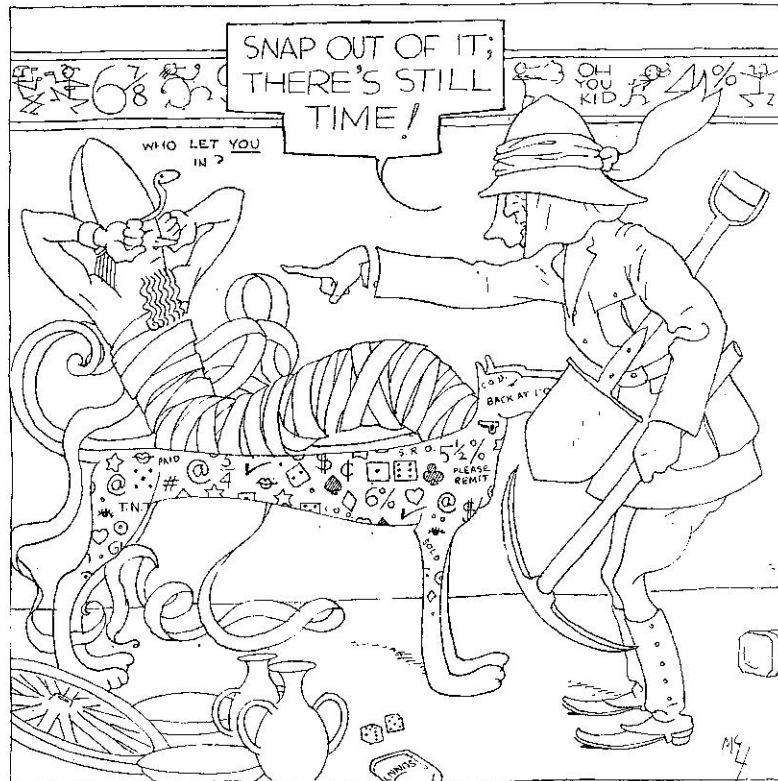


The Rainbow Reveille



Official Organ of the Rainbow Division Veterans



HAVING TO DO WITH PRODIGALS

—and so it befell in the days of Wilhelm, when he was ruler of all Heinics and so reigned, there came one doughty Knight y-clept Pershing, who gathered about him many garrulous and orgulous squires, amongst whom was full many a score who wore upon their sleeves an escutcheon, and behold, it was a rainbow.

Now Sir Pershing was a Knight of great delivre and a king pin among military jousters and he slashed about him with such cunning that Wilhelm cried lustily for help. And when the war was over and Wilhelm sat dispurpled among the nations, it befell that those of the Rainbow escutcheon were covered with great glory. Such Knights, it was believed, were never before brought together in one cortelege. And when they bade one another farewell and went each to his respective domicile, they swear a great oathe that they were brothers in the bond and though they might be scattered to the four corners of the earth, they would forever remain together in spirit.

And behold, out of the clanging of arms came the chrysalis of peace, and out of the chrysalis rose a great organization—the Rainbow Veterans Association.

But alas, alack, there are those among these valiant warriors who still sleep in the cocoon of peace and seemingly know not what they are missing.

And it came to pass that even as the ancient Tut was awakened after 3200 years of fitful slumber beside the peaceful river Styx, so comes the Reveille with pick-axe and shovel to dig out the sleeping veterans and bid them to festival of good-fellowship and goodwill, with the right to which they were blessed on the field of battle.

And if there be those among ye who readeth not between the lines, carefully observe ye this: Join your Rainbow Post now; your comrades want you and you need your comrades. Royal welcome awaits your return to the fold.

A TRUE STORY OF A TRUE SOLDIER

The Editor,
The Rainbow Reveille.

My dear Comrade:

I am sending you under separate cover, copy of a local paper containing an article taken from the Congressional Record, which I thought might appear serially or in toto in the Reveille. However, it might be too long to appear in toto.

Cordially,
J. M. Johnson.

The Reveille has received the above letter from Colonel Johnson. As he says, the article is too long to appear in its entirety in a single issue. At the same time the story is too full of interest for us to cut it down. Therefore we shall print the first half only in this issue, completing the article in the April number.

