

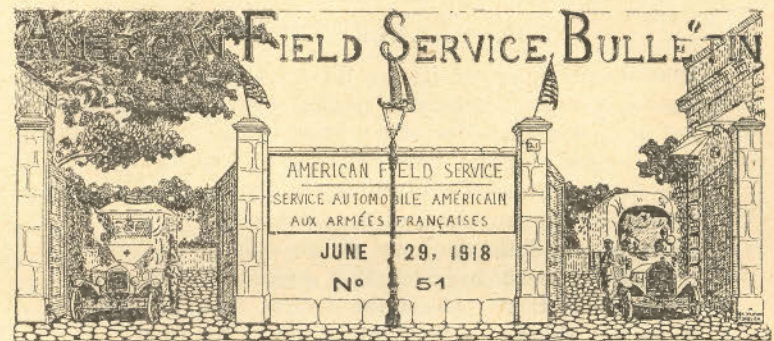
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BULLETIN



Walt

Gores.

July Fourth - 1918



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FOURTH OF JULY NUMBER

THE HOME LAND

Fourth of July — across distant seas the home clans gather at every place ;

Co patriots — Americans all — they pledge to the founders of our race ;

In far-off France we too, old man, will lift our glasses high
To the Land of our fathers in days of yore,
To the Land seeming dearer than ever before ;
And then to dream, on our billeted floor,
A dream that will never die.

Fourth of July — another year and once again for freedom — on all the earth ;

Our flag's unfurled — we fight as our fathers for the land of our birth ;

So here in France, afar from home, we'll pledge with smiling eye
The Land giving freely the all of her youth —
To the cause of humanity — freedom and truth ;
And then to dream, 'neath some dugout roof,
A dream that will never die.

W. ROY CORNISH, S. S. U. 636 (old 18)
At the Front.

FOR FRANCE TODAY

Why do we fight, we from a distant shore,
Removed, contained, scarce touched by all the strife,
Far from the thunders of a foreign war,
Who might in peace have followed all our life?
Our debt to France? — incurred in times of old,
Graced by the workings of a despot king? —
Rochambeau, Lafayette, we oft are told;
Our bell of freedom which they helped to ring —
No, none of these; forget the ancient score;
A greater thing: — For France today, we fight,
Our living debt to France is even more,
Her struggling battle is our cause of right.
For fine-souled France, a star too bright to go,
We come to battle back the tyrant foe!

L. W. — S. S. U. 636 (old 18).

LA BELLE FRANCE

Thou shalt be born anew O! France
When thoughts of man's diviner self advance,
When free from carnage, war and pain
Thy nation's spirit shall arise again.
A band of poets, statesmen, seers,
Shall honor thee O! France thru coming years.

RUSSELL DAVY GREENE
(formerly S. S. U. 68).

THE FLAGS OF FRANCE

" There was a review a month back in the afternoon, when the sun was out and red leaves were on the big trees or fluttering down from them as the review on the plain beyond our town was finished. Then the regiment marched down our street with band playing and officers stiff on their horses. There was a vigorous swing to the *poilus'* shoulders and strength in their faces. Their French flag was a bit torn, but it was crusted with the names, in gold, of their battles, and a *Croix de Guerre* and a *Médaille militaire* nestled in its folds by the staff. We saluted as it passed, while the sun caught it and the tri-color flamed, when, all in an instant, one understood why men tossed away

their lives for France. It seemed the logical thing to do, the only thing; and I was glad those colors belonged to us, too, glad that even one so humble as I was of the *Armée Française*.

" But why should a banner, a mere bit of silk, choke one's throat so? Perhaps because no French flag is a " mere bit of silk. " It is a bit of free blue sky and of searing white pain and the red of man's rich blood. It is a hymn and a pledge, a wreath, a sword, a cross, a soul. And a part of that French soul is in the heart of every *poilu*, and, please God, will seep into our American hearts who have watched France fight, and who fight today standing on French ground. "

J. W. D. SEYMOUR (S. S. U. 17).

LEGIONS OF LIGHT

I

This is America's day; not the Day Germany boasted.
Proud in your many inventions, little did you divine,
Little you thought, you Prussians, when you clinked your glasses
[and toasted
That it was blood you were drinking, blood, red blood, not wine.
Well, you have had your daytime; now you have come to twilight.
America's sun is rising; Liberty's flag is unfurled
While the hope of the Hohenzollerns fades into deep, dark night.
From the other edge of the ocean comes the light, the hope of the
world
(Bright with the glow of God's altar fires comes the one last hope
[of the world].

