katherine Shott Burke, 4415 West Pine, recently
became the bride of A. K. Nushan a member of Base
Hospal 21, now Supply Commissioner of the Board of
Education. The ceremony was supposed to be “confi­
dential”. However, at the end of a news item appearing
in one of our dailies we noted; N.
Education. The ceremony was supposed to be
hospital 21, now Supply Commissioner of the Board of
Health.

Dear Mrs. Nordman:

Nushan explained that he has too many demonstra­
tive friends who might seize upon the occasion to display
their talents, musical and otherwise. He is drum-major
of the Shrine Band, a member of the Shrine Chan­ters
and the Hayshakers Comedy Band.

Mrs. Burke, a widow, is vice-president of the Mc­Mullen Printing Company, 4000 Laclede. She has a son
Jack, who is a freshman at Missouri University. The
couple headed for Florida on their honeymoon, thence

One afternoon in Paris a clump of unruly whiskers
beckoned coyly to Nushan from the chin of an elderly
civilian who had paused before a sidewalk cafe on the
Boulevard des Italiens. As the owner of the tempting
foliage seated himself at a table on the cafe terrace,
Nushan rushed forward and greeted him with the usual
beard with impunity. Arshav would rush up to a whisk­
ered soldier or civilian with an affectionate greeting in
French, pinch their cheeks, playfully tweak their beards
and be on his way before they could recover from their
astonishment.

We have listened to many tales about the idiosyn­
cracies of members of the 21st General who have been
aptly described as “Colonel Cady’s Characters” but we
of Base Hospital 21 challenge any claims they may make
as to the number of different species of characters. We
had them in large numbers considering the size of the
unit. Nushan held a high rank among those odd but color­
ful characters. To illustrate our point we thumbed thru
back numbers of the Rouen Post and came up with some
stories by Bill Stack about this unusual “character” de­
veloped within the ranks of Base Hospital 21. After you
have read them we leave it up to you to judge whether
the new Mrs. Nushan should be congratulated or pitied.

From the Rouen Post, January, 1937.

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foliage seated himself at a table on the cafe terrace,
Nushan rushed forward and greeted him with the usual
beard-tugging climax. The old man gazed in bewildement at the gase­
ous nuisance that had suddenly entered his quiet life.
Then his face lighted with recognition. Pointing a folded
newspaper at Arshav he exclaimed in Armenian: “I knew
I had see that face before. I know you! You have eyes
like your mother. Your name, let me see, ah, yes! It is
Nushan. I knew you and your parents in Paris when you
were a little boy. Come, I will take you to visit your
uncle, the Pasha.”

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Then his face lighted with recognition. Pointing a folded
newspaper at Arshav he exclaimed in Armenian: “I knew
I had see that face before. I know you! You have eyes
like your mother. Your name, let me see, ah, yes! It is
Nushan. I knew you and your parents in Paris when you
were a little boy. Come, I will take you to visit your
uncle, the Pasha.”

One afternoon in Paris a clump of unruly whiskers
beckoned coyly to Nushan from the chin of an elderly
civilian who had paused before a sidewalk cafe on the
Boulevard des Italiens. As the owner of the tempting
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were a little boy. Come, I will take you to visit your
uncle, the Pasha.”
Drum-major Arshav Nushan, who was banished from the bazaars of the Near East, charged with selling to the faithful, tobacco adulterated with the sweepings from camel stalls, headed the St. Louis Drum and Bugle Corps in the big parade during the American Legion Convention in New York City. Nushan’s appearance at the head of a Shrine or Legion drum corps in various cities, is invariably followed by long distance calls and amorous letters from female admirers, most of whom have been thrown for a loss by the onslaughts of time. There is something about Arshav’s dark Arabian beauty that revives romance in the hearts of aging ladies. His dusky skin and ebony eyes turn their thoughts to erotic nights under desert stars, the pungent odor of sheiks and camels, and soft strains of oriental music sifting from darkened tents. The gallant drum-major lights the path of these lovelorn creatures for a fleeting moment and is gone—but he leaves the desert song singing in their fluttering hearts.

STATIC

Radio fans listening on November 16 to Margaret Temple King’s program over station WEW were startled by a series of raucous blasts which any manipulation of dials failed to soften. With Orson Welles’ terrifying “War of the Worlds” still fresh in the public’s memory, the unexpected din caused many listeners to rush out-of-doors and scan the sky with anxious eyes. But, even as in the case of Welles’ memorable Sunday night program, their alarm proved unwarranted. WEW was merely broadcasting an interview with Pasha Arshav Nushan, the garrulous Armenian whose rise from camel valet in the Near East to leading drum-major of St. Louis, is a success story comparable to an Horatio Alger novel.

