RAINBOW TRAIL

The Newsletter of the Millennium (Rainbow Family) Chapter
Of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation
February 2011 Volume 12, Issue 1

"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"

TELL THE CHILDREN

Tell the children, they ought to know,
Why there's freedom here today.
Tell the children, make them understand,
The price some had to pay.
Of those who stood up for freedom,
Teach them never to forget
Of the fields scarred with sacrifice
By those they never met.
Tell the children they can dream of tomorrow
Because of brave men yesterday,
Who fought on desert sands and stormy seas
In places far away.
Tell the children about our veterans,
So they need not ask why.
And to feel the pride within,
As they fly our flag on high.
Tell the children so that they will know,
Why there's peace here today,
And perhaps when childhood passes through,
They will honor yesterday.

[This poem was printed in the April 2000 issue of REVEILLE, two months after the Millennium Chapter was presented with its charter as an official part of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation, Inc. and signed, "Your Editor." The REVEILLE Editor at that time and for twenty years was Ken Carpenter, who served in H Co. 232nd Inf. Regt. Prior to serving in the 42D "Rainbow" Division, Ken served in Sicily in the 82nd Airborne Division. He was awarded The Bronze Star Medal and two Silver Stars and the Purple Heart. He passed 'over The Rainbow' in January 2010]

In January 2011, the Millennium Chapter began working with veteran C. Douglas "Doug" Sterner, Curator, Military Times Hall of Valor, **www.militarytimes.com/hallofvalor;** and webmaster, **www.homeofheroes.com** to provide the 42D Division Silver Star citations we have researched and placed into our regimental histories on CD. 435 of these are now online and Doug has been of great assistance in cross-referencing and adding to our own files for Silver Star recipients we had not yet found. He wrote, (02/03/11) : "I cannot thank YOU folks enough. You've done incredible work and it is much appreciated. I look forward to continued communication, and whenever I find any additional information, with a link to the 42nd Division, I will pass it on to you as well. Thanks again, Sincerely, Doug "

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

MILLENNIUM CHAPTER ONLINE

http://www.facebook.com/42ndRainbowDivision?ref=ts

To post stories or photos please contact
Chapter President,
Emily Marcason-Tolmie
emilymarcason@yahoo.com

A "LIBERATOR SPEAKER" From Barbara C. Eberhart, past national president RDV National Auxiliary, webmaster of <rainbowvets.org>, and wife of Rainbow veteran, Dee R. Eberhart, I-242 [photo of Dee and Barbara Eberhart at Dachau on 29 April 2010 at the 65th Anniversary of the liberation of the Dachau Concentration Camp]

[On January 12, 2011], our son Urban drove Dee and me to Richland, WA (Tri-Cities100+/- miles from Ellensburg) for a Holocaust presentation to about 250 Jr. High and High School students on Thursday. Dee is a "Liberator Speaker" for the Seattle-based Washington State Holocaust Resource and Information Center, and when a teacher east of the Cascades asks for a "Speaker", Dee gets the call from the Center. The Center people arrange the time and place for him. Dee usually refuses the winter time appearances because of the unknown driving conditions. But this time, our son Urban did the driving. I was glad for that because the roads were snowy and icy. Dee did an eloquent presentation. Surprisingly, when he asked how many had read *The Diary of Anne Frank*, it looked like almost all of the 250+/- students raised their hands. He gave them a brief treatise on Germany after WWI, Hitler and the Nazi Party. Dee also explained how current events were publicized – radio, newspapers, and Liberty Theater in Toppenish, WA where he grew up and graduated from Toppenish High School. (This is on the Yakama Indian Reservation.) He also made a point of the fact that his family talked about the events, and he was very aware of what was happening in Germany with the concentration camps because he remembered seeing it in a newsreel "The March of Time" in the theater. His audience related to him being drafted ten days after he graduated from high school, and inducted into the army. He brought them through the "ground training: - transfer to ASTP – and Air Corps Cadet Training – the shift to the ground forces and Camp Gruber. He had an overhead projector and transparencies. He finally ended up with Dachau and what they found there. Dee organized his presentation in three sections: "Perpetrators" – "Victims" – "Liberators." His allotted "50 minutes" extended to 70 minutes. Then there was the line up of those students and teachers who wanted to talk to him. After that, we attended a small class of the teacher who had requested his appearance for a question and answer session.

I felt Dee had made a positive impression on those young boys and girls. The teacher asked me to tell her students what I did, then. I told them that I was their age, and graduated from High School in 1946. That Fall, my first day at the University of Washington, in the Music building, a graduating senior girl told us all how lucky we were, – "The Men were Back!" That got a laugh!

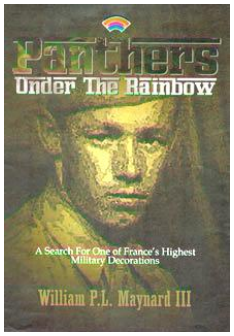
FROM Gordon D. King, cousin of Tech/4 Eugene M. Guyotte, 742 L.M. Ordnance Company, 42nd Rainbow Division (11/10/2010).

"There isn't a day which goes by that I don't think about him. His flag and photograph are in my hobby room. I look at them daily. It was his death which made me want to interview as many veterans as possible during my career as a newspaper reporter. I interviewed veterans from World War I to Iraq and Afghanistan...He died on May 6, just hours before the war ended in Germany. Thanks to you and others in your group I was finally able to learn how he died. I can never thank the Rainbow Division members enough."

HEADLINE - In Ashland/Story of local GI's death in World War 2 now in Nebraska university archives [photo right, Gordon D. King by Daryl Carlson/Citizen]

The Wednesday November 10, 2010 edition of THE CITIZEN of Laconia/The Voice of New Hampshire's Lakes Region printed this story from former CITIZEN senior reporter Gordon D. King. He has donated the research and records he has collected over the decades pertaining to the friendly fire death of his cousin to the Rainbow Archives at Love Library, University of Nebraska. From the story – "In early June of 1945, Blanche Guyotte of Hancock and Eugene Guyotte of Ashland, parents of Army Tech 4 Eugene M. Guyotte, received telegrams from the War Department notifying them that their son had died of gunshot wounds at a hospital on May 6, 1945, in Trostberg, Germany. Tech 4 Guyotte, 24, a member of the 742 L.M. Ordnance Company, 42nd Rainbow Division, was the unit's only professional cook. Unfortunately, his parents and many other family members died before the exact details of my cousin's death were learned. War Department records obtained by this writer in 1998 through the assistance of then-Congressman Bill Zelliff and U.S. Senator Bob Smith led to contacts with the 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans Association-Auxiliary. The morning report obtained through the National Personnel Records

Center filed a few days after Guyotte died, states, "other soldier pistol discharged." The War Department Report of Burial states that he died at the 10th Field Hospital in Rosenbein, Germany, from a gunshot wound which penetrated his abdomen. The discrepancies between the two hospitals still exist. Four years later, a series of letters were exchanged with association members who suggested contact be made with two particular members. This led to learning exactly how my cousin died. Joe Artman of Sheridan, Ind., who was in the same unit, said he remembers the accident but not the exact day. "He and one of his friends were examining a gun that went off accidentally. Everybody was very upset because Eugene was well liked and a good cook. The kitchen was set up on a truck chassis and went wherever the company went." Artman wrote in the letter sent in 2002. Sidney S. Brown of Orlando, Fla., was a warrant officer with Eugene's unit. Brown said Eugene was the only professional cook in the unit. The others were mechanics who were assigned to cook, he said in a letter received in June 2002. "I was not physically present when Eugene was shot but in my role as administrative officer it was promptly reported to me for the company records. It was a terrible accident you hear about but never expect or experience," he wrote….Eugene was buried in a military cemetery on May 9, 1945, in nearby Reutti, Germany. His remains were later disinterred and he was buried in the U.S. Military Cemetery in St. Avold, France. His remains were returned to New Hampshire in 1948. He was buried with full military honors on Nov. 28, 1948, at the family plot in Green Grove Cemetery….The donation to the Love Library was made at the suggestion of the members of the 42nd Rainbow Division Association who said these records and letters should be available to anyone wanting to learn details about the division. Peterson E. Brink, assistant archivist with the University of Nebraska-Lincoln Archives and Special Collections, acknowledged the donation and, in a letter to this writer, said, "We are excited to add these materials to our holdings. Your donation is a valuable addition to our Rainbow Divison collections and will be a wonderful resource for future generations of researchers." The complete article may be found online at –
http://www.citizen.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20101110/GJNEWS02/711109869/-1/CITIZEN



