



42 RAINBOW DIVISION
Veterans Memorial Foundation

REVEILLE

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New Commander at 2-108th Infantry



UTICA, N.Y. --New York Army National Guard Maj. Gen. Steven Wickstrom, Commander of the 42nd Infantry Division, presents the unit colors of the 2nd Battalion, 108th

Infantry Regiment to Lt. Col. Christopher Cronin during his change of command ceremony here Feb. 9. Cronin had previously served as the operations officer of the 42nd Division Homeland Response Force. Photo by Col. Richard Goldenberg HQ NYNG

New Commander for HQ Co. 42nd Inf



TROY-- Lt. Col. Christopher Daniels, the battalion commander, passes the guidon to 1st Lt. Lauana Dupigny as she assumes command of the 42nd Infantry Division Headquarters and Support company, New York Army

National Guard March 1, 2013 at the Troy armory. Photo by MSG Peter Towse, 42nd PAO

New Commander for Support Co.



NISKAYUNA-- New York Army National Guard 1st Lt. Mark Colloton accepts the guidon of Company E 427th Brigade Support Battalion, the forward support

company for the 2nd Battalion 108th Infantry, during change of command ceremonies held Sunday, Jan. 13 at Niskayuna High School. The Company's Soldiers were also honored for their service in Afghanistan at the event.

Photo by Eric Durr, Div. of Military and Naval Affairs

Guardsmen Get Training Tips



From Army Reserve Guilderland, NY -- Staff Sgt. Luis Badillo, a drill instructor in Co. F, 2/417th Regiment, 4th Bde., 98th Division, of the

United States Army Reserve, shows Sgt. Robert Nowachick, an aviation operations specialist in the HHC 42nd Combat Aviation Brigade, NY Army National Guard, where to cover as the second man in a stack room clearing, on March 10, 2013 at Guilderland Range. The 42nd CAB is preparing for a deployment later this year, and coordinated with the Army Reserve to bring drill instructors to run the unit in exercises ranging from identifying and responding to IEDs, reacting to indirect fire, and room clearing.

Photo by SPC Harley Jelis, 42nd Combat Aviation Bde

CAMPAIGNS

World War I: Lorraine-Champagne-Aisne-Marne-St. Mihiel-Meuse Argonne
World War II: Central Europe-Rhineland-Alsace-Ardenne.
War on Terrorism: Operation Noble Eagle - Operation Iraqi Freedom - Operation Enduring Freedom

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE Greetings to all. We had a great board meeting in Norfolk VA March 1st and 2nd. We were hosted by the Douglas MacArthur Museum and Foundation. While we had 12 board members attend we only had a few of our Rainbow friends close by attend for social purposes. This is to be expected and I would assume that Mid Year as we once knew it is coming to an end. However, our board meeting was very productive and we got a great deal done. New Bylaws were drafted, decisions on website management made, a decision to publish some marketing material for our Foundation and a good proposal for an Auxiliary merger into the Foundation was presented and much more. In the near future, members of our Foundation will be able to read the minutes of meetings on our website. I am hopeful that our website will be totally complete by the 2013 Annual.

Speaking of the Annual Reunion and Conference, it was decided that it will be in Albany at the Hilton Hotel once again. Dates are 4-8 September. These dates coincide with the 42nd Division Commanders Conference in Troy NY. We hope that Rainbow soldiers attending the Conference will attend some of our events. I will be asking to make a presentation at the Division Commanders Conference so that I may inform them of our Foundation and its mission. **You will hear more about the Annual Reunion and Conference in the next issue of the Reveille.** When you read this I would have visited NYC once again in pursuit of a memorial in the vicinity of the World Trade Center. This would honor those National Guard Rainbow soldiers and others that served for many months during recovery efforts and then went on to fight overseas in Iraq and Afghanistan. In addition we are going to explore putting a new memorial at Fort Drum and Fort Dix, the site of the 42nd Division's Mobilization for the Iraq war. Finally, the board has unanimously voted to change our Foundation name to simply the Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation - RDVF. We are going to drop Memorial from our title as it makes it too long and difficult to remember and does not accurately reflect our total mission.

Photo of Joe Taluto with Col. Bill Davis, Director of the MacArthur Museum from Susan Taluto

Rainbow Never Forget!

Joe Taluto, RDVF Chairman



Afghan Deployment Recognized

UTICA-- A New York Army National Soldier who was attached to Headquarters Company of the 2nd Battalion 108th Infantry during the unit's deployment in Afghanistan in 2012 receives awards from the commander during Freedom Salute Ceremonies held here on Saturday, Jan. 12. Freedom Salute Ceremonies were held by battalion units in Ithaca, Gloversville, Peekskill, and Niskayuna over the weekend.

Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Tom Wheeler, 138th P.A. Det.



