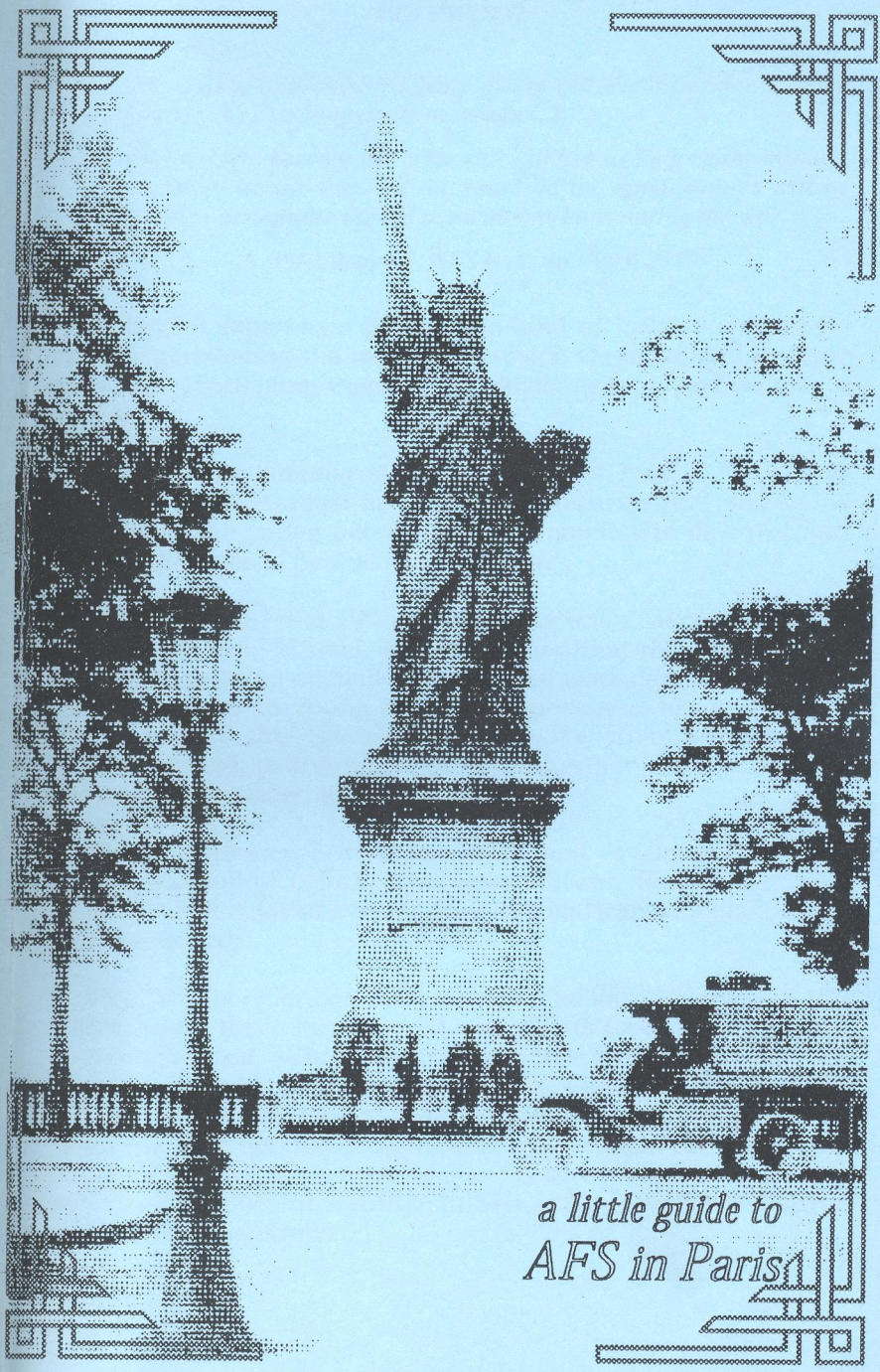

a little guide to AFS in Paris

Dec. 1993

Foreword

The visible and outward body of the old Field Service is gone forever. It exists today only in memory. [...]

Yet the Field Service still lives and will live as long as the memory of any of us survives. As the years go by, opportunities will be found to perpetuate the old associations born during the war.

A. Piatt Andrew, *AFS Bulleti*n, April 1919

Collective experience produces a kind of "salt", —*culture* we call it— permeating the medium in which we move and live our daily lives. More often than not, it is invisible to us and we take it for granted.

To evoke the memory of AFS's beginnings, here in Paris, is to celebrate the culture of an common enterprise that still helps adventuresome young people from one country to discover and share in the lives of people from another.

It so happened that 19th century Paris was a Mecca for young art students from abroad. It so happened that the international movement to bring civilian assistance to wounded soldiers gave the opportunity to young Americans to assume heroic roles — the answer to the symbol of La Fayette crossing the great Atlantic where, in the midst of his volunteer service, he was adopted by the older, wiser Washington.

The collective experience leading to and developing the Field Service was full of colorful characters: Evans, Herrick, Andrew, Galatti ; full of colorful events: the two American Ambulances, 21 Rue Raynouard...

This little booklet has been designed to introduce you to the places where these people lived and events took place —or are commemorated. While American Paris is divided into the Student and Artist Quarter of the Left Bank and the Colony of the Right Bank —both important influences in the development of AFS— the Field Service itself became implanted in the latter, in a relatively small area around Passy, after beginning in the suburban outpost of Neuilly-sur-Seine. An ideal situation for some interesting strolls...

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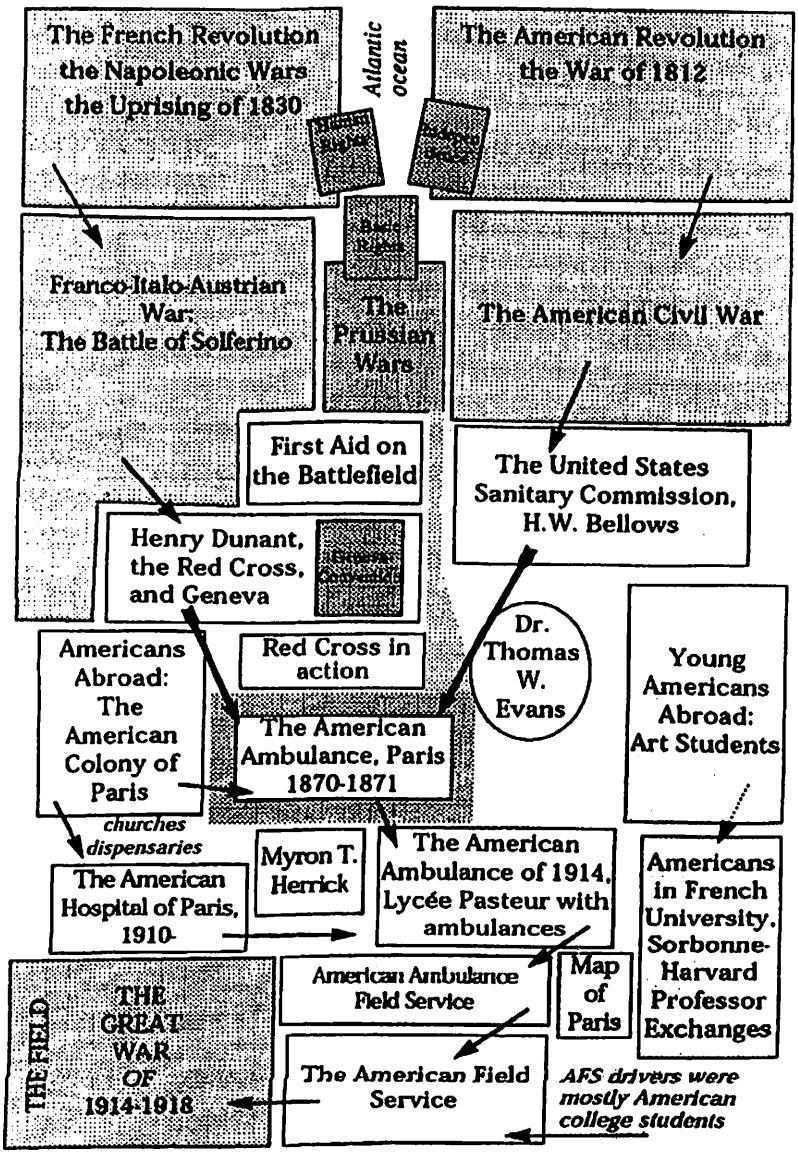

