

The Newsletter of the Millennium (Family) Chapter
of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation
December 2004 Volume 5, Issue 2

A Remembrance For All Seasons In June 2004, Mr. George Haber, a WWII buff whose field is public



relations and marketing, contacted the <rainbowvets.org> Web coordinator, Barbara Eberhart: "I work in the old Curtiss Engineering Corporation building at 71 Clinton Road, Garden City, Long Island, NY. The building, which I gather dates back to the 1910's, is now occupied by Nassau BOCES, an educational agency that serves the 56 school districts of Nassau County, Long Island. Across the street from this building, adjacent to Long Island railroad tracks (now not in use) and a firehouse (which I gather used to be a train station) is a monument dedicated to 'the Rainbow Division', which describes the Division and depicts 'Camp Albert Mills', where I gather troops assembled before going overseas. People pass by this monument all the time now, but I would imagine virtually no one

even reads this monument, and of those who do, very few understand what it's all about! The community in which it sits, Garden City, is one of the most affluent on Long Island—large million-dollar homes, many open, park-like areas, lots and lots of huge trees—in all, a beautiful, upscale, pristine neighborhood that suggests nothing of the tumult that must have characterized the place 85 or so years ago. I was thinking, wouldn't it be a great idea in these times of renewed patriotism in many quarters, to have some sort of memorial ceremony (say next November on Veterans Day) reminding students and adults alike of what the Rainbow Division, and indeed WWI, was all about! I'd be happy to lend a hand." On the morning of Thursday, November 11, 2004, more than 300 men, women and children gathered together for a very special Veterans Day Ceremony and Rainbow Division Monument Rededication in a "Community Exercise Under The Auspices of American Legion William Bradford Turner Post 265, The Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation, The General Douglas MacArthur Foundation and The Great War Society, To Honor Those Who Understood That Freedom Is Not Free". Event co-organizer George Haber described the ceremony and monument rededication: "The event yesterday was a big success! Approximately 300 people turned out to rededicate the Rainbow Division Monument in Garden City, Long Island, NY, and to listen to a variety of individuals connected with the origins of the Rainbow Division, Camp Albert Mills, and the First World War. Maj. Gen. Tom Garrett, a former commander of the Division, was keynote speaker, recalling the early days of the Division at Camp Albert Mills and discussing the legacy of the Division. Others included Jim Zobel, archivist with the General Douglas MacArthur Foundation in Norfolk, VA; Jim Jones, son of WWI Rainbow Division soldier Joseph Jones, a portion of whose day-by-day diary his son read; Hugh Kilmer, grandson of Joyce Kilmer, who read his grandfather's moving poem, "Memorial Day". I read excerpts from a 1935 speech by MacArthur to veterans of the Rainbow Division. The nearby firehouse, which used to be a railroad station, was devoted to all the memorabilia: posters, photos, medals, ribbons, a helmet, gas mask, and mess kits; we showed 'The Fighting 69' (1940) with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien on a VCR and we played WWI music, including 'Over There' by Billy Murray, 'Sister Susie's Sewin' Shirts for Soldiers' by Al Jolson, 'Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning' by Irving Berlin, and such vintage classics as 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag', 'It's A Long Way To Tipperary', 'Alexander's Ragtime Band', and an 1895 version of the 'Star Spangled Banner' played by the US Marine Band! We had bagpipes, an ROTC color guard, and middle school winners of an essay contest that we ran. (The first-place winner read her poem, dedicated to her principal and piano teacher, who, ironically, were in the Rainbow Division.) We also provided visitors with breakfast, courtesy of a nearby deli (Boswell's of Mitchel Field), whose owner, Doug, told me, *'This isn't about marketing or advertising. It's just the right thing to do. These guys have sacrificed for all of us, and are still doing it. It's my pleasure to help out!'* Wreaths were placed at the monument

by the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation, the American Legion William Bradford Turner Post No. 265 (Garden City, NY), The Great War Society, Columbia University (in honor of "Wild Bill" Donovan and Joyce Kilmer, both Columbia graduates) and the Northeast Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation.

[Photo: George Haber reading remarks from a speech by MacArthur to the Rainbow Division veterans in 1935; the soldier seated immediately to the right is Maj. Gen. (ret.) Tom Garrett, Chief of the Homeland Security Division of the New Jersey Department of Military and Veterans Affairs. The 17-ft tall monument is made of Rainbow granite from Minnesota, and was erected in 1941. It weighs more than 30 tons. Each side of the base depicts a phase of Rainbow Division history in maps and words. The sides of the monument show a Doughboy at attention, a Doughboy blowing taps, and a list of all the units of the Division and their states. A permanent red, yellow and blue rainbow is etched in the granite above the soldiers.]

RAINBOW TRAILS OF THE GREAT WAR

A Letter From Lori Hornback, granddaughter of Milton M. Townsend, Co. B, 168th Inf. Regt.:

(2/18/04) Lori contacted the <rainbowvets.org> Web site in her quest to learn more about her grandfather's service) "My grandfather enlisted on May 25, 1917 at 26 years of age. He was part of the 168th Infantry Regiment of the 42nd Rainbow Division, Company "B", in France. He returned to Des Moines, Iowa on September 9, 1919. He passed away on September 9, 1967. I was only two years old. He has a Diploma of Honor. Also, there is a ribbon with five bars containing the following information according to my mother:



Ribbon; Champagne Marne; Aisne Marne; St. Mihiel; Meuse-Argonne; Defensive Sector. Under these bars is a medallion which has a warrior with wings on the front. In his left hand he is holding a shield and in his right hand a sword. On the back of the medallion it says, "Great War For Civilization" France, Italy, Serbia, Japan...and so on. I also found out that my grandmother had donated the flag that draped his coffin to the Avenue of the Flags; however, it was stolen from the cemetery on a day all the flags were being displayed. I should explain that it was not until a recent repatriation ceremony did I really

think about my grandfather. I was watching the C-17 taxi in towards us late evening back in January, here at Andersen. As the ceremony took place, I watched my husband walk down to the airplane and up the ramp carrying a wreath of flowers. Soon after Taps was played and I closed my eyes and felt a tear fall down my cheek, it was at that moment that I actually felt my grandfather and saw his face in my mind. It is so hard to explain, but it was real. I later walked down to the aircraft and saw the four flag draped caskets, and broke down. I will never forget that evening. So not only am I doing this for my mom, but for me and all the others out there."

From the family of Gustaf Brumberg, Co. E, 168th Infantry (11/13/04): I've attached a photo taken in July when my wife, Jane Swanson-Nystrom, and I and our three children visited France. My wife's grandfather, Gus Brumberg, served in Company "E" of the 168th Infantry from May 1918 until the unit returned to the U.S. in



1919. We visited the Tuilerie Farm at the base of the Cote de Chatillon because Gus's unit, Company "E", played a significant role there, per Taber's account; and because this battle was significant in Douglas MacArthur's career, per the PBS website account at

<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/amex/macarthur/maps/chatelion02.html> Among Gus's margin notes, he wrote under

MacArthur's photo on page 97, Vol II, "I carried some messages to him in the Argonne woods." Gus's WWI history is especially interesting to the family because it seemed to define the rest of his life. He told us he served for that entire year without firing his rifle, having declared himself a conscientious objector due to his religious beliefs. However,

he was assigned to Company "E" as a messenger, carried a rifle, served in the trenches, was badly shell shocked at St. Mihiel, ran through gunfire to deliver messages, expressed remorse the rest of his life that his sergeant had borrowed his rifle to kill a sniper, and was buried in his WWI uniform at age 93. Thanks for keeping alive the WWI history of this Division." Doug Nystrom [photo is of Tuilerie Farm]

From I Went To War by Wilbur Peterson, 1938, p. 30

"Where was it, this 'somewhere in France'? Those long nights the lad was tramping from one sector to another, or undergoing bombardment preparatory to the morning attack, the folks back home knew not where he was, what he was doing, or whether he was dead or alive. Because of censorship, he was only 'over there', and many a heartache that generality caused! Where was this 'somewhere in France'? Oh sure, it was Alsace-Lorraine, St. Mihiel, Chateau Thierry, the Argonne and the Meuse, perhaps even Paris. These were the better known spots. How many more places there were, though, to the soldier 'somewhere in France'. For one outfit, *this* was 'somewhere in France':

Transport—President Lincoln

Debarcation Point—St. Nazaire.

Training Camp—Camp Coetquidan (in Brittany).

Enroute (train)—Rennes, Chartres, Versailles, Gerberviller.

Front (Lorraine)—Azerailles, Badonviller, Pexonne, Baccarat.

Hospital—Baccarat, Contrexeville, Neufchateau.

Replacement Camp—St. Aignan.

Front (Lorraine)—Vacqueville.

Enroute (afoot)—Clezentaine, Langley, Charmes.

Enroute (train)—Nancy, Domremy, Toul, Bar le Duc, Vitre le Francois.

Enroute (afoot)—Drouilly, LaChaussee, Courtisols.

Front (Champagne)—Suippes.

Enroute (afoot)—St. Etienne au Temple, Chalons sur Marne, Cheppes la Prairie.

Enroute (train)—Vitry la Ville, St. Dizier, Troyes, Paris (no stop!), Lizy-sur-Ourcq.

Enroute (afoot)—Cocherel.

Front (Chateau Thierry)—Vaux, Chateau Thierry, Epieds, Beauvarden, Ourcq River, Sergy, Seringes, Fere-en-Tardenois, Fismes, Dole.

Enroute (afoot)—Essomes, Domptin, Cocherel.

Enroute (train)—Lizy sur Ourcq, Epernay, Chalons, Chaumont, Langres, Perusse, Clefmont.

Enroute (afoot)—Gouaincourt, Bourmont, Medonville, Neufchateau, Tilleuz, Autigny, Biquolet.

Front (St. Mihiel)—Toul, Menil la Tour, Seicheprey, Mandres, Maizerais, Essey, Pannes, Nonsard, St. Benoit.

Enroute (afoot)—Troyon, Recourt, Verdun, Brocourt.

Front (Meuse-Argonne)—Avocourt, Very, Exermont, Montfaucon, Sommerance, Thenorgeus, Verpel, Landres-et-St. George, Romagne, Fleville, Charpentry, St. Juvin, Buzancy, Baulney, Champigneulles, St. Pierremont, Aincreville, Ochres, Tannay, Stonne, Grand Armoires (near Sedan), Petite Armoires.

Armistice—Harricourt.

Enroute (to Germany, afoot)—Sivry, Imecourt, Dun sur Meuse, Bleheville, Ecurey, Ire le Sec.

Belgium—Ethe, Bonnert, Arlon, Virton.

Luxembourg—Rechingen, Luxembourg city.

Germany—Echternach, Bitburg, Kylburg, Adenau, Hillesheim, Altnahr, Arhweiler, Neuenahr, Remagen (Rhine), Bohn (side trip).

Enroute (homeward, by train)—Oberwinter, Coblenz, Metz, Toul, Bar le Duc, Vitry le Francois, Versailles, Paris (no stop), Chartres, Troyes, Rennes, Le Mans, Brest (embarkation point).

Transport—Cruiser Huntington.

[From the Foreword: "The nature of the book demands a word on the author's army service, a word offered without braggadocio. He left high school in April, 1917, to enlist two weeks after the United States declared war. He served twenty-five months in the 151st Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division. The Rainbow was overseas for eighteen months, was the third American division to enter the combat, and spent nine months on the fighting front. The 151st officially is recorded with more days in action than any other American regiment. Such lines as are set down herein are neither exaggerated nor minimized. The thought has been only to tell what it was like for the common soldier. If a dedication is in order, this book is dedicated to the soldier of the Rainbow, to the soldier of every other division regardless of where it served, and to the soldiers of all nations—who like ourselves conscientiously fought for what they believed the right. Wilbur Peterson"]

St. Mihiel 16th
A E F V I R
Some where in France
I dont state and
Sabie will write you
a few lines Guess you
think that I am never
going to write you all
but after all his comes
and you all I am
writing a 2 in 1 letter

2
this is to both of you all
I sure would like to see you
all there is plenty of good looking
French girls over here but they
are not have as good looking
as the sweet little American
girls they dont look as
sweet to me as you all
say sir you and Sabie
write me a long letter as
I cant write very much
so will say good bye
from Albert

Albert Waites Satterfield, Sr.



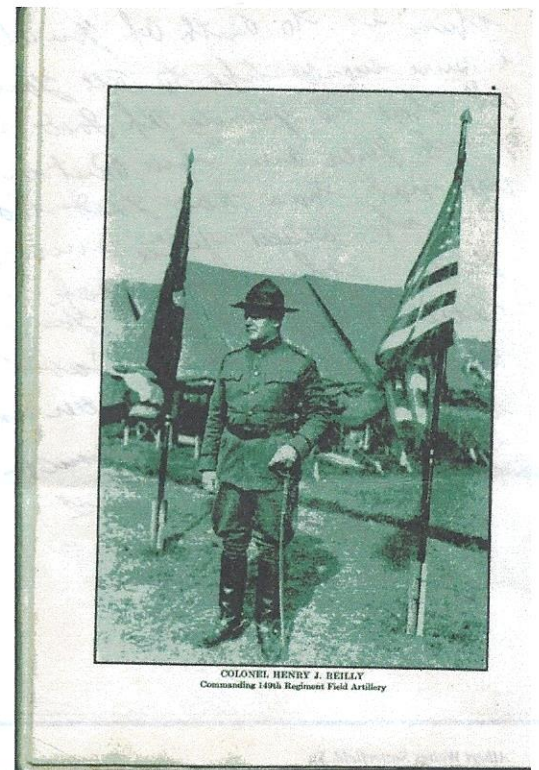
167th Regiment (4th Alabama) Infantry
Born April 22, 1895
Died October 11, 1967

A Letter From
Albert Waites Satterfield, Sr.
HQ 167th Infantry
"Somewhere in France"
to his family in Alabama,
shared by his granddaughter,
Donna Gore, and preserved
For the Rainbow archives by
WWII Rainbow son,
Tim Robertson.

