



RAINBOW DIVISION
Veterans Memorial Foundation

REVEILLE

VOL. LXXXIV

JANUARY 2004

NO. 3

Rainbow On-Line: www.rainbowvets.org

Chairman's Message

If all of you wonderful "Rainbowers" are as busy as your chairman has been, there's no time for any of you to worry about what the future holds in store. I spent a thoroughly enjoyable three days with the Northwest Chapter in late October, and had an absolutely wonderful four days celebrating Veterans' Day in Birmingham in the company of 40 other devoted Rainbows. The Northwest bunch is a solid group of folks who support each other, step up to contribute whenever something needs to be done, and welcome all guests as though they were royalty, even those of us escaping from La La Land (California). I can't begin to tell you how much they exemplify the true spirit of Rainbow. A big bonus there is Dr. Francis Meachem, who dispenses more free up-to-date health advice in 10 minutes than you can buy in 10 years of Medicare-funded treatments. If not for Rainbow, I'd never have met Francis and literally hundreds of other folks whose acquaintance and friendship I treasure.

To follow up with the above thought, an exemplar of all that is great about Rainbow is Aleen Walker, widow of former Rainbow vet Guy Walker and our "First Lady" of Birmingham. Every year she makes all of the essential arrangements for our attendance at the National Veterans' Awards Dinner, the World Peace Luncheon, the 21st Street Viaduct Memorial Service, the Cathedral Church of the Advent Memorial Service, and the National Veterans' Day Parade. Additionally, she arranges for tours, a breakfast with grits (only if you want to feel Southern), and an earth-shaking organ concert by Cecil Whitmire at the beautiful old Alabama Theater. If you haven't toured with Aleen, you haven't toured with the world's most entertaining tour guide. Jokes by the bushel basket full, all fit for the ears of your grandchildren, local priest or church elder - but funneeeeeee!

Continued on Page 2

CAMPAIGNS

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

VETERANS' DAY - BIRMINGHAM 2003

Courtesy of Charles Fowler

Last year was very good; this year was better. We started on Sunday evening with 32 at supper at the Atrium restaurant at the hotel. Then on Monday morning, on the bus for our usual breakfast get-together at Shoney's and then on to the Alabama theater, where Cecile Whitmire (owner and organist) put on a special program for us at the keyboard of the Wurlitzer organ. From there we traveled to the Golden Flake factory, where we were given a guided tour of how their various snacks are produced, and as we left the factory, we were each given a bagful of their delicious snacks (potato chips, cheese puffs, pork skins, pretzels, etc.). These helped to keep the Hospitality Room well stocked. And then it was on to the 21st Street Viaduct for our annual wreath-laying ceremony, where Charles Fowler acted as Master of Ceremonies. Charlie started the program with a brief talk on saluting the flag, Millennium President Earnie Owen gave the Invocation, Charlie led the Pledge of Allegiance, Linda Owen sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," Foundation Chairman Ted Simonson and Auxiliary President Marge Eaton followed with inspiring talks, and Charlie read an original poem by the widow of a battery mate of his from Battery "C" of the 392nd Field Artillery Battalion. The wreath-laying was conducted by Marge and Ted, assisted by Emma McGuire, widow of John McGuire, WWI veteran who served in the 167th Regiment of the Rainbow Division. We then had "Amazing Grace" played by Bagpiper Charles Smith and sung by Linda Owen, followed by "Taps" by Sgt. Steven Price and the Benediction by Earnie Owen. It was a very impressive ceremony. Then back to the hotel to relax in the Hospitality Room and get ready for that night's banquet held at the Auditorium, which as always was one of the highlights of Veterans Day, with 1,200 in attendance. We had 46 Rainbows, wives and family.

Tuesday morning started off with the Memorial Service for all of Alabama's deceased Veterans of the past year, then

back to the Auditorium for the Peace Luncheon and finally back on the bus for the parade. This year the turnout for the parade and the response we got as the bus as we moved through downtown Birmingham was outstanding as people waved, clapped and cheered as we drove by. I've been to over a dozen Veterans Days in Birmingham, and this year had to be the tops in the outpouring from the crowd. You would have been proud to be there.

Those attending were Michael Diglio, William C. and Alice Hill, Arturo and Connie Trevino, James and Evelyn Barton, Clarence Griffith, James and Rose Pettus, Richard and Ester Pierce, Paul and Darlene Jones, Lise Pommois, Charles Fowler, Gerald and Marjorie Eaton, John Hilliard, David and Ida Massey, Virginia Duhasek, George and Amelia Van Allen, Earnie and Linda Owen, Bill Shurtleff, Ted Simonson, Patti Hughes, Frances Hutnik, Father Bob Weiss, Leon Praytor, Betty Falter, John Wallace, John Wallace Jr., Emma McGuire, Porter and Wanda Richardson, Jan Smith, Dolores Kallaher, Aleen Walker, Richard Praytor, Linda Fifash, Jackie Praytor, Judy Brasher and Charlotte Ray.

The Hospitality Room was the best we have had in Birmingham and was well stocked by Aleen Walker, who (with the assistance of John Wallace, grandson of John McGuire) put the program together before we got there and kept things rolling after we arrived.

One last word. If you haven't been to Veterans Day in Birmingham, you don't know what you have missed. Aleen and John put together something new each year and the big thing, besides the ceremonies, is that there are no meetings; which leaves a lot of time for socializing and with the Hospitality Room we had this year, there was plenty of room for this. Make your plans now for next year. It is always the 9th, 10th and 11th of November. Mark your calendar now so you don't forget. You definitely will not regret it.

