

The Rainbow Reveille

DES MOINES, IOWA
FEBRUARY, 1927



VOLUME VI
NO. 4

A publication devoted to the interest of the Rainbowers from Coast to Coast

"ANSWERS"

A Rainbow Story of Lorraine, Adopted from Tabor's History of the 168th Infantry

A HIGH HANGING moon outlines sharply against the snow the strangely distorted landscape of the Chamois sector. Bold on the horizon, like a spectre raised up to reproach the enemy that has destroyed it, lies the broken pile of the Farm. The opposite wood, whose skeletoned trunks point stiffly to the sky, casts wierd shadows to the ground now covered with a shimmering blanket of white. From the German line a flare rushes upward, tracing overhead its graceful parabola as if to challenge the glory of the moon. Below in the ugly gashes that are the trenches, silent sentries anxiously scan the pitted contour of No Man's Land, relaxing long enough to thresh their arms and stamp their feet in a hopeful endeavor to restore circulation to their chilled bodies. In the crowded shelters beneath them, their worn comrades, dressed, fully armed, fearfully expectant, wait through the long night; while a small patrol, immobile as carved figures, gaze fixed on the enemy line, crouches in front of the petit poste PSB. A thousand yards back, Badonviller sleeps, guarded by a handful of sentries.

A nervous burst of machine gun fire, the boom of a grenade down the line, the crack of a rifle, the distant crowing of a rooster, alternately strike the ear; then for a moment an air of peace and profound silence, broken only by the soft blowing of the wind, envelops this small corner of Lorraine. It is half-past four—an hour until dawn.

Suddenly, with the instantaneity of a lightning flash, the whole north seems to rise up in flames and hurl itself forward—like an agile hungry tiger leaping down upon its prey. With a thunderous, dismaying roar it falls upon the

Chamois, raining steel and destruction. There is no need to waken anyone; air and earth tremble with the concussion of the bursting shells, and men at the front, in the support, back in town, all find themselves on their feet without being conscious of the force that placed them there.

In the trenches every post, save those of the lookouts, is instantly abandoned. Terrified bodies come rushing, slipping, stumbling, splashing to the dugouts, dodging bits of flying debris, ducking showers of dirt, their path lighted by flashing explosions. Already the wires connecting the front with the reserve are out, and all communication is suspended. From each G.C. rockets shoot heavenward, to be answered almost immediately by the alert artillery,—half French, half American. Guards at dug-out entrances breathlessly watch and wait, eyes and ears strained for the slightest variation in the deafening turmoil that might signify a shift in the barrage and give warning of the approach of the enemy.

Soon the bombardment resolves itself into one steady roar in which it is impossible to distinguish the individual detonations. The heavy concentration of enemy shells is turning the whole Chamois system into a hecatomb of horror and confusion. Trenches that were, cease to be and leave in their place gaping craters which in turn are torn afresh. Carmine flashes from the northern sky translate themselves into acrimine splashes and pools on the furrowed soil. A heavy cloud of smoke and dust, like a gigantic pall to enshroud these torn bodies whose spirits have fled, obscures the waning moon.

Awed and shaken, the men crouch in the dark, oppressive dugouts, waiting

for the signal which will send them forth to determine their fate. And while no man would avoid the responsibility about to be placed upon him, sudden memories crowd to the fore to make life seem more dear. An attempted jest, a bit of forced laughter, falls unheard from the lips of a comrade, for the pounding of the guns is equalled only by the wild pounding of their own hearts and the heavy breathing of their trembling bodies. A sickening sensation thus to be caged helpless like a hunted animal which awaits only the finishing stroke. At any moment one of the larger shells may bury them all—they have the alternative of forsaking the inadequate shelter and being blown to pieces in the open trench—or the outnumbering force of picked Strosstruppen may fall upon them before they have an opportunity to defend themselves. The suspense is enough to drive one mad.

For half an hour there is no diminution of the fire. On the front line the enemy continues to rain a devastating storm from his field pieces, while the 210's, are directed on the support, and churn up the trenches about the headquarters of Companies B and D. The communicating boyaux have long since been obliterated, and with all wires severed, the front is completely isolated.

