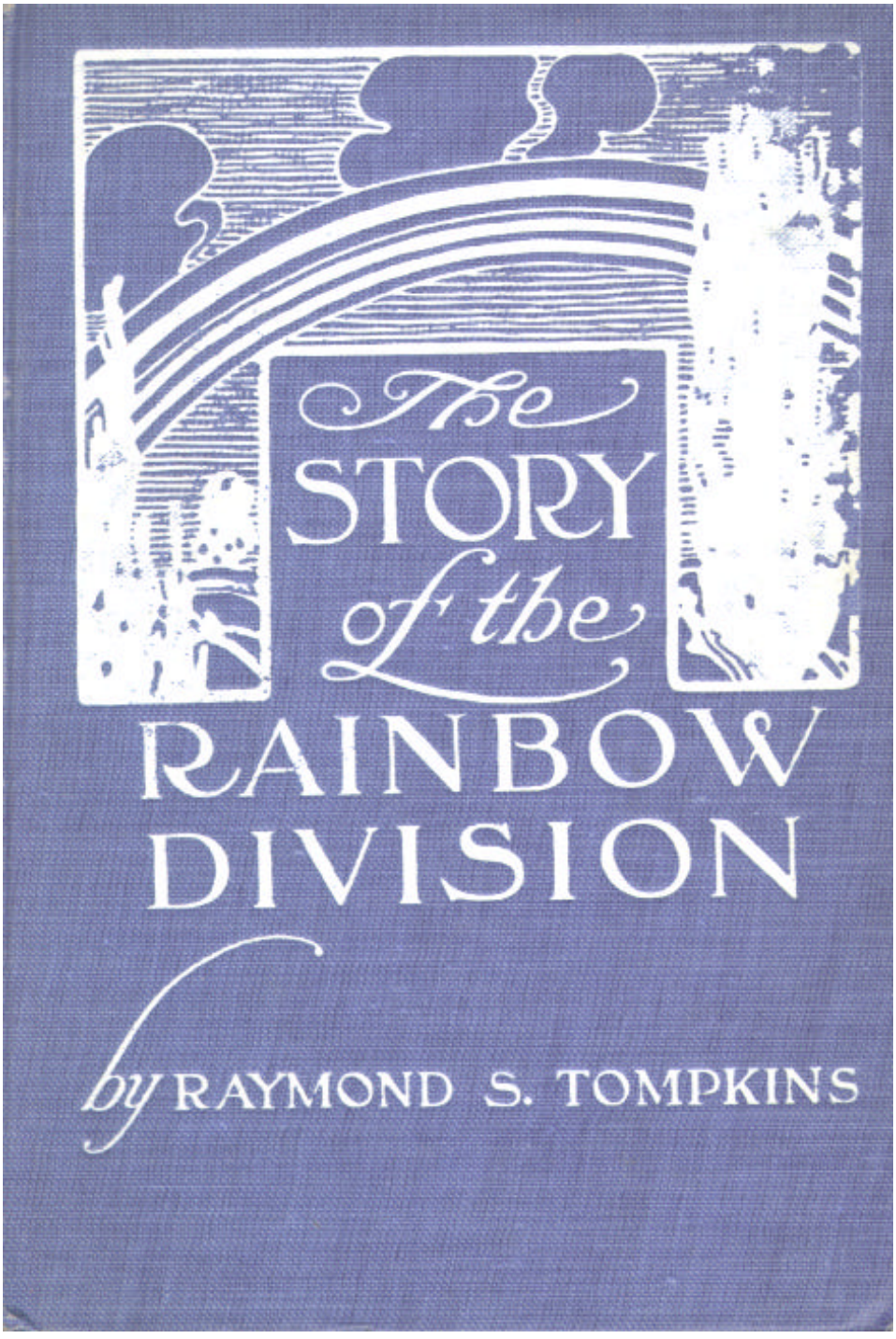
The
STORY
of the
RAINBOW
DIVISION
by RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

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RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES T. MENOHER

COMMANDER OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION
THROUGH ALL ITS FIGHTS

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FOREWORD

When the history of the recent world war has been analyzed, it will be found that the psychological forces at work have been the most powerful of all those called into exercise to save the world for democracy.

The fact that the "Rainbow" Division was composed of elements of the National Guard selected from a majority of the states of the Union should have constituted an element of weakness; should have made for lack of cohesion. If the idea of constituting a division in this way was a happy thought, the selection of the name "Rainbow" for this composite organization was an inspiration. I consider that the name in itself was perhaps the strongest asset the Division had. Instead of lack of cohesion; instead of an organization made-up of elements, each with local interests that might have been antagonistic, the Division constituted a complete, compact, cohesive, single unit which ran like a well oiled machine. Of course, it had a most excellent staff, which was headed by a most brilliant officer, General MacArthur, and the Division was privileged to plume itself more or less on its excellent staff work. Yet I believe these desirable results would never have been arrived at without the name "Rainbow."

It is an interesting fact that on the morning when the Division left the Baccarat Sector, after four months of intensive training in trench warfare, to be thrown in the Champagne to assist in checking this last desperate drive of the Germans, a most beautiful rainbow appeared directly over the sector occupied by the Division. Again on the morning the Division became engaged on the Ourcq, another beautiful rainbow appeared directly over the point where contact was first gained. On at least one other occasion this same phenomenon appeared.

When on the defensive as in the Champagne, resisting the desperate attempts of the Germans to break through, there never was any thought—it never entered into the calculations, that the Division might have to retire. In the same way when on the offensive, there was never any thought except that of going forward.

To have commanded such a body of men throughout the entire time of its service against the enemy, of some nine months, was a privilege indeed.

In this book the story of the Rainbow Division has been told accurately, fully and absorbingly. As nearly as it is possible to do so in a narrative that tells of the experiences of but one division, "The Story of the Rainbow" tells the story of America's part in the Great War.

(signed)
Charles T. Menoher
Major-General.

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CHAPTER I

THE RAINBOW APPEARS AND GOES OVER THERE

ON what day or with what evolutionary process the United States actually came to realize that it was at war may some time become a matter of much argument.

Nobody, perhaps, will say that the realization came immediately upon our severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. Some people may declare that it came with the start or the end of the first Liberty Loan campaign. Some may hold that it came with the publication of the first casualty list.

But if the people in twenty-six States of the Union and the District of Columbia will hark back to the month of August, 1917, either by getting out the old newspapers of that month and hunting through them, or merely by testing their own recollections, they will come fairly close to settling that, getting down to brass tacks (by which expression men distinguish the actual doing of a thing from the promise to themselves or their friends that they are going to do it), the United States actually got into the Great War on August 14, 1917.

It was a story in the afternoon newspapers of that day that did it; a story saying that a division of American troops was to be formed from National Guard organizations in twenty-six States and the District of Columbia. It was to be organized at once for immediate service overseas. It was to be named "The Rainbow Division."

The nation was being called to arms !

The names of the twenty-six States were printed. They were scattered States, not grouped together in any one section of the country. They took in every section except New England. To serve in this combat division men were coming from as far west as California and Oregon and as far east as New York and Maryland. The Washington correspondents who had grabbed the story from the War Department and flashed it red-hot all over the nation had many glorious words to say about the fact that America's sons from the north and the south, the east and the west were at last going to fight side by side to make the world safe for democracy. America was sending a "Rainbow" of hope to Europe.

So of course it thrilled the nation. The National Guard soldiers were the "home soldiers." Somebody in every little town belonged to the State organization. The girls all went to their dances and they always marched in the Decoration Day and Fourth of July parades and the armories were the scenes of every community's biggest "affairs."

One American division had already gone to France, but that was a division of "regulars." The news of their arrival and of General Pershing's arrival, hazy, carefully censored news that it was, also had been thrilling, but the average American always thought of "regulars" as people apart; adventurous, wandering souls who lived in some sort of "post" out in the Indian country. They never thought of "regulars" in connection with "home."

But they thought of this news of August 14 in direct connection with "home," and that was what made the "Rainbow Division" announcement so important to the people who read the newspapers that day. The United States had declared war on April 6, but the meaning of war did not strike home until August 14. That was the day the birth of the Rainbow Division became news. Its organization actually dated from August 5, but the secret had been kept for nine days.

By September 13, it was a husky, fully-clothed youth, waiting at Camp Albert L. Mills on Long Island, New York, for orders to sail. It had taken almost a full month to gather it

together— simply to get the twenty-seven thousand men in one place, to say nothing of clothing them and equipping them.

Camp Mills was a great tent-covered plain adjoining the Mineola Aviation Field. It was a center of news interest to Americans everywhere, for it was one of the first great camps where American soldiers were gathering to go to war.

All the men were volunteers. Many of them were "rookies"; their uniforms were new and stiff-looking and they moved around awkwardly. For there had been hasty recruiting in some of the States to get the Rainbow together. They drilled, drilled, drilled—all day and every day, and though they were the pick of America's National Guard they were hounded and harried unmercifully by the grizzled drilled sergeants of the regular army. So the broad drill field was a small world unto itself—a drilling, sweating, cursing little world, preparing to fight.

But the Sundays and the holidays were the old traditional war days of gaiety and merry-making and sweet successions of leave-taking. Then the camp streets were thronged with friends and relatives of the men in the Rainbow Division. In automobiles they came from States fairly close at hand, and in special trains they poured in from distant cities. The old cavalry troop that the home-folks knew had become a military police outfit, and the old coast artillery company was now a trench-mortar battery known by some unfamiliar number, but somehow the home-folks got to the right tents.

Being unused to great armies they didn't all know what a "division" was, and they thought this one was called "The Rainbow" because there were so many different colored hat-cords on the campaign hats. Much as the giving of their own sons meant to them, the real significance of "Rainbow Division," when they finally learned it, made it mean more, somehow, the thought of a great bow of hope bending over the nation from coast to coast. It was a well-chosen name, that "Rainbow."

More than anything else this name made a wonderfully smooth machine out of the mixed-up mass of men who represented as many different American ideals, traditions and temperaments as they represented American commonwealths and communities. For instance, there were the old Fourth Alabama Infantry and the old 69th New York Infantry. These two regiments had fought against each other in the Civil War. They came to Camp Mills to join the Rainbow—the grandsons of the Civil War fighters— ready to carry on the North and South struggle where it had ended in the sixties. And they carried it on. The New York Irishmen and the Alabama cotton-planters fought each other all over Camp Mills. Hardly a day passed without seeing a pitched battle somewhere around the camp between the men of the 167th and the 165th.

Yet in every battle the Rainbow fought in the war, Alabama and New York fought side by side.

National Guard infantrymen were to be the machine-gunners and they had come from three distinct sections of the nation. Four companies of the old Fourth Pennsylvania regiment made up the 149th machine-gun battalion, three companies of the Second Wisconsin made up the 150th, and three companies of the Second Georgia were in the 151st. The three field artillery regiments came from Minnesota, Indiana and Illinois; the infantry from Ohio, New York, Iowa and Alabama; the engineers from North Carolina and California.

And the ammunition train came from Kansas, the supply train from Texas, the signal troops from Missouri. The military policemen were from Virginia, the trench mortar battery men from Maryland, and both these outfits had left home as coast artillery. Men from New Jersey, Tennessee, Oklahoma and Michigan were to drive the Rainbow's ambulances, and

men from the District of Columbia, Nebraska, Oregon and Colorado were to run the Field Hospitals. The Division Headquarters Troop was Louisiana cavalry. The Division Staff officers came from everywhere in the country.

From every conceivable station and walk of life, from every heath and every sort of hearth in the nation they came to Camp Mills, and they buried every prejudice in an overwhelming love and loyalty for the name and spirit of "Rainbow" as freshmen do for the name and spirit of their college.

The Secretary of War and later the Vice President of the United States reviewed the division before thousands of spectators. At nights officers and men were guests at big houses on Long Island. There were dances and garden parties. And all the time quartermasters were struggling to get the men equipped and shipping authorities were struggling to get ships to take them to France. Time was flying. The war was going on. The Germans seemed to be not weakening, but growing stronger.

Toward the middle of October the dances and garden parties ceased. It became more and more difficult for the automobile tourists and special-train travelers to get into Camp Mills. And finally, on October 18, the Rainbow Division was gone.

At two o'clock that morning, with no lights and no sound, the first column, consisting of the 117th Trench Mortar Battery from Maryland, and the Second Battalion of the 166th Infantry from Ohio, moved to the train at Garden City, Long Island, then to the ferry at Long Island City and then to the docks at Hoboken. The other elements followed rapidly. By six p. m, the whole convoy of ships—the Covington, The President Lincoln, President Grant, Tenadores, Pastores and Mallory—anchored down the Hudson.

Next morning land had disappeared, the open sea was all around them, the ships were bound for France.

Submarines were still rampant at that time. The strictest caution was necessary. Officers and men with fresh memories of house-parties and the stirring music of bands on parade still ringing in their ears, began to know the hardships of war. In later days many, many thousands of American soldiers lived over again the life the Rainbow lived on the ocean, but in those days nobody knew what it was until they had tried it. Crowded like horses into narrow bunks, with the plainest of food, in total darkness at night, denied even the solace of a cigarette except by daylight, always having boat drills—it was the Rainbow Division's first test in stern discipline.

About three days out the President Grant disappeared. The rumor spread from ship to ship that she had been torpedoed. She was carrying a whole infantry regiment, the 168th, from Iowa. But she had simply developed engine trouble and had gone back to port.

The rest of the voyage was without incident, except that at daybreak on the last day of October a wireless message reported a waiting fleet of submarines at the entrance to the Port of St. Nazaire, near Bell Isle. The course was changed and the danger avoided. And about dusk, October 31, with the Tenadores leading and the President Lincoln close behind, the Rainbow Division entered the port of St. Nazaire.

Rain and a dreary looking mudhole for a town—that was the division's first impression of France. Some of the townspeople were there around the wharf to greet the American soldiers. The debarkation of a convoy of American troops was not a common occurrence then. Nor had the S. O. S. (the Service of Supplies) of that day achieved the efficiency it achieved later. The first convoy of the Rainbow Division was just seven days getting off the boats. It was assembled at Camp No. 1, about two miles outside of St. Nazaire.

The unfavorable impression of France grew during the first few days, rather than diminished. It rained steadily. The mud was ankle deep. Stores and cafés charged

extortionate prices. The collapse in Russia and the Italian reverses were announced. And America was thousands of miles away and the war bade fair to last four years. Then and there most of the Rainbow Division renounced expectations of ever going home again. They looked at the future grimly and with set teeth.

Gradually the division left for training areas. The Artillery Brigade, made up of Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota troops, went to Coetquidan in Brittany, with the Ammunition Train, an all-Kansas outfit. The Trench Mortar Battery went to Langres; Division Headquarters and the Infantry went to the Vaucouleurs area.

Vaucouleurs is in Lorraine, near Toul. It was from that village Joan of Arc started on her crusade for France. The Rainbow landed there in box cars after a long ride across the country, and were less impressed with the historical significance of their new billets than with the manure piles in all the front yards, by the height, breadth and odor of which French village citizens proclaim their worldly worth. French money was a costly puzzle. French verbs eluded them and they had terrible times buying eggs. The people were always kind, but politely uncertain of the ability of our untrained troops to stand against the Germans. But gradually the division adapted itself, novelties of the Old World became commonplace affairs, and the Rainbow got down to business.

The training schedule began in earnest. It was the result of the experience of all the Allies, brought up to the minute. Officers and specialists in one branch or another of the new warfare attended schools and the daily drill under the eyes of French and American instructors included artillery, machine-guns, rides, pistols, trench-mortars and 37 millimeter-gun target practice; bayonet and gas drill, digging trenches, building shelters and wire entanglements, roads and bridges; visual and mechanical signaling and the art and science of liaison, maneuvers and terrain problems, disciplinary drill of many sorts, grenade throwing and marches.

At Vaucouleurs the 165th Infantry—the old 69th New York—and some smaller elements of the division which had not been in the first convoy joined the division. The men who had had to turn back on the President Grant caught up about December 12 in what was known as the LaFuche area, adjoining the Vaucouleurs area. They had come by way of Liverpool and Brest; had seen how strictly the British were regulating food supplies and had been uproariously welcomed in England.

Christmas was drawing near. The Rainbow had now been almost two months in France. What would Christmas Day be? What was coming next and how soon?

They got the answer just before Christmas Day, spent the jolly festival in packing up and getting ready to move, and the day after were on their way to the Rolampont area, about 100 kilometers to the rear, on a hike that no Rainbow Division man who made it with his two feet will ever forget.

CHAPTER II

VALLEY FORGE AGAIN; THE FIRST SMELL OF BATTLE

VAUCOULEURS was not the training area in which the Rainbow Division belonged; it had been sent there because the military situation on the Western Front made necessary desperate speed in getting the newly arrived Americans somewhere and getting them there at once. The area intended for the Rainbow's training period was the Rolampont area and that was not at first ready to receive them. It was near the city of Langres and was known as the Seventh Training Area. To Rolampont, then about 100 kilometers from Vaucouleurs, the division started on the day after Christmas.

Always the men of the Rainbow will remember that march as "The Valley Forge Hike."

The supply system of the American Expeditionary Force was not then what it became in the summer and fall of 1918, when whole corps could move forward in great attacks and scarcely ever lack for food and clothing except in the farthest lines of advance. The Rainbow Division started the hike to Rolampont with scarcely any shoes except what the men had on their feet; there was no surplus supply to speak of. Some of the men had no overcoats. And they had barely started before a blizzard sprang up.

They count the "Valley Forge Hike" as having lasted four days, though the start from Vaucouleurs was made fourteen days before that. They were four days going from Vaucouleurs to LaFuche, rested there about ten days and then started for Rolampont. The four days on the way to Rolampont was the "Valley Forge" part.

They made most of the hike on sheer grit. Great drifts piled up under the sweeping winds, and in some places the snow lay flat three or four feet deep. The men were not hardened to long hikes even under fair conditions; they had not entirely straightened out the kinks of the cramping ocean trip.

Their shoes wore out—men were marching barefooted through the snow sometimes; they wrapped bags around their feet and kept on. There were bloody tracks along the route of the column. At night they pulled up in some little village and slept—exhausted heaps of half-frozen men huddling together in barns and haylofts to keep warm. Some of them soaked their feet in buckets of icy water to draw out the frost.

There was not much automobile transportation in those first days, either; only the Division Commander and the Brigade commanders had cars. The colonels of the regiments rode mules, but often one of them dismounted and let an exhausted man ride while he walked.

The thermometer went below zero. Cases of mumps and pneumonia developed, and the supply of ambulances was too small to carry the men to hospitals as rapidly as they became ill. In one regiment five hundred men were unable to keep on.

But with that pride in the name and honor of "The Rainbow," and with what straining of nerve force only the men themselves know, the division came through. The hardships the men endured during that period drew them together as nothing else had done; and though in the string of battles that came later they faced terrific fire and fought ahead for days and nights without food or sleep, not a man who made it will ever forget the "Valley Forge Hike."

It was just before New Year's Day, 1918, when they reached the Rolampont area. There the Rainbow settled down to have its equipment completed, get the finishing touches to its training, and await orders to go into the trenches.

General Mann was succeeded here as Division Commander by Major-General Charles T. Menoher. As the division thawed out and got clothes and shoes and fighting equipment, its confidence grew. The future was shaping up now, growing plainer; there was fighting ahead, that was certain, but they wanted to fight. They were eager to get up there on the line. They looked around them at this new bit of rural France with its poor dwellings, its toy-engines and railroad coaches and its general air of poverty, and thought (expressed it, too), "The Germans can't be so good or they'd have licked the French long ago." Later they realized that there vas a deeply valorous spirit behind these outward things of France and odious comparisons between France's ancient oddities and America's modern greatness were forgotten in sheer admiration of the fine bravery of France's soldiers.

Then, on February 15,1918, came the orders to go to the front. The preliminaries were over. For the Rainbow the war was about to begin. On February 16 the division entrained and rolled northward, toward the Luneville Sector in Lorraine. From that direction came the smell of battle.

CHAPTER III

THE RAINBOW'S STORY BEGINS TO BE THE STORY OF THE WAR

IT was the day before the birthday of George Washington that the Rainbow Division finished detraining within marching distance of the trenches in the Luneville Sector—about 10 miles back. The Sixty-seventh Artillery Brigade, National Guard artillerymen from Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota, had finished shooting at targets around Coetquidan and had caught up.

Luneville was the "quiet sector" the War Department was telling the people about back home. Actually there had been no fighting there since 1914, when the Germans had reached Rambervillers, destroyed the villages and withdrawn. A rolling, wooded, rich country was this part of Lorraine—altogether too beautiful to be the scene of battle. And by a sort of tacit agreement both Germans and French had been sparing the villages; neither side used gas, and in the daytime a shot was seldom heard.

With the arrival of the Rainbow Division things changed.

They went into the trenches quietly enough. The First Division, when it had entered the line previously in a nearby sector, had aroused the suspicions of the Germans and brought down on their own heads a deadly burst of fire, and a raid in which they had lost prisoners. Profiting by the First's experience the Rainbow sneaked into position and took up its vigil over No-Man's-Land in the night without the knowledge of the Germans and without losing a single man.

But a new foe was facing the Boche in Lorraine a youthful, eager foe, confident of his untried strength and impetuous to use it. And he knew there were a hundred million people back home wondering how he would use it and how he was getting along. So the Germans were not long without knowledge of the change in their enemy's order of battle.

It was many weeks later that there went abroad the story about the Germans who came out of their trench to wash some clothes in a shell-hole in No-Man's-Land, in full sight of the Americans. It was a true story, and it happened during the Rainbow Division's first few days in the trenches, and Alabamians in the 167th Infantry were the heroes of it.

The Germans had washed clothes in that shellhole before and nothing had happened. They had known that nothing would happen. On their side the French had peacefully smoked their pipes in the cool of the evening on the very top of the trenches. It was simply one of the workings out of the tacit agreement.

But a little outpost of Alabamians got one glimpse of this group of Boche in undershirts arrogantly dipping dirty clothes in the water of No-Man's-Land, and they opened fire. The Germans scattered like rabbits, some of them hugging wounds.

A French officer came rushing to the outpost in a fury of excitement. What did the Americans mean? They had done a terrible thing! Now the Germans would be angry and everybody was in for a period of shelling and gas and raids! He rebuked the hot-headed Yanks sternly.

"What the hell?" said one of the men later. "I came out here to kill these Boche, not to sit here and watch 'em wash clothes."

But there was justice in the French officer's rebuke. The Rainbow Division was the pupil of the French Army. Going into the line it had been divided into small units and brigaded with four French Divisions of the Seventh French Corps. This is the way it was divided:

The 165th from New York plus two companies of the 150th Machine-Gun Battalion from Wisconsin were with the 164th French Infantry Division, with their front line in the Forêt de Parroy. The 166th Infantry from Ohio plus the other two companies of the 150th Machine-Gun Battalion were in the St. Clement sector with the 14th French Division. The 168th Infantry from Iowa, 167th from Alabama, and the 151st Machine-Gun Battalion from Georgia were in the Baccarat sector with the 128th French Division. The rest of the Rainbow units were distributed along the front of the Seventh French Corps, where they could be of most use and get the most experience.

The irate French officer had been right, too, in his estimate of the result of the Alabamians' rashness. The tacit agreement for a kid-glove war in Lorraine went somewhat to pieces from that moment. The Germans knew now that new American troops were just across the way. They didn't have to depend upon instinct to prove it. They could see the men and the uniforms, just as our men could see the Germans, so close together were the trenches in some places. It was enough.

At four o'clock on the morning of March 5 the Boche came over, and the men of the Rainbow had their first battle.

For several minutes the German batteries poured a rain of shells on every trench and every known position from which the Americans might fire back.. They counter-batteried the artillery; their 77s cut the protecting barbed-wire to pieces. They dropped a barrage behind the trenches to cut off both retreat and reinforcements. They were certain that all the green Americans who did not die of fright would be either killed by the fire or captured by the picked German raiders, who now came across behind the barrage about a hundred strong with ready bayonets.

The Americans *were* green—they were not veterans and they didn't act like veterans. They were horribly scared, too. But they were also at that moment the most alert and desperate bunch of young Iowans in the world.

The spot toward which the raid was directed was a little group of ruined brick buildings just north of Badonvillers, known as Le Chamois Farm. The 168th Infantry was holding it. It was right at the junction of two valleys, an ideal place to sneak upon, but a death trap if properly defended.

What it took to defend it properly the Iowans were all broken out with. Within one minute after the first alarm they opened up down the valley with their rifles, the Marylanders cut loose with trench-mortars, and the Georgians turned on the machine-guns. It was their first chance to fire and they were as vivacious about it as debutantes at a coming-out ball. The field artillery, French and American, joined it. Dumbfounded and maddened at the resistance, the Germans tried to rush the trenches, but they got not even to the first line. Dawn, breaking slowly through the mist and smoke, showed three bodies in field-gray hanging grotesquely over the torn wire.

One officer and eighteen men of the Rainbow were killed in this, the first little battle, and twenty-two wounded. But it was a victory, the raid had been repulsed. No Man's Land was strewn with German dead.

The spirit of the Division took a great leap. It had discovered for itself one of the biggest truths the war produced—that the American a doughboy could lick the Boche. Their French comrades were likewise enthused and reassured. The Rainbow's first batch of Croix de Guerres were awarded for bravery in this brush.

Four days later, March 9, the Rainbow participated in a raiding party of its own, assisted by the French. For four hours American light and heavy artillery, trench-artillery and machine-guns beat upon the German first and second lines, and at five-thirty p.m. French

and American soldiers went over the top together, destroyed the German shelters, captured a few prisoners and returned with slight losses. Colonel Douglas MacArthur, the Chief-of-Staff, captured one of these prisoners. He had gone over the top in a doughboy's uniform and held a Boche up with his .45. The French gave him the Croix de Guerre for it.

On March 17, in the woods called Rouge Bouquet, in the Forêt de Parroy, immortalized in one of the late Sergeant Joyce Kilmer's poems of the war, two officers and 50 men from the first battalion of the 165th fought the Germans out of a strong point and destroyed it. Four New Yorkers were killed, three wounded, and one reported missing. Twenty Croix de Guerres came to the 165th for that bit of work. They took the German trench and held it, the first permanent gain ever made by American troops in France.

By this time the Rainbow had been holding a front-line sector for almost a month. It had earned a rest; it was ordered to take one. And it has been suggested since that the title of the Rainbow Division's story ought to be "Rests We Never Got."

From that time on it never had a rest, as other divisions came to know the term. Rest after rest ordered for it, but the war always cancelled the orders. Once, on August 20, it went into intensive training around Bourmont, south of Neufchâteau, for ten days, but it didn't rest.

And here, coming out of the Luneville sector on March 20 and being concentrated by March 23 near Gerbervillers, about 15 miles behind the line, prepared to march leisurely back to Rolampont, it got orders to stop.

The great German offensive of March 21 had begun. For two days every German gun from the North Sea to the Swiss border had fired steadily on towns, roads, batteries, posts of command. Then had come the news of the German break-through before Amiens.

The Rainbow Division turned around and marched back to the front, and from that moment its history is the history of the war.

To begin with, it figured in the complete change of the Allies' military policy. The menace to Amiens had produced Marshal Foch as Supreme Allied Commander. General Pershing had made his historic offer to Marshal Foch—the use of the whole American Army to handle as he wished. All previous plans were dropped, and in order to release the 128th French Division to go to the Somme, the Rainbow was ordered to take over the Baccarat Sector. Thus came to the Rainbow the honor of being the first American division to occupy a divisional sector all its own, under its own commander. Command of the Baccarat sector passed to Major-General Menoher on March 31.

All through April there were raids and patrols, but nothing unusual happened. The Germans were not trying to break through here; their effort was concentrated much further to the north and west, and the Rainbow Division, with a month of trench vigil already to its credit, was content to take what rest it could. The weather grew warm and sunny, the military outlook on the Somme improved, the men began to feel at home in the trenches.

