

RAINBOW TRAIL

The Newsletter of the Millennium (Rainbow Family) Chapter

Of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation, Inc.

February 2013 Volume 13, Issue 1

"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"

INSPIRATION On The Trail of History -



**by Dennis Cox, American History Teacher,
Wichita NorthWest High School, Wichita, KS**

Perhaps one of the most rewarding professions is teaching. As I conclude my 32nd year teaching American History, I have grown to realize more and more the importance of having students understand the past and many sacrifices by the veterans of this great country. Several years ago I decided to dedicate my classroom to the "Greatest Generation". In doing so, I have asked my students to join me in honoring those soldiers who fought in World War II. When I first meet my students in August, I ask them their favorite era to study and the answer is always World War II. I am amazed though, how little they know and this is very unsettling to me. It is very apparent that they do not get the full picture of the war. Involving my students with the project has had incredible results. The walls are filled with signed photos from all of the campaigns in the war, many of which are grandfathers and great-grandfathers of my students. **Students are asked to find a veteran from the war and interview them, then bring their story and signed photo back to the classroom to share with their fellow students.** They now have such a greater appreciation of the sacrifices made by so many. I also have artifacts from the war that I put into their hands allowing them to see the war through the eyes of those that were there. In the past few years though, traveling to Europe with my students has made the greatest impact of all. Tracing the footsteps of Hitler in Munich and spending an afternoon in Dachau Concentration Camp was a very humbling experience for all. My wife's grandfather helped liberate this camp with the 42nd Rainbow Division. Needless to say, there were many tears holding our nine year old son that was with us. **This spring break, we are going to England and France** with a stop on the Beaches of Normandy. I am sure all of us will be truly touched as we stand on the beach and gaze with appreciation and understanding of June 6, 1944. We are also visiting numerous American cemeteries and placing American Flags of remembrance next to those who made the ultimate sacrifice. As a teacher of American history, it is truly an honor to be a part of this generation and to give them the opportunity to learn about our past generations. I will always be proud of my father's service in a B17 and I hope my students leave at the end of May with proud hearts as well.

TRIBUTE TO A FALLEN SOLDIER



Staff Sergeant Charles E. Harlow, Jr. Company C, 1st Battalion, 222nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division was killed in action on 9 January 1945 at Ingolsheim, France. He is buried at Epinal American Cemetery. He was awarded a Posthumous Silver Star for gallantry in action and a Purple Heart Medal. While leading a combat patrol into enemy territory, Sergeant Harlow observed a machine gun position located in the steeple of a church. Calling out to his men, he was pointing out the location of the machine gun to his comrades when the enemy concentrated deadly machine gun, mortar, and small arms fire upon him. Although mortally wounded, he

ordered his men to withdraw from their precarious position and then covered their withdrawal with deadly automatic rifle fire. Through his gallant courage, Sergeant Harlow enabled his comrades to return to friendly lines without casualty. **Photo is contributed by his son, Charles E. Harlow, III.**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Inspiration on the Trail of History

Dennis Cox, Teacher of American History

Tribute

SSgt Charles E. Harlow, Jr.

WWI Rainbow

Rainbow Trail - December 1917

A Patriotic Man

*A novel of WWI
by Betsy Tice White,
WWI Rainbow daughter*

The Amazing Journey of

Les Trois Mousquetaires

The Rainbow In WWII

*Recollections of a
Mediterranean
Excursion
By Robert Maynes, I-222*

Resisting German

**Occupation -
Recording Acts of
Courage,**

*Toulon, France 1942
by Pierre Bozon-Verduraz
and his son, Frédéric
Bozon-Verduraz*

A Letter From Home

*by Agnes L. Thompson
A Story of Stalag VII-A
Moosburg, Germany WWII*

Contributions to Rainbow History

*From Dr. Joseph J. Essid,
University of Richmond, VA*

Clemson University SCROLL OF HONOR

A Letter from The Netherlands

Rob Stal, History Teacher

The RAINBOW IN WORLD WAR I



The first great testing of the assembled Rainbow Division in France in December of 1917 has been called, "The Long March," "The Great Hike", the "Valley Forge Experience" or simply, "DOWN RAINBOW TRAIL "- December 1917.

Reprinted from the December 1966 REVEILLE

Italicized history is from "Americans All/The Rainbow At War/Official

History of the 42nd Rainbow Division in the World War" by Henry J. Reilly, Brigadier General, O.R.C., The F.J. Heer Printing Company, Publishers, 1936, Columbus, Ohio, 888 pages

Promptly, with the advent of Christmas week, the division received a warning order for a movement farther south past Chaumont, to begin on December 26th. By Christmas Day, a great deal of snow had fallen. The hilly roads were heavily glazed; the wind was high, and under these circumstances, the thermometer could do nothing but keep on dropping—which it did, below zero. The march was a long one.



The bulk of the division's animals had not reached it as yet. There were but a handful of trucks, scarcely twenty, and a few small ambulances. On Christmas Day the mules were received—for the most part unbroken and unshod. With the equipment available and the distance to be traversed, the march had to be made in as short a time as possible in order to feed the columns on the road. "The details of the march would not be emphasized except that in retrospect, this task appears one of the most trying and arduous with which the division was ever confronted. In a blinding snow storm it commenced. The roads were deep with snow, with a treacherous glassy base and full of long grades and sharp turns. The

thermometer kept on dropping and the men proceeded through these conditions in the same uniform in which they passed in review before the Secretary of War on that balmy Sunday afternoon in Indian summer. The same uniform it was, except for the inroads of four months' hard wear. At the very last moment and by dint of extraordinary effort, a few thousand shoes were rushed to the division. The march the troops had previously passed through had so broadened and swollen their feet that it was extremely difficult to make use of what had been so obtained. There were many men without overcoats; and gloves were the exception. Over an average of three full march days and 75 kilometers distance, the division bucked the adversity of a blizzard and pushed steadily ahead on the slippery roads. It did its work uncomplainingly. Many a foot left a red trail on the snow and many a soldier, if not all, was chilled from start to finish of this magnificent effort. In the history of this division there is no page more full of courage and determination than that on which this journey is recorded.

Snow two feet deep on a ground frozen and slippery with ice. Snow still falling and whipped into huge drifts by an arctic wind. Columns of men moving slowly under full equipment out of the little towns. Underweight and undersized mules struggling to pull overloaded wagons up icy hills.

Still the thermometer dropped, and the men ploughed out in the same uniforms in which they had passed in review before the Secretary of War on that balmy Sunday afternoon in Indian Summer. Worn almost threadbare by months of use. Feet were soon swollen. Shoes didn't fit and raw places were soon being scraped by rough leather. Men stood in exhaustion that night, and when they came to move in the morning, it was almost more than they could stand. The second day was worse than the first. Still it snowed, with occasional flurries so heavy that it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead. The snow would pack

in every conceivable spot in men's hats and packs, adding to the crushing weight they already carried. Wet snow that clung to the men and packed underfoot. At night it froze, and in the day snowed again. Hard crusts formed and walking anywhere but in the broken wagon tracks was almost impossible.

Colonel Hughes, then Assistant Chief of Staff and later Chief of Staff of the division, says: "Probably no American division left for France as completely and well supplied as did the Rainbow. "When we got to France they took away from us large quantities of these supplies to help outfit the 2nd and 26th Divisions, which were not completely equipped. We had brought over 50,000 odd pairs of shoes. We lost them all. The result was that when the winter march came instead of all our men having an extra pair of shoes, some had no shoes at all, fit for marching. As a consequence, we had to leave behind more than 400 men of the 165th New York, and later send for them as they were practically in their bare feet and we had no shoes to give them. "The blanket situation was not quite as bad, but was bad enough because we had had to give up all the extra blankets we had brought with us so as to be ready for just such a situation."