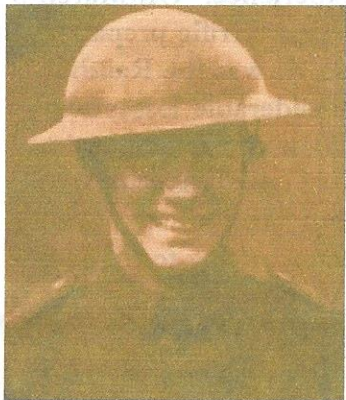
A Letter From Elizabeth M. Mueller, daughter of William A. Hoffman, 151st Field Artillery, Battery "A" (6/28/04): "Receiving 'Rainbow Trail' was a most pleasant surprise. The only thing more pleasant would be to be able to share it with my Dad. Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness. When I was a young adult, Dad gave me a coin from his box that contained his Rainbow patch, medals and other memorabilia from his army days. He said he found this coin in the churned-up fields they had been shelling and were moving forward through. He put it in his pocket without looking closely at it, but noticed it looked very old. Since they were on German soil, he thought it was an old German coin that had surfaced from the shelling. I examined it closely and told him that it looked like an old Roman coin. It had the head of a man, in profile, on the obverse side with the words, in Latin, denoting it was struck in the reign of the Emperor Probus. With my interest in history, I had a number of books on ancient Rome. I took the coin to a numismatist and he told me that this coin was struck under the Emperor Probus. So, I got out my books and studied him in particular. He was a General of the Roman Armies, serving in Germany at the time he became Emperor. He was a great General and leader of men, but, like so many Roman Emperors, he did not last long. About two years into his reign, he was murdered by his own men because they felt he was too strict with them and too good to the people he conquered! When I hold that coin in my hand, my hand and my whole arm vibrates, I wonder about the circumstances of the person who lost it in that field around 2000 years ago AND, I have this strange, deep feeling that the time will come when I will have the answer to that!" [the collected papers of William A. Hoffman were introduced in the June 2004 issue of Rainbow Trail]

A Timeless Message from A Rainbow Historian in his PREFACE of *Americans All The Rainbow At War 42d U.S. Infantry Division* by Henry J. Reilly, Brigadier General, O.R.C., The F.J. Heer Prtg. Company, 1936, 888 pp.

"The history of the 42nd U.S. Infantry Division commonly called the Rainbow is what? This is the question the Rainbow Historian asked himself when the question of writing it came up. The answer could only be what the Officers and men of the Rainbow did and why; what effect they had on those parts of the different battlefields on which they fought; and what part they played in the history of the American Expeditionary Force commanded by General John J. Pershing. The official records of the Division are voluminous. They consist of the orders issued to the Division, by the Division and its different echelons of command, the War Diaries of the different units, and the Summaries of Service in each battle which have been so painstakingly prepared since the formation of the Battle Monument Commission of which General John J. Pershing is the Chairman. All these records are accompanied by a large number of sketches and maps. The photographic record consists of the unusually large and well-indexed collection of photographs taken by Signal Corps Photographers of all phases of the activities of the A.E.F. In addition the Army Air corps has copies of the photographs taken by American Aviators during the War. All these records will be available in the future not only to the Veterans of the War but long after they have passed to their last rest to future generations to whom the War far from having any personal touch will be merely an historical fact. With the disappearance of the Veterans of the War, will disappear the greater part of its human interest records. This because such a small percentage of them have written their experiences as members of by far the greatest military force ever transported across the seas to fight on foreign territory. Therefore, the Rainbow historian decided to make every effort to get the personal accounts of men and Officers of all ranks, so that every phase of the experiences of the Officers and men who make up the Division would go on record as told by those who personally experienced them. Therefore the history contains personal accounts by general, field and company officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, wounded, those taken prisoner, waggoners, telephonists, ambulance and hospital men, and all the other personnel which go to make up a Division. Their experience in each War, of which the different Battles are the different chapters, teaches Officers and men step by step better methods of



using their arms to inflict greater damage on the enemy, while paying a smaller price in killed and wounded themselves. Many of these lessons are lost because in the period of demobilization of the Army after a War and that following in which the Officers and men who return to civil life have the frequently difficult job of re-establishing themselves, it is no one's business to collect and record them. Consequently the Veterans of the Rainbow Division have been encouraged to frankly express their opinions on mistakes made and lessons learned. These have been recorded in the History." [photo from Roster of the Rainbow Division, Eaton & Gettinger, Inc., NY, 1917, p. 106]



FROM I Went To War by Wilbur Peterson, 151st Field Artillery, Battery , 42D Rainbow Division, 1938, The Messenger Press, Marshall, Minn., pp 15-16: "Goodbye to training camp, a cheerful goodbye to that pneumonia stricken 'camp of death' in Brittany. Farewells, too, with hospital nurses, and with girls of the French canteens. Perhaps a few tears. Packs rolled, field equipment only, then to trains. Boxcars, '40 Hommes et 8 Cheveaux,' for three long days. Sleep? Spoon fashion, everybody turn over at once. Eats? All cold, redhorse, tomatoes, beans, jam, and hardtack. Passing through Versailles, coffee, sandwiches, cigars, and a French tri-color for every man. French Red Cross at each stop, serving half and half black coffee and cognac! Soldiers everywhere, everyone in uniform. Except old men and young boys. Jolt, jolt, jolt. What a ride, two nights, three days, on a cold, slivery floor.

Unloading fifteen miles behind the front. Civilians living as usual. Where is this war? Then a long night's march through the snow. Cold, wet, hungry. Azerailles, up Luneville way, and now the thunder of guns in the distance. That evening, a movie, soldiers sitting about with bottles of wine and beer, the roll of the guns still audible. Another night and into action. Visions of those pictures back in the Grand Army hall. Thoughts of galloping horses pulling the guns and caissons, of shells bursting, of men and animals dropping dead or wounded. But no. All quiet, except for the distant rumble. No sign of conflict. Just like a country road at night back home. A halt, the horses are unhitched, turn and leave. Four '75's standing alone in the night. No flare of guns ahead, no glimpse of other troops. Only a bleak countryside, and an occasional rocket up there. Is this the front? Twenty-eight men to a gun, rolled by hand a hundred yards up a soft slope, into a small clump of young trees. One man left on guard. Three more times, hours of work in the slippery mud. Then back two hundred yards to a lousy dugout to sleep just before dawn. Officially at the front. Could this be war? Impossible. No firing. No shells breaking. No sign of soldiers in battle. A few hours sleep, and up to make camouflage for the guns. And at last a taste of war— French plane crashing to the ground beside us with a black cross hovering high over the flaming wreckage. It was war, after all." [the photo above had been placed in the book above the printed caption: "The glamour and romance of war appeal to a youngster of 18...until he tries it."]

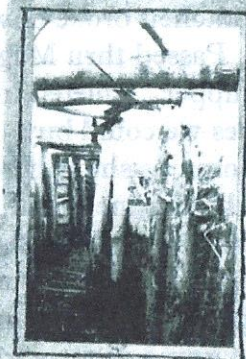


FROM California Rainbow Memories, A Pictorial Review of the Activities of the 2nd Battalion, 117th Engineers During the World War, Smith-Barnes Corp. Los Angeles, 1925. "The Luneville sector was listed by the War Department as a 'quiet sector'. There had been but little fighting there since 1914 when the Germans advanced as far as Rambervillers, destroying the villages and had then withdrawn to their present position. A sort of gentlemen's agreement existed between the French and Germans, both sides sparing the villages, neither used gas, and seldom was a shot fired during the day. But with the arrival of the Rainbow there came a change. The story goes that some Germans ventured out in No Man's Land in broad daylight to wash

clothes in a shell hole. This had been an ordinary occurrence with them and the French had paid no attention to it. But the Alabamians stationed opposite had a very different idea about it. Feeling that they had not come thousands of miles just to watch



BRDONVILLER



RECONSTRUCTED TRENCH

Heinies wash clothes, they opened fire on them, wounded several, and sent the others hurrying to cover. This ended the gentlemen's agreement, and trouble was about to commence. F Company with headquarters at Neufmaison had been engaged in constructing the second position in the vicinity of Pexonne, stringing barbed wire, building dugouts, and laying out trench systems. Two platoons were sent to Badonviller to do repair work in the front lines, being quartered in the old china factory. During the quiet period in the first week or two, wire entanglements were repaired, communicating trenches cleaned, and a large amount of revetments replaced. But the clothes washing episode was to give them new training experience. On March 5 the Germans made their first attack on the Americans in the vicinity of Badonviller. After a terrific preparatory bombardment of the trench system a number of picked raiders came over to finish the job. It was the Rainbow's first opportunity and they rose to the occasion splendidly, repulsing the attack with considerable losses to the Germans. All that morning during the bombardment and the attack, the men of F Company were actively engaged in keeping open communications throughout the trench system wherever the German shells had caused any damage. Here they received their baptism of fire, and learned to work with the whine and bursts of shells near them. Four days later the Americans counter-attacked, taking several prisoners, and returning to their own trenches. From this time on, the quiet sector was no more. Snipers on both sides were active at all times and the working parties could engage in the advance repair work only under cover of darkness. Nightly artillery duels, gas attacks and hovering observation planes dispelled any thoughts of peaceful rest for the Americans in that area. Heinie had had his first experience with the Rainbow and that experience had been far from pleasant. Raids and artillery action meant plenty of work for the engineers. Caved in trenches, badly damaged dugouts and improper drainage gave plenty to do during the day, leaving the night hours for the repairing of torn-up wire entanglements that had suffered from the enemy fire. And the worst enemy of all was the weather—bringing day after day of cold rains." [photos are from California Rainbow Memories]

FROM Le Guerre The War by Me J.D.B. John D. Brenner 1917-1918-1919 by John D. Brenner, Sergeant, Company "D", 151st Machine Gun Battalion, 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division (from the Rainbow Division archives): 1918: January 21: Celebrated my birthday at Longres. January 22: Frozen feet from three day hike. Hit Corporal of the guard about every fourth night. January 27: Left Chanoy and arrived at Leffonds same day. We have gas mask drills with French and English masks. We organized a soccer team. Played a French M.G. Co. and won 7-0. This French team beat the 1st Division team but they didn't have a show with The Rainbow. We practiced with grenades and machine guns, also learned to camouflage. The fellows ransacked a deserted home and a black suit disappeared. Used to buy milk and cheese in this place. The French soldiers became very friendly. Beaucoup vin rouge un vin blanc for sale. Just learned to like the place and had to leave. February 8: Arrived at Villers-Sur-Suize having left Leffonds same day. We went into barracks at this place. We turned in our barracks bags with souvenirs and articles that could not be carried but never saw the barracks bags again. Our Cap't. and Lieuts. came back from school. February 9: Left Villers-Sur-Suize the evening of this date with full pack to entrain at Rolampont. It was very cold. Each move was one step nearer the trenches. February 20: We heard the guns roaring and saw the air battles. We landed in shell torn country. Detrained the same evening at Moyons. The French helped themselves to American hobnails, while we were unloading equipment. Hiked to Girivillers. Billeted in a barn. Could not buy a bread crust in the whole village. February 22: Washington's birthday. I walked thru the fields that were shell torn and saw the graves of the French, who were killed early in the war, 1914. We saw places where as many as twenty hommes lie mort in one trench. Hurried dinner of turkey and then fulfilled our orders to move. It rained all day. The kitchen broke down to begin with. Mule skinner got killed ten minutes later, having been caught in a M.G. cart. Passed thru Magniers, Domptail and Fontenoi. Arrived at Badmenil, the same evening, in rain and mud. No supper. Billeted in very lousy barns. A Y.M.C.A. got under way. They gave each of us an apple and other articles we could buy. The following evening I visited the town of Baccarat. I found Baccarat a tres bon place. I did some washing here. Everything in this section seemed very interesting. We learned the different schemes used by our men, and also those of the enemy. Saw the air battles every day and heard the incessant roar caused by artillery. We saw troops coming from the trenches. Also heard news of the raids. We had target practice while billeted in this area. March 6: Left at night for Neufmaisons. We could see shells bursting. We were on reserve at this place and used our machine guns for anti aircraft. Met our Italian troops in this area. We could buy pomme de terre fruit un du pain. March 13: Received orders to go to the trenches the following morning for observation. March 14: Hike to Badonvillers. Was sent to Post #17 for 48 hours observation. On my way out to this position I saw the first Americans killed in battle, five in number. I had on hip boots, mud and water was

above the knees. When I went into the dugout I found it dark, musty and very crowded. One Sgt. was shaving, using muddy water procured from under the floor of the dugout. Went to the gun pits and learned the bubble readings and sights. They kept shelling the trenches continually. March 15: The morning of this date a German dropped a red rocket directly on the position from an airplane. We thought it would be lucky for us if we spent another day here and were kept alive. There was a watch box within 20 yards of the dugout and a sentinel near one door. Three Indians were in this Co. and they always seemed willing to do their bit. Two meals a day were served in the trenches at this point. I went back to the Co. and found I had been promoted to Sergeant. March 16: I left with my section, on the morning of this date, for the trenches. We got as far as Pexonne before the German observation balloons had our range. From there on into the woods all we heard was artillery. Shells hit on the road in front and behind but we seemed lucky. Mules were hard to keep under control. At P.C. I was ordered to take over Post A #17.

FROM The National Auxiliary History, The Father Duffy Chapter/Auxiliary (165th Inf) aka "Fighting 69th": "Year 1918: Hotel Bel Claire employees knitted socks for the men overseas. Friendly Sons of St. Patrick donated \$500. to purchase wool. 132 doz. Khaki handkerchiefs, 65 pr. of socks, 56 pr. of wristlets, 16 scarfs, 20 trench caps, 33 sweaters, 20 helmets, 55 pr. of knee warmers, 100 packs of cards, 6 ½ doz. Checker boards, 2 doz. dominoes, and 26 comfort kits were shipped over-seas. 600 trench candles were prepared by cutting newspaper in columns, rolled and tied with cord and then boiled paraffin was poured over the rolls.

February, 1918: Father Duffy commended the Auxiliary on its fine work and suggested that the members continue to knit articles for the men over-seas. A Tobacco Fund was started, purchases made and shipped overseas through the courtesy of the American Tobacco Company. Shipment to the men over-seas consisted of: 10 pr. of knee warmers, 70 pr. of wristlets, 38 pr. of socks, 145 trench caps, 9 scarfs, 23 helmets, 14 sweaters, 3 doz. Khaki handkerchiefs, 1700 trench candles. Father Duffy wrote that the articles had been received and distributed to the men. March, 1918: 8 cases shipped containing 110 personal packages from relatives of the men, 48 pr. of socks, 56 pr. of wristlets, 56 trench caps, 12 pr. of knee warmers, 98 helmets, 18 sweaters, 9 scarfs, 8 doz. cakes of Life Buoy soap, 4 doz. pads, envelopes, pencils, cigars and tobacco."

