

RAINBOW TRAIL

The Millennium Legacy (Rainbow Family) History Newsletter
of the 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division
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"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"

THE CROIX ROUGE FARM MEMORIAL 22 JULY 2023 A GATHERING IN HONOR AND TRIBUTE



JEAN-PAUL ROSELEUX, MAYOR OF FÈRE-EN-TARDENOIS

It has been almost 12 years since this adventure began. The Croix Rouge Farm was then called "The Campus." The cows grazed the meadows around. This sets the décor.

Now, why this monument? Why here?
We owe it in the first place to:

- **Nimrod T. Frazer** who left us on March 7, 2023. This American veteran of the Korean War as a Lieutenant, which earned him the Silver Star, wished to pay tribute to his father, a sergeant in the US Army, and to his comrades of the Rainbow Division who fought in July 1918 on this battlefield. At the cost of hundreds of dead and wounded, the Farm was taken.
- **James Butler**, the sculptor, who passed away on March 26, 2022. James was born in London. After receiving his Art degree from St. Martin, he served two years in the army. Member of the Royal Academy, he specialized in the sculpture of statues and memorials. Once he received his commission, he came to the site and immersed himself up in the place. His work, which will undoubtedly be his masterpiece, would first be exhibited in London before coming to Fère-en-Tardenois, and in September 2011, the soldier took his place on this Memorial. James said of his creation: "It looks as if the body of the dead soldier has just been lifted from the battlefield. The soldier, carrying his dead comrade, turns more and more into an angel of mercy. He is perfect. He is not injured. He seems remote from the tragedy of this conflict." He concluded by saying: "I am not really a believer but while working on this sculpture I felt a powerful spiritual inspiration."



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*All photo presentations in this
article are created by our friend,
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Béatrice Dahm*

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- **Monique Brouillet Seefried**, the conductor ... Monique has an atypical career. She was born in Carthage. She grew up in Austria, France, Italy and can therefore carry on conversations in five languages. She obtained a doctorate with summa cum laude and congratulations from the jury.
- She taught History and Geography. In 1973, she married in the Vatican with an Austrian: Ferdinand Seefried. They lived in Germany and, quite naturally, they moved to Atlanta where Monique acquired her American citizenship. This dashing grandmother is always between two planes to look after her grandchildren and to bring all her projects to fruition. In October 2008, we received her with my assistant, Michel Maus, who has also left us. He was keen to facilitate the procedures and formalities to bring to successful conclusions. Monique tells us about this project and we support her with enthusiasm. Against all odds, she manages to convince the various owners to sell their property and to boost the various administrations involved. She makes contact with the sculptor and the various trades that will shape this place. Finally, the big day arrived. On November 12, 2011, the Croix Rouge Farm Memorial was inaugurated in the presence of many French, American and German personalities, as well as many of our inhabitants who are still faithful to this ceremony.

Since several years, the town of Seringes-et-Nesles, where the Rainbow Division fought brilliantly, has been associated with this Memorial. This is why we co-commemorate this morning the memory of the battles of the Ourcq.

Thank you to the flag bearers, to the re-enactors, always faithful to the post.
Thank you to all of you present here in your various capabilities.





A more particular thank you to **Hubert Caloud**, present at all the patriotic demonstrations, who is called to take another function in Belgium.



Left to Right: WWI Centennial Commissioner, Monique Seefried; Sous-Préfète, Mrs. Fatou Mano; Bert Caloud (USMC, Ret.), Oise-Aisne American Cemetery Superintendent; Jean-Paul Roseleux, Mayor of Fère-en-Tardenois; Martine Olivier, Deputy Mayor of Fère-en-Tardenois; and Didier Fernandez, Mayor of Seringes-et-Nesles – in farewell and appreciation of the service and friendship of Bert Caloud in his last official function for Oise-Aisne American Cemetery.

DIDIER FERNANDEZ, Mayor of Seringes-et-Nesles

Madam the Sous-Préfète, Ladies and Gentlemen elected in your various functions, Dear Veterans Representatives, Dear Monique, Dear friends,

Like every year we meet on this magnificent site to honor this beautiful and great Rainbow Division. 105 years ago, the soil of this farm was covered in red, the sky was on fire, the smell of gunpowder and blood invaded the atmosphere, this division deserves all these honors above and beyond.

A year ago, we paid tribute to James Butler the sculptor of this Pietà. Just a year later, we learned of the death of Nimrod Thompson Frazer, the generous donor of this work. Without these two men, these fighters of the 42nd Division might never have been honored on their battlefield, this great Croix Rouge Farm battlefield.

After the inauguration of this site in 2011, it remained to publish the story of these heroes. Nimrod Frazer fulfilled this task by publishing in 2014, "*Send the Alabamians*" (in French, *Les Boys d'Alabama*). I quote Nimrod Frazer who said of them: "These men will be hailed among the greatest warriors the United States ever sent into battle."

A big thank you to the 167th and 168th regiments from Alabama and Iowa who gave their lives in terrible hand-to-hand combat so that we could live as free men.

Honor to these men, honor to those who pass memory along.

Today I would like to take advantage of this moment to honor the superintendent of the Oise-Aisne American Cemetery the US military cemetery of Seringes and Nesles, Hubert Caloud who is transferred to our Belgian friends to continue to serve.

During these seven years among us, you have given another dimension to our ceremonies, first with the yearly organization of Memorial Day, the successful organization of the centennial in 2018, the organization of the 100th anniversary of the American Battle Monuments Commission (ABMC) and recently the burial of the Unknown Soldier, this latest ceremony was organized to the minute as you know how to do it and as our American friends know how to do it. This last ceremony will remain forever engraved in our memories.

For all this, for your dedication to keeping the memory alive, for the history of these men that you carry, for the limitless guide that you have been to visitors to the cemetery and for your love of the flag, a flag you fold with such perfection, in my name and on behalf of our village, thank you.

Long live the friendship with our American brothers.





Distinguished guests in your titles and qualities, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is always with great emotion that I come to the Rainbow Memorial each year since 2011, and I am always so touched to see how well the city of Fère-en-Tardenois takes care of this monument to the soldiers who liberated her in 1918. I am very grateful to the mayors of both Fère-en-Tardenois and Seringes-et-Nesles for organizing each year this event commemorating not only the battle of Croix Rouge Farm but the days of combat on the River Ourcq. Many Rainbow Division soldiers lost their life on these holy grounds between July 25 and August 3rd, 1918, and nearly 400 of them are buried nearby, at the Oise-Aisne cemetery.

We remember them today. We also remember the two men to whom we owe this memorial: James Butler, the sculptor, who died on March 26 of last year and Nimrod Frazer, who died on March 7th of this year. He commissioned this monument to honor his father, wounded on this battlefield, and his fellow comrades in the Rainbow Division. We will never forget them. This site is filled with their presence, the presence of the men who fought here 100 years ago, and Jim Butler and Rod Frazer are also with us today.

Thank you for being here today, thank you Flag Bearers for such a beautiful ceremony, thank you Jean-Paul and Didier for your powerful words, thank you, Madame la Sous-Préfète, for always honoring our long standing French American friendship.



