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OUR COUNTRY AS SHE SOUNDS

I was in a *poste de secours* and I had drunk rather too copiously of *pinard*. I had been reading a batch of American newspapers and periodicals of the month previous, and the Brancardier, observing my boredom, approached mysteriously.

"*La gnirole?*" he queried, at the same time uncorking the wicked bottle with a flourish. I knew it was no use refusing, and allowed him to pour me out a quantity equal in generosity to his own. When we had drunk our *santé* he set himself to fanning out the fresh air about the entrance of the *abri*, and presently shut the door and started stuffing up the chinks. He had now completed his round of duties and I knew it was the signal to retire. Stretching myself on a crippled *brancard*, with neck reposing on the iron cross-bar, I listened confusedly to the rhythmic snores of the recumbent *poilus* round me.

When I awoke, amid the noise of traffic and the elevated trains, it took me some time to realize that I was actually in New-York. Everything was the same, to be sure, — draped with flags and bunting — and yet there was a good deal that was strangely unfamiliar — even the flags themselves, for out in front of every

store hung great red bordered sheets filled up with azure stars. About one of these flags was grouped a crowd of people, and I stopped to look at it.

"What's the idea of the constellation?" I inquired.

"Service flag, of course," said an on-looker. "Say, where you been?"

"Yes, I know," I lied, "but all the stores have them. What's the matter with this one?"

"Gold star," said he, pointing it out. "Means someone's been killed in the war."

"That's nothing," put in a bystander. "There's a flag with two up on Broadway."

"Whereabouts on Broadway?" doubted the first, and they began a discussion that I didn't wait to hear.

I began to look sharply about me — for a bar, but they all appeared to be closed or deserted. The Knickerbocker bar had a sign "Out of Beer and Light Wine". I noticed that nearly everyone was in uniform. There were beautiful ladies walking with British officers, with Italian officers, and with Australians, and with Canadian officers and French chasseurs. There were one or two American soldiers walking alone, and hardly a civilian to be seen.

I stopped one of the Americans.

"Pardon me, friend," I said, "but where are all the civilians?"

"Gone to France," he said, "or else in training camps, you dub. I was to have gone over there last month, and I'd be going over the top right now after the Kaiser if..." and he launched off on a hard luck story about how he couldn't get his head blown off for at least six weeks, because he had been turned down in the first draft.

"But these military?" I said, referring to our Allies. "I thought they had a war on over there, too. Or is this a war council or something?"

"They're teachers," he explained. "Training our men how to live in trenches and to put on gas masks at a given signal."

"Thanks," I said. "Now do you mind telling why the bars are closed, and where I can get a drink?"

"They aren't closed yet," he said, "but they can't sell anything but beers and light wines, and the manufacturers have got scared and are making non-alcoholics. Besides, you can't get even beer, if you're in uniform; but you can get some diluted grape-juice over there at the corner."

"Much obliged," I murmured, and left him.

At the corner directing the traffic stood a husky lady cop.

"Lord," I thought, "Am I cross-eyed?"

But I suddenly perceived that there were women all about me engaged in the most extraordinary occupations. Women in white duck were sweeping the streets, uniformed damsels manned the street cars, and up the side streets I caught glimpses of female figures unloading trucks and heaving trunks and boxes. Scores of pretty girls in overalls, carrying picks and hods and other implements, passed by while reporters, (reporters everywhere) hung about to snap their pictures. These were the munition workers, the ship builders and the lady riveters, I learned. Some, neatly dressed in jumpers and bearing oil cans were railroad employees... engineeresses and firewomen.

Presently my attention was arrested by a mighty gathering of people who lined the streets, while the windows were black with spectators.

I accosted an elderly man on the edge of the crowd.

"What's doing?" I asked, "A parade?"

"What, you don't know?" he returned. "This is Democracy Day."

