

NEWARK, N.
NOV 25
10-PM
1911



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Earl Reed Silvers
Rutgers College
New Brunswick
N.J.

Sherman L. Conklin '16 is with the
Government Ambulance in
France. His latest sent address
is S.S.U 17 - Convoy Automobiles
par B.C.M. Paris, France

He is at the front with
the French Army - "somewhere
in France" (Mr) Elizabeth Conklin
247 Bellville Av., Newark

Copy
S.S.U. No. 635
With the French Army.

June 17th 1918.

My dear Mrs. Conklin:

We, the members of S.S.U. 635 whose privilege it has been to work with Sherman for many happy months, desire to convey to you our deepest sympathy. To have known Sherman was to have loved him, and this we all did and, we think, he returned our affection, so that we also have suffered a great loss. Sherman's unfailing good nature, his ready sympathy and his eagerness to be always doing something for someone else, were an inspiration to us all. In all the time we have known "Cub", as we called him, not one of us ever heard him say one word in anger, nor express even one unkind thought of anyone. Indeed, the memory of his great heart and larger nature will always remain one of our most cherished possessions.

Our sorrow and our loss are too great to be conveyed in words, but we want you to know how much we loved Sherman, and that we can never forget him. We shall be always guided by the example he set us, and when we miss him, we shall try to remember that his call found him ready and unafraid to answer, and that he gave his life in the greatest work of this great cause, the relief of pain and torture.

If we could be of any service at all to you, please let us know.

Sincerely,

Ethelbert D. Warfield, Jr. R.B. Johnson, James W.D. Seymour,
William A. Edwards, Albert L. Gandy, James F. Hunter, Bernard A. Bridget
Chas. M. Peck, John K. Tellien, Hugh Ward Lutz,
James Palmer, William W. McCarthy, Carleton Day Wright,
John V. Ward, Jr., Edmund J. Coolidge, John C. Farmer, Samuel Bernstein,
Chester McArthur, C. Hayne Walton, Charles S. Richardson,
Guy C. Bishop, Walter G. Garritt, William H. Richards,
Gouverneur Smyth, Edwin W. Gheer, Charles H. Christian, J. DeWitt Toll, Jr.,
W.B. Wood, Lewis W. Mustard, Jr., William P. Church, James F. Hunter, J.P. Fletcher (over)

Howard W. Vander Voorth, J.P. Fletcher, Joaquin B. Calvo.
1st Lieut. B. K. Niftel.

John M. Nazel, (in hospital),
Sidney M. Eddy, " "
Herbert Harvey, " "
Robert Ogden, (in Officers' School).

Do not return



Woman's Board of Foreign Missions,

REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA.

EDITOR OF THE MISSION GLEANER,

MRS. JOHN W. CONKLIN,

247 Belleville Ave., Newark, N. J.



October 1st - The
Woman's Board of Foreign Missions,
Reformed Church in America.
Editor of the Mission Gleaner,
Mrs. John W. Conklin,
247 Belleville Ave., Newark, N. J.

My dear Annie -

Thank you so

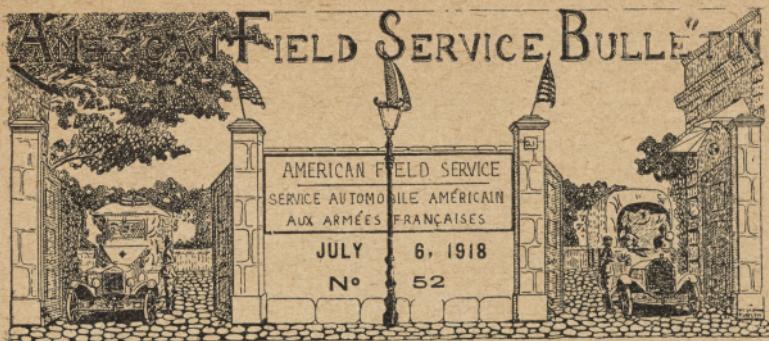
much - It is beautiful. I
don't see how any other
color could be any prettier
and I shall use it daily.

Our latest excitement is the
news from Sherman - He
was near a comrade whose
coat was on fire & saturated
with gasoline / and Sherman
caught him and tried to
beat the fire out his hands.
They tell me he succeeded
in saving the man's life,
but was badly burned.

They were both taken to the
Hospital & have the best of
care - but of course Sherman
cannot write with bandaged

hands - The new treatment
spraying with wax seems
almost miraculous in its
effects. Both boys are getting
well - the older one was more
seriously burned on chest.
Sherman will have one scar
on cheek and one between
eyebrows - The officer who
wrote home said: "We are"
everlastingly proud of him.
The French General has given
him a Croix de Guerre with
a silver star which means
a "divisional citation".

Yesterday's letter said the
other man had taken a
turn for the better - The
⁴ burning
burning has been very
painful - but I am so
glad that eyes are saved.
~~Herbert Bowlings engagement~~
is assumed by Mayome Kelly
& Chatham - Jay started today



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AIX-AND-PAINS or OVER THE TOP WITH M. P.

Personally Conducted in
SEVEN DAYS
(and Travelling Time)

PERSONS

Second Class Private Dante who has been through Purgatory, and is willing to take chances.

M. P., guide, philosopher but hardly friend.

American officers, Demi-mondes, Y. M. C. A. workers, bar-keep, permissionaires, porters, taxi-drivers, waiters and other vultures of the world back there.

I

A railway siding, halfway between Nowhere and Somewhere. Noise of passing troop and ravitaillement trains. Enter Dante and M. P.

