

# The RAINBOW REVEILLE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
*Rainbow Division Veterans*



Vol. 15

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 3



LIBERTY MEMORIAL, KANSAS CITY, MO.

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## Rainbow Division Veterans



A national association of veterans of the  
Rainbow (42nd) Division, to perpetuate  
that spirit of comradeship which was the  
greatest single factor in the success of the  
Division and to keep alive the memory of  
departed comrades.

RUBY D. GARRETT, President  
822 Scarritt Building,  
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JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1936

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## GENERAL HOUGH

*Upon learning of  
the death of General  
Benson W. Hough,  
your editor wrote to Irving (Jack) Henry for an  
article on General Hough and for material for an  
obituary editorial. Jack's letter, in response to  
the latter request, is a perfect tribute to his old  
Colonel. It is carried here just as it was written.*

\* \* \* I started out to stick mostly to  
Colonel Hough's overseas duty . . . but  
now that he is dead I just couldn't help  
writing about him the way I did—trying  
to give a few of his characteristics and  
thereby crowding out overseas military  
data. Somehow, the story just wouldn't  
work out for me otherwise, although I  
tried . . .

For your editorial you can go as far  
as you like in calling him a sterling  
character and an officer whose greatest  
characteristic was his concern for his  
men. We called him the "Old Man" and  
considered him in the light of a firm,  
just and kindly head of our regimental  
family.

Although he had many honors con-  
ferred on him outside of military affairs  
and rose to the command of the peace-  
time division of Ohio National Guard,  
his judicial and military honors never  
dimmed his interest in the boys who

fought under him over there. At the  
reunions he was the "Old Man" when  
we spoke of him among ourselves, and  
"Colonel" when we addressed him. He  
had natural leadership that was based  
on ability to inspire men and was not  
the type that drives men because of  
authority.

Col. William Donovan of the 165th  
wrote in the history "Ohio in the Rain-  
bow" how he saw, passing through a  
town in which he was billeted, a train  
of trucks loaded with clothing and with  
Colonel Hough riding on the seat beside  
the driver of the first truck. He had taken  
the trucks and gone in person to head-  
quarters to get needed clothing and shoes  
for his regiment while others were wait-  
ing for issues to be made to them.

While we were hiking to Camp Merritt  
after arriving home we were halted near  
the camp by a string of freight cars on  
a crossing. It was snowing and cold.  
The lieutenant sent out from the camp  
said we'd have to wait until a locomotive  
came along and picked up the cars. The  
colonel told him to go to hell—that he  
wouldn't keep us standing in the cold  
and snow because we had been forced  
to undergo hardships in France and were  
home now. He marched the regiment

around the cars. The camp commander called him in and I guess the "Old Man" might have been a bit sarcastic. At any rate, he was put under arrest in quarters—but he didn't care as we didn't have to stand around in the cold and snow any longer than necessary. . . . He is survived by his wife and daughter, who is a student at Ohio State University. . . .

JACK HENRY

#### WHY I AM AND MUST BE A RAINBOWER

To be in the company of those who do not speak English is boring. And I think it inane to go unaccompanied to a pleasure resort where I know no one. But I have been in the company of men with whom I have had a passing acquaintanceship and yet, despite the fact that they spoke my native tongue, I was very much alone. These men were all veterans, too. But I was bored and disgusted. The conversation centred around some training camp in the States, a ship in the North Atlantic Fleet, an SOS post in southern France, persons of whom I had never heard. All this was unintelligible to me and I was a way-farer in a strange land. Hence it is that out of all the veterans' organizations (in which I have a perfect right to membership), whether of combat or non-combat clientele, there is but one in which I am interested, in which I feel "at home" and find real pleasure. That organization is the RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS, and more particularly, the FATHER DUFFY CHAPTER.

In that group I am contented. I know that if I mention "Baccarat" no one will think I'm making reference to a gambling game. If I say "Champagne" no one says "I'll have one." And no "Gracie Allen" will get the idea that "Sedan" is an automobile model. In other words, at these gatherings I meet the men who speak my language, who sloughed along the same roads, who were united in the same trench and dugout, who were behind the same gun, who moved up on the same mess-line, who—yes, even served time in the same guard-house. They were and still are "my buddies."

Discharge from active service never discharged us from our memories. Neither were we discharged from our obligations to each other. Heroic feats have taken place in the heat of battle. These have been memorialized by citation and decoration. Those who played the various roles in such exploits were, shall I say, fortunate. But every man would have attempted the same thing had the opportunity presented itself. In

other words, each man in the outfit was willing to exert heroic effort and even to sacrifice his life to save a buddy. Naturally then, if my memory remains, so also does my obligation. Accordingly, these are the men whom I want to meet again and again. A bond of unity demands that I should do so.

It is true that when we do meet one another we do not greet each other with a mutual recitation of the preamble of Rainbow constitution. But we do fulfill that preamble. By our gatherings we are "perpetuating a spirit of comradeship," we are continuing "unbroken the spirit of fraternal friendship" and, without ostentation, we are "perpetuating the sacred memory of our valiant dead." It is true, I repeat, that we do not pronounce these things in words. But we do put them into action by the slap on the back and the swapping of stories, true and otherwise.

I regard it as a personal loss when I cannot attend Rainbow gatherings. And I find no substitute in attending the meetings of other Veteran organizations—where my language is not spoken. In virtue of my vocation, I am given the title of "Father." I am proud of that title because of its tremendous meaning. Second alone to that title is another of which I am proportionately proud. It is not the all-embracing word "comrade" either. It is "Rainbower." I hope that God will permit me to hear that title for many years—yes, until the Rainbow Division Veterans' Association shall have taken on the characteristic of a "last man's organization." And to that end I shall continue to attend Rainbow gatherings.

REV. JAMES A. MURRAY,  
National Chaplain.

#### RAINBOW'S AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE

A Rainbower whose avocation is promoting Rainbow enthusiasm wherever he goes is Walter Michel, the 42nd Division's ambassador-at-large. Walter's business keeps him on the road most of the time and wherever he roosts for the night he contacts the local Rainbow live wires and they go into session on the good of the order. Perhaps no one will ever know how much good has resulted to our organization from these goodwill journeys. His enthusiasm and deep interest in everything pertaining to the grand old Division are infectious and his messages of what the Rainbow in the next town is doing keep everyone interested. Walter's job is an unofficial one but no officer of the Rainbow has done more for the association. Walter, we salute you!

# THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

## THE WORKERS OF THE RAINBOW

During the month of November I visited the Michigan and District of Columbia Chapters and had personal contact with men from Ohio, New York, Maryland and Georgia. Seeing the enthusiasm of these men and knowing the tremendous amount of time and energy they devote to Rainbow is mighty encouraging. Nine men, including Vice President L. L. Whitney, drove three hundred miles from Ohio to attend the meeting of the Michigan Chapter on November 9. If you haven't attended a meeting of the Michigan Chapter you have missed a real treat. Governor Brucker, National Secretary Sharon Cover, Chapter President Clarence Houle and Dr. Fred McAfee were flaming with enthusiasm all the time, but there were many others of the same type.

At Washington, on November 10 and 11, we witnessed another example of devotion to Rainbow. M. Manning Marcus, our honorary president; Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, Harold Rodier, Chapter President Elmer Neagle are living examples of the Rainbow spirit.

These meetings were a real inspiration to me. The Baltimore bunch that drove over to attend the party in honor of Manning Marcus showed the same devotion for Rainbow.

Few of us appreciate the long hours and painstaking efforts made by Sharon Cover in performing the arduous work of national secretary, or understand the amount of grinding Harold Rodier has to do to get out the Reveille. This roll of honor is not complete. Our Division is blest with many willing workers for its good.

We have just issued a call to arms for new members. In preparing my circular letter dated November 15 and Bulletin No. 8 I have tried to picture the actual immediate and imperative needs of our organization. Already I have received many enthusiastic responses and pledges of active cooperation and support.

We do have workers who will deliver for the Rainbow—men who are willing to put in their time so that the organization may hang together, that those who have dropped out may re-enlist and renew their pride and joy in the old outfit. But in all of this your help is needed. You need the energizing influence of associating again with the men with whom you served.

I appeal to your divisional loyalty for the support of the divisional organization. I appeal to your sense of pride in the name of the Rainbow, in the name of the things for which it has stood before this nation. It is your Division and its future rests very largely upon your cooperation.

Go out into the highways and byways and bring in the strays. We need them all.

RUBY D. GARRETT.

### NATIONAL RAINBOW HOUR

National President  
Garrett is hard at  
work on another  
nation-wide Rainbow broadcast on Feb-  
ruary 22 in celebration of our first entry  
into the lines. Just as soon as details

are arranged, complete information will  
reach all chapters. Therefore, in antici-  
pation of this unique feature, we suggest  
you plan a meeting, party or gathering  
of some nature in celebration of this  
event and listen in.

## Major General Benson W. Hough



GEN. BENSON W. HOUGH

Twenty years ago next July, a big raw-boned man of 40 years resigned as Adjutant General of the State of Ohio so that he could go with the "Old Fourth" Ohio Infantry to the Mexican border and take part in whatever adventures and fighting the future held in store.

The man was Benson W. Hough of Columbus, Ohio, who later became war-time commander of the 166th Infantry of the Rainbow.

No officer could have enjoyed more respect and affection from his subordinate officers and his men than Colonel Hough. There was implicit faith in his military judgment and in his fairness in dealing with men. He demanded strict military discipline, but despised anyone who used authority unfairly. In his heart was genuine affection for his comrades and he left nothing undone to gain for his men whatever small comforts were available for combat troops.

His interest in his "boys" did not end when the Rainbow came back from overseas. He enjoyed their companionship in post-war days and rejoiced in the success of members of his old outfit and felt keenly for those who had misfortunes. His interest in Rainbow veterans organization work never faltered. He

was the first president of Rainbow Division Veterans, being elected at Ahrweiler, Germany, and he attended every national reunion and every Ohio reunion it was possible for him to attend.

He was a big man, mentally and physically. Physically, there was no man in the regiment who could have stood up before him in physical combat. His intellectual abilities brought him many honors. He had been honored by being Adjutant General of Ohio before the war. After the war he rose in military rank from colonel to major general in command of the Ohio National Guard division. He also became a justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio and later a federal district judge, a position he held at the time of his death on November 19, 1935.

Colonel Hough's military career started on July 12, 1892, when, at the age of 17 years, he enlisted in Company K, 14th Ohio Infantry, at his home town of Delaware. His study of law at Ohio State University caused him to resign from the company on July 11, 1897, after he had won corporal chevrons. He graduated from Ohio State in 1899 after a record of high scholastic standing and three years football, four years baseball and four years of tennis.

After three years of the practice of law at Delaware his interest in military affairs caused him on January 1, 1902, to accept a commission as first lieutenant in Company K, 4th Ohio Infantry, the designation of the regiment from 14th to 4th having been made when it went to Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War. His ability gained him rapid promotion to captain, then major, and then lieutenant colonel. He served as lieutenant colonel from July, 1906, to January 11, 1915, when he resigned to become Adjutant General of Ohio with a commission as brigadier general. During the years he had served in the regiment he had seen much duty both as an enlisted man and officer on strike riot duty as well as in camp.

The Adjutant General of Ohio could not go to the Mexican border and so Adjutant General Hough resigned that position and his commission as brigadier general in July, 1916, and enlisted as a private in Company K. He then accepted his old commission as lieutenant colonel of the "Old Fourth" and went with the "boys."

He was commissioned colonel of the regiment on April 9, 1917, and commanded it all during the war without

being absent from his command at any time. The first man of the Rainbow Division killed in action was a member of his regiment, Dyer J. Bird, of Company D, Marion. His courage and services won for Colonel Hough the Croix de Guerre with silver star, French Legion de Honneur, and the Distinguished Service Medal.

JACK HENRY.

### OUR COLONEL

In the late hours of November 19, 1935, Colonel "Ben" Hough died. A heart attack ended his colorful career in Columbus, Ohio, after being stricken on a train en route to the Capital from Steubenville, Ohio, where he had conducted court the day before. His death was hastened by an automobile accident several months ago from which Colonel Hough had never fully recovered.

Funeral services were held in the West Broad Street Presbyterian Church, Columbus, Ohio, November 22, 1935, at 11 a.m. Thousands attended the last rites for Major General Hough to pay their respects to one of Ohio's most beloved public servants. Following the services, the entourage, friends, National Guard officers, state and public officials, war veterans and Rainbowers, hundreds who served under his command, escorted the cortege to Berkshire, Delaware County, Ohio, where "Colonel Hough" was buried with full honors.

Colonel Hough was born March 3, 1875, in Delaware County, Ohio. He attended the district school until he was eight years of age, then public and high schools, being graduated from the latter in 1892. He studied in the Ohio State University at Columbus. While in that institution he was known among all his fellow students as an all-round athletic star. "Big Ben," as all knew him, played three years of football, four years of baseball and four years of tennis.

