

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

Greetings from Las Vegas!

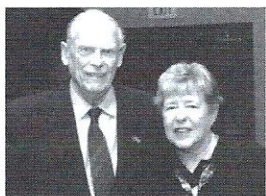
Rainbow Photographer James C. "Jim" Schaefer



L-R Ray Shumacher, Marty Allard, Ben Tupper, Dick Tisch and Peter Towse



Esther and Richard Peirce



Bob and Fern Martinson



L-R Lloyd Soule, Ted Simonson, Earnie Owen



Fred "Fritz" Krenkler and RDVMF National Secretary, Melanie Remple (photo from Melanie)

Greetings, Rainbowers everywhere ! It is now that time of year when our thoughts of warmer weather begin to rise once again. How can we not feel the anticipation of a great Spring and Summer just ahead. We truly enjoyed our time together in Las Vegas. We had a great turn out with 60+ registered and I don't believe anyone was disappointed. There was plenty of time to enjoy the sights and sounds of "the City that Never Sleeps." Some went to the shows, some shopping and others went sight seeing. It was truly a place with plenty to do. The Sahara is the hotel of the stars and was a great venue for us. Very nostalgic. People like Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. and Liberace had stayed and performed at the Sahara, just to name a few. You could even rent and stay in the room the Beatles once stayed in. Pete Pettus did a great job, of getting a great contract. Outside of a long walk to go eat in the hotel, we had a very good time. We had a very nice hospitality room. It served of course as our focal point for visitation and story swapping. Now comes the news that the Sahara Hotel will be closing in May of this year. It's been a grand old hotel. The later in the reunion we progressed, the more crowded it got, but we all felt, the more the merrier !

Thanks to Rose Pettus' inspiration, the Ladies' Auxiliary had a Fashion show one afternoon in the hospitality room (no men allowed!). I don't know what all went on, but my wife got some new clothes out of it. Actually, I think it was just another reason for the women to go shopping (smile). As usual we had some of our current 42nd Rainbow folks show up as well. Major Tupper and MSG Towse came all the way from the East coast to be with us. Major Tupper shared with us about life in Afghanistan. Life in that part of the world is not simple or cut and dried as one might think. We can appreciate the up to date view of our world that is very complex, from eyes that have seen it first hand. **Note to the powers that be: As chairman, I wish to express a desire to have personnel from the PAO office of the current 42nd Division attend our Rainbow functions as often as possible.** As we look back at our Midyear, we can't help but look forward to our annual reunion in Oklahoma City. The Clarion Hotel, very near the Will Rogers International Airport will be our venue. All the rooms are on the first floor. No stairs or elevators to negotiate. There will be a free breakfast every morning and a Manager's Reception on Wednesday and Thursday at 5:30 PM. This is Middle America! Pete has cued up some nice tours for us. I hope you are making plans to attend. **Earnie Owen, RDVMF Chairman**



Fred "Fritz" Krenkler, Ben Tupper, Peter Towse, David Cohen

OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL REUNION OF RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS
JULY 13 -14 -15 -16 2011

Cutoff date May 15, 2011 for June 2011 issue.

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FOUNDATION CHAIRMAN:

Ernest E. Owen 1201 S. 30th Street
Broken Arrow, OK 74014 (918) 258-1394

REDJACKK@aol.com

FOUNDATION PRESIDENT and MEMORIALS OFFICER:

James C. Clemons, 18 Fawn Lane

Fredericksburg, VA 22406-8444

Jclem11@cox.net

FOUNDATION VICE-PRESIDENT:

Esther Peirce, 708 Parc Forest Trail

Saint Charles, MO 63303-3688

epeirce@sbcglobal.net

FOUNDATION SECRETARY:

Melanie K. Remple, 500 Campbell Lane

Hutchinson, MN 55350 (320) 587-1123

tarempel@hutchtel.net

FOUNDATION TREASURER:

Benjamin Pettus 801 NE Jamestown Ct

Blue Springs, MO 64014-1847

ben@bpettus.com (816) 228-3891

HISTORIAN:

Donald L. Segel, 650 Jacon Way

Pacific Palisades, CA 90272-2827

donpearlsegel@earthlink.net (310) 454-7015

JUDGE ADVOCATE:

Rev. Robert M. Weiss SJ 3601 Lindell Blvd

St. Louis, MO 63108-3301 (314) 633-4425

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS:

George Van Allen, 1108 Smith St.

Piscataway, NJ 08854

MEMBERSHIP OFFICER:

Suellen R. McDaniel (address below)

ARCHIVAL DONATIONS INQUIRIES:

<<http://www.rainbowvets.org>>

REUNIONS CHAIRMAN:

James R. Pettus, 600 Meadow Brook Ct.

Desloge, MO 63601-2944

(573) 330-1909 jamespettus56@yahoo.com

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER:

William L. Bender, 41 Ridgeway Dr.

Brownsburg, IN 46112-1004 (317) 852-8814

CHAPLAIN:

Ernest E. Owen (address above)

LIAISON OFFICER:

Richard J. Tisch, 502 Fairmont Avenue

Chatham, NJ 07928 (973) 635-2559

PHOTOGRAPHER:

James Schaefer 3525 Marquette St Apt 213
Davenport, IA 52806-5547 (563) 391-4018

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PLEASE SEND NEWS ITEMS TO:

PUBLISHING EDITOR: Suellen R. McDaniel

(828) 464-1466 <JMAC1400@aol.com>

1400 Knolls Dr Newton, NC 28658-9452

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**DEATH NOTICES for MEMORIAL FILE,
and \$10.00 DUES for RDVMF "at large"
members who do not pay dues through
chapters – SEND TO – MELANIE K. REMPLE,
RDVMF SECRETARY (SEE ADDRESS ABOVE)**

Gracious and Loving God, Hear us as we seek Your guidance in all that we do. May our efforts be such that would bring Your approval. As we seek justice with honor for our God and our Country, let us keep in mind Your purpose of love and hope for Your creation. Let us be reminded, there can be no peace without justice. As a loving and just God, help us as we seek to be like You. Protect our Rainbow soldiers and America's military men and women all over this world. Amen.

