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The editor of this column is delighted to be able to publish the following interesting letter from Mrs. F. L. Quayle of Highland Park, who is still on duty with the "Y" in Europe. Mrs. Quayle is now in Germany, from whence she writes this splendid letter to her daughter. The letter will be concluded in the next issue of The Press:

(From F. L. Quayle)  
Bad Birtrich, Germany  
April 25, 1919.

Dear Mona:

By the above you will see that I am in Germany, in answer to your question. I did not receive my Xmas box. I did receive the papers from Mrs. Thurber and long since acknowledged them, also sent them to Dad duly executed, witnessed, stamped, etc., the day after receiving them. Also I will probably stay longer than my year as the Y is very anxious to keep its workers. I am to be in charge of the hut here in Germany, I believe, as my Sec'y., Mr. Guthrie, transfers to Scotland; and the divisional Sec'y. is pleased to think I can run a hut myself. Sorry to lose Mr. Guthrie as he is an exceptionally fine man. I can't tell how long I will stay or anything about it just now, until I hear more. I love the work and if it were not for home ties, I'd follow the army for as long as I am able physically and mentally! Apropos, my eyes are quite normal again. Went to Paris for glasses, got them, some American Walk Over shoes, hose to match, also more hose to match my tan shoes also tan gloves. Took up to Baugneaux a thousand flu masks from the Red Cross for the Reg't. Col. McClure asked me to get them. Also brought some thousands of Francs as I cashed personal checks for men and officers. Can't cash a personal check in France except at the bank upon which it is drawn. I had the cashier write each man's name on a bank envelope put the francs in it, seal it, and write his own name over the flap, then took them and buttoned them in my pocket. Our uniforms have two pockets in the skirt. I WAS glad when I delivered it all safely to its proper owners. Also bought pillow tops, insignia, books, lace, was loaded down like a pack horse. Went on April 11, stayed until the 15th. Went to Dijon that P. M., sent two telegrams, two telephone messages, also verbal ones to Baugneaux, stayed

until Friday evening when I met Col. Lerilee on the steps of the hotel. He had not received the messages but told me to be ready to start at 8:00 A. M. and we'd start for home. Instead we rode over the country looking for horses. Reached Baugneaux at 1. Found a telegram (also your letters, Dad's, Hamilton's, and two from Luman—yours enclosed the letters from the girls and Harry) telling me to be packed and ready to leave Sunday P. M. for Recy, Div. Hdqs., as we started for Germany on Monday morning by automobile—that is, the women of the 6th Div. The Division has not yet started.

Now I'll go back to my story, m, but will say that Pershing reviewed the Div at Baugneux on April 10th, and I had a bow, smile, and salute all to myself. After the reviewing party had gone on, the infantry and other units went off the field, my own 78 Art. going last. I stayed to see them pass. Col told me to ride back to town on the occasion—Capt. Watkins of A Battery sent his orderly to tell me to get on the last caisson. Of course I did and we started. One horse fell down! They up and we trotted. Then by and by we passed the demounted officers who stood to review the regiment (our own officers). They all cheered and waved at me. Great fun.

Well, to go back "to our muttons." We left Recy at 8 A. M. Three women and driver in auto. Our suit cases in a truck. Trunks come later. We had plenty of wraps. For myself—my new outfit, which is much heavier than the New York uniforms, winter underwear, flannel blouse, winter coat, raincoat over that, big Y cape over that and the black and white steamer rug around my knees and feet. Also my French artillery cap, ear muffers and a blue veil on my face—not a bit too warm. The Thurburs will remember how the white roads of France, especially in the Cote d'Or wind around and between the hills like long tapes or ribbons, up one hill, around its top, down the side, around its base, over and over again. Our route ran from Recy-sur-Oise north of Dijon, to Chaumont, where there is the three decked bridge, one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering masonry in the world. We rode under it on to Neufchateau, which took us out of Cote d'Or into Haute Marne. These are Departments, which are subdivided into Cantons, which are subdivided into communes, and again into villages. At Neufchateau, Luman's Hdqs., (tho he was at Bourg north

of Langres at the time, we lunched at Y. M. C. A.; mighty poor dunch, too. Then on to Commercy where we dined—poorer yet—at a cafe, a former beer hall, and stayed the night. All the way the route was beautiful, but a tremendous amount of waste land. Every available spot is cultivated, orchards cared for—but everything in France is coated with lichen and moss; equally it is infected. What the future of the country it, I can't see. The hills with wooded portions, the villages nestled in among the hills with the church standing like a mother guarding her children, the white winding roads, tiny streams developing into rivers, ancient bridges, all produce a wonderfully picturesque effect. The vineyards, wheat fields a delicate green, peach, plum or prune trees breaking to blow. Oh it was a lovely sight. Think of being stuck in a Paris caisson and missing this! I can never be thankful enough that I took the village work. For it has personally given me a tremendous impetus and made a lot of friends. Alors. Leaving Commercy we went on to St. Mihiel, going thru Sampigny—Luman's Hdqs while on his salvage trip. All along the route we passed hundreds of trucks, cars, camionettes, of all which Luman has salvaged. I suppose, all on their way to Neufchateau to be overhauled by my nice Col. Hartz; he is now commanding officer of the Park there—or to Bourge to be knocked down and put together again, where Luman is in charge. I asked some of the drivers where they were going and they gave the above answer.

