

# RAINBOW TRAIL

The History Newsletter of the Millennium Legacy Association  
(Rainbow Family) Of The 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry "Rainbow" Division  
February 2023 Volume 23, Issue 1  
"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"

## RECALLING THE HISTORIC RETURN OF WWII VETERAN, Lockered "Bud" GAHS to the scene of battle of January 24-25, 1945 By DAMIEN BAUER, Battlefield Historian, Guide and Reenactor

Finally, after several postponements due to the health situation, Bud Gahs, veteran of the Anti-Tank Company, 222<sup>nd</sup> Regiment, accompanied by his wife and some members of his family, was able to fulfill one of his dearest wishes, which was to return to Schweighouse in Alsace, the place where Bud and his squad were positioned and hard-engaged during the battle of the Ohlungen Forest in January 1945. Schweighouse was one of many stops on his European tour, as Bud had also been to the places he and his regiment had been 78 years earlier, including Würzburg and Dachau. His journey also took him to the American cemetery in Epinal where Bud gathered at the graves of his brothers in arms.



On my side with friends, we had prepared the day of August 25, with a rather consequent program which took Bud and his family in the morning, in WW2 vehicles along the old front line of the 222<sup>nd</sup> regiment between Schweighouse and the west of the

locality of Neubourg.

For this journey, Bud had been able to ride in a WW2 Dodge command car. On the way, we had stopped several times, where I made a recapitulation of the historical facts, since at this moment, we were directly in the sector where the battle of the Ohlungen Forest took place.

At noon, Bud was received by Mr. Klieber, mayor of Ohlungen, the village where we had stopped to eat lunch; and around 2p.m. we headed for Schweighouse, where Bud was welcomed first by the Burckel family, the current owners of the house where Bud's platoon command post was located.



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Son of WWI Rainbow Division  
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**From BÉATRICE DAHM**  
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Then, he went to the house (currently owned by the Haegel family, which was in the same street as the command post) where he and his squad had been placed in January 1945, and it was in the courtyard of this house that a ceremony was held in his honor, presided over by General Degoulange. When he entered the courtyard, the surprise was great. Bud was welcomed with the sound of the song, “There’s a Rainbow in the Army,” but also under the applause of the numerous guests present. The emotion was great and it was even more so when Bud was awarded in the middle of the courtyard of this house in Schweighouse the French Legion of Honor, the house that he had defended at the risk of his life and where he had also lost one of his best friends, Private Wayne Cruse, on January 25, 1945. At the end of the ceremony, the mayor of Schweighouse, Mr. Specht, also made Bud an honorary citizen of the town. It was around a wine of honor that closed this memorable and strong ceremony in emotion that Bud took

advantage to sing in his turn, “There’s a Rainbow in the Army.”

In the evening, we met in a small group at the restaurant to let Bud and his family taste the famous tarte flambée, a great Alsatian specialty. They were not disappointed.

This day and all of the trip of Bud were made possible thanks to the colossal work done by Mrs. Erin Faith Allen and Mr. Zachariah Fike, a big congratulations to them. For my part, having had the chance to meet a man like Bud who is of an incredible generosity and kindness will remain engraved in me as being one of the richest days in emotions of my life.



All photos not attributed to a photographer were taken by Materne Schaerlinger, Christophe Kuhn and Jean Georges Ott.

**PAGE ONE:**

**Photo 1** - Bud Gahs and family members; Erin Faith Allen- Erin is Operations Director, Purple Hearts Reunited, war historian, genealogist, artist and author; and on far right, MAJ Zachariah Fike, founder and Executive Director, Purple Hearts Reunited and former member, 86<sup>th</sup> Brigade, 42<sup>nd</sup> Division; First on the left is Consul General of the United States of America in Strasbourg, FR, Darragh Paradiso; Right of Erin is Angela, then Bud, then daughters Sandy and Deb. Second row L-R, nephew Scott, his wife Susan, then Zac.

**Photo 2** – Bud and his family in WWII command car listening to history described by Damien Bauer.

**Photo 3** – Bud enjoying the day!

**PAGE TWO:**

**Photo 1** – Bud enjoying the company of the family Haegel, current owners of the second house in Schweighouse which Bud visited; the site of the ceremony; photo taken by Materne Schaerlinger.

**Photo 2** - The award ceremony Schweighouse-sur-Moder; General Degoulange pinning medal on Bud Gahs; battlefield historian and reenactor Damien Bauer standing just behind Bud; Photo taken by Jean Georges Ott.

**Photo 3** – Bud Gahs with members of the French battlefield reenactment troop which honors the American soldiers of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry “Rainbow” Division each year in January; Damien Bauer on the far right.



**From Damien Bauer:**

I send you here 2 photos of the mass I presided over and which was held last Sunday, 29 January 2023 in the village of Uhlwiller in memory of 8 soldiers from the B company of the 222<sup>nd</sup> Regiment. They had been killed on January 25, 1945 near Uhlwiller.

**He adds,** if sometimes families want to come once I will be happy to guide them whether it is to the forest of Ohlungen or Hatten.

**Editor:** The men whose photos are shown here include these men of B/222, as set forth in the WWII Rainbow Battle Deaths booklet as having been killed on 25 January 1945 (not in order of placement in photo):

*S/SGT Edwin Burgher, Jr. PFC Eugene T. Burns PFC Luke B. Catina PFC Gregory R. Desjarlais  
PFC Edward J. Desko SGT Delmar A. Friend PFC Charles W. Kuebler, Jr. PFC Gilbert B. Wright*

## New Foundation Website Will Feature Expanded Rainbow Division History

By Patrick J. Chaisson  
RDVF Historian



As the Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation (RDVF) Historian, I spend a great deal of time learning about how things were done in the “old days.” As such, it’s easy to say that things were much better back then.

