

Oh boy! It was some supper. We had a pot of salad made by Mrs. Hill. Wienies, buns, milk, cookies and candy. After supper we played games and had an Ograde drill.

Troop 32 will hold an overnight hike to the cabin in the woods starting Friday afternoon at 4:30.—David Jenkins, reporter.

(Continued on page 35)

PRIZE WINNERS IN WAR STORY CONTEST

Two Illinois Writers Among Those Chosen by Legion Magazine

Two Illinois writers won prizes awarded by the editors of the American Legion Monthly, as being among the best submitted for the May issue, just out, in a contest entitled "Their Big Moments." The American Legion Monthly is paying \$500 every month in prizes, \$100 being the largest, for what the editors judge are the most interesting experiences of the World war days. The stories are not to exceed 250 words. The prize winners from this state and their contributions follows:

by H. S. Robins, Danville, Ill.

"In the tomb of the Unknown Soldier there is a body. To me it can only be that of one man. It happened in August, 1918, three days after the Rainbow Division had taken the wheat-covered slopes of the Ourcy River banks. The first battalion of the 166th Infantry had established headquarters in an old chateau, 200 meters from Sergy.

"Runners, observers and men lost from their outfits huddled in groups on the floor. There had been a lull in the fighting that day. The strain, lack of food and no sleep had extracted a toll from these men.

"It was just getting dusk when a white-faced runner bust through the door. His eyes were panic stricken and his fear was infectious. "They're coming through' he shouted.

"A movement of fright stirred through the room. Each face told of its owner's first thoughts—of escape.

"But a tall, lanky soldier arose from their midst.

"'Men,' he said, 'you know damned well they're not coming through as long as there's anybody left up there.'

"The exact words that followed are forgotten . . . they wouldn't describe what he meant now, anyway. But he finished with 'I'm going up to the line.' When he went out they all followed.

"Sergy changed hands nine times that night, and I passed through the survivors at dawn. Not many were left, and none was as tall as that soldier who still haunts my thoughts.

"Oh, Major!"

by Guy B. Woodson, 1152 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

"He was no doubt the most popular major, or at least the best-known major, in the entire Army. Every soldier in the division, even the newest replacements, seemed to know the major by his large pot belly, his pointed board and the dignity and unqueness of his painstaking but not altogether military salute.

"The major and his battalion were lying in the tall grass waiting the

early morning zero hour which was to take them over the top from Metz-point, or, as the major had expressed it while making his customary inspection of the men, 'Get ready you red-blooded Americans, and we'll go over and get those sops.'

"The zero hour came. The artillery opened up with the usual fireworks, and by 10 o'clock the objective, a small hill bordering a lightly wooded plot, was reached with very little resistance. All of the boys then lay down to get what they considered a well-

earned rest. The major having much the same thought did likewise. It was not his custom to try and rank a man out of his newly constructed foxhole and besides they were not getting any counter fire.

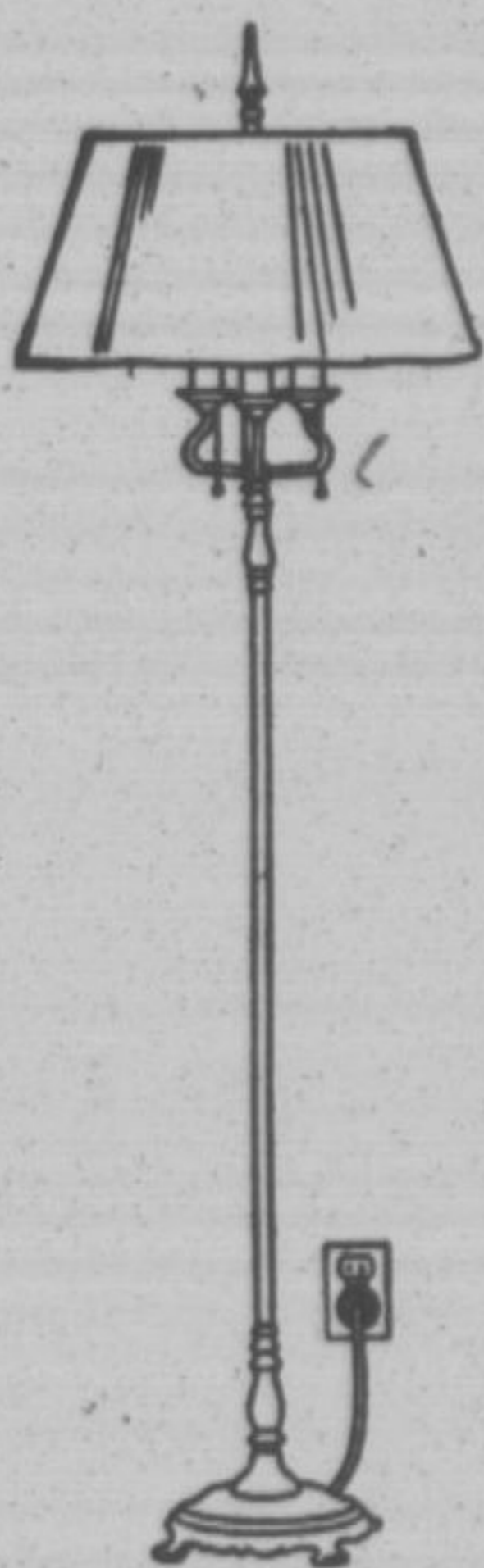
"A runner soon came up to the spot where the men were digging in and after looking around cautiously stood up and yelled at the top of his voice, 'Oh, Major.'

"The major was quickly on his toes and getting up from his resting place about 60 yards away, yelled back at

the runner so that the whole battalion could hear him, 'How many times have I told you not to call me "Major" while we're on the front. Don't you know that every German sniper in those woods is looking for majors? If you want to address me just say, "Come here, you old gray whiskered son of a what!"'

What this country needs is more wild life in the open spaces and a bit less in the cities. — Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

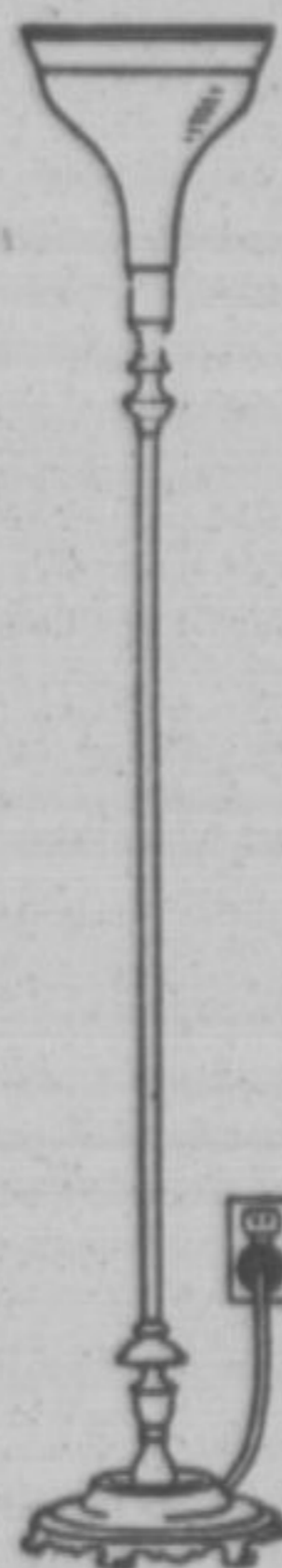
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