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1918

# The American Rainbow



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By  
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## EXPLANATION

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November 11th, 1918  
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The Battle of Champagne  
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Our Roll of Honor  
Homeward Bound

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# *The American Rainbow*

By J. ROY GOODE

— 1 —

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918

Behold! The nations of the world are aflame tonight,  
Celebrating the triumph of Liberty and Right.  
    Civilization breathes a sigh of relief,  
    And Humanity smiles through her tears of grief.  
Victory's banner streams over a world that is free,  
And the Eagle of Justice screams over land and sea.  
    In the heart of Motherhood gratitude shines;  
    Joy has erased from tired faces the care-worn lines.  
A song of bliss thrills on many a fond sweetheart's lips;  
And Peace in the flaming sunshine of Love gaily trips,  
    The world bows it's head to the blessing of God;  
    Silence reigns o'er the ruins where Might has trod.

— 2 —

Still fresh and burning is the imprint of the despot's heel;  
Still sore and bleeding is the wound of the traitor's steel.  
    The carnage on the battlefield yet remains;  
    The warrior not yet has forgotten his pains.  
Though the guns are silent, on the field they are standing,  
The base and defeated war-lords' rear still commanding.  
    The verdure not yet the hero's grave has greened;  
    The world not yet exacted penalty of the fiend.  
The brave soldiers of Freedom yet stand at alert;  
Waiting and watching, in warriors' uniform still girt.  
    Yet from the dark chaos gleams a ray of light,  
    And Humanity heralds the triumph of Right.

— 3 —

## THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

Somewhere in France, from the field tonight is returning;  
Triumphant in spirit, in their hearts a fond yearning;  
    A division that fought, sacrificed and bled,  
    Leaving on the Field of Honor many dead.  
Beneath the glow of victory that shines on their face;  
Visible in the firmness that characterizes their pace;  
    Foretold beneath the gleaming of their tired eyes;  
    Betrayed by worn sound of occasional sighs;  
Evidenced by the paleness of lip and haggard cheek;  
Silent and weary, though not grown humble or meek;  
    Stands forth evidence of the price they have paid,  
    Who the world "safe for democracy" have made.

## THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 4 —

There is naught of bitterness in the souls of these men;  
If Liberty bade they would take to the field again.  
    They have sacrificed for a cause that is just,  
    And crushed a maniac's domination lust,  
They came at the call of the hallowed Red, White and Blue;  
They fought and suffered, they bled and died, with hearts ever true.  
    No onslaught of Might has yet crushed their spirit;  
    No hell could be painted that they would fear it.  
They held in their hearts a nation's honor and security;  
They stood between ravage and womanhood's purity.  
    In History their deeds must ever live and grow,  
    Men of the immortal American Rainbow.

— 5 —

### ASSEMBLY AND DEPARTURE

In September, Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen,  
The smartest of warriors the world has ever seen,  
    Assembled and prepared for the conflict o'er here,  
    In defense of the principles they held dear.  
Rang in their ears the dying pleas of the innocent,  
Who perished when the agencies of Might abroad were sent.  
    Deeds of ravage and rape before their eyes reeled;  
    Burned deep in their hearts a desire for the field.  
'Twas the cause of Humanity they came to defend;  
'Twas the bloody sway of Power they came to bend,  
    And America gave her choicest with pride,  
    Many of whom in the great conflict have died.

— 6 —

### FRANCE—AND THE RECEPTION

Preceded abroad by the praise and fame that was theirs;  
Heralded as destroyers of Civilization's tares;  
    Longed for and looked for by a bleeding nation,  
    Which has borne the brunt of three years' privation;  
Hoped for, prayed for, begged for, by the Defenders of Truth;  
Laughed at, sneered at, despised by the hordes uncouth;  
    Welcomed with arms wide-stretched by the weary and worn,  
    Whose homes and whose hearts lay shattered and torn.  
By the enemy secretly feared, though outwardly scorned;  
With renewed hope received by those who had suffered and mourned.  
    O bears the world memory of one other instance,  
    So touching as their reception by the people of France?

*Four*

## THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 7 —

Writhing beneath the spiked heel of pitiless Might;  
Dominated by will of the invading parasite;  
    Her manhood destroyed or enveloped in flame;  
    Her cities in ruins where the war-lords came;  
Her Motherhood white-lipped, pale, and of lustreless eye;  
Bereft of the sons they had given for the Cause to die.  
    Rapine, ravage, plunder and destruction wrought;  
    Ruins, and the graves of millions who had fought;  
Poisoned air, fields of carnage, anguish, torture and pain;  
Missiles to maim and to kill, that round them fell like rain.  
    This was the second reception of the American Brave,  
    Whose forefathers Liberty to the New World gave.

