



VETERANS DAY HONORS
November 2024



REVEILLE

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CAMPAIGNS

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

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Happy New Year, fellow RDVF members! I hope you all had a wonderful holiday season.



As we ring in the new year, we have much to be thankful for and proud of in 2024. We celebrated the 80th anniversary of D-Day, with "Hibby" Margol and "Bud" Gahs leading the charge for the Rainbow and making National headlines along the way. We announced the design and future construction efforts for a brand new 42d Infantry Division Headquarters Armory in Albany New York. We welcomed MG Jack James, as he took command of the 42d Division and prepares them for deployment. We awarded \$29,000 in scholarships to another slate of brilliant college undergraduates. We laid wreaths at Rainbow Division Memorials across the world in honor of the men and women who came before us in the Division. We welcomed home, remembered, and honored the service and passing of so many of our comrades, including Pvt. Robert L. Skaar, Pvt. James B. McCartney, George Pouder, Richard Fearnside, William Halversen, Gerald Omar Eaton and Leon Peck, among so many others. It was truly a privilege to bear witness to these important and moving moments in our history.

This coming year is sure to be a great one as well. 2025 will mark the 80th Anniversary of the Liberation of Dachau where the RDVF plans to be fully represented. With the 42d Infantry Division Headquarters deploying once again, 2025 will also mark the 20th Anniversary of Operation Enduring Freedom III, and multiple other deployment anniversaries for the men and women of the 42d Division. To celebrate the Division's contributions to the Global War on Terrorism, we will hold a reunion in Saratoga Springs, September 19-21, 2025. Please save the date! We discussed this milestone event with Army Green Beret, Michael "Rod" Rodriguez, who leads the effort to build our nation's memorial to the Global War on Terrorism. This new memorial will be erected on the National Mall in Washington D.C. After speaking with



photo captions on page 7

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THE RAINBOW REVEILLE

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Rod about our reunion plans this summer, he generously agreed to join us in Saratoga as keynote speaker. All in all, I believe this year will prove to be an impressive reminder of the



incredible work, sacrifice and dedication of the Soldiers of the Rainbow. As we honor the past and plan for the future, please also join me in congratulating our newest RDVF Board Members: MG (ret) Tom Spencer, CSM (ret) David Piwowarski, COL (ret) Robert Giordano, and Chief Jon Molik. Rob will be taking over the Memorials Officer duties and Jon will be our new RDVF Historian. Welcome aboard and thank you all for joining our team. Paul Fanning (Memorials Emeritus) and Patrick Chaisson (Historian Emeritus) will remain ex-officio advisors to the board. I simply can't express enough the sincere appreciation we hold for these fine men for their untiring and dedicated support to our mission. Thank you, both!

I truly look forward to all the great work we will accomplish together this coming year. I'll close with one more "THANK YOU!" to Suellen McDaniel for her amazing work on the

Reveille and Rainbow Trail. We all owe her a debt of gratitude for keeping the Rainbow message alive and well across the world! Happy New Year, everyone! Rainbow, Never Forget! Gary Yaple, RDVF Chairman

Photo caption by Patrick J. Chaisson, RDVF Historian Emeritus - FORT DRUM, NY:

In 2004, while mobilized with the 42nd Infantry Division Headquarters, then-Specialist Elizabeth Kirkby volunteered to decorate a large rock that stood in the Division area at Fort Drum with the Rainbow Division crest. Twenty years later, Elizabeth again volunteered to restore the image on that rock. Driving to Fort Drum from her residence in the Syracuse area, she updated The Division Rock with a "Never Forget" slogan and used modern sealants to preserve her work for many years to come. This restoration project was performed in cooperation with the Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation. (photo provided)

42nd DIVISION CHANGE OF COMMAND



The New York National Guard's 42nd Division welcomed its new commander during a change of command ceremony at Fort Indiantown Gap, Penn., November 18, 2024. During the ceremony, Maj. Gen. Jack James assumed command of the Rainbow Division from Maj. Gen. Joseph Biehler.



