

RAINBOW TRAIL

The History Newsletter of the Millennium Legacy Association
(Rainbow Family) Of The 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division
February 2022 Volume 22, Issue 1
"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"



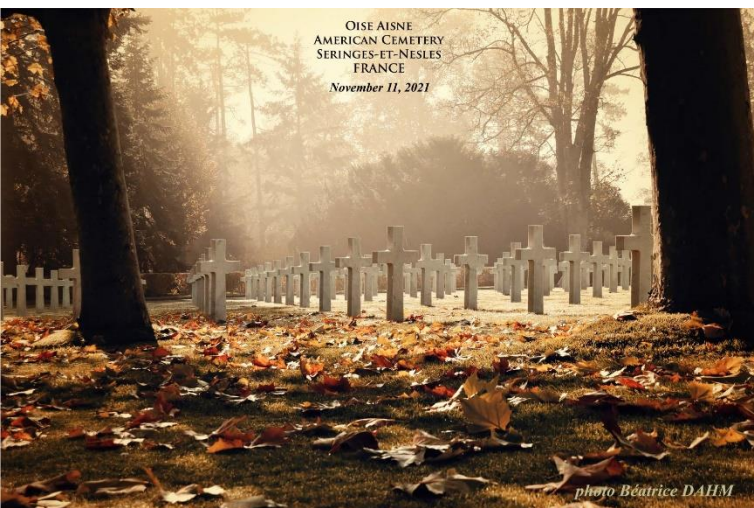
JULY 1918

In reprinted words written by those who knew this history best, then and now –

From Bert Caloud (USMC Retired); superintendent of Oise-Aisne American Cemetery:

(photo caption) "The four flags to the right are the Army, Navy and Marine Corps Colors with the National Ensign behind them. For our ceremonies around the flag pole we put the 50 State and the US Territory flags of American Samoa, Guam, Northern Marianas, Puerto Rico and the US Virgin Islands along three of the four pathways. Centered on the fourth pathway we put the National Ensign, the 6 Service Flags and the MIA flag. National Ensign, US Army, US Marine Corps, US Navy, US Air Force, US Space Command, US Coast Guard and MIA flag - four flags on each side of the pathway." *Armistice/Veterans Day 11 November 2021 photo presentation(s) by Beatrice Dahm.*

From Monique Seefried, WWI U.S. Centennial Commissioner and President of the board of directors, Croix Rouge Farm Memorial Foundation, Inc. :



"The (Oise-Aisne American) cemetery occupies 36.5 acres east of the town of Seringes, on ground captured by the Rainbow Division during the Oise-Aisne Offensive. A couple of other divisions may have more dead buried in the cemetery, but the cemetery is built on soil where the Rainbow soldiers shed so much blood.

The Oise-Aisne American Cemetery is holy ground for the Rainbow Division like probably no other place in the world."



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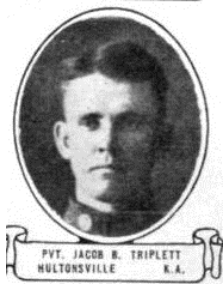
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14th - 15th of July The Champagne Defensive



There are two Rainbow Division men under the care of Oise-Aisne American Cemetery who died on the date of this great battle; both men members of the 166th Infantry Regiment, (4th Ohio), 42nd Division - Private First Class Charles W. Prindle of West Springfield, Pennsylvania (Company B) and Private Jacob B. Triplett of Tennessee (Company C) (source: "In Search of Rainbow Memorials", 2003 by Lise Pommois, French educator and historian; with Charles Fowler, 42nd Division Artillery WWII); this valuable resource has recorded all 42nd Division ABMC interments with cemeteries, names and dates. It may be downloaded on the Memorials link at <rainbowvets.org>.

HEADQUARTERS 42nd DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

July 17, 1918

MEMORANDUM:

The following letter is furnished Brigade, and Regimental and separate unit commanders for publication to their respective commands:

4th Army
Staff
3rd Bureau
No. 6, 954/3

July 16, 1918

SOLDIERS OF THE 4TH ARMY

During the day of July 15th, you broke the efforts of Fifteen German Divisions supported by ten others.

They were expected according to their orders to reach the Marne in the evening: You stopped their advance clearly at the point where we desire to engage in and win the battle.

You have the right to be proud, heroic Infantrymen and Machine Gunners of the advanced post who signaled the attack and disintegrated it, aviators who flew over it, Battalion and batteries which broke it, staffs which so minutely prepared the battle field.

It is a hard blow for the enemy. It is a beautiful day for France.

I count on you that it may always be the same, every time that he dares to attack you, and with all my heart of a soldier I thank you.

"GOURAUD"

By command of Major General Menoher
Douglass MacArthur,
Brigadier General, General Staff
Chief of Staff

"All through the day the battle raged. Men fought with rifles, bayonets, hand grenades, and trench knives. The baking July sun was the only inactive observer of the fierce battle that was taking place, and for every German that fell it seemed as if two more came to replace him. Still

the men of the 42nd, along with their French counterparts, fought fiercely and struggled successfully to overcome the German soldiers. As the sun tired and drifted slowly toward the horizon, the living Germans retreated to their trenches of the night before, leaving behind thousands of their dead comrades. Their goal of the day, to break the enemy lines and occupy Chalons by 5:00 p.m. that evening of the 15th, would never succeed, at least not in this war...

"...Without the slightest degree of doubt the Champagne Defensive was the Rainbow's most important engagement because it was the battle that marked the turning point of the World War. It was the Gettysburg of 1918. The failure of the Kaiser's hosts to break the lines and take Chalons thereby pinching off Rheims and leaving to his leisurely decision the selection of the point from which he would march on Paris, placed Germany in a position most unfavorable and gave Marshal Foch the chance to strike his great counter offensive of July 18, 1918 at Chateau Thierry...



Rainbow wounded arriving at Triage, of 117th Sanitary Train, during Champagne Battle.

"...After the victory at Chalons, Foch wired Gouraud substantially as follows: 'My congratulations to you and those of your army on the work you have done. But for it I could not undertake the offensive I am about to launch.' That offensive on the Chateau-Thierry salient drove the Germans into the open and the Americans kept them there until November, 1918.'"

From the text included in the white-jacketed book, *42nd Rainbow Infantry Division* compiled in 1987 by members of the Association of Rainbow Division Veterans and published by Turner Publishing; this description was made possible from materials gathered from "vast

WWI resources”, primarily by WWII Rainbow historian, Donald L. Segel for the purpose of introducing this book of WWII Rainbow Division veterans’ biographical information.

From Defensive to Offensive

The Aisne-Marne Offensive 18 July – 6 August

18th – 19th of July The Battle of Soissons

“The power of American arms brought to bear in the Marne salient made it possible to crush the last enemy offensive and commit him entirely to the defensive. He suffered a costly and disastrous defeat by the determined attacks of our 1st, 2^d, 3^d, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32^d, 42^d and 77th divisions, which constituted a force equal to eighteen Allied divisions. To these should be added considerable numbers of American air units, and corps artillery, medical and transportation troops. The preponderance of Americans at the critical periods of this offensive, coupled with their successes in the vital areas of the battle, brought about this victory.”

From General John J. Pershing’s, “My Experiences in the World War”, Frederick A. Stokes Company, NY, 1931 p. 154 as quoted in *Americans All, The Rainbow At War*, Henry J. Reilly (1936)

Recommended reading: *Devil Dogs: Fighting Marines of World War I* by George B. Clark, 2013; and, *The 4th Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood and Soissons: History and Battlefield guide* by J. Michael Miller, 2020

Under the care of Oise-Aisne American Cemetery is Captain Lester Wass, 5 Regt. USMC who was killed during the battle of Soissons, near Vierzy France. The story of his service and friendship with fellow Marine, Captain Joseph Murray is told by Murray in a long ago (undated) article most likely published in the Boston Herald newspaper circa 1926. It is reprinted here in entirety:



“In the seventh of the series of thrilling experiences in the World War, Maj. J.D. Murray of the Marine Corps relates a rather unusual story of a Gloucester man who knew he was marked for death yet carried splendidly on to the end. It is a war tale with an angle not often touched upon.

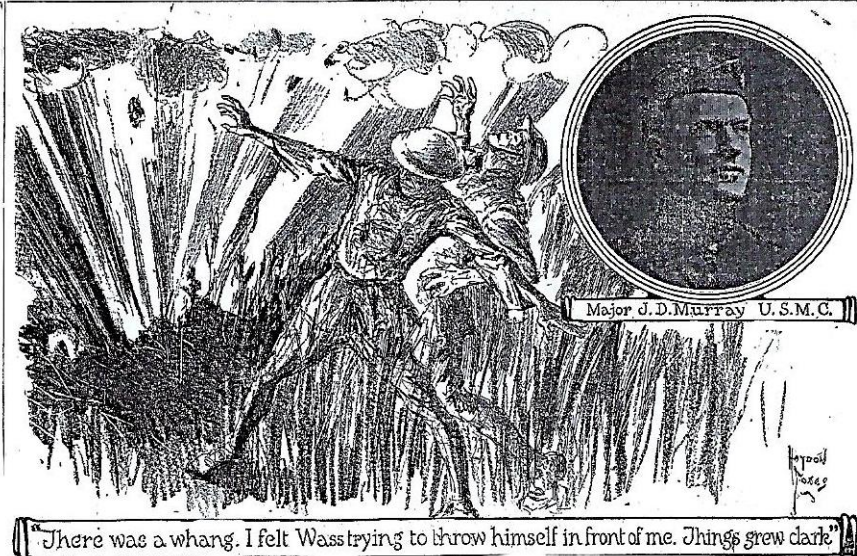
“Maj. Murray, now in charge of the Marine of the Marine recruiting station in Boston, was born and brought up in Concord, Mass. During the trip made by President Roosevelt to Panama in 1906, he acted as the President’s orderly, being then a newly-commissioned lieutenant. He was awarded the Croix-de-Guerre for

action near Soissons in July 1918. Desperately wounded, he managed to regain his division in time to participate in the St. Mihiel drive.