— 8 —

### THE FIRST FRONT

All hells and all horrors by Hun cunning yet devised,  
Sought to drive fear to the hearts where fear never lies.  
    All the world watched and all the world waited,  
    While Rainbow and Hun met and Rainbow and Hun hated.  
Battle-scarred veterans, designed to storm and shock,  
Frequently and persistently o'er "No man's Land" would flock.  
    But the Rainbow smiled and the Rainbow stood,  
    Move them no agency of Death or Power could.  
To the war-fare of trenches and dug-outs they were new;  
Seasoned and long-served veterans among them were few;  
    They despised the Hun tactics of hide and seek;  
    A war of inaction was to them a freak.

— 9 —

### ALSACE-LORRAINE

In the foothills of the Vosges, in quaint Alsace,  
As the sunshiny days of Springtime crept on apace;  
    The trial of the Rainbow Brave came to a close,  
    And he was pronounced worthy of greater foes.  
The eyes of the civilized world at this hour were turned,  
To the bloody Marne, and the fields where earthly hells burned.  
    Dark were the clouds of fear that threatened hope's rays;  
    Filled with despair and foreboding were those days.  
But the fear and despair of the world was yet unknown,  
To the "Paper Soldier" who was now a warrior grown,  
    And proclaimed equal to the fire-tests of War,  
    By the veteran French General Duport.

*Five*

*THE AMERICAN RAINBOW*

— 10 —

THE CALL OF GREATER BATTLE

The call of greater struggle came to them here,  
In the foothills they had defended and now held dear.  
    'Twas the call of Battle and the call of Death;  
    And eagerness quickened each warrior's breath.  
Every Rainbow heart with proud confidence was filled;  
Every Rainbow soldier as a fighter was skilled.  
    The day of dug-outs and trenches came to a close,  
    And visions of grim action before them arose;  
As the opportunity they had long awaited,—  
The opportunity for greater deeds now seemed fated.  
    And their share of erasing Kultur's bloody stain,  
    Was to begin on the torn fields of Champagne.

— 11 —

THE BATTLE OF CHAMPAGNE

'Twas the night of July Fourth, dark and rainy and wet,  
The last column, with pounding hearts and lips firmly set;  
    Moved silently forth to prepare for the stand,  
    That wrung offensive from the enemy's hand.  
Ten weary days they labored, ten lonesome nights stood at bay;  
Discounted Hun boasts and smiled the world's fears away.  
    Theirs was courage to dare and courage to do;  
    Theirs eagerness and desire that hourly grew.  
Thus time fled and the fatal Fourteenth of July drew near;  
Bastille anniversary! To France both blessing and sear.  
    Commemorative of Freedom bought by blood spilled;  
    Now kept as "America's Promise Fulfilled."

— 12 —

Reigned quiet and serene as the midnight hour approached;  
The Dove of Peace it seemed, had Mar's battleground encroached.  
    There was neither sigh nor sound, of man or beast;  
    Silence only, silence North, South, West and East.  
The night was clear, the sky was filled with stars;  
Yet 'twas the scene that in memory bore Attila's scars.  
    And had it been but light of day, one might have seen,  
    That silence lied, and not all was thus serene.  
For a million bloodthirsting men stood with bated breath,  
Awaiting the flash that would bring them victory or death.  
    Ten thousand guns, yawning hell within their jaws,  
    Awaited the signal to fill destruction's claws.

*THE AMERICAN RAINBOW*

— 13 —

Through that ghostly, ghastly silence came the midnight hour;  
And with it screams of death and hell, breaking near and far.  
    Silence gave way to the cannons' angry roars;  
    Steel and thunder shattered Purgatory's doors.  
All hell broke loose and madly pounced upon the earth;  
The hour of Twelve, stroke of Twelve, and it was Horror's birth;  
    Shrieking o'erhead missiles to maim and to kill;  
    Ablaze with angry flashes every road and hill.  
Trees were crashed to earth by flying steel that filled the air;  
Short was life for many who anger of the fiends must dare.  
    Thus earthly hells raved on and many warriors died,  
    Until night had passed and came the morning-tide.