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

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RAINBOW Division Veterans
Memorial Foundation

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Chaplain's Message

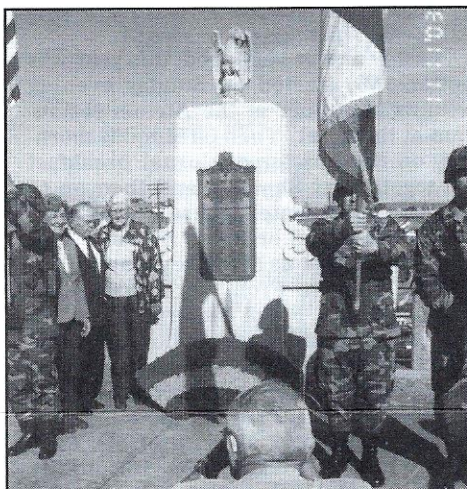
Lord God of Hosts, we look to you in this time of War on Terrorism. We pray for and work for the day when the peoples of Iraq and other Mid-East countries may know the freedom and security that we take for granted. Guard and protect our service men and women who labor towards that end. May they know without any doubt that their families and the entire nation are grateful for their efforts. Amen.

Norman P. Forde

Chap. (COL) USA ret.

RDVA Chaplain

Birmingham Dedication



L to R: Color Guard - Marge Eaton, Ted Simonson, Emma McGuire (widow of John McGuire, WWI Veteran of Alabama 167th Inf.)

We Get Letters

I have recently co-authored a book, "The Art of Living: Discovering the Transcendent and the Transpersonal in Our Lives," in which I included a tribute to the 42nd Rainbow Division. As this book is based on life skills and self-improvement, I was touched by my visit to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma with my father, Ernest T. Minelli.

After participating in two 42nd Rainbow Division conferences, Little Rock, Arkansas and Tulsa, Oklahoma, I wanted to include a tribute to the members. It may be appropriate to place a short announcement of my book in the upcoming 42nd Rainbow Division Reveille. Minelli, M.J. & Schroll, M.A. (2003). "The Art of Living: Discovering the Transcendent and the Transpersonal in Our Lives." Champaign, IL: Stipes Publishing. ISBN 1-58874-249-0 (\$19.95). 204 W. University Ave., Champaign, IL 61820.

Thank you for your help in this matter, and please feel free to contact me if you require further information.

Sincerely,

Mark J. Minelli

1010 E. Michigan St., Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858

Chairman's Message

Continued from Page 1

Aleen's groundwork is supported by other Rainbowners, and this year National Memorials Chairman Charlie Fowler did yeoman duty in managing the 21st Street wreath-laying ceremony, seeing that everyone knew and was prepared for his/her role, and, most importantly, for we rank-and-file types just along for the fun, managed a roomy, comfortable, well-stocked hospitality room that was open whenever we had a free moment. In addition to "old timers" pitching in, we had great help from Aleen's nephew, John, and Millennium Chapter president, Earnie Owen and his wife Linda. Every one of the 40-plus persons at Birmingham, young and old, told me they had a great time, and I believe that I spoke with every person there.

So all this leads up to the "pitch." Make a New Year's Resolution to really participate in Rainbow activities this year to the fullest measure - and, if you haven't yet experienced it, to feel the warmth of knowing that you are not only a member of the "Greatest Generation," but also an elite member. In the Rainbow you became one of the few of our generation who actually risked his life - you were a member of the "Queen of Battle," the infantry - one who survived - one who earned his way into our group by enduring wet and cold beyond description - endured hellish circumstances that can never be adequately described, no matter how many times recounted - and, in doing these things, earned the warm regard of your comrades for as long as we can come together.

Get the feeling! Get the warmth! Be young again! Be daring! Be brave! Live not a little, but a lot! All you have to do is gear your resolutions and calendar to these activities and dates. A note to sweethearts, wives, significant others and children. Pry the "Old Boy" out of his easy chair and send, bring, push or pull him to the following affairs. He will have a great time, and if you're with him, so will you.

(1) Tucson, Mid-Year Meeting, February 12-14, 2004. (2) Memphis, Annual Reunion, July 13-18, 2004. (3) National Veterans' Day in Birmingham, November 9-11, 2004.

**Mid-Year Reunion
February 13-15, 2004
Radisson Hotel City Center
Tucson, Arizona
(800) 333-3333**

HOTEL LOCATION: The Radisson Hotel City Center is located at 181 West Broadway, Tucson, AZ 85701. The hotel is located in the heart of downtown, just minutes away from Tucson International Airport. Over 24 restaurants are within a one-mile radius of the hotel. If you are driving, please contact the hotel for accurate driving instructions. Rates: \$89 + tax, king bed or 2 double beds. Honored 3 days before and after Reunion cut-off date of 1/23/04.

HOTEL EXTRAS: The Radisson features 307 guest rooms and suites. Guest rooms are equipped with remote control color TV, express check-out through your TV, voice mail, hair dryer, iron/ironing board, and coffee makers with coffee. The hotel has a heated outdoor pool, and a fitness facility. A gift shop is located within the hotel.

Handicapped accessible and non-smoking rooms are subject to availability. Please request these special accommodations when making your hotel reservation. Parking is complimentary to overnight hotel guests. Check-in time is 3 p.m.; check-out is 12 noon.

HOTEL DINING: Rosewood Room: serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner daily. Room service is available. Saguaro Lounge: For cocktails and sandwiches.

