



RAINBOW DIVISION
Veterans Memorial Foundation

Chairman's Message August 1, 2008

The Salt Lake City annual reunion has passed into history leaving a record of good times and much necessary work accomplished. There were three great tours enjoyed by a large percentage of us amid much camaraderie and great good humor.

Trustees: We have ten newly elected trustees who were partially chosen with emphasis on our need to attract a younger membership group from among potential Millennium Chapter persons and our returning veterans of the 42nd Rainbow Infantry Division (Mechanized). These positions were created by a combination of three deaths, two requests to resign, and five persons completing a full term as a trustee. The new trustees will serve terms of one, two or three years depending upon the slots they were elected to fill. Their names and term-ending years are: Fritz Krenkler, Major General Thomas Garrett, Command Sgt. Major John Willsey, John Wallace, Frances Hutnik, Jon Janosik, Dee Ann Kramer and Pete Pettus through 2011 with Marlene Krein (2010) and Earnest Owen (2009). These ten persons were all selected unanimously by the sitting Board of Trustees and Membership at Large. Beverly Koehler, whose term ended this year, was nominated and approved for Emeritus Trustee Status in recognition of her many years of service to Rainbow. A similar vote was planned for Herbert Klinedinst, but, unfortunately, Herb "passed over the rainbow" just a few days prior to our annual meeting.

Veterans Day/Birmingham: The discussion revolved around our declining numbers of persons attending midyear, our continuing commitment to support Birmingham's nation-leading efforts to genuinely support remembrance of Veterans Day, the negative impact of increasing travel and room costs, and the maintaining of activities that have become thought of as traditional. The midyear meeting was viewed as becoming more and more a social event and less and less necessary for conducting our business. There were strong opinions supporting the completion of our work by communicating with each other with particular emphasis placed on getting ourselves into the modern e-mail mainstream. **There will be NO MIDYEAR MEETING in February of 2009. There will be a Board of Trustees business meeting during the regularly scheduled days of the Birmingham reunion which will be limited in scope to those items needing immediate attention and/or related to the conduct and planning of the annual reunion in July. THIS IS A ONE-YEAR TRIAL that will either be continued or discontinued depending upon the mindset of the board when it meets in July 2009. Purple Heart Jewel Commitment:** Here's a quote from my last message to the membership: "Yet to be accomplished is the final delineation of the structure and process for our organization to systematically provide support to the families of the 42nd Rainbow (Mech) troops who have already returned from Iraq, as well as those troops still there. The need has neither ceased nor is it going away." It's still true, and the trustees did approve a \$1,000 donation of our funds to the 42nd FRG (Family Readiness Group). **WE ALSO PLEDGED OURSELVES TO THE EFFORT OF HAVING EVERY RDVMF MEMBER MAKE A DONATION TO THE FRG. We want both an initial effort and a continuing effort on our members' part. Here's what I am doing. I'm sending a \$10 check each month to the 42nd ID, FRG, C/O Louise Carnesale, 4 Eckman Place, Rennselaer, NY 12144. If each one of us does his part to help our Rainbow troops' families in a similar fashion, we can do much good for a lot of kids and families, and let our troops know that we support them and want them to become part of us. This is a tax deductible 501(3)(c) contribution. I am hoping all of you will join me in the effort.**

Yours in Rainbow, Ted Simonson, Chairman

REVEILLE

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SEPTEMBER 2008

NO. 1

Rainbow Online: www.rainbowvets.org

CAMPAIGNS

World War I: Lorraine-Champagne-Aisne-Marne-St. Mihiel-Meuse-Argonne.
World War II: Central Europe-Rhineland-Alsace-Ardennes.
War on Terrorism: Operation Iraqi Freedom.

WWII Battle Death Booklet — Third Printing

Due to popular request we have reprinted the WWII Rainbow Battle Death booklet. We had given the last two printings for free. However, costs have forced us to charge a modest fee of \$5 including shipping and handling. Send check for \$5 to RDMF for each booklet required. You may send the request to Hugo Grimm or Suellen McDaniel.

Over the Rainbow

We are sorry to report the sad news of Clarence Griffith passing over the Rainbow July 26, 2008. Clarence was 96. Clarence served as company commander in H.B. 222d Inf. and was loved and respected by all who knew him. Godspeed, old friend.

We must be certain to include in this issue of the Reveille the fact that **the Birmingham event will include a Board of Trustees meeting which will replace the February, 2009 midyear meeting which has been canceled.**

The Birmingham meeting will be held on **Monday, November 9, and Tuesday, November 10.** Check the Rainbow net for further details.

Ted Simonson

August 1, 2008

Dear Rainbow Comrade,
With regret, our Chapter Mentor and National Archivist, J. William Keithan, has opted to discontinue the 2nd Battalion newsletter and related activities.

Story continued on page 3.

Over the Rainbow

The day-to-day operation of the world does go on with some interruptions, but also presents some problems. It becomes my thankless duty to announce that we have lost a long serving Past National President, Herbert E. Klinedinst. Herb was president during the membership year 1972-1973. He was also on the Board of Trustees for both the Association and Foundation. Herb passed away the afternoon of July 7th.

As a Rainbower, Herb was a member of the Medical Detachment, Special Troops. He served in all the basic operations of the Association and worked his way through the jobs from Chapter Secretary to National President. Since he was one of the working officers, the Foundation was better for it.

Not only a Rainbower, he was active in his home community, including city councilman and a three-term mayor. He was also a business owner.