Ernest E. "Earnie" Owen, RDVMF Chaplain



IN HONOR AND MEMORY OF

WOLFGANG ROBINOW, MSG, Military Intelligence Interrogation and Reconnaissance Team. It was on February 9, 2011 an email was received from a lady in Vienna, Austria that her father, a Rainbow Division veteran, had passed away – had 'gone over the Rainbow'. Her father's name: Wolfgang Robinow, who had for some years resided in an assisted living facility in Frankfurt, Germany. It was during the coordination and planning for

the Purple Heart Jewel event in 2008 with Ludwig Stoeckl that resulted in my contact with this renowned Rainbow veteran and his daughter, Patricia. Naturally, being inquisitive about the world and what goes on in our lives, a lot of information was obtained about Wolfgang Robinow, a truly outstanding Rainbow Division Intel and Recon soldier of WWII, who, following the surrender of the Dachau Concentration Camp, led an I & R recon into Munich's famous Marienplatz on April 30, 1945 where city officials surrendered to him and his squad of three or four Rainbow soldiers. **Wolfgang Robinow was born on August 22, 1918 in Hamburg, Germany to a long-established family of that city.** In 1937, in providing required family ancestral history to Nazi Youth Group, he discovered he had Jewish grandparents. Although now a Protestant, he emigrated to Denmark, then very briefly back to Germany and in 1939 emigrated to the United States. **In 1943 Wolfgang became a "Ritchie Boy" at Camp Ritchie, MD, a WWII U.S. special military intelligence unit comprised mainly of German-speaking immigrants to the U.S. who knew the German language better than any American-born soldiers.** Their role was to study the enemy and demoralize him, through open and covert operations after landing in Europe on D-Day, June 6, 1944. For his service, as documented in the General Orders, 42nd Infantry Division, he was awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star Medal and the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster. **After the war, Wolfgang worked for Military Intelligence in Berlin and as an undercover agent in Ankara, dealing with the Russians in both venues.** In 1955, Wolfgang Robinow was the first advertising executive for Mercedes Benz in North America and succeeded in getting Hollywood notables, including Alfred Hitchcock, Otto Preminger, Orson Welles, and others to advertise for Mercedes Benz. In 1965 Wolfgang was a U.S. Consul in Frankfurt-am-Main as well as head of the Trade Center and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. In 1966, as a philatelist, he had a series of thirteen TV episodes on philately. **Beginning in 1980, Wolfgang became a "Zeitzeuge", translated in the historic sense as 'contemporary witness.'** In this capacity he visited more than 400 schools in Germany (mostly high schools) to encourage the students to ask questions regardless of how personal or painful in order for them to get answers and inside information firsthand – and to thereby urge them always to be skeptical of and watchful towards all totalitarian systems. He became very committed to speaking to students on this general subject. From the book, "Travels with Rainbow", author Cory J. Eberhart, The Saurus Press, Goldendale, WA, recounts how Wolfgang, 242D Intelligence and Reconnaissance, organized the 1995 Munich Rainbow Reunion and 50th Anniversary Tour of Europe attended by more than 200 veterans, their families and friends. It was truly a stellar event of historic nature and well done by Wolfgang in his usual style. **On December 6, 2002, at the suggestion of Bundespräsident Johannes Rau, W. Robinow was awarded the "Bundesverdienstkreuz Erster Klasse; (Federal Service Cross First Class) in honor of his many and very dedicated lectures and visits to German schools.** In the days prior to his passing – 'going over the Rainbow' – Wolfgang would mention that he had to call a cab because he had to go home. And so it was and we of the 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans family salute Wolfgang as his cab went by us all.

Given the many good words said by those with whom he served and his history of achievement, it would certainly be appropriate, if it isn't already, for the 42nd NYNG Museum in Saratoga, New York to have Wolfgang Robinow's name, with some of his achievements, displayed there in some appropriate manner.

Jim Clemons, RDVMF President and Memorials Officer

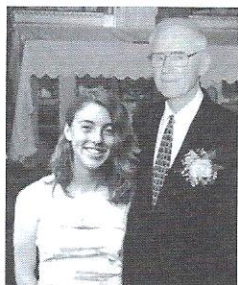
JOYCE HIHN, wife of C. Steuart Hihn, Jr., 222-HQ

A letter from Steu – "My wife, Joyce, passed away in peace early on February 9th. The last few years have been very hard on her but she had great determination to live and was still smiling on the 8th. She was able to attend the New Orleans reunion. She was diagnosed with blood cancer just about 3 weeks ago and failed rapidly. Joyce was a member of the Foundation, Eastern Region and a past President of the 222D Chapter Auxiliaries. She had many talents including painting, sketching, writing and tailoring. She was an instructor at the local Baltimore County Senior Center teaching painting and ceramics. I feel many will miss her."



OUR RAINBOW SCHOLARS

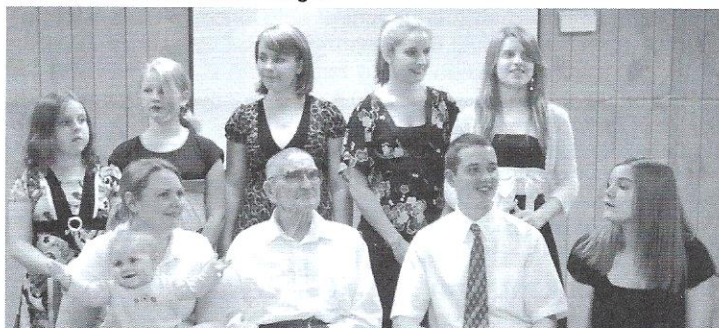
Kristen Moor, granddaughter of John McGovern, 232-B – Dear 42nd Rainbow Division Memorial Foundation, I cannot thank you enough for the scholarship you have selected me for. I am thoroughly enjoying the University of Texas, and thanks to your support I can continue my studies there in future years. I realize that this is not just a scholarship – it is a call for me to uphold the values that the Rainbow Division Memorial Foundation stands for – of honor and patriotism.