They busied themselves improving all the defensive works of the sector, and completing their training. Every man was given an opportunity to become proficient in his own fighting specialty, whether that was stringing telephone wires, digging trenches, sniping, hauling ammunition, observing artillery fire, or cooking army rations. Gradually the Rainbow Division began to find itself, slowly, with the budding of spring, it began to "feel its oats," and by the beginning of May it passed that famous point where it "could be pushed just so fur and no fu'ther." Fights just burst right out of it.

There was a beautiful little forest called the Bois de Chiens near Ancerviller. It was full of Boche. They had made an apparently impregnable position of it, filling it with networks

of wire and concrete trenches and blockhouses concealing minewerfer, machine-guns and the deadly 77's. The whole thing was covered with dense forest and commanded the open level ground on three sides.

Into this stronghold, on May 2, French and American artillery poured a destructive fire, which continued until dusk of the next day. At that time the Third Battalion of the 166th Infantry, an Ohio regiment, penetrated the entire salient under command of Major Henderson, with virtually no losses. A "go-and-come raid," they called it. The raiders found the Forest of Oaks completely destroyed. Its trenches were filled, all works above ground leveled, wire entirely torn down, and the forest itself turned into almost a bare field.

Two mornings later, May 5, Lieut. Cassidy of the 165th led a party over and sneaked around behind a German outpost at Hameau d'Ancerviller. They jumped on the Germans, killed two and captured four. Sergeant O'Leary made one resisting German his own special prize. While O'Leary was killing him with a trench-knife, Lieut. Cassidy held up two others with his pistol. They brought the prisoners back across No-Man's-Land under heavy machine-gun fire. Lieut. Cassidy was made a captain before the
war ended, and was twice wounded. Sergeant O'Leary was killed in battle on the Ourcq.

Three Alabama snipers brought on another mixed fight on May 12, when they went out in broad daylight to see if their new camouflage suits would camouflage. They lay in front of a dugout and when Germans began filing out they began firing as fast as they could load and pull. Almost immediately the Germans came rushing out in such great numbers that the Alabamians would have been overwhelmed if they hadn't started a retreat. Two got back safely; the third was missing.

Let's go get him!" said the Southerners, so a party of about a dozen went over the top. They found No-Man's-Land full of Germans waiting for them in the tall grass. Greatly outnumbered, the Alabamians exchanged shots with them for a few minutes, and more Germans came out, until there were more than a hundred. So the rescue party, too, retreated, while one man with an automatic rifle lay in a shell-hole holding the Germans back from the chase with a steady stream of bullets. And when the Alabamians got into their own trenches, instead of one man missing, there were two. The automatic rifleman hadn't come back.

Two snipers' private little hunting party bade fair now to become a pitched battle. The blood of the Alabama mountain men was up. Lieut. Breeding, who, they say, was a full-blooded Indian, gathered nearly a whole platoon and went out to wipe the Boches up, and bring back both the Americans. Now crawling, now dashing forward, whooping and yelling as they came, Breeding's men fell upon the Germans and routed them. Whenever they could they used the bayonet, and they killed seven Germans and wounded many more, without a single casualty to themselves.

And they brought back the automatic rifleman, but the missing sniper they never found. In his place they brought one dead German, whom they hung over the wire as a challenge, guarding him constantly until the division came out leaving him there—a skeleton in rotted, bullet-torn field gray.

Thus the Rainbow again took the "quiet" out of the "quiet sector." The Germans retaliated with deluges of gas and with raids. On the night of May 26-27, they launched a projector attack on the Village Nègre, northeast of Badonviller. Seven hundred gas-shells of large caliber descended all at once and without warning upon the Rainbow along a front of about four hundred meters. It caught the Iowa infantry by surprise and the high concentration of deadly gas killed and disabled two hundred and fifty-one officers and men.

Simultaneously the Boches laid down an artillery barrage and attempted to raid the trenches, but were repulsed.

Two nights later they tried the same thing, but this time the Rainbow was ready. It had improved its gas discipline and its losses were only fifty-three officers and men.

Then came rumors of a great German offensive in Lorraine. The bivouac of a battalion of storm troops was discovered on the Rainbow's front and promptly destroyed by artillery. Defensive works were strengthened and every night the entire command prepared to receive the attack, determined to beat it back. But it never came.

Another relief order arrived. Again the Rainbow Division's thoughts were directed backward toward the quiet rest area, where it could browse around peacefully for a few weeks and sleep at night and get cleaned up.

The order was received at division headquarters at Baccarat on June 19. By June 21 the Rainbow was out of the trenches, leaving the 61st French Division and the 77th American National Army Division from New York to hold the Baccarat sector, and it was concentrated between Rambervillers and Charmes, ready to start again for Rolampont. It had been holding the line for three full months, and that record for continuous duty was neither broken nor approached by any other American division throughout the war. At last (thought everybody) the long-deferred rest was in sight. That, to repeat, was June 21.

On June 11 the Rainbow Division was entraining, not for Rolampont, but for another part of the front. The blood-red pen of war history was moving too fast for American soldiers to rest.

CHAPTER IV

AMERICA'S RAINBOW TURNS THE TIDE IN LAST AND GREATEST TRENCH BATTLE: THE CHAMPAGNE-MARNE DEFENSIVE

HE was a dirty, unshaven German sergeant and he stood pale and nerve-shaken before a French intelligence officer in a candle-lighted dugout deep in the chalk-white soil of the Champagne country. It was like shimmering gray silk now, though—that soil—for night had come, the night of July 14, 1918, and the plains were bathed in warm moonlight and the clear sky studded with stars.

A little French raiding party had brought him in; one of those fearless patrols of veteran *poilus*, wary as deer, cunning as panthers, who stole in and snatched and were away with their quarry in the twitch of a trigger-finger. A picked patrol it was on this night—picked from the best because its mission must not fail. The German attack was at hand. Gouraud had said it and Gouraud knew. He had felt before the first of July that it was coming; by the fifth he had known it for a certainty. And the fourteenth was French Independence Day and Gouraud knew the German logic.

"They will all be drunk" so the one-armed French hero of the Dardanelles and commander of the Fourth French Army guessed the German estimate of France's readiness. "They will all be drunk with celebrating and we will kill them where they lie."

Surprise, complete unreadiness—that was the German's desperate hope; their highest card—and their last. General Gouraud's troops in the Champagne before Châlons-sur-Marne could expect to drink deep to Bastille Day with perfect safety, for a German attack there, they might well think, would be madness. The opposing lines had been virtually stationary there since 1914. Before Châlons from the Argonne to Rheims the Allies' trench systems were five miles deep, with great dugouts and vast wire fields. It was perhaps the most perfectly organized defensive position on the whole western front. Yes (thought von Hindenburg), the French will expect to be safe there on the fourteenth of July, l918—safe and drunk!

They had failed at Château-Thierry. The Marne salient to that point did not afford maneuver room for another major German offensive. Wave after wave of smashing attack the Hun had hurled against Verdun on the right and Rheims on the left and they had all been futile. They had tried to widen on their right in the direction of Compiègne and Monididier, but there the Allied armies were known to have concentrated their reserves. What, then, beside these things and the probability of surprise, moved the German high command to plan a drive on Châlons through five miles of defenses?

This: that their lines of communication were shorter and superior; that they could operate on a straight line while the Allied reserves could come from north of Paris to Châlons only around the Marne salient via Vitry-le-Francois, and that Châlons once taken, a jumping-off point for the next drive on Paris could be chosen at will. But above all, surprise.

The candles in the dugout flickered with the vital intensity of the moment it seemed, but probably it was only with the throb of a gun beginning the ordinary night harassing. The intelligence officer put his question bluntly, almost carelessly. When, he wanted to know, would this attack come?

"Tonight," said the German sergeant.

"*Eh bien*—and at what hour would the barrage begin?"

"At twelve o'clock," the German sergeant answered. They took him off toward Châlons to a prison pen to paint "P. G." on his back. And the intelligence officer whispered over the wires a word and a number—"Francois, one-four-O!" Men in deep holes in the ground throughout miles of the Champagne's chalky desert caught it up and passed it on—"Francois, one-four-O"—and it went out, farther and farther toward the German lines, and stopped where the things it heralded would begin—in the dugouts of the French sacrifice companies.

There was nothing now between those companies and death but a few hours' sleep and a few minutes of hand-to-hand fighting. It was the code-signal that the night of the German attack had come.

In five minutes (and it was then but a little after dark) the whole Fourth French Army knew it and was ready, Americans and all.

And the whole Fourth French Army heard again Gouraud's call of the week before: "None will look behind; none will give way. Kill them; kill them in abundance until they have had enough."

The Americans were the men of the Rainbow Division. Coming out of the Baccarat sector on June 21, "for a rest," they had instead moved by rail to Camp de Châlons with headquarters at Vadenay Farm in the Champagne area, for special training. They had landed there June 29, and were about to carry out a minor operation near Châtillon-sur-Marne when Marshal Foch, learning of the German plan against Châlons, again availed himself of General Pershing's officer, and looked about for one high-spirited, hard-fighting American Division. By the first of July the Rainbow, a five-months-old American war-baby, was a part—the only American part—of Gouraud's plan of defense. By the tenth it and all the French divisions with it were in their places before Châlons.

It was a novel plan of defense; elastic is the one word that best describes it. It was the greatest and most successful of plans for the defense of an old-time trench system; for as this proved to be the last of the great trench battles of the war, so also was it the fiercest and most decisive. The most threatening advance on Paris had been stopped earlier in the summer but that Allied success had not broken the German power of large-scale offensives.

Gouraud had abandoned his first-line system and turned it into a mass of death traps. No soldiers were there except the handful of Frenchmen in sacrifice companies prepared to face certain death for the sake of keeping the Germans fooled into believing that the signal flares and rockets they sent up by night and their own visible movements by day meant that the first line was full of troops. Armed with machine guns, they were to wait there, first in deep dugouts while the bombardment went on, then in the midst of labyrinths of wire so thick that they could not get out and no one else could get in, and they were to delay the German advance and separate the German infantry from the German barrage, until overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers.

At sunset the evening before the attack they were pitching horseshoes inside their barbed-wire backyards.

So all the German bombardment on the first lines by trench-artillery and *minenwerfer* would be time, labor and ammunition wasted.

For his first real infantry defense Gouraud had moved his troops back to the intermediate line, about three miles from the German positions. On the extreme left, just south of Auberive-sur-Suippes, were the third and second battalions of the 165th Infantry, all New Yorkers, and the third battalion, 166th, from Ohio, and on the extreme right, northeast of Souain, were Alabamians of the second battalion, 167th Infantry, and Iowans of the second

battalion, 168th Infantry. Between the Alabamians and the New Yorkers ran the ancient Roman road to Châlons-sur-Marne. They were the guardians of the pass.

In the second line from left to right five miles from the German positions were the 117th Engineers from California and South Carolina ready to fight as infantry; first battalion, 165th Infantry; first and second battalions, 166th Infantry; first and third battalions, 167th Infantry, and first and third battalions, 168th Infantry. Mingled with them were French soldiers of the 170th Division on the left and the 13th Division on the right. The Rainbow had been brigaded with two French Infantry Divisions.

The Rainbow artillery was likewise brigaded with the French, Col. Leach with the 151st Field Artillery from Minnesota being on the right in support of the second position, and Col. Riley with the 149th from Illinois on the left. Of the 150th artillery regiment from Indiana under Col. Tyndall, one battalion was on the right and two on the left.

The farthest advanced American unit in the battle system was the 117th Trench-Mortar Battery from Maryland. It was out beyond the intermediate line on the right, charged with the duty of delaying the German advance with showers of bombs.

Back of the second line were shelters filled to bursting with animals and transportation, and around and behind them was artillery of all calibers with great heaps of ammunition. The gunners were sleeping by the guns. Still farther back were ammunition and supply dumps, hospitals (a big one at Bussy-le-Château), and at Vadenay Farm was Headquarters of the Rainbow Division, with General Menoher in command and Col. MacArthur chief of staff. Behind all these, twenty miles away from the German lines—the prize the Hun sought on this clear, warm, moonlight night of July 14,1918—stood the city of Châlons-sur-Marne, a black blot on the ghost-gray plains of the Champagne, lightless and silent.

Silent but for the occasional boom of a gun and crash of a shell, now behind the German lines, now behind the Allied lines. Just an ordinary night; harassing fire to keep them stirred up around the batteries and dumps and picket lines so that they'd know you were still there and still living. Here and there an occasional rifle-shot. Now and then a rocket like the Earth throwing a fiery kiss to the Moon. No aeroplanes, no bombs falling; just soft moonlight, gentle breezes and the faint throb of cannon, like the War-god breathing spasmodically in his sleep.

General Gouraud began his barrage at eleven o'clock. Until November 1, during the Argonne-Meuse offensive, that chorus of guns held the Allied record for volume of sound and devastating effect. It was timed to coincide with the probable massing of the German armies for the attack, or at least with the manning of the German artillery for the preliminary bombardment.

It paled the clear light of the moon; where the guns were the horizon was red as sunset with their muzzle flashes—over the German lines and rear areas the sky flamed with shell explosions. The Rainbow men with nothing in their war experience except the desultory cannonading of the Baccarat sector came out of dugouts and elephant-backs to watch the spectacle. When they shouted to one another, "Great sight, ain't it?" they had to shout through cupped hands directly in a comrade's ear.

They stood there feeling a little sorry for the enemy who had to endure such punishment; but exultant to think in what a terrible mess his plans for the night's work must be—artillery smashed before it could get under way, storm troops demoralized, ammunition dumps going up. And while they thought these things the world went suddenly mad beneath their feet and hideous death ran rampant over every foot of ground.

Midnight had come an hour earlier to the Germans than it had to the Allies. They had forgotten that, some of them. And some of them recalled it too late. It was five minutes past twelve.

On a front of forty-two miles the German barrage fell like a blanket. Like an avalanche it swept upon the Allied positions and enveloped them all everywhere and at once. It was not a fugue chorus with one gun beginning and others coming in a few at a time; one wire or one button seemed to have started them all.

For most of the soldiers at their dugout doors watching their own barrage with pleasurable awe there was but one move possible—a dive like a "slide to second," into the nearest hole in the ground. And not even that always saved them. There was death and destruction in the very air; it seemed to be reaching out with hungry, clutching hands, sweeping victims in; the sky swished and swirled like a hurricane, bringing a rain that burst with a red crash when it landed, and the clean night breeze became a deadly draft of poisonous gas.

It dwarfed the French-American barrage in sound; swallowed it up like a shark swallowing a sea-bass. For years to come Americans who lived under it will shake their heads and fail for words when you talk of the first part of that night in the Champagne. Only the first German offensive on the Somme in 1918 rivaled that bombardment; the attack on Verdun in 1916, compared to it, was mere harassing.

It continued without abatement until four o'clock in the morning. Then it seemed to lift for a moment, to lessen in violence. The German infantry was coming, six first-class divisions strong, in the first assault; a Guard Cavalry Division, the Second Bavarian Division, the 88th, the First, the Seventh and the First Bavarians. They had just come up after two weeks' rest, previous to which they had held this same sector and studied every foot of the ground. Of the six, one was attacking the left where the New Yorkers and Ohioans were; three were attacking the center held entirely by the French, and two were on the right to drive back the Alabamians and Iowans.

They were the pick of General von Einem's Third Army and for all the demoralizing effect of the Allied fire, which had started before theirs and continued with scarcely lessened vigor, they came on across No-Man's-Land in superb form. They were Prussians, most of them, and it was a Prussian boast that no troops could attack in such close formation as theirs.

But the Allied front line was deserted. Eager to come to a stand-up fight, the Germans kept on and on, and found nobody to fight; nothing but mines that roared up beneath their feet, and thick gas clouds and shells tearing great holes in their ranks. And in little torn forests of wire the men of the French sacrifice companies now came out of their holes like small swarms of angry bees and stung them with bursts of machine-gun fire.

And now, too, Gouraud called another bit of strategy into play; orders to fire came to gunners who had been out of range of the German artillery when the bombardment had started, but who were now within range of the advancing German infantry. Direct hits from high explosive shells began piling into the German attackers. But still they kept on, thousands more climbing over heaps of bodies to fill the gaps. And finally, by sheer disregard of losses, they came to the intermediate line—the Allies' first real line of defense.

It may never be accurately known whether the Germans reached the left or the right of the line first, and it makes little difference since they gained no more at one side than they did at the other. But it is fairly certain that they came in greater force at the right because just in front of the Alabamians and Iowans were the splintered tree-trunks of what had been

a small forest, offering protection of a sort to the advance on that wing. Trouble had been expected there.

The second battalion of the 167th had had no shelter during the German bombardment except what the trenches afforded, which was almost no shelter at all. But the men had been spread out thinly, and shells when they were direct hits on the parapets did a minimum of damage. Morale, sky-high before midnight with Gouraud's stirring words and the sense of the greatness of it all, had slumped a bit under the terrible German fire, but now that that was over it mounted again with a leap. The "Wild Men from Alabama" were ready.

They were in four companies, G and H on the right of the Châlons road, commanded by Captain Thomas F Goerg and Captain Herman W. Thompson, and E and F on the left of the road commanded by Lieutenant Raymond R. Brown and Captain Frederick L. Wyatt. The commander of the Second Battalion was Captain Everett H. Jackson. The position took in the crests of two gentle slopes with a little valley between, and the slopes were strewn with tree-stumps and scrubby little pines.

Some man in G Company saw the Germans first; he had crawled up to watch them coming and he saw one particular Boche before he saw the others. He was a monstrous big fellow, walking almost upright. "Good Gawd!" chuckled the Alabama man. "Look at the size o' that guy, will you? Ah'm gon' to get him right now!"

He did, and when his rifle cracked the Americans opened up all along the right of the line. All the Germans who could dropped into communicating trenches and continued sneaking forward under cover. From then on no American in that part of the fight remembers very clearly what happened, except in his own particular little patch of ground. Then and there the Battle of the Champagne became a rough-and-tumble fight with bare knives—man against man; with knives, fists, teeth and rifle-butts.

The Germans, expecting, as orders on captured prisoners showed, to reach the town of Suippes by noon of July 15, and Châlons by four o'clock of the next day, ran into a stabbing affray within the first few minutes. That is what it was in the Alabama trenches—a tremendous stabbing affray, with men cutting and slashing and jabbing at each other; with no time to gloat or to be sorry over a victim or to rest, because there was more killing to do. In the Baccarat sector the 167th had started a reputation for wild, unreasoning courage, in the Battle of the Champagne they completed it.

In one of those faded little field-messages, scribbled with a stub of hard pencil with scarcely any point, Capt. Julien M. Strassberger, commanding the 167th's machine-gun company, supporting Companies E and F, wrote at eight-thirty a.m., and sent it to the Battalion Commander.

"Boche dead piled around here sky-high. *Ils ne passeront pas!*"

But the fate of the right of the line began to hang in the balance. German tanks had been able to get up here and the Allied artillery was not having the destructive elect that it had in the center and on the left. The Maryland Trench-Mortar Battery, manning their little guns out there on ground the Boche was now crossing, had fired seven hundred and fifty bombs during the morning, scoring direct hits on four tanks and putting them out of action. Seven more tanks had crawled through and were lumbering down the valley between the two slopes. The 37 millimeter guns of the 167th put them all out of action. Machine-guns were spraying the Germans, hand-grenades bursting in groups of them, rifles were spitting at them from the parapets, but still they came on. And when the peril of the right wing seemed very real and the Germans were piling to the top of the ridge faster than they were dying, the Alabamians made the first counter-attack..

No more splendid exhibition of reckless, indomitable courage was produced in the whole war than this counter-attack on the proud Prussian troops by the Americans from the sunny Southland. No Americans had ever done it before.

The Alabmanians went in by platoons, winding through the trenches, crawling over heaps of dead French, Americans and Germans, and labyrinths of tangled wire, into the mêlée. Of the first platoon none ever came back.. By the time a company of French reinforcements arrived with orders to retake two lost positions, Lieut. Hoxie Fairchild, with an E Company platoon, had already retaken them. The French, with another platoon under Lieut. M. L. Marklin, retook a third.

Thus they were still fighting while the sun rose high and the air grew warm and the day advanced, and the first shock of the last German offensive had fallen on men who would not yield an inch.

And what, throughout all this, of the left of the line where the old 69th New York—"The Fighting Harps"—and the old guardsmen from Ohio were holding on?

The third Battalion of the 165th under Major William (Wild Bill) Donovan (later Lieutenant-Colonel), and the Second Battalion, under Major Alexander Anderson, were over there fighting like wild-cats.

Standing right beside Lieut. Thomas M. Young as the Germans came on, a man had been killed. Probably it was Sergeant Tom O'Rourke; he was one of the first New Yorkers killed in that fight. At any rate Lieut. Young saw the German who had killed him—a sniper—and within a few minutes Young had killed the German. He was elated. "Boys, I got my first German!" he shouted, and the next second a grenade killed him, and the Boche were up to the wire. By noon they had gained a foothold seven times in the New Yorkers' trenches and seven times had been hurled out. That evening at six o'clock they tried it again and were beaten off.

All night bombs and shells fell on the fighting lines and rear areas; steady showers of them on hospitals, towns and roads. There was no rest from them, especially the bombs. By day the sky was literally dark with German aeroplanes; every French plane had been chased away.

The German aviators would hover above the trenches like hawks circling to pounce on chickens, then swooping low, cut loose with machine-guns and showers of steel darts upon the heads of the infantry. Carrying parties with ammunition had to dodge these planes as they would swarms of bees. Stretcher-bearers carrying wounded men through trenches and along roads were shot down by low-flying aviators.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 16 the Germans attacked again on the left, and after they had been driven off for the fifth time the men of G Company, commanded by Capt. John T. Prout, were too mad to stand still. Whereupon the second splendid, wild American charge was made, as worthy of immortality as the counter-attack of the Alabamians on the first day.

The enemy was taking cover from American rifle fire when Lieut. Kenneth C. Ogle of G Company gathered his platoon and prepared to go over the top as soon as the Boche came out of hiding. So that when they were coming toward the old 69th's trenches for the sixth time that morning they found before them not the blazing muzzles of rifles, but thirty-eight wild sons of Erin, yelling and rushing at them with long, bare bayonets.

The Germans turned and fled, but the Americans had the better start, and they caught and bayonetted twenty-two without a single casualty to themselves. With such success they couldn't turn back, so they kept on to the old French position now held by the Germans, but were held off by superior machine-gun fire. On their way back they killed off a party of

Germans creeping up an old boyau, and threw grenades into a dugout, killing fourteen more.

Lieut. Ellet of E Company, commanded by Capt. Charles D. Balder, counter-attacked with his platoon under orders from the French that were received at 6:05, telling him to attack at six o'clock. Ellet attacked immediately, despite the possibility of heavy casualties through the mix-up in time, and not only retook the lost position but captured twelve prisoners, including an officer. Ellet was killed in the Argonne fight.

The rest of that day the Germans spent in desperate attempts to break through by ruses and tricks. A bunch of them ran up dressed in French uniforms (they had taken them from the dead out there in the sacrifice companies), and got close enough to throw grenades at a gun-crew of the 150th Machine-Gun Battalion, killing two Wisconsin gunners, and putting the gun out of action. Another Wisconsin man, mortally wounded but still at his gun, drove them away, and died firing. Later forty Germans came up yelling "Kamerad!" with upraised hands. The Americans fired on them at once, and when the Germans fell, grenades wrapped in handkerchiefs fell from their hands. Still later a German in a French uniform came running toward the lines with four others chasing him. Our men were not deceived and shot them all down.

On the night of July 16 the Germans gave up hope, and the hand-to-hand fighting ceased. The Allied line in the Champagne, though it had bent in and out during the two days' battle, was reestablished with not a foot of ground lost, the German offensive had crumpled in the early hours of the first day. The decisive battle of the war had been won.

Now the Hun became spiteful. Raging in defeat he shelled the rear areas as far back as Châlons, and sprinkled the earth with bombs from the sky. Back there where the ammunition and supplies had come from and where the wounded had been carried, the scene was indescribable. Dead horses lay everywhere—simply spattered about the landscape. The big American hospital at Bussy-le-Château had been wrecked by bombs—several wards full of wounded soldiers destroyed and the men killed. Roads were obliterated for miles; a blight seemed to have descended on trees and vegetation; everywhere within a radius of twenty miles the earth was torn and tortured. But the line had held; the bodies of Americans of the Rainbow had barred the road to Châlons; and some were in huddled, shapeless heaps in the trenches and some were wiping off their bayonets and crying.

Gouraud talked to them on the 19th (the Rainbow had been relieved the day before by Moroccan troops). In a little field near Army Headquarters, the French General stood and reviewed a battalion of the 166th Infantry from Ohio, whose men had fought with the New Yorkers on the left. His empty left sleeve was in the pocket of his tunic; tall and erect like a story-book hero, he moved with a limp—he had a shattered hip—and his eyes burned like live coals.

With his good arm behind his back he stood before what assemblage of Rainbow officers it had been possible to gather and thanked them, and through them, the men. It was a strange assemblage; scrubby-chinned men, dirty and torn, half-blind and half-choked still with gas, muscles and nerves still quivering with the long fight; and staff officers whose painful attempts at polishing up for the occasion were obvious and soldierly.

He said few words, did Gouraud, but they were deep words. They said the Rainbow Division had put a new spirit into France; that before the battle their mere presence had been a tonic, that their resistance during the battle was like a promise of new life. And he announced for the first time the successful launching of an allied offensive between Soissons and Château-Thierry.

Officers who had not slept for days—covered with the dirt and blood of the trenches—shouted with joy. Camps of men just out of the jaws of death rang with laughter and song. The tide of war had turned. The French celebrated their Fourteenth of July on July 19, and champagne ran like water.

But they say that Sergeant Lawrence Quigley, a Minneapolis man in D Battery, 151st Minnesota Artillery, had no part in the rejoicing. His gun—his beautiful gun, "Mary Ann"—that he had been firing steadily for seventy-two hours, had gone out of commission during the last few minutes, and he was weeping like a baby.

CHAPTER V

THE RAINBOW'S FIRST ATTACK—ACROSS THE BLOODY OURCQ

PARIS was alive with the two great pieces of news of that decisive month of July 1918—the successful defense before Châlons and the Allied advance before Soissons. The Rainbow Division, defenders of the Champagne, tasted swiftly of the rewards of heroes as they rolled through Noisy-le-sec, and passed on to more fighting.

Coming by rail from Châlons where long-range artillery reached hungrily even after the moving train, the Division, in order to come to La-Ferte-sous-Jouarre, had to go close to Paris, for the Germans were in Château-Thierry.

Noisy-le-sec is a suburb of Paris. The long trains that carried the Rainbow rolled through there between July 21 and 24. It was a beautiful day—warm and mellow—and wherever they could find holds for hands and feet, the men clung to open flat-cars, taking the air. Bridges across the railroad yards were crowded with Parisians, mostly women and girls. For nearly four years they had had no chance to celebrate a victory, but now they had one, and here, within sound of their voices were the Americans who had stopped the Germans in the Champagne.

They cheered wildly and threw kisses and flowers at the men in olive-drab. The men cheered back; their spirits had returned, they had seen the worst of war, there was nothing they could not tackle now. It was good to be alive on this warm July morning with Paris cheering you as a conquering hero. This was the "sort of stuff you read about."

It was thus the Rainbow Division went toward the Aisne-Marne Offensive for what was to be the bloodiest battle of the outfit's history. For at this stage of the war it was "Push while the pushing is good," and no division of soldiers with such reputations as the Rainbow for steadfastness and valor could be permitted to rest while there were such possibilities of getting the Boche on the run, not even when that division had been in actual combat without rest since midwinter.

On July 24-25 it was moving by camion from La-Ferte-sous-Jouarre to the vicinity of Épieds.

The general situation around the beautiful Marne valley, which the men of the Rainbow were now seeing for the first time, was this:

When the Germans had broken through in May and June they had been finally stopped at the Marne. Their gains from Rheims to Château-Thierry and to Soissons made a salient reaching out and threatening Paris. The German offensive of July 15, that the Rainbow had just helped to stop, had extended down the east side of this salient to Château-Thierry. Down there the American Third Division, supported by the 28th—Pennsylvania National Guardsmen—had opposed a crossing east of Château-Thierry and confined the Boche to a gain of a few miles near Fossoy.

