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RIVER MARNE

River Marne!

Here after four distracting years I rest
Beside thy banks, a pilgrim as it were
In penitence, remorseful for those years
I might have spent here battling by the side
Of these thy sons, whose gravemarks point at me.
Once more doth peace reign o'er these fertile fields
Which hedge thy sluggish waters, through the might
And valor of these noble sons of thine.
Spirits they are that haunt thy banks with those
Who years before them stemmed the rising tide
Of Attila in these same verdant fields.
I cannot think the thoughts that rise to me
As silenced here I stand and gaze across
Thy rural wonders, those low, castled hills,
Those fields of waving grain, those arbored nooks,
That once perhaps ensconced thy warrior sons,
And see thy placid surface rippled by
This cooling breeze that carries on its breath
The pealing chimes of yon cathedral bell,
Calling as it has called through storied years

These dwellers on thy green demesne to prayers.
Then as I watch thy green and sluggish depths
As one who gazes in some mystic crystal sphere,
The past glides by me with thy murmuring ripples.
Four years ago how little did I dream
When all the world was startled at the roar
Of Vandal guns with which thy woods resounded,
That I one day would stand upon thy banks
And play a little part in this great cause.
And, ah, how could my wildest dreams encompass
The thought of my own country drawn within
The awful strife of this embattled world.
From this high vantage point of years I now
Can view those futile days, the life I led,
And feel no pride of action, no content,
No satisfaction as of something done.
I and my world of petty circumstance
Lay deep in that great slough of sordidness.
Halfknowing, we were blinded by the gloss
Of little honors, and material things
So that our eyes saw not the gleam of truth
The visionary glimpse of your defenders.
Now all is changed. We were not dead, thank God,
But sleeping, and our young men now have dreamed
Those dreams, and our old men have seen at last
Those visions. Here upon thy very banks
They spill their blood for that same cause so long
Sustained alone in silent heroism —
Yes, on thy banks and in the shadow of
That ancient pile erected years ago
By Charles Martel against that age's Huns.
So may it be, may our strong sons take up
The gage of battle, pay youths' sacrifice ;
And if the final test of strength be on
Thy bloodstained banks or on some other stream,
So may they fight with France's veterans,
Till France and all the world at last be free,
The Hun be vanquished, and a lasting peace
Be here ordained. And may these smiling fields
So battle scarred, hear nevermore the crash
Of guns, nor bear the step of hostile arms,
And war be vanquished from the world for aye.

D. D. — Réserve Mallet.

THE ENEMY RETREATS

In the weird night the lurid smoke drifts high ;
The flare of burning towns along the lines
Of the retreat illumines the dark sky,
Dreary and desolate, the river winds
Its haunted way, along its banks forlorn
A few grotesque and shattered trunks of trees
Like ghosts are standing, stark and gray and torn ;
There is no sign of life, no stirring breeze,
Only the distant battle's dull refrain :
The ever-rolling rumble from afar
Of cannonading, and across the plain
The restless flashes of the guns of war.

Wm. Cary SANGER, Jr.

1st Lieut. Inf.

(Formerly member of S.S.U. 9).

France, September 8 th, 1918.

IN MEMORIAM

FRED ARTHUR HANNAH

Word has just been received that Fred Arthur Hannah was killed on the 21st of September by an aeroplane bomb while serving with the United States Army Ambulance Service (Section 635). Hannah joined the American Field Service in July 1917 and served in S.S.U. 17, later enlisting in the U. S. A. A. S. Hannah was 33 years of age. His home was in Scranton, Pa.

LÉON HAMLINK BUCKLER

Sgt. Leon H. Buckler died from pneumonia in a front hospital on September 23rd. Buckler joined the American Field Service in December 1916 and was a member of Section 4 until he enlisted in the United States Army Ambulance Service (Section 627) in October 1917. Buckler was 24 years of age. His home was in Rochester, New-York and he was a graduate of the University of Rochester.

SOME LITERARY NOTES

In a recent issue we mentioned the new War Book by an old Field Service man, "An Ambulance Driver in France", by Philip Sidney Rice, formerly of Section I, but we did not give the following extract from the Preface by Major General C. B. Dougherty, of the Pennsylvania National Guard:

"As a youngster, the spirit of adventure was strong in Mr. Rice. He tried his best to break into the war with Spain in 1898; but his weight and heart action compelled the surgeons to reject him. Later, however, he served with credit under my command, as an enlisted man and as an officer of the Ninth Infantry, National Guard of Pennsylvania. The *croix de guerre* is given by France only to those who deserve it. Those who commended and recommended Phil Rice for the distinguished honor knew that in every day of his service he deserved what the French Government gave him."

