

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."



Has Any One

- Died—
- Eloped—
- Divorced—
- Had a fire—
- Embezzled—
- Left Town—
- Had a baby—
- Sold a farm—
- Had a party—
- Came to town—
- Been arrested—
- Had twins or colic—
- Sold a cow or lost an auto—
- Laid in a stock of whiskey—
- Stolen a dog or his friend's wife—
- Committed suicide, or murder—
- Fallen from an airplane or—
- Fallen into a coal hole or—
- Left into a legacy?

That's News!

Phone or mail it to the DOWNERS GROVE REPORTER 37 N. Main St. Phone 188

LETTERS FROM DOWNERS GROVE SOLDIER BOYS

FORREST NASH "WENT OVER" IN ARGONNE SECTOR

Menlebeke, Belgium, Nov. 29th, 1918. Dear Dad:

Sunday is to be Fathers Day, but I am going to write you now for fear we may be in no position to write then and again the best part of it is we can now write most everything so I will try and make this an interesting letter for you.

Will start right at New York for, no doubt, there are some things that you have been in doubt about and I will try and tell you the particulars.

I will leave some of them out so I can talk when I return home.

We left New York on Friday the 12th of July and crossed the ocean on the Olympic, landing at South Hampton, England on the 19th.

Stayed there 21 day and that night crossed the Channel on a side wheeler, which done some rocking. None of us got any sleep that night. We landed at La Harve, France at 5 a. m. July 21st. We then walked about two miles to an English rest camp and stayed there one night, which was enough. The next morning we were loaded on box cars with an engine (which had a whistle like a peanut stand) and were started across France with hully beef and hard tack and beans. We rode for three days and four nights. In the middle of the 4th night we were unloaded at Antelope, France and driven into a cow pasture where we put ourselves to sleep on the damp ground, but were glad to do so for we were tired of riding on that darn slow train. A good old U. S. train could have made it in half a day.

That same afternoon we were started out on a hike and after eight long kilometers we arrived at a dirty little village called Bourdon and it was 9:30 p. m. and we hadn't eaten since early morning. Believe me the boys would have cleaned the whole German Army that night, but that was our first real sample of what was to come, only we didn't know it then.

We stayed in Bourdon and had our last training there. Left there September 3d and hiked to Mandres, 15 kilometers and I sure had some sore feet and shoulders for we only carried about 100 pound pack. Left Mandres September 6th and walked to Rolampont, which was about 20 kilometers. You see how the kilometers keep climbing. At Rolampont we were put on more box cars and rode for about six hours towards the front. Arrived at Gondria Court at about

7:30. Got off the train and walked 25 kilometers and that night pitched our tents in the rain on a hillside near an old ruined church. Some mud. Of course it was pitch dark and we were not allowed to have any lights from this time on, not even a cigarette. Well, that sure was one lovely night, I'll say. I see this letter is going to be too long unless I skip along faster but maybe you can stand it.

From the woods to Pagny, where we were in support at Toul Sector, we saw no action there but we were on the job and got credit for it anyhow. On September 13th we left Pagny at 9:30 p. m. in trucks and rode all night. I was quite sick as my stomach was on the bum and I sure had a lovely night of it. We, that is, our truck ran into another one filled with truck ran into another one filled with Chinamen and smashed both of the trucks but none was hurt. Got into another one and beat it. Got off the trucks at 9:30 a. m. and rested until noon. Then hiked 6 kilometers to Genicourt. Had a bath there in the creek. On the 16th of September we left at dusk and hiked all night making 34 kilometers. Sure the morale was low that night and not even one cigarette. I chewed about two bits worth of Climax. Hal! Next night we hiked about 17 kilometers and landed in Auberville and camped in an old orchard. Mind you it was raining most of the time and we done all our hiking at night as we were sneaking up on the Huns. Stayed here for one day and saw our first air battle and also had a few shells dropped near us. Left the 19th and hiked only about 8 kilometers to the Forest De Hess where we stayed in hiding for 5 days and we sure knew we were near the front lines for they kept dropping them over quite regular. Then the Zero hour and D day was our hope for we sure mad enough to go get 'em. D day was September 26th and Zero hour was 5:30 a. m. The barrage started at 11:30 p. m. September 25th and we made our short hike with light packs up Mountfacon in under the largest barrage ever staged. There were 3,500 cannon, all roaring.

Just as we reached the going over point we stopped for a rest and Junod and I leaned against a post of a barbed wire fence to rest. A shell hit a tree and exploded right above us and a large branch fell at our feet. I was just thinking how lucky we were when a second shell exploded above us and the next thing I knew I was about ten feet away from the post in a hole. Looked around and saw Junod and found that we were all together so I got up. A piece of shrapnel had hit my helmet above my right eye and I had knocked Junod down with my arm. Believe me I fell in love with old Mr. Helmet right there and here I had been cursing it all the time. Put a large dent in it but only bruised my forehead a little. That shell wounded 24 men. We went over on time just chased hell out of the Huns. The Battle I can't write about for it would take too long and any way would rather tell it.

We were in for eight days and nine nights. Came out under heavy bombardment and I thought it was our last, but we made the grade O. K.

Camped in Shippy woods and that is where I came so near seeing Grant as he was only five kilometers away and I walked over to see him but it was too dark and then I had a hunch my outfit would move so started back and I was right for they were just pulling out. Here are some of the towns we captured—Shippy, Very, Eponville, Elafountain and etc., all in the Argonne Sector. The 35th Division was on our left and the 37th on our right.

