

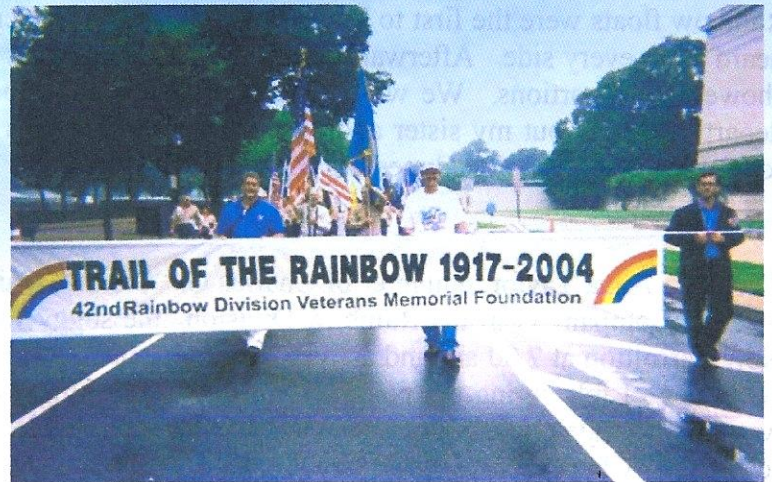
Rainbow Trail

Newsletter of the Millennium (Family) Chapter of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation

June 2004

Volume 5, Issue 1

The RAINBOW presence in the WWII Memorial Parade, May 31, 2004 was the culmination of great energy, planning and execution. In January 2004, Rainbow veterans of the DC Chapter contacted Parade officials to determine how Rainbow might take part. In February, the RDVMF approved a grant of \$1,000 to begin the funding. From this point on, generous contributions of time and money came from all over the USA as Rainbowers were made aware of this wonderful opportunity for a salute presentation to the veterans of World War II. More than \$9,000 was raised.



(6/3/04): RDVMF WWII Memorial Parade Chair/Liaison Jim Clemons, 242-K, wrote: "The Parade was a success!!!! As organizer and producer/director I want to thank all of the Rainbowers who so graciously and generously, gave of their ideas, their time and their contributions to help put the Rainbow in the forefront of the WWII Memorial Parade which honored all the citizens and veterans who served this nation during World War II. For those who could attend, the reception on June 1 at the United States Capitol hosted by Senator and Mrs. Lieberman in honor of the 42nd Division's 29 Apr 45 liberation of the Dachau concentration camp was a grand affair. Mrs. Lieberman's parents were at Dachau and liberated by the 42nd.

(6/10/04): RDVMF Millennium Chapter Vice-President, Julie Sturgeon, daughter of Theodore A. "Ted" Johnson, 232-H, wrote: "Ted Johnson, Julie Sturgeon and Sharron Sturgeon arrived in DC Saturday evening to meet up with Jeannine Prince and family later that night. Sunday morning we walked four long blocks from the hotel to Dupont Circle metro station and, following transfer at Metro Center, arrived at the Smithsonian metro station on the Mall. We walked up the Mall to the Washington Monument and started around it before noticing that the tour buses were offering free transportation to the WWII Memorial. After hopping on a bus, we arrived at the WWII Memorial five minutes later. The lines were long and crowded but it is obviously a beautiful monument to the memory of those valiant warriors who saved us from future tyranny. We continued on to locate the Viet Nam Memorial wall while enjoying the hubbub of a motorcycle parade rolling on the avenue. We later walked back to the metro station. We all believe that it was a tremendous march of miles and miles. It brought memories of the march through Europe and was a mighty effort for an

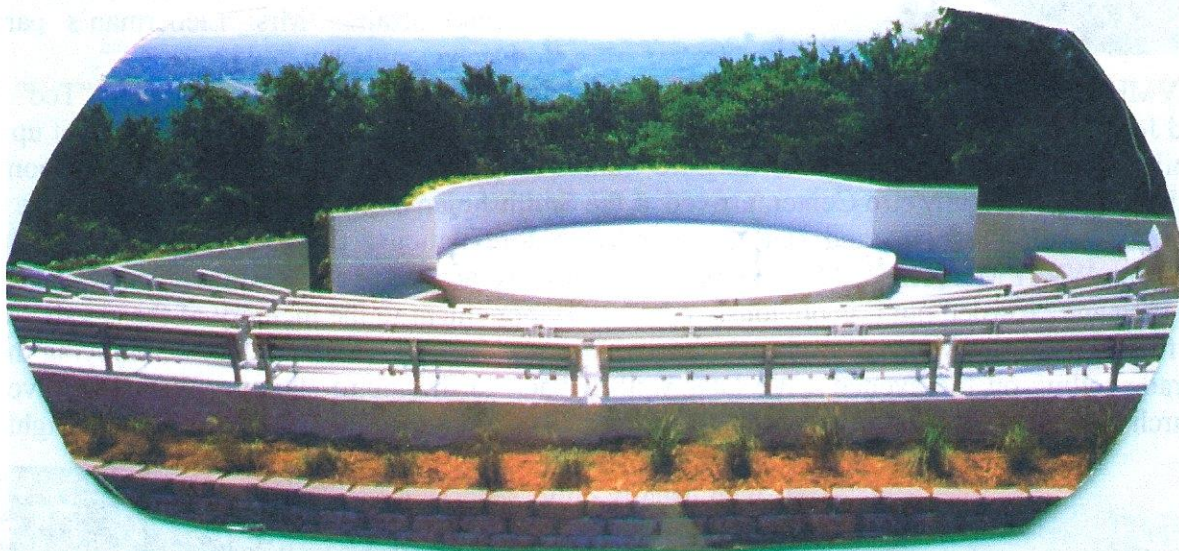
old fellow of 79 who usually only walks 200 yards to the mailbox on a daily basis! Later that evening we relocated hotels to the Days Inn Capitol Heights



where the rest of the contingent was billeted. A hospitality room had been arranged and Mayland Crosson is to be lauded for her efforts there. We found out the details for the following morning's departure (Awk! 5:45 AM) and following a round of 'Rainbow In The Army', we were off to bed. On the bus Monday morning at 6:15 we started singing many old favorites of the Rainbowers. It's how I remember getting to reunions over the years as a child and my daughter, Sharron, had similar experiences with her Grandpa and Grandma as she was growing up and attending annual reunions with them. Despite the showers that intermittently rained on our parade, it was a roaring success. Rainbow floats were the first to be seen even as we were element #87. Shouts from the crowd thanking the vets were heard from every side. Afterwards, I saw parts of the event on local television news but can't be sure which channel showed what portions. We were unable to attend the Lieberman event at the Capitol on Tuesday due to our early departure home, but my sister and her family were there as were many others. I have heard that they were warmly received and really enjoyed meeting the Senator."

FROM Anna Taylor, daughter of Charles G. "Charlie" Paine, Jr., 242-G (6/19/04): "We had such a wonderful day meeting Company G of the Rainbow Division...the soggy weather did not bother us at all. We boarded the Metro in New Carrollton at 7:00 am and arrived prestart in time to find the float and talk with my late father's good friends and comrades. I felt during the parade as if I were watching the parade for myself and Dad. We stationed ourselves to watch the parade on Jefferson and had a front row view. When the Rainbow Company float went by us, Chuck and I screamed, "Charlie Paine, Company G!" all the shouts and arm waving from the float are permanently etched in my mind as I watched my father's proudest friends continue on in their journey, still together."

FROM RDVMF Millennium Chapter President, Earnie Owen, son of Arnold H. Owen, 242-M (6/2/04): "We, too, had a Memorial service here in Muskogee. There were eighteen with ties to Rainbow who showed up for breakfast and 25 came for the service at the Rainbow Amphitheater in Honor Heights Park. I'm sure many 'old-timers' would be thrilled to hear that Al Cahoon, [242-A] was there. His daughter, Carolyn Watts, came with him. All those who knew him and of his history in the RDVA were thrilled to see him. His POW story is one that I transcribed. Tom and Betty Owen came from Texas. Jerry Smalley came from Edmond, OK and Arnold and Murel Owen came from Norman, OK. There were several local Rainbowers there as well plus a few who came just because they saw in the paper there was going to be a Memorial service that morning at the Rainbow Amphitheater. We had a great time and I played TAPS (I was afraid I would mess up and not play loud enough but I just turned up the volume on the tape player and it was fine)."



[Photo: 42d Rainbow Division Memorial Amphitheater, Honor Heights Park, Muskogee, OK. The Rainbow Memorial Amphitheater is the primary Rainbow remembrance place for our comrades lost in both world wars and also serves as a reminder of the Memorial Foundation's noble purpose to 'honor, memorialize, perpetuate, publicize and instill now and in the future generations the valor, heroism and patriotism of the Rainbow Division's officers and men.]



[Ed: this photo was taken in October 1940 in the 165th Infantry Armory on Lexington Avenue, NYC, the old 69th Regt. The Sauer Family, from left to right: Cecelia, Donald, James F. (with the Father Duffy chapter Rainbow hat), Richard and William. The caption is: "Going to Fort McClelland, Ala." FROM a Letter from Don Sauer, WWI son of Sgt. James F. Sauer, Co. "D", 1st Bn., 165th Inf (The Old 69th of New York) 3/2/04: "I must tell you, 350 men from the 14th Regiment in Brooklyn, when they came back from the Mexican Border, were sent to the 165th Rainbow, also 300 from the N.Y. 7th to fill the ranks. Dad was with the 14th on Mexican Border. The 14th were called the 'Red Leggins

14th. Their uniforms somehow were French!" [Ed: (with thanks to Dee and Barbara Eberhart for their answer to my question): "There were units that adopted the colorful uniforms of the French Zouave (dictionary: a member of a military unit adopting the dress and drill of the Zouaves). It appears from Don's description that the men in the 14th Regiment from Brooklyn had adopted the colorful French Zouave uniform. The Encyclopedia Britannica (1959 ed.) Vol. 23, pg 990: '...May 1861...The 1st New York Fire Zouaves arrived in Alexandria, VA...Thereafter, various Zouave regiments were organized, but the disadvantages of their colourful uniforms in battle were apparent, and the Zouave outfits were eventually abandoned." According to Don's memory of his father, the colorful uniforms were still being used by the New York 14th Regiment until 1916-1917."

FROM papers preserved by William A Hoffman, 151st Field Artillery, Battery "A", submitted by his daughter, Elizabeth M. Mueller, in her letter 1/24/04: "It is wonderful that the Memory of the Rainbow is carried on. My son, Greg, was so happy when he found it on his computer. My father was a wonderful man and very proud of his service to his country. The letter to Colonel Leach from Douglas MacArthur [below] was given to my Dad by Colonel Leach and I would imagine to all of his men. It was folded for fifty years in his book, titled "Men of the Rainbow" by Leslie Langille of Btry "B", 149th F.A. Dad left for France on October 18, 1917, was wounded in action on August 6, 1918. His position was hit by a gas bomb and he suffered massive gas burns on the lower part of his body from hips to his feet. He returned to the U.S. on April 2, 1919. The Rainbow was close to my Dad's heart. I am so glad to have found you."

"HEADQUARTERS, 42D DIVISION, American Expeditionary Forces, France, To Colonel George E. Leach, Commanding 151st Field Artillery, 15th November 1918. 'My Dear Colonel: At the conclusion of the operations in which we have been constantly engaged together since September, I had the opportunity to express what I have often felt during this period, ---my genuine appreciation of the support the 151st Field Artillery and yourself have always accorded the 84th Infantry Brigade. It has been invaluable and most reassuring. The rapidity with which you have brought the elements of your command to the aid of the 84th Infantry Brigade, the speed and precision with which you have opened fire, the closeness with which your artillery, despite nearly impassable roads, blown out bridges, difficult terrain, rain, mud and enemy fire, has followed up the rapid movements and shifts of the infantry, have been recognized with pleasure and a sure sense of gratitude by all elements and individuals of my command. The 151st Field Artillery has fired accurately, rapidly and whenever requested. Its liaison with the infantry has been intimate, daring and most satisfactory. Its personnel is magnificent. The courtesy and professional attainments of its officers are exceptionally fine. It has been at all times abreast of the highest standards of gallantry and technical skill. Now, as the field of their successful struggles for Hills 288, 242 and the Cote de CHATILLON and LANDRES-et-St. GEORGES lies about the division,

during its reassembly, the accuracy and power of the fire of your regiment on the enemy organizations, wire and sensitive points, in this steep and tangled terrain, are unrolled before the troops who made the fight, with a poignancy that increases, if that is possible, their confidence in your command. I desire to compliment you on commanding the 151st Field Artillery and the Regiment on having such a Colonel. **Very sincerely, DOUGLAS MACARTHUR**".

