

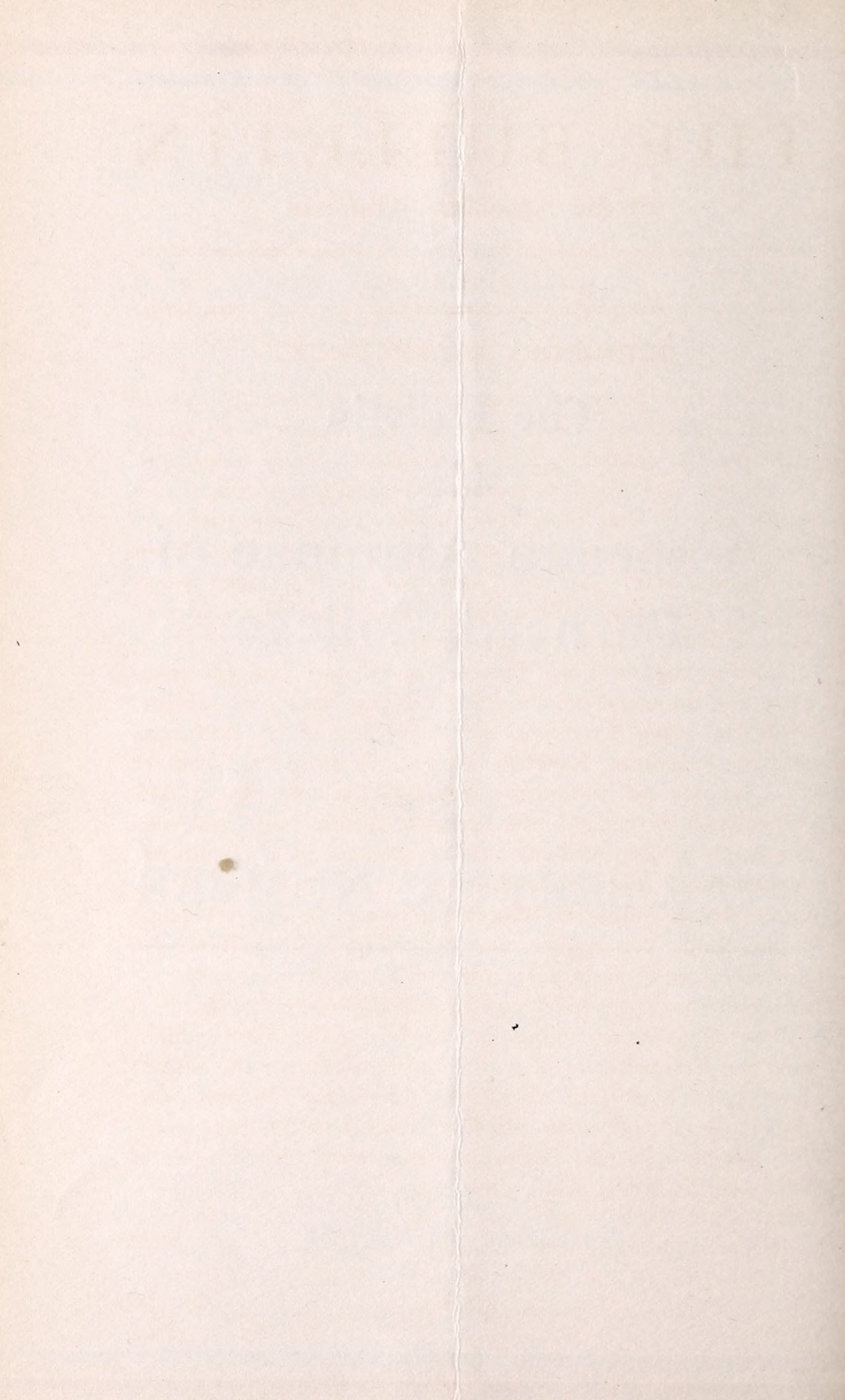
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DECEMBER, 1918

The Bulletin
of the
Associate Alumnae of
Barnard College

WAR SERVICE NUMBER

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THE BULLETIN

of the Associate Alumnae

Vol. VIII

DECEMBER, 1918

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DORMITORY ENLARGEMENT.

In our absorption over war activities an important change which has recently taken place in the housing of Barnard students has probably been overlooked. To how many is it known that the Co-operative Dormitory, opened two years ago by the Associate Alumnae for Undergraduates has been such a success that it has grown to three times its original size? Are we aware that Barnard now boasts another dormitory which has a capacity of half that of Brooks Hall? Such are the facts.

Last spring, after the Trustees of Barnard had agreed to give five thousand dollars for furnishing enlarged quarters (\$2500.00 being a personal gift from Mrs. A. A. Anderson and the remaining \$2500.00 being a gift from the Trustees as a whole) the committee rented five apartments at 606 West 116th Street, directly opposite Brooks Hall, and with the funds given, furnished these quarters as a dormitory. Applications were so numerous in the fall that Dean Gildersleeve requested that more space be rented, additional funds being given for furnishing. The Dormitory now consists of six apartments and has a capacity of forty-five students, three maids and a social and executive director.

The residents are organized under Student Government and the Co-operative plan of dividing some of the household tasks is still in operation. Mrs. Jane Roberts, our unusually efficient cook and housekeeper in the days when the personnel of the Dormitory numbered only fifteen, is still with us and is now at the head of the culinary department with two assistants under her.

We are indebted to our social and executive director, Mrs. L. E. Faithfull, for undertaking the task of installation. To her ability, enthusiasm and charm much of the success

of the new dormitory is due. We regret that she must leave us in the near future. Mrs. Faithfull's home in peace times is in Paris, where she will eventually return to join her husband, who, for four years has been an officer at the front with the British Army.

An unusually large number of students from other states have registered at Barnard this year as is well shown in the Dormitory personnel. We have thirty-two students from New York and from New Jersey, four from Texas, four from the New England states, one each from South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

During the two years that the Co-operative Dormitory has been in existence it has held an unusually high standard of scholarship, outshining any and all other resident groups. Of the sixteen present Freshmen residents more than one-half hold scholarships, which is a fair indication that the record will be maintained. It must not be imagined however, that scholarship is the only attainment. Social activities of the College and of the Dormitory are entered into with enthusiasm.

All interested alumnae are invited to visit the Dormitory at any time.

BARNARD TEAS.

The Faculty and the Undergraduate Association would be delighted to have any alumnae drop in at the regular Wednesday afternoon teas from four to six in the College Parlor, Students Hall.

ALUMNAE WAR SERVICE PLEDGE.

I wish to contributeto the Barnard War Service Corps to be used to send Barnard Alumnae abroad either under the Red Cross or under the Y. M. C. A. to serve wherever war conditions may demand.

Signed.

This pledge is to be sent to Miss Sarah Butler, 60 Morningside Drive.

REPORT OF THE PERSONNEL COMMITTEE.

About 136 alumnae have applied to the Barnard War Service Corps for over-seas work in the Barnard Units. Out of this number 19 were sent in the first two units, ten for canteen work, nine for repatriation work. Others from the same number have gone with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. or the Government in various capacities. There are also a number of the alumnae who have never applied to the War Service Corps, but are already at work abroad. These number about 25, and 6 more are waiting for sailing orders. Two of the twenty-five, Dr. Anna I. von Sholly, 1898, of the Women's Over-seas Hospital Unit, and Countess Tolstoy (Mary Frothingham) 1904, have won the Croix de Guerre.

Our women have signed up to serve either for one year or the duration of the war, sailing singly or in groups as seems best to the organization under which they are serving, to go wherever they are assigned for duty and to do whatever the commanding officer seems to think most necessary, no matter whether it is what they expected to do or not. Their work has been most highly spoken of by both the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.

Canteen Unit.

Eleanor Doty, '12, was the first to sail. She left last April, serving for several months at St. Aignan, was sent as delegate from St. Aignan to Paris and now is serving at the front in the Argonne district. Virginia T. Boyd, '06, is at St. Aignan. Alice Waller, '14, was first at Chaumont and then moved with the division which her canteen was then serving. Theodora Curtis, '04, is at Isoudun. Isabel Totten, '15, was on her way to St. Aignan when we last heard and did not know that another Barnard woman was serving there. Of this first canteen unit there remain Edith Morgan, '17, Katharine Gay, '11, and Jean Townley, '13, who have arrived over there, but of whose assignments we have not yet heard, also Jennie Wylie, '09, Hazel Woodhull, '10, who are not yet in France.

Of the nine repatriation workers Margaret Peck, '14, and Georgia Cerow, '12, are serving at Mende in the Department of Lozère and have quite a wide district including a number of small towns under their care. Leslie Gardiner, '07, Eugenia Ingerman, '11, Edith Balmford, '13, and Mildred Hodges, '12, are at Bordeaux. Catherine Darrin, '06, spent one week at Bordeaux with our other four women, but has now been assigned to Agen in the department of Lot and Garonne. We have not heard where Jessie Ray Nottingham, '10, is assigned. M. Helen Davies, '16, is waiting for her passport.

The letters from these women are most interesting. Their experiences are varied and there is no telling what anyone serving in Europe may be asked to do.

Miss Boyd had a very exciting passage over, the details of which she will not be able to tell us until she returns. The four at Bordeaux sailed from New York to Genoa, stopping at Gibraltar. They had a delightful trip on one of the largest steamers. From Genoa they went to Paris and then were assigned to Bordeaux. There they were asked to make a sanitary inspection and report to Red Cross Headquarters as to what was needed for the refugee work. We are interested to see how much they obtain from what they say is needed. A few hours after Dr. Ingerman arrived in Bordeaux she was sent for from La Rochelle to take charge of the clinic work of a physician who had fallen suddenly ill. Her difficulties in reaching La Rochelle are interesting reading. The four in Bordeaux, finding the hotel very expensive, started out on a hunt for cheaper quarters. In two days time they found a house, rented it, cleaned it and moved in much to the astonishment of the French people. So now they have a home of their own, and are keeping house. Margaret Peck and Georgia Cerow had an excellent trip from Paris down to Mende. On the way they met a Frenchman, a Count, who had married an English wife. He was most kind to them and on arrival at Mende they made the acquaintance of his wife, and since then have been received as friends at the Chateau, and found it a great help to know these people.

We are now recruiting a third unit for repatriation work. Up to the present date we have definitely accepted seven out of the ten to serve in this unit. These seven are Dr. Helmina Jeidell, '08, physician, Gertrude Tieleke, '15, registered nurse, Anna Reiley, '05, Dorothy Herod, '16, Paula Lambert, '12, Ruth Salom, '16, and Anne Browne, '14.

Anyone interested in the work of the Barnard Units should communicate with Virginia Newcomb, 301 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University.

Besides the members of the Barnard units, the following alumnae and former students are at work abroad:

- 1895 Mrs. Gino C. Speranza, work in Italy.
- 1895 Alice L. Seligsberg, American Red Cross.
- 1898 Mrs. James V. A. Shields, has been in charge of hospital at former American Girls Club in Paris.
- 1898 Dr. Anna I. Von Sholly, Women's Overseas Hospital Unit.
- 1903 Jean W. Miller, Y.M.C.A.
- 1904 Countess Alexander Koutousow-Tolstoy, American Red Cross.
- 1904 Edith A. Granger, Y.W.C.A.—Hotel Petrograd, Paris.
- 1905 Mrs. Edward C. Carter, Y.M.C.A.
- 1905 Harriet L. Wilcox, (bacteriology).
- 1906 Marie-Louise Fontaine, "Somewhere in France".
- 1907 Muriel Valentine, American Committee for Devastated France.
- 1908 Clairette Armstrong, American Red Cross.
- 1908 Elizabeth F. Fox, Y.W.C.A.—Hotel Central, Tours.
- 1911 Mary B. Polhemus, Reconstruction Aide, A. E. F.
- 1912 Dr. Ruth A. Guy, American Red Cross.
- 1912 Pamela Poor, American Red Cross.
- 1912 Margaret E. M. Wood, Y.M.C.A.
- 1913 Priscilla Lockwood, Reconstruction Aide, A. E. F.
- 1913 Mary M. Sistrunk, Secretary, A. E. F.
- 1914 Winifred Boegehold, Secretary, A. E. F.
- 1914 Grace Coffin, American Red Cross.
- 1914 Elizabeth I. Macauley, Signal Corps, A. E. F.
- 1915 Grace D. Banker, Signal Corps, A. E. F.

1915 Ann Kuttner, Bacteriologist, Presbyterian Hospital
Unit, B. E. F.
1915 Lois W. Martin, American Red Cross.
1916 Madeleine A. Batta, Signal Corps, A. E. F.
1917 Elsie W. Oakley, Y.M.C.A.
Special—Jeannette Moffett, American Red Cross.
Special—Mildred Du Bois, Y.M.C.A.
ex-1914 Jean E. Möhle, Y.M.C.A.