Photo presentation by Beatrice Dahm; with thanks to Lieutenant Colonel (then Captain) Murray's granddaughter, Joanne McGloin, for sending photos, family history and a copy of the newspaper article, by Maj. J.D. Murray, U.S.M.C., Former Commander, 43d Company, 5th Regiment, U.S.M.C., as told to writer Lowell Ames Norris.

STALKED BY DEATH, WASS MET HIS ORDAINED FATE NOBLY

Valorous Captain of Marines, Under Grim Premonition of His End, Still Carried on in Great War Without Faltering — Then, That Red Day at Vierzy, Came the German Shell "Marked with His Name" — His Last Glorious Deed Was to Save Major Murray, Who Here Eulogizes the Fatalistic Hero from Gloucester



“Heroic deeds are accomplished many times on the battlefield almost unknowingly in the stress of emotional excitement, but there is a certain sublime greatness which stamps a man who carries on despite the fact that he knows he is marked for death.

“For there was a certain fatalistic philosophy one learned over there in France. It was to be seen in the aversion to three lights from a

single match and the careful observance of hundreds of other pet superstitions which will never become recorded. Usually, a certain light-heartedness came with danger, a knowledge that one was safe until – until – dread premonition told that death was near. And then it depended upon the man. A few broke under the strain, while others carried on as did Capt. Lester A. Wass of Gloucester, who commanded the 18th Company of the 5th regiment and was killed in action on July 18, 1918, at Vierzy, near Soissons.

“Capt. Wass was certain that sometime during those July days of strenuous action, a German shell awaited him, which Fate had marked with his name. Don’t ask me how he knew it, I don’t know. He never spoke of death’s closeness more than once or twice; yet the knowledge of its nearness was forever with him. Knowing this, never wavering, he still continued doing his bit with a calm resignation, worthy of the cause for which he was making the supreme sacrifice, and was to the end a soldier – a gentleman – and a United States Marine.

“Wass and I first met in 1909. It was in January, and we had just received our commissions as second lieutenants. As I have said, he was from Gloucester and I was from Concord, so is it to be wondered that during our year of training at Port Royal, S.C., we became close friends? He was ordered to the Philippines – I was ordered to Nicaragua: but we kept in touch. We didn’t see each other again until 1914 as we both ducked for the same doorway in Vera Cruz when a few shots came from the plaza in the town we later captured.

“After leaving Vera Cruz, I didn’t see Wass again until August, 1917, when he joined the 2d battalion, 5th Marines, at Damblain in France. He commanded the 18th company, and I commanded the 43d. From there we went to Verdun, where my company had the honor of being the first company of Marines to go into the line in France.

HIS LAST SMILE

“It was while we were at Verdun that Wass crawled one night into the shelter I had found in a graveyard. It remains vividly in my memory because it was the last time I ever saw him smile. He had just come from the ruined town hall in his sector before a “G.I.” can had blown the ruins sky high and he was in equally high humor. Chuckling, he told me how he had also dropped in on one of my platoon leaders a few moments before when some highly polished bird had intimated that he intended to put some more barbed wire outside his P.C. At this time there had been rumors that a German spy in the uniform of a French artillery officer had been giving the American guns the wrong data.

‘Anyway,’ said Wass, ‘Jim Gallivan was furious.’

“ ‘What!’ roared Jim. ‘More barbed wire, is it? Shure and as soon as it gets a little darker I’m goin’ out and tear down what’s there now. They’re always tellin’ about cultivatin’ an offensive spirit in the min. How can we git offensive with a FINCE in front of us all the time!’

“And then Jim told him to get out before he locked him up as a spy, chuckled Wass, and best of all, he did.

CHANGE COMES OVER HIM



“The change in Wass came soon after we reached Belleau Woods, which was our next stop. Capt. Charles Bunbeck had taken over my old command, the 43d while I became the second in command to Lt. Col. F.M. Wise, the battalion commander. Wass’s company had been the first to venture out of the Woods into the open wheat in front of Torcy, digging rifle pits at night and lying in them covered up with straw from 3 o’clock in the morning until 10:30 o’clock at night...just thinking. I relieved him.



LA BRIGADE MARINE AMERICAINE AU BOIS DE BELLEAU
Dessin de GEORGE SCOTT.

“Wass and Bunbeck were reorganizing their companies at the end of our first attack when a shell hit among us and burst, showering us with dirty, rock fragments and twigs. Fortunately, none of us was harmed. ‘There’s 43d company luck for you,’ said Wass.

“But the luck which was supposed to be furnished that company by the Mexican honeybear mascot who rode in state on the company’s goulash cannon did not hold. In the attacks which followed, men fell thick and fast. Bunbeck was severely wounded, shot through both legs. Blanchfield and Josh Williams, company

commanders, were killed. But we continued to fight until the good old Yankee Division finally came to our relief.

For image of Belleau Wood Georges Scott (1873-1943) illustration "American Marines in Belleau Wood (1918)" - originally published in the French Magazine "Illustrations" (in public domain); retrieved from http://www.greatwardifferent.com/Great_War/Georges_Scott/Scott_Belleau_Wood_01.htm

American Battle Monuments Commission records this caption for the monument where Beatrice Dahm, photographer and battlefield guide and historian, Gilles Lagin are standing, as follows: A Marine Monument, commonly referred to as "Iron Mike" is located in Belleau Wood.

“As we were filing cautiously out of our positions Wass came alongside. We were almost out of the wood when he finally spoke.

CITATION IN THE ORDER OF THE ARMY
(Croix de Guerre with Palm)

The 4th American Brigade under command of
Brigadier General James C. Harbord, composed of:

The 5th Regiment of Marines under the command of
Colonel Wendell C. Neville;

The 6th Regiment of Marines under command of
Colonel Albertus W. Catlin;

The 6th Machine Gun Battalion under command of
Major W. Cole;

5TH REGIMENT OF MARINES, AMERICAN

“Thrown into the thick of battle on a front then under violent enemy attack, this brigade immediately demonstrated that it was a unit of the first order. At its initial entry into line, in liaison with the French, it broke a violent enemy attack on an important point of the position and then undertook independently a series of offensive operations, in the course of which, thanks to the brilliant courage, vigor, dash and tenacity of the men, who yielded neither to fatigue nor to losses; thanks to the activity and energy of the officers; thanks, in short, to the personal activity of its commander, General Harbord, the 4th Brigade saw its efforts crowned with success. In close liaison with each other these two regiments and their machine gun battalion, after 12 days of incessant struggle (June 2-13, 1918) in a very difficult terrain, advanced for distances varying from 1,500 to 2,000 meters over a front of 4 kilometers, captured quantities of material, took more than 500 prisoners, inflicted severe losses upon the enemy and carried two of his strongest supporting points, namely, the village of Bouresches and the organized Belleau Wood.”

PETAIN

Commander in Chief, Armies of the East.

Order No. 10,895D
General Headquarters,
Armies of the North and Northeast
October 22, 1918

‘Gee, Joe,’ he said, laying his hand upon my arm. ‘Don’t you feel sort of ashamed?’

‘For God’s sake, what for?!’ I exclaimed.

‘Why not?’ he replied. ‘Think of Blanchfield, Williams, Bunbeck, and all the others killed and wounded, and here we are without a scratch.’

“I turned back to look him over – dirty, haggard and unshaven. It was evident he was under a nervous strain, yet I did not realize how tense this strain was or I would not have spoken as I did.

‘How do you know we aren’t dead? How do we know what it’s like?’ I said, more as a joke than anything else.

“But Wass didn’t take it as such. His eyes widened, his fingers tightened his nervous grip upon my arm.

‘Don’t say that, Joe,’ he replied. ‘you don’t know what you’re saying. It’s enough to make you bughouse to get thinking that way.’

“Then I happened to note that one of his pocket flaps and a shoulder strap were gone, sheared off cleanly by a bullet or shell fragment as if with scissors. I called these to his attention; he pointed to a bullet hole through my mask and we both instinctively quickened our pace, talking no more of shame.

“We had been told that the entire division was going to have a rest or at least a chance to go to the rear long enough for replacements. I happened to mention it to Wass. But it didn’t seem to brighten him up as I hoped it would.

‘It doesn’t matter much,’ he muttered. ‘It just puts it off a bit – but it’s coming – I can’t escape it.’

‘Escape what?’ I said, turning.

‘Nothing.’ He returned, forcing a grin. But his lips didn’t really smile, and in his eyes I caught the look of death.

Instead of the promised relief, we were rushed by trucks to the forest of Villers-Cotterets, and by forced marching at night in the rain we arrived at 4:55 in the morning of July 18 in time to participate in the attack which never ceased until the morning of Nov. 11. Wass slept fitfully at my feet in the truck on the way and seemed not at all his usual bright self.

“On the night before we got underway for this drive Wass and I slept in an old ruined chateau. Outside, a mule suddenly let out a loud hee-haw.



‘Scolly square, next,’ replied the driver. Wass leaned out over the window ledge. A water cart of one of the Yankee Division artillery outfits had pulled into the courtyard during the night. Wass watched them a few moments without speaking.

Photo Scollay Square, Tremont Row and Court Street, ca. 1890; photographer John P. Soule; found at www.catalog.bostonaetheneum.org

‘Sort of makes you homesick for the old town, doesn’t it,’ he finally said. ‘Will you say hello to it for me when you get back?’

‘Nonsense! Say it yourself,’ I replied, for his morbidness was getting me. I thought a lot of him. ‘You’ll probably see it before I do. I sometimes wonder if I’ll ever walk down Tremont Street again.’

Library of Congress print – Tremont Street Boston 1900

‘You will,’ he replied, earnestly. ‘God, I wish I could think I could, but I know I won’t. It is the end.’

