



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

THE QUESTION

I do not know yet if I was right or wrong. I shall never know. After these years that have passed I am wont to look on it as one of those mysteries of the war which not even the publication of official documents would reveal.

What intuition came into my subconsciousness to determine my action, I neither have been able to explain. Yet the fact stands. Rising somehow into my full consciousness there seemed to appear irrefutable evidence that night, however, that made me feel convinced of the absolute truth of my suspicions.

I have often wondered too at the perturbations of conscience that still agitate me in this incident. I remember that a moment after I had made the decision that night I was stung with the ruthlessness of my course of action. The quality of mercy is not strained. That adds to my present sense of guilt that with a war-hardened sense of humanity, apathetic to suffering, and completely imbued with the psychology of militarism, that no sense of humaneness or of pardon can be countenanced when dealing with enemy espionage. But that is perhaps the mystery. From the voiceless lips of the dead there will come no enlightenment.

But to the story. I was on duty that night with my company. We were in dugouts along a highway captured by us in our offensive against the Germans a few weeks before. Impassable to traffic it was, all shell swept and torn. Above us on one side of the road was a long abruptly rising hill and on the other side was a forested level between juts of other hills, which too were covered with trees. Trees I should hardly call them now however, not even timber. There was nothing left but the trunks and they were charred and burned. Our 75's were camouflaged in the yellowish brown dirt of the shell ploughed field on the slope above us.

It was all as desolate as the world on the fourth day of creation ere yet there had been any plants or living things created, and to add to the general gloom that night there was a light rain falling and it was dark. We were not firing but the men in the line eight hundred yards ahead of us were active with bombs and machine guns. There was mud underfoot and mist in the air.

We were not firing that night because we dared not. Our position was in full view of the German lines though so thoroughly camouflaged that their artillery had failed to find us. But there was something behind the uncanny foreknowledge of the Germans of our every move in this stretch of the front. One of our men even had the pass word given him by a German. Challenged by the guard as he was going down a section of the trench he forgot the word. When a German in a listening post not far out supplied him with it. They were insolent. The incident is absolutely true.

For this reason we were merely lurking with our guns up there on the hillside waiting for proper support from the positions farther back. We were holding it because of its strategic value.

I had just finished a tour of inspection that night and was about to turn in myself. Everything was quiet except for the pup-pup-pup of the machine guns at intervals up a little ahead of us. Most of the men were in their dugouts, many asleep, except for the few on watch that night. I was about to report when it occurred to me to look in at the dugout occupied by the cuisine. I descended into it.

There were the two cooks and three or four men. And with them there were two strangers. They were dressed in sheep skin lined coats and kepis and khaki uniforms with the buttons of our own Army. Both of them were not old, between 28 and 30, I should say. They had intelligent but ingenuous faces and tried to summon enough French for conversation with the cooks and men. The cooks were entertaining them.

The whole party stood at attention as I entered.

"Who are your friends?" I asked Philippe, the chef.

Two drivers who have lost their way. They have a poste back a little ways and came up here to see the front. They are having dinner with us, sir", replied he.

"What service are you connected with", I then asked one of the two strangers turning to him.

"We are ambulance drivers with a section near here", one of the men answered feadily enough.

The only thought that came into my mind then was the last instructions of the commandant at officers call the day before. Yet I had not the slightest logical basis for my deduction. My only explanation is that my mind was surcharged with that anxiety, that care. Some clue to the thing must be found and found soon, were the exact words of my commandant.

I turned again as I was about to leave.

"You say you have lost your way?" I asked.

Outside it was black and dark as Erebus.

"Yes sir, we have", the men replied.

"What town are you quartered in?" I then asked.

He mentioned the name of a little village.

