

NEWS OF SOLDIERS

Mr. and Mrs. Greene Fenley, of Covington, Ohio, have received a series of interesting letters from their son, Lieut. Greene Fenley, Jr., 119th infantry. Lieutenant Fenley is a native of Wilmington and lived here for many years. He and his brother, Lieut. "Bill" Fenley, referred to in the letters as "Bill," have many friends in Wilmington and will be interested in their letters, which are taken from a recent issue of The Cincinnati Times:

September 29, 1918: Dear Mother: I have finally been in the big offensive and it was wonderful. We started this morning at 6 and finished our part about 9:30 a. m. The attack is still going nicely. I got a very slight bullet wound in the back of my neck and I am at present at the casualty clearing station behind the lines. I doubt if they will even send me to a hospital. The bullet came out about one inch from where it went in and I feel as good as I ever did in my life, except my neck is a little stiff. I was hit about 9 a. m. and it is now 5:30 and really it is not hurting me at all. It is really wonderful the way they handle a wounded man in the "big show." There are numbers of first-aid men who follow the first wave in about 25 yards, whose duty is to slant the wounds with iodine bandages. They leave you lying there if you can't walk and farther in the rear the stretcher bearers come and take you to the nearest dressing station, which might be one-half mile to two miles away. Boche prisoners are made to carry the stretchers to the dressing station. Your wounds are dressed and you are given a card with some letters and figures on it and put in an ambulance and taken to the advance dressing station. You are then shot in the arm to prevent poisoning.

I almost forgot to tell you the most important thing—as you arrive at the advance dressing station you are served with hot coffee and tea and different kinds of sandwiches and believe me it goes good. Here the patients are examined again, sorted and more cards given. The "walking-wounded" are put in the motor lorry and taken to the casualty clearing station, where they decide what hospital to send you to and feed you up while you are waiting for a transfer. The trains have pulled out since I have been here, but my wounds are so slight I suppose they will send me last, if at all.

Will tell you all about the "big show" as soon as it is developed enough. Bill is still in school. There is a band playing outside that I must see. Will write tomorrow.

October 1, 1918: Will take up where I left off in my last letter. At the casualty clearing station we were put on one of those "wonderful" Red Cross trains. Five other officers and myself had a large compartment for slightly wounded. We had books, magazines and a victrola with plenty of good records. The meals and service were also good, so we spent a most enjoyable 12 hours to Rouen. Upon arrival we were sent straight to the base hospital. The slightly wounded were not examined until the next morning. This morning the doctor examined my wound, which was dressed by a real live American girl. The doctor asked if I was interested in having my wound in England or would I rather stay in France. I told him I would like to go to London if I could not be sent back to my company. He said it would take my wound about two weeks to heal and he would send me to London. I suppose I will go tonight or tomorrow morning.

In the paper this morning I saw an article about our stunt which mentioned the North Sea and I was thinking you will see this I will cable you that both Bill and I are O. K. as soon as I get where I can.

Bulgaria's surrender may turn into a big thing from what I hear. Anyway lots of the officers that I have talked to are of the opinion that the war will end this year.

October 4, 1918: I am getting along fine in a hospital in London. I stayed in a French one only two days and then they shipped the bunch of us to London. They are keeping the hospitals open in France because there is so much fighting there are apt to have a congestion unless they keep the wounded moving. We went by train to Havre, where we got on a peach of a boat that night. We went to bed and woke up in Southampton, where we took another train and had a very interesting trip to London. On arrival in London the slightly wounded were put in big cars and taken on a sight-seeing trip on the way to the hospital. We saw most of all London and the drive pointed out the different places of interest to us. Of course we were cheered by the crowds, who are in a fine humor on account of the good news from the front. This is a real American hospital, with American girls, doctors and orderlies. We have only been here two hours and everything is lovely.

October 5, 1918: Had a swell time yesterday. Left the hospital and went down town, bought a trench coat and was measured for a uniform which I have to have. Then we went to dinner at a hotel. We did not have food tickets, so we went to get what we wanted to eat, but enjoyed the meal fairly well—no sugar or butter. We then went to the theatre and afterwards to the hospital.