<https://www.flickr.com/photos/nyng/54153521251/in/album-72177720322079969/>



Photo top left – Maj. Gen. Joseph Biehler receives the unit colors from Command Sergeant Major Arnold Reyes; U.S. Army photo by SSG Andrew Valenza

Photo top right – New York Army National Guard Maj. General Joseph Biehler, outgoing commander of the 42nd Infantry Division hands off the unit guidon to Maj. General Raymond Shields, the Adjutant General of the New York National Guard; New York Army National Guard photo by SSG Andrew Valenza

Photos bottom left and center – Major General Jack James receives the unit colors from Maj. General Raymond Shields; photos by SSG Andrew Valenza and Sgt. Grace Nechanicky

Photo bottom right – U.S. Army photo by Sgt. Grace Nechanicky

RDVF HISTORIAN REPORT

Jonathon T. Molik RDVF Historian

It was another ungodly hot morning in Tikrit, Iraq—let's say approximately 115 degrees Fahrenheit for story's sake—and once again I stood behind a wooden podium in a palace room coated with cheap marble. To my superiors' consternation, I had a habit (during my more nervous moments) of kicking said podium, which in this room sounded like a gong. That morning was no different as I caught Major General Taluto giving me (what had then become) his typical side-eye glance, reminding me...to knock it off! After a settling breath, I began that day's iteration of our thrice-weekly intelligence brief to the division's most senior staff. All was going well until about halfway through when Major



General Taluto requested I pause, then followed by asking a question for which I did not have a ready answer. I glanced at one of the senior intelligence officers for help—shrug—and decided to buy time "well, you know sir, that's a great question."

As one might imagine, and as I feared, Major General Taluto replied "I know, that's why I asked, Sergeant." Gulp.

The anecdote above could rightly be called "history," as it did, obviously, occur in the past. But more importantly, it is what historians refer to as a primary source. This is because its author, me, not only provided a direct account of the event, but lived it personally. There exists no more valuable evidence of history. Primary source documents and/or media give you the direct story, not one told through the author's lens. The story may not be accurate, or even truthful, but because the information came *straight from the horse's mouth*, we can learn much, regardless of its errancy. Why do I bring this up in my first newsletter report? Because our beloved Rainbow Reville is the perfect example of every historian's pinnacle asset—the primary source. It is filled with pictures, cartoons, and stories direct from the soldiers, families, and friends who created the very history being described. That's why this newsletter, as if you didn't already know, is indispensable. And, as a veteran of the Rainbow, I look forward to adding to it as best I can.

Speaking of my Rainbow veteran status, here follows a concise summary. I joined the New York Army National Guard as a Private in Spring, 1997 and found myself in the 642 Military Intelligence Battalion of the 42 Infantry Division Headquarters. I was promoted to Sergeant in late 2004 and served as an intelligence analyst during Operation Iraqi Freedom III with the division in Tikrit. (I spent many days providing Major General (Ret.) Taluto his intelligence briefings, a task I considered an honor as a young non-commissioned officer.) My time in Iraq convinced me to join the Warrant Officer Cohort, which I did in the Spring of 2008. After a few years I transferred to the Military Intelligence Company (MICO) of the 27th Infantry Brigade Combat Team (IBCT) as a Chief Warrant Officer 2 in 2011 for service in Afghanistan in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. There I was Director of Intelligence (J2) for a Combined Joint Interagency Task Force in Kandahar. Upon my return I transferred back to the 42 Infantry Division Headquarters to join the 42 Headquarters and Headquarters Battalion (HHBN) where I ultimately became the division commander's Analysis and Control Element Chief. This final

period included service in Kuwait in support of another deployment with division headquarters for Operation Spartan Shield in 2020. Lastly, although technically still a member of the 42 Infantry Division, I currently serve on The Adjutant General's (Major General Ray Shields) staff as the full-time Director of Intelligence and Security (J2) for Joint Force Headquarters - New York.

On the personal side, alongside my Rainbow service, I'm a father of two amazing children, Ethan (15) and Kendall (12), a husband to Meghan, a lover of history, and like many of my New York colleagues, a rabid Buffalo Bills fan. I spend most of my time with my family, reading for pleasure and work, and studying news and history to remain informed and connected to global events for my soldiers and leadership. I also produce a podcast called Headlines and History that I use to discuss geopolitics and military conflict for anyone interested, but again, with the primary purpose of helping soldiers.



