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FIELD SERVICE DIPLOMAS

A number of inquiries about the Field Service diplomas have been received from men who entered the Field Service as volunteers during the spring and summer of 1917 but who did not terminate a six months engagement before the ambulance or transport sections with which they were connected were taken over by the American Army. This situation was taken into account in awarding these diplomas to all volunteers of the Field Service who came to France before American troops arrived and who served for six months, or who continued in their sections until their sections were militarized. This means that diplomas will be given to all of the volunteers who arrived in France before July 1917 and who faithfully fulfilled their engagement up to the time that they were released, either by the dissolution of their sections, or through their section's absorption by the American army.

CONTEST

Attention, s. v. p. All are invited to take part in the open-to-all classes, no handicaps, Descriptive Competition which is now opened by these presents: Prize offered of Twenty Francs.

Time limit is one month from *date* of this issue. The quantity limit is twelve hundred words for a short description of anything having to do with your experience in France to be printed in one issue. A two part story can have two thousand words approximately.

RAVITAILLEMENT

"Papa, what did you do in the Great War?"

"Well, my child, for the first six months I served my country as "chef de popote" in an ambulance section."

"Did you have many soldiers to command, papa?"

"Hush, my baby, I was elected to be commanded, commanded by a multitude. They wore soldiers' clothes, yet were no soldiers..."

And then I will launch forth upon my painful Odyssey of that spring and summer of 1917, telling of my advent to the so-called front, of my labouriously acquired knowledge of French, and of my prompt upheaval from the humble, but oh so peaceful rank of "conducteur, 2^e classe" to the glorious dignity and flowing title of "chef de popote".

The title was the only consoling feature of the post, and we, poor unimaginative Yankees were unable to discover a more euphonious name than "chef de popote" — variously abbreviated by the vulgar and uncharitable.

At least, the British, with the courtly refinement bred in their very souls by three years of war, have graced the dignity with the more expressive and flattering title of "mess president".

Why could I not have been a president? (never mind the first half — it is already an old joke). The word "chef" somehow brings one into much greater intimacy with stoves and frying pans and warm grease.

But nothing could alter our time honored traditions, and I held my title, wearing, as badge of office, a knife and fork, rampant

over red cross on field of horizon black (color of my thought during the coming months).

The daily course of activity brought me into close contact with those glorious, but as yet unsung heroes of the French Army, known to the world as the Quartermaster Corps, but to the American Field Service as Ravitymists.

Search through the Allied armies from trench to base hospital, from bombing plane to carrier pigeon roost, and nowhere I guarantee will you find men more willing to accept a tactful gift, or more deeply imbued with the policy and doctrine of "*laissez faire*".

Watch them, under the vigilance of the officer in charge, throw the frosted cattle to the ground, and gently cleave it with axes, carefully weighing every piece and clipping of the surplus weight, that no shortage or loss to the government and our glorious cause may ensue.

Watch me slip up with my meat bag tightly clutched, and pass it to the chief chopper, who ducks behind the car and removes the bottle from the bag to his hip pocket, returning to his work, much encouraged, and merely waiting for the officer to pass down the line, before handing out a fifty per cent increase in our weight, carefully excluding all but the finest cuts.

Sugar is scarce in France but Bull Durham tobacco is plentiful in the American Ambulance, so we manage to have sweet coffee, and, preserve large quantities of jam in the fruit season.

We read of the shortage of fuel, and the shipping difficulties, but the *Ambulanciers Américains* must keep warm in winter, and their private rooms, office and messhalls be kept at a comfortably high temperature; — so the art consists in leading the custodian of the coal heap into some distant corner, and telling him a good story, while the busy little assistant loads the camionnette to its full capacity on a hundred pound order.

All ingenuity is lost, however on the pinard gentleman, who mans the hose near the tank wagon and siphons the rosy liquid into the section barrel, by the hygienic and effective method of applying personal suction to the end of the hose, until he has a mouthful, and then allowing the wine to take its own course.

In cold weather, the process is still further simplified, and pro-

bably made more sanitary by the official taking an axe and chopping off a piece of wine corresponding in weight to the quantity due. (Careful drivers are cautioned against keeping this wine too near the exhaust pipe on the ride home.)

So much for government supplies. Then we have the buying from civilians of all the various delicacies, — the little things that add that last touch of flavor.

Somebody told us he thought that salt, pepper, vinegar, oil and mustard just grew on the table, with the napkins and forks, until he took my job and discovered the bitter truth by personal experience.