"This is a true story of the war. Just one of the thousands that transpired every day. Just one of the hundreds that I knew personally. And the reason I tell this one is because I happened to know more of it than I did of any of the others.

Mrs. Cressy and I had the great joy and honor of heading the first unit of "America's Over-There Theater League," an organization of America's actors and actresses, which, under the direction of and through the assistance of the Y. M. C. A., sent 1,084 of the best and noblest of our American actors and actresses over to France to try and bring hours of happiness and forgetfulness to "Our Boys," who were there fighting, suffering and dying for us.

Among one of our first audiences was Corpl. Le Roy Dawson, of the One hundred and seventeenth United States Engineers, Forty-second (Rainbow) Division, who called himself a "dry nurse to the tanks," and I suppose all that the Engineers had to do was to take a "manicure set," consisting of an ax, a shovel, a crow-bar, and an assorted set of wire cutters and saunter ahead, smoothing out the landscape for the tanks to travel over; filling in trenches and shell holes, digging away hills and earthworks and building bridges—all under fire—and just having a nice, quiet time generally.

Our first meeting with this boy took place under rather startling circumstances, especially when you consider we had only been in France for a very few days and were a good deal nearer the fighting lines than we had ever dreamed we would be.

Along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were giving a show to a lot of wounded and convalescent boys in a hospital; we were getting along all nice and peacefully when an officer accompanied by an orderly, marched into the room, drew a very imposing looking paper from his pocket and demanded: "Where is Will M. Cressy?"

Immediately I seemed to feel the proverbial lump rise in my throat. I came to attention, saluted, and responded "Here."

"I have a requisition for you and your associates," the officer said.

As we had only been soldiers for a very short time, and were not familiar with the terms, regulations, and military rules, you can imagine our great consternation at this moment—anyone could have told from the faces of our "noble five" that each and every one was hastily reviewing the events of the past three weeks trying to recall any sins of military commission or omission that would call for a "firing squad at sunrise."

I finally managed to get the lump in my throat down far enough to inquire, "What the h— is a 'requisition'?"

And he informed us that over some forty-five kilometers away there was a body of American troops who were to go into action the next morning. And the commanding officer had "requisitioned" the Cressy unit to come over there and give the boys a show.

It was not a very flattering proposition. It would seem as if he thought that after witnessing one of our shows the boys would be more willing to go out and be killed.

Well, anyhow, we went. In the first place we wanted to go; that was what we were over there for. And in the second place, what else could we do in the face of a "requisition" from a general?

We got near the town about 5 o'clock but they held us out in some woods until it got dark.

"Ours not to question why!
Ours but to do"—and act.

After it got good and dark we felt our way down the hill through the darkness and into the town. At the edge of the village and on every corner was an American M. P. (military police), each of whom gave the stern order, "No smoking! Do not strike any matches!" And as we could hear the drone of countless planes up overhead and knew them to be German, and knew that they were just looking for a light of any kind as a mark to drop several tons of T. N. T. and assorted hardware, we did not feel the slightest desire to smoke or strike any matches. We felt and stumbled our way along until finally we were ushered into what had been an old market place. It was simply a lot of posts with an iron roof overhead. Running around from post to post had been stretched an iron rope; this rope was guarded by more military police regularly voicing the command of "No smoking; strike no matches."

Jammed inside of these ropes under the tin roof were 2,800 lonesome, homesick, heart-hungry American soldier boys. No; they were not soldiers,

(Continued on page 4)

WHAT OF 1918?

Last month in quoting from Colonel Walter B. Wolf's preliminary history of the Rainbow Division, we covered the move of the division to the Baccarat Sector. Colonel Wolf narrates the events there as follows:

BACCARAT

The 42nd Division, in its own name, right, title and interest, took over the Sector of Baccarat, relieving the 128th French Division, on April 1st, 1918.