Yellow Ribbon For Returning Troops

WHITE PLAINS, N.Y. - New York Army National Guard Capt. Ashlee Coye provides educational material to 1st Lt. Steven Oh from the 27th Infantry Brigade Combat Team during the unit's 30-day Yellow Ribbon reintegration event here March 2. More than 150 Soldiers from the brigade, who deployed to Kuwait, Bahrain and Afghanistan over the past year attended the reintegration event. The daylong event provides

Soldiers and their families with information and redeployment and the transition back to civilian life. Support from a variety of state or federal agency partners and volunteer organizations provide information regarding resources for employment, education, veterans benefits, counseling or other transition challenges. photo by Col. Richard Goldenberg, Joint Force HQ NYNGHQ

[ed. Coming Soon - New Rainbow Logo for new Foundation Title!]

Cutoff date May 15, 2013 for June 2013 issue.

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Most gracious and loving God,

We come before you with thankful hearts. By your providence, we live free in this land today. This prayer now, is for those brave souls standing in the gap on behalf of our nation. Please protect these men and women, the guardians of freedom and peace, who serve the great legacy of Rainbow. Let us live as true examples of people who want only the best for those we have the opportunity to help. May we be your hand extended, to a world hungry for peace, joy and love. **Amen.**

Associate Chaplain, Earnie Owen

FRANK BURNS DACHAU COMMEMORATION SPEECH

The fifth in a series of speeches from 42nd Division WWII veterans requested by the "Friends of Former Dachau Prisoners" (FFDP), The Netherlands and coordinated by FFDP representative, Mr. Jaap Mesdag and Frank Burns, President, Pacific NW Chapter of the RDVF. Our shared project is continuing. Please contact **Frank Burns** for further information: (206) 527-0987 frankdorothyburns@gmail.com This speech is under copyright to the FFDP and will be published on their website and the Rainbow Facebook Page in the near future.



I am Frank Burns and I was a member of Co. I, 242nd Inf. Regt. of the 42nd Rainbow Division when Dachau was liberated. **I was born and raised in the Hawaiian Islands and on December 7, 1941 I was a high school senior in Honolulu** when the Japanese attacked. I spent the next ten months as a volunteer in the U.S. Coast Guard and finishing high school. The first three weeks after the attack I was part of the crew on a 45-foot boat patrolling Honolulu harbor; then I spent weekends taking supplies from Honolulu to the isolated leper colony on the outer island of Molokai. I left the Islands in September of 1942 to study mechanical engineering at the University of Washington. During that time I met and became engaged to Dorothy Ayres. **In April of 1944 I was drafted into the Army. My first assignment was in the Army Transportation Corps. I arrived in France the day that Paris was liberated** and was in an outfit that helped the French get their trains running again so that supplies could be taken to the front. In December of 1944 I was in Marseille dispatching trains to the front when the first parts of the 42nd Infantry Division arrived. I must have developed an attachment because next thing I knew I was in a crash infantry-training course. **Then I joined the Division at Schweinfurt and was completely unprepared for the environment that I entered.** This was despite having been in war-torn France for five months, hearing how ruthless the Boche and their Gestapo were and being told what combat was like by the infantry trainers. **The first thing that happened was that one of the replacements released the safety on his M1 rifle.** Within a millisecond everyone around me disappeared and I was dragged down to the floor. On the floor I was looking into the hard, wild eyes of the battle-hardened veterans who had just come out of a very intense battle. After a loud, angry cussing-out we were on our way. I thought these guys were crazy. But after a week in comparatively light combat the other replacements had the same look and I had learned why we all looked that way. Basically, it is being in an environment where you could be killed at anytime of the day or night, you don't really have control over what you do or what happens to you and expert killers are hunting you with sophisticated weapons. Besides that, you are always filthy, tired, the noises are louder than you can imagine, the smells are really bad and you crave a decent meal. To stay alive you had to be extremely alert. Thus "the look". From Schweinfurt we walked up to 20 miles a day then attacked and took a town. **We reached the outskirts of Munich the day before the liberation of Dachau.** For once we weren't walking. We were in personnel carriers. We ended the day after dark in a forest where there was a captured German soup kitchen and other troops. The hot meal from the soup kitchen was super. Later I was "selected" to be on a patrol that we were told was to go ahead of the general attack and take the concentration camp if the SS didn't leave. We were loaded onto personnel carriers at about 2:00 am and traveled on back roads in a forest. When we were part way there we got word that the SS had left the camp. So we slowed down and got there about 6:00am. **My first sight of the camp was the high wall with guard towers.** As we approached the camp we couldn't see anyone in the guard towers so assumed that the SS really had left. We then traveled along the outside of the high wall until we came to a gate. I have since seen pictures of the Dachau gates and the one that is closest to what I remember is one with the German Eagle over it. Our view of the camp from the outside was the wall and the upper part of the buildings to our left. Across the street from our location were residential type houses. **After we arrived we received orders that we were to not open the gate or enter the camp** but were to guard the gate and wait for support and service troops----doctors, logistics personnel, MPs, etc.---- to get there. I think the logic was that since the camp was not defended but had not surrendered, infantrymen were not needed and wouldn't be able to help the inmates. The support forces didn't start to arrive for at least an hour. So we took turns guarding the gate and the rest of us just roamed around the area. Soon some Allied prisoners of war (POWs) and a few civilians came out from among the houses in the area and talked to us. We questioned the civilians about what they knew about the concentration camp that was across the street from them. They said that other than some government project, they had no idea what it was. No one believed that. **When the support and service people finally arrived they opened the gate and we were able to get a quick look into the camp.** The picture that is stuck in my mind forever is of flat cars piled high with emaciated corpses on our right and a handful of inmates walking slowly on the grounds in front of the buildings on the left. I have since communicated with people who are familiar with the camp and

