

# RAINBOW TRAIL

The History Newsletter of the Millennium Legacy Association  
(Rainbow Family) Of The 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry "Rainbow" Division

February 2018 Volume 18, Issue 1

**"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"**



The U.S. Postal Service has provided a sneak peek at a portion of its 2018 stamp program, and one of the new 2018 stamps will be [a World War I stamp](#), to honor the 4.7 million American men & women who served in uniform during the war, and their millions of supporters of the time. Two million service members deployed overseas to fight in the war; 116,516 of them lost their lives in the conflict. With this stamp, the Postal Service pays tribute to the sacrifice of American soldiers and millions of supporters on the home front who experienced World War I. [Detailed information and issuance dates on the World War I stamp will be revealed later. All stamp designs are preliminary and are subject to change until issuance dates.](#)

From the 30 January 2018 issue of the WWI DISPATCH, newsletter of the United States World War One Centennial Commission.

<https://content.govdelivery.com/accounts/USWWICC/bulletins/1d51125>



Submit a Story of Service about a person who served America in World War One. The person can be a member of your family, or someone whose information you have collected as part of a classroom, Scout, or other organizational project. Some five million men and women from the United States served in uniform during World War One. The United States suffered 375,000 casualties during World War One, including 116,516 deaths. Two million individuals from the United States served overseas during World War One, including 200,000 naval personnel who served on the seas. Uncounted millions of other Americans supported the nation's war effort in America's factories, shipyards, farms, and elsewhere. The stories of the service of all these Americans should not be forgotten, and what you

enter here about each individual will be recorded in the permanent record of the United States World War One Centennial Commission.

<http://www.worldwar1centennial.org/commemorate/family-ties/stories-of-service/submit-a-story-of-service.html>

## UTUBE 28-MINUTE VIDEO FROM "THE BIG STORY" 42<sup>ND</sup> RAINBOW DIVISION

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G\\_p\\_Jwo9Mys](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G_p_Jwo9Mys)

## UTUBE 8-Minute Overview 42<sup>nd</sup> "Rainbow" Division –

an 8-part mini-series: Experts in their field discuss the upcoming production of an eight-part television mini-series focusing on the 42<sup>nd</sup> (Rainbow) Division that fought in World War I.

Executive Producer: Alan P. Sands

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4oazeEncuks>



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*General Harry J. Collins -*  
*General of the Children*  
By Mike Chapman (2017)

**A Remembrance of**  
**James "Jim" Schaefer, I/232**

**History at the Rainbow HQ**  
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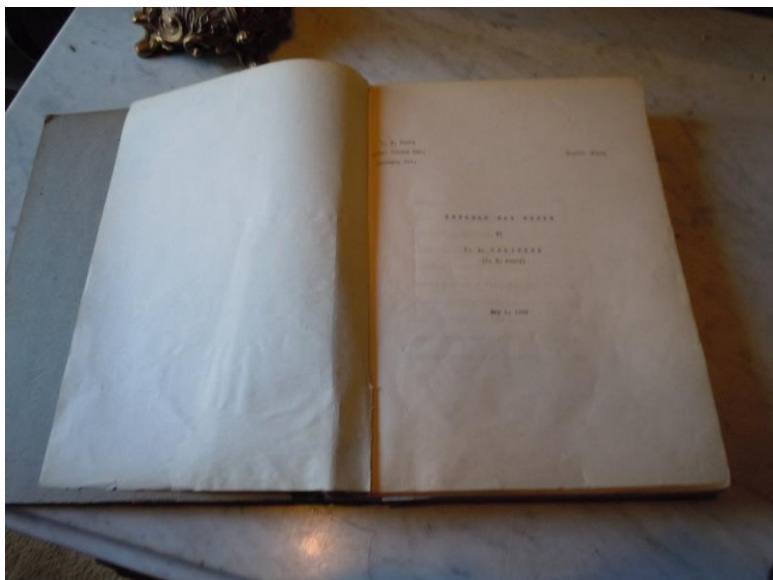
Louis E. Hubach, B/232

### 2018 RDVF Scholarships

**A Journey to Bad Gastein**  
Morgan Rachel Levy  
WWII Rainbow Granddaughter

For a description of the WWI sculpture in the upper right photo please go to [croixrougefarm.org](http://croixrougefarm.org)

## RAINBOW STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR



### “SHERMAN WAS WRONG”

(An Account of the A.E.F.) PART VIII

By T.A. Brainerd (C.E. Foutz), May 1, 1932

Believed to never have been published, this personal manuscript is 90,000 words or 277 pages of double-spaced typing, penciled corrections and yellowing pages secured in a cardboard binder held together with black tape.

The WWI Rainbow Unit has been identified as HQ 149<sup>th</sup> Regiment (1<sup>st</sup> Illinois) Field Artillery. We have not identified T.A. Brainerd; however, C.E. Foutz is Chetney E. Foutz, Pvt., HQ 149<sup>th</sup> Regiment (1<sup>st</sup> Illinois) Field Artillery. Typed on the title page of this manuscript is:  
C.E. Foutz 10915 Vernon Ave. Chicago, Ill.

**Last paragraphs from August 2017 issue:** But these men, thoroughly capable, had to be grumbling about something and this gave them something new to grumble about for the next week. They never showed the least hesitance about doing what was to be done as long as they could grumble about it, for then they were in their happiest frame of mind. And, too, they had seen a little of this man's war at first hand; they had come thru it unshaken but with a confidence now that had grown many times its size a few months ago, and as a result of this, they felt privileged to growl about things more than ever. It was also true that they had not had sufficient training in the offensive tactics the general staff planned to bring into play very shortly.

A few days later, the maneuvers were started and lasted for several days. It was a rehearsal of this different type of warfare and carried out more from a standpoint of establishing confidence in these units for this new work. They proved equally successful and were soon returned to their places in the lines. Rumors began to circulate via the grapevine system that the division was to be relieved for a rest, a persistent rumor that was forever popping up but never materialized until long after the signing of the Armistice. It did, however, serve as advance notice of a change to another sector and in this case served as a forerunner of the move to the Champagne front.

### (CONTINUED) – SHOCKING IN THE CHAMPAGNE Part IX

It was around midnight of a moonlit night, about the 21<sup>st</sup> of June, that two seemingly endless columns of troops occupied the road leading to the Rainbow's front. One of these columns was the Rainbow moving out, the other was the relieving division moving in. This latter was a new division, not long in France and going in for their baptism of fire; they were solemn, serious, a little awed perhaps at the line of star-shells they saw directly in front of them that spotted the line of trenches in the darkness. And, too, their curiosity and eagerness to learn what it was like kept thousands of questions going towards the other side of the road to these men of the Rainbow. And this was meat for these men of the Rainbow. If there was one thing they could talk about now; if it was a question of giving fatherly advice to newcomers, it was the one thing they had more of than anything else. They were all charged up with information about what these men would find at that line of star shells ahead and had these newcomers swallowed the least bit of this idiotic and hair-raising advice, they would have been scared within an inch of their lives. But, of course, they were not as new as this and took it for what it was worth.





And so the change was made, quietly, in the dead of night, and the welcoming warmth of the morning sunlight fell upon these new occupants of the old Rainbow positions. And, too, it was far from being any surprise to the Boche. They knew, long before we did, that our division was going to be relieved, and to rub it in a little, they even told us where we were going, in the little notes they sent over welcoming the new division. The idea of having to do all their stuff over again, for the benefit of the newcomers, didn't set particularly well with them and they showed it by kicking up a terrific fuss the night of the relief.

**Photo left – handwriting on back: 149<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery camp near St. Etienne July 4, 1918**

**Photo right – 117<sup>th</sup> Signal Battalion 12 March 1918 National Archives Record Group III Records of the Chief Signal Officer**

Godfry, Slim and a few others had been ordered to remain for several days to familiarize the newcomers with the location of the telephone lines, since the old lines had been left to eliminate duplicating of this work. Old positions were occupied throughout, making possible a quick relief. On the third night, Godfry was on duty at one of the observation posts and was still unwinding his string of yarns about this part of the front.

“Where are you fellows going after you get your rest?” asked the new man, as the two stood leaning against the front of the dugout looking out through the little slit running along the top. It was about two in the morning and the front was unusually quiet; an occasional star shell would fizz up and float lazily to the ground lighting up the whole vicinity; dark shadows cast from the moving star shell, loomed up and moved lazily around, then disappeared with the blending of the moonlight as the shell went out; machine gun fire burst out spasmodically as over-anxious gunners mistook a moving shadow for a Boche patrol; then again all remained quiet for ten or fifteen minutes.



“Rest, hell!” replied Godfry. “They’re moving our outfit up the line to the Champagne front. We’re shock troops from now on, you know.”

“Yeah. Well, I thought they were going to give you some rest.”

“That’s what our officers think.”

“How do you know you’re not?”

“Didn’t I show you one of those notes the Heinies sent us? Well, listen, when you’ve been around here as long as I have you’ll learn to believe everything they say.”

“Do you believe ‘em?”

“Damn right. Don’t kid yourself about those things.”

“Say, what’s that?” asked Godfry’s pardner, a little excited.

“What?”

“Over here, a little to the right; seems to be some light shining or something.”

“Aw that? That’s one of those paddles covered with phosphorous and stuck in the ground. The doughboys watch those gadgets and the instant anyone passes in front of them they take a pot shot at ‘em.”

“Oh! I’ve heard of those things but never saw one before.”

“It’s been a little too light to see ‘em lately, but you’ll see a lot of funny things around here.”

They had been conversing mostly in a whisper and straining their ears for any unusual sounds. The liaison officer was getting a little sleep in a nearby dugout. A few feet behind them ran the main line of trenches, dotted at regular intervals by men standing on the firing step peering intensely out in front. A relief had just trudged wearily along the trench a few minutes before; men in pill-boxes, just off the main trench could be heard talking in low tones.

Suddenly Godfry’s pardner called to him:

“I thought I saw something moving over there to the left.”

Godfry looked over in that direction for a minute and said, “Aw, you didn’t see anything. There’s nothing out there now.”

They remained silent as they watched closely for another five minutes, when Godfry’s pardner called to him again, “Hey! There it is again. I’m sure I saw some men moving out there.”

Godfry looked but could see nothing. “Aw, that’s nothing; probably one of our patrols if they’re that close.”

“None of our patrols out tonight, according to my orders.”

But evidently, they had seen something, for several star-shells were sent up. They all watched anxiously now but could see nothing. They were not high enough to see what was hiding inside those shell holes, however.

<https://www.britishlegion.org.uk/remembrance/ww1-centenary/ww1-commemorative-stamps/>



The tension eased off after a few minutes and the men resumed their whispering conversation. About ten minutes later some sounds came from the trench behind them as though someone had stumbled or fallen from the fire step, then all remained quiet. Again, footsteps were heard along the trench, but this the men thought, was another relief or possibly some night patrol returning from repairing the barbed wire or some other nocturnal duties they specialized in.

About an hour later the moon had disappeared and the men were passing thru that eerie lapse of time, the darkest-before-dawn part of the night. The absence of light was complete, star shells fizzed up and spluttered lazily on either side of them as they strained their eyes to see anything moving out in front.

“Everything seems awfully quiet all of a sudden,” remarked Godfry’s pardner, now becoming a little

nervous.

“It’s always quiet like this at this hour of the morning,” replied Godfry. But he, too, sensed the unusual quietness and failed to restore his pardner’s confidence when he said, “Maybe I’d better take a look along the trench. It’s about time to call the liaison officer anyway; keep your eyes peeled; I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

With this, Godfry started to feel his way thru the communicating trench back to the main trench. The sky overhead was beginning to show faint traces of light from the morning sun but the ground around him remained in complete darkness. Another star shell spluttered off to the left and he climbed up the side of the communicating trench and looked carefully around while the light lasted. He thought he saw some objects move far out beyond their wire just as the light from the star shell went out but again he credited this illusion to be some trick of his eyes and trudged off on his way back.



Coming out on the main trench, he was not challenged, as usual, and this aroused his suspicions more than ever. He paused here to look both ways and listen carefully for some word or sound from the men who should be on duty along this trench, but everything remained deathly still. "Aw, what the hell's the matter with me," he said to himself as he started on towards the dugout where the liaison officer was sleeping. He walked along for about a hundred yards, following the winding of the trench, and in spite of the darkness he could not help but notice he had not passed any men along the trench.