H-HOUR! Hundreds of American and French guns massed at the edge of that vast splintered forest. Rumbling, deafening blasts shaking the earth as molten death leaped continuously in bright flashes from steel throats preparing the way for the great drive.

Hopeless confusion near the various approaches to the take-off. Troops, animals and vehicles blocking the road – ambulances, supply teams, rumbling caissons. Shouting M.P.s and excited young officers looking for their men. The shrill sounding of many whistles. The drive was on.



Wass, with his command, had already gone ahead. I still waited for the lost members of my division, but I was getting impatient. As rapidly as a platoon appeared I sent it on ahead, lest the enemy, recovering from the passing-on barrage, should come out from their holes and mow them down.

Each platoon was told to shove off 114 degrees to a farm a kilometer away, then swing 65 degrees to a road out of Vierzy. The 9th or 23rd infantry was supposedly ahead. That was all we could say, for the tired and excited guides had obviously placed us in the wrong spot for take-off.

A ghastly whiff of mustard gas began to permeate the forest. Two platoons had gone ahead; a third was still in sight of our signal. It was growing late. There could be no more waiting.

I started on alone, with my staff of runners reduced to two. Soon I sent these off to locate the companies supposed to be on our flanks. I went on alone, peering ahead in the woods for the French tanks which were supposed to have preceded us at H Hour.

SIGHTS GERMAN HELMETS

Suddenly ahead I saw a line of gray-steel helmeted heads peering over the parapet. Not one of my men was in sight. My heart sank as I weakly clutched my revolver.

Up rose those burly figures in Feldgrau, and I watched them with a “Now I lay me” feeling as I raised the pistol with a limp wrist. But one big fellow was smiling and holding out a pair of gray field glasses. Then the whole group jumped in on me with guttural “glub-globs” of Herr Kapitan, Officer, guten Kamarad, and other such words which I could get. I knew very little German, and certainly nothing that was appropriate for such an occasion.

I did my best to stick them into some sort of line and motion them back to the rear. As soon as I got two or three in line, the rest would start jabbering. I began to feel much as Alice in Wonderland must have felt when she found herself in the croquet game. Then, Snavenhorst, one of my runners returned. He could speak German, so I sent my prisoners back to the rear in his care, their speed somewhat accelerated by their own shells.

No sooner had they started than more Germans began to pour out of their hiding places. There were big Dutchmen and little Dutchmen, fat Dutchmen and thin Dutchmen, but all anxious to be captured and sent to the rear once they discovered they stood in no immediate danger of being scalped by the American troops.

ADVANCE IS ON AGAIN



By this time I had almost entirely forgotten Wass. On the edge of the wood stood a group of ugly block-like French Schneider tanks on the rolling field as far as the eye could reach. Prisoners were forgotten. The Advance was on again.

*From Wikipedia:
French Schneider
CA-1*

Now waist-high
through waving

wheat fields on exultant tip-toe, we who had been utterly exhausted a half-hour before – on – ever – on – after our ponderous waddling chariots – more excitement – past a line of 77's – past a battery of big boys with upraised snouts – the Moroccans flushed some of the German gunners from their hiding places – caught them – flashing knives and bayonets – screams – we turned away.



Caption to photo (R) “Partners of Americans in Marne Counter-Offensive – French Moroccan troops on Villers-Cotterets Road July 1918 (copyright by The Keystone View Company); found here: 2nd-Division.com/_div.misc/Soissons/fr.moroccan.htm

Now we were nearing the road out of Vierzy, our first day's objective – A grove ahead seemed occupied. I asked a tank to clean it out. Oblingly it let go its bow 75 while its broadside machine guns twiddled expectantly.

I felt a frantic tug at my belt. A sergeant, pale and haggard, with torn uniform stood beside me.

'Don't fire into those woods, Captain, for God's sake!' he begged. 'There's a bunch of the 23rd in there what got ahead. I'm a sergeant from Company X and I'm tellin' everybody that I see.' He tore away, still excited.

Word came that the battalion commander and his group had been wiped out, so I got in touch with Wass, who was just ahead. He rejoined me.

IT HAPPENS AT LAST

"The companies were ordered to advance just beyond the road and lie down hidden in the wheat while scouts were sent out 100 yards ahead.

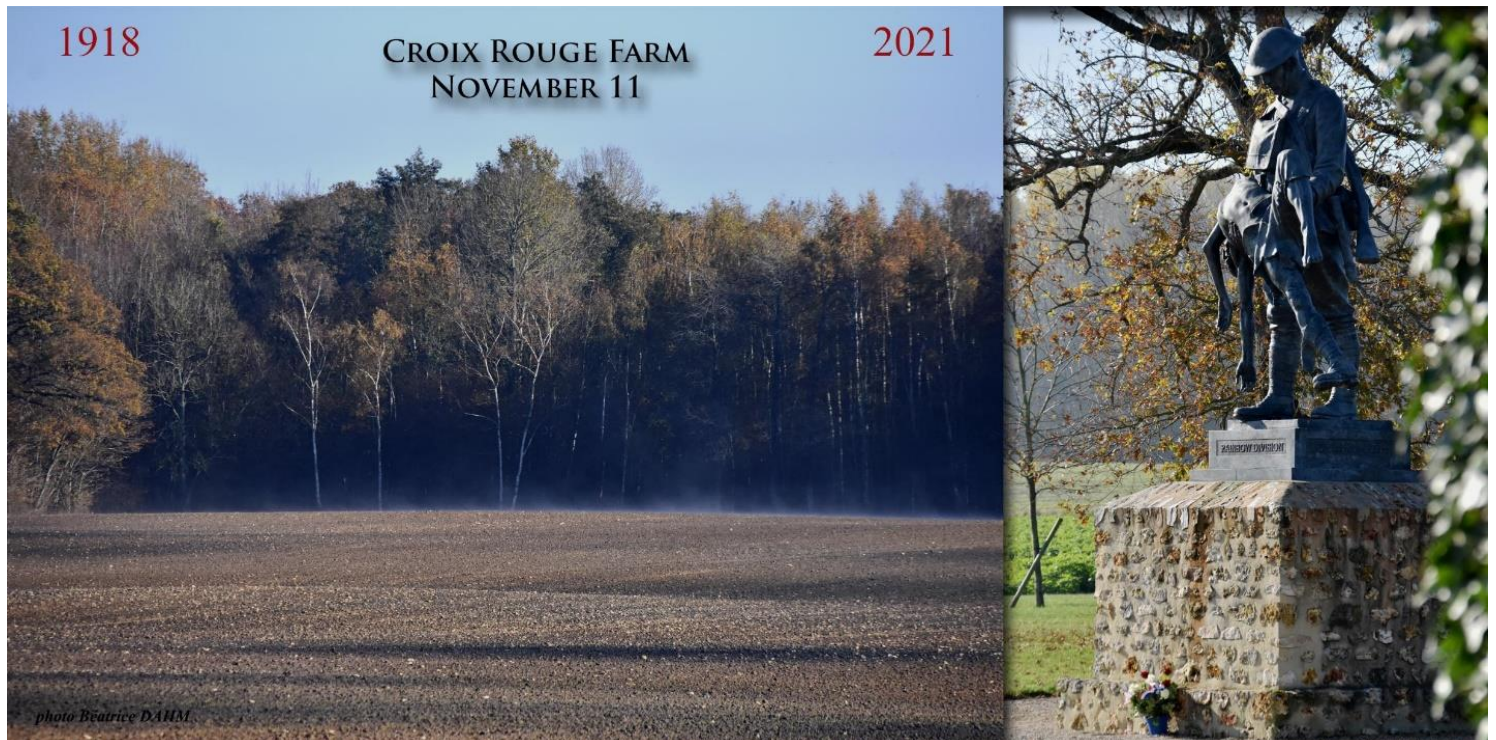
"Wass and I went ahead a little bit. He was battle worn, yet his gloom was gone. He seemed like his former self – only more buoyant and in a truly exalted mood. Together we bent over to study the map, our bodies shielding it.

'Here,' said I, spreading it out. This is the spot where we are – .'

"There was a terrific whang. I felt Wass trying to throw himself in front of me ... I felt myself slipping, although I knew his arms were still around me ... darkness ... moments drifting ... strong hands bandaging me up ... hands I knew belonged to Wass ... more darkness ... waves of blinding light, red and dark blackness ... a bombed and machine-gunned dressing station ... returning consciousness and splitting headache ... a long ride in a truck ... a cursing angel of a tender truck driver...

"It was not until sometime afterwards that I learned in the hospital that Lester Wass, having bandaged me up and seen me safely to the rear, went on alone, but only for a little way. There had been another deafening explosion. Wass, at last, met face-to-face the shell that bore his name."

Croix-Rouge Farm and the Battle of the River Ourcq Aisne-Marne Offensive 18 July – 6 August 26 - 28 JULY



“The first phase of the Battle of the Ourcq began with the retirement of the Germans in the night of July 23-24 from their position near Epieds, to an intermediate line or line of strong points through Beuvarde-la-Croix Rouge Farm-le Charnel. The 56th Brigade of the 28th Pennsylvania Division, which had been sent to the 26th New England Division to reinforce it in the lead of that Division began the pursuit the morning of July 24. The French on the left and the French 39th Infantry Division on the right with the 3rd Regular U.S. Division on its right, advanced at the same time.

“It was in the midst of this situation that the units of the Rainbow began to arrive. The 84th Infantry Brigade arriving first, was placed at the disposal of the 26th Division, with orders to relieve its front lines by passing through at daybreak, July 25th. As soon as this was done, the Rainbow was to take over the Sector of the 26th Division.

“The 1st Corps issued Field Order No. 24, directing the continuance of the pursuit during the night by the 26th Division, and that they should take Sergy not later than two hours, July 25th. However, the Germans while retiring to their previously picked position on the Ourcq, had left strong detachments in front of that position, particularly at Croix Rouge Farm, and at le Charnel in front of the 3rd Division. The consequence was that the American advance was checked along this line and it was on this line that the 84th Brigade found the leading elements of the Pennsylvania Brigade and the New England Division.