He is survived by his wife of 67 years, Nan, who was a Past National President for the Auxiliary. He was predeceased by a daughter, Nancy Harrington. He is also survived by son Bernie and wife Linda, four grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at United Methodist Church on Friday, July 11th, at Three Oaks. Memorials may be made to the United Methodist Church, 2 Sycamore, Three Oaks, MI 49128 or to the Rainbow Foundation.

It is always tough to lose a trusted friend, so until you and I meet again with our usual greeting, "Hi, Herb, Hi, Herb." Goodbye for now.

Respectfully,
Herb Butt

All our sympathy and best wishes from the Reveille staff — Suellen, Hugo, Ken and Carnie.

Cutoff date December 1, 2008, for January 2009 issue.

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

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Memorial Foundation

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Chaplain's Message

Reveille

O Lord God of Hosts, stretch forth, we pray thee, thine almighty arm to strengthen and protect the soldiers of 421D (M), some now deployed, others to follow. Support them in the day of battle, and in times of rest and training keep them safe from all evil; endue them with courage and loyalty; and grant that in all things they may serve without reproach. Amen

Norman P. Forde
Rainbow Chaplain

We are happy to report that Earnie Owens has accepted the position of *Reveille* photographer. Welcome, Earnie!

2008 Reunion

The 2008 Rainbow Division Memorial Foundation Reunion was held at the Red Lion Hotel in Salt Lake City, UT, July 16-19. There were 135 people at the Saturday Banquet, including three first timers. They were Ernie Sult HQ 222, Joe Hutchins 132nd Signal and Robert Guyton HQ 242 and his wife Maebeth.

The Early Bird Party and opening ceremony were held in the Hospitality Room, on Wednesday evening as usual. Refreshments were available as always. There were business meetings each day and three tours. Thursday morning the Kennicott Copper Mine tour filled two busses. This open pit mine is the largest in the world and can be seen from outer space. Thursday evening we again had two busses for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsal. The Salt Lake City tour Friday afternoon was also well-attended.

The trustee meeting was held on Friday and it was approved that in the future, we will manage our own reunions and cancel the arrangements with Armed Forces Reunions.

Other action taken by the trustees included approval of a Board meeting on one of the two days of the Veterans Day activities at Birmingham, AL., November 10-11, 2008. There will be no February Mid-Year Reunion in 2009.

The following trustees were nominated by the Board and elected by the members: Term to expire in 2011, Jon Janosik, Pete Pettus, Dee Ann Kramer, Frances Hutnik, Frederick "Fritz" Krenkler, Thomas Garrett (42nd I.D.M.), John Wilsey (42nd I.D.M.) and John Wallace (Millennium Chapter, Grandson WWI 167 I Co. John W. McGuire).

To fill vacancies for the 2010 term, Marlene Krein (Millennium Chapter, Niece of Ferdinand Framstad, 222 K) and 2009 term, Earnie Owen (Millennium Chapter, son of Arnold, 242 M) were nominated and elected.

Twenty-six Rainbow Scholarships were approved for the 2008-09 Rainbow year. Our hard-working Treasurer, Jon Janosik was absent because of illness, but he sent a detailed financial statement and reported that for the 2007-2008 Rainbow Year there was a surplus of "Income Over Payment" of \$3,629.69. Special thanks goes to the Life Members who responded to a fund-raising appeal.

The Unit dinners were held on Friday evening, with a very good four-piece jazz band for entertainment. The dance floor was full most of the evening. The band was named Jazanova and the players were Mike Reeder on the saxophone, Kris Krample on the guitar, Brian Mason on the drum and Rich Hanson on the bass.

The Auxiliary Bazaar was open several hours each day of the reunion. Verna Krenkler was asked by Dee Kramer to fill in for her and Verna did a great job.

The Memorial Service was held on Saturday morning as usual. Carol Myers, Grace's and John's daughter was the cantor, and Taps was played by Michelle Girardot, granddaughter of Vincent and Anna Campo. Dee Eberhart did the Champagne Hour Tribute. Everyone agreed he gave an excellent presentation.

Pete Pettus, Dee and Barbara Eberhart

Yellow Butterflies

At the turn of the century, in a small town in Virginia not far from Arlington, there lived a dear little flaxen-haired boy, named Jimmy. He had beautiful curly hair and when he played in the sunlight it made his hair look like gold. His mother noticed yellow butterflies hovering over him as he played and remarked that they were the color of his hair.

The child grew older and was now ready to go to school for the first time. His mother walked down the garden path to the gate to see him off. She loved this little boy very dearly and was quite sad, for she knew she would miss him very much. As he went through the gate and was turning to wave to his mother, the yellow butterflies flew all around him; and one came to rest on his head. He liked to see them near, and never tried to catch them or harm them.

As he grew to be an older boy, for some reason the yellow butterflies flew around him many times. The years passed very quickly. Now the young man was graduated. About this time there was dread and fear of war. His mother's heart was heavy, for her son, Jimmy was already talking about enlisting, if the United States declared war. War was declared in April, 1917. He enlisted. The day he left for training camp, his mother and childhood sweetheart went to the train to see him off. He tried to be cheerful, and make them feel the same, but his mother's heart was nearly broken and his sweetheart was very sad. They heard the train whistle and knew in a moment he would be gone. But just before the train arrived, again the yellow butterflies were there . . . flying all around him. He said, "The butterflies are still with me, and they will be here to welcome me back."

