



RAINBOW DIVISION

Veterans Memorial Foundation

The inscriptions on the base of this sculpture, read clockwise are –
RAINBOW DIVISION
JULY 26, 1918
167 Alabama Infantry Regiment
CROIX ROUGE FARM



This sculpture by James Butler, member of the Royal Academy, London, where it is currently on display, will be erected at the site of the battle on November 12, 2011. This photo was kindly taken for us by Peter Berthoud, London.

"The Croix Rouge Farm (Red Cross Farm), rectangular and about a square kilometer in area, all cleared, lay to the north and center of the forest. In the middle of the farm, alongside a road leading north to the town of Fère-en-Tardenois, was a building of masonry which presented a fortress-like appearance. The farm and the woods surrounding it were held by the enemy, and from them came a violent machine gun fire, spraying the woods in all directions south and west." **From Alabama's Own In France** by William H. Amerine, 1919

"Late in the afternoon of July 26, the whole front of the Croix Rouge position was attacked by the French and Americans. The Alabama Infantry Regiment supported by the Iowa one on its right, both of the Rainbow Division, without direct artillery support, by savage infantry fighting broke the enemy's position, capturing Croix Rouge Farm and the woods to each side.

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

GREETINGS RAINBOWERS EVERYWHERE!

It seems almost impossible the Rainbow year of 2010-11 is all but gone. Soon we will gather for our annual reunion, this time in Oklahoma City, OK. It is going to be a great time of fun, food and fellowship. Our reunion coordinator Pete Pettus has done another great job of arranging for a great hotel (very near the airport, I might add) and a Thursday tour.

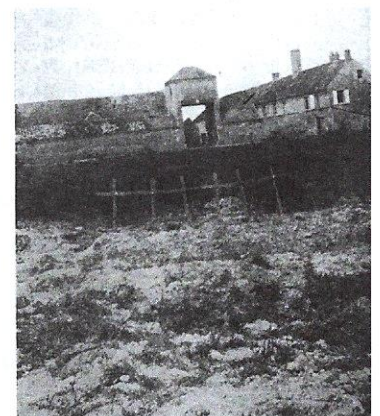
Much has transpired in the last year. A couple of days ago I was contemplating the various happenings since New Orleans. Linda and I have made several trips to Rainbow Chapter meetings around the country, finding Rainbow alive and well. Many of the folks who come to these chapter meetings are descendants of Rainbowers that we were used to seeing at our reunions, but many who have now passed over the Rainbow. Being part of a Rainbow Chapter and attending a meeting, which is usually a luncheon and a lot of conversation, somehow seems to keep me, as well as those others, in touch with great memories shared with a Rainbow veteran. Attending the annual reunion is great, but don't forget about the Rainbow Chapters. It may take a bit of an effort to get there, but you will be happy to see those who show up. It will mean a lot to those who have attended reunions in the past, but can no longer make the trip, showing what they did matters. Be proactive and educate your family about Rainbow. Encourage your children to pass on knowledge of Rainbow to their children. Keep Rainbow alive. As we move on down the road, so to speak, we look to our descendants and current 42nd Rainbow soldiers to begin to move into place and move this Foundation forward. Nothing can survive without new life, new blood. I believe we all understand the concept. Yes, WWII vets took the reins from the WWI veterans and there is seemingly a big gap from there to today's 42nd. But actually that is not so. While the Division was deactivated in 1946, it came back in late 1947, meaning there is less of a gap than existed between the two world wars. So Rainbow has been here. The active 42nd was just not engaged, but now they are and it is imperative that they be so. For how long we will have reunions, I don't know. For Rainbow to exist and carry on as we now know it, it probably won't. But it is not going away. This is a foundation, it will exist in perpetuity. What Rainbow stands for and what it represents for the future, is a worthy cause. Don't think it is dying organization. We have much to offer for a long time. Through our maintenance of historic markers, so the world will Never Forget, to our philanthropic endeavors of supporting the Family Readiness Group, to sponsoring students with scholarships as they go off to college. My belief is, Rainbow is current, relevant, and we have much to do. As I said, we have a worthy cause. Be a part of it.

Earnie Owen, RDVMF Chairman



The deadliness of the American rifle, helped by machine gun fire, once more proved its supremacy over infantry relying on machine guns and hand grenades, and using the rifle primarily as a pole to stick a bayonet on. When close to the enemy, our infantry rushed forward with the bayonet, yelling as they ran. Among the nearly 800 German dead buried, almost 200 had been killed with the bayonet. There was no flinching of the enemy in this fight. Also, they took their toll from us, the Alabama regiment having forty-seven officers and 650 men killed or wounded. The two battalions of the Iowa regiment engaged lost 500 killed and wounded. This breakthrough caused the Germans hurriedly to retreat to the Ourcq River." **America's Part/Chapter IX-The Battle That Turned The Tide** by Henry J. Reilly, 1927

General Douglas MacArthur, quoted in **Americans All/The Rainbow At War (1936)** by Henry J. Reilly (p. 317) "The 167th Alabama assisted on the left by the 168th Iowa had stormed and captured the Croix Rouge Farm in a manner which for its gallantry I do not believe has been surpassed in military history." [this photo of Croix Rouge Farm is from **The Price of Our Heritage/In Memory of the Heroic Dead of the 168 Infantry** by Winfred E. Robb (Chaplain) 1919, p. 156]



Cutoff date August 15, 2011 for September 2011 issue.