In introducing Nushan, Miss King reviewed the highlights of the colorful Pasha’s early life—the moment when, dressed as a girl, he dodged the wrath of murderous Turks—his ultimate flight from Constantinople to Cairo, only to narrowly escape drowning in the harbor at Alexandria—a boyhood spent in Paris, Marseilles and St. Louis, where on his first Fourth of July, his eye was almost knocked out by an exploding cannon cracker. His sight saved by the late Dr. Hayward Post, father of Dr. Lawrence Post, with whom Nushan was to serve, years later in Base Hospital 21 in France.

Addressing the radio audience, Nushan recalled that his first interest in music developed when, as a high school boy, he thumped a piano in a downtown motion picture house in hours out of school. Later, he turned his attention to drums. At the close of World War I, he toured the territory of the A.E.F. with a band called the Iron Jazzmen. The band was made up of members from Base Hospital 21 and Lakeside Hospital No. 4, was heard by a musician of the Marine Band who offered his services, but the boys decided that his ability was not up to their standards. The rejected horn blower’s name was Bob Burns—the same Bob Burns whose backward drawl and quaint stories of rural life later brought him fame, and put Van Buren, Arkansas, on the map. Another soldier, a sergeant in the Intelligence Department, was so enthusiastic about the jazz musicians that he often volunteered to carry drums as an excuse to accompany his friends when they gave a performance. The sergeant, who later sang his way to fame, was John Boles. Today the former Scrap Iron Jazzmen are numbered among his host of cinema admirers.

The band stayed in Europe until 1921. It played at the Folies Bergere, at the Ambassador Theatre and at the Cascade Club in Paris. It gave command performances before queens of Italy, of England and of Roumania.

Miss King’s interview led Nushan from war days to his present activities as drum-major from the Greater St. Louis Drum and Bugle Corps and the Shrine Band. He revealed some interesting facts concerning the duties of a drum-major, discussed the steadily increasing number of majorettes and named several shapely baton twirlers who have struttled to national prominence through their participation in American Legion parades.

An outstanding guest, Nushan’s magnetism caught the un-easily-directed attention of the studio employees, who turned from their duties to an unusual broadcast given by an unusual personality.

Editor’s note: There you have but brief bits about the former stable boy to camels—just one of Base Hospital 21’s colorful characters.

MRS. IDA MILLER

We have a postcard from Mrs. Ida Miller the mother of Edgar of the 21st General which we feel should be quoted in the Rouen Post. Mrs. Miller obviously is a fine and enthusiastic mother and we are indeed proud to quote the card which she sent:

"Mr. Engel:

Am forwarding papers for the reunion to Edgar R. Miller. Would like very much to be there myself, but as Edgar is in Austria, that leaves me out. All things possible, if he can get home on leave, I may be there with him.

As ever, his mother, Ida Miller.

Let us Know.

Mrs. Ida Miller.

LETTERS

Ward 5B, Room 227
VA Hospital
54th St. & 48th Ave. So.
Minneapolis 17, Minnesota

Dr. John Patton
University Club
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Pat:

No doubt you have wondered what has caused my long silence. As a matter of fact, I have had a hectic time ever since the middle of December when I was hospitalized with a respiratory infection. I was dis-
charged on the 22nd of December, dragged myself through a very full holiday season, and on the fifth of January came down with a bleeding ulcer. My hemoglobin was way down and they gave me eight pints of blood. Got along nicely on a rigid diet and was discharged on the third of February. I then took three weeks' leave, and while at Dayton, Ohio, yellow jaundice or hepatitis caught up with me. Now am back in the hospital on my back for at least four weeks, the doctor tells me. The consensus of opinion is that I picked up the bug through my blood transfusion.

I was sorry that I could not attend the party of the twenty-first. I was hospitalized at the time; however, I thought of you, and now that I had a good time, but will make up for it at some later date.

Remember me to the various old friends, and when not too busy sit down and write me the news. Best wishes to you and yours, and hope that I may hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

"Chappie" Hook

Dear Mr. Engel:

Gee, how I would love to be one of the "Reunioners" in May! But looks like this will be my address for the next year, and no week-end passes, either!