"Well, well," I said. "I hadn't heard about it? What does it do?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "But I suppose it'll be about the same as Liberty Day or the Festival of Freedom or Win-the-War Week; but they always have something new. I believe Charlie Chaplin and Annette Kellerman in straight-jackets are going to roll liberty peanuts up Fifth Avenue, and..."

"Liberty what?"

"Liberty peanuts. Then there'll be a collection taken up for the National Decoration Fund to buy service flags for orphan asylums and old people's homes. Or maybe to send bottled Bevo to our boys in the trenches like they did at the Woman's Home Gardening Union parade. I forget the benefit, but anyway you can get Liberty Bonds," he added, a greedy gleam in his eye.

I left this man to his devices.

Further on I found an interested multitude struggling in front of Tiffany's window.

"Some rare piece of the silversmith's art," I thought, but on edging myself into view I saw in the central position of display an ordinary piece of *éclat* labelled, "Shell Fragment from the Western Front."

I passed on, and made straight for the first Child's Restaurant. To my surprise it was almost deserted, excepting for two or three humiliated customers sadly sipping buttermilk with soda crackers — no tumult of rattling crockery and silverware, and I noticed that part of the place had been turned into a sewing circle with a placard "Deposit Bandages Here."

Finally an antagonistic waitress came forward.

"Give me a stack of wheats," I cried, "with maple syrup; give me a grape-fruit and some ham and eggs; I'll take a steak and onions, some asparagus in butter, and some apple pie and a strawberry short-cake, and a cup of..."

"Wait," said the waitress menacingly. "We'll discuss that later. First, are you prepared to take oath that you are in positive need of sustenance? Are you fully aware that every morsel you eat is a drain on the national food supply; that by so doing you are, as it were, bringing aid and comfort to our enemies; and that every *cargram* of nutrition that you consume will prolong the war in due proportion? Food," she finished automatically, "will win the war... don't waste it!"

"Yes, I know," I replied, assuming my most Parisian air, "*ça ne fait rien*. If you will just bring me the cakes and the beef-steak and pie..."

"It is absolutely forbidden," she stated. "If you will give me your food order from the chief of Police, and your certificate of patriotic goodstanding and citizenship, you will be entitled to your denatured butter-milk and Unedas, but I would advise you to hold out a day or two."

At this I was so overcome that I did not at once see that one of the other customers had risen and was looking at me darkly. He was middle-aged, and wore a tri-color rosette as well as several other emblems whose significance was obviously patriotic, in his lapel.

"My young friend," he said severely, "it is my official as well as my patriotic duty to report you for the distinctly un American meal you have just ordered in my hearing. But you do not seem to know the enormity of your offence. Let me warn you that you are likely to be apprehended as a spy. Spies," he concluded mechanically, "are everywhere."

I saw I had to step easily.

"What is your official capacity?" I inquired politely.

"I am Chairman of the Champagne Committee of Ship Launching," he said importantly, "and my office is to furnish

champagne for the governors' daughters to smash on the prows of the concrete ships that don't sink when they are launched up side down. Congress has appropriated six billions..."

"Champagne?" I scented. "Well, since you're in on it, perhaps you could tip me off where I could get some. I have a little boat of my own," I explained, "that needs naming."

"Well, there isn't any champagne just yet — er — 'Congress hasn't exactly appropriated; But listen," he said, "America is waking up to this war. Already there are a greater number of service flags in New-York than in all of Europe. Congress has made big appropriations for the printing and distribution of patriotic songs; And McAdoo has made great expenditures; the president has burnt his hand on a tank; and more food has been saved and spoiled in America than a year's consumption in the British Isles, and even the women..."

But at this moment a great hubub arose outside. Newsboys were shouting extras; the factory whistles were blowing; the bells were ringing; and the people were pouring into the streets rejoicing. I ran out and bought a paper, and in six inch headlines read:

AMERICA STRIKES! HUNS BAFFLED!

The Chairman waved the paper at me triumphantly.