“The problem which now confronted the 84th Infantry Brigade was an advance through thick woods in which somewhere lurked an enemy waiting to make the maximum use of his skill in using machine guns and selecting strong points at least to take a heavy toll even if he could not stop the American advance....”

Text is from AA, pp. 320-321, Americans All – The Rainbow At War, Henry J. Reilly 1936, 888 p.

This detailed and personal Rainbow Division History is very highly recommended and may be found online

[#1 - Americans all; the Rainbow at war; official history of the 42s ... - Full View | HathiTrust Digital Library](#)

Recommended reading: Send the Alabamians: World War I Fighters in the Rainbow Division
by Nimrod Thompson Frazer, 2014

Battle of The River Ourcq

AA p. 327 What was the real problem which confronted the Rainbow? It was not an attack on a retreating enemy which had been unwillingly forced to halt and make a stand. This with all the disadvantages which come from having to fight an action brought on by a confident pursuer whose overwhelming numbers and artillery have forced a rear guard action which develops into a defensive battle.

“It was on the contrary an attack upon a carefully chosen position picked out far enough in advance to enable every advantage to be taken of its natural features and held by an enemy who knew that while he had retired he was still far in advance of the position from which he had started his highly successful May offensive.

“Nature had made the Ourcq as if to order for a defensive position. The Germans with the keen eyes of well-trained soldiers had not failed to notice it, even before they found the necessity to use it.

“The northern end of the high ridge covered by the Forest of Ris merged into the high ground north of the Ourcq River. This high ground is the watershed between the Vesle River, to its north and the Marne to its south. The head-waters of the Ourcq begin where the Forest of Ris ridge runs into this high ground. First running north, the Ourcq makes a long, gentle curve to the east until at the town of Fère-en-Tardenois it straightens out and runs due east....”



Photo received from Oise-Aisne American Cemetery superintendent, Bert Caloud on 23 July 2017 with the message, "Thought you'd enjoy these pictures of my neighbor on the Meurcy Farm harvesting wheat yesterday. Hard to believe what was happening in that same field 99 years ago!"



AA p. 493-494, "During the Battle of the Ourcq the Rainbow fought the following German Divisions – the 10th Landwehr, the 201st, the 6th Bavarian and the 4th Guard Divisions.

"The exact casualties for the Croix Rouge Farm fight cannot be separated from those suffered by all four regiments of infantry during the same period. These were for the infantry alone 231 killed and 580 wounded. As the 83rd Brigade was not in action during this time its casualties were fairly light as only due to shells landing in the woods which they occupied. Therefore, most of these casualties were in the 84th Brigade as a result of its capture of the Croix Rouge Farm.

The total casualties of the Rainbow for the Ourcq Battle were 945 killed in action, 269 dead of wounds and 4315 wounded, a total of 5529...

"...The losses in killed in action and wounded in the Ourcq Battle added to the 1509 killed and wounded in the Champagne made a total of 7198 killed and wounded of approximately 27,000, the sacrifice of the Rainbow in playing its part in the Second Battle of the Marne one of the decisive battles of history; the one in which the hitherto mounting tide of German Victory in 1918 was turned to the ebbing tide which culminated in defeat in the Armistice of November 11, 1918.



*"Return from the Argonne"
memorial dedication at Union
Station, Montgomery Alabama on
11 November 2021. This sculpture
by James Butler, R.A. honors all
Alabamians who fought in World
War I. The story appears at
Croixrougefarm.org.*

“That the Second Battle of the Marne was decisive is shown by the following commendatory order:

G.H.Q.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

General Orders
No. 143

France, August 28, 1918

It fills me with pride to record in General Orders a tribute to the service and achievement of the First and Third Corps, comprising the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd, and 42nd Divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

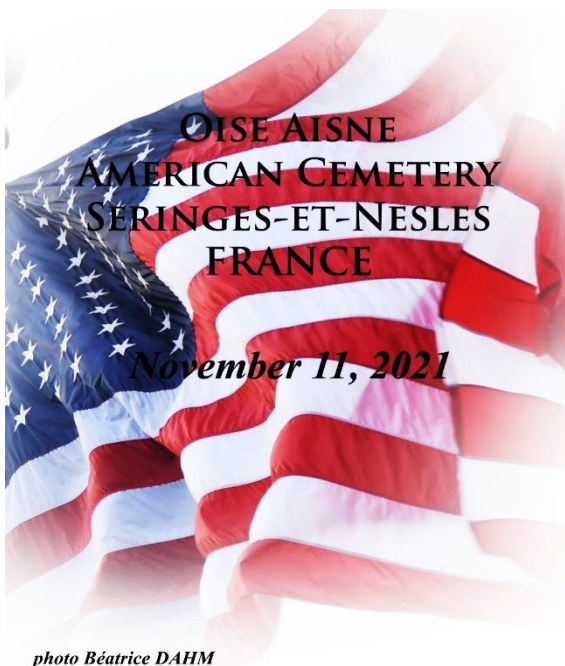
You come to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the Allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army the world had as yet seen had pressed its invasion of France and stood threatening its capital. At no time had that army been more powerful or menacing than when, on July 15th, it struck again to destroy in one great battle the brave men opposed to it and to enforce its brutal will upon the world and civilization.

Three days later in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied Armies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than give our brave Allies the support to which as a nation our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit, our sense of justice have not blunted our courage or virility. You have shown that American initiative and energy are as justly won the unstinted praise of our Allies and the eternal gratitude of our countrymen.

We have paid for our success in the lives of many of our brave comrades. We shall cherish their memory always, and claim for our history and literature, their bravery, achievement and sacrifice.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commanding in Chief.

OFFICIAL:
Robert C. Davis,
Adjutant General



**PRAYER OF A SOLDIER
IN FRANCE**

*By Joyce Kilmer
165th Infantry*

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back)
I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart)
Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote
Thy cheek)
I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat.)
My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come)
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So, let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen

Sonny Kilmer, a relative of Joyce Kilmer, honors his memory and service on Armistice/Veterans' Day November 11, 2021 at Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, France

THE RAINBOW IN WORLD WAR II IN THEIR OWN WORDS

Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) (Including little known FACTS)

Some interesting figures gleaned from “*Scholars in Foxholes*” by Louis E. Keefer, 1998:

From 1943 to 1944, there were a total of 145,000 enrollees in the ASTP program. When the program dissolved, 35,000 remained for Medical Detachment and Inductee Processing. Of the remaining 110,000 there were 70,000 transferred to the Army Ground Forces (AGF) – 55,000 to Infantry and Armor. These men were distributed amongst 35 Divisions (an average of 1570 per Division). Additionally, an average of 1,000 Air Cadets per Division were sent to some 22 Divisions. Of the last 9 Divisions which went to the ETO, each one was comprised of 18% ASTP and Air Cadets.

The Luckiest Guy in the E.T.O.

By David A. Kingsbury

Anti-Tank Company, 222nd Infant

Reprinted from the June 2002 Rainbow REVEILLE



I arrived in Camp Gruber as an infantry-trained rifleman. I was let off at 3rd Bn. Hqs. 222nd Regiment and assigned to the Anti-Tank Platoon. Sgt. Art Snyder was my squad leader and later became Platoon Sergeant before going overseas. We trained with Regtl. A.T. Co. C.O. Captain Torsi. I remember Lt. Bolt and Lt. Westbrook. They always started lectures with a bit of humor.

After several weeks, someone said that they were looking for me in one of the rifle companies. My name was down for both places! I had an interview with Col. Luongo and must have made a good impression because he said I could stay in Anti-Tank.

CAMP GRUBER, Oklahoma was named for Brigadier General Edmund Louis “Snitz” Gruber, graduate of the USMA at West Point and credited with composing *The Caisson Song*. In 1908 while stationed in the Philippines and during a march on difficult terrain through the Zambales Mountains on Luzon Island, he overheard one of the section chiefs shout to the drivers,

“Come on, keep ‘em rolling!”

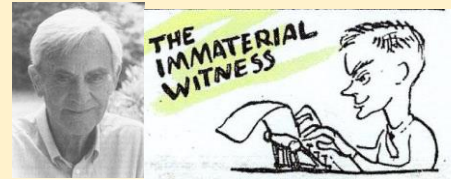
In 1956 this became the official song of the United States Army. Brigadier General Gruber was a descendant of Franz Gruber, the composer of “*Silent Night*.”

*“Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail
And those caissons go rolling along....”*

Information from the Library of Congress Song Collection.

www.loc.gov/item/ihas.2000000019/

By SGT Scott Corbett, SVC/242 Camp Gruber columnist for *The Rainbow Reveille*



“Corbett,” said First Sergeant Coates, “I’m giving you four hours to go out and get a load of the Recon Troops, so button up that middle button on your field jacket, and get going.”

“I’m on my way,” I said, eagerly. “If I hurry I ought to be able to get there in time to watch ‘em reduce a road block. Boy, that ought to be sensational. You see, they set charges of dynamite in this bunch of logs and stuff that’s blocking the road, and then they back an M-8 armored car off and shoot into it with the 37...”

Sgt. Coates looked up from his desk.

“You know,” he said, ‘you’d be surprised the amount of paperwork a first sergeant has to take care of. Right now, for instance, I’m as busy as I can be.”

“I get it,” I said, and hit the road. Before long I was hanging onto the back end of an M-8, up on the top behind the turret.

“When do we get to the road block, Sir?” I asked the lieutenant in command.

"Oh, we've got a lot to do before we get to it," he said. "First we have to make contact with the enemy, clean him out with the 37s and mortars, and then move on ahead."

A rattle of machinegun fire echoed in the valley and the column stopped.

"That's the enemy, now!" said the Lieutenant, and scampered off into the brush to reconnoiter.

"Say, those sound like real bullets!" I remarked to the M-8's gunner.

