

The Rainbow Reveille



VOL. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1920

Number 1

WHO WON THE WAR?

By LIEUT. VINCENT DE WIERZBICKI of The French High Commission

(Extract from address before Rainbow Convention)

Who won the War? It is the rainbow that won the war. The "rainbow" means all the colors that we can see, but we know from science that there are many more colors that we with our human eyes do not see—the infra-red, the ultra-violet—the rainbow stands for all that. It stands for the composite unity. It is that which won the war.

Who won the war? Belgium won the war on the very first day. Although only one-tenth as big as the big bully who had promised her protection, when Germany came to violate her rights, she said, "No, you may kill me but you can't prostitute me." Belgium won the war that day.

Who won the war? England won the war when she at once sent everything that she had. In quality they were unsurpassed. They were landed on the 14th of August, 1914, and they swelled in number, and they kept up their great big fine quality. They became millions and millions, and over 650,000 of them are in our soil and in Belgium soil. England also won the war with her indomitable fleet, the defender of all liberties all over the world.

Who won the war? Italy won the war when she declared her neutrality, which enabled us to mobilize our troops on the north-east. If we had had to protect the south-east, we wouldn't have had enough men for what happened in the north-east. We know that all the men we did have numbered just barely enough. Who won the war? Italy again when she joined us against her own allies.

Who won the war? Great, poor, idealistic, betrayed, gone-astray Russia, gone astray for the time being; but, my friends, give her more time and she will come and will show us all what she really is. She showed in the early part of the war what she really was when she was not ready, but went because we besought her to do so, when she, in East Prussia, near the Emperor's tenderly loved private property, lost hundreds of thousands of her men and gave relief to the pressure that was on our front; and Russia in doing that, helped to win the battle of the Marne.

Who won the war? Well, Servia. Servia, the greatest of all sufferers in this war, lost one-third of her population. And Roumania and Montenegro also helped to win the war.

Who won the war? Am I not allowed to say that France, too, won the war? (Prolonged applause). Yes; France too, won the war. She gave her battle fields, and she gave what there was of prejudice; and I confess there was not a great deal of prejudice on our side as compared to the 100 percent prejudice of the enemy. We furnished our 75's, remember that. And we also in 1914 furnished for the third time in History the Catalonian fields, and for the third time in history we sent back the Hun, the great big enemy of civilization. We gave Joffre in 1914. We had been aided in 1914 to win the battle of Laon, but in 1916 we went alone to win that glorious and decisive battle of Verdun, (applause).

So my friends, I have the right to say that the "rainbow" won the war. Rainbow unity, friendship, coupling together the great principles of liberty, fraternity, justice, democracy and Christianity, is what won the war.

INSURANCE

Things You Should Know About Life Insurance Before Converting Your War-Time Policy

Government insurance carried during the war and known as War Risk Insurance terminated with your discharge from the service, unless you have continued to pay the premium.

If your War Risk or Term Insurance has lapsed, you can reinstate before January 1st, 1921, by the payment of two months' premium and stating that you are in as good health as at time of discharge.

Term Insurance may be converted at any time within five years following the declaration of peace with Germany, into any one of six standard policies.

Government Insurance is the cheapest and best insurance to be had today. Study over the following forms and then get in line with one of them—you owe it to yourself and to your family to safeguard the future against any possible embarrassment.

ORDINARY LIFE

The premium on this policy is payable each year during the lifetime of the insured, and upon the death of the insured, the face of the policy is paid to the beneficiary in lump sum or installments.

TWENTY OR THIRTY PAYMENT LIFE

The premium on these policies is payable in twenty and thirty annual installments, respectively. When these annual installments have been met, the policy is paid up for life. The rate on this policy is much higher than on the Ordinary Life policy, but in view of the optional settlements offered at maturity, it becomes protection plus a savings account.

ENDOWMENT, TWENTY AND THIRTY YEARS, AND MATURING AT 62

Premiums on Endowment policies are payable for a designated number of years. At death, or upon maturity of the policy, the Government agrees to pay to the beneficiary or the insured the face of the policy. This policy differs from the Payment Life in that the government agrees to pay the face of the policy after a certain number of payments have been met instead of the reserve plus any possible earnings.

COMPARATIVE RATES ON A \$1,000 POLICY AT 21 YEARS OF AGE

Policy	Monthly	Yearly
Ordinary Life	1.17	13.82
Twenty Payment Life.....	1.79	21.14
Thirty Payment Life.....	1.43	16.89
Twenty Year Endowment.....	3.31	39.10
Thirty Year Endowment.....	2.06	24.33
Endowment maturing at 62.....	1.48	17.48

Features of Government Policies

Any of the six forms of policies furnished by the Government include participation in dividends, incontestability, freedom from restriction as to travel, residence, occupation, etc., cash surrender and loan values, liberal reinstatement provisions, and many other provisions which make the insurance of unusual value.

The insured has three options of settlement where policy becomes a death claim:

1. **INSURANCE PAYABLE IN ONE SUM.** Settlement under this option will be made only when selected by the insured during his lifetime or by his last will and testament.

2. **INSURANCE PAYABLE IN ELECTED INSTALLMENTS.** The monthly installments are payable for an agreed number of months (not less than 36) to the designated beneficiary, but if such beneficiary dies before the agreed number of monthly installments have been paid, the remaining unpaid monthly installments will be payable in accordance with the beneficiary provisions of the policy.

3. **INSURANCE PAYABLE IN INSTALLMENTS THROUGH LIFE.** The installments may be payable throughout the lifetime of the designated beneficiary if they so elect, but if such designated beneficiary dies before two hundred and forty such installments have been paid, the remaining unpaid monthly installments will be payable in accordance with the beneficiary provisions of the policy.

TOTAL AND PERMANENT DISABILITY BENEFITS

Upon proof of the total permanent disability of the Insured while this policy is in force, monthly installments shall be payable to the Insured and continue to be payable during the total permanent disability so long as he lives, and payment of all premiums due after receipt of such proof during total permanent disability shall be waived.

For further information address A. G. Brown, Secretary, State House, Columbus, Ohio, or any American Legion Post.

RAINBOW DIVISION HOLDS FIRST ANNUAL REUNION

More than three thousand veterans of the Rainbow Division gathered at Birmingham, Alabama, July 13-15, for the First Annual Reunion of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association. Men were present from nearly every state in the Union, from the Pacific Coast to far New England, and from Canada to the Mexican border, and from General to Buck, they were "buddies" again for the first time since the return of the Division from the battlefields of the Great War.

Alabama (167th Infantry) played hosts to the entire division, and the boys of that famous regiment know how to entertain just as well as they knew how to fight. If there was anything lacking in the true southern hospitality that the Rainbow Veterans experienced while south of the Mason and Dixon Line, the writer has not been able to find it.

The Second Annual Reunion will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, July 14-16, 1921. Ohio furnished the 166th Infantry Regiment of the Rainbow Division. Colonel Benson W. Hough, the first President of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association, was commander of this regiment throughout the war.