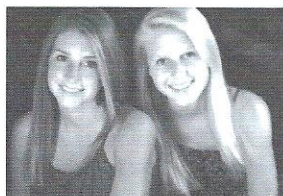
This selfless service to our country is something I plan to perpetuate via whatever plan I end up taking in life. Peace and justice seem like lofty ideals, but are far easier to achieve thanks to the scholarships of the 42nd Rainbow Division that promote knowledge and global citizenship. Thank you so much for allowing me to have this excellent opportunity.

Photo – Kristen and her grandfather, John.

Lyndon McCoy, Disabled Army Paratrooper of the 82nd Airborne Division, grandson of Henry Morgan, K-232 – My grandfather, Henry, enjoyed the Reunion we went to in Indianapolis so much. Every time I saw him he spoke of it. It allowed us to spend some quality time together and for us to do something meaningful...something that was with Henry until he passed last year and something that will be with me for the rest of my life. We talked several times about going to another reunion, but his health just wouldn't permit it. Thank you to the Rainbow Division, to Pete Pettus, and to Waltner Neef for being a friend to my grandfather, welcoming him at the reunion, and helping to make him feel special. I can't thank the Rainbow Division enough.



During the past two years, my daughters, Tiffany and Brittany McCoy, have received scholarships from the Rainbow Division. I know Henry would have been extremely happy when Brittany was awarded a \$1,000 scholarship this year. I know I was. It really touched me deeply. Not only was it a reflection of Brittany's hard work and dedication academically and in the community, it was an affirmation that Henry's, and so many others', sacrifices in World War II continues to have positive impact on our world today. They were, and still are, the greatest generation. The Rainbow Division scholarship helped Brittany more than I could and I can't thank you all enough for your service and for what you've done for her. - **photo – Henry Morgan with some of his great-grandchildren; Sgt. McCoy's children are the five girls in the top row.**



Emily Wilson, granddaughter of George (I-232) and Louise Rhodes, Dear 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans, I want to thank you for selecting me as a scholarship recipient for this year's college experience. I am the proud granddaughter

of George and Louise Rhodes, and am very honored to be recognized. This money will help with many expenses, and I know my parents are grateful, as well. Your foundation always has a special place in my heart and in memory of my grandpa I want to, once again,



thank you for all of the wonderful support. **Photos – Emily (L) and her sister Kerri; George and Louise Rhodes.**

Jessie Craig, granddaughter of Wayne M. Craig, 232D F.A. HQ Battery. – I want to express my thanks for the scholarship I



received from the Rainbow Vets. I have completed my first semester at UNC Wilmington. I am pleased to share that I made all "A"s on my first report card and I have been asked to join the Honor Society at UNCW !! I am enjoying my college life and am very appreciative to the Rainbow Vets for the scholarship you

gave me which helps pay for my college education. Thanks again and God Bless the Rainbow Vets !!

Photos right – Wayne M. Craig and his son, Steven, Jessie's father.



LETTERS OF INQUIRY

Cindy Powers – I am looking for anyone who knew my uncle, **James Marion Scoggins**, from Corsicana, TX. He was assigned to Hq Co 2nd Bn 222nd Inf. 42nd Div at Camp Gruber, OK in 1943." In the Rainbow Reveille Camp Gruber, OK September 2, 1943 is this entry on page 5 (news for the 222nd Inf. 2nd Bn) "**The two quietest men in our outfit, Private Scoggins and Sergeant Lopresto, have the swiftest feet in our outfit.**" He was later transferred to the 91st Division and in late July 1944 shipped out to Italy as rifleman. To contact Cindy – **cindy76086@yahoo.com** 2710 Dennis RD Weatherford TX 76087-6870



Linda Frye Perkins My Uncle, **Wilbert Earl Cleveland**, from Hinckley, MN, served in **Co. K, 3rd Bn., 242nd Inf. Regt.** He died of wounds on 03/15/45 while in the service of his country. His mother, my grandmother, Sarah Lucy Cleveland, received on his 19th birthday, March 27, 1945, the telegram notifying her of his death. I understand that he is buried in the Lorraine American Cemetery near St. Avold, France. My mother, Vera Cleveland Frye, (Wilbert's sister) is the only member of his immediate family of origin that is still alive. I would like to know if there is anyone who remembers serving with him and possibly know any of the circumstances surrounding his death. Linda may be reached at

fryelj@gmail.com or PO Box 970309 Orem, Utah 84097

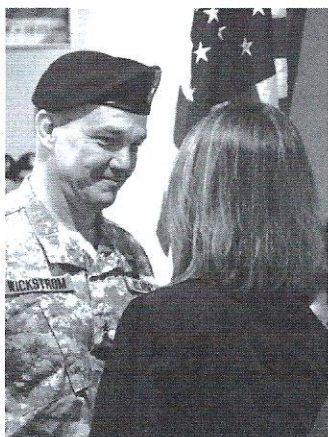
Captain Charles Vazquez, Engine Company 8, Chicago Fire Department (01/30/2011) :

—I'm looking for information and/or photos of **PFC Wilbur J. Roeder (photo right), member of A/T Co. of the 242nd Infantry Regiment** during WW2. He died as a POW in Stalag IV-B in Muhlberg, Germany. PFC Roeder was a Chicago Fire Department member assigned to Engine Co. 8 in Chicago's Chinatown. Engine 8 is celebrating it's 150th year of service and we would like to include PFC Roeder's story in our program booklet.



The firehouse was built in 1936 by the WPA and is where PFC Roeder worked prior to his Army service in Antitank Company, 242nd Infantry Regiment, 42D Infantry "Rainbow" Division; inset photo of PFC Roeder is from the 1944 pictorial and review book for men of the 242nd Infantry Regiment in training at Camp Gruber, OK in November 1944.]

PFC Roeder is listed on The Wall of the Missing at Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Belgium. **Cpt. Charles Vazquez may be reached at this email address - Highway20009@aol.com**



IN A PROMOTION CEREMONY on February 12, 2011 at the Troy Armory, 137 Glenmore Road, Troy, N.Y., Brigadier General Steven N. Wickstrom was promoted to Major General, Commanding General, 42D Infantry Division. Promoting Officer was Major General Patrick A. Murphy, The Adjutant General, New York State.

New York Army National Guard Brigadier General Steven N. Wickstrom, commander of the 42nd Infantry Division receives his promotion to Major General in front of the Soldiers and staff of the division headquarters in Troy Saturday, February 12, 2011. Wickstrom, an Upton, MA native, has led the division headquarters since May of 2009. The division headquarters includes more than 500 Soldiers and support staff that make up the 42nd Special Troops Battalion.

Photo by Spc. Rachel Sanzo, 42nd Infantry Division Public Affairs

MA DEUCE RANGE IN A BOX Syracuse, NY –

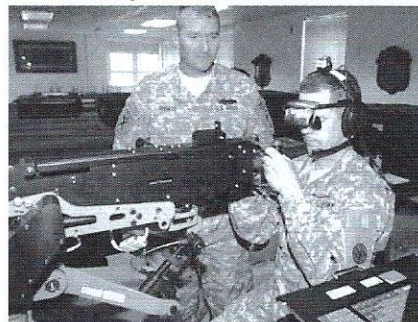
Soldiers can now hone their M2 machine gun skills in the classroom before heading out for the range, thanks to a new training system called Individual Gunnery Training or IGT. The new system brings

the range to the Soldier and is similar to systems that have successfully trained tank and Bradley gunners for their armored vehicles. The IGT is a computer training console with a simulated .50-caliber machine gun mounted on a stand. The gunner has to use a complex, but efficient system of switches and controls to maneuver the weapon, sight in using the head mounted display, and send massive amounts of cyber-rounds down range with precision. The IGT was developed by the Raydon Corporation, and the 27th Infantry Brigade Combat Team, New York Army National Guard, is the first to field this new equipment. "The system is a lot more advanced than most virtual battlefield trainers."

said Staff Sgt. Anthony Burgess, a master gunner instructor with Charlie company, Warrior Training Center, Fort Benning, GA. "It is the first of its kind with voice recognition." Through a head mounted display and microphone, a Soldier can see 360 degrees of the battlefield while verbally bringing up visual displays, changing to night vision or thermal sight or even stopping the vehicle, to name a few. The computer also takes into consideration the possibility of multiple enemy targets from the side and rear of the vehicle. "It teaches the Soldier situational awareness since the enemy can come from any direction." Burgess added. "The Soldier can virtually see everything around him." Three interactive programs of instruction are included with the .50-caliber IGT system. The first is the basic .50-caliber for new users to give the Soldier familiarization with the capabilities of the system and second and third being more advanced, taking the Soldier through a matrix progression, designed for sustainment in the Combat Service Support and Heavy Brigade Combat Team gunnery tables. "The tutorial and hands-on training takes an average of 60-80 hours to complete." Burgess said. "Once the initial training is complete, sustainment training can be done each time the Soldier uses the system." The computer remembers where the Soldier left off and will adjust the tutorials based on the amount of time since the last class in order to keep the Soldier up to date and efficient. Targets moving across the screen can be anything from enemy troops, trucks and armored vehicles to helicopters. Civilians are also brought into the scenario to help Soldiers distinguish between enemy targets and civilians in order to make the right decisions while firing. "All the different situations that a Soldier could be put through during actual live fire gunnery, are replicated on the IGT." Burgess said. "It queues you up for what you could face on a range or in the real world...this trainer is a gate to live fire."

Photo – Staff Sergeant Anthony Burgess (center), a master gunner instructor with Company C, Warrior Training Center, Fort Benning, Ga., instructs Sgt. Peter Hyland, the unit administrator for 1st Detachment, Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 27th Brigade Special Troops Battalion, on the new .50-caliber individual gunnery trainer Sept. 15, at the 27th's Infantry Brigade Combat Team armory in Syracuse.

Story and photo by MSG Peter K. Towse, 42nd Infantry Division



GONE IN 60 SECONDS 1-258th Artillery FDC Hones Skills During Weekend Training Fort Drum, NY –



From the time 1-258th Fire Direction Center (FDC) receives a fire mission to the moment a shot is fired by their howitzers, less than a minute passes. Numerous calculations and coordinates are efficiently computed by the group of NY Army National Guard Soldiers in order to engage a target up to 15 kilometers away. "Accurate indirect fire can be very difficult to achieve due to the numerous factors that come into play," said Staff Sgt. Aaron Rodriguez, the fire direction chief for the 1-258th's A Battery from Bronx, NY. "Here at the 1-258, though, we have a really good system devised." The unit, based in New Windsor and New York City, trained here October 15-17 in order to refine their indirect fire system and ensure accurate target acquisition. The method the FDC uses to aim their unit's 16 M119-A2 105 mm howitzers, though highly complex to untrained personnel, can be broken down into three basic steps: observe, aim and fire. A designated forward observer (FO) stands watch at the impact zone far ahead of the firing battery, and sends grid coordinates of the long-distance target over radio

to the FDC. The FDC inputs this information into their computer system, along with forecast information gathered from their remote weather truck, in order to determine the best method of engagement. Finally, the FDC alerts the cannon crew members to adjust their weapons accordingly, and contact with the target is made. First Lt. Nicholas Tommaso, the fire direction officer, emphasized the importance of communication between each member of the FDC. "Every single person involved in the firing of our howitzers is integral to the success and safety of the mission," he said. "If you're not paying attention and accidentally spew out the wrong grid coordinates, the round could end up hitting a civilian instead of an enemy in a battle zone." Indeed, the FDC headquarters tent was buzzing with curt and concise technical dialogue the moment their firing mission was received. As the FO called for fire on designated grid coordinates, the FDC input the information into their system and reacted accordingly. But before they put their final lead stamp on the target, the FDC took into account a collection of calculations from a crucial element of the team: the AN TMQ-52B Profiler, also known as "the weather truck." The weather truck, a remote element of the FDC's firing system, runs off a generator and calculates the wind's speed, direction and pressure, which can all potentially alter the path of the round. "The information we send the FDC from the weather truck is so important," said Pvt. First Class Sixto Flete, a member of the 1-258 HHC from NYC and operator of the weather truck. "There are so many weather related factors that can determine which direction the round flies and how high." At the end of the day, the most important tools used to hit the target are the members of the FDC themselves. The group runs on a system of checks and balances to ensure that every step of the firing process is free of error. "We check every number and manually keep a written record of things even though we put them into the computers," said Rodriguez. "Even though we can fire more quickly if we don't, we want to make sure we do it right." **Photo – 1st Lt. Nicholas Tommaso (L), the fire direction officer for Battery A, 1st Battalion, 258 Field Artillery calculates a fire mission while the fire direction chief, Staff Sgt. Aaron Rodriguez, assists during a live fire exercise October 15, 2010 at Fort Drum, NY**

Story by Spc. Rachel Sanzo, 42nd Infantry Division Public Affairs

REPORTED BY THE RDVMF MEMORIALS OFFICER

James C. "Jim" Clemons ---These additions to the book *"In Search of Rainbow Memorials"* are in the planning stage -

---**NEIBAUR PARK MONUMENT IN SUGAR CITY, IDAHO**, honoring Medal of Honor recipient Thomas C. Neibaur, Private, U.S. Army, 42nd Division, unveiled on July 26, 2008;

---**CROIX ROUGE FARM MEMORIAL COMMEMORATION** of a battle fought in France in WWI by the 167th Alabama Infantry Regiment near Fere en Tardenois. **From the Croix Rouge Farm Memorial Foundation:** "...The sculpture of the Soldier [a ten-foot tall bronze statue of a WWI Rainbow Soldier carrying a fallen comrade, the work of James Butler, Member of the Royal Academy, London in honor of the 42nd Division, July 26, 1918; the 167th Alabama and 168th Iowa] will be exhibited in London in the forecourt of the Royal Academy during this year's "Summer Exhibition" before being erected on the site of the battle to be ready for an inauguration in November. ...The French, and by this I mean average people, especially in Eastern France but also all over France, remain to this day incredibly grateful to the Americans for having saved them twice. The gratitude about WWI runs even deeper because the war was fought on French soil, and Frenchmen of all ages fought and died to defend their country." Two of the members of the Board of Trustees for the Croix Rouge Farm Memorial are Nimrod T. Frazier from Alabama, whose father received a Purple Heart for his wound at the Croix Rouge Farm battle; and J. Christopher Flowers from New York, whose family is from Alabama and whose cousin, Captain Abner Flowers, commanded the 2nd Battalion of the 167th Alabama and was on the field of battle when Private Neibaur won his Medal of Honor." It is planned to tie this event to the ongoing Rainbow Viaduct repair project and Birmingham's City Hall hopefully increased interest.

---**"RAINBOW PARK"** in Creston, Iowa, honoring the 96 men of Company C of the 168th Regiment, who were from Creston.

Mid-Year Board of Trustees Meeting -- A \$1000 donation to the MacArthur Memorial renovation project was approved at Las Vegas.



IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD Part Four

by Francis E. "GAR" Myers, D&H-232

Ex-POW Alden Station, Pennsylvania

I remember very well the Libby peaches we were eating for breakfast that morning.

Suddenly, four or five tanks came down the street and halted out front. There was shouting. The 1st Sergeant who stayed very close to the Captain and never saw the front lines either, came into the room where we were wolfing down breakfast. He stopped us cold and gave orders for us to climb up on those tanks and ride back into the village we had just lost the night before. There was anger hanging heavy in the air: we were losing men we knew. The Tank Commander was so furious he was ready to finish off everything and everybody. **I faced up to the 1st Sergeant.** I was considered the senior man even though I had only weeks more experience than the newest guys. The truth was I *felt* experienced and compared to most of those around me, I innately understood how to survive. My anger fueled my desire to set him straight. I asked the Sergeant for the rifle he was carrying while he stayed behind the lines. That seemed not only fair but logical to me. He was asking us to sit on top of a tank and roll into a town full of Germans with no weapons while he took care of himself well back from the real fighting. Of course, he refused. I stood my ground. After a silent contest of wills, he handed me the rifle but not until I gave up my .45 pistol to him. It was a bad scene. **We rumbled down the road on top of the tanks to the village.** By that time the GI foot soldiers had done a good job of driving the Germans back over the river. The tanks had the final say and there was no real use for us. We went by the house we had stayed in just a few nights before. I can still see the old lady standing in her front yard. The house was pretty well destroyed and the barn had burned to the ground. A single cow was still standing and bawling away. It had a hole in its side. She saw me on the tank and recognized me as I did her. She was crying and she raised her arms as if to show me what had happened. I was glad that the tank kept right on moving because there was nothing I could say to her that would have made things right. I suspect her husband had not survived. She was alone. **One day we were scouting an area on new Jeeps**

with new guns. At last we had supplies and lacked for nothing. This felt great after not having even enough weapons earlier. We, as well as other Americans in the area, were spotted. The mortars began coming in. Tanks were really bad and machine guns and rifles could make life very unpleasant to say the least. But most of all, I hated mortars for two simple reasons: 1. when the first one landed with a resounding bang, it came silently with no warning sound and 2. they always came in clusters. A well-trained crew (and the Germans were nothing but that) could get four to five missiles in the air before the first one hit. If you were in a Jeep, the best you could do was jump out and hug the ground. If you were on the ground, you had to hit the dirt flat and hug it as tightly as you could. There was no maneuver to be made, no time to do anything but flatten out on the ground and hope those missiles were not coming down close to you. They were powerful enough to flip a Jeep over. They broke into a hundred shards that flew out in a 360 degree pattern. **As we rolled into another village and pulled into the square in the center, the mortars hit us hard.** I got knocked on my face but I wasn't injured. The piece of shrapnel was a little too large to penetrate my clothes. It takes a little luck like that from time to time to survive a war. I was right in front of a building that had a bank of large windows all across the front and immediately inside a staircase rose up three flights. I saw one of my men up on the second floor. He was holding his stomach and grimacing. He was on his feet and coming down the stairs. The window was shattered so I knew he was hurt. I met him on the first floor as he got to the bottom step. He was sitting with his back to a wall. The shrapnel from one of the big German mortar shells had flown up through the window and caught him in the stomach. He was our oldest man—somewhere in his late thirties. (Even I who was 20 years old was referred to as the "old man" because of the numbers of green recruits who were being sent to the front by that time.) I believe he was regular Army. He said he had a family and this was his third campaign: Italy, Japan and now the "Little Bulge" or as Hitler called it, "Northwind/January 1, 1945." He had been saying to me for about two weeks that he had a bad feeling about this trip. He was right. He died while I sat on the stairs with him. **I didn't know it at the time, but I was nearing the end of "fighting" this war.** Orders were continuous for over three days and nights. We went from one fire fight to the next. We joined the back end of a supply line of trucks keeping the front lines supplied with everything imaginable. We moved slowly and sometimes not at all. The eerie part of it was that a long stretch of that trip was through a swampy area where the road had been engineered well above ground level at least ten feet. This strange road hovering over the swamp seemed to go forever giving us a feeling of being totally exposed and trapped. We sat there in our Jeeps, no way to get out of the convoy to go forward or back. If ever there was a time for the Germans to bring in their cannon or mortars this was it. You could smell the danger in the air you breathed. **Finally, we arrived in Sessenheim to support our infantry.** The Lieutenant and I lay on our stomachs in the weeds alongside a three hundred yard stretch of road that passed in front of houses in defile. To our left was a wide open field with German machine guns and Tiger tanks on the opposite side and at the far end of that three hundred yard stretch. We were right in front of a house on the southwest corner of the open field and just out of sight for anybody across the field to see. Using his field glasses, the Looney scanned the row of houses that ran along the east side of the field searching for any sign of the German machine gun. The gunner would pull a table up close to the living room window and set his gun on the table. When he fired there was -o- muzzle blast to see from outside which made him tough, if not impossible, to spot. Our ground troops could not get anywhere near the place before he would try to pick them off. While the Looney and I were trying to figure out our move, one of our tanks pulled around the corner. Four black soldiers were manning the Destroyer. It had machine guns and a 76 millimeter cannon mounted on it just like a tank. But it was wide open, not covered like a tank. We had never seen one of these. They were roaming up and down the lines—the "Bulge"—troubleshooting problems. It was a black Company, segregated as were in World War II. We got all this from talking to the four of them. They broke off the conversation abruptly and got back into the TD. The Looney and I did not pay much attention because we were intent on solving the problem at hand. We were standing with our backs to the TD and maybe six feet away from it. Suddenly the lights went out! There was some water and mud there at the edge of the

road right in front of the house. When I came to, I was lying face down in the mud. I looked over at the Looey and he looked dead to me. I jumped up and turned him over. He spluttered and jumped up. We weren't hurt but we took a hard one from somewhere. And then we heard the turret on the TD rumbling and the muzzle of that big 76 millimeter cannon was only a few feet from our heads. The destroyer had fired a shot from that cannon and the muzzle blast knocked us flat on our faces. The big gun was pointed at some trees down at the end of the field. We couldn't see the problem at first. But then there was a flash of fire in the woods and I felt a whoosh go right by me. The garage doors right behind us went out in a riproaring explosion when that 88 millimeter missile went between us and the TD. The TD didn't move—maybe they were expecting another Tiger. Now the "problem" was evident and we were standing right in the middle of it between a US Tank Destroyer and a German Tiger Tank. Before we could get our bearings, the 76 millimeter let go again and an explosion blossomed on the side of that Tiger. The hatch opened up immediately and both Germans and fire poured out. It was all over for the Tiger. **The Looey and I went back to our business and we decided we had to draw fire from the German machine gun.** There was no other way to spot him. I ducked down one of the driveways on our side of the field, went through about four back yards to a driveway which ran uphill to the street along the field. One of the men on the TD said he'd go with me. It was a gallant gesture but wasn't going to do anybody any good because I intended to jump up and run as fast as I could back up the road past those four houses in plain view of the gunner. I crawled up hill on the driveway so that the machine gunner could spot me. If I could get him to shoot his gun, maybe the Looey would ferret him out. I took off like a rabbit and the TD soldier came right along with me. The German began to shoot. At the last house, the bullets were tearing up the street and spitting up dirt around us as we ran. I hit the dirt beyond the hedgerow and so did the soldier with me—except on his last step one of those German slugs caught him on the back of his right hand. His war was over. He should have gotten a purple heart for that one! **Now we knew where the German gun was.** It was a matter of placing our gun just back around the corner of our house and than laying fifty or sixty rounds into that German's living room. Mickey, my second gunner, was sitting on the Jeep and our gun was still mounted on the dash board. Mickey and I went through two training sessions back in Camp Gruber and we had about three weeks of experience on the front. We knew about that gun. But Mickey must have been tired from the four days we had been in what seemed like one long firefight with no end. **I had two new replacements standing on either side of me facing each other.** One had his back to the Jeep. I was giving them the jobs they had to do for us to eliminate the gun forever. I yelled over at Mickey, "Take that gun off the Jeep and let's set it up behind the corner of this house." Mickey thought he had cleared the gun. He pulled the trigger. There was one hell of a bark when the gun went off just a few feet from where we stood and directly at us. The slug went through one boy just under the shoulder and in and through the other boy high up near his collar bone. They flipped around on the ground in front of me yelling among other things, "I'm dying!" I could see that they weren't dying and the medics were on top of it in a few minutes. Poor Mickey was sick and almost in shock. That was the end of our attempting to rout that German machine gun. In the uproar all around us, other fighting took precedence. **I believe the date was approximately January 18, 1945.** That night the Looey and I decided we could set up the gun in a tavern located where three or four streets converged in the center of town. The crew could come inside the building with us, affording all of us a makeshift shelter. We thought we had done a good job of clearing the town of Germans that day. But putting everybody inside the building turned out to be a big mistake. We were tired from the four days of continuous fighting which makes a person more likely to make poor judgments. In hindsight, we should have had two men in each of the five buildings around us to cover one another in case of a night attack. Infantry were already in the building when we went in after dark. **There were thirty three men inside the building that night.** Our Lieutenant was the sole officer. Somewhere inside me I knew we should be spread out. But I let the fact that we had three Sherman tanks parked right outside the building lull me into a false sense of security—or what passed for that in those grim days. Those tanks were pointed right down each of the converging streets. **In addition to the thirty three of us, there were about fifteen**

