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HIGHLAND PARK
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SOCIAL ACTIVITY

Miss Mary Fay entertained a few friends informally on Sunday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Fay.

Mrs. H. F. Clow will entertain the Five Hundred Club this afternoon.

Mr. Arthur Williams was host to a number of friends last Saturday evening in honor of his birthday anniversary.

Mr. Martin Musik entertained ten classmates on Monday evening. The guests were all from Chicago.

Mrs. Henry Glidden entertained at bridge last Friday afternoon, January thirty first.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marjorie Schaefer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schaefer, to Dr. Benjamin H. Adams, S. N. R. F., son of Mrs. Winthrop Adams of Oakland, Cal.

Several dinner parties were given last Saturday evening preceding the dance at the Highland Park Club which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Insull and their daughter, Miss Virginia. Among those entertaining were Mrs. George A. Mason and Mrs. H. H. Doty.

Mrs. G. V. Lehman entertained twelve guests at a Chop Suey dinner Sunday evening.

HIGHLAND PARK CLUB

The program for the Club for February has just been issued. Following is the program:

- Friday, 7th 8:30 p. m. Dance
- Tuesday, 11th 2:30 p. m. Ossoli Afternoon.
- Major Edward T. Ryerson, lecturer, "Reconstruction Work at Fort Sheridan."
- Friday, 14th 8:15 p. m. Dr. Thomas Curtin, lecturer The man who dragged the truth out of Germany — "The Great Danger"
- Friday, 21st 8:30 p. m. Dance.
- Tuesday, 25th 2:30 p. m. Ossoli Afternoon
- Mrs. Sidney McCallin, instructor for the Blind, St. Dunstan's Institute, London, England.
- There will be a dance on Friday evening at 8:30.
- On Saturday, February 22, Washington's Birthday, there will be a children's party commencing at three o'clock in the afternoon.

OSSOLI CLUB

The next meeting of the Ossoli Club will be held next Tuesday afternoon at the Highland Park Club. The lecturer will be Maj. Edward T. Ryerson. He will speak on Reconstruction work at Fort Sheridan.

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SONS IN SERVICE

The following letter is from Theodore H. Arnswald, U. S. Engineer, A. E. F. France, to his parents, in Highland Park.

December 26, 1918

Dear Parents and Sister:
I have another opportunity to write you a few lines. We expect to leave this place within the next few days and are very glad of course. We are feeling just as well as ever and hope you are the same.

We spent a very delightful Christmas. There is a tall man or soldier rather, who is about six feet nine inches in height and I am 5 ft. 3 in. so together we acted as Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa. We had the pleasure of dealing out all the different luxuries of the day such as cigars, a pair of socks filled with nuts, figs, a box of fifty cigarettes, handkerchiefs, and a package of cookies, a box of candy. This was all donated by the American Red Cross with everybody well satisfied, at least they all seemed to be. This all happened Christmas Eve and Christmas day everyone was cracking nuts, eating candy, and cookies and smoking. In the evening the officers had a dance and we both had the pleasure of filling the program. At first we handed out some candy and socks for each, then later I returned to the dressing room of the Red Cross and then dressed me up as a Red Cross Nurse and, believe me, I was a sight. Another lad and I went back to the dance later on, and gave a demonstration of a few late steps and a little comedy which they liked very much. We stayed there a little while longer, had a few dances and left very well satisfied with the evening.

Did you all have a good time this year? I suppose you had a tree. Naturally you would have. This makes the second time that we were not at home to celebrate the occasion, but it cannot be helped.

There are quite a few men being sent home now but we are among the unlucky ones. We think that we will be home soon, however—we hope so at least.

We hope you all had a nice time at Christmas and hope you are well and happy. Sending best wishes and best luck.

I remain as ever,
Your son,
THEODORE.

The following letters were received by the mother of Irvin Antes, a former resident of Deerfield, and a member of the well known Antes family of that place.

Previous to the war the young man was residing in Seattle.

December 6, 1918.

Dear Mother:
No doubt you've been wondering why I don't write, so here goes for a few lines.

Just at present we are located at Brest is a camp almost as big as Camp Lewis, but not laid out as well. Brest is the city we landed in, from the trip across the Atlantic. We stayed there a week and then moved by railroad to a little French town some 3000 miles south, named St. Genis; that's where I wrote to you last. We stayed there a week and then moved back here to Brest. This is the town we will sail from when we pull out for the states, as this is the main port of embarkation for all the regiments that are coming back from the front.

The censorship has been lifted from the mail so that is how I can mention the names of all these towns. I suppose all the letters you've gotten from me so far seemed rather brief, but it is rather hard to explain things when all the time you're writing you know that they will cut this or that, so what's the use of putting it down?

Received two letters yesterday and they sure looked good to me as they were the first letters I had seen for a little over two months, one dated Oct. 15, and the other Oct. 24. I sure was getting pretty darned gloomy up till then as I'd seen the other fellows get as high as five or six letters a day and I hadn't seen one for two months. Believe me they put pep in me to last a couple of weeks. But what I can't see is where your letters are going. You surely have written at least a dozen letters in a month or two months and a half time. Your last letter I received at Camp Fremont dates Oct. 6, and here it is December 6 and no mail from home.

It rains here every day and if we did not wear boots whenever we went out, we would drown in mud, but with boots on we don't mind it. Every day except Sunday sees us working in some part of the camp carrying lumber, digging ditches, painting barracks, or some other detail that is building up camp. We also do quite a bit of guard duty. I'm a guard tonight and it's no fun to walk a post at night in the rain as besides being disagreeably wet the hours drag slowly, but it's all in a soldier's life.

I am writing this in the Y. M. C.

