

The Rainbow Reveille



Official Organ of the Rainbow Division Veterans



AN EDITOR—“*One who oversees the preparation, compilation, collection of material for publication.*”

How little the dictionary knows the facts. If the above were all the functions of those pushing “The Reveille”, the atmosphere would indeed be clarified.

One thing “The Reveille” must do! It must keep alive the Rainbow Spirit wherever it appears to be on the wane. This has received our sincere effort during the past year and is beginning to bear fruit. Some chapters, however, are still dead—very dead. We wonder why. If in or near the locality of one of these exanimate groups there is not one veteran who can write to “The Reveille” and so place his chapter on the Rainbow map, that chapter is indeed beyond the hope of resuscitation.

Yes, “The Reveille” has its troubles “carrying on”; but the functioning is more than worth the while because of the response throughout our Nation of those veterans who are keeping the Rainbow bright and are so constantly in touch with their fellows with whom they went through the greatest period in the history of the world.

WHAT THE ARTILLERY OF THE 42ND DIVISION DID WHEN NOT WITH THE INFANTRY

By Brig.-Gen. HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

Editor Army and Navy Journal

Due to our state of unpreparedness there were very few American Divisions in which the Infantry and Artillery habitually fought together. In some cases it is believed to be true that the Artillery of a division never saw its Infantry, but always fought with some other division. The case of the 33rd Division from Illinois is typical of the majority. The Artillery went to the French front, the Infantry went to the British front. They fought on these two different fronts throughout the greater part of their experience in France, and only were united a short while before the Armistice when the Infantry was brought to the French front near Verdun.

The 42nd Division was one of the few divisions in which the Infantry always had its own Artillery with it in all of its combats. However, due to the fact that in an attack the Artillery of two or three divisions is necessary to properly support the Infantry of one, the Artillery brigade of the 42nd Division frequently supported the Infantry of other divisions in combats during periods when the Rainbow Infantry was not in action.

The first time the Artillery of the 42nd Division was separated from the Infantry was upon arrival in France when the Infantry proceeded to training areas in Lorraine while the Artillery brigade was sent to Camp Coetquidan in the peninsula of Brittany. Coetquidan was originally established by Napoleon I as a training area for artillery. The country is quite hilly, partially wooded and partially open, and therefore furnishes the diversified ground so necessary for artillery training. Also the reservation was sufficiently large to permit of at least two brigades of artillery to fire problems simultaneously without interfering with each other. Coetquidan being a camp, the men and officers lived in barracks instead of being billeted in villages or towns. There were a few small villages near by. The nearest town was Rennes, the capital of Brittany, more than fifty kilometers away and therefore practically inaccessible from the point of view of furnishing amusement.

Incidentally, Coetquidan played a prominent part in the maneuvers of the French Army last Summer. These maneuvers for the first time undoubtedly since the Franco-Prussian War, and perhaps even for some period prior to that, were held on the sea coast and involved a problem in resisting a landing instead of being held on the German frontier as they had been for so many years.

When the Infantry of the Rainbow Division was

moved into the Luneville-Baccarat sector, the Artillery joined it, having come by rail from Coetquidan. The first night that any of the troops of the division went into the line each battery of artillery sent up one platoon of two guns to take the place of a French platoon which was withdrawn to make room. The next night the other platoon went into position, replacing the French platoon which had remained. The batteries stayed continuously in the line until the whole division came out, there being no system of reliefs for artillery. While the animals and the drivers were kept pretty well back, they had to take their share of the risk as they had to go to the battery positions with ammunition at night.

When the division took over the Baccarat sector, relieving the French division which had occupied it, the artillery went into position the first night and remained there until the division came out.

In the Champagne the artillery went in a night ahead of the infantry and in most, but not all, cases came out the night after the infantry had been taken out.