From this point on, the employment of the 42nd Division was controlled by the developments on the Western Front. The powerful German attack on March 21st demanded the services of the strong VIIth French Corps elsewhere, and gave us our opportunity to hold our own sector somewhat earlier than might otherwise have been the case. Thus it was that the Rainbow was the second American division to be entrusted a sector, and the first in point of time to be entrusted with an entire divisional, two brigade-in-the-line, sector. From the outset, the 42nd Division had, during its occupation of the Baccarat Sector, both its infantry brigades and its artillery brigade in the line. The 84th Brigade, on the right, as it continued to be thereafter through all the division's operations, held the Sub-sector of Neufmaisons, which abutted on the boundary between the VIIIth French Army commanded by General Gerard (with whom we were) and the VIIth French Army, which was in the Vosges on our south. The 83rd Brigade, on the left, held the Sub-sector of Merviller, and had on its left a French division. On the south, our divisional boundary lay through dense tangled woods and skirted treacherous trails through the steep and forest country of the foot-hills of the Vosges; on the north it followed well-defined roads through a rolling country, which, in the spring that was about to break, was idyllic with its soft green woods and farm fields; the River Meurthe formed the rear line of the division. It was a front of thirteen kilometers as the crow flies, and about sixteen kilometers with all its meanderings, and one of unusual interest, containing an alternation of patches of woods and farm lands, and finally, on the south, the ravinous and forest country of the Vosges. This front had, except for the past month, been quiet ever since the Germans had overrun it in the first hours of the war and were driven back across it by the defeat that Castelnau administered to them at Grand Courronne. It did not abound with chateaux, but it did consist of numerous small

towns and villages closely connected by good roads, and of the two somewhat larger towns of Badonviller and Baccarat at both of which lay factories—at the former town, devoted to the making of pottery, and at the latter, the celebrated Baccarat Glass Works. Except for these industrial works, the life of the sector in peace times was pronouncedly agricultural. The whole territory lay about fifteen kilometers west of the 1914 German frontiers. At the Baccarat Sector, the opposing lines made the sharp break to the south which appeared so marked on all maps, and, due to this fact, this sector was considered the hinge for the entire Alsatian front, and important as such. A great road leading through Baccarat to Ramberviller and Epinal, if held by the enemy, would cut the main line of supplies to Alsace, and might sever the Vosges from the rest of the front, or might give the enemy an opportunity to sweep back of the River Meurthe past Luneville and threaten the line near Nancy and Pont-a-Mousson. This sector, with its great size and the strategic significance of its front, the division took over in great earnestness as a sacred trust. In a very short time the French command was entirely convinced that the new American division could be relied on to defend it successfully in case of attack.

The atmosphere in these days was one of great caution and conservatism because of the heavy successes that the German had just had, and was at that time gaining, and because of his then known superiority in numbers along the entire front. Every precaution was taken against a surprise attack. Owing to the situation on other fronts and the fact that the activity here had sharply diminished by the middle of April, the French command required accurate information as to what the enemy troops opposite the Rainbow were and were doing. As a result the 42nd Division patrolled the front with incessant energy by day and night, and during the first few weeks of its occupancy, gained the ascendancy, and soon thereafter, the absolute control of No Man's Land. Daylight patrols drove far into the enemy lines; night patrols inhabited the German trenches and stayed there for periods as long as three days. Combat patrols crossed the front and drove the enemy to cover. It was not long before it was observed that the German had practically evacuated his front line, holding it here and there, at always changing points, in strength by night, and, except where the lines were far removed, evacuating it by day. Although the division's mission was purely a defensive one, it

(Continued on page 7)

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

Published by the
Rainbow (42nd) Division Veterans

OFFICERS

Honorary President.....COL. GEORGE E LEACH, Minnesota
PresidentCOL. WM. J. DONOVAN, New York
1st Vice-PresidentCOL. J. M. JOHNSON, So. Carolina
2nd Vice-PresidentCOL. H. B. DRAVO, New York
3rd Vice-PresidentLEROY DAWSON, California
ChaplainFATHER WM. HARRINGTON, Minnesota
TreasurerCOL. GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY, New York
SecretaryM. MANNING MARCUS, Munsey Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.
HistorianCOL. 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 MARCH, 1923 No. 3

The Reveille is very anxious to mail a separate copy of each monthly issue direct to the individual Rainbow man. With this in mind we have tried to get an accurate list from each chapter. At present the only list received is that of Chicago where the individual copies are now sent direct. In all other cases it is necessary to send in bulk to the various Secretaries who, in turn, must redistribute. Impress upon the Secretary of your own chapter the importance of sending in his list at once. Only in this way can you be sure of your copy.