"They ain't paper-wads, chum." He said, and added casually, "maybe you ought to ride one of the other vehicles, this one's gonna be shot at."

I reacted like a cat on a hot stove, and hit the ground running in the proper direction – toward the rear. An ambulance was at the tall end of things and I begged a ride in it. After quite a while, during which the 37s and mortars went to work from an OP, we began to move on down the road again. It seemed as if we were going to ride on forever- the Recon Troop goes practically over into Arkansas when it has one of its problems. Finally, we made a halt, however.

"The road block is up somewhere ahead, if you want to see it," said the ambulance driver, and I hurried off to see the show I'd come for. The road took a bend up ahead, so I decided to make a short cut through the woods to save time. When I got near the road block, I saw a sergeant poking around in the woods. I also spotted a wallet lying in the brush.

"Hey Sarge, someone lost his wallet," I said, grabbing it. A small, sharp explosion resulted. "Say, what's this supposed to be, April Fool's Day?" I demanded irritably, picking myself out of the bush into which I had dived.

"No, you're dead," said the sergeant, giving me a disapproving look. "That was a booby-trap."

"Oh. Well, how soon are they going to reduce the road block?" I asked, "That's what I came to see."

"Ought to be any minute now."

"Good." I started to double-time toward the scene of action, when suddenly something hooked my foot and I went sprawling again expecting another explosion. None came. I cowered behind a tree.

"What was that – a dud booby-trap?"

"No," grinned the sergeant, "That was a root." All at once there was a big explosion, and debris showered down in the woods ahead of me.

"What was that?" I cried.

"They just reduced the roadblock," said the sergeant. "Weren't you looking?"

A piece of luck!!! I got to ride! Boy, was it hot. I had prickly heat on my back. One night on a field problem I went to sleep in back of a truck under a tarp. When I woke up in the morning, I couldn't move. It had rained during the night and the water-filled tarp had pinned me down so I had to have help to get up. I thought I had been paralyzed!

When we boarded the ship in N.Y., I drew a bunk in sick bay. I had sheets, no less! I volunteered for K.P. and was dishwasher operator! We got to eat three meals a day with the crew. You all got two, ha ha! We landed in Marseilles and went up to C.P.2. Cold! Cold! Cold! Next, we traveled on 40 and eights to Bensdorf, Alsace and spent the night in Maginot Fort Kronprinz. During the night. I slept under a table. There was much talking going on, which I only half heard. In the morning I asked what it was all about. I was told that the trucks had arrived and they were organizing a night move but postponed it until morning. If they had left at night, I would have been left as no one knew where I was sleeping. I would have been one lonely G.I. with nothing but a .45 and 24 rounds.

We moved into Strasbourg and set up our guns. Lt. Duke chose me as his runner and communication man! I liberated a Mauser rifle and some telephone handsets for future use. We pulled out January 4th for Entzheim and I was doing guard duty that evening, standing in a doorway. Down the street came a group of men. Like an idiot, I challenged them to halt. They turned out to be FFI. If they had been Krauts it would have been kaput Kingsbury!

On the 5th, we traveled to Drachenborn, in a snowstorm. The C.P. was in a schoolhouse: the 1st and 2nd Squad in the woods and the 3rd Squad in a Maginot pillbox. I ran a line down to them, and the crew in the woods. On January 7th, Roy Cagle was killed by a Kraut sniper. At Drachenborn:

1. I had my 19th birthday.

2. I explored the Maginot fort and found a tunnel with a small railway.

3. I found two Magnetos and switches and started to make two field telephones in two wooden boxes I found in the schoolhouse.

4. Sgt. Snyder took the Jeep, one night, to go up to the guns. He met the A&P 6x6 head-on. Goodbye, Jeep!

5. I had lost my .45 in the snow and had a grease gun. Lt. Hart brought up my relief and proceeded to sweet-talk me out of the grease gun. He gave me an M.1 (Boy, I was stupid.) Before the swap, I was wondering what would happen if I added more springs behind the bolt? Naturally, I did. I took the grease gun up the side of the mountain and fired a couple of clips...brrrp brpp! Later, Lt. Duke arrived and said to be on the lookout for a Kraut patrol, because the outfit on the left had heard burp gunfire out our way. That was me with my souped-up grease gun. I told Lt. Duke about it and he told me he wanted no more of this crap.

6. Lt. Duke said the 242nd was getting shot all to hell down in Hatten. I didn't know where Hatten was. You only know what you can see.
7. One cold, snowy night, we hauled out of there and down to the Moder River. Boy, was it cold! One of our wire jeeps got stuck off the road, and Sgt. Briley went up to get it out. He got the 3/4 4x4 stuck too, and had to walk out. All our tools went with the truck. Bye Bye!

West of Haguenau, we put two guns in Neubourg and a third south of town. I didn't realize that we were at the Moder River from January 21st to January 27th. It didn't seem that long. I only remember being in the chow line. I remember a farmer feeding me Hasenpfeffer (rabbit stew) once and going into a brewery when we first arrived, but the rest has slipped my memory.

Some of the action of Anti-Tank Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment during the battles in the vicinity of Neubourg and Schweighausen France in the Bois D'Ohlungen for which the 222nd Infantry was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation is described in official citations:

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to WILSON F. BAKER, 35 213 142, Private First Class, Infantry, Anti-Tank Company 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 25 January 1945, at Schweighausen, France. When his platoon was surrounded by enemy paratroopers in Schweighausen, Private Baker volunteered to probe for an escape route through the German lines. Advancing forward while his comrades loaded their truck, he was suddenly fired upon. Taking cover, he returned the fire with his sub-machine gun causing the Germans to quit their position and flee into a wooded area. Hurriedly signaling to his platoon, he guided the beleaguered defenders to the safety of friendly lines. Through his great daring and aggressiveness, Private Baker saved his comrades from capture or death. Entered military service from Huntington, West Virginia.

The SILVER STAR is awarded to RUSSEL C. FIELDING, o 549 950, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, Anti-Tank Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for gallantry in action. On 25 January 1945 the building occupied by Lieutenant Fielding and two men of his platoon was attacked by enemy troops of a Parachute Bicycle Battalion who were attempting to infiltrate behind Schweighausen. Lieutenant Fielding while directing defense of the building shot and killed the enemy company commander and two machine gun squads, each of which consisted of a non-commissioned officer and two men. During the engagement which lasted for three hours, Lieutenant Fielding received a wound in his back from a mortar fragment but continued the fight without heeding the wound, as a result of which ten prisoners were taken, fifteen Germans killed, including one officer, and five machine guns were captured. Entered military service from Streater, Illinois.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL (**POSTHUMOUS**) is awarded to BARNEY H. PARRISH, 15 047 049, Private First Class, Infantry, Anti-Tank Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action 25 January 1945, at Schweighausen, France. When his squad was surrounded by attacking enemy troops in Schweighausen, France, Private Parrish unhesitatingly volunteered to lead his comrades through the ring of enemy forces. Fearlessly braving the intense hail of bullets, he advanced against the hidden forces, firing as he moved. Though suddenly and mortally wounded by a burst of machine gun fire, he raised himself from the ground and continued to fire his submachine gun, covering the remainder of his squad as they broke through the enemy. Private Parrish's indomitable courage and selfless determination enabled his comrades to successfully escape from their precarious position. Name and address of nearest relative: Mr. Van F. Parrish (Father), 223 S. Main Street, Buresville, Kentucky. Entered military service from Buresville, Kentucky. Under the care of Epinal American Cemetery, Lorraine, France

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to LOCKERED S. GAHS, JR., 33 717 046, Private First Class, Infantry, Anti-Tank Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 25 January 1945, at Schweighausen, France. When elements of a German parachute bicycle battalion launched a strong attack against Schweighausen, Private Gahs and his squad discovered their house was surrounded by the enemy and that they were facing intense fire from hostile small arms, machine guns, mortars, grenades and Panzerfausts. Stationing himself at the head of the stairs, Private Gahs remained at his post for more than two hours, firing his M-3 machine gun with deadly accuracy and blasting all enemy attempts to enter the house. His courageous act was largely responsible for the repulse of the enemy and for the death of ten Germans, the wounding of eight, and the capture of eight prisoners of war. Entered military service from Townson, Maryland.

After the Moder River battle, we moved back to Einville for two weeks. I finally got a shower and change of uniform (three months in one set of rags). Here I finished my home-made field telephones. We went back to the border north of Wingen. The first and second squads were in the woods; the third in Althorn. We relieved the 45th Division. I ran wire down through the woods to Althorn and used my new phones to keep in touch with that squad. We were there about three weeks, listening to artillery rounds pass overhead. One thing I remember vividly. Tex Slider and I stood guard together. We had a little gasoline stove and a can of lard. We would cook French fries at night, taking turns in the dugout.

Next came our attack through the Hartz Mountains. My job was packing 15 rounds of bazooka ammunition. The first night, we marched all night, cursing the Colonel as we figured we were lost. We wound up in Schonau, Germany on March 18th. I was talking to Charlie Bradley, a wireman, along a tow wall retaining a small grade. A jeep stopped and the driver told us that PX rations were at the company C.P. I said that I was going to get my Snickers bars and started walking away. Then I heard an artillery round coming and dove behind a building. It landed in the corner of the garden and took out Bradley and three others who had been cleaning their weapons. I owe my life to Snickers bars and they are still my favorite. This is another example of guys getting killed for nothing.

We got our replacement jeep in Schonau, an old 1943 Ford, but I was happy to see it. We headed north to Dahn. We saw piles of dead Germans, horses and wagons which had been hit by the air force. I also saw the first ME 262 jet fly over. Wow! What was that? For the next six weeks we became semi-rear echelon types.

