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LITERARY CONTEST

The prize of Twenty Francs has been awarded to the author of " Letters from the Rear " written by Paul M. Fulcher, S. S. U. 631 (ne 13).

LETTERS FROM THE REAR

Many collections of letters from the front have been published and large profits reaped therefrom, but letters from the rear have thus far received little attention.

Now the rear is always interesting, and has several stages. It is the place you fall back to when you win a strategic victory — that is the immediate rear and you never get letters from it. Then it is the place you go to on permission. That is the second rear, and from it you get letters saying that she is lonely without you and quite angry because she hasn't heard from you. Then there is the rear which means America, where we all came from and where we all hope to go, *le plus vite possible*. That is the rear from which we get letters — sometimes.

Formerly letters from the front were interesting — at least the rear thought them so — and might be sold to magazines at the rate of five dollars for each thrill they contained. This happy *temps jadis* has passed, much to the advantage of truth and the sorrow of our thrill-hungry friends. Nowadays you can't tell about terrific bombardments, colossal gas attacks, and throngs of *blessés* hysterically grateful for a ride in your ambulance, when your lieutenant — who may or may not have written the same kind of stuff in the golden age of the Field Service — when your lieutenant will read every word with a weary, cynical smile, and knows that only one small thirty-seven shell came in that day and that it failed to explode; that there had been no gas *alerte* for three months; that the one *blesse* of the day was a teamster who hurt his knee by falling from a *ravitaillement* wagon. and *mon Dieu* -ed, *bon Dieu* -ed, *doucement* -ed and *mon jambe* -ed all the way in, finally calling you a Spanish cow as he hobbled into the hospital. You can't criticise the army, now, either. However, if you are a highbrow, you may make some such cryptic remark as "the enlistment officer reminds me of the first line of Browning's" *Childe Roland*". I, of course, am not a highbrow. In this connection, you must bear in mind the fact that letter-writing is a privilege and not a right, and that in many previous wars the troops were — unprivileged.

The reader must not infer that even the letter from the rear is an unalloyed delight. Often it bears evidence of many mistaken notions of the war. Perhaps much of this is due to "information" contained in letters from the front. But with all their faults, we love them still, and when Monday's mail brings a Ford radiator, Tuesday's, three inner tubes and a rear spring, Wednesday's, nothing at all, and Thursday's a complete outfit of overseas caps, we look forward to Friday rather expectantly.

The next war that I attend, I shall drop certain people from my address book.

First, there is the college chum who thinks that all his letters are censored. Some day I am going to inform him that I have received only one letter which had been even opened by censor. That was from my mathematics professor, and nothing was cut out of it, although the writer said that he had been making four-

minute speeches — an obvious falsehood, for the man never talked for less than fifty-five minutes in his life.

Then there is the girl who is so glad to get a "personal account of this great world movement". And the girl who thinks camp life must be so interesting. And her sister, who has sent me (so far) seven copies of the Emphasized Gospel of Saint John. And the girl who sends me banquet menus.

Next in order comes my Canadian aunt, who makes cutting remarks about the American army and especially about the ambulance corps, and inquires if we ever go near the front. And my cousin's sister-in-law's grandmother, who thinks we go up into the front line and carry the *blessés* down on stretchers. The rest of my relatives may continue to write. At least they mean well.

Then there is a whole phalanx of camp-fire girls who promised to send me packages, and writes weekly letters instead enclosing photographs of themselves which resemble Aloha the fair Indian maid, seven minutes before she bathed in the Fountain of Youth. One of the phalanx wants to know if I ever hear the guns.

A most offensive class comes next. Their letters urge me to seek out and slap jovially on the back their old friends, their very dear old friends, Captain Green, Major Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, and especially dear old Brigadier-General Jones.

The wife of the family doctor, who simply cannot understand why we are with the French, is a little annoying. So is the methodist minister, who still addresses me at 21 rue Raynouard. The young lady school-teacher who counts that day lost whose low-descending sun sees not some unique knitted garment done and speeded on its way to me is quite a trial, since often I can't discover on just which portion of the anatomy each garment should be hung, and since, after wearing for several weeks about my waist, as an abdominal protector, a strange creation which resembled an amocha about to divide, I suddenly discovered that the thing was meant for a helmet.

But all these good friends can not compare to the correspondent whose case I have saved till the last. I mean the sweet old lady who sent me a package containing seven hundred and forty nine post cards — picture post roads and cards bearing

"cheering messages and inspiring quotations" — for me to distribute to the wounded I carried, and, if any were left, to the men in the trenches. I owe a certain period of unpopularity in my section to the fact that, instead of doing as she told me, I tacked up the cards to the walls of our cantonnement, putting up new ones when the old were torn down. The unpopularity was of course due to my using up the section's supply of tacks.

