

The Rainbow Reveille



Official Organ of the Rainbow Division Veterans

Vol. 3

APRIL, 1923

No. 4

THE ORDER UNDER WHICH "THE RAINBOW" FOUGHT IN CHAMPAGNE

To the French and American soldiers of the Fourth Army:

We may be attacked at any moment.

You all know that a defensive battle was never engaged under more favorable conditions.

We are awake and on our guard.

We are powerfully reinforced with infantry and artillery.

You will fight on a terrain that you have transformed into a redoubtable fortress. This invincible fortress and all its passages are well guarded.

The bombardment will be terrible. You will stand it without weakness.

The assault will be fierce, in a cloud of smoke, dust and gas.

But your positions and your armament are formidable.

In your breasts beat the brave and strong hearts of free men.

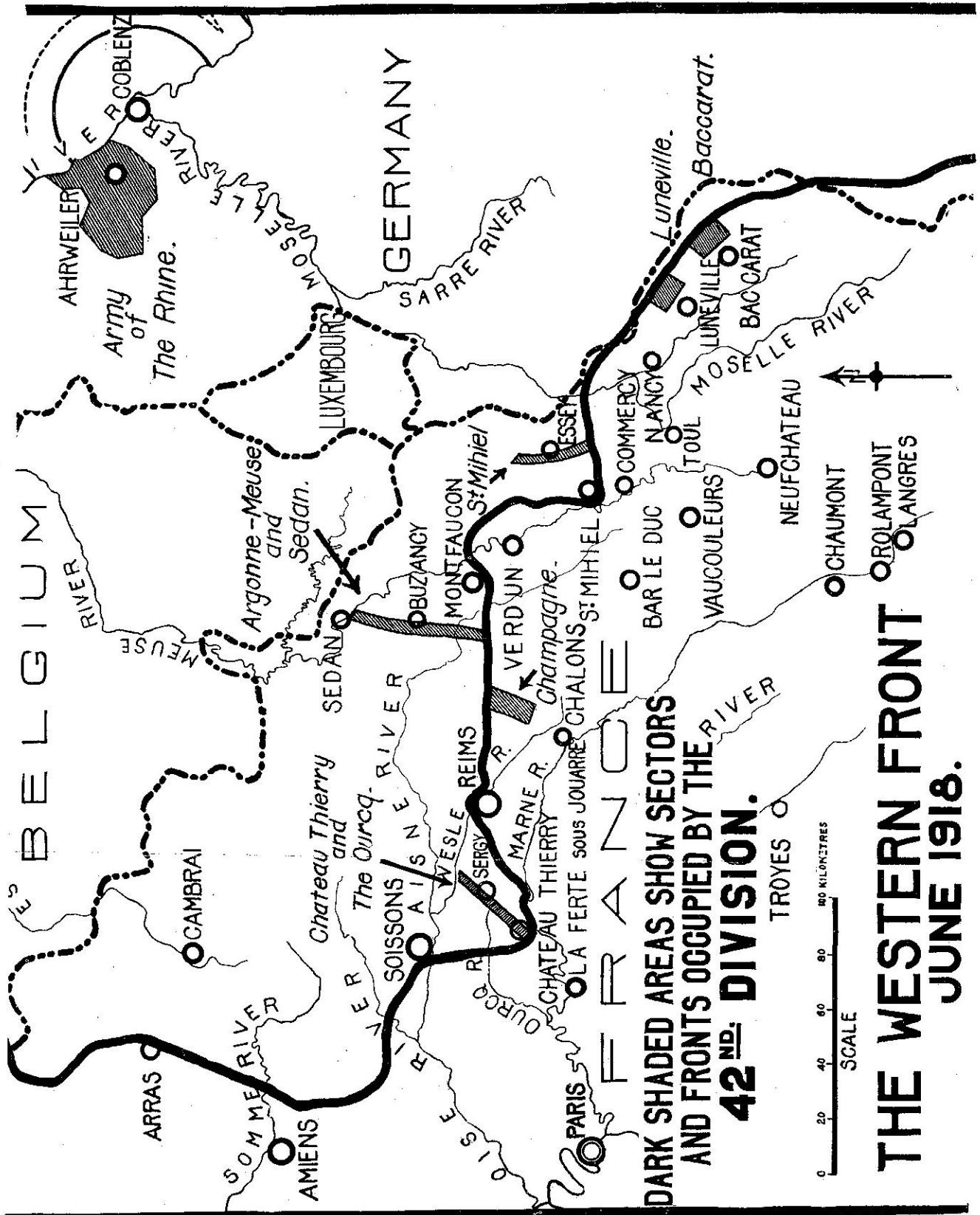
None shall look to the rear; none shall yield a step.