And now, with that drive definitely halted, Marshal Foch, on July 18, had opened an attack on both sides and at the point of the Château-Thierry salient. The Germans had gotten themselves into a pocket; they had tried to broaden it and deepen it and failed. The Day of the Allies had come.

The First and Second American Divisions had made a surprise attack south of Soissons. The Fourth Division had exerted some pressure on the western side near Lizy. The enemy recrossed the River Marne before he was attacked by the Fourth Division, which followed

him for eight kilometers, side by side with the 26th (Yankee) Division. The 26th made the pivotal attack north of Château-Thierry. The rest of the attacking troops were French, with a few British divisions south of and close to Rheims.

It is likely that after the reverse of July 15 in the Champagne, Ludendorff realized that the Château-Thierry salient was a menace to his army. But Foch had realized it quicker than he; vast quantities of stores had piled up in there for use in the advance on Paris, and they could not be removed and the salient evacuated before the Allies were upon him.

As the pocket shrunk under Foch's pressure the fronts of the fighting forces narrowed, it became practicable to take out of the line divisions that had been leading the attack.. So the 26th American Division and the 167th French Division came out for a rest, and the Rainbow took over the job that both of them had been handling.

The 84th Infantry Brigade, under Brigadier General Robert A. Brown, took the sector of the 26th Division, and the 83rd Infantry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Michael J. Lenihan, took the 167th Division's sector. The 84th Brigade, with the 168th (Iowa) and 167th (Alabama) Infantry regiments, had the right of the divisional line, and the 83rd Brigade, with the 165th (New York) and 166th (Ohio) regiments, had the left.

The artillery of the 26th Division stayed in position to work with the 67th Artillery Brigade of the Rainbow, commanded by Brigadier-General George G. Gatley.

Coming up for the relief on July 24, the Rainbow Division had marched to within two kilometers of the front line. Seeking for the point where they were to establish the Post of Command for the 168th regiment, Colonel Bennett, Lieutenant-Colonel Tinley, and the regimental adjutant, Captain Van Order, performed that day the novel feat of riding around No-Man's-Land in an automobile.

They didn't do it purposely. This had not been a quiet sector like the sectors the Rainbow were familiar with, the landscape lacked the established institutions of rusty brown camouflage screens, old trench systems and fields of barbed wire. So the Colonel, the Lieutenant-Colonel and the adjutant, looking for woods where the "P. C." would be, suddenly found themselves in the neighborhood of new trenches. And when they had oriented themselves it dawned upon them that they were looking upon those trenches from the wrong side. They got back without waste motion and discovered they had gone about a kilometer too far to the north.

This time the Rainbow Division found its work cut out for it. So to speak, it was getting up into the war's higher seats of learning, having left behind the stand-pattism of the Luneville and Baccarat sectors and the plain, old-fashioned doggedness of the Champagne. Now its job was not merely to hold what ground it had but to get more; not merely to outfight the Germans but to outwit them—to demonstrate that they knew more about driving the Boche back than the Boche knew about standing fast. Instead of defending, they were now to attack.

And directly in front of the 167th and 168th Infantry regiments, as the Rainbow took over the job from the Yankee Division and the French, lay the Boche in one of the finest little nests in France. They called it La Croix Rouge Farm; it was in a clearing surrounded by forests on four sides, and a road ran diagonally through it from southeast to northwest. The far side of the road was lined with German machine-guns; the woods on three sides were lined with them, and you couldn't see them.

The division completed all its dispositions during the day and night of July 25, and without wasting a moment of time the 168th attacked La Croix Rouge Farm early on the morning of the 26th.

Two platoons of F Company, commanded by Capt. Charles J. Casey, took it. They discovered a little ditch leading up to it, and, sneaking through this in the morning mists, surprised the Germans, killed or captured them and turned the machine-guns eastward upon the enemy in the woods.

All that afternoon the wooded slopes around La Croix Rouge Farm formed the ring in which a terrific battle went on. The men of the Rainbow—Alabamians on the left of the farm and Iowans on the right—had their first experience with those withering blasts of machine-gun fire with which the German Army protected its masterly retreat during all the days that followed.

The morale of the Boche was still high—as high as ever, in fact. While von Ludendorff would have liked to withdraw from the Château-Thierry pocket at his own will, taking his supplies with him, he was nevertheless prepared to try to delay even a dashing American effort to drive him out. And the beginning and the end of his preparation was the machine-gun—hundreds and thousands of machine-guns—with men behind them who knew the weapon and had high confidence in it and no small amount of courage in handling it.

These things the battle for La Croix Rouge Farm taught the Rainbow Division at the outset of its participation in the Aisne-Marne Offensive. These things it had impressed upon it again and again—hour after hour in blood and death—while it struggled for new footholds always farther northward, through yellow wheat-fields where death lurked and over ridges whose crimson hue at evening was not always of the sunset.

The Rainbow gave ground that 26th of July, gave up La Croix Rouge Farm deliberately and retired, and it was not the lesser part of valor that they did. This new thing, this machine-gun resistance, was dawning on them; to capture a place and to be basking in contentment, and then to discover that there was no contentment because just beyond was the German with his machine-guns and their newly-won prize was his field of fire. Always it must be on, and on, and on, with no end in sight except death for the Germans or for them.

But that night the Germans evacuated La Croix Rouge Farm for the second time. It was the key to the position on that line, and finding it too hot to hold they retired nearly six kilometers to a new defensive line across the Ourcq River.

Here was a new situation—an unpleasant one. True, the enemy had given up six kilometers, but now he was in a great natural fortress, with the village of Sérgy in the valley backed by bare hills that sloped up to plateaus eighty meters high. On the east there was flank protection for the Germans in groups of small woodlands, and there was flank protection on the west in a small creek called the Ru du Pont Brule. Meurcy Farm and more woodland lay in the valley of this creek near its junction with the Ourcq, and farther up the creek was the village and château of Nésles. Farther to the right the village of Seringes commanded Meurcy Farm and the Forest of Nésles was behind the village of that name.

It was the tried, veteran army of Imperial Germany fighting desperately near the end of its fourth year of superhuman effort and ideally situated for defense, against the new, untried soldiers from the United States, who had no advantages except freshness in the general matter of war, and not much of that, considering the gruelling struggle in the Champagne. But the Rainbow Division went to it.

Over the six kilometers the Germans had given up after evacuating La Croix Rouge Farm the division moved with little trouble, disposing easily of sacrifice detachments of machine-gunners left behind to delay the advance. Only at La Croix Blanche Farm, northeast of La Croix Rouge Farm, was there anything much resembling a battle. On the night of July 27th, the division regained contact with the enemy's new line. Machine-gun

fire from the north bank of the Ourcq fell upon armored cars that were reconnoitering ahead of the infantry, and the columns halted for the night about a kilometer south of the little river.

At dawn next morning the fight to cross the Ourcq began. The Germans had blown up two bridges near Sérgy; the stream was swollen with rains to a width of fourteen meters and a depth of four, and the men had to struggle through the little torrent. Machine guns opened on them from Sérgy directly in front and Meurcy Farm on the flank and the stream ran red with the blood of the Rainbow.

The men of New York's old 69th, commanded then by Colonel Frank McCoy, got the first foothold on the opposite bank and before noon the other four regiments were coming over, Ohioans of the 166th on the extreme left, New Yorkers next, then the Alabamians of the 167th, and on the extreme right the 168th from Iowa.

The struggle for Sérgy and Meurcy Farm lasted all that day, all night and throughout the morning of July 29th. Once on the enemy's side of the Ourcq, Colonel Screws' men from Alabama and Colonel Bennett's men from Iowa rushed Sérgy and took it. They were swept back to the river bank by machine-gun blasts from the woods on the left. They rallied, rushed the village again, and this time ran into one of the best divisions in the German Army, the Fourth Prussian Guards.

Americans who were at home then will remember the thrilling message of M. André Tardieu—"Today" (or words to that effect) "American soldiers met and defeated on the River Ourcq the best troops of the Prussian Guard." American troops did defeat the best troops of the Prussian Guard and it was of this battle and of the Rainbow Division that M. Tardieu spoke that day.

They defeated the Prussians but at what seemed then a terrible cost. Throughout the whole of July 28th, the lines rolled back and forth. Now the Americans had Sérgy; now the Germans had it. To the right the 28th Division fought for Hill 220; to the left the 83rd Brigade of the Rainbow struggled for Meurcy Farm.

Again, as in Champagne, the Rainbow had to fight an air-battle as well as a ground battle. Swarms of German combat planes were over them constantly, darting earthward and firing machine-guns into them. All Allied planes seemed to have been driven from the sky; German air supremacy seemed complete. But as the Champagne had produced Corporal Doty of the 165th, as a stalker of bird-men, so the Battle of the Ourcq produced a "ground-ace" in Sergeant Frank Gardello, Jr., of the same regiment's machine-gun company, who brought down two planes with one burst.

Both were flying low, one directly over the other. Gardello's fire riddled the upper one and when he fell he landed squarely on the lower one. Both aviators were killed. Never before or since in the whole history of the war, was a similar feat performed.

It was growing dusk on July 28th when the Alabamians and Iowans rushed Sergy for the last time that day—and held it. The German artillery shelled it savagely all night and clouds of bombing planes circled around and around it, dropping tons of bombs, but the Rainbows huddled closer and closer behind ruined house-walls, and stuck.

Then early in the morning of the 29th the Prussian Guard returned to the battle and in a final desperate charge drove the doughboys out of Sergy for the seventh time; drove them back to the banks of the Ourcq. Thus after two days of fighting after the German retirement from La Croix Rouge Farm, the Rainbow had made no permanent gains and its casualties had been heavy. Meurcy Farm, Sérgy and Hill 220 were still German strongholds, commanded by machine-guns in other German strongholds farther on. Something had to be done.

The thing that was done was the thing that, more than any other one battle move, broke the morale of the German army and bade fair, later on to turn its splendid rear-guard action into a rout.

The Rainbow Division, having fought nothing but stand-up fights against a foe who could either be bayoneted or sniped, entered the battle of the Ourcq knowing nothing of the Boches' perfection in machine-gun defense. The Germans simply "had the reach on them." No soldiers in the world were more willing than the Americans to come to close quarters with the enemy and fight it out with bayonets. The difficulty the Rainbow was finding here on the Ourcq was in getting to close quarters without being killed or disabled. Rushing through the open up to the concealed German machine-guns in the hope of frightening the gunners into surrender, or of catching them off their guard, was sheer suicide. That was now certain.

So then and there the Rainbow conceived and launched a typically American style of attack; launched it as extemporaneously as a great orator in the heat of a debate launches an immortal phrase. It claims no credit for having originated it. In one form or another the American divisions who had fought in Belleau Wood and up to La Croix Rouge Farm and before Soissons had used the same method of capturing German machine-gun nests. But the Rainbow knew nothing about that. It had had no schooling in such work. Without time for either rest or schooling it had come from a sector of patrols and raids to a sector of defense and from there directly to a sector of offense, and what it learned it had to learn by bitter, costly experience.

What it did now, with Sérgy, Meurcy Farm, Seringes, Hill 220 and the whole line of other flank positions still in German hands after nearly two days of fighting, was an inspiration born of desperation; the grim, determined desperation of baffled men bound to beat an opponent at his own game if it takes a lifetime.

On the morning of the 29th the entire Rainbow Division made a general attack, not only upon Sérgy and Meurcy Farm but upon the plateau between. It was not a rush this time; it was a painfully slow crawl. German machine-guns blazed from fields of tall, yellow wheat on top of the plateau. Then from the tall grass a brown streak would suddenly shoot ahead for a yard or two and disappear from view while the German guns blazed at it. A moment of quiet, then off to the left another brown streak and a burst of bullets from the wheat. Then in the center another, then another to the right, until a half-dozen men were headed toward that single German machine-gun, advancing in quick dives, now left, now right, now center; and whenever a man dived a volley of rifles from his comrades answered the stutter of the machine-gun.

And soon—though it might be a half hour or an hour and though a sheaf of bullets might have caught one of those brown streaks in midair so that it never dived again—a little ring of men in olive-drab would be around that machine-gun nest, and "a kill" would be on.

One by one the German machine-gun nests grew silent. As the day waned the clatter of them, like the clatter of rivetting hammers, came from farther and farther to the north. The Iowans took Sérgy. They got some machine-guns to a near crest of Hill 220, from which they could fire into the German nests in the Arbre les Jomblets and the Bois de Planchette.

Here on Hill 220, Sergeant B. W. Hamilton of M Company, 168th Infantry, wounded while out ahead of his own line, was attacked by ten Prussian Guardsmen. He shot five and the rest ran away.

The Alabamians got well on toward the top of the plateau, and the 165th, unsuccessful at Meurcy Farm with the new "Indian method" of attack on machine-guns, called for a long concentration of artillery fire on the place; and finally their Irish tempers got the best of

them and they went at it with their bayonets as they had gone over the top in the Champagne. They killed the German machine-gunners in hand-to-hand fighting.

In the afternoon Colonel Hough's men of the 166th Ohio regiment stormed Seringes on its high, bare hill. It was a gallant charge across twelve hundred meters of ground entirely without cover while machine-gun nests flanked it and heavy fire came from the village. Instead of taking it by direct attack the Ohioans worked around it and took Hill 184 to the northwest. From there they silenced the machine-guns in Seringes and then went down and bayoneted the gunners who were left.

It was shortly after this, you will remember, that stories became current about Germans being found chained to their machine-guns in the woods. There also began coming, from German sources, stories of inhuman cruelty of American soldiers. There had been many other stories theretofore, bearing on the inhuman treatment of German soldiers by their officers, and there had been much German propaganda intended to counteract stories of German fiendishness and cruelty.

But behind those stories in those days of late July and early August, 1918, was something more than propaganda. There was looming up in the German army a feeling of terror of these quick, forward-moving men in olive-drab, who were not afraid even of the wonderful German machine-guns, but who dived and wriggled toward them and were suddenly all around them in desperate little rings.

German gunners *were* being chained to their guns; it was becoming necessary. And since men at bay will always fight for their lives, the fights around the machine-gun nests in the Battle of the Ourcq were nearly always fights to the death. The Rainbow Division took few prisoners in that battle; its record of prisoners captured throughout the war falls short of the records of one or two other divisions; it usually fought to kill. That was the cruelty of which the Germans spoke.

With this advance of the Rainbow through the first of the Ourcq's great defenses, the German High Command, too, became alarmed for the dignity of its retirement from the Château-Thierry Salient. It began putting in reserves. Opposite the Rainbow there was now from left to right, the 10th Landwehr Division, the 6th Bavarian Reserve, the Fourth Prussian Guard and the 201st Division. Nowhere else along the whole fighting front were German troops massed so densely as opposite the Rainbow, the 28th and the 3rd American Divisions at this stage of the Ourcq Battle.

By eight o'clock on the night of July 30, Colonel Fairchild, the Rainbow Division Surgeon, had reported the losses in wounded alone as 3,276 men, from the beginning of the fighting at La Croix Rouge Farm. Of the killed no record could be kept at that time. The brave men who had died were out there in the waving wheat-fields and the bodies of some of them had floated down the Ourcq.

But neither losses nor German reinforcements could stop the Rainbow Division now that it had started. The Forêt de Nésles lay before it, full of German defenses, and from the woods on Hill 220 machine-guns still raked the positions of the 168th. At nine a. m. on the 10th Colonel Screws and his 167th Alabamians started through the wheat toward the Château de Nésles, and with the aid of the sniping guns of the 26th Division's artillery which had blasted out machine-gun nests, crossed the plateau and dug in close to the Château. The 168th had to dig in after progressing about five hundred yards.

In Meurcy Farm Colonel McCoy's New Yorkers could only dig in and seek shelter from the withering fire down the valley of the Ru du Pont Brule. Light field batteries and machine-guns played constantly on the ruins, and an unceasing duel went on between them

and the 151st Artillery from Minnesota. The most of the 165th could have done was hold and they did that with heroic tenacity.

That night the Ohioans of the 166th, finding Seringes a rather hot place to hold, worked a ruse. They deserted the village. During the afternoon enemy patrols, filtering into it, found it empty. More came in and still more, until by nightfall a large body of them were there, probably preparing new machine-gun positions, if not preparing a counter-attack.

And all this time Colonel Hough's men were hanging to the edge of Hill 184, and when darkness had fallen they surrounded Seringes, attacked it from every side, and in a fierce hand-to-hand battle mopped it as clean of Germans as a new bathroom floor.

The 168th fought its last fight of the Ourcq campaign on August 1, when it took Hill 212. It was a terrible task and the fight lasted all through the hot day. The whole regiment was in the battle at one stage or another with Major Claude Stanley's second battalion leading the first attack, Major Emory Worthington's First Battalion relieving Stanley, and the Third Battalion under Major Guy Brewer coming in toward the end of the day. The Third Battalion was the first to get a firm foothold on the hill.

It was Private Burke, Major Brewer's personal orderly, who carried to regimental head-quarters at La Motte Farm the message that Hill 212 had at last been captured, after three runners who had started with the same message had been killed by German artillery. Shells fell in the whole Ourcq valley that day like rain.

Hill 212 commanded the Forêt de Nésles, which was now the only strong position the Boche had left in his whole Ourcq system. French and American artillery concentrating upon it, silenced the German batteries and they began to withdraw. And on the night of August 1, the German infantry pulled itself together quietly, and silently stole away toward the River Vèsle.

The Rainbow had outwitted, outgamed and outfought the best soldiers in the German army. They were now in full retreat from the Ourcq.

The pursuit started next morning. The 168th, exhausted after six days and nights of constant fighting of the hardest kind, was relieved by the 117th Engineers from California and South Carolina, commanded by Colonel Kelly. This regiment, ready now to attack as infantry as they had been ready to defend in the Champagne, carried on the chase with the Ohio, Alabama and New York infantry regiments.

That day the Rainbow advanced through the Forêt de Nésles nearly five kilometers beyond the point from which it had started in the morning. The Germans in their hurry to get away blew up great ammunition dumps, but the Rainbow came so closely upon their heels that they deserted nearly thirty thousand shells which the division captured intact.

A line running between Mont St. Martin and Chéry Chartreuve was the limit of the Rainbow's advance; between the first named point and La Croix Rouge Farm the distance was seventeen kilometers—the longest advance by any division attacking between Soissons and Rheims. There a relief of the Rainbow by the Fourth Division, which had been progressing during the pursuit, was completed, but the artillery stayed in position for several days assisting the Fourth to maintain footing beyond the Vèsle River.

The weather was hot, and the country full of ruined villages, dead, unburied bodies—Boche and American—and thousands of dead horses. The men were dirty; baths were next to impossible. But instead of being withdrawn from the salient which seemed on the verge of becoming a pest-hole, the Rainbow Division infantry was held in reserve for nearly a week.. Sickness broke out.

And into the middle of this filthy backyard off war with its sickening smells and sights and its unkempt, lousy men there bounded on a fine afternoon one Elsie Janis—fluffy,

beautiful, piquant—not at all unlike a goddess just stepping out of the clouds for a bit to see what it was all about down here below. That's what it seemed like to the Rainbow Division.

They hauled a wagon-bed into an open field and made a stage of it, and there Elsie Janis danced and sang before a vast concourse of unwashed doughboys who suddenly remembered that there was such a thing in the world as a pretty American girl—and were somewhat awed and saddened at the remembrance. An aeroplane came whirring overhead while Elsie Janis sang "Oh, You Dirty Germans!" It came so low that you could see the black maltese cross on the lower planes. But nobody minded.

CHAPTER VI

AND SPEAKING OF ELSIE JANIS

WAS that the only bit of diversion that came to the Rainbow Division? Was there anything at all outside of fighting and the anticipation of more fighting to keep up its morale?

Perhaps this is as fitting a place as any other to tell about that. There is very little to tell. Most of the diversion the Rainbow got it supplied itself. Moving, as it did, from battle to battle and from one part of the front to another, it gave professional entertainers little chance to catch up with it. It manufactured its own amusements, whetting its sense of humor on the French scenery and the country people. The Rainbow Division lived twenty years over there in less than a score of months; it caught its fun where it found it. It had to.

So, as it rolled through France in box-cars or trucks it got as many laughs out of a pair of wooden shoes or an old gentleman riding on an ox-cart as you at home were getting out of the most popular comedians.

In the old Baccarat sector it had had more time for the sort of diversion the Y. M. C. A. brought later to the American troops in France. But at that period the Y. M. C. A's system of entertainments had not reached the wholly efficient stage. The American Expeditionary Force was new then, and so were its auxiliaries.

But the Y. M. C. A. had brought out baseballs and bats and gloves and on those quiet days in May the American baseball season had opened officially in Lorraine, France, where first-base was likely to be a surviving splinter of a ruined barn and home plate a filled-in shell hole. And there were many sets of boxing gloves.

They used to stage bouts in the streets of the front line villages in the Baccarat sector. The Iowans would fight the Alabamians and the New Yorkers would fight the Ohioans, and inter-State championship disputes were fought out day after day. Sometimes these ring-battles drew big crowds. One of the biggest crowds gathered one day toward the end of May in the little town of Pexonne where a Franco-American bout was to take place. The "Franco" was a French soldier. The American was Corporal "Kid" Gorden of the Maryland Trench-Mortar Battery.

They had roped off a ring in the middle of the town square of Pexonne. More than three hundred men were gathered there—French and American soldiers. It was a warm, clear day— not a cloud in the sky, and the low hum of planes echoed over the land like the pleasant summer noise of bees.

Gorden was getting the best of the Frenchman. The latter had come up groggily for the fifth round and the Americans in the crowd were shouting, "Put him out, Kid! One haymaker'll finish him! Land on his beak!" The American boy tucked his left ear behind his shoulder, rushed in and was uncoiling a terrific right swing when a strange noise shut out the sound of cheering—a loud, roaring buzz directly overhead. Somebody shouted "Look out!" The crowd looked up, and there was a German plane, swooping low, making straight for the ringside.

Instinctively the group broke, scurrying for cover. Gorden's haymaker stopped in mid-air; a dozen arms were around the groggy French boxer dragging him away. And then with a splintering crash a bomb hit the village "Épicérie" and tore it to pieces.

That was the last street boxing-match the Rainbow Division held in the Baccarat sector. The German aviator had seen the animated black spot below him, just behind the Allied lines, and, coming lower he had made it out to be a group of men—an excellent target. And the little French grocery store which he had hit with his bomb was on the edge of the square less than a hundred yards from the boxing ring.

So orders forbidding the grouping of many men in one spot were more strictly enforced and the boxing matches stopped. Thereafter, when the men wanted to box they had to take to the forests in the rear and they could not get there unless they happened to be enjoying a relief from the trench vigil. But the ball games continued, with the doors and windows of the villages serving as bleachers and grandstands and the pitchers working with one eye on the skies and the other on the batters. And everybody with his gas-mask at the "alert."

There had been band concerts, too, in the Baccarat days. At sunset they held retreat and the regimental bands had played Sousa marches and winding up with "The Star Spangled Banner," while the doughboys in long rants stood at "present arms," and every American within the sound of the band stopped dead in his tracks and stood in reverent silence, thinking of his home and his country.

And in a few minutes, if the wind was right, there would come faintly from the north the sound of brass horns playing "The Watch on the Rhine"—a German band at the evening ceremony.

Thus lived the Rainbow in France, thriving (unlike "Jack" of the proverb) on nearly all work and hardly any play; and never growing too dull to cut a German throat. Such groups of traveling minstrels as came to other divisions and made merry seldom if ever came to the Rainbow. Its chances to play ended when it left the Baccarat sector and those chances never returned until the war was over.

CHAPTER VII

WITH THE FIRST AMERICAN ARMY IN THE STROLL THROUGH ST. MIHIEL

THERE were gaps in the ranks of the Rainbow now—big gaps. Behind it along Europe's battle line from Lorraine to the River Vèsle, stretched a long trail, marked here by wooden crosses, marked there by muddy mounds. It had been in France nine months and it was an American division of veterans.

They took it out of the reeking country between the Ourcq and the Vèsle on August 12, and marched it back to the La-Fèrte-sous-Jouarre area. There it rested a couple of days. There were châteaus in La-Fèrte-sous-Jouarre, and broad roads shaded with mighty trees; the weather was warm and the air sweet and sparkling like old wine. And if you had luck you got a hot bath and a haircut; and if you were an officer with an automobile you could steal into Paris and grab off a couple of fancy meals and see the places where the bright lights used to be.

But La-Fèrte-sous-Jouarre with Paris in touring distance was too good to last. On August 17 the division was loaded into cars marked "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8," and rolled on to the Bourmont area. It was booked for a period of "intensive training."

Bourmont was on the road between Langres and Neufchateau where the people were friendly and the food pretty plentiful. You could buy extras for the mess, like creamy old camembert and—well, principally, creamy old camembert—at moderate prices. It was a beautiful country, too—hilly and green, and for dignity of proportions, prodigality of distribution and richness of scent its manure heaps were the finest the Rainbow Division had seen.

Here, beyond the sound of guns for the first time since February, the Rainbow reveled in the nearest thing to a rest that it had during the whole of its career in France. All it had to do was study every branch of open warfare, with special emphasis on the attacking of machine-gun nests by advancing infantry accompanied by machine-guns and light artillery. On the Ourcq it had rehearsed this thing for six days with more or less assistance toward the achievement of proficiency by the flower of the German Army. But here it got a polish, an expertness that proved valuable later on.

The division stayed in Bourmont until August 30. Immediately after the Battle of the Ourcq, while it was still in reserve, important changes had taken place in staff and in the line.

Colonel Douglas MacArthur, the Chief of Staff, had been made a Brigadier General and put in command of the 84th Infantry Brigade comprising the Alabama and Iowa infantry regiments and the Georgia Machine-gun Battalion. Lieutenant Colonel William N. Hughes had been promoted from the position of G3 or Divisional Chief of Operations to Chief of Staff. Major Grayson M. P. Murphy became G3. Captain Robert J. Gill, commander of the Trench-mortar Battery from Maryland was promoted to the grade of Major and became G1, or Assistant Chief of Staff, succeeding Colonel J. W. Beacham. Major Stanley M. Rumbough, Adjutant of the 84th Brigade and Captain Walter G. Wolf, assistant to G3, changed places.

Replacements, those freshly arrived, untried soldiers at whose advent the veteran survivors of hard battles look askance, and without whom no division could continue its

career as a division, came to the Rainbow in great numbers. The gaps in the ranks were filled. Lost and battle-scarred equipment was replaced by new, up-to-date fighting material. The Rainbow Division, in a sort of new Camp Mills, having found its fighting spirit in the field, now was being made over—getting its second wind, so to speak..

For great things were in the air. Other divisions besides the Rainbow were coming into this Bourmont area—most of them veterans also—for intensive training, replacements and new equipment. It was the gathering of the First American Army. The helter-skelter group of American divisions likely to be thrown into the line anywhere, was a thing of the past. On the soil of France a real army had been born to the United States. The Rainbow Division was a part of it.

Greater still this army was about to start, on its own initiative and responsibility, without help or counsel from the armies of the other allies, an offensive against the German line. The Rainbow Division was to be in it.

It was a strange thing, but it is actually a fact, that the French civilians told the American soldiers about this offensive before they heard it from their own commanders. They even professed to know accurately where the thrust was to be made. They said it would be made at St. Mihiel; and they were right.

The First American Army was going to try to repeat in the old Lorraine salient what had just happened in the Soissons-Rheims salient. That ugly nose of the German army had been mashed flat, and now the same thing was to be done to this one.

It is not entirely correct to say that this First American Army, commanded by General John J. Pershing, was to begin work with no help or counsel whatever from the other allies. Aside from the constant presence at headquarters of divisions, brigades, regiments and even battalions, of officers of the French Mission, and aside from the fact that most of the basic knowledge upon which it was expanding had been derived from the French and British, there was a little of both help and counsel now.

The counsel came from Marshal Foch. He told General Pershing that unless the attack on St. Mihiel was made during the first week in September it could not be made at all on account of the heavy fall of rain in that section of France, which started at the beginning of the second week in the month. So the attack was set for September 7.