II

We do not glory in warfare, we come to avenge, not destroy,
But the red rape of Belgium, the ruin of France are things we
[have seen, and know.
Time was, in the days of knights and squires, that War was a
[daughter of joy
Clad in velvet and cloth of gold, leading men on to woe.
But now we can see the rouge on her cheeks, and her eyes are
[hard and hollow.
She has ruined men since the start of time and now, like Time,
[is old.
We others are disillusioned, but the Huns, they blindly follow
For she says that she has sisters three — Fame, and Might, and
[Gold.
(Land of Schiller and Luther, for these is your birthright sold!)

III

God knows that we, if the choice were ours, and the task we are
 [at were ended
 Would hie ourselves madly, gladly, home and begin to fulfil the
 [rapturous dream
 Which comes to us now and then at night, with a bloody horror
 [blended
 (Ah God, were it not for such visions, 'twould be hard to follow
 [the gleam)
 What dream, say you? You've had it, or will... A cosy chair by
 [a fireplace
 After a good, hard day. Your dog, with his head on his paws,
 Lying there snoozing beside you, his faithful face raised to your
 [face.....
 And a little love and laughter, and *that* for you others' applause!
 (A face you love, the touch of a hand, and *that* for you others'
 [applause!)

IV

Such is the dream, and after all, it is just for that we are fighting,
 Just for that we are spending the flaming years of our youth —
 Spending, but never wasting, for where there's a wrong that needs
 [righting
 Who cares what the price may be, so long as it's paid for truth?
At home, thank God, there is laughter — a little, not much,
 [but enough
 Laughter, with tears hid behind it, not common unfeeling mirth.
 Laughter and love, with such things as these, can any road be
 rough?
 Though it lead to death in a lone drear place, afar from the land
 [of our birth.
 (Loving laughter and laughing love, of these, at least, there's no
 [dearth!)

V

Then hasten, America's armies, come, come swift o'er the ocean
 [lanes
 Braving the spying submarine, and the cowardly floating mine,
 Come from our purple mountains, come from our greening plains,
 Come from our grain-fat meadows, from our forests of spruce and
 [pine,
 Come, and coming, sing, the song of freer and freed
 Marching in myriad columns, oncoming millions of might
 Proud of our independence, come now to prove our creed!
 What can withstand, what oppose us, the radiant ranks of right?
 Purged in the glow of God's altar fires, immortal legions of light!

Paul M. FULCHER, S. S. U. 631 — 13.

FOURTH OF JULY 1917 IN THE OLD T. M.

The real American celebration of July 4, 1917 in France did not occur in Paris, but in the camps of the ambulanciers and transport drivers of the American Field Service who were, at the time, the only organized American forces at the front. Many of these groups were small and some very busy, but their celebration of Independence Day will not be forgotten by any who shared them and the description of one of these festivities is a fair sample of them all.

Credit for this celebration must be given chiefly to Captain Genin, our French commander, a jolly good fellow, and one greatly interested in American customs.

All during June he had been hearing about nothing except the Fourth of July. At last he decided that, at his own expense, we were to have a Fourth that should surpass those we had known in the States. And after that, day by day, various articles kept arriving in the camp — live rabbits, narrow gauge tracks, crates labelled " Champagne ", cigarettes, flower-pots, about all of which there was some mystery and a great deal of speculation.

The program of the day itself began, of course, with a review, which was hardly much different from some peace time reviews in the States. The ten sections present were in the bad humor common to troops on inspection, and there was some cause too, for every camion in Jouaignes had been on the road from five in the morning until eight the night before, while even after that there had been a great deal of cleaning and oiling to do in preparation for the rigid inspection that would be sure to come the next morning.

Nevertheless it was with a feeling of expectancy that the members of our group were notified at a roll call at six o'clock the morning of the Fourth of the program of the day's events, and, half an hour later, our section, under our American *chef*, was marching towards the parade field a mile away.

This field was the meeting-place of continually streaming groups of American transport drivers. The nearer one got to it, the more comrades one met, headed for the same destination, cheerfully ignoring the dust, and thinking and remembering only: " This is the Fourth of July ". Section after section marched through the little gate into the field and arranged themselves in formation for review. A sharp " *gardez-vous* ": rang out and Captain Mallet, head of Mallet's Reserve of American Camion Drivers, entered the field, whereupon a square was formed, of

can town. That impression was heightened by the later dances. Lithe Berbers hurled French army rifles high into the air and caught them without losing time with the drums. Then there were sword dances in which two simulated opponents whirled yataghans about their heads.

Afterwards I talked with some of the Tunisians. They had little respect for any Germans. "Yes", they said, "the Germans are brave enough to crouch in dugouts under shell-fire. But when we come after them, they are cowards. They run away or shout "Kamerad, Kamerad". Bah! Boches no camerades with us." As one remembered the sword dances, it seemed hardly surprising that the Germans were cowards before these outlandish warriors.

