

The Rainbow Reveille

DES MOINES, IOWA
DECEMBER, 1926



VOLUME VI
NO. 2

A publication devoted to the interest of the Rainbows, from Coast to Coast

"SOLDIERS OF TIN"

(The following story is the first of a series of stories to be taken from regimental histories. Such changes or eliminations made from the original versions are made not with the thought that the original will be improved upon, but that a complete story may be carried in each issue. The material for this story is taken from Taber's History of the 168th Infantry.—Editor.)

AFTER dark, a long, sinuous line of covered trucks drew up in a cloud of dust at the three stations of the regiment. Solemn, rotund, heavy-bundled, impassive Buddhas peered out from the driver's seat of each vehicle. With one accord, and without any apparent provocation, they dismounted, jabbering, gesticulating. This was our introduction to France's yellow-skinned colonial troops, the Annamese.

After loading the extra supplies of ammunition and food, and the machine guns and their ammunition, and craning between twenty and thirty men into each camion, the regiment was soon ready to move, and by midnight the last of the regiment had set out on their most fateful journey.

It was soon discovered that motor transportation in the army does not come under the head of "luxury." The space not occupied by solid flesh was quickly filled with the heavy fumes from the exhaust and the thick dust of the road. Careening around corners like

crazy ships, bouncing along an uneven track, stopping with neck-snapping abruptness, and resuming the mad race with equal unexpectedness, the Annamite drivers urged their machines on through the night as if conscious of the new force and energy which they were conveying to the crucial point on the battle front. For a while the vocal artists and punsters competed with the rhythmic jar of the road, the men dropped off to sleep, and soon nothing could be heard but the steady pound of the motor—not even the dull portentous rumbling that increased in volume as they sped on in the darkness.

Shortly after dawn the head of the train bumped around the corner of the main street of a battered village and halted. Stiff, and sleepy-eyed, the men piled out to view an extraordinary sight—the village of Epieds, from which the enemy had been driven but the day before. Scarred and crumbling walls, from which thin wisps of smoke still issued, spoke eloquently of the conflict. An abandoned German howitzer, a most satisfactory proof of the hasty departure of the Boche, lay overturned by the roadside, and the mounds of ammunition, scores of clumsy helmets, and every manner of enemy equipment that was strewn about the streets admitted further that he had not retreated in the best of order. Shells were dropping

The National Officers wish to extend their
Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a
Bright and Prosperous New Year
to all the members of the
Rainbow Division Veterans

in a field a few hundred yards away; above, a group of airplanes, surrounded by fluffy bursts of shrapnel, were darting at each other; and to the front, smoke and shots of flame from exploding shells completed a picture that for fantastic unreality rivalled the most vivid chromo of Civil War time.

A few kilometers ahead, in the Forêt de Fere, the lines were deadlocked. The Yankee Division, during days of fighting, had forced the enemy out of Epieds and Trugny into the dense woods where they were holding when the Rainbow came up to relieve them. Their losses had been enormous, and they were at the end of their endurance.

Orders to proceed to a position in the forest came from Brigade Headquarters which, along with the first aid station that was already caring for patients, had been established in the village.

If there were any illusions as to the nature of the task that was in store for the regiment, all that was necessary to dispel them was a glance at the fields round about. Shell holes, twisted rifles, crusted bayonets, machine guns with half-emptied cartridge belts, and Germans—dead Germans—beside them, littered the trampled wheat. And every few yards, in the open stretch or before the hedges that had screened an enemy nest, were crumpled khaki forms pitched on their faces, their hands gripping rifle stocks in the vise of death. This was the sight that greeted the men as they moved forward to battle. In making a relief there is nothing so destructive to morale as to come upon the bodies of dead comrades; it makes one think, and thinking is bad, even for soldiers who have schooled themselves to look upon death as the common fate of all.

By noon the regiment was under cover of trees in the Bois de Fary, and orders were given to dig in, as the increasing action of the nearby friendly artillery was likely at any moment to bring down upon it a hostile bombardment. Even then shells were breaking within danger distance. Between intermittent showers, enemy aircraft hovered low, seeking alike battery and infantry positions, thus making it doubly necessary for all to keep out of sight and under cover.