I'll conclude my first Rainbow Reville report with a thank you to the Rainbow Division Veterans Foundation, particularly Mr. Gary Yapple, Mr. Pat Chaisson, and Major General Michel Natali, for offering me this most honorable position. Rest assured I do not take the responsibility lightly. I would also like to thank Mrs. Suellen McDaniel and Mr. Pat Chaisson in advance for helping me with the resources, expertise, and guidance I know I'll need during my time as historian. Should anyone be interested, I can be reached at jon.molik@gmail.com. Thank you again and we shall talk soon!

Photo One – Sgt. Jonathon T. Molik March 2005 in the early stages of Operation Iraqi Freedom III in Tikrit.

Photo Two – CW3 Molik and his two children, Ethan and Kendall "before we left with the division for Kuwait in 2020."

Photos from Jonathon T. Molik

TAKE A KNEE

Chaplain (Col. Ret) Eric W. Olsen

Anyone who has Ruck-marched and or carried an Assault pack on the required 12-mile march knows the value of stopping for a moment and taking a knee. It is taking a momentary rest before continuing on your way to achieve your goal. The temporary pause breaks the rhythm and monotony of the exercise, allowing a different perspective and just enough rest to allow your breathing to change, heart rate decrease and the body to reset and refocus itself.

If you live in America and are an average joe, you cannot help but to be surrounded by the ever-growing complexities of life. We are daily bombarded by ads, requests, traffic, appointments, and family. A number of years ago the term rat race was coined to describe what we had become. It has only gotten faster. Each year requires us to learn new technology, create another secure password, deal with a change in our environments and navigate robots on the other end of the phone calls that we place to get some advice. The daily grind can easily become a slog and very discouraging.

As a former Army Chaplain and still as a pastor, I encounter individuals who are burned out, dispirited, and wrapped tight to the wire. I see anxious young men and women who can't spend a moment away from social media and countless individuals on anti-anxiety medication in order to function. Something seems out of balance. I think I know what it might be.

Throughout history and across successful cultures there has always been a need of dedicated rest. We hear it in the Old Testament of the Bible in the Commandments that there be a whole day of rest. We see sanctuary gardens in eastern cultures and in France there is a law that you can't eat your lunch at your desk. We all need to take a knee. When we keep moving at a hectic, non-reflective pace, we run the risk of missing things and the loss of perspective. If we hope to be healthy, we need to do so physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Each of these require rest and time to process. Just as you need to take the knee during a long march or hike, our emotions and our minds need a break away from TV, cell phones and chatter. As the world closes in about us it can be hard to know ourselves more and more. We can lose track of our inner voice and track of our aspirations and dreams. When we do this, our spiritual nature can lose the hope of tomorrow.

Taking time with oneself or with trusted friends to walk in the woods, or sitting an hour without technology to ponder the world around us can be both powerful and healing. There is a reason that they call churches sanctuaries. Throughout the ages, men and women have sought peaceful places to stop, open themselves and share their hearts with the divine. We all need time to reflect and regroup because the world can be harsh and unforgiving. We need time and a place to help us find the answers to the deeper questions that we all too often are distracted from asking. In the race we now find ourselves running, we can lose sight of what is necessary to keep it together. There is nothing sadder than a lost soul.

I share these thoughts hoping that you will take time for yourself. It can be silent or in prayer, it can be in a church or on a beach. If you feel, share some quality time with a friend. It is in places of sanctuary that we can get us out of our heads and into our hearts.

A LOOK BACK – The Rainbow REVEILLE

13 January 1944 Camp Gruber, OK

MAKE THEM COUNT

A thought for the folks at home: when it comes to a sacrifice of that bridge game or that certain movie, the cost is never too great if that lonely G.I. gets more than a mere "rush note." For some of us the time may come when it'll be too late for you to write "that really long letter" you've been promising. Make every letter count – and often!!