Weurzburg was a town I will always remember. I found a trailer and tied it to my jeep with wire. I stopped at a house where my 3rd Squad was holed up. We had liberated some French forced laborers, and among them were two girls. Cpl. Yarosak ordered me to give them a ride. I protested in vain, as he placed them in the jeep with Frenchy Fontenant and me. I drove a short way and lo and behold! Here came a convoy of jeeps containing a whole regiment HQ. About a half hour later, Lt. Duke told me I was really in trouble for fraternizing with the enemy. I protested that they were French girls. The brass got around it by court-martialing Frenchy and me for consorting with residents of a foreign nation. That would have covered it if I had Mamie Eisenhower in the jeep. Oh well...I lost \$15 and a stripe.

We would drive a mile or so and stop to see if we were needed and then proceed. Lo and behold! What did I see were my homemade phones by the side of the road. Someone had picked them up and discarded them.

From the Report of Operations, 42nd Division April 1945: The approaches to SCHWEINFURT were very heavily defended. The Germans had mustered every available weapon and soldier to defend the ball-bearing center. Each small town was a fortress, and each hill and all woods were very stubbornly defended. On **8 April**, the 222d Infantry maintained positions along the west bank of the MAIN River in vicinity of PROSELLSHEIM (N7143) and ASTHEIM (N7843), protected bridgehead at VOLKBACH and prepared to cross the MAIN River if necessary.

At Schweinfurt, some G.I. rescued a small dog which had been tied to an 88. He gave the dog to me and he rode under the dash by my foot most of the time. He is in a picture (*photo above*) on page 98 of the Division History and biographies published in 1987.

At war's end Lt. Duke and some other officers had me drive them to Chiem See and we took a boat to see King Ludwig's castle. We made several more moves in Austria. My sister, who was in the Red Cross, looked me up and we drove up to Hitler's redoubt. Major Deane took me as his driver and I had to put on O.D.s in the evening, sitting and waiting in the Jeep while he lived it up at some chateau. One night of this was enough. I was able to get transferred to Salzburg. I was later sent to Vienna and joined K Co. as guard driver...five happy months of detached duty. I had an assistant so I didn't have to drive all the time.

Later, I was sent on a vagabond tour to Italy with 10 G.I.s. Going through the Brenner Pass, I met an English soldier who had a broken fan belt. Luckily, I had a spare. We traveled to Lake Como, hitting one cow on the way. Going down one side of the lake, my trailer tire went flat. The Dodge spare didn't fit the GMC trailer. A local mechanic fixed it for a carton of cigarettes. We got back to Vienna OK. One morning I had four cans of gas: 3 jerricans and one G.I. I poured it all in and guess what? 5 gallons of water from the G.I. can.

Everybody but me had left by the time I had things fixed up and I had to drive like crazy to catch up. We left vehicles in the mud somewhere. We left for Bremerhaven to N.Y. and home.

TRIBUTE PAID TO THE LIBERATORS OF THE BATTLE OF OHLUNGEN WOOD

26 January 2022

Hommage rendu aux libérateurs de la bataille du bois d'Ohlungen

Damien Bauer et Thomas Fery, ainsi que leurs amis reconstituteurs, sont des passionnés des combats de la libération et honorent en particulier les soldats américains ayant participé à la bataille de l'Alsace de fin novembre 1944 à mars 1945.

Samedi dernier ces reconstituteurs en uniformes d'époque ont célébré le 77^e anniversaire de la bataille dite « du bois d'Ohlungen » (incluant les bans communaux de Neubourg et de Schweighouse-sur-Moder) du 24 au 26 janvier 1945.

Une marche historique reliant les deux localités a été effectuée au cours de l'après-midi. S'en sont suivies une cérémonie religieuse en l'église Saint-Bernard de Neubourg et un moment de recueillement.

Le village de Neubourg ou la dernière offensive allemande sur le front ouest

L'opération Nordwind, lancée par les Allemands le 31 décembre 1944 a fait subir de nombreuses pertes aux troupes américaines ainsi qu'aux civils. L'objectif était de repren-



Les jeunes reconstituteurs, en uniforme US d'époque ont souhaité rendre hommage aux troupes américaines qui ont participé en janvier 1945 à la libération du bois d'Ohlungen. Photo DNA

dre Strasbourg. Une première ligne de front s'établit au-delà de l'Outre-Forêt et notamment sur les communes de Hatten et de Rittershoffen, où les combats les plus violents ont eu lieu.

À la suite d'une retraite stratégique américaine, une seconde ligne de front s'établit derrière la Moder. Le 24 janvier au soir, débute la bataille du bois d'Ohlungen après un terrible barrage d'artillerie. Les Allemands se lancent à l'assaut des lignes américaines avec pour ferme intention de créer une tête de pont au travers des troupes de la

42^e division d'infanterie US.

Une commémoration en petit comité

Des combats d'une violence inouïe ont eu lieu. Il a fallu attendre l'arrivée des renforts dans la journée du 25 janvier pour stabiliser la situation critique. Le haut commandement allemand a ordonné la retraite de deux divisions sur les trois en présence vers le front de l'est durant la nuit du 25 au 26 janvier 1945, mettant un terme à la dernière offensive allemande. La bataille d'Ohlungen dénombre un millier de per-

tes du côté allemand et 237 du côté américain.

Bud Gahs, un vétéran américain âgé de 97 ans qui a combattu au sein de la 42^e division d'infanterie US à Schweighouse-sur-Moder et à Neubourg en janvier 1945 aurait dû être présent au cours de cette journée d'hommage. Malheureusement l'a obligé à reporter sa venue à une date ultérieure. Les passionnés, avec l'aide de l'adjointe au maire Gaby Lanoix, ont eu une pensée pour Bud et tous ses compagnons d'armes tombés pour libérer l'Alsace.

Hi Suellen, First of all I came to take news of you I hope that you are well. I wanted to send you an email to give you an account of our activities in the last few days.

On my request on December 14, the mayors of Hatten and Rittershoffen laid a wreath in memory of the victims of the battle of January 9-20, 1945.

On Saturday 23th we organized a walk in the Ohlungen forest where at many places along the way I told about the facts and events of this battle.

In the evening in cooperation with the parish priest of Neubourg Dauendorf a mass was read in memory of your soldiers; at the exit of the church, I made a ceremony on the square where I laid a wreath of flowers.



As you can see, we are quite active despite this health situation which is not getting better.
Damien Bauer

Thank you,

Damien, and all who participated, and for your prayers.



MY WARTIME MEMOIRS – A LETTER FROM A GERMAN SOLDIER
From Lt. Col. (Ret.) Don Schaetzel, Co. “C,” 222nd Inf.
Printed in the November 2002 issue of The Rainbow REVEILLE



Dear Ken,

Here is a copy of a letter from a German soldier I received a while back. As you can see, he fought against us in Würzburg. Thought it may be an interesting article for the “Reveille.”

He refers to the southern part of Würzburg which was 222nd area with Co. “C” on the southernmost part of town. The action by the hospital was the 232nd sector.

I am not sure, but I think the town of Augsburg and Dasing was in the 42nd Division sector.

I think it was pretty nice the way the soldiers handled their questioning of Rudolf about his photograph.

Photo of Donald Schaetzel is contributed by his family

The Letter

My personal details are as follows: I was born in 1927 and until I was 14 years of age I lived with my grandfather on a farm at the Ammersee which lies west of Munich.

My three-year apprenticeship in a bank was interrupted on April 1, 1944 when I was 16. I was called up to the RAD (Reichsarbeitsdienst = labour service of the Reich). After my military training on the 88mm cannon with an anti-aircraft unit in Regensburg, I was posted to Paris.

Because of the invasion on June 4, 1944 in Normandy and the advance on Paris by the Allied troops, we were sent back to Germany because of our age and in October 1944 in Mittenwald by Garmisch. The West Front rolled further over the German borders. The Allies already stood in the middle of Germany shortly before Würzburg.

As a result our company was transported by trucks to Würzburg at the end of March 1945. Armed with infantry weapons, we marched from Rottenburg, which lies south from Würzburg, into the ruins of Würzburg at the beginning of April. The bricks of the burnt and collapsed houses were still warm from the Allied bombing which 10 days earlier had destroyed 85% of the city.

The order which came from GFM Kesselring to the city commander Oberst R. Wolf was to defend every house and street to the last man.

As we approached the city cemetery near the Residenz (southern sector) we suffered our first wounded. We ran into heavy American machine gun fire. Afterwards we took up positions on the railway embankment east of the city cemetery. Divided by a subway, this embankment had to be held. We had not yet been properly briefed on our defense positions when suddenly an American jeep, probably by mistake, came through the subway into our area. In the following exchange of gunfire, the driver of the jeep was killed and the passenger taken prisoner.

The weather was fine the next morning when we were posted to the embankment. We lay between the rails and hardly had any cover from the machine gun fire. A US spotter plane, a light aircraft with limited speed and known by us as “lame duck,” directed accurate grenade fire at every movement. Our losses were very high. By rescuing the wounded our medical officer was killed. Towards evening things quietened down.

At dawn of April 3rd or 4th, we received orders to launch a counterattack. We took over about half the street opposite the embankment. Towards midday we were forced back to our starting position on the embankment by American tanks. The result of this senseless action was wounded and dead. The chocolates and cigarettes from the jeep captured in the action was like a present for us. We had not had any food in the past two days. At night during the pause in battle we searched the accessible cellars of houses for something to eat.

In the afternoon of April 4, with the help of a comrade, I carried one of our wounded to the field hospital on the "Monchsberg." Today it is a US hospital. *[This image of Mission Medical Clinic Childrens' Hospital at Würzburg, Bayern, Germany which may be the hospital described is here: [Mission Medical Clinic - Children's Hospital at Mönchsberg S - Hospital Near Me](#)]*

In the entrance hall lay 20 unattended American and German soldiers. Shortly before reaching the hospital on an open clear space we were shot at several times. Despite that, we arrived at the hospital uninjured. We had to leave our weapons in the garden of the hospital.