But as the time drew near not everything was ready. It was a gigantic business, this first attack, and the First American Army was functioning for the first time. For the first time its staff—the thinking machine that plans moves and battles down to the last detail—was working "on its own." The American fighting soldiers had proven themselves; there was little doubt about what they would do, but until now the soldiers who had done their thinking for them had been French. So St. Mihiel was not to be a test of the plain everyday fighting ability of the Americans but of their generalship—their staff work. And it was a tremendous test. Fear that it would have disastrous results had moved Marshal Foch to discourage General Pershing in the undertaking before he uttered his counsel about the weather.

Transportation difficulties arose. The movement of nearly six hundred thousand men to the region around Toul tied up the means of moving up enough ammunition and supplies for the big drive. The First American Army could not afford to make its initial effort with a shortage of ammunition or supplies. Complete success in the outcome was absolutely necessary. And so as it developed that September 7 would find the army unready to attack, the push was postponed to September 12, rain or no rain.

As a weather prophet Marshal Foch made good. But as a judge of the American Army's disposition to recognize obstacles he failed.

The Rainbow Division had started forward on August 30. Moving always at night and resting during the day in inconspicuous places (for the attack was to be a surprise) it marched about one hundred and twenty kilometers to the Forêt de la Reine. There it went into camp in shelter tents. It became a division of mud-dwellers, lying quietly in the sticky black muck all day and wallowing about in it through the night, for by daylight no movement of men or transportation was permitted.

Rain fell steadily and the roads became horrors. Through the downpour and the absolute blackness the Texans of the 117th Supply Train and the Kansas men of the 117th Ammunition Train struggled forward inches at a time with the deep mud sucking their trucks back and the pitch-dark roads seeming to fall away beneath them. Nearly always about twenty-five per cent of all the Rainbow's transportation was stalled impotently in the mud and wrecking crews were at work day and night. It began to look as though Marshal Foch had known something when he said it couldn't be done. But the long boys from the Texas and Kansas prairies didn't know it couldn't be done, so they went ahead and did it.

The Boche thought it couldn't be done; they didn't dream it was being done. It is likely that after the reverses in the Marne salient the German high command decided to withdraw from the St. Mihiel salient and take up a position along the Hindenburg line under the guns of Metz. But they were in no hurry about it; here were the fall rains, and who ever heard of fighting after the fall rains had started? Certainly not Marshal Foch.

And while they thought these things the First American Army landed on them with both muddy feet.

The bombardment started at one o'clock on the morning of September 12. It was not the greatest preliminary bombardment of the war; compared to the deafening roars of the Champagne battle it sounded weak.. But it did the work. There were some French Corps and Army artillery with the American batteries, and together in four hours they tore great holes in the trench, wire and machine-gun defenses the Germans had perfected in the salient during four years.

At five o'clock, in a pouring rain and through a thick mist the infantry started.

The Rainbow Division, as part of the Fourth Corps under Major-General Joseph T. Dickman, jumped on along the southern boundary of the salient east of Mont Sec; its sector extended from Beaumont northeast to Flirey, and included Seicheprey, where the Germans had sprung a surprise attack on the 26th Division earlier in the year, inflicting heavy losses and capturing nearly two hundred prisoners.

The Rainbow was the center division of the Fourth Corps, with the 89th on its right and the First on its left. On the right of the 89th was the First Corps under Major-General Hunter Liggett, comprising the 2nd, 5th, 90th and 82nd Divisions in that order from left to right.

On the western boundary of the salient the Fifth Corps under Major-General George H. Cameron, jumped off. It included the 4th and 26th American Divisions and a French division.

At the point of the salient were more French troops who were simply to hold fast and mop up as the Americans, pressing in from the sides, closed the jaws of the pincers and squeezed the Boche either in or out.

In the same smooth-working battle formation with which it plowed through the Germans in every battle—Ohio, New York, Alabama, Iowa, from left to right facing the enemy—the four infantry regiments of the Rainbow Division started through the St. Mihiel salient. In front of every platoon were the California and South Carolina engineers with wire-cutters

and bengalore torpedoes, to cut or blow out any wire entanglements that remained in the path of the infantry.

For completeness of equipment in attacking material the First American Army went at the job of reducing the St. Mihiel salient in as perfect condition, probably, as any force of soldiers that ever went over the top. There were tanks, French and American; there was railroad heavy artillery, trench mortars, and gas and flame-throwers. For the first time and the last in its brief but busy life, the Rainbow Division saw the Allies in complete mastery of the air. The French Independent Air Force and some British bombing squadrons had been put under General Pershing's command, and these, with our own aviators, drove the Boche airmen out of the sky.

The drive moved ahead like clockwork. The old Seicheprey battlefield was taken by the Ohio infantry regiment without any trouble. On the right the Iowa doughboys encountered some resistance in the woods northwest of Flirey. There were moments of stiff fighting for the heights in the vicinity of St. Bassant, but to the men who had beaten the German machine-gunners on the Ourcq, the defenders of the St. Mihiel salient were easy victims.

The Germans were taken almost completely by surprise. What resistance they put up was half-hearted. Their wire-fields were old and rusty. Their answering artillery bombardment, during the actual pushing operation at least, was a joke.

The path of the Rainbow through the salient was probably the most difficult in the whole First Army. A road zig-zagged up through its sector with six villages on it, and villages, offering protection to machine-gunners, are notably hard to take. But after St. Bassant, Essey fell and then Pannes, and there the Rainbow dug itself into muddy foxholes and held on for the night. Before them lay the villages of Beney and St. Benôit.

It was at Essey that the Rainbow men saw the French civilians they had liberated,—the first French civilians to be freed from German military domination by an Allied victory. For though during the four years the battle line had surged back and forth over many French villages the inhabitants of those places had long before fled southward as refugees and their homes were in ruins. Here within the St. Mihiel salient were villages that had become German prizes in the war's first year, that had escaped all but desultory shell-fire from the French, where the people had lived until now under German masters. Nowhere else had the German line been bent to release such hostage towns from German
rule.

There were few wild demonstrations—little hailing of the deliverers with flowers and flags. In the dismal rain and mud the dejected old villagers silently watched the Americans coming through; they were broken-spirited old people—few cheers left in them. Forced submission to brutality for four long years had numbed them so that they were unresponsive to one of the most thrillingly significant happenings in history.

In Pannes there were big German military storehouses with queer stores in them. The Rainbow men, hunting around for souvenirs, came forth from these places, rainsoaked and disreputable-looking soldiers, carrying brand-new, shiny patent-leather boots and wearing high silk hats atop their old tin helmets. The place was full of patent-leather boots, silk hats and umbrellas. It was in Pannes, too, that they got a billiard table and a phonograph, both unharmed despite the Allied bombardment.

Next day the attack was resumed and the line pushed through Beney and St. Benôit to a point just south of Haumont. The Rainbow Division had advanced nineteen kilometers, a longer distance than any other division in the First American Army, and had shared in the reduction of the entire St. Mihiel salient, liberating two hundred and forty square kilometers

of French territory and capturing sixteen thousand prisoners and four hundred and forty-three pieces of artillery.

But what was more important to the tired, war-weary world, the First American Army, acting independently, had demonstrated its ability to carry on a major offensive not only with success but with a smoothness and a smashing directness that no one would have believed possible at that stage of its development. The Germans had been swept from the salient as quickly and as neatly as though a broom had swished them out.

Only in the matter of moving up the supplies and ammunition and in keeping the artillery close up behind the advancing infantry did the machinery of the offensive function poorly. Had the German power of counter-attack not been so demoralized by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the blow there might have been disaster in this fact.

The roads across No-Man's-Land had been entirely destroyed, and the condition of the ground and the weather made repairs difficult. Colonel Kelly's engineers labored incessantly to get the Rainbow's roads into shape, but traffic poured in on them from all directions, and at the village of Flirey there was unbelievable congestion. In four directions from the cross-roads in the center of Flirey were masses of from two to four lanes of traffic for distances of from three to five miles. Nothing could move in any direction. Staff automobiles were there from three different divisions; heavy artillery, tractors, supply and ration-wagons, motorcycles and tanks—all locked in the most hopeless tangle. At some points this part of the American Army was at a complete standstill for twenty-four hours.

Several well-placed shells in this mass from the German guns would have wrought terrible havoc. But all the German guns that hadn't been captured were being desperately dragged on to the Hindenburg line by an army that hadn't time to realize what had hit it. Intelligence found on captured prisoners showed that the Germans did not expect the attack during the rain, and that they considered it a rather mean thing to do—an advantage that would not have been taken by the French and British. They had been caught in the act of withdrawing their artillery from their old positions to the line of La Chaussée, where it would have inflicted considerable damage to the advancing Americans.

Back on the Hindenburg line, however, and under the guns of Metz they regathered their scattered wits and proceeded to shell the new line and the rear areas heavily. Day and night they rained shrapnel and high explosive on the First American Army, not concentrating their fire on any particular points, but covering everything. For several days after the drive the St. Mihiel sector was the most active in the matter of artillery duelling on the whole western front.

Brigadier-General Douglas MacArthur, commending the 84th Brigade of the Rainbow Division, realized this activity in time, perhaps, to save his life. He had established his headquarters in a château at St. Benôit, almost in the front lines. It was under full observation from the German positions. For a time it escaped the shelling because the Germans never dreamed that a brigade commander was living there, almost in the front line trenches.

One day, though, several shells fell pretty close to it and General MacArthur decided to move out. And the day after he moved the Germans, having noted the activity around the place, shelled it fiercely and reduced it to a blazing, smoking heap of ruins.

General Menoher, the Rainbow Division Commander, was also forced to alter plans for establishing division headquarters in the St. Mihiel sector, but for a different reason. Looking at the map he had decided upon the village of Maizerais, about a half kilometer from Essey. It looked like a pretty good town on the map. But when he arrived at the spot, expecting to see a village with at least a few decent habitations in it, he found nothing.

Maizerais was not only a ruin; it was an almost extinct ruin. Over the crumbled foundations of shell-shattered houses grass had grown; a casual observer would have marked it merely as an extraordinary rough-surfaced field. As a destroyed French town Maizerais held the record, so far as the Rainbow was concerned, throughout the whole war. So General Menoher established his headquarters in Essey. About two miles from Essey was the Forest of the Lovely Willow.

There the Germans, feeling secure in the unchallenged possession of the land for four years, had built themselves a suburban village like unto the places tired city dwellers journey to on Sundays in contemplation of a "back-to-the-land" movement. They had turned the Forest of the Lovely Willow into a pretty little bungalow park.

General Menoher, abandoning Essey, took it over later for Rainbow Division Headquarters, and he and his whole staff and detachments from Lieutenant Colonel Ruby Garrett's Missouri Signal Corps—about three hundred men in all— lived and flourished there for several days, convinced, before they left, that the better part of "Kultur," as the Germans practiced it, was the art of being comfortable.

Pretty rustic walks with hand railings curled through and around its cluster of cosy houses; there was one of those amusement park rifle ranges with a moving target; the *Offizier-Kasino* was snugly upholstered in red, with bright electric lamps, tasteful wall-paper, a butler's pantry and electric push-buttons for summoning the drinks or the chicken-salad.

The rest-house for soldiers was a pretty little chalet with picture post-cards plastered on the walls, showing the German Army being joyously greeted in Brussels, and London crumbling into the Thames under Zeppelin bombardments.

And there were rows and rows of houses for officers' billets, rows of squad cottages like hunting-lodges in the Adirondacks; a bowling alley, an electric power-house, a hospital, a central kitchen. It was a tiny model city, and to live there after the mud and the foxholes was some what like a vacation for the Rainbow's headquarters.

Not a mine or a booby-trap had been planted in the whole place, so rapidly had the Germans left it. They had not even taken time to remove signs from the villages and the bungalow city, calling upon all soldiers who wanted to settle on the "conquered" land to file squatters' claims with their officers!

And now, with the new line of the First American Army all consolidated and perfected, the men of the Rainbow Division, now holding not only their own sector, but that of the First Division on the left as well, wanted to go on to Metz. They felt sure they could take it. They growled and fumed constantly about it. But they did nothing except hold on to the new line under the constant fire of German artillery, until the night of September 22, four days before the opening of the first Meuse-Argonne offensive on September 26.

As soon as the St. Mihiel salient had been reduced, artillery and reserve divisions had started on their way westward for this, the supreme effort by the American armies. Absolute secrecy was essential. So in order to prey upon the Germans' nerves, to keep them in doubt as to the next attacking point, and to obtain information of their plans, several raids were planned and executed. Some of them had not been very successful. It was on the night of September 22 that the Rainbow Division's turn came.

Haumont, to the northwest of St. Benôit, and Marimbois Farm, to the northwest, were selected as the objectives. There were to be two raiding parties to strike simultaneously, one at Marimbois Farm, to the northwest of St. Benôit, and one at Haumont, to the northeast. They were to be "go-and-come" raids, like the one in the Bois des Chiens, back at Baccarat, in May.

Detachments of picked men were made up, one from M Company of the 167th (Alabama) Infantry, under Capt. Maurice Howe, and the other from K Company of the 168th (Iowa) Infantry. Batteries of the Illinois (149th) Field Artillery regiment were to support the Alabamians and Iowans.

And to make a long story short they rushed over, while the artillery poured enfilading fire into the farm and the village; killed more than fifty Germans while most of them retired, fearing a general attack, and brought back twenty-five fine, healthy prisoners and two machine-guns. It was the best night's work around the old St. Mihiel salient since the night the salient had disappeared.

At about this time there were a few changes among unit commanders. Colonel Mitchell, by the way, had led the New Yorkers of the 165th in the St. Mihiel drive, Colonel Frank McCoy having been made a Brigadier-General and left the division. And now Colonel Kelly, leader of the Rainbow Engineers, was made engineer of an Army Corps, and Colonel J. M. Johnson succeeded him, while Lieutenant-Colonel Tinley succeeded Colonel Bennet as commander of the 168th from Iowa.

And so the Rainbow Division stood, just in front of the Hindenburg line, now looking back on their part in the big American victory, now looking longingly toward Metz, while from the north and west there came to it the low rumble of many guns, chanting for the armies of Germany their death song.

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGH THE ARGONNE TO SEDAN

TRUCKS at four a. m. and good-by to St. Mihiel! The Rainbow—a shock division now, to be held back like a ring-champion's best punch, till time for the knockout—was rushed over to Benôit Vaux in the autumn-tinted country behind Verdun.

That was October 1. Three days later to Reicourt and on October 6 to the Bois de Montfaucon, a pitiably wrecked forest, gouged and chewed for four years by the guns of the world's armies seeking to conquer and to defend Verdun.

And now Verdun lay behind the Rainbow Division, while every day the roar of the battle beyond came down to its dead streets and its brave citadel fainter and fainter. And before the Rainbow Division lay the line of the First American Army fighting the final battle for the world against the armies of Germany; and the armies of Germany struggling with the last desperate strength of trapped and beaten beasts. The Rainbow crouched in its black mudholes waiting for orders to strike.

Again it becomes necessary (as the storm necessarily precedes the advent of the bright-hued bow in the sky) to paint in a gray, neutral-tinted background.

When we left the Rainbow Division in the last chapter the breezes from the west were bearing toward St. Mihiel the rumble of many guns. It was the start of the Argonne-Meuse drive of September 26—the beginning of the end.

The echoes of the last American barrage in the St. Mihiel salient had scarcely died away when corps and army artillery and some divisions in reserve were starting westward for this, probably the greatest single operation of the war. Their trip had ended back of the line that stretched from the Meuse River to the western edge of the Argonne Forest. On the other side of this line was the heart of "New Germany," built by the German army upon the ruins of France and Belgium. During four years the German war-making plants had accumulated there; there were his two great military railway lines, the northernmost running through Liége and Namur, the southernmost running through Longuyon, Montmedy and Sedan. These lines, the upper one starting at Cologne and curving slightly southwest and the lower starting at Coblentz and curving first south and then northwest, met and crossed east of Cambrai.

Through them all the armies of Germany in France and Belgium were fed, clothed, armed, supplied with ammunition and reinforced with men. With them under control the German armies were wonderfully mobile; divisions could be shifted from one part of the line to another far away with great speed. Out of control— with the lines of the Allies so close that they were under bombardment by artillery, they would be useless. Captured at any point they would work the complete defeat of Germany. The German High Command knew all this as well as it knew everything else about its own chances for defeat or victory—which was very well, indeed. It was prepared to defend these lines to its last resources in strategical cunning and in men and arms.

With Metz as a pivot the Germans were prepared to swing back slowly toward the east, withdrawing no more rapidly than was necessary to keep their railroads and stores under control, and, pulling their house in behind them, so to speak, retire eventually to their own borders and fight forever. They had only, while so withdrawing, to protect such of their railroad centers as Sedan, Montmedy, or Longuyon and they would get away in good order.

The objective of the American offensive which began September 26 was Sedan, more than twenty-five miles away from lines that had remained virtually stationary since the fall of 1914.

It began discouragingly enough. Endless hills and heavy woods were in its path. Of nine American divisions that jumped off out of the old French trenches on September 26 and started through the barbed-wire growths and pitfalls and machine-gun nests of four years' preparations several came out in three days badly shot up. Many of them had had no previous experience whatever in the line, some had never been under shell-fire. In the first two days they pushed ahead seven kilometers, but they couldn't keep it up.

Some of these divisions had been brought directly from the training areas and plunged straightway into the attack on September 26. They had never been under shell-fire before. They had never heard the sound of a German gun or the whine of a German shell.

There stretched up ahead of them on the left the great forest of Argonne, turned by Boche military ingenuity into an almost impenetrable, impregnable jungle of wire, mine-traps and machine-guns. Hill lay behind hill like a succession of bumps in a roller-coaster and more deep forests were spread over them. Of roads there were virtually none. Tanks could not operate. And ten kilometers from the line the Germans were trying to hold with these advantages was the famous Kremhilde Line!

And so, finally, the "veteran" American divisions had come up to relieve the "youngsters." The 32nd had gone in and battered at Romagne and Cunel without success. The First Division went over to the left, captured Hill 212 in dashing style, and found itself up against the Kremhilde Stellung.

Thus the Argonne-Meuse offensive stood on October 13, more than two weeks after its launching. It had slowed up; it had almost stopped.

The Rainbow Division, having waited for a week in this hell-hole of a Bois de Montfaucon, with the 32nd's efforts just ahead of it bringing the German barrages on its impotent head and the filth of an old battlefield soaking into its clothes and disposition, now got the word. It took over the brilliant but tired First Division's line north of Fleville and Exermont and got to work. It was in the great Argonne drive at last.

* * * * * * *

The enemy's stubborn defense of Hill 288 and the Côté de Chatillon had held up the advance of the whole army. The Rainbow's part in the actual hard fighting in the Meuse-Argonne operation lasted only two days, for in that time it broke through the defense of these hills and captured both of them.

The capture of the Côté de Chatillon was called, at the time it occurred, "one of the most brilliant operations of the whole war." It may have been called that because the effect of it was so immediately productive of disaster to the Germans, and because their backward movement at once doubled its speed, and because everybody was so happy about it. For when Côté de Chatillon fell before the attack of the Rainbow Division, the deadlock on the Kremhilde Stellung ended. But the fighting there was not as desperate and deadly as on the Ourcq in July.

The 168th from Iowa and the 167th from Alabama started the attack on the two hills on the morning of October 14. The Iowans' position in the line brought Hill 288 and the Côté de Chatillon directly in their path.

One may almost guess from the briefness of the battle that there was little about it of the working out of a complicated tactical plan—that, on the contrary, it was the recklessness of

the assault and the performance of individual deeds of courage and daring that won the fight for the Rainbow. And that actually was the case, except that there was a tactical plan to the extent that the dashing assault was decided upon (after every other sort of tactical plan had been considered) as the best plan of all.

You may best know how the hills fell by knowing what the men did who took them from the Germans.

For instance, with D Company of the 168th, under a lieutenant named Spalding, fighting from the Bois de Romagne to the southeast of the Côté de Chatillon, and with hot machine-gun fire sweeping down from a trench on the right of the hill, another lieutenant named Bly went over with about half a platoon and cleaned out the whole trench, capturing twenty Germans.

Tuilleries Farm was in the way of any advance to Hill 288—a vicious nest of machine-guns. Lieutenant Breslin of A Company went up there with a patrol, captured the guns and the Germans and brought them all back.

They had to get 288 before they could get Chatillon, and the taking of 288 made Chatillon harder to capture because all the Germans who possibly could ran across from one hill to the other as soon as the Rainbows came upon them. Companies A, B and C of the 168th had reached la Mussarde Farm at the brow of the hill, advancing in combat groups with everything in fine shape, and then the Germans had opened up with all they had—machine-guns, Austrian 88's, and *minenwerfers*. The Rainbow men made one dash for the hedgerow around the farm, and the Germans scattered like rabbits and galloped down the hill and across the open to the foot of the Côté de Chatillon.

A messenger on his way up to the line with a message for Captain William R. Witherall, then commanding the First Battalion, was knocked flat by a German bullet that hit a pair of German field-glasses hanging around his neck over his chest. The message told Witherall to go ahead and take the Côté de Chatillon.

The barrage started at ten a. m., and at ten-thirty Witherall's men started out of the Bois de Romagne toward the Côté. The first men to come out were killed in their tracks. Watching carefully the woods across the clearing at the foot of the hill, the captain noticed that no fire at all seemed to be coming from one little patch of it—that, in fact, the Germans seemed to have turned their backs upon it.

So he started a platoon of C Company across with Lieutenant Miller. From farther off to the right they came out toward this patch of woods at a dead run—twenty men—and not a German machine-gun opened up.

With Miller's platoon now behind what seemed to be the Germans' main point of resistance around the foot of the Côté de Chatillon, things began to move more smoothly. Witherall saw a little group of machine-gunners training their piece upon some H Company men who were coming into Tuileries Farm. He leveled his pistol and brought down two of them, and the rest ducked for cover.

Crossing the clearing himself and getting over safely, the battalion commander, rounding the back of a big dugout in the woods, came upon Corporal Pruett of C Company, dancing like a madman on the top of the dugout, waving a German "potato-masher" grenade and yelling, "I've got 'em. I've got 'em!"

He had 'em, right enough. Sixty-four German soldiers and four officers were cowering in that dugout, in mortal terror lest Pruett should throw the grenade. They begged Witherall to call him on, which he did, and they all went back as Pruett's prisoners. They made this former Iowa school-teacher a sergeant on the spot, and later he got a commission and the Distinguished Service Cross.

Meanwhile B Company was still in the Romagne woods under direct fire from the machine-guns that C Company had escaped. Sergeant Clark was sent with four men to round up the Boche who were holding up B Company. These five Iowans silenced one machine-gun with rifle fire, and killed the entire crew of another.

Whereupon B Company came out of the Romagne woods, and lounged across the clearing to the Côté de Chatillon, with their guns slung over their shoulders as though they were taking a leisurely hike on a peaceful country road.

With the men scattered through the woods and around the German dugouts hunting for prisoners, word came up that the Germans were getting together for a counter-attack.. By that time the Alabamians of the 167th had come up on the left, B and C companies of the 168th were reformed, and the Germans were beaten back..

The Alabamians had had a tough fight in another part of the Bois de Romagne. They were facing the left slope of the Côté de Chatillon, with their third battalion, under Major Morris, in the front and the other two battalions in support. Before they took their side of the Côté, however, joining up with the Iowans, all three battalions were in the fight—the First under Major Jeorg, and the Second under Captain Flowers.

Private Neibors of Idaho, an M Company man of the 167th, in this fight won the Congressional Medal of Honor for one of the most astounding exploits of the war. Neibors was wounded and left behind when his platoon rolled back before the ferocity of the German resistance, so that the Germans captured him. And that night, before they could get him out of the zone of the fighting and back to a prison camp, he overpowered his guard and got his pistol, then rounded up nine more Germans and marched them all back into the Rainbow's lines.

During the German counter-attack Sergeant Atkinson won himself a Distinguished Service Cross. He was a member of the regimental Headquarters Company, serving in the Stokes Mortar platoon. Being out ahead of his platoon and seeing the Germans starting forward, Sergeant Atkinson had to think and act quickly. Ordinarily a Stokes Mortar is fired from a firm base built solidly into the ground. But Atkinson had no time to build a base for his gun, so he held it between his knees and fired the big mortar bombs point-blank into the enemy. Atkinson's work did probably more than any other one thing to break up the German counter-attack on the Côté de Chatillon.

The strong-points on the Kremhilde Stellung were now in the hands of the American Army. The back of the German resistance in the Argonne had been broken at last. The great Argonne drive could move on now. It did move on, starting November 1, with the greatest artillery bombardment in history, excepting neither the bombardments in the Champagne in July or in the Argonne on September 26.

The Rainbow infantry was relieved by the Second Division on October 31, but the Rainbow artillery stayed to help with the bombardment next morning. This included General Gatley's whole 67th Artillery Brigade from Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana and Maryland, besides the 150th machine-gun battalion from Wisconsin, the 151st from Georgia, and the 149th from Pennsylvania. These machine-gunners and artillerymen plowed holes in the withering German defenses that the Germans never were and never would have been able to patch up.

Having dealt the staggering blow assigned to it, the infantry of the Rainbow was shifted over to the left and given a running start toward the city that had been the goal of the American Army since September 26—Sedan!

They say an important telephone message flew quietly around to the First, the 77th and the Rainbow Divisions on November l. The message was "Sedan regardless of boundaries!"

This meant that each of these three divisions was to try to get to Sedan as rapidly as it could, paying no attention to the limits of its sector, squeezing over into another division's sectors if it could move more quickly by that method; but, above all, to get there.

They were to take for themselves the "right of way," like fire-fighting companies tearing up a busy street to a big blaze. The Germans were now retreating rapidly all along the line.

The Rainbow Division, struggling northward through the terribly wrecked country, found itself up against almost impassable barriers. In desperation Division Headquarters called for the Rainbow's "Fighting Engineers," the South Carolinians and the Californians who had fought as infantry on the Ourcq, were ready to fight as infantry against the Côté de Chatillon, and were now hiking as infantry toward Sedan. In the situation that now confronted the Rainbow the engineers were wasting their time as infantry.

At midnight on November 4, having gotten as far as Authe, Division Headquarters learned that the causeway across the Bar Valley, north of Brieulles, had been demolished by the Germans in their retreat. No traffic—not even men on foot—could get across it. The causeway had been about one thousand feet long, crossing a marshy creek, and had consisted of a "fill" fifteen feet high. In this artificial road the Germans had blown mine craters every seventy-five feet; in some cases the holes went far below the surface of the original creek bottom.

The "Fighting Engineers" discarded their infantry equipment and reassembled their engineering tools. It took them almost all morning to get their stuff ready, for they had been fighting as infantry so long they had almost lost track of the implements of their own profession.

With Colonel J. M. Johnson and Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. R. Johnson commanding the regiment, the engineers worked day and night across the Bar Valley. The First Battalion—all South Carolinians—under Major A. V. Hooks, built the main pass across the marsh. Major Hooks had a heavy cold and a high fever when his men began the work, but he stayed by them and completed the job at ten o'clock on the night of November 6. At that hour the big trucks began coming across, pulled from the other side by gangs of soldiers with long ropes.

On ahead of the Bar Valley bridges had been demolished at Petite Armoises and Sy, and two bridges in the forest to the south of Sy had been blown up. On these they put to work the Second Battalion from California, under Major E. B. Hayden. Half of his men worked with salvaged German engineering tools.

Some of the engineers got one day's rations in three days. All of them worked under gas and high-explosive bombardments from the artillery covering the German retreat. And they went on, filling up holes in the roads, throwing bridges across ravines and streams, until, in Harricourt, while the Germans were still in the other end of the town, they pushed their repairs and lines of communication up to the Meuse River. They made reconnaissances of the Meuse, looking for possible sites for bridges, two hundred yards in advance of the infantry outposts.

And what, all this time, of the First and 77th Divisions, to whom had come as well as to the Rainbow, the order, "Sedan regardless of boundaries" ?