PANTHERS UNDER THE RAINBOW - **A Search for One of France's Highest Military Decorations** (January 2008). William P.L. "Bill" Maynard III, grandson of Herbert E. Sharkey, who served in WWII in the 66th "Black Panther" Division and subsequently postwar occupation duty in the 42D "Rainbow" Division is the author of this well researched book. Bill has been contacted through his book and invited to St. Nazaire, France by a French organization called the "Memorie De La Liberation, Poche De Saint Nazaire." In May 2011, there will be a reenactment of the Liberation of St. Nazaire and a ceremony. Bill plans to visit the sub pens in St. Nazaire as well as Bouvron, France, the town where his grandfather was wounded; and also Normandy where he will visit the graves of men in Herbert E. Sharkey's 66th Division unit.

[photo right – Bill Maynard, third from the left, with veterans of the 66th Division June 2009 at Arlington National Cemetery and the grave of General Kramer, during their annual reunion – from left to right, Leonard Sainato, Henry Miner, Bill Maynard, Omar Poorman, Henry Becker, Tom Tranchida, Andrew Staruch]

A PHOTO IN TIME - A letter received from Larry Wagner, Jr. (12/03/10): I visited my father, Larry Wagner, Sr. up in Michigan for Thanksgiving and he showed me on page 12 of the *Rainbow Trail* (August Edition) a picture of General Collins checking defensive positions. He pointed to the soldier standing next to General Collins (over the General's right shoulder) and said, "That's me." I was so proud of him at that moment. My father was in the 42nd Division Military Police Platoon, and was General Collins' driver for a period of time, and remembers General Collins very fondly. He said the General was an inspiring leader and very respectful and cared deeply about all his soldiers in the Rainbow Division. My father also pointed to the picture of the Rangers crossing into Wurzburg and said that was where he earned his Bronze Star medal. He led a counter attack against German positions at a bridgehead around Wurzburg. He also remembers driving General Collins to a Memorial Service for President Roosevelt. He was driving him through the streets of Wurzburg and the fog was so thick that one of General Collins' aides had to walk in front of the car so he could see the trolley car tracks that ran through the center of the street and guide my father with hand signals.

War Buddies Once Removed: A Lineage of Relationships

by Ceil Hall, daughter of Alvin A. Weinstein MD, Medical Detachment, 222nd Infantry


When I started my search for information about my father's service as a WWII physician with the Rainbow Division, I was amazed by how much help I was given—and so quickly—by people from the RDVMF. I'd literally never experienced anything like it. It was as if I had suddenly been surrounded by a group of guardian angels.

Immediately, Suellen McDaniel sent me valuable information and documents, each of which seemed more precious than gold, in terms of uncovering facts about my father that none of my family members or parents' friends knew. The DVD documentary, *Trail of the Rainbow*, the presentation about the 222nd Infantry Regiment (for which Dad had maintained a Medical Aid Station), and *The Furnace and the Fire* were all incredibly valuable resources that helped me piece together the details of Dad's life as a soldier.

I've been collecting this information in order to write a book about Dad's service; and each time the RDVMF sent me a tidbit of information, I forwarded it to my aunt, cousins, and sisters, who were thrilled to discover the details about that part of Dad's life for the first time. Suellen put the initial email message that I had written to the RDVMF in the next volume of *Reveille* so that soldiers who served with my father could contact me with information, and I received letters with stories about Dad from two of them.

During this time, I joined the Millennium Chapter and filled out the Family Members Information form. I did that as a courtesy to the people who were helping me; it didn't seem right to accept so much assistance and remain distant from the people and organizations that took the time to dig it all up for me. Little did I know the value of both until an incredible event unfolded as a result of their existence!

I had learned about an interview that Dad gave at Kean University in 1995, just two years prior to his passing, for their Holocaust Resource Center's *Oral History Project* in New Jersey. After contacting the Center, they sent me a DVD of the interview. Watching it was just amazing. First of all, it was otherworldly to see and hear my father again, 13 years after he left us. Moreover, for the first time since serving in the military, he finally talked about his experiences; information that none of us who were close to him had known about previously.

During the interview, Dad talked about his Commanding Officer, Col. Donald Downard, **(photo left)** several times—and always with so much admiration, respect, and affection. He talked about the fact that Col. Downard was an amazing leader, always looking after his men, "…always finding a way for us to get food, even when we weren't supposed to; always finding time for us to rest, even when we weren't supposed to." He talked about Col. Downard's courage; how he went right back into battle after his broken arm was bandaged.

After watching and listening to this, I thought that Col. Downard's family should have the benefit of seeing and hearing the interview. Surely they would appreciate the kind words that Dad has said about him. And the people at the Holocaust Resource Center gave me permission to copy and distribute the DVD to as many people as I saw fit. So I contacted Barbara Eberhart, asking if any of Col. Downard's family members were listed in the Family Members Information database. Col. Downard's widow was, indeed, listed, as was his son. I contacted them and left a message.

Col. Downard's son called me back, and we had the most amazing conversation! It was one of the highlights of my entire year. First of all, we both discovered that our fathers talked about each other all the time. I knew that Col. Downard and Dad had kept in touch, but I didn't know that Col. Downard talked about Dad to his family, the way Dad talked to us about him.

"My dad talked about your dad all the time, too." Hearing those words made me feel as if Dad were alive again. In a sense, he *was* alive, through the memory of his CO's son. Furthermore, it turned out that Col. Downard had kept silent about his service during the war, like Dad did (and, it seems, the majority of WWII veterans), and Don wanted to know more about it. He said, "That is one of the few things that I regret; that that history is lost."

I told him, "Well, it isn't completely lost. There is a lot of information about it." And I told him about the DVD and CD's that Suellen had sent me for a nominal fee. He was so happy to hear about that. Telling him about the resources and information available to him was a truly joyous experience for me.

He gave me his address, I told him that I'd send him Dad's interview DVD, encouraging him to make copies for his mom and the rest of his siblings, and we hung up. He is a very busy man with a time-consuming job and a family; but I knew right then and there that I had made a friend for life and that I would meet him and his family some day. I knew that we had forged a friendship that is a continuation of the one between his father and mine. And that experience was beyond rewarding. Not only did I have the joy of making a new friend; I also had the added bonus of knowing how thrilled my father would be that I had become friends with the son of his cherished CO and friend.

But the story doesn't end there! After we talked, he called his half-brother to tell him about our conversation; and two weeks later, that man called me. He asked me for information about his father's war service, I sent him my father's interview DVD, too, and I told him about the resources that were available to him through the RDVMF.

All of these experiences went *way beyond* my expectations of joining the Millennium Chapter and filling out a Family Information form. As I contemplated the whole set of experiences with Col. Downard's children, his son's words kept echoing in my memory: "My dad talked about your dad all the time, too."

Suddenly, the whole thing hit me like a bolt of lightning, the value of this organization and of the people in it. Here I was, struggling to find someone who was still alive and who knew my Dad during the war; someone who could help me piece

together the reality of his life, serving with the Rainbow Division overseas. And a struggle it is, indeed, because these people are leaving us—fast! They are disappearing before our eyes. Three of the people who served with Dad and who were active in the RDVMF had passed away just two months before I started my research. The whole time I searched for these men, I thought, "This is like trying to collect water with a sieve."