I apparently picked up a few Tuberculosis bugs on Guam and was evacuated from there in January. Had to wait until last week for a bed here but all is under control now and have nothing to do but REST.

My one consolation is that Dr. Lyman Brewer is chief consultant in chest surgery here so if I need any surgery I know that I'll have the best. He stopped in a few days ago at my request. Said he had been in New Orleans and saw some of the old 21sters there.

Enclosed please find my American Legion dues for 1949 and a small contribution towards the expenses of getting that wonderful "Rouen Post" to us. I will enjoy it more than ever now. I don't know whom to thank for sending me all the back numbers in January (I suspect E.E.F.) but I certainly enjoyed them. Was surprised to find out that so many of the old gang had migrated to Los Angeles and vicinity and would have contacted them had I not been confined to bed.

Again have a wonderful time at the Sheraton in May and "Mike" and I will hope to be there next time—
Best regards,

Maudie L. Horne

Veterans Hospital
Ward 5
San Fernando, Calif.

Editor's note: We regret that Mrs. Horne is ill and our fervent prayers are for a speedy recovery.

April 28, 1949
524 W. Gleason St.
Monterey Park, California

Dear Bill:

Almost a year ago I wrote you a long letter giving the news from California and 5 months later you found space in the Rouen Post to publish it. I promised in that letter to write another when enough news was available and here it is... but I do hope Bill, that you'll be able to include it in the same issue describing the forthcoming St. Louis Reunion for this letter concerns another reunion... yep... the First Annual California Reunion to which we have now agreed to expand into a Western States Reunion in 1950.

The California Reunion was the brainchild of that astute and shrewd one man office force of the 21st General's Legal Dept... Bernie Kelber. Because of limited time in which to plan it and a limited working force to arrange it, it didn't take on the grandiose splendor that I know is put into the Lucey Shindig but with a working capital donated this year and a promise of help from some of those who attended, we should have a lulu of a show next year. This time though, we confined it to one evening... Saturday Night, April 23rd in a Los Angeles Restaurant where we had a big banquet. Prior to the commencement of official festivities, Betty Atkins had those of us she could contact, up to her apartment for cocktails.

The Big Event was emceed by Bernie Kelber and we had a whole of a lot of fun reminiscing about the "good old days." Alice Nelson who will be better remembered as Alice Elmore, brought color moving pictures of the VE Day parade... scenes of the Mirecourt Hospital Grounds which were shot from the water tower and other scenes of her travels.

Those who attended besides the ones already mentioned were, Charles Winterbower, Alice's husband, Eldan Nelson, Marcus Silvera and his wife, Sherman McDowell, Don Farrar, Kelber's wife, my wife, Morry Waisman, and his wife, Art and Bernie. Nie and Metta Baxter. Isabelle Kurtz had her reservation in but unfortunately had an automobile accident and was hospitalized, although we're happy to report not seriously hurt. Pinky Maroon, Jim Hubbard, Kate McMurrich and Colonel Cady sent regrets at not being able to attend. Sam 10% Goldstein was contacted... promised to come and didn't show up and Shorty Gregory couldn't make it when his wife came down with the measles.

Bill, we're going to play the next one a long time ahead of time... time for you to publish news of it and maybe some of you guys and gals from back east, down south and midwest can plan your vacations to come to California for the affair.

In the meantime if it won't be too much trouble, could you send me from your mailing list... the names and addresses you have of those living in the Western States so that I can compile a complete mailing list for our next reunion.

Here's to a very successful 1949 St. Louis Reunion which I do wish I could attend but my wife is expecting little Junior in June so you can readily see why we can't be there.

Dave Hollander

My dear Mr. Engel:

It is rather late to be sending my dues for the Rouen Post but enclosed is a bank money order.

I am sorry I will not be able to join in the fun at the convention the latter part of this month. Best wishes for all to have a good time.

Denver 12, Colo.

Margaret B. Otis

Dear Bill Engel:

Your good work on "The Rouen Post" still continues! Keep it up!

New York 16, N.Y.

Yours very truly,

Howard E. Whittenmore

Dear Bill:

You fellows are doing a grand job on your paper and I hope you can keep it up. Sorry the enclosed cannot be larger.

Henderson, Ky.

Sincerely, Ross Parsons

Dear Bill Engel:

Many thanks for keeping me on the list of appreciative beneficiaries of your monthly visit.