As they had started off on November 1, the 42nd had had the extreme left, the 77th had been in the center and the First had been on the right. But as they began nearing the River Meuse, the First had begun to push over to the left. The Meuse flowed northwest, and merely to reach the river bank due north of the point from which it had started, would find the First Division still several kilometers away from Sedan with no way to reach it except to follow the bank of the stream in a northwesterly direction. This the First had started to do.

Of course, it ran into the 77th. The New Yorkers were very tired. The start of the "race for Sedan" had found the First comparatively fresh, for the Rainbow had relieved it back at Exermont in the middle of October, but it had found the 77th in the midst of the same battle it had been fighting for many days. So it was little trouble for the First to speed up a bit, cut directly across the path of the weary 77th, and head northwest along the river toward Sedan.

Now, the path of the 42nd, rough as it was, led directly to Sedan.

It was on the night of November 6 that a patrol of the First Division, scouting out ahead to feel the division's way through a country that might be still enemy-infested, took its last "prisoner of war."

A lieutenant had command of the patrol. They had crawled up under the cover of a stone wall near Beaumeil Farm, about thirty kilometers from Sedan. The outposts of the 165th Infantry—the old 69th New York—were at that moment in Wadlaincourt, a suburb of Sedan on the heights overlooking the city across the river, but the patrol leader did not know that.

All he saw in the gathering dusk was an important looking officer walking around, attired in what looked like a gray cape and a visored cap with a soft crown, not unlike those the Crown Prince wore in his pictures.

Stealthily the lieutenant led out his patrol and eagerly they leaped upon the important looking officer and made him a prisoner. And they got him back to a brigade headquarters of the First Division, before Brigadier-General Douglas MacArthur, commanding the 84th Brigade of the Rainbow Division, could convince them that it was himself and not an officer of the German Army.

And no American division ever really reached Sedan. The Rainbow's patrols were the first into Wadlaincourt, and then, on November 7, all the Americans were withdrawn from that point and the French were the first to enter the city.

With the Rainbow out of the line in the region of Buzancy, eleven o'clock of the morning of November 11 arrived, and the war was over.

CHAPTER IX

ON TO GERMANY

"GERMANY, hey!" growled the Rainbow doughboy, giving his ragged breeches a hitch. "How many kilomets is *that*?"

And that was all he cared about it.

That is to say, that was all he let anybody else know he cared about it. It was just the Rainbow doughboy's way. Outwardly nothing impressed him any more, not even the tremendous fact that the old Rainbow was actually going to march to the country of the ancient enemy, as part of the American Army of Occupation.

The division moved from Buzancy to Brandeville, getting into that half-ruined town the day after the Germans got out of it. There it waited until November 20, being newly equipped with clothes, shoes and puttees, and getting its transportation into shape. There, too, its old commanding general, Charles T. Menoher, left it, and General C. A. F. Flagler took command. General Menoher had led the Rainbow through all its battles.

Divisions that were not going into Germany were stripped of motor trucks, touring cars, motor-cycles and side-cars to speed the Rainbow on the high roads to the Rhine. The crippled, battered things that had toiled behind the advance on every front, that had broken their backs and ruptured their engines to bring up food and ammunition, were sent limping back to that happy hunting ground of all worn-out army equipment—the salvage dump. The German army had planned to march into Paris wearing brand-new spiked helmets. The Rainbow would march into Germany, all in holiday duds.

It had a terrible time for a while, though, with its new pants. Some muddled quartermaster had sent the division a lot of clothes built for an army of fat men, and the stuff had to be sent back, while the division waited.

But on the morning of November 20 it started.

Bugles had awakened it before daybreak. All trucks had to be loaded and ready to start by eight o'clock. Actually they were ready at seven o'clock..

Brandéville, Stènay, Dun-sur-Meuse, all slowly were emptied of soldiers as the army from America streamed toward the north and east—herds of giant trucks, queues of plodding soldiers, endless files of mingled men, horses and field-guns—the artillery; and the touring cars of staff officers weaving through traffic tangles in the villages and jumping out upon the high roads at top speed.

Nothing of the dreariness of war was in the land, unless you took a second look in at the doors of the deserted staff offices in Brandéville, and mused afterward over what you had seen. In front of the smoldering ashes of the log fires the returned exiles of Brandéville had been standing, surveying the old homes and preparing to start life again; wondering, probably, where the tables and chairs were coming from, what to have for lunch and where in the world to get it. For Brandéville had come back home.

They had been standing around like that all morning while the men were clearing out the telephones and office equipment and packing up the trucks—standing in the corners out of the way of the rush and bustle, watching and waiting.

It was peace weather, too, with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine that warmed you through and made beautiful sharp etchings of the roads ahead and the valleys below and the autumn-tinted woods on the hills.

Right at the start the trip to the Rhine was assuming the nature of a vocational jaunt through a New England countryside, let us say —in the "Feel" of the thing, if you get the meaning. Same scenery, same sort of roads that you had been seeing during months of trips around the rear areas of rural France. But this was the other side of a world that had been divided for four years—divided as though by a great wall so that neither side could look over and see what the other side was doing. Here, suddenly, was the other side, disclosed to view mile by mile.

Exhilaration grew out of this situation. The foot-soldiers felt it. On their backs were the same heavy packs they had carried on night marches through rain and mud toward a morning that would bring a battle—when no prospect stretched before them but more night marches and more battles, more rain and more mud. But this was bright sunny daylight, and there lay ahead good billets, sound sleep, leisurely going—and the River Rhine.

So they were a fine-looking bunch as they swarmed through the valleys and over the hills—fresh-faced, clear-eyed, with a pep instead of a slog to their gait.

At noon they reached Montmédy, the halting place for the day.

On the outskirts of the town was the big German railhead for which the Allied "heavies" had been feeling for weeks. Broad stretches of track were interlaced there with trains of empty freight cars standing on the rails. Through the open door of one was a glimpse of a big printing press and on the outside of the car some doughboy had printed with a piece of chalk "Office of the Daily Cabbage." Across the road in a fenced-in area full of low frame buildings where supplies for a great army had been distributed, smoke tendrils still rose lazily from two great charred heaps of cabbage.

"Darned glad they burned it up," said Private Birckhead, orderly to Major Bob Gill, the Assistant Chief of Staff. "If they hadn't we'd be havin' cabbage for mess from now till we got to Germany."

Major Gill stopped his car and from the fenced-in area a supply captain came running.

"Great stuff!" the captain shouted through the window. "We needed a lot of horseshoes and the Boche left two cartloads of 'em here. We've got Lord knows how many gallons of kerosene and a couple of barrels of cup-grease—just what we needed; a whole heap of stuff !"

"Great stuff !" echoed Major Gill.

So they moved on into Montmédy, where the fighting German had lived and moved and had his way with the citizenry of one of his enemies since 1914. They rode into "Kronprinz Strasse." This German street name was painted on the housewall and the old French name had been obliterated.

French and American flags flew from the upper windows of nearly every house on Kronprinz Strasse. Across the top of one house two big signs stood, "Vive la France!" and "Hurrah for America!" The few people on the streets stopped in their tracks to gaze at the big olive-drab car with "U. S." painted on the side. They gazed stolidly and curiously without the wild emotion popularly imagined back home, seemingly anxious to await friendly overtures rather than take the initiative of a wild welcome. This same calm stolidity persisted throughout the city all day, in every Montmédy native, until they engaged in personal conversations. And then the attitude was like a simple, fervent, "Thank Heaven, it's over!" Not much gabbling and running about and joyful shouting. Whatever of that sort of thing the people of delivered Montmédy felt like doing they did within themselves.

Some middle-aged and aged gentlemen, uncomfortably dignified looking in high silk hats, long black frock coats and low collars with little bow ties of white linen, were coming out of the houses and walking up Kronprinz Strasse toward the center of the city. Little

girls and boys, bearing themselves as though they had on their best clothes, straggled in the same direction. Women came forth, fussily adjusting their puff-sleeved jackets. Everybody's shoes, well worn and wrinkled, were painfully polished. A sense developed in the air that a municipal ceremony of some sort was impending.

There, in fact, was the reason for the apparent stolidity in the greeting to the Americans. It wasn't stolidity at all. It was a bit of embarrassment, like the embarrassment of a young actress making her debut. Montmédy was making her debut to-day. She had been dead for four years, and to-day she was being born again. Up around the Maire—the City Hall of Montmédy—a crowd stood, stirring with suppressed excitement whenever an automobile or a truck sped around the corner. A Gendarme was there, keeping open a broad lane leading up to the door of the Maire, and his bright blue uniform, his crisp mustache, the swell of his chest and his lofty strut and wave of the hand were pleasant symbols of a long-lost power regained.

Montmédy was waiting to welcome the President of France and Mme. Poincaré.

The Rainbow Division straightway forgot any little disappointment at its failure to create a furore and proceeded to become citizens of Montmédy. When the Chief of France and his wife arrived, his redeemed children and their American redeemers would be there, side by side, to greet him. The doughboys, who got their billeting arrangements straightened out quickly, hustled down to the Maire and joined the crowd. Two military policemen from the Virginia organization in the Rainbow Division took some of the gendarme's precious responsibility away from him and kept American motor traffic moving through the crowd and up the hill. The silk-hatted City Council raked up an American major-general, General Henry P. Allen, the commander of the 90th Division, from Texas and Oklahoma, which was coming to Montmédy with the Rainbow, and stood him in their midst on the Maire steps under the big sign, "Rathaus," which the Germans had painted over the door.

President Poincaré and Mme. Poincaré arrived at one o'clock with a triumphant sweep of automobiles bearing a retinue of French generals and colonels. A host of flags shot over the heads of the crowd, and the roar of "Vive la France" was repeated many times.

It was an unhappy moment for the three little girls and three little boys who had been waiting for hours in the corridor of the Maire with bunches of flowers for the President and his wife. The little girls had been standing on one side of the hall and the little boys on the other, whispering and giggling to each other and jumping up and down to keep warm, for their mothers had refused to hide under coats and hats the glories of tri-colored hair-ribbons, white dresses and sashes, and combinations of blue blouses, red knickerbockers and white stockings. "Stand right there," they had been told, "and when the President and Mme. Poincaré come through the hall, step forward politely and present the flowers." So, though a breeze swept through the hall, they had not moved except to jump up and down.

And now the President and his wife were down there on the steps and the crowd was piling around them and the little girls and boys were tiny atoms in the mass, with not even a glimpse of the faces of the chief and his wife.

The little girls led the way in the desperate rush of the flower-bearers of Montmédy. They whispered excitedly a few moments, then plunged, flowers and all, into the crowd of chief citizens who were presenting a wall of animated black backs to them. The little boys followed. Squirming and wriggling, forgetful of the flowers which were badly mauled in the struggle—forgetful of everything but that they must get down there and greet the President of France on behalf of the children of Montmédy—they pushed through and reached the foot of the steps—three little girls and three little boys, with their

carefully brushed hair all frowzy and their ribbons and best clothes all awry.

Mme. Poincaré saw them first and she abandoned the town's chief citizens immediately. Stooping down at the imminent risk of having her hat and veil torn loose by the crowd, she hugged the little girls and kissed them, then she hugged and kissed the little boys. She gave the coat of the President of France a gentle tug, and he, too, bade the Mayor and Council desist for a moment while he pinched the little girls' cheeks and patted the little boys' heads, bowing low over the flowers and turning them over to a general, who turned them over to a colonel, who gave them to the President's chauffeur, who put them in the automobile.

Luncheon was waiting on a long table in a big hall upstairs—more food than the folks of Montmédy had seen in one place since the Germans came. The President of France had brought it in his private train that was carrying him and Mme. Poincaré from city to city in reclaimed France. Not only was he taking with him the food for banquets of thanksgiving in the redeemed towns and cities, but he was taking his own cook, his own chef and his own waitresses.

The last the Rainbow Division saw of the President of France and his wife, they were trailing upstairs at the head of the procession of happy Councilmen, with the generals and colonels and the American General, going to lunch. Whereupon the Rainbow Division spread out through the city, for next day it would be moving on into Belgium, and there was no time to lose seeing the sights and gathering souvenirs.

Every store was full of them, crowding up to the little counters behind which whole families—from grandparents to grandchildren—had mobilized to handle the sudden rush of trade. Long, lanky boys from Kansas and Indiana bought ruthlessly of stocks of feminine-looking fripperies. Stores that had little supplies of picture postcards, paper and envelopes were cleaned out in a half hour.

For the first time since the A. E. F. became an A. E. F., German money began passing back and forth in transactions between American soldiers and the citizens of Europe. The shopkeepers of Montmédy had a lot of German money—not a lot, either, but more than they had of any other money. So the doughboys got back handfuls of marks and pfennigs in change and went on their way rejoicing. More souvenirs!

Uptown was the "Deutsches Theatre An Der Westfront." A new show was going on inside—a good show now. The old one had been playing there for four years and it was a rotten performance. The world had stood it as long as it could, then it had "egged" the actors and the whole stock company was beating it somewhere off through Belgium.

But this new one was a peach. The sounds that came through the wide open windows on the second floor made folks on the street stop in their tracks and shuffle their feet. Above the ragtime lilt of a piano came the roar of an American soldier chorus, "Take Me to Dat Darktown Strutters' Ball!" Four soldiers, leaning comfortably over the withered flower boxes on the balcony rails, sang the song out into the street.

A red-haired boy from Alabama was up there at a big grand piano, swaying himself and his fingers up and down the keys, and the chorus was crowded around him five rows deep. He was a wizard, the red-haired boy. He sent thrills up and down your back and made you stand around and shake your shoulders when you knew you ought to be examining this German theater and marveling at it.

This must have been a sort of club room for the German soldiery, where they assembled between the acts and sat around drinking beer and singing, while somebody played the piano. The beer tables were still there, though some of them were overturned and smashed, and the floors were littered with debris. Every window in the place was smashed—not from

bombing or shelling by the Allies, for the windows of houses in the town were still intact. Just before they left Montmédy the Boche must have fired through
the windows from the street, for there were bullet holes through the plaster in the back walls and splintered glass lay all over the floor inside.

Downstairs was the theater. It was a perfectly arranged little place, with seats for about six hundred, a good-sized stage, a gallery with a place where they probably worked a spotlight, and signs all over the walls "Rauchen Verboten!" The walls were paneled and tinted, the wooden strips a dark mahogany color and the panels a pale sort of orange. From the high ceiling hung clusters of crystal lights, shaded with orange silk.

All this decorative artistry revealing a chapter in the life of the German Army, now retiring to its own borders in shame, meant nothing to the Americans upstairs. For them there were more thrills in standing around the red-haired Alabamian, who could make a German piano speak English.

The Maryland trench-mortar battery officers had a dinner that night. Their billet-hostess had joyfully assented to a proposal that included the turning over of her dining-room and her table service for the evening, the cooking of the dinner and the usual cleaning up processes. All the officers were to furnish was the food, which, in Montmédy, was the main thing, the other details merely trailing along as pleasant accompaniments, but not necessities.

And so they dined in not a little state in delivered Montmédy, on the second floor of the big house on the left and down the hill about two blocks, above the "Deutsches Theatre an Der Westfront." On clear, still nights a few months ago the billet-hostess and her husband and daughters could probably have heard the sweet chorus of "Hi-lee, Hi-lo" from the stage down there, and caught the faint perfume of limburger as the skinny Dutchman hit the fat Dutchman in the stomach with a board.

It was a great dinner. There was tender steak, fresh from the quartermaster, and fried potatoes, fresh from the commissary, and baked beans, fresh from the cans. And there were coffee and white bread and jam made of whole strawberries.

With the dishes cleared away and everybody fixed with fresh cigarettes, the billet-hostess tiptoed into the dining-room with a scared smile and fairly flew at the opposite wall with outstretched arms, as though she wanted to get there before somebody tagged her and made her "it."

Now this was an ordinary-looking wall. It had a pale sort of paper on it and a few very tasteful etchings, but you could have stared at it for hours and never have seen anything about it worth running at as one would run at the last hot ash-cake on the free lunch counter. All of which establishes the fact that when Shakespeare said "the walls have ears" he was only partly right. This wall had something else.

The lady, who was very thin and small, with a worried countenance on which were several moles trimmed with long, curling hairs, passed her right hand over a spot in this wall, which opened before the-officers' eyes. From the opening she took a bottle, blew some dust from it, and closed the wall so that it again looked like any other wall. Whereupon she turned around and tenderly planted the bottle on the table and stepped back a pace, twisting her hands in her apron and murmuring

It was a square, fat bottle, and it bore an old label, "Curacuo, Triple-sec." She explained that it had been hidden in the wall for four years, away from the German officers who had lived in her house. This was the time to bring it out, she thought, when "les Américains," for whom nothing was too good, were her guests.

They told her to invite in her husband and her daughter, and for the rest of the evening they sat, all three, on the edge of the divan—the old gentleman with one fat cigar between his fingers and four sticking out of the breast pocket of his coat—gifts from the officers—and the lady and her daughter sipping the curacao they had hidden for four years, stroking the moles on their chins and listening with rapture to the most awe-inspiring attempts to draw harmonies out of “Picture To-night a Field of Snowy White” and “Down by the Old Mill Stream” that had ever been heard. And when a member of the party stood up and recited the first four lines of “The Night Before Christmas,” supplying what he had forgotten with extemporized gibberish and wild gestures, they apparently thought their house was being honored with the presence of a great American actor and probably secretly stored the scene away in their memories to thrill future generations of Montmédy.

Next morning, through more bright autumn sunshine, trains of motor trucks crossed the border into Belgium, full of young men who waved their winter caps, and roared “Knock the Rhine,” which, spelled N-a-c-h and pronounced with a gargle, was a perfectly good German expression of triumph.

CHAPTER X

BELGIUM LAUGHS AGAIN

BELGIUM came out of her cellars, bringing her ancient wines and her precious bits of brass and tapestry, when the American Army came through on the highroads to the Rhine. As properly as she could, Belgium made merry. She had almost forgotten how—she had entirely forgotten how—to make merry, as Americans know the term.

But she got what merriment she could out of talking about her four and a half years of slavery to the men of the Rainbow Division. She could talk about those years now, because they were gone and the slavery was over. And the wine that was too good for the Germans, and the hospitality that the Germans demanded with threatening bayonets (and thought they were getting) came up from the caves that the Americans might make merry and teach Belgium to laugh again.

That is what the Rainbow Division did in the beautiful old city of Arlon—it retaught Belgium how to laugh.

First, though, let me tell of the city of Virton, Belgium, close to the border between France and Belgium, which was the first city in Belgium the Rainbow Division saw on its march to the Rhine. In Virton it came upon the last of the German Army in Belgium—four hundred wounded German soldiers in the hospital there, with the hospital's full complement of German medical officers and German nurses.

They were the first Germans to live under the flags of the Allies. From the tower of the big hospital were flying, on the day the Rainbow Division was in and around Virton, the flags of France, Great Britain, Belgium and America.

In the streets the men of the Rainbow met German medical officers. The situation seemed to produce a queer, sudden mixture of emotion in both Americans and Germans, and the Germans seemed to be surer of themselves than the Americans. Probably the Germans were more certain of their defeat than the Americans were that they believed they were defeated. At any rate, the Germans bowed and the Americans simply stared.

Heaven knows the men of the Rainbow Division had seen enough Germans. They knew what German soldiers looked like, dead and alive—or, rather, first alive and then dead. Their ideas of what to do when they saw a German soldier, who was neither wounded nor a prisoner, included most of the things the world puts under the heading of "Decisive Action," but it certainly did not include polite bows. Until Virton they had seen German soldiers only on battlefields—most of the battlefields of the four years of the war. They had never seen them shopping in the streets of a quiet city, carrying bundles in their arms.

So that it was a queer thing to watch the progress of the young German soldier walking from shop to shop in Virton, and finally striking off up the broad, tree-aisled street to the hospital—a homey, comfortable street like a shady avenue in an American college town. He wore a neat-fitting uniform of field-gray and a gray cap like our fatigue cap, with a black patent-leather visor. He was young and slim, with a fresh pink face and very erect.

Group after group of our American doughboys he passed—strolling along on their way to the regular afternoon "parley" with French shop-keepers—tall, lean boys from the West and South; short, stout, snappy little fellows from the East; Americans from all over the United States, talking about home, old fights, the coming arrival in Germany, how much money they had, what the cooks were "coming across with," how they had bawled out the

Sergeant that morning and would do it again if he got gay, and what they were going to buy.

And whatever they were talking about, they stopped it when they saw the young German soldier with the bundles.

His head was up and his eyes ahead like a man on parade, but as he passed the American groups he turned his eyes toward them, inclined his head slightly with a murmur that was unintelligible, and passed on.

Now, apparently, those groups of Americans thought no more of returning that bow than they would have thought of returning the bow of one of the camels in a circus parade.

"For Pete's sake, did you see that bird bow his head?"

"Yeah—whad d'ye know about that? Mus' think he knows us!"

"He prob'ly knows ole Slim here. Probt'y tended bar back home in some rathskeller where old Slim used t' hang out."

"Yeah, and he can take me back to that ole rathskeller toot-sweet if he wants to. Jus' so he don't put no knockout drops in my beer, that's all."

"Won't be any beer when you get back there, Slim. All be drinkin' prune juice or somethin'."

"Tell yuh what I bet about these Goimans," said a little black-eyed soldier with curly black hair and a high curved nose. "Bet yuh they've been told to try to get in good with the American Army so people won't believe these stories about killin' babies an' boinin' choiches."

"Well, they gotta do somethin' more'n bow to get in good with me. Cap'n says don't frat-nize with 'em, and y' ain't goin' to see me frat-nizin'."

"I wouldn't trust ole Slim if one of 'em says 'Slim, come on in an' have a stein o' Pils'ner beer'."

"Well, now, mebbe," Slim began—and then they were out of earshot and heading toward a postcard shop that had a window full of pictures of Virton.

If the orders in the retreating German Army bade those left behind to "try to get in good" with the American Army, they were certainly useless orders, so far as the Rainbow Division was concerned. In Virton an American second lieutenant put a German medical lieutenant out of his billet. The German had lived there nearly four years—as long as the hospital had been in operation. He had German pictures on the walls—scenes of the "Fatherland," groups of soldiers, girls, and so on—and he had made a homelike place of the room, with an electric light at the head of the bed and a reading lamp on the table and all his books and records in orderly cabinets around the walls.

But the town major having in charge the listing and distribution of the billets did not take into account the fact that any part of the German Army was still in Virton. So far as he was concerned the German Army had gone away from there and was still going. So this billet in the home of a French woman came to be listed among the billets available for officers of the Rainbow Division.

They say the German was scribbling away at his table, telling the folks he'd be home soon, or something, when an American soldier, the lieutenant's orderly, came bumping through the door, bending under a bedding roll as big as a piano, and dumped it down on the floor with an awful thud. Behind him came the young American officer with a musette bag over his shoulder and a suitcase. Behind the American officer came the lady of the house.

The German rose, dropping his inky pen on the paper—plainly astounded.

"I think this is my billet," said the American coolly, picking a corner occupied by the German's spare boots to deposit his bag and suitcase, and removing the boots in the process. "Yes?" said the German. He spoke English well. He hesitated a second. "I have lived here for four years," he ventured. "Yes?" said the American. Then to his orderly, "Any water in that pitcher, Harry? If there isn't, ask the Madam to get some, will you? I want to wash up."

Without another word the German left, and came back with his own orderly, and they both proceeded to move out the German's house furnishings, while the American sloshed his face and head and neck in the cold water, brushed his teeth and hair, and distributed his razor and toilet articles around on the wash stand. Not a word of conversation passed between the American and the German until, as the latter was leaving with the last of his stuff, the American looked up from a manicuring operation, and said, "Sorry, old scout !" The German closed the door softly, with never a reply.

Wads of francs from the parts of France the Germans had not reached piled into the little money boxes of the Belgian storekeepers, who searched their poor stocks of goods again and again to find things that the Americans wanted. The money of their own country was returning to them and the marks and pfennigs they had accumulated during the German occupation went into the pockets of our doughboys.

They were poor enough stocks of goods, Heaven knows, what with the ravages of the Boche in the last hours before he left. But as though they were business folk who had just completed a big deal, American soldiers and Virton citizens sat down to dinner together that night in many a Virton kitchen or dining-room, and savory broiled steak and hot French fried potatoes right from the company's cook, lay in lordly state on hot platters before them, and Madam poured the coffee and sat down in the midst of the young Americans, not understanding a word of the jokes they roared at, or the stories they listened to so eagerly. But they were happy—Madam and Monsieur, and the blushing Mademoiselles—in contemplation of the serene-faced, clear-eyed boys from America, and of their honest laughter and sincere interest in Madam and Monsieur, and the blushing Mademoiselles, and of their shameless appetites for food.

From Brandéville through Montmédy and Virton and beyond, Northern France and Southern Belgium had seemed strangely well-preserved for having been war countries for four years. Even near Montmédy, supply depot on the Germans' main army railroad line between Longuyon and Sedan, which had been within range of our great naval guns during the last weeks of the war, the earth was but little torn with shell-fire and the villages scarcely at all. Over this country the hastily-formed armies of , France had fallen back during the fall of 1914, offering little resistance to the steady, thoroughly planned advance of the German force, and the villages and fields here lay just as they were when the horses of the Uhlans had pranced into them and they were claimed for Germany.

Before noon, though, rolling onward through Belgium, the Rainbow Division came upon the war's first ruins—the wreckage wrought when black despair was first settling over Europe, by guns so big that the people blanched with terror at the very mention of them.

They were ordinary ruins, just like those the Rainbow had left in France. People walked among them trundling wheel-barrows or pulling little carts, and most of them were women—old women. There were a few children who stood and stared at the slow column of horses, wagons, motors, guns and men. They did not wave their hands or clap them. What these tiny Belgium children knew about soldiers didn't call for wavings or slappings of hands. Here and there an older girl, standing by a tangled pile of rocks that had been her

home, waved one hand steadily as though she had that day set that hand aside for waving purposes and no other. The older girls understood the slow moving column of olive-drab.

Shortly afternoon the Rainbow Division reached the city of Arlon.

Crowning a broad hill, unobscured from view for a mile along the broad, shady road, Arlon lay shining in the sun like descriptions of old Jerusalem—"with tow'rs of gold and diadems of snow." Old Rainbow veterans, starved through long months of fighting among wrecks of towns, for the sight of a big city, rounded the curve of the road and saw it. "Wot th'—," they said, and waxed speechless.

All day the Rainbow rolled into Arlon, and Division Headquarters was established in the center of the city in the great government buildings on the Place, where in some of the rooms the silk-covered furniture, tapestried walls and rich, thick carpets were unhurt, and in others were worn and slashed and heaped up with dirty, worn-out German gas masks and abandoned ammunition cases. It was beautiful, the interior of this great building—with the beauty of an empty conch-shell. Hand-carved cases that had held precious bronzes were opened and empty, the faces of richly carved old "Grandfather clocks" were empty, the walls bare of pictures, the heavy tables bare of covering. American automobiles standing in the Place were wonderful museums of new things for the children, who clambered into them and bounced up and down on the cushioned seats, wiggled the clutches and brakes and begged to be taken for rides. The humblest looking doughboy, who probably hadn't drawn a new pair of shoes and leggings yet, and who had lost a couple of buttons from his overcoat during the morning march, was eyed, as he walked past the shops, like a million dollar movie star, and wealthy old Arlonites struggled to think of enough English to ask him to dinner, ending the struggle by dragging him off.

There was a host of dinner parties in Arlon that night, furnished forth, as these parties in redeemed France and Belgium always are, with some things brought by the soldiers in their own hands and some things brought from the dark cellars by the citizenry. For a dinner party in Arlon, or anywhere else in Belgium, was a difficult problem for a Belgian to handle alone. All the butter, eggs, sugar and meat that the retreating German army could lay its hands on, it had taken away when it left Belgium. Sometimes the Germans had asked the price, and sometimes they hadn't, though nearly always they had laid down a few marks, so that the transaction would be only semi-robbery.