— 14 —

With the first faint rays of dawn, came the hordes of Fright;  
Yelling waves of grey, urged on by bloody hand of Might.  
    'Twas the boast of Kultur, and method of the Hun,  
    Fifteenth of July, before the rise of sun.  
Those yells, designed to frighten, gave way to shrieks of pain,  
And who shall say what price they paid for minor terrain gain.  
    They came, they yelled, they shrieked, they fell, they died, they lost;  
    And Might alone can answer God that awful cost.  
For 'twas here that Hun and Alabama met and fought;  
Here that Maryland's "First to Fight" terrific havoc wrought.  
    'Twas here that Kultur suffered loss of pride;  
    'Twas here that Prussian dignity fell and died.

— 15 —

'Twas here the Rainbow wielded the firebrand of Hell;  
Here the Rainbow knotted the sweatlands of the infidel.  
    Here the Rainbow fought as ne'er before,  
    And glory won that shall live forevermore.  
Was it the Loyal Fourth Ohio, or the Alabama boys;  
Was it the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," or proud Iowa's joys?  
    No matter—The American Rainbow it was;  
    All the world knows, all the world honor them does.  
They stopped the Prussian Greys, and they stopped the Prussian Guards  
They smashed the Power of thralldom that Liberty retards.  
    Naked to the waist they fought the Kaiser's choice;  
    Naked to the waist made way for the world's rejoice.

*Seven*

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 16 —

The braggard Hun here learned the strength of the Yankee hand,  
And noted with despair the olive-drabs stonewall stand.  
    The dreams of the "All-Highest" sank in the blood  
    Of his own troops, and were engulfed in the flood,—  
The flood of disaster that to the Crown Prince came,  
Where the Rainbow stood on the gory fields of Champagne.  
    And when the strength and blood of those waves of grey,  
    Was exhausted and lost and inactively lay,  
The American Rainbow, still smiling and still fresh,  
Brushed from their bayonets the stains of Hun blood and flesh,  
    Fell into line and rushed away to the North,  
    Where fighting power of the Hun still held forth.

— 17 —

CHATEAU-THIERRY

Beyond the ruins of Vaux, and wreck of Chateau-Thierry,  
Stood the Foe at bay, dangerous, cunning and leary.  
    The "Masters of Might" saw their cloud of doom appear;  
    The war-lords snarled at the Rainbow's drawing near.  
Assisting miles of gallant Allies on either side:  
The Rainbow stripped for action against the sorely tried—  
    The sorely-tried and desperate hordes of Might,  
    Henchmen of destruction, slaves of monster Fright.  
They fought like hounds of hell, fiends in uniform of grey;  
Put only Hell could hold the Eighty-Fourth Brigade at bay.  
    And the Forty-Niners poured a stream of shell,  
    That ruined Hill Two-Twelve and clogged the jaws of Hell.

— 18 —

Strategy of Hindenburg failed to stop the Rainbow;  
Will of Ludendorff could not dam the khaki o'erflow.  
    Sergy, Nestles and the rest, many miles they went;  
    Resistance of the foe but fire to their ardor lent.  
The death-traps of the Ourq were but of short concern,  
When the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" did of their presence learn.  
    And there was fearful fighting onward to the Vestle;  
    Facing streams of lead at every hill and dale.  
The foe decreed that blood must pay for every inch of ground;  
And blood was paid, but mostly by the Hun himself, 'twas found.  
    Kultur learned it had sprung the poison-fangs of Hell,  
    When it challenged the land of "The Liberty Bell."

*Eight*



THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 19 —

RAINBOW MEMORIES

History may record the bitterness of those days;  
Poets may paint them in brilliant, poetical arrays.  
    All the world may glory in the Rainbow's deed,  
    And future enemies thereby take heed.  
But History, Poet, World nor Enemy can know,  
The memory that is theirs, soldiers of the Rainbow.  
    The man-made and the earthly hells that faced them;  
    The barbarisms that righteous laws condemn.  
Atrocities of a mad and cunning monarch's brain,  
Field of Honor, where lay scores in agony and pain.  
    This and more, still lingers in the Rainbow mind,  
    Memories that time nor will can leave behind.

