

## MRS. MORRISON WRITES HOME

TELLS OF RED CROSS WORK  
IN FRANCE.

Soldier Says Red Cross God Mother of American Army in Trenches.

Among graphic and interesting descriptions of the war zone which have reached La Grande from representatives of the place who are now in service, the letters of Mrs. Edna Morrison, who is serving as a Red Cross government bureau worker, are unsurpassed. The following was addressed to a number of Mrs. Morrison's friends here and through their courtesy is herewith published.

"I've had so many things happen to me since I left the dear old home town that I think I will start right there and try and take you all on the trip with me. As you know, Mamma, Dad, and Sister went as far as Baker with me. Well, there at the station were some friends to see me and a crowd to see Mr. Adler, a young soldier who was going to an eastern training camp.

"In the morning I discovered that I was in quite an interesting coach. In front of me was Mr. Adler, across from him an army officer, and back of him, a navy officer and a man going in the Y. M. C. A. work. Well there we were, all headed in the same direction and for the same cause, so after the first day we were all good companions. The Y. man was George Hotchkiss Street, the singer from Portland. The navy officer had been on the San Diego when she went down and had been across to France seven times and you know he had some wonderful experiences to tell. We all travelled as far as Chicago together but the navy man and I made the entire trip to New York in the same coach. As far as the weather was concerned we only had one hot day through Nebraska.

"When we reached Chicago it was raining. In making the trip from Chicago to New York, was fortunate in coming up the Hudson by daylight. It was a beautiful ride. Reached New York about three o'clock—telephoned to the R. C. headquarters asking them where to go. They advised me to go to the Martha Washington Hotel as it was very central. It is the only hotel in the world, exclusively for women, and is now commonly known as 'No Man's Land.' Oh say, when I went into that little room and realized how far I was from home and knew no one among all those people, well, for a little while I wished I was back home.

I telephoned to David Bloch, whom most of you will remember, and he said his wife, whom I had never seen, would call the next day. Well, I thought it would at least be something to come home and find a card in your box.

"The next morning I reported at the Red Cross headquarters and got my orders. The first thing the woman told me to do was to go to Bowling Green to the Custom House. I asked her how to go and she said take the subway. Well, I went at that subway rather gingerly, but finally decided I would act cuffed anyway. But I'm glad where I'm coming back to isn't so crowded we have to have subways. When I arrived back at the hotel, I found Mrs. Bloch waiting for me, in a few minutes, David came driving a fine big auto. They took me to their home for dinner. It was in a beautiful part of New York. And here I saw their darling, two-year-old baby. Mrs. Bloch was a Portland girl and about as glad to see someone from home as I was. From that time on I didn't know a lonesome minute. Mrs. Bloch would leave Muriel with the maid, meet me over town and we would shop and go sight seeing together until about four, when David would join us and we would take some wonderful drives. I'm sure I saw as much of New York in two weeks as I could have in a month without a friend with a machine.

Dr. Underwood came and looked me up and on Saturday we motored out to Garden City, Long Island, where he was living. From there we went to the Research laboratories where he was working and I saw a number of interesting things. This was at the Hazelhurst Aviation fields. I saw three huge airplanes in the air at once.

"Of course all good times must end, so one evening when I returned to the hotel I found a little note telling me to report at the office early the next morning. The

Red Cross gave uniform, hat, coat, necktie, six blouses, four white, and two gray—but I wasn't to wear them until the day we sailed.

"Getting one's transport is no easy task, but I reported at the headquarters ready to go in hour's notice if necessary, but was told I would leave the following morning. I was very fortunate in being given a good boat as we made such quick time.

There were three boats that left the same day and one of them just arrived in France Saturday of this week and we have been in France almost three weeks. There were about sixty Red Cross workers and about the same number of Y. M. C. A. workers in our party and some very nice civilians. There were a good many Y. entertainers and every evening they would have an entertainment. We were on board eleven days.

"The first Sunday out a minister from Boston held services on the bow of the boat, just at twilight and it certainly was impressive.

The first day out I certainly had a funny experience, I didn't go to my cabin until in the afternoon when they had life belt drill. Then I went down and found a very handsome Y man who had been given the stateroom. We had a good laugh and went to the commissaire who gave me another cabin. From then on this fellow called me his roommate. One nice thing about it was that it broke the ice and from that I grew acquainted with the Y crowd.

