



Vol. LXXVI

June, 1998

No. 5

Rainbow On-Line: www.rainbowvets.org

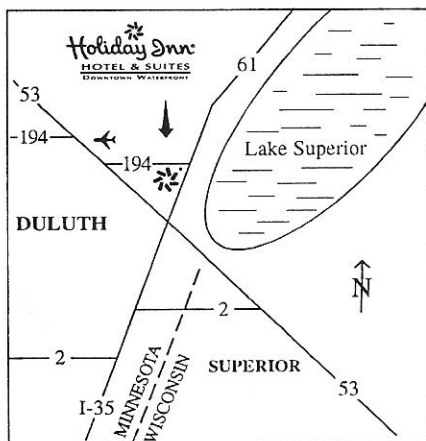
DREAMING OF DULUTH? July 8-11, 1998



The 1998 National Reunion will be held in Duluth, MN. If you have been dreaming of renewing old friendships and meeting some long lost buddies and have registered-fine!! If not, it's time to stop dreaming, wake up, and get your registration and hotel reservation in as fast as you can, time is fleeting but

Gorrection Mea Culpa!!

Your editor profusely apologizes for a major breach of omission in the April Reveille. In summarizing the names of VIPS present at the head table in Charlotte, the name of our dear friend and outstanding rainbower, President-Elect Dick Tisch and his charming wife Roseanne were, somehow deleted between the proof and the final printing. We humbly ask for forgiveness, and will be doing penance for a long, long time.



it is still not too late. We are not getting any younger and this could be our last chance to be with those with whom we shared the experience of a lifetime. The cutoff date for reservations is June 5th. Forms can be mailed or faxed to Duluth Convention and Visitors Bureau, 100 Lake Place Drive, Duluth, MN 55802. Rates are \$79.00/night plus 12.5% tax. Registration is \$40.00/person. Contact Don Samolinski - 715-675-6221 for information. The reunion program will be found on page 2 of this issue. We are looking forward to seeing you - the good Lord willing. Won't you give it a whirl?

Note: Tour deadline extended to June 1st.

Driving? I-35 goes north and goes past both hotels. Holiday Inn parking ramp has to be entered on First St. - one block west and immediately behind the Holiday park free. Airport shuttle van has a \$7.00 (seven dollar) charge.

Driving Directions from Major Arteries

Traveling NORTH on Hwy. 53. After crossing the bridge into Minnesota, follow I-35 North. Directions continued below.

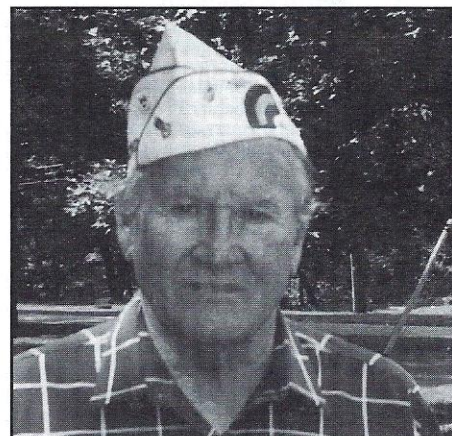
Traveling NORTH on I-35. proceed to Lake Avenue exit. Turn left on Lake Avenue. Proceed up the hill, turn left at First Street. Covered parking ramp entrance is 2 1/2 blocks down the left side of the street. Holiday Inn Hotel and Suites Parking.

Traveling EAST on Hwy 2. Hwy 2 will join I-35 North. Proceed North on I-35. Directions continued above.

Traveling SOUTH on Hwy 61. Follow I-35 South, proceed to Lake Avenue exit. Turn right on Lake Avenue. Proceed up the hill, turn left at First Street. Covered parking ramp entrance is 2 1/2 blocks down on the left side of the street. Holiday Inn Hotel and Suites Parking.

Traveling SOUTH on Hwy 53. Proceed on Hwy 194 (Central Entrance). Turn right at Mesaba Avenue. Exit 2nd Ave West. Turn right at First Street. Covered parking ramp entrance is the left side of the street. Holiday Inn Hotel and Suites Parking.

President's Report



Fellow Rainbower and Ladies:

As the old saying goes "where did the time go" I can certainly attest to the validity of that. It seem like it was just yesterday that I started on my Year as President of the RDVA.

In looking back over the last year I have such great feelings for all the wonderful people I have come in contact with and all the help I have received.

I believe that the keystone of my term has been gathering of facts regarding the possible inclusion of the 42nd. ANG into the RDVA. President-Elect Dick Tisch and I are meeting with the Chief of Staff, Col Joseph Taluto, at their headquarters in Troy, N.Y. later this month. I will report the results of this meeting and my recommendations at the annual meeting in Duluth.

As we get older we realize how important it is to have our hard won legacy carried on. I know that our children and grandchildren will tell our stories just as some of us tell about our forebears in the 1st world war. I believe that this can only be enhanced by the current and future members of the 42nd National Guard. They proudly wear the Rainbow patch made famous in the 2 greatest wars of the last century.

A group of approx. 100 Rainbow people will be traveling to France after the Duluth reunion to commemorate the 80th anniversary of the battle of Champagne. It should be a most memorable event.

My wife and I are looking forward to two more wonderful chapter meetings, the first one will be the Tri-State meeting in Wausau, WI and then the Eastern regional meeting at Valley Forge, PA. It promises to be a great finish to a great year.

This will be my last message as President of the RDVA and I want to thank you all for the great honor to have served you.

God Bless Rainbow
William T. Kenny

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

Official Publication of the
RAINBOW Division Veterans
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Three Oaks, MI 49128

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1998

9 a.m.-12 p.m.
9 a.m.-12 p.m.
Noon-5 p.m.
2 p.m.-5 p.m.
3 p.m.-4:30 p.m.

4:30-5:30 p.m.

4:00-7:00 p.m.

5:30 p.m.

8-10 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1998

9 a.m.-5 p.m.
8:30 a.m.-10:30 a.m.
10 a.m.-12 p.m.
10:30 a.m. - 12 p.m.
12-1 p.m.

1:30-2:30 p.m.

2:30-4 p.m.

2:30-4 p.m.