Now feeling his way along the forward wall, he came to the entrance of a large dugout. Pushing the gas curtain to one side, he passed thru into the entrance. Before him was a dimly lighted stairway, illuminated by light reflected from a burning candle somewhere below. Having a horror of being trapped in one of these things during a raid or gas attack, he hurried down the stairs to get his mission over. Entering the large room below he saw perhaps a hundred doughboys asleep on bunks and on the floor. Over in one corner sat a telephone operator before a telephone setting on an improvised table, a lighted candle sent a thin column of smoke toward the low ceiling and an infantry lieutenant sat beside it reading a magazine. Both had heard Godfry enter and looked up.

"Hello, Godfry," said the Lieutenant. "How's everything?"

"Very quiet, Lieutenant, but I think something's wrong. I didn't see a one of your men along the trench between here and the O.P."

"What!" snapped the Lieutenant, grasping for his pistol belt and helmet on the table. "Where's Sergeant Lamson?"

**[This Soldier may have been Sgt. Howard M. Lamb, Btry E, 149<sup>th</sup> Regiment (1<sup>st</sup> Illinois) Field Artillery from Chicago, IL]**

"I don't know," replied Godfry.

"Sergeant Schatz! Sergeant Schatz!" Called the lieutenant to the sergeant who was laying half-awake on one of the bunks.

**[This Soldier may have been PFC Edwin F. Schatz, HQ 149<sup>th</sup> Regiment (1<sup>st</sup> Illinois) Field Artillery from Wheaton, IL]**

"Yes sir, Lieutenant," came the reply from the corner as the sergeant came tumbling from the bunk.

"Get your men out, quick! I'll meet you at the entrance. Hurry it up."

Noisy commotion mixed with the grumbling of the men followed as the sergeant woke them, and they all started picking up their equipment as fast as they could. A couple minutes later they were all tramping up the stairs in single file as Godfry went over to call the liaison officer.

The infantry lieutenant met his men at the entrance to the dugout and started leading them cautiously along the trench. It was a little lighter now. Coming to the point where the communicating trench to the O.P. connected with the main trench, the lieutenant continued past it along the main trench until, a few yards farther and around a little bend, he came upon the first man of the platoon holding the adjoining positions.

Ordering his men to wait, he spoke to the man on duty. "What's happened over here?"

"Nothing sir, ain't been anything doing all night far as I know. We came out about an hour ago."

"Where's my men?"

"Ain't they over there? Thought I heard 'em every once in awhile."

By now, several members of the adjoining platoon had collected around the little group. The lieutenant could learn nothing from these men and turned his men back, posted them along the vacant stretch of trenches until he established contact with the units on the other side of their own positions, but not a one of their own men was to be found.

With the coming of daylight, there was a great commotion along this section over the missing men. The Boche, somehow or other, seemed to understand and were kicking up a terrific fuss, mainly to discourage these men from going over to look for their missing. It all quieted down a little later and over came a chunk of rock bearing a note. It was opened cautiously and the rock tossed away. The note read:

“We are indeed sorry, gentlemen, but it’s really so distressing to be without food. We haven’t had a decent meal in weeks and could not resist such a tempting invitation (you know, we can see your kitchens quite plainly). Don’t worry about your men; they are all quite safe and will be exchanged at the first opportunity.”



The men did not tarry long with the note, but sent it to the lieutenant. He read it and finally the meaning of it dawned upon him. Going to the phone, he called the field kitchens back at the reserve lines and learned of the commotion there. Three cooks and three hind quarters of beef were missing.

Godfry had remained away from the O.P. during all the excitement and returned an hour later.

Entering the dugout, he said to his pardner,

“Well, if that ain’t a dirty lousy trick.”

“Why? What happened?” asked his pardner.

“Didn’t you hear? The Boche sent over a patrol this morning and picked up every one of your men right along behind the relief as it went around. They sent some of them back to your kitchens and picked up three cooks and made each one of them carry a hind-quarter of beef over to the other side. Then the lousy snipers had the gall to send a note over here awhile ago and tell them about it.”

**Photo above right – Ration Dump Epieds, France 7 July 2018**

**Photo above left – Kitchen and 165<sup>th</sup> Regiment Infantry, 42d Division Chaussers, France, June 3, 1918**

This was just one of those friendly little gestures the enemy used on newcomers in these quiet sectors. It was, indeed, very educational but usually made the victims most awfully angry. It was tormenting enough to have such a silly stunt pulled on the men, but to undergo further torture about it from the other officers at every opportunity and to be the recipient of those nice friendly remarks from men of the other outfits was carrying the thing a little too far. For several days following, full advantage was taken of every opportunity to slam hell out of the other side. It grew in proportion until drives along that whole section of the front were being made without any authority from G.H.Q. and the Frogs in that vicinity were rip-snorting mad at having their peaceful front turned inside out again by these crazy Americans.

A few days later, Godfry and the others who had been left behind, rejoined their division, scattered along the Rue-Nationale between Chalons and Vitry-Le-France. Here they were being re-equipped and supplied with replacements in preparation for the Champagne front. They spent nearly a week here basking in the warm sunlight near the town of Moncetz. In the canal back of the town, men could be found swimming or fishing or washing clothes or, perhaps, just lounging around on the shore. Several of the men, detached from their outfit to take care of telephone switchboards elsewhere, had been fortunate enough to be located across the road from a French creamery. Here they lived on buttermilk and Champagne for a whole week,



a diet that cannot be appreciated until tried, regardless of how distasteful it may appear. And, too, this was in the heart of France's Champagne country where six-year-old Champagne sold for six francs a bottle, so why not drink lots of it where it was so cheap, the men reasoned.

This, of course, was too good to last. A few days later found the outfit in position about midway between

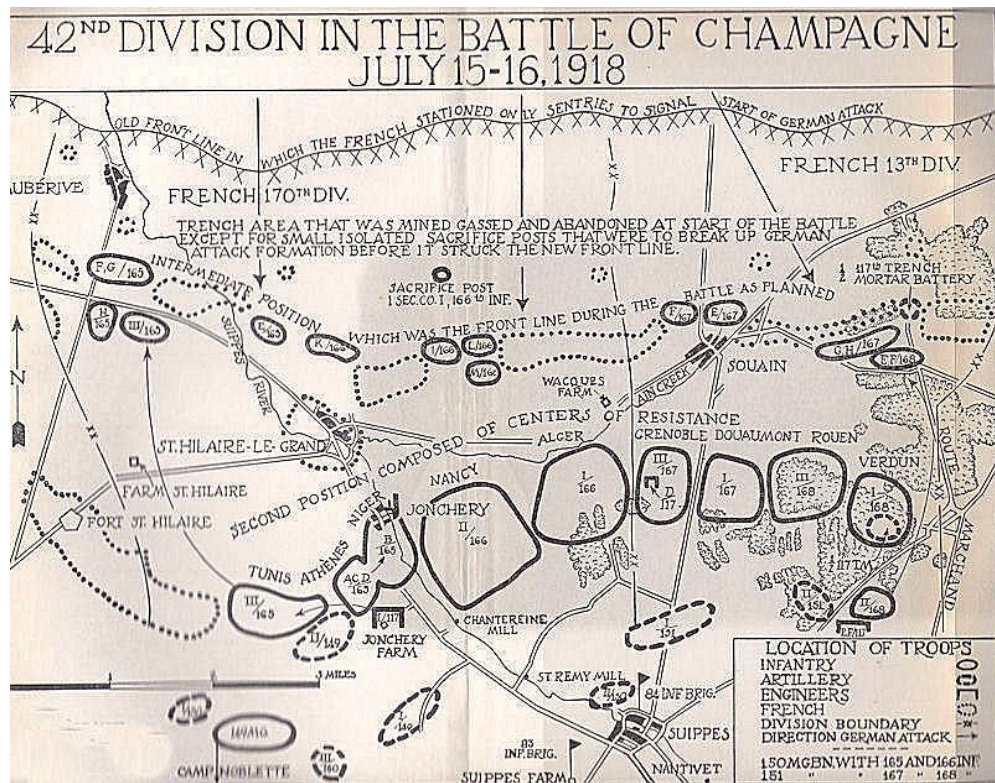


Fort St. Hilaire and Suippes in the 'Lousy Champagne.' Here, the terrain consisted of nothing but rolling plains of white chalk land glistening in the bright sunlight. It was almost completely without vegetation; the glaring whiteness of the roads made them easily discernible even on a dark night. The country was spotted with the most formidable dugouts imaginable, big enough to house a thousand men in each and many of which were equipped with wood floors besides the tiers of bunks along the walls. They were divided into many rooms off of a large corridor forty to fifty feet underground. The whiteness of the chalk-like earth helped greatly to make these underground barracks

well-illuminated and more tenable. And it was in these places that every man became immediately infested with cooties and consequently the name 'the Lousy Champagne.'

Photo of trenches on the 1918 Champagne Front is from <http://roadstothe greatwar-ww1.blogspot.com/2016/08/the-fascinating-champagne-region.html>

Here, too, was France's most historical battle ground. One that has played an important part in every battle of France since the beginning of her history and having such distinction in the World War as being the one spot where more men had been killed for every minute of the war than any other place on the



Western front. The Boche, in their monthly spring drives for the past several months had made terrific headway toward Paris; in the north, the British had virtually been put to rout; in the center, the French had backed away under their vicious onslaughts until they were virtually fighting with their backs against the walls of Paris; the south end of the front had remained fairly quiet leaving a large salient into the Boche lines apexed by Verdun that was to be straightened out in this next drive, scheduled for July 14<sup>th</sup>, the French holiday, in celebration of the falling of the Bastille [14 July 1789], which would center in the Champagne and follow with the falling of Chalons, Verdun, Toul, Nancy and many other cities until the line was

straightened out from a point southeast of Paris to the Swiss border.

[fold-out map is from *Americans All The Rainbow At War*, Reilly]

Besides the frontal positions now occupied, reserve positions, complete in every detail including gun-pits, trenches, telephone lines, etc., were prepared in anticipation of being driven back from the present positions.

After the completion of these arrangements about the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> of July, the men were puzzled more than ever to find themselves in the most quiet spot they had yet experienced until the night of July 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup>.



Rumors had circulated fast and furious about this world-famous battle ground but its present serene atmosphere was far more convincing. Whispering orders from officers day after day could not sustain the constant vigil that lacked such more substantial evidence as the sound of a single shot or shell. Again, the men started such counter-rumors as the Boche being through, they were on their last legs, the war was over and all that sort of gossip.

But they lay there waiting day after day until the night of the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup>. It was supposed that the Boche would reason, that the French would all be drunk on that night and otherwise occupied with their holiday celebrations, affording an ideal time to attack them. But it was not the case. Everybody remained on the alert all during the night and the sun came up the next morning to cast its scorching rays down upon a section of the front that had not changed in one single detail from the few mornings previous. This was most disappointing to these men. They relaxed the next day after the tenseness of the night before and loosed their stream of criticisms against all this hooey about this being a tough spot. It took little encouragement after that night for these men to do a little celebrating on their own.

