



RAINBOW DIVISION REVEILLE



42nd RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION and RAINBOW MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

Vol. LXXXIII

June 2003

No. 5

Rainbow On-Line: www.rainbowvets.org

CAMPAIGNS

World War I: Lorraine-Champagne- Aisne-Marne- St. Mihiel-Meuse-Argonne.
World War II: Central Europe- Rhineland- Alsace-Ardenne.

Goodbye, Bill!



St. Louis, Here We Come!

The National Reunion will be held at the St. Louis Marriott Hotel on July 15-20, 2003. Room rates are \$85/person/night plus tax. Rate honored three days before and after reunion. Call 314-423-9700 for information. There is free shuttle service from and to the airport. Use all forms provided in the January Reveille. Call Hugo Grimm if you have misplaced your copy. Registration is \$40/person with optional \$5 raffle ticket on four-day hotel stay. Checks for registration and tours are to be sent (along with the appropriate form) to: Armed

Forces Reunion Inc., 242 W. 22nd St., Norfolk, VA 23517, Attn: 42nd Rainbow Division.

The Reunion Program appears on page three. Packets received at the Reunion will contain the location of the events.

*Note: The three Infantry Regiments are having banquets. You need to purchase your ticket as soon as you arrive at the Reunion so that numbers and selections can be given to the hotel. There will be notices on bulletin boards on who to purchase the ticket from.

President's Message



Discharge Day

It does not seem that it was that long ago that I undertook the task of putting together the first Presidential Message of this membership year. If you miss the hidden meaning, these "messages" are hard to come by for me.

This has been a good year. Hopefully it was for Rainbow also. We are well into the final stages of the merger of the Association into the Foundation. All but one Chapter has responded regarding the continuation of membership as one of the Foundation Chapters. We have lost two, with three not really decided. It is pleasing that so many of the Chapters decided to continue. For you Chapters that will continue as Foundation Chapters and have a Chapter Bank account, it is suggested that you notify your bank of the impending merger so that their records are current. Your account should read "Rainbow Division Memorial Foundation."

Hugo has informed me that he is in the process of having the necessary revisions working for the various papers and publications we use when the merger becomes official. However, there are some Secretarial papers that will require revisions, and those changes are in the works.

Before we wrap this up, let me urge you, one and all, to call your buddies and invite them to the Reunion, pack your bags, shine your shoes and get out your clean underwear, and make your hotel and Reunion reservations, NOW! Don't wait until the last minute. We want to get off on the right foot with our Reunion Company, so let's fool 'em and have our reservations in before the last minute.

Arnieta and I would like to use this means to thank you Chapters that invited us to take part in your meetings. Your hospitality was outstanding! Looking back on them, it is safe to say we enjoyed them all. It is impossible to say any one was better than the other. We both wish to thank you for your gracious attention to making each and every visit so enjoyable. WE THANK YOU!

Believe it or not, with all that has been going on, I did manage to find time to read a book. Along towards the end, the author made a statement that just seemed to tell it about like I feel, with some modifications. So — It was an honor and a privilege for which I am extremely grateful and eternally thankful for the opportunity to have been of some service to you all in Rainbow.

We do so thank you so very much.

Herb and Arnieta

**CUT-OFF-DATE
NEXT ISSUE
August 1, 2003**

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

Official Publication of the
RAINBOW Division Veterans

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THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

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SEND DUES' REMITTANCE SHEETS AND

DEATH NOTICES TO: Herb Butt, 16916 George
Franklyn Drive, Independence, MO 64055

Subscription \$10.00

Chaplain's Message

God of our fathers —

Once again our Armed Forces have ousted a cruel tyrant from power and given hope for freedom to the peoples of Iraq.

We remember those who were casualties in that war; those who died; those who were wounded; those who were taken captive. May they and their families know that a grateful nation honors their sacrifices.

As our Forces have promoted peace abroad, may we at home, in the spirit of Rainbow, now draw together to combat terrorism and all threats to the security of the world. *Amen.*

Norman P. Forde

Chap. (COL) USA ret.

RDVA Chaplain

**Moving or
Temporarily Away**

If you are moving or if you file a temporary change of address with the Postal Service, your Rainbow Reveille mail may not be forwarded. Returned mail is becoming a costly item, and you can help us cut down on this cost by giving the publishing editor Hugo E. Grimm advance notice of your move.