FROM- *Men of The Rainbow* by Leslie Langille, Battery B, 149th Field Artillery, published by The O'Sullivan Publishing House, Chicago, Illinois, 1933, 203 pp

The Division gradually leaves for the assigned training areas and is once more split up. We of the Artillery Brigade entrain for Camp Coetquidan on November 18. The Ammunition Train goes with us. The Trench Mortar Batteries go to Langres; the Infantry and Division H.Q. to the Vacouleurs area. We are formally introduced to the French side-door "Pullmans," the miniature boxcars labeled "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." Camp Coetquidan was a military post in Napoleon's time, and some of the old brick barracks and outhouses are still in use when we land there. Situated in Brittany, in a community which is at least a hundred years behind the times, is this camp where we are to spend our training period. We are being introduced to the greatest little gun in the world, the French 75 mm., and take to it like a duck takes to water. Gun crews have been chosen and standing gun drill occupies a goodly portion of the day, using wooden shells. The guns are named and become the personal pride of every member of the gun crew. We have no horses as yet, but the time has arrived when we are to start firing real shells. Each battery has its range time set, and we look with eager anticipation upon firing these babies. We are not at all disappointed after we have had that pleasure. We fire cowboy fashion, that is, riding the guns like they used to ride the American three-inch piece. The French instructors think we're crazy, and admonish us not to sit on the guns when we fire them. This gun sitting business ends with our entrance into action; but for the time being we go on riding them...A few days after Christmas, a detail is sent to St. Nazaire to get our goats, commonly called "chevaux" by the Frogs...our regular drivers have not, as yet, caught up to the outfit. They are still nursing mules in Newport News, in the good old U.S.A., having been sent there while we were still at Camp Mills. Anyone not assigned to a gun crew or special detail such as telephone, liaison, kitchen, carpenter, mechanic, and the like, automatically becomes a driver. Frank Kerr, Jim Thorsen, Stanley Wilinski, and some of the other boys are natural born cowboys, but the rest of the gang don't know a horse from a giraffe. We of the second section draw a lead-and-swing driver for our piece who had never even ridden on a merry-go-round. The day arrives when it is necessary to put the new harness on the new plugs and hitch them to the new guns. Having had rain and snow and ice the night before makes this task doubly hard. The plugs are ill-shod and have never been broken. The newly created drivers, in many cases, have never seen a horse, but finally succeed in getting the goats into the new harness, in spite of the yelling, threatening, and waving of arms of the officers and the non-coms. Now all they have to do is to kick them out to the gun park, and hitch them to the carriages. With drivers, cannoneers, non-coms, officers, and even officers' dog-robbers helping, we get them hitched and are ready to go. "Battery, attention!" "Right by sections!" Yeo! The first section pulls out O.K. "What the hell is the matter with that second section?" "Lieutenant Maxwell, get those deadheads going." The Captain is fit to be tied, because of the delay, but the second section would not and could not move. It is a difficult feat at any time, to get poorly shod horses to pull a gun with a slippery, icy footing, even with the drivers knowing their stuff and working in unison; and with the further handicap of untrained drivers, we are confronted with a real task. We discover that our swing driver on the piece is petrified with fear, and is gumming up the works. Lieutenant Maxwell asks for someone with some guts to get on that team and pulls the driver down. "Maxie" looks right at yours truly. Well, here goes! "All right, Lieutenant, I'll get up." "Now all together, fellows; give them the spurs." And the spurs they got. The goat I have mounted has made up his mind to 'jazz' the detail, and balks. "Get going, you son of a so-and-so," and he gets the spurs aplenty. He resents such treatment and gets up on his hind legs. Instead of coming down frontward, he continues to slip around and then---the lights go out for me. He has toppled over backward, and has pulled his teammate and the two lead horses over on top of him. I am on the bottom, with four horses, kicking to beat hell, piled on top of me. They finally get me pulled out of the mess. I am dazed, sick at my stomach, and my ankle feels like it is broken. They carry me over to the hospital---the ankle is swollen and looks like a watermelon...As to the Battery, they did finally get going by putting a different horse in the tough one's place. The fellows saw me being carried away and some joker claimed that he had it on good authority that I had had my brains kicked out. That statement was greatly exaggerated. The fellows I owed dough to, because of previous 'jawbone' poker games,

regretted my supposed demise immensely. Upon returning from their day's labors, and finding me propped up in bed, they were too surprised to even kid about it, and their genuine relief and joy at finding me still among the living is something this old soldier will never be able to erase from his heart. Mighty fine fellows, these guys! Harry Calfee, the Battery guidon, on one of his trips to Guerre had picked up what he claimed was a homeless pup. The pup, however, is a thoroughbred Pekinese, and certainly was not homeless. During my stay in quarters, which lasts for a couple of weeks, the pup (dubbed 'Shorty') and myself become bosom pals, and I assume its ownership. Harry will have to hook himself another pooch...February 17, 1918, we are loaded on "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" boxcars, our guns and equipment on flat cars, and we are ready to go. During the loading proceedings, a piercing scream is heard and a Frenchwoman attempts to grab 'Shorty', who has become our official mascot. She is rudely shoved aside and goes down the loading platform screaming for help. She comes back with one of our officers and a French railroad official. In the meantime, we have ditched 'Shorty' into the oat box of one of the gun carriages. "This woman claims that you have her 'Fluffy'", addressing Joe Mrskosh. "Why, Lieutenant, I never even knew that woman had a 'Fluffy'," answers Joe. Knowing that I had the dog and not wanting to press us too much, the Lieutenant starts to question one of the other fellows. Unfortunately for us, but fortunately for the lady, he picks out the Battery "Goof." The Lieutenant is merely putting on an act to satisfy the old girl and the official Frog, but the "Goof" thinks he is in earnest and produces the pup. The Lieutenant is flabbergasted and we are wild, but justice has been served, because that dog goes wild when he sees his mistress. There certainly is no question of the ownership. 'Shorty' 's expression of joy serves to save our 'Goof' from getting murdered, as it makes a strong appeal to our sense of justice. But 'Shorty' is gone forever. Off to the war at last! The train is under way and we prepare to settle down for a three-day journey across 'sunny France.' Cards, dice, and guzzling again become the order of the day. Occasional stops offer us an opportunity to stretch weary legs and give some attention to nature's bidding. We have entered the war zone, and the rumbling of guns in the distance can be heard. The officers assure us that we will unload under shellfire, and instructions are handed out by the dozen. The night of February 19, 1918, finds us detraining at Luneville."

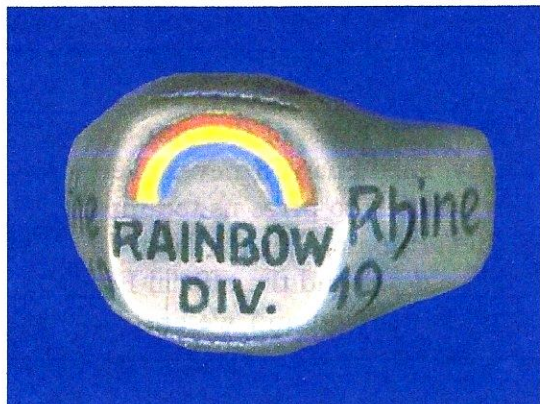


COLONEL GEORGE E. LEACH

FROM "Reminiscences of a Minnesota Artilleryman" by Maj. Gen. George E. Leach, CO, 15th Regiment Field Artillery, taken from an article in *The Rainbow Reveille*, Vol. XXIII No. 5, January 1944 [Ed: the photo of Colonel Leach was taken from *Roster of the Rainbow Division, Forty Second, Major-General Wm. A. Mann commanding*, copyright 1917; donated to the Millennium Chapter Research Library by Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr., H1B-242]: "Ye Editor has honored me with a request for an article covering the Artillery activity of January 1918. The selection of that particular January 1918 was bad luck for me as it was full of headaches and preparation for our march against the enemy, which did not start until February 16. To begin with, it was the month of our wind-up training at Coetquedan. The mud that month was a large part of my memory. Our picket lines were a foot deep in the stickiest batter I ever saw before or since and every inspection from G.H.Q. (and we had one about every day) rode us plenty. Our firing practice had progressed to a point at which we thought we were about perfect, and, believe it or not, when Colonel Mettre, from the

French Mission, came and put us through an all-day problem, he said we were good. During the month of January we had two cases of infantile paralysis and on January 15, Private George M. Peterson died and it was a pretty ticklish time. Speaking of inspections, one day, January 16, we had Generals Lassiter and Brewster and Colonels McNair, Bernie, Lewis and Cruikshank---I admit that was our high-water mark on inspections. However, so nothing should be missed, Col. Bernie came back the next day and did it all over again. The latter part of January we had some training in the use of observation balloons and my stomach hasn't all the wrinkles out of it yet. In reading about the awful prison camps in this war, I am reminded of a protest I made on the 20th. "That the German prison camp smelled so bad you couldn't pass it within a hundred meters"---I guess war prison camps are just prison camps in anyone's language, except in the United States where we make life, in my humble way of thinking, a little too deluxe. During this training period we were, as you know, using French guns and ammunition and we had bad luck with a certain long fuse---the worst day was January 24 when a gun blew up killing Corporal Buckley and Private Alexander and injuring three others. The Editor did not ask me to comment on the cafe life during January, but it did play some part---in fact it was a part. General Summerall, who was our Brigade Commander, and to my mind one of the greatest soldiers of all times, thought that he, with officers of the

brigade, should attend every French officer's funeral for miles around, so I was able to spend most every Sunday in a cemetery somewhere. I could on each occasion think of other places I would have preferred to be. All the time we were sloshing around in the mud, trying to improve our shooting, we were happy over it and worked our hearts out because we knew we were going to support the finest infantry in the world. Our highest ambition was to be worthy of that infantry and to the end of the war we never had any other idea. Nothing in my happy and somewhat eventful life means anything to me in comparison with the fact that I was honored to be your comrade in the greatest fighting division in World War I."



[Ed: the 1919 Rainbow Ring (left) was purchased at eBay auction by Rainbow veteran Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr., H1B-242, with the assistance of Tim Robertson, as a gift to the RDVMF Millennium Chapter. Thank you, both! This ring will be worn by officers of the Chapter during reunions to honor the memory of our veterans. The provenance is yet unknown and if you can shed light on its history, please contact Suellen McDaniel, 1400 Knolls Dr. Newton, NC 28658-9452 or JMAC1400@aol.com.]

