

War Emergency Union Activities

WAR LETTERS

The following letter, written by a priest and recently received in Winnetka, will no doubt be of interest to the readers of the "Talk", as it tells of the work now being done by Dr. Brown in France, and is a keen appreciation of her services.

Chavaniac, Lafayette, France.
Madame:—
I have not the honor of knowing you, but I hope that after having read my letter you will excuse the presumption which impels me to write to you. Do I not know through Dr. Brown that you are one of the people interested in the charitable work undertaken by her and through which the dear country of our great Lafayette is benefited. Therefore, Madame, you will permit a Cure of Chavaniac to address you, and through you all the persons with whom you are associated, with his gratitude and warm congratulations. But in writing to you I have a second object. It is for me a duty of justice, at the same time as one of recognition, to speak to you in the highest terms of praise of Dr. Brown. I have known many physicians in my life; I have never seen one so entirely devoted and so disinterested. At no matter what your Madame Brown may be called, she is always ready to go. The post of Chavaniac is not a cynosure. It may suffice, Madame, to make you comprehend this, to know that the Doctor's activities extend over a radius of 20 kilometers and more. And if the roads were good—but they are all that is terrible, and often she is obliged to go on foot. I cannot begin to tell you of the assiduous care with which the Doctor surrounds her patients. No one could be more intelligent nor more devoted. I proclaim it honestly, she is truly a goddess to this country, deprived as it is of all resources. Thus the name of Dr. Brown is in all hearts. Do you wish a proof, Madame? A short while ago the Doctor was called to Paris for I do not know what motive. Like a train of powder the news spread that Dr. Brown would not return. There was great excitement through all the region. It was decided to address a petition to ask for her return. It was necessary, in order to calm all these fears, to give my word of honor that the report was unfounded and that in a few days we would again have the pleasure of seeing her. Madame Brown has dreamed of establishing a maternity hospital at Chavaniac in the name of the illustrious general. I ask you with insistence, ladies of Winnetka, to contribute with all your powers to the realization of this project. It will be for you a new occasion to really acquit yourselves of the debt contracted to France more than a century ago. Once more excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you, and accept my thanks for all the benefits with which America has inundated France. Receive Madame, the homage of my proud respects.

P. Gibelin,
Cure the Chavaniac,
Lafayette.

(Translated from the French).

Letter Written by Captain H. W. Snell, Nov. 5, 1918, at Base Hospital No. 20, Chatel Guyon, France

The afternoon of the last day I wrote you, at about dusk, I received notice to report to headquarters, so took up my stick, adjusted the ever at hand respirator, buckled on my gun, tied my steel helmet to my shoulder strap and started down the shell pitted road to that place. There in a cramped hole, dug into the side of a road, entirely covered by boards, sheet iron, shelter halves, in fact anything available that would help to keep out shell fragments and keep in light, we went over our maps the plan of attack, as it was read to us by the battalion commander, all by the pale light of a single candle. By the time conference was over it was quite dark, but I went out to familiarize myself with the sector over which we were to advance. We were one of the assault companies and had to blaze the way which was over some open ground, and then through a woods, the far edge of which was to be our first day's objective. We took up our position several hours before the zero hour, and lay in what shelter we could find and listened to and watched a most wonderful artillery preparation for our attack. As the first indication of dawn November 1st appeared, I crawled out and routed out the company and all took their proper places, and at a gentle blast from my whistle moved up the steep bank and over the top, a long line of shadow figures silhouetted against the sky, in which the stars still faintly showed. It is a picture never to be forgotten for it was a line as long as one could see and much farther. We went on at a slow pace regulated by the advance of our own barrage. This is so hard, the slow advance; if one could only run forward it would be

much easier. Shortly after we got under way, the Germans put down a counter barrage and things began to be exceedingly lively, with high explosives blowing great holes in the earth around you.