HUGO E. GRIMM

P.O. BOX 1200

LAKE SHERWOOD, MO 63357-1200

**In Search of Rainbow
Memorials**

The above is the title of the photo/history book in regards to all of the current 109 National Memorials and Rainbow Sites. After many years of research and trips to take photographs, it was decided to publish what we had, before we all crossed the Rainbow. Even though there are some blanks that couldn't be covered, due to the time that has lapsed since the Memorial was placed there, they will be mentioned.

The book will contain 100 pages of information and history of the Memorials with black and white photographs and will sell for \$14.95, plus \$3 for postage and handling. It may be obtained from the Aegis Publishing Company, 432 S. Juliana St., Bedford, PA 15522. Telephone is (814) 623-8308, fax is (814) 623-8668 and e-mail is aegis@bedford.net. It should be available by the end of June. It will also be on sale at the Annual Reunion in St. Louis, to include personal autographed copies by Lise Pommois, who is authoring the book, with the assistance of Charles Fowler, Memorials Officer.

Archivist's Report

The Rainbow collection, another of our primary repositories, is now on their website. The Omar Bradley Foundation at the United States Army Military History Institute has now been authorized to make public their Rainbow holdings for inquiry on their website. The inventory was compiled using a grant from the RDVM Foundation.

This places both primary archive locations on the Internet. Previously the materials inventory at the University of Nebraska, again, using a Rainbow Foundation grant to compile the inventory and put on the Internet.

Both institutions will continue to maintain current additions to the collection and continue to enhance the utilization of the information.

On a National basis, the Army Vice-Chief of Staff has identified four locations as the National Museum of the United States Army. They are or will be: Fort Belvoir, Virginia (the main one); Carlisle Barracks, PA (where Rainbow has its service collection and where the Army Heritage and Education Center is positioned and houses the Army's largest archive facility); Anniston Army Depot, Alabama (where small artifacts will be stored); and Martinsburg, W.V., where large artifacts (tanks and artillery) will be stored and refurbished.

Your Archivist recently attended the PNW Chapter RDVA meeting in Long Beach, WA. There, two collections were picked up. The widows of Dale Carlson and John Spaulding provided a number of weeks of processing challenge.

Both ladies submitted their husbands' wartime correspondence, which thus leads to the repeat of the constant mantra. Wartime correspondence is an invaluable resource of information for researchers using the Association's Archives.

Please collect wartime correspondence and along with other memorabilia items, send them to your archivist to be processed and accessioned.

The Trail of the Rainbow

RDVA's Archivist has been provided on a temporary basis, the master of tape for the exquisitely produced VCR titled: "THE TRAIL OF THE RAINBOW." It will be available for the next several months.

Anyone requesting a copy or more of the VCR may secure them at a cost of \$20 each, which includes the video, shipping and handling.

Send a check or money order to: J.W. Keithan, 2226 Eastmont Way West, Seattle, WA 98199. Allow 60 days for shipment, as the price is for accumulating orders for 10 units at a time.