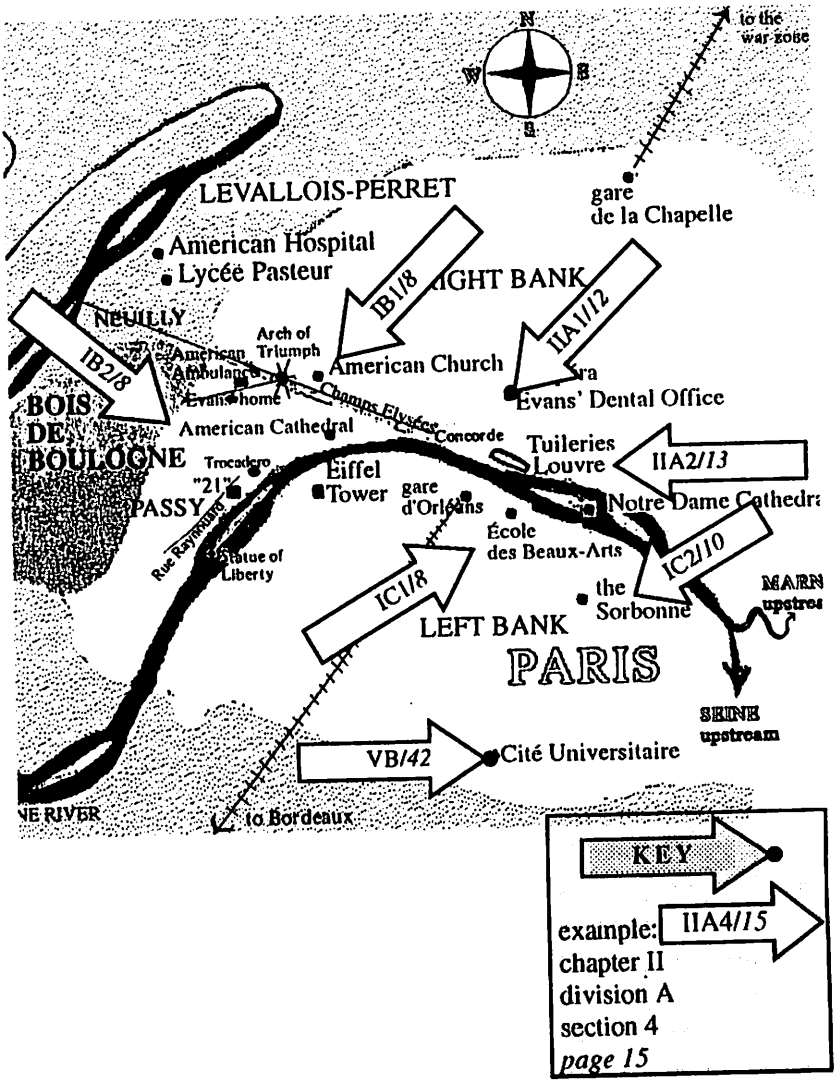
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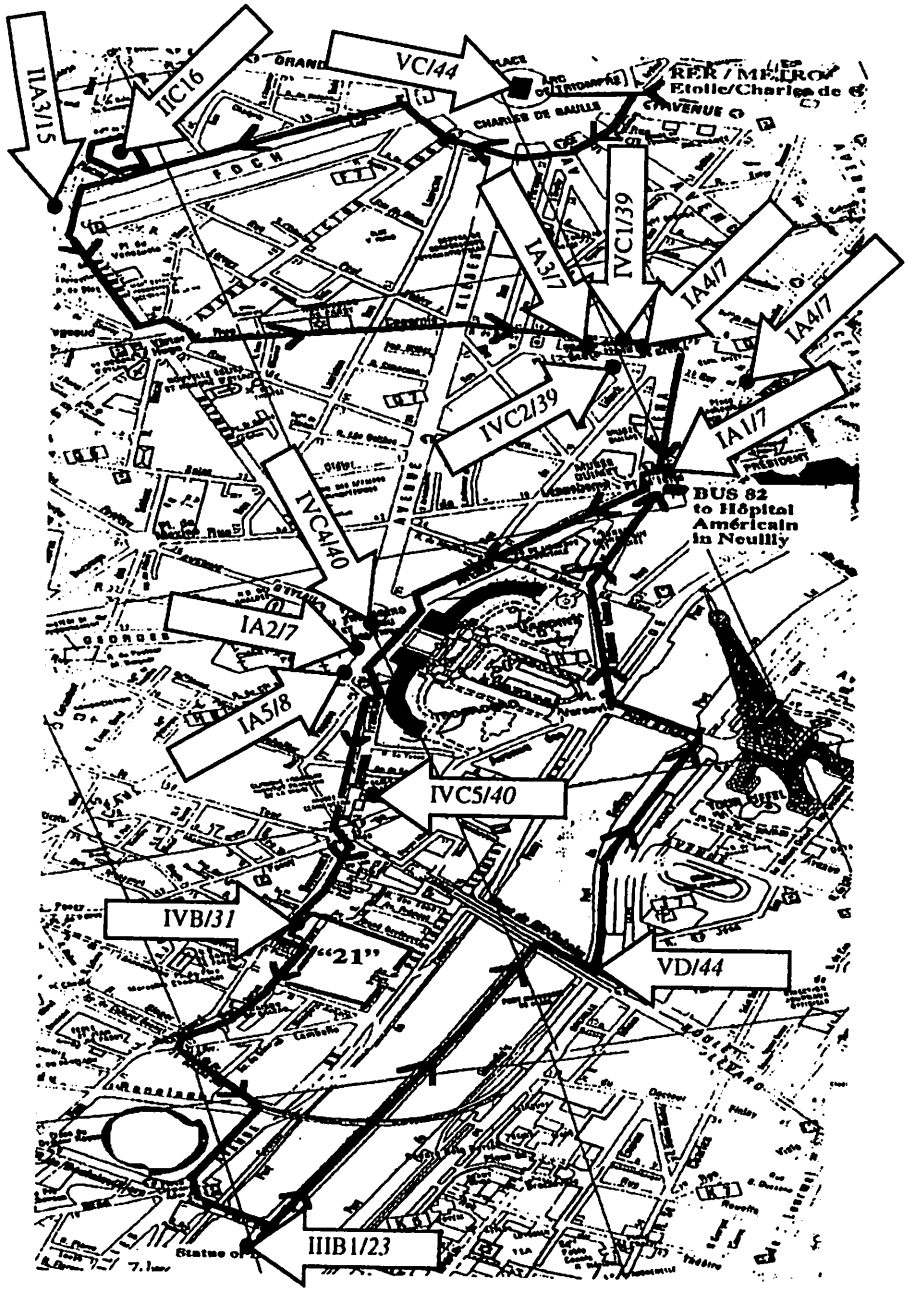
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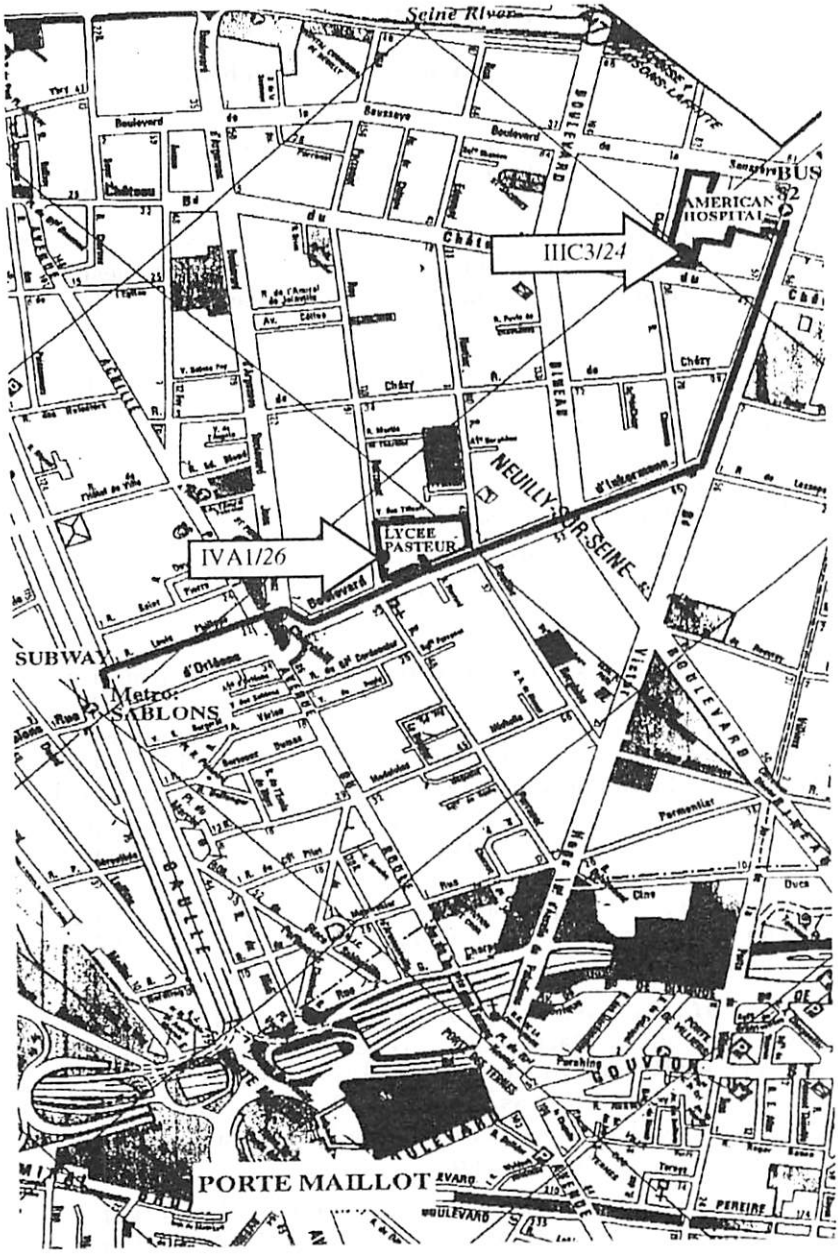
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CHAPTER ONE

The first layers of Franco-American history

Against a background of Franco-American relations, two main lines lead to the creation of the American Field Service: the *principles* of the Red Cross movement and the *practical experience* of the U.S. Sanitary Commission both of which converged in the American Ambulance of Paris, first in 1870 and then again in 1914. The field transportation service for these two temporary hospitals was staffed by young American volunteers —in 1914-1918, American college students.

A third line —American students studying abroad in France and the first Franco-American professor exchanges— would lead to the first Franco-American university student exchanges: the AFS French Fellowships, in 1919.

A. *Monuments to the American Revolution*

1. ***Washington, Place de l'Iéna.*** Another of Houdon's sculptures of Washington, this time portrayed on foot, stands on the front lawn of the Museum of Blérancourt.

2. ***Benjamin Franklin, Rue Franklin.*** This statue was presented to the City of Paris by John Harjes, a prominent member of the American Colony, in 1906, at the same time as its double was inaugurated in Philadelphia upon the bicentenary celebration of Franklin's birth. Franklin had lived in this "suburb" of Paris, Passy, where he had conducted his famous experiments with the lightening rod and where people felt sorry for "poor old Mr. Franklin" since he was walking around the village with "broken" eyeglasses, just after having invented the bi-focals! Franklin was instrumental in winning France to the colonists' side during the American Revolution.

3. ***Lafayette-Washington, Place des États-Unis.*** This statue by Auguste Bartholdi represents the myth of French volunteer assistance to the nascent United States. The young Marquis de La Fayette was practically "adopted" by the much older Washington, so their personal relationship, as well as their international one, is emphasized.

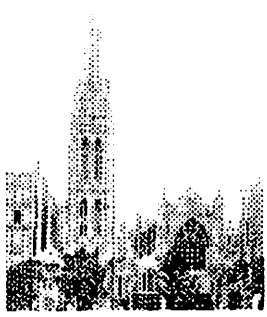
4. ***Rochambeau, Place de Rochambeau.*** Along with the Place Amiral de Grasse at the foot of the Place des États-Unis, the

symbol of the French military aid which helped the American colonists overcome their British masters during their Revolution.

5. ***Memorial to French Volunteers in the American Revolution, Square de Yorktown***, part of the small park featuring the statue of Franklin. In French, the word *volunteer* has a military connotation. Some 17,000 volunteer soldiers from France helped the American colonists win the war to become American citizens. Americans remembered this in 1914.

B. *Symbols of the* "Right Bank" *American Colony in Paris*

1. ***The American Church, 21, rue de Berri.*** This was the first site of the first American Protestant church around which resident Americans gathered. In the 1930s, the building was sold and the church moved to new quarters at its present location, 65, quai d'Orsay. For a number of years afterwards, the *International Herald Tribune* remained in this neighborhood, having first rented space from the American Church, before moving to its present headquarters in Neuilly-sur-Seine.



2. ***The American Cathedral, 23, avenue George V.*** This, the more socially prestigious of the two American Protestant churches, was founded in the 1860s, inaugurating its new building upon the present site in 1886. In the general proximity of the American embassy at the time, as well as the American Chamber of Commerce, the Cathedral was a gathering place for key figures in the American community living in Paris.

C. The "Left Bank" American students in Paris

Starting with the Second Empire and trickling down after the Second World War, there was a real flow of eager young men and women coming to France, and more especially to Paris, in order to study art. Strangely enough, such a rush is unknown in any other field than art.

Various reasons should be invoked to explain such an attraction to France: the increasing prosperity of the United States, along with its desire to gain access to the international cultural arena; the promotion of arts in France under Napoleon III and the Third Republic; the urge to go transmitted by those back home who had had the experience.

The Salons existed well before Napoleon III. However, under his reign, the image of France changed dramatically to one of a modern country enjoying renewed luxury, a new home for the arts, and a land of plenty as far as art commissions were concerned. The prestige of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, especially after the reform of 1863, started to outshine that of the Academies in London, Munich or Düsseldorf. Moreover, the bustling building atmosphere in the air pervading Paris from Haussmann on, all the new monumental sculpture then rising from the earth, the respect the art professions enjoyed in France, the attention given to art exhibitions by the media and the public, the stimulation and fraternity existing between art students in schools, all these feelings and events unknown in America were instrumental in making studies in Paris a unique experience, bringing to maturation many young artists from the United States.

Véronique Wiesinger, "Some General Ideas", *Paris Bound, Americans in Art Schools 1868-1918* ; RMN, Paris 1990 ; pp 13-14

The favorable exchange rate and the absence of school fees (except for a modest allocation for "external" studies located outside the Ecole) encouraged Americans to come to France. Nonetheless, a long stay abroad represented a sizeable investment in time and money. Most of these young people thus came from wealthy families; some even belonging to the "upper crust", such as Lloyd and Whitney (1864-1943) Warren, cousins of the Vanderbilts.

Isabelle Gournay, "Americans Studying Architecture at the Ecoles des Beaux-Arts", in *Paris Bound, etc, op.cit.*, pp 48-49

When I first entered the school I was the only American in the class, and it was owing to this that I gradually assumed French manners and ways. My friends were all French students and my habits of thought, artistic and otherwise, influenced by them. To get out of one's national skin is a great broadening of one's point of view, and on this I particularly congratulated myself as one of the advantages of living in France.

William Sartain (1843-1924), in a letter from 1873, quoted by Véronique Wiesinger, *op.cit.*, p. 27

1. Ecole des Beaux Arts, 14 rue Bonaparte, was founded in 1807. Many artists' workshops, where in fact the majority of students came to study, were located in the surrounding area of the Latin Quarter.

