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**A FRIENDLY TRIBUTE**

The first section of the old Field Service to be attached to a French division was welcomed in the Vosges in April 1915 by Commandant de Montravel. Since that time on many occasions the Commandant has had opportunity to welcome other of our sections and to help them in their moments of difficulty. He is one of the best as well as one of the oldest friends of the old Field Service. This is the message he sends to the Service:

“ Je ne puis oublier, moi, que dès le début de 1915 une splendide phalange de vos meilleurs jeunes hommes est venue nous apporter une aide aussi généreuse que spontanée.

A moi qui ai été un des premiers à apprécier leur sublime enthousiasme, il appartient de vous dire aujourd'hui combien j'ai été fier d'accueillir ces vaillants précurseurs de toute votre Grande Patrie, et de vous exprimer toute la reconnaissance que nous leur avons vouée.

Comme Chef de Service Automobile dans plusieurs armées, je les ai vus à l'œuvre (et depuis bientôt quatre ans!) : toujours prêts,

toujours dévoués et infatigables ; des héros sublimes et modestes chaque fois que l'occasion s'en est présentée.

Permettez-moi de leur rendre ici l'hommage qu'ils ont si vaillamment mérité. Tous ceux qu'ils ont secourus, tous ceux qui les ont connus, ne pourront jamais les oublier."

Chef d'Escadron de Montravel,  
D. S. A., 3<sup>e</sup> Armée,  
18 Nov. 1918.

### IN MEMORIAM

#### GEORGE M. HOLLISTER

It has been learned that George M. Hollister was killed in action in October. Hollister joined the American Field Service in April 1916 being assigned to Section 3. He remained with that section, going with it to the Orient, until June 1917, when he returned to America, to enter an officers' training camp. He was commissioned in the Infantry and was sent to France nearly a year ago. Hollister was a graduate of Harvard University and his home was in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

#### HERBERT RAYMOND KENDALL

Word has been received that Herbert Raymond Kendall was recently killed in Aviation. Kendall entered the American Field Service in May 1917 and was attached to T. M. U. 133 until November 1917, when he was released to go into Aviation. He was 22 years of age, a student at the University of California, and his home was in Santa Ana, California.

### DECORATION

Thomas G. Cassady, formerly of S. S. U. 13, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and also a Bronze Oak Leaf, with the following citations.

FIRST LIEUTENANT THOMAS G. CASSADY, Air Service, U. S. A. --- For extraordinary heroism in action near Fismes, May 29, 1918, and near Spieds, France, on June 5, 1918. On May 29, 1918, Lieutenant Cassady singlehandedly attacked an L. V. O. German plane which crashed near Fismes. On June 5, 1918, as patrol leader of five Spads, while being attacked by twelve German Fokkers, he brought down one of the enemy planes near Spieds, and by his dash and courage broke the enemy formation.

A Bronze Oak Leaf to be worn on the Distinguished Service Cross is awarded for the following act of extraordinary heroism in action: On August 16, 1918, near Saint-Maire, while acting as protection for a Samson he was attacked by seven Fokkers, two of which he brought down and enabled the Samson to accomplish its mission and return safely.

### SOISSONS REVISITED

For many of us who remember the old camion days, Soissons will always be home while we are in France. It was there that we became accustomed to France, there that we first did our bit, and there in its quaint streets that we picked up acquaintance with poilu friends and later with the friendly inhabitants of the historic city. For this reason while Paris will always represent to us all that is French, still when we think of those early days, Soissons will be most clearly envisaged, and will be most associated with our new life as conducteurs.

When we first came to Soissons of course it had already suffered from Boche hate! that was early in the Summer of 1917. The Germans were just beyond it up on the Chemin des Dames having been driven there in April, but all that summer, when there was a lack of something to strafe, they made the best of dropping a few shells on the cathedral, about the Pont Anglais, the Gare, or the Place de la Republic or its environs. So, the city had suffered much from the invaders even though it had not been occupied since the early days of 1914. Not so badly was it destroyed, of course, as Reims; in fact there were many houses where there had been a shell; there were many more that had been only hit two or three times, and, then some which had only a pile of ruins to show that they once existed as dwelling places. But aside from shattered glass and, a ruined transept on the north side and several broken arches, the cathedral which Rodin loved so well, was not greatly damaged. The abbaye St. Jean des Vignes, was hit several times but was still a historic monument of mediaevalism and enough of it was left to make it an attraction for sightseers and the janitor would take you to its tower for a franc. The Caserne Charpentier was practically intact, and the Hotel de Ville also, and the Place de Mail with its long avenue of overtopping elms while showing the trace of many a passing shell, and machine gun bullet, comparatively had little to complain of, and it served us

excellently as a camp, the trenches that skirted it, making lines of demarkation for parking the remorques in which we lived at that time.

