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NEW YEAR'S GREETING

The New Year is the time the business world takes account of stock. Incidentally the clerks who count and measure the stock, wish that New Year's Day came only once a century.

From a business standpoint the "Bulletin" has only gains to record. A year ago it was nothing, it had nothing. Born on the Fourth of July it feels proud to have reached its present grand position where it is a welcome visitor to the soldiers at the front and also to many of the elite of the U. S. A. Yet, it only shines by reflected light, and it never forgets that the bright minds of our enlisted men and their real interest in its welfare, gives to the American Field Service Bulletin its only real value.

Therefore, to each and every one of its readers and its contributors, the Bulletin expresses its deep appreciation and wishes to each and all a Very Happy New Year and that we may all know how to win out of hardships, toil and pain the compensations of endurance, strength, patience and fortitude.

CHRISTMAS AT 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

On Christmas eve 157 members of the Field Service dined together in the old home at 21 rue Raynouard. The walls and ceiling were thickly hung with holly and Christmas greens. Candles gleamed on Xmas trees in a miniature forest in the three East rooms. Logs blazed in the fire places. There were turkeys and champagne and a procession of flaming plum puddings brought in when the lights went out. There were little gifts for every one and much good fellowship and the evening ended with songs. Some one remarked that it was "a good old war after all".

It was a reunion such as we hope will be many times repeated in the years to come, of the men of the old Field Service who came to France as volunteers long before their country could or would lend her support. There were representatives of the earliest days of the Field Service, some who entered more than three years ago and many whose enlistments began in 1915; men who had served in the battle at Hartmanns in December 1915, men who had served at Verdun in the great days of March 1916, men who had served in Champagne and on the Somme and men who had served with the Field Service in Albania and Servia. Practically all are now in one or another branch of the United States Army. Some are serving in the artillery, others in the infantry, many in aviation, the engineering corps, the ambulance service and the quartermaster's corps but the Field Service is still their *alma mater*, and 21 rue Raynouard will, we hope, as long as the war lasts, remain their home in France.

On Christmas 1915 we were called upon to mourn the loss of Richard Hall who had been killed by a shell the night before at Hartmannsweilerkopf. On Christmas 1916, Howard Lines of section I, who had died the day before, was buried at La Grange aux Bois. This year happily the holiday was free from any bad news.

Who knows where we shall all be another Christmas? Perhaps the war will be only a memory, 21 rue Raynouard closed, and the men of the old Field Service will be reunited on the other side of the great pond.

Among those present were noted: Wilfred H. Brehant, T. M. 526 C; John Wooldredge S. S. U. 30 — U. S. A. A. S.; Alfred Machado Whitman S. S. U. 9 & Bureau des Autos, A. F. S.; S. R. Hodges, Chief General Office, A. F. S.; Arthur Beringer Lidbury, Bureau des Autos, A. F. S.; Paul L. Cartier, Staff, Chief Clerk, A. F. S.; Joe Boyer, Bureau des Autos, A. F. S.; John H. Boyd, Bureau des Autos, A. F. S.; Powel Fenton, S. S. U. 3 — Air Service; R. T. W. Moss S. S. U. 2, Chief Repair Park, A. F. S.; J. M. Walker S. S. U. 3 — Artillery; George R. Young, Staff, A. F. S.; A. Piatt Andrew, Inspector General, U. S. A. A. S.; W. K. B. Emerson, Jr. S. S. U. 3 — Artillery; H. Dudley Hale, S. S. U. 3 — Artillery; Lovering Hill, S. S. U. 3 — Artillery; S. Galatti, S. S. U. 3, Assistant Inspector — U. S. A. A. S.; Bertram L. Willcox, S. S. U. 19 — A. R. C.; Robert Vance, S. S. U. 14 — U. S. A. A. S.; Noyes Reynolds, T. M. 397 — U. S. A. A. S.; Thomas Shaw Bosworth, S. S. U. 1, — U. S. A. A. S.; Mitchell E. Northrop, S. S. U. 4 — U. S. A. A. S.; James W. Harle, Jr. S. S. U. 2, 1 and 10 — U. S. A. A. S.; Robert Bouchet, O. S. A.; Louis Grimbert, Headquarters, A. F. S.; E. R. Schoen, S. S. U. 18 — Aviation; Lawrence J. Moran, S. S. U. 71 — U. S. A. A. S.; Harold Hines, S. S. U. 13 — U. S. A. A. S.; Raymond Harper, S. S. U. 2 — U. S. A. A. S.; A. T. Miles, S. S. U. 8 — U. S. A. A. S.; Thomas R. Tarrant, T. M. 526 A — Aviation; Anthony H. Manley, T. M. 526 A — Aviation; Warren W. Hamilton, T. M. 526 C — A. R. C.; Philip A. Embury, T. M. 133 — Aviation; Harold C. Hiis, S. S. U. 17 — A. R. C.; Blake E. Clark, S. S. U. 68; David J. Post, Jr. S. S. U. 9; Roswell P. Bagley, T. M. 184 — Aviation; Lawrence B. Cahill, Jr. T. M. 526 B. — Aviation; Charles W. Baher, T. M. 184 — Aviation; Percy T. Peterson, T. M. 133 — Aviation; W. M. Farr, T. M. 184 — Aviation; Leon H. Donahue, S. S. U. 66; Albert Mayoh, T. M. 397 — Aviation Headquarters; Peter F. Monahan, S. S. U. 16 — Air Service; Harry B. Harter, S. S. U. 70 — Air Service; Charles R. Chase, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S.; Kenneth Austin Harvey, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S.; C. S. Davis, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S.; C. L. Youmans, T. M. 184 H — Aviation; F. A. Grady, T. M. 184 H — Aviation; Roger Winship, T. M. 184 H — Aviation; Harold G. Meissner, S. S. U.