At Ohio State, Colonel Hough pursued a combination course which gave him in 1899 a law degree and a Bachelor of Arts degree. He was admitted to the bar the same year of his graduation and immediately began practice in Delaware. Then he formed the partnership of the law firm of Hough & Jones. He was soon the possessor of a large practice.

As early as 1892 he enlisted as a private in Company K of Delaware, Ohio. In this same year he went into the first signal unit ever organized in Ohio. He remained a private in Company K from 1892 to 1897. From 1897 to 1902 he was out of the service but in the latter year he was commissioned a first lieutenant and assigned to Company K. In June, 1902, he received a captain's commission and from then on advanced rapidly in rank. June, 1905, saw him

a major, while in July, 1906, he was advanced to a lieutenant colonel.

On January 11, 1915, Colonel Hough resigned his commission to become the Adjutant General of Ohio, which office carries with it the rank of brigadier general. He resigned his commission as brigadier general in July, 1916, re-enlisted as a private in K Company and was then re-commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the old 4th Ohio. He served with that regiment on the Mexican border and was mustered out of federal service at Fort Wayne, Michigan, March 3, 1917.

Colonel Hough organized the regiment at Camp Perry, Ohio, on August 13. September 9, 1917, found the unit at Camp Mills, where it became a part of the Rainbow Division. On October 18, after being equipped for overseas service, Colonel Hough and his regiment sailed for France, arriving at St. Nazaire October 31, 1917.

The regiment proceeded to the 4th Army Area, where it remained but a short time, moving by march to the 7th Army Area. In this area, under the careful direction and excellent leadership of Colonel Hough, the regiment was whipped into shape to enter the trenches. The unit took over a sector in Lorraine on February 22, 1918, and served continuously on that front for a period of 110 days. So well did Colonel Hough meet the problems that faced him in this new warfare that the French conferred on him the Croix de Guerre.

Cool judgment and skillful leadership marked his work in those first trying days as it marked his work in all subsequent struggles. Colonel Hough served in Lorraine, in Champagne, at Chateau Thierry, at St. Michiel in the Argonne, and before Sedan, never once being absent from his command.

Colonel Hough's leadership was largely the product of cool deliberation and excellent judgment. No matter how critical the situation might be, he always kept his wits and would not allow himself to be hurried into hasty decisions. But Colonel Hough's finest quality was in the fact that he was intensely human. "The Old Man," as he was affectionately known to all who served under him, was a natural leader who inspired men—a man who was broad gauged—such a man was Colonel Hough. Of him, the soldier, Ohio may well be proud, for he has shed new glory on her fair name.

Upon his return to civil life, after being mustered out of federal service in May, 1919, Colonel Hough was elected in 1920 to the Ohio Supreme Court, where he sat as a member during a turbulent political period. A political undertow returned him, for a brief interval, to the practice of his profession, but in 1923

# Kansas City, the Crossroads of America



"PETTICOAT LANE"  
Kansas City, Mo.

Here in the heart of America we have assembled in our chapter members from almost every outfit in our Division and we are using this to great advantage in planning the entertainment for our guests.

Your visit to Kansas City next summer will be a memorable occasion. From everywhere come reports that assure us this will be a great reunion. They will come by motor, bus, automobile, rail and air.

Remember! Mark your calendar and meet your buddies directly under the arc

he was appointed district attorney for southern Ohio by President Warren G. Harding. In 1926, President Coolidge named him as federal judge for the southern Ohio district.

From 1920 to the time of his death General Hough was a member of the Ohio National Guard, in command of the 37th Division with the rank of major general, the appointment of Governor Vic Donahey. He was the first soldier to receive this appointment since the Civil War.

To all men of the Rainbow, Colonel Hough was affectionately known. He was the first national president of our association, being elected to this office

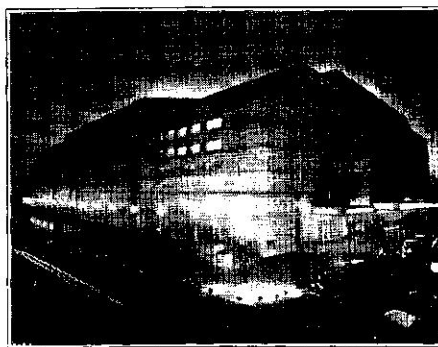
of the Rainbow--Kansas City--where the treasures and pleasures of the world are stored.

The latchstring's out, a hearty "welcome" is on the lips of everyone, and plenty of fun is the slogan and believe you me, when we say fun out here in the Middle West we mean fun. Come on, fellows, let's make the 1936 reunion a wow and when the roll is called and the president bangs his gavel for order, be among those present.

Make your plans now and form your On-to-Kansas-City-reunion clubs.

You will be thrilled and delighted with Kansas City's natural beauty, its many points of historical and cultural interest and its unusual opportunities for wholesome recreation. It is a paradise for pleasure hunters, with its multitude of lake and health resorts and every type of outdoor recreation.

Come to the reunion and you'll come again!



MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM  
Kansas City, Mo.

when the Rainbow Division Veterans' was organized in 1919, at Bad Neunahr, Germany. Throughout the years of our activity since the war Colonel Hough has been one of the main spokes in our wheel of success and his interest and efforts for Rainbow will always be a monument to him. His most recent achievement for the association and all men of the Rainbow is the publication of our official Rainbow History and this he accomplished during his recent illness and just prior to his death. To the memory of Colonel Hough, Rainbow salutes one of its most beloved members. Rainbow has lost a great friend.

SHARON C. COVER.

## RAINBOW MEDAL TO UNKNOWN SOLDIER



The above picture shows Col. Reinhard, Roland Packard, Elmer F. Neagle, President D. C. Chapter, Honorary National President M. Manning Marcus, National President Ruby D. Garrett, Col. J. Monroe Johnson and Chaplain Arlington A. McCallum.

The Unknown Soldier exemplifies the unmarked sacrifice, the unheeded heroism, the unsung glory of the American soldier on the battlefields of Europe in the World War. The distinguished honors and tributes offered at his Tomb do honor and pay tribute to every deed of valor, to every drop of blood shed on the field of battle, and to every heroic life laid down before the altar of country. The immortal Rainbow dead, then, shared in the stream of honors offered at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day. This thought must have been in the mind of every Rainbow veteran who joined in the ceremonies on Armistice Day, when the Rainbow Division Veterans placed a medal struck off in honor of the Unknown Soldier by our organization, in the repository at the Tomb.