Each shall have but one thought: to kill, to kill a-plenty, until they have had their fill.

Therefore, your General says to you: You will break this assault and it will be a happy day.

[Signed] GOURAUD

By authority of the Chief of Staff,
PETTELAT



DARK SHADED AREAS SHOW SECTORS AND FRONTS OCCUPIED BY THE 42ND DIVISION.

**THE WESTERN FRONT
JUNE 1918.**

WHAT OF 1918?

Last month we covered the entrance into the trenches of the Baccarat sector and the activities while there. Colonel Wolf's preliminary history concludes the narration of events in this sector and tells of our withdrawal as follows:

The artillery with alertness supported all the minor operations of the division and harassed the German with great effectiveness, and in so doing drew down upon it frequent and powerful attempts by the enemy to destroy our battery emplacements while, at the same time, it, and the trench mortar battery, defended our lines on every occasion with a vigorous fire loosed upon but a moment's notice; and lastly, in order to frustrate the German plan of neutralizing our batteries by gas and temporarily making their positions untenable, the artillery prepared in a most complete and workmanlike manner, a series of alternate, and in many cases, third positions, which enabled our batteries, though often shelled from one emplacement, to escape with a minimum of casualties. The engineer troops, in splendid, co-operation with the infantry during this entire period, combatted the inroads of spring and the abundance of mud and water; and in addition, with great skill, prepared and wired new positions to be used in case the German struck on that part of the line.

The situation on other fronts was such as to make the diminishing activity in the Rainbow's sector a source of great restlessness. And thus, when information was received that the 42nd Division would be withdrawn to another front, the news, long hoped for, was most welcome.

RELIEVED FROM TRENCH WARFARE

On June 21st, the 61st French Division, with the 77th American Division (recently released from duty with the British) as a reinforcing element, relieved the Rainbow. Accordingly, after 140 days in the trenches, the Rainbow stood emancipated from trench warfare, to which it never returned. Of that period, it had occupied the Baccarat Sector for an unbroken stretch, as a division, of 82 days, during which time the 84th Brigade was constantly in the line, and the 83rd Brigade had alternated its regiments in the line, beginning with the 166th Infantry. The whole division had, at this stage, and luckily for it at this stage, its first taste of the Spanish Influenza, which after three days of heavy fever disappeared and left the personnel attacked by it in a somewhat weakened but not incapacitated state. The artillery, the engineers, and the field signal battalion (which by hard work and great fidelity had established a model system of sector

communications), as well as the divisional units, including the trains and military police, had served an unbroken period of four months without relief. As a result, the entire division was slightly jaded; its animals and transportation were unrestored from the mud and rigor of the winter and spring, and the men were smudged up and beloused as only trench warfare can smudge and belouse a man. But the desire to be released from the confines of trench warfare was great; and the desire for actual combat was great; and all these were emphasized by the stress of the moment. The German, in those days, was on the Marne from Chateau Thierry to Dormans, and it was the wish of the entire division, despite its long tour in sector, to throw its weight into the scales that at this time continued to incline in favor of the German.

From the front, the Rainbow proceeded to the line of the Moselle, and there promptly upon arrival, it started entraining at the towns of Thaonles Vosges, Chatel-sur-Moselle and Charmes for destinations unknown.