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Scholarship Committee 2008 Annual Report

Scholarship application materials were mailed out to applicants requesting them beginning on March 15, 2008. Materials were regularly mailed out as late as April 20, 2008. We had 61 persons who requested and were sent application materials. Twenty-six persons submitted completed applications; 35 persons did not return completed applications.

In our committee meeting on Wednesday, July 16, 2008, the duplicated applications were distributed to committee members to evaluate. Committee members were directed to selected those students most eligible to receive Walter and Virginia Duhacsek, Edward and Lillian Kaiser and Theodore Johnson \$1,000 awards. The committee (Dee Eberhart, Grace Walker, Marge Eaton, Esther Peirce and Ted Simonson) reviewed the applications and selected four applicants deemed deserving of the special awards. These applicants are: Lisa Fritts, Anne McLean, Katharine Prince and Reina Factor.

Dear Rainbow Comrade-continued from page 1

The last few years have been difficult for the Rainbow Veterans Organizations. We have lost many of our WWII comrades and those who remain are elderly with little incentive to share news or information with other 2nd Battalion members. Those 2nd Battalion Chapter members who are also members of the Rainbow Division Memorial Foundation may send July 31, 2008 - 2009 dues to any other chapter of your choosing. To continue membership only in the Foundation, send next year's dues to Herbert A. Butt, Foundation Secretary at 16916 George Franklyn Drive, Independence, MO 64056. Telephone 816-373-5041

Bill Keithan's dedication to the original RDVA and the subsequent Memorial Foundation, and his years as President of the 2nd Battalion Chapter, are well known. I am certain that a note of thanks to Bill would be well received.

Ray Essig, Secretary-Treasurer 232nd Regiment 2nd Battalion Chapter
3510 Lindenfield Drive, Katy, Texas 77449
rcessig@airmail.net

The list of 2008 scholarship winners is included with this report. The committee's recommendation includes the granting of 26 scholarships consisting of 22 \$500 Rainbow scholarships and one Theodore Johnson, one Virginia and Walter Duhacsek and two Lillian and Edward Kaiser scholarships of \$1,000 each for a total expenditure of \$15,000. The committee was authorized by our treasurer, Jon Janosik, to expend this amount.

The Scholarship Committee chairman commends all members of the committee for their valuable participation and thoughtful input with special thanks to Patti Hughes for all her "behind the scenes" work which allowed us to work efficiently here in Salt Lake City.

Respectfully submitted,
Ted Simonson,
Committee Chairman

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS JULY, 2008

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
1	FIRST	LAST	ADDRESS	CITY/STATE	ZIP	PHONE	AWARD
2	Matthew	Allen	26 Seaman Road	West Orange, NJ	07052-		R
3	Hillary	Boyle	18 Red Fox Lane	Salina, KS	67401	785-827-1649	R
4	Charles	Crank	3027 Amberfield Trail	Charlottesville, VA	22911	434-974-6486	R
5	William	Crim	5497 Kaywood Drive	Jackson, MS	39211	601-956-5015	R
6	Reina	Factor	10800 Richland Avenue	Los Angeles, CA	90064		K
7	Lisa	Fritts	8124 Telegraph Road	Severn, MD	21144	410-551-7226	D
8	Abbie	Garlich	2511 E. 130th Street	Greenwood, Mo	64034	816-246-6069	R
9	Molly	Hobbs	852 Blanche Drive	West Carrollton, OH	45449	937-859-9173	R
10	Eric	Leopold	1713 Hampton Lane	Palm Harbor, FL	34683	727-734-2796	R
11	Jessica	Leopold	1713 Hampton Lane	Palm Harbor, FL	34683	727-734-2796	R
12	Mary	Leopold	901 Highland Drive	Marquette, MI	49855	906-249-9872	R
13	Anne	McLean	422 N. Larch Avenue	Elmhurst, IL	60126		K
14	Susan	Murray	1 Chadwell Place	Morristown, NJ	07960-	972-267-0743	R
15	Lauren	Parry	2705 Homestead Lane	Idaho Falls, ID	83404	208-523-6339	R
16	Katharine	Prince	1207 Strathmore Drive	Southlake, TX	76092	817-416-2597	J
17	Max	Purcell	7 Greensboro Road	Dedham, MA	02026-	781-461-1482	R
18	Matt	Rauhauser	10030 Dupont Avenue, South	Bloomington, MN	55431		R
19	Tiffany	Robey	525 Sonet Lane	Coldwater, MI	49036	517-279-9106	R
20	Benzi	Rodman	1231 Gramercy Place	Los Angeles, CA	90019		R
21	Elan	Rodman	1231 Gramercy Place	Los Angeles, CA	90019		R
22	Savannah	Roe	1902 Joan Drive	Idaho Falls, ID	83401	208-529-4524	R
23	Michael	Snapp	2803 Center	Dodge City, KS	67801	620-225-2414	R
24	Emily	Thomas	4805 Highpoint Drive	Marietta, GA	30066	770-926-0653	R
25	Talis	Trevino	4537 High Rock Terrace	Marietta, GA	30066	678-560-7037	R
26	Laura	Walker	5380 Hodges Road	Eldersburg, MD	21784	410-549-7144	R
27	Kevin	Ward	19 Audrey Lynn Drive	Coatesville, PA	19320		R