The English papers are lauding the "big show" and saying it was one of the hardest battles of the war (some say the hardest), and from all accounts we did extremely well. I got mine in about two hours after we started. A terribly dense fog was over the grounds and at times you could not see five yards. During one of these times I went over to see if we were connected up all right and in some way I must have gotten in the fog. All the line. I was going up a trench with only my orderly behind me when we ran into some Boche (about six), with an officer in front of them. The officer saw me about the same time I saw him and our automatics went off at exactly the same time. I got him and the other men seeing their officer fall beat it in confusion. I put my dressing on my neck and followed them, but they lost us in the fog. All of this time I was getting farther from our boys and presently found myself alone between the two lines with machine gun bullets coming from both directions. I got in a short hole and waited about an hour then started back by crawling, rolling and running from shell hole to shell hole. I had lost my direction and could not see the sun in the fog, but had my compass. By this time my neck was

pretty stiff and I decided to go back as I did not know that the bullet had gone through. Luckily I ran into one of our Red Cross men before long and the fog had cleared a little. I was sure glad when he told me that the bullet had gone all the way through and no vital spots were touched. However, he made me go back and sent a man with me. You know the rest. I am very anxious to hear how my outfit came out but haven't heard a word. I think we had quite a few casualties. A "blighty" (as they call a slight wound), which gets you to England is regarded as lucky, and I believe it is, as the people here are sure good to the wounded even if they only have a scratch. The inoculation to prevent lock-jaw and blood poisoning hurts worse than the wound. They say Foch only needs three weeks of good weather to end the war and I sure hope he gets them. No matter what happens our attack was one of the most decisive attacks of the war. It was against the famous Hindenburg line between the St. Quentin and Cambrai—the line that the Boche thought impregnable. We broke the line and the Australians took up where we left off. I hope they are meeting with success. They are sure wonderful fighters.

October 7, 1918: A little while ago two Y. M. C. A. girls stuck their heads in the door of my ward and said: "Are there any North Carolina boys in here?" Harris (my roommate) and I both answered "yes" at the top of our voices. They came into our room, they were from Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and knew lots of Wilmington people and also some New Bern people that we know. We had a good chat for about 30 minutes and then they had to go. They brought us some ureas and fruit and we sure enjoyed their visit. I went in to see an American musical comedy called "Hello America" with Elsie Janis and other American stars. It was perfectly fine. A lady sitting next to me introduced herself, saying she was from Philadelphia, and invited me to take tea with her and her father Sunday afternoon. Her name is Miss L.

October 15, 1918: Yesterday I cabled for money because my pay had not arrived. Of course, the clothes I had on were torn by barbed wire, bullets, etc., and were the oldest I had, so I bought me a uniform, also a pair of shoes, because my soles were so worn out. Others, yesterday I went to see the Red Cross about my clothing roll and learned from them that I probably would not see that again for some months. I got them to trace my pay, because it was long overdue. I might be able to locate it for me. I was absolutely broke and the Red Cross loaned me five pounds until I get some money from home. I hated to have to send home for money, but did not want to get in arrears. I got my money back as soon as I can get my money from my "Uncle."

Let me tell you about the wonderful time I had at the L's. Upon telephoning Miss L. Sunday she asked me to come along and see her. A fellow named Harris, from Raleigh, who got a M. G. bullet in the hand, has been knocking about with me, so I took him. It was the swellest kind of a home and we were all so close to the firing line and last night when the band struck up "Dixie" I know the Huns heard the shouts of our fellows. They are the best boys in the world in this old regiment of ours and you know I love them all. I enjoyed my trip to Paris so much as I told you in the letter written from there. Best love to all the home folks. Your loving son, "BILL."

We cannot administer the food problem on the basis of the present food shortage. We must prepare for long continuance of this shortage.