The Veterans Association is coming to life in a way that has surprised even its members. Possibly the anti-climax after demobilization is suddenly wearing off. Regardless of the cause, the fact remains that in every locality, the veterans are asking, "Who is the secretary of the Rainbow Post in this territory?" "When does the local Rainbow Chapter meet?"

It is not so much that the Reveille is again appearing regularly as it is that the human desire to talk over past events with a buddy is coming to the surface at last. Letters pour in to the Reveille daily containing suggestions, criticisms, appreciations, threats and articles, the latter for publication. A few chapters are conspicuous by the absence of reports of their activity. These are the stragglers but they come in, one by one. What is your Chapter doing? What are your troubles? What are your successes? Let us hear from you.

The New York Chapter held its Annual Ball recently with its usual success. New York takes advantage of its large membership in carrying on the Rainbow spirit, to the keen enjoyment of its members and to the limit of usefulness to all concerned. This Chapter, composed of members of the 165th Infantry (old 69th New York National Guard) is showing the way to the many apparently dormant chapters.

Chicago, where the Reveille is published, while not as active as a complete chapter organization, holds meetings as small groups frequently. Many Batteries maintain their own organization and "carry on." The Reveille expects much of the Chicago Chapter before summer.

Other chapters which appear most active are Cleveland, Cincinnati, New Orleans and Los Angeles. Baltimore is expected to report to the Reveille shortly on its activities. Indianapolis no doubt, will send in an article about the convention before the next number is on the press. Minneapolis so far has failed to report or contribute to the Reveille. It is anticipated that by April 15th, when the April number goes to press each of the above will have urged the chapter secretary to get busy.

On March 7th and 8th the Southern California Chapter at Los Angeles presented, at the Philharmonic Auditorium, a musical review entitled "Name it." Due, no doubt, to modesty, the Chapter sent us only the program, without comment. With nothing more to go by, the Reveille can but deal with the title "Name it." Were the Reveille to "name it," the Los Angeles Chapter would be one of the most, if not the most active Chapter in the Veterans Organization. A comparatively small membership, they accomplish results, and the world admires doers.

(Continued from page 2)

either. They were just our own dear American boys in soldier clothes. Somehow our boys never did seem like real soldiers to us. They were too young. All the other armies consisted of so much older men. And so, compared to them our boys seemed like schoolboys. Not that they could not and did not fight like men. Their record shows their valor; but in spite of all that they were always to us just the boys that we had known back home, the chap who lived just around the corner from us, the boy next door.

Our stage that night consisted of two tables placed side by side, making a surface of perhaps 6 by 8 feet. Our stage furniture consisted of our own little collapsible organ, and two camp chairs. and in all that great auditorium and for our "stage" we were allowed one kerosene lantern. We had to take turns in holding it up to each other's faces as we talked or sang, so the boys could see us.

It is unnecessary to state the show was a riot. As we were the first lot of players to get over and the first entertainment the boys had seen since they left the United States of America, and what was a still bigger joy to the boys, Mrs. Cressy and Miss Davis were the first American women they had seen in France, it can easily be understood that we were a hit.

(To be concluded in the April issue)

1115 9th St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

The Rainbow Reveille,
Chicago. January 31, 1923.

Dear Sirs:

I am pleased to note that the Rainbow Reveille has again come to life and was much interested in perusing the January number, recently received. In pawing over some old papers I find the enclosed copy of a poem written by Burr McIntosh when he happened to be visiting at Bad Neuenahr, Germany, when the 117th Sanitary Train was stationed there. I don't believe this has ever appeared in print, but I feel sure the genial McIntosh would not object to its use in the Reveille—with proper credit to him—should you care to use it.

In getting together a number of the orders issued to the Division, which I intend to have photostated and bound, I find that the one in particular that I wished to preserve was missing. I refer to Gen. Gouraud's famous "Kill and kill a plenty" order issued just prior to the big German attack on July 15th. Friend Marcus thought likely you had the order on file and I wonder in that case if you would send me a copy of same.