Shortly after five, as the first cold streaks of dawn are rifting the morning sky, the observers at the dugout mouths perceive a slight shifting of the barrage, and immediately pass down the information. "Every man to his post," shout the commanders. In an instant the abris are emptied; although shells still fall about them, the men rush to their stations without panic and without hesitation. They see our counter-barrage come thundering down before them; the bass blasts of our trench mortars and the steady put-put-put of American-fed machines guns inspire them with every confidence. They are ready for the encounter; "Let 'em come" is the challenge.

The German High Command, upon learning of the presence of Americans on this front, had determined to strike a demoralizing blow. A raid is ordinarily a very one-sided affair, and to the individual much more terrible than a general attack, for the concentration in men and guns is greater than could be possible on an extended front. The Boches were going to make this one particularly terrible. The 15th Bavarian Sturm Battalion was carefully rehearsed in the maneuver for some time before the attack. It was later stated by prisoners that Hindenburg himself

was waiting back in Cirey to review the attacking troops and to parade the Yankee captives.

G.C. 11, the most vulnerable stro. point in the sector, was selected for the principal assault. Jutting out like a peninsula into No Man's Land, it was exposed on three sides, so situated that the attacking party could approach closely without being observed. The object of the hostile fire here was not to completely destroy the post, but to cut it off from support and to paralyze resistance that it could be easily surrounded and the entire garrison captured or killed. At the moment the barrage shifted to the rear an overwhelming force of Huns, plentifully supplied with grenades, knives and pistols, made ready to rush our trench.

Six of them, following closely upon the heel of their own barrage, and guided by the line of white tape previously laid to mark their point of entry, reached one of our dugouts just as its four occupants had started up the steps. Without the slightest warning, a grenade burst in the midst of the defenders and hurled them to the bottom. One man fell dead between the legs of a stunned comrade, and the other two were badly wounded.

Attracted by the explosion, three men rushed to this section of the trench. Through the clearing smoke they made out the field-gray uniform and clumsy helmet of the Hun. In an instant, one man was up on the parapet with his Chauchat spitting at the enemy. At that most critical moment his gun jammed; but the other two, without stopping to consider the odds, were on the enemy like a flash. Dismayed by this unexpected and impetuous attack, the advancing Boches stopped short, wavered, and then turned tail. Back through the wire they tore, leaving behind them a trail of grenades, rifles, and any other objects that might restrict their speed.

The officer in command of the post, and a visiting officer, who was caught there while on a visit of reconnaissance, came upon another line of tape, and followed it up, surprising a covering party just beyond the parapet. Thereby, that line was closed to them, both as a means of ingress and of egress.

As far as it is known, no other Boches succeeded in breaking through; Springfield and Chauchats saw to that. Within a very few minutes the raid was over, all the enemy having retired in confusion. Just what casualties they had suffered is unknown, for they managed to carry back all their wounded and

dead, except one body which was found a week later in an abandoned trench in front of G. C. 11. It was through the clothing and articles on this body that the 15th Sturm Battalion was indentified as the attacking unit.

The assault, however, was not confined to G. C. 11. To the extreme left of the sector was a small, isolated combat position, PSJ, defended by a small number of men under a sergeant. Instead of taking to shelter, this courageous leader elected to remain out in the open during the entire bombardment, and as a result of his observations, was so able to dispose his forces and to direct the fire of his automatic rifles as to completely shatter the attack of the enemy, who almost succeeded in outflanking the post.

G. C. 12 was also the object of Boche attack. When the men in the northern dugout rushed to their combat position they discovered, through the early morning mist, a considerable number of the enemy working toward their lines. They were easily dispersed by the storm of bullets that whistled disconcertingly about their ears; and, without waiting to see where the fire was coming from, those particular exponents of Kultur, about-faced and double-timed back toward the Fatherland. The menace of a frontal attack having been dispelled, one section happened to think of the patrol reported in the rear of the line earlier in the night, and swung their automatics around just in time to meet a similar group coming from that direction. It was, likewise, a matter of a few seconds to send them scurrying in undignified haste through the wide and unprotected opening between G. C. 12 and PSJ. Had the Americans been less quick-witted, or had the second party remained undiscovered for a minute longer, the surprise attack so carefully planned from two directions might have been successful.