FROM *The Ohio Rainbow Reveille, Official Organ 166th Infantry, Vol. I No. 19 Somewhere in France, May 1918,*

contributed by John T. Kinzer, WWI son of Theodore Kinzer, Co. "M", 166th Inf. A.E.F., from papers saved by his mother, Mrs. Julia Campbell Kinzer:

"ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM" – It was only a pansy blossom blooming in an obscure French garden, reminiscent and suggestive. Reminiscent because in the gardens back home pansies grow and they grow because someone who loves us also loves flowers and has planted them. We can take comfort in the fact that the flowers that are blooming over there afford a solace for those who miss us and the flowers that bloom here, if we have an eye for the beautiful in nature, will perform a like function for us and make our separation more bearable. The suggestiveness of our little pansy lies in its beauty of form and color, in its ability to absorb life from the earth and sky. As soldiers we have all passed a stringent physical test. This guarantees form but what about color? We carry about with us spirits that are developed so that they add to form for the beautiful color of spirit called personality! There is little doubt but that for the most part of us substance comes from the earth and still the fact remains that personality or character, which is the fruitage of life, derives its strength from above. Bloom on, little pansy, teach us nature's lessons and may this testing experience over here make us apt pupils of thee. JJH (Chaplain J.J. Halliday)

FRANCS OF BUCKEYE YANKS TO SUPPORT WAR WAIFS ONE YEAR – "There are Liberty Loan whirlwinds and their Thrift Stamp campaigns but those little financial undertakings are mere carbon copies of a regular knock-'em-down-and-take-it-from-'em drive for francage that is hereby launched in the 166th by THE REVEILLE. It's for the benefit of the war orphans of France. Five hundred francs will keep one motherless and fatherless kid for one whole year. Expenses of administration of the contributions are borne by the American Red Cross. This is a part of the plan inaugurated by THE STARS AND STRIPES, current great big brother in Amexforce journalism. Payday is at hand. We're begging while you're flush. The campaign in each company will be in charge of the first sergeant. Already several companies have gotten wind of the plan and they are loudly proclaiming the fact that when the final contributions are checked up, their company will lead the list. All ranks of francs from all ranks of Yanks are acceptable. An audited account of the fund will be kept. Next week's REVEILLE will publish the company standings at Thursday noon and individual contributions of fifty francs or more will be noted. We've been in France for six months. We know the condition of the poor waifs, whose fathers have made the supreme sacrifice. There is no need of pleading their cases. THE REVEILLE is confident that all that is necessary is to state the proposition. Buckeye men are generous. Assurance is given by the American Red Cross that a close contact will be maintained between the orphans and their Yank benefactors. Six photographs of the little mascots are furnished the adopting unit as soon as practicable and a monthly report of their progress is to be made. Various units in the Amexforce have already adopted a total of nearly 125 orphans."

DAY OF PRAYER – Memorial Day, May 30, has been set aside by President Wilson as a day of public humiliation and prayer and fasting. The President exhorts the Americans to offer prayers to Almighty God 'that

He will give victory to our armies as they fight for freedom, wisdom to those who take council on our behalf in these days of dark struggle and perplexity; and steadfastness to our people to make sacrifices to the utmost in support of what is just and true; bringing us at last that peace in which men's hearts can be at rest, because it is founded upon mercy, justice and good-will.' July 4 has been set aside as Loyalty Day for foreign-born in the States"

History of the Rainbow Auxiliaries: FROM "History. 1941" by Corby Sutherland.

"This year of 1941 finds us in another World War, and memories of 1917 crowd our hearts as we find history repeating itself. Members who parted with sons in 1917 are now parting with beloved grandsons. As we already have so many boys and girls in the service, we decided against having a Xmas party, but will send gifts to those who have already gone overseas. In spite of gas rationing, the December meeting was well attended. What can our Rainbow Auxiliary do in this emergency? This was the topic of discussion. We decided we would go on meeting as we had always done, but that members would do volunteer work in canteens, in U.S.O.s, in Red Cross, etc. It was learned that Robinson's had set aside a table for us at which we could roll bandages, from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. Many members are already cooperating and many more volunteered for that work."



Letter From AN ARTIST-HISTORIAN OF THE RAINBOW, T.R. MacKECHNIE, (Col. U.S. Army, Ret.)

(01/10/04): "Dear Suellen, I call you by your first name because I knew your Dad so well on the General Staff in Salzburg after the war. He was a fine combat leader and well-respected. With respect to your request for background on the development of my cartograph, "The Trail of the Rainbow", I'm happy to oblige. Early on, I developed an interest in art. I pursued it through high school and into college (U. Of Illinois). I left college in my sophomore year to

join the Army (to 'assist' my Dad who led the first American regiment into New Guinea to fight the Japanese). After basic training I joined the Rainbow Division at Camp Gruber in '43 and was put on the staff of the new Rainbow Reveille, drawing cartoons and making posters about saluting and pride. I carried the Rainbow flag during the formal activation parade. I left to go to Fort Benning OCS and was commissioned in July '44. General Collins brought me back to the Division as his junior aide-de-camp. We met urgent requirements for additional troops following the Battle of the Bulge by sending over our three regiments under B. Gen. Henning Linden (Task Force Linden). They went into the line against the Germans without Division artillery, air, engineer and other support units. I joined them early January '45. I always carried a sketch book with me and every chance I had I made sketches of scenes along the way. These included drawings at the Siegfried Line, Hatten, Hagenau, and other beat-up villages where we opposed the German efforts to re-take Strasbourg. After jumping off March 15, '45, we went through the Hardt Mountains, reached the Siegfried Line, crossed the Rhine, took Würzburg, crossed the Main River four times; through Schweinfurt when we got word of the death of our President Roosevelt. General Collins called together available troops, broke out the Division colors including all the then 48 state flags and held a Memorial Service. I sketched the scene and later made a painting of it, which I still have. Then on to Fürth and Nürnberg and Munich. At Dachau I made several drawings of the horrible stacked, naked bodies and ovens. War over May 8th '45. Enough said. Locating Division Headquarters in Kitzbühel, Austria, I then had a bit more

leisure time to enjoy post-war conditions. That's when I created the 'Trail of the Rainbow' map. A number of my sketches have been used in some military history books such as our "The Final Crisis" by Richard Engler and "L'Outre-Foret" by Lise M. Pommois. I still paint, do a little teaching and enjoy life." [photo of original cartograph belonging to Amilcar "Mickey" Martins, 232-L, is shared by his daughter, Charlene Martins Fuhlendorf]

RAINBOW DIVISION WORLD WAR II – In Commemoration of its Baptism of Fire, FROM Rainbow Reveille, Vol. XLX No. 6, July, 1972 [The Rainbow Barrage, Paul

Brunschwig, Capt. MI-RES, 1948]: The Rainbowers of World War I made history in the famous battles of Champagne, The Meuse-Argonne and St. Mihiel. The new Division of World War II was to add equally famous names to Rainbow history. History for Rainbowers of World War II was made with its initial baptism of fire not far from the Luneville sector in France where the Rainbowers of World War I fought. Their initial engagement was in the famous battle of "Alsace-Lorraine", which started on the 1st of January 1945 with complete defeat of the German attackers which could not achieve a major breakthrough or reach any of their objectives. Elements of the Rainbow Division known at that time as "Task Force Linden" named after Brig. Gen. Henning Linden, Commanding General of the three infantry regiments, namely the 222nd, 232nd, and the 242nd, covered themselves with immortal glory and contributed materially to the crushing defeat suffered by the enemy. In comparison with the "Battle of the Bulge", the battle of "Alsace-Lorraine" never received the publicity it should have so well and justly deserved; a battle of prime importance due to the fact that this campaign was the last desperate attempt of the enemy to achieve a decisive breakthrough on the Western front. As early as December 10, 1945 no lesser person than Heinrich Himmler, himself, reputed Nazi Gestapo chief, had assumed command of all German forces in this sector called "Sector of the Upper Rhine". The battle was fought with intensive fury under extremely unfavorable weather conditions in one of the worst winters encountered in France for a period of over thirty years. With the opening guns of this battle the enemy had three major objectives in mind: First: to relieve any further pressure in the "Battle of the Bulge". Second: To recapture Strasbourg, capital of Alsace-Lorraine and the plains of Alsace-Lorraine. Third and finally: To achieve a breakthrough through the famous Saverne gap at the vulnerable junction of the 1st French Army and the 7th U.S. Army and to annihilate both armies. To understand the magnitude of this famous historic battle, one must take into consideration the fact that the enemy was capable of throwing approximately 18 well-equipped divisions, including a Panzer, Panzer Grenadier and Paratroop divisions, into the battle at the time when he suffered heavy losses in the "Battle of the Bulge", and all experts had predicted that the enemy was incapable of any further major offensive action. The enemy, however, was capable of mustering this impressive strength against all predictions, and had besides a well-conceived plan for a three-way attack to reach his objectives. The enemy opened the attack: 1. On the 1st of January, 1945 near the "Bitche Sector" northwest of Strasbourg. 2. On the 5th of January, 1945 by crossing the Rhine a few miles north of Strasbourg and establishing the "Gambenheim Bridgehead". 3. On the 7th of January, 1945 by attacking from the "Colmar Pocket" south of Strasbourg. Concurrent with the attack of the enemy on the 1st of January, the order to evacuate Alsace-Lorraine was issued by SHAEF against the advice of the Commanding General of the 7th U.S. Army, Lt. Gen. Patch, deceased, brilliant and outstanding field commander, who immediately brought into the picture, Prime Minister of England, Winston Churchill and General Charles de Gaulle, wartime leader of France. In a hectic and hurried conference, it was finally decided to defend Alsace-Lorraine and Strasbourg under all costs. When the enemy attacked on the 5th of January, 1945 north of Strasbourg and established the famous "Gambenheim Bridgehead", the Nazis were sure of victory due to the fact that their intelligence knew that they were facing inexperienced and green troops, the Rainbowers without any proper or sufficient artillery support, extended supply lines and over-extended regimental sectors. And so, the 5th of January, when the enemy crossed the Rhine on barges to establish himself on the east bank of the river, actually became D-Day for the Rainbowers of World War II, even though units were already on the line and had been for 10 days. They were facing well-seasoned German infantry units in divisional strength, including two SS battalions. These were well supported with 20 tanks and self-propelled guns of the "Battle Group von Luetichau" of the 16th Panzer Division, arrived recently from the Russian Front and well rested and fitted. Initially taken by surprise, the Rainbowers arose and beyond the call of duty and through their heroic defense, covered themselves with glory. The Rainbowers could only fight with their rifles, light and automatic weapons. They were

without any heavy weapons to stop the advancing enemy onslaught in sub-zero temperatures. The Rainbowmen suffered heavy losses; however, they stood their ground and through their wonderful fight on the 5th and 6th of January, they saved Strasbourg, capitol of Alsace-Lorraine. On the 7th of January the enemy struck from the south, out of the Colmar Pocket against the devils of the 1st French Division France Libre (DFL). This attack was spearheaded by the 106th Panzer Brigade Feldherrnhalle. This attacking force tried to unite with the forces on the Gamsheim Bridgehead. On the 9th of January, 1945 the enemy selected Hatten and Rittershoffen north of Gamsheim for his intensified attacks. Here again the Rainbowers fought with such magnitude and skill and heroism that the first battalion of the 242nd Infantry Regiment was awarded the Presidential Citation. Pfc. Bertoldo received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his deeds of heroism. The enemy suffered further heavy losses without gaining any of his objectives. With their baptism of fire in one of the hardest fought battles of the last war, the Rainbowers of World War II had proven that they were worthy of their comrades of World War I and equal to the task ahead of them."