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and \$10.00 DUES for RDVMF "at large"
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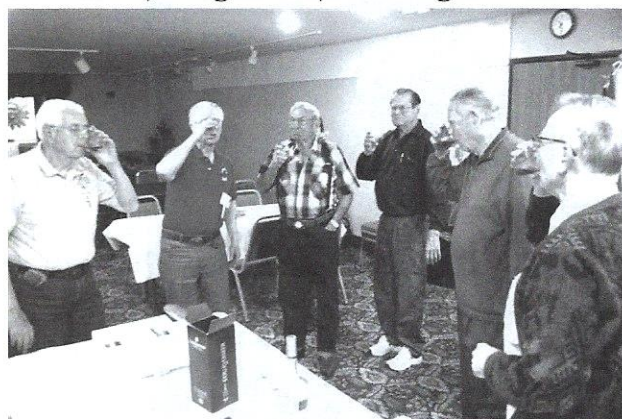
**REMPLE, RDVMF SECRETARY (SEE ADDRESS
ABOVE)**

Gracious loving God: today we come to you with thankful hearts. We owe you a debt we can never repay. We are truly blessed to live in a land of freedom, unencumbered by a daily fear of losing that freedom at any moment. We are dependent on You for help in a world that is being torn apart by evil people who would exclude Your love and benevolence. We look into Your Word and read; the Psalmist said, *"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him."* Ps 91:15 With that promise and our faith, we lift up our military and our Rainbow soldiers to You, asking for their protection. Please keep our Rainbow Family under Your almighty hand. Amen **Earnest E. "Earnie" Owen, RDVMF Chaplain**



On Saturday May 7, 2011, The 14th Annual community service award, Ernie Smart Jr. Memorial, was presented to Linda Owen, President of The National Auxiliary Rainbow Division Veterans By the Claremore Elks Lodge. This plaque accompanied a gift of \$500.00 to the National Auxiliary.

On April 29, 2011 the Pacific NW Chapter of the RDVMF gathered at the Super 8 Motel, Long Beach, Washington.



Dee R. Eberhart reported that "There were only six veterans from Oregon and Washington able to attend Since April 29 was the 66th anniversary of our liberation of KZ Dachau, we hoisted our glasses of Courvoisier V.S.O.P. Cognac to the survivors and victims of that infamous concentration camp." In photo, left to right are Lloyd Soule, H2B-232 Medic; Wilbur Miller, C-142 Combat Engineers; Arthur "Art" Klein, 392nd Field Artillery; Frank Burns, I-242; Robert "Bob" Martinson, HQ Co-242; Dee Eberhart, I-242. The wives attending were Ruby Miller, Betty Soule, Fern Martinson, Dorothy Burns, and Barbara Eberhart. Families present were Doug and Colleen Illsley (Stanley Illsley, H-232); Gail and John LaVasser (Frank Burns, I-242) and Katie Eberhart (D.R. Eberhart, I-242).



"On behalf of Temple Sholom, Scotch Plains, NJ, I am pleased to send you the enclosed check for \$250 in honor of Richard J. Tisch who, on April 29, 2011, gave a presentation for the congregation about his experiences during and since the liberation of Dachau Concentration Camp on April 29, 1945. Dick's presentation was part of Temple Sholom's Yom HaShoah (Holocaust Commemoration Day) program. As I am sure you know, Dick is among the last generation of people who personally witnessed the atrocities perpetuated by the Nazis between 1933 and 1945. We were thus extremely grateful to him for spending the evening with us. Many congregants commented on how special they felt to have met Dick. One very effective aspect of his presentation was the excerpt from the video, "Trail of the Rainbow," which not only includes graphic images of what members of the "Rainbow Division" came upon when they entered Dachau on April 29, 1945, but also testimonials by other members of the Division about the impact of this experience upon their lives. This video was an invaluable complement to Dick's talk and I hope the Rainbow Division will continue to make it available to all organizations which engage in Holocaust commemoration and education. All best wishes,

Ann L. Saltzman, Ph.D, Chair, Yom HaShoah Committee, Temple Sholom, Scotch Plains, NJ [photo of Richard J. "Dick" Tisch is from Dr. Saltzman]



A Living History Presentation by RDVMF President/Memorials Officer, James C. "Jim" Clemons – At the first ever Living History Day at Mercer Middle School in Aldie, VA on May 10, 2011, Jim joined 46 other WWII veteran and civilian speakers listed on the program.
Jim's description –

