

COMPANY H MADE FINE RECORD ON DUTY IN CHICAGO

Local Reserve Militia Men Helped Keep Order in Black Belt and Back of the Yards.

Co. H, the local unit of the 2nd Regiment, Illinois Reserve Militia, arrived home last Friday evening after ten days riot service in Chicago.

They were a tired out but happy bunch of men as they stepped off the U.S. train into the arms of their waiting relatives.

In spite of the fact that but an hour's notice of their coming was given, a great reception committee was on hand at the depot to bid them "welcome home." As they stepped from the train an involuntary cheer for these men rose from the crowd.

After lining up they sang with great feeling "Home, Sweet Home." Coming from men whose average age is well over thirty and whose ranks contain several grandfathers, it was sung with much feeling.

The company swung down Main st. to the armory at the high school like veteran soldiers. Equipment had been issued them, packs, canteens, etc., making them appear like unto regulars. Their hours of real duty in the "black belt" and back of the yards in Chicago had given them confidence in their knowledge of things military and this easily showed in their bearing. For ten days these men helped keep the lid on in Chicago's race riot. They did their duty like veterans and came home the honor company of their regiment, a record of which they and we can be proud.

"IN SERVICE" By One Of Them.

Camp Anxiety.

"Hello! Capt. Bal; Major Hobbs. Get that company of yours under arms as quick as possible." "Yes Sir." And the war was on. The word was flashed rapidly, wives, mothers and sweethearts began to weep and the town was thrown into a spasm of wild distress. The men got busy and packed up their belongings and troubles in the same bag and set out. Thoughts of seeing action were not very strong so the men started to have a good time. Some sang, others wept and Corp. Tank wrote insurance policies galore. A guard was posted and loud and hard boiled were the calls from the guard especially Pvt. Vandenius. Camp Anxiety (our own name) was for a few minutes in situation but at four bells another indoor ball game was scheduled and sleep was six and so the weary hours of roster crowding arrived to find the "top kick" and Corp. Staiger looking for Privates Kelly and McCollum hidden snugly under a blanket on the chance that they might evade detection. Excitement was "ace high" when the call came. The 4:49 carried us to "Chi" and the S. O. S. A march in Chicago avenue and the lake was in order and after an hour's walk we arrived at Camp Suspense, and it was some suspense.

Sleep, Dust and Bugles.

Our first billets and taste of army life were gathered here. A nice hard cement floor greeted us as a bed. As usual the first days chow was not present so out we went for mess. Old man Silence himself was king as we tried sleep on the cement floor. All of a sudden—

False Alarm.

"Fall-ta-ta! fall-ta-ta! "Shake it up! "Snap into it" piped the "top kick." Move bugles and shake it up. The officers came back with mess, urging and coaching to snap into it. After much noise and after the dust screen had settled it was found that three regiments of "warriors have and bold" had assembled and were ready to go over the top. Corp. Tank and Private Bolsby sold policies by the wholesale. Tom Vandenius made a new will. Addresses were given as to whom notification of death should be given. Prayers were said, knees trembled until the stone urinary almost fell from the vibrations. Big men like Pat Barr chuckled while Timke began cutting matches in his gun. Suddenly a bugle call. The major, "Company commanders dismiss their companies!" Aw— but for a short while. At 11:20 p. m. the bugles again set forth to issue their melodious strains (depends upon the bugle, not the bugler) again we shook it up and packed our packs on our backs and were ready for action. Our trip to Camp Comfort was on. Forward, March! On the trucks we jumped and away we went to Niggleman's at 26th and Wentworth. The Captain assured us that we'd see him higher up. Lieut. Kidwell said he would furnish the Downers and I'd be the president. The next morning we were to be paid honor as they

decided to bring up the rear so that no one could beat them running backwards. We looked very hard for trouble and at last we hit 26th and Wentworth only to find everything quiet.

Pleasures of Camp Comfort.

At two bells we pitched our weary bodies in the gym of Hardin Square. Two hours sleep and out again. Morning found us on the street with tongues out for breakfast. After getting established Hardin Square proved a real Camp Comfort. Ball games, several hours sleep and good meals made us cheery. Shower baths were in abundance. Clean clothes were scarce. But every thing was going wonderful until Friday afternoon.

News From Home.

Corp. Staiger had made a trip to Downers and brought back fifty reporters. There is no need of relating the battle that followed as Henry Tank's upper lip indicates action. Peace was at last declared and quiet reigned for just two minutes until the letter against baseball was read. On Friday morning the vote was against Sunday baseball but three minutes after the Reporter arrived the company was 90 per cent strong for the American Legion and patriots. The rest of the day was spent as usual, patrolling and eating at the Metropole Hotel. Saturday found us happy and sleepy with fewer mustaches. Our evening was spent in playing an indoor ball game with Co. E—almost.

