

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE BULLETIN

MERRY



CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1917

1875

1875



PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD,
PARIS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

To All To Whom these PRESENTS May Come :

GREETING !

Christmas in France, boys, far away from the loved ones at home. But remember, it's the last Christmas we will ever spend over here — unless we come back après la guerre. You've all heard this February stuff, of course, and some of you no doubt believe it. We do anyway. And since it is for most of us our first, last and only Christmas in this land of mud, Pinard and éclats,

Therefore, Be it Resolved that :

1. It's going to be a right merry one.
2. We're not going to keep all our Christmas joy to ourselves, but we're going to try to distribute a little of it to the poilus who may not have the things that we have.
3. On Christmas Day an armistice shall be declared, and on that day we shall desist from that most famous of all war time sports, viz and namely, crabbing the post office.

Witness our hand and seal this blank day of blank in the city of blank, county of blank, state of blank — minds blank also :

Section 65,

Dear Ed :

Herewith please find a humble contribution of a Franco-American species for the Field Service Bulletin's « Christmas Tree ». I never gave Santa Claus much credit as a French scholar, so perhaps he won't be too hard on the foreign portion of this effort.

Very merrily yours,

G. H. B. — S. S. U. 32

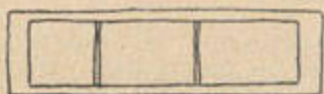
AMBULANCE ANIMATION

When I hear that Frenchman say
« *Ah Oui ! Ici C. B. D.*
Vous demandez une petite voiture Ford ? »
There's a tremulo inside
That I smother quick with pride,
For I wouldn't be a slacker, s'help me God !

La Route et les Obus,
L'une pas bonne les autres beaucoup.
Oh, how often I have won that *Croix de Bois*.
Then to multiply my fright
A red *fusée* takes a flight
A *barrage* is what that's calling for, *n'est-ce pas ?*

Quand la voiture est chargée
From the *Poste* I speed away.
For the *Médecin* has told me « *Allez vite* ».
But at every rut or stone
There's a « *doucement* » or a groan
And I answer « *nous arriverons tout de suite* ».

When *au triage* I arrive
With *mes blessés* all alive
I heave a sigh and murmur " Thank the Lord. "
For *peut-être* I saved a life
In this sickening, silly strife.
The French m'appelle une petite voiture Ford.



②

FIRST CALL 6:00
ASSEMBLY 6:05
REVEILLE 6:15



SETTING-UP
EXERCISES 6.30 (?)

②



③

DRILL OR
CALISTHENICS
(IN SOME FORM)
8:00 TO 9:00



STUDY OF FRENCH
2:00 TO 2:45

④



Buvette

⑤

RETREAT AND
ROLL-CALL
5:00
(ALL PRESENT OR
ACCOUNTED FOR)



Geo. W. Hall
S.S. 18

My dear Ed.,

Your Christmas appeal is irresistible. It draws forth this quite spontaneous response even as the mail wagon attracts a hungry-eyed cluster of would-be recipients, despite the fact that but one item of importance awaits announcement. This being that the leadership of Section 14 has changed hands. Lieutenant Allan H. Muhr has left to take charge of the reorganized spare parts department and his successor is Lieutenant J. B. Fletcher, formerly of Section 4. And hereafter it is Corporal Dudgeon, if you please, military commander and stern rigiditarian, (nice word), recent graduate of Sandricourt and the original little busy-bee of the bunch. Aside from the cold statement of these facts, this shallow line of chatter has small *raison d'être*.

For we have an « artist », but he labors under the delusion that his output is worthy of pecuniary recompense ; we have a poet, but his entire time is taken up by his forthcoming « wollum » ; we have a literary man but at the present time he is sunning his frame in Nice. All of these complications lead to this contribution, instead, of an inspired Gem from one of the Temperaments ; (note the facile emulation of George Ade).

There is, as some of the communiques read, nothing to report on our secteur of the front. The major topics of interest would seem to be the fact that our brindle cat, after an injudicious overindulgence in some canned clams, has suffered from a severe attack of the pepsilol, and that Section Fourteen has taken up an indefinite hibernation in an isolated village, a squatty, squalid place that was half burned by the departing Germans after the battle of the Marne. The utter heartlessness of the « destroying Huns » is revealed in the fact that they elected to destroy only half of the town instead of ridding France entirely of such an eyesore.

