

with 30-30's. Why they didn't even stop to finish their steins of beer and some even went without underwear, the Crown Prince in the lead. Yep, he sure is a great leader alright, that is when they are going out. Gee, his papa was so riled at his little pet, that he put him to bed thout supper and tore his best red kimona all up in little pieces.

Here vegetation is alive, and see, the grass is green, foliage is on the trees, even daisies, wild carrots and now and then a toad. Yes, that's where a 155 landed, see the pieces of shrapnel in the bottom and look at those trees. People say, "Why don't the men get behind the trees?" Well just count them up, there's at least six knocked down just ahead of you that are at least 42 stouts, as they say in D. M. Read's.

Just look at the view over the hills, you can see for miles and miles. Now do you believe that anyone can realize the vast areas that troops must cover, unless one has actually seen it? Those small holes, oh, they are where 75's hit and look at that old 88 over there, see those red boxes of stuff in the barrel, well that's dynamite, only they didn't get time to set it off. That's right, Mr. Wheeler, cut a cane, one needs them here, especially at night, we call 'em trench sticks. This is quite a hill alright, and I guess we are going a little too fast, for there are Mrs. Beach and Mrs. Sprague back quite a ways. Oh, Mr. Soldier, look at all those dugouts. Gracious, aren't they smashed? Do shells burst concrete and iron girders like that? Yes, dear people, it does. On this next hill is a regular sleeping metropolis of dugouts and the whole hillside is tunnelled. Guess they expected to stay another four years. Now we are on the crest of the hill and there is No Man's Land in front of you. You compare, No Man's Land must be different on every front. Sometimes it is a steep hill, then again it is a valley, but here is the real old type you see pictured most. You know the old ones, no vegetation, trees shot off in what was a forest, not a tree over three inches in diameter left standing and not a green leaf, shell holes and trenches and more trenches. Why as we poke about here, one feels like W. A. H. Hatfield estimating the damage after the Burrit fire.

Just over there is where Earl Carter and Jim O'Connell bought that two acres of land you heard of. Yes, they have it roped off, and friend Hun has already dropped a couple of 210's into it for them so they won't have much of a cellar to dig, when they start their home for ex Crowned heads. We know these folks will like these surroundings for they have spent years planning them for someone else to live in and just so as not to let them forget the big war altogether, they are go-



ing to leave a 75 near by to whang out the time of day every half hour, like a ship's bell.

Did you notice that there is no smell here like there was at the last front? Why our gang had so few casualties, that one chaplain had a funeral service on a hillside for a fallen comrade and they are not coming very fast when they can do this, and that service did us good, too.

See that sign about "Strengsten Verboten" guess the dough boys didn't study Hun at school, for we found a couple of dead ones behind the door and had to bury 'em. They sure did go "Backward Mit Gott" through here. Of course, this has been a dandy chance for some of our boys to send a little note to some reporter friend of theirs, not giving a rap about getting their names in the paper, but just to let him know they were sitting on the barbed wire in No Man's Land, with one pounders peppering at 'em, that's the impression some seem to want to create. Why I saw a picture of a lad the other day in one of our local papers, telling of his being gassed, shrapnelled, whizzbanged, shot with an air craft rifle, etc., etc., can only say if he was gassed, it must have been done by telephone.

Hope you will pardon me for having mentioned No Man's Land so many times, rest assured I have not meant it in a boastful way. We surely never could have taken this hike together, if the dough boys and leathernecks hadn't made it possible, they are the ones to credit. Any dough boy can have the shirt off this man's back any time he says the word. No gamer men ever lived.

Well let's wander back down the other road, down past the narrow gauge railroad, where the ammunition was brought up. See the ladder work up in the trees where the sniper's post was and over there are two dummy guns to fool the airplanes, look almost like those that used to be in Lyon and Grummans' window. That long belt of bullets, oh, that goes through a machine gun. Yes, those are the gas masks, helmets, boots, rifles, canteens, etc., that they used and had to leave behind. Notice their shovels with a nice round knob on the handle. I'll be gum-swizzled, if they wouldn't be fine for your street department men, they wouldn't ever slip out of their arm pits.

Down on that high hill over there one can see for miles, on every side in a complete circle, the landscape, and not a mountain or hill to obstruct his view at any one point. Did you ever see a place like that in the States? we never did. Don't get us wrong now, for when fini the guerre is a reality we won't be in no back row when passes for home are given out. Nearest we ever came to equalling this view was at Mt. Tom. Is it far?



Let's walk up. Oh, no, it's not so far, but shells drop over occasionally and they know just what they left here and know that over there is the only place to get water for miles around, so naturally there must be quite a few horses about at least, so he lets one come over now and then.