I but returned home late January from toward six months "rest" in Fitzsimmons Hospital, and must continue a slow pace for some months longer.

Denver 6, Colo.

Heartily yours,

Syl Horn

Editor's note: Base Hospital 21 can number among its members many men and women of culture, graciousness and poise. Syl Horn ranks very high among those members. He has been unfortunate in that he has been plagued by illness for many years. Despite all, Syl is ever ready with a cheerful line or two and a contribution. To quote from previous letters, he has been inadequate on numerous occasions but always bounces back—and we feel certain that again he will rebound and function on a basis of what he calls, adequate. We of Base Hospital 21 who have known and loved Syl, ask for spiritual guidance in wishing him well.
Dear Bill Engel:

I thought you would be interested in the enclosed clipping about Marion Phillips. Marion was well known and liked by the 21st.

A short time ago I accidentally ran into Dorothy Snavely. I had lost track of her. It was a pleasant surprise to find that she is now living in New York. She is with the Unitarian Service Committee.

I also met one of the 21st enlisted men, Henry. He has his former position with John Sexton Company.

While in Washington, Monday, I saw Lt. Col. Casberg. It seemed natural to me, a 21st member in uniform.

I had a letter from Martha Kitchen Klinck saying that they were to land in San Francisco the 23rd of March, and expected to be in Georgia the last of April.

Lakeland, Fla. Sincerely, Helen Davis.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Just received my first issue of The Rouen Post—it was nice reading about people we were overseas with. I should like to be added to your mailing list if possible. Enclosed please find postal note to help defray expenses.

It isn't very much at this time because I have not been working since June of 1948 when I was finally separated from the army. Since then I've been on the sick list more often than not.

With best wishes to all and may the "21sters" have a happy reunion.

Viola Saul.

Dear Bill:

Enclosed find my check, to assist you and your colleagues in your fine work for bringing news to the guys and gals of the 21st. Hope you will keep the good news coming.

Sincerely yours,
Russell A. Larson
1410 N. Laramie Ave.
Chicago 51, Ill.

* * *

Dear Bill:

Sorry I'm late with my contribution but here it is better late than never. Got married about a year ago and just bought a new home and have been as busy as a bee.

I hope that Dave Hollander has written you about our coming reunion here in the West for the 21sters. We shall have had it by the time you get to publish this so will tell you more later. By the way, Dave will be a daddy soon and were all very happy for him & Ree, his wife.

My new address is 3451 Sycamore Ave., Los Angeles 16, California.

Thanks again,
Morris Weissman.

* * *

Dear Bill:

Keep sending the Bulletin—I look forward to it.

Sorry this check wasn't sent long time ago—just overlooked. Hester and I are planning to come to St. Louis for the Reunion in May.

Say hello to everyone.

Very sincerely,
Morris A. Shapiro, M.D.

* * *

Dear Bill:

Here tis—I'm still hoping to be in St. Louis May 21—This issue of Rouen Post most interesting. Keep up the good work.

Naples, Texas Your friend,
Jesse Lassater.

* * *

Dear Mr. Engel:

Must say I was delighted to receive a copy of the "Rouen Post." It is my first contact with members of the 21st General and I was tickled to see the pictures from the 1947 reunion.

My husband and I would love to come to the reunion this year but we have a new son and couldn't travel quite so far at this time. I do hope to hear via the "Rouen Post" all about it, however.

Please let me know how much the "Post" needs in the way of financial assistance or just what the dues are to remain an active 21ster. Although I wasn't an original 21ster, I enjoyed being one while I was with the unit.

Dr. John Chase formerly of the outfit would be delighted to hear from members and also to receive the "Rouen Post". His address is Spring St., Brockton, Mass.

Thank you again,

* * *

Dear Mr. Engel:

I am enclosing my check to help cover expenses for the issuance of the Rouen Post. I hope this will be of some help to you.

I am very glad to receive these papers, as it is like bringing back old times.

Thank you for your past favors,
Saginaw, Michigan Sincerely,
Oliver W. Lohr, M.D.

* * *

My dear Mr. Engel:

Please apply the enclosed to your paper. I look for each issue long before it arrives.

I am very glad to receive these papers, as it is like bringing back old times.

Thank you for your past favors,
Saginaw, Michigan Sincerely,
Jennie T. Nadler.

Editor's note: Col. Cady, please note!