4:30-5:30 p.m.

4:15-5:30 p.m.

7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1998

7:30 a.m.
8 a.m.
8 a.m.
9 a.m.-5 p.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
9-11 a.m.
10:15-11:15 a.m.
11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.
2-5 p.m.
5-6:30 p.m.

7:00 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

5:30 p.m.

6:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1998

8-10 a.m.
9 a.m.-1 p.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
8-10 a.m.
9-10 a.m.
10-11:30 a.m.
1:30-4:30 p.m.
4:30-6:30 p.m.
4:30-5:30 p.m.

6:30-7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1998

Noon-5 p.m.
9 a.m.-Noon
2 p.m.-5 p.m.

3 p.m.

3 p.m.

3 p.m.

4-7 p.m.

8-10 p.m.

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2-5 p.m.

7 p.m.

6 p.m.

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9 a.m.-1 p.m.
9-10 a.m.
10-11:30 a.m.
1:30 p.m.
4:30-6:30 p.m.
6:30-7:30 p.m.
7:30 p.m.

42nd RAINBOW VETERANS AND AUXILIARY PROGRAMS

Auxiliary Bazaar Set-up
Memorial Foundation
Registration
Auxiliary Bazaar
Unit Meetings

222nd Chapter
232nd 1st Bn Chapter
2nd Bn Chapter
3rd Bn Chapter
242nd Chapter

232nd Auxiliary
242nd Auxiliary

Memorials Committee
Scholarship Committee
Co. L, 22nd Dinner
Early Bird Party

Registration
Executive Committee Meeting
Auxiliary Bazaar
Memorial Foundation Trustees
Past Presidents Luncheon
Luncheon Table reservations
Foundation Trustees Meeting
Joint Opening of Business Meeting
RDVA Business Session
Auxiliary Business Session
Chapter Secretaries Meeting
Memorial Foundation Audit
Entertainment "Kids from Wisconsin"

Co. G, 242nd Inf Breakfast
Wisconsin Chapter Breakfast
Auxiliary Presidents Breakfast
Registration
Banquet Table Reservations
Audit Committee
Resolutions Committee
Constitution & By-Laws Committee
Credentials Committee
Membership Committee
Auxiliary Bazaar
Memorial Foundation Budget
Luncheon
Auxiliary Bazaar
Artillery Chapter Meeting
Unit Banquets
222nd Banquet
232nd 2nd Bn Banquet
232nd 3rd Bn Banquet
242nd Inf Banquet

Banquet Table Assignments
Registration
Budget Committee
Time and Place Committee
Nominating Committee
Auxiliary Bazaar
Memorial Service
Closing Business Meeting
Memorial Foundation Trustees Mtg.
Church Services - Protestant
- Catholic
President's Reception and
Fellowship Hour (Cash Bar)
42nd Rainbow Division Banquet

Registration
Auxiliary Bazaar (Set-up)
Auxiliary Bazaar
Unit Meetings
222nd Inf Auxiliary Meeting
232nd Inf Auxiliary Meeting
242nd Inf Auxiliary Meeting
Scholarship Committee Meeting
Early Bird Party

PNAP (Dutch Treat) Breakfast
Auxiliary Bazaar
Registration
Auxiliary Executive Committee Mtg.
Luncheon Table Reservations
Memorial Foundation Trustees Mtg.
Joint Opening of Business Meeting
Auxiliary Business meeting
Memorial Foundation Audit Comm
Entertainment "Kids from Wisconsin"

Wisconsin Chapter Breakfast Meeting
Auxiliary Presidents Breakfast
Auxiliary Bazaar
Banquet Table Reservations
Registration
Auxiliary Chapter Secretaries Meeting
Memorial Foundation Budget Meeting
Luncheon
Auxiliary Bazaar
Unit Banquets
222nd Bn Chapter Banquet
232nd 2nd Bn Chapter Banquet
232nd 3rd Bn Chapter Banquet
242nd Bn Chapter Banquet

Banquet Table Assignments
Registration
Auxiliary Bazaar
Memorial Service
Closing Business Meeting
Memorial Foundation Trustees Meeting
President's Reception & Fellowship Hour (Cash Bar)
Rainbow Banquet

Holiday Inn - Lake Erie

Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie

Ballroom ON
Gooseberry 1
Gooseberry 2
Gooseberry 3
Ballroom LM
French River 1
French River 2
Split Rock 1
Split Rock 2
Viking Room, Radisson
Ballroom JKP, DECC

Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
St. Louis River
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
French River 2

Holiday Inn
St. Louis River
Ballroom JKP
Ballroom JKP
Ballroom ON
French River 1
French River 2
Auditorium, DECC

Holiday Inn, Mesabi Rm
Radisson - Viking Room

Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
Holiday Inn
French River 1
French River 2
Gooseberry Falls 1
Gooseberry Falls 2
Gooseberry Falls 3
Holiday Inn, Lake Erie
Split Rock 2
LS Ballroom, DECC
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
French River 1

Holiday Inn, Ballroom

Radisson, Viking Room

Holiday Inn
Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
Split Rock 1
Split Rock 2
St. Louis River
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
Auditorium, DECC
Ballroom JKP, DECC
St. Louis River
Split Rock 1
Split Rock 2

Ballroom, DECC
Ballroom, DECC

Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie

St. Louis River Room
French River 1
French River 2
Split Rock 2
Ballroom JKP, DECC

Holiday Inn - Tamarack Rm
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
French Room 1

French River 2
Lake Superior Ballroom
Lake Superior ON
French River 2
Auditorium DECC

Radisson, Viking Room

Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
Holiday Inn
Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
Split Rock 1
Split Rock 2
Lake Superior Ballroom
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie

Holiday Inn Ballroom

Radisson, Viking Room

Holiday Inn
Holiday Inn - Lake Ontario
Holiday Inn - Lake Erie
Auditorium, DECC
LS Ballroom, JKP
St. Louis River Room
Ballroom, DECC
Ballroom, DECC

Vol. LXXVI June 1998 No. 5

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

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and June for/by members of the Rainbow Division
Veterans Association.

