

RAINBOW TRAIL

**The Newsletter of the Millennium (Rainbow Family) Chapter
Of the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation
July 2009 Volume 10, Issue 1**

"To Find, Preserve and Share Rainbow Division History"



Rainbow Reunion
July 2009 Dayton,
OHIO

[photo Left - left to right
– Millennium Chapter
President, Melanie
Remple; National
Auxiliary President,
Linda Owen; RDVMF
Chairman-Elect, Earnest
"Earnie" Owen; photo
below L: Joe Poppio,
242-M and National
Auxiliary VP, Shirley
Kinsey; below – Emily
Marcason-Tolmie,
M- Chapter VP]

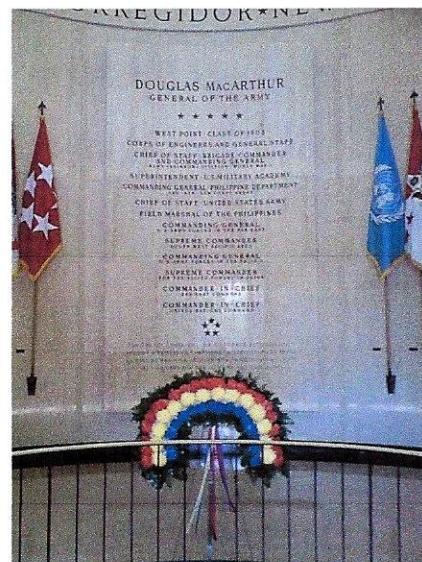


<http://42ndrainbowmilleniumchapter.blogspot.com/>

Introducing Emily Marcason-Tolmie, elected Vice-President of the Millennium Chapter at Dayton, OH at the July meeting. Emily has created a blogspot for the Millennium Chapter, a work in progress. She writes:

"Writing has always been a passion and it was that passion that made journalism my choice of study at St. Michael's College in Colchester, Vermont. It was that love of writing and listening to my grandfather's war stories that prompted me to start recording his 42nd Rainbow military history. It also gave me the opportunity to connect my grandfather with some of his past war buddies when I found and contacted on his behalf the 42nd Rainbow Northeast Chapter in 2001. In the process of connecting my grandfather with his past, my family and I were quickly accepted into the Rainbow Family. Now, a passion that started with my grandfather has quickly extended to any other 42nd Rainbow soldier, past or present, who wants their story heard. Being a part of the Millennium Chapter is both an honor and privilege. We are the ones responsible for keeping these stories alive and keeping families engaged.

I am a military wife, my husband a member of the U.S. Navy, and thanks to the government we have been stationed in beautiful places like La Maddalena, Italy. . Traveling the world has fueled my creativity and I enjoy writing about the beautiful places and wonderful people I've met along the way. A long-time New York Yankees fan, I'm thankful for shore-duty and to be back on the East Coast near family after spending a year in Washington State. My husband Ryan and I currently reside in Saratoga Springs, New York with dog (Daisy), and two cats (Maddie and Wrigley)." Emily is the assistant director of research at Skidmore College.



July 14, 2009 MacArthur Memorial

Wreath-laying Ceremony. Photo taken by Norman Thomas, son of William E. Thomas, Jr., 132D Signal Corps, 42D Div.

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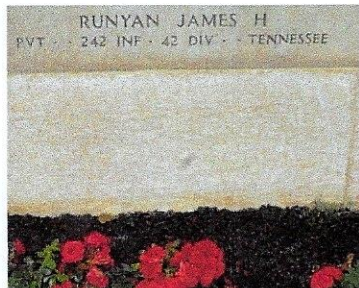
THE SEARCH FOR PRIVATE RUNYAN (continued from the December 2008 issue)

TRIBUTE TO A RAINBOW SOLDIER YET UNKNOWN BUT TO GOD

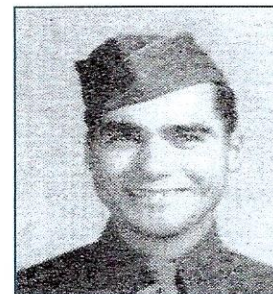


His name was **James H. Runyan**, from Evensville, Tennessee, called "Jim" or "Red" by his buddies. He served in Company "H", 2nd Battalion, 242nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Infantry "Rainbow" Division. He died on March 6, 1945 while a prisoner of the Germans at **Stalag IV-A**, a prison work camp. He was laid to rest with other American POWs in the churchyard of a small town near the camp.

We looked for his name on the American Battle Monuments Commission (ABMC) web site and found him listed there:



James H. Runyan, Service # 34 990 768, 242nd Infantry Regiment, 42nd Infantry Division. Entered the Service from Tennessee. Died: 6-Mar-45. **Missing in Action or Buried at Sea.** Tablets of the Missing at Epinal American Cemetery, Epinal, France (photo left). Awards: Bronze Star [photos taken from the pictorial and review book of the men of the 42D Division in training in the 242nd Infantry Regiment at Camp Gruber, OK in November 1944]



Last summer, we had received a copy of a letter written on August 21, 1945 to "Jim" Runyan's mother by his buddy Richard Peeples, [photo right] and now it appeared that the grave of Pvt. Runyan, still listed as missing in action, had never been

found. We asked our friend, Rob Stal, the history teacher from The Netherlands to whom we were introduced in the June 2008 issue of *Rainbow Trail*, if he could help us learn more. Rob and his students regularly visit the grave of another American Rainbow soldier, Robert J. "Bob" Kile, 232-G, at the American Cemetery of Henri-Chapelle, Belgium, and are dedicated to preserving the memory of those who died in the cause of freedom. A copy of Richard Peeples' Letter to the Mother of "Jim" Runyan was sent to him. **from The Letter (printed in entirety in December 2008 Rainbow Trail) :**