The book is written in a very pleasant style and is conspicuous for its American humor. Take this paragraph, for example:

"A thunder storm was coming on. The sound of the thunder drowned the sound of the artillery, and the rain came down in torrents. And as we lay there trying to sleep, one of my friends spoke up in the darkness and said: 'Phil, it sounds as if God in heaven is still omnipotent'. And I said: 'Yes, I am glad that God in heaven is omnipotent in spite of the fact that the tent is leaking right over my face.' Then I pulled the blankets over my head and dozed off to sleep."

We feel sure that former members of Section I will approve of this paragraph, also from Mr. Rice's book: "The men had all been wonderful. Lieutenant Reymond had been magnificent; but I am sure, but for the brainy, watchful, sympathetic leadership of William Yorke Stevenson, the Section would never have held together during those long days and nights in that seething, shrieking, blood-stained hell in front of Verdun, 'the valley of the shadow of death'."

Mr. Philip Dana Orcutt, formerly of Section 31, closes his new book, "The White Road of Mystery", with this *envoi*:

"The old volunteer Ambulance Service is dead, but the days we have lived with it are golden, and nothing can ever take them away from us, or bring them back again. The spirit of *bonne camaraderie* and intimacy which each member felt for the others; the time when, members of no army, we served with the French, on equal terms with the *poilus* in the trenches and the officers on

the staff; when responsible to no one, we served the cause and the god Adventure, content with the past and with no thought for the morrow, — has passed. With the coming of army discipline and system, with governmental organization and routine, the old days are gone. We are sorry, selfishly, to see them go; but we cannot and would not have it otherwise. The Ambulance Service is now proudly enrolled under Old Glory, and is broader and greater than it ever could have been as a volunteer organization. We rejoice that it is so, and are proud that we have been a part of it. So, hail to the new United States Army Ambulance Corps! The men of the Ambulance salute you!"

In "Trucking to the Trenches", by John Iden Kautz, occurs this passage in one of his home letters written from France a year ago:

"I think what we most crave are sweets and books. As for books, of course there are some here, but not the kind I like best. I've been hungry for a little touch of poetry, too. So when sometimes you feel inclined to send something, may it be one of these, please?"

Fortunately, it is no longer necessary for the American soldier at the front "craving for books" to have to write home for them, with the long delay which that means.

Among new books of interest to Field Service men, we may mention "The Russian Revolution", the Harvard University Press, one dollar; "Army French" and "Le Soldat Américain en France", each fifty cents, the Chicago University Press, and "Vade Mecum", seventy-five cents, Brentano.

The first of these books is perhaps the best brief account of "the true inwardness" of the upheaval in Russia in which we are becoming more and interested now that we are sending an American army to this new "over there".

The three other little volumes aim to give the American soldier in France, as quickly as possible, a reading and conversational knowledge of the French language. There are a dozen or more small books of this kind. We have mentioned in the *Bulletin* at least a half dozen of them. As they cost but little and each presents the subject in a somewhat different way, a soldier bent on learning practical French could not do better than run through them all.

TO ENGLAND

Upholding, in the stormy battle-tide,
The sacred cause of Right and Liberty,
In the grim war that rages far and wide
Your forces fight to save humanity.

With your heroic allies : Belgium, France,
America and Italy — you stand
Against the tyrant's armies, and advance
In the great battles on the sea and land.

From regions near and far your men come forth,
From overseas and distant tropic shore,
From east and west and from the south and north
They come to aid you in the battle's roar :

Your British Armies fighting in the field,
Your British Navy guarding the wide path
Of the deep seas — until the foe shall yield
Will fight to save the world from storm and wrath.

Great Britain and your allies — side by side
You battle for the cause of Liberty,
And, at the last, upon the land and tide
To that great cause will come the Victory.

Wm. Cary SANGER, Jr.
1st Lieut. Inf.
(Formerly S.S.U. 9).

France. September 1st, 1918.

NOTES

J. W. Clark (S.S.U. 3) aspirant French Artillery has just been awarded a second citation.

The following former A. F. S. men have just returned from Italy, having finished their service with the American Red Cross Ambulance Sections : Malcolm Olson (T.M.U. 184), Raymond T. Hanks (T.M.U. 133), F. M. Brunson (T.M.U. 184), J. A. Gordon (T.M.U. 184), R. Temple (T.M.U. 526B), L. H. Davidson (T.M.U. 184), D. F. Wolfe (T.M.U. 526), C. F. Roe (T.M.U. 526) and H. H. Reid (T.M.U. 526).