The artillery was moved from the Champagne to the Valley of the Marne between Meaux and La Ferté sous Jouarre by train. The various batteries, it takes a train for each battery, were dumped off at various small towns in and near the Valley of the Marne and, with few exceptions, at least a long day's march from the woods in which they were placed prior to going into action. While the artilleryman had an easier time than the infantryman in some cases, there were two things about which he always kicked. One was that the staff never hesitated to billet him in villages a long way from detraining and entraining points because considered as mounted troops. The cannoneer who walked the weary kilometers and frequently passed infantry going by in motor trucks, or saw them in the villages nearest the railways, always considered himself abused. The other kick was due to the fact that the staff always assigned the artillery all the poor, narrow, up-and-down hill, out of the way tortuous roads in order to leave the broad, short, wide, level highways for the infantry and trains, and as one cannoneer was heard to feelingly remark as he put his shoulder to a piece to boost it over a rock in the middle of a hilly road, "Above all, to prevent there being any chance of the damned staff officers in their Cadillacs being caught in a traffic jam."

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WHAT OF 1918?

Still quoting from Colonel Wolf's preliminary history of our division, we cover this month the period spent in the Champagne before our attack at Chateau Thierry.

CHAMPAGNE

In order to defeat the newly devised German form of attack, which consisted of infiltrating through organized positions, General Gouraud worked out a scheme by which he planned to break the entire shock of the German blow which he anticipated would be delivered by a superior number of troops and possibly supported by more artillery. It was to withdraw from those forward positions which the enemy would naturally plan to assault with the greatest forces, and on which he would, in preparation for this assault, put down his heaviest artillery blow; and in this way, the aggressive and brilliant French General reasoned, he would cause the force, probably the greatest and most brutal force of the German blow, to land in the void. To carry out this plan of defense, he ordered the front line positions, that were extremely strong and had been won at great cost and which the German would never suspect would be voluntarily given up, to be evacuated at the moment the German attack was launched. The withdrawal from the front positions having been properly effected at the last moment, the plan of General Gouraud was then to slaughter the enemy by artillery on the evacuated positions and to complete the slaughter by the infantry on the intermediate and second positions directly in the rear. It was a daring plan, which could only be carried out by great boldness on the part of the defending troops, by measures calculated to deceive the enemy, and lastly, by the establishment of signal groups who would stay in the front line, and even though surrounded and cut off, advise the artillery and infantry as to the progress of the enemy. In furtherance of this plan, the 42nd Division had at first placed its infantry brigades upon, and its artillery brigade along, the second position, but was later ordered to send elements forward to the intermediate position, where the full brunt of the German blow would be struck, after the abandoned first position had been passed. Accordingly, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 165th Infantry, the 3rd Battalion of the 166th Infantry, the 2nd Battalion of the 167th Infantry, and Companies E and F, 2nd Battalion, 168th Infantry, went forward to reinforce the two French Divisions on the intermediate position, the rest of the infantry of the Rainbow and the entire engineer regiment holding the second position. Thus, on a front of thirteen kilometers and of two French Divi-

sions, the Rainbow garrisoned for the defense one-third of the first line, on which General Gouraud planned to check the enemy, and the entire support line, and in addition, had a number of elements advanced forward to "sacrifice" stations in the front line position that was to be abandoned.

"FRANCOIS 570"

For an entire week, the suspense continued. Finally, on the 14th of July, the French National holiday, the 21st Army Corps, with whom the Rainbow was serving, called the 42nd Division to the telephone, gave it the signal—FRANCOIS 570—verified it, and said, "Good Luck!" This code signal meant that a general German attack on a wide front was expected to break, and was the order for all troops to take their battle posts and kill—and kill a-plenty—until the German had their fill. The suspense was broken. Troops who had been two nights on the alert of their posts and had borne the strain with indifference, were lolling in the patches of the woods or stretched at the bottom of the trenches for a heavy sleep. They were roused, covered with white dust that gave them an ashen and worn appearance. But they had but a few minutes more to wait. Shortly before midnight, the entire line started. Thousands of French guns broke the weeks of quiet and fired with an intensity that caused the atmosphere to shake with a constant rolling, unbroken sound. The deep roar of the heavy guns, smashing detonations of the middle calibers, and the bark of the 75's coalesced with the vibrating swishing note of the departing projectile. It was a hellish music. To its accompaniment, the stars were snuffed out and the skies turned in blotches and splashes and flashes to red, yellow and green. The surface of the earth was like a shaking table. Back of the line of the Monts there was a perfect ribbon of flame and, out of the void, where was the Montagne de Reims, the gun flashes loosed a matchless nocturnal rainbow. The 42nd Division, girdled by a semicircle of active guns, each firing its maximum rate, moved into a spectacle such as it never saw again. For ten minutes the French guns alone were firing, and, sharply on the break of midnight, the infernal intermingling of sounds that developed from our lines seemed suddenly to be silenced and a similar, wilder, and more violent one to rush from the Germans. All of the German guns had broken loose; they had broken loose according to schedule. At 10:45 on the evening of July 14th, we had been told by the French Corps that the German attack would come about 4:00 o'clock the next morning, and that his artillery