figured out that if we were at the west gate with the German Eagle over the top we would have been looking at the part of the death train that was inside the camp. And the part that was outside the camp would have also been visible. If that were so the flat cars in my memory would have actually been opened boxcars and the boxcars outside the camp would have still been closed or we would have seen the bodies and had a completely different experience. Another possibility is that we were looking at the area where bodies were collected and piled on carts to be taken to the graveyard outside of the camp. **The crematoriums weren't operating because the Germans had run out of coal.** In any case what I saw was a vivid sample of the stacks of bodies that were throughout the camp and verification of the terrible abuse of power employed by the Nazis. I don't remember what my reaction was at that time. But whatever it was I think that it was suppressed by my semi-battle-hardened mind. "Battle-hardening" is largely hardening of the mind against the terrible things a combat soldier sees and has to do. **Years later when I saw the movie "Schindler's List", I left the theater completely shaken.** I felt like I had just been in combat and that I had "that look". I realized that being a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp was similar to being in combat --- but about a hundred times worse. We had to live with seeing death and destruction and losing comrades; they were the victims of a very efficient killing machine that worked 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. A prisoner not only knew that he or she could be killed at any time of the day or night, it could be at the whim of a guard. They had no control over what they did or what happened to them and the expert killers with sophisticated weapons had them in a pen so they could be killed to test a weapon, target practice or just for fun. In addition, they were way beyond hungry; they were starving. We could take a shower once in a while. Their shower might be a gas chamber. Their minds had to be extremely hardened just to keep from going insane. **After the war ended I was in the Army of Occupation in Austria until April of 1946.** When discharged I returned to Seattle and married Dorothy Ayres who had waited for me over the difficult two-year separation during which the only communication we had was sporadic letters. There was no Internet or email and cell phones were not yet developed. I received my Bachelor degree in mechanical engineering from the University of Washington in 1948.

My adjustment back to civilian life went smoothly. Partly because I hadn't been in any really heavy battles during my time in combat and partly because I was fulfilling my plan of living through the war, coming home, marrying Dorothy and getting my engineering degree. After graduating I worked for the Boeing Company for 40 years mainly on military and space systems. Along the way I was able to get my master's degree. When I left the army I lost track of my buddies and didn't hear of the 42nd Division Veterans organization until 2004. At that time with help from Dee Eberhart I was able to find the two guys that I had served with during my entire time in the army. I was able to visit one of them before he passed away. I'm in almost daily email communication with the other.

On the legitimate use of force it is clear that police and soldiers should use lethal force when protecting life. It is also clear that killing prisoners for sport is an abuse of power. In the vast range of conditions between these extremes, the degree of force that is justified has to be based on your training and the principles on which you live. My underlying advice is to be an independent thinker and if you are privileged to live in a democracy be sure to vote. That will assure that your country will never be taken over by a power-hungry dictator and that you will not be pressured to abuse power. It is too bad that more Germans did not do that in the 1930s when they could have voted Adolf Hitler and his National Socialist Party out of office.

The annual commemoration of the Dachau liberation should be continued forever. It reminds us of the atrocities of the Holocaust whose victims were not criminals. They were real or potential political opponents or just people that the Third Reich didn't like. **The commemoration enforces "NEVER AGAIN!!!"** **Don't ever forget that the fight for freedom and peace is a continuous effort.**



EMMANUEL BOZON-VERDURAZ

(03/06 /1922 - 02/02/1945) photo right

From Frédéric Bozon-Verduraz,

Béziers, France

Emmanuel is my uncle, he was a student in medicine in Marseille. **His number at KZ Dachau was 112979.** From Sarrebruck, he was deported to the Nuremberg prison in 1944 and finally arrived at KZ Dachau on October 6th 1944 (category of imprisonment: protective custody prisoners). At the KZ infirmary, block 15 (below) along with Dr Ragot, as a nurse at the operating room, he looked after inmates who suffered from typhus. He eventually caught the disease and died on February 2nd 1945.

Would somebody have information about my uncle during this period, that'd be of great importance to my whole family.

[ed. Frédéric has given a copy of the 2d edition of the book, "N.N." [Nacht und Nebel, or, Night and Fog] by Dr. André Ragot, to the Millennium Chapter. Dr. Ragot was a physician and French Resistance



Fighter, imprisoned at the Nazi concentration camps Natzweiler and Dachau, where he was able to minister to the other inmates. His account of Emmanuel Bozon-Verduraz as patient is on page 137.