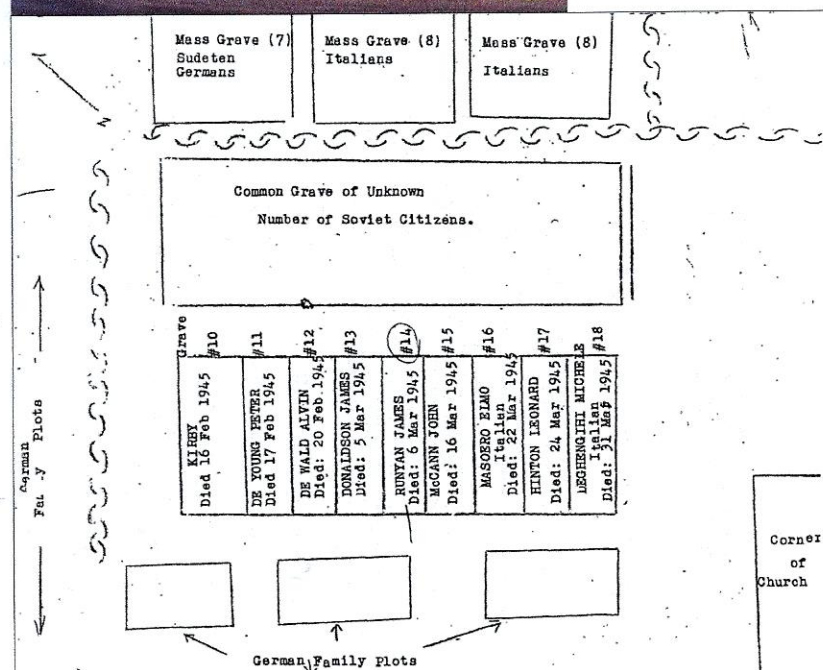
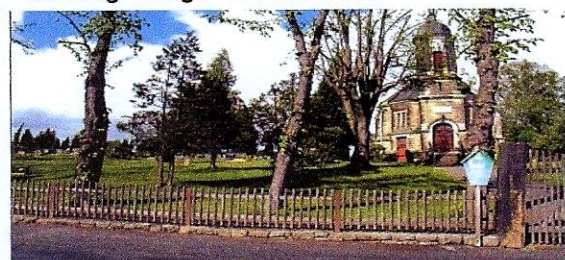
"21 August 1945 - Dear Mrs. Runyan, It's wonderful to hear from the mother of my good friend, Jim, and to know that I can be of some help. Your son's young life ended very quickly when on March 5th he entered our makeshift hospital in Lager IV A, a prison camp in Lillienstien, Germany. He had caught a severe case of pneumonia and since he was in a very much weakened condition from hard work and lack of food (a condition which we were all in), he didn't have enough resistance to fight off the disease. Jim was one of the first to go. We lost several each month after that. We took care of Jim the best we could. We had a little funeral and buried his body in the churchyard in the small German farming village of Waltersdorf. This is about fifty miles south of Dresden near the Elbe River.

"... The next morning I learned that our swell friend, Red, had passed away in the night. It might have happened to any one of us and did happen to others after Red because we were all so low in resistance that we were susceptible to any germ that might come along. There had been two young fellows that had died the week before and I had helped as a pallbearer at the funeral but now it had really struck home to us. Our close buddy, Red, had

gone from us and his beloved family. We buried him with a white cross above his grave that bore his

name, his age, and his army serial number. There are some others of his American buddies resting near him. We made coffins of white pine and wreaths of pine branches. We had church services in the camp and gave Red a funeral with our little pocket Bibles.

[photo upper left: the church at Porschdorf, Germany; photo right: the back of the church; photo lower left: diagram of burials in churchyard]



From Rob Stal (09/30/08): I just got the following news from Germany: [German letter follows]. In English this means that

a. Plarrami Bad Schandau

Wegscheider 331 - Postfachkonto Dresden 113670

Bad Schandau, den
Schandau-Schweiz

195

- 2 -

zu "Verzeichnis über Gräber v. Bürgern d. vereinten Nationen",
Porschdorf

Lfd. Nr.	Ort des Grabes	Name, Geburtstag, Todestag, Nationalität u.a.
8.	E e 2	Komkow, Wassiliij, 6.3.1911 in Dimidowka, gest. 7.9.1943 im Lager Prossen. Sowjetruss. Soldat, Schuhmacher.
9.	E e 3	Kocenko, Zarachwim, 20.6.1909 in Haraskivka, gest. 10.12.1943 im Lager Prossen nach Schulterschuss links mit Durchschuss der linken Schlüsselbeinschlagader. Ukrainer, Soldat, Bauer. Wohnort: Rostov, Komlitzki Jaloveiska. Stand: verheiratet. Ehefrau: Anna Kocenko.
10.	E d 1	Kirby, 2.1.1925 in Roan - Okeala, gest. 16.2.45 im Kgf. Lager Lillienstein an Adynamia cordis. Amerikaner, Gef. Nr. 319760. Stand: ledig.
11.	E d 1	De Young Peter, geb. ?, gest. 17.2.1945 im Lager Lillienstein an Enterocolitis haemorrhagica und Bronchopneumonie. Amerikaner, Kgf. Nr. 319971, Stand: ledig.
12.	E d 2	De Wald Alpin, 2.9.1924 in Auburn, Washington, gest. 20.2.1945 im Lager Lillienstein an Pneumonia crouposa, Insuff. cordis. Stand: ledig, Amerikaner, Kgf. Nr. 318960.
13.	E d 3	Donaldson, James, 18.4.1924 in Dayton, Ohio, gest. 5.5.1945 im Kgf. Lager Lillienstein an Pneumonia crouposa, Adynamia cordis, Oedema pulm. Amerikaner, Kgf. Nr. 315968, Stand: ledig, Wohnung: Windsor Drive, Dayton, Ohio.
14.	E d 3	Runyan, James, 3.10.1918 in Evansville, Tenn. gest. 6.3.1945 im Kgf.-Lager Lillienstein an Oedema pulmon. Pneumonia crouposa bilateralis. Amerikaner, Kgf. Nr. 320005- Stand verheiratet. Wohnung: Rutz I Evansville, Tenn. U.S.A.
15.	E d 2	Mc. Cann John, 17.5. ? in Portchester N.Y., gest. 16.3.1945 im Kgf. Lager Lillienstein an Adynamia cordis, Enterocolitis, Diarrhoe, Kachexia, Myocarditis. Amerikaner, Kgf. Nr. 319311. Stand: verheiratet. Wohnung: Portchester, Sands Street 25.
16.	E d 3	Masoero, Elmo, 17.7.1926 in Mareto, gest. 22.3.1945 in Porschdorf an Dekompensatio cordis, Vitium cordis. Italiener, Nr. 43625 Baser- Wohnung: Mareto Krs. Asti/Italien.
17.	E d 3	Deghenghi, Michele, 29 Jahre u. 7 Monate alt, gest. 31.3.1945 in Porschdorf an Dekompensatio cordis, Tbc, pulmon. Italiener, Nr. 40196 - Religion: kath. Hilfsarbeiter.

- 3 -

Annemarie asked her daughter to ask around (she is just as Ulf, an amateur historian). She interviewed the old residents of the town. They told her that in the Liliensteincamp the most people came from Italy, England, France and America. Dead soldiers were brought to a cemetery in Porschdorf. From that cemetery after the war all the Americans were brought back to Epinal except for one. They could not find the body of one soldier because he was buried without a cross on his grave. Probably this is not Runyan since Mr. Peeples wrote that they put a white cross on his grave.

From Rob Stal (10/14/08): I just got an email from Annemarie- [translation] In English this means that there is no graveyard in Waltersdorf. Soldiers were buried in Porschdorf near the church. All the Americans who were buried there are taken back to Belgium, France or the US. I'm very sad to say but I think Mr. Runyan is buried at Epinal or Henri-Chapelle in an unknown grave. Do you know if anything happened to his body so they could not identify him? It is very strange that they knew where he was buried that they listed him in Epinal but nobody knows where his grave is. Maybe the IDPF will help us a little bit more. I will email Ulf and Mr. Anderson again if they have more news. I know that only in Henri Chapelle are at least 6 graves. They have a white cross on them and the text: "Here rests an unknown soldier known only to God."

Information received since our December 2008 issue of Rainbow Trail --

From Rob Stal (2/3/09): The newsletter inspired me to start another search on Runyan. In Germany I found 2 German documents. One is a list of people

who were buried in Porschdorf and the other is the leichenbeschaung [death certificate].

