

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

ADOLPH WINTER LETTER TOUCHES HEART STRINGS

January 18th, 1919. Somewhere in Luxemburg.

Dear Mr. Staats: I just received two copies of the Downers Grove Reporter. I am always glad to receive them, and I read them from cover to cover even the ads. I enjoy the letters from the boys in the service, but I wonder why you publish any of mine as I do not think they can be interesting, as I only write from an ordinary U. S. Engineer's point of view of the few experiences we naturally go thru. Our job is to just plug ahead, grin or cuss if we feel like it, that is our privilege and do the job.

Altho the armistice was signed we left our trenches and began to follow Jerry. We would knock off 20 to 30 kilos a day, and we traveled on good "Old John Hobnail Express", all the way. "All the way" was close to 150 kilos. And even though the rain often dripped from our tin derbies into our coffee, at mess time, and many the night we went to sleep in old barns with wet clothes the boys' spirit was not dampened. It is hard to break the Yankee soldiers' heart. The Australians used to say, when things were a bit rough, back on the Somme, "They may have broke the mothers' heart, but they can't break mine." This also applies to Americans. The boys would cuss until they were tired then they would start singing. I sometimes think these marching songs of the boys belong in the Church Choir book, though they may seem rough. "The Gang's All Here, What the hell what the hell do you care", and then next you would hear "All we do is sign the Payroll and never get a Gold-darn cent," or the Engineers favorite, "Farey'll Captain I must leave you, tho it breaks my heart to go, I'll be damned if I see a soldier with a shovel pick or hoe." They're our songs and we will not forget them.

As I began to leave "No Man's Land" behind and again enter the gates of civilization I saw things that I all forgot, real towns, not ruins, and real women and real life. "No Man's Land" is fast becoming a memory and I pray God I never see it.

Passed Christmas in Berdorf, Luxemburg, Germany. This village is on the border and we can see the Land of Germany from here. There are some that better in this here were a few "Gun Mills" which nicknamed them Y. M. C. A. fellows could buy a drink, and I can buy a few hours of the stove heat.

It is the best place I've ever lived in France. It is a town. I guess I have to go for it. Old Jerry issued of mustard gas to us on last lovely jobs, and now legs and hands wrapped in oakleaf in bed, and Oh, it's not half cooked slumbers in the habit of eating out to sleep on. The is that I am improving I will probably soon be in a company. I am in a her lads, and even with us, etc., we all want to be we are patiently wait- charmed words "Home- Wish you the best New Year.

Adolph Winter.

Want Ads bring 'ry em.

EDGAR BOYDSTON LIVING IN CASTLE IN LUXEMBURG

January 22, 1919.

Dear Mother, Ruth and Ray: I left the hospital yesterday morning and left Orleans at 8:54 a. m. for this burg to rejoin my company. There was a party of 19 of us casuals. We changed cars at Vierzon about 20 miles from here and we had to wait there two hours for our train this way. I have been in Vierzon once or twice during my work but I enjoyed a walk after dinner at the Red Cross canteen. About the canteen, I am enclosing four views of the interior that will show you why I think the Red Cross cannot be praised too much. The smiles are typical every time any of us see an American girl over here. They are all lovely and will do anything for a soldier who is up against it. For dinner they gave us Macaroni and cheese, tomatoe salad, a big bowl of hot cocoa, fried rice and syrup, a cake of chocolate, marshmallows and all the cigarettes we wanted and if a fellow has money the price is 22 cents for the works and if he hasn't any money the girl says, "Forget it," but that is hard to do when its the difference between comfort and agony, for we got away before we had breakfast, at the hospital.

Well, we got off the train here but the boat were on their way to Aignan, about 30 miles from here. They were dough boys, Marines etc., some with three or four wounds and three service stripes but still able for a few more if the case arose for it. We had a good time on the train for we were in old German cars, some that were turned over as the terms of the armistice.

But the last thing is that I received ten letters last night and this a. m. The Reporter and magazines you sent December 8th.

A sergeant and I had a little job this morning over in the Supply office for two hours, but that was nothing. We are waiting for orders to go home now and we can get out of here in a hurry after we get them. Well, I'll say it will be a sad day when I do leave here. Not!