The streets of the city, too, were in good condition. There was the theatre on the Grand Place with scarcely a mark on it, and the baths adjoining it which most of us found such a luxury when they were opened up in September had only one side a bit shaken with a shell necessitating two or three props for a support. Then as you passed on down toward the place de la Republic by way of the Rue du Commerce you could see that the city had suffered from the war but it did not look as if it would take a lot of work to restore it to its former business footing. Opposite the little store where we bought our papers there were vacant spaces where houses were blown up early in the war. Progressing further down the street however you saw scarcely a break in the compact rows of adjoining stone houses. At the place de la Republic there were many scars from shrapnel about the façades of the building but the monument erected in the center by the citizens of the place to its heroes who fell in the war of 1870 was not marked.

The *gare* showed more traces of bombardment. All the glass was broken from the roofs overhanging the quais, and buildings for storage were shattered at one end, and there was a *huge abri* at the other end.

Then making a tour up the boulevard Jeanne d'Arc you could see the houses of the richer residents of the place safely ensconced behind their stone wall and iron fence, a few bricks knocked from a corner in a few places and perhaps one or two rather badly damaged. And the mouldy exterior of the abbaye St. Jean des Vignes showed white in places where a shell had torn away and defaced a part of the bas reliefs. About the Place St. Christophe, everything looked natural except for the lonesomeness and lack of all signs of life except for the soldiers who were constantly passing through the town at that time to get ready for the big fight on the Chemin des Dames.

And down the vista to the north from the Place St. Christophe through the Boulevard Pasteur scarcely a trace of violence could be detected. Madame Macherez's house had two or three shell holes through the wall and other slight evidences of bombardment, but the house next to where Commandant Mallet, head of the Reserve in which we served, had his headquarters was untouched by hostile fire.

Such a place of interest as it became when after we had been there a couple of months the people began to come back! During those months we had lived like savages developing the black paws that inevitably result from washing in gasoline and in that not too frequently, developing necks that nothing but a razor would *blanchir* and an attitude calloused towards things in general. It was like becoming civilized again when the people began to come back and we began to get acquainted with them.

What camioneer has not known the joys of the ancient vintage that was kept in the "Hole in the Wall" where many a simple soldier got K. P. the next day for lingering after his pass was up! Who did not flirt with Cecile the charming damozel who with her pa-pa and ma-ma conducted the public baths, and who did not ask Mademoiselle Fourneau, who lived just across the street to elope with him to America: Who has not stealthily drunk cognac in a coffee cup at the Café Tête Noir, there in the street round the corner from the Cathedral. Who didn't buy a flash light battery every time he went down town from the three pretty red-headed girls in the little shop there in the rue de Commerce, or pies from Novian, there at the end of the bridge Pont Anglais. Finally who was there among all that crowd who had not dined (and swore it better that Rectors) at the Croix d'Or, or the Lion Rouge, and cultivated an intimacy with Audrey or Suzette or Lucienne? if there be any such let him confess his insignificance now or forever hold his peace.

Who will ever forget the poker games and seven and half games that used to soften the hard moments of the summer months when there was nothing to do but lie about in camp, games that took place under the elms of the place de Mail. What gambler then and there did not cultivate the lamentable Field Service habit of asserting his independence and superiority and refuse to respond when a sergeant called him from the game to a potato peeling *corvée*, a habit however of which he soon broke himself after he joined the army. Who will forget the inspection days after we joined the army, when the whole camp lived in terror of the Altesse who lived not far away, known as the Major. It used to take all day to get presentable to appear before his hated but feared presence.

And the *pinard* parties that took place in the barracks at night. They of all things will never be consigned to the limbo of the forgotten. The red ink that went down with a gasp at most times flowed smoothly enough when drunk from a five litre gasoline

*bidon*, which vessel was used to *camouflage* it in case the top should come into the barrack. And the mud, and the stonepile, and the barrack stove, and Louis Brocks' cooking, and Bull Thomas, well, most of us will not soon forget any of these things.