"Was up at 6:30 a.m. for that long drive through rush hour traffic to Aldie, VA and the Mercer Middle School. It was an interesting day, and successful for the school. There were some 30 or 40 WWII folks there, veterans, wives, etc. It was an all day event, ending at 3 p.m. this afternoon. The teachers loved it and so did the seventh graders, also some six grade students. Each veteran, or participant, was assigned a student guide who took us from classroom to classroom, or the library where a group of six to eight students would be assembled to ask questions, hear presentations, and learn history, American and otherwise, of that era. The teachers at lunch time sat with we veterans in the library where we were served lunch and talked about 'the way it was' ranging from the Great Depression, the Dust Bowl, the plague of grasshoppers, cinch bugs one year, to the war in Europe which began September when Germany invaded Poland because of dispute over the Polish Corridor, an area given to Poland the result of the Versailles Peace Treaty, and giving Poland access to the Baltic Sea. Lend lease was mentioned in various discussions, as well as a traditional sense of "isolationism", particularly in Middle America; why did we want to become involved in a war in Europe? I mentioned the 1938 labor strike at the Maytag plant in Newton, Iowa and witnessing my "First Riot"; also, a female labor activist being on the receiving end of an Iowa National Guard soldier's bayonet, an incident which ended the strike...John Senter, a Communist involved with the strike, being happily indicted and jailed. Then December 7, 1941 and, a freshman in high school on Monday December 8, 1941 sitting in the school's assembly hall to hear FDR's "Day of Infamy" speech. Then being drafted following my 18th birthday and military life, the ETO, the Trail of the Rainbow, myself joining the trail in Austria, about late June, 1945, after a stint with the 103rd Division in the Vorarlberg region of Austria. There were all sorts of stories from all the veterans, Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, etc. Europe, the Pacific and so on. The students as well as teachers heard views and experiences new to them; the way civilian life back then really was. Some of my recollections revolved around "Wild Bill" Donovan of the WWI 42nd, his collaboration with "The Man Called Intrepid" the formation of the OSS which then became the CIA. The Cold War and experiences in Vienna were mentioned, as was the Gehlen Organization, Operation Paper Clip, and my discharge there in Vienna to work with the Counter Intelligence Branch, of bicycling at night in the Russian Zone near the famous Prater in Vienna, dressed in typical Viennese clothing, observing. Recall one evening being asked by a local – there was a fight in a bar – to get the police, which I did, then I got the heck out of there back to the U.S. Occupation Zone. Students asked questions – "were you ever scared?" so recalled a time or two and the situation. Dark forests, alone, on guard duty patrol, the Nazi Werewolf types up in the mountains, sniping or stringing piano wire across the roads to decapitate jeep drivers. Then winter came and those types left for other countries, South America, Africa or wherever.

The school wants to do this oral history again next year, in April. Teachers are very, very supportive of such an undertaking because the kids, and they too, learn things about history and "the way we were" which are not in school text

books. Also mentioned a couple of times some of my experiences with the foreign affairs community, of my hobby as a thespian and being cast as Dr. Gibbs in Thorton Wilder's "Our Town" which we presented to the international community in Monrovia, Liberia for the 1976 bicentennial. Also left with the school some stories I had written as well as the oral history presentation done for the American International School in Vienna, Austria in 2004. One of the stories was "Kaprun", which was printed in the Reveille within the past several years, and the story, "Moonlight Serenade", about American life and times, the music, ending with the Armed Forces Blue Danube Network's Sunrise Serenade as the opening piece for that station in Vienna, 1946-1948 [printed in the April 2010 issue of Reveille.]

A Letter to Sherman L. Fleek, Lt. Col, US Army (Ret.) United States Military Academy, Command Historian From Jim Clemons, RDVMF President/Memorials Officer

04/24/11 "Dear LTC Fleek, In my Memorials Officer report sent today to various Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation members and to the current 42nd ID, Troy, NY, I cited your excellent book about Medal of Honor recipient Thomas Neibaur and the memorial in Sugar City, Idaho. The story is well-researched, provides an interesting view of both European and American history; it tells the story of Thomas Neibaur and his WWI service "above and beyond" as well as the tragedy he suffered in the years following. It is an excellent work, fascinating, and a book which belongs in libraries, including the MacArthur Museum in Norfolk, VA as well as at West Point."

04/25/11 "Thank you Mr. Clemons!, If any of your group wants a signed book at \$20. (retail is \$29.95) I have a stock of several dozen that I can send to people. I will need name, any dedication comments and address." <Sherman.Fleek@usma.edu>

Sherman L. Fleek, Spellman Hall

Rm 510 G5 OPFA USMA West Point, NY 10996

Place The Headstones Where They Belong: Thomas Neibaur, WWI Soldier, 2008, U of Utah Univ. Press, 222 pages

LETTERS OF INQUIRY



CPL Willis S. McIsaac, G-232

POW January 5 - May, 1945

Dan McIsaac, his son, would like to be in touch with men who remember his father. Please contact Dan at 1547 Enchantment Avenue Vista, CA 92081 or dan.m8047@sbcglobal.net

SGT Stanley Illsley, H-232

Doug Illsley, his son, would like to find men who served with his father or who knew him personally. His Dad was stationed at Pearl Harbor before he went on the "RainbowTrail". Doug writes that he was the Motor Sergeant of H Company. dillsley@aol.com (206) 551-8744

1129 204th PL SW Lynnwood, WA 98036



ATTENTION! 42D DIVISION FIELD ARTILLERY MEMBERS

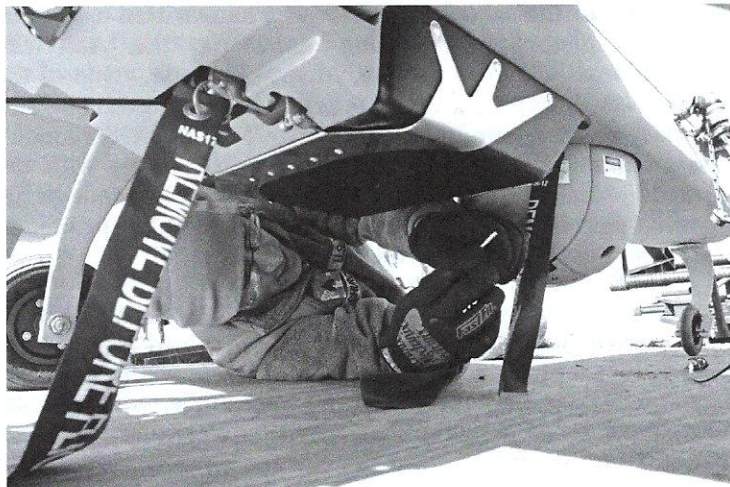
42D F.A. Chapter President Dick Tisch is requesting your news and reminiscences for a proposed chapter newsletter – He hopes that you will respond by sending him these items by July 31, 2011 so that the first newsletter may be mailed to you in August.