FINANCIAL REPORT FROM MISS BUTLER

The Committee has received to date for the Canteen Unit \$17,995.25 in cash, all given by the alumnae and their friends. In addition \$800 more has been pledged. This supports nine canteen workers in France. Edith Morgan, the tenth member, is paying her own expenses.

The Committee has turned over to the Y. M. C. A. \$11,258.90. The unexpended balance of our funds, \$2000.00, will follow shortly. The committee will be a few hundred dollars to the good on the Canteen Unit and probably on the Red Cross Unit also.

LETTERS FROM OUR ALUMNAE IN FRANCE.

May 23, 1918.
On train.

My place is a big get-together assembly place, last training just before they go up to the front . . .

May 25.

Well, my canteen certainly isn't a bit what I expected it to be. In the first place, I am the only Y woman in it. It's an old café fixed over into an entertainment room, canteen room, and writing room. Then there is a dry canteen, run by one of the Y men here. (There are two in this hut, the religious and social head, and the canteen and business manager, and myself running the wet canteen). Dry canteen sells tobacco, chocolate, and some canned stuff, so there remains nothing for me to do but to sell cocoa or lemonade. In the afternoon there is a French girl in the kitchen to help me, and the evening two.

On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, I am supposed to open at half-past three, shut for three-quarters of an hour at supper-time, and close for good at ten. Other days I am open only from half-past six to ten. So you see the work isn't hard, though afternoons are spent getting ready and part of the morning clear-

ing up. This is only my second day at it, so I really don't know what it's all going to amount to. I am keeping it very simple, serving only lemonade (we have the concentrated lemon juice already put up in big bottles), last night, and served it to about 400 men. It was one continual rush. I am writing in between-times and I have time to talk to the men while they drink. I hate the idea of accounts and ordering from the Y.

St. Aignan, May 31.

They told us we could head our letters now, so look me up on the map and see how near I am to Tours and Carlotta's country place, Bourré or Montrichard.

The work has been disappointing, but that is mainly because the place is empty now, only four or five hundred men. However, there is a crowd enough around my place in the evening. It's been disappointing because I keep open only in the evenings and holiday afternoons, and can sell only drinks, not the dry canteen as well. If we have time, however, I can branch out into cookies or pie. Send me some recipes. It was lonely working alone too, but last night Miss Duncan joined me . . . Today somebody from Paris on hut equipment visited us and gave us lots of ideas. We have gone ahead and bought stuff for curtains, flower jars, and so forth. I was terribly at sea before, but things begin to look more definite.

There is nothing inspiring about the work, handing out lemonade and cocoa. The boys like the jollying we can give them, but I don't feel it is at all necessary for their morals. Certainly I am not doing all the wonderful things my friends think I am. Perhaps before I get home I may get nearer the fighting. Or perhaps it may get nearer me, as things look now. But there is nothing heroic about these boys as we see them. The majority have not been up to the front and they are just boys. However a boy did come straight over to me from getting word that his mother had died. And I think he felt better when he went away. Also I acted as official sister in meeting a very nice French girl one of the boys is interested in. She is nice, from the North, and her home all smashed. Here with her mother and father and little brother. Big brother wounded in Paris. We have had one walk together.

Well, the main thing to tell you is—work not hard, three afternoons and every evening. Rest of the time, if I am hanging around here, we always have to stop and talk, in the middle of sweeping the kitchen or making lemonade. But that's part of the job.

St. Aignan, June 2.

Plenty of sugar as long as I'm eating at officers' mess; none in Paris, scanty in London.

The work isn't hard, but it means a lot of hanging around. For instance, today we had breakfast at half past eight. Then I went up to the hut and filled up the flower vases, and dusted the mantel-piece, and sorted magazines, etc., in the officers' room, trying to add a home touch and feeling like a fool, for the place is dusty two minutes after it's done, being right on the dusty square. Then I jollied the orderly and one of the Y men, while they started filling up my water barrel. Then played hymns for a very small Bible class. Swept out our canteen and kitchen, had dinner, made lemonade and chocolate, malted milk, and kept afternoon canteen.

June 3.

Then one of the Y men said he had got tickets for a big concert for the French Red Cross about twelve miles from here, down the Cher. So I played hookey in the evening, while Miss Duncan kept canteen. I felt guilty about it, but we are supposed to have one day off a week. Four of us sat on the front seat of a big truck. The truck was filled with men. Our four were a Y truck driver from Boston, who knows Miss Emerson, Miss Bennett (see later) a private in the postal service, and myself. The nicest part was the drive over and back. The country is beautiful. I must have gone past the Welles' house on the other side of the river, but I couldn't spot it. It was still a little light when we came back at ten. The concert was in an old factory, audience mostly American soldiers.

June 7.

Have I told you what the men are? It's a non-combatant, replacement division. That means that everyone or every company that has gotten separated from its division, through sickness or wounds, or some special job like railroading, is sent here to get hitched up, either with its old division or with a new. There are also a good many schools in this part of the country, a clerk school, auto, ordnance, and some others I can't remember.

The soldiers are all very friendly and polite in the streets. You don't see them hanging around the French girls much. One of the nicest things is the way they collect children—go out walking with a couple or bring them in to the Y movies or to get some chocolate—adopt them for the day or maybe longer. It's very nice but I hope I get nearer the front on my next job.

June 13, St. Aignan.

There has been more work this week, a lot to tell you. In the first place, I have rented a bicycle from my landlady, Mme. Robari, and ride down to my meals at the Y, a mile and a half away, where we all eat. The riding makes a nice change, much nicer than waiting for all the other people in the jitney. It was wobbly the first day, but I didn't tumble over the worn spots in the road or run into any army trucks, and dismounted in the middle of the road—didn't try to turn in at the Y. Now it goes finely. I often have company down or back, as some of the soldiers have bicycles too. We always speak to every soldier as we pass, if he looks as if he wanted to be spoken to, no matter where we are. Next thing to tell is that the division of the Y had a conference day before yesterday, at a place called Pont Levoy, about ten miles from here.

We started out at ten a.m. and returned at 5.30, just in time for supper. Then we had to beat it home here and get ready for an officers' party and keep the canteen open at the same time. Luckily there was a concert going on for an hour, and we had to shut down then. Miss Duncan and Miss Somerville, who came up to help us, made a new punch we heard of from another canteen,—canned pineapple, apricots, lemon juice and sugar,—pretty good. And I dipped some little dry French crackers in chocolate. I did two hundred. There were about thirty officers and about twelve cakes were left. Miss Duncan served upstairs in the officers' room and Miss Somerville and Mr. Snelling kept the canteen open. After they had all had refreshments, they sat around and smoked, and we tried to talk to them. But it would have been pretty dead if the entertainers hadn't been there to sing and talk and play too.

There is a lot more sociability in this job than I expected, though it's almost always with the men, not the officers. If business is slow, we always chat over the counter. Last night was the busiest night so far. The men certainly do drink that pineapple stuff. I should think they'd all be sick. Some of them drink as much as three big bowlfuls in the evening. Things are now beginning to accumulate that I don't get done. I can't remember to ask the right person the right thing at lunch time, if I have to consult somebody. And we've had flower boxes on hand for several days, and I haven't got them filled. There seems to be nobody but a little jardinière in town. Every time I move, I think of something I want to tell you—the way they put all the dago soldiers at cleaning the streets, the big khaki water bags that hang from the trees in the squares for the soldiers to drink from—six spouts on each bag, and it does look so funny to see several drinking at the same time from a bag. Like as not there'll be a small French boy too, nearly breaking his neck.

Yesterday morning when I went across the square in front of our Y, it was simply crowded with big French farm horses requisitioned by the French army and there to be inspected, the owners standing near. Some of the horses were brought in by women, just like the last Bazin novel we had. They stood out there all day long, and of course made a tremendous lot of activity.

Can you get a big United States map, three feet square or so, and send it first class mail? We can't get it here or in Paris, and it would be great to put on the wall, even if I am not in the same canteen. We have a map of France up, and there is a crowd about it all the time. St. Aignan was greasy two hours after the map went up. And they'd be just as keen about showing each other their home towns.

St. Aignan, June 18.

There are more men in town, I think. Anyway, we have been more rushed in the evenings. And there have been more men in, back from the front. One had an amusing tale about a Salvation Army doughnut wagon on a road near the Front. The Boches started shelling it but the operators stuck to it and did a good business, for the men near it kept making dashes out in between shells to grab doughnuts. Ian Hay would have liked that.

Another man with a Croix De Guerre came up to the counter for a bowl of punch the other night and I had an awful time finding out what he had done. I had to ask a whole question to get one word out of him. "Happened to get two German officers. In a raid on our trenches. They came into one of our dugouts where I was. One—I was the only one there. Got them by letting a lot of lead into them." Then he gulped down his punch and stalked off. Nothing bragging about him.

I don't know what I'd do without my French. I can often help interpreting for somebody up at the hut, and of course it helps shopping for pots and pans and with Marie Louise and Mme. Rigolet, our French kitchen help. Marie Louise comes at half past three and stays till ten, with supper hour out. She is a little French widow, lost her husband in the war, but you wouldn't know it, the way she smiles at the men when she comes in for the dirty dishes. Mme. Rigolet comes from seven to ten. They keep washing the bowls, make more cocoa if necessary, fetch more lemonade, vichy bottles, or punch from our cave, and in the afternoon Marie helps get cocoa and punch ready, washes dish towels, keeps the kitchen floor clean, packs away canned stuff in the kitchen closet,

and other odd jobs. There is plenty for her to do at her rate of work. We have no ice to keep things cool. But, being brought up in Sandisfield, I don't mind that as much as I might. Our café backs right up against the chalk cliff, and there are three caves dug out of it. One we use for wood and charcoal and boxes, and the other is fine and cold, with a lock door, and we keep all our drinks down there.

Today Miss Duncan and I are on the way to Tours to get our plants for the window boxes and see what we can do in the way of buying lemons wholesale . . . We can't move without getting movement orders from the M.P. Mr. Ames, the head divisional secretary of the Y, gives us permission, and we get a paper saying we can go to Tours and back. When we get to Tours, we must register in, and out when we leave this afternoon, and in when we get back to St. Aignan. We are on the American express which runs all the way from near the front to Tours, for the use of the American officers. We started at half past eight. It's now nine-fifty and we have gone at least six miles. Most of the time is spent on the side track. I'm glad I brought writing things. We have an American locomotive and first-class French compartment cars with an American colored Pullman porter in khaki. Cheer up! We are just as much in the war as lots of drafted soldiers—Pullman porter, cook, policeman,—and some of the policemen are our special friends—cinema operators, details—but most of them are very anxious to get back into their regular infantry companies and get up to the front. Some have been there already, been gassed or wounded and are not able to do regular duty again.

Afternoon.

It took us five hours to get to Tours, where it should have taken one. Result, we didn't get through registering in and out at Tours station till 2 p.m., lunch till 2.30, and then to a florist in a little victoria. We got about 40 plants for 50 francs and have them with us now in three big baskets. How we got them on the train is more than I can tell. Somebody put one on a baggage truck, a soldier carried another and we carried another and a basket of strawberries and raspberries. Now we are homeward bound, and I am afraid won't be able to open canteen till eight o'clock.

St. Aignan, June 26.

Mr. Woodman is another very nice Y man here at our hut. He is the physical director and just now is training a track team from his division who are going up to Paris for a track meet on the Fourth of July. One might almost as well be living in a college town. The track men hang around a good deal and are very lively.

Yesterday I made butter drops, and they turned out very well. Had a grand time making them, but I couldn't serve them last night, because Mr. Simons brought home strawberries at the last moment, and we don't like to serve more than one novelty at a time. The men just mob the counter anyway and we'd never be able to take care of them. Our standards are hot chocolate, or cold chocolate malted milk, according to the weather, lemonade soda, a French bottled stuff, and lemonade or our fruit punch when we can get the pineapples and the proper ingredients, and French crackers. For extras or specials we have strawberries, my cookies (first time tonight) or those chocolate-covered French cookies. We've got some peanuts too now, which we'll roast tomorrow and sell. Nothing like that lasts more than one evening.

St. Aignan, July 2.

When I went over to the Y headquarters for supper, Miss Somerville brought in someone and introduced "a friend of yours". And who should it be but Mildred. Gosh! I was so glad to see her that I know she thought I'd been homesick. And I haven't been homesick for ages. She knew she was going to see me, because I had written her at Paris, and the letter was waiting when she arrived. Well, I saw her at supper and a little that evening and next morning, and then she went off to her job about twelve miles away. She had got some job too—the first American woman up at her place—Y men there already—and she is organizing wet canteens in the town, using French help of course. I saw her to-day. We had another conference and I went up on the truck that went around the division picking people up, Mildred among them. So we had a chance for another visit. I think she was gladder to see me to-day, had begun to feel a little lost. She's got an awful lot to do, and is beginning to make good with her splendid enthusiasm. I'm beginning to feel that my job is one of the smallest in the division and that I'm not by any means making a brilliant success of it. And it's going to be even harder now too, for Miss Duncan is going to another town, about five miles away, where she will be in entire charge of the Y—only American person there—no men at all. Altogether a big job—makes me feel even more like eating humble pie.

