



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

**UN PEU DE FRANCE — MEUSE 1917**

Came discord, of a day and Iron Wrath  
 Strewing Destruction vast along its path ;  
 Loud-voicéd, lewd and strong with lewd intent,  
 A man-made earthquake by a mad-man willed  
 And shattered all my Vale of Peace and Killed  
 Our flowers — and still the lustful winds lament!

There was a Vale of Peace I knew and there  
 Where lustful breezes paid a dangerous court  
 To flowered beauties and kindred sort,  
 Where poppies bent their flaming heads and rare  
 Crocii seduced those wingéd loves who dare  
 Adore their beauty, — did sweet dreams abound.  
 I've dreamed away some idle hours and found  
 The Peace Dame Nature predicated there.

E. M. — S. U. U. 2

## TO S. L. C.

In that dim land to which you turned so soon —  
Too soon! — it may be that you now can see  
The destiny that shapes our little days  
And fills them with the present misery ;  
And with your larger vision know at last  
Why youth must give up youth itself and give  
Even its life — that the ideals of youth  
May thus be cherished and forever live.

J. B. C. 17/635.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE

Sometimes in the hush of the bivouac,  
Sweet visions of home return,  
As I watch on guard, 'cross the battle-scarred  
Slope, where the star shells burn.  
And the old familiar faces  
Are framed in the faint star-glow  
And the sweet perfume, the shadows, the moon,  
Are dreams, but they're real I know.

And as darkness deepens around  
My sleep laden eyes can see  
Through vistas of yore, my home once more,  
Where they're waiting and praying for me  
And a voice, 'tis mother speaking,  
So near, and it's soft and low.  
And it seems to me I'm a child again  
In the dim of the long ago.  
And the gun that slants from my shoulder,  
Seems her arm in a soft caress.  
And I reach for her hand, — you understand,  
We attack in the morning, I guess.

David DARRAH,  
Reserve Mallet.

## THE AISNE BATTLE

(Newspaper clipping : Americans are fighting side by side with the French  
near Château-Thierry.)

The sky was seared with fire,  
With blood the ground ran wet,  
I saw the shattered ranks retire  
I wept for France, her hour most dire,  
Her star seemed set!

So thought I in my dread  
Until my dimmed eyes met  
Above her serried ranks of dead,  
A screaming Eagle o'er whose head,  
The star's resplendent yet!

David DARRAH,  
Reserve Mallet.

## FRAGMENT OF THE COMEDY OF NIGHTS AND DAYS

### DEATH :

*A thin, nervous old man whose face is lined with care and who bears unmistakable signs of dissipation.*

### FATE :

*Wife of Death, who stands a little in awe of her. She is a large, generously formed woman with a habit of standing with her arms crossed, the while she tirades in a rasping, irritating voice.*

### HOPE :

*Eldest child of the two, who has no affection for her father. She is shabbily dressed and bears marks of recent ill-treatment.*

### DESPAIR :

*An over-grown infant.*

### SATAN :

*Himself.*

An ethereal sitting room, where Death and his family gather for occasional moments of leisure. Death is dressed in showy finery, but his clothes are awry and bear the marks of constant usage. Fate, in a faded house-dress, is confronting him. Hope is playing in the corner with some stars her father has brought her from the Milky Way. The baby is sleeping in a cradle by the window.

FATE :

Drunk! Always drunk.....  
Your breath is heavy with the fumes of youth ;  
Your mouth is stained with rich, red blood ;  
Your eyes are bleary and your step is weak.....

DEATH :

For pity, woman! Can you never speak,  
Never open your mouth but that a flood  
Of bitterness bursts forth? Well, for the truth,  
What matters it if I *am* drunk?  
Time was, I know — but that is past —  
When I could take my daily toll of men  
In moderation. I could pick at will  
(With you to help me as I made the choice)  
From old and young alike — but that is past.  
Times now are changed upon the earth, and when  
I seek my dainties, and a mod'rate fill  
Of warm young blood that makes my heart rejoice,  
I find such quantities of youthful dead  
Full of the wine I love, and clear and sweet,  
That I must need consume it all. I ask  
Is it a wonder that I lose my head  
And drink and drink, until my careful feet  
Grow mad with rapture for their daily task  
And tread unheeding over countless lives?  
I pay the price for all the foolish waste ;  
My dreams are nightmares and my nerves are drawn  
Like a tight band around my sick'ning heart.  
My will is powerless, although it strives  
To curb the passion of my sinister taste —  
For I, alas! am but a feeble pawn.  
And when the prompter calls, I play my part.