Snap Into It.

Jones got busy in the Q. M. department and by diplomacy managed to get plenty of shoes, socks, underwear, shirts and canteens, aided by Sgt. Brown's tea parties.

Davis Square, a municipal playground, offered us swimming so over we journeyed. Bill Blodgett got young again and that he was a mermaid. By accident he became attired thusly. Sgt. Eichelman and Pat Barr caused an overflow. Thursday morning at 1:30 Co. H was relieved from guard. Quite bewilderingly to all.

At 4:30 a. m. the company was roused and after a breakfast of good hot coffee, rolls and sandwiches, made by our Sgt. Brown, the company was hustled in trucks to Whiskey Pt. and Perfume Alley. This is the Gross & Loomis street entrance to the Yards. There the Company remained to enforce order if necessary amid changing odors. Private Guy L. Bush caused the only excitement of the day by reporting for duty. The packers immediately got together having seen the calibre of men on the job and signed the armistice which sent us home. The big seige of Whiskey Pt. had ended the war. Friday was the same as usual. Patrol duty was still in effect.

At five bells the order to demobilize and beat it for home were received. Residents within a mile radius began to tremble for fear that another riot had started only to find out that Co. H was going home. We noticed no hesitancy in packing. The older fellows dropped back twenty years in

ECHOES OF THE SUNDAY BASEBALL FIGHT

"Fair Play" Says a Few Words Which Each Side Can Study and Take To Heart.

Chicago, August 9, 1919.

Dear Mr. Staats:

Your paper is getting to be very interesting reading, the last two numbers especially were both amusing and instructive, the base ball articles from both sides of the fence were good, the batteries on both sides tried hard to knock out a home run, and might have succeeded if it had not been for the splendid work done by the fielders, and I can hardly refrain from adding my bit, but I am going to be neutral, I just want to call your attention to one or two interesting features that came to me while watching the game, from the side lines.

The good ministers in the one team seem to be very much alarmed, they even go to the length in calling the others names, such as undesirable, men of low moral standards, etc., and are sorely afraid these undesirable may come to their town.

Now to me this is amusing. I always was of the opinion, that it was a ministers business first of all to get in touch with just such people.

will even take a dead man who hardly ever went to church while alive into their church when in the casket and say some good things about him, even though he cannot hear what is said.

They forget that the great majority of ministers, with all their mistakes are far better than the average layman, and that they are in duty bound to uphold the standards of religion, and no one should condemn them for doing that.

In short, men forget that the minister is the best friend they have, and even tho at times he also forgets and mistakes are made, things are said that should not have been said, nevertheless he should be respected and honored. I personally have the greatest respect for every clergyman no matter what his creed, and even tho it may seem that I have slandered him in saying what I did above, at heart I meant nothing of the kind. I simply stated the truth, and included myself, and real men may be hurt for a moment by hearing the truth, but I will take no offence but try and do better,

Yours very truly,
Fair Play.

Dear Mr. Staats:

There is one point emphasized in the "ministerial epistles" No. 2—namely the now-past history of baseball discussion—that in my judgment deserves challenge, namely, that the repeal of the ordinance will be sort of tantamount to a reversion religiously. The truth of the matter is contrariwise, that their Puritanic insistence on such "absurdity gone to seed" is undoubtedly productive of a state of mind that predisposes to a rejection of the claims of what is really the saving elementals of Christianity. In other words, not the American Legion, but the opposition clergy will be responsible for any possible fruition of a developed attitude that may spell defection from their pews of Sundays; and this is the only unfortunate aftermath of "the battle just won."

I am sure, however, that the Alexander Burns Post is to be congratulated on this, its initial victory, and may it prove a good omen of what the future has in store for them as a bunch of real live wires—truly elevated for a leadership of which we need not, as intimidated, exercise the slightest misgivings, but rather, indeed, feel a just pride in any laudable ambition in this direction; an organization ever alert and anxious to be in the thick of every righteous fight in the interest of our democratic little town, where nobody is "better" than anybody else and most all of us are disposed to credit the other fellow with being about as good as we are—including even the positive trait that prompts the payment of bills as well as the negative one that forswears gambling!

Very truly,
H. S. Dum.