Washing soda, soap, eggs, vegetables, dish-cloths, butter, fruit, grease, hors-d'œuvre, cheese, such are a few of the daily requirements, and it is necessary to reconcile the tastes and appetite of the men with the limited funds drudgingly doled out by the section commander and pitilessly mangled by that bottomless sink of iniquity and waste: the cook!

We have enjoyed many varieties of cooks: the cook that drank, the cook that did not drink, but also did not cook; — the cook that sold the section sugar for a place in the... sun; — the cook that lost his kitchen during a move; — and last but not least — the cook that stood guard over the kitchen trailer with a rifle, the first time the Boche planes blew over our camp.

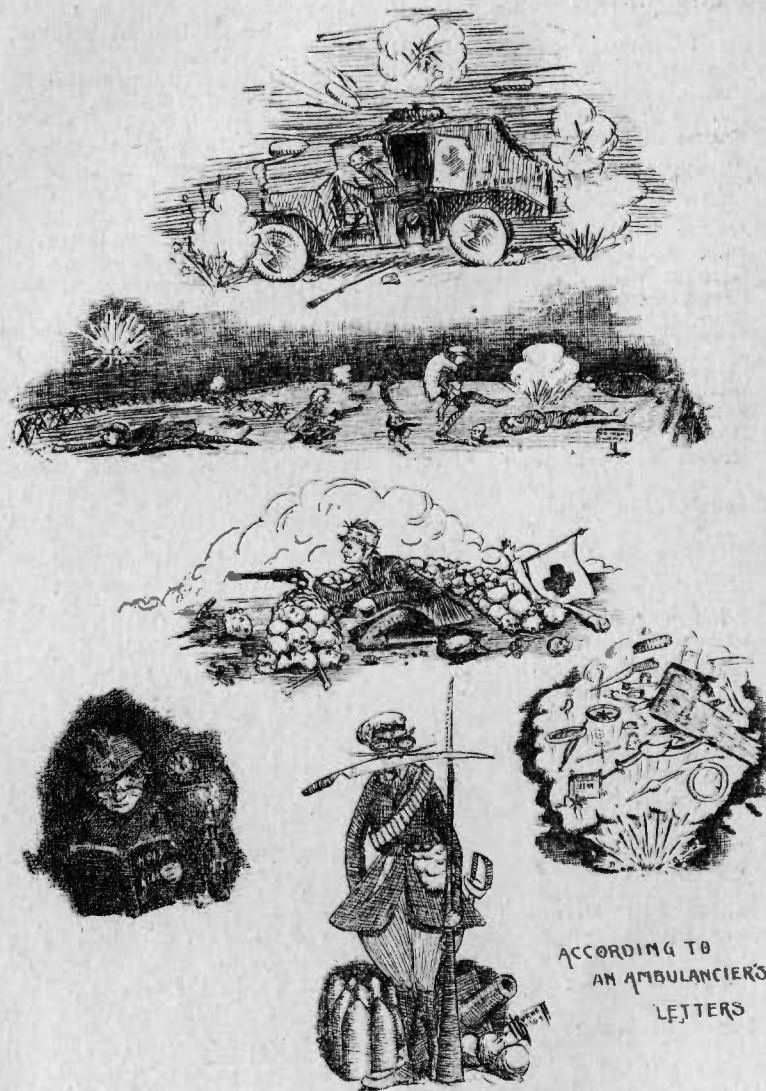
Oh pity the poor popotier — of all ungrateful posts, he holds the worst. May his seat in Heaven be soft!

P. A. RIE, S.S.U. 637 (old 19).

A GLIMPSE

When Dawn peeps over the low Aisne hills
 And star-shells point to morning,
 And screaming obus send their thrills
 Through brave hearts in the borning;
 And then as Daylight grows apace,
 And boom the guns no more.
 Of things I sought, I see a trace,
 And this, I say, is War.

David DARRAH, *Reserve Mallet.*



COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE HISTORY.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