Although the infantry attack had been shattered, the enemy artillery continued to work havoc on our intrenched positions. On G. C. 9, after about forty-five minutes of bombardment, the barrage lifted and moved 150 yards to the rear. In an instant the combat posts were manned, machine gunners left their bomb proofs and sprung to their guns, and the Stokes mortars, directly in the rear, took up their fire, overwhelming the enemy trench and eventually silencing a battery of minenwerfer which was throwing bombs from a position in the woods ahead of PSB. For fifteen minutes everyone nervously

awaited the anticipated assault, but none materialized. However, at the stroke of half-past five, a veritable flood of large calibre "minnies" struck the areas simultaneously, and the roar of that terrible explosion had not yet died when the barrage fell upon them anew. In the twinkling of an eye, twelve lives were blotted out and seven wounded bodies lay torn and bleeding on the trench floor.

A single shell, lighting squarely on valiant work, wiped out the entire crew of seven and destroyed the gun.

Back at Battalion Headquarters in Badonviller, where the fire was less heavy, a tense group waited. In an atmosphere as taunt as a violin string, the commander, suppressing whatever emotions that may have been battling for precedence, calmly made the arrangements for countering the assault. It was for him to shoulder the responsibility of disposing his forces to meet the numerous eventualities that might develop. Perhaps, as time went on, and no word came from the front, even he became inwardly uneasy. But when anxious inquiries came over the wire from Regimental Headquarters, he answered, with only an unbounded confidence to support his belief, that the G. C.'s were holding out, that every man was at his post and would remain there. He knew what kind of men he commanded.

Half-past five. An hour had passed since the beginning of the bombardment, and still no word from the front. The communicating trenches are leveled, the ground surface an impenetrable mass of debris and wire, which is still writhing under the enemy barrage.

Out from Badonviller, cutting thru the front line and on to the German-held town of Bremenil, runs what had once been a smooth macadamized highway. It is under direct enemy observation and can be used only under the protection of the darkness of night. A runner, scrambling out of the battered trenches of G. C. 11, with the report of the raid fast in his pocket, does not pick this road for safety but for speed. Torn by shells and blocked by wire, it is better ground for an obstacle race than for a quarter-mile dash. There are no spectators to roar their cheers of encouragement from packed stands; there are no struggling competitors to spur him on. He is racing against time—an atom of humanity in a chaos of destruction—whatever bets lie in the hand of chance are all against him.

Our own machine gun barrage sings with threatening nearness overhead, 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	

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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.

NO ORGANIZATION can expect to succeed without the support of its members. The officers elected to head a Chapter of Rainbow Division Veterans are powerless to keep up the Chapter in the face of no support from the members.

It can hardly be believed that you expect officers elected to head your Chapter and the members who do render active support, to go down into their pockets in order that you may receive the Reveille and that you may be notified of all Chapter activities.

Think this over—but first mail the Secretary of your Chapter your check for 1927 dues—then come on through with some of the ideas and suggestions that you have been holding back, that will help build up our organization.

Rainbower Heads the Army

Major General Charles P. Summerall, former member of the Rainbow Division, has been appointed Chief-of-Staff of the Army. General Summerall served with the Division as Brigade Commander of the 67th Artillery Brigade, later being promoted to Major-General in command of the First Division and then Corps Commander in command of the Fifth Army Corps.

Help Wanted

A copy of the Reveille should each month be placed in the hands of Rainbowers who are in the hospitals. We want to hear from the Rainbower, or

Rainbowers, who can help us carry out this plan. If you are are a position to obtain the names of our members who are still fighting the battle in hospital you are the man to help out. News from their "old gang" is a tonic to the best of physicians cannot supply.