Guides, supposedly familiar with the terrain, led the First Battalion forward to the relief of the firing line as darkness settled down on the lines. The relief was hardly completed when Colonel Bennett was notified by the Brigade Commander, that the troops which the

First Battalion had relieved had wandered entirely outside of the 26th Division's sector, and that those in the actual sector assigned were straggling back without waiting for relief. This mix-up created a serious gap between the front of the 167th and 168th.

It was so dark that one could scarcely see his hand before his face—even in the daytime it was hard enough to maintain liaison in the dense and tangled brush. To increase the difficulty, the Boche had unclashed a punishing fire of large caliber over the entire area. It was out of the question to move the First Battalion, and it would have been equally confusing to send up the Third. The matter was settled by covering the gap with outposts from the Second Battalion, and just before dawn E and F Companies moved to the positions indicated by the order.

Throughout the night the enemy continued to rake the woods with shrapnel and high explosive. The roaring guns, the flashing bursts, the frequent gas alarms, intermittent showers, a chilling wind, and lack of shelter combined to make it a night of pure misery. Every battalion was suffering from the bombardment. Never was daybreak more anxiously awaited.

The day of the 26th of July is one that is written red on the records of the regiment. All who welcomed the dawn were not present that night when taps were sounded by the whistling shrapnel on the bloody field that stretched before La Croix Rouge Farm.

It was a cloudy, heavy day, unfavorable for aerial observation, but the Boche maintained a violent fire on localities where he suspected the assemblage of troops. There were huge stores of ammunition in the Chateau-Thierry pocket which the enemy could not remove in time, so he threw in our direction all of it that his guns would take.

The Second Battalion was now holding the regimental front, the position to which the guides should have directed the First Battalion the night before. The line faced in a northeasterly direction, with its line of assault a few hundred yards south of the opening in the woods which directly faced the Croix Rouge Farm.

The men of the regiment knew an attack was impending, but they were going about their various tasks with the resolute calmness that was to support them in the trying days to follow.

An order for an advance at two o'clock was cancelled when it was learned that the French on the right

were not to advance until 4:50, and further delayed when informed that they were to advance to the road running southeast from the Farm and then make a turning movement to the left. Our orders were to advance straight past the Croix Rouge Farm and into the woods beyond.

If the French proceeded with their contemplated move, and the Americans followed their instructions, the Boche could sit back and rest while the two Allies finished each other off with their cross fire, as the turning movement by the French pivoting on the point where the road from the Farm entered the woods would bring them facing west, enfilading our advance.

As the two regiments were operating in different corps, it would have been impossible to adjust the matter by recourse to the higher authorities, so it was arranged between Major Stanley and the French major that in case the turning movement was a success the Americans would halt on the first objective, the Croix Rouge-Le Charnel road.

These postponements were heartbreaking, for ever since half past two, when the Allied Artillery opened up, the unprotected troops had been harried by an invisible enemy. It was raining, and the dripping green woods were heavy with the smoke of bursting shells and the mist of toxic gases. Great shells were snapping full grown trees like match wood, and ploughing up the damp fragrant earth. Threatened not alone by steel and gas, but falling limbs and flying splinters as well, the men prayed for the signal that was to send them into action. Every moment their casualties were increasing, and they were accomplishing nothing. Twice they had been keyed up for the attack, and twice they had been let down. And now, if there was to be any attack at all on the afternoon of the 26th, there was no time to be lost.

At twelve minutes after five Captain Ross, the Regimental Operations officer, arrived breathless at the P. C. of Major Stanley. With him he had the order which was finally to control the action. He had made superhuman efforts to get it to the line but thick mud, slippery paths, and bursting shells, all held him back, and it was over twenty minutes past the time for the jump-off when he arrived.

The order was rapidly read off to the four company commanders who were assembled at the P. C. and all started at once for their positions.