70 — U. S. A. A. S. ; Marshall G. Penfield, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S. ; Willis E. Penfield, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S. ; Walter S. Peterson, S. S. U. 3 & 65 — Aviation ; Lawrence G. Fisher, S. S. U. 3 & 65 — Italian Ambulance ; William F. Corry, S. S. U. 13 — U. S. A. A. S. ; R. A. Neynaber, S. S. U. 69 — Aviation L. of C. ; R. M. Hamilton, S. S. U. 69 — Aviation L. of C. ; John S. McCampbell, S. S. U. 69 — Aviation L. of C. ; Louis E. Timsop, S. S. U. 13 — U. S. A. A. S. ; W. Parmenter Hunt, S. S. U. 13 — U. S. A. A. S. ; R. Randolph Ball, S. S. U. 69 — Aviation ; A. C. Phillips, S. S. U. 13 — U. S. A. A. S. ; Scott Russell, S. S. U. 8 & 3 ; E. S. Ingham, T. M. 397 & 526 — A. R. C. ; Robert Hyman, T. M. 242 — A. R. C. ; Joseph A. Coughlin, S. S. U. 9 — A. R. C. ; John T. Kip, T. M. 526 — A. R. C. ; L. D. Higgins, T. M. 133 — Aviation Signal Corps ; G. Houlston, T. M. 210 — Q. M. C. ; J. T. Bell, T. M. 184 — Q. M. C. ; William B. Gilmore, S. S. U. 2 — 1st. Lieut. Field Artillery U. S. R. ; William Ernest Resor, T. M. 133 — A. R. C. ; Coburn Herndon, T. M. 133 — U. S. Q. M. C. ; Maurice L. Hanavan, T. M. 155 — U. S. A. Q. M. C. ; Joseph C. MacDonald, S. S. U. 16 — Aviation ; Walter Forth McCreight, T. M. 184 — Aviation L. of C. ; — Dominic D. Rich, S. S. U. 15 — Air Service ; C. Upton Shreve, S. S. U. 4, William A. Pearl, S. S. U. 1 ; Herbert T. McNerney, S. S. U. 9 — A. R. C. ; J. M. Murdock, T. M. 133 — A. R. C. ; J. K. Wells, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S. ; W. C. Towle, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S. ; Robert C. Wells, S. S. U. 70 — U. S. A. A. S. ; Raymond Weeks, Staff, A. F. S.

NOVEL COMPETITION

Whoever writes the best letter to the Editor of the Bulletin in answer to this letter from a little South Carolina girl, will get a box of candy, as it is not possible to find the 19 year old Ambulance Driver to whom this was sent.

