

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."



LETTERS FROM DOWNERS GROVE SOLDIER BOYS

WILLIAM WAPLES AT CAMP FOREST Camp Forest, Ga., Nov. 12th, 1918. Mr. C. H. Staats:

Dear Sir: I wish to drop you a few lines this evening thanking you for the Reporter which I received yesterday. I certainly appreciated it very much and read it thru thoroughly.

I might go a little farther and tell you of my trip down here and something about the camp. My trip down was of interest as I had never been south before. We left Chicago about six thirty in the evening, passed thru Kankakee, Indianapolis and at sunset we were in Cincinnati, Ohio. We were surprised to see such a large city located on a hill side as it is. We had a wonderful view of the city in the grey dawn of morning. After staying in the railroad yards there for about an hour, we crossed the Ohio river and stopped in the Southern R. R. yards at Ludlow, Ky., for another hour. This was our last long stop until we reached Chattanooga. We passed thru all of Kentucky in the day-light and the scenery was beautiful. We seemed to wind in and out of the hills all the time. If we didn't wind in and out of them, we went over them and we went thru several small mountains. I believe we passed thru twenty-two tunnels in all.

We arrived at camp about 5:30 Saturday morning, Sept. 7th. It was a grey misty morning and we were a tired bunch from our thirty-six hour ride. We were met at the train by soldiers with lanterns and marched off to a mess hall where we had breakfast. Since then we have had many breakfasts in camp and have become broken into camp life.

Camp Forest is located on the grounds of Chickamauga Park. It is about twelve miles southeast of Chattanooga, Tenn. We are near Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. From the above description of the camp's location, you can see that we are camped on ground that was hotly contested for by the Northern and Southern troops during the Civil War. There are many monuments erected here to the memory of the Illinois troops.

There are three camps here within the radius of three miles. There is Camp Forest, which is an Engineer's camp; Camp Greenleaf, which is for the Medical Corps and Fort Ogleshorpe, which is a Cavalry Camp. Men are only given a preliminary training here and then shipped across the pond. The majority of the boys that came here when I did have left and some are in France.

Now I will tell you a little of myself. After receiving my first physical examination, I was put into Domestic Service on account of defective vision. I put in two weeks at drill acting as corporal. Since those two weeks I have not drilled an hour having been assigned to special duty at the Camp Supply Quarters. I have been acting as Wagon Sergeant there. I do not know where they get the name for there is no non-commission attached to the job. The duties of the wagon sergeant are light. One goes out on each load of merchandise to the mess hall and sees that the goods are delivered alright and articles signed for by the mess sergeant. The teamster drives the team and a detail loads and unloads. I would love to be in the ranks but they do not drill domestic service men.

I guess Downers Grove was the scene of great joy judging from the time they had last Thursday. I know Chattanooga went wild and so did we in our barracks about three in the morning. It is a wonder that we did not get extra duty for it.

Thanking you again for your kind-

ness to us men in the service, I will close this letter.

Yours truly, William A. Waples.

CORP. STANLEY BARAN WOUNDED 3D TIME

October 3d, 1918.

Dearest Sister: This is my first chance to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am in an American hospital with a slight wound on my left shoulder. I was wounded just a week ago today and am sleeping in a bed with white sheets and plenty of smoking and good eats. Its rather hard to get used to life like this after knocking around in shell holes.

Say Sis, my allotment ran out last month and I wont be able to make out another until I get back to my company. Tell Mother not to worry for I am in good health.

Will have to close with love to all. From your brother, Corporal Stanley J. Baran.

J. W. YOUNG AND LITTLE OLD LAREDO

Laredo, Texas, Nov. 13th, 1918. Mr. Staats:

Dear Friend: First but not last let me thank you for the Reporter which I received yesterday. Haven't seen any for some time and was pleased to read over the news items and note what was going on in Downers.