NOTE: Our friend, Bert Caloud, who has given us so many opportunities to learn about the Rainbow Division in The Great War, from the battlefields surrounding his former post, Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, Seringes-et-Nesles, France, to the stories discovered there from artifacts, photos and visits from family members of those men of Rainbow who rest in this hallowed ground, has now begun his duties at a new post. This brochure will introduce us to the history and environs of the Ardennes American Cemetery, Neupré (Neuville-en-Condroz), twelve miles southwest of Liège, Belgium. The stories of the several World War II Rainbow Division men who are interred there have yet to be told.

[Brochure: Ardennes American Cemetery and Memorial \(abmc.gov\)](http://abmc.gov)

The WEISS History of MIGHTY MIKE

**Written and printed in booklet form in post-war Vienna, Austria
and reprinted in the 1967-68 newsletters of M-222**

The OTTO H. YANKE Chapter

222nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Infantry “Rainbow” Division

Written by then-1st Sgt. Robert Weiss in 1946



This little booklet is dedicated to the men who gave their lives for their country while serving with Company “M”: Pfc. William R. FITZGERALD, Tec5 Walter E. APPLEBY, and 2nd Lt. Otto H. YANKE, killed in action and Pfc. Oval T. GILLUM, who died while serving in Austria.

As time passes and most of us become civilians again, perhaps the day will come when the memories of the months spent in Europe and the comrades we met there will be among our most cherished possessions. I hope that those who receive this booklet will enjoy it and keep it.

On November 13, 1944, M Company left Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, where it had been stationed since the Division’s reactivation on July 14, 1943, and arrived four days later at its POE, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. On the 24th we proceeded by rail to New York Harbor, where we boarded the U.S.S. Alexander under cover of darkness. The next day, the former S.S. America sailed, accompanied by three other troop transports, four cargo ships, and four destroyer escorts.

As was to be expected, most of the men were seasick the first few days, but that wore off. Except for the training it was a very pleasant and uneventful trip. We almost touched the coast of South America, and finally passed through the Strait of Gibraltar. On the 9th of December, we unloaded at Marseilles, France.

Our first impression of France was that it was quite a shabby place, with a harbor and shore littered with wrecked ships.



Being an important port in France, Marseille was vital to the U.S. Army for its strategic location to land men and materiel. German defenses were stronger at Marseille than Toulon, but U.S. Navy gunfire support and aerial bombardments played a key part of the Allied success during Operation Dragoon. As a sign by the Allies to the French people, the port surrendered to the French Free Forces on August 28, 1944. Yet, before Marseille could be used, the Allies would invest in a large scale mine sweeping operation that lasted until early September.

Photo and caption from the National Museum of the U.S. Navy

We waited there on that terribly cold day until late that night when trucks finally picked us up, along with our heavy packs, which we had carried for five miles from the pier. We were taken to a bare and very windy

spot a short way out of town, which was known as CP2, arriving at 11:00 p.m. We shivered out that night but the next day lined up for our pup tents in true Army fashion and added more blankets which made us a bit more comfortable. We spent our time there preparing our equipment, cleaning the thick grease off our weapons, and seeing Marseilles. Company football games and our first visit from “bed check Charlie” made life anything but monotonous.

On December 20th, half of this Company left by 40 and 8’s while the other half left by vehicle the next day. The train element arrived at Bensdorf, France, on the 22nd, but the vehicle elements bivouacked nights at St. Rambert, Dyon and Bassings. Finally arriving Christmas Eve at its destination, Fort Kronprinz in the Maginot Line. The next morning was two units joined at the Fort and from there the whole Company proceeded to its positions on the island forming part of Strasbourg, which were previously held by elements of the 36th Division across the Rhine from the German lines. After a very pleasant and uneventful stay in Strasbourg, we withdrew to the vicinity of Entzheim, ten miles north and setting up an M.L.R. and leaving Strasbourg unguarded in order to stave off an impending breakthrough. On the 5th of January, after three days there, we moved approximately 40 miles to Birlenbach, France to replace elements of the 79th Division which had just withdrawn over the German border.

On the morning of the very foggy 6th of January, Squad Leader Roger PECK and Section Sergeant Wayne HANSON of the first section, 2nd HMG platoon were on their gun with Squad Leader SHELDON and Pfc. SCHAEFER on the other gun, thirty yards to their left. PECK and HANSON heard the faint sound of a motor, which grew louder and louder, finally stopping somewhere in front of their position. The Krauts had not yet come in contact with our M.L.R., so they didn’t have any idea where it was. The vehicle, presumably a half-track, had come to a halt in a deep ditch approximately 200 yards to the front. Through field glasses, one man was seen as he rose to the edge of the gully, where he seemed to be waiting for others. Upon seeing this, HANSON called his other positions, telling them to hold fire until he started. By then, approximately 20 Krauts had joined the first and they were heading directly towards PECK and HANSON, unaware of their presence. When they were approximately 100 yards to the front, PECK and SHELDON’s guns opened up simultaneously. Two PWs were taken but the rest were killed, although they were all armed with automatic weapons.

A few nights later, while Pfc. WHITE was on guard, on his gun, someone approached from the rear. He failed to give the proper password so WHITE fired on him with his .45 pistol, wounding the intruder in the leg. The unfortunate victim turned out to be WHITE’s Section Sergeant, S/Sgt. SUMMERS.

Another day, Pfc. Howard MARCUM was wounded slightly from shrapnel from a German mortar round while in the vicinity of his Third Platoon, Third Section CP and was later awarded the Company’s first Purple Heart.

On January 21st, because of the fact that the units on our flanks were being beaten back, we were threatened with the possibility of being cut off. To straighten the lines we withdrew about 20 miles, where the M.L.R. was set up in front of Neubourg and Dauendorf, about five miles west of Haguenau. The strength of the Seventh Army had been greatly reduced as many of its division had been transferred to the North to help out in the “Battle of the Bulge.” For that reason, the front was stretched dangerously thin, our battalion having a 2400-yard front, which normally would require a whole regiment. Besides that, we had no artillery behind us when we moved in.

On the 23rd, enemy movements were detected, and at noon the next day, enemy artillery sounded. In the late afternoon, at dusk, the M.L.R. was pounded heavily from end to end, by all types of artillery, mortar and rocket fire. At 8 p.m. the fire was raised about 200 yards, and a full-scale enemy attack was launched, by an over-enthusiastic, ferocious enemy, yelling and screaming as they came. The HMG positions were flooded with up to six inches of water and the cold was almost unbearable, so S/Sgt. George E. WHITE headed for the motor pool to get blankets for the men in his Section. On the way back, he was seriously wounded by shrapnel and not found for some time, because he had been alone. Although in intense pain, he helped to occupy the minds of other wounded men in the Battalion Aid Station by singing hymns while waiting to be evacuated to the rear.

An H.M.G. position was overrun as Pfc. FITZGERALD’s weapon jammed after firing only a short burst. He was then killed by German small arms fire. Three of his buddies were believed dead in the next hole as two

hand grenades were thrown in the hole with them. However, by some act of fate, only two of the men, Pfc. MATHIS and Pfc. SUCHY were slightly wounded, both being able to walk. Pfc. KAROLONEK suffered from shock but recovered soon afterwards. Sgt. Richard WARD, their Squad Leader wounded many of the attackers with his M-1, and later found his way to the Company CP with Pfc. BOONE, bringing firsthand news of the action.

