

# Rainbow Trail

## Newsletter of the Millennium Chapter of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association

June 2003

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### Inside This Issue

- 1 **SAINT LOUIS!!** *Meet Us In **SAINT LOUIS!!*** The St. Louis 2003 Rainbow Veterans Reunion will be exciting and unique, and our veterans are to be commended for their desire and determination to insure that their history and patriotism continue for future generations. We must reassure our members now that the good works and traditions of Rainbow will continue, and that includes our reunions as well as special events, history preservation, scholarships, comradeship, Reveille, and the confidence that more will come as our Rainbow stays bright while reaching to the future. To be present at the moment of July 19, 2003, at 9:00 P.M., at the end of the Saturday night banquet, will be a once in a lifetime experience, as we observe the transition of the Rainbow Association into the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation, Inc., which is designed to last forever." *Barbara Eberhart, National Auxiliary Past National President*
- 2 **Rainbow Medal Of Valor (Part I)**
- 3 **Rainbow Medal Of Honor (Part V)**
- 4 **Rainbow Trails of The Great War (WWI Diaries)** *FROM Jim Biggs, son of WWII Rainbow Division veteran, Edgar Biggs, 232-I:* When I learned the upcoming Rainbow Division Reunion was to be in St. Louis, Missouri, I immediately thought about the great opportunity available to attendees. Almost everyone is aware of the 1973 fire at the National Personnel Records Center (NPRC) in St. Louis that destroyed most of the individual Personnel files of our World War II Army veterans. Still, there are some unit records available that may help one piece together certain individual information on our veterans. Among the available unit records are limited Pay Roll records and almost all Morning Reports. Unit Pay Roll records are only available through December 1943. Pay Roll records after that date were destroyed in the 1973 fire. Pay Roll records are in the form of unit rosters (by rank). Unit Morning Reports generally contain information identifying such events as individual assignments, transfers, promotions/demotions and types of casualties (e.g. WIA, KIA, MIA, etc.) Morning Reports were prepared on a daily basis but seldom exceeded 2 or 3 pages. The NPRC has converted original copies of Morning Reports to microfilm format. The microfilm is in rolls/reels but photocopies may be printed from the microfilm, although the quality is not great but certainly readable.
- 5 **On The Way To The ETO - NY to Marseilles 1944**
- 6 **From History Of The National Auxiliary, RDV**
- 7 **Rainbow POW Stories**
- 8 **RAINBOW Books, Caps, Mugs And Music!!**

Last July I visited the NPRC, anticipating the review of unit Morning Reports that might mention my dad (Pfc Edgar Biggs). My dad was initially assigned to Company "T", 232<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> Division, after his induction into the Army in 1943. Upon his completion of training at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, he and many others with the 42<sup>nd</sup> were transferred to the 79<sup>th</sup> Division, for the months of April through November 1944. Those months coincided with the period commencing with my dad's arrival in England and ending with his second wounding and the end of his combat service. I was able to narrow my search of dad's service by considering key events, e.g. WIA dates, found on his discharge papers (Enlisted Record and Report of Separation—Honorable Discharge, WD AGO Form 53-55). I was pleasantly surprised to find how easily and

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quickly I could review the microfilm and print copies of individual Morning Reports that I wanted. I found separate Morning Reports where my dad was promoted to Pfc, returned to duty after his initial wounding, promoted to Sgt, demoted and finally wounded a second time. I also found information on some of his buddies he spoke about. Dad would have loved to have had copies of the Morning Reports I obtained while at the NPRC.

To visit the NPRC to review unit Pay Roll or Morning Reports, you will need to write the following office to obtain the required authorization for access to the records:

FOIA/PA Division  
USAISC-P (AS-QNS-OP-F)  
7798 Cisna Road, Suite 205  
Springfield, VA 22150-3166

Be sure to make arrangements as early as possible. There are limited microfilm readers available so advance scheduling is important. Also, be specific about the date(s) you want to visit and the records you want to review, e.g., Morning Reports for Company "I", 232<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> Division, for the months of December 1944 through May 1945. You will also have to mention the reason you desire to review those records. In my case, I simply stated I wanted to review Morning Reports for information pertaining to my dad's service. You should receive a response from the Freedom of Information Act/Privacy Act (FOIA/PA) Division Office granting authorization for the visit within 2 to 3 weeks. Once you receive the letter of authorization, be sure to follow the instructions for coordination with the NPRC.

More details on how to arrange for a visit to the NPRC can be found at the following website:

[http://www.archives.gov/facilities/mo/st\\_louis/military\\_personnel\\_records/morning\\_reports\\_and\\_unit\\_rosters.html](http://www.archives.gov/facilities/mo/st_louis/military_personnel_records/morning_reports_and_unit_rosters.html) (May also be accessed using keywords, < [NARA | FACILITIES | MISSOURI](#) >)

Enjoy the reunion...and try to visit the NPRC if you can! You can e-mail Jim at: < [jbiggs3@cox.net](mailto:jbiggs3@cox.net) >

**A RAINBOW REUNION GIFT!** Last October (2002), an item appeared for sale on eBay auction. It was a 35<sup>th</sup> Annual Reunion Medal for 42<sup>nd</sup> Rainbow Division Veterans, Chicago, 1953, a copy of *The Rainbow Medal of Valor*. Upon the acquisition of this medal by Rainbow veteran Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr., a note was received from Judy Duzer, the seller: "The Brenners were my family's neighbors during the 1940's and 1950's. We all lived on Janet Avenue in Lancaster, PA. They were fine folk." Art researched the history of the medal's owner and wrote: "As a result of my reading past issues of *"The RAINBOW REVEILLE"*, I found that during the Rainbow Calendar year of 14 July 1947 – 13 July 1948, the President of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association was John D. Brenner, Lancaster, PA, who, during the Great War, served as a member of Co. "D", 151<sup>st</sup> Machine Gun Battalion, 42d Infantry Division. I also learned that Brenner's wife, Mickey, was a Past President of the Ladies Auxiliary, 42d Inf. Div." Art further found that, following the death of Mr. Brenner in 1961, the Lancaster, PA Chapter of the RDVA then became known as the John D. Brenner Chapter, RDVA. When Rainbow Archivist, Bill Keithan was advised of the Medal's availability, he wrote (12 October 2002): "John Brenner and wife Mickey were good, long time Rainbow friends. I was born and raised in PA, Sunbury, to be more exact. In '47 – maybe '48, John was contacting WWII Rainbowers to join the organization. I was invited to a chapter meeting in Lancaster, PA and went to become acquainted. They were most generous and accommodating hosts. I met a bunch of WWI people in government offices and was most impressed. We nurtured the friendship until their deaths and I treasure the individuals and the name immensely. John also provided the archives with a copy of his diary maintained all during WWI and of the machine gun company he was in from PA." **In Saint Louis**, the officers of the RDV Millennium Chapter will honor the tradition, lives and history of WWI and WWII Rainbow Division veterans by proudly wearing John Brenner's 1953 Rainbow Reunion Medal...exactly fifty years after he wore it for the first time!