Did I tell you about the track team? They, or two or three of them, are particularly friendly, help me grind punch Sunday morning, and last Sunday helped me make the cookies, of course with a lot of joking and fooling, but they're really very nice boys at heart. They went up to Paris to-day, and will be back Saturday, but then they go off to join their companies, which are in the other towns in this district, so I'll miss them very much. One of them left two hundred and fifty francs with me, so that he'd still have some money left when he came back from Paris—a huge big gawk from Wyoming, who speaks excruciating English and buys a can of peaches and treats Marie and me in the kitchen after having rolled sixty lemons.

St. Aignan, Loire et Cher, July 9, 1918.

After all the social end of it is the biggest part of the job and the hardest. It's difficult to know how much time and energy to spend on drinks and cookies, etc., and how much energy to save for chatting. Chatting takes a lot more energy than cooking. It's hard too not to show too much partiality talking to the men you know best.

It's been an interesting week though more work to it. In the first place, Mr. Simons got a carpenter detailed and he has been doing a lot of work around the building. Changed the counter in my room so as to make more space and put in fine nice little tables and benches along the wall. It looks now almost as I supposed a canteen would look except that we don't sell the eats. The men use the tables sometimes for their chocolate and crackers and sometimes—mostly for writing letters because there isn't room for them all in the other rooms.

Fourth of July was the most strenuous day I've put in, making lemonade and a choice currant punch in the morning, opened at 1.30 because the men were all so thirsty, and kept it up just as fast as we could serve. At 5.30 when I usually stop to go to supper, it was even worse, and everybody was demanding chocolate and

crackers because their regular mess supper wasn't being served, so there was nothing for it but to skip my supper too. But I had chocolate and canned peaches later when Mme. Bardel came back, with the men at one of the little tables. I WAS tired at 10 o'clock and my arm ached from handing out stuff next morning. Friday morning a young boy who has been badly shell-shocked came around and I wrote a letter to his aunt for him. He has been more or less regular at the Y but I haven't had a chance to talk to him before. His hands shake violently all the time and he jumps a mile if anyone makes a sudden noise or moves a chair. He has been that way for three months but won't go home because he wants to go back to the lines and expects to get better all the time. He is better than the first time he came I think. He was telling me there were a couple of other men around, how he heard the shell coming, of seeing some of the other men knocked out, and then being buried in the débris for several hours. It makes the war seem real for a change. He is at a small hospital in town here where all the cases are shell-shock. He and another man go out into the country every day, walk out and take lunch, to get away from any noise. The other man who was with him there at the canteen wasn't noticeably shocked. He is a marine and was in the Chateau Thierry fight. There were quite a few Chateau Thierry marines in town about ten days ago—they always let you know somehow.

Friday afternoon I had an amusing time. Made five recipes of oatmeal cookies and took them to a French boulangerie and baked them in a big brick oven the size of a house. Mme. Bardel's mother-in-law is a baker, but she doesn't keep her own oven going any more on account of expense; she does all her baking in a boulangerie about two doors up the street from my billet. By making arrangements with her I am able to use the oven most any afternoon for a couple of hours and have her small son there to shove pans in and out, and what's more use her pans, all for a franc. The oven is really the whole side of the room—brick—they heat it in the morning by building a fire in it then bake their bread. By three o'clock the oven is free and still plenty hot for my cookies. Mme. Bardel and I mix the stuff at the canteen kitchen—about five minutes walk and carry it over to the bakery and put it in big sheets of iron there. I tried butter drops to-day, 5 recipes, and it took us only about an hour and a quarter to bake them. They made a dish pan full. I sold one platter full, doing it in about 15 minutes, but I am keeping most till tomorrow's half holiday.

The track team came back from Paris last night covered with glory and full of talk. It was a joy to watch them walk up to the counter in batches of twos and threes during the evening and tell all their experiences of Paris and show off their medals. They are nice boys and all such kids. I discovered that someone I thought was quite ancient was twenty-three!

St. Aignan, July 16.

We have been having hot weather and that makes a lot of work because we are the only place where the men can get soft drinks. Stuff just vanishes. Tonight was the worst of all, just doling out drinks as fast as they could go from 6.30 to 9, with all three French women washing dishes in the kitchen, and Mr. Simons and another Y man helping at the counter. And from 9 to 10 one just had time to dole them out comfortably. I do think the actual drink

proposition is pretty important; because the water isn't good and if we don't give the men stuff they would probably go in to the cafés. They get awfully thirsty after working or drilling all day, or just walking out in these blazing streets, you know how white and sunny the streets are in a little French village. Anyway they come in, some of them, not quite so happy as usual and drink bowlsful of stuff right down and seem to feel a little better afterwards.

July 28.

To-day I got up early and made three hundred doughnuts, and then Miss Somerville and Miss Holliday and myself and six or so of the track men went on a picnic at the invitation of the track team—more social life that. But I was back to open my canteen at two o'clock. Tomorrow the track team breaks up and they go off to their companies in different parts of the division and a few right to the front. I am glad they're going. They're awfully nice, but they've been hanging around too much. Most of them are non-coms., sergeants or corporals, and those men stay in this division more or less permanently to drill the replacement troops. That is the case all over the division, so lots of the men here are non-coms. It is only when there is a brief flood of new troops that the non-coms. are in the right proportion.

Everybody is immensely cheered up by the good news from the front. They all think they're going home in three months, poor things. Kate's map came and is up on the wall. There is a crowd around it all the time. Everybody finds his home town and points it out and points out just where he's been in the States. It is more popular than the map of France, and that is almost never without a few in front of it.

July 30.

Now that I have Mme. Bardel, my hours, or our hours, are longer. We open every day from five to ten. Mme. Bardel stays till I come back from supper, about half past six, then she goes till half past seven, and during the rush we are both there. On Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays we open at sharp two o'clock.

Isn't the news wonderful! Everybody's cheered up. The men going off to the front are full of spirit. Three of the track men are going straight up, and an awfully nice Lieutenant Foote who has been having them more or less under his charge. The Wyoming boy is going to a remount station—that is a place where they classify horses and send them up to the front as needed.

Wednesday evening.

The most amusing thing that happened today was this poem I enclose, written by a soldier who was cook and used to see me ride by his company mess twice a day to my own meals. He brought this up tonight and said apologetically that so many had spoken of my smile he thought he'd write about it. Isn't it a scream? And yet I am quite tickled and flattered too.

She came all the way from the U. S.
But I think she came from the sky,
For her eyes are blue as the Heavens,
This Angel of the "Y".

She is jolly, light hearted and cheerful
Whenever you go in to buy;
With her smile, cheers you up while she serves you,
She's an Angel of the "Y".

Some say she is worth many millions,
But I doubt if you could even buy
That smile, which she always possesses,
She is the Angel of the "Y".

She can change the Soldier like Magic
Whenever she passes them by,
With that little smile, never fading,
She's our Angel of the "Y".

Why can't we all keep on smiling?
And I think we can if we try.
Take a lesson from her, she will help you,
Our Angel of the "Y".

For your Sisters, like her, you are fighting,
And for them you are willing to die;
Write back home, tell them all you are smiling,
Like our Angel of the "Y".

(D.H.M.)

August 1.

The town is quite empty again. Yesterday and today were not busy days in the canteen. I find I am always pretty tired by night, especially Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. But if I can get a little rest in the middle of the day, or just before supper, it makes a lot of difference in my "smiling" ability at the canteen. And there isn't such an awful lot of work, especially in a quiet time. I don't know why it should take all day to get through it. I meant to make doughnuts again, but had to spend the morning hunting charcoal, which I had ordered and hadn't arrived. It is quite scarce at times. Tomorrow morning I have to make up my weekly account and take an inventory to hand in at headquarters. We have accounts to hand in once a week, inventory once a month, and requisitions for supplies twice a week. I had time to talk to the men more today, and talked to some interesting new ones.—More than we realize have been up to the front. The town is full now of non-coms. sent back to train new men. The non-coms. have been up at the front, have often been gassed or slightly wounded and sent back for that reason.

August 2.

Yesterday was a thoroughly satisfactory day. I was up at the Y at 8.30 and got my weekly accounts done, inventory taken, and requisition made out by 11.30. Accounts came out right the first time too, so that was a good starter. Then I went out on my bicycle with Sgt. Miller for about three hours, and he brought some lunch along, so that I didn't have to bother at all.

We got back and Mme. Bardel and Marie Louise and I made doughnuts and finished making lemonade and chocolate malted milk. We had so much dough that we didn't finish till six o'clock. So I ate three or four doughnuts instead of going down to supper, and had some cocoa later on. And I didn't open the canteen until 6.15 instead of 5 as usual. But nobody beat on the counter, so I guess it didn't matter. We had about 500 doughnuts, and the night before had been so light—we didn't take in more than 190 fr.—our average is 300 fr. on 25c. a drink and cookies—that I was afraid they might not be finished that night. We started selling them about seven and by half past eight they were all gone. They turned out even lighter this time than last. It was a warm

night, so everybody wanted drinks and most people wanted doughnuts too. I heard a boy going out of the door say to one coming in "Doughnuts!" "What?" said the other, "Gee!" And some boys said at the counter, "It's funny how the news of doughnuts at the Y spreads all over town." What fun it is to be able to please them so easily. And **why** do they like doughnuts so passionately?

July 22.

What Carita says about not flirting is very important—it's hard sometimes, when the men jolly you, to remember you are ancient history compared with them, and that most of them would be decidedly tough in the States. It's hard too not to show partiality for the dozen or so that hang around and help you in the kitchen. You get to know them best, and it's easiest to talk to them. There hasn't been much time for talking lately, though; it's just been handing out drinks.

July 23.

Last night it wasn't so bad, for there was a little let up while there was a "show" in the next room. We haven't been closing during shows lately, because the noise around the counter bothers only the high toned concert singers, and we've been having mostly movies and soldiers doing stunts.

ELEANOR DOTY.

August 7.

I am not very far from Eleanor, so hope to get to see her some day.

Well, to start from Paris, we had to have three papers besides our ticket; one a movement order, a military order and a worker's permit. The ticket was an extraordinary looking affair in which I was termed an officer, beneath my title was a list of things which I might be carrying with me, such as cannon, mules, etc., as I had none of the articles that part of my ticket was unmarked. Miss Hanna from Philadelphia, who was at the first conference, was sent here with me. We went to the station about 8.30 for a 10.03 train, because we had been told there was so much to do and a great crowd. As it happened we did everything in about ten minutes and then sat down. About nine a large crowd had formed at the gate for the train so we decided we had better fall in. We had been standing a few minutes when a guard came and hauled us out to put us up at the head of the line with the French officers. Our uniform seemed to impress him. Well, the sad part of the trip was that we did not engage our seats for déjeuner before boarding the train, because when the call came we could get no places until the fourth service which would be after we got off the train. So we had no lunch. My statement sounds a trifle mixed. However, we were met by a Y man with a Ford and drove eight miles to this tremendous camp. There is nothing in sight but fields and barracks. The Red Cross have a canteen here too. I have not begun to see all the place yet. The road from the station and town was built by Americans and there is a little branch railroad up here built by U. S. evidently chiefly for hauling freight.

There are eight women living in our barracks. We have our own building, just rough wood, but fixed up with pretty little curtains and in the sitting room is wicker furniture and pink shades with silk fringe to the electric lights. There is a bathroom

with a real tub and hot water. (We have our own mess with two French servants to cook and clean. We make our own beds. When we arrived they served us afternoon tea with lots of sugar. The food is excellent. Of course the utensils are simple, oil-cloth table cover and the silver wear is a brand unknown to me, but it is all clean and I certainly do get hungry. The main canteen is next door to us. They serve hot and cold drinks, fancy crackers, cigars and all the things a fellow might want in the way of small necessities or extras. They have a couple of servants there too who cook and wash up. There is a big central room with kitchen and store rooms in the rear, a writing room for officers and one for men. A little sort of restaurant for the officers to take their chocolate in. (I had to stop just here to look out the door for I heard a great tramping. There must have been a hundred men marching by with towels in hand, looked like a shower party. A lot of new men came in last night, one boy told me they did not have their clothes off all the way over, about three weeks, so I guess this is a scrub up.) To continue about the canteen, there is another room with benches and a stage for entertainments, last night they had movies taken right here. The boys went wild over them.