Shoes began to wear out. Feet were blistered, backs ached, legs became numb. Hike fifty minutes and rest ten. Rest? Just a drop in the snow; a pause that gave every aching nerve a chance to assert itself; a pause that let stupefied minds become aware of the places that "hurt the most," Rest? Just long enough for exhaustion to overcome one and then the command: "Fall in!"

Halt at 11 o'clock for mess. Mess that consisted of a frozen sandwich, often only two slices of cold bacon

between thick slices of bread, and a swallow of water! Then on again—on, until the shadows of dusk were shattered by the piercing gleam of a cold winter moon, before the next billeting town loomed dark against the snow.

Billets in barns. The column was met at the edge of town and companies conducted to their billets by non-coms and officers who had gone ahead of the main body. Aching arms released rifles and packs, and then a "Fall in", and a trip to some central point for straw for beds. A detail to go for wood, a detail to erect the field range (no rolling kitchen on this hike), a detail to go for rations which the division trucks might bring into town at any time of the night. Then a hot meal and bed.

Off came heavy water-soaked hobnailed shoes, and whenever possible, aching feet were bathed. Tallow or French foot grease was obtained if it could be found, and raw places rubbed. Uniforms and overcoats were kept on and a blanket wrapped around the cold body—men, three or four, slept close together, using their combined blankets for warmth. Zero and below. Asleep in straw in a hay-mow, a chicken shed—no fires—cold, bitter cold.

Dawn. The top kick's voice, "Everybody out!" Whistles blowing, men calling. Piles of straw move, arms and heads emerge from blankets.

"Where in hell's my shoes?"

"Get off my neck!"

"Move your feet!"

"God it's cold—I'm frozen!"

"Another day to march—how long's this going to keep up?"

"Honest, Bill, I can't go it today. Look at them feet! Oh, Lord, they hurt—they'll bleed if I walk—I can't—"

"Frozen stiff, they are—them shoes is frozen I tell you. They won't go on; Oh I can't pull 'em on these feet."

"Here, let's burn a candle in 'em and thaw 'em out."

"Paper will do, burn paper!"

"Hell, these shoe strings just snap off; they're froze, too."

And with prayers and curses the men pulled and tugged at shoes frozen and shrunken from the wet snows of yesterday. Some thawed theirs enough to get them on. Others, disgusted and angry, cut strips from the leather to make room for swollen feet.



The columns, with gallantry and grit, drove ahead at least 25 kilometers a day and came in well closed and accounted for. The wagon transportation, with the green and unshod animals, arrived, despite the footing and the hills, under darkness at each night's destination.

Those who saw it cannot forget the sight of the Colonel of the 166th Infantry, at the head of his wagon train, indicating the way through the drifts and superintending a long, hard haul outside of Nogent. [The Colonel of the 166th Infantry, 83rd Brigade (4th Ohio) 42nd Division was Colonel Benson W. Hough;
photo of Major General Benson W. Hough]

It was all summed up by a soldier of his foot column who, limping and with his feet in rags, crossed the bridge at Rolampont. Sliding and slipping under the weight of his pack and covered with the snow from the gale that he was combatting, 'Valley Forge—Hell!' he said, 'there ain't no such animal.'

From this march the spirit of the division was born. The experience settled each man who took part—he became veteran, at least so far as contending with the elements was concerned, and he had shown a tenacity and nerve which, when the Rainbow took the field, was never more surely demonstrated. It was a great march; such was the judgment of those who observed it, whether at Chaumont where one of the columns—that of the 167th Infantry—skirted the cliffs on which the city is perched, or on the white and drifted roads on which the columns passed.



All day the columns crawled forward through crusted snow, closing up and lengthening as tired men dropped in the snow to rest. Ambulances were full in the first few hours. Exhaustion temporarily overcome, men had to get out and make room for others whose legs refused to work or whose feet were leaving red marks in the white snow.

At the head of one column was a tall figure wrapped in a long overcoat, walking. He had a mount, a sturdy little mule. Since the beginning of the hike he seldom rode. The mule was used for other things. Many a weary boy, unable to go another step was startled to hear a deep kindly voice saying: "Here, son, ride Lucy awhile. Give me your foot—up you go"—and in a moment the tired soldier found himself astride the Colonel's mule, leading the column! After a short time he was rested and pride forced him down to make room for another.

The other duty of that mule was no less important. The Colonel and Lucy teamed on that job.

Orders said that the column should keep to the right of the road. That made it possible for but one man in a rank of four to walk in a wheel track. The other three had to walk in unbroken snow. The Colonel and Lucy solved that problem. Lucy walked in the center and the Colonel took the outside, where the snow was deepest.

Walking ahead of the column the "Old Man" crunched through the frozen layers of icy snow, actually dragging his feet to break the trail for the weary ones ahead.

Inspiration? Example? The Colonel showed on that hike that he could and would endure all the hardships of his men.

The French people, knowing that the division was on the march, gathered in groups and broke trails through the worst drifts near their villages. It was a mark of devotion that did not go unnoticed by the new Yanks.

The wagon transportation, with green animals, arrived each night despite the footing and the hills. It had to arrive. The men had to eat. Slippery roads caused many spills. Wagons had to be righted and reloaded. Then on again.

Night—exhausted sleep—up and on again. Men behind wagons pushing. Trackless wastes of snow ahead. Stone fences, a hedge sticking up through the drifts, guided the columns.

It was the last night of the year 1917 when the regiment settled down in its new training area.



For five miserable, torturing days and four freezing, comfortless nights the men had lived as wretchedly as the soldiers of Washington at Valley Forge, or Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow. American boys, fresh from the comforts of American homes had hiked almost 100 miles in the heart of one of the most severe winters known in Europe or America in years. Men's souls were tried—but the spirit of the Rainbow Division was made.

Photos, in order: [HRD – History of the Rainbow Division; OPWW – U.S. Official Pictures of the World War]

Photo 1 - Column of 117th Field Signal Battalion During Last Stage of Its March to Rolampont Area December 27, 1917. (HRD p. 9)

Photo 2 - “Buckeyes” of the 166th Inf., 42d Div., rest on the hike to Rolampont. (OPWW p. 83)

Photo 3 - Supply Train of the 42d Div. on the way to Rolampont. (OPWW p. 84)

Photo 4- Major General Benson W. Hough. “In July 1916, a big, raw-boned man of 40 years resigned as Adjutant General of the State of Ohio so that he could go with the “Old Fourth” Ohio Infantry to the Mexican border and take part in whatever adventures and fighting the future held in store. **The man was Benson W. Hough of Columbus, Ohio,** who later became wartime commander of the 166th Infantry of the Rainbow. No officer could have enjoyed more respect and affection from his subordinate officers and his men than Colonel Hough. There was implicit faith in his military judgement and in his fairness in dealing with men. He demanded strict military discipline, but despised anyone who used authority unfairly. In his heart was genuine affection for his comrades and he left nothing undone to gain for his men whatever small comforts were available for combat troops. His interest in his ‘boys’ did not end when the Rainbow came back from overseas. He enjoyed their companionship in post-war days and rejoiced in the success of members of his old outfit and felt keenly for those who had misfortunes. His interest in Rainbow veterans organization work never faltered. **He was the first president of Rainbow Division Veterans, being elected at Ahrweiler, Germany, and he attended every national reunion and every Ohio reunion it was possible for him to attend.** He was a big man, mentally and physically. Physically, there was no man in the regiment who could have stood up before him in physical combat. His intellectual abilities brought him many honors. He had been honored by being Adjutant General of Ohio before the war. After the war he rose in military rank from colonel to major general in command of the Ohio National Guard division. He also became a justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio and later a federal district judge, a position he held at the time of his death on November 19, 1935. Colonel Hough’s military career started on July 12, 1892, when, at the age of 17 years, he enlisted in Company K, 14th Ohio Infantry, at his home town of Delaware. His study of law at Ohio State University caused him to resign from the company on July 11, 1897, after he had won corporal chevrons. He graduated from Ohio State in 1899 after a record of high scholastic standing and three years football, four years baseball and four years of tennis.