2003 RDVA PROGRAM				2003 AUXILIARY PROGRAM			
Rainbow Division Veteran's Association				Rainbow Division Veteran's Association			
		Location				Location	
Wednesday July 16th	9:00 am	Transition Committee and Foundation C & BL Committee, Joint session.		Wednesday July 16th	9:00am-12:00pm	Auxiliary Bazaar Set-up	Salon V Special
	1:30-3:30pm	Scholarship Committee Meeting			9:00am-12:00pm	Transition Committee Meeting and Foundation C & BL Committee	Salon G Theater
	1:30-3:30pm	Memorials Committee Meeting			1:30-3:30	Scholarship Meeting	Salon G Theater
	3:30-4:30pm	Chapter Business Meetings			2:00-5:00pm	Auxiliary Bazaar	Salon V Special
	242nd				3:30-5:00pm	Unit Meeting	Salon F Theater
	222nd				7:30-10:30pm	Early Bird Party	Salons A & E Rounds
	Field Artillery						
	7:30-10:30pm	Early Bird Party		Thursday July 17th	8:30-10:30am	Auxiliary Executive Meeting	Salon F Theater
Thursday July 17th	8:30-10:30am	Executive Committee Meeting			10:00am-Noon	Auxiliary Bazaar	Salon V Special
	10:30am-Noon	Foundation Trustees Meeting			10:30am-Noon	Foundation Trustees Meeting	Salon A Theater
	12:00 Noon	PNP Luncheon			12:00-Noon	PNAP Luncheon	Hotel Restaurant
	1:30pm	Joint Opening Business Meeting			1:30-2:30pm	Joint Opening Business Meeting	Salons A-E Theater
	6:00pm	Paddlewheel Dinner Cruise (Optional)			2:30-4:00pm	Auxiliary Business Meeting	Salon D Theater
Friday July 18th	8:30-9:30am	Audit Committee Meeting		Friday July 18th	8:00-9:30am	Auxiliary President's Breakfast	Salon F Tables
	8:30-9:30am	Millennium Chapter Meeting			9:00-11:00am	Auxiliary Bazaar	Salon V Special
	10:00-11:00am	Membership Committee Meeting			9:00-10:00am	Auxiliary Chapter Secretaries Meeting	Salon F Theater
	10:30-11:30am	Resolutions Committee			12:00 Noon	Luncheon	Salons A & E Rounds
	12:00 Noon	Luncheon			2:00-5:00pm	Auxiliary Bazaar	Salon V Special
	3:00-4:00pm	Trustees Committee Meeting			3:00-4:00pm	Trustees Committee Meeting	Salon G Theater
	FOUNDATION MEETINGS: Chairman, Committee and Time to be announced	Audit, Budget, Millennium			6:30-9:30pm	Unit Banquets	Salon D Rounds
	6:30-9:30pm	Unit Banquets		Saturday July 19th	8:00-9:30am	Auxiliary Bazaar	Salons A & B Rounds
	222nd				10:00-11:30am	Memorial Service	Salon V Special
	232nd				1:30-2:30	Auxiliary Business Meeting	Salons A & E Theater
	242nd Time and Place not determined yet				2:00-4:00pm	Closing Business Meeting	Salon D Theater
	10:00-11:30am	Memorial Service			4:30-5:30pm	Church Services	Salons A & E Theater
Saturday July 19th	1:30-4:00pm	Joint Assoc. Foundation & Bus. Meeting				Protestant Service	Salons III & IV Theater
	4:30-5:30pm	Church Services				Catholic Service	Salons F & G Theater
		Protestant			6:30-7:30pm	President's Reception	Grand Ballroom Foyer
		Catholic			7:30-10:00pm	Banquet and Champagne Hour	Grand Ballroom Rounds
	6:30-7:30pm	President's Reception					
	7:30-10:30pm	Banquet and Champagne Hour					
	Hospitality Rooms						
	222 Suite 1086						
	232 Suite 1120						
	242 Spirit of St. Louis						
	Artillery Suite 8000						



Brig. Gen. Joseph Taluto, commander of the 42nd Inf. Div., presents a Rainbow Div. coin to independent filmmaker Jeff Krulik at the premiere of "Hitler's Hat." In the background is Rich Marowitz from the 222nd Inf. 1/R Platoon, who recovered Hitler's top hat during the Rainbow liberation of Munich.

Hitler's Hat

After more than 50 years of storage in an Albany basement, the story of Adolf Hitler's black top hat and its journey in the hands of a Rainbow soldier from Munich to New York was told on the big screen here at Lincoln Center. The premiere of "Hitler's Hat" was screened in Manhattan on January 14th after more than two years of independent filming and production.

The documentary film "Hitler's Hat" portrays veterans of the 42nd Infantry Division during the final days of World War II. The film follows the members of the 222nd Infantry Regiment's Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon at a Rainbow Division Veterans' Association reunion. The Rainbow veterans discuss their experiences together, the bonds of comradeship and of course, the liberation of Hitler's tuxedo top hat from his Munich apartment in April 1945.

On April 29, 1945, members of the Intel and Reconnaissance Platoon led the way for the division's liberation of the Dachau concentration camp. The Rainbow veterans had no idea what lay in store for them on that spring afternoon. At Dachau, the Rainbow men saw first-hand the grim reality of the Nazi "final solution."

The next day the platoon was on the move again, this time into the deserted streets of Munich, where the Nazi Party had arisen. Hitler had a civilian apartment there and the platoon was sent in to try to gather any documents for military intelligence.

All they came up with was the black top hat.

Richard Marowitz, the Rainbow veteran who came across the top hat in Hitler's residence, remembers the day clearly. "I swear to this day I could see his face in it," Marowitz described. "I threw it on the floor, jumped off the chair on the hat and smashed the hell out of it. That's how I got Hitler's hat."

Marowitz and his story are the centerpiece of the film.

Independent filmmaker Jeff Krulik told the audience after the screening that this one Rainbow story just had to be told. "I just flipped when I heard the story," he told the hundreds of film festival attendees. "More than just this one hat, it is the story of the Rainbow's march across

Europe, their liberation of Dachau and of their extraordinary bond that make them closer than anyone can know," Krulik said.

It was said in the platoon that "when Hitler realized that a Jewish kid from Brooklyn had stomped on his top hat, he knew it was all over and so the Fuhrer committed suicide."

