



DOROTHY MARY CONNABLE
10/1/1893 — 12/23/1975

Letter "

18 December 1916
Hotel Vernet
Versailles, France

Dear Family:

This is the first sane and quiet moment we have had. I am writing in La Pompadour's Palace - her drawing room, which is now the Women's Y.M.C.A. Headquarters. Paris is so crowded it seemed best to move the 200 unplaced secretaries (that is now our official title) out of the diplomatic district. 12 Rue d'Aguesseau is in the center of the foreign embassies. The accommodations in the hotels are palatial - no heat, and the bath I took upon arriving caused as much excitement as the fire we ordered in Germany "before retiring". And it is damp, but with woollens we are comfortable. Grandma's heaviest stockings I wear to bed. The trunks have not come. Did I tell you I had a single room! Such luxury comes to few. Monday night I had 5 room mates, and Sunday night 16.

On the boat we were so busy using mental science and ignoring everything, we couldn't talk about the trip. There were some splendid girls on board, and funny things did happen, but it was a sad 11 days.

The port holes were blackened and closed on all the lower decks where the Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross people were. Most of us had two room mates and 3/4 of the passengers were ill. The ones who were ill had a bad time for there was no fresh air on the boat the whole trip. The bathroom was flooded every day, some pipe leaked. The water was an inch deep and we wore rubbers and arctics. Then a hurricane arrived and the barometer went lower than it has in 25 years. We were ordered off the decks. The salon windows were closed (electric lights only, of course) and for two days 50 and 60 people stayed in that one room and the hall during the day (3) and at night in their state-rooms. The waves came over the top deck, our room was flooded and it was quite a party.

Friday we came to Liverpool: at 4 P.M. had bags on deck, maids tipped and hats on. We waited till 9 P.M. and were told to go to bed and breakfast at 6:30 A.M. The only thing that cheered us was imagining the expressions of our families were they to see us.

The next morning we landed in the rain and marched two and two down a car track under an elevated thru the pier district. That really was As we straggled round the corner we saw the "Midland-Adelphi", our hotel, and it was a beautiful place. No one not on that trip can appreciate how we felt. It was as if we were all entering paradise as we went up the steps. There had not been one thing on the boat to remind us we were civilized 20th century people--but we remembered! (4) In the next second we had planned baths, clean clothes and went so far as a marcel wave. They had rooms for us all for three days, when we would move to another hotel. The secretary decided to show his authority - and told them rather than move us after three days, he would move us now, so we went to a 4th rate hotel, and slept three and four in a room. We tried to get a shampoo and the stores were closed, tried to buy a single or even a double room for one night to rest up, and although there were plenty of rooms we were "traveling as a unit" and

could not be separated

For supper we had boiled hake and golden pudding we had had every day on the boat.

When things got decent and they are as shining now as they ever were. The people at Headquarters are big and splendid and businesslike. There is a great need for us and the welcome we have had from Australians, English, French and Americans has already made the whole 3 months worth while. So many delightful things happen every day. I've put everything about the "Grampians" that would interest you in my diary. Some of the things are choice, but all are "negative"--and I want to write you about the really worth while side of this work. I must tell you though, that upon landing we were told we were not needed, and would probably be sent back from Liverpool. We heard this on our way to the 4th rate Hotel.

Yesterday Mrs. Mead said they had wired the States to send over 1200 women immediately. One officer in command of 50,000 men who heard 1200 more women were to arrive asked that they all be sent to his camp. There are three kinds of canteen work to be done here during the next year

1. Canteen work with the army of occupation in Germany. The girls who have done good work in the last year or two here are to be given this privilege. There is no possibility of new people doing this for some time

2. Work in the leave areas. Places like Tours and Aix les Bains were enlisted men are sent for their leaves. Entertaining. Athletics, Libraries. Huge Canteens, etc. are the chief features.

3. And last, work in the cantonments, the small huts in muddy out of the way villages. They are throwing up hundreds of new huts where earlier there were dozens. (Before I forget it, I want Papa to know we had another physical examination when we arrived here, to see how we had stood the trip and for what kind of work we were physically fit. They gave me their highest mark "front line work".) Many French houses (7) have been taken over for canteens. Mrs. Mead, head of the Women's division Y.M.C.A. in France told us a story about two American girls, 25 years old, who were sent to a little town alone, to make a canteen out of an old house. In three days the place was cleaned, rooms for writing, rooms for lounging arranged; the kitchen set up, and another "quiet room" for services, which the Commanding Officer had asked for. Flowers were all about and it was nicely started. On Sunday the officer suggested that the girls arrange a little service for the men who wanted something of the sort. The girls chose a long green slope with a back ground of pine trees. The day was warm and there were 750 men. The girls were musical, sang a duet or two, read the scriptures, and then "because they seemed to want something more" one of (8) the girls gave a sermon. This story Mrs. Mead told apropos of being prepared to do anything. We thought she had been extreme when she advised the girls in New York they might even scrub floors--but she was not!

There are a million things to tell you. There is all of Liverpool and London you must know about. The end of the second horrible day in

Liverpool, we found our trunks and put on dry shoes for the 1st time in two weeks and decided to go to Chester on Monday the 9th. We went and it was a beautiful day. This little town was so lovely. The River Dee (and the Miller on it, do you remember, I didn't but most people do) divides the business section and small rows of houses from the estates. I think England was at its loveliest that day, misty and grey, sunset back of the clouds and beautiful shadows over the river, Cathedral and old English homes. In the morning we visited antique shops (9) etc. The early afternoon spent two or three hours resting. That nearly balanced the Grampian. Later we walked along the Roman Wall which surrounds the town. The other four girls, Miss Lewis from Rawley, N.C.; Miss Stuart, Chicago; Mrs. Harris, Chicago; and Miss Gray from Missouri, whom I have been with all along, went back to the city and I sat down on a bench overlooking the river and estates beyond. It was quiet and beautiful and the real charm was being alone for the first time in two weeks. No one of us could get away from people for a moment--even in our staterooms. It was so pleasant I went so far as to write a song I scribbled on the back of a package. Do you suppose all composers pass their Grampian before they are inspired?

Do you remember the walk, Mrs. Connable, we had to Roaring Brook along the beach last summer, and the song I forgot to write down? Why not write the Connable music for the musical Connable family? The first American Officer saluted us in uniform today.

The next night, Tuesday, we were invited to a dance at "Knotty Ash", a camp about 6 miles from Liverpool. We talked about English money in so American a way two soldiers, waiting on the same corner for a car, helped us out, said they were going to the same dance, put us on the right car and paid our fare. You cannot imagine the welcome they give us. One would think she was the first white person they had seen in years.