civilians from Sessenheim. I had a big table pulled over to the window inside the tavern looking south down the street. I set up a night watch on the gun: two men on the gun for one hour shifts. I put myself on at 5 a.m.. The civilians were in the basement. Mattresses lay on the floor. A mother, her daughter and a one or two month old infant sat there weeping, clearly distraught with what was happening around them. Apparently, one of our tanks had come down the street where the family lived earlier that day and fired into their house. The husband was standing in the living room and the tank sprayed the house with its machine guns and caught him. He was killed instantly. **I took a turn holding the baby, trying to provide some sense of security in what was surely one of the most insecure places on earth that night.** I think that was the first time in my life I'd held a baby. Just before 5 a.m. I was awakened not by my men, but by the noise of our three tanks starting their engines. When I looked out the window they were pulling out and going back down the street towards our lines. They were leaving but they had not radioed us. There was no communication as to why they were quietly moving out. **The Sherman tank was inferior to the German Tiger tank by a long shot.** The Tiger had much bigger cannon and from head-on the Sherman could not penetrate it. That meant the Sherman tanks had to work in pairs: one to get the attention of the Tiger while the other maneuvered around to the side where it could do some damage. A very dangerous situation. **I was alone with the machine gun in the tavern looking down the street.** It was still dark but first light was dawning. There was no sound and no movement. But soon I was able to see quite a distance down the street. I saw the movement and then the front end of the Tiger and then the flash of the muzzle blast. The window and the stone flew and I dove backwards down the stairs into the basement. There we were. I remembered a Bazooka sitting in one of the Jeep trailers, but it was too late to get out of the building to get it. Tanks were pulling up to the tavern and the back yard was filling up with very angry German soldiers. **We were thirty three soldiers trapped in the basement with fifteen terrified civilians.** We knew we were going to pay, and pay hard, for the mistake made the night before. The windows in the basement were up high just beneath the ceiling. Somebody had placed sandbags over them on the outside of the building. In other words, we were trapped. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen right then and there. We located a stairway up to a bulkhead leading out to the back yard. It was either that or use the stairs that would take us right into the tavern above. Our gun had been taken out in the first shot so there was no reason to try to retrieve it. **PFC E was with us. We considered him to be a whiz kid.** He had graduated from college by the time he was eighteen and spoke a number of languages including German. We practically strangled him to find out what the Germans were saying. The Germans were shouting for us to let the civilians out first. I turned to the Looey and said, "There's no way we're letting these civilians out first. The Germans will bury us in this basement if we do." The Germans pulled the sandbags away from the windows and opened the cellar door. We could see Germans moving all over the place. The tank pulled up close enough to point the cannon right into one of those ceiling height windows. **I thought about that custom-honed KaBar knife in my belt.** I really didn't want some German boy using it on me. I took it out immediately and threw it under one of the beds. In a matter of seconds it was agreed that our soldiers would file out of the cellar door into the back yard. Everything had turned around in an instant: from taking the town to now walking into certain disaster. The men went out, followed by me and finally the Lieutenant. My mind was racing a mile a minute. As I came out there were two or three soldiers right by the door. One very short German soldier rushed me, shouting into my face, hitting my pockets looking for any weapons. Like my KaBar, we'd also jettisoned dozens of grenades, ammunition belts and rations. It turned out that this soldier wanted my watch of all things—a beauty my folks had given me for my high school graduation. As far as I was concerned "hands up" meant business as my mind searched for a way out of this mess. The German was too short to reach my wrist and kept yelling in my face. I watched his hands carefully as I slowly lowered my left arm just far enough so he could grab my watch and pull it over my hand. The Looey and I were trying to take in the scene in that back yard. There was a stone wall and all of us were lined up facing it. Three Germans with machine pistols in their hands spread out behind us. **It looked like it was all over for us.** [TO BE CONTINUED]

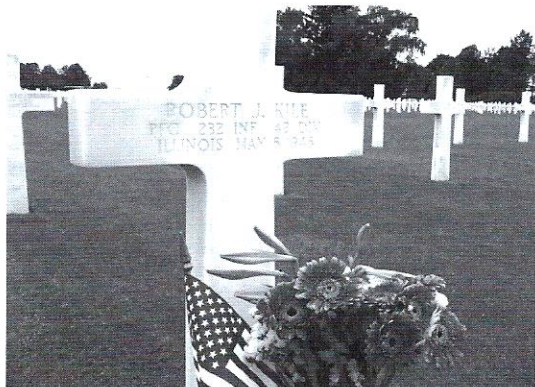
Caroline Oliver, Cemetery Associate, Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Belgium - "We are actually in the process of collecting the pictures and the stories of the thousands of soldiers that have been laid to rest in this cemetery so that the memory of these men shall live. We would be extremely grateful if you would be willing to share any documents with us. I can assure you that they will be kept sacredly in each soldier's file. **oliverc@abmc.gov or Unit 21602 APO AE 09703**



Three 42D Infantry "Rainbow" Division soldiers are memorialized here -
(L-R) Robert J. Kile, G-232, POW (gravestone) - Wilbur J. Roeder, A/T-242, MIA -
And Glenn F. Chaney, A/T-242, MIA, both listed on the Wall of the Missing

Rob Stal, a history teacher in The Netherlands and his students regularly visit Henri-Chapelle and have adopted several American Soldiers, whose graves they honor in stories of their history and with flowers. Robert Kile's is one of these.