Motivations aside, Hitler did commit suicide at his Berlin bunker on April 30, 1945.

Attending the world premiere of the film was Brig. Gen. Joseph Taluto, the current commander of the 42nd Infantry Division. "I am really honored to represent the thousands of men and women who proudly wear the Rainbow shoulder patch today," Taluto told the audience following the premiere. "They are the legacy of the Rainbow veterans who achieved so much so many years ago," he said.

Taluto presented unit coins from the 42nd Division to Krulik and his two assisting producers, Diane Bernard and Ann Petrone.

Marowitz made a point to the audience that the achievements of the World War II veterans are indeed carried forward. "I just want to make sure that everyone here knows of the role the Rainbow Division has even today," he told the city residents. "It was the Rainbow that went to the World Trade Center on that terrible day in 2001 and the men and women of the Rainbow who continue to serve during this War of Terror," he explained.

The film continues to debut in film festivals around the nation this winter and spring.

Kruklik and Marowitz expect to deliver copies of the film to the 42nd Division Headquarters in Troy, the New York State Military History Museum and Research Visitors Center, and the Rainbow Division Veterans' Association.

by Maj. Richard Goldenberg
HQ, 42nd ID (Mech)

We Get Letters

Dear Ken:

I thoroughly enjoyed socializing with you again at the Orlando Mid-Winter.

I am writing because, at that meeting I found out that some of our members were interested in the USFA Patch. Many of our Rainbowners remained in Austria, after the Division returned to the States and became members of USFA organizations. For those who may be interested, there is a USFA Veterans Association.

For those Rainbow veterans who remained in Austria, after the Division returned to the States and became members of USFA organizations there is an organization called USFA VETERANS ASSOCIATION. Its president is Bill Billet, P.O. Box 206, Red Lion, PA 17356-0206. It publishes a very interesting newsletter called *The New USA Sentinel*, a publication that has much interesting news about Austria and veterans who served there. This September that association is holding a reunion in Hershey, Pennsylvania. For those interested, contact Bill Billet.

Warm regards.

Yours in Rainbow,

Michael J. Diglio

S/Sgt. Co. "B," 242nd Infantry

...

Dear Ken:

I would like to find out some information as to the whereabouts of Sgt. Ernest McIlvaney of Company G, 232nd Infantry. Ernest and I, along with others, were under the east bridge at the Siegfried Line fortification near Ludwigsinkle, Germany on March 19, 1945. This bridge was blown up by two German SS soldiers who set off pre-plotted charges. Ernest and I stepped out from under the bridge just before it blew.

I have a number of photos of different men of G Company that I cannot identify. These photos were taken by a fellow soldier (named Green, I believe). Perhaps someone may be able to identify them. Also, I would like to know the dates when we were in Fuegen, Golling, Salzburg and Radstadt.

Many thanks,

Don J. Miller

P.O. Box 407

Harrington, WA 99134

Tel. (509) 253-4368

Corrections

In the April issue there was a typographical error in the Cemetery heading on page 7. The heading should have read St. Avold instead of St. Arnold. We regret the error.

Also, the President's Message was incorrectly labeled as being continued. We're sorry for the mistake.

Rouge Bouquet 85 Years Ago

Rouge Bouquet, which first appeared in the Reveille for April 1926, was written by Sgt. Joyce Kilmer of the 165th Infantry after the first serious loss sustained by that unit overseas. On March 7, 1918 at Rouge Bouquet (in the Luneville sector), one officer and 22 men were lost in the cave-in of a dugout which was heavily shelled by the enemy.

In the March 19, 1918 entry in "Father Duffy's Story" written at Cross-maire, we read:

"We had our first big blow, and are still reeling under the pain and sorrow of it. I was with Company E on March 6th. The Company went out in the early morning of March 7th to relieve Company A and soon had the position taken over. About 4 p.m., the enemy began shelling with heavy miniwerfes on the position at Recroi. The big wobbling torpedoes began coming over, each making a tremendous hole where it hit and sending up clouds of earth and showers of stone. Lt. Norman, an old regular Army man, was in charge of the platoon, and after seeing that his guards and outposts were in position, ordered the rest of the men into the dugouts.

