## BADIN BULLETIN

## Reclamation

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Father's shirts wear out where the stiff collars rub them, while cuffs do not, as they seldom see the light of day during the warm weather in Badin; so mother reclaims them for Junior. So much for clothes. But take the culinary department. Only a woman knows how a lean and hungry looking turkey frame can be camouflaged the morning after  $\frac{1}{R_{eal}}$  a delectable dinner dish. Is that Reclamation? We'll say it is.

Roast beef has its uses; it may be plain roast beef, its first appearance, Sarnished cold roast beef, but in its final seeming—of course, hash may be our poor relation, but we have been known to be

We women know how, with the aid of a few fresh green peppers and a raid on the leftovers in the ice box, we can make an excellent substitute for seventyfive cents' worth of sirloin. Recipe furnished on request.

Any woman knows, to carry the subject higher, that old sheets, split down the the tride edges the worn center, and the outside edges sewad sewad together, will make the day of buying new ones retire into the future. Good napkins can be reclaimed from the corners of old tablecloths. Now if the foregoing are not examples of the art and practice of Reclamation, what are they? And if there is anything new about it, well, to use a trite saying, we're from Missouri, U. S. A.

ISABEL K. COFFMAN

A Letter to American Mothers Since the beginning of the war, there have been some wonderfully beautiful things written-beautiful because coming directly from hearts of love. Such are the are the poems of Service, Rupert Brooke,

THESE KIDDIES ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME

and Alan Seegar. I think, however, one of the most beautiful things that I have seen is the letter given below, a letter to American mothers. If one knew all about the entertainment given our men in the Nimes Leave Area, the wonderful hospitality shown them by the French women, the sincerity of their friendship for the Americans-one would then understand that this letter also comes from the heart-a splendid woman of France sending her message of love and appreciation to American women.

Even in the translation, I think its beauty is not lost.

W. JENNER GILLUM

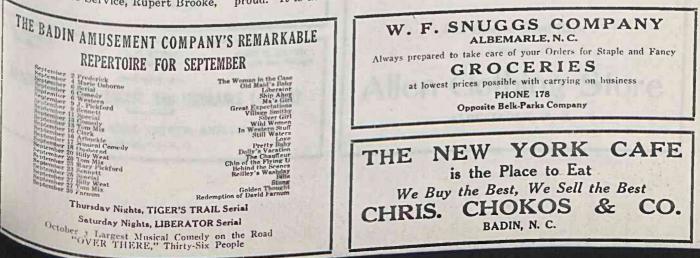
(Translation) Nimes, June 8, 1919

Dear Mothers of America: I have no son; I am not a mother; and yet many boys call me "their little French mother;" and it makes me very proud. It is as such that I wish to send

to you all a message of friendship and gratitude.

It seems you are unknown to us, because we never saw you; but could one better know the mothers than by knowing the sons? And these boys, dear women of America, we have seen them in France, and especially in Nimes. where, during their leaves, they came into our families, and were loved like sons.

Before we had seen them, we had a general feeling of admiration and gratitude for them because of their coming to France to aid us in conquering the cruel aggressor. But when they came into our city, they became really and personally dear to us. We loved to see them walking thru the streets, singly or in groups, always so clean and wellgroomed-walking so independently-as if the whole world belonged to them. The appearance of these dear boysin the beginning we said, "the American soldiers," then "the American boys," and finally everybody said simply "the



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