Edwin B. Ackerman	S.S.U. 32	Volunteer American Red Cross, Italian Ambulance.
H. A. Innes Brown	S.S.U. 3	1st. Lt. Sanitary Corps.
Edward O. Bartlett	S.S.U. 4	American Red Cross, Italy.
Charles Bacon	T.M.U. 184	Pvt. Field Artillery.
Playford Boyle	T.M.U. 526	Cadet in Air Service.
Raymond L. Bond	Réserve Mallet	Bugler U. S. Engineers.
F. L. Baylies*	S.S.U. 1	Pilot in French Aviation.
W. H. Cutler	S.S.U. 9	Lt. Chaplain in 13th Engineers.
Joshua G. B. Campbell	S.S.U. 1	1st. Lt. Sanitary Corps.
John K. Conant	T.M.U. 526	2nd. Lt. Field Artillery.
Greayer Clover	T.M.U. 133	Flying Cadet in Air Service.
Frank Cary	T.M.U. 526	Civilian in Air Service.
John H. Chipman	T.M.U. 184	American Red Cross, Italian Service.
Paul R. Chappell	T.M.U. 526	Cadet in Air Service, Italy.
William C. Canby	T.M.U. 133	Cadet in Air Service.
Ben B. Corson	T.M.U. 242	Mechanic in Y. M. C. A.
Horace E. Dalrymple	T.M.U. 184	Pvt. in Quartermaster Dept.
Robert E. Dickerman	T.M.U. 184	Pvt. American Red Cross, Italy.
Thomas M. Doud	T.M.U. 397	Volunteer in Légion Etrangère.
Rowland W. Dodson	T.M.U. 184	Driver American Red Cross, Italian Service.
Henry C. Evans	T.M.U. 526	2nd Lt. Field Artillery.
Jacob A. Emery	T.M.U. 526	1st. Lt. Field Artillery.
Horace B. Forman	T.M.U. 526	Cadet in Air Service.
Frederick P. Goodrich	S.S.U. 12	American Red Cross, Italian Service.
Russel D. Greene	S.S.U. 68	Cadet in Air Service.
A. Musgrave Hyde	S.S.U. 26	2nd Lt. Field Artillery.
George G. Haven	S.S.U. 12	2nd Lt. Field Artillery.
John R. Houghton	S.S.U. 16	Cadet in Air Service.
Andrew K. Henry	T.M.U. 397	American Records Office 3rd Echelon, B. E. F.
B. C. Hopper	T.M.U. 526	Cadet in Air Service.
Edward T. Hathaway	S.S.U. 17	1st. Lt. Pilot in Air Service.
Harry H. Harkins	T.M.U. 133	1st. Lt. Pilot in Air Service.
Milton J.-C. Ferguson	S.S.U. 32	Cadet in Air Service.
Fontaine M. Jones	T.M.U. 397	Driver in American Red Cross.
Leighton Brewer	S.S.U. 1	1st. Lt. in Air Service.
O. Kenan	S.S.U. 2	Major M. R. C.
James S. Kuluu	T.M.U. 184	American Records Office 3rd Echelon B. E. F.
Lloyd Kitchel	S.S.U. 64	Pvt. in Field Artillery.
Richmond W. Kenyon	S.S.U. 26	Cadet in Air Service.
James C. Hobart	T.M.U. 184	Private in American Red Cross, Italian Service.

Roy D. Lamond	S.S.U. 69	Private in American Red Cross.
George B. Logan	S.S.U. 3	Cadet in Air Service.
John H. Lundquist	S.S.U. 12	American Red Cross, Italian Service.
George B. McCormick	S.S.U. 17	Private in 17th Engineers.
Francis R. McIntyre	T.M.U. 184	Private in 2nd Engineers.
John Munroe	S.S.U. 3	Aspirant in French Artillery.
James McAvoy	Bur. des Autos	Cadet in Air Service.
Edward L. Pelham	T.M.U. 184	Floor Director Main Warehouse Army Y. M. C. A.
Raymond P. Plummer	S.S.U. 68	Sergeant in American Red Cross.
Arthur Edw. MacNamee	S.S.U. 184	Pvt. in Field Artillery.
F. R. Ostheimer	S.S.U. 4	Interpreter Forestry Section.
	and 9	
Frederick N. Olmsted	T.M.U. 397	Returned to America for Training.
William B. Olmsted	T.M.U. 397	2nd Lt. Quartermaster Corps Motor Transport Division.
Edmund J. Phelps Jr.	S.S.U. 26	Elève Aspirant French Artillery School at Fontainebleau.
Donald W. Searles	T.M.U. 133	Civilian Headquarters in Air Service.
H. Townsend	S.S.U. 1	1st. Lt. in Sanitary Corps.
Edward R. Upson	S.S.U. 69	Selective Service Dept.
Robinson Verrill	S.S.U. 3	2nd. Lt. Field Artillery.
David M. Wesson	S.S.U. 70	Civilian in Air Service Construction Dept.
Ralph A. Woodend	T.M.U. 397	American Records Office 3rd Echelon B. E. F.