Alors, St. Mihiel. The region from Commercy on, has all been under shell fire. The Germans almost reached Commercy in 1914. Some of the houses are shelled—destroyed—all the villages after that were more or less so, generally more. No trees, great shell holes, tho they are rapidly being filled, and by German prisoners; they are also making the roads all under American boys—glory be! The wire entanglements are still in many places. I could not think of anything but Robert Service' poem "On the Wire." All along the route, by the wayside, are the cemeteries with white crosses and the tricolor, or our own banner on the American graves. I confess I sat and wept all along the way to think of all the fine young men lost to the fiendish greed and ambition of the Hohenzollerns. Then this talk we hear of the "poor Germans." Let those who talk view the hundreds of Amer-

ican graves all over France, not to speak of those of the French.

In St. Mihiel the life is going on as usual—it was never evacuated but is terribly shot up. The cathedral, tremendously ancient, has a hole in the front door from a shell which fell in the vestibule. They are repairing it, also one of the windows which is slightly shattered. A shell passed thru and fell on the tiled floor, burying itself in the earth beneath. There is a wonderful piece of carving in wood—the oragn loft, I suppose, which had a piece taken off. We went on thru an absolutely barren country as far as trees are concerned. Nothing to see but the shelled villages uninhabited. A mass of ruins, fields growing green, with here and there a lonely grave. Stretches of barbed wire, yards long, yards deep, like —like rows and rows of snake fence. The wire is rusted. Some places it is lying in heaps where they have cleared.

Other places where it has been found good, it has been rolled up as in the U. S. for further use. I wondered how many poor fellows lost their lives perhaps on that identical wire. Everything that can be salvaged is; much or nearly all of the work being done by the negroes of the S. O. S. We passed dozens of the camps. The boys would come out and hallow "Hello Girls" as we waved at them. A curious thing, negroes from all over the states working on salvage in France. This wire etc., is taken back to factories in France—one at St. Laurentin in the Cote d'Or, an immense one, where all iron wire and such stuff is junked.

We arrived at Verdun, all the route just as I have described it. Verdun—is indescribable. Words cannot express the terrible havoc here. Masses of stone, bricks, mortar. A whole wall standing, the rest of the building a heap of ruins and rubbish. It's a big city and all in this condition. Unless you see it, you can't imagine the awful desolation. There were heaps of people viewing the ruins, among them General Petain, Admiral Beatty and their staffs, General Pershing and Sec'y. Baker.

We lunched at the Y. M. C. A. in a shell-ruined house, patched up. The people are coming in and living in the best houses. A few are not all destroyed. Refugees coming back, standing looking at their former homes, tears streaming down their faces—aged men and women all in black—oh it is so heart-breaking. I slipped off from the party before lunch and went thru some of the

houses. Beautiful they must have been. Remnants of treasures at the fire place, the sanctuary of the home, beautiful mirrors shattered into thousands of tiny pieces. One house had painted panels of canvas which looked as if some one had taken a knife and cut the canvas in strips—shrapnel, I suppose. I found a pitcher sitting on the floor of a dining room with a bit of it out, but I brought it on. Also some tiles which were detached lying on the floor. If anything had been left whole, it has been taken away by the troops. Our S. O. S. negroes are helping clear up the town, simply shoveling up the rubbish and carting it away. An automobile can only drive in certain streets on account of the wreckage.

After lunch we went thru the citadel, three stories underground. The walls of the citadel reminded me of Quebec, only they are higher, and are grass or earth covered. The shells struck in several places, tearing great holes in the wall. It's curious the shape of the hole a shell may make—as round as a pan, then again I saw triangular holes, square ones, etc. In the citadel I talked to the soldiers in halting French. Somebody (we were in the Salle du Soldat) an American, began to sing "America." After they had finished, I started the Marsellaise in French. The Americans hummed and the French and I sang; this in the famous citadel of Verdun. My French cap and citation take me far with the French. I have an ORIGINAL Verdun medal for Grandpa T. which I purchased in the citadel from a soldier who ENDURED thru all the fighting—from 1914, thru the great struggle of 1916, and the rest. He is the only one authorized to sell the original medal. It was struck in honor of the heroes dead and living of Verdun. I won't send anything as the American Express does not insure any more and many things are lost. So I will bring home all the things I have. Two vases made of 75 shells, beautiful lace collars made in Alsace and Lorraine, medals some things from the battlefields; a French helmet and gas mask taken from a Renault in Bourron which was at St. Mihiel and Verdun. Some shrapnel picked up on the battlefields, a clip of American bullets, a French helmet, etc., some of the wire entanglements. Hoped to get a German helmet, but they are all gone. However, you have the one I sent. I forgot to tell you that we stopped at Domremy and saw all the relics of Joan. I have a leaf of

Ivy from her cottage garden and the book of views, also some pins. It is a pretty town. I suspect the Grands know all about it.

## J. Smith

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