I am sorry to hear that "Hank" Buschmann died. I knew him very well. He was a nice fellow too, I believe all the fellows liked him for he was a good mixer.

I took 20 minutes for dinner just now and I enjoyed a very good one too. Pork chops, french fried potatoes, spaghetti, tomatoes and cheese baked, peach sauce, bread and coffee. That's not so worse, is it?

This is a pretty town but strung all over the country and only a small town too, as far as population goes.

The main billet where I am is evidently part of an old castle for on coming in we enter an arch and thru a tunnel into an open court and ours is a room on the left of the court. The kitchen is reached by going on thru the court and out a tunnel on a back street across the street. We go over and get our mess and bring it back to the billet to eat on a table by the store. Always have a fire now to keep the dampness out. The sun is shining today but not much gets in here only thru the court. However we have electric lights, which are convenient.

I sent the Stars and Stripes regular while in the hospital for we were given a copy each week, but here we have to get them from a town about 15 miles away so I may not get the chance anymore. There has been some good things to read in them most of the time. We are slated to go home and expect to most any time now but have no orders yet.

I am smoking a corn cob pipe now. We don't see them over here but the K. C. gave me this one and I smoke it now that I left the hospital.

I am well satisfied with these quarters for the present and can keep warm anyway. I'll send you some

cards of this place as soon as I get around to it. It is located on a canal and is a pretty place too. The canal boats pulled by mules, the docks the shady tow path and all make a pretty picture. Don't send me anything that I have to carry long for I'm going crazy now with so many things. I've got clothes for every occasion under the sun now besides a lot of other junk. I know that if I were going light I'd throw them away everything but my one suit and a blanket.

Tell Mr. MacDougal if you see him. I liked his picture in the Reporter. The same old scout.

This fatigue duty is only as hard as I care to make it and now it isn't very hard. So don't worry about my killing myself. Now I'll close with

Beaucoups de Love,
Edgar.

TOM KIDWELL AT MENTON AND IS ENJOYING LIFE

Wednesday, January 23d, 1919.

Dear Dad and Aunt:

Well, I have left the school and am now enjoying seven days leave. The trip down here took about 36 hours. I am at Menton on the Mediterranean Sea. It is near Monte Carlo and Nice.

This is the most beautiful country I could ever have imagined, the great Alps mountains running right down to the sea and towering over our heads in steep cliffs and bluffs. I can't tell you hardly anything of beauty here for it takes my breath away to even look at it.

I am staying at one of the largest hotels. Imagine what it means to be sleeping in a real room with nice beds and white sheets. Then our meals in a dining room and are waited upon. The hotel is run by the regular French owners and only part of it is reserved for American soldiers. The government pays all our hotel expenses. Everything is done for our comfort and the Y. M. C. A. here is simply great. They have a fine place and have everything we want, arrange excursion trips for us and real entertainments in the evening.

This afternoon we hired a horse and carriage and went to Italy. We crossed over the border and went quite a ways into Italy. Just as soon as you cross the border the sizes change to Italian and the people even look different.

The weather is wonderful, warm and sunny days. The trees are all like in summer. This is the orange season and the trees are loaded down with ripe oranges and lemons. I can look out of my room and see hundreds of fruit trees and also palms.

There are many little florist shops here. They have a good trade too for there are a great number of civilian English and French people at the resorts here. The flower shops have roses and carnations and some of the carnations are blue. They also have fancy baskets of plants, small ferns, primroses, celery etc. They look very nice too.

Tomorrow I am going to Nice by automobile a distance of about 70 kilometers. We will stop at Monte Carlo and visit the great Casino.

The next day we are going to take a trip on donkeys (that is if I can find one big enough to carry me) up into the mountains.

I am sending you some post cards showing some of the wonderful places here and then when I get home I will tell you all about them.

Gee! But it is hard to get up in the morning now, the bed feels so good but we can sleep as long as we care to, but there is so much to see one doesn't want to miss any of the daylight.