I have been put in charge of the library among other things. It is not a large one, but it is nice work. We have certain hours off every day. Today I am free after luncheon, 12.30, until 4.30. Miss Lester from Georgia is in charge of the women, she seems like a thoroughly fine sort of woman. There is a Miss Mary Curtis from Boston here. They say they can tell us apart by our hair. Her's is red.

I intended to say also that we have tiny single bed rooms. At present the partitions do not run to the top, but I believe before winter they will. There is also a hole for a stove in each room. I suppose they will appear later too.

We breakfast at 7.30, lunch at 12.30 and dine at 6.30. The canteen is open until 9 P. M. Then to bed.

TEDDY CURTIS.

August 13.

We got on the boat about 1.30. The baggage was all right; you know I was considerably worried but it went O. K. The next A. M. we left the pier and after that with waiting around at every point we collected our ships and convoy and started out. There are fifteen Red Cross women and probably as many other women along with a great many troops. The first Saturday out was very rough.

I guess we have had our last night's sleep. They say we sleep ready to fly from now on. The soldiers have to stay on deck. When we arrived each one was presented with a life preserving jacket and we never walk or sit or sleep with it away from us. Imagine thousands of us on this boat—the other boats all around us are doing it too. We have life drills twice a day so every one knows just what to do. Even the crews have life belts with them always.

August 22.

We docked safely at Liverpool during Monday A. M. The troops got off first. Then the casuals and at 6.30 P. M. we landed. A large motor lorry took us all fifteen to the Adelphi, the largest and finest hotel in Liverpool, where we had dinner.

The ride through the street was the most exciting thing you can imagine. Women and children, old and young, shouted and waved their hats, while the children, some of them, ran almost all of the two and one half miles to the hotel. We tossed pennies to help their spirits.

We were the last of over 200 R. C.'s to dock that day. I believe about 300 nurses docked there too, as well as the largest single convoy of soldiers ever sent over.

In the evening our officers, who were with the troops, came back to the hotel. They had marched all P. M. to a rest camp and then came back by train. They said practically every man had a small boy or girl who held on to his hand and marched all P. M. with him.

Then in came the casuals—officers detached—they had been loaded into a train, rode twenty minutes and then found they had a three or four hour wait so back they came on the trolley.

At 10.30 our R. C. man portioned us out for rooms—almost everything in the city was full. Four of us slept in two beds in one room in a very funny old boarding house about two blocks from the hotel. We slept like bricks. We had breakfast at the hotel, collected baggage and came on to London.

The ride lasted from 11 A. M. to about 4.15 P. M. but was not a bit tiresome. Everything was so green and fine after water so long.

During the night they rang the gong for an air raid. So the others say, but we slept through. I guess it didn't come this way. On the way over I guess we did sight submarines twice.

GEORGIA CEROW.

August 19, 1918.

Well, here I am on my way to Paris for that conference. Left St. Aignan at 2 this afternoon, and drove over in a Ford to Blois, where we took the train. A Mrs. Winterbottom and a Miss Hall, sisters, are the other delegates from our division. The drive over was lovely—a perfect sky—it was wonderful to get out and see such a big expanse of yellow fields and sky. We had a couple of hours in Blois, walked up to the chateau and renewed my memories of the courtyard and the grand staircase, which was not so beautiful as I remembered, went and had chocolate at the Officers' Y.M.C.A., a most civilized, refined little place, with real teacups and saucers, and then went to another little bit of a Y canteen, with no American women, next a movie; then waiting around the station a couple of soldiers came up to talk to us,—one had been gassed and put on duty in the billeting office here—he couldn't have been more than 19. Another was doing railroad duty—he put my bag on the train and presented me with a French machine gun shell he'd picked up near Chateau Thierry—he was a very lonely one. Then just as I was talking to a soldier who had seen me at St. Aignan, on a train bound for Tours, who should pop out of one of the carriages but a man who'd been at St. Aignan. Just because his face was familiar, we said hello and stopped to talk like old friends. It all just shows the spirit over here, and how the men appreciate just a little commonsense talk. And there were two men out of five I talked to at that station who had seen me at St. Aignan, to whom my face was familiar.

The last week at the hut has been very strenuous. Miss Clark left Wednesday. Saturday I took in 800 francs, a rush all

day. I would have been very badly off if a little soldier (named McGoldrick;) had not volunteered to help me—that set one more French woman free to help in the kitchen. Sunday morning Corporal Prouty, who has been on leave at Aix, had to come up to show me his pictures, but I made him help with sandwiches instead, and McGoldrick and the carpenter who has been detailed to us finished squeezing the lemons, so Sunday wasn't such a bad day. It was the first Sunday I had no track team men to help, and I thought I should be out of luck, but apparently not. Sunday is always a hard day to get ready for, somehow, even though I get up just as early as Saturday and Wednesday, and we open at the same time, and it usually is not so crowded. Then I had supper with Mr. Cox and an awful bore of a friend of his up on top of the cliffs behind the hut. The chalk cliff goes right up behind the café—it is exactly the cliff that went up behind Jack and the Beanstalk's house, except that there are little old steps going up it, and when you get to the top there is about fifteen feet of dried up vegetable garden, and then the wall enclosing the chateau grounds. But it was fully a month before I explored it, and from the café it is just what Jack must have seen.

The conference is tomorrow and next day. I have crowds of errands to do for everybody—the Y mess and several soldiers, and I must get home by Friday night so as to be on hand Saturday. Maybe I can make it by Thursday.

Hotel de France et Choiseul,
Paris, August 20, 1918.

Talk about solid comfort—it's so solid that I've got to stop and write about it, instead of making up my accounts, etc. It's just nine o'clock. I've just finished a delicious dinner, very nicely served, of hot vegetable soup, lamb kidney, and sauté potatoes, chicken and lettuce, artichokes and hollandaise sauce, and preserved fruit. To be sure, it would have been nicer to have had somebody to eat it with, but I preferred to have that dinner here rather than the big banquet for the conference at some big hotel. I ate alone, and listened to a couple of frivolous Y women, one eating with another woman and talking about a trip around the world, and the other eating with a Y man, and thought what loafers they were, because they were both apparently permanent here. But probably they thought the same thing about me.

The first thing I did was to put in my application for a movement order and railroad ticket back to St. Aignan, for it takes about 24 hours to get it. After that I had to go and register in at the military police office, then the Equitable Trust to deposit and cash a cheque, then get one person's watch and leave another at the jeweler's, then a rush to get to the morning meeting of the conference of Allied Women War Workers where I only stayed to hear the announcements and see if there was anybody I knew. I found I was lost after that, and spent 10 or 15 minutes finding myself, and getting back to headquarters, because I wouldn't take another taxi, and I'd left my map at home. But I did find it, and found at the post office that K. Gay and Miss Boyd had not arrived yet, that Suzanne had gone off without leaving her forwarding address, that Teddy Curtis is at Issoudun and Alice Waller at Chaumont.

Went to the Galeries, Au Printemps and Louvre looking for bread-cutters, huge lemonade and cocoa containers, meat mashers and pie plates, and small coarse china bowls for serving in (we

use them instead of cups, and I need more, but the rest of the things were for other people) with only moderate success, and landed out at a meeting at Mrs. Roosevelt's at 4 o'clock out near the Bois somewhere. The meeting was quite interesting. Three French women in the Foyer du Soldat spoke first. My gracious, it makes our work seem like nothing at all! And one American who'd been working in the Foyer spoke splendidly too. They'd all been right up in the firing.

ELEANOR DOTY.

August 14.

I have had all kinds of experiences since I came, the latest was to be godmother to a young man who was baptized today.

I wrote to someone, I think Miss Doty, that I am in charge of the library and distributing the magazines. The magazine question is a little more than it sounds, because there are a number of outlying camps which are supplied from here. Then I tend the canteen as well. It is an awfully nice job, and certainly is interesting to meet so many different kinds of people.

Besides our work at the canteen we women each visit two wards in the hospital and carry magazines or cigarettes to the men.

I went to a surgical ward this week and saw a man's foot which had been shot through with shrapnel and then infected. It had a drain tube and was being irrigated every ten minutes. It looked perfectly terrible to me, but the doctor said it was a beautiful wound and would be well soon.

Evening is our busy time. The men are free and we sell several hundred francs worth. The aviators come in from their evening flight and often have had nothing to eat so fill up on hot chocolate.

When I first arrived there was a shortage of sheets, so we had only one to a bed, but being the long French sheets, I got ahead of the other people because I could double mine up and make it do for two whereas the tall people had to use towels over the edge of their blankets. It is not often that my size is an advantage.

August 31.

I am enclosing a letter from Alice Waller which gives an interesting account of her work. I have not heard from Eleanor Doty yet. The mails are very slow over here.

I really think I am unusually comfortably situated, as we have a plentiful supply of everything except water. There has been so little rain this summer that we can only have water certain hours of the day. It makes it hard to serve drinks and keep the dishes washed to say nothing of baths. Our bath tub makes me think of the East side tenements only we keep ours full of water instead of coal, but we never bathe in it. It is only a reservoir.

We make a good many trips to outlying fields with things to sell where there is no Y. I went to an engineers' camp last week. These men had been at the front and had the camouflage tents. We dined with some of the officers in a tent. We started back about 7.30 and came through some negro barracks, stopped in the road like gypsies and sold to the coons until we had to use a flash light to see the denomination of the bill. I am very anxious to go over some evening to serve these men hot chocolate and take the movie man along. There is absolutely nothing to amuse them and negroes always appeal to me as being as helpless as children to look after themselves.

One of the aero squadrons gave an anniversary dinner last week which was a most elaborate affair. They had a vaudeville and dance afterwards.

Labor Day was a holiday for the Army, so we had a particularly busy day. There was a baseball game in the afternoon and a boxing match in the evening or rather about six. This was most exciting. The crack man was knocked out in no time. The band played between all rounds.

The Red Cross has a large canteen here as well as the Y.M.C.A. but they serve regular meals to the officers whereas we only serve drinks and small store supplies. They have only women to run their place, but we have more men than women.

You have no idea how desolate it would be here for the men without the Y and the Red Cross. They certainly appreciate it. The men that have just come over seem to be the most homesick, strange as it may seem.

TEDDY CURTIS.

August.

I have been on the job three weeks, and am not in the place to which I was sent from Paris. I was there three or four days, when I was assigned to this, my present, division, in the same region. I am crazy about the place and the work, and hope to move on with the division when it goes as seems to be a new tending for the Y. We have got used to the men and officers and feel that they want us to go.

I have been doing a variety of things. Got broken in during the time I was in Chaumont, serving in the big canteen there. This is a tiny place, and we had to start many things, including a wet canteen and an officers' club. My duties are varied. Sometimes I type notices in the office of the divisional director, sometimes I am sent out for the day to some of the small towns where there is no woman, and in some cases no Y., but mostly I serve in the hut, where, with another girl just assigned to this division, I run a wet canteen every afternoon. The place is very ill adapted for that sort of work, for there is no kitchen, and no counter for the drinks. I bought a small brazier and some charcoal and set up a kitchen out-of-doors under the most beautiful avenue of trees you can imagine, what was, I fancy, the approach to the original chateau, against a wall with a moat behind. The serving of the chocolate, the favorite drink, is the event of the day. They wait hours for it, and a five gallon kettle goes in about fifteen minutes. Our chief difficulty is in getting supplies, sugar is almost impossible, and we hoard it when we can get our hands on any. We had one small lot of candy, which went in a few minutes, men standing three and four deep and holding their hats while we dipped it up in a tin cup.

We see that the officers' club is clean and stocked with supplies every day, and on Sundays we serve tea in the courtyard, the club is two rooms and said courtyard chez Mlle. Jibouin. Our main work is the hut, and that is much the most interesting.

ALICE P. N. WALLER.

London, August 31, 1918.

Tomorrow will see us on our way again. Have been here less than a week but it has been well worth the three weeks it took to arrive. Kind Fate turned out the whole bag of tricks

for us. We saw everything that lives in the air or on the earth or in the waters under the earth, and we have gone from Dan to Beersheba. The home of my ancestors still looks green and bonny. Just the same I was content to pass on and not leave my bones there.

It was just dawn, cold, fog, rain, we were fairly miserable and unhappy. I almost lost my precious life by my cape's getting caught up by the wind. Tell the girls to be sure to pack at least one wool set of underwear in their hand luggage. It is most imperative. It may mean life to them. I have been bitter cold in an Arctic wind and fog. They should also have good steamer rugs and blankets for sleeping out. It gets awful cold about 3 A. M. and it isn't all nervous cold either. I fortunately had a lot of wool on me and with me. There are three things to be impressed upon those doing what I am. 1 **Go** where you are sent. 2 **Stay** where you are put. 3 Do as you are told.

VIRGINIA BOYD.

September 22.