Dante. — Where do we go from here, guide?

M. P. — We don't; we must wait here for several hours until the next passenger train arrives.

Dante. — But I am tired and hungry, and I came here for relaxation.

M. P. — You can relax on the platform.

Dante. — But can we get anything to eat.

M. P. — We could get a sandwich ; but this is a meatless day, and we don't sell bread to militaires.

(*Dante falls into a deep sleep*)

II

Paris. The boulevards. Enter *Dante* with *M. P.*

Dante. — What is this wonderful place?

M. P. — This is Paris.

Dante. — So *this* is Paris. — Where's the vampires?

M. P. — They will be along presently. That's why we must hurry away.

Dante. — But I like it here. I would fain listen to sweet music, eat expensive meals, and ride in costly taxi-cabs.

M. P. — No, no, my friend ; Paris is out of bounds.

Dante. — But who are these in Sambrown belts that look at me so hautily?

M. P. — Those, my friend, are American Red Cross officers. They live in Paris.

Dante (Wistfully). — Ah me, would that I too were such an officer.

(Enter ravishing Demoiselles)

Demis. — Monsieur, voulez-vous vous promener avec nous?

M. P. — No, my friend we must be going.

(He drags *Dante* out, the sirens clinging to his coat-tails and making lament.)

III

Aix. Dante and M. P. once more.

M. P. — This, my friend, is the home of the American Sammy. We want you to be happy here.

Dante. — Yes, yes. I'm extremely tired. I would like to go to a good hotel at once.

M. P. Well, let's see ; we take them alphabetically. Here is your card ; you go to the Dilapidation.

Dante. — Well, I'm a sport. I don't mind taking my turn, but I should like a good hot bath.

M. P. — Um — here are the regulations « Every man is entitled to a hot bath upon arrival, if hotel has a bath. »

Dante. — That's good. Has our hotel a bath?

M. P. — Unfortunately not.

IV

Aix again. M. P. and Dante as before.

M. P. — Is this not a beautiful country?

Dante. — Magnificent! What is there to do?

M. P. — A variety of things. Perhaps you would like to go round to the Y. M. C. A. It was a gambling hall before the Americans came.

Dante. — Oh, what a fall was there my countrymen!

M. P. — Or you can take long walks, or go for a bicycle ride. You leave from the Y. M. C. A.

Dante. — No, I did quite a bit of walking out in Purgatory, and it's a bit warm for cycling.

M. P. — There are many nice trips to take.

Dante. — That's fine; I'd like to drop down to Grenoble, or Annecy or Avion or Chamonix.

M. P. — Those places, my friend, are out of bounds; but you can go to the Y. M. C. A.

Dante. — Not just yet. Suppose we go round to the Hotel Spondulix and get a cock-tail.

M. P. — The Hotel Spondulix is out of bounds; and so are cock-tails, though you may have light wine and beer.

Dante. — I don't think I should like the mixture. Is there anything good that *isn't* out of bounds?

M. P. — The Y. M. C. A.

Dante. — Then I suppose we have got to go there. I met two awfully attractive French girls at the hotel; let's take them around and dance.

M. P. — The Y. M. C. A. is out of bounds for them.

V

The Y. M. C. A. Dante, with M. P., enters timidly.

M. P. — Welcome here, friend. Do as you please — go the limit.

Dante. — But who are these that smile so sweetly, who dance so incessantly, and talk and chat so gaily?

M. P. — They are the Y. M. C. A. workers, and it is their business to entertain our soldiers.

Dante. — But I thought only men belonged to the Y. M. C. A. M. P. (archly). — You see you were mistaken.

Dante. — It must be very hard for them to be kind and cheerful all the time.

M. P. — Oh, no, it is their work. They are cheerful whether they are happy or not. They are very nice people.

Dante. — That's just it. I didn't know there were so many 'Nice' people left. I had forgotten it out there. But tell me, who are these who in khaki ride so feverishly on bicycles and sing so joyously and play the ukelele?

M. P. — They are permissionaires from the front having a good time.

Dante. — Great guns, they're not the men that I know out there. It's all very nice, but isn't the kind of fun that I enjoy. There must be something radically wrong with me.

(*He seats himself in an armchair and loosens his collar.*)

M. P. — Calm yourself, my friend, and quickly! — button up your collar or some officer will see you and send you home.

(*Dante only moans.*)

You are faint, shall I get you a grape-juice? (*D. shakes his head.*)

Or an orangeade? (*D. refuses*) or a cup of chocolate?

Dante. — No, no, If you love me, take me away. How long did you say we must stay here.

M. P. — Seven days.

Dante. — But can't we leave tomorrow if we like?

M. P. — Absolutely not. No man is going to be cheated of his vacation.

(*Dante is borne out by attendant M. P. s.*)

VI

An American Bar. Dante, alone, is seen to enter stealthily. He speaks guardedly to the bar keep and gives him money in French bills. The barkeep takes a bottle and pours out a drink which Dante down's behind a palm tree, smacking his lips. The process is repeated several times. Finally at the last drink there is a step at the door, and Dante turns in the act of drinking to face M. P. who expresses signs of horror. Tableau.

VII

A third class railway carriage. Dante and M. P. hunched in a corner. Several poilus snoring and eating garlic. Pinard leaking from a bidon on hat-rack.

Dante. — Will we never get there?

M. P. — Yes, my friend, we are arrived.

(*They descend.*)

Dante. — And where are we now?