2. Sorbonne University, Place de la Sorbonne, off Avenue Saint-Michel.

A Franco-American Committee had been organized in Paris under the direction of the Ministry of Public Instruction, with the aim of creating university degrees for American students in Paris. In a meeting at the home of Dr. T.W. Evans, July 8, 1895, it was decided to form a local committee of Americans to promote this movement. This committee was named "The Paris-American University Committee", at a meeting held at Dr. Evans' Wednesday, July 19, 1895. Evans was named president of this committee, founded to cooperate with the Franco-American Committee, in order to help to extend French university privileges to American students and to promote their interests in their relations with universities in France. [...] Debate continued throughout the year 1896 and beyond. According to the *American Register* of December 26, 1896 : "The University Council, at its meeting of last Monday [December 21] adopted a resolution that a committee be named to study the establishing of a diploma to be conferred to foreign students, more particularly to American students, which they might

take away as proof of their studies and knowledge gained in Paris." All these discussions would lead to the creation of the Doctorate degree at the University of Paris.

Henri Mondor et Lloyd James Austin, *La correspondance de Stéphane Mallarmé*, Gallimard, Paris, vol VII, p. 307

The first exchanges of university professors were organized at the end of the 19th century and during the first years of the 20th. The first initiatives came from Harvard University. The French Club there, founded in 1886 for the production of French classical plays, began inviting French lecturers, thanks to a foundation created in 1898 by a wealthy and enthusiastic Francophile, former Harvard student James Hazen Hyde.

Y.H. Nouailhat, *France et Etats-Unis, Août 1914-Avril 1917*, Paris 1979, p. 62

CHAPTER TWO

The First American Ambulance

During the American Civil War (1861-1865), the practice of rescuing the wounded on the battlefield was being perfected by the volunteers of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, under the leadership of H.W. Bellows. Its infrastructure—vast public campaigns called "Sanitary Fairs"— prepared the American public to become involved in other worthy causes.

The influential Paris American dentist, Thomas W. Evans played a key role in making the work of the Sanitary Commission known in Europe, in founding the American Ambulance of 1870, and, as mentioned above, in helping establish a university degree for foreign students in France.

A. Dr. Thomas W. Evans, Philadelphia, 1823 — Paris, 1897

1. *Evan's dental office, 15 Rue de la Paix*

"You are a young fellow, but clever. I like you." said Louis-Napoleon, the president of France's Second Republic, to 27-year-old Evans who had just brought relief to his latest bout with dental agony.

It was spring, 1850, and by so efficiently standing in for his ailing patron in this emergency call to the Elysée Palace, Thomas Evans had just stepped into another world. Louis-Napoleon had bad teeth, knew a good dentist when he saw one and Evans would therefore be returning professionally to his side, twice a week, for twenty years.[...] Evans' success that day in 1850 and succeeding ones had prompted him to leave Brewster and set up shop on his own at 15 Rue de la Paix, where his fame would grow and other family members, like brother Theodore and nephew John Henry, would come join him. At one point, in fact, Evans would be overseeing five dental offices at that address. After President —then Emperor— Louis-Napoleon, Evans' clients included the future Empress and her family, the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, English and Belgian royalty, German royal and imperial families.

Alan Albright "Thomas W. Evans, a Philadelphian "Yankee" at the Court of Napoleon III", *Americans in the Legion of Honor*, RMN, Paris, 1993, pp 129-130

2. *The Tuileries-Louvre*, headquarters of the Imperial Court from which Empress Eugénie took flight.

On the morning of the 4th of September [...] the Empress Eugénie rose at an early hour in order to perform the urgent duties which now devolved upon her as Regent of the Empire. [...] The Emperor a prisoner in Germany, the flower of the army ignominiously plucked, the Prussians advancing rapidly upon Paris, thousands deserting the city, the troops at hand mostly raw and undisciplined, Montmartre and La Villette in an uproar, surrounded by weak and vacillating councillors, the situation of the Regent was perilous in the highest degree.[...]

The question finally arose, since it was deemed necessary that the Regent should depart for very life's sake, whether anyone had procured a carriage or provided any other way of escape. No; nobody had thought of that, and it was now too late. It was at this moment, however, that the Empress evinced her fortitude and promptitude in action: calling to her the various officers of the household, she gave them her last orders, and then turned to General Mellinet:

"*General,*" she said, "*can you defend the chateau without use of arms?*"

"*Madame,*" replied the old defender of the Tuileries, "*I think not.*"

"*Then,*" exclaimed the Empress, "*all is lost. We must not add civil war to our disasters.*" [...]

At this point the Doctor began his story.

On the afternoon of the 4th, Dr. Crane and myself met at the ambulance, the tents of which were just then being pitched, and after arranging some business matters, drove together in the landau to my house.[...] I left Doctor Crane in the carriage in front of the house, informing him I would be back immediately.

Here the speaker stopped and requested Dr. Crane to tell what next came about. [...]

Well, Doctor, I hardly know what to say. I waited there in the carriage over an hour, wondering at your prolonged absence; and I was on the point of going to the house at the end of that time, when Célestine was ordered to drive inside, which he did, stopping at the portico. I then got out and entered the hall, and walked toward the Doctor's office trusting to find him there. Before I reached the door, however, the Doctor appeared, and putting his finger quickly on his lips, bent forward, and

whispered in my ear, "*Can you guess who is here*? and before I could answer, he whispered still lower — "*the Empress.*" [...]

[*Evans continues the story*:] It was a little after five in the morning that the carriage, with the Empress, madame, the Doctor and myself within, left the house. "*When you come to the Porte Maillot*", I said to Célestine, "*and the officer orders you to stop — do so. But when he comes to the window to examine my passes, whip up your horses, and then go on!*"

Arriving at the barrier, the Doctor filled up one window on one side with his head and shoulders, and I the window on the other, in such a way that both the ladies were effectually concealed from observers on either hand. As the officer approached, the horses started as if in affright, and then dashed on. So far, so good.

Passy was our first stopping place, then St. Germain, then Poissy and finally *Ventres* (so the doctor pronounced it) where we drove into a small lane to rest the horses awhile. I left the party here, and walked to the village, a little way beyond, to find out whether any rumor of the Empress's flight had reached the place, and also, if possible, to procure another carriage and fresh team of horses. [...] Something occurred to interrupt the Doctor here, for the notes I took at the time break off suddenly, and do not recommence until the party reached the coast. I can, however, recall such incidents as the Empress eating a scanty lunch out of the Doctor's beaver, sleeping in the corner of the carriage covered only by a great-coat, and their passing through villages crowded with men shouting "*Vive la République*" and "*à bas l'Empereur.*" At the coast they embarked on the yacht of Sir John [Burgoyne], and set out on their voyage across the channel.

"The water was very rough," continued the Doctor, "and the tide was running full and strong. We cast off, however, and headed for Ryde, whither we had predetermined to go. The night was dark; we couldn't see far ahead; and the winds blew with considerable violence. The sea on was too much for our frail craft. All reckoning was lost by some mistake of Sir John's, and everyone on board was fearfully sick. Farther out on the channel the boat was spun round like a mere feather [...] Hour after hour we sailed on thus, in momentary expectation of wrecking. But after a long, long struggle, the sea abated, lights appeared ahead, and pretty soon we were alongside the wharf at Ryde."

Louis Judson Swinburne, *Paris Sketches*, Joel Mursell, Albany NY, 1875, pp 181 et sig.

3. ***Dr. Evans' home, 41, avenue Foch.*** (This avenue was inaugurated under the name Avenue de l'Impératrice, before taking the name of General Ulrich, then that of the Bois de Boulogne). After Evans' death, *Bella Rosa* was left to the City of Philadelphia which rented it to the French Government during the World Fair of 1900, its first guest being the King of Sweden. The Shah of Persia narrowly escaped an assassination attempt while leaving the house. It was demolished in 1907.

Haussmann, the architect of the new Paris, would spread out his charts for the Emperor to see. Evans, never very far from Louis-Napoleon's ailing teeth, would also take a look and, practical man that he was, would waste no time in acquiring land whose fate had been so clearly sealed by Haussmann's hand. "*Real estate speculation,*" we would say today. "*Insider trading,*" we might add. In any case, this was the mid-19th century where such things were part of manifest destiny: Americans were outmanoeuvering Indians, Europeans were building empires, and industrialists everywhere were making vast fortunes. Evans' real estate jackpots enabled him to build a magnificent home, *Bella Rosa*, on the most prestigious of Haussmann's avenues which joins the Arc of Triumph to the Bois de Boulogne, and was named after the Empress herself. Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera designed Bella Rosa's elegant marble staircase. In short, thanks to Hausmann and his own shrewd investments, Evans soon had the means to live in the fairy tale style that his professional duties seemed to require."

Alan Albright, *op cit*, p 130.

4. ***Site of the first American Ambulance, avenue Foch,*** located kitty-corners across the avenue from Bella Rosa.

The day before the declaration of war Dr Evans called a meeting of representative men of the American colony in Paris. Twenty-five gathered at his office and established a committee called the American International Sanitary Committee. Dr. Evans was named president, with his faithful colleague, Dr. Crane, as secretary. The doctor at once ordered ten U.S. Army regulation tents through his friend and New York lawyer, Horace Ely. What Evans had in mind was to set up a field hospital under canvas, instead of crowding the sick and wounded into churches and public buildings, as was customarily done in Europe. It was decided that the best place to establish the ambulance was in Paris, since the Germans might advance rapidly as indeed they did.

Gerald Carson, *The Dentist and the Empress*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1983, p. 107

B. *Landmark dates in France's* "année terrible", *1870-1871*

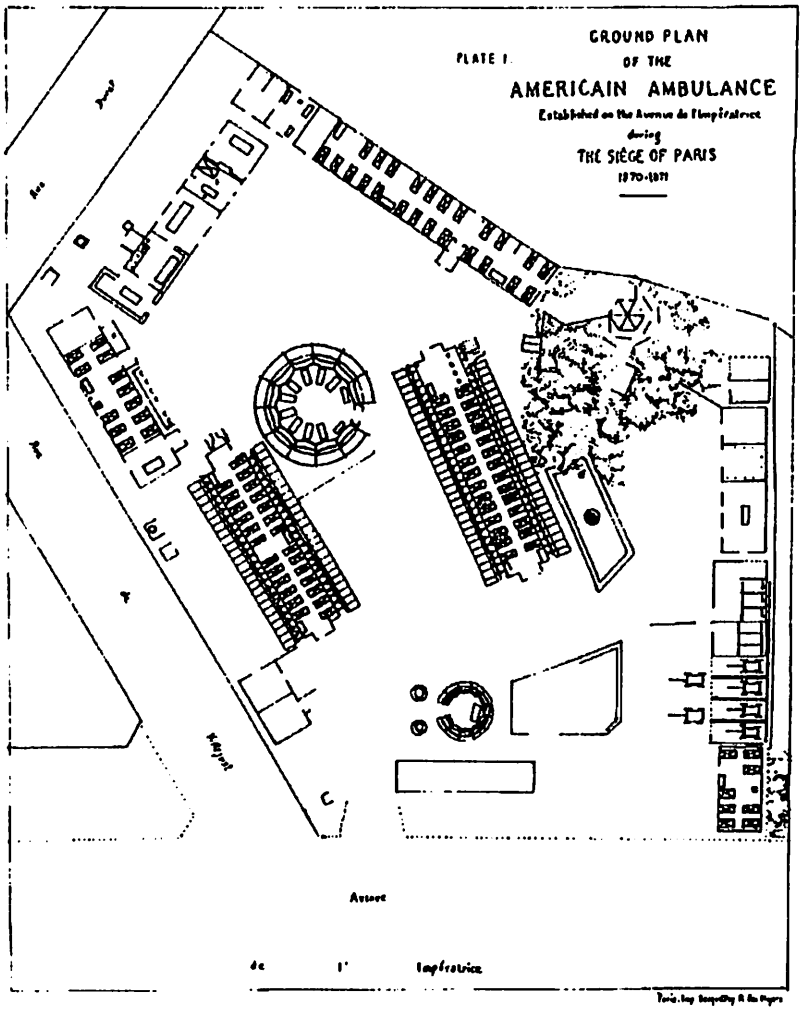
13 July 1870	France declares war on Prussia
1 Sept 1870	Surrender of Sedan
4 Sept 1870	Fall of the Second Empire
20 Sep 1870	Prussian encirclement of Paris completed
27 Dec 1870	Prussian bombardement of Paris
27 Jan 1871	Armistice
30 Jan to 3/6 March	Prussian occupation of Paris
18 Mar 1871	Paris rebels seize power, Thiers flees to Versailles
26 Mar 1871	Paris elections
28 Mar 1871	The Commune installs itself in the Hôtel de Ville
15 Apr 1871	Thiers bombards Paris
21 May 1871	Government forces enter Paris ("*semaine sanglante*")
28 May 1871	Shooting of 147 Communards in retaliation for the murder of the Archbishop of Paris