This medal, the beauty and simplicity of which are striking, was designed and cast by Clarence Houle, president of the Michigan chapter. The medal is of gold, in bas relief, and depicts the bronze group in the Chalons Memorial, with a rainbow surmounting the group. The Detroit delegation at the Washington reunion suggested that the Rainbow Division should place its tribute in the repository at the Tomb and offered to provide the medal for presentation. Accordingly, they had it cast, and on November 9 it was formally turned over to our national president, Colonel Ruby D. Garrett, at an Armistice Day dinner and celebration held in Detroit that night. Colonel Garrett flew to Washington the following day and on November 11 a group of Rainbow veterans formed at the Tomb at Arlington to make the presentation. Colonel J.

Monroe Johnson and Chaplain Arlington A. McCallum each spoke briefly, and Colonel Garrett made the presentation speech. A representative of the War Department received the medal on behalf of the Unknown Soldier. The national and Rainbow colors were advanced under guard, and a bugler sounded taps. The ceremony was brief, simple and impressive. The beauty of the medal and the dignity and sincerity of the service lived fully up to the Rainbow traditions. And the Rainbow, as usual, was establishing new precedents. While many organizations have offered their tributes at the Tomb, the Rainbow is the first divisional organization to make such a presentation.



### TOT TRICE

166th Ambulance Co.

This veteran was gassed and shell-shocked at St.

Mihiel, was in Base Hospital No. 10. Anyone who remembers anything about this veteran and the occasion on which he was gassed, please communicate with Mrs. Honolulu Trice, 14 Richland Avenue, West View, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

### CAPT. JOS. W. BROOKS

150th M. G. Btn.

Anyone having information as to the

whereabouts of Captain Brooks will please communicate with Comrade Charles Hanson, United States Hospital, No. 51, Tucson, Arizona, or with the Editor of The Reveille.

### GROVER C. BODENHAMER

Co. E, 165th Infantry

Comrade Bodenhamer would like to hear from his old comrades in

E Company. Address him at Kennersville, North Carolina.

### CLAUDE DUVAL

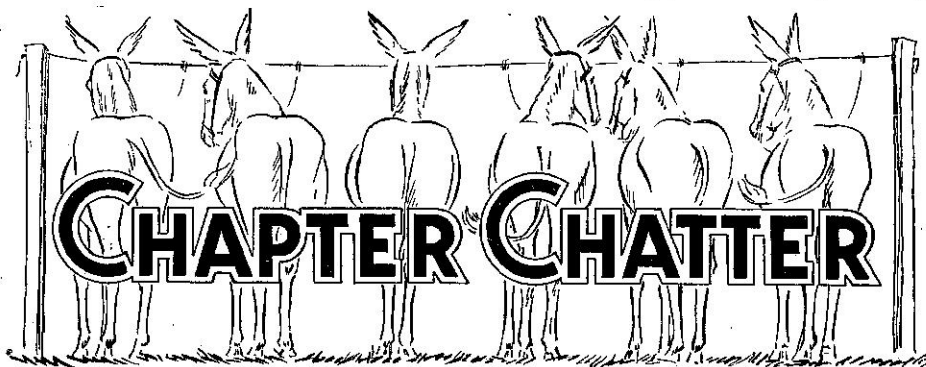
Hq., 150th F. A.

Comrade Duval was gassed while his detail was entering a

small town near Chateau Thierry. Any comrade having any recollection of this incident will please communicate with him in care of National Military Home, West Los Angeles, California, or with the Editor of The Reveille.

To all former members of the 42nd Rainbow Division who are in hospitals:

Mrs. Mary A. Talbot, 1418 Annex Avenue, Dallas, Texas, who is National Welfare Chairman of the R. D. V. Auxiliary, is anxious to get in touch with you. Please write her a card giving her your address and connection with the Division.



**IOWA** Bert Boots reports that the Iowa chapter is stirring with life and activity this year. Bert says, "We are going to start giving the boys shots in the arm for the reunion in Kansas City. Hope to have over 200 there. The Iowa chapter meets the third Wednesday of each month at the Northeastern Hotel. They win the war again and count the spots. Hope I get some good ones tomorrow night."

H. R. Rhoades, 1523 Forty-fifth Street, Des Moines, Iowa, is chairman of a sales committee. I direct all History orders, Rainbow buttons and Iowa auto emblem orders to him. Rhoades can also supply anyone interested with a copy of the picture of the 168th Infantry, taken at the State House in 1919.

**CALIFORNIA** California expresses its thanks for the many friendly messages about its memorial to the dead of the Rainbow. California, however, wishes to emphasize that it did not dedicate a stone but a grove of trees and that it was only a lack of sufficient space in the last Reveille which prohibited reproducing the entire memorial. The stone merely tells the story; the trees are the living, breathing tribute to our dead.

California chapter meets the second Thursday of each month in Hancock Hall, fourth floor of Patriotic Hall, 18th and Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, at 8:00 p. m.

Armistice Day 1935 saw a great parade of 10,000 men, comprising the armed forces of the United States, R. O. T. C., and veterans, wend its way through the heart of the Los Angeles business district. At 11 a.m. the procession halted, faced east and to the requiem of taps stood for one minute in silent tribute to those we left behind. Resuming its course, it passed in review before Grand Marshal Louis Van Iersel, a top-kick of the 2nd Division and one of the most decorated men in the country, then disbanded. There were no speeches, no fuss and frills, but just a plain, straight-for-

ward military demonstration as befits the hour of armistice. This program was sponsored by the Southern California Council of Combat Division Associations of which the California Rainbow has long been an active member, and was made successful by the cooperation of other veteran groups in the area.

ARTHUR C. DAVIS,

**MARYLAND** The November and December meetings of the Maryland Chapter came off with few casualties.

Our big event of the past month was the Armistice dance held on November 9 at the Maryland Country Club, with Fred Astaire Cassidy and La Cocuracha Woodall winning the first and second prize for the fanciest steps. Welby (Bad Dogs) Crowl was there and never missed a dance. So far we have managed to keep it from the Veterans' Bureau. Our Watchdog of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton Robbins, was on the job to see that everyone paid.

The bunch haven't changed a bit. They are still looking for souvenirs and carried almost the whole clubhouse away. Some of them even took home the cracked ice, but found that as souvenirs ice is all wet. Skeets Fanning was going to take the mortgage, but said it was much too large for him to carry.

This history committee are now going to write a history of the history committee. More beer, more eats, more jokes.

HARRY STANSBURY.

**FATHER DUFFY** Ed Rieker, the realty man, had an odd experience a few weeks ago. One of his clients placed some lots in his hands for a quick sale and a few days later Ed had a prospective buyer. These lots were listed as being in Hempstead and Ed and his customer went out to get a look at the property. Ed didn't recognize the spot when he looked it up on the map but when he got out there he got quite a thrill. They were

situated just about where the cook shack of Company E stood back in 1917.