From Rob Stal (2/21/09): Last week I received a lot of documents about the German pow camp and about Pvt Runyan including his IDPF. This is what I know at the moment:

I have a drawing with the precise location of his grave in Waltersdorf near the church. On top of his grave was white cross with his name on (as confirmed by Mr. Peeples). The problem was that the man in this grave was buried in a wooden coffin without his dogtags. Identification was impossible. The most important I have found was that the man buried in the grave, under the white cross with Runyan's name, is not missing. This man is buried as X-7602 in Neuville en Codroz (the Ardennes cemetery). I already emailed to that cemetery if they have information on X-7602 but until this moment there was no answer. If it doesn't come I will visit this cemetery. I hope they can show me that grave because I am pretty sure that the man in this grave is Runyan.

(left) From the IDPF file, page one of a letter from Will Runyan, father of James, received by the War Dept on Aug 19, 1947

Letters (below) from Major Richard B. Coombs 15 Sept. 1947 to Will Runyan from Col. James Clearwater 11 December 1951 to Mrs. James (Edith) Runyan

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

AUG 19 1947

WAR DEPARTMENT

To the War Department
Washington 25-D.C.
I'm writing in regard to my
boy body that died while a
prisoner in Germany. I know
if you can to bring him back
here to where. Does the War
Department know where he's
buried. A boy that was with
him & help bury him told me
that he was buried in the
Churchyard - The small German
Farming Village of Waltersdorf
about 50 miles south of Dresden
near the Elbe river.
This boy's name & add is
No 031051
Richard D. Peeples
523 Melrose St. Chicago 13, Ill.

QMGMP 293
Runyan, James H.
SN 34 990 768

15 September, 1947

Mr. Will W. Runyan
Route #1
Evansville, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Runyan:

Your letter pertaining to the remains of your son, the late Private James H. Runyan, has been referred to this office for reply.

With deep regret, I must inform you that, at yet, information pertaining to the burial of the remains of your son has not been received in this office.

Units of the American Graves Registration Service are continuing their intensive search of the area in which he died. An inquiry is being made to obtain their latest information pertaining to the possible recovery and reburial of the remains of your son. Please rest assured that information in response to this inquiry will be communicated to you immediately upon its receipt in this office.

Although fully understanding your natural anxiety, I regret that I cannot assure you that it will be possible to return the remains of your son until a report of burial is received.

Every effort is being made to recover and positively identify all remains of our heroic dead.

Please do not hesitate to call upon us at any time if you believe we can assist you further.

May I extend my sympathy on your great loss.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD B. COMBES
Major, QMC
Memorial Division

QMGMP 293
Runyan, James H.
ASN 34 990 768

11 December 1951

Mrs. Edith L. Runyan
1310 Elm Avenue
South Pittsburg, Tennessee

Dear Mrs. Runyan:

Several years have elapsed since the cessation of hostilities of World War II, which cost the life of your husband, the late Private James H. Runyan.

It is with deep regret that your Government finds it necessary to inform you that further search and investigation have failed to reveal the whereabouts of your husband's remains. Since all efforts to recover and/or identify his remains have failed, it has been necessary to declare that his remains are not recoverable.

Realizing the extent of your great loss, it is regretted that there is no grave at which to pay homage. May the knowledge of your husband's honorable service to his country be a source of sustaining comfort to you.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES R. CLEARNATER
Colonel, QMC
Chief, Memorial Division

OW/bmw

cc: DPRB (mailed direct)



From Rob Stal (04/10/09): Dear Friends, I would like you to read the message below. I think we just got another step closer!

From Mike Fowler, External Relations, Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office (04/09/09):

Mr. Stal, Thank you for sending this office the information that you have researched on the burial of Private Runyan and the possibility that he may be buried as an unknown in the Ardennes cemetery. Our researchers have ordered all deceased personnel files for individuals associated with this case, and we are currently reviewing material associated with this case for possible correlation with unknown remains or an isolated burial. Again, I wish to thank you for providing us with this information and supporting our efforts to account for our fallen servicemen. [photo right of Decorated Gravesite of a World War II "Unknown" from American Battle Monuments Commission (ABMC) booklet sent to us by Rob Stal]

From Rob Stal (07/13/09) JPAC just emailed me that they found Runyans case very interesting and they will place more people on the case.

Ltr from **Herbert W. Otwell, grandson of Emmett D. Otwell, L-Co. 167th Inf. (4th Alabama), 42D**

Division: "Thanks for the *Rainbow Trail* newsletters. I enjoy reading them. The account of James H. Runyan in the most recent newsletter was very touching. We owe so much to our WWII vets. The enemy they faced in Europe was heartless and cruel. Thanks for all you do in keeping us informed."

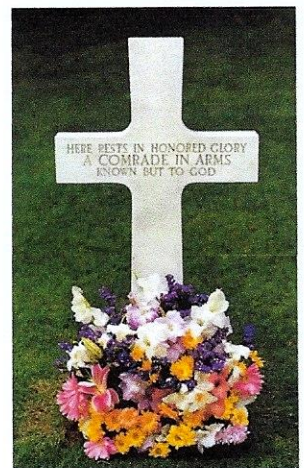


From **Dawn Westhoff, granddaughter of Robert Evans, 232-G**, who was taken prisoner by the Germans on or about 01/05/45 and escaped from **Stalag XIIIIC**. "Here is a picture of my grandfather with the men he escaped with. It says on the back: **Hersbrud, Germany April 19, 1945**

Left to right - R.(Russell B.) Harris, 222-E, Robert Evans (232-G), G. (George) Wickware (222-E), H.(Harry D.) Pratt, 222-E.

I've had time to read through **Hold At All Cost**. At first, my initial reaction was that I didn't really need to read so many accounts, but as I've read through it all, I really would not have been served as well to just read the **Stalag XIIIIC** accounts, because you need all of them to get a good idea of what it was like. It was amazing how some men have stepped back and evaluated what their experiences mean, whereas for some men, their memories are still raw and still strongly affect them. Some have

added historical perspective. Looking at enlisted versus non-com vs. officer experiences was valuable as well.



So, it is good that the information is not available that would allow one to skip to what they were looking for. And while they were only prisoners for a short time compared to the British and French, Poles, etc. all who survived nearly starved to death. How horrifying! Even if it only was for a few months! Though my grandfather was a sergeant, his initial escape made much of his imprisonment very difficult. He spent a bit of time confined in a cage and also in a fenced-in area in the center of the compound. I suspect his second escape came during one of the marches when they were moving prisoners east."

From Bill Johnston, 242-B (12/06/08): "Just a note to show my appreciation for all you do in keeping RAINBOW history alive! Thank you! It was sad to hear that Marvin Posey passed away. He and I were two of ten POW's at an Arbeit Kommando camp working at Kalie Chemie plant in Bitterfeld, Germany in February 1945. And he was instrumental in helping me through procedures to receive POW compensation." **[Marvin Posey's story is told in Hold At All Cost/42D Rainbow Division Prisoners of War**

CLOSING IN ON A **POT O' GOLD** AT THE END OF A **RAINBOW TRAIL**

Introduction to a Search - [Thursday October 28, 1943] *The Rainbow Reveille* Camp Gruber edition, Letter from a proud WWI veteran, a member of the 165th Infantry Regiment in the Rainbow of World War I – and the Financial Secretary of The Father Duffy Chapter, NYC.