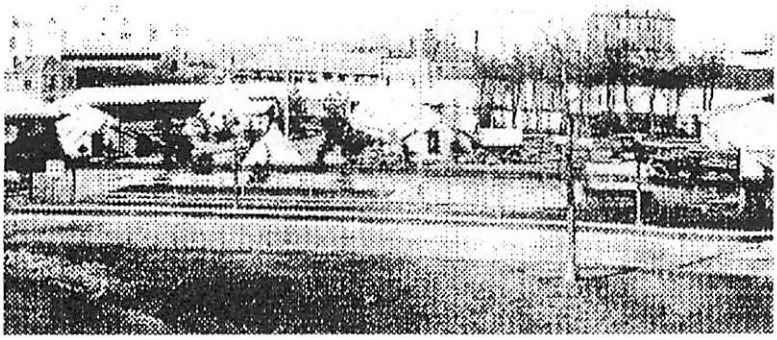
C. *The American Ambulance, Avenue de l'Impératrice*

1. descriptions

A plot of ground, about an acre and a half in extent, covered with weeds and poorly drained, was obtained from the Prince de Bauffremont, one of Dr. Evan's patients and a friend of the Empress. The site was across the street from Bella Rosa, with its entrance on the Avenue del'Impératrice, where the great avenue sloped gently down toward the fortifications. The first tents went up on September 1. A big American flag was borrowed from Bowles Brothers and Company, an American banking house, and in the bright sunlit days of early September the volunteers drove tent pegs and greased the ambulance wagon wheels. American ladies, wearing the brassard of Geneva strapped on an arm, ranged the principal streets, carrying sticks with a sack attached at the end to receive contributions for the wounded: *napoleons* worth about twenty francs from persons in easy circumstances, *sous* from working men and *grisettes*. But most of the money was provided by Dr. Evans himself. He estimated that during the period of the operation of the ambulance he drew on his personal account with the Rothschilds for approximately 1.25 million francs, or $250,000 as he calculated his expenditures in 1873.

Gerald Carson, *op.cit.*, pp 107-108


GROUND PLAN
PLATE I.
OF THE
AMERICAIN AMBULANCE
Established on the Avenue de l'Impératrice
during
THE SIÈGE OF PARIS
1870-1871
Avenue
de l' Impératrice



The borders of the encampment were set with young spruce and fir trees for "purifying the air," with a grove of evergreens also in the central portion of the grounds. A bright and cheerful atmosphere was created with the white tents, bright-colored awnings, graveled walks, flower beds, orange and pomegranate bushes set in green tubs. There were two tall flagstaffs. One carried the Red Cross flag, the other the American flag. The amenities included a piano, several singing birds, a tortoiseshell cat, a yellow dog, and four cows.

Supporting facilities included a barracks, kitchen, washhouse, storehouse, offices for the surgeon, the committee, the volunteer aides, and the ladies who did the nursing and cooking, read to the patients wrote letters for them, entertained them with a game of checkers or backgammon. The ambulance wagons were manned by high-spirited young Americans who formed, Evans noted, "*a sort of connecting wire between it* (the field hospital) *and the whole of the American colony in Paris.*" Sometimes they accompanied their work with songs, including a lusty rendition of "Marching Through Georgia" in times of greatest danger. This caused a considerable degree of astonishment among the French and German soldiers, whose immediate task was to disembowel each other.

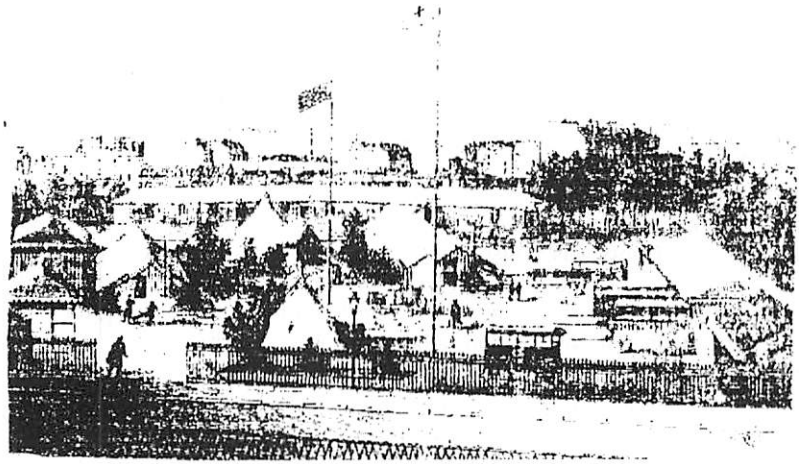
Carson, op.cit., p. 109

All in all, the state of the Parisian 'ambulances' showed little advance over what Lord Raglan's men had suffered in the Crimea. And the nearest resemblance to any Florence Nightingale upon the scene lay in the presence of the American Ambulance, which owed its existence to Dr. Thomas Evans, the handsome and enterprising dentist who had assisted the Empress Eugénie to flee from Paris. After the Great

Exhibition of 1867, Evans had (for no very clear reason) bought up the whole collection of up-to-date medical equipment of the American Civil War exhibited in Paris, and when the war broke out, he had organized an ambulance and presented all this equipment to it, plus 10,000 francs. In charge of the American Ambulance was Dr. Swinburne, as Chief Surgeon, who based his work on Civil War experiences. There it had been proved that the most effective way of combating septicaemia was by ensuring perfect ventilation. To the astonishment of of the French with their native horror of *courants d'air*, the American Ambulance housed its two hundred wounded in draughty tents, kept warm only by a stove placed in a hole in the ground which dried and heated the earth beneath the tent. The results were miraculous: whereas four out of five died in the purulent confines of the Grand Hôtel, four out of five of Swinburne's cases survived.

The British correspondents were constantly singing Swinburne's praises, and even Dr. Alan Hebert, working in Wallace's British Ambulance, had to admit that its American counterpart was 'one of the shows of today'. On any battlefield the American Ambulance was always (according to Terry Bowles) the first to arrive; at the Great Sortie it brought in eighty wounded men, one of them dying in the arms of Washburne's son; and at a later engagement its field clearing-station was actually hit by Prussian shells. Its fame spread fast. Labouchère said: 'It is the dream of every French soldier, if he is wounded, to be taken to this ambulance. They appear to be under the impression that, even if their legs are shot off, the skill of the Aesculapi of the United States will make them grow again.' It may have been a mild exaggeration, but certainly there was no mistaking the efficacy of Evans' and Swinburne's team; nor the Parisian gratitude which their work of mercy gained for the United States.

Alistaire Horne, *The Fall of Paris*, St Martin's, NY 1966, pp. 174-175.



2. The Ambulance in action

Fancy a beaming, grizzle-bearded, sure-handed master surgeon working for pure philanthropy, with a heart as soft as his language is strong; a spruce Quakeress, scandalized at the slightest impropriety; two ladies of the opera; an extremely Evangelical parson, believing in the efficacy of texts printed in French; a number of bankers and idle young men, believing in nothing at all; a stray Englishman or two; and finally, a rich woman of colour, who has left her luxury in order to perform the most menial offices for the wounded men, and to be snubbed by the rest of the ambulance.

Thomas G. Bowles, T*he Defence of Paris*; A. Low, London, 1871, pp 172-3

I am writing you admid the sound of heavy cannonading —hundreds of iron mouths belching fire against and from the city for three parts of its perimeter, the other portion being held by the Germans. All around our own fine quarter of the Champs Elysées we are daily visited by a shower of shells bursting upon the avenues that radiate from the Arc de Triomphe, breaking into fine houses, or striking them with the flying fragments.

W.O. Lamson, "The American Church in Paris,", *The Church Journal* (N.Y.), v. 19, p. 188, 14 June 1871.

On entering the grounds, our visitors glanced round at the throng of volunteers sauntering about, and asked curiously:"*But who are these gentlement, messieurs?*" Kent explained that they were members of the

volunteer staff, which was divided into two squads doing duty on alternate days, and pointed out several of the more prominent."*But they are men of wealth and high standing in society*," said the little gentleman in surprise;"*Certainly, sir; but that consideration doesn't seem to make any difference with their picking up a wounded man or dressing an injured limb on the field.*"

[...]

Orders had been received at headquaters to be in readiness to move, and the whole camp was consequently in commotion. The volunteer service was larger than it had ever been before, and more completely equipped. Each aid wore the usual navy cap with its shield bearing the red Geneva-cross, and the regulation brassard about his arm

[...]

It was at first impossible for us to proceed, the road being so jammed with ambulance trains; but when the facts of our situation were made known at headquarters, a speedy answer came, in the person of Dr. Sarrazin, who dashing up on his famous bay, shouted in a stentorian voice: "*L'ambulance américaine en avant!*"And to the front we went, passing by scores of great, lumbering omnibuses, and out upon the unobstructed avenue. This little incident established a precedence for us, for ever afterward we had the honor of holding the van of the French army trains.

[...]

Here a part of our corps left us and moved down the slope to Rueil. They were evidently excited by the scene, for we could hear them singing as they tramped on —"Marching through Georgia!"— at the top of their voices, —Will Dryer's high tenor and the gruff basso of Captain Bowles being easily distinguishable. Cheer after cheer rose from the French reserve, and all along the line."What's that for?" called out Frank to a returning squad."*Les Américains!*" a voice replied. Our friends' enthusiasm had aroused their admiration. But we had seen all there was to be seen, and Frank and I started with the first carriage-load. We drove carefully, for the poor fellows were suffering severely, and the slightest jolt made them cry out with pain. It was far into the night when they thundered across the draw-bridge of the Porte Maillot."*Hola! de quelle ambulance êtes-vous?*" By the glare of the torches we saw the gleam of an armed guard."*L'ambulance américaine!*" —"*Passez.*"— Inside the walls were assembled an anxious crowd. With some difficulty we got through the press, and at last drove into the ambulance grounds with our wagon-load of sufferers.