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**FROM "Americans All The Rainbow At War by Commander of the 149<sup>th</sup> Artillery (3<sup>rd</sup> Illinois), 42<sup>nd</sup> Division Henry J. Reilly, Brigadier General O.R.C. F.J. Heer Printing Co., 1936 888 pages**

**Photo of Henry J. Reilly By Charles G. MacArthur, author. 149th Field Artillery Regiment (New York, NY), publisher. - "A Bug's-Eye View of the War". 1919. Frontispiece., Public Domain**

**Page 250 [Ed.note: Late in the afternoon of July 14<sup>th</sup> the generals and colonels of the Rainbow Division and the French generals and colonels, whose troops were alongside the Americans were invited to a supper in the fortified Ferme de Suippes on the battlefield which he [General Gouraud] used for a forward post of command.]**

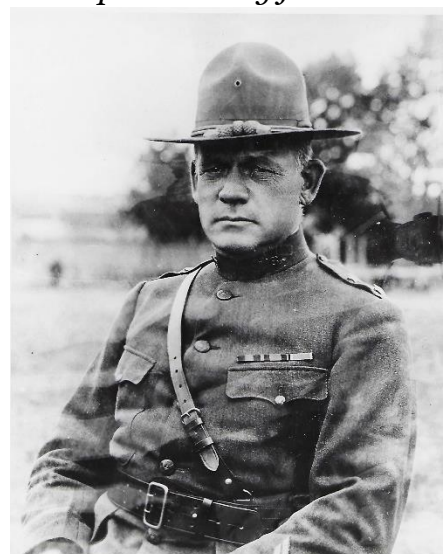


*He had the supper early so that if the German preliminary fire should start with dusk these officers would have time to get back to their posts before there was the slightest possibility of the attack starting.*

*The French and American officers sat down together at a long table. In the center of one side sat Gouraud.*

*Opposite him in the center of the other side sat General Menoher, the Commanding General of the Rainbow (photo right)*

*The French and American officers were placed in alternate seats around the rest of the table. The food simple but as always in French messes deliciously cooked and hot, was greatly appreciated*



*by the Americans. The Americans who always had a greater quantity of food than the French and probably a greater variety, always lived very poorly by comparison with the French, even in their officers' messes. The reason is simple. The French are excellent cooks and know so well how to get a great deal out of very little. The Americans are poor cooks and culinary managers to say nothing of frequently being downright wasteful. The usual plain red and white table wines were on the board.*

**Photo of French General Gouraud is from <http://www.ourstory.info/library/2-ww1/Cushing/images/58.jpg>  
Photo of Major General Menoher, Commanding General of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Division was taken by the U.S. Army (photo # 31841) at Chatenois, Vosges, France on 1 September 1918**



*General Gouraud contented himself with saying a few words to the effect that every preparation being completed and having every confidence in the morale of the French and American troops under his command, he felt certain the Germans would be stopped. He added that being so, he thought it fitting that the responsible commanding officers sit down together for a little friendly meal before the battle which must be a decisive one, began.*

*That evening this was the situation: [footnote: \*page 228 et seq., America's Part, Farrar & Rhinehardt, New York, N.Y].*

*"From Chateau-Thierry in the west, along the Marne River to Dormans, thence across the rolling country to the old city of Rheims, where most of the long line of French kings were crowned; around and just to the north of Rheims and across the chalky plains of the Champgne, almost to the hardly penetrable Forest of the Argonne, a distance of eighty-five miles, approximately 1,---,000 [sic] men wait in almost breathless expectancy and that terrible anxiety, which comes to many before combat, for the opening crash of artillery which will begin the Second Battle of the Marne, one of the great decisive battles of history.*

*"To the north of the line are the greater part of approximately 650,000 soldiers in the field gray of Germany, who make up the Armies of von Boehn, von Mudra, and von Einem all under the Crown Prince of Germany. Opposite them, stretching from Chateau-Thierry to Rheims, is the Fifth French Army commanded by General Berthelot. And from Rheims east across the Champagne the Fourth French Army under General Gouraud.*

*"In these two armies are three American divisions: the 3<sup>rd</sup> Regular, 28<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania, and the Rainbow, the equivalent of six French, British, or German ones because of their strength of 27,000 men each.*

*"The enemy has made no trench raids to get prisoners; he has not retaliated to the artillery fire brought down well inside his lines to interfere with troop and supply movements. By day the French airplanes can find no movement; by night they can see nothing, but do hear the noises which indicate considerable movement. The trench raids made by the French have brought back from the German front lines only the older men of the divisions habitually used in the quiet sectors; no younger men of the 'storm troops' used for attack have been caught.*

*"Many had believed that the attack would come the night of the 13<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup> of July, the night before the great French holiday corresponding to our Fourth of July. With breathless anxiety the troops stood to their arms and waited; but nothing happened. With the first signs of dawn, instead of the expected attack, there was only a silence so beyond that of an ordinary sector as to be ominous in its intensity.*

*"With sunset of the 14<sup>th</sup>, began another period of anxiety. Would the attack come? After all, was the French high command wrong? Had it made a terrible mistake in concentrating its reserves of infantry and artillery back of the Fourth and Fifth armies, with the consequence that the war would be lost because of the ease with which von Hindenburg and Ludendorff would decisively smash through elsewhere?"*

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Godfry came out of the dugout rubbing his eyes against the brightness of the morning sun. "Well, Slim, guess it's all over."

"Yeah? Well, I wouldn't be too sure of that," replied Slim, dryly. "Say, how are the lines this morning?"

"Oh, they're alright now since the new wire has been laid. That idea of using the small wire was just another War College brain storm anyway. Imagine giving it to us to use in a place like this, too; common horse sense should have told 'em it would short soon as the dew got heavy enough after sundown. You know, we couldn't signal over a single line there for nearly a week, from midnight until the sun came up the next morning and dried out that hot-shot Frog wire. That was a high-powered telephone system alright, go

haywire after sundown and then we sat there like a bunch of saps waiting for the sun to come up so we could use our telephones again. I'd like to have heard what the skipper had to say about that."

"It was a serious situation though, at that. We can thank our lucky stars there were no barrage calls. There wouldn't have been a chance of getting through."

"Just Rainbow talk, is all," replied Godfry.



The two men sat there by the entrance to the dugout, gossiping. Godfry had been below since two o'clock operating the switchboard, while Slim had been out on the lines most of the night. On entering these positions, they had been supplied with an issue of thinly-insulated, twisted pair telephone wire similar to that furnished the French troops; the idea being that their hand-reels and reel-cart drums would hold nearly twice as much. About midnight of the first night, after all communications had been established, they discovered they could not signal other stations by ringing, though they could talk fairly well if all operators remained in on the lines continuously. The next morning while they were still hunting the trouble, the lines began functioning normally again. This happened for several nights following until they discovered that the dew settling

on the lines laid along the top of the ground caused a partial short circuit and nothing could be done until the sun came out the next morning and dried them out. Then the lines were quickly re-laid with the old wire they had used previously. **Photo U.S. Army Signal Corps #7553 – BLEMERREY, France - Sentry on duty in gas post to warn men of approaching gas; American Sector, 166<sup>th</sup> Infantry**

The two were still talking. "Has anyone found out who's trying to tap our lines yet?" asked Godfry.

"Oh, it's undoubtedly Boche spies. King had some men out watching for them last night but hasn't caught anyone yet."

"What do they look like, anyway?"

"Just like a wire croquet hoop stuck in the ground over the telephone wire."

"How in the hell does that do any good?" asked Godfry, a little disgusted at such a seemingly ridiculous thing.

"Oh, I don't know. They may have some amplifier arrangement that will pick up conversation radiated from these hoops some way or other."

"Sounds like a lot of bunk."

"Say, I came nearly forgetting to tell you. We're invited to a little party this morning over at the linemen's dugout," said Slim.

"Oh-ho! This thing is beginning to smell kind o'rotten," and laying his hands down gently, Godfry added, "I'm off those parties forever."

"We can't turn 'em down, Godfry."

"No, I suppose not," he replied, a little absently, adding, "Well, what the hell? We've been waitin' here long enough for something to happen. The French didn't get drunk, as they were supposed to last night and the Boche didn't attack this morning, after all the trouble we've gone to. Something's going to have to be done and done quick, to break this suspense, so it might just as well be us. I need something to drink anyway. What time is it to start?"

"About nine o'clock."

With this, the two men trudged off after their breakfast.

In a little patch of bushes some hundred yards in front of the battalion dugout, the linemen had a small dugout they occupied during the day. They had worked hard for a week in laying and relaying and repairing lines all during the night, in preparation for the big push the Boche were expected to make. But far back in their minds they doubted if it would amount to much, since it remained so quiet. Then, on the



night of the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> they stood by quietly to watch the Frogs celebrate their Bastille Day in a good old-fashioned way.....and nothing happened. The rest of the night they remained keenly on the alert for the Boche to open up.....and still nothing happened. Now, this sort of thing couldn't keep on like this. After all this waiting, something had to happen and if the Frogs and the Boche couldn't agree to start it, with the splendid opportunity they now had, well, they'd just cut loose a little on their own and show 'em how it ought to be done.

So that morning, Godfry and Slim went over to do a little celebrating. Several gunnysacks filled with bottles of France's joy water appeared at the opportune time as it has a habit of doing. There were long slender bottles containing the rare old wines, then the greenish ones with Cognac, others with sparkling Burgundy, Muscatel, Bordeaux and many others laid on the ground in a sort of rainbow with the sunlight casting off a myriad of sparkling colors.

The men lounged around in what little shade the bushes offered near their dugout. The wine was distributed and drunk from their canteen cups, just the right-sized cup for these men, since each one held nearly a quart – one healthy draught. With the consumption of this sparkling fluid came the inevitable tongue lashings of the war, the people running it, the people in it and, in fact, everything connected with it. No one but themselves knew anything about how it should be run. The French were a bunch of bread-tearing little runts who stood around and jibber-jabbered about everything the Americans did, and the Limeys, who talked like a bunch of sissies, what did they know about fighting anyway. Their own officers, too, since none were within hearing distance, came in for a terrific lacing. The cooks were all belly-robbers; the first sergeants were worse, they stayed back at the horse lines with the band; none of the other outfits knew anything about it; and the signal corps, what did they know about telephones, anyway, and in fact, the longer the wine lasted, the worse everything became all shot t'hell.

Late that afternoon, the party broke up and Godfry and Slim returned to battalion headquarters. Here they carried their charge quite well, considering. Outside of their eyes being a little glassy and a sort of glum look on their faces, they were none the worse off. Near the entrance to the main dugout they came across Van Cleave, another interpreter, who had a pup-tent set up on top of the ground and surrounded with sand bags, and where many of the telephone men hung out during their leisure moments.  
**[ed. This soldier is likely to have been PVT Arthur T. Van Cleave, Chicago, Illinois (HQ Co, 149<sup>th</sup> Regt. Field Artillery)]**

Seeing Godfry and Slim approach, Van Cleave said, "Hi fellas. Where d'u get it?"

"Hello, Van," they both replied. "Aw, been to a li'l party.....beaucoup vin rouge; tres-biens, pomme de terre un a couple of other things," continued Slim. "How the hell are you, anyway, Van?"

"I'll be alright after I catch up with you fellas," replied Van. "Come on. Let's go over here to my tent." On the way over, Van asked, "How would you like to have a drink?"

"Oh now, Van, really, is that necessary?" spoke up Godfry. "Don't really tell us you've got anything drinkable in here."

"Well, I ought to have, let's see." And with this, out came another gunnysack filled with nothing less than bottles and bottles of Champagne, all Champagne, nothing but Champagne, more and more of it until two dozen bottles, with bulging corks held down by the straining wires, were lined up along the sandbags at the end.

Godfry and Slim both looked on in silence until the unpacking was finished, then Slim, laying down on the ground, facing the row of silver-topped soldiers lined up before him and supporting his chin with one hand, started pointing with the other as he said, "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo...."; then turned over on his side and looking up at Van, saying "Say! Where the hell did you get all this stuff?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Slim. The Major sent me back to Chalons this afternoon in the motorcycle to get him a supply, so I just thought I'd bring along a little supply of my own. Here, I've got some stuff to eat, too." With this, Van brought out cartons of Camembert cheese, bread, sardines, canned fruit and a whole conglomeration of edibles and said, "Come on, pitch in."

And now they settled down in earnest to properly celebrate this French holiday. None of them had any pressing duties beyond that of merely winning the war which, of course, would have to wait, under the circumstances.

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**FROM “Americans All The Rainbow At War page 252**

*“At nine o’clock, when it was completely dark, Lieutenant Belastier, with Sergeant Lejune, Corporals Hoquet and Gourmelon, and Private Ausmasson, all of the Fourth French Army, without artillery support fire, with great courage and skill managed to slip through the older troops in the front-line German trenches. Finally, when well in the German line, they saw infantry approaching and by their bearing judged them to be younger men and storm troops. With heroic courage they attacked them by surprise, made several prisoners and succeeded in fighting their way back to their own lines, bringing their prisoners with them.*

*“Questioning proved these men to be ‘storm troops’; also, that the artillery preparation for the attack was to begin at midnight and the infantry to go over the top at daylight.*

*“If this were true, the country opposite for miles back was swarming with the advancing hordes of German infantry moving to the positions from which they would make the assault in the morning. If this were true, here was a target for the French and American artillery, long adjusted to fire on every road, every path, and every communicating trench for miles back in the German territory opposite.*

*“If it were not true, and the command was given to fire, the tremendous artillery conflagration which would blaze forth would notify the Germans as clearly as a message printed in the blackest and largest type on the whitest sheet of paper that the French expected the attack along this front, and as a consequence other fronts being feebly held could offer but little resistance.”*

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About ten o’clock, Slim decided he must make a final inspection before going to bed, while the others had turned in right where they had been lying in the pup-tent. They had not consumed all of that Champagne, oh no! As a matter of fact, they had only consumed about four or five bottles. They had thoroughly enjoyed it and the eats, and it left them with a considerable edge on, and with Slim and Godfry it came uncomfortably close to bordering on a state of being plastered, but not quite. Anyway, Slim started for the main dugout with a bottle in his hand.