After three years of the practice of law at Delaware his interest in military affairs caused him on January 1, 1902, to accept a commission as first lieutenant in Company K, 4th Ohio Infantry, the designation of the regiment from 14th to 4th having been made when it went to Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War. His ability gained him rapid promotion to captain, then major, and then lieutenant colonel. He served as lieutenant colonel from July, 1906, to January 11, 1915, when he resigned to become Adjutant General of Ohio with a commission as brigadier general. During the years he had served in the regiment he had seen much duty both as an enlisted man and officer on strike riot duty as well as in camp.

The Adjutant General of Ohio could not go to the Mexican border and so Adjutant General Hough resigned that position and his commission as brigadier general in July, 1916, and enlisted as a private in Company K. He then accepted his old commission as lieutenant colonel of the "Old Fourth" and went with the "boys." He was commissioned colonel of the regiment on April 9, 1917, and commanded it all during the war without being absent from his command at any time. The first man of the Rainbow Division killed in action was a member of his regiment, Dyer J. Bird, of Company D, Marion. His courage and services won for Colonel Hough the Croix de Guerre with silver star, French Legion de Honneur, and the Distinguished Service Medal. He died on November 19, 1935. (from The Rainbow Reveille Jan-Feb 1936)

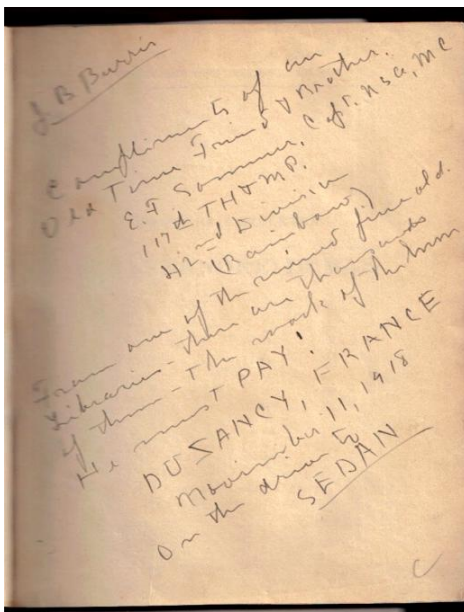
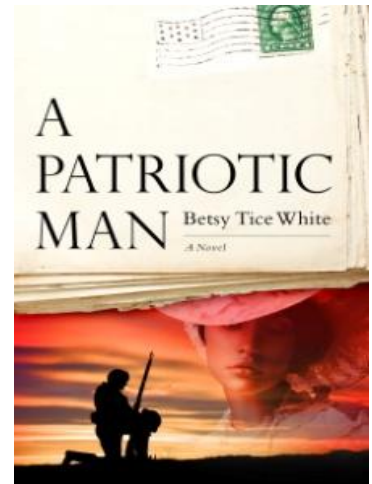
Photo 5 - The last long mile on the way to Rolampont. (OPWW p. 84)

Photo 6 - After a three days' march in the snow, the 42d Div. arrives in Rolampont area. This is the 117th supply train. At the head of the column Mr. J. G. Luckett recognizes Maj. A. E. Devine, Sgts. Milton Gaines, Marion Settegast, Capt. Robert L. Smith and himself. (OPWW p. 90)

A PATRIOTIC MAN

This novel by **Betsy Tice White**, WWI Rainbow daughter of **Henry K. Tice, Captain, Headquarters Military Police, 42nd Division AEF** is based loosely on several decades of her father's life, including his A.E.F. service in the Lorraine, Champagne, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne sectors during World War I. **From the author, "For anyone interested, about a third of the novel consists of letters adapted from actual letters my dad wrote home from France.** Some WWI descendants may recall hearing of the never-to-be-forgotten "Valley Forge hike" when the Rainbow had to march 80 miles in a two-day blizzard, many with inadequate boots, and never a complaint in the bunch. Stern stuff, proud Americans. The novel deals with its hero's experiences as a soldier in 1918 France, after the war when he endures what is probably post-traumatic stress syndrome in silent stoicism, and later his life in West Virginia while the United Mine Workers union flexes its muscle in the often violent effort to organize all of W. Va.'s coal mines. The novel is a coming-of-age story, a love story, and a war story." **Betsy adds, "I well remember how avidly my dad read the Rainbow Reveille every time it appeared in our mailbox! I think he'd be proud to know I'm doing my best to honor his patriotism and his service."**

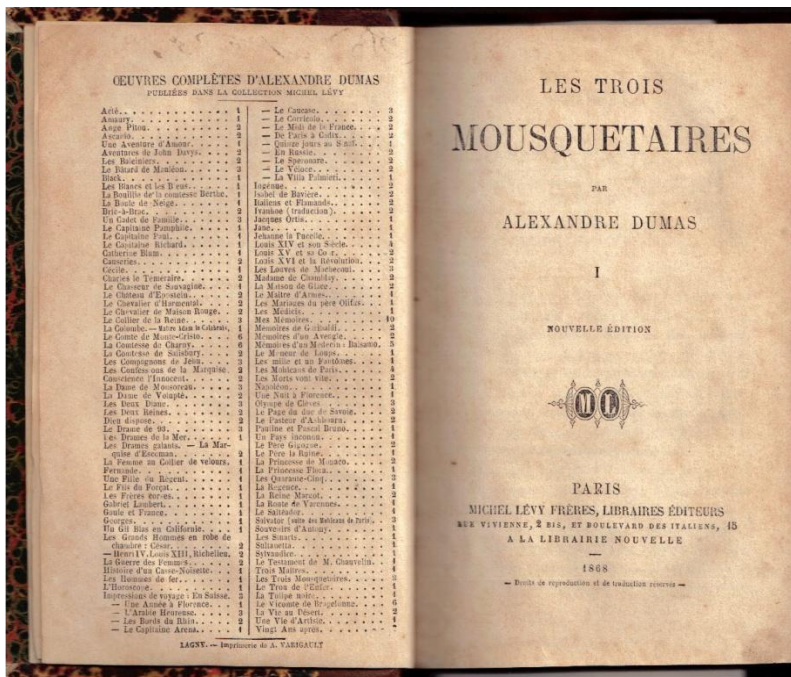
Big Elm Books, 2012, Softcover, 402 pages, \$16.00 - may be ordered from Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble or local bookstores



The Amazing JOURNEY of *LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES* by Alexandre Dumas, 1868 edition, Paris - Michel Lévy Frères, libraires éditeurs

On 6 August 2012, we received this email from Judy and David Sumray, London, England -

Dear Sirs, We recently purchased an 1868 French copy of The Three Musketeers. It is inscribed as follows: **'J.B. Burris Compliments of an Old Time Friend and Brother E.F. Sommer Capt. NSA, MC, 117th TH & MP, 42nd Division (Rainbow) From one of the many ruined libraries - there are thousands of them - the work of the hun. He must PAY! DUSANCY, France. November 11, 1918 on the drive to Sedan.'** We thought it would be nice to try and trace the descendants of one or the other of these soldiers, or, failing that, give it to a collection of Rainbow Division memorabilia, and we hope that you may be able to help us. **Yours sincerely, Judy and David Sumray**



The Sumray family, mother and son, working together with our WWI RDVMF Rainbow research team members, Donald L. Segel, Rainbow Historian, Barbara Eberhart, primary responder, and Suellen McDaniel, secretary/editor, Millennium Chapter added this “history mystery” to the history inquiries received through <rainbowvets.org> .