LETTERS TO THE BULLETIN

Aspirant Joseph McMorrow (T.M.U. 133), a recent Fontainebleau graduate, writes from a battery at the front :

" We are all packed to advance to a new position. In fact we are continually on the move. Last night Travis Lane's (T.M.U. 133) battery moved in next to ours, but on account of Fritz continuing his 'strategique' march rearwards, Lane will have to pack up again, almost before he gets unpacked, and move on with us. I am beginning to realize what is meant by a 'guerre de mouvement' — a movement from blankets to the road. The packages of tobacco which were given to us by No. 21, when we left, came in mighty handy. In the first place, it paved the way into the good graces of the officers at mess. When we were out of conversational French, we passed the cigarettes or tobacco, which invariably provoked a discussion of the comparative merits of the American and French 'weed'. In fact, we have now participated in so many of these conversations that our vocabularies on this particular subject are amply sufficient to furnish us with table eloquence for ten minutes on the stretch."

Sept., 8, 1918.

Dear Editor :

I was greatly amused at J. W. C.'s outburst of injured sensibilities occasioned by the reading of some of my stuff in the 'Bulletin'. I am not a poet, neither am I the son of a poet, and I have nothing to suffer from any harsh words directed against any of what J. W. C. has done me the honor to call songs. As a matter of fact they were neither songs nor poems, nor intended as such.

Most of the stuff I sent was scrawled out simply for my own amusement, for lack of any other kind in these ruined villages along the front, and for practice in the use of language so that I would not get entirely out of condition to describe murders, fires, political gatherings, etc., when I get home and back into news paper work again, merely this and nothing more. Be sure I never would have allowed them to get into print had I known they were to be reviewed by a critic of such discriminating and delicate taste as that of J. W. C. I would not willingly have been the perpetrator of such a crime against his sense of aesthetic fitness. And far be it from me to have ever thought of lowering the prestige and dignity of the American Field Service, as J. W. C. infers. To this latter charge I must plead not guilty, but to the charges

of poor rhyming, imperfect knowledge of French pronunciation, and general ineptitude, I submit, I hold up my hands, and cry 'Kamerad'.

In fact I wish to apologize for causing J. W. C. several moments of anguish. I can only say that I little dreamed that my stumbling verses would ever have to pass in review before such a judge of poesy, which I am sure gives them a dignity entirely unmerited. I tremble for the balladmongers more pretentious than I, when I reflect that one day they may have to submit to J. W. C.'s approval. And yet what an uplift in public taste there will be when they have learned to do so. As I said I am only a scribbler. I presume everyone likes to tinker with verses, and maybe even J. W. C. does. Personally I found his review illuminating on a number of perplexing points. And it occurred to me what a great aid to the young poets, and litterateurs it would be to have him give to public sight some examples of verses which would show them how to forge their own lines in conformance to the canons of perfect taste.

In regard to the thing "War" which was the butt of most of his indignant outburst, I may say that it was simply my effort to put into rhyme a story of an actual happening which I read in a Paris paper some time ago. I disclaim any idea of ever having "sung" in the lines that resulted. However I am reminded of the lines of a poet, (whom even J. W. C. must admit to the hall of fame), about,

... just enough of learning to misquote,
A mind well skilled to forge, or find a fault,

when I re-read my stuff and try to find where 'door' is made to rhyme with 'was', as J. W. C. says it is made to do so. As for some of the other rhymes such as 'clothes' and 'knows'; 'all' and 'Duval', I confess again to an overfondness for such writers as Byron, who were wont to make 'niche' rhyme with 'with', and print rhyme with 'in it', abridged to 'in' t! and for Goldsmith, who made 'aught' rhyme with 'fault', for Pope who made 'beaux' rhyme with 'rows', and for Tennyson, who blasphemously made 'moves' rhyme with 'loves'. Having seen these men whose writings for some strange reason or other are still valued in school rooms, break rules, I was no doubt led to follow a bad example, and I tried to avoid too much seeking after the right word in the stubborn places. All of which I ask

J. W. C. to spare in mercy, as he is strong in criticism. As for the song 'Madelone', I shall merely let J. W. C. inquire as to its newness, of some of his French comrades.

