

Downers Reporter

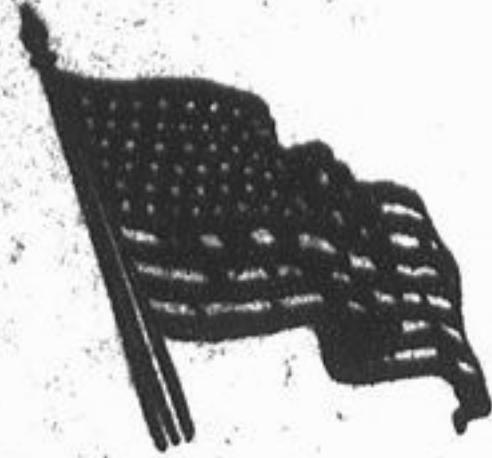
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H. STAATS, Editor

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AMERICA FIRST



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IN AND AROUND THE HIGH SCHOOL

By "The Spectator"

BE LOYAL TO THE PURPLE

The cancelled juniors introduced a new form of entertainment into the morning exercise Tuesday morning.

Some of the perfectly good songs sung by the juniors in their mad desire to praise themselves and slam the seniors were "You were a tulip" and "Down on Chesapeake Bay."

Priz and Helen were discovered washing dishes in the domestic science room Monday. It looked as though they were rehearsing for the future.

The football team spent a pleasant evening at the home of J. J. Wells Tuesday. William Rice played a few exhibitions on the piano and the few juniors present sang the songs which drew so much applause during opening exercises.

"Chatter" Hall evidently believes in a city beautiful. Last week he had large "no no bills" signs on his feet. He was requested to retire and wipe his feet.

We are sorry that we can make no mention on the annual High-Alumni banquet this week, but are compelled to withhold them until next week when we'll withhold them all alike.

The Homeless Drug Co. and Mrs. ... We are sorry that we can make no mention on the annual High-Alumni banquet this week, but are compelled to withhold them until next week when we'll withhold them all alike.

With Thanksgiving yearning to be handy, we've been busy with our pen. Now is the time to buy your Christmas cards. Remember, the earlier you order, the better.

of them so the world can see what intellectual giants they are.

Here's to the "Senior Class" of 1916-17, the only class that we know of to have eight of its members on the football team. Long may they live.

LETTER FROM A WOUNDED TOMMY

We think the following letter will prove interesting to the majority of our readers as it gives us an intimate view of one of the great war phases—the caring of the wounded. The description of the captured trench is also very vivid. The letter was received by one of our subscribers, who has a cousin serving as lance corporal in a Staffordshire regiment.

Leeds Hospital, Leeds, England, Oct. 30, 1915.

A few lines in answer to your most welcome letter. First of all I hope you will forgive me for not answering it sooner, but, to tell you the truth, we have been at work hard and fast both in the trenches and out, as we were under shell fire the last three months. Our supposed six days' rest was digging communication trenches and carrying wood and barbed wire—all sorts of work. You will see by the address that I have been wounded again. I am pleased to say it is not serious, as it is shrapnel in my left hip and calf, the result of bomb throwing. I was under the X-ray last Saturday and went under an operation Monday. I had three bits of "German scrap iron" taken out, and still have some few more pieces to be removed. I guess I had better tell you about it.

We went to the trenches from our billets at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th of this month, and arrived in our position at six o'clock next morning, the 13th. We had what rest we could get, which was a sit down and think of those we left in England. The rest of the time was spent in getting bombs ready. At 12 o'clock midday our artillery commenced to bombard and kept it up until two o'clock. The Germans replied with about the same amount of shells—I should say between the two there were about 800 guns speaking, so you can just think what it would be like. This is the worst bombardment I have been in. At two o'clock our orders, that was the party of bombers numbering thirty, and the officer, were to go over the top and bomb them out of a portion of the trench they held which joined ours—only a barrier of sand bags fifteen yards wide separated us. We were given five minutes to move them, as

our first line of attack was to follow in an hour or two. Our first line of attack was to follow in an hour or two. Our first line of attack was to follow in an hour or two.