Judy and David Sumray wrote: “In 1904, according to a report (dated 25 August that year) sent to the Indiana National Guard by Frederick R. Charlton, Lieutenant Colonel and Chief Surgeon, Captain E.F. Sommer was the Assistant Surgeon in Charge of Brigade Hospital at Post Benjamin Harrison. So, we are contacting the Fort Benjamin Harrison website in the hope that they may be able to help. We'll let you know. **J.B. Burris was John Breckenridge Burris**, who was born in 1859. He married Harriet McCoy in 1899 (both

from 'very good families' according to the news reports of the time), was a farmer in Cloverdale, Putnam County, Indiana, and on the Indiana State Board of Agriculture.

It's interesting to speculate how a book sent to him in 1918 ended up in a thrift shop in North London in 2012 (perhaps symbolically in view of Captain Sommer being a medical man, it was in one of the shops run to raise funds for the North London Hospice)."

Of great help was a book donated to the Millennium Chapter in 2007 by William L. Butts (42nd Division Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop, WWII) in memory of his father, William S. Butts, who served in the Medical Detachment, 117th Engineer Battalion WWI and who had been a previous owner of, “Iodine and Gasoline /A History of the 117th Sanitary Train” by An Associated Staff. The rosters in the back of the book included this listing on page 172: **SOMMER, EDGAR F., Captain:** Assigned to Field Hospital 167 June 30, 1918. Transferred to 117th T.H. & M.P. September 7, 1918.

An entry from page 90, “42nd Division Summary of Operations in the World War” prepared by the American Battle Monuments in 1944, records the location of “The 42d Division assembled in the area, La Besace—St. Pierremont—Artaise-le Vivier—Tannay. **On November 10** it moved to the vicinity of **Buzancy** and was attached to the V Corps.”



A vignette of the time, from “**Iodine and Gasoline**”, **p. 121** : “**In the village of Chémery, France** where the farthest advanced hospital of the train was stationed, was a small cemetery surrounding the church. Early on the morning of **November 11 [1918]**, ten weary hospital men were hard at work, digging a large grave along the southern wall. On the opposite side of the same cemetery another smaller grave stood in readiness to receive its dead. Presently a short procession came from the church headed by the priest. The soldiers ceased their labor, to stand with uncovered heads while the French civilians, so recently freed from German captivity, buried one of their number. He was an elderly man who had been killed by a stray shell a few days before. After this funeral was over, the priest, seeing no chaplain present among the soldiers, asked if his services were needed. He was assured by the

men that this kindness would be appreciated, and all would be in readiness at ten o'clock. At the appointed time the priest returned, followed by as many, if not more, French people than attended the former funeral. A short service was held, and at its conclusion, the daughter of the civilian who had been buried only a short time before, noticed that the Yankee grave had no flowers. Unhesitatingly, she went to her father's grave,

selected the largest and most handsome wreath, brought it and laid it on the bare grave of the American soldiers. Her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "My father would have it so." Such was the bond of brotherly love the Americans had established in the hearts of their allies. The sacred silence lasted but a moment. For the screech of an alien shell, whining closely over their heads, ended with a crash in a cloud of black smoke over the corner of the cemetery.

"It was the last shell that broke in the hearing of any member of the Sanitary Train, for at 11 o'clock of the same day, the armistice took effect. During the race to Sedan, the hospital section handled 2049 patients in all."

[This photo from <http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ch%C3%A9mery-sur-Bar> is of "**Église de Malmy, un hameau de Chémery-sur-Bar**" and may be the church described in this story. In today's mapquest.com, Chémery-sur-Bar is only 10.04 miles from Sedan]

From the "Historical and Technical Report of 117th Engineer Regiment for the month of November [1918] Headquarters 117th Engineer Regiment, Luxembourg, December 2nd 1918 we have these entries:

---On November 10th, the regiment marched to Bar, a distance of 18 kilometers, where the entire unit was billeted. During the time the regiment was at Bar the town was cleaned up, the 42nd Divisional Area and all towns within it were salvaged of all military material, which was collected and transported to a central dump, all under the supervision of the Commanding Officer of the 117th Engr. Regt. In addition to this work the regiment was bathed, equipment cleaned and repaired. The condition of the command was excellent. The stock had been underfed for some time, due to the small issue of forage for the previous few days.

---On or about November 12th the regiment was notified that it would proceed to equip and prepare itself to accompany the Army of Occupation, the 42nd Division changing its status from the 5th Corps. 1st Army to the 3rd Corps, 3rd Army." **This information was provided to us in 2008 by Russ Davis, grandson of James M. Hill, 186832, Sergeant Cos. A and E, 117th Eng.** Occupation Sawyer ("which is a lumber mill term for the man in charge of setting the machinery up to cut various sized lumber from logs). Russ very kindly provided us with copies of the unpublished record of the 117th Engineers at the National Archives (Record Group 129, Entry 1241, Box 39), that include monthly reports of the 117th found during his own research.

**An historical fact from Rainbow Historian Donald L. Segel -
The Origin of the 117th Regiment**

A number was assigned to National Guard Divisions in a pool of reserved numbers for each division. On the list of National Guard divisions, there were a total of seventeen. The 26th was first on the list, and the 42 Rainbow was last or 17th. Thus the special regiments assigned to the 42nd Division in addition to Infantry and Field Artillery are each numbered 117th, and may consist of only a few companies for each specialty.



"LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES" with its Rainbow Division history will be offered to the MacArthur Memorial, Norfolk, Virginia, a repository of WWI 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division History.

"The MacArthur Memorial is a museum and research center dedicated to preserving and presenting the story of the life of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. The Memorial also pays tribute to the millions of men and women who served with General MacArthur in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. Situated in downtown Norfolk VA, the Memorial consists of a museum, archives and research center, education center, theatre, welcome center and a gift shop." <http://www.macarthurmemorial.org/>

**Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur,
commanding the 84th Brigade, 42d Division, before Sedan.
(OPWW p. 382)**

The RAINBOW IN WORLD WAR II

From the official Narrative of the 222nd Infantry Regiment -
DECEMBER 1944



1 Dec. 44. The 222nd Inf was aboard USAT Ship NY #683 [The SS Edmond B. Alexander] as a unit in convoy including ships Nos. 679, 680 and 686 carrying other elements of the 42nd Infantry Division, having departed from the New York Port of Embarkation at North River and Buck Terminals, New York City, N.Y. on 25 Nov. 44 for overseas destination through the port of Marseille, France. Weather moderate, ocean calm, seasickness subsided, all troops quartered below deck with individual bunks. Daily training for all troops included one hour physical exercise on deck and three hours instruction by lecture. Two hot meals per day served below deck. Recreation available for all men included boxing, wrestling, movies and library. Classes conducted instructing in German and French for officers and EM. Daily inspection of troops, quarters and equipment at 1030 hours, and abandon ship drill at 1100 hours. Morale excellent.

2 Dec. 44. No change.

3 Dec. 44. No change.

4 Dec. 44. No change.

5 Dec. 44. No change.

6 Dec. 44. No change. Entered Mediterranean Sea through Straits of Gibraltar at approximately 2300 hours.

7 Dec. 44. Aboard ship. Encountered stormy weather and rough seas. No training activities on deck. Recurrent seasickness.