Miss L. is going to give us a tea and invite all of the patients of our hospital and the nurses (that is if the hospital authorities will agree). Yesterday afternoon I went to a charity matinee at one of the largest theatres here. Mrs. Vernon Castle was selling programmes. There were seven acts of the best professional talent. One act was an Italian tenor who is a star for the largest phonograph people in England. He sure was some class. They sold at auction a picture of President Wilson for 100 guineas. Love to all. GREENE.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Stein, Carolina apartments, have received an interesting letter from their son, Lieut. L. J. Stein, Company E, 324th infantry, France, in which he asks that his former request that socks be included in the contents of the Christmas box that Mr. and Mrs. Stein were planning to send to him be disregarded. Since the regulation size box to be used in sending Christmas remembrances to the soldiers had been made so small the lieutenant decided that he would do without the socks and have the space filled with chewing gum, a piece of fruit cake, candy and "anything else you can get in that you think I would like."

cabbage, salad, coffee, apple pie and biscuits. While admitting that his fare was not always as good as this meal he stated that he never found food lacking either in quality or quantity. Lieutenant Stein encloses the following poem:

DER TAG.
(In answer to the German toast, "Der Tag," in which the German war lords toasted the time when Deutschland would be "uber alles").
Here's to the day when the whole thing is won!
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done!
Here's to the day when we break his swelled dome!
Here's to the day that we go marching home!

Long, restless nights
With cursed cootie bites
Things of the past!
Hot baths at last!
Real dollar bills!
No more O. J. pills!
Chicken instead of our canned willy chow!
All of the ice cream the law will allow!
Mess in the way we want to be mess!
Dress in the way we want to be dress!

Neckties and suits!
No more salutes!
A nice, comely bed
With a mattress instead
Of some billet floor
That makes your ribs sore.
The day when we no longer blister our heels,
But know how a ride in the old sub-way feels!
The day that we no longer parlez Francais,
But speak once again in the good old homey way!

Keep running, Fritz, like you're now on the run,
And before very long you will be a licked Hun,
With "Der Tag" that you boasted time ago, on and on,
While we drink triumphantly: Here's to Our Day!
CORP. HOWARD J. GREEN, Inf.

From Lieutenant William Fenley, with the British expeditionary forces, October 18, 1918. Dearest Mother: I have gotten back from school and Paris and I am now with my old company. We are in a different sector and it is much livelier. We are very busy pushing the Boche back so you never think of such things—our one universal idea is to give all if necessary and give the Boche as much hell as it is in our power to give him. If you people at home save half the spirit of the boys over here you are all right. We are in reserve and pretty close to the firing line and last night when the band struck up "Dixie" I know the Huns heard the shouts of our fellows. They are the best boys in the world in this old regiment of ours and you know I love them all. I enjoyed my trip to Paris so much as I told you in the letter written from there. Best love to all the home folks. Your loving son, "BILL."

When you get this you will already have read of us in the papers. It is a most thrilling business—this "Over-the-top" stuff—alone it would seem if one of your boys happens to get "bumped off" you should be mighty proud and hold your head very high, as I know you would. However, we never think of such things—our one universal idea is to give all if necessary and give the Boche as much hell as it is in our power to give him. If you people at home save half the spirit of the boys over here you are all right. We are in reserve and pretty close to the firing line and last night when the band struck up "Dixie" I know the Huns heard the shouts of our fellows. They are the best boys in the world in this old regiment of ours and you know I love them all. I enjoyed my trip to Paris so much as I told you in the letter written from there. Best love to all the home folks. Your loving son, "BILL."

Hawaiian History.
Honolulu, T. H., Nov. 16.—A series of historical tableaux depicting incidents of Hawaiian history were presented here today by the Daughters and Sons of Hawaiian warriors in commemoration of the birthday anniversary of King Kalakaua. Elected to the throne of Hawaii by the legislature in 1874, Kalakaua reigned until his death in San Francisco on January 20, 1891, when he was succeeded by Queen Liliuokalani, who was overthrown by the revolution of 1893 and who died a year ago. Great progress and prosperity marked Kalakaua's reign. It is planned to make the observance of his birthday an annual event hereafter.