But the Belgians supplied the wines from their hiding places in the cellars, and from the same hiding places they brought up their best old silver table services and their snowy linens, and their bronze statuary. Lights went up, and old clock faces of brass, cut out and hidden from the brass-hungry Germans, went back into the clocks, and there was band music and a glory of colored rockets in the Place at night, and parading and shouting through the streets.

CHAPTER XI

SO THIS IS GERMANY

ON December 4, after a two-day trip from Mersch, Luxembourg, Headquarters of the Rainbow Division reached Welschbillig, a muddy little German village of about four hundred people. The Red Cross man who got up there first so urged his "Tin Henry" that it navigated open fields, ditches and steep embankments, passing several miles of field artillery, infantry, machine-gun battalions, engineer, ammunition and supply trains, staff limousines, and other miscellaneous vehicular and foot traffic, which was either stuck in the mud, pulling up to let something pass in the opposite direction or halting from sheer fatigue.

The "Tin Henry," running on a thimbleful of gas, rattling in every rib, asthmatic, rheumatic, full of grip and pneumonia, caught up to the tail of the column in Echternach, passed through the completely blocked streets by climbing on the sidewalks, crossed the bridge over the Moselle behind a mule-drawn machine-gun cart from the Wisconsin battalion, and brought bitterness into the hearts of foot soldiers and limousine staff officers alike by disappearing over hill after hill and around curve after curve, so that it was in this one-night stand by four p. m., or in time to get a billet in the home of one of the best families of Welschbillig. A cream separator buzzed away downstairs, and somebody was working overtime down in the barn, running an electrically operated threshing machine.

Jingoism had gained wide influence throughout the Rainbow Division during its ten-day halt on the borderland between Luxembourg and Germany. There were great expectations of sniping by the German population. Since it was virtually useless to hope for Christmas at home, the Rainbow Division hoped for a guerrilla warfare in Germany. The more imaginative among them conjured up pictures of themselves sneaking from doorway to doorway in Berlin, exchanging shots with members of the Reichstag concealed in second-floor bedrooms, or of a greeting from across the border with a fusillade from the farmers' shotguns.

But the only fusillade that greeted them came from the official United States Army moving picture cameras set up on the German side of the Echternach Bridge. And from there all the way up to Welschbillig soldiers who hoped for any more excitement than that arising from trying to move three-ton trucks up slippery hills were disappointed.

But in the disappointment there was as much to talk about and to argue about around the field kitchen and billets as there would have been if a sniper had opened up from each tree along the road. The Welschbilligians, instead of being guerrilla fighters, were trying to be regular folks. Instead of potting the men of the Rainbow Division with shotguns, they bombed them with cups of hot barley coffee, gobs of honey, and armfuls of firewood.

It was the first experience of the men of the 42nd Division as occupants of the homes of the nation it had been fighting every day for a whole year. They were not quite sure what to do. There were General Headquarters orders against "fraternizing" with German villagers. "Officially" the country was hostile. The business of the American Army here was to stick to the heels of the retreating German Army. Theoretically, it was a pursuit. For every purpose, except the purpose of killing, the war was still on and the armies were still in the field.

But you couldn't fight old women who came hobbling into your offices at the head of parades of a dozen kids, all loaded down with firewood. And you couldn't turn an

unfraternal back on old men who came in bringing chairs for the office force to sit on. It put the Rainbow Division in something of a dilemma.

There was a decided dilemma that evening around the office of the Assistant Chief of Staff in charge of Transportation and Supply. Lieut. Marcus L. Poteet was running the office, while Major Gill's temporary successor, Major Bertram, was attending to some work in his Intelligence Department.

Every two or three minutes there came shuffling into this office an old woman—bent almost double—chuckling toothlessly, and wringing her hands, and mumbling in German. She went always first to the stove and looked into the grate—an easy operation for her, for she had never to stoop over; stooping was her constant attitude. Then, with plentiful gestures of her stiff old hands, she'd poke a fresh stick of wood into the fire. Then she'd turn around and make a brief address, rapidly bobbing her head, which was wrapped in a black shawl.

Lieutenant Poteet and Private Cooney and Sergeant-Major Walter Davis were a little leery during her first two or three visits. When she ambled out after feeding the stove the first time they braced themselves for a few seconds and held their breaths in case the stick of wood might have been a disguised bomb. But nothing happened either that time or the next, or the next, so when she turned around from the stove after the fourth time, and made her little speech, Lieutenant Poteet unbent and responded with a hearty "Yah, yah, yah!"

In two minutes she was back with a pot of coffee which she planted on the stove. Her daughter followed, bearing a deep bowl full of fried potatoes. Her son, a discharged German soldier with little piggy eyes and a friendly smile under his kaiser mustache, brought up the rear with both fists full of knives and forks and a red tablecloth under his arm.

"For Pete's sake, they're fraternizin'," said Sergeant-Major Davis. "What're y' goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to eat," said Private Cooney. So everybody sat up to the table, while the thin, rather cross-eyed daughter went back to the kitchen to bring up the plates and cups.

The coffee was poor stuff, being made out of charred barley, so they put into each cup a spoonful of the self-made coffee which the Army carries around. But the potatoes were fine, and when they had cleaned out the bowl, the old lady came stooping in with another bowlful, and the daughter brought in a dish of honey, and the ex-soldier got on his knees and poked around the fire, and six muddy, greasy children came in with more wood, did squads-left-into-line, dumped it on the floor, squawked "*Achtung*," and goose-stepped out in single file. It was a full half hour before the adults of the family stopped standing around, grinning and muttering and watching them eat.

When they finally cleaned up the dishes, rolled up the tablecloth and left, Lieutenant Poteet took a deep pull on a fresh cigar and announced: "The next man that says 'Yah' to that old woman gets court-martialed. One more 'Yah' and she'll be in here giving everybody a shave, a haircut and a bath, and *that'll* be fraternizing."

In muddy streets and plaster walls and smells and general dreariness on a wet, misty day, this village in Germany was not unlike villages of the same population in France. The Rainbow was going through the Rhine provinces, which, judging from one day's journey, consisted of vast expanses of forest, field and mountain, with widely scattered villages.

The open country of France rolled gently and the broad, smooth roads opened long vistas, and you shot along on a straightaway for miles and miles. But from Echternach to Welschbillig there had been a succession of hill climbings and coastings, with hairpin curves every few hundred feet. Towering mountains rose before you, and a view of a winding road was lost in forest a short distance ahead. But with a series of twists and turns and a

constant pull up grade after grade, you found yourself on the very top of the forest and the ribbon of road you had just left below looked like a cowpath. More mountains on all sides hemmed in your range of vision. There was a majestic grandeur about it all with its vast, deep silence, and it would have been more thrilling if one hadn't had to contemplate it all with real doubt that one was going to make the next hill, and the next, and others beyond.

Thousands upon thousands of American doughboys—walking with their packs on their backs, piloting three-ton trucks almost as wide as the roads themselves, driving raw-boned mules and horses already tired to death with life and the hauling of heaving wagons and cannon—all had to make those hills to reach the Rhine.

Most of the men of the 42nd had finished the first stage of the march and were settled that night in the kitchens and attics here around Welschbillig. They knew the rule against "fraternizing," but all the rules in the world couldn't keep an American soldier from making himself at home, even though a picture of a man his own regiment killed in the Champagne a few weeks ago hung over his head as he tilts his chair against the dining-room wall.

That thing happened in Welschbillig. The dead German soldier's mother was pattering around the fire, where the Yank's mud-soaked shoes were drying, and the little sisters and brothers—nearly a dozen, all told—were lurking at more or less of a distance, looking at his socks and his clothes and his face, and urging each other to go up and feel of his belt and pistol that hung over a chair.

If fraternizing consisted of taking what came your way and making the best of it, then the Rainbow Division in Germany was composed of the greatest thirty-third degree fraternizers in the world.

They fraternized that night, too, down where the officers of the Missouri Signal Battalion were quartered—in the village schoolhouse, where the schoolmaster lived—but it was fraternizing of a different sort. The schoolmaster spoke a little English, and Col. Ruby Garret and the other Signal officers wanted to know how the people of Germany felt about the war, now that it was all over. The schoolmaster was convinced that the kaiser was all right; he had had a bunch of unfortunate rough-necks for friends, that was all. If he had had his way the war never would have started. But all Germany was glad it was over, he said.

Unlike the farm villages of France, Welschbillig's muddy street corners had electric lights, and there were electric lights in some of the rough plaster houses, and instead of great open chimneys there were shiny enameled stoves. And there were modern mechanical things like the cream separator, and the threshing machine entirely unknown in rural France, apparently— which were still buzzing merrily away, though it was ten o'clock. Bits of the old "Kultur," undoubtedly.

CHAPTER XII

"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN"

UP at seven o'clock, on the road through a thick fog, and into Speicher by noon, twenty-five kilometers from Welschbillig. The third day of the Rainbow Division's march to the Rhine across German soil was almost over and to-morrow it would move on to Birresborn.

The long brown columns were filtering deeper into Germany. As the Belgians did when the Germans came through in August, 1914, the German villagers went to bed now with the rumble of the American column in their ears and awoke in the morning still hearing it, and moved about through the day still seeing it, and dropped off again to sleep without seeing or hearing the end.

They knew now what had really happened on the fighting front while the General Staff of the German Army had fed them on fairy tales of victory and requisitioned their poultry and butter for Berlin.

This village, where they stayed overnight like an immense troupe of barnstormers, was bigger than Welschbillig. It had a fair little hotel with one bathtub that was full of spare bed clothing when they arrived. The bed clothing had since been stored elsewhere, for Col. Ruby Garrett managed to close a deal for a bath in the tub. The beautifully enameled hot-water attachment on the tub was out of order so they heated the water on the kitchen stove downstairs, and a broad-backed German girl brought it up in five trips, carrying two buckets each trip—five buckets of hot water and five buckets of cold. She also cleaned out the tub and pulled down the shades in the window and switched on the light and brought in a rug for the floor and showed signs of wanting to assist at the scrubbing festivities. So far there seemed to be nothing the Germans would not do to make the American Army of Occupation feel at home.

The wife of the proprietor of the hotel (he, by the way, fought against the British at Cambrai and was gassed) even smoked a cigarette. She was clearing off the table after a lunch for six officers, and a sportive major thrust his cigarette case toward her and nodded brightly. With her free hand she very gingerly took one and started to stick it in the pocket of her apron. "No, no!" insisted the major, and struck a match. So she put the cigarette between her lips and went out toward the kitchen puffing it, with her arms full of dishes.

A minute or so later the ex-Boche soldier walked past the kitchen door on some errand and he was smoking his wife's cigarette.

They probably got the idea that it was the custom for American women to smoke and that they must do it, too, or the American soldiers would lose their tempers and shoot up the town. When a red-checked waitress came in to brush away the crumbs and the major tried the same stunt on her and she stood there flustered and uncertain, Mrs. Proprietor spoke quickly and quietly to her and she took the cigarette. After one puff she fled from the dining-room, coughing and gasping, and she didn't come back.

An old man whose son and daughter-in-law run a little souvenir and postcard shop here used to live in Baltimore, he said. He had worked in a steamfitter's shop and his most vivid recollection of the city, after having been back in Germany for twenty-six years, was of the smells that came up from the waterfront. One of the Baltimoreans he remembered best was Friederich, who, he declared, built the City Hall.

"An' dere was Schultz—he voss a Choiman!", he'd say, trying to remember old names. "An' Deiterich—he voss a Choiman. An' Gus Schaefer—he voss a Choiman. Dey voss all Choimans."

One gathered that the Baltimore of twenty-six years ago was probably a suburb of Berlin, but the old man said he had known a lot of other men there who weren't Germans, but he couldn't remember their names. He tried to sell the officers some pipes with deep porcelain bowls decorated with landscapes, with curved stems three feet long and decorated with tassels and things, which they would have bought if they had had trucks or something to carry them.

He also whispered with a great show of secrecy that nobody in Germany liked the Kaiser—that he had always been a "voitless bum" (those were his exact words—"a voitless bum"), and that the "people in Berlin" were responsible for everything the Germans had done during the war.

"Dese poor peoples oudt here didn't have nudding to do wid it," he said. "Dey shouldn't pay der bills, should dey?"

They told him it looked very much as though the "poor peoples oudt here" would have to chip in a little because everybody else seemed to be trying to crawl from under, like himself. He looked very much hurt.

That evening down at the Gasthaus Geisler, a bunch of our doughboys permitted themselves to be hypnotized by a curly-hired German boy of nineteen, who was performing miracles on the piano in the room adjoining the bar. One of the Louisiana Headquarters Troop men had been reeling off some ragtime with a rather painful two-fingered bass that was always consistent but not always harmonious, when the boy came in and stood peering at the crowd through a pair of thick spectacles. In the moment or two of silence that followed his entry, he said in perfect English: "Would you like me to play a little?"

"Sure, go ahead!" the soldiers chorused, and the Headquarters Troop man got up from the piano.

The German boy sat down, rubbed his stiff curls, adjusted his spectacles, struck a few ringing chords and launched into "The Star Spangled Banner."

He played for more than an hour without looking at a note of music. "This is by Schumann," he'd announce, and then, "Here's a Beethoven sonata," then "This is an American song, isn't it?" and he'd play something from light opera. Some of the other things he played were also from light operas that were first produced in America but the German boy did not recognize them all as bits of American music. It was evident that they had been picked up bodily from Germany or Austria and imported to American orchestra pits.

Just before the end, Mike, the Italian attaché of the Casual Officers' mess; Steve, the waiter, the top-sergeant of the Headquarters Troop, two military policemen with sidearms on and a sprinkling of miscellaneous soldiery from the United States of America were frozen in various attitudes around the back room of this little German café, leaning on the table, half-lying in chairs, hunched on the floor in corners, while the oil lamp swinging from the ceiling burned up unnoticed with a black smoke and the curly-haired German musical prodigy played "The Barcarolle." Rippling brooks in New England— the old canoe floating up the Potomac toward a red Sunday sunset—moonlight on the upper deck!

With a swift change of mood the boy struck up "Die Wacht Am Rhein," and the shaven headed old lad who had been tending bar came waltzing in, waving his long pipe and roaring the song. The doughboys looked at him and grinned a pitying sort of grin, but Mike, the Italian attaché, glowered.

“Steve,” he whispered to the waiter for the Casual Officers’ mess, “Steve, you crown him for me, will you, I ain’t got the heart.”

CHAPTER XIII

"THE CONQUERING OF THE HIGHROAD"

NEXT morning, on its way to Birresborn, the Rainbow Division began a heart-breaking battle with the roads of Germany. Like the German Government and the German Army, they had broken—gone to pieces. Collapsing under the steady rain and the hacking hoofs and wheels of the invading American column, they were trying to halt the Rainbow in its march upon the Rhine. It is as though they believed the last struggle was up to them.

Our soldiers had been smelling it in the distance, this battle. In the mountain climbs, the hairpin curves, the slippery slopes that began on the German side of the border there were prophecies of it. But they didn't expect it to be as tough as it proved to be.

Staff officers were climbing out of the leather cushions into the mud this particular morning, to push. The main road between Speicher and Birresborn that stacked up on the maps with the main roads of France, were mudholes. They looked like the "before" photographs in advertisements of paving material. The edges were miles of sticky strawberry jam, with no limit to its depth. The two deep ruts down the middle made by the wagons of the retreating German Army were snares and delusions. Worried truck drivers and harassed staff chauffeurs picked these ruts instinctively, as a locomotive picks the rails; within two hundred yards their only conceivable salvation had tripped them. The ruts were too deep; sometimes the wheels of lighter cars were clear of the bottoms, the heavier cars were mortised-and-tenoned in the roadbed.

And the roads squirmed and curved and climbed, and at least one edge of most of them was also the edge of a precipitous descent through wild forests and rocks.

Under the best conditions it was not the easiest thing in the world to pick up an American Army Division and move it, holding it together during the moving and keeping it fit for the exercise of its profession at every moment. Still less easy was it to move an American Army division every morning and set it down to rest every night, repeating that process day after day and night after night and covering twenty-five kilometers or so every day.

The strength of the Rainbow Division marching into Germany was, roughly, twenty-three thousand men, about the population of the city of Cumberland, Md. Nearly four thousand gallons of gasoline were required to keep its motor transportation moving for one day. Its truck-carrying capacity was close to one thousand tons. It had between two hundred and seventy-five and three hundred giant trucks. Its smaller automobiles numbered about forty.

The dopes eemed to be that the Rainbow would reach the Rhine by December 17. The division had started into Germany on December 2. Looking ahead, the Rainbow's Quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Graham, of Texas, must have figured that he would have to use sixty thousand gallons of gasoline on the trip at the lowest estimate. To carry sixty thousand gallons of gasoline for fifteen days would be as impracticable and unwise as to carry food sufficient for that length of time and in such enormous quantities. Simple principles of conservation dictated adherence to a "base-of-supplies" system.

So that when the 42nd Division pulled up for the night and announced to the German villagers, "We'll stop here; come across with the keys to the city," it did not mean that the day's travel was over. Several hundred tons of trucks had still to go back to the railroads

and bring up the food and gasoline for another day—the food and gasoline and equipment to replace the wear and tear of the day's grind.

Imagine moving Cumberland, Md., like that every day, or Chillicothe, Ohio, or Stamford, Conn., or Pensacola, Fla.

The Rainbow Division, veterans of the whole American Expeditionary Force in point of length of continuous service in the fighting line, was accustomed enough to moving. It had done more moving from one part of the line to another than any other American division, with a fight at both ends of the move more often than not. Moving was nothing—mere detail in the day's work. And so far as moving through Germany was concerned, why, that would be a vacation. No shellholes to get the traffic across, no ripped-up roads, no night marching, no fighting. Great! Certainly would like to be going home, the 42nd Division would, but this was the next best thing—seeing Germany, soldiering de luxe.. Why, this was a pretty fair reward for a year of the most terrible work human men can be called upon to do. To be sure, some birds were being sent back home, but they were replacement divisions mostly. Never had seen a fight, some of them hadn't. Let 'em go! This Germany trip was the thing!

That was the spirit back in Brandéville, France, when the 42nd was waiting for its new equipment to come up—its new trucks, more trucks than it had ever had before, and its new clothes and its new passenger automobiles. That was also the spirit through Belgium and Luxembourg, where the days dawned clear and warm, and where the work of "occupation" was about as arduous as strolling through the old cherry orchard.

Yet, on this move to Birresborn an officer said, "When they pick an Army of Occupation after the next war, count me out!"

And a supply officer said, "I'd rather supply three regiments in the front line of an attack than try to keep stuff moving up behind one regiment along roads like these."

And there was expressed in various ways the sentiment that fighting a war is preferable to occupying the conquered enemy's country, when the country is the inhuman sort of country that this German country is. Forever, in the minds of the Rainbow Division men (I can't speak for men in other parts of the Army of Occupation), Germany will stand as the symbol of the utmost in rotten roads, just as France will stand as the symbol of the best. And this discovery of how demoralized roads can become, is apt to bring about a revolution in our American road plans, when these victims of Germany's broken-backed roads get settled at home.

A detachment of two hundred men worked from truck to truck that day along the roads between Kyllburg and St. Thomas, pulling them out of the mire and the ditches. It took the combined strength of every one of these two hundred men to move these trucks, for they were loaded with tons of supplies. Sometimes the releasing of one truck opened the way for a whole train of others that were not heavily loaded. Sometimes the crew of two hundred truck-pullers had to tow each truck several hundred yards to the beginning of a stretch of firm road, then go back for the others, one at a time. Elsewhere on the roads, no gang of men being available, two or three trucks that had managed to keep out of trouble would be pushing and pulling a loaded truck that had gotten into trouble. One would be pushing and two pulling; the engines would roar, the wheels would spin, and the motor-monsters would leap and tug, panting and growling like great trapped animals; and finally, clamping their teeth on something solid at last, slowly, painfully drag their loins up—up—and out.

"All right—let's go!" and the men who "fight the trucks" would be off down the road, slipping and sliding drunkenly, fighting forward every inch of the way, maybe for two hundred yards without a halt.

In the selection of divisions to form the Army of Occupation the element of reward for extraordinary services in the war did figure, and the men knew it. That is why they were so cheerful as they toiled up the red-muck hills, snaking trucks out of ditches, urging tired horses to another long pull, walking with feet that weighed many times more than ordinary feet, for the shoes of the infantry gathered the German mud and grew in size and tonnage like the snowball rolling down the hill. And that, in fact, is why they groused about it when they settled down for an evening or two in a new German village a little nearer the river Rhine; for no soldier's vacation was complete unless he could sit around of an evening with some of his buddies and swap growls and kicks.

They had wide-eyed, open-mouthed galleries now in the kitchens of Germany. Birresborn, a town about as big as Speicher, was a two-night stand, and every man who could possibly do it had hunted himself up a billet in some German house. By four o'clock the first afternoon the casual officers' mess was established in the village Gasthaus, a phonograph was going and a group of officers had discovered that there was exactly one-half of a keg of beer left in the village, and had chipped in and bought it—"just so we'd have some on hand," one of them said. By five o'clock they were sitting around a table beginning the evening's grouse, with two amazed German women watching them from behind the bar, and a sepia-toned picture of Wilhelm II looking down at them from the wall. That night at supper the captain-photographer in the Signal Battalion surveyed the officers of the 42nd Division, seated up and down two long tables shoveling in food and dealing out conversation, while the Kaiser, as he looked in the grand old days before the ground rose up and hit him, haughtily contemplated the scene; and he opined, this captain photographer did, that this certainly would make a fine flashlight for the Rainbow Division's pictorial record.

But he never took it. He told me instead how every negative of the division's march through France and Belgium had been ruined in Luxemburg when a bunch of little Luxemburg children, wondering whether the nice leather case wasn't full of that precious thing, chocolate, had opened it, pulled out the plates and exposed every one to the light. But coming into Germany he had gotten some good stuff. Spinning along in his Ford truck he sat on the front seat and the sergeant hung his legs over the tailgate, and between them both they licked the German scenery-platter clean. That morning they caught a group of Germans working on two dead horses. They had just skinned the horses and the photographer had "shot" the whole scene one German rolling up the skins and putting them in a wheelbarrow; two others cutting steaks and piling them into another wheelbarrow, and the rest looking on hungrily.

Leather would come from the skins probably and the steaks would trot their last heat from the frying pan to several German dining-room tables.

Knowing how hard up Germany is for leather everybody was surprised to hear in Birresborn the story about Major Bertram's boots. Major Bertram was intelligence officer of the 42nd, but as the work of an intelligence officer in an Army of Occupation consists principally of repeating every day "There are no new identifications in the army," and "There are no new enemy movements to report," Major Bertram had been handling Major Bob Gill's job while the latter was in the hospital. Major Gill's job was the job of moving the division—some job.

At noon Major Bertram had started for Birresborn. Just before he left Speicher the Major remarked: "Let's run back to Welschbillig first. My orderly left my best Cordovan boots back there. I've been saving them for the big entry into Coblenz."

His companions in the big limousine remarked that it was too bad the orderly had forgotten about them, and they certainly hoped he'd find them, but secretly they didn't think he would, and he probably didn't think so either. A leather-hungry German had probably pounced upon them, and, by some miraculous application of Kultur, had turned them into two hundred pairs of shoes worth two hundred and fifty marks a pair.

Also there was fresh in Lieutenant Poteet's mind the strange little story he had heard that morning from his orderly. It didn't tend to make him feel hopeful for the major's boots. I will tell that story presently.

As for Major Bertram he went straight to his Welschbillig billet, was in the house about three minutes, and came out grinning all over and triumphantly carrying the boots.

"The old fellow had locked them in his safe so that nobody would steal them," he laughed. "Pretty lucky, eh?"

"Well, there's one honest German," said Lieutenant Poteet.

Looking at it from that angle, Germany so far as one could figure it, had a batting average in the Honesty League of about .001. If the following strange story had had a different ending it might have been .002. And this is the story of Lieutenant Poteet's orderly.

The orderly had fixed up the lieutenant's cot in the lieutenant's room and had fixed his own blankets on it, preparatory to sleeping there, while the lieutenant slept in the bed. Then the orderly went down to the Welschbillig schoolhouse to sit around the stove for a while with a bunch of other Kansas men.

When he came back, Lieutenant Poteet was in bed, but not asleep.

"You should have been here," he told the boy. "The old man who owns this place was up here fraternizin'. He came up about an hour ago and went fumbling around in that wardrobe. He came out with his hands full of cakes shaped like birds and animals and gave me one.

"From what I could understand tomorrow is St. Nicholas Day here in Germany—December 6—and the Weinachtsman is supposed to leave these little cakes for the children. It's like our Christmas. He gave me this cake shaped like a rabbit as a St. Nicholas present. I wanted to keep it as a souvenir, but the old man insisted on my eating it right away. It was pretty good."

The orderly was properly sorry he hadn't been around when this little bit of Christmas cheer was passing. There would be little enough Christmas over here anyway. The Germans had always specialized in St. Nicholas, too. They were the originators of Santa Claus—started him out as a round, fat, white-whiskered, apple-cheeked, delightful old man who was always laughing and giving away presents around the snow-and-holly time. He was wishing he had had one of these cakes—springling, Poteet had said the old German called them—when he went to sleep.

In the morning he sat on the edge of his cot to dress and reached for his socks, which he had laid on the table that stood against the wall. Night before the light of the single candle had been dim and dickering and he hadn't noticed the table much. He noticed it now, though. It was full of little plaster images of saints and there was a vase of artificial roses on it and a vase of some dried grasses and a picture of a little girl.

By the picture lay something that made the orderly start and rub his eyes. It was a "springling"—a St. Nicholas Day cake—a Christmas present. The old man had put it there for him! Well, that was pretty white for an old Boche.

The cake was shaped on the rough, general lines of a rooster. The orderly bit a piece out of it. It was pretty good. He decided to keep the rest and take it home. That would be a great souvenir to take home—a real German St. Nicholas cake, left by old Santa Claus himself in his own country, which had just been licked by the Rainbow Division, et al. So he put it in his pocket, dressed hurriedly, dashed downstairs to breakfast in the old German's kitchen, where he and some other orderlies had arranged for mess in Welschbillig, and went about the work of getting himself and his lieutenant ready to move on to Speicher.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning and he was halfway there, riding on a baggage truck, when a startling thought occurred to him. He had felt the cake in his pocket and his mind had gone back over the train of events that led to its being there. He recalled the little table, and everything about it stood out sharply in his memory. In memory it had a strange look that he hadn't noticed in the hurry of the morning. There was something sacred about it. Those plaster images—one of them was of the Saviour, he remembered now, and there had been a crucifix, too, and they had all been arranged in some order.

And that picture; the cake had been lying right in front of it. It was a picture of a little girl dressed all in white, with a wreath around her hair. Her first communion dress, probably. She must have been the old man's little girl.

Just there, apparently, this startling thought hit him between the eyes. Why, that table was a family altar, of course! That cake hadn't been put there for him, the old man hadn't even known he was going to stay in the room. He had put the cake there for his little girl. The little girl had died. They probably put the same cake there every year on St. Nicholas' Eve.

Now, this Kansas boy was like every other soldier in the American Army of Occupation. He had been in the hardest fights in the war. He hadn't been an orderly very long, he had been a fighting, hard-boiled, rough-neck doughboy who knew the German as an enemy, for he had seen the German trying to kill him and actually killing some of his buddies. Like every other American soldier, he had approached the German border with some hauteur and contempt, ready at the flicker of an eyelash to slug to his knees the first German who tried to get gay. And, like every other American, he had been patting the dirty little German kids' heads and smiling at the old women, and not being too coldly distant toward the village girls, and being more paternal than contemptuous toward the men, ever since he had gotten into Germany.

So he didn't let this new St. Nicholas Day development worry him long, but hopped off the truck, caught one going back to Welschbillig, sneaked into the old house and up the stairs, and with his overseas cap in his hand, placed the "springling" back on the table in front of the picture of the little girl who was undoubtedly dead—the "springling" with the piece he had bitten out of it. Then he went out to catch another truck for Speicher, feeling deeply at peace with everything and everybody. The poor old man's Christmas offering to his little daughter would not go astray now. These Germans might be enemies, but the war was over now, and the Germans would listen to American doctrine more earnestly if they had a high opinion of the honesty of American soldiers. Well he'd done his part.