I do appreciate one thing about living in today’s interconnected society, though, and that’s the amount of information available to ordinary people. I am happy to report the RDVF is launching an exciting new initiative that will bring much of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division’s history right to your fingertips.

This means you will be soon able to read, comment on, and contribute to a huge digital library containing all manner of printed materials, photos, and audio/visual media from the Rainbow Division’s 106-year history.

Our goal in redesigning the RDVF website is to make an interesting, easily-accessible computer-based resource useful to many different people:

- Families who want to learn more about their Rainbow Ancestor’s service
- Soldiers who need a research topic for their professional military education requirements
- Veterans who hope to reconnect with fellow servicemembers
- Students, historians, writers, and scholarship applicants who seek information on the 42<sup>nd</sup> Division’s combat record

We also want to make it fun. Did you know there's an audio recording of World War One veterans singing the Rainbow Division song? We will have a link to that recording, along with lyrics to the song, so you can sing along with those brave veterans.

What else? How about every copy of *The Rainbow Reveille* ever published. The Camp Gruber yearbooks, unit after-action reports, photos of the Dachau Liberation...to list just a few resources. We hope to find every single general order published by the 42<sup>nd</sup> Inf. Div., showing who got what award (like the Bronze Star Medal) and when.

Our research team is traveling to such places as the National Archives in Maryland and the University of Nebraska in Lincoln to digitally scan volumes of Rainbow-related documents, etc. Those items will then be uploaded onto a fresh new website for all to see and use.

Can you help? Absolutely! We want to feature veterans' stories in our website, and welcome contributions from family members who have photos or memories to share.

I will ask for those stories and images shortly. If you would like more information about this project, or have questions, please reach out to me, Patrick Chaisson, at 518-641-2731, or at [Patchais@aol.com](mailto:Patchais@aol.com).  
Rainbow! Never Forget!

## **With this GREAT NEWS, we might ask, “What’s in a Rainbow Division periodical, the ones Pat has just described?”**

Well, history at many levels. Published from WWI, WWII, through the present, the procession of history is fascinating, most of these stories undiscovered and unread for decades.

Their stories are OUR stories, our country's stories.  
Here are just a few.

### **IN THE ARGONNE**

*Reprinted from The RAINBOW REVEILLE*

*Vol. 1 Number 2*

*October 1920*

During the days immediately following the St. Mihiel offensive, the Rainbow Division was occupied in consolidating the front line on the position they had just wrested from the Germans. Rumors, of which there were aplenty those days, reached the division of American concentrations in the vicinity of Verdun, and that the same army which nipped the St. Mihiel salient was to penetrate the Argonne. Already the rumor was substantiated by the rumble of many guns to the west. Corp and Army artillery and reserve divisions had started in this direction following their mission in the St. Mihiel. It was the beginning of the end – the Meuse-Argonne drive of September 26 was on.

Stretching from the Meuse River, north of Verdun, to the western edge of the Argonne Forest, bordering on the Champagne, this First American Army was fighting the final battle for the world against the armies of Germany. The Rainbow arrived at Benoit Vaux on October 1<sup>st</sup>, three days later at Reicourt and on October 6<sup>th</sup>, found itself in the Bois de Montfaucon, a pitifully wrecked forest, gouged and chewed for four years by the guns of the world's armies seeking to conquer and defend Verdun. Into this test came the Rainbow Division, a shock division now, crouched in its mudholes and waiting for orders to strike the knockout blow.

The Argonne, a position representing four years of German effort, was the key to his armies in France and Belgium. Through this terrain ran two important military railroads which fed, clothed, armed and reinforced his position.

## THE GOLDEN RAINBOW

*Each division that fought in the world's greatest war  
Is known by some emblem, a shield or a star –  
A crescent or sunburst some proudly show,  
But the world doffs its hat to the Golden Rainbow.*

*Through the annals of history  
there's a legend that's told  
At the end of the rainbow there's a pot of gold.  
We have followed this brazen, this shimmering design  
From the shores of Old Frisco,  
To the banks of the Rhine.*

*This banner of freedom we proudly unfurled  
For the hope of all people, the peace of the world.  
Through dark hours of anguish, through rain and  
through snow,  
When the war clouds had vanished,  
There gleamed the Rainbow.*

*Its colors are radiant,  
The blue and the red  
Are the emblems of valor, the blood that was shed;  
The orange and the yellow  
and the deep shades of green  
Are the hopes and the passions  
when love blends between.*

*When the sun's fading rays in the far western sky  
Has painted its blaze in the mists upon high,  
Our loved ones at home will be  
Breathing a prayer  
For the boys 'neath that banner  
Who fought over there.*

*Our comrades who sleep 'neath  
That shell-furrowed soil  
Are released from their troubles,  
Released from their toil.  
And God in His Glory in the ages to come  
Will honor their graves by the rays of the sun.*

*Fred E. McCollum  
Co. D, 117<sup>th</sup> Engr. Regt.  
Reprinted from  
The Rainbow Reveille  
October 1920*

With these railroads in German possession, divisions could be shifted quickly, and his army kept wonderfully mobile. In possession of the Allies at any point, they would mean the complete defeat of Germany. With Metz as a pivot, the German army was withdrawing slowly to its own border, while with Sedan only 25 miles away as its objective, the American army was confronted with endless hills and heavy woods, filled with barbed wire and pitfalls and machine gun nests of four years preparation. Many of the Divisions to start the offensive of September 26<sup>th</sup> were in the line for their first time, had never heard the sound of a German gun or the whine of a German shell. A seven-kilometer advance in two days practically exhausted these untried, yet worthy units. It was at this stage of the game that the Rainbow Division as one of the “veteran” American Divisions had come to relieve “the youngsters.”

