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**MORNING**

Morning, and the first grey light is dim,  
The east is red ;  
Slow from the hours of darkness comes the day  
As from the dead ;  
The greying road goes winding on ahead ;  
The air is cool ;  
Across the way some bird begins to sing  
Beside the pool.

Across the stretching fields the mist still drifts,  
Damp is the hay ;  
An old and bent-backed peasant towards his field  
Slow takes his way.  
Back of the lines the work and toil of day  
Has come again,  
Bringing the ever-present thot of war,  
And strife and pain.

Robert A. DONALDSON, S.S.U. 636.

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The records show that 551 men have received commissions (or are cadets) in the U. S. Army. This is exclusive of the 73 aspirants French Artillery, 24 cadets English Royal Flying Corps, or 54 cadets Naval Aviation.

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**TO HELEN**

(Or whatever her name is).

On examining in the illustrated journals the portraits of the ladies who are christening our merchant fleet.

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Is *this* the face that launched a thousand ships?  
 What wonder, Vessels, that you plunged in upside down,  
 Or sunk, half-loaded, in your native slips,  
 Leaving the crew and officers to drown;  
 Or later at the taunts of U-boats bold  
 To hide from off your prows the blush of shame  
 Took refuge underneath the waters cold!  
 Oh Liberty, what crimes are perpetrating in thy name!

L. W.

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**PEACE AS WE REALLY WANT IT**

I went to sleep last night over the newspapers. I don't know how it happened — and with so many interesting discussions going on! Over at the table at the end of the room the General Staff was deciding that the Germans would have to retreat everywhere from Belgium to the sea. The Albanian contingent was holding forth on the Bulgarian peace and the retreat of the Austrians from Lake Presba to El Bassan. Another group was discussing the Jugo-Slavs, another the Tcheco-Slavs and a third the rights of small nations. The sporting element was betting on when President Wilson's 14 points would reach 114, and one of the new members was humming "If you can fight like you can love, Good night German-e-e!"

As I said, I don't know how it happened. But I won't bother to investigate it — particularly as I had to wait so long in the buvette for the evening *communiqué*...

I was surprised at first, at the surroundings — a large hall, a huge mahogany table, and so many distinguished individuals. I found a smooth shaven idealistic man addressing me...

"So we look to you to settle this matter according to all the great principles laid down. It must be the first basis of a League of Nations..." (Ah, so that's what it was!)

"Well, I said," trying to think up something apropos of principles, "what about the cardinal principle — Kanting the Kaiser?"

"I think that is arranged for, said a thick-bespectacled man, "All autocratic power has been taken away from him. We have left him only with the power to appoint the members of the Reichstag, and the Chancellor will, in the future, be held personally responsible to the Reichstag for his acts and for his tenure of office. The Kaiser in addition, must in the future hold himself personally responsible to this body. In addition, for the democratization of Germany, the German people have been given the inalienable right of the pursuit of Happiness."

"Have they found it yet?" morosely interposed a melancholy individual with a huge unkempt black beard — whom I instantly recognized as a Russian of the better class.

The bespectacled individual coughed discreetly.

"I have not been completely informed. But according to the latest *communiqué* from the Wilhelmstrasse, the pursuit is still going on.

" And Austria-Hungary ", said a wily looking man who seemed to be addressed as " Count ", she will not be dismembered? "

I hastily racked my brain for a principle to fill the need.

" No ", I said at last, " she will not be dismembered ".

" But... " insinuatingly said a smooth looking individual with a carnation in his buttonhole. (An Italian, I surmised.)

" No ", I amended hastily, " She will not be dismembered. She may, of course, be slightly altered, — taken apart, as it were, and then put together again, part of it as Italy Irredenta, part as Rumania, Russia, and Poland, and a few other pieces as Jugo-Slavia. But she would not be dismembered. We have (I thot this point up on the spur of the moment) no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the Dual Monarchy ".

" Ah, Jugo-Slavia! " exclaimed a non-descript individual...  
" A mighty nation of homogeneous races, from Trieste to Monastir! "

Everyone looked blank.

" Perhaps ", said the non-descript, " I should have said Iugo-Slovak ".

" Ah ", said everyone, with gleams of intelligence.

A delegate with fierce upturned moustaches, who was instantly recognized by his tchecked suit, broke in :

" And Tcheco-Slavia, or Checko-Slavia, as some call it?... "

" Tcheco-Slavia ", I said, hastily thinking up a good settlement according to liberal principles, " shall be free, and shall hereafter be known as Russia. "

" Peace without victory ; no annexations, no indemnities ", murmured a foxy Bulgar.