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By long-distance telephone, just as the Reveille went to press, came word from our President, recently returned from France, that General Gouraud, under whom we fought at Champagne, had accepted our invitation to take the trip from Paris in order to be present at our convention at Indianapolis in July. Our President went to Paris in order to formally confirm in person the written invitation which was published in these pages two months ago.

This acceptance is a real honor to the Rainbow. Such a great, internationally famous General as he, has, of course, received many similar invitations, all of which have been refused. Ours alone he accepts.

This added attraction for the Indianapolis convention reassures us all of an unusually successful gathering of Rainbows. Will you be there?

OHIO STATE REUNION OF 166TH INFANTRY

The 1923 reunion of the 166th Infantry from the state of Ohio will be held in Cincinnati, June 1-2-3. The convention committee, headed by R. L. Adams is right on the job and has already mailed the first convention literature to more than three thousand former members of the 166th Infantry. They promise that the first days in June, 1923 will never be forgotten by those who will attend this reunion of Colonel Hough's warriors. A very attractive program is being arranged by the committee, which will consist of Company reunions, a trip to the ball grounds where a National game will be seen, a rip roarin' banquet with theatrical features, and a parade headed by the famous 166th Infantry band.

It is specially requested that every former member of the 166th Infantry, or any other Rainbow, who wishes to attend the convention, and who is not receiving the convention literature, get in touch with Mr. Adams, addressing him at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, Ohio. He will be glad to answer any communications.

THE CONVENTION DRAWS NEAR. WATCH THE JUNE ISSUE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS

The Rainbow Veterans of Indianapolis have been preparing for the National Convention for some time but this announcement has never been made to the Association at large. More complete and detailed information will follow in the succeeding monthly issues of "The Reveille." The Indianapolis Chapter has sent us the following preliminary statement:

"First, you must again be informed as to the exact date of the Convention, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 14, 15 and 16.

"Second, come prepared to be shown what real Hoosier Hospitality' can be given to visitors such as belong to The Rainbow Division.

"Now to begin with the following members are the officers of the Indianapolis Chapter, Rainbow Division Veterans:

President, Byron C. Young,
Vice-President, Orla Archey,
Secretary, Garrett W. Olds,
Treasurer, Harold E. Cook.

The following members have been appointed as chairmen of the various committees:

JUDGE SIDNEY S. MILLER, *General Chairman.*

Reception—Paul W. Mullikin,
Transportation—Byron C. Young.
Parade—Solon J. Carter,
Decoration—Judge Delbert O. Wilmeth,
Liaison—Paul W. Fechtman,
Finance—Dan I. Glossbrenner.

At the present time some of the things arranged for the delegates are: Races at the Speedway, boxing, trips about the city, trip to Camp Knox during National Guard Encampment and the full military equipment parade to be given by the soldiers stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison. Indianapolis is proud to have such a Post as Fort Harrison, which is so closely located to the city.

The sight seeing trip about the city will be of interest to the visitors. The transportation committee has this task about completed and states that every visitor will be seated to view everything and comfortably taken care of in every respect.

The General Chairman is trying to make the Convention as inexpensive to the Rainbow members as possible and in the next issue the members will be informed at what hotels accommodations can be reasonably given and where the headquarters for the Convention will be located.

Indianapolis is on the job. Everyone is guaranteed a royal time. Next month a complete outline of plans and events will be published in these sheets.

AMERICA AGAIN**By R. L. Adams, Cincinnati Chapter**

The heavy fog which had settled over the sea at nightfall cleared away during the early morning hours, and when we awoke a very high and cold wind was sweeping the sea.

The card and crap games which, throughout the previous days of our voyage had held full sway on the decks of the giant Leviathan, had ceased; not because it was too cold and windy to stay on deck, but because those thousands of veterans were waiting in the almost breathless eagerness for the first appearance of their native shores which they had watched gradually sink into the mighty Atlantic eighteen months before.