While he was in the smaller one, a torpedo struck it and destroyed it, burying the two signal men from Headquarters Company. The Lieutenant barely managed to extricate himself from the debris and set out to look after the rest of his men. He was inspecting the large dugout when another huge shell came over, buried itself in the top of the cave and exploded, filling the whole living space and entrance with rocks and clay, burying the Lieutenant and 24 men. A corporal and six privates were saved and immediately began to work for the rescue of others, aided by three sergeants and six corporals. They knew many of their comrades were dead already, but voices could still be heard as the standing timbers kept the earth from filling the whole grade. The work of rescue kept going with desperate energy, although there was little hope that any more could be saved. The engineers worked through the night to get the bodies out for burial, but with only partial success. Father Duffy's entry from St. Patrick's Day reads:

"In the afternoon we had a fine concert under some trees. In the middle of the concert, I read Joyce Kilmer's noble poem *Rouge Bouquet*. The last lines of each verse are written to respond to the notes of "Taps," the bugle call for the end of the day which is also blown ere the last sods are dropped on the graves of the dead. Sgt. Patrick Stoker stood near me with his horn and blew the plaintive notes before I read the words:

And then from the deep woods where Egan was stationed came a repetition of the notes, like horns of Elfland faintly blowing. Before I had finished, tears had started in many an eye, especially among the lads of Company E. I had known it was going to be a sad moment for all, and had directed the band to follow me up with a medley of rollicking Irish airs; just as in military funerals, the band leads the march to the grave in silent cadence and departs playing a lively tune. It is the only spirit for warriors with battles to fight. We can pay tribute to our dead, but we must not lament for them overmuch."

Rouge Bouquet

by Joyce Kilmer, Sgt., 165th Inf., 42nd Div.

*In a wood they call Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today.
Built by never a spade or pick
Yet covered with earth 10 meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh or love again
Nor taste the summertime.
For death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits sing:
"Go to sleep! Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed
and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them anymore.
Danger's past; now at last, go to sleep!"
There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons:
And Patrick, Brigid, Colunkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The gael's blood runs.
And up to heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
That softly say:
"Farewell! Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning
star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!*

The General's Special Guard

*During Operation Nordwind
by Herb Altneu, Anti-Tank Co., 242nd Inf.*

On December 16, 1944, massed German armed forces, infantry and air forces attacked, penetrated, destroyed and defeated American forces out of the Ardennes Forest.

Their rapid advance caused major losses and grave consternation amongst the Allies.

It was considered that there was a special need for guard and anti-tank protection for Task Force Linden and General Henning Linden's headquarters in their Chateau in Strasbourg. The 42nd Military Police unit and General Harry Collins were still in the United States.

General Lindendn ordered Anti-Tank Company of the 242nd to supply a complete gun platoon to his headquarters. The platoon selected was 3rd Platoon (my platoon) commanded by 2nd Lt. Ray Keplinger and Tech Sgt. Lindsey.

We reported to General Linden's Chateau, received instructions on subduing anyone approaching the Chateau — silently if possible with special trench knives we were issued, and give a general alarm!

As the Germans were defeated by the end of December, we were relieved of our guard duty and returned to our company.

This special duty lasted about a week and verification should be derived from morning reports.

To my knowledge, I am the only living survivor of the 3rd Platoon, although there may be some men who were associated and on location at that time at General Headquarters!

A Drug Problem

*I had a drug problem when I was a young person and a teenager.
I was "drug" to church on Sunday morning.
I was "drug" to church on Sunday night.
I was "drug" to church on Wednesday night.
I was "drug" to Sunday school every week.
I was "drug" to vacation Bible school.
I was "drug" to the family altar to read the Bible and pray.
I was also "drug" to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents.
Those "drugs" are still in my veins; and they affect my behavior in everything I do, say, and think.
They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroin, and if today's children had this kind of "drug" problem, America would certainly be a better place!*

P.O.W.

*Continued from April Issue
Final Installment*

A day or two later, we were in the center of town and met the first Russian officer we had seen. Every other Russian had just been members of an undisciplined roving gang. The officer informed us that the Americans were just a short distance to the West of our location at the Mulde River and that they were in the process of relocating all displaced persons to the East to help in the rebuilding of Russian cities and factories. We took his advice and pedaled our two-wheelers to the Mulde River where we met a sleepy, disinterested, battle-weary GI. He waved us on without question and we were trucked to the city of Halle. From there we were flown to Rheims (my first airplane ride) and then to the redistribution camp, called Lucky Strike. From there, Hardin and I went to London for a few days, walked around Piccadilly Circus where the festivities were still going on a month or so after V.E. Day. After a few days in London, we heard of some available berths on a liberty ship from Southampton to New York. We traveled to Southampton, boarded ship and six ex-POW's occupied the former gun crew's quarters and spent a week or so sleeping and gorging the first decent food we had in many, many weeks.