"I was put in with a buyer for a New York firm. She had been across 27 times since the war started so made a delightful travelling companion. Passing through the gulf stream it was so warm that almost everyone slept on deck. I tried it one night and got along fine but the next night I awoke at about 2:30. The canvass was flapping and every thing was so dark that I decided I would be ever so much happier in my cabin. So I picked up my bed, which had consisted of a steamer rug and a pillow, and started down the deck. It was pitch dark and when I arrived near where I thought the door should be, I saw a little glimpse of light and immediately reached for it, only to discover that I had a hold of a man's wrist. Now I'll admit I might not have been averse to holding a man's hand, but would really have preferred to have picked the man's hand out in daylight. Well, I finally reached and located the door, only to find that I couldn't budge it, so there I was—neither out nor in, because I knew it would be impossible to discover my steamer chair again. Finally I remembered an alley way that led through the dining room, providing that room was open. So I found that and at last reached my own abode.

"The meals on board were lovely and I sure answered roll call three times a day. We would only know that it was war time by the absence of butter. Today I tasted butter for the first time since I left the United States. I found a little shop and bought me a pound for 1 franc 50 centimes or plainly speaking, one dollar and 20 cents per pound.

"The day we came in sight of land was just at day break. We reached the mouth of a beautiful river and the sun came up and we indeed saw 'sunny France.' A Frenchman stood near by, and just as old Sol rose in all his glory, he began to sing the 'Marseillais' and somehow a national anthem will always mean more to me because

he sang with his whole heart and soul.

"We had to wait at the mouth of the river for the tide. So it was well toward evening before we landed on French soil. All afternoon we were so near shore we could call to the people and when we came where our boys were working they would stop work and come to the shore to call and wave.

"At the port we were met by a Red Cross representative who loaded us into a van and we rode through the principal street—everyone waving and saluting because the Red Cross sure are in good with the French people. This is where I had my first glimpse of a bread card. We were issued one just before leaving the ship and we got no bread for dinner until we produced our card. I have since learned it is a very essential part of our wardrobe. Every month, over here, you have to go to the police and get your bread and sugar card. You buy your own sugar and are only allowed one pound per month and love nor money can not produce any more.

"After dinner, we piled into our touring car(?) again and were drawn to the station. Such a jam and confusion I never saw. You know the French people are very excitable and you go into a car or room and ask one question and everyone answers you. And when your knowledge of French is limited, the answers don't mean much. "Just as I got on the car I called back to one of the girls and from the other side of the car I heard, 'Oh boy, here's a girl who speaks United States' and over came two fine men and were soon in a group of Red Cross girls. They were railroad men from the States and were working on a French train. They said they (the trains) were quite tame and would follow you right down a track if properly coaxed.

"Well, I wish I could describe

(Continued on Page Eight.)

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that Anna Polack has been appointed by the County Court of Union County, Oregon, Executrix of the last will and testament of Johann Ernst Polack, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased Johann Ernst Polack are required to present them with the proper vouchers within six months from the date hereof to the Executrix at her office, No. 107 Depot Street, La Grande, Oregon. Dated October 25, 1918.

ANNA POLACK,  
Executrix of the last will and testament of Johann Ernst Polack, deceased.  
Oct 25; Nov -1-8-15-22.

Conrad P. Olson appointed by Governor Withcombe as Justice of Supreme Court to succeed Frank A. Moore has worked his way from a poor farmer boy. He knows conditions in all classes. Keep him on the bench by writing in his name November 5th. Adv.

### SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County: Robert G. Mason, plaintiff, versus Annie E. Mason, defendant.

To Annie E. Mason, the above-named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled case, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons:

You will take notice that if you so fail to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint herein, to wit: for judgment dissolving the marriage contract heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff be granted an absolute divorce from defendant and that plaintiff have the care, custody and education of their minor children, Elma Mason and Myrtle Mason.

You will further take notice that

this summons is published once a week for six consecutive weeks in the La Grande Evening Observer, a daily paper published in the City of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, by order of the Honorable J. W. Knowles, Judge of the above named court, which order is dated October 11, 1918, and the first publication of which is made the 12th day of October, 1918.

R. J. KITCHEN,  
Attorney for plaintiff,  
Residing at La Grande, Ore.  
Daily, Oct. 12-19-26.  
Daily Nov. 2-9-16-23.



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