Excerpt from Editorial
Cpl. Loye Minor, Editor

FROM BATTLEFIELD TO PEN Rainbow Division Stories Of World War II

In January 2006, this editor received a packet from Theodore R. "Ted" Mackechnie (COL, ret) with this letter -

"Dear Suellen, Great job with the newsletter of the Millennium (Family) Chapter, Dec. 05! Wonderful memories. I am enclosing copies of sketches I made during and after combat. I still have the originals which I will give to the U.S. Army Museum when it is finished at Fort Belvoir. You may use these any way you see fit. I give them to you for your personal files. As junior aide to General Collins I had time to sneak out up front and sketch when the General was otherwise occupied. I have in the past year moved into the Fairfax, an officers' retirement community – lots of friends and near Fort Belvoir. Very happy and in good health.

Best thoughts – Ted"

COL MacKechnie enclosed 42 copies of his battlefield sketches, including a painting of the memorial service by General Collins and Rainbow troops at Schweinfurt for President Franklin D. Roosevelt on April 13, 1945.

The following sketches are used here to illustrate an excerpt from "My War", the memories of Pfc. Warren W. Koenig, Intelligence and Reconnaissance (I&R) Platoon, Regimental HQ Co 242nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division.

"On January 8th, five of us were sent out on another patrol, this time east of Hatten across the fields a little to the south of Buhl. Pinky Wilson carried the BAR, LaFleur had the radio, Giles was the leader, and I've forgotten who else was along. Ed Ransom stayed back at one of the Maginot Line bunkers with the second radio, but we had lost radio contact almost before we got out of sight. We got out about a mile and a half in front of our lines without seeing anything of interest, but suddenly I spotted at least 6 German tanks under camouflage nets along a road not more than a third of a mile from us.



In fact, we had gone somewhat beyond the first few lead tanks. As we stood there looking, a German soldier came towards us from one of the tanks. We waved at him to come on over to us, but suddenly someone shot at us, hitting LaFleur in the helmet. It put quite a dent in the helmet, gave LaFleur a headache and a slight abrasion (for which he later got a Purple Heart) but didn't really hurt him. However, that alerted us to the fact that we were potentially in some trouble. LaFleur dumped the heavy battery from the already useless radio, and we started running, a few at a time, towards our lines. This was kind of hard work, and we only

ran about 30 or 40 yards before dropping and waiting to catch our breath. But when we got fairly close to our lines, our troops started shooting at us. Fortunately, by that time we were near a small stream with the 3- or 4-foot banks offering some protection. The ice in the stream wasn't strong enough to hold us, however, and most of us got wet up to our knees. Again, Giles, went on ahead and managed to stop the shooting so that we could get back safely. We, of course, reported what we'd seen, but as far as we could tell, no one seemed to be much interested. However, the next morning was when the Germans attacked.

For some reason or other, we were up fairly early on January 9th. And Snapp, Lt. Shaneyfelt and I drove to Hatten which was being attacked. There were several inches of snow on the ground at the time. We climbed up in the church tower in Hatten and could see German tanks coming from Buhl. We could also see the primers of mines which had been laid exploding under the tank treads, but the main charges failed to go off, perhaps because of the cold. There were also many German soldiers in white coats coming across the fields towards Hatten. We hadn't been in the steeple for more than 10 minutes before the Germans began shelling the church. We got out as fast as we could and moved back to the church in Rittershofen, a little less than a mile to the west. We couldn't see nearly as much from that steeple, however. And it wasn't long before the Germans were trying to hit that steeple too. All this was interesting, but not very encouraging, so we decided to back up one more town (to Nieder-Betschdorf). We couldn't see a thing from that church steeple, however, so we gave up on steeples for the day and waited for someone to tell us what we were supposed to do.



*Junction of the Hatten - Rittershofen road -
Sign reads: "Here Rest 58 Amerikanischer
Soldaten"*

Later that afternoon, Harv Snapp and I were standing out on the east end of Betschdorf. We could hear the fighting going on in the next towns, but couldn't see anything of interest. There was a big 155 mm (6 inch) gun dug in near us, and we saw a couple German tanks coming along the railroad tracks to the south of Hatten. The gun crew bore-sighted their gun, fired, and hit the lead tank squarely. The other tanks retreated rapidly, and the gun crew immediately decided that they were too close to the front and things were getting too hot for them, hitched up their gun to a truck, and headed for the rear. There were also half a dozen American Sherman tanks parked on a little knoll nearby. They didn't like the looks of the German tanks either, and they also left.