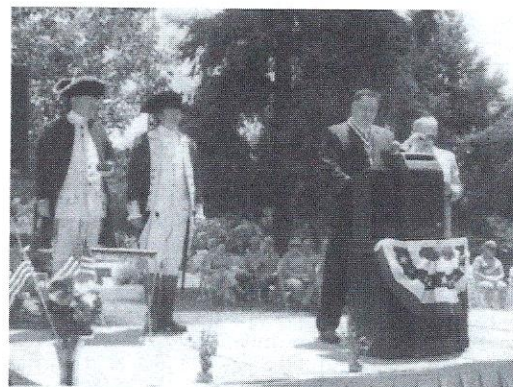
R = RAINBOW (\$500) D = DUHACSEK (\$1,000) J = JOHNSON (\$1,000) K = KAISER (\$1,000)

PURPLE HEART JEWEL CEREMONY

Ludwig Stoeckl, a 47 year old jeweler from Dachau, Germany, crafted a Purple Heart Jewel (PHJ) to honor those who died because of the barbarism of the Nazis - not only the soldiers, but also those German citizens who resisted and were imprisoned and killed. His own father had been among those persecuted by the Nazis. He has presented this PHJ to the 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation. Jim Clemons, RDVMF Memorials Officer, organized a spectacular ceremony in Fredericksburg, VA, the immediate area of George Washington's boyhood home, on June 15, 2008, witnessed by over 100 attendees.

George Washington, as General, commissioned the medal, then known as the Badge of Merit, later becoming the Purple Heart.

"My gift shall be a sign of thankfulness and remembrance to the 42nd Rainbow Division. It is also my wish that this Purple Heart Jewel is understood as a sign of friendship between the people of the United States and Germany." With these words, Mr. Stoeckl presented the Purple Heart Jewel to Jay Ipson, Executive Director of the Virginia Holocaust Museum, Richmond, VA where it will go on display along with Rainbow Division memorabilia. A dedication ceremony at the Museum is being planned for September 2008 to which will be invited the Rainbow Division, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the American Legion.



In Jim Clemon's words, "I am indeed honored to be the Rainbow Division Veterans representative to speak on behalf of our organization and to express our deep appreciation and thanks to Mr. Ludwig Stoeckl. The value of the Purple Heart Jewel cannot be over-emphasized. However, the highest value of the jeweled purple heart lies in the thought, the motivation, the dedication to the world-wide principle of peace and good will toward all mankind that guided Ludwig Stoeckl in the creation of his gift and the culmination of his efforts in this ceremonial occasion today." [visit <http://www.purpleheartjewel.com/>]

The RDVMF Board of Trustees has authorized the following announcement on behalf of the RDVMF. A donation program in support of 42nd ID (M) troops and families who have encountered difficulties owing to service abroad has been established. The RDVMF started

"the ball rolling" with a donation of \$1,000 to the 42nd ID (M) Family Readiness Group, accepted on the day of the ceremony by Sergeant Major John Willsey, 42nd ID (M). Donation checks should be made payable to the "42nd ID FRG" and mailed to Louise Carnesale, Fund Raising Chair, 4 Eckman PL, Rensselaer, NY 12144-4646. [photo upper right: Ludwig Stoeckl at podium, Jim Clemons, RDVMF Memorials Officer to his left; Photo left: 42D ID (M) member presents a U.S. flag to Ludwig Stoeckl]

42D RAINBOW DIVISION BANDS PLAY IN CONCERT

On 12 July 2008 in Columbia SC at the Waterford Retirement Community hall, WWII 42D Band members and the NY 42D ID Rainbow Band performed together in Concert. The 42D ID Band was on two-week duty at Ft. Jackson SC and was invited to join the WWII band members at their annual reunion. The host Band reunion attendees were Herman C. Giersch, conductor and clarinet player; Gino J. Marco, Bagpipes, Clarinet and Sax; Donald A. Youngdahl, Oboe; Allen Myers, French Horn; John A. "Jack" Scopino, Alto Sax; Ellis Day, Trombone and Paul Pickens, Tuba Player. Gino Marco, wearing his WWII uniform jacket and leading the way with his pipes, began the evening with "Garryowen" and "The Wearing O' The Green", and "Somewhere Over The Rainbow", in memory of his former CO, MG Harry J. Collins; midway through the evening, he played "Amazing Grace", dedicated to all soldiers who have gone 'Over The Rainbow'. CWO Mark L. Kimes conducted the band and later in the evening, the NCOIC of the 42D Stage Band, S/Sgt. Gerald Fitzgerald, came forward to conduct the band playing a medley of "Disney At The Movies" and the timeless favorites, "Begin The Beguine", "Tenderly" and "Sing Sing Sing". The audience participated in singing "The Battle Hymn of The Republic", "I'm Proud To Be An American" and thoroughly enjoyed medleys of such songs as "Thanks For The Memories", "There'll Be Bluebirds Over The White Cliffs of Dover", "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree" and "I'll be Seeing You". The evening concluded with "There's A Rainbow in the Army" conducted by Herman Giersch, who had scored the song for military band following the reactivation of the Rainbow in 1943. The members of the 42D Division Rainbow Band were presented with individual certificates of appreciation by the NY 42D ID Band. Reunion Chairman of the 42D Division Band Chapter, Paul Pickens, has been asked by the Band members to hold another reunion. His reply, "I do not know how I could top this one but I will try. We sure had a great time visiting with each other and of course having the NY 42nd was the icing."