With best wishes for the continued success of the Reveille,
I am,

Fraternally yours,

Walter D. Roney.

Doughboy of mine, you've done your duty well,
And France is thine. You've crossed that living hell.
On life's great battlefield you stand
Upon the threshold, with your grand record,
Made there in the tear-stained France.
You sought it and you had your chance.
Your name is writ upon the sky,
Each val'rous deed is known on high.
Your comrades all, yes, they were great.
Machine guns spat their fire of hate
Against those murderers who charged babes, innocent,
And so enlarged the list of crimes, of killings done
By that accursed thing—the Hun.
Artillery, each wondrous deed stands out.
The world has learned of speed; so fast they sped,
each deadly shell,
There was no time t'wixt them and hell.
The Signal Corps—"Lest we forget."
Had every station not been set,
Had wires not gone thru "Danger's Zone,"
What happened never would be known.
And in those dark and troub'lous hours,
In midst of snow, of dark, or showers,
You've seen those trucks plow thru the mud,
On board was food. The trusty spud
And all things else that did sustain,
As well as all to ease the pain,
Or ammunition that would kill.
They all went forward, on, until
Their "bit" was done, unto the end.
The Chaplain often had to bend his head,
And bow, with heavy heart.
Ah yes! Full well he played his part.
Doctors and nurses you will bless—
At times 'twas great, at times 'twas less.
The agonies known but to those who suffered,
Who went thru the throes of pain, which brought
them to the doors

Thru which the wounded's life blood pours.
The "M. P." guards you while you sleep.
The "K. P." helps the cook to keep
You strong and well, so you are there when Duty's
call

Will lead you where you give your best, what'er
the call.

Yes, everyone gave that—his all.
Each played his part and played it well,
But, in the years to come, they'll tell
Of you, the Doughboy, who was there
In answer to the trumpet's blare.
At Luneville you showed your worth.
In Baccaret they bit the earth.
Champagne, Chateau Thierry, the world
Knows where your colors were unfurled,
And how you stopped that fierce machine.
The world proclaims it ne'er has seen
More reckless daring in a strife.
You cared for Victory, not for life.
At St. Mihiel, and then, Verdun,
Again the fight by you was won.
Then Argonne Forest and Sedan,
It was the end. So fast they ran
They set all records there for speed,
So fast they ran there was no need
To follow. They are running yet,
And only stopped when they were set
Upon their soil, beyond the Rhine.
We know they're there, we hear their whine,
From highest to the lowest Red,
They seek our friendship and our bread.
No, we'll not forget, we'll not forgive,
At least while one of us shall live.
So here's to you, who've shed your blood
Who've found your rest on beds of mud,
Who've hiked and hiked along the road,
And packed your heavy, crushing load.
Doughboy of the Forty-Second,
Death to you has often beckoned.
You have faced it grimly smiling
Tho' the dead out there were piling
Up about you. Your friend, your foe.
You who came from O-hi-o,
Iowa, sent forth her giants,
Fighting New York yelled defiance,
And "Wildcats" came from Alabam'.
None of the four e'er gave a dam
For shrapnel, bayonet or gas.
Though thousands came in mighty mass
You stopped them all and turned them back.
You followed on their bloody track
Until you won the decision
For the Great Rainbow Division.

Burr McIntosh.

Neuenahr (Rhineland), Germany.
December 20, 1918.

General Gouraud's order referred to in the letter
above will be printed in next month's issue.

"The Rainbow Recall," published by the Los Angeles Chapter, in a recent issue printed the following article. The Reveille reprints because it is a good story.

This remarkable anecdote of the Great War is taken from the memory of a bystander, who begs the participants do not take offense at his point of view. There may be some omissions as well as additions in regard to facts and the truth may be somewhat distorted, but there are times when it were better that the truth be obscured by a knowing sympathy and it is with this thought in mind that the narrator gives his story.

In the early days of the year 1918 Western Europe was held in the vise-like throes of the opposing forces; the usual activities of life were practically at a stand-still, but this section of the world was teeming with an activity unknown in any preceding year.