The hotel is a wonderful place and I am writing now in the lounging room. Big comfortable chairs and thick carpets, again I can hardly realize I am awake. We are our own

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 whisky—
- Stolen a dog or his friend's wife—
- Committed suicide, or murder—
- Fallen from an airplane or—
- Fallen into a coal hole or—
- Fallen into a legacy?

That's News!

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

bosses for several days and I sure am thankful to Uncle Sam for giving me such a wonderful time as I am now enjoying.

I surely am feeling fine and am with two boys from Illinois, one from Chicago and one from Springfield. They are fine fellows and they and I have been together ever since we went to take the West Point examination.

I hope you and Dad and the rest of the folks are enjoying the best of health. Love to all.

Tom (Kidwell).

BOY SCOUTS TOOK LONG, LONG HIKE LINCOLN BIRTHDAY

Last Wednesday at 5:00 a. m. four Boy Scouts left Downers Grove for a secret destination but making a trail by rocks, arrows, bunches of grass and broken sticks as they went. At 7:15 a. m., 45 Scouts under the supervision of Rev. Schwab, left the high school and marched in column thru the center of town and to the north end of Highland Avenue where the trail began. Trail finders were dispatched ahead to lead their comrades over the indicated trail. North of town for three miles, then east and south thru woods, lanes, fields and pastures till 8:30 then breakfast and a rest. Then a whistle and the plodding but eager advance. By 9:30 Peabody's farms and "The Gulf" were reached and many a scout vowed to come here for swimming and boating during the spring and summer.

Here we caught up with the trail setters and their bugles sounded a cheery command to follow them still farther. Then onward thru fence and field to the east and north till at last we came to Salt Creek which we followed for a mile or so south and east to the picnic grounds and gravel pit.

It was 11 o'clock and the inward call for dinner could no longer be resisted. A dozen camp fires were soon ablaze, each group of scouts prouder than the others if their fire made the least smoke. Then the cooking tests were taken and many qualified as good boilers of coffee, fries of bacon and eggs, toasters of loaves or wieners, and roasters of potatoes. All qualified as first class carriers of food and quaffers of water. A hasty call to outen a wild fire and packing up; then pictures, signalling, water sports and duck on the rock. At 1 p. m. the start for home was made along the creek to the old dam and over to Hinsdale. The pedometer tallied 15 miles thus far. A few took the 3.01 back to Downers, the most of the scouts had time and were game and came back the last hard miles afoot. It was a perfect day for a hike, but the little beddo never felt so good as that night when the scout crawled in to sleep. 'Twas a "grand and glorious feeling." And the morning after, oh you, stiffened, tired muscles, and the feeling of "when a feller needs a friend." Yet you ask any Boy Scout and he will tell you it was a dandy hike. He is more of a man for the day's experience.

LIBRARY NOTES

Miss Madeline Hughes, Librarian at the Public Library for the past six years, resigned from that position the first of February, and is taking a business course in a college in Chicago. Miss Jessie Bryce, the Assistant Librarian, has been appointed by the Board as Miss Hughes' successor.

The circulation of books and periodicals for the month of January 1919, was as follows:

- Adult.
- Fiction 866
- Non-fiction 88
- Periodicals 178
- Juvenile.

Fiction 645

Non-fiction 88

This was an increase of \$85 over the circulation for January 1918.