He happened to catch the truck on which the boy who had cooked for their mess down in the German kitchen, was going to Speicher. It was a nice little mess—a congenial bunch of enlisted men with one of them acting as cook and drawing all the rations, and with nobody butting in.

“What d’ye think?” said the cook, taking one of the orderly’s cigarettes. “Y’know that old rat-eyed bird back there where we ate? Well y’know we had three whole cans of bacon last night. This old bird stole the other two. Sure as you’re born! Got in the truck after they loaded everything in, and when I looked around just a few minutes ago, there was only one left. An’ the ole woman was cookin’ bacon on the stove this mornin’, too. For two cents, I’d go back there and crown him with a .45 but what’s the use. You couldn’t prove it on him, but he stole it, all right.”

The Kansas boy was silent for a long while, and it wasn’t until the cook had forgotten all about it that he said, “Why didn’t you tell me that sooner, cookie? I’d like to go back an’ crown him myself.”

“ ’S too late now," said the cook..

“Yes,” said the Kansas boy, “ ’s too late.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE BOCHE UNMASKED

AROUND the kitchen stoves of the formerly Imperial Germany the greatest of indoor sports for the Rainbow Division these days was “cussing"” the Kaiser.

“Well, what d’ye think o’ the Kaiser now?” the doughboys would drawl, by way of starting the conversation, as they hitched up the kitchen chairs of an evening and offered the cigarettes to Mein Herr and Meine Frau and all the little “Hairs” and “frows” who were numerous even as the sands of the sea, and that is no joke. One could think long and deeply for some way to tell briefly what a great number of little children there were in Germany, but it would be all a waste of time, because just as soon as one decided upon a nice, high-sounding set of words, along would come new, incredible droves of children, and the nice words would not be fit to describe the size of the seventh grade’s attendance on the morning of circus day.

Mein Herr, listening keenly to the doughboy, because he wanted to be friendly, would catch the word “Kaiser.” The rest of the sentence wouldn’t mean anything to him at all, but that word “Kaiser” would be enough of a cue. There was the place for the entering wedge.

There was the chance to drive home the big idea—the biggest idea that that part of Germany seemed to have just then..

“Ach!” snarled Mein Herr. “Ach! Kaiser Kaput! Finish Kaiser! Kaput!”

“Well, well !” said the doughboy, somewhat surprised and somewhat pleased, too, for this attitude of the owner of his billet upon the subjects of the Kaiser, sort of put a common understanding between him and the old man. “Why, maybe he’ll come across with some eggs for lunch or dinner tonight, and maybe the old woman will trot out some honey !”

So they proceeded with words—stilted monosyllabic words of mingled English and German, with now and then, on the part of the doughboy, a little of the hard-won French that was too good to go entirely to waste—to vie with each other at drawing and quartering the Kaiser.

The hatred of the American soldier for the things the Kaiser represents—or represented—needs no introduction, but this hatred on the part of the German people in the country through which the American army was passing probably does need an introduction. It was then so new that the German people had not had time yet to take down the pictures of the Kaiser and Hindenburg and Ludendorff and Bismarck and the Crown Prince, which hung over their heads on the kitchen and dining-room walls even as they hailed curses and “kaputs.” They still decorated their walls with likenesses of the heroes they professed to hate.

On this, the second day of Rainbow Division Headquarters’ stay in Birresborn, I discovered in my room a picture of the head of the household. Unless you looked at it very closely you could not tell that the picture represented the man you had seen downstairs. It had been taken in Trier four years ago, when the old gentleman, attired in his best, with a black bow tie and about three inches of white cuff showing at his wrists, looked like the president of the city council or the superintendent of the Sunday School.

But Sunday morning, when he was getting ready to go to church with his wife and daughters, he looked like an old down-and-outer. His threadbare, wrinkled coat, of no particular shade, was buttoned high around his throat to cover the lack of white collar.

There were fringes around his wrists instead of cuffs, and his face was old and seamed, and covered with a stubble of beard. He was only four years older; he had not taken to drink (in fact, as the village brewer, he had begun producing mineral water instead of beer when times grew hard), and he was still a respected figure in the community. But he had changed entirely in appearance, and he had changed in ideals and disposition.

He hated everything. He hated the Kaiser and drew his finger suggestively across his throat whenever anybody mentioned the word "Kaiser." He hated the "Berlin crowd"; he hated Hindenburg and Ludendorff and the Crown Prince. He hated Von Tirpitz.

And he hated also the Socialists and citizens who were handling the Government of Germany in the Kaiser's absence, and just to round out the schedule, he professed a snippish attitude toward the United States and President Wilson.

Gold, gold, gold, started the war, he would growl, rubbing his thumbs and fingers together. All the gang in Berlin wanted was more gold, so they started the war—or rather Russia started it.

He leaned against the door-jamb, looking into his dining-room, where six Division Headquarters sergeants sat around the table smoking after mess. The sergeant in charge of couriers who was translating what the old man said, wanted to know whether the United States had come into the war for gold.

The German exploded a forcible "Yah!" and uttered the names of "Rockefeller" and "Morgan."

"He says," translated the courier-sergeant, "that Morgan and Rockefeller got the United States into the war." The sergeants laughed long and loud.

"Ask him if Morgan and Rockefeller sent the submarines out to sink American ships and drown American citizens," asked Sergeant "Slim" Wilson. The courier-sergeant asked him. The face of the head of the house assumed a tigerish grin as he answered.

"He says the submarines would have won the war if they let Von Tirpitz alone," declared the interpreter.

Apparently he hadn't fully understood the question, but, unwittingly, he was making himself clear on everything. He was giving these American soldiers a picture of the middle-class citizenry of Germany as it looked with the war over and lost.

This representative middle-class German hated the old German Government for starting the war because it hadn't won the war. He hated the United States because the United States had defeated Germany. He hated Von Tirpitz because he had started the submarine war and hadn't finished it.

We wondered, from all this, why he hated the new government which was repudiating all the things for which the old war-losing government had stood.

"He says," the courier-sergeant translated, "that the new government wants to take his children out of school and put them to work, and he says he ain't going to stand for it."

We had gathered that he was talking about something that infuriated him for his expression was ferocious and as he talked he struck an open palm with a clenched fist.

The old government had sapped him of his substance to make war. The new government wanted to sacrifice the future of his children to the present reconstruction needs of the nation. He and his family were middle-class folk, and the end of the war had caught them between an upper and a nether millstone, because his only concern under whatever government he lived, had been for the selfish welfare of himself and his family. If imperialism and victorious warfare could bring him and them more comforts, well and good. But imperialism had failed him and now its substitutes were failing him, so damn them—all of them, and everything that was making him a cheap pawn.

The village brewer was working himself into something of a rage under the questioning of the six sergeants and their patronizing smiles at his answers, so they stopped suddenly. "He'll begin throwing plates around in a minute," Sergeant-Major Walter Davis said.

He seemed to regret his outburst because later in the evening he came upstairs and opened two bottles of his own Birresborn mineral water and sat down and told us that usually during that season the snow was about four feet deep, and that the beer crop in Germany had been a failure for the past two years.

It appeared now, though, that the general disposition of the German was changing everywhere, at least everywhere the Rainbow Division was staying. At first he had sneaked around and regarded Americans from the corners of his eyes. Then he had stood still and looked at them frankly and openly, and respectfully touched his hat when they glanced in his direction.

Now that he was reassured—certain that the American Army intended to do none of the things he had been taught to believe Americans did to those they conquered—he was showing that his humility was a mask, and the "old Boche" in him was reappearing. The Germans had been given the inch and they were trying to get away with the mile.

It seems that the German people were figuring that the simple-hearted Americans didn't realize that they were actually conquerors and entitled to run things to suit themselves. In obedience to regulations, the American troops (they figured) would probably try to requisition wood and forage and some other things they needed, but had not word arrived from down the road that the Americans weren't particular about those things and that one needn't fear the consequences of turning them down? Sure it had!

So in the village of Schlied twenty discharged German soldiers got together on the day the 117th ammunition train from Kansas pulled in and decided to put something over. They sent a spokesman to Major Frank, the C. O., to inform him that his soldiers could not requisition wood and forage from the citizens of Schlied. The spokesman was very polite about it, and he was very sorry, but the Americans had no right to this forage and wood, and they, the citizens of Schlied, Germany—ex-soldiers of the all-highest—didn't propose to give it to them.

In a few well-chosen words—polite, but to the point—Major Frank told the spokesman to get to hell out of his office.

He ordered the Burgomaster of Schlied to appear before him instantly. The Burgomaster appeared and Major Frank hitched his chair up to a table, picked out a spot of its top that looked as though it would stand heavy pounding and launched into a rollicking old chantey with bass drum accompaniment.

"Your village has insulted the American Army. It has sent a discharged soldier of the German Army to tell me that it can't have things or do things.

"First of all, neither you nor any other German in this whole acreage of limburger can tell me what American troops can have or can't have.

"Second, no civilians can come in here and talk to me at all. And if I want to say anything to this gang here I'll say it through you, and I'll send for you when I want you.

"Third, no more conferences of prominent citizens here. If I hear of more than ten people in Schlied gathering together in one place, I'll send armed guards to scatter 'em.

"And lastly: I don't expect to ask your people to furnish my men any meat or bread, or any food at all. The American Army is able to feed itself. But if I do want meat or bread or eggs or butter, you'll furnish it, do you understand? And whenever I want hay, hay I'll have! Whenever I want wood, wood I'll have! You'll get it and bring it where I tell you to,

and you'll get a receipt for it, and that'll be the end of it until I want some more! Now, get out of here!"

And extravagant rumor-hounds do say that somebody started a movement in Schlied to make the Ammunition Train Major the first President of Germany.

CHAPTER XV

CASTLES ON THE RHINE

ON the banks of the Rhine the Rainbow Division halted on the fifteenth of December. There, at its goal, it stood as it had stood so many months before on the "Valley Forge Hike" through the snow from Vaucouleurs to Rolampont—with its bare feet sticking out of its shoes.

For the Rainbow had walked all the way, from the front line in France to the heart of Germany. The food it needed had managed to follow it. Its wagons and trucks, though the mud had clutched desperately at the wheels, had managed to keep up. But the shoes it wore when the march ended were the same shoes it had worn when the march began. French railroads had not been able to handle food for the American Army of Occupation and shoes as well.

So all the brave finery with which the Rainbow had started out from Brandéville back in November was gone now. Redeemed France and Belgium had seen some of it and had been properly impressed. But Germany, whose own soldiers were to have marched into Paris glittering with new brass and silver and patent-leather, saw in the newly arrived American Army of Occupation (at least in the Rainbow part of it), a band of men who were almost ragamuffins.

The ragamuffins brought up the tail end of the divisional column. Commanded by officers who had dropped out along the way to pick up the men whose marching shoes had broken down under them, they made a sort of auxiliary regiment.

And almost immediately they went from ragamuffinism to a state of baronial opulence. They took up a new life in castles on the Rhine.

The infantry regiments and machine-gun outfits were in towns on the very bank of the river. The artillerymen were in towns from ten to twenty kilometers west of the river. Division Headquarters was in Ahrweiler, about twenty kilometers from the stream. Coblenz was about thirty kilometers to the south; Cologne, where the British were, about the same distance to the north.

Lordly mountains with ancient legends fairly oozing out of the vapors that curled around their crests, covered the earth. Ruined castles that seemed as old as the hills themselves etched ragged-edged blotches against the sky-line. Nearer at hand were modern châteaus—rich-looking summer; homes surrounded by professionally tended gardens. On the inlaid wood and marble floors of these the men of the Rainbow dumped their duffle-bags, packs and blanket-rolls and made themselves at home.

Chaplain Duffy of the old 69th New York took over a suite in one of these mansions and established himself in quarters like those of an oil magnate. Major Winn, commander of the Georgia Machine-gun Battalion, went bunking in the home of an Italian count who had married years ago a wealthy American woman with a home and property in Germany. Sergeant Hank Gowdy, erstwhile idol of baseball fandom, established himself in a summer palace of glass.

In the town of Neuenahr the Minnesota Field Artillery took up the existence of a regiment of plethorically rich invalids, occupying every hotel in the place and commandeering the famous sulphur baths to which wealthy folk with gout and plain rheumatism had journeyed for years and years.

And there, along the River Rhine, the Rainbow Division stayed for nearly four months. It floated up and down the stream on excursion boats, while "bally-hoo men" in Y. M. C. A. uniforms with Baedeker's Guides in their hands pointed out this place as the spot where the Lorelei had inaugurated the first Boche campaign of frightfulness, and that place as the hang-out of the Bishop of Bingen, and this as the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and so on.

And the doughboys drank it all in and shivered in the biting winter winds that swept down the river, and growled, "Is this what we won the war for?" and wondered, "When do we eat?" For that is the way of the doughboy.

There (as I said before), along the River Rhine, we will end the story of the Rainbow Division, leaving it sniffing critically at the glories of the German scenery and "grousing" about everything in the world, with nothing but good-natured ill-temper over everything in the universe except the vision of home.

For the vision of home was always a glorious thing to the Rainbow Division—as glorious a thing as the vision to the nation that sent them of the Rainbow's career on the fields of France. And though home becomes more than a vision to the Rainbow, the Rainbow will never be more than a vision to home. It paraded our streets and the home-folk saw it marching, but they never saw it fighting and never can. Of that there is nothing left for the home-folk but poor, halting stories—like those recounted here.

THE END

APPENDIX I

ROSTER OF RAINBOW DIVISION OFFICERS AT CAMP MILLS, IN OCTOBER, 1917

PERSONNEL OF RAINBOW DIVISION STAFF

Major General William A. Mann. . . . . Division Commander.
Captain John B. Coulter . . . . . Aide-de-Camp.
Colonel Douglas MacArthur . . . . . Chief of Staff.
Major Samuel R. Gleaves . . . . . Asst. to C. of S.
Major William N. Hughes, Jr. . . . . Asst. to C. of S.
Major Francis W. Ralston . . . . . Division Adjutant.
Major Marion S. Battle . . . . . Asst. Div. Adjutant.
Lieut. Col. John L. DeWitt . . . . . Division Quartermaster.
Lieut. Col. George F. Baltzell . . . . . Division Inspector.
Lieut. Col. Blanton Winship . . . . . Judge Advocate.
Lieut. Col. J. W. Grissinger . . . . . Division Surgeon.
Major James W. Frew . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
Major David S. Fairchild . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
Major James K. Crain . . . . . Division Ordnance Officer.
Lieut. Col. Hanson B. Black. . . . . Division Signal Officer.
Colonel William C. Brown . . . . . Cavalry, Attached.
Captain Oscar W. Underwood . . . . . Cavalry, Attached.
Major George F. Graham . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster.
Major Allen Potts . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster.
Captain Marshall F. Sharp . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster.
Captain George W. McLean . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster.
2nd Lieut. James S. Harvey . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster.
2nd I.ieut. Fred. O. Klackering . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster.
2nd Lieut. John P. Clark . . . . . Asst. to Div. Quartermaster
Captain Edw. DuBois . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
Captain Thomas A. Burchman . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
1st Lieut. M. P. Lane . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
1st Lieut. William F. Satchell . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
1st Lieut. R. McK. McDowell . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon.
1st Lieut. G. C. Van Sickle . . . . . Asst. to Div. Surgeon..
1st Lieut. D. J. Downey . . . . . Div. Statistical Section.
2nd Lieut. G. B. Norton . . . . . Div. Statistical Section.
2nd Lieut. Don C. Sims . . . . . Div. Statistical Section.
1st Lieut. W. S. Murray . . . . . Interpreter.
2nd Lieut. F. R. Wulsin . . . . . Interpreter.

HEADQUARTERS TROOP

(1st Separate Troop, Louisiana Cavalry)

Captain Louis J. Taylor . . . . . Commanding Officer.

149TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

(Cos. I, K, L and M, 4th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Major Quintin O. Reitzell . . . . . Commanding Officer.

BRIGADE AND REGIMENTAL OFFICERS OF 83RD INFANTRY BRIGADE ON OCTOBER 12, 1917

Brigadier General Michael J. Lenihan. . . . . Brigade Commander.
Major Wylie T. Conway . . . . . Brigade Adjutant.
1st Lieut. Howard Grose . . . . . .
1st Lieut. Leon W. Miesse . . . . . .
2nd Lieut. Roy H. Boberg . . . . . .

165TH INFANTRY

(69th New York Infantry)

Colonel Charles Hine . . . . . .Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Col. Latham R. Reed . . . . . .
Major Timothy J. Moynahan . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major William B. Stacom . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Major William J. Donovan . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion.
1st Lieut. Francis P. Duffy . . . . . Chaplain.
Major George J. Lawrence . . . . . .Regimental Surgeon.

166TH INFANTRY

(4th Ohio Infantry)

Colonel Benson W. Hough . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Col. George Florence . . . . . .
Captain Charles C. Gusman . . . . . Regimental Adjutant.
Major Roll G. Allen . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Frank D. Henderson . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Major Louis D. Houser . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion.
1st Lieut. J. J. Halliday . . . . . .Chaplain.
Captain Fred K. Kislig . . . . . .Regimental Surgeon.

150TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

(Cos. A, B, C, 2nd Wisconsin Infantry)

Major William B. Hall . . . . . Commanding Officer.

BRIGADE AND REGIMENTAL OFFICERS OF 84TH INFANTRY BRIGADE ON OCTOBER 12, 1917

Brigadier General Robert A. Brown . . . . . Brigade Commander.
Major S. M. Rumbough . . . . . Brigade Adjutant.
2nd Lieut. Geo. B. Mourning . . . . . Aide-de-Camp.
2nd Lieut. David W. Oyler . . . . . Aide-de-Camp.

167TH INFANTRY

(4th Alabama Infantry)

Colonel William P. Screws . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Col. Walter E. Bare . . . . . .
Major Hartley A. Moon . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Dallas B. Smith . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Major John W. Carroll . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion.
Captain Robert Joerg . . . . . Regimental Adjutant.
Major John W. Watts . . . . . Regimental Surgeon.

168TH INFANTRY

(3rd Iowa Infantry)

Colonel Ernest R. Bennett . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Col. Matthew A. Finley . . . . . .
Major Guy S. Brewer . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Claude M. Stanley . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Major Emery C. Worthington . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion.
Captain Paul I. VanOrder . . . . . Regimental Adjutant.
Winfred E. Robb . . . . . Chaplain.
Major Wilbur S. Conkling . . . . . Regimental Surgeon.

151ST MACHINE GUN BATTALION

(Cos. B, C and F, 2nd Georgia Infantry)

Major Cooper D. Winn . . . . . Commanding Officer.

BRIGADE AND REGIMENTAL OFFICERS OF 67TH FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE ON OCTOBER 12, 1917

Brigadier Gen. Charles P. Summerall . . . . . Brigade Commander.
Captain Max E. Payne . . . . . Attached.
Captain H. R. Denton . . . . . Attached.
Captain James F. Burns . . . . . Attached.
1st Lieut. James A. Holt . . . . . Attached.
1st Lieut. Stephen M. Foster . . . . . Attached.
2nd Lieut. L. P. Jerrard . . . . . Attached.
2nd Lieut. Rayman K. Aitken . . . . . Attached.
2nd Lieut. A. B. Butler . . . . . Attached.
2nd Lieut. De Lano Andrews . . . . . Attached.

149TH FIELD ARTILLERY

(1st Illinois Field Artillery)

Colonel Henry J. Reilly . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Colonel Ashbel V. Smith . . . . . .
Major Noble B. Judah, Jr. . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Curtis G. Redden . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Captain Jacob McG. Dickinson . . . . . .
Captain Hugh R. Montgomery . . . . . .
Captain Irving Odell . . . . . .
Major Joseph E. Dowan . . . . . Regimental Surgeon.

150TH FIELD ARTILLERY, HEAVY

(1st Indiana Field Artillery)

Colonel Robert H. Tyndall . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Colonel Thomas S. Wilson . . . . . .
Major Guy A. Wainwright . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Solon J. Carter . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Major Marlin A. Prather . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion.
Captain Daniel I. Glossbrenner . . . . . Regimental Adjutant.
Major Frank C. Robinson . . . . . Regimental Surgeon.

151ST FIELD ARTILLERY

(1st Minnesota Field Artillery)

Colonel George E. Leach . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Colonel William H. Donahue . . . . . .
Major John F. McDonald . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Charles A. Green . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Captain Lewis C. Coleman . . . . . .
Captain Erwin H. Sherman . . . . . .
1st Lieut. William J. Harrington . . . . . Chaplain.

117TH TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

(Cos. 3 and 4, Maryland Coast Artillery Corps)

Captain Robert J. Gill . . . . . Commanding Officer.

117TH ENGINEER REGIMENT

(1st Bn., 1st Sep. Bn. S. C. Engineers)
(2nd Bn., 1st Sep. Bn. Calif. Engineers)

Colonel William Kelly . . . . . Regimental Commander.
Lieut. Colonel Harold S. Hetrick. . . . . .
Major J. M. Johnson . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion.
Major Jay A. Given . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion.
Captain Elihu Church . . . . . Regimental Adjutant.
Lieut. Colonel Harold S. Hetrick.. . . . . .
Captain Albert Pike . . . . . .

117TH ENGINEER TRAIN

(North Carolina)

Captain Richard D. Clowe . . . . . Commanding Officer.

117TH AMMUNITION TRAIN

(Kansas)

Lieut. Col. Frank L. Travis . . . . . Train Commander.
Captain William K. Herndon . . . . . Adjutant.
Major George J. Frank . . . . . C. O. Horsed Section.
Major Albert H. Herman . . . . . C. O. Motor Section.

117TH SUPPLY TRAIN

(Texas)

Major Albert E. Devine . . . . . Train Commander.
1st Lieut. William E. Talbot . . . . . Adjutant.

117TH FIELD BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS

Major Ruby D. Garrett . . . . . Battalion Commander.
1st Lieut. Glenn O. Brown . . . . . Adjutant.

117TH TRAIN HEADQUARTERS AND MILITARY POLICE

(Virginia Coast Artillery Corps)

Major R. E. Shannon . . . . . Commanding Officer.

117TH SANITARY TRAIN

Captain Dunning S. Wilson . . . . . Director of Ambulances.

165TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

(1st Ambulance Company, New Jersey)

Captain Peter P. Rafferty . . . . . Commanding Officer.

166TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

(1st Ambulance Company, Tennessee)

Captain Percy A. Perkins . . . . . Commanding Officer.

167TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

(1st Ambulance Company, Oklahoma)

Captain Hector G. Lareau . . . . . Commanding Officer.

168TH AMBULANCE COMPANY

(1st Ambulance Company, Michigan)

Captain Robert J. Baskerville . . . . . Commanding Officer.

FIELD HOSPITAL SECTION

165TH FIELD HOSPITAL

(1st Field Hospital, Dist. of Columbia)

Major Herbert J. Bryson . . . . . Commanding Officer.

166TH FIELD HOSPITAL

(1st Field Hospital, Nebraska)

Major John F. Spealman . . . . . Commanding Officer.

167TH FIELD HOSPITAL

(1st Field Hospital, Oregon)

Major James P. Graham . . . . . Commanding Officer.

168TH FIELD HOSPITAL

(1st Field Hospital, Colorado)

Major Edward W. Lazell . . . . . Commanding Officer.

APPENDIX II

ROSTER OF RAINBOW DIVISION OFFICERS NOVEMBER 11, 1918

PERSONNEL OF RAINBOW DIVISION STAFF

Major General Charles T. Menoher. . . . . Division Commander
1st Lieut. F. W. Wulsin . . . . . Aide de Camp
Colonel William N. Hughes, Jr. . . . . Chief of Staff
Major Robert J. Gill . . . . . A. C. of S., G-1
1st Lieut. Marcus L. Poteet . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-1
Lieut. Col. Noble B. Judah . . . . . A. C. of S., G-2
Major E. H. Bertram . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-2
Captain John A. Greene . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-2
Lieut. Col. Grayson H. P. Murphy. . . . . A. C. of S., G-3
Captain Roy S. Gault . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-3
1st Lieut. S. Z. Orgle . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-3
1st Lieut. Thurlow Brewer . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-3
1st Lieut. P. E. Sunstrom . . . . . Asst. to A. C. of S., G-3
Lieut. Col. Stanley M. Rumbough . . . . . Division Adjutant
Major James E. Thomas . . . . . Act. Division Adjutant
Captain Dennis J. Downey . . . . . Statistical Officer
1st Lieut. William Bradford . . . . . Asst. to Statistical Officer
1st Lieut. Walter J. Curley . . . . . Asst. to Statistical Officer
Major Albert D. Fetterman . . . . . Division Inspector
Lieut. Col. Hugh W. Ogden . . . . . Judge Advocate
Lieut. Col. George F. Graham . . . . . Division Quartermaster
Major Marshall F. Sharp . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
Captain C. A. Cordingly . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
Captain R. M. Overstreet . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
Captain Paul W. Fechtman . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
Captain Edward McMurry . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
1st Lieut. John P. Clark . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
1st Lieut. Fred. O. Klakring . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
1st Lieut. George Brown . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
2nd Lieut. Henry R. Black . . . . . Asst. to Quartermaster
Lieut. Col. David S. Fairchild . . . . . Division Surgeon
Captain A. J. Campbell . . . . . Asst. to Division Surgeon
Major Angus McIvor . . . . . Asst. to Division Surgeon
Major Aquila Mitchell . . . . . Division Veterinarian
Captain R. A. Mead . . . . . Remount Officer
Captain Lewis A. Platts . . . . . Division Dental Surgeon
1st Lieut. Wallace S. Murry . . . . . Interpreter
2nd Lieut. N. B. Adams . . . . . Interpreter
Major John A. Wheeler . . . . . Division Ord. Officer
Lieut. Col. Ruby D. Garrett . . . . . Division Signal Officer
Captain Charles H. Gorrill . . . . . Division Gas Officer

Captain E. A. Wilcox . . . . . Asst. Division Gas Officer
1st Lieut. Chester M. Neff . . . . . Asst. Division Gas Officer
Emory C. Worthington . . . . . Asst. Provost Marshal
Major Davis G. Arnold . . . . . Zone Major
Captain Morton P. Lane . . . . . Asst. to Zone Major
Captain James E. Berry . . . . . Asst. to Zone Major
Captain William Talbot . . . . . Motor Transportation Officer
2nd Lieut. F. A. Danforth . . . . . Topographical Officer

HEADQUARTERS TROOP

Captain Lee R. Caldwell . . . . . Commanding
1st Lieut. Roy S. Miller . . . . . .

149TH MACHINE GUN BATALION

Major James H. Palmer . . . . . Commanding
1st Lieut. Joseph R. Cravath . . . . . Adjutant

83D INFANTRY BRIGADE

150TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Captain Lothar G. Graef . . . . . Commanding
Colonel Henry J. Reilly . . . . . Commanding
Major William T. Doyle . . . . . Adjutant

165TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Lieut. Col. Charles A. Dravo . . . . . Commanding
Major A. N. Anderson . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major Michael Kelly . . . . . C: O. 2nd Battalion
Major Thomas T. Reilly . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion

166TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Colonel Benson Hough . . . . . Commanding
Lieut. Col. Bruce R. Campbell . . . . . .
Major James A. Samson . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major George T. Geren . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion
Major Robert Haubrich . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion

84TH INFANTRY BRIGADE

Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur . . . . . Commanding
1st Lieut. William N. Wright . . . . . Aide-de-Camp
Major Walter B. Wolf . . . . . Adjutant

151ST MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Major Cooper D. Winn . . . . . Commanding

167TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Colonel William P. Screws . . . . . Commanding
Lieut. Col. Walter E. Bare . . . . . .
Major Robert Joerg . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major Ravec Norriss . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion
Captain George A. Glenn . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion

168TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Colonel Mathew A. Tinley . . . . . Commanding
Lieut. Col. Claude M. Stanley . . . . . .
Major Lloyd D. Ross . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major Oriville B. Yates . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion
Major Charles J. Cassey . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion

67TH FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE

Brigadier General George G. Gatley . . . . . Commanding
1st Lieut. George Milton . . . . . Aide-de-Camp
Captain James A. Holt . . . . . Adjutant

149TH FIELD ARTILLERY REGIMENT

Lieut. Col. Curtis G. Redden . . . . . Commanding
Major Thomas S. Hammond . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major Thomas S. Redden . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion

150TH FIELD ARTILLERY REGIMENT

Colonel Robert H. Tyndall . . . . . Commanding
Major Stanley S. Miller . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major William Spence . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion
Major William Cureton . . . . . C. O. 3rd Battalion

151ST FIELD ARTILLERY REGIMENT

Colonel George E. Leach . . . . . Commanding
Lieut. Col. John H. McDonald . . . . . .
Major E. P. Schugg . . . . . C. O. 1st Battalion
Major Thomas T. Handy . . . . . C. O. 2nd Battalion

117TH TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

1st Lieut. J. Woodall Greene . . . . . Commanding

117TH ENGINEER REGIMENT

Colonel John M. Johnson . . . . . Commanding
Lieut. Col. Wm. F. Johnson . . . . . .
Major Richard T. Smith . . . . . .