FROM Americans All The Rainbow At War 42d U.S. Infantry Division by Henry J. Reilly, Brigadier General, O.R.C., The F.J. Heer Prtg. Company, 1936, 888 pp.: "By far the most tragic of the first tests of the Division happened to Company "E" of the 165th Infantry, the afternoon and evening of March 7th. The second battalion of that regiment was relieving the first company by company in the Forêt de Parroy. One of the platoons of "E" Company took over the Center of Resistance Rocroi in the Rouge Bouquet sub-sector. By morning of this platoon of two Officers and 42 men but six were still alive, the rest having been mostly smothered to death in a dugout, broken down by the fire of the German heavy trench mortars. But let Corporal Alf S. Helmer, one of the survivors who for a time was buried up to his mouth in crumbling earth in the pitch dark, cut off from both stairways and with every shock of landing shells and trench mortar bombs sending more earth down upon him, tell his story of that tragic afternoon and evening: "We reached Rouge Bouquet, in the Forest of Paroy, Luneville Sector, by marching along the improved road from 'Camp Mud', a number of kilometers in the general direction of the enemy. 'E' Company sector was reached by turning off the road to the left and following a path through the woods. Company headquarters was in some dugouts which were dugouts only in the sense that they were about fifty percent below the level of the earth. The remaining fifty percent showed above the earth and was constructed of logs in the traditional American log cabin way. The first and second platoons were assigned to hold the center of resistance, called Rocroi. It was on a hill. The third platoon was in support in the area of company headquarters. The fourth platoon was somewhere off on the left. The position at Rocroi was reached by walking to the approximate right oblique from company headquarters along a very ill-defined path in the woods. The position began with an entry from the path into a breastwork constructed from the end of the path to the foot of Rocroi hill proper, a distance of perhaps thirty yards. This breastwork had been made necessary because of the low ground in that locality. Both the parapet and parados were made of double walls of woven twigs and branches filled with earth. About five yards from the entrance there was a cover large enough for about four men built into the parapet. Seepage from the surrounding terrain had filled this breastwork with about six inches of water. The breastwork connected with the trenches dug in the Rocroi Hill. These were in excellent condition owing to the fact there had been little or no fighting in this sector for some time. The immediate front line of Rocroi skirted the hill about twenty yards from its base; a lateral line with two communication trenches existed about ten or twenty yards in rear of the front line. In this lateral line of trenches

there was placed the platoon P.C. and miscellaneous supply dugouts. These rear trenches were, because of the rise of the hill, higher than the forward line. The one-pound cannon commanded by the then Lieut. Cunningham was placed somewhere midway between these two lines and fired over the first line in the general direction of an abandoned communication trench that led from our front line on a right oblique facing the enemy in the general direction of the boche. This communication trench was filled with barbed wire and miscellaneous material. Its existence—if the story we were told is true—it was explained, was due to the fact that the Rocroi position had been built by the Germans but later abandoned for some tactical reason. As a consequence the old German barbed wire, the barbed wire in back of our platoon headquarters and communication trenches was forty to sixty yards deep without a single vertical opening. Also there was very little wire in front of our own front line that was more important. The dugouts were all constructed with the doors facing the enemy. Immediately on entering the trenches at Rocroi proper and turning to the left, there was found a covered position which housed a chauchat gun, [ed. note: for a description of this gun and its history: http://www.firstworldwar.com/atoz/mgun_chauchat.htm] which was, as I remember, commanded by Corporal White. Going toward the dugout you passed through one traverse, around a boyau [*a winding trench forming a path or communication from one siegework to another; to a magazine, etc.**] and immediately there was the opening of the communication trench leading toward the Germans. After passing another section of trench, another boyau, you came to the entrance of the dugout, soon to become the grave of a large part of my platoon. On the right or side of the parados [*an intercepting mound, erected in any part of a fortification to protect the defenders from a rear or ricochet fire; a traverse**] there were two sections of trench between White's automatic post and the entrance to the fatal dugout. The dugout was constructed between the front and the lateral line of trenches with an entrance from each trench. The forward entrance had an entrance chamber, then a stair which led straight down about twenty feet, then turned left and went down approximately another twenty feet and into the dugout. The rear entrance which was built into the parapet of the lateral line of trenches consisted of but a single stair going straight down for about forty feet with the door to the dugout on the right at the bottom. When the platoon filed into the position at dawn of March 7 relieving Company 'D', we did so with the high and enthusiastic feeling which only an American doughboy can know. Then in our anxiety to be good soldiers and good Americans and with the divine ignorance of which only a rookie at war can be guilty, we did every wrong thing that a platoon in trenches can do. We manned the trenches with practically our full strength of forty-two men. All our men were placed on the firing step immediately and began looking for something to shoot at. Naturally, youthful imagination working overtime developed all sorts of imaginary targets. Someone entered the dugouts, brought up vermin infested bed sacks and placed them for air in the immediate vicinity of the dugout. Fortunately, someone else had the good sense to bring them in almost immediately. With this sudden ruction on this comparatively quiet front an experienced enemy quickly realized that new troops were in the line. The result was immediate rifle fire directed at Rocroi by enemy snipers, who fortunately were not very good marksmen. For other than a zip of an almost hit, we experienced no difficulties. In the afternoon we were advised through platoon headquarters that the American artillery would lay down a half hour barrage to clean out No Man's Land, the barrage to start at 3 o'clock. The barrage did start at 3 o'clock and did end at 3:30. But immediately the last American shell fell, the sky seemed to open and pour on us a deluge of enemy light artillery, and minenwerfer high explosive shells. The fire was all too accurate. My position at this time was at the extreme left of the first platoon. This was due to the fact that I was the corporal of the left rifle (riflemen and scouts) squad. I was just around the boyau from Corporal White's squad. Evidently, a platoon boundary existed here. After the German barrage had been going on some minutes, I suddenly heard Cunningham's one-pound cannon bark twice. Not having been aware of its position, I naturally turned to look at it. Some moments later in looking towards the rear to a level higher than my eyes, in this way to a certain extent looking skyward, I suddenly became aware of a huge black object coming through the air in the direction of the gun. The object struck with a terrific detonation. The gun, a tree, earth and other debris spouted skyward! Some of it fell on me. It was my impression at that time that the gun crew had been wiped out with the direct hit. Cunningham later told me that his men had left the gun after firing a few shots to take shelter in a dugout. Coming out later, much to their surprise, they found the gun gone. As the shelling continued Corporal Douglas McKenzie came through the murk and told me that Lieut. Norman, commander of the first platoon, had ordered all men into the dugouts until the barrage lifted when we would again quickly man the trenches in case of a German attack. I delayed somewhat because of my curiosity. This certainly must sound funny, but my mind was not yet registering the fact that these things which were causing the earth to spout skyward were highly dangerous. I saw McKenzie go ahead of me up the trenches beyond the dugout to give the message to the others posted beyond. My delay caused me to be the last to enter the dugout. This was what saved my life. I entered from the front stair. The men warned after me by McKenzie

took shelter in another dugout farther to the right. On entering the dugout, I placed my rifle next to the door. Earlier in the afternoon I had placed my pack on one of the bunks. On looking around I found that one-half of the platoon was present plus Lieut. Norman and two men from the platoon headquarters dugout. I learned that the platoon P.C. had been crumbled by a direct hit. Some men had been killed but Lieut. Norman though wounded had managed to extricate himself. He had made his way to this dugout by the rear trench and entered by the rear door. He was sitting on a bunk surrounded by men consoling him and sympathizing with him because of his wound. He was an old Regular Army soldier. An air of mental uneasiness prevailed in the dugout. However there never was a spoken word or physical evidence of any lack of courage or diminution of morale. The dugout though forty feet beneath the surface was trembling with the continued concussion of falling shells on the ground above. Dust and earth was continually being shaken through the planking in the roof. The candles were constantly flickering due to the changes of air pressure. Gases from the exploding shells were seeping in. The acrid smell of exploding gunpowder was becoming increasingly evident. I could hear Norman cautioning the men on the need to quickly man the trenches the very moment the barrage lightened and be ready to repel any German attack with hand grenades before they could enter our trenches and corner us in the dugouts with the same weapons. I noticed William Drain cast a questioning look at the rotten timbers that constituted the roof and then wordlessly slide under a lower bunk. I instinctively figured that he felt that should the roof fall in, he would have some small protection from the boards making up the upper tier of bunks (there were wide tiers of bunks on either side of the dugout). Drain's action caused a chain of thought to start in my mind. I remembered that once in a fire drill lecture at the Commercial High School of Brooklyn, we had been cautioned that if ever we got in a mob to hold our hands over our heads so that the crush of the mob would not pull us down because our extended arms and elbows would hold us up and above them. At the same time as I was facing the doorway, I noticed it was made like an inverted 'U' with two strong uprights and a strong lateral beam constituting the casing. How fast thoughts like this can pass across a human mind, I do not know, but it had no sooner passed when I heard a thud, a detonation and then a crash. Conscious thought for the moment stopped. When it began again, I found myself standing in the doorway with my hands over my head. How I had gotten there from approximately the center of the room, I will never know. The minenwerfer torpedo hit very nearly in the center of the roof. Forty feet of earth poured in as if from a funnel. The men in the center of the room were covered by it almost immediately. After the first roar of falling timber and earth subsided, I heard someone ask Norman how he was. Norman answered, 'I have a plank through my stomach' and then, in that unforgettable Swedish accent of his as nearly as I can recall his words, he said something like this—'We have to die and we are actually fighting for a good cause. It is worth while to die so let us die like men.' He was a perfect father right to the end and though he did not die immediately, I could hear him in a constantly weaker voice giving comfort to those who were dying near and with him. The funnel-like opening kept filling in the dugout. However as it was continuously choked with earth we could not see through it. In the forward end some of the planking had held in the roof so that the space under it was for the time being free of earth. With the rate at which the earth poured in, it was only a question of time before the earth would fill this space suffocating all of us. Privates Raymond and McCormack were immediately in back of me in the corner of the dugout adjoining the door. Somehow, without my realizing it, a plank had fallen across my left foot pinning me in my position in the doorway. Strange as it may seem this plank rested more on my shoe than it did on my foot because I was wearing a French issue shoe many sizes too big for me. Raymond and McCormack were protected in a sense by my body and the right angle of the corner in which they were standing. The forward stair had been partially demolished by other shells or torpedoes so that the earth from its broken sides rushed downward until stopped by my body. It was totally dark. The air was filled with smoke, gas and dust. It was filled with the agonizing cries and moans of men dying. I guess that about half the men died within the first half hour. Others like Drain, I believe, lingered as long as three days. There was continuous talking, each revealing a separate torture and a separate horror. Ellinger was somewhere very near to me and I believed I could feel him. He was caught with a beam across his shoulders and as the weight of the beam and earth above it gradually pressed him nearer and nearer the floor he was, between prayers, constantly telling me and his absent mother what was happening. I had a feeling I had to get out. I was terribly frightened. Then finally I *knew* I could not get out. I felt: 'I am going to die.' I then suddenly became calm. I prayed. I prayed for my mother and father individually and collectively. I prayed for all I knew. I recited the Lord's Prayer. I made my peace with God and was unafraid. I then heard voices from the upper levels of the stair—I identified them as McKenzie and Smelzer. They were talking and laughing. They were happy because they realized that they had come very close to death from the shell fire and had escaped. As they stood there laughing, I was again afraid, because hearing them made me realize there was still a chance to escape. With it the calmness which came to me when I was sure I would die was broken by the fear that this new chance to live

might fail, and it might not be realized. McKenzie and Smelzer were shaking the dirt off themselves. This added to the stream of dirt sliding down the stairway which was gradually burying me. By this time the dirt coming down the stairs had about reached to my chin. The terrible contrast between hearing the men in back of me dying and the men in front and above me laughing and happy, even though it was the slightly hysterical laughter of a brave man who has just narrowly escaped death, drove me almost frantic. I called up, 'For God's sake stop laughing—there are men dying down here.' [ed. Corporal Helmer's personal account in its entirety is found through pages 133-144 and in its details gives an immortal description of the Rainbow at War through the courage and selflessness of the men who endured the ordeal. Father Duffy, chaplain of the 'Fighting 69th', presided at the funeral service and recited Joyce Kilmer's 'The Rouge Bouquet'. This moving poem is read at each Rainbow Reunion during the Memorial Service. Other recommended reading: pp. 25-26 In Search of Rainbow Memorials (Aegis Publishing) by French Historian, Lise Pommois] *from www.brainydictionary.com

THE RAINBOW DIVISION IN WORLD WAR II

FROM Rainbow Reveille, Friday, 11 May, 1945: FROM STRASBOURG TO SALZBURG – 42d Adds To Past Glories In Dash Across Germany – Infantrymen Go Into Line For First Time On Christmas Eve: "...For the men of the Infantry Regiments the story of the Rainbow in Europe actually began on Christmas Eve when as Task Force Linden—named after Brigadier General Henning Linden—the three regiments moved into defensive positions along the Rhine River north and south of Strasbourg on a 19-mile front. Eight days later this front was further extended until on January 5 it stretched for a total of 31 miles. Against this thinly-held line the Germans on the morning of January 5 launched the first of a series of attacks with their crack troops, among them the 21st Panzer Division and the 25th Panzer Grenadier Division, made up of tough, seasoned SS Nazi soldiers, the best the army had to offer. What followed were the Battles of Gamsheim, Hatten, Rittershoffen and Sessenheim. These are names to live in Rainbow history, for it was at these tiny, obscure communities that the Infantrymen of the Division proved they had the determination and the courage to fight and win. At Gamsheim, Infantrymen jumped off trucks and lying in the snow fought tanks with M-1 rifles. Even when surrounded they continued to fight, firing coolly and accurately at the tanks and hoping that a well-placed shot would penetrate a slit or damage a bogie wheel [one of several wheels or supporting and aligning rollers inside the tread of a tractor or tank]. The Germans were amazed at their courage. One German tank commander whose guns were firing at individual soldiers in the snow stuck his head out of his turret and shouted: 'Surrender! Surrender! Don't you fools know you are surrounded?' A doughboy answered him with a blast from his BAR which tore off the arm he was waving. The first question the Germans asked those few men who were finally taken prisoner after their first engagement was: 'Are you special American shock troops sent down here to stop us?' At Hatten, it was the same story. There the Germans attacked on January 9 with two Divisions of tanks and infantry hurling themselves against the 242d Infantry Regiment. Although overrun, Companies A and B remained in position and continued to fight. Company C counterattacked, and the second battalion joined with them. By midnight the enemy, which had passed through Hatten to Rittershoffen, had been driven from the latter town and two-thirds of Hatten was back in our hands. Both the 42d and the Germans launched attacks at dawn next day to seize the town and two days of bitter fighting followed before the Rainbow infantry was relieved and the defense of the town turned over to a fresh unit. Never were two German crack divisions able to push the men of the 242d Infantry Regiment out of Hatten. Sessenheim was a repetition of the same story, only there it was the men of the 232d Infantry Regiment who fought on—even though surrounded—and finally forced their way back through the enemy lines only when their ammunition supply was exhausted." [from materials shared by Rainbow son, Tim Robertson].