While taking a prisoner to his platoon CP in Neubourg, Pfc. GORSUCH was captured by a force of 58 Germans who had infiltrated and were holding a house in town. As their morale was very low at this time, he tried to talk them into surrendering. They all agreed, except for an officer who wouldn't allow GORSUCH to leave. However, when the officer left the room, GORSUCH was set free. He brought back a small force of riflemen who took all 58 but killed the officer who tried to escape. GORSUCH was wounded soon afterwards as he attempted to rejoin his squad.

Lt. Otto H. YANKE, Second Platoon Leader, was fatally wounded when the jeep he rode struck a mine at the time he was searching for the body of the K Company CO, Captain BUGNO, who had been lost on a patrol. Pfc. LOWNEY, his driver, suffered severely from the concussion and was evacuated. Lt. YANKE later received the D.S.C. posthumously for single-handedly stopping a Jerry breakthrough in that sector the preceding day.

* * * *



*The SILVER STAR **(POSTHUMOUS)** is awarded to HAROLD BUGNO, O 128 802, Captain, Infantry, Company K, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for gallantry in action on 24-25 January 1945 near Neubourg, France. Cut off from the Infantry Company on his right, and without communications to the rear, Captain Bugno, under a heavy concentration of enemy artillery and mortar fire, directed his men to a more favorable position from which to fire upon the enemy. Though outnumbered, Captain Bugno continued to maintain pressure upon the enemy for a period of six hours when he became a casualty. As a result of his courageous action, Captain Bugno contained a strong enemy force, limiting its penetration of friendly lines, and eventually enabling his company to repel the enemy. Entered military service from Scranton, Pennsylvania.
[photos provided by the brother of Harold Bugno]*



*The DISTINGUISHED-SERVICE CROSS for extraordinary heroism in action is awarded **POSTHUMOUSLY** to OTTO H. YANKE, O1 081 588, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, Company "M", 222nd Infantry Regiment, for extraordinary heroism in action on 24 January 1945, near Neubourg, France. When the right sector of the battalion front was subjected to a fierce enemy counterattack, Lieutenant Yanke, in command of a platoon of heavy machine guns, braved an intense artillery and mortar barrage to make a reconnaissance of the situation. He then returned to his platoon's position and personally manned one of his machine guns. Waiting until the enemy was almost upon him, he opened fire with devastating effect, inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy and breaking up the attack. As a result of his heroic action a major breakthrough by the enemy was averted. Lieutenant Yanke was later fatally wounded in action, but his extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty remain as a lasting inspiration to the men of his regiment.*

[photo provided by the family of Lt. Yanke]

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The Second Section of the Mortar Platoon which was located in the town had its communication wires cut only one time in the first five minutes, although the CP was hit three times by artillery fire. After the wires were repaired, they remained intact throughout the fight. This one phone was the only way by which the Battalion CO could communicate with his commanders at the front. Men of the Section ran messages to the various units and back to the phone again and again, throughout the night.

Sgt. George REID, Reconnaissance Sergeant, was wounded by shrapnel in the vicinity of the Company CP in Dauendorf on 24 January. Pfc. Willie B. JOHNSON was very seriously wounded by shell fragments from a round that landed very close to him at the First Platoon CP at Neubourg. Pfc. Roland R. MEHARG was accidentally wounded when he shot himself in the foot with a faulty .45 pistol. Pfc. Paul P. FARRELL of the First HMG Platoon and S/Sgt. Richard C. SMITH, Pfc. James P. KEHOE, Pfc. Harry BERG, Sgt. Clifton YOUNG, Pfc. Eugene WHITTAKER and Pfc. Marvin THOMPSON, all of the Second HMG Platoon, were also wounded in the action in and around Neubourg.

On the morning of the 25th, a battalion of the 79th Division moved up to reinforce us, while the battalions of the 232nd Infantry dug in 2000 yards to the rear of the MLR in case of a breakthrough. The 79th moved up with three tanks and eventually drove the enemy out of his right flank penetrations, but not without a large number of casualties.

The worst characteristic of this battle was that at least for the first 24 hours, we had no artillery support whatsoever, while the enemy had a maximum amount of artillery employed. Both the 50 and 81 mm mortars helped, but could not begin to compare with heavy artillery and our ammunition supply was limited besides.

By evening of the 25th, Jerry had given up in his attempts to crack the line and had settled down to sporadic bursts of artillery fire. At the time, elements of the 101st Airborne Division (still in bad shape from the Battle of Bastogne) started to relieve us. By morning, all units had been replaced so we drove off to the rear hoping for a good rest with a bed to sleep on.

“Task Force LINDEN” was the name under which the combination of our three regiments had been online up until this time. Brig. Gen. LINDEN, Assistant Division Commander, had been in command.

At this time, we were to join the Division artillery, which had just come over, and reorganize the Division under one command. There, at Einville, France, near Nancy, where we stayed, Pfc.s and T/Sgts received commissions and ratings. 1st Sgt. HAMMER and T/Sgt. ATKINSON returned to the Company as 2nd Lt.s and T/Sgt. WOOD and S/Sgt. KALBFELL went to the rear to receive bars. All units carried out a training program.

It was at Einville that the Bn. CO, Lt. Col. NIBLOCK spoke to M Company, explaining just what had happened, there at Neubourg. Seven hundred Germans were known to have been killed and M Company was given credit for saving the town and preventing a major breakthrough.

It was also at Einville that the regiments were assembled, and Major General COLLINS and Col. LUONGO addressed the men. At that time, Combat Infantryman’s badges were awarded, the remaining men were congratulated and new replacements were welcomed.

There, too, our CO, Capt. DAVIS left the Company to become the Bn. S-3, leaving Lt. SOUTHWICK in command. He returned to the Company sometime later before we began the attack.

While we were there, Pfc. FINLEY, Second Platoon Medic, was accidentally shot by a buddy with a Thompson sub-machine gun.

On February 16, we moved to the vicinity of Wingen, France and relieved units of the 45th Infantry Division. Badly needed replacements arrived there and went into the line immediately. For awhile, more casualties were coming in from accidents than from enemy action. Twin brothers, Paul and Richard MURPHY joined us there and two weeks later Paul accidentally shot Richard. Pfc. Guy MATHIS had previously been wounded at Neubourg and on the 28th of February, he returned from the hospital. Eight days later, he accidentally shot himself through his hand with a .45 pistol. S/Sgt. McARTHUR was selected to receive a battlefield commission there and went to the rear to receive his bars at the end of February.