M. P. — Back in Purgatory.

Dante. — Thank God!!

Curtain (of fire)

(To be continued four months later.)

L. W.

IN MEMORIAM SHERMAN CONKLIN

To The Field Service Bulletin :

Sherman L. Conklin, the S. L. C. whose verse and prose contributions have so enlivened The Bulletin, was killed in action on June 12th. He had gone to a front line poste de secour and was waiting for his ambulance to be loaded, when a shell fell at his side, a piece of éclat striking him in the head and causing instant death.

Because of his unfailing good nature he had endeared himself not only to the members of the section but to all those Frenchmen with whom he came in contact, and the feeling of loss which followed the news of his death soon spread throughout the division. Scores of French comrades had reason to remember some little thoughtfulness or kindness at the hands of " Cub ", who was forever busying himself in trying to bring a little more cheerfulness and a little more happiness into the lives of all those with whom he came into contact.

Conklin was the section poet and the section scribe and section literature has been enriched by many a gem from his pen. He enlisted in the United States, going to the old ambulance camp in Allentown, when that camp was in its rather chaotic infancy. He came to France in August and joined the section Nov. 8th, 1917. It was early in January that " Cub " performed an act of heroism that nearly cost him his life at that time, and for which he, fittingly, received the coveted Croix de Guerre.

An explosion of gasoline set fire to the clothing of John (Nip) Nazel and he was enveloped in flames. Disregarding the danger to himself, Conklin, who was very large, took Nazel, who is very small, in his arms, and literally tried to smother the flames. It was due to his efforts that Nazel's life was saved, but both were badly burned and for two months were in the hospital. In fact, Conklin had just returned from his convalescence leave when the Germans began their desperate attempt in the Somme.

On the Somme, as later in the Aisne, Conklin distinguished himself by his utter devotion to duty, his indefatigable energy

and his total disregard of danger. He liked nothing better than to be transporting blessés from the first lines and none was a more careful driver than he. Frenchmen who were evacuated in Conklin's car were twice fortunate because not only did they receive the most careful of treatment, but most of Conklin's supply of tobacco was given with a generous hand to those of the wounded who smoked.

Conklin has answered his last call, but he has left behind an example that will be an inspiration to the section as long as it is in existence. He is missed as no other member of the section could be missed, but at least there is this, that he died in the service in which he was most happy to devote all his abilities and energy.

J. B. CALVO.

CITATIONS

CITATIONS OF S. S. U. 622 (OLD 65)

SPONAGLE James M., Lieutenant Américain à la S.S.U. 622 :

« Venu des premiers sur le front français comme volontaire, s'est toujours fait remarquer parmi les braves ».

« Le 27 mai 1918, dans un poste avancé violemment bombardé où il surveillait son service, a été contusionné par un éclat d'obus et a fait preuve dans cette circonstance, du plus calme sang-froid ».

HILL Ralph B., caporal à la S.S.U. 622 :

« A assuré, pendant la nuit du 15 mai 1918, les évacuations d'un poste particulièrement exposé et bombardé par obus toxiques. Est un exemple de courage et de dévouement ».

MACNAIR Hugh W., Conducteur à la S.S.U. 622 :

« Conducteur modèle, toujours volontaire pour les missions dangereuses. S'est fait remarquer par son sang-froid dans les nuits du 15 et du 16 mai 1918 ».

UPSON Millard C., Conducteur à la S.S.U. 622 :

« Conducteur très brave et dévoué. S'est fait remarquer dans les nuits du 15 et du 16 mai 1918 par son réel mépris du danger ».

CITED IN U. S. ARMY ORDERS FOR BRAVERY IN CANTIGNY BATTLE

Lieutenant H. A. Innes-Brown (S.S.U.3) : For efficiency and coolness in the evacuation of wounded at personal risk under trying conditions.

IN MEMORIAM

COLEMAN T. CLARK

Word has just been received that Coleman T. Clark died on May 29th at a French evacuation hospital as a result of wounds received in action. Clark came to France as a volunteer in the American Field Service in May 1916 and joined Section 3 in Lorraine. He was with the Section at Verdun and in November went with it to the Balkans serving there for six months, where he received the *Croix de Guerre*. He returned to France in November 1917 and went to the French Artillery School at Fontainebleau where he graduated as an aspirant in the French Army and left soon after to join his regiment.

GORDON K. MACKENZIE

Gordon K. Mackenzie (S.S.U. 10) died in a hospital on June 22nd from wounds. He was wounded by a shell while helping load his ambulance with wounded at a poste. Newcomb (S.S.U. 2) was with him at the time but only received slight injuries. Mackenzie joined the Field Service in November 1917 and went with Section 10 to the Balkans. On the return of this section to France he enlisted in the U. S. Army Ambulance Service and was attached to S. S. U. 626 (old S.S.U. 2).

MEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION

Charles Conrad Jatho (S.S.U. 19) during the last advance he was at his post with his ambulance, and nothing has been heard of him since. Jatho went out with Section 19 in July 1917. He was 29 years old, from Hobart College and his home was Albany, N. Y.

Ralph Everett Ellinwood joined the service June 9; 1917 was in T. M. U. (242-397) Enlisted Reserve Mallet and was transferred to S. S. U. 624 U. S. A. A. S. 11/12/17. He was 24 years of age, from Amherst College and his home was Bisbee, Arizona.

Don Carlos Murphy (S. S. U. 48) joined Section 18 Oct. 18, 1917 transferred to Sec 642. U. S. A. A. S. 2nd of Nov. 1917. He was 23 years old, from Cincinnati University and his home was Lincoln, Illinois.