FATE :

Yes, play the part of some poor, spineless fool!  
If you are honest in the wish to be  
Once more the faithful husband that you were,  
And bring again those happy days of yore,  
Recall, and live up to, your former rule  
To be most careful of your company.  
Since you have gone with that — I call him cur!

Upon whom you would never look before,  
You have gone willingly down evil ways,  
Forgetting even desecency to do  
The evil things he urges. Look at Hope —  
Her clothes are rags and tatters. When she plays  
With her bright-faced companion, Memory,  
Who dresses in soft clothes of every hue,  
I grow ashamed.

Ah, no — I cannot cope  
With all the sorrow of these evil hours.  
Come! Lethe. Can you not recall the time  
When you and I were young, ere Hope was born,  
That we made happy love among the flowers  
And you would woo me with impassioned rhyme?.....  
Now even Hope, our child, is left forlorn!

DEATH : (impatiently)

Yes, yes, I know. A drunkard's pain is mine.  
Here in the quiet of my wretched home  
I long for all the peace that used to be,  
And blush for shame because my weakness leads  
To a too — willing thirst for th' fair wine —  
Ah, well, I'll drown my sorrow in the foam  
Of effervescent youth.

It seems to me  
That modern thought has now outgrown the creeds  
By which we moved in ages long gone by.  
With my good friend — whom surely you admire  
For all his wisdom and his wealth and pow'r —  
I'll spend my time in that which pleases most.....  
There, there! I had no wish to make you cry ;  
But I am thirsty and my brain's afire,  
For it is more than past my drinking hour.

FATE :

Ah, shame upon you, Lethe, that you boast  
Of your foul friend, or dare to say that I  
Should look upon him as an envied thing ;  
I doubt his wisdom and I scorn his wealth  
And hate his power over you.

To think

That once in those fair times so long gone by  
Eternal Life once offered me his ring!  
I might be his wife now but for the stealth  
With which you lured me from the golden brink  
Of all the happiness he promised me.  
In the beginning of all time he seemed  
So poor a figure that I heeded you,  
Who were a tower of security  
And all my poor and girlish heart had dreamed —  
And now the woman finds the dream untrue.

Enter SATAN, *his eyes twinkling over the mischief he has caused.*  
*Death, looking doubtfully at his wife, goes forward to greet the visitor. Hope throws her stars, in a passion, out of the window and leaves the room. Fate who to her horror is secretly in love with the devil, but who refuses to acknowledge her passion even to herself — coldly greets the visitor and walks over to the window, looking out toward the world.*

SATAN :

Come, Death, there is a merry feast that waits  
For you and I — your wife, too, if she will.

FATE : (*With heat*)

No, thank you. I will stay at home and pray  
That Lethe may grow weary of the friend  
Who takes him always through the swinging gates  
Of some low brothel.

SATAN : (*Laughing*)

We will drink our fill!  
Come, Death, 'tis late, so let us on our way.  
Exit Death and Satan, arm in arm.

FATE : (*half to herself*)

Oh, God, I ask you, will it never end?  
*Fate throws herself into a chair by the table and buries her face in her arms, her body shaking with sobs. Despair awakens and begins to cry frantically.*

CURTAIN.

J. B. C., 635/17.

## ODDS AND ENDS

James W. D. Seymour, one of the few original Seventeen men that were left to 635, is no longer a sergeant, nor is he connected with the section. In fact, it is considered rather a social error to address Jim other than as First Lieutenant James W. D. Seymour, USAAS. The section rejoiced that Jim's ability had been fittingly recognized by the powers that be, but his departure has left a vacancy none other will be able to fill.

