



The War Corner

Letters From Manchester
Men on the Land and Sea

THE EVENING HERALD, eager to gather every bit of news of our soldier boys, wherever they may be, invites its readers to contribute personals, portions of letters, and any information about them they may possess. Such portions of letters as are personal or which may give information to the enemy, will, of course, not be published.

Mr. and Mrs. James Munsie of Center street have received a letter from their son, Private James V. Munsie of the Medical Corps, telling of his experience in going over the top in the St. Mihiel drive. He also tells of meeting Commandant Hughes of the Salvation Army, who was commander of the local corps when the site on which the citadel now stands was bought and who is now conducting a Salvation Army canteen in France. During the drive, Private Munsie secured several souvenirs, including some German paper money, right from a bank in Berlin. He sent some of this money, a hand embroidered handkerchief and a card to his mother. His letter follows:

My Dear Ma and Pa—

I guess it will seem a long time since you have heard from me. Well, I have had quite a time since I wrote to you last. First of all I must tell you about meeting the S. A. We went to a certain town and there the S. A. had a canteen. When I learned of it, I was very anxious to find out who was in charge of it. So I went down before he opened for business. I looked in and he said that he was going to open in a little while. Then I asked him where he came from in the States he told me Ohio. I asked him if he knew where South Manchester was. He opened his eyes very wide and said, "Well I guess I do I used to be stationed there." I then told him I was from there and I belonged to the S. A. band. Right away he made me come inside and shook hands with me. I told him my name and he told me his. And you know him too. His name is Commandant Hughes. He is English and his wife is Scotch. After I talked to him for a few minutes I asked him if he ever was at our house, and I found out he was. He is a fine man. We talked about the corps and band and we had a lovely time. I stayed with him all afternoon and helped him. He was the one to get the place the hall is on now. Well, we left there that evening for another town and stayed there over night, then we left that evening for the trenches. The following morning such a time, we went "over the top." But don't you worry one bit Ma I am all right, thank God. It is quite an experience. The drive was a great success. Our boys went to it in the proper style. I tell you the Yanks are right there with the goods. Our infantry got great praise. We got the Boche all right. I got a Boche belt and two buckles and a case with cigarettes and some Boche money. I am sending you one piece and I am also sending you a card and a handkerchief. I am sending Alice a card and handkerchief and money. I am sending Mrs. Stanley a card too. I receive a letter and cards from her. I'll send them to you.

Altogether for two days I received 16 letters, how is that? And a box of candy from Billie. I tell you they are great. You see we didn't get any mail for a couple of weeks or so. Now I have a lot to answer. We were on the St. Mihiel front. We saw French prisoners coming back that were prisoners for four years. And how happy they were. They think the Americans are fine. Then we saw some Belgium prisoners coming back too. They were happy too. They worked for the Boche soldiers and got no pay and little to eat, so they told us. I do hope it will soon be over. But, Ma, remember this, don't worry one bit about me, I am all right. I am in God's care. He will take care of me. He knows what's best for me. Don't worry about my needing clothes or any thing, we are supplied with all we need. When we went over the top we had to go over with a light pack and ditch our extra stuff. I only was able to save my sweater and a pair of my good socks and shaving outfit. We all lost a bit of stuff as we couldn't go over the top with it. But never mind, Ma, I have all I need. I am safe and sound so that is enough. Well, Ma, how are you all at

home? How is everything? I am sending home a letter or two of yours now. I guess I'll close for now, and write to you in a day or two sure. Cheer up, don't you worry. I am all right and well. Put your trust in God. He never fails. Goodbye for now, I remain as ever Your loving son in France, Jimmie.

Under date of September 2, Corporal Henry Strange writes an interesting letter to his mother, Mrs. Catherine Strange of Florence street. Corporal Strange tells of meeting William McCarthy, who had been wounded and was going back to the front that day and also Clinton Morgan of Company G, who also was just starting back for the front. Clint told him about his brother Jim's death and also about the death of Sergeant Henry Newman. The letter follows:

September 2.
My dear mother:
Just a few lines to let you know I am O. K. I am writing this letter on the road. My cold is nearly all better now. As I am writing this a bunch of German prisoners are marching by, most of them are nothing but kids, fifteen or sixteen years old.

I met Billy McCarthy last night, you know the one that worked in the ribbon mill. He is looking good but he looks much older. He has been at a rest camp for a few days, slightly wounded. He is going back today, I think. He just left me to go to dinner. I also met young Clint Morgan of Company G. He just started back for the front. He told me all about Jim. He said the fellows all tried to get Jim to give up and report to the doctor, but Jim wouldn't give in until it was too late. He said Jim was one of the bravest and best fellows he ever knew and it was a hard blow to the company when he died. He told me just where he was buried and the chances are I will see his grave some time.

Morgan says he was a short distance in front of Henry Newman when he was killed and he says he had a smile on his face when he last saw him on the stretcher. I have met a bunch of fellows who are in rest camps wounded, and they say the same thing; the Boches won't come out and fight, they are scared to death. They are surrendering in whole companies in some places.

Geel! it felt great to meet those two boys from the old town. We had quite a talk between the three of us. McCarthy says he will be over again after mess. Well, give my love to all, hoping you are all well and keeping up courage, I will close, with love,

Your loving son,
Henry.

