PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD, PARIS

Subscription Rates

Three Months .....Fr.	2,00	Civilians by post ..Fr.	2,75
Six Months	4,00	— —	5,50

EDITORIAL

The Winner of the Prize for the Best Drawing will be announced in the next number of the " Bulletin ".

We are happy to offer to Mr. Charles C. Jatho the Prize for the Best Essay : " The Pinard Gatherer " which appeared in " Bulletin " No. 20 on November 17th.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

" Somewhere in France "
Where the cannons roar,
And the trenches hold their fill,
By a cottage gate,
There a mother waits.....
" Somewhere in France ".

" Somewhere in France " ;
When the battle's on,
In the midst of the awful din

A son, he fights,
Both day and night,
" Somewhere in France ".

" Somewhere in France " ;
When the broil is o'er,
And the War God's grown still,
When Peace has reign,
He'll return again.....?
" Somewhere in France ".

" Somewhere in France ",
There's a bloody grave,
And in it a son doth lie,
And a mother's heart yearns
For that son's return.....
" Somewhere in France ".

Alfred S. TRUDE, Jr. S. S. U. 14.

C'EST ÇA

I've been roosting over where
They've a sentence, " C'est la guerre "
That you hear reiterated o'er and o'er.
It's a cheering little thing,
Hopeful and enspiriting,
And, translated into English, means
" That's war ".

When everything you see
Is as rotten as can be,
When life's a shaky gamble or a bore,
You'll derive great consolation
From that patent observation
For it's comforting to know it —
That it's war.

You tote a gun and pack,
Rain a-trickling down your back,
And you sleep in some damp dug-out on the floor,
And you wake alive with fleas,
Don't get irritated, please,
Just remember that it isn't sport —
It's war.

You must live on rancid grub,
And they curse you for a dub
Or rout you out to do some filthy chore
And you haven't had a bath
For a month — restrain your wrath,
And repeat that everlasting phrase,
" That's war ".

If you're like the cheerful French
When the "Boches" strafe your trench
And you see your comrades slaughtered by the score,
You can get much satisfaction
From that obvious abstraction,
And you'll simply shake your head and say,
" That's war ".

For there is no more to tell
When you've found that war is hell
(I *think* I've heard that said somewhere before)
If you're drafted, you poor duffer,
Then you've got to grin and suffer
In the flames of hell — I'm telling you —
" That's war ".

Lansing WARREN, S. S. U. 18.

" NO MAN'S LAND "

A desolate stretch, seared and bare,
Bleak as any desert land,
Shell-pits, craters, here and there ;
The place that's called " No Man's Land ".

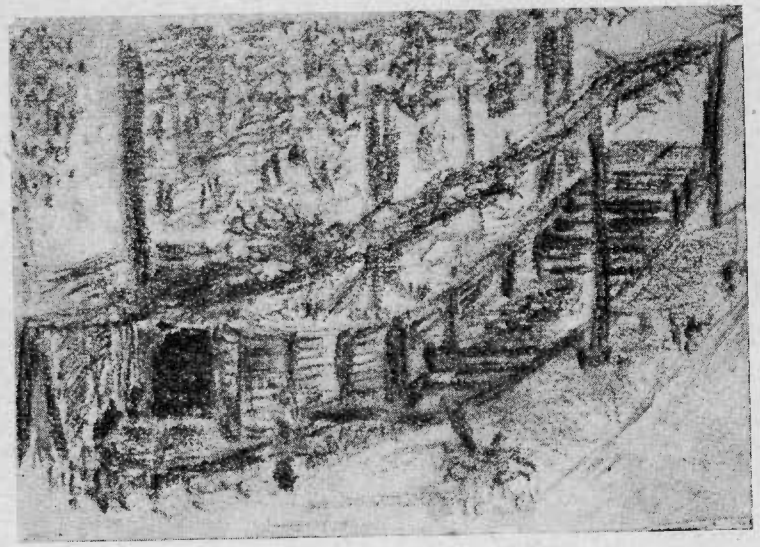
Between the trenches, dark and grim,
Looms this awful place of death.
Here has roared the battle's din,
Here some fallen hero rests.

Yon heap of stones so faintly seen,
Once a village, fair and sweet,
The blasted stump by rocket's glare,
A tree where lovers used to meet.

Tangled wire snares, barbed and sharp,
Traps of death for men they are,
Cover the spot, the chateau's old park,
Once of beauty, now a scar.

Where ghosts of men stalk at night
Across the narrow desolate band,
Their bones gleam white in star shell's light ;
This place called " No Man's Land ".

H. C., S. S. U., 9.



The Entrance to an Abri

HIS LONG REPOS

Pierre Leguet threw hand grenades.
A quiet soul who kept apart
In strange un-Gallic way his griefs,
Endured and opened not his heart.