And now what is left of it all? Nothing but these happy memories as we found from a trip to Soissons a few days ago. Rain was dripping through the shattered roof of the magnificent cathedral, and of the tower that was a landmark, and the first thing seen by all comers to the city, there was nothing left but two corners still projecting raggedly into the heavens but looking as if about to fall in the street. And of the body of the cathedral there was nothing left but a shell. Piles of stone lay in nave and transept filling them with all kinds of *débris*. And the decrepit walls pierced by scores of shells show how one more noble work of art had been made a martyr to German hate. The streets, but one would scarcely call them streets now, rather they were paths between piles of stones, not a vestige left of the *rue du Commerce* or the *rue St. Christophe* and what houses did remain had their steel shutters pierced with machine gun bullets, the grim history of the terrific street fighting that had taken place behind the stone barricades that still stood in the streets. The Baths were not harmed much but a high explosive shell had destroyed the theatre just behind them, and the "hole in the wall," will see many a day before there is another party of revellers within its walls. And for some reason of other all those places with which we were most familiar seemed to have been designated for particular punishment. The *Croix d'Or* and the *Lion Rouge* are no more, nor half a dozen other places where you could drive dull care away. The station of course was a wreck, that was one of the first things the Boche took care of when they came through there so suddenly in the hectic days of last May. The *Place de la Republic* alone seemed to have been spared. There were scars on the facades of the buildings there where shrapnel had hit, but it was practically intact, even to the monument in the center of the place. Much more damage had been added to the fine residences of the *Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc*, and a little more of the spires of *St. Jean des Vignes* had been shot away. Here as most places it seemed the business places and the cathedral and the dwellings of the poor that suffered most.

After all this *débâcle* of a fair city imagine the surprise of seeing the old barracks of our cantonment in the *Place de Mail*, looking as if we had just left them; although what scenes of carnage and

bloodshed and hell had taken place above and around them since we left when the Boche began his drive in March. Not a splinter seemed out of place, not a door torn off, or any changes whatever to denote that they had been fought over and been in hostile hands. The company street with its four fronting kitchens were ready to move into if necessary, and the barracks themselves still had some of the rubbish we had left together with a lot we had not left lying about, and only a few machine gun bullet holes in the sides reminded us that we had not been occupying them continuously. The trees are cut in many places by bullets but not noticeably. It was all one of those strange hazards of the war.

Nevertheless standing in the camp there and turning about to look down along the panorama of the low houses beside the *Aisne*, and the spire of the *St. Wasst* cathedral over which we had so often watched the sun set in that summer of 1917, we knew it was not the same camp we had lived in eight months before, intact as it was.

For, Soissons lay in ruins before us and its soul was dead.

David DARRAH.

### PRIVATE GAMMAN OF SECTION 13

A recent number of the *New-York Times* publishes this letter from Paris.

In your issue of Aug. 25 you printed a letter written to me by a former resident of New-York City, where his mother still resides, James A. Gamman, telling how and why he joined, as a common soldier, the famous French Foreign Legion, the "shock corps" par excellence, where, as somebody has well said, the only French you need to know are the three words. "En avant, Légion!" The letter in question contained this sentence: "I leave for the front tomorrow, and then I am sure I will know better how to act my part." Yesterday I spent an hour at Private Gamman's bedside at my old hospital at Neuilly, near Paris, where he has been lying for over a month, and it may interest your readers to hear from his own lips the sequel to the gallant letter which you published.

"When I left for the front," he began, as he sat slightly propped up, "I had been in the Legion three months, but had never been under fire. I arrived at Soissons for the last German drive, where General Mangin, who, by the way, began his military career in the Legion, was in command, and who always has a warm spot



in his heart of hearts for his old corps. Imagine, then, how he felt when he had to sacrifice us, for at the end of that drive, which lasted from July 9 to July 25, we were all battered to pieces and had to be sent to Amiens en repos. For instance, my own company, the second machine gun section, went into action ninety-six strong and came out twelve men, all the rest having been killed or wounded. Every officer fell, and only a Sergeant was left to command this remnant. At Amiens we followed on behind the French for a month, and though under fire were not in action. But on Aug. 25 we went back to Soissons and joined General Mangin again, when I was wounded on the night of the 30th while advancing with a machine gun on my shoulder. I was shot clean through the left breast just above the lung and fell unconscious. I suppose it was in falling that I broke my left arm. I reached Paris the night after I was wounded, which, by the way, speaks well for the rapidity in which our wounded are cared for, at least in my case.