Mrs. Minnie Matchett of 81 Spruce street has received the following letter from her cousin, Robert J. McKinney, who is stationed at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Queenstown, Ireland:

Dear Cousin—
Received your letter O. K. This evening along with a few other letters from home and one from Cousin Fred in England. He is looking after a large outfitting place in England. I will send his address another time. It was a very interesting letter. His office was blown down by a terrific wind storm. Expect in another month I may be able to take a furlough and I may see him in England. I have seen a lot of France and England but I should like to get to London and up to Belfast to see all the folks. They are anxiously awaiting my visit.

I was just looking at a magazine I received from the Brotherhood of St. Andrew telling it was going to hold a convention at Northfield, Mass. It must be near where Gertrude is. I was reading in The Herald about Tom Finnegan being killed and it was a shock to all the Manchester boys when they heard about it.

Well, war is hell. I know what I saw of it in France was, but I often wish I was with the G boys when I

read about them in the paper. I often hear from our cousin over here and they send their love to all. I was talking with an English naval officer from Portadown and he said he thought he knew some of the lads in Manchester who had gone over. Well, I shall have to close now as I am a little sleepy. I went to an Irish show last night and had some time. Well, give my regards to all and write again soon.
Your loving cousin,
Robert J. McKinney.

BOLTON

The news which came to Mrs. Eliza E. Daly Saturday of the death of her son Corporal Michael Daly in France Sept. 26 was a personal blow to all in South and Center Bolton where he was well known. Young Daly moved to town with his parents when young and resumed his education in the Bolton schools and Manchester high. He had a bright mind and was a good scholar. He was liked by all who knew him and a favorite with the young people. Everyone liked "Miky" Daly as he was familiarly called in spite of his tall stature and broad shoulders there never was a time when one could say ill of him. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of all in the loss of a good son and brother.

"BILL" BENNETT DEAD.

Medford, Mass., Oct. 23.—William J. (Bill) Bennett, known to thousands of New England collegiate athletic followers of a few years ago, died of wounds in France, according to word received today by his parents here.

Bennett was a star athlete at Tufts college. In 1914 he was captain of the Tufts baseball team and the crack football eleven of that year. He went overseas as a master mechanic in the engineer forces and was lately commissioned a lieutenant. He received two bullets in his chest and died ten days later.

The Packhorse Comes Back.

Among many revivals for which the war is responsible is that of the packhorse. The packhorse, or packmule, says London Answers, has proved his usefulness over and over again at the front, where he carries shells and other munitions and stores to the dumps and front lines, and this use has no doubt led the prince of Wales to endeavor to revive the once-famed Devon packhorse on his Dartmoor farms.

It is only within the last few years that the packhorse has disappeared from the byways of Devon and the north, and to this day ponies and donkeys are still used on the coast to endeavor to revive the once-famed Devon packhorse on his Dartmoor farms.

Formerly nearly all the traffic in the west of England was carried by the packhorse, which traveled in single file, the leader wearing bells to warn on-comers in the narrow lanes and to guide those following.

Critical Tastes are both pleased and satisfied with the aroma and flavor of Postum.

It goes without saying that its healthful and nourishing qualities far outclass those of coffee and tea.

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A full line of black and Cordovan Banisters at \$8.00 to \$10.00.

George W. Smith

Talcottville

Talcottville has gone "over the top" in the fourth Liberty loan campaign.

John Monaghan has returned to work after a severe attack of Spanish influenza.

Miss Alice Talcott is suffering at her home with an attack of the grip. She was one of the volunteers to go to the Rockville Emergency hospital as a nurse.

W. H. Smith has returned to work after suffering with the grip.

Mrs. Wm. Crooks and daughter Viola have recovered from an attack of Spanish influenza.

James Wood, jr., and Mr. and Mrs. H. Trautman took an auto trip to New London Sunday.

Talcott Brothers are putting up a new silo on the southern side of the milk barn. This makes two silos for that barn.

The regular Thursday evening meeting will be omitted this week.

Why You Should Give Twice What You Did Before

The government has fixed the sum needed for the care of the men in the service at \$170,500,000. Unless Americans give twice as much as ever before our soldiers, sailors and marines in 1919 may not enjoy their

- 3,600 recreation buildings
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We haven't heard anything from the Laird of the Skibo recently. If he still has any money left he might use it to maintain families of men anxious to fight if they were only assured that their families would not suffer.—Johnstown Democrat.

YANKEE GAMES HAVE MADE IMPROVEMENT IN PERFORMANCES OF SOLDIERS IN FRANCE



AMERICAN BOYS PLAYING BASEBALL IN FRANCE.

(By E. A. BATCHELOR.) American athletic sports are serving a double purpose among French soldiers. Primarily introduced for the amusement of the Poilus, the Yankee games have resulted in improving the performances of the men in purely military duties. Naturally the Y. M. C. A. Foyer du Soldat, which has charge of this work, is feeling proud.

Throwing Hand Grenades. As a result of playing baseball, the soldiers at a camp where J. A. Nelson represents the Red Triangle athletic department are throwing hand grenades 40 meters, instead of the average of 30 that prevailed before the Yankee national game was introduced.

An increase of ten meters in the range of one of these deadly missiles means more "good Boches," because,

as the plainmen used to say about the Indians, the Frenchman says that the only good German is a dead one.

The men, in addition to throwing farther, are also throwing more accurately. Some of them were many feet "off the target" before they were introduced to baseball.

Interest in Other Sports.

In addition to baseball, basket ball, volley ball, association football, croquet and tennis are flourishing. The French fighters are taking such interest in these sports that some days more soldiers will appear than can be accommodated with the facilities at hand. Only when the day's artillery program has been of such an exhausting character that it has taken all the men's "pep" is there any lack of attendance on the playground.

ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING HERALD—IT PAYS.