"Mother and Her Pets" Love Candy Cascarets

Careful mothers know that Cascarets in the home means less sickness, less trouble, less worry, less cost. When one of the kiddies has a white tongue, tainted breath, sour stomach or a cold, Cascarets quickly and harmlessly works the poison from the liver and bowels and all is well again.



TO MOTHERS! While all children detest castor oil, calomel, pills and laxatives, they really love to take Cascarets because they taste like candy. Cascarets work the nasty bile, sour fermentations and constipation poison from the child's tender stomach, liver and bowels without pain or griping. Cascarets never disappoint the worried mother. Each 10 cent box of Cascarets contains directions for children aged one year old and upwards as well as for adults.

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SIX PORTO RICANS DIE ON SHIP AT SOUTHPORT

One Hundred and Fifty of the Islanders Put in Fort Hospital—Ship Coaled and Left.

(Special Star Correspondence)
Southport, Nov. 16.—Since the City of Savannah arrived here from Wilmington there have been six deaths among the 2,000 or more Porto Rican negroes who were destined for work at Camp Bragg, Fayetteville, but who were ordered back to Porto Rico on their arrival at Wilmington because they were not needed, now that the war is over.

The bodies were taken to Fort Caswell, where there are now 150 in the hospital. Rafael Sosa went to the fort yesterday as interpreter. His card reads: "Rafael Sosa, Reporter, Libertad, Correspondencia, Aguadilla, San Juan." Dr. J. W. Bush, who ranks as first lieutenant, left on the City of Savannah.

In order to clean up and fumigate the ship, the Porto Ricans were allowed ashore Friday morning and seemingly enjoyed the bright warm sunshine, under guard, in old Fort Johnson. Later they were allowed the freedom of the city which they thoroughly enjoyed. The splendid fort band played for them during the day and night. The ship sailed Thursday and the band entertained the crowds while this was being done.

Mrs. R. W. Gaskins and Mrs. C. Williams were in Wilmington a few hours Thursday, shopping.

Some of the fishing steamers came in Thursday with large catches of menhaden and proceeded to the river factories.

Calender Newton has returned to Norfolk after a brief stay with friends and relatives.

The trim little yacht "Theca" from the north left here Monday for Miami, Fla.

Rev. C. T. Rogers, pastor of the Methodist church at Triton, left for that town Wednesday after passing an examination for a chaplaincy in the army at Fort Caswell Tuesday.

Among the soldiers who left Fort Caswell Monday for Camp Uetis, Va., was Drill Sergeant Ralph Hones of Charlotte, who has been at the forest several months and has many friends here.

R. W. Davis, Sr., and family enjoyed a watermelon last Sunday. It was grown at Bolivia.

A small fire at the pavilion Wednesday afternoon caused the fire men to turn out but it was put out before their arrival.

A week's term of superior court will begin here December 30 for the trial of criminal and civil cases. This term was postponed on account of influenza.

C. E. West left Friday for a short business trip to Wilson.

A party of hunters in camp at the Thompson place joined by some from this city, succeeded in killing a large fox Wednesday.

Dr. Moody M. of Wilmington visited his parents here last Sunday.



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Men's Work Shoes

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"Plasafe," a heavy Kangaroo stock, work sole, for the men who need strong shoes \$6.00

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Wifey Introduces Me to Beaufont

Landed in the house tonight tired, thirsty and out of sorts with everything—the reception wifey gave me impells me to sit right down and tell you all about it.

Of course, she kissed me and then led me into the dining room up to the buffet, where she had set out a cold bottle—filled up a glass for me and when I tasted the sparkling beverage, I patted wifey on the back and told her she had hit it at last. She was tickled as a kitten, and said that she was going to keep B-E-A-U-F-O-N-T on the ice all the time hereafter.

I'm going to see, too, that she has it all the time so that I can have it for myself and for the boys when they come up for those "little informals." You had better do the same thing for your "parties." The boys will be delighted. Believe me, BEAUFONT is the REAL Ginger Ale.

Yours truly,
Jack Wise

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