" How far a little candy sends delight!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. "

A little girl " Somewhere in South Carolina " read in the Ladies Home Journal the story of the nineteen year old ambulance driver (near Verdun) with great interest and took to heart his need for something along the candy line.

Without delay she writes : " With this letter I am today mailing a little bit of sweets, have no idea that it reaches you — but am taking a shot any way toward you — If this reaches you, just let me know and I will see that you will want for something along candy line. "

" I want to say that I am a member of the " Red Cross " — and am doing my bit — but will do personal bits too, if I can. Now, will you let me know your wants and any other favor that you would like for this little South Carolina girl to do, although I am a working girl I never fail to do favors.

" I pray every day and night for " Peace " and all our boys' safe return to enjoy home life once again.

" I have four fine, good Christian brothers that may leave home at any time for France too, and I know some other mothers and sisters will do the same favors for them. "

Dear Mr. Editor : —

May I take up part of a column in your publication in the interests of the history of the American Field Service, for which we are gathering copy now? We need the co-operation of all the men in the sections to make this book one of the best records of Americans pre-war activities.

The history is to be the story of the American Field Service up to the time it was taken over by the United States Army, and will be told by the members themselves. The history of each section is being written by a man in the unit.

The main purpose, of this letter, Mr. Editor, is to make a plea for photos, illustrations, poems, essays, and accounts of exciting events, such as you have often printed in your columns. In addition to making this book a complete record of the service, we want it to be the medium through which the life of the men

in the ambulance work is pictured in the most interesting way possible.

We have no doubt that among your readers there are men with interesting photos which show the life at the cantonment, at the postes, or on the roads, others who are skillful with the pen or pencil on the drawing board and who will send us sketches for the book, and still others who have written poems and prose that ought to be in the American Field Service History.

Will you please ask these boys to write to Frank J. Taylor, 21, rue Raynouard, Paris, and tell him what they will do. Tell them, please, that if they have to go to expenses to get exceptional good material, the history will reimburse them.

Thank you for your help in calling the attention of the boys to the request for material. We feel confident that they will do all they can for the book. Judging by the way copy is coming in, the history should be one of the most valuable and interesting war-books America will have, and one our men in the service will be proud to have, as a record of what their Service did in the great war for democracy.

Yours very gratefully,

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE HISTORY.



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

" SYSTEM D "

This war is for " morals " we often are told,
For honor and justice and right
It's a " soulful uplifter, " it " brings out the best, "
It " leads us from darkness to light. "
But all of this talk about morals and such
Is compromised some, you will see,
By that prevalent habit of take it, or nab it,
Which is called by the French,
" System D. "

When up at the front on some duty or other,
And there's nothing to do and you snooze,
And a real pleasant poilu with manners quite perfect
Drops in and departs with your shoes ;
When your *essence* is stolen, or cooks sell your *pinard*
To poilus who want, a cheap spree,
hTo perhaps not delighted, you don't get excited ;
It's a part of the game,
" System D. "

When your tools are all taken, you do not report it,
But tap someone else's full set ;
When the Lieut takes your coal, you just take someone else's,
(The kitchen's a pretty good bet!)
And so it goes on from the General down,
And adjusts itself quite equally,
This uplift of wartime, this shoplift of no crime,
This nice moral game,
" System D. "

Robert A. DONALDSON, S. S. U. 18.

PERMISSION!

Time was, when I honestly longed for the day
That we'd go to the front for some action.
I was then a recruit — a poor simple galoot,
And was ripe for a row or a raction.
But now — well, it's different ; I've had quite enough
Of this damnable war of perdition, —
I don't fall no more for this patriot stuff : —
All I want is to go on permission!

At first I was keen to be risking my life —
To go over the top and attack ;
I wasn't dismayed at the thought of a raid
When the most of us wouldn't come back ;
But now when they call for a few volunteers
To go out on a bomb expedition,
I let others respond, while I join in the cheers —
For the time's getting near to permission!