8 Dec. 44. Aboard ship. Entered harbor at Marseille, France at approximately 1600 hours. Anchored and remained aboard ship overnight. Prepared for debarkation.

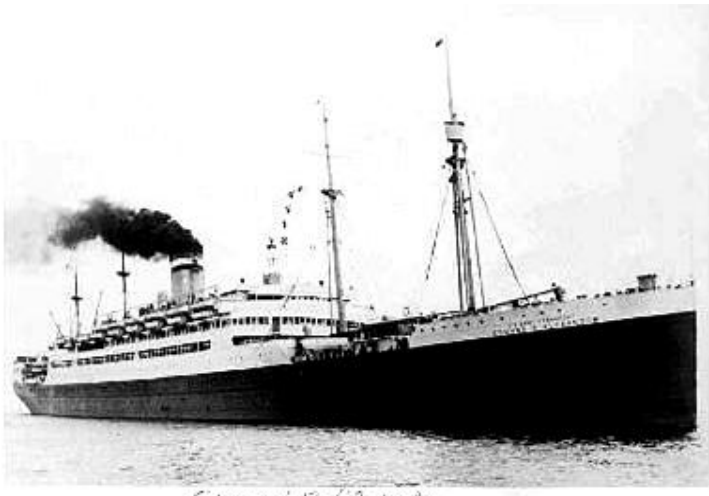
9 Dec. 44. Ship docked in harbor of Marseille, France. Debarkation commenced and units moved by foot and motor march to temporary station at CP #2 Staging Area, Delta Base, 2 Miles NW of Calas, near Marseille, France.

“Recollections of a Mediterranean Excursion” By Robert L. Maynes, Co. I – 222nd Infantry

Reprinted from the November 1994 issue of *The Badge* and completed from “Crossing the Atlantic”, Chapter Four of his book, *“Forged by the Furnace and the Fire – A Platoon of the 42nd Rainbow Division’s Experiences During WWII”* 1999, 198 pages [Map is from the *Encyclopedia Britannica Atlas* page 54, 1967 ed.]



“Struggling with my duffel bag, stretched to the limits of its heavy canvas twill exterior and resembling a huge olive drab sausage, I laboriously ascended the steep incline of the gangplank of the *Edmond B. Alexander*, Alias the *America*, a converted luxury liner. Although it was a cool-crisp night in late November, I was sweating profusely by the time I reached the welcome flat deck of the ship and was able to drop my duffel bag to the deck and rest my back on the ship’s rail. From the relative comfort of my position I was able to observe the endless line of GIs, like worker ants, each laden down with a huge sausage, traversing the dock area, streaming up the gangplank and compressing themselves into the ever shrinking space on deck.



Edmund P. Alexander

“I marveled at the massive size of the ship, its immeasurable deck space and its multi-storied height; never had I seen anything like it. As I turned around and looked down over the side several stories below, I saw a number of small slender iron boats with small cannons mounted topside, comparing to the *Alexander* as a mouse would to an elephant. I was to learn later that these small “boats” were Navy destroyers and our only protection for our perilous Atlantic crossing.

“Many years later, doing research for this story of my life, I learned not only the history of the *Alexander* but also another fascinating historical parallelism of the Rainbow Division of World War I and the Rainbow of World War II. The *Alexander* was one of

the few ships that served the United States as a troop ship during both World Wars. She was built at Belfast, Ireland and christened the *SS Amerika* in 1905 and was operated in the North Atlantic Passenger Service by the Hamburg-American Line. The vessel was seized in 1917 at Boston and converted into a U.S. Navy transport and renamed the *USS America*. During one of her nine transatlantic voyages as a World War I troop ship, she transported the 165th Infantry Regiment, 42nd Rainbow Division to France. The famous poet Joyce Kilmer crossed the Atlantic on the same ship that 27 years later I boarded to cross the Atlantic!

“We were herded several levels below deck, packed into an extremely small cramped space, and informed that this would be our sleeping quarters for the voyage. As I glanced around, no beds were in evidence. Upon closer inspection I noticed hammocks strung one immediately above the other, three and four levels high, among the pipes, cables and irregular protruding obstructions of the small crowded breezeway which was now our “quarters.” By this time some of us were ready to turn in, but quickly learned that accessing our respective hammocks necessitated a cooperative effort. In order for the process to work, the bottom hammock had to be occupied first, second, next, etc., until all three or four levels filled. The weight of each man’s body stretched his hammock until it almost touched the man below. We learned that first night that you must go to the latrine immediately before turning in, to avoid rousing your vertical stacked row of buddies out of their hammocks when an over-extended nocturnal bladder beckoned.

“The next morning, November 24, 1944, I was standing on deck as powerful diesel engines slowly moved the 22,000 ton, 700- foot-long *Alexander* and its (over 5000) Rainbow officers and men – the entire 222nd Infantry Regiment plus the Linden Task Force Headquarters – away from the dock, out into the harbor, past the Statue of Liberty and out into the mighty Atlantic Ocean. As I watched the Statue of Liberty slowly fade into the distance I was beset by emotions never before experienced. I was leaving the United States of America, my native land, the birthplace of freedom and democracy! In my mind’s eye, the “blessings of liberty” were fading away as the Statue of Liberty faded into the horizon. The Statue had been a gift from France, our sister democracy, to mark the centennial of our Declaration of Independence and we Americans were returning to France, once again, as did my father’s generation of fellow soldiers some 25 plus years ago. I wrestled with these thoughts and emotions with a lump in my throat, tears in my eyes and aching hands from an oblivious death grip on the ship’s railing.

“Once you adjusted to the cramped sleeping quarters and the moving mass of humanity everywhere, the trip was almost enjoyable. The Atlantic Ocean was calm and peaceful, warm sunlit days and beautiful star-filled skies at night. One night Harry Felty and I, standing at the railing and marveling at the magnificent star studded sky, glanced down and discovered a whole new world of wonder in the wake of the *Alexander* as it sliced through the ocean. The disturbed water was illuminated by what appeared to be thousands upon thousands of “fireflies”; the undisturbed water beyond was the color and consistency of jet black ink. Many years later I was to learn that plankton, ever present and floating in the ocean, emitted light when disturbed. That night Harry and I enjoyed the unquestioned wonder of it all! Were it not for the night blackout of lights, the ever present destroyer escort, the zigzag course of the convoy of ships and that all 5000 “tourists” were adorned with the same olive drab attire, which had been so in vogue the past few years, you could be on a luxury liner enroute to a funfilled Mediterranean cruise.

“Attempts were made by the officers in charge to conduct training, but the crowded conditions precluded them. Posted notices throughout the ship advertised a well-stocked library and a movie theater. I made several attempts, during the long trip, to access both and was never able to do so. I used the time to visit with the members of my platoon, to broaden acquaintanceships into friendships.

“The ranking enlisted man in our platoon was T/Sgt Vassil J. “Rube” Evanoff, a very serious older man that I estimated to be over 30 years old (at a reunion many years later I learned that he was 21, only 3 years older than I) who always looked worried and concerned, as if he was carrying the weight of the world upon his shoulders (photo right). “Rube” was responsible for every aspect of the lives of approximately forty of us soldiers and he took that responsibility very seriously. He was respected and admired by all and his authority was never questioned. Others in the soon-to-be close knit family of the 1st platoon were S/Sgt Willard Lisbon, the assistant Platoon Sergeant; S/Sgt. William J. Morrow, a tall soft-spoken man from Dodge City Kansas; Sgt. Charles T. Fox from South Carolina; Cpl. Edward Burkhalter, a friendly interesting soldier who had joined the 42nd from duty in Panama; Pfc. Wilber R. Davis from Georgia; Pfc. John L. Fox, Jr. from Ohio; Theodore B. Berg from Minnesota; Ben DeSantos from Texas; Harry Felty (already a close friend and soon to be foxhole buddy) from Indiana; Dolian Harris from South Carolina; Walter L. Maxwell from Ohio; Lowell McMillan from Minnesota; Isidore Schwartz from New York; Gene Hicks from Texas; and several more that the passage of time, incomplete records and my mind’s diminished capacity for recall prevent my recording.



