

**CHEER-UP LETTERS,
FROM A PRIVATE
WITH PERSHING**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649076314

Cheer-up letters, from a private with pershing by Torrey Ford

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

TORREY FORD

**CHEER-UP LETTERS,
FROM A PRIVATE
WITH PERSHING**



TORREY FORD

CHEER-UP LETTERS

FROM A PRIVATE WITH
PERSHING

BY
TORREY FORD
U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERVICE



NEW YORK
EDWARD J. CLODE

MP

COPYRIGHT, 1918
BY EDWARD J. CLODE

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A FEW WORDS BY HIS DAD	7
ALLENTOWN, PA., <i>Monday, Aug. 6, 1917, 10 A.M.</i>	19
ALLENTOWN, PA., <i>Monday night, August 6</i>	22
<i>Tuesday morning, August 7, 1917</i>	24
<i>6 A.M. Tuesday, August 7</i>	28
ON BOARD, <i>Tuesday, August 7</i>	28
AT SEA	29
ANOTHER DAY	33
ANOTHER DAY	36
<i>August 27, 1917</i>	38
<i>August 28, Somewhere in France</i>	43
<i>August 30th</i>	45
<i>September 2, Sunday</i>	48
<i>Tuesday, September 5</i>	51
<i>September 7</i>	53
<i>September 13</i>	55
<i>September 14</i>	57
<i>Friday, September 21</i>	58
<i>September 25</i>	60
<i>Wednesday, October 3</i>	63
<i>October 9</i>	69
<i>October 12 (It ought to be Columbus Day but it ain't)</i>	72
<i>Saturday, October 13</i>	78
<i>October 14</i>	80
<i>October 16 — Tuesday</i>	83
<i>November 5</i>	92
<i>November 7</i>	95
<i>November 10</i>	98
<i>November 13</i>	101

	PAGE
<i>November 15</i>	104
<i>November 20</i>	108
<i>November 23</i>	112
<i>November 24</i>	116
<i>Sunday, November 25</i>	118
<i>Wednesday, November 28</i>	121
<i>November 30</i>	125
<i>Sunday, December 9</i>	127
<i>December 10</i>	130
<i>Friday, December 14</i>	134
<i>Saturday, December 15</i>	138
<i>Tuesday, December 18</i>	142
<i>Grand Hotel, Paris, December 26</i>	145
<i>December 28, Hotel Victoria, Biarritz, France</i>	148
<i>Biarritz, Sunday, December 30</i>	151
<i>PARIS, January 7, 1918</i>	158
<i>PARIS, January 15</i>	161
<i>PARIS, January 23</i>	165
<i>PARIS, January 29</i>	167
<i>PARIS, February 7</i>	170
<i>PARIS, February 13</i>	172
<i>PARIS, February 19</i>	174
<i>PARIS, February 22, 1918</i>	176
<i>CHANTILLY, Sunday, February 24</i>	177
<i>CHANTILLY (Oise), February 27</i>	182
<i>CHANTILLY, March 4</i>	184
<i>NANCY, March 7, 1918</i>	187
<i>March 11</i>	189

A FEW WORDS BY HIS DAD

IF anyone read introductions to books, the writing of this one by me might be considered as rather a difficult piece of work: that is, one requiring nice discriminations of reticence and confidences, — all that sort of thing. But as the average reader has much more common sense than the publisher usually credits him with, he generally skips those first few pages impudently set up between him and the author and never bothers his head whether they're good or bad.

He is perfectly right. In most cases introductions are not worth while. At least, that has been my experience. If done by the author himself, it is often merely an excuse for him to get up on stilts, assume an exaggerated pose of modesty, and repeat something which he has said much better in

the body of the text. When the introducing is done by a third party, the result is seldom happy. If he insists enthusiastically that here is a book of great merit, he is apt to imply that unless you agree with him at once you're stupid. If he doesn't so insist—well, what is he there for, anyway?

True, once in a while, comes a book which seems to need a few words, either of apology or explanation or both. This appears to be such a volume. It is difficult for me to judge whether or no the material used in the following pages may prove sufficiently interesting to warrant publication in this form. I don't in the least mind saying that these letters, as they came to us—the "Dear Family" of the address—were read and reread with lively interest. When one showed up in the morning's mail, scribbled perhaps on a troop train or on the deck of a transport, or in a chilly tent somewhere along the French front—well, it was something of an event. Read them with interest! Why, on the mere excuse of a casual inquiry we have