Paul M. FULCHER,
S. S. U. 631 (né 13).

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

Julian Stanley Dexter	S.S.U. 64	Cadet, Army Aviation, U. S. A.
Herbert Raymond Kendall	T.M.U. 133	Cadet Army Aviation in France.
Frederick B. Barlow	S.S.U. 64	Cadet Royal Flying Corps.
Bennett Wells	T.M.U. 526	1st Lt. U. S. Air Service.
Edwin Miles Noyes	S.S.U. 28	Sergt. 1st Class, Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
Herbert Walter Crowhurst	S.S.U. 12	2nd Lieut. Q. M. C. N. A.
William Nelson Reagan	Calif. Office	2nd Lieut. U. S. Air Service, A. E. F.
Norwood Paxton Johnston	S.S.U. 64	Cadet U. S. Air Service.
Thomas Lazear Orr	S.S.U. 12	1st Lieut. U. S. Air Service A. E. F.
Alastair Ian Grant Valentine	S.S.U. 32	Lieut. American Red Cross Italian Service, Sect. III.
Morris Henry Harnley	S.S.U. 29	1st Lieut. Aviation Section S. O. R. C.
Harry D. Wood	S.S.U. 69	Private Red Cross.
Frederick Exston	S.S.U. 8	Intelligence Section, American Headquarters.
H. G. Campbell	T.M.U. 184	Motor Transport Service.
C. W. Alkire	T.M.U. 397	Motor Transport Service.
G. E. Amick	T.M.U. 184	Motor Transport Service.
E. H. Drew	T.M.U. 397	Motor Transport Service.
B. G. Kline	T.M.U. 133	Motor Transport Service.
J. L. Nickel	T.M.U. 184	Motor Transport Service.
F. T. Arthur	T.M.U. 537	Motor Transport Service.
Cyrus Clark	T.M.U. 133	Motor Transport Service.
Joseph Mellen	S.S.U. 3	Lieut. Aviation.



Horrors of the Night.

BURNETT for the AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE HISTORY

Dear Ed :

This letter is written in sheer desperation ; it is the only means of getting a connecting wire with things American — for let it be known I am in a desert of Allies with nary a star or a stripe or a bit of khaki in view. As I write a tall Arab is chasing an Annamite around the table, while four Poilus and an Italian are leaning over my shoulder expressing their surprise that the letters of the " American " language are the same as the French. Five more *malades* are yelling out a weird melody at the tops of their lungs while still another confined to his bed in back of me is shrieking a question as to whether the general confusion distracts me.

Yes, I am sick and in a French hospital.

The Arab has now caught the Annamite and the running noise has been succeeded by Indo-Chinese howls accompanied by guttural mutterings ordinarily swept by " Sahara " breezes. The French cook has entered and is showing his comradeship for *les Americains* by slapping me on the back while the French jazz band has burst into a " Tipperary " with meaning glances in my direction. A Belgian from another ward comes running in excitedly his fingers placed on a certain word in a certain book. He shows it to me. The word is cow-boy. I nod nonchalantly whereupon he works himself into a feverish state and makes sounds approximating " boom boom, wow wow and moo ". He then darts out and reappears with a gentleman built along the same generous proportions as Jess Willard, explaining the new entry with the remark : " *Il connaît la boxe.* " The herculean personage is about to grab me and I shall continue when he has finished. Jess is all thru now and outside of a black eye and slightly bloody nose I am well. A Frenchman has shoved a " *Vie Parisienne* " in front of me and is pointing to the limb of the girl on the magazine cover. I'm sure I don't know what he expects me to do.

The treatment here is wonderful — I'm cured.

Yours truly,

Robert SCHOLLES,
S. S. U. 637.

SOUPIR

Theres orders come tis whispered round
We'll see some fun tonight
We'll push the camies toward the front
Beneath the starshells light.

So soon we gets official line
Then fills our tanks with gas —
And makes all nice and ready
While we waits for time to pass.

We puts the old steel helmet on
And gas masks near at hand
Then cleans our goggles for the dust
Which blows to beat the band.

The Sergeant bleats his whistle
And we're off to place to load
We gets five tons of seventy fives
To juggle o'er the road,

Then we waits till night for cover
And ambles toward the front
The tail board of the truck before
A waving round like drunk.

Theres man and horse and motor truck
A passing mile by mile
You does your best to miss em all
And if you dont ; you smile.

Its black as old time hades
Theres shell pits in the road
A Droite : You slam your brakes on tight
And give your soul to God.