Lieut. Basil Knight Neftel recently received a letter from the Medecin Divisionnaire of a division to which the section was attached but a few days. The letter was an official ordre, 23, of the division, commending both Lieut. Neftel and the section for the work done with the division (which was in the lines at the time) and regretting that the section had not remained with that division. At present the section again is attached to the division with which it has worked since its formation.

John Dewitt Toll, Jr., of New-York, Philadelphia and Hot Springs, recently broke an unique record. He wrote a letter which had the distinction of being the first letter he has written to any girl since he reached France, more than a year ago.

Flapjack Tellier and Al Gandy, who reign supreme in the kitchen, have fallen out, and no longer are on speaking terms. The result is highly satisfactory to the section, for the question that started the rumpus is whether Jack is a better cook than Al, or vice versa. Of course the section is the judge, but to date it has withheld final opinion pending the introduction of new evidence that has just been discovered. In the meantime, the battle rages. If Tellier dishes up Flapjacks — hence his name — for breakfast, Gandy deftly parries the advantage with a mess of crullers, so delicious that just the thought of them makes the teeth float. Puddings fly — down throats — and the section menu boast hiterto unheard of dainties.

Eddie Gheer, who likes to mess around the insides of a Ford engine is happy at last. For weeks he has been spending his money on fishing tackle and queer looking artificial bugs and things, with never a stop close to any water except that in a pump. Now the section resides not far from the banks of a canal, and all of Eddie's spare minutes are spent very happily. That there are no fish in the canal and therefore he never yet has had one nibble does not seem to matter in the least with Eddie, who is in the advanced stage of Isaac Waltonitis.

It is in the same canal that Slats Harvey, the demon diver of the section, has been hanging up new aquarian records. Slats — as his name indicates — has the slim and graceful lines of an elephant, and when he hurtles himself into the canal little French children run to their homes screaming: "The Dam Has Burst!" Three times the spring board erected by the section has been discouraged and quit when Slats balanced himself on the end and prepared to leap, so that now it is *defendu* for Harv. This swimming, by the way, is rare stuff. The morning class is not so well attended, but about three-thirty of any sunshiny afternoon Frenchmen who are at leisure can be seen collecting on the bridge that overlooks the spot where some thirty boys who refuse to grow up are having swimming hole games again. Bunk Bridget, speed-artist de luxe, is the leader of the evening class, to which some half-dozen subscribe.

Bunk Bridget, you know, is the same Bunk who cannot understand why it is that Frenchmen give him a blank look when he earnestly asks:

"Avez-voo a match, s'il voo please?"

And Al Gandy says that all cooks should receive the D. S. C. They do their best work when the fire is hottest.

S. S. U. 17

### CIGARETTES

When I walk along the street, looking for some friend to greet, eye-ing sign's to find the nearest bar, lo, a *soldat* edges near, and he says in *français* clear, "Cigarette?" while watching my cigar.

Then I offer him my box while he *mercis* me a lot. — "*Pas tabac en France, de tout, de tout*", says he. "*C'est la guerre.*" I then reply (all my French, but that gets by) for he grins and answers. "*Oui, c'est ça*", to me.

Later when I'm safely planted in some *buvette* nook enchanted, sipping *vin blanc*, grenadine or Meuse beer, musing at the wondrous fragrance, of my "lag" or at the vagrance of my ways, or how much longer I'll be here, someone gently taps my shoulder, and I see a *français* soldier, standing by me with his face all wreathed in smiles. Not a word he says (well knows he I have cigarettes) he shows me his empty box, — In him there is no guile.

And in darkness as I amble homeward in my drivers shamble, ere I reach my bunk I make a little bet, some benighted slave of *tabac*, lies in ambush, me to attack, with the smiling outworn query "*Cigarette*".

David DARRAH, Reserve Mallet.

### PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

Roy D. Lamond	S.S.U. 69	Yeoman U. S. Naval Aviation.
Charles Henry Fiske	S.S.U. 3	2nd Lieut. N. A.
Graeme Gardiner Whytlaw	S.S.U. 2	Cadet Aviator, Royal Flying Corps.
Sidney Colford	S.S.U. 13	Sgt. Interpreter U. S. Marines American 2nd Division.
Edward Howland Parry	S.S.U. 66	Pvt. Aviation Sect. Signal Corps, U.S.A.
Edward Lyman Bill	S.S.U. 4	Eleve Aspirant, 52 <sup>e</sup> Brigade, Ecole Militaire, Fontainebleau.
Frank H. Boyd	S.S.U. 18	Cadet Aviation U. S. School of Military Aeronautics, Ohio State University.
Ogden Bond Douglass	T.M.U. 242	Sgt. U. S. Tank Corps Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.
Robert Hill Bolling	S.S.U. 12	Pvt. U. S. Signal Corps Flying Squadron, U. S. Military School.
Warren T. Kent	T.M.U. 251	1st Lieut. A. S. S. R. C. A. E. F.

### IN MEMORIAM

#### ERNEST-ARMAND GIROUX

Ernest Armand Giroux, Lieutenant in U. S. Air Service was killed in action May 21st, 1918. Giroux was in the *Camion* branch, T. M. U. 526, of the American Field Service from May until August, 1917, when he was released to go into Aviation. Giroux was a Dartmouth man, and his home was in Worcester, Massachusetts.

#### WARREN TUCKER HOBBS

Word has been received that Warren Tucker Hobbs, Lieutenant in U. S. Air Service has also been killed in action. Hobbs joined the Field Service in April, 1917, and was a member of T. M. U. 526 until August when he joined the U. S. Aviation Service. He was a Dartmouth man, and his home was in Somerville, Massachusetts.

### FROM A PRIVATE IN THE FOREIGN LEGION

The Editor of the Bulletin has received these gallant lines from James A. Gamman, formerly of Section 13:

I regret I did not drop in my old headquarters while on my

recent furlough in Paris before leaving for the front, and you certainly know what " front " means to a member of the Foreign Legion. I fear my part so far in the war is a very small one, although I left New York last March determined to try and catch up with some of my friends who had gone over the top, etc. Earlier in the war I spent a few months in Section 13 with some of the best pals I have ever known and I believe the break up of the old Ambulance Service, seemed a bit harder for us than for some sections, for we were all good friends and worked together. Deaths in my family called me home last fall and when I returned to France I signed with the Foreign Legion; through the kindness of comrades, officers in America of the French army, just as soon as my private affairs permitted. I spent a glorious month in Paris with old friends of the Ambulance and new friends of the Legion, who, out of affection for me, spent much of their time in advising me against going to the front with the Legion. However, on May 13th, I left for the Legion depot at Lyons and since then have learned in a small way to be a Légionnaire. I leave for the front tomorrow and then I am sure I shall know better how to act my part. So far I have heard of no former members of the Field Service being in the Legion, although a few Americans are left. You know the casualties in the regiment have been very great of late and I fear many have " gone West ". However, I know several American chaps who served for three years in the Legion, but who have now changed to our army. I still say " our " army and I trust I shall always say so.

It is needless for me to speak of my admiration for our allies, the French. My joining the Legion today speaks for itself on this score. My desire on leaving home was to be sure of reaching the trenches, feeling the adventure was an experience I could not be quite happy without trying also. I would not like, *après la guerre*, to meet my friends who had been there while I had not. Knowing the Legion, I came, and never, never shall I regret doing so. I am with real men, every one, some liking it while others do not. But these days a man does not come to the Legion unless he has a desire to help in a big way. I have learned that a Légionnaire gives his life willingly for France or for a pal, and you will grant me, I am sure, that these are men one can feel quite sure of when the order is: " En avant, Légion Etrangère ! " By the way, a story going the rounds in Paris is that an American asked if it was necessary in the Legion to speak French. " No ", the reply was; " only four words of French are necessary, — " En avant, Légion Etrangère ! "

I am very proud to be a Légionnaire and I trust that I may do my bit at the front with those who know the game much better than I do. However, I trust my best friends will not come, too, simply because I say it is a wonderful experience quite worth while and that a good Légionnaire has no regrets.