Frédéric may be contacted at this email address – f.bozon-verduraz@live.fr

A PASSOVER SEDER IN GERMANY – DURING WORLD WAR II

By Howard Margol, Battery B, 392nd Field Artillery Battalion, 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division



In 1942, my twin brother Hilbert and I, enlisted in the Army Reserve while students at the University of Florida. We were soon called to active duty and, on April 5, 1943 we reported at Camp Blanding, Florida. After the five Sullivan brothers went down on the same ship in the Pacific, the Army would not allow brothers to serve together in the same combat unit. Consequently, it was not long before my brother and I were separated and ended up in different Army Divisions. After finding out that President Roosevelt would make an exception in the case of twins, our mother wrote a letter to the President, in

which she requested that her twin sons be together. Soon after, my twin brother and I were together again in the same unit. That is why we engaged in combat in France as members of the 392nd Field Artillery Battalion, 42nd Infantry Rainbow Division. I was a gunner on a 105mm Howitzer, Section 2 and Hilbert was a gunner on a similar Howitzer in Section 3. We were generally close enough to yell to each other. On Friday, March 23, 1945 we captured Dahn, Germany. The 42nd Division was squeezed between the 45th Division on our left and the 36th Division on our right. The 42nd Division was then ordered to rest in place in order to bring up replacements and fresh supplies and equipment.

Our Division Jewish Chaplain, Capt. Rabbi Eli Bohnen, looked at his Hebrew calendar and realized that on the 15 day of Nisan 5705 (Thursday, March 29) the first night of Passover would be observed. He quickly contacted our Division Commander, Major General Harry Collins, and General Collins agreed to organize a Passover Seder. Fresh chickens, French wine, and other food items were



brought from France. Rabbi Bohnen even managed to have a large quantity of small Passover Haggadahs (prayer books) printed up to be used during the Seder. On the evening of March 29, 1945 the first Passover Seder on German soil, since before the beginning of World War II, was held in Dahn, Germany. 1,500 Jewish soldiers, most from the 42nd Division but some from surrounding Army units, took part in the Seder. It was held in the cafeteria of a former German school. The Army cooks prepared the meal and local Germans were pressed into service as waiters and waitresses. In addition to the Passover service, we enjoyed the fresh food and the sight of Germans having to wait on us as servants. **That night, we observed the commemoration of the liberation of the Jews from Egyptian bondage, 2000 years before. Little did we know that four weeks later, on April 29th, we would liberate thousands of Jews from Nazi bondage at the Dachau Concentration Camp.**

[ed. Howard Margol may be reached at homargol@aol.com]

Photo : Howard – Occupation Duty in Austria
“Rainbow” Haggadah is from the files of Eli Heimberg,
assistant to Chaplain Rabbi Eli Bohnen in 1945.

AN UNEXPECTED RAINBOW REUNION



Rainbow veteran, Lloyd Soule, Med Det H2B-232 and WWII Rainbow son, Viet Nam veteran and Millennium Chapter member, John J. Bobb, whose father, John A. Bobb, served in Med Det 242-A and was a former POW.

John writes, “My wife and I decided to rent a place near our daughter and grandchildren. We chose a little Senior Citizen, mobile home park in the little town of Coolidge, AZ. They have this tiny little restaurant they operate in the winter, in the clubhouse. I see this gentleman and his wife leaving the restaurant and he has an American Legion jacket on from Oregon. I nodded. They were walking around the clubhouse and I was, also. I could have sworn I heard the gentleman say something to his wife about the Rainbow or the 42nd. I asked him what he had just said, and it turns out to be Lloyd Soule and his wife, Betty, from the NW Chapter. He trained at Camp Gruber like my dad and was a medic like my dad. We had several good conversations together.

OUR RAINBOW SCHOLARS



From Andrew Owen, great-grandson of Arnold Owen, M-242 and grandson of Earnie Owen, Honorary Foundation Chairman -

My name is Andrew Owen, an incoming freshman into the University of Alabama's Aerospace Engineering Department. I would like to express my gratitude for the \$1000 Theodore “Ted” Johnson Scholarship awarded by the Rainbow Scholarship Committee and the Board of Trustees. I realize that the

scholarship's namesake was very important to the Memorial Foundation and to receive this scholarship, in particular, is very humbling. I am also very thankful for the families of WWII veterans who made the scholarship possible. **It means so much to me that people such as yourselves give back to the Veterans Memorial Foundation to allow students like myself to have the opportunity to advance my education and to achieve my goals.** It also helps me to achieve academic success and reach for the sky in Aerospace Engineering, where I hope to learn the skills I need to advance supersonic plane design and space exploration. I have

always been interested in these types of vehicles and I have always dreamed of designing new and innovative ways to lift people into the sky. I hope to one day even help provide a platform for deep space exploration so that mankind may learn about the universe around us. Your donations will help make this dream of exploration a reality, providing that first step into a greater and more complex world. Thank you so much for your help in providing a means for me to keep learning and expanding my horizons. I greatly appreciate your donations, and I thank you for your support.

Excerpts from “MY “HONOR TOUR”

OCTOBER 19 - 21, 2012

by Rev. Robert F. “Bob” Weiss, S.J., M-222

[photo – Bob Weiss is seated in center.]

