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The *Bulletin* takes particular pleasure in announcing the promotion of Major A. Piatt Andrew to Lieut-Colonel U. S. Army Ambulance Service.

WHAT OUR MEN ARE DOING

The records of present activities of former members of the service although as yet not completed show from the 1788 at hand the following interesting data :

U. S. Army Ambulance Service. .	480
U. S. Aviation,	300
U. S. Motor Transport Corps. . .	266
U. S. Field Artillery.	154
American Red Cross.	128
French Artillery.	73
U. S. Infantry,	61
Naval Aviation.	54
French Aviation.	42
U. S. Navy,	30
U. S. Engineers,	29
U. S. Tank Corps.	28

NIGHT POEM

How brightly shines the moon tonight —
Our own buck-private poet sighs —
How silvery its golden light,
How beautifully it fills the skies !
O ! lovely night, that, calm and cool,
I gaze on thru these window panes —
“ Hey, douse that light, you fool ! ”
“ Oh, damn those German bombing planes ! ”

R. A. D.

ANOTHER HUNK O' TIN

That Lieutenant Battershell's much quoted Hunk o' Tin still
“ goes marching on ” is indicated by the following additional
verses by some unknown author which recently appeared in the
“ Aesculapian Bulletin ”.

The original poem of Lieut. Battershell first saw the light in
the *Bulletin* of September 22nd, 1917.

“ You may talk of shifting gear
When you're riding far from here
An' you're sent to pick up wounded and then beat it ;
But when it comes to pluggin'
You can keep right on a-chuggin'
'Cause FEET works and your hands is free to steer it
Where the roads ain't half the time
A-servin' o' their purpose. — Yes, it's grime !
But of all the amb'lance crew
The surest one I knew
Was our crashin', slammin', bashed-in HUNK O'TIN.
It was Din ! Din ! Din !
You five and ten cent mouse-trap 'UNK O'TIN !

.....
Though I've damned and cussed and prayed yer,
By the 'Enry Ford as made yer,
I takes my 'at off to yer ! —'UNK O'TIN.”

NIX ON THE HEROIC STUFF

I

When I hear the high pitched singing
Of a German shell a-winging,
Towards the little spot of ground I'm lying on.
Do I proudly stand up fearless,
Quite confident I'm smearless,
Until the bloomin' shell has come and gone ?
Altho I've seen some do it
I'd not ! not if I knew it,
For its nix on the Heroic Stuff for me.

II

When I hear the motor humming,
Of a German plane a-coming,
For to drop some pills around the town I'm in.
Do I stay beneath the covers,
While overhead “ Fritz ” hovers,
And merely look around me with a grin ?
Well perhaps there's nothing to it ;
Maybe there 're some who do it,
But its nix on the Heroic Stuff for me.

III

When I have chanced to find a dud
Lying buried in the mud
Of the road I travel over every day,
Do I lose my princely manner,
And pat it rudely with a spanner,
Or pick it up and throw it out the way ?
Well, perhaps its 'cause I'm lazy,
Or maybe I'm not quite crazy
But — its nix on the Heroic Stuff for me.

S. C. DOOLITTLE (S.S.U. 68).

S.S.U. 000
Par B. C. M., Paris

Kaiser Wilhelm II
Gott Knows Where,
Germany.

Your Imperial Majesty :

I've been planning to communicate with you for a long time, and I sometimes think it would have saved a lot of trouble if we had been more frank with each other from the first — if we'd talked things over more fully before getting into this mess. However, it has got beyond a joking matter now, and I am going to tell you what I think — straight out.

Understand, I didn't want this war — any more than you did. I simply grabbed the chance, because I wanted to get to Paris. And you the same, I take it. Mind; I'm not crowing because it was I that got there ; but you had an awful head-start, you know. Like you, I once took a trip clear up to the front line (in a quiet sector) ; but on the whole, I'm just as glad to be a little further to the rear as a general thing, eh ? Also, I've had a lot of cheap publicity in the home-town papers. Nothing to compare with yours, maybe, but quite sufficient. All this we have in common.

Oh no, it hasn't been bad in many ways, but to tell you the truth, I'm pretty blame well fed up with it. And I've got a suspicion that you're commencing to get fatigued yourself a little. Come off, you may as well admit it, Majesty.