Only a few kilometers ahead lay the Kriemhilde Stellung, the position upon which the enemy had decided to stand. In front of this position the offensive had slowed up, almost stopped, after two weeks of the most desperate fighting. The Rainbow Division had waited for a week in the Bois de Montfaucon, subject to barrage and bombing, which the 32<sup>nd</sup> Division's efforts was producing immediately in front of it. The Rainbow Division relieved the 1<sup>st</sup> Division with orders to take Hill 288 and Côte de Chatillon at any cost.

One may almost guess from the briefness of the battle that a speedy assault with the performance of individual deeds of courage and daring was what won the fight for the Rainbow. Tuilleries Farm, La Musarde Farm, Hill 288 and Côte de Chatillon, in successive order, gave way to the advance of the Rainbow infantry. It was during this day's fighting that Private Neibors (sic) [\*Neibaur] was wounded and taken prisoner, but later overpowered his guard and returned to the Rainbow lines with ten prisoners. With the above-mentioned points in the hands of the American army, the back of the German resistance in the Argonne had been broken.

For the full text of his citation:

*\*War Department General Orders No. 118  
February 2, 1919*

[Thomas Neibaur - Recipient - \(militarytimes.com\)](http://militarytimes.com)

*Thomas Croft Neibaur, Co. M, 167<sup>th</sup> Infantry, 42<sup>nd</sup> Division was awarded the Medal of Honor for extraordinary heroism on 16 October 1918.*

*He entered active duty in the U.S. Army from the Idaho National Guard.*



**(REVEILLE continued)** The infantry of the Rainbow Division was relieved by the 2<sup>nd</sup> Division on October 31<sup>st</sup>. Having dealt the staggering blow assigned to it, the infantry of the Rainbow was now shifted to the left and given a running start toward Sedan. Although no American Division ever really reached this city, the Rainbow's patrols were the first into Wadlaincourt on the heights overlooking Sedan. On November 7, all American troops were withdrawn from this immediate vicinity and the French troops were the first into the city. November 11<sup>th</sup>, found the Rainbow Division out of the line near Buzancy. Finis le Guerre.

[New York National Guard's Rainbow Division helped end WWI > National Guard > Guard News - The National Guard](#)  
Story by COL Richard Goldenberg, New York National Guard October 8, 2018



**Contributed February 11, 2023 by James J. "Jim" Jones, son of WWI Rainbow Division veteran, Joseph J. Jones, Sr., Headquarters Company, 165<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment (69<sup>th</sup> NY).**

**Jim:** I have attached a picture of my father at the dedication of the statue of General MacArthur. I believe it was in the early 1970's. My father is the first person standing on the right. He was the president of the National Rainbow Division Veterans about 1974, 75 or 76 since he died in 1977. I have a tape recording of his speech and he starts off with a story of his plane ride to Alabama where the National Convention was being held. He arrived and left the plane and was impressed that the Mayor and other dignitaries were there to greet him. He found out otherwise when Charles Lindbergh walked out of the same plane and all the dignitaries ran up to greet him. He made the speech at the convention as the outgoing national president with Lindbergh sitting there since he was the guest speaker. Hope you enjoyed that story."

**Suellen:** Jim, on a list of past RDVF Presidents, I found your father's name, Joseph J. Jones, for the year July 1973-July 1974.

**Jim:** That's my father. When I was young, I went with my parents to the conventions, Boston, Chicago and Iowa. Each table would sing their state song, when it came to NY we sang *East Side, West Side*. Way before Frank Sinatra's song.

**Suellen:** Thank you, Jim! What a wonderful glimpse of the men of Rainbow and the times !

## **BATTLE IN THE FOREST**

*George Gahm, Co. B, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry*

*Reprinted from the May 1995 issue of The Badge*

*Official newsletter of the 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> "Rainbow" Division Chapter of the RDVA*



John Paterno asked if I remembered certain information concerning the night of January 25, 1945. The following is what I recall.

We left Ohlungen late that evening and proceeded to the little village of Uhlwiller. Captain Mueller was up front when we left Uhlwiller and started down the trail toward the forest. I can't recall which platoon was up front with him, either the 1<sup>st</sup> or the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Weapons platoon was in the rear under the command of Lt. Oscar Hardy, and 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon was near the rear.

As soon as the entire company was on the trail between the village and the fringe of the forest, the word came back that we were to shoot at anything that moved in the forest. This word had no more than been passed beyond us when all hell broke loose. The Germans were raking us with machine gun fire. Captain

Mueller sent word back for Lt. Hardy to send machine gun squads up to our right and start firing into the woods. The snow was deep and there was no cover except for a slight ditch along the trail. A few bursts from our machine guns and the Germans silenced them.

After what seemed to be an eternity, Captain Mueller sent word back to Lt. George Jackson to organize a patrol to try and flank the German guns by circling to their left side and trying to get behind them. Jackson called out the following names: Freeman, Gahm, Miller, Hoey, and Wren, come with me.” (S/Sgt. Darwin Freeman, PFC George Gahm, PFC Keith Miller, PFC Donald Hoey, and PFC Glen Wren).

I remember stumbling and falling in the snow. The muzzle of my BAR hit the ground and plugged with snow. I sucked it out and I can still taste the oil that came out with it.