Here is an account of my wonderful all-expenses-paid weekend in Washington, DC, courtesy of what is called an “Honor Tour” or in some places an “Honor Flight” for WWII veterans. **This one originated in Poplar Bluff, MO.** They do have similar tours from St. Louis and other places, but the one from St. Louis is a one-day experience and is very exhausting. I was sure glad I was able to go on this one. **All those who were present for the send-off in Poplar Bluff commented on the wonderful ceremony there before the whole high school, their band and chorus, and the state trooper escort all the way to the St. Louis airport. There were 24 veterans (all from WWII except one from the Korean War), 20 of whom required wheelchairs – including myself.** For those who did not have a wife or son or daughter to accompany them there were about 8 or 10 volunteers whom they called “guardians.” They were all extremely kind, patient, and thoughtful. They looked to every need and helped to make the tour unbelievably enjoyable. They took our baggage right inside the door at the Southwest terminal in St. Louis and checked it for us and had us put our driver's license in the front space in the fancy name tags they gave us along with our passenger tickets and sent us through security with no delay, stepping out of the wheelchair just to go through the security door. As we went to the gate in our parade of wheelchairs people applauded all along the way – as they did everywhere and many shook our hands and young and old said “thanks for your service.” We boarded at the head of the line for our Southwest flight to Baltimore. Everyone applauded again when the stewardess announced who we were. We took wheelchairs to the bus waiting for us in Baltimore. Our checked baggage was delivered to the Marriott Hotel in Falls Church VA while we went to an excellent seafood restaurant – The Phillips – in downtown Baltimore, close to the Camden Yards baseball stadium. **After a delicious breakfast (the next morning) we boarded the bus at 8:30 a.m. and were escorted to the first two stops by a police van and SIX motorcycle police.** A highlight of the tour was a visit to Arlington National Cemetery which was timed to put us in a reserved spot up front in our wheelchairs for the impressive changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and included a stop at Kennedy's grave and the tour guide's commentary as we rode around the cemetery. The other two longest stays were at the World War II memorial and The FDR memorial. On the way to the first stop and continuing the next morning they played on the coach an excellent DVD narrated by Tim Russert on the building of the WWII memorial, interspersed with scenes from and a history of WWII. We had an excellent tour guide on the coach with us and at the major stops. Other places we visited (some the next morning) were Lincoln memorial, the Korean and Vietnam memorials, the Air Force museum, the Marine and Navy museums, the White House (from outside). Lunch on Saturday was at Harriette's and dinner Saturday night at a marvelous restaurant in downtown Washington – Tony and



Joe's. Sunday's lunch was a very ample bag affair. It was marvelous how they kept supplying us with water, soda and snacks and providing for rest room breaks. Everywhere people applauded and shook our hands and thanked us. I especially appreciated our two main hosts, Bob and Donna Callahan, my "guardian," Alex, and the wonderful tour guide. We all met at 8:30 a.m. Sunday after breakfast for an inspiring and prayerful talk from a doctor who accompanied us as a guardian and the reading of a poem which Donna Callahan had composed for her deceased WWII father (and all of us). **We were all given a number of gifts – a flag flown over the U.S. Capitol building with an individual certificate inscribed with each person's own name indicating that it had been flown in his honor, an Army Bible (also one for the Marines and Airmen), plus a number of other mementos.** Everything was beautifully planned including the bus ride back to the airport (during which we finished the DVD), the checking of baggage, the boarding of the plane, the applause on the way to the gate and on the plane, and the parade through the St. Louis airport. **My nephew Jim picked me up at the airport and so ended a fairytale-like experience.**

EXCELSIOR COLLEGE OFFERS GRADUATE/MASTER DEGREES AT A DISCOUNT!

Excelsior College is now offering a 15% discount on tuition to Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation (RDVF) employees, members and their spouses or domestic partners for graduate level degrees. Until now, the education partnership included only associate and bachelor degrees providing both tuition and fee discounts. For potential students, this means access to several graduate level degree paths, including MBA, with eight concentration options, newly-launched Master of Science in Cybersecurity, Master of Arts in Liberal Studies, Master of Science in Criminal Justice, as well as Master of Science in Nursing programs. For more information on the education partnership with RDVF, go to: <http://www.excelsior.edu/rainbow-division-veterans-memorial-fund> or contact Judy Reed at jreed@excelsior.edu or call 518-464-8678 for assistance. Pricing sheets are included for review.

www.excelsior.edu/veteran
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Live Chat is available on all military and veteran web pages. Excelsior College's Online Veterans' Center is a place to connect with fellow veterans about education, career and life, as well as access to resources, a mentorship program, webinars and college orientation materials. Enter the Veterans' Center via your MyExcelsior. **Further information is also on <rainbowvets.org> website.**



NEW YORK-- The color guard of the 1st Battalion 69th Infantry leads the way as 750 Soldiers and guests lead the New York City St. Patrick's Day Parade up 5th Avenue on **Saturday, March 16.** The Soldiers of the New York Army National Guard battalion have led what has become the world's largest St. Patrick's Day event every year since 1851. (Spec. J.P. Lawrence, Joint Force Headquarters)

RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS MEMORIAL FILE DEATHS REPORTED SINCE DECEMBER 2013

BALABAN, Joseph	HQ Co-222nd Infantry
BANKOVICH, Carl P.	HQ-222nd Infantry
BROWN-WOLF, Oliver	Co. G-232nd Infantry
CALIGIURI, Michael	Co. G-242nd Infantry
CHILDS, Cleon	H&S Co.-Combat Engineers
CONNOR, Arnold Jr.	42nd Div Band
CURTIN, John F.	Co. L-242nd Infantry
DAGRADI, Martin S.	HQ Co-122nd Med Bn
DOAN, James S.	Co. C-242nd Infantry
EICHMEYER, Earl H.	Co. E-222nd Inf.
FUNK, Sherman M.	Co.-F-242nd Infantry
GOLDSMITH, Frederick W.	H1B-242nd Infantry
HARRINGTON, George M.	242nd Infantry
HEHL, Herbert C.	Co. C-222nd Infantry
HERRMANN, Herbert S.	HQ Co-222nd Infantry
HOGFELDT, John Robert "Bob"	Co. F-222nd Infantry
HORTON, Arch G. "A.G."	Co. I-222nd Infantry
JAEGER, Francis E.	Co. G-222nd Infantry
JOHNSON, James Toby	Co. A-232nd Infantry
KERSTEIN, Lawrence	42 DIV QM Company
LAATS, Edward	Co. I-232nd Infantry
LEBMAN, Sanford "Sandy"	42nd Cavalry Reconnaissance
LEHMANN, Herbert D.	HQ 42nd Division
LORI, Samuel J.	HQ Btry-392nd Artillery
MACEY, Norman	Co. L-232nd Infantry
MCKITTRICK, Roland	H Co.-222nd Infantry
MELLMAN, Bernard A.	Btry B-542nd Artillery
MORESCO, Vincent James	Co. K-222nd Infantry
PETERSON, Dennis William	Co. L-232nd Infantry
POWELL, James W. "Jim"	Co. D-232nd Infantry
PRAYTOR, Leon	Co. I-222nd Infantry
QUIAT, Gerald M.	Co. E-242nd Infantry
RICE, Billy J.	HQ Co-242nd Infantry
ROBERTSON, Lyle	Co. F-222nd Infantry
SCOTT, Cecil J.	Ranger Co.- L-222nd Infantry
SHEA, Mortimer T.	Co. C-242nd Infantry
SHEDD, Donald G.	Co. C-242nd Infantry
SULLIVAN, Arthur J.	HQ Btry-542nd Artillery
SWANSON, Robert "Bob"	A/T Co.-222nd Infantry
TURPIN, Robert B.	Cannon Co. 242nd Infantry
WENDT, William W.	Co.-F-232nd Infantry
WINGARD, Robert H.	HQ Btry-232nd Artillery
WOPATA, Eugene	Co. G-242nd Infantry
YOST, Robert V.	unit unknown

PRAYER TO OUR DEPARTED COMRADES

Eternal God, supreme commander of us all, Lord of the far-flung battle line, to whom the ranks of life report, we bow before you with reverent hearts and in sublime faith, knowing that you lead us in death as you have in life. For again, you have ordered a veteran to that realm in the west, beyond the twilight and the evening star, where beauty and valor and goodness dwell forever with the unnumbered multitude.

42ND "Rainbow" Infantry Division/A Combat History of World War II edited by Lt. Hugh C. Daly and originally published in 1946. This softcover reprint is **\$25.00 - cost** includes S&H, check **payable to Cindy Kirkpatrick** and mailed to her at: 918 Foristell Road Wentzville, MO 63385-6118; **for questions about orders, Contact Cindy at <gmacindyk@gmail.com>**

WARTIME MEMORIES (Conclusion)

by JAMES I. MILLER Co. F, 242nd Inf. Regt., 42D Division



The war for me gets a little confused. Nothing really stands out in my mind. All I know is that we were moving and about the only good thing that happened to us was when we would stop in a little German village where we would get a chance maybe to sleep in a bed or maybe we could get some eggs from some chickens or maybe we would even get the chickens, but I can't remember too much of what happened until we got to Wurzburg.