— 20 —

BATTLE OF ST. MIHIEL

Now back to Lorraine again, the thorn in Europe's soul,  
Which more than forty years before, paid the conqueror's toll;  
    Four years the scene of bitter and bloody strife;  
    Where the first American laid down his life.  
The death traps of Mont-Sec, which a year or so before,  
Cost the gallant French ten thousand men or more.  
    Through rain and mud and darkness came the Yanks,  
    Every avenue was lined with deadly tanks.  
Had he seen, how must have quailed, the unsuspecting Hun,  
To whom would fall disaster before the rise of sun.  
    But the foe forgot and slept, while Yank prepared,  
    And when he woke, hell and khaki 'round him flared.

— 21 —

The Rainbow fighter stood with smiling face and beating heart;  
Eagerly awaiting the signal for the start.  
    And when it came he wildly yelled and rushed,  
    Whereon the foe awoke to find his reign of four years crushed.  
It was no bitter light, the Yanks just plunged ahead;  
Those they met were either "Kamerad" or dead.  
    And once again the Yanks flung back the lie  
    As is the custom of the Yankee to deny,—  
Flung back the German lie that Yank a coward is;  
Wiped disdain from Prussian lips and gave the Kaiser his.  
    Ended thus the veteran Rainbow's third campaign,—  
    St. Mihiel, Chateau-Thierry—Marne, and Champagne.

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 22 —

CAMPAIGN OF THE ARGONNE- MEUSE

And now returned the Rainbow to fields of blood and gore;  
The dough-boys and the gunners stood at their posts once more.  
    Roaring were the monster guns with ceaseless rage:  
    History added to itself another page.  
Our foe was waging bitter contest to stave defeat;  
But bitter contest could not slacken his retreat.  
    Endurance of the Rainbow here was sorely tried;  
    Many of her warriors fell and died.  
But o'er the Field of Honor, their spirits drove apace;  
And every Prussian dreaded Rainbow fighters to face.  
    For the Rainbow had no equal on either side the line,  
    And no superior from the Atlantic to the Rhine.

— 23 —

Always forward: "Forward to Sedan" was the battle-cry;  
"We'll end the Kaiser's power, or in the effort die!"  
    Day and night, night and day, trembled all the earth;  
    The final hour, of world-wide freedom the birth.  
Emperors and kings read the handwriting on the wall;  
Dynasties and kingdoms tottered for the fall.  
    Not even the vilest subject dared to hope,  
    For no force of arms could with the Allies cope,  
Warring Hun was sick of War, and conquered by despair;  
Would-be Terror-of-the-Earth sat trembling in his chair.  
    And still the Rainbow crushed forward to Sedan,  
    Determination burning within each fighting man.

— 24 —

The enemy an instant dared to pause in his wild retreat;  
But momentary pause did not save him from defeat.  
    A million Yanks,—more than he guessed were there,  
    Charged the battlements of Death to his despair.  
The "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" and the Alabama too,  
Cause enough why the Hun that day should ever rue.  
    Iowa and Ohio downed the stoutest of the foe;  
    Trench and wire crumbled under Maryland's blow.  
Once again the Forty-Niners clogged the jaws of Hell;  
The Hundred and Fiftieth raked hill, mountain, and dell;  
    The Hundred Fifty-First paved the way of advance,  
    And e'en the Engineers were looking for a chance.

*Ten*

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 25 —

The Hun gave way before that hellish Yankee charge,  
And became a hunted thing, roaming somewhere at large.  
    For awhile it seemed the Yanks had lost their foe;  
    Silence greeted doughboy as far as he would go.  
But faithful search and weary hike rewarded him at last,  
Thirty miles away the enemy was standing fast.  
    But Teuton stand was but a farce to Rainbow stay;  
    For Kultur had learned the error of its way;  
And while the Rainbow prepared to call this latest bluff,  
The German Empire raised her hands and cried, "Enough!"  
    Emissaries came and signed the armistice,  
    And in the hearts of men thrilled a song of bliss.

THE RAINBOW'S POWER CHAIN

— 26 —

THE 165TH INFANTRY—NEW YORK

Let here a word be said for the fighters from New York,  
Who won their greatest fame at the crossing of the Ourq;  
    Where the scornful spirit of the Hun they crushed,  
    And Kultur's death-traps from hill and valley brushed.  
These men with pride may look on every single day.  
That they the boastful Hun pursued or held that Hun at bay.  
    Men of a unit, flush long ago with fame,  
    Who gallantly preserved its honor and its name.  
From Luneville to Argonne, course of the Rainbow's fight,  
To a man the Sixty-Niners proved they were true and white.  
    Their tale of glory won forever shall be told,—  
    "The Fighting Sixty-Ninth," the famous, and the old.

