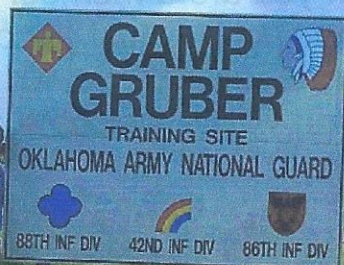


RAINBOW TRAIL

The Newsletter of the Millennium (Family) Chapter
Of The Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation
December 2005 Volume 6, Issue 2



Contributed by Earnie Owen, WWII son of Arnold Owen, Co. "M", 242nd Inf. Regt. Earnie is RDVMF Assistant Memorials Officer and past president of the Millennium Chapter. [photo of John J. Bobb, WWII son of John A. Bobb, medic, Co. "A", 242nd Inf. Regt., contributed by John]

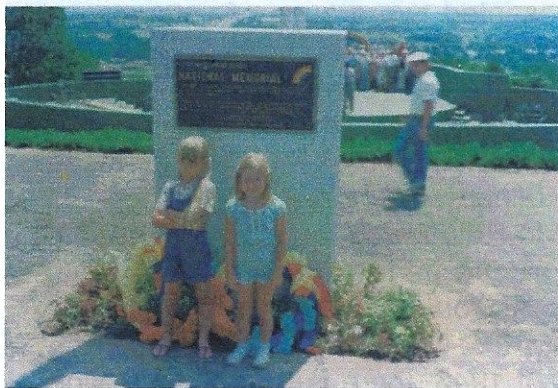
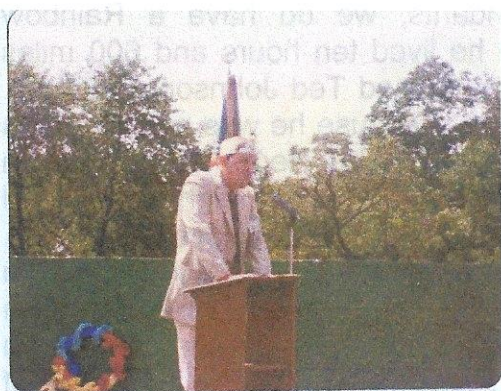
Muskogee is a special place. It is a town of near 40,000 people and is very near Camp Gruber. Of course Camp Gruber is where the 42nd Division was reactivated July 14th in 1943. To those of us in the Millennium Chapter, the thousands of men who passed through that training facility became the agents for the bond that ties us all together. Though we do not have a personal relationship with all descendants, we do have a Rainbow

bloodline by which we feel a certain affiliation with each other. Though he lived ten hours and 600 miles away, it was this affection for Rainbow, Camp Gruber and Muskogee that caused Ted Johnson (232nd Inf. Regt.) to persevere in keeping the Muskogee Chapter alive for many years. Because he was not nearby, a minimal amount of activity transpired in the chapter. Men like Bob Haggard (222nd Inf. Regt.) and Al Cahoon (242nd Inf. Regt.) were on hand in Muskogee to tend to the Rainbow Memorial in Honor Heights Park, and continued to have activities from time to time, but there were no official meetings or business transacted. Thanks to these men, the foundation of the local chapter remained viable. Several years ago, the Tulsa chapter was combined with the Muskogee chapter. The men of the Tulsa chapter continued to meet in Tulsa each month for an informal breakfast. Now, on the second Tuesday of each month, members from Muskogee arrive in Broken Arrow, OK to then car pool to the Village Inn Pancake House for a great time of food, fun and fellowship. Being a combined chapter with Muskogee presented two groups of veterans an opportunity to share a camaraderie forged by a remarkable episode in America's history. To the descendants of these men who became American heroes, as we listen to their conversations, it is an opportunity to share vicariously in their wartime exploits. The upsurge in activity by the Muskogee/Tulsa Chapter is a byproduct of caring men of the past and a desire by descendants of the present, to honor those men. On Veterans Day and Memorial Day, activities are held at the Rainbow Memorial in Muskogee to coincide with our national recognition of these days. It becomes special to Rainbow when the 42nd Division Rainbow wreath is laid at the base of the concrete pillar that holds a plaque dedicating that site with its amphitheater, to the city of Muskogee and Rainbow veterans everywhere. As you stand on this memorial hill, appropriately located next to the VA hospital, you can look eastward to the Cookson Hills where Camp Gruber is located. While it bears little resemblance to the Camp Gruber of 1943, there is still that affiliation that comes from having "been there." To drive down OK SH 10 past the camp is to take a trip down memory lane. As a descendant of a World War II Rainbow veteran, you will only be able to imagine what it was like. To a veteran, you can mentally visualize people, places and things you experienced many years ago. Gone are the old barracks, the commissaries, the theaters and mess halls. Now, there are new barracks, maintenance facilities, and many other buildings, but it is still Camp Gruber. Enough old barracks foundations, heavy equipment maintenance ramps, streets, firing range targets, the parade field, camp Entrance gates and other pieces of the camp remain that will bring a lump to your throat if you go there, stop, stand, view and contemplate what transpired in that place. Camp Gruber has been in the news of late, housing thousands of Hurricane Katrina evacuees. Day after day the area newspapers were filled with pictures and stories about Camp Gruber and the role it was playing in the lives of Americans who were spending time there. In addition to that role, Camp Gruber trains in excess of 200,000 troops each year, many of which have been deployed to Iraq and Afghanistan. If there were no Muskogee/Tulsa chapter, Camp Gruber's link to the Rainbow Division would not be diminished. History records it, and while today's

veterans are witnesses for and of that history, it remains an honored pleasure to acknowledge and preserve it. Many hours could be spent writing and reminiscing about the significance of the 42nd Rainbow Division to Muskogee and the surrounding area. There comes a time when the torch must be passed. WWI men of Rainbow passed it to the men of WWII. They have done a tremendous job as keepers of the flame. It is said, give honor to whom honor is due. By preserving a chapter that includes Muskogee, that is so closely tied to the past of Rainbow, we show honor for these men. If you are a member of the RDVMF, you too can become a member of the Muskogee/Tulsa chapter. Just send \$5.00 chapter dues to Bob Haggard, Treasurer, at 2807 Haddock, Muskogee, OK 74401. Whether you are a member or not, if you are ever in the Tulsa area, you will be welcome at breakfast the second Tuesday of each month.

Memories of Rainbow with Grandma and Grandpa Johnson in Oklahoma by Julie Sturgeon, daughter of Theodore A. "Ted" Johnson, Co. "H", 232nd Inf. Regt., and Millennium Chapter President (photo taken at the Amphitheater at Honor Heights Park; above, Ted Johnson; below, his grandchildren, Sharron Sturgeon and Lisa Johnson)

The year was 1982 and Sharron Sturgeon and Lisa Johnson had just graduated from Kindergarten. Get ready, girls, you're going to Rainbow with Grandpa and Grandma. They'd been singing the old Rainbow songs for as long as they could remember --There's a Rainbow in the Army, Oh Way Down in Tennessee, Pull Your Shades Down, Marianne, Alice (Where Art Thou Going), as well as other Grandpa favorites, When You Wore a Tulip, Brown Eyes, You're a Grand Old Flag, just to name a few. The same songs their parents had learned and sung on the road to Rainbow or home to Iowa for vacation when they were their ages. It was the beginning of an education that every child should get from their grandparents and both girls and grandparents alike were quite happy with the trip that year and for twelve years to come. Their mom (or Aunt Julie, depending on her perspective) and their grandma put scrapbooks together when they got home and much of this recounting comes from those books. After all, six-year-olds do have some memories but just like the rest of us, it gets harder to remember if it wasn't written down. The trip started late afternoon on Friday and after overnighing in Kansas City they drove the following day arriving in Tulsa at 4 PM on July 10 - one day before the reunion began. In those days it was always July 11-14 no matter what the day. Buck Jones was the National President that year and John George, Jr. was reunion chair. (Surely in years to come the girls were to meet his grandson, Matthew George and happy to return each year that Matthew was there to hone their flirting skills even if they will deny it today!)



That year it is noted in the scrapbook, that they spent many hours in the swimming pool and the pictures show that to be *soooo* true - inner tubes and all. They made friends at the pool with some "older" kids - one was seven and the other twelve -- who took them to the deep end of the pool and taught them how to jump in to the shallow end. Does anyone know who these two might have been? It's also well known that Grandpa Johnson worked with the hotel security folks to allow break-ins to the swimming pool late night because after the Early Bird Party they were back in from 10 - 10:30! Sunday they got up early and went out to the newly renovated Muskogee Memorial amphitheater to check out the site for the program on Tuesday. Lisa remembers that Grandpa wanted the girls to sit upon the wall underneath the rainbow but that she was too scared to do it. She said to me recently, "There was a long fall backwards off that wall and I just couldn't do it." It was a beautiful day from the looks of the pictures. Monday evening there was a dance and the girls remembered that their grandparents danced once and then grandma danced with "another man"! They danced with their grandpa

too and they thought he was glad when they went to bed at 11:30 so that he could stand up straight again. This was also the year the TV show Real People came to interview the vets and the girls each got the host's autograph. The memorial service was a nice day as well, but very hot. Afterwards, they had chicken dinner at the civic center. The details are found in the Reveille of that September.



*VETERANS DAY AT THE
AMPHITHEATER AT HONOR
HEIGHTS, MUSKOGEE, OK November 11,
2005 [Rainbow veterans, left to right, are Bill
Butts, Art Nice, Bob Haggard, Hugo Grimm,
Charlie Russell and Arnold Owen]*

From Earnie Owen (11/15/05): We had a really good turnout. We usually have more show up for Memorial Day (25 to 30) because there are so many from the local area that drop by. Veterans Day seems different. I think we had 18 or 20. We met at a new place for breakfast and it turned out great. It's the 3rd place we've gone to since I started in 1999. The places we've gone before have all changed into specialty restaurants. These folks have just been open for a short time. Hopefully they will be there

next May. Several new folks came this time. John Bobb, Hugo and Oriana Grimm, Charles and Jim Russell. Carolyn Watts came for breakfast. She usually is at the memorial service at the Amphitheater but it was sure good to have her for the whole morning. She bought everyone's breakfast in honor of her father, Al Cahoon.

I stopped by the hotel and picked up Hugo and Oriana on the way to the restaurant. Hugo had, by way of John Carr, a plaster cast of the Trail of the Rainbow that he displayed at the breakfast. He had made arrangements to present it to the 3 Rivers Museum. Linda Moore, Exec. Dir. of the museum came to the memorial service and accepted it. We took it to 3 Rivers for her and took a complementary tour of the exhibits. It is not a large museum so they rotate what they display, depending on the time of year. One thing that is always on display is an old radio that stands about 4 feet tall. A mannequin standing at a tall microphone as though he is doing a radio broadcast begins to talk as you walk up and gives a 1943 news report. In the report he says, "Yesterday, President Roosevelt made a surprise visit to Camp Gruber and had a lunch of hot-dogs and beans with the troops." The President said, "This is very good food. Better than I get at the White House." Last Memorial Day Bob Haggard went by the Amphitheater prior to coming to the breakfast and put a wreath at the Memorial. When we went for the memorial service, someone had come by and taken it. Bob's daughter owns a flower shop and she made up and donated a new wreath based on the new RDVMF logo. There is another small museum at the Port of Muskogee on the Arkansas River where a WW II submarine, the USS Batfish, is dry docked. They have a lot of Rainbow memorabilia there but unfortunately they are closed from Oct. 15 to March 15, so I couldn't show it to the Grimms.

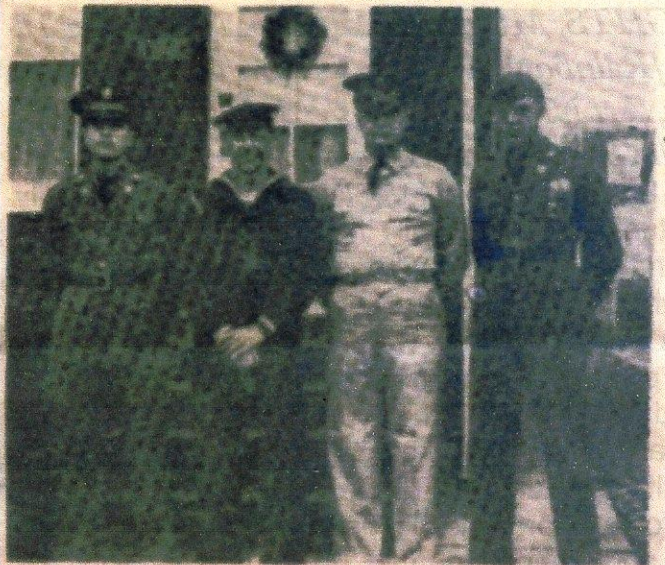


From John Bobb (11/15/05): I love the setting at the Rainbow outdoor Amphitheater in Muskogee. I can see myself going up there every morning the rest of my life and having coffee and enjoying the view, and paying my respects.

One of many Rainbow Division families who have served their country through

THE HEARST LEGIONNAIRE, MARCH, 1941

The Sauer Men Are Sweet on Defense



Jimmy Sauer, Captain of our Post Color Guard, war time sergeant in the 165th Infantry, and his family are all in service. Left to right the picture shows Corporal Billy Sauer, Seaman 1st Class James Sauer Jr., "Pop" Sauer and Sergeant Don Sauer

generations is the family of James Sauer, who served in Co. "M", 165th Infantry Regiment in WWI.

