

# Heart And Home

For the women left behind to shoulder the challenges of heartbreak, bereavement and long-distance love, the pages of *Woman's Weekly* offered encouragement, solace and sound - occasionally slightly stern - advice

## 'A duster and a dishcloth seem sorry weapons for a battle, but they can be as great as steel'

10 July 1915

'OUR duty to our country consists in doing the work that lies nearest; that is, in most cases, keeping the home going... Our duties may SEEM to be of the kind that don't actively help at a time like this. But we must remember that they DO help... That's the true British spirit, if you like: 'Do your everyday work so long as it's the nearest duty at hand. Then you'll be ready if a sterner call comes!' I think this shall be our motto - yours and mine - don't you?'

Your Editress, 26 September 1914



6 July 1918

'The little boys of to-day may be the soldiers of fifteen or twenty years hence... Isn't it a matter of the utmost importance that these children shall be well and carefully reared now, while they are young and growing?'

7 August 1915

### TEA-CLOTHS FOR TOMMY.

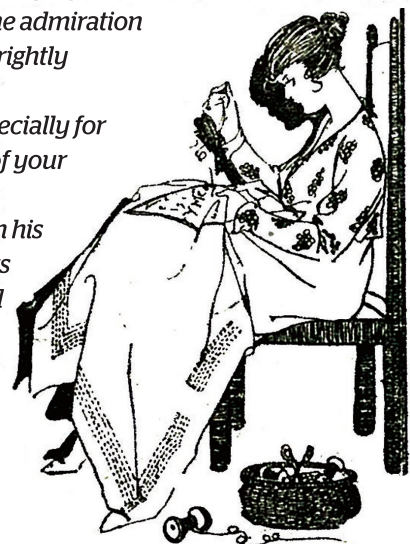
A Cloth for Tommy's Table in France that will Remind Him of Home. Will You Make One For Him?

When the first greetings are over, and he has told her for the tenth time how glad he is to be back in dear old Blighty, she whispers to him, as she notices the admiration he casts at the brightly coloured cloth:

'I worked it specially for you in honour of your home-coming.'

A lump rises in his throat as he hugs her in reply, and somehow, more than anything else, that cloth, cheap though its material, spells 'HOME.'

27 October 1917



## 'Smiling: A National Duty'

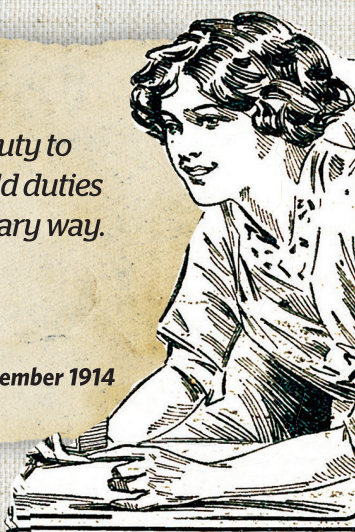
24 February 1917

'We have to turn a bright face to the world. The woman who smiles when her heart is crying is the woman who is worthy of the daily sacrifice being made for her by the sons of Britain.'

Your Editress, 1 December 1917

'We women have a special duty to perform besides the manifold duties that come along in the ordinary way. Do you know what it is? Why, it's the DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS.'

Margaret Hope, 26 September 1914



## We Remember Them

### In Love And War

#### THE SORT OF LETTERS TOMMY LIKES

'When you write, tell me what frock you are wearing and in what room you are sitting,' a soldier said to his sweetheart when he was home on leave. 'Out there when I get your letters I like to be able to picture you just as you were when you wrote to me.'

And can't you imagine how these little details would please you if you were a man?

Supposing your sweetheart has a particular fancy for some frock of yours - it is almost sure to be a blue frock, by the way, for blue dresses are invariably men's favourites - think how nice it would be to let him know that you were wearing that particular gown while you were writing.'