Richard J. "Dick" Tisch,

502 Fairmount Ave. Chatham, NJ 07928-1328

Phone:(973)635-2559 email:<rjt7@comcast.net>

New York Army National Guard Soldiers Fly High, See All Via Unmanned Aircraft Shadow RQ-7 Ensures Security From Above



Fort Drum, NY – The New York Army National Guard's 27th Infantry Brigade Combat Team will have a hawk's eye view of the battlefield thanks to the Soldiers who operate the brigade's Shadow RQ-7 unmanned reconnaissance aircraft. Over a dozen Soldiers of the brigade, which is deploying to Afghanistan in 2012, flew the cutting-edge aircraft from Fort Drum's Wheeler Sack Airfield here on April 15 and 16. The Soldiers, who belong to the brigade's Detachment 1, Company B, Special Troops Battalion, flew four training missions during a brigade command-post exercise here. It was the first time the detachment flew the aircraft at Fort Drum.

The training completed the Rochester-based detachment's new equipment fielding, giving Soldiers experience in launching the aircraft, flying it, operating the aircraft's cameras, communicating with the brigade command post and



recovering the aircraft. The Shadow enables the brigade to instantaneously see things they couldn't see otherwise, creating a more three-dimensional picture of the battlefield, said Staff Sgt. Nathan Edwards, the detachment's standardization instructor-operator. "We are the commander's eye in the sky," said Edwards, who is from Livonia, N.Y.

Though the Shadow drones like an overused lawnmower, Soldiers operating it by remote-control can fly the aircraft to heights of 15,000 feet, use its infrared camera system to see minute details on the ground and gather crucial intelligence for the brigade. That intelligence, including enemy locations and actions, helps improve security for friendly forces and civilians, said Edwards. "Safeguarding lives is the most rewarding part of the job", said Shadow-operator Pfc. Brian Delaney, of Buffalo. "The main purpose of the aircraft is to keep lives on the ground safe, both civilian and military," he said. Over-watching troops to keep them safe is one of the exciting aspects of operating the Shadow, said Shadow-operator Sgt. Kyle Benedict, of Syracuse. The Soldiers who operate the Shadow

must stay abreast of the latest intelligence and recognize suspicious activities in order to transmit accurate information to the brigade, he added.

The Shadow's infrared camera is sensitive enough to discern the temperature difference of freshly turned earth – a sign of new digging, which could indicate the emplacement of IEDs, Benedict said. To get a better idea of its optical capabilities, imagine you're standing on a ledge on the Empire State Building, looking at a penny on the pavement far below, he explained. "You can actually read the date on the penny using the Shadow's camera," Benedict said. The Shadow can also relay radio transmissions between units on the ground, Edwards explained. Since it's easier to maintain than a helicopter and can stay aloft longer, the Shadow is more cost-effective, he added.

Soldiers fly the Shadow and operate its cameras with computers and radios housed in specially-designed trucks, said Staff Sgt. Todd Berardicurti, the detachment's maintenance supervisor and non-commissioned officer in-charge. Two Shadow aircraft fit neatly in the back of other specially-designed trucks, which are also used to refuel them.

Berardicurti, who has 15 years of experience in Army Aviation and served as a crew chief on a CH-47 Chinook helicopter, said he was impressed by the Shadow's capabilities, including the fact that Soldiers operate it by remote-control. "You can go into an area and help guys on the ground without putting more Soldiers at risk," said Berardicurti, of Rochester. Though he was nervous the first few times he launched the Shadow, training and practice helped him overcome the jitters, Delaney said. Soldiers of the unit are well-trained and methodical, he stressed. "The favorite part of what I do is flying," Delaney said. "It's what we're here to do, and we do it well." **Story and photos by Sgt. First Class Raymond Drumsta, 27th Infantry Brigade Combat Team Public Affairs.**



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 250 Savannah Terrace Apt. 368
Wentzville, MO 63385-3741

DUES REMINDER TO MEMBERS of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation, Inc. (RDVMF) - The fiscal year of the FOUNDATION is from July 1 through June 30. Please send your annual dues to your chapter secretary at this time to be sure your Foundation and Chapter newsletters will keep coming on time ! If you need the address of your chapter, please call Membership Chairman Suellen McDaniel (828) 464-1466 for assistance. If you are a "member-at-large" without a chapter, paying dues to the National Secretary each year, please remit **\$10.00 annual dues, payable to RDVME**, to Mrs. Melanie K. Remple, 500 Campbell Lane, Hutchinson, MN 55350-1485 Thank you!



IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD Part Five

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

Ex-POW Alden Station, Pennsylvania

The yard was filled with trees—ideal for artillery. And sure enough, the shells

detonated in the tops of those trees and rained shrapnel over everything and everybody that lay beneath them. As we were moving toward the wall, American artillery shells were screaming overhead. It was obvious that we were in the grid and at any moment those shells would be all over us. The Germans yelled at us to get into a formation and with hands raised over our heads we began jogging east towards the river. The further we went, the more the artillery seemed to recede. It felt as though there was hope of getting back away from the front line.