"Someday I hope I can get in this war, and will be able to meet the Rainbow. If I am in uniform at that time, well, I think I will be AWOL from where I am supposed to be and stay where I belong - at the foot of the Rainbow where along with the 'pot of gold' you will find Peace, Health and Prosperity.

"If any of your men ever come to New York, just look us up at 68 Lexington Avenue. Come down and you will find the best veterans' club rooms in the country. Ask for me."

[photo above- "165th New York moving forward for first entry into line in the Ourcq Battle" – from Americans All/The Rainbow At War, Reilly, p. 395; (Right) Mural in the NYC Armory, Veterans' Club Room, Father Duffy Chapter, taken by WWI Rainbow son, John Devlin, whose father, Matthew J. Devlin, Sr. served in Co. "L", 3rd Bn., 165th Infantry Regiment]

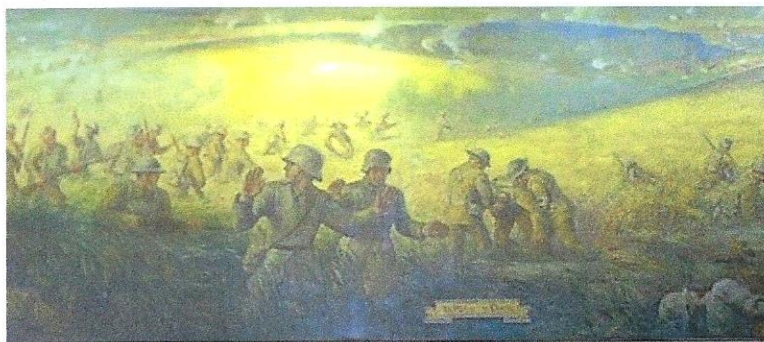
The FIRST CLUE to the TREASURE – From a letter (7/26/08) to Col. James Tierney, Regimental Historian, 69th Regiment, The Fighting Sixty-Ninth from Suellen R. McDaniel: "A number of our Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation (RDVMF) members are sons and daughters and descendants of the men of the "Fighting 69th" who fought so bravely during WWI on the fields of honor. We carry on the tradition of honoring these men and their brothers and sisters of the 42D Rainbow Division from WWI through WWII to the present through memorials and services, archival collections and restorations and do the best we can to answer the many questions concerning their veterans' history, also from Rainbow descendants and family members who contact our web site, <rainbowvets.org>.

During the last year we have researched old issues of the original *Rainbow Reveille* newsletters and have found reference to a research project initiated by a WWI Rainbow Division veteran of the 165th, James "Jim" Mason, of the New York "Father Duffy" Chapter of the original Rainbow Division Veterans Association (RDVA):

January 1956 Rainbow Reveille page 4: "Of keen interest to New York Rainbowers was the recognition given Father Duffy's own Jim Mason in his appearance on the Edward R. Murrow "Yesterday" program, "PERSON TO PERSON": For the benefit of those who missed the program, we quote from a recording of it: [p.5] "...I have just completed a book, listing 9600 names of men who served with the Regiment in World War I, giving their army serial number, company, date of entering hospital, etc. This may supply vital information to a Rainbower who served in the 165th Infantry and has a claim with the Veterans Administration. Anyone who needs such information need only write me at 68 Lexington Ave., New York 10, N.Y., and I will be happy to oblige."

VET ASSURES SELF OF 42ND'S CALIBER - Capt. James T.A. Mason, a member of the 165th Infantry in the Rainbow of World War I wrote the following letter to the REVEILLE:

"I was one of the fortunate veterans who were at the activation in July, and although the reason for my trip was hoping I would be able to horn in on the new outfit, one look and I was satisfied that none of us old timers belonged as we would hold you back. It would be like a truck horse trying to beat a race horse. One look and I was satisfied that the Rainbow would once again be America's best fighting Division and that wherever you go the Rainbow would lift the morale of our allies and put fear in the heart of the enemy.



BATTLE of the OURCQ

And, in a later issue of *Rainbow Reveille*, October 1959 in a eulogy for three men of the Chapter, including Jim Mason: "Jim Mason: Our late Financial Secretary gave of his time and energy over many years in an effort to keep our group together. He left behind him a heritage seldom found in veteran groups, **a unique personal history of each member who served in our Regiment since 1917, including the replacements sent to us on five occasions**, during WWI. Frequently, some of this available data helped to expedite V.A. claims for compensation and hospitalization, which would have ordinarily taken years to process.

Col. Tierney, access to this information would be extremely helpful now to families and descendants of veterans of the 165th. Would you be able to assist in locating and accessing Jim Mason's book of veterans of the "Fighting 69th"? We believe it is likely to be stored in the Armory archives. Would it be possible for authorized visitors with advance appointment to visit the Armory Archives there, as we are able to do as visitors to other archives for military research?"

Reply from Col. Tierney (08/4/08): I have contacted the Commander of the Veterans Corps 69th Regiment and others concerning your search. We have been unable to locate the book. It appears Jim Mason kept the book in his possession at all times. It is not in our archives. I would suggest contacting the 42d Division Veterans Corps. They may have additional information on the book.

James P. Tierney Colonel, U.S. Army, Retired

Regimental Historian

Contact was made with BG John Cope, Historian of the 42D Division Veterans Corps and with his encouragement and assistance, the search continued throughout 2008 and into 2009.

TARGET IN SIGHT! From a letter from Suellen McDaniel to Col. James P. Tierney (06/18/09):

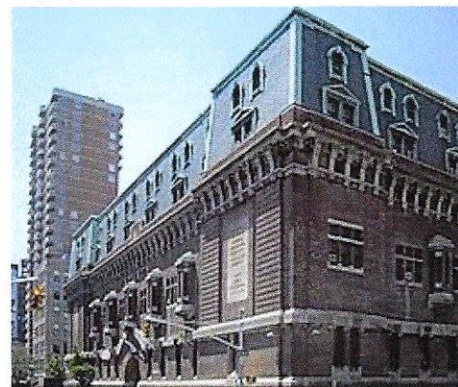
"Dear Col. Tierney, We were delighted to learn from John Serla this week that in your June 2009 Bulletin, reference was made to the discovery of the records of the WWI rosters, records and morning reports (compiled by WWI veteran Jim Mason, of the Father Duffy Chapter) and recently retrieved from the Armory Archives. This is "Jim Mason's book" referenced in our previous correspondence below and for which we have been searching for several years.

We would very much appreciate a copy of Mr. Mason's research for our work through the Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation (RDVMF) as we respond to inquiries from our WWI families and descendants, to preserve and share the history of the 165th Regiment. It will be enormously helpful to us. We will finance any copying and shipping costs for this undertaking. Please let us know how we may accomplish this.

Our sincere congratulations to you and all within your organization who have made this possible and for your dedication in finding this "lost" item of 42D Rainbow Division history.

With our best wishes and thanks, we look forward to your reply."