Among the noted men to address the Convention were Hon. Oscar W. Underwood, U. S. Senator from Alabama; Lieut. Gov. Miller of Alabama, Commissioner Hornady of the city of Birmingham; Lieut. Vincent de Wierzebicki, French High Commission; Dr. A. O. Browne, President of the Gold Star League of America; Father Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain of the Rainbow Division Veterans; Benson W. Hough, President of the Rainbow Division Veterans, Col. George E. Leach, Treasurer of the Rainbow Division Veterans; Col. Wm. P. Screws, former commander 167th Infantry and President Alabama Rainbow Veterans.

One of the most attractive features of the occasion was the boxing bout staged by the Birmingham Athletic Association. This fistic exhibition was put on at Rickwood Park before about five thousand fans, the majority of whom were Rainbow men. All participants were ex-service men who had been induced to come to Birmingham to give the boys another glimpse of this popular army pastime. We were told boxing is prohibited in Alabama and that the event would not be permitted, but it was. Germany said that the Argonne was impregnable too, and it was until the American doughboy hit it.

On the last day of the Convention, the veterans marched in review before the citizens of Birmingham. And how different it seemed in contrast with the parade of just one year before when the 167th Infantry had marched through the streets of that same city, still under orders and at attention. The parade was formed by Chapters, while the wounded soldiers, and those otherwise unable to make the hike, were carried in automobiles. Passing over the Rainbow

Viaduct, the parade broke up in Capital Park where the entertainment committee had provided several car loads of iced watermelon. Talk about a melon contest, well, you never saw one unless you were fortunate enough to be at this one.

The business session of the Convention extended over the three days. Adjournment was had on Wednesday, after election of officers for the coming year: Mat. A. Tinley, (Iowa), President; Wm. P. Screws, (Alabama), Hon. President; W. E. Talbot, (Texas), 1st V. President; R. A. Mead, (Illinois), 2nd V. President; John Wirsching, (California), 3rd V. President; Geo. E. Leach, (Minn.), Treasurer; A. G. Brown, (Ohio), Secretary; Father F. P. Duffy, (N. Y.), Chaplain; Walter B. Wolf, (Illinois), Historian.

Important measures considered and passed upon by the convention are dealt with elsewhere in this issue under the following captions:

Rainbow Memorial, Changes in Constitution, Eligibility, Auxiliaries, Divisional Magazine, Dues, Resolutions.



Benson W. Hough

A TRIBUTE

It is with a great deal of respect and admiration for our able leader of the past year, Col. Benson W. Hough, Delaware, Ohio, former commander of the 166th Infantry Regiment, that the editor calls your attention to what has been accomplished by the Rainbow Division Veterans in its first year. Sailing was not always smooth and an occasional sub-marine was encountered but nothing could shatter or weaken the faith of our experienced commander whose dominant aim was to carry on and cement the comradeship that grew out of nearly two years' service in the front line. The Association has organized in each of the twenty-seven states with a membership of 12,571 to July 1st, 1920. Sub-chapter organizations have been effected in more than fifty cities where companies or batteries were originally recruited, and a number of auxiliaries formed. Taken as a whole, and in the light of our scattered membership, the first year has been one of remarkable growth. To launch the Association and make it seaworthy was no small task and our success in this direction is evidence of a trust well placed.

The Editor.

The Rainbow Reveille

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OUR OBJECTIVE

This is the first issue of THE RAINBOW REVEILLE, the official organ of the RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION. It is our aim to make it a welcome visitor in the home of every Rainbow man and of the loyal supporters of that famous group of citizen soldiery known as the Rainbow (42d) Division. We shall strike at the very foundation of all organizations or enterprises that do not stand for 100% Americanism, and shall demand a just, if not greater, recognition of that service which so willingly sacrificed in order that the principle of right be indelibly stamped across the horizon of the rising generation.

Our columns will be open to everybody on any topic that rings of true Americanism, and more especially so to that great body of ex-service men who are soon to wield a powerful influence in the administration of our government.

It is our purpose to be a source of information and service to the members of our Association, and a means of establishing a closer unity of purpose between the general public and the new civilian. We will speak fearlessly and openly of the things we believe to be right and just and shall never overlook an opportunity to harass, if not destroy, those measures or policies which do not appear to be to the best interest of our country.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

We hear so much these days about the strife between capital and labor, and its result as shown by the strikes in our mining districts and other essential industries. With profiteering being carried on in every direction and fairness and honesty in business dealings being cast to the four winds, one hastily reaches the conclusion that America is on the road to ruin. While it is very evident, in some instances painfully so, that such conditions do exist, to the man who sits down and whines about it, the situation appears tenfold. Conferences may be had, investigations conducted, fair-price commissions organized, and a few men punished for exacting an unlawful toll for the necessities of

life, yet the condition of affairs effecting our essential industries and thereby causing what is known as the "high cost of living" is bound to continue unabated throughout the years of reconstruction, or at least until the American people go to work. Lack of production is responsible for present day prices because the supply is less than the demand. Where the supply is limited and the demand for that article is great, the price to be paid by the consumer naturally seeks a high level, and it will stay high until the supply becomes greater or equal to the demand.

You ask the remedy. It is production, and production in quantity as well as quality, that will make for better times. Solve the problem as Belgium has solved it—by working, not seven or eight hours a day but ten or twelve hours a day until we have caught up for the years of slackened production during the war.

War leaves in its wake many curious ailments, and to America it left the worst on the list—that desire to get something for nothing—a dread for work. Wearing silk shirts, borrowing money to buy automobiles, working half-heartedly about two days a week, and expecting the other fellow to keep the wheels of industry moving will never bring us back to normal conditions, and the sooner we realize the truth of the matter the better it will be for America. What we need most of all is some means of teaching ourselves the value of an honest day's work, and we need not worry about the future. We believe that America is big enough and wise enough to get next to herself before it is too late, and that there is no real cause for the alarm that is being spread concerning Bolshevism in this country.

ON THE ROCK PILE

Erwin Rudolph Bergdoll, brother of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, is now doing time on the rock pile at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Altho Bergdoll was given but four years, having been tried under peace time regulations, it is a great deal of satisfaction to ex-service men who did their bit.

There are far too many instances of leniency shown wilful evaders of the draft, and the War Department does not seem disposed to go much farther into the matter of publicity. Rainbow men are in favor of exposing these men who made excuses. Being a volunteer organization, the names of some of us may appear on the list as having failed to appear before the draft board, but we welcome an opportunity to clear the record.

A BAD DEBT

With the National Convention of the American Legion on in Cleveland this month, one may expect to hear the soldier bonus threshed out again. While we are not in the least opposed to accepting government money, once it is offered, it seems that our chance of getting it is just about as great as a buck's chance of promotion.