"So I have seen it all, and it has been a most wonderful experience, which I would not have missed for anything. I was most lucky during my brief stay at the front, and I was lucky, too, in not being more seriously hurt. I may add that I was engaged in the oil business at Tulsa, Okla., when this war fever attacked me, at the age of 30. So I suppose some people may say that I was old enough to have known better. But I don't say so."

At this moment the X-ray attendants came to take a photograph of the shattered left shoulder, which, I understand, seems to be knitting together favorably, though there is still the danger that it may leave Mr. Gamman with a stiff arm for life. "But think what it might have been," were the last words of this superb American soldier as I left him with my heart full of emotion.

THEODORE STANTON.

We may add that since the above was written, Mr. Gamman has made such progress that he is now able to leave the hospital and is often seen in Paris.

## LETTERS FROM FIELD SERVICE MEN

To the Editor of the Bulletin:

I am sorry to see a beginning, or at least an example, of defeatist poetry in your number of November 23rd. Some months ago I read a particularly malodorous poem called "War", by David Darrah, describing the murder of two French people by a Frenchman. The writing of that poem afforded Mr. Darrah amusement, at least, when I objected to its subject and style, he gave that reason as his excuse. It did not seem to Mr. Darrah that the faithless wife and her lover were also merely amusing themselves, and that their license was no less poetic than his.

But Mr. Darrah is no longer amused at death. In his poem "To One I Slew" I can find only a sentimental regret that a German should have been "made void". This is not a time for sentiment towards the Germans, and any regret would seem more suitable as coming from them. Instead of addressing explanatory stanzas "To One I Slew" — I am glad he got at least one — he might better write a few regretful verses "To the sixty-three millions I haven't yet slain". For the war isn't over. Every one over here has seen the German as a bullying, fiendish brute in war, and no one is surprised to find him a rather squealing coward in peace. They are one and the same thing, the German is still *Boche*. Our armies know it, they have their hands on the German throat and their bayonets at the German stomach, ready to strangle him, starve him, annihilate him unless he can show very quickly what possible purpose in God's world — not the devil's — he serves.

I hope that Mr. Darrah is not preparing a Wagnerian poem of regret on his having been forced to uproot the Kaiser, like a poisonous flower, from his palace at Potsdam.

John W. CLARK.  
(formerly S.S.U. 3).

To: Editor,

American Field Service Bulletin,

Paris.

To your "complete list" (Mallet Reserve) of issue 66, Oct. 12, 1918, and the shattering supplement of Lieut. Caesar, in issue 68, Oct. 26, 1918, may I add the names of 20 more 2nd Lieutenants M. T. C. who were not mentioned.

Peter J. Baader.  
Julian Barkelew.  
Albert V. Blessing.  
Theodore E. Bourland.  
Kenneth Hankinson.  
Frederick M. Legler.  
James E. Henschell.  
Lee D. Ikard.  
Charles R. Ireland.  
Robert E. James.

Frederic G. Hartswick.  
Leroy Kent.  
Franklin L. Kline.  
James H. Latham.  
Clark R. Pigott.  
John M. Poland.  
Richard H. Shainwald.  
Benjamin Strong, Jr.  
Warren E. Taylor.  
Lawson M. Watts.

M. P. KAISER,  
1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. M. T. C.  
(formerly T. M. U. 526).

To the Editor :

Up to now we have had fairly decent weather. I say up to now, that is up to three or four days ago. Since then we have had one day of snow, and the rest of the time the most impenetrable fog you can imagine. Not merely a morning fog, or an evening fog, but a fog which lasts all day long. A fog so thick you can't see more than fifty meters in front of you at the most, so you are always alone, and the silence is maddening. A fog that would immediately turn to rain if you so much as said "Bang". A fog that leaves you soaking wet and which clouds my glasses so I cannot wear them. A fog, a fog, in fact an altogether damnable fog!

You know I am beginning to lose my supreme faith in that pet Gott of mine who always provides taxis, a place to sleep, and a solution for every embarrassing situation. I believe he must have gotten lost in the fog.

We are still here in Belgium and no prospect but that I will gradually melt away in the fog.

Your somewhat foggy,

Q. V.

Wilfred Dillon, formerly T. M. U. 184, now Pvt. Co. G. 310th Infantry, A. E. F. writes :

"A few words to thank you for the chocolate and cigarettes you sent me, which I received some time ago but we were on the go after "Jerry" and I could not very well write. But now, its over and I hope to find a chance to drop in and shake hands with some of the old timers at rue Raynouard.

"If you are still sending out the *Field Bulletin* I would be very thankful for news of the old outfit."