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SEND DUES' REMITTANCE SHEETS AND

MEMORIAL FORMS TO: Herb Butt, 16916 Geo.
Franklyn Drive, Independence, MO 64055
Subscription \$10.00

Chaplain's Prayer

Almighty God, giver of all good things: this summer we in Rainbow will journey to beautiful Duluth, Minnesota, on the shores of Lake Superior. Once again we will see the awesome majesty and natural beauty of our country, which we see every summer, wherever we gather for reunion. It is a good country; it is a free country because in our day we fought to **keep** it so. May the people of our land never lose the resolve to keep the torch of liberty burning brightly, to show the world that only a nation Under God can truly be free and prosperous. Amen.

CH (COL) Norman P. Forde
USA, Ret. RDVA Chaplain

We Get Letters

Re: Gamsheim - Jan. Issue
Dear Ken:

My reaction to the article was "so that's where everybody else was!" There were several errors, from my viewpoint, that should be corrected. During that operation I was that platoon leader in Easy Co. 222 Inf. who was put in charge of the Company when the C.O. (George Carrol) went off to seek out the Bn. C.O. The canal was certainly fordable because it was frozen solid with ice!

I was the one who stood up in front of the tank and ordered it to cease firing into the backs of the troops who were sprawled out on the upward slope of the railroad embankment. You could see tracers pounding into the slope in a traversing action, too low.

Having taken my basic training in tanks, I knew that nobody inside a buttoned up tank could hear the beating on the hull or turret with rifle butts. It is too noisy inside with the engine running and all crewmen hooked up to an intercom with earphones on. We were trained to stand in front of the driver periscope to do just that without any danger of being hit by the tanks bow machine gun.

We stormed up and over the railroad embankment like a bunch of screaming Comanches and couldn't get into the railroad station because the door was locked. Shooting open the lock only works in the movies because we only mangled the lock and had to break down the door. From the attic of a house across the street we could see the German tanks lumbering towards us. That's when we got the order to withdraw.

My platoon sergeant (his name was Faulkner) and I personally escorted a captured German soldier (who was wounded in the leg) across that snowy open field under sporadic burp gun fire. I think that we were never hit because the enemy didn't want to risk felling one of their own men. I was

told later that the wounded POW was so grateful that we didn't shoot him (he could barely walk which slowed us down to a slow walk - sitting ducks), that he spilled his guts to the Intelligence about his unit's size, composition, etc.

Charles W. Livingston

Ken:

As to our Rainbow song, I noticed as we sing it that some of our members don't know all the words. I like it and I talked to Ted Johnson about a second verse to tell of our men of WW2. He thought it was a good idea. So I wrote a second verse as you can see in enclosed copy. Perhaps it could be passed around to see if our members like it.

Yours in Rainbow,
Bob Jecklin

There's A Rainbow In The Army

There's a Rainbow in the Army
Like the Rainbow in the sky
Shining brightly in all its glory
Of a past that will not die
Let our voices show in our hearts
We know that the new Rainbow
Will carry on, Hey!
We're the mighty 42nd
And our fathers fought like men
In the battles now before us
We will fight as they fought then
With our chins up high
We will win or die
For the Rainbow in the Army
For the Rainbow in the sky

Now the Rainbow is shining brighter
For the brave men now at rest
Who fought the battles now behind us
As they truly met the test
Again our voices show in our hearts
We know of our bravest men
So long ago, Hey
Now the memories of our Rainbow

When our Buddies fought like men
They drove the enemy fast before us
To their home land once again
With our heads held high
We have fought and died
For the Rainbow in the Army
For the Rainbow in the sky!

2nd Verse B.J. 96

To: Mr. Kenneth H. Carpenter, Editor

In 1945, Mrs. Elsa Heemstra was passing through Linz, Austria on a refugee train heading for Budapest, Hungary. Three men from the Rainbow Division were assigned as their guards. One (1) Sgt., she doesn't remember his name and two PFC. Pubbi and Cox she doesn't know their first names. She would like to locate them to thank them for watching over and protecting them on their journey home. Anyone remembering or knowing these people please contact her or notify the soldiers with her address.

Mrs. Elsa Heemstra
59 Murray St.
Grand Rapids, MI 49548-3159

Yours in Rainbow,
Wilbur R. Miller
6801-82nd Street SW
Lakewood, WA 98499-2023

Hugo E. Grimm:

I thought you might like to know of my contact with General MacArthur in 1951 when he was relieved of his command by President Truman.

I was selected to be one of his Honor Guards, when he arrived at the San Francisco airport, which I was glad to be as a former 42nd division soldier.

For the record and the Memorial Foundation I would like to have it known that the General was represented by the 42nd Division on his return to the U.S.

Arthur L. Hall
Co. C/22nd Inf 1944-45

Editor's Work Is Never Done!



*Your editor interviewing Rainbow Ladies at Charlotte.
Tough Job - but somebody has to do it!*

Tribulationsa Of A Rifleman/Platoon Runner Bill Clayton/E-222nd Infantry (Continued from April Issue)

The next thing I recall is being out of town and withdrawing across an open field while under heavy automatic weapons and shell fire. Somebody shoved an enemy prisoner on me and said not to shoot him; get him back for questioning. My prisoner looked to be about 16 (I was 19). He had been hit on the right arm which dangled at his side, but he kept his left hand up behind his head. I kept prodding him and yelling "Schnell." He got my message and moved as fast as he could. He was slowing me down and I was tempted to shoot him. I'm glad that I didn't. I got my prisoner back to the canal and somebody took the prisoner off my hands. A line of defense was being formed. I fell into line; everyone was wet and cold. There was no time to dig in and nothing to dig with. So we just lay there waiting for the enemy to follow up. All he did was probe our line with feeler patrols which withdrew when fired upon. We were totally spent, the enemy could have walked over us, but he didn't press his advantage, or perhaps he was also spent from a very intense day of battle. I heard, later, that the enemy thought we were spearhead of a large force.

