

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, we were 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 not climb 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 field. I saw three huge airplanes in the air at once.

"Of course all good times must end, so one evening when I re-

turned 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. 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 in 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. When 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 I broke the ice and from that I grew acquainted with the Y crowd.

"I was put in with a buyer for 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 so lapping and every thing was so dark that I decided I would be over 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 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 could 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 asked 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 'Marseillaise' 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—every one 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 no money can not produce any more.

"After dinner, we piled into our touring car(?) again and were driven to the station. Such a jam and confusion I never saw. You

GOLF IN CANADA THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND



Victoria Golf Club



On the Tee at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea

It is almost as necessary to keep up the morale of the great fighting army at home as it is to keep up the morale of the army of fighters at the front. That is why theaters are open, why baseball has its devotees, and why golf is still played. The men who support the Liberty Loans, and the Victory Loan, also the Red Cross and other great war activities, need exercise and amusement to keep them running at top speed in the great game of business. The golfers of the United States and Canada have given vast sums to the Red Cross; ambulances bearing the names of clubs are in service at home and abroad, and golfers have not only given freely of their money, but hundreds of them have died in

the armies of Great Britain, Canada, France and the United States. More than 3,500 golfers in Canada have gone overseas to fight, and more than 200 of them have made the supreme sacrifice.

It may be news to some golfers that in British Columbia a golfer can pursue his favorite sport the whole year around. There are no winter-killed greens in Victoria or Vancouver. The Victoria Golf Club was established in 1893, and its seaside links at Oak Bay constitute one of the finest tests of golf in Canada. In addition to this course, Victoria has the Colwood Golf and Country Club, one of the finest inland golf courses in America and the United Service Club, a very good nine-hole

course.

The city of Vancouver is also a golf center with several clubs, notably the Shaughnessy Heights Golf Club, an eighteen-hole course well trapped and bunkered. This course is named in honor of Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is himself an ardent golfer. Other excellent clubs at Vancouver are the Jericho Country Club and the Vancouver Golf and Country Club.

There are scores of other splendid golf clubs in Canada, including The Royal Montreal Golf Club, which was established in 1873, fifteen years before the St. Andrews Golf Club, Yonkers, N. Y., was opened as the first golf club in the United States.

There are no skyscrapers here—hardly any of the buildings being over four or five stories high. All so, everything is of stone. In the center of this place stands the Luror obelisk which was presented to Louis Philippe by a ruler of Egypt. It is a single block of reddish granite 75 feet high and weigh 240 tons. It is from Thebes and dates back over 3000 years. It cost a small fortune to locate here. All around are beautiful fountains and statues while surrounding the Place are eight beautiful statues representing Lyon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes Rouen, Brest, Lille and Strasbourg. The last named one has been draped with crepe and covered with wreaths while she was in possession of the Germans, but since she is again under French rule they had a celebration and replaced the crepe with flags and flowers. So she looks a very gay lady these days. The place is also famous as the spot where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were beheaded.

From here we walked through the Garden of the Tuilleries which extend to the Louvre. These gardens are where Marie Antoinette loved to walk and also in front of the palace where Napoleon and Josephine lived. Only the two wings of the palace that connect with the Louvre are standing. The Louvre contains the most wonderful collection of art in the world but it is not open to the public during the war.

"From the gardens we crossed the river Seine and were now in the Latin quarters. Such quaint little streets and shops I never before saw. You know Paris cannot be described. You have to dream it.

"Finally we turned into a love of a street and into a building and after climbing four flights of stairs we reached our destination. The French must be very fond of I have found.

"I know if I had all the steps I have climbed the last three weeks together, I would be visiting with St. Peter, I am sure. On arriving at the mansion we were greeted by Miss Thomas' landlady. They were two dear old French ladies who knew not a word of English but they shook hands and bobbed up and down all the time, talking just as fast as they could. I haven't found yet what they called me but they smiled so I guess I will forgive them.

"We had a wonderful dinner. Everything everywhere is served in course and everything—even to stowed fruit—is served on a large plate. One thing I have learned and that is—never to put your fork down unless you want your plate taken away. Breakfast is always served in your room and consists of bread and chocolate or coffee. I have the chocolate because French chocolate is impossible. I decided the other evening to have some jam as I stopped into a store. My entire knowledge consisted at that time of 'waa.' I made all manner of signs and talked English but I got nowhere. Finally I remembered on our menu card it

like spokes in a wagon wheel. There are no skyscrapers here—hardly any of the buildings being over four or five stories high. All so, everything is of stone. In the center of this place stands the Luror obelisk which was presented to Louis Philippe by a ruler of Egypt. It is a single block of reddish granite 75 feet high and weigh 240 tons. It is from Thebes and dates back over 3000 years. It cost a small fortune to locate here. All around are beautiful fountains and statues while surrounding the Place are eight beautiful statues representing Lyon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes Rouen, Brest, Lille and Strasbourg. The last named one has been draped with crepe and covered with wreaths while she was in possession of the Germans, but since she is again under French rule they had a celebration and replaced the crepe with flags and flowers. So she looks a very gay lady these days. The place is also famous as the spot where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were beheaded.