But when Don Downard said, "My dad talked about your dad all the time, too," I realized that there may be children of veterans out there who have heard stories about my father, too, from their dads. All that history, all those stories did not necessarily die with those fathers and mothers who had served. Little pieces of that history are walking around inside us, the Baby Boomers.

Most of us didn't hear much. Most of our parents were silent about the war. It was horrifying, and they simply wanted to put it behind them. So they didn't talk about it with anyone, much less their kids. When Dad gave his interview at Kean, he said that that was the first time he had talked about it in his life. And he never even told my sisters and me about the interview; we found out about it from a stranger, who reached out to us because Dad had saved his father at Lebenau Prison.

But most of us *do* have a story or two to tell. My father told me a few—only the funny stories; that was all he was equipped to impart.

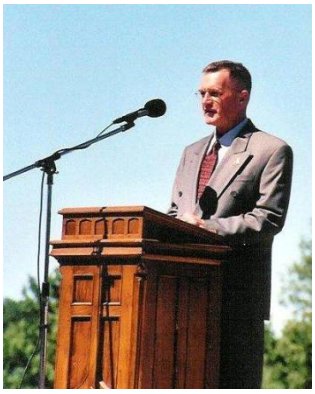
When I first joined the Millennium Chapter, I thought, "What's the use? What can *we* do?" But now I understand. We do have bits and pieces of that history, rolling around somewhere in the back of our minds—tidbits that we have heard from our fathers, mothers, or other relatives and family friends. Whatever our Rainbow vets may have told us about the war, I think we should put them all together in a book. No matter how small or seemingly inconsequential, every story we have heard is worth telling and preserving.

Our family members were thrown together into a well oiled machine; the great, renowned Rainbow Division. They never would have met each other if not for that. But because of the war, they did meet, and some of them became friends for life. Some of them truly loved each other. That makes *us*, their children, "war buddies once removed." We are part of a lineage of relationships that have been passed down from our parents' generation to us.

I didn't get it at first, but it is clear now: The Millennium Chapter and the Family Member Information database were brilliant ideas; because, like the Rainbow Division Veterans Association that preceded them, they make the lineage of relationships between us vet's kids possible, they provide a way for us to come together, and that does, indeed, keep history alive.

(Photo of Ceil and her father in Trafalgar Square, London, in 1972 when Ceil was 18)

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON from Janice A. Connett, daughter of WWII Rainbow veteran, Chaplain James A. Connett (11/2010) Attached is a [handwritten] letter that my father, Chaplain James A. Connett (then CAPT) w/Rainbow Division wrote to my brother Reynold in August 1945 just before he was to start first grade. My father was a wonderful dad, and it pained him to be missing this important day in his son's life. My brother subsequently became an Army Chaplain as well, and at that time they were the only father/son Chaplains in the Corps (about 1962). My brother is now a retired Colonel following my dad's footsteps in becoming a paratrooper, and then uniquely being one of (if not the only) Army Chaplain to graduate first in his Ranger class. He has served in Viet Nam, Iraq and Afghanistan and At 71, he still works as a private contractor for the Army doing computer training for unique military weapons programs. As you will read, this is quite a poignant letter. Three years ago, my brother was asked to speak at the Memorial Day ceremonies in dad's hometown of Flora, IL (where my brother and I graduated from high school and mom still lives) and he quoted parts of this letter in his speech, which was also broadcast over the radio. It received a tremendous amount of accolades, which was a tribute to my father's open heart and his gift for speaking and writing. This will give you an idea of what the men in the Rainbow Division felt as they left their families behind, missing the milestones of their sons and daughters, and what they were fighting for. Times have not changed. Even today our men still serve in war while families wait back home. I retired after 19 years of working for the Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society where they give loans and grants to needy service members and their families. Many times it is for travel for the death/burial of a loved one."



[photos left, top to bottom: Janice A. Connett; Chaplain Reynold B. Connett in Iraq; Mrs. James A. "Marie" Connett and son Reynold ; the Connett Family at Camp Gruber, OK; upper right – Reynold Connett giving Memorial Day speech at Flora, IL; lower right, Reynold Connet about the time his father wrote the letter]

August 9, 1945 To My Son, Reynold Block Connett On His Starting School and Life *Dearest Buddy: All my life I have dreamed of the day that with your hand in mine, I would take you to your first school day. I have dreamed that I would lead you to the door – and say to you – "Son, you are now beginning to become a man. The influence of your home has been of the highest. You have been cultured in play, prayer and praise. As you begin your academic training you must never forget*

these three rules for living. They will teach you many things, some interesting – others uninteresting. You will pass over from the influence of your home to the influence of your teachers and public opinion. Remember ! Neither will always be correct.

The influence of your home has been – at times – to protect and spoil you. The influences of the public opinion will hurt you at times and harden you. Take only the best that each has to offer. You will be a better man. Remember to be polite ! Learn early to say "Sir" and "Mam" – Ask few questions and only when it is important. Learn to listen and fight for <u>your</u> <u>opinion</u> when you are convinced you are right. Never keep a secret from your Dad or your Mother. Tell them all. If you are wrong, we will help you, always, to make it right. If you are right – we will die for you in order to maintain your honor. Never lie ! Be honest, even if it costs you your pride – and ours. Be kind – for kindliness leads to godliness. Be stern, and never let anyone push you around because you are a "Preacher's kid." Learn early to protect yourself. Fight your own battles – and if you are defeated – let it only strengthen you for the next battle. Never be a coward – a coward has no place in this world – and you will be no exception. Be clean and fair. Remember, son, one blow from your fist – when you're right – will do more than many words – and when you strike, strike clean and hard – a fair fighter has the respect of people even tho defeated. Study hard ! But do not make it your only hobby. Be equipped to play and speak and have a knowledge of all things. Never be afraid of any obstacle. If you can't climb over it, crawl under it, if you can't crawl under it – go around it – there's always a <u>Road</u> on the other side for those who persist in their endeavor. You can make the grade ! Finally, my son, be Religious. Never let anyone make a joke of your belief. I do not expect you to be a great saint – neither was your father – but always remember, God Loves You – despite your life, your ambitions – your sins. Learn early to trust Him – for in asking Him for guidance, your road will be clearer than those who never have found the "Map of Life." Your Dad is far away. He is in a strange land where people are hungry and homeless. He has seen men die, who had much to live for. But – He did it for <u>you</u> ! That your world might be better, your chances greater than his. All is in your favor. God is for you – <u>who</u> can be against you? Read this letter at the beginning of each year in school, son – it will stand you in good stead.

God Bless You My Boy, Your Father, J.A. Connett, Capt. Chaplain Corps Hallein, Austria Aug. 9, 1945

The Daughter of a WWII GI Liberator Discovers a Legacy of Trauma

by Leila Levinson

In 1989, after the sudden death of my father, Capt. Reuben Levinson, I found his Army trunk from World War II in the basement of his medical office. The trunk contained a box of photographs he took from the moment he crossed the English Channel heading to Utah Beach for the D-Day invasion all through his experiences in the main battles of Europe. At the bottom of the box were found awful images of endless skeletal bodies filling a huge courtyard. My father's handwriting on the back said, "Nordhausen Concentration Camp, April 11, 1945." The photographs of Nordhausen shocked me, as I had no idea that he witnessed a concentration camp. He hardly spoke of the Holocaust at all as I was growing up except to say, " 'Don't think it can't happen here.' " As marriage and children filled the years after his death, I had little time to think about the photographs' significance.