Well, we are most home now, so come up and see the dug-outs and barracks they built for us, and Gilbert will show you one of those greyish black sweaters that so many of the fellows found here. Oh yes the Hun Red Cross women didn't know it at the time, but they knitted quite a bit for us. Yes, Mam, that's a Red Cross station down there and say who do you think is in there? Donahue of Milford, and you know we stick around these Red Cross lads like the editor of the Newtown Bee at a church supper, and when they give out any chocolate or cookies, or gum, what I mean, we're not much further back in line than Gus Hannan and Jake Ahearn used to sit of a Saturday night down at the Park. Did you see the book we found here? "Die Experimentelle Bakteriologie und die Infektions etc., etc.," und by Golliès, it's a vonder, haven't found a mistake in it yet.

What are those men doing around that table in the next room? Oh, they are having a game of checkers (deux soos) and have just opened up some of that "Sons of Vets" terbaccer. No, I do not know what those other men mean, that are bent over there and are muttering something about "Baby needs a pair of shoes"; each and every member is allowed three guesses and prizes given every Tuesday.

By George, we didn't tell you about Loot Durham's Y. M. C. A. Well you see twas just like this, there were two Y. M. men in a Ford, when they got ditched, so some officers bought them out at a sacrifice sale and sold the things to us, first come first served, men from all companies horned in, and the doughboys, thinking that it was a regular Y. M., bawled them all out for further orders for not havin' nothin' any good, and Esben got all mixed up with the change, for you see there's troops from all lands here and each has a little money from his own country. Any lad that hasn't at least money from seven nations, ain't no account a tall. Anyway we will admit the candy wasn't very good and let us say right here, if that rule ever goes through, that us guys are to get a half pound of real American chocolate every ten days as a government issue, well, don't snitch, girls, but we know one lad that's going to sneak off in some corner like a Frog with a bottle of pinaud.

Whoa, here's some mail just come in, look what's here, some real old Australian official ballots for us soldier lads. Sure



we all voted alright and some wanted to vote again, but they said they wasn't giving out no seconds, but 'twas a pretty tame election, for no one was around to shake hands, say "ride in my car, and see you tonight, and you know me Bill." Not a Danny Walker around, and Mortensen was mixed up, thought John Boyle was going to run for Governor this year, and Chas. Morgan said "H——, no, that's Bill Brady of Black Rock, you mean." Think most of the fellows voted prohibition for "Beers, Just or Unjust," we heard a great many voters in the good old U. S. were learning to be tailors, at least they were going to make the saloons close.

Just a minute, ladies, here's Bud Palmer with more mail. Bill Adams writes that he is coming fine and to hold his service record, as he will be back soon, and Walter Scott writes that he will be back any day now. Foley was only getting his glasses anyway, and Thompson his ears fixed up. We hear that Charlie Johnson and Ralph Hull are back with you again, if it be true please remember us to them,

I can see that Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. Forsyth are getting a little uneasy about getting home in time to have supper ready for those men folks. Well, drop in again, we have enjoyed it, but guess you find this missile, or is it missive, about as spicy and interesting as the Congressional Record or the Farm Journal, but wait till I find a Hun typewriter as a souvenir, then I will "snap it up" as the top sergeant talks about. Sure they have already given me a little Hun machine gun cart to drag it around with.

Now about us coming home, don't get excited, I don't mean right off, certainly not till our two months' vacation we are on is over, but when we do come, let us say, never mind getting out the Fairfield Silver Cornet Band to play welcome home, or any of that stuff, for Heinie has furnished music enough. But say, better warn the kids not to holler "Duck" as we go by, for if they do you ain't going to have no parade a tall. And if any of your lads, on going out of a Saturday night, sticks a can of corned bill into his pocket, don't laugh at him, for it's just force of habit to have emergency rations along. All a fellow has to do, if he thinks he's lost over here, is to watch for tin cans along the road and he is sure the A. E. F. gang is ahead somewhere. We certainly do appreciate it that you good people in America are denying yourselves so that we can have plenty to eat, but it seems sometimes that altogether too many were saving us the aforesaid W. K. stuff, (Beer's stuff)

Yes, George Dubee still holds the record for being able to skootch more of his anatomy under a steel stetson than any-



one else in the outfit, all you can see of him is his right knee, and Goodnow has added to his record of changing a rear shoe and a spark plug at the same time, and now cooks doughnuts in the back of his car during a barrage.