For four years, the massive German Army under direct inspiration from God (as attested by their belt buckles) had been fiercely endeavoring to crush the armies of France and her allies. In the summer of 1917, American troops came to the aid of France, and now after a winter of strenuous training, were ready to enter upon the field of combat.

Among the first to be so honored was a body of troops known as the Rainbow Division. This unit entered the trenches at a point where the line of battle had been stationary since the early days of the war. Under these conditions, warfare was a matter of give and take and a small gain of territory was a crowning achievement. No movement was lost to the observers of either army who were ever on the alert to inflict punishment upon the enemy. An observation post in the advance lines of the German trenches was the cause of much concern among the staff officers of the American Army, who finally decided upon its destruction.

The decision having been made, the necessary orders were issued to the effect that the Engineer troops on this particular front should do the dirty work. The task fell upon the shoulders of two stalwart men, Major Givens, better known as "Goofey" and Capt. Barton, alias "The Terrible Turk," two soldiers whose audacity knew no bounds. Being deeply impressed with the seriousness of their mission, they proceeded in a very cautious manner to rehearse the event. Information was gathered from every source. The French officers (who could tell how to do anything), gave of their skill and knowledge and were responsible for a snake torpedo, a long, tin contrivance stuffed with explosives, and which, after being carried to the scene of operations was to be dutifully exploded, with the expectation that then and there, the said objective would cease to exist.

One of these torpedoes was constructed and carried to a nearby cow pasture where every detail of the proposed raid was carried out, even to the exploding of the snake. All of this being done without a single casualty, an accomplishment which excited the admiration of the spectators who witnessed the rehearsal with evident enjoyment. The brave soldiers who had volunteered for the dangerous work were being lionized, while hope of promotion was throbbing in each manly breast.

On that fatal day, or rather night, the invaders bedecked themselves in raiment suitable for the work at hand, faces and hands were blackened, helmets covered with burlap, old uniforms were donned, and when the detail marched down the streets of the village it was a parade of the Georgia Minstrels, everything but the band. The proud procession was halted while George told Henry what to do with his souvenirs in the event that he did not come back, hands were shaken, good-byes were said and then the column marched down the road and was lost in the inky blackness of a French night.

Arriving at a point opposite the muchly profaned German O. P., the detachment was taken in charge by an infantry Lieutenant who had made a careful study of the situation and who was to lead us without delay to the objective. Upon entering the trench they suddenly discovered that a snake torpedo in a cow pasture and a similar torpedo in a trench were two different things. This particular snake refused to bend itself around the abrupt angles of the trench and in a short time was being carried in sections. After traversing some miles of trench, the guide decided that he was lost but did not divulge the secret to his comrades, who were by this time suspicioning the truth. Aimlessly they wandered, struggling through mud and water and cursing at every step, but even perseverance has an end, and just as the toilers were about to mutiny, the guide exultingly announced their arrival at the objective.

The manner in which the snake was reassembled and eventually exploded will always remain a mystery. Nevertheless, the explosion was a huge success and one perfectly good observation post was scattered to the four winds of heaven. Glowing with a just and righteous exultation, the raiders hastily removed themselves from the scene of action and retired in the early hours of the morning, each with the feeling of satisfaction that attends accomplishment.

Who dared to make light of this night's work? Surely not those whose prayers had accompanied each step of the task. But step by step old man fate had kept pace with the advance, and his sinister passion to ridicule had led the erring steps of the guide astray. The clouds of early morning hung low in the valley, and mantled beneath their dark-

ness lay the mockery of an heroic endeavor. For as the sun rose above the mountain tops and sent his beams into the vale, the departing mists disclosed what yesterday had been a FRENCH OBSERVATION POST.

The officers were commended, the soldiers were laughed at, and Sherman said it.

WAR DEPARTMENT RECORDS

The following is the Adjutant General's reply to our president's letter as published in the February issue:

WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington

February 9, 1923.

Mr. William J. Donovan,
President, Rainbow Veterans,
1442 Marine Trust Building,
Buffalo, New York.

Dear Sir:

In response to your communication of January 19, 1923, in which you request further information relative to the records of the 42d Division, I desire to inform you that in the matter of "active" and "quiet" sectors no distinction is now officially made. The Board of Officers, which is reviewing the award of battle credits, distinguishes only between a "major operation" and an "occupation of sector."

