

FROM DOWNERS GROVE SOLDIER BOYS

(Continued from Page Three)

...below down near the engine... it was warm for it was... After a fellow got... did not want to move... would step on some one sleeping... finally got to sleep about 9 p.m. We were sleeping seven deep and I was on top luckily. Well, at 6 a.m. we sighted France, April 3d. La Harve did not look very impressive on a cold grey morning. But we unloaded right away and marched 8 miles to es Camp No. 2. Some class got. A day and a night in a horse stable with a lot of East Indian soldiers. British Colonials, of course, we were the first Americans that bunch had seen and they were very curious speaking French all the time. Well, that was the only place I ever caught the cooties. We stayed there a day and a night and then took a freight train for 36 hours and finally landed at Gievres APO 713. We got all ready for our construction work there, received our autos and trucks and left in 73 days or about April 26th for Chateauroux, APO 738 and received our first job there of 64 kilometers of 10 wire lead. From there on I've written most of my experiences so I won't repeat.

Hope to be home soon. Your loving son Edgar,

ALF. ENGELSCHALL RIDING A MOTOR-CYCLE OVER THERE

November 26th, 1918.

My dear folks: I received four of your letters this evening and will try to answer them all in one to save time. It is very hard for me to find time to write for I am on the go from when I get up until bedtime.

I suppose everyone is anxiously waiting for the boys to come home now that the war is over. We sure are waiting for the time to come when we once more can put one foot on that dear old U. S. A.

All I want when I get back is a big square meal and a chance to sleep between two white sheets again, also I am nearly used to this kind of a life now.

But the place I am at is heaven towards what I have already gone thru. I suppose you think I was at Burtville all the time but I wasn't. I often wished that I could be allowed to write just one letter and tell you where I was and what I was doing. Believe me I can tell some interesting things when I get back.

Well, until you see me with all my decorations I will leave that for you to guess until I get back.

We don't know when we leave here, perhaps in a month or two.

I am riding a motorcycle now. Some awful weather for that but I will like the change from the car. I care have driven some miles.

Love to all. Alphonse Engelschall

HUGH D. WYLLIE QUALIFIED AS A SHARPSHOOTER

Paris Island, S. C. Dec. 14, 1918.

My dear Mr. Staats:

The Reporter received and to fully realize the pleasure it gave me one would have to be in the military service isolated as we are in camp life under disciplinary restrictions such as is found in the Marine service.

Since last writing to you I have seen Cecil Miley and Gallup and understand Fred Erickson and Downer are in a camp some two miles distant. Gallup came over to see me Wednesday evening to say that he was to leave the following day at 3 o'clock for Pensacola, Florida. He looked in great condition and shows that the training has done wonders for him.

Miley and Gallup both qualified on the rifle range, making high marksmen. I might say that everything in the Marine Corps is marksmanship, especially with the rifle and the penalty for not making the 202 points in the record shooting means that the unfortunate goes to the cook school and thereafter he is billed for kitchen work. Some method, I can assure you, to get the best efforts out of the men. Kitchen work never appealed to me and when we went on the range for our training I missed nothing that might aid me in perfecting my form and training my eye and finger on the rifle. The course which is most essential for the first time we drilled on "snapping in" which means snapping the trigger at the targets without using ammunition. This is done to get the correct sling back, the various positions, prone, kneeling and sitting and to learn to snap the trigger at the same time as the breath. Snapping or snapping is pulled at even when the bullet is in the air. The bullet reaches the target. Thorough instruction was also given during this week on elevation at the various ranges for the particular gun you used or in other words for the purpose of learning your gun for all guns differ more or less. Further the windage or the o'clock of the wind was thoroughly studied so that the sight leaf adjustment would be thoroughly understood on record day.

The blackening of the sights with smoke from a candle or grease is necessary to offset the sun shining on a bright sight. During the week of snapping in the work was done under the most difficult conditions as it rained continually through this period and we lay in water and mud day after day besides walking eight miles a day through swamps and flooded regions between the camp and the range. We were up at 4:30 a. m. and after the days work and chew at 5:30 p. m., we spent the evenings studying our range manual, cleaning rifles and washing muddy clothes.

Finally our turn came to start actual shooting and then the pain, caused by the proper form positions, the miserable weather and other grief, was quite forgotten in the excitement. These ranges are fired from at rapid fire and slow fire. Ten shots at rapid fire requires the re-loading of the gun and getting into position from standing in one minute, one minute and ten seconds and one minute and twenty seconds at the 200, 300 and 500 yard positions. Finally record day came December 12th and we finished up Friday the 13th, my lucky day and the official records credited me with high sharpshooter and a silver cross (medal) for the score. I made the mark with six points to the good, coming within three of a possible 50 points at 600 yards with a high Atlantic wind blowing and a mist falling. The record for this range was not equalled by the Battalion, however, one man made 280 points out of a possible 300 in our company, coming within one of the records for the year on Paris Island.

Besides this our company made the highest record on the range for the year for men qualified in the various grades from marksman to sharpshooter and expert rifleman. Marksman means 202 points and over, sharpshooter 238 and over and expert is a total of 243 points and over.