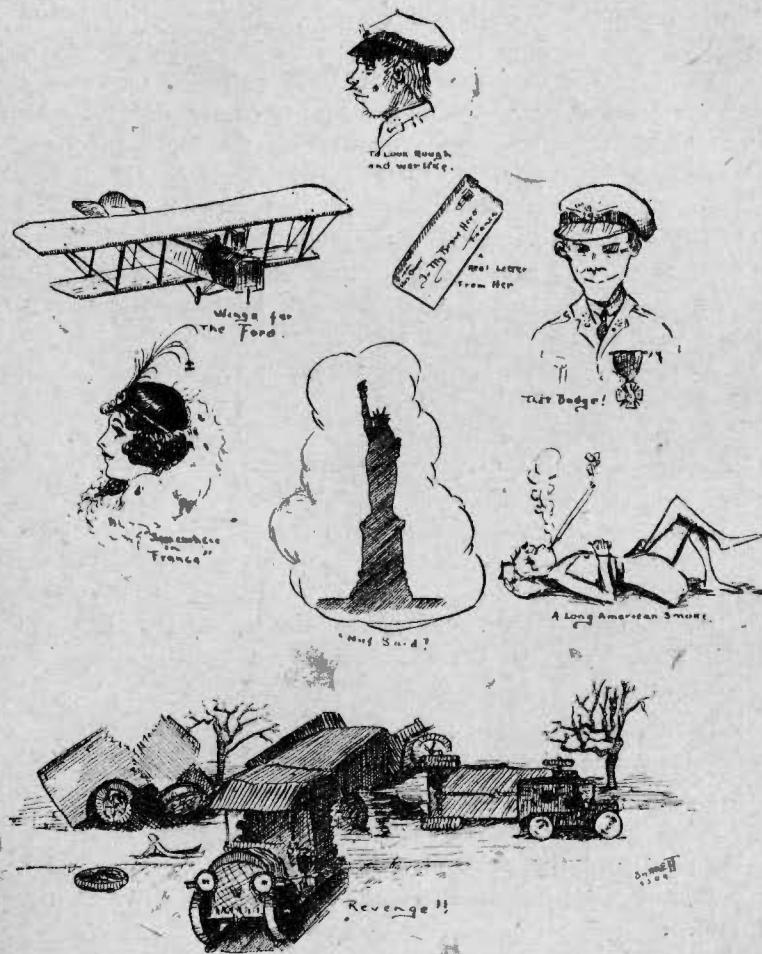
"Take the road just outside to the right and you will find it", I said.

Then I left.

It was a road that led direct to a frontage of the German trenches, nestling with machine guns.

God pardon me for devotedness to duty if those two men were not German spies!

David DARRAH,
Reserve Mallet.



AMBITIONS OF AN
AMBULANCIER

Burnett for The American Field Service History

NON-COM NONSENSE

I am a Sergeant,
 First class,
 In an ambulance section
 That used to be a part of the American Field Service,
 But now belongs to the great American Army.
 I am a go-between,
 And I act as a sandwich
 Between the enlisted men and the officer.
 Before we enlisted, I had some friends ;
 Or, at least, they acted like friends,
 And once in a while, on a rainy day,
 They would buy me a drink.
 But since I wear a big hat
 And a lot of stripes on my sleeves,
 Just above the elbow,
 I receive the cold shoulder from everyone.
 When I was a " sous-chef "
 With the honorary rank of Second Lieutenant,
 I could ride in the staff-car,
 And have a private room,
 And a bed with white sheets and feather pillows.
 But when the " chef " returned from Paris
 With a chip on each shoulder
 And some excess leather on his belt,
 All the glamor wore off,
 And we had a Saturday inspection.
 I did the rehearsing and the stage setting
 And he took the curtain calls.
 But I too have opportunities for personal distinction :
 They let me call the roll seven times a day,
 Cavort in the cool night air
 Conducting exercises, and wade through mud at the drills.
 When I detail a man to kitchen police,
 He feels sure that I do it through spite,
 And leaves the skin on my potatoes.
 When the barracks are dirty,
 The Lieut. blames me ;

And when they are clean, I cannot go near them,
 Because there are a lot of bricks in there,
 And a brick is a heavy missile,
 That it is more blessed to give than to receive.
 It should not be inferred from the foregoing,
 That I am dissatisfied with my lot.
 Oh no! I like my work...,
 And someday, if I live to the required age,
 I may come to be an officer myself,
 And then I will bully the Sergeant,
 First class. P. A. RIE, sgt. 1^{re} cl. S. S. U. 637.