We made the best time we could running to the left of the German machine gun and entering the woods some distance from them. We then started moving toward the German positions in single file until we were almost upon them by surprise and started going from hole to hole firing into them. Hoey and I were together.

Finally the firing stopped, and Hoey spotted an emplacement and pointed it out to me. That is when I tried out my newly acquired German words:

“Kommen sie outd mit der hende hohe, und waffen neider.”

Supposedly, I had told them to come out with their hands up and throw down their weapons. The Germans’ reply was, “Nein!” and they started shooting at us. That is when Hoey and I opened up on them, and it became a bloody massacre. When we were through shooting, everything quieted down and we just laid in the snow until daylight and never heard a sound from either side. I told Hoey, we better get out of here before it gets too light; so we crept ahead to where it looked like the trail that entered the woods.

Jackson, Freeman, Miller and Wren were gone. We called out the password, but we were not challenged. We soon found that the whole company was gone. Just a little way out of the woods we came upon Eddie Desko’s body. His face was purple and a bullet was protruding from the back of his neck. There was no movement anywhere, so we hiked back to Uhlwiller, and the whole company was there. I was told that Jackson had taken a shot in the head and had gone back to a field hospital. You know the rest of the story. We went back into those same woods later that morning, and were never challenged. We spent the night in holes full of ice water and were relieved the next day.

I have never told anyone this story in the detail that I have written here.

## **OPERATION UNDERTONE**

### **Second Liberation of Northern Alsace, France – 15-19 March 1945**

*Louis D. Kramer, Co. B, 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry  
Reprinted from the November 1998 issue of The Badge*



Co. B, 222<sup>nd</sup> Inf. Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> “Rainbow” Division were informed on March 14, 1945 that they were to lead off the Division’s attack on the 15<sup>th</sup>. The 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion was to lead the regiment and Baker Co. would lead the battalion. The company would move to the assembly area at 1900 hours on the night of the 14<sup>th</sup>. How long would this attack take? How many would fall along the way? Everyone was anxiously thinking about their lot.

The Hardt Mountains were going to be rough. Ammo and grenades were issued. Mules were used to carry extra supplies. It was twilight as we moved out to join the battalion, moving quietly – no laughing or joking now. Field jackets were slit and K-rations were slid into them. When would they get another hot meal?

At the assembly area, the company moved into its space to get set up for the night’s sleep, if that were possible. Morning finally came and only a few were able to eat their rations as they moved to the main line of resistance (MLR) and waited for the jump-off time of 0700 hours. The zone of attack of the Rainbow Division

was directly through the heart of the heavily-forested Hardt Mountains. The rivers through the area ran parallel to and across the front of the Division, cutting the area into easily defended cross-compartments. Most of the surface roads followed the river valleys and offered the Rainbow Soldier little help. Those few roads and rails leading to the north were easily and heavily mined.

The woods and rocks offered cover and concealment and the crests and crags provided commanding positions. Defense of the area was ideal. B/222's first objective was Hill 384 which was defended by two platoons of German infantry with two machine guns.

Company B spear-headed the attack to drive the Germans out of the Province of Alsace, France, reach and cross over the Rhine River into Germany and attack until the end of the conflict in the European Theater of Operations (ETO) in WWII. I was a Browning Automatic rifleman in the 1<sup>st</sup> squad, 1<sup>st</sup> platoon. A BAR carried an ammo clip with 20 rounds and one in the chamber. I also carried six additional clips with 20 rounds each plus two hand grenades clipped to my field jacket. Two K-ration boxes also rode along inside of the lining of my field jacket. The area was very mountainous and heavily wooded. Mules were being used to resupply troops with ammunition, etc. Verne R. Baker (PA) (HQ/Co. 1BN) was assigned as a mule skinner (which I learned when I met him again in Austria some 50 years later).

Near the 1100 hour on March 15, some 2000 yards out from our jump-off point, we were pinned down by a solidly placed outpost (OP). Lt. George Jackson's 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon wiped out the three Germans in this OP. We moved another two or three hundred yards and Co. B was pinned down again by the German MLR. From my advantage point on a hillside, I could look to my right, downward across a wide open area (one of the fire-breaks found in a forest) to the woods on the far side of the opening. I could see our artillery shells exploding in the woods. The sound was deafening, as if you were near the 4<sup>th</sup> of July fireworks back home. Sure glad I was not in that area as no one could escape from so many shell bursts.

While in this holding pattern, the only real close friend I had, outside of PFC Charles Kuebler (IN), who was killed only a few feet from me back on 25 January near Uhlwiller, France, was PFC Dean Finley (NY), a runner for Jackson's 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon. Finley was coming toward me, holding his stomach with both hands, blood coming out between his fingers with every step he took. I told him to lie down because his walking only made matters worse. Let the medics come to assist him with his injury. A year later, I learned to my sorrow that Dean Finley died of his wounds on March 16, 1945.

While the event was taking place, my platoon was ordered to go left in a flanking movement to attack Hill 384 from the north slope. The platoon went down a very steep hill, heavily wooded, with younger pine trees some six to eight feet tall. I couldn't see the other fellows in front or to the sides of me because of the thick branches.

Nearing the bottom of the hill, I was knocked completely off my feet. The BAR flew completely out of my grasp. Not knowing what had happened, I felt little or no pain at that moment. Looking down at my field jacket, I observed a hole just below the right breast area that was starting to show a red color. At this point, I realized what it feels like to be hit by a bullet.