SOLDIER CANDIDATES

We hear so much these days from the rank and file of ex-service men concerning ex-officers of the army who are aspiring for political positions, and it is most unfortunate that these remarks are not always favorable. It was not the easiest thing in the world for an officer commanding National Guard or National Army troops in the recent war to be popular and at the same time carry out the policy of the War Department. There are many reasons perhaps why this is true but one of the most conspicuous of them all is the fact that the vast majority of the men who composed our hastily organized army were citizen soldiers who left their peaceful and independent pursuits of yesterday to take up arms. To be made over in such a short time involves many difficulties. These men were not adverse to discipline, but at the same time it is equally true that they were unaccustomed to it from an army standpoint. Try as most officers and men did to do the right thing by each other at all times, there were bound to be unpleasant circumstances develop which caused the man who had always known a free and independent life to feel the hand of army discipline when he chose to evidence the feeling which was paramount within. It is not to be wondered at but rather natural that such attendant evils would follow a sudden transition in the life of the individual, and that it would result in a wave of dissatisfaction when applied to more than five million men.

And what does it all mean? The ex-service organizations are urging the bonus question, are asking for more favorable legislation concerning the wounded and disabled, to say nothing of countless other considerations. And it is a foregone conclusion that unless we stand behind our soldier candidates, asking is just as far as we will ever get. If the soldier candidate is qualified for the position he seeks, and his record of service is clear, he should have our vote as opposed to any old time politician. Undoubtedly we can find officers among us who are not entitled to either our support or respect, but it is equally as easy to find this class of men among the former sergeants, corporals, or buck privates. There is nothing to be gained in gaming for ex-officers as a class. It only brings contempt upon the individual and brands him as a poor soldier, and it defeats the purpose for which we are all striving.

There are 84 former service men running for the United States Congress, two of these for the United States Senate. If one of these men is from your district, support him regardless of party lines. Vote for him because of what he represents. More than four million ex-service men will cast a ballot this coming November, and these votes will elect any man from President down to a Justice of the Peace. To cast that ballot is your duty as a citizen, not merely a privilege. Perform it.

BRANDING THE EX-SERVICE MAN

As one reads our daily newspapers, and especially during the past year, his attention is drawn to the lack of foresight or judgment displayed by reporters of a large number of them in branding the ex-service man in connection with crime. During the present period of unrest or readjustment this country seems to have been struck by an unprecedented wave of petty thievery, robbery, etc., and when the culprit is finally rounded up the headline invariably make comment of the fact that he was "an ex-service man." Undoubtedly a large percentage of these men were in some branch of the service, especially where they had any semblance of backbone, but why hold their service against them. Certainly service in the army did not make bandits or blood-thirsty individuals out of our men. If it did not, then such a practice on the part of the press is not only disrespectful to the man who served but unpatriotic to that service. Wouldn't it serve a more honorable purpose to omit such reference to ex-service men and stress more forceably the case of the culprit who did not serve. Such a plan would be more in keeping with the past record of the individual.

A LIFE TIME JOB

An effort is being made to secure from the Adjutant General Department of the United States Army, a complete list of the soldier dead of the Rainbow Division. The Secretary of the Association made a special trip to Washington, immediately following the National Convention, in this connection. The records are on file and seemingly accessible, but for two reasons the bacon was left behind. In the first place, the Department is not in a position to work up such requests for lists, and in the second place, it will not permit individuals to go through the records for this purpose. We are informed that a tabulated list of the dead has been furnished to The Adjutant General of each state, for his particular state, arranged alphabetically and giving rank and organization. It would seem that our only ray of hope lies in securing the list from this last source, provided further that the Department in Washington will authorize the Adjutant General Department of each state to give out this information. At the present writing, all such packages are tied up with red tape and conspicuously marked "Secret."

But so long as there is life, there is a chance, and far be it from a Rainbow man to pass up a chance. In the event the Association succeeds in securing a complete list by the time of our next National Convention, we feel that a Distinguished Service Medal, such as the War Department has recently furnished to civilians, would not be out of place.

The Ed.



Mat A. Tinley

Colonel Mat A. Tinley, Council Bluffs, Iowa, former commander of the 168th Infantry Regiment (Iowa), was elected president of the Rainbow Division Veterans at the First Annual Reunion of the Association held in Birmingham, July 12-14, 1920. Tinley's record both as a soldier and a man of action is well known to every Rainbow man and the Association is certain to move forward under his able leadership during the coming year.

The Ed.



To the Members of the Rainbow Society:

I desire at this time to extend my heartfelt thanks to the members of our beloved Division for the honor conferred on me at Birmingham.

There is no office in the gift of my fellow men that I would appreciate as I do, this act of confidence, being made President of our divisional organization.

There is a very proper desire on the part of the general public to forget things that pertain to war—a thing we who were privileged to serve, cannot and must not do. As years go by we will, more and more, need the association of our fellow service men to satisfy the longing for companionship and a review of the old times. The association with our general service organizations will be pleasant but association with our old 'Buddies' of the division will be the thing necessary to completely satisfy.

True, our organization needs all the former members of the division, but we owe a duty to those former members and that is to extend to them the joy of membership. Thousands are today waiting for information that will put them

in touch with this association, and it is the individual duty of each to reach out for them.

A wonderful work has been done by our distinguished first President, Col. Benson W. Hough. He has with the able assistance of our Secretary, Mr. A. G. Brown, carried us through the most critical period of our career; the time when all contact with our former comrades might have been lost.

To all who labored so faithfully and so well we extend a vote of thanks.

Let us now endeavor to carry forward the good work. Plan to perfect an organization in every community where our division is represented, and arrange to have numerous 'Get-togethers' on every possible anniversary.

Keep alive the wealth of memories so gloriously gained on the field of honor.

Mat. A. Tinley.



THE VICTORY MEDAL

Under General Order No. 83, 1919, War Department, the Rainbow Division is entitled to Battle Clasps for four major operations and a defensive sector, making a total of five battle clasps. If the individual served with the division in all five of the operations listed herewith, they should appear on both his service record and his discharge, otherwise he will be entitled to only those clasps which represent the operations he participated in.

Champagne-Marne
Aisne-Marne
St. Mihiel
Meuse-Argonne
A Defensive Sector.

Only one battle clasp is awarded for service in a defensive sector, regardless of the number of sectors one served in. Applications for Victory Medal will be made through the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station, where it will be necessary to present your original discharge certificate. If the application is made to The Adjutant General of the Army direct, certified copy of discharge certificate, or discharge orders in case of an officer, must accompany the application.

A bronze star to be worn upon the Victory Medal ribbon is allowed for each battle clasp awarded, and in addition a silver star for each citation from an organization commanded by a General Officer.

In the event battle engagements were not entered upon your discharge certificate, it will be necessary for you to secure a certificate from your former commanding officer to the effect that you were present during this particular engagement, giving dates, and submit it to The Adjutant General of the Army together with application for medal with the request that same be entered upon your discharge.

ST. MIHIEL

By RAYMOND M. CHESELDINE, (Ohio)

The date of September 12th always means to a Rainbow man the Battle of St. Mihiel. And the Battle of St. Mihiel always brings up memory pictures of muddy roads, dense forests and French rains!

No doubt to many men of the Rainbow Division Veterans, the Battle of St. Mihiel is scarcely more than a dim memory as a battle. It ranks far below the terrible defensive operation of July 14-15 in the Champagne, or the bloody test of strength with the Prussian Guard at the crossing of the Ourcq, or the exhausting operations in the Argonne which ended with the division on the heights of Sedan.