The mud, the hunger, biting rains
He bore, and shirked no 'lotted task,
But buoyed full oft a falt'ring step
With quiet hand when none did ask. —

Body and soul protested deep,
He loathed the war and all its ills,
(But most the tortured eyes of men)
And longed to leave the Verdun hills.

No murmur leapt his tight-shut lips,
Calm cheer and hope put whine to rout,

But oft a guarded look revealed
A sickening anguish peering out.

For when the evening sun swung low,
Bursting the mists and sodden skies,
And long light soothed the battered slopes,
A film would veil his straining eyes :

In southern France a quiet town
Aglow in fading light, with sheep
Slow drifting home, and muffled calls,
And play-worn children lulled asleep.

His spirit leapt the dark war zone,
Its endless vigil, toil and woe,
He walked again the tranquil streets
And woke and prayed for long repos.

Thus endless days dragged endless nights
Gloom-sharpened by the rockets' glare
With ghastly faces peering forth
Mud-smeared and drawn with grim despair.

But lo! a sudden change was felt ;
Men joked a little, some must weep
Through all a happy lightness ran :
Divisions changed! and rest and sleep.

A greater calm alone revealed
Leguet, for danger lurked in change,
And men were careless in their joy —
The foe alert knew shift and change.

And while he dreamed of care's surcease
Alone-on post, grenades at hand
The dim grey forms came gliding forth
Across the mire of " No Man's Land ".

And onward rushed with gathering speed
While gutteral shoutings filled the night.
The muttered curse, the quick alarm,
And sharp and bitter was the fight.

They vanished leaving in their train
The battered forms of friend and foe
Yet few the friends ; for one watched well —
But Pierre had gone on long repos.

S. S. U. 13.

S. S. U. No. 17

It has been quite a space of time since news of 17 has percolated through the Fedorian columns of the editorial sanctum. That isn't because there is none. We suffer from a certain unpardonable modesty.

We have a football team. We say it with simple pride. To say that it is some football team is to state the obvious. " Scotty " Palmer, Captain select, plays the game with speed, either foot, and a Scotch accent. The Scotch accent is as necessary to good soccer as the nineteenth hole to sustaining golf. One glance at the team in action is enough to convince anyone that the future of muscle dancing in America after the war is a rosy one. At times it represents the third reel of a Chaplin comedy. The French Lieutenant, goal keeper, has been playing a fine game.

The first game was played to a hotly contested O — O with a team from one of the divisions. The second game was played with a team composed of some of the best amateurs in the district. They beat us 3 — O. As for the next game, we shall see what we shall see.

Couig has returned from the permission which he spent at Nice. He says that it compares very favorably.

Walton has been under the weather for some time but is now down in the south of France getting back the old jazz.

We have adopted a small refugee. The kid is about the proudest specimen in sight with his new clothes and treatment. He speaks English with a camion accent, slow but overwhelming.

17 is still decidedly on deck and on the job. We hope to keep the dope up to date from now on, awarding ourselves the beautiful brown derby at proper intervals.

FATALISM

You can travel all along the line, at any poste you please,
In sectors where it's blasted hot or sectors where you freeze,
Where bunks are long or bunks are short, but you'll be sure to
For you'll never find an *abri* where [choke.
The Stove Won't Smoke!

It may be that the wood is wet, or that the flue can't function,
And you labor till you choose your words without the least
[compunction,
Your eyes are full of blinding tears, your voice a husky croak,
Will there be *abris* in Heaven where
The Stove Won't Smoke!

S. L. C.
S. S. U. 17.

POSTES DE SECOURS

Using your French-English, English-French dictionary, you might think that a Poste de Secours was a medical first aid station, but that would just show that you only know book French, and not French as she is spoke on the battle front. It would probably be more correct to call a Poste de Secours an emergency station, for its shelter is indeed used for emergency... when the obus begin to arrive.

Used for the wounded, you say? Not at all. The wounded are the least of the worries around a Poste. It is used for the doctors and the ambulance drivers, the pharmaciens and the brancardiers; but principally it is used by the ambulance drivers. If you have any doubt about its being used as an emergency station, you should see an ambulance dash up into the court about the time there is an unpleasant whistle overhead, and see what the ambulance driver does. No nickel ever hit the slot of a gum machine any faster than the ambulance driver hits the entrance to the Poste.

The Postes de Secours are usually situated near the front line, but not near enough so that the doctors have to worry about being made prisoners in a trench raid, and not so close that the ambulance men could answer. " Yes " with only slight deviation from the truth, when their friends at home write and ask whether it is " really true that they drive their ambulances up into No Man's Land and rescue the wounded ".