#### **THE RAINBOW MEDAL OF VALOR (Part One)**

(From *The Rainbow Reveille*, January-February 1936, p. 8): "The Unknown Soldier exemplifies the unmarked sacrifice, the unheeded heroism, the unsung glory of the American soldier on the battlefields of Europe in the World War. The distinguished honors and tributes offered at his Tomb do honor and pay tribute to every deed of



*Valor, to every drop of blood shed on the field of battle, and to every heroic life laid down before the altar of country. The immortal Rainbow dead, then, shared in the stream of honors offered at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day, when the Rainbow Division Veterans placed a medal struck off in honor of the Unknown Soldier by our organization, in the repository at the Tomb.*

*"This medal, the beauty and simplicity of which are striking, was designed and cast by Clarence Houle, president of the Michigan chapter. The medal is of gold, in bas relief, and depicts the bronze group in the Chalons Memorial, with a rainbow surmounting the group. The Detroit delegation at the Washington reunion suggested that the Rainbow Division should place its tribute in the repository at the Tomb and offered to provide the medal for presentation. Accordingly, they had it cast, and on November 9 it was formally turned over to our national president, Colonel Ruby D. Garrett, at an Armistice Day dinner and celebration held in Detroit that night. Colonel Garrett flew to Washington the following day and on November 11 a group of Rainbow veterans formed at the Tomb at Arlington to make the presentation. Colonel J. Monroe Johnson and Chaplain Arlington A. McCallum each spoke briefly, and Colonel Garrett made the presentation speech. A representative of the War Department received the medal on behalf of the Unknown Soldier. The National and Rainbow colors were advanced under guard, and a bugler sounded taps. The ceremony was brief, simple and impressive. The beauty of the medal and the dignity and sincerity of the service lived fully up to the Rainbow traditions. And the Rainbow, as usual, was establishing new precedents. While many organizations have offered their tributes at the Tomb, the Rainbow is the first divisional organization to make such a presentation." (FROM information received from RDV Memorials Officer, Charles Fowler)*

*The officers of the National Auxiliary proudly wear reproductions of this medal at each reunion.*

### **RAINBOW DIVISION Medal of Honor Recipients (Part 5)**

**DONALDSON, MICHAEL A.** Rank and Organization: Sergeant, U.S. Army, 165th Infantry, 42d Division. Place and Date: At Sommerance-Landres-et St. Georges Road, France, 14 October 1918. Entered service at: Haverstraw, N.Y. Born: 1884, Haverstraw, N.Y. G.O. No.: 9, W.D., 1923. **CITATION:** The advance of his regiment having been checked by intense machine gun fire of the enemy, who were entrenched on the crest of a hill before Landres-et St. Georges, his company retired to a sunken road to reorganize their position, leaving several of their number wounded near the enemy lines. Of his own volition, in broad daylight and under direct observation of the enemy and with utter disregard for his own safety, he advanced to the crest of the hill, rescued one of his wounded comrades, and returned under withering fire to his own lines, repeating his splendidly heroic act until he had brought in all the men, six in number.

### **Rainbow Trails of The Great War**

**From the WWI History of Pvt. William S. Butts, Medical Detachment, 117<sup>th</sup> Engineer Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> "Rainbow" Division, compiled by his son, from his father's diary\*, letters written home while overseas\*, an historical account of the unit written by a comrade, Robert L. Heard, and other documents. His son, William L. "Bill" Butts, is a second-generation Rainbow Division veteran and served in WWII in Headquarters 42D Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop, 42D Infantry "Rainbow" Division. (\* in quotation marks within text below)**

One day after the declaration of war by the U.S. against Germany on April 2, 1917, William S. Butts enlisted in the Army. **Apr. 3, 1917** WSB and a friend, Sam W. Hedrick enlisted in the Oklahoma Ambulance Co. #1, which would later become the 167<sup>th</sup> Amb Co. of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Rainbow Div. They were based at the Tulsa Fairgrounds at a camp called Camp Sinclair. On **Aug. 5** the unit was called into Federal service and **Aug. 9** moved to Ft. Sill, OK. Orders to move came again and the Company left Ft. Sill by train stopping in Tulsa **Sep. 3** for a short parade, then on to Camp Mills, Mineola, N.Y. three days later. At Camp Mills, the Rainbow Division was being rapidly assembled from all parts of the country. **Sep. 15, 1917** Twenty-two men were transferred from the 167<sup>th</sup> Amb. Co., along with six men from the Regular Army to form the Medical Detachment of the 117<sup>th</sup> Engineer Regiment of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Division. While stationed