— 27 —

THE 166TH INFANTRY—OHIO

The Fourth Ohio too, added brilliance to its name;  
And helped immortalize the Rainbow's, glorious fame.  
    O'er a year of youth and life cheerfully they gave,  
    Mindful of the "Lusitania's" watery grave.  
They nobly bore the brunt on Europe's field of death and bell;  
The sacrifice they made neither brush nor pen can tell.  
    Through mud and slime they drove the braggard Hun,  
    And knew no peace until their task was done.  
They fought upon the field where the despot gained his power;  
And made him there—defeated—beneath their bayonets cower.  
    Rival them none outside the famous Rainbow can,—  
    The old Fourth Ohio,—Honor Guard at Sedan.

*Eleven*

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 28 —

THE 167TH INFANTRY—ALABAMA

Alabama gained renown at the battle of Champagne,  
When they taught the Prussian Guard the folly of his game.  
    Ne'er in memory of the world has there been staged,  
    Such a fight as on the field of Champagne raged.  
'Twas here the famous Prussian Guard was at his best,  
And here that Alabama put the Prussian Guard to test.  
    They fought as hungry demons of another world,  
    Grasping, striking at each other's throats they hurled.  
'Twas the Alabama taught the Prussian Guard to fail,  
Though few Prussians there were left to tell that bloody tale.  
    And when History crowns her sons of fame,  
    She shall not fail to mention Alabama's name.

— 29 —

THE 168TH INFANTRY—IOWA

'Twas at Chateau-Thierry glory came to Iowa,  
When they whipped the most imperial of the Prussian Grey.  
    When they charged the fiercest of the Kaiser's Huns,  
    And dared the jaws of monster Krupp-made guns.  
Where they left the country-side with Prussian bodies strewn,  
And drove toward Fismes in wake of Kultur's wreck and ruin.  
    Where they taught the disbelieving hordes of Fright,  
    That America is *not* too proud to fight.  
And when that fight was o'er, the field was dyed with red,  
And the remnant of the foe in wild disorder fled.  
    Men of Iowa, we proclaim you of our best,—  
    Glory-covered warriors of the Middle-West.

— 30 —

THE 117TH TR. MTR. BATT.—MARYLAND

Service rendered by the worthy sons of Maryland,  
Who their mortars with death-defying courage manned;  
    Whether in Lorraine, at Champagne, or the Argonne;  
    And was it midnight, daylight, dusk or dawn,—  
Was the best that fearless soul and iron nerve could give;  
And forever in the annals of sacrifice shall live.  
    What tribute can we pay to such display of valor;  
    When without twitch of lip or sign of pallor,  
They awaited the birth of horror, the knell of death;  
The fury of Hell, the scorch of Kultur's breath;  
    And there, in Champagne, tore out the heart of Might?—  
    Maryland, your hundred sons—your "First to Fight."

*Twelve*

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 31 —

THE 149TH ARTILLERY—ILLINOIS

The famous Forty-Ninth, champions of the three-inch shell;  
Created for the warful Hun many a two-fold hell.  
    Their rapid, endless stream of seventy-fives,  
    Cost the enemy many a thousand lives.  
In the quiet sector of Alsace they learned to fight.  
And proceeded to put the war-lust of the Hun to flight.  
    In the bloody "Win-or-Die" battle of Champagne.  
    Naked to the waist they fought like men insane.  
By a just and fearless leader commanded,  
"Reilly's Bucks" stayed in the game 'till Might was stranded.  
    Through all campaigns they handled three-inch guns like toys,  
    Undying is their righteous fame, men of Illinois.

— 32 —

THE 150TH ARTILLERY—INDIANA

Representative of our great midwestern manhood.  
The Hundred and Fiftieth Artillery stood.  
    They fought as only free men will and can;  
    They built o'er "No Man's Land" steel and iron span.  
They protected our dough-boys from murderous streams of lead;  
And filled the hearts of the rearward enemy with dread.  
    With ease they found each Hun munition dump,  
    And cleared many a machine-gun laden swamp.  
Always forward went their guns, where others failed to go;  
The dough-boys found them on the job and never slow.  
    Indiana, the world does honor to your sons,  
    Who wrote the Rainbow's name with six-inch guns.

