

Letters From A Soldier's Wife

My dearest John:  
This morning your letter came. No scrap of paper in all the world could have occasioned so much joy. I visualized you in France—country tragic though smiling—from your descriptions. Do you remember how we used to make long, long plans to go there together? The memory of our dreaming is very precious to me. More so now that I know never within our time will France be the light-hearted, colorful country of old. The thought is very depressing.

Dear, there is something I want to ask. You see, I have read that when there are air raids on Paris, everyone hurries for shelter excepting Americans, and they rush out to see the bombs come down. I want to ask you to be careful. I've worried and worried. You will promise me, won't you?

We are getting on very well and trying to help. Betty is selling thrift stamps and Ruth is collecting them. I don't think she understands what they are for, but she loves to paste them in the "booful" book, and her passion for filling books is becoming very expensive.

Do you remember my writing no longer than eight weeks ago that I never, never was intended to be self-elegant or executive or clever?

I'm beginning to think the war is making me all of those. Of course I may have been clever before the war without knowing it. Or in time to be something else might have brought out cleverness. Until now I've just never thought about it. But now there's the Odds and Ends Auxiliary which is quite all mine, dear, and which the whole city is taking notice of as very clever, and so I

I've been invited to tell about it in an address to the Woman's Club, and a society in Columbus has written to ask how to establish one there.

Of course nothing can be accomplished without some difficulty and mine has been with women who professionally hunt entertainment. They would have made a social affair of the Auxiliary. They wanted luncheon served, and uniforms—something distinctive and becoming—one of them said.

Meanwhile they gossiped about everyone and each other and howled calamity for the country and the



"I've even made a little vegetable garden."

world. Their kind is everywhere, I suppose, and it's a great help to the Kaiser.

I refused to consider the uniform on the ground that we hadn't time to plan and make it and were unpretentious anyway. And I told them quite sweetly that if they wished to wear one they might study nursing and join the Red Cross. Luncheon I conceded, provided they bought their own and from our bakery department. And they soon stopped coming and we're getting out much more work.

We're trying to do just a little toward dispensing education. One of the members began with her maid, whose idea was that we are fighting to make the world "safe from Democracy." One can't speak freely always, however. I think the person most desperately in need of education of any I've seen was a Red Cross worker who had decked her uniform with a string of pearls and a huge diamond sunburst.

Don't think I am neglecting the kiddies with all of this work. I'm seldom away more than an hour at the time, so much work may be tucked into odd moments. I've even made a little vegetable garden in the plot down back of the tennis court, and Betty helps me care for it.

Please let me know—soon as possible!—if you ordered Mr. MacPhall to redecorate the living room. He declares you did and he's bringing some wretched colors for me to approve. I don't want it done till next year—maybe you'll be home then—and I want old blue, which I know you love. He is insisting and so am I, with all my budding independence, so don't forget, dear.

Mr. Ballard has been sending flowers lately. They come with a few kindly words rather wittily phrased. I fancy he thinks they cheer my loneliness, though they only remind me of you. He visited the Auxiliary and made a substantial donation.

I hadn't any idea he is so kind. I've been trying to remember if you were friendly with him when you worked together.

Dear, I never shall become accustomed to your absence. Though the work helps a little, there always is a headache. Our thoughts and our love are with you.

HOPE.



"She loves to paste them in the 'booful' book."

must be clever too! It makes me wonder if many women couldn't sort out and discover unguessed qualities in themselves if they'd try!

I wrote, you'll remember, that I named the Auxiliary when I was talking in the mists of the Battery, a morning after you sailed. I thought that organizing a neighborhood circle to do some of the little things which bigger organizations might overlook would be part of my job. So I rented the little store off street and telephoned a few neighbors to meet me there.

They were eager to help. We donated enough money for immediate needs and to lay in a stock of materials for bandages and such things, and a number of members pledged themselves to come over for two hours every day to work. Some who wouldn't leave home easily promised to supply home-made bread and cakes in a bakeshop department. You see, I thought that people would go out of their way to buy home-cooked bread, especially bread. Then I had a sign painted for the front of the building, inviting every woman who would like to come in and help for a few minutes at least.

It has gone great! That sounds like a press agent's story, doesn't it? But I am proud of the Auxiliary.

THREE HERO CHAMPIONS

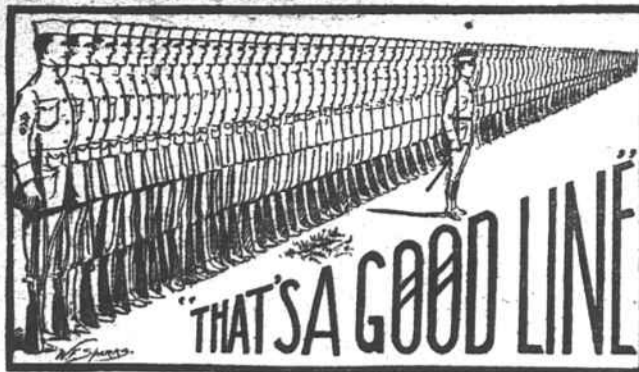
Three great sports have now produced a hero champion. Captain Anny Wilding, Jr., of Australia, ten-time champion of the world, was killed in the war. John P. Poe, of the famous Baltimore family of football stars, was a volunteer in the Black Watch, and was writing josh letters about his ghland costume when he met his end in France. Johnny Overton, the indoor champion, one of the fastest runners of all time, was killed on July 19, 1918.

Hank Gowdy, the first major league ball player to volunteer—he went into an Ohio militia regiment—the first to reach France, was, like he, still alive at last accounts. He was a member of the world's champion Boston Braves of 1914.

FOR OREGONIANS

Trench and Camp is just in receipt of The Soldiers' News Letter, a 40-page paper issued at Portland, Oregon, by an association of patriotic business men and sent free to all Oregon soldiers and sailors. It contains no ads, the reading matter being the condensed "home town" news from every county in the state, carried under the county headings. It is a unique publication and no matter what part of the state the soldier or sailor may be from, when he picks up a copy he finds in it his home town news. It will be mailed complimentary to Oregon men who write for it, giving their home address and their army address.

S. O. S.  
Help Hoover hold the Hun.



"The day adds a glowing page of glory to American history."—London Graphic's comment on Pershing's victory at St. Mihiel.

"The boys have done what we expected of them and done it in a way we most admire."—President Wilson in congratulatory cablegram to General Pershing after the clean-up.

"The enemy has made many mistakes in this war, but none greater than when he underrated the valor and the intrepid spirit of the soldiers from the United States."—Lloyd George.

"The quickness and rapidity with which they (American soldiers) handled the fight at St. Mihiel is attributed not only to the fine staff work which brought it off, but to the individual soldier himself. It is hot stuff."—General March, Chief of Staff.

"America is fighting for something loftier than a temporary peace—she wants not merely to modify the map of Europe, but to rectify it."—Ignace Paderewski.

"Let the Hun whine—against his flimsy structures of whining deception we let loose our armies with renewed vigor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer's comment on Austria's peace proposal.

"We have other business on hand at this time than to pay more than passing heed to the protestations of Satan."—Knickerbocker Press, of Albany, N. Y., on the proposal.



"I SAY, ENRI, I'LL LIKE THE VISH BONE"  
"OUI OUI, MONSIEURS VERY SOON HE IS COOKED."  
"I'M A GLASGOW LAD, CULLY, REMEMBER!"  
"SOME OF THE WHITE MEAT FOR ME, HENRY."



WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 5