

less than nothing. So we will load our ambulances on those big? freight cars and parti pour la trencha.

Part of our boys must be litter bearers and the rest ambulance drivers and orderlies, and right here is where they start to pull that 8 Chevaux 40 Homme stuff on us (you know, one fellow tries to put a No. 14 shoe in your port side ear and you put a knee in some fellow's tummie).

Be sure and wear your steel stetsons when getting off the sleeping? car, as the station is often shelled. Well, off we get at the city of ————. Golly there were some big shell holes, we were a little nervous, but we didn't get shelled. Anyway we were all anxious to do our bit, as rumors were that men from our division were to be sent home to drill the new army and some had fell for it, especially non-coms, for surely they wouldn't have the heart to go home without having been to the front. Well, we hiked to our homes, all the way passing trenches, barb wire, buildings marked "God Strafe England" fruit trees cut off short, unexploded shells, horses with gas masks, etc., etc. We were then billeted in the cellars of shell shattered houses, but soon our new Lieut. said, "Who will volunteer for litter bearers to go up at once?" Well, everybody lost that tired feeling and they nearly stampeded him, he finally yelled "Kamerad" for it looked as though they would trample him to death. In this sector we are to work with the French. Here we saw air duels, frogs drop from balloons in their parachutes and, well, I won't attempt to tell you what we saw, for everyone had different experiences and I am not going to steal any of the boys' thunder. Any of the fellows have seen more than I, and I still insist that if a man hasn't had the delirium tremens, he hasn't been nowhere and he hain't seen nothing. I can only say that every one of your brave lads will have great things to tell, so you better have Mother Wyrzten, and the rest of those 'petite pomme de terre' store owners, order in a good supply of extra large saw dust boxes, for when this gang ever gets turned loose, well, it's just as Phillip Brodsky says "Ken you imagine eet?"

Well, we did our bit up there, handling French, American and a few Hun patients, had a few real busy days with gassed men, scabbies, etc. These last we had to transport to the hospital in our big trucks, where they were scrubbed till sore, then oiled and back to the lines in about three days.

The Ambulance men had formed their Forty Thieves Society and had drawn a plan of a dugout to be made in Sea-Side Park, special pipes to the different soda fountains. We have often wondered what Heinie thought, when he captured

that same little town and saw this drawing on the wall. Our gang thought we had our share of cooties anyway, so when the order came that we were to start to the rear and go on old style maneuvers and then to a rest camp we were happy. So just after St. Patrick's Day, we start to the rear, to an accompaniment of special Boche music (they're good that way).

Well, we landed in a beautiful farm, near where Napoleon received his early military education, everything was lovely, the birds sang, frogs peeped and even a little lake with swan circling around on it. Surely this is fine, guess the war must be over for us. When down the road comes one of those dispatch riders going ala No. 6 to a fire down Barnum Ave., and presto change, maneuvers are off, so is the rest camp. Away they yank us Yanks in big trucks up to our second front, near ———. Arriving at 2 G. M. and raining hard, put out those cigarettes, etc. laws, we thought we were at the front. Well, then they hauled us ten or fifteen kilos further and we thought the driver must be on the wrong road and we would surely land in Berlin. But everything turned out alright as it usually does. We are now in the town where Mr. Lusk left us and came to speak to you. Billeted in barns and more friend cooties, I suppose. Yep, you win again.

This is our own front, no French to bother us and we went to it. This was sure war. Part of our fellows in a big dressing station and the auto drivers and orderlies making Hell's Corner and Prayer Bend steen times a day, with friend Heinie's artillery paging them. When there was no scrapping at the front, why, we would start a fight of our own, to see who should have the Victrola, that the Graphophone people gave us. There was surely a gift far greater than they knew, for it has even toned down men who were severely shell shocked, I understand this treatment is used extensively by the English. Why we think so much of our Victrola we have put a service stripe on it and it will soon have another one.

Well, here we are, nearly finished in this sector, new division is relieving us, roads are jammed, all kinds of trucks, caissons, escort wagons, ambulances, and ammunition trains, now and then a dead horse or mule or a truck off the road. Well, "C'est le guerre" and anyway we are happy, for we are going back for a long rest, even may parade on the Fourth in a great city here. Sure enough they took us out and onto the trains and off we go to the great city. It is July 3rd, and here we are just three miles from that great tower which we see in the distance. Well, that's funny, haven't any of our boys writ-

ten about our parade after coming from our second front? Well, by Golly, I will in my next.

