

fact it was young Hanrahan of your city, pretty tired, well cootied, dirty and some sores on his lower limbs which needed attention. When the examination was over the new Lieutenant says, "What you need, my boy, is to go back to your company, get new underwear, a hot bath, and put this liniment on." Well, in that drive, he had about as much chance of getting new underwear and a hot bath, as a Pro German in the Gauge department at the U. M. C. during a Red Cross campaign.

Hope they will pardon these little secrets, but we have a way of our own to fix cooties, sit still now and I will tell you. First, remove the shirt entirely from the body, second, place it on the ground and watch it till it gets seven or eight feet away, then let drive five or six hand grenades in rapid succession, then draw your hatchet and have some iodine ready for a counter attack.

Well, what has that to do with the natives here being very proud to welcome us to their town, especially since they have found out that we have come from C———. They can't understand it that we are so young and how Uncle Sam feeds us so well, and speaking of eats, just listen now, say couldn't we get in touch with some old broken down anarchist and make a deal with him to do away with a couple of those factories in the States that manufacture can openers, for then our Army mess sergeants would be out of luck and we might get something besides canned foods, why they even pull canned potatoes on us now, both sweet and Irish.

Say folks, wonder if you could do us a favor? It is this. Could you find out through the Adjutant General's office of your state, why we were never paid our drill money? We were told when we drilled at the Armory that we would receive a certain amount for each drill, if we had over 90% of the men at the drill. Men from Massachusetts and Rhode Island have received their checks since coming to this country, even their members who were not at the border. May I also say we have not received as yet the Connecticut Pershing Fund money.

Well, must close for this time. What do you say, you call up the Telephone office or Warner's Shop or anywhere you can, and fix it with a few of the girls, and we will bring a squad over and go to Poli's some afternoon next week.

Au Revoir,

DICK BARLOW,
102nd Ambulance Company.

P. S.—Tell the folks when they write to put in a few stamps and the boys will appreciate them, for we use them in sending home the Stars and Stripes and other papers and we

have no way of getting them here except at a Divisional Post Office, that is often miles away. The Y. M. C. A. does not often have them. Also when addressing mail to us just A. E. F. may be taken for the Australian Expeditionary Forces, so to be sure we are told to use Amex Forces and there is only one 102nd Ambulance Company in the Amex Forces, so no need to write 101st Sanitary Train or mention the division number, just write,

Per So and So.,
102nd Ambulance Company,
Amex Forces

SIXTH LETTER

September 14th, 1918

Bridgeport Comfort Club,
Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Dear Friends:—

Please step before the mast, girls. S'matter, our Committee gets no mail? Ain't angry, be you?

Well, anyway, all the officers of the Foreign Chapter have been thrown down so many times before that they don't mind it and they say that faint heart never won fair damsels, D. S. C.'s or discharges, so we will try again. No mail from you as yet, in fact no one has had much mail in the last three weeks, as there is a tie-up somewhere along the road. Although we don't like to admit it, we are like the Hun in one way and that is, we have a lot of mail coming to us from the good old U. S. A.

You will remember I said that we had entered college, had a gym and everything. Yep, and passes start next week sure, Cockerton, Holzheimer and Foley have had their trousers pressed, shoes shined, faces washed and all slicked up like a Polish church, and imagining themselves on the main stem at gay Paree. We were enjoying band concerts most every night. Beat the Signal corp at baseball, 4 to 2, with Ballard and Carter as our battery. Why we even all went to church at the special memorial service for those killed and wounded in recent battles. One other day there was a funeral service of an aged civilian, and all the men folks were out, all dressed up in dandy Prince Albert suits and high hats, a la August Baker out at Mountain Grove. Why, we didn't know there were so many of those plug hats left in the world. Fred Kellar, better known as "Hand Grenade Mike" was itching to let a couple of grenades

go at the hats, but finally decided to hold them to fish with up at Pembroke Lake.

One new fellow has just come to our company, very sad case, he was forced to drive an ambulance down at one of the big seaports and couldn't go to a burlesque show only twice a week, although he was eating from real china dishes, he had to have his mess kit inspected every Monday morning. Now that is what we call a tough war. Someone asked if he had ever been at the front. "Nope, I haven't, but now fellows, I think I have a mighty good idea of what it is up there, for one day down at Paris, I saw an airplane shot down and it landed right near us." Pardon our repeating our selves, but like the fellow that hadn't had the tremens, he hain't been nowhere and he hain't seen nothin'.