The dance hall was a typical mining camp scene. Dull (11) lanterns, bar (chocolate bar) at one end, piano at the other and a shed for the coats. The floor was cement, the men in hobnail boots. On my way from the door to the dressing room, a man grabbed my arm and asked for the first dance. When I came out to dance five men were waiting to take them all. "If you don't get a monopoly right off there isn't a chance," explained my first partner. Seven dances ahead each time, we got hopelessly mixed, and if you balled up a man's dance, you could not forgive yourself. Some of them could get only one dance in the evening. It was the first American girl dance in twelve months for many of them. They are desperate when they go to an English girl dance for they do the Sir Rodger de Coverly, Lancers, etc. The evening was a tremendous success, and all we talked of was the way we danced, and chocolate sundaes. When I described (12) what I particularly craved, ice cream with hot chocolate sauce (it has since become an obsession), one man nearly passed away. "That's an idea to drive a man mad," said he, that the food there was simply rotten, couldn't get enough, and not what you wanted when you got it. Until we reached London the four girls I was with on the trip and talked of three things only. Food; how attractive we really were in our civilian clothes; and what we would do and what we would see when we sailed into N.Y. I have spent more hours at home since I sailed than I ever did in Toronto. Every 5 minutes we set up a home back ground and reminisce furiously.

At the end of the dance they played "Home Sweet Home" as they always do in the States, and the men who were dancing did look satisfied. They were all privates, (13) strong privates, and they nearly finished us. During one Paul Jones, two men had each one of my arms, wanted to dance, and the tug of war was violent. Another got started would not wait for the different figures, so the dance waited until he had quite finished. He was doing some old fancy figures he had done in Chicago 16 months before and could not stop. It grew quite exciting towards the end when five and six men bought each other off and matched money for the dance each one claimed. You see there were not more than 15 girls and at least 200 men. So many said England would have been entirely different had we only come nine months sooner.

It is mighty nice to have strangers speak to you on the street and feel perfectly free and gracious in (14) speaking to any American you choose wherever you are.

The next night we went to another dance of the same sort in town. Many of them were from "Chi". One boy said the worst food he had had was the first week in camp, when they had only marmalade and hare. He helped unpack some of it one day and the box was marked 1907. It was Australian Hare. Most of it was cold storage 1914, but his particular box was 1907. Their stories of influenza on the ships coming over were frightful. Every crude detail was left in their accounts. Just from our experience crossing the channel, and the next night taking a compartment for Paris--that is three days without our clothes off and no sleep-- we tried to imagine what their experience had been and it seemed impossible.

Only one room in the hotel is heated, the (15) dining room, and that, faintly. To ask for wood on the chance of getting it, did not occur to us until tonight. One fire is very slight, but Miss Lewis and I have refused a gay party in the next room--and they have food--to write here. We've been picturing Xmas or any other typical evening at home. It is so easy to imagine being at home, the distance does not count at all. But when we do get home! It will be a great day. Each one of us has planned the landing in N.Y. to the color of her dress. We are able to send 7 lb. packages to the States and if I am to be in Paris any time at all, I shall send on some of the lovely things so rare in the States and cheap here. You feel like throwing out all the locker trunk equipment and filling it with lovely Liberty scarfs, leather and silver. I haven't told you about the two days in London, or the day in Havre. I will later though. I must tell you about every single thing. Yesterday we had an interview with Mrs. Mead (16) who places us from studying our N.Y. papers and a ten minute interview. Some of the girls, they are asking to give up the canteen work and fill a great need for office work in Paris. Others they need for librarians, leave areas, etc. What everyone wants to do as far as I can discover is to work with one girl or alone in a small hut, where there seems to be unlimited scope for all the ingenuity one has. It is all constructive, not much organization to interfere. The recreation camps are a strain. It is making a business of having a good time; the men stay only a week, I believe, and what you do does not seem to be lasting enough to be satisfying.

Mrs. Mead spoke of sending me out for canteen hut work, said there was

a vacancy near Tracy L'Engle, and asked me if I minded going alone. In Tracy's area, if you remember, there is one girl in a canteen, but the girls meet for dinner and luncheon. It sounds good, and the possibility (17) of that kind of work cheering. She talked to Miss Lewis, who had the same college recommendation, about work in a leave area. The beauty of it all is that they do the deciding. We go where we are sent, and we know where we are to go. As soon as we receive the necessary permit we are sent "out in the field". She hopes to have us placed by Christmas which is a little breathless, and makes us wonder what on earth we have in the way of preparation.

I wired John Farrar, Helen White, Tracey and Velona from England. I shall send word to them tomorrow that I am in France. John wired back, and I hope to see him before I am sent out. I stopped at Cox Bank in London to enquire about Geoffrey Norman. He is still a prisoner in Germany. I sent him a note from the bank. I forgot to tell Grandma I was not seasick (18) on the way over. Ate as much as anyone else, three times a day and gained the 9 New York pounds before I left the boat.

The uniform hat is changed. It rolls up all round so becomingly. I think I'll have a picture taken in it, to cheer you and change Uncle Walter's last impression. I have something to write Uncle Walter, the flowers were the only decoration on ship board. I took them into the dining room and they lasted eight days. They were the only cause for thanksgiving on the ship.

It is possible to get lighter weight, grey-green uniforms made in Paris. Very good looking. Also pale French blue, a kind of Dovetyn hat which is very nice (19) indeed. It is possible to look well in a good looking uniform, I've discovered. This new suit can be the "leave" suit in summer and winter, and since we have to go to bed to get the one we wear pressed, it would seem a good plan. There are 5 ink spots on my suit already--in prominent places, and the skirt, which has been slept in many days and dampened every day, looks like a sailor's trousers. My shirts are a great success, the felt shoes, camera and three picture frames equally wonderful. Cameras will be allowed to be used soon. The shoes saved my life. I wish I had brought the six picture frames Papa gave me. I may buy underwear and a woolen nightgown. I have about 1/2 the equipment other people have, apparently, for many brought huge wardrobe and steamer trunks with other large cases--but I have everything necessary and unless they have filled their's with soap and sterno and sugar, I can't imagine what they have. It is a blessing to have eliminated extra luggage. Mine arrives quickly and porters are more interested in moving the locker trunk than the larger ones. (20) The P.O. Department says it expects the American package restriction to be lifted at any time; sending packages to France. A bar of milk chocolate in France is 60¢. I shall send you my English food ration card. They could have all my French paper for a piece of fudge. I've been writing for nearly 3 hours more "froid" than it was "chaud". I must tell you about Miss Stuart's French sometime. It is worse than Mother's. She speaks such loud, clear Chicago English, she frightens the maid.

Will mail this today. There is a rumor long letters are thrown away by censors. So the beginning of this may arrive in a separate envelope.

My best love always. Will write again this evening. This being 19 of December I am in a conference now, about to be graduated for "the field". It lasted three days.

(Sgd). Dorothy

P.S. I have just been assigned to the Dijon region. Small huts later assigned, I believe, with people I like, and apparently ideal work. Exactly what I wanted. All mail to Paris address.