S. S. U. 3. 1915 - 1918

A member of Section 3 has compiled a list of the present activities of members of that section. Although some of the names have appeared in the list of present activities of former A. F. S. members, it is interesting to note the contribution to the varied Allied services which alone one of the oldest sections of the A. F. S. has contributed.

L. Hill,	2nd Lieut. F.A.U.S.R.
A. G. Carey,	2nd Lieut. F.A.U.S.R. Hqrs. 2nd F. A. Brigade.
P. Fenton,	1st Lieut. A.S.S.U.S.R. Hqrs. Air Service A.E.F.
H. O. Hale,	1st Lieut. A.S.S.U.S.U. 2nd Instruction Det. Air Service.
E. J. Curley,	Aspirant, French Artillery.
C. R. Codman,	1st Lieut. A.S.S.U.S.R.
P. Lockwood,	1st Lieut. F.A.U.S.R. attached 12th Regt. A.A.
A. I. Henderson,	1st Lieut. F.A.U.S.R. 7th Regt. F.A.
T. Hamilton,	1st Lieut. British Tank Service.
W. K. B. Emerson,	2nd Lieut. F.A.U.S.R. Air Observation.
J. Mellen,	1st Lieut. A.S.S.U.S.R.
S. Galatti,	Capt. U.S.A.A.S.
J. M. Walker,	1st Lieut. F.A.U.S.R. attached 12th Regt. F.A.
L. Doyle,	Capt. U.S. Sanitary Corps.
B. F. Dawson,	1st Lieut. A.S.S.U.S.R.
J. W. Clark,	Aspirant, 36 ^e d'Artillerie.
T. W. Potter,	1st Lieut. U. S. Air Service,
L. V. Hitt,	1st. Lieut. U.S. Engineers, Camouflage Section.
E. I. Tinkham,	Cadet, Naval Aviation.

D. Sargent,	1st Lieut. 5th Regt. F.A.
C. T. Clark,	Aspirant, 28 ^e d'Artillerie.
J. Munroe,	Aspirant, 89 ^e d'Artillerie.
A. Blutenthal,	French Air Service.
C. Winant,	Aspirant, 236 ^e d'Artillerie.
C. A. Watkins,	French Artillery School Fontainebleau.
C. H. Fiske,	1st class pvt. O.T.C. Yaphank, L.I.
C. Baird,	1st Lieut. F.A.U.S.R. 6th Regt. F.A.
F. L. Baylies,	French Air Service.
T. Buffum,	French Air Service.
G. Francklyn,	Sergt. 6th Regt. F.A.
R. B. Montgomery,	Cadet U.S. Air Service.
E. H. English,	U.S.A.A.S.
G. B. Logan,	Cadet U.S. Air Service.
C. Amsden,	Cadet U.S. Air Service.
G. W. Roberts,	1st Lieut. U.S.A.A.S.
R. B. Varnum,	Flying Cadet Air Service.
J. N. D'Este,	Corp. 101st Regt. F.A.
W. H. Ransford,	Capt. Inf. Yaphank, New-York.
H. Innes Brown,	1st Lieut. Sanitary Corps.
D. V. Rice,	1st Lieut. 15th N. Y. Inf.
L. Hall,	1st Lieut. F.A.
W. Barber,	Fontainebleau, French Artillerie School.
K. D. Alexander,	American Red Cross, Italian Service.
C. Rodes,	American Red Cross, Italian Service.
G. Phillips,	American Red Cross.
E. H. de Neveu,	Interpreter Office of the Engineers Officers L. of C.
C. Keogh,	Sous-Lieut. French Air Service, Armée d'Orient, Gd. Parc Aéronautique Français, Salonique. A.F.O.
W. L. Harrison,	Cadet A.S.S.C.
A. N. Wilder,	Pvt. 17th Regt. F.A.
W. H. Rubinkam,	Cadet Naval Aviation.
G. S. Sinclair,	Cadet A.S.S.C.
L. H. Tenney,	Pvt. 5th Regt F.A.
J. F. Todd,	Pvt. 5th Regt F.A.
H. J. Kelleher,	U.S.A.A.S.
Lawrence G. Fisher,	American Red Cross.
Scott Russell,	Italian Ambulance.
Ramon H. Guthrie,	American Red Cross.
B. H. Tracy,	Italian Ambulance.
	Cadet in Air Service.
	Cadet in Air Service.