"The Maginot line had fascinated me ever since I had read about it in grade school. What I saw of it disappointed me. I had envisioned underground tunnels equipped with rails to transport troops and supplies. This type of fortification existed in some areas but not where we were. What we saw were individual pillboxes, some fairly large, others quite small, not connected by tunnels, scattered along the levee parallel to the Rhine River. They were cold, had no functioning accommodations, and were sometimes wet but they were welcome shelter against incoming artillery shells. They were integrated into the villages such as Gamsheim and Hatten where civilians carried on life as normally as possible. Young boys herded flocks of sheep and cows out of town past the pillboxes into fenced fields. Men made repairs to their house or barn. The cobbler repaired shoes. Housewives did their chores. I do not recall how many days our company remained in Gamsheim. Our riflemen were spread over a wide area, their foxholes sometimes hundreds of feet apart. Sometimes they were near one of the Maginot Line

pillboxes in which case the pillbox might serve as an ancillary shelter. Widely-separated foxholes were the norm along our entire front. This made defensive action ineffective when the Germans launched their 'Operation Northwind'. The towns themselves were then made the strong points of our resistance. The Germans selected certain towns as their objectives. Thus an American unit in a town not selected as an enemy objective might sustain few if any casualties. Company C was one such company. We were, of course, aware of fighting in towns north or south of us but we were uninformed of details of those fights. As the Germans pushed on with their offensive some of our non-essential baggage was sent to the rear. This included our individual barracks bags containing such items as an extra pair of shoes, changes of underwear, shirts and trousers, and an extra pair of glasses. Much later, when the barracks bags were returned to us, most of the GI clothing including shoes was missing. Also missing was my pair of glasses." (George P. Balz, 232-C, in his book, A View From the Bottom).

"The battles of Kilstett and Gamsheim represent only three days of our time in combat, but in the minds of all the men in the company, these three days deserve more than usual attention for they represent our first days of real combat, our 'Baptism of Fire'. As we learned later, the Germans attack at Kilstett was named the Battle of the Rhine River and was part of their big offensive planned by Von Runstedt, that resulted in the Battle of the Bulge further north. It was not the main German effort, but it was definitely intended to go places and meet elements of the German Army coming south from the Bulge and coming North from the Colmar Pocket. At the same time Strasbourg was the immediate big objective and therefore, some of the best divisions in the German Wehrmach were in the attack launched across the Rhine at Gamsheim and Kilstett. They hit the Third Battalion as we were stretched out over a twelve mile front from Port Strasbourg North to Gamsheim and they had the advantage of complete surprise. The news of the German attack was soon disseminated by phone and word of mouth until most of the troops were notified throughout the long thinly held front. The news was electrifying and shocking. Every man was tense and afraid because no one knew better than the men the distance there was between their positions up and down the line. To the last man, each one was anxiously awaiting an order so that he might be of some help to the boys already in action. Major Galloway, the Third Battalion Commander, first made a reconnaissance of the situation at Kilstett, but when he tried to make his way to Gamsheim, he was fired upon. He then returned to Kilstett and ordered a patrol to investigate the wooded area to the right flank of Kilstett. After that, he went to the Battalion CP at La Wantzenau, to acquaint the Regimental Commander with the situation. At 1000, Major Galloway made another trip to Kilstett and set up a forward Battalion CP there. Shortly afterwards at the rear Battalion CP at La Wantzenau, the Battalion learned, by radio, that all of the Battalion's Units, that were in the defense of Gamsheim, including the first squad of the Anti-Tank Platoon, of H3B, under Sgt. Gunderson were surrendering. All we heard over the radio was, 'We are surrendering.' The situation was serious." (Bert McNeil, Jr., H3B-232, from his book, In Combat with Headquarters Company, Third Battalion, 232nd Infantry of the Rainbow Division, c.1946).

"On Jan. 6, Captain Jones gave orders for a company strength combat patrol to be ran in the area where Sullivan and Fuchs were wounded. We were moving in a northeast direction, parallel to the Rhine, in very thick underbrush, between a dike and the Rhine. Pfc. Suchow and myself were on the right flank several yards closer to the river than the rest of the company. Suddenly I broke out of the dense underbrush into a cleared path about four or five feet wide, running parallel to the river. In the direction we were advancing, I could see a long way down the path. As I looked to the northeast, to my great surprise, I saw four or five Krauts enter the path about a hundred yards from me. I quickly raised my BAR, took careful aim and fired. Unfortunately it did not fire on automatic. However, I did get off several quick single shots before the Krauts disappeared into the brush. Usher was yelling at the top of his voice, 'who the hell is firing and why?' Suchow, who was behind me in the path, and I were the only ones who had seen the Germans. I made my way back into the brush and found Usher and told him why I was shooting. Realizing now, that the enemy was close and not knowing how strong a force was present, we advanced very cautiously to the northeast, staying in the underbrush just far enough to sneak a peek down the cleared path every few seconds. We saw no more enemy and soon arrived at the area where I had seen them. We found some blood on the ground and surmised that one or more had been hit by my fire. After proceeding a few yards further, a single German came out of a hiding place with his hands held high. He motioned that there was another man nearby, so we started yelling 'Kom hier mit der hande hohe' (Come here with your hands above your head). Suchow was of German descent and I think he was the one doing the yelling. Despite our orders, the Kraut stayed hidden, so we lobbed a grenade or two in the direction that the captured German had indicated someone was hiding ... soon after this, the German came out, waving his little green cap, his hands over his head, ready to surrender. All of the Krauts that we captured always discarded their steel

helmets and brought out what we called their 'surrender caps'. We believed that these were the first Germans captured by the Rainbow Division. The Rainbow History Book gives B Company of the 232nd credit. The date was the same though, so it was just a matter of the time during the day. In the next few minutes we captured a total of nine prisoners. 'Double Time Jones' was nearly overcome with joy. Pfc Crosset captured the first German. A few moments after the last of the prisoners were being ushered on toward our rear lines, we ran into heavy machine gun fire. This was our first experience with more than just isolated rifle fire. We hit the ground and prayed. (I can still see the weeds being clipped off all around us and the whine of the bullets doing the clipping.). By this time it was getting dusky and having achieved our objective, we withdrew a few hundred feet for reorganization. While we were all gathered around in a group talking excitedly about our first real combat experience, and the Krauts that we had captured, we saw a little bright red flare on a tiny parachute come floating down in our midst. We were wondering where it came from and why, when 88 shells began to rain down on us. We took off like a covey of quail. We were lucky that in this barrage, our first aid man was the only casualty. We knew from that time on what to do if we ever again saw a red flare come floating down from the sky. Somewhere near was a Kraut who was observing us and had fired the flare to direct Kraut artillery. It was now almost dusk and as our mission was completed, we headed back to the Company defensive position. We made it back without further mishap. We posted all around security and those not on the first shift of guard duty tried to get some sleep." (James R. "Pete" Pettus, 232-K, in his *World War II History 2nd Platoon Co. "K", 232nd Infantry 42nd 'Rainbow' Division*)

"Just before daybreak, we again got into the approach march formation and crossed the canal, starting down a country highway in the direction of Gambsheim. After advancing about a thousand yards or so we halted; the weapons men drew mortar and machine gun ammunition and secured their weapons, after which we deployed in platoon column and started our main drive toward the enemy positions in a wooded area just west of Gambsheim. When within about five hundred yards of the woods, the enemy opened up with machine guns and quickly drew the fire of every rifleman in the Company. The weapons platoon first came under fire as it attempted to cross a ditch about eight feet across. The crossing of the ditch was made difficult by reason of the fact that it was full of water, ice cold, and four inches of ice that had covered the water had broken in the middle. On each bank of the ditch this ice was laying, and each time one of us jumped across we landed on the ice and slipped immediately into the water. The machine gun section got across with its weapons and ammunition, and Sergeant Fastner and I followed and placed ourselves on the bank so that the men of the mortar section jumped across and landed on the ice, they could grab our legs and hold on, thus avoiding slipping back into the icy water. Besides their individual weapon, each man carried either a 42 pound mortar or 36 pounds of mortar ammunition. As each man came across and grabbed me, I slipped further into the water, until finally I was lying on my left side, half submerged, and got both shoes full of water. After four men had crossed from the mortar section, the Jerries discovered us and opened up with the machine guns at a range of about 150 yards. Several of the men jumped into the ditch and stood in water up to their waists. The rest flattened out in the field behind us and those who had already crossed, quickly jumped into the icy water. We spent perhaps an hour in the water, and a tank finally knocked out the machine gun that was holding us up. After the machine gun had been taken care of, we got to discussing the advisability of moving our position. We were too exposed where we were, and were awaiting orders from our Company or Platoon leader. The Platoon leader had gone ahead with the riflemen, and had become separated from us. As we started moving to a safer position, a sniper 100 yards to our left opened fire on us with a machine pistol. Three Sergeants returned fire instantly, and I took a position behind a stump from which I could bring fire from another angle. In this manner we brought fire on the position of the sniper from two different directions, and a man, with his carbine, walked between our lanes of fire to within about 20 feet of the sniper, who was being kept down by our continuous fire. When he spotted the sniper he opened fire and wounded him in the left shoulder, then yelled: 'Come out of there, you s.o.b. or I'll shoot you again.' The Kraut needed no further invitation, and came out with one hand over his head. Suspecting a trick, I called to him in German to put the other hand up, and he replied, 'Ich bin verwundet.' We had drawn our first blood, and felt a bit cocky. About that time another of our men came back from the woods herding two more prisoners, using harsh language on them and moving them along in the cold morning air at a rapid gait. We decided it would be best to withdraw to the rear and attach ourselves to someone back there who had communications with the front and who would be able to direct us back to our Company. This we did and found the Heavy Weapons Company on its way to the front line. We joined on behind and started back." (Dolph Tranthan, 242-F, in his *memoirs, From Marseilles To Munich*)

"All I remember was...there was a river ahead of us and I think that the 45th and 79th Divisions that were ahead of us must have split because the Germans were now on the other side of the river. Somehow or another they had infiltrated through that night. That was the previous night when we got hit with artillery. And this next day we were walking and all at once, here, the Germans show up with their tanks. They had flame-throwers on them. They were machine-gunning us and there was a cornfield in there. And I quickly jumped into an old trench that was there. There was water and ice in there. It was really, really cold now. Then here comes this guy with a mortar and starts to set up his mortar. He was going to shoot in the direction of the tanks. I said, "Man, if you are going to do that they are going to zero in on us with an 88." He did anyhow. So he shot off a couple of rounds of mortars. And all at once here come the 88 shells and we are lying in that trench. One of them hit right on top in front of where I was. And wherever it was, I said, "Man, I can't be here!", so I got up and I was running back. Our jeeps were all under fire. We had all of our jeeps on the road there with our machine guns and everything in them. I was running back and, all at once, a German zeroed in on me with a burp gun. I can still remember the ground was pretty well froze because of the cold, and bullets were hitting that hard ground all around me and I said, "oh no, I can't get out of this!" But I kept on running. Well, I guess I must have run pretty fast and I jumped on one of those jeeps that was pulling back. They were retreating and I hung on the jeep like you see in the movies. There were G.I.'s all over those jeeps, front and back, just hanging on. We went back and there was a little creek back there and we got behind it. A major was there he said, 'Hey, you guys got to set up the line and defend!' " (*Rudy Markwald, 242-G, from recollections recorded and preserved by his grandson, Brian Markwald, in his book, A Soldier of the Second World War.*)

"On January 5th, the Germans launched a frontal infantry assault against Company A positions at Drusenheim. My squad led by our platoon leader, Lt. Chuck Mohler, was sent out to make contact with other members of our platoon that had been in an observation pillbox. We met them half way out of a system of shallow trenches. One of their members insisted that he return to the pillbox to retrieve his airborne badge left in the pill box they had occupied the night before. When I showed him a large group of Germans attacking to one side of us, he quickly reconsidered. We beat a hasty, (strategic), path back to our main line of defense in Drusenheim on the west bank of the Moder River. We stopped the German infantry short of reaching the Moder River as groups of them were mowed down by our rifle and machine gun fire. They seemed more intent upon straightening up their columns than concerned by our devastating fire. It reminded me of the skirmish line attacks by infantry during the American Civil War. As soon as the German infantry was stopped, we were plastered by observed (author's footnote: 'Observed' means a forward observer who would observe where the rounds were falling and confirm or adjust the fire) enemy mortar and artillery fire...My squad was then sent to guard the southern sector of town from a potential enemy attack. Only after we had arrived there were we told Lt. Mohler had been hit. To a combat infantryman, those words had a special meaning! We were under constant artillery fire. We dug foxholes into the frozen snow covered ground. Here we observed a counter attack from the south by the 314th Infantry of the 79th Division. They had tank support that we had not enjoyed. Their attempt to recover the eastern bank of the Moder River failed as five tanks were destroyed by enemy anti-tank fire as soon as they reached the west side of the Moder River. (*W.E. "Bill" Warde, 1st Squad, 3d Platoon, Company "A", 232nd Infantry Regiment, in his Memoirs, My Military Service*)

"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. We were loaded onto trucks and moved to the vicinity of Gambsheim, Germany, which was on the Rhine River. We were unloaded from trucks and told we would counterattack Gambsheim in the morning at 0400 hours. We traveled by foot about three miles to a canal and were told, 'do not get into groups but stay well spread out because we are in artillery range'. As we neared the canal, a road to my left had some U.S. trucks, jeeps, and weapons carriers that had been shelled and shot up by machine gun fire. Several U.S. soldiers were killed there. They were from the 45th Division. What a terrible feeling. The dead soldiers' faces and hands were as white as the snow they fell in. We traveled on to the canal. Not much water in it and it was froze solid. We could not dig in ground because froze too hard. At 4 o'clock on morning of Jan. 6th, headed for town of Gambsheim, Germany. We had to cross open field to railroad tracks, then into town. An artillery barrage caught us in the field. Our platoon leader, Lt. Hartwell, was killed by shrapnel and he was tore up terrible. (Lt. Hartwell was awarded the Silver Star for this battle posthumously.) Several soldiers were wounded. We would make dashes forward trying to get to tracks and buildings. I dashed forward and hit the ground. A shell hit in front of me at the same time. It caved my helmet in and blew me several feet in front of our supporting tank. I seen it, heard it, and rolled sideways so tank track missed me. I lost consciousness.