"The next morning, December 19, 1944, dawned cold, clear and snow covered. We rode on DUKS [amphibious trucks probably from the 830th Amphibious Truck Co.] and were transported north to the town of Kilstett. We then marched east to Gamsheim near the Rhine River. My squad was billeted in the house of the former Nazi-appointed town mayor. This house was on the eastern bank of the Moder River, which ran through the town. A number of now defaced pictures of Hitler, 'The Fuehrer', were scattered throughout the house. There we made our first contact with the 'Free French Freedom Fighters'. One night one such member pulled the string on a German 'potato masher' hand grenade. He threw it on a bed declaring, 'See how undependable they are!' We should have been diving for cover. However since he did not make a move, we figured that he was only trying to make a point. We later found out that his comment was grossly understated. They were just as deadly as our 'pineapple' shrapnel hand grenades. We in olive-drabbed uniforms ran combat patrols out over the white snow covered countryside to a Maginot Line observation pillbox on the Rhine River. During the day we would shoot the largest Jackrabbits this side of Texas with our 30 caliber M1 rifles. We distributed them to the townspeople much to their delight. They had not been allowed to hunt since the Germans had taken over. Soon this pillbox defended by our squad was attacked by a probing German combat patrol as they traded throwing grenades. (This probably was on January 3, 1945). It was the start of the last German offensive against Western forces. (German name 'Nordwind', or North Wind. Its intent was to retake Strasbourg and the Saverne Gap while annihilating as many American and French troops as possible). We were called out to hold the floodwall along the Rhine. Artillery was called to plaster the wooded area between the floodwall and the Rhine. As I recall, this was the last direct artillery we received until our own artillery joined us three months later. That night we were relieved. This later developed into the 'German Gamsheim Bridgehead' or 'Little Bulge'. [W.E. "Bill" Warde, 232-A, from his book, "My Military Service"]

"Company "B", 232nd Infantry was being moved to a new position. We were traveling aboard 2-ton trucks with open tops. This was a real break for us and most of us took the time to eat while we could sit down and be fairly well at ease. We had been given some "K" rations when we got on board the truck. We only had one box of "K"s per person so we swapped boxes with each other. The "K"s come in three colors, brown is breakfast, blue is dinner and green is supper. Some of us prepared one color rather than the other two because of the contents. I managed to get me a brown one with breakfast contents. This had a small can of egg scrambled with some meat as the main meal. I cut the top part of the can open and rolled the lid back so I could hold the can. I then took my faithful 'Zippo' lighter and started the "K" ration box to burn on the top edges like a stove. I was sitting on the tailgate of the truck with my legs hanging over the back. There I was, with the stove in my left hand and the can of eggs in my right hand. I was cooking them real nice. The guys were watching and kidding me about warming my eggs. They really were doing good, even looked good. I thought, "This is going to be some good eating!" About then, the truck hit a good bump in the road. My eggs bounced straight up into the open air, out of the can. As the truck kept moving, I saw my eggs disappear under the truck behind us. I think my platoon got the biggest laugh they had in a long time. I said some words you would not care to hear and they just laughed." [Clyde S. Lee, Platoon Sgt, 4th Platoon, 232-B, from his "Leave-A-Legacy" Story]

"The next day we were transported to Strasbourg, arriving there late at night. Our truck became lost from the convoy and we nearly crossed the Rhine into Germany unintentionally. We finally reached our billets however, and unloaded. Just as I entered the building, which was an old French Cavalry School, a German artillery shell landed in the courtyard. Fortunately, it was a dud and no one was hurt. That was the first realization we had that we were so near the front. Early next morning we marched to Illkirch-Graffenstaden, a small village just south of Strasbourg. There we were billeted in a large schoolhouse where we slept on the hard floor and from which we marched each day to prepare defensive positions to withstand a possible attack in the event the French were unable to contain the Germans in the Colmar Pocket. After about a week of this type of work we were put on trucks and transported to another town a few miles closer to the Colmar Pocket, where we again dug defensive positions and slept on the ground in zero weather. We were miserable, cold and hungry. The second night at this place we moved into a nearby town and billeted in a town hall, sleeping on the floor as we were accustomed to doing. Bodies were sore from bones pressing against the hard boards. That night we moved by convoy to Brumath, where we were billeted in a Synagogue that had been used by the Germans for a warehouse for their black flour. It got all over everything, in our hair, clothes, etc. The enlisted personnel were in the dark about all these moves. Next day we got in trucks with all our equipment, and were to go to Rittershoffen. After sitting in the trucks for over an hour, the Colonel drove up hurriedly, and spoke with the Captain for a minute. The Captain came back along the convoy and stopped in the center of the train. This is what he said: "Men, this is it. Good luck, and give 'em hell." We quickly detrucked and removed everything we had from the trucks, and placed everything except the very essentials of battle in the Synagogue. We drew our combat load of ammunition and shook hands with the cooks and Supply personnel as they handed us our grenades, rockets and small arms ammunition. As I passed Lee he said, "good luck, fellow." Phil clasped my hand for a long time and had a very serious look on his face as he said: "Take care of yourself, and good luck." Neither those we left behind nor those who left for the front knew, nor could they guess what that night and the morrow would bring. It was to be our first attack. We had been schooled in the principle of ATTACK. We knew how to take care of defenses and withdrawals, yes, but attack had been emphasized throughout our training." [Dolpher Trantham, 242-F from his memoirs, "From Marseilles To Munich"]

"It was at this time, in Alsace where we were located, that the Germans launched their second major winter offensive in an effort to stem the inertia of the continued Allied sweep across Europe. This was the operation Nordwind, a close relative of the offensive in Belgium that the Allies had dubbed the Battle of the Bulge. Much of what happened in the next six or seven weeks is vague and confused in my mind 54 years later (in 2002). I cannot recall sequences of events, nor in most cases, details of those events that I do recall. Mostly memories consist of remembering being scared, cold, dirty, and confused as to why we made some of the moves we made as an Army unit. The latter results from the fact that the lowly Private (in my case, Private First Class) was seldom, if ever, made aware of the overall picture of the action we were involved in. This of course was understandable for many reasons. The Private had no basic reason to know. It would be impossible to disseminate to all of those involved, daily, and in some cases hourly, changes in the military situation, both in the immediate area as well as the overall situation. Scared! You bet I was! Initially the rumble of artillery in the night, with flashing light reflecting on the clouds, was intriguing and in many ways reminiscent of a thunderstorm at home over in the next county. That soon changed. Sitting on the tailgate of our 2 ½ ton GMC, I received my introduction to 'incoming' artillery fire. A major explosion, an 88 mm German artillery shell impacted some dozen or so yards away. We had little warning other than a swish, swish, that today could be compared to the sound of a jet aircraft crossing the sky. Shrapnel from the round whizzed by us, fortunately doing no damage. One very wicked and jagged looking piece bounced off the truck to the hard packed snow on the roadway, melting its way to the pavement underneath. It took little imagination to picture what that chunk of steel could do to one's person had it made contact before its inertia had been spent. The first night of being exposed to direct small arms fire as well as mortar and artillery fire was spent mostly shivering in a half frozen, snowy roadside drainage ditch between the Alsace villages of Weyersheim and Gambshheim. The next morning when we traveled to the rear areas to replenish the ammo supply for the battalion I had an additional mission in mind. An Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon member's TE (Table of Equipment) weapon, as mentioned earlier, was an M1 carbine. While lightweight, both from a weapon as well as ammunition standpoint, it was not known for its accuracy or range. My mission while in the rear area was to find the company cooks and con one of them into trading his TE weapon, an M1 Garrand rifle for my carbine. I wanted something that would reach farther and with more accuracy and impact. I never learned if the cook I traded with ever

regretted the swap.” [Arnold L. “Arnie” Crouch, H2B-242, from his Recollections, “Been There, Done That! Part II 1943-1946”]

“Drusenheim, France – January 4, 1945: The next day 2nd Platoon went out to the woods to guard several pillboxes. We had a little trouble getting in one, but eventually we broke the lock. Spent the night out there. In the morning, just as I was going over to get chow, a runner came up and told us that all hell had broken loose on the other side of town. The Germans had come over the dike and were attacking one of our pillboxes. We went on, leaving our overcoats and blankets in the pillbox; we never saw them again. We went into the center of town, got some breakfast, and then came back to some ready-made positions and stayed the rest of the day. Our artillery would throw a few rounds in now and then to get zeroed in. At dusk a jeep came up and took five of us over to furnish left flank security for Andy’s squad. We had set up in one place, but were finally put over between a fence and a house. Stood guard all the rest of the night. We dug positions in an orchard the next morning. [John A. Thompson, 232-A, from “The W.W.II Journal of John Hiram Thompson”]

This battle started about the first week of January, and it involved crossing the river just north of Strasbourg a few miles. The main area of crossing was near Gambsheim, and that is where they hit our division. This was on January the 5th that we went into this area. Approaching the town of Gambsheim and going along the side of the road, we were under mortar fire. Shells would explode here and there, and you didn’t know if to run or to crawl or what to do. That evening there was a machine gun nest that opened up on us. I, of course, never did see this group, but our company attacked this place and captured it. All I was doing was just follow the guy in front of me, you know. It was dark, you couldn’t see very well. And all of a sudden the machine gun nest was quiet. We were just laying around there in a circle, and it wasn’t very much later that we got shelled. That is where I experienced, you might say, the first real combat like you see in the movies. The only problem was, I presume I may have been knocked unconscious. Then when I did come to, all I could do---I couldn’t move, couldn’t hear anything, but I could see explosions. You know, it’s kind of one of those things, ‘Am I dead or what’s the matter with me?’ Finally I got my senses back and I was able to move. I found that there was a big piece of shrapnel in my rifle. I could move, and I still didn’t hear too much. Then pretty soon I could hear. And of course I heard some guy just screaming bloody murder. He was hurt real bad. I shook the guy on each side of me, and nobody responded. So I go over there and get a hold of this guy that’s wounded pretty badly, and I pick him up. I’d learned one-man carry and first aid in the Red Cross, and I picked this guy up and I carried him across this footbridge and got him over to a jeep. I dropped him off, and that’s the last I ever heard of him, you might say, for years. Then, to carry on, I got with my buddy and dug a foxhole. Jack Weiser is the fellow that was wounded, and I met him at the Rainbow reunion forty-one years later. He walked up to me, and sort of like the Forest Gump movie that...I’m sorry, but this always gets to me...the lieutenant went up to Forest Gump and thanked him for saving his life...well, this is the same type of thing that’s happened to me. Jack comes up and thanks me for saving his life. He was wounded pretty badly. He was in the hospital for nearly a year before he was released and discharged. Anyway, getting back to carrying Jack across this footbridge...Charlie Paine, he became a Second Lieutenant. He got his field commission, but he was at that time...I can’t remember what he was, some sort of a platoon guide I believe it was. He was underneath the bridge as I carried Jack across, and apparently it was suicide to walk across that bridge because of the small arms fire. But I don’t know. Somehow or another we made it and didn’t get wounded on the way going over. [Eugene F. “Gene” Wopata, 242-G, from “An Interview by Thomas H. Miller”, The Oral History Program of The State Historical Society of Missouri, 24 August 2000]

“Gambsheim had an aura of trouble, but we were relieved before there was any action. The afternoon of the 5th of January we moved to Stattmatten and the machine gun squads started to dig in at the east perimeter of the town. It got dark before we made any impression on the frozen ground and the noise of the picks was alerting everyone within a couple of miles to our activities, so we quit digging and lay on the ground. I took the first watch and was just about to wake Lou Redmond, my assistant gunner, at 11 PM when I heard the sound of Germans approaching. They were in a skirmish line that could be easily seen against the skyline and were chatting merrily. Someone fired a rifle from near the house line and then everyone opened up. Once they hit the ground, they were invisible to us. We plowed a lot of ground, but probably didn’t harm the Germans much. After an hour or so of sporadic firing, they flanked us with a machine gun and killed four men with the first few bursts. We pulled back

into the two houses at the end of the street, which were the only houses in town that we retained. We had an F.O. with us plus a mortar and, after the initial surge, they did not threaten us seriously. At noon the next day, our Battalion and Company commanders led a group, supported by several light tanks, in the other end of town which we retook and captured a number of German prisoners.” [John J. McGovern, 232-B, from his Story from his “Early Life through Combat and POW Experiences”]