After some time on the line, I fell asleep from exhaustion. When I awoke, I found that I have been leaking urine and my long john underwear was frozen to my body. Moving was very painful and I was told to go to the rear. A makeshift Company HQ had been set up in a farmhouse where I was able to get near a fire and get my clothes off. While removing my gear, I found a bullet hole in my canteen. Good Grief! I was almost shot in the tail; that would have been an unromantic scar to explain in later years. One of the guys in the mess crew brought some lard which I applied to the chapped area (now red raw and tender). As I warmed up my fingers began aching badly; they were frost-bitten. There was a series of water buckets set up in the C.P. Starting with ice cold and working your way up to warm, leaving the hand in each bucket five minutes or so. It seemed I had lost my gloves when the action started - I couldn't load and fire with my gloves on.

First Sgt. Howard Snow came over and inquired about my well being, and gave me a couple of blankets and told me to sack out. All during training at Camp Gruber, and up until this

time, Sgt. Snow had been all business, keeping apart from the riflemen. Now, he was like a concerned mother hen about her flock. The farmhouse had an attached barn where I found a cozy corner and sacked out. I have no idea how long I slept until someone awakened me. I was covered with debris; it seems our building had been shelled but it didn't awaken me. I got out of the sack with some difficulty - my neck and back hurt no matter which way I moved. We were being relieved and moving out. I could not support the weight of my helmet on my head nor carry my rifle. PFC Bob Crownover carried my rifle in addition to his own BAR, but at least I was able to walk out with what was left of Company E.

On January 6, 1945 at Gambsheim, France, Company E, 222nd Regiment received its baptism of fire. Without artillery or armor support, and without proper weapons to destroy enemy armor, we attacked the enemy. We got our asses kicked, losing over half the company. It was a strange tactic to say the least. (The VI Corp commander, General Brooks, still considered the enemy to be only a small patrol). What was left of Company E went into 2nd BN. reserve to recover and lick our wounds. I went to the Regimental Aid Station and was told that my back was one big bruise. Some kind of ointment was applied and I was bandaged and taped from my waist to my armpits, and returned to duty; nobody who could walk was to be evacuated. Fortunately, my urine drip lasted only a few days; I made pads out of G.I. socks to absorb the wetness.

I returned to Company E and a day or so later our 2nd Bn. Commander, Major Donald Downard paid us a visit. He brought his officer's ration of scotch, bourbon, beer, and some local wine, along with candy, cigarettes, and even a source of music. Company E was down in the dumps after the licking we had taken at Gambsheim, but Don Downard got a party going. Before long, he had us up, singing, swinging and having a good time. That day our Battalion Commander became "Morale Officer Of the Day." I'll mention here that during basic training, Major Downard was a ramrod, spit and polish officer who drove us to the point of exhaustion during training. (I'm certain that many of us survived in combat because of being in excellent emotional and physical condition as a result of that rigorous training). Later, when I was attached to 2nd Bn. HQ, I saw Major Downard under fire and he was a fearless officer in combat. Don Downard previously served as a platoon leader and

company commander in the 15th Infantry of the 3rd Division in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy.

Back to what was going on in January, 1945. After a week or so, my back and neck became less painful and my "mummy" corset bandage was removed. After Gambsheim, I do not recall any serious action until we moved into position in the Ohlungen Forest. During that time our sister regiments were heavily involved; the 242nd at Hatten and Rittershoffen and the 232nd at Sessenheim and Weyersheim. We arrived in the general area by truck and walked to our company sector and told to dig in. Before I could get a shovel in the snow, I was tagged to go on a recon patrol. There were six or eight of us. We crossed the creek at a spot between Company E and Company K on our left flank. Then, in single file, we moved across the open area which separated the Ohlungen Forest and the Hagenau Forest. Our patrol formed up and I was assigned "get-away man." I brought up the rear. My instruction was to stay behind the patrol as far as possible, maintaining visual contact. In the event that our patrol made contact with the enemy, I was to return to our line and report the location and nature of the encounter. Snow was falling and visibility was limited so I was never far behind the patrol. (The thought occurred to me that the enemy might let the patrol pass and take the last soldier bringing up the rear.) We made a fairly deep penetration into the Hagenau Forest without seeing or hearing any sign of the enemy. I remember being impressed with the beauty of the forest but we didn't even scare up a rabbit.

The next couple of days were spent digging in. I was 2nd platoon runner and dug two positions; one on the line and one at the staging area to the rear of our sector, across the road where our jeep brought up hot chow, dry socks, shoe pac liners, and other supplies. One time, the mess crew even brought up hot water so that we could wash and shave. I had more fuzz than whiskers and shaved once a week whether I needed it or not, but it was pleasant to wash my face. My job was to wait in the staging area until the jeep arrived, then report to the line. We would then come back in shifts for chow, never leaving our area undefended.

The next event that I recall was going on a night patrol. We knew that there was enemy activity in the Hagenau Forest, as contact had been made in some sectors. We were told

(Continued on page 5)

Rifleman/Platoon Runner

(Continued from page 4)

not to go deep in the woods, just to take a look along the area facing E Company and report back, immediately, if we saw or heard any activity. We took a scary walk in the darkness and saw and heard nothing. Returning to our point of departure, we were about halfway across an open field when there was a POP. A flare lighted the area like daylight. Our reaction was to freeze and remain motionless. As the flare burned itself out, we continued toward our line at a trot. Then another POP, another flare. This time we didn't freeze, we ran like hell for home base. We reached our line without being fired on. I got to my foxhole and could hear shells impacting off to our right. Noise of the shells bursting grew louder and the shelling of our area began. I don't know how long the barrage lasted - there would be short lulls and we would get out of our holes for a looksee, then be driven back into our holes when the shelling began again. It was frightening, the noise and concussion was awful, the ground shook as in an earthquake. The worst part was that there was nothing we could do except scrunch down in our holes and take it. There was no place to run and nothing to shoot at; we were defenseless. I've never been so frightened in my life. I remembered a short prayer "Help me through this one and I'll try to make the next one by myself," which I repeated over and over.