William Jenks Wright (S. S. U. 48 joined Section 18 May 8th, 1917 and was transferred to Section 642 U. S. A. A. S. on November 2, 1917. He was 21 years old, from Haverford College, and his home was in Philadelphia.

SECTION NOTES

S. S. U. 635 (old 17)

S. S. U. 635 (Old 17) has been saddened by the death of Sherman L. Conklin and the wounding of Sidney (Sy) Eddy and John (Nip) Nazel, in the action from which the section just has come to a much welcomed repos. Conklin was killed and Eddy injured by éclat from shells, but Nazel was particularly unfortunate in that his injury was due entirely to inhuman practices of the Germans.

Nazel was standing in a poste de secour which was located in a large chateau near the front and which was plainly marked with a large Red Cross flag. A Boche aviator swooped down on the poste, raking it with machine gun fire. A bullet came through a window, the glass of which long since had been shattered by shell-concussion, and struck Nazel. It passed directly through his right thigh, and gave a painful but not dangerous wound. At present he is in Base Hospital No. 9, AEF.

Eddy was driving along a road that had been frequently bombarded, when a shell landed near his car, wrecking it but injuring only Eddy. He received a piece of éclat in his head but, fortunately, his wound likewise was not dangerous and before many weeks will be "home again" with the section.

The section is proud in the possession of 10 (count'em) new chassis to replace three that have been démolished by shells, and others that have given up the ghost under the extraordinary calls made upon them. Seemingly, even a Ford has his limit! The new chassis are OD and when next the section moves on duty all the cars will have received liberal applications of paint and the section will present a strange appearance.

Five men are taking the waters at Aix. They are Walter Garritt, Chester McArthur, Louis Mustard, William Church and Jefferson Coolidge.

The return of Lieut. Neftel from Paris gave the section its first glimpse of the new overseas hat. It could not help but be an improvement — anything would have been an improvement, — over the old overseas nightmare. It was voted a success.

Marty Muldoon, who manicures the big White, is the one disconsolate member of the section. Back home Marty (of COURSE he's Irish) had a way with the chickens that any Irishman can explain or duplicate. In the course of the French retreat Marty attached himself to five chickens — of the eating variety. He was going to fatten 'em but for some reason the chickens did not take to him very fast, and one morning they disappeared. Since when Marty has had to content himself with anticipating the regular section fare. It is said that certain others could tell but, SSH!

J. B. C.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

D. J. Post	S.S.U.	9	Artillery School at Fontainebleau.
J. H. Canney	S.S.U.	4	Artillery Shool at Fontainebleau.
E. M. Gildea	T.M.U.	133	Elève Aspirant, 52 ^e Brigade, Ecole Militaire d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau.
David L. Garratt	S.S.U.	66	Elève Aspirant, 52 ^e Brigade, Ecole Militaire d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau.
Robert B. Hyman	T.M.U.	242	Elève Aspirant, 52 ^e Brigade, Ecole Militaire d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau.
Oliver S. J. Rice	T.M.U.	397	Q. M. C. of the U. S. A. Washington, D. C.
John Albert Tomlin	S.S.U.	17	U. S. Aviation in U. S. A.
Atherton Howard Smith	S.S.U.	13	Sgt. Engineers, unassigned, in U. S. A.
Paul Wakeman Price	T.M.U.	133	Cadet, U. S. Army Aviation in U. S. A. Cadet, O. T. C. Heavy Artillery Fortress Monroe.
John G. Rothermel	S.S.U.	66	
W. C. Sanger	S.S.U.	9	1st Lieut. Infantry, U. S. R. A. E. F.
J. Hopkins Smith	S.S.U.	3	Ensign U. S. Navy.
R. K. Gooch	S.S.U.	4	1st Lieut. Coast Artillery A. E. F.
Elmer J. Rose	S.S.U.	17	2nd. Lieut. L. R. C. U. S. U. S. A.
Kenneth M. Reed	S.S.U.	67	Assistant — Bureau of Exp. War Trade Board, N. Y. Office.
Preston Whitcomb	S.S.U.	72	D. C. U. S. A. Export Clerk War Trade Board, Washington.
Walter Phelps Hall	T.M.U.	133	Army Y. M. C. A. Camp Educational Director Camp McClellan.
Harold Kingsland	S.S.U.	1	2nd. Lieut. U. S. Signal Corps.
D. V. Rice	S.S.U.	3	1st Lieut. 369 U. S. Infantry ; A. E. F.
Arthur Kingsland	S.S.U.	3	American Red Cross.
Irving Williams	T.M.	184	Pvt. Company 37 Sect. B. 10th Battalion 153 D. B. Camp Dix.
B. C. Tower (T. M. Camp)			Pvt. American Mission M. T. D. American E. F.

Robert G. Eoff, a charter member of the S. S. U. 48, and in the French Aviation from last July, has just been commissioned second lieutenant in the U. S. Air Service. He expects to leave soon again for the front.