ATTENTION, CHAPTERS!

Starting with the March issue of the Reveille, all Chapters are advised that material for these columns must be in by the 15th of the month. This plan is to enable us to establish a more regular interval between issues.—(Editor).

UNREST

Why is it, though we try to be the same,
And tread the paths we did in days of old,

A restlessness too vague and dim to name
Still clutches us with unrelenting hold?
Is it that we who "out there" played our hand,

And learned of thirst and hunger, fear
and pain,
Shall ever see the sights of No-Man's-Land,
And never be at peace or rest again?

Ah yes, our homes are dear and life is sweet,
And we are proud of this, our native land,

And yet, of those we know and daily meet,
A few, and only few, can understand.
We cannot tell them of the tongue we learned

"Out there" amid that blazing sheet of hell,
Where shrapnel maimed and poison gases burned—

A tongue we learned, but know not
how to tell.

They feel that we are strange, a race apart,
And different from the lads who went away

With sunny smiles, a song in throat and heart,
Just carefree boys, still young enough

to play.
Yes, we are changed, but still we know
not how

Or in what manner we are not the same.
Except, to us each game is trivial now
Who played, and won or lost that greater game.

Each day to us now means but just a day,
With nothing new to cause one little thrill:

For unrest seems fore'er to be the pay,
And restlessness our boon companion still,

Should souls that have departed e'er return,
We know, who have come back from No-

Man's-Land,
How they must ever seek to find, and yearn

For one in all this throng to understand.
—DOUGHBOY.

Jeanne—"Yvonne has won a D. S. C."
Joan—"What? A Distinguished Service—"

Jeanne—"Heavens, no!—Drug Store Cowboy."—Life.

With the Chapters

ALABAMA

(Lee D. Harless, Sec'y., Crawford Z. Ables Chapter, Gasden, Alabama.)

The feature of our last meeting was an old-fashioned army chow dinner, and the old Rainbowers lined up without any special instruction, only their wives and sweethearts headed the line.

The High Lights after the dinner were the presence of "Little Jimmie" Webb and "Ration Joe" Simpson, visitors from Mortimer H. Jordan Chapter of Birmingham, a letter from Louie Greet which was in the form of a "take off" on the local officers, and last but not least, there were eight Comrades present for their first meeting since the Armistice.

Former members of Headquarters "F" and "L" Co's of the old 167th Infantry would like to hear from their old buddies who are scattered to the "Other End of the Rainbow."

* * *

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

Dr. Malcom G. Dabney is at present in charge of Veterans Bureau Dental Clinic and in this capacity has occasion to render service to Comrades, as he did during the War. Incidentally, Mac is the proud father of five petite mademoiselles. It is rumored, and the Editors of this column believe, that Doc will be Commander-in-Chief of an Army Nurse Corps in the next war, instead of an Aide to all Regimental Kitchens. Doc Dabney will be remembered as the Champion of the "Brown Mule" Consumers of the Regiment.

"The Chow Line Column" of the February issue of the "Rainbow Communique" reports that the Old 167th Signal Platoon was well represented at the last meeting. There may not have been much work accomplished, but the "gang" must have enjoyed the chance to get together. Guess their wives must still be wondering what kept J. M. Clarke, Ben G. Blackwood, Claude Wallace and several others out until after 11:30 that night. The "Chow Line" Editor also reported that he had to do some explaining to his "Commanding Officer."

The paid-up membership of the Mortimer H. Jordan Chapter has increased from 86 to 110, since the last issue of the Communique. Our objective is 125 members before our next issue, and we don't eat until we gain our objective.

(With the permission of the Editors of the Communique, the feature story of the February issue will appear in the next issue of the Reveille. It's great!)

CALIFORNIA

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

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 9, 1927.

Mr. Cortez Souther, National Secretary,
Rainbow Division Veterans,
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Comrade:

Enclosed herewith is a letter from Comrade Rice of the 165th Infantry. This letter is one of the best examples of the real Rainbow spirit that I have seen in a long time, and we are happy to receive such men into the California gang.