Dijon - L'Hotel Cloche
29 December 1918

Dear Mother & Father & Grandma & Grandpa & Ralph:

At Versailles we were assigned to districts according to the kind of work we were to do--Nice, & Aix Les Bains for the leave area workers, Paris for large canteens more temporary than the others, also business and entertainment units, etc. I was assigned to Dijon, and thought it an area of small canteens, but it seems to be a huge district with canteen workers in one or two cities and work in officers clubs as well as the regimental canteens. Mrs. Granbery who is in charge of this district was away and her secretary had the responsibility of placing me. After 10 or 15 minutes she asked me if I would like to tackle a hard job; that there was one very important assignment she has to make, the right person had not yet come along but she was pretty certain I could do it, my age being her only concern. It was to manage an officers club--which is in rather a mess so far as I can discover. They are alike small hotels, almost. That meant managing the kitchen (1) end, the housekeeping part, entertainemnts--the whole business in other words. Tact and social grace she stressed so much it sounded like a mean job. At the end of our conversation she was positive I was the person for the job--and I've never felt sicker in my life. Just exactly what I did not want. You can imagine a dozen reasons why. With a little experience it wouldn't be so bad but to be jumped into such a job not at all good. She asked me how I felt about it and I told her and at 5:05 tomorrow morning I go to Recey Sur Ource. up in the woods in the mountains, a wilderness with small makeshift canteens in each village. Just exactly, from the little I can learn about the work over here, what I want. the hardships of a seeld, a mud town, lack of supplies, barn of a canteen,

and being tactful in an officers club is not. So far as I can discover we are attached to some regiment and if we are fortunate, move along with them. You come to know the men while they are at work and in those out of the way holes what you can do for them counts. You can see results and if the work is good it is wonderfully appreciated. It is pioneering. Very likely I shall be the only girl in the canteen. In that work almost every resource one has can be used and every bit of ingenuity.

I forgot to tell you, they asked me to try the officers club for 1 month. I told them they were free to send me where they liked--I would do my best wherever I was placed, but would prefer not to try out a job. If they sent me to the club I would stay until I saw it through or they put me out. Being temporary with the opportunity of leaving does not seem a satisfactory way of doing anything. I suppose it would have been better sense to write (3) you about the work after I am assigned tomorrow because most of the last page is imaginative with few facts. I do not know what I am getting into, but all the possibilities have been whirling in my head for the last week and it is a relief to get them out.

This last week has been so filled with wonderful happenings I'm tempted to believe in fairies or fates or an awfully nice providence.

Sunday afternoon,

at luncheon, that is Sunday the 22nd,

Miss Lewis--a Smith girl I've known since the Grampion--and I decided we would like to spend the rest of our leave time in Paris. After the conference at Versailles there was nothing to keep us there except lack of any space in Paris. The Peace Convention crowded every corner of the city. That afternoon Mr. Ludlaw of N.Y.C. who came over to France last month in charge of all the Accounting for the U.S. army arrived at Versailles. (4) He gave up his business for this temporary war work and brought over a large staff of majors, captains, and lieutenants. He did not take out a commission because he wished to keep the right of telling the various generals exactly what was in his mind and to get out should things not go his way.

I knew slightly, Isabel Hill a Wellesley girl who was a friend of Miss Lewis and Mrs. Ludlaw. Because of that and mostly because Miss Lewis was good enough to invite me. When he came to Versailles that Sunday afternoon, Mr. Ludlaw said he would find rooms for us if it was possible to come to Paris with him. And if he could not place us in a room of our own we were to have his room and he would join 4 of his officers

He gave us a beautiful room and we had dinner that night with six of his staff, a major, three captains and a lieutenant. Every morning he stopped at our door with two (5) American morning papers; every luncheon time invited us to the officers table and every evening to a dinner party. The next night was a large affair with first row seats at the Appolo theatre which is like the Winter Garden in New York only more so. Between the acts one goes into another part of the theatre to promenade or drink wine and listen to the American Jazz Band. Such a cosmopolitan gathering I've never before met. Every kind of officer from every country, wild Parisians, and real ones. It was one of the most brilliant experiences I've yet had. Major Brown was Mr. Ludlaw's guest that night.

The next day was Christmas Eve and it seemed a queer one, the trees and grass green, the air warm and sultry, and as unlike a Toronto Christmas Eve as you could imagine. I forgot to tell you about Helen White--and she was the most important (6) part of that week in Paris. I will tell you about her later. There were no cards to send, no gifts to buy for people in the States because it would be almost spring when they arrived. I did find a wonderful French pastry shop. It is the only place I know in France where they have the sweet pastry we are used to. Most of the shops still make war cakes. I had two pretty packages made for Miss Stuart and Miss Lewis with a sprig of holly--and bought a beautiful pillow for Helen, a batiste and real lace one with ruffled edge, pink lining and everything. For Mr. Ludlaw, Miss Lewis and I bought a huge (7) basket of fruit which is a delicacy in Paris, and had it sent to his room with his breakfast Xmas morning. Christmas Eve Mr. Ludlaw gave a gorgeous dinner party at "Maurice" Restaurant for the Major, Miss Lewis and me. I put on my brown velvet dress with all the trimmings including a Y.M.C.A. arm band and it was a beautiful evening. We had everything rare and delicious there was to be had including old wine. Mr. Ludlaw is a great man and a charming host, and you cannot know how satisfying it was to spend Christmas Eve with some splendid person about the same age and the same kind as your own family. It was so late when we finished dinner we went back to the Hotel and ended the evening there. We were all too tired for the Midnight service at the Madeleine Cathedral. Just (8) before

January 9th, 1919

Dear Mother & Papa:

Tonight when your letter came with the clipping of Papa's newspaper letter I nearly fainted into the truck driver's arms--in fact I think I did. Lieutenant Tapping and I had a dance of joy just outside the canteen door. Marguerite, the little French girl I engaged to help me tonight was so delighted with the queer exhilaration about the place she wishes to serve me every day, all day. The canteen is started! I've been trying to get it into condition, and on its feet for a week and tonight I can honestly say I am pleased with it. If I were not part of the play itself, this adventure would seem almost too romantic and dramatic to be happening to me.

I am in Echalot, a small out of the world place. To go back to "Dijon" where I last wrote you, I left there Monday the 30th on the 5:05 A.M. train, changed trains at 6:30, and arrived in "Recey-Sur-Ource" at 10:00 o'clock. Was sound asleep when we arrived (I had not slept in 2 nights) but a Southern boy who (1) knew where I was going wakened me, put off the baggage and found a Military policeman to help me out. Mr. Tippett, at Headquarters introduced me to some officers and we started to Echalot in a motor. Then "Aigney-Le-Duc" for luncheon. I had a royal welcome wherever we stopped on our way. This district belongs to the 6th Division, 25,000 men. They are scattered thru sixteen small villages. 41 Y.M.C.A. men and 8 girls are with the division. The majority of the Y.M.C.A. men are at Headquarters seeing that supplies are sent and delivered to the regiments; they help with the mail, work with chaplains, etc. In most of the villages there is only one girl and very often no Y.M.C.A. man, one of the soldiers taking charge of the dry canteen.