AIRPORT SHUTTLE: The hotel offers ground transportation to and from the airport 24 hours a day, every day. This complimentary service can be obtained by calling from the courtesy phone in the baggage claim area of the airport when you arrive.

NEARBY RV PARK: The hotel does not have spaces available for RV's. Call the Crazy Horse RV Campground at (520) 574-0157 should you need hook-up services. They will give you directions to their park and additional information.

WHEELCHAIRS: Should you need to rent a wheelchair, call Carondelet Home Health Service at (520) 721-3822. Currently, they rent wheelchairs per week. Delivery and pick-up can be arranged. Contact Pete Pettus for reservation forms, or call.

Room rates: \$79 plus tax (1 to 4 people), king bed or two double beds. Cut-off date 6/14/04.

The Memphis Marriott is located at 2625 Thousand Oaks Boulevard, Memphis, TN 38118. The Marriott is located just minutes from the Memphis International Airport. Please contact the hotel directly for accurate driving directions. For your shopping pleasure, two malls are 5 to 20 minutes away. Indoor and outdoor pools, a health club, sauna,

whirlpool, and exercise room gives guests the perfect opportunity to relax. Valet and dry cleaning services, safety deposit boxes, in-room iron/ironing board, and morning complimentary coffee in the lobby are just a few of the services offered for hotel guests' convenience. Hotel parking is free and ample. Check in time is 3 p.m. and check out is 12 noon. Handicapped accessible and non-smoking rooms are also subject to availability. Please be sure to request these types of rooms when making your reservation. **Blue Shoe Bar & Grill** (American) open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. **Corky's Bar-B-Que**, nearby, is open for lunch and dinner. **Folks Folly**, a steakhous nearby, is open for dinner. **P.F. Chang's China Bistro**, a Chinese restaurant nearby, is open for lunch and dinner. Room service is available.

The Marriott provides complimentary shuttle service from the Memphis International Airport. The shuttle runs from the hotel on the half hour. Upon arrival at the airport, proceed to Baggage Claim. A phone is available in this area to call the hotel for pick-up. You may want to consider other transportation, as space is limited on complimentary services.

RV parking is allowed for guests of the hotel. There are no hookups on the premises. Graceland KOA Campground is approximately 6 miles from the Memphis Marriott. Please call 866-571-9236 for information, reservations, and directions. Please make your reservations at least three months in advance.

Should you need to rent a wheelchair for the reunion, ScootAround rents both manual and power wheelchairs by the day and week. Please call their toll-free number at 888-441-7575 for details. All prices quoted include delivery fees.

Vendors, Schedules, and Prices are subject to change.

New Jersey Chapter Reunion

The next New Jersey Reunion is scheduled for May 12-13-14, 2004 at beautiful Port-O-Call Hotel, Ocean City, N.J. Don't miss it! For more information, please call Harold Melinek at 908-604-9181.

Labels

Our publishing editor, Hugo Grimm, has arranged to procure a supply of Rainbow Foundation labels. These very attractive labels are available in the following lots: 50 for \$5.00 and 100 for \$10.00. Send checks to P.O. Box 44, Forestell, MO 63348. **Make sure you use this address.** Hugo will be moving soon, and we will supply his complete address and phone number in the next issue.



The Book Shelf

"In Search of Rainbow Memorials" by Lise M. Pommolis, distinguished author of "Winter Storm" and the Memorial Foundation's first honored member, with Charles Fowler, Memorial Officer, should be on the bookshelf or coffee table of every Rainbower. Locations, descriptions, and pictures, plus driving directions to, Rainbow memorials are compiled and presented in a single document.

This book contains much more. It profiles leaders and other Rainbow men who rose to prominence and provides a running Rainbow history of WWI and WWII. This book is great for use as a reference work. The final photograph is of the inscription engraved in a pillar in the Strasbourg Cathedral, France, which reads in both French and English: "1944-1945 In Memory of the American Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers Who Gave Their Lives to Free Alsace."

To secure your copy, contact Aegis Consulting Co. at 432 S. Juliana St., Bedford, PA 15522. You may also order by phone (814) 623-8308, fax (814) 623-8668 or e-mail aegis@bedford.net. The price is \$14.95 plus \$3 S&H.

NOTE...Lise will be in Tucson with copies for sale.

Dear Hugo Grimm:

I have tried to communicate with someone about things that are never mentioned in any of the articles in the newsletters. I don't know if anyone knows that the 42nd Division trained two units during WWII. The first one was sent as replacements for the men that were lost in the invasion of France. I, for one, was sent over and joined the 79th Division, which was badly shot up.

I would like to hear from anyone who was in that group.

Arthur Clark Krantz
P.O. Box 4992, Sunriver, OR 97707

Editor's Note: This, of course, has been commented on countless times. However, we will try once again. Contact Arthur if you were in part of that group.

History of the Pledge of Allegiance

The original Pledge of Allegiance was written by Francis Bellamy. It was first given wide publicity through the official program of the National Public Schools Celebration of Columbus Day which was printed in the Youth's Companion of Sept. 8, 1892 and at the same time sent out in leaflet form to schools throughout the country. Schoolchildren recited the Pledge of Allegiance this way:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

"The flag of the United States" replaced the words "my Flag" in 1923 because some foreign-born people might have in mind the flag of the country of their birth instead of the United States flag. A year later, "of America" was added after "United States."

No form of the Pledge received official recognition by Congress until June 22, 1942, when the Pledge was formally included in the U.S. Flag Code. The official name of the Pledge of Allegiance was adopted in 1945. The last change in language came on Flag Day 1954 when Congress passed a law which added the words "under God" after "one nation."