For a description of the 42ID (M) Band see <http://www.dnna.state.ny.us/gdtimes/julyaug2001.html>



The Farmhand

Continued From June Issue

Across the river the lowboy was heading for a wide shallow area as if it planned to cross.

"That lowboy gonna cross the river instead of using the bridge?" I asked the major. He appeared to be in charge of all that was going on.

"Yeah. He's too heavy to drive across the bridge," he said.

Since I was an authority on the river I blurted, "He has to angle down the river or he will get stuck."

"He's got lots of wheels pulling, he'll be all right," the major answered.

I knew the loose gravel didn't allow the unwary driver to take a direct path across. They had to angle down river. A lifetime of living near the stream had imbedded in us how to manage it. We swam, played, bathed in it in the summer, drank from it, guided long johns down it, and crossed it often. It was a big part of our existence. Even the locals sometimes buried their autos in the loose gravel near where the heavy lowboy was starting to cross.

The young major had no way to stop the crossing so he couldn't heed my hasty mouthing if he wanted to.

It didn't take long into the crossing of the river by the truck pulling the lowboy to falter. All six wheels began to lurch, spin, and loose purchase. In moments he was axle deep in gravel. Stuck. It was not a big crisis. The bulldozer driver started his machine and rumbled off the trailer. The dozer with the wide tracks managed well. In a short time, using a winch, they had the lowboy and truck back on dry land.

During the time the truck pulling the lowboy and bulldozer were in crisis, the vehicles from the other side of the river were making their ways across a new bridge. Their crossing was uneventful. The new bridge worked.

The major, sensing I had knowledge he could use, asked me, "You think you could guide that driver across?" We were watching what happened to the lowboy.

I answered, "I could show him how we cross. He's mighty heavy. Still could get bogged down."

"You got time to go with me to the other side? You know, you ride with him, show him how to go?"

"You kidding me? I get to ride in a command car and help a soldier drive a truck across. Man!"

We took the command car across the bridge and to the lowboy.

"This kid says he can show you how to drive across. He lives here."

The truck driver, a private, eyed me skeptically and said, "You mean the kid rides along and tells me how to go?"

"Right now it's all we got," answered the major.

"Well, I'm ready if he is," said the driver.

"That stuff is purty loose. But I saw how you could get out if you have to, so I'm ready," I said.

I was beside myself with excitement. I'd never been close to that size truck, much less ride in one. All at once I was perched in the seat with the driver.

I showed the driver where to enter the stream. "If you can make this thing pull itself in second gear, you need to."

"OK, yeah, it'll do that."

"When we get movin' don't let up. I'll keep you pointed where to go."

The trip across went without a hitch. We came out downriver from where we entered and took a slow turn across the gravel bar, being careful not to falter. With the truck in low gear the persecuted engine moaned as we climbed out of the riverbed to the high bank using a road that went into the river further down. We'd done it!

Life couldn't be better!

By the time the lowboy had lumbered along the high bank close to the bridge the major had again crossed. I dismounted from the truck feeling important and tried to guess if the Army would have a further need for my services.

The major did. He yelled, "Hey, kid, can I talk to ya for a minute?"

I strutted to the command car trying to not show my excitement. Could he talk to me! Could he ever!

The major had a map splayed across the hood of the vehicle. I climbed on the front bumper to better see the map. It was a drawing of where we were and the surrounding area.

"Where else can we cross the river around here? What about this place here?" The major was pointing to what we called graveyard hollow. It was near our cemetery and was a low place in the terrain between two hills that connected with the river.

"That won't work for Army crossin'. The river is narrow there and the water is fast and it's too deep. It's at least a half a side deep," I explained.

"What do you mean half a side?"

"Half way up the side of a horse. You know, there's knee deep, belly deep and half a side." I thought everyone would know that.

"There aren't any good places to cross except here," I continued. "There is a bridge at Standing Rock. That's six miles. You will have to use the cat to get the lowboy back on the other side." I was full of information.

It was late in the day as I trudged up the hill toward home. I was a momentary hero but they didn't need me anymore. I passed the gate that had been left open and it was shut. Further down into the meadow I could see what appeared to be two foxholes. Dad wouldn't like foxholes. The soldiers on the hill were correct; the place was swarming with Army people. At the house I caught up on my chores. The chickens were out of water as were the work animals. I collected eggs and tomatoes. For supper I had eggs, bacon and tomatoes. I had a big day.

The next morning I had four to feed on the hill. One had a yellow armband and was a captive. But I had plenty of food. There were lots of eggs, which would soon spoil in the summer heat. From the pot I was able to fill the mess kits.

On this day I'd planned to get done the plowing of the corn. First I had to walk the goat pasture fence. I had a big pimple on the underside of my left forearm that was a bother. It was past noon before I finished patrolling the goat pasture so I put off the plowing. There was an important war going on. I had to get the mail anyway so I moseyed down to the store. The Army people might need my advice again.

I stood on the high bank near the pontoon bridge hoping the busy Major would notice and again ask me for help. I was disappointed. He didn't need anything from me. I finally went home to my shores. The bump on my arm was a drag.

The next morning I fed the Army people on the hill without asking if they wanted food. The swelling on my arm was worse, but I didn't mention it to them. On this day I had to get done the plowing. After I'd watered the animals I went to catch Easter, the mule, and couldn't. He sensed he had the upper hand. I wasn't up to par and couldn't get close enough to put the rope over his head. His regular haughty disposition showed. It was obvious he had become accustomed to being on vacation. I tried to give him food but he didn't take the bait. It's like he knew there was a long day of pulling a plow if I caught him.