Editor of the Reporter.
Dear Sir:

I suppose the public may be a little interested in what I may have to say about the results of the referendum Saturday last, as much as I was the one who proposed it. I have this to say: it was the only way by which both sides could get a square deal, and the

question is settled now with absolute justice according to the good old American rule of Democracy. "There ought to be no soreness left—if any one has a right to be sore, it is I, for I was bitten by a dog while calling for a voter. However, it was not serious, and I am doing nicely thank you."

It is unfortunate that the debate carried on in the "Reporter" seemed to generate more heat than light. One article especially which was signed by three of us ministers, gave offense and brot upon us a good roasting administered with vim and gusto. Mr. Fleming and Mr. Grotefeld in their article last week explained that the offense was not intended. As my name was not signed to this last article, may I say now that I regret any carelessness of mine which gave the impression that I questioned the sincerity or the character of those who favored Sunday baseball. No question of integrity was involved at all. It was simply a question of whether or not permitting Sunday baseball would be a good thing for a place like Downers Grove—a question of whether or not it would be a "case of good judgement" to use a once well known advertising phrase. I still think Sunday baseball is inadvisable here, but am willing to be shown the contrary, and have confidence that the men of the American Legion will make it a good thing if that can be done.

And finally brethren, as St. Paul would say, let no one think that those who voted "no" last Saturday are any less the friends of the American Legion than those who voted "yes." The next thing to do is to start on that positive program for the benefit of the young folks of this community. That is going to take money. And when the funds are being raised it will be seen that the anti-Sunday-baseballers will be right there with the shekels as well as the pro-Sunday baseballers. Thus endeth this chapter as far as I am concerned.

Thomas John Owens.

With regard to Sunday baseball playing it seems to me to be much better to allow the boys to play at home than to have them go farther afield for their amusement. There is no real wrong in playing baseball. I think what the community most dreads is the rowdism which frequently accompanies the game.

We are always shocked when we see a crowd of boys, small or otherwise, collected at a street corner smoking cigarettes, indulging in coarse jokes and questionable conversation, and when they are told to move on by the policeman simply move into some less conspicuous place. Better by far, to my mind, give those boys a place in which to express their activity in a clean, wholesome, in-the-sight-of-everybody way. If a boy thinks he is doing something with our approval he is twice the boy he would be under our disapproval.

Sincerely for the good of the boy,
The Mother of one.
August 10th, 1919.

Daily Thought.

Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.—Pasquier Quemel.



6:25 p. m. Officers Call.
6:26 p. m. Without further warning men began to pack. H Company was as usual first on the line and had to wait for the rest. 7:30 found us in trucks. A thirty-five mile clip landed us at 47th and Ashland amidst a mob 2000 strong. The streets were filled. Sidewalks were jammed. H Company was assigned to break it up north on Ashland. Capt. Bal formed a Company Square (which you have seen us practice so much and that to be of no use) and with fixed bayonets cleaned the street as easy as if we were in Downers Grove. Filled with determination there could be no resistance. Putting the Polish people to bed was our next job and this we left to Capt. Bal.

Camp Hardship.

Our headquarters were established in Oppenheim's Department Store, 47 and Ashland. It was some camp. Our sleep was snatched between counters, under tables, all on the floor. Private Hitch shot a hole in the ceiling to see if the guns really worked. A guard was posted for two hour shifts. Mistakes were frequent and now and then a guard had a good chance to get acquainted with the pavement by pacing for five hours. No growling was heard. Early Sunday afternoon the Headquarters were moved to the Seward School, (otherwise known as Camp Activity or continuous action).

Our joys were here. Sleep was needed and badly. Each "Doughboy" found a bunk on the soft pine floor and slept only to be wakened by "toppy" for guard duty. Privates Blodgett and Bolsby were immediately appointed chambermaids and displayed quite an art. (Due to their wives, we presume). Our program was patrol, eat, patrol, eat, patrol, sleep and then some more patrol.

The major delighted as did Adj. Plumer in hearing of a riot some place and shouting out at 1:30 only to find no trouble. Bye! Bye! Sleep! But action was plenty. Casterton let out a mighty whoop for the corporal of the guard and henceforth he will be called "nigger in the barrel." See Corp. Lacey. Private Stephens had a darky that was not. He may recognize a coal heaver next time. On Tuesday afternoon Privates H. P. Jones, M. K. Bush, I. G. Heatt and Ed. Downey arrived for action. H. P.

age. Happiness was supreme. At 5:45 Co. H was in trucks ready to leave—the first company all set to go home. As the trucks were about to leave a mighty cheer for Capt. Bal was launched by the battalion.