Now be reasonable. We've got all we're ever going to get by this war. You know that as well as I. Though that isn't a fair way of putting it — you've got a good deal more coming to you than I have.

Yes, and I leave it to you — what's autocracy worth ? You'll confess it isn't all it's cracked up to be — with Ludendorf and Hindenburg and that gang always around. I know what those army officers are — we've had some in the section. And that's not mentioning the Hohenzollern family and the Reichstag. You've had your troubles all right, and I tell you, it won't buy you anything.

But to get back to the war. Really, Majesty, it seems like it's over-stepped the mark. Take gas, for instance. Hasn't there been enough of it ?

Besides, we're not killing the right people. For example, the prohibitionists — ther're more of *them* in the army, and say, Bill, how'd you like to have a mug of lager — the kind they used to brew before the war, I mean ?

As to your own soldiers, you can't keep 'em going forever on black bread and bad beer. " Hic, Hike, Hock " has been their motto too long. Some day they're going to lay down on you, you see.

Look here. This is the way it stands with me. I've had enough of it. Hell, I've done all the travelling I care to ; I've got all the souvenirs I want ; and to be perfectly frank, my line of bull has started to weaken — just the way yours has. People back home don't swallow it the way they used to.

Yours for Peace,

L. W.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A 630 REPOS

We are up and off at 6:00 A. M., our speed a little retarded by our sacks of Boche souvenirs and our dog family. Yet these slight hindrances are more than offset by the fortunate possession of our indispensable host of French interpreters with whose aid we arrive in an hour at, our first stop.

We have parked our voitures, — " parked ", I said, for we were invariably used to sink them in a barnyard. A moment's pause, my reader, for here you must meet " Scotty ", next our valiant " Marshal de Logis ", then Monsieur R., satellite to " Mon Lieutenant ", and chief of interpreters, Baldy. Presently, Baldy essays to descend. He is a ruddy, stocky, middle-aged little man with massive neck and block. He has a little loosely attached tuft of hair on one front corner of his spacious head, and more beginning from the top farther back and extending downward on his sturdy neck. His general facial expression is that of a little girl up on the platform about to speak her first piece, except that his eyes are always blinking as though he were looking directly at the sun, while his head bobs around perpetually. Now he has decided to descend. He places one foot forward as he opens the door of the voiture. Before advancing the other, he wonders if the first move was as graceful and appropriate as it should have been and he glances all around to discover if the world saw and approved.

Not quite certain, he glances quickly at all parts of his coat to see if they are in place, leaving the scrutiny of his pants and shoes until later. Then with remarkable speed, considering the importance of the operation, he steps upon the ground itself. Now after applying his handkerchief to both hands and his honest brow, he deliberates whither he will walk. First, he arranges his face preparatory to smiling and then hunts around after people to smile at. His methodical impartiality accords to each of us, smiling of a uniform degree of sweetness and equality of duration, while he likewise divides very fairly among us his stock of English phrases. We'll leave harmless Baldy, for here comes another who knows enough English to be a pest. He accosts some one slowly and distinctly, "Ees it possibl', pour vous, to bring my bôte, from ze voiture, to here ?

We pass to the next important event. At 4:00 o'clock the next morning, the *Médecin Divisionnaire* happened through the town. With his kindly and beneficent countenance, he walked into camp to greet us with his usual "Bon jour, mes enfants." We instinctively sprang at attention as soon as we could, but this was a disadvantage for a few of us, who had already left our cards to seek the arms of Morpheus.

After breakfast comes the call for potato peelers. This is not a volunteer affair, but a draft. Peck, a long, lank, section-pecked youth arrives late and relates his sad experiences at a coöp. To make this clear I must explain the situation. Since we don't have access to packages or to the Y.M.C.A.'s of the regular army, we are occasionally driven to misplace our hopes in French coöperatives. You can usually tell how many things, or rather, if there is *anything* in stock, by the number of French soldiers on the outside. If there are but twenty-five or so, it is certain they have only the regular stock of blue thread, buttons, soap boxes, and poilu mustard. But if you see fifty, they may have *fromage* or *confiture*. If there are over a hundred, they have also ham, French tobacco, sardines. The chocolate goes to the ten most successful scrappers at 7:00 A.M. Well, it seems that Peck had jostled and struggled for about an hour in this sea of blue and had gotten within six feet of the window. At that unhappy moment the draft sergeant arrived to summon Peck to peel his three potatoes. "I'm almost there", pleaded Peck, "give me a couple of minutes, please". "It makes no difference", says Ott, "Orders is orders".