The 1941 caption reads:

"Jimmy Sauer, captain of our post color guard, wartime sergeant in the 165th Infantry, and his family, are all in service. Left to right, the picture shows Corporal Billy Sauer, Seaman 1st Class James Sauer, Jr., "Pop" Sauer and Sergeant Don Sauer"

Don Sauer is a current member of the RDVMF through the Millennium Chapter and lives in Australia. [clipping is shared by Don Sauer]

RAINBOW TRAILS OF THE GREAT WAR

FROM OHIO IN THE RAINBOW Official Story of the 166th Infantry 42nd Division in the World War by R.M. Cheseldine, Ex-Captain 166th Infantry, 1924, Columbus, Ohio, The F.J. Heer Printing Co.: (p. 3) "Did I ever mention to you the curious phenomenon that has caused quite a bit of talk among members of this Division since we've been in France? Did I ever mention the peculiar fact, that everywhere this Division has gone a Rainbow has appeared in the sky? A

soldier, like a ball player, is superstitious in many things, but above all a soldier in war is a fatalist. Consequently, he does not make a good luck or bad luck omen apply to himself but rather to his outfit. He never lets himself feel that he is going to have good or bad luck because his path is always mapped out for him, but good luck or bad luck may come to his outfit. The Rainbow has been accepted by the Division as a Good Luck Omen. One day, during the early part of our voyage to France, a wonderful Rainbow appeared in the sky for a few moments and someone remarked, "Well, we're in for good luck this time." Nothing more was said about it until the day we landed. It had rained the day and night previous and was raining that morning. Just before we started ashore the clouds broke a bit and the sun came out and a small and rather indistinct Rainbow appeared over the town of St. Nazaire. Then someone remembered the remark made out on the ocean and we said, "The Good Luck Omen again. She's small but that's because we're young—watch us grow." It's strange to look back on, but the Rainbow appeared even on the darkest days whenever we reached a new station. Our emblem was borne on high everywhere. During our training period it was not noticed, but when we went into the Luneville area in Lorraine, a beautiful Rainbow appeared over the German lines and every man felt a thrill as he saw it. Good luck to the Outfit!"

CHAPTER VIII "All American—Out To Them Wires." Living the life of a soldier in the trenches is living a life apart from the world. Pictures of trench life fail to tell half of the story and repeated descriptions from men who were there are inadequate to bring to the civilian mind any clear cut picture. The new soldiers of America thought they understood all about trenches and trench warfare when the call to go in came to them in February, 1918, but the difference between training behind the lines and the real thing was the difference between day and night. On February 22, 1918, the 1st Battalion pushed its way through the mud from Domjevin through Blemery to the trenches and quietly relieved a battalion of French troops. A, C and D Companies were in the front line with B company in reserve at Battalion Headquarters, in Blemery. Gun flashes intermittently lighted

CHAPTER VIII

"ALL AMERICAN—OUT TO THEM WIRES."

We with the war ahead,
You who have held the line,
Laughing, have broken bread
And taken wine.

We cannot speak your tongue,
We cannot fully know
Things hid beneath your smile
Four years ago.

Things which have given us,
Grimly, a common debt,
Now that we take the field,
We won't forget!

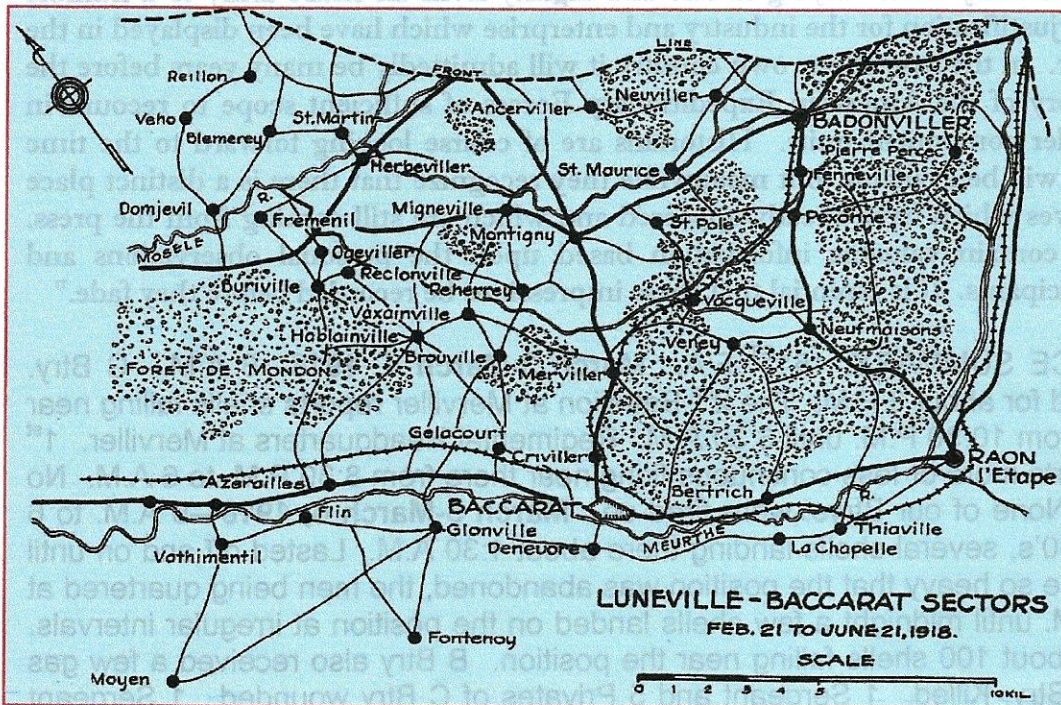
RUSSELL LORD, Corp. F. A.

the darkness as the men ploughed through the sticky mud. In the distance the rattle of a machine gun broke the stillness of night and occasionally a rocket or flare broke high in the air above the German trenches. But it was quiet in that sector in spite of these slight evidences of war. The St. Clement sector was considered a quiet sector and was used as a rest sector by both sides, but to the 166th Infantry, new to the actual game of war, it seemed lively every night. In the inky blackness wire posts looked like Germans and many an unoffending stick of wood was made the target of a shower of rifle bullets and hand grenades. Many flares were sent up, another habit of the beginner. As the nervousness wore off, however, these symptoms disappeared and things settled down to the tedium of trench warfare which, as our English Allies so aptly said, is "damned dull, damned damp and damned dangerous". Life in those days was anything but pleasant. The trenches in this sector were old and out of repair. The water and mud was knee deep in places and in many places "duck boards" or trench walks were conspicuous by their absence. The dugouts were poor and inadequate in number and swarmed with rats and vermin. It is surprising how quickly soldiers can accommodate themselves to the conditions under which they must live, and in a very short time the men of Ohio were veterans at the trench game. Patrols were sent out almost every night and such activity was the real romance of war to the Americans. From three to ten or more men under an officer would slip out of the trenches in the dead of night and move through the wire into No Man's Land. There for an hour or two they would roam the disputed territory sometimes with the mission of taking prisoners, sometimes to be prepared to combat a hostile patrol which showed intention of coming through the American wire. It was in a sense Indian warfare at which Americans excelled. On the night of March 1-2 the 1st Battalion was relieved by the 3rd and that same night the first man of our regiment and of the Rainbow Division to make the supreme sacrifice for the cause of freedom, "went west". Private Dyer J. Bird, Co. D, of Broadway, Union County, Ohio, was killed by a rifle or machine gun bullet as he was coming out of the trenches. The funeral of Private Bird was held a few days later in Domjevin in the open space before regimental Headquarters. Major General Charles T. Menoher, commanding the 42nd Division, with Colonel Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff and members of the General Staff, together with high officers of the French Army attended the services and marched with the body of mourners to the little cemetery on the hill back of the village, where the casket, flag covered, was lowered into its grave. Heads were uncovered as Chaplain Halliday spoke the final words of prayer and all saluted as the soft tones of "Taps" paid the last measure of military devotion to one who had kept his "rendezvous with death." What had been a quiet sector became "everything else but" about one week after the Rainbow Division went in. On the night of March 4 the 167th Infantry (Alabama) sent out a patrol and bagged two prisoners, said to be the first captured by Americans operating alone. Then on the morning of March 5 the Boche attempted a raid on the sector held by the Iowa men, the 168th Infantry. Running true to Yank form the men from the "tall corn state" smashed Heinie where it hurt and sent him back to his own trenches, a sadder but wiser man. Germany realized with bitter certainty that Von Tirpitz and his subs had failed to keep America on her own side of the Atlantic.

FROM: [MEN OF THE RAINBOW](#) by Leslie Langille, Btry "B", 149th F.A., 42D Division, published by The O'Sullivan Publishing House, Chicago, Illinois, 1933. From the *FOREWARD*: "No one in the world should desire peace more than the men who spent two years in the army---eighteen months overseas and more than ten months under fire. The hardships, heartaches, suffering, and misery contained therein cannot be adequately described by word of mouth or in writing. The only persons in the world who can truly understand are those who experienced that life. It is our desire to help those others gain a better knowledge of the soldier's life. (pp. 63-70): "The entire Division is moving toward the front line. We are to receive our practical education and rounding-off touches under French supervision and tutelage, and have been assigned as follows: A French army corps is holding the line in Lorraine, on a front which extends from Dombasle to Baccarat. The 41st Division (French) takes under its wing a battalion of the 150th F.A. To the 164th French Division, in Luneville sector, are assigned the 165th Infantry (New York) and a battalion of our regiment, the 149th F.A. (2nd Battalion). To the 14th French Division, holding the St. Clement sector, the 166th Infantry (Ohio) and the other battalion of the 149th F.A. are assigned. On the extreme right is the Baccarat sector, held by the 128th French Division. The 167th Infantry (Alabama) and the 168th Infantry (Iowa) are sent to them for instruction, and curiously enough are stationed with French regiments bearing the same regimental numbers. The 151st F.A. and the 117th Trench Mortar Battery are also assigned to this sector. We hike toward the front for the first time with mingled feelings, knowing not what to expect. Many of the fellows have read Guy Empey's "Over the Top," and other such hooey books, and are expecting that any minute will produce some action. They think that behind each tree and

perched upon every limb awaits a German sniper or that a battery of field artillery lies in every wood, ready to do us bodily injury. The emotions of those fellows with vivid imaginations are revealed in their stern faces and alert and popping eyes. . . . We are halted in the village of Domjevin; just outside of this village is our battery position. The French commander of the battery with which we are to be stationed has met us in Domjevin, and is holding us there for the time being, as the road leading up to the position is being shelled. He seems to know exactly when the shelling will stop. Later events prove that he does. The sector into which we are moving is known as a quiet sector. Divisions that have been through tough engagements are sent to these quiet sectors by both the French and the Germans, to recuperate. By mutual understanding and consent, they "lay off" of each other. At certain times during the day and night, certain points would be fired upon by each side, and the recipient of said fire, knowing where and when it was going to be, just naturally stayed away from there. After the Germans cease fire, we proceed to the battery position. It is rainy and muddy and we have some difficulty getting our guns into the gun pits, but with the help of the Frogs, we get them in position and laid. This battery position, like every other spot in the neighborhood, is duly registered in the German fire books. The dugouts or shelters, instead of being below ground, are built above the ground. It would have been impossible to maintain dugouts below ground, in view of the lowness and swamp-like location of the position. They were built in the early part of the war and are none too substantial. We are assigned to our respective dugouts and the war is brought a step closer. Sergeants Shallman and Allen, Corporals Frank and Hunt, and Privates Boydston and myself are billeted in the 1st abri with a French instructor. The data on the different barrages is given and the guns are laid on normal barrage. The French veterans are most satisfied to continue their present relations with the Boche, but we are anxious to get going. Several months afterward, we know exactly how those seasoned soldiers must have felt and why they were willing to take life easy when the opportunity presented itself. But now, we have the "Let's Go" spirit and are looking for a fight. When a group of men who have been "chafing at the bit" for several months have at their disposal all types and caliber of guns, and have suddenly been placed in a spot where, by firing said guns, they are liable to attain the thing they have been sent there to do, namely, kill some Germans, it certainly follows that they will start a few gestures toward that end. It also follows that that front is gradually changed from its present, or rather its past, health resort atmosphere, to one of much action. All this being very much to the disgust of our teachers, the French, and our enemies, the Germans. The latter finally get tired of our throwing things their way, outside of union hours, and start to throw a few on their own account in our direction. The French again label us as being nuts, and we again figure that they are "yellow." They never do get over the notion that all Americans are nuts, but we soon learn that there is no "yellow" in their make-up. They are just a whole lot more experienced than we are. They want to live. We want to fight. The abri telephone rings in the wee, sma' hours of the morning. We jump into our boots and overcoats; the message is for normal barrage fire, and in less than one minute we are in the gun-pits and the barrage is on its way. The doughboys soon learn to love and respect us for the way we send them the barrage they call for. Quite often the telephone rings and the word "Gas" greets our "Hello." Then, while still wearing the gas masks, we get another buzz and this time it is for a barrage. We grope our way to the gun-pits and let 'em have it. We, of course, are ignorant of the fact that most of these gas alarms are merely drill alarms. Our ignorance is given a jolt, however, when, upon returning to the abri immediately after having fired with gas masks on, we observe that the Frog has not had his mask on. We think he has been gassed and shake him to see if he is still living. A good cussing in excellent French is all we get for our trouble. Thereafter, we smell a rat, and when the gas alarm comes down, we watch the Frog. He takes a few sniffs and if he rolls over and goes back to sleep, we know that the alarm is "foul ball," and if he puts his mask on, we follow toute "toute de suite." All this is contrary to our ideas of what a good war should be and to the mental pictures we have framed in our minds concerning the "horrors of war." We have the proverbial chip on our shoulder and are looking for somebody to knock it off, but "Jerry" doesn't seem to want to play our way. We therefore, keep egging him on, by throwing shrapnel into his kitchens, breaking up his evening band concerts, and doing everything we possibly can to make ourselves obnoxious. Our doughboys are picking the "Heinies" off with rifle fire when they go out to wash a few underdrawers in a shell-hole, and that really is carrying the war just a little too far---to our instructors' and the recipients' way of thinking. Until our arrival in these parts, those acts were considered as breaches of the then existing pact between the Frogs and the Heinies, and would have been settled by a few notes from one "Commandant" to the other. The Frogs urge us to lay off the rough stuff, but are told to go button their lip for their trouble, and we go on being nasty to the Boche, as we have been brought to call them by these same birds who would have us act nice. Finally, however, the Heinies decide that something ought to be done about those fresh young punks with the brown uniforms, and perhaps they should be put in

their proper place. Our mess detail has just gone back to draw our noon mess when a screeching noise is heard, followed immediately by several explosions, then more screeching and more explosions. The Germans are directing their fire at us. "Woopee! Heinie has faded us, let's go." We rush to the guns. But again our disillusionment is great, when we are made to go into our abris and stay there, and for the next three hours we find out what it is like to have the Heinie artillery get sore at you. They throw over all sizes and make us like it. Our idea is to throw some back, but we are admonished to keep our heads down and stay in the abri. Captain "Pat" is most anxious to see how his boys will stand up under fire. He keeps ducking from one abri to the other, not because he thinks we might be crying, but he wants no one to expose himself foolishly. In these days, we are most curious and want to know what it is all about. The French get a tremendous kick out of the boys, because each abri bursts forth into song and continues to sing during the entire strafing. Well, maybe it is whistling in the graveyard, but to have to sit there while being shot at, and do nothing about it, is a whole hell of a sight harder than to be shot at while throwing a few on your own account. . . .