To properly understand their problem, it is necessary to appreciate the

nature of the terrain over which they were to operate. Before them, in the center of a rectangular clearing four-fifths of a kilometer in width and twice as long, with a narrow vent leading northward, stood a grim cluster of low stone buildings known as the Croix Rouge Farm. Rising from the midst of fields of bronzed wheat on the up slope of a gently undulating prairie, it commanded the low stretch to the south edge of the woods and formed a natural stronghold from which to resist a frontal attack. A road running southeast, hedged in on either side by clumps of bushes and small trees, was the objective. This road, as well as the north, east and west edges of the woods, was lined with machine guns, and afforded the enemy cover from which to fire upon the advancing flanks.

In response to the shrill blasts of officers whistles, the assault companies, bayonets fixed, jaws set, moved forward in faultless formation to the attack. The Boche artillery, active before, now fairly tore up the woods behind them and played havoc with the supporting companies. The line of combat groups advancing over the open field were protected for a short distance by the rising slope, but the instant the low-lying Boche caught sight of their helmets, a murderous fire from half a hundred concealed guns swept upon them, tearing great gaps in their ranks. No order was necessary. In a second they were flat on the ground, formed into a skirmish line, and replying to the fire, although they could not see the enemy. The air was a tumult of shell crashes, shouted commands, snapping bullets, crackle of machine guns, and calls for stretcher bearers. There was no faltering in the face of the deadly blasts. The everthinning line, more by crawling than by rushing, slowly gained ground toward its objective—the road. They had eyes for no other object, not even the mounting toll of dead and wounded that dotted the field behind them, nor for the gallant progress of their Alabama brothers on the left. The road was their goal, and its capture their only salvation.

Slowly, irrepressible as the rising tide, the jagged line advanced. Suddenly the firing from the road ceased, and Boche machine gunners were racing for their lives across the clearing. But only a few attained the safety of the woods. What a cheer went up! The first objective had been taken. The road was ours.

The machine guns in the opposite woods continued to give trouble, and

(Continued on page eight)

The Rainbow Reveille

HEADQUARTERS

Room 20, City Hall, Des Moines, Iowa	
General Henri J. E. Gouraud.....	France
Honorary President	
Howard G. Smith.....	168th Infantry
President	
Joseph Justad.....	151st Artillery
1st Vice President	
Burton W. Spiegle.....	166th Infantry
2nd Vice President	
Joseph J. O'Meara.....	149th Artillery
3rd Vice President	
David Norwood.....	167th Infantry
4th Vice President	
Francis P. Duffy.....	165th Infantry
Chaplain	
F. L. Williams.....	Treasurer
Cortez Souter.....	Secretary
Room 20, City Hall, Des Moines, Iowa	

We, the members of the Rainbow (42nd) Division, in order to perpetuate that spirit of comradeship which has been the greatest single factor in the success of the Division and, in order to continue unbroken that spirit of fraternal friendship which has always manifested itself throughout our activities, and to perpetuate the sacred memory of our valiant dead, do establish the Rainbow Division Veterans.

THE change in size of the Reveille that will be noted in this issue is made to permit the publication of the Reveille each month, yet keeping the total expense during the year within that of previous years.

It is hoped that the more frequent issues made possible by this change will enable more closer contact being maintained between the chapters during the period of time between Reunion dates.

The Reveille is your publication and your ideas and criticisms are necessary to its success. It is our aim to publish that which is of interest to all Rainbow-bowers and in order to do this we must have your opinions.

DO YOU remember when the Rainbow rested a few short days along the Marne following the relief from action north and west of Chateau-Thierry? The following article taken from "Ohio in the Rainbow" brings back in memory those first few nights after our relief.

"It was so quiet in Charley that first night that one officer returning from regimental headquarters in town to his company camp in an open field, was surprised to come upon about fifteen men under a hedge near the road garbed only in underclothing, conversing in low tones, and indulging in smokes carefully concealed beneath a blanket.

"Pausing at the sound of voices, the officer heard one man remark, 'Ain't it Hell? They ain't been a sound for

three hours except that damned mule hee-hawin'. If a battery don't cut loose somewhere pretty soon I reckon I'll stay awake all night."

"A buddy replied, 'This man's army don't know how to rest. We been fighting so long that we can't quit all of a sudden. It's like cigarettes or booze—you got to quit slow, and here they stop us short after about five months. We'll get used to it in time, but this night sure is Hell. I can't sleep with that mule making such a racket.'"