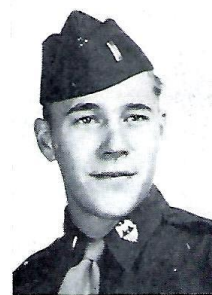
We maintained an observation post at the edge of the woods due south and a little east of Hatten, in an area manned by the 3rd

Battalion of the 242nd. It was not possible to dig foxholes more than a foot deep because of the high water table in the area. As a result, we and the other troops tried to build low, log roofs over the shallow holes to ward off shrapnel from tree bursts, but these foxholes were quite uncomfortable and actually afforded very little protection. We started this OP about the day after the German attack on Hatten, and I happened to be there when the artillery observer was calling for artillery on German troops, trucks, etc. that were coming from the direction of Buhl into Hatten. We were using a very new type of shell which explodes in the air about 20 or 30 feet above ground level. This appeared to cause considerable distress among the Germans.

There was a Maginot bunker/gun emplacement about 300 yards in front of us, occupied by the Germans. For awhile they tended to sort of lounge around outside the bunker, more or less in plain sight. But our side brought up a couple snipers with fancy rifles which pretty much put an end to the lounging. However, one evening as it was getting dark our side brought up a 240 mm motorized Howitzer (a 9-inch diameter shell) with armor-piercing shells. They fired about half a dozen quick shots, trying to hit the foot-wide gun aperture to get a shot inside the bunker. They weren't successful in this, but did chip away several feet of concrete. After about 3 minutes of quick shooting, the gun high-tailed it back out of the woods – and after another five minutes the Germans laid down a rather enthusiastic barrage of 88's along the edge of the woods. No damage to anyone, but this cut our phone line back to headquarters. Snuffin, Snapp and I decided that we didn't much like this turn of events and, since we didn't have a workable phone anymore, we might as well leave. Of course, the proper thing to have done was to locate the break in the line and stay where we were. But no one ever chastised us for abandoning our post.

There was quite a nice farmhouse about a third of a mile in front of our OP which the artillery observer used occasionally to zero in his guns. The house was pretty well leveled by the end of 10 days of fighting. But to everyone's surprise one morning we saw a wagon drawn by oxen leave the house, piled high with the poor farmer's family and possessions. (Twenty years after the war I talked to a man at that house. He wasn't particularly friendly – which isn't surprising.)

Towards the end our stay in the Betschdorf/Rittershofen/Hatten area we spent a few days in a house to the south of Betschdorf near the railroad tracks. Across the tracks there was a 5-acre field that must have had 50 to 80 big artillery pieces. These seemed to be firing almost continuously and made quite an impressive amount of noise. And one day a lone, low-flying German plane dropped a bomb which fell just outside the Regimental command post in Betschdorf. Also, early in the fighting we briefly saw a German jet plane pass over, moderately high and noisy – but fairly impressive since we'd never seen or heard anything like that before. [Ed. Lt Col Edwin Rusteberg, CO H1B/242 was wounded by the bomb from the German jet 01/13/1945].



THEODORE R. MacKECHNIE
Second Lieutenant
Aide-de-Camp

*Photo left is from the pictorial and review book which holds the photos of Special Staff, Division Troops 42nd Division at Camp Gruber, OK in the fall of 1944; **Photo right**, Pfc. Warren W. Koenig is from his son, Durs Koenig*



THE GOOD GERMAN

A Story of Pfc. James Hickey

Anti-Tank Company, 222 Infantry Regiment
Operation Nordwind, Schweighausen, Alsace
by Erin Faith Allen



It is January 25, 1945 and the cold air blowing through Alsace is razor sharp, cutting into lungs and stiffening tens of thousands of infantry fingers already raw from days of brutal fighting across the region.

Jim Hickey, a tall, handsome milkman from Chicago can hear the chaos permeating the village of Schweighausen. There is a relentless chatter of machine guns and the crack and whine of bullets

slicing through timber and bone. He has just witnessed PFC Barney Parrish fall in a hail of gunfire, and has looked down the barrel of a gun pointing at his own face, and Hickey's gut knows that he is next if he doesn't turn and run in another direction.