When I regained consciousness, I was near a rock wall with S/Sgt. Turner. He was wounded in the legs by shrapnel. Bob Richardson had helped move me over by the wall. Turner said to take his M1 rifle and I caught up with the company at railway station. We traveled down through Gambsheim, using rifle fire and grenades in buildings. We moved forward until we could see the Rhine River and bridge. There were several German tanks and a large number of infantry men making a counter attack on us. The colonel in charge of our force gave an order to return to canal and we would try to hold them there. When we reached the canal, Bob Crownover told me my face was black. I looked into mirror and it was burned uneven black from the shell blast. The day was Jan. 6th, but because of concussion and amnesia, I do not remember anything that we did after that until Jan. 20th or 21st. These are injuries no one, including myself, realized that I sustained until remembering back after the war." (*Lester Bruns, 222-E, from his World War II Memoirs*)

"We arrived in Marseilles, France on 9th December 1944 and proceeded to Lyon, France and then on to Dijon and finally settling in at Strasbourg, on the day before Christmas, 1944. We stayed in that Sector over Christmas until 2 January 1945. It was a holding action to protect the lines while the Battle of the Bulge was being waged. Our units moved on to Hagenau, France where firefights took place and it was there we experienced being fired upon by Big Bertha, a Railroad gun that was fired from a distance of about thirty miles. A round hit the house across the street where we had billeted for the night and demolished the house and blackened all the garden vegetables. It was unknown if anyone was living there at the time. I climbed out of my bunk and put my 'Tin Hat' on and climbed under the cot, thinking it would protect me for the next round that came in and over the house we were in fifteen minutes later. I was walking up the street in Hagenau when I was fired upon by a plane that swooped down and machine gunned the street about five feet from hitting me. I didn't even hear the plane coming and I later learned that it was a jet plane. I didn't know what a jet plane was until then. I was very lucky that I wasn't hit. Our convoy moved out that next morning toward Hatten and it was there our infantry experienced many casualties. It was a very cold January and the line infantry suffered winter hardships as well as casualties from the firefighting. Trench foot and frozen hands and feet were treated in the evacuation hospital set up close to the Headquarters of the 232nd line. My M.O.S. was termed: 'Sick and Wounded Clerk' and I was very busy keeping the records of the wounded being brought in from the line. I remember clearly issuing scores of purple hearts to wounded GIs as part of my record keeping duties." (*Elmer E. "Doc" Watson, 242nd Medical Detachment, attached to Task Force Linden, Alsace-Lorraine, FR, November 1944 to December 1945, from his Memoirs*).

"Counterattack at Gambsheim", *FROM Rainbow Reveille, November 1950* by D. Marshall Andrews [Capt. D. M. Andrews, Asst. G-3, General Staff Section, HQ 42D Division, from: 1944 Historical and Review books, concerning the units of the 42D INFANTRY DIVISION at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. The sources listed for this article are: TFL Historical Record; History of Operations, 232d Infantry; Diary, TF Linden; S-3 Reports, January 1945, 232 Infantry; and correspondence with Col. Henning Linden. Photo taken in 1944 Camp Gruber, OK is of D.M. Andrews, Assistant G-2, General Staff, 42D Division 1944 pictorial and review book. By the time Task Force Linden arrived in France, Capt. Andrews was the Division's Assistant G-3]. Along the miles of icy front from Switzerland to Holland, this little affair in the Upper Rhine valley has attracted little notice. The eyes of the world were turned northward, to Bastogne and the deep salient von Runstedt's infantry and armor had pushed out toward Antwerp. To the infantry of the Rainbow Division, scattered along the Rhine and from Strasbourg to the Vosges, Gambsheim was not only a battle, but an education. In two days of fierce and bloody combat, the troops engaged got the maneuvers their



Government's manpower policy had denied them in the peaceful United States. For their not unnatural errors they paid, not in umpire decisions but in lives. At the time, the three infantry regiments of the division, designated Task Force Linden under the command of Brigadier General Henning Linden, assistant division commander, were attached to the 79th Infantry Division. On January 5, 1945, high-level political maneuvering had scattered them badly. Some elements were establishing defensive positions in the Vosges; others were moving back into positions along the Rhine; still others were in the process of relief by the French. Confusion prevailed. In the midst of this confusion the Germans struck. At 9 a.m. January 5, General Linden in his CP in Strasbourg received word that enemy patrols were firing on Weyersheim. A little later a messenger from

Co. A 232nd Infantry came into the CP to report his company under heavy attack south of Drusenheim. About the same time, Col. Alfred A. McNamee, commanding the 232d, phoned to report he was being pushed back at Kilstett and to beg for reinforcements. From this point the battle around Gambsheim developed into two battles, fought apart on the ground but simultaneously in time and with the same objective. One battle centered about Weyersheim, west of Gambsheim, the others at Kilstett, to the south. Let us first go to Kilstett and look into the situation there. At 7:45 a.m., a strong enemy attack struck Gambsheim, overran that town and rolled on toward Kilstett. The 232d Infantry, which received the force of this assault, was on the move, having been relieved by French units so it could contract the 33-mile front it was holding. The 3d Battalion CP was at La Wantzenau, south of Kilstett; Co. I was at Chateau de la Robertsau, and Co. L with two rifle platoons and elements of other units in Gambsheim itself. Very soon after TF Linden was alerted to the enemy penetration, orders to clear out the salient and bridgehead at Gambsheim were received by the 232d Infantry. Lt. Col. Frederick W. Coleman III, Task Force G-3, was sent down to Weyersheim by Gen. Linden to coordinate the scattered and disorganized forces available for this attack. Between 7:45 and 10 a.m., a scratch force was assembled at La Wantzenau under command of Maj. Frank R. Galloway, commanding 3d Battalion, which moved up to Kilstett and established a perimeter defense. This force included one platoon of B-232 on the east side of Kilstett and one squad of I-232 on the west side, reinforced about 1:30 p.m. by the 3d platoon of L-232, which formed a skirmish line facing northeast. Mortars were placed to its left rear and a light machine gun on its right. A company of about 50 (another report says 180) FFI took position along the main road to Gambsheim on the left flank. This force promptly came under heavy shelling and replied with mortar fire while awaiting the arrival of companies F and H from La Wantzenau, where word already had been received that two rifle platoons of L-232, one machine gun and one mortar section of M-232, and one squad of the Anti-tank Platoon of H3B had surrendered in Gambsheim. The force at Kilstett waited until 3:15 p.m. for Companies F and H and then attacked across a field 1500 yards long, without them. This little force was met by heavy artillery fire and the left half of the 3d Platoon, L-232, followed by the mortars, veered northeast after advancing 100 yards across the field. The French pulled out, leaving the left flank in the air along the Gambsheim road. By dark, L-232 had advanced 1300 yards and then orders came for the force to withdraw so the attack could be better coordinated with that from Weyersheim. Galloway's little army had not got into Gambsheim but the enemy advance was definitely checked, and the salient even dented in its center. The force pulled back to Kilstett, where F-232 and F-222 joined it with a medium tank platoon of the 781st Tank Battalion. The French were given a job more in consonance with their martial spirit, guarding communications. Northwest of Kilstett, at Weyersheim, another force had been organized under Lt. Col. William B. Zeller, executive officer, 232d Infantry. Zeller's force consisted of H2B and E-232, and E-222, all under Lt. Col. Edmund K. Ellis, CO, 2-232; and F-242, G-242, 1st Platoon A-781 Tank Battalion; Troop D - 94th Calvary Reconnaissance Squadron and the 79th Recon. Troop. At 3:35 p.m., 30 minutes after Galloway's force had opened its attack from Kilstett, Zeller's command jumped off astride the Weyersheim-Gambsheim road. Almost immediately, E-232 was pinned down by flank fire but moved on when its 60 mm. mortars knocked out two enemy machine guns. By dark, Ellis' force had become badly scattered, the tanks disappearing in the direction of Gambsheim and E-222 barely visible 2000 yards to the rear of E-242. Patrols were sent out to link up with 2-242 on the left, but failed to make contact. Ellis pulled back to the Zorn River to reorganize, making slow progress in the dark. So he continued on back to Weyersheim, where he found that Coleman had taken command of the counterattack but had been ordered back to the Task Force by Gen. Linden. Zeller then resumed command and McNamee ordered the attack renewed in time to reach the railroad at the western edge of Gambsheim by 8:30 a.m., the next morning, January 6. Thus we find the first attempt at counterattack on Gambsheim resulting in two piece-meal and uncoordinated attacks which failed to reach their objective. They had, however, halted further enemy advances although there was no assurance the enemy would not return to the attack the next day. Col. McNamee had the only possible answer to the threat, which was to beat the enemy to the draw. Since all the action of January 6 was geared to the movements of Zeller's Weyersheim force, we will stay with it along the canal and river west of Gambsheim. From there, at 2:30 p.m., the force got over the two streams and started again toward Gambsheim. Fire from heavy woods ahead, where the enemy was dug in, greeted the advance at once. On the left, the 242d went into the woods shooting from the hip while elements of the 232d began slipping to the right to avoid this obstruction. To the south, E-222 pushed ahead with E-232 following and reached the railroad at 9 a.m. There, enemy protective fire held E-222 along the railroad until E-232 came up. Then both companies stormed into the town

and set the pattern for much of Rainbow's future fighting by clearing it house-to-house. This part of the Zeller force, under Col. Ellis, held onto Gambsheim until 11:30 a.m., when an enemy counterattack led by five tanks burst from the woods along the Rhine. Ellis set up a semicircular defense on the east edge of Gambsheim but had to let go when his limited supply of bazooka ammunition and rifle grenades were exhausted. During the confused withdrawal which followed, Col. Zeller was captured in a Maginot Line pillbox by flame-throwing tanks. Back at the Zorn River, the remnant of Zeller's force was ordered by McNamee into defensive positions with outposts to prevent infiltration around the north flank. When Zeller's force reached the railroad, McNamee sent orders to Galloway to renew his attack from Kilstett. During the night, F-222 and H-222 had come up from La Wantzenau and Galloway had reorganized for a coordinated attack with his infantry closely following the tanks. F-232 was on the right, reinforced by light machine guns from L-232 and detachments from B-232 and K-232. On the left was F-222 with the 3d Platoon L-232, supported by a machine gun platoon of H-222. Mortars were to support the effort from positions south of Kilstett. At 8 a.m. Galloway's attack jumped off and F-232 on the right made good progress, capturing a number of prisoners. On the left, F-222 advanced about 400 yards, but dropped back to its original positions under heavy artillery and mortar fire. Two sections of heavy machine guns following on the right were soon pinned down and withdrew; and the mortars, back at Kilstett, had to cease fire when visibility dropped almost to zero. Cannon Company-232d did fine work, blowing up an enemy observation post in Gambsheim, neutralizing machine guns and generally raising hell. The 3d Platoon of L-232, and two riflemen from F-232 pushed on with three tanks about 2000 yards to a pillbox where they seized 49 prisoners, and rescued eleven Rainbowers who had been holding out in a pillbox behind German lines. At this point, Galloway's force was ordered back to Kilstett, because it was "out of contact and not mutually supporting". It withdrew and extended its line to the east of Kilstett in order to fill the gap between its right flank and the Rhine dikes. Shortly before midnight, TF Linden was notified that the Third Algerian Infantry Division would pass through its lines to attack Gambsheim early the morning of January 7th. These veterans of France's colonial wars, North Africa, Italy and France, attacked at 2:30 p.m. January 7 and reached the outskirts of Gambsheim but were driven out with "considerable loss". It would be pointless now to attempt to fix responsibility for this affair which stood for so little in the broad picture of global war but meant so much to the few officers and men who fought their way across those fields and reeled back again. Merely reciting the roll of troops engaged, the fragmentary elements of regiments and battalions, the mixed collections of platoons and squads from different units which attempted the attack together, should be sufficient. But the fundamental evil lay deeper than that; it lay in the policy which recognized the true nature of the war so late that men and units were flung into battle half-trained and almost strangers to themselves and their commanders. That is the lesson of the counterattack at Gambsheim. [*Recommended reading: The Final Crisis - Combat in Northern Alsace January 1945* by Richard Engler, 1999, The Aberjona Press, 362 pp.; *Winter Storm-War in Northern Alsace-November 1944/March 1945* by Lise M. Pommois, Turner Publishing, 1991, 415 pp.]

REMEMBERING UNCLE FRANK STELLA by Charlie Stella, nephew of Frank N. Stella, Company "E", 222nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Division



Life sometimes plays awful tricks on us. I can think of nothing more awful than a life forgotten. Add to that sad paradigm, a heroic life that was lost in battle (for the better of us all), and the awfulness takes on new and greater proportions. Not because a family was embarrassed by a son who ran off to fight a war, but because of his tragic loss and a feeble attempt to forget that loss, my father's family had put behind them the loss of Pfc Stella, Frank N. *A few years ago, after being emotionally moved by some of what I had read about the war in Europe during World War II*, I decided to try and find some information about an uncle I had never met, and whose siblings had all died off without ever discussing his life beyond his military

service. My father had been dead a few years already when I inquired about his brother, Frank Stella. Through the good graces and efforts of all those involved with the Rainbow Division, a few of you reached out to me in ways for which I can never thank you enough. The following, along with some family tidbits, is that story. It begins when I was nine or ten years old and way too young to understand much of anything about life in general, much less war and the sacrifices made on my (and every American's) behalf by the brave souls who fought for the