On the 12th of March, the 222nd Infantry changed positions with the 242nd Infantry, which had been in Division reserve, leaving the 232nd and 242nd on the line. Although our mortars and artillery fired far more than the enemy’s in a “war of nerves” effort to obtain prisoners, many of our men were jittery and only too anxious to leave their comparatively comfortable foxholes when the time came. For the next two days we prepared to attack over the rugged Harz Mountains terrain. We learned how to pack mules and checked equipment. On the night of the 15th March we moved up behind the 232nd and the next day attacked through their lines. The resistance was light and spotty after a while but the march was back-breaking. M Company’s weapons were really heavy. The next morning Pfc. KAROLONEK and Pfc. George HUBER were hit by artillery shrapnel and were evacuated.

On the afternoon of the 18th, we crossed the German border among the first units of the Sixth Corps to do so and entered the town of SCHONAU, where we were met by our Company vehicles. We had mail call on this

march, the best morale builder possible. As we settled down for the night, rounds from far distant German guns began to come in. Not many rounds were fired, comparatively, but it was a treacherous type of fire. It couldn't easily be heard until too late. It was at SCHONAU, that Tec 5 "Doc" APPLEBY was killed by one of those rounds. The first night there a round hit the CO CP and the concussion knocked out the CO, Capt. DAVIS. The Capt. was on his feet again, shortly but the Communication Sergeant, Sgt. SCHOENIKE was hit by some shrapnel from the same round and was evacuated.

On the 20th we were replaced, moving from SCHONAU to a hill overlooking the SIEGFRIED LINE. The next day we sat by our holes and watched our P-47s bomb and strafe German defenses. That night, we shoved off and after meeting very light resistance, arrived at our objective outside ERFWEILER on the 23rd of March with the SIEGFRIED LINE behind us. There we remained in reserve, training and reorganizing, until the 31st of March. On that day, we moved forward again, still in reserve. We crossed the RHINE at WORMS under cover of artificial fog and finally stopped that night at MILTENBERG. On Easter Day we had a scare by jet fighters of the supposedly extinct Luftwaffe. We moved out, meeting no resistance and arrived at MADELHOFEN, five miles from WÜRZBERG, the next noon.

At 4 a.m. on the 3rd of April, we moved toward the big town on foot, entering at about 8 a.m. and settling down on the outskirts as the fighting passed on. In WÜRZBERG we took all sorts of prisoners and large numbers of them. Everything from women snipers to old men. Thousands of slave laborers were liberated, most of them, French. Their camp was not hit by bombs, but the whole center of town had been destroyed. The city was soon under control and the Third Battalion was put on security duty guarding important factories and warehouses.

At the same time, our TDs and artillery pounded the German positions 1000 yards away so occasionally we were subject to 20mm and 88mm fire. On the 9th we moved to KÜRNBAACH, where we remained in reserve guarding the Division CP.

From there we moved to SOMMERSDORF, a short way from SCHWEINFURT. This big city, which was our next objective, was the scene of one of the worst defeats in the history of the Army Air Corps. On one raid over the great ball-bearing center, 65 of our B-17s had been shot down, almost entirely by 88-mm ack-ack fire.

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42nd "Rainbow" Division Commanding General, Major General Harry J. Collins presents Nazi flag captured at Schweinfurt, Germany to members of the 42nd Bomb Wing (1st Tactical Air Force) of the 9th Air Force that gave air support during the fighting for the city, "In appreciation of your assistance in the capturing of Schweinfurt 11 April 1945". This flag is in the keeping of the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. Photo is from the files of former Rainbow Archivist, J. William Keithan. The June 2014 issue of REVEILLE at <rainbowvets.org> has more history of the flags captured at Schweinfurt, Germany -



[Rainbow Reveille June 2014 pages 1 - 8.pdf](#)
rainbowvets.org

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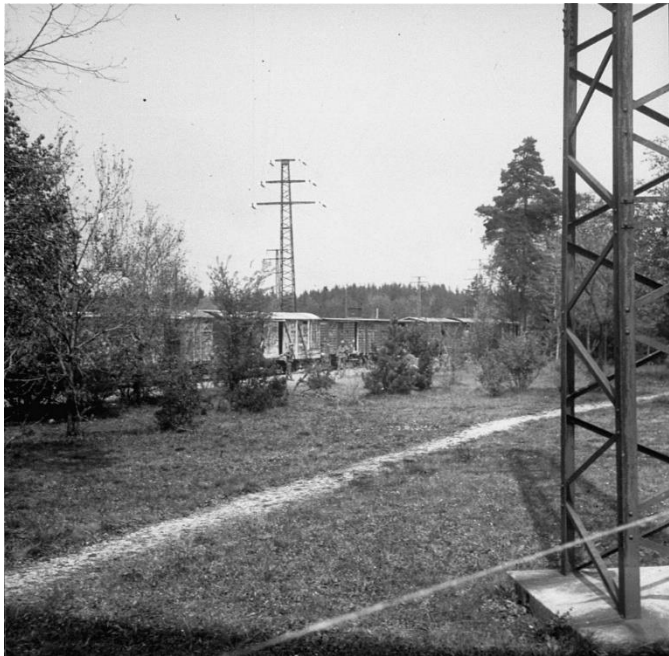
When we arrived in SOMMERSDORF, SCHWEINFURT was getting a workover by our P-47s. Heavy flak was thrown at them but none were lost. The next morning, the 11th, B-25s hit the town and after that, we moved in meeting little opposition. However, as the vehicles moved up they were subjected to a short artillery barrage. The next day our heavy weapons were left behind as we crossed the town from west to east, clearing buildings. Here in SCHWEINFURT, Ernest WEISMAN was accidentally shot by a buddy with a captured pistol, and evacuated.

On the 14th we left, stopped that night at RUDENHAUSEN in reserve and received a half dozen replacements and old men who had returned from the hospital. The next day, light but determined resistance was met at GUTENSTETTEN, where an MLR was set up by MIKE's machine guns. The Mortar Platoon shelled the enemy positions and also laid an effective smokescreen before the enemy positions. At this time, while our forces attacked, two p-51s with U.S. insignia, came over from the enemy side, circled the rear and pointed their noses toward the scene of battle. The two planes strafed and each dropped a bomb into the smoke screen. As yet nobody knows if they had U.S. or German pilots. The resistance finally cracked and we moved out in pursuit of the retreating enemy forces, spending the night at EBORSBACH. From there we moved to STEINBACH; then to UNTERFARRENBACH.

We moved out on foot early the next morning, the 18th, to attack FÜRTH. By late afternoon advance units had reached the MAIN RIVER which runs through the center of town. Both machine gun platoons fired covering fire across the MAIN and greatly assisted the riflemen in the crossing. Because of the extraordinarily heavy sniper fire encountered, all civilians from one district were ordered to assemble. They were taken to a big enclosure where they were guarded the whole night by the Mortar Platoon and the Third Battalion Rangers. While the 42nd Division attacked, FÜRTH the 4th and 45th Divisions had circled around and closed the trap, which cut off NURNBERG as well as FÜRTH. For that reason, thousands of prisoners were taken and the town was soon captured. That night, M Company patrolled the still-burning streets in jeeps while the rest of the battalion guarded the various installments. During the attack, Pfc. CODY was accidentally wounded with a captured pistol.