* * *

This is a personal invitation to each member of the two 21st to meet and play with other members of both units in St. Louis, May 20, 21 and 22. It is not handsomely engraved, as invitations go, and its message is even less formal.

What it purports to convey is that these reunions are for each and every former member of our units. It is not a Rouen Post party, not a high brass party, not a nurses party, not an enlisted personnel party but a party for all 21sters.

No one cares if you were a disliked corporal, an over-zealous officer, a discerning sergeant, the nurse who had the most and best dates, an hombre who was unresponsive to discipline, or of the high brass. To us you were a member of your 21st and such we want you to be in St. Louis on the above dates. AND DON'T FORGET, wives, husbands, sweethearts, and friends are included in this invitation for each of the events.

THE PROGRAM - MAIN EVENTS

Friday, May 20, - 5:00 P.M. Services at Christ Church Cathedral
Friday, May 20, - 6:30 P.M. Cocktail-Buffet-Supper.
Saturday, May 21, - Informal gatherings & Luncheons by individual groups.
Saturday, May 21, - 7:30 P.M. Banquet and dance.
Sunday, May 22, - Log Cabin Picnic at Dr. & Mrs. Edwin C. Ernst's in St. Louis County, beginning early in the afternoon.

FEES

- Registration (to cover incidental expenses) $1.00 per guest
- Buffet Supper 2.50 per guest
- Banquet and Dance 5.50 per guest
- Log Cabin Picnic 1.00 per guest
- $10.00 per guest

The hours between the main events will be provided for in several ways, for those who are interested. The agenda includes tours of the city and its institutions, visits to hospitals and clinics, a baseball game etc.

We have reserved a large block of rooms at the Sheraton Hotel for out of town guests. However, these may be taken quite quickly. On the other hand should we not require the rooms which have been blocked out for us we want to release some of them as early as possible. To make this problem less difficult we urge you to make your reservation just as soon as you know you are coming. Cards for reservations at the Sheraton are enclosed. You may send these direct to the hotel or you may write us should you want to make arrangements other than shown on the card.

Much of the fun of these reunions is the opportunity of visiting with those of your unit between the scheduled events. The unrehearsed portions of these reunions most often linger longer in our memories than the program. That is why you will want to be at the Sheraton for those three days.
On the other hand, should you prefer to sleep elsewhere, if you sleep at all, and spend your waking hours at the Sheraton, there'll be plenty of "open house" suites with welcome mats in front of the doors. Should you feel that you prefer to stop at a less expensive hotel there are several within easy distance of the Sheraton. Simply write us and tell us what you want, how you want it and when.

Remember, we do not want anyone to stay away from these reunions. We shall gladly do whatever we can to make you comfortable and as economically as possible. The committee for the reunions is headed by that likable, enthusiastic and efficient guy Sim Beam, who knows no limits when a member of our units is involved. His committee reflects his infectious enthusiasm - so do not fail to make known your wants.

That we may better co-ordinate the services and co-operate with the hotel officials, it is vitally important that we know as early as possible, when you expect to arrive and which of the events you will take in, if not all of them. The enclosed card should be returned, even should you be unable to attend. Planning for a large group such as we expect to have is no small job and we urge that you aid us in making this job as light as possible. THEREFORE PLEASE RETURN THE CARD.

You may enclose your check with your reservation, payable to Rouen Post - or you can pay at the time you register. Payment with your reservation reduces the work at the registration desk.

If you want to write us a letter about anything pertaining to these affairs, address

Bill Engel, Reunion Secretary
220 N. 4th St., St. Louis 2, Mo.

We want to make these reunions the biggest and best either Base Hospital 21 or the 21st General ever held. This can only be accomplished if YOU are in St. Louis on May 20, 21 and 22.

Our registration headquarters will be at the Sheraton Hotel, Lindell at Spring, St. Louis. We will have special rooms for registration, loafing and informal gatherings. Check with the bulletin board in the lobby. The registration office will be open at 9:30 a.m. Friday, May 20th.

Another broadside will be sent you before the dates of our meetings and the Rouen Post will carry reminders. Do not wait for these - ACT NOW - RETURN YOUR CARD IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

Cherrio! We'll be seein' you in St. Louis, the garden spot of the U.S.A., in the month of May.

In '47 we had a grand time but let us make it even better in '49.

THE REUNION COMMITTEE

Bill Engel, Secretary

Sim F. Beam, General Chairman
Earl E. Shepard, Vice General Chmn.
Carl Lattner, Finance Officer