I left the dressing station and went to the clearing hospital about five miles from the firing line. Next morning we went to the station about four miles further up the country in ambulance motors. We were then put on ambulance trains, which are fine—we left at 9 a. m., on the 14th and landed at Etretat Hospital, next day at 12 midday, so we did a bit of traveling. The strange part about it, I landed at the same hospital where I went the last time I was wounded. They were pleased to see me, but my thoughts were, would I land in dear old home? The staff sergeant soon put me at rest for he said, "Now, England to-morrow," and you may guess how pleased I was—one forgets he is in pain for a time. We left Etretat at 12 noon, on the 15th for Le Havre, which was fifteen miles ride by Red Cross bus, then on to H. M. ship St. David, and very soon in our hospital beds, which were fitted up on the same style as the train beds, and all there for the comfort of poor Tommy. We left Le Havre about five o'clock the same night and landed at Southampton—or our soldier name, "Blighy"—at eleven o'clock the same night. They then began to disembark us on to the hospital train, again sending us as near to our home as possible. We then started our train journey at three a. m. on the 17th, and passed through good old Burton-on-Trent at nine o'clock, just as mother and dad, and all at home were at breakfast, and you may bet what I thought. But those at home did not know of my being wounded.

We landed at Leeds at one o'clock, just about time for dinner. As soon as our wounds had been dressed—you get the usual routine every day—dressed at about five o'clock every morning if needed (a cup of tea, which we get at the good Sisters' expense), breakfast at seven-thirty, which consists of bacon and porridge and tea. Doctor around about nine-thirty, dressing again at ten, dinner at 12:30, which consists of soup, potatoes, greens, beef or mutton boiled or roasted, milk pudding, and tea at four, and supper at seven, when we have cocoa and bread and butter. The lights are out at eight o'clock, after the Sisters have tucked up all in our little beds. We then do our best to have some sport, such as throwing pillows, socks, slippers, etc., until Sister comes from the next ward. This is as far as I can tell you of the way Tommy is looked after when wounded, from the time he leaves the trenches to reaching the hospital.

When Daddy first came to western Iowa, the price of land in the Big Sioux Valley was selling for \$1.25 per acre—the year 1884 I am talking of—when all you had to do to get a "claim" was to "squat" on your choice 160 acres for 14 months and then "prove up" with Uncle Sam for \$1.25 per acre. Today this land is worth \$150 an acre. Yet in spite of this jump in the value of the investment from \$1.25 to \$150, Daddy became disgruntled some few years ago, like many other

farmers, and was about to leave the old homestead to go "teaming" work in Iowa for a big fuel and lumber company. The reason for this was that he couldn't get help. The hired man could not be depended upon to "stick" when he was needed most. Had Daddy left the farm that day as he threatened, he wouldn't have been worth nickels, where now he is worth dollars. Moreover, if I myself had stayed on the farm instead of taking up the ministry and the social reform work in which I am now engaged, my private office might not have been quite so snug and my circle of acquaintances not so wide, but I am positive that I would have had larger holdings of "the things of this world."

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"Well, Josie," that was mother's name—"I'm through. This d—d place is for sale or rent! Every year it's the same old story with the hired man proposition and it's getting worse all the time. They'll leave you with your hay down and your grain in the open stack. They don't give a d—n if everything rots on the place. Every year they get more independent and contemptible. Now, here my man tells me today that he is going to quit to-night. I tell you, Josie, there is no use. We'd better sell out or rent and get some day work in town, where we know what we can count on."

Then it was that Mother exhibited a practical foresight and wisdom at which I marvel more as the years pass and deprecate the value of her suggestion. "Well, John," said Mother, "you'd better sit down a while and cool off. It's very hot today and you're all worked up and excited." At that she took Daddy by the arm and led him carelessly out to the hammock in the orchard. As I tagged along behind them that day it seemed to me that Mother was handling Daddy just as I imagine she used to before I was born. They sat down in the hammock together. Mother took him by the hand and looked up into his face. Her eyes flashed with an unusual light, and I was amazed to observe for the first time that my Mother was really a handsome woman. Her face was bronzed with outdoor toil, it is true, but it now appeared lit with a new radiance. The usual wrinkles were hid in a glow that resembled the soft mellow haze of an Indian summer.

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As I say, it happened some years ago, and I am relating Daddy's words to the best of my memory because I believe it holds the key to one of the most effective remedies to the hired man difficulty.

Then it was that Mother exhibited a practical foresight and wisdom at which I marvel more as the years pass and deprecate the value of her suggestion. "Well, John," said Mother, "you'd better sit down a while and cool off. It's very hot today and you're all worked up and excited." At that she took Daddy by the arm and led him carelessly out to the hammock in the orchard. As I tagged along behind them that day it seemed to me that Mother was handling Daddy just as I imagine she used to before I was born. They sat down in the hammock together. Mother took him by the hand and looked up into his face. Her eyes flashed with an unusual light, and I was amazed to observe for the first time that my Mother was really a handsome woman. Her face was bronzed with outdoor toil, it is true, but it now appeared lit with a new radiance. The usual wrinkles were hid in a glow that resembled the soft mellow haze of an Indian summer.

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