[**photos of Nordhausen Concentration Camp-"The camp my father helped to liberate was the slave labor camp Nordhausen-or what the Nazis called Mittelbau Dora. It was a subcamp of Buchenwald. The scene of the first photo was called Boelcke Barracks-where the Nazis locked up the prisoners too ill/weak to work.; (below) photo shows the citizens of Nordhausen burying the dead of the camp."]**

My life was deeply affected by the sudden, mysterious disappearance of my mentally ill mother. I was five-years-old the last time I saw her. Police separated us after a shopping trip where she was arrested for

shoplifting. For the rest of my father's life, he refused to explain what had happened to my mother.

Fifteen years after I found the photos, a question from a student in my Holocaust literature class at St. Edward's University in Austin, Texas, where I was an instructor, brought my attention back to the photographs. The student asked, "Can veterans' war trauma be passed onto their families?" That question inspired five years of extensive research at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., and Holocaust museums around the world, interviews with more than 70 veterans who liberated concentration camps, and their families. The result is my book *Gated Grief: The Daughter of a GI Concentration Camp Liberator Discovers a Legacy of Trauma* (Cable Publishing 2011). Two of the eight interviews of liberators the book highlights are of veterans of the 42nd Infantry Division.

Eli Heimberg, who passed away in June of 2010, was the assistant to the Rainbow Division's rabbi, Rabbi Eli Bohnen, the first rabbi to enter Dachau. When Levinson walked into Mr. Heimberg's study, it was like walking into a museum for the Rainbow Division: countless books on the division and Dachau lined the walls, and a huge map of the division's path across Europe hung over the couch. Framed photographs of a young, dark-haired Eli Heimberg in his uniform, along with framed insignias and certificates from the U.S. Army, covered the remaining wall and surface space. Our subject surrounded us.

Mr. Heimberg was reluctant to talk about Dachau, wanting to focus on his time once the war ended working with displaced persons at a camp outside of Landsberg that the Army created for the survivors until new homes could be found for them. But, eventually, he shared his memory of walking into Dachau.

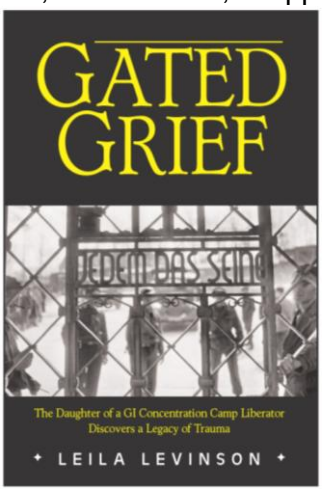
"We knew to expect horrible things when we came upon Dachau, but nothing like what we found. There was no way to prepare ourselves for it. More horrifying than the ovens were the bodies in the boxcars on the track leading into the camp. One man, who must have been trying to extricate himself, was reaching out from among the bodies. He was frozen in death, as if asking, 'Why me?' "

He then began telling me about going into the barracks where most of the Jewish inmates were. "Most of the prisoners were so weak and close to death that they couldn't stand. "They were lying on these wooden shelves, hundreds of them side by side. Rabbi Bohnen told them *Ich bin ein rebe American* (I am an American rabbi), and then there came a wail from the men as though they were letting out all their emotions they had pent up for years."

Mr. Heimberg broke off and tucked his chin down into his chest, which was visibly rising with a deep breath. "When the rabbi and I could speak, we reassured them help was coming for them," he continued. "The rabbi recited the memorial prayer for the dead, and then I wept without control.

"When we left late that afternoon, I felt I was waking from a nightmare; my mind was numb. But I began to think but for the grace of God, if my parents hadn't left Europe in the early 1900s, I would have been among the dead."

He then shared a memory of one little girl at the Landsberg Displaced Persons Camp. "Her father had been killed in a concentration camp. I picked her up and asked her mother if I could give her a candy bar. When I gave it to her, she bit into it, wrapper and all. I realized she had never eaten candy before."



A little while later I happened to ask him if he ever dreamed of Dachau.

"I have one dream that I've had many times. I'm driving a truck, a big one, up to the gates of the camp, and the entire bed is full of candy bars."

I've often shared his dream with people and, still, I choke up when I do.

The other 42nd Infantry Division veteran *Gated Grief* presents is Dr. George Tievsky who was a physician with the 66th Field Hospital, which was attached to the 42nd Division. Though he arrived at Dachau a week after its liberation, the smell of death still permeated the camp and the survivors seeming all but dead. He stayed for almost a month, treating the survivors, most of whom were dying from typhus and starvation.

Dr. Tievsky, who passed away in May 2007, told me, "I didn't talk about it for forty years. I couldn't talk about it—because words could not convey the horror, and words would almost be sacrilegious—that to try to describe it to anybody was just a disservice to those who survived."

Gated Grief weaves together these and the six other interviews with liberators to create a portrait of how unhealed trauma reverberates within a family long after the war is over. The interviews with the veterans helped me to understand and put my own life into context and to reconcile with my

father. *Gated Grief* has mulitple layers of significance. As well as finally recognizing the trauma of the liberators, it shows how when a veteran's invisible wounds go unhealed, those wounds become infectious within the veteran's family. The numbing of emotion necessary to function leads to a banning of all emotion for everyone in the veteran's family."

My resarch has led me to recognize that all war creates trauma, that no one leaves combat without deep wounds. As we don't have a process for bringing our warriors home, for removing them from battle and re-entering them into society and families a universe apart from the reality of battle, all families of veterans become vulnerable to the trauma itself, and intimate familial relationships fall casualties.

To address this, I founded the online community Veterans' Children (www.veteranschildren.com) to create a bridge of stories between veterans and their children and as a resource. The website includes video recordings of WWII veterans recounting their memories of liberating concentration camps, as well as videos about the trauma of WWI for all its veterans and for liberators in particular. *Gated Grief* can help us to understand how any wars—how our wars today in Iraq and Afghanistan—come home with the soldiers.

I would be more than glad to come to reunions of the Rainbow Division to talk about *Gated Grief*. My email is leilalevinson@yahoo.com

Two stories FROM "Friendly Fire" by Harry D. "Dale" Walker, I-232 and Ranger, 1999; 83 pages; a privately published collection of anecdotes.

DEDICATION – The book is dedicated to the 42nd Rainbow Division Rangers past and present. Also to all the men and women of every branch of our military, I salute you.

INTRODUCTION – "...I landed in Marseilles, France on the 9th of December 1944. I was a member of I Company, the 232nd Regiment of the 42nd Rainbow Division. We were in the Marseilles area about one week and arrangements had been made for us to bivouac using the shelter halves most infantrymen carried at the time. Shortly after our arrival in Marseilles I was told that I was going to be put into a newly formed Ranger Platoon. (The Ranger Platoons were formed by taking qualified men from different companies to perform special missions. The men however, never lost their identity to their lettered companies from which they came, and the Ranger organizations were disbanded after the war ended). Consequently, we didn't know each other, and were a group of strangers from the division put together for what they said would be 'special missions'. I can attest to the fact that they were special missions all-right, some very special. My claim to fame, if there is any, is that I walked from Marseilles, France to Munich, Germany. There were times when we were given a ride on a truck or some vehicle, but for the most part we were on foot, moving from one small village or city to another.

[citations are from "The Story of the 232nd Infantry Regiment, a presentation researched by the Millennium Chapter and available on CD; 266 pages]

A SIX-MAN PATROL By H. Dale Walker

We were given the orders, six of us, we were going to go out on patrol, and the object was to go back to where the enemy was, get into their territory, find out what we could find out, and report back. I have always questioned that, and I could probably be criticized for my opinion, but be that as it may, it is still my opinion. Trying to invade the territory of the enemy on foot at night when it's pitch black, and to do it in a quiet manner, going through territory that you're not familiar with, forested areas, primarily, it seemed like it always was, once in a while a clearing here and there, to go back and reconnoit, find out what you can find out, so this was the objective and away we went.