VISITORS AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD

John G. Craft (T.M.U. 133) American Aviation ; Richard B. English (S.S.U. 29) American Aviation ; Parker K. Elis (S.S.U. 9) 90^e Brigade Ecole Militaire Fontainebleau ; James M. Parmelee (S.S.U. 27) 90^e Brigade Ecole Militaire Fontainebleau ; B. K. Neftel (S. S. U. 8 and 17) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; W. J. Losh (S.S.U. 14 and 10) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; W. C. Sauger (S.S.U. 9) 1st Lieut. Infantry U. S. R. ; R. K. Gooch (S.S.U. 4) 1st Lieut. Coast Artillery ; J. R. Greenwood (S.S.U. 8 and Vosges Det.) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; E. J. Curley (S.S.U. 3) Aspirant French Artillery ; D. Rice (S.S.U. 3) 1st Lieut. U. S. N. G. Infantry ; L. A. MacPherson (S.S.U. 19) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; W. Gwynn (S.S.U. 8) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; William M. Barber (S.S.U. 3) Aspirant French Artillery ; Robert E. Dickerman (T.M.U. 184) American Red Cross ; Robert Stinson (T.M.U. 133) American Red Cross ; Robert D. Caney (T.M.U. 526) American Red Cross ; C. A. Blackwell (S.S.U. 64) 52^e Brigade Ecole d'Artillerie ; R. R. Ball (S.S.U. 69) 52^e Brigade Ecole d'Artillerie ; W. Parmenter Hunt (S.S.U. 13) U. S. S. A. S. ; W. T. Corry (S.S.U. 13) U. S. A. A. S. ; Robert G. Eoff (S.S.U. 18) French Aviation Es. Spa 157 ; Frank A. Cooper (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S. ; Douglas P. Maxwell (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S. ; John W. Ames (S.S.U. 2) 45^e Brigade Ecole d'Artillerie ; Hardwicke M. Nevin (S.S.U. 32) U. S. A. A. S. ; H. W. Patterson (T.M.U. 133) 52^e Brigade Ecole d'Artillerie ; W. S. Rollins (T. M. U. 184) A. R. C. Italian Service ; W. J. Bingham (S. S. U. 30 and 2) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; F. D. Benham (T.M.U. 397) 43rd Reg. T. M. ; A. K. Dearborn (T.M.U. 397) Purchasing Staff Q. M. ; Austin T. Tubbs (T.M.U. 397) B Co. 2nd U. S. Engineers ; J. H. Canney (S.S.U. 4) 32^e Reg. d'Artillerie ; Arthur Dallin (S.S.U. 1) 32^e Reg. d'Artillerie ; John S. Spaulding (T.M.U. 526) U. S. Air Service ; H. D. Wood (S.S.U. 69) 32^e Reg. Ecole d'Artillerie ; H. C. Wesley (S.S.U. 69) 32^e Reg. Ecole d'Artillerie ; Thomas Means (T.M.U. 526) Headquarters M. T. S. ; George W. Deforest (S.S.U. 16) U. S. A. A. S. ; F. C. Jones (T.M.U. 133) Bennet Wells (T.M.U. 526) 1st Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; Benjamin Carpenter (T.M.U. 133) Ecole Militaire, Fontainebleau ; Will E. Daggett (S.S.U. 27) American Red Cross ; Edward D. Kendall (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S.

AWARDS

The prizes offered for contributions to the Fourth of July Number of the American Field Service Bulletin have been awarded as follows :

TWENTY-FIVE FRANCS for the best design for a cover for that special number, to Walter J. Gores, S. S. U. 636 (old. 18).

TWENTY-FIVE FRANCS for the best poem embodying the spirit of the day, to Paul M. Fulcher, S. S. U. 631 (old 13).

LETTERS TO THE BULLETIN

Editor,

The American Field Service *Bulletin*,

I want to thank you for sending me a copy of your 48th issue. I did not even know the *Bulletin* was still in existence and enclose a five franc note towards a six months subscription. I have been in America six months after leaving the Field Service last fall, and now once more in France would very much like to get in touch with several members of the old T. M. U. 526. If you can send me the addresses in France of the following men : Louis G. Mudge, Frank H. Cary and Arthur E. Ralston, I will appreciate it very much.

George C. SEELEY,

Very truly yours, _____ (formerly T. M. U. 526).

A former member of Section 18 writes :

" Among the late arrivals in the sector have been some negro troops. Before the recent attack one was observed to be without either rifle or bayonet. When questioned as to this he remarked, " Naw boss, ah don' wan' no rifle cause ah's got my li'l razor." During the thick of the fighting, when the men advanced, the same negro was seen here and there, furiously waving his razor. Approaching a big Boche, the negro was observed to make a pass at the other's neck, and though to all appearances he had struck him, no signs of it appeared. The Boche thinking to worry the negro remarked " Well I fooled you that time ". He was rather stunned, however with the reply : " Don' yuh fool yose'f ; yuh jess wait 'till yuh try an' turn yuh haid. "

TO THE PHILADELPHIA LADY

In reply to the Old Philadelphia Lady who wants to tell when she sees an Ambulance with the U. S. A. A. S. number on it what the former Field Service number was.

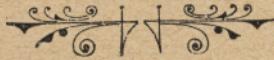
I beg to make a few remarks with a view to clearing up this tangle, for such it seems to be. As far as I can see there is no

sure and easy way to tell unless she asks the driver of the Ambulance or gets its number and writes to Headquarters for the information. I am sure they have some way of telling but I will bet an ice cream soda or a cup of tea, that they can't tell without looking at a long chart about two feet long.

It occurred to me that our dear old friend is merely inquisitive for how in the world could she see our ambulances in Paris? Surely she does not frequent the front. And if she really does go up to the front the easiest way is to look at the driver's " uniform ". Ten to one somewhere on him will shine forth the number of his old Field Service Section. And if you do not see this just listen to him growl.