Originally, the pledge was said with the right hand in the so-called "Bellamy Salute," with the right hand resting first outward from the chest, then the arm extending out from the body. Once Hitler came to power in Europe, some Americans were concerned that this position of the arm and hand resembled the Nazi or Fascist salute. In 1942 Congress also established the current practice of rendering the pledge with the right hand over the heart.

The Flag Code specifies that any future changes to the pledge would have to be with the consent of the president.

Women on an Island

by Chester W. Spencer

On April 13, 1945, as the 42nd Infantry Division was securing Schweinfurt, orders were received to continue on and attack Furth, to the southeast. The Second Battalion of the 222nd Regiment, mounted on trucks, crossed over the Main River at Nordheim. The convoy was to move south from Schweinfurt then to the east and attack Furth. Jose Torres, I, and one other person were assigned to ride and guard the battalion ammunition truck, which was to follow close behind the line companies.

For a short distance, after crossing the river, the road followed the south bank of the river. We had moved only a few miles along this road when the lead elements of the convoy came under fire. Everyone dismounted and an attack was launched to take a small wooded hill to the front where the firing originated. It turned out to be a

minor incident. We learned later that the main enemy force had withdrawn farther to the south, but at the time there was uncertainty as to what we faced.

While the action was taking place up front, and the three of us were standing beside the ammunition truck, Sgt. Davis came up and told me to take the other two and check out a barracks building behind us on a small island in the river. At this point the road was about 100 yards from the river, and the building was on the order of 300 yards from the convoy. The building was large enough to hold a few dozen enemy riflemen, so it was worthy of attention.

We ran down to the river's edge where a wooden bridge to the island was located. It was a risky situation as the bridge was clearly visible to any German soldiers located in the building. I said to the two fellows, "Cover the windows" and ran across the bridge. They followed. We ran up to the building, I to the front, and each of the other two taking a side of the building prepared to throw their grenades through the windows if there was any resistance. I stepped to one side of the front door and shouted, "Achtung!", "Kom-m'raus!", "Hande hoch!", "Mach's Schnell!"

Nothing happened, but I heard a small noise like a baby crying. I was nervous since we were fully exposed. A few experienced Germans with "burp guns" could cut the three of us down before we could get them. But here it was! I kicked the door in, jumped inside with my rifle ready. It was dark inside, but I could see two rows of double bunks. Some of the bunks had "lumps" on them and there were some "lumps" on the floor under some of the bunks. But there were no armed German soldiers.

One of the fellows outside asked, "What's in there?" The lumps began to stir. Heads came out from under the blankets. Then women, many women, appeared. Some coming down from upstairs. They started to talk, but not in German or English. They were Russian or Polish. One said something like, "Amerikansky."

Then some began to laugh, some began to cry, and some just stood transfixed holding their hands to their chests. I was astounded and I was in a peculiar situation. Here I was holding a fully automatic weapon on a bunch of women who were obviously glad to see me. Some were coming toward me holding their arms out. One at a nearby bunk began pulling back the blankets on her bunk and indicated that I would be welcome to join her.

Two thoughts came to me. The first was that in seconds they would have me. And the second was, I had accomplished my mission. I jumped out the door and we ran across the bridge back to the convoy. The sergeant asked if I found any Germans in the barracks. I said no, that the building held only several dozen women prisoners of war who were being used for slave labor.

Gloria Murto Remembers Another Time, Another Place

As United States troops risked their lives and gave their all in the Middle East recently, Gloria Murto of Esko, Minnesota was remembering another time and another place. Uuno Murto, her husband of 50+ years, served in Battery "C," 392nd Field Artillery Battalion of the famous 42nd Rainbow Division. According to the Division's Web site, just as a rainbow signals the passing of yet another storm and the birth of new hope for mankind, so too did the Rainbow Division signal to millions of people the end of tyranny and oppression, and the beginning of new hope for a better world. His unit was instrumental, among other things, in the liberation of the dreaded Dachau Concentration Camp.

This poem is for Uuno and all the men and women who are, or have been, an honored part of defending our country's freedom.

Mary Ann Lee, Uuno's daughter

MY HERO

by Gloria Murto

Head held high, shoulders back,
Hand to heart, remove your hat!
Listen, look, here comes the flag!
A rat-a-tat, a rat-a-tat
Tears trickle down his weathered cheeks,
The moment leaves him much too weak!
Still his head is held up high,
His flag will soon pass by.
A rat-a-tat, a rat-a-tat
A far-away look clouds his eyes,
His salute pays homage to all the guys!
Still his head is held so high,
Our flag, it passes by!
A rat-a-tat, a rat-a-tat.

Thoughts of the past and future days,
A quiet prayer he seems to pray.
The old gray head is still held high,
As the flag unfurls against the sky.
A rat-a-tat, a rat-a-tat
Dreams of the lands we fought to keep,
Wake up, America, don't sleep!
Keep your head ever so high,
Our flag, the flag has just passed by!
A rat-a-tat, a rat-a-tat
Now he's gone, I miss the beat,
I know he's just down the street,
I close my eyes and there he stands,
Holding fast to all his plans.
The old gray head, it's still held high,
His flag, it waves up in the sky.
A rat-a-tat, a rat-a-tat.

From Your Secretary!

There are still some Chapters that have not given a listing of their Officers for the Foundation!

Deliverance

by George Cramer, Weapons Platoon,
Co. K, 232nd Regt., 42nd Rainbow Div.