Suddenly we found our little platoon being run into another back yard. More German soldiers were shouting.

Once again, they lined us up against a wall. The machine pistols came out again. And once again it looked like it was over. Then another barrage of artillery fire hit again. We talked later about these events. The American tanks that had pulled away from the building earlier that morning were trying to avoid a head-on encounter with the Tigers on the narrow city streets. Those guys had no doubt called in the artillery and told them exactly where the Tigers and the soldiers were. **Now the artillery was blanketing the town.** As it advanced to the backyard where we'd been lined up, the Germans marched us across a bridge and out of town into the countryside. We were amazed to see horses pulling cannon around and perfectly good tanks backed down off the side of the road with guns raised and pointed towards Sessenheim. They were being used as artillery pieces since the Germans had no gas to run them anymore. That explained the fury the Germans were displaying towards us. They all realized how close to the end of the war we were. They knew they weren't going to be on the winning side. **After walking into the country for what seemed like hours, we came to a stop as a Tiger tank pulled up.** One very angry officer jumped down and shouted at our guards. Once again we turned to PFC E to translate. We had knocked out a Tiger the night before and this officer's best friend had been killed. He wanted us lined up along the side of the road so he could finish us off. Our guards weren't about to let that happen knowing they'd have to return to the front lines if they didn't have us to guard any longer. These guys were only about sixty miles from their homes and exhausted from the fighting. **The officer insisted that he take at least one of us.** We were lined up in three files, eleven men in each line. We faced the side of the road and the officer, pistol in hand, began to pace up and down the files. He took a long time as he looked over every single face. He paced back and forth. Finally, he pushed one of the soldiers out of line and to the side of the road where he shot him in the head point blank. After that, we all wondered if we would ever move our legs again let alone continue walking. Since it wasn't a matter of choice, that's exactly what we did.

We were in the Black Forest. The dense trees grew right up to the road. After facing three firing squads in the course of three hours, every man was thinking of how he could simply take ten quick steps and disappear in this towering dark forest. Just let it swallow him up. But our guards assured us that they were not going to miss their chance to get away from the front. If one of us ran off the road into the woods, they would shoot a few of our comrades. No one tried to escape. **We spent that first night in a barn with the cows and horses.** I was in a state of high anxiety about what would happen to us the next day. One by one we were herded into the farm house. I was

ordered to attend to the ranking German officer, a Captain who was dressed impeccably from his orderly-shined jack boots to the top of his well-tonsured head. He was a sight that inspired grudging respect in me tinged with the ever-present fear. His English was as impeccable as his uniform, enunciated precisely in that clipped way that well-educated Germans' possess. At first I was puzzled about what he was saying to me, not because I couldn't understand his words, but because he "knew" me, knew of me. **It crystallized for me: this man had studied the backgrounds of the men in his charge; reading the clippings our own newspapers published about us back in our home towns in the United States.** He knew the name of my high school, the college I attended and even knew that I had a girlfriend named Maria. Hearing him name those places and people, dear to me, stunned me into high alert. What was he after? He looked at me just as calmly and politely as you can imagine and said, "Myers...that's German." Silence hung in the air. Our orders were, if captured, give name, rank and serial number. Period. I answered, "32925428, Sir!" I understood, now, that I was a prisoner of war, that this officer could and would decide my fate. I ceased being a person and understood for the first time—and first hand—what it meant to be in someone else's power. **We walked into Baden-Baden.** We were taken to what appeared to be two or three old deserted barracks. We spent about two weeks waiting for word about our fate. We saw nothing but the barracks. The only excitement was trying to keep the rats off our blankets at night. **We went from there to Stuttgart.** In Stuttgart we were billeted in what looked like a big factory. Machinery was scattered here and there. We could look out the front gates, down a street and into the city itself. As I was walking through the factory one day, near the end of the first two weeks, I stopped stock still: there walking towards me was Sergeant S! It was like seeing the walking dead. We thought the Germans had killed him back in St. Louis. **I was never, then or ever again, so happy to see a man alive as I was to see Sergeant S.** He was a great soldier and a great comrade on the front. He and I had a really good laugh when he told me what had happened back in St. Louis. He could see the Germans were coming back in large numbers to take back the village. He ordered his men out of St. Louis. He told them that he would set the gun up in the center of town and keep the Germans busy while they escaped. When the Germans overran him, four or five of them surrounded him, and one pulled out his pistol and fired all of the bullets point blank, missing every time. Clearly, the German soldier did not have the slightest ability to shoot the gun. The screaming that his men had heard was real enough. When the Germans jumped him they nearly tore his thumb off trying to get him to say where the other men were located. He kept saying he was alone even as they almost destroyed his hand. That was Sergeant S. What a man. **In our current circumstances, our lives plummeted downhill from the relative "luxury" of fighting off rats.** We were herded onto a train. It was of World War I vintage called a "40 and 8" (40 men and 8 horses). There were so many of us in the car that we could not sit down. The car was nailed shut behind the last man. There were a few slits in the sides of the car that provided the only light. There were no bathroom facilities. It became unbearable not only because of the physical misery but the overwhelming feeling of hopelessness that swept over us. There is nothing more dehumanizing than to be nailed into a boxcar, not knowing where you are headed or what your fate will be.