Enough of the tragic incidents of war. "Mail!" calls some one, and the customary stampede ensues. It is the usual story, a sack or two of Goldie's rubbish, flavored by a few letters. I will tell you how the curse came upon Goldie. The underlying cause was his literary tastes, for he thought to advertise in a French paper for something to read. The deluge is not over yet; he measures the stuff by the basketsful. But he glories in it and will approach one with a grand gesture, "Do you know", he declares, "that half the world would be in darkness, were not truth forced upon it?" Before the astonished listener has time to critically evaluate this amazing assertion, he reopens fine, — "and that love is a trap in which woman is the bait". Fortunately, this increasing avalanche is quenched by two simultaneous orders, first to *mangé*, then to move.

Our outfit soon lands in a village of *abris* and *débris*. The most exciting events here are the thrilling experiences of our section guards. Foremost is old "Pop" Burroughs, now stripped of his full arguments and interminable beard. He first sees that "Ted" Norton and R.W. Emerson are snugly tucked in bed together, while "Grif" has gone around extinguishing all radio watches as a safeguard against avions. Soon "Pop" hears suspicious noises and creeps up with empty pistol cocked. Now, as he approaches, still unheard, his breath comes short while his trembling hand tightens its grip. Then he dashes fearlessly headlong and discovers some mules chewing their cuds.

Repos life has become almost interesting when there arrives the enlivening order "Back to the Front", and we depart from Somewhere to Elsewhere in France.

S.S.U. 630.

LETTERS TO THE BULLETIN

To the Editor of the Bulletin :

Here are the facts concerning two old men of Section 4 that might perhaps be of interest: G. Robert C. Wigand, old section 4 ("Wiggy" of the "citadel of Verdun" fame) writes to the section, now 627, that he feels as though he would never be through receiving instruction. He became a cadet for artillery eleven months ago, and after three months of training received his commission as 2nd. Lieutenant. For some time he worked at a training centre on the staff, and then later went to a school for aerial observers,

from which he was "ejected" on account of bad eyesight. He then went to a special school on gas, and now is attached to a regiment with which he expects to go to the front very shortly.

Edmund Randolph Purves — than whom there never was nor will be a more skilled driver for ruthlessly smashing down camions — is now at Saumur, learning to be an observer. Far be it from us to suggest, but "Neddy" was becoming corpulent!

Philip WINDSOR, S.S.U. 627.

U.S. Naval, Air Station, Italy.

I have been up here at Porto Corsini for some time now and it is very interesting work. Up to the present we have done a lot of flying and some of us have just been picked for work on chasse planes. They are all old ambulance men: C. W. Gates, A. P. Toliaferro, E. M. Smith and myself. Up to now I have been driving a bomber and have been having the time of my life.

Tinkham is driving a bomber for the present though he will probably get a chasse later on. So far the ambulance men have done very well. Of our personnel those whose names you might remember are: Walter White (S.S.U. 4), C. W. Gates (S.S.U. 13), R. H. Clark (S.S.U. 10), E. I. Tinkham (T.M.U. 526); E. M. Smith (T.M.U. 526), A. A. Baker (T.M.U. 526) and A. P. Toliaferro (T.M.U. 526).

Please give my best regards to all whom I know.

Kimberly STUART.

Oct. 4, 1918.

Tobyhanna, Pa.

Dear Friends:

Am now hard at work, with the Tanks, but would much rather be back with the "old bunch".

We left France on May 29th, 1918, but on May 31st we were struck by three torpedoes and our boat sank in twenty-four minutes. Did not have much time to get away. When we received orders to leave the ship we all took to the water, but soon got into life boats. We were on the water eighteen hours before we were picked up. There were two U.S. Destroyers that found us. We were brought back to a French port, and sailed again on June 5th. We were four hundred and eighty miles from land when we were struck. All my pictures and all of the many things I was

taking back to America are all "Somewhere in the Atlantic". We lost everything.