The spasmodic yells and wild peals of laughter which arose from the midst of those hilarious groups of crap-shooters when some genius threw a lucky "seven," were heard no more, and the broad, wind swept decks were as quiet as a graveyard save for the sharp cry of the wind as it raced through the rigging and the soft, drowsy purr of the engines far below.

Occasionally a husky sailor emerged from a hatchway and strode across the deserted deck to secure some flying rope end or fetch a forgotten coil, his ample trouser legs beating about his ankles as if determined to free themselves, while his tiny, white hat paid no heed whatever to the tugging wind. Now and then a seasoned doughboy with the story of Chateau Thierry or the Argonne plainly visible on his face, walked to the extreme bow of the ship and steadying himself against the iron railing looked wistfully into the mists of the western horizon for the land of his dreams.

Toward noon the wind had subsided to the extent that we were able to stay on deck for short periods and strain our eyes until they fairly ached, searching the horizon for the first appearance of American shores. As we steamed full speed ahead still scanning the expanse of the ocean, gradually, almost mystically, as though the purple mists which hung low over the western horizon were materializing into land formations, the dim outlines of America, scarcely discernible in the haze, appeared above the surface of the sea.

Wild cheers arose from the decks of the Leviathan, bringing those who were still below rushing to the decks to join in our ecstasy.

A thrill of supreme joy pervaded me as we steamed nearer and nearer, and the misty forms in the distance assumed familiar shapes of low hills and valleys of the American shoreline. The purple and blue mists blended into gray and vanished, the wind died away to a breeze, and the heavy, April clouds began to break up and float away allowing splotches of golden sunlight to add their warmth and glory to the scene.

Friendly buoys, riding the waves as gracefully as though their years of experience had taught them how, now appeared on either side, guarding lest we go astray. A small, dark gray vessel just starting on her long voyage to some foreign shore, passed on our starboard side too far away for us to recognize her flag. We wondered if she were not sailing away to return someday with her cargo of soldiers.

As we entered the wide mouth of the Hudson we saw the dark forms of many vessels anchored promiscuously farther up the river; stately battle ships now lying peacefully at anchor, gray, old transports sending up thin lines of black smoke assuring us that there was still some form of life within the dark mass of sombre steel, and between and around these mighty vessels darted tugs and smaller craft of every description.

Soon after we entered the harbor a pretty, white ferry approached us and as it came nearer we saw a long white banner stretched alongside from bow to stern bearing the message "Ohio Welcomes Her Boys." Wild cheers arose from our decks, not only from the Ohio boys but also from their comrades who rejoiced with them, and as each prolonged cheer died away on the water, another louder and longer succeeded it until the mighty ship seemed to quiver from the vibrations of human voices. The little white boat far below us responded to our cheers, and though the response of those few hundreds was but a sigh after the last echo of the voices of eleven thousand soldiers had died away, we knew they were doing their best.

The little mass of fluttering handkerchiefs, waving hats and streaming flags glided slowly past and turning, trailed after us. Many other boats of welcome carrying loved ones from many states came out to welcome their boys; all we could do was cheer.

Shortly after five o'clock we steamed slowly past the Statue of Liberty; the eight bands on board playing "Home Sweet Home" and the brisk April breeze carrying the strains of music, the cheers of men and the boom of cannon mingled down the harbor and out to the restless ocean waves.

Every soldier and officer from D. deck to the bridge, from bow to stern and even those clinging to the masts and derricks, clapped their hands and waved handkerchiefs and cheered as long as they had breath. Tears of joy flowed full and free on the mighty vessel and as we passed beneath the towering arm of the Goddess, she seemed to look down and smile upon her returning children who had added another illustrious victory to her name.