And yet St. Mihiel brings back many memories and is still a name to conjure with, and when its importance as a major operation of the American Army is realized, it assumes a prominent place in the battle roll-of-honor of the Rainbow men.

For four years the St. Mihiel Salient had stuck out like a sore thumb in the German battle line. It had been placed there in September, 1914, and the Boche occupying the territory contained in its loop were on some of the most fertile ground in France. Its curve menaced Verdun and protected the fortifications surrounding Metz, and its reduction meant an opportunity for a general attack on the entire front, which would cut the German lines of communication along the Meuse and either cut off or force out of France the entire German Army.

Until the attack on this salient, the American Army had never had a distinct American sector, but in view of the important part the American forces were now to play it was necessary to take over a permanent portion of the line. On August 30th, General Pershing as commander of the First American Army took over a line from Port-sur-Seille, east of the Moselle and extending west through St. Mihiel, thence north to a point opposite Verdun.

The concentration for this operation involved the movement mostly at night of approximately 600,000 troops. There is no need to remind the men of the 42nd Division of this movement. From the Bourmont "rest area" we moved, remember, by night marches which extended well into the day, up to the Foret de la Reine, a thick woods cut by innumerable military roads and thickly infested with marshy spots and small ponds. A few kilometers ahead lay the already historic Seicheprey, our jumping off place.

You are remembering now the feverish rush of final preparation for something you weren't quite sure what. And then the orders on the night of September 11th to move in to relieve some outfit ahead at 12 o'clock, and to go over the top at 5 a. m. And you are remembering how it rained that night and with what terrific thunder the artillery opened up at 1 o'clock, how the sky ahead was lighted with thousands of

German rockets calling for help from their artillery already out of commission by the first onslaught of our gun fire.

And some of you are remembering the congestion on the roads that night, miles of wagons, artillery, kitchens, ambulances, striving to move forward through the mud. The crossroads at Beaumont where two divisions used the same road, the road on to Flirey, the broken bridges, the shell holes.

The doughboys are remembering the first break of dawn and the tanks waddling through the mist over the battered German wire. The swift advance to Boche positions, the prisoners that began to appear a few moments after five o'clock and at 5:30 were at work repairing roads to help our wagons to follow the racing infantry.

And some are remembering the souvenirs that were found in abundance; some are thinking of Mont Sec that reared her head through the mists on our left and stood in the path of the famous 1st Division; some are thinking perhaps of a buddy that cashed in during the rapid advance.

All of you remember that the operation that by all calculations should have occupied at least two days was over in one day and the salient wiped out. Metz the Boche stronghold, lay but 35 kilometers away and our prison camps housed 13,751 prisoners of all ranks from privates down to German counts.

Employed in this operation were nine American divisions and two French divisions all under the direct command of General Pershing. The latter says in his official report, "The Allies found they had a formidable army to aid them and the enemy learned finally that he had one to reckon with."

September 12th means St. Mihiel and "St. Mihiel" means rain, mud, a terrific bombardment, a heartbreaking advance, some snappy fighting, general confusion due to the American habit of breaking speed records—but most of all in history it means the first great operation of the American Expeditionary Forces, and to the United States it means that the American soldier had proved to be what we had always boasted that he was, "the best fighting man on earth."

OFFICIAL INSIGNIA

8 k. gold

Price \$1.50 each, postpaid

Delivery will be made after
October 1st



Note: Members of the Association who received a lapel button since March 1st, this year, manufactured by Bastian Brothers, may return same and be credited with 75c on purchase of the new insignia. This offer expires December 1, 1920.

THE UNCENSORED LETTERS OF A. BUCK

By W. E. TALBOT, (Texas)

Muddy, France.—This censoring of mail in this man's army is just about "flooie." As long as these officers whom we are unfortunate enough to have in command of us weren't acquainted with any French Mazells they used to spend their evenings reading our letters home and getting all the private dope on a fellow. But now it has got old to them—or they know everything, and they are just signing their names on the outside and never read a word. So if what I tell you in this letter gets by, you will know that big mut of a skipper never saw it, 'cause if he did you wouldn't get it and I would be a life member of the K.P.'s and if the army officials get it the skipper will be answering letters the rest of his life.

I am still a private. I don't want you to think that I am kicking. Far be it from me. Or that anything I may say to the detriment of some of the shavetail officers is due to envy. Not at all. But when you see some of these muts going around here making a fool of themselves before a foreign country and then getting paid for it besides, it sure makes a fellow sore. And especially when a fellow has been in the National Guard as long as I have, and these guys, these 90-day wonders telling me where to head in. Get that?

Had a funny thing happen the other night, and as you are a taxpayer, and in all probability been forced to buy some Liberty Bonds, will give you a little idea of where some of your money goes.

It's kind of a long story, so will start back at the beginning, and the hero of this tale is an old friend of yours, and I remember your telling how he balled you out once during the Spanish-American War. So if you ever see him again you can hand him aplenty.

About six weeks ago they issued us this colonel who is no other than your long loved friend, Casey. As his principal occupation for the past fifteen years has been keeping track of his dance dates and afternoon teas. He was a little rusty on tactics, and was not in A-1 condition for taking a regiment over the wire. So they slipped him in on division headquarters. Well knowing his qualifications and ignorance of any required subject in modern warfare they made him division inspector and Sweet Patootie didn't he inspect?

This bird, as you know, has the disposition of a dyspeptic crab, and his chief pleasure was to make everybody, every morning, sick for the rest of the day. His mouth looked like he had a taste in it like a shoemaker's apron. He never smiled unless he had some poor devil in the ranks suffering. We used to wish that he had been the guy that they made drink the tobacco sauce at West Point.

Well, somebody told him there were four in-

fantry regiments in a division, and if the doughboys ever find out who that was they will sure crown him for life. For when this guy started in on them, they began to realize what war was. In two weeks every doughboy in the division would have walked twenty kilometers to his funeral. They would have wanted to make sure he was dead. He would ooze in on a company kitchen and raise h——l with the mess sergeant, because he couldn't see to shave in the stove pipe. Then the sergeant would use the cook for a ladder and climb all over his carcass, and then the kitchen police, of which organization I seem to be a charter member, would get a nice assist from the cook, and he would have us cleaning and polishing pans till it ruined our appetites. And still they couldn't please that nut. He was so fresh from the States that he didn't know a 75 from a 155. But sweet cookie, how he could locate a piece of dirt in a frying pan.

About several weeks later he read something about a guard never permitting anyone to take a gun away from him. And this made him happy as by this time, the cooks, to keep the pans and kitchen clean, had just about quit cooking, and consequently, everything was pretty clean. Well, he sneaked upon a guard who was about six gendarmes behind the line and started asking him some questions. All of a sudden he grabs out and gets the gun out of the buck's hand, and then proceeds to tell the buck what he thinks of him, which was quite an extended discourse, extending as it did from the time Darwin discovered his original origin down to the present time and date, when the gun slipped out of his hand. He then got the relief and took this bird up to regimental headquarters and turned it over to the chief.