ARMISTICE DAY

The camouflage is gone,
The barb wire's taken down,
And houses stand in bold array
Along the streets where ruins lay,
In the war torn town.

The dug-out is caved in,
The trench is plowed away,
Beside the road, the old Abri,
All hid away beneath the tree
Is fallen in decay.

The listening posts are gone
Neath furrows of the plow,
Within the woodland's leafy bower,
Where stood the observation tower,
Is empty forest now.

The fields of war are lost
Among the hillsides fair,
The battlefields where we dug in
On gains our comrades died to win
Are only wheat fields there.

The front line's disappeared,
There's nothing there today,
And No Man's Land, bought in the
drives,
At price per yard, ten thousand lives,
Is only common clay.

And war's great days are gone,
Except its day to cease,
There's left no anniversary great,
No wondrous day to celebrate,
Except the Day of Peace.

Armistice day we love,
No other war time day,
For we were glad the war was won,
But gladder far that it was done,
So we could get away.

The Lord who rules on high,
And bids the battles cease,
Has taught us war's an empty show,
The only thing worth while, we know,
Is His beloved Peace.

Alexander Chisholm.

Show your colors—Wear the Rainbow
Lapel Button.

With the Chapters

The change in the Reveille and the publishing of an issue each month will mean that NEWS is wanted promptly. Anything of interest to Rainbowers is news to the Reveille and we need your help.

In order that this change be a success it will be necessary that material for publication be sent in by all chapters for each issue. Each chapter should be represented with news each month.

ALABAMA

(Joseph M. Simpson, Secretary, Mortimer H. Jordan Chapter, Old Post Office Building, Birmingham, Alabama.)

The first issue of "The Rainbow Communique," a monthly publication of the Mortimer H. Jordan Chapter has made its appearance at National Headquarters. It is a worthy companion of "The Rainbow Barrage," "Snow," and "The Ohio Rainbow Reveille." The editors are to be congratulated on their initial issue and we wish them great success.

(The membership drive now on with Mortimer H. Jordan Chapter is bringing results. The "Communique" mentions that they have some "high powered" F-1 grenades to blast out those who they have been unable to get out of their "Dug-Outs" before. From the smile on the National Treasurer's face the ammunition being used is "real stuff.")

Officers of the chapter elected for the ensuing year are: James A. Webb, President; A. R. Allen, Vice President; Owen F. Beeder, Historian; and Jos. M. Simpson, Secretary and Treasurer.

Annual "Chow" Party was held Armistice night and the "Ration Detail" functioned in a manner that exceeded all expectations.

Col. Walter E. Bare was promoted to Brigadier General in command of the 62nd Infantry Brigade, 31st Inf. Division.

George A. Glen on August 23, was promoted to Colonel commanding the 167th Infantry, Alabama National Guard. Col. Glenn enlisted as a private in 1916 and went overseas with the 167th as a 1st Lieutenant, being promoted to Captain and later Major.

CALIFORNIA

(Alexander Chisholm, Room 3, City Hall, Los Angeles, California.)

The Rainbow Veterans Luncheon Club of Los Angeles meets every Thursday

at 12:15 P. M. in the Men's Grill room of the Garden Cafe, on the eighth floor of the Broadway Department store building at Fourth and Broadway.

This cafe is a rendezvous for many dining clubs, various American Legion clubs have been meeting there for some time. As soon as we get enough steady going members, we can have a private room, so, any time you are down town on Thursdays, drop in for luncheon at the Garden Grill, and bring your gang with you. The club is absolutely informal, no officers, no dues, and no rules of order.

This club was discovered by LeRoy Dawson, President of the Arnama Club, Ex-President of Southern California Chapter Rainbow Veterans and who was, according to the Congressional Record, the most wounded soldier in the A. E. F., so it ought to be good.

Come and get the habit, wear the button, and bring a buddy.