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preparation would start at midnight; that this had been gained from prisoners taken in the very front lines, taken but a few minutes before, and that the French artillery would begin its counter-preparation

at the very earliest moment. Every syllable of this message had proven to be correct. In the many instances of valor that this great battle afforded, the flashing raid led by the French Lieutenant into the teeth of the German position after dark on the evening of the 14th of July by which he gathered up and brought back at top speed to his lines a large number of prisoners from the assaulting troops, who gave the exact information as to when the enemy's artillery preparation would start and his assault begin, stands out as one of the most brilliant and certainly most valuable. And the premature launching of the Allied artillery preparation which this information afforded caused a carnage to the enemy that will long remain unknown. With absolute accuracy, the artillery had thrown their metal far into the German lines and then brought it down forward to the abandoned lines in such a way as to catch the fresh troops that had been brought in for the assault in their assembly positions.

Attending this immense volume of artillery, in which the freaks of acoustics seemed to indicate a numerical superiority of the enemy, myriad rockets of all colors rose and fell while flares of every type sent out blinding and wavering plans of light. It was often so bright that one could read as though by day. Overhead was the sound of shells racing in both directions and along the lines and along the roads, and back in the towns were the spurts of light and the geysers of smoke that marked the end of their trajectories. The highroad from Suippes to Chalons was in a mist of powder that hung among the great trees lining it; in Vadenay, Bouy, La Cheppe and St. Remy-sur-Bussy, fires had shot up and a black nimbus hung as though each were Pompeii and each doomed. Dumps, like great pyres, were burning in every direction, barracks and hutments were in flames, draft animals, surviving the destruction of their hitch, dashing maddened through the plain, fell from the wounds they had suffered. The white, dusty scene was slashed into a spectrum of color through which the mouths of many furnaces of conflagration showed the ugly teeth of the gutted works of man. For four hours this kept up and the transformation that these minutes worked is beyond the conception of the single mind. Along the roads, ammunition boxes were tumbled in irregular piles, men lay dismembered. Animals lay across the trails and most important roads, passed over and plowed through by the hard-ribbon caisson and ammunition columns. The German preparation answered no rule. On the right of our sector, it went deep into the camps of reserves back of the second position, and searched out the draws for trench and other artillery. Towards the rear, it raked the roads and made the trails that were built for detours under these identical conditions a most welcome refuge.

On the Monts, there was a prairie fire of bursting shells and lastly, on the front line position, the pro-

jectiles rained, and rained, and rained—into the void. Breaking dawn carried with it the very tints and flashes that this wild night had shown, and day pulled across the landscape as unannounced, unobserved, and as silently as the European express train to its platform. This day was to hold the future of France and perhaps the civilized world.

Hardly was it light than the hitherto uninterrupted intensity of the roar of the German guns was augmented to high straining howling notes. The rolling barrage was launched at 4:15 A. M., and from behind it, those German troops which had not been caught in the brilliant handling of the French artillery, moved forward in wave after wave to the attack. Again the French artillery, and with it our own artillery, came down, and for a steady hour, with its sound, rolled high over that of the Germans. Enemy shells came in as though from aeroplanes. The German guns, not firing in the barrage, attended to the abandoned front and intermediate positions with their fire confined within an area of barely three kilometers in depth designed to obliterate the garrison and, so far as the few survivors were concerned, to shake their nerves assunder. On came the German waves and into the trenches of the front line. Up went the rockets of the signal group, and had it not been for the volume of other sound, the click of their automatic rifles in self-defense and against the engulfing would have been heard. The fight was bitter and violent, defending machine guns were cracking on a field of targets, and yet the German pushed on. The outpost position from the Monts to the Main de Messiges was in his hands by design of the French and with the greatest cost to the German. Halting but a moment and reforming, the machinery of the assault was again under way; now it was a different story. In some way, the garrison on the intermediate positions although bearing heavy casualties had weathered the storm of the artillery of the enemy. On them, closer and closer came the waves, and of a sudden, fifty, a hundred, yea, five hundred groups of combat loosed at close range their small arms fire and light artillery (75's), from which no concealment was possible for the German.