We used to hike around the town and watch the farmers thrashing their grains, most every farm seemed to have a one horse tread mill thrasher, women and all working till sunset each day. Oh, of course, we had to drill five or six hours each day at litter drill, squads up and two's west and all that important? stuff. Let me say here that these or any fellows who have carried a few thousand litters in actual duty, without ever giving an order, it is mighty hard to make them put any interest in litter drills, and no matter what officers or non coms are put with them, they can never be made to do that street soldier stuff like we did when rookies. Why some argue so over doing anything of this nature, one would think they had been reading the life of Lawyer Patrick.

Well, everything was lovely, as I said, for a long time, pretty near a week, then someone with an O. D. chin strap and nickle plated spurs blows a whistle and says something about "parteeing tout de suite," well, in a couple of hours we had closed the college, gym, et al., and were in those luxurious touring cars of ours and off we went. Oh, don't ask me where? How do I know? Like the colored troops we passed and tried to jolly one lad in the rear by saying "Where you all g'wan, man?" "Don't know, boys, that man up front am a leading" was the reply we received.

And speaking of "parteeing" reminds me of the time we left dear old Niantic on our first move. Why, we packed up stuff for two weeks at least, everyone was excited, three or four had nervous prostration, including the C. O., and one or two were run over. Now a days some one blows the whistle once, and two hours later he gives it a couple of toots, and away we go, Q. M., kitchen stuff, medical supplies, and dressing station, all aboard, cut her loose, "parti tout de suite" is right. Al-

though this Committee hasn't been in consultation with General Foch of late, the only reason we know for moving was, maybe they found out that those cement linings to our stomachs, I spoke of, needed a little patching up, a la Warrenite on Connecticut Avenue, you know.

Well, we went and we went and then went some more, passed our old billets in the town of our first stop on the hike from the little town, where the swan were on the lake, up toward our second front. Fields look fine, grain is all harvested. Although we did not believe they could ever do it, but on all the trip not a field was seen left unharvested, nothing in the ground now save some third crop alfalfa and plenty of mangel wertzels for the stock. Great herds of sheep are in the fields and the trees are just turning enough to be attractive. Here you boys, come out of those apple trees! This sure is a beautiful season to travel. What do you say, we start out next Sunday and go up through Derby to Waterbury and back via Cheshire. there's a pretty route, or go up to Hartford and Springfield, up one side of the river and down the other, through that tobacco growing country. Oh, the deuce, I just remembered you are having gasless Sundays over there and here I have wasted all that good paper, well, that's a good cause, so we are with you, it's all off.

You understand that when they are moving troops around, that on coming to a large town or city, we stop three or four kilos outside, get all set, then shoot through, like Crazy Lewis used to up around those Litchfield County towns, then outside the town again we slow down. Have some hard tack with a little dash of dust on it, Mr. Sorensen? Ah, don't bother him, he is asleep as usual, is the remark we hear.

We passed through a couple of towns, where they had beer on draught, but of course we couldn't stop, but we figured it out that we were about even anyway, as just two towns back we passed a farm yard that needed cleaning up, and although we slowed down, us medical engineers did not have to get off and go to it. While none of our boys claim to be expert prognosticators, whatever that is, and seeing that the law is off foolish question No. 29, "When is the war going to be over?" we want to say right now that it can't possibly last the year out, for our Committee find that there are only ciquante cing farms in France still to be cleaned up and that's no job at all for all the boys over here now. What we are trying to figure out now is, how the cows know which is the kitchen door and which is the barnyard.

On the trip, we bivouaced at night, camouflaging as much

as possible, then next day or so start again and pitch tents again. Ever do it? Why say, it's the finest way we know of to find out just how infinitely small one really is in this old world. Just open up the back flap of the tent and gaze at the stars, the moon and those rolling clouds, then think of how many others there are in the world besides you, all looking up to that same Master, and you are imagining that you are some one. Why the — Well, just try it sometime, that's all.

Now I can't tell you where we are and anyway you don't care, as long as you know that **as always** these boys of yours are ready to do their bit. All but one or two are back from the hospital and no one has gone in the last two weeks, except Bill Adams with another broken wrist from cranking a car. Anyway, folks, don't mind it, if you do hear from a friend sometime that he is in the hospital. It doesn't always mean that he is dying or even very bad off, for it is different than in civil life in this way. Men doing duty must be able to hike or go to the hospital. Now, at home if he had ingrowing toe nails, a broken wrist, ankle or three days' fever he could stay at home if he wished. We have no facilities for caring for anyone, so away he must go to where they have. Men must even go to the hospital to get a plate for teeth or to get eyes tested and glasses fitted, as in Ma Phillips recent case.