While there was not any newspaper published in the trenches, bad news of this kind, especially where it had anything to do with Col. Casey, had immediate and wide circulation. From then on the boys were all looking four ways at once to keep Casey from grabbing their gun. The boys in the observation posts out in No Mans Land were sitting with their backs to the Germans, afraid that Casey would get upon them from the rear. It was cockeyed h——l, and it was wearing on the boys worse than the fighting.

One evening about dusk Casey goes out on a still hunt to get some doughboy's monthly stipend, and spots a boy on guard with our Alabama regiment. Casey advances with a smile like a wolf, and asks the guard his orders. Then with a graceful spring that up to this time had always netted the gun. He grabbed for it. But it was not where he reached. The bayonet point was being forcibly pressed against his southern exposure, and a boy with a Southern drawl was telling him to step lively, and not too gently

guiding him in the required direction with jabs from the aforementioned bayonet.

"Do you know who I am?" Casey asks between the jumps.

No answer.

"I am Col. Casey, division inspector."

"You better shut up," says the buck.

"It will be used against you."

"I'll make you sweat for this," says Casey.

"Not any more than you are now," replies the buck with a harder jab.

"Who do you think I am?" gasps Casey, a little out of breath.

"A German Spy," says the buck.

"I tell you I am Col. Casey, division inspector."

"Nope, Col. Casey is too much of a gentleman trying to pull a gun and a month's salary out of a poor doughboy's hand. Step a little faster, Fritzic."

And this is the way Casey came into regimental headquarters after walking about two kilometers in about twenty minutes, with the occasional assistance of a jab from the bayonet. His temper was otherwise unruffled.

After the chief had Casey squared away by promising to shoot the buck at sunrise, the chief asked the buck if he thought it really was a German Spy.

"Remember a week ago when I was A.W.O.L.?"

The chief said he remembered.

"Well, I was hanging around division headquarters to get a good look at this bird so if he ever hit my beat I would know how to act."

And the chief being a Regular He Man, smiled and so did the buck, and thus ended the first lesson.

Now anyone would have thought Casey would get enough. But he didn't. The doughboys had scored, so he decided to confine his efforts to the artillery, and from then on to be a battery commander was about as popular and safe a job as diving for sharks. He played them all day and all night, and the men would go to sleep polishing their guns, and the Captain with one ear on the ground to hear Casey's footsteps. He would ask them questions that were in vogue during the direct firing days of the civil war, and when they couldn't answer, would dress them down until they prayed for a high explosive to end it all.

It happened that the driver of Casey's car was originally out of the artillery, so when Casey would tell him to call for him at some ungodly hour of the night or morning, he would tip the artillery off to look out for him, and in this way the artillery was saved to the division, as they were able to get things in fair shape and keep the officers out of Leavenworth and the men out of the guard house.

As is the case with most crabs who haven't any friends to talk too, Casey had the habit of carrying on a conversation with himself in an

THE RAINBOW ASSOCIATION

To those of us who have followed the span of the Rainbow, the period from Neuenahr, Germany, to Birmingham, Alabama, was somewhat hazy and caused us some little anxiety. Not that we feared for our organization, but we were uncertain as to just what kind of a hold the organization really had on the fellows who served in the division.

Taking up the reins where we dropped them and readjusting ourselves in our "civies" has been quite a task for some of us and we have been too busy to give the time and thought that we should to our local chapter.

We have a number of active chapters and also a number of chapters that exist on paper only—as far as activities are concerned.

The questions that we have asked are such as these: "How much interest are the boys showing?" "How many live chapters have we?" "Are all of the fellows lining up?" and other questions along the same line. There was that element of uncertainty, and then came the Convention at Birmingham, Alabama. How fortunate to have been there and had the pleasure of seeing our doubts swept away by the spirit and enthusiasm of that wonderful gathering. Delegates from the four corners of the nation, giving of their time and funds to be present for no other purpose than that of building a foundation that would be strong enough for all time.

The old Rainbow spirit still lives and shall continue to live through the years to come, until that time when the last of us shall go to meet our fallen comrades.

We have the spirit, let us have the will to make every man who served with the division an active member of our organization. I can see only one way to achieve this end, and that is for each of us to assume the responsibility of seeking out these comrades who have failed to join us, and make it a personal matter to see that they do enroll or know the reason why.

The report of the Convention is evidence of the fact that we do not have to worry over the past, our foundation is laid, and the future depends upon our attitude at the present time. Our membership must be increased, our sub-chapters must be strong enough to lend their support to the state and national organization. This means work, and who will do the work if we neglect to do our share.

Our army life taught us the value of organization and co-operation, and so my appeal is for that co-operation, between individuals, between chapters, between state and national organization, so that we may all sense the activity of the organization as a whole and thus be enabled to plan our own work with the common end in view—"better organization."

What about the future? How much time are you going to give to make it what it should be? Ask yourself these questions and if the answers

THE RAINBOW IN CALIFORNIA

By B. DOUGLASS BALTHIS

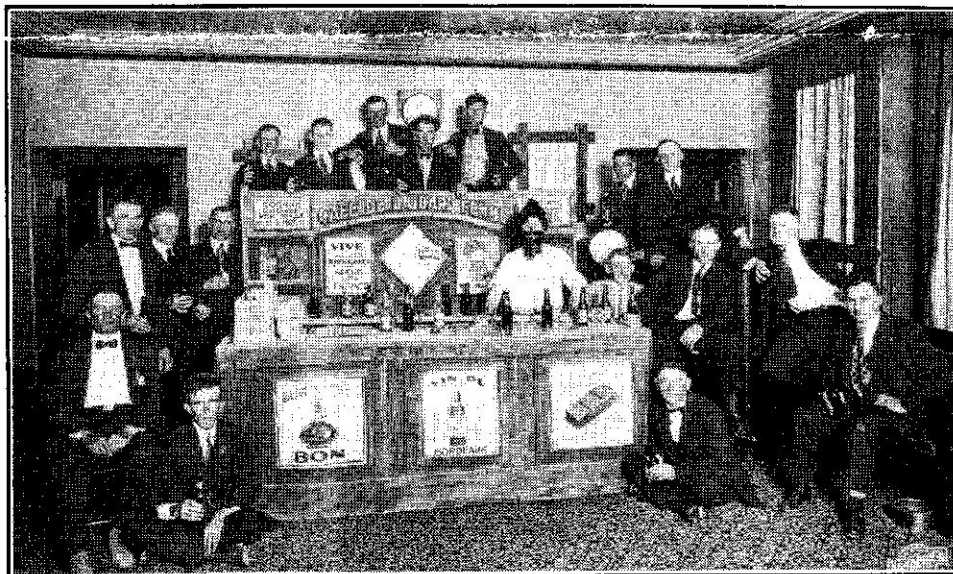
Well, you see, it's sort of this way. This latest venture of our National Organization has simply got to be a success. So by way of contribution to the first issue, California takes this opportunity to tell all the gang how it made its own organization what it is today.

It is just about a year ago today, August 16th, that some of the bunch called a meeting for the purpose of swinging a sub-chapter here in Los Angeles. Of course, we had the State Chapter in Sacramento, but as most of the outfit was

matters, only to lay them on the table to be fully settled after the National Convention.