It is barely possible that the Old Field Service number will be painted under the present U. S. A. S. number so that our Old Friend who is always with us will know when she sees an ambulance go by what the Old Field Service number was. Who can tell?

" Philosopher ", S. S. U. 650.



loved wife of Isaac Cohen, died Wednesday, July 10, 1918. Funeral Thursday, July 11, at 10 A. M. sharp, from her late residence, 147 Driggs Av., Brooklyn. Omit flowers.

CONKLIN.—On June 12, Sherman L., of Ambulance Corps, son of Mrs. John W. Conklin of 247 Belleville Av., Newark, N. J., killed in action in France.

CROSBY.—On July 4, in Yokohama, Japan, Julia Neilson, daughter of the late William Henry and Josephine M. Crosby, in the 85th year of her age.

ENGELHARD.—Nannie, widow of Abraham

August 5, 1918.

Madam do you

Permit a Catholic priest to express to you, Madam, his feelings of sincere condolence. I am

Madam,

It is a Catholic chaplin attached to the 8th infantry cuirassiers who addresses these lines to you. Kindly pardon me; but I thought you might be happy to know that he who writes you this was with your son when the shell exploded.

I liked Herman very much, so serious a nature and so artistic a soul. We were rapidly becoming friends in spite of the fact that our acquaintance was so recent. Your son, Madam, was very congenial to me.

We happened upon one another before Donusnerton in the Somme, in the forest not far from Montgobert. We were chatting peacefully in spite of the shells that were exploding around us. Alas! it was to be our last conversation. A shell fell in our midst and several men were struck, among them your dear son. After the first shock, I went to him, made the sign of the cross upon his forehead as a last benediction and repeated a prayer in the name of his mother. Your son, Madam, was as though he slept.

Some of the men unfortunately were wounded: two of our surgeons. After having carried these off with the assistance of Bridget, a friend of Herman's, I returned I did my utmost to bring the body of our poor comrade to his American friends, who buried him at Mortefontain.

These particulars, Madam, may be of

interest to you.

Permit a Catholic priest to express to you, Madam, his feelings of sincere condolence. May God be with you in your great sorrow.

Kindly accept, Madam, the assurance of my deep and religious respect.

(Signed)

J. B. Pelletier, S. J.

Rutgers Man Falls While In Action

**Sherman Conklin, Winner
of the Croix de Guerre,
Killed Within Week of
Classmate and Fraternity
Brother, "Jimmy"
Scarr.**

(From Daily Home News, Thursday,
July 11, 1918.)

News was received in this city today of the death of Sherman Lindsley Conklin, killed in action on June 12, 1918. Mr. Conklin was a member of S. S. U. 635, of the Ambulance Corps of the United States Army, and had been serving in France for almost a year, where he had established a name for himself for courage. In December of last year he saved a comrade from burning to death, and in doing so was so severely burned himself that he was confined to the hospital for five weeks. This act, coupled with others of a heroic nature, resulted in his being awarded by the French government the Croix de Guerre with palms.

Immediately upon his discharge from the hospital Conklin rejoined his section and went back into the service. Never foolhardy, he was constantly showing a courage that evoked praise from those with whom he was associated.

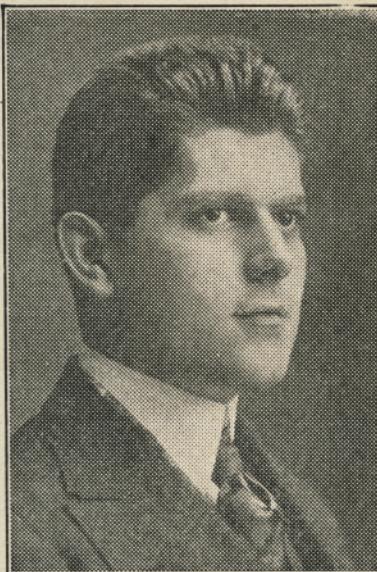
At the time he was burned letters were received by friends in this city from some of these men, in which they spoke of Conklin as one of the bravest men in action.

Since his recovery and re-entry into service he had been working very hard. Possessed of a magnificent physique and absolutely fearless, no hours of work were too long for him. In a letter to a friend in this city written but a few days before his death he said: "I'm all in. Tired as ever I was in my life, I am writing to you to quiet down enough to go to sleep. I never knew that I had nerves before. But right now I feel as though I could see things. Not visions, either, but rotten things that would be half memory and half imagination.

"I've had about eight hours of sleep in the last seventy-two. You have probably been reading in the papers about what has been done and is being done. It was steady work night and day for us until either the cars or the men gave out. If the men gave out they gave the cars to aides and kept right on running. The men are a great gang, this 635. Some of them had to have

their cars taken away from them by force, although they were wobbly on their pins and their eyes reddened and almost shut with the dust and the steady work. And it was work up where Friend Fritz was making a merry little hell all his own. We weren't safe any of the time, much, because of the Boche fellow's aerial system. Believe me, you get a tremendously helpless feeling when you hear the machine gun rattle overhead, and you can sometimes see the dust spurt. And you have to go right on driving, resisting a panicky desire to jump out and run for the nearest ditch.

"My old gang of Section 86 calls it carpet practice. And it becomes an instinct. When you hear that whine and you are just standing around or walking, believe me, you give the most lifelike imitation of old Dr. Sieyphus pushing friend



SHERMAN CONKLIN

stone up the hill that I ever saw.

"We are out of it now for a little bit. And maybe I won't sleep to-night. Oh, boy! We hope to go on 'repos' pretty soon. And believe me, when this gang wants a quiet time, it means that they have had some amount of action.