The Rainbow's destination was the valley of the Marne between Vitry-le-Francois and Chalons-sur-Marne, where it arrived after a twenty-hour rail journey, and was momentarily located in comfortable, though troopworn towns along the Paris-Nancy highroad. Here it remained, luxuriating, for about four days. Without warning, it was transferred to the 4th French Army, commanded by the celebrated General Gouraud, and then, on the sultry night of June 28-29, it made a long punishing march of 35 kilometers towards the front, and at dawn dragged into stations situated on and around the famous drill and maneuver ground known as the Camp de Chalons, 15 kilometers behind the line, and also on both sides of the Chalons-Suippes road and at about an equal distance from those two towns. It was a historic battle ground. In nearly every stage of military combat it had played an important part, and at no time was it more fought over than in the present war. Its long, bare undulations were cut by military roads, running straight as an arrow, as well as by similar highways of the Romans. It was studded with historic names and reminiscent of Attila and the Saracens. In the present war, it had been swept over by the Germans in 1914 when Chalons was taken, and the Germans swept back across it after the First Battle of the Marne. The French jumped off from it in the Nivelles Offensive of 1917. On its left flank were the famous Monts—Haut, Carnilet, Sans Nom, Teton and Casque, taken at great cost and then held by the French. It was the Champagne—the arid and outlandish part of the Champagne, with not a vineyard, not a garden, and

(Continued on page 4)

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

Published by the
Rainbow (42nd) Division Veterans

OFFICERS

Honorary President.....	COL. GEORGE E LEACH, Minnesota
President	COL. WM. J. DONOVAN, New York
1st Vice-President	COL. J. M. JOHNSON, So. Carolina
2nd Vice-President	COL. H. B. DRAVO, New York
3rd Vice-President	LEROY DAWSON, California
Chaplain	FATHER WM. HARRINGTON, Minnesota
Treasurer	COL. GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY, New York
Secretary	M. MANNING MARCUS, Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Historian	COL. WALTER B. WOLF, Illinois
Editor of The Reveille.....	COL. NOBLE B. JUDAH, Illinois

*All communications should be addressed to:
Basil B. Elmer, 50 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.*

Vol. 3

APRIL, 1923

No. 4

It has been suggested that the Reveille devote its pages successively to the various chapters, the issue for a given month dealing exclusively with a given chapter, its activities, its difficulties and the balance of the issue being made up of articles for publication which have been collected or written by members of that particular chapter.

It is desired to get the opinions of the various chapters in regard to the advisability of such a plan. It would seem to be an unusual opportunity of publicity. In case the plan is approved by the chapters writing in to the Reveille, the issues will be allotted to chapters in the order in which their applications are received by the Reveille.

It should be borne in mind that all expenses and details of printing and distribution will be taken care of by the Reveille, without cost or bother to the chapters or their members. Send in your opinions at once.

There is apparently a misunderstanding on the part of the Secretaries and members of the various chapters in regard to the distribution of the monthly issues of "The Reveille." At present distribution is made in bulk direct from this office to the respective Secretaries, who, in turn, see to it that each Rainbow Veteran in his locality receives his individual copy. Each Secretary has been asked to send in to "The Reveille" a complete list of Rainbow men in his territory so that issues may be sent from here direct to the individual veteran. To date only a few Secretaries have complied with this request.

It is desired that this list contain not only the names of paid-up members but of all former Rainbow men of whom you know whether they are members of a chapter or not. "The Reveille" is primarily for members of the Veterans Association but for a time it will be sent also to Veterans who have not yet joined a chapter, with the hope that they too will become actively associated in the chapter or sub-chapter located nearest to them.

From now until convention time in July let us all pitch in and get the stray men of the 42nd Division again back into the fold.

It is understood that several chapters are already making plans for the Annual Rainbow Convention at Indianapolis in July. In one instance the delegate has been selected. He will be backed up by a body of nineteen other members of his chapter. From present indications, this year's convention will be a gigantic success. The Indianapolis Veterans who have the convention in hand will report later in these pages, giving details. If there are any questions or if any information is desired, write to "The Reveille."

(Continued from page 3)

not a field of wheat,—known, because of its meagreness, as the "lousy Champagne." It was very white and very desolate. The scrubby trees were dwarfed and gnarled and, with their patchy foliage, merely emphasized the blankness and glare of the scene. Heather abounded, chalk was everywhere; chalk reflected the heat and kept the cool of the ground in, made the roads firm, and readily afforded deep dug-outs of great strength and resisting power. The only touch of color on the widths of these plains was the thick poppy fields, then full-blown. Here the division was, immediately upon its arrival, ordered to prepare for a special operation with the Fifth French Army aimed to drive a wedge from Chatillon-sur-Marne in the direction of Olizy and Violaine into the new German positions on the north bank of the Marne in the locality of Dormans. Without delay, rehearsals of the attack, including the use of tanks, were inaugurated by the infantry brigades and carried out under the direction of the French Corps commander, General Pelle. Nothing before or since has ever been received with greater enthusiasm by the Rainbow. All the infantry were eager to carry out the operation. It was, however, never carried out. The chance to swing back and carry the fight to the German, after months of defensive warfare, was deferred—deferred on the very morning when the infantry were prepared to move by camion back of Chalons, and the artillery and animal transportation were alerted to move by road. Instead, the Rainbow was, on July 4th, amalgamated with General Gouraud's Army as an integral part of the defense by the 21st Army Corps against what, we were informed, would be the main offensive effort of the German, designed to force a conclusion of hostilities and the defeat of the Allied cause. Upon the Fourth of July, our own National holiday, we accepted this responsibility as though it were a charge to defend the integrity of our own country, whose birth was that day being celebrated.