For years, we had only the 117th Engineers out here, but now that so many Rainbow buddies are coming from the East, we will eventually become a very cosmopolitan outfit, with Rainbowers from every outfit.

Yours in the Rainbow.

ALEXANDER CHISHOLM.

* * *

U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 51
Tucson, Arizona, Jan. 12, 1927.

Mr. Alexander Chisholm,
Room 3, City Hall,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Comrade:

Being a former "Rainbower" of the 165th Infantry, Co. K, I am taking this liberty to write you.

For the first time since my return from overseas, I learned of the Rainbow Reveille, (our National Publication), and I have found it to be about the greatest little paper I have ever had the pleasure to read. Thru it I learned that there was a Chapter in L. A., and in many other cities that I had no idea there would be one.

California being nearer to me than my own State Chapter, I would like to join you gentlemen and former Comrades in arms, in California, and learn a little more about what is going on in the organization. This information would be greatly appreciated.

Quite some time has elapsed since we said "So Long," to take up our various occupations in life, and the old "Rainbow Division" was no more, as a fighting unit. I was, and still am, proud,

that I was a member of it, from the very day that it was born, to the day that it disbanded. But since that time I have—I can't say suffered—been chasing the cure, T. B., and what I mean—it's some chase. It had me all but licked to a standstill, five or six different times, but the old Rainbow spirit, "I'm not licked 'till I stop breathing, and—we don't mean maybe" seems to pay. I think I will be fortunate enough to come out on top.

I'll be glad to hear a word or two from any of the members of the Chapter that might care to drop a line or two, as a word from a Buddy that "went thru" with you when you were up on two feet, is about the best old "gloom chaser" there is, out here in the desert. Let me know what the dues are, and I'll forward the francs or rubles, (whatever you want), and become a "Rainbower" once more. The only reason that I fell down on the job, was—I was too d..... sick to do anything but lay down.

With best regards to you and to the members of the L. A. Chapter and the Luncheon Club of L. A., I am,

Sincerely, a Buddy,

JAMES M. RICE.

IOWA

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

Numerous "midnight details," mysterious conferences, a general air of suspense, together with the fact that some 2000 letters have been mailed to ex-Rainbowers throughout the state, point to some "party" at the annual March the 5th Banquet.

Last year's plan of notices in newspapers over the state, has been repeated and already reservations are pouring in.

Col. James Thomas of Divisional Headquarters, will be awarded a fitting decoration for meritorious performance at the last year's March the 5th Banquet, immediately before this year's banquet.

An invasion of the "Stellung de Swede" at Minneapolis on February 19, has been planned by a picked "raiding party" under the command of "Better Rations" Risse.

The dunkin' contest held at the last Luncheon Club ended in a draw. The "Bucks" were not even in the running, as all honors were divided by two ex-Colonels.

Preliminary plans for the National Reunion in July are already under way, and with the March the 5th Banquet out of the way, the entire State Chapter will "swing into action."

MINNESOTA

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

Invitations to some 700 Rainbow members were mailed, regarding the State I. union and Banquet to be held at the Leaming Hotel on February 19. Plans are being made for some 300 men, and from all advance dope it will be the largest Rainbow gathering held in Minnesota since the National Reunion was held there.

(Full details of this "bit of Rainbow action" will be reported by a member of the Reveille staff—that is, that portion that he remembers—in the March issue of the Reveille. Don't miss this, for without a doubt it will be worthy of place in Rainbow history along with other famous Rainbow gatherings).

* * * *

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

A regular meeting was held February 11th at the American Legion Hall, 345½ Robert Street. A "guessing contest" was held following the business session. No report of the casualties has been received to date, but it is believed that they were held to a minimum.

Plans are being made for a BIG EASTER DANCE and all members are urged to be present at the next Chapter meeting.

MARYLAND

(J. Gould Rollins, 3009 Pressman Street, Baltimore Maryland)

The annual banquet of the Maryland Chapter was held at the Southern Hotel in Baltimore, on Tuesday, January 18th, at 7:00 P. M., and lasted until—well, some got home in time to get to work the next day—and others didn't go to work at all.