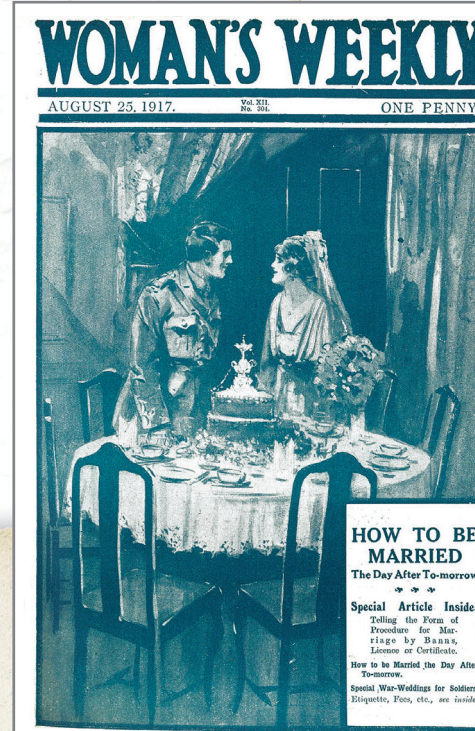
18 March 1916

'War has made us more sentimental, and I, for one, am glad of it. Absence doesn't really make the heart grow fonder, but it does give added value to all the tender little anniversaries that mark the lives of a man and a maid - her birthday, the engagement day, the day they first met.

Men aren't good at remembering anniversaries, as a rule. Many a little wife has cried herself sick because her man has passed by their wedding-day

unnoticed. But out in the trenches and on the high seas the memories of our boys have sharpened, and their love has grown, not greater, but keener in the little things that count so much to a woman...

A soldier who was over from France on leave just lately complained laughingly of the number of tender errands he had been commissioned to execute for his fellows while over in



'Blighty'... 'To-day, for instance, exactly a year since a pal of mine got married. I had to promise I'd telegraph to his wife to-day, just two words - 'John remembers.' Won't her face light up when she reads the wire?'

30 June 1917

## WAS YOUR BOY'S LEAVE SUCH A GLORIOUS TIME?

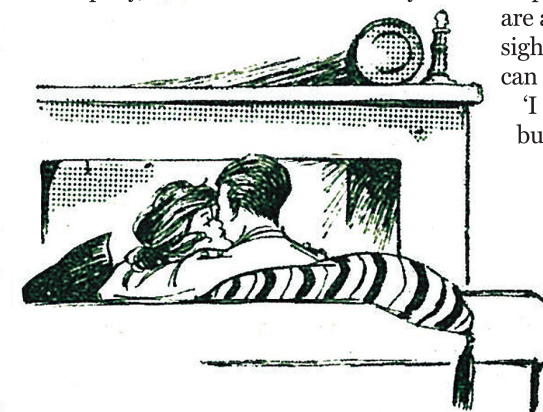
'An intimate talk to the sweetheart or mother who was a wee bit disappointed.'

'The first day or two I could see how much Jack had changed. Much of his boyishness had gone, and the laughter that came so readily to his lips in the old days seldom bubbled over....

There are points of view from the man's side that we stay-at-home women can never realise unless they were plainly put to us as Jack put them to me.

Seated in the firelight, with his dear arms around me, I felt how foolish we had been to believe him less fond and home-loving than he was of old. 'The fact is, old girl,' he said, 'you people at home cannot, by the wildest stretches of imagination, know the effect of the sudden change

from the life out there to the inside of an English home. It is all much too sudden; we are not prepared for it. We ought to have at least a month's leave. The first week we should spend chiefly in our own company, or with civilian men. Do you



realise what it means to go for months at a time without speaking to a woman? To have nothing but men around you night and day? Why our very language is hardly ready for sensitive little things like you. We first come back... You people at home look upon me as the same Jack who went away four years ago, and I am in the sense that I love you all just as dearly as ever, if not more, but in every other respect I am a different chap. My nerves are all jagged. When one has seen the sights, and heard the sounds I have, how can you expect them to be otherwise?

'I may never be quite the same again, but this I do know: If you will only bear with my irritation and shortcomings for the first few days, I shall be all right the second week, and when victory is declared, and we settle down, you may have a more sober old boy to deal with, but a more loving and fond one you could not have.'

16 November 1918