Along in April some of the gang came alongside of the local Stutz dealer and pried a machine from him. Then we went to work. Fifty cents a throw, and who wouldn't come through for a chance at an \$8,000 car? Not many, we can tell you.

On top of it, we had the State Convention in Los Angeles, and then the lucky ones were made wise. We learned who were to be the new State



Cafe de la Barde Femme—Sacramento

located down in Southern California, we figured that we needed something here.

The officers elected have remained in office until the present date, with the exception of one, and believe me, they certainly have made good. As it is to be expected, the men elected were those whose shoulders had commenced the ball to rolling, but they didn't stop at that; they kept it on the roll.

Owing to the fact that so many members were backward in dues, and others hanging out for various reasons, the financial situation contained not the most flowery outlook. The matter was taken into serious consideration by the executive committee, and a number of means suggested and tried. None, however, seemed to produce a sufficient amount of the filthy lucre to set at rest the minds of the members.

In the meantime, our two monthly meetings had been going on. The second Tuesday of the month we devoted to business, but on the fourth Tuesday, we let down the bars, and had a grand old time. Smokers, fights, songs, dances; just an all round good time. We argued over many

Officers, and who was to get the jaunt to Birmingham. The first prize to the man that sold the greatest number of chances on the Stutz was a trip along with the delegates, so they surely got out and hustled.

Well, the upshot of the game was that the Los Angeles Sub-Chapter came out some \$6500 to the good.

The next thing on the program was Alabama. All the gang that were not lucky enough to be on the official delegation lists, were trying their darndest to go on their own finances. Some of them did, and there don't any of them regret it. We met before we left to consider what we should pull for. Anti-Japanese legislation was the most vital question to our minds. So to that end, we obtained considerable literature through means of the Northern Chapter delegate.

Advertising being a long suit in the California mine, we came to the conclusion that we needed some means of making ourselves known. The orange hat bands on our straw lids did the trick.

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DIRECTORY

- Any change in this directory should be corrected at once. Notify A. G. Brown, Secretary, State House, Columbus, Ohio.
- New York*—A. E. Anderson, President, Room 215-405 Lexington Ave., New York. Daniel B. J. O'Connell, Secretary, 285 W. Houston St., New York.
- Ohio*—R. M. Cheseldine, President, London. A. G. Brown, Secretary, State House, Columbus.
- Alabama*—Walter E. Bare, care Bell Telephone Co., Montgomery. C. L. Ragsdale, 831 Ridgely Apts., Birmingham.
- Iowa*—Claude M. Stanley, President, Corning. John W. Ball, Secretary, care Des Moines Capital, Des Moines.
- Illinois*—Henry J. Reilly, President, care 5 rue Charles Dickens, XVI Paesy, Paris, France. R. M. Taylor, Secretary, Room 1503, 210 S. LaSalle St., Chicago.
- Indiana*—Sidney S. Miller, President, Lemcke Annex, Indianapolis. Byron C. Young, Secretary, 5688 Central St., Indianapolis.
- Minnesota*—Louis L. Collins, President, Roger Hotel, Minneapolis. Harry H. Cory, Secretary, care Y. M. C. A., Minneapolis.
- Pennsylvania*—Frank M. Godley, President, 718 Washington St., Easton. Francis H. Lehr, Secretary, 1305 Washington St., Easton.
- Wisconsin*—Lothar G. Graef, President, Appleton, Martin G. Peeters, Secretary, 785 College Ave., Appleton.
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- Maryland*—Stevenson Masson, President, 4009 Bateman Ave., Baltimore. Walter E. Doyle, Secretary, 705 Cathedral St., Baltimore.
- California*—John Wirsching, President, 434 Byrne Building, Los Angeles. James F. Clausen, Secretary, 110 Fourteenth Ave. Sacramento.
- South Carolina*—Bobo Burnett, President, Spartanburg. Robert S. Lafaye, Secretary, Columbia.
- North Carolina*—James Bullard, President, Wilmington. W. W. Wilkins, Secretary, Wilmington.
- Missouri*—Richard T. Smith, President, care Hudson-Brace Motor Co., 27th and Grand Ave., Kansas City. F. E. Huebner, Secretary, 3608 Main St., Kansas City.
- Kansas*—W. K. Herndon, President, 2111 W. 39th St., Rosedale. Erling C. Theller, Secretary, 1321 Neosha St., Emporia.
- Texas*—W. E. Talbot, President, 4515 Bryan St., Dallas. J. A. Travis, Secretary, 118 S. Brighton St., Dallas.
- D. of C.*—Chas. A. Dravo, President, The Army and Navy Club, Washington. M. Manning Marcus, 1330 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington.
- Nebraska*—Claude A. Selby, President, 820 E. Fifth St., North Platte. W. S. Randall, Secretary, 1700 N. St., Lincoln.
- Oregon*—Chas. R. Harding, President, LaGrande. A. L. Bostwick, Secretary, care LeGrande Observer, LaGrande.
- Colorado*—Harry M. Wilcox, President 1102 Lake Ave., Pueblo. Edward J. Lauth, Secretary, 1632 Court Place, Denver.
- New Jersey*—Andrew J. Egan, President, 3 S. Brighton Ave., East Orange. Wm. C. Nevius, Secretary, care Osborn & Co., 45 Wall St., New York City.
- Tennessee*—F. J. Lee, President, 602 Alabama St., Memphis. Sherman A. Briney, Secretary, 2183 Harbert Ave., Memphis.
- Oklahoma*—Paul B. Havenstrite, President, Lowell. J. C. Chatfield, Secretary 222 State Capitol, Oklahoma City.
- Michigan*—George C. Moran, President, 740½ Chalmers Ave., Detroit. A. F. Lecklider, Secretary, 1450 Second Ave., Detroit.
- Virginia*—Frank J. Brosch, President, 1100 Main St., Lynchburg. R. B. Wilmer, Secretary, 908 Main St., Lynchburg.
- Louisiana*—James O. Hall, President, New Iberia. J. O. Breaux, Demopolis, Ala.

LETTERS OF A. BUCK

(Continued from page 8)

undertone, which at times was plainly heard by the aforementioned driver and assisted materially in getting advance information for his old buddies. In one of these seances Casey divulged the information that he was going to get Capt. Goof of D. battery, and about the best way, he opined, was to see how long it took him to get in communication with the artillery brigade over the phone, and if it took too long, he would get Capt. Goof's nanny. His aversion to Goof being occasioned by the fact that several days before when he wanted to inspect Goof's battery, and Goof wasn't in good shape, the said Goof had placed two sentinels with gas masks on their faces at the road leading to the position. Casey being one of the officers who had decided to go home some day, promptly turned around and jumped some other organization further to the rear. The trick of Goof's had gotten to his ears, and he was going to get Goof.

When the driver got this dope, he got Goof, and Goof got busy. He fixed it so the operator at the battalion P. C. would connect him direct with the brigade headquarters and not cut through the regimental headquarter which was usually the case. In other words, all of them were to be sitting on their lines and give Casey an example of co-ordination that would knock him cold.

Well, Casey made a successful landing on the battery, and Goof, who was wide awake, simulated Rip Van Winkle.