We had gone, I would judge, at least a mile, and perhaps further, and we hadn't seen, nor had we heard anything, up to that point. We approached a cleared area, and as we are stealthily walking across this cleared area, we had ourselves in a nasty trap. Mortars started ringing in on us. It was complete bedlam, men yelling, and everybody's trying to scurry out of that clearing, and that was a disaster.

After getting away from where all this mayhem was taking place, I was alone. How many of the other fellows were alone and had managed to get out of there, I have no idea, but there we were. I knew which direction to go to get back from whence I had come, and I started working my way back that way. I went a considerable distance, but very carefully, not making progress as fast as I really would like to have done. Being aware of where I was, it dawned on me that there's no way in the world I could move during the daytime, and I had no inclination to do that, that would have been kind of silly. I moved as far as I thought I could and I would find a big clump of bushes to hide in. It seemed that that was no problem finding those, big clumps of bushes, so you hide in them. It took a couple of days to get back to where I wanted to go, but I managed to do it. Drinking water was no problem. Food was a problem, but then, I wasn't all that concerned about eating anything, anyway, under the circumstances. So when

daylight came I did my best to stay hidden. I would try to visualize the direction I was going, some landmark or something that I thought I could get myself to when I thought it was safe to travel. That's how I managed to get myself back to our lines.

One incident during this little ordeal that remains very vivid, in my mind to this day. One day I was all ensconced in a great big beautiful clump of bushes, well hidden, and along comes a half a dozen Germans, soldiers, and they stopped right near this bush, and this was a big clump of bush. They stopped right near there, and they were talking. I've never understood this man thing, but I term it a man thing. For some reason or other, when a man has to urinate, if he's out in the open, he likes to do that against something. Well, they were no exceptions. Instead of using the open area, they liked the looks of those bushes. I wasn't in any danger of getting sprayed, but I sure felt like I was in danger, my heart pounding, and they could hear it. After they moved their way and I stayed there and used my strategy to go the way I wanted at night, I finally got back. My directions were somewhat off-kilter because I came into the area of the 45th Infantry Division, which was quite some way removed from where we had started our little escapade, but I managed to get in there and told them my story, my ordeal. They were great. They saw to it that I got a change of clothes, a great meal, and then they pointed me in the right direction to get back to my unit.

Getting back to the unit that I belonged to and was wanting to get back to, I ran into several friends. You see, I'd been in, before I was put into what they termed this specialized unit, if that's what you want to call it, I had been in I Company of the 232nd Regiment, 3rd Battalion, 42nd Rainbow Division. There were two fellows that I took basic training with. One, his name was Glen Sjogren, the other one was Kenneth Schultz. We all three had been drafted from the city of Tacoma, Washington, and we all three took our basic training together down in Arkansas, and at the conclusion of the basic training, we all three were assigned to the 42nd Infantry Division into the same company, I Company of the 232nd Regiment. Well, when I was taken out of that company and put where I was put, doing all this necessary stuff, that the army thought was necessary at least, I never did see Glen and Kenneth until I had returned from this disastrous patrol. They were still in the same company, and we visited together quite a length of time, talking about things that had happened, and they both were, I supposed you could say depressed, and they both told me they were convinced that we were never going to be able to come out of this situation alive. Well, I hated to hear that, and had there ever been in my thinking that such was the case, or in any man's opinion that that would be the situation, he'd never come out of it, I don't think most soldiers felt that way. If they felt that way, I think they would probably justifiably have deserted by the droves. But that was the gist of the conversation we had with them after we renewed our acquaintanceship, and I never saw them again, and it was some weeks later that I found out that both of my friends had been killed in the line of duty. That is not a pleasant thought or recollection, and what I am attempting to do in my narration of my war within the war, is to perhaps show scenes and incidents that probably were not real common, or if they were very common, not much has ever been said about it. I think these things were completely different, and I suppose there might be and should be many reasons why the Army chose to conduct this method of operation. It certainly has etched my memory, and perhaps that's a good thing. I have been blessed with a decent memory, so my wife tells me, perhaps those experiences had a lot to do with that. I don't know, and I don't know that I'm really all that curious to know, but these thoughts do cross your mind.

I really should not have been on this particular patrol. In our group we had an unwritten rule if you had just finished a patrol you would not pull another one – back to back so to speak. At the conclusion of the previous patrol a group of us were talking and I made an off-handed remark, "Show me a man who likes the Army and I'll show you a damn fool." This 1st Lieutenant heard me and sent me on the next patrol. His decision backfired because he was put in charge of this patrol. It turns out he was captured. Several weeks later during an assault on a small village we rescued him. He was one mighty happy soldier. He was shaking hands and hugging everyone. Everyone but me, I looked him right in the eye, refused a handshake, turned my back and walked away. After that I never saw him again and to this day, I still do not regret that gesture.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL **(POSTHUMOUS)** is awarded to GLENN N. SJOGREN, 39 476 187, Private First Class, Infantry, Company I, 232nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 15 January 1945, near Leutenheim, France. As a member of a patrol sent deep into enemy territory, Private Sjogren displayed exceptional courage and determination near Leutenheim, France. When the patrol had reached its objective and accomplished its mission, he and another soldier started to return to our lines with information gained by the group. As he proceeded through enemy territory, concealed enemy opened fire with machine guns and small arms. Unhesitatingly continuing despite the murderous fire, he was fatally wounded before he could

reach a covered position. Private Sjogren's heroic sacrifice reflects great credit upon himself and the military service. Name and address of nearest relative: Hazel Sjogren (Mother), 823 S. Prospect Street, Tacoma, Washington. Entered military service from Tacoma, Washington.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL **(POSTHUMOUS)** is awarded to KENNETH C. SCHULZ, 39 476 183, Private First Class, Infantry, Company I, 232nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 28 February 1945, near Lichtenberg, France. When the combat patrol of which Private Schulz was a member met strong enemy resistance near Lichtenberg, France, it was forced to withdraw with numerous casualties. As the patrol withdrew across a mine field, the enemy subjected the group to an intense concentration of mortar fire, seriously wounding Private Schulz in the chest. Despite the intense pain and severity of the wound, he remained quiet in order not to disclose the patrol's location, and, because of the large number of wounded already in the patrol, he refused to be carried or assisted. After walking and crawling over seven hundred yards to our lines, he succumbed to his wounds. Private Schulz's indomitable courage and determination reflect great credit upon himself and the military service. Name and address of nearest relative: Mrs. Julia Marie Schulz (Mother), 4508 S.D. St. Tacoma, Washington, Entered military service from Tacoma, Washington.

TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS By H. Dale Walker

There were six of us to take care of this little mission. The instructions were to go into the town and if we met no resistance, continue about half way into the town. Take over a building or house, set up what the Army called a "strong point", and send someone back to where the Headquarters Group was located in a big large barn type building. Headquarters could in turn, then send along a communications person to lay communications wire. That was what we were supposed to do. I don't know the name of the town; I never did know the names of very many of them and we just had to either walk or fight our way through them. I always was hoping that someone knew where we were, I was never sure. Well, we did as directed, and we walked into this small town, we didn't run into a soul. So we went about half way and took over a house. There was an old German couple there, an elderly gentleman and his wife. Of course they were scared speechless. We assured them as best we could with our limited German vocabulary that we were not going to cause them any harm; we just locked them up in the basement. Then it was decided to send a runner back and let the Headquarters know where we were. Sergeant Ronco was in charge of this little excursion. He said to me, "Why don't you take one of these young replacements and go on back and let them know where we are." I told him No, that I would prefer to go back by myself. I know where this Headquarters Group is located. He didn't argue with me and said, "OK, if that's what you want to do." He said, "Do you know where Headquarters is located?" I said, "I sure do. Go down the street here from the direction we came from for five or six blocks, meet up with a good size road and take a right hand turn. I won't have to go too far, and look for this big barn type building. That is where they are." He said, "No, when you get to that intersection you go left, you don't go to the right." I said, "Are you sure?" "Yes," he said, "I am positive." Ronco was a pretty darn good head. He and I got along great, so I thought he is probably right. I must have gotten mixed up. So I said, "OK, I will do what you say." So I left on my way and when I got to this point I thought I should go right and he insisted I should go left – left, I went. It is now well into the evening and it is pitch black. On these little excursions we never wore a helmet. We didn't take anything with us except our weapon and the ammunition that went with it. We brought nothing along that would make noise. So I was wearing this little knit cap Army khaki color. I make my turn where he said I should go left. I walked and I walked and I walked and I am thinking there is something wrong here; I am going too far. I hadn't seen anything. Then suddenly I saw the outline of a large barn type building. I thought, oh well, Ronco was right. It was further than I thought. So I walked up to this building, and there are two soldiers standing there. They had their weapons on the shoulders, "sling arms." They were wearing the little German knit caps, similar to ours, and it looked like the same to me. I walked right up to them and said, "Is this Headquarters?" They said, "Vas, VAS?! (what, WHAT?!) and spun around and there we were, three scared to death soldiers, two Germans and one American – me. They were completely startled, as I was, except I guess my adrenaline kicked in faster than theirs, and realizing what I was confronted with I was terrified, ready to spring any direction. This was a frightful experience. (NOTE – They had obviously seen me coming up the road to the barn and with the knit cap I had on they thought I was a German. Had I had a helmet on I probably would not be here telling this story). [photo of barn is taken from 42nd "Rainbow Infantry Division History World War II, ed. Lt. Hugh C. Daly, 1946]

Looking back now, I can see the little bit of the comedy involved, but at that moment it wasn't very humorous. I said, "Do you speak English?" One of them answered, "Yes." His English was limited. So I had enough presence of mind to step back so they couldn't grab me. If they had been thinking, that is exactly what they could have done and I would not have been able to stop the two of them. I figured if these guys are standing on guard there must be troops in the damn barn. So I said, "Come with me." I started to lead them away and one of them spoke to the other and I did catch the word "Zwei" (two). I figured, oh, oh, he is trying to tell him, I am all alone and there are two of us, so I hauled off and batted him a hefty blow with my rifle butt and told the one that spoke the limited English, "Move down that hill as fast as you can or I will shoot you both where you stand." Under the circumstances, that is undoubtedly what would have happened. Having their attention, down the road we went. I marched right straight back to where we had taken over this house. We got to the house and here was this young troop on guard (sound asleep) so I told these Germans (they still had their rifles on their shoulders) to go through the door. Inside was Ronco at a table, he was writing a letter and he said, "Oh, you're back ok." Then he turned and looked, and all he could see was two German soldiers standing there in the door with rifles over their shoulders looking at him. I was behind them. I don't know what he had in mind but he fell over backwards, pushing himself away from the table. Presumably he was going to get his weapon. I don't know what he thought he was going to do with it. So I pushed them in and I berated Ronco in the nicest way possible. I said, "Now look here what you sent me into. You damn near got me killed." So we started again to find the Headquarters building, this time I took another guy with me, along with the prisoners. This time we turned right, as I should have done the first time. We found the big building with "our" Headquarters personnel in it. So I filled them in on what had happened and they interrogated the two prisoners and found that there were a sizeable number of German soldiers in that barn where I had surprised the two German soldiers. So my leaders decided the thing to do was to put a squad together and go back up there and catch the soldiers in the barn. There was only one thing wrong with this idea, the only one that knew where that silly barn was, was I. So I am placed in charge of this little contingent of would-be warriors. We return to the barn where I found these German soldiers. It was kind of an ideal situation in one respect because immediately across from this barn was a kind of irrigation ditch. It was facing the only door used to go in and out of the barn. By this time it is getting along toward early morning and I told the troops, "Let's just line up in this ditch separated from each other and wait for them to come outside. They will be at our mercy. For heaven sakes don't anyone fire a shot unless you hear me say so." That is what we did. It was not very long and there was little commotion going on, and out they came from the barn. Of course, their two comrades are missing and this caused a little confusion to take place here. So they are all kind of milling around and decided I guess to get themselves in some sort of a column and leave. About that time one of my idiots decides to start shooting. That was a mess. A big part of them got away; some of them didn't. Had this been done properly we could have gotten all of them and not had to kill those we did. That's what happened. It was just real exciting at the time but it wasn't the kind of excitement I was looking for or wanted. Talk about the airplane guy, "Wrong Way Corrigan"- in this case, it was "Wrong Way Walker", but it was Ronco's fault.

Several days later I was interviewed by a gentleman who said he was with the newspaper, *Stars and Stripes* and wanted my story of the captured German soldiers. He said it would make a great story for their newspaper. While talking with him I handed him a short poem I had written. He read it and said, "I don't think your poem would be appropriate."

I never heard anything further and doubt if the story was ever printed. The poem is –

"I have seen the horror this war has done, lives destroyed for battles won.
I have seen many grown men cry, and I will always wonder, Why? "

I still think it is a pretty darn good poem.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to HARRY D. WALKER, 39 476 182, Private First Class, Infantry, Company I, 232nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 11 April 1945, near Brandenbach, Germany. Observing two SS troopers on guard outside a barn in Brandenbach, Private Walker captured and disarmed them. Upon interrogation they revealed that twenty more SS troops were in the same area. Without hesitation, Private Walker led a patrol in an attack on this enemy, deploying his men so successfully that a large number were killed and the remainder captured. By his aggressive and courageous action, Private Walker saved his company from a dangerous ambush. Entered military service from Tacoma, Washington.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to JOHN RONCO, 12 077 439, Staff Sergeant (then Sergeant), Infantry, Company I, 232nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 27 February 1945 at Lichtenberg, France. When Sergeant Ronco's reconnaissance patrol encountered a heavily mined area, the explosion of several mines seriously wounded two men and aroused nearby enemy mortar positions, which immediately adjusted fire on the group. Four more of the patrol fell wounded by the mortar fire. Sergeant Ronco then organized an evacuation team to remove the wounded men. He fearlessly led his group over five hundred yards of difficult terrain, and, despite the mines and mortar fire, succeeded in evacuating all casualties to safety. Sergeant Ronco's extreme courage and calmness under fire contributed materially to saving the lives of the wounded soldiers. Entered military service from Roseto, Pennsylvania.

In the last issue of Rainbow Trail (August 2010) this article was printed without the last few paragraphs, which were missing from our files :

MEMORIAL DAY 1991 REFLECTIONS ON LESSONS FROM TASK FORCE LINDEN

by Richard E. Engler, 222-F, author of THE FINAL CRISIS/Combat in Northern Alsace January 1945, Aegis Consulting Group, 1999, 362 pages; MA and Ph.D Sociology, 1953 & 1957, University of Southern California; BA Sociology, 1949, UCLA (Phi Beta Kappa).

Taking up these recollections several paragraphs before the end of last summer's article, here is the last part of Dick Engler's 1991 REFLECTIONS -

"…Poor, demented Adolf Hitler. With his ideology proclaiming the racial, blood-conditioned superiority of his unified German Volk. How could he possibly comprehend the potential strengths in diversity when the many discover what they owe to one another? How could he comprehend men like Dickerson and Garza and Pelc and Willemssen and Bulkley -- and oh so many others!

They didn't all make it through to their Sutter's Fort beyond Dachau and Munich. But under the caring leadership of a 2nd Lieutenant they pooled their talents for the good of all and never stopped working to keep one another alive.