Listen girls, someone must have snitched about our deal to fix the mess sergeant by cutting off the supply of can openers, for Sergt. Carter has served us pancakes several times recently and even since coming here, where we found the finest four stove mess house we ever had, why he even celebrated by serving us with open faced squash pies.

Why we have even all had a hot bath since coming here, never used to think much about this little stunt, but over here it is an event to go down in the diary.

Wonder if I ever told you about the fire departments over here, most all the houses are built of stone and not much to burn, only some large hand hewed wooden rafters, so they don't need very much, but I saw on the corner the large sign POMPE INCENDIE No. 69, so to satisfy my curiosity I went up to see No. 69. Whoa, oh Gee. Say, ever see Chief Evitts, with a Warner Brothers' red shirt on, leading the Trumbull fire department to a fire? Why they have these Frogs stopped six ways, No. 69 was a big pan on two wheels with a hand pump attached. No wonder, George Stevens, our clean cut chap from Milford, said it reminded him of home and the old rounders that used to sit on the depot platform on Saturday

night, twirling cork screws on their fingers, while watching for the late train to come in.

Most of the towns we have been in of late do not have beer for sale and it has gotten to be a by word in some companies "Fini Biere." Of course our company doesn't mind it. Plenty of wines, but they are so sickening, to most of the fellows and even to those who did formerly take a drink, that a great demand has been made for something to take its place as most every one has a so-called sweet tooth. Every man has eaten more chocolate than they ever did in the States and the demand is so great that the Y. M. C. A. cannot begin to furnish us enough, and the French confections do not begin to fill the bill. Over here a fellow will see a sign in a store about confections. You go in expecting to buy an ice cream soda or a box of 29c Saturday Specials, and they are liable to hand you out a neck tie or a pair of Paris garters, for these are included as confections. Perhaps finally after a battle of words, you manage to come out with a package of biscuit, ginger cookies or cake, and on opening them up you find that they taste about like a pretzel, only not quite so juicy.

So you had a ball game in your town, with one team of players coming in airplane and the other in submarine; thought at first it was one of those Winsted true stories. And our own Levinsky got a wallop and by a clay Indian at that. S'matter, Battler? Pardon us, dear people, for criticising, but when we read the sporting sheet of late, we say, "Why don't the fighters and ball players come over here, or don't they know there is a war on?" Some of us were over age, but we came just the same. Don't those gold stars on the arms of the parents they pass each day mean anything to them? And you girls that are getting married to officers, —think twice, are you sure you are not marrying a uniform? And you young fellows still in America seeking to be officers before you have shown your worth to Uncle Sam. I admit you will look nice in a uniform, the money is good, too, and the folks in the old home town will think you are a ring-tailed humdinger. But listen. Put yourself over here. Can you handle men? Can you write home to a Mother that her son went West, while under your command? Can you say to yourself, away down deep in your soul, that her boy was handled by a fellow with the old stuff in him that makes a Man?

Girls, stick to your lover over here if you have one. Don't be impatient, for these fellows are going through an apprenticeship to manhood that if they are spared to re-

turn, will make them big hearted, broad minded, square as a dollar, straight from the shoulder, men of tomorrow.

I thank you,

DICK BARLOW,

Sec. and Treas., Foreign Chapter.

P. S.—Two prints enclosed were taken by Sunny George Wright.

SEVENTH LETTER.

September 18th, 1918.

Bridgeport Comfort Club,

Dear Friends:—

Met a Red Cross man last night, so sent along another "All well" telegram to you. We find that you in America know very quickly through the Press, after our Division gets in action. May I explain that "All wells" to you mean no casualties in recent fighting, not necessarily no men in the hospital, for in any company there are at least one or more in all the time.

Received two days ago, my first answer to any of my letters to our Club. Hope our letters may be of interest to you and that you will let us know of any way we can aid one another.

On September 5th there was a special church service for those fallen in recent battles, and at the same service, citations were presented to a large number of men. From our company to receive them were Kwasniski, Radikin, Wall, McElroy, Banks, Stevens and Thompson. Oh, this gang of yours generally horns in on all the doings over here in one way or another. Anything without a 102nd doughboy, leatherneck, or ambulance man in it, is like a circus 'thout lemerade.