My first thoughts were, "Am I going to die? Will I bleed to death? It's a long way to a field hospital and over rough terrain." My senses came back to me to survive, so I called for a medic. He yelled back that he was giving aid to two fellows who had stepped on mines. He would come as soon as he could. That medic was PFC Ivan Wallace (FL) whom I met in Munich, Germany some 50 years later. [Ivan Wallace became President of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association – RDVA in 1977].

Survival took over again so I proceeded to treat my own wound. First, I would not get up and walk back up the hill as I had observed Dean Finley doing – I'll just lie here. Secondly, I must stop the bleeding. I opened my field jacket, then opened my fur-lined inner jacket and then my OD wool shirt. Next, I took my trench knife out of my boot top and cut my long-johns to expose the hole in my chest. Then came the first-aid pack off my cartridge belt, opened and applied to the wound with pressure in order to stop the bleeding and keep any foreign matter out – time 1300 hours. Remembering that I hadn't eaten anything since noon the day before – probably a good thing I hadn't, with this type of wound.



Moments later, others from my squad, who hadn't been wounded, came back up the hill to where I lay. They had orders to withdraw because of so many casualties. Those in authority were going to direct artillery fire on Hill 384 and then attack again under this cover. Four squad members improvised a stretcher out of my half of a pup tent and two rifles and carried me back up the hill from where we had started our flanking movement to a first-aid collecting station that had been set up just over the hilltop. I was checked over by the medics, given blood plasma and morphine, and records written as to my condition were attached. Hour 1400.

I was placed on a stretcher, with four German POWs to carry it, guarded by an MP, back to the rear. Often they stumbled and the POW over my left shoulder would speak to his fellow POWs something in German, then in flawless English he would ask me if I was all right. We two carried on a conversation as we went. I asked him where he had developed his flawless English and he replied he had lived in Chicago for five years. I asked him if he ever heard of Grand Rapids, Michigan – my home. His reply was yes.

By 1500 we arrived in an area where jeeps could travel. There they strapped four of us wounded to the back of a jeep and off we bounced down through the woods and over the many hills until we arrived at a paved road where an ambulance (meat wagon) waited. The four wounded were then loaded into the ambulance for the long ride to the field hospital.

1800 hours. I had x-rays taken. After a long wait, the surgical team arrived, looked at the x-rays and allowed me to look at them showing the bullet lodged in my left hip. Reading the medical chart after surgery, I discovered the extent of the wound: a perforated diaphragm, liver, pancreas, and jejunum (middle part of the small intestine) before the bullet lodged in the hip. Then I was in another holding pattern as others must have been in worse shape than me.

At 0200 hours, March 16, 14 hours later after being wounded, I was moved into surgery. Near 0800 hours I came to an awareness of my situation. My throat was very sore. No wonder, a rubber hose was thrust down one nostril into my stomach and out into a jug sitting on the floor, pumping out what they were putting in. My left arm was strapped down and whole blood was flowing in. The right arm was strapped down with glucose flowing in. But – I'm alive and looking to live a few more years. I prayed to the good Lord.

When the first sutures were removed from the incision some ten days following surgery and I lay on my bed, I began to feel the bedding getting wet. I called for a ward boy or nurse. They came and looked at the wet bedding and traced the moisture from coming from under the dressing on the wound. The incision, located on the left side of my abdomen, was nearly eight inches in length. They removed the tape from one side of the dressing and when they did, I could look into the wound opening, which hadn't healed properly because of infection.

Now I knew why my temperature would not go down. Not often does a person observe his own insides as I had just done. I was rushed back down to surgery, where silver wire sutures were used to pull the wound opening back together. A soft rubber flat noodle was inserted the length of the wound just under the sutures with one end protruding out so the pus could drain out. Thanks to penicillin, which I received every three hours for 21 days around the clock, with needles that were dull from being used over and over, I survived a very serious infection.

One of my surgeons paid a visit to my bedside. He wanted me to write him when I got back home. It seems during surgery, he had to perform a technique that he had never performed before and was not sure he had done the right thing. I said I'd be happy to write him, but lost his address on the way home so I never had the chance to inform him that whatever he had done was successful. This was my "million dollar wound" as we called them in the military. I must not forget to give many thanks to the good Lord for his protection during this trying situation in my life.

I had another first while in Europe – my first plane ride. I was being sent home by air from the city of Dijon, France where I was recuperating in the Sixth General Hospital. We flew in a C47 to Orly Field, an airport in Paris. Then we island hopped by C54 to the Azores, then to Bermuda, and finally landed at Mitchell Field, Long Island. Sure beat the 15 days it took to travel by troop ship to Marseilles back in November 1944 when I was an 18 year old GI.

## Company B, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment casualties, 15-17 March 1945

PVT Clarence D. Bragg (OH) PFC Felix Bryk (PA) PFC Raymond D. Burns (IL)  
PFC William E. Burns (SC) Sgt. William J. Whiting (NY) PFC David D. Finley (NY)  
PVT Homer Marson (MO) PFC Jamiel H. Mattar (AK) PVT Stanley D. Phillips (VA)

## Continuation of Operation Undertone

*Lt. George Jackson, Co. B, 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment*  
*Reprinted from the November 1998 issue of THE BADGE*

*Photo of Lt. Jackson (R) is contributed by his family.*



After PFC Louis Kramer was wounded and the 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon was called back from its objective, artillery was placed on Hill 384. When the barrage lifted, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon raced across the little valley and started climbing Hill 384. The hill was as steep as any of those in the Ozark Mountains back in my native Arkansas. This was going to be a tough fight. The Krauts were well dug in with bunkers. They had mortars, machine guns and small arms. In addition, their artillery was zeroed in on all the approaches to the hill, especially the draws on each side where other companies later received heavy casualties.