Joseph Desloge, formerly T. M. U. 526, now Aspirant in French Artillery writes :

"Thank you very much for the cigarettes and chocolate. They certainly strike the right place. We are on *repos* now and diligently following the dictum : in times of *repos* prepare for more *repos*.

"We have cleaned up everything in sight including the towns and are now brushing up our infantry drill. The Colonel probably has *raison*. For there is no telling. We might have to impersonate a military organization coming down the *Champs* and it behooves us to be able to hit the middle of the Arc the first shot. Anyway I suppose we must compose ourselves to receive the applause of delivered democracy and salvaged civilization."

## NOTES

Van D. Burton (S.S.U. 13 and 8), aspirant in French artillery, who was seriously wounded last month has been given two months convalescence leave in America.

J. M. White (S.S.U. 1), who has been promoted Captain Chemical Warfare Service, called at rue Raynouard on his way back to America.

Lieutenants John R. Fisher (S.S.U. 2 and 20), Herbert P. Townsend (S.S.U. 1), Ralph S. Richmond (S.S.U. 15 and 30) and George W. Roberts (S.S.U. 3 and 8) have been promoted Captains U. S. A. A. S. These officers have been in command of Parcs of the U. S. A. A. S. for some time.

Tom. O'Connor (S.S.U. 12) who has been convalescing at rue Raynouard, expects, to sail for America on the 12th of December.

Norman S. Buck (T.M.U. 133) has been commissioned 2nd Lieut. Chemical Warfare Service.

Among the three divisions graduated from the Saumur Artillery School of the American Expeditionary Forces in France are the following American Field Service men : Wharton Allen, S. S. U. 12, Whitney Coombs, S. S. U. 68, William Parmenter Hunt, S. S. U. 13, Philip Henry Glorieux, S. S. U. 9, Ritter Holman, S. S. U. 70

and 18, John Hillman Woolverton, S. S. U. 72 and 27 and Barclay Robinson S. S. U. 67. Each graduate has received a certificate of proficiency stating that he is qualified to have a commission as 2nd. Lieutenant. In this instance "proficiency will be its own reward" as the conclusion of an armistice has resulted in orders that no further appointments be made.

The following former members of the American Field Service have been sent to the United States by the Motor Transport Corps as instructors:

2nd Lieut. Roy M. Hutchinson	M. T. C. formerly	T. M. 184.
" James H. Latham	M. T. C. "	T. M. 133.
" Franklin L. Kline	M. T. C. "	T. M. 526.
" Lawson M. Watts	M. T. C. "	T. M. 397.
" Richard H. Shainwald	M. T. C. "	T. M. 397.
" Lee D. Ikard	M. T. C. "	T. M. 184.
" Frederick Legler	M. T. C. "	T. M. 397.
" Clark R. Pigott	M. T. C. "	T. M. 184.
" Warren E. Taylor	M. T. C. "	T. M. 184.

1st Lieut. Charles H. Bayly M. T. C., formerly T. M. 397 is stationed at La Havre.

1st Lieut. Walter C. Sisson M. T. C., formerly T. M. 526, is Motor Transport Officer of Nevers.

1st Lieut. Fred Daly, formerly T. M. 526 and 1st Lieut. John Wiggins, formerly T. M. 397 have recently completed the French C. R. A. course of instruction.

1st Lieut. Horton Kennedy M. T. C., formerly Chef section C, T. M. 526, is instructor at the Motor Transport School No. 1.

M. P. KAISER,  
1st Lieut. M. T. C.

J. W. Clark (S.S.U. 3) has been promoted S/Lieutenant French Artillery.

K. L. Austin (S.S.U. 4 and 8) has been commissioned 2nd Lieut. Field Artillery.

Thomas H. Wagner, Jr. (S.S.U. 65) Ensign U. S. N. A. F. has left for America.

## CHRISTMAS DINNER

All members of the Field Service who have the fortune to be in Paris on Christmas Eve, will, it is hoped, attend the special Christmas Dinner which will be served at 21 rue Raynouard on December 24th at 7 P. M.

Those who expect to be present should register their intentions at the earliest possible date. The price, *tout compris*, will be eight francs. On account of the limited facilities this dinner will be exclusively for old Field Service members.

## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

This is our last Christmas in France, — and we want to make the Christmas number of the Bulletin appropriately commemorative of that fact. Please send promptly contributions in verse, prose or picture.