After delivering our wounded comrade, hospital nurses suggested that I stay there and surrender later to the American troops. Since I was only 17 years of age, I struggled with my thoughts over what I should do. I thought what would happen to me as a prisoner of war or if the SS came to the field hospital. I decided to leave but couldn't reach my company anymore as the American troops had advanced further. By taking a detour, I managed to reach another company near Rottendorf and there had to man a machine gun.

During the six days of this senseless battle in Würzburg, 1,000 of the 3,000 German soldiers lost their lives. I don't know how many dead and wounded the Americans suffered.

In the following evening our troop of about 40 men set off in an easterly direction to Dettlebach am Main. There we were forced in a southerly direction towards Zirndorf near Fürth (Nurnberg) up to Ingolstadt. During these three weeks of withdrawal (with the occasional exchange of fire) all done by foot we only had cold food. In Ingolstadt we had our first warm meal.

After crossing the Danube at Ingolstadt, two of us lost touch with our company. We decided to walk back to our home town of Dasing near Augsburg which is 60 km from Ingolstadt. We arrived there on the night of **April 27-28, 1945. The following morning the Americans marched into our village.** About six American soldiers came into my parents' house. A picture of me in uniform stood on the radio. A German-speaking American asked me if I was the person in the photograph. I replied that this was my twin brother. He smiled and accepted my reply. Already dressed in civilian clothes, I avoided being taken prisoner. The war, fortunately, had ended for me.

Rudolf Decker Pfarrer-Grimm Strasse 22 D 8000 München 50

From the Report of Operations, 42nd Division April 1945

On **29 April**, the 42d Infantry Division was directed to continue the advance, along with the 3d and 45th Infantry Divisions, and capture MUNICH. The Rainbow was given a zone to include the center of the city, while the 45th Division zone included the north outskirts, and the 3d Division zone included the south outskirts. The 20th Armored Division was directed to continue the attack to the railroad running north and south on the western outskirts of the city.

Since all major roads in the Division zone were being used by armor, the 42d Infantry Division had to use secondary roads in the rapid advance on MUNICH...

(Continued) At 0500B, **29 April**, combat team attachments were in effect. RCT 222 conducted reconnaissance of the roads in the left half of the Division zone, and at 0635B, the 2d Bn, motorized, began movement to the south toward MUNICH. The 1st Bn followed the 2d Bn and the 3d Bn moved through the regimental zone and cleaned up by-passed enemy resistance. Movement progressed very rapidly and the 2d Bn reached DACHAU (Y7469) at 1300B. After enemy resistance was broken the 2d Bn entered DACHAU and captured the famous concentration camp which contained approximately 32,000 political prisoners. The inhuman sights that were seen there cannot be adequately described. Thousands of dead bodies were found in boxcars, the incinerators for burning the bodies were still operating, and thousands of inmates were walking around on skeleton legs. Co E, 2d Bn, 222d Inf, forced a crossing of the AMPER River, moved ahead for 5 miles, and sent out patrols which entered the outskirts of MUNICH. RCT 242 also moved to the south on secondary roads. The 3d Bn, motorized, began movement to the south toward MUNICH at 0530B. The 1st Bn followed the 3d Bn. Movement was very rapid, and the 3d Bn reached the AMPER River at 1600B. The 1st Bn closed in an area along the AMPER River and one (1) company was sent across the river in the vicinity (Y685655) to secure a bridge site. The 2d Bn cleared the 242d Infantry zone of by-passed enemy resistance. The regiment moved over 30 miles during the day. RCT 232 attacked at 1300B, following CCA, 20th Armored Division. Movement was very rapid and the RCT closed in an assembly area in the vicinity of (Y7368) at 2400B, and was designated as XV Corps Reserve. The 27th Tk Bn was attached to the 42d Infantry Division. The Division CP displaced to ROSSBACH (Y5775).

From the Daily Reports of Operations, 222nd Infantry Regiment: 29 April 45.

Weather cold and cloudy with occasional rain and hail storms – visibility poor. Normal combat teams attachments effective at 0500. RCT of 222nd conducted reconnoiter of roads in Zone during the early part of the period for movement to the south toward Munich. The 2nd battalion, motorized, began movement to the south at 0635. The 1st battalion followed the 2nd battalion, and movement progressed very rapidly without opposition.

At approximately 1300, the 2nd battalion was the first Allied unit to enter and liberate the infamous old concentration camp located in the city of Dachau. This camp contained approximately 33,000 political prisoners of the Nazis.

However, prior to the entrance into the camp by the 2nd battalion of the 222nd, a small advance group of 222nd officers and men, including Brigadier General Henning Linden, made up of Major Herman L. Avery, Captain John L. McLaughlin, T/5 Robert H. Wilcox and Pfc. Robert C. Nash entered the camp and were met by the Red Cross representative from Geneva, Switzerland, who was at the camp to object to the Nazis' treatment of the prisoners, and who officially turned the camp over to this small group.

All but a few of the SS guards were turned over to General Linden and his group by a young German Lieutenant, who was brought to the camp from the Eastern Front only two days before for the sole purpose of turning the camp over to the Americans when they arrive.

This group of 222nd men was met by small arms sniper fire from several SS men who did not surrender, but these were eliminated as our advance troops arrived.

A few moments after General Linden and group arrived, they were joined by two representatives of the Stars and Stripes, Miss Peggy Higgins, a representative of a Chicago newspaper, and a photographer from the Belgium Government.

The crimes done behind the walls of this worst of Nazis concentration camps live only to haunt the memories of the 222nd Rainbow men who tore open its gates and first saw its misery and to accuse the SS keepers of one of the worst crimes in all history. It is reported that an average of 130 to 150 prisoners met death every day due to starvation, beatings, gassing and many other of the cruelest methods, including attacks by vicious, well-trained dogs who would attack the helpless prisoners upon command by their SS trainers.

Each of these box cars is loaded with bodies, 1,500 in all, on a siding outside the camp. Cold speeded many of the deaths.



When our doughs fought their way into Dachau against fanatical SS troops, who met well deserved deaths along the moats, behind the high electrified fences and in the railyards littered with the bodies of 50 carloads of their starved and beaten victims, our hardened soldiers expected to see horrible sights.

Each of these box cars is loaded with bodies, 1500 in all, on a siding outside the camp. Cold speeded many of the deaths.

They have seen war, but nothing like this. Inside Dachau were 2,000 more dead, killed by SS who fled the Division's advance.



But no human imagination fed with the most fantastic of the tales that have leaked out from the earliest and most notorious of all Nazis concentration camps could have been prepared for what they did see.

Freight cars full of piled cadavers no more than bones covered with skin, bloody heaps at the railcar doors where weakened prisoners, trying to get out, were machine gunned to death by the SS, including little girls; rooms stacked almost to the ceilings – high with tangled human bodies adjoining the cremation furnaces; rooms where lay the dying survivors of the horror train limp under filthy blankets, laying in human excreta, trying to salute our officers with broomstick arms, only to fall back in deadly stupor from which most

would never arise.

They have seen war, but nothing like this. Inside Dachau were 2,000 more dead, killed by SS who fled the Division's advance.

Photo left – from the United States Holocaust Museum. T/4 Anthony C. Cardinale, Hq-222, discovers the sole survivor of the death train and carries him to safety.

It was unbelievable that human beings were capable of perpetrating such unspeakable atrocities, but there were the men that did it. The SS.

When our troops reached Dachau, prisoners rushed the electrically charged wires. Although some were electrocuted in their anxiety, many got through and seized their former torturers and beat them with their fists and stones. They even grabbed their weapons and shot many to death or threw

them in the moat and shot them in the water. The inmates struck with all the fury of men who suddenly release years of pent-up hate.





Surrendering Waffen-SS troops guarded by Rainbow Infantry division soldiers. In the background to the right is Marguerite Higgins, the famous WWII journalist, speaking with Lt. Colonel Walter Fellenz, of the 222nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Rainbow Infantry division.

<https://collections.ushmm.org/search/catalog/pa1038715>

Recommended reading:

Dachau 29 April 1945/The Rainbow Liberation Memoirs Edited by Sam Dann, Texas Tech University Press, 1998, 266 pp.

Surrender of the Dachau Concentration Camp 29 Apr 45/The True Account by Col. John H. Linden, 1997, printed by Sycamore Press Ltd., 158 pp.]

Day of the Americans by Nerin E. Gun, 1966, printed by Fleet Publishing Corporation, 317 pages

42nd "Rainbow" Infantry Division History World War II by Lt. Hugh C. Daly, 1946 (may be read online)



Mad with joy, these inmates cheered, hugged and kissed men of the 222nd Infantry who freed them. Note homemade Allied flags.

Prisoners hunted down SS men masquerading in prisoners clothing, and killed them like the dogs that they were. Violence threatened to get out of hand and eventually doughboys had to fire over their heads to quiet them down.

Thus the doughs of the 222nd liberated the cruellest, most fiendish concentration camps in the history of all wars. The deaths of the thousands of Nazi prisoners could not be avenged by the deaths of a few SS guards. They can only be avenged when our world is aroused so by what the 222nd uncovered in Dachau and by what others have found at all the Dachauss scattered throughout Germany, that never again will any party, government or people be allowed to mar the face of the earth with such inhumanity.

GI army bread—a truckload of it—for the 30,000 men, women and children in the camp. More food was on its way to them.



Following the liberation of the concentration camp, Company E then attacked across the Amper River and entered the outskirts of Munich, the Capital of Bavaria and the cradle of Nazidom. The 3rd battalion moved through the Zone of the 222nd Infantry and cleared the area of

by-passed resistance. During this day the Regiment moved approximately 46 Kms. Took 670 prisoners.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to ROBERT J. MINNITI, 35 840 030, Private First Class, Infantry, Anti-Tank Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945, at Dachau, Germany. As Private Minniti was attempting to aid a seriously wounded soldier in Dachau, Germany, he was trapped by a heavy concentration of small arms fire. Carrying the casualty, he attempted to escape, but the enemy suddenly subjected the area to intense mortar fire in an attempt to frustrate his efforts. Placing the wounded man in a doorway, he protected him from the flying shell fragments and administered first aid, continuing to cover the injured man with his body until he was also wounded by the mortar fire. After the concentration lifted, despite his wound, Private Minniti carried his comrade to the nearest medical aid station for further treatment. By his courageous and heroic actions, he undoubtedly saved the injured soldier from further injury or possible death. Entered military service from Gary, Indiana.