All but two of the girls we knew. Those two were with the division in the Argonne front and at Verdun, and had been with them for months before. I am now a member of the 6th Division, and wear a red star patch on the left shoulder of my coats. My regiment is the Ammunition train remiment--if they move, I go along with them. They hope to go home any week and say I must go home with my Division (I am learning to be military). These men were chosen for their qualifications as expert mechanics (2) and are enlisted men of a most unusual sort. The two or three days in Recey, I heard splendid things of the men and officers in the Ammunition train. They drove the "Quad" trucks of supplies and Ammunition up to the front, and I am beginning to think it takes almost as much nerve to drive 48 hours (and some men drove 60 hours with 2 hours sleep only), to within 1/2 mile of the front line with a truck filled with ammunition as to go over the top. Most of this regiment came to France in July.

There are 200 inhabitants, 723 soldiers and about 20 officers in Echalot, the town is built on a hillside, the small houses look as if they had been thrown against the hill, and stuck there in the mud. This is particularly true of Recey. The country about here is beautiful with green grass, hedges, worn stone houses, neat fenced-in cemeteries--small woods and hills. In every way the town is picturesque, but that is lost on most of the soldiers. They have had too much of muddy France, of barns, cowsheds and rain! A few red and clumps of trees are less real than the mud they plow

thru. inches deep every day. This is the dampest place in the world. It has (3) rained every day since last July said one man, and he had his doubts about the July day.

The following is a copy of an old letter I wrote when I
arrived here.

The two rooms where the men write and the soldier has his dry canteen are sad, sad rooms. They have only been occupied 4 days, since the 16th century I believe, and are nearly in their original state. Once it may have been an attractive home.

There are two fireplaces with most of the marble fallen down. The brownish wall paper hangs in strings from the wall, most of the canteen room is occupied by a bed with a canopy in the same condition as the one in Bairn's father's cartoon--unfortunately the Echalog canopy was not blown partly away. The round fixture by which it hangs is half off the ceiling, the curtains are torn--but present. Two awful portraits and one large empty frame, one or two glass covered flowers and black shreds of curtains held to the poles by cobwebs, remains. It is desolate. The rubbish, they explained, had all been removed before the dry canteen moved in. It is a fierce place--one goes thru the infirmary consulting room to reach the canteen. There are enough (4) germs outside the bottles in that room to nulify any power the medicine might have.

They will find a good bedroom with stove for me should I come here and if the room they choose is not satisfactory the colonel and other officers, one by one, at dinner tonight suggested his room and anything else in the place I desired.

It is up to me to decide about going to Echalog. Dr. Tippet is most anxious to have me pleased and is allowing me for the 2nd time on this Y.M.C.A. trip to express my opinion.

14th January 8:45 P.M.

How I do wish you were here. I never dreamed this world could bring such a day. Two weeks ago we opened the canteen, serving hot chocolate and cookies out of the Y.M.C.A. window--crowd too large for the rooms. I made and gave away 2 galvanized iron cans, like our garbage cans, full of chocolate. (5) Up to this time I have worked every day, all day, but the hours are supposed to be these.

9:00 A.M.--12:00 A.M. Canteen closed, Clean rooms, wash dishes, prepare chocolate for evening and do thousand odd jobs.

12:00--1:00 P.M. open for the dry canteen store. The Corporal sells those things. I have luncheon then.

1:00 P.M.--2:30 P.M. Canteen closed. Men drill.

2:30 P.M.--3:30 Canteen open. I give out library books, sew and mend for men, see about entertainment programmes, rehearsals, debating club, schools. etc.

3:30--5:00 Closed.

5:00--8:45 Open. At 6:30 I make chocolate until 8:45.

Every day there is something different to see about. Last week I planned an entertainment of local talent, which was given tonight. A wonderful show, musical. A few of the men are professionals. All the others will be for a short time at least (6) when they go back to the States.

Am arranging for an officers' dance. There are 8 girls in a radius of 30 x 30 miles--and the officers want a party. Went in a truck Monday to see the regional Y.M.C.A. director about it.

40 of Co. B's men are in quarantine for measles and have been for 2 weeks. There is not one book in the place for them to read. (No newspapers up to this time had been provided.) In Recey Monday I discovered a case of fiction books in storage. Today sent 25 of them to the quarantined men and started a library of 25 at the canteen, made library cards and slots for the back of many of them. Bought some "Stars and Stripes" newspapers and sent them along.

In odd moments, I search around for plants with flowers. Some of the men had not seen a flower for 6 months. Most did (7) not trouble to look, but they appreciated these; make curtains, beg and borrow pails, chairs, vases, cooking utensils, lamps; make shades; also fudge from stolen sugar for one man; look for wallpaper; a stove; arrange for wood and water; see that certain school arrangements are made; entertain Y.M.C.A. troops of entertainers who come with picture shows, etc.; go to Recey for supplies--and all of the time it is getting by hook and crook what I need. Nothing is supplied and there are practically no stores. In many cases it is taking something you want from someone who has it and wants it too.

One uses all one's resources. I never did it before in my life. It is the most thrilling game I ever played and I never appreciated it more than at this minute.

Up to this time there has had to be so much building up, foundation work to do, there was not a second to back away and consider what had been done. But with that awful place an attractive canteen re-papered, curtains up, flowers in the window (8) lamp with pink shade on table, bed canopy gone and divan made of the bed; candles in candlesticks on clean tables, instead of dripping on boards; sickening closets thrown out, cleaned out, with paper on shelves and shining pans on those; a new specially designed stove, with the canteen started, hot chocolate in operation for a week, library going, entertainments planned ahead with one already given--and with it all, appreciation of the men that goes as far as stealing to make itself felt. It seems safe to write you things are going straight and I am enjoying this as I never knew I could enjoy anything.

There are so many things you must know--little things that give you an idea of this canteen. I have put every one in my diary which is faithfully kept.

There is just one thing on my mind. Please write me exactly what is happening at home to you. If either Papa or you, for any reason or no reason at all, want me at home and do not let me know, instead of

have had enough already to entertain me the rest of my days and would not have one regret about leaving now. (9) This kind of job is the most picturesque the Y.M.C.A. has to offer. I have made a canteen here and have accomplished with it what I aimed to. With two months of rare experiences and the satisfaction of finishing things up at home, too--this year would be perfect. This may sound foolish but it is not. Every person over here has the same qualms, and I've written you 6 times about it. If anything goes even a little wrong at home, let me know, ex. putting in another fountain Bowl. I can come home easily. Promise me you will!

I did not tell you about the Paris trip. Arrangements were made for me to leave Paris for Dijon, Friday 27 December. I had a cold and ate something that made me ill, so made use of my 24 hour movement order, and used 12 of the hours in Paris. I left Saturday at 7:45 A.M. Friday afternoon J. Farrar arrived--and saved my life. He took my trunk in a taxi; to the end of the city that afternoon to have it checked. Went to "Henri's" to dinner and opera with him and at 7:00 A.M. the next morning John arrived with taxi and put me on the train. I never in the world could have managed alone. Must stop now. I am sorry I (10) can't write decent letters. The only time I have is at night when I am awfully tired. I love to write these scraps but hate to send them along.