We approached along a hogback ridge which was the most difficult route. My platoon was temporarily halted by intense mortar and machine gun fire. We called in our own mortars and white phosphorus artillery shells, and then assaulted the enemy gun emplacements. We knocked out the enemy mortars and machine guns, blew up their dugout and took Hill 384.



PNP Ivan Wallace and Badge Editor Teri Dion

Jake Gahm (BAR man in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon) and I were the first to reach the top of the hill. We immediately went over the hill to secure the other side when I was wounded by enemy machine gun fire from the reverse slope at point-blank range. While wounded with a hole in my right arm, I called to Gahm and we moved to a more secure position to return fire. It was there that Ivan Wallace, our tough medic who was always there, bandaged me.

The rest of Baker Company passed on through, other companies fanned out and within three days, the Hardt Mountains were a thing of the past as the Rainbow Division continued its final assault against Germany. I was released from the hospital in a few weeks and rejoined Baker Company.

## THE SURRENDER OF MUNICH

*By Bill Snuffin, Headquarters Company, 242<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, I&R Platoon*  
*Reprinted from the May 1995 issue of THE BADGE*



The formal surrender of the City of Munich was made by "high police officials" to Maj. Kenneth A. Novak, 3<sup>rd</sup> Inf. Div., 7<sup>th</sup> Army, on April 30, 1945, as recorded in The National Archives, Washington, D.C. photo of the event. Chances are, there are other photos of the surrender to other units, e.g., the 45<sup>th</sup> Div. and the 20<sup>th</sup> Armored Division.

*The RAINBOW REVEILLE (with the Seventh Army, Germany)*, dated Friday, 11 May 1945 account states that five members of the 242<sup>nd</sup> I&R, that included M/Sgt Wolfgang Robinow, accepted the surrender of the city to the 242<sup>nd</sup> by phone at 1405 hrs. from the weights and measures building just west of the city hall. As one of the three out of five surviving GIs who was part of that patrol that day, I would like to recount the events that took place.

The five men were M/Sgt Wolf Robinow of the CIC attached to HQ/242, Pfc Wally Czarnik, T/5 Bob Barth, Pfc Bill Benjamin, and myself, Pfc Bill Snuffin, all of I&R. HQCo was billeted in a small village, east of Augsburg and just north of the Autobahn. It was approximately 1100 when the Regimental CO Col. Caum came into our farm house and ordered our platoon leader, Lt. Don Shaneyfelt to send a jeep towards Munich to ascertain how close we were. I was ordered to go with my two scouts, but they had taken my jeep. Since it was Wolf's mission, also, we took his. Wally, Bob and Bill volunteered to go along.

The plan was to drive on the Autobahn and ask each convoy we encountered if there were any troops in front of them. I brought along my liberated camera and took pictures of mall convoys interspersed with walking troops, each telling us that there were more troops in front of them. We had been driving about 20 minutes after making our last contact when we came across a group of ME-262s parked in the woods on the north side of the Autobahn. Within a short time we reached the city limits where several major routes come together. We continued eastward on this street about a mile when we spotted a hospital on the left and the Botanical Gardens on the right.



Photo left, Lt Col Edwin Rusteberg, H1B/242, on Autobahn, heading toward Munich

A German soldier was walking on the sidewalk in our direction. Wolf yelled at him to stop and he started running to the door of the hospital. I was just ready to pull the trigger on my Thompson when Wolf spotted his Red Cross armband. We stopped and figured it was safe to the hospital.

Inside, Wolf questioned the doctor in charge. The only weapon found was a disassembled Luger on the marble steps inside. The doctor told us he thought that Munich had been declared an open city and that only a few SS might still be there. None of the phones were working, but the doctor said that there was a government building just down the street. It was there Wolf made the phone call to some political official who informed him that the city would surrender and that we should come to the city hall. We decided it would look better if I drove and Wolf would act as our officer. I remember, as we got closer and closer to the "Rathaus," the crowds got thicker and thicker. People were cheering and throwing flowers. I had to slow to about 5 miles per hour because the people were closing in on us. At one point a boy had a bicycle lying in front of him and I ran over the wheels, much to the dismay of the locals.\*

When we reached the Marienplatz (City Hall Plaza) we stopped in front of a wooden platform. It was about 4 ft. high with a railing and steps built onto its right side. Wolf, Bill and myself went up on the platform. After a brief discussion with the head official and a number of others, the spokesman started making a speech to the crowd. Bill and I both recall something about a Sword of the City, when off to the left, where Kaufinger Street enters Marienplatz, we saw U.S. tanks coming and a blonde woman in a uniform sitting on a tank with an officer. Both of them then came up on the platform and asked what was going on. Wolf explained that we had accepted the surrender of the city. The officer, a Lieutenant, stated that only officers could accept the surrender of a city.

Meanwhile, Bill and I were answering questions from a woman who was a reporter. We told her our story and she said she would print it. We think it might have been Margaret Bourke-White from LIFE Magazine.