Sometime during this advance I remember that I felt as though something gave me an awful wallop on the left bicep muscle, but did not pay any attention to it and went on encouraging the men who seemed to be dazed. I had my compass in my left hand watching our direction and I felt another wallop—in the left shoulder, but thought the same of that as the first and we continued. I was in front of my half of the company and could not see the Sergeant, who I had left to bring up the rear, and turned to see if I could locate him, when a terrific explosion seemed to pick me up and throw me down. I jumped up again and after just a short interval the process was repeated. This time I was dazed and after a few moments rose but seemed to have lost all sense of direction. I still held my compass in my left hand and attempted to consult it, but found the raising of my hand and arm most difficult and painful and my hand was dripping red. I was afraid it might be an artery, so made a tourniquet of my hankerchief and turned the company over to the second in command and started for the dressing station about two miles away. After I turned my back on the enemy fire I seemed to have a fearful feeling that I had not had before. I felt as though the shells and machine gun bullets were going to come without me knowing it. I found the dressing station the busy place it always is at such times and received attention in my turn. The ambulances making this advanced station were overloaded with litter cases. As I was told by the surgeon I could not go back to the lines, he tagged me and I walked about two miles more to a demolished village which was the ambulance station.

Here I was looked at again and given the anti-tetanus treatment, a cup of beef tea and a cigarette and loaded into an ambulance and sent to a field hospital further back, looked over again, dressings changed, another cigarette and a cup of chocolate. With a truck load of others started for the rear. I sat on the front seat with the driver and we went over roads glutted with more troops moving up. Artillery, Infantry, Tanks and trucks, trucks, trucks of supplies. Every now and then one would be nearly blown off his seat as some long range gun nearby, carefully camouflaged would send a big one over to Jerry and we wished them all well aimed. We drove through town after town that was chaotic ruins but everywhere were negro troops repairing the roads. It was a long cold ride and finally about fifty miles back of the lines we came to the evacuation hospital. Load after load came in it and I will not attempt to draw a word picture of the scene.

Here I was X-rayed and placed on a litter in line for the operating room. The Major Surgeon, a Dr. Thompson of Chicago, took care of me. When I was coming out of the ether, the doctor brought in Captain Blatchford of Winnetka, but I was still stupid enough not to care whether I met him or not, and do not remember what he looked like, although I remember hearing him say "All right, boy, you have a good sleep".

Captain Blatchford had charge of the gassed cases, and was in another building so I did not see him again. It must have been about 10 o'clock P.M. when I was given the anesthetic and the next thing I knew I was in another building in bed. My feelings were between pleasure and joy at being in a real bed and the sick feeling of coming out. When I woke up I had on a suit of pajamas like you make at the Red Cross but they did not show where they were made. They were of gray material and you can tell the women at the Red Cross that I saw hundreds and by now thousands in use and that they are certainly appreciated by the men.

The nurses we can certainly be proud of, they are so patient and speak so kindly and are so gentle to all. This is a good deal when one considers that their work is never done at a hospital like that one, for they keep on filling up and evacuating.

On Sunday night the 3rd we were carried out to a waiting American Hospital train. They were fine big cars with their tiers of bunks and 36 bunks to a car. Everything is white enamel and a regular crew of nurses and orderlies accompany the train. We rode on this train all day Monday and until Tuesday noon when we arrived at Base Hospital No. 20, Chatel Guyon, a very beautiful watering place.

This is all a wonderful change in manner of living and it is great to have a good bed and our food is good. I suppose I will be here a couple of weeks. It is not at all hard

(Continued on page six.)

Fate and Fancy

Many of us feel that Fate has not treated us fairly—that if we had had such and such an opportunity how full and satisfying life would be, says a student of human nature. But Fate is pretty accurate, after all. If we only look around us we will discover and all too quickly, that those whom we consider more "fortunate" have as much and even more to contend than we have.

BUY MORE W. S. S.

FARM FOR SALE

On Saturday, December 7, 1918, at two o'clock P. M., the 33 acre farm known as the Crowell Farm, located in Section 19 in Town of Northfield on the Sander Road about three quarters of a mile from Milwaukee avenue, and about one quarter of a mile North of Allison Bridge road, will be sold at partition sale by me under degree of the Circuit Court. The sale will be made on the premises.

This farm lies on both sides of the Sander road, and is a half mile long from east to west, being the south 33 acres of the northeast quarter of section 19. It is improved by house and barn and other outbuildings.

The sale will be made clear of all incumbrances and liens, except taxes for the year 1918, and subject to leasehold rights of tenant thereon which expire March 1, 1919.