Sometime ago we met the artillery boys from your city, Capt. Bennett and all, going up the line to send over a few kisses to Heinie, via some nice new guns nearly as large as those in the Armory. Yes, and only the other night who blew in to see us but Jack Avery and Myron Jackson. You know that song about "Ain't it great to meet a lad from your home town." Well, what I mean, the writer of that song knew his little leather bound testament.

Before we left the town where I wrote last to you, several of us had the pleasure of going through a French hospital. We have hauled many a lad up to the back door

of one of these places, but this was our first time to see the boys after we left them, and it was certainly very interesting. Why in one ward where fractures were treated, some of the lads had so many pulleys, handles and riggin' around them they could almost qualify for an engineer. One even had a metal pin through his fractured knee cap and his leg held in a special adjustable German frame, while another had a leg in a plaster cast, made so he would be able to walk on it after three days, and those girls in another ward probing wounds several inches deep, made one's throat kinda get out of kilter for a minute, and we thought we were hard boiled to those things. Why, we will take off our hats to those *croix rouge* gals. Another thing makes one feel like the night he proposed to his first wife, to run ker plunk right along side of one of those big American locomotives. You know, those with the super heating riggin' on 'em like those trotting horses up at Danbury Fair, and you imagine yourself back on the old depot platform with a couple of those 1300 type rolling by and you say to yourself "Well, there goes quite a few "Liberty Bonds."

Well, as I was saying in my last letter, they were taking us around the country in big trucks, pitching tents here and there and moving so much at night that we began to feel as though we had done something we were ashamed of, or were understudying for second story work. One camp we were outside a big city, so our Committee having some money from what you sent us, went into town to see what we could buy. Well, everything was so high it seemed a shame to waste good money, but when we saw some real bananas, we could not resist, but could only buy three and one half dozen good ripe ones, but finally got a large can of jam and some cheese, and maybe they don't reap a harvest from the American soldiers, they wanted eight francs a dozen for oranges, about \$1.60, bananas cost six francs, eggs five francs.

Away we went that night for another town. Don't ask us where for we haven't seen a paper in several days and are only trusting to luck that the fellow up front don't lose that map. Wait a minute, driver, there is Vernon Peck transferred back to our company, let him on.

Hey, Ballard, all up, lucky seventh, looka that castle we are stopping near, bet that is where Bob Ritchie, of the U. M. C. used to live. Bet we all have a suite of rooms. Yep, we did? Out in tents under the trees in the rain. Anyhow the officers enjoyed the castle, we hope. 12 G. M. and still raining. All out, we move again, boys. Curses why didn't we

bring along an express wagon. This time where we stopped we could count six or seven sausages in the air and had some dugouts that had bunks so close we imagined we were on the Corsican. One dugout was named Niantic and the other Framingham, the latter having a Fort Riley annex, and maybe these roads are not jammed with all sorts of troops, teams, trucks, etc., why, the parade one sees some days makes Barnum's old show seem like corn stalk league stuff. Surely after this war, circuses and fairs will have to develop some thrillers to get the twinkle of an eyelash out of this A. E. F. bunch, for it is free to all here, save of late the Allemande bunch have been paying quite heavily. This old blood and thunder hospital bombing stuff goes away below par when the old Yanks get started after the Boche, why they only laughed at those Huns this last scrap. There is nothing on wheels that can ever stop this Amex dwarf army now.

Pardon me just a minute, Big John Smith has just come in, transferred back to us, send a note to the mess sergeant to draw rations for ten extra men tout de suite, and Corp. Morrell is putting up a notice on the board. Say listen, what do you think it was? Us fellows have finally got our orphans. Yep, sure enough, look who is here, Marie Louise Decollas, age 11, and Paul Maillard, age 6. Welcome to our dugout. Parson Davis is already appointed their Godfather. You know girls, we don't really have them with us here, just their pictures, the kids themselves are home with their parents, or I should say their Mothers, for each of their daddies have been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in this cruel war. The Red Cross handle the money, we just support them for one year. We are trying to get some pictures to send them to you, cannot of course send these first photos, as they are company property. A. E. F. boys have taken 500 orphans.

Our commanding officer was sent to the hospital several days ago and the Lieutenant, whose picture I sent to you in my last letter, has been in charge. By the way, before we forget it, everyone wants to be remembered to "Loot" Nagle.