Louis Swinburne, *op.cit.*, p. 22-59

CHAPTER THREE

Paris Americans, Students, Hospitals

A. ***Student Homes.*** As more young Americans came to Paris to study art, the American Colony became concerned.

During the forty some years of peace that followed the Siege of Paris, Americans in France continued their charitable works, if in less spectacular ways. In the early 1880s, the American Church ran a dispensary and the Episcopalians organized to help the needy among their French neighbors. The faithful of both churches were also quite concerned about the moral welfare of the increasing numbers of young American students, and American women in particular, who had come to Paris to study Fine Arts and were living in the "disreputable" neighborhoods of the Left Bank. They therefore set out to promote missionary-type volunteer activities among students in the name of Saint Luke, "artists and physician". During the Fall of 1889, a couple associated with the American Church began to organize student gatherings in their apartments in the Latin Quarter. This initiative was approved by the Episcopalians and led to the establishment of "reading rooms" and the founding of St. Luke's Chapel, first in an apartment and then, in 1892, in a prefabricated metal building erected in a garden next to the Keller Institute on the Rue de Chevreuse. The following year, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the wife of the ambassador, working in collaboration with the pastor of the Holy Trinity Church, Dr. Morgan, took a step beyond the reading rooms by transforming the building of the Keller Institute into a home for American women students. A center for many volunteer activities, Mrs. Reid's "home" would lead to the creation of a second center for female students, the Trinity Lodge. A third center, the British-American YWCA, which would become the International Student Hostel, was founded by Grace Whitney Hoff. The Lodge had a medical function as well since, in addition to rooms reserved for sick students, it included a clinic

Alan Albright. "American Volunteerism in France", *The Americans of the Legion of Honor*, RMN Paris, 1993, p. 124

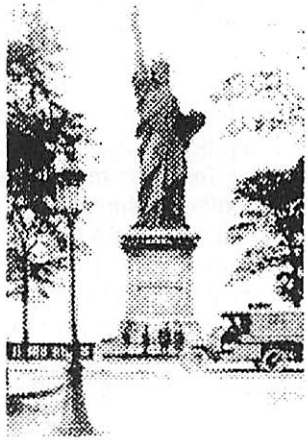
If American male artists had few problems finding lodgings in Paris where they came in increasing numbers after 1870, it was much more difficult for young American women whose independence shocked French manners. It would seem that one of the first to give his support to the founding of a hostel at the end of the 1880s specifically for American women art students, and called the Lafayette Home for

Girls, was Dr. Thomas Evans, the first American legionnaire. At this time, two American women gave their names to two other hostels for women students, both still active today: Elisabeth Mills Reid, wife of the United States Ambassador in France and daughter of a magnate of the mining industry, who established the American Girls' Art Club on the Left Bank which, along with her work during the war merited her the Chevalier cross in 1922; and Grace Whitney Hoff, who established the British-American Young Women's Christian Association center on the Rue de Turin. In 1906, Mrs. Hoff's hostel moved to the Latin Quarter, and, after World War I, took in women students of all nationalities, now calling itslef the "International Student Hostel".

Véronique Wiesinger, "The Arts in the Legion of Honor", *The Americans of the Legion of Honor, op.cit.*, p. 133

B. *The statues of Liberty.* 19th century Romanticism was fond of symbols. French sculptor August Bartholdi, whose native Alsace fell under German rule after France's defeat of 1870, has become known for two great symbols: the *Lion of Belfort* (1880), representing the historic resistance of that town, and *Liberty Lighting up the World* (1886) in celebration of the centennial of the American Revolution. Paris possesses two versions of the latter:

1. *Ile des Cygnes*, off the Pont de Grenelle. Gift of the American Colony of Paris, including a large contribution from Dr. Evans, this quarter-size reduction of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was inaugurated before her larger sister in New York, on May 12, 1885. At that time, both statues were looking in the same direction: east. In the 1930s, when the Pont de Grenelle was rebuilt, the statue was rotated to its present position, looking west, both "Liberties" henceforth facing each other symbolically.



The same symbolic relationship, in another light, has also been captured in a popular tourist postcard: the "American" statue photographed against the background of the "French" Eiffel Tower. This pairing also reflects the little-known fact that Bartholdi's statue in New York Harbor resposes upon an iron framework designed by his collaborator, Gustave Eiffel!

2. Garden of Luxembourg. An even smaller version of Bartholdi's *Liberty* may be found in the Luxembourg Gardens, near the west gate leading into Rue Guyenemer..

C. ***Medical care for Paris Americans.*** After the American Ambulance of 1870-71, Americans in Paris established several health centers:

1. *Dispensary.* First, the American Church of Paris established a clinic:

> In September 1881 a Medical Mission was opened at 59 Rue Letellier, Grenelle, with Dr. Henry R. Darcus in charge. His staff consisted of a visiting evangelist and voluntary workers. Dr. Darcus had a free dispensary twice a week, prescribing for three or four hundred cases monthly.
>
> Joseph W. Cochran, *Friendly Adventurers*, Brentanos, Paris 1931; pp. 110-111

2. *Clinic.* Then, in 1905, the American Episopalian community of Paris founded the *Trinity Lodge*, on the Left Bank, as a home for American female art students. The Lodge had a medical function as well since, in addition to rooms reserved for sick students, it included a clinic.

3. The American Hospital of "Paris".

In Paris, foreigners, either isolated or badly informed, were involuntarily kept apart from such progress. Many of these were Americans — students, tourists, travellers, residents— who were living from day to day from small savings or tiny incomes. At the beginning of the twentieth century, and at the high point of the summer months, there were as many as one hundred thousand Americans in Paris. Many lived in more or less comfortable, more or less sanitary, hotel rooms. And as might concern health needs, the American government had made no provisions for its citizens in France. There was no medical protection in case of illness. In the best of cases, sick Americans appealed to charitable organizations, but many tried to take care of themselves on their own... an endeavor which, at the time, often gave rise to veritable dramas.

[...]

The founders' idea was not to make a profit. On the contrary, theirs was an act of benevolence: the gift to Americans in France — in Europe, in fact — who might so desire, whatever their revenue, of the benefit of the latest developments in medicine and science, and free of

charge if necessary. To finance their undertaking, they decided to appeal, in the United States and in France, to the legendary generosity of the American people.

[...]

In September 1909, the Hospital was ready. On October 28th, Henry White, American ambassador to France, Gaston Doumergue, French Minister of Public Instruction [future President of the Republic] and a certain number of representatives of the American medical corps and society, witnessed the inauguration of the Hospital. The project of Van Bergen and Magnin had proved to be an magnificent success

Nicole Fouché, *Le mouvement perpétuel, histoire de l'Hôpital américain de Paris 1906-1989*, Toulouse, 1992, pp 8-59.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Second American Ambulance and its Field Service

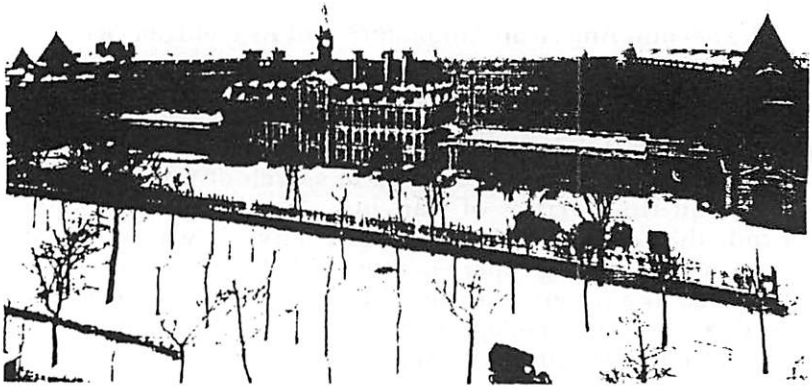
In the August of 1914, France became involved in the "war to end all wars". In the context of Franco-American relations, a call to service, but also to adventure, prompted young American college students to cross the ocean in search of new frontiers. They found the horrors of war, but also the international comradeship of life at the front. For most, it was a rite of passage, a life-changing experience, not to be forgotten, but to be perpetuated in a fraternal organization, transmitted in new form through a peacetime college exchange and commemorated in books and at the museum at Blérancourt.

A. *The Second American Ambulance at the* Lycée Pasteur, Boulevard d'Inkermann, Neuilly-sur-Seine.

1. *A hospital in a high school building.*

A small American Hospital had been organized in Paris long before the war. It was modern, well run, and had an excellent staff: [...] In the first days of the war, when we were forming a committee to take care of the Americans in Europe, Dr. Magnin, our family physician, came one day to the embassy and suggested that we prepare his hospital as a war "ambulance" of small dimensions. He said the governors were anxious to do this and he spoke with their authority. He thought we could put some tents in the big garden and prepare to receive and care for a few of the wounded soldiers. [...] I took him to see Dr. Février, Surgeon General of the French army. The general was a man of big ideas, and when he heard what we proposed, he asked if we would not prefer to take over the Pasteur High School building at Neuilly. None of the Red Cross organizations, he added, could do so; it was too big. But he thought we Americans ought to be able to manage it. [...] In government affairs a precedent is always useful as a provision against the chance of criticism, and we had one in what concerned our Ambulance. An American hospital for the wounded had been organized in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. [...] The record of that undertaking was a highly honorable one and we hoped to equal it; but we little knew what a long pull lay ahead of us. [...] I have even heard it said that some British soldiers going to battle put a note in their pockets, asking to be sent to the American Ambulance if they were hit. This of course may be a kindly exaggeration.

T.B. Mott, *Myron T. Herrick*, Heinemann, London, 1930, pp. 133-138



In June last, driving home from the Bois, I noticed a beautiful building in process of construction at Neuilly — a very good example of a château of the time of François Premier, pink bricks and white filling, turrets, terraces, etc. I was told it was the Lycée Pasteur, a high school for boys, supposedly to open in the month of October to receive the young students. Little did I think what a different aspect the place would wear when I should see it again on the day when I drove up to offer my services as a Red Cross nurse! All along the front now were the ranged khaki-coloured motor ambulances, all bearing the sign of the inevitable Red Cross. [...] I pushed the door open and went myself in search of Mrs. Vanderbilt. [...] I have always wanted to know Mrs. Vanderbilt. The first thing I ever heard about her was that she was doing good. It impressed me in a vague way. And then I heard again that she was doing more and greater good; until finally she grew to stand for me as someone constantly doing good everywhere — a most enviable reputation! [...] When I pushed open that door at the American Ambulance and went in and found myself actually standing before Mrs. Vanderbilt, without any introduction, I did not realise even then that a long-looked-for moment had come. Even in that moment, I forgot who she was in my desire to become sensibly part of that great machine, the American Ambulance; and I forgot that the quiet, dignified woman in her nurse's dress was the great and celebrated Mrs. Vanderbilt. [...] I told her I had made some studies in Red Cross work and that I wanted to join the auxiliaries here. Mrs. Vanderbilt was president of the auxiliaries and had the whole corps under her charge.

Mary Van Vorst, *War Letters of an American Woman*, John Lane, NY 1916, pp 106-107

The Neuilly Lycée, whose opening under Principal Fleureau had been slated for October 1, 1914, was transformed from the outset of the 1914-1918 war into an auxiliary military hospital managed by Americans. Until America herself entered the war, the entire personnel of this hospital was comprised of volunteers. This was the case when, one June day in 1917, I was transported in rather poor condition to a ground floor classroom overlooking Rue Perronet. There were a dozen of us there, all badly wounded (since in principle at the American Ambulance, the only people there were those who truly needed to be!) The material organization was perfect, a meticulous cleanliness reigned supreme, with scrubbing commencing at seven in the morning. In each room (a classroom, in principle), there were two nurses and a male attendant. — a luxury of personnel and means, to be sure, which were unknown in French military hospitals; so we were spoiled and all the much so as our medical condition required more care. After the hell of the front lines, this was paradise!

M. Lasserre,in *1914-1989, Soixante-Quinzième Anniversaire du Lycée Pasteur*, Lycée Pasteur, private edition, Neuilly-sur-Seine, 1989

2. ***Medical progress.*** The most revolutionary thing about the "new" American Ambulance was its *life-saving transportation service*, thanks to the invention of the automobile!

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt donated the motor transport, and Mr. Harold White, the manager of the Ford Motor Company's assembly plant in nearby Levallois-Perret, arranged for 10 Model-T chassis. With the help of a local carriage-builder, the few men remaining at the plant constructed simple bodies — a board floor with room for two stretchers and a canvas top supported by ribs. A plank on the gasoline tank served as a seat for the driver, and over his head was the open sky. By the first week in September, 10 of these homemade vehicles stood in the courtyard of the Lycée Pasteur, bearing on either side a large red cross and the legend "*American Ambulance*".

A half-dozen of the Ford men — English, American and French — volunteered as drivers and were soon joined by others. The writer, whose travels had been abruptly ended by the outbreak of war, wandered into the Lycée Pasteur on 7 September and 15 minutes later was an ambulance driver. It was all quite simple at that time: no enlistment, nothing to sign, no physical examination, no uniform. You merely climbed up on an ambulance, and it was yours.

J. Paulding Brown, in *The History of the American Field Service*, edited by George Rock, Platen Press, New York 1956 ; p. 7

Since September I have been driving one of the ambulances attached to this hospital, working with the British and French armies. On September 7 we made the first of a series of interesting trips into the environs of Paris, following up the armies as they advanced toward the Aisne. For several weeks we were busy along the Marne gathering in wounded and bringing them back to Paris, till the battles rolled away so far that it was impossible to get any wounded men back to Paris.