Postes de Secours are usually located in ruined towns. The best looking house, that is, the one the least demolished, is usually picked out for the Poste. In this way the Germans are fooled. They naturally think it is the General's headquarters and shell it, while of course it is only a Poste, and the joke is on them. They waste a lot of good shells, and only get a few ambulance drivers and doctors, while the General, up the street six hundred yards under a completely demolished house with thirty feet of rock above him, goes scott free. This form of camouflage, or fooling he enemy, hasn't much popular appeal among the populace of the Service de Santé, but it is said that the more artistic eye of the General, always on the lookout for higher strategy, greatly appreciates the deception.

Time, along with the air, hangs heavy at the Postes de Secours. The brancardiers occasionally vary the monotony by going out four or five minutes after the arrival of an obus which threw dirt and tiles into the courtyard, and sweeping away the debris. About the same time the doctors and ambulance drivers do some varying of monotony on their own hook by testing out the wine cellar, twenty feet down below the abris. Aside from the usual commonplaces such as " Ah! beaucoup de jolies femmes en Paris! " and " Trois ans il est trop. Nous sommes très fatigués ", the principal topic of conversation is usually the strength of the roof above the abris. There is much speculation as to whether its four feet of rock would stand a shell. Most of those who occupy the Poste are agreed that a shot from a small trench mortar wouldn't pierce the roof, but on the other sizes there is much difference of opinion. Some think that a 77 would not come thru. Others think it would, but that it would not kill anyone. On the other hand it is generally agreed that a 155 would come thru all right, but argument waxes hot as to whether more brancardiers or more doctors would be killed. Examples aiming to sustain both sides are quoted from Switzerland to the sea. From those sizes up there is a good deal of contention as to what the shell would do when it came thru. Everyone, however, grants the point that a 480 or a 510 would not only come thru, but would kill everyone. After this point is settled, purely, of course, in an academic fashion and with no personal feeling in the matter, coffee and pinard are usually served, while some few even go so far as to take a little sustaining cognac. However a good time usually passes, sometimes almost a week, without an abris in the neighborhood being hit. Then it is that many get to thinking that even a 510 wouldn't hurt the Poste. But just about this time an ordinary 155 comes over, goes thru some abris nearby with about six feet more of rock on it than the Poste, and kills everyone inside. This brings a sudden rever al of opinion. The brancardiers bestir themselves and carry four more stones up and put them on the top of the abris. And so it goes until another arrivée smashes another abris, when three or four more stones are added to the roof. If, as our stern minded and well informed (?) patriotic papers at home, state, this war will continue three years more, by the end of the time a pretty good abris will have been constructed, and it will no longer be necessary for the doctors to seek refuge in the wine cellar.

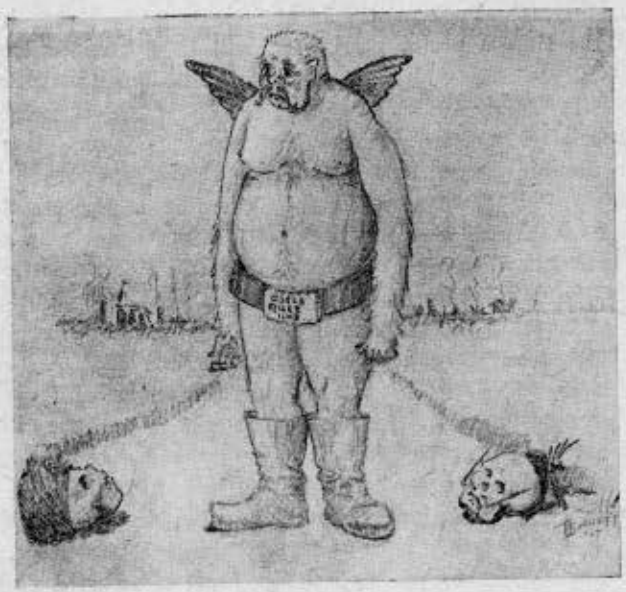
Occasionally wounded are brought into the Poste. Here they receive first aid treatment by having a yellow tag put on them, and being told to sit down, if they can find a place, and wait until an ambulance is going back with a lieutenant who wishes to go to town, when they may, provided the officer has no companions, be allowed to go along. Blessés in the night are a great nuisance. They also cause the ambulance driver much worry. It is on these occasions that the true character of the doctor is exhibited. If he is a real gentleman he turns over on the other side and tells the blessé that " it is necessary to rest ici until the morning ". If he is a grouch and doesn't want the blessé around interfering with his sleep he usually has the brancardier wake the ambulance driver, and after making a whirling motion with his hand, says " Mettez marcher le moteur, vite, vite, vite ". Then he goes back to sleep and is bothered no more. Thus is human nature always in the crucible.

Somewhere it has been stated that there are no buvettes actually at the front. If the person who made the statement would visit the doctors' quarters at Poste he would change his opinion.