When the shelling slowed, we came out of our foxholes (some guys were buried alive when their holes caved in from a near or direct hit.) I was glad to be out of my foxhole. We could see the enemy coming across the open field from the Hagenau Forest and we opened up with every thing we had. They were easy targets, but they just kept coming. There were too many and we couldn't stop them all. Reloading my rifle, I realized it was my last clip and I also became aware that firing had stopped in my immediate area. I went to my left where we had a light machine gun position. The weapon was there but no ammo. I seemed to be alone so I decided to head back toward our rear. I had not gotten far when I was challenged by two Company E guys. In the woods, visibility was poor but they recognized my dark uniform and did not open fire. The three of us started toward the rear when we heard noises, men running and the sound of wet pants legs rubbing against each other;

then voices in German. We remained quiet and motionless and just listened. Others were joining them across a small clearing and we could hear them talking; we had grenades, so the three of us tossed grenades into the area where we thought the enemy to be. Our grenades exploded and several shapes came out into the clearing; we opened fire and they fell. We decided to continue toward what we hoped would be friendly territory. We did not move far when I realized that we were making an awful lot of noise, so I stopped and the other two went on without me. Rather than follow their tracks, I went to my left until I found unbroken snow and then headed back. Being as quiet as possible, I moved slowly from tree cover to tree cover. When I found a spot that offered good cover, I would stop, visually check my rear and take a long listen.

As I approached the road I could hear an enemy automatic weapon and see tracers being fired along the road. I moved to my right away from where I thought the enemy might be; about every 30 seconds they fired a burst. Finding a good spot to cross the road, I waited for the end of a burst and ran. The gunner must not have seen me because I was not fired at and the burst pattern continued. I moved along slowly and quietly in what I hoped was the right direction until I heard voices and realized they were American voices. I yelled out, identifying myself and was told to come in with my hands up. I slung my rifle with muzzle down and I walked in with my hands VERY HIGH. I was given a hot drink and a K ration and assigned to a spot on the defense line. Our line of defense was thin, and from time to time I heard rifle and automatic weapons fire but nothing appeared in my field of fire. After a couple of hours, someone came around distributing bandoliers of ammo. I decided that a fresh clip was in order, I ejected three bullets left in my rifle. That had been my last clip.

Things quieted down; we had hot chow and someone noticed that I had a head wound - a bullet crease across my forehead. I don't know when it happened or was too excited and scared to notice. When we were relieved I was sent to the Aid Station where my wound was attended to and I was told to report back to Company E. On my way, I got as far as 2nd Bn. HQ and there was assigned to guard and scout for a wire communications crew. During the preceding weeks, enemy patrols had found a wire and selected a spot for an ambush, cut the wire and waited for a crew to repair the break and we would lose a wire crew. Our

brass directed that a rifleman be assigned to each crew to ride "shot-gun." I was lucky to be in the right place at the right time, but I felt badly about not returning to Company E because that's where my close buddies were. Soon, I found several 2nd Bn. guys I knew in Camp Gruber; also several E Company men in the newly formed Ranger platoon and I made new friends. After having served as a rifleman and platoon runner in a line company, it was not difficult to adjust to better life. No more patrols and the wire crew had a jeep and trailer. The only time we walked was through the mountains and the Siegfried Line. I saw minor combat action at times, but nothing compared to January, 1945. Those were a great bunch of guys and I am very proud to have served with them.

My most vivid memory of the final months of the war is of Dachau. I was among the first troops to arrive there and we went in to see if the camp was defended. In groups of six or eight, we went into the camp not knowing if we would be fired upon; it was deadly quiet. The prisoners were still in their cages, huddled together, just staring at us as we went from building to building. They did not now that we were Liberators or what to expect. Nobody spoke, neither we nor they. It seemed to be without sound, only hell could be as quiet. I may have been in a state of shock from what I was seeing. I was at Dachau for only an hour or so. A very long hour.

From Dachau, it was a race through Munich and then south toward the Bavarian Alps. The war was over and we were in a beautiful area. The weather was pleasant, good times and beer was plentiful. I was assigned to a jeep patrol. Four of us, armed with grease guns would go out and travel the back roads looking for enemy who might be hiding or not knowing that they had lost the war. On such a mission our driver lost control of the jeep and we went off the side of the road and down a ravine. I ended up with a couple of small bones broken in my right foot and a badly twisted right knee. Without time for farewells to buddies, I was loaded onto a convoy back to Munich where the foot was put in a cast, then air evacuated to a hospital in Reims, France. Then via hospital ship "Francis Y. Slanger" to New York City. Then by rail to Percy Jones Hospital in Michigan. I became a civilian on March 8, 1946.

Memories of the 28th Annual Reunion

The first reunion to be held since the beginning of World War II was held 50 years ago, July 12-14, 1946 at French Lick, Indiana. I was honored to be a member of the group that returned for the deactivation of the 42nd Division which took place at the reunion.

It was a long and adventurous trip from Salzburg, Austria to French Lick, Indiana. We left Le Havre, France on June 25, 1946. Everything went great until we arrived at Camp J. Kilmer, New Jersey on the 4th of July. We headed for Camp Atterbury, only to learn that it had been closed. We went on to Fort Sheridan, Illinois by way of Camp McCoy, Wisconsin and finally arrived in French Lick on July 10th.

Lead by Captain John W. Donaldson, who was responsible for getting nine enlisted men, the flags of the 48 states and D.C. plus the Rainbow Division colors with the battle streamers of World War I and World War II safely to French Lick. Captain Donaldson was very resourceful in wading through the red tape encountered along the way, battling for transportation and lodging to get his charges to French Lick in time for the opening of the reunion.

The group was the last of the original Rainbow Division members remaining in Austria. Activated in Camp Gruber, Oklahoma in 1943 and sent to Europe in November 1944. The men were selected by General Harry J. Collins to represent the division at the reunion. Following the reunion we all received a 45 day furlough before returning to Austria.

The Division colors and the state flags were presented to the Rainbow Division Veterans Association during the reunion, officially deactivating the 42nd Division. This was the first appearance in the United States as they were with the Division throughout the war in Europe.

Members of this honored group were:

Captain John W. Donaldson, 232nd Inf., Washington, D.C.

1st Sgt. William N. Lanam, 142nd Eng., Denver, CO.
S/Sgt. Ellwood F. Dutton, 142nd Eng., Minneapolis, MI.
T/Sgt. Leigh A. Minor, 222nd Inf., Arlington, VA
S/Sgt. William J. Harrigan, 232nd Inf., Philadelphia, PA.
T/5 Herskin N. Osteen, 232nd Inf., Woodrow, SC.
PFC Arthur N. Hill, 122nd Med., Claudville, VA
PFC William C. Schenk, 122nd Med., Baraboo, WI.
M/Sgt. John T. Currie, 742nd Ord., Harmony, IN
T/Sgt. Clarence E. Shuppert, 742nd Ord., Muncie, MI.