On April 20th, we moved out, advancing slowly for five days but moving almost constantly, after which we settled down in reserve at ITZING until the 27th. Early that morning we pulled out, crossing the DANUBE at dawn and digging in at an assembly area. It was at this location that an unfortunate tragedy had occurred the night before. The bridge had been constantly attacked by German planes so for that reason, heavy ack-ack was concentrated there. They had by mistake shot down two protecting P-61s as they swooped low over the bridge.

From there, we moved out on foot, crossed the LECH RIVER and passed through RAIN, Germany following the attacking battalions. From there we proceeded to clear woods not covered by the fast-moving forward elements.



On the 30th we stopped at DACHAU, site of the infamous German concentration camp, which was indescribable. It was there that railroad cars containing dead victims were used as road blocks against our advancing armor.

*View of the
Dachau Death Train
1945 April 29 - 1945 April 30
Photograph 10300
Copyright United States Holocaust Memorial Museum
Provenance: Ray F. Boedecker*

That same day we left for MUNICH, still in reserve. At this town large numbers of overjoyed American and British soldiers were freed. That night we stayed in the city until 2am, when we pulled out, leaving the Third Mortar Section to guard some P.W.s taken the preceding day. We moved slowly across MUNICH, collecting prisoners and awaiting further orders without meeting any resistance.

From the first to the seventh of May, we moved ahead, passing through PEIDERLING, GARFING, PFAFFING, VIEHSEN and OBER WELDBACH, where we were on V-E Day, May 7th but still we continued to advance, collecting prisoners along the way.

As was to be expected, V-E Day not only marked the end of the war but also the start of the Rainbow traditional training program, now in preparation for the Pacific. On the 8th we moved to WASCHN, where we

remained until the 12th, on which day we crossed the AUSTRIAN border into the TYROL section of that country. We remained there at a small town called MUNSTER until the 21st, training, guarding a jet engine plant, running a road block and getting our first taste of occupation duty. In true Betsy Ross fashion, several members of the First Platoon made an American Flag to raise over the town and as Retreat sounded for the first time over MUNSTER on a bugle borrowed from the Burgomeister, we had a new pride in Old Glory. By this time, the Company had taken almost 2,000 prisoners.

On the 21st we moved back into BAVARIA, in GERMANY, where we settled down at DURNBACH. We trained, screened civilians and manned guard posts until we moved to OSTER-WARNGAU, a short distance away, where our first men were redeployed. TSgt. RAY, SSgt. KLIMCZYK and Sgt. FRICKE, all 100 pointers. There we carried on the usual Occupation duties until the 9th of June, when we moved back into AUSTRIA. We were then stationed at ACHENKIRCH, from which area, more men left for the States. We took over there from the 103rd Division which also sent us some replacements before leaving the Theater. On July 9th, we left our job of screening and patrolling to French Occupation troops who were taking over that sector.

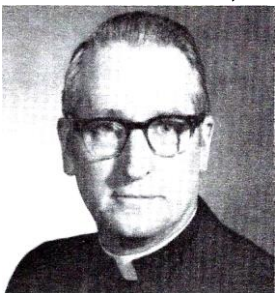
From ACHENKIRCH, we moved to NEIDERALM, just outside of SALZBERG, expecting to be deployed in the Rainbow's Zone of Occupation. We didn't know that we would have to remain there until the 27th of August. While there we trained more than ever, in spite of the ending of the Pacific War, pulled a little guard and prepared our equipment for the impending move to VIENNA.

The big town seemed to be the answer to a poor Occupation soldier's prayer. We were to guard only our own billets and just lead a leisurely life in general (we were told). We had five large movie houses and numerous theaters and operas. Red Cross clubs, ice cream parlors and night clubs were opened, truly the city of wine, women and song. However, as more entertainment became available, less time was to be had in which to take advantage of it. From the beginning, guard became worse and worse until men were pulling four hours on and twelve to sixteen hours off. Redeployment got into full swing during the last months of '45, with that and guard being the main topics for thought and discussion. Some ten men joined the Regular Army and several applied for ET civilian jobs at this time. New life was injected into the Company when about 75 men in several groups joined the Rainbow early in October from Company M, 262nd Infantry, of the 66th Division. The Panthermen were at MARSEILLES staging troops for the PACIFIC and preparing to go themselves when the war ended and so pulled Occupation duty for the first time in VIENNA. As more high-pointers went home, Panthers became more plentiful than Rainbows. In the early part of January, when we heard that we were to leave VIENNA, most of the Company were ready to go, because of the terrific amount of guard.

On the 25th of January 1946, we left VIENNA, arriving in LINZ on the morning of the 26th. At that time, most of the men would rather have been in VIENNA because of the wonderful facilities for everything there. In LINZ, not so much guard was pulled, and most of the men had their nights free. However, there was practically nothing to do when there was free time.

Another group of men were redeployed from there, and on February 21st, the Company moved to LAMBACH, about ten miles from WELS, to relieve the 83rd Division which was sent to the STATES, and left the 42nd the only Division occupying AUSTRIA. After a short stay there, the Company was shifted back to LINZ again.

As the final shipments of men left under the point system, and the length of service requirement was lowered, few original Rainbow or Panther men remained. A few Stateside rookies were assigned but rumors persisted that the Division would soon leave AUSTRIA to the Austrians and return to the Forty-Eight. Hoping that will soon be the case, we close this history of MIGHTY MIKE.



[Ed. Father Robert F. Weiss, SJ 1924-2016, served in the 42nd (Rainbow) Division of the U.S. Army from 1943 to 1946, and was First Sergeant of Company M, 222nd Infantry Regiment. He was awarded the Bronze Star, the Combat Infantryman's Badge and two battle stars for his service in the European Theater.

After the war, he entered the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits) in 1946. In 1991 he served as President of the Rainbow Division Veterans Association (RDVA). His complete obituary may be read here, <https://dignitymemorial.com/obituaries/saint-louis-mo/robert-weiss-6964632>

A Fateful Day, One War Reporter, and the Men of the Rainbow Division

Margot Clark-Junkins



I ran my fingers over the finely stitched embroidery, wondering what this small rainbow-colored patch meant to my grandfather. He had stuffed it in an envelope with a handful of other patches. The envelope was inside a file, one of many relating to WWII. After his death in the 1990's, my mother had tried to get the rest of the family interested in my grandfather's papers. Now, during the isolation brought on by the pandemic in early 2020, it was finally the perfect moment.

Sidney A. Olson had been a TIME/LIFE reporter during the war. We didn't know how long he had been overseas, nor did we know *where* he had gone in Europe. The typed pages we kept finding in the files were dispatches, we felt sure...the corners gone velvety with age. We knew he would have cabled these dispatches back to Time Inc. in New York. We planned to put them all in order and read them carefully in an effort to understand exactly what had happened to him so many years ago.

My grandfather had belonged to that vaunted group of Americans known as the "Greatest Generation." His parents were Swedish immigrants who had worked hard to make a nice life for their three boys in Salt Lake City. Olson came of age in the Depression; he dropped out of college and struggled to find work. In 1934, he moved to Washington, D.C. and managed to land a small job at the *Washington Post*. He put himself forward at every opportunity and was rewarded: within three years, he became White House correspondent.

