





CHARLES A.  
HARRIS



REGISTERED 1891  
"The Humane Society of America"

State Library  
State Capitol  
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir:  
I am enclosing  
this report for

you I am  
instructed to

I found the  
last year and  
to have them

2117

HARTFORD

RECEIVED

1891

1891

1891

1891

1891







INCORPORATED APRIL 14TH, 1891  
"To Promote Humanity and Kindness"

CHARLES A. GOODWIN  
PRESIDENT

FRANCIS R. COOLEY  
TREASURER

H. CLAY PRESTON  
GENERAL MANAGER

## Connecticut Humane Society

HEADQUARTERS  
300 WASHINGTON STREET HARTFORD, CONN.

BRANCH OFFICES  
NEW HAVEN — BRIDGEPORT — STAMFORD  
NORWICH — WATERBURY

Bridgeport, Conn.  
June 4, 1927.

State Librarian, George S. Godard,  
State Capitol,  
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing under separate cover one copy of "Letters to the Bridgeport Comfort Club" for you to use as you deem advisable.

May I ask that you have some one add the two loose pages inserted, to the Daily Diary.

I loaned the two pages mentioned to a newspaper reporter last year and have asked for them many times but was only able to have them returned yesterday.

I thank you very kindly for your words of commendation.

Yours very truly.

*L. R. Barlow*  
L. R. Barlow.



THE 102ND AMBULANCE COMPANY

AS A UNIT OF THE

26TH DIVISION

WAS.

Commended in memorandum, Headquarters Seventh Army  
(French), June, 17, 1918.

Congratulated in memorandum, Headquarters Thirty Second  
Army Corp (French), June, 19, 1918.

Cited in General Orders # 131 Headquarters Thirty  
Second Army Corp (French), June, 18, 1918.

Cited in General Orders # 133, Headquarters Second Army  
Corp (French), June, 27, 1918.

Congratulated in letter, Headquarters Sixth Army (French)  
July, 29, 1918.

Cited in General Orders, Sixth Army Corp (French)  
August, 9, 1918.

Cited in General Orders, General Headquarters, A.E.F.  
August, 28, 1918.

Commended in letter from Headquarters, Second Colonial  
Corp (French) October, 7, 1918.

Commended in letter from Headquarters, Second Colonial  
Corp (French) October, 24, 1918.

Commended in letter from Headquarters, Seventeenth Army  
Corp (French) October, 24, 1918.

Commended in letter from Headquarters, Second Colonial  
Corp (French), November, 11, 1918.

WAR RECORD OF THE  
102ND AMBULANCE COMPANY.

Chemin Des Bames.  
February, 10 to March, 18, 1918.

Toul & Boucq, Sector Lorraine.  
April, 1 to June, 28, 1918.

Pas Fini Sector, Ile de France.  
July, 8 to July, 14, 1918.

Champagne Marne Defensive  
July, 15, to July, 18, 1918.

Aisne Marne Offensive.  
July 18 to July, 31, 1918.

Rupt Sector, Lorraine.  
September, 5 to September, 11, 1918.

St Mihiel Offensive.  
September, 12 to September, 16, 1918.

Troyon Sector, Lorraine.  
September, 17 to October, 8, 1918.

Meuse Argonne Offensive.  
October, 14 to November, 11, 1918.

(This record entitles the men of the Yankee Division to  
five Stars on the Victory Medals. No other Division had  
more than five Stars.)