We all enjoyed being with fellow Rainbow Veterans of WWI and WWII. If any of this group are still answering rolcall I would be pleased to hear from you. You can write me at William J. Harrigan, 715 Joseph Avenue, Warminster, PA 18974.

The 542nd Field Artillery Battalion Personnel Section by Larry Rosen

Unlike most articles in the Reveille that relate action events that occurred on the battle field of Hagenau, Gambsheim, Hatten and other locations, the following is a bit about the personnel section of the 542 Field Artillery Battalion.

After receiving infantry basic training at Camp Wolters, Texas in March 1943, I attend-

ed a specialty training section of clerks, cooks, and auto mechanics. After training I was shipped to the Rainbow, 542d Field Artillery Battalion, personnel section.

The Army discovered I had had a typing job before entering the service. Our main function in personnel was maintaining entries on the service record, Form 20 file, preparation of special orders, correspondence, court martials, payroll preparation for the Finance Department and other clerical work. The service record had it all: date of entry and discharge in the Army, furloughs, promotions, record of immunization, dates paid, points for discharge eligibility, and any other pertinent information.

The Form 20 file had a record of what type of work the soldier had in civilian life and his classification with a MOS number, (military occupational specialty) like 745 for rifleman, 405 for clerk, etc.

Computers, copy and fax machines had not hit the scene as yet. When we needed more than one copy of a document there was a stencil on which we typed and copies were cranked out of a stencil machine.

At Camp Gruber we worked in battalion headquarters, where the battalion commander Lieutenant Colonel George A. Carver, a tough West Pointer had his office. Other administrative officers also worked at this location.

Walter Peirce well known to most Rainbowners arrived at Camp Gruber from the South Pacific and became battalion sergeant major working at Headquarters directly under Colonel Carver.

In charge of personnel was Warrant Officer Charles L. Brown, Tech Sergeant James C. Newhouse who arrived from the permanent Artillery post Fort Sill served as Personnel Sergeant.

The personnel section was comprised of men from all over the country.

Along with other Division units, we sailed from New York on January 6, 1945, and arrived in Marseilles, France January 18th, 1945.

We knew the Infantry had sailed before us, but had no inkling that they were already engaged in combat.

Our toughest "battle" was the approximate 21 days at CP2, and looking for bed check Charlie.

As the Division advanced, we followed our battalion and set up our portable desks, typewriter and equipment in different houses.

The approximate 10 to 15 personnel members sometimes worked long hours. As I recall, we all got along.

In the last 7 years or so, I began a search for the "Combat Clerks." With the help of Rainbowners who had access to computer phone discs, I located some buddies, and some I was unable to locate. Unfortunately I discovered that a large portion had gone over the Rainbow.

Roll Call 542D Field Artillery Battalion Personnel

Present: Former Tech Sergeant Larry Rosen, now living in Rockville, MD, Corporal Harold Vervinck, living in Oklahoma City, OK, Sergeant Bill Sak, living in Detroit, MI, James C. Newhouse, former Tech Sergeant living in Durant, OK.

Unable to locate: Warrant Officer Charles L. Brown from N.Y. area. Mail Clerk Corporal

Mensmen, Corporal Clifford J. Ramsey (lost contact after locating him in Wadley, AL), Warrant Officer Glen Stacey.

Over the Rainbow: Corporal Charles Swackhammer, Oklahoma City, OK, Corporal Joe Miller, Shaker Heights, OH, Corporate Joe Herbers, St. Louis MO (became attorney), Corporal Phil Ciambalvo, Mineola, NY, Corporal Charles Gipson, Texas, Corporal Claude Clodfelter, North or South Carolina.

Former Battalion Commander Lt. Colonel George A. Carver originally from Rome, GA now is a Major General retired residing in San Antonio, TX. (88 years young).

There were other servicemen in the personnel unit who came and went that I cannot recall. Someone had to do the job and we did.

Journey of the 542nd Field Artillery Battalion, Personnel Section, 42nd Infantry Division

Arrived at Camp Kilmer, N.J.	Dec. 25, 1944
Left Camp Kilmer, N.J.	Jan. 5, 1945
Left POE	Jan. 6, 1945
Arrived in Marseilles, France	Jan. 18, 1945
Went to cp 2 Marseilles, France	
Left cp 2 France	Feb. 5, 1945
Arrived in Harricourt, France	Feb. 8, 1945
Arrived in Cirey, France	Feb. 9, 1945
Left Cirey, France	March 28, 1945
Arrived in Annweiler, Germany	March 28, 1945
Left Annweiler	April 8, 1945
Arrived in Wertheim German	April 8, 1945
Left Wertheim	May 11, 1945
Arrived in Traunstein, Germany	May 12, 1945
Left Traunstein	May 16, 1945
Arrived in Kufstein, Austria (Tyrol)	May 16, 1945
Left Kufstein	July 8, 1945
Arrived in Hellein, Austria	July 8, 1945
Left Hellein	July 31, 1945
Arrived in Bisceffhoven, Austria	July 31, 1945
Left Bisceffhoven	Sept. 15, 1945
Arrived in Obertrum, Austria	Sept. 15, 1945
Left Obertrum	Nov. 2, 1945
Arrived in St. Gilgen, Austria,	Nov. 2, 1945
Left St. Gilgen, Austria for departure back to U.S.	Feb. 26, 1946

Larry Rosen Enroute to USA

Arrive Ranshofen, Austria	Feb. 26, 1946
Left Ranshofen	Feb. 26, 1946
Arrived in Ried, Austria	Feb. 28, 1946
Left Ried	March 2, 1946
Arrived in Eferding, Austria	March 12, 1946
Left Eferding	March 13, 1946
Arrived Bremerhaven, Germany	March 21, 1946
Arrived USA	March 31, 1946
Arrived Camp Kilmer, N.J.	March 31, 1946
Left Camp Kilmer	April 2, 1946
Arrived Ft. Meade, Md.	April 2, 1946
Discharged from the Army	April 4, 1946

The 542nd Field Artillery Battalion Personnel Section was responsible for maintaining the service records, preparing payroll information and performing all duties relative to keeping all records of the Battalion.