The entrance to this dugout was made down a short flight of wide stairs, parallel with the back side of the dugout, to a rather large landing. Here, a long flight of stairs leading down at right angles led to the main corridor below. The service switchboard was set up on this landing where most of the work was handled from, but an emergency switchboard was completely set up and ready for use at any time in a small room off the main corridor below.

Slim encountered no little difficulty in locating the entrance in the darkness; he found it eventually and felt his way down the short flight. At the end, a heavy blanket, hung as a curtain, served the double purpose of keeping the light from shining out and gas from coming in, if caught in a gas attack; but it could not be expected to serve the purpose to which it was immediately subjected.....that of holding up the weight of a man. So Slim promptly became all tangled up in the gas curtain and both went sprawling out on the floor in front of the switchboard. As he went down, the picture of the interior remained with him; he saw the operator sitting at the switchboard located on a table against the opposite wall; a candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, spluttered and nearly went out; the liaison officer was sitting on a box beside the switchboard and all seemed under a noticeable tension.

**[Ed. For a look inside a dugout on the Champagne Front 1918 visit this page:**

**<http://n7.alamy.com/zooms/c5dfe769cbb34ffb6c95c58dd6a5a30/intelligence-corps-in-the-champagne-region-1918-e004dw.jpg> ]**

But Slim hadn’t broken the bottle. The officer picked him up hurriedly and replaced the gas curtain. Slim, steadying himself against the wall, asked, “Well! How’s eversing?” his tongue getting a little thick.

The operator, having turned partly around, replied, “Everything is alright so far, Slim. What the devil happened to you?!”



“Oooooo ..... wha ju shay?”

“I say, everything’s alright. What is the matter with you??”

“Noshing ..... noshing (hic) .....I guess I ‘ad a few too many.” Noticing the bottle in his hand now, he continued, “O yea....I brought you a li’l drink! Here y’ are ....lieu, lieu, Lieutenant! How’re yu ole boy, ole boy, ole boy?” and with this he handed the bottle to the liaison officer who happened to be one of the alright officers, as most liaison officers were. He opened it and took a long, healthy swig and passed it to the operator while Slim remained standing close to the wall.

“Much obliged, Slim,” said the Lieutenant. “You had better go on to bed. We may need you before the night’s over.”

Then, as Slim’s mind functioned slowly, he said, “shure evershing’s alright?”

“Everything’s alright now, Slim. This thing is going to break tonight so you better get some sleep while you can.”

“How you know?”

“We got the final signal over the phone just awhile ago.”

“Shay, listen! They ain’t a chance o’those babies startin’ anythin’, they’re all washed up, thru, fine le guerre. That’s the old bunk about their puttin’ over a drive.” Then, looking down the stairs, he asked, “Who’s ‘em babies down ‘ere?” pointing toward the faces of perhaps fifty men lounging on the stairs and making a sort of grotesque picture in the spluttering candle light. It sobered him a little for the moment.



“That’s Major Donovan’s whole battalion of infantry. They’re waiting to be called as soon as it busts loose,” replied the liaison officer.

**Photo – Major William Donovan of the “Fighting 69<sup>th</sup>”, in WWI Rainbow Division, the 165<sup>th</sup> Regiment (69<sup>th</sup> New York) 83<sup>rd</sup> Brigade.**

Slim, steadying himself now with one hand against the wall, was weaving a little as he looked at all those men. He saw several thousand faces all swirling around on the dimly-lighted stairs and was struggling to make sense out of it. Finally, it dawned on him all at once that these doughboys were all ready to go out the instant they were called, and then he busted out with, “Hi ‘ere fellas, how are you?”

This brought more growls and grumbles from the stairs about the lousy artillery, then Slim returned to the pup-tent out on top and went to sleep between Van and Godfry.

Two of the most formidable forces of the World War now faced each other across the parallel lines of barbed wire entanglements, from parallel lines of sharply defined trenches cut in this chalky ground. Behind these lines stood artillery pieces hub-to-hub and behind these were thousands upon thousands of reserves; still farther back were the howitzers, corps artillery, railroad artillery, observation balloons and other supporting war implements in the most concentrated network of

defensive forces ever drawn together on the Western front. What happened is a matter of historic record told many times over in the various stories and histories of the Rainbow division. But aside from all this, yet in the center of these great forces throbbing under the vicious tension of being held in, ready to spring at an instant’s notice, our three little insignificant telephone men were sound asleep in a little sandbag barricade on top of the ground. They were sleeping as they had never been able to sleep for weeks and the sleep they needed more than anything else in the world.

**FROM “Americans All The Rainbow At War page 253**

*“After listening to the result of questioning the prisoners, General Henri Gouraud without hesitancy, and without undue delay, gave the command for the heavier long-range guns, and half the lighter guns,*

*to fire at 11:30 P.M. The other half of the light guns were kept as a daylight surprise for the German infantry when it left its trenches to attack.*

*“With a crash that was heard in Paris 100 miles away, with a fiery flare that illuminated the night, so that crowds poured from their houses into the streets of that city to watch it, thousands of guns opened fire on the twenty-five miles of the Fourth French Army front. Thirty minutes later, at midnight, the Fifth French Army, on the left, opened the same fire.*

*Minute after minute passed and not a shot from the Germans. Ten minutes passed, fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five, and still silence.*

*Some of the watching officers almost cried in their increasing fear that a tremendous mistake had been made; that after all the Germans planned no attack on this front, and that instead of this avalanche of shells bursting in the midst of German storm troops moving to their attack positions, it was being wasted on the mostly deserted roads and trails and communicating trenches of a position lightly held with older defense troops.*

*General Gouraud, watch in hand, stood silently waiting to see if the German fire would begin at midnight as the Germans captured in the raid had said. The minutes dragged along without a word. The clock in the room began to strike twelve. It completed twelve. No fire! Minute after minute dragged itself by. No fire!*

*At 12:10 came the roar of several large-sized projectiles followed quickly by the terrific crashes of their explosion. The electric lights went out. The electric power plant had been destroyed.*

*In the darkness the chief of staff heard General Gouraud say, “Thank God.”*

*The anxious watchers in the trenches suddenly saw the sky behind the German lines opposite light with a tremendous flare, stretching farther to the right and left than any individual could see. In the fraction of a second longer which it took the sound to travel came the roar of 2,000 German batteries. This, an average of one gun for every twenty yards of the whole forty miles of front, was the greatest artillery concentration in history. The shells bursting on the whole front and reaching back for miles not only covered the battlefield proper, but fell even in the town of Chalons, twenty miles to the rear.*

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Slim was finally awakened by Godfry and Van who were yelling in his ears and roughly shaking him. Outside, the din of battle was on. It was sometime after midnight and Godfry and Van were running for the dugout, but Slim just waved his hand, saying, “T’u hell with ‘em. Let ‘em fight it out,” and promptly went back to sleep. In the course of a half hour the dugout was nearly vacated, and before going out on the lines, Godfry and Van dashed to the sandbag barricade, jerked the top off, picked Slim up bodily and carried him to one of the bunks in the bottom of the dugout. Here, the cool damp air revived him somewhat as he tried to sleep. He watched the transfer to the emergency switchboard in the little room across the corridor from where he lay. He listened to the operator as calls came through in a continuous stream. As he lay there waiting, he followed the movements of every lineman as they called in from the broken lines, of what was going on up on top of the ground and of what was about to be added with the first break of day, all from the monologue of the operator at the switchboard.

Finally it came, the barrage calls – and the operator couldn’t raise the batteries; the board became jammed and he, having been under a terrific strain for hours and hours, dropped everything and ran in to Slim, somewhat shattered. Slim, having sensed something like this was about to break, was prepared for it and tumbled out, fell to at the switchboard and in a few minutes had all calls straightened out. All batteries were now in full swing on the barrage fire; the guns, operating at top speed, were all working in a machine-like cadence as they lay down their curtain of fire, mixing gas, high explosive, shrapnel and smoke all together and depositing it nicely on the enemy’s concentration points. At the direction of the liaison officer from the observation post by phone to the batteries, this curtain of fire was shifted back and forth, to the right or left, harassing wave after wave of enemy infantry that tried time and again to get past it. Like manipulating checkers on a huge checker board, each liaison officer had his own individual checker of curtain fire to manipulate.

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And there sat Slim at the switchboard, for nearly three days and nights until the last real effort of the Boche armies petered out. Hot food and coffee were carried down to him whenever it could be gotten through from the field kitchen; and quite often this was carried down by the Major, since every available telephone man was needed out in that turmoil on top repairing the lines. Along toward midnight of the third night some relief was provided for Slim at the switchboard and the Major helped him, a little nervous now from lack of sleep, up on top of the dugout where he could get some fresh air. Here the night was clear and the starlit sky shone brightly as Slim sat there drinking in the invigorating air. The firing had settled down to a monotonous rumbling now where no one gave it much thought; enemy planes came over and bombed the roads that showed up so plainly, but Slim just sat there, dazed a little, and watched them with contempt. "A hell of a bunch of dubs, those pilots, that can't hit that road as clear as it is tonight," he thought to himself.

As his thoughts went back a few days he remembered how disappointed he had been when the Boche failed to make the drive as it was first expected; how cocksure he became after this; that the Boche were through and welcomed the opportunity to relax a little; how he had unintentionally been spared the nerve-wracking tension of the few hours immediately preceding the start, only to find himself tumbled into the middle of it shortly after. He arose suddenly and started walking, first over to one of the batteries, then another and another until his thoughts were free again. He had begun to moon over this thing but pulled himself together quickly with a "what-the-hell" shrug of his shoulders. He couldn't allow himself to become moody about this business.

The next afternoon the lines were picked up and preparations made to pull out immediately after dark. With the coming of night came the horses and drives and within a very short time the outfit was on its way. Everybody was tired out, even the horses, which left the hell-raising spirit at an unusually low level. Under these circumstances it was quite easy to become lost; the whole outfit unconsciously followed whoever happened to be leading and fortunately, tonight, it happened to be the Captain. They had been trudging along about half asleep for half an hour when they were suddenly halted by several doughboys, their bayonets glistening in the starlight.

"Hey you! Where the hell d'u think you're going with that circus outfit?" came, not too loud, from the men in front.

The Captain, his identity kept quiet, said "What are you fellows doing here?"

"Oh, nothing much. We're just hangin' around here. Thought there might be a war or something."

"Well, get out of the way so we can get by," said the Captain.

"Yeah! Well wait a minute. Where you going?"

"We're goin' back to Chalons."

This brought a few laughs and sarcastic comments from the infantry.

"Well, by God! If you ever want to gum up anything, leave it to the lousy artillery," one was heard to say.

The men standing in the column along the road in little groups between the horse-drawn carriages were becoming impatient and began calling toward the head of the column for them to make up their minds which way they were goin' and get started.

If there was one thing the doughboys didn't like, it was to have some horse-drawn outfit getting lost and come blundering into one of their trenches. When this happened, horses had a peculiar habit of making unexpected noises the enemy seldom failed to spot, when they would instantly become the center of attraction for everything the Boche had handy. And with this in mind, the spokesman for the doughboys said, "Well, baby!! You're just about thirty feet from the barbed wire, so turn that lousy outfit around and get the hell out of here just as quietly as you can."

Now the Captain looked more closely and found himself looking down on men standing in trenches on both sides of the road. He began to realize that he was lost again and had come perilously close to leading his outfit right up to the barbed wire, thinking he was now well on the way to Chalons. All it needed now to start the fireworks was to have a star shell go up near enough to cast a little light on the scene, but all remained quiet.