" Agreed ", I said heartily, wishing to advocate such well enunciated principles, " and meanwhile the Dobruja will go to Roumania.

Then things began to get a bit confused and hurried. I got principles from every direction. They were hurled so fast that I am afraid I had to improvise settlements somewhat.

" And Macedonia?... "

" Shall hereafter be known as Turko-Greece, and shall have Salonika returned to her... "

" And Denmark... "

" Schleswig-Holstein returned, with a north German province or two. "

" Panama! " This from a dark complexioned individual in his native hat.

" Its President shall receive, along with Foch and Pershing, the Most Grand High Cross of the Order of Montenegro. "

" And Congo-Free-State. "

" Shall join Montenegro in a Dual Republic. "

A man in white bear skins shouted :

" And what of North-Poleia! "

But I was not to be stumped now. I was getting on too fine.

" North-Poleia shall have a plebiscite. Anyone shall have the inalienable right to exist there if he can. "

As all these decisions were taken a man with colored crayon quickly traced and filled in the new outlines on a huge map of the world that hung on the wall.

Alsace-Lorraine had gone to France long ago, and Luxembourg to Belgium. Russia was a bit swelled from having encompassed a large part of Turkey, while Palestine was colored with three golden balls. Poland was a mighty nation starting nowhere in particular and ending in the same place. Korea and Manchuria were colored Japanese. Constantinople was made a free port under the supervision of the League of Nations, with the sole restriction that German ships were never to be allowed to enter there from the signing of the treaty until eternity. Italy had an Irredentia large enough to accomodate half her former kingdom. The continent of Africa bore the international colors of the League of Nations, being colored in the form of a bright Union Jack. Portugal was given a generous piece of ocean, North-Poleia was colored a brilliant independent snow white. The United States was swelled with pride. The meeting began to break up in great excitement and enthusiasm, everyone waving a new map of his country, everyone talking about the glorious vindication of principles, and the solid establishment of the League of Nations.

As I was crowding out with the rest of the enthusiastic throng, I stumbled across a melancholy individual who was winding a turban onto his head off a large bobbin. I recognized him as the Turk. He had been unspeakable all the meeting, having been unable to get in a single word.

" Alas ", he said sadly, " all of the principles have been put into effect except one ". His eyes wandered to the large map; and I followed his gaze, straining my eyes to see the little speck of Turkey, colored yellow, way off in Asia, the pink dab that was Austria-Hungary, the green little nation (far from Paris!) labelled " German Empire ".

" And what is that one? " I asked.

" The right of small nations to exist. "

The throng was shouting wildly. There was a loud booming, the bells were all ringing in celebration. I thought I caught the last of a heated argument between some delegates on Tcheo-Slavia, and the last humming lines of an American delegate... "If you can fight like you can love, Good Night German-e-e!" Suddenly the lights seemed to go out. The end of the song was broken off and followed by a triumphant rush for the stairway, and the sound of feet making four downward steps at a time came to me.

" Hooray! " I shouted enthusiastically, to join in the wild enthusiasm.

Somebody stumbled over me, and then jerked me to my feet.

" Hooray, if you want to, but I'm going down in the cellar. There's an air-raid, you fool, and the Gothas have just dropped one over by the church.

I stumbled after him, pulling my scattered brains together and awakening to the fact that the whole world mix-up wasn't settled after all...

R. A. D.

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**IN RE, " THE VANQUISHED "**  
**OF BULLETIN N° 63**

We  
Disagree  
With David D.  
Who says he's lost his Youth.  
'Tis  
Our advice  
To sacrifice  
Poetic thoughts to truth.

Though  
We regret,  
We fail to get  
Much inspiration from the war,  
Cuss  
Es like me —  
We seem to be  
More childish than before

We  
Kill the time  
With child-like rhyme,  
Or play a game of craps ;  
Our sadder Self  
Put on the shelf  
" Till stakes are won — perhaps.

Our  
Old ideals  
Give way to meals  
Which mark our highest ends.  
We 've  
Lost ambish  
Save for one wish :  
A bottle (1) and some friends!

Have  
Patience, Dave ;  
If you'll behave  
The way you really feel,  
We'll  
Guarantee  
Your Self will be  
Astonishingly infantile.

On —  
Ward and down!  
Nor wear a frown  
Because war's " vanquished " you :  
As  
You may guess,  
We will confess  
The damn thing beats us, too!