Johnny Horan and Colonel Mangin held a reunion recently with Father Murray up in Binghamton. We thought he saw enough of the former at national conventions and we are wondering if he extended an invitation.

Our own Tom Donahue played the role of philanthropist at Thanksgiving time. He won a turkey in a raffle and very generously donated it to Dudley Winthrop. They didn't benefit much by it, however, for he stayed for three days until the last bone was clean.

As a hobby, Jack Ryan does cartooning in his spare time. Millie Thompson and Lillie Hughes, of the Auxiliary, have a collection of his thumb-nail sketches. They praise the original technique he employs now and hope that as he gets more practice and grows older he might be able to make a fair copy of Mickey Mouse.

Out California way, in West Los Angeles, Amos Dow and Bob Wood of the 165th are making a drive to round up all the men who served with the New York outfit and now reside in that vicinity. They hope to get enough together to start a sub-chapter. If you want to meet your old buddies again write to Bob Wood, Box 112, West Los Angeles.

New York was grieved to learn of the death of Colonel Hough of Ohio. The Rainbow has lost one of its greatest members. Those who have met him at conventions will miss his cheery presence at these gatherings. He was an inspiration for all good Rainbowers. We join with the rest of the country in mourning his loss to us.

Mickey Shea took time off from his nursing job for his wife, Bessie, who had broken her foot, and put over a swell Armistice party. Over two hundred of the gang turned out for this affair and we made enough profit to be able to give a Christmas party for the sons of the Rainbow.

New York extends the season's greetings to our comrades of the Rainbow everywhere. Remember that we are always glad to meet you at 68 Lexington Avenue, if you happen to be in town.

J. P. STRIFFLER.

**MICHIGAN** Michigan Chapter is still advancing! November saw quite a bit of action in this sector. On November 2, our annual Landing Party, celebrating the Eighteenth Anniversary of our arrival overseas, was held at the Book-Cadillac Hotel. The Crystal Ballroom and Italian Gardens were taken over for this affair, but before the evening was over we had to get out the wall stretchers. The crowd overflowed into

the corridors and adjacent rooms and the hotel staff went nuts trying to find chairs and glasses for the customers. About 800 Rainbowers and their guests were present and everybody really "went to town." You D. C. boys ask "Scoop" Wilkinson.

On November 9th a delegation from the Cleveland Chapter, including Schwalb, Hoyt, Darner, Durbin, Hayman, Nyberg, and several others, was in attendance at our meeting. National President Ruby D. Garrett came from K. C. for the occasion. The meeting opened with a dinner at the Legion Memorial Home. Some sixty-five Rainbowers and our guests were in attendance. An even larger turnout was present at the meeting. In behalf of the national organization, Colonel Garrett accepted the Gold Medal for Valor to be presented to the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. He then gave an outline of the program of the reunion to be held in Kansas City next July. After short talks by several of our guests, the meeting was adjourned in favor of a social session.

Armistice Day saw the largest turnout of Rainbowers for the parade in the history of Michigan chapter. Former Governor Wilber M. Brucker was Grand Marshal of the parade and the Rainbow Division veterans acted as the escort and were given the honor of leading. For this we were doubly thankful as we had just completed our march when it started to rain. The usual refreshments were served to the weary troops at one of our Rainbow hot spots.

G. I. WILLIAMS,  
Secretary.

**MISSOURI-KANSAS** Executive committee meetings and reunion plans committee meetings. First matter of business—What to do and what not to do to properly entertain our buddies at the Eighteenth Annual Reunion—that is, entertainment appropriate to veterans of our ages and stations in life.

P.S.—The "Show Me" and "Sunflower" states are making big preparations for the 1936 Reunion. Come prepared for anything. It's all a secret and we don't want to tell you that there's going to be plenty of ———, and a whole lot of ———, and a little bit of ———, with a great big ———!

However, if any of you have any requests or bequests, let's have 'em. We aim to pleeze. Your stay in Kansas City will be just "one round of pleasure" interspersed with reminiscing.

P.S.S.—Here's how. We'll be seein' you in July.

D. G. BURRILL,  
Secretary.

**ILLINOIS** The Illinois Rainbow pre-Armistice stag was held on the night of November 8 in the Blue Fountain Room of the Hotel LaSalle and all those attending agreed it was the best party we have had in a long time.

Dinner was eaten on red checkered tablecloths and with the old familiar candles in wine bottles. George Savage, of E Battery, chairman of the entertainment committee, had promised us a "Night in Guer," and it was really that. There was entertainment by a three-piece orchestra and lovely ladies who sang and danced. Then our former Bandmaster Sylvester produced a fifteen-piece band from the 124th F. A., and we sang all the old familiar tunes, such as "Mademoiselle from Armentierre," and "When We Were Down In Luneville," etc.

Andre Tubac, the best cook in the A.E.F., marched in with a keg of vin blanc (or was it vin rouge?), which helped to bring back old memories.

After that the more speculatively inclined amused themselves at chuck-a-luck and the old Army game. We had a turnout of about 150, including a lot of oldtimers we haven't seen in a long time, such as Captain Max Payne, Captain Rob Baltz, Lieutenant Bob McCreary, Lieutenant Charley Kapschull, "Doc" Rolnick, and a lot of others.

Everyone had a swell time and George Savage and his hard-working committee deserve a lot of credit for their swell job.

The next meeting of the Illinois Rainbow will be held on Friday night, February 21, the time and place to be announced later. This will be the seventeenth anniversary of our going into action (gosh, seems like a long time, doesn't it?), and we would like to have a large attendance. Any Rainbowmen living in or around Chicago are warmly welcome.

#### DEV BOWLY.

**VIRGINIA** We, of the Virginia chapter, feel a personal loss in the passing of Benson W. Hough of Ohio, and extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved family. A splendid man and Rainbower is gone.

We put on a much larger than usual Armistice Day parade here in Roanoke and the Rainbow Division Veterans' unit was the only one in the parade mentioned in the papers specifically, which did not hurt our feelings very much.

Walt Mitchell of Detroit paid us a visit Saturday, the 7th, and we had a little Rainbow reunion that night. Had to get "One More Kilo" Hurd out of bed but that wasn't much trouble. It was more trouble getting the gang back to bed.

The next day Walt and yours truly went on a Rainbow goodwill tour through Virginia. We stopped in Lynchburg but couldn't find any Rainbowers (all were in church); found Jock Trimmer and Russell Sebrrell at home and stayed a short time; called up Ravee Norris' home and really had to go to church to see him, but we did; called on Branch Spaulding in Fredericksburg, and finally found Washington in the fog and rain where we wound up at Harold Rodier's. Didn't know until this trip how many different brands these Virginia Rainbowers used, but comrades, it was a swell tour.

