

# Downers Grove Reporter

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"And The Star Spangled Banner Forever Shall Wave, O'er The Land of The Free and The Home of The Brave."



## NINETEEN NINETEEN

We have entered into another New Year and one of the most momentous since the beginning of time. Great questions are up before the peoples of the whole civilized world for settlement, questions that, we fear, cannot be settled by a mere say-so, but that will have to gradually be worked out.

First and foremost, there is the big peace talk that will take place in France this month. When the representatives of the greatest nations in the world gather around the peace table, will they so arrange international affairs so that dreadful war, with all that it means, be forever banished from the earth? Let us fervently hope so.

Then there is the eternal question, the one that is always with us, the fight between capital and labor. The enormous war wages that have been paid the laborer and the mechanic, the clerk and the salesman, will they be lowered? Then the high-cost-of-living that has in a measure been a direct off-shoot of the high wages, will this be adjusted satisfactorily?

Our millions of soldiers and sailors, those who had a real part in settling the war and those who never passed the training stage. They will all be released, it is hoped, sometime in the year to come. Will they be gradually absorbed back into civil life? Will suitable positions be found for them? Places that were as good as the ones they left when they entered the mighty conflict?

How about Downers Grove? During the year just past this little Village has done wonders in war work. Her sons, her money, her time, has all been poured without stint into the war chest of the United States. Hours and hours of time have been given by her residents for work of various kinds without hope or expectation of remuneration. Now that Victory has perched atop our banners and war work with the exception of the "clean up" is a thing of the past, what are we going to do in the nature of public work?

Here is a suggestion. A large club room, containing everything that the name implies, swimming tank, gym, reading rooms, showers and a commodious hall, should be built as a monument to the boys who went forth from this village to war. The money for its building and furnishing should be raised by popular subscription. A company should be formed and stock in the enterprise sold.

This would not only be a monument but one that would be a practical use and one that the boys would appreciate more than anything else that could be done for them. This not be a Y. M. C. A. but a building and an association that will include every faction and every person in Downers Grove.

We would suggest as the proper man, one that every resident can believe in and look up to, the man to this project and carry it out to a successful conclusion. Mayor John F. Kidwell.

### Has Any One

#### NOT PLACE OF IMPORTANCE

References to Town of Joppa Only Occasionally Met With in Old Testament Writings.

The town of Joppa was never within the territory of the Israelites, in Old Testament times, and so meets with only casual reference from the Old Testament writers. Thus it is mentioned, by the writer of II Chronicles, as a seaport for the importation of Lebanon timber, which was floated down the coast. Said Hiram, the king of Tyre, in the course of his "kind answer" to Solomon's embassy for workmen and materials, "And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need; and we will bring it to thee in flotes by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it to Jerusalem." And the great cedars of Lebanon were hauled across the country between Joppa and Jerusalem. Joppa came into the hands of the Jews in the time of the Maccabees, and, although Pompey restored it to the Syrians, it was later given back to the Jews, with an exemption from tax.

WANTS WANT ADS PAY

## LETTERS FROM DOWNERS GROVE SOLDIER BOYS

### SACKSTEDER ALWAYS HAS COMPANY WITH HIM

At the front, November 6th, 1918. Dear old pals:

I have been longing for a chance to write to you for over a month. I have had plenty of time as far as that goes but when I had time I wouldn't have paper and for the past week envelopes have been as scarce as a pancake and they are darn rare in our outfit. I saw some once but they were like Jerry's, prisoners.

Well, old boy, we have been up and at 'em for over a month now and believe me Jerry has been catching hell too, of course, we got our share but it must be fierce to be on the other side of the line. Judging from what he sends over to us and he makes it rather warm at times, but he gets about five times as much back.

The night the drive started (Sept. 25th) we were marching up the line, we knew zero hour would be sometime before break of day. It proved to be at 12 mid-night, everything was quiet except an occasional shell from Jerry, but all at once a rumble of distant guns off to our right and in less than a minute the whole front had started; the rumble had become a roar and the sky was lit up with one continual flash. We were just coming up behind the long range 155s and when one of those babies let go it nearly lifts your helmet off. At 2 a. m. we reached our destination and laid down to sleep. You can believe it or not but most of us did sleep some despite the roar and the cold. Those hikes are sure sleep producers.