But I am coming back with the first bunch of "Tankers", and then, well, Fritz is sure going to get more H... than he has ever had, for we sure have some bunch. As Bill Corry (S.S.U. 13) says, "If you can't be a tank, then drive one."

Just remember me to all the fellows through the *Bulletin* and say I hope to be with them again soon.

A. C. PHILLIPS,
Tank Instructor.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

Walter H. Granata	S.S.U. 27	Headquarters Det. U.S.A.A. S. with the Italian Army, Italy.
Fred Emerson Gale	T.M.U. 526	Sgt. Army Artillery Headquarters, 1st Army France, A.E.F.
Ralph T. Johanson	S.S.U. 65	Ensign, U.S.N.R.F. U.S.A.
G. M. Jones, Jr.	S.S.U. 9	Ensign, U.S.N.R.F.; N.A. R.; U.S.A.
William H. Egan, Jr.	S.S.U. 70	Midshipman, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
Thomas C. Manton, Jr.	T.M.U. 184	Cpl. 323 F.A. Hdqrs. Co. American E. F.
Harrison C. Bristoll	S.S.U. 12	Cadet, Aviation; Camp Dick, Dallas, Tex.
Alfred Day Rathbone, 4th	S.S.U. 69	2nd. cl. Seaman, U.S. Navy, U.S.A.
Henry Seton	S.S.U. 8	2nd. Lieut. 22nd Infantry, U.S.A.
Robert Buchanan Smith	S.S.U. 17	Not in service.
Frederick Lionel Spencer	S.S.U. 65	Student Officer Naval Aviation, U.S.A.
Edward Nicholas Winslow	T.M.U. 526	Sgt. Ordnance Dept. N.A. A.P.O. 712, A.E.F.
Alfred R. Thompson	S.S.U. 69	Not in service.
John H. Westcott Jr	S.S.U. 9	Pvt. Infantry, Co. L, 107th, 27th Division, A.E.F.
John Harold Vickers	S.S.U. 32	2nd Lieut. R.A.F. England.
Henry Noble Cooper Jr	S.S.U. 65	2nd Lieut. A.A.U.S.A. A.P.O. 733, A.E.F.

MALLET RESERVE

The following is a complete list of former members of the American Field Service, Camion division, who were commissioned in that branch of the American Army :

Capt.	P. B. K. Potter
Second Lieut.	
Francis S. F. Andrews	John B. Mackinlay
Charles H. Bayley	Thomas Means
John H. Brown	Charles F. Meyer
Alan S. Browne	Julian K. Morrisson
Robert A. Browning	William B. Olmsted
Edward G. Bangs	Donald Ordway
William E. Bown	Richmond Ordway
Charles Caesar	Arthur C. Payne.
Thomas H. Carothers	Donald K. Percy.
Buford A. Clark	Henry Z. Persons.
Albert M. Cowan	Leonard M. Prince.
James W. Craig	Earl D. Prudden.
Norman B. Curtice	Arthur E. Ralston
Charles G. Curtiss	Frank O. Robinson
Frederick J. Daly	Martin C. Rhodes
Thomas H. Dougherty	John P. Scott
Dows Dunham	Harry B. Seymour
George L. Edwards Jr.	Walter C. Sisson
Marshal J. England	Chester N. Shaffer
Charles J. Farley	John W. Storrs
Clayton C. Grandy	George B. Straby
John P. Hahn	Eugene K. Sturgis
Irving G. Hall	Arthur Terry, Jr.
Dunbar M. Hinrichs	Frank M. Talmadge
Aubrey F. Holmes	Joseph M. Travis
Roy M. Hutchinson	Raymond G. Urban
Millard P. Kaiser	Francis J. Wakem
Horton P. Kennedy	Goodwin Warner
Norman Kohlhepp	Hoyne Wells
Leroy F. Krusi	Roger W. Whitman
George R. Lamade	John G. Wiggins
Frank E. Lansing	Roy C. Wilcox
Nicolas C. Leidgen	Morton H. Wilkinson
Selden M. Loring	