With a running barrage of highly uncomplimentary remarks passing between the doughboys and the column on the road, the men all did an about face and headed back, grumbling and growling at anything and everything with the infantry coming in for their full share.

It was a long hike back. At Chalons, a supply of Cognac and rum was taken on and the hike continued all through the night, back to Vitry-la-Ville. The men had filled their canteens with rum against the grueling latter part of those hikes and they made a very tired and worn-out looking outfit as the head of the column pulled into Vitry. I say, the head of the outfit because the tail end didn't arrive until more than an hour and a half later. It was no simple matter to keep up with the horses when the men were as tired as they were now and they became strung out for miles along the road. They didn't give a damn if they ever got there, as long as the rum held out.

They turned in for sleep as soon as they arrived and slept the clock around. As the little group of telephone men were setting up their pup tents when they got in, Godfry's only comment was, "Boy! They sure rocked us around that time."

Thus, ended the lousy Champagne. They had done their first shocking and had gotten considerably shocked in return. Notwithstanding all American combat divisions in France being classified as shock troops, these men had not had their pride shaken any regarding this distinction. And now they were going to get some rest, or so they thought at least, and shock 'em some more, but they were to do their next shocking sooner than they expected.



**Photo** - Rainbow wounded arriving at Triage, of 117<sup>th</sup> Sanitary Train, during Champagne Battle. (AA p. 261)  
At Suippes, July 17, 1918 (OPWW p. 560)



## GENERAL BERNARD on the Champagne-Marne Defensive

21<sup>st</sup> Army Corps  
170<sup>th</sup> Division  
Staff  
3<sup>rd</sup> Bureau, No. 1517-3

July 17, 1918

General Bernard, commander par interim the 170<sup>th</sup> Division, to the Commanding General of the 42<sup>nd</sup> United States Infantry Division:

The Commanding General of the 170<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division desires to express to the Commanding General of the 42<sup>nd</sup> United States Infantry Division his keen admiration for the courage and bravery of which the American Battalions of the 83<sup>rd</sup> Brigade have given proof in the course of the hard fighting of the 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> of July, 1918, as also for the effectiveness of the artillery fire of the 42<sup>nd</sup> United States Infantry Division.

In these two days the troops of the United States by their tenacity largely aided their French comrades in breaking the repeated assaults of the 7<sup>th</sup> Reserve Division, the 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division and the Dismounted Calvary Guard Division of the Germans, these latter two divisions are among the best of Germany.

According to the order captured on the German officers made prisoners, their staff wished to take Chalons-sur-Marne on the evening of July 16<sup>th</sup>, but it had reckoned without the valor of the American and French combatants, who told them with machine gun, rifle and cannon shots they would not pass.

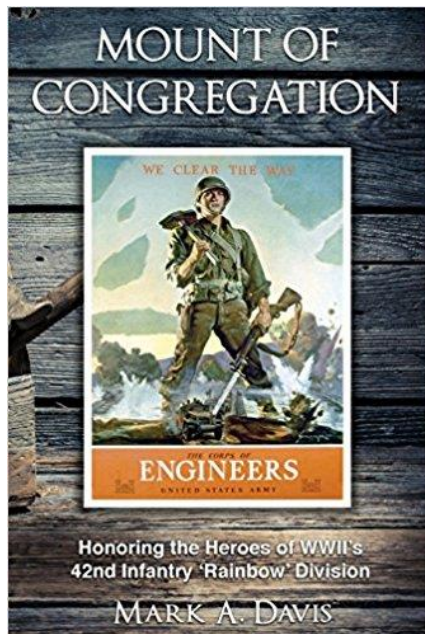
The Commanding General of the 170<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division is therefore particularly proud to observe that in mingling their blood gloriously on the battlefield of Champagne, the Americans and the French of today are continuing the magnificent traditions established a century and a half ago by Washington and Lafayette; it is with this sentiment that he salutes the Noble Flag of the United States in thinking of the final Victory.

BERNARD

To be continued in the AUGUST 2018 issue: THEY CALL THIS DITCH “THE MARNE”

## RECOMMENDED READING – WWII Rainbow Division History

### Mount of Congregation by Mark A. Davis



It is the spring of 1944. Blace Davis has no thought of fighting in the war. After all, he is a man with dependents -- a wife and six children, with a seventh on the way. But then everything changes.

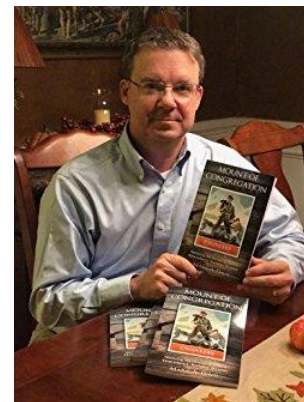
***Mount of Congregation*** is a true story of bravery in the midst of one of the most audacious military operations in American history: the U.S. Army 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division's final assault into the heart of Nazi Germany. Author Mark A. Davis describes battle scenes with concussive clarity while faithfully retelling his grandfather's account of trying to survive the throes of war.

Meticulously researched, yet imbued with the singular tenderness a boy feels for his grandfather, ***Mount of Congregation*** is an engrossing story of love, family and survival. It is also a transgenerational testament to belief in a Creator who has a plan for every person's life -- including an American infantryman far from his Appalachian home, pressing onward toward Hitler's Siegfried Line.

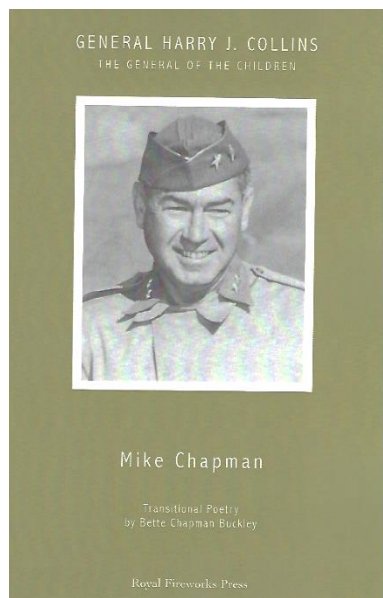
Mark A. Davis received his degree in physician assistant studies from Jefferson College of Health Sciences in Roanoke, Virginia, in 2004. He has lived most of his life in the foothills of Virginia. He is a veteran of the United States armed forces and has practiced medicine as a physician assistant for the Department of the Army, taking part in the treatment and care of active duty service members, veterans, and their families. He currently resides in South Carolina with his wife, Melissa.

Published by Courier Publishing and available at Amazon.com

[https://www.amazon.com/Mount-Congregation-Honoring-Infantry-Division/dp/1940645484/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1518793250&sr=1-1&keywords=mount+of+congregation](https://www.amazon.com/Mount-Congregation-Honoring-Infantry-Division/dp/1940645484/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1518793250&sr=1-1&keywords=mount+of+congregation)



## General Harry J. Collins: General of the Children by Mike Chapman



is a tribute to a much-loved American Army Major General best known for his command of the 42nd Infantry Division (the Rainbow Division) in World War II. The book recounts the General's role with the Rainbow Division which was involved in the Battle of the Bulge and in the liberation of Dachau, and for his benevolent role in the occupation of Austria after the war when he was given the nickname: General of the Children.

A Navy veteran, Mike Chapman visited the General's widow, Irene Collins, in Salzburg several times, and she gave him the exclusive rights to the material in her husband's diaries. The president of Royal Fireworks Press, Dr. T.M. Kemnitz says: "*General Collins was an outstanding member of a remarkable group of American commanders who helped to win World War II; unlike some of the more flamboyant commanders, he was largely forgotten until now. We are pleased to publish this uniquely-documented account.*"

Mike graduated from Waukesha High School, attended Carroll University in Waukesha, and received his Bachelor of Science Degree from the University of Wisconsin in Madison in January 1953. He followed a varied and colorful career after the war, Mike Chapman's first job was in the advertising department of *The Freeman*. He proudly says that he developed "*the first advertisement in 3 D in the world. 36 States and 14 foreign countries requested information as to how the process was done.*"

He owned his own "Chapman Advertising Agency" for over 35 years, specializing in Political Campaigns, winning 104 out of 112. These were

for U.S. Congress, State Senate, County Judgeships, District Attorneys, Sheriff.

A Navy veteran who enlisted, he says, "*thirty days before the Japanese surrender. They must have seen me coming,*" he was selected to sing in the famous Bluejacket Choir for his career in Boot Camp, graduated Storekeepers School and then was assigned to discharging sailors. After the war, his professional life included running his own advertising agency, a real estate agency, and also producing rodeos when he was responsible for putting on forty rodeos annually. It was on the occasion of producing South Africa's first and only rodeo that he took the opportunity en route to travel to Germany and Austria where he saw the grave of General Collins. This started his enduring interest in the general's life story, and resulted in this book after many interviews with Irene Collins, and with other officers, including General Mark Wayne Clark, Collins's commanding officer.

Mike Chapman says:

*"I first saw the grave of General Collins when on my way to South Africa. What actually took me to Salzburg was a layover in Munich and having seen "The Sound of Music," I wanted to see if the area was as beautiful as shown in the film. Why was he buried in the 500- year-old cemetery?*

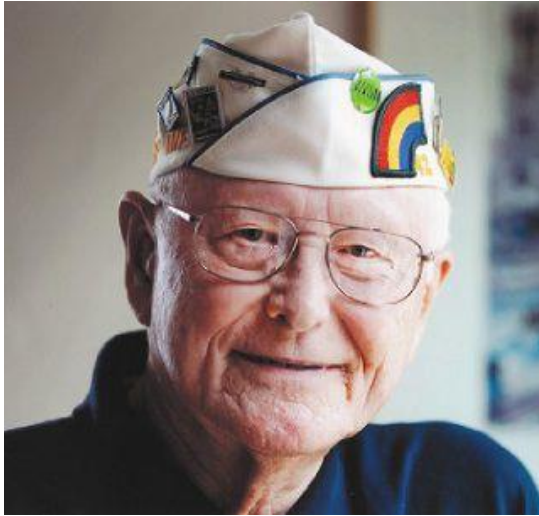
*"As I started to research his life I became more and more involved in it. I befriended a couple from Salzburg and she was later to advise me that the General's wife, Irene, was alive and living in Salzburg. I returned to meet her and it was then that she agreed to allow me to write the book about her husband. She was an attorney and gave me written permission to do so. She gave me notes that he kept through the war, and when he revisited the trail of the Rainbow after the war to see how the cities that the "42nd" took during the war had recovered. I started writing the book in the mid 70's. I had an open invitation to visit General Clark who was of great help with information. It was he who gave me the photos taken during and after WWII. I returned to Salzburg 6 times, and to other European cities 4 times to get material for the story. This was in the late 60's and through the 70's. Mrs. Collins died the day after Christmas in 1987. We were in constant touch by phone and mail. "General Clark was on the top floor of the Francis Marion Hotel in South Carolina. I think my first interview with him was in the year 1999 or 2000."*

Available at

[https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0898243890/ref=oh\\_aui\\_detailpage\\_003\\_soo?ie=UTF8&psc=1](https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0898243890/ref=oh_aui_detailpage_003_soo?ie=UTF8&psc=1)



## A Remembrance shared by a WWII Rainbow Division Son – the Passing of James “Jim” Schaefer, Company I, 232<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment



[Ed. When Jim Schaefer let the RDVF know of his father's passing on December 13, 2017, he also shared his tribute which read in part, "...Jim Schaefer, my 95-year-old father, passed away December 13 in Cleveland, Ohio, after a lifetime as a terrific father to six children, highly accomplished scientist (16 patents) and decorated veteran of WWII (three bronze stars) as a staff sergeant in the 42<sup>nd</sup>'s 232<sup>nd</sup> battalion, Company I...."

I asked Jim about those 16 patents!  
He replied,

"You asked about Dad's 16 patents. They were in many areas - development of lower-cost solar cells, developing improved lithium batteries, growing high purity silicon and other crystals, developing ultra-high purity titanium and boron. He wrote the

Boron sections of the Encyclopedia of the Elements and the Encyclopedia of Electrochemistry in the 1960's. He taught chemistry at Fenn College of Engineering for 10+ years as a part-time professor and worked at Argonne National Laboratory for two years on battery research.