Say, girls, just another minute before you go home, what do you think. We met Lieut. Powers and only two towns away from us at that, he looks fine too. And you know Bob Stewart has been sent to an Auto School. Just wait till he hollers "Right Dress" down there and all the shingles come off the roof, then they'll know Bridgeport is on the map. Yep, and Pratt and Whitney have offered to send us some nice kits, sure send em along P and W, ain't we the luckiest kids? By Golly, this sure is some gang of yours, for two lads out in front now have a French cootie and a German louse on a metal mirror, siking 'em on one another. Can you beat that?

Sit up close, girls, say who the deuce is telling this stuff about lots of the Amex boys marrying French girls? We have been around these diggins some months now and have yet to hear of a single case. Why it's just as Bill Cowie says, "What would a fellow write to one, only bon Jour and Avez vous des oeufs?"

Wish the boys coming over here now, could be tipped off to put a good jackknife in their pockets and to get a watch. Radiolite is best, for we do as much nights as we do in the day.

Well, see you up at Danbury Fair. Gee, the Fall is here, hate to think of it, but it is nearing the time when we used to start to go to Sunday School so as to get n-orang. Now our mind is on Xmas. Say, wouldn't it be grand if we could exchange our mail privilege of getting two months old newspapers and have instead boxes sent to us, say up to two or three pounds?

And to those youngsters in the "Boy Scout Troops" let us say, "Be the lads your Mudder thinks you be."

You fellows and girls, who are giving your time and money to help all us lads we say, "You're a Brick, stick to it. the Kaiser can't."

Same old,

DICK BARLOW,

Sec. and Treas. Foreign Chapter,  
Bridgeport Comfort Club.



## NINTH LETTER.

November 3rd, 1918.

Hello Central,

Hello, Hello, I say,

Give me toll line, I want to talk to America.

Oui, Oui, toute de suite, monsieur,

Never mind the we, we stuff, Hello, Hello America, yes sure I want to. I want to talk to my Comfort Club girls at, Hello Bridgeport. What? You don't know me? Why I am that soldier fellow that was the guide on our hike over here, when you paid us that visit. Guess we didn't extinguish ourselves on that trip, for to have so many ladies around was so unusual, that we did not show you many things of interest. Why we even forgot Micky the Mope, our dog. Sure it is just a plain yeller dog, but we love him all the same, for there's not a drop of Deutschhound in him, though he has been more asleep than ever, since his best friend, Harry Monahan, went to get his broken wrist fixed up. No one knows just what breed Micky is, but Rip Morgan claims him to be a cross between a window shutter and the Gulf of Mexico.

By George, yes, and right down at the foot of the hill was Lieut. Sprague and his big steam cootie machine, that Jerry's observers must have taken for a tank, for they let go a few big ones pretty close to it and maybe that company of fellows, who were taking a bath at the time, didn't beat it over the hill, a la September morn.

We should have shown you the church, too, that was our dressing station. Gee, they had so many fires in it and smoke coming out most every window, that you probably would think it was one of Crane's foundries. Lands, yes, they had so much steam there, that it would have been foolish to ever put a bell on it, why not use a whistle.

It was just this way. Down there one day, there were two men working under their truck, when the first shell came over. Mr. Hough, he beat it. Joe yells, "Hey, Ned, come back here." Second shell goes whango. (Nothing said) third shell lands nearer. Oh boy, that Wynkoop fellow had passed Ned and was kicking two rabbits along that had started up in his path and so he says between breaths, "Gee Whiz, Bunnie, if you can't run, get out of the way, and let someone that can."

It seems as if most every place that friend Heinie has to leave in a hurry, we find large numbers of rabbits and we could not understand it at first, till one day, Lee Hull was driving by some artillery and he saw right away that a leather neck has to



be a good mathematician, so naturally has the rabbits for pets, for ain't they rapid multipliers? But the hard one to figure out was why some wearers of Sam Browns, that never got near a horse or mule, persist in wearing spurs, so one day Bert Keane and Mook Vennart were around in their motor cycles, and we asked them, and Mook says right away, "Hee Hee, to keep their feet from rolling off the desk."

Well, one that fooled us for a long time was, how a certain mule down in the valley below us always seemed to know before we did when ever there was gas in the air. So they kept watch down there and found that the mice around the picket line, on smelling the gas, would run up the legs of this old mule and this tickled him so. Oh say, maybe that mule couldn't bray, too. (There's a red flare up for Winsted.)

But what has that to do with the Boche wounded when they come in our place once in a while and Brendle, Weist, Kuhn, Davis, Nuss, Gillich and Deutsch all start parley vooing Dutch to them so fast they must think they are in the old Fatherland, and another place this same bunch used to shine, was when they had their favorite fruit, saurkraut, for supper.