* * * *

Remember the good old days when the infantry used to send over a detail to help the Engineers patch up the battle field? This little wartime habit has been revived. We 117th Engineers here in Los Angeles have just received from the National Secretary a list of over fifty names of men of the 168th Infantry who are now in California. We don't know if they are all A. W. O. L. or not, but anyway the Secretary back in Des Moines said to grab them for duty. This will make a nice little detail, however, if that many Iowa guys ever get together, they will probably get ahead of us and go over the top and have an Iowa post here in California.

NEW YORK

(Rainbow Division Veterans, 68 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.)

The M. O. B., in its dispensation of what proved to be the most acceptable hospitality during the Convention, did a good job. About forty of the men contributed to the expenses connected with its reception room. They set out to act as informal and unofficial hosts to every out-of-towner who was inclined to be entertained by them and as far as can be learned, no one was missed.

Arthur Cunningham, past national secretary is in France and to add to the mystery—George Sicklick has again slipped out of New York bound for Eu-

rope. (We join with you, Jack, in asking that George visit Norway, as to the possibility of their meeting at Cafe de la Paix—just make mine the same.)

The postponement of the Annual Entertainment and Ball was mainly due to the fact that the plans would have interfered with arrangements for the Convention. The present plan is to hold it some night between January 1st and the beginning of Lent.

WISCONSIN

(John E. Hantschel, 232 E. Fremont Street, Appleton, Wis.)

Meeting was held by the chapter on October 25th at the Armory which was attended by 42 members. As usual at a Rainbow gathering "remember when" was heard from all sides.

A committee was appointed to make plans for the annual banquet and dancing party to be held the latter part of November.

Several letters from out of town members were read. (This is worthy of mention to all you fellows who are far from your old gang—they want to know what you are doing—how you keep out of jail or any other news of yourself.)

A number of the members got together at a dinner on Armistice Day and "Armistice Day of 1918" was the main topic up for discussion.

OHIO

(C. D. McCoy, Secretary, Library Building, Columbus, Ohio.)

The new fiscal year for Ohio has commenced with a "Bang" as one hundred new members were enrolled at the reunion held at Marion which was attended by 550 men and 225 ladies. (Either half of the fellows were A. W. O. I. or else—we will leave the solving of this problem to the Intelligence Section.)

Officers elected for the coming year at the Marion reunion were George M. Ward, President; Frank C. Radcliff, Vice President; Donald Swepston, 2nd Vice President; J. J. Halliday, Chaplain, C. D. McCoy, Secretary and Treasurer.

A revised mailing list has been obtained from the Adjutant General's office, and effected through the distribution of the Histories. It is thought that a greater number of men may now be reached than ever before. All former members of the 166th Infantry that wish to secure the address of a lost friend are requested to write in.

All men who have not received their copy of "Ohio in the Rainbow" are urged to make application at an early date. A copy of this history is being furnished by the State of Ohio to each

man who served with the 166th Infantry.

The "Ohio Rainbow Reveille," the monthly publication of the Ohio Chapter as well as copies of the "Rainbow Reveille" is mailed to all members of the chapter in good standing. Get in touch with "Mac" if you do not receive your copies.

(The staff of the Reveille looks forward each month with interest to receiving "The Ohio Rainbow Reveille." Orville R. Carson, editor of this interesting Rainbow publication is a master at carrying his news in true "dough-boy" language.)

MARYLAND

An interesting letter has been received from J. Gould Rollins. He states that through removals and other causes that but some thirty active members are left who attend meetings through the year. Efforts are being made to add to this number and from our knowledge of the way the 117th Trench Mortar Battery formerly did things—"It won't be long now."

General Douglas MacArthur is now stationed in Baltimore in command of the Third Corps area.

Col. Screws, formerly of the 167th Infantry is now stationed at Fort Howard, Maryland.

(If these two real Rainbowers are not members of your chapter we authorize you to sign them for duty.)

MINNESOTA

Fred T. Pierce, Secretary, Minneapolis Chapter, 2316 Garfield So., Minneapolis, Minn.)

(A period of silence has been broken and Fred Pierce informs us that he has been duck hunting. Perhaps that will explain why there have been few reports of success favoring the efforts of hunters further south.)