Editor's Note - Until that time when we may receive this material, the only copy of which we believe is in the archives of the Lexington Armory, contact with Col. Tierney may be made by email at history@sixtyninth.net **For the proud history, past and present, of the Lexington Armory with links to its current active status, please go to http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/69th_Regiment_Armory [photo from Wikipedia.org]**



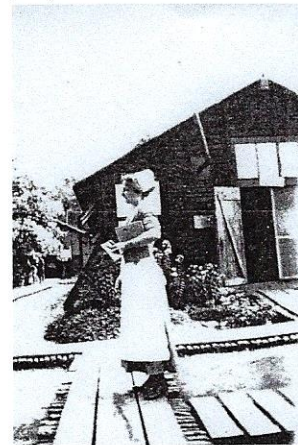
Researching the Diary of a WWI Nurse From correspondence regarding an inquiry received on <rainbowvets.org> (02/13/09): " Looking for information on Field Hospital #168 stationed in



Baccarat, France, during WW1, and the men who went into the line at Luneville, St. Clement, and Baccarat under the command of the 8th French Army, then later to Toul with the first American Army at St. Mihiel. I am the daughter of Minerva Wightman, who was a nurse assigned to Evacuation Hospital #4 in Baccarat when the Rainbow Division was stationed there in 1918. Now I am writing a book based on my mother's diary and letters, and I thought it would be interesting to see if I could find out what

happened to any of the 42nd Division men she mentioned.

[photo right: Minerva Wightman, nurse, Baccarat; photo left: interior of HospitalTrain #64]



Here is the list of WW1 men stationed in Baccarat, France, that I promised.

My Mom wrote: "Sunday, June 9, 1918, "...reached Baccarat about 8:30 A.M. Sergeant met us at Station & took us to M.P. head quarters where we signed attachment to 42nd Division... After supper chief nurse took us about hospital a real camp only seven miles from No Man's Land."

Monday, June 10, "First day in Field Hospital 168 42nd Division." There she meets a **Capt. Campbell**, possibly a surgeon; then later, "three burned cases...explosion in bath house", and inserts a poem titled "The Men of the West", by **George L. Champie, Troop, M.P.** with an asterisk indicating he belongs to 42nd Rainbow Div.

On Thursday she mentions doing an appendectomy with **Cpts. Murback** and **Lt. Snedic**, then another "appendix, 1 hand case & 1 head case with **Cpts. Campbell & Murback**."

On Sunday she mentions someone named "Alabam", a **Capt. Green**, a Miss Caldivill [maybe a head nurse?] and "one of the ward boys **Haughey**..."

Then on Tuesday, June 18, she mentions **Capt. Green** again, a nice **Mr. Holland & Lauth** from O.R. "came over to talk & tell me how sorry we were not going...Do wish we could go with the Rainbow Div."

Thursday she writes, "Division packing up & getting ready to go. Hate to see **Bill Lauth** go, such a nice chummy boy, also his brother, a fine boy." Later, still

in Baccarat, she gets a letter from "funny **Slim** of Rainbow."

On Monday, Sept. 16, she writes about moving to Toul and Evacuation Hospital #14, "met **Major Cochran** of Rainbow..."

Any information you have on these men will be greatly appreciated. I'd especially like to know if they survived the war, returned to the U.S. and took up their lives again.

Ms.Langford was provided with the following information:

-- In the book, Iodine and Gasoline, A History of the 117th Sanitary Train, 1919, under the heading, ROSTER FIELD HOSPITAL 168, there are these listings:

May 22, 1917 -- **LAUTH, WILLIAM C.**, Corp. (O), 1632 Court Place, Denver, Colo.

This soldier is also found in the roster for the 168th Field Hospital Corps (First Field Hospital Corps, Colorado) in the 1917 roster for soldiers of the 42D Rainbow Division at Camp Mills, Long Island, New York as follows:

LAUTH, WILLIAM C., Pvt. 1632 Court Place, Denver, Colorado

SNEDEC, JOSEPH F., Captain: With Field Hospital 168 as First Lieutenant at formation of train. Promoted to Captain March 3, 1919. Home Address: Pueblo, Colo.

GREEN, HERLWYN R., Captain. Assigned to Field Hospital 167, February 3, 1918. Transferred to Field Hospital 168 April 29, 1918. Home Address: 1121 Emerson St., Palo Alto, California

CAMPBELL, ALPHA J., Captain: With Field Hospital 168 at formation of train. Became Commanding Officer of Field Hospital 168, February 20, 1918. Transferred to Headquarters 42nd Division, as assistant to Division Surgeon, October 27, 1918. Later promoted to rank of Major. Home Address: 111 E. 8th St., Denver, Colo.

MURBACH, CLARENCE F., Captain: Assigned to Field Hospital 168 March 13, 1918. Home Address: Archbold, Ohio.

[From **Norma Jane Langford (07/11/09)**: "I tracked down Clarence F. Murbach's obituary in the Archbold [Ohio] Community Library. He graduated from the U. Of Michigan Medical School in 1908, practiced medicine in Portland, Oregon for two years, then returned to Archbold in 1910 to form a partnership with his brother, E.A. Murbach. He was a major in the U.S. Army Medical Corps in WW1. During WW1, he served in France, Germany, the Philippines, and Japan. After the war he practiced medicine in Archbold for 57 years and was chief of surgery 1952-53. In 1968 he was named Archbold's Citizen of the Year."

EXCERPT (p. 90) from report of "**The Battle of Ohlungen Forest**" as presented in the **Story of the 222D Infantry Regiment on CD**, now available for ordering from the Millennium Chapter Secretary:

\$7.00/CD check payable to RDV Millennium Chapter, mailed to Suellen R. McDaniel, 1400 Knolls Drive Newton, NC 28658-9452 [JMAC1400@aol.com; (828) 464-1466]

In Neubourg, in the afternoon of the 25th, Lt. Gordinier received twelve reinforcements from L Company and was ordered to extend his line out to the church on the eastern end of town, so that the men of the 1st Platoon of K company, who had defended these positions, might move down on the refused right flank. His men in the crossroads breathed more easily and set to work on a mermite can of Schnapps. In the early afternoon, Pfc. England, who was milking a cow in the barn behind the beerhall, was startled by burp gun fire from the direction of the Mill. He jumped up, with his rifle, shot the two Jerries who were trying to make their way down the road, and went back to his milking.

[Pfc Charles F. England, Co. L, photo left]

These men were still fighting a bitter battle, but they felt they had won it. A little later an extraordinary thing happened. The K Company men in their Observation Post in the last house on the southern side of the road, next to the church, were sure there were five Germans in the house across the street. There didn't seem to be much fight left in them, they didn't fire, but there they were.