Now I am not going to try and tell you any more for you know I went to a rest camp on leave after we had done four days hiking from the Argonne front. Grant was going in just as we came out.

When I came back from La Bourboule I found the outfit had moved to the Flanders front and we caught them at Wellsbeke, Belgium and were right at the point of giving the Huns

the race of their life when the armistice was declared. Lucky for Fritz. The only order for Bandsmen to do Musical Duties reached us about the same time. We have been doing plenty of hiking lately but we play now days and have our packs and cases carried on wagons.

This is the most I have written for a long time, but as it is Fathers Day I thought it would suit you better than anything I can write.

Now we won't be satisfied until we get back in the good old U. S. A. and believe me Dad when I get past the Statue of Liberty she will have to do an about face if she even wants to see me again.

My regards to everyone and here's hoping you are all well and happy. Love to all.

Forrest Nash.

ED. PFAFF WRITES OF BIG PUSH THAT FINISHED AUSTRIA

Sunday, November 3, 1918. My dear Folks:

I hope you won't think this a stingy letter but have just returned from nearly 30 hours on duty and will need a little sleep soon. Of course, you will know all about what has been happening on this front, long before this letter reaches you. The big offensive and the wonderful success, so you can easily realize that we have been kept pretty busy. That is busy keeping up with the retreating Austrians. We have moved our front cooking post three times in the last five days, keeping up with the advance made by our armies, and are now driving over and working in territory which just a few days ago was occupied by Austrians, and far beyond what was the front line trenches less than a week ago. There surely has been some fighting done here in the last few weeks and I have seen and experienced things which I will never forget, but am so glad to have been here to take an active part in it.

I was driving in a train of twelve machines, all loaded, last night, and it took us over twelve hours to cover about 25 miles. The roads are very bad and full of shell holes and a

continual train of traffic miles long. Sept. 10th, a week later.

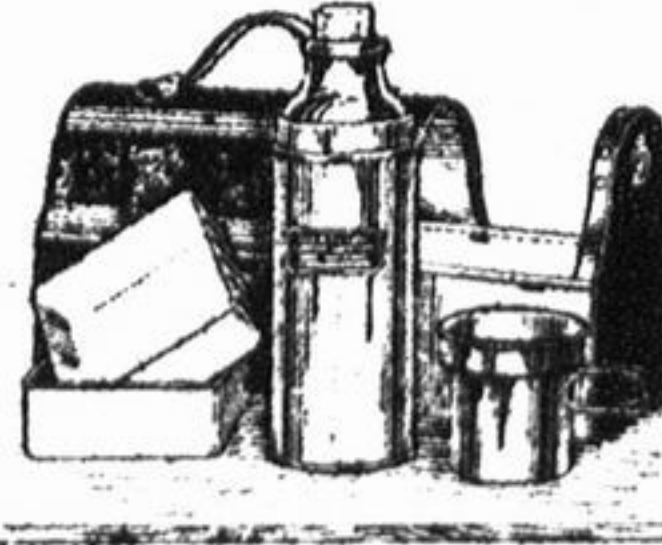
I started to write a week ago but was interrupted, so ended up by sending you a couple of post cards instead just to let you know that I am fine. Since then I have heard from both you and Howard, your letter of October 18th being the most recent one.

Arno Uhlhorn was transferred to another section, but the section he is in now moved up near by a couple of weeks ago, so I get to see him quite often again and we are both very glad.

Great news today. They say that

the Kaiser has abdicated and fled out of Germany and that the fighting has ceased and that Germany is ready to make peace, the Allies to make the terms. I'll bet there is some celebrating in the States, how I would love to be there and see it. Poor old Italy is certainly rejoicing. Church bells that have been silent for two years, ring out the glad news and towns and cities, which have been dark since the war began, so as to not be visible to aeroplanes, fear them no more and are all lit up like a new saloon. Certainly seems good to drive thru a town which used to be dark and desolate looking after sun down, and now find signs of life again, even though they are only tumble down, shell raked buildings. And now the dangers of war are over, and you will not need to worry about our safety. Of course, it will probably be some time before we can get back home again, there are so many of us here to take back. I suppose that if we get back by next spring or summer we will be doing well. But coming back home still seems like a dream to us now. I received the first box of candy sent from M. F. & Co. It was pretty (Continued on Page Three)

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Today, Sat. Dec. 28th Charles Chaplin in "SHOULDER ARMS"

and the added Vitagraph Feature EARL WILLIAMS in "Girl in the House"



Special Matinee at 2:30 & 5:30. Night, 6:30 to 11:30.

Tuesday, New Years Eve. A first run Vitagraph feature production. Alice Joyce in "The Captain's Captain" :: Harold Loyd Comedy

New Years Day Matinee, 2:30 to 5:30 Night, 6:30 to 11:30

New Year's Day Matinee and Night "THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN"

A Cataclysmic romance of Primeval Man and his Modern Mate midst Jungles wild and Society's palaces. This is the most amazing movie ever produced showing how this primitive man who was raised by an ape in the jungle finds his mate in society's jungle.

The Romance of Tarzan is the final sequel to Tarzan of the Apes and features Enid Markey and Elma Lincoln.

See this wonderful film at The Curtis Theatre on New Year's Day.