BILL HITT.

**WESTCHESTER** We wish to first express our appreciation for the hospitality of our parental chapter on its Westchester evening. At that time we were glad to hear Captain Rowley mention the proposal that our national reunion in July, 1939, be held in New York apropos of the greatest world's fair scheduled here for them. Let us hope that a special committee gets the City of New York to appropriate \$3,000 for that R. D. V. national reunion to insure its financial and social success.

Our members are rapidly appearing in their spiffy Rainbow caps. At our last meeting eighteen were paid for in full on the . . . line!

On Sunday, October 27, we erected with appropriate ceremony, a grave marker for Rainbower John B. Hogan, D Company, 165th Infantry, as buried in Mt. Calvary Cemetery, White Plains.

Then amid the season's first snow, sleet, hail and rain, not to mention a strong icy wind, we conducted the official Rainbow service incident to the placing of the divisional emblem upon the grave of Rainbower John T. Weaver, L Company, 165th Infantry, as buried in St. Augustine's Cemetery, at Ossining. This marker was given by Rainbower Alphonsus McAdams, out of his loving friendship for his buddy.

On February 22, directly following the national R. D. V. third annual radio program over a nation-wide hook-up of the NBC, we will conduct an impressive ceremony incident to the presentation, acceptance and dedication of our initial set of colors. A special committee is now working out the details thereof, which will be announced in these columns at the earliest possible date.

Our next monthly meeting will be held on Friday, December 27, at the Elks' Club House, located at 277 Hamilton Avenue, White Plains.

BENTLEY MULFORD.

## ~GAS ALARM~

Last year's popular feature, Gas Alarm, is to be continued this year with a greater inducement to send in contributions than before. The most interesting or most entertaining letter in each issue will be selected by General Reilly, and the writer awarded a free registration at the Kansas City Reunion in 1936. In addition, as a GRAND PRIZE for the year under conditions to be later announced, the best letter for the year will be awarded an ALL EXPENSE REUNION VISIT TO KANSAS CITY, which will include all expenses except transportation to and from the Reunion. SEND IN YOUR WAR EXPERIENCES; they may win you a worthwhile prize.

**MY BIG MOMENT** In Exermont late in October, 1918, we occupied an old mill and house for our billet. Headquarters occupied the "living room" of the house, whose tall roof, besides leaving enough space above our "office" to enable some 20 or 30 men to sleep, sloped down enough to form a sort of a covered driveway, the roof, of course, being of tile.

One end of our office had been equipped with two tiers of three bunks each, all of which were occupied by non-coms.

I will never forget that sense of foreboding that struck me as I awoke that particular night. A few seconds later came the first explosion. A short shell shriek told me it was a shell and not a bomb. That shell hit one of our radio trucks some 50 or 75 yards to the rear and left of our billet. The next shell, about one minute later, fell short, exploding on the hill, but to my strained imagination on a line with the first one that put our billet in the correct line.

I was not the least bit surprised when the third (and last) shell was a direct hit on the billet. It seemed the whole world blew up, though actually the explosion was probably insignificant as was concluded afterwards they were 77's. It didn't end with the explosion, as the shell apparently penetrated about halfway through the tiles of the roof and then burst, scattering shell-casing and tile and causing a fearful racket.

Dead silence prevailed in the vicinity for a few seconds—minutes, it seemed to me—before we arose, lit the lamps and started a check-up.

No one in our room seemed to be hurt, although Willie Walker, now deceased, who was sleeping on the floor and using his overcoat for a pillow, was still motionless, but arose without a word when we called to him. He picked up his overcoat and without a word held it up between us and the light. The coat was absolutely riddled with some 13 or 14 holes, where pieces of shell casing had penetrated it. It appeared as though fragments had gone through the coat on both sides of his head and he didn't have a scratch.

Above us several men were dead or badly wounded. That one shell took a fearful toll.

I would have sold my interest in the war plenty cheap that night. I was ready for the Armistice that night and it is probably just as well that it came along a few days later, so far as I was concerned.

CHESTER A. MILES,  
117th Field Signal Battalion.

### AN ALIEN IN PARADISE MUNDANE

I've been out of the furnace for over a week  
And am resting, far out of the range  
Of the flashes and grunts of the guns in the hills  
And my senses feel numbly the change.

I was taken away in the lorry one day,  
Filled with soldiers, all wounded or gassed,  
To a hospital train, where the horrible strain  
Of our recent activities passed.

We exhaustively slept, as the train slowly crept  
Out of Hades to Heaven-on-Earth;  
Soon the slime on my body dissolved in a bath  
And I slipped into a snowy-white berth.

To this strange paradise, I came laden with lice,  
And my uniform reeked with the smell  
One acquires from burrowing always in earth  
And from gas (pungent incense of Hell!)

These were all charmed away, ere I'd been there  
a day,  
By the angels 'who touched with their wands;  
First the smile of the doctor, the orderlies' aid,  
And the nurse with the comforting hands.

God! the sight of a woman, the Gods-country  
brand,  
Clove my tongue to the roof of my head.  
And I only could gawk when to me she would talk,  
But I thanked with my eyes and she read.

As I leisurely ate dainty food from a plate,  
I conjured in my mind thoughts of how  
Less than two weeks ago we were snarling like  
wolves  
O'er the chow can, with "slum" for our chow.

Scarcely two weeks ago into shellholes I fell,  
As we stumbled along in the dark,  
And I find myself now smoking good cigarettes,  
With a book to read out in the park.

In the still of the night, 'neath the sheets clean  
and white,  
I lie tossing and staring o'erhead,  
At my friends (mortals once) now in phantom  
array,  
Marching past in the ranks of the dead.

Etched on memory's canvas (the ceiling above)  
By the senile biographer, "Time,"  
Writing history's story, penned from the lore  
Of the deeds of this phalanx divine.

'Tis a bayonet, the quill that he chronicles with,  
And the blood of my comrades the ink  
That the feverish quill seeks to moisten its tip  
And continue the scrawl, bloody-pink.

Of a sudden the scribe glances up from his scroll  
And, perceiving me, poises the quill  
O'er the chalice containing the fast-ebbing ink,  
And he bids me return and refill.

Like a marionette, operated by strings,  
I am dangling here on a thread,  
That will tug, when it pleases a caprice of Time,  
And Arcadia then will have fled.