From the East Coast, I hitch-hiked home to Amherst, Ohio and arrived on July 4, 1945 for a 60-day recuperation leave, after which I was to travel to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia for reassignment.

Many of the ex-POW's at Oglethorpe were still physically ill and emotionally unstable from our concentration camp experiences, but did not have enough points for discharge. I do not recall being examined or interviewed by any medical person from the time we were sent overseas to the end of our service, including the day I was discharged. To pass the time waiting for reassignment, a group of us wrote a letter deriding the system to every U.S. Senator, every Congressman, every state Governor and every newspaper in cities with populations exceeding 50,000. The letter was a form letter and my signature was at the top of the list. I do not know if there was any connection, but this little contingent was split up and I alone was shipped to Camp Shelby, Mississippi and put on night-time MP duty walking alone with a rifle along the periphery of the enclosure protecting the facility from a surprise attack by an unknown enemy. This was in November 1945, after both Japan and Germany had capitulated.

My anger and frustration almost got the best of me. I seriously thought about chucking the whole situation and heading for the hills, so to speak, but

restrained myself because I was now back in the good old USA where everything might not be to my liking, but at least I was not being shot at or starved or physically mistreated as was the case in prison camp. There still was compassion, understanding with some of my fellow Americans and a bit of hope for a change to the better. The change did occur when I was taken off night-time post watch and put on duty with another MP to drive around to the nightclubs on the eastern side of Jackson, Mississippi where soldiers might get into trouble. Not much happened because there were only soldiers, beer, whiskey, peanuts, olives, only a few civilians and an occasional argument. It was a bit boring, but we could get a sandwich for free and this had great appeal — not the "for free" part but the sandwich itself.

I was recovering physically and to some extent emotionally. My comrade Byron and I had not done much to contain the Hun, but we did survive and I was now in an environment where danger, gross mistreatment and brutality were not the order of the day. After about a week on my new assignment, my MP associate and I entered the Jackson, Mississippi central police station, which was part of the check-in process for MP's touring the geographical jurisdiction of the local law enforcement agency. Just then the front doors burst open and three police officers shoved a young Negro into the room and then proceeded to work him over with nightsticks until he fell to the floor. They then worked him over again, yelling, "This'll teach you to mess the floor up, you black son-of-a-bitch." My MP associate and I protested the treatment, but were told in no uncertain terms that this was not a military matter and we were to keep our damn noses out of their business. What the man was accused of I have no idea. Being inside the domain of a dozen or so older law officers in a strange city and still being a traumatized youngster not knowing how I might change what I was seeing, in awe and disbelief, I remained The Observer.

I have little patience for the zealots who constantly demonstrate and complain, pretending to champion the causes of the minorities. I suspect their motives are more for publicity than for making things better; however, if this story should ever be dramatized, a fitting finale would be the above scenario supplemented by someone like Ray Charles, the blind musician, singing "America the Beautiful," starting softly and ending in crescendo: "...America, America, the Land of the Freeee and the Hooome of the Braaaave!"

Tribute

from Sol Finegold

Translation of "Cet Homme Americain M'a Donne a Nouveau la Vie" (That American Man Gave Me Back My Life), a tribute by Francois Bertrand which appeared in the October 2001 issue of the magazine "Le Deporte."

In honor of the American soldiers who participated in the liberation of the concentration camps and of thousands of deportees, we are publishing the testimonies of (some of our) comrades who, on a day of April or May 1945, saw, standing in front of them, one of these soldiers who, to them, meant freedom.

In early May 1945, Captain Damore, a U.S. Army medical officer, leans over me and talks to me. He is my first American, my first liberator. I am a patient at the 116th Evacuation Hospital at Dachau.

After a "fog" of several days and of being between life and death, I regain consciousness. The memory of that American doctor is and will be indelible and indescribable for me.

It is for that reason that, when several years later, I saw "U.S. Go Home" (appear) on some of our walls, I felt ill at ease and ashamed to the same extent as many of my comrades in captivity.

That feeling of shame is emotionally rather than politically motivated, since I do not have any intentions of a political nature. Indeed, that American man whom I never saw again, is, after my mother, the one who, together with his medical team, brought me to life and I therefore owe him my life.

He had left his country and knew, from here on, what the reasons were for him, as a doctor and non-combatant, to be fighting in order to eradicate the "Nazi evil."

It is therefore that, when he visited Ohrdruf, a subcamp of Buchenwald, in April 1945, General D. Eisenhower had said while looking at the rows of corpses: "If our soldiers did not know why they were fighting, they should know it now."