“We were fed two meals each day, by unit, in accordance with a posted roster necessitated by the massive number of troops on the *Alexander*. We inched our way through a lengthy chow line that snaked its way down steel stairs, along bulkhead walls, and under steam, water, and oil lines until we finally arrived at a serving line near a kitchen, held out our compartmentalized steel trays to receive a “plot” of each of the food groups, hopefully in each of the compartments of our metal trays with a minimum of merging of dessert and main course items such as, gravy, chipped beef, or creamed corn. With a filled tray and a metal canteen cup overflowing with strong, hot, black coffee, we attempted to find a space large enough to consume our meals. Although the crossing was smooth, a goodly number of soldiers became seasick and lost all interest in food. I did not. I made every mess call and endured hunger pains between the twice-daily feedings.

“Posted upon the bulletin board near our company area was the good news that we could take showers anytime, plus the location. Having accumulated a few days of grime and body odor, I grabbed my towel, soap and wash cloth, proceeded to the designated area, secured use of a shower head, and turned on the water anticipating a refreshing shower. What a shock. The water that poured down all over my body was *salt* water. I could not get my soap to later and repeated rinsings left a slick unpleasant residue upon the skin that repeated drying with a towel would not remove. When finally I did succeed in drying off, my skin itched uncontrollably. I showered only when absolutely necessary the remainder of the ocean voyage.



“Early one morning as I was standing at the railing on the port bow of the *Alexander* and watching the first rays of the rising sun as they eased over the horizon, I saw the faint, dark outline of the Rock of Gibraltar in bold relief against the emerging light of a new day. It was easy to recognize as I had seen it often in magazines and newspapers as the pictorial symbol of the Prudential Insurance Company. The gem of an idea began to form in my mind, matured and began to produce an action that I was soon to intensely regret. I wrote a V-Mail letter on a short form to my parents. Because of censorship I wrote in a general, generic manner avoiding all the forbidden subjects such as WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE and HOW. I did add in an

offhand manner my opinion that their decision to buy a Prudential Insurance Policy was a sound one.

(photo of British Light Cruiser, HMS Argonaut approaching Gibraltar; “The Rock” during the transport of men to the North African Coast November 1942/This is photograph No. A 12795 from the Imperial War Museum collection No. 4700-01 and is in the public domain.)

"That same day, only a few hours after mailing my letter, I received orders to report to 2nd Lt. Alfred L. Rosener, Jr., platoon leader for the 1st platoon (photo right). Upon reporting to Lt. Rosener, at his semiprivate officer cubicle, slightly less crowded than the enlisted accommodations, he explained that one of his additional duties was that of unit censor and he proceeded to dissect my letter and berate me for my juvenile, immature, and blatantly



obvious attempt to breach censorship, thus potentially endangering all our lives and the success of the Rainbow's mission. What hurt so very much was that he was right and that I had done a very stupid, dangerous thing. I apologized profusely, agreed to the destruction of that letter and pledged never again to violate censorship.

Poster Right - Artist: Leon Helguera, 1943
Office of War Information, OWI Poster No. 78
U. S. Government Printing Office : 1943--O-534057

Poster left - Artist: Essarge
This poster is published by the House of Seagram as part of its contribution to the national victory effort
Published New York : Seagram-Distillers Corp.



"The *Alexander* (and presumably the entire convoy), as it passed between the Pillars of Hercules of the relatively narrow Strait of Gibraltar, changed course away from the Rock of Gibraltar, headed in a southeasterly direction, and hugged the North African coastline. That night we could discern tiny pinpoints of light of the city of Tangier of Spanish Morocco. It was a beautiful sight to behold, but a stark reminder that our ocean voyage was near its end.

"On the morning of the 8th of December, our ship eased its way out of a heavy morning mist into a large harbor. As the mist cleared, the famous iniquitous Old World city of Marseilles, with its yellow chalk cliffs gleaming in the sun, suddenly appeared. From a vantage point along the ship's railing I leisurely viewed 180 degrees of the harbor area and immediate environs of the second-largest city in France, as the *Alexander* patiently awaited access to a slip for unloading and off-loading. The

city had been badly damaged by the Germans earlier in the war, and for a period of time, had been occupied by German troops. The scars of this destruction and occupation were everywhere. Bricks flowed from demolished and partially demolished building into rubble-strewn streets, triggering images of rocky hills transgressing into the street-like valleys below, frustrating man's best efforts to unclog enough major valley arterioles to facilitate the rapid movement of Allied troops and supplies through the city to the front lines in central and northern France. The happenstance fortunes of war were ever-present: next to bombed-out buildings were buildings untouched by the ravages of war."



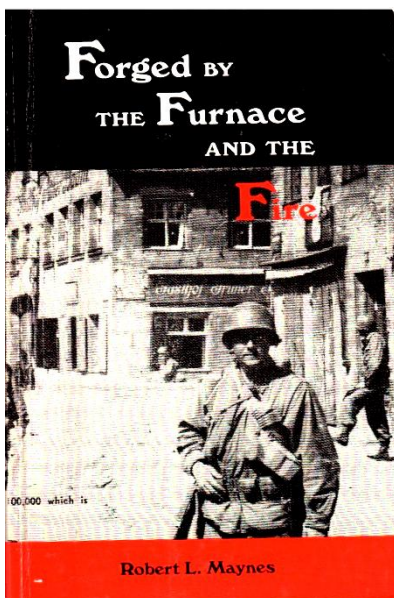
Photo right is US Army CCKW 2 1/2-ton 6x6 cargo trucks unloading supplies from US Navy LSTs [tank landing ships] in Marseille, France, September 1944; Source: United States Army

For photos of the harbor at which the Rainbow disembarked in December 1944, taken in August 1944, visit this web page:

<http://sudwall.superforum.fr/t4978-liberation-de-marseille-marseille-libere-aout-1944>

Although now out of print, copies of this book may be found at abebooks.com and elsewhere online. Robert Maynes' photo is on the cover of his book. He wrote, on the flyleaf of the Millennium Chapter's personal copy:

"Enjoy the reading as I did the writing!"



WWII - RESISTING GERMAN OCCUPATION: ACTS OF COURAGE

Forty miles from Marseille, in 1942, the French Navy scuttled its own ships in the harbor of **Toulon, France** to avoid their capture by the Nazi forces occupying the city. A 12-year-old boy, Pierre Bozon-Verduraz, took these photos, although it was forbidden to do so.



His son, Frédéric Bozon-Verduraz, who has so kindly allowed us to be the first to print these hitherto unpublished photos kept in albums by his father, wrote, "Giving credit to my father Pierre, would be very kind of you, I'm sure he'd be very proud and honoured. These photos have been in a closet for years, surely waiting for their moment to come! My father was then 12, my uncle Emmanuel 20....The French Navy scuttled itself to avoid capture by Nazi forces. I can remember my father telling me he was afraid when taking these photos; a man put his hand on his shoulder and told him, 'Sonny, that's a risky job to do what you're doing right now'."