The situation that we found, as the entire division took over on July 5th the defensive positions in the rear of the sectors held by the 170th and 13th

French Division was one of incredible quietude. On this front where, during the period of the war, it has been estimated that more men had been killed and wounded for each minute of the war than at any other place in the line, not a shell came over by day, not an aeroplane was up by day, and there was very little movement or circulation by day. At night, similar conditions prevailed; the infantry were virtually at a truce and but few guns were fired. Only the purr of the bomber's plane on these clear, luminous nights carried any martial suggestion. As a matter of fact, the French awaited a German attack of great size and power on the front of General Gouraud's Army, and had brought careful and extensive plans to defeat it to a state of completion. The positions on both our, and the enemy's, side were very strong by nature, and in addition had been organized for defense with incredible labor and detail. Accordingly, on the 7th of July, General Gouraud published the order," (which is quoted on the front cover of this issue) "now famous, of exhortation and of confidence in his command, of whom the soldiers of the Rainbow were the sole American members:

"To the French and American soldiers of the Fourth Army:

"We may be attacked at any moment.

"You all know that a defensive battle was never engaged under more favorable conditions.

"We are awake and on our guard.

"We are powerfully reinforced with infantry and artillery.

"You will fight on a terrain that you have transformed by your work and your perseverance into a redoubtable fortress. This invincible fortress and all its passages are well guarded.

"The bombardment will be terrible. You will stand it without weakness.

"The assault will be fierce, in a cloud of smoke, dust and gas.

"But your positions and your armament are formidable.

"In your breasts beat the brave and strong hearts of free men.

"None shall look to the rear; none shall yield a step.

"Each shall have but one thought: to kill, to kill a-plenty, until they have had their fill.

"Therefore, your General says to you: You will break this assault and it will be a happy day.

"(Signed) GOURAUD.

'By authority of the Chief of Staff.

PETTELAT.'

In the May issue, we shall quote from Colonel Wolf's preliminary history of the division, the account of our further preparation to meet the German attack, interesting sidelights such as the giving of the warning of the attack a few hours before it came and finally the attack itself.

A TRUE STORY OF A TRUE SOLDIER

(Continued from March Issue)

The minute the entertainment was over one of these five boys down in that "private box" made a flying leap for the "stage," threw one arm around Mrs. Cressy and the other around Miss Davis and tried to waltz them around—and they all fell off the table and were helped back up again—and we all laughed and cried and made darn fools of ourselves generally.

And then the boy told us who he was, that he was Le Roy Dawson, of Los Angeles, Calif., and how he had been going to the Orpheum Theater every year since he could remember and seeing us, and all about his dad and two sisters and how he had lost his mother when he was just a little chap, and how he had longed for the sight of a girl from the United States of America, and how doubly gratifying it was to see not only an American woman, but one whom he had known, by sight at least, for so many years back home.

This was about 9 o'clock at night. At daybreak the next morning these boys went into action. And by 9 o'clock the next night 800 of those splendid boys we had played to that night were scattered over the fields of France, their blood dyeing the crimson poppies a still more crimson hue. And one of our most precious thoughts is that they went to their death wearing the smile on their faces that we put there.

(Continued on next page)

From God's eternal heavens

We pluck their splendors down,

To wrap you as a mantle,

To deck you as a crown;

Then with our land wide blessing,

Our nation voiced God-speed,

We bade you forth to Flanders

To succor France's need.

How well you wrought that bidding.

How well you justified

Your country's trustful choosing,

Our hope and faith and pride.