For the future I promise to be silent or at least discreet. I commend J. W. C. to his task of reviewing the work of such amateurs as I, as a great judge of literature, and defender of the American Field Service, cautioning him only against the defect of 'not being able to see the wood for the trees'. May he prosper in his subject of criticism.

Very sincerely yours,

David DARRAH.

Dear Editor:

In a recent issue of the Bulletin, Indignant Reader "protests" against the rhyming, in one of the writer's verses, of "men" and "Amiens". He says he "can't do it in any language". Not being in possession of this vast array of linguistic knowledge, the writer feels rather humbled. He would like to explain the matter away by a few apt sentences in Spanish or Italian, or by a few chosen quotations from the original Russian or the ancient Greek. But being possessed of only one language and having but an enforced G. B. D. knowledge of another, he feels rather lost. However, if our critic is really losing sleep, let the writer hasten to suggest a very simple remedy. Simply drop the "s" from Amiens, and then pronounce the end of the word as "en", having previously added the prefix of "A-me". This is really much simpler than changing the rhyming word to "mens," as the critic's unswerving intellect would seem to suggest.

Pained Critic also protests against the remarks regarding the shutters of Amiens for the reason that "they are declared insensate merely because, though blind, they stare without hearing the sentry's tread." According to the writer's best recollection, the metaphor of "staring blindly" is frequently used, if not in "any" language, at least in the English. But then, perhaps our pedantic and matter-of-fact critic would also object to the line "The very walls have ears." Pained Critic at the same time missed an excellent opportunity to criticize the writer for saying, "Unseeing, cold, the shutters blind stare down." Surely the shutters were not cold in May — a very warm month. As for the sentry, whom the critic also finds objectionable, he will, for a drink of pinard, be like the shutter, and will "appear insensate, though blind", and "will stare without hearing."

On the whole we should judge that such a matter-of-fact and literal person as Pained Critic is making a mistake in subscribing to the Bulletin. What he really wants is the Encyclopedia Britannica.

We do not know what Pained Critic can do in "any language", but in writing "American," (as we suppose he would call it) he lets fall, in all its unintelligibility, the following gem:

"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."

We don't know anything about section 3 and its distortion of the French language, but we fervently hope that even in its very earliest days it never attained the present distortion of the English.

Sincerely,

Robert A. DONALDSON.

VISITORS AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD

W. C. Sanger (S.S.U. 9) 1st Lieut. U. S. Inf. ; W. de F. Bigelow (S.S.U. 4) Capt. U. S. A. A. S. ; A. D. Dodge (S.S.U. 8) American Red Cross ; J. W. Clark (S.S.U. 3) Aspirant French Artillery ; Malcolm Graeme Olson (T.M.U. 184) Italian Service A. R. C. ; John A. Reed (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S. ; Frank S. Thorpe (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S. ; Stewart A. Searle (S.S.U. 33) U. S. A. A. S. ; Alfred B. Frenning (S.S.U. 30) Italian Service A. R. C. Returning to U. S. A. ; Frederic W. Lathrop (S.S.U. 65) U. S. A. A. S. ; Francis B. Laughlin (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; E. L. Strater (S.S.U. 1) 2nd Lieut. 156 F. A. Brigade ; Ray Fox (T.M.U. 133) 2nd Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; L. A. Morgan (S.S.U. 23) American Red Cross ; Hugh W. McNair (S.S.U. 65) U. S. A. A. S. ; Noble W. Lee (S.S.U. 65) U. S. A. A. S. ; C. Maxwell Allen (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; V. Rich (S.S.U. 15) U. S. A. A. S. ; Thos. H. Havey (T.M.U. 184) 2nd Lieut. Air Service ; R. B. Varnum (S.S.U. 3) 1st Lieut. Air Service ; J. Porter Battles (S.S.U. 29) U. S. A. A. S. ; Lawrence C. Ames (S.S.U. 68) Air Service ; Frank S. L. Newcombe (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S. ; Raymond T. Hanks (T.M.U. 133) American Express ; Russell Leavitt (S.S.U. 2) U. S. A. A. S. ; T. G. Bradford (S.S.U. 67) U. S. A. A. S. ; F. M. Brunson (T.M.U. 184) A. R. C. ; J. A. Gordon (T.M.U. 184) A. R. C. ; R. Temple (T.M.U. 526) A. R. C. ; L. H. Davidson (T.M.U. 184) A. R. C. ; D. F. Wolfe (T.M.U. 526) A. R. C. ;

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