So I will now make a motion that you adjourn for the men folks will soon be home for their supper and you know how those men are; well, if they kick, blame it on

DICK BARLOW,

102nd Ambulance Company.

Gosh, this is worse than the first one. Anyhow those boys had no business to pick on me to do their writing.

THIRD LETTER

August 4th, 1918.

Hello Folks:—

Have received no bombs in my mail to date so perhaps you will also pardon a third letter.

Well, as I was saying, we were on the train, just outside the gay city, everybody happy, it is July 3rd, and sure enough, guess we are going to parade tomorrow alright. Engines are sneaking in and out in the great freight yards, all is activity as our train slows down and then finally comes to a halt to wait for an all clear light. The people here are waving at us and seem glad that we are here, and we wave back and say to ourselves, "Gee, they're not like those pro Germans up on the other front, for they didn't seem to want us there, and we knew someone was spying, so we eyed one another with suspicion, for they had lived so near the nation's boundary lines and had inter-married so much that it was hard to tell where their sympathies lay.

Well, we were glad that we were welcome here, for a wave from one of those dear, sad-eyed women, usually dressed in black, meant a great deal to us way down deep in our hearts, for we knew that these people had long ago had this cruel war brought home to them in ways that we all hoped our dear loved ones at home would never have to feel.

Well, we waited and waited for that signal, but we didn't mind it for we were near a mansion owned by a French officer, who spoke fine English and had open house for us. Others were watching the double decker cars go by, ala the Mayor of Stepney waiting on Read's corner for a Grasshopper. Wilcox, Northrup, Drury and Holzheimer were strutting around like pouter pigeons, so the people could see their Croix de Guerres. Well, hurry up, youse guys, she's pulling out. H—I, (meaning Hindenburg Line) what do you know? They have put an

engine on the other end and are pulling us out again. Well, if that wouldn't break the heart in those stone dogs on Park Avenue. What do you know about that for pure, unadulterated, triple expansion, high explosive, what I mean, nerve.

Well, they yanked us Yanks clear out in the country for miles and drop us off at a little place half way between the gay city and the marines, with a large farm for a billet, but 'twas 2 G. M. and no one knew which was t'other, so we were told same as the doughboys were when they were surrounded by Huns, "Help yourselves, boys." Some won a horse barn, and I saw four in an oxcart outdoors, and even some officers slept in the gutter, all sprawled out, dead to the world, leaning up against their blanket roles, all tired out. I appeal to you, think of it dear people, your boys suffering like this. Bet you will come across alright now in the Fourth Liberty Loan after that. But we didn't mind it, we've seen a lot worse than that and may see more. Next day they hied us away up near the lines, where the Marines were making the Huns put on his brakes so suddenly, that they burned out a lot of brake lining and other things, mostly other things. So we had a swim in the big river, till the gendarmes stopped us, said that it was full of barb wire, dead horses and good Boche.

Next day the Yankee boys went in the lines and soon Heinie had to throw her in reverse. Crump and Ferris they both wanted to transfer, soon as they saw those tanks, but when they found out they were like a motorcycle, no reverse, well, that was a horse of another color.

We are all very good boys up here, where that Fairfield feller left us. Yep, went to church every day, had ter, the dressing station was in the church.

Well, we cleaned up the town, of course that is understood, all burgs, farm yards, etc., that we stop at, out come the shovels and brooms.

This little town will get its name into history of the great war, as being the Birthplace of the Foreign Chapter of the Bridgeport Comfort Club.

We have never realized the seriousness of war so much as up here, for this land has been twice devastated by the enemy, and we are living in the homes that the people had to leave and flee for their lives. Why, there are even real honest-to-goodness beds, chairs, clocks and even the piano just as they had left, why we even had a cow for a while, till the natives started to come back.

So now we must move up again for a few miles, as things are busy, and believe me, we worked as we never worked be-