In 1939, he was recruited by Henry Luce, the founder of *TIME* and *LIFE*. In late 1944, Olson was accredited by SHAEF—Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force—as a war correspondent. He and several hundred other journalists applied for and received special permission to go overseas, signing forms which allowed their writing to be censored by the military. By Christmas, he was in London.

From January to June, 1945, Olson cabled his dispatches from wherever he happened to be inside the European Theater of Operations back to New York. His reports highlighted the expertise of the U.S. military and the resiliency, bravery and kindness demonstrated by American men and women in uniform. He also detailed the scope of human suffering and provided glimpses of Man's propensity for violence.

As the front moved, so did my grandfather. He bounced from one division to another, always looking for "the story," describing the tumult and the boredom and the discomfort along the way. After reading all his dispatches, we realized two things: We were sitting on a trove of eyewitness material and, with a few exceptions, much of Olson's reporting had never been published. There are passages about the death of cities, of generals, of hope. He witnessed some awful things. In one dispatch, he crouched next to a dead soldier in a trench on a frozen battlefield in Holland; in another, he documented a lethal stand-off between two tanks in Cologne. He noted the destitute refugees streaming along the roadsides, and the civilians who lived amid the rubble of once-prosperous towns and cities. Olson's account of the liberation of Dachau concentration camp was the most disturbing by far.

The family had always known dimly that Olson had written "a piece about Dachau" for TIME. We knew little else. We read his 18-page dispatch about Dachau with horror and surprise. He had never, not once, described that fateful day—April 29, 1945.



We needed context. We pored over articles, memoirs, oral histories and history books in which veterans, correspondents and Holocaust survivors shared their experiences about Dachau and its liberation. There were many astonishing accounts shared by veterans of the 42nd Infantry, or “Rainbow,” Division, published in Sam Dann’s *Dachau 29 April 1945: The Rainbow Liberation Memoirs*. We even had the privilege of speaking by telephone with two veterans who were at Dachau on the same day (though not at the same time) as Olson: Hilbert Margol, 392nd Field Artillery Battalion, 42nd Infantry Division, and Dan Dougherty, C Company, 157th Regiment, 45th Infantry Division. [Thank you, gentlemen, for sharing your recollections of a difficult day.]

Now we know a lot more about what happened to my grandfather on April 29, 1945. Word of Dachau’s existence reached General Henning Linden, Assistant Division Commander of the 42nd Division. He sent Lt. Col. Donald E. Downard, the commanding officer of 2nd Battalion, 222nd Regiment, 42nd Infantry Division, to check out the situation with a few of his men. It was at this point that Olson asked for a photographer to accompany him. According to his dispatch, he followed Downard and his men and a 692nd tank destroyer through the town of Dachau. Somehow they all knew that I Company, 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division, was already on its way to, or was at, Dachau concentration camp.

Colonel Downard jumped up in the freight car and lifted the skinny thing out to us. The only way you could tell he was any more alive than the dead was that he could still move slightly. He could not even smile. But he was semiconscious and we wrapped him in blankets and put him in a jeep, and Colonel Downard drove him back to a field hospital. From the patch with the capital letter P on his coat we knew he was a Pole. He weighed about 80 pounds, but was fairly tall. He was wearing only a short coat. We went on alone to the great gate of the prison with the swastika over the arch through which so many thousands have passed since this camp was first planned in June 1933.

—Sidney Olson, original dispatch
dated April 29, 1945
© Private Collection

Olson was with Downard as they walked along the railway tracks, passing one boxcar after another filled with dead bodies. He heard someone call out that a survivor had been spotted. A skeletal man was gently lifted from among the dead bodies and brought over to a jeep. As this dramatic scene played out, Pfc. William R. “Hap” Hazard, staff photographer for the *Rainbow Reveille*, took photographs, one of which was included in Sam Dann’s book. In Dann (p. 83), Hazard mentions Olson: “Sid Olson joined me just after the picture was shot.”

I stared hard at Hazard’s photo, realizing that there might be more photos from that roll of film. If so, it seemed plausible that Olson might be in one of the shots. Following a hunch, I “googled” Hazard’s name. After a few strategic “clicks” on my laptop, to my great astonishment, my grandfather’s face appeared on the screen. The survivor can be seen in the foreground, cradled in an unidentified soldier’s arms. Olson stands in the background, his glasses shining as he speaks urgently with two men with white bundles under their arms, possibly members of the International Prisoners Committee.

For the first time, my grandfather’s story seemed terribly real to me. I had been to Dachau as a college student but got no sense of him there. Now I felt a wave of concern wash over me. I felt so sad for him. This was the beginning of the worst afternoon of his life.

What was he thinking at that moment? And what did he think days and years later?

Olson toured the camp with General Linden and several other correspondents, including *Stars & Stripes* reporter Sgt. Scott Corbett, who quoted Olson in a letter to his wife two days later. Linden’s account of that day also mentions Olson by name.

At one point, while touring part of the vast camp, Olson joined up with two soldiers from the 42nd, undoubtedly as a safety measure since correspondents were not supposed to carry their own weapons. Shots were still being fired as guards were being chased by prisoners and, once caught, beaten to death.

As the afternoon light faded, Olson ran for his life as Germans began shelling the camp. He and the others jeeped back to 15th Corps HQ in total darkness, badly shaken by what they had witnessed. Olson typed up an 18-page dispatch in which he mentioned having been inside Dachau with correspondents Marguerite Higgins, Peter Furst, Walter Ridder, and Howard Cowan. He indicated to his editors in New York that his

dispatch would be flown by courier plane “far back to press camp.” And then, as if marveling over the mundanity of his once-normal life, he concluded his report with the words “Today (April 30th) incidentally is my birthday.”

A portion of Olson’s dispatch was published in TIME Magazine on May 7th, 1945 and some was published in LIFE Magazine a week later, on May 14th. Some of it was never published. All will be included in our forthcoming book, to be published by Rowman & Littlefield in 2024. It is gratifying to know that Olson’s informative and profoundly moving dispatches will soon be available in schools and libraries to inform future generations.

After many years and much careful study, we finally understand the scope of Olson’s wartime experiences. We also understand that on April 29th, 1945, the men of the Rainbow Division helped him carry out his duty to document a vitally important story.

Photo one Olson’s Rainbow Division Patch
(Photo Credit: Private Collection)

Photo two Olson’s Certificate of Identity, War Department, Dec. 1944
(Photo Credit: Private Collection)

Photo three Sidney A. Olson, London, Dec. 1944
(Photo Credit: Private Collection)

All photos are contributed by Margot Clark-Junkins.

Margot Clark-Junkins lives in coastal CT. She holds a graduate degree in Curatorial Studies and inherited her grandfather’s love for research and writing.



To view the above-referenced photo by Combat Photographer, Sgt. William R. Hazard, as printed in the book, *42nd “Rainbow” Infantry Division History World War II* (Daly, 1946) it is found on page 104 and is online at <https://archive.org/details/42ndRainbowInfantryDivisionACombatHistoryOfWorldWarIi/mode/1up>

Ted Parker: A Little Bit of Luck

by Emily Marcason-Tolmie

To all those honorable men and women that served this great nation in the military and that continue to serve: Thank you. In honor of Veterans Day, the following article is the story of World War II 42nd Rainbow Veteran Ted Parker.