freedoms we continue to enjoy to this day. *It was 1966 or so, and I can remember playing "war" in our backyard with my friends*, where we would use the trolley tracks that ran between the backyards of 95th and 96th Streets (we lived on 95th Street in Canarsie, Brooklyn) as props for the reinforcements that would bring new enemy troops (usually German) into our fantasy battles. *Combat* was the television show all of us watched religiously. When the movie *The Longest Day* was shown at our local theatre, I can remember seeing it two and three times on more than a few Saturdays. We used Mattel plastic machine guns (which cost \$3.00 back then) and wore plastic army helmets and called each other by the names of the fictional characters on *Combat*. Everybody, of course, wanted to be the Vic Morrow character, Sergeant Saunders. *Those were glorious times for us (as kids)*. We had no clue about what war was except for what we saw on television, or what we sometimes heard from our parents or other adults, and the horrors were always left out, except to say, "so and so died and it was a very sad time." Something I took notice of in our house was how glued to the television my father would become on Sunday afternoons when local television stations would play war movies. We were a traditional Italian-American family. We went to mass every Sunday morning and ate macaroni every Sunday afternoon, after which my father would watch whichever "war movie", was on television that day. Dad was always on the couch. I watched dutifully from the floor. *One day, when I heard my mother talking about an uncle I had who was killed in action during the second World War, I had asked her why I didn't know him or his name*. "That was your father's brother, Charlie," she had said. "That was the saddest day in your father's family. Grampa (my father's father) doesn't like to talk about it." It took a few years before my mother explained to me what had happened. Uncle Frank Stella (a man I never had the chance to meet) had joined the Army in 1944. He was married to his childhood sweetheart and sent to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, where he did his training (a picture of him taken there in November of 1944 is hauntingly similar to my youngest son, Dustin Stella). As so many in the famed Rainbow Division, Frank Stella wound up on the front lines as a replacement attempting to repulse what was left of Hitler's Ardennes Offensive (Battle of the Bulge). When Hitler's second desperate offensive (Operation Nordwind) was launched, Frank Stella gave the ultimate sacrifice and was killed in action. He had been involved in battle a total of four weeks. *My mother didn't know how her brother-in-law was killed*, but she did remember very clearly the day my father's family was notified. My mother and father hadn't started dating yet. She said she was walking through the streets in Greenwich Village where they both lived and someone told her, "Did you hear about Frank Stella. He was killed." My mother remembered being so sad, "because he was the nicest guy in the neighborhood, Charlie, Such a nice fellow. He always said hello and helped people whenever he could. It was just terrible when he died." My grandmother (Frank's mother) apparently suffered emotional problems upon hearing of her son's death, that were so severe she eventually died in a psychiatric hospital. *My grandfather issued a decree to never again discuss what had happened*. When I asked my mother where Uncle Frank had died or where he was buried, she just didn't know. "They never talk about it," she reminded me. When I was an adult, my father (before he died) would only tell me that his brother was the good son, the one who went to school and did his schoolwork and wasn't a street kid. Uncle Frank was a few years older than my father. Dad was the wild one who was spared going to war because of his brother's death. I don't know if that had affected his relationship with his father, but I suspect that it had to. *A few years ago, I decided to try and find out what I could about my Uncle Frank*. The wonderful people associated with the Rainbow Division (families of veterans, etc.), reached out in ways that continue to humble me. They were just incredibly gracious and kind and before long, I had a picture of the man I never met, as well as information about his tragic death. And so, I must now thank once again from the bottom of my heart all of the members of the Rainbow family, to include, Art Lee H1B-242 A/P Platoon, Suellen McDaniel, Barbara C. Eberhart (wife of Dee R. Eberhart, 242-I), Teri Lyn Dion and her father, Gareth Tuckey, 222-E. Teri provided her dad's phone number and I called Gary Tuckey regarding my uncle. I learned how Uncle Frank was killed during a night artillery barrage in the Ohlungen Forest in France (I guess the kind of artillery barrage portrayed in the HBO movie, *Band of Brothers*). It was a sobering thought and a terrifying image. Imagine the bravery of so many men at such a time as an artillery barrage. *When I told my mother the information I had learned through the Rainbow Division, she cried*. I showed her the picture of my Uncle Frank and she said, "Dustin" (my son). They really could be twins. New generations of veterans are giving their lives on foreign soil and I cringe at what we, as children, used to think was a game to play. It doesn't alter our devotion to the men of the United States Military an iota. They are truly heroes, each and every one of them. As listed in the November 1944 "mug shot" identification roster for

Co. "E", Frank N. Stella's hometown address during World War II was: "34 Downing Street, New York City, NY." On page 76 of the book The Furnace and the Fire: The Story of a Regiment of Infantry, Vienna, Austria, 1945, under the listing, "These Gave Their Lives", is the following entry: Pfc Stella, Frank N. KIA 26 Jan 45 at Ohlungen, Fr (Co E)". On page 135, the same book, under the listing of "Combat Rosters", there is the following entry: STELLA, Frank H. [sic-N] Pfc CIB, GCM, CAM.R New York, N.Y." [CIB = Combat Infantryman Badge; GCM = Good Conduct Medal; CAM.R = Campaign Rhineland]. *Art Lee wrote me:* "As you know, Stella is eligible for retroactive award of the Bronze Star Medal because he was awarded the CIB (Combat Infantryman Badge). Because Stella participated in action against the enemy in the Bois D'Ohlungen, and the vicinity of Schweighausen and Neuborg, France, as of 10 January 2001, Stella became a recipient of 'THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION (ARMY), FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM IN MILITARY OPERATIONS AGAINST AN ARMED ENEMY.' Additionally, Stella is entitled to a second small bronze battle star to be worn on the ribbon of the EAME Medal (European-African-Middle Eastern Medal) for participation in the Campaign Ardennes-Alsace." *Frank N. Stella is buried at Plot A, Row 32, Grave 14, Epinal American Cemetery, Epinal, France.* One more time, I thank you (all of you associated with the Rainbow Division) so much for your help in finding my uncle, Frank Stella, for his family. In February 2005 my wife and I will be flying to France to visit my uncle's grave in Epinal. Uncle Frank has been remembered, thanks to you all. We will honor his life and his sacrifice in February in Epinal. Charlie Stella www.charliestella.com

From Betty Turner, daughter of Claude Hollenback, Co. "A", 142nd Combat Eng., 42nd Inf.



Div.(7/23/04): "I'm very glad to get the newsletter. I am sending a copy of the paper where my Dad, Claude Hollenback, received his medals for WWII. It was a very nice ceremony conducted by Congressman John Boozman's office, Veterans Affairs Officer Steve Gray." [the following news article and photo *reprinted with permission from the Decatur [AR] Herald, photo and article by Nan McClain, published Wednesday May 26, 2004*]: VETERAN RECEIVES WWII MEDALS – Getting what one deserves sometimes takes longer than expected. It took more than 60 years in Claude Hollenback's case to receive medals he earned during World War II. Although Hollenback, 81, lives in Jay, Okla., he has local ties. His daughter, Betty Turner, has operated a business just south of the Decatur city limits for many years.

He also has two children living near Jay—Barbara Barnes and Jim Hollenback. Recently Hollenback received recognition for his acts of heroism while serving in the United States Army with a presentation of medals by an advisor of military and veterans affairs, Steve Gray, retired after 23 years of service himself. Turner explained the sequence of events leading up to the actual presentation of the medals. She said that apparently, when her father came home from the war, he put all the events he had witnessed out of his mind because growing up she and her brother and sister never heard stories or even knew of his involvement in the war until after their mother passed away a few years ago. It was then facts began to come to light concerning the years her father served in the military. As so many soldiers coming home from war chose to do, Hollenback and his wife thought it best to not share all the horror of war with their children. Turner, who had been in contact with Congressman John Boozman's office concerning another detail for her father, sought his help in finding out whether her father had awards he had never received. Getting the Congressman's office to help smoothed matters considerably Turner said. In a ceremony for Hollenback at Turner's home Gray presented Hollenback with his long awaited medals. Turner arranged for his family and a few friends to be present for the small ceremony. Gray said the reason so many servicemen failed to receive their medals at the time was due to them just wanting to get home to their families and get on with their lives. Hollenback never forgot, though, and still has his uniform jacket from all those years ago with his sergeant's stripes sewed firmly in place. 'Hollenback enlisted in the Army Sept 9, 1943 in Tulsa, Okla.,' the letter from Congressman Boozman's office states, 'not quite sure what it would hold. It took some time and some training, but finally the day came to ship to the European Theater of Operations. The war in Africa, the Middle East and Italy had been raging for over two years when you arrived in France. The 42nd Infantry Division had just relieved the 36th Division, engaging the enemy around Strasbourg, France when you arrived with other members of the 142 Engineering Combat Battalion. The Division would need to clear the roads, highways, buildings, defensive barriers such as the Siegfried Line (a huge hedgerow miles long) and prepare for the invasion of Germany. A week after you arrived, having successfully thwarted the enemy's counter

attacks along the 31 mile banks of the Rhine River, your unit began the offensive. In mid February you attacked the Germans in the Hardt Mountains and broke through the Siegfried Line on March 21. From there you cleared the towns of Dahn and Busenburg and expanded the bridgeheads across the Rhine. The fiercest fight came next in places like Wertheim, Wurzburg, Schweinfurt and Furth. Several battles included hand-to-hand combat against a fanatical enemy. But, the biggest day came on April 29 when the Rainbow Division liberated 30,000 inmates at Dachau, the Nazis most notorious concentration camp. It was here where you truly realized why the Allies had to win the war. This diabolical enemy had to be crushed. Because of your actions and those of thousands of other service members, nations around the world found a lasting freedom and now enjoy the liberty America has experienced for two centuries. So it is that reason that I present to you these tokens of a grateful nation.' Gray, as he read this letter to Hollenback, noted the unbelievable weather conditions that Hollenback and thousands of other troops suffered during the winter of 1944-1945. He explained it was the coldest, wettest winter in approximately 40 years with weeks of freezing temperatures. Reading from a book Gray brought with him, Citizen Soldier by Steven Ambrose, he quoted, 'the GIs and Germany went through the worst conditions in January 1945, worse than those suffered at Valley Forge and suffered more casualties than any other in World War II'. Hollenback, Gray said, was part of the 42nd Infantry Division, an engineering group, clearing roads, building bridges and always with their rifles at their sides. 'It was the most formidable for troops to cross. It was between 200 meters and 500 meters wide and treacherous due to the cold, wet winter it was higher than normal. All this while under enemy fire and it was the first time we (Allies) were entering Germany so the fighting was fierce,' Gray said. Hollenback told his nephew that his unit cut the chains on the gates of the Dachau prison camp. Because, Turner said, they knew not to ask their father about the war few facts of his service were shared with them. Her brother, Jim, said he once heard his dad share with someone else who had served the fact he was one of the few survivors in his unit when the bridge they were building (possibly over the Rhine River) received heavy enemy fire. As Gray pinned the various medals on Hollenback's western shirt he explained the significance of each. The medals were the Good Conduct Medal, American Defense Service Medal, American Campaign Medal, European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with two bronze service stars, World War II Victory Medal, Honorable Service Lapel Button World War II, and the Expert Badge with Rifle Bar. Researching Hollenback's records was difficult the letter states because his records had been destroyed or damaged by a fire July 12, 1973. It further states 'complete records cannot be reconstructed.' Hollenback's family is grateful for the help and perseverance in finally getting the recognition their father and grandfather deserves."

AWARD of the DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

The United States Distinguished Service Cross (DSC) is a military medal for gallantry awarded to a person serving with the U.S. Army. The medal is awarded for a distinguished act of heroism that does not merit the Medal of Honor but that involves exceptional risk of life. The DSC is the Army's equivalent of the Navy Cross and the Air Force Cross. During World War I, General John Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Force in France, identified the need in the army for a lesser award than the Medal of Honor that recognized acts of bravery. [def. from Wikipedia.org, the Free Encyclopedia]

The following citation is the first of six posthumous Awards of the Distinguished Service Cross (DSO) to men of the 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division, that will be printed in Rainbow Trail. These six citations were researched in 1995 by Valentine "Val" Spiegel, 232-C, and made available to us by Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr., H1B-242. Each citation begins: "By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 9 July 1918 (Bul 43, WD 1918), and pursuant to authority in AR 600-45, 22 September 1943, a Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action is awarded posthumously to the following...."

"Technical Sergeant **Merle H. Todd**, 39376000, Infantry, Company "C", 242nd Infantry Regiment, United States Army. On 9 January 1945 at Hatten, France, Sergeant Todd was commanding an outpost platoon 800 yards in front of the main line of resistance when it was attacked by a numerically superior enemy force. Skillfully organizing his men, Sergeant Todd directed the defense of their position and repulsed three fanatical enemy attacks. During this action, he was seriously wounded in the leg, but refused medical attention until the enemy attack had been repulsed. When the ammunition was almost exhausted, Sergeant Todd, realizing the seriousness of the situation, proceeded under heavy enemy small arms fire to an exposed hilltop where he could reconnoiter for a safe route of withdrawal. Ignoring the intense German fire and despite the painful wound in his leg, he motioned the men to join him and led them to within 200 yards of safety. Here, the men encountered strong enemy fire that mortally wounded Sergeant Todd, but by heroic effort he succeeded in leading his men back

safely. His heroic actions were responsible for the successful defense of the vital position. They reflect great credit on him and are in keeping with the finest traditions of the United States Army."

The RAINBOW in IRAQ

Excerpts from Rainbow Ready News, Issue 1 Operation Iraqi Freedom 3-Mobilization Information June 1, 2004: "Rainbow Ready News is a Command Information product of the 42nd ID (M) PAO for Division's post-mobilization training program. MG Joseph Taluto, Commanding General; MAJ Richard Goldenberg PAO; MSG Corine Lombardo, PA Chief. FROM the CG's Corner – Soldiers of the Rainbow Division—It is my privilege and honor to lead you during this historic period of time for our Division. Each and every one of you voluntarily took a solemn oath to support and defend our country and its freedoms, you are the best America has to offer. You are freedom's guardian. ... A final thought. The Rainbow Division officially entered the Global War on Terrorism on September 11, 2001. Rainbow Soldiers were the first military responders on that tragic day and the Division ultimately became the National Guard Joint Task Force Headquarters in support of New York City's recovery. We will never forget that cowardly attack upon our fellow Americans. That is why we have adopted the salute response of NEVER FORGET. When a member of the Rainbow Division salutes, they say RAINBOW to signify that they are a member of the 42nd Division. If the officer returning the salute is a Rainbow Soldier, they will reply NEVER FORGET. It is now time for us to do our part in defeating terrorism...RAINBOW...NEVER FORGET. MG Joseph J. Taluto, Commanding"

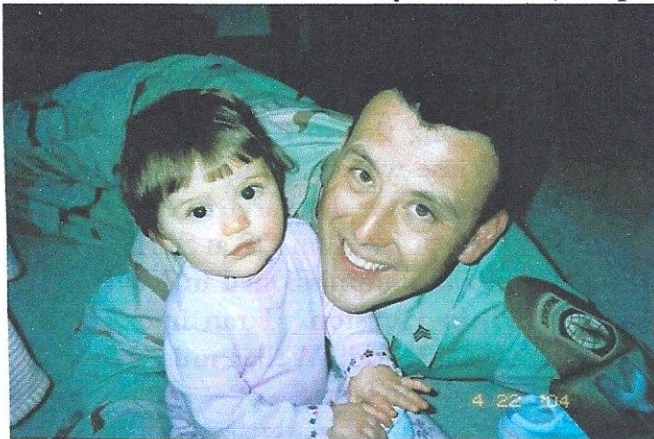
A Letter From Susan Taluto, wife of MG Joseph Taluto (11/4/04): "Good morning. Again, we thank you for the RDVA support-our soldiers will really appreciate it. Background: When the 42nd was formed in 1917, it consisted of National Guard units and soldiers from 26 different states. While training at Camp Mills NY, active duty soldiers were added to the formation to provide depth and experience. Once trained, the 42nd deployed to Europe to serve alongside other Divisions, most notable the 1st and 3rd Infantry Divisions *Fast forward* 87 years to the spring of 2004: The Army decides to employ a National Guard Division in Operation Iraqi Freedom and the 42nd is nominated for the mission. The HQ 42ID and its base units are alerted, mobilized and trained at Fort Drum, NY and Fort Dix, NJ. From May to October the Division builds depth and experience by adding National Guard, Army Reserve and Active Component soldiers to the Division Base. In addition, two active component brigades form the 3rd Division and two National Guard brigades, one from Idaho and one from Tennessee, are subordinated to the 42nd to form Task Force Liberty. The Division now includes soldiers and units from 24 States. It will deploy to Iraq to replace one of its WWI partners, the 1st Infantry Division, and to serve alongside of another WWI partner, the 3rd Infantry Division. We think the similarities between the WWI and OIF 3 are remarkable. **Our family readiness group is very active.** We are raising funds, collecting items for care packages to send to soldiers, preparing for the holidays and a children's party, and providing programs and resources to our families. We have wives, husbands, children, grandparents, parents, friends and extended family members in our group. **Your members can help** by writing letters to soldiers, sending small items for care packages, writing letters of support to a family, donating funds for phone cards or postage. Some groups have donated small quilts, blankets or teddy bears for small children to hold for comfort while mom or dad are away. All items should be sent to: State Armory, Glenmore Road, Troy, New York, 12180 ATTN: HHC,42 ID, Family Readiness Group. Letters to soldiers should just have a line on the envelope that says either "female soldier" or "male soldier". We cannot give out roster information but our group will make certain that it gets to one of the 42nd soldiers. If the writer gets a response, then return mail can go directly to the soldier that responded. Suellen, I'll send other information in a separate email as attachments. I enjoyed our discussion this morning and will keep you updated as the Division deploys. My husband and I truly appreciate all the support we've received from the RDVA and hope to be able to thank you in person once Task Force Liberty completes this important mission. *Susan Taluto*" [note from Barbara Eberhart, wife of WWII veteran Dee R. Eberhart, 242-I, : "We should probably suggest that those sending messages and items should identify themselves as a member of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation; and, perhaps also their relationship, and who their veteran is, as well as unit and WWI or WWII. I think if families did this, it would be sensational for the camaraderie."]