"There!" he shouted. "America is waking up! America is wake... is wake... is wak..."

Ing up!" It was the Brancardier who was shaking me by the shoulder.

"*Une voiture,*" he said, "*toute de suite. Une malade et deux officiers... chercher de la bière.*"

And as I picked up my helmet and started out I stumbled over a pile of American periodicals, and knew it was only a dream.

L. W.

DAWN

One by one the star-points fade;
Weirdly in the eastern sky
Comes the dawn, it's light and shade
Strangely tinge the clouds on high,
And the cheerless day reveals
A ruined town, a shattered wall,
Across the dreary fields ahead
A line of trenches which conceals
The cellars of a levelled hall.
The hostile trenches far extend ;
In " No Man's Land " a few cold dead
With the malignant landscape blend.
Now and again the sullen roar
Of the artillery wakes the air
And dies away — and as before :
The haunted stillness everywhere.

Wm. Sary SANGER, Jr.,
1st Lieut. Inf. R. C.
(Formerly member of S.S.U. 9).

France, August 26th, 1918.

IN MEMORIAM GREAYER CLOVER

We learn with regret of the death of 2nd. Lieut. Greayer Clover, who was killed in an aeroplane accident at an aviation camp in France on August 31st. Clover joined the Field Service in May 1917 and was a member of the T. M. section 133 D from June until November of last year, when he was released. He subsequently entered the U. S. Air Service in which he became a second lieutenant. He was a student at Yale before joining the Field Service. He was twenty one years of age, and his home was in Richmond, Virginia. Clover wrote several articles upon the Transport branch of the Field Service, which appeared in American papers at the time, and some of which will be included in the Field Service History.

THE " SAMMIES "

" At the Front in a Flivver ", by William Yorke Stevenson, the Diary of an old member of Section I, was one of the Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company's best War Books for 1917. The same firm now announces for publication this autumn " From Poilu to Sammee ", by the same author. A propos of the last word in this title, our Field Service historiographer writes us :

" Is this absurd word ' Sammee ' of a piece with ' Paree ', representing the way in which the French pronounce ' Sammie '? Or is it one of the products of ' the bright young man ' we hear so much about in transatlantic journalism, who is proverbially ignorant of European ways and European languages and several of whom are now American correspondants on the Western front? Did they imagine that ' Sammee ' was the French spelling as well as the French pronunciation of the word? There is some ground for holding the second explanation.

" The origin of this ' Sammee ' is, I think, as follows. On July 5th of last year, some of the New-York papers and perhaps other American journals — I recall especially the New-York Times — giving a cabled account of the Fourth of July parade in Paris when American troops appeared publicly in France for the first time, printed also for the first time, I believe, this ridiculous word ' Sammee '. The Times spelled the word in this way only during two issues, when some body probably pointed out the error or the frivolousness of it, for there-after when this sobriquet was employed, it was spelled correctly, ' Sammie '.

" By the way, I noticed that, from the very start, objection was taken in certain American quarters to the use of this term and only a few days ago we learned by cable that one of the highest military authorities in Washington, pronounced against it and offered in its stead that common-place and vulgar expression ' Yanks '.

" Nobody seems to have pointed out that ' Sammie ' is a witty French invention derived by association from ' Tommie ', the popular name for British soldiers. Furthermore, the word came into the Parisian brain very naturally. ' Uncle Sam ', which becomes ' Oncle Sam ' in French, has long been known and used in France, Sardou's play of that name, which had much success in the eighties or perhaps earlier, having given the term great vogue in Paris.

" Again, let me call your attention to the fact that ' Sammie ' is never used in the French newspapers except in a familiar or humoristic spirit. On all formal occasions and in serious articles,

'les Américains' is the term employed, just as when the British soldiers are referred to as 'les Anglais' or 'les Britanniques', 'Tommies' being used only in the same way as 'Sammies', that is, playfully.