J. Paulding Brown, *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, June 23, 1915; quoted in *The Harvard Volunteers in Europe*, pp 77-78

It was on the 7th of September 1914 that the first call for help came from the Marne battlefield. It was reported that hundreds of wounded lay uncared for at Meaux. A convoy of ambulances was dispatched with all speed by the hospital to Meaux. In a deserted Meaux, 350 wounded soldiers were waiting, cared for by a few elderly peasants and the archbishop, Msgr Marbot. Fifty wounded were brought back immediately to the hospital at Neuilly and thus it was that American Ambulance began work.

Paul-Louis Hervier, *Les volontaires américains dans les rangs alliés*, La Nouvelle Revue, Paris, 1917, p. 240.

The wounded at Meaux came from the African Rifles (Arabs or Blacks): Tunisians, Algerians, Moroccans, Senegalese. The only French they knew was their service number. They were in a terrible state of shock, enduring unspeakable physical and psychological suffering: their bodies covered with blood and mutilated... After emergency first aid, the Ambulance drivers brought them back to Pasteur where surgical teams awaited. Many of course would not survive: they would die for France. The first to do so at the Ambulance. There would be many, many more.

Nicole Fouché, *op.cit.*, p.33

3. ***The Field Service*** began as small groups of ambulances serving behind the front lines.

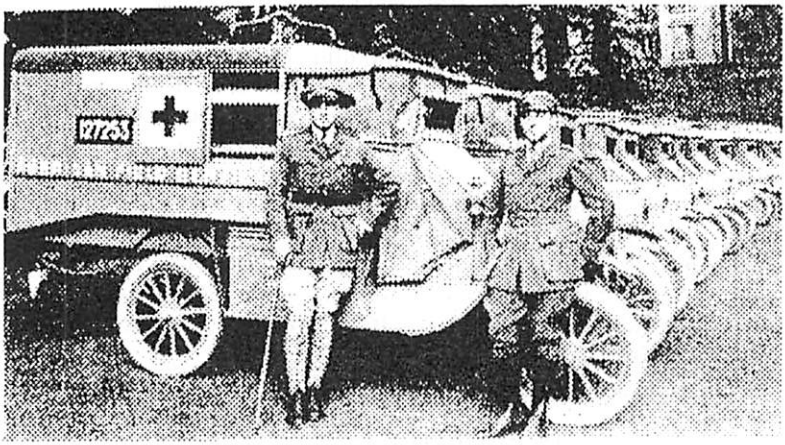
Six weeks as an ambulance driver in Dunkerque and environs early in 1915 gave Andrew his first whiffs of cordite, as well as practical knowledge of the problems of vehicle maintenance, spare parts, and ambulance design (the adapted Model-T Ford turned out to be by far the most suitable), and posed the question of a wider role for him. Meanwhile the Transport Committee continued to administer the service,not lead it — proving helpless in the face of the major obstacle to the expansion of the service. The French Army authorities remained

adamant — no volunteers of any sort to be permitted near the front lines.

[...]

Returning to Neuilly that March, Andrew faced Bacon with the crucial proposal. He, Andrew, could overcome this obstacle, provided Bacon backed him against any objections by the Transport Committee or by any of the doctors. Bacon rose to the occasion by creating a new position and according it a resonant title. Henceforth, Andrew could call himself "Inspector General of the American Ambulance Field Service." The term "field service" was artfully designed to distinguish its activities from those of the hospital itself — and survives to this day in the acronym by which one of the leading student exchange programs in the world acknowledges its martial origins.

Andrew Gray, "The Birth of the American Field Service", in *Laurels*, vol 59, n°1, published by the American Society of the French Legion of Honor, New York, 1988, pp 12-14.



When Doc arrived in France he found the American Hospital had a detachment of ambulances to do evacuation work, and some cars back of the front in Belgium. The French had no idea of allowing neutrals any closer. But Andrew saw something that no one at that time could visualize. He saw Americans sharing hardships, danger, mixing with the soldiers at the front. He knew what a link that would be between America and France. He would not be rebuffed, and found his way to French Headquarters, where he had a friend, Gabriel Puaux. He pleaded with him of the great morale effect of having these Americans at the

front and finally got permission to go to Commandant de Montravel, then stationed in the east. Here again he had to use the force of his argument that he wasn't interested simply in getting a few more men to the front, but that its importance lay in that it would attract more and more American youths to come to France. He won his point, and the *Service aux Armées de l'Ambulance Américaine* became a reality.

And in early 1915, with this settled, funds had to be gotten, so he went about it in his direct way — got on a steamer and went to Harry Sleeper and imbued him, a willing friend, with his vision of what Americans could do — so much so that Harry dedicated his life for those years to a magnificent accomplishment of financial and recruiting organization.

Day and night for three years — the incessant details and the constant creation — the construction and improvement of the ambulances — the perfecting and organizing of supplies for cars and men — the relationship with the French Army and its officers at the front and rear — the problem of ever-shifting volunteers — the constant necessary contact with the United States — nothing was too small not to be looked after, nothing was too large to be conceived and put into motion. I want you to see him as I did and you all couldn't. Your job was at the front. But it was his vitality, imagination, and strength of purpose that got you there, kept watching over you while you were there. And all the time the American Field Service was growing until nearly 3,000 volunteers were serving — really a great undertaking when you realize that men, money and supplies came from all over the United States across the ocean to France, and that the sections were then scattered throughout the French front — all this conceived and co-ordinated by 'Doc' Andrew.

Stephen Galatti, in G. Rock, *op. cit.*, pp. 22-23.

B. *21 Rue Raynouard.* The Field Service HQ leaves its cramped quarters at the American Ambulance and moves to Paris.

It seems fitting to recall again something of what Mrs. Vanderbilt did for us in France. [...] The severance of the Field Service from the American Ambulance, and its consequent unhampered development, were directly due to her. I crossed in June 1916, after a two weeks return to America, on the Lafayette, on which Mrs. Vanderbilt was also returning. I had the opportunity to talk to her and she promised to meet Andrew at lunch the day after our arrival. During the three hours after that lunch, Andrew described the whole situation to her, and she

quickly grasped the problems. A few days later, she accomplished what months of arguing, bickering, and continual cross-purpose had been unable to do, namely, a complete working arrangement under the liaison of Dr. Gros, which gave Andrew a free reign in the management of the Field Service and a complete demarcation of the funds contributed to it.

Stephen Galatti, *AFS Bulletin* June 1939 , p 16

Nous avons l'honneur de vous annoncer que le Siège Central des Sections Sanitaires de l'Ambulance Américaine aux Armées (American Ambulance Field Service) a été transféré du Lycée Pasteur, Neuilly-sur-Seine, au

21, rue Raynouard, Paris (XVI").

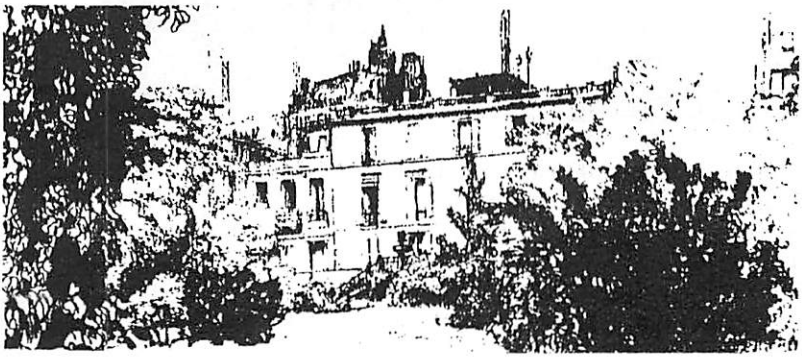
Désormais toute correspondance concernant ce service devra être envoyée à cette adresse et toute communication téléphonique faite à Passy 60-21 ou Passy 60-27.

Nous serions heureux d'avoir votre visite le Mercredi 23 courant, entre 5 h. et 6 h. 30.

Edmund L. Gros A. Piatt Andrew Stephen Galatti

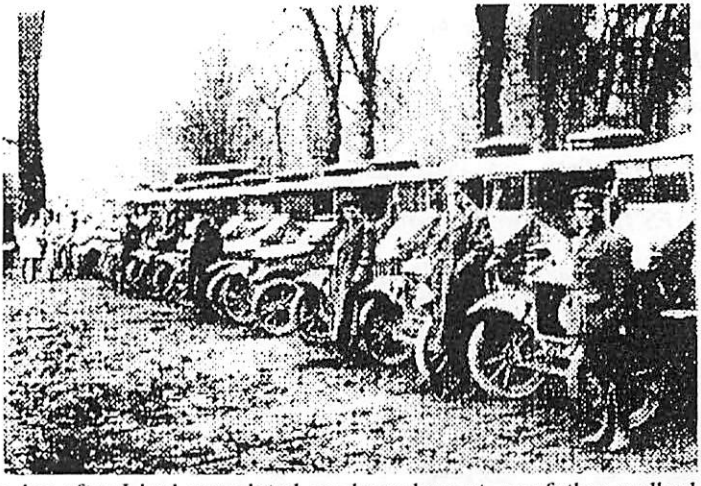
1. *AFS HQ at Rue Raynouard*

Twenty-one rue Raynouard! What an echo these words will always arouse in the hearts of all of us who came to know the chateau and especially the beautiful park! The American Field Service has had



many generous benefactors, none of whom will be remembered with greater gratitude than the Comtesse de la Villestreux and the members of the Hottinguer family who, in August 1916, placed at our disposal this princely estate, which includes the largest and most beautiful private park within the fortifications of Paris. Those four or five acres of forest, gardens and lawns offered an ideal arrangement. The low part by the Seine provided easy ingress and egress for our ambulances, with plenty of space for a hundred and fifty or more at a time, under the protection of enormous trees. A winding drive led up to successive terraces, until one stood in front of the chateau, on the top of the hill of Passy. As one looks down from this point, one sees at the left the dense, dark foliage of the largest grove of chestnuts in Paris, and on the right the romantic chalet, with a glimpse of the orchard beyond. Between these extremes, paths wind about, leaving a broad lawn in the center. Above and thru the trees one catches sight of the sparkling waters of the Seine; while beyond the chestnut grove stands the lace-like Eiffel Tower.

Raymond Weeks, *AFS Bulletin*, n° 28, Jan 12, 1918



The day after I had completed my baccalaureat, my father walked me over to Rue Raynouard to a charming late 18th century mansion which no longer exists and whose gardens sloped sharply down towards the Seine. Large trees bent over long sinuous paths which entwined vast lawns and where it would have been delightful to sit down towards the end of a fine day. All spoke of happier days than ours. I could feel the melancholy of this place whose trace one one would look for in vain in today's Paris. At the bottom of the gardens, lined up in front of the

grillwork opening out on to the quai de Passy, I saw some twenty ambulance cars painted iron grey and decorated with red crosses. The last one was mine.

Julian Green, *Partir avant le jour*, *Oeuvres complètes*, Pléiade 1977, vol V, p 873

Early sunlight on the cobbled court yard, the stones cool and fresh from the night's showers, a gurgle of gay water down the gutter of Rue Raynouard and the babble of many birds below in the green garden! Spring! Paris! The Field Service! And now we must say good-bye to it —that was home to us for so long— our center of the universe.

How alive life was then —young— full of anticipated unknowns — zestful. Lord, we were rich then and did not know it half. —We— the little ones who barked pettily up the trees of our small discontents, yet not meaning a quarter of our noise —as those who looked out for us were wise enough to know. We barked to hide the loneliness and fears of our hearts! And perhaps because we were ashamed to be as happy in such a moment as we really were. For we were in good hands —we newcomers!

Who stood on the terrace and gazed up at the slim lines in the grey of the Eiffel Tower, and did not pinch himself to realize —the reality of it all? Whose breath did not catch in his throat as his eyes saw the house tops, his ears heard the faint bustle of the city, and his soul reached out to comprehend?

O young days! O Service that for all our own blindness was a big part of our whole being! Service of friendships —and even our little jobs were somehow haloed by it —from pounding typewriters to digging rain ditches round the tents. The front has been sung in all its phases — but after all we are going to remember almost as often the first days of the new existence in Paris in the ranks of the A.F.S.