at Camp Mills, the time was devoted to preparing the Regiment for overseas service and instructing and equipping the medical personnel. Numerous physical examinations were made to eliminate men not fit for overseas service. Inoculations against typhoid and small pox were given to all officers and men. While this preparation was taking place, quite a bit of disease such as measles and mumps was experienced by the men but fortunately was of a mild character due to strict isolation and quarantine of those affected. **Oct. 14** Pvt William C. Butts is given permission to leave camp from noon till 10:00 pm. **Oct. 18** The Regiment embarked at Hoboken, NJ on the USS Covington (formerly the "Cincinnati"). While on board the ship there was little disease to contend with. **Oct. 30** The ship arrived safely at St. Nazaire, France and preparations to disembark were made at once. **Nov. 1** "Well, we are here at last. We had no trouble at all with U-Boats. We left Camp Mills two weeks ago this morning." **Nov. 4** "Well, we are still on the boat but expect to land today. We have been in port three days now. Yesterday evening we took a hike through town, the first time we have been on land in [censored] days." **Nov. 5** We entrained for Manages. **Nov. 7** We arrived there. The men traveled in boxcars and on account of the damp cold weather many cases of colds and bronchitis were developed. The medical personnel here found that it was entirely inadequate to care for the men. The medical supplies that were supposed to accompany the Regiment were shipped on another transport and did not reach us until several months later. No transportation of any kind was to be had for the Medical Detachment. The Medical Detachment was at a loss to know how to care for the large amount of sickness in the Battalion caused by the inclement weather, poor sanitary conditions, poor billets, and a lack of facilities for drying clothing. The men were required to get out in the morning before daylight, work all day in the rain and mud and at night sleep in cold damp hay lofts; consequently, respiratory diseases such as colds, bronchitis, and pneumonia were frequent and the treatment was rather difficult on account of lack of drugs. **Nov. 18** "Received your letter of Oct. 21 yesterday, the first mail I have received in over a month. We have moved from where we were last Sunday and have not quite as comfortable quarters but as good as any. I got a French haircut this morning and it cost 8 cents in US money." **Dec 3** "I have moved again and am now with Headquarters Co. and like it much better. Hope you had a good Thanksgiving dinner. We sure had a good one. All we could possibly eat. Turkey and 14 or 15 other things. I hope the socks and sweaters arrive soon as they will come in handy now. It has snowed several times during the past week. We received our Oct. Pay last week. I got 141 francs, equivalent to about \$24 in US money. We get much better meals here than where I was before which is the main reason I like it better." **Dec. 12** The Battalion moved to Apres where we had better sanitary conditions, but still a large sick call. Our medicine by this time was down to just a few odds and ends. There was no quinine in France and cough medicine was unobtainable. On several occasions Lt. Krieger bought medicine from French stores. The men attached to the companies made cough medicine from almost anything they could obtain, mostly from sugar and medicine they got from the French. **Dec 16** "I am stationed about 5 miles from this town and another and I walked in this morning. The town where we are is about as bad as any I have seen in this country. I am in the hospital but all the sick we have is some mumps cases. We got paid today so I got a square meal this noon. It will not be long till Xmas but it won't seem much like Xmas here but then that is all in the game of soldiering. I'll be home for next Xmas tho when Uncle Sam gets ready America will hear about us, so will the Germans." **Dec. 23** "Your Xmas box came this morning while I was chopping wood. I was going to wait until Xmas to open it but couldn't resist the temptation to see what was in it. I am wearing the sweater now and will put a pair of socks on in the morning but I will not cut the cake till Xmas. Yesterday another fellow and I went to a large town a few miles from here. It is the first real town I have seen in this country. It is a lot like American towns. It was about a twenty mile hike altogether and as the roads were slippery and hard to walk on we were pretty tired when we got in. It is pretty cold now but I don't have to be out in it very much so don't worry about me. I have plenty to eat and wear and even have hot water to wash in every day, which is something all soldiers over here don't have." **Dec. 26** The Battalion moved to Chalindrey where they remained until Feb. 19, 1918 **Dec 27** Arrived in Chalindrey. **Dec. 31, 1917** "I enjoyed Xmas as much as possible. We had a pretty good dinner and the cake that came in the box was certainly great. And the socks were just the right size. My pardner received his Xmas box yesterday so we had another change from army rations." *(To be continued)*

**From 42 – Men of the Rainbow** by Leslie Langille of Battery B, 149<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery, U.S.A., 42<sup>nd</sup> (Rainbow) Division, A.E.F., The O'Sullivan Publishing House, Chicago, Illinois, 1933, 203 pp. : *"Toward the middle of October, things begin to happen. It is harder to get in or out of camp, tourists are barred, and a sense of mystery fills the air...Restlessness and the 'Let's Go' spirit possess us. Twice the division is reviewed. The first time, a warm Sunday afternoon, we parade along the streets of Hempstead for the Secretary of War. Two weeks later, on another*



warm day, we again do our stuff over the bare sands outside of camp. Both reviews are under full pack, and the hot sun beating down upon our backs makes us feel as if we were walking through Hades. We are pronounced fit by the reviewing dignitaries, and the morning of October 18, 1917, finds Camp Mills deserted and the 'Rainbow' on the high seas. Some units of the Division embark from Canadian ports; most of us, however, embark from Hoboken. We are on board the SS. President Lincoln. The other ships in our convoy are the Covington, President Grant, Tenadores, Pastores, and Mallory...That night, while standing guard, the sea is rough, the wind is high, and you keep moving to keep warm. The pleasantness of the afternoon has disappeared and darkness and cold has taken its place. You look over the rail of the ship and the water seems miles below you. The phosphorescent glow of the ship plowing through the water blinds you with its brilliant light. You cannot see the other ships of the convoy. The decks of your ship are deserted. You are alone with your thoughts. The possible horror of a torpedo tearing its way into the bowels of your ship and exploding strikes you full in the face. Gone is that warm sunshine of the afternoon. Down below are those hundreds of other fellows, who would not have a chance if the torpedo hit in a vital spot and near the quarters of hundreds of men. Your utter helplessness is most apparent, you are cognizant of a greater force than all these elements, before which you are as naked as a newborn babe. You take courage and comfort in the lines, 'Storm-tossed waves before thee roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal, Chart and compass come from thee, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.' Your relief comes along, and you climb down those iron steps again, with nary a thought of the danger that lurks about you...Dusk of October 31 brings us into the harbor of St. Nazaire. It is raining and gloomy, but we have arrived; and even if they won't let us off the boat right away, we are safely across. What more do you want?...Details are sent in trucks to a site about five kilometers outside of St. Nazaire, to prepare what are to be our temporary quarters. On November 5, we are unloaded, and marched to Base Camp 1, a veritable mudhole." (From materials provided by Rainbow Historian Donald L. Segel)

***From the WWI History of Homer A. Armstrong, Bugler Co. E 117 Engineers, 42D Division  
Compiled by his daughter-in-law, Jeanne Armstrong, from his diaries and recollections, official  
records, and published WWI histories***

Homer Armstrong's E Company arrived at Camp Mills on **September 6, 1917**. The men were housed in tents and given rigorous training in preparation for shipping out to the European front. During the morning hours they executed drills and marches and worked on assembling equipment and animals they would need in combat. In the afternoons they engaged in sham battles on Long Island's golf courses or hiked through adjacent villages. By **mid-October**, the weather in New York was turning cold, windy, and dusty, and the men began shivering in cold tents—a preview of things to come. They were taken by train to the outskirts of the city, loaded onto ferries, and transported to the docks at Hoboken. In the harbor lay six transport ships, a cruiser, and two destroyers. Men of Company E--the 117<sup>th</sup> Engineers--gathered for assignments prior to departure. An array of heavy picks and shovels were piled against a wall near where the soldiers were at attention. The commanding officer called out, "Can any one of you blow a bugle?" Homer, an astute young man of 24 from Richmond, Washington, stepped forward. He had on a few occasions blown a bugle. Perusing the picks and shovels, he realized that his choices were limited and determined quickly to improve his bugle blowing. Thus did Homer acquire a bugle, a sidearm, and a horse, and become a bugler for the men of Company E. He took to sea on the 18<sup>th</sup> of October on the U.S.S. Covington, formerly a German luxury liner named "The Cincinnati." 5000 men were aboard the ship, making it impossible for any one company to be on deck for more than an hour a day. His diary begins **January 1918** "Moved to Chalindrey on one of the worst days we have yet seen in France. Snowing and wind blowing a blizzard. I sleep in a feather bed. Later find a good billet. Wood is awful hard to get and what we do get we have to steal. Cold and snowing all the time. This is quite a nice town. Good cafes and so on. The people are not enthusiastic over us at all, but we may show them yet. The buglers have practice every day down by the station. Life is pretty dull here except for the frequent stews. I have to cut all the wood for the office, and they burn a lot of it. The company is engaged in drilling and intensive training. Hold retreat in front of the schoolhouse which is Regimental H.Q. The Xmas pkg pour in and I am not forgotten. Receive a lot from Gertrude and home and one from EMS." **Sun Jan. 6** "Practice hike to Langres about 12 miles altogether. The rolling kitchen goes with us. No packs. The town of Langres is an old Roman town and surrounded by a wall and a moat." **Wed Jan 16** "Make targets for target practice." **Tues Jan 29** "Moved to Changey, a small Fr. town like all the rest. Good billets." (To be continued)