## THE NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

It is proposed to devote the New Year's number to accounts to be furnished by our readers, of the last day of the war, — the momentous day when the armistice was signed. Every man whom we have seen has had some interesting experience to relate of how the great news was received and celebrated at the front, and we want to collect some of these stories before they are forgotten.

A prize of FIFTY FRANCS is therefore offered for the best poem or article descriptive of the last day of the greatest of all wars.

## VISITORS AT, 21, RUE RAYNOUARD

The following were among those present at the Thanksgiving Dinner at "21" on Thursday, November 28th.

Edwin B. Ackerman (S.S.U. 32), E. R. Andrew (S.S.U. 628), Bruce Allen (S.S.U. 628), Luther R. Bailey (S.S.U. 15), H. M. Bowman (S.S.U. 523), J. Boyer (Hdqs), S. M. Brumson (T.M.U. 184), Lieut. D. G. Babbitt (59th Infantry), J. I. Bliss (S.S.U. 71), Capt. W. De F. Bigelow (S.S.U. 1), William L. Cahill (T.M.U. 184), W. A. Castor (Sgt. U.S.A.A.S.), Thomas J. Cudire (S.S.U. 631), L. H. Davidson (T.M.U. 182), Robert A. Dole (T.M.U. 526), Joseph Devereux (S.S.U. 583), R. H. Fussell (T.M.U. 397), Frederick C. Greene (S.S.U. 30), J. H. Gray (T.M.U. 526), John Francis Gargan (S.S.U. 650), J. A. Gordon (T.M.U. 184), S. Garfield (French Artillery), J.

D. Hutchinson (S.S.U. 67), H. T. Howard (T.M.U. 133), F. Arthur Howland (S.S.U. 66), Finley J. Henderson (S.S.U. 629), Frank W. Holmes (T.M.U. 526), R. T. Hanks (T.M.U. 133), Earl Taylor Johnstone (S.S.U. 10), F. C. Jones (T.M.U. 526), Herbert A. Knight (S.S.U. 650), John P. R. Kelly (S.S.U. 650), F. W. King (Hdqs. U. S.A.A.S.), Joseph B. Keyes (S.S.U. 16), E. W. Kane (S.S.U. 28), John B. Logie (T.M.U. 526), Charles Francis Kiernan (S.S.U. 650), Lieut. G. H. Lowe, Jr. (Hdqs. U.S.A.A.S.), Verner McClelland (S.S.U. 68), R. Keith Miller (13<sup>e</sup> Artillerie), A. Meyer (S.S.U. 14), Beverly R. Myles (A.R.C.), Albert Mayoh (T.M.U. 397), Edward Nickel (U.S.A.A.S.), M. E. Northrop (S.S.U. 4), Amos F. Paley (2nd Lt. S.S.U. 591), James W. Peters (2nd Lt. S.S.U. 585), W. A. Putnam (S.S.U. 647), Lieut. T. L. Preble (T.M.U. 397), W. S. Rolins (T.M.U. 184), Ben. F. Roster (Y.M.C.A.), Tom. O'Connor (S.S.U. 12), Jerome Preston (S.S.U. 15), Howard H. Powel (Air Service), David J. Post, Jr. (S.S.U. 9), Ralph Odonell (S.S.U. 629), Malcolm Graeme Olson (T.M.U. 184), Leo. Vincent Smith (S.S.U. 65), Howard S. Ramsdell (S.S.U. 9), Edward S. Storer (S.S.U. 13), William E. Shirar (U.S.A.A.S.), F. R. Smith (S.S.U. 1), William R. Summers (S.S.U. 523), Emmett H. Shaw (S.S.U. 26), G. Starkenman (S.S.U. 515), Robert T. Rieser (S.S.U. 33), W. H. Renfrew (T.M.U. 526), C. O. Soles (S.S.U. 647), M. Emile Barrière (International News Service), Douglas M. Smith (T.M.U. 526), L. E. Timson (S.S.U. 13), J. H. Tedford (T.M.U. 133), Paul Tison (T.M.U. 526), Aubrey L. Thomas (S.S.U. 8 and 13), R. Temple (T.M.U. 526), Arthur E. Thomson (A.R.C.), Robert S. Stinson (T.M.U. 133), Hary B. Van Sanden (M.S.T.U. 316), J. B. Whitton (T.M.U. 133), Thomas H. Wagner, Jr. (S.S.U. 65), Ensign U. S. N. A. F., Harry D. Wood (S.S.U. 69), Charles C. Young (S.S.U. 650).