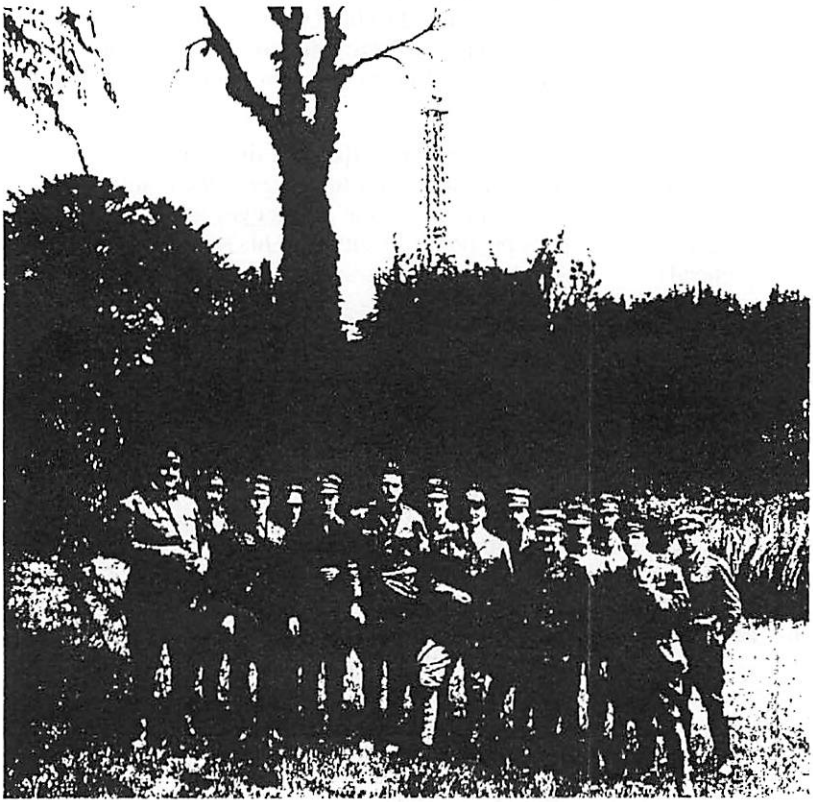
J.W.D.S., "O Young Days!", *AFS Bulletin*, April 1919.

We all knew vaguely even before we reached Paris that 21, Rue Raynouard in which the Field Service headquarters was established had been given by someone —we did not exactly remember whom. We had read of the wonderful garden with its memories of Franklin and the old royalist days but we vaguely picitured it as some conventional city garden with perhaps a bronze plaque here and there, and signs about keeping off the grass.

But after the first few days when we had had time to adjust ourselves a bit, we came to know the old garden as a place to which we could take our little triumphs and disappointments and figure it all out under some old tree quite forgetful of the city around us. And then it was that we came to realize what such a place meant to us far from home and the value of what had been given us through someone's generosity. Then came the day when we first saw the Comtesse de la Villestreux in her nurse's veil talking with Miss Lough in the hall...

A.J.P., "The Giver", *AFS Bulletin*, April 1919

(The Countess of la Villestreux came from the Hottinguer family —Protestant nobility— which included August Bartholdi, who often visited "21" in the days when it was a place one could "take the waters" from the famous mineral spring there.)



2. ***Julian Green***, presently of the Académie Française, is one of the last living members of the Lost Generation: artists and writers marked by the Great War. There were many driver-writers, from Louis Bromfield and Malcolm Cowley of the AFS to John Dos Passos, EE Cummings and Ernest Hemingway of other services.

2116

American Field Service

1914=15=16=17

21, Rue Raynouard — PARIS (XVI')

NAME ...GREEN...Julian Hartridge.....

NATIONALITY .....American.....AGE .....17.....

FRENCH ADRESS.....

HOME or FORWARDING.....10 Rue Cortambert.....

.....

UNIVERSITY .....Lycée.....

CIVIL OCCUPATION .....Student.....

DATE of ENTRY.....July 15th 1917.....

DATE of DEPARTURE .....4th November 1917.....

55033
4 nov 1917

REMARKS

Left for Sec 20 9.7.17.....

Left with Sec 33. 16-8-17.....

Liberated 9/11/17 ~~[illegible]~~ replaced.....

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A.R.C.....

LOCALITIES OF SERVICES.....

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It is little wonder that the French were fond of these boy drivers who held their chins high and with a cheerful grin and an impudent cigarette in the corner of their mouths drove through Hell with entire apparent unconcern. They did not all drive through though, for sometimes the red flare of the burst carried the steel fragments home and stilled the brave hearts beneath the rough clothes. Cross guarded mounds, from the Vosges up through Verdun and on beyond the plains of Picardy, mark where these young seekers of the Great Adventure have found that which they had so often regarded unafraid with their frank boyish eyes.

J.R. Church, *The Doctor's Part*, Appleton, NY 1918, pp. 186-187

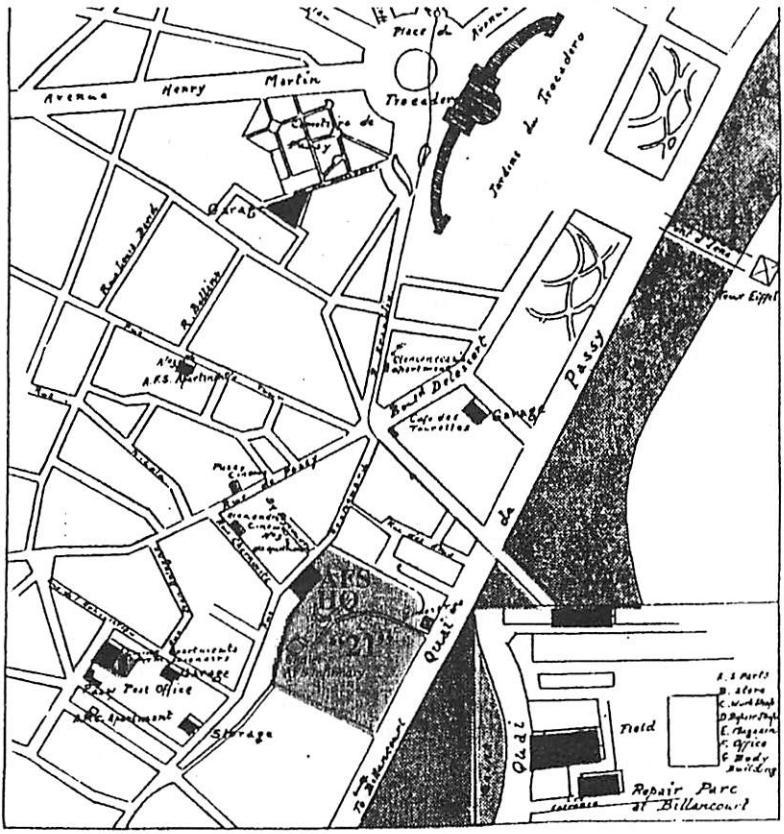
There was someone there. Right in front of me, almost at my feet, a soldier had been laid out on a stretcher. I stopped immediately. His overcoat had been thrown across his face and chest, leaving his hands uncovered: white young hands, carefully placed on either side of his body; feet and legs carefully stretched out straight. I went and parked the car in the back of the barn and came back next to the soldier. I shall never be able to express what took place in me at that moment. Sadness mixed with fury, with love also: I experienced all this at the same time. His hands were practically those of a young boy with slender fingers that must have had a hard time holding a rifle. And what did that sky-blue overcoat cover? I did not want to know. I simply gazed at the body. It was on the slight side, quiet, and surrounded by an extraordinary silence and by a solitude totally unaffected by my presence. I felt a terrible aching in my heart and I am not ashamed to say that tears rolled down my cheeks, tears of compassion undoubtably, but which certainly seemed like tears of love; and the hatred of war took up residence in my heart. From then on I vowed never to kill, even in self-defence, taking God as witness to what I was promising.

Julian Green, *Mille chemins ouverts, Oeuvres complètes*, éditions Plèiade, vol V, pp 893-894

3. *Paris haunts around Rue Raynouard*

In addition to the accomodations for men at "21" itself, and the Châlet, new accomodations were opened up in an apartment at 35 rue de la Tour. The living rooms were once more crowded. The dining room accomodated a hundred and fifty men each meal. After lunch in the sunshine of the wonderful April days you found them seated out on the terrace enjoying the view of the fine old garden, the silvery water of the Seine below, and, in the distance, the sweeping outlines of the Tour Eiffel; or at night watching the lights of Paris, seeming so strange after these long days of war, shimmer in long streaks across the dark water.

R.A.D., "Rue Raynouard and Mr. Sleeper" *AFS Bulletin*, April 1919



FIELD SERVICE QUARTERS AND DEPÔTS IN PASSY AND BILLANCOURT

C. *Monuments to American heroes of the Great War*

1. *Myron T. Herrick, Place des Etats-Unis.*

American
Field Service Fellowships
for
French Universities

Honorary President
His Excellency, Jules J. Jusserand

Honorary Chairman
Hon. Myron T. Herrick

Acting Chairman
Mr. Charles A. Coffin

Treasurer

The American ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, was intimately involved in all Franco-American movements, from the creation of the American Ambulance in 1914 to the founding of the AFS French Fellowships in 1919. When war threatened in late July of 1914, his first concern was to organize in anticipation of the coming chaos. He mobilized the elite of the American Colony of Paris into a Volunteer Committee, whose first task was to help stranded tourists... obtain money. Herrick iniated or inspired, oversaw or gave his blessing to almost all the major volunteer enterprises that sprung up at this time to bring aid and relief to the French, beginning with the creation of the American Ambulance.

2. *General Pershing, Place des Etats-Unis.* (Plaque in garden announcing that a statue will be erected...)

A whole new group of Americans would now come to the fore in France, beginning with the chief of the American Expeditionary Force, John Joseph Pershing (1860-1948), who arrived in France on June 14, 1917, commander of a non-existant army which he demanded be considered —when it materialized in the future— as a "distinct and separate component of the combined forces". The U.S. Army grew from 200,000 in early 1917 to over 4 million, 2 million of which would serve "over here" as a distinctly American force, but under the orders of Supreme Commander for the Western Front, Marshal Ferdinand Foch. In 1917, Americans had not anticipated the Russian Revolution,