## ***Rainbow Trails - On The Way To The ETO – November and December 1944***

*"The three infantry regiments under the command of Assistant Division Commander Brigadier General Henning Linden arrived nine days later at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey outside of New York City. Its code name was "Task Force Linden". My opinion based on actual later personal experiences was that it was a tragic waste of magnificent manhood – all college eligible candidates. We were allowed a 12-hour pass to New York City. Most of my time was spent in a futile attempt to phone home. I did get to see most of Manhattan including Times Square. Camp Kilmer we entrained on November 24<sup>th</sup> for Hoboken, New Jersey. There we caught the Manhattan ferry for North Pier. At 2400 hours (Midnight) we boarded the SS Bienville, a Liberty class freighter converted into a troopship. Our name, rank and serial number was given to anyone that would take it as we climbed up the gangplank loaded down with our weapons, pack and duffel bag. Anchor was weighed at 1300 hours on November 25, 1944. Since we were not allowed on deck on leaving New York harbor, I, like many others, had the premonition that I would get to see the Statue of Liberty on my return home. There was no question in my mind whatsoever. The second day we hit a terrible Atlantic storm. Our ship bobbed like a cork in the treacherous seas. Only the destroyer escorts in the convoy seemed to be taking a worse pounding. The stench of vomit was soon everywhere. Several days later we went through an enemy submarine attack alert. If you don't believe it ask anyone that went overseas with the 66<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. They lost a troop ship to enemy submarine torpedoes and never functioned as a real infantry division again. Although not official, we were told by the ship's crew that it had only been a ship gunnery practice session for them. We sailed into the Mediterranean Sea at the Straits of Gibraltar on a warm night under calm seas. The lights of Tangier on the African coast and those of Spanish Gibraltar pinpointed the darkened British Gibraltar fortress. The wake of our troopship became a fluorescent stream behind it across the sea from the reflection of oceanographic life in the water. We awoke the next morning on December 8, 1944 with our approach to dock at Camp Janet outside the main port of Marseilles, France. The first visible image of France was a huge billboard announcing 'Whiskey' above all observations. It was a surprise to me to see that the still damaged docks of the port had been repaired only enough to make one dock available. We disembarked at 1400 hours on December 8, 1944 and transferred by truck to a stony, windswept area north of Marseilles. It was designated Delta Base Staging Area or better known as "CP2" for Command Post 2. Our trip by trucks from the docks through Marseilles brought shouts of 'Cigarette for papa!' by the local populace. It was a rude indoctrination to Europe." (W.E. "Bill" Warde, 232-A; Leave-A-Legacy story)*

*"On November 25, 1944, I had a rough day of KP at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Three of us gave out coffee. The mess hall was very large – a couple thousand could eat there. I got off after dark, hurried back to the barracks, took a shower and got ready just in time for formation. We had all kinds of clothing on, a full field pack on our back, a barracks bag and a rifle to carry. We were called to attention and marched down to the train. (Just as a matter of interest, I'll put down our shipment number: 0629-G. My particular number was 10-G-98, but that was just for the train. It just meant that I was the 98<sup>th</sup> man on car number 10 of shipment G.) Somehow or other, we crowded into it. A short ride brought us to the harbor and we got on an old ferry car that had the same crowded conditions as before. I was lucky to be by a window so I could see the sights as we went up the Hudson to the New York Point of Embarkation. We were marched into a long building to wait for our turn to go on board. The Red Cross was giving out doughnuts and coffee. Sort of a last reminder of home. In a little while our turn came to go on board. Our names were checked and we were given our meal tickets. Luckily, the ship was not double loaded. "A" Company was assigned to Compartment 4. A few other Companies were in there, too. The conditions could not have been any more crowded in there. The bunks were four high to the ceiling and so close that only one person could go down the aisle at a time. The bunks were about 2 ½' by 6 ½'. With all of the equipment, there wasn't much room left for us. The next day, we fixed that by piling the barracks bags under the stairs and went up on deck to take a look at the ship. It was the S.S. Bienville of the Liberty class. It was about 50' wide and a couple hundred feet long. During the first few days out, the rolling of the boat made me dizzy and a lot of others seasick but soon we got our 'sea legs'. Now and then we had classes in French or calisthenics on the deck – these didn't work out so well due to the rocking of the ship. Every morning, we'd have a hymn sing for anybody that wanted to. One morning, we got up and noticed a rocky shore ahead of us. A*



church up on a high rock to the right was particularly outstanding. The water was very dirty with oranges, boxes and all kinds of junk floating around. A while later, we docked and waited our turn to unload. We could see that the harbor was in pretty bad shape; ships were sunk all over the place and the pier had been bombed. The Germans had been building a big concrete fortification but hadn't finished it. We marched down the road a ways and loaded on trucks. I'll never forget that ride through Marseilles. There were kids all along the way shouting for chewing gum, chocolate and cigarettes. The French landscape, homes and atmosphere impressed me; they were decidedly 'foreign'. We thought we were going to get some sort of a building to stay in. Well, we did, our own pup tents. The area we had, known as CP2, was a windswept plain more or less above the surrounding area. While there, we ate mostly '10-in-one' Rations heated by the kitchen. They set up a schedule by which we trained three hours every morning on a new battle drill. The way we moved sort of reminded me of football. Any free time we had was spent cleaning our rifles, writing our folks and loved ones or just sitting around a fire keeping warm – it was getting pretty cold out. The chaplain had services now and then. One night, a Jerry recon plane came over. The next day, we had to spread out and dig prone shelters; dug mine with a bayonet. We had a few more alerts after that. We were told to get in the foxholes when there were alerts but most of the time we just slept through them." (John H. Thompson, 232-A; from The W.W.II Journal of John Hiram Thompson, a manuscript and family project soon to be completed in book form)

"I don't remember the number of ships that were with us. But it was a LOT of ships. There were destroyers and Liberty ships. A Liberty ship would carry all our supplies and equipment. The infantry went over first. Our artillery and tank support, they came later. It was a clean passage. You know, they went zig-zag routes so the U-boats, the submarines, weren't able to track them and catch up with us. We had depth charges and everything. I don't think the Germans were willing to risk trying to attack our convoy. It took us two weeks to go over with all the zigzagging that we had to do. We went through the Straits of Gibraltar and that was really neat. It was nighttime so it was really a sight to see. All the lights were on from both sides. We all lined up on the sides of the ship and watched as we went through there. It's a lot wider than one would think. It really surprised me how wide it was, the Straits of Gibraltar. When we arrived at Marseilles, France, we couldn't land on the dock because there were many sunken ships in the harbor. So we climbed off our transport ship and into small boats for the trip ashore. We were moved outside of town on a hill that was as bald as a bare behind and cold. Very cold! We had to stay on that hill and it was so cold and it was raining. We had a little pup tent. Once that pup tent got wet it didn't shut out the weather anymore. We couldn't find anything to burn for wood. We were scrounging around and scrounging around. We would find a little bit of board here and there and try to have a fire. We were there for several days until everything got unloaded out of the ships. We got on trucks after a few days and began to head to the front lines." (Rudy Markwald, 242-G; from a book written by his grandson, Brian C. Markwald, and given to him Christmas 2002; A Soldier of the Second World War).