Frank L. Baylies (S. S. U. 3) brought down an enemy aeroplane on Monday, March 18th. (Exchange)

Dear Editor,

Without further preface I am submitting to you a five-reel poem, written in an abri with a smoky stove, hoping you may find use for it in the *Bulletin* sometime.

AFTER THE WAR

Oh, this life has got its drawbacks,
Gas shells, shrapnel, mud and rain.
Smoky abris, midnight wakings,
Loading poilus wracked with pain.

But in spite of all the dangers,
Hardships, horrors, pain and woe,
We can't help but feel rewarded,
Helping to defeat the foe.

For without our ambulances,
Where would France's Army be?
Count the poilus that we've carried,
And our usefulness you'll see.

Just recall the Verdun battle,
Maistre's victory on the Aisne,
More than half the poilus wounded,
Rode in Flivvers, free from pain.

So when Kaiser Bill gets his'n
And we're all back home again,
Don't forget those three years veterans,
Henry Fords own Ambulance Men.

H. G. M.
S. S. U. 634.

MANY AMERICAN DRIVERS RECEIVED CRÓIX DE GUERRE

The Ambulance drivers of the United States Army Ambulance Corps continue to make excellent records in transporting the French wounded. Many have received the Croix de Guerre recently for their brave deeds.

The list includes :

Lieut. Joseph R. Greenwood of Section 633:

Private (1st class), Richard V. Buel, and Private George Ripley Cutler of Section 642.

All have had citations stating that they had shown unusual bravery and calm under fire and that their work has been highly appreciated.

New-York Herald, of March 15th.

NOTES

If any men now in the ambulance who formerly were employed by Armour and Company, U. S. A. will send their names, addresses and the names of their former office and department to A. S. Trude, Jr., S. S. U. 632, it will be greatly appreciated as a complete list of Armour men in this service is being made.

S. S. U. 622

Dear Ed :

The four " American Song Books " have come and the *en reposeurs* have already had a session from cover to cover. It was last night. We thank you very much for the books and hope it was not too much bother. We also thank Miss Clifford of Denver.

STORE

Don't forget that the purchasing department of the A.F.S. is ready to buy for you any article you need from Paris. Write directly to Manager Store, American Field Service, 21, rue Raynouard.

VISITORS AT 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

Robt. W. Wood, Jr. (S.S.U. 9 and 10) 5^e Brigade Ecole d'Artillerie Fontainebleau; John R. Edwards (S. S. U. 8) 1st Lieut. A.S.S.C.U.S.R. Air Service; Horace F. Carbaugh (S.S.U. 13) U.S.A.A.S.; Arlie C. Phillips (S.S.U. 13) U.S.A.A.S.; Gilbert N. Ross (S.S.U. 26) U.S.A.A.S.; Tom O'Connor (S.S.U. 12) U.S. Naval Aviation; Robert L. Buell (S.S.U. 15) Y.M.C.A.; B. G. Dawes (T.M.U. 184) Wagoner 17th Engineers; Lieut. Norman B. Curtice (T.M.U. 526) American Mission, M.T. Div.; John Craig, Jr. (S.S.U. 2); Francis P. Henderson (T.M.U. 527) 5^e Brigade Ecole d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau; Howard T. Stackhouse, American Mission, M.T. Div.; H. Bradley Ogden, American Mission, M.T. Div.; Edward N. Secombe (S.S.U. 2) U.S.A.A.S.; Arthur K. Dearborn (T.M.U. 397) Civilian Engineer to Ordnance Department; George Dock, Jr. (S.S.U. 2) Aviation; Alvan Cushman, (S. S. U. 4.) Naval Aviation.