"It's too dark to go on. Anyway, I'm too sleepy. Regards to the gang, and to yourself."

Ten days after this letter was written Conklin was killed.

Received Early Education in Metuchen

Sherman Lindsley Conklin was the son of the late Rev. John W. Conklin, and was about 24 years old. He received his early education in Metuchen, where his father was pastor of the Reformed Church of that place. Later he attended Bar-

ringer High School of Newark, and entered Rutgers College with the class of 1916. In Rutgers he made a splendid record for himself. An excellent student, he took a keen interest in his studies, particularly those of a literary nature. Possessing a beautiful voice, he won for himself a place on the Glee Club.

Man of Many Activities in College

He was on the Targum staff in his senior year, being an assistant editor, and editor of the Targum Drops column. With the adoption of swimming as a 'varsity sport he was elected captain of the team, and took it through a season without a defeat. He was a member of the Philoclean Literary Society and one of the most popular and respected men in Rutgers. He joined the Delta Upsilon fraternity in his freshman year, the same fraternity of which James B. Scarr was a member. These classmates and fraternity brothers gave their lives for their country within the same week.

Upon graduation from college Conklin taught English in Bay Brook High School, leaving there to assume a responsible business position in Auburn, N. Y. He remained there until the outbreak of the war, when he enlisted in the Ambulance Corps for immediate service, being stationed at Allentown for a time before going over.

He is survived by a mother, John W. Conklin, of Newark; a sister, Miss Elsie Conklin, who is on a mission to India, and two brothers, Archy and Robert, one an architect, the other an engineer, in France. He was engaged to Miss Ellen Hovey, of Riverside Drive, New York.

In the American Field Service Bulletin of May 18 appears the following citation:

"Sherman L. Conklin, an American driver, of the S. S. U. 635. He always showed the finest courage, and the most eagerness for sacrifice. Seeing one of his comrades in danger, he did not hesitate to risk his life to save him. Greatly blessed in accomplishment of this act of sacrifice."

"LE GENERAL COMMANDANT
La 97e D. I., Lejaille."

On the cover of the same issue appears the following poem by Conklin, entitled "Dawn":

Across the calm, clear sky of God
A great white glory gleams.
The young men find the altar stairs
Of world-rapt hopes and dreams.
The Beast shall crumble into dust,
The blood-stained crown will fall
Before the shining armies
Of the Lord, the God of All.

Bow down, oh ye of high estate,
Bow down, oh ancient might.
Out of the dim, grey, faithless years
The world moves into light.
The thunder guns that reel the world
Shall sound the mighty call
Before the shining armies
Of the Lord, the God of All.

August 5 ,1918.

Madam,

It is a Catholic chaplin attached to the 8th Infantry cuirassiers who addresses these lines to you. Kindly pardon me; but I thought you might be happy to know that he who writes you this was with your son when the shell exploded.

I liked Sherman very much, so serious a nature and so artistic a soul. We were rapidly becoming friends in spite of the fact that our acquaintance was so recent. Your son, Madam, was very congenial to me.

We happened upon one another before Denusseron in the Somme, in the forest not far from Montebert. We were chatting peacefully in spite of the shells that were exploding around us. Alas! it was to be our last conversation. A shell fell in our midst and several men were struck, among them your dear son. After the first shock, I went to him, made the sign of the cross upon his forehead as a last benediction and repeated a prayer in the name of his mother. Your son, Madam, was as though he slept.

Some of the men unfortunately were wounded; two of our surgeons. After having carried these off with the assistance of Bridget, a friend of Sherman's I returned and did my utmost to bring the body of our poor comrade to his American friends, who buried him at Mortefontain.

These particulars, Madam, may be of interest to you.

Permit a Catholic priest to express to you, Madam, his feelings of sincere condolence. May God be with you in your great sorrow.

Kindly accept, Madam, the assurance of my deep and religious respect.

(Signed)

J.B.Pelletier,S.J.

Aug. 16, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Conklin,-

I cannot express my regard for the bravery of you who have sacrificed so much more than a mere physical life. I know Sherman appreciates it with all the vividness of his present understanding.

Nothing could have been nearer to Sherman's desire concerning, if necessary, than were the actual circumstances. He was waiting for his load of wounded at our farthest post in front of the village of Montgobert, a little north of the Villers Cotterets. At the time he was speaking to a French priest who is attached to one of the regiments. The shell struck in the midst of the little group killing Sherman instantly and wounding several others. He died as he had wished with a smile on his lips, and for the lives of the men who fall. The body was laid at rest the next day in the little village cemetery of Taillefontaine and the spot marked with a cross. The French Catholic mass was read while cannon roared in the valley at one side and shrapnel burst over the other side.

Our hearts are all with you in your great sacrifice, tho' we can express our sympathy only in clumsy words.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Chas. Peck.

247 Belleville Ave.,
Newark, N.J.
Sept. 12, 1918.

Mr. E. R. Silvers,
Rutgers College
New Brunswick, N.J.

My dear Mr. Silvers,-

The original of the above came to Mother in this morning's mail, and I am sending it at once to you, if you care, and care to, include it with the letters Mother has already sent. I am also enclosing the original of a letter from the priest to whom Sherman was speaking at the time. As I am unfamiliar with

French, I dare not copy it. Of course you realize how very precious this letter is to us, and I know you will not let it go out of your hands, and will return it at once to us, please. And may I ask that you have it translated very accurately please, for in the article in the "Home News", - "Blessie" was carelessly translated to ~~mean~~ "blessed" !!