Georgia Cerow and I are settled here in Mende (chef-lieu of the Department of Lozère, and the smallest one in France) for the winter apparently. At present our official title is "Delegatées Adjointes" of the R. C. under the Department of General Relief. Bureau of Refugees. It may be that later the responsibility for the work of the Department will be turned over to us entirely, as the present Delegatée has two Departments to look after, but we aren't worrying about that, for there is plenty of work to keep us busy now.

Our trip down here from Paris was quite exciting and made us feel really quite adventuresome. We left Paris in the evening of the 11th of September and sat up happily all night long in our compartment. There was a young American artillery officer in our coach, who, I think, was really quite perturbed and scandalized because two American girls were alone in a compartment with three French officers. He was terribly funny about it, but we didn't mind in the least, except when the Frenchmen snored too loudly!

We were due to change trains at 7.45 in the morning, and then change again later for Mende, but the easy going Paris train was only two hours late, so we landed at a tiny French village to find that our next train had departed and that there was no other until the next morning! Can't you imagine how lost we felt for a minute? But we scurried around—developing powers in French we never knew we possessed—and found that by taking a funny old 'bus and driving for three hours over the hills we could get a train from another town which would take us to a place where there was a real hotel, and from which we could get a train early the next morning for Mende. We did all of that, with only a few misgivings, and finally reached here Friday morning at 9.30, instead of Thursday afternoon at 3.

We were more or less weary, and very glad to see two other American R. C. workers, but the whole trip had been such an adventure from the start that we never regretted a minute of it.

We certainly have been lucky in being assigned to this Department for the scenery is beyond words gorgeous. It is mountainous throughout and thickly wooded, and in one part possesses a river (the Tarn) which has cut marvelous gorges through the

mountains. Between the beauty of the country and the amount and kind of work ahead of us, I think we've felt like a large exclamation point most of the time!

All this last week the other two R. C. workers have trotted us around the Department introducing us to Prefets, Sous-Prefets, Maires, and committees, and incidentally the work. Each arrondissement of the Department has a local French committee in charge of refugee relief, through whom we work. That committee, in its turn, works through representatives in the small, outlying communes, and sees that they receive what they need for refugees in the way of food, clothing, furniture, etc. The R. C. goes on the principle that it is better to sell articles needed to refugees, rather than give, for their own pride, although the prices are naturally very low, usually about 10%-25% of the value of the article. The older men and women and young children who cannot work or who are sick, of course are given what they need.

Georgia and I are to have a small office or "bureau" on the square in front of the cathedral, Place Urbain V. It is at present in process of painting and papering, but we hope to move in next week **some** time. Workers do not move quickly here in the south of France!

There is a large cantonment of refugees across the street from our hotel, which is to be our specially important care for the next two weeks, namely, to see that it is cleaned up and rid of bugs of all sorts! We positively crawl some times, after we have been all through on a tour of inspection. And yet it is nothing to some of the other places we visit.

We were awfully glad to see the other four members of the Unit in Paris, two days before we left. They all looked well and seemed enthusiastic over their trip.

If you ever do have time, it would be a wonderful treat for us if you could drop us a line. We think of you and college often and say that if we don't make good we'll jump into the ocean on the way home rather than face you! The work seems appalling in responsibility at times but we're awfully glad to be here where we may be able to help, thanks to Barnard!

MARGARET PECK.

September 4.

Our duties are to assist the French officials who have charge of the work in any way which presents itself. The delegates usually help find the houses, or supply money to alter buildings on hand, sometimes to give R. C. portable houses. Next furniture is a big item. One delegate last winter, bought 60,000 beds at a bargain. Then food, clothing and welfare all have to be looked out for.

GEORGIA CEROW.

September 29.

The Red Cross have a good many women workers in this field, as they run a regular restaurant for officers. We do not get a chance for a great deal of social visiting, but we do meet at the various festivities given for the men; for instance we have just arranged to alternate giving dances at our huts every week. The commanding officer heartily approves of dancing to keep the men from going to town and otherwise employing their time. It suits

me to perfection. I think the entertainment side of the work extremely important. I have talked to so many men who have too much time on their hands either waiting for orders or not being able to fly on account of bad weather; they simply don't know what to do with themselves.

There is quite a good deal of theatrical talent among the men in camp. They gave a show last week where one man took the part of a girl and was as good as Julian Eltinge. There is to be another home talent show next week for which I have loaned one of my dresses. I am curious to see how the man gets into it.

I have visited one or two of the neighboring towns and several nearby camps. There are no end of troops of all kinds in this neighborhood. The hospital visiting is quite interesting too. Each woman has two wards to visit each week. One of my wards had gas patients from the front, but for the most part the men are from this district, either medical or accident cases.

September 29.

I think perhaps a few hints as to what I have needed here would help those who are coming later, although we are better supplied than many places. Everyone ought to bring face and bath towels; a knife, fork and spoon are useful. I find the sleeveless sweater useless, as a sweater here is for warmth not looks and one's arms get as cold as one's back. I find my little tool kit very handy. We have napkins, sheets and pillow cases here, but of course that is unusual. A traveling candlestick comes in handy in case of trouble with lights. I might say that the soap and sugar I brought were unnecessary as we can buy plenty.

I don't know whether I have written you about the canteen expeditions we make once or twice a week to outlying camps. Sometimes one woman and from two to four men go, sometimes two women. We take tobacco, chocolate and so forth in one camion and the moving picture machine in the other. We take a couple of tables and put out our goods under the trees, then after supper, which we generally have with the officers, we stretch a sheet between two trees and have the pictures. I suppose as the weather gets colder we shall have to change our methods. Last week we went to a little town where some newly landed infantry were quartered in barns and all over the town. The poor boys were half of them sick with influenza, but they turned out for the show. Two of them had the mumps, so had to stand on the side lines by themselves.

I have to pinch myself once in awhile to realize that I am in France, for we see nothing but Americans; of course when we go to Issoudun we see the French, but here at camp there is nothing but barracks.

Every Sunday afternoon we serve free tea and homemade cake to all the men. We bake Saturday morning twelve huge loaves. It is a very popular form of entertainment.

I do wish we could get more books, especially novels. The boys have lots of time on their hands in an aviation camp, as there are so many days when they can't fly.

TEDDY CURTIS.

September 5.

I am at the Hotel Wagram, Rue de Rivoli, just opposite the main entrance to the Tuileries. The Metro. is at our door, a very nice thing when you are out on these inky nights. Seeing Nelly Home is a perilous journey with a lantern these days and pedestrians with their flashes look like will o' the wisps.

I am getting around the city pretty well with a map, but it takes time. There are almost no busses, but the walking is good after three weeks on a sailing vessel.

Ran right into the arms of M. Peck and G. Cerow first day here. Eat with them. John Erskine addressed the Y group. He looks well but thinner and is evidently doing a fine work here on educational lines.

September 10.

It is wonderful at night. Velvety blackness everywhere. You should just see me sprinting down the Champs Elysees from the Arc de Triomphe to the Rue de Rivoli. The streets are black as your pocket—on a stormy night you can just see figures pass you and no more. You feel for the curb with your feet. The arcades along the Rue de Rivoli are jetty black with only here and there a single blue light to guide you. However, you always manage to get safely home. The Wild Taxi Man is a fearsome animal here. Evidently no speed laws and the devil takes the hindmost if the taxi does not. I could spend years here. Poor little old New York is not anywhere compared with London or Paris and Paris leaves London far behind. The city is tranquil. The gay boulevardier is no more, but the stunning French soldier is a better substitute. We have managed to sleep peacefully in our beds every night.

I have been taking my meals in part at a really French restaurant called 'des Alpes', cuisine bourgeoise, and it is the best cooking you ever had. The roast chicken sizzles in the pan in the kitchen just a step up, and if Madame likes you, she lets you hang your coat in the kitchen. Many American officers come there. I think I saw the one of Panama fame tonight there getting himself called 'mon enfant' by Madame. Funniest sight was Madame trying to get a rise out of a very dignified English captain who did not like to be disturbed and who would not be her 'enfant'. Things are dear, very dear. The French are making hay while the sun shines, in which play we occupy the title role. I don't blame them in the least. Paid 75c for a pair of shoe laces. Heard an American lad complain bitterly that he had to pay 50c for one ice cream soda, when he could get five of them at home. But it was a good soda and the only one of its kind. I wish the Americans at home could make as good war bread. It is really excellent—you buy it by the yard. Cheese is plentiful. I have had Camembert such as we seldom see. But strangely enough butter is almost never to be had and milk all comes from the famous Purple Cow. Sugar is of course lacking in any large quantities. One gets used to the sugar-water bottle.

VIRGINIA T. BOYD.

September 22.

We have had a very busy week, being introduced to all sorts of people and places and today we are really the only Americans here.

Miss King and Miss Mathewson left for their other Department this morning, not to be back for two or more weeks, so Georgia and I are left in sole charge.

Last Monday we were gone all day on an extended motor trip in the east of the Department. We lunched with the chief engineer of the Department and his wife at one little town and I wish you could have seen the amount of food we had to put down to be polite! I really and truly thought I would expire. then the wine. It was just after the American victory at St. Mihiel which happened to be the home town of these two people, so of course they had to produce a bottle of Champagne at the end of the lunch and drink the Americans' health, all the way round

Tuesday we went over to lunch with the Marquis and Marquise de Chamburn at Marvejols. Madame de Chamburn was a Miss Longworth (American). The Marquis knows New York well, was a member of the Commission that came over with Marshal Joffre last year.

Wednesday we stayed here all day. Georgia and I ran around busily seeing that work went ahead on our tiny office and that the mason started plugging up all the holes in the refugee house across the way, to prevent bed bugs walking around so actively. Our first important job is to see that that place is cleared of vermin!! That afternoon there was a meeting of the local committee here when we were introduced with much *éclat* by the acting president of the committee, etc., etc. I nearly died of embarrassment in the middle of the meeting, because Miss King, who does not speak easy French, asked me to ask the Mayor in French what their needs were for the winter. For about three seconds, I couldn't **think** of a word of French to save my soul, but then I recovered and managed to stammer out the necessary words.

Thursday we motored over to the town of St. Chely d'Apches to see some houses that were being repaired for refugees for the winter. That was also a dirty little town and very hot.

September 28.

This week has been Georgia's and my first all alone here, as Miss King and Miss Mathewson left for the other department last Sunday. We enjoy the sensation of being the only two Americans here, but we are afraid the population of Mende will have permanent twisted necks for whenever we walk out, which is very often, they always crain their necks around to look at us. We hear stage whispers following us: "Les dames americaines."

The principal occupation this week has been the cleaning up of the refugee cantonment across the street and the completion of our little office on the Cathedral square. I wish you could see the bed bugs in the cantonment!!! I was present yesterday when one of the beds was being taken to pieces for disinfection and I positively crawled and itched for hours afterwards. The refugee families tell you loud and long tales about the bugs, but they do precious little to help get rid of them, I must say. We have also had the agreeable task of requesting the mayor to move elsewhere a certain family which we did not consider sufficiently proper to remain in the house with many children! I think His Honor was quite surprised to find that two jeunes filles of our age were so observant and courageous enough to speak, but of course he was most agreeable and promised to move the family at once.

Yesterday we paid a visit to a convent here, having been told by Miss King that the inhabitants wished to speak with us. The

sisters were almost all very old women and perfect dears, so childishly pleased to see and talk to two strangers, above all Americans. They have asked us to lunch today. We have just come back from our luncheon and I hasten to write about it before I forget. We both agree that everything was delightfully interesting.

We got there at a quarter to twelve and were met by the mother superior. Of course we could not dine with the sisters so they put us in a little room by ourselves, looking out over the garden with the beautiful hills back of that. The Mother Superior next in rank sat by us all through the lunch. Do you want to know what we had? Well, we began with a soup, goodness knows what it was except that it was good, then we had some sort of a chop cooked in paper so that it was deliciously tender and beautifully seasoned, from that we progressed to broiled chicken and lettuce salad, equally good; then came potatoes mashed and fried in rolls; after that a **real** jelly roll, the first cake we had eaten since New York, after that fruit and to finish up with delicious black coffee and with all this two kinds of wine. Wasn't that a lunch fit for a king? After lunch we were conducted around as much as permissible, then out into the garden and back through the chapel.

I forgot to tell you we have had a very nice letter from the Paris office in answer to ours saying we had arrived. They told us they thought we had done very well to find a train after missing the first connection and that they considered us good sports.

MARGARET PECK.

91 rue La Grange, Bordeaux, France.

October 2.

Here we are installed in a cunning little house—the four of us still together. We have been sent here as a health investigation unit, to report on the condition of refugees in one section of Bordeaux and then in a country section. We arrived here last Thursday but have not commenced our investigation yet for several reasons: first, the mayor is away. It is impossible to start anything without proper official recognition, etc. Second reason: we have not yet the lists of the people we are to visit; and third: we must have a permit to visit a certain district of Bordeaux where many of our refugee families are located.