I. W.

(1) Note to Ed :

Be sure to get this Bottle, Lord  
knows we don't want a Battle.

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## IN MEMORIAM

### ALBERT F. GILMORE

Word has been received that Albert F. Gilmore has died of pneumonia. Gilmore joined the American Field Service in March, 1917, and went out with S. S. U. 16. After eight months service he was released to go into Aviation. Gilmore was 22 years of age. He was a student at the University of Wisconsin and his home was in Madison, Wisconsin.

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### WALTER LISLE HARRISON

Walter Lisle Harrison has been killed in an accident. Harrison joined the American Field Service in February 1917, serving in sections 12 and 3. After nine months he was released to go into Aviation. He was 22 years of age, a student at Oberlin University and his home was in Oberlin, Ohio.

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### WARREN T. KENT

Warren T. Kent, 1st Lieut. in Aviation has been killed in service. Kent joined the American Field Service in April 1917, was Com. Adj. of T. M. U. 251 until October 1917 when he resigned to join Aviation. He was a student at Cornell University and his home was in Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania.

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## NOTES

Harry Patterson (T. M. U. 133) left for a French Battery on Wednesday.

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Hugh Wilson McNair formerly of S. S. U. 65, now 622, who was severely wounded in the leg by a shell on October 5th was amputated at a front hospital last week.

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Francis L. Jones (T. M. U. 133) and Raymond T. Hanks (T. M. U. 133) have entered the Ecole Militaire at Fontainebleau.

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Harry K. James who joined the American Field Service in August and immediately afterwards enlisted in the U. S. A. A. S., is a prisoner of war at Camp Lazaret de Stargard, Pomeraine, Germany.

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Charles R. Godman (S. S. U. 3) 2nd. Lieut. U. S. Air Service who was reported missing, is a prisoner of war at Camp Rastatt, Friedrichsfeste.

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P. Rhinelander (S. S. U. 9 and 19) in U. S. Aviation has been reported missing.

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## TO THE CRUSADERS IN THE HOLY LAND

Along the roads bordered by palms and olive trees  
Today Crusaders march.  
What far and glorious voices call to them  
From the immortal past,  
What unseen banners float beside their own,  
What hosts unguessed are marching at their side  
In Bethlehem and Nazareth and in the Holy City.  
Along time-hallowed paths their journey leads them  
And they have known  
The beauty and the magic of the hills and valleys there :  
By day — the sunlight on the sandy shore  
Of the blue Mediterranean  
Or the banks of the Jordan and the Lake of Galilee ;  
By night — the stars,  
The infinite stars,  
With their mystic, peaceful light  
On the walls and roofs and streets of the little villages,  
And on the hills and tranquil lakes of the Holy Land.  
Stars of the night,  
Far in the sky,  
Guiding our brave Crusaders,  
What tender and eternal promises you bring  
Of life and hope and love  
For all mankind.

Wm. CARY SANGER, Jr., 1st. Lieut. Inf.  
(formerly member of S.S.U. 9)

France, Sunday, September 29, 1918.

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## TO BELGIUM

In those first appalling days  
When across life's happy ways  
Rolled the thunder and the flare  
Of battle, sweeping earth and air,  
In its fury storming down  
Over valley, field and town;  
Belgium, there you took your stand  
To defend your sacred land  
And humanity and all  
Earth's free nations, great and small.  
There you met the gathered might  
Of the foe, your glorious fight  
Gave your allies time to form  
Their battle lines to meet the storm.  
Yours the sacrifice and pain,  
Yours the glory and the gain,  
Though outnumbered in the strife,  
Willingly you gave your life,  
Bravely faced the countless hordes  
Of guns and bayonets and swords,  
Checked their furious attack,  
Stopped their rush and held them back  
Long enough to save mankind  
From destruction, cruel and blind.  
Belgium, your brave name shall be  
Forever loved, forever free.  
All the world shall give you praise  
And in those returning days  
Of happiness, when your domain  
To you shall be restored again,  
The great reward for your endeavor  
Shall be your country — free forever.

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

France. September 7th, 1918.

## MR. WILLIAM MacFEE AND "ALIENS".

It is not strange that Mr. MacFee should choose such a title — but it is strange that he should choose such a title for such a book. Tho' his characters are aliens, both from points of view of race (our race) and society (our million dollar society), they are not so much the aliens as one would suppose. They are men and women — or more strictly speaking two men and one woman — thoroly familiar to all of us. Mr. MacFee has made them real to us — they ceased to be puppets when the germ of their origin came to the author. They play their roles in the fantastic comi-tragedy as solid, sturdy folk.