We spent a week in these conditions, traveling towards Hanover and then on to Fohlingbostel. They gave us a piece of bread to take with us. That was gone after the first day. We made one stop on that trip. They opened the cars

and we got out under heavy guard. There was a table set up along side the tracks and ladies dressed in what I remember as Red Cross uniforms were there dispensing coffee out of huge urns. They nailed us back in the cars and we continued on in misery. **One day we heard the roar of American or British fighter planes.** The train picked up speed and we realized we were about to be strafed. Fifty caliber bullets tore through the roof. Suddenly, it went completely dark and the train braked hard. We sat still for a long while. We realized that we were heading into a tunnel just as the strafing began. Many of us had been lucky once again but not everyone. After the strafing we realized we had one dead and several wounded men in the car. **The ordeal of being in that 40 and 8 was something I could never have envisioned surviving.** It's not something a person can prepare for. Even after the first day we were weary. We discovered that if we piled our legs and feet in a sort of tent-like heap, with our bodies lying on the floor or on top of someone else, we could at least get off our feet. Without facilities, the floor was so unspeakable after the first day that we wondered if dying was so bad. The dead and wounded made the trip with the rest of us for a week. **As I recall, Stuttgart prison camp was number 5A and Fohlingbostel was 11B.** The latter, where we finally ended up, was a large camp with old barracks strung out in long rows. Our barracks sat along side the fence that ran along a ravine with a ridge on the other side. After a few days of observing our environment, we realized that the ravine served as a graveyard. There was a wide circle at the front gate. Just outside the gate were some buildings in good repair. This was a Gestapo training camp. The guards at 11B were mostly World War I veterans, old and crippled, and no longer interested in guarding prisoners. However, they were armed and had nothing to lose by killing any of us. They were as expendable as we were. **When we finally arrived at 11B, time came to a standstill.** We were disoriented—literally lost inside a country we knew little or nothing about. There were very few watches left so even our sense of time was skewed. All the smokers had traded what little they had for a few cigarettes. We were stripped of our clothing—what there was of it by that time. We were left with a sweater and a stocking cap which we had worn in combat underneath our helmets. This is what we had to make do with in temperatures below freezing and many feet of snow piled as far as the eye could see. The guards had us stop at a pile of tin cans so that we could have something in which to put our food. I remember picking up a coffee can—an old coffee can that was squat like a soup bowl. I tried to pick one that wasn't too rusted out. **We were marched into the barracks.** They were low, long buildings probably meant to house twenty to thirty people in each half. The wall dividing them into two halves had a door in the middle—simply sawed out of the wallboard. There was no handle on the door, just a hole drilled out where one would have been installed. You just stuck a finger through the hole to open the door. There was no heat and few windows. At least it kept the snow off our heads. It was filled with bunk beds stacked floor to ceiling, no central aisle, with just enough space between each stack of three to move around them. The wooden bunks themselves were too narrow for the two men assigned to each. There was no way for two men to lie down side by side on their backs. PFC S was my bunkmate in prison camp. He and I had a rag carpet which we used as a blanket. We slept on bare boards. We had to lie on our right sides until one of us had to move. He had to wake the other guy so both could turn to the left at the same time. After two months, I developed bed sores. I found it helped to lessen the pain if I attempted to sleep sitting up.

There were no "bathrooms" or washing facilities inside the barracks. In the yard there was a single pipe and spigot that was turned on for a few hours each day. It was the water for hundreds of prisoners. There were a few slit trenches between the barracks that were meant to serve all of us. A barrel was placed on the stoop of one of the barracks at night. No one was allowed out at night except to that barrel and back. **When we first arrived at the camp and tried to turn our minds to survival, as humans always do, we broke up into small groups and talked.** The topics moved quickly from girls to mom's home cooking. Food became our obsession as we slowly began wasting away. We fantasized about meals we'd eaten or wanted to eat and exchanged recipes. Eventually, we got to our own life stories. These were the only things that managed to keep hopelessness at bay. Starvation of the body and soul were our preoccupations; we fought the hopelessness the best we could. There was nothing else to do. **By the end of January and early February of 1945 the war was winding down.** The guards were indicative of that as they, too, were winding down. Many were old enough to be our grandfathers. Their only job was to ensure that we did not leave the barracks except when told and never the yard to the world beyond. They really were not at all concerned about any expectations the civilized world had about the treatment of POWs. Whether we ate, slept, or froze to death was of no importance. It was evident that many of them had been casualties of that earlier war as they hobbled about on old war wounds. **The food arrived once each day.** It was my job to slice the bread and divide the potatoes among the sixteen men in my group. Soup came in a fifty five gallon barrel. By the time it got to our barracks it was cold. The thinly sliced rutabagas swam in a barrel of water. Once every ten days or so a little bit of meat showed up in the soup. At least that's what we called it—could have horse meat because it was lean, yellow and stringy. There were three small potatoes for each man. The sixteen of us were given one small very dense loaf of bread ten inches long. Somebody had salvaged a regular dinner knife. Everyone stood around in a big circle and watched me very closely while I carefully cut sixteen perfectly even slices using a pocket knife. It seemed vitally important to make sure that every man had an equal slice of that bread. Then I took the dinner knife and very carefully removed a slice for each man. This was the ritual—and highlight—of every single day. Some fellows stood around in the snow and slush and peeled their potatoes. **The Russians came over from their barracks at that time every day and picked up those peels out of the mud. They would draw each peel between a thumb and finger to strip away the mud and then eat them.** Some of the Russians had been at the camp for five years. They had been part of Rommel's Army in the African desert. They were in pretty bad shape. Remarkably, they would stand in skivvies in a snow storm talking to one another. The Americans said to each other that we only hoped we never had to meet them on the field of battle. **I was in their barracks one day trading and while I was there a German guard came in with his rifle slung over his shoulder.** He and a Russian prisoner got into some sort of argument—and it heated up fast. The Russian spit in the German's face and walked out the door. He only made a few steps when the German shot him in the back. I was standing alongside the guard when he fired the shot. According to the rules of war we were to receive a package of food and supplies each week. When you've witnessed the enemy shooting your comrades in the back you realize quickly that "rules of war" don't always mean much. I watched the Red Cross trucks unload at the main gate in the prison yard. As soon as the trucks pulled away, a German truck