Men scoring 244 points or over are picked for machine gunners and sent to Utica, New York for training as aviation machine gunners. Coaches are also picked from these men and it remains to be seen where I go. Being an older man than the average Marine also the fact that I am married with dependants will no doubt effect my movements in the future. There is no doubt that the younger man is the most efficient material for development in any military service let alone the Marines. He is not so set in his ways and is more supple in his movements besides his enthusiasm is greater.

I was quite pleased with my rifle record as well as the enviable reputation our company enjoys also the whole Battalion in fact. The record for qualified men and the high scores is much talked over here on the Island among old timers. We also completed our pistol range work where I qualified with a high record. I was one of the ten men in our company to make first class pistol man. This is considered expert shooting and goes on my service record for reference but no medal is given or extra pay in this as in the rifle marksmanship.

We haven't a cook so far among the Downers Grove boys here and sincerely hope they continue to qualify on the range. It means hard work, a cool head, steady nerves during the cracking of the 30-30 Springfield on all sides and good eye sight to make good at the game. From now on its heavy pack drilling, etc. for us.

Henry Bushman died in hospital in England. (Continued from Page 1)

HENRY BUSHMAN DIED IN HOSPITAL IN ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 1)

It is a peculiar form of influenza, but develops very rapidly into a virulent kind of broncho pneumonia. Notwithstanding the skill of our very efficient medical officers, and the constant and unremitting care of the nurses, the patients seem to pass away very quickly.

Your son was buried in Everton Cemetery, Liverpool, on the 22nd of October, 1918. There were present at the funeral, myself as representing the Home Communication service of the American Red Cross, and two ladies, representing the local Care Committee, of the American Red Cross. A "triumph" wreath consisting of green cypress leaves, cream chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern, together with a small stars and stripes flag, was placed on the grave by one of the ladies. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. F. Conway (United States Army Chaplain) of Merison, Wisconsin. Your son was accorded full Military Honours.

The number of the Grave is 261, Section F, in the United States division of the Cemetery.

We feel that it must be very hard indeed for you to have had your son die so far away from home under such conditions, but we think it will be a comfort for you to know that he gave his life for a great cause—that of righteousness and liberty and democracy—and died in the line of duty. It is true that he did not get to the front, but his will was as fine as that of those who have actually fought, and the example of patriotism he showed will place his name always on the roll of those who sacrificed all for their country. He has certainly laid down his life in the finest kind of service.

We wish to convey to you in the present moment of your grief the sincerest sympathy of the American Red Cross, and earnestly hope and pray that the God of all Comfort and Consolation will prove "A very present help in time of trouble."

Yours respectfully, David W. Rolent, Captain, American Red Cross, Home Communication Service.

JOKE FOR MODERN BURGLAR

Herring's Safes, Considered Marvelous Years Ago, Would Be Laughed at in This Generation.

If a modern burglar or "safe cracker" could see some of the safes invented by Silas Herring he would probably have a good laugh. For a "modern" safeblower must be a bit of a scientist with a large knowledge of explosives; an old-fashioned safe would be easy for him to get into; but in those days the Herring safes were considered marvels and absolutely theft and fireproof.

Herring was born in Shrewsbury, Vt., and began his career as a grocery clerk. Tiring of this after some six years, he went into the lottery business, saved \$10,000 and started a wholesale grocery concern in New York city. A fire and a panic ruined his business, so he obtained the agency for the Salamander safes—so named probably, because they were able to come through fire unhurt. He got the right to manufacture them later, and kept on improving and improving them each year. He once put \$1,000 in the drawer of one, sent it to the world's fair and offered the money to any one who could get into the safe and get it. No one got it.

But nowadays big banks and trust companies would laugh at these old square safes. The "burglar proof" one today is round like a ball, and has a door that screws in, leaving no cracks for explosives. Even if any were poured into the hinges the explosion would only drive the door more firmly into the casing of the safe. Herring died in 1881.

Value of Introspection.

To do anything worth while we must be something worth while, and we cannot be if we take it all out in talking. The mind must receive impressions before it can give them, the heart must feel before it can make others feel, the soul must be filled before it can overflow.

If people would only live more, if they would only think more, if they would only sit in silence alone with their souls now and then, the words they gave out would mean so much more. But alas and alack, the art of conversation is not lost, it is flowing on and on until one comes for silence with a great and overwhelming longing that only silence may satisfy.—Exchange.

The Last Word.

The sweet young thing thought she was making a huge success. "There is only one thing I can't understand," he started to say. "Only one?" she asked, without letting him finish. "There was one. Now there are two. The second is why some girls never learn that it is only the sweetest man who can afford to be so stupid."

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L. V. ORSINGER Farmers & Merchants Bank Bldg., Curtiss Street Entrance

ALUMNI TIES UP WITH D. G. H. S. TONIGHT

It will be the Army and Navy against the High School when the old grads tie up with the basket ball five of Downers Grove High School at the gym tonight.

The regulars haven't had very much practice in regular games thus far this season but have been doing quite a bit of work on the local floor in practice games and are primed for slaughter.