#### VISITORS AT 21, RUE RAYNOUARD

Kenneth Le Roy Austin (S.S.U. 4 et 8) Cpl. 2nd. F. A. Brigade , Laurence C. Ames (S.S.U. 68) 2nd Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; R. Randolph Ball (S.S.U. 69) 61st Brigade, Fontainebleau ; Ralph N. Barrett (S.S.U. 12) U. S. A. A. S. ; John H. Boyd (Hdqts) 2nd Lieut. Trans. Branch of Aviation ; Robert L. Buell (S.S.U. 15) Eleve Aspirant, Fontainebleau ; Linford E. Brown (T.M.U. 537) American Express Co ; John Craig (S.S.U. 2) Fontainebleau ; W. Crane (S.S.U. 4) 2nd Lieut. U. S. Infantry ; George Dock (S.S.U. 2) French Aviation ; A. Dudgeon (S.S.U. 14) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; Jack Nevin (Hdqts.) French Artillery ; C. J. Farley (T.M.U. 242) 2nd Lieut. Q. M. R. C. Instruction T. M. C. School No 1 ; Powel Fenton (S.S.U. 3) 1st U. S. Air Service ; Philip Frost (S.S.U. 28) Cas. Det. Hdqrs. U. S. A. A. S. ; E. Mack Gildea (T.M.U. 133) Ecole d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau ; Robert B. Hyman (T.M.U. 242) Eleve de l'Ecole Polytechnique, Fontainebleau ; John R. Houghton (S.S.U. 16) 2nd Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; H. W. Hailey (T.M.U. 537) U. S. Air Service, James C. Hobart, Jr. (T.M.U. 397) American Express Co, Jacob A. Emery (T.M.U. 526) 1st Lieut. Instructor Camp Decize ; F. G. Hartwick (Res. Mallet) Pvt. M. T. C. School No 1 ; William W. McCarthy (S.S.U. 17) U. S. A. A. S. ; J. Milton Nazel (S.S.U. 17) U. S. A. A. S. ; James Palmer (S.S.U. 17) U. S. A. A. S. ; Charles Wayne Walton (S.S.U. 17) U. S. A. A. S. ; A. Edward MacDougall (S.S.U. 30) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; Powel Robinson (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; Jack B. Smith (S.S.U. 26) 2nd Lieut. A. S. S. Corps R. C. Air Service ; Frederick L. Sexton (S.S.U. 14) U. S. A. A. S. ; C. N. Shaffer (T.M.U. 397) 2nd Lieut. American Mission, Mallet Reserve ; N. H. Reynolds (T.M.U. 537) Hdqrs. U. S. A. A. S. ; Frank J. Taylor (S.S.U. 10) United Press Correspondent ; William C. Sanger, Jr. (S.S.U. 9) 1st Lieut. Asst. Military Attache, American Embassy ; George Y. Young (Boston Office) Lieut. U. S. Air Service, A. E. F. ; F. V. V. Wethey (S.S.U. 13) U. S. A. A. S. ; L. R. Wilson (T.M.U. 133) 2nd Lieut. U. S. Air Service.

## NOTES

S. S. U. 621/68 defeated S. S. U. 625/1 on June 30th by a score of 9 to 7. The hitting of Kingman and Wylie and the all around work of McCague featured. Lieutenant Eno of 621 formerly of Section 1 umpired. No fatalities are reported.

K. A. W.

Among the members of the American Red Cross who have been awarded the Italian War Cross were the following old Field Service men :

J. H. Tedford (T. M. U. 133), Raymond T. Hanks (T. M. U. 133), Willard H. Hohl (T. M. U. 184), Malcolm G. Olson (T. M. U. 184), Robert Rieser (S. S. U. 33).

Kenneth L. Austin (S. S. U. 4 & 8) a corporal in Field Artillery has been sent to the Officers Field Artillery School.

## LETTER TO THE BULLETIN

Merci de m'envoyer votre *Bulletin* qui me rappelle ceux que j'ai connus et si grandement estimés. Je veux être de vos abonnés. Voici pour les six mois présents. Dans six mois, rappelez-moi à l'ordre pour que je paye mon abonnement.

Veuillez croire à tout mon respect et à ma sincère admiration pour vos vaillants automobilistes.

F. CLERET DE LANGAVANT,  
*Anc. Aumônier, 65 division et S. S. U. 2 et 19.*