Four members of the original Section 14 have rejoined us after harrowing experiences with mountain trails and 300 kilometer runs and Greek music halls in Salonique; Strong, Honans, Fox and Rogers, all of California.

There is *such* a variety of temperaments and zoological specimens in this little band, to state it cruelly, that it is difficult to refrain from uttering personal causticisms. I wonder,

Ed my dear fel, (see, — real familiar like), I wonder if every section isn't the possessor of the steel-nerved individual who has the most hair-raising experiences every time he ventures forth with Tin Liz, and who greatly overestimates the interest of others in said experiences when he rolls out his tireless recital of them? Hasn't every section its temperance exponent who assiduously avoids pinard and cigarettes but has an ungovernable passion for petits gâteaux, its parlor serpent with the Ritz and Reisenweber's and Frances White continually on his tongue's tip, its lavender story-teller whose stock of anecdotes flourishes most conspicuously in the Pullman smoker, or its long-armed artist with a thorough mastery of that greatest of all indoor calisthenics, the wicked lunge for the fodder pan? Don't all the sections possess a collection of embryonic hirsute growths, hopeful, pathetic things that can perhaps be recognized under the charitable appellation of moustaches? Does every section have its hard egg, its carping crab, its military oracle, its musical sleeper, its heavy lover? This is enough, my dear Ed., to furnish you food for thought.

In closing, may I express the heartiest good wishes of Section 14 and the hope that this shall be for you the merriest Christmas and the happiest new year that Paris can afford you, which is saying a good deal.

S. V. C.

SUZANNE



GERMAINE

In the town where we are quartered
With our twenty doughty Fords,
Where only pigs are slaughtered
And we sleep safe on the boards,

There's a charming little « *buvette* »
Where when thirsty we refresh
And a dainty little coquette
Who serves us with the best.

Now the best is « *vin de pays* »
And it comes to pretty high
But we gladly pay for *pays*
I fit's from Germaine we buy

The French they sing of Madelon.
To us that's but a name
And we know that they are missing some,
If they haven't met Germaine.

Now I had an excellent little plan,
That after this great war,
I'd take Germaine back to the land
That we are fighting for.

It's really quite a pity,
It's thoroughly a shame,
That she's pledged to every City
In the Union, is Germaine.

Dear Editor,

At last Section 28 feels constrained to lift the veil of modesty and expose to the public some of her just claims to fame.

On September seventeenth, eleven of the original section were sworn into the U. S. Army. At the same time our Chef William H. Wallace accepted a commission in Aviation and his place is filled by Lieutenant Archie B. Gile. There have been nine individual citations for the croix de guerre.

There are many things of which the section is justly proud. Among the French and American personnel we possess ninety three briquets, and the latest report shows one to be working. Our collection of « Bosche » fighting paraphernalia ranges from a « dumdum » to a 420 mm. and is second only to that at the Invalides. The beauty of the collection is its portability — three ambulances and the White truck hold the entire stock. Then, also, we have the fastest dog in France. If you don't believe it, call him and see how fast he runs. To our knowledge we are the only section having a real Field Marshall in its midst.

We have started the study of English in our division also. At least we've made a start for we can tell any poilu that we don't give essence away and he understands. Some say they see the blue cloud coming from our mouths and think it's a gas attack — but its only good old Anglo Saxon.

In athletics we're without a peer. Sections 68 and 19 had important engagements at the front on Thanksgiving Day when we invited them to do battle. We suspect that news leaked out of our Cornell full back.

While 28 can't boast of working in gas attacks, of miraculous escapes from « Bosche » 732 mms., of bombs falling in our midst, we can boast of our excellent record to date. At our last inspection we were told that we had « the most cleanly and business-like section in the field ».

A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all our fellow sections.

Yours,

Twenty-eight.

Lavender has been made a Corporal.