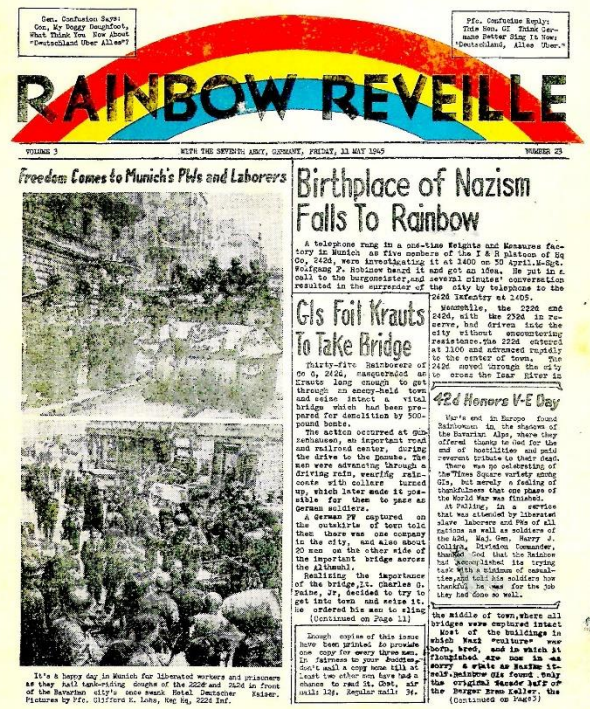


Photo right, Lt Col Edwin Rusteberg, H1B/242, on Autobahn, heading toward Munich

Having been outranked, we left and went around the corner to a police station and disarmed them of 365 pistols. I remember disarming the Chief of his Luger (a 1939 made by Mauser, which I have identified as strictly police issue), which I still have. The Chief asked Wolf for a receipt, which Wolf gave him, and as we left the station with our contraband, Wolf stated he had signed the receipt, John Hancock. We then went past the opera house, came to a T intersection and were fired on by SS from the upper floors of a building to our right. I turned left and sped off. We eventually came to the river. Not wishing to outrun our troops or go back past the SS, we commandeered a house on the river and waited there until the next morning when the city had really been secured.

As we drove back towards the western part of the city looking for HQ Co, we passed lines of captured Germans; I took pictures of them. Reminds me of Bill Mauldin's Pulitzer Prize winning cartoon, "Fresh spirited American troops with their captives." It was raining that day, We had gone out to the Munich Airport, but were turned back because of enemy resistance, but finally found our guys just as they were pulling out.

\*In 1972, I was standing in the Marienplatz with my nephew taking Polaroid shots of the Glockenspiel, when a young man came up to us and asked about the camera which was still unique in Germany. He spoke excellent English and asked if this was my first visit to Munich. I told him no and recounted to him our '45 adventure. He then told us that he was a small boy when the first Americans arrived, and that a vehicle ran over his bicycle wheels. I did not offer to pay him for the repairs. Amazing, but true!

## **HONORING THE MEMORY OF RAINBOW DIVISION SOLDIERS WHO SAW COMBAT AT HATTEN-RITTERSHOFFEN IN JANUARY 1945**

*20 January 2023 message and photos from Damien Bauer*

I was in Hatten-Rittershoffen this morning. 78 years ago this terrible battle ended, and this morning we laid flowers to honour the memory of your fathers and grandfathers, who were plunged into this hell in January 1945. We will never forget their sacrifice.



**By direction of the President of the United States the Presidential Unit Citation is awarded to:  
Antitank Company, 242d Infantry Regiment, 42d Infantry Division  
For extraordinary heroism against an armed enemy:**

During the period 9 through 11 January 1945 inclusive, at and near Hatten, France, the Antitank Company was positioned in support of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 242d Infantry, on the Main Line of Resistance, with orders to hold their positions at all costs against any attack by enemy armor. On the morning of January 9, 1945, its zone of operation was attacked by three regiments from the 21<sup>st</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> German Panzer Divisions supported by heavy armor, flame throwing tanks, self-propelled guns, infantry and artillery. The Anti-tank gun crews remained steadfast in their positions. The Mine Platoon under fierce fire from the enemy, continued to lay their mines on the main street of Hatten. Completely in disregard of their own personal safety, and despite the loss of many of

their guns, the company continued to fight tenaciously, side by side with the riflemen of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion for more than 48 hours in face of the enemy. Sixty-six of its men, of a strength of 155, were casualties in the action. The gallantry, determination and esprit de corps, displayed by the Anti-Tank company, 242<sup>d</sup> infantry, exemplifies the highest traditions of the armed forces.

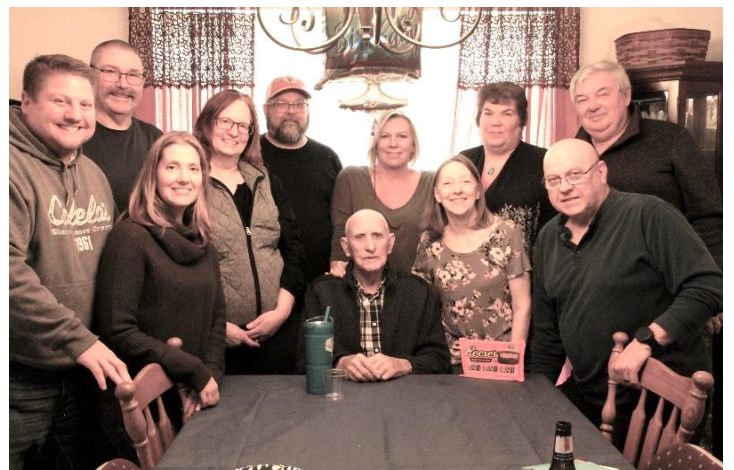
## HAPPY 103<sup>RD</sup> BIRTHDAY, JIM DERRY!!