The K Company observers saw Pfc. [Keith C.] DeWyke walk down the road, saw the door of the house open and heard "Kamerad" called out. DeWyke walked up to the door to take his prisoners, but he stepped in too far, and the K Company observers saw him lurch out of sight and heard the door slam behind him. Then they knew something had to be done about the five Jerries. A party of six formed in a skirmish line around the OP. Sgt. William R. Lager and Pfc. Herman J. Bergeth moved across the street and shouted "Komm sie outen hausen." They got no reply, but their call



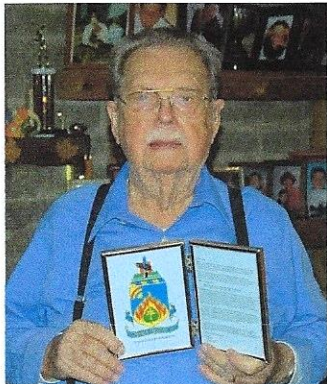
brought one result. Two Jerries, in white suits, ran out the back door of the house and started to run across the clearing back to their lines. Bergeth and Lager fired; one of them dropped, the other faltered, as if undecided whether he should run or come back and give up. He gestured for help for his fallen buddy and threw down his burp gun. When Bergeth and Lager went out to him, and took him over to see that his buddy was dead, he decided finally that they were all done for, and that he would take the Americans to relieve his comrades in the house. Bergeth and Lager called the other four men over from across the street and told them, when the three other Jerries came out, to line them up against the short wall between the house and the barn, and there to search them. They were all set to clear the town of the only five Germans who had sneaked into it. Bergeth [photo left] and Lager [photo right] marched their first captive up to the door, opened it and called "Kommen sie outen." They heard a scuffling and a muttering which swelled to a clamor, and then they had to back away from the door, for pushing the first three Jerries who came out were, it seemed from the voices and the trampling, a houseful more. For what seemed an ever-lengthening five minutes, a jabbering stream of Jerries shoved their way out the door, their hands clasped over their heads, their eyes sheepishly downcast and hollow with fatigue. Somewhere in the stream Bergeth and Lager remember that DeWyke came out, pushing with satisfied vengeance, the Jerries in front of him. The four K Company men on the road had made of them a long column of two's; when Bergeth and Lager went inside, they found seven more who were wounded and had to be helped or carried out. The total bag was 54 Jerries. They were old and young, well-equipped and bedraggled, Volks Grenadiers and Panzers, all of them beaten and not of one mind. Inside the house the K Company men found thirty automatic weapons, burp guns and larger sub-machine guns, and plenty of ammunition.

The REGIMENTAL CRESTS for the 222d, 232D and 242D INFANTRY REGIMENTS, 42d DIVISION

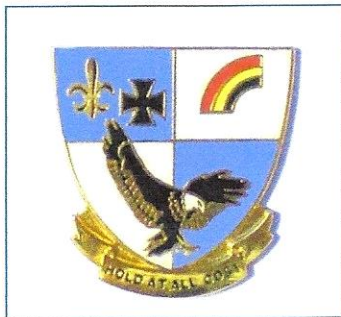
During our research for the Rainbow unit histories project, members of the three Infantry Regiments sent us the Regimental Crests that are now introducing the CDs.



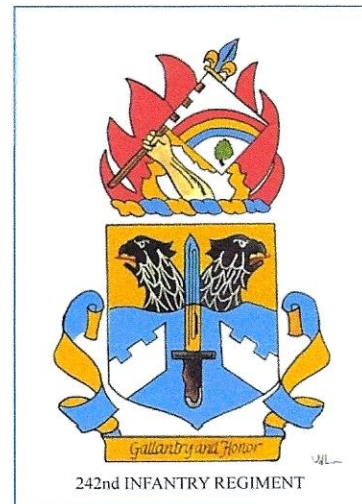
Heraldry, Including the Symbolism: The blue of the shield is for infantry. The combat code name of the regiment, "Furnace", is suggested by the red and yellow tongues of flame.



WWII Rainbow Veteran, Lyle Robertson, 222-F, holding a framed 222nd Infantry Regimental Crest with description of the



232nd Infantry Regiment



Here is the Heraldry description of the coat of arms for the 242nd Infantry Regiment

Shield: Per fess wavy or and azure a bayonet palewise counterchanged blade to chief, issuing from partition line the heads and necks of a double-headed eagle sable, eyed, beaked and tongued gules and in base on a chevron embattled argent a pale of the second. **Crest:** On a wreath of the colors or and azure in front of flames of fire gules a cubit arm bendwise proper grasping a staff of the first bend sinisterwise terminating in a demi-flèche-de-la-lia, the center petal azure, and blazon therefrom a banner argent charged with the shoulder sleeve insignia of the 42nd Infantry Division (the fourth quadrant of a rainbow of three bands, red, yellow and blue), and in sinister base a linden leaf vert. **Motto:** "Gallantry and Honor"

Symbolism: The blue of the shield is for Infantry. The penetration of the Siegfried Line in the Rhineland and the assault crossing of the Danube River at Donaueschingen, Germany is symbolized by the bayonet breaking through the embattled chevron, there suggesting the dragon's teeth obstacles of the Siegfried Line, and the double-headed eagle issuing from the wavy partition line (for the Danube River), adapted from the city arms of Donaueschingen, (or, a double-headed eagle displayed sable)

The crest symbolizes the outstanding action of the regiment in Alsace-Lorraine and in particular the engagement at Hatten, France during the attack of the German 21st and 25th Panzer Grenadier Divisions in January, 1945. The flames signify this hard fighting and the aggressive action of the regiment is shown by the arm holding aloft the banner bearing the insignia of the 42nd Infantry Division. The green linden leaf indicates that the regiment was a part of Task Force Linden during this action. The staff terminates in a demi-flèche-de-la-lia (for France) and the center petal is colored blue in recognition of the award of the Presidential Unit Citation (Army) to the 1st Battalion "for extraordinary gallantry and performance of duty in action against the enemy during the period 9-10 January 1945 at and near Hatten, France"

LINEAGE AND HONORS
Constituted 5 February 1943 as 242nd Infantry Regiment in the Army of the United States, assigned to the 42nd Infantry Division. Activated 14 July 1943 at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. Inactivated 10 June 1946 near Salzburg, Austria. Relieved from assignment to 42nd Infantry Division and from allotment to Army of the United States and reallocated to National Guard, 17 September 1946.

CAMPAIGNS
World War II
Ardenne-Aisne
Rhineland
Central Europe



The mounts in the crest suggest the snow-crested mountains of Bavaria commemorating the Central Europe Campaign. The green is for the Rhineland Campaign. The crossing of the Main River in Germany three times is symbolized by the white and blue wavy bars. Extensive duty with the army of Occupation in Austria is shown by the red and white shield from the shoulder sleeve insignia of the occupation troops. The bayonet is for combat infantry and occupation surveillance and the olive branch symbolizes victory and peace. [photo sent by Lyle Robertson's son, Tim, who created the framed presentation for his father, including another for his friend, Rainbow Veteran Eugene Strain, 242-B, whose photo is inset into the Heraldry description-R]



Air raids were infrequent, but at Niederbetschdorf, France, a plane scored a hit on the command post of the 242nd Infantry. [p. 20, 42nd "Rainbow" Infantry Division History World War II, ed. Lt. Hugh C. Daly]

"WOUNDED IN ACTION!"

[from Letters from Dad, Col. Edwin Rusteberg, (U.S. Army Ret; d. 1990) to his children Suellen McDaniel and Bill Rusteberg. Col. Rusteberg served in H1B-242D Infantry Regiment, 42D Rainbow Division.]