From here we walked through the Garden of the Tuilleries which extend to the Louvre. These gardens are where Marie Antoinette loved to walk and also in front of the palace where Napoleon and Josephine lived. Only the two wings of the palace that connect with the Louvre are standing. The Louvre contains the most wonderful collection of art in the world but it is not open to the public during the war.

"From the gardens we crossed the river Seine and were now in the Latin quarters. Such quaint little streets and shops I never before saw. You know Paris cannot be described. You have to dream it.

"Finally we turned into a love of a street and into a building and after climbing four flights of stairs we reached our destination. The French must be very fond of I have found.

"I know if I had all the steps I have climbed the last three weeks together, I would be visiting with St. Peter, I am sure. On arriving at the mansion we were greeted by Miss Thomas' landlady. They were two dear old French ladies who knew not a word of English but they shook hands and bobbed up and down all the time, talking just as fast as they could. I haven't found yet what they called me but they smiled so I guess I will forgive them.

"We had a wonderful dinner. Everything everywhere is served in course and everything—even to stowed fruit—is served on a large plate. One thing I have learned and that is—never to put your fork down unless you want your plate taken away. Breakfast is always served in your room and consists of bread and chocolate or coffee. I have the chocolate because French chocolate is impossible. I decided the other evening to have some jam as I stopped into a store. My entire knowledge consisted at that time of 'waa.' I made all manner of signs and talked English but I got nowhere. Finally I remembered on our menu card it

said 'compete' and I knew that was always grapes. So I said 'compete' and she led me to assorted fruits. Then I searched until I found a can and made her understand I wanted my fruit in a jar.

"I'm having a lot of fun with French. The other day I learned to say 'good morning' and 'good night.' Next morning, when the little maid brought my breakfast, I aired my French. She put the tray down clapped her hands and I discovered I had said 'good night.' This morning when she came in, she straightened up and said 'good morning.' My! how proud she was of her first English word. Every morning she brings my breakfast and a large pitcher of hot water and every evening while I am down at dinner she comes in and turns my bed down and lays out my gown, cap, dressing cap and slippers. I'll sure have some training to do when I get back to Schilke's.

"The first Sunday, three of us decided to go out in a carriage. They look just like our dear old-fashioned phaytons, with a driver in high hat, perched high in front. It made me think of the wonderful one horse chaise. We got our landlord, who spoke English, to tell us exactly what to say to a driver to take us when we wanted to go, and return to the hotel. Well, we got our driver and headed to the Bois (woods) de Boulogne, a beautiful park which covers over 2300 acres and is laid out in beautiful lakes and drives. We must have represented a funny sight because we were all dressed alike and sat there guide book in hand. Our dear old driver pointed out all the points of interest and explained them to us. Of course his description meant nothing except we would think it was something we should see and consult our guidebook. After you arrive over here, your ship companions are your best friends, and when you meet one of them, it is very much like meeting some from your old home. While we were driving along we saw two men from our boat and we stopped and were introduced to their companion. He was Andrew Kerr from Portland. One of the other men was a Portland man. They had some stick chocolate and gave us each a bar. You know over here you almost fall in love with a man who could produce candy. Finally our driver returned us to the hotel and we found his rates so reasonable we could afford another hour and we had just that much time, so I ran into the hotel and got the landlord to give him some more directions and this time we went to the Pantheon. The dome of his building is 243 feet high and is said to rival that of St. Peter's at Rome. Here are buried Victor Hugo, Voltaire and any number of notables. We next visited the Odeon theatre where Sarah Bernhardt made her debut. It is so dark on the street that there is no pleasure going out in the evening.

"Monday, two of us decided to move, so we started out to look for a place—came where I am now and made arrangements to move Wednesday. Had a load of fun making arrangements as we had to talk to a little maid who spoke some English. In our party is a French woman who is a teacher in a girls school in the states. She has been in America twelve years and speaks perfect English. She decided to move with us. So Tuesday night we asked for our bill. Oh, how we laughed when we saw it. It was a couple of feet long.

We were all five in this suite so our bill was together. It seemed we had been allowed to come in the hotel and I think that was all that wasn't extra. We laughed so much over it, and if Madame Daudet had not been with us I'm afraid we would be figuring on that account yet. It is customary to tip ten per cent of your bill, so we left that amount with the landlord. At noon we hired a taxi and into it went two steamer trunks, two blank rolls, two suit cases, two handbags and two women. All the servants lined up in the hall expecting a farewell. We were all ready to go but porter who had brought down our trunks didn't shut the door of our cab until I made him understand we had left a tip at the desk. Ah, it's a great life and I'm enjoying it every minute but I'm going to be, when I go home, like the southern negro. When he went past the statue of liberty on his way home he stood on the brow of his boat and said: 'Old lady if you ever see me again you will have to turn around.'