You miss the truck in front an inch
Ten frenchmen squeal like mad
You sit and grin and think it fun
Two minutes chance you had.

Hidden by hills from the Boches lines
We sees the big uns flame
We hears their roar and feels the shock
But drives on just the same.

Right up to Where they feeds' em steel
We lugs those *soixante-quinze*
To the courtyard of a french château
Which often changes hands.

It's days of use are over now
It's had it's share of shell
But we hadn't been there very long
Fore the Boche 'gan raising hell.

A screaming and a Whistling
Like a 'spress train on a spree,
A shrapnel dropped to pay a call
Then burst and shrieked with glee.

We ducks with ninety frenchies
Neath the nearest camie there
Then up and runs to find the hole
While frenchies turn and stare.

Each minute comes a howling one
And spatters round the place.
We laughed to see those regulars
Use ten short seconds grace.

They couldn't hold our boys near bye
They Wanders everywhere,
Out toward the trenches, by the guns
Toward No-man's-land they fare.

So when the whistle blows to leave
The officers hunt and call
And twixt the darkness and the flash
They finally ropes them all.

They chased 'em sadly back to camp
But even now you'll hear
Of the first night under shell fire
At the château near Soupir.

R. MORRISON YOUNG,
(T. M. U 184).

A T. M. BOOK

A small volume dealing with the transport branch of the Field Service has recently been published in New-York under the title "Camion Letters from American College Men, Volunteer drivers of the American Field Service in France 1917". Most of the letters are from the Cornell men who formed the larger part of the first section assigned to transport work.

The volume is edited by Professor Martin W. Sampson of Cornell, who worked so helpfully for the service in the Boston office during the summer of 1917. It is published by Henry Holt and Company, New-York. (One dollar net.)

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Guild of Newton announce the engagement of their daughter, Carolyn, to Lieutenant Mayton Philip Bryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Reading Bryan, of Brookline. Lieutenant Bryan, recently received his commission in the Signal Reserve Corps, Aviation Section, and is expecting to sail immediately for active duty in France. Previously, he took part in the American Ambulance Field Service in France, where he was a member of the renowned Section VIII.

Boston Evening Transcript
March 5, 1918.

TO THE OLD PHILADELPHIA LADY

The system of compiling the old Field Service number is very simple. Take S. S. U. 631 for instance: you subtract 600, then reverse the remaining numbers and you have S. S. U. 13. TRYCOB.

HONORS FOR AMBULANCE DRIVERS

The headquarters of the United States Army Ambulance Service continues to receive evidence in the way of citations of the good work of the American ambulance drivers who are transporting the French wounded. Corporal Elmer Naslund and Private Raymond Hunter, of Section 645, received divisional citations with Croix de Guerre on March 25. Section 629 has also been cited by the division for its exceptional work and Private (1st class) Perrin H. Long and Private (1st class) Ethelbert W. Love, of Section 638, also received divisional citations on March 24.

Reports from the front say that the United States Army Ambulance Service is doing excellent work in the big battle all along the line. Many sections are engaged and there have been few losses. There is a good reserve, so the organization is proving efficient in every way, and its work is being highly appreciated.

New-York Herald, April 3rd.

Capt. W. Def. Bigelow (S. S. U. 4) has received his second Citations This time to the order of the Corps d'Armee.

VISITORS AT 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

Ripley Cutler (S. S. U. 30) U. S. A. A. S.; Donald F. Bigelow (T. M. U. 133) 2nd Lt. Field Artillery; Robert A. Dole (T. M. U. 526) American Red Cross; James W. Harle (S. S. U. 2-10) Sgt. Headquarters U. S. A. A. S.; Jack Nichols (S. S. U. 10) American Red Cross; Joseph Desloge (S. S. U. 10) American Red Cross; J. Dewitt Toll (S. S. U. 17) U. S. A. A. S.; J. Milton Nazel (S. S. U. 17) U. S. A. A. S.; F. A. Webster (S. S. U. 2) 1st Lieut. S. C. N. A.; H. G. Campbell (T. M. U. 184) M. T. S. Rec. Park, A. P. O. 705; Randolph L. Knight (S. S. U. 16) U. S. A. A. S.; J. Frank Brown (S. S. U. 16) U. S. A. A. S.; J. A. Scudder (T. M. U. 526) Corp. American Red Cross; Cecil Read (T. M. U. 133) 2nd Lieut. U. S. Artillery; Joseph Mellen (S. S. U. 3) 1st Lieut. Aviation; Charles Codman (S. S. U. 3) 1st Lieut. Aviation.