The Metropole Hotel was the scene of our last army mess and the men sure downed it. It was a raving mob that rode to the depot for D. G. one more! "Home, Sweet Home! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." This that was in the minds of all. You know the rest and were we happy? Well—you tell 'em.

The members of Company H took this method of expressing their gratitude and esteem of their comrades and Captain. Balczynski. Due to his fever ending and strenuous efforts Co. H. feels solidly that there can not be found a better man to head their splendid company.

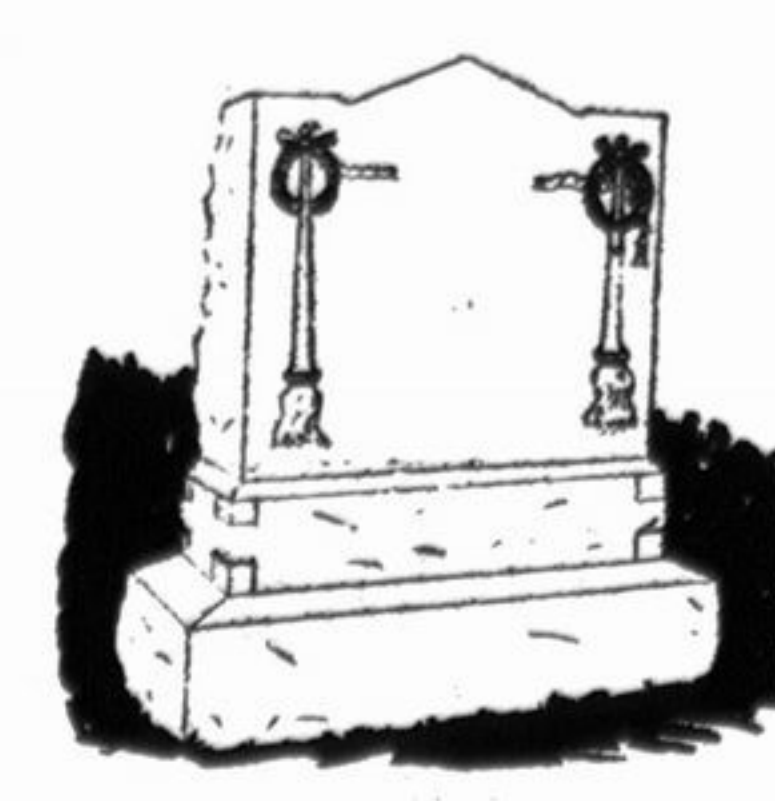
Following is the roster of Co. H.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| B.E. Balczynski | John Gray |
| B.M. Carpenter | I.G. Heatt |
| F.N. Kidwell | W.F. Heintz |
| B.G. Downes | Walter Hitch |
| S.J. Brown | B.E. Hubbert |
| W.H. Eichelman | J.B. Jenkins |
| C.G. Kester | L.E. Jones |
| E.H. Huntington, Jr. | H.P. Jones |
| R.S. Schultz | T.F. Kelly |
| W.H. Henderson | J.W. Kingsley |
| H.C. Chambers | E. Kolar |
| C.J. Staiger | R.D. McCollum |
| H.E. Tank | G.S. MacDougall |
| W.E. Chessman | E. Medjrich |
| E.F. Lacey | A.G. Michel |
| E.G. Geisert | R.A. Modjeska |
| A.H. Sehramm | W.J.O'Neill |
| E.N. Sueher | L.V. Orsinger |
| Lester Barr | E.D. Otto |
| W.W. Barry | S. Piechochinski |
| W.H. Blodgett | G.O. Prickett |
| W.L. Bogart | R.E. Rasmussen |
| J.W. Bolsby | J.L. Remmers |
| R.C. Briggs | F.A. Schindler |
| Joseph Burek | A.C. Schultz |
| Guy L. Bush | E. Singleterry |
| M.K. Bush | Wm.H. Smith |
| E.E. Butcher | F.L. Stephens |
| J.B. Bryan | Frank Story |
| R.S. Caird | E.W. Thoma |
| G.A. Carlson | Glenn Timke |
| W.J. Casterton | F.W. Tizzard |
| W.W. Conley | E.H. Uhlhorn |
| E.J. Dewey | T.A. Verdenius |
| F.P. Drisler | L.B. Waples |
| N.R. Feasley | Leo F. Wimmer |
| P.B. Foreman | Horace C. Whitney |
| J.W. Graves | |

Ship Tonnage.

Tonnage is the internal cubic capacity of a vessel expressed in tons, now reckoned at 100 cubic feet each; of the freight-carrying capacity of a vessel, as estimated in tons of 40 cubic feet each.

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