Well, after six hours of super-artillery preparation the boys in the line went over. That is ancient history now but those boys deserve a heap of credit. If you have been a close student of the military operations you will remember that a bunch of Yanks went over and took Jerry's positions that he had had for four years. The paper described the situation "as the most difficult terrain on the whole front." The country which lies along a famous river is just a series of high wooded ridges running parallel to the line of advance. The fact that Jerry had held it for so long shows its strength as a defensive position. I guess he thought it could not be taken away from him but lots of things have happened lately that he did not think possible.

The same a. m. about an hour out, while we were acting as reserves we began to see the prisoners coming in and a happy looking bunch in general. The war was finished for them. They were well dressed and looked to have been well fed. I for one don't believe all this bunk about the Germans starving and they have very much ammunition. Anyone that does not believe it should get up here where they can hear and feel some of it coming over, and this is no joke either. Besides I have seen oodles that he did not have time to take with him.

I would like to tell you our action from day to day but it would take too long now, some day when I get back I'll spin you the yarn complete, but now I'll just hit a few of the high spots.

After the first push of a battle the men necessarily pause to bring up supplies and get communications established, it is then the reserves get their work out, if they hadn't been needed before.

One bright Sunday morning after standing in the rain all night long (absolutely the worst night I ever put in) we found ourselves well over into Jerry's land we moved forward and our 2nd battalion went in to relieve the much fagged heroes in the front line. Our battalion took up the support and it fell to our lot to carry ammunition to the firing line.

November 14th.

Well, I have been carrying the first part of this letter around in my pocket ever since I started it and it is pretty well messed up. I tell you that I am mighty lucky to be able to finish it. This letter has been over the top since then. We went over the top since then. We went over the morning of the 10th and at 11 a. m. the next day the guns stopped firing. We did not know that an armistice had been signed till 9:45 a. m. and then we were inclined to think it mostly bunk, from the way Jerry was bobbing them over, but sure enough at 11:00 a. m., on the 11th day of the 11th month the big noise closed. By the way, three times 11 is 33 and the 33d Division was in the line and giving them hell up to the last minute.

We are back in billets now getting rested and cleaned up and re-equipped. We expect to go back in the line in a few days and follow Jerry up in his retirement.

Took the cotchie cure yesterday but I think it a sort of a farce, since

am as itchy as a pet coon today. I Don't mind them so much now as they afford lots of pastime ridding your shirt and no matter where you are you are never alone.

The boys in this Division are getting seven days leave now, one lot just got back and from now on we understand a bunch will get to go about every two weeks. Don't know when my turn will come but it is "tout suit."

Well, kiddo, the way things look now I may be home to help eat some of that canned stuff. For breakfast I want pancakes, oatmeal and coffee. For dinner hot biscuits, jelly, tea and any thing else. Corn meal mush with sugar and milk will do for supper or else some more pancakes, seems to me I could eat them three times a day.

Well, I must cut this short or else you will never get this letter. With love and best wishes to you all.

I think I will soon be coming back the long, long trail, till then so long.

Your 8th letter received this morning and am sorry to hear that you and Edna have been sick. Hope this will find you all well and in the best of spirits.

Stephen (Sacksteder).