Shortly afterwards a baseball game began which must have seemed as bizarre to the Arabs as their dances were to us. About the fourth inning of the game, fencing started in as a counter attraction, and charmed away, one must confess, almost everybody, except the Americans. In this our own French Lieutenant Chalos, vanquished all comers. By seven we had all piled our mess kits about improvised tables and were waiting for the dinner.

M. Bousquet, the camp chef, was reputed to have officiated in many kitchens, including those of the Duke of Luxembourg. Yet however great the number of feasts he had prepared, he surely never encountered one stranger than this. A wonderful salad was served up in a dishpan and eaten off dirty tin plates. The meats were roast capon and a filet with mushrooms; the only bread was the hard dry *pain des armées*. Pinard, an euphemism for the cheapest, sourest wine existing — alternated with old Muscat and Moët et Chandon. Then all the time there was boisterous jesting, and dogs that stood around the tables ready to snap up any spare morsels, until by dint of so many contrasts and so much hearty jollity, everything assumed a truly medieval tone. One rather missed torchlight and smoky rafters. Except for that, it was easy to imagine, looking down the long, littered tables, that one was present at a banquet in some Norman castle when Edward III was king. Always, however, when the laughter died down for a moment, the guns that were defending Craonne or Moulin de Laffany, would down the lesser clatter of the tinware.

After the plates were scraped clean — for once we did not have to wash them — the French force — cooks, mechanics, clerks, wounded for the most part in the trenches, took possession of

the tables and the remnant of the pinard. Then followed another celebration, a truly French celebration, which lasted most of the short summer night, during the course of which regimental songs were sung, including the now famous chant of the Foreign Legion, and during which many speeches were made about "les jeunes Américains" and "la victoire qui viendra." American ragtime had a fraternal share, too, and many ludicrous attempts were made to translate it into French. Then there were more speeches, and a great deal of handshaking, and laughter — always laughter. About two we most of us crawled off to bed, quite aware that we should be called on at daylight to carry trench torpedoes, and quite content nevertheless.

Malcolm COWLEY, T. M. U. 526.

SINGS THE SHELL OF A SEVENTY-FIVE

I sing of Freedom and I strike for Right!
And, guided by my Mentors, mark the way
For France, tho Nature's forces fain would stay
My death-ensuing, vict'ry winning flight:
One fear impelling voyage, existence o'er
One blow for France — from comrades many more.

'Tis early morn, perhaps, or bright noontide,
Perhaps the Sun has travelled to the night.
Command is giv'n, a chance to "Strike for Right."
Unleashed, assured, I sail th' ethereal tide.
My port? A ravitaillement camp; a trench;
An avion; a battery's fire to quench.

'Tis Dark! The Lady Moon concealing tears,
Behind a cloudy kerchief, will not see
The Folly that has made our hosts to be.
She knows a moment's silence — and appears.
We chant in chorus — men and earth are flung!
She sees — and goes — again our chant is sung.

I sing of Freedom and I strike for Right!
A son, a blow for loyal France who dares.
And, Strong of heart, Her mighty arm She bares
Nor rests, nor falters, bound to win the fight.
France! Loving all — and victimized by Might!
France sings of Freedom and France strikes for Right!

E. M., S. S. U. 626 (Old. 2.)

A SERMON FOR YOUNG SOLDIERS

Young men of ours, whom go ye forth for to seek?
— *The self-styled Caesar who enslaves the weak.*
How may ye summon him? — *Our guns shall speak.*

Behind his hosts he cowers out of reach.
— *But we have pledged our lives, each unto each,*
In that strong living wall to make a breach.

Last sacrifice of all is life, yet least
Unless ye losing it, so quell the Beast;
Else make ye but more fodder for his feast.

SINGS THE SHELL OF A SEVENTY-FIVE
— *Fear not. Are we not all things, being brave?*
More precious gifts than life we go to save,
And know no choice but victory or the grave.

God give you victory, brave gentlemen!
The Hun ye fear not, and 'tis well; but then
Ye shall not face that foeman one in ten,

But must in humbler service learn — how hard!
To work unknown, unhonored, and unscarred,
To watch, inactive yet on constant guard,

To wait — the hardest task of all! — to wait
The call that may come never, or too late,
To wait in vain, in vain importunate.

To wait, to watch, to work far from the front
Where beckons fame — that is the bitter brunt
Of war: true steel the soul it shall not blunt.

That is the common burden, and thence sprung
The common enemy, whose serpent tongue
Betrays the soul war-weary and unstrung.