FROM Vincent Lara, grandson of Arthur Evans, Medic, Co. "A", 242nd Inf. Regt., 42D Infantry "Rainbow" Division (9/8/04): "Hello Everyone, Well, this is the letter I have waited so long to write

each of you. First and foremost I would like to thank every one of you personally to have taken the time to write me, send me packages, and keeping me and my family in your prayers and thoughts. The good Lord certainly answered my prayer which was not to miss the birth of my daughter. To this day I believe that I am the only Soldier that left Iraq to catch the birth of their child. Then I had to do the hardest thing in my life and that was to hand over my six day old daughter to my wife who was starting her recovery stage and pick back up my duffel bag and head off to an uncertain world afar. I thank the good Lord for telling me that I was meant to be by my wife's side at our first child's birth (That helped my future missions that much easier). As for those pieces of



mail, they motivated me every time I went out on missions and always hoping there was a letter for me. Guess what? I had the most mail in my squad so I would share some letters with other Soldiers so they could hear stories of home. To my wife I thank the most. She held strong through many long months with a new child to raise and a house to maintain. Fortunately we are blessed with a loving family, friends and neighbors. Mothers and sisters came to help Nicole with our little Olivia, Fathers and brothers came to help with the maintenance around the house and cars. One neighbor came over every week to mow the yard and another neighbor came over to shovel the driveway in the winter times. Then our friends, some we never met, would also write to my wife in times of support. With this in mind, there were letters that I received of how they wish they could serve the military. Well, all of you proved your patriotism and have answered the call within your heart, you have taken time out of your lives to write me and share your lives with me and to help my family back home. There is not much that is more Noble than that. I wish I could pass out awards and medals to all of you and hope that my gratitude will be enough. For, I am forever grateful because of it. As for my Employer, DaimlerChrysler Corporation and my fellow workers of the UAW (United Automobile Workers of America), I am grateful for the understanding of a Soldier's call for Country. They had continued my seniority, held my same job, and most importantly continued Benefits and Medical coverage for my wife and daughter while I was away in a combat environment. Representatives of both the UAW and DaimlerChrysler called my wife to make sure all was OK. This was a big relief for myself and kept me thinking more on the missions that were assigned to me because I knew my Employer was still taking care of my family back home. Secondly, the war in Iraq seems like a never-ending battle. I have encountered many obstacles. Not only from the ambushes and attacks from the enemy but the stress within leader's decisions and to find out what you are truly capable of. We've had soldiers never to see home again, others that will have visual scars, and as always all the soldiers will think back to their time in war everyday. With this in mind, I want to say a special Thank you and salute to you veterans from the past conflicts. Every war that comes and goes has taught guidelines from previous wars. We will continue to make adjustments to our tactics in the future. Because of it we are much swifter in our tactics than before and it brings us out ahead of the rest because of it. To you I salute, for passing down a great tradition & courage within our military ranks.

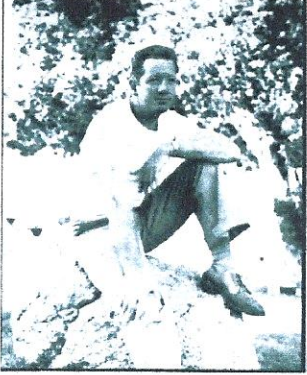


As many of you know after my year was up, on Easter Sunday, and waiting to board the plane for home within 18 hours, we were told that the Army needs the combat experienced MPs to go back into Iraq and to fly home when they see fit. So we had to find it in ourselves again to strive for an unknown date for the 4th time. That was a very hard time for many of the Soldiers. Then it put lots more stress on my wife back home when all of our hopes were up. That was another battle to overcome. Now I am home again laying on my carpeted floor while my daughter is sound asleep and the door is open so I can get a breeze and listen to the crickets which I learned to miss so dearly. My wife is laughing in the background while

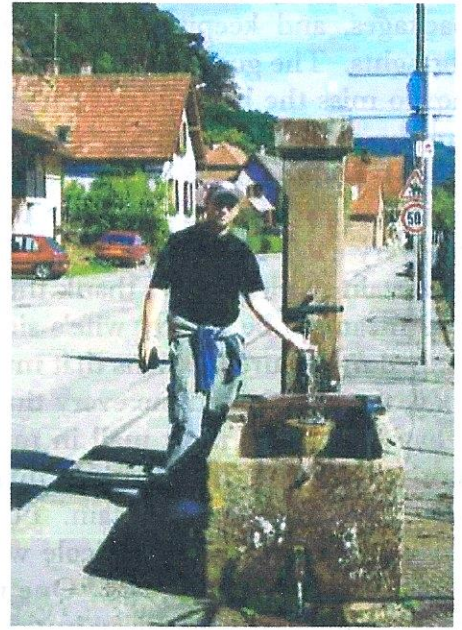
watching TV. Even though I am still Active Duty, I get to sleep out of my own home now and go help a reserve unit knowing whether or not they are going overseas in a month or a year. But whenever their time comes they will be even more ready than I was with the support of us experienced combat Soldiers from Iraq already. As for my offtime, I am riding my bike again, working on projects around the house, play in the yard with my family, socializing again with family, friends and neighbors. I am also stuck paying those outrageous gas prices again (HA). Well I hope I made a nice letter for all of you to read. I also hope that I did not leave anyone or anything

out. I apologize in case I did. Also enclosed are some pictures so you can put a face to the name and see what Iraq looks like. Thank You all. Forever grateful, Sgt. Vincent Lara, Now just Vince.

A LETTER From Katherine Timothy, daughter of Charles Wilson, Co. "C", 242nd Inf. Regt. (10/4/04) to Dee and Barbara Eberhart, Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr. and Suellen McDaniel, Rainbow research team members: "I wanted to let each of you know of our travels to the Battlefields of Alsace-Lorraine a couple of weeks ago. My son, Wilson, had a



business meeting in France, so he invited me to take a few days off and travel with him to that beautiful country. We contacted Lise Pommois, at the recommendation of Art Lee, and what a wonderful guide she was. Although she was basically on her way out to travel to the US to give a speech in Boston, she took time out to write us directions on the march that my Dad would have been on from January through March of 1944, prior to being wounded, probably in Ludswigswinkel (as also suggested by Mr. Lee, from the research he had done regarding my father). Wilson and I are deeply indebted to her for her wonderful help and care.



Although our travels were very rushed, only having one day in the area, we saw all of the beautiful little towns and even imagined in our minds the experiences of Mr. Lee as he looked down from his post on top of a mountain, seeing German soldiers walking about below. We had a wonderful day thinking of Dad and wondering at all that must have been going on 60 years ago in those now beautiful, peaceful mountains. I wish to thank each of you for your wonderful assistance in helping Wilson, my mother and me, know more about what went on in my father's life while serving his country in France and Germany. Daddy was a true patriot and his heart always softened whenever he spoke of his fellow soldiers who gave so much for all of us to continue to enjoy the freedoms of living in free lands. I remember him saying that after he was wounded and was sent to England to recover, he saw all of the terrible effects the ravages of war had on the bodies of men, but that every one of those wounded or maimed men spoke of the honor it was to serve their country. Tom Brokaw was so right when he coined the World War II veterans as the "Greatest Generation", for indeed they were." [note from Katherine: "if any of your readers marched through Obersteinbach, they will recognize the watering trough Wilson is standing by."]
photos-Left, Rainbow veteran Charles Wilson; Right, Wilson Timothy, his grandson.

FROM Clifford J. Hayes, H3B-222 (9/24/04): "The materials you sent are a godsend. The rosters just called to mind a collage of memories. James Wallace and Leslie O. Smith were my Platoon and Section Sgts respectively. They were part of the original cadre of HQ Co 3d Bn 222 Inf and had been at Pearl Harbor on Dec 7, 1941. Wallace later was given a battlefield commission. In time I will try to provide more information as the rosters jog my memory. The Rainbow Trail is mind-boggling. I sat up reading it (June 2004 edition) until my eyes clanged shut. But I was back up at midnight to finish it. I am also copying this to Earnie Owen, Julia Sturgeon and Sue Cullumber to thank them and through the four of you all those who make up the Rainbow Trail. I was with the same Company from September 1943 until I was rotated home for discharge in April 1946, except from March 12, 1945 to mid May 1945 when I was in hospital and again when I was on DS at Shrivenham American U, October to December 1945. I stayed in the Army Reserve and was commissioned in November 1950. In 1976 I was assigned to the 75th MAC (Maneuver Area Command) in Houston. I ran into Arthur Peterson and learned he was in the 1st Bn of the 222d back in the 'old days'. Small world! Well, I must get back to bed for my beauty rest but I could not go until I had said THANKS to all of you fine folks."

FROM LeRoy McDonald, 42D Div. HQ (7/12/04): "Thank you very much for the History material: I enjoyed reading all of the articles written by the soldiers. I was in an office in the rear echelon, so did not have a difficult time."

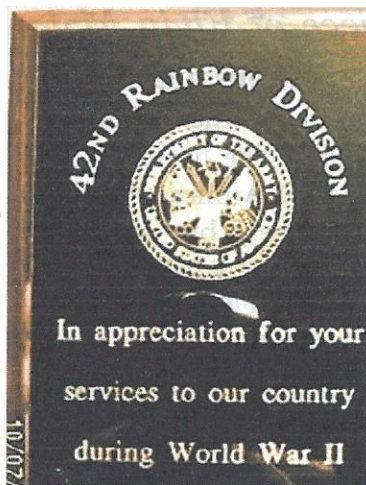
FROM Ray Essig, 232-G (7/10/04): "Thank you for the Millennium Newsletter. It shows a lot of work and includes reprints of articles from the Reveille published before I knew of RDVA."

A Precious Rainbow Connection from Denise Canter, WWII niece of Elvin Major

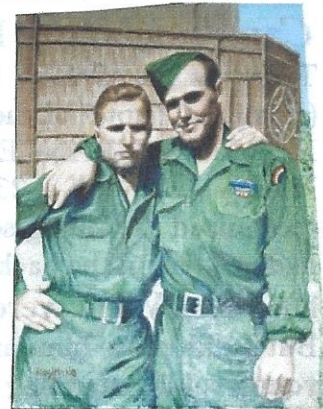
Cantor, 232-L : Have you ever heard that old saying, "a picture is worth a thousand words"? That was the saying I thought of when I turned the page of the Rainbow Trail, Newsletter of the Millennium (Family) Chapter of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation dated June 2004. The headlines read IN REMEMBRANCE OF HEROES by Charlene Martins Fuhlendorf, WWII daughter of Amilcar "Mickey" Martins, Co. "L" , 232nd Infantry Regiment. I didn't recognize Charlene's father, Mickey, but absolutely recognized the young soldier standing beside her Dad. Charlene only knew the young soldier by what her father had written on the back of the picture, which read my buddy, "Dunbar" I kept repeating to myself, I know him, I know him. What were the chances of my recognizing the picture of a young World War II Veteran? But I did know him, and I was going to be able to contact Charlene and tell her how to get in touch with the young soldier standing beside her father. In 2001 I started inquiring about my husband's uncle that had been reported MIA on March 7, 1945. Elvin Canter, which is my father-in-law's younger brother. My father-in-law with his failing health, had convinced himself that his brother was still alive, walking around France perhaps not remembering who he is. With that comment my curiosity was aroused, so I began researching the Internet for any information on the 42nd Rainbow Division, Co. L 232nd Infantry. That search led me to Suellen and her connections. We learned that his brother was never missing in action, that in fact he was killed in action on March 7, 1945 and was buried in Lorraine American Cemetery in St. Avold, France. I then asked Suellen for a list of any Veterans still living who were in Elvin's Infantry. I was supplied with a list of men's names and addresses. I copied pictures of Elvin and sent out about 25 letters explaining my search and enclosed a picture with each letter. I received many letters back from veterans, as well as several phone calls wishing me the best of luck with my search, however, they did not know Elvin Canter. Then, much to my surprise "the letter came"--that one letter that I had so hoped to receive. The return address read Archie Dunbar, De Soto, Iowa. I opened and began reading the letter. Archie explained to me his remembering the day Elvin joined their Infantry. They were sent in as replacements, because Co. L had lost so many men in the previous weeks. Archie remembered Elvin setting his duffel bag down and seeing the name Elvin Canter on the name tag. Archie told me about the night they pulled guard duty together, not that they carried on much of a conversation. Archie explained that the men really didn't get to know each other all that well since their time together was often short. They set in fear and struggled just to stay warm and alive. Not much time to make a lot of friends.

From that letter, Archie and I started calling each other on a weekly basis, Archie would call and tell me that he had woke up in a cold sweat remembering events of the war. I often felt bad for bringing back those awful memories. But according to his family, our friendship has put a lot of life back into Archie as well.

