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Photo: Miss Gina Palermo, by
Wrather & Buys.

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The Woman at the Wheel

Who's Who Among Canadian Women Motorists

By MADGE MACBETH



Miss Norine Butler

Six Months of Work Only Makes Her Eager for More

HERE is a girl so keen about driving a motor ambulance that after six months of hard work, she has just signed up for six months more!

Miss Norine Butler, of London, Ontario, qualified as a V.A.D. and left Canada last July, going to the Coulter Hospital in London. There she began a course of training in motor driving, with the result that on October 1st, she was attached to the British Red Cross and sent to France, where she is now at the Base Hospital. Her work is that of bringing in the wounded, and it is not all accomplished under shelter, either. The photo shows her standing beside her motor car, "Somewhere in France."

Complete Preparedness

MISS Jessie McLachlan of Ottawa, was an expert motorist before the war inspired women to undertake this particular kind of war work. One of her friends, a motorist of some pretensions, tells of taking a drive with her along the roads surrounding her country home. "Something went wrong," said he, "but before I had time to think what it was, she had hopped out and was lying under the car, tinkering with it as deftly as I could have done. I settled myself back on the seat and took out a cigarette. 'You are the sort of girl to go motoring with,' I told her, 'When you get tired, sing out and I'll have a try.' But she fixed the break without assistance from me, and much more quickly than I could have done. That was a jolly ride, all right."

Miss McLachlan went to England in 1916 with Miss Winifred Lewis, who was in charge of Clarence House. After about six months there, she joined the British Red Cross and went to France, driving a motor Ambulance near Etakles. Her particular convoy consisted of 60 ambulances and 120 drivers, and when a big fight was in progress it carried several thousand casualties a week. Miss McLachlan broke her arm while cranking her motor, last July and returned to Canada for a short rest, but is now back at work in Paris, driving the wounded and transferring supplies.

Distinction for Quebec

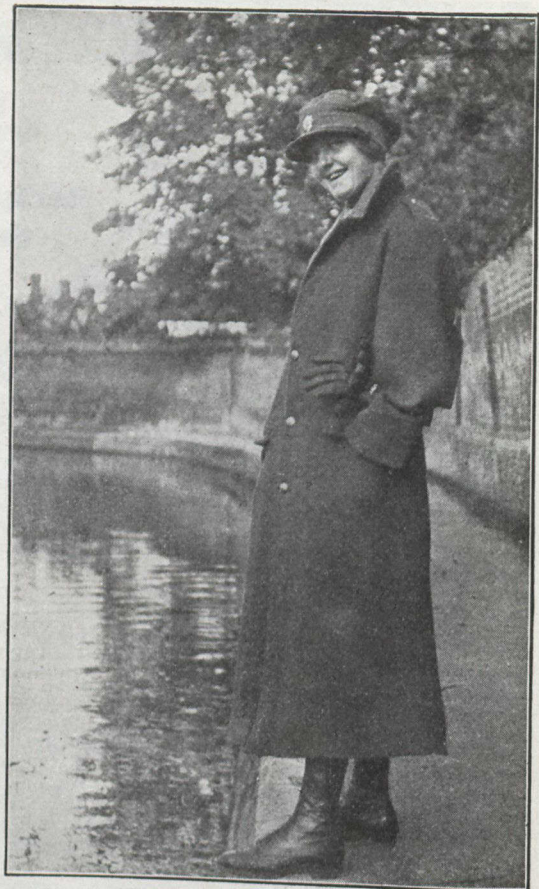
MRS. S. C. Matthews, an energetic Montrealese, has recently won the distinction of being the first registered lady chauffeur in the Province of Quebec. She has passed both civil and military tests!

This entailed a difficult course lasting six months at an automobile school, during which she learned the mechanism of a motor so thoroughly as to be able to take it to pieces and put it together again. At home or abroad, Mrs. Matthews is prepared to take a man's place, should more women motorists be required.



Mrs. S. C. Matthews

MISS Bevan is a high school girl, from Ancaster, Ont., and also a graduate of Macdonald College. After her three brothers enlisted, she went with her mother to England, to be



Miss Frances Bevan

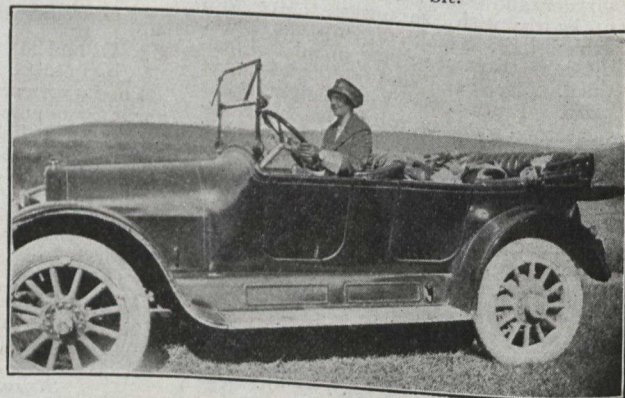
nearer them. While there she saw the great need of helpers in every sphere of war work. As she was an enthusiastic motorist at home, she volunteered as ambulance-driver, and "signed up" for the duration of the war. She meets the ambulance-trains and drives the wounded soldiers to four different hospitals. In order to gain absolute efficiency as a driver, Miss Bevan has learned thoroughly the mechanism of her motor, and is able to clean and repair it.

One of Miss Bevan's latest experiences was to take a dead soldier to his home and act as pallbearer at his funeral. His family considered this an honor and were very grateful.

When a Canadian friend spoke rather enviously of Miss Bevan's opportunities, that young lady replied: "If you could see me sometimes, cold, wet, hungry, tired, with forty miles to go at four o'clock in the morning, you wouldn't think it easy work. But I am glad to be able to do my bit."



Miss Jessie McLachlan



Miss Clara Dennis
(For sketch of Miss Dennis see page 30)

TO-DAY many women are far from home, bent low over the wheel of a motor car or an ambulance, serving their country. The photos you see on this page represent but a few of those splendid volunteers who are doing all they can to lighten the burden of the Empire and the men serving at the Front. I could tell of a woman whose driving in Serbia was adventurous enough for a movie thriller; of a clever B. C. woman whose kitchen ambulance brought untold relief at the beginning of the war, and many others. All of which goes to show that nothing good which we do well is wasted. Does it make life too serious to suggest that every pastime ought to have a definite objective and a high standard of excellence? Faithfully yours,

MADGE MACBETH.