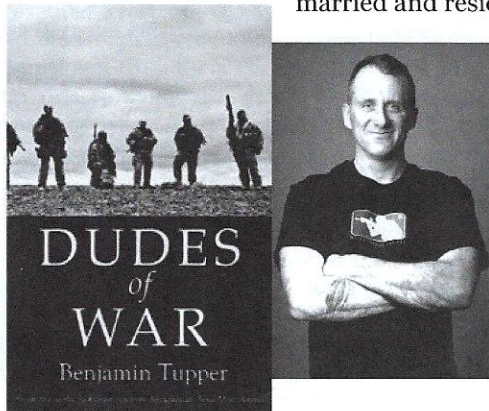
drove in, loaded up, and drove right back out the gate. We received once a week, one package and divided it among four men. It had something like four packs of Phillip Morris or Chesterfield cigarettes, dehydrated bars of compressed vegetables, small bars of cheese, some chocolate and another new invention—a can of powdered coffee. I remember the Russian who traded something for a can of that coffee. He couldn't read the label of course so he finally decided to eat it right out of the can. The smallest incidents of this kind filled a day. Some men waited each morning to see the flatbed wagon go by. The Germans collected the dead from the night before, stripped them and piled them on the flatbed. Between two and ten bodies went out that way each day. We watched the flatbed meander down into the ravine and the bodies were dumped in an open common grave. A tractor with a blade on it pushed some dirt over the bodies. **The will to live is extremely strong.** Many of us were just out of our teens and in very good physical shape just a few months before. Even for us, surviving was a daily battle of mind and body. **Conclusion in September 2011 issue**

Major Ben Tupper, Deputy PAO, Public Affairs Section, 42D Division HQ has published his second book on Afghanistan

Major Benjamin Tupper has been in the Army National Guard for sixteen years, serving first as an enlisted man and then as a commissioned officer. Prior to joining the National Guard, he earned his Bachelors and Masters Degrees at Syracuse University, where he focused on Political Science in the United States and abroad. As a college student, he travelled and lived in war torn Central America, and from these experiences he developed a strong appreciation and attraction to the life of a soldier. Upon completion of his studies, he began his career in the United States military. This interest in countries in turmoil would take him in 2004 to Afghanistan, as a civilian with an NGO focused on reconstruction and humanitarian aid projects (specifically school construction for young girls). He experienced first hand the lay of the Afghan landscape, and the basic human rights of artists, women, athletes, and free thinkers that were being threatened by the Taliban and Al Qaeda. As a result of this trip, he volunteered to deploy for a year long combat tour with a specialized small team of Advisors, known as "ETTs", who would be embedded into the Afghan National Army, and tasked with training, leading, and developing their combat abilities and capacities in the war against the Taliban. The second of his books on Afghanistan, Dudes of War, focuses not on combat but on the American soldier culture in modern warfare; the pranks, humor, lingo, vices, and heartbreaks of life down range. Major Tupper has four children, two of which are adopted from Ethiopia. He is married and resides in Syracuse NY.

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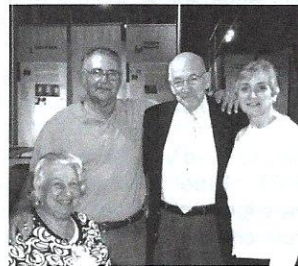
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RAINBOW...NEVER FORGET !

THE "NAMES INSTEAD OF NUMBERS" EXHIBITION

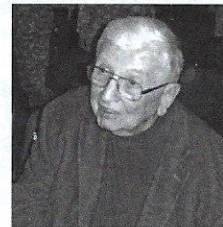
It was begun in Dachau in 1999, first displayed at Dachau in 2008, and exhibited in many countries since then. Now it has come to the United States. The New York Military History Museum and Veterans Research Center in Saratoga is the first to have hosted this exhibit of 27 banners, each featuring a biography of former Dachau Concentration Camp prisoners from all of Europe, created by the Victims of Dachau Association. It is the companion to the Book of Remembrance,



a volume of more than 130 biographies, an ongoing project. These are created by school and university students, adults and family members of former Dachau inmates. This spring, in a ceremony at Dachau, introduced into the Remembrance Book was the biography of Mr. Pim Reijntjes, from Holland, survivor of Dachau,

whose article appeared in the January 2011 issue of REVEILLE. He wrote, "It was written by two 17-year old girls for their final high school examination. It became the Dutch contribution of the international project Namen staat Nummern (Names Instead of Numbers). We, the girls and myself introduced the biography during a ceremony in the cloister chapel, and everybody was there. The girls showed a film of the Amsterdam Dachau Monument, explaining everything in Dutch." [above - Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marowitz with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marcason at the exhibition]

On 29 April at the museum, commemorating the 66th anniversary of the liberation of Dachau Concentration Camp by elements of the 42D Division, Rainbow veterans **Anthony Harden** [upper right], **George Williams** [center] and **Richard Marowitz** [lower right] witnessed to the events and their experiences of the liberated camp.