Abstracts of this title will be furnished to purchaser for examination. The successful bidder must make payment at the time of sale of ten per cent of his bid.

WILLIAM D. MUNHALL,
Master in Chancery of the
Circuit Court of Cook County.

FREDERICK PEAKE,
Complainant's solicitor,
813 Ashland Block, Central 425,
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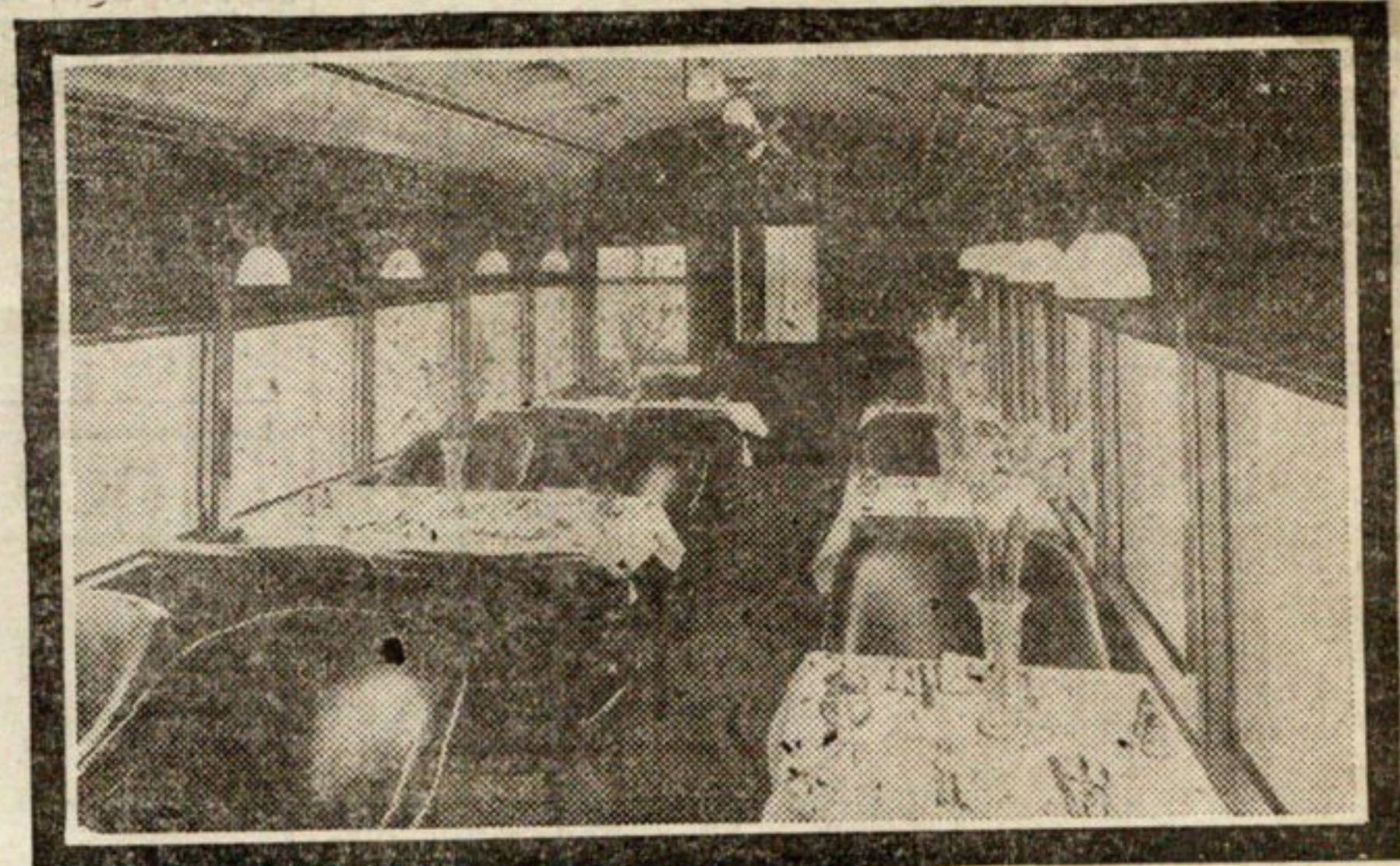
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