"We drove down the most beautiful street of Paris—the Champs Elysee and then turned at the Arch de Triomphe and came to Avenue Victor Hugo. Arriving here we were in a terrible predicament as we could not find out how much to pay the driver and no matter how large a bill one gave him there is never any change. I said to Mrs. H. 'I think I will hand him my purse and let him take his choice.' When just then a glorious sight came into view. An American man! We found that we had both moved and ourselves also for \$140. So moving is the cheapest sport I have found in Paris. I am quite comfortable here—have a room to myself, running water (cold), and lots of mirrors. But as I only have one dress I wish they would take a half dozen mirrors and give me

one rocking chair. Have a good bed and large window. All the windows open into the room and have shutters so I see why we have French windows and doors.

"The second Sunday we were here we walked out toward an American hospital. As we were coming by the yard I saw three young soldiers so I said, 'I'm going to ask those boys a question and give them a chance to talk if they care to.' They were just convalescing and were walking about the grounds, I said, Parley vous U. S. meaning, 'Do you speak United States?' One boy said, 'You bet we do' and we sure listened to family history. The very first thing an American lad tells you is that he has been to the front. One of these boys had been over the top three times and wounded twice. Another one of them had lost his mother since he had arrived here and I'm not one bit ashamed to say that I cried with him as he told me all about it. He said I was the first American woman he had had a chance to talk to. Said, 'You bet every letter I write home I tell them to give to the Red Cross.' When he went on to say that every time he saw an American Red Cross woman he seemed to see a halo around her head, I tell you that one remark was enough to pay you for leaving one's home to come over here. Of course one is seeing wonderful sights and all that but sometimes you feel quite alone—so far away, for after all, 'East or West, Home is Best.'

"That night, after we had walked so far, I was tired so I retired early. But about one o'clock, I woke from hearing the whistles blow. I was dreaming and before I fully regained my senses I thought it was a fire at home. But in a minute I knew it was the steam announcing an air raid. 'The sirens are the most weird things you ever heard.' As soon as the enemy plane is cited crossing the line the warning is sent to Paris and these sirens tell every one to go to shelter and put out every vestige of light. I huddled up in an Indian blanket and watched the proceedings from my window which, I have since learned was a very foolish to do. But anyway I'm still here and have seen one air raid and hope never to see another.

"I know it will be useless to try to describe it because you cannot draw on your imagination enough to realize how terrible they are. Two powerful search lights were playing the sky. The very stars themselves seemed extra bright. It was a glorious movie light night. In about twenty minutes after the warning, I never heard such a noise in my life. It sounded like all the Fourth of July celebrations in the world combined into one. The barrage had started. I could see the flash from the shrapnel and it almost seemed as though everything would be torn to pieces. Evidently we were not far away for in the court yard I could plainly see the shadow of the plane at various times. Our guns kept up a continual barrage. At one time it sounded like a bomb hit very close by, but I never knew. They would be so close then seem to be in the distance and you would think that that was the last of them but in a few seconds they would be back again. Finally, a little church bell began to peal forth the joyful sound that all was well. Then a trumpet sounded up and down the street. Shortly after three I was sound asleep for strange as it may seem, I wasn't frightened. My only thoughts were of the brave boys who are fighting in this Hall to make it safe for us to live in our own beautiful homeland.

"Well, the Germans didn't seem to want us to sleep that night for at about four o'clock, I was again awakened by the sirens. I got up again and prepared to watch, but my French friend of the steamer came running up to my room, knocked on my door and said, 'You foolish girl, come right down to theabri (shelter)!' One of the R. C. girls from up stairs came down during the first raid and hadn't gone to bed yet she was so nervous. So she was down again at the first sound of the warning. I put my long coat on and tied my passport around my waist—for believe me I want to go home and down the stairs we went. It was really funny, had it not been in time of such danger, to see the people. Everyone had dressed in such a hurry and in the dark so they really didn't look quite like they did when we met at dinner. An officer had his shoes and puttees and his cap, the rest of his costume was pajamas. Another one came in pajamas, bed-room slippers, cap and overcoat. The women were just as funny. My friend had on an Indian bathrobe and trailed her steamer rug after her. The room we were in was on the first floor of a large building next door and is the only room I have been in in France that didn't have mirrors, so I'm not going to try to describe my costume. But I know that my hair wasn't combed. I kept thinking of the little poem: 'Oh wad from faye, the gift to see us.' To see ourselves as others see us."

"After awhile we again heard the joyful sound that the enemy had retreated so for the third time that night, I went to sleep. My little maid was a darling and let me sleep the extra half hour in the

(Continued on Page Six.)

WANTED

Clean Cotton Rags
3 cents Per Lb.

Evening Observe

Everyone would be so excited when they passed by something historical that they recognized. I really knew the Eiffel tower and by the way, it is the most deceiving thing in Paris because everywhere you go it looks just like you were coming to it. So far I never have but have seen it but have it booked for next Saturday as there is an immense captured gun there that I want to see. The tower proper is not open to the public on account of its being used for government purposes.

"Well, after we had registered,