After the tense trench-vigil, in the gray
Monotony of camps where day by day
Life drifts in weary emptiness away,

Or in the still sad hours of nature's peace,
At eventide, when tasks mechanic cease
To drug the mind, and it, now given release,

Wings from a world where only might is strong,
Where right is martyred by triumphant wrong,
Where men shame wolves — O God, how long, how long?—

Unto a dearer land where dear ones wait
For Peace to open again her rusted gate,
Peace — for how many a home alas, too late! —

In hours like these — and late or soon to all
They come, and oft — a shadow like a pall
Is laid upon the spirit; past recall

Vanish the valiant ardor, the high hope
Of victory, the stern resolve to cope
With any odds. As through a telescope

Reversed, the mind sees great things small: the War
A lunatic muddle of mere greed and gore,
Of millions martyred for a pride-blown score;

Sees loyalty, devotion, sacrifice
Shrink to illusions fostered to entice
The victim on to pay the victor's price.

So, its true balance lost, the o'erwrought mind
Reels to foul disaffection, or in blind
Apathy idles, honor left behind.

And doubt, the vapor which sick souls exhale,
May, like the genii in the Arab tale,
Cover at last the heavens with a veil,

Darkening the day for all, and stifling all.
Remember, brave young men, brave Russia's fall;
For she was brave that is the German's thrall.

The constancy that conquers self she lacked.
Pray God that ye may lack it not, but act
In all things faithful to your sacred pact.

In weariness and worry and mischance
Remember the long fortitude of France,
And write in deeds your country's true romance.

J. B. F. (S. S. U. 14)
Ech. Am. Parc F.

OVERCOATS OF BLUE

You may tack on fuss and feathers
And plumes and golden braid,
Or choose a gorgeous uniform,
As striking as is made —
Dress your soldiers as you like,
But still it will be true —
You'll have to take your hat off
To the Overcoats of Blue!

Oh, the Overcoats of Blue! The Overcoats of Blue!
They're soldiers of the finest, are the Overcoats of Blue!

You may take your men in khaki,
Your men in brown and grey,
They are first class fighting soldiers —
They'll prove it any day!
We'll honor every one of them
For all that they've been thru,
But you'll have to give the laurels
To the Overcoats of Blue!

Oh, the Overcoats of Blue! The Overcoats of Blue!
They're the finest fighting soldiers, are the Overcoats of Blue!

When this war is done and finished
We'll have a grand parade,
And to all the Allied soldiers
Will honor due be paid;
But you'll see, in all their glory,
At the head of the revue,
Just the ordinary poilus —
The "Overcoats of Blue!"

"The Overcoats of Blue!" "The Overcoats of Blue!"
They will march before the finest, will the "Overcoats of Blue!"

R. A. D. — S. S. U. 18.

ENVOI

Humbly we come from homes across the sea,
Not vaunting our own glory or our fame
To take our place in ranks among the free
And help to crush a king who has no shame.

We come not in a grand superior way,
Aiming at showy prowess o'er the world:
All that we ask is that our banner may
Beside the glorious flags of France be furled.

Forget we now our pride, our slogans loud;
Give us the work you have for us to do,
That we may sooner mingle with the crowd
And take our place beside the men of blue.

This be our wish: — That each may do his part,
And give, out of himself, all that he can,
And fight the final battle as the start,
That each, before the world, may prove a man.

R. A. D. — S. S. U. 18.

DEATH OF ARTHUR BLUTHENTHAL

Word has been received that Arthur Bluthenthal has been killed in an aerial battle, his machine having been brought down in flames.

Bluthenthal joined the American Field Service in May 1915 and was soon thereafter sent to Section 3. He remained with the section over a year serving at Verdun, Lorraine and in the Orient where he received the *Croix de Guerre*. When America declared war Bluthenthal joined the French Aviation Service and had been at the front for some time before his death.

He was a Princeton graduate and his home was in Wilmington, Delaware.

FIELD SERVICE LITERATURE

Two books dealing with life in the old Field Service are announced for early publication in America, by former Field Service drivers.

" Ambulance 464 " by Julian Bryan, S. S. U. 12.

" Trucking to the Trenches " by John Kautz, T. M. U. 184.

The preparation of the " History of the American Field Service " is progressing and will be ready for the press in due season. The chapters devoted to the various Sections are nearly completed, though any facts and episodes concerning them, which are not already in hand, would be welcomed. Home letters, journals and diaries always contain interesting matter. Much material of this kind has already been examined but further contributions may be sent in.

All communications should be addressed :

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21, rue Raynouard

Paris.



H. S. Ramsdell
S. S. U. 629 (old 9)

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