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THEIR MEED

Lament not, mother-land, over thy lost Youth.
Tears fall too often for mere petty things.
And raise no hymns to them that died for truth ;
Not even music balms the grief that clings.
No elegy nor epic let there be
For those who gladly poured the warm, the red
Thè joyous life-flood from their hearts for thee ;
No verse can add a lustre to thy dead.
Hope not with canvas them to immortalize,
Earth holds no colors brighter than their fame.
Nor marble e' er can catch the soul that flies,
Nor bronze e' er fix the glory of their name.
Silent and proud, one tribute canst thou give .
Send to thy living cause thy Youth who live.

S. S. U. 631 (13).

SECTION NOTES

Editor of the Bulletin,

We hear our prescribed area is a fine place, but we never kicked on Paris or Nice.

One of our voitures received ninety-nine éclat holes the other day on one of those days reported so very quiet in our sector.

Since we lost our English General's uniforms the poilus are bolder in their demands for essence, in fact the Sammy outfit doesn't seem to impress the inhalers of pinard.

Have three new dogs and must report the death of our only thorough-bred, a Swedish police houndess. She went west when she saw our new cantonnement for the first time. This is great stuff, cleaning up after the French sections, and they call them Sanitary sections. The scarcity of essence is bringing on attacks of horse asthma and horse fever.

Does any one know a system to find out the American number of a section when you know the field service number? The poilus are all "het up" about the diploma some of them may get. This volunteering is great, but I think the next war we will wait to be tapped.

S. S. U. 621/68.

AMBULANCE MEN DEFEAT U. S. ARTILLERY 14 TO 4

A surprise attack on the "enemy" in the form of a seventh-inning batting rally that netted eight runs and demoralized the opposition, gave S.S.U. 635, formerly S.S.U. 17, a 14 to 4 victory over Battery L, sixth Reg., U.S. Artillery, in the ambulance boys' first game of the season, played Saturday afternoon, March 16th, at a U.S. Artillery training camp.

The game was arranged by First Lieutenant Neftel, section commander, and was attended by all the members of the section in camp, with Lulu, the section's German sheep dog, and Jean, a four-year-old citizen of France as mascots.

Owing to the brilliant work of the pitchers, neither side scored until the last half of the fourth inning, when an error attributable to the unevenness of the ground resulted in a run for Battery L. In the fifth inning, S.S.U. scored three runs and Battery L. one, and in the sixth each team added up another marker.

In the seventh frame, Garrett, pitcher for the ambulance boys and formerly a Harvard first-string twirler, got the range on his opponent's, Shusher's, fast one, and led off with a Texas leaguer. When the smoke finally cleared away, Farmer, formerly of the Missouri University' varsity nine, Ogden, Seymour, Muldoon, Walton, Toll and Peck had hit safely, and the shortstop's error in fielding an attempted sacrifice by Fletcher resulted in Toll scoring on the fumble and Fletcher reaching the plate on Peck's long drive. To make assurance doubly sure, S.S.U. 635 took two more runs in the eighth, although the artillery men sent in a fresh pitcher in an effort to stop the onslaught. Battery L, made their final score in the ninth.

Features of the game were homerun drives by Seymour and Walton, and the gut-edged pitching of Garrett.

Fifteen hits were made by the ambulance boys, and eight by the artillerymen.

Second Lieutenant Jones of Battery L. umpired the game, and won praise from all for the accuracy of his decisions.

Lieutenant Neftel expects to arrange other games for his team this season.

The line-up Saturday was:

Peck, catcher.

Garrett, pitcher.

Walton and Richards, first base,

Ogden and Mustard, second base.

Toll and Maxfield, third base.

Farmer, shortstop.

Muldoon, left field.

Seymour, centre field.

Ward and Fletcher, right field.

J. P. FLETCHER.

THE LIFE SAVER

Bill and I came over on the boat together. We "ah oui-ed" and "comprends pas-ed" around Paris to our hearts' content trying to enjoy life for a few days before going out to be shelled and mitralleused by the Boches. We had read "Ambulance No. 10", "At the Front in a Flivver" and various other volumes

trickling with blood and gore, and we had the idea that ambulanciers got up about 5 A. M. and drove down to get shot before breakfast. I think I would have been nervous had it not been for Bill. That husky brute only laughed when I brought forth some new terror awaiting us at the Front.