fore; still they go back and we move up again, land right near — well, that aforesaid feller used to wear his initials on his collar ornaments. Dead horses, Huns, cows, pigs, and oh boy, that stench, and very little water to drink and look out for that, as the enemy was in this town twenty-four hours ago, a plane down here, great German shells in their wicker work baskets, all along the road shell holes to suit anyone's taste, and a rifle stuck in the ground, bayonet down, with a few name cards, lodge receipts or a postal card stuck in the bolt to let the word know that some Mother's boy had done his last hitch and done it well, gone West. No one must touch a shell or pull a wire, kick or pick up anything, for this is no postal card or souvenir war, and anyway she will love you just as much if you come home all in one piece. Over here is a Boche 210 in the gutter, next to where we must set up and go to it again. Everybody is busy, keep going as long as you can, line up against a wall, grab a few hours sleep and start again and still they come, but we know the other fellow was ten times as busy as we. Not a whimper out of one of them, it's only "Give me a cigarette, will you, Bud?" There they are, lying there on their litters, some meeting their pals as they come in and happen to be placed near them, or say "Has So and So been through," or "poor Jack, he got it hard." And look at those poor shell shock lads shake and quiver when a shell goes over, and those quivering lads duck needlessly and even cry. But good people, don't ever blame a lad with shell shock or think he was the least bit yellow, for no one was ever asked to go through what those poor devils were, it's a wonder they are not all that way. Of all the men we handled in that last ten days of Hell raised to the nth power, most of them will live, as they had what we call G. S. W.'s. That is, Heinie couldn't get his artillery set, so it was mostly machine gun and rifle wounds, all termed gun shot wounds.

Well, we have done our bit here it seems, and back we go to the church town again. Gee, this is fine, away back of the lines now, not a balloon in sight. We didn't breathe very easy for a few days, figuring that maybe they might send us in again, but now we have taken it as real. Nothing to do, just old time street soldier stuff, you know ala Niantic, reveille, drill call, fatigue gangs, taps and all that, "Ken you imagine eet?" Why we even have a bath and a new set of underwear, thanks to Lieut. Sprague and his steam cootie machine, even got a hair cut now, just like a human bein'. Don't tell, but when Joe Rich came to his turn at the bath, he found two cooties fighting over which should have the iron cross for doing the greatest duty

for his fellow country men, they had made a regular race track path on his back between the "sure kill 'em" cootie bag on his neck and the one on his hips. Why, they had raced so hard for the last few days that he snipped off their young lives just out of sympathy to keep them from starving to death.

Und by Gollies, here's Dud Mills and Stan Glover back from the hospital, Hurray.

Well, I guess this is a happy bunch of boys, for yesterday we had our division show, down back of the hospital. And say it is fine, not a sour act, most of the boys picked to be in it were actors when in civil life, and each one is doing his best, as they may get a chance to tour the good old U. S. A. One fellow sang "Just A Baby's Prayer at Twilight Hour", and all your boys have been whistling it ever since, and as I watch those big husky khaki clad, seemingly war hardened boys of yours loving those two cute, curly haired, French youngsters, down near our kitchen, I know that under those trench mirrors beats a heart as large as an ox and a soul that yearns for those at home. But I must not write sob stuff.

Duck! oh never mind, it's alright, 'twas only Pomeroy imitating a 210 coming over, anyway there ain't no shells away back here. Guess this will fini my old stuff. You may not be interested in any part of them, but I know you will in this much, "Don't worry about the morals of your boys over here." We haven't even been in a town for six weeks where beer could be purchased, and here's the best of all, not a man on the duty roster of this Company has a venereal disease. Can you beat this in the states? Oh boy!

All up for the seventh inning. Here's Frank Deutsch with a whole gang of francs for us medical engineers.

DICK BARLOW.

FOURTH LETTER

August 11th, 1918.

Bridgeport Comfort Club,
Dear Friends:—

The Executive Committee says the old man better write to his girls and report on that two hundred dollars we received, so here goes.

First, the check was so large we had to get the signature of a Major or Captain, for of late mere non coms hadn't for some reason been having checks of this size cashed. Well Captain Stevens came to our rescue with his John Hancock,

and a Y. M. C. A. man gave us the francage. Golly, their paper money is so large here, we thought first we would paper a couple of rooms, but later decided to give each fellow dix franc.

We have been able to reach a large number who have been transferred from time to time, as the entire sanitary train happened to be in this locality. Most of them had received five dollars from your Club, but we were glad to give them the ten franc besides, as we figured that they had been out of luck on some of the good things we in the original company had previously received from you. We have no way of keeping in touch with all the men that are transferred, as for instance the order reads, so many men must go to the 101st Infantry, but we do not know what company or battallion till we meet again and that is often months. So hereafter the committee thinks best, that should we receive any further moneys from you, that it be divided only among the men still in our company. We have told as many of the fellows as we have seen to send in their new addresses to you. Now perhaps you would wish us to do otherwise, if so just drop a line to any of our committee, for we want to work with you, as you will see by the copy of our Regulations, which I will enclose in our next letter.

Each one has signed the enclosed slips as we have paid them the ten francs and we have kept a duplicate copy of same. So much for the money and as the slip reads, "We thank you."