In words of God's white fire

On Freedom's scroll 'tis set—

The Ourcq and Chateau Thierry—

Oh, when shall we forget?

Through all her fair tomorrows

Our land that tale shall tell,

Of how our Rainbow Legion

So greatly fought and fell;

So greatly saw and conquered,

So set their name on high,

A sign of hope forever

In war's encrimsoned sky.

By Eleanor Rogers Cox, in N. Y. Sun.

And somewhere out on that battle field poor Roy Dawson lay with a leg torn off and half of his face shot away. Oh, God, when I think of him and hundreds, yes, thousands, of others of our young American boys, to say nothing of the hundreds of our youth of other lands and other countries, ripped and torn, burned and blinded, and sent back to us mere wrecks of humanity my very soul cries out "Why?"

What possible gain can ever come from war to pay the price of the sacrifice and sufferings such as these?

When a soldier falls in battle, of course, his comrades can not stay behind to care for him. They must press on and on until either death or victory comes to them. And so all that Roy's "buddies" could do was to hurriedly place him in as comfortable a position as they could, say "Good-bye," and go on.

"But wait a minute," said Roy, "take my 'gat' and get one German to pay for the mess they have made of me."

And Buddie took the gun and plunged on into the inferno of shot and shell and smoke. And that was the last time Roy ever saw him. But months afterwards the gun came back to him through other hands, and carved on it was the one notch. "Buddie" had kept the faith and got his German before he "went West."

With the darkness came the stretcher bearers picking up the wounded. They came to Roy. They drew the blood-soaked rags down from his face, took one look, placed the cloths back, and started away.

"Hey, what's the idea?" demanded Roy. "Ain't you going to take me back?"

"You don't want to go back, Buddie; your face is all shot away."

"Hell, my mouth ain't gone, is it? I can talk."

"But your eyes are gone. Your leg is gone. You just go to sleep and it will be all over in a little while."

And for forty-eight hours poor Roy lay there, waiting for—what? By this time infection had gotten into the leg. According to what the stretcher bearer said, his face was an awful mess. The Germans were likely to come along any time bayonetting the wounded. He was having plenty of time, while left there alone to die, to think of that little home under the orange trees far away in California, "where Dad, big sister Helen and little sister Polly," who loved and needed him were awaiting his return; somehow that memory kept the spark of life in his bosom all through those awful hours.

Some time along during the hours of that second night he regained consciousness, and off to one side he heard what he says was the sweetest music he ever expects to hear this side of the Pearly Gates. A rough, hoarse, American voice cursing every-

thing on, under, and above this terrestrial globe in awful French and worse—or better—English.

"Hey you Yank; come over here!" shouted Roy, demonstrating conclusively that, as he had previously claimed, his mouth was still in working order.

And "Yank" came over. He proved to be a wounded American doughboy, who was taking three German prisoners back; one of the prisoners was on a stretcher and the other two were carrying him. He also took one look at Roy and said, "Stay right where you are, Buddie, and die comfortably"; but Roy disagreed with him, and stated that he was not half dead yet; that he did not want to die, in fact, he could not afford to die, as he had left too many things unfinished back home.

He told him about his dad and his two sisters, who would be so disappointed if he did not come back.

By this time the tide of battle had turned, and the shells and machine gun bullets were whanging and whizzing around again.

"All right," said the other wounded boy, "I guess there won't any of us get back. But I had a d—d sight rather get 'bumped off,' trying to get an American boy back than a German. So out you come, Heinie," and the chap on the stretcher was gently lifted out, and Roy laid in his place, and the journey toward the rear was resumed. It took just six hours to reach the first-aid hospital.

My next meeting with Roy was in a hospital in Paris months afterwards. I should never have known him. But he knew us. His nose was gone completely. One eye was gone. (Four days after he was hurt, the doctors in prowling around amid the wreckage of his face found one of his eyes, and in some marvelous way saved it and the sight of it.) In the right side of his face, where his cheek bone should have been, was a hole that you could have dropped a hen's egg into. They were still amputating the leg, and before they got through trimming and pruning it, it took five different amputations to get above the infection.

But with all the suffering he had gone through, maimed and disfigured as he was, that same saucy boyish grin was in his face. I have in my possession now the photographs taken by the surgeons of all the difficult and painful operations that were performed before he was "finished," and in every one of them, no matter what condition he was in, that grin was always there.