I conducted this interview in July 2010.

Ted Parker doesn’t look his age, which even he joked about. “I sometimes think I must be too young to have served in the Big War, and then I look in the mirror and see these wrinkles and I think to myself, yup, you are 84,” he said with an easy laugh. Ted, a retired CPA and resident of Roseville, CA,

likes to talk politics and says he is most comfortable wearing just what he has on at Friday’s National 42nd Rainbow Reunion Luncheon in New Orleans: khaki shorts and a Hawaiian style shirt. He also doesn’t mind talking about his time spent in the 42nd Rainbow Division as an 18-year-old kid just out of high school.

“I found myself far away from home very quickly,” Ted said as he sips on his ice tea. “I went over to Europe as a private first class, but I soon found myself as a staff sergeant. It seemed like it happened over night, but when I look back at it now, I realize it was probably because guys were dying so quickly.”



The New Guy

Ted was the newest guy in the 222nd Company F and that meant he was volunteered for missions, rather than being given the choice. “They gave me a Thompson machine gun and told me I was in the Rangers,” he said. “I was 18 and my first job was to capture a bridge in Wurzburg, Germany. We had to capture and then protect the bridge from Germans.” Ted said he remembered the bridge looking grand, even in the dark, with the town near the bridge still smoking from the bombing it had received three days prior. “It looked like something out of a movie. The gray sky, the town, the bridge had two lions at its entrance on either side of it.” Ted wasn’t able to admire his surroundings for long. “They gave me a pair of wire cutters and me and another guy had to cut wires on the bridge in case the Germans had rigged it to blow up,” he said. They didn’t find any bombs, but they did find a swastika under one of the lions. In German it read: We fight until death. “When you are sitting there with a wire cutter in your hand, that doesn’t make you feel good.”

Soon, the group of volunteer Rangers came under attack. They were led by a man named Dixon Rogers, a West Point graduate who would later receive the Silver Star for his actions that day. “He somehow found a boat under the bridge and we surprised the Germans on the other side of the river.” In just a few hours there were only three men left in the Rangers. “We were fighting Germans that were young and old, but not talented soldiers really. But, I guess their passion made up for that.”

Later that day, Ted’s actions would earn him the Bronze Star. He is humble about the award. “It was nothing, just another day,” he said with a wave of his hand. “All I really know is that I was scared to death all the time,” Ted said. “That is how I survived, I guess. I lived off my fear.”

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to THEODORE A. PARKER, 36 909 930, Private First Class, Infantry, Company F, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 2 April 1945, at Wurzburg, Germany. On the night previously to our assault on Wurzburg, Germany, Private Parker and seven comrades crossed the Main River to secure a position on the enemy-held side of the river. Advancing to a house in which he had heard noises, he entered alone and cleared the building of enemy soldiers with hand grenades and his sub-machine gun. By his outstanding courage and aggressiveness, Private Parker killed nine of the enemy and established a point for the leading elements of his battalion to strike for on the following day. Entered military service from Chicago, Illinois.

Dumb Luck

“I really think I am alive today because of dumb luck,” Ted said.

Not soon after he had escaped death in Wurzburg, Ted found himself entering a bomb shelter. “I was with another guy from my Company; his name was Hollowick and he was a butcher from New York City. We called him Pop because he was 25,” Ted said. They had seen two soldiers from Company G run into a bomb shelter. Ted and Pop ran in after them, carrying their Thompson machine guns. “There were civilians in there. They told us that the G soldiers had seen Germans run into the bomb shelter and had pursued them. I told Pop, this probably isn’t going to end well.”

Ted said he remembered that at the entrance of the bomb shelter there had been concrete. There were American GIs on either side of the street. Ted and Pop decided to back out of the bomb shelter and go for backup. As they neared the entrance Ted said a bullet from a German sniper hit the concrete and created a spark. “Then I saw white smoke,” Ted said. A German that had been hiding threw a ‘potato masher’, which Ted said was a type of grenade. “It landed dangerously close to me and Pop. Eventually, it blew and I fell backwards. I lost my gun.” Ted said that when he realized he wasn’t injured he quickly dodged for cover around a wall. “Imagine my surprise when I look up and see a German. I didn’t have a gun, I was on the ground, I was an easy target,” Ted said. “I thought I was a goner.” Instead, the German surrendered.

“Pop yelled to the officers across the street that we were sending a prisoner over. He managed to get across the street without any injuries. Then Pop and I decided to make a run for it. Pop was hit in the hand and he lost two fingers. I was running right behind him and I didn’t have a scrape on me. I still don’t know how it was that I was fine and Pop wasn’t. I still don’t understand how after that day so many of us didn’t go on to the next mission and yet, somehow and for some reason, I did.”

A Sad Ending

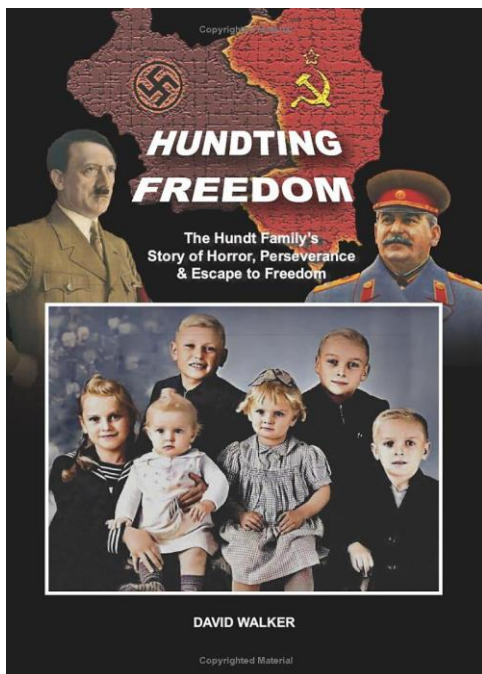
In May of 1945, after the war ended, some of the 42nd Rainbow soldiers were stationed in Vienna, Ted said. This was the case for Ted as part of the 222nd Company F. "Soldiers in the German Army were scattered throughout the mountains and many of them didn't even know that the war was over," Ted said. "My company went up to the mountains to try and find these soldiers. Each company split up and within each company guys were paired together and sent into the woods." Ted said that he and his fellow soldier came across a vacant farm house. "I remember we were taking a rest. It was two in the morning and it was May 8, 1945. We heard footsteps. We quickly get ourselves together; I mean our job was to capture Germans, so you can imagine our surprise when out of the dark a young German soldier appears. He could have killed us, easily," Ted said while slightly shaking his head at this concept. "Instead, thanks to my high school German class, I knew he shouted 'Don't shoot'."

Ted said they determined that this young German had deserted his army sometime during 1945. "We were both only 18," Ted said. "He was hungry. He told us that he only walked at night and that he was just trying to make his way home." Ted said he made the German soldier some eggs in the vacant farm house. While they ate together, Ted said that the German told him he was put into the army at the age of 16. "He looked at me and said that he was only a few kilometers away from home. I wish he had never told me that; knowing that made me feel bad about turning him in. But, I had to take him back with me because that was my job." He used a crank phone and called the base to report the German. In the morning, a jeep arrived at the farm house. "On the way to the base, the German pointed out his family's home to me. I think we would have been friends if we had had more time."