I've been down here in "little old Laredo" since June 1st last. Upon arrival here and for some time afterward I believed this regiment might see foreign service. But from all accounts of the past few days, I guess this 37th is out of luck of ever getting "over there." But there's one thing I'm sure of and probably won't forget for a while and that is I've been through one really hot summer. At times the thermometer kept up as high as 120 degrees and that heat mixed up with some of this nice Texas sand made things hot enough at times. Down here there are none of those so-called cool, refreshing lake breezes. One scorching hot day in particular, I won't forget either. On that day in July this regiment took a sixteen (16) mile hike under arms with full field equipment. Sportively speaking, it was a Koo-Koo!

Usually this town is pretty much of a dead place. But with the lifting of the quarantine, signing of the armistice, and the present Labor Conference in session, it has taken on a new aspect. Today this regiment paraded around town for about four hours. More or less. Omitted saying that some of the military power from Mexico were also in town. We had to come to "present arms" as they passed by. Its now nearly chow time and you no doubtedly know how a fellow feels previous to hearing the chow call or clang of the bell. Will close with best regards to you and the rest of the folks in Downers.

Yours truly, J. W. Young.

CORP. STEWART BURNS TO ART RALSTON

October 17th, 1918.

Master Arthur Ralston.

My dear Art: I received your second letter yesterday and I will answer it right away for it pleased me very much and I am glad that you still remember me. Art, things have changed a lot since a year ago and now I can hardly realize that there is a life like that in good old Downers Grove. It seems like a dream and this like a bitter awakening.

We have been on every French front that there is and have been in the fight almost continually for eight months. We are the veterans of the American Army and are what is known as "shock troops." We are shipped around quite a lot and put into the trenches whenever an emergency arises.

We have come across a great number of German souvenirs such as gas masks, helmets, belt buckles, pistols, etc. but we don't have time to send them home.

I am now on guard on the switch board and have a fire at my feet using a German helmet for a stove. We have been having some miserable weather lately and it has caused us much misfortune as we all have colds and feel rather low. My blankets are all soaked as is everything else I own. Well, Art here is hoping it won't keep up forever but will soon be over and that we all get back soon.

Remember me to all and thanking you again for your nice letter.

Yours, Stewart (Burns).

JOB FOR OFFICER FLANNERY

New York Policeman Undertook Some Contract When He Thought to Find Firm Little Woman Wanted.

The existence of a little-known corporation on Washington Heights was brought to the attention of policeman Flannery when a little woman approached him and over an armful of bundles asked for information regarding this mysterious firm. With one hand on his hip the policeman held up traffic from all four directions while he bent a receptive ear to the timid little woman.

"I'm so sorry to bother you, Mr. Policeman," said the shopper, "but my grocer has moved his shop from around the corner here, where he used to be, and I thought you might know where he is now. I want to get some eggs—and he always kept such fresh ones."

"What was the name of your grocer, Madam," asked Policeman Flannery, one of the most polite of the button twirlers. "If you will tell me his name I will see if we have a record of his change of location at the station house and let you know."

"Well, the man who always waited for me," replied the little woman, "was named Tom. I don't know his last name. And the name of the firm that was pointed on the door was 'Push and Pull.' I do hope you can find them and let me know, because I need some fresh eggs at once."

And Policeman Flannery at a late hour last night was still scratching his head over the "P" in the city directory.—New York Herald.

TEMPORARY MASK OF WISDOM

Even Most Foolish Man Has Look of Intelligence When He is Lighting a Pipe.

Why is it that a man always looks so intelligent when he is lighting his pipe?

Probably it is because the intake of breath which is necessary to start proper combustion causes a drawing up of his brows, a wrinkling of the forehead, a concavity of the cheeks and a puckering of the mouth, all of which produces an owlish and oracular demeanor. This mask of wisdom and soberness, when brightly lit by the gleam and yellow shining of the match flame which leaps up and down over the bowl of the pipe, has dismayed many a timid observer. We know that our friend, like himself, was but a well-nourished simpleton whose mind, even if spread at its thinnest, could not shelter more than one-tenth of his doings with common sense. How came it, then, that this simple act of laying fire to dried vegetation could so uplift and ensage him?

Whenever a man lights his pipe his mind seems born anew; in other words, it leaps back into the vast ocean of simple absurdity whence most of our minds come trickling. The momentary right gives him time to think, and he starts afresh upon argument, rebuttal and contradiction. And invariably he says something particularly idiotic.—Exchange.