"It has always seemed to me that 'Sammie' is a most happy word, a real *trouvaille*, and I cannot understand that, while we Americans do not object to Uncle Sam and are the first to employ the term, some of us, and not the least of us, oddly enough balk at 'Sammie'. In fact, our action just borders on being ridiculous, it strikes me. So let the French go on pleasantly praising our worthy 'Sammies' and let us not give the lie to our old reputation for appreciating humor.

"An ex-member of the old
"American Ambulance."

NOTES

On September 2nd we learned that a post card dated August 8th had been received from Frederick G. Lockwood, S. S. U. 621, formerly of Section 18, now a prisoner in Germany. "I am well", he writes, "and six other ambulance drivers are in this same camp. We would be glad to have soap, canned goods, tobacco and chocolate." Mr. Lockwood's address is: Compagnie 3 P. Nr. 3264, Gefangenen Lager, Langensalza.

In the class of 80 candidates just graduated from the U. S. artillery candidates school in France, the two highest marks were received by old Field Service men, - Milton G. Silver, of S. S. U. 65 and Edward H. Page, of old Section 2. Both of these men have received commissions as second lieutenants in the U. S. Artillery.

About twenty of the old Field Service men, now students at the French Artillery School at Fontainebleau, responded recently to an invitation of Miss Anna E. Klumpke, formerly of San Francisco, to partake of a sweet-corn feast at the "Château de Rosa Bonheur", situated just at the edge of the famous forest. Miss Klumpke, herself an artist, was the old friend and confidante of Rosa Bonheur, and inherited the château from the celebrated animal painter.

SOME LIBRARY NOTES

The September number of the "Red Cross Magazine" contains a long notice of "The White Road of Mystery", the new book by Philip D. Orcutt, formerly of Section 31, giving a portrait of the author and saying this of him: "The son of a Boston author and publisher, he is under the military and draft age, having just

turned 17, and despite all efforts, because of his youth is unable to enter the American Army, although he has already been under shellfire for four months at Verdun as a member of the American Field Service corps. His impressions as given in this volume are not only vivid and well told, but have a singular spirit of maturity."

"Facts About France" (Paris: Hachette), by Professor Saillens, Interpreter in the British army, is an admirable little volume costing 3 fr. 50, which should be the *vade mecum* of every officer and soldier of the A. E. F. It is packed full of information of every kind about France and the war, arranged alphabetically, and contains many good maps, illustrations and an index.

The American Red Cross has presented the Field Service Library at 21, rue Raynouard, two hundred and fifty volumes.

The American Library Association, which, as was announced last week, has sent to each of the American sanitary sections at the front a package of books, will soon supplement this gift with a further supply of books and a box-bookcase in which to keep them and which will be found very convenient when a section moves to another part of the line.

Mr. Burton Stevenson, the European representative of the American Library Association, informs us that soldiers and sailors, both officers and men, of all nationalities will find a warm welcome at the library and reading-room, 10, rue de l'Elysée, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. every week day and from 2 P. M. to 10 P. M. on Sunday. Several thousand volumes, on all topics, and especially on those related to the war, are so arranged that they can be taken from the shelves and examined on the spot. Furthermore, soldiers and officers at the front can obtain, without cost, any volumes in the library and, after a short delay, any volume in the market, by communicating their wish to Mr. Stevenson.

Mrs. Sara Morris Greene, of New-York, the mother of Jack Morris Wright, formerly of the *camion* service (526 B), is publishing in "Harper's Magazine" his home letters. Two instalments of this curious and interesting collection will be found in the August and September numbers of that periodical. It will be remembered that Mr. Wright, who joined the aviation arm of the American forces, was killed in a flying accident last winter, at the early age of nineteen.