Meanwhile, already at the base was a Displaced Person (DP). "He was Polish and his whole family had been killed by German soldiers." The Polish DP had touched some American soldiers with his story and had convinced them to allow him to dress as an American soldier and transport a German prisoner. "He wanted his revenge I suppose," Ted said. The American soldiers gave the DP a jeep and a German soldier to transport. "It was my German, my German prisoner," Ted said. "That DP drove the German up to his house, and when he was just about to the front door, the DP shot him, killed him." Ted was quiet a moment. "That German soldier was killed right in front of his house. I guess that is what happens during war."

To learn more about Ted Parker, his personal narrative may be found here:

[Theodore A. Parker Collection | Library of Congress \(loc.gov\)](#)



HUNTING FREEDOM

by David Walker

This little volume, with many family photos, published in April 2023 is a true account of the Hundt family history from their roots in Germany to Elizabetpol, Ukraine (1870) to Poland in 1939, where the father of the family was drafted into the German Army, leaving his wife and children on their farm. In 1944, their horrific journey, ordered and carried out by the German army, began back to Germany to avoid the Russian army as it approached, separation of the young children from both parents for years and their struggles to survive not only the war but the brutal climate of postwar Germany.

In 1952 the Hundt family now with six children immigrated to the United States. This is their story, with concise historical background by David Walker, a son of Gertrud Hundt, one of the young children.

Many thanks for alerting us to this history to John J. Bobb, whose father, John A. Bobb served in the Rainbow Division as medic in Company A,

242nd Infantry Regiment and was taken prisoner by the Germans in January 1945. After his return to the USA he became a high school teacher and later, school principal. In 1961 he married Helga, a daughter of the Hundt family. This powerful story is available to purchase on Amazon.com

42nd Division Award



Division Best Unit Co. E, 108th Inf. L to R: Col. Woelfer; 1st Sgt. Rivera; Capt Yaple C.O.; Division Cmdr. M. G. Cudmore.



Division Best Soldier: L to R top: Capt. Yaple; 1st Sgt. Rivera; Bottom: Division Best Soldier, Sp. 4 Darvel Knauth, Co. E, 108th Inf.

ITHACA, NY — Soldiers of the 42nd Infantry Division's E Company 1st Battalion, 108th Infantry, met a living link with their past, Aug. 14, as the division's World War I and II veterans continued a tradition of honoring the division's outstanding combat unit annually.

Retired Col. Carlyle P. Woelfer, a veteran of World War II, Korea and Vietnam who served in the 42nd as a rifle company commander, presented the company with the Rainbow Division Veterans Association's Best Combat Unit award. Spec. Daniel Knauth, a member of the company, also won the veteran's award for best soldier in the division.

The veteran's group has made the awards annually since 1985.

Woelfer, one of the first Americans to liberate the Dachau Concentration Camp, charged today's Guardsmen with preserving the heritage of the division.

"We are the forerunners of the division, and we are very proud of the fact that our division has continued to serve our country as a combat division," Col. Woelfer said. "We represent the past. These awards represent the best of the future. You are our living memorial."

His last words to me on this subject were, "I hope that someday these will be placed on the Internet!" Jim passed "over the Rainbow" in 2017 and now, thanks to the Foundation, all carefully collected issues from his album have been professionally prepared to add to the new and larger RAINBOWVETS website, currently in planning stages. *Jim's photo is found on his find-a-grave.com page.*

REMARKS by COL (R) Carlyle Woelfer August 1993

"We represent the past. These awards represent the best of the future. You are our living memorial."

The article was published in the January 1994 issue of the Rainbow REVEILLE. While collecting and preparing the historical treasure of past issues for inclusion on the forthcoming new RDVF website, REVEILLE editor, Suellen McDaniel discovered another connection to salute. COL (R) Woelfer served as President of the RDVA in 1985-86; then-Captain, BG(R) Gary Yaple is now the RDVF Chairman.



TRIBUTE to a RAINBOWMAN PERSONIFIED

By Theodore A. "Ted" Johnson, Past National President, RDVA
Printed in the January 1997 issue of The Rainbow REVEILLE

Many World War I and World War II men have had a great influence on the creation and the perpetuation of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation. Jim McNicol would be the last one among them to want credit and acknowledgement for what he has done and is doing. His latest act of creating a Trust in which Rainbow will be one of the ultimate beneficiaries is but the latest in a long litany of deeds he gets credit for. He was there at the beginning working with Dan Glossbrenner (WWI veteran); he was there when the early formation of the Foundation floundered with expenses and he worked with Jim Jones to create a lottery which more than made up for initial deficits. He was the first to pick up the chalice when Dan proposed a WWII "Living Memorial" in Camp Gruber in Muskogee (Amphitheater). Idea after idea, initiative after initiative can be attributed to Jim's dedication to "MAKE RAINBOW LIVE," a phrase that he brought to us all. His deep respect for General Douglas MacArthur has been expressed in the MacArthur plaques he has sponsored, in work with the MacArthur Memorial Museum in Norfolk and General MacArthur's tomb, among many others. He joined with George Jackson to initiate the scholarship program that has become our joy for the present and our hope for the future of perpetuating the values and memories of Rainbow. THANK YOU, Jim!

From REVEILLE and RAINBOW TRAIL editor, Suellen McDaniel:

About 2015, Jim contacted me to ask if I had use for his collection of ALL the Camp Gruber, OK issues of their own version of the "Rainbow REVEILLE." It was an extraordinary and timely offer that allowed me to find and share much history of the time and the Division.



LOCAL HISTORY COMES ALIVE

For Students in HATTEN, France

12 May 2023

Contributed by Damien Bauer,
Historian, WWII Reenactor, Teacher

On 12 May, Damien led and participated in the teaching tour of several classes of students as they learned about the history of Hatten, FR through January 1945. He wrote,

“Celine Vix, teacher at the Woerth secondary school, took 4 classes of students to the village of Hatten, where the battles of World War II took place. Different themes were discussed: The genesis and the construction of the Maginot Line, the evacuation of the civilian population in September 1939, the fights of May – June 1940, the fights of January 1945 with the battle of Hatten – Rittershoffen. Thanks to all participants, to Serge Kraemer, Mayor of Hatten, to the casemate Esch of Hatten, to the shelter of Hatten.



“The bunker you see in the picture is located in Hatten itself. This bunker was called the "abri" and today it is a museum with the name "musée de l'abri". At that time it was used as a rear base for the French soldiers where inside there is a kitchen, doctor, dentist, hairdresser and big

dormitories. During the battle of January 45, the shelter was used as a refuge for many civilians and American soldiers because this bunker is located in the area of Hatten occupied by the Americans. The Germans occupied the east side of Hatten and the Americans the west side and this bunker is located in the west side.



*Thank you all for the history and good will you have shared for this issue!
For questions/comments or suggestions, please be in touch with the editor,*

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