A. but they have here and there are hundreds doing the same thing that I am doing all along the walls where the tables are. At present there is a 25 piece band practicing on the stage which makes letter writing right now pretty easy. There are five fellows beside me all from Seattle writing home; they are the fellows I pal around with.

They have a piano in this building but I only had a chance to touch it once. And then for only a few minutes as our time is usually limited. It was just three months since I touched a piano last and if I don't get at this piano by hook or crook I'll forget that I ever was a musician. The work I am doing every day is far from doing my fingers any good but I am the only musician in this army whose fingers are getting stiff from lack of exercise. That must have been some accident that Bob had with the car. Mrs. McEvan was telling about it in her letter. It's a wonder to me how he escaped so luckily, but our "Henry" got the worst of it so she said.

The only machines we see here belong to the U. S. army shipped over. Very few of the people that live here own a car. They either walk or ride in two wheeled carts. The old oxen and the plow is not an uncommon sight around here, and many more old fashioned things one sees by just walking a mile from camp. It's all very old and interesting to look at but a thousand years behind our modern American ideas. Just to show you how old some of this country is, the city of Brest they claim was started 64 years before Christ. All the buildings are stone and granite and show years of wear. Napoleon stationed his troops in the very camp we are now in when his great wars were going on. You should see stone wall after stone wall that he built during his stay here. And they're just as good today as they were the day they were built.

Chocolate and candy seems to be rare articles around here. They issue tobacco every week and we had one issue of stick candy, but regular chocolate candy, as I said, money can't buy. While at Camp Lewis and Camp Fremont, I used to buy no less than ten bars of candy a day, but this is France and there is the difference. We will appreciate the States so much more when we get back in a hundred different ways.

The Sunday before we left St. Genis I played the organ—a real small one at that church—I described to you in my last letter. All the gold-diers present sang the Star Spangled Banner and I took my place at the organ. A French girl sang and I accompanied her on the organ also. But maybe I didn't have to pump some to keep that organ full of wind. My legs were all in, when I got through but I wouldn't have missed the enjoyment. It was a Roman Catholic church and of course everything was in French, so the only thing I understood was the soldiers singing the Star Spangled Banner.

All the boys talk about now is when they are going back. We hear about a hundred reports a day about when we are going back but you can not believe them. We just listen to them, that's all, but I doubt if it will be more than three months after peace is signed.

Tell Mrs. McEvan that as soon as I get a chance I am going to answer her letter. I go on guard duty at 3 o'clock this afternoon and it's close to that now so I'll just have time to finish this letter. Maybe when the days start to get longer I'll have more time but as it is we leave our barracks when it's pitch dark in the morning and don't get back from work until it's just as dark. Our barracks have no electric lights in them as at Camp Lewis, in fact you find very few electric lighted buildings throughout France. Most places they use candles as we do in our barracks.

I sure miss those winter parties and dances we had last winter but I suppose most of that is cut out on account of the flu. Did any of you have it?

My Thanksgiving was spent in a box car traveling between St. Genis and Brest. As I sat there bumping along the track with a hunk of bread in one hand and a piece of corned beef in the other, I pictured our Thanksgiving table at home with the usual "real" meal on it and I began to realize how far away from home I really was. But next Thanksgiving dinner will taste just so much better I figure.

One of the fellows that I bum around with left Seattle the same day that I did, was a conductor for a while, then a motorman on the Ranier Valley line, lives at Oreas st. and sure is a card. He always says every day or so, "You just wait, Antes, old boy, till the day comes when you and I ride home on that old Ranier line, won't we raise

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Tory Soap, small size, bar.	7c
Bee Brand Tomatoes, large can.	10c
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Fancy Brick Cheese, lb.	25c
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Armour's Corn, large size	12c
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thought?" He said that same thing to me at least twice a day. It's great to hear the different fellows argue about the place they come from. There's no town like the one each one happens to be from.

I've got to leave for the barracks now, so must close.

ERVIN A. ANTES.
Co. G, 8th Inf., P. O. 716.
via New York, A. E. F. France

December 10, 1918.

Dear Mother:
Just a few lines to let you know I'm in the best of health but not putting on much weight.

First thing a fellow told me when I got back to barracks after work, day before yesterday, was that there was a package come to me during the day by mail. You can bet I lost no time getting to my bunk, and there sure enough, a fellow handed me a real package. I quickly opened it and found the candy you sent. All I can say is that it was a rare treat, as I hadn't seen chocolate cream for three solid months, and to think I had had a whole box of them right in front of me made me think for a minute I was in a dream.

"France." In the address but they know in the army mail where the 8th Infantry is stationed. She told me all about the big peace celebration and all the doings and goings in and about Seattle. She also said the "flu" was just about over.

That sure must have been some celebration. I wish I could have been there to get in on it, but all we did when the whistles began to blow was to holler as loud as we could. There were about 1500 hundred soldiers including myself doing work on the dock at Brest at the time, and we all just happened to be eating our chow when the whistles blew at 12 o'clock noon. We stood there and cheered for a half hour and as we looked out we could see the French people standing in windows and doorways waving flags. That was all there was to it for us. We knew the war was over.

Ever since that the talk among ourselves is, "when are we leaving for home?" It's really funny to listen to the different dates the soldiers CLAIM they heard from "higher ups" when we are to leave. You could start a daily newspaper with all the reports we hear in a day about going back.

President Wilson arrives in Brest Wednesday, the 11th, and one hundred men, I hear, from each company are being selected and are going down town to see when he arrives. I hope I'm one of the hundred.

Can't begin to realize that Christmas is just a little more than two weeks off. Never dreamed last Christmas as I played the organ at the Methodist church that a year from then I'd be spending my Christmas in France.

With love,
IRV.
A million thanks for the candy.