"They say you have to be an expert mechanic "out there", so if your flivver breaks down on a shelled road you can fix her in a jiffy and clear out", I remarked weakly one day.

"Oh, that's nothing", replied Bill in his off-hand cocksure manner. "I read the Ford Manual coming over on the boat and I think I'll get along all right".

"Have you ever driven a Ford, Bill?"

"No, but I know I can".

And that was final.

Then came the day of driving tests. Whitman got out his rattle trap and loaded four of us into it. Bill was one of those present. I noticed that the test car had a superfluous emergency brake on the right hand side. That was Whitman's "Life-Saver", as he afterwards explained. Now the instructor began his preliminary explanations.

"Carry your spark about here, your throttle about here for starting. Press the extreme left pedal — you are in low. When you get a start, let the pedal up, at the same time easing up on the gas!"

"I could see that Bill wasn't paying much attention to the instructor. Why should he, he had read the Ford Manual once! But as soon as Whitman paused Bill spoke up.

"Let me try her", he yelled in childish anticipation.

"All right, go to it", answered Whit.

Bill climbed to the wheel. He pushed in the pedal and we were off; another moment and he let it into high. We were waving gently down the street. In a few minutes Bill discovered that by pulling down the right hand lever on the steering column, one could get more speed. I saw him pull down the lever and grin with childish delight. We were now coming into a net work of traffic still going at high speed. Then Bill pulled the lever down another notch or so. The traffic was becoming denser, and we were racing down the street at top speed, wobbling from

side to side. I was becoming frightened. Then I could see a touch of anxiety creeping into Bill's face. We could not go much further without an accident.

In another moment a mass of camions loomed up ahead, going in both directions. We could not possibly get thru. Bill turned to Whitman with an innocent grin, raising his eyes completely from the street.

"How the hell do you stop the damn thing", he drawled calmly.

And the "Life-Saver" did its duty.

Solomon GARDEN, S. S. U. 19/637.

VISITORS AT 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

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Horrors To An Ambulancier

BURNETT for the AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE HISTORY

MESSENGERS OF MERCY

Oh, the Ambulance is a lazy life,
 The life of a carefree crew
 That sits around two-thirds of the time
 With nothing whatever to do.
 But it isn't as easy as you might think
 To drive a Ford in France,
 For the Ambulance Service sure is hard —
 On the seats of government pants.

*Yes, a carefree crew is the Ambulance ;
 We love to do as we please ;
 We take our pleasures in generous measures
 Despite the strict M. P's.
 We' re a pacifistic bunch of bums,
 And it certainly is a crime
 That the ambulance non-combatants
 Should be always killing time.*

Oh, half of the time we curse our luck
 Because we' re back on repos,
 But we crab still more at a bit of work
 When up to the front we go.
 Oh, we travel about in the rear of the front
 And squander our monthly pay,
 And all that we care a damn about
 Is our three square meals a day.

*Yes, a carefree crew is the Ambulance,
 We love to do as we please ;
 But we grouse and growl and raise a howl
 When we cannot take our ease.
 Each ambulance man thinks he ought to be
 In some other branch of the war,
 And we crab like hell when we know blame well
 Thet we're well off where we are.*

Oh, the ambulance man is a humane bird
 Who comes from across the sea,
 He comes, as he thinks, with avowed intent
 To rescue Humanity.
 But he soon determines that he can best
 Diminish the Prussian pelf
 If he simply devotes his efforts to
 Preserving his human self.