Thru the efforts of Lieut. MacPherson and Top Sergeant Rie, two turkeys were secured for Thanksgiving? The men at poste had their share of the viands. The menu was as follows :

Vegetable Soup
Roast Turkey
Potatoes and brown gravy ; turnips
Salad
Cakes, nuts, figs, dates
Coffee
Champagne, wines, red and white, beer.

Jenny treated the section to " The Cremation of Sam McGee ". Frank Royce gave a short talk on Fulton.

Dennis Nash has been appointed clerk of the section.

At an exciting moment on post " Bob " Scholle went over the top. It took fourteen Frenchmen to lift the car out of the ditch.

Soloman Garden of Alabama has been added to the section. He has been unanimously christened " Dixie ".

Jenny wins thirty-five to one. Can you beat it? Think of the odds. Think also of writing thirty-five letters to one of the fair sex and receiving — one.

As we entered the dining room yesterday, which also serves the cook as a bed room, we noticed a new comforter on his downy couch — a soft emotional thing. He admits he got it from the proprietress of the *salle à manger* — and we happen to know that his material assets are nil and that he does not speak any French. How do they get that way?

Bertie Lavender and Lengthy Ed. Shaw made known thru the medium of the press that they desired a Mairaine. Lately replies have flooded our bureau and it is believed that Messrs. Lengthy and Bertie will answer the most promising epistles, requesting either photos or — bank books.

Phil Heraty recently received a cake of rare and delicious flavor from his mater and upon passing it around was asked by one of our merry punsters whether it was from a blonde or brunette. Phil came right back with " From a gray, me boy, from a gray ".

We have no emblem to fight about and can't claim any special records, except we have a couple of men we nominate for the all-American eating team. No food of any calibre barred.

We have already begun to receive *beaucoup* Christmas boxes, all marked with the "Do not open until Yuletide" tag. To date our presents include three mauve-colored embroidered face towels, twenty-seven religious books, two boxes of Sweet Caporals, six copies of Wilson's speech on "Making the World Safe for the Democrats", one copy of "How to Live in the Trenches", and three sachet powdered handkerchiefs and we expect some young German police dogs on Christmas day.

Merry Christmas !

K. A. W.

S. S. U. 17

To Seventeen have been added eight new men, six from Allentown and two former Field Service men, and we live in the somewhat sanguinary hope that there will soon be work enough for all. At present we are enjoying a sort of unofficial repos.

In connection with this recent insignia argument, the flashes of the wit of which so often lit up the pages of the "Bulletin", we wish to state modestly that we have an insignia which we believe to be absolutely unique. In the centre of an oblong of white on the sides of the cars, an X, a V and double I, chastely grouped behind an S. S. U.

Henri, the mascot, failed to harmonize temperamentally with the gang. He left. We mourn our loss.

Thanksgiving was celebrated with the customary gorgeousness that endears it to our native land. Most of us were not very enthusiastic at the evening revitaillement. But it sure makes a splendid digestive memory.

The present centre of excitement is discussion of the probable advent of the paymaster. Some of the more pessimistic claim that he wants to save the influx of kopeks for Christmas so that everybody may have a present. It's a fruitful field for speculation.

And so the work goes gaily on.

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The Christmas Dream of an Ambulance Driver

C. JATHO. — S. S. U. 19.

IT'S HADES

(With apologies to Ruydard)

I've taken my Fords as I found them,
I've jolted and jarred in my time.
I've had my pickings of voitures,
And four of the lot were a crime.
One was a junk heap at Verdun,
One that collapsed on the Aisne,
One was the victim of camouflage
And one's running yet in Champagne.

I was a young'un at Verdun.
I picked a pearl to begin.
Gave me gray hairs and a callous,
Cranked me up twice on the shin.
She bucked till I felt like a milkshake.
She had more of a growl than a purr.
And I tinkered away on my back as I lay,
But I learned about voitures from her.

Then we got shifted to Soissons.
Called it the Camion-bazaar.
My temper it hardly did sweeten,
In fitting new parts on that car.
Oil she'd absorb by the pailful.
Animate greasecup she were.
But I felt I was square when I saw her lie there,
And I learned about voitures from her.