Since forming our Foreign Chapter of the Bridgeport Comfort Club, our boys have voted, as a company, to draw from our mess fund, the sum of 200 francs, which we spent as follows: Oranges, 69.60; Tomatoes, 52.50, Lemons, 24.; Cauliflower, 45.; Radishes, 6.; Record Book, 1.50; Victrola Needles, 1.00; total 199.60.

Also an S. O. S. Unit that was attached to us at that time, chipped in their share, 70 francs, so as to be in on our feed. This money we spent as follows: 6 Baking Powders, 5.90; 1 Case of Pears, 32.90; 1 Case of Corn, 15.60; 1 Case of Pears, 15.60; total 70.00.

We have also voted to spend 1000 francs from our Company fund, in adopting two orphans. Data has been sent us, and we have sent in the money, will no doubt soon hear whether we have won a blonde or brunette, and all about them. You bet I'll let you know.

Oh yes, and did I tell you this gang of ours is going to send you five copies of the Stars and Stripes for one year, we all like our paper and hope you find them interesting.

Tried to send a telegram to you when we finished our

hitch in the lines, that all were well, but I have never seen the Red Cross man since, so do not know if it went through or not. I, no doubt, will see him at a later date. Speaking of the Red Cross, let me say they are our best friends over here. Above all others give to the Red Cross, for there is no greater Christian work than this.

We have had two ball games this past week, split even. Bet this line up will make you think of the old days at Seaside Park.

Ballard and Merrill, p	Ahern, 3rd
Gilbert, c	Doreski, 1 f
Beers, 1st	Widinghoff-Brendle c f
McDonald, 2nd	Cowie-Marshall, r f
Wills, ss	

Yesterday we had a divisional track meet, Doughboys, Leathernecks, Pill Rollers and everything. Well, the Sanitary Train scored thirty one points and almost bust up the show, when they went ahead even in the grenade throwing. No other athletic events of late, save Al Sorensen and Hub Beers having a harvesting contest out in one of the wheat fields, Newtown won.

Those pictures taken of the Comfort Club in the Red Cross parade and sent to Bert Coyle, sure were fine. We all feel better acquainted now, most all of us saw someone we knew, and everyone remembered that husky youngster in the navy suit.

We have not received the Pershing Fund money as yet, although our Company clerk has sent in our list of Connecticut men sometime ago. Think perhaps it is quite a bit of work to find out just what companies the men are in and divide the money pro rata.

We are still in the town of L——, where Lieut. Nagle left us.

Rumors are, several men in our company or train, are to be made Lieutenants and several sergeants to go home for a time. Our non coms have dusted off their manners. Well if any of them drop in on you, don't mind their swear words, they don't mean them, anyhow they wouldn't talk very much, they would be too busy eating some of Ma's PIES.

Au Revoir,

DICK BARLOW, Sec. and Treas.

Foreign Chapter of the
Bridgeport Comfort Club.

FIFTH LETTER.

Laignes Cote-d-Or, France
August 22nd, 1918

Bridgeport Comfort Club,
Mornin' Neighbors:—

Haven't received any mail for the Foreign Chapter as yet, but hope to soon, so will drop another note.

Since our last letter to you, we have followed Lieut. Nagle's example, and parti from the town of L——. They sure had us guessing as to which way we were to go, all sorts of rumors were afloat, but no one actually knew. Some said back to the lines, others said to the rear, to Italy, to Russia and even HOME. So when we started out we were all on the qui vive to see which way we would go. First we hiked across the old suspension bridge that used to have the dynamite tied to it, ready to go up should friend Heinie become too ambitious. Then we were put in big trucks and away we went. Give a guess now which way we will go, to the left means up to the lines again, to the right will mean we go the rear for a rest, everybody is holding their breath, and oh boy, what a relief, for they did not turn to the left. Hurray we are going to the REAR.

Yep, sure enough, back we go all the afternoon long, town after town we passed through, and say maybe it wasn't hot and dusty on those cement roads, and when we finally stopped and pitched tents at night in some of the recently harvested wheat fields, we looked as if we had been at work in a flour mill. We enjoyed it though, and next morning off we went again, through some large towns and small ones, even back through the town, where I said the swan were on the pond in the yard. All the way we watched the harvesting in the fields, women, men and young boys all working together, some with American made harvesting machinery and some with their own old style hand cradling scythes, with a blade three inches wide. We had seen so much wheat and other grains on our previous trips, that we wondered if they would ever be able to harvest it all, as the men were mostly away and the French reapers have only a five or six foot cutter, where a similar American machine would have a blade eight foot long, but they have done it and it is no wonder, for they do not stop until eight and nine o'clock at night, and it is mighty interesting to see them coming back into town again at night in those great heavy two wheeled wagons, one horse hitched ahead of the other. Large numbers of stallions are used for farm work as they are not dependable for army work, and are very easy

going and gentle, as they are worked extremely hard all the time, in fact everything seems moderate here, herds of cattle mope along the village streets like our oxen at home.