January 7, 1945 was a typical cold winter day with a gray, overcast sky and below freezing temperature. The location was near La Wantzenau, France, about 10 kilometers north of Strasbourg. The first mortar squad of the Weapons Platoon had been assigned as a support unit to a combat patrol under the leadership of 2nd Lieutenant Harry Knecht. The squad was composed of: squad leader Leroy Smitheman (Norwood, Pa.); gunner Jack Refling (Menominee, Mich.); assistant gunner George Cramer (Palatine, Ill.); and ammunition bearers Andrew Matthews (Fresno, Calif.) and Johnnie Williams (Silsbee, Texas).

The 60mm mortar (M-2) was a versatile, muzzle-loaded, smoothbore, high-angle-of-fire weapon, capable of delivering fast, indirect firepower with considerable lethal force over a wide area. It weighed 42 pounds, was hand-carried, and fired a 3.1-pound high-explosive round to a distance ranging from 100 to almost 2,000 yards, depending on angle of fire and number of powder charges affixed between the fins.

Movement of the patrol began inauspiciously when friendly covering fire, meant to precede the lead element, first landed short and dangerously close to the group. Everyone hit the ground. Fortunately, there were no casualties. After the creeping fire pattern was adjusted, the patrol got underway, moving slowly through wooded and open areas toward the Rhine River. The patrol advanced for some time without incident. When some of the lead riflemen reached the edge of the woods through which the patrol was moving, gunfire suddenly erupted; contact had been made with an enemy force on the far side of a clearing. During the ensuing firefight Lt. Knecht was seriously wounded when a bullet struck him, breaking his leg. To lend its support with heavier, indirect fire, the mortar squad moved forward.

It was difficult for the gunners to find a location among the trees that was suitable for firing high-trajectory shells safely through a canopy of foliage. The squad was able to work its way about 75 yards to reach a position on the fringe of the woods looking out over the clearing. While our riflemen continued firing, Smitheman, squad leader and observer, crawled a few yards further to set the aiming stake and to call out firing orders. Refling and Cramer had to select a site to ensure that outgoing rounds would miss tree branches as they lofted upward. It would be disastrous for a shell to detonate immediately overhead with troops all around in exposed positions. Adding to the uncertainty of the setup was the fact that the four spades on the underside of the base plate of the mortar – to absorb

recoil – didn't have a secure purchase on the frozen ground, thereby compromising the flight and accuracy of every round fired. As it turned out, the choice of that particular spot proved satisfactory; there were no mishaps. (For years after, though, the two men reminisced about how some of the remaining winter leaves on tree branches fluttered and danced in the air as each round was propelled skyward.)

Most challenging to Cramer was preparation of the shells for firing with numb, stiffened fingers in the freezing temperature and extraction of the thin safety ring wire from the nose cone, a necessity to arm each round before loading. After each firing, and as Smitheman ordered new adjustments in target settings, Refling hurriedly manipulated the traversing wheel and elevating crank, while viewing the aiming stake through the sight, to reset for level, deflection and elevation. Additional adjustments frequently were necessary to compensate for movement of the mortar base plate and bipod legs on the slippery ground. As Cramer inserted each round in the tube with his right hand, he grasped the base plate cap with his left hand to steady the mortar for the discharge. At the same time Refling, with his right hand midway down the outside of the tube, held the left bipod leg firmly with his left hand. This procedure was repeated for each firing. Meanwhile, Matthews and Williams, by creeping and crawling, kept the gunners supplied with more mortar rounds.

The gunners launched shell after shell into the wooded area across the clearing. The concentrated fire forced the enemy to withdraw and enabled the patrol to establish a perimeter defense. Before long, however, return fire from German artillery came crashing in, a barrage of cannonading with frequent tree-bursts. Despite efforts of the patrol to dig in, it was useless because of the frozen ground. There was little natural cover. Each man protected himself as best he could, hugged the ground and prayed for deliverance. Eventually the shelling ceased, and then came silence from across the clearing. Amazingly, no one in the group was injured. Having completed its mission of engagement with the enemy, the patrol assembled and returned safely to the Company lines as darkness fell.

The quintessential climax to this unforgettable experience occurred that night with the arrival of hot chow for members of the patrol. Indeed, the men of Company K had been delivered. Tomorrow would be a new day.

Bronze Star Medals were awarded to Jack Refling and George Cramer for meritorious achievement.

Dedicated to the Memory of:

Johnnie L. Williams: 9 Oct. 1985 (Johnnie)

Leroy K. Smitheman: 15 Oct. 1992 (Smitty)

Andrew S. Matthews Jr.: 1 Oct. 1996 (Matt)

Jack G. Refling: 12 April 1998 (Ref)

Citizen Soldiers of the Greatest Generation

To WWI and WWII Rainbow Division Family Members

As most of you will remember through your contact with the rainbowvets.org webpage over the past four years, there is a chapter within the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation called the Millennium Chapter. Our goal is to honor the men who served our country in the 42nd Infantry Rainbow Division and to keep their history alive and accessible to researchers far into the future. Good news! As a new chapter project, in the last two months, we have begun receiving e-mail attachments from veterans and their families and descendants, which include letters and photographs, many of which are showing the wear of time. A member of our chapter has the experience and expertise to correct these flaws and has volunteered to print the restored materials on archival-quality paper with as much description as can be obtained from the donor. This is becoming a truly exciting project. We are adding to the history of the Rainbow Division in an unprecedented way. The preserved photo enhancements are then sent to the Rainbow Archivist, veteran J. William "Bill" Keithan Jr., who receives, records and accessions such material to the archives, libraries and museums around the USA which hold Rainbow Division history. Our chapter research library will retain copies of all of them, and the history will be shared with members in our newsletter, Rainbow Trail. If you and your family have such Rainbow photos or letters to share in this way, we would very much appreciate receiving them! If you would like to participate in our drive for preserving Rainbow history, please send your e-mail attachments to Tim Robertson at: trobertson1@cinci.rr.com.