And then came the night before Christmas and into the big hospital came an officer with announcement that a hospital ship was sailing the next day for back home and that twenty-seven patients from this ward would be taken. He also announced that they would have to draw lots to decide which ones should go. And Roy drew a lucky number.

The minute the officer was out of the room; Roy and another boy with a leg off hopped out of bed and tried to waltz and fell. Roy burst the stub of

his leg open; but do you suppose that that boy was going to lose a chance to go home just because of a slight accident like that? Not much. His buddies helped twist a handkerchief around the stub, and at midnight he was carried on board the ship.

The next day he was found nearly dead from the loss of blood. "Why, what are you doing here?" demanded the doctor. "You should never have left the hospital."

Roy grinned and said, "Let's see you get the captain to turn this ship around and take me back again," and fainted.

This is not the whole story by any means, for there were a thousand things that took place in all these weary months which, of course, I do not know, and I am only telling you of incidents regarding this boy that I picked up here and there at various times and places.

At the same time all over France, Belgium, Germany, England and Canada thousands of other boys were undergoing these same hardships and tortures. It is only because I knew this boy, knew a part of what he went through, that induces me to relate these incidents.

Months afterwards—it was some fourteen months after that first meeting in France—we were playing at Keith's Theatre in Washington, and went out to the Walter Reed Hospital to entertain the wounded soldier boys there; we were sitting in our dressing room, waiting for the show to start and were talking to the head nurse, who was telling us about "my boys," and how brave and uncomplaining they were.

"But," she said, "there is one boy here that I love above all others. No mother ever loved a son more than I love that boy; he is the life of the whole hospital. They are cutting, carving, and torturing him all the time; but the minute he can crawl out of that bed he is over in the recreation hall, playing the piano, singing, joking, and cheering up the other boys."

—She said how sorry she was that he could not be here today, but that four days previous he had had a very serious operation and would not be out for two weeks yet.

A few minutes later she came hurrying back again, saying, "What do you think? My boy is here. He says he knows you folks. And he has gotten out of his bed and has crawled over here just to see you."

And the next minute, clump, clump, clump, and in marched Roy Dawson. The leg was a foot or two shorter than when we had last seen him in France and the entire upper part of his face was in bandages leaving only one eye peeping out, but the same old grin was there.

The nurse said the leg was coming on fine and the new artificial one would be ready in a few days, and the hospital folks were about ready to discharge him. But—

"No, sir," interrupted Roy, "you are not going to turn me loose like this. I am not twenty years old yet. I have got to go back to school. I have got to see my folks—my dad, my sisters. And I am not going through life as a freak. I want a face. Now, you face carpenters, get busy and build a face on me. And I want a 1919 model, too. I never did like that nose of mine very much, anyhow."

And so for weeks now they had been at work "building him a face."

The first thing to do was to fill in that awful hole in his face. This was done by clipping out bits of flesh from his arms and legs, a bit at a time, and stitching them into the opening. Some of them took root and grew and others sloughed off. But by keeping at it day after day and week after week at last the hole was filled up.

Then came the trimming down and smoothing up that side of his face to match the other side. Then came the skin grafting—again robbing the arms and legs to get the material for the face. All this was slow, tedious, painful work. But my photographs, taken all through these weeks, show the grin working right through it all.

Next came the hollowing out and forming an eye socket and training it to fit the new artificial eye.

"And don't forget, I want eyebrows and eyelashes," said Roy, and he got them, too.

And then came the sticking point, the nose.

It was finally decided that the best nose-building material available was a rib. So back onto the operating table again and the lower rib on the right side was taken out. Now, you know if you or I were to go onto the table and have a rib removed we would think we had done something, and so long as we lived we would talk about "my operation." But with Roy it was by this time an everyday occurrence. I asked him once if the ether made him sick. "Not after the first five or six times," he replied.

This rib was whittled into the proper place to constitute a nose after the plans submitted by Roy and then set into his left arm just above the elbow to gather unto itself a proper covering of flesh and skin. Roy then unfortunately caught pneumonia and the bone rotted.

"Back to the mines," said Roy and back on the table he went again, and the lower rib on the left side was taken out and whittled into shape. But this time a different system was evolved. A slit was formed in his forehead and the bone nose fitted in, bottom side up and wrong side out and the skin trained over it, and while this was going on every day, once in a while the leg was being re-amputated.