117TH ENGINEER TRAIN

1st Lieut. I. L. Hines . . . . . Commanding

117TH AMMUNITION TRAIN

Major George J. Frank . . . . . Commanding

1l7TH SUPPLY TRAIN

Major A. E. Devine . . . . . Commanding

117TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION

Major Richard T. Smith . . . . . .Commanding

117TH TRAIN HEADQUARTERS AND MILITARY POLICE

Colonel L. J. Fleming . . . . . Commanding

117TH SANITARY TRAIN

Major Wilbur S. Conkling . . . . . Commanding

APPENDIX III

MOVEMENTS, MATERIAL CAPTURED, CASUALTIES

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

16 December, 1918.

From: Commanding General, 42nd Division.
To: Commanders Chief, American Expeditionary Forces.
Subject: Report.

In accordance with No. 1176, G-3, G.H.Q., American E. F., the following is submitted:

(1) Headquarters, 42nd Division, arrived in France 1st November, 1917.

(2) Successive locations of Division Headquarters since arrival in France are as follows:

IN FRANCE

Location	***Arrived***	***Left***
St. Nazaire	1 Nov., 17	6 Nov., 17
Vaucouleurs	8 Nov., 17	12 Dec., 17
Lafauche	12 Dec., 17	26 Dec., 17
Rolampont	26 Dec., 17	17 Feb., 18
Luneville (Lorraine Sector)	17 Feb., 18	31 Mar., 18
Baccarat (Lorraine Sector)	31 Mar., l8	21 June, 18
Chatel-sur-Moselle	21 June, 18	22 June, 18
St. Germain-la-Ville	23 June, 18	29 June, 18
Vadenay Farm (Champagne Sector) . . .	29 June, 18	21 July, 18
La Ferte-sous-Jouarre (Château-Thierry)	21 July, 18	24 July, 18
Trugny (Château-Thierry Sector) Rear Echelon, La Ferte-sous-Jouarre	24 July, 18	28 July, 18
Beuvardes (Château-Thierry Sector) . . . * Rear Echelon, Truguy	28 July, 18	12 Aug., 18
La Ferte-sous-Jouarre (Château-Thierry) . .	12 Aug., 18	17 Aug., 18
Bourmont	17 Aug., 18	30 Aug., 18
Chatenois	30 Aug., 18	5 Sep., 18
Colombey-les-Belles	5 Sep., 18	8 Sep., 18
Toul	8 Sep., 18	9 Sep., 18

* Moved to Beuvardes August 4, l918.

Location	*Arrived*	*Left*
Ansauville (St. Mihiel Sector)	9 Sep., l8	14 Sep., 18
Rear Echelon, Bruley		
Essey (St. Mihiel Sector)	14 Sep., 18	25 Sep., 18
Rear Echelon, Ansauville		
Bois de Pannes (St. Mihiel Sector)	25 Sep., l8	1 Oct., 18
Rear Echelon, Bouconville		
Benoite-Vaux-Couvent	1 Oct., 18	4 Oct., 18
Recicourt	4 Oct., 18	6 Oct., 18
Bois de Montfaucon	6 Oct., 18	11 Oct., 18
Rear Echelon, Recicourt		
Cheppy (Argonne Sector)	11 Oct., 18	19 Oct., 18
Camp Drachen (Argonne Sector)	19 Oct., 18	3 Nov., 18
Rear Echelon, Recicourt		
Champigneulles (Argonne Sector)	3 Nov., 18	4 Nov., 18
Rear Echelon, Recicourt		
Autruche (Argonne Sector)	4 Nov., 18	6 Nov., 18
Rear Echelon, Recicourt		
Grandes Armoises (Argonne Sector)	6 Nov., 18	7 Nov., 18
Rear Echelon, Recicourt		
Maisoncelle (Argonne Sector)	7 Nov., 18	10 Nov., 18
Rear Echelon, Recicourt		
Buzancy	10 Nov., 18	14 Nov., l8
Landreville	14 Nov., 18	16 Nov., 18
Brandéville	16 Nov., 18	20 Nov., 18
Montmédy	20 Nov., 18	21 Nov., 18
IN BELGIUM		
Virton	21 Nov., 18	22 Nov., 18
Arlon	22 Nov., 18	23 Nov., 18
IN LUXEMBURG		
Mersch	23 Nov., 18	2 Dec., 18
Consdorf	2 Dec., 18	3 Dec., 18

IN GERMANY

Location	*Arrived*	*Left*
Welschbillig	3 Dec., 18	5 Dec., 18
Speicher	5 Dec., 18	6 Dec., 18
Birresborn	6 Dec., 18	8 Dec., 18
Dreis	8 Dec., 18	9 Dec., 18
Adenau	9 Dec., 18	15 Dec., 18
Ahrweiler	15 Dec., 18	. . . . .

B.

Place	**Sector**	**Date of Entry**	**Active or Quiet**	**Date of Withdrawal**
Luneville,Lorraine.	Dombasle, Luneville, St. Clement, Baccarat (Under 8th French Army and 7th French Army Corps).	21 Feb., 18	Quiet	23 Mar., 18
Baccarat, Lorraine.	Baccarat.	31 Mar., 18	Semi-active	17 June, 18
Fme. de Vadenay, Champagne.	Souain and Esperance (2d and intermediate positions).	5 July, 18	Active	21 July, 18
Trugny and Beauvardes, Marne.	Front of 1st U.S.A.C. (Ourcq).	25 July, 18	Active	3 Aug., 18
Ansauville, Essey and Bois de Pannes, Woevre.	Ansauville, in center of 4th U.S.A.C. Then Essey and Pannes.	12 Sept., 18	Active	30 Sept., 18
Cheppy and 00.5-79.5, N. E. of Apremont, Argonne-Meuse.	Left of 5th A. C. (South of St. Georges—Landres-et-St. Georges—Cote de Chatillon).	13 Oct., 18	Active	31 Oct., 18
Autruche Grandes Armoises and Maisoncelles, Meuse-Ardennes.	Left of 1st A. C. (South of Sedan).	5 Nov., 18	Active	10 Nov., 18

C.

The 67th Field Artillery Brigade was with the division at all times that the division was in the front line. In addition, the 67th Field Artillery Brigade served the following tours of duty, supporting front line divisions:

With the 4th Division from August 3, 1918, to August 11, 1918, during which time the 4th Division advanced from north of the Forêt de Nésles to the Vesle River;

With the 32nd Division from October 7, 1918, to October 13, 1918, assisting in an attack on the Kriemhilde Stellung;

With the 2nd Division from November 1, l918, to November 2, 1918, delivering preparation and barrage fire for the attack of November 1, 1918, in front of St. Georges-Landres-et-St. Georges.

The following American artillery units have also served with the 42nd Division during its periods in the front lines:

Château-Thierry operation:

51st Field Artillery Brigade, from July 25, 1918, to August 3, 1918.

St. Mihiel salient operation:

18th Field Artillery Regiment and 10th Field Artillery Regiment, on September 12-13, l918.

Meuse-Argonne operation:

1st Field Artillery Brigade, from October 13, 1918, to October 31, 1918.

D.

PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE RAINBOW DIVISION

	Officers	*Men*	*Total*
Baccarat Sector	0	13	13
Château-Thierry Operation (Ourcq)	0	69	69
St. Mihiel Salient Operation	8	981	989
Argonne-Meuse Operation, 13-31 October,1918 .	6	205	211
Argonne-Meuse Operation, 5-10 November, 1918	0	35	35
Totals	14	1,303	1,317

E.

MATERIAL CAPTURED BY THE RAINBOW DIVISION

	Heavy Art.	*Light Art.*	*Trench Mortars*	*Machine Guns*	*Rifles*
Château-Thierry Operation (Ourcq)	. .	. .	15	155	. . . .
St. Mihiel Salient Operation	9	13	6	200	. . . .
Argonne-Meuse Operation, 13-31 October, 1918	. .	1	4	90	. . . .
Argonne-Meuse Operation, 5-10 November, l918	. .	2	0	25	2,000
Totals	9	16	25	470	2,000

F.

TOTAL CASUALTIES OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION TO DATE

	Officers	*Enlisted Men.*
Killed	56	1,913
Died from wounds	29	442
Severely wounded	79	2,061
Slightly wounded	124	5,033
Gassed	90	2,563
Missing	0	279
Prisoners	3	41
Totals	381	12,332

G.

TOTAL DEPTH OF ADVANCE MADE BY RAINBOW DIVISION IN EACH OFFENSIVE ACTION

	Kilometers Advanced	
Château-Thierry Operation		17
St. Mihiel Salient Operation		19
Argonne-Meuse Operation, 13-31 October, l918 . . .	2	
Argonne-Meuse Operation, 5-10 November, 1918 . .	l9	
Total	57	

APPENDIX IV

CITATIONS AND COMMENDATIONS

6th Army Corps
Staff,
1st Bureau,
No. 3243-1

H. Q., June 15, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 50

At the moment when the 42nd U. S. Infantry Division is leaving the Lorraine front, the Commanding General of the 6th Army Corps desires to do homage to the fine military qualities which it has continuously exhibited, and to the services which it has rendered in the BACCARAT sector.

The offensive ardor, the sense for the ultilizations and the organizations of terrain as for the liaison of the arms, the spirit of method, the discipline shown by all its officers and men, the inspirations animating them, prove that at the first call, they can henceforth take a glorious place in the new line of battle.

The Commanding General of the 6th Army Corps expresses his deepest gratitude to the 42nd Division for its precious collaboration; he particularly thanks the distinguished Commander of this Division, General MENOHER, the Officers under his orders and his Staff so brilliantly directed by Colonel MACARTHUR.

It is with a sincere regret that the entire 6th Army Corps sees the 42nd Division depart. But the bonds of affectionate comradeship which have been formed here will not be broken, for us, in faithful memory, are united the living and the dead of the Rainbow Division, those who are leaving for hard combats and those who, after having nobly sacrificed their lives on the land of the East, now rest there, guarded over piously by FRANCE.

These sentiments of warm esteem will be still more deeply affirmed during the impending struggles where the fate of Free Peoples is to be decided.

May our units, side by side, contribute valiantly to the triumph of JUSTICE and of RIGHT.

GENERAL DUPORT,
Commanding the 6th Army Corps.
(Signed) DUPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

17 July, 1918.

MEMORANDUM:

The following letter received is furnished Brigade, Regimental and Separate Unit Commanders for publication to their respective commands:

4th Army,
21st Army Corps, H. Q., July 15th, 1918.
Staff,
1st Bureau,
No. 4343/1

From GENERAL NAULIN
Commanding 21st Army Corps.
To 13th, 43d, 170th Inf. Divs., 42nd U. S. Inf. Div.,
and Artillery.

General GOURAUD this evening expressed his high satisfaction with the success attained by the 21st Army Corps during the stern but glorious day of July 15th.

Kindly transmit to the units under your command the sincere congratulations of the Commanding General of the Army, and my own personal gratitude for the admirable tenacity of the 21st Army Corps and all the elements attached to it on this occasion.

The German has clearly broken his sword on our lines. Whatever he may do in the future, he shall not pass.

(Signed) S. NAULIN.

By command of Major General Menoher:

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR,
Brigadier General, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

WALTER E. POWERS,
Major, N. G., Adjutant General,
Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

17 July, 1918.

MEMORANDUM:

The following letter received is furnished Brigade, Regimental and Separate Unit Commanders for publication to their respective commands:

4th Army,
Staff, Army H.Q., July 16, 1918.
3rd Bureau,
No. 6954/3

SOLDIERS OF THE 4TH ARMY

During the day of July 15th, you broke the effort of 15 German Divisions supported by 10 others.

They were expected, according to their orders, to reach the Marne in the evening. You stopped their advance clearly at the point where we desired to engage in and win the battle.

You have the right to be proud, heroic infantrymen and machine gunners of the advance posts who signaled the attack and disintegrated it, aviators who flew over it, battalions and batteries which broke it, staffs which so minutely prepared the battlefield.

It is a hard blow for the enemy. It is a beautiful day for France.

I count on you that it may always be the same, every time he dares to attack you, and with all my heart of a soldier, I thank you.

GOURAUD.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

18 July, 1918.

MEMORANDUM:

The following letter received is furnished Brigade, Regimental and Separate Unit Commanders for publication to their respective commands:

21st Army Corps,
170th Division, July 17, 1918.
Staff,
3rd Bureau,
No. l517/3

General BERNHARD, commanding par interum the 170th Division.—To the Commanding General of the 42nd, U. S. Infantry Division.

The Commanding General of the 170th Infantry Division desires to express to the Commanding General of the 42nd U. S. Infantry Division his keen admiration for the courage and bravery of which the American Battalions of the 83rd Brigade have given proof in the course of the hard fighting of the 15th and 16th of July, 1918, as also for the effectiveness of the artillery fire of the 42nd U. S. Infantry Division.

In these two days the troops of the United States, by their tenacity, largely aided their French comrades in breaking the repeated assaults of the 7th Reserve Division, the 1st Infantry Division and the Dismounted Guard Division of the Germans; these latter two divisions are among the best of Germany.

According to the orders captured on the German officers made prisoner, their staff wished to take Châlons-sur-Marne on the evening of July 16, but it had reckoned without the valor of the American and French combatants who told them with machine gun, rifle and cannon, that they would not pass.

The Commanding General of the 170th Infantry Division is therefore particularly proud to observe that in mingling their blood gloriously on the Battlefield of Champagne, the Americans and the French of today are continuing the magnificent traditions established a century and a half ago by Washington and LaFayette; it is with this sentiment that he salutes the Noble Flag of the United States in thinking of the final Victory.

BERNHARD

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

20 July, 1918

MEMORANDUM No. 242.

The following order of the 21st Army Corps is published for the information of all concerned.

21st Army Corps,
Staff, H. Q., July 19, 1918.
3rd Bureau,
No. 2,595/3.

GENERAL ORDERS

At the moment when the 42nd American Division is on the point of leaving the 21st Army Corps, I desire to express my keen satisfaction and my sincere thanks for the services which it has rendered under all conditions.

By its valor, ardor and its spirit, it has very particularly distinguished itself on July 15 and 16 in the course of the great battle where the 4th Army broke the German offensive on the Champagne front.

I am proud to have had it under my orders during this period; my prayers accompany it in the great struggle engaged in for the liberty of the World.

GENERAL NAULIN,
Commanding the 21st Army Corps.

Official:

The Chief of Staff.
(Signed)
By command of Major General Menoher:
DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
Brigadier General, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

WALTER E. POWERS,
Major, N. G., Adjutant General,
Division Adjutant.

P. C., 26 July, 1918.

6th Army,
Chief of Staff,
3rd Bureau,
No. 2,283.

NOTE

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, in the course of a visit to the 6th Army, expressed his satisfaction over the results obtained, as well as for the qualities of valor and perseverance manifested.

The Commanding General of the 6th Army is happy to transmit to the troops of his army the felicitations of the PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

(Signed) GENERAL DEGOUTTE.

6th Army, P. C., 26 July, l918.
Chief of Staff,
3rd Bureau,
No. 2,284/3

NOTE

The Commanding General of the 6th Army brings to the notice of all troops of the Army the following resolution voted by the Mayors of the Arrondissement of MEAUX on the 20th of July, 1918:

The Mayors of the Arrondissement of Meaux, meeting on the 20th of July, 1918, are happy to hail the splendid victory of the 6th Army, which has at the time of the battle of the Marne, saved their communes from the invasion which menaced them.

Convey to the valiant troops of the 6th Army the sincere expression of their gratitude and their admiration.

The President of the Congress of Mayors,
(Signed) G. RUGEL,
Mayor of Meaux,
Deputy of Seine-et-Marne.

The Commanding General of the 6th Army is happy to communicate these felicitations to the troops of his army.

(Signed) GENERAL DEGOUTTE

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

31 July, 1918.

MEMORANDUM No. 246.

The following letter received is furnished Brigade, Regimental and Separate Unit Commanders for publication to their respective commands.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS

July 28th, 1918.

From: Commanding General, 1st Army Corps, Am. E. F.
To: Commanding General, 42nd Division, Am. E. F.
Subject: Congratulations.

1. The return of the 42nd Division to the 1st Army Corps was a matter of self-congratulation for the Corps commander, not only because of previous relations with the Division, but also because of the crisis which existed at the time of its arrival.

2. The standard of efficient performance of duty which is dominated by the Commander-in-Chief, Am. E. F., is a high one, involving as it does on an occasion such as the present complete self-sacrifice on the part of the entire personnel, and a willingness to accept cheerfully every demand even to the limit of endurance of the individual for the sake of the Cause for which we are in France.

3. The taking over of the front of the 1st Army Corps under the conditions of relief and advance, together with the attendant difficulty incident to widening the front was in itself no small undertaking, and there is added to this your advance in the face of the enemy to a depth of five or more kilometers, all under cover of darkness, to the objective laid down by higher authority to be attained, which objective you are holding, regardless of the efforts of the enemy to dislodge you. The Corps Commander is pleased to inform you that the 42nd Division has fully measured up to the high standard above referred to, and he reiterates his self-congratulation that you and your organization are again a part of the 1st Army Corps, Am. E. F.

(Signed) H. LIGGETT,
Major General, U. S. A.

By command of Major General Menoher:

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR,
Brigadier General, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

WALTER E. POWERS,
Major, N. G., Adjutant General,
Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

6 August, 1918.

MEMORANDUM No. 258.

II. The following General Order is furnished Brigade, Regimental and Separate Battalion Commanders for publication to their respective organizations:

G. A. R.,
Etat Major, H. Q., August 4th, 1918.
3rd Bureau,
No. 4,190.

GENERAL ORDER

The second battle of the Marne ends, like the first in a victory. The Château-Thierry pocket exists no more.

The VIth and Xth Armies, also the allied troops fighting at their side, have taken a glorious part in the battle.

Their swift and powerful entrance in the battle, on July 18th, had, as a first result, to entirely break up the offensive of the enemy, and compelled him to retreat across the MARNE.

Since that time, owing to our strong attacks, and chased night and day, without stop, he has been forced to fall back across the Vesle, leaving in our hands 25,000 prisoners, 600 guns, 4,000 machine guns, 500 minenwerfers.

We owe these results to the energy and skill of the Chiefs, and to the extraordinary valor of the troops, who, for more than 15 days, had to march and fight without rest.

I am sending to the Commanders of the Xth and VIth Armies, Generals MANGIN and DEGOUTTE, to the Commanders of the British and American units, and to all the troops, the token of my admiration for their knowledge, their courage, their heroic tenacity.

They may all be proud of the work accomplished. It is great because it has greatly contributed to secure the final victory for us, and to bring it much nearer.

(Signed) FAYOLLE.

Official: The Chief of Staff:
(Signed) PAQUETTE.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

13 August, 1918.

MEMORANDUM No. 261.

The following General Order, 6th (French) Army, is published to this Command:

6th Army P. C., 9 August, 1918.

GENERAL ORDER

Before the great offensive of the 18th of July, the American Troops forming part of the 6th French Army distinguished themselves in capturing from the enemy the Bois de la Brigade de Marine and the village of Vaux, in stopping his offensive on the Marne and at Fossoy.

Since then, they have taken the most glorious part in a second battle of the Marne, rivaling in order and in valiance the French troops. They have in twenty days of incessant combat, liberated numerous French villages and realized across a difficult country an advance of forty kilometers which has carried them beyond the Vèsle.

Their glorious marches are marked by names which will illustrate in the future the military history of the United States.

TORCY-BELLEAU, PLATEAU D'ETREPILLY, EPIEDS, LA CHARMEL, L'OURCQ, SERINGES-ET- NESLES, SERGY, LA VESLE and FISMES.

The new divisions who were under fire for the first time showed themselves worthy of the war-time traditions of the Regular Army. They have had the same ardent desire to fight the Boche, the same discipline by which an order given by the Chief is always executed, whatever be the difficulties to overcome and the sacrifices to undergo.

The magnificent result so obtained are due to the energy and skill of the Chiefs, and to the bravery of the soldiers.

I am proud to have commanded such troops.

The General Commanding the 6th Army,

DEGOUTTE.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

13 August, 1918.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 42ND DIVISION:

A year has elapsed since the formation of your organization. It is, therefore, fitting to consider what you have accomplished as a combat division and what you should prepare to accomplish in the future.

Your first elements entered the trenches in LORRAINE on February 21st; you served on that front for 110 days. You were the first American Division to hold a divisional sector and when you left the sector June 21st, you had served continuously as a division in the trenches for a longer time than any other American Division. Although you entered the sector without experience in actual warfare, you so conducted yourselves as to win the respect and affection of the French veterans with whom you served. Under gas bombardment, in raids, in patrols, in the heat of hand to hand combat and in the long dull hours of trench routine so trying to a soldier's spirit, you bore yourselves in a manner worthy of the traditions of our country.

You were withdrawn from LORRAINE and moved immediately to the CHAMPAGNE front where during the critical days from July 14th to July 18th, you had the honor of being the only American Division to fight in General GOURAUD'S Army which so gloriously obeyed his order, "We will stand or die," and by its iron defense crushed the German assault and made possible the offensive of July 18th to the west of REIMS.

From CHAMPAGNE you were called to take part in exploiting the success north of the MARNE. Fresh from the battle front before CHÂLONS, you were thrown against the picked troops of Germany. For eight consecutive days, you attacked skillfully prepared positions. You captured great stores of arms and munitions, you forced the crossings of the OURCQ. You took Hill 212, Serge, Meurcy Ferme and Seringes by assault. You drove the enemy, including an Imperial Guard Division, before you for a depth of fifteen kilometers. When your infantry was relieved, it was in full pursuit of the retreating Germans, and your artillery continued to progress and support another American Division in the advance to the Vesle.

For your services in LORRAINE, your Division was formerly commended in General Orders by the French Army Corps under which you served. For your services in CHAMPAGNE, your assembled officers received the personal thanks and commendation of General GOURAUD himself. For your services on the OURCQ, your Division was officially complimented in a letter from the Commanding General, 1st Army Corps, of July 28th, 1918.

To your success, all ranks and all services have contributed, and I desire to express to every man in the command my appreciation of his devoted and courageous effort.

However, our position places a burden of responsibility upon us which we must strive to bear steadily forward without faltering. To our comrades who have fallen, we owe the sacred obligation of maintaining the reputation which they died to establish. The influence of our performance on our allies and on our enemies cannot be overestimated for we were one of the first divisions sent from our country to show the world that Americans can fight.

Hard battles and long campaigns lie before us. Only by ceaseless vigilance and tireless preparation can we fit ourselves for them. I urge you, therefore, to approach the future with confidence but above all with firm determination that so far as it is in your power, to spare no effort whether in training or in combat to maintain the record of our division and the honor of our country.

CHARLES T. MENOHER
Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH ARMY CORPS
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE
GENERAL ORDER NO. 5

13 September, 1918.

1. The Fourth Corps has defeated the enemy and driven him back on the whole Corps Front. All objectives were reached before the time prescribed in orders, a large number of prisoners and a considerable amount of booty captured. The rapid advance of the Corps, in conjunction with the action of the other elements of the First Army, rendered the St. Mihiel salient untenable to the enemy, who has retreated.

2. The greatest obstacles to the advance was thought to be the enemy wire which presented a problem that caused anxiety to all concerned. The Corps Commander desires to express in particular his admiration of the skill shown by the small groups in the advance battalions and their commanders in crossing the hostile wire, in general to express his appreciation of the high spirit and daring shown by the troops, and the rapidity and efficiency with which the operation was conducted.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL DICKMAN:

STUART HEINTZELMAN,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

PHILIP L. SCHUYLER,
Major, Infantry,
Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS 4TH ARMY CORPS

15 September, 1918.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 7

The Corps Commander is pleased to transmit to the command the following telegram received by the Commander-in-Chief:

"*My dear General*. The First American Army under your command on the first day has won a magnificent victory by a maneuver as skillfully prepared as it was valiantly acted. I extend to you as well as to the officers and to the troops under your command my warmest compliments.

"MARSHAL FOCH."

HEADQUARTERS 4TH ARMY CORPS

September 17, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 8

The Corps Commander takes great pride in repeating the following telegram received by him from the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces:

"Please accept my sincere congratulations on the successful and important part taken by the officers and men of the IV Corps in the first offensive of the First American Army on September 12th and 13th, 1918. The courageous dash and vigor of our troops has thrilled our countrymen and evoked the enthusiasm of our Allies. Please convey to your command my heartfelt appreciation of their splendid work. I am proud of you all.

"PERSHING."

By command of Major General Dickman.

HEADQUARTERS, 42ND DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

November 11, 1918.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 42ND DIVISION:

On the 13th of August I addressed to you a letter summarizing the record of your achievements in LORRAINE, before CHÂLONS and on the OURCQ. On the occasion of my leaving the Division, I wish to recall to you your services since that time and to express to you my appreciation of the unfailing spirit of courage and cheerfulness with which you have met and overcome the difficult tasks which have confronted you.

After leaving the region of Château-Thierry you had scarcely been assembled in your new area when you were ordered to advance by hard night marches to participate in the attack of the St. Mihiel Salient. In this first great operation of the American Army, you were instructed to deliver the main blow in the direction of the heights overlooking the MADINE River, the center of the Fourth Army Corps. In the battle that followed you took every objective in twenty-eight hours. You pushed forward advance elements five kilometers further, or nineteen kilometers beyond your original starting point. You took more than one thousand prisoners from nine enemy Divisions.

Worn though you were by ceaseless campaigning since February, you then moved to the VERDUN region to participate in the great blow which your country's armies have struck west of the Meuse. You took Hill 288, La Tuilerie Farm and the Côté de Chatillon and broke squarely across the powerful Kriemhilde Stellung, clearing the way for the advance beyond St. George and Landres et St. George. Marching and fighting day and night you thrust through the advancing lines of the forward troops of the First Army. You drove the enemy across the MEUSE. You captured the heights dominating the river before SEDAN and reached in the enemy lines the farthest point attained by any American troops.

Since September 12th, you have taken over twelve hundred prisoners; you have freed twenty-five French villages; you have recovered over one hundred and fifty square kilometers of French territory and you have captured great supplies of enemy munitions and material.

Whatever may come in the future, the men of this Division will have the proud consciousness that they have thus far fought wherever the American flag has flown most gloriously in this war. In the determining battle before CHÂLONS, in the bloody drive from Chateau-Thierry to the Vesle, in the blotting out of the St. Mihiel Salient, and in the advance to SEDAN you have played a splendid and leading part.

I know that you will give the same unfailing support to whoever may succeed me as your commander, and that you will continue to bear forward without faltering the colors of the RAINBOW DIVISION. I leave you with deep and affectionate regret, and I thank you again for your loyalty to me and your services to your country. You have struck a vital blow in the greatest war in history. You have proved to the world in no mean measure that our country can defend its own.

CHARLES T. MENOHER,
Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding.