



RAINBOW DIVISION

Veterans Memorial Foundation

OUR FORGOTTEN HERITAGE

By WWI Rainbow Veteran E. Vernon Olsson
Battery D, 151st F.A. 42nd Rainbow Division
Printed in the March 1970 REVEILLE

Have you read the "Declaration"
Of the men who built the Nation?
They pledged their lives and all their fortunes
to be free.

They rebelled against taxation,
Minus fair representation,
To establish liberty – for you and me.
Life and liberty should be equal,
Not to some – but all the people,
And "pursuit of happiness" not to be denied.
So these farmers, doctors, lawyers,
Preachers, masons, -- many others,
Signed the "Independence" paper for our
guide.

After they invoked God's blessing,
In this mammoth undertaking,
For they knew, without His help their
cause was lost;

They also pledged their sacred honor,
Not to Him – but to each other.
There was no return – the bridge was
crossed.

God was first, and Country second,
Money was not even mentioned,
Because the homes they loved would ever
stay secure,

Only, if they worked together,
Constantly in any weather,
And this heritage remain, both safe and sure.
Let us reconstruct our thinking,
First things first in thoughts prevailing,
And when our life on this good earth is past;
If we cross Celestial borders,
And we meet our country's authors,
We can look at them and say –
We did our best.



November 11, 2010 Veterans Day ceremony at the Rainbow Division monument in Garden City, Long Island, New York. Participants shown in photo are members of Cub Scout Troop #55.

REVEILLE

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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 - Operation Enduring Freedom



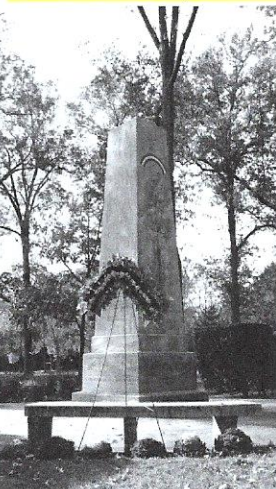
Hello, Rainbows everywhere! It seems as though this past calendar year has gone by too quickly. 2010 was a special year for Rainbow. From our regional meetings from coast to coast, to our annual reunion at New Orleans in July, to gathering in Birmingham for Veterans Day, we have once again shared and relived our Rainbow memories with our family and friends each time we got together. Our thoughts now turn to Las Vegas and our Midyear reunion next month. I hope you have made plans to be there at the Sahara Hotel Feb. 15-17. They say, Vegas is the city that never sleeps. There will be ample time to enjoy the sights and sounds that will surround you. Join your Rainbow family for a good time. Oh yes, it **WILL** be OK if you take time to sleep.

It was good to see all who came to the Birmingham Veterans Day Celebration in November. We need to thank John Wallace once again for all the hard work he put in preparing for our annual gathering. It would be very hard to do it without you John! Things at Birmingham were a little different this year. We had a smaller bus (which turned into a van) for transportation, and a new itinerary this time. We started off Tuesday night by going to "Jim & Nic's BBQ" for an outstanding meal enjoyed by around 15 folks who showed up for the first night. The next morning, we started off with breakfast, and plenty of food at the "EGG & I", which was a new restaurant for us. Due to the death of our old friend Cecil Whitmire, we did not go to the Alabama Theater this year. Each year he made a point of giving us a private concert of patriotic songs played on the theater's huge Wurlitzer organ. Cecil will be missed. Later we made a very nice trip to the *American Village* outside of Birmingham and got to witness history in action. There were "Early American" character actors who made history come alive. As we toured, the replication of many of our National sights was amazing! On Thursday, after the World Peace luncheon, it was time for the Veterans Day Parade in downtown Birmingham. Pete Pettus and Ray Schumacher did more than just march in the parade, they marched the entire parade route, looking mighty spiffy in their WWII gear.



Now that our annual reunion is set for Oklahoma City next July, I hope you are making plans to attend. It has been 24 years since we last had a reunion there and they have practically rebuilt the downtown area. There are a lot of new sights to see and Pete Pettus has been, and is working hard to prepare us a great itinerary. Bring someone with you and plan to have a good time.

Earnie Owen, RDVMF Chairman



Veterans Day Parade, Birmingham, AL 2010 From James R. "Pete" Pettus. "We had a great time there. Marty Allard and I marched the 3 miles carrying the Rainbow and American Flags. We had about 17 people there from Rainbow. The TV announced that it was a record crowd there." **Photo above** – left to right – Capt. Martin "Marty" Allard USN (RET), son-in-law of Ray Schumacher, 242-G (center), and "Pete" Pettus, K-232

The 17-foot tall monument is made of Rainbow granite from Minnesota and was erected in 1941. It weighs more than 30 tons. Each side of the base depicts a phase of Rainbow Division history in maps and words. The sides of the monument show a Doughboy at attention, a Doughboy blowing taps, and a list of all the units of the Division and their states. A permanent red, yellow and blue rainbow is etched in the granite above the soldiers. Photos are sent by William C. Donovan, Commander, William Bradford Turner Post No. 265 The American Legion, Garden City, NY.

Cutoff date March 15, 2011 for April 2011 issue.

THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

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**DEATH NOTICES for MEMORIAL FILE,
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members who do not pay dues through
chapters - SEND TO - RDVMF SECRETARY**

Our Loving God, We humbly come before you with thankful hearts. Our needs are many, with You alone, being our best hope. We pray that You give us guidance and wisdom, for now and the future. Your judgement is just and Your precepts righteous. May we always consider others as we act. Your word says, this world is full of tribulation, but in You there is a peace, that passes all understanding. Help us cling to that peace. No one should fear what man can do, but rather lean upon You, as You will keep our soul safe from harm. Grant our Nation's leaders wisdom and understanding so that they might always do the right thing. Please protect Rainbow men and women, and our military as they stand in harms way. With confidence and true hope, we ask this in Your Name, **Amen.** Earnie Owen RDVMF Chaplain

REUNION By Shirley Kinsey, Vice-President of the National Auxiliary; daughter of Burlie Forehand, Co. M, 3rd Bn., 242nd Inf. Regt. Arnold Owen, M-242 (on left in photo) is the father of Earnie Owen, RDVMF Chairman.