At age 20(!) and with no college training, he identified why airplane engines would lose power above 10,000 feet. His fix for the brushes on the engines was adopted immediately and contributed to successful high-altitude bombing flights, which avoided more flak and saved more crews and planes when bombing Germany. He also carefully machined the first highly accurate proximity fuses, which triggered shells to explode at a distance above the ground and create much more damage than exploding when hitting the ground."

As with all of our Rainbow Division Veterans and Soldiers, we honor their service and the lives they came home to contribute in their own special ways as our country moved forward.

## History at the Rainbow Headquarters

By Patrick J. Chaisson  
RDVF Historian



The 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division's headquarters building is a busy place. Home to one of only eight combat divisions in the Army National Guard, this one-story structure in Troy, NY, bustles with soldiers either heading out on or returning from any number of Federal or State missions. The pace is non-stop.

Tucked into a corner of the HQ, though, is a space where young Guard members can slow down and reflect on their unit's proud history. The Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation Heritage Room, was recently opened for currently-serving soldiers and veterans of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division, as well as their families, to pause, learn, and connect with those who came before.

A newly-installed timeline display now traces the first 100 years of the Rainbow Division. Just outside the Heritage Room, four vignettes expose visitors to the 42<sup>nd</sup>'s rich history.





A corner of the room is set aside to honor the various Rainbow veterans' groups and their good works. A growing library of historical texts, videos, and images is intended for soldiers and researchers to study in greater depth the 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division's history.

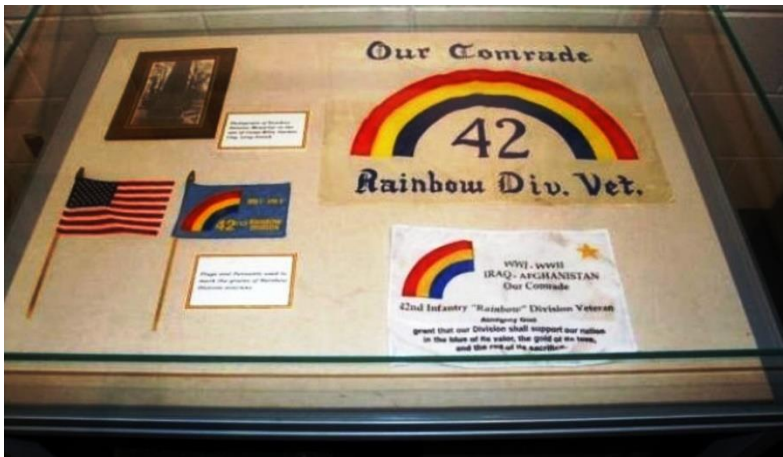
The heritage room and timeline display were made possible by both the Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation and individual donors. The Commanding General, 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division, and the director of the New York State Military Museum also enthusiastically supported this history project.

Properly-uniformed mannequins in realistic settings portray a World War One rifleman, a World War Two medic, a National Guard first responder on 9-11-2001, and a female soldier stationed in Iraq, 2005.

Signs on the timeline invite passersby to explore the Heritage Room, which is open on Unit Training Assemblies and for special occasions. On display inside are the weapons, equipment and memorabilia carried by Rainbow Division soldiers since 1917. Interpretive panels help explain who they were and what they did.



We encourage friends who are visiting the Troy area to stop by and see this historical display. Contribution of artifacts – small mementos or Rainbow Division related books – is also warmly welcomed. Contact Pat Chaisson at [Patchais@aol.com](mailto:Patchais@aol.com), or by phone at 518-641-2731, if you'd like to pay us a visit or if you have 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division veterans' items you'd care to donate to the RDVF Heritage Room.



We realize not everyone will be able to visit this facility. For those who would like to see more of what's on display at the 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division Headquarters, we've included a few photographs of both the Heritage Room and the Timeline Display.







**Photo One:** A mannequin dressed in the uniform of a World War Two combat medic complements the Liberation of Dachau section of the 42nd Infantry Division Timeline.

**Photo Two:** The completed Rainbow Division Centennial Timeline display includes four historical vignettes, a year-by-year history, and informational panels.

**Photo Three:** Contributions from veterans help bring the Centennial Display to life. These uniforms were worn by SPC Jeffrey Bly and SGT Kelly Fancher of the 42nd Infantry Division.

**Photo Four:** A collection of Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation photographs and flag markers interprets the role of veterans in remembering the fallen and preserving our shared history.

**Photo Five:** Donated personal items lend a human touch to the World War Two display in the RDVF

Heritage Room, located at the 42nd Infantry Division Headquarters in Troy, New York.

**Photo Six:** New to the RDVF Heritage Room is this portrait of MG Harry J. Collins, World War II commanding general of the 42nd Infantry Division. This painting was donated by his grandson, Charles Williams, of Buffalo, New York.

## A Friend of the Rainbow Division in France

In January 2018, Damien Bauer contacted the RDVF and wrote,

Greetings, I am Damien and I live in the north of France in Alsace a few kilometers from the forest of Ohlungen. I am looking for documents concerning the battle of Ohlungen Forest from 24 - 25 January 1945 for the 222nd Infantry Regiment. I am looking for photos of memories and stories of soldiers who took part in this battle. You can help me - thanks for all help.

My objective concerning this research would perhaps be within a few years and with the information collected to make a request for a monument to honor the men of the 222nd Regiment for their courage.

***This January was the 73rd anniversary of the Battle of the Ohlungen Forest.***

We provided Damien with official information such as the after-action report of the Battle of the Ohlungen Forest, the Presidential Unit citation and certificate awarded to this regiment and all of the names and full-text citations we have collected for the men of the 222nd Infantry Regiment who saw combat at that time and place. Damien was also asked if there were stories of civilians/citizens and their memories of the battle he might share with us.

He replied,

First of all, thank you for your answer. I began to contact the town halls of Ohlungen, Uhlwiller and Schweighausen about your request concerning the stories and memories of their citizens in January 1945. I will do my best I promise you. Here is the poster of an event that I organize in May 2018 to honor your soldiers who liberated the village of Dambach-Neunhoffen in Alsace in March 1945. The village was first liberated in December 1944 by the 45th Infantry Division and the 70th Division following Operation Nordwind. The Germans relocated to the village until March 1945 and the final liberation would take place

on 18 March 1945 by the Rainbow Division.

[Ed. If anyone would like to share their 222nd veterans' personal accounts of this battle, Damien's email is –damien bauer [naglo67@hotmail.fr](mailto:naglo67@hotmail.fr) ]

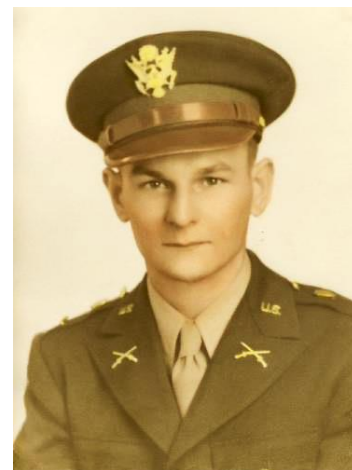
## Remembering the Battle of Ohlungen Forest, France January 24-25, 1945

The Details Surrounding the Combat Death of Captain Harold Bugno, Company K, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division WWII and 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Executive Officer

Written by Mr. Sam S. Platamone, member K Company, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry, 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Rainbow Division August 18, 1992 [photo below left]; photo right – Captain Harold Bugno.



According to the book, The Combat History of A Rifle Company, written by retired full Colonel Carlyle P. Woelfer, Captain Bugno was listed as killed in action January 25, 1945. Actually, Captain Bugno died in the early morning hours of January 26, 1945, shortly after daybreak. Both of these fine officers were former commanders of Company K, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, the unit I was assigned to during the war.



My involvement with the fatal destiny of Captain Bugno commenced on the evening of January 25, 1945, one day after my nineteenth birthday. Company K was dug in along the south bank of the Moder River near the city of Neubourg in Alsace Lorraine, France. The snow-carpeted Ohlungen Forest stretched out behind our positions, providing an eerie environment for the horrendous fighting that was to ensue within the next few hours.

Our second platoon's assignment was to prevent the Germans from crossing the bridge that spanned the river. We were mandated to "hold at all cost."

Winter nights came early, especially in a heavily-forested area lacking the ubiquitous lights of an urban community. Darkness had already enshrouded us when my squad leader sent word that I report to the platoon command post for a "hot" meal. The command post was several hundred yards to the rear of our hastily dug main line of resistance. The company cooks tried valiantly to serve us warm food whenever possible, having prepared this evening's meal in a small town close by. Unfortunately, the food was cold by the time it was dispensed due to the frigid weather, and the extreme length of time it took to feed everybody without compromising our effectiveness as a combat unit.

Cold food notwithstanding, my being singled out by the sergeant to take my turn in the "chow line" at that particular moment saved my life. As I approached the kitchen area conveniently set up next to the platoon command post, the Germans launched a vicious attack across the Moder River.

Without going into great detail about the cataclysmic events of the ensuing battle, let it suffice for me to say that only nine men of the second platoon survived. The rest were either killed or captured when the rampaging Germans stormed the bridge in the wake of a tremendous artillery barrage. Approximately one-half of the platoon survivors were men like myself whose turn had come up to be fed.

Dining, of course, was out of the question, and the furthest thing from our minds. As the shells rained down upon us, we sought shelter in the platoon command post, already occupied by one of our platoon's ranking non-commissioned officers. It certainly granted us the asylum we needed in that it consisted of a cave dug into the side of a hill. The walls of this cavern were shored with logs, having been constructed by the farmer on whose land we were deployed. He used it as a storage bin for vegetables.

In the center of this earthy chamber was a table and benches put together with rough-hewn lumber. On the table sat a G.I. helmet with a lit candle affixed to its top, its flickering flame casting ominous shadows throughout the dugout.

Surmising that our forward defenses had been overrun, we young, confused, green, citizen soldiers appealed to our regular Army non-commissioned officer for direction. The momentum of the spearheading Germans was obviously spilling over in our direction. The unique jack-hammer sound of the enemy "burp-guns" was getting louder and louder. If we were to survive, a decision had to be made quickly. Unfortunately, our ranking enlisted man was in no condition to advise us. Without denigrating the man more than I already have, (not all men have the where-with-all to be effective leaders under fire), it was quite manifest that we were going to have to act on our own initiative.



This is where the “field expedience” we had been taught came into play. Perhaps my greater amount of apprehension served as the catalyst. Knowing full well that an advancing German soldier could easily fling a “potato-masher” (German hand grenade) into our shelter, I strongly suggested that we all leave the dugout. As a Private-First-Class, I certainly wasn’t accustomed to issuing orders. I do recall however, saying, “I don’t know about you guys but I’m convinced that, if we stay here, we’re all going to die. I want to live to fight another day. I’m leaving.”

With that admonition, I was the first man through the doorway, grasping my Browning Automatic Rifle which I had positioned against the door frame before entering. At precisely the same moment that my right hand clasped the rifle, a weapon, incidentally, not functional, but which I was keeping until the opportunity presented itself for me to trade it in for one that worked, a parachute flare erupted, silhouetting a German infantryman who had just crested the hill to the left front of our command post. I was profoundly aware of the German pointing his “burp gun” in my direction as I desperately sought cover.

Snow was just starting to fall as the parachute flare floated down, dissipating itself when it hit the ground. I ran like blazes to the rear, jumping over a huge tree lying on the forest floor. Since my helmet was not buckled under my chin, it flew off my head as I hurdled the tree. Surprisingly, the German soldier skipped my head piece over the hill to our rear with a full burst from his weapon, where I joined it immediately afterwards, grateful to be out of his line of fire: how lucky for me, he had started his burst a little on the high side. Automatic weapons have a tendency to rise as they are fired. Consequently, I came through unscathed as did the rest of our group who took advantage of the German’s empty weapon to exit the dugout.

Together, and in an orderly manner, we fell back to the third battalion headquarters situated a fair distance behind the main line of resistance. Word had already preceded our arrival. The enemy had pierced our defenses in the area of the bridge. The good news was that the units on both sides of the second platoon had held.