— 33 —

THE 151ST ARTILLERY—MINNESOTA

Artillery hackers of the Eighty-Fourth Brigade,  
Would not dare be men whom pompous boast of Hun could fade,  
    And neither boast of Hun nor trials in store,  
    Made the Hundred Fifty-First afraid of war.  
The Bertha's they received, they paid, three for one,  
And paid it then and there, while the fight was going on.  
    Was the Hun given to sudden battle thirst,  
    The dough-boy calmly said: "Leave it to the Fifty-First."  
It mattered not when came the call to make their three-inch sing,  
They always made the very gongs of Purgatory ring.  
    Sons of Minnesota, let all the free world know,  
    They did their bit, that Freedom should live and grow.

*Thirteen*

*THE AMERICAN RAINBOW*

— 34 —

THE 117TH ENGINEERS—S. C., N.C., CAL.

The Rainbow Engineers were always in the game,  
Champagne, Chateau-Thierry, Argonne, it was just the same.  
    In every battle they, too, fought and bled,  
    As well as lines of communication fed.  
To them fell Herculean task of reconstruction,  
Moving guns, supplies and food in wake of Hun destruction.  
    Ev'ry man among them nobly did his task;  
    To have a thing was but the Engineers to ask  
They toiled by day, they toiled by night, in storm and hells of mud;  
They backed their fighters with spirit and faithful Yankee blood;  
    With them on the job the Rainbow knew no fears,  
    South and North Carolina—California Engineers.

— 35 —

THE 149TH, 150TH, 151ST, M. G. B'N'S—PA., WIS., GA.

Full many a startling lesson the crafty Hun was taught,  
Teaching of which grim havoc among his warriors wrought.  
    And perhaps the greatest of all of these,  
    Was between Sommerance and St. Georges.  
'Twas in the final days, after Teuton failure had begun,  
And the weapon was the ever-deadly machine-gun.  
    The air was filled with a deadly stream of lead,  
    That left the battle-fields strewn with enemy dead.  
The deed was done by machine-gun men of Pennsylvania,  
Machine-gun men of Wisconsin and those of Georgia.  
    With the faithful, fatal services of these,  
    The Rainbow broke the enemy line with ease.

— 36 —

THE 117TH SIGNAL BATTALION—MISSOURI

Perhaps the greatest services of non-combatant men,  
Were those of the Hundred Seventeenth Signal Battalion.  
    Who, despite the torrents of Hun super-shell,  
    Or active conflicts moments of wildest hell,  
Repaired and kept, intact their lines from front to rear,  
And these services rendered with never display of fear,  
    They came whenever called upon, by light or dark;  
    In quiet hours or when Death loomed grim and stark.  
They were a link within the Rainbow's "Power Chain,"  
On the record there is not a deed of failure stain,  
    Missouri gave the Rainbow of her best,  
    And they nobly bore the blood and thunder test.

*Fourteen*

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 37 —

AMBULANCE AND RED CROSS UNITS—MICH, TENN., D. C., ORE.,  
OKLA., COL., NEB., N. J.

Our men who ran the gauntlet of shrieking hells created,  
By a Power whose lust for blood ne'er seemed satiated;  
    Men who our fallen rescued from Hell's wide-open jaws;  
    And rushed them far from Death and Horror's bloody claws;  
Who of necessity must oft steel their hearts to Pity's plea,  
Forever honored the services of these men shall be.  
    We owe to them many a dear comrade's life.  
    Snatched from death in moments of wildest strife.  
Red Cross and Ambulance men of Michigan and Tennessee;  
Washington, Oregon, Oklahoma and New Jersey.  
    As from the North, South, East and West they came.  
    Thus universal is their honor and their fame.

— 38 —

THE 117TH AMMUNITION TRAIN—KANSAS

Now the men who rushed the wherewithal to feed the guns;  
A part essential to the beating of the Huns.  
    They, too, ran the risk of man-created hell,  
    Any many victim of War's grim ravage fell.  
Through rut and road that was no road, through mud and rain,  
Came the One Hundred Seventeenth Ammunition Train.  
    They came, faithful and determined in their trust,  
    Because a patriot wills, not because he must.  
They worked while others slept, worked as only Yankees can,  
Did their bit and did it well, each and every man.  
    Pride may Kansas feel at mention of their name,  
    They played their part to make the Rainbow's fame.