Visit <http://www.in-honored-glory.info/> to view a tribute to all veterans at Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Belgium.



ANNUAL REUNION OKLAHOMA CITY, OK, JULY 13, 14, 15, 16, 2011
 CLARION HOTEL AND CONVENTION CENTER
 737 S MERIDIAN AVE
 OKLAHOMA CITY OK 73108-1601

42nd RAINBOW FOUNDATION ACTIVITY REGISTRATION FORM

IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU REGISTER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. King/Double Hotel Room Rates are \$71 plus a 14% Tax King or 2 Queen Suites \$81 plus Tax.

The sooner you make your reservations the better it will be. Those people who wait until after the deadline may not get a luncheon and or dinner. The hotels only allow for about 5% over our guaranteed meals payment, which has to be accounted for at least three days before the meal. Luncheon and Banquet \$22.50 PER MEAL

We suggest you make a copy of this form before mailing to Leann
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THE CUTOFF DATE FOR PRE-REGISTRATION IS JUNE 13, 2011
HOTEL RESERVATIONS CUT OFF DATE IS JUNE 13, 2011

	Price Per	# of People	Total
BANQUET AND LUNCHEON	\$45.00		\$
UNIT DINNER	\$26.00		
TOUR OK City guided tour, Luncheon at National Cowboy Museum, 45 th Museum tour. (Tour and Luncheon \$47.00)	\$47.00		
Hotel room reservation number is 405-942-8511 Make your own reservations You must say you are with the 42nd Rainbow Division Veterans M.F.			
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PLEASE PRINT
 NAME (for nametags) _____

UNIT NAME FOR NAME TAG _____

SPOUSE AND WHETHER YOU WANT UNIT OR CHAPTER ON BADGE _____
 (For example you may want your spouse's unit or you may want Auxiliary, or another Chapter)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY, ST, ZIP _____ PH. NUMBER () - _____

GUEST AND IF YOU WANT UNIT OR CHAPTER ON BADGE _____
 (If your Guest is not from your area, please include his or her City and State. If you have several guests put it on back of page)
 CITY, ST, ZIP _____

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EMERGENCY CONTACT _____ PH. NUMBER () - _____

DRIVING ARRIVAL DATE _____ DRIVING DEPARTURE DATE _____

ARE YOU STAYING AT THE HOTEL? YES _____ NO _____ ARE YOU FLYING? _____ DRIVING? _____ RV? _____

AIRLINE YOU ARE FLYING ON _____

FLIGHT ARRIVAL DATE & TIME _____ FLIGHT DEPARTURE DATE AND TIME _____

RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS MEMORIAL FOUNDATION, INC.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MEMORIAL FOUNDATION December 15, 2010 – March 15, 2011

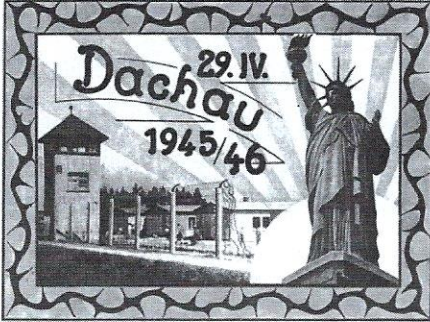
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SCHOLARSHIP OPERATING FUND In Memory of Bill Keithan – Walter and Esther Brophy, 50.00, In Memory of Lt. Col. And Mrs. Christopher Reilly – Kathleen Acker, 50.00, In Memory of Arnold Owen, Bill Whitmire, Bill Keithan, Francis Meagher – Dee and Barbara Eberhart, 100.00; In Memory of Bill Keithan and Francis Meagher – Pacific NW Chapter, 50.00; Eugene Casey, 25.00.

FOUNDATION ENDOWMENT FUND In Memory of Bill Keithan, Leonard Morely, Ken Carpenter, York Gambell, Matt Kasberger, Lloyd Kilicer, Sarah Manley, Irmay Wieburg – Glenn Wieburg, 400.00

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If you would like to make a contribution, please send your gift to the **RDVMF Treasurer**, Check payable to **RDVMF** and mailed to **Benjamin Pettus 801 NE Jamestown CT Blue Springs, MO 64014-1847**. Memorial gifts will be acknowledged in the next issue of **REVEILLE**. If you would like an acknowledgement of your gift to be sent to the family of the person whom you are honoring, please write their name and address on the back of the Memorial Gift insert in this issue when you send your contribution.



The **VIRGINIA HOLOCAUST MUSEUM** has confirmed that they will host the exhibition, **"Names Instead of Numbers"**, Remembrance Book for the Prisoners of Dachau Concentration Camp, an International Traveling Exhibition. More information will be forthcoming in the June issue of **REVEILLE**. This photo of a postcard circa 1945-46 is sent by Frédéric Bozon-Verduraz, whose uncle Emmanuel, 22 years of age, died of typhus on February 1, 1945 at Dachau before the liberation of the camp and whose city, Béziers, France, has recently concluded the hosting of this exhibition.

John E. "Buzz" Sawhill, Major, (Ret) (photo), 42D Division Field Artillery would like to hear from any of his old Rainbow comrades. Major Sawhill's address is 8 Longley Court, Topsham, Maine 04086 - 2102



**A schedule of meetings and events at the Oklahoma City Annual Reunion of Rainbow Division Veterans
July 13-14-15-16 2011 will be printed in the June issue of REVEILLE.**

Address Service Requested