We started in search of an apartment and took a house, or at least all but one room of the house. We are curious as to what is in that one room. The man who owns the house is in the war, and the woman and her children are in the country with her mother, so the house was to let furnished. We have taken it for a month and can have it longer if we are in Bordeaux longer, but that is about the time estimated.

We arrived in Bordeaux Thursday night and Saturday night had dinner in our own house. The Red Cross people gasped when they heard it. We found the house Friday but were referred to many people before we got it. Finally Saturday morning we simply forced part of the rent on the woman who had the key, then had our luncheon, packed up our things at the hotel and divided up. Mildred got our trunks from the station, Leslie and Eugenia ordered sheets from the Red Cross (they were about the only thing missing in the house) and got provisions from the commissary, I came to the house, one of the neighbors loaned me her

maid, and we superficially cleaned. Saturday night we were beautifully settled, still minus sheets. But Leslie had several old nightgowns which she slit and which served beautifully.

Eugenia has gone to La Rochelle, left at six o'clock this morning, to help the doctor in the dispensary there, the doctor being ill. Eugenia will be back Sunday. She has visited a family here and today the Red Cross has sent them some things. The girls have been to see some refugees today who have asked for help.

Just had an interruption. Eugenia returned rather tired. Her train had gotten almost to La Rochelle when they came to cars of oil which were on fire. The tracks were melted and out of shape, and she says the fire was terrible. Her train came back. The conductor should have had the people get out and walk to the train that had come from La Rochelle and was going back there; but he was excited and brought some of the passengers back. Eugenia came in a little after three, had tea, and left a little after five to get the six o'clock train. She'll get to La Rochelle about midnight and help in the clinic tomorrow morning and then make visits in place of this doctor who is sick, in the afternoon.

Well I suppose you really want to know about our own particular job. We'll know more about it ourselves in a couple of weeks. There is no one to ask about it because it is new. They want a very full report on our investigation. They want refugee conditions well understood at home because a tremendous amount of help is needed—financial help to enable the Red Cross to better the health conditions. So the first job of the committee is plainly laid out.

We've had a visit from the inspector of police. He was perfectly polite and lovely—just came to tell us we had to sweep the sidewalk and gutter every morning before the street cleaning man comes around. We didn't know about the gutter.

EDITH F. BALMFORD.

October 2.

Mrs. Dwight gave me what sounded like a very good assignment and maybe it will turn out to be more later. At the Y lunch that day who should walk in but Mr. Weir, the Y man who had been canteener at St. Aignan. He was on leave at that town. Down at St. Aignan I objected because he was always disappearing on some trip, but Monday he disappeared with me, and we had a very pleasant afternoon. We started out to walk to Jeanne d'Arc's birthplace but soon got picked up by a truck, so that we had lots of time to look around in the little church and house where she was born and go up to the new memorial church on the hillside where there are some very good paintings of different stages of her life. Then we walked three or four miles back, about half way, before we were picked up again. It was quite a cold, sharp day, and the country was lovely, so green—with the dark pine woods—and some trees turning yellow. It was hillier than St. Aignan, more woods, and more like home.

Next morning I took the train up here and after hunting up the place to sleep that Mrs. Dwight had told me about, walked across the street to the officers' club to see Mrs. Walker. She is awfully tired, the only American woman in the place, and it's quite a job.

Then I went to report to my divisional head, and was delighted to find he had come over on the boat with me. He is a very nice man, and it makes me feel much more at home.

Tuesday afternoon I spent exploring the town and helping Mrs. Walker serve chocolate and doughnuts, which is a very different matter from canteening, because the officers get served at tables, like afternoon tea. Tuesday evening I packed, taking what I needed in my roll-up and a little "musette" bag, a little thing you sling over your shoulder, just big enough to hold the odds and ends and toilet things that would fall out of the roll-up, and leaving my new little trunk and my two suitcases here at Mme. Bourchon's. Mr. Smith, my divisional chief, took me out this morning in his Ford (he goes out every day with supplies and to see how things are going). He thought there would be room to put up one cot for me with the other two girls already in the division, Miss Lindsay and Miss Colby. But we found they had space just big enough for their two cots in a curtained-off place between some officers and some M.P.'s. So there wasn't room for me, and I had to come back with Mr. Smith tonight.

Thursday morning.

But I must tell you about the ride out. About half an hour out we passed the old Allied lines of three weeks ago,—miles and miles of barbed wire entanglements and trenches, more barbed wire and more trenches. The fields are brown and uncultivated, so different from a few kilos back, and the trenches and communicating trenches and all are just like the moving pictures. Then we went through a little town quite badly shot up, and the German trenches and barbed wire to another village still more in ruins. The two girls had a little screened-off place in the cellar of an old house. Everybody sleeps in cellars or dugouts there because there is shelling at night, though I don't think any shells have fallen in the village for ages. And in the daytime, it's absolutely peaceful, but there is no civil population left. Mr. Smith means to move the girls back, however, to the next village as soon as the women in another division move out. They are peeved, and so am I. It will mean a little further trip every day to the woods where the part of the division that is not in the line stays. We went out there yesterday over roads through the fields, all muddy. We had dinner with a supply company officer at a little table in a shelter patched together made of sheet-iron, camouflaged on the top with branches. We had real fried steak, pork and beans, coffee, bread and jam, and little fried cakes something like doughnuts. Some plain privates who ate before us had the same without the steak, and a couple of them had to go on errands to get jam for us. I certainly did feel horrid, making them run errands and sitting up there eating with officers. The same thing happened today. Yesterday after lunch we went to one of the regiments and made chocolate for them, because they were going into the trenches that evening. We made it for about a thousand men, but the kitchen details had the fire going, water in the kettles, and all we had to do was to mix the stuff and serve it. Today we served to men who had just come in last night, and we had to get men to dig a place for the fire. We had to wait for some condensed milk to turn up. There was more time to talk to the men today. The difference in their spirits yesterday and today was the most noticeable thing. (They were different lots of men, of course). Going out they were much more cheerful than today, when they were still tired and so dirty and unshaven, and still comparing notes about the men who had been killed. By afternoon, when we had gotten around to serving the cocoa, most of them were cleaned up and

happier. But they were still too tired and low in their minds to do much joking. What they do is to have one battalion of the regiment in the line, one support just behind, and one resting in the woods six or eight miles back. It is in the woods that we are during the day, serving to some regiment or another.

ELEANOR DOTY.

Hotel de France, Mende, District Lozère,
October 3, 1918.

We continue to be busy and happy here in this funny little town, our "office" is now almost finished, lacks only electricity, and a stone pipe. We went over there yesterday and put curtains in the windows, so we can gaze peacefully out on the passers by and they cannot look in on us. It is very necessary as the room is on the street level, and the inhabitants of Mende have all the time and inclination in the world for assembling in quantity and plastering their noses against something new and strange. The office has also an American and a French flag waving in the breeze and so we feel very grand and set up.

I wish you could have seen some of the houses we visited this week! No den you ever visited in New York could come up to them; perfectly respectable families living in the midst of unspeakable filth. Most of the houses are built around courts and it is the cleanly custom to throw any dirty water, garbage, etc., into the street if there is no court!

We always take care to walk in the middle of the street with an eye out for sudden baths from above. We visited several old women whom the Mayor had said needed help and whom the Red Cross might possibly help. We got along very well, although some times horribly twisted by the patois. We found, however, that every family in the neighborhood that thought it had a want was **dogging our footsteps** and begging us to come in and see them. We went into one or two, but finally had to stop our visits or we would have had the whole street aroused. One of the homes we visited was horribly pathetic. The mother, a woman of fifty or sixty, I should say, had been in bed for twenty-one days with the grippe, unable to move. She had two sons in the war and a little girl of fifteen taking care of her and just two days before she had received word that a third son, working in a war factory further north, had died very suddenly, calling for her. Poor thing! She wept all the time and we almost broke down and wept with her. And the worst of it is that there is nothing practically that can be done for her. The Red Cross cannot give relief to civilians without a long conversation by letter with Paris. There is no local nursing aid here that can help. Besides the family probably would object to being so clean!

The refugee cantonment across the street from us where we have been bug chasing so vigorously, is now in much better shape. We pay two or three visits a day and look very stern if we find beds touching walls or filth in the rooms.

They are all like children and have to be watched almost as closely and have the most marvelous string of excuses to reel off at you if caught in any act that is expressly "defendu".

It is curious how we have found here almost everything we were told in New York that we could not get. There seems to be plenty of soap and good usable soap, rather expensive; we can buy twine, paper, pencils, pens, brushes and even have our hair shampooed!!! The only thing that is at all difficult is shoe polish and of course sugar.

MARGARET PECK.

October 4, 1918.

Still in Paris and enjoying it immensely! We had a very calm and uneventful voyage over on the Rochambeau, with lots of interesting people. There were some particularly attractive girls in the Y canteen group—who are assigned quite near my place, I am glad to say.

My assignment is St. Aignan—which everyone tells me is a fine place to go. I report first to Mrs. Mead at Viergon, leaving Paris next Tuesday, October 8, I think.

ISABEL TOTTEN.

October 5, 1918.

I arrived here on September 11th, and found myself toute ensuite boss of a large kitchen staff and a kitchen so dirty and ill managed that it almost made you weep to see it. The dear lady in charge has a large heart full of sympathy and sentiment for the "dear boys" and she has worn herself out bearing their sorrows, but would rather talk all day than see to it that the "dear boys" were not in danger of septic sore throat from dirty chocolate cans. She is one of the daughters of Mary, but I being near to Martha got down on my knees yesterday and scrubbed that kitchen floor with my own hands. You would be much amused if you could see me in the middle of that kitchen. We have six French women and only one speaks English. My French is not the kind needed in the kitchen. The result is extraordinary. I go to the English speaking Madame and get her to tell me how to say to the Belgian refugee that she must not wash more than 400 cups in two quarts of water! When the dish pan is successfully emptied I feel as though I had done a good day's work. Besides the women I have a military detail of five men. The cook is a heavy ranchman from Wyoming and the bread cutter is a long-shoreman from the coast of Florida.

I am very glad I talked so much with Mrs. Jameson about the lunch room. Otherwise I should be absolutely frightened to death. She knows that you cannot run a kitchen by absent treatment. So you will know that I am there early and late. There is not much brass band excitement about my end of the job, but it is the most important. If the K. P. is asleep there is no chocolate to go over the counter no matter how sweet the canteeners may be to the boys. From what I see and hear the American boy soldier is a pretty good lad. Some are rough, of course, but the others keep things decent and shut up the rough talker.

October 6, 1918.

The bells of St. A. ring loud and clear as I write. I think it must be in celebration of the first moment of quiet ease that I have had in the month that I have been here. I wrote to you from Paris that I was on my way here. That was September 10 and here I am. I arrived to find myself assigned to what everyone commiseratingly says is the hardest and meanest job in all the divisions. "Over the railroad track," you say in answer to inquiries as to where you are placed, and the answer to that is usually just—"Oh, are you?" I found the Canteen in charge of one of those dear women who are quite capable of giving a boy all he needs spiritually, with a little septic sore throat or ptomaine on the side, because she thought kitchen duty too small for her. My tenses are a little mixed, but at all events I had not been here

two days before the entire kitchen was simply unloaded on me—the French women, army detail and all. Moreover I discovered that I was in the midst of a situation. The lady in charge had the untidiest mind I have ever met. She never did the same thing for three consecutive minutes. You can imagine the confusion. She talked like a magpie all the time, and the kitchen during serving sessions was like a mad-house. The Y. M. C. A. secretary in charge of the Hut is a minister, conscientious to the breaking-point, Puritanical, and tidy. Hates things dirty and out of order—a little fussy—far from home and uncomfortable unless he can potter around. . . . Cat and dog must have been the life between these two. The other Canteener was all but a wreck just from trying to live with these two—especially the dear lady. I was panic-stricken at first. Never do I hope to see a more badly-managed or dirtier kitchen. Soap and water first and rearrangement next, and I began to see daylight. And then both the Lady in charge and the other lady were transferred, and I awoke to find myself the Lady-in-charge!