"The only thing notable about our departure was that Co. "B" won the 'expert' infantry competition and were given a beer party by General Collins. There were nine men AWOL the next morning and several were put on the "Bienville" under guard. I believe that a couple missed the trip entirely. The second night after we sailed, the water got a little rough and most people were sick. Fortunately, the 4<sup>th</sup> platoon had the task of hosing down the decks and the exercise plus the opportunity of sleeping on deck kept our stomachs in pretty good shape. We also lived on peanuts, candy bars and Bermuda onions rather than going below deck for meals since the mess area was a combination of vile smelling 'food' and vomit. CP2 was muddy and cool until we received our extra blankets. The days must have been warm since I can recall men taking baths from their helmets while being observed by the local populace. The train trip to the north was 'forty and eight' all the way. There were a couple of fires started in the straw bedding that covered the floor of the car but these were quickly extinguished. We were in the Third Army long enough to hear artillery and then were transported in open trucks to the Seventh Army. I spent a day or so with Clyde Lee in Strasbourg guarding a rail switch but the only excitement was the troops in Strasbourg shooting out lights in houses to enforce the blackout." (John J. McGovern, 232-B; Leave-A-Legacy story)

"I can remember shipping over and going through New Jersey and ending up at CP2 in the south of France. This was a barren hill with nothing but a tent city and six-man pup tents and two-man pup tents. We started our



*tour of duty there on that barren rolling hill not too far from the little village of Aix outside of Marseilles. Our first concern there was that we got a leave before we went up to the line and I opted to go into this little village of Aix with ten or twelve other guys. It's famed for its wines in a little valley right on the coast. That was interesting. I did manage to get one quick run into Marseilles. Then we went in '6x6' trucks and by rail, finally ending up just outside of Brumath and we were taken by '6x6' trucks again into an outlying area and left the trucks and started walking. I believe the first village that we walked into that became a combat area was the village of Weyersheim, a point where we kicked off on our first mission, and that was going into Gamsheim."*

(Norman A. Thompson, 242-G; Leave-A-Legacy story)

*The Company arrived at Marseilles, France, the morning of 8 December 1944, remained on the boat until dusk, at which time we disembarked and carried our heavy packs, duffel bags, rifles and other equipment about a mile over muddy roads to a point where we were herded into large Quartermaster trucks and transported to CP2, a camp on a barren hill, where we pitched pup tents in the dark and bedded down for the night. A very miserable place to live. The wind blew constantly. The next day, a cold, steady rain set in and we all got wet. The barren hill became a place where everything we owned got muddy. We built fires and sat around them in groups of ten or fifteen and talked until late at night. We traded candy and cigarettes with the Italian PW's for vino, which wasn't too good but which we sought eagerly. After about a week we were again herded into Quartermaster trucks and driven to a railroad siding where we were assigned our 'Forty and 8's'. Large food stocks were piled along the train and were raided by members of the Company, especially by my platoon, in spite of the fact that the piles were guarded by guards who tried to be alert. We had a rough trip on the train, which pitched and lurched, throwing us from side to side. It rained considerably during the trip and since the roof of each car leaked, we all got wet. Our trip by train ended several miles west and south of Strasbourg. There we loaded onto trucks and rode to a dirty French village where manure seemed to be the principal industry. It was piled along the streets in front of the houses and smelled to high Heaven. We bedded down for the night in an old house with straw on the floor and dirt and human excrement evident everywhere. The Germans had not been away from the village very long."*

(Dolph F. Trantham, 242-F; Leave-A-Legacy story)

*"In late November 1944, the three infantry regiments went by train to Camp Kilmer, NJ and, after a week or so, by train to Hoboken, NJ and a ferry to Manhattan, NY. There we boarded a troop ship, the S.S. Alexander, for a two-week trip in convoy on the Atlantic Ocean into the Mediterranean Sea to Marseilles, France. We debarked on December 9<sup>th</sup> and were trucked about twenty miles to Command Post #2. We spent ten days on the CP2 windy, cold, barren plateau before boarding '40 and 8' French boxcars for our five-day trip up the Rhone River valley through Dijon and Lyons to the town of Bensdorf, near Metz in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Army area where we arrived on December 23<sup>rd</sup>. On Christmas Eve, we boarded 2 ½ ton trucks and drove all night (at one point, through Strasbourg) until we arrived at the Maginot Line Fortress Von Bismarck on Christmas morning. On December 26<sup>th</sup>, we marched to Obershaffelsheim and on December 28<sup>th</sup>, we marched about six miles to Duppigheim. On New Year's Day, we rode in DUKWs (a 2 ½ ton amphibious vehicle used by the Army to transport troops) to the front line Maginot Fortress Schwartzkoff on the Rhine River below Strasbourg where we manned machine guns, watched the German pillboxes and fortifications across the Rhine and experienced occasional enemy gunfire."*

(John R. Walker, 222-G; Leave-A-Legacy story)

*In December 1944, at CP2 high on the hills surrounding Marseilles, France, I was assigned a detail commanding a dozen soldiers who would ride in the back of long wheel based trucks to haul rations from the Port of Marseilles to the supply depot issue point at CP2. If a guard was not put IN the trucks, local French civilians would jump on the back of the trucks as they passed buildings and then throw off the ration boxes and then hop off. This was the first time that I was issued live ammunition in Europe for the men to put in their rifles for such a mission. Our instructions were to first fire one warning round and if the civilian persisted, put the next round in the individual's heart. I was a Buck Sgt. at the time. I detailed two soldiers in each truck, one at the rear tailgate looking forward and one standing on the seat looking to the rear. Going empty to the port warehouse (a tent), it was a nice ride down the hills that surrounded the city to where the rations were stored on the wharf on the bay. It did not take long to get the six trucks loaded but while there I noticed some broken '10 in 1' boxes sort of pushed out of the way. "Ten in One" means ten meals in one package and included a large can of fruit cocktail.*