Slamming through the door of a home, he dashes into a room, bolts the lock on the door shut, and presses his back against the wall. His heart is bursting in his ears, and he knows the Germans aren't far behind him.

Footsteps pound the floorboards. A grenade thuds into the next room, and a sharp blast rattles the walls. Hickey tastes dust.

The moment has come. Hickey yells out "*Ich gebe auf* comrades!" bursts through the door with his hands in the air, and surrenders before the next grenade can claim him.

Two German *soldaten* rush forward. One eagerly raises a pistol to Hickey's temple, and death itself hovers for just a moment. The other German intervenes and pushes the gun aside. The two argue, and Hickey watches, frozen, as his life hangs between them.

The "Good" German prevails. Bitterly cursing under his breath, the "Bad" German strips him of his Elgin watch. The Good German is wounded and his arm red with blood, but he holds firm to his prize Yankee soldier. The three men make their way through the village and across an open field toward the forest. Suddenly, shells burst, and death comes to the Bad German in an instant. Now Hickey and the Good German are alone.

The forest is not safe, with lines blurred in a constant shifting tide of no-man's land where bullets hum like hornets and shells ricochet violently. Hickey and the Good German dive into a foxhole. The tense silence between them stretches beneath the flying earth, bullets, and shrapnel overhead.

Hickey reaches into his pocket and pulls out the photograph that keeps him tethered to hope: his fair-haired wife and children, faces frozen in black-and-white peacetime smiles back in Chicago. The Good German, his eyes dark with exhaustion, looks at the photograph intently then hands it back to Hickey. He reaches into his pocket and fumbles for his own black-and-white slice of hope; a photograph of his young family somewhere in the *Vaterland*. He hands it across the cold miserable foxhole to his captive.

There is no need for words. Two fathers, two soldiers - and two families, waiting. After smiling in acknowledgement of his captor's family, Hickey, ever curious, points to the German's pistol. "Is that a P38?", he asks. The Good German nods. Hickey asks to see it. After he is sized up for a moment, slowly the pistol is handed to him. Hickey inspects the weapon, turns its cold weight in his hands, and passes it back across the shallow hole they share.

Trust given, trust returned.

With his limited English, the Good German proposes a pact: if his comrades come, Hickey remains his prisoner. If the Americans arrive first, he will surrender. The men shake hands, and wait.

Soon, another storm of gunfire erupts and the men dive for cover. With eyes squeezed shut, Hickey prays: *Lord, I promise to never worry again if you see me through this mess.*

The firing stops.

Hickey rises to find his prayer answered ... and his new German friend laying lifeless beside him. His eyes are open to the sky, staring at the God who has just answered an American's prayer. For a brief moment, Hickey sits in stillness. He is alive, but the man who spared his life is not.

There is no time to waste. American tanks are rolling forward. Leaving the Good German behind, Hickey moves ahead with the armored column. As the advance moves on, enemy soldiers emerge—fifty of them, and surrender all at once.

Hickey takes command, a lone figure herding the men under the watch of the tank platoon. He marches them to American lines, turns them over, and walks away—alive and burdened with a memory he will carry for the rest of his days.

The story makes the AP wire and Hickey's story makes national headlines as a lucky triumph spun from near-death. In the article, Hickey, ever the milkman, sums it all up with a grin and quips that he doesn't mind delivering the German prisoners but that he would much rather be home delivering the milk.

But the luck of this story isn't what stays with him; rather it is the quiet tragedy of fate, a moment shared in a foxhole, photographs and understanding exchanged between enemies, and a brief friendship forged in the cruel grip of war.

You see, the Good German doesn't just disappear into that cold and heartless battle for Alsace as yet another casualty lost to circumstance, time and history.

Hickey carries a sadness over the loss of his friend through the rest of his life.

Since 2017 Erin has led a project to collect and honor the stories of the men of the Rainbow. Hickey's story is pieced together and sourced from a wide variety of archival documents, personal accounts, and Erin's lengthy conversations with his daughter.
erin@erinfaithallen.com

Photo is from the pictorial and review book which holds the photos of men in training in the 222nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Division at Camp Gruber in the fall of 1944.