The ninth anniversary of the landing in France was celebrated with a Halloween and Hard Time Party at the deserted engine house at Forty-fifth Street and Cedar Avenue.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul Chapters joined hands in putting on an Armistice Day Dance at the Church Club, Kent Street and Portland Avenue, St. Paul.

Then least you forget each Wednesday noon, members of the Chapter rally for a luncheon at Hotel Andrew. All visiting Rainbowers while in Minneapolis are welcome.

A committee composed of F. J. Pierce, Chairman; Joseph Justead, President of the Minneapolis Chapter; H. D. Flowers, Russell Mitten, E. J. Burns, Traf-

ton Overlock, and George W. Newstrom has been appointed to plan details for the banquet and dance to be given the evening of February 19th in connection with the State Convention to be held that date in Minneapolis. Reservations may be made with George W. Newstrom, 1623 Park Avenue, Minneapolis.

(We would advise all former members of the 151st F. A. to get in touch with Newstrom and be on deck for the reunion in February.)

* * * *

(Chester E. Lundale, Secretary, St. Paul Chapter, 975 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.)

The St. Paul Chapter meets every second Tuesday of each month at the Old State Capitol.

At the October 12th meeting, Joseph Justad, National Vice President of the Rainbow Division Veterans, and President of the Minneapolis Chapter, gave a very interesting talk and told of the activities of the Minneapolis Chapter. A number of other members of the Minneapolis Chapter were also present.

O. V. Phillips, Chairman; John Dunphy, J. A. Wright, President of the St. Paul Chapter; Newton Reisdorff, Raymond Quinlan, Commissioner J. H. McDonald, Philip McAuley, Leo Root and Harold Tepel are members of the St. Paul Chapter committee who will serve jointly with a committee from the Minneapolis Chapter in planning details for the State Reunion to be held in Minneapolis, February 19th.

(The manner in which the St. Paul and Minneapolis Chapters get together is in keeping with the spirit of the Rainbow Division Veterans. It is such cooperation that will build up our organization.)

INDIANA

(Rainbow Division Veterans, Box 596, Indianapolis, Indiana.)

(The following news from Indiana is taken from "Snow," Marion County Rainbow Division Veterans bi-monthly publication.)

"Through the courtesy of Adj. General Kershner the use of a room in the new armory was made possible as our meeting place. If you are not acquainted with the new home of the National Guard you have a very pleasant surprise coming to you. All the comforts of home plus those of the army.

"It is noticeable that the names appearing on offices throughout the building are practically a roll call of our Association.

"Regular meetings will be held the second and fourth Friday nights of each month. The bowling league will con-

tinue during the season without regard to regular meetings on each Friday night.

"Hank' Gowdy was present at a recent bowling session. He didn't bowl, but judging from the flow of language heard, thought no one else bowled, either.

"We have wondered why Ed has been printing "Snow" in red or pink ink. The secret is now out; pink in the language of babies means girls. He planned pink strong and won. Yet it's a girl.

"Snow" costs money, and if you haven't paid your dues, now is a good time. We are going to send the publication whether you pay or not, but a little help will be appreciated.

"Yes, dues are due, please do."

ILLINOIS

(F. E. Gould, Secretary, Tower Building, Chicago, Ill.)

"C" Battery of the 149th held its annual Armistice Party on the 13th of November. There was an unusually good attendance, with all records other than attendance records, equalled or surpassed. There was also another Armistice party on November 11th, at which a few of the former officers were entertained by Colonel Judah.

Both "C" and "E" Batteries have weekly luncheons, which are well attended and other Batteries are hoping to organize in the same manner.

A recent luncheon at the Adventurers Club in honor of National President H. G. Smith, was attended by a large number of Rainbow men. President Smith told of some of the plans for the coming National Reunion in Des Moines.

"E" Battery still looks to "Slim" O'Meara for leadership—and gets it.

IOWA

(Rainbow Division Veterans, Room 301, Court House, Des Moines, Iowa.)

Annual election of officers of Des Moines Chapter was held October 26th at the Elks Club Dining Room. The following officers were elected to serve John Risse, President; Homer Gardner, Vice President; Fred Oliphant, Secretary; and Gerald Bedwell, Treasurer. A buffet lunch was served after the business session.