R. A. D.

Way Spaulding of S. S. U. 29, whose home is Hopedale, Massachusetts, was wounded on November 24th, Two pieces of éclat went through his chest, but he is now out of danger and will be shortly evacuated to Paris.

Henry C. Wolfe, George E. Dresser and Richard Temple formerly of T. M. U. 526 are going to leave next week and expect to drive ambulances for the American Red Cross " Somewhere in Italy. "



1918. German Peace Angel:
"Where are my wandering boys today?"

ENLISTMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

Practically three hundred men of the Transport Branch of the American Field Service have enlisted in the Motor Transport Division of the Quartermaster's Corps, and approximately six hundred members of the Field Service have enlisted in the United States Army Ambulance Service with the French Army.

We have not yet secured a complete list of the Field Service men who have enlisted in the United States Army in other branches such as Aviation, Artillery, Engineering, Infantry, Camouflage, and the Intelligence Department, but it is well within the truth to say that the American Field Service has contributed more than twelve hundred men to the United States Expeditionary Forces in France, not to mention those who have joined the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and several Chaplains.

The following is a list of Members of the Transport Service.

Alkire, A. D.
Alkire, C. W.
Amick, G. E.
Andrews, F. S. F.
Arthur, F. T.
Ayers, C. H. A.
Baird, E. W.
Baldwin, J. C.
Bangs, E. G.
Barker, R. H.
Barnett, K. S.
Barton, F. E.
Bell, J. T.
Benson, M. M.
Berger, J. Jr.
Black, W. W.
Blessing, V. de V.
Bond, R. L.
Bothwell, M. T.
Bourland, T. P.
Bristol, W. Mc. Jr.
Brown, J. H.
Browning, R. A.
Browne, A. S.
Bruggemann, L. G.
Butler, F. P.
Bruce, M. L. Jr.
Caesar, C. U.
Calloway, C. H.
Calden, G. C.
Campbell, H. G.
Carbaugh, H. F.
Case, W. W.
Clapp, J. S.
Clark, Carolus.
Clark, Robert D.
Coe, R. H.
Collins, B. C.
Collins, DeWitt C.
Conard, H. M.
Conway, A. F.
Cook, S. F.
Corboy, L. W.
Coulston, G. S.
Cox, R. H.
Craig, J. W.
Creighton, G. W.
Crockford, J. R.
Crooks, J. B.
Cunningham, A.
Cunningham, E. P.
Curtice, N. B.
Curtiss, C. G.
Dalrymple, H. E.
Daly, F. J.
Dann, A. P.
Darrah, D.
Davenport, K. C.
Davey, A. T.
Dawes, W. M.
Day, K. H.
Dean, L. S.
Dolan, T.
Doolin, P. R.
Dougherty, T. H.
Drew, E. H.
Durgin, G.
Durham, D.
Durland, R. W.
Edwards, G. L. Jr.
Eisenhart, J. R.
Ellinwood, R. E.
English, S. A.
Estabrook, L. T.
Evans, C. B.
Fales, H. W.

Farmer, J. C.
Ferguson, G.
Field, D. P.
Flanagan, H. E.
Fletcher, J. P.
Flickinger, B. P.
Ford, N. W.
France, R.
Frizzell, W.
Furbish, H. O.
Gallaher, H.
Ganz, F. M.
Gibb, J. R.
Gillies, G. C.
Glann, J. E.
Glazier, W. L. Jr.
Gray, P. H.
Griffin, A. H.
Griffin, G. T.
Guy, J. E.
Hahn, J. P.
Hanavan, M. L.
Hankinson, K.
Harper, H.
Harper, W. P.
Harris, F. M.
Hartswick, F. S.
Henderson, R. J.
Henry, A. K.
Henschel, J. E.
Herndon, C.
Herrick, L. G.
Hess, M.
Hinrichs, D. M.
Holmes, F. W.
Howard, H. T.
Hoyt, A. P. S.
Kane, C. E.
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Lepper, R. H.
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Lowry, E. K.
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McCord, W. B.
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McIntyre, F. R.
Means, J. McG.
Means, T.
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Morningstar, B. P.
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Moss, J. S.
Munro, G. R.
Nickel, J. LeR. Jr.
Nickerson, N. H.
Niesley, P.
Nye, D. D.
Ogden, H. B.
Orcutt, O. H.
Ordway, D.
Ordway, R.
Paterson, T. W.
Pattison, E.
Pelletier, J. A.
Peffers, H. W.
Percy, D. B.
Persons, H. Z.
Pote, K. E.
Potter, P. K.
Preble, T. L.
Prince, L. M.
Pruyn, S.
Quirk, L. W.
Reed, D. A. Jr.
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Storrs, J. W.
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Whitman, R. W.

IMP. E. RAVILLY, 27, RUE NICOLO, PARIS (XVI^e)