In this connection I am pleased to state that representatives of the 42d Division will be cordially welcomed in the Historical Section of the Army War College, if it is desired to consult the records of the 42d Division and facilities will be given them for a survey of the divisional records. Their assistance will be greatly appreciated in locating and securing any papers that may be found missing. Other divisions have from time to time sent representatives to examine the files—always with good results.

As indicated in your letter, British and French documents are often necessary, as a supplement to American records, to permit a clear understanding of the operations of American units. American officers are stationed in London and Paris for the express purpose of securing copies of such documents and the work is actively in progress. The War Department records show the service of the 67th Field Artillery Brigade, of which mention was made, with the 4th, 32d and 2d Divisions.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Robert C. Davis,
The Adjutant General.

(Continued from page 3)

was ordered, for the purpose of gaining identifications, to put over a number of raids. One was undertaken by the 166th Infantry on the north half of the Bois des Haies, and a number of smaller ones were launched by the 167th Infantry and 168th Infantry. The raid of the 166th Infantry was carefully rehearsed and prepared under the immediate direction of General DeBazelaire. It was launched with a powerful artillery accompaniment, and, unfortunately, yielded no results on account of the retirement by the Germans from the attacked salient. It was splendidly exe-

(Continued on page 8)

The Reveille,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your Reveille received. At the present time we have forty-seven paid in members; and we have a drive on and expect to bring the total up much higher. We are proud to state that at the present writing the Cleveland Chapter is the largest Chapter in Ohio. We are very proud of this fact for the reason that approximately 75 to 100 men who originally came from Cleveland served in the Infantry Regiments. This would make about a third of a Company. We term ourselves "The Melting Pot of the Rainbow Division," practically every outfit from our division being represented in our Chapter with the exception of the M. P.'s, and we hope that some day one of those will float in so we will have a full representation. For example, the President, Secretary and two members of the Executive Board are from the 166th, the Vice-President from the 165th Inf., the Treasurer from the 117th Eng.; two of the Executive Committee from the 149th Field Artillery; our previous Presidents hailed from the 117th Field Signal Battalion, 149th P. A., 166th Infantry, respectively.

We hold our meetings once every month. We have approximately 40 to 60% of a turn-out; usually dough-nuts and coffee are served at our Annual Meeting. On February 12th we are staging a stag. From time to time we will send you more information.

Hoping you will have the pleasure of co-operation from the various Chapters and that the above information meets with your approval, beg to remain,

Fraternally yours,
(Signed) B. W. Spiegle, President.
Cleveland Chapter Rainbow Division Veterans.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 7, 1923.

The Rainbow Reveille,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Our Secretary has just handed me a copy of the January issue of the Reveille and while reading the paragraph on Team Work one of the opening sentences of Major Wolf's Brief History came back to my mind.

"Rainbow Division assembled from the four winds. To every person the symbol of the rainbow suggests the same idea in a different way. The many states of the Union, the many types of life, the many colors and shades of thought and points of view that were all brought together in the 42nd Division in 1917 were as contrasting, as carefully blended, as strong and far reaching as the rainbow, which has epitomized the beauty and strength of Union—and the endlessness of Union—who has ever found the end of the Rainbow."

We are again scattered to the four winds. We are richer for our experiences, wiser for our associations, and more serious and thoughtful of Life for all of this—and shall our Glorious Rainbow have found its end so soon? No! Let us again unite the Characteristics, which gave us our name and made us famous in war, and give to our Organization the same support we did during more trying times, and thereby benefit Our Country, Our Former Comrades in arms, and above all Cherish and Perpetuate the Memory of Our Heroic Dead.

REVEILLE—the New Orleans Chapter is with you and will lend aid whenever possible. SUCCESS TO YOU and The Rainbow Division Veterans.

New Orleans Chapter,
Rainbow Division Veterans.