*I picked up a couple of discarded full fruit cocktail cans to take back as we were on 'C' rations which did not include anything like this. Our trip back was uneventful, as apparently the word had gotten around that the trucks were guarded. Thank goodness, none of my detail had to fire any shots. I took the cans of fruit cocktail back to my squad and we devoured them in short order. While at CP2, we went through a company chow line to get our 'C' rations issued for breakfast, again at noon and later in the evening for our evening meal. We were there several days as we had to take the cosmoline\* off of our machine guns using hot boiling water. This was a real tough exercise. One breakfast morning, I went through the chow line to get my can of bacon and eggs (which was heated in a GI can full of water over a field kitchen gasoline stove) and when I got it, the can was 'biscuits'. I went to the Mess Sgt. and had a tough job trading it for a 'breakfast meal'. Dry heated GI canned biscuits were not that good for breakfast. We were issued our jeeps at CP2 so we had a long convoy from Marseilles to Strasbourg all night in the snow with men even riding in the trailers. I found out that I could heat hot water while going down the road by holding the 'ten-man' gasoline stove to the floor of the jeep and holding a canteen cup of water above it so that it would not spill. We made coffee this way, as it was really quite cold on this trip in December of 1944." [\*a corrosion prevention compound in use during WWII] (John M. "Jack" Keyser, 232-H; Leave-A-Legacy story)*

*"We landed in Marseilles (USS William S. Black). As we got off the ships early in December, about the 12 - 14<sup>th</sup>, on the road we passed servicemen in jeeps and they'd holler at us, "You'll be sorry! You'll be sorry!!" and "How's things in the States?" and "What new songs are they singing?" Come to find out these men just landed the day before. It was called CP2. All it was, was a big field with no buildings on it and the first night, we pitched our pup tents and each soldier had just half a tent. We buddied with somebody. That's the only time we ever used them in bivouac. It was cold. A bunch of us started getting our hair cut and Jackson was cutting Lonnie Harrison's hair and he kept on messing it up. Finally, he just got a hammerlock on him and took these hand-operated clippers and just plowed a furrow down through his hair, then cut it all off. They had agreed to trade haircuts. Well, Jackson didn't want a haircut but he had to get one. There was twelve of us that decided we wanted our hair cut off and we cut all of our hair off. So, sleeping in pup tents, it got cold at night, very cold there and we had little wool knit caps but you couldn't hardly wear them on your naked head because it'd make you sting and burn and itch and it was very uncomfortable. We paid for getting our hair cut off. We were at Marseilles possibly a week, ten days. The whole Company moved together. The first place we stopped was in Strasbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine. On the way up there, we rode jeeps. Along the road, the little kids were hollering, "Vive La France! Vive La France!" and when we got on further up there into Alsace, they weren't saying it anymore so these guys would holler, "Vive La France!" to the kids to get them to holler back, "Vive La America!" and stuff like that. But then, on further up there, before we got to Strasbourg, the little kids would holler, "Ja, Ja! Ja Ja!" That's a different language up there. I don't think it's German or French, it's kind of their own language. We had to spend one night at an airfield and we had to stay in the jeeps. It was raining and muddy on the ground out there. The ones that didn't have jeeps had big trucks with tarps on them. We were moving up fast, it was all motorized - everybody had transportation. They had several large 2 ½ ton trucks with tarps and several small trucks." (Arnold H. Owen, 242-M, from a videotaped interview with his son, Earnie)*

*"We arrived at Marseilles, France on December 10, 1944. The city was pretty well torn up from the bombing and shelling. We were moved by trucks to CP2, a tent city, set up on high ground above Marseilles. We had pup tents for the next few days. The weather was cold and windy, with rain, sleet and snow. We were moved by railroad boxcars, '40 and 8's', over narrow gage rail to the Strasbourg area and then moved into Maginot Line pillboxes and dugouts. It was a cold and wet area. The company kitchen brought us a hot turkey meal on Christmas Day. We were still in these cold, wet quarters. On January 5, 1945, we loaded onto trucks and moved into Strasbourg, France. We were billeted into houses, so were out of the wet and cold and onto dry floors. We had about four hours rest when we got orders to move out immediately." (Lester E. Bruns, 222-E; from his World War II Memoirs)*

*"While we were at CP2, most everyone who wanted to, went into Marseilles for recreation, sight seeing or whatever. I went one time and was amazed at the streetcars. They never seemed to stop completely. They just slowed down a little and people jumped on. The people inside would grab the ones trying to get on and pull them*



in. We were warned, before we went into town, that there were plenty of natives that would gladly slit our throats for as little as the boots we were wearing. We were advised to stay in large enough groups to avoid this. I was content to just walk around with a few buddies and sight see. There were portable showers available at CP2 and we were allowed one or two showers during the time we were there. The showering was done a company at a time. The entire company went and everyone lined up to wait his turn. Since we had only saltwater showers on the boat, showering now was especially refreshing. We didn't know it at the time, but it would be a long while before we would have another chance to bathe. Thinking about what was ahead for us, when we got to the front lines, made us pretty content with our lives at CP2 and most of us were not anxious to leave it. Because only part of the Division had arrived, we thought we would not head for the fighting until the artillery, which was the main unit that we were lacking, caught up with us. General Collins was still in Gruber and we were sure we wouldn't go to the front without him. What we didn't figure on was that Hitler was making another last ditch effort at an offensive, as he told his generals, "to push the Allied forces back into the sea." This offensive, the famous "Battle of the Bulge" was underway. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of December, we awakened to a cold, rainy morning and were informed that we were leaving for the front lines that day. We were ordered to strike our pup tents and get ready to go. Because of the rain, there was no way to neatly take down the tents and fold them properly. All we could do is just wad them up in a wet muddy mess. This we proceeded to do. By the time we finished breaking camp, the trucks were waiting for us and we loaded up for the trip to the railroad siding, where the train was awaiting our arrival." (James R. "Pete" Pettus, 232-K; from his World War II History 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon Co. K, 232<sup>nd</sup> Infantry 42<sup>nd</sup> "Rainbow" Div.)

"So, I was with the contingent that went over to France. December 8<sup>th</sup> in Marseilles, we debarked. We went to a barren hilltop, as probably many others have mentioned, at a place called CP2. Our orders were to report to the Third Army. We were destined for the Third Army. On the way to the front lines, our orders were changed and we were sent to the Seventh Army. We ended up around Strasbourg and then we went into various positions on the Rhine. We were attached to the 79<sup>th</sup> Division and we were actually, supposedly, just relieving elements and replacing holes in the line. That was supposed to be all we were doing. Well, as many have said, there was a large attack there. They didn't realize it was such a large attack. It was coded 'Nordwind', Operation 'Nordwind', where fifteen German divisions attacked the reduced Seventh Army. The Seventh Army had to cover the area that had been vacated by the Third Army when they went to relieve the First Army. To make a long story short, I was with the outfit when we went through the 28 days of 'Nordwind'. (Kenneth H. Carpenter, 232-H; Leave-A-Legacy story)

**VOLUNTEERS WANTED!!** For many years, the Memorial Foundation has been interested in putting the WWII roster on a database to easily access the names of those in the WWII Rainbow. Because the condition of these rosters is poor, scanning is difficult and the most feasible approach is to type the names. Volunteers with a computer are needed to type the roster. If you would like to type a company roster, possibly your father's, grandfather's, husband's or brother's or even your own, please contact veterans Val Spiegel at [spiegel-val@worldnet.att.net](mailto:spiegel-val@worldnet.att.net) or John McGovern at [Uamz91a@aol.com](mailto:Uamz91a@aol.com).