Where was I? Oh, yes, we were in trucks with the dust rolling up in clouds and going down our alimentary canals and forming a concrete lining in our hard tack and corned willie emporiums.

We passed a great many houses with thatched roofs, fine truck gardens, miles and miles of vineyards on the hillsides, all kinds of grain, but no corn, have only seen one patch of corn in France.

Well, we kept swinging along from one town to another all the second day, had an odd experience in one town. You see we thought we were old timers and had seen all the different allied troops, from Chinese coolies and Italian artillerymen to Portugese with their red hats, but here were some new ones, we were passing men wearing French uniforms, but with a flat four-pointed hat, and they were smiling away at us, shouting in fine English, "Hello, Yanks." Well, they knew us, but who the deuce are they? What do you know, they were American Polish Regiments and their khaki uniforms haven't arrived yet. As we whizzed past, we shouted out, "Anybody from Bridgeport?" One lad yelled, "Nope, Union City and Scoville's Shop." So I guess this isn't such a large old world after all.

Well, after we had ridden all day, we were ready to call it quits, and for once at least they were willing to let us, so off we piled. Gee, a nice town, few troops billeted here. Oh boy, hope we can stay and I guess we can, for the next day through the courtesy of the local priest, we were billeted in some church property, used as a boys' school, but closed for the summer. One building that was used as a lecture hall, we have for barracks, Bill Adams is using the stage as his boudoir, and some of the rest are pitched in dog tents, and like it fine. And the town is so nice and quiet, just the place for a rest, why the most noise one hears is at mess time and Harry Edes and Dubee are eating soup.

Quite a few of the boys have been sick with something similar to the three days' fever, but with dysentery and a sort of depression, sort of a re-action from several months' hard work, drinking water in each different town we hit, etc., we are told. Some are back from the hospital already and the rest are doing fine, none serious. Northrop, Clay, Carter, Wilcox and Claire have already come back to us and no more ill, so guess we have broken it up. We have rigged up a shower bath

out of a gasoline barrel, everybody has had a hair cut, and a bath after drill puts the old pep into a feller.

We are in what is called the S.O.S. now, meaning service of supply or rear, and can now name the town we are in, so will enclose a card of same, also a copy of our Foreign Chapter of the Bridgeport Comfort Club Rules and Regulations and hope your Club will approve of them and what we are doing.

Since we came to this town some of the young French lads, who have just reached eighteen, have been notified to report for military training and they were so happy they have been parading streets for several nights, blowing bugles, etc. Finest class of people here that we have had the privilege of mingling with over here—some quite well to do and many speak English. One French lady had a dozen of us at her home recently, played the piano for us and sang in English all the late American songs. Oh Gee, oh Golly, all you had to do was to close your eyes and let your mind wander a bit and you were over home in the front parlor down to the girl's house.

The Regimental Band plays every night for us now, as they are not to be used as litter bearers any more and their leaders are to be officers instead of sergeants. Almost forgot to tell you about the gymnasium we have as part of the school property; it is fine, all fitted out with parallel bars, swinging rings, dumb bells and two trapeze bars, one low and one regulation. The low one is only four feet from the ground and is now considered the personal property of Cooper and Shorty Keane, all others stay off, while Pop Brendle shines on the big one.

We have two fine new Lieutenants, brand new, just over, and now if they happen to censor this letter, I hope they will just try to be buck privates for a few minutes. Well they give us gas mask drills, etc., tell us all about gas, but most of this gang have seen steen times as much gas as they have. But they are regular fellows and we work fine with them. One is a dandy, old style Scotch Irish physician, and a regular daddy to us, goes eight miles out of his way to do anything he can for us and both are of the few that have come over here for the good they can do and not how much they can learn of surgery or how high they can rise. When they spoke to us about cooties and how to get rid of them, he said the best way was to get a greased paper bag, some ether, oil of cloves and burn em, well, listen girls, a soldier near the lines has about as much chance of dropping in a drug store and buying those things, as we have of getting ice cream and strawberry short cake. Another time up the line we met a dough boy whom we knew, in