When Jerry tires of his nonsense and lets down a bit, we all congratulate one another's bravery, and want to go over and kick hell out of him. It is our opinion that inasmuch as he has thrown down the gauntlet, it is our cue to start a real war, but the French high command doesn't wish any trouble in these parts and Jerry's freshness goes unpunished for the time being. In spite of the way the Frogs feel about it, and to further show their resentment, two severe attacks are launched by the Germans in retaliation for the sudden disturbance and turmoil that has

been developed on his front in lower Lorraine. For the first, the enemy selects two isolated combat groups located well down in the valley, in front of Badonviller, and about equidistant from that town and Neuville. The night of March 2-3 is dark and murky, and after midnight the first shells fall. From then on until dawn the fire increased with great intensity and during the last hour, the large enemy calibers, firing for destruction, sent into this area a huge quantity of metal. With the dawn came the box barrage, engaging the shelled area with the purpose of holding the survivors in and keeping supporting troops out. And with this box barrage and mist of the dawn, came the enemy. Two platoons of the 168th Infantry, supported by the remaining two platoons of their company, on this day, were in sole charge of the combat groups so attacked by artillery and now, by foot troops. Their trenches had been leveled, many of their dugouts had been caved in, and their men had suffocated at their positions and in the support position, where the Captain in command was killed. The artillery fire, both preparatory and destructive, had inflicted a heavy toll of dead and wounded. However, when the German came over, he was met by the survivors. He never set foot in our trenches, and for a month thereafter, we were picking his dead from our wire in our position of No Man's Land. The company that passed through this attack---for it was nearly an entire company---had a bad night, one of the kind which made trench warfare, at its worst, worse than any other type of warfare that the Division encountered. Isolated in advance positions, in cramping trenches and caving dugouts, this company had an opportunity to observe the accuracy and effect of previously registered fire, and the power of high explosive; and then, in a brief moment when it all lifted and the enemy sought to rush in and mop up, to meet him and check him cold. They did this, and it is a source of pride in the 42nd Division that, with this example before them, the enemy never---not even in the heat of their great offensive in July following in the Champagne---succeeded in penetrating our lines.

[Map from *California Rainbow Memories*, A Pictorial Review of the Activities of the 2nd Battalion, 117th Engineers During the World War, edited by E.J. Sadler, 1925]

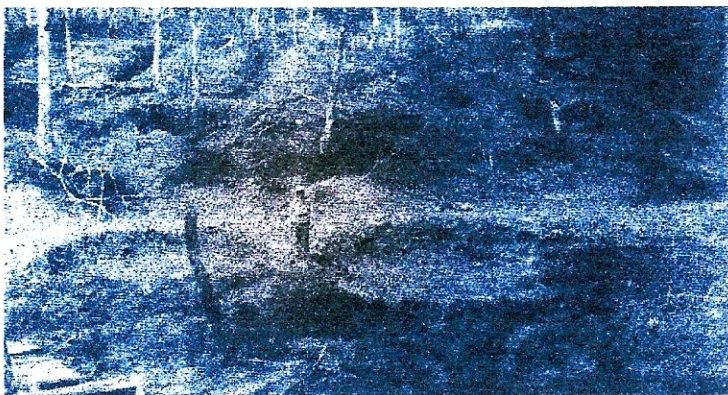
FROM: HISTORY OF THE 15ST FIELD ARTILLERY RAINBOW DIVISION, by Louis L. Collins Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota, edited by Franklin F. Holbrook, Secretary, Minnesota War Records Commission, published by the Minnesota War Records Commission Saint Paul, 1924.

EDITORS INTRODUCTION: "It is generally assumed that a long period of time must elapse before it is proper to attempt the writing of a history of the World War. This point of view is perhaps justified with respect to some of the more general aspects of the struggle. Certain phases of war history, however, can best be treated at once, phases which involve the setting forth of facts rather than the weighing of motives and the pronouncing of judgments. There is no reason, for example, why the story of a particular military organization should not be written immediately after the events themselves have taken place; as a matter of fact, one of the most extensive and most important branches of the vast war literature which has already come into existence in every country deals with the history of individual military units varying in size and dignity from an entire army to a humble ambulance unit. And there is ample justification for the industry and enterprise which have been displayed in the publication of works of this character. In the case of our own country it will admittedly be many years before the war department can prepare a history of the American Expeditionary Forces of sufficient scope to recount in detail the achievements of the smaller component units. Historians are of course looking forward to the time when such a detailed, official record will be available, but meanwhile they recognize that there is a distinct place for the private and unofficial narratives which have already appeared and which are still coming from the press. In many instances these volumes contain valuable information based upon the personal observations and experiences of eyewitnesses and participants. It is essential that these impressions be recorded before they fade."

(p. 213) "DAILY INTELLIGENCE SUMMARY, 15ST F.A. **March 3-March 4, 1918**—6 A.M.—C Btry. reports that their barrage was called for about 3 P.M. The 2nd Battalion at Merviller reports shells falling near there at various intervals all night from 10:30 P.M. until 6:30 A.M. Regimental Headquarters at Merviller. 1st Bn. Headquarters at Pexonne reports more or less continuous firing near there from 8:30 P.M. to 6 A.M. No enemy Btries. reported in action. None of our Btrys. were fired on. **March 5-March 6, 1918**—6 A.M. to 6 A.M.—Battery C was shelled by 150's, several shells landing there about 1:30 A.M. Lasted off and on until 5:40 P.M. when the shelling became so heavy that the position was abandoned, the men being quartered at Pexonne for the night. From 6 P.M. until midnight a few shells landed on the position at irregular intervals. At 5:15 P.M. B Btry was gassed, about 100 shells falling near the position. B Btry also received a few gas shells about 5:15. 1 Private of C Btry. Killed. 1 Sergeant and 5 Privates of C Btry wounded. 1 Sergeant and 6 Privates of E Battery gassed. **March 16, 1918**—Enemy Btrys. active during the day. During morning registers on B Battery about 200 shells of 150 mm being used. From 3 to 4 P.M. 150's fell every 3 or 4 minutes near Battery's position. During the greater part of the afternoon shells of 150 mm kept falling at 9 minute intervals, on the roads around Pexonne, Fennville and our Battery positions. **March 17, 1918**—The Enemy carried out a considerable amount of registration fire; also of counter-Battery work. Enemy Batteries were in action thruout the day. From 10:15 to 11:35 A.M. the Areas occupied by B and C Batteries were shelled. From 2 to 3:15 P.M. about 20 150's fell near Btry B's position. From 11:30 to 1:30 P.M. this position was shelled heavily with 150's, about 250 shells being used. Casualties, 1 Private of B Btry. wounded and 1 Sergeant of B Btry. wounded. **March 19, 1918**—The Enemy Artillery was unusually active thruout the day. At 9:20 A.M. C Btry. and vicinity was shelled with 150's and 105's. The 105's fell at the rate of 1 every 5 seconds and at 9:55 ceased. From 10 A.M. to 1:20 P.M. A Btry. with 77's, 105's and 150's. From 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. Btry B was shelled with 150's. From 9:45 to 11:10 P.M. B Btry was shelled with 105's at the rate of 1 every 5 minutes. Casualties: 1 Sergeant, 4 Privates in B Btry. wounded, also 2 French Privates who were attached to B Battery were wounded. **March 20, 1918**—Enemy Artillery continued counter-Battery work thruout the day. Unusually active. From 9:15 to 9:45 A.M. A Btry. was shelled with 150's. At 9:25 A.M. Btry. E was bracketed with 77's. From 8:45 to 9:15 A.M. several 105 mm shells landed in D Btry's position. From 12 to 1 P.M. D Btry. received 12 150's and again from 4:30 to 4 P.M. received 6 150's. Beginning at 2:10 P.M. Fennville, B and C Batteries and the old position to the right received 310 shells—105's, 150's and 210's. At 2:15 a number of 105's and 150's fell near F Btry's position. From 3 to 3:10 P.M. intense shelling of French in front of F Btry. Same from 3:15 to 3:25. Casualties, 1 man of D Battery wounded. **March 21, 1918**—Continuous shelling of roads and positions in this sector from [?]:30 A.M. until after midnight. Unusual activity at all points. Report from French source that Von Hindenburg visited Cirey. At 5:10 P.M. B Btry. was shelled for five minutes with 150's. At 5:50 P.M. Btry E was shelled with 105's. At 5:30 P.M. Btry. F

caught some of the dispersion from heavy shelling a little to the right and front. Casualties, none. **March 22, 1918**—Enemy continuously active. From 10 A.M. until 12 P.M. the vicinity of Btry F was shelled heavily with 150's from noon until 6 P.M. Btry. D and vicinity was shelled with various calibres continuously. From 3:15 to 4:30 P.M., at 7:40 P.M. and from 12 midnight until 1:45 A.M. Btry B was shelled heavily with 150's. From 8:45 to 9:15 P.M. gas shells fell near C Btry. Continuous shelling in the vicinity of Pexonne thruout the day. Casualties, Chief Mechanic and 1 Private of B Btry. wounded—slight casualty when a shell hit and caved in a dugout of F Btry. Capt. Gow of F Btry. scratched by a shell splinter. **March 23, 1918**—Artillery continuously active upon Btry. positions. From 7:10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Btry B was shelled almost continuously. Some very large calibre shells were used. From 2:10 to 4:30 P.M. Btry C was shelled with 150's. At 7:30 P.M. several gas shells fell near C Btry. A Btry. was shelled at various times thruout the day. At 11:30 to 12 midnight and from 1:30 to about 3 A.M. Batteries D, E, F were shelled. Gas and high explosive shells were mixed. AT 6 P.M. C Btry. was shelled heavily with 150's. Casualties, none. **Compiled in Mobilization Section, April 14, 1919 from War Diaries and other records."**

FROM: *LWENT TO WAR* by Wilbur Peterson, Btry E, 151st Field Artillery, 1938, The Messenger Press, Marshall, Minn., "LANDSCAPES" (p. 27): A STREET. Ragged stone walls of a battered village along each side. Hastily filled shellholes in the middle. Crumbled rock and masonry shoved aside just enough to let traffic through. A homelike, attractive street, once. Now a shambles. A HIGHWAY. Paris to Metz. A significant beauty still, but the fine old trees paralleling its sides are reduced to ragged stumps, by shellfire. Trees that grew for half a century, after God made them—until man came along in his fury. A ROAD. Only a country lane. But within its banks, men died. Soldiers by the dozen lie along this road in the distortion of violent death. A WHEAT FIELD. The grain is sparse and trampled. Men have moved through it---and now there's many a rifle standing butt end up, bayonet in the ground. Each marks a soldier, harvested by machineguns concealed in the woods just ahead. A BRIDGE. It was a bridge. Only wreckage remains, after direct hits by heavy shells. A few yards off in the field there's a team of bloated artillery horses. They were crossing at the wrong time. A TREE. Most of a tree. And in it, twenty feet above the ground, hangs the front half of a horse. A VALLEY. Freshly plowed. But no farmers here. The farmers are big guns, two, five, ten miles away. And the only thing planted is dead---other farmers who didn't plow well enough themselves. A SLOPE. Just level with the eye. Another plowed field---forms in olive drab and grey so thick it looks plowed. A CHURCH. Steeple gone, the rest full of holes. Services? Not music, that sound. It's the groans of the wounded, as the doctors cut and amputate in front of the altar. A TRENCH. A ditch in the ground, nearly full. Filled with battered skulls and punctured bellies---now black with hungry flies. A PLANE. What didn't burn. Flat as a pancake. In the center of the wreckage, two charred bodies. A WOOD. Several acres in extent. Not a tree branch left, only splintered trunks along the edges of water-filled shell holes. A FOREST. A maze of fallen branches, underbrush, and discarded fighting equipment. Thick, too, with dead men. You see only half of them---but smell the rest. A RIVER. Placid and

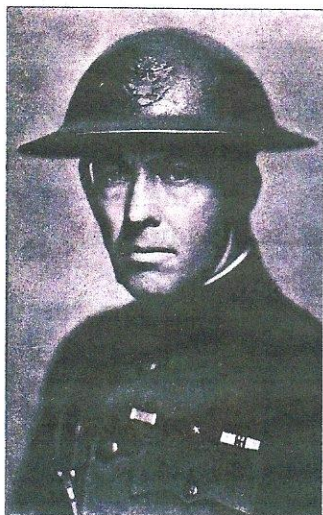


inviting for a swim. It's refreshing, but your feet don't touch bottom. Men died by the dozen in this stream yesterday. A VALE IN THE WOODS. After the advance has gained speed. No sign of war here. Trees undamaged. But look, there in the middle of the open spot. It's a Yankee soldier, two shallow shell holes close by. To think of a boy being killed here, and alone." (Photo from *California Rainbow Memories*, A Pictorial Review of the Activities of the 2nd Battalion, 117th Engineers During The World War, edited by E.J. Sadler, 1925; caption—"Shellholes + Badonviller") [Ed. the focal point in the photo has been enhanced]