“On December 15, the Germans launched an attack that came to be known as the Battle of the Bulge. They overran all Allied positions up and down the line, creating great stress and confusion, and forcing withdrawal of Allied forces up and down the front. On January 5, 1945, we were assigned to a unit to be known as General Linden’s Task Force. We finally got an assignment to go into a town called Gambenheim, and it was just supposed to be to stop the Germans from coming across the Rhine. If my dates are right, on January 9, just as it was getting late in the evening, almost sundown, we were in a small village, we were told to drop packs. There was a spot where a chaplain, a rabbi, and we were told, “To each his own” for a prayer. I can remember standing, watching the guys go to their denomination that they chose, and they rendered a combat prayer. I stood aside. I had no denomination; not that I didn’t believe in prayer, I just was never baptized and I just didn’t seem to fit into that setting. When this was over, we were told to file by three piles. One was socks, to make sure we had extra socks to put inside our shirts. Another was K-rations; we were told to take three or four meals. The next pile was cigarettes. From there we filed out on a skirmish line. If my directions were right, we were facing south toward what looked like an irrigation ditch. It was just getting dark as we crossed this. Some had already crossed and gone to an elevated highway about 30 yards further on. All at once, hell broke loose. Artillery came in and every shell sounded like it was coming right down your shirt collar. Everybody started to dig. The ground was so hard, and all I had was a knife. I was chipping away, and I didn’t have enough for a teacup, but I tried to get my head in it. It got dark so damn quick, and the guys scattered out. I knew I had to get them together. I didn’t know where the platoon sergeant was and I never did see him again. After heavy shelling, the artillery lifted just as suddenly as it had begun. I was going around out there in the dark calling ‘George Four, George Four’, in a low voice; I couldn’t make it be heard. And the next day, I wondered how come I didn’t get mowed down. Anyhow, I got everything together and back trying to dig myself a hole. Everybody was trying to dig.” [Darrell D. Martin, 242-G, “My Memories of WWII”]

“The first fire fight action that I was in was my being assigned to support a French Company (about 80 men) going across an open field towards some woods near Kilstett, France. I took our Machine Gun Squad next to a railroad under a telegraph line. We were to give the French company some overhead fire at the woods four or five hundred yards away, so that they could get to the woods. This company had about 80 men in it and they dispersed their unit throughout the field. They made their way about half way across the field when the German Artillery opened up on them. They kept going hardly paying any attention to the rounds landing all over them. One round landed next to me a few feet away and bounced me several inches off the ground but I was not hit, only damaging my hearing in my left ear. I now have a ringing in this ear still today. Finally the order was given to the company to retreat and only about “eight” of the French soldiers were able to walk off the field under their own ability. None of my squad were hit. While in this Kilstett, France area going to one of our FPL [final protective lines] locations, we had to cross a frozen canal to get to the place we were to set up the machine guns. I was carrying the tripod on which the gun would be mounted for firing, and I stepped out onto the ice. It was about 16 feet across, large enough for a barge to be pulled or pushed up the canal in normal times. As soon as I got in the middle of the canal, I felt the ice start to give way as I had my own load of a small pack, rifle, ammo and with the machine gun tripod (about 42 pounds), I broke through the ice about four feet from the edge of the bank. I sank down to the bottom, which was about four feet deep, so then I tossed the tripod upon the bank. Then I scrambled out on the bank. It was about 10 or 15 degrees above zero (cold!) with me in the middle of a field and no shelter for miles. I was soaking wet and freezing quickly. We did not have very far to go and luckily I noticed a foxhole that had been dug by some previous soldier which was about five-foot deep. Therefore, as quickly as I could, I got our squad gasoline stove and jumped into the foxhole with my shelter half as a cover over the top and started disrobing. I lit the stove and wrung my clothing out and used the stove to heat the moisture out of my pants, socks, long johns, and gloves. Thank goodness I was very close to the position that my guns were assigned to cover. This drying-out took me a couple of hours and my squad members, looking at the foxhole several yards behind the gun

positions, told me afterwards that a cloud of steam was coming out of the hole as I worked to get dry.” (John M. “Jack” Keyser, 232-H from his “War Stories”).

“I believe the first village that we walked into that became a combat area was the village of Weyersheim, a point where we kicked off on our first mission, and that was going into Gambsheim. As a mortar man I watched our rifle troops pull out first and we were along an open field, I don’t know whether it was the south or western side of this meadow-like area where we could see little clumps of woods in the distance. Our target area was to remove some small units of German troops that were in those particular areas where the woods were, and up alongside the Gambsheim railway yard and the canal called the Landgraben Canal. That very first night was our indoctrination of fire as far as “G” Company was concerned. We had mortars in and 88s coming on us rather heavily, and we lost from one shell alone three of the rifle troops. I think in the course of that night we must have lost 20 men or so, and probably 30 or 40 were wounded, and we hadn’t been able to even fire our first shots because we hadn’t seen an enemy. We were being roughly treated by the heavy stuff as we referred to it – mortars and 88s. So we were ordered to dig in at nightfall and, intermittent in series of three, artillery firing continued. We could hear their guns, and then we could just, in moments, wait to hear them come in and smash into the embankments of the Zorn River and along the Landgraben Canal where we were. There wasn’t much water in the Canal and we managed to go over the Canal and some of us moved back across to another side to dig in. The ground was ice packed, you couldn’t actually dig into it. There had been a light cover of snow, not much, but it was just enough for us to know it was wintertime. It was cold. The bad part was we didn’t have any trenching tools, no way of digging in. So it was eerie that night listening to the sound of people scraping their helmets against the hard ice pack trying to get even some kind of semblance of depth to a hole. We didn’t really secure any depth at all, and we ended up laying on top of the ground waiting for the 88s and mortars to come in as they did intermittently through the night. My buddy and I huddled close together and we managed to keep some warmth. It was a long night because there was no sleep, and the following morning at daybreak the first small arms fire I can remember seeing were the tracer ammunition from the German line coming in where we were, in effect, tricking us into thinking they didn’t know where we were because they were firing over our heads. This was a ruse and as young troops, we didn’t know the trickeries that prevailed. They would fire over our heads with tracer fire and we felt comfortable enough that we didn’t try to hug the ground or keep down in the ditches. As a result, some of the fellows that were wounded and killed became casualties as a result of that particular fire that we got early that morning. Finally we had, I believe, at least one tank that had moved up to our right – I heard numbers of three – but I myself did not see but one tank that was moving up along that line. And that again is one of those eerie sounds that you pick up and learn to detect. It’s the grinding of the track and the clinking- clanking of the tank itself as it moves along and the sound of the diesel engines. Our particular area where we were sent out, what they called skirmishers – it was a spread line. Willy and I stayed fairly close together and just moved out across the field, but where we were, we weren’t in as much an open field as we were following a side road along a little canal that was running parallel to it, and again it was just moving up, hitting the ground, waiting for shells to come in, waiting for them to stop, picking ourselves up, dusting ourselves off of the snow that was thrown up by the firepower that the Germans threw in that was close enough to do so. We became almost numb to that, and only thought, ‘well, I’ve got to wait now for another mortar round to come in’ – they were almost always in those volleys of three. There might be a total of nine shells that would come in, but they were always in those volleys of three. We approached what we referred to later as the Railroad Track. We had to cross the canal to get to the Railroad Track. There were two bridges, one was called the footbridge and one was the vehicle bridge. Willy and I had to cross the footbridge. As we moved out we moved up to our left flank. Again, so that you can get an idea of what we were looking at, it was a flat ground with a lot of wild grass, it didn’t look like any particular crop, it seemed it was just wild grass, no grain crops, just a field that had not been cultivated for two or three years. There were pockets of woods. The only thing we could see in the way of shrubs was along the railroad tracks directly across the area that we were facing, and then the Landgraben Canal and the Zorn River would also create similar lines of shrub and whatever was growing along parallel lines to each other, and on our extreme left was a forest – can’t remember the name – two or three hundred yards. Our target was to secure the railroad tracks and to move on in and support troops that we did not know at that time had already pushed in and out of the railroad station. Our small unit was a couple of the machine gun squads and at least one mortar squad. For some reason, I have a recall of having an apron of mortars 60 mm strapped on but I don’t remember particularly having the base plate or

the tube with me and that would have meant that somebody else was carrying the tube and the base plate and usually the squad leader would carry the targeting device. As a result of not having the ability to fire any of these rounds of ammunition, I took the six pack off and laid it aside because it was easier to move up and we were at that time on the attack and we were attacking what we called the "ice pond." It was a small clearing of woods carved out and a thin layer of ice across - I think there was some water in the pond but I never saw it because of the ice on top. The inside portion of the finger of woods was attached directly to this railroad that we were attacking. Our immediate goal was to reach that, and as a foot soldier, that's primarily what you look for, for an accomplishment of defense for your own well being, to get yourself someplace where you could be hidden from the vision of the enemy and if you could get into the area that's wooded and a cover of shrubs, you wouldn't be as readily seen and our prime reason for attack is self protection as a group - we thought along the same lines as individuals. We were attacking this finger of woods and that securing the finger of woods, we would have been able to accomplish the real goal that would have been to take the real track up to the Gombsheim rail yard and the depot. We never reached there. We got to the finger of woods and the machine guns were set up adjacent to the railroad track where the pond connected to the railroad track. Lise Pommois and I visited that same area a couple of years ago and I was surprised to see that that area looked exactly as it did in those years gone by. It was a weird feeling to be in that same location and I could almost walk over and touch the ground...I could have but I didn't, where I lay giving support of carbine to a machine gun that a couple guys were manning. They were Darrell Martin, I think, and Tom O'Neill was on that particular gun, and somebody was on that gun with him. We were firing across that area that was almost parallel to the railroad as it went off to the left. I had secured a position with Willy next to the machine gun position. I was able to look out and see enemy movement. It was probably 150 to 200 yards out and, again, there would be a wood line along every railway yard, every fence line, and so we were looking across open fields and at fence lines. In preparation for entry to Gombsheim, we were aware that this was a combat situation, and so we anticipated this. It was no longer going out to an open field and digging in and knowing there was no enemy out in front of us like we had done so many times outside of Strasbourg. Along the Rhine, I believe we had gone in and picked out three or four locations and ended up digging in positions or taking over holes where somebody had already dug them in. We knew at this time that we were going to truly be facing an enemy that was throwing the bad stuff at us. As I looked across that field from the ice pond there at Gombsheim, and saw movement there, I said, 'Hey, that isn't friendly.' So I lowered my carbine onto my shoulder and set several rounds of fire and Willy had an M-1 and he did the same thing. Then Willy helped man the machine gun that either Martin or Tom O'Neill were on and fired rounds in that same direction. Then we heard that eerie sound of tanks coming across the fields and the 88s direct fire into this pond and woods came from tanks that we couldn't see, that we knew were not more than 150 to 200 yards out. We were on the left flank and directly in front would be where the pond, probably 130 to 140 yards, ended at the railroad track. So visually, we couldn't see these tanks at that time, but we heard them rattling up and they'd stop and put out their rounds and come right into the trees. We were getting tree bursts in the shrubbery that was in this ice pond. Some of the rounds would slam into the banks of the ice pond. How many troops were lost there I don't really know, I never heard a number, but I believe there were seven or eight rifle troops that lost their lives there." [Norm Thompson, 242-G, from July 1999 Interview with Mary Kenny for Rainbow Leave-A-Legacy Project]

LETTERS

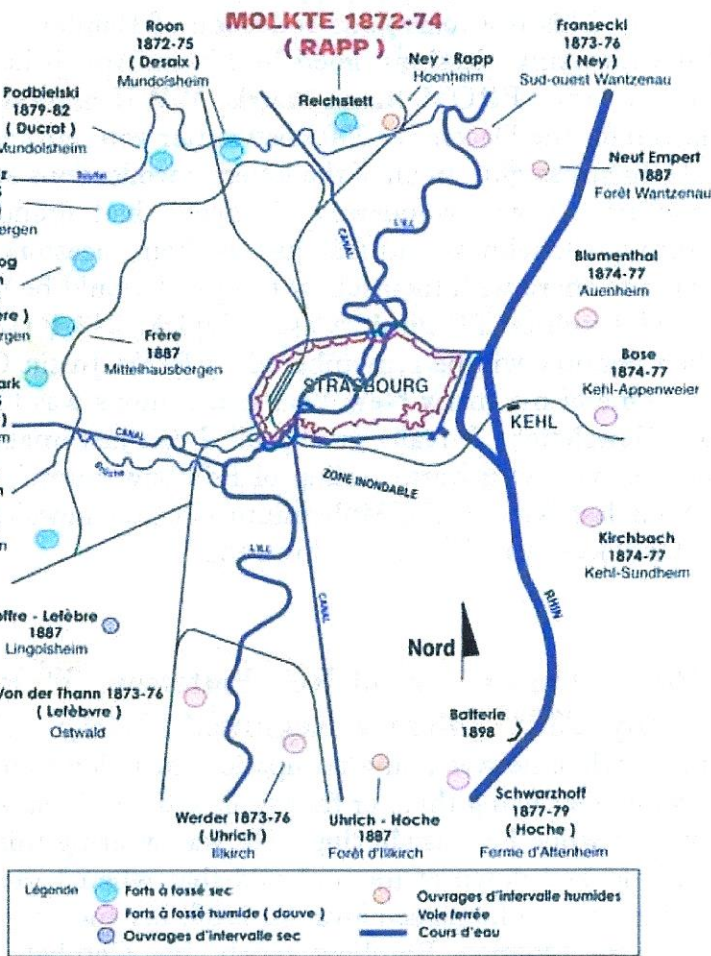
FROM Eugene F. "Gene" Strain, WWII veteran, 242-B (12/8/03): "Thanks for including me in the "Rainbow Trail". Now I know what we fought for."