Introducing the Monocle.

One interesting thing about the monocle is that the fashion of wearing it was introduced at the Congress of Vienna, that congress which remade the map of Europe and, in the opinion of many, laid the mines whose explosion was the great war. Sir Horace Rembold, in writing on the subject of the origin of odd fashions and customs, said that a Dutch exquisite, Jonkheer Breele, was the first man to wear a monocle, and that he showed the then brand new fad to the diplomats and others assembled at the congress. After that introduction the fad spread to all parts of Europe, but it took its deepest hold on the English well-to-do classes.

Their Wives Work.

The most amusing thing at the fair is the poultry show. Not that it is a joke by any means, for it is an exhibit of which any state might well be proud, but the amusing part is the swelled-up arrogance of the roosters, shown along with the working members of the harem, the hens. The latter are demure and quiet, attending strictly to business, taking their food and sipping the water from the cups, just as though they were at home. On the other hand each and every rooster seems to think he is the cock of the walk, and he advertises this idea on every occasion.

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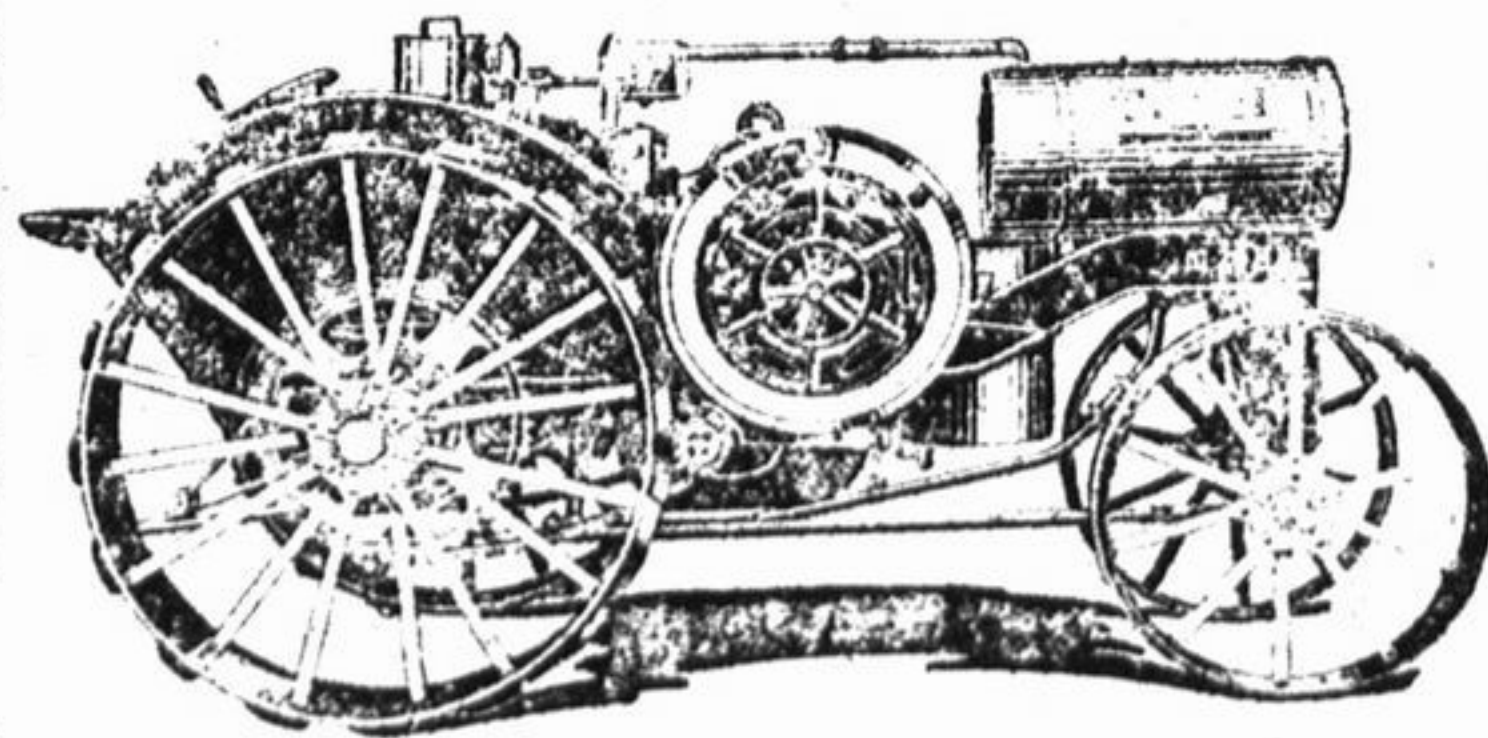
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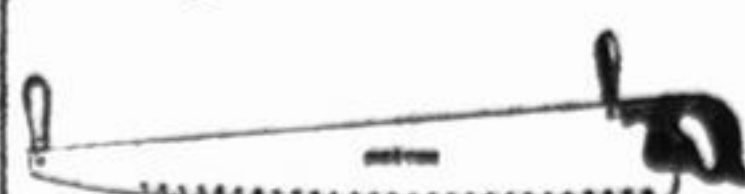
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Merely Look Wise.