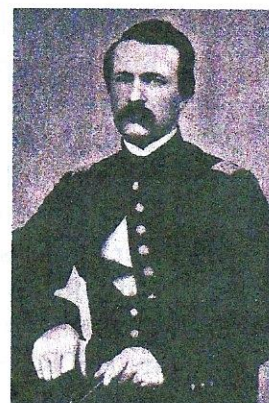
FROM: *HISTORY OF THE 151ST FIELD ARTILLERY RAINBOW DIVISION*, by Louis L. Collins Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota, published by the Minnesota War Records Commission Saint Paul, 1924. (p. 214) Daily Intelligence Report/151st F.A./March 6 to March 7, 1918. 6 A.M. to 6 A.M. 1. Activity of the Enemy Artillery. There appeared to be considerable firing with aeroplane observation. Also counter-battery work. No enemy batteries reported seen to be in action. Battery C, at 70-65 was shelled by 150's several shells landing about every 5 minutes. From 3:00 to 4:00 P.M. the shelling was very heavy and continuous, at 3:15

a shell landing on the 1st section dugout, killing one man and wounding six. At 5:00 P.M. the shelling recommenced and at 5:40 became so heavy that the position was abandoned, the men being quartered at Pexonne for the night. From 6:00 P.M. until midnight a few shells landed in the position at regular intervals. At 5:15 P.M. B Battery, at 58-67, was gassed with shells of small calibre, about 100 shells falling near the position. From 5:00 to 6:30 P.M. E Battery near Badonviller was gassed with 105 m/m shells causing 7 casualties. The shells contained "mustard gas" and chlorine, and several hundred shells fell on the position. F Battery also received a few gas shells at about 5:15, but it is believed that they were intended for a French battery near them. At 8:15 A.M. one shell landed near the Pexonne-Vaqueville Road. During the afternoon of March 6, the enemy registered on the town of Migneville and between 11:30 and midnight the town was shelled with shrapnel. There were four French casualties. 2. System of Action of Enemy Artillery. No peculiarities reported. System of fire not reported. Both chlorine and "mustard gas" shells were used, 300 to 400 of them falling near our positions. Registration of fire with aeroplane observation reported near Badonviller. Also registration on the town of Migneville. 3. Aeronotics. Between 8:16 and 9:30 A.M., March 6, six enemy planes were seen near Badonviller. At 8:30 A.M. four enemy planes passed over Pexonne at a very high altitude. They came from the north and returned in a northeast direction, and were fired on by our anti-aircraft batteries. 4. Movements. Visibility good. 5. Casualties. One private of C battery killed; one sergeant and five privates of C Battery wounded. One sergeant and six privates of E Battery were gassed. [report signed by:] John F. Robohm, Jr. 1st Lt., 151st F.A. Intelligence Officer

FROM WAR DIARY OF GEORGE E. LEACH, COLONEL, 151ST FIELD ARTILLERY, 1923, Geo. E. Leach [photo Left]: From the *Foreward*,



"Strangely enough, my father, Captain William B. Leach [photo right], who served as Adjutant of the First Minnesota, during the Civil War, is responsible for this book. During talks I had with him, as a young man, I learned that he was at considerable loss to provide his comrades with detailed information, concerning the experiences of his regiment. I considered it my duty therefore during the Great War to keep a diary for the benefit of the men of the regiment. (p. 36)



Thursday, February 21st [1918] Conference with General McInstry at nine A.M. and we then drove to Thionville and Baccarat and Merviller, where I met the French Artillery Officers. I will make my headquarters and live with them at Merviller. Drove back to Luneville in the dark. At seven, Battery E arrived at Gerberville and at Ramberville. Captain Jacobson called at my billet for a conference in the evening.

Friday, February 22nd Left Luneville at 7:30 A.M. and got Lieutenant De la Giclais and went to our battery positions. At five P.M. went to my headquarters at Merviller and had dinner at the French Officers' Mess. Colonel Guichard is the officer I am attached to and he gave us a very warm reception. I have met Major De Ganos at his P.C. and spent a very interesting day within range of the German guns.

Saturday, February 23rd Spent the morning looking over the positions for the batteries of the Second Battalion. In the afternoon went to Baccarat and Luneville and brought my new dog, Portos, home.

Sunday, February 24th Went over the positions of the 1st Battalion batteries this morning and worked on the plan for the coming engagement all afternoon and evening. There is more or less firing all day, but this sector is quiet. The batteries will move into their new positions tonight in the dark.

Monday, February 25th Inspected the batteries of the Second Battalion this morning and went to Baccarat in the afternoon to arrange for material for the gun emplacements.

Tuesday, February 26th Left Merviller at seven-thirty and went to the front line and saw some of the enemy positions for the first time. At 9:25, with Major McDonald just outside of Badonviller, we were under shell fire. Returning on the road to Pexonne we had a close call from a shrapnel shell. In the afternoon, with General McKinstry we were near a battery that was fired on with 155's. I saw many air fights today. This has been my first experience under fire and it is not as bad as I thought it would be.

Wednesday, February 27th

Went up to front line Observation Post this morning while Battery C made their adjustment. Spent the afternoon and evening in my headquarters as it is dark and misty for observation and not much doing. (Note: the Germans hold the front line with only a few men in the day time. They have rockets and telephones to give warning to reinforcements in the rear in case of attack. If we should cross No Man's Land in force they would first put down a barrage in front of their trenches and if we got through and occupied them, they would deliver a concentrated fire on us in their own trenches. Their own few men would have to take the chance of being killed or captured. Such are the fortunes of war. We hold the trenches in much the same manner. This morning we adjusted the fire of Battery C (which was three kilometers in the rear from a listening post in No Man's Land, through a periscope, on a piece of German Trench only two hundred yards away. With this data the fire of the batteries can be delivered night or day, by the simple addition or subtraction in deflection or increasing or shortening the range. After the adjustment, the firing is done from maps and without the men seeing the targets. Each day the firing data must be corrected for windage or lot of ammunition, atmospheric conditions, etc.)

Thursday, February 28th It has been storming all day. There has been very little activity and I spent a quiet day in my quarters. We are hauling ammunition every night in the rain and mud, but the esprit of the men remains good. (I went out on the road at midnight and watched the ammunition trains. These boys are real heroes. The Germans shell these roads off and on and the drivers have to sit on their horses and simply take it. The discipline is wonderful---hardly a sound except the rattling of the harness and the wheels, and maybe a little too much profanity when they slip into the mud holes, or some staff officer crowds them into a ditch with his car. It is snowing now and pitch dark, but I know tonight's allotment of ammunition will be at the battery positions and the caissons all back to the rear before daylight. **Friday, March 1st, 1918** Snowing and raining and generally very bad with the men and horses outside. Went to the 2nd Bn. P.C. at seven-thirty and later to the first battalion, and in the afternoon to Baccarat. I am most concerned these days with the supply of ammunition for our coming engagement. (The drivers have a tough time keeping the horses in condition. The poor devils stand in the mud all day in the woods where the Germans cannot see them from their balloons and planes, and haul ammunition all night. The hay is short and musty. The men shelter themselves the best they can and my heart goes out to them. I have seen many a tired driver stand and hold the hay for his team to eat, rather than to lay it down in the mud, and it is this spirit that gives me the highest hopes for my Regiment.) This is a good day for working on our battery positions as the Germans cannot see us. The men are in the mud to their knees, digging pits, filling sand bags, cutting timber and building shelters for themselves against the day the Germans discover our new positions. Sometimes in the night we pull a gun out of a position and fire from some other place so the Germans won't know where our permanent positions are, and then get the gun back before daylight, and usually the next day the Germans will shell the place where they saw the gun flash and it gives the men a lot of amusement. **Saturday, March 2nd** Col. Connor and Col. Drum called this morning, and I took them to the first Bn. position. We were seen crossing a field near Battery A and got a good shelling. Colonel Connor had been wounded a few months ago and beat it for shelter, and I am glad he felt that way about it, for I was willing to follow him, and if it had been polite, would have beaten him. The ground is covered with snow this morning. In the afternoon I went to the front line P.C. in the top of a camouflaged tree on the top of a mountain. This Observation Post was built by Italian Engineers, by building a scaffold in a most ingenious way. They picked four tall pine trees that grew about six feet apart, and in the swaying tops they had a house, with telephones, telescope, charts, etc. If they see the flash of a German gun at night by triangulation on a map, they telephone the exact location to my P.C. and I can immediately deliver a fire on it. In the day time they keep us advised of activities on the roads back of the German lines and we shell them the same way. They are always on the alert for any unusual activity that would indicate preparation for an attack. Returned from the O.P. via Pierre. The road winds through a beautiful part of the Vosges and if it were not for the rumble of the far-off guns, it would be easy to think the world was at peace.

The Story of "BLUE JOE", A First-Class Soldier [of the 150th F.A., 42D Division] by Rev. Cameron C. Welsh (The Rainbow Reveille, January 1977): This is my story of a horse, known well by many a man who served in our army both in peace and in war, from the time of my story's beginning, 1910, until Armistice, 1918. The United States Government was always in need of good horses, so the demand caused many people to breed horses especially for our country. The Eaton Brothers, who had a ranch near Sheridan, Wyoming, decided to follow suit. The Eaton Brothers owned better than a hundred hardy western mares and bought a fine black Morgan for stud services to the mares. Object: the government sales market for their colts. Some of the mares were black,

some sorrel, bay and gray. Our story unfolds around a gray mare named "Old Queen." Old Queen came in foal with the black Morgan stud, whose name was a mile long on his papers, so was shortened to "Joe," and in March of 1910 gave birth to her first son. He was solid black just like his dad and was Queen ever proud of him! When I first saw her after this blessed event I thought she displayed almost human pride in a way that is indescribable. Everyone who knows the intelligence of horses will understand what I mean. It is one of our western customs, probably adopted from our Indian brothers, to name a colt the first time we see it. So, since he was a chip off the old black, it was decided to name Queen's colt for his pa. While he was small he was called "Little Joe," but he grew so fast and became so active, it seemed he was going to have to have a new name. Like all boys at the age of maturity, which with horses is about two, he longed to be a soldier. His chance came when the officers at Fort MacKenzie, Wyoming, rode out to the Eaton Brothers Ranch to look over the colts ready to begin military service. Little Joe was picked, along with about 50 others, to be brought in to the Post for their physical examinations. He passed his physical with "flying colors." All the horses that passed were to be shipped to Fort D.A. Russell, Wyoming, Remount Depot for training. Now that he was a "man," the "little" was dropped from his name, and he became "Joe." He learned his basic fast and well, and seemed to enjoy "doing his stuff" and getting a lot of attention. The officers all began selecting him for their mount and he was a popular fellow. As near as I remember, he was assigned to the old 4th Artillery and was selected by the colonel in command as his mount. Joe executed his duties well. When the regiment passed in review, he could out-do any horse in leading the parade. He knew how to stand when his mount was reviewing. He could step to the music and always seemed to know just what to do and when to do it. He also knew all the bugle calls---stable call and boots and saddles, etc. Why, I believe he could have blown them himself if given a bugle. A year rolled by and Joe became a full-fledged soldier and very soon was sent into real action. He crossed the border into Mexico with General Pershing and his men. He came back a more sturdy mount than ever. However, the mark of his light mother became noticeable as light coloring began to show through and the black took a bluish hue. "Blue Joe" was transferred to another regiment, and took a trip to the Philippines for a couple of years. Then, shortly before March 1917, he returned in time to be a transfer to the 150th Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division, and all that served with him knew just what a dependable mount he was. At Camp Taylor, Colonel Tyndall used Blue Joe as often as he could get him. Then came the big day---Camp Mills, L.I. and onto a ship---Destination France. If I remember correctly, they landed at St. Nazaire in convoy. Many a nag had to be rolled over the side of the ship to join Davy Jones Locker, because they couldn't stand the rigors of the sea. But Blue Joe had been a soldier too long to stand the thought of being mistaken for a Gob---even in his burial---so he just lived through it all. He was ready to take his mount on landing and be off to meet the "Huns" when zero hour came to go into No Man's Land. On February 22, 1918, the Rainbow Division was sent into action. Blue Joe was there, being ridden by Colonel Bob Tyndall, commanding the 150th F.A. Regiment.** He was in all the engagements that any of our horses got into. Finally, the Germans got our range and seven or eight of our picket line horses were killed, along with three of my mules. Blue Joe was wounded by a piece of shrapnel that took a big hunk out of his back, right where the saddle goes. The horse doctor was called and treated Joe, and when we moved on, we took Joe with us, treating him ourselves because he had become a favorite among us. This had happened at St. Mihiel, and it wasn't long until we were in the Argonne. Armistice came and our long march to the Rhine River. Blue Joe was there, too, having recovered from his wound. A few weeks later, we were given orders to turn in all our horses and mules. In their place, we were given tractors and trucks---we were being motorized. We were all saddened to have to give up our good friends and buddies for they really were buddies. The saddest part of all was to learn they were to be sold to the Germans to help them "recover." Blue Joe was included, but he was just too good a soldier and too proud of the Stars and Stripes to fall into the hands of the enemy. So on the day he and the others were to be delivered to their new owners, the remounts came to the picket line, but Blue Joe was not among them. For the first time, he failed to answer "first call" and whinny when they blew stable call. Blue Joe had answered a stronger, more urgent call during the night. I'm sure all survivors of the 150th F.A. remember Old Blue Joe, and I dedicate this story to their memory.