The Alumni line-up will be from the following men: "Mick" Butler "Chuck" DeWitt "Jack" Carpenter "Scoop" Mechel "Ted" Curtiss "Whirlwind" Rogers

All of them have been stars of local athletic teams and they have been having Uncle Sam's hardening processes thrust upon them this summer so should prove the equal of the regular five at least.

An interesting battle is expected. For a certain raider a grade team, headed by "Bud" Smith will play a five from Naperville and as the local youngsters are full of "pep" this will also be an interesting game.

Land of the Beyond.

There is a country into which there is today a yearly immigration with which no other country in any age has had anything to compare.

Every year 35,000,000 of people—the equivalent of one-third the population of the United States—enter its ports and crowd its territory as newcomers and colonists.

Every month 3,000,000 are numbered as fresh arrivals. Every twenty-four hours there are 100,000.

And this has been going on and will continue century after century. For the country in question is the Land of the Beyond, that is on the other side of the grave.

Looked Like Lincoln's Slay.

A curious footnote to history is found in Simon Wolf's "Presidents I Have Known." Mr. Wolf, a Washington lawyer, a loyal Unionist and a friend of President Lincoln, was yet also acquainted with John Wilkes Booth and resembled him in appearance. He says concerning the assassination of Lincoln: "After the tragedy I was compelled to remain in my house until after Booth's capture, for unfortunately I resembled him very much in feature—so much so that Theodore Kaufman, the historical painter, asked me to sit for him for the famous painting of 'The Assassination of President Lincoln.'"

Two Timely Tips.

Iodine stains may be removed from bureau scarfs, towels, etc., by using peroxide. If the first application does not remove it let the article dry and try again. Do not use peroxide on colored clothes, as the color will come out as well as the stain.

ATTRACTIVE ONLY TO TOURIST

Eastern City of Mosul Not a Place in Which Westerners Care to Make a Long Stay.

Mosul, the modern Nineveh, is a picturesque but not altogether attractive city. The houses are built of irregular blocks of stone laid in thick mortar. They are usually covered with a white stucco, made by burning the local gypsum rock.

The roofs, of the same material as the walls, are usually flat, with a waist-high parapet, but are not infrequently domed. Doorways are often made of slabs of the easily carved gypsum.

The streets are narrow and aimless, forming a maze of tangled lanes. As there is no system of sewerage whatever, they serve as repositories for all the filth of the houses that border on them. They are rarely so wide that more than two men can walk abreast.

As a result of the fine dust, the filth and the glare of the sun on the white walls, ophthalmia and lung diseases abound. The flies, which breed in the open refuse heaps in astonishing numbers, swarm over everything. They cause the button, common also in Aleppo and Bagdad, an ailment that resembles a carbuncle and persists for several months and leaves an ugly scar.

Opposite Mosul, across the river, are the last vestiges of Nineveh, capital of the second of the world's great empires. In places, great walls of the ancient city, built of tremendous masses of sun-dried brick laid on a high broad wall of cut stone, are still traceable. The city was further protected by a moat into which the waters of a small river could be conducted. It was hewn to a depth of 20 feet and a width of 50 yards, and, like the walls, is in evidence today.

Hugo's Description of Rhine.

The Rhine is a stream of varied aspects. Victor Hugo, who wrote what was perhaps the finest article ever written about it, said: "The Rhine is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and, like a river of Asia, abounding with phantoms and fables."

THREE LOCAL "GOBS" HOME FROM OVERSEAS

Herbert Ehninger, Walter Fredenhagen and Jack Carpenter are home after several months spent whipping the Huns in France. All three of the boys were in the Naval Aviation Service as mechanics and have many interesting stories to tell of their experiences with the planes.

Carpenter and Ehninger were members of the North Fomling Squadron, spending about five months in France. Fredenhagen came home from Killingholm, England where he was stationed with his outfit. They landed in New York last week Tuesday having made the trip home on the Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, the largest ship afloat. Carpenter and Fredenhagen arrived in Downers Saturday afternoon, Ehninger getting here yesterday morning. They are on ten day shore leaves and are not sure when they will get their release from active service.

SACKSTEDER "IN IT" WHEN "IT" STOPPED

Mrs. Sacksteder has received a letter from her son Stephen, dated November 20th. He says in part:

"The last minute—11th hour, 11th day and 11th month—found us right in it. That will sure be a memorable day for this outfit. We did not know there was going to be an armistice until one and one quarter hours before the guns ceased firing; and until they actually stopped none of us would believe it, but they did stop right on the dot. It sure did sound good to "hear nothing." That night the ferries celebrated by sending up all the different signal lights they had. It was a great display of fireworks. Some claim they could hear a german band."

Superstition Hard to Down.

It has recently been discovered that the "thirteen" superstition still exists in New York. At a dinner to which he was invited one of the guests discovered that 13 persons were present. He was so disturbed over this fact that he left the table.

"In tracing the origin of this superstition," said a traveler, "I found that the Turks have almost eliminated 'thirteen' from their vocabulary. The Italians discontinued using the number in making of contracts. The thirteen superstition has been almost entirely eliminated from the minds of the Americans."