The surging waves shivered and broke backward on the impregnable breakwater of the infantry. At this impact, the force of the German assault started to spend itself. The lines of attack were halted in disorder, shattered, gashed by hand-to-hand combat and slaughtered by artillery in the abandoned positions and by infantry on the defended positions. Recoiling from the defense, the German tried to work around the points of resistance. The Catalonic plains were not to be penetrated. Again and again the assault was renewed, but each time it was less. There was a hopelessness in the last few efforts, and then it stopped. The intermediate position stood on the front of the 21st Army Corps with the exception of two small points on the extreme right in the sec-

tor of the 43rd French Division into which the German had succeeded in penetrating by help of the broken terrain, and from these points he was shortly thereafter ejected. The German Army, which by 10:00 o'clock had figured on being through the second position along the road from Suippes to Chalons, had taken with terrible loss just that which General Gouraud was willing to concede them. On our left, the enemy held the Monts, on our front they held the abandoned outpost lines, and on our right they were being thrown back where they had gained temporary foothold north of Perthes-lez-Hurlus. After ten hours, the infantry attacks died out, the artillery fire continuing with high intensity. The battle was at an end.

On this front where the Rainbow was entwined with the 170th and 13th French Divisions, the 1st German Division, the 4th Prussian Guard Cavalry Division (dismounted), the 2nd and 1st Bavarian Divisions, from left to right in the first line, and the 72nd Reserve and 30th German divisions, from left to right, in the second line, fell in disaster and defeat. It is the pride of the Rainbow that it was present at the heart of the German assault and that it helped drive into the breast of this powerful effort the death blow.

In the June issue we shall quote from Colonel Wolf's account of our move from Champagne to Chateau-Thierry.

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Immediately the artillery, the latter part of July, arrived in the woods amongst the hills to the West of Chateau-Thierry, reconnoissance was made for the purpose of going in in support of the 26th Division, then engaged just across the Chateau-Thierry-Soisson highway. The majority of the artillery was turned out to go in the line, only on several occasions to have the order changed at the last moment, with the result that three reconnoissances had been performed before the batteries finally entered the line the night before the fight to cross the Ourcq really began.

When the infantry of the Division was relieved by the infantry of the 4th Division, after the heights above the Ourcq had been captured, the artillery remained and advanced with the Fourth Division to the Vesle River. Here they participated in the various combats during which the 4th Division attempted to cross the Vesle.

The infantry of the 4th Division was finally relieved the night of August 11 by the infantry of the 77th Division. This same night the artillery of the 42nd Division was relieved and proceeded by marching back to the Ourcq and across the Ourcq to the Valley of the Marne near La Ferte-Sous Jouarre. The one night and with few exceptions two days march from the Vesle back across the various battle-

fields where the dead in many cases still remained unburied and the flies were as bad as they had been on the Vesle—which is saying a good deal—was one of those periods which probably will remain most fixed in the minds of the men and officers, then utterly exhausted, having been continuously in action from July 25 to August 11.

The several days spent in the Valley of the Marne waiting for trains will always be remembered, not only because the woods and villages were untouched by war and the weather was beautiful, but also because most of the men and officers had their first opportunity to visit Paris, a short but extremely crowded and never to be forgotten visit.

The artillery, like the infantry, was sent to the rest area so-called, East of Chaumont. After a very short period the artillery with the infantry started the long march which only terminated in the Bois de la Reine, just back of Seicheprey in the San Mihiel salient. One night during one of the typical marches over a hilly side road, one cannoneer was heard to ask another, "Why in Hell did they bring us to Southern France by train if they didn't intend to leave us there?" The reply was, "They didn't have time to march us that far down and back again, so they had to at least take us down by train."

During the few days prior to the attack, the artillery besides making its reconnoissance had to prepare battery positions either in whole or in part and also engage in that hard, disagreeable work of getting the ammunition up and in its proper place. 75's can speak rapidly, but few people who have not been in the artillery realize the immense amount of work necessary to keep its voracious appetite for ammunition supplied. The lot of the driver who has to feed, water and groom his animals and keep his harness in shape during the day and then spend the nights going long distances for ammunition which has to be brought up over shelled-roads and difficult grounds to battery positions in the dark, is not an enviable one. Also, there are occasions in heavy actions where it is necessary to bring up ammunition by daylight. This generally means that it can only be accomplished by sneaking in a caisson at a time.

Probably half the batteries followed close behind the infantry and were able to be in a position to support them at the end of the first day of the San Mihiel attack. The rest of the batteries got caught in the terrific road jam and only caught up the next day. During the time that the Division was in the San Mihiel salient, the artillery was, as usual, continuously in line.

The night of the 30th of September, the artillery came out of the line. The next night they started the march which took them up over the Meuse Heights, across the Meuse River to the road used during the Battle of Verdun, called the "Sacred Way" and then to the woods above Dombasle.