Stringent measures were quickly being taken to assemble a task force whose job it was going to be to plug up the hole in the line. We second platoon survivors knew that our role in this important effort was a given. As chaotic as things appeared to be, the good news was that the newly appointed third battalion executive officer, Captain Harold Bugno, was going to lead the battle group. Yes, we were finally going to have the leadership we so desperately needed.

Captain Bugno commandeered two M-8’s (six-wheeled armored vehicles), and about 25 men who happened to be in the area. Of course, we K Company men were a part of this combat patrol along with a melding of L and M company guys. In a very efficient, and low-key manner Captain Bugno rallied us, explained our mission, and put us into motion, but not before I traded my non-functioning Browning Automatic Rifle for an M-1 that worked.

Our point of demarcation was a road block that had been hastily set up by Lieutenant Otto Yanke of M Company in a successful effort to stem the German advance, a strategy I might add, that earned Lieutenant Yanke the Distinguished Service Cross. Unfortunately, this gallant officer was killed the next morning, when his jeep rolled over a land mine. “From this point on,” Lieutenant Yanke cautioned us, “You’re entering no-man’s land. Be vigilant!”

With this profound warning imprinted upon our minds, Captain Bugno, standing in the hatch of the second M-8 ordered his hastily recruited task force to move forward. As the two armored vehicles noisily labored up the road that cut a swatch through the heavily wooded valley stretching out in front of us, we collectively stifled our anxieties, and proceeded to do the job that was ours to do – engage and defeat the enemy.

The darkness that completely enveloped us was made even more profound by the heavy snowfall that silently added another layer to the already hip-deep drifts that my friend, Bob Owens and I were forced to struggle through as we tenaciously attempted to maintain our balance on the steep slope constituting the left flank of the patrol. Captain Bugno had designated us as left flank security when he recognized us as two of his former K Company men. The two L Company men comprising the right flank security were floundering pretty much as we were, extremely aware, as Bob and I were, of the importance of keeping up with the vehicles and the men down on the road.

Wisely, Captain Bugno had deployed his soldiers professionally, with half of his men on one side of the road, and the other half on the opposite side with the proper interval between men. One artillery shell was not going to obliterate his patrol.

We hadn’t advanced fifty yards into no-man’s land when Private First Class Robert Owens, who was about seven feet to my left front, suddenly stopped much in the manner of a hound dog picking up the spoor. He shouted out, “Halt! Who goes there?” Apparently, he had seen something that was hidden from my view. With the snow melting on my

glasses, it was difficult for me to be as alert as Bob. Please keep in mind that it was snowing heavily, and unless a parachute flare went off, it was almost impossible to see anything. Certainly, with the noise emanating from the two armored cars laboring up the road, the enemy had no problems in detecting our positions.

Several seconds after Bob's shout of, "Halt!", a guttural rebuttal of, "Kamarad", sounded out. It was apparent to me that Bob had seen a German soldier who was willing to be taken prisoner. At that moment, a parachute flare lit up the surrounding terrain. The events that followed are imprinted in my mind forever, much in the manner of an action scene in a Rambo movie where frame by frame, in slow motion, Sylvester Stallone decimates an entire opposing force singlehandedly. Would that I could have reacted in the swash-buckling style of Mr. Stallone. This was real life, however, embracing all the weaknesses of human nature.

On a shelf of ground about ten yards to our left front, I finally saw what had polarized Bob's attention. Nine enemy soldiers, dressed in white hoods and parkas, totally blending in with the snow opposed us. They appeared to be confused and disoriented. Rather than being deployed as they should have been – with the proper interval between each man so as not to present themselves as easy targets, they were all bunched together in the manner of a litter of pigs suckling the sow. Obviously, they were just as cold as we were, and I did briefly entertain the thought of an easy surrender on their part. It didn't happen that way, however. With the parachute flare at the top of its arc, we were all visible to one another. The "sow" who turned out to be a German soldier lying in the prone position behind a light machine gun, mounted on a set of bi-pods, squeezed the trigger of his weapon, shattering the interval of stillness that had resulted as our collective forward movement ground to a halt. Three rounds left the muzzle of the machine gun, the second of which was a tracer (a bullet that lights up), its heat almost burning my nose and upper lip. Realizing how close I had come to being killed, I unequivocally froze up. How much better for me had I been a macho soldier in complete control.

Thanks to the coolness and quick reflexes of Bob Owens, my life was spared. Firing from the hip with his M-1, Bob impacted eight rounds into the bunched-up Germans, his first bullet killing the machine gunner who certainly would have blown my head off had he been given the opportunity of traversing his gun. As I stood transfixed, utterly devoid of feeling, I observed Bob fall to one knee, deftly removing a clip of ammunition from his web belt, and smoothly inserting it into his weapon. From the kneeling position, he fired another eight rounds into the Germans, then moved to his right to join the main body of the patrol. It was at this point that I came out of my mesmerized stance, emptying my weapon into the writhing mass of humanity that Bob had already neutralized.

As soon as Bob and I moved down to the road, Captain Bugno ordered the gunners in the armored cars to fire their 37-millimeter cannons in the direction of where the firing had erupted. In the meantime, the parachute flare descended and fizzled out. This confrontation was over in a matter of seconds and so were the lives of eight German soldiers. Captain Bugno and Sergeant McGrath trudged up the hill to see what was left. They brought down one wounded German prisoner who was sent to the rear under guard.

As we moved forward again, I positioned myself behind the trailing armored car in an attempt to absorb heat from the vehicles exhaust system into my fingertips. My hands were so numb that I could barely hang on to my weapon.

We hadn't advanced fifty additional yards when another German soldier, perched high on a knoll to our left front, with a perfect field of fire, pummeled both armored cars with a long burst of heavy machine gun fire. The six tires on the left side of both vehicles exploded, rendering the two M-8's immobile. The German, a persistent cuss, continued to pour down a withering deluge of bullets, many of which ricocheted off the vehicles' armored plates, ultimately killing and wounding several members of the patrol. As I crouched behind the rear-section of the number two M-8, I became aware of bullets methodically chipping the ice around my feet. Without further ado, I flung myself into a snow drift on the protective right side of the car.

Clinging to the rear wheel of the M-8 for cover, I couldn't help but admire the tenacity and professionalism of the German machine gunner and his squad as they battered us with bullets, he, all the while, calling us Yankee S.O.B.s. His command of English was pretty good, and he dared us to get by him. Anytime one of our guys attempted to move, he would fire in the direction of the sound of crunching snow. In spite of the cold, he appeared to be on a "high." Adrenalin does pump through one's body in the heat of battle. In his case, he might have been high on Schnapps. Most of the German prisoners taken that night were found to have Schnapps in their canteens rather than water. At least it didn't freeze as did the water in my canteen.

If Captain Bugno and his crew members had attempted to crawl out of their armored cars, they would have been killed. Lucky for us, all the opposing force lacked a Panzerfaust (German anti-tank weapon). Needless to say, we were bogged down for the rest of the early morning hours, during which time some of the men wounded in the initial

onslaught, bled and froze to death. This young man was learning all about “war being Hell,” and I was also becoming cognizant of how much punishment the human body can endure under adverse conditions. It was so painfully frigid.

As dawn broke, it was obvious that the Germans had expended all of their ammunition, and pulled back to a secondary position. In previous engagements, we had observed that advancing German units left caches of ammunition every so many yards in the event that a strategic withdrawal was ordered. The guys we were up against were real professionals, and they weren’t about to hand back any real estate they didn’t have to.

Captain Bugno rounded up the few of us who were still functional and moved us out. None of us were in the best of shape. The trauma associated with a horrible night, the frigid weather, lack of sleep, no food, snow for water – all of these negatives eroded our effectiveness as an efficient combat unit. For two days prior to this engagement, I had been rendered almost helpless with a high fever that resulted from drinking contaminated water. I was too proud to go on “sick call.” It was obvious to me that every man in the company was needed, and I toughed it out as only a young, strong body can do.

I moved out to the right front of Captain Bugno, my rifle cradled in my arms. My fingers were so frozen that I simply couldn’t grasp the weapon in my hands, let alone fire it. Reacting as an automaton, rather than an alert, aggressive infantryman, I was stunned when Captain Bugno leaped directly behind me, thrusting me face down into the snow with all the strength he could muster. As I peripherally looked up from my prone position, spitting snow out of my mouth, I observed Captain Bugno standing over my prostrate body, whipping his carbine to his right shoulder, firing it three times. Hearing three “thugs”, I looked forward. Three German soldiers lay dead in front of me. In the dense woods, we had blindly walked into each other.

Without uttering a word, Captain Bugno reached down, helped me to my feet, and put me into motion again. Daylight was upon us. No more snow falling, and the visibility was good. We had advanced perhaps, another one hundred yards into an open piece of terrain when, suddenly, we were inundated with mortar fire. Shell after shell fell into our midst killing and wounding a few more good men. I ran to the base of a huge pine tree embracing it with the little strength I had left. The virgin white ground around us soon became a grotesque abstract portrait of ragged furrows and red splashes. When the barrage subsided, Captain Bugno lay dead just a few feet from me, a victim of a mortar shell that had singled him out.

Almost on cue, Lieutenant Woelfer appeared with a small support group to take over the disorganized remnants of what had been Captain Bugno’s patrol, pulling us back to Lieutenant Yanke’s road block.

A unit from the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, three days removed from the bloody Bastogne battle, formed a skirmish line after detrucking, attacking in the direction of the German breakthrough. In a matter of several minutes, a fire fight erupted as the two opposing forces clashed in the thick woods. In no time at all the walking wounded commenced filing to the rear. Aside from Lieutenant Woelfer’s overseeing the disposition of our dead and wounded, that’s the last scene I carried away with me that morning.

Although we hadn’t pushed the Germans back, at least their forward momentum had been stopped. Just as our Rainbow doughboys had thwarted the last German drive in WWI at the Battle of Champagne, so had we WWII soldiers held the line in Alsace-Lorraine. It certainly hadn’t been easy. After 35 consecutive days of exposure to a frigid, unrelenting winter, and a tough enemy, we were finally pulled off the line for rest and reorganization. The Third Reich’s offensive capabilities had been shut down. The end was near.

Divine intervention in the persons of Captain Harold Bugno, and Private First Class Robert Owens allowed me to survive the Battle of the Ohlungen Forest, not my prowess as a young infantryman. In subsequent battles, I had additional help in the form of quickly gained maturity, knowledge that I had gleaned from previous engagements, and tremendous role models to emulate. I will always bear the guilt of surviving the horrors of war when so many better men than myself did not. Bob Owens was killed April 18, 1945 during the Battle for Furth. Why he, Captain Bugno, and so many more of my friends died while I survived is not mine to contemplate. I simply can’t handle the rationale governing such selections. I leave it to God Almighty. The only course of action that I’ve been able to pursue is to endeavor to live my life in a manner pleasing to God. It’s my way of expressing appreciation for an *extended* gift of life.



**The photos of Captain Harold Bugno were sent by his brother, Arthur “Art” Niedzielski in 2009.** He wrote, “I am happy to provide these photos of my brother, Captain Harold Bugno. I also have his wedding picture (the wedding party, full length) which shows him in uniform when he was assigned to the 42d Division at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. Harry's bride was Marie Zajkowski and Ceil, the maid of honor was her sister.

“Our family received the letter of Sam Platamone that you speak of several years ago. It was a very interesting account and it's exactly what I would have expected of Harry. And I would be very pleased and appreciative to receive a CD of the work you are doing on the 222d regiment.



“A little family history might be helpful. Two families, the Bugnos and the Niedzielski's came together in 1929. The spouses of both had died a few years earlier. The union added two more children, myself, Arthur Niedzielski and a younger brother, Leonard. In all, there were 6 Bugno kids, and 4 Niedzielski kids, plus my younger brother and I (Niedzielski). All told there were twelve. Five of the family served in WW II, Harry, Clem, Joe, Ed, all Bugno and Shorty (also named Ed) Niedzielski.

“I followed in Harry's footsteps, to some extent. I joined his unit in the Pennsylvania National Guard (Company C, 109th Infantry) and was federalized in 1950. I was a platoon sergeant initially, then

I applied for and was accepted into the Infantry OCS at Fort Benning. I was a small arms instructor until being sent to the Army Intelligence School and then to the intelligence section (G2) of I Corps.

“I visited the Epinal American Cemetery and Memorial in 1996 and took the picture of Harry's burial place.”