— 39 —

THE 117TH SUPPLY TRAIN—TEXAS

Food we must have to eat, and clothes we must have to wear,  
For War makes hungry men, and War is full of tear.  
    We got both these and usually got them prompt,  
    Difficulty never had our Supply Train stumped.  
Credit we must give to these sturdy Texas chaps,  
When they came to where we had been, we were not there, perhaps;  
    Nothing, daunted, they would follow in our wake,  
    No matter where we went, their trust they'd ne'er forsake.  
Typical of the great Southwest from which they hailed,  
They strove untiringly and faithful,—never failed.  
    They, too, share the triumph of the Rainbow,  
    And on its fame and glory cast their glow.

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

— 40 —

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

The story of the Rainbow cannot in full be told,  
Until the history of our martyrs we unfold.  
    This we must in justice to the Rainbow's name,  
    For 'twas they, no doubt, who made our greatest fame.  
Many comrades we left lying on the field of France,  
And prose nor verse can their sacrifice enhance.  
    We left them in the quiet Foothills of Alsace,  
    Where first we came with treachery face to face.  
We left them in the lime-lands of bloodiest Champagne,  
Where we defied Hun poison-gas and leaden rain.  
    God knows they bravely paid the supreme sacrifice,  
    And we avenged their death, not once, but thrice.

— 41 —

And where we fought at Chateau-Thierry, we left them too,  
Hearts that beat beneath the khaki, to the last were true;  
    Sergy cost us many a brave and smiling chap,  
    But Sergy could not stop us with her slaughter-trap;  
One bloody Hill Two-Twelve our death-list mounted higher,  
But we charged again and gave the hell-hounds liquid fire.  
    And then our path is marked, onward to the Vesle,  
    By silent mounds at every hill and dale;  
At St. Mihiel, too, the list of fallen once more grew,  
Though the mounds that mark our victory there are few.  
    For the Hun it was who paid the greatest toll,  
    Thank God for this, our smallest Honor Roll.

— 42 —

Put no matter where they fell, no matter where they lie,  
We trust their souls to God, the Almighty and the High.  
    And in the long, long years to come, we'll sit and dream,  
    Of the mounds that mark each valley, hill and stream;  
While winter winds are raving, while summer days are here,  
We'll think of them, and ever hold their memory dear.  
    Often times we'll gather 'round the fireside,  
    To live again the hells in which they died.  
We'll wander back in memory to the days of yore,  
And with the dead we'll live those scarlet days once more.  
    Ah, forever green within our hearts shall be,  
    Our comrades' graves, far off across the sea.

*Sixteen*



HOMEWARD BOUND

Now that pangs of war have ceased to rule the hearts of men,  
We turn our faces westward and sail for home again.  
    We stand atop the deck and strain our eager eyes,  
    Looking for the Statue to rise into the skies.  
We're coming from the fields of France, where we went to dare and do;  
Sweethearts, wives and mothers, we're coming back to you.  
    We drove the baby-murderer back to his native soil;  
    We broke the Sword of Might and hid it beneath the spoil.  
We're coming, coming, coming; coming from the Rhine;  
Where we left both Might and Fright, their power on decline.  
    We've done our duty,—more than you asked us to;  
    So America—we're coming back to you.

*Finis*

J. ROY GOODE.

Co. B, 117th Eng.

WHO WON THE WAR?

BY J. ROY GOODE

I.

In our minds a question now arises,  
Which is fraught with quite a few surprises,—  
    Who won the war?  
We had shirkers, we had workers, we had fighters, too;  
We had laggards, we had braggards, we had me and you,—  
    But—who won the war?  
We had men who stayed at home and did their bit at that;  
And we had men who gluttoned the nation's cream and fat.  
We had men who joined the Army and came across to France;  
Men who spent their days in slumber, nights with drink and dance;  
Men who really wanted to, and would have come some day;  
Men who had to do it, and men who ducked to stay away.

II.

We have our opinion of the man back there,  
The question here,—and one that seems quite fair,—  
    Who won the war?  
We had scrappers, we had flappers, we had S. O. S.,  
We had cooks, we had crooks, we had some, were even less,—  
    But—who won the war?  
Was it he who wore the garrison-tans and campaign-hat;  
Or he who comfortably in a far-back office sat?  
Was it he who swiped our "Makins'" that the Sun folks sent;  
Or he whose days at the "Shave Tails" Training Camp were spent?  
Was it he who wore a blue-band with a big M. P.;  
Or perhaps the Colonel's orderly, I wonder was it he?