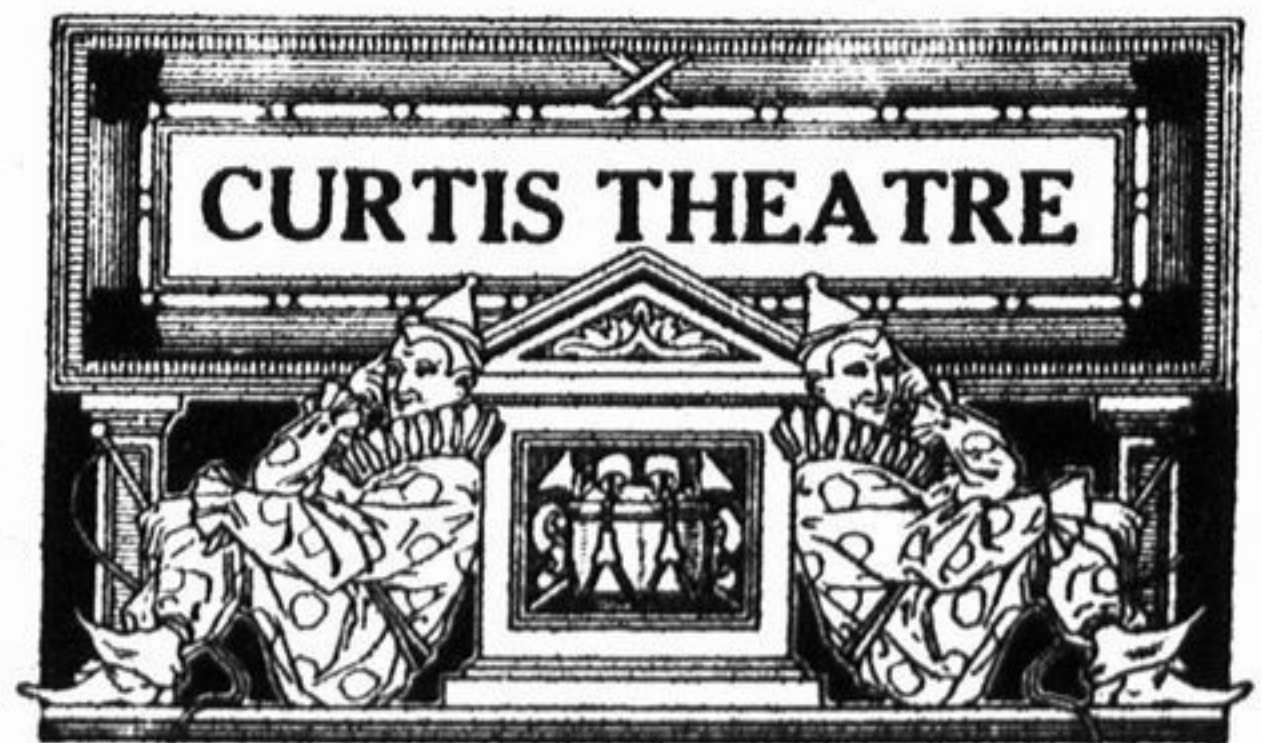
The American Library Association has shipped to soldiers overseas more than 2,000,000 books, 650,000 of them since the signing of the armistice. The people of Downers Grove and environs have sent 600 volumes thru the local Library.

The Library will be closed Saturday, February 22nd, Washington's birthday.

NOTICE

Mrs. G. W. Houseman having sold the Houseman Drug Co., takes this method of sincerely thanking her many patrons for their liberal and kindly support in the past and the many kindnesses they have shown her and she bespeaks for her successor the same liberal treatment.

Anyone owing the firm for goods purchased in the past will please make immediate payment so the affairs can be straightened out satisfactorily. adv.



Direction Hillard Campbell.

Saturday, February 22nd

Curtiss, Saturday Matinee, 2:30; Night 7:30, Continuous. IT'S A BIG HOLIDAY ATTRACTION —

Bessie Barriscale in "All of a Sudden Norma"

also starting today the New "Big V" special two-reel comedies — the funniest two-reelers ever made, one of them at the Curtiss every Saturday. Also the Pathe News and 3 Acts of Vaudeville. No advance in prices for this special Holiday Show.

Price of Admission, at the Matinee, Children 5c, Adults, 10 Night, 10 and 20c

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25th

"The Lion and The Mouse"

VITAGRAPH'S BIG SPECIAL

featuring ALICE JOYCE. Also a Harold Loyd Comedy. See the Lion — See the Mouse!