Well, we stayed in towns a while longer, not much doing, only Radikin had a letter from his rich Uncle, what lives on the main stem down at Noo York, and saying to be sure and fetch him some souvenir home. Now, Rad, he thought at first of a nice wheel off a 210 for Uncle's watch fob, till one day he and Crump were going down the road in that chariot of theirs and Rad he spots one of those little dinkey engines. Ah, just the thing. Yes, he brought it back all hunkadory, hooked it right off the track with his front fender.

Once in a while the Kamerad boys would send over a flock of Krupp calling cards up on the hill near our place, till we thought maybe they were laying a metal carpet on those lots, but they were only wasting good money, like the man with the palsied arm did, when he bought the wound chevrons for his six sons.

Now lately, most every mess, some officer would come around and read us some letters from the jigadier brindles in the A. E. F. about the work we were doing and you know we had had that taffy pulled on us before, so we knew that before long we would be on our way. No, not to a rest camp, but to another front and sure enough we did, and right away they posted a big long list of our fellows that had been cited in recent orders, but I am not going to mention them all here, as every man in the company did his best.

Don't forget either, folks, that after the war, Newtown's



ballot will read, Hub Beers, Mayor; Jimmy Peck and Jesse James, Sheriff and Constable, respectively. Gosh, you know when Jim first heard those peace flutterings from the peace doves, he says right away, "Well, I hope they send us home in one of those concrete boats, for my old man had a steam boat up home and you couldn't tip er over."

Vernon Peck he had to go back to the hospital again.

By Golly, that old saying, that everything comes to him who waits, came true alright, for on October 11th, we were paid thirty francs each from the Pershing Fund money that you good people raised last Fourth of July. Someone must have had the back gears thrown in on that money, till it began to look like one of those deferred payment policies, but anyway we have it and we want to thank you that had any part in it.

Up at this place where we received the money, in one of the field hospitals near us, was a British Tommy, in all his regalia. We looked up his case and found that by a mistake of some clerk, he was sent from a classification camp to F. H. No. 100-A. E. F. instead of F. H. No. 100-B. E. F., and for two months he had to stay there, and the best of it was, he was writing home to his mother that he didn't mind it and had gained several pounds. Well she didn't worry, for she thought he meant in weight.

A few days later who do you think we met? You'd never guess, so I will tell you. It was Sergt. Riley, of the U. S. of America and France. Isn't he a brick? One couldn't help but like him and he sure likes you folks and is mighty proud of Bridgeport. Oh yes, he told us all about you, that your Comfort Club was the only one of its kind in the East, and anyway we know it is the best one. He sure got a gang of snickers out of this bunch when he said you folks in America called the Naval Reserves 'The Ladies of the Lake.'

Yes, Mam, it is true that Frank Deutsch is a sergeant, and so are Jimmy Morrell and Hughey Lawlor, but don't hold it against them, for some sergeants are alright, and listen folks, don't make the terrible mistake of addressing mail to Mortensen, Swartz or Vanlindingham as Privates So-and-So, for they are real honest to goodness corporals now and are to be obeyed and respected as such. Oh no, you do not have to salute them. Mort didn't know what to do at first as he couldn't get any chevrons, so now they rip off their two service stripes, turn 'em up side down and they loom up fine, too.

Walter Scott is back with us from the hospital, but Marten had to go in on account of his rheumatism and Bob



MacDonald from exhaustion, also the fellow I referred to in our very first letter.

We want also to thank you and the Telegram for your efforts in regard to our drill money. The fault was our own, as the Telegram proves, our clerks were not onto their jobs, so now we are going to get some old National Guard vouchers, if possible and may get it yet.

We have tried and tried to think of some suggestions to send you in regard to things to put in those 3x6x9 packages and every one has different ideas, and anyway they are too small for a pie or one of Ma's chocolate walnut cakes, but here's a thing I am sure would make a hit. If you, by hook or crook, could get hold of some of those slips of paper that Uncle Sam gives out that makes a fellow promenade up to Meigs and get a blue serge suit and a derby hat, then throw his khaki in the nearest manhole, why just slide some in, down in one corner of the box, and if your name doesn't go down in the Hall of Fame, then the Kaiser ain't eating goose for Thanksgiving, for we cooked his for him over a month ago.

Jerry's gang doesn't seem to make good as bird fanciers, for just when he had his peace doves all trained and ready to go out to each nation and wrap the world all up in a little pink ribbon, why someone gums the works and the one that lit in the good old U. S. A. turned out to be a game rooster, and to cap the climax, I'll be gum swizzled, if his turkey hasn't flew the coop.