IN MEMORIAM

MALCOLM T. ROBERTSON

Malcolm T. Robertson who served with Section I in northern France and Belgium for five months during the spring and autumn of 1915 was killed in action on July 30th, 1918. Robertson was a student at Princeton, he was 23 years of age and his home was in Brooklyn, N.Y. The following details concerning his death have just come to hand. He enlisted in the 7th regiment of the National Guard in July 1917 and then transferred to the 165th U.S. Infantry in order to secure immediate service in France. He was attached to a trench mortar platoon in the headquarters company of his regiment. On July 30th as the regiment was advancing towards Sergy across the Ourcq river, they were attacked by German machine-gunners in a farm house just in front of their line. Volunteers were called for to go forward with the trench mortar to engage these machine-gunners and Robertson volunteered. The place chosen for the trench mortar was much exposed, some 100 yards in front of the regiment and the mortar squad only threw in a few shells when they in turn were heavily shelled and had to abandon the gun. They missed Robertson when they got to the rear but as soon as things quieted down his comrades went forward again with a stretcher expecting to find him wounded. They found him, however, lying dead by the gun, killed by a German shell.

CHARLES HENRY FISKE 3rd.

Word has been received that Charles Henry Fiske 3rd has been killed in action. Fiske joined the American Field Service in August, 1916, and joined Section 3 soon afterwards. He went with that section to the Balkans in June 1917. He was soon after commissioned as 2nd Lieut. U. S. Infantry.

NOTES

Thayer Robb (S.S.U. 33) has been promoted from 1st Lieut. to Capt. Infantry.

Hugh Wilson McNair (S. S. U. 65) was severely wounded by a shell on October 5th, while serving with Section 622 U. S. A. A. S.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF FORMER A. F. S. MEN

John Rogers Hurlburt	T.M.U. 526	1st Lieut. Aviation Service, A. P. O. 707, A. E. F.
Wilberforce Taylor	S.S.U. 16	Cadet Aviation, Americus- Field, Georgia.
Kimberly Stuart	S.S.U. 410	U. S. Naval Air Service, Porto Corsini, Italy.
Walter White	S.S.U. 4	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
C. W. Gates	S.S.U. 13	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
R. H. Clark	S.S.U. 10	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
E. I. Tinkham	T.M.U. 526	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
E. M. Smith	T.M.U. 526	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
A. A. Baker	T.M.U. 526	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
A. P. Taliaferro	T.M.U. 526	U. S. Air Service, Italy.
Louis J. Baumer	S.S.U. 27	Intelligence Dept. A. E. F.
Harold C. Gilbert	T.M.U. 133	Lieut. Aviation, A. E. F.
Walter Hamilton Lillie	S.S.U. 4	Lieut. Aviation, A. E. F.
G. F. Bass	T.M.U. 133	Lieut. Air Service, A. E. F.
J. E. G. Fravell	S.S.U. 64	Aspirant 28 ^e Regt. d'Artillerie, 4 ^e Batterie, Sect. 163.

VISITORS AT, 21 RUE RAYNOUARD

Edward S. Storer (S.S.U. 13) U. S. A. A. S. ; C. F. Bass (T.M.U. 133) Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; Walter Hamilton Lillie (S.S.U. 10 and 4) Lieut. U. S. Aviation ; Harold C. Gilbert (T.M.U. 133 and 526) Lieut. U. S. Air Service ; Douglas M. Smith (T.M.U. 526) Eleve Aspirant, Fontainebleau ; B. P. Eldred, Jr. (S.S.U. 66), 115^e Brigade, Fontainebleau ; John B. Whitton (T.M.U. 133), 59^e Brigade, Fontainebleau ; Lansing Warren (S.S.U. 70 and 18) U. S. A. A. S. ; Burnet C. Wohlford (S.S.U. 18) U. S. A. A. S. ; William M. Barber (S.S.U. 3) Aspirant French Artillery ; Sidney C. Doolittle (S.S.U. 68) U. S. A. A. S. ; R. W. Gauger (S.S.U. 65) U. S. A. A. S. ; T. M. Brunson (T.M.U. 184) American Red Cross ; H. H. Powell (S.S.U. 2) Capt U. S. A. S.