It became legend in the company that in the ditch moving back from that deadly frozen field of their first attack, Dickerson paused to blow his nose on his white handkerchief. Perhaps he saw the hopelessness of surrender to impersonal machines. But mostly, I think, that stubborn cuss simply didn't like being bullied by those arrogant Germans and their mechanisms of war. As loyal now to his GI family as he had been to his stateside family, Dickerson never missed a day when that company was on the line. He had at least one good chance to defect legitimately when they prepared to move through the mountains in March. A call went out for muleskinners to bring up supplies. The job seemed to offer a chance for someone to get at least as far back as the kitchen, and maybe a good deal farther. And old Dick had farmed with mules for 20 years. But one of the new replacements was so eager to get out of the upcoming attack, that Dickerson quietly turned down the offer to be muleskinner. "Shit fire," he said, "I know that rookie ain't never seen a mule before and I been workin' 'em all my life. But go ahead and send him back." So they sent the rookie back as muleskinner, for those first days through the mountains.

Stan Pelc, with his "bad back," returned to the company after several weeks as an MP. He acted a little embarrassed at first, because one had to explain leaving battalion headquarters voluntarily to rejoin a rifle platoon. He said he'd come back to be with his best friend and they were going to look out for one another and do everything together. Now he wanted to have firepower; and since all the BARs had been assigned, Pelc cleaned up an old rusty BAR he found in the woods. Then he appropriated every ammunition magazine he could find and improvised a harness and suspenders to hold up this extraordinary load that now truly tested the sinews of his "bad back."

Pelc shed bitter tears the day his best friend was killed on a senseless 3-man daylight patrol ordered by regiment to scout the very center of the German positions in the mountains. But it seemed to renew his resolve to end the insane killing quickly and press on to Sutter's Fort. At Wurzburg they gave him a medal for leading an assault group into the tunnels under that old medieval city to root out the last German defenders.

Very early in that terrible winter, Joe Garza, the Texas cowboy, came to realize how much they needed him, too. His response was to give. He became a special friend of mine; and he never stopped trying to lighten my load – especially after frostbitten feet slowed my pace. Joe often carried half my burdens as we moved across eastern France and western Germany. Then he was cut down by a flakwagon on the outskirts of Schweinfurt the day after I fell out with hepatitis. His other friends got him out from under the 20mm fire, but he died at the aid station.

The leader of that company shepherded them across Europe like a big family, always going that extra step in giving of himself while trying to give them the best possible chance at life as they performed their duties. Frank Bulkley made it almost to the end; but finally he was hit on a pitch dark night checking out a roadblock on the road to Dachau. At first he lay unattended because of his exposed position near the roadblock. But then **GEORGE MERLOCK,** a tough little machine gun sergeant from a steel town in Ohio, pulled his pistol and forced a tank commander, at gunpoint, to take his armored vehicle up the road so they could use its cover to get to their lieutenant, bring him out and start him on his way home.

[left - photo of SSGT George E. Merlock; right – Lt. Frank Bulkley]

For Walter and Henry, I'm so sorry that we hadn't reached our prairie beyond Independence before that first attack when they fell. They deserved a better chance.

The deep, mutual commitments in that company ended with the passing of the crisis. After a stint in occupation duty, men scattered to the new opportunities a grateful nation opened for its veterans of World War II. And to a society that through the years created ever larger organizations that required leaders to become more and more the managers and manipulators of people.

For today, as in wartime 1944, we are again short on infantry and long on staffing. And the higher echelons of "staff," where all the important movers and shakers, decision makers and power brokers are holding forth, lose sight of the hidden strengths of people: the trememdous creative energies in our diversity when we come to the realization that, at times, free people must work for one another as well as for themselves as they journey toward opportunity.

From the trials of that winter, many of my generation learned that lesson. Maybe we've forgotten it. Too bad. It could be as important today as it was then."

[NOTE – if you would like to review a copy of the entire REFLECTIONS (8 pages), please contact Suellen McDaniel, editor, to receive one either by USPS or by email attachment]

The following article by Dick Engler tells part of "the rest of the story", now that we have a brief background of the men in his platoon -

LEADERSHIP IN 1944 – '45

Dick Engler F/222

Heroes come in many shapes and sizes. And perhaps the word is misused in most cases anyway. Certainly in the sophisticated modern day we are a bit embarrassed by the term. Maybe "leader" is a better word; and leadership too can come in many styles: John Wayne charging pigeon-toed in front of his men across silver screen battlefields; Patton with his brace of pistols, revelling in the shock effect of his profanity; MacArthur, corncob in mouth, calmly wading ashore at Leyte to fulfill his promise "I shall return." Most of us never felt the direct effects of those popular brands of leadership. But some of us were fortunate enough to have been touched by leaders of a different kind.

It was the First Platoon of F/222nd that first made the acquaintance of the skinny lieutenant with the long legs, the angular features, and the high-pitched voice. It was at Gruber, probably early September 1944. Some of the younger men weren't overly impressed at first. Infantry leaders were supposed to have commanding voices, weren't they? And they fixed you with a stern gaze when they spoke. They were like quarterbacks in football, swaggering up to the line of scrimmage to imbue their team with their own cockiness and self-confidence as they called the signals.

Frank Bulkley had plenty of self-confidence. He just lacked the swagger. His style was to lead by example. And the example he set was to take responsibility and to care about those under his command. The shiny bar pinned on

his collar at OCS symbolized responsibility not privileges. And soon all of F Company, not just the First Platoon, felt the effects of his caring efforts in their behalf.

How the lieutenant fussed over them on that train ride to Kilmer. Some of the very young and naïve wondered at his sense of urgency. "Hey, we're going to Europe, and the war's practically over in the ETO." But Bulkley kept them busy field stripping and reassembling weapons on tables set up between the Pullman seats. Especially the BAR men concerned him – many of them 18-year-olds newly assigned the weapon after coming to F from replacement training centers a few weeks before the company left Gruber. He wanted them to know the weapon just by feel, and he stressed how important the BAR was to the firepower of a rifle platoon.

By the time they got to CP-2, the message was coming across in First Platoon: The lieutenant was working for them. So they welcomed him to the platoon campfire where they sought warmth from the cold wind and freezing rain. And thereafter it was always Bulkley with his men – in the positions in and around Strasbourg, finding them shelter from the cold and fretting about the fairness of duty assignments. And it was Bulkley who stayed with the company in a barn (while other company officers seemed to disappear into houses) after the long night march when they abandoned Strasbourg temporarily; and it was Bulkley who then went out in the blizzard to retrace their route of march and guide in the rear-guard left in pillboxes along the Rhine.

A few days later, Kilstett by Gambsheim was their true baptism. They almost lost him there – in fact, they thought they had lost him. He led the company's patrol the night before the morning attack and returned soaked and freezing after breaking through the ice in those little ponds in that marshy ground near the Rhine. Then he went back out to lead his platoon in the morning attack "to clear a few snipers out of that little town over there by the church spire across the railroad tracks" (the CO had said). The "few snipers" turned out to have quite a few 88s and a number of machine guns with them. Bulkley had been out in front, like John Wayne, but probably not moving as fast as the Duke would have moved. He was too tired; and besides, the ground was furrowed and snow covered. He had finally come to rest behind a small mound that barely gave cover from the machine guns that kept snapping at him whenever he moved. He lay there all day until dark when he could finally inch his way back to the ditch by the railroad tracks and so to the lines now drawn around Kilstett. On his way out of the field he heard one of the badly wounded BAR men calling for his mother, and somehow he managed to bring the big guy in with him.

Throughout the month of January the man gave of himself while they all learned the lessons of war at first hand. By the time of the retreat to the Moder River, they had come a long way toward emulating their leader in looking out for one another. And on that day of the breakthrough in Ohlungen Forest, when First Platoon started back into Schweighausen after a brief (ordered) withdrawal, Bulkley was in the lead. As the shrapnel began to shriek around them from the fire of the tanks and SPs in the factory district across the river, he turned to his pitiful handful and said: "I don't want you men to think this is a suicide mission." Some laughed sardonically at the crazy Coloradan with the charmed life. But they followed him. And they stayed in their positions until the counterattack finally brought relief.