### **FROM The History of the National Rainbow Division Veterans Auxiliary**

"War and its inherent intricacy certainly played a component part in the Auxiliary concepts during the 1943-44 and 1944-45 terms. Numerous governmental as well as self-imposed restrictions on the home front resulted in deferring the National reunion (by vote of the Executive Committee, Rainbow Division Veterans) from the regular two-day meeting in July 1944, to a one-day streamlined business session on September 30<sup>th</sup> in Chicago, Illinois." (History for the years 1943-44; 1944-45; submitted by Irene W. Colston, National Secretary)

"There are no records available for these years as minutes of the meetings were lost. These were the war years, and although our activities were curtailed, our Auxiliary's contribution to the war effort would be well worth mentioning. Our members served in canteens; rolled bandages for the Red Cross, and made cash donations to the different war organizations." (Ed. note: The author of these words is unknown, as this paragraph is unsigned).



**From Mary Kenny, Coordinator of the Rainbow "Leave-A-Legacy" Project and National Auxiliary National Patriotic Relations Chairwoman:** *"The status of "Leave-A-Legacy" is ongoing and will continue until the last story comes in. Accounts can be sent either to me or to Suellen McDaniel at the Millennium Chapter. The original project was to interview veterans and collect their memories, stories, etc. This was very successful. The Millennium Chapter has so beautifully stepped up to the plate for the next step. These stories have a life to live before they are buried in some faraway vault. We cherish your work."* Accounts may be sent to: Mary (Mrs. Bill) Kenny, 1 Chadwell Place, Morristown, NJ 07960 or to Suellen McDaniel, Millennium (Family) Chapter, 1400 Knolls Drive, Newton, NC 28658-9452. Following the copying of materials for current use, the originals of all stories received will be sent to the Rainbow Archivist, J. William "Bill" Keithan.

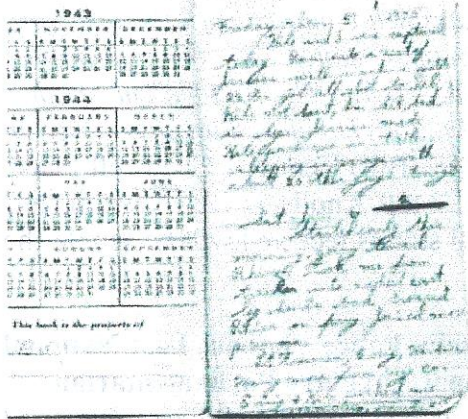
**From Loretta J. Schneider, widow of John G. Schneider, 42<sup>nd</sup> Division, Military Police Platoon, Past National President, National Auxiliary Rainbow Division Veterans and currently National Auxiliary Parliamentarian**

*(1/15/03): "Please find enclosed some of the History books of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Rainbow Division Military Police Chapter. I do not have them all, as have been unable to locate all of them. The Military Police Chapter was formed in Springfield, Illinois, at the Annual Reunion, July 1977. We had been attending reunions since '74 and went overseas with the "Trail of the Rainbow" group sponsored by Rex Luna, Huntsville, Alabama, in '75. We continued to write, call, invite "Buddies" and Ladies of the M.P.s, when in 1977, we had five couples present, enough to form a chapter for the Men and Ladies. That we did, and received our charter from the National President, Annabelle Cook. My late husband John G. Schneider and I, were Presidents.. We began to grow and grow and now had as many as sixty in our beloved chapter. How we all, with families, grew up to treasure one another's friendship and love, until our children grew up, married and then some of them joined the chapter, received scholarships and enjoyed being with us and all Rainbow People. Even grandchildren came now. My husband was National Sergeant-at-Arms several times and I was honored after several National offices to become National President. What an honor! It was a beautiful year from coast to coast. But, as anything, failing health, age and even death began to wane our chapter that we all loved so much, until we were forced with only two men and three ladies left to close our M.P. Platoon Chapter and return our Charter. That was a sad reunion for those of us attending and, as of July 2002, the five of us were still present, Jerry and Florence Hunberger, Pennsylvania; Charles Kelly (widowed), Ohio; Mrs. Walter (Virginia) Duhascek (widow), Texas; and myself, Mrs. John G. (Loretta) Schneider (widow), Illinois. Twenty-three years for the chapter and twenty-nine for yours truly. If I can make 2004 in Memphis, it will be 30. Beautiful, fun, years - our big military family! I know you are and will be, working hard to maintain Rainbow. God bless and we love you all for your great effort as we grow older!"*

**A letter to Mrs. Loretta Schneider from the Millennium Chapter:** Dear Loretta, *thank you* for your trust and hope for the future through our chapter's dedication and desire to preserve and protect Rainbow Division history, WWI and WWII, for present and future generations. *We love you, too!* We honor you from the bottom of our hearts and will never forget you and what you and all Rainbowers, veterans and members of the Auxiliary, have done for our country and the sense of life that is uniquely and *truly* American. *We'll see you in Saint Louis!!*

**RAINBOW POW Story Book Update** The completion of a project begun by the Rainbow Archivist more than ten years ago, continued through the years by the efforts of a number of Rainbow veterans and finally, by volunteer transcribers, artists and one Rainbow descendant who is a graphic designer and is putting it all together, is at hand. The accounts of Rainbow Division veterans of both WWI and WWII which have been collected through the archives or submitted in response to questionnaires and requests will be available in book format in the near future. Our aim has been to have this project completed and copies available at the St. Louis reunion of Rainbow Division Veterans. We are working hard to accomplish this. If this doesn't come to pass next month, it won't be for lack of trying! Interestingly, the responses to a recent mailing to veterans and families of veterans whose stories will be printed have included a desire to add more detail from personal accounts more recently written or discovered. We are very glad of this and encourage you to submit these additions as promptly as possible. The following letter is from Mrs. Zerita (Willard C.) Burlin, 242-H1B, 5/27/03: *"It was a great surprise to hear from you yesterday. I sometimes think that WWII has been forgotten by so many. There are but a very few WWII veterans still alive, but when you think of the wonderful difference our country's victory has made worldwide, it is a shame more emphasis isn't put on it in the schools. My husband Bill found it so difficult to talk about his prison stay. He kept it all to himself for many years. Oddly, however, in the last few years of his life, he was able to talk to me and our children about some of the atrocities he endured in Stalag 9-B. I will try to locate his diary and get it to you. Please accept my appreciation for your interest in your WWII project."*





Of the five men whose photos appear below, Ray Essig, Byron Hardin and Norman Fruman, all men of 232-G, are current members of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association.