### EICHHORST DRILLS HARDER SINCE WAR'S ENDING

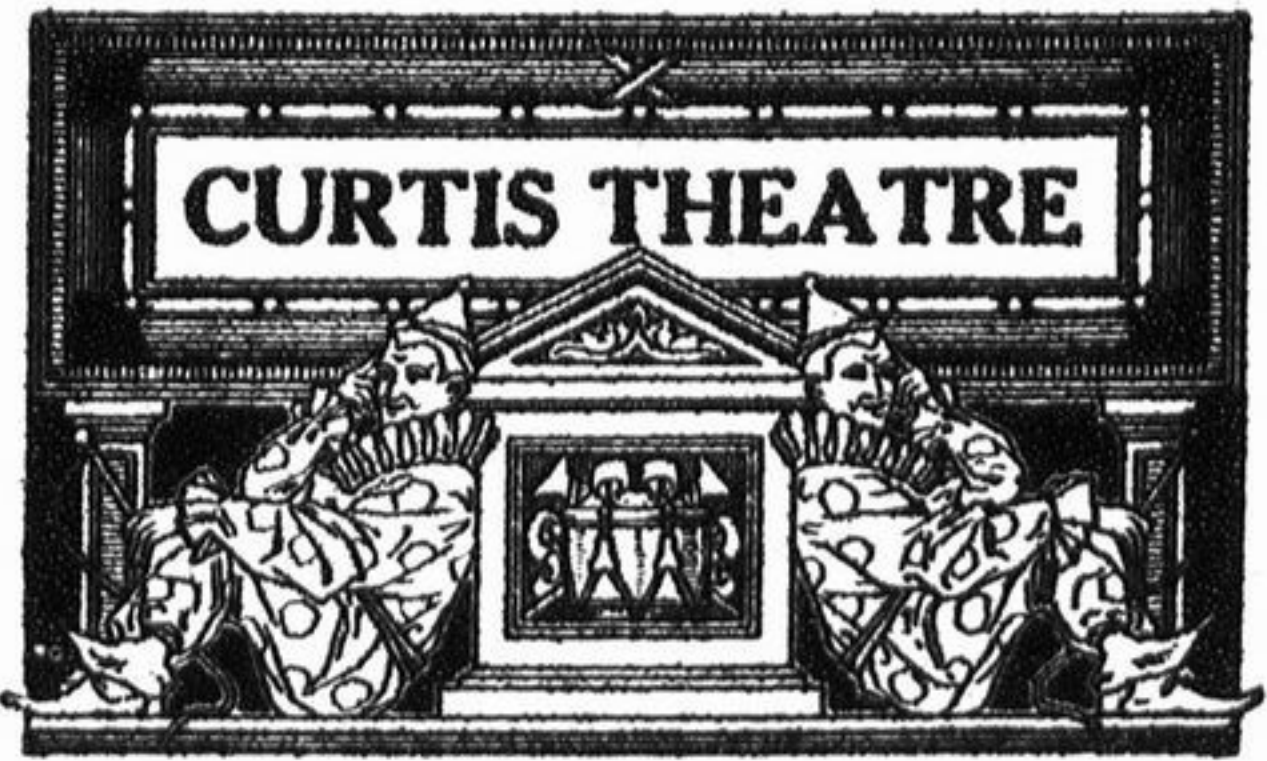
Camp Hancock, Ga., Dec. 21, 1918.

Dear Mr. Staats:

This is Saturday afternoon and it is raining here so I have a little time for myself and thought I would drop you a few lines to ask you if the war is over in Illinois, as it seems as though the people in Georgia are not quite sure about it. I thought that probably we would at least have a little rest even if we could not go home yet. But I will tell you. Everything in this camp is what they call machine gun click and that is double-time, and all the rest we get is parade rest and very little of that. The best job of all is K. P. and if we can get out of that job we do it. There are quite a few boys in this camp from Illinois and they are all anxious to be discharged, but it seems as if this part of the world is forgotten.