I gave up on the mule and plowing and went to check on the new bridge. I was glad it was still there and the major needed me. He had lowboys with caterpillars on this side of the river and needed to get them to Camp Gruber and wanted an easier way than crossing the river. His map didn't show a large area so he needed me for directions. I told him how to stay on the main road south until he got to the paved Highway 64 at Vian.

"What about bridges? Are there any made of just wood?"

"Nope. All are low water. Those trucks won't hurt them. They're some steep hills. Be in low all the way up them." Even if I didn't feel good it was fun to be giving advice.

The Rainbow Division soldiers were in the area for another day. They came silently and left in trucks. Noise from the movement of the motor vehicles told they were leaving. The next day I walked the pasture and hurried to the river. The pontoon bridge was quickly being taken apart and put on trucks. By the afternoon it was gone. There were scars near the river from what had happened. Those would disappear when rains cause a rise in the river.

The excitement was over. Cookson was back to normal. The next day my arm was swollen and hurting. I felt feverish as I walked the pasture. I went to see Josey, our grandmother, about my arm. She lived up the hill from us. Josey was an old, part Cherokee woman with whom we didn't have much in common. But she was someone, and I felt awful. She was alarmed when she saw the boil. Her treatment was to put a heavy smearing of lard on the wound and wrap it in a cloth bandage. Boils were a part of life before antibiotics. There is no way to know if the lard helped.

Until Mom, Dad and the siblings got home I kept the farm animals in water and that was it. I didn't feel like doing anything else. I dreaded when Dad would find out the plowing wasn't done.

Even so, I was glad to see them. They had spent much time in the car and as Judy told it, "We had a jillion flats."

Dad didn't say anything about the cornfield. The carbuncle on my arm might have let him know to cool it. We gathered the stuff as usual when it ripened and there was no way to measure if the "ass deep weeds" made a difference in the corn production.

The End

Assistant Editor Comments

Here's some text about Andersonville as it applies to the reason for the Rainbow plaque to be presented there in September: <http://www.nps.gov/ande/>.

Andersonville Sacrifice and Courage

From the Revolutionary War to Operation Iraqi Freedom, American prisoners of war have endured untold hardships, and shown tremendous courage. Andersonville NHS commemorates the sacrifices of these brave Americans through exhibits in the National Prisoner of War Museum; preserves the site of Camp Sumter (Andersonville prison); and manages Andersonville National Cemetery.

Camp Sumter, commonly called Andersonville, was one of the largest military prisons established by the Confederacy during the Civil War. In existence for 14 months, over 45,000 Union soldiers were confined at the prison. Of these, almost 13,000 died from disease, poor sanitation, malnutrition, overcrowding, and exposure to the elements. The largest number held in the 26 1/2-acre stockade at any one time was more than 32,000, during August of 1864. Today the beauty of the prison site belies the suffering that once took place inside the stockade.

National Prisoner of War Museum

The 1970 legislation responsible for establishing Andersonville National Historic Site instructed the site "to interpret the role of prisoners-of-war camps in history" and "to commemorate the sacrifice of Americans who lost their lives in such camps." To that end, the exhibits in the National Prisoner of War Museum serve as a memorial to all American prisoners of war. The museum opened in 1998 and is dedicated to the American men and women who have suffered as POWs.

Andersonville National Cemetery

The cemetery is the final resting place for those who perished while being held as POWs at Camp Sumter. It is now a National Cemetery, serving as a honored burial place for present-day veterans. The National Park Service maintains 14 National Cemeteries nationwide. Only two of these, Andersonville National Historic Site and Andrew Johnson National Historic Site are classified as active, continuing to bury veterans and their dependents.

Suellen

Withdrawal In Alsace, January 20 - 21, 1945

By Dick Engler

(With acknowledgments to memoirs, interviews, unit histories and/or newsletters of the individuals or units cited.)

Clashes of armor on the plain had left steel hulks from both sides littering the landscape like cattle caught in a killing blizzard. Villages at the vortex of armored tornadoes had become rubbled ghost towns. And over wide stretches of forested mountains, the trees had been reduced to stubble a few feet high. Alsace, the frontier province, was suffering. Now the snows came again, mercifully, perhaps, in covering the recent depredations of men and their machines of destruction, but chilling and depressing to soldiers and civilians alike who had to endure the elements as well as the fires of war.

As tragedies unfolded at Sessenheim, Drusenheim, Herrlisheim and in the mountains, combat efficiency reports were worrying the American command. Combat fatigue and low or very low infantry strength plagued all the divisions. A number of units were now rated "unsatisfactory" in combat efficiency, and this included the 12th Armored Division, Task Force Herren and Task Force Linden — the latter two formations now scheduled to be given "additional unit training" after current operations. "... General Patch informed General Devers of his inability to hold his front as it existed, and General Devers gave the order to withdraw as planned," to the Moder River and a defense line anchored at Haguenau.

And so the most coordinated planned operation of January in Alsace, replacing the shuttling and shuffling of fragmented units, would be a common flow back from hotly contested ground. The flow was tidal. And like the tide following a great destructive storm, the movement left much refuse scattered over the land. Was the snowstorm that night of January 20-21 a blessing or a curse?

For the Americans who began their wholesale withdrawal soon after dark, it was both ... as for the many civilians who joined that trek.