Ray Essig is the RDVA Chapter Secretary for 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn, 232<sup>nd</sup> Inf. Regt. He can be reached at this address:  
**3510 Lindenfield Drive**  
**Katy, TX 77449** or through e-mail:  
[Rc.essig@mindspring.com](mailto:Rc.essig@mindspring.com)

Ed Smith passed over the Rainbow on November 22, 2001  
 Robert J. Kile died on May 5, 1945 and is buried in Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery at Henri-Chapelle, Belgium.

From Ed Smith, 232-G, 6/26/01: "I don't know how I got so lucky, (although at the time it didn't seem like luck) to be wounded and in the hospital when you fellows were forced to march in the cold and put in the stalag. It must have been Hell. I'll never understand how come I was sent to the hospital which I was, in Baden-Baden, The Haus Dengler, which had been a resort hotel before the war and I understand has been refurbished and shown on HGTV as one of the resorts of "The Rich and Famous." Of course it was just a hospital then and as far as I know there were just three of us Americaner Kriegs Gefangens in it. The German colonel in charge of the place had an uncle in New York, a sister in Des Moines and some relative in Detroit."

His Diary begins: **Friday January 5, 1945.** Kile and I were captured today. Ran into a nest of Jerries with machine pistols. 21/2 ton job all shot to hell. Kile not hurt, I'm hit, bad, in leg. Jerries made Kile push me in trailer. Sleeping in garage with about 20 other guys tonight. **Saturday January 6.** Started early this morning going toward Rhine. Took me from trailer into 4 wheel cart. Leg hurts bad. Crossed Rhine on ferry. Joined more prisoners. Lt. Fruman, Essig, Hardin, many more from my co. Essig and Kile pushed me all the way (about 5 miles). It was very cold. I stayed in aid station for awhile then ambulance took me to hospital. They sent me to another one. Operated on my leg about midnight. Slept in good bed. **Sunday January 7.** Stayed in this hospital until evening. Had a very good dinner of soup, hot potatoes, sauerkraut and Jello. Moved to B. Baden (another hospital), operated on the leg again (put wire through my ankle). Talked with doctor. Put in room with 3 Jerries & one Yank officer, all leg wounds. **Monday January 8.** Nothing new today. Leg still hurts. It's snowing outdoors. U.S.A.A.F. came over today (God Bless Them). Wish I was home."

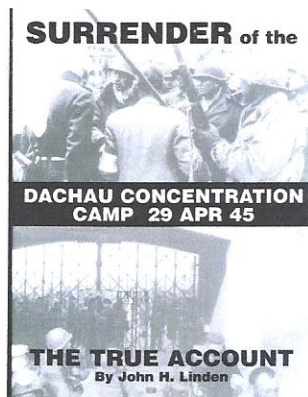


From left to right: **Pvt. Edward S. Smith, Pvt. Robert J. Kile, Pfc. Ray C. Essig, Pfc. Byron Hardin and 2d Lt. Norman Fruman**

(photos and names were taken from the 1944 history books for the 232D and 242D Infantry Regiments, 42D Infantry Division, Army and Navy Publishing Company of Louisiana, Baton Rouge, LA)

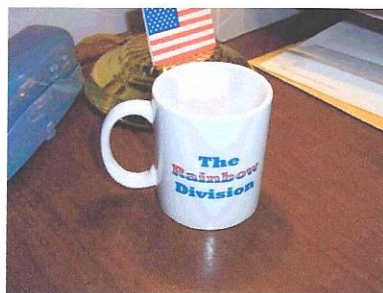
**We thank God for these men and for their service to our country!**





**BOOK SALES** of *Surrender of the Dachau Concentration Camp 29 Apr 45 – The True Account* by John H. Linden are continuing and these hardcover books will be available at the National Reunion at St. Louis, MO in July. Cost during the reunion will be \$17.00; all other orders, to include S&H, will be \$20.00. Chapter titles include: The Setting, The Surrender, The Cast, The Shooting, The Aftermath, The Press, The Witnesses. The use of primary source documentation, photos and witness testimony given shortly after the event allow the reader to follow the the research to an enlightened conclusion in the manner of a most interesting detective story. This is an important facet of Rainbow Division history.

**RAINBOW MUGS** designed by Tim Robertson, son of WWII Rainbow veteran, Lyle Robertson, 222-F, will be available for purchase at the National Reunion of Rainbow Division Veterans at Saint Louis, MO in July 2003. Tim offered his personal design and coordinated the project of finding a company to manufacture a quantity of these mugs for sale through the Millennium (Family) Chapter. Their selling price will be \$12.00.



**RAINBOW CAPS**, also designed by Tim, will be available in blue (as shown), red with white lettering and white with blue lettering. For information concerning cost of S&H per quantity of caps and/or mugs ordered, (cost per cap will be \$15.00). please contact Suellen McDaniel (828) 464-1466  
[JMAC1400@aol.com](mailto:JMAC1400@aol.com) 1400 Knolls Drive Newton, NC 28658-9452

**RAINBOW MUSIC!!** For anyone interested in receiving the sheet music of "There's A Rainbow In The Army!" by Norman Monath and/or the Rainbow song, "March Of The Rainbow" by Glenn O. Raikes, adopted as the theme song for the 1932 convention in Los Angeles, we'll be glad to furnish copies. Please send a self-addressed, stamped (.60) envelope to Suellen McDaniel, Millennium Chapter, 1400 Knolls Drive, Newton, NC 28658-9452. (music furnished by Mrs. Barbara (Dee R.) Eberhart)

## IN SEARCH OF RAINBOW MEMORIALS

The above is the title of the photo/history book in regard to all of the current 109 National Memorials and Rainbow Sites. After many years of research and trips to take photographs, it was decided to publish what we had, before we all crossed the Rainbow. Even though there are some blanks that couldn't be covered, due to the time that has lapsed since the Memorial was placed there, they will be mentioned.

The book will contain 100 pages of information and history of the Memorials with black and white photographs and will sell for \$14.95, plus \$3.00 for postage and handling. It may be obtained from the **Aegis Publishing Company**, 432 South Juliana Street, Bedford, PA 15522. Telephone is (814) 623-8308, fax is (814) 623-8668 and Email is [aegis@bedford.net](mailto:aegis@bedford.net). It should be available by the end of June. It will also be on sale at the Annual Reunion in Saint Louis, to include personal autographed copies by Lise Pommois, who is authoring the book, with the assistance of Charles Fowler, Memorials Officer.