Yours sincerely,

'Miss' Elisabeth W. Cocklin

P.S.

If you cannot use the enclosed snap shot taken the day before, please return it at once to us, in the enclosed envelope.

E.W. Cocklin

September 3, 1918.

Mrs. J. W. Conklin,
263 Belleville Avenue,
Newark, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Conklin,

We are anxious to have Sherman's picture in the October issue of the RUTGERS ALUMNI QUARTERLY together with a full account of his life and death. We shall be very grateful if you will send us a photograph of him; also whatever details you may have about his death. perhaps a letter or two from his comrades, or a letter from Sherman himself. Everything will be well taken care of and returned to you undamaged within a week of its receipt.

Sherman's death was a big shock to his many friends at the college. His life was so full of promise that it seemed wrong, somehow, to have it cut off so abruptly. But it must be a world of comfort to you to have had such a son. I am sure that he died with a smile on his lips, and with the knowledge that he had not made so splendid a sacrifice in vain. We Rutgers men are very proud of him.

Very sincerely yours,

Glastonbury, Conn
Sept 9. 1918

My dear Mr Silvers.—

I am very sorry for this delay, but I have not been home and your letter has just reached me — I will send at once this evening or tomorrow morning, a photograph of Sherman — with copies of letters from the section

and from him - I cannot
get them together just
now in time for this
mail - but will send
them within ~~Twenty~~<sup>5⁰⁰
four hours - I know
your time is limited
if you need copy for
the October number -
I have sent to the D. U.
Quarterly for a copy of
the June issue containing</sup>

63
Six poems by Sherman
It is to come to you direct.

I cannot think of Sherman
as gone - He has not gone.
For I know he is very near
me all the time.

Yours very sincerely
Elizabeth J. Crittlin

247 Belleville St.
Newark, N.J.

September 27
1 9 1 8

Mrs. J. W. Conklin
247 Belleville Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

My dear Mrs. Conklin:

Owing to the unusual pressure
of business accompanying the opening of college
I have been unable to have the enclosed letter
translated until now. I am, however, sending
you a translation which was made by Professor
Hauch of our faculty. Thank you very much for
your kindness in sending it to us.

Very sincerely yours,

Enc.

My dear Mr. Silcox

Thank you for
the letter & translation
from the French priest.
Will you lend me at
least one dozen copies
of the Alumnus Quarterly
and let me know the
cost? If before Oct.
1st - at 3^½ Summer St
Newark, N.J. After
that my address will
be International Institute

San Antonio, Texas
Thanking you for your
kindness, I am
Yours sincerely
Elizabeth Franklin

October 24th 1918

October 6. 1918

My dear Mr. Silvers —

I am sorry to trouble you - but can you return the photograph used in making the cut? It's the only one I have of that kind, & it would take some time to replace it.

Yours sincerely

Elizabeth J Conklin

I am leaving for Texas on the 12th but mail sent to 313 Summer Ave Newark will reach me

October 10
1918

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Conklin,
313 Summer Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

My dear Mrs. Conklin:

I am sending you under
separate cover Sherman's picture. I am
sorry that I have not returned it sooner
but it has been necessary to hold it in
order to have the cut made.

Very sincerely yours,

G

January 2, 1919

Miss Elizabeth W. Conklin,
313 Summer Avenue
Newark, N.J.

My dear Miss Conklin:-

Thank you very much for your letter of December 22nd enclosing check for \$4.00 for the Alumni Quarterlies which were sent you. I hope you do not mind, but I am returning your check. It is very good of you to send it but the Alumni Quarterly is at present self-supporting and we are only too glad to be able to serve in sending to Sherman's family copies of the magazine containing his 'In Memoriam' article. It is very little that we can do but I trust that we can do that much for him.

I am rather at a loss as to how to answer definitely your question about securing copies of the Targum. If you will give me a little time I shall try to find out the best way in which we may gather together all of Sherman's writings. I shall try very hard to find some way which will not necessitate your coming to New Brunswick and doing the work yourself and shall write you just as soon as I can conveniently arrange things.

Under separate cover is going six copies of the Quarterly to Miss Ellen C. Hovey.

Very sincerely yours,

135 East French Place
San Antonio
Texas

January 24, 1919

My dear Mr. Silvers —

It was very kind
to let us have all those
copies of the Quarterly.
and I cannot half thank
you - I feel as if I should
not ask for any more
copies without paying
for them - There are so

many of Sherman's
friends, who would not
see the Inutility. To
whom I want to send
copies - I am thinking
of the men in his
Ambulance Section in
France, and of others.

Would it be possible
for us to have more
Copies? I will be so
glad to pay for them

With kind regards &
Thanks for your great
kindness, and memories
of hearing of happy
hours Sherman spent
with you - I am
Yours sincerely
Sherman's mother
Elizabeth J. Conklin

January 31, 1919

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Conklin,
135 East French Place,
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Mrs. Conklin;—

I would gladly send you fifty copies of the October issue of the Quarterly if we had them, but calls have been so frequent and many that there are only twenty left. For college records and filing purposes, we should really have more than that number.

I think, however, that by dropping a line to a few of Sherman's classmates, I can gather a few extra copies together. Under separate cover I am mailing you six.

Please do not bother about their cost. I am very sorry that I cannot send you a great many more.

Just as soon as things are straightened out here at the college, I shall take up the matter of collecting Sherman's writings. What a splendid tribute to him appeared in the current Christian Intelligencer.

Sincerely yours,