## **Sowing Seeds of Rainbow Division History in Aurora, OHIO**



On November 11, 2018, WWII Rainbow Division Veteran, Louis E. “Lou” Hubach (Sergeant, US Army Retired) visited the 7<sup>th</sup> Grade Social Studies class of his young neighbor on his eighteenth such visit over the years.

In earlier issues of RAINBOW TRAIL and also in REVEILLE, we have read his accounts of combat as a member of Company B, 232<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry “Rainbow” Division and of his service as body guard, interpreter and driver for General Mark W. Clark during the 42<sup>nd</sup> Division occupation duties in Austria after WWII.

Lou wrote, “The picture is from my 11/11/17 speech; the young man wearing my Eisenhower jacket is Charlie, one of the three children next door. He, along with sister Emma, younger brother Henry and parents Heather and Dave make up the finest neighbors we’ve ever had!!!”





Sgt. Louis Erwin Hubach,  
Commanding General Section,  
Headquarters U. S. Forces in Austria.

Dear Sgt. Hubach:

In bidding you good-bye as you prepare to return to the United States, I wish to express my high compliments on your fine service and my sincere thanks for the splendid assistance which you have given to me and to this headquarters.

During the war you fought as a member of the 42nd Infantry Division, leading a 90 MM mortar squad in France, and through Germany to the Austrian border. The Combat Infantryman's Badge, the Bronze Star for valor, and the two battle stars which you wear are fitting tributes to your commendable record.

Since joining this headquarters early in January of 1946, you have served as an interpreter and driver in my section, accompanying me on trips to Italy and Switzerland, and on frequent visits into the outlying areas of my command. You always performed your duties in a thorough, efficient and loyal manner. I shall miss you and your valued help.

You can always be proud of the personal contribution which you made to our final victory in Europe and to our present work in Austria. In recognition of your service to this headquarters, it is a pleasure to present you with the Army Commendation Ribbon. I am enclosing herein your citation for that award.

I trust that you have a pleasant journey home, and I offer my best wishes for your continued health, happiness and success in the years ahead.

Sincerely,

MARK W. CLARK,  
General, U.S.A.,  
Commanding.



**Photo General Mark W. Clark at presentation of the Army Commendation Medal to Sergeant Louis E. Hubach**

[Ed. Note: General Clark was good friends with both Major General Harry J. Collins, 42<sup>nd</sup> Division Commander and with his wife, Irene Gehmacher Collins and provided much of the information through personal interviews and photos that formed the basis of Mike Chapman's book, reviewed in this issue.

## **Morgan Rachel Levy, a WWII Rainbow Granddaughter, Honors her grandfather's service and the lessons he taught her – Captain David Levy served in Companies D and Service Company, 232<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry "Rainbow" Division.**

### **OCCUPATION – Our Aim**

**[Excerpt from *The Rainbow Reveille with the United States Forces in Austria* 2 July 1946, page 6]**

*"When the shooting war stopped, everybody cheered. The whole bloody mess is over, done with. Now we can go home, relax, and forget about it. The logic was pretty good, but its only shortcoming was that it hadn't reckoned with the disposition of a totally disintegrated army, the wrecked economy of the country, further complicated by the flood of DPs that inhabited every city and town, kept swarming in from the farms and outlying districts. Our leaders said occupation, so those who remained were faced with the overwhelming task of governing a nation, and the galaxy of activities that must be successfully performed if we are to avoid chaos. If we fail in this objective, the war has been lost, though the battles won, and the countless lives expended entirely in vain...."*



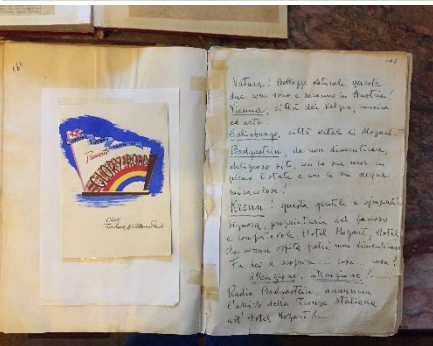
Excerpt from memoirs of Col. Edwin Rusteberg, former Chief of Staff to MG Harry J. Collins in late 1945. From the Nazi concentration camps in Ebansee and Mauthausen, as per a directive from General Mark Clark's HQ in Vienna, "...we received instructions to move them to the resort town of Bad Gastein and into the beautiful old and now vacant hotels at that old spa about 100 miles away."

### **Morgan Levy wrote (20 February 2018),**

"While my grandfather, David Levy was still alive he gave me a small black and white photograph of a waterfall in Bad Gastein, Austria. I knew Bad Gastein from a story he recounted with such regularity that the little

Austrian town became mythological and a deep part of my family's history.





“When he told the story of being assigned to occupation duty in Bad Gastein and suddenly becoming responsible for housing 1,250 Jewish refugees in hotels, he spoke primarily with gravitas but there was always a hint of theatricality. The combination of my grandfather's flair for storytelling and the respect I had for him made this story captivating to my childhood-self.

“Reflecting on this story now, as a 32-year-old, it strikes me that he spoke of Bad Gastein to impart lessons to my family that were fundamental aspects of who he was. From the story of Bad Gastein, I've learned the imperative to stand up for what you believe in, the obligation we have to care for others, and lastly the importance of pursuing education, especially studying foreign languages.

“In the summer of 2017, more than ten years after my grandfather passed away, I was compelled to dig out the waterfall photo he gave me. And several months later, I was on a plane to Bad Gastein where with my camera I wandered through the town my grandfather lived in briefly but spoke of for decades, I gained entry to the hotels where the refugees lived, I found individuals my grandfather met as children, and I dug up earth to find remnants of the building where he stayed; all in an effort to be closer to the memory of my grandfather and to add another chapter to the rich story that is Bad Gastein.



**PHOTO ONE – Archival photo BAD GASTEIN, Austria 30 August 1945**

**PHOTOS in black and white are from a collection sent to Rainbow Archivist Bill Keithan by William Smart, who wrote: “These photos depict the arrival of several hundred Jewish displaced persons, mostly Polish.” Captain David Levy may be seen in the first, third and fourth B&W photos.**

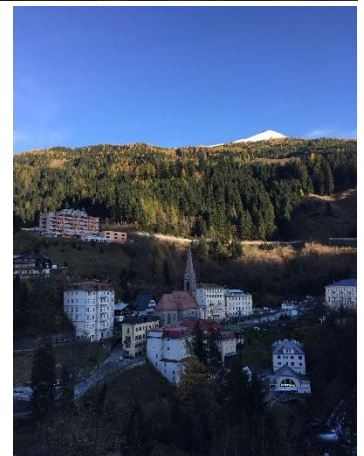
**All iPhone images in color are by Morgan Levy (her photo is on upper right)**

**PHOTOS on bottom row are, left to right,**

**Notes from Rainbow members in the Kurlist at the Hotel Mozart;**

**A commemorative Rainbow Plaque at the Hotel Mozart; A view of Bad Gastein;**

**A view of Bad Gastein and where the Gasteiner Hof Hotel once stood, the hotel where my grandfather remembered staying.**





Morgan is a freelance photographer currently living in Denver, Colorado. Originally from Philadelphia, she received her B.F.A in photography from Tisch School of the Arts at N.Y.U and lived and worked in New York for many years. In recent years her editorial work has been featured in US and international publications including the New York Times, The New Yorker, Esquire, and the Guardian. Most recently she exhibited work at the Carreau du Temple in Paris. Her work has also been shown in numerous group exhibitions including PhotoNola, the New York Photo Festival, the Invisible Dog Art Center, Winkelman Gallery, and the Colorado Photographic Arts Center. She was selected for AI-AP 31 as well at Review CENTER Santa Fe. She is the recipient of the 2015 Lucie Foundation Emerging Artist Scholarship.

**Production of her professionally-taken photos of Bad Gastein is still in progress and will be exhibited in the future – to be announced at a later date.**

## **2018 RDVF Scholarships** <http://www.rainbowvets.org/rdvf-scholarships>

**The application period is from March 1st through July 1st of each year.**

**The postmark deadline for completed applications is July 15th.**

### **RDVF Scholarship Instructions:**

The RDVF Scholarship Program has grown significantly over the years. Today's foundation is dedicated to its continued growth. In recent years the RDVF has approved nearly \$20,000 per year in college scholarship money to the descendants of RDVF Members. Each year the RDVF Scholarship Committee reviews applications from eligible college-age students and selects winners and scholarship amounts. (Only undergraduate students are being considered at this time)

**Eligibility** – applicant must be either a graduating high school senior who is accepted to a college, enrolled in college, and/or eligible to attend college in the fall and who is also:

A descendant of a current RDVF Veteran or Legacy Member (A descendant is defined as: All spouses, children, spouses of children, descendants and spouses, and all blood and adopted relatives and their spouses);

or, A current soldier of the 42nd Infantry Division, in good standing.

**In addition**, all applicants must be sponsored by a current RDVF Veteran or Legacy member who has been a member for at least the last three consecutive years, or is a "Lifetime Member". The applicant is responsible to find their own Sponsor and to coordinate that portion of the application process with them.

**The Scholarship Sponsor:** Can only sponsor one applicant per scholarship year. The sponsor must vouch for the applicant's eligibility in writing. Veteran and Legacy RDVF members can sponsor their own descendants as long as they meet the consecutive year or Lifetime Membership criteria.

### **Applicants must complete the Scholarship Application form included with these instructions and provide the following:**

1. A letter of nomination from the Scholarship Sponsor which clearly delineates the Applicant's eligibility.
2. Official high school transcripts and/or official college transcripts as appropriate. SAT and/or ACT scores must be submitted separately if they are not recorded on the official transcript. Please note any Advanced Placement (AP) or Honors (H) Courses.
3. Two letters of recommendation. One letter must be from a school representative (teacher, professor, coach, counselor, principal etc.) The second letter can be a general character reference.
4. Essay –
  - (a). Briefly describe your educational career to date, discussing why you selected the college/university and course of study that you did.
  - (b). Briefly describe your interests, hobbies, sports, extracurricular activities and why they are important to you.
  - (c). Discuss your relationship to the person who sponsored you for this scholarship. Illustrate how that individual's service in the 42nd Infantry Division lent itself to the creation of an enduring commitment to worldwide understanding, permanent peace and respect for the rights of individuals in all nations.
  - (d). Finally discuss what that person's service means to you. How can the lessons he or she learned as a member of the 42nd Infantry Division be applied to your own personal growth, selected educational path and potential career field.

When preparing your essay, please review our website [www.rainbowvets.org](http://www.rainbowvets.org) for history and information related to the 42nd Infantry (Rainbow) Division and the Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation.

The application period is from March 1st through July 1st of each year.

Inquiries and completed applications with supporting material must be mailed or electronically submitted to:

Michael Kelly, Scholarship Chairman  
143 Milner Avenue  
Albany, NY 12208-1421  
Tel: 518-489-4580  
Email: [mkelly5993@nycap.rr.com](mailto:mkelly5993@nycap.rr.com)

The postmark deadline for completed applications is July 15th. If mailing the materials please use a minimum 9×12 size envelope so that no pages are folded. Previous award winners are not eligible to apply.

The Scholarship Committee will evaluate each applicant utilizing a merit evaluation process, examining academics, extracurricular activities, committee member assessment and applicant essay. *Individual scholarships have ranged*

*from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in past years, however, available funds dictate scholarship amounts and numbers each year. It is the goal of the RDVF Board of trustees to increase scholarship awards in future years.*

### **MILLENNIUM Legacy Association of the 42nd Infantry “Rainbow” Division**

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

President: Emily Marcason-Tolmie <emilymarcason@yahoo.com>

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>

Rainbow Millennium Chapter Facebook Page [www.facebook.com/42ndRainbowDivision](http://www.facebook.com/42ndRainbowDivision)

Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation, Inc. [www.rainbowvets.org](http://www.rainbowvets.org)

Click on the NEWS page to read past and current issues of REVEILLE

Rainbow Descendants page on <[rainbowvets.org](http://rainbowvets.org)> website.

<http://www.rainbowvets.org/history/rainbow-descendants>

(This page as well as <[rainbowvets.org](http://rainbowvets.org)> reaches Rainbow researchers who answer and direct inquiries)