For an historical background, look up "scuttling of the French fleet in Toulon" on Wikipedia

Frédéric, an educator in Béziers, France, several years ago initiated and hosted the exhibition, "Names Instead of Numbers" in his hometown to honor all those imprisoned at KZ Dachau and to preserve the memory of his Uncle Emmanuel Bozon-Verduraz, who was interned in the Dachau Concentration Camp and died

two months before the prisoners were liberated on 29 April 1945.

There are many more photos !

These were captioned:

1-Toulon's Harbor after bombing
2-(L) Lansquenet
3-(R) Gerfaut, Jean de Vienne, La Galissonniere



gerfaut / Jean de Vienne /
La Galissonniere

A LETTER FROM HOME — as told to Agnes L. Thompson, mother of WWII Rainbow veteran, John H. Thompson, A-232nd Inf. Regt. and grandmother of our Millennium Chapter Treasurer, Sue Cullumber. In a letter to James V. McNichol, editor of The Badge, **in 1986, Mrs. Thompson wrote: “Some fifteen years ago some friends and I were reminiscing about World War II and one of them told me this story....”**

A letter at last, - from his wife! **Leland Charles Lamberth**, who had received no mail during the months he had been a prisoner of war, was elated. Carefully, he unfolded the letter and read its meager contents over and over. He put it in his shirt pocket, and often put his hand to his shirt to see if it was still there.

Lamberth had been taken prisoner in the Po Valley, Italy, October 26, 1944, and had been in the prison camp **Stalag VII A at Moosburg, near Munich, Germany** for several months. All of the prisoners had been hopefully and anxiously looking for mail from home. Lamberth's letter was the only mail received in his barracks.

A few days after receiving the letter, he was talking to Lloyd Landmark, a fellow prisoner, in his barracks. They talked of home, and of their families; how far the distance was and how long the time since they had been at home together with their families.

Finally Landmark said, “Lamberth, you got a letter from home, didn't you?”

Lamberth replied, “Yes, I did.”

After several minutes' hesitation, Landmark said, “I wonder if you would let me see the letter.”

Lamberth removed the letter from his pocket and handed it to his friend who took it in his large, emaciated hands, carefully, tenderly, almost reverently, and rubbed his hand lightly over it.

“You may read it if you like,” said Lamberth.

“Oh, no, I couldn't do that.”

“Sure, go ahead.”

“I couldn't read a personal letter to you from your wife. It wouldn't be right.”

“It's not all that personal,” replied Lamberth.

And, indeed, it could not be. There were stringent limitations in writing letters to prisoners of war. They had to be short, typed in capital letters, and the contents were restricted.

Landmark took the letter, carefully unfolded it and read it. Then he just as carefully refolded it and returned it to Lamberth with his thanks. As he gave it back, he rubbed his hand gently over it once more.

Not long afterwards, Landmark became quite ill. When he saw Lamberth he said, “I have a great favor to ask of you.”

“What is it?” asked Lamberth.

“I know it sounds silly, but would you let me keep the letter tonight? It would mean a great deal to me.”

Lamberth agreed and Landmark kept the letter that night. The next day he returned it, handling it with great care, and, again rubbing his hand gently over it as he gave it back to Lamberth. “It gave me comfort,” he said.

Others in the barracks learned of his experience with the letter. Soon, whenever anyone in the barracks was feeling unusually blue or ill, he would come and ask, “Can I see the letter, Lamberth, and touch it?” or on other occasions, “Can I keep the letter overnight?”

The simple letter became kind of a good luck charm, almost a religious relic.

One afternoon a prisoner from another barracks came up to Lamberth and said, “I have heard about a letter from home that you have in your barracks. Is there such a letter?”

“I do have a letter from my wife,” Lamberth replied.

“One of our men is very sick. I wonder if you would lend him the letter overnight.”

“No, I wouldn't want the letter to leave the barracks. Besides, I don't feel too well myself.” (Lamberth had a badly infected leg, infected from lice bites. All he had been able to do for it, was to try to keep the rags he used for bandages clean by rinsing them out during the one time of day the water was turned on for the prisoners to get their drinking water for the day).

“I understand how you feel,” the man said. “Our man is very young and very sick and we just wanted to help him. You don't think you could let us have it for just a little while? We have heard that it made other men feel better.”

“Yes, I have let men in this barracks borrow it, but I wouldn't want it to get further away.”

The man started to leave, but turned and said, “I wish you would change your mind. He is only a young boy, and I promise to return the letter the first thing in the morning.”

Reluctantly, Lamberth took the letter from his pocket and gave it to him. "You will return it early tomorrow morning," he insisted.

When morning came, the letter was returned, rather rumpled. As he gave the letter back to Lamberth, the man apologized for its condition and said, "You will never know how much this meant to our boy. When he got it, he kissed it and wept and then slept with it under his pillow, - the first sleep he has had in days. I think it saved his sanity."

Lamberth, touched, replied, "I'm glad it helped and I'm glad I let him have it. But it is not going to leave me again until it takes me home."

To these men and boys, so far from home, cold and hungry, home and family seemed far away, almost in a dream world. This letter was the only tangible object they had had from the outside world since their imprisonment.

A note from Lamberth's diary on May 2, 1945, says, "At last it is all over and we are free. **14th Armored turned us loose.**"



And on May 8, 1945, "War with Germany over today. Nothing to eat tonight."

He returned home and he and his wife had many happy years together. His widow still has the letter, worn almost transparent from the many handlings it received.

When Lamberth and his fellow-prisoners were freed, they came upon a room piled high with undelivered mail. Possibly some of it was for him. His wife had written to him every day from the time she had an address for him until his release. Relatives of the other prisoners had, doubtless, written just as often. Why the one letter to him had been delivered is inexplicable.

Later, the men could excuse the lack of food (Lamberth weighed 90 pounds at the end of his period in prison). They could also understand the lack of medical care. They could not forgive the holding back of the mail. Its delivery would have cost the Germans nothing and would have meant a great deal to them.

**LAMBERTH, LELAND CHARLES 09/17/1908 02/19/1962 US ARMY CPL
Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery. Point Loma, San Diego County, CA
Extracted from the Department of Veterans Affairs, National Cemetery
Administration database dated 15 June 2006 by Joy Fisher.
This file is part of the California Tombstone Project
<http://www.usgw-tombstones.org/california/californ.html>**

**Letters to his wife, secretly written by a Stalag 7A POW – and no letters received from home –
are movingly recorded in *The Diary of George L. Vaughn, Co. A, 141st Inf., 36th Division –
Stalag 7A, Moosburg, Germany*
<http://home.comcast.net/~judyv-s/>**

***Read a first-hand account of "The Liberation of Moosburg" April 29-30, 1945 written in
2002 by Frank D. Murphy, Navigator, shot down 10 October 1943*
http://www.100thbg.com/mainpages/history/history4/murphy_fd1.htm**

WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS TO RAINBOW UNIT HISTORIES PROJECTS

Dr. Joseph J. Essid, Director, UR Writing Center, University of Richmond, VA
has donated an album of photos taken by Rainbow soldier **CPL Harry B. Munday, Jr., H3B-222**, documenting his unit's movement near VE Day, into Austria, back to England and home to New York. These three photos from the album have been inserted into our unique and ongoing project of recording the daily combat Histories of the three Infantry Regiments as researched and presented on CD by the RDVMF Millennium Chapter. Dr. Essid's donation is listed on the acknowledgements page.
Excerpts follow:

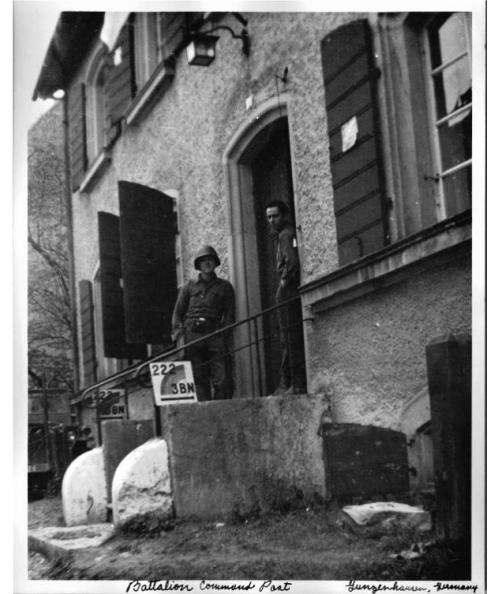


19 April 45. Weather fair and moderate – visibility good. The Regiment continued the attack on the city of Fürth, and captured the portion of the city in Zone.