The first thing was to get on friendly terms with the French women, only one of whom speaks English. If you know anything about the French, you know how like a blank wall they can look when you make a suggestion for something new. That shoulder shrug! It's a long tale, but now Mme. Haultcoeur, wife of the chef of the Harvard Club in Boston, is my right hand, and so interested in my plans and arrangements that when yesterday I gave her a tube of cold cream I felt as if I had a friend to depend upon. The rest of the women consist of a Belgian mother and two little girls, refugees from Calais, a war widow, and two others who live near. The army detail consisted of an undertaker from Florida, a cowboy from Washington State, a shoe-maker from Massachusetts, and two marines—called for some reason 'gyrines'. The Cowboy is a splendid fellow. He makes the chocolate and coffee and hot malted milk and has helped me to get the recipes down to a reasonable and constant basis, instead of just hit or miss. The next thing was to let the Secretary into the kitchen and let him potter to his heart's content. The poor man was just a-dying to. No man could be kinder and nicer than he has been to me. He has torn down tables and put in new, and made new sinks, and covered tables with oilcloth, till the kitchen is really a pleasant room to be in. We have all taken a hand at scrubbing the floor. I started to do it about a week ago, but I had not been at it long before the War Widow took the brush out of my hand, and before she had scrubbed a square yard, along came the Secretary and the Religious Director and they both scrubbed for dear life, while the W. W. and I watched. Great is Tom Sawyer and his practices! Now the floor is really clean. It took a week before we could see the knot-holes and fully another before the grain of the wood appeared.

Now as to the work that goes on in that kitchen. The boys we feed are here today and gone tomorrow. So that sometimes we have only a few hundreds and again thousands. Our maximum output for a day was 158 loaves of bread (1422 sandwiches—9 to the loaf) and 143 gallons of chocolate—about 1800 cups. This means that we have two lines of boys in steady file for four or five hours and you have no time for more than a grin and the cup and the sandwich pass out just as fast as one hand can follow the other. One of the Frenchwomen handles the money. We take in French, American and English, and have to give these two back

in francs and centimes. It takes quick thinking sometimes, especially when most of the boys who have just arrived from the States know nothing at all about the money they have in their hands. My work begins at 8.30 A. M. The Canteen opens at 9.30 and runs to 11.30. At 12 I rush over to the Y mess for dinner. 1.30 sees me back on the job. The Canteen opens at 2 and closes at 5. Supper at 5.30, and then I do the business of it all. I count money and do bookkeeping till I have to go to bed to get warm. The money is a big problem. Some days we take in as much as 1100 francs in all kinds of money. It all has to be counted in francs and the rate of exchange of American and English money changes every few days. My poor little brain almost gives way.

I am really very comfortable—at least so far. I live in a little wooden house, one of those portable affairs. It has 5 bedrooms and a living-room. I think I am going to have a stove. I have seen it. My room is really a suite. I have a bed; that is my bed-room. Above the bed is a shelf; that is my study; there I keep my books and writing materials and the Portrait of a Perfect Gentleman—Rags. Seven feet away on the opposite wall is another shelf; that is my drawing-room; it has on it one stone mug of flowers and a candle-stick. Beneath this shelf are two large tobacco packing-boxes. The top one is my dressing-room, linen-closet, and store-room. The lower box is my bath,—two buckets, an ewer and a tin basin. Trunk, canteen trunk, and suitcase fit nicely under the bed. The entire room is only seven feet square. The window is paned with wire netting and isin-glass. The total effect is really very pretty. I have covered the shelves with a valance of old rose cretonne, and the two boxes make a pretty dressing table. The bed, too, has a nice cover with valance, and there was enough stuff to make one pillow cover. The window has draw-curtains (very necessary—twice men have looked in the other windows) and valance. A series of cigar boxes serve to hold my odds and ends, and one makes a good desk for pens, ink, etc.

Instead of flies, the great pest here is yellow jackets—hornets. The French cannot distinguish them from the bees, so Mr. Hornet is allowed to live. At table he contests every mouthful you eat. He goes and dies in the jam, bathes in the evaporated milk, and conceals himself in the sugar. In the kitchen he rests quietly on a knife handle until you pick it up. Then he stings you viciously on the palm of your hand. If you wear a low collar, he crawls inside and stings you above the belt. (That fool Spartan Boy and his fox had nothing on me the other day when a hornet stung me twice—inside—and I went on cutting bread and butter). One stung me on the knee and made me lame for two days.

October 7.

The other day I walked on the side of the road to let a motor cycle whizz by. In the flash I recognized its passenger in the side bathtub as John Erskine. The first person I saw here was Eleanor Doty—she has since gone on up to Paris for reassignment nearer the Front. The Canteener first with me has taken her place.

October 9.

Had an inspection by Sanitary inspector today. He says my kitchen is likely to be rated 9 on a scale of 10. No one gets ten, because there is no such thing as a perfect kitchen and I believe him. We are all much elated, and the boys are polishing for dear

life against the next inspection tomorrow. Today I went over and gave suggestions for the lay-out of the kitchen for the officers' mess. Wouldn't you just know I'd tumble into this sort of thing! Brass polish and all—kitchen oil-cloth at \$2 a yard—but I have bo-coo of it.

I am writing this long after taps and I am very weary. I don't know when I shall ever get time to write to anyone else, so you will have to read excerpts to my friends—especially Mrs. Jameson; I owe much that I am doing now to her.

VIRGINIA T. BOYD.

October 10.

Here are the three of us in an empty forest that a few hours ago was simply teeming with our men and their little tents and camp fires. And here comes the Ford to fetch us, so I have to stop. No it's not—it's an ambulance just to see there are no sick men left.

We left Mrs. Walker's town about two o'clock on Monday and drove west all afternoon and all evening. The country was lovely, part of it, and in parts, on a height overlooking a town that the Americans took a few weeks ago and made such a fuss about, the trees were shot down to stumps and the roadside and fields were thick with old trenches and barbed-wire entanglements. The roads were very slippery and we passed several heavy army trucks and transports with their wheels buried in the ditch—I'd hate the job of getting them out. We passed long lines of transports going both ways, a lot of colored troop trucks and supply wagons, and later on, after dark, some of our own boys riding in little Japanese trucks. Most of them were too tired and sleepy to show much enthusiasm when we cheered at them, though. They'd been walking nearly two days, and riding only a few hours, on short rations too. The driving after dark, which means by 5.30 or 6.00 now, was exciting too (I wasn't doing it)! Besides going on slippery roads, Mr. Smith had to steer in and out of long trains of trucks, all without any lights, and most of the time we had no lights either. You're not supposed to carry them at all in this part. So while we were on the wrong side of the road passing trucks going our way, we were on the lookout for dark mountains of trucks coming at us from the other direction. Mr. Smith managed wonderfully, so that we touched another car only once, and that only bent a rear mudguard. All the towns we passed through had been shot to pieces, some so much that you'd hardly know a town had been there, and some only occasionally. It was in a forest near one of these latter that our boys were camped (where we are now). There was no civil population at the first town, and none at the next, but we found a Y from another division (a very snippy division that didn't have any women workers) which took us in and let us camp out downstairs in the canteen (all they had to sell was soap—were apparently out of supplies). I had my folding cot with me, but the other two girls had sent theirs in the truck. I tried to make them take the cot, but they wouldn't. All our blankets were in the truck, but Mr. Smith made us take his, and the Y men lent us some more. Miss Colby and Miss Lindsay put the Ford cushions on top of the counter and some blankets on top of that. By leaving on all our clothes except our hats and coats, we made out all right. In the morning we drove back to the first town and got breakfast at the snippy Y division headquarters, and drove into the forest to find where the men really were.

October 13.

We found them camped out in the woods, and hilly woods at that. There were some barracks that the French had used when they were there, and some officers cleared out a room for us so that when our cots and blankets came we were very nicely fixed, and the Catholic chaplain, Father Murphy, who ran the Colonel's mess, asked us to eat with them. Living in the army costs nothing, apparently. I haven't spent a cent since we left Mme. Bouchon's, the housekeeper at Mrs. Walker's town. All Tuesday afternoon we couldn't make any chocolate because our supplies hadn't come, and it was the same tale on Wednesday. The milk and cocoa got hung up on the road—it certainly was aggravating. Tuesday P. M. we visited—the other girls the M. P.'s whom they had eaten with at the other place, and I the regiment we had been going to serve chocolate to. It was misty and chilly, and the men had gathered in little groups of six or a dozen around little camp fires. It was appalling the way they cut down underbrush, and when that was gone saplings, and trees four or six inches thick, for their fires and for the kitchen fires. That wood was a very different place before the boys left it. Half the companies didn't have their kitchens or their supplies, so the men were cooking up their own little things on their own fires. They'd soften hard tack by cooking it in bacon grease, and cook coffee in their canteen cups. A lot of them had gathered in a few potatoes from some of the fields as they passed (I guess that's why the potato crop is so poor) and were frying them. It does seem awful that those boys shouldn't get good square meals, when they've just been moving, and are way back of the lines; but quite a lot of the companies didn't get full rations until just as they were moving off again. Some got things Tuesday night, and some had only coffee and beans to give their men all the way through.

We always have supper early, five or five-thirty, because it gets dark early and one isn't supposed to have lights outdoors. That makes the evenings terrifically long, and we usually go to bed about eight. Wednesday, still lacking supplies, and very mad about it, we went around among two other regiments about two miles off in another part of the woods. These French woods are interesting, roads all through them, but my, what awful roads, now that they are used so much. And yet the woods themselves are quite wild. The mud is fierce, with the trampling that goes on—just like a pig pen in some places, and it's gray, slippery, sticky stuff. One's shoes get to be a perfect sight. We happened to run into the general of the brigade we were visiting Wednesday, and he asked us to lunch. So we came back at one, and he ushered us most formally into his little shack, which was a very tidy, clean one, with a stove. He had thoughtfully heated up some water in a basin, and invited us to wash our hands before lunch, so while we waited and talked to him, we took turns washing. Lunch was served in a little hut opposite, with a beautiful homespun linen sheet for a tablecloth and real china, all "salvaged" from Chateau Thierry.

Wednesday night the orders for the division to move came in, and we heard officers and "runners" (messengers) coming in and out of the barracks all night. Chaplain Murphy's regiment was the first to go, so all the men around us had to get up at three o'clock. They didn't finally get off till nearly six, but it was a great sight to see all their fires in the dark, then, as it got light, all their little shelter tents came down, and when they finally

moved out the woods looked very bare and empty. After they'd been gone about half an hour the birds began to chirp, and you realized that you hadn't heard a bird while the men were in. Mr. Smith came for us about eleven, and we started north, to follow the men to where they were going to camp that night—about twenty-five miles up, and in another part of this big forest. On the way up we stopped in a town to talk to some other Y people, and three lieutenants rushed out from somewhere to greet us. We thought they were somebody's long lost friends, but they had simply spotted American women from their windows. One stopped in the middle of shaving, and one, who appeared shortly after the others, had gotten out of bed! They were very young and gushy, and certainly glad to see us. They were on detached engineer service, so didn't have any Y of their own.

That was Thursday. The ride up was worse than the one Monday night, in spite of the fact that this was in daylight. But it was one of the main roads to the front, and there was an American division coming back, and Frenchmen and American supply wagons, and our own division going up. The road is wide enough for just two cars, and beyond that is a mass of mud, or rock if the road is being mended. So it's more or less like riding on Fifth Avenue at 3 P. M. for miles and miles. The traffic is all badly blocked, and one goes a bit and then stops, then slips in between a lurching truck and a French horseman, then stops again. There are both French and American M. P.'s on the road, to look after the traffic, but all they do is to get the trucks that get stuck in the mud, a little to one side, so that one row of things can pass. If a Ford gets in the way they get half a dozen soldiers to throw it out in the fields for half an hour while a supply train goes by. You can imagine, between traffic, and losing the road later on, and getting stuck in the mud a couple of times, it was the middle of the afternoon before we got there. These joy rides are all very well, and you feel as if you were wasting time, but when you stop to wave at every man or group of men that looks as if he wanted it, and make some remark that isn't too terribly tame, you realize you're really on the job all the time. You sometimes want to stare blankly at the men that go by, instead of smiling and bobbing your head and shouting "Hello", "How's hiking", "We're coming along", or some inane thing.

When we got to the place where the boys were camped out—a newer, younger part of the forest—it was the same old question—have we enough cocoa and will the rest come along in the Ford Truck, and can we get the water and get the stuff cooked all before dark? We finally decided it was too late, as lights and fires were absolutely forbidden, so we went to see about sleeping quarters. Some lieutenants amused themselves by fixing up a very snug little hut with sides of corrugated sheet iron (left by Germans) and roof of canvas shelter halves. It was just big enough for the three of us to spread our blankets. It was my first night sleeping on the ground, and I was surprised to find how comfortable it was. Needless to say we slept in our clothes again. But I took off my shoes and put on those nice woolly slippers, and I was as warm as toast. Those and the little rubber wash basin have been godsend. I don't know how I should have gotten along without the rubber basin this last week. We had supper at Father Murphy's again and then went to our hut. It was most beautifully protected by bushes on all sides, so though we could hear soldiers fifty feet away in the morning, we could do our hair and put on

our shoes outside, with perfect comfort. I wish you could have heard the guns all night and next day and next night. It was all our artillery, and sounded very near. How it did boom out. The men in the lines in the sector in front of us (about ten miles away) were advancing, so it was all very thrilling. You felt as if that particular battle was the turning point of the war, when it got only one column in today's paper. Still, it was interesting to see the heading "Thrilling Battle in the Argonne", and read the names of towns only a few miles off.