**A copy of the handwritten diary of Col. Robert H. Tyndall, 150th Field Artillery, 42D Division, 1917 - 1919 has been acquired by the Millennium Chapter from the Indiana Historical Society. These handwritten entries are in pen and pencil, smudged and often quickly written and are difficult to read; however, the following references to "horses" are accurately transcribed, in remembrance of "Blue Joe" and his fellow soldiers:

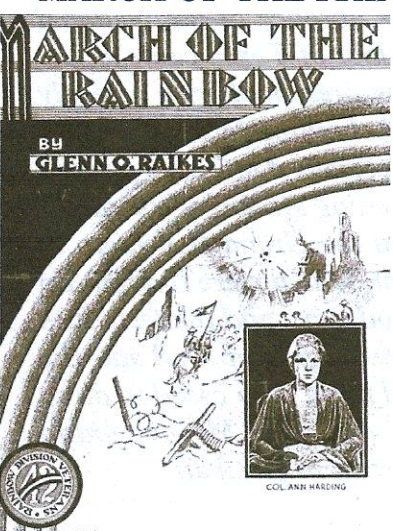
February 13, 1918 Held equitation class for officers.
 April 20, 1918 Black horse bucked me off hurt my rib. [photo Col. Robert H. Tyndall
 June 6, 1919 Two horses killed courtesy of MG Thomas Jones]
 July 28, 1918 A wild day, men and horses killed and wounded
 August 6, 1918 4 men wounded 4 horses killed Battrry C
 October 5, 1918 Horses tired
 November 16, 1918 165 men 10 officers 500 horses replacement start
 to Coblenz Germany ... barn or chateau? ... ice in ponds wind strong



FROM: I WENT TO WAR by Wilbur Peterson, Btry E, 151st Field Artillery, 1938, The Messenger Press, Marshall, Minn., (p. 34) **“SONGS OF WAR.** Each Armistice Day, they're heard again, those tunes of the World War, taking the soldier back to the happier days of those battle-torn years. As music, perhaps they were just ordinary, but how we love 'em! There wasn't a band that summer of 1917 on the sandy plains of Kansas at Fort Riley, but the plaintive notes of the bugler's tattoo made a lasting impression on us there---and that farcical song with which every soldier is initiated, "You're in the Army Now!" The band joined us at Camp Mills on Long Island, where patriotism and spirit were drilled into soldiers at concerts several times weekly. After intensive daytime marches at attention under full pack---"to create an impression of strength"---those musical hours were pleasant ones. "Joan of Arc," "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," "Roses of Picardy"---those were the tunes of the fall of '17. On the President Lincoln going over, it was "Over There," the "Long, Long Trail," and more of "Goodbye Broadway." At St. Nazaire, we unloaded to the "Marseillaise," that stirring anthem of France. Memories are less pleasant of training camp days at Coetquidan, "the camp of death" where thousands of soldiers had succumbed to pneumonia---only the interminable crash of a drum corps at rehearsals day after day, and the haunting solemnity of a funeral march. It was there, too, that we first experienced the sorrow of "Taps" which, at its playing ever since, brings a tug at the heart and a tear to the eye. Arm in arm with the Poilu, we lustily shouted "Madelon" in a Y.M.C.A. canteen in Alsace-Lorraine as shells whistled overhead. And laughed at their efforts to master, "K-k-katy" and "The Rose of No Man's Land." To the scores of verses in "Hinky, Dinky, Parlez Vous," we tramped to the lousy Champagne. From there, we were rushed to Chateau Thierry to the tunes of "Oui, Oui Marie" and "Oh Frenchy." Later, it was off the long trek afoot into the St. Mihiel with "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "A Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and "Pack Up Your Troubles" ringing in our ears. We sang ourselves hoarse on those service tunes: "The raggedy pants marines are on parade." "When the caissons go rolling along." "The infantry, the infantry, with the dirt behind their ears." With the long grind beginning to tell, it was "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys" as we entered the shell-torn wastes about Verdun and the Argonne. Back in the states---we later learned---they were singing other tunes as well, "Somewhere in France is the Lily," "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," "When You Come Back," "Keep Your Head Down Fritz Boy," and others. But they were less familiar to the front-line soldier in France. In Germany, it was "Smiles." And there, too, we went back at retreat each evening to the greatest refrain of them all, "The Star Spangled Banner." These were the songs of the World War. Songs that go down in history with "Marching Through Georgia," "Dixie," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tenting Tonight," and the other unforgettable music of another great conflict.

“MARCH OF THE RAINBOW” by Glenn O. Raikes, Copyright 1932, Los Angeles, Calif., and adopted as the theme song for the 1932 convention was "respectfully dedicated to the boys of the Rainbow (42nd) Division, both, living and dead": "They gathered from far and near, To answer the Bugle's call, Our country was seeking the best it had to defend its greatest cause, And the first to heed the call to arms Were the lads who had trained before, Out of this a Division was born, Known as the Rainbow Band. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. CHORUS Into the mouth of Hell, They marched thru the sleet and rain, Argonne, Sedan and Verdun On to the "great" Champagne, Sure and the trail was rough, On to the battles end, Spurred by the thoughts of Freedom, Fought this brave band of men, There's a Rainbow streaming, Through the dark clouds gleaming, Turn the dark clouds inside out, Let the Rainbow shine through. Through."

[a copy of this music is available from the Millennium Chapter upon request and a self-addressed, stamped envelope]



The photograph on the lower right-hand side of the March of the Rainbow sheet music cover page is of "COL. ANN HARDING", a well-known actress of the 1920s and 30's and the proud daughter of a WWI Rainbow Division veteran. In July 2005, the <rainbowvets.org> Web site received the following inquiry: "Dear Sirs, I need your help in identifying and dating a poster I am researching. The poster states: RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS PATRIOTIC BALL. It has no year on it but it says the Ball is to take place on SATURDAY, MAY 28th in the SHRINE AUDITORIUM. It also has the information that Headquarters are on 714 W. Tenth St. and a picture of the actress Ann Harding stating that she is to be made Colonel at the event. Any information you can provide to help date this poster and any info that you have about the Patriotic Ball will be much appreciated. Sigmund Humanski". [poster photo provided by Mr. Humanski]

Research by the Rainbow team provided the following clues to Ann Harding's family connection to the 42D Rainbow Division:

From Rainbow veteran Art Lee (7/28/05): "Ann Harding was born on August 7, 1901 in Fort Sam Houston, Texas with the birth name of Dorothy Walton Gatley. The daughter of an Army captain and his wife, Ann spent a lot of time traveling around the US and Cuba whenever her West Point educated father was transferred. On September 1, 1981, Ann died in Sherman Oaks, California. She was 80 years old." General Gatley served in the 67th Field Artillery Brigade, 42nd Infantry Division.

In the HISTORY OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS NATIONAL AUXILIARY, these two related entries were found:

May 1932: "...A huge ball promoted by the Rainbow Veterans as a means of raising funds with which to finance the national convention, was held in May at the Shrine Auditorium. We had been given 40% commission on all tickets sold through the auxiliary...."

"REUNION" by Edna Pickarts (photo right)



The fourteenth Annual Reunion of the Rainbow Division Veterans was held in Los Angeles, July 13, 14, and 15th 1932, with Reunion headquarters at the Hotel Alexandria. The men of our California Chapter had made very elaborate plans for the entertainment of their guests, and since it had long been a custom for all Rainbow ladies who could to accompany their men folks to the Reunion City, the Auxiliary set about making plans to make their visit as pleasant as possible, and to provide entertainment for them whenever the men's program did not include the ladies. A special Reunion committee decided upon a program which they thought would be of historical interest, as well as delightful entertainment. Also it would be something very different than the diversions usually offered at such affairs. On the opening day, Wednesday, July 13th, the Auxiliary held open house at their headquarters at the Hotel Alexandria. At that time all visiting ladies, both members and non-members of the Auxiliary, from far and near, as well as our local Rainbow ladies, were invited to register and get acquainted with one another. In the absence of the National Chairman of the Rainbow Auxiliary, Mrs. W.O. Kinney of Macon, Ga., Mrs. W.E. Talbot of Texas came as the official representative of the National organization. Upon her arrival Mrs. Talbot was presented with a lovely basket of flowers in Rainbow colors. All other Rainbow ladies were presented with boutonnieres of orange blossoms tied with white satin ribbons, on which were the words "Rainbow Division Veterans Auxiliary" printed in gold lettering. In the afternoon the ladies accepted an invitation to "sit in" on the opening session of the men's business meeting. At 7:30 P.M. the Rainbow men, their ladies and friends gathered in the Grand Ball room of the hotel where they enjoyed a floor show, dancing, and many other forms of amusement, which were thought up by inventive minds just on the spur of the moment. Everyone seemed to have had a good time, and the festivities lasted until well after midnight. On Thursday morning the Auxiliary headquarters were again opened and the ladies gathered for informal visits until 1:00 P.M. At that time they joined the men, and those who cared to do so took a bus trip through Hollywood and Beverly Hills, making a circle of the beaches. At 4:30 P.M. they found themselves inside the grounds surrounding the R K O Studios in Culver City where they were given an

opportunity to witness the making of motion pictures, and to visit many of the "sets" which had been used in the filming of various well known pictures. Guides escorted the visitors, and eventually led them to the French Village "L'Epine". The village, by the way, was a typical French village which had been used in the filming of a famous war picture. Here, from 7:30 until 11:45 P.M. the party was entertained in a most unique manner. Banquet tables were set in the middle of the street. While the banquet was in progress, the guests were entertained by Mme. Ernestine Schuman-Heink, "Mother" of the A.E.F., who in her simple and reverent manner, sang the Star Spangled Banner to a hushed audience, and then led the entire group in the singing of the last verse. Following her were other entertainment features in a lighter vein. One of the highlights of the evening was the presence of Elsie Janis, who sang several of the songs with which she so delighted the men while they were overseas. Ann Harding, Honorary Colonel of the Rainbow Division and daughter of the late [Major-General] Gatley, who served with the Division, was introduced. She wore her father's wristwatch—the one he had worn during the battle of the Champagne. At the exact moment the hands of the watch pointed to 11:45 the beautiful Champagne Hour Service began. Col. W.E. Talbot of Texas, had the privilege of being the spokesman who expressed in words the thoughts and emotions of the men who gathered to pay silent tribute to the memory of their comrades who had lost their lives in battle. Just as Col. Talbot spoke the last few words of tribute to the dead, a bugler sounded "Taps" thus concluded the most impressive and sacred service, and the entire program for the evening. Although the Rainbow men had held this memorial service each year since the forming of the National, our local men, however, felt that they would like to offer us that privilege. Every year since that time the ladies have been invited to attend." Sigmund Humanski is collecting memorabilia related to the life of Ann Harding. A primary source of information in his search is the daughter of Ann Harding's sister, who is working on the outline for a biography of her aunt. Any information that will help in their research, will be gratefully received and you may contact Mr. Humanski as follows: Mr. Sigmund Humanski 1761 Willowhill Lane, Toledo, OH 43614, (419) 535-6177, e-mail: 23humans@buckeye-express.com

THE RAINBOW DIVISION IN WORLD WAR II

Photo (below) with caption is from 42nd RAINBOW Infantry Division, National Association of Rainbow Division Veterans, 1987, Turner Publishing Co.

Since the beginning of man's awareness, the rainbow, spanning the horizons, has been a mystic symbol, displayed in the Heavens to signal the passing of yet another storm and the birth of new hope for mankind.

So it is today.

Twice in this century, the Rainbow has signalled to millions of people the end of tyranny and oppression, and the beginning of new hope for a better world.

PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE With Major General Harry J. Collins



has been shared by Mrs. Margaret "Peggy" Fleming, WWI daughter of Jacob McGavrock Dickinson, 149th

Regiment (1st Illinois) Field Artillery, 42D Division

From The Ohio Rainbow Reveille, January 1944:

RAINBOW DIVISION GIRL WAS CHAMPAGNE "BABY" – The Rainbow Girl of today's Rainbow Division is the daughter of a 149th F.A. veteran. She is Peggy Dickinson Fleming of Columbia, Tenn., who was born at 11 p.m. on July 14th, 1918—the hour our counter-barrage was opened as the start of the battle of the Champagne that was the turning point of World War I. Mrs. Fleming's father was a captain in the 149th F.A. in World War I. He is now a brigadier general in the Tennessee Reserve Militia and raises Arabian horses on his farm in that state. Capt. J.M. Dickinson received word of her birth ten days after she was born and Chaplain McCallum and 24 officers of the 149th participated in a christening ceremony just before the Rainbow moved into the Ourcq River action. Her husband is an ensign in Naval reserve and awaiting call to active service.

By direction of the President of the United States the Presidential Unit Citation is awarded to: *Antitank Company, 242d Infantry Regiment, 42d Infantry Division*, for extraordinary heroism against an armed enemy. During the period 9 through 11 January 1945, inclusive, at and near Hatten, France, the Antitank Company was positioned in support of the 1st Battalion, 242d Infantry, on the Main Line of Resistance, with orders to hold their positions at all costs against any attack by enemy armor. On the morning of January 9, 1945, its zone of operation was attacked by three regiments from the 21st and 25th German Panzer Divisions, supported by heavy armor, flame throwing tanks, self propelled guns, infantry and artillery. The anti-tank gun crews remained steadfast in their positions. The Mine Platoon under fierce fire from the enemy, continued to lay their mines on the main street of Hatten. Completely in disregard of their own personal safety, and despite the loss of many of their guns, the company continued to fight tenaciously, side by side with the riflemen of the 1st Battalion for more than 48 hours in face of the enemy. Sixty-six of its men, of a strength of 155, were casualties in the action. The gallantry, determination and esprit de corps, displayed by the Anti-Tank Company, 242d Infantry, exemplifies the highest traditions of the armed forces.



HEADQUARTERS 42ND (RAINBOW) INFANTRY DIVISION
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
APO 411, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

19 February 1945

Dear Peggy,

Thanks so much for your letter of 1945. I thought you were dead and buried. You certainly have been traveling around. I hope your trip to the West Coast was most enjoyable and that your kids won't be too spoiled by their Grandmother during your absence.

Our Infantry was glorious in action. The Germans hit us with some of the very best they had and we knocked the devil out of them. There were no stragglers, no AMOL's, and the punishment we gave them (Kraut's) they'll never forget. They were superb. Some of the stories are just being released by the Associated Press, and I hope you get to read them.