*Seventeen*

THE AMERICAN RAINBOW

III.

By this suspense we're much nettled,  
We'd like to get this question settled,—  
Who won the war?  
We had hard-tack, we had far-back, we had lots of hike,  
We had men who did it, men who didn't, any kind you like,—  
But—who won the war?  
We had men in Paris and other places too;  
Men in uniform, who had nothing with to war to do.  
When we'd rush old Hindy's line and whip the Kaiser's Best;  
The guy back there would strut around with a pillow on his chest.  
And when we'd drive the stubborn dutch a hundred miles or so;  
That sucker in the S. O. S. would pat himself and crow.

IV.

But what we want to talk about just now,  
It's a topic we can't dismiss somehow,—  
Who won the war?  
We had backers, we had slackers, we had heroes many;  
We had shysters, we had lysters, we had men aplenty,—  
But—who won the war?  
While we were dodging "Whizz-Bangs" somewhere on the line;  
The guy with the garrison-tans was guzzling beer and wine.  
While we were filling the Hun with dread and fear of the Yank;  
The guy in the S. O. S. was using his stomach for a tank.  
While we stood guard at night, beneath the cheerless skies;  
The chap back there was basking in some girlie's love-lit eyes.

V.

The question long within our hearts has burned,  
But, as yet, no answer have we learned,—  
Who won the war?  
We had schools, we had fools, we had parasites;  
We had loans, we had drones, we had battle-frights,—  
But—who won the war?  
We don't advertise our thoughts about the common fool;  
Who hid behind the marriage-skirt, and became a woman's tool.  
And the man who made a million, sending us "Corned Bill",  
Had better call a lawyer and write his little will.  
But the guy who taught our doctors how to use "C-C",  
We wish he were in hell and someone lost the key.

*THE AMERICAN RAINBOW*

VI.

Yet why this idle chant and chatter,  
Business is a thing that doesn't matter,—  
    Who won the war?  
We had clerks, we had shirks, we had aeroplanes;  
We had tanks, we had cranks, we had Aix-le-Bains,—  
    But—who won the war?  
The slacker o'er the sea got our job and sweetheart;  
Early discharge got the man who never played a fighting part.  
Our gold and grub went to the profiteer;  
Our "smokes" and Red Cross packets to the slacker over here.  
So the apple is divided and for us is left the core;  
I wonder who gets credit for the "Winning of the War?"

**REMEMBER THE MAN AT THE FRONT**

by J. Roy Goode

I.

Ah, you who are free to come and go,  
While another bravely tightens your foe;  
You who harvest the wealth of your toil,  
Be it from the road, the mill or soil;  
You who fare on the richest of food,  
To you the fates have indeed been good,—  
    But remember the man at the front.

II.

You who enjoy the comforts of home,  
Or can satisfy instinct to roam;  
You who wear shoes that fit and are light,  
Who thrice daily feel your belt grow tight;  
Whose bank account by virtue of thrift,  
Swells and delights as time onward drifts,—  
    Remember the man at the front.

III.

You who perhaps have stolen away  
The love that should have been ours some day;  
You who ride in taxi-cabs and cars,  
And stroll with our sweethearts 'neath the stars;  
You who eat ice-cream, candy and cake,  
And the good things Mother can make,—  
    Remember the man at the front.

*THE AMERICAN RAINBOW*

IV.

You who consume the booze that we miss;  
And come home full of ecstatic bliss;  
You who dine chorus-girls after the show,  
While pleasure, laughter and music flow;  
Ah, you whose days are filled with content,  
And nights in comfort and rest are spent,—  
Remember the man at the front.

V.

Think of him who is fighting today,  
The man whose love you have stolen away;  
The man who left you a job that pays,  
And bears your share of the world ablaze;  
Think of the man who is cold tonight,  
Standing alert and ready to fight,—  
Remember the man at the front.

VI.

Think of the man who sleeps in the rain;  
Who suffers anguish, torture and pain;  
Who longs for the beer a slacker drinks,—  
(O mental visions of Hinky-Dinks!)  
Pity the man who lives on hard-tack,  
And wears his bed always on his back,—  
Remember the man at the front.

VII.

Pray for the man who starves and scratches;  
The man in whose shirt the cootie hatches;  
The man who wades in mud to his neck,  
Whose home is dug-out or village wreck;  
Remember the man who fights your fight,—  
Who stands 'twixt you and despotic might,—  
Remember the man at the front.