

SIX CLUBS—Any One of Which Would Kill a Man

Sawed-off pool cues, golf stick handles, some heavily loaded with iron — dangerous weapons all — these were carried by a group of boys who came trooping into the Community Center on Hallowe'en Night, seeking the warmth and companionship of the Center. But when they departed their weapons were left behind.

There is a Big "Boy Problem" In Highland Park

Community Service is trying to meet this problem through recreation, games, sports and wholesome amusements, for building up manly, honest character in the boys of Highland Park.

"HAVE A HEART" For the Boys

\$1,000 of the Community Service Budget for next year will be devoted to work for the boys — sports, games, gymnasium, and social recreation. YOU CAN HELP. The week of November 14 to 19 is Community Service Drive Week. \$12,000.00 is needed for a big constructive program for Highland Park — for men, women and children — young and old.

You will be called on during the Week, Nov. 14-19

"Have a Heart"

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KATHERINE SHERMAN WRITES FROM REIMS

TELLS OF FRENCH SCENES

Young Graduate of Lincoln School Touring in Europe With Her Parents

Miss Dorothy Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Glencoe avenue, received the following letter from Katherine Sherman, who is traveling in Europe with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Sherman. The Sherman family until they went abroad this summer resided in Oakwood avenue. Katherine Sherman was graduated from the Lincoln avenue school last June. She describes very interestingly her experiences in France. The letter follows:

Dear Dorothy:
Haven't you received my letter yet? I received your last letter a few days ago but could not answer it as we were leaving for the battlefields.

Mother rented a car and Mr. Stoers and his French wife, the former of whom is a sculptor and is making a statue of Rosannah in marble (no Rosannah isn't dead) and Anna Martha, mother and myself started out for a tour of the front.

We left Orleans Monday and traveled on from eleven o'clock until seven o'clock at night.

Dorothy, have you ever heard about Napoleon?

Oh yes, I know you have heard his name many times, but have you ever read or heard of his life history. Well he had a very handsome son, L'Aiglon. L'Aiglon was a great flirt and spent many moonlight nights wooing fair ladies but finally he fell in love for good. It was with a beautiful young girl, who was Lady Alice or Mary or something with a "Lady" on the front.

She risked her life for him by acting as a spy and carrying secret messages back and forth. Well, L'Aiglon was inclined to be quite tubercular and after his father, Napoleon the first, was killed, he became worse. Then he finally went to war or something and I think he was secretly married to her before he went. Anyhow she killed herself with poison and when he returned he found her dead.

Then he got worse and was finally unable to stay out of bed. The tuberculosis was finally too much for him and feeling that his next breath was the last he donned his white uniform with the gold braid and staggering to the flag he took it up and straightened up for a second; he saluted and then fell back in his chair, dead, with the flag over him. (The history is

terribly exciting, you ought to read it!) I saw it in the movies.

Well, that first day, of which I was speaking, we saw and visited the Palace of Fontainebleau. On the beautiful steps of which Napoleon the first, said that word which separated him from his army forever, "Farewell." Then we went in the beautiful gardens behind the Palace where the Kings and Queens gave their lovely garden parties. There is a lovely pond with swans and imagine—there are carp over three hundred years old! The old gate keeper gave me a whole loaf of hard bread and I threw it in. You ought to have seen them go for it. They are about as long as a short walking stick and hundreds come and have fights over a piece of hard bread. As I stood there listening to the ripple of the twelve different fountains and watched a graceful swan gliding silently across the pond I seemed to see L'Aiglon and one of his fair ladies walking slowly along, maybe throwing bread to the same carp—exchanging vows of love by the same fountains, ahem! (I always do get sentimental so you'll have to excuse me.)

Well, have you heard of the forest of Fontainebleau? It is one of the most beautiful in the world and for many years it was used as the King's private chase or hunting ground. Mr. Stoers knew a small Inn in the forest which is chiefly patronized by artists so we spent the night there. The name is Barizon Claf D'Or (Key of Gold). It is the first time I have ever experienced the sensation of sleeping in the middle of one of the largest and most beautiful forests in the world.

We motored on from that town of Fontainebleau and from there on we looked around for signs of the war zone. The first sign was about four or five miles before Chateau Thierry. We rode slowly along and on one of the narrow little streets we noticed how full of bullet holes the houses and the big tin gates were. Then pretty soon we came upon a house completely demolished.

Dorothy, I don't think this will affect you when you read this, but after visiting what was left of the house and found the whole roof caved in, and the sides of the house broken and crumbling and in a pile of undisturbed mortar found a dirty old poilu's cap, full of bullet holes, I had a queer lump in my throat and it seemed to get worse the more I would see of those things. They had terrible street battles in Chateau Thierry and they just stood and fired into the front of the houses.

You see when the French inhabitants of the village got word that the Germans were coming they vacated as swiftly as was possible, as many as could. Then sometimes the Germans would protect themselves by

going into these houses and firing out as the American and French soldiers went past. Or sometimes it was the other way around, the Allies would take possession of the houses.

We have passed whole villages which were completely demolished. Not a house left whole! Don't think that everything could be fixed up in two or three years. No — it was the best they could do to clear up most of the trenches around Chateau Thierry to feed France by filling up the big holes and everything to go on with their plowing and planting.

We spent last night in the best hotel in Chateau Thierry and it had bullet holes in the walls. It was on Avenue President Wilson, one of the places where the worst street fighting was done. We started off bright and early and went out to Belleau Wood. It is a hill where there is a wood, but the wood is not very thick. Don't you remember of having read about it in the paper a lot during the war? The fight was so terrible that the command to the allied soldiers was not to take any prisoners. So they had to kill them all.

A friend of Mr. Stoers was in the fight at Belleau Wood and he almost went crazy because the Germans would send wave after wave of young soldiers about seventeen and eighteen and they were mowed down, one after the other. They would go down on their knees asking for pity but the soldiers had to obey orders and they would cut their throats. The man finally became in serious condition so the doctor said he would have to get drunk and stay that way for a week so that he would forget all about it. That hill, Dorothy, is situated in the most beautiful part of France. Right-out in the country among the rolling plains.

At the bottom of the hill is a cemetery for American soldiers. Nothing but straight neat, rows of white crosses, with Old Glory, fluttering and flying above them. We went in and read the names on some of the 3500, and you do not know how many have just "Unknown American Soldier."

Rich and poor, all lie together, the Jews have a cross with a star on it and we noticed that about the majority of the soldiers were Marines, you know the Marines had a very hard time of it.

Quentin Roosevelt was buried by the Germans in a small field, and his mother came over to see him but unlike most other mothers she said that instead of moving him home to be buried. She wanted him to lie there where he fought and where he died and I agree with her.

Imagine — a few days before we got there they had found some bodies in some shell holes up on the hill. It gave me the "Willies" kind of, to go (Continued on Page 12)

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