Sunday, January 20th

Don't ever again make light of Toronto happenings. The meeting of the Patriotic League, Mr. Connable's articles for returned men, the progress of Mr. & Mrs. Hogg are the only things that matter at all. Before I left Paris I had had two letters from Papa. I surely enjoyed that first mail, going to 12 Rue d'Aggesseau for two weeks, twice a day before I found them--but not even then did I really appreciate mail. Those two and one from Mother, I now read all the time. When the Waldorf guimpe arrived with no writing but the address, it seemed a great way for just a guimpe to travel.

Grandma's stockings and Aunt Zella's surely are comfortable. The weather is like early spring. In the evening, with birds chirping about in the hedges, cows and farm horses coming home. I can't believe it is winter. But every bit of woolen clothing is necessary because of the dampness. It rains every day and when the sun does appear everyone in the village cheerfully remarks (11) about it. Last night we repeated Tuesday's entertainment, with a few changes--and Lieutenant Tapping and I decided to show our appreciation by dressing up. I wore my new dress, curled my hair as best I could with a wisp of light to guide me. Covering up silk stockings with long woolen ones and arctics and putting on a rain coat over my tan cape, rather queered the effect but the result certainly was appreciated. The stage they set up in Camp A's mess hall. Lt. Kenemer insisted upon keeping his spot light on me before the performance began and I was a curiosity.

Twisted pieces of tin as reflectors for candles every foot or two along the stage were the footlights. Painted boards and barrels of evergreens made the back ground. The curtains were army blankets sewed together with large white initials of the Company, on a bit

crooked, but quite dashing. The effect was good and the entertainment a great excitement for Marguerite. Marguerite is a little French girl about 15 years old who helps me serve chocolate in the evening. She has never been to Recey, just 20 miles away and the largest town near here and of course never so far as Dijon where there is a theater. None of the 200 inhabitants look as if he ever did anything in the way of dramatics. She (12) told me several times she was "very content".

Helen White expected to sail January 9th for the States. She is to be in or near Boston I think and hopes to see Mother when she visits Ralph. She will probably write Mother when she arrives. Helen will be able to tell you all about this work, over here, as she has done almost every kind of Y.M.C.A. work there is.

The officers here are unusually fine men. There are one or two Father's age with daughters in college. Do not ever worry about my being ill. Lieutenant Tapping has detailed a man to see that I wear my arctics, another is detailed to bring fire wood and listered water. I am looked after in dozens of ways more thoroughly than in Toronto.

January 21st

My Christmas mail came today, and not even "passing beyond" will equal the experience--shouted, fell on people's necks--forgetting the Y.M.C.A. warning, "You are the women of America", "You are the Y.M.C.A."--walked up and down all the streets, decided to cry and went home. I honestly hope such a shock does not happen again--15 letters.

Was desperately afraid I would begin to depend on mail and be disappointed, so went a little far in the other direction--the mail service has been uncertain.

Geoffrey Norman is on his way to New York. John Farrar going back.

Things that happen here every day make any Y.M.C.A. or Red Cross canteen article in the Saturday Post look pale. If there were only time to write you. I do not leave the canteen until 9:00 P.M. and after making 50 quarts of cocoa on a one-burner stove, with a queue of men which lasts over two hours, any perfectly good story is ruined by trying to write about it.

Every day I hope to find time, but in this kind of work the more you do, the more there is to do and I haven't yet any "hours".

Will send this along. Can't wait to tell you about wonderful new things at the canteen--how we got the piano, victrola; the concerts we have--and prize fights--also taffy pull.

Your letters are threadbare and everyone will soon be acquainted with Mother's bum photograph and no one has seen Ralph. Grandma Gridley is here, however. All my love.

A professional photographer is helping me take pictures.

(Sgd.) Dorothy

March 25th, 1919

Dear Family:

Your two letters, Papa's from Toronto, Mother's from Atlanta with the post card, came today, and such a day is nearly as eventful as if you had come to Echalot, your photographs are more real, there is an air of the United States about the whole village and they both take me directly to Toronto. With no interest more cosmopolitan than a desire to go to Dijon for a bath; the letters about Chicago, Atlanta, and Florida are glittering!

When we are real imaginative we think of turning hot water faucets, taking off our coats, and being warm in any part of the room.

The more I see of groups of men in other regiments the more do I appreciate that our officers are most unusual. They all knew each other in the States, were friends, and have kept together these eight months, thoroughly wholesome, kind, and dear. Every one with the un-failing courtesy of a Donald Wyman. I believe it is the only organization I would choose to be doing this sort of pioneer work with, and I am certain, should the Ammunition Train go home

The 6th Division will probably be in Europe until July. How I would love to stay with them and come home with them in August when my contract ends.

The Meditation from "Thais", the Toreador Song from "Carmen", and Pomp and Circumstance, the English Coronation Song, were among new Victrola records we played this morning. They never sounded more beautiful. We are starved for beautiful music--beautiful anything. I nailed the Holbein print, copy of the one in my room, to a cigar box and put it on a table in the canteen with two snow-drops in a medicine bottle near it, by way of something beautiful. One boy asked me if she was an American girl. That along with "Have a Heart" and "Wall-nuts" (two people on a wall) face each other and certainly present variety in tastes.

Found some green paint today and painted the counters, also made wooden frames for posters so they will keep straight on the tent walls; we put thread thru the frame and hang them by a safety pin. One of the boys brought me some Pussy Willows, another 4 Snowdrops, and altogether we are quite springy.

One of the men in the Train is a candy maker--made delicious caramels with nuts the other night, about 300 pieces, I supplemented it with Fudge, and we had quite a party, the Victrola and piano going at the same time. They nearly always go at the same time, often it is the 5th Symphony and "They'll Have to Pass the Apples Again." I must move Holbein's lady to the Victrola side of the room.

My clothes are a perfect sight, and Paris is barred, which means ordering a suit long distance--"Sulka", a wonderful shirt maker, will take care of my shirts, and if the Paris suit will only fit it is very good looking. Very pale blue trimming and light cloth. I am not mad about the bombazine garment. Have dressed in civilian clothes three

times to make Echalot "more different" for the men and myself. (On two of the occasions I had covered my suit with hot chocolate)--the day was bright and it was really the best thing to do. It was funny at the Y.M.C.A. conference last week to see the same marks of service on each suit--cocoa and candle grease.

Do send more films for the little camera when packages are allowed. Can't seem to get them here.

My dressing gown is doing a wonderful work in France. It is appreciated by all visitors as a room decoration--cheers everyone up who comes in--is one of my few reminders of civilization--and is so comfortable.