Wurzburg was the first big city we had been in and luckily for the 242nd Infantry Regiment, we were in reserve. We drove through Wurzburg on trucks. Fighting was going on on both sides of us as we went down the main drag and pushed on through the town. It's very difficult to remember exactly what happened. I guess whenever your life is in danger certain incidents stand out! We took a German village one afternoon. I and another guy were going through some houses to make sure there weren't any more Germans around. As we were walking down this street there was a cement brick wall that had been knocked down. Rubble from the wall was about 18 inches above the ground. **Without warning several German mortar shells were dropped on us.** They were dropping mortars in the village periodically and randomly. You never knew when they were coming in. This mortar shell came in and landed within 10 feet of us. Fortunately for us, it landed on the other side of the 18 inches of rubble! All of the fragments hit that rubble and missed us. Of course we dashed into the first house that was available and began to check ourselves over to find out if we had been hit. My gas mask was shredded – absolutely shredded. The guy that I was with had some fragments in his field jacket. But from then on, we stuck to the houses and went back to where the rest of the company was. A few inches made the difference between life and death. **I can recall one humorous incident.** We were advancing and we were on sort of a little mound of a hill. The Germans were down in the valley in a little village, maybe two, three hundred yards away. They were shooting at us and the bullets, when they came at us, were no longer cracking. You can tell how close a weapon is because when the bullet goes by, and it cracks, that means they're close. The farther away they are, they sort of whisper when they go through the air. These bullets were coming at us and we could see them hitting in the plowed field around us. They were just whispering and we knew the machine gun was not that close. Our regimental commander was sitting near us in a jeep. He started giving us hell for hitting the ground. He told us not to let that machine gun slow our attack. He told us to keep moving! He also told us the machine gun was too far away to shoot accurately. That comment was no sooner made when he was hit in the arm and he was gone, they took him away! He wasn't hit that bad, but we all had a laugh, after he was taken away. When bullets are flying around, someone is going to get hurt. **The town that I remember going into mostly was Schweinfurt.** Schweinfurt was a ball bearing manufacturing city. We had lost a lot of bombers trying to bomb the German ball bearing industry. When we got ready to attack Schweinfurt, we were told the town was ringed with 88-millimeter anti-aircraft guns. We could expect heavy artillery fire. In order to limit our casualties, we were told we should run through the fire. If we hit the ground, as usual, they would pound us with 88 fire. Whenever you're under artillery fire, you usually try to find a fold in the ground or someplace to hunker down and wait. We began the attack in the morning. **As we approached the houses on the outskirts of town, we came under fire from 40mm anti-aircraft guns.** We had to cross a flat field and there was very little cover. As the 40mm fire decreased, we began crossing this field. Soon we could see that there were foxholes dug in this field. There were German soldiers in these emplacements. Luckily, for us, they arose out of their holes, just like mushrooms, and surrendered. Had they decided to fight, we would have been in trouble since they were in holes and we were exposed. **We finally got into Schweinfurt and here's the 40mm gun that had been shooting at us.** Now, of course, we're looking for the guy who was pulling the trigger because he had given us a real hard time. We found a bunch of German soldiers down in a basement and tried to find out who the gunners were. Nobody admitted to it. It was probably a good thing because he might not be around today if we could have got our hands on him! While we were in Schweinfurt, we received news that President Roosevelt had

died. Soldiers were assembled in the main square where an appropriate memorial service was held. I was walking down the street with a buddy of mine and you never saw such devastation from the bombing. I looked up and here is a window in a factory that has just one glass pane in it that's not broken. I looked at him and he looked at me and we both picked up a rock and threw it at the window. We looked around to see if somebody was going to arrest us or give us hell for breaking the only window that was left in that factory! **The next big town we came to was Furth, which is just outside of Nuremburg.** As we were moving forward, we came to this little German house. Of course we were looking around to see if there were any German soldiers in there. When I went in, there was an old German lady in there. In her son's room there were some Wakefield model airplanes, stuff that I knew about because I had built airplanes before I had gone into the Army. I told this lady as best I could that I was a model airplane builder too. She told me her son was a model airplane builder and I sort of felt a kinship with that lady because her son had done the same thing that I had done. **It was in Munich that we ran into the German concentration camps.** Dachau is located right close to Munich and I can still remember seeing those starving people. They were wearing striped clothing, mostly rags. They would hug and kiss you. They were the most pathetic human beings that you've ever seen in your life. Fortunately, our company and battalion moved on quickly. The war was getting very close to the end. Everybody was getting to be concerned whenever we went into a fire fight because nobody wanted to be the last man killed in World War II. We were now very cautious. When we went into the attack nobody took any unnecessary chances. **We finally came to a town called Donauworth located on the Danube River.** This was a beautiful Austrian town. German soldiers were there surrendering by the hundreds. There were so many surrendering that we didn't know what to do with them. The first thing we had to do was disarm them. We organized them in long lines and marched them through the town. At designated spots they would drop their steel helmets. A little farther down the street they would drop their ammunition. This continued until they were completely disarmed. They were loaded on trucks and taken to large fields surrounded by barbed wire. Here they were processed and went to other camps. In some cases, they were returned to civilian status. **After a week or so of this boring duty, GI's were looking for something to do.** One of the guys decided to go fishing in the Danube. With hand grenades! There were piles of grenades taken from the German prisoners. Most German grenades, like ours, will explode three to four seconds after it is activated and thrown. And fish near the explosion are stunned and float. Soldiers downstream could collect fish and have them for supper. Most GI's didn't know that the Germans had two kinds of grenades. Most had the three to four second delay, but some were used for booby traps and had instantaneous fuses. Both kinds were plainly labeled in German, but who could read German? The guy throwing the grenades got one with the instantaneous fuse. Needless to say, no more fishing with grenades took place after that! I don't know if he was the last guy killed in World War II, but if he was, he did it to himself. **I can remember one of the last nights of the war.** We were staying in a German farmhouse. I was on guard about two o'clock in the morning and I heard this noise on the other side of the door that went out of the living room into another part of the house. I heard this sound and I knew something was on the other side of the door. It was my duty to investigate. My heart was in my throat as I went over to the door. I threw it open, prepared to shoot my M-1 rifle. Much to my relief, there stood a horse in his stall. The Germans had their barns attached right to their houses and you could go from their living room through a door and go into the horse's stall. The horse was moving around at night and that was what I heard. It just scared the living daylights out of me! I told the guys the next morning and they really thought that it was funny that I almost shot a horse. But for all I knew it was a German and at this stage of the game, I wasn't going to take any chance. **The war with Germany was now officially over and unless there was an accident, we had made it.** You know from history that General Patton was killed