Letters RE "Strasbourg Forts" (12/09/04): [Ed: in the December 2003 issue of Rainbow Trail, John R. Walker's account of men of 222-G in the vicinity of French fortresses gave several of us an opportunity to learn more about the forts around Strasbourg. FROM French historian, Lise Pommois: "Here is a map of the forts around Strasbourg. Some are in blue and others in pink or orange: it depends whether there was a dry moat or not around it. None of these forts belong to the famous Maginot Line, they were all built by the Germans when they occupied (annexed) the province after 1871 (1871-1918). The objective was to protect Strasbourg from an invasion from the West, therefore from the French. The names between the brackets are the French names given after WWI. The names below (e.g. Niederhausbergen) are the towns where the forts are located. In 1871 they were small communities some distance from Strasbourg. They now belong to the "Greater Strasbourg". Fort Rapp (in

positions, told me afterwards that a cloud of steam was coming out of the hole as I worked to get dry.” (John M. “Jack” Keyser, 232-H from his “War Stories”).

“I believe the first village that we walked into that became a combat area was the village of Weyersheim, a point where we kicked off on our first mission, and that was going into Gambsheim. As a mortar man I watched our rifle troops pull out first and we were along an open field, I don’t know whether it was the south or western side of this meadow-like area where we could see little clumps of woods in the distance. Our target area was to remove some small units of German troops that were in those particular areas where the woods were, and up alongside the Gambsheim railway yard and the canal called the Landgraben Canal. That very first night was our indoctrination of fire as far as “G” Company was concerned. We had mortars in and 88s coming on us rather heavily, and we lost from one shell alone three of the rifle troops. I think in the course of that night we must have lost 20 men or so, and probably 30 or 40 were wounded, and we hadn’t been able to even fire our first shots because we hadn’t seen an enemy. We were being roughly treated by the heavy stuff as we referred to it – mortars and 88s. So we were ordered to dig in at nightfall and, intermittent in series of three, artillery firing continued. We could hear their guns, and then we could just, in moments, wait to hear them come in and smash into the embankments of the Zorn River and along the Landgraben Canal where we were. There wasn’t much water in the Canal and we managed to go over the Canal and some of us moved back across to another side to dig in. The ground was ice packed, you couldn’t actually dig into it. There had been a light cover of snow, not much, but it was just enough for us to know it was wintertime. It was cold. The bad part was we didn’t have any trenching tools, no way of digging in. So it was eerie that night listening to the sound of people scraping their helmets against the hard ice pack trying to get even some kind of semblance of depth to a hole. We didn’t really secure any depth at all, and we ended up laying on top of the ground waiting for the 88s and mortars to come in as they did intermittently through the night. My buddy and I huddled close together and we managed to keep some warmth. It was a long night because there was no sleep, and the following morning at daybreak the first small arms fire I can remember seeing were the tracer ammunition from the German line coming in where we were, in effect, tricking us into thinking they didn’t know where we were because they were firing over our heads. This was a ruse and as young troops, we didn’t know the trickeries that prevailed. They would fire over our heads with tracer fire and we felt comfortable enough that we didn’t try to hug the ground or keep down in the ditches. As a result, some of the fellows that were wounded and killed became casualties as a result of that particular fire that we got early that morning. Finally we had, I believe, at least one tank that had moved up to our right – I heard numbers of three – but I myself did not see but one tank that was moving up along that line. And that again is one of those eerie sounds that you pick up and learn to detect. It’s the grinding of the track and the clinking- clanking of the tank itself as it moves along and the sound of the diesel engines. Our particular area where we were sent out, what they called skirmishers – it was a spread line. Willy and I stayed fairly close together and just moved out across the field, but where we were, we weren’t in as much an open field as we were following a side road along a little canal that was running parallel to it, and again it was just moving up, hitting the ground, waiting for shells to come in, waiting for them to stop, picking ourselves up, dusting ourselves off of the snow that was thrown up by the firepower that the Germans threw in that was close enough to do so. We became almost numb to that, and only thought, ‘well, I’ve got to wait now for another mortar round to come in’ – they were almost always in those volleys of three. There might be a total of nine shells that would come in, but they were always in those volleys of three. We approached what we referred to later as the Railroad Track. We had to cross the canal to get to the Railroad Track. There were two bridges, one was called the footbridge and one was the vehicle bridge. Willy and I had to cross the footbridge. As we moved out we moved up to our left flank. Again, so that you can get an idea of what we were looking at, it was a flat ground with a lot of wild grass, it didn’t look like any particular crop, it seemed it was just wild grass, no grain crops, just a field that had not been cultivated for two or three years. There were pockets of woods. The only thing we could see in the way of shrubs was along the railroad tracks directly across the area that we were facing, and then the Landgraben Canal and the Zorn River would also create similar lines of shrub and whatever was growing along parallel lines to each other, and on our extreme left was a forest – can’t remember the name – two or three hundred yards. Our target was to secure the railroad tracks and to move on in and support troops that we did not know at that time had already pushed in and out of the railroad station. Our small unit was a couple of the machine gun squads and at least one mortar squad. For some reason, I have a recall of having an apron of mortars 60 mm strapped on but I don’t remember particularly having the base plate or

block letters) has been restored and can be visited. I don't know the situation with the others.” **FROM John R. Walker, 222-G**; “I have two itineraries of Co. “G” ’s travels during combat. Both show dates and towns “G” Co. was in or passed through. Both itineraries I obtained from “G” Co. men, names unrecalled, many decades ago. Both itineraries are essentially the same with occasional discrepancies on place-name spellings. Regarding Fort Schwarzkoff, my one list spells it with a “k”, the other with an “h”. It appears the “h” spelling is the correct spelling. Regarding “AKA Fort Broengrodt,” my one list refers only to Fort von Bismarck and my other list only to “Fort Broengrodt.” I personally never knew the names of either of the mentioned forts that Co. “G” was in on December 25th and January 1st. Sorry I can't be of more help. I have just finished reading your latest Millennium newsletter and it is a great edition. So many interesting and informative articles in it! Keep up the good work and thanks for keeping Grace and me on the mailing list. I look forward to receiving a copy of the map of Strasbourg area forts. Happy Holiday Greetings to you and all in the Millennium Chapter!” **FROM Dee R. Eberhart, 242-I**:



“Thank you for the card and the Christmas edition of your “Rainbow Trail”. If you can reproduce Lise’s map of Strasbourg area forts, I would appreciate a copy. We were at a Maginot Line blockhouse south of Strasbourg, near Eschau, I think. A number of years ago we drove around the area where I thought it might have been, but I discovered that the Rhine and maybe the canal system in that area had been rearranged, so the bunker may have disappeared as a result. I realize that those forts mentioned in Lise’s letter predated the Maginot Line, but I am also curious about their locations. Our first serious snowstorm has moved in for our Alsatian and Austrian holiday setting. May you be spared snow shovel duties, but still have a Happy Christmas season.” **FROM Elmer “Doc” Watson, WWII veteran, Med. Detach. 242nd Inf., (12/11/03)**: “Received the “Rainbow Trail” December 2003 and read it from cover to cover. There were so many very good stories from those who are still living or their family members who have contributed to your fine paper. THANK you for sending it to me.” **FROM Sgt. Vincent Lara, 933rd MP Co., Iraq (12/12/04)**: “Enjoyed the newsletter very much. The weather here has cooled down but rainy season is now here. As I am sure all the

veterans know how the mud bogs everything down and your wet feet feel like you are dragging blocks around with all that mud caked up on the combat boots. They say we will have a decked out chow hall here on base for Christmas. As usual, the missions do not stop. As we were sitting here enjoying our quiet time, the platoon Sgt. came in to give us an extension on our orders. Brings us down a little but we drive on. Good news – we are getting replacements for our lost and wounded soldiers. And a buddy of mine was awarded the Bronze Star by the General. My daughter is growing so fast and her new accomplishments are great. Just wish I was there to witness them. Soon enough. Send my hellos to all.” **FROM Donald J. “Don” Carner, WWII veteran, 232-C (12/23/03)**: I received the copy of the Rainbow Trail today and enjoyed reading it, especially the Christmas stories. I had to laugh, thinking of the machine gunners in my company. Most of them were younger and had never spent Christmas away from home. They were complaining, you would not believe the way they were going on. I asked them, ‘How would you liked to have been in my shoes?’ After my California National Guard unit was inducted into the Army (Sept. 16, 1940), they shipped us out in October and November to Oahu, T.H. I spent Christmas 1940 on guard duty at our outer guard post. Christmas of 1941 was spent on Ford Island as antiaircraft defense. Christmas of 1942 found us as antiaircraft defense for the airfield located near Nandi, Fiji Islands. Christmas of 1943, antiaircraft defense of our perimeter on the island of Bougainville. As I reported to our Medical Bn. On Dec.

24th, 1944 (France), I was rushed to a field hospital with a bad case of strep throat. Christmas morning, I could not open my mouth as my jaws were locked shut. Thank God for penicillin, one shot every three hours for three days.” [Ed: when I asked Don if he had ever eaten ‘SeaGull’ for dinner, as did WWI Rainbowers on Thanksgiving, on their way across the Atlantic, he replied, “So that’s what it was! I always thought it was ‘C’ rations. Our Mess Sgt. (our 3rd one) in the Pacific theater and I did not get along. I always complained to him how lousy our meals were. Our cooks had to follow his instructions. On Bougainville, my gun squad was located fifty feet through the jungle to our Btry CP and mess. Rather than eat what they had, we would go to the dumps and pick up cases of “C” rations and eat them. Much better. The best meals I had while in the Army was when we ate at the Navy mess in the Marine Barracks on Ford Island. They had so many choices. The second best was in “C” Company, 232nd Inf. We had excellent cooks and bakers there. At Camp Gruber, John Cardinali would save up on the sugar rations and make large donuts. Boy, they were good. I used to get extra donuts from buttering him up and telling about our mess in the Pacific.”] FROM Rev. Robert F. “Bob” Weiss, S.J., 222-M; RDVMF President (12/29/03): Thanks so much for sending me Volume 4, Issue 2 of Rainbow Trail. This is a marvelous collection of Rainbow Division Veterans stories. I want to wish you a New Year filled with many blessings, good health and much happiness. Thanks so very much for all that you do for the Rainbow vets.” FROM Rama Harris, WWI granddaughter, Herman Nielsen, Co. “K”, 3rd Iowa Inf. (1/4/04): Thank you for the December 2003 newsletter you sent me. Your inclusion of my grandfather’s letters was indeed a special Christmas gift. In all of the letters, recollections and diary entries, we see real people and not just nameless soldiers. I was wondering if anyone had grandsons or granddaughters in Iraq. I know they must be going through loneliness and fear just as their ancestors did. It would be nice if a few of these letters could be sent to them to share with their fellow troops. I would be happy to share in some postage costs.” FROM Nancy Seright, WWII daughter of Casimir “Casey” Szpicki, 242-F (1/26/04): “As long as we are here, they and what they did for their country will be remembered.” FROM Justin C. “Jud” Walker, President – 222nd Inf. Regt. Chapter, 222-Med: “One of my many New Year’s resolutions was to let you know how impressed I was with the recent issue of your Newsletter. A really great job!! I can just imagine how much time and effort was required. Everyone who reads it will get a warm feeling of Rainbow spirit.” FROM Rainbow Historian, Donald L. “Don” Segel, 242-B: “Your last issue of the Millennium Chapter newsletter was great; written in such a manner of interest that I believe it will keep your membership strong.”