"Attendance and feedback at our NYS Military History Museum has been tremendous. On Easter Sunday, I'm told that 19 visitors came out and expressed that their visit was specifically for the Names Instead of Numbers exhibit. Our museum staff tells me that they even had a Dachau

survivor pass through over the weekend." wrote LTC Richard Goldenberg, NY Army National Guard, 42D Division Public Affairs Officer. Following the 15 April – 1 May exhibit in Saratoga, the exhibition moved on to Brookdale Community College on May 4, where the banners were displayed in the College's Center for World War II Studies and Conflict Resolution from 9 May – 22 May. MG Tom Garrett, U.S. Army (Retired) wrote, "Many thanks to LTC Goldenberg for his great efforts on this task. We hung the exhibit this morning in the hallway just outside Brookdale Community College's library. Looks really great !" **Photos are by Emily Marcason-Tolmie**



The Virginia Holocaust Museum in Richmond is hosting "Names Instead of Numbers" from June 1 – until July, when it will be shipped to RDVMF Chairman, Earnie Owen for display at the National Reunion of Rainbow Division Veterans in Oklahoma City, OK. Many thanks to RDVMF Memorials Officer, Jim Clemons, for his coordination of this project !

RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS MEMORIAL FOUNDATION, INC.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MEMORIAL FOUNDATION March 16, 2011 – April 15, 2011

FOUNDATION ENDOWMENT FUND Vicki Kaufman, for Shael DeWoskin – 18.00; Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Fischer, for Robi Robinow – 50.00; Betty Heaton, for Thomas Heaton – 10.00; Ruth and Burch Neel, for Jack and Anne Summers, Joyce Hihn – 100.00; Vassil Evanoff, for Winnie Baldock – 100.00; **FOUNDATION OPERATING FUND** Frances Olson, for William Olson – 100.00; Mary Karter, for Thaddeus Carter – 10.00; Michael Diglio, for comrades killed at Hatten – 50.00; Texas Auxiliary, for Ora Lee, Mea Miller Rogers, Martha Shurtleff – 30.00; Robert and Fern Martinson, for Bill Keithan – 100.00; Frances Shensky and family, for Joseph N. Shensky – 50.00; the family of Dr. Clifford Lumbert, for Dr. Clifford Lumbert – 520.00; Muriel Walker, for David Walker, Sr. – 25.00; Darlene Jones, for Paul Jones – 200.00; Doug and Colleen Illsley, for Stanley Illsley – 50.00; Helene Youskites, for John Youskites – 25.00; Arthur Stern, for Stanton Einhorn – 50.00 **SCHOLARSHIP ENDOWMENT FUND** Dianne Anderson, for Oswald Kent Anderson – 100.00; Norma Britton, for Robert Britton – 25.00; Bob Griggsby, for James Brittain – 25.00; Sara Sommers, for Norman Sommers – 10.00; Anonymous, for Ted Johnson – 50.00; Thomas O'Neill, for the men of Co. G 242nd – 50.00; Katherine Timothy, for Charles Wilson – 100.00; Antoinette Payne, for Loretta Schneider – 500.00; Sgt. Gregory Wilk, for SFC David Securd; 15.00; **SCHOLARSHIP OPERATING FUND** Edward Vanicky, for John Vanicky – 100.00; Dorothea Meagher, for Francis Meagher – 200.00; Linda Hammer, for Fred McDurmont – 100.00; Gloria Walker, for Justin Walker – 100.00; Tom Owen, for Betty Owen – 1,000.00

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 include their name and address when you send your contribution. All contributions are gratefully received and acknowledged. Thank you!

SCHEDULE FOR THE 2011 NATIONAL REUNION OF RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS, OKLAHOMA CITY, JULY 13-14-15-16

Tuesday July 12 8:00 AM to 9:00 PM Lobby, Registration Open

Wednesday, July 13

10:30 AM – 11:30 AM Memorials Committee Meeting
11:00 AM – 02:00 PM Scholarship Committee Meeting
02:00 PM – 3:00 PM 222 and 242 Unit Meetings
03:00 PM – 04:00 PM Budget Committee Meeting
07:30 PM – 10:30 PM Reunion Welcome, Opening Ceremony
And Early Bird Party

Thursday, July 14

07:00 AM – 07:45 AM Reunion Registration Open – Lobby
09:00 AM – 05:00 PM City Tour, Lunch, and 45th Division Tour

Friday, July 15

08:00 AM – 09:00 AM Audit Committee Meeting
09:00 AM – 12:00 Noon Trustees Meeting
12:00 Noon – 01:30 PM Luncheon
01:30 PM – 3:00 PM Auxiliary Business Meeting
06:30 – 10:30 PM Unit Dinner and Party with band performing 7:30 – 10:30

Saturday, July 16

09:00 AM – 09:45 AM Millennium (Rainbow Family) Chapter Meeting
10:00 AM – 11:30 AM Memorial Service
02:00 PM – 03:30 PM Joint Business Meeting
04:30 PM – 05:30 PM Protestant and Catholic Services
06:30 PM – 07:30 PM Chairman and Presidents' Reception
07:30 PM – 10:30 PM BANQUET

NOTE: A complete schedule with room numbers of meetings and activities will be available at the reunion

Address Service Requested