In Austria, 1945

after the war was over. He was in his limo, driving down through a little village and a two and a half ton truck ran into him. He was killed in his automobile. We were still wondering if we were going to get cleaned up and get on a ship and go fight the Japanese. **The 42nd Rainbow Division was one of the divisions selected to be in the army of occupation.** We were so happy we weren't going to have to fight the Japanese! It wasn't very long before we got our orders to go deep into Austria. I was sent on an advanced party to go into a little town called Kaprun. It was way back in the Alps Mountains. As a matter of fact, the sunshine only got us about four hours a day when the sun was directly over the valley. Company E of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment was there and Stephen Ambrose has written a book called Band of Brothers about this particular company in combat in World War II. These guys were a wild bunch of boys. I can still remember a great big grandfather clock in one of the houses I was staying in. It had one of those tic toc pendulums that moved back and forth. Somebody sat in a chair with a Luger pistol and shot at the moving pendulum and put a few holes in the wall. **Japan surrendered and the war was over. Our job in Kaprun was guarding German prisoners.** There must have been a thousand prisoners in our prisoner of war camp at Kaprun. We didn't have many troops left and we had quite a few guard posts. This required us to be on guard four hours and off four hours. That is a pretty tough assignment. Luckily for me, just about this time, the division decided to have something they called Rainbow University. It was established in a little town called Zell Am See, which is just an absolutely beautiful little town on the Zell Am See Lake. Two men were selected from each company to go to Rainbow University. **I was one of those chosen to attend Rainbow University.** We were billeted in a hotel and it was probably the best hotel in that part of Austria. I chose three courses, psychology, analytical geometry, and a physics course. We went to school for about an hour and a half per class. The rest of the time we spent studying. We got college credit for these courses. **The Army began to send men back to the United States.** A point system was used. Soldiers that came over later in the war didn't see much action. They shouldn't have gone back as soon as some of the veterans who had fought for a year or more. Points were awarded for every month in combat. Five or six points were awarded for combat infantryman's badge and I had one of those. Five points for Purple Heart and I had one of those. When I was in Kaprun they awarded me a Bronze Star for action the first day at Gamsbheim when I shot at a machine gun with my broken down mortar. That counted for five or 10 points more. I guess I must have had about 40 or 50 points. **One day they got to the 50 points and we were collected and sent to a big assembly area. As soon as they had a train load, we were loaded in box cars and taken to the Port of Le Havre, France.** We were loaded on a troop transport and arrived in New York in seven or eight days. I was sent to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania where I received my Honorable Discharge. So as far as I was concerned, World



War II was over and that was it for me. **Postscript from Jim Miller:** Within the first month of combat, "Co. F retired (retreated??) from Gamsbheim losing 77%. After Hatten and Kaltenhaus, we were not even a platoon-sized unit. We went to the rear after suffering 90% casualties, MIA or POW. Nobody needs to ask me if we did our duty or not!"

Personal NOTE from Jim Miller – "Evidently WWII was not enough for me. I spent 13

months in Korea where most of my time, 9 months, was served "on the hill" as a Forward Observer for a 105 mm Howitzer Bn. To top off the excitement, my last 9 months in the Army were spent in Vietnam up on the DMZ with a 175 mm gun Bn supporting the Marines. Was I glad to retire? You bet!"

Editor - Jim taught history to 7th and 8th graders for twenty years and lives in Cincinnati, OH.

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From George R. Willis, Headquarters Battery, 42nd Division Artillery –

"Would like to hear from those men who served in the Artillery."

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NORFOLK REUNION Attendees at the February MidYear reunion in Norfolk, VA photo from Susan Taluto

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“Yours Til The End” by Shirley Forehand Kinsey, daughter of PVT Burlie Forehand, M-242.

Forward by BG Steven Wickstrom, 42nd Division CO. The story of Private Burlie Forehand through the letters he wrote to his wife, Hazel, while serving in the WWII 42nd Infantry Rainbow Division. Author, Shirley Forehand Kinsey, one of four daughters of Burlie and Hazel, received her father's blessing to publish the letters in a book upon the sisters' discovery of them. Shirley has dedicated *Yours til the End* to her father for writing the letters; to her mother for the preservation of the letters; and to the 42nd Rainbow Infantry Division her father was so proud to have been a part of for many years.

Shirley is serving as President of the RDVF National Auxiliary and has pledged a portion of the proceeds from her book to the RDVF, as a way of honoring her dad, and to honor the WWII 42nd veterans.

Bush Publishing and Associates, 200 pages, paperback; order from Amazon.com or your local bookstore.

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