After talking with Archie, we decided to go to France and visit Elvin's Grave, then 9/11 hit and all plans were canceled. The following October we did go to France and visited the Grave. Archie had asked two favors of me, one to find the foxhole he had stayed in while there, and the grave of a friend of his that was also reported MIA on March 7, 1945. We had an author of a book about the Battle of the Bulge travel with us for two days, and she was able to find Archie's foxhole, and the path they traveled in fighting. A castle they defended to hold the Germans back. And Yes, we also found his friend's gravesite. We took pictures of all of these things for Archie and when we returned I mailed them to him. Archie's newspaper came to his home and did a big story on this and ran many of the pictures I had sent, in the newspaper along with a picture of Archie. He was thrilled. After this Archie and I became even closer and I began sending him little gifts every so often. I sent Archie a World War II baseball cap that he now wears every where he goes. He has been in several veterans day parades, speaks at local schools, and is always entertaining guests in his home to show his display of items either he had remaining from the War or I have sent him pertaining to the War. (The Original Blue 42nd Rainbow Division Book dated back in 1945.) I also sent Archie a collector World War II Soldier coming home to his girlfriend. I had a name badge engraved Dunbar and placed on the soldier's uniform, and on the base of the Soldier I had a brass plate added and engraved with his name rank serial number. The Collector set was called "Welcome Home". My husband and I had planned a trip to Iowa last April for Archie's 42nd Rainbow Division Reunion. You see, though I consider Archie to be a dear and special friend, a friend that I can not go a week without talking to, I have never met him. I wanted our visit and my being honored with meeting all of these wonderful veterans at their reunion to be a special reunion. I wanted very much to personally thank each and every man for the sacrifice they made for our country, for us. I wanted them to know they had not and never would be forgotten. So I had some special gifts made for each of them.



For each Veteran I had plaques made, the scripture read, "IN APPRECIATION FOR YOUR SERVICES TO OUR COUNTRY DURING WORLD WAR II" and I had a special gift made for Archie. Archie always talked about his best friend, his closest buddy, Clarence Lyson, 232-L, and he called him "POPS". They remained friends even after the war, living only a short distance from each other. They raised their children together, and spent a many an hour talking about their war days. In "POPS" last few months of life, Archie traveled 4000 miles taking "POPS" around the country side, sight seeing. This was a friendship created out of tragedy, maintained out of love. Archie had sent me a lot of pictures of his buddies while in the war, Among these pictures I found a picture of him and "POPS" standing beside each other with their arms around each other. I had an oil



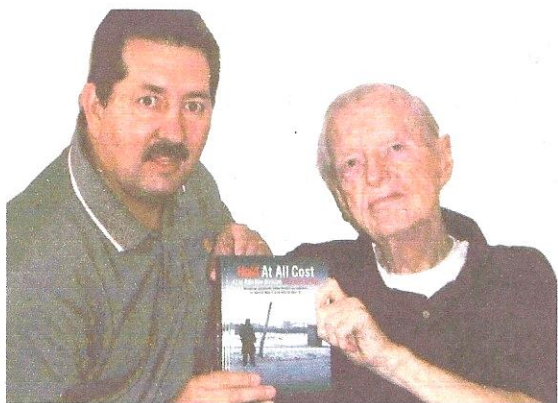
painting done of this picture to be presented to Archie at the reunion. It turned out that my husband and I were unable to attend the reunion, which broke both mine and Archie's heart. I expressed all of these items to Archie's daughter along with a thank you letter for the veteran's I had not met, and a separate letter for Archie. It sounds like it turned out lovely. At the reunion was A World War II Veteran, his son and grandson. They had the grandson read the letters, while Archie's daughter shook each Veterans hand and thanked them for their service and handed them their plaque. I heard there was not a dry eye in the house. Then Archie's letter was read to him, and his oil painting was presented to him; again, everyone was overwhelmed. So when I saw the picture of Archie and Mickey in the Rainbow Trail I was thrilled to recognize one of the soldiers when they were young, and even more thrilled to know that I could contact the daughter of Mickey Martins and introduce her to Archie, so she can fill in some of the blanks that were left empty due to her father's loss of memory by the time she was given his pictures. Also Charlene has corresponded with Archie several times, and sent copies of all the pictures she has of her father to Archie to see if he could put names with the faces of her Dad's buddies in the War. He was going to take them to his last reunion, but for the first time in years, he was sick and unable to attend. He has been able to place names to many of her photos, and still plans on taking the rest of them to their next reunion in April for the other veterans to see. I wonder if the Veterans realize how important it is for their loved ones to know what they went through while serving in the war. Or to just listen to the stories, or put a name on the face of a soldier that served beside you. These Newsletters are important, telling your stories are important, and putting the older pictures in the newsletter are important, for when you least expect it, someone may recognize someone in your picture and help you fill in those empty spaces. I feel truly blessed and honored to have become a part of the Millennium (family) chapter of the Rainbow Trail. To have met so many wonderful Veterans. I have become very involved with the efforts of making sure each and every veteran knows how much we appreciate all they have done for us as individuals, as well as our country. Our family has become so interested and involved that our 14 year old son is transported to school in order to be in the Air Force ROTC program. In Closing I want to thank Archie Dunbar for his giving of the past, the present, and the future. I am truly blessed to be among your chosen friends. Denise Canter, 1020 Penselwood Drive, Raleigh, NC 27604; e-mail: DCanter285@aol.com



A Letter From Michael J. Diglio, 242-B, (7/21/04): Dear Suellen: It was good to be with you again at our reunion in Memphis. Enclosed is the oil painting I promised to donate to the Millennium Chapter. That painting was made for me to send to my mother Mrs. Helen Diglio of Mount Vernon, New York, when I was stationed in Kitzbuehel in May and June, 1945. The painting is the town of Kitzbuehel with the Kaiser Mountains in the background. In the lower left hand portion of the painting is St. Catherine's Catholic Church (the one with the tall steeple) in which the Rainbow Stained Glass Window is located. On page 83 of "In Search Of Rainbow Memorials" [by Lise Pommois], there is a photo of that window and an article of how that window got to be placed in the church. I know that painting will be in the good hands of the descendants of our Rainbow veterans to whom Kitzbuehel and the places we were stationed have meaning. This photo of me was taken on top of the Hannenkam Mountain in Kitzbuehel, Tyrol in June, 1945. At that time that painting of Kitzbuehel was completed. At that time I was a Staff Sergeant in Company "B", 242nd Infantry Regiment, part of your father's 1st Battalion. We were in Kitzbuehel first as guards to General Collins' headquarters, until we were relieved by a different outfit.

I hope you enjoy the painting and that it will be passed down through the years to the descendants of our Rainbow Division veterans. P.S. The Hannenkam Mountain is where one of the most famous downhill ski races takes place annually. That race is called the Kandahar Race. It is one of the cherished prizes in downhill racing, as it is probably the most difficult of all downhill races. Warm regards, Sincerely, Michael J. "Mike" Diglio, S/Sgt Co "B", 242nd Infantry.

The inscription on the lower right of the painting reads: "In remembrance of the victorious entry of your son in Kitzbühel Tirol May 1945" R.Steidl, artist ['Hannenkam' is translated "Cock's Comb"].



RAINBOW POW BOOK

The 492-page hardcover book, Hold At All Cost/42nd Rainbow Division Prisoners of War, published in July 2004 by the 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation (RDVMF) after many years of dedicated collection, research and transcription, is now available and for sale. These may be ordered by sending a check or

money order in the amount of \$25.00 (book 20.00; S&H 5.00), payable to RDVMF to: John J. McGovern, 7052 Applecreek Road, Sylvania, OH 43560. Orders of ten books or more mailed at the same time, will receive free shipping. The following excerpts are from three of the stories. *Alvin Cahoon, Co. "A", 242nd Inf.* "We had to give up our positions after we ran out of ammo and there were no other support units to assist us. We had stopped the Germans on our front for three days and two nights but their superior force of two Panzer Divisions were just too much for our lone infantry battalion to resist any further." *Joseph Antal, Co. "E", 232nd Inf.* "We were quartered in horse stables from earlier times. It was a well-kept place and located away from air-raided targets. Rolling hills and pinewood forest surrounded our jail. We had knowledge that thousands of Russian prisoners perished here and were buried in a mass grave. It was rumored that Hitler was going to order the death of all POW officers and the first three grades of non-coms." *James R. Warren, Co. "B", 242nd Inf.* "A day or two later the Unteroffizier called us to attention and announced in broken English: 'Der Führer orders all prisoners killed.' We stood stunned, then he slowly turned, lifted Hitler's portrait from the wall and held it up for all of us to see. As though by accident, he dropped the picture to the floor, shattering the glass." *Dick Peebles, Co. "H", 242nd Inf.* "The word began to catch on that the Russians were coming, and everyone began to flee. Carts, horses and people loaded with bundles all began to jam the narrow road. We saw the town of Pirna bombed and on fire in the distance. Planes came over us and strafed and bombed us as we hit the ditches. After that, it was everyone for themselves, and we forgot about the guards, and they forgot about us." [photo: Veteran Al Cahoon with Earnie Owen, WWII Rainbow son of Arnold (242-I) and Murel Owen (I) holding Al's copy of Hold At All Cost. Earnie was the transcriber of Al's story as well as several others.

42ND RAINBOW WWII HISTORY BOOK

This 186-page softcover reprint (July 2004) of the 1946 edition is now available and may be purchased from Rainbow Reveille publisher, Hugo Grimm, 32 Austin Hill Court, Wentzville, MO 63385 (636) 327-5154. Cost per book, including S&H is \$ 22.00. Please see your copy of November 2004 Rainbow Reveille for further description and information!

WORLD WAR I RAINBOW MUSIC

The Millennium Chapter library has copies of the following sheet music: "March of the Rainbow", "The Rainbow Division", "The Rainbow Lads", "The Rainbow's End", "Hold The Lines, We Are Coming". If you would like copies (there is no charge), please be in touch with the Chapter Secretary, Suellen McDaniel, 1400 Knolls Drive, Newton, NC 28658-9452, (828) 464-1466, JMAC1400@aol.com.

RAINBOW MUGS AND RAINBOW CAPS

Rainbow mugs are \$12.00 and embroidered caps are \$15.00; for orders of two items or more, there will be free shipping through the New Year. (see below)



BOOK

Surrender of the Dachau Concentration Camp 29 Apr 45 – The

True Account, by John H. Linden, Sycamore Press, Ltd., 1997, 158 pages, Hardcover. 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 research to an enlightened conclusion in the manner of a most interesting detective story. This is an important facet of Rainbow Division history. The cost of this book, including S&H, is \$20.00. (See below)

ORDERING INFORMATION FOR THE ABOVE ITEMS: Please send your mailing information, check or money order, payable to RDVMF MILLENNIUM CHAPTER, to Chapter Secretary, Suellen McDaniel at the address listed below in the Chapter Officers Contact Information and your order will be filled right away.

VOLUNTEERS WELCOME!!

As many of you are aware, the Millennium Chapter is privileged to be part of and is active in many areas of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation. You have an open invitation to be in touch and to be part of this adventure into the discovery and preservation of Rainbow Division history. Please contact any of the officers listed below...we are looking forward to hearing from you and to sharing your ideas!! With our best wishes, in the spirit of the Rainbow Division, *Suellen McDaniel*, Secretary/Editor.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!! For many years, the Memorial Foundation has been interested in placing the WWII rosters 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 into a program. Volunteers with a computer are needed to type the individual rosters. We are just over halfway finished and the growing database is extremely helpful in answering requests for information from veterans and their families and descendants. We are hoping to be able to complete this project by December 2005 and are asking for your help! If you would like to help by typing one or more unit rosters or have questions, please contact *Suellen McDaniel*.

Millennium Chapter Officers/Contact Information:

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SUGGESTED CARE PACKAGE ITEMS

MAIL TO: STATE ARMORY, GLENMORE ROAD, TROY, NEW YORK 12180

ATTN: HHC, 42 ID, FAMILY READINESS GROUP

<input type="checkbox"/> CASH <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - For postage & handling - Packaging items (brown wrap/tape) - To purchase Calling Cards (Pre-paid Global) - To purchase items from the list below that we have not collected. 	<input type="checkbox"/> WRITING SUPPLIES <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Stationery / Writing Pads - Journals - Pens - Envelopes - Stamps
<input type="checkbox"/> PERSONAL HYGIENE <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Hand Lotion (for extra dry skin) - Sunscreen - Chap stick (with sunscreen) - Shampoo / Conditioner - Shower Gel (aloe) - Hand Sanitizer (no water needed) - Washcloths / Towels - Toothbrush / Toothpaste / Floss - Mouthwash - Foot Powder / Odor Eaters - Shaving Gel (no foam) - Razors (disposable) - Shaving Kits - Deodorant (stick only) - Wet ones / Baby wipes - Nail Clippers - Q-tips - Toilet Paper - Tissues (travel Size) - Female hygiene products (we need tampons) - Comb / Brush - Compact mirror 	<input type="checkbox"/> FOOD, DRINKS & SNACKS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Powdered: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Lemonade, Gatorade, Iced Tea, Kool-Aid - Soups: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Ramen Noodles, Cup of Soup, etc. - Cans of: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Ravioli, Stew, Spaghetti, Pudding, etc. - Fruit: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Canned, Dried and Fruit Roll Ups - Microwave: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Popcorn, Easy macaroni & cheese, etc. - Candy: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - All hard candy, mints, lifesavers, gum, etc. - Instant coffee, tea bags, sugar, powdered creamer - Chips, Pretzels, Crackers, Cookies, Cheese & Crackers - Slim Jims, Beef Jerky - Cereal, Instant Oatmeal, Pop tarts, Cereal/Energy Bars - Fruits, Nuts, Raisins, Trail Mixes, Sunflower seeds - Peanut Butter - Bean Dip - Rice Krispie treats
<input type="checkbox"/> FIRST AID <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Band-Aids - Throat Lozenges - Deet Bug Spray - After Bite - Sunburn Relief Gel - Muscle Ache Gel - Pain Relievers (Tylenol, Advil, Motrin) - Eye Drops - Tums - Tweezers 	<input type="checkbox"/> ENTERTAINMENT <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Deck of playing cards - Board games / Hand held games - Small footballs / Hackey Sacks - Frisbees - Puzzle books - Small paperback books / magazines - Compact discs (CDs) - Batteries-for walkmans/fans (AA/AAA)
<input type="checkbox"/> ETC. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Camera (disposable) - Flea collars (to protect them from sand fleas) - Socks (Cotton/ Cushioned – Green or black) - Shoe inserts (Gel) - Sunglasses (Must be all black) - Small sewing kit - Small paint brushes (for cleaning weapons) - Personal letters and cards of support, encouragement and prayer! (<i>MOST IMPORTANT!</i>) - Mini (battery operated) fans - Nylons (to protect them from sand fleas) - T-Shirts (Cotton - brown) - Moleskin (Dr. Scholl's) - Ziploc bags (1or 2 gallon) - Jug for Drink mixes / Dixie cups - Shoe boxes (or similar size box) for shipping above items 	

SUPPORT OUR TROOPS!