It will tug, and the furnace will roar once again,  
And my beautiful dream will be charred  
By the heat from its blast, and again I will stand  
Void of soul, fraught with hate, battle-scarred.

The veneer of contentment applied to my soul  
By these angels, will wither and crack  
In its heat, but I won't be an alien there,  
For the devil will welcome me back.

*This poem was written by Tom Donahue, Company H, 165th Infantry, at Contrexeville, France, shortly after the Champagne Battle in July, 1918.*

**DOUGHBOYS** It was the  
**GUARD ENGINEERS** blackest night  
in history. Yes,  
the very blackest ever!

My job was to take a gang out to guard a flock of Engineers repairing our badly shot-up wires.

Leaving my sergeant with orders to take our charges out through the chicane, I proceeded with the remainder of my men to go down the trench to about a kilo away. From there I would go out and inspect the wires as we returned.

Reaching the jumping-off place, we got through the wire O. K. It then began to rain. It was by far the wettest of rains that ever drenched so-called sunny France!

A little brook we all knew so well soon became a raging torrent. Crossing it was a problem in itself. It got darker and darker by the second.

Out in No Man's Land all familiar landmarks were wiped out. Crossing the stream had warped my sense of direction. I became uncertain of my position. Resorting to the luminous dial compass I placed, as I thought, in the correct position. Imagine my dismay upon releasing the needle to have it swing in just the opposite direction.

Puzzled, I called to Chauncey Eagle Horn, "Chief do you know where we are?" "No," was the laconic reply from that Redskin Rainbower.

We were now thoroughly wet and cold in Stygian night. Upon our advancing fifty paces I tried the compass with the same result. Once more the Chief could not help either!

Just then a pistol flare popped up. The way it arced back it looked to me as if we were behind the German line and that someone had shot the flare out over No Man's Land!

Now I knew we were actually lost! Badly puzzled, and somewhat frightened, I again ordered a fifty-yard advance. Once more the damned needle

proved me to be wrong. The Chief's message was far from assuring or cheering.

Suddenly the inky blackness was split by a dazzling flash of lightning. In the instant of that God-sent illumination I caught a glimpse of the dear old ruins of Neuville, just inside of our lines!

We had been progressing parallel to our wire, in fact, not ten yards from it. The compass had been attracted by that band of metal, causing the needle to act as though it had been soaked in cognac.

With Old Man Relief making my feet light now, I led the gang through the chicane. We found the sergeant calmly chatting with a couple of the guards.

The Engineers?

Oh, they never did show up.

ED O'DOUGHERTY.

**CHRISTMAS,** One of the most pleasant memories which I

retain of the whole war was the Christmas at the little town of Orcquevaux. Colonel Garrett, the Commander of the 117th Field Signal Corps, and Chief Signal Officer of the 42nd Division, was responsible for that pleasant day for many. Several nights before at the officers' mess he remarked that many men with the battalion would not see another Christmas, and then secretly he assigned Lt. Homer Reed to go to Chaumont and Lt. Andre Clergerie, our French liaison officer, and Maj. Silas M. Ransopher to go to Neufchateau to buy Christmas presents for every soul in the outfit. Colonel Garrett had "rustled" the extra fixin's for the Christmas dinner. It was the colonel's idea to have Maj. Richard T. Smith and the other officers get the tree ready, while Captain Saylor took the battalion on a "practice" march much to their chagrin. They couldn't understand why they had to go on a practice march on Christmas Day.

After dinner the men were reassembled in the mess hall, cigarettes, tobacco and candy were distributed to each, Maj. Silas M. Ransopher spoke a few words and Major Smith let a canvas curtain drop, dramatically revealing a great green tree, brilliant with candles and loaded with gifts. The men yelled with delight. A wet, cold and snowy 25th of December, in a foreign land, suddenly had been transformed into a real, bright, American Christmas, with a real tree sparkling and glowing the way it was always back home.

After the presents were distributed the men gathered around the piano and sang songs—old songs and improvised songs—songs about home and Christmas.

—By One of the Battalion.

## FROM THE DESK OF THE NATIONAL SECRETARY

4643 Nottingham Road  
Detroit, Mich.

May the New Year in the offing,  
Like our RAINBOW's radiant hue,  
Symbolize a prosperous future,  
Health and happiness to you.

With the passing of the "holidays" and the advent of 1936 we are prompted to look back in retrospect and unconsciously, in a measure, take inventory of our accomplishments and by comparison set up our objectives for the New Year.

As this is true in our own lives, so it is true in "Rainbow" or any other successful organization. So, as we pause in Rainbow to reflect, it is with a great deal of pride and pleasure that we point to many achievements which "your effort" has made possible. Paramount, of course, is the publication of our official history, "Americans All—The Rainbow At War" which will be ready for distribution at an early date, along with the formation of a live chapter in Denver, Colorado; application for a charter for another chapter for our Rainbowners living on Long Island, N. Y., Nassau and Suffolk Counties; an increased paid membership for this period of the year; greater "year-round" activity with Rainbow enthusiasm in all our chapters, and a more concerted and unified effort to make the Rainbow Division Veterans second to none in our peace-day activity.

It is through the effort, cooperation and interest of Rainbowners such as yourself that "Rainbow Division Veterans" are continuing their "fellowship" in days of peace, and the name "Rainbow Division" is being kept alive as a most befitting memorial to our dead and a rich heritage to our descendants. National Headquarters wants to take this opportunity to thank the officers and members of every chapter and every Rainbowner "at large" for your splendid work and untiring efforts that have made our first half year one to be proud of. Fellows, your continued support and cooperation is going to make this one of our BEST years and we are counting on every last one of you.

May the New Year bring you all health, happiness and success in your individual efforts and have many good things in store for us all. To those less fortunate, in hospitals or confined to your homes, our wish is that a speedy recovery back to health and happiness may soon be yours and if Rainbow does not know of your illness, won't you write

us so that through one of our units we may visit you and bring your "Rainbow cheer."

SHARON C. COVER, Sec'y.

**RAINBOW HISTORY** We are indeed happy to report that through the 100 per cent cooperation of all our chapters our obligation to the F. J. Heer Printing Company has been paid "in full." Just as fast as the manuscripts are being completed by our historian, Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, they are being set in type and at a very early date our history will be ready for distribution. As the first edition is to be limited, it is essential that YOU place your order at once, for as a matter of good business we must of necessity anticipate our requirements. To avoid delays and much detail, please remit your \$3.00 with order. Order at once through your chapter secretary or National Headquarters, 4643 Nottingham Road, Detroit.