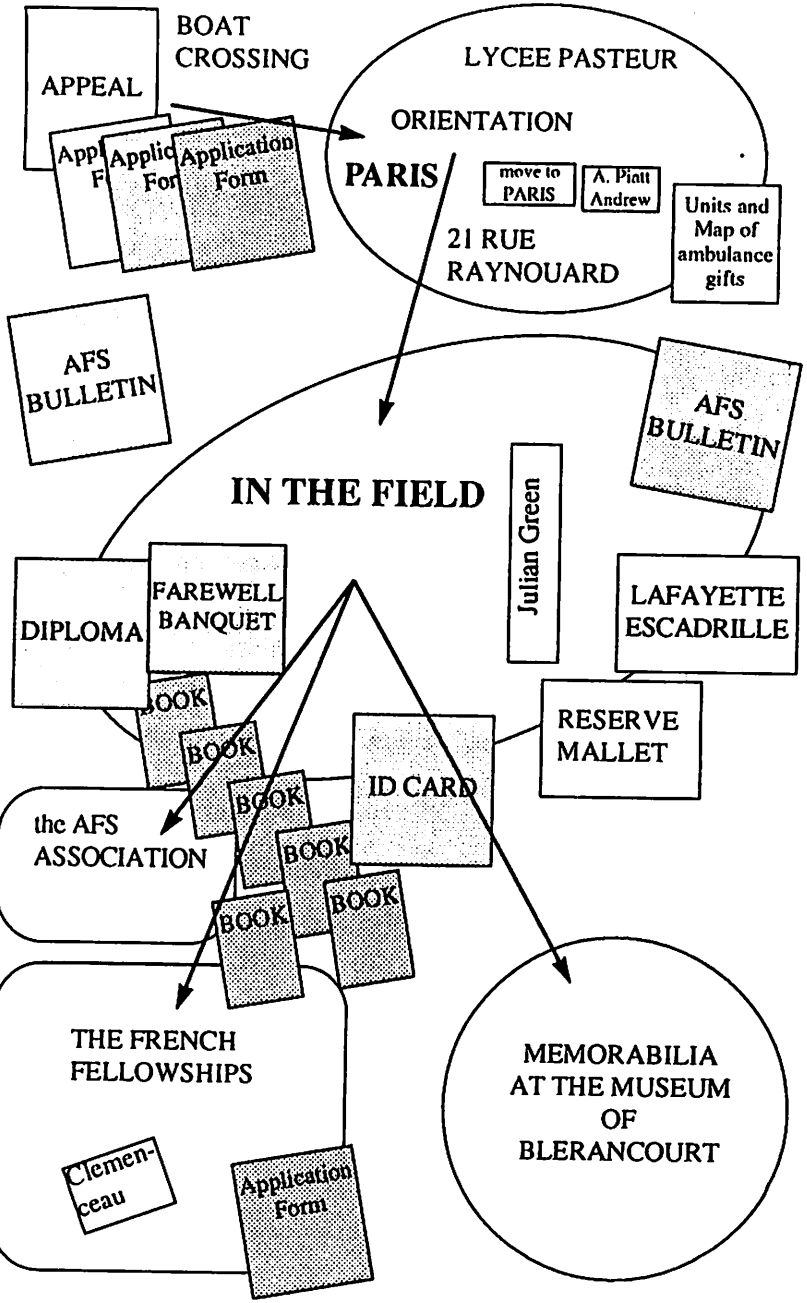
the end of the Eastern Front and the Picardy Offensive of March 1918 by a reinforced, but desperate German Army. Despite their advances, the aggressors were held off, allowing time for the Doughboys to arrive in larger numbers and prove themselves at Château-Thierry, Belleau Woods in June, and the turning point in July, the second Battle of the Marne. By now, 85,000 American troops were engaged. The summer was punctuated by Allied offensives, ending with the St. Mihiel Salient, a successful U.S. military operation involving a half million troops. The AEF was then relocated to the Meuse River-Argonne Forest region where their offensive was brought to a halt by the Armistice of November 11th. The Great War was over. A generation of young men had been lost, including almost one and three quarter million Germans, one and a half million French, three quarters of a million British. For the brief time the Americans were on the field, causualties had totalled almost 50,000.

Alan Albright, *op.cit.*, p. 136

3. ***Monument aux Volontaires, Place des Etats-Unis.*** Inaugurated in 1923, this monument commorates the American volunteers who died for France, symbolized by the figure of Alan Seeger —a young poet from Harvard— who died in the ranks of the Foreign Legion. On the back of the monument are listed the names of the drivers of the American Field Service (and pilots of the Escadrille Lafayette) who died in service.

4. ***Maréchal Foch, place du Trocadéro et du 11 Novembre.*** Behind and to the west of the statue, the retaining wall of the Passy cemetery is adorned with a bas relief in honor of the soldiers of the Great War. This statue evokes another: that of the Clearing at Rethondes, near Compiègne, where the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. (There is a little museum there worth visiting on your way from Paris to the Museum of Blérancourt).

5. ***Clemenceau Museum, 8 Rue Franklin.*** While Georges Clemenceau played a dramatic role as President of France during the Great War, he is known in the AFS world for having donated the proceeds of his 1922 conference tour in the United States to the American Field Service French Fellowships "*in honor of his student days in the United States.*"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MEMORABILIA AT THE MUSEUM OF BLERANCOURT

CHAPTER FIVE

World War II, the Return

1939, World War II, France again declared war. In September of 1938, AFS had inaugurated its display at the Pavilion of American Volunteers at the Museum of Franco-American Cooperation at Blérancourt. It was no longer time for memories, but for action! "*Let's do it again!*" Enthusiastic efforts to revive the old service, with former drivers now in the role of organizers and recruiters, were put sorely to the test by the defeat of AFS's beloved France. But AFS kept active, stayed in business and eventually joined up with the British 8th Army, serving troops of many nationalities in many places. Franco-American comradeship evolved into international friendship. Behind it all was Steve Galatti, who made a number of friends in Washington and who —with ideas of his own—watched the united allies become the United Nations.

The first unit of AFS drivers arrived in Paris in early April of 1940. They were in the field by the third week of May, weaving through streams of refugees to serve in the badly-hit Beauvais and Amiens areas. By the end of June, they were out of business, handing their vehicles over to the American Hospital of Paris.

A. *Office of the National City Bank, 52, bd des Champs Elysées.*

Mr. Galatti requested Lovering Hill (SSU 3) to act as director in France. Reluctantly, Mr. Hill consented, with the stipulation that he be permitted to step down if, as the Service developed, someone better equipped for leadership should come forward. He first opened headquarters in his own law office, moving in October to space at the National City Bank, 52, Avenue des Champs Elysées, donated by Robert E. Pearce, Treasurer of the French organization. To help Mr. Hill came Mme Renée Grimbert and Mlle Germaine Bétourné, both members of the Paris staff during World War I.

George Rock, *History of the American Field Service, 1920-1955*, Platen Press, New York, 1956, p.29

B. *HQ at the Cité Universitaire*

The others had come from their jobs or their schools in different parts of Europe and had already been installed on 1 April in a wing of the United States House of the Cité Universitaire, 15 Boulevard Jourdain,

which had been granted rent-free to the AFS through the kindness of Mrs. Homer Gage.

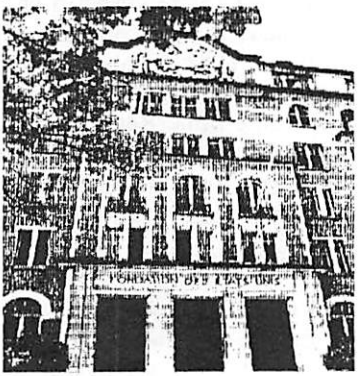
George Rock, *op cit.*, p 33

Arrival at the Gare de Lyon

The men fresh from America were met at the station at 9AM on 3 April by French and American dignitaries, somewhat outnumbered by industrious representatives of the press and the newsreels. After breakfast at the Cité Universitaire, there was more posturing for the public eye, as harassed Mr. Hill found time to write the next day: "Dreadful scene after breakfast yesterday at 10:30 AM: Fox Movietones taken of the men with myself giving them two sentences of welcome in French and in English, long distance, close up, upside down, etc. The photography ended last night at the Cité at about 10 PM. More of it scheduled for today, all perfectly dreadful, but I suppose unavoidable."

Dreadful it may have been, but the result was a bumper crop of verbal bouquets from many papers of France and its colonies: *Paris-Soir, Le Temps, Le Figaro, Le Matin* and *Le Journal*, among others. *L'Intransigeant*, for example, headed a front page story "*History repeats itself*" and carried as a subheading "*No Frenchman has forgotten the devotion of the admirable team of the Great War.*"

ibid, p. 33



C. *Ceremony at the Arc of Triumph*, 7:30 AM, May 18, 1940

That morning, the 20 ambulances, a staff car, two repair trucks, and a huge kitchen trailer were lined up ready to go. The section drove from the Cité along the empty streets to the Gare d'Orléans, across the Seine, and up the Champs Elysées to the Place de l'Étoile, where at 7:30 the cars parked around the circular curb. Representatives of the French army and government and the AFS headquarters staff stood at attention with the American Field Service Section I for a moment of silence by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. After this simple ceremony the drivers returned to their cars, circled the Étoile, and drove down the Avenue Wagram, the Boulevard Berthier, and were off on the road to Beauvais, 60 kilometers north.

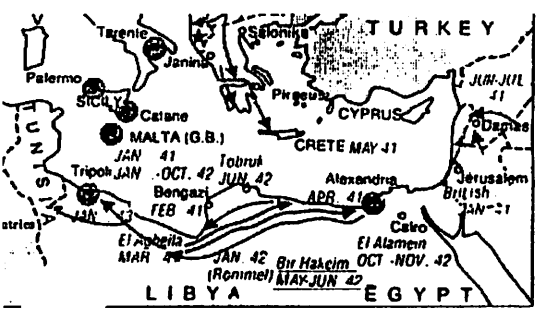
ibid, p. 35

D. *The Bir Hakim Bridge*, commemorating the battle of the end of May, early June, 1942, in Egypt, where AFS unit was serving the Free French.

In the action at Bir Hakim, the American Field Service suffered 100% casualities to men and materials. Of 12 cars, 12 were lost. Of the 6 men, 2 were captured (one of them wounded), 2 were killed, and the 2 who managed to get away were both wounded. General Charles de Gaulle wrote of this record as "*attesting to the active devotion with which the American Field Service has given of itself for Fighting France... France will not forget its friends from America who voluntarily presented her with the sacrifice of their lives.*"

ibid, p. 84

"*Je suis blessé*!" I said in a most surprised voice. "*I'm wounded*," I repeated in English for my own benefit. "*I am, too*," the nurse remarked. We threw ourselves out on either side. I found I could not walk, and fell down.



It was a fearful discovery. And my left arm and hand ran blood. I sat on the ground and hollered. "*Empty the car*," I said. "*Separate them.*" Or rather, I yelled "*Dégagez les voitures*!" I am not sure

if it is the correct phrase, but I kept saying it. The flames had taken hold. Wounded crawled out of the truck and dragged themselves away out of the firelight... I think that my wounded had all been killed by the same Breda that shot out my brakes and tires and hit the steering gear. I hope so, for I could do nothing for them. You do not know time when things happen fast and horribly. I cannot say how long I lay and shouted. By that time the tank and reserves were burning. I got up and ran a few yards and then fell down among the camel thorn, fainting.

I counted 35 holes in me, and that doesn't include the pinheads... Bits and pieces went through my shoes and into my toes, and sprayed both legs and my hand, wrist, and forearms. But no bones and no joints were broken... Later someone came limping out of the blackness, and he took hold of me and we got to the truck... I landed on a pile of wounded men, who could not help but groan. I crawled over onto a pile of blankets, but thought the blankets too solid. I edged onto a toolbox, which was cold and very wet. Tichenor was lying under those blankets, but I didn't know it then. He was dead.

ibid, pp 82-83

CHAPTER SIX

The AFS Student Exchanges

Active involvement in the French Fellowships, international scholarships for university students, hospitality to visiting foreign students: this time, AFS intended to "stay in business" after the war. But it was the offer to give full scholarships to teenagers at boarding schools that was to provide the opening it was looking for. The bus trip —another AFS "find"— showed heartland America to the kids and vice versa, leading to the extension of the private school program to public high schools. It was government funding of a program for German students that primed the pump, enabling the AFS international scholarships to take off. By 1952, it was obvious that high schools, not universities were where AFS's future lay.

Since the days of Rue Raynouard, Steve Galatti had worked in offices staffed by women and finally, with the student program, the women would have their say. Dot Field, who had been with him in World War II, and Sachiye Mizuki, played key roles in turning AFS into a "co-ed" organization! Meanwhile, AFS was exporting its "product" through its Overseas Representatives who, with the help of returnees, first organized a "supply house" of recruits for the scholarships before developing chapters and importing the hosting model.

Locations of the French AFS offices:

1. 8, rue des Marronniers, Paris XVI (1950-53)
2. rue St. Jacques, Paris XIII
3. rue du Dragon, Paris VI
4. 14, rue Daru, Paris VIII (1960-63)
5. 39, rue Cambon, Paris I ((1963-72)
6. rue Blomet, Paris XV
7. 20, rue de Longchamp, Paris XVI
8. 69, rue de Rochechouart, Paris IX (1980-86)
9. 93, rue des Vignolles, Paris XX (1986-88)
10. 46, rue du Commandant Jean-Duhaïl, Fontenay-sous-Bois [eastern suburb, north of the Bois de Vincennes] (1988-present)

AFS VIVRE SANS FRONTIERE

46, avenue du Commandant Jean-Duhaïl
94120 FONTENAY-SOUS-BOIS