The feather stitches--I count them over every one apart, following the train of Mother's thought as well as Isabel's interest, thru to the last perfect group.

My living expenses are modest. Board for month \$18, room and breakfast \$7.50. For the month altogether it is \$25. Under the circumstances it would seem best for you to pay the Wellesly bills--\$25 makes such a neat account.

Every soldier in the train has a collection of natural looking snapshots of his family. I have none of Ralph, and the one of Mother with the twigs in the sun room. Won't you all have some taken? I have none of Grandpa, and one of Grandma when she was 20 years old. My family group is the only thing that keeps me going--but it is a pretty constant strain on the imagination. Madame Deschamps with whom I live wishes me to tell Grandma that she, Madame, will be my grandmere for me. She is quite the dearest lady in the village and in her three-roomed house there is one, one other lady, Madame and I. White stucco with light blue blinds and primroses inside the little iron railing, it is a pretty place.

She does not go to sleep until I go to bed although she retires at 6:30. Some providence must have looked after me, even so far as my billeting, for this is the one perfect place in the village for a "Mademoiselle American" as I am known.

March 6th, 1919

Dear Family:

It is late, we have just come home from an entertainment at Co. A's Mess Hall, 4 Y.M.C.A. people, two real American girls and two men. All day the officers have been agitated because guests were to be here for dinner. I used up my energy looking for a table decoration. There are no flowers in or out of the woods in Echalot, but I did find two lavish and droopy weeds, some Pussy Willows, and a few twigs with pale green leaves half opened. These last were the center decoration in a glass. The weeds dropped over two small bowls and supported the tumbler very nicely.

There are few cups in the village, the people use large bowls and soup spoons for coffee and chocolate.

Each morning I tumble into my dressing gown and into Madame's room with

its comfortable stove. She has the drink, goodness knows what it is, in a gravy bowl, we pull the table close to the stove, where my bread is toasting on a knife. I dish out the coffee, discuss everyone and everything in terrible French, and it is a cosy time. She is a darling, over seventy years of age. With the enthusiasm and interest of a little girl. I said something about a lady coming to see her today, she thought I meant another girl was coming to take my place. Our conversations are mostly a matter of interpretation, what we are trying to say enters in very slightly. Her dismay at the idea made me feel that of all places in France my home was here.

March 9th

I saw another tent yesterday--and am so proud of my own I've lost all sense of modesty. There is something so and hospitable about our tent. In the first place it is ideally situated--as the other tents are not. There is no mud beneath the gravel. It is in the center of the square on high ground. But the arrangement inside, book cases, piano, the counters (with paint, and Pussy Willows) is good, it is neat and the stove works. I wish you could see it.

Tomorrow I go to "Dijon", my first trip away, and you can not know what a joy is the thought of going. There is a possibility I may not find a room for the two nights but I shall try hard. Can't you imagine what a treat it will be? To have been happy, cheerful and interested in everyone from eight o'clock in the morning until 9:30 and 10 o'clock at night, surrounded by people all the time, with the exception of possibly, an hour or two when I come home to rest. I think all the hours and months of solitariness in the States, I was saving up for this. At the end of the first month when I worked 14 hours a day and tried to find my place among 700 men, I was pretty tired.

After perfecting the two rooms and starting things in the new tent, I would have given a kingdom for one day by myself.

I tried staying away from the canteen in Echalot for a change, but cannot do it. I think of nothing but the Hut and can't be away from it for more than an hour.

When I could have visited Miss Church, I was too tired to leave. But tomorrow I go! for two blessed days. I shall have a bath, a shampoo, and clothes cleaned.

March 13th

Dear Family:

Back from Dijon where I had two wonderful days. The sound of city, street cars, and trains was so satisfying, so restfully different, I concluded I must be a city child after all. I am absolutely sure some Providence is managing these nine months. The men warned me the hotels were always filled and I might have to come back to Echalot to spend the night--but I not only found a room but quite the daintiest one in the Hotel, overlooking the park, the only one in the Hotel, I believe, with a private bath. When I discovered the bathroom I risked going to the guard house, and hopped into the tub instead of reporting to the Provost Marshall. The first real bath in 3 months. In Echalot one

heats water by the cupful. It takes 10 for a bath, and the process is exhausting--and cool.

Then a shampoo--and my awful clothes cleaned.

I thought I was going to forget about Echalot and the 6th Division, but I could not. No businessman was so crazed about his business as I am about the Hut and my Division. I think of nothing else. I spent the two days buying things for the canteen and Echalot people, and every 5 minutes along the Street, some 6th Division soldier would hail me. Often men I had never met before, who had seen me pass thru their village, stopped me for a little conversation. Several times in the evening when my uniform could not be recognized, men greeted me with "Bon soir Mademoiselle", and when I answered "Good evening", were so confused and polite and delighted to talk to an American, I wished I could visit with them the whole evening. I have met safe-breakers, gunmen, and many cognac ones, and never before have I met such unflinching courtesy--reverence almost.

Lt. Seligman arrived in the Dodge truck to take me home at 3:30, my cartload of purchases; a chair, bowl and pitcher, 5 plants, lilac bush, and a few other things we put in the back where Lt. S. sat folded up on a box. I was in the comfortable front seat with the Sergeant. At the end of the first mile Lt. S. was having such a desperate time keeping the plants up straight, the wash bowl in its place and the chair from going out entirely, I climbed over. It was a funny experience and we giggled all the way home, imagining the expression of our families could they have seen us on the tool box in the enclosed truck in the midst of the furniture and flowers. We lost the road twice. It was dinner time, so we stopped in a town, ordered a dinner cooked for us at a little cafe and had the jolliest, craziest dinner party you can imagine. After dinner we clambered into the back of the truck, rearranged our goods and verdure, and bumped thru more French villages until we reached Echalot at 9:30.

Everyone seems certain we shall move to Germany soon. I go too with the 6th Division. Wouldn't it be great to come home with them--a regular 6th Divisioner?

Have written you loads more I haven't yet interpreted. All about Dijon. The sun shone today--a real spring one. It was too much for most of us. I carried my chair outside the tent, in the middle of the town square where the sun was hottest, and patched my blue apron. It has been in ribbons for several months, but needed just such a day to make patching a pleasure. The place was a little public, however, for a sewing center and after the 15th conversation I decided to move to Madame's house.

The latest rumor says we go to Germany the last week of March. I go too. I adored Mrs. Mathews' letter! Could see everyone and everything in Toronto as plainly as the day I left. It was as if I had slipped over to H. 323 across the front lawn for an early morning visit--one of the impromptu ones. The first minute I find I shall try to tell Mrs. Mathews how much I appreciate her remembering me.

Good night.

I wish I were sitting under the yellow lamp in the corner of the divan. All my love to you.

Ralph's picture is lovely. In the center of the room on the mantle, as Madame says, "he looks as if he heard and understood."

My love to Aunt Zella. I hope she stayed long enough after you came home to have a good time.

Will send along snapshots as soon as they are finished.