About eighty-five were present and we were addressed by the following former members of the "Rainbow." Major-General Douglas MacArthur, Col. "Bill" Screws, of Alabama fame, Col. Joseph Beachman, of Divisional Headquarters, Col. Robert J. Gill, the former commander of the Trench Mortar Battery, Capt. J. Woodall Greene, who commanded the Trench Mortar Battery in its last days, Carl F. Michel, ex-1st Lt. of the T. M. B., ex-Corp. Stevenson Masson, ex-Corp. Harry Fanning, and last but not least, ex-BUCK Ed Woodall.

Dr. H. A. McMains was toastmaster. "Doc" was the Y.M.C.A. man attached to the T.M.B. and every time something hard comes up, we call on "Doc" to help us out and he never fails. Everyone

enjoyed themselves. Fanning, Woodall and Masson told us about the convention in New York last summer, and Fanning just found out that we went to Coney Island while at the convention, and now he knows how he got the burns on his hands—(they came from the sliding boards at the Steeplechase). Fanning swears that he wasn't at Coney Island and that we are just kidding him. Col. Screws, Col. Gill and Capt. Greene started to tell a joke about "The Eggs" in Germany but that is as far as they got, as they explained that it would take too long, but we are interested and would like to hear the rest. Come on, "Billy," "Bob" and Woodall—tell us the rest.

The high spot of the evening was the address by General MacArthur, who is just as good a speaker as he is a soldier, so that's saying enough about his talk.

The following officers were elected for the year: Carl F. Michel, president; Dr. H. A. McMains, vice president; Stevenson S. Masson, secretary, and Francis E. Shea, treasurer.

Don't forget that we have our regular monthly meetings on the first Thursday of each month at the War Memorial Building, Room "B," at 8:30 P. M. Come on, fellows, turn out once a month and help us build up a Chapter.

VIRGINIA

(Rainbow Division Veterans, The News Leader Bldg., Richmond, Va.)

Recent communications with Majors Allen Potts, of the old Virginia outfit, and Reeve Norris of the old 167th Infantry, have resulted in the forming of a Rainbow Post in Richmond. First reports are that there are not many men who served in the Rainbow located in Richmond, but "stray" Rainbowners in Richmond and vicinity are to be informed of the post through the papers, and we feel that soon The Richmond Post will be one of our most active posts. With Majors Potts and Norris, and Captain William Crump after them—look out "strays!"

Major Potts informs us that the Rainbow group in Roanoke is active and that they hold a big meeting each year during Christmas week.

(A story told the editor by one of the Iowa outfit, recently, regarding an incident during Rainbow days in Camp Mills, is too good to keep out of this column.)

One night two of the Iowa outfit were slipping into Camp Mills along during the wee hours of the morning, after a

visit to The Big Town. They were safely guarding a companion (a jug of pre-Volstead). Suddenly from a shadow, out stepped an M. P. The jug, accompanied by the two Iowans, at once stepped off toward Camp at a rapid rate—but their speed was more than matched by their pursuer and they rapidly lost ground. Just as they had decided to ditch "the jug" a call of—"Don't drop that jug, Big Boy; I need a drink," halted their steps.

Needless to say, these particular Iowans will be looking for a certain M. P. at the Reunion in July.

INDIANA

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

A dinner and reunion, January 26th, at the Severin Hotel was featured by an address of Chaplain Nash. He has recently been over the old scenes in France, and his address was of great interest.

A regular meeting was held at the National Guard Armory, January 28th, with rifle practice following the meeting. To qualify, one had to hit the back stop, and all shooters were required to shoot in the general direction of the targets, in order to hold the casualties to a minimum.

"Snow" mentions the fact that they have been in receipt of a number of letters from other Chapters throughout the Rainbow. We believe, with them, that this exchange will greatly assist the whole association and bring us together more closely.