The Personnel Section traveled behind the artillery units. There were approximately 12 to 14 soldiers in the section.

The following men comprised the Personnel Section: Warrant Officer Charles Brown (unable to locate), T. Sergeant James Newhouse (living in Oklahoma), Cpl. Bill Sak, Detroit, MI, Cpt. Larry Rosen, Silver Spring, MD, Cpl. Harold Vervinck, Oklahoma, Cpl. Charles Gipson (deceased), Cpt. Phil Giambalvo, Long Island, NY (deceased), Cpl. Claude Swackhammer (deceased), Cpl. Joe Herbers (deceased), Cpl. Joe Miller (deceased), Cpl. Clodfelter (first name unknown, deceased), Cpl. Mensman (mail clerk, unable to locate)

In Memoriam PNAP Myrtle Evanoff



Myrtle with Rube in happier times.

We are extremely sorry to report the passing over the rainbow of PNAP Myrtle Evanoff. PNP Rube Evanoff, Myrtle's loving husband of 57 years, wrote a beautiful tribute to Myrtle. Unfortunately, space does not permit printing it in its entirety.

Myrtle was a charter member of the 222nd Regt. Auxiliary and was a driving force in its organization. She served as its president and secretary, as well as being a trustee of the Memorial Foundation, until her death. She was National Auxiliary President in 1985-86. Myrtle is survived by her husband, Rube, two daughters, Linda Ogdahl and Patti Rauhauser, three grandsons, and two great grandsons.

Myrtle was a great lady who will be greatly missed by her family and her countless Rainbow friends. Always charming and gracious, her spirit continues to live in all of us.

A Report from the Past: Memories Stirred

By Robert Swanson, A/T Co. - 222nd Inf.

MEMORIAL: For a moment last week the monastery, which AT Co. now considers home, and the company athletic field were devoid of noise and activity. Capt. George Waters, in a simple ceremony dedicated the building and the field to Pfc Barney Parrish and Pfc Wayne Cruse, who gave their lives at Schweighausen on 25 January. It is hoped that Fort Barney Parrish and Cruse Field will serve as a symbol of the respect, admiration and love we hold for these two fallen comrades.

A xerox copy of this 51-year-old mimeographed publication of our regiment was

sent to me recently by Jack Westbrook, one of the platoon leaders of the 222nd Anti-Tank Company. If I had ever seen a copy of this publication. I had long since forgotten it, but the item stirred old memories and I went to my WWII photo album.

I was a member of the 222nd from March 1944 until starting home for discharge in March, 1946, and a member of the First Platoon, 222nd A-T, from June, 1944 to March, 1946. Both Wayne Cruse and Barney Parrish were in our platoon, and Wayne and I were in the same squad. I remember the events surrounding their deaths well and a number of us who have attended. Rainbow reunions for the past seven or eight years have discussed that fatal day in January, 1945, several times.

Our company was billeted in the monastery at Feicht, Austria, in June and July of 1945. This monastery was a self-contained compound with all of the needed facilities, including a maintenance shop. I don't recall whose idea it was to name the building and the baseball field for Cruse and Parrish, but I do recall that Captain Waters assigned me to make some signs to mount at the entrance of the monastery and in the baseball field. I commandeered the maintenance shop and its tools, scrounged up some white, red, yellow and blue paint and made the signs. I am not sure how I was chosen for this task, but perhaps it was anticipated that I would become an industrial arts teacher in later life.

Another section of the newsletter listed the names of a number of soldiers in the regiment who had been awarded "bronze stars for heroic achievement."

Included in the list were some members of our platoon who received bronze stars for their action at Schweighausen the day that Parrish and Cruse were killed. Included were Earl Fleischer, William Kahler, John B. Brown, Grant Cotterall, Lockered Gahs, Robert Gardener, Eugene Hecht, Archie Monaghan, and Joseph Gallo. All were members of the First Platoon, 222nd A-T. (Two other members of the platoon, Platoon Leader Russ Fielding and Pfc Paul Burnam, had previously been awarded the Silver Star for their part in the Schweighausen action.)

To add to the chronicle of events of our brief stay at the Monastery, the 50th Anniversary 1995 issue of the *Rainbow Reveille* carried a letter from Hans Steurer, whose life had been saved by the quick action of an American soldier in June of 1945. That event took place at the monastery at Feicht and the soldier was Pat Morone, the motor sergeant of A-T Company!

Those Brits Sure have A Way With Words

The British military writes officer fitness reports. The following are actual excerpts from these reports:

His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of curiosity.

This officer is not so much of a has-been but more of a won't-be.

When he opens his mouth, it is only to change whatever foot is in there.

He has carried out each and every one of his duties to his entire satisfaction.

He would be out of depth in a car park puddle.

This man is depriving a village, somewhere, of a idiot.

This officer is like a gyroscope; spinning around at a frantic pace but going nowhere.

Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap.

Technically sound but socially impossible.

When he joined my ship, he was something of a granny; has since aged considerably.

Since my last report, he has reached rock bottom, and has started to dig.

He sets low personal standards and then fails to achieve them.

He has the wisdom of youth, and the energy of old age.

This officer should go far - and the sooner he starts, the better.

This officer has delusions of adequacy.

Rainbow Flag Pin

We now have a "USA Flag/42nd Rainbow" pin all in one. Use it on a lapel or hat.

USA Flag in Red, White & Blue Colors.
42nd in Rainbow Colors.

Cost \$3.00. Checks to R.D.V.A. Mail to;

Hugo Grimm

P.O. Box 1200

Lake Sherwood, MO 63357-1200



42nd Rainbow History Book

Hugo Grimm tells us that, to date, orders for the WWII History book have been very gratifying. We ask that you continue to send in your orders.