They had not seen or spoken to each other for sixty-two years, since they served together in the battlefields of Europe in World War II. When the war had ended, they had waited their turn and made the voyage back to America, where they picked up where they had left off their lives the year before. Back to raising their families, getting back to work in civilian jobs, involvement with their communities and churches, and so glad to have returned in good physical condition that they put the war behind them as something in which they had fulfilled their part and now were ready to move on with their lives. And so, though they had respected and liked each other, and each one had seen the other as a "good man", they built their own lives and the years passed by, then the decades. Now, in a meeting area of a nice hotel in Virginia Beach, Virginia, they walked toward each other, these two elderly men, for the first time in more than six decades. Arnold, the youngest at 85 years of age, spoke first. "Hey Burlie, you remember me?" he asked. Burlie looked closely at Arnold and when he didn't immediately respond, Arnold said to him, "I'm the guy that busted your guitar." That stirred his memory, and Burlie then responded, "Sarge Owen?" and they both broke out in big smiles as they shook hands warmly and continued on with their conversation. Cameras snapped the photos of the two as they reveled in the fact that they were finally speaking to each other again after sixty-two long years. After a little while of catching up on each other's lives, they introduced each other to their family members who had also come to this reunion. Arnold's wife, son, and daughter-in-law met Burlie's son-in-law and two daughters who had driven him to this annual reunion of the 42nd Infantry Division in hopes of meeting some of his old foxhole buddies from so long ago. During the three days of the reunion, the two old war buddies enjoyed times of just sitting and sharing memories of events they had experienced fighting together in the war, recalling details as though it had only recently happened. They had been only 22 and 24 in the days of battle, now they were 85 and 87, still friends after all the years. It was too bad they had not found one another years before. Arnold, or "Sarge Owen", had been attending the annual reunions of their division for many years, and had been privileged to meet a number of the men who had served with him. For Burlie, it seemed to fill a void that he had not even realized had been there, until he got to once again sit among them and listen to them share stories they could all relate to; "Do you remember the night we crossed the river and dodged fire as we ran from one crater to another?" and other such conversation starters kept them all involved in the retelling of those long ago but well-remembered days and nights. Sarge laughed as he recounted the night he walked into the room housing his men in France with a hand grenade that he had disarmed, and clumsily dropped it to the floor, and the frantic rush for the door that ensued, followed by his playful admittance that it was only a joke, the grenade was a dud. As for the "guitar that he had busted", it was Burlie's all right, and Sarge had accidentally knocked it to the floor as he walked by where it was hanging on Burlie's bunk. It broke the knob that kept the strings tight, but Burlie had found a man in the area to repair it as good as new. When the reunion was over and Arnold and Burlie had returned home, Arnold to Oklahoma and Burlie to Florida, they maintained occasional contact, and saw each other one more time the following year at the Birmingham Alabama Veteran's Day Celebrations, and happily rode the bus that was draped on the front and side with banners, in the big Veterans Day Parade, the oldest and largest in the nation. That was the last time they were to see each other, due to Burlie having his leg amputated and not able to travel easily again; Arnold was able to attend the next two annual reunions, then, due to injuries from a fall, lived for three weeks and was not to recover, and "Passed Over the Rainbow", as the 42nd Infantry Veterans would say when one of their own passed on. Only a week after Arnold had the fall from which he did not recover, Burlie had a fall in his home which kept him three days in the hospital, no broken bones but the trauma brought on acute confusion, and his strength and memory began to fail. They were not to meet again this side of heaven, but they both knew they would make another reunion, one in which they would not have to ever again say goodbye.

Arnold Owen passed "Over the Rainbow" on November 22, 2010 at the age of 89.

Mid-Year Reunion - Las Vegas, NV - February 15, 16, 17 - 2011 Sahara Hotel and Casino

ANNUAL REUNION - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK JULY 13, 14, 15-16, 2011

Registration information will be printed in the April REVEILLE and Rainbow online

IN HONOR AND MEMORY OF RAINBOW ARCHIVIST

J. William Keithan, Jr., Co. H, 2nd Bn., 232nd Inf. Regt., 42D Div.



The REVEILLE of March, 1990 reported this exchange between Larry Nagel (S/Sgt., H2B-232nd) and Bill Keithan (Pvt., H-232nd) – (Larry) *"At Camp Gruber, I was one of the unfortunates assigned from H2B to eat at the H Co. mess hall, and due to your cooking, not the 'C' ration type, but supposedly good cooking, I have since had an incurable ulcer."* Bill, with his usual commiseration, answered – *"Larry, I have gone through life being miserable about this,*

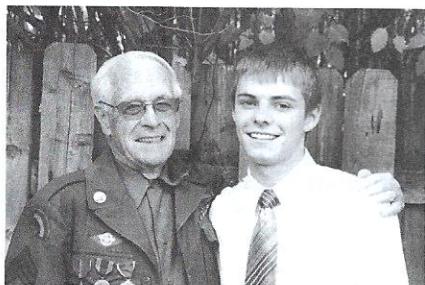
and for 30 years I have had the photo under my desk top that says, 'I don't get ulcers, I give 'em.'"

After the war, Bill had a distinguished career in Westin Hotels and Resorts, retiring as a Senior Vice-President. He began his career with the company in the food and beverage department at Von's Cafe in Seattle in 1950. He later served as chairman of Western Service and Supply Co., a wholly owned subsidiary of Westin, and was in charge of the design and construction branch of the company. Keithan conceived of, collected, and organized the Westin archives in 1975, and was instrumental in securing Washington State University's acquisition of the Westin Hotels collection in 1997.

He became Rainbow Division Archivist in the late 1980's, a driving force for the finding, assembly and accessioning of Rainbow Division history to officially designated archives and museums. Bill encouraged and organized historian-archivists in each RDVA chapter and coordinated their efforts with his own. He would drive many hundreds of miles to collect and deliver donated items, working closely with Rainbow Historian, Don Segel and Rainbow Memorials Officer, Charles Fowler, 2nd Bn 232nd Chapter Secretary, Ray Essig, G-232 and many others. His Rainbow Archivist newsletter went to 65 archivist/historians, officers, and other interested parties. His efforts to collect archived Rainbow POW stories from WWI and WWII veterans resulted in more than 100 being transcribed by a small army of volunteers under the direction of John McGovern (232-B) and edited by Val Spiegel (232-F) to make possible the book, Hold At All Cost/42nd Rainbow Division Prisoners of War, published by the RDVMF in 2004, a 492- page history.

In a REVEILLE column during his tenure as Rainbow Archivist 1988-2008, he wrote, *"The diversity of the items that pass by in the processing activity for Rainbow's repositories is ever a source of wonder and amazement."* He signed his column as usual – *"Keep well and happy. In Rainbow, Bill Keithan"* Thank you, Bill !! Bill Keithan passed Over the Rainbow on December 9, 2010, age 85.

OUR 2010 RAINBOW SCHOLARS

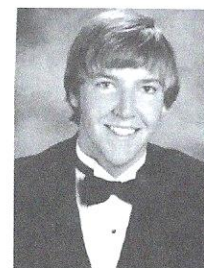


From Jackson Fuller, Grandson of John "Jack" Parry, I-242 : "Thank you so much for your generous donation towards my upcoming college expenses. You are an amazing Foundation that helps so many people and I am so thankful that my Grandfather, John Parry, is

a member of this Division and this Foundation. My Grandfather is an amazing man and has helped me so much throughout my youth to grow up to be the best person I can be. He is a great example to me. I plan to use your generous donation towards purchasing my textbooks for the upcoming semester, and whatever I have remaining after I purchase textbooks I plan to use on my housing expenses. I plan to be very careful with this money and to use it very wisely on things that I need most. Again, thank you very much for your donation towards my education."

From Adam Robert Thomas, Grandson of Robert B. Turpin, Cannon Co. 242: "I want to thank the 42nd Rainbow Division Memorial Foundation for awarding me a scholarship to assist me with my college expenses. I have already used the funds to purchase several textbooks and pay for my student fees. I have to give all the credit of

receiving this award to my grandfather, Robert Turpin, who was a member of the 42nd Rainbow Division during WWII. Not only did he introduce me to the opportunity of applying for this scholarship, but he has shared with me many of his stories of his time at Camp Gruber as well as his time overseas. My family and I have visited Washington D.C. to see the WWII Memorial and, in particular, the section honoring those who fought at the Battle of Hagenau Forest. I know that he is pleased to see that the sacrifice he and so many others made is providing a lasting legacy to his grandchildren. I will be forever grateful for the sacrifices that all these men made for our country so many years ago, and I am touched by the generosity that they possess today. Thank you, again, for helping me to pursue my college education. God bless!



HONORS RECEIVED

Mr. Michael J. Diglio, S/Sgt. Company B, 242d Infantry Regiment, 42D Division, of Port Richey, FL from Ambassade de France aux États-Unis, Pierre Vimont, July 2010 – "Dear Mr. Diglio: I am pleased to inform you that by a decree signed by the President of the French Republic on May 17, 2010 you have been named a "Chevalier" of the Legion of Honor. This award testifies to the President of the French Republic's high esteem for your merits and accomplishments. In particular, it is a sign of France's true and unforgettable gratitude and appreciation for your personal, precious contribution to the United States' decisive role in the liberation of our country during World War II. The Legion of Honor was created by Napoléon in 1802 to acknowledge services rendered to France by persons of great merit. The French people will never forget your courage and your devotion to the great cause of freedom. It is a personal pleasure for me to convey to you my sincere and warm congratulations.



Photo of S/Sgt. Diglio, Hannenkam Mountain, Kitzbuhel, Tirol 1945



Dr. Medford H. Shively, PFC, Cannon Co., 222nd Inf. Regt., 42D Division, of Lawrence, KS An article in the Topeka Capital-Journal 12/03/10 by Kevin Elliott, reported that Medford H. Shively was named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Maj. Gen. Tod Bunting, the adjutant general of

Kansas presented the award on behalf of the consulate general of France at the American Legion Post 400, Topeka, KS on December 1.

THE WORLD WAR II REGISTRY OF REMEMBRANCES

<http://www.wwiimemorial.com/default.asp?page=registry.asp>

The Introduction on this Internet web page reads – Welcome to the WWII Registry! The memory of America's World War II generation is preserved within the physical memorial and through the World War II Registry of Remembrances, an individual listing of Americans who contributed to the war effort. Any U.S. citizen who helped win the war, whether a veteran or someone on the home front, is eligible for the Registry. Names in the Registry will be forever linked to the memorial's bronze and granite representations of their sacrifice and achievement. *If you would like assistance in creating your page, Please contact the REVEILLE editor.*

42nd "Rainbow" Infantry Division History/ A Combat History of World War II

This 192 page 2006 softcover reprint of the 1946 hardcover edition by Lt. Hugh C. Daly is available for ordering at \$25.00 per copy (this includes S&H cost); your check should be payable to:

Oriana Grimm and mailed to –

Mrs. Oriana Grimm 32 Austin Hill CT Wentzville, MO 63385-3237

Memorials Officer's Report

Efforts to renovate and restore the **historic Rainbow Viaduct**, so named in 1919 in honor of the Alabama 167th for their WWI service with the 42nd Rainbow Division in France has evolved in a positive manner with "I Love Birmingham", a local organization, which has taken an active role in generating interest and local support for restoring the entire historic area of the Rainbow Viaduct. The organization is working with the Memorials Officer and has taken the lead in working with the Jefferson County Historical Commission and other city organizations. Additionally the AL 167th National Guard, as well as 6th District Congressman Spencer Bachus have expressed firm support for the appropriate restoration of the WWI Rainbow Memorial and the viaduct itself.



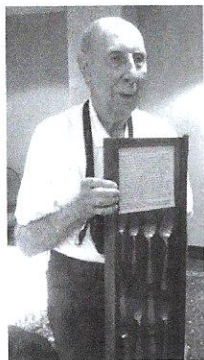
In the past couple of weeks a new project came forth – **The Remembrance Book project, "Names Instead of Numbers"** organized and sponsored by the Concentration Camp Memorial Site, Dachau. The Project is a traveling exhibition featuring over 130 biographies of those incarcerated at Dachau. The exhibition has been used to bring home to young people and adults, too, the intimate, personal nature of history. It has been displayed at the University of Nottingham, UK, the Johanneskirche in Klagenfurt, Austria and at other venues in Europe. The objective of the exhibit is community education, helping people to understand the human tragedy of the Nazi era. LTC Richard Goldenberg, 42nd Infantry Division PAO and the Memorials Officer, as well as Trustee Tom Garrett, (42nd MG, ret.) are working together on assessing the feasibility of showing this most worthwhile exhibit at various locations.

Jim Clemons, Memorials Officer

HITLER'S SILVERWARE

By Major Benjamin Tupper, Deputy PAO, Public Affairs Section, 42nd Div. HQ

Retired Staff Sgt. James "Pete" Pettus had a surprise for attendees at the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation reunion in Ocean City, NJ October 12-15, presenting fellow 42nd Infantry Division comrades with 65-year old Nazi memorabilia. Pettus stood before the assembled Soldiers, past and present, and presented a small wooden display box that displayed a small piece of World War II



history that Pettus himself liberated from Nazi Germany. Pettus served as the squad leader of 1st Squad, 2nd Platoon, Company K, 232nd Regiment of the 42nd Infantry Division. Relating the story of how he got the items in his display, Pettus described that on April 30, 1945, his squad was given the mission to locate, investigate, and guard a structure known as the Braun Haus in Munich, Germany [Munich Nazi Headquarters]. The building was believed to contain valuable intelligence items, such as maps, reports, and documents. When his squad arrived at the Braun Haus, however, they found nothing except a completely bombed out structure in a neighborhood that had been flattened by Allied planes. "We found the Braun Haus, but it had been



leveled by bombings. The foundation remained, but that was all," Pettus said. It wasn't long before one of his Soldiers discovered an underground basement, and after entering, the Soldiers found, as Pettus recalls, "an elaborate under-ground Nazi Headquarters containing a treasure trove of items, most of which were unharmed by the bombing." Pettus and his squad remained at the Braun Haus for over a week, and Pettus explored the headquarters regularly. He eventually stumbled onto the historic items in his display box: a set of Adolf Hitler silverware. Urns, goblets, cream and sugar bowls, and fine china had been left in the bunker by fleeing Nazi officials, all now in the possession of Pettus' 1st squad. "The china plates were for formal Nazi dinner parties," Pettus said. "But we had no plates, so we would eat our meals on the china, then toss them like Frisbees and watch them shatter into pieces." Such was the disdain for Nazism that American Soldiers used fine Nazi chinaware as disposable plates. Pettus said he recognized the value of the Adolf Hitler silverware items, but being a light infantryman who had to carry everything he needed, he didn't have the room to pack up these historic liberated items. He had grown accustomed to leaving behind all sorts of war trophies simply for a lack of space to carry them. After about a week at the Braun Haus, an American officer showed up and took immediate personal interest in the silverware. Without warning, the officer began to take all the Adolf Hitler silverware items as his own personal war trophies. Pettus quickly realized he probably should make an effort to keep a few of the silverware items, and he secured eight pieces of the silverware before the officer could take them all. Over the decades, Pettus pondered what should be done with his eight Adolf Hitler silverware items. At first he felt inclined to pass them on to his son. "I knew my son would give them to his son, and so on, but eventually these historic items would get lost, so I decided to donate them to a museum instead." Pettus said. Pettus drove to

Virginia October 15 and completed a mission that started over 65 years ago. The former Rainbow Division squad leader delivered his display box containing the Adolf Hitler silverware to the Richmond Holocaust Museum, where it will be put on display for future generations to see and reflect upon.

Photo below left, S/Sgt Pettus standing by the rubble of the Braun Haus; above – donation to the Virginia Holocaust Museum - Dianna Gabay, Director of Exhibitions and Collections receiving Hitler Silverware from Pete Pettus.



IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

by Francis E. "GAR" Myers, D&H-232, Ex-POW Alden Station, Pennsylvania Part Three –



On another day, we were ordered to send up one machine gun squad to sit in Ste. Louis and keep the peace. The Captain called Sergeant S. and me in to give us the order. Sergeant S. and I argued about which gun and crew would be the one to travel down to Ste. Louis to hold the town. Finally, we agreed to toss a coin. The Captain tossed the coin and I lost. Sgt. S. piled into his Jeep and the squad and headed off. Within a short time his men came back with a sad tale: the squad had set up and dug in around the piazza at the center of town. They had not been dug in very long when they spotted German soldiers on their way into town. Sgt. S. ordered the Jeep out of town and all of his men followed in Indian style (single file and very quietly). When they reached the edge of town, they looked back to see Sgt. S. firing his machine gun. But they saw the Germans overrun him.

Once they surrounded him, one of them pulled out a pistol and emptied the gun point blank at Sgt. S. He could be heard yelling throughout all of this. His men, following his orders, turned and ran from the village. **It was lunch time when they returned.** I remember it clearly because it was a real cooked meal—very unusual. The Captain recounted the story, all the while his anger visibly rising. He finished by shouting that we were to take no more prisoners. Two men in my squad came to me in private and warned me that they would not stand by while we killed any of the Germans that we might capture. The Captain had given us a direct order and I, too, was worried about how I would get around it myself. **I found out that very day.** We were rushed pell mell into Ste. Louis with orders to retake it and drive the Germans out. That was the job: five small American tanks with small cannon (37 millimeter guns) on them. But that's what was available. The tanks moved down the main street cutting away at anything that moved. I was just back of the last tank when it went by the village courthouse. All of these buildings were three stories high, the courthouse with a belfry towering overhead. Spotters and snipers used those belfries in all the small towns and villages. **Our tanks stopped right beneath the belfry of the courthouse.** Out came a German with a Bazooka that he had stripped from an American soldier. He was less than twenty feet above the tank. The American officer opened the hatch and was half out of the tank when the Bazooka missile went through his lap. I ran towards the tank to find that nothing was left of him—just his fingerless arms sticking up out of the hatch. **In a minute the Captain—who was one hundred yards ahead—came running back through his tanks.** He was wild with anger. He snatched an M1 rifle out of an infantryman's hands as he came to the broad steps of the courthouse. He went by me set on going directly into that building after whoever had fired the Bazooka. He hadn't even gotten to the steps when the Nazi officer came running out of the building. He was unarmed and shouting. The American Tank Commander never bothered to aim—he was too close anyway. He fired as the German came across the porch to the top step. His face, above the eyes, disappeared and he fell face forward down the steps. The top of his skull peeled back as though by a surgeon and his brains and blood sloshed onto the ground. **It was all over in a moment.**

A man inside the tank was able to get by what was left of the man in the escape hatch of the tank. He seemed to be all right except that his shirt, jacket and face were peppered with fifty small holes. The Bazooka shell explodes after it smashes into something. So it had blown the commander apart and flung fifty pieces of fine shrapnel into this GI. I lit a cigarette for him. We talked a little bit...and he died. **I stood on the sidewalk by the tank stunned by this vision.** Suddenly, in my peripheral vision, I saw an overcoat just back of me. Something was wrong—Americans wore combat jackets for maneuverability. Only a German could be in that greatcoat. I hit the dirt on my face and rolled. I knew I was going to get it as I came around with my .45 caliber pistol. I found myself staring into the face of some young kid—maybe 16 or 18, his hands as far in the air as he could reach. He was yelling, "Comrade...comrade!"

He'd been hiding in the basement of the house behind me. Here I stood in the middle of a firefight with a single prisoner. I motioned him to the west and he walked about ten paces in front of me. Earlier, on our way into Ste. Louis, I had seen German prisoners in a field with a few American soldiers guarding them. I led this young German soldier down that road towards the place where the other prisoners were being held. **Soon I began to feel foolish.** I was moving farther and farther away from my men shepherding a German soldier down a country road. I remember the feeling as I flexed my finger on the big .45 a few times. It would have been so easy to pull the trigger and be done with this. But I could not shoot that German soldier in the back—or any other way for that matter. We kept on walking. I sensed the terrible fear in him. It may have been well-founded. I turned him over to the Americans who were holding the other prisoners. The Americans were getting anxious believing they'd been abandoned to watch over the prisoners. Five minutes later, as I was hustling back to my position on the front, I heard Thompson machine pistols rattling away. We will never know for sure, but my guess is the Americans got scared and shot the German prisoners, including the soldier I'd corralled. **Sometimes our twogun machine gun company was called to the front** to work with the big Sherman tanks in cleaning up a village. Our job was to make sure that all the Germans were out, one way or another. Our 30 caliber machine guns were in a windshield mount on the passenger side of the Jeep. The windshield could be flattened so

the gun could traverse from the left side of the field of vision 180 degrees to the right side. Diabolical because we learned quickly that if we ran a streak of bullets across the front of a wooden house about six inches above the porch floor, anyone lying on the living room floor was going to take a full blast. And if we caught any motion in the window, the Sherman would pull up and throw a 76 millimeter cannon ball about waist high and rake the place with its machine guns. **We were having a tough time clearing one particular town.** The Jeep and crew waited while I went through a few houses from basement to bedrooms with my .45. That was dangerous work. Not the job you wanted if you had a choice. But the .45 was the best for close encounters because its wallop would knock a man down even if he was hit in the hand or arm. So up and down the stairs I went. **It is important to remember** that this region, Alsace-Lorraine, historically had been both French and German. People's loyalties were divided. When we arrived in the villages the people tried to gain information from the Allied forces. Some of that information was gotten from the girls who befriended our soldiers. These divided loyalties made our presence in the villages tenuous. We were neither welcomed nor rejected—at least not on the surface. **I remember learning how much the Germans liked to strike at night.** They were masters at infiltration in the night. It was as if this was *their* turf and night fighting didn't bother them at all. It bothered all of us. We got a call to go down to a river on the outskirts of a village. We dug-in in a wooded area between the river and the farmer's fields. We covered each other as usual and cycled in across the river. From time to time we thought we could see Germans moving about. But no firefight ensued. Darkness descended on us. There was a six to eight inch blanket of snow on the ground. Mickey and I had a nice horseshoe-shaped foxhole, so deep we could stand up in it and just see over the snow. It was downright cold that night. We didn't dare say a word to each other or get out of the foxhole. We stood in a total blackout while snow fell around us silently. **I couldn't see a thing but I swear I could feel something out there.** Sure enough, at dawn, there were trench marks in the snow just a few feet from our noses. One of the Germans had gone to town sometime during the night. **The war I fought brought us up close and personal with the enemy.** For that reason, when I was in Alden Station, PA—called back because the doctors thought my father was dying—I stopped to see Mr. Andrisek. He was the local garage mechanic. He had the tools to grind down the back edge of my beautiful Kabar hunting knife. He made a two-edged dagger of it and I had it rigged up in its sheath inside the back of my trousers. That was my personal plan for a bad situation—like a German dropping into the foxhole with me. **At dawn, the rifle fire began to come in.** It was obvious in a very short time that the Germans knew exactly where our guns were. Their fire was kicking up snow and dirt into our faces. My gun was closest to the river but Sgt. S. was able to throw his gun in his trailer. He and his assistant gunner came by our hole and we jumped into the back seat as fast as we could. We hunched down as much as possible but we were sitting ducks on the back of that Jeep. He zigzagged over the farmer's open field on the way back to the houses in the village. We could feel the huff of lead going by us. A bunch of German riflemen were doing their best to spoil our plans. **When we got to the first barn on the outskirts of the village,** Sgt. S. slowed down just enough so we could roll off the Jeep and crawl into defilade with some Americans who were returning the fire across the river. I asked my assistant gunner if he was all right. He showed me a hole in the elbow of his left sleeve—a bullet had just creased his elbow as it whizzed between us and through the windshield of the Jeep. Nobody else had been hurt. There were two or three cows "down" in the barnyard, however. **Dark was approaching** and my men went into a house in the middle of the village. The lineman always carried an M1 Garand because he spent his time running telephone wire wherever we were and that was his defense. But the rest of the crew had no weapons in a machine gun company. The 1st gunner had a .45 pistol. We found ourselves in this house with just my .45. We set up Sgt. S. with his gun in the dark behind the barn facing out over the farmer's field towards the river. PFC G. and another Sergeant crawled down to the river to see if my Jeep and gun had been taken away or mined. I was on the gun behind the barn listening for them to come back in. We had been losing men quickly. For the most part, the replacements were fellows who had just graduated from high school in June, six months before. They had been through basic training and were shipped over to Europe immediately. The young fellow who stood along side me was green as grass. He had a rifle with him. I warned him to be absolutely silent and not to move.

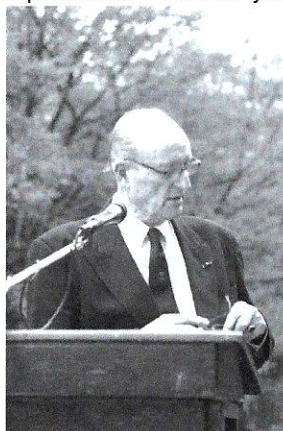
Shortly, there was a "click" out in front of us and the new soldier on his very first night on the front jumped up and just as he'd been trained to do, shouted, "Halt, who goes there?" Without so much as a moment's pause he pulled the trigger on the M1. There was a shout somewhere out in front of us. We crawled out and found the Sergeant along side PFC G. who was down and out. We carried PFC G. into the house. He was sweating profusely and out cold. I checked out his chest but couldn't locate a wound. I turned him over and found a little blood on his back. The young kid had shot at that "click" he'd heard and the bullet went straight through PFC G.'s navel and out his back. **The medics took him away in a very short time.** He probably made it although we never found out that kind of information directly. The medics were amazing for the kind of mess we were in. There was never a sick, hurt or wounded man on the front for more than 20 to 30 minutes before help arrived and he was transported out for care. Sgt. T. had replaced Sgt. S. Sgt. T. picked up his machine gun and Jeep from behind the barn and ran it up to the center of town. Sgt. T. was another Sgt. S. They were tough, aggressive and determined on the front. There was a hell of a lot of fighting going on. Flares were going up and machine guns were roaring away. Then, to our surprise, German airplanes came in and it seemed the town was going to be blown apart. Tanks went by the house, cannons roaring and machine guns rattling. Later, we heard that Sgt. T.'s squad had been hit hard and that when last seen Sgt. T. was crawling under a stack of hay behind a house. **My Jeep and gun were still down by the river.** There were seven men left in the squad and they had no guns of any kind except my .45 pistol. We were inside the house where the medics had picked up PFC G. We could see the firefight spreading out and down the street. To stay in the house with or without weapons was suicide. As the Germans began to pass in front of the house, one of them shouted as clear as a bell, "Ok, Myers, we know you're in there." Startled, I thought, "What the heck?" and realized just how they'd gotten that information. I told the men that the situation was impossible: no machine gun, no Jeep, no weapons and Germans in the front yard. I laid out the situation and cautioned the men that it was a matter of survival now and it was 'every man for himself'. My hope was that at least one man might get out and away.

I ran out of the kitchen door and into a barn in the backyard. The firefight out front was intense, the Messerschmitts turning events into a holocaust. I climbed up into the rafters. But as I sat up there I realized that the minute a German entered the barn it would be all over for me. I jumped down out of there as quickly as possible. I went to the street in front of the house and dodged down it using whatever cover I could find. It was literally a doorway-to-doorway and tree-to-tree dash. When I risked a look back up the street, I saw all my seven men in a row. I thought they would have at least spread out keeping in mind that there really was no safety in numbers in this situation. But, instead, they were going with me and nobody wanted to get left behind! **We could hear lots of Germans shouting** as well as explosions going off all around us. I ran around the fence of the last house on the street making my way into the fields and then the woods. There was a six foot high fence in the backyard that stopped us cold. To go over it meant each of us would be exposed to gun fire as we clambered up and over. I told the men where we could get over the fence one at a time, as fast as possible. All we had to protect ourselves was my .45 pistol which was woefully inadequate against what the Germans were throwing at us. I led the way, dashing out into the open field where I discovered a shallow furrow. The light of the fire fight going on right behind the men, allowed me to see each one as he came over the fence. But that meant the Germans could see them, too. As the last man climbed up the fence the Germans finally found us and shot him before he cleared it. **The Germans had machine pistols,** similar to the Thompson sub machine guns. They were carried under the right arm with a sling over the shoulder. The Germans tried their best to gun down the men running through the field but all six men made it to where I was. I didn't know some of these men because some were replacements. One of them was so scared that he lost all control and began to make noise. He tried to scramble out of the furrow in panic. I put my own .45 in his face to quiet him down since he was putting all of us in jeopardy. **We waited, silent and cold, until we felt the Germans had given up on us.** We started in the general direction of the town where our Company Command had been located earlier that morning. We found the Captain a few hours before dawn. We were happy to see him and some of the other soldiers. But this particular Captain, who never saw the front lines, was *not* happy to see us. He accused us of desertion under fire which was a serious charge. We

thought that things might play out very badly for us. **The way I saw it we were still seven soldiers ready to do battle.** He put us out in the fields around the Command post—in sweaters only—since we had left our winter clothes in the house back in the village. We stood out there in the dark, freezing, until the sun rose and the Captain took us back in. **TO BE CONTINUED.**

HOME AGAIN by Pim Reijntjes

Editor — Mr. Reijntjes has been an honored member of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation (RDVMF) since 2001. He has submitted his article to us after translating it from the Dutch language. In his words, "I am sending you my article "Home Again"; it is about the syndrome many ex- prisoners from the concentration camps have experienced. I am 91 years old, born and raised in Amsterdam, now



living in a small village, not far from Hilversum, where our broadcasting system is situated. Indeed that is where I worked nearly 40 years, both in radio and TV as announcer, news reader, presenter, etc. In May 1943 I was arrested by the Germans, trying to escape to England by sea. I spent four months in prison, was transported then to Vught, (German Concentration camp in the Netherlands), from there to Natzweiler, the infamous NN-camp in the Elzas. NN meaning "Nacht und Nebel," Night and Fog. NN-prisoners were meant to disappear forever, and never to come home. Life was extremely hard there. It was the only German

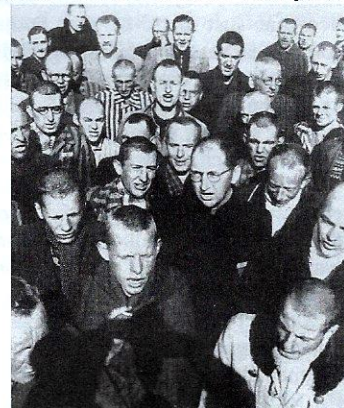
concentration camp that has not been liberated. In September 1944 American artillery was already audible, so the entire camp (7000 prisoners) was evacuated to Dachau. There I stayed until the end of the war." Mr. Reijntjes has also edited the "Nieuwsbrief Dachau" newsletter.

1945, April 29, a cold and sunny afternoon in spring. At 17.30 the heavy wrought iron gate of the Dachau concentration camp, with its infamous slogan *Arbeit macht Frei* (Labor Frees You) opens. A small unit of American soldiers walk into the camp, boys from the Rainbow Division, bringing us, after years of misery, our freedom. They were to be our friends, for the rest of our lives.

[photo right — April 30, 1945 Dachau Concentration Camp, the Dutch prisoners singing the national anthem the day after liberation. Mr. Reijntjes is the tall man in the center, three down from the top]

For many former prisoners, the years in the concentration camp have marked them for life. After coming home, most of them went back to work as usual, and quite a few of them made an excellent career. But the camp was never far away, for anyone. And when the old comrades met, the conversation was nearly always about the war. No details were left out of their stories; these could be long monologues, lasting for an hour or more. For the old friends it was bearable; but other visitors also had to listen in, and that was not always to their pleasure. The wives served coffee, but had no part in the conversation.

FAMILIES Some marriages were a disaster, some very tender. But always heavily burdened. Many of the husbands had physical problems, insomnia, nightmares, fits of temper and rage attacks. If they were married before the war, the women sometimes got a stranger back, with whom it was difficult to continue their earlier marriage. Sometimes the wife had not known of his resistance during the war. If such a man was caught, and she had to stay behind with a couple of small children, she might think: But why did he not think of his family? Some women who married after the war did not know what their man had been through at all. In the beginning the women



showed much understanding for husbands' sorrow. But as time went by frictions developed in the families. This went on year after year, in many cases getting worse all the time. Mothers formed a buffer between the children and their father. Trying to prepare these for a fate that had struck themselves, they submitted their children, the boys mainly, to a Spartan education. They put them on a strict diet and never comforted them when they were in pain: Shut up! What do you think your father went through in the concentration camp! Under the cold shower with you, and no more hollering! And how does it affect a child, when its father wakes up screaming from his terrible nightmares night after night? It has gone all wrong. Children started hating their fathers; I have attended funerals where sons nailed their father publicly to the cross. Very, very embarrassing. All these things originate from the psychological effect of the horror these people have been subject to. At first not much attention was given to this subject. Physicians realized that there was a possibility that the experiences in the concentration camps might affect the former prisoners physically. But in those days the trend was: try to forget everything as soon as possible, and then things will be alright by themselves. This was comparable to the attitude the British government took after World War I, when soldiers coming home from the trenches in northern France, showed a strange and unknown behavior. Shellshock, they called it, and left it at that.

SYNDROME It would take twelve years until the problem got the attention it deserved. In 1957 psychiatrist Jan Bastiaans graduated at the Leiden University on the theme: *"Psychosomatic Effects of Persecution and Resistance."* His book summarized the long sessions he had had with former prisoners. He had tried to make them talk about what they had gone through, in order to relive the things they could not forget. He thought this was the way to free his patients from their trauma. But it did not work; his patients were too inhibited to express themselves. Bastiaans resorted to stronger medicine; by giving them a dose of LSD. A very doubtful therapy indeed, and again with a very limited outcome. A new word was born: *Post Concentration Camp Syndrome*, or *KZ-Syndrome* for short. Professor Bastiaans wanted to bring his research to the attention of his students, by means of a film, showing a session with one of his patients, a man called Joop. It was a very moving film, called, *"Do you understand now why I am crying?"* It was meant for scientific purposes only and was not to be shown in public. Joop's treatments lasted for several years; but then it became evident that this man was not to be helped. When Joop died in 2000, the maker of the film contacted his family. By means of interviews with his widow and youngest son, a heartbreaking picture came into being; the story of a father who transmitted his camp syndrome to his wife and three children. "For my father nothing has changed since 1945", son Reinier says. The other two children left home twenty years ago, never to come back. They could not stand it any longer. The mother has completely identified herself with the former prisoners. The only people she knows are companions in distress; she even has nightmares of atrocities, things she never experienced herself.

THE THREE FROM BREDA In the prison of the city of Breda three German war criminals were held since the end of the war. One had been the commandant of the Amersfoort concentration camp, the other two were responsible for the murder of 100,000 Dutch Jews. The three of them had been sentenced to death, but got life instead, as the queen refused to sign their death warrant. After 25 years some leading politicians very cautiously suggested the possibility of pardoning these sorry old men. To send them back to their *Heimat* and doing so, getting rid of the ugly past. In 1971 a new minister of justice joined the Dutch government. One of his first actions was pleading for the pardon of the Three From Breda. But no way! Startled by the fierceness of the protests from the former resistance organizations he backed down, promising not to set the prisoners free without consulting them first. Doing so, he opened the door widely for public discussions. In 1972 it was decided to organize a session where representatives of the resistance organizations would get the opportunity to set out their point of view. This public hearing took place on February 24 in the building of the house of representatives. A whole day long, it was the stage of heart-rending scenes. The sessions being directly transmitted by both radio and television, every citizen could see and hear what was going on. The opponents of a pardon were in the majority by far; the supporters they branded as traitors. Eventually, as arguments fell short, the participants engaged

in hand-to-hand fighting, and the public gallery had to be cleared. That day, opponents placed their secret weapon in position; Professor Bastiaans' film about the camp syndrome. Now the whole country could see with their own eyes what the arguments of the opponents were. The film became the talk of the day and caused enormous emotional discharges throughout the whole country. The parliamentary debate following the session lasted for thirteen hours; the government had no leg to stand on, and so there was to be no grace for the three war criminals. What it amounted to in fact was, that "The Three", after 27 years of imprisonment, were condemned anew. But of course not all the people voting against a pardon were having the KZ syndrome. As a result of all that publicity, one might get the impression that all former political prisoners are suffering from it. That is certainly not the case, it concerns a minority; but it is hard to express their number in percentages.

Meaning that the majority of the people who had to endure the atrocities of the German concentration camps, picked themselves up after some time and lived a normal life ever after. But it is evident that war has a long arm, holding on firmly to those who were in the line of fire, either in Dachau or in Vietnam.



Pamela A. Wilson, daughter of WWII veteran PFC Thomas WILSON, of Troy, NY who served in Co. G, 2nd Bn, 242nd Inf. Regt. would very much appreciate hearing from men who may remember serving with her father. PFC Wilson trained at Camp Gruber, OK and was taken prisoner by the Germans on 19 January 1945 near Koenigsbruck, France. He passed Over the Rainbow in 1976. Pamela wrote: "He never spoke of the war. My memories of my Dad are that he was always troubled and spent time at the VA hospital at Albany when I was very young. I am 51 years old with a 66 year old brother and a 64 year old sister. Neither remember hearing any stories. I would love to engage with men who remember him."

His daughter, Pamela A. Wilson, may be reached at -- 24 Simmons Road Wymantskill, NY 12198-8028 (518) 424-4396 email - pwilson2@nycap.rr.com

From Janice A. Connett, daughter of Chaplain James A. Connett, HQ 222nd Infantry Regiment : My father, Chaplain (Col.,USA,Ret/Dec) James Aaron Connett was with the unit that liberated Dachau prison camp. He then went up to Berlin. His organist was John Low Baldwin and carried a portable organ with him for services.

Does anyone remember my father in the unit as a Chaplain? He had an illustrious career in the Army, retired, but died young at age 58. He is buried in Arlington Cemetery. My mother, Marie, is still living, aged 95 and in good health in Flora, IL.

Just after the war was declared over, he and his organist **went into Oberammergau.** He and John, and his driver, drove into the town and found that not one person was out on the streets...all were hiding, not having heard the news. My father went to the main church there (I believe St. Peter and St. Paul's which was not as damaged in the war) and opened all the doors to the church. He had John open up the organ and play *forte possible*. (as loud as possible) My father recounted that people soon started pouring out of their hiding places. Joyously, they were invited to a home of one of the main woodcarvers and given tea. After the war, organist John Low Baldwin reactivated the Rainbow Chorus and established the Army Music School of Salzburg and Vienna.

In 1943-44, Major James A. Connett was stationed at Camp Gruber, OK and his family lived there, too. He served at Arlington National Cemetery for six years later in his military career. His daughter would very much like to hear from anyone who remembers her father or his organist and who may be able to provide information. She may be reached as follows : Janice A. Connett 7139 Toulon Dr Albuquerque, NM 87122 - 3326 (505) 797-0435 Email: dovecenter@earthlink.net



2011 RAINBOW SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION INFORMATION and PROCEDURE

The information needed to apply for Rainbow Scholarships will be distributed during March 2011. **Since all application materials are sent directly to the student applicant**, requests for applications must include the information listed below. In February the scholarship committee will determine exactly what information will be distributed to applicants for the year 2011 scholarships. **All applications must be accompanied by a recommendation letter from a current member of the 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation (RDVMF)**. Each applicant is also required to submit an essay related to RDVMF goals. Other than these two requirements, application for a Rainbow Scholarship will not require any materials beyond those requested in most scholarship and/or college applications. Our scholarship applications are reviewed and winners selected in July of each year. Successful applicants are notified in August. Our scholarships are granted quite late in the year because our annual reunion is held in July, and it is at this meeting that the Scholarship Committee convenes to review the applications and grant awards. In recent years our scholarships have been in the amount of \$500 and \$1000. We fully expect these amounts to be continued or increased each year. **Postmarked no earlier than January 1, 2011 and no later than April 1, 2011**, send the information listed below to:

Ted Simonson 23107 Summit Road, Los Gatos, CA 95033 - 9319 or email <tigerted@mail.com>

1. Full name of student applicant 2. Address where information should be sent to student applicant 3. Telephone number of student applicant 4. E-mail address of student, if student has one. 5. Name, relationship and contact information (see items 1 thru 4 above) of **Rainbow Veterans Memorial Foundation member** nominating the applicant.

NOTES: 1. Once the materials are mailed to the applicant, all further correspondence will be conducted between the student applicant and Ted Simonson. 2. Requests for applications made at any time other than between January 1 and April 1 will not be processed.

RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS MEMORIAL FOUNDATION, INC. Memorial Contributions from October 15 – December 15, 2010

FOUNDATION OPERATING FUND – In Memory of Jack Westbrook - Mr & Mrs. Russel Fielding, 100; Jimmy & Thelma Santos, 100.

SCHOLARSHIP OPERATING FUND - In Memory of Betty Owen – Tom Owen, undisclosed amount

Contributions also may be made to the following funds :

SCHOLARSHIP ENDOWMENT FUND and FOUNDATION ENDOWMENT FUND

If you would like to contribute, Please send donations to the RDVMF Treasurer, Check payable to **RDVMF** and mailed to Benjamin Pettus 801 NE Jamestown CT Blue Springs, MO 64014



The grandson of ARTHUR S. YATES, SR. (d. 1997) would like to hear from men who remember serving with him in Co. B, 1st Bn., 242nd Inf. Regt., 42nd Division. He was drafted in 1943, trained at Camp Gruber, OK and went overseas as part of Task Force Linden.

DANIEL YATES <14dyates@bcacs.org> 535 Garrison Rd. Battle Creek Michigan 49017 - 4509

Everyone is wished the very best and hope all enjoyed a good holiday season with family and friends.

2011 is shaping up to be another busy year with a variety of interesting and worthwhile Rainbow projects as we always move forward.

Jim Clemons, President and Memorials Officer

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