Dear Kenneth:

My wife Rena and I were just on a trip through our old state of Oklahoma and we stopped at Camp Gruber just to see if and where the plaque we dedicated in July 2002 is to be located. You will recall the Ladies' Auxiliary provided the plaque and we made the formal dedication at Camp Gruber when we all were there last July.

We visited with Col. Ragglund and he indicated he is having trouble with the National Guard Headquarters in Oklahoma City. The entire front section of the Headquarters Building is being remodeled and the Headquarters Office is slow to respond. It is necessary for Headquarters to make their approval – the project will be completed.

This story may be interesting to the troops – and to the Auxiliary.

Sincerely,

Ralph Rundquist, Co. L, 222nd Inf.

Can You Help?

Al Brown is seeking information as to the unit that captured the town of Florenburg on the Rhine. Anyone having information may contact him at 209 Greencastle Ave., Temple Terrace, FL 33617. Tel. 813-988-7562. E-mail spearbrown@aol.com.

636th TD Bn.

Dear Ken:

Our 636th TD Bn. Reconnaissance Co., 1st and 2nd Platoons, assisted Task Force Linden from 24 December 1944 to 3 January 1945. Our 3rd Platoon assisted Task Force Herren (70th I.D.) north of TFL. The 1st Platoon I was assigned to as Section Sergeant spent most of our time in Gamsheim and Herrlisheim crossing the canals in rubber boats on patrols. We also ran patrols between TF Linden Units.

I would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who remembers us.

Cordially,

Lt. Col. (Ret.) Rufus J. Leggett

1984 Comfort St., Canyon Lake, TX 78133
gett636@gvtc.com

Membership Chairman's Report

Excellent attendance at the Membership Committee meeting in St. Louis last July made this meeting interesting and encouraging. It is clear that although membership numbers are decreasing, interest in the future of Rainbow is not! Just one example of the dedication to locating Rainbow veterans is a letter from Wanda Culley, wife of Hovey Culley, 242-L. Wanda's research resulted in the reunion of at least five members of "Love Company" in July, for the first time since 1945. She is an accomplished Internet sleuth. "(08-18-03) I have started to go through the roster to find any members of Company L and try to get them to join the National Foundation. I hope to find more and have them attend the reunion in Memphis next year. My first place to look is in the White Pages, then I go to AnyBirthday.com to find the name, address and birthday. If Any-Birthday fails, then I go to the Rootsweb.com and the Social Security Death Index. So far I have located 33 names which appear on the roster of 12/13/45. Nine of them are deceased but I found the address, phone number and birthdate of the 24."

In the fall of 2003, the Millennium Chapter mailed more than 400 invitations to membership to Associate Members, past and present, who have never joined the Family Chapter, and to Internet contacts through the rainbowvets.org web page over the last several years who had been invited to join but had never done so. More than 50 family members have so far enthusiastically responded.

Charles "Charlie" Paine, 242-G, and RDVA Membership Chairman, wrote in Reveille (Nov. 1997): "We all stuck together and did the job in Europe. By displaying the same brand of stick-to-itiveness we can and must get our numbers up so that the Foundation continues after 2010. Sign up your descendants. Maybe one of them will be leading us in the near future! MAKE RAINBOW LIVE!"

For assistance in locating "lost" buddies and information on signing up your families, please contact Suellen McDaniel, Membership Chairman 2003-2005 (contact information on p. 2 this issue).

Common Sense's Obituary

Today we mourn the passing of an old friend, Common Sense. Common Sense lived a long life, but died in the United States from heart failure early in the new millennium. No one really knows how old he was, since his birth records were lost long ago in bureaucratic red tape. He selflessly devoted his life to service in schools, hospitals, homes and factories, helping folks get jobs done without fanfare and foolishness.

For decades, petty rules, silly laws, and frivolous lawsuits held no power over Common Sense. He was credited with cultivating such valued lessons as to know when to come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm, and that life isn't always fair.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you earn), reliable parenting strategies (the adults are in charge, not the kids), and it's OK to come in second. A veteran of the Industrial Revolution, the Great Depression, and the Technological Revolution, Common Sense survived cultural and educational trends including body piercing, whole language, and new math. But his health declined when he became infected with the if-it-only-helps-one-person-it's-worth-it virus.

In recent decades, his waning strength proved no match for the ravages of well intentioned but overbearing regulations. He watched in pain as good people became ruled by self-seeking lawyers. His health rapidly deteriorated when schools endlessly implemented zero-tolerance policies.

Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate, a teen suspended for taking a swig of mouthwash after lunch, and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student only worsened his condition. It declined even further when schools had to get parental consent to administer aspirin to a student but could not inform the parent when a female student was pregnant or wanted an abortion.

Common Sense lost his will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband, churches became businesses, criminals received better treatment than victims, and federal judges stuck their noses

in everything from the Pledge of Allegiance to professional sports. When an individual, too stupid to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, was awarded a huge settlement, Common Sense threw in the towel. As the end neared, Common Sense drifted in and out of logic but was kept informed of developments regarding questionable regulations such as those for low flow toilets, rocking chairs, stepladders and auto emissions.

