MOTHER'S DAY THOUGHTS

Most beautiful things in this world come by twos and threes and scores. Nature's sweetest melodies are sung not by one voice alone, but in chorus. There are plenty of sunbeams and flowers, but only one MOTHER in the wide, wide world.

Fair France, now in full blossom, sends you its renderings homage to Mother Nature with the pretty white blossoms of loveliness. Yes, and so says "All that I am I owe to my Mother."—Abraham Lincoln.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS WRITTEN TO-DAY WILL SPEED HOMeward

This is Mother's Day. And fighting men from the Buckeye state are pausing in the strenuous routine of the martial life to pay homage to Her, who, though thousands of miles from the roar of guns, is bearing with noble fortitude the heaviest burden of the strife.

Plans for the observance of Mother's Day in the Amexforce are unique. Before this day is done, each and every Yank overseas will have been urged to write a letter to his mother. Two magic words—"Mother's Letter"—placed in the upper right hand corner of the envelope are guaranteed to give the message swiftest possible dispatch to the States and when it arrives there special delivery messengers will take it to the very homes from which we came. Over the cable has gone the news that these letters are coming and imagine the disappointment if your mother is not remembered.

Pack the pages of your letter with love. Make every other sentence a reassurance, for you know how mothers worry. Leave out all references to military matters. Mother is interested in you more than she is in war. And when you have completed your letter, place it in the envelope and don't forget the "Mother's Letter", where you used to write, "Soldiers Mail.

YANKS RAID ENEMY TRENCHES PENETRATING TO THIRD LINE

In a telegram to his paper, a New York Herald correspondent on the Amexforce Front says:

"In the Lorraine sector the Americans have successfully accomplished a go-and-come raid on the German lines. The raiding party crossed to the German trenches, but did not encounter a single German. The enemy trenches had been obliterated by the American barrage which preceded the raid."

Concerning the same raid, French official reports say:

"In the Bois des Chaus on Friday morning 300 American soldiers made a raid and penetrated as far as the German third trench. The American artillery in cooperation with the French had prepared the operation and showed very great mastery. The raid was carried out as though by veteran fighters."

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THE OHIO RAINBOW REVEILLE
Official Organ 166th Infantry
Vol.I, No.18
Someday in France, May 12, 1916
Occasionally
May 12, 1918

THE OHIO RAINBOW REVEILLE
Published by Chaplain J.J. Halliday
Cecil J. Wilkinson--Editor
Latimer F. Srutek—Associate

OUR MOTHERS

The size of a man is measured by his ability to comprehend fundamental conceptions. We can apply this test to God, duty, friendship and what not. At this particular time, because of the day, especially set apart "over there", we men "over here" should apply it to our mothers and, should they for some of us have gone on before, to mother's memory.

If perchance in making a review of our half year's experience "over here", we find that there has been poverty in our inner lives, that we have missed a lot of the beauty and goodness of life, the probability is that we have been dull to life's larger concepts and ranking very high among such is Motherhood.

The same faculties of soul and brain that hear the melody of singing birds and laughing waters, that see the beauty of sky and earth, that behold the exquisite attractiveness of the rolling hills of France, comprehend the meaning of Mother.

If we have been sensitive with a "gratitude sensitiveness" to a deep meaning of what Motherhood means, we would not have done the little things that have absorbed more or less of our time "over here". Undoubtedly our lives must be in proportion to what our Mothers and our Mothers' memories mean to us, for we cannot be dominated by two conscious conceptions simultaneously. Motherhood therefore should hold the balance of power with us, for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

To the Mothers, both "over there" and up yonder, we pledge a deeper devotion. We love you. And linking your prayers with our endeavor, we shall win for you and all mankind—victory!—J.J.H.

BALLAD OF A BUG
"Baseballitis americana" blooms. When the bayoneting Buckeyes aren't blazoning bloated Boche bellies beyond barb bulwarks, they are bunging beaucoup baseball behind backwoods billet backstops between bugles.