They moved after dark. Some came from infernos. Others moved from positions where quiet but frigid housekeeping had been the recent order of the day. Some rode. Most of the infantry walked — at least part of the way. From far-flung foxholes and bunkers in the Wissembourg Gap, Haguenau Forest and near villages on the Rhine Plain, and from mountainsides and defiles north of Niederbronn as well, they strained and slipped and stumbled toward the Moder River. Fifteen miles for some, 20 or more for others. It snowed all through the night. Roads and trails were frozen sheets that ditched many vehicles and tumbled many footsloggers. Rearguards, left to find their way behind the main body, followed

silent forest.

"Boche kommen!" In tiny villages civilians joined the trek. And as the struggling GI columns passed by, the words were whispered again and again, at windows and doorways, on narrow streets where people piled belongings on wagons and carts. "Boche kommen!"

Bob Calhoun began the march from a foxhole near Drachenbronn that had grown sloppy from a recent thaw. The word came suddenly, just as he and a buddy were completing a floor improvised from scrap lumber. The snow had begun to fall in the afternoon, and was really coming down by 7:30 in the evening when L/222nd moved out. Calhoun's column marched through Soultz and came upon a line of trucks waiting to pick them up. But a fouled up, unexplained order called some L Company men off the trucks; and Bob Calhoun was left standing with a lonely group of four or five, left behind when the truck column moved off. They marched on for several miles, urged on by MPs who warned the Germans were expected around three or four in the morning and the engineers were already blowing the bridges behind the GI columns. Finally, a truck sent back after the lost party from L picked them up for the ride through Haguenau to a tiny village named "Dauendorf" behind a forest named "Ohlungen." Calhoun slept throughout the truck ride.

The men of L/242nd travelled a different road — through the darkness of Haguenau Forest. A move without explanation, just "push and push and push, but where and why we didn't know."

The soft snow that was falling as we started ... had just covered the ice, and there was no way to tell where was ice and where was sure footing without testing each step. At the point where we started, the woods were close against the road, and it wound through the trees and across tiny streams and up and down hills ... Our whole world was that thin, narrow ribbon of white in the blackness ... We slipped and slid all over the road, and there were guys falling and getting up along the line of march constantly. In the first two or three miles, 'Pop' Brewer counted his own falls at 15 ... Each time he went down, the air was punctuated by his soft drawing voice, saying, 'Well, God Damn! Ah just cain't stand up!'

Some in Task Force Linden didn't make it back to the Moder River line. Dewey Harris' 5-man squad of I/242nd was designated a rear guard. They left their bedrolls on a jeep and were taken at about 11 PM to a position on the northern edge of Haguenau Forest.

Withdrawal In Alsace, continued from page 6

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It was snowing like hell. We had a phone, and about 6 AM, January 21, we got word through the phone from the CP 'We're going.' But when we started back to try and catch up, we couldn't find our way back to the CP. We finally just pulled the phone wire up out of the snow and followed it all the way back. But then when we got to where the CP had been, all we found was a little old dog. There was no problem following the trail of the company back through the woods. There was equipment thrown away everywhere. But we couldn't catch up.

Dewey's isolated group went on alone for two days through the forest. The first night was spent in a Maginot pillbox. And on the second day they stopped at an isolated farmhouse by a clearing in the forest. An old man, alone at the house, had donned a German uniform, and he warned (as they left): "The Boche are coming. You'd better get going fast." Within a few more miles, down a forest road, a rifle shot rang out from behind. "I turned around," said Dewey, "and there was this big Tiger tank maybe 200 yards behind us on the road. The guy who shot at us was riding on top with four or five others." Two of Dewey's companions took off into the forest like startled deer. But Dewey and the others were soon rounded up by German soldiers on bicycles who were riding down the road behind the tank. The two escapees from Harris' squad wandered for several days before finally making it back into the new American lines. But for Dewey Harris and two buddies, their service under arms in World War II was over.

Vehicles fared no better than men on foot that wintry night of January 20-21. The veteran 813th TD Bn lost four TDs that slipped off the roads that night. It reported that "company maintenance endeavored to

extricate these M-10s but met with no success as the roads were extremely slippery and the snow and ice was constantly accumulating." Finally, at 5 AM on January 21, after many hours of effort at retrieval, the M-10s were destroyed. Early that same morning, the battalion received confirmation that four other M-10s, together with the 23 enlisted personnel in their crews, had been captured at Drusenheim. "From these two affairs," the 813th reported, "the Battalion was now short eight M-10s and four complete crews."

Outside of the smoldering inferno at Hatten, S/Sgt. Lynch of the 19th AIB, joined by recently wounded Sgt. John Carr, stood vigil as the last rear guard.

My task . . . was to stand at a rail and road junction south of Hatten, checking our troops as they evacuated the battered town . . . Before us was a path leading from the perils of Hatten. Behind us, a railroad leading to the safety of Niederbetschdorf.

. . . An hour passed. No more troops from Hatten. The snow continued. Another hour. Still no troops. The snow increased.

Convinced that all the troops had passed, Lynch sent John Carr back to Rittershoffen station to notify others, supposed to be waiting there, that everyone could now withdraw. But Carr returned with news that no men, vehicles or equipment were left at the station. Everyone had already gone. As they moved back for a final check of Hatten, Lynch and Carr saw several figures dimly through swirling snow near a group of houses.

Unable to recognize their uniforms, we shouted a challenge. They answered with machine pistols . . .