The funniest thing happened a couple of weeks ago at a little village where my rear echelon is located. I was introduced to the village priest by my Adjutant General. The padre had been a missionary among the Indians in American for twenty-five years and spoke perfect English. He told me the most touching story of the faith of his people. He said he had warned them that France would pay for forgetting God—and the Boche came. After two years, he told them that they had paid for forgetting God and that He would send the Americans to take the scourge off their country, just as He had a quarter-century ago. Finally the Americans came and were the first to enter his village. He told his people that the scourge had gone and as he had predicted, God had sent the Americans to save them again. And he said: "Now the Rainbow is here, and I have told my people that it is God's promise in the heavens that the skies will again be clear and France will be saved, for here in our midst is the Rainbow." After hearing the story, I removed the shoulder patch from my sleeve and pinned it on his Cassock. When the Rainbow had been sewn on his Cassock, he said: "Kneel down, General, while I give you my blessing." And I did, there on the muddy floor. This entire incident took place in a dark, dingy cellar lighted by a single candle. The following Sunday, so I have been told, the priest held High Mass for the intention of the Rainbow Division and its commander, and the congregation prayed in unison for the Rainbow and its commander. I now wear a Rainbow scarf (red, yellow and blue) which the priest had caused to be made by his parishioners and blessed by the old gentleman. He now considers himself the unofficial Catholic chaplain of the division.

We have just begun to decorate our officers and men for gallantry in combat. Several weeks ago I presented the Combat Infantryman's Badge to one of my Regimental Commanders, and he in turn awarded the



HEADQUARTERS 42ND (RAINBOW) INFANTRY DIVISION
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

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badges to his men. The ceremony took place under gray skies and drizzling rain. There was a background of over-turned and burned-out tanks, graves of German dead, with German helmets sitting on top the crosses, anti-aircraft surrounding the field, and there on that wet, muddy field were the young Rainbows waiting to receive their reward. It was a stirring sight to see.

Three days ago we had another ceremony where I decorated two of my Regimental Commanders with Bronze Stars, and some of my Infantry officers with Silver Stars. We had our Corps of State Flags assembled, a Guard of Honor, and the band. The presentations took place in the village square, which was surrounded by charred ruins of buildings. It was quite an impressive affair.

I am convinced from your letter that you are fishing for complements, because you are a very photogenic young lady. I don't see why you couldn't have sent me a photograph without the top of your head cut off. I think I did better than that.

Give Swope my regards and here's wishing him all the luck in the world that he may come back. Thank God he's not in the Infantry because they don't seem to come back. I've lost some of my finest officers and men. The doughboys are tops, and they are the ones that are winning the war—don't you ever forget it. And don't let anyone tell you differently either.

Give my warmest regards to your dear mother and father. Kiss the babies for me and here's one for you. Good bye and good luck, and don't forget you're still the Rainbow Girl—there has never been another.

As always,

HARRY J. COLLINS
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

Photo (below) from 42D Rainbow Infantry Division, *National Association of Rainbow Division Veterans, 1987, Turner Publishing Co.*, Caption: "General Collins, left, awards Silver Stars". (ed. dark Background of original photo has been lightened).



THE BATTLES OF HATTEN AND HAGUENAU (PART II)



[photo from 42d Infantry "Rainbow" Division A Combat History of World War II, written and edited by Lt. Hugh C. Daly, Army & Navy Publishing Co., Baton Rouge, La., 1946 : caption reads, "An old woman has harnessed a small dog and her grandchild to a wagon and flees through the snow toward the city of Haguenau."]

"On the morning of January 9, I had guard duty with another dogface, from 4AM to 8AM. We couldn't light a fire till after dawn, and I was looking forward to our hot K ration breakfast. About 6 o'clock, things started to become more active. Sounds of automatic fire, artillery and tanks could be heard. As dawn broke, we threw some gasoline on the burner and lit our fire and prepared to cook. Just about that time, a jeep came barreling down the road and stopped at our challenge. It turned out to be Lt. Wells, commander of the platoon that took over our position in Hatten. He was wounded in the shoulder. He said the Germans had launched an armored infantry attack into Hatten, knocked out his guns and the remaining men were trapped in buildings, and said he came to look for help and that he has to go back to his men. Our squad leader, Joe Mastel, told him we couldn't leave our assigned station, and told him where our platoon CP was. He left and went back to Hatten. His body was never found. About 10 minutes later our platoon lieutenant drove up and told us to pack up our gear and return to our previous position in the forest. An hour later we arrived on the road near our gun positions in the throes of a full-grown battle. The anti-tank guns were firing; German tanks and half tracks were burning, firing and crossing the field across our front. Artillery and mortars were raking our woods, machine guns blazing away. The German jets were strafing our area. As we stopped our truck, someone ran up and yelled that the anti-tank guns were out of ammunition. Mastel ordered everyone to carry a case of our ammunition to the guns. There were 4 shells to a case, and a case weighed about 70 pounds. Two guys on the truck passed the shell cases down. Mastel grabbed the first one, shouldered it and headed down to the guns about 100 yards away. I carried the second case right behind him. A shell exploded just behind Mastel ripping into his back and hip. He dropped, but tried to get up to continue to carry the ammunition. I tried to help him, but he yelled to me to get down to the guns with the ammunition, which I did. Mastel died of his wounds." (FROM an account, circa 1991, of the experiences of Herbert N. Altneu, 3rd Squad, 3rd Platoon, Anti-Tank Company, 242d Inf. Regt., during the period 2 - 20 January 1945, provided by Arthur N. "Art" Lee, Jr., H1B-242; photo of Herbert Altneu 1944)



Per Section I, General Orders Number 152, Headquarters, 42d Infantry Regiment, APO #411, U.S. Army, dated 31 August 1945, by direction of the President, under the provisions of Army Regulations 600-45, 22 September 1943, as amended, the SILVER STAR medal was awarded posthumously to:



Joe W. Mastel, 37 089 876, Staff Sergeant, Infantry, Anti-Tank Company, 242d Infantry Regiment, for gallantry in action on 9 January 1945 near Hatten, France. Unable to move his 57mm anti-tank gun into firing position due to its particular mission, Sergeant Mastel went to the aid of two other guns and helped to direct their fire against enemy tanks and to pass ammunition to the gunner. While in an exposed position he was injured by shrapnel in seven different places but still directed fire against the enemy from a kneeling position. Although mortally wounded he was personally responsible for the destruction of two enemy tanks by his indomitable gallantry. Name

and address of nearest relative: Mrs. Katherine Mastel, (Mother), Ipswich, South Dakota. Entered military service from Ipswich, South Dakota."

Entry in the booklet, 42nd "Rainbow" Division Battle Deaths, WWII A listing of those Rainbowmen who made the Supreme Sacrifice", p. 13: Wells, Richard H., 2 LT, 242-A/T, 01314699, 01/09/45, KIA. [photo of 2LT Richard H. Wells 1944]



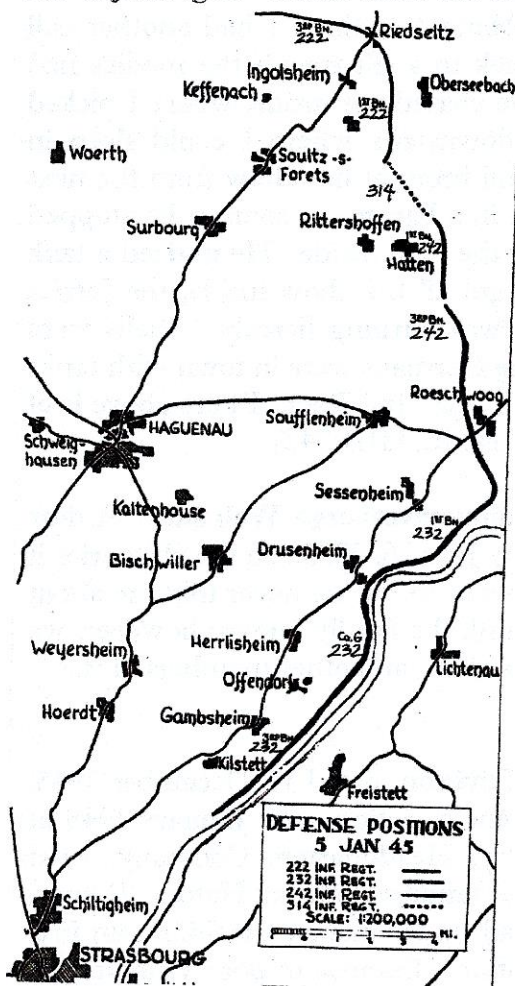
Per Section I, General Orders Number 209, Headquarters, 42d Infantry Regiment, APO #411, U.S. Army, dated 10 December 1945, by direction of the President, under the provisions of Army Regulations 600-45, 22 September 1943, as amended, the SILVER STAR medal was awarded posthumously to:



"Graydon E. Waters, 32 287 207, Staff Sergeant, Infantry, Company "B", 242d Infantry Regiment, for gallantry in action on 9 January 1945 at Hatten, France. When his battalion's main line of resistance had been overrun by flamethrowing tanks supported by artillery, Sergeant Waters held his squad in position and directed a gallant defense in the face of point-blank fire from the enemy tanks. Climbing up to a dangerously exposed position in the tower of a pillbox, Sergeant Waters adjusted friendly artillery fire which put four enemy tanks out of action and, as the crews attempted to escape, he coolly picked them off with his sniper's rifle. Sergeant Waters remained in this exposed position encouraging the defenders by his splendid example until he was mortally wounded by the artillery burst. His outstanding courage, initiative and self-sacrifice played a major role in the successful defense of Hatten for which his battalion received a Presidential Citation. Name and address of nearest relative: Mrs. Cora Waters (Mother), Black River, New York. Entered military service from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania." [photo of Graydon Waters 1944]

"After orienting myself thoroughly, I went back and got my patrol and started out at 0700 hours. We completed our mission and I brought the patrol back, dismissed it and reported to the Officer. My report was as follows: "We ran into small arms fire from an automatic weapon. We don't know whether it was directed at us or not, but it was coming from Hatten where street fighting is going on." The Officer said, "There is no street fighting in Hatten." I saluted and left. I knew there was street fighting in Hatten, but the Officer was convinced otherwise. I had rendered my report. I started to my billet and sniper fire started raising the devil in Rittershofen. The sniper was finally discovered in a church steeple and captured. Later in the day more sniper fire entered our courtyard and artillery was falling in our town. About the middle of the afternoon we were hurried out into an orchard to stop a thrust the enemy had pushed through our lines at Hatten. There in front of me at a range of about 250 yards were two small German tanks and one Heavy tank. A colored Tank Destroyer outfit knocked all three of them out in less than two minutes. I believe they fired only five or six times...That night we were given a mission that was anything but nice. We were to push into Hatten and drive the enemy out of the town. We had nine tanks that were going to within one hundred yards of the outskirts of town, then halt. The infantry was to go in alone. Darkness came and we deployed as instructed. "E" Company on the right of the highway, F Company on the left. We pushed off with light artillery supporting us. White Phosphorous shells began landing 25 to 50 yards from me. What a "gosh-awful" feeling. That stuff burns at about 3000 degrees and the particles fell much closer than 25 yards. Even a small piece will burn its way through one before it can be scraped off. None of us were hit, luckily. The tanks stopped. Hesitantly we went on alone. (At that time my Company had been reduced from 188 men to about 42. In less than a week of fighting we had lost that many. I have since learned that most of them were captured at Gambenheim, but at that time we thought they had all been killed.) We entered Hatten. We passed several burning buildings, a knocked-out tank. We hugged the sides of the buildings as we edged our way down the street. Beside the tank lay a German on his face. One leg was off at the buttock and the stump was exposed. I stepped over him and continued down the street. Finally we were ordered to halt and remove our overcoats. The Jerries were wearing overcoats and we did not want our men shooting each other, thinking they were Germans. We had advanced halfway through town without encountering opposition when the order came to get off the street and into buildings, and to put out guards. As I was putting out my guard, machine gun fire opened up on us from two different directions. Tracers were whizzing all about us. Then heavy, explosive shells from tanks came tearing through the building we occupied. We were told to retrace our steps and get in two buildings back. This was accomplished under fire without anyone's being hit. Immediately I was directed to take two men and

scout the large building next door to see if Jerries occupied it. The Battalion Commander wanted it for his Headquarters the next day. We couldn't use lights, and it was risky business going into a house not knowing how it was laid out nor what it contained. I took Armond Smith and Fullencamp. We didn't dare go into the street again, and the only entrance was a window that had been shattered by artillery. I bent over and the others stood on my back in order to get in. Then they pulled me inside. It took us four hours to cover the building and the one adjoining it. There were the most rooms in two houses I ever saw. We located a quantity of blankets and



took them to the house we were to occupy. On our way back a Jerry artillery shell hit the top of the house we had just reconnoitered and shrapnel fell all around us, as did most of the slate roof. At two o'clock that night I was awakened to go on guard. A very wonderful gentleman (?) whom I shall always hate, confiscated my blankets, and refused to give them up when my guard was over. His rank was the only thing that stood between him and eternity. I had occasion to tell him that that wouldn't be of any advantage to him in the future. That was the next night. Altogether he had four blankets rolled around him. I spent the remainder of the night trying to sleep on the cold earth floor of a damp cellar. No blanket. Next morning the Battalion CO moved next door and we continued to occupy our building. I tried to sleep. I had done my work the night before, Fastner, McGuire, Hill and several of the others sniped from the windows and accounted for about 26 Germans as they attempted to advance on us. Hill opened up on a half-track which immediately opened fire with a heavy shell which came right through the building. Funk was hit in the arm by a bullet while sniping from an upstairs window. We couldn't get an aid man, so we treated him ourselves, put blankets on a pile of potatoes and let him rest there. Tanks fired at our building all day and succeeded in knocking out all the wall on one side of our house. Late in the evening while I was standing under an open stairway to the cellar, two 88s hit in the room right over my head. No fragments hit me, but each shell burst seemed to push my head right down into my chest like a turtle pulling in its head. The shells landed perhaps eight feet above me. We then received orders to withdraw to Rittershoffen. We told Funk what we were going to do, and that owing to the fact we would have to climb over every backyard fence to get out of town, we would not be able to carry him, but would help