Had a great time today. Lt. Kenemer took me out with Co. D for pistol practice this morning--Colt automatic 45. Shot with 4 others, in army rhythm, that is with orders for loading, taking position, etc.

Shot from kneeling position; standing, both slow and rapid firing; and prone on the ground.

Most of the men, even those behind me, got behind something substantial when I picked up the pistol, but in the kneeling position got 3 bulls' eyes in 7 shots; established a reputation about which I am very cocky. Felt so gay I challenged several officers for tomorrow--and am already in a state of mind to be thankful if I hit the target at all.

This is the greatest and gayest party I've yet had--this Y.M.C.A. 4 months.

Good night again! I must stir the fudge for the Mess Sergeant of Co. D who has sent me pies and cakes ever since I arrived and whose dishes I cannot return empty.

You should see the souvenirs men have brought me. Everything from rings hammered from French money to German bullets and perfume. The only tantalizing thing about this is that I want to hurry home and tell you all about it. My mind is filled now and I am afraid some will be lost.

(Sgd.) Dorothy

Dear Family:

I decided rather suddenly to come to Biarritz on leave. The 6th Division expected to move to Germany soon and I thought of postponing the leave until we had moved. Was desperately tired so came away. Our leave is for 10 days including travel. I hope to have mine extended 3 days, for "travel" in France means 5 days, the two nights on a French train, allowing no sleep, is best accomodation.

I found a very beautiful hotel on the edge of the ocean, extremely luxurious, mostly French people and an atmosphere far removed from the Y.M.C.A. There are, however, two other Y.M.C.A. girls here. We do not speak to each other, I believe we are all playing at being civilians and neither cares to recognize our bond.

Well, before I left Echalot I was ill--poisoned by something I think. It would have bothered me not at all had I been in better condition, but my mind at that time was so empty it welcomed any passing idea, germ, or "error in thought". I was ill three days and finally recovered because the visitors were so numerous I had no rest night or day. You cannot imagine the thoughtfulness of the men and officers.

The Colonel came twice a day with gifts and suggestions brimming over with orders for specially prepared dishes at the officers' mess, going back to the mess a second time after hours to give a final direction about the preparation of a poached egg--I did not want. The doctor came every few minutes. I thought I had convinced the officer it was not necessary for me to see one of the girls in the Division but late Friday afternoon Helen Crosby came in. Lt. S had gone out of the Division and urged her to come and see me. The next two days I was so tired I did not know enough to know it--got an over-conscientious idea about staying with the boys until they moved. The people at the Y.M.C.A. told me to go along and I went. I shall stay here until I am thoroughly rested if it means a discharge.

In a day or two I shall write a decent letter. The last month has been filled with interesting days.

I have a horse and groom all my own to use any time I like. One of the officers gave me his breeches.

We expect to be near "Curgham" Germany. My contract as I must have told you before, ends August 22nd.

Lt. S and Col. S started me off on my leave nicely. Motored to Dijon in Col. Session's car--used it all day. Lt. S sent me roses--bought perfume for me, that was an Easter gift I guess--gave a luncheon party and dinner party with Major Littlejohn and put me on the train at 10:30 P.M. which meant a long motor ride for them in the early morning back to Echalot in a broken down Ford. The men got my money, tickets, sent telegram and made things as simple for me as possible. At different times on the way here, strangers, a Major and two Lieutenants, took the responsibility of finding accomodations and helping me along.

The Major missed his train at 12:30 A.M. because he insisted on putting

me on my train, and leaving me in a compartment he approved of. He took charge of my baggage and waited with me on the platform until 2:30 for the train. I do not even know his name. The Lieutenant chaperoned me from the hotel at Tours at 11 P.M. to the station. He heard me enquiring the way and thought it not quite safe. I am so proud of our men.

Sunday - Easter

I've just re-read this string of sentences and find not much sense but will send it along. My exclusive isolation held until last night when a lieutenant interrupted with "You look like a girl I know in Hudson"--since then I've met four other officers. We walked this afternoon, took snapshots, and I will see them again tonight. You can try to forget how desperately lonely they are and how much they want to talk to an American girl until you are reminded, then you do anything you can for them.

I not only have a three day leave extension but I've been given permission to go to Paris. There I shall see Katharine Harris, the lovely Chicago woman I met on the boat. No man ever wanted to see a familiar American girl more than I. Just had a wire from her, she has a room for me.

In answer to Papa's last letter I can take pictures but could not get them developed. Will be able to now, however.

As I was dressing for dinner--my brown dress and tan walking shoes--forgot one wore evening slippers--a card from Lt. Pack and the other officers asked me if I would "grace their table at dinner this evening". I did, and had a good time. The Capt. looked and talked like Mr. Morgan. Lt. Warner, a most finished Baltimorian and the Lt. Pack I saw this afternoon, not unlike Walter Bennett. They leave tomorrow--I lunch with them at one tomorrow.

I have a French blue officer's coat--Burberry with Raglan sleeves and blue leather buttons. The beaver collar has been transferred and I'm rather smart! It covers up a world of homely uniform. Bought some English tennis shirts with low collars, and with good looking shoes and stockings you would be pleasantly surprised. The Paris suits are good looking. I shall order one of them in place of the mohair, which is more becoming to bank clerks and New England furniture, also a good looking sailor hat. Rue de la Paix I've heard rumors of. Will have linen blouses with low hemstitched collars. If all this happens the spring season will not have come and gone in vain. One cannot over-estimate the value of looking one's best over here. It is absolutely necessary and as valuable an asset to good work as anything I know.

At church this morning I heard an organ--the first since I left Toronto. That reminded me so much of Lyndhurst Ave. I decided to concentrate on Biarritz the rest of the day. Along about July I shall think when I choose and as often as I choose about Toronto but not now

It would be ideal to come home now, and wise, to ward off spontaneous combustion. There has not been one soul with whom to talk over all the funny, strange, and sometimes sad things that happen every day. You know the feeling of coming home from a party and wanting to talk it over. Four months is a long time to wait. At present I am starved for the sight and sound of someone familiar. It will be splendid to see Mrs. Harris--and when I come home! I will make you see every one of the people and places over here and you will love it as much as I.

The funny little room in Echalot with your picture on the table. One of the few conventions in Echalot is to introduce my family to each guest. It creates a kind of atmosphere not unlike Lyndhurst Ave. and may be partly responsible for the feeling I've had all along that you were not far away.

Sunday with

A gay strenuous week--dinner party and dance every night mostly West Point men. Miss Grey and Mrs. Forgon--friends of Mrs. Harris, came in one day when I was about to die of loneliness. We've been every day to the Country Club watching the S.O.S. tennis tournament and having parties the rest of the day with the men.

Paris tomorrow--then to Germany if our men have moved, otherwise Echalot. Today was the first time going back to work was not a horror--I do not want to go yet. What is exhausting is giving all you have of enthusiasm, interest, etc. and getting nothing at all to bolster you up. not a beautiful thing, a beautiful book, good music, picture, or someone to tell you "you're a nice child, not to bother", or some other comforting thing that takes away the responsibility and sets you up for a minute.