[from the Monthly Reports of Operations 242D Inf. Regt., 42D Division - January 1945]

13 Jan 45. Friendly tanks assaulted Hatten. Airplanes (P-47's) dropped supplies to friendly troops in Hatten. Attack was made to reestablish MLR. 2nd Battalion moved into 3rd Battalion positions as 3rd Battalion prepared to take over original 1st Battalion positions if attack restored MLR. **Regiment Command Post was bombed and strafed by a jet-propelled plane, destroying part of the house. Regimental Infirmary building beside the Command Post was partially smashed and one (1) man killed, one (1) wounded with members of the staff in the CP shaken and cut by the flying glass.** CP closed in **Niederbetschdorf** and opened in Oberbetschdorf at 1530. A large armored battle raged in the vicinity of Hatten with both friendly and enemy tanks destroyed. Confirmed that one company of Paratroops were employed in Hatten by the enemy. In Rittershoffen, enemy tanks with flame throwers successfully counterattacked and held part of the town. The 3rd Battalion repulsed several strong probing patrols.

"On the next page is the telegram which Mom received when I was wounded in France during WWII. My wounds

CLASS OF SERVICE This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.		WESTERN UNION <small>A. H. WILLIAMS PRESIDENT</small>		SYMBOLS DK - Day Letter NL - Night Letter LC - Deferred Cable NLT - Cable Night Letter Rite Radiogram
The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.				
873 27 GOVT WUX WASHINGTON DC MRS MARJORIE B RUSTEBERG 522 25TH ST SM				
REGRET TO INFORM YOU YOUR HUSBAND LIEUTENANT COLONEL EDWIN RUSTEBERG WAS SLIGHTLY WOUNDED IN ACTION THIRTEEN JANUARY IN FRANCE MAIL ADDRESS FOLLOWS DIRECT FROM HOSPITAL WITH DETAILS				
J A ULTO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL				

on this occasion were the result of a strafing and bombing attack by a low flying German Jet against my troops in Alsace, France. As I spotted the plane, diving in my direction at supersonic speed, spewing the area around me with its machinegun bullets and fragmentation bombs, I hit the dirt. As I landed in the prone position, an inch long fragment penetrated my helmet, helmet liner, knit cap and lodged inside my head. Another fragment, the size of my fist, hit me in the back, and as a result, I could not stand or sit without great pain. My uniform was splattered and my hands were dripping red as I felt my wounds, and the blood was running down my neck and back when I was lifted onto a stretcher for evacuation. I was kept prone and still, strapped to the

stretcher, since the extent of my injuries was unknown at the time. Fortunately, as was discovered later at the hospital, the fragment which hit me in the head was slowed down and broken up as it passed thru my helmet and its pieces came to rest in the bones of my skull instead of my brain, which would have been the case if I had not worn my helmet, which often I did not do. The small fragments, dug from my skull, were given to me by the surgeon. Somewhere, I also have the large piece of shrapnel which hit me in the back and which was retrieved for me by a friend nearby. Luckily, this jagged piece of metal hit my body with its flat side, instead of with its sharp edges and pointed ends - like the blow of a hammer instead of a sword, and resulting in bruised spine and broken ribs instead of a serious penetrating wound. As I glanced about the ward as I was healing, and seeing all the terrible mutilation and dying all around me, I felt thankful that someone up there had been watching over me. And as I returned to duty with my Battalion about a week later, I felt fortunate to have been only slightly wounded as the telegram to Mom from the War Dept would say!!

My long, cold and slushy ride in an Army ambulance, from a small village in Alsace, ended at the military hospital in Saverne, France, as the sun was setting behind the snowflakes. As the stretchers from myriads of ambulances, from the front lines, were unloading the wounded into the cavernous halls of the hospital, it was obvious that a large, bloody battle had taken place, and that the hospital had more than it could handle at the

time. As I glanced about me in this sea of endless stretchers, side by side, and end to end, I could see that all, including myself, had been stripped en route of everything but the barest of clothing, since helmets, jackets, coats and combat boots had been removed for initial treatment and a military blanket had replaced them for warmth. A dog tag, hanging around our necks, told who we were. It seemed like an endless period as the stretchers and their patients were moved at snail's pace into the diagnostic and treatment rooms of the overworked handful of military surgeons available at the scene. As my turn came, and after being examined and processed by a French doctor, I was moved into one of the gymnasium-sized wards with hundreds of cots, each with a mattress, spaced with the meagerest of walking space between them. It was a sea of agony, with the moaning and hallucinatory mutterings of troubled minds and bodies. As I glanced around me I could see the bandaged stumps where arms and legs had been, and the mummy-like wrappings of the wounded who had been rescued from the holocaust of their burning tanks. And then I saw HER in the dim light of the evening – the Angel of Mercy – in our ward, tending to the suffering of her men. So alone, she was, it seemed, and so inadequate in this sea of agony and pain. She was a small, thin, young, roundfaced and pugnosed Army nurse, uniformed in rumpled and worn shirt, trousers and combat boots. She was not pretty, but as she made her rounds with her angelic expression, smiling words of encouragement and tender loving care, she became a symbol of all the beauty and radiance of a haloed Miss America, as she moved around among us. As she came to my cot, she said:

"Are you able to write?" and as I nodded, she said: "Here is a V-Mail letter and pencil – write your family a note about yourself – it should reach them before the War Dept telegram arrives and will spare them the jolt and traumatic experience of opening the official message, sure to follow." Moving to the patient on the cot to my right, with his bandaged eyes and right arm stump, she offered him some tender words of encouragement and asked:

"Would you like to send a note home and tell them about yourself? If you will provide me with the address and tell me what you want to say, I'll write it for you."

"Dear Mary," the patient began, "Don't worry about me when you get the Army telegram. Been hurt a bit, especially my right arm, so my nurse is writing this, as you can see. I'm OK tho, so tell our little boy, so much older now than when I saw him last, that his Dad will be home soon and the three of us will start a new life together. Please call Mom and Dad. Love, Jack."

As I watched the kind, competent and understanding Angel of Mercy of our ward make her rounds that evening, I thought to myself: "She's like Florence Nightingale, the famous British nurse in the Crimean War, at the Russian front!!" I shall never forget her – "The Nightingale of Saverne!!"

Lt. Col. Edwin Rusteberg, Division HQ, on furlough in London, England in August 1945. (photo taken by Major James McCahey, Senior Aide to MG Harry J. Collins, contributed by Mrs. Jim (MaryLou) McCahey.)



LETTERS From **Ted McKechnie, HQ 42D Div (Col. U.S. Army, Ret.):** "Congratulations on the latest Rainbow Trail. Great job! Note: I was with your Dad the night we entertained Grace Moore at the General's quarters in Salzburg – remember it well. I was assigned to take her the next day on a motor-boat trip around one of the out-lying lakes. We were all saddened by her death a few weeks later. Fun to see my painting of Schweinfurt on the death of President Roosevelt."