him all we could. He was only wounded in the arm. He chose to stay. We couldn't go down the street, for tanks were firing them. So we went through houses, in and out windows, over backyard fences. Fastner took my foot and practically threw me over one fence that was so high I couldn't get over. This was taking more strength and energy than I had, so finally I decided to take my chances on the street. By dodging around every available corner, I managed to get out of town. I hadn't eaten for two days, and was beginning to feel weak, that and the fact that I hadn't had too much sleep. On the way out of town several artillery barrages were thrown at us. A few of them were close. I was about exhausted from running through the deep snow. I got behind a potato hill and lay in the snow to catch my breath. I must have passed out for a few seconds, for when I looked up all the Company had gone on and were about two hundred yards ahead of me. I finally reached the comparative safety of town and stumbled into a building. It turned out to be the Aid Station. A Sergeant and a Private saw my condition and put me on a litter, where I fell off to sleep immediately. Later Ryan awakened me and had a plate of hot food and coffee. He fed me. I was shaking so badly that I could not feed myself. I was ashamed, but could not help it. Later I heard some of the medics complaining that so many doughfeet were in the Aid Station, so I got up and started out of the room. Sergeant Crawford tried to get me to stay, saying that I was the type of case that belonged there. I went outside where bedding was piled in the snow, and got some blankets, taking them into another room of the building. Just as I had finished preparing my bed, I had a sudden call from nature. (We all had them frequently during combat. Nine times in one day was the most I ever counted. This condition is brought on by nervous strain, and I was in this condition from the early part of January until the middle of May.) When I returned from relieving myself, my bed was gone. I went out in the street and got another roll and

brought it in. When I got back in Fastner and my blanket-hogging friend of the night before were in the room talking. I immediately suspected the Lieutenant. I walked over and interrupted their conversation, and told Fastner what had happened the night before, and what had just happened, and what I thought of and would do to anyone I caught taking another blanket from me. I thought I noticed a sort of frustrated look on the face of the Lieutenant. About this time, I had another call from nature, and went out back to a slit trench the medics had excavated. An artillery barrage chased me inside, where I picked up my bedding and took it downstairs where I could sleep in safety. Early next morning Phil brought hot chow from the next town back. He found himself in a barrage as soon as he stopped



the truck, and had to take cover. After the barrage lifted, he began carrying the food inside. He noticed a tank down the street, but I believe he thought it was ours. Anyway, just as he got all the chow inside, the Jerries opened up with everything. A jeep was hit across the street from us and was burning fiercely. Shells were landing all about the building and bullets were flying through the streets. The Germans were in town with tanks and everything.” [From *Marseilles To Munich*, by Dolph Trantham, Co. “F”, 242nd Inf. Regt. Photo above is of 1st Sgt. Trantham in the ETO in 1945 and was provided by Arthur N. “Art” Lee, Jr., H1B-242]

From Pete Hester, friend of Harold Dunn, H1B-242D Inf. Regt. to the <rainbowvets.org> Web site: “A dear friend of mine, Harold F. Dunn, T/Sgt in the Rainbow Division, passed away July 26, 2005. In the obituaries it stated he was a Bronze Star recipient. He told me of some of the fighting he was in but he never told me about the Bronze Star. I just wanted to get whatever details I could about it. I think the family knows; however, we did not discuss that at the funeral. Thanks.” In replies from Mrs. Barbara Eberhart, and other members of the Rainbow Research Team, the following Citation was sent to Mr. Hester:

Per Section II, General Orders Number 212, Headquarters, 42nd Infantry Division, dated 17 December 1945, Harold F. Dunn was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement in action on 9 January 1945 at Hatten, France: Harold Dunn, 38 696 194, Private First Class, Infantry, Headquarters Company, First Battalion, 242d Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action, on 9 January 1945 at Hatten, France. Although a guard informed him that the enemy was in Hatten, and the road under intense machine gun fire, Private Dunn ordered the driver to proceed with a load of needed ammunition. Because of poor visibility, he dismounted and guided the vehicle on foot, thereby becoming a target for sniper and machine gun fire himself. Private Dunn halted the truck at the edge of the town and proceeded under artillery fire to locate the ammunition supply point. He returned through the enemy fire and brought truck to the point where company ammunition bearers could obtain the ammunition. Private Dunn’s heroic act enabled the unit to repulse enemy assaults and set up a stronger defense. Entered military service from Spiro, Oklahoma.

A letter to Pete Hester from Suellen McDaniel, Research Team member, (8/2/05): “We’re very sorry to learn of the death of your friend, Harold Dunn. Thank you for letting us know. Every year at the national reunion of Rainbow Division Veterans there is a beautiful Memorial Service that honors all deceased Rainbow veterans and he will be remembered next July at this Service, as well as in the official Rainbow newsletter, Rainbow Reveille. Rainbow veteran, Arthur N. “Art” Lee, Jr., H1B-242, has found the following Citation in answer to your question about the Bronze Star awarded to Harold Dunn. Part of Harold’s personal story appeared in our June 2005 family chapter newsletter, *Rainbow Trail*, in his words and his friend’s, Edmond H. “Andy” Anderson, H1B-242, who passed away earlier. These men were heroes and my father was in the command post to which they brought the much-needed ammunition.”

Pete Hester’s reply (8/2/05): “Thank you for doing that for me. That information was above the call of duty and thanks is so little. Also, thanks to the Rainbow Division for their outstanding service record. I am sure that time has further reduced the ranks of that Division but there are still many of us that remember the terrible price that was paid for the freedoms we enjoy today. I salute your father and all of the Rainbow Division men.”
E.V. “Pete” Hester, A Grateful American

FORWARD to the booklet, *The Battles of Hatten and Haguenau: January 1945*, The Regimental Colors 242nd Special Report, 42nd Rainbow Division, January 1978; written by Dee R. Eberhart, I-242:

The forest was still and waiting. Snow covered the ground and was layered on the fir boughs. Old battles had been fought there and dry branches hung at crooked angles toward the ground.

Then it came, instantly and unexpectedly, the smashing artillery barrage, shells screaming and exploding into the muffled silence. From on high, from the tops of the trees, fire, smoke, and searing metal erupted downwards tearing at the limbs of trees, snowy ground, and flattened men. That was the way it began, furious and impersonally personal.

The notable assaults on the senses during that long Hatten fortnight seemed endless. Among the most memorable were: the roar of diesel engines and the grinding, creaking approach of squat, colorless, wide-tracked, muzzle-braked, flame-belching, shell-hurling, Krupp-forged machines.

Multi-hued flares of foreign origin, popping in the night sky, hanging bright, slowly settling until they sizzled out bringing back the winter darkness again.

The ripping sound of the MG42 with its 1200 individual explosions per minute running together from endless belts feeding those light weight, air cooled, recoil-operated, mass-produced instruments of death whose barrels could be changed in seconds without adjusting for head space.

For punctuation, the slower, a mere 540 rounds per minute, 32 bullet burp of the Schmeisser 9mm. machine pistol.

Separate and distinct rifle shots; fire, eject, chamber a round, fire again, etc., five times; replace clip and repeat—Mauser K-98. In comparison with the other sounds these shots seemed almost benign.

Nebelwerfers—screaming meemies—which threw not fog, but fire, fury, smoke and steel. Was it a shriek, a scream, or a shrill whine which came forth from its six-barreled throat?

Haguenau Hattie, the railroad gun of indeterminate, enormous size which periodically hurled a huge projectile into the woods.

Fifty mm. mortars, a pop in the distance, a local burst, and a call for the medic.

Thin skinned percussion grenades, about the size of a healthy Jonathan apple but with their own distinct color and texture.

The potato-masher—unscrew the cap and pull the cord; they say it is an awkward object for baseball trained people to throw, but not many got the chance.

Tracers at night—always spectacular—an arcing line of fire producing its own artistry of sight and sound, especially when striking a hard-solid object and careening off in some new dramatic direction.

Frontline search light beams banking off the low winter overcast to brighten up the nightscape.

Mines—Teller mines, Schuh mines, glass mines, and bouncing Betties, to name a few, each with its own personality—trip wires, anti-personnel rigged to anti-tank, electrically detonated, placed on the road, off the road, at the base of trees, any attractive place. Have they all been located yet, even with thorough Teutonic records to go by?

A screaming jet—a falling bomb.

The scraping sound of nitro starch being stuffed down the ventilating shaft of your Maginot Line blockhouse.

The crack of a sniper's rifle.

The groan of a hit buddy; the human scream of the wounded enemy. Did you ever notice how seldom Americans screamed when wounded and how often the enemy screamed? Why was that?

The click of hobnails on the hard surface road behind you and guttural voices in the forest all around you. White shrouded figures in the early morning mist.

Not all sights and sounds were bad. 105's whispering and rustling overhead; methodical hammering of heavy machine guns; the spang of 60 and 81 mm. mortars; full-throttle Shermans moving forward; rapid fire BAR's and the authoritative semi-automatic spaced fire of numerous M-1's.

Those January nights and sounds which began at Hatten and ended at Haguenau lasted only a few weeks. Natural sounds and silence have now returned to the Haguenau forest, fields, villages and towns. Debris and marks of battle can still be discovered, but as with our memories, they too will disappear in time.

Dedicated to Alvin R. Cahoon, A-242, Interim President of the 242nd Infantry Chapter, 1975-1976

* * *

The following two biographies, of Rainbow Veterans Dee R. Eberhart, Co. "I", 3rd Bn., 242nd Inf. Regt. and Alvin R. Cahoon, Co. "A", 1st Bn., 242nd Inf. Regt. (1918-2005) were printed in the book, *42nd RAINBOW Infantry Division*, 1987, copyright National Association of Rainbow Division Veterans, published by Turner Publishing Co.

DEE R. EBERHART, from the City of Angels to the Midwestern Heartland he first saw America in the boisterous '20s. On the Rosebud in the '30s he saw depression, drought and grasshoppers devour a bountiful land. Travelled westward with the migrant stream to the dark fir forests of the Pacific, to the golden Palouse and to the fruitful Yakima.



Dee R. Eberhart

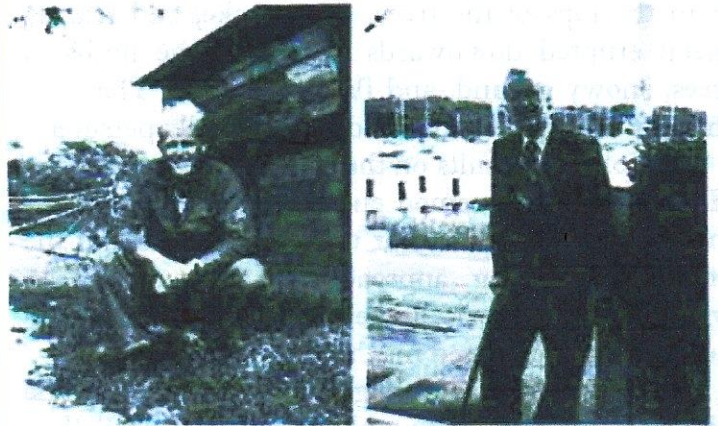
War came. He saw America arming and learned soldiering under the fierce California sun. ASTP—beautiful girls; Hollywood stars. An Air Corps interlude; back to the infantry—Rainbow at Gruber. A rifleman's war in Europe. An arrogant enemy object in defeat.

Demobilization—G.I Bill degrees. Intelligence duty "during Korea" in the City of Monuments where the Great Emancipator sits grandly and speaks to them of brotherhood.

Afterwards, a nation booming—babies, buildings, businesses. He helped build postwar America—malls, towers and new towns. An aging professor at the time of turmoil and another war. Finally, with devoted wife and family, they covered their hillside with orchards—trees in autumn hanging heavily red, green and golden.

He is among the most fortunate in this epic century to have caught America in full stride; in peace and war; good times and bad; to have cherished and protected our beloved land.

ALVIN R. CAHOON, born July 4, 1918, N. Searsmont, ME. Graduated Somerville, MA H.S. 1937. Employed as a skilled Paper-Cutter. Volunteered into Regular Army June 3, 1940. Based at Schofield Barracks, HI, 24th Inf. Div. & experienced the Dec. 7th attack.



Alvin R. Cahoon

Assigned to Co. A, 242nd Infantry, 42nd Div., Camp Gruber, Apr., 1943 as Cadre Platoon Sgt. & went to France with the 42nd Div. Nov., 1944. After experiencing the 3-day-Battle-of-Hatten, his Bn. was wiped-out by overwhelming German forces. Was a POW, until liberated by the Russians. Re-enlisted in the Army after WW II with stations in Italy & Austria as an Intelligence NCO. Married Belle C. Brown, Oct. 31, 1947, Fort Gibson, OK. We have 3 children & 2 grandchildren. Resigned from the Army, Apr., 1955. Civilian employment followed: U.S. Department of Justice & the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston. Retired in 1973 & renewed my oil-painting, professionally. Formed the 242nd Inf. Regtl. Chapter of the 42nd Div. & re-activated the Muskogee Memorial Chapter 1975 & 1979 respectively. Now, disabled, he lives in Muskogee & is unable to attend 42nd Reunions, which, Belle & he once attended all over the Country for many years. Still corresponds with many old 42nd Comrades.

From John J. Bobb, son of John A. Bobb, medic, A Co. 242D Inf. Regt., in a conversation about the Battle of Hatten and the legacy of the veterans who fought there (11/01/05): "Unfortunately, I wasn't able to meet Mr. Cahoon. I have read enough accounts of the battle now that I have a pretty good feel about what was happening. I really respect what you have all accomplished, and am in awe of your dedication. My dad was a medic, and my son was a Navy Corpsman during the 1991 Iraq war. This past summer, the medics that served with me in VietNam, and some other soldiers in my platoon, during our reunion at Ft. Hood, presented me with the following worded certificate. I was speechless, and don't deserve it, but here is what it says. "In Honor of John Bobb, From the soldiers who served under your command First Platoon-"C" Company, 1st Battalion-22nd Infantry-4th Infantry Division Republic of Viet Nam, 1968 Your courageous leadership and compassion for your men has long been a vivid memory of our military service. The Army commissioned your rank, you earned our respect. Presented July 9, 2005 Give everyone what you owe him: if you owe respect, then respect; if honor, then honor. Romans 13.7."