-- The Nation found them ready--



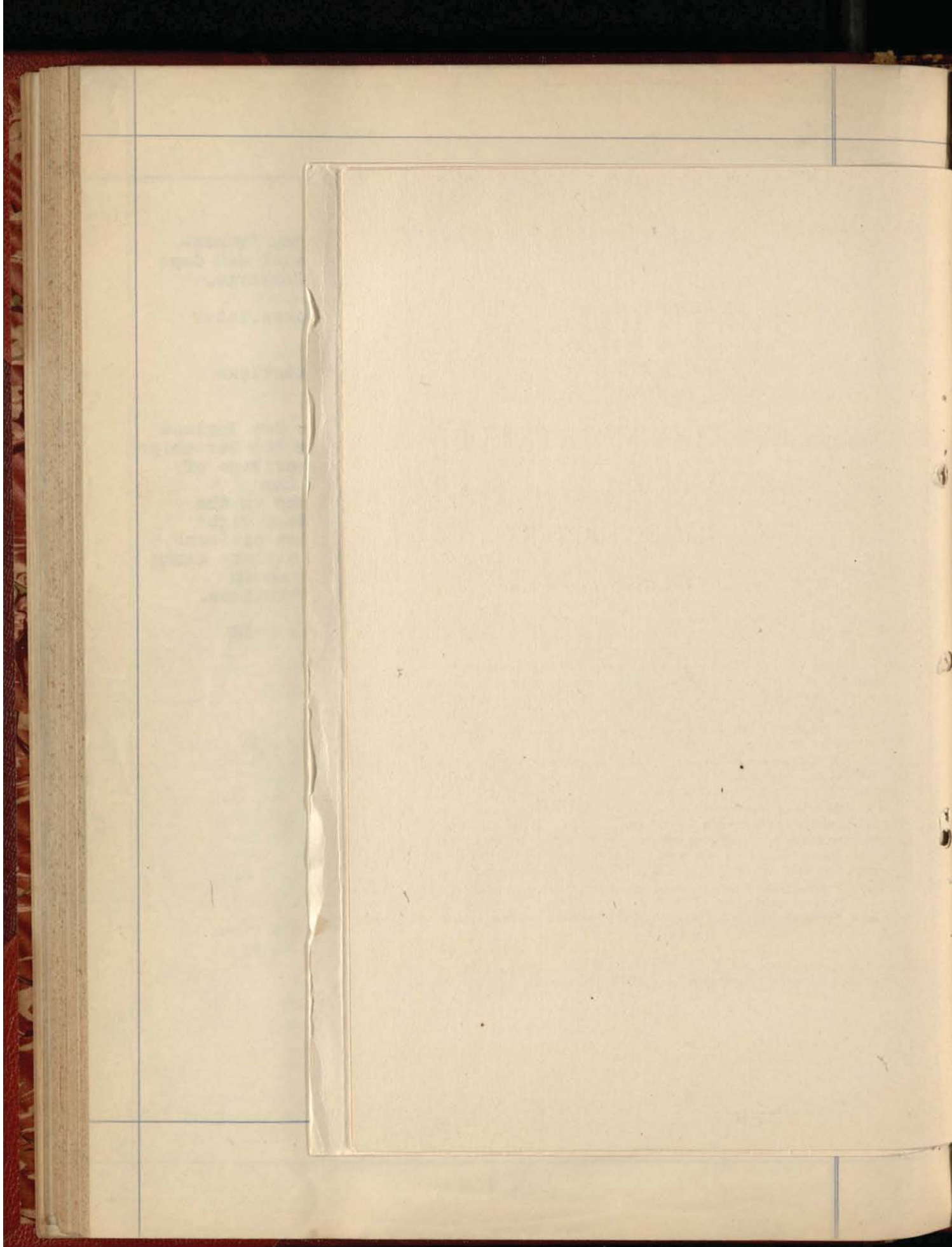
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Leslie R. Barlow



LETTERS  
*TO THE*  
BRIDGEPORT COMFORT CLUB  
*FROM*  
THE FOREIGN CHAPTER  
*IN FRANCE*



*WRITTEN BY*  
Sergeant Leslie R. Barlow, 102nd Ambulance Company  
26th Division  
American Expeditionary Forces  
France 1917-1918





### FIRST LETTER

July 18th, 1918

Dear Mothers:—

Now that we have our Foreign Chapter of our Comfort Club, may we just review a few of the more interesting things that have taken place since we were promenading down Main Street and saw those catchy signs in the window about "Free Trips to Berlin", etc., and advising us to sign up with the First Connecticut Ambulance Company. So being fired with patriotism and yearning for adventure, also thinking that our best girls would like us all the more if we could write them a line from Berlin, we hike up to the Armory and sign up with "The Uncle Sam and Lieut. John T. Powers Company, Inc." We stood trembling while beaucoup doctors glared at our bodies like Al Goulden does at a fellow when he stalls his motor on the corner of Main and Fairfield.

Well, then we drilled two or three nights a week at the Armory on squads east, squads west, right upper berth, prepare to load and all that important? stuff. Sergeants were drilling us as they read it from the book, some of us had uniforms and some didn't, those that did automatically becoming fixtures about town.

Then someone said that we were to get a dollar for each regular drill night, but I guess we are like Heinie, we have something coming to us, but anyway we don't need it as our Mas just sent us one hundred real American dollars.

Next our orders came that we should report at the Armory, ready to move at a minute's notice. Well, we were there, suit cases, hand bags, and all, every one excited, but we had a chance to cool off for we did not leave for three days, then down to dear old Niantic we go, more squads east and squads west, hung around a month or two, each day trying to follow Lieut. Sprague or Lieut. Nagle out in the country for a few miles with packs on our backs and saying it was a tough war.

And to think we had a big shower bath, a canteen and Social Center that was a Red Cross and Salvation Hut all in one, but we didn't know it then. The folks used to come up to



see us and bring homemade Cake and Pie. Oh boy, we realize now 'twas sure a tough war, not even a mosquito bite say nothing of cooties.

Then the order came that we must be inoculated, vaccinated, sterilized and re-examined about steen times, till it seemed as if there's only a few of us left. Now we are the Third Connecticut Ambulance Company, all equipped and dressed up just like real soldiers, and off we go to the station, where the Misses Bond and a few more of the ladies of the town bade us a farewell, for we were off for "Somewhere in France."