**NATIONAL ENROLLMENT DRIVE** This is a drive to place on our mailing list the names of all former Rainbow veterans that they may enjoy the "fellowship" and benefits of our association and receive our national publication. It is your duty to submit the names of all Rainbowners with whom you may be in contact to the secretary of your chapter, or National Headquarters, that your chapter may compete for the annual award, the Governor Brucker Cup, which will be presented at the annual reunion to the chapter having the largest percentage of "new listings."

### RAINBOW DIRECTORY ADDITIONS

- Alabama—President, Howard M. Lamb, 208 Amer. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Gadsden; secretary, James L. Wall, P. O. Box No. 1583, Birmingham.
- Colorado (Denver)—President, Dr. C. G. Grover, 3401 Federal Blvd., Denver; secretary, H. G. Hughes, First National Bank, Denver.
- Georgia—President, Jacob P. Levey, Thomasville; secretary, Jesse R. Cheves, 135 Culver Street, Macon.
- Nebraska—President, William A. Bell, 1237 N. Lincoln, Lincoln; secretary, William S. Reese, 1345 N. 21st Street, Lincoln.
- Ohio (Deleware) — President, James Halfhill, Park Avenue, Delaware; secretary, Stanley Owen, R. F. D. No. 3, Delaware.

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**RAINBOW BUTTONS—AUTO MARKERS**  
Identify yourself with the Rainbow. Lapel Button, 75c; Auto Markers, 75c pair. Send orders to K. A. Sutherland, Box 297, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

**Paid Membership Drive**  
**alias**  
**"Divisional Pride"**

As you know,  
 our income is  
 derived from  
 membership

dues which is our sole support for the maintenance, operation and preservation of our organization. The national association operates on an exceedingly small budget, but even the amount necessary to meet that budget is not yet in sight.

This year, in order to meet the actual cost of the "Reveille" (each issue of which goes to over 10,500 Rainbow men) and other necessary expenses of the organization, our paid membership **must** be increased over any previous years.

As an added incentive to accomplish this necessary objective National President Garrett is offering a suitable trophy to the state that increases its paid membership by the greatest percentage over last year's total. Your state's chapters have received full details of the contest and are now hard at work but there is much that you can do to help them win. You agree to all this but what will be your contribution for the success of this drive? The outcome will depend on every individual doing his full part. On that rests the future and success of our association. Therefore, we appeal to you, for your Rainbow, to pay your dues **at once**.

Unlike other organizations, we have never dropped a name from our mailing list because of non-payment of dues—that's because we are Rainbow. A good many of our men, who paid dues when they could, find it impossible to pay now and from these we ask nothing and we hope our welfare committees can help them to "carry on." Some men "just forgot"—we hope this is a reminder and that these men will avail themselves of the membership application form, for payment of dues, elsewhere in this issue for your convenience.

**RAINBOWERS-AT-LARGE**

To you who are not situated in a state where we have a chapter or you who do not live within proximity of one of our units, I address these remarks. Your ranks total 575 of our total membership of 10,500 and to date only 13 have dedicated that national dollar in support of Rainbow. That our publication schedule of the "Reveille" may be maintained and go to every Rainbower that we know of, won't you please avail yourselves of the special form elsewhere in the issue and do your part to help Rainbow carry on. Your membership card will be mailed promptly.

**QUOTA CHART**

|                      | Dues<br>Quota | Per<br>Cent | National<br>Enroll-<br>ment<br>Quota<br>* |
|----------------------|---------------|-------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Missouri-Kansas      | 79.00         | 135         |                                           |
| Texas                | 50.00         | 110         | .001                                      |
| District of Columbia | 66.00         | 101         |                                           |
| Maryland             | 61.00         | 82          | .0006                                     |
| Michigan             | 156.00        | 66          | .005                                      |
| Oklahoma             | 64.00         | 55          | .004                                      |
| Virginia             | 49.00         | 49          |                                           |
| Ohio                 | 535.00        | 43          | .0006                                     |
| New York             | 652.00        | 40          | .0001                                     |
| Wisconsin            | 89.00         | 38          | .002                                      |
| Florida              | 52.00         | 38          |                                           |
| Illinois             | 324.00        | 38          |                                           |
| Minnesota            | 196.00        | 34          |                                           |
| Colorado             | 27.00         | 26          | .001                                      |
| Indiana              | 166.00        | 22          | .0002                                     |
| California           | 311.00        | 21          | .004                                      |
| South Carolina       | 128.00        | 19          |                                           |
| Georgia              | 49.00         | 14          | .03                                       |
| Iowa                 | 206.00        | 13          | .0006                                     |
| National Chapter     | 230.00        | 6           |                                           |
| Pennsylvania         | 230.00        | 5           | .0007                                     |
| Nebraska             | 19.00         | 5           |                                           |
| Alabama              | 151.00        | 3           | .0003                                     |
| New Jersey           | 94.00         | 0           |                                           |
| Tennessee            | 34.00         | 0           |                                           |
| Oregon               | 27.00         | 0           | .001                                      |

\* Not contesting



**THE  
 OFFICIAL  
 RAINBOW  
 GRAVE  
 MARKER**

With  
 Soldier's

Name  
 and  
 Regiment  
 \$5.00

**Joe Justad**

**3346 Third Avenue South**

**Minneapolis**

**Minnesota**

# Hey, Soldier! You Can't Stand There!

You can't afford to stand there alone, in the rear, while some of your "Rainbow" outfit fight for the preservation, health and growth of your "Rainbow Division Veterans." When you were a part of the 42nd Division you were a part of an army and that army was successful because it was "organized and had a definite program." A single soldier, battalion or company, yes, even a regiment, was of no value without the support of all as a whole.

So it is now true in support of our beloved "Rainbow" and your "active membership" is just as essential to your brother Rainbowers of the "Rainbow Division Veterans" which association replaces the 42nd Division of '17, '18 and '19 and was created to perpetuate that bond of comradeship that was the greatest common factor in the success of your Division and keep alive the memory of our Rainbow dead.



## APPLICATION FOR ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS

4648 Nottingham Road  
Detroit, Mich.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Unit of Divisional Service \_\_\_\_\_ Co. Batt. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Chapter \_\_\_\_\_ if a member of any

### NATIONAL SECRETARY—

Desiring to do my part in support of THE RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS, I hereby subscribe to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association and hereby apply for "Active Membership."

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for my National Association membership and receipt of the "Rainbow Reveille" for the current fiscal year—July 16, 1935, to July 15, 1936.

**IMPORTANT NOTE**—If a member of a chapter, pay your dues to your chapter secretary, which includes your National Association dues.

Mr. Duncan Campbell,  
54 Beekman St.,  
New York City, N.Y.