I hear the boys from New York are going to be discharged before Christmas from this camp, so I hope at least that we Illinois boys will be

(continued on page 6)



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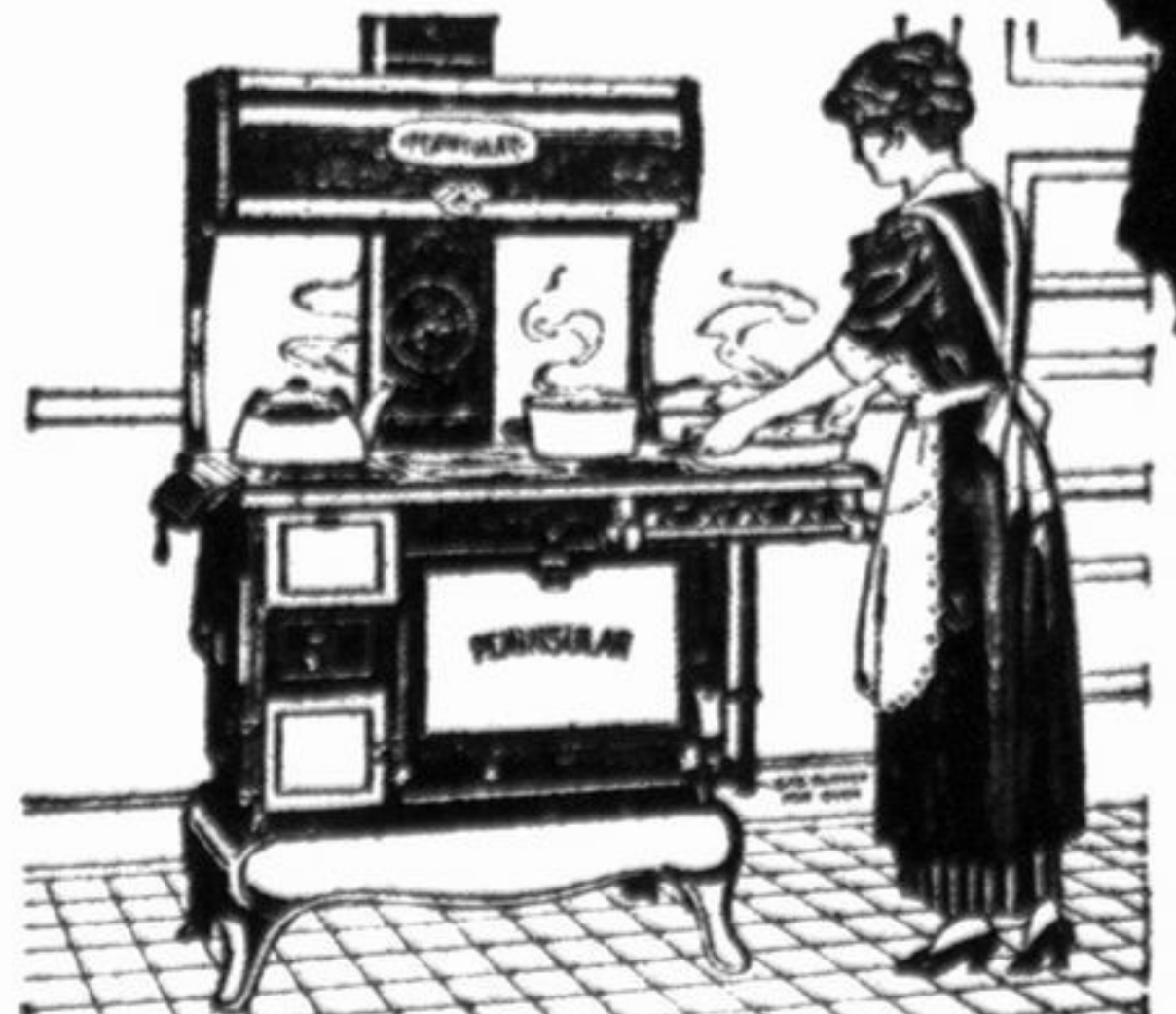