Above lines are where parades, bands and over the top stuff now in style, did not come in. Clickety clack went that old train for a day and a night and we bunched up like sardines we thought, but they hadn't pulled any of that 8 chevaux 40 homme stuff on us then. Then aboard ship and out the river we go, under the world's greatest bridge, all just getting our first lesson of this war and each one trying to make the other fellow think he had seen lots of water before, but in the same breath speaking of the front or back of the ship, or upstairs and down cellar. Next stop was in the great back bay at Halifax, there we waited at anchor one whole week, all the time eating that slum that Dorsted Horned chef handed out to us. But we have all thanked God that we were not in that very same place a few weeks later when that awful explosion occurred. Now, as the rest of the convoy is here, we weigh anchor, point her nose into the briny deep; see, we are already learning the sailor stuff. And we went and we went and then went some more, and I want to say right now, that the guy that calls that thing which we crossed, a pond, why he don't know nothing that's all, Why we went east, we went south, even headed toward Greenland, why we zigzagged so much that we began to think the skipper was tanked up on his English tea, or that the compass had gone sour, and all the time that same camouflaged barber shop ship was circling around us till we were dizzy ourselves. You see 'twas our first real look at this camouflaged stuff, although of course, we ourselves, in civil life, have done a little of it in regard to pay we received cars we owned, etc.

Well, we went on and on, always keeping a look out for subs, but we were not afraid, for up there on one of the gun crews were Pomeroy, Marsten and Leonard of our own gang.

Then about the last two days, something aggravated that there ocean, and we pitched and we rolled, we dove in and



climbed up those mountain high waves, rolled out of bunks, each one picking a fish to feed (some must have been whales). At night when trying to sleep, that old propeller would come out of the water and w-o-a how it would spin, then as the ship went back in that abyss that propeller shaft would ripety rip slam bang into that thrust box, as though the barge were going into steen pieces and we all prayed as we never prayed before that 'twould hang together till we made our port and we could unlimber from those life belts.

Well, to make a long story short "We made it." Then a short visit in the land, where, at our tent camp, we seemed to be chilled through from the fogs, but Old Glory and the Union Jack were flying from the same staff and it thrilled us. Besides we were seeing things we had not seen before, such as heather, holly and mistletoe. Then over we went to "Somewhere in France," now in a small craft that seemed to go so fast we were afraid she would burn her bottom, surely 'twould never give a barnacle a chance to grow. Now we are in France and up we go to a rest camp, and all I can say is "Beware of rest camps, (there ain't no such animal)."

Next we get put on one of those French trains and travelled second class, you know doors on each side instead of the end, and a little dinkey engine, like the one they used to run up the Naugatuck Branch, when old Pop Stewart was a fireman. Away we go to our first camp in France, where we are billeted in American barracks in a little town. Here we stayed till February, all the time it seemed to rain every day, but we received our heavy field shoes after a while, and even later we got some boots. Here it was we fought some terrible battles (of words) trying to make the natives into Yanks, usually having the best results by showing a few francs. Oh yes, we had our shilling and tuppence pieces changed by the Y. M. C. A. man into francs and sous. Let me say here that until we left that camp, we enjoyed the finest Y. M. C. A. that we have ever seen in this land, and I understand the money to pay for it was raised in the town which our dear Brother Bill Cummings called home. 'Twas at this same little French town, nestled away by itself near the birth place of Joan of Arc, that we ate on Thanksgiving Day and also on Xmas, all the good things, that you dear people by Hooverizing, had made possible for Uncle Sam to send us.

And maybe that man Carter of ours and his gang of chow stevedores, can't turn out some feed, if he gets the wherewithal.

Wished I dare tell you about the time Jim Morrell took ten minutes to buy a wash basin; after he made all kinds of



motions, like splashing water, etc., you know, then the lady said in fine English, "Oh, you want a wash basin."

Well, soon the order came that we must store our barrack bags, as we were to go to the front and could only carry what is called equipment "A" and that is just what is on our backs. So just before Lincoln's birthday, off we go up to do our bit and we have been doing it ever since, from street soldiers we must now be field soldiers.

But I must close this epistle now. This may all seem like ancient history, but stick around folks, for things were not always as interesting for the Kaiser as they may be soon.

DICK BARLOW.  
102nd, Ambulance Company.

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## SECOND LETTER.

July 30th, 1918,  
Somewhere in France.

Dear Mothers:—

Guess I had better send in this second note of our medieval history before you can get time to tell me how sour the first one was.

Now, before we leave our first little French village, that I spoke of, let me say that the personnel of our company has been changed greatly by transfers and detachments. Our company has volunteered to a man to be used in the Trench Fever test, but as only a few are needed, away went Worley, W. Murphy, Lucas, Peck, Schaeffer, Noren, Watkins and Pill. Several others of our boys went to this same place, but as they have already been sent to other companies, we cannot count them. Among them were Connors, Vassel, Turner and Lambert. I mention this as it shows the spirit your boys have wherever they go. Capt. Stevens, who was not only an officer but a father to us all as well, has parti, as have Lieut. Lawlor and his side kick, Hughey.

Our old horse drawn ambulances, that we toted clear from the good old U. S. A., are gone and we are now motorized. Hurray!

We are now the 102nd Ambulance Company, Radikan, has written our famous motto, Made in Bridgeport, the best Ambulance Company, in the best Division, of the best army of the World. There is no such thing as can't in the 102nd Ambulance Company.

We have learned to put our gas masks on in steen seconds