We ran down the railroad track toward our recently departed troops. The snowy veil came to our rescue. Soon the shooting stopped. Our heavy breathing and pounding hearts were the only sounds to disturb the silence.

Safe! But were we? Suddenly a figure loomed in front of us. It was too big for a man, too small for a vehicle. Cautiously, with guns ready, we advanced toward the unknown. The target became clear. It couldn't be. But it was. A cow . . . Here amid all the carnage. She was standing alone, as if waiting for all the players of the game of war to leave her in peace.

Lynch and Carr, the last American sentinels at Hatten and Rittershoffen, soon joined forces with a tank crew, also left behind and uninformed, their vehicle almost mistaken by the rearguard sergeants as one of the burnt out hulls so prominent in the area. Together, the small crew moved past smoldering Rittershoffen, through deserted Niederbetschdorf, and followed a well-marked trail of abandoned equipment until, just before dawn, they caught up to the tail of the vehicle convoy of the 14th armored Division.

Back in Hatten, soon after first light, as the sun pushed aside the clouds of the night's storm, a Landser came down to Mme Rupprecht's cellar and announced: "It's all over." Before noon, as the day brightened, children were exploring the tank hulls now standing grotesquely in the gardens beside the houses. Elise Bender's little girl climbed up on an American tank, but soon called down to her mother: "Mommie, it stinks." Mme Bender moved closer and saw the remains of a dead American in the turret.

Some 20 miles away, a mile or two behind the Moder at Dauendorf, Bob Calhoun was awaking to a bright Sunday morning.

The sun was shining on the new snow, and people in their Sunday best walked to and from church. In a way, it appeared so peaceful, yet an evident undercurrent of excitement and fear ran through the people. Refugees were streaming in, some trying to find lodging in the town and others going on through. Villagers would stop each group to find out how far the Germans were behind the newcomers.

There could be no doubt. The Boche were coming. Would they be stopped at the Moder? Or would Himmler's boast be fulfilled, that Strasbourg would fall by January 30, the anniversary of the birth of the third Reich?

Yellow Butterflies continued from page 2

He went to war, and as soon as he could he wrote letters home, telling his mother and sweetheart to cheer up. The war would not last long, and he would soon be back. They received many letters, but suddenly they stopped coming. His mother thought he may be in action and couldn't write, and hoped to hear from him later. But there were no letters for mother or sweetheart. They scanned the casualty list. He was never reported wounded or killed in action, nor did they hear anything from the government concerning him. The war ended, and there was no news of an kind.

Time passed on. The broken-hearted mother read in the newspapers of the dedication to take place in Arlington. She went. There she saw the tomb and wondered whose son was lying there. In her heart she felt it might be her Jimmy. She tried to listen to the speaker, but heard little of what was said. Her anguish and pain was almost unbearable. At last she heard something like this: "We have come to honor this soldier. He was selected from a number of unknown soldiers. No one knows who's son is lying here."

Just then, Jimmy's mother gasped. It was all she could do to keep from crying out. Hovering all about the tomb were swarms of beautiful, yellow butterflies. She knew whose son was lying there. She thought, these people have gathered here to honor my son. It is his tomb they dedicate. And then she breathed a silent prayer, "Oh God, I thank Thee for those beautiful butterflies. They have come to welcome Jimmy back home."

(Unknown)

Submitted by Robert A. Jecklin, B-232FA

CONTRIBUTIONS TO MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

May 1, 2008 — July 31, 2008

Special Appeal

Foundation Operating Fund

Edgar D. Johnson, \$50; Charles W. Marionneaux, \$90; Robert W. Martinson, \$100; Anonymous, \$100; John W. McCormack, \$100; William J. Finley, \$100; Glyn C. Babb Sr., \$100; Robert E. MacNall, \$50; Duffy B. Stanley, \$50; Robert G. Africa, \$20; William C. Bahan, 100; Walter L. Peirce, \$20; Anthony J. Barrese, \$100; Allan W. Ostar, \$50.

Other Receipts

Foundation Operating Fund

George R. Bears, \$100, In Memory of George P. Bears Jr.; Mrs. Billie Paulus, \$50, In Memory of Uncle, Donald Gillette, WWI; Betty Ann Heaton,

\$25, In Memory of Tom Heaton; Justin and Gloria Walker, \$100, In Memory of Lester Bruns; Kenneth Carpenter, \$100, In Memory of Herbert E. Klinedinst.

Scholarship Operating Fund

Donald L. Segel, \$500, In Memory of Bill Shurtleff; Francis M. Meaghen, \$200; Betty Owen, \$50, In Memory of Martha Trent, WWI; James Johnson, \$50, In Memory of sister, Julie Sturgeon; Dancy L. H. Watler, \$50, In Memory of Charles T. Bush; Michael J. Diglio, \$100, In Memory of Charly Fowler.

Scholarship Endowment Fund

Betty Marie Wessling, \$100, In Memory of Arnold F. Wessling; Mayland Crosson, In Memory of Marsella Manville.

East Coast Reunion, October 15-16-17, 2008 Ocean City N.J.

The East Coast Reunion will be held at the Port-O-Call Hotel in Ocean City N.J. on Oct. 15-16-17. Package tours will be offered as well as a trip to Atlantic City. For further details contact Howard Melinck @ 908-604-9181. Don Dart @ 585-343-4647 or Bud Gahs @ 410-665-1091

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