Off the line in Einville, where the replacements arrived, the higher brass had a lot of questions about F Company. The company's officer ranks were depleted, and the feeling higher up was that a real disciplinarian was needed to whip the company into shape. So they sent them a foul-mouthed Little Caeser who communicated just two things with his staccato shouting: he cared nothing about them; and he was concealing his own terrors with his bombast. But the oldtimers knew, and the newcomers soon sensed, who would lead them when the next real trials came.

Little Caeser disappeared as soon as orders came sending the company back on the line. And, of course, it was the soft-spoken lieutenant who took them back up – and then led the entire company almost all the rest of the way. He never really changed his style, always going that extra step in giving of himself to give them the best possible chance at life while they performed their duties. And he made it almost to the end. Then when he was finally hit, way out front on a dark night checking out a roadblock on the road to Dachau, one of the men pulled a pistol and forced a tank commander at gunpoint to take his vehicle up the road so that they could use its cover to get to their lieutenant, bring him out and start him on his way home. For by then they had learned never to desert one another, and especially the man who had taught that lesson so clearly to all of them.

Companies have group memories. And many of the memories F Company men share are of Bulkley and what he meant to that group he treated like a family. The stories seldom are about heroics. Usually they are about caring. There is a story almost all remember about a three-man daylight patrol ordered by regiment and sent out to scout the very center of the German lines in those positions in the mountains in front of Wingen. At the time they wondered about the need for that patrol. (They didn't know that "Little Caesar," now a staff officer, had schemed up the affair.) The sergeant called on to lead it had said it was a suicide mission, and as he started down the hill, he called back: "See you in heaven." Then he had done his duty and, in deed, was killed when his little reconnaissance group crawled to within a few yards of the German positions.

At a Rainbow reunion some years ago, I was talking to Jake Kizirian who had had dinner with Bulkley in Denver on the way to or from a previous reunion. Jake said the conversation had somehow gotten around to that three-man patrol in the mountains. And after all those years, Frank Bulkley still got tears in his eyes talking about one man that F Company might not have needed to lose.

Some of us are surely not qualified to judge the qualities of leadership needed today to make those complex life-and-death decisions in the Pentagon and other high seats of power. But I, for one, fervently hope that somewhere in those corridors of power there are men who once led a G.I. family and can still feel deeply about the loss of just one man.

[Richard "Dick" Engler died in 1995; His Memorial Day Reflections were spoken in 1991 and the article, just read, "Leadership in 1944-45" was printed in a subsequent REVEILLE, and then reprinted in the September 2007 issue.]

A TRIBUTE FROM CHICAGO FIREFIGHTERS TO ONE OF THEIR OWN, In Honor and Memory of WWII Veteran WILBUR J. ROEDER, Antitank Co., 242nd Infantry Regiment, 42D Infantry "Rainbow" Division.

FROM Captain Charles Vazquez, Engine Company 8, Chicago Fire Department (01/30/2011) : "I'm looking for information and/or photos of PFC Wilbur J. Roeder, member of the 242nd Infantry Regiment during WW2. Service #36966776. He was listed as missing in action on April 26, 1945. Records show that he died as a POW in Stalag IV-B in Muhlberg, Germany. PFC Roeder was a Chicago Fire Department member assigned to Engine Co. 8 in Chicago's Chinatown. Engine 8 is celebrating it's 150th year of service and we would like to include PFC Roeder's story in our program booklet."

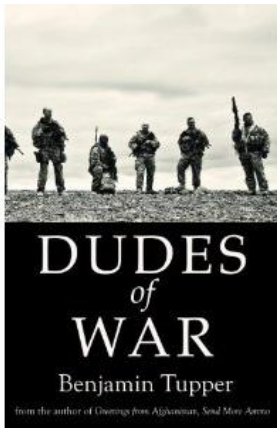
[photos The firehouse was built in 1936 by the WPA and is where PFC Roeder worked prior to his Army service in Antitank Company, 242nd Infantry Regiment, 42D Infantry "Rainbow" Division; inset photo of PFC Roeder is from the 1944 pictorial and review book for men of the 242nd Infantry Regiment in training at Camp Gruber, OK in November 1944.]

"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." It reads: "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."

In honor of PFC Roeder and with thanks to those who have served in the Chicago Fire Department, the Millennium Chapter has sent the Story of the 242nd Infantry Regiment (CD), a DVD of the film documentary, "Trail of the Rainbow", and Hold At All Cost/42nd "Rainbow" Division Prisoners of War, published by the RDVMF in 2004; 492 pages.

From Captain Charles Vazquez (01/03/2011): "Thank you so much for the information and pictures. I will certainly send you a program booklet when it is completed. We're also planning to set up a permanent memorial at our firehouse in honor of FF Roeder. The Chicago Fire Museum is also very much interested in all the information you have provided me. It was Father John McNallis, one of the founding members of the museum who brought PFC Wilbur J. Roeder to our attention. We Thank you and wish you all the best."

Caroline Oliver, Cemetery Associate, Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Belgium has sent this photo taken of the Wall of the Missing. She has written (02/06/11): "We are actually in the process of collecting the pictures and the stories of the thousands of soldiers that have been laid to rest in this cemetery **so that the memory of these men shall live**. We would be extremely grateful if you would be willing to share any documents with us. I can assure you that they will be kept sacredly in each soldier's file.



Major Ben Tupper, Deputy PAO, Public Affairs Section, 42D Division HQ has published his second book on Afghanistan Major Benjamin Tupper has been in the Army National Guard for sixteen years, serving first as an enlisted man and then as a commissioned officer. Prior to joining the National Guard, he earned his Bachelors and Masters Degrees at Syracuse University, where he focused on Political Science in the United States and abroad. As a college student, he travelled and lived in war torn Central America, and from these experiences he developed a strong appreciation and attraction to the life of a soldier. Upon completion of his studies, he began his career in the United States military. This interest in countries in turmoil would take him in 2004 to Afghanistan, as a civilian with an NGO focused on reconstruction and humanitarian aid projects (specifically school construction for young girls). He experienced first hand the lay of the Afghan landscape, and the basic human rights of artists, women, athletes, and free thinkers that were being threatened by the Taliban and Al Quaeda. As a result of this trip, he volunteered to deploy for a year long combat tour with a specialized small team of Advisors, known as "ETTs", who would be embedded into the Afghan National Army, and tasked with training, leading, and developing their combat abilities and capacities in the war against the Taliban. Coming soon is the second of his books on Afghanistan, Dudes of War, which focuses not on combat but on the American soldier culture in modern warfare; the pranks, humor, lingo, vices, and heartbreaks of life down range. Major Tupper has four children, two of which are adopted from Ethiopia. He is married and resides in Syracuse NY. **Paperback:** 164 pages **Publisher:** Epigraph Publishing (October 29, 2010) Available on Amazon.com.

Photos are shared by Judy Garner, daughter-in-law of Norman Garner, Cannon Co., 242nd Inf. Regt., 42D Division. Judy is a professional Cookie Designer and sometimes decorates cookies for soldiers, sons of her friends, with meticulously reproduced uniforms of the unit of the soldier who will receive them.

MILLENNIUM CHAPTER CONTACTS
Honorary President: Melanie Remple <taremple@hutchtel.net>
President: Emily Marcason-Tolmie < emilymarcason@yahoo.com>
Treasurer: Sue Cullumber <suemikecul@cox.net>
Secretary/Editor: Suellen McDaniel jmac1400@aol.com (828) 464-1466
Archival Restoration/Graphics: Tim Robertson <trobertson1@cinci.rr.com>