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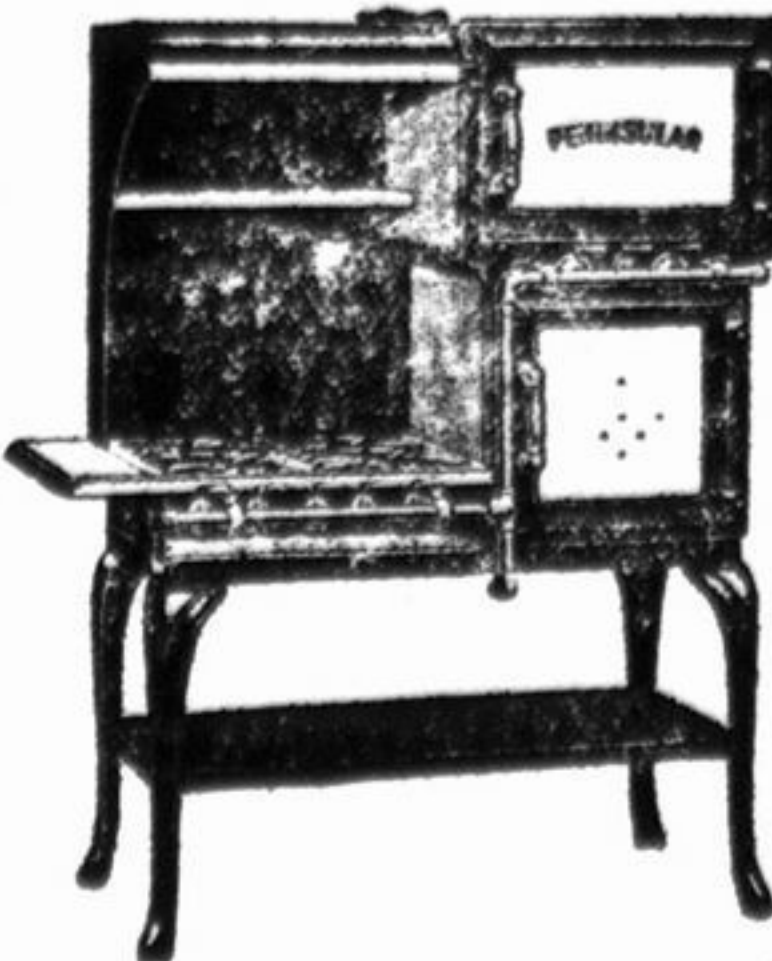
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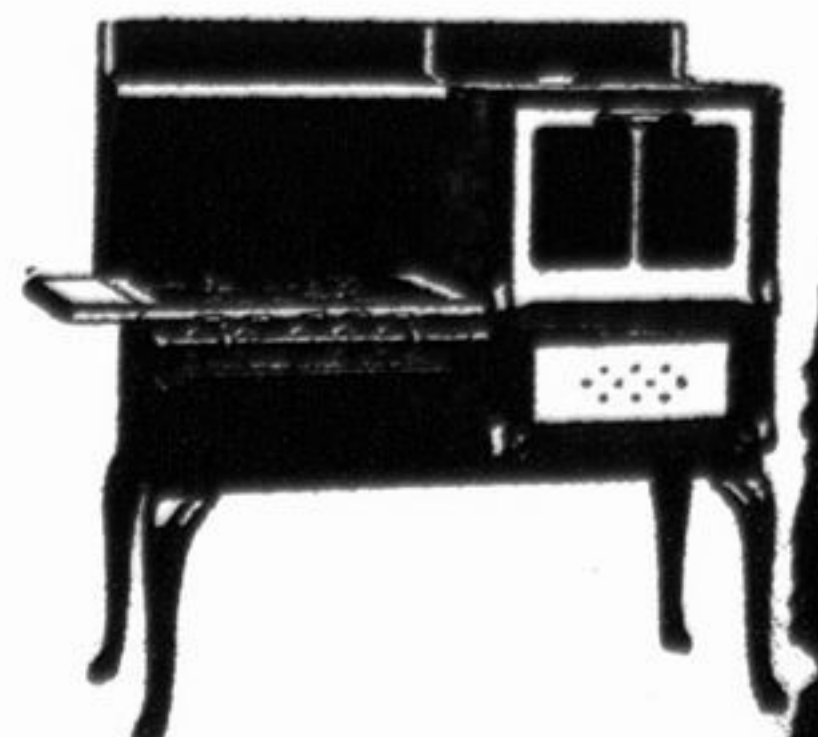


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