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A MEMORIAL TO THE SALVATION ARMY SERVICE

(By Harry A. Williams, in the Los Angeles, Calif., Times)

Sometime, somewhere, somebody may erect a monument to the doughnut.

We have had memorial arches, fountains and obelisks erected in honor of the returning doughboy, but nothing erected to the doughboy's best friend.

The doughnut must not be allowed to revert to the pantry from which it was dragged forth to help win the war, or linger in the moist obscurity of the cupboard. It must be perpetuated in public. It deserves to be memorialized in marble and brass, or more expensive material.

Just what sort of monument would be most appropriate is problematical. A doughboy in bronze, standing in the mud with his right arm raised and wearing a large doughnut on the middle finger of his hand, might appeal to many art lovers. Or again, he might simply be standing with both mitts clutching a couple of crullers.

Some might favor a Salvation Army lass standing on a pedestal with a large steaming doughnut forming a halo about her head.

But before going further with the subject let us consider the part which the doughnut played in making the world safe for democracy. In order to do this it would be necessary to take up the trail like food hounds and follow it to France.

The boys are slopping along through a muggy night typical of northern France. A constant drizzle was turning into a rain, and the water was forming in pools on a landscape already so sodden that it could absorb no more. When there was not the slushy sound of the soldier's feet slipping in the mud, there would be the splash of their hoofs in these puddles. Our brogans were full, and all of us could feel the "squash" of the water up between our toes with the pressure of each step. Altogether it was a miserable night—one of those unexpected moves—and our packs grew heavier each step with water and weariness.

The column had lost its way in the interminable darkness of this forest, and was forced to march sixteen kilometers instead of the scheduled ten. And every man in that column knew that at the end of that march, comfort and cover did not await us, for in that section there were no barracks. In their utter fatigue they would throw themselves down in the mud at the end of that march, some of them not even waiting to unroll their blankets. It was not altogether a roseate prospect. Visions of food or something hot to drink before morning they could not conjure up in their wildest forays of imagination.

About midnight a little flivver creaked by the column. It was loaded to the mudguards with people and a lot of paraphernalia, but details could not be visualized in the dense darkness. The fellows were too tired to even chirp their customary greeting to "Henry." The Ford caponette rainfully picked its way ahead thru the night, and nobody gave it another thought.

But when they finally slipped and half staggered up the incline where they were to sleep under the scraggly trees, because the incline offered a bit of drainage, a delicious aroma of the heavy air made them sniff. Were they dreaming on their feet, or was it the partial delirium that sometimes comes mercifully to over-wrought men. Unmistakably that was the combined aroma of boiling coffee and frying doughnuts. Verily, it was more than a fantasy.

Into the hands of the men at the head of the column was slipped a warm doughnut and a steaming cup of coffee. And as the line passed each soldier was served. After all, it was more like a fairy tale than reality—doughnuts and coffee in this black wilderness of Verdun.

The Salvation Army was on the job. It was their flivver which had floundered past us in the dark. They had a way of never announcing what they were going to do.

Before this I had met the front line workers of this organization. I found two lasses and two lads—and the "lads" were whiskered and grizzled men—operating a canteen in a building within easy range of the enemy guns, and the roof of which had been riddled the day before by a German shell. This was in the vicinity of Lunerville. In another village I saw two Salvation Army girls continue to operate their doughnut vats in a shell-swept area until literally forced by the Military Police to move to a reasonably safe place.

Now I am going to slop over about The Salvation Army, Red Cross, R. C., and Y. M. C. A. workers took just as those of the Salvation Army. But they are not under discussion. This has to do with the doughnut and the men and women behind it.

The first anybody knew of the Salvation Army in France we found them up there at the front frying doughnuts. They just slipped in, set up their vats and started frying. Most of the fellows had only a vague recollection of the Salvation Army—remembered them rather mistily as people who used to parade the streets at night beating drums and cymbals and offering salvation with "jazz" trimmings. They thought that the Salvation Army had gone out of style, and also out of business.

Then they bobbed up with American doughnuts way over there—doughnuts like mother and auntie and sister used to make—and believe me, those doughnuts went straight home. There was no attempt to cram religion into the soldiers along with the doughnuts, or with the hot biscuits and apple pie which later were added to the menu. That was left to the chaplains.

There was something "homey" about those doughnuts biscuits and apple pie. Nothing else taken to that faraway front brought home quite so near to the boys. If it was a man who thought it out, he was a genius; if a woman, she was an angel.

The appeal of these things, the Salvation Army's lack of ostentation, and its simple sincerity, went straight to the hearts of the soldiers.

After all, possibly the best memorial to the doughnut would be to raise that fund sought by the Salvation Army, which ministered so unassumingly to our men "over there," and which at home has that broad humanity which does not place it above seeking positions for bartenders who have been thrown out of employment by the dry movement.

The campaign in Oregon for Home Service funds for the Salvation Army will be held June 22 to 30, the drive to be conducted under the auspices and direction of the Oregon State Elks Association.

HUMAN FUEL CONSUMPTION

In 1914 the American people consumed 80.1 lbs of sugar per capita.

In 1830 consumption was limited to 12.1 per capita; in 1890, 59.9 lbs.; in 1910, 75.9 lbs.

In 1916 sugar use had fallen to 75.1 lbs.; in 1917 it rose to 81.5.

In 1870 the price of sugar to the consumer was 13.51 cents; in 1880 it was 9.80 cents per pound.

Over the five-year war period our country had the cheapest sugar and gasoline prices in the world.

When the embargo of war is off in this country the consumption will go to much higher percentages. As a community goes prohibition, the demand for sweets increase. Candy stores and soft-sweet-drink places have increased markedly. The same is recorded in other cities and states. Man has accustomed himself to the stimulant of sugar in some form so long that he cannot do without it. If he saves in liquor he adds an extra cubic or two to his cup of tea or coffee and he finds himself a patron of the candy store or the soda fountain.

The argument is convincing. The sociological-economic revolutions that are going hand in hand throughout the world call for gasoline for external and candy for internal propulsion.

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