Then we got jumped to Jubecourt,
Or I'd been food for the plow.
Got me a shiny new jar-jane,
With a radiatorial brow.
Taught me how futile are footbrakes,
Sort of accordion she were,
For she folded one night when I plugged at a White,
But I learned about voitures from her.

Then we got hipped to Mont Sans Nom,
With the shells falling thick round the bean,
Got the car with the mudguard that John bent
The squarest I ever have seen.
Cylinder-cracked was her trouble,
I finally guessed what it were,
But I couldn't mend such, she was busted too much,

So I got another for her.
And now, as I'm sitting and dreaming,
And changing the tire on she,
Be warned of your lot, keep the car that you've got,
And never change voitures with me.
Fini.
And never change voitures with me.



One of the fine views enjoyed by Section Nine in their present location.

Howard S. Ramsdell, S. S. U. 9.

LOOKING TOWARD THE FUTURE

During recent weeks many letters have come from Field Service men scattered through the different branches of the American army in France expressing the hope that the organization may be kept alive and various suggestions have been made looking to that end. As we cannot have an "Assemblée Générale" of the former members at the present time the columns of the BULLETIN offer the most available forum for the discussion of these suggestions. Here are some of the proposals about which we should like to have an expression of opinion.

1. It has been proposed that an unobtrusive badge be designed to be worn by the men who served as volunteers in any branch of the Field Service and we should like to know what is thought of this proposal, and if the idea be approved, we should like to have suggestions as to the badge. Should it be a button, or a medal, a pin or a ribbon, or what should be its character?

2. The wish has frequently been expressed that 21, rue Raynouard, should if possible be kept as a meeting place and a kind of home for all of the former members of the Field Service now in France no matter to what service they may now be attached. The men who used to be associated in ambulance or transport sections but who now are engaged in the army ambulance service, the quartermaster's corps or the engineering corps, or in the artillery, infantry, cavalry, camouflage, or who may be serving as chaplains, aviateurs, marines, doctors, or what-not, would be able to meet each other here when on leave and renew old acquaintances and exchange subsequent experiences. We should be glad to know whether such a plan would meet a general desire and would justify the expenditure of effort and money involved. and if the plan is judged to be worth developing, we should be glad to have suggestions as to ways in which it might be made successful. As announced elsewhere in this number it is intended to keep the store at 21, rue Raynouard open and to make purchases here for men at the front. It is within the range of possibility to serve meals and to offer lodging at low and reasonable rates. Doubtless also funds could be found to re-equip the living rooms, and make them attractive and home-like as they were in the early days of the service with writing rooms, game rooms, musical instruments, books and papers. We should like to know the feeling and desires of our old members in regard to such a plan, and should welcome all suggestions.

3. It is a generally expressed opinion that after the war the former volunteers of the American Fields Service should be definitely associated in an organisation in America but this is a matter not requiring immediate discussion which will work itself out " quand la guerre sera finie ".

NOTICE

There is at this office a Sheepskin Coat that a Frenchman kindly lent to a Service man to wear to Paris. The coat was immediately returned but has been sent back here as lacking proper address. Please try and locate the owner as we may want to borrow something else and also the gentleman may need his coat.

NEW PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

The American Field Service Store is still open for purchases from all former members of the Service and a Purchasing Department, in charge of Madame Grimbert, has been opened through which all former members of the Service, who may find it convenient, may obtain whatever articles they may need from Paris. Payment can be made either by keeping a deposit with the Field Service and drawing upon it or providing the money by postal order upon notification of the price of the article which will be forwarded immediately upon receipt of the money.

All communications should be addressed to :

Manager of the Store,
American Field Service

21, rue Raynouard, Paris.

The following is a list of articles at present on hand with prices :

Basin (tin)	Frs	3.50
— (canvas)		3.50
Blankets		73.00
Belts		14.00
Caps		12.00
Canadian Coats		53.00
Fatigue caps		2.00
—		7.00
Goggles		3.00
Overalls		15.50
Puttees		4.50
Rain Coats (brown)		42.00
— (black)		20.00
Towels		1.50
Whisties		0.60



" Merry Christmas ! "

I herewith offer to the " BULLETIN " a little Christmas present.

Robert Alden Feaser
S.S.U. 32/644

1875

1875