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to EDWARD J. HUDYKA, 36 766 083, Private First Class, Medical Department, Company A, 122nd Medical Battalion, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945 at Dachau, Germany. Private Hudyka, ambulance driver, together with an orderly, were attached to an Infantry Battalion when it entered Dachau. The swift advance of the Infantry left many active pockets of resistance which were still firing on troops advancing along the road at the edge of the town. Under fire Private Hudyka went forward of the aid station to treat and evacuate casualties to and from the collecting company which was under fire. Entered military service from Chicago, Illinois.



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to FRANKLIN H. MURRAY, 31 458 508, Private First Class, Medical Department, Company A, 122nd Medical Battalion, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945 at Dachau, Germany. When the collecting company in which Private Murray was an ambulance orderly was subjected to severe shelling three men were wounded. Oblivious to the fire still falling in the company area and despite several shell holes in the ambulance, Private Murray and the ambulance driver evacuated the wounded men to the rear. One of the men had a serious head injury and the action of Private Murray saved him from possible death. Entered military service from Poultney, Vermont.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to EDWARD MAJCHROWICZ, 33 611 111, Corporal, Infantry, Antitank Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945, at Munich, Germany. During the occupation of Munich, Germany, a civilian approached Corporal Majchrowicz and informed him of the location of three SS troopers. After placing a soldier in front of the enemy-held building and another at the rear, Corporal Majchrowicz approached the house and was fired upon as he entered the doorway. Taking cover, he hurled a hand grenade into the enemy position, forcing all three SS troopers to

lay down their arms and surrender. Through his heroic courage and selfless determination, Corporal Majchrowicz prevented a fanatical enemy group from inflicting casualties upon our attacking forces. Entered military service from West Hazleton, Pennsylvania.



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to LAWRENCE B. BABCOCK, 018 887, Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry, Headquarters, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945, at Pulhausen, Germany. During the advance on Dachau, Colonel Babcock led a seven-man party into Pulhausen to establish a temporary command post. As the party entered the village, Colonel Babcock observed an enemy soldier setting up a machine gun, and unhesitatingly opened fire, neutralizing the hostile gun. A German officer approached and attempted to draw his pistol, but he was quickly covered and disarmed. Another enemy officer was captured, and Colonel Babcock forced this officer to march ahead of him and tell his men if any more shots were fired the German officer would die. Through his great daring and aggressive leadership, Colonel Babcock was largely responsible for the capture of 87 German soldiers who were attempting to escape from the vicinity of the concentration camp at Dachau where they had acted as guards. Entered military service from Milford, Connecticut.

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to IRVING R. SHORT, 02 006 207, First Lieutenant, (then Second Lieutenant), Infantry, Regimental Headquarters 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945, in Dachau, Germany. While preceding his Regiment with his platoon, Lieutenant Short encountered an enemy motor column, forcing their immediate surrender by his bold and fearless tactics. Continuing into Dachau he encountered heavy enemy resistance and one of his men was hit by shell fragments. Lieutenant Short and an aid man advanced across the fire swept area to where the wounded man lay and brought him to safety. By his indomitable courage and aggressive determination, Lieutenant Short paved the way to the swift advance of the Infantry. Entered military service from Berkeley, California.



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to DANIEL K. SEWELL, 36 568 514, Corporal (then Private First Class), Infantry, Headquarters Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945, at Dachau, Germany. During the attack on the infamous Dachau Concentration Camp, Private Sewell, seeing a comrade fall in an area covered by deadly fire from fanatical SS troopers, ran 200 yards to the wounded man and brought him to his jeep. He then drove his vehicle down a road under a concentration of machine gun, small arms, and panzerfaust fire to evacuate the wounded soldier to the medical aid station. Through the great daring and selfless determination of Private Sewell, a wounded comrade's life was saved. Entered military service from Detroit, Michigan.



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to CARROL H. GRAPEL, 36 825 244, Private First Class, Infantry, Headquarters Company, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 29 April 1945, near Dachau, Germany. During the advance of our forces against the infamous concentration camp at Dachau, Germany, the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon was halted by a hasty mine field constructed across the only road. Realizing the cost in lives of a delay, Private Grapel unhesitatingly dismounted from his vehicle and advanced into the deadly area. Picking up the mines in his hands, he continued down the road until he had cleared a passage wide enough for our vehicles to pass. Private Grapel's courageous action and aggressive determination in singlehandedly clearing the dangerous mine field enabled his regiment to continue its successful attack. Entered military service from Tomah, Wisconsin.



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to CONRAD ULRICH, 33 076 420, Staff Sergeant, Infantry, Headquarters Company, Second Battalion, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 20 April 1945, [it is likely the date should read 29 April 1945] near Dachau, Germany. While searching buildings for concealed enemy on the approach march to Dachau, Germany, Sergeant Ulrich was suddenly confronted by an SS trooper. Boldly commanding him to surrender, he found himself faced with a large group of enemy, heavily armed. Hopelessly outnumbered, he coolly covered the leader, lined them up against the wall, and ordered them to lay down their arms. By Sergeant Ulrich's unflinching courage and aggressiveness, he prevented

thirty-six SS troopers from making a counterattack on the rear elements of our forces. Entered military service from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.



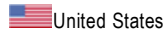
The SILVER STAR is awarded to MORRIS EISENSTEIN, 36 709 953, Corporal, Infantry, Company H, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for gallantry in action on 29 April 1945, near Dachau, Germany. When his Battalion's attacking column was pinned down during the drive against Dachau, Corporal Eisenstein, with utter disregard for the hail of enemy machine gun fire falling around him, mounted a jeep and attempted to put the vehicle's machine gun into action. After numerous attempts to fire the faulty weapon had failed, he made his way through the deadly enemy fire to the cab of an abandoned truck and opened fire on the enemy positions with the truck's antiaircraft machine gun. When the supply of ammunition at the gun was exhausted, he exposed himself to the direct fire and climbed over the cab to the rear of the truck for a resupply of ammunition. He then reloaded the machine gun and continued to lay down effective fire on the enemy emplacements. By his outstanding courage and aggressive actions, Corporal Eisenstein provided covering fire which enabled our troops to successfully flank the hostile positions, and capture 150 of the enemy, eliminating a strong obstacle from the Division's route of advance. Entered military service from Chicago, Illinois.

For News and much more online from the Dachau Memorial Site please visit
<https://www.kz-gedenkstaette-dachau.de/aktuelles/nachrichten/>

RDVF SCHOLARSHIP INSTRUCTIONS 2022 **Gary Yaple, RDVF Scholarship Chairman**



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General of the Army DOUGLAS MacARTHUR



United States

Permanent Honorary President (Deceased)
Major General HARRY J. COLLINS



United States

Permanent Honorary President (Deceased)
Brigadier General HENNING LINDEN



United States

Permanent Honorary President (Deceased)
General HENRI GOURAD



France

Greetings Friends,

We are about to enter another Scholarship Application season as the 2022 RDVF Scholarship window opens March 1st and runs through July 15th. This year, we have some exciting news to report on the eligibility criteria. The Board of Directors has done it again by taking an already great organization and making it even better! At the September meeting they approved an update to the membership class of the RDVF that now includes "Aligned for Training" (AFT) Brigades. This update to our bylaws clearly defines the path for these great Soldiers to become members and yes, you guessed it, apply for RDVF Scholarships. A few years ago, the Board also voted that the sponsor of a scholarship applicant must be a RDVF life-member. So, under this newly defined membership class, finding a life-member sponsor for a scholarship applicant is now more accessible. There's no better time than now to spread this great news in order to increase our RDVF memberships and promote the scholarship program.

To apply for a scholarship, an 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 one of the following:

A current Soldier, in good standing, assigned to the following 42nd Infantry Division units:

- 42nd Infantry Division (NY ARNG)
- 27th Infantry Brigade Combat Team (27th IBCT) (NY ARNG)
- 44th Infantry Brigade Combat Team (44th IBCT) (NJ ARNG)
- 86th Infantry Brigade Combat Team (86th IBCT) (VT ARNG)
- 42nd Combat Aviation Brigade (42nd CAB) (NY ARNG)
- 197th Field Artillery Brigade (197th FAB) (NH ARNG)
- 26th Maneuver Enhancement Brigade (26th MEB) (MA ARNG)
- 369th Sustainment Brigade (NY ARNG)

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...

An immediate Gold Star Family Member of an OIF/OEF Soldier (or a more recent Named-Operation) who died in service under the command of a 42nd Infantry Division unit. (Mother, Father, Sibling, Spouse, or Child)

Another soon-to-be-released scholarship program from the RDVF is one that will focus on financial support to our currently serving Soldiers who are seeking professional certifications in lieu of a four-year undergraduate degree. The RDVF recognizes the value these highly-skilled individuals bring to our nation and our economy and we are proud to be forging new ground in developing this important scholarship program.

The RDVF's generosity and promotion of the educational futures of our membership's descendants and Soldiers of the Division has been terrific and is only getting better each year. We should all be very proud of the positive impact this program is having on so many young lives. Thanks so much for your support to this important program.

“Rainbow”

Never Forget!

Gary S. Yapple, Scholarship Chairman
3427 Long Shadow Drive
Baldwinsville, NY 13027
Tel: 585-507-8363
Email: Gyapple1@gmail.com

Complete 2022 updated Scholarship Information and forms will be posted on the <rainbowvets.org> web pages by 1 March 2022 and is accessible by clicking on the “About RDVF” tab on the homepage.

Millennium Legacy Association of the 42nd Infantry “Rainbow” Division

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