All I could think of after this was presented to me, was the fact that I was a very ill prepared 20 year old Lt. when we attacked a hill in 1968, and three days later there were 17 of us left on the hill out of about 110 that started out. The rest being evacuated wounded or Killed in Action, and we were trying to rescue a sister company that had about 26 left out of 130. I always think back to the Battle of Hatten and the 19 year old wounded "A" Company commander in the bunker with my dad and the rest of the unit. He and all the other soldiers must have been remarkable men, because they sure have remarkable families in all of you." [Lt. Bobb and his men fought in the Battle for Chu Moor Mountain, five miles from the Cambodian border]

From Arnold "Arnie" Crouch, H2B-242D Inf. Regt. (11/11/05): "Well, guys, I just got done watching on the Turner Classic Movie Channel what I think is the most realistic movie of WWII, Battleground! I recall watching it in theaters many years ago and I recall scattered laughter throughout the theater to many 'innuendoes' in the movie that only GIs would recognize. It was especially graphic to me for many reasons. There were no two GIs dressed alike and no creases in pants, etc.. It was in black and white, which to this day I remember combat in the ETO as being, with no color. The characters in the movie duplicated most of us as to ethnic backgrounds, age, marital status, naivety and bravado. If your grandchildren want to know what the war in the ETO was like get a video of Battleground and save it for them."

AWARD OF THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL: By direction of the President, under the provisions of Army Regulations 600-45, 22 September 1943, as amended, the Bronze Star Medal is awarded to the following:

Robert R. Milodragovich, 19 055 544, First Sergeant (then Technical Sergeant) Infantry, Anti-Tank Company, 222d Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 15 March 1945, in the Hardt Mountains, France. When he encountered a wooded area heavily infested with enemy snipers while leading his platoon in the attack through the Hardt Mountains, Sergeant Milodragovich, with utter disregard for his own safety, dispersed his platoon and moved forward to eliminate the German riflemen. Moving from tree to tree, he quickly annihilated the delaying party with his accurate fire. Through his courageous actions and intrepid devotion to duty, Sergeant Milodragovich played a major role in the successful attack. Entered military service from Butte, Montana.



Cousin LUBO + Bob MILODRAGOVICH
in Yugoslavia
© 1945

Mrs. Minabelle "Meike" Kerper, Bob's ex-wife and friend and mother of his daughter, Stana, wrote (8/26/05): "Thank you for your wonderful information. Bob spoke so little of his war experiences. We had to dig what we have about him. There was an element of greatness about that man and an element of deep sadness and tragedy which you are helping me to understand. I found an obituary last night. I also found a picture of him in Yugoslavia with his cousin Lubo. He is in his uniform with the Rainbow patch on his shoulder. He was captured and interrogated for hours while he was in Yugoslavia. I remember he could not be around certain bright light without becoming very anxious. For a long time the Yugoslavian government would not let Lubo visit us in the United States but they finally let him come in the early 1970's. Lubo

was the historian for the Serbian church of Yugoslavia. Because he was with the Army of Occupation I think that part of his job was hunting SS that were trying to escape the Nuremberg trials or some kind of retribution. I did talk with Russell Fielding, his former Platoon leader and have corroborated some of the story. Russell remembers Bob. He says he thought Bob was a very handsome man and that he was a good man to be around for safety because he was so fit. That is true because he had been a forester and hunter in civilian life. He was always climbing around mountains with the Forest Service as a Ranger and with Fire Control in the USA. I remember he was a dead shot from going hunting with him in the Mountains of Wyoming where I am from. Bob spoke both German and Serbian. I think that is why he was tapped for any secret missions in Yugoslavia. The story of Yugoslavia has been pieced together in the last couple of days by me, my daughter and Mark, a nephew. He is said to have commandeered a Jeep at the Border and drove across and got away. He ended up in Belgrade where his relatives lived. He wore several layers of clothes to take scarce clothing for gifts to his relatives. At some time he was picked up for interrogation and kept for many hours. A bright light had something to do with that. I know he did have trouble with bright lights above him for many years afterwards. My daughter says that Bob was at Berchtesgaden. He did bring back a beautiful German shepherd. Bob said the dog came from Hitler's kennels. Bukko was all black."

Excerpts from an obituary for Bob Milodragovich: A giant among men has passed. Bob died March 1, 2004, in Bozeman due to congestive heart failure. He was born to Serbian immigrants Risto and Stana Milodragovich on Jan. 5, 1917, in Butte. Bob was a man who exemplified kindness, integrity, courage and intellect. He championed those less fortunate, spoke honestly with clarity, wit and a vast knowledge of nearly any subject. Bob was a lifelong sportsman, hunting and fishing into his early 80s and maintaining his reputation as a marksman. Bob was an original environmentalist who understood stewardship of the land while keenly integrating the political and scientific impacts of his role as public servant. The Milodragovich family as he put it is "the American dream come true." Bob was raised with his sister and brothers on a small ranch near Butte. Hard work, diligence and the value of education framed his upbringing. As a boy his love of nature and books drew him to the pursuit of forestry at the University of Montana where he graduated in 1939...Bob treasured his 35-year career in the U.S. Forest Service. Bob served as district Ranger throughout Montana, forest supervisor of the San Juan Forest in Colorado and was promoted to the Washington D.C. office to the position of assistant chief of fire control before returning to the Region 1 office in Missoula to retire...Bob was a fine father and Stana and he were as close as a father and daughter could be, with a treasured love and respect for one another that will transcend life. Bob was a giant among men for his devotion to family, generosity and love of nature, which are his legacies. "To him who, in the love of Nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."—an excerpt from "Thanatopsis" by William Cullen Bryant

A Letter from Edwin Rusteberg, H1B-242D Inf. Regt. and General Staff Corps, Headquarters, 42D Infantry Division, to his children, Suellen McDaniel and Bill Rusteberg, written in the late 1980s, added to his many recollections and our family history. The following story, "Men Without A Country", gives background to Meike Kerper's recollections and research for the family of Bob Milodragovich:

"When World War II was over, my Division, the 42nd Rainbow, having ended up in Austria, was assigned the Military Government responsibilities in the US Zone, with Headquarters in Salzburg. One of our major responsibilities was the handling of large numbers of prisoners of war (POWs) and displaced persons (DPs) that had been squeezed into this small area by the Allies moving to the east and the Russians to the West. In our new role in this capacity many unusual, interesting and strange adventures came our way. Most of the POWs of the large German units had been gathered in assembly areas as the War ended, and with stacked arms, their leaders awaited instructions from the American forces. Given a mission type order by our headquarters, with the usual German efficiency, they promptly gathered together the necessary railroad transportation and were soon crossing into Germany where they would come under control of the US forces there for screening and discharge. It seemed a strange quirk of fate that we were now issuing orders to our recent enemy and that they were executing them with the same efficiency and precision that they once used against us. The residual hard core of military and political prisoners (mostly Nazi officials) whose past actions were questionable as a result of careful screening, were concentrated in a camp near Salzburg.

Here they were under guard until instructions for their disposition, on a case to case basis, were received from higher headquarters. The disposition of the large number of DPs was not that simple, however, since few desired to return to a Russian occupied or Communist homeland where their fate would be in jeopardy. One such group consisted of a small force of Yugoslav "Royalists", soldiers headed by King Peter's Chief of Staff, General Brashitz [Brasić], who when his country had been conquered by Hitler, had joined General Mikhailovich [Mihajlović] in the mountains of Serbia, as a Royalist resistance force. At the same time, under soviet influence, General Tito had organized similar forces, most Croatian, under the Communist banner, in other redoubt areas. These forces were bitter rivals, not only fighting the Germans, but each other as well. Being on the losing side of the struggle between Tito and Mikhailovich at war's end, General Brashitz and his small band of Royalist supporters sought refuge in Bishophofen, a village about 50 miles south of Salzburg, where they established an Army camp, organized and operated militarily. As soon as the dust of war had settled, General Brashitz, a very distinguished tall and militarily postured general, in full and impeccable military regalia reported to our headquarters in Salzburg for an audience with our Commanding General. As I presented General Brashitz to our Commanding General, General Collins, he saluted sharply. Having been offered a seat and a cup of coffee, our guest, as a way of introduction, stated that as a Yugoslavia staff officer before the war, he had been picked by his King to attend the select US Army Command and Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and had made many friends there, now mostly Generals, among them Lt. General Geoffrey Keyes, presently commanding a European Army Corps. He came, he said, to clarify the status of his small command. They were not DPs, as they were currently being treated, he said, but a friendly military force of equal status to our own, since both had fought for the same goal – the defeat of Hitler. As such, he stated, they should be entitled to full logistic support, including rations etc., the same as the US Military Forces in the area.

Our General listened with a sympathetic ear, and on the conclusion of their discussion stated that he regretted that General Brashitz and his men found themselves in such an unfortunate position; that the US authorities were aware of his predicament in the delicate game of political chess currently going on inside and outside of his country. Until their status was fully clarified we had been instructed to treat his force as a group of DPs instead of a recognized Allied military group. The general was asked to be patient, as such political entanglements, as he most certainly was aware, were slow to unravel. Handing the guest a cigar as he departed, our General wished him well, and stated that should there be any change in his status he would be informed promptly. As the weeks and months passed by, Marshal Tito became fully entrenched as dictator of Yugoslavia and in the spring of 1946 captured General Mikhailovich and some of his officers in the mountains of their country. Trying them promptly by military tribunal for treason, they were summarily executed. Thus sealed the fate of General Brashitz and his small band in Austria, who had become "Men without a Country". As I left Austria in 1947, they were still there, and General Geoffrey Keyes, the close friend of General Brashitz at the US Staff College, had replaced General Clark as the US High Commissioner of Austria. I have often wondered what transpired between these two old friends who were to meet again under such different circumstances... What a sad fate for General Brashitz, who had climbed to the top of his country's military ladder only to fall to the bottom after fighting for his country to keep Hitler from conquering it. I wonder what became of him!!"

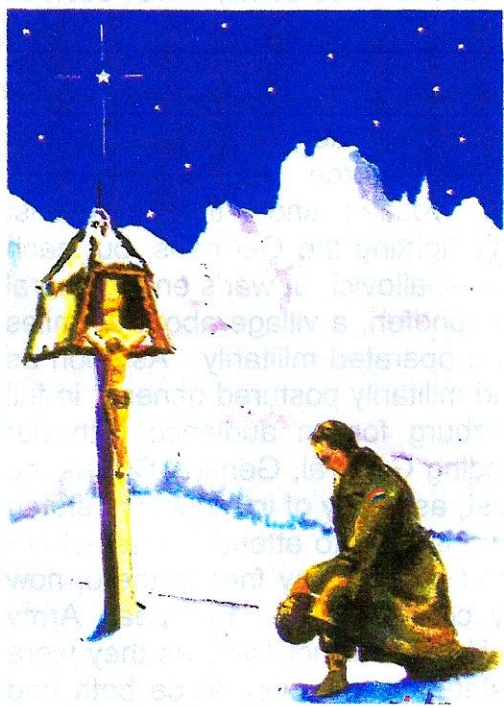
[ed. note: Col. Rusteberg, then Lt. Col., was Acting Chief of Staff of the 42d Infantry Division during the period 26 January 1946 to 3 April 1946. Reference to and location of General Geoffrey Keyes' personal papers and Records of the U.S. Allied Commission for Austria (USACA) Section of Headquarters, U.S. Forces in Austria (RG-338) [Theaters of Operation Records] may be found at http://www1.ushmm.org/uia-bin/uia_doc/art/x9-51]



THE RAINBOW IN IRAQ

<http://www.42id.army.mil/>

GOD BLESS OUR TROOPS



*May your Christmas
be Merry
and the New Year
rich with blessings
Austria 1945*

42nd Infantry (Rainbow) Division

We hope to see you again at **REUNION** in the coming year! The following is a small reminder of the blessings we all share at such an event: A letter to Barbara Eberhart from Suellen McDaniel (8/12 /05):

“Dear Barbara, in Indianapolis last month, I went on the Conner-Prairie tour and Mike Diglio (242-B) and I walked all over the 1800’s villages. We were among the last ones on the trail as Mike took photographs of all the wonderful buildings there for his collection and we stopped

to talk to the people on the farm. Every person there, from men tending horses, to women baking wedding cakes for a celebration that coming weekend, were “living” in that time and responded to questions with anecdotes in which they played a part, e.g. ”...when my cousin John came home from the war (the Civil War)...”

“As Mike and I were walking down the dirt road that connected these far-spaced buildings into a community, we were caught in an instant downpour, soaked to the skin and had to ‘hoof it’ to the next building, an old inn. Just across the narrow road was a hog pen with one BIG hog. The man rocking on the porch was the middle-aged innkeeper and answered our questions about the community. On the wall next to the entrance to this humble inn was a message board with copies of very old, authentic notices affixed. One of them concerned an upcoming auction ... of indigent people! The innkeeper told us that folk who couldn’t take care of themselves were ‘auctioned off’ to people in their community, who pledged a certain amount for their food and shelter and the lowest bidder assumed responsibility for their care.

“It was a wonderful experience and even fun to be muddy and soaked, especially in those surroundings and looking that hog in the eye. As we left the refuge of the porch, Mike told the innkeeper that he was a WWII veteran. The innkeeper, rocking gently and listening to the rain on the roof, asked him *what that was!*

“Mike told him *not to worry about it !!* Love, Suellen”

***OUR BEST CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR’S WISHES FROM ALL OF US TO ALL OF YOU,
IN THE SPIRIT OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION !!***

For information on reunions, books, history, membership and contact, please remember <rainbowvets.org> ! If you are not on the Internet, a call to any of the following Rainbow members will be happily received. Please don’t forget to order the **42nd Rainbow WWII History Book!!** Complete cost: \$22.00 check payable to: RDVMF, mailed to Hugo Grimm 32 Austin Hill Court Wentzville, MO 63385. This will be a very valuable addition to your family libraries.

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