Once again the original WWII History book (blue cover) has been reprinted exactly as it originally was. It is your last chance to pass on a copy to your children, grandchildren, or replace books that have been lost or destroyed. The cost is \$ 30.00 and includes postage and handling. Checks should be payable to RDVA and mailed to HUGO E. GRIMM, P.O. BOX 1200, LAKE SHERWOOD, MO. 63357-1200. Don't delay; do it today and send Your check on the way!

(HAVE YOU ORDERED YOUR RAINBOW HISTORY BOOK?)

500 CLUB PLEDGE FORM

Name _____	_____	_____	_____
Address _____	_____	_____	_____
Unit _____	_____	_____	_____
Amount of Donation: (Check one)	\$500 <input type="checkbox"/>	\$100/5 yrs. <input type="checkbox"/>	Larger <input type="checkbox"/>
Which Endowment Desired? (Check one)	Foundation <input type="checkbox"/>	Scholarship <input type="checkbox"/>	
Signature _____			

Please make checks out to: **RDVA MEMORIAL FUND.**

Mail to: Beverly Koehler, 1269 Manhotten Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282



Scholarship Program

There are 31 second year scholarships available for next fall, representing those scholars who received first year scholarships last fall. These second year scholarships have first priority on the available funds. However, only six scholars who received first year scholarships have asked for applications for their second year. Send requests for all applications to Mrs. Dorothy Smith, 513 Mountain View Ave., Hurley, NY 12443 (Phone 914-331-0140).

There have been 50 requests for first year applications as of April 30th. If all these applications are completed correctly, they will compete for 24 first year scholarships, including the two Duhaeck scholarships. This is likely to be the first year that the number of approved applications exceeds the number of scholarships available. Postmark deadlines for the applications is May 31st for first year scholars and June 15th for the second year scholars.

Foundation Fund Raising

The large increase in the stock market reminds us of the advantage of using appreciated stocks for charitable contributions. If you are fortunate enough to be in a higher tax bracket, you can donate stock that has increased in price, and claim the present value of the stock as a charitable deduction and also avoid the capital gains tax. This feature of the tax law is due to expire in June. It may be renewed, but this is uncertain.

Contributions to Foundation in March & April:

500 Club - This club was the initiative of PNAP Beverly Koehler and the Auxiliary. It recognizes those who have given or pledged \$500 or more to the Foundation Funds with a 500 Club pin. Contributions may be to any of the four funds and in memory of deceased comrades, if desired. A form to use to join the 500 Club on page 7.

Scholarship Endowment Fund - Robert Martinson, \$100 in memory of Dale Carlson; Marion Schenck, \$100 "500 Club" payment; Robert Christian, \$25, in memory of wife, Lora; Caspar Joitel, \$25.

Scholarship Operating Fund - Joe & Dorothy Smith, \$25 in memory of Joe Bridgers; MP Aux., \$50, in memory of Mary Callahan; Joseph Rosalia, \$25 in memory of Irene Gardiner (WWI widow); Pac. NW Chap., \$25, in memory of Dale Carlson; N. Jean Carpenter, \$25, in memory of Irene Gardiner; Dee Eberhart (PNW Chap.), \$25, in memory of Steve Kropelnicki; Forest Scott, \$25, in memory of Joe Bridgers; Tom Owen, \$80 in memory of Phil Trout, Salvomir Machotka, Jack Refling, George Taylor; Bill Shurtleff, \$200, in memory of Donnie Simonson & Iona Freetly.

Foundation Endowment Fund - Ernest Kunkee, \$25, in memory of Donald White; Robert Clemens, \$100, 500 Club payment; Charles Fowler, \$200, 500 Club payment; Bill Keithan, \$30, in memory of Paul Jarrett; Alvin Cahoon, \$200, in memory of Cpt. Wm. Carson.

Foundation Operating Fund - MO-KAN Chap., \$25, in memory of Jack Stegall; Marian Benyak, \$10, in memory of Delia Rose; Bill Shurtleff, \$200, in memory of Horace & Delia Rose; Herb Butt, \$25, & Bill Keithan, gift in, memory of Myrtle Evanoff.

The Sam Dann Book

The story of the Rainbow at Dachau, "The 29th of April 1945 - Dachau Rainbow Memories", written by Sam Dann is in the final stages of review.

The Rainbow Web Page (www.rainbowvets.org)

At the end of April, there had been 1500 "hits" on the Rainbow web site. Most of the inquires resulting from these hits have sought information about Rainbow ancestors. Bill Shurtleff has been busy looking up units of men from both wars and sending as much information as he has available in response to these requests. Those interested in joining the Association of Auxiliary are referred to the secretaries of the units involved.

At the Charlotte meeting, the trustees voted to fund the production of rosters for both wars that could be added to the web page. This involves a large amount of typing (on a computer), as there were about 100,000 men in the Rainbow in the two wars. This job can be done in a reasonable time if a few volunteers can be found to assist in this typing. Anyone who would like to help with this work, please contact Bill Shurtleff, 7430 Windmill Ln., Garland, TX 75044-2056. Bill also asks that all Rainbows with E-mail addresses, please send them to him at WCSHURTLEFF@prodigy.com.

What Do Old Soldiers Do At A Reunion?

Old Soldiers see old friends, find new friends; old soldiers remember and honor their dead and are thankful that they are still alive and in sufficient health to be there at all, when so many of their comrades never got beyond the foxholes, and so many more, who survived the battles have since faded away. Old soldiers attend business meetings and some disagree on rules, procedure, and protocol. Some old soldiers drink too much. Old soldiers become moist of eye when the colors and division flags with battle streamers are paraded and presented. Old soldiers bask in the warm glow of comradeship and membership in a most exclusive club, where the dues were paid under fire and others, no matter what their rank in society, their wealth, power or greatness of character, cannot join the club. Old soldiers, at a reunion serve each other rather than themselves; old soldiers at a reunion remember and in so remembering know that much that is good now is good because they and their comrades served in the old wars; old soldiers laugh often, for they know that they are the most fortunate of men, because they have lived for an eternity, have seen sun, moon, rain, snow, mud, fog, earth, forest, enemy and family with greater clarity than ever before or since. Old soldiers smile and not to themselves, and to the ghosts of the past, because they have a wisdom all their own - that's what old soldiers do at a reunion.

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