It is for the same reason that, in a letter which he sent to his parents on April 30, 1945, just a few hours after the liberation of the Dachau concentration camp by the U.S. Army, Lieutenant William J. Cowling III (a member of the staff of General Henning Linden who accepted the camp's surrender) wrote the following: "I have had the most exciting, horrible and at the same time wonderful experience I've ever or probably ever will have... I know when I heard such stories back in the States, I never believed them and now, even after seeing (them) with my own eyes, it's hard for me to believe it."

That is why, whenever I think about Damore and Cowling, I feel ashamed.

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The Aid Man

We never knew his real name or where he came from. A small fishing village in Maine, somewhere between Brunswick and Bangor with an unpronounceable name. He was born in the United States but his people were fishermen from Portugal.

He appeared one day outside our bivouac in Marseille, France as a replacement for one of the medical detachment who was ill with acute appendicitis and been hospitalized. He was barely five feet tall, and husky but not fat. He had an unshaveable stubble on his face and his ever-present smile. "Hi! I'm Pereira, your new driver," he said and offered an outstretched hairy hand to squeeze mine.

He was not the epitome of the snap and polish soldier, and it was obvious that he had been fobbed off to the medical detachment. But his was a winning, outgoing personality that soon ingratiated to the most withdrawn member of our group, the medical detachment of the 232nd Field Artillery Battalion.

There were 12 of us and the captain, a medical doctor who stayed with the commissioned officers of the battalion. The medical detachment provided an aid man for each of the four batteries of the battalion, three drivers (two jeeps and one truck), and five surgical technicians. In combat the aid men rode with their assigned batteries while the rest of us set up the tent for the battalion aid station and dug foxholes.

Pereira was not well-educated. He had hardly finished high school, worked on a lobster fishing boat for a few years and had finally married the neighbors' daughter, Marie. Marie had quickly become pregnant and Pereira had been drafted into the infantry. However, because he was so short in stature he was sent to a replacement company. To his great joy he was assigned to us as a replacement driver.

Pereira, with his ever-present smile and as a newcomer was often the butt of gags and practical jokes. This never phased or flustered him. He would often respond in Portuguese with, "As bloatas a favor!" I never knew any Portuguese, but this was the way it sounded to my ears. One day, the captain cursed at him and ordered that the jeep be brought up more quickly. "As bloatas a favor, captain!" smiled Pereira as he hurried on his short legs to get the jeep.

The most serious incident happened when Master Sergeant Nations of division artillery questioned him on an inspection tour. Sgt. Nations was a full-blooded, Cherokee Indian, who had made a career of the Army. He was often under the influence of alcohol and a classic example of a bullying sergeant.

"Pereira! You miserable, pale-faced runt!" he bellowed. "Your jeep's oil is dirty! When the hell did you last change it?" "As bloatas a favor, sergeant!" replied Pereira to cover up the fact that he had not looked at the oil. "What the hell does that

mean?" screamed the angry Sgt. Nations, rising up to his height of six feet four inches. I stepped up to the apoplectic, huge man and said, "He's my driver, sergeant, and I saw him change the oil myself." I lied.

"OK! OK!" barked Sgt. Nations. "But tell him to stop the crap of that Portuguese lingo!" And he stomped off. Pereira saluted but under his breath I heard, "As bloatas a favor!"

A few weeks later, after the battle of the Bulge, while we were camped in Wimmennau, France, Pereira came down with a bad case of influenza. He lay in his sleeping bag with a bad cough and fever, interrupted with sweating and shivering. I started to make out an evacuation tag to send him to a field hospital. "Please! Please! Sergeant, don't send me to a hospital!" he cried in a quavering voice. "When I get better, I will be sent as a replacement to the Infantry. I will be killed and never will see my wife, Marie again or my unborn child! Don't send me away from the Medical Detachment and the guys!"

I weakened and gave in. So for the next two weeks, against all regulations, I doctored Pereira with antibiotics and alcohol rubs. When the fever broke, I brought him hot food from the mess truck. After two weeks Pereira was his old self again. He had lost 12 pounds and his clothes hung on him, but the cheerful, ebullient Pereira had returned to duty.

It was during the darkest period of his illness, as I was feeding him some hot soup, I asked him what "As bloatas a favor" meant in English. He smiled as he gulped down the hot soup. "Promise you won't tell anybody... but it is a Portuguese curse." But what does it mean, I pressed him, and in-between coughs he said, "It means go fly a kite!"