The Cincinnati Sub-Chapter has organized an American Legion Post, consisting entirely of Rainbow Division Veterans and have named it "The Rainbow Post No. 131." Their membership increases each meeting. It looks like a "live-wire" crowd in Cincinnati. They make a good model for our other Chapters to follow. The Secretary, Roy E. Norris is constantly sending in the most helpful kind of criticism.

cuted in every respect, and the failure to gain prisoners was due entirely to the German plan of defense, which, by a somewhat long artillery preparation, was easily put into operation. The site of this raid was rendered a shattered and howling wilderness, and so long as the Rainbow held the sector, was left abandoned by the Germans. Similarly, a daylight patrol of the 167th Infantry, on a sunny Sunday morning, impudently entered a populous German redoubt and offered battle with disastrous effects to the enemy, and later, on the same morning, the scout officers of this regiment boldly returned with a mere handful of the original raiding party, and engaged in a sharp fight with the alerted Germans at the very heart of their own strong point. They came back with valuable identifications and the body of one of their victims.

In return for the offensive spirit shown by the Rainbow, the German resorted to his own peculiar methods. On the left of the sector he attempted to surprise the front of the 166th Infantry, putting down a severe fire with high explosive and gas on center positions, and then attempted to pinch these positions out with a strong raiding force, in a manner similar to that in which a small, but very bold patrol of the 165th Infantry had, without artillery preparation, surprised and snatched off the entire enemy outpost at the hamlet of Ancerville on the German side of No Man's Land. Despite the larger numbers that the German employed and the powerful artillery assistance he had, the garrison easily and quickly beat off this attempt upon them. Previously to this attempt, the German struck twice and with great power, although in an entirely different way. On the south of the sector, at the deep glen which was known as Village Negre, the German chose his first target. The lines were close together, lying over a hogback from each other and separated by shell shattered trees. At about midnight, on a morning early in May, a tremendous concussion was felt in the whole sector. The German had set loose a gas attack by projector, a sort of trench mortar that hurled a huge gas-filled bomb. He then sprayed the forward and rear positions of Village Negre with artillery and, finally, he sought, under cover of what he imagined to be the demoralization caused by this attack, to penetrate our front lines and gather in the garrison, which, he expected, would then have been rendered helpless by the gas he had set down. The violence and magnitude of the attack on this small area cannot be overstated. It broke loose with no preparation at a time when, owing to the nature of the night, a maximum number of troops were on duty. The gas was most powerful and included phosgene and arsenic, as well as mustard. The projectors

were installed without observation very close to our lines and fired accurately into our positions. The fumes from the bombs turned the leaves of such trees as were still able to show foliage from their spring green to an ashen white. The gas was so intense that when liberated near a man, the explosion blew his mask off and the man was suffocated. Nevertheless, the battalion of the 168th Infantry on duty was not demoralized; its gas discipline was above criticism. All who were not overcome and killed on the spot by the two great concussions that were hurled into them, manned the parapet and threw back the raiding troops without difficulty. However, a large number, nearly a hundred, were gassed, killed outright, without warning or chance to escape, by this projector assault. The effect on the survivors was very marked. A hatred and contempt for the German that beggars words grew up and the Cromwellian austerity with which the 168th Infantry fought its future battles was doubtless attributable in part to what the German attempted to do in May, as well as by what he attempted to do in March.

Airplanes at last took the air to spot the projectors that had done this job. Their emplacements were located, were explored by patrols, and found to be unoccupied. The battery of them was at least one hundred pieces strong and had been dug in in a long row very quickly and pulled out with an equal alacrity. However, it was not silenced. About ten days later, another reverberation, although not quite so strong, shook the sector. The target for this projector attack was again the 168th Infantry in those combat groups in front of Badonviller which had encountered the German thrust in March and which, owing to their forward position and isolation, peculiarly tempted the German. However, on this occasion, the gas itself did little damage despite the intensity and power of the attack. Under the cover of the gas wave, a strong assault by special troops was attempted. The garrison again met the German in front of or in its trenches, and put him entirely to rout. In hand-to-hand conflict, the American trench was filled with German dead and the special storm troops left numerous prisoners, mostly wounded, in our hands. The 168th Infantry had its first chance to avenge the Village Negre on that day, and from the sight of the scene, its vengeance was full and swift.

There was a great deal more accomplished in the Baccarat Sector than has here been stated.

Next month we shall complete the narration of the events of the Baccarat Sector and the move to the Champagne Sector.