Common Sense finally succumbed when, while the United States was fighting a war on terrorism, a federal judge declared the Pledge of Allegiance to be unconstitutional.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by two step-siblings: My Rights, and Ima Whiner. Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone.

Source: Unknown

Served Twice?

In the middle 1950's as my family and I were eating supper, our phone rang. I answered it and heard what seemed to be an elderly lady. She asked whether I was James Schaefer and did I serve in the Rainbow Division? Yes was the answer. She continued, "Colonel — has died and he wanted you to have the bird symbol that was used to mark all Rainbow equipment for shipment overseas." I did not remember a colonel by that name, nor did I recall our WWII equipment being marked with a bird. Then I asked her, "WWI or WWII?" She answered, "WWI, of course."

So can you believe that there were two different Schaefers in the same general combat areas? Was I reincarnated? I never checked that out.

James C. Schaefer, Co. I, 232nd Inf.

Has the Medal of Honor Ever Been Won by a Woman?

One woman, Mary Walker, has won the Medal of Honor. She earned it for her work as an assistant surgeon for the U.S. Army during the Civil War. When the medal was first awarded, the citation that came with the medal in something of a backhanded compliment, declared that Walker was receiving it because "by reason of her not being a commissioned officer in the military service a brevet or honorary rank can not, under existing laws, be conferred upon her."

In 1917 the government rescinded Walker's medal, along with medals awarded to several hundred others, because too many had been given out, reducing its value and prestige. Henceforth, the Medal of Honor would be awarded only for valor under fire. Walker refused to return her medal and was vindicated in 1977 when President Carter restored it.

Into the 42nd Division by Order of the President

by Howard Margol

In January 1942, my twin brother Hilbert and I graduated early from high school in Jacksonville, Florida. We knew it was not a question of if we would go into the Armed Services, but when. Wanting to complete as much of our education as possible, we entered the University of Florida.

Later that year, a representative of the U.S. Army announced on campus, that if we enlisted in the Army Reserve, we would be deferred until June 1, 1945. That meant we could accelerate our studies, graduate in three years, and complete our education. That sounded like a great idea, so a number of us enlisted in the Army Reserve on October 25, 1942. As it turned out, the deferment was not a very valid one. On April 1, 1943 we were called to active duty and ordered to report to Camp Blanding, Florida for re-assignment.

Having completed our freshman year of ROTC in horse-drawn artillery, my brother and I were sent to Ft. Bragg, North Carolina for basic training in field artillery. Three months later, our training on 105mm howitzers completed, my brother and I were scheduled to go to Officer Candidate School and become 2nd Lieutenants. A life-long friend of ours from Jacksonville worked in Ft. Bragg Headquarters and his job was to issue the orders transferring the trainees. He informed us that newly graduated 2nd Lieutenants were being sent directly to North Africa and their casualty rate was running about 80%. Instead of OCS, he could put us into a new Army Service Training Program (ASTP) and we could return to college. That sounded like a good idea, so off we went to Syracuse University in Syracuse, New York. After several months at Syracuse, the Army transferred us to the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois.

Our return to college life did not last long. The Army decided they needed cannon fodder much more than they needed college students, the ASTP program ended, and we were sent to Ft. Sheridan, Illinois for reassignment. At that point, the Army decided to separate us. After the five Sullivan brothers went down on the same ship in the Pacific, the military would no longer allow brothers to serve together in the same combat unit. Consequently, my brother Hilbert was sent to Battery B, 392nd F.A. Bn., 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division in Camp Gruber, Oklahoma and I ended up in Company D, 415th Infantry Regiment, 104th Infantry "Timberwolf" Division in the Mojave Desert in California. Needless to say, I was not very happy at this turn of events. After undergoing extensive training in Field Artillery, I was walking around the desert with a 45-pound 81mm mortar base plate on my back in addition to a full field pack. Riding in a truck, towing a 105mm howitzer, was much more to my liking.

Our training in the Mojave Desert ended when the North African campaign came to a close. The 104th then moved to Camp Car-

son, Colorado for mountain training. After desert training, and now mountain training, we were confident we would be sent to the Pacific Theater of operations. All during my time in the 104th, I repeatedly applied for a transfer to the Rainbow Division so I could return to the Field artillery and rejoin my twin brother. One night, over a few beers at the PX, the company clerk informed me that all of my transfer requests were going straight to Captain Gude's trash can. He also told me that even though brothers were not allowed to serve in the same combat unit, President Roosevelt would make an exception in the case of twins. I could not write to the President because I could be court martialed for going over the head of my superior officers.

However, there was another option; my mother could write to the President. She could not ask for me to be transferred to my brother but could only request that we be put together in the same unit. My brother could end up with me in the infantry instead of the other way around. I made a phone call to Hilbert in Camp Gruber and told him about the situation. He said we had a 50% chance of my joining him, so I should go for it. I wasted no time in calling my mother in Jacksonville, Florida and asked her to write to President Roosevelt. Several weeks passed after the letter was mailed but, sure enough, a reply was received from the President. In his response, President Roosevelt said he was turning the matter over to his Military Adjutant, a Major General, and the matter would be taken care of. While the letter created some excitement, we still did not know who was going where.

Several more weeks passed and, one morning, our Company Commander Captain Gude called me into his office. He informed me that orders had arrived transferring me to Battery B, 392nd F.A. Bn., 42nd Division, Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. He then surprised me by stating he wanted me to refuse the transfer! Refuse, hell, I wanted to hug and kiss the guy! Instead I responded, "Sir, I always follow orders. If the Army orders me to go to Camp Gruber, I can be ready to leave in 30 minutes." Captain Gude sent me to Regimental Headquarters and they, in turn, sent me to Division Headquarters. At each stop, the refrain was the same; they wanted me to refuse the transfer.

