Red Cross Executive's Letters Tell of Australians' Friendliness to Americans

Helen Hall Finds Co-operation In Recreation Center Program

Henry Street Settlement Director Describes Opening of Army Clubhouses in Australia, Train
Travel and a Soldier's Romance

Miss Helen Hall, director of Henry Street Settlement, is in Australia where she is directing the building up and operation of recreational centers and rest houses for our armed forces outside the Army camps and hospitals. There follow excerpts from letters recently received by her husband, Paul Kellogg, editor of "The Survey-Graphic."

By Helen Hall

SOMETIME IN AUSTRALIA

It's been a very busy time since I got back to headquarters Friday night. For I've been in the throes of getting two rest homes open when the Army is letting us draw Filipinos, whom the Army is letting us draw for a fourth term here!

That night on the train, a friendly white-haired and freckled-faced friend player father to us and our baggage as we collapsed wearily into our seats under a sea of gas masks, helmets, duffle bags and suit cases. There comes a time in the handling of baggage when you don't care what happens to it. Before I knew it we were slowed away for the night. Our conductor, to our surprise, became our porter, literally put us to bed. The second hour of the night was hearding the australian girl's voice say, "Would you like a hot-water billy?" and seeking a hot-water bag appear at the edge of my upper.

The next thing I knew I heard the same cheery voice, "And how about a spot of tea?" The hand was brought right to my face, and all three distances have done this week. It's a very young Red Cross man; an Australian, older, very serious and hard-working, and the prettiest young Australian woman you ever saw. We have had a lot of fun in running the office and taking care of the club. They work the way people at Henry Street do. It begins at 9 with "Hi, Chief," and goes on until way after hours.

It's spring here and I got home to find the group has been here longer than I anticipated. Yesterday we opened the new service club to the dignitaries of the city and to the Army. Tonight we have a Thanksgiving dance for the soldiers. It's a beautiful club and, as it was built used by Australians as one, we don't have to do any of the work. The conversation came quickly, as it does so often with my generation, upon the question of the world after the war.

"What kind of a peace are we going to make?" Their urgency that it be different from the last, was encouraging to me, as was their acceptance of the fact that it must have a different economic base. There must be a special understanding once you have paid the price of enslavement, only to find the job is all to do over again because the peacemakers have failed. I suppose until now we have never faced the fact that doesn't have the last word.

The strategy of defending a mountain range, wherever it is, has been learned, but not that of defending the standards of living outside our own borders. "How is it with America?" I asked so often by the people who are thinking of these things. And many are. Everywhere great confidence and admiration is expressed for the leadership of President Roosevelt. He certainly ran for a fourth term here!

I'm leaving for headquarters tomorrow morning when our new club is opening for Thanksgiving. I'm awfully eager to get back and see how many of them have done the same thing. I'm married to an Australian and I have had a wide experience in our, as seen through soldiers' eyes, and had almost married one of us. An American came in to give us an American flag which came to her from her grandparents in Iowa, where she was born. She is married to an Australian and she says her boys are Australian as it's better for them when they live here, and so the flag comes to the American Red Cross.

IN AN AUSTRALIAN PARK—Miss Helen Hall, who is food of cats, takes time out from her Red Cross duties to feed the dangerous...