But 'tis not for this I am writing. An author may make, create, and operate live characters thru out the meshes of a lively "plot" — direct their movements thru circumstances in quite feasible fashion — and yet fail in his attempt. Mr. MacFee did not make this blunder. Why?

Style! Values in words, word formations — beauty derived from expression of words. Not a guessed perfection but a healthy proportionate sense of correctness, fitness, of words. Too long have we been taught by our elders to regard "stylists" as something of the middle ages — always of the age before our own. It may be well to give due recognition to Addison, Burke, Goldsmith, Johnson, Hunt, Scott, Lamb, Thackeray, Austen and the rest of our literary fathers. I am not one to begrudge them one line of praise in their favor. But must the hallowed past forever be thrown up to us as example to "copy" — when there exists today such men of letters as Conrad, Masfield, and MacFee?

I will not hesitate in granting even an excess of praise to any man who may by a lavish use of imagination and *style* conjure up such a work of stylistic art — such as we find in MacFee's "Aliens". The author has adoped the time worn conversation method as the frame work of his play. Has enlarged upon it to an amazing degree. Has enhanced the charm of it by his own subtle methods of words and phrases. How often do we see dramas — triangular affairs of infinite dullness or over extravagant in luxurious detail. How seldom a triangular play which forces itself upon us by sheer beauty of style and truthfulness of character.

Do you want to read such an exceptional book?  
Then try "ALIENS" by Wm. MacFee.

Ralph N. BARRETT (S.S.U. 12).

Robert J. Fitzgerald (S. S. U. 1) was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross on October 5th. He is serving with Section 625 U. S. A. A. S.

Word has come that Clifford W. Wolfe (S. S. S. U. 14) who has been missing since August is a prisoner of war. His address is Gefangenlager, Langensalza, Thuringen, Germany. Wolfe was serving with the U. S. A. A. S. Section 632.

John W. Ames (S. S. U. 2) serving as aspirant in French Artillery was wounded recently in action.

### VISITORS AT, 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

Thayer Robb (S.S.U. 33) Capt. Infantry ; J. W. Clark (S.S.U. 3) Aspirant, French Artillery ; A. D. Dodge (S.S.U. 8) American Red Cross ; W. H. Richards (S.S.U. 17) 1st Sgt. U. S. A. A. S. ; Sidney C. Doolittle (S.S.U. 68) U. S. A. A. S. ; Frank Marsden Fox (S.S.U. 29) U. S. A. A. S. ; Stuart B. Kaiser (S.S.U. 29) U. S. A. A. S. ; Edward D. Kneass (S.S.U. 10) Ecole d'Artillerie, Fontainebleau ; B. P. Eldred, Jr. (S.S.U. 66) 115<sup>e</sup> Brigade, Fontainebleau ; Robert B. Hyman (T.M.U. 242) 52<sup>e</sup> Brigade, Fontainebleau ; Charles L. Youmans (T.M.U. 184) Air Service, A. E. F. ; Warren F. Lawrence (T.M.U. 537) Air Service, A. E. F. ; William C. Canby (T.M.U. 133) Air Service, A. E. F. ; Edwin Miles Noyes (S.S.U. 28) 2nd Lieut. S. C. O. S. O., A. E. F. ; William C. Towle (S.S.U. 70) Adams Express ; V. C. Neville-Thompson (T.M.U. 133) Motor Trans. Corps, A. E. F. ; W. W. Kellett (T.M.U. 133) French Artillerie, U. S. A. A. S. ; William M. Barber (S.S.U. 3) Aspirant French Artillery ; Charles A. Nason (S.S.U. 511) U. S. A. A. S. ; John W. Greene (S.S.U. 588) U. S. A. A. S. ; Phil. T. Sprague (S.S.U. 8) Chemical Warfare Service, A. E. F. ; A. H. Manley (T.M.U. 526) U.S. Air Service ; Edwin B. Ackerman (S.S.U. 32) American Red Cross ; John Craig (S.S.U. 2) Elève Aspirant, Ecole Militaire, Fontainebleau ; N. Leveillie (S.S.U. 65) U. S. A. A. S. , Perry S. Patton (T.M.U. 133) U.S. Aviation ; W. Howard Renfrew (T.M.U. 526) U.S. Air Service ; Norman S. Buck (T.M.U. 133) U.S. Air Service ; Bennett Wells (T.M.U. 526) 1st Lieut. U.S. Air Service.