Lieut. Comfort, of New Haven, always was a regular fellow to us, but now he is the most popular man in this A. E. F. (All Excellent Fellows) gang, for he turned that captured Boche ambulance over to our company and Goodnow is running it and Corp. Davis was reduced to a private at his own request, just to be an orderly on it.

Sorensen, Watt, Francolini, Murphy, Smith and Brodsky have all been transferred as medical men to the infantry, but we see them often as they are near by.

This sure is a fine old world to live in just at present, for things of world wide interest follow one another in such rapid succession that no one can figure out just what the next few hours will bring to light, and this is the kind of life the average Yank likes and like Barnum's Circus, that silver lining to this old war cloud is looming up bigger and better all the time, but don't quit or get excited, stick to your knittin' folks, till the full count of ten over old Bill, then we can rest assured of the absolute finish of that "Me und Gott" corporation. And when the time comes for us to depart to America and that gal with the



old style flare outside New York welcomes us home, why our spirits will be so high, we can just let the boat coast down hill from there in and as we pass that Island, we are going to drop off a detail of two men to whisper in her ear, that although she is a nice girl and we like her, if she ever sees us again, she will have to throw up very many lights and then do an about face and even then she may get answered with a hob nail barrage.

Come on, come on, Old Man, rise and shine, Oh there's Cockerton, it's reveille again for

DICK BARLOW,  
Sec. and Treas., Foreign Chapter,  
Bridgeport Comfort Club.

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#### TENTH LETTER.

November, 1918.

Just a few after thoughts to my letter of the Third.

Some spoke of sending money or useful things to our Connecticut boys, who are prisoners in Germany. I find that the Red Cross are to send each one a package for Xmas, 6x9x11, I believe the law allows them, and also their friends can send them one package a month. So what we have talked of is to send the Home Office of the Red Cross at Paris, say 200 francs, to help them pay for the things they send the boys in prison camps, and as soon as I get back to the company, I shall try to have the boys let me do this.

Also someone has spoken of getting the size of the clothes that our orphans wear. It can't be did, for we'll say shoes for instance, a man's shoes over here are numbers 41 to 45. The best way to do would be to send small amounts of money at different times and let the mothers do as they think best. Little Marie, whom I saw, is rather small for eleven, and rather frail, while not sickly or serious, still her little sad face does not bespeak the best of health. You know the money the Red Cross gives the children, that was raised by different companies in the A. E. F., is not lumped, but dished out either weekly or monthly, and this does not allow for very much misuse. Marie Louise's Mother is a very rugged woman, I should say about thirty-five, and has one younger child who is a little cross-eyed, but very strong, more like the mother. Mrs. Decollas seemed to wonder what she should do after the boys went home or our year was up, so I shall try and remember and no doubt our gang will be glad to remember our kids, when the right time comes.



When we divide our money which the Comfort Club has sent us, we shall pay the recently transferred men, that I mentioned in my last letter, as they were with us when we received the next to the last check, and we haven't cashed that as yet.

And I want to say right now that I am proud to be a member of a bunch of boys that are of such a calibre that they have gone ahead conscientiously and made a name for themselves, and after all we are only just what our Mothers made us, for there are more of these boys who say that little childhood prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep" than you would ever think there were, and as they do their thoughts are lifted homeward and to their good Mothers, the fundamental bedrock of a nation.

Some twenty or more men direct from God's Country have been sent to our company, seven of them had not been paid in from two to five months, so the boys had me give them 10 francs each from our funds.

Lieut. Sprague is in command of an ambulance company next to ours now. Wish it could have been ours.

SAME OLD DICK,  
102nd Ambulance Company

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#### ELEVENTH LETTER.

"Sarrey, France,  
Dec. 16, 1918.

"Afternoon Folks:—

"As I promised, may I try and tell you how a soldier, was handled after being wounded and gassed. Let's start back along in October, after we had left the St. Mihiel 'sector' and we were most into the city of Verdun. We had heard so much of the terrible fighting that had taken place there, that we were surprised to see the city in such good condition, especially the southern end of it.

"The cathedral and girls' seminary, although shattered, were still standing. A wireless tower and also large three or four stone barracks, one mile from the city, where we were billeted were still standing. These last buildings, previous to the war, were used as a great artillery school by the French and outside of a few good sized air holes seemed very little damaged. The infantry were billeted over in the great citadel absolutely bomb proof, if that be possible, regular underground city, clean white tunnels running in all directions as far as the eye could carry, people going in, horses pulling narrow gauge