*Yes, a carefree crew is the Ambulance
 With materialistic views;
 We' ve dropped our illusions and foolish delusions
 And taken to foreign booze.
 The Ambulance man's sole object now
 Is the greatest amount of fun,
 And he's trying to save for the Land of the Brave
 A worthless Son-of-a-Gun!*

L. WARREN, S.S.U. 18.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

Peter L. Kent, Headquarters.	Inspector L. of C. Care of Chief Engineer L. of C.
A. Duncan McLeish	S.S.U. 10 Royal Flying Corps.
Chester L. Talmage	S.S.U. 65 2nd Lieut. Royal Flying Corps.
D. E. Ashley	T.M.U. 133 2nd Lieut. Royal Flying Corps.
A. A. Dailey	S.S.U. 65 Balloon Service, U. S. A.
Jerome F. McGee	T.M.U. 133 Cadet in Air Service.
Frank B. Lamoine	T.M.U. 133 Sergeant Aero Squadron 230, U. S. Air Service.
Morris K. Wallace	S.S.U. 66 Private in Air Service.
Donald W. De Coster	T.M.U. 184 Civilian in Air Service.
Raymond K. Bontz	T.M.U. 133 Ensign U. S. N. R. F.-F. S. Class 4.
Russel Davis	T.M.U. 526 American Red Cross-Italian Ambulance, Sect. 1.

George E. Dresser	T.M.U. 526 American Red Cross-Italian Ambulance, Sect. 2.
Joseph H. Eastman	S.S.U. 14 1st Lieut. 94th Aero Squa- dron U. S. Air Service.
Ralph Aldom Frost	T.M.U. 133 Cadet in Air Service.
Lawrence G. Fisher	S.S.U. 3 American Red Cross-Italian and 65 Ambulance.
Guy C. Calden	T.M.U. 108 2nd Lieut. Q. M. Corps.
Lloyd M. Garner	S.S.U. 17 1st Lieut. Field Artillery.
Harlan H. Howard	T.M.U. 133 American Red Cross-Italian Ambulance.
Francis T. Henderson	T.M.U. 526 Eleve Aspirant French Ar- tillery at Fontainebleau.
Howard Kahn	S.S.U. 72 American Red Cross-Italian Ambulance, Sect. 1.
William W. Kennett	T.M.U. 133 American Red Cross-Italian Ambulance.
Arthur J. Masson	T.M.U. 526 1st Lieut. Field Artillery.
Nichols P. Makanna	S.S.U. 72 Eleve Aspirant French Ar- tillery at Fontainebleau.
James R. Millikew	T.M.U. 184 Cadet in Air Service.
Francis S. Morrison	T.M.U. 242 Pvt Field Artillery.
Arthur L. Patridge	T.M.U. 526 Eleve Aspirant French Ar- tillery at Fontainebleau.
Malcolm G. Olson	T.M.U. 184 American Red Cross, Ita- lian Ambulance.
Robert Rieser	S.S.U. 33 American Red Cross, Ita- lian Ambulance, Sect. 1.
William E. Resor	T.M.U. 133 Pvt. American Red Cross.
Scott Russell	S.S.U. 3 American Red Cross, Ita- lian Ambulance.
Winship Roger	T.M.U. 184 Cadet in Air Service.
Rowland A. Robbins	S.S.U. 65 2nd Lieut. Air Service.
Paul Squibb	S.S.U. 30 2nd. Lieut. Field Artillery.
Gerald S. Stone	T.M.U. 526 Corp. Pilot Lafayette Flying Corps.
Rouse Simmons	T.M.U. 184 American Red Cross, Ita- lian Ambulance, Sect. 3.
William's D. Swan	S.S.U. 10 Corp. Field Artillery.
Brandreth Symonds	S.S.U. 192nd Lieut. Field Artillery.
Richard D. Stevenson	S.S.U. 26 1st Class Pvt. 5th Field Ar- tillery.

Harold H. Sayre	S.S.U.	10 Flying Cadet in Air Service.
Edward I. Tinkham	S.S.U.	20 Naval Aviation Landsman for Quartermaster.
Dudley F. Wolfe	T.M.U.	23 American Red Cross, Ita- lian Ambulance, Sect. 2.
Lloyd E. Walsh	S.S.U.	68 Sergt. American Red Cross.
Charles H. Wooley	S.S.U.	9 1st Lieut: Air Service.
Raymond J. Whitney	S.S.U.	2 Cadet in Air Service.
Gill R. Wilson, Vos- ges and	S.S.U.	33 Cadet Officer Air Service.
J. Marquand Walker	S.S.U.	3 1st Lieut. Field Artillery.