Well, we will be gum swizzled, here comes Corp. Deutsch with another 200 from the Comfort Club. Well this is our second two hundred, Lieut. Sprague did not endorse it, but we will nail him soon and anyhow there isn't any one up here to cash it, but just wait till we get back to that two months rest in the rear ? ? ? ? ? some of you have written of, then it will come in handy, shall pay all men a share that are in our company now, that were with us our last day at Niantic. We will have to leave the transferred men to you. Speaking of the

last days at Niantic, reminds us of the day at Halifax when the wounded Tommies near a hospital there said to us, "Oh, you belong to the R. A. C., (rob a comrade) boys." Well, I am frank to admit we have a couple of 32nd degree souvenir hunters, I guess they will get into any company.

Whoa, there goes the artillery, the drive is on, and they said the 13th was unlucky, oh boy, it sure was for the Boche. They may call it an ordered retreat, but from the shell holes around here, they wouldn't have had to order us the second time; like seconds on pie we would have heard them the first time. Don't like to compliment our opponent too much, but beaucoup of them lying around here surely died with their boots on. All your boys have had wonderful experiences and seen many very interesting things of late. It seems like a trip to Germany, in fact it is Germany since 1870. All have some souvenirs to send home, have eaten Boche black bread, each loaf dated, drank their soda water, used their paper bandage, postcards, etc., and we are even playing captured records on the Victrola. By the way we had a picture taken of the Victrola the other day, while it was playing some of the new German music and we had dolled it up with its two service stripes. We will send this to you or perhaps direct to the Graphophone Company, if all those good looking girls over there will be real nice and keep their noses all powdered up good for the next couple of weeks.

Francolini and Marsten have had some great experiences, Calamity Murphy has made a fine man to send as a litter bearer, only he has to cover his nose, so as not to give the positions away, and by the way, Pomeroy and Northrop have a good deal to say about New Milford and claim two men recently had the roofs of their mouths sun burned from looking at the tall buildings there. Please find out if there is such a place, and if so, when it was annexed to America.

Someone has said that all is fair in love and war, and we think it must be, for outside the Kaiser, the meanest man in Europe is the artillery guy that untied three perfectly good horses from another company's picket line and left three saddle sore crowbates in their stead one night recently.

Say, aren't those Wanamaker Liberty Bell writing stations just the thing, wish there were more of them. Mail from home is better than medicine and especially if one is just going up. We also appreciate the Defence Council work for us.

May I offer a few suggestions about mail, the following things have been or should be barred as joy killing stuff:

Pictures of Fairfield Beach,
Quilty's dance programs and
All menu cards and mention of feeds.

The recent drive has cheered the boys up fine, 'twas a regular picnic, why we haven't had so much fun since someone hit Honeck on the bald head with the hunk of butter the last day we ate at the Fairfield restaurant.

Just a word about Rumors. Nail 'em on the head. Every man in this company has been reported either wounded or sick. Someone has little to do, to make one's friends worry more than they do.

We are at present living in German barracks. German captured water wagons, bicycles, trucks, etc., are going by, being driven by Yanks. One new lad in our outfit from Colorado. Stranger says, "Say, boy, where's this Yankee division from?" "Oh, the New England States and Colorado," says he.

Will send some paper that looks like crepe paper, but which is captured German paper bandage, also a diagnosis card, a sheet from one of their calendars and also address this letter with their ink. Will have to hand it to them on their eggs, for each one is stamped with a serial number.

A fellow has just called me Irving Cobb, then explained that he didn't mean that I wrote anything like him, but that I was most as good looking. Well, can you beat that? I'm through.

DICK BARLOW.

EIGHTH LETTER.

October 1st, 1918.

Good afternoon, Ladies:—

Anyone in the house that loves out-door life, please fall in and we will take a stroll over the hills near us. Sure bring the men folks along, have a Hun cigar or cigarette, gentlemen. We will walk slow and you girls look out and don't tear your skirts on this old barb wire. You see back of us a few miles is what used to be No Man's Land. I say back, for recently this Amex gang got out their mops and had one of those old fashioned "clean up" days and they made this "Yankee Land." Now I wouldn't swear what started those American boys to play so rough, but they say a dough boy received a letter from someone in the good old U. S. A., that you were going to tap all the Pro Germans, so he and his gang started out on a little party, but friend Hun he went so fast all they could do was to tap his shoes