"Capt. Goof," says Casey, "you will get a message through to brigade headquarters as though you were asking for a barrage," and he pulls up his sleeve, exposing an Ingersoll of ancient vintage, "and any time over what should be considered a reasonable length of time for such a call will be used against you."

Goof gives the phone a twist. "Is this Battalion P. C. Give me regiment. Give me brigade. Hello, Brigade. Here you are, colonel." You could have swayed Casey with a fan. The call had gone through in twenty seconds. "Anything else, Colonel?" asks Goof. "Nothing," says Casey, and he beats it, mentally scoring one for the artillery.

Well, Casey starts out for fresh fields, and from then on, the ammunition, supply, engineer and sanitary train personnel wished they were out in No Man's Land in a box barrage. If their trucks were clean he would give them h—l for using too much water. If they were muddy, he gave them h—l for carrying off the French roads. And when he wasn't on them he was riding the departments in division headquarters. The field clerks put in a guard roster and had one spotted at the door of the adjutant's office to tip off the bunch when they saw him coming. The luck of the American army was the only thing that saved the field clerks from having the

(Continued on page 14)



Brew Your Own Hooch and Crack a Joke On Yourself.

BUT NOT SO

"You can't always judge persons by their names."

"Indeed?"

"For instance, one would think from the name that a grass widow was green."—Lexington Ledger.

WHY HE DID K. P.

At one of the western camps a rookie had been made the victim of so much guying that he had long since given up the idea of taking any statements seriously. One night while on guard a tall figure loomed out of the darkness.

"Who's there?" challenged the recruit.

"Major Moses," replied the figure.

"Glad to meet you, Mose. Advance and give the ten commandments."—American Legion Weekly.

THE ANNOYING FEATURE

In political matters, much may be said on both sides. And, to our sorrow, it always is.—New York Evening Post.

CAMOUFLAGE

"I see you have an actor employed on the farm."

"Yes, and he's a mighty fine actor, too. Why, I thought he was workin' the first week he was here."—Boston Transcript.

GOING UP

On the drill field a company of engineers was making the most gruesome possible mess out of "platoons left." A flea bitten sergeant cast a sarcastic eye over the unhappy aggregation and then turned to the officer.

"Lootnant," he said, wearily, "I guess they thought you said 'balloons left,' so they all went up in the air."—American Legion Weekly.

Private Crab of S. O. S. fame says soldiering is a dog's life. "First they make us wear dog tags and live in pup tents. As if that weren't enough, they want us to come out when they whistle."—Silent Salvo.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET

Teacher: "And what was there about George Washington that we all wish we had?"

Bright Lad: "His little hatchet."

ANOTHER CHANCE

If Will Hays has told any deliberate falsehoods, they undoubtedly were merely tentative, like the quotas.

THE RAINBOW IN CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 10)

There is hardly any need to recapitulate what California did at Birmingham; the official notes of the Convention will give all of that. We had a great time and while it may seem to the on-lookers that we did not put through that which we came after, let us here say, we did.

California believes that the only way to main-

PARTY AFFILIATION

Now that the women have the right to vote, one is apt to hear some inside dope. A certain colored lady who appeared at the polls to exercise this right was questioned as to her party affiliation. She looked blank for a moment and then out with this "Boss, de party wid which ah am affiliated lives in de other ward."

TWENTY-ONE PLUS

Men who had hoped to learn the exact age of the wife have been foiled again. A recent decision of election judges states that lady voters need not state their age, instead may just say "twenty-one plus." In other words, "I am old enough." What next?

CHANGING TIMES

Sunday School Teacher. "Willie, what does the story of Jonah and the whale teach us?"

Willie: "Proves you could get away with a durn sight bigger fish story then than ye kin now."

J'ever notice that about all the investigation and fair price commission do is to investigate. A few prosecutions would make them a worth while asset, rather than a liability.

All that Illinois need do to insure a Republican victory is to see that Chicago gets rid of Mayor Thompson. Why not give him an opportunity to keep the Bergdolls' company on the rock pile.

A good many of us would cheerfully vote for Senator Harding if he will only tell us how to conduct a front porch campaign as late as November.

A MODEST APPEAL

The Salvation Army, we note in the dispatches, will give away shoes to the needy. Addresses of Rainbow Secretaries can be found in the Directory.

Our ex-service men have been the subject of much interest, in some cases as much as ten percent.

AMEN, THE GENERAL SCORES

While General Wood was speaking from his train at Jerseyville, Ill., one of his hearers asked: "Who kept us out of war?"

"I can't answer that question," said Wood, "but I know who kept me out of war."

tain a successful organization, is to keep right after something all the time; don't let the interest of the members flag. Give them always something to think about, something that is directly connected with the organization. Keep them always reminded that they belonged to the greatest fighting unit that walked the fields of Europe, and that they cannot afford to allow that unit to crumble until the last man has cashed in.

PATROL REPORTS

Only a few of our many patrols have reported as this issue goes to press, but give us the "once over"—you may want to start an argument or something.

The Army and Navy Club will make a record of all officers killed in the late war. This record will be placed in the Officers' Memorial Hall, a building to be erected in America as a patriotic shrine to those officers who fell during the war with Germany.

The members of the 165th Infantry Chapter are just recovering from a moonlight trip on the Hudson. This organization had 1652 members during the past year and late reports indicate that tickets in excess of two thousand had been sold.

Thomas Watson, candidate for United States Senator from Georgia, is up against some real opposition. The American Legion of that State has taken a stand against him, because of his unpatriotic utterances during the war.

Plans are already under way for the 2nd Annual Reunion of the Rainbows to be held in Cleveland next July. The doughboys of the Buckeye State were so favorably impressed with the Birmingham atmosphere that they are starting in early to pay off the debt.

Festus J. Wade, President of the Mercantile Trust Company, has proposed that the United States cancel the \$12,000,000.00 debt of the Allies. While this debt is largely money loaned to the Allies since we entered the war, the ex-service men cannot see the justice of Mr. Wade's proposal. It would appear as though the United States had already paid sufficient price for her part in the struggle.

There will be a change of administration in Alabama for the coming year. President W. E. Bare has been detailed to attend Staff College, Washington, D. C., while Secretary H. L. Carter has resigned to go back into the newspaper game in Tennessee. The Association regrets the loss of these two Rainbow leaders in the Sunny South, but as the 42nd was strongly anchored there during the past year, it is certain their successors will go over the top.

During the American Legion Convention at Cleveland this year there will be three other reunions of ex-service men in that city—37th Division, F. A. Reserves Association, 7th Infantry Company.

The 149th F. A. promises to burn the asbestos mess kit at their annual picnic to be held at Ft. Sheridan on Sept. 12th. A field range will be in action and if the Company fund will stand it, a swell "Incinerator" will be built to camouflage the remains. Secretary Taylor is sure the Rainbow had something to do with winning the war, because the War Department put a Rainbow Ribbon on the Victory Medal. Right you are, Sarg.

Cleveland is planning to have 25,000 war veterans march in the parade at the time of the National Convention, Sept. 27th-29th. This will be equivalent to just one division—war time strength.