T. S.

LETTER TO THE BULLETIN

To the Editor of the Bulletin :

As a former member of the American Ambulance, I may claim the right to protest against Issue No 58 of the Bulletin. In the very early days, Franco-American, though novel, fresh and unhampered by tradition, was horrible enough, but even the innumerable epics of Section 3 never attained the present distortion of the French language. I should have thought that after permitting Mr. R. A. D., in Issue No 51 to rhyme "Amiens" with "men" (I can't do it in any language) you might have let it go at that, but you had to go and drive it home by repeating it in No 58 because of a misprint. However, the evil is done and unless the plural of "man" is changed to "mens", which would not hurt the poem much, even Franco-American can't undo it. I must also object to the harsh criticism of the shutters of Amiens. They are declared insensate merely because though blind they stare without hearing (he honestly says that) the sentry's tread. As he states immediately afterwards "Gone all the sounds save where the cannon beats," he should hardly expect blind shutters to hear a sentry, if he, in full possession of his senses, is unable to do so.

But what is more important, let me hastily assure you that there is no reason for ever republishing "War" of the same issue just because in a misprint you made Marcel Lafitte hurry through a "crowed" gate instead of a crowded one. I also understood that you meant to leave off the last word in the lines :

"A fearful thought which much as he fought came surging back
Till he sought a neighbor to know the worst or the best either would
[for belief,
[be a relief."

With "relief" attached, the verse defies even the metre used so far by Mr. Darrah. Of course if it's left out, "would be" does not rhyme with "belief". But then "Lafitte" does not rhyme with "kit", "clothes" does not rhyme with "knows", "Montmartre" does not rhyme with "depart", I don't think that "war" rhymes with "door" though I would not swear to it, but "all" certainly does not rhyme with "Duval", nor, beyond a shadow of a doubt, does "tears" with "souvenir." However, if Mr. Darrah thinks they do and is willing to sacrifice his rhythm, I wish he had sacrificed it in his last line, and sung "And there half dressed on the floor of the room a woman and a man lay dead." It would be a little better English. Also, from the point of view of English, "furnished lodgings" is the phrase slightly more usual than "garnished surroundings". As for the French

I won't go into that strange word "perme" which rhymes at will with "worms" and "return" but I merely ask what is this new song dear to the French soldier, know as the "Madelone. "?

Really there are limits. This is the first number of the Bulletin that I have seen, but the American Field Service is too well-known an institution to permit, even in an isolated case, such an indecent and inexcusable example.

Yours very sincerely,

J. W. C., 36^e Artillerie,
(Formerly S.S.U. 3).

(Editor's Note : The Editor of the Bulletin welcomes all suggestions and friendly criticisms, and especially welcomes contributions and subscriptions. It is the editor's hope that J. W. C. will favor the *Bulletin* readers not only with further reviews, but with some of his own efforts built upon classic lines.)

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

Percy Blair	S.S.U. 4	1st Lieut. Signal Corps, U.S.A. 3rd Aviation Inst. Center, A.E.F.
Paul Howard Crane	T.M.U. 537	2nd Lieut. Army Aviation U.S. Air Service, A.E.F.
Colgate Whitehead Darden, Jr.		2nd Lieut. U.S. Marine Corps Marine Aviation, France.
Harry E. Cox, Jr.	T.M.U. 525	Cadet, Royal Flying Corps Ontario, Canada.
Lyman T. Burgess	S.S.U. 2	Lieut. Aviation Section, A.E.F.
C. E. Frazer Clark	S.S.U. 15	2nd Lieut. Co. M, 146th Infantry Nat. Guard, A.P. O. 763.
Charles H. Cogswell, Jr.	S.S.U. 4	Major Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas.
George Harper Condell	S.S.U. 66	Directeur Americain, Les Foyers du Soldat, Haut- Rhin, Paris.
Harry W. Craig	S.S.U. 12	1st Lieut. American Avia- tion Det. G. L. E. Avia- tion Française.
Harold Hatch Gile	S.S.U. 1	1st Lieutenant Aviation. Prisoner at Rastatt, Ba- den, Germany.
George Webster Griffith	S.S.U. 66	2nd Lieut. F.A. U.S. Army P.O. 713, A.E.F.
Thomas Lyon Hamilton	S.S.U. 3	Lieut. 2nd Cavalry, A.S.C. British W. F. France.
George G. Haven	S.S.U. 12	2nd Lieut. 17th Artillery A.E.F.