The 1st battalion was placed on Task Force duty in Fürth. Security patrols were sent out and contact with the 3rd Infantry Division was maintained. Enemy resistance in Zone consisted of scattered small arms fire and automatic weapon fire from small disorganized groups.

By the end of the day the entire city of Fürth was captured and in our hands. 79 prisoners of war were taken by the 222nd during the day. The 12th Armored Division continued advance on right of the Rainbow, and the 45th Infantry Division moved up on our left flank.

Photo by CPL Harry B. Munday, Jr. H3B-222, caption: "Hot Chow At Last - Fürth, Germany"



23 April 45. Weather scattered showers – visibility good. Continuing as Division reserve, the Regiment moved into an assembly area in the vicinity of Gunzenhausen by 1000 and sent a motorized patrol to clear Arberg (T1064). After Arberg was cleared, defended roadblocks were established on the right flank of Division.

Late in the day, the 1st battalion moved to an assembly area in the vicinity (T1946), and the 3rd battalion moved to an assembly area in the vicinity (T1950). No prisoners of war were taken by the Regiment during this period.

Photo taken by CPL Harry B. Munday, Jr., H3B-222, caption: "Battalion Command Post Gunzenhausen, Germany."



17 May 45. Weather warm and fair, visibility excellent. No change. The Regimental units maintained road blocks and conducted motorized patrols on all roads in the area crossing the German-Austrian border, maintained guards on important captured installations, and continued occupation, security and police of assigned areas. Maintained contact with 103rd Div vicinity of Jenbach and with 242nd Inf Regt vicinity of Zell. Small arms range established with all necessary safety regulations.

A Gestapo Agent, Johann Junemann, was located in Wörgl and turned over to the CIC. The 1st Bn located several Nazi high officials at Tirwag, Austria, who formerly were connected with the Berlin Power Plant, viz: Dr. Jungling, director, Mr. Kleiner, Austrian director, and Mr. Schmidt, in charge of the slave laborers. 129 people were formerly employed at the plant. The 1st Bn also uncovered and placed under guard at Zell, Austria, six leading Nazis. A brief history of three is

typical – Joseph Bomdner, an active member of NSDAT, leader of section and speaker at party meetings. He arranged for last meeting on April 22 at Hippach. Employs terrorists who create havoc, raise Cain and promote disturbances. Hans Prischer, a group leader until May 7, 1940, the founder of the NSDAT at Zell, and also a general troublemaker. Herman Stark, leader of

the NSO, representative of the group leader of NSDAT and of the Mayor, in charge of the Volksturm and of refugee lodging.

Each Bn selected an area for prisoners of war inclosures.

The Russian Army unit with the German Army were instructed by Div they would be treated like German prisoners and on failure to surrender would be hunted down. No guarantee will be given against turnover to the Russians.

A rocket-testing laboratory was found across the river from Brexlegg, with a factory nearby. At 1800 hours A/T Co reported finding a factory and supplies stored under a mountain in a mine located in its area. Mine contained 13 levels, dug into solid rock. One complete level set up with lathes and precision machinery (200 pieces) estimated to be worth 2 to 3 million dollars, with much of the machinery processed for storage. Two large rooms contained precision instruments and considerable airplane parts were stored there. Other levels contained several tons of black powder and explosives. Mine vicinity of village of Haring, Austria, and factory director in Haring is Mr. Bauer.

50 German WACS were captured and brought to Haring where they were placed under guard in houses and in the village.

Photo by CPL Harry B. Munday, Jr., H3B-222, Wörgl, Germany, May 1945 captioned, " 'Has Been' Super Men Wörgl, Germany."



CLEMSON UNIVERSITY SCROLL OF HONOR

During the past two years, Clemson University alumnae requested information from the RDVMF that has been added to their tribute of four of their alumnae who served in the 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division and were killed in action during WWII. This information, including recollections sent to the University for two of these Rainbowmen, by Rainbow Division veterans **James R. "Pete" Pettus, K-232** and **Raymond Essig, G-232**, has been published on their Scroll of Honor webpages – <https://cualumni.clemson.edu/scrollofhonor>
2LT John Franklin, G-232 <https://cualumni.clemson.edu/sslpage.aspx?pid=1727>
2LT Henry Laye, K-232 <https://cualumni.clemson.edu/sslpage.aspx?pid=1738>
2LT Daniel McLaurin, A-222 <https://cualumni.clemson.edu/sslpage.aspx?pid=1746>
SGT Randolph McDavid, E-232 <https://cualumni.clemson.edu/sslpage.aspx?pid=1492>

A LETTER FROM THE NETHERLANDS

Over the last several years, Rob Stal has been our friend in The Netherlands honoring American soldiers and teaching his classes the history and stories behind the American Battle Monuments Commission (ABMC) American Cemeteries overseas. Rob and his students adopt Graves of American Soldiers and research their stories, honoring them with visits and flowers.

Photo is of the adopted Grave of Robert J. Kile, G-232.



October 31, 2012 "Just finished two days touring the *Ardennes* with my youngest students. We visited *Bastogne* and *La Gleize*, where my students were very impressed with the huge Tiger tank. In the afternoon we went to *Malmedy* where my students all gave a small presentation about the massacre that took place there in 1944. The next day we visited fortress of *Eben Emael in Belgium* but very near my hometown of *Maastricht*. This fortress was known as one of the best in the world. People thought that nobody ever could capture this fortress. However, the German paragliders captured it in nearly 15 minutes. To end our two day field trip we went to **Henri-Chapelle**. I told my students about the cemetery but what they found most interesting was of course the personal stories of Rainbow men like **Ray Essig, Robert Kile and James Runyan** (the last two are interred at *Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery*; **Ray Essig, G-232**, contributed his memories of Robert Kile as a POW in Stalag IV-A). At the end of the trip 14 students filled in a form to adopt a grave at the cemetery. So please remember that your stories won't be forgotten. This trip took place in beautiful weather. But when I arrived at home I saw photos of the States after the Sandy storm. So I hope you and your loved ones are all doing well.

Greetings from Holland, Rob"

MILLENNIUM CHAPTER CONTACTS

Honorary President and National RDVMF Secretary: Melanie K. Remple <taremp@hutchtel.net> (320) 587-1123

President: Emily Marcason-Tolmie <emilymarcason@yahoo.com>; Rainbow Millennium Chapter Facebook Page www.facebook.com/42ndRainbowDivision

Treasurer: Sue Cullumber <suemikecul@cox.net>

Secretary/Editor of Rainbow Trail and Reveille: Suellen R. McDaniel <jmac1400@aol.com> (828) 464-1466

Archival Restoration/Graphics: Tim Robertson <trobertson1@cinci.rr.com>