Children, 5c; Adults, 15c, net

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27th

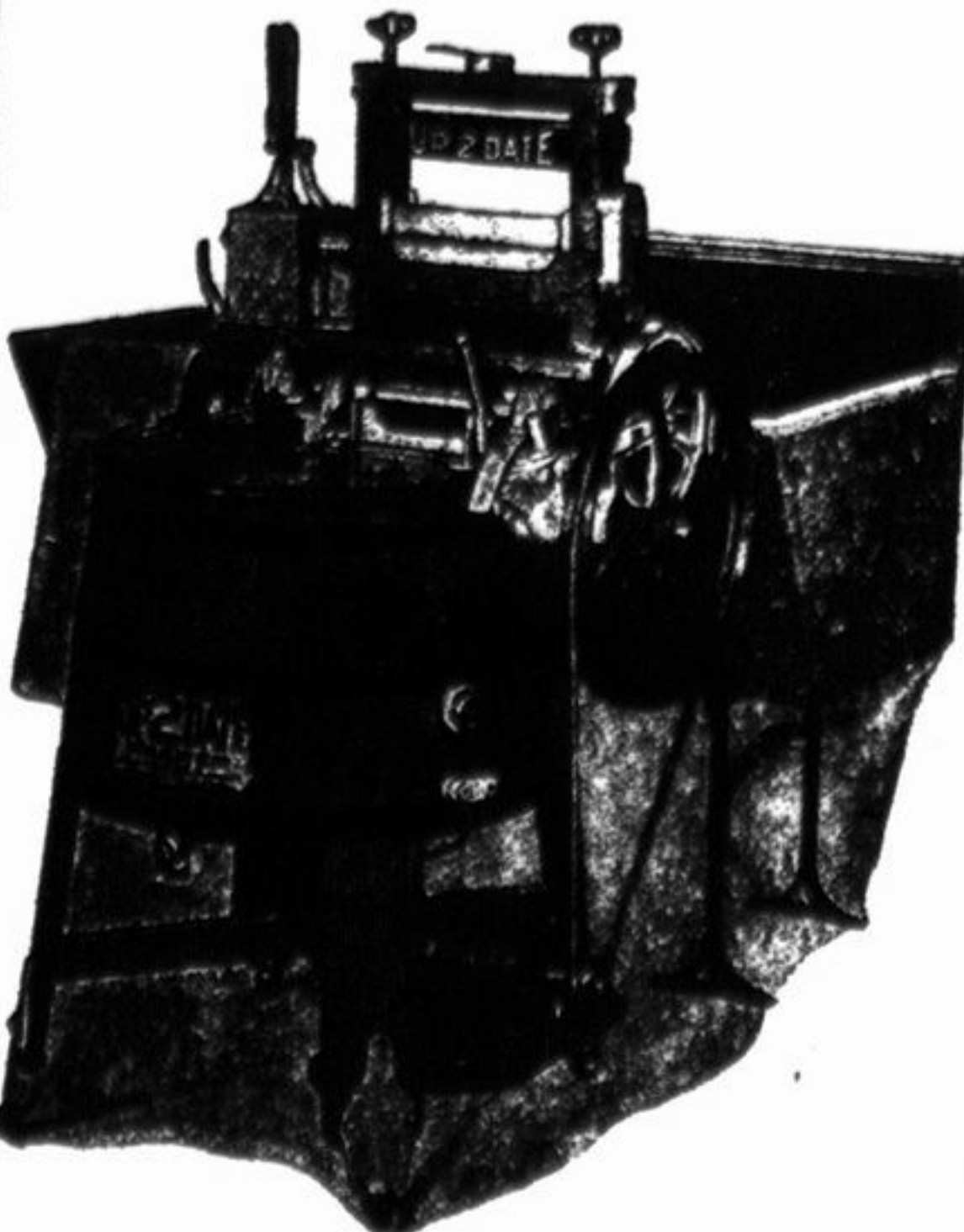
Still another sensation for the Curtiss! On this date we announce the showing of the great jap in his latest play—

Sessue Hayawaka in Bonds of Honor

Children, 5c; Adults, 15c, net

We take pleasure in announcing that we have booked for the CURTISS Mable Normand in her wonderful play — "MICHEY," and that it will be exhibited here for two days, March 7th and 8th.

Washing Machines of All Kinds



These days most everyone is interested in a washing machine of some kind and we aim to have the best in this line to show you.

We are the agents for the Thor Electric Washer which sells for \$125 & up with or without gas attachment.

We also handle the Up-To-Date Washer at \$75.00. Both machines are high grade and can be bought on time by reliable people.

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