No assembly, sanhedrin, areopagus or court of star chamber ever looked more solemn or more profound than a smoking car full of commuters; they sit in a 70-foot box of blue vapor, busy with the persistent and futile scratching of dud matches; and yet nowhere on earth will you hear so much balderdash uttered.

We Implore women, particularly women young and fair, not to be misled by the sage and philosophic bearing of man as he lights his pipe. A man kindling tobacco is no wiser than a woman putting hairpins in her hair. Like most things which are entirely true, this is very sad. For if ever a man should be wise and profound as Rabindranath and Ralph Waldo Trine together, it is when he is accomplishing this sacred and pensive rite of lighting up.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Docks Electrically Equipped. Electricity plays an important part in the equipment of piers. It is used for the operation of the fire pumps, the sprinkler system, fire alarm, for trucks, lighting the interior of the pier and for the protective lighting outside of the pier, also for the movement of freight cars by electric locomotives.

Oldtime "Craters."

The word "crater" from the hole made by a mine, and afterward fought for, has thoroughly established itself in the language of the trenches. It is a highly obvious and inevitable borrowing from the volcano. But the volcano itself took the word from the original "crater"—the mixing bowl (from the verb meaning to mix), in which the Greeks, from the earliest known times, mingled water with wine. Contrary to the general belief, he will not eat anything, but he selects carefully the best of roots, herbs, fruits and various vegetables. When in captivity, he eats about the same kind of fodder, with a few exceptions, including pastry, bread, nuts (chiefly peanuts) and some other goodies which may be offered to him. Elephants eat no kind of meat whatsoever; they will only eat pure grown food or clean bread or pastry.

Flincky Elephant.

An elephant, in his native land, has a hard job to find what he likes to eat. Contrary to the general belief, he will not eat anything, but he selects carefully the best of roots, herbs, fruits and various vegetables. When in captivity, he eats about the same kind of fodder, with a few exceptions, including pastry, bread, nuts (chiefly peanuts) and some other goodies which may be offered to him. Elephants eat no kind of meat whatsoever; they will only eat pure grown food or clean bread or pastry.

Should Have Been Easy.

"You can't always tell what a man is by the way he talks." "Perhaps not." "One morning in the lavatory of a Pullman car several men were talking about how hard it was to dress and undress in a berth." "Yes?" "The man who made the loudest complaint was a contortionist who could tie himself in a knot."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Famous Copper City.

Bingham, Utah, "where copper is king," has a special attraction as the world's greatest mining camp. It is situated 25 miles south of Salt Lake and is one of the most unique mines in the world. It being practically a town hanging on the side of a mountain. Two thousand men are employed digging out the copper ore and something like \$65,000 profit is banked by the Utah Copper company every day. It takes two mills working night and day to concentrate the ore, and it is said that the work being done is far more stupendous than the great engineering feat of digging the Colaba cut in Panama.—Automobile Blue Book.