Raymond A. Higgins	T.M.U. 397	Cpl. Co. A, 330 Bn Tank Corps, U.S.A.
Stephen Theodore Hodgman, Jr.	S.S.U. 67	Pvt. Sanitary Corps N.A. U.S.A.
Buel Eldredge Hutchinson	T.M.U. 184	Students' Army Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois.
Edward S. Ingham	T.M.U. 537	Aspirant, French Artillery.
Charles Winchell Isbell	S.S.U. 28	Pvt. Dept. Military Aeronautics, U.S.A.
Creighton H. Jameson	T.M.U. 537	Special and Limited Automobile Mechanic, U.S.A.
George Edward Roberts	Lawrence T.M.U. 526	Cadet, Royal Air Force, (No. 171308) Canada.
Victor F. Jouvenat	S.S.U. 27	Flying Cadet, Aviation U.S.A.
Charles Grant Littlefield.		Cadet Royal Air Force, (No. 171321) Canada.
William P. Hunt	S.S.U. 13	Saumur Artillery School, A.P.O. 718, A.E.F.

VISITORS AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD

Alexander Acheson (T.M.U. 184) 1st Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; B. P. Flickinger (T.M.U. 184) Reception Park A. A. P. O. 701 ; H. S. Tusler (T.M.U. 397) Reception Park A. A. P. O. 701 ; John H. Hynes (S.S.U. 68) 2nd Lieut. Inf. U.S.A. ; R. S. Simons (S.S.U. 66) U. S. A. A. S. ; William P. Hunt (S.S.U. 13) Saumur Artillery School ; Cyril B. Smith (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; Russell Davey Greene (S.S.U. 68) Sgt. Air Service, A. E. F. ; J. Albert Clark (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; Herbert E. Bigelow (S.S.U. 19) U. S. A. A. S. ; Edward B. Jenney (S.S.U. 19) U. S. A. A. S. ; Harry J. Williams (S.S.U. 19) U. S. A. A. S. ; Herbert S. Harvey (S.S.U. 17) U. S. A. A. S. ; Martin M. Muldoon (S.S.U. 635) U. S. A. A. S. ; Bernard A. Bridget (S.S.U. 635) U.S.A.A.S. ; J. G. Crafts (T.M.U. 133) U. S. Air Service ; Robert Stanley Thomson (S.S.U. 512) U. S. A. A. S. ; G. R. Harding (S.S.U. 4) 2nd Lieut. A. S., U.S.A. ; John Craig, Jr. (S.S.U. 2) 21st Brigade, Fontainebleau ; Robert L. Buell (S.S.U. 15) Aspirant 222nd Regt. ; Henry W. Patterson (T.M.U. 133) 52nd Brigade, Fontainebleau ; J. H. Chipman (T.M.U. 184) A. R. C. No. 2, 52nd Brigade, Fontainebleau ; Thomas Dougherty (S.S.U. 13) 2nd Lieut. M. T. S. ; Julian Allen (S.S.U. 4) Lieut. Coldstream Guards ; Clitus Jones (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; D. W. Stewart (T.M.U. 133) American Mission, M. T. D., Mallet Reserve ; A. Dudgeon (S.S.U. 14) 1st Lieut. U. S. A. A. S. ; Edward H. Pattison (T.M.U. 526) 2nd Lieut. C. A. C. 63rd Artillery ; W. W. Kellett (T.M.U. 133) Aspirant French Artillery ; B. P. Eldred, Jr. (S.S.U. 66) 115th Brigade, Fontainebleau.