That first evening, Thursday, I heard "Gerry" for the first time (German aeroplanes). They make a big uneven whirring sound, not like the even whirring that the American ones make. Then we heard the pop-pop-pop of the machine guns from the planes too.

Friday, after much talking, we finally got a detail of about twelve soldiers from one of the kitchens to go down to a spring about a mile and a half away and haul up water to make cocoa. The companies usually furnish water, and sometimes sugar, and a lot of the help. We furnish cocoa and milk and sugar and supervising. The water is always a big proposition. It is always far away. If the men are more or less permanently in one place, they can arrange to give us water from the big carts that are filled a couple of times a day, for a couple of companies, and hold 110 gallons. But if the men are stopping only one day in one place, they all need to refill their canteens for the march, and must have their wagons two-thirds full when they start out, so, with what the companies need for cooking, they can hardly spare us any. So we sometimes feel as if we were more bother than we were worth. However, we did get to serve about 1200 men before they started out again during the afternoon. This time they thought they were going right up into the lines, but there was a sudden change of orders, and they camped about six miles farther up. Everything is always very mysterious in the army.

After the boys had all marched out, there we were in a deserted wood again. Mr. Smith came back from further front where he'd been with a Ford, and told us some of the awful things he'd seen—piles of our boys and Germans. He'd been right up to a town where the Germans had been the day before. That and the fact that the Y truck hadn't turned up with its supply of crackers, sweet chocolate and cigarettes, made him blue, and reflected on all of us, so we hustled up to get him and the other Y men some supper of cocoa, and bread and corn willy that had been salvaged from one of the kitchens; over a little stove behind a sheet iron shack. And we moved our own things across the road from our now roofless hut (the lieutenants had naturally taken the shelter halves with them) to another shack nearer the Y men. All these woods are full of shacks and dugouts, because they've been occupied by German troops and French and American, and every batch adds a little bit. There are German signs up all over the roads—"Gasoline Station," all sorts of "Stallungs". It certainly looks queer.

That night every gun that went off made you think of the men it might kill, even though it was our gun always, and would not touch our men. Apparently there was a slight counterattack, for the artillery moved to one side instead of front, and we could hear the whistle of some of the shells. Mr. Smith bore me out next morning, so it wasn't my imagination.

Saturday morning, at breakfast, the truck drove up with the supplies. So that day we distributed the stuff—some in camionettes (little Ford trucks) to the regiments six miles ahead, and a lot to some of the other regiments in the division that marched by our shack on their way to join the others. We stood out on the roadside, a girl on each side, or two on one side, to hand crackers out, so that the men didn't have to break their lines to get the stuff, Y men helped us. One certainly does get lots of pleasure just handing out crackers. Rather childish isn't it? Among others, the engineers came along, and their chaplain stood out of line on his horse, to keep the men in order as they came. He was quite a joke cracker, and kept up remarks about "that good looking captain", and "here's a fellow that doesn't deserve any."

As for me, I hadn't washed for two days, nor had my clothes off. Goodness knows what I looked like. All the washing we did was to wipe our faces on our still damp wash rags, and I washed my hands twice during those three days. We didn't want to bother anyone to get water, and we didn't have anything to get it in anyway. From Monday morning until this morning I never took off my underclothes! It's so blooming cold on those little canvas cots I leave my underclothes on. I suppose as winter goes on I'll collect more blankets. I have two besides my steamer rugs now.

Yesterday afternoon after all the stuff had been distributed, we started down again. Mr. Smith didn't want to take us north with the troops, one of the division headquarters men told him he ought not to leave us in the woods alone—so all our cocoa utensils and rollups and ourselves came down over that jammed up road about twenty-five miles (it took us four hours) to a little town where our Y division has a warehouse. We have a big back room in a little old Frenchwoman's house. She is one of those bent little dried-up things, eighty-seven years old, deaf as a post, sleeps in the front room in a built-in bed, cooks over an open fireplace in the same room. Our room has all been lined with building paper by the soldiers who were here last year. It has one big bed, which we were afraid to use, a table, set of shelves and a couple of chairs and stove—no washing facilities. We took one of our pitchers from the cocoa outfit, and use our rubber basin, and throw slops out into the back yard. We spent all day cleaning and mending clothes and writing letters. A pretty French widow next the Y warehouse gives us our meals. Mr. Smith went to Mrs. Walker's town to connect up with business there, and tomorrow or next day we hope things will be settled enough for us to go back to the woods. We certainly don't want to stay here. And though it was good to get into a room with four solid walls, and get a sponge bath, it seems a shame to have brought us all the way back and forth just for our comfort. One day has been nice, but tomorrow we'll be bored.

ELEANOR DOTY.

Paris, October 12.

We arrived yesterday morning after a splendid trip. Miss Darrin will be in Paris another day. I hope to see her tomorrow. The Red Cross here is enthusiastic about the Barnard Units.

JESSIE RAY NOTTINGHAM.

October 14.

While we are with the troops we have no time and no facilities for writing letters. But this makes the second time in those two weeks that we have been packed off to a town for two nights and a day. Once because the troops were actually moving, marching or going in trucks all day and all night, and now because they are just moving back again into front line work, and nobody knows just where their working base, four or five miles back, will be. Besides that, this front is so active and "Gerry" is on the run so fast, that our boys can hardly keep up with him, much less establish a steady base. I think too, that just because the line is moving so fast and things are unsettled, Mr. Smith, our chief, is afraid to let us get as close as we were on the other front for fear of counterattacks which will come, no matter what we think.

One night, the first night the boys were on the move, we served cocoa all night in the woods, as they marched in, some of them from eight days in the trenches and a long hike out into their first night's camp. They were so tired, some of them, that they could hardly hold out their mess cups as they lined up. But we've been hearing from them ever since how good that cocoa was!

Some of the time we have been camping in the woods, right with the division, and that has been wonderfully interesting—to see a whole camp of little pup-tents among the trees and underbrush spring up in a few hours, and then next day, or the next, disappear again before daylight—no crackling camp fires, no voices, the whole woods so quiet that the birds begin to chirp again. For several days, while we were with the men, we could do nothing but visit, from one group to another, as they gathered round their little fires to warm themselves, or cook what they had been able to scrape up. Part of the time the company kitchen and supplies didn't turn up so the men were really hungry, and had to get along on hardtack and coffee, their own "iron rations". Quite a few managed to find potato patches and collect a few potatoes however. That was just the time when we should have been serving hot chocolate, but our supplies were tied up too. During that time we had a room in an officers' barracks where we put up our cots, and ate at an officers' mess.

For another few days we were with the men in another part of the woods, nearer the line. Here we had cocoa for about 1200 men as they went out into the line. The hardest proposition is getting the water. It is hauled for the companies from some distance in wagons (it always manages to be some distance) and of course the company kitchens need a great deal, so I sometimes feel as if we were more bother than we were worth.

In this last place we had a little shack in the woods, one night, made of sheet iron and canvas shelter halves for a roof, and the next night with walls of woven branches and a roof of iron. Both those nights we slept on the ground, and needless to say, could take off nothing but coats and hats and shoes. So you have to be ready to camp out with only a few bushes separating you from the men's pup-tents that stretch out for what seems like miles among the trees, in every direction.

I hope when the division is a bit more settled, we can do more steady work, however, we expect to go out again tomorrow, and live in an old cellar in a town that was recently held by the Germans.

ELEANOR DOTY.

October 21.

Katherine Darrin has been appointed as delegate to the Department of Lot-et-Garome, and was sent here for a few days to confer with, and get order from Mr. Van Keuren, zone commander, whose office is here in Bordeaux.

She is to be stationed at Agen, the largest city of the Department. A French girl who has been working in the office here is to be with her, to help her and act as interpreter when necessary. Later on she is to have a Ford, to make visits to all parts of the Department where train service is poor or non-existent, but that will be a matter of time—as are **most** things in France, we find.

The various members of the Barnard Unit have managed to connect up pretty well for the most part, but there has been one bad slip. Jessie Ray Nottingham landed here the 10th and went through to Paris without our having an inkling of such a thing. We were so peeved when we found it out, because we might perfectly well have met the boat. It came in in the evening and as the ships come quite frequently we did not go down. Katherine Darrin inquired about her a few days before she left Paris and was told Miss Nottingham had not left America!

Leslie had a letter from Margaret Peck yesterday which took **three weeks** to get here. Of course it went to Paris and was forwarded here, but even so, that is not exactly what one would call quick service.

During our visiting of the refugees the need for a dispensary for adults has been impressed upon us. There are already two for children, but for some reason the adults have been neglected. We are agitating that subject now but again the element of **time** comes in. Mr. Van Keuren is very busy, and has to spend much time out of town.

We are getting to be quite French in our manner of living—although we **do** scandalize the neighbors by sleeping with our windows wide open at night. We bring home loaves of bread or petits pains unwrapped without a qualm—dirty hands are a matter of no consideration. We eat chocolate and cold bread for breakfast as if we had always been used to it. And also we glory in the fireplaces which are in almost every room in the house—things not unknown in America, to be sure, but which do not exist in New York City apartments.

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Studwell, Mrs. Spencer (Marjorie L. Rowell)	160 Claremont Avenue
Sutton, Esther E.	R.F.D. 1, Dansville, N. Y.
Taylor, Lucille E.	552 W. 186th Street
Toledano, Ruth	419 W. 129th Street
Van Nostrand, Harriet W.	Little Neck, L. I.
Wachenheimer, Ruth	502 W. 113th Street
Welleck, Mary N.	2100 Cropsy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Weygandt, Lillian J.	154 Hester Street
White, Harriette D.	750 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Williams, Viola K.	450 6th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Williams, Virginia D.	1356 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Willrich, Erica	Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.
Zagat, Ruth B.	The Manchester, 108th St. and Broadway

MARRIAGES

- 1902 Mary H. Fisher to Henry Torrance, June 8, 1918.
- 1906 Eleanor S. Holden to Ralph J. Stoddard.
Natalie I. Shinn to L. Brewster Smith.
- 1907 Mary V. Lipe to Lt. Paul Gaston Gamble, Aug 10, 1918.
Annie L. Manley to Mr. Cole.
- 1909 Helen Newbold to Charles C. Black.
- 1910 Florence I. Hopewell to Paul Exteel.
- 1911 Madeleine Hirsh to Irving Ottenberg.
Grace I. McKee to George C. Smith.
- 1912 Grace M. Fischer to Dr. Waldo Farnum.
Dorothea H. Mahon to George K. Garvin.
Lila M. Sherin to Ralph H. Light.
Edith M. Valet to Dr. Robert J. Cook.
- 1913 Ruth M. Tyndall to Harold G. Bartle.
- 1914 Marguerite L. Engler to J. Anton Schwarzmann.
Florence Schwarzwaelder to Henry J. Volker.
- 1915 Dorette Fezandié to James Allen Miller.
Katherine N. Fox to Capt. Campbell McDonald Krenson.
Mary C. Geraty to Mr. Phelan.
Phyllis Hedley to Charles F. Bailey, May 18, 1918.
Dorothea Storer to Mr. Mann.
- 1916 Eleanore D. Elliott to Dudley De Witt Carroll.
Miriam E. Mirsky to Lt. Ralph Colp, Sept., 1918.
Dorothy K. Myers to Carl O. Sayward.
Nanette Norris to James Shoemaker.
Dorothy Y. Reaser to Thomas C. Roberts.
- 1917 Dorothy H. Bauer to Frederick H. Walter.
Lucy E. Karr to R. P. Milburn.
Ruth Wheeler to Robert Nutt, Jr., Oct., 1918.
Elsa Woititz to Robert J. Reichert.

- 1918 Lucile Keeler to Henry H. Fuller.
Ruth E. Markey to Heaton Wright.
Martha H. Miller to Thomas J. MacCabe, Oct., 1918.
Helen J. Pierce to John B. Broderick.
Marjorie L. Rowell to Spencer A. Studwell.

DEATHS

- 1908 Irma Alexander (Mrs. W. S. Goldfrank) died Oct., 1918.
1909 Anna M. Gordon (Mrs. S. A. Blauner) died Oct., 1918.
1909 Pauline D. Johnson (Mrs. Claude G. Beardslee).
1912 Sarah I. Blumgarten, died Oct. 18, 1918.
1913 Amy G. Dessar (Mrs. Charles A. Rohr) died Oct. 8, 1918.
1915 Elizabeth Mathison, died July 1918.
1918 Charlotte R. Burns, died Sept. 1918.