From these small woods, the artillery marched through Avocourt into the same badly mused up Montfaucon Woods occupied by the infantry. They had no sooner gotten into this tangle of broken trees, barbed wire, old trenches and shell holes, than orders came for the various commanding officers to report to the chief of artillery of the Third Division, whose P. C. was established on Montfaucon. It was almost dark by the time Montfaucon was reached, with the result that the original intention of putting the artillery in that night was postponed until the next night in order to give an opportunity for making a reconnaissance. It was midnight by the time the colonels, with those staff officers whom they had taken with them, got back to the woods. The next morning early the colonels with their captains and the various officers and enlisted men ~~always taken on reconnaissance~~ went to the right front of Montfaucon and picked out battery positions. Our line at that time was held up by the Germans. The ground to the front and right front of Montfaucon bore ample evidence of the fighting which had taken place and of the fact that some of the troops in action for the first time, not taking proper precautions, had been caught by the German shell fire and well punished.

The reconnaissance was completed late in the afternoon and the batteries started at dusk for their positions. After they were all en route, orders were suddenly received changing the Division to be supported from the 3rd Division to the 32nd Division, which was to the left front of Montfaucon. Fortunately, the battery positions having been placed well forward in order to support an advance, it was possible to get the fires demanded by the 32nd Division without changing to new positions. Had this not been so, the difficulty and confusion of trying to establish a new telephone liaison system and the finding of new battery positions at night and getting the batteries switched over to them can easily be imagined.

In the following days, the necessary batteries were moved to new positions. The night of October 10 word was received that the artillery would be withdrawn that night. However, the order did not come until late the next day. When it did come, it contained a paragraph that no battery would be moved until after midnight, apparently for fear of some move on the part of the Germans. The rendezvous positions for the regiments were given at various points near the crossroads of the Bois de Montfaucon, where the artillery and infantry had been together. The first of the batteries commenced to reach these positions shortly after dawn. The colonels were sent for, were told that the infantry of the 42nd Division had relieved the infantry of the 1st Division the night just past, that the artillery would make its reconnaissance that day and go in the line the same night.

Due to having to remain in the line until midnight, many of the batteries did not reach their rendezvous point until well after daylight. It was only human to think that as long as they had come out of the line, they were going to have at least a day's rest. The expression on the faces of the utterly worn out officers and men when told that immediately after they had swallowed some breakfast they would start out on a reconnaissance in order that the batteries might go in the same night, is one of the most indelible impressions of the war.

The information given by the artillery of the 1st Division, plus the experiences passed through during the reconnaissance demonstrated very clearly the disagreeable position in which the Division was placed and from which it was to attack. The artillery like the infantry will never forget the few days following October 12.

When the 84th Brigade was withdrawn from the line, the 83rd taking over the whole front, the artillery remained in position. The artillery brigade, with the brigade of the 2nd and 1st Division, had their missions in the attack made by the 2nd Division the first of November. This day, like the 15th of July in the Champagne, will always stand out in the memory of the artillery, because of the large number of rounds fired, the average for both days being, I believe, over twenty thousand rounds per regiment of 75's.

The day after the attack, the artillery brigade rejoined the Division with which it remained until the return to the United States and muster out.

The infantry is, and undoubtedly will always remain, the backbone of all armies. The French express it well when they call it the "Queen of Battles." No true artilleryman but who will concede this to be true; no true artilleryman can do other than to strive his utmost to help his own infantry, either in attack or defense, by putting the maximum fire at the right time where it will do the most damage from the infantryman's point of view. The infantryman should appreciate the greater physical labor habitually demanded from the artilleryman and the fact that while his losses are generally not as high proportionately or as suddenly incurred, the artilleryman passes many more hours continuously on the battlefield and subjected to the strain inevitable from being there. Also, in so-called quiet sectors and on the quietest days on any front, the batteries are subjected to the greater part of the shelling which goes on.

The work of each is hard and dangerous. Success can only come from a just understanding of and sympathy for the difficulties and limitations of each by the other. This lends that perfect unity of action which begets strength.

No artilleryman can have a greater reward than to have his infantry express their confidence and belief in the support which he gives.