FROM Roy Patterson, son of Roy Patterson, 3rd Platoon, “F” Company, 232nd Infantry Regiment (5/04): “Dad had this ring made while he was doing occupation duty down in Austria in 1945. I remember being three or four years old and I was standing next to my Dad while he was shaving. He was wearing this ring at the time. He looked down at me and said that when I grew up it would be mine. When he passed away in 1989, my mother gave me his 42nd Infantry Division Rainbow patch, his Combat Infantry Badge, and his ring.” [Ed: Roy is seeking information about this ring and would appreciate your help. He can be reached at 2367 Sunny Vista Drive, San Jose, CA 95128 or patterson.roy@ssd.loral.com]

A WWI RAINBOW “HISTORY MYSTERY” FROM Cheryl DeGraff (2/11/04): My name is Cheryl DeGraff and I work at the Denver Museum of Nature & Science in the Anthropology Department. I am currently doing some research to find out more of a history of a blanket in our collections which is said to honor five boys who served in the Rainbow Division during WWI. It is said that the blanket was beaded by someone from the Osage Indian Tribe. The beading on it says: Headquarters of 165 Infantry, 42nd Rainbow Division. If anyone knows anything about this or who it might be honoring/rememering, we would greatly appreciate this information. Thank you.” In her reply, 2/11/04, Barbara Eberhart wrote: “The 165th Infantry Regiment was originally made up of men from the New York 69th National Guard. The National Guards of 26 States and the District of Columbia were federalized as units of the 42nd Rainbow Division in August of 1917. The National Guards came together in September at Camp Mills, Long Island, New York. I have a database list of the Camp

Mills Rosters, and searched the 165th Headquarters names. The majority were from New York and New Jersey, but many other states were also represented (but not Oklahoma). These rosters do not include the men who joined the Division overseas...perhaps the tribe has a written history available.” In a letter to Cheryl DeGraff (2/18/04), Suellen McDaniel described a book, American Indians in World War I At Home and At War by Thomas A.



Britten, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1997 which she had borrowed through interlibrary loan a year before. She wrote: “There are 65 pages of notes and bibliography. The brief stories of the men show their great courage and endurance...for example, on page 76 there is a description of Corporal John Victor Adams, a Siletz Indian from Oregon, serving in the 42nd Rainbow Division who received wounds in the leg and eye at Chateau-Thierry, as well as a poison gas attack. He is quoted as having said: ‘I felt that no American could be or should be better than the first American, therefore, I did not linger in the hospital.’ If you would be so kind as to let us follow your research into the history of this blanket, I will include this interesting mystery in our chapter newsletter so that perhaps our members could come up with further suggestions or

information.” (5/27/04) Cheryl DeGraff wrote: “I forwarded your e-mail on to our Curator of Ethnology and she



wrote up a “letter” format for your readers with information on the blanket and who to contact if they know anything about it. Thanks so much for your assistance with this. It is greatly appreciated”. FROM Joyce Herold, Curator of Ethnology, Denver Museum of Nature & Science, 2001 Colorado Boulevard, Denver, CO 80205-5798: “Dear Interested Readers: A very special Osage ‘grandmother blanket’ in the American

Indian collection of the Denver Museum of Nature & Science will interest readers. It consists of dark blue woolen trade cloth (57 by 72 inches) with woven borders, wide on the sides in repeating yellow and red stripes and narrow in yellow on the top and bottom. The cloth, imported from England, was called “rainbow” stroud or list cloth. A beaded decoration centered in the blanket is worked in spaced, or spot, beadwork using many colors of faceted glass beads imported from Czechoslovakia. The design features a rayed sun and a rainbow arching over the letters ‘USA’ in a fancy script. Beneath is an American federal shield between facing American eagles that clutch arrow bundles and red-berried foliage in their claws. Underneath are embroidered in script the words ‘Headq’ters Co 165 Inf’try 42nd Rainbow Division’. Finally, in a line across the lower blanket are five stars, each embroidered of sparkling cut beads. As told by the Osage man who sold the blanket to the Museum donor in 1986, the blanket dates 1914-1920 and was made to commemorate the WWI service of five men of the Osage Tribe of Oklahoma, symbolized by the stars. Women wore the blanket draped over the shoulders on special occasions, in honor of a man or men in the family who served in the Rainbow Division. The people thus remembered the soldiers fighting the German army and occupying Germany and France afterwards. Normally, a ‘grandma blanket’ was buried with the woman who made it. ‘They absolutely take it with them.’ A Master of creativity and technique, the unknown beadworker not only vividly told her own personal story but also captured her people’s deep respect for the national symbols so

expertly beaded. The supplier said that this style of blanket, using much sought-after imported woolen cloth, is rare: he had seen three similar in Oklahoma Indian country in his lifetime. Such a blanket would usually be buried with the owner upon her death. The Museum is seeking the names and home areas of the five Osage veterans honored by this fine and historic blanket as well as identification of the Indian woman who created and wore it.

Please mention DMNS accession number A1424.1 in contacting anthropology office manager Cheryl DeGraff at (303) 370-6388 or CdeGraff@dmns.org.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HEROES by Charlene Martins Fuhlendorf, WWII daughter of Amilcar "Mickey" Martins, Co. "L", 232nd Infantry Regiment [Ed. Mickey Martins in on the right in



this photo] (1/15/04): "In the fifties and sixties, as I was growing up, my father, Mickey Martins, said little about his involvement as a PFC in World War II while in the 42nd Infantry Division of the U.S. Army in Europe. In high school, we studied about World War II in history class. I remember bringing home the history assignment with the history book, and looking at all of the terrible pictures of Dachau and the devastation of the cities in the war. Both of my parents were incensed by the fact I was exposed to these pictures, for they had both made sure my father's pictures were well hidden and tucked away in a drawer so that I was not allowed to see them. They were just trying to protect me until they felt I could handle it and understand it. It wasn't until I was grown and married before I actually got to see the pictures that one day my father would hand over to me, personally. The pictures of Dachau during the liberation of that camp are images that will be forever burned into history.

In my father's later years, and as our twin boys were old enough to understand and be interested in World War II, we asked him about his experiences over there. The stories he told us were amazing. There is the story of him out in the field, sleeping on a dirt road, and then the next morning, rolling over against a dead German soldier. Then the story of how he was out on a reconnaissance mission, and he turned up missing on the roster, but he knew where he was! When he returned to camp, he was amazed at how worried they had been about him. Apparently, they had even notified his mother that he was MIA during his absence. Then there is the story of how his group happened upon a farmhouse, and as they were inspecting it to see if there were any German soldiers in it, when they heard a noise coming from the cellar. One guy was about to throw a grenade into the cellar when my father stopped him. My father decided to go down the stairs himself to see who was down there. He discovered women and children hiding there. There are many more stories we heard him tell. To hear my father telling the stories are so much better than what I could tell about them. Then again, my memory may not be all that complete. However, about the time we wanted to write these stories down and keep them, even his memory was failing him at the end. We never got to accomplish this in a proper fashion.

My father was a mechanic and a truck driver. He owned his own truck, a transfer dump truck, and had his own business hauling aggregate. He could overhaul and rebuild his own diesel engine. He was a hardworking man, and he had many friends. He passed away at the age of 76 from the results of diabetes, on June 1, 2001. On July 1, 2001, I was standing in a room at Dachau, writing a memorial message and tribute to my father in the guestbook there."

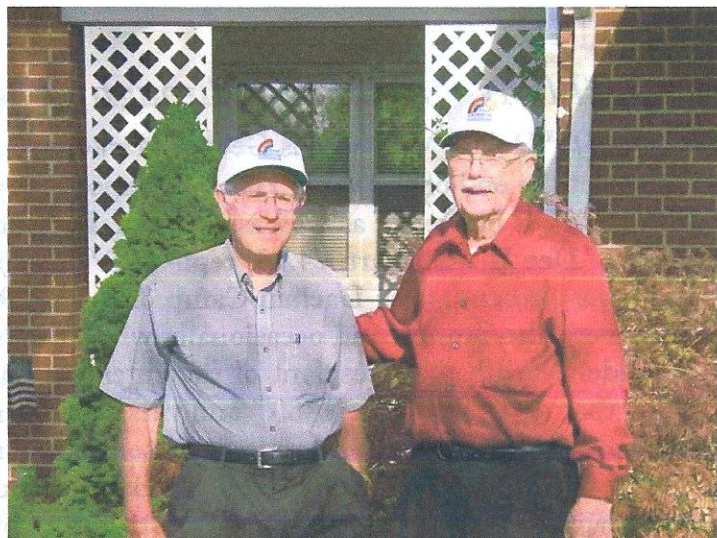
[Charlene has created a very interesting, informative and friendly website: charlene@charlenefuhlendorf.com]

A LONG-AWAITED RAINBOW REUNION By Tim Robertson, WWII son of Lyle Robertson, Co. "F", 2nd Bn., 222nd Inf. Regt (4/19/04): "A really great reunion story took place

yesterday and I want to share it with you. I want to begin it with an excerpt from my dad's autobiography: 'After standing in a foxhole, waiting for something to happen, and looking over the snow for long periods of time, my eyes would start playing tricks on me. After awhile the bushes would start to move. I would train my rifle sights on objects that appeared to be moving to see if they really were. Bushes would look like men walking, especially at night. My foxhole buddy was another 18-year-old kid from Chicago. His name was Bob Hogfeldt.

"At that time we had lost so many men from the shelling and patrols that only every other foxhole was manned. Ironically, the next event I am writing about took place 50 years ago today, January 24, 1945. The shelling began as usual except it was heavier and lasted longer. Early afternoon the Nazis launched an attack and

we managed to hold them off in our area. About dusk things got quiet and we waited to see what was happening. The snow started falling again and I remember thinking the shooting had stopped. We had not moved from our position. **Would there be a counter attack?** My buddy and I had not heard anything from our Company. We had heard firing from the left and right of us but could not see anyone from where we were. As far as we could see we were all alone there in the woods. And that was the way it really felt. After awhile with nothing happening, I told him to get some rest and I would watch for awhile. Darkness had fallen by then, but it was not a real dark night. I was wondering if someone from the Company would be around to let us know what was going on. Maybe some one would bring us some coffee or a sandwich. I heard a noise. I turned around and to my surprise I was looking into the muzzle of a burp gun. This was similar to our Thompson Sub-Machine gun. It got the name Burp gun from the sound it made when rapid firing. **The message to me was "Hands up!"**. There were two German soldiers with white uniforms. They had been able to slip up from behind us in the snow. They spoke fluent English and ordered me out of the hole. Needless to say I obeyed the command, dropped my rifle and climbed out of the foxhole and put my hands on my helmet. I don't mind saying the muzzle of their guns looked big enough to climb into. They asked 'Do you have a comrade?' I lied and said 'No'. They raked the bottom of the hole with gunfire. I didn't know if Hogfeldt was hit or not. I then had to loosen my ammo belt and they cut the bandoleers loose that were criss-crossed over my shoulders. I kept hoping if my buddy was okay he would drop them as we moved away but nothing happened. They took me back to their headquarters. On the way back we got caught in a good old American artillery barrage. I was thinking if the Germans didn't kill me, the Americans would. A German artillery barrage and an American barrage in one day were almost too much to handle. They kept me there for the rest of the night. They brought some more men from my company in that night. The next day, some more men were brought in. **My foxhole buddy, Hogfeldt, was brought in the next day.** The "L" shaped foxhole with the covered half, which could not be seen, had saved him. Our positions had been overrun and the men that were brought in the next day were caught trying to get back to our company headquarters. I later learned that while we held off the attack at our position, the Nazis had broken through in another area and had cut us off from the rest of the company. There had been a flare signaling us to withdraw that, because of the heavy snow falling, only part of the troops had seen. Our company had withdrawn and left seven of us there. This I learned from a couple of guys who saw the signal from where they were but were captured trying to get back to the company. They had to fight the rest of the war without us. That served them right. **The next day we were taken to their battalion headquarters and interrogated but not very rigorously.** They knew we were from the 42nd Division, because we had rainbow patches on our sleeves. They knew what division we were with but expressed surprise. They didn't know we were on the front. They thought we were on maneuvers in southern France. We had taken our shoulder patches off our uniforms before we left New York but had put them back on while we were at Marseilles, France. They took our wallets and cigarettes. Later they gave back our wallets with pictures and kept our money, which I didn't have very much of anyway. We hadn't gotten paid since we left New York. I found a pack of cigarettes in an inner coat pocket that they had missed when searching me. At this point, our combat days were ended. Our next goal was to stay alive until the war ended. We knew it could not last much longer. The time our unit had spent in combat had seemed like an eternity but actually lasted less than a month."