Anti-Tank Company, 242<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> "Rainbow" Division  
*Photos are courtesy of his son, Dennis Derry*

Tuesday, February 7, 2023

Suellen,

Here are some pics from Dad's 103rd Birthday,. He had a great day with Family, friends. The local Fire Company, Jefferson Volunteer, and the United Church of Christ membership did a ride-by to celebrate with him. Thanks, Denny



## THE VIOLIN CAPER

By James H. "Jim" Kress, HQ/HQ Co. 222<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 42<sup>nd</sup> "Rainbow" Division  
Reprinted from the November 1998 issue of THE BADGE



For years I've thought back of a little episode involving Fred Rosenberg, a member of the Radio Section in RHQ/HQ Co., aka "Rosie." (*photo Right*) Rosie was an older fellow, in his young thirties, of low stature, topped by a bald head, which gave him maturity beyond his years. We younger soldiers generally respected older people in their thirties because of their accrued wisdom.



To us, his primary attribute was his violin playing. Before the war he had the seat of First Viola with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski. He brought along a beat-up violin which he had stuffed into his barracks bag. Committed to memory were selections from *Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E Minor* [Ray Chen Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in E minor, Op. 64 - YouTube](#) and *Zigeunerweisen* [Zigeunerweisen \(Gypsy Aires\) - Pablo de Sarasate - YouTube](#) and we heard this music all the way from Camp Gruber to Vienna. The whole section also had this music memorized.

Fred was a "fellow traveler," a member of the Communist Party in the U.S., but he didn't argue with us much. After all, the communists were our allies, weren't they – and he was a good radio operator. Rosie was our section translator, although it was flavored richly with Yiddish.

Many of us also recall the strange narcotic effects of alcoholic beverages and how easily available they were. Occasionally Rosie fell prey to various concoctions which he generically called "prune juice." It was in Wuerzburg after its liberation that Rosie experimented with prune juice and succumbed to its influence. He was fairly well looped and had lost some of his inhibitions, although he didn't have all that many.

He had heard that there was a beautiful old violin up in the Wuerzburg castle, a mighty fortress. I was a non-drinker and was asked (commanded) to take Rosie up to the castle to investigate the report. I mostly did as I was told back then.

We drove up to the castle along a serpentine road, then through arches and into a large courtyard. Rosie climbed out, telling me to wait there and he disappeared into one of the massive old structures. It wasn't long until the familiar strains of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto floated down, but then the music stopped abruptly. A minute later, Fred burst out of the building, running to the jeep carrying a violin case. We took off.

Back at our quarters he fondled the violin with delight and played several impromptu selections from his usual concerto. He pointed to the inscription "GUARNERIUS" on the violin. It was indeed a priceless violin of similar value to the better-known STRADIVARIUS. The music sounded mellow and so did Rosie.



Time wore on and the effects of the prune juice receded. Rosie slowly realized that he had a hot violin on his hands, more than a trivial souvenir of Wuerzburg. Meanwhile, a serious complaint had been lodged with the American Military Government. Before we left Wuerzburg the violin was returned amid mixed emotions. It had suffered none for the experience. Again, Rosie sadly took up the practice of Mendelssohn on his beat-up violin.

EPILOGUE: Fred taught music after the war, dying in the 1970s or 80s. His widow was in Georgia at my last report and she wrote that she wished he had kept the violin. I can still picture his benign, inscrutable, Mona Lisa smile. I hope that he's finding enough time to practice wherever he is, and I also hope that his mentor allows him to practice a *new* piece of music.

[Editor – as you may imagine, the background of both of these classical pieces has provided the perfect tempo for typing this story back into history – and for the present, consider this from [Guarneri - Wikipedia](#):

In the summer of 2010, the ex-[Vieuxtemps Guarneri](#) del Gesù, a violin built in 1741 by Bartolomeo Giuseppe Guarneri, was offered for sale at auction with a starting bid of \$18 million, the highest price ever sought for a musical instrument. The violin was later sold for an undisclosed sum and [Anne Akiko Meyers](#) was given lifetime use.<sup>[7][8]</sup>

[Anne Akiko Meyers Mendelssohn Violin Concerto Casals Festival - YouTube](#)

## ARMISTICE/VETERANS' DAY NOVEMBER 11, 2022 OBSERVANCE

By French Photographer BÉATRICE DAHM

Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, Seringes-et-Nesles, FRANCE





**UNREST**  
*by A Doughboy*  
*Originally printed in the February 1927 issue of*  
*The Rainbow Reveille*

Why is it, though we try to be the same,  
 And tread the paths we did in days of old,  
 A restlessness too vague and dim to name  
 Still clutches us with unrelenting hold?  
 Is it that we who "out there" played our hand,  
 And learned of thirst and hunger, fear and pain,  
 Shall ever see the sights of No-Mans -Land,  
 And never be at peace or rest again?

Ah, yes, our homes are dear and life is sweet,  
 And we are proud of this, our native land,  
 And yet, of those we know and daily meet,  
 A few, and only a few, can understand.  
 We cannot tell them of the tongue we learned  
 "Out There" amid that blazing sheet of hell,  
 Where shrapnel maimed and poison gases burned –  
 A tongue we learned, but know not how to tell.

They feel that we are strange, a race apart,  
 And different from the lads who went away,  
 With sunny smiles, a song in throat and heart,  
 Just carefree boys, still young enough to play,  
 Yes, we are changed, but still we know not how  
 Or in what manner we are not the same,  
 Except, to us each game is trivial now  
 Who played and won or lost that greater game.

Each day to us now means but just a day,  
 With nothing new to cause one little thrill;  
 For unrest seems fore'er to be the pay  
 And restlessness to be our boon companions still.  
 Should souls that have departed e'er return,  
 We know, who have come back from No-Man's Land,  
 How they must ever seek to find, and yearn for one  
 In all this throng to understand.

**Millennium Legacy Association of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Infantry "Rainbow" Division**

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