SOUTH CAROLINA

We are in receipt of an interesting letter from Col. J. Monroe Johnson. He states that he has been more than busy since the National Legion Convention, (Col. Johnson is a member of the Legion France Convention Committee). We are all aware of the many problems that this committee has had to face, and the way they are handling things—the least we can say is—"It's Some Committee".

Col. Johnson advises us that S. M. Garner of Union, South Carolina, is president of the South Carolina Chapter. All right, Garner, we want some NEWS of the doings of your gang.

Colonel (angrily)—"Button up that coat!"

Married Recruit (absent minded)—"Yes, my dear."

"ANSWERS"

(Continued from page three)

enemy bullets cut the surface of the road about his feet and bury themselves in the ground around him. Twice, explosives knock him sprawling, but each time, bruised and shaken, he regains his footing and struggles on.

It is nearly six o'clock. The group at Battalion Headquarters nervously eye each other. So far, not a single indication of what has happened on the firing line has reached them. Then, into the room stumbles a man, disheveled, bloodflecked, torn by wire, dripping with mud, exhausted.

When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he told his story of green troops standing fast through their first engagement—a story that was duplicated as the runners from other parts of the line came in with their reports. By foot-messenger the word went back to Regimental Headquarters at Pexonne, where an anxious group was gathered in suspense. Not until six o'clock had they heard from the front line, and then only a meagre report from the French in C. R. Village Negre, the sector to the right, that the bombardment of the American line was continuing with undiminished violence.

There, waiting with the Regimental Commander to hear how these raw American troops had withstood the test, was the French Colonel under whose supervision their training was being completed. Realizing the main object of the enemy attack, his first question was, "Any American prisoners?" Before anyone else could reply, the runner who had brought the message, forgetting discipline, manners, and all else in his pride and excitement, burst out, "Hell, no! That's not the way we fight!"

On up through military channels, both French and American, went the message. In his official report the French Colonel said: "The American troops who occupied this position, although they suffered their first attack, have energetically resisted and kept their coolness. Therefore, it can be certified that the valor of these troops is highly reliable."

When the report of this action reached G. H. Q., it became a matter of slight significance—a short paragraph in the communique—a mere incident in the daily happenings on the battle line. But there was a special significance in the fact that this was the first test of the National Guard on the Western Front. The nation had seen its faith

in the Regular Army justified and was awaiting the trial of its volunteers. "It can be certified that the valor of these soldiers is highly reliable," was the answer.

Our Rainbow Ladies

NEW YORK

There are about thirty-five New Yorkers still fighting the battle of the hospital in different parts of the country. The Women's Auxiliary, who gave such help during the Reunion, keep in constant touch with them. Big baskets went to each for Christmas—baskets and the sympathy and consolation that we must leave to our women to offer.

IOWA

Soon after Co. C of the 168th Infantry arrived overseas in 1917, a group of mothers in Ottumwa, got together and planned an organization consisting of the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the boys. The organization went over big at the time, and unlike many other service organizations, did not dissolve when the war was over. Evidence of their service is to be found in the following item:

"In memory of the Co. G boys who gave their lives in the World War, the Rainbow Circle has given twenty-one pairs of well-filled stockings, to make that number of little ones happy on Christmas Day."

Brief History of the War

"Sign here."
 "When do we eat?"
 "Haven't any 8's. Take a pair of 10's."
 "There's a soldier in the grass."
 "You're in the Army now."
 "Now cough."
 "Paint it with iodine and mark him duty."
 "Madam, avez vous le des oeufs?"
 "Read 'em and weep."
 "All we do is sign the pay rolls."
 "It's a great life if you don't weaken."
 "Where do we go from here?"
 "Encore le cognac, see vous play."
 "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Xmas."
 "The first seven years are the hardest."
 "Hinky-dinky, parlez vous."
 "Who won the war."
 "If I ever get out of this man's army."
 "We've paid our debt to LaFayette; who the heck do we owe now?"
 "Madelon, Madelon, Madelon."
 "There's a long, long trail a-winding."
 "Sergeant, give him two C.C.'s."
 "So this is Paris."

(Rainbow Communique)