RAINBOW BIRTHDAY MILESTONES

With our forever gratitude and respect,
we wish a Happy Birthday to:



Hilbert Margol
Btry B, 392nd
Field Artillery Bn
101 years,
February 22,
2025

Raymond Deming
Cannon Company,
232nd Infantry Regiment
100 years, December 7, 2024



VETERANS' DAY AT THE PAYSON SENIOR CENTER IN PAYSON, ARIZONA

WWII Rainbow veteran "Doc" Schmitz has sent this 2024 Veterans' Day photo: It describes *A retired Marine visiting with Richard D. "Doc" Schmitz, a World War II veteran where Schmitz shared experiences during his time of service.* "Doc" is a retired large animal veterinarian whose decades-long practice was in the State of California.

A Soldier having served in HQ Co/1st Bn, 232nd Infantry RANGERS, "Doc" might have included this powerful memory, reported in General Order No.43, 1946, 42DIV which describes the action for which he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal –

The BRONZE STAR MEDAL

is awarded to RICHARD D. SCHMITZ, 17 176 687, Private First Class, Infantry, Headquarters Company, First Battalion, 232nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 28 February 1945, near Reipertswiller, France. When the Ranger patrol of which Private Schmitz was a member met intense machine gun, machine pistol, and rifle fire on a large hill near Reipertswiller, France, he silenced several of the enemy with his automatic rifle. He then contacted our artillery with the patrol's radio and, while the patrol leader directed artillery fire on the enemy positions, he laid down an effective base of fire, knocking out an enemy machine gun and silencing much of the rifle fire. When the patrol was forced to withdraw, Private Schmitz remained behind under increasingly intense machine gun and rifle fire until every man had withdrawn. By his exceptional courage and unswerving determination, Private Schmitz was instrumental in the successful withdrawal of his patrol from its precarious position. Entered military service from Overland Park, Kansas.



Thank you, "Doc" !! Thanks, too, for alerting us to the November 2024 Veterans' Day gathering you attended in Payson, AZ and also to Alexis Bechman, editor, *Payson Roundup* for contributing the link to this photo and story. To listen to the accompanying article, please visit this website -

https://www.paysonroundup.com/news/veterans-honored-at-senior-center/article_coa12224-a165-11ef-a173-e3102a306388.html

By the way, "Doc" is 99. Sometime this year we'll wish him a happy 100th!

A LOOK BACK – The Rainbow REVEILLE

27 January 1944 Camp Gruber, OK

The soldier who is on his toes will turn those necessary waits to his own advantage. Except where his duty calls for constant visual alertness, he will make the most of his time. No soldier worthy of the name considers listening to an old-time soldier as time lost. And that's exactly what field manuals and military books are for.

Excerpt from Editorial, Cpl. Loye Minor, Editor

PHOTO CAPTIONS ON PAGE ONE, TOP DOWN:

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/nyng/albums/72177720321842452/>

The New York Army National Guard 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division Association held its annual Veterans Day wreath-laying memorial service on November 9, at the 42nd Infantry Division World War I Memorial in **Garden City, NY**. The service commemorated the history and service of the 42nd Infantry Division during World War I. It was held at the former site of Camp Mills, which was the birthplace of the 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division. Soldiers trained there prior to departing for overseas combat during World War I. Members of the NYARNG 69th Infantry Regiment Veterans Association, 42nd Infantry Rainbow Division Association, 42nd Infantry Rainbow Division Foundation, Nassau County American Legion Post, Firemen from the Garden City Fire Department, and local officials attended this year's Veterans Memorial event. The 11th New York Regiment USA-Volunteers (USA-V) provided the Color Guard and Honor Guard Firing Party. Colonel Louis Dileo of the 11th New York Regiment USA-V provided the singing of the National Anthem and playing of TAPS. (Photos by Mark Getman)

Macon GA Coleman Hill memorial and wreath to the 151st Machine Gun Battalion, 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division WWI. "Erected by the Ladies Auxiliary 151 Machine Gun Bt. assisted by the Men of the Battalion - 1922."

Wreath created and photo taken by Stewart Rowell & Jean and Hall Florists, Macon GA, who wrote to RDVF Memorials Officer, Paul Fanning: "We are very proud to continue to help you." [Ed. Nine men of this unit are under the care of Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, FR.]