Later, when all this bone and flesh had taken root on the forehead, the whole thing was slit down away from the forehead, leaving the lower edge for a flap or hinge, and fitted down into the place

where the nose should be. It was just four days after this had been done that he walked into our dressing room at the hospital.

Things looked pretty hopeful now. But, just to illustrate the uncertainty of this nose-transplanting business, after all this trouble, after all the pain and suffering, the bone refused to knit and had to be taken out again.

"Well," said Roy, with a very, very faint grin, when he came out from the ether after this operation, "where do we go from here? What are you going to use next for a nose?"

The doctors decided to take off a finger and use the bone of that for a nose.

Roy decided emphatically that they would not take off a finger. "Why," he said, "I play the piano for the fellers. Have another rib."

And that is just exactly what they did do. They opened him up again and took out a third rib.

"And say," said Roy, just previous to their adjusting the ether cone, "supposing you just put in a set of hooks and eyes up and down that opening this time so you can get in and out without cutting a new hole every time."

This time the operation was a success. And today Roy has got as perfect a nose and face as you or I. There is not a cut nor a stitch mark showing. Unless somebody called your attention to the fact, you would never think that half his face was, as he puts it "store goods."

The only thing that seemed to worry him all through this was thinking of what happened to Adam when they removed his rib. Every time when he came out from under the ether he would look over in the bed to see if he had a wife. And along about the third time he began to worry for fear he would have to give up his residence in California and move to Utah.

Our next meeting with Roy was in Los Angeles a year or so later. As we stepped down from the train, a stout, bronzed young chap, with amber glasses, stepped up to us and without a word picked up our suitcases and started off with them.

"Hey," I called after him, "what's the idea?"

"The idea is that you are coming right straight out to our house and meet my dad and my sisters and see the new house I have bought for them."

"Why, it's Roy!" exclaimed my wife.

And for a fourth time I had to stand and watch a hugging match between my wife and another man.

He led the way over to one of those Detroit inventions that has made walking a pleasure, and away we were whirled out Hollywood way to a cozy, flower-covered bungalow, where we found dad and the girls waiting to welcome us.

That evening we had the pleasure of reading over the greatest collection of human documents that it has ever been my lot to see—the letters written to Dad, and the girls by officers, doctors,

and nurses, all telling them what a splendid, brave, cheerful son and brother they had.

And dad told us about the little home. By the time Roy got out of the hospitals he had quite a little nest of back pay coming to him. And with it he had bought the little home, deeded it to Dad, and made over his insurance money, \$57.50 a month, to pay the balance.

Meanwhile, he had gone back to school, and the following week he was graduated with a mark of ninety-six.

The following Monday he took his examination for Yale and passed.

Four months later the doctors told him that if he did not stop studying he would lose the sight of his only eye.

So he went back to Los Angeles and started reading law, and the eye gave out again.

About this time we had opened up our New Hampshire summer home. So we wrote him to come up there and put in the summer forgetting his troubles.

And he did. And he not only forgot his own troubles but he made everybody else forget theirs.

The first dance of the casino was to be held Saturday night. That afternoon he came into my little workshop where I was at work, bent the store leg at the knee, "flipped" the ankle and declared, "She's a little bit stiff for dancing." So he crawled up on the bench, and we took off the leg, took it apart, greased all the joints, put it back on, and that night he never missed a dance. And nobody in the world could tell the "store leg" from the original production.

When the bathing hour would come he would go down to the bath house, take off his clothes and the leg, put on the bathing suit, put the leg back on again, walk down to the wharf, take off the leg, lean it against a post, and in he would go.

When there was a ball game, he was one of the most enthusiastic players. He would catch, throw, bat, and run bases and woe unto the baseman who got in the way of that wood and iron leg of his.

By fall he was sunburned and tanned, and the bothersome eye was to all appearances efficient, but last week I received a letter from him stating that "big sister Helen is reading law to me five hours a day."

Just to show that you can never foretell good luck from bad luck, every time that he takes an examination "big sister Helen" takes one too, so that this bothersome eye may admit two members of this family to the bar of the courts of California instead of one.

As I said in the beginning, I do not know that Roy was any better or braver than many others; but we came into close contact with him many times and learned to know him and admire him for what he was, a real American soldier.