At Division Headquarters, a Colonel stated he wanted me to refuse the transfer. Again, I replied that I always follow orders. The Colonel then said that I must know someone pretty high up in Washington because these orders came direct from Washington and not through the regular military channels. I am sure he assumed that I knew a Senator or Congressman. I told him I did not know anyone in Washington, which was the truth. I had no idea why they wanted me to refuse the transfer because, after all, I was only a private and not someone in a key position. I later learned that the 104th was shipping over in the near future and would be the first U.S. Army Division to go direct to France from the USA without stopping in England. Whoever was transferred out of the division would be replaced by some poor

recruit, fresh out of basic training, without the benefit of the training I had received in the Mojave Desert and in Colorado.

In the early morning hours of the next day, the Colonel from Division Headquarters picked me up in a jeep and put me on the "Colorado Eagle," the fastest and most deluxe train in America at the time. I even had a private compartment! For a buck private, I felt pretty important and mentally thanked President Roosevelt for being so considerate. Unfortunately, my reverie in the private compartment did not last long. The train conductor entered, ordered me out, and told me to go into a regular coach. Showing him a copy of my orders, which stipulated I was to have a private compartment, was to no avail.

After a frantic search, I found the Army MP's on the train. Telling them my tale of woe brought no results. The train conductor was the Commander in Chief on the train and the MP's were powerless to do anything. While looking for a seat in coach, I came across a group of Marines on their way home from a hospital. They had suffered various wounds on Guadalcanal. Several had an arm or a leg missing. They also had been removed from their private compartments by the conductor. I had to stand the entire 18-hour trip from Colorado Springs to St. Louis, MO where I changed to a different train. Apparently, the conductor was getting wealthy selling our private compartments to others.

After about 10 days' leave at home in Jacksonville, I reported to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma on July 14, 1944. When I walked into my brother's barracks, the welcome I received was not what I expected. A chorus of voices said, "Margol, you left yesterday on a two-week furlough and you are back here today! You must be bucking for a Section 8 discharge. You have to be crazy not to take your furlough!" I responded, "No, that was my twin brother who left yesterday on a two-week furlough." Additional voices then chimed in and said, "Now we know you are bucking for a Section 8 discharge, claiming you have a twin brother." Several of the guys wanted me to step out behind the barracks and have a fist fight. They did not approve of guys who were trying to get out of combat by getting a Section 8 discharge. No amount of explanation on my part mattered and, for the following two weeks, they made life for me miserable by giving me all of the dirty details.

Two weeks later, as scheduled, my brother returned from his furlough. After hearing my tale of woe about the treatment I had received, he made amends on my behalf. He would obtain a weekend pass and spend time with his girlfriend in Tulsa. On Sunday evening, he would tell her he was going into town for a few beers with some of his Army buddies and would be back. He would meet me at the bus station where I was arriving on a three-day pass. After filling me in on what he and his girlfriend did over the weekend, my brother would return to Camp Gruber. I would enjoy the next three days in the company of his girlfriend. I have often wondered, over the years, if she was still looking for that guy with all the stamina!

Memorial Foundation

CONTRIBUTIONS

FOUNDATION OPERATING FUND

Besil Manly IV, M.D., 25, in memory of Warren Westbeld; Warren G. Benson, 50, in memory of Ray D. Bottrell; J. Wm. Keithan Jr., in memory of Warren Westbeld; George & Goldie Sakoulas, 25, in memory of Athel Bangert; Pamela C. Burgard, 20, in memory of Athel Bangert; Steven & Cynthia Williams, 20, in memory of Athel Bangert; Thomas & Joan Stevens, 20, in memory of Athel Bangert.

FOUNDATION ENDOWMENT FUND

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FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIP OPERATING FUND

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CORRECTION: PNP Bill Kenny donated \$1,000 toward the Champagne reception at the transition of the Association to the Foundation at the National Reunion in St. Louis. After the reception, \$303.69 was remaining. This he donated to the Scholarship Operating Fund in memory of Charles Paine, Herm Bergeth and Pat Guida. We thank you, Bill.

Remember 1957?

The following were some of the comments made in the year 1957:

"I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$20."

"Have you seen the new cars coming out next year? It won't be long when \$5,000 will only buy a used one."

"If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit. 25 cents a pack is ridiculous."

"Did you hear the Post Office is thinking about charging a dime just to mail a letter?"

"If they raise the minimum wage to \$1, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store."

"When I first started driving, who would have thought gas would someday cost 29 cents a gallon? Guess we'd be better off leaving the car in the garage."

"Kids today are impossible. Those duck-tail haircuts make it impossible to stay groomed. Next thing you know, boys will be wearing their hair as long as the girls."

"I'm afraid to send my kids to the movies anymore. Ever since they let Clark Gable get by with saying 'damn' in *Gone with the Wind*, it seems every new movie has 'hell' or 'damn' in it."

"I read the other day where some scientist thinks it's possible to put a man on the moon by the end of the century. They even have some fellows they call astronauts preparing for it down in Texas."

"Did you see where some baseball player just signed a contract for \$75,000 a year just to play ball? It wouldn't surprise me if someday they will be making more than the president."

"It's too bad things are so tough nowadays. I see where a few married women are having to work to make ends meet."

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