NOTRE POËLE

When you've had a howling ride
 Down the steep and frozen side
 Of the Valley where there's nothing but your *poste*,
 Where the snow blows bleak and bleary,
 And the night falls dark and dreary,
 And your frozen breath rides off, a white-draped ghost
 Then you sort of stamp the boards
 And you wish the naked swords
 Could be sheathed just while you got a little warm;
 Or the wind would blow up hot
 As you leave the barren top
 Of the Plateau and dip down by the ruined farm.

But when with slide and slip
The *trriage* ends your icy trip
And you've got your *blessés* safely tucked within,
You jump upon your *voiture*
And By Jove you're really glad you're
On your way to that old smoky

Bit a Tin.

Some people talk and rant
About their central heating plant
But the thing that always works in thick and thin
Is our little *française poêle*
That's neither large nor very small
It's a soot-begetting-smoky

Bit a Tin.

You can throw in rocks and dust
And she'll burn it or she'll bust
If you let her have her head and lots of chin
You can rake her you can stoke
But By Her Dirty Pipe she'll smoke
So much, she'll *camouflage* that modest

Bit a Tin.

She's a whiffle little chose,
Though the Keeper hardly knows
What insane caper she's in line for now
She must not be fed too soon
And when she burns just give her room
For she'll backfire and Believe Me she knows how.
When we've put the Fritz in Hell
We'll get our *Poêle* to roaring well
And we'll smoke the Bums from neck to very chin.
Then we'll hang the sooty Kaiser
And we'll chuck the dirty miser
In our smoking-sooty-roaring

Bit a Tin.

Shade of Sixty-Five.

WAR AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

The fun has all been knocked out of it. Can't you remember when you got that grand and glorious feeling with a bulge in your side pocket where the permission papers just sort of pozed out with things written all over them that meant anything from ten days to two weeks? Biarritz, Chamonix, England, any place on the map of Europe wasn't too good for us. But GHQ EAF has lost all its sense of the just and since the arrival of General Order 6749 we can't do anything for more than seven days. And it is almost impossible to break ones glasses now. Why just the other day we tried it and the Lieutenant made us put on our extra pair.

And Paris! What are we going to do now since we can't go near the Place? It will be deserted and those nice rooms that were going to be for us will have to lie idle. And the boulevards will be deserted! For wasn't it the Field Service Boys that kept Paris full and the Gendarmes on their jobs? Though Henry has gone his bar has not. It runs, but what for? My God what for? Probably waiting for the end of the war so that those natty boys of Piatt may again live their well earned and narrowly saved lives.

No, War ain't what it used to be since General Order Number 6749 came. The only thing we have to live for now is our Field Service Diploma.

The Shade of Sixty-Five.

Just as a suggestion, Ed, before I yank this from the machine. Why don't you accept a short story or two. Make a limit to the bulk and see what the boys can turn in. We might guarantee a couple or so with evidence of more forth coming. We have a little contest within our own doors. The sergeant, having nothing else to do, sits up nights and furnishes plots.

S. S. U. 629

Convois Autos. — A. E. F. Par B. C. M. France

February 27, 1918.

Dear Sir,

Am glad to announce to you that old S. S. U. 9 has just been cited for the second time in the following terms.

La Section Sanitaire Américaine No. 629 :

" Section Sanitaire où tous les conducteurs rivalisent de zèle et d'entrain. Le 20 février 1918 la section, sous l'impulsion énergique de ses chefs, le Lieutenant américain Cogswell et le Lieutenant français La Gerondière a assuré l'évacuation de tous les blessés avec une rapidité, une discipline et un dévouement dignes des plus grands éloges. "

Signé : Illisible.

We get a formal ceremony tomorrow or the day after.

Sincerely yours,

George Russell COGSWELL.

VISITORS AT 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

W H. Cutler (S.S.U. 9) 1st. Lt. (Chaplain) 13th Engineers ; J. M. Walker (S.S.U. 3) 2nd Lt. F. A. ; B. Harper (T.M.U. 526) 1st. Lt. Aviation ; Vivian C. Neville-Thompson (T.M.U. 133) American Mission Motor Transport Division ; Bruce C. Hopper (T.M.U. 527) 1st. Lt. Pilot in Air Service ; William J. Bingham (S.S.U. 30) 1st. Lt. U. S. A. A. S. ; Harold M. Page (S.S.U. 65) Returning to U. S. A. for Naval Aviation ; Arthur M. Dallin (S.S.U. 1) French Artillery at Fontainebleau ; John W. Ames, Jr (S.S.U. 2) French Artillery at Fontainebleau ; Robert Chambers (S.S.U. 16) American Red Cross.