Memorial wreath at **Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis**; War Memorial, "In memory of the Soldiers of the 42nd Division U.S. Army in World Wars I and II...."; facilitated by Ken Marshall, son of WWII Rainbow Veteran, Charles F. Marshall, C/122 Med Bn (RDVA Past National President) and Frances L. Marshall (RDVA Past National Auxiliary President). Ken wrote, "Happy to do this each year. It helps me get reattached to many of the veterans I have met over the years as well as the many I have not had the privilege. It is my honor to do this as I did with my Father and Mother."

Fort Dix, NJ Robert F. Vicci, LTC (Ret) presents RDVF wreath at Task Force Liberty Memorial; he wrote, "God bless the 42nd ID and America." ; **Fort Drum, NY** November 9 wreath-laying at OIF Memorial by New York Army National Guard soldiers; photo courtesy of COL (ret) Mike and his wife, Kelly Bice; Col Bice wrote, "Thank you again for the honor." the inscriptions on both memorials' plaques begin with the words, "The 42nd Infantry Division remembers those Soldiers who mobilized and deployed from Fort Drum and Fort Dix in 2004 as part of Operation Iraqi Freedom...."

Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, Seringes-et-Nesles, FR by Béatrice Dahm, photographe amateur MÉMOIRE DE LA GRANDE GUERRE; Superintendent Charlie Diaz speaks at podium; generational French honors bestowed.



The Rainbow Soldier at the Croix Rouge Memorial battleground; From Béatrice Dahm

ATTENTION RAINBOW DIVISION SOLDIERS, VETERANS AND DESCENDANTS!

All who are interested in attending or have plans to attend the 80th Anniversary and Commemoration of the Liberation of Dachau Concentration Camp 27 April – 4 May 2025 at Dachau Concentration Camp Memorial Site, Dachau, Germany

please contact: RDVF Memorials Officer Robert Giordano giordano2mass@gmail.com 518-852-6413

Or WWII Rainbow daughter, Pat Naumann patnaumann4@gmail.com 206.779.6825

A tentative schedule from the RDVF for the events is found here:

<https://api.neonemails.com/emails/content/70t7lc530Hfxq6VtixUOBnWbSWJLsvkiOYwHBqjDkqE=>

All the latest available information from Dachau Memorial Site can be found on this website:

https://www.kz-gedenkstaette-dachau.de/en/current_news/events/

RAINBOW RIFLEMEN

The continuing story told by WWII Rainbow Division veteran, Robert Spearing in our WWII series, will return in the February 2025 *RAINBOW TRAIL HISTORY* newsletter. The men of the 242nd Infantry Regiment are headed for Europe on the *General William Murray Black* troop transport and have many more adventures to come.

WWII RAINBOW MEMORIAL LIST

Deaths Reported Since October 2024

CAMPBELL , Harold R.	E/232 nd Infantry
FRYE , Martin Luther	F/222 nd Infantry

RAINBOW DIVISION VETERANS FOUNDATION, INC.

Contributions Received October 2024-January 2025

Foundation Scholarship Endowment

- 100. Patricia Naumann in memory of her father and mother Quentin F. Naumann (H/222nd Infantry) and Joyce
- 50. Patricia D'Aurora for her father, Andrew P. Senegal, AT/222nd Infantry

Foundation Operating

- 50. LTC(Ret) Carrol E. "Gene" Garrison in memory of Pvt Albert E. Myers WWI 167th Regiment
- 50. Patricia Naumann in memory of her parents
- 50. James H. Weisner in memory of James H. Daugherty, C/149th F.A. WWI

Foundation Endowment

- 50. Patricia Naumann in memory of her parents
- 50. Michael Kaehler, in memory of James G. Davis, son of Arthur C. "Top" Davis, F/117th Engineers, WWI

All gifts are gratefully received and acknowledged. If you would like to make a contribution by U.S. mail, please send your gift to the RDVF Treasurer, check payable to RDVF and mailed to:

Peter P. Riley 22 Almond Tree Lane Warwick, NY 10990 – 2442

Contributions may also be made online at <rainbowvets.org>