But I shall be in Paris a few days--get respectably dressed. I hope to buy a lovely something if it wipes out my entire estate.

This week has been crowded with entertainments and people but the people have all been in the same stupid state. We bum around, talk and giggle all day long. Discuss and discuss what we shall do, and invariably end by sitting in the sun chewing an orange or enjoying some other ultra-American pastime. They say no girl is sent to outposts alone in Germany. Haven't an idea what Germany will bring.

Please send me snapshots of you all, especially Mother, Grandma and Grandpa. I have nothing of them.

Prices over here are prohibitive. It is cheaper and simpler to send home for things really. The morale of the Ammunition Train has been raised by the thought of the mince pies and things you sent. They are probably at camp now. But what I most want is something attractive, anything, books, blouses, picture, print, trinket, any pretty thing. I've shown the men in camp every ribbon, artificial flower, dressing gown, bed room slippers, jewelry, photographs, and perfumes, every pretty thing I have to cheer them. Would you send "Walter Paters Marcus, the Epicurean" and any other elevating book you know. We have loads of good novels but they are not much help. I began on the Bible but as usual made an ignorant beginning--found an uninspiring place and gave

up. If it is the Old Testament it is a chapter on "Begats". In the New Testament invariably a sermon against the evils of that day.

Am enclosing snapshots taken here and in Echalot.

Shall take a chance of finding a seat on the Paris train tonight. There are no reservations left.

My love to you Was delighted to hear in your last letter that Grandma was better. I sent a piece of embroidery home, not particularly interesting, just a souvenir.

I wish I could tell you--among a hundred thousand other things about the queer choices men make in the way of souvenirs. They stop at nothing, gowns, underwear, aprons (hand painted) and laces. The idea of laces being hand made they think wonderful. "All those little stitches and patterns too" with balls, fringe, and every other homely adornment.

Love to you again.

(Sgd.) Dorothy



THE ELASTIC TETHER



CROW'S NEST—WALLOON



QUITE INDEPENDENT



THE SIMPLE LIFE

Surrounded by these
my hobbies for 1931-
 you can understand,
 how come, I forget
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 and feel at this writing
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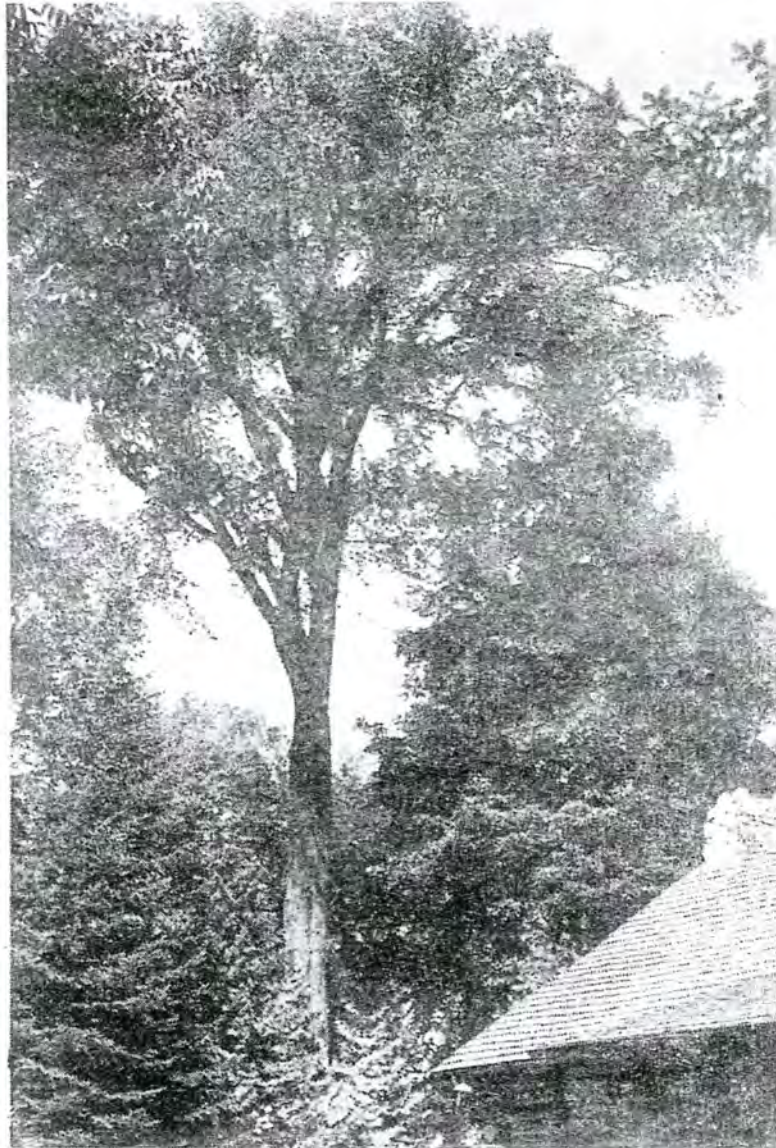
RANCHERETTE



CABIN—WALLOON LAKE



TURKEY RANCHER



ONE OF THE LARGEST TREES in this part of the state, is this huge elm. It grows at Dorothy Connable's cottage on the North Arm. It was measured some years ago, as closely as possible from the ground and was more than 80 feet tall at that time. It is approximately 5 feet in diameter at the base.

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 353 St. John, N.B. 134 Winnipeg, Man.
 579 St. Johns, Que. 304 Portage Ave.
 384 St. Thomas, Ont. 651 Winnipeg, Man.
 373 Stratford, Ont. 262 Portage Ave.
 827 Sudbury, Ont. 456 Woodstock, Ont.

TORONTO, ONT. June 20th, 1914.

Mr. Carmi R. Smith,
NILES,
Mich.

Dear Carmi:

Regarding Dorothy's trip abroad, would say she is permanently attached to the Sixth Division, U.S. Army, Engineers, so that she must go with them to whatever point they are ordered.

The Sixth Division, I understand are in Germany now, at least she cabled from Germany today stating

"Will return soon, exact date uncertain. Well."

By that I would understand that the Sixth Division has been ordered back to the States and she will probably return in June, which is two months earlier than her enlistment calls for.

We will all appreciate seeing her and get from her first-hand the details of her trip, especially the last three weeks which have been spent in Verdun, and I understand some of the German cities.

Should another letter arrive however, I will certainly send you a copy.

Yours very truly,

Ralph

KARL:

HERE ARE DOROTHY CONNABLE'S
LETTERS HOME FROM HER VOLUNTEER
SERVICE IN FRANCE AT THE END OF
WWI. SHE IS AN INTERESTING
DESCRIPTIVE WRITER NOT UNLIKE
HER OLD FRIEND ERNEST HEMINGWAY...