Tim's present-day story continues: "After I located the Rainbow Division Veterans Association (now the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation), Suellen helped me locate Mr. Hogfeldt. Turned out he was alive and well in Rockford, Illinois! I contacted him and arranged for him and dad to talk. One thing led to another and yesterday, Bob Hogfeldt and his wife Penny came to Fairfield, Ohio and visited with my family. Even though these two soldiers were only together for a few days, they had been bonded by an experience that would ultimately shape their lives. That bond was evident when these two met for the first time in fifty-nine years." [from L to R, Bob Hogfeldt, Lyle Robertson]

VETERANS DAY CELEBRATION IN BIRMINGHAM, ALA NOV. 2004

"Y'All Come!" An Invitation from RDVMF Memorials Officer, Charles S. "Charlie" Fowler,

392-C F.A. : "It is never too early to begin thinking about and making plans for the 57th Annual Veterans Day celebration in Birmingham, Alabama on November 9-11, 2004. It is the largest Veterans Day celebration in the country. If you've been, you know there is nothing to compare with it, no meetings, just plenty of time for fun and friendship, and if you haven't, it's about time you found out what you have been missing all these years. And it just keeps getting better. Under the excellent direction of the "Hostess with the Mostest", Aleen Walker and her more than capable assistant, John Wallace, plans have already been made for this year's celebration.

First, it is hard to believe, but each year, Aleen has managed to come up with the same rate at the same hotel and this year is no exception. The rate is still \$59.00 plus tax at the Sheraton Civic Center Hotel, 211 Richard Arrington Boulevard, Birmingham, AL 35203; telephone (205) 324-5000. Make your reservations directly with the hotel and ask for the rooms reserved for the Rainbow Division Veterans. Reservations must be made by November 1st to get the special rate. The rate applies to two days before and two days after.

Second, the tour, which takes place on the 10th, will once again include Vulcan. This statue, which looms over the city of Birmingham, has been closed for several years for repairs and is now open again for sightseers and will be part of the tour. How many of you know one of the many songs that Glenn Miller made famous, known as "Tuxedo Junction"? We will visit Tuxedo Junction and the nearby park named for the composer of the song, Erskine Hawkins. And again we will return to the "Alabama" theater for musical inspiration on the original Wurlitzer organ played by the owner of the theater, Cecile Whitmore. And as always we will return to the 21st Street Viaduct for our wreath laying ceremonies.

Last, and by far not the least, is our hospitality room. We will have the same one we had last year, and it is plenty big enough, Room 411, and the same manager will be looking out for us and he does a superb job. As there are so many Veterans organizations in the hotel, the room number will not be posted in the lobby.

The tentative schedule is as follows: Tuesday evening, the 9th, we will all meet in the hospitality room and then adjourn to the restaurant in the hotel for a dutch treat supper; Wednesday morning, we will board our bus to go to Shoney's for a Dutch treat breakfast, then back on the bus for our tour. After the tour is over, it is back to the hotel to enjoy the hospitality room and old and new friendships and to prepare for the Peace Banquet that evening. Thursday, Veterans Day, there is Memorial Service in one of the local churches, then the Peace Luncheon at 11:00 and after the luncheon, back on the bus for the Veterans Day Parade. No more marching for us, we are part of the Parade in our air-conditioned bus. The price for all of this is \$48.00/person, broken down as follows: Peace Banquet, \$20.00; Peace Luncheon, \$18.00 and the use of the bus \$10.00. Send your check, made out to Aleen Walker, 2121 Red Hill School Road, Hayden, AL 35079. She will take care of the reservations, so we can all be seated together. She will need your check by October 12, 2004. If you have any questions, you may call Aleen at (205) 647-6815.

Enough said. There you have it all in a nutshell. If you have been, I don't need to tell you how great it is and if you haven't, you need to find out for yourself. You won't regret it and remember, for a lot of us, well, you know what I mean. Y'ALL COME!!"

LETTERS OF THANKS and APPRECIATION received through the

<rainbowvets.org> website: *From George Markovits (5/8/04):* "Hello. My name is George Markovits. I am the son of the late Joseph Markovits who was a prisoner at Dachau at the end of the War. He always spoke very highly of the brave American soldiers who liberated him in April 1945. On his behalf as well as my own, I would like to express my gratitude to the troops of the Rainbow Division." **Dee R. Eberhart, 242-I, replied (5/13/04):** "Thank you for your kind words to the liberators of KZ Dachau. I was present at the Dachau Camp on April 29, Liberation day and meet frequently with a few of our veterans who were also present and occasionally with friends who were inside the wire at that time. In recent e-mail correspondence with the President of the International Dachau Foundation, with headquarters in Europe, I was informed that there would be a '60th anniversary of our liberation' ceremonies at Dachau on Sunday, May 1, 2005 and he said that 'it would be wonderful if some of our liberators could be with us to celebrate and remember.' There are always descendants of those who had been held captive who also attend those annual remembrance ceremonies. Perhaps you have been there in the past. For all of

us from the Rainbow Division, we appreciate your message. I will pass it on to others. Kindest regards.” From Adam Pascal (06/06/04): “Please tell the veterans who fought in WWII that Adam Pascal, age 40, from England says thank you. Without you my life and the world in which I live would be very different. I am very grateful. Love, Adam.” (6/6/04): Reply from Dee R. Eberhart, 242-I, (6/6/04): “Dear Adam, Thank you for your kind words which we will pass on to other veterans. As I watch and listen to the D-Day ceremonies from Normandy today, I am once again reminded of those terrible times of war and of the great sacrifices made by many. My 42nd Rainbow Division came through Marseilles rather than across the sands of Omaha Beach. We, as most of the other Allied divisions, lost many of our comrades. It has been my privilege to pay respects to the memory of our dead at military cemeteries from Normandy to Lorraine, and I have joined survivors of Dachau concentration camp in a long look backward from that place which we liberated on April 29, 1945. For a time which has now become almost ancient history, your message of remembrance, gratitude and love is received in equal measure of all three. Kindest personal regards.” From Dee R. Eberhart (6/7/04): “Dear Suellen: You are certainly welcome to include the Pascal and Markovits messages and my responses in your next ‘Rainbow Trail’. It’s always a surprise, and a pleasure, to be the recipient on behalf of all of us, of those unexpected expressions of appreciation from young people for our joint WWII efforts. As Barbara or I may have mentioned to you, at the 50th anniversary of the end of the war celebration in Munich when our Rainbow group of about 100 people entered the Hofbrauhaus, a young German woman inside the huge beer hall said, “The Americans are here.” Instantly, the young people stood up and there was loud and sustained applause and cheers. We were pleased and surprised. What really amused me was that at the time of the enthusiastic, spontaneous greeting by the younger people, at another table there was a bunch of old guys, about our age, who sat glowering and grumbling into their beer. It was easy to imagine them in their Wehrmacht or SS uniforms 50 years earlier.” From Barbara Eberhart, Dee’s wife (6/7/04): “I remember the incident in the Hofbrauhaus. As our crowd was filing in, I heard a gasp from the young woman before she said, “It’s the Americans!” as she stood up and began to applaud. The greeting was a spontaneous reaction by all the young people. As Dee said, the older guys didn’t participate. The Americans enjoyed the evening immensely. We have two Hofbrauhaus beer mugs on our mantle, compliments of the Haus.”

TO ALL MILLENNIUM CHAPTER MEMBERS, A message from Charlie Fowler: “Do YOU really want to find out about the complete history of the Rainbow Division in World War I and World War II? There is an easy answer to this. It is called “[In Search of Rainbow Memorials](#)” by Lise Pommois, author of “[Winter Storm](#)”, assisted by Charles Fowler, Memorials Officer of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation. This book is not only the history of the Rainbow Division from its Inception in World War I to its Deactivation in World War II, but it also includes details of most of the more than 100 Memorials of the Division and directions on how to reach them. Every Millennium Chapter Member needs this book to complete their knowledge of the Rainbow. If you are going to the Annual Reunion in Memphis, TN [July 13-18, 2004] Lise Pommois will have the book for sale there and she will be glad to autograph it for you. The book may also be obtained from the Aegis Consulting Group, Inc., 432 South Juliana Street, Bedford, PA 15522, telephone (814) 623-8308, fax (814) 623-8668, Email: aegis@bedford.net. The cost of the book is \$14.95 plus \$3.00 for postage and handling. Try it; you’ll be glad you did.”

RAINBOW POW STORY BOOK Update: *The finished product will be well worth the wait over the last few years of dedicated collecting, transcribing, editing and placing into a beautiful presentation in a hardcover book. Our hopes are to have these books for sale at the Rainbow Reunion in Memphis, TN July 13 – 18. Cost per book will be \$20.00 at the reunion. For subsequent orders, a S&H charge of \$5.00 will be added. It is scheduled for the printer in June and further details of ordering will be in a forthcoming issue of Rainbow Reveille.*

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POSTSCRIPTS:

[Editor's note (6/21/04): A contribution to the Millennium Chapter Research Library most gratefully received today from Rainbow veteran Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr., H1B-242, is the book: Ohio In The Rainbow – Official Story of the 166th Infantry 42nd Division In The World War by R.M. Cheseldine, Ex-Captain 166th Infantry, Columbus, Ohio: The F.J. Heer Printing Co., 1924 (Bound at the State Bindery), 528 pp.]

This photo faces page 150 and the caption reads: "*Francois Meyer, reddest red-head in France. War orphan adopted by Field and Staff, 166th Infantry*". (please see page 6 of this newsletter!). If our readers have further information concerning these children and perhaps contacts kept following the War, between them and the Rainbow Veterans who took their survival to heart, we would all very much like to know their stories.



(6/21/04) **From** Joyce Herold, Curator of Ethnology, Denver Museum of Nature & Science: "I appreciate your assistance in helping to research our Osage blanket, that honors veterans of World War I who served in the Rainbow Division. As we have displayed this beautiful bead-embroidered memorial piece, it has brought attention not only to the unknown Osage woman who created it, but also to the Rainbow Division. We want to be able to name the five men who are the stars on the blanket and several people among the Osage tribe are also helping to trace them. In answer to your questions about some possible Osage family names, I have found some by looking in the Handbook of North American Indians. I attach them in alphabetical order. Perhaps they will be traceable, particularly the ones that are so distinctly Osage. If I may be of any further help, please contact me. Again, thank you very much for your efforts."

OSAGE names in the reservation area around PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA:

Abbott, Baconrind, Beartrack, Big Track, Black Dog, Clermont (Clamore), Heska Molah (Walking Horn or White Horn Walks), Hunkahoppy, Logan, Lookout, Mathews, McCarthy, Petsemoie, Pitts, Pratt, Redcorn, Redeagle, Revard, Roanhorse, Wheeler, WhiteHair, Whitehorn, Yellowhorse