Colonel Tinley reports that Iowa is getting under way for a prosperous year. The Iowa delegation was one of the strongest to attend the First Annual Reunion in Birmingham.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance has just come into possession of an appropriation of \$46,000,000.00 to be used for medical treatment and hospitalization of disabled ex-service men. There are approximately 20,000 war risk patients in hospitals at the present time, and this fund should do much toward relieving some of the embarrassing situations that are reported.

Secretary Balthis of Southern California Chapter is out for scalps—if you're a Rainbow man he'll get you. As the result of a healthy treasury, due to the Stutz drive, this Chapter has agreed to pay State and National dues and the subscription to the magazine upon payment of local dues. This Chapter believes in action of a productive variety, and our hat is off to them.

The War Department has just announced the reorganization in the United States and the dividing of the United States into nine corp areas. A National Guard Division will form the skeleton for each of these areas, same to be capable of expansion to about 2,000,000 troops in sixty days.

Orders are out for a grand raid all along the front. Secretary Lafaye's orders are that new members be brought in, dead or alive. This raiding party is 300 strong as opposed to about 200 scattered Rainbows in the State. Columbia Sub-Chapter held its tri-monthly banquet the first of September.

The New York Chapter is organizing a fund to erect a Memorial Tablet to Father James M. Hanley, Chaplain of the N. Y. Chapter. This tablet will be unveiled in Cleveland during our next Convention.

Army nurses will rank as commissioned officers, will be entitled to a salute, and will enforce obedience from enlisted men in hospitals, under authority granted by Congress in June. And they may prefer charges against a man for disobedience, etc. Leave it to Congress to take the last bit of joy out of army service.

Dallas is headquarters for the Texas Rainbows, and with these truck drivers selling everything in sight, the Chapter looks healthy. J. A. Travis, Secretary, writes that a reserve is being set aside for the Cleveland Convention, and that those who were A. W. O. L. from Birmingham are a sore bunch. These boys want to know what H. C. L. means. They say they are living on the fat of the land and "setting on the world."

Colonel Chas. A. Dravo, President of Washington, D. C. Chapter, has been detailed to West Point.

Major General Geo. W. Read will command the new Army Corp Areas, with headquarters in Indianapolis.

Brigadier General Benson W. Hough is in command of Ohio National Guard troops at Camp Perry, Ohio, during their Annual Encampment.

The body of Lt. Col. Curtis G. Redden, 149th F. A., has been returned to the U. S. and interred at Danville, Ill.

Secretary Briney is rounding up the "moonshiners" in Tennessee, and reports indicate a healthy Sub-Chapter at Chattanooga.

New Jersey is looking for that "ham actor" from New York who listed their "fair" State as a suburb at the time of the Birmingham Convention. This State wants it understood that they rank high—on Jersey mosquitos.

Any welfare worker who served with the 42nd Division is eligible to Associate membership. As such they will be entitled to all privileges and rights of membership, excepting that of voting or holding office.

LETTERS OF A. BUCK

(Continued from page 11)

highest casualty list of any corps of the army. For when a man hangs out of a window and drops twenty feet to a flimsy shed below, and fifteen of them having to clear one window in the minute that elapsed from the time the warning came, one not only had to fall firmly on one's feet, but immediately make another jump of ten feet down to the ground or have the fast descending Field Clerk land on his head. It was some dangerous work. But those who had interviewed Casey said it was worth it.

By this time Casey had the whole division subsidized. He was known by sight better than our beloved division commander. One reason for this was the fact that his picture was memorized by every man in the division, for he couldn't do much to a man unless he got in speaking distance. If they met him in town, many an officer or buck found a new street to go up that previous to this time he had been ignorant of. Up in the lines men have been known to go out in No Man's Land to keep from passing Casey in a trench. He had the right of way at all times, and labelled like a red ball freight.

Having been with the combat division for about six weeks, Casey had naturally picked up a little on modern warfare, and had in a measure forgotten or rather ceased to apply Philippine problems to the modern ones. So he studied up a little and determined to take another shot, combining as it were, the annihilation of the doughboys and artillerymen with one stone. With this plan carefully tucked away, he picks a nice rainy night, cold as the devil, for putting over his final scoop, drops down in the front line trenches where the men were hoping with all their hearts that the squareheads wouldn't start anything that night, and I wouldn't be surprised if the same line of thought was not far from the minds of the squareheads.

It being very dark, the lieutenant didn't recognize Casey till he crawled into the observation post and told him who he was. One of the bucks with the lieutenant had known Casey; in fact had considerable conversation with him, and was then shy quite a few francs for having volunteered an explanation. So he edges out of the hole without being discovered, and lays quietly awaiting developments.

"What are your orders?" asks Casey, licking his chops.

"To signal the artillery," says the lieutenant, "in case of attack."

"How do you do it?" says Casey with a sardonic grin.

"With these rockets."

"Suppose they don't get over a barrage in time," says Casey.

"That's our hard luck; also our finish," replied the lieutenant.

Now, this buck that had the trouble with Casey was a salesman in civil life and he could read human nature; and he had a brain.

He hotfoots it back to the G. C. and tells them that he has a hunch. "Casey is going to call for a barrage," were the few words, that went to brigade headquarters. This was quickly repeated, "Casey is going to call for a barrage," and he, for one, was in favor of giving him one.

The liaison between the infantry and the artillery was one of the quickest pieces of work that ever was taken care of by the signal corps. "Casey's to the regiments, thence to the battalions, and down to the batteries. The hastily awakened gun crews refused to put on their clothes, but stood knee deep in water with the original issue of clothes they had entered the world in, oblivious to the cold and rain, but happy in the thought of giving Casey the quickest barrage he would ever want to see.

Now, to go back to Casey, who was still giving the lieutenant a regular third degree:

"How long should it take to get a barrage in case of attack?"

"It shouldn't take over three minutes, and as this post is about the center of our divisional front, both light artillery regiment would register."

"If it took three minutes this front line would just about be overrun with Germans, wouldn't it?" asked Casey.

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, provided they were pretty close in our wire before we discovered them and called for the barrage."

"Then if you did call for one and they didn't get it in time, the artillery would be responsible?"

"Yes sir."

"Send up the barrage rocket," says Casey, referring to his trusty Ingersoll.

"Why, Colonel, think what it means," says the lieutenant.

"I know. Send it," says Casey.

"But I will be courtmartialed if there is no attack."

"You will be if you don't send it. I order you," says Casey.

"Yes, sir," says the lieutenant, grinning to himself, and off he went.

The fiery trail of that rocket wasn't six feet above the top of the trenches when the 75s were going over Casey's head. Every gun in every battery was in action. They were shooting in the shells on the recoil and firing as fast as only Americans can. They dropped them just outside of the German trenches and gradually began drawing the barrage toward our line. If you want a real crack and noise, it takes the 75s to do it. There is no other gun like it.

Casey had let his sleeve slip back over his watch. The barrage had come in nothing flat. A lightning bug flying in the immediate vicinity of that observation post would have served the same purpose as the rocket, for there was trained on this spot—every glass that could be obtained.

"Stop now," says Casey to the lieutenant.

"I can't stop them Colonel."

"I order you to stop them," roars Casey.