Regular business meetings are held the third Thursday night of each month at the Argonne Post Club Rooms.

The weekly luncheon club meets every Thursday noon at the Elks Club Dining Room.

Jay Whitson, formerly of B. Co. of the 165th Infantry has enrolled as a member of the chapter and will be on deck to welcome the "69th" next July.

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A mysterious order, the P. I. R., formed by members of the 168th Infantry while on duty in the Army of Occupation, meets after each meeting of the chapter. (Several officers of high rank in the Rainbow were admitted to this order after meeting with the exacting requirements necessary to all initiates while the regiment was in Germany.) Rumor has it that a grand session will be held at the coming reunion which will be presided over by the original Imperial Officers and that all members in good standing in the M. O. B. will be initiated in full form.

"Soldiers of Tin"

(Continued from page three)

there seemed no way to master them. The French were unable to dislodge them, and it was useless for our men to attempt to advance against them. The men in the ditch along the road were fairly well protected, but they had to keep their heads down. The others in the open and in the woods dug fox-holes, feverishly scooped out with the tops of mess kits, bayonets, and bare hands under the sizzling stream.

Infuriated at the loss of his positions, the enemy determined that, if he could not hold them, the Americans should give them up too; so he brought down on the Alabama and Iowa lines at the Farm and along the road all the artillery and machine gun fire at his command, and as a parting shot drenched the woods with gas. But with the fading light the violence of the combat faded. The fire from across the field and the opposite woods, however, did not entirely stop. From far over in the wheat came occasional flashes from pits so skillfully camouflaged that our men could not find them.

A long, black night succeeded the events of that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon. Pausing long enough to raise the hope that they were satisfied with the distress which they had already created, the German gunners again began dropping their heavy shells here and there with terrifying irregularity, and now and then there broke out the chilling rat-a-tat-tat of a lone machine gun. The ground was literally covered with the dead and the dying—friend and foe lay upon the field where they had met and paid a common price. The groans of the wounded could be heard from afar, and a slow drizzling rain—as if the skies were weeping in commiseration at their lot—only added to the suffering.

Show your colors—Wear the Rainbow Lapel Button.

Still Digging Trenches

A Rainbow soldier who is still digging trenches is Peter R. Gadd, 1 formerly a lieutenant in F Company the 117th Engineers.

Pete Gadd used to be Secretary of the Northern California Chapter of the Rainbow, and just to show the Southern Rainbow guys what one of those Northern Lights of the Rainbow could do, Pete came down to Los Angeles, and commenced "diggin' in."

Pete is constructing the Los Angeles Storm Drain system, and to go over one of Pete's trenches with him, one would think he had brought the whole Hindenburg line home from France, for the Los Angeles Storm Drains are like young Panama Canals, and are dug to the tune of two or three million dollars a ditch. Mr. Gadd has dug several of them and instead of being two or three years late, as was formerly considered fashionable in Los Angeles contracting, he has completed them in half the time allotted to him.

It is said that contractor Gadd learned to dig ditches in a hurry in the good old days of nineteen seventeen and eighteen. Those of us who were in his army well remember how he used to lead us out on the old turnip field in front of the Hindenburg line, in the dead of night, and order us to spread out till we could just touch finger tips, and then start straight down, and all that was sticking over the top of the new trench would be shot off by the Hindenburgers in the morning, and from the way we used to dig, if Pete had had a contract from President Wilson to put in those trenches at so much per kilometer, he sure would have cleaned up a fortune.

Them was the happy days???????

The Rainbow Insignia

Dr. F. L. Williams, National Treasurer, has a large supply of Rainbow lapel buttons on hand.

The button is a well-made insignia, with the Rainbow enamelled in colors. Its cost is seventy-five cents. Dr. Williams will be glad to forward a button to you upon receipt of this sum by check or money order, which should be made to "Rainbow Division Veterans," and addressed to the Doctor at Room 20, City Hall, Des Moines, Iowa.

Heard at the Convention

Jack—"Do you know the reason girls walk home?"

Fred—"No."

Jack—"That's the reason."