It was not long ago that I used to have hopes
That I'd get a promotion and such,
But six weeks of trenches — their filth and their stenches
Ain't made me repine for it much.
Ambition sinks low in the face of war's taunts ; —
Get away with your louzy commission! —
There's only one thing that a soldier man wants :
Let me lite outa this — on permission!

IMITATIVE AMERICA

" Following the example set by England and France a measure has recently been brought up in Congress to make America bone dry for the duration of the war. "

PRESS DISPATCH.

America is putting forth
All efforts toward the war.
White bread, free lunch, et al., have gone,
Soon drinks will be no more.
We must imitate our Allies,
And so we close the bars
Light wines and beer are going fast,
And soon they'll stop cigars.

An English-speaking Frenchman o'er
His *pinard* read the page,
Immediatly he flew into
A patriotic rage.

"..What stuff! What over whelming lies!
On France this is a slander.
You should take steps to have surpressed
This German propaganda! "

The Tommy in his billets read
The Daily Mail's short note
About this imitative measure which
Was coming up to vote.
He chuckled o'er the journal long
And then spoke up, " I say,
This really must be only rot, —
The U. S. going dry! "

The old determined U. S. A.
Will probably win the war.
If it will only emulate
The Allies more and more,
But consolation still there'll be
Despite the U. S. dry
The *poilu* has his *pinard*,
And the Tommy has his rye!

R. A. D., S. S. U. 18.

WARTIME HUMOR

This war would be extremely drear,
If we had not long since begun
To view events that happen here
Transfigured by our sense of fun.

For many daily incidents
To which we have been used,
Replete with humor quite immense,
Occur, to keep the men amused.

Why, almost every single day
Some one is either killed or maimed
In some excruciating way —
Or maybe permanently lamed.

Just take, for instance, when last week
Our raiders, fooled by some mirage,
Too soon dashed forward like a streak,
And ran into their own barrage.

When Smith, to show that he was calm,
Went on a sapping expedition,
They blew him skyward with a bomb
Or some such-like munition.

Or when we found (another jest)
Our Sergeant missing from the poste —
Especially good when Jones confessed
He'd shot him in the back!

When private Brown just now essayed
(Perhaps the funniest episode)
To take the pin from a grenade
What did the thing do but explode!

That don't compare with when we read
(As oft we do these cheerful days),
How bombing planes have sown their seed
On citizens and *embusqués*.

Such things as these we've come to feel
Provocative of hearty mirth,
And so of joy there is a deal —
Not any kind or sort of dearth.

We pray that this philosophy
Continues as it was begun,
And thank whatever gods may be
For giving us our sense of fun.

And yet, not one among the lot
(E'en as he laughs at some poor bloke),
But fondly hopes that he is not
To be the point of the next joke.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

MINISTÈRE
DE L'ARMEMENT
ET DES
FABRICATIONS DE GUERRE
Cabinet du Ministre

N° 67,013 I/SA

Paris, le 12 décembre 1917.

Monsieur l'Inspecteur Général,

Je reçois vos deux lettres des 5 et 6 novembre, par lesquelles vous offrez au Service Automobile de l'Armée Française, au nom de l'American Field Service, les deux sections sanitaires que cette Association avait envoyées à l'Armée d'Orient, ainsi que les pièces détachées et les deux châssis mis à la disposition des élèves officiers de Meaux.

Je vous remercie infiniment de votre offre généreuse et tiens à vous exprimer tous mes regrets que les circonstances actuelles ne vous permettent plus de collaborer avec l'Armée Française comme par le passé.

Je vous prie d'adresser à tous vos collaborateurs, en même temps que l'expression de notre profonde reconnaissance, nos remerciements les plus vifs pour l'aide efficace que votre organisation nous a apportée, ainsi que pour l'offre que vous nous faites aujourd'hui en son nom.

Je veux associer à ces remerciements les généreux donateurs, et en particulier les grandes Universités d'Harvard, d'Yale et les collèges américains dont le concours vous a permis de poursuivre votre œuvre.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur l'Inspecteur Général, l'assurance de ma haute considération.

*Le Ministre de l'Armement
et des Fabrications de Guerre,
Signé : LOUCHEUR.*

*Monsieur Piatt Andrew, Inspecteur Général du
Service Automobile Américain aux Armées
Françaises.*