Later that month, after a tremendous bombardment, the Division attacked the famous Siegfried line for the final push into Germany. On April 26 in Altshiem, Germany, Primeau, the Batter B aid man, came down with an infected buttock boil. Battery B needed a temporary replacement while Primeau soaked and drained his boil. The captain ordered me to get a volunteer. I looked with a puzzled gaze at the men of the battalion aid station. Who to pick? Pereira with his ever-present grin spoke up. "I'll go, sergeant. It's the least I can do. You guys helped me when I was sick. Here's my chance to repay you." Without further ado, he put on Primeau's aid kits and before we could wish him well, he was off to report to Battery B.

That was the last we ever saw Pereira alive. By 3:00 he was dead. Battery B was bombarded by 88 shells. The first volley killed him instantly as he was digging a foxhole. There had been two killed and six wounded.

At night the shelling had subsided and we tried to mourn our dead friend. We each said a few words of tribute. Primeau expressed that Pereira had saved his life. Others spoke of Pereira, but it was Bob Fox

who put it into words with tears in his eyes. "He was the best of us." Nothing more remained to be said. It was only 12 days before the Germans surrendered.

Months later, as part of the Army of Occupation in Salzburg, Austria, I was in charge of a convoy of five trucks carrying 50 Russian displaced persons who had been forced laborers in factories in Austria. We were traveling to Passau, the border of the Russian Zone. As we neared the bridge over the river, the American duty officer on our side called to the Russian lieutenant on the Russian side. The Russian officer was in an obvious bad mood and he yelled and cursed at his men who were lined up in a slovenly manner. After slapping one of them in the face, he signed the receipt for the returning Russians and went back into the guard house to finish his vodka. As the displaced Russians trailed over the bridge, the Russian sergeant ordered his men to escort them to their new Camp in preparation for their return to Russia. As the Russian squad marched off they sang, "Yop toya mat! Yaaaaaop toya mat!"

The returnees laughed and marched after them. I stopped a teen-age Russian boy who knew English and asked him what the soldiers were singing. "Oh," said the lad, "That is their reply to the Russian lieutenant who slapped the soldier's face." Yes, but what are they singing? He laughed as he ran to join the others. "They are singing to the lieutenant... go fly a kite!"

I stared after the marching Russians and the displaced persons, then I understood. The spirit of Pereira was still alive.

Tribute

Continued from Page 6

May I therefore, with humility but also with strength, ask the sons and grandsons of the French men and women who fought or didn't fight between 1939 and 1945 to (try to) understand how it felt for the people of France to be liberated by thousands of soldiers who were not French but who considered it to be their duty to allow us to remain French?

That debt of gratitude is due to them in the name of the Allied soldiers who were killed in action and in the name of our comrades in captivity whose lives ended in a concentration camp somewhere in Germany.

*Francois Bertrand
Buchenwald Political Prisoner #139865*

*Translated by Pierre C. Verheye
Buchenwald Political Prisoner #126637*

NOTE: Francois Bertrand is one of the few survivors of the "Buchenwald-Dachau Death Train" and, since he arrived at KL Dachau a few hours before its liberation, he was not registered at the latter camp and was not issued a KL Dachau serial number.

Memorial Foundation

CONTRIBUTIONS

FOUNDATION OPERATING FUND

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Merger

Word of mouth seems to indicate the

attendance at St. Louis will be comparable to last year at Tulsa, in spite of our continuing losses. Every member of the Memorial Foundation, which includes all dues paying Association and Auxiliary members, will receive a copy of the new Foundation Constitution & By-Laws in time to digest them prior to the St. Louis reunion. Thus, there will be plenty of time to study the changes before we are asked to approve them at the reunion.

POW Stories

There is still hope to having the POW stories in publication in time for the St. Louis reunion, but the time is growing short. More than 100 POW stories have been transcribed and edited and undergone several scans for typos, but there is still a lot of work to be done. At the moment, we don't have a name for the book. If you have any suggestions, please send them to Archivist Bill Keithan or to Suellen McDaniel from the Millennium Chapter. It would be nice to have something as appropriate as "Win-

ter Storm." A copy of the book will be presented to anyone whose title is used.

Company Rosters

Val Spiegel, e-mail <spiegel-val@worldnet.att.net> needs additional help typing the company rosters so they can be placed in a database and be readily available for anyone with a computer. Val will send rosters and typing instructions if you volunteer.

Fund Raising

There was \$900 contributed during the March-April. If this was all given to the Scholarship Operating Fund, only \$180, or about 1/3, of a single \$500 scholarship would be produced under the present system of allocating 20% of the Scholarship Operating Fund each year for scholarships. More funds are needed if we are to maintain the present scholarship level.

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