From **Larry O. Ashburn, WWII nephew, Paul B. Chidester, Btry B, 542nd F.A.:**

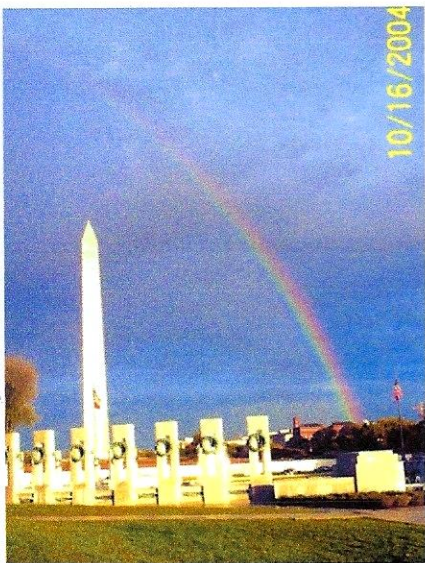
"Enclosed please find a copy of a photo taken by my daughter. Thought it might be interesting to Rainbowners." [photo of National WWII Memorial, Washington D.C.]



From **Glenn Wieburg, 232-H** (who requested a CD of the 232D Infantry Regiment unit history recently available on CD): "Thank you so much for your time and efforts. My family and I shall have many moments of enjoyment while reading of the valued memories set forth in the history. Many remembered places and buddies!! **[from 232D CD]:** The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to GLENN E. WIEBURG, 36 766 043, Staff Sergeant, Infantry, Company H, 232nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 19 April 1945, near Nurnberg, Germany. Noticing two enemy officers trying to infiltrate our lines, Sergeant Wieburg killed one and captured the other single handed. He then alerted his heavy machine gun section and succeeded in capturing a large number of the enemy attempting to infiltrate our defenses. By his alertness and courage, Sergeant Wieburg averted a strong enemy thrust to penetrate our lines. Entered military service from Pekin, Illinois."

From **Tillman "Buck" Wheat, 222-M (07/15/09):** Thanks very much for the 222D CD. It brought back a lot of memories after these 64 years. I skimmed it the first time, read it in detail the second time and read portions of it the third and several other times. You did a very good job in accumulating, in such detail, and depicting the history of our regiment. My younger son has the CD now and is going to download it on his computer. He was really excited when he viewed it on my computer (after he downloaded it for me). I was weapons platoon leader in "L" Company during this phase of the war.

Rainbow Trail July 2009 Page 10



On page 166 of your CD, it indicates that we existed entirely on K rations during our battle to capture the Hardt Mountains sector. I thought I remembered that before our attack started we were each issued three big chocolate candy bars and that each bar was to be our ration for one day. I was surprised that one bar satisfied my appetite all day. We got word that they thought the Germans would not use chemical warfare on us at this stage of the war. We then started discarding our gas masks. The gas mask seemed to get between you and the ground everytime you were fired on and hit the ground. I was introduced to Germany's anti-personnel mine called "The Bouncing Betty" on about 3/16/1945. When a trip wire is tripped by someone, the inner cylinder of the mine rises 3 or 4 feet into the air and explodes shooting deadly metal fragments and small steel balls for about 200 yards in all directions. I don't know whether my messenger or I tripped the wire (the wire is so small that you can't see it unless you know exactly where it is). The force from the explosion knocked my messenger and me forward to the ground thus keeping us from being hit. One of my sergeants was about 25 yards behind us and was hit in the right arm between his elbow and shoulder. This resulted in a bad wound and he was still having a lot of trouble with it when I heard from him about two months later. Thanks again, Buck Wheat **[from the 222D CD]** The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to TILLMAN L. WHEAT, JR., O 550 369, First Lieutenant (then Second Lieutenant), Infantry, Company M, 222nd Infantry Regiment, for heroic achievement in action on 24-25 January 1945, near Neubourg, France. When his company and Battalion Command Post communications were shattered by enemy mortar and artillery fire, Lieutenant Wheat volunteered to contact the front lines to secure valuable information needed by his battalion. Moving over an area studded with Schu mines and anti-personnel mines, he made four trips to and from the forward positions under intense German mortar, small arms and machine gun fire. His courageous and unflinching devotion to duty were directly responsible for the re-establishment of vital communications between his Battalion and Company Command Posts that resulted in repulsing a strong German attack. Entered military service from Eastland, Texas.

From Cliff Hayes, H3B-222 (07/15/09): On the 12th of March the Top kick passed me, then called to me, told me to look at him and then ordered me to go tell the Medics I had Yellow Jaundice. I did and they finally sent me back – to the 23rd General Hospital in Vittel, France. I was on my way back to the unit when the Krauts surrendered. I was in a repo depot in Munich about that time and could look over and see the smoke at Dachau where they were still cremating the dead prisoners left by the Germans. We were told that at Regiment they were fed three (hot) field rations per day and that the Companies were given "K" and or "C" rations for three meals per day. At Battalion we were given two hot meals per day and the explanation that the S-4 was building a stock pile of food (don't know why) with what was supposed to be issued to us for our third meal per day. Cliff

From Patricia Naumann, daughter of Quentin Naumann, 222-H: "I haven't been able to read it through and through, but it catches me just the same. It is so easy to read and plug in the citations to make it all come real and to a very real person. It honors and teaches. It preserves history."

THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to QUENTIN F. NAUMANN, O 555 590, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, Company H, 222d Infantry Regiment, from 19 February 1945 to 26 February 1945, inclusive, in the Hardt Mountains, France. Despite the heavily wooded and rugged nature of the terrain, Lt. Naumann so coordinated the fire of chemical and 81mm mortars of his section that our patrols were enabled to carry out their missions in enemy territory with maximum effectiveness. The high casualty rate among the enemy forces and comparatively light number of our own casualties are largely attributed to the accuracy of the mortar section commanded by Lt. Naumann. His technical skill and ability and his devotion to duty are worthy of the highest praise. Entered military service from Houston, Texas. [photo contributed by the family of Quentin F. Naumann]



From Max Oilar, Btry B, 392D F.A. (05/19/09): "I am now flying the Rainbow flag, Beaver Flag made it for me exactly like the one shown on the membership card. Looks great." **[From the 222D CD]** The SILVER STAR is awarded to MAX L. OILAR, 35 893 744, Technician Fifth Grade, Field Artillery, 392nd Field Artillery Battalion, for gallantry in action on 16 March 1945 at Gehrundt, France. Corporal Oilar was serving as a member of a forward observer section with Company G, 222nd Infantry, on 16 March 1945 at Gehrundt, France. As he was advancing with the infantry they came under heavy enemy mortar, automatic weapons and 88 mm. fire which forced them to seek cover in foxholes. Observing a wounded infantryman lying in an exposed position Corporal Oilar and another member of his section left the shelter of their foxholes and in the face of intense enemy small arms and artillery fire went out to the injured man and brought him back to safety. His courageous act was responsible for saving the wounded man's life. Entered military service from Brookston, Indiana.



A RAINBOW REUNION MEMORY From Don Carner, 232-C (06/12/09): "I have attached a picture of myself and a little friend (Bosco) that Mickey and I use to take to the reunions. Maybe you have seen him?? Ellie Davis, wife of Martin Davis (Captain of M Company 222nd Inf. Reg.) named him for me at one of the reunions. This was taken in '84, but he had been coming with us way before that. Will have to check my Rainbow reunions Photo book to see what the first year was he attended. Another Rainbower (Bill Clayton) who lived just south of San Francisco brought another pretty monkey (girlfriend for Bosco) and we used to have fun with them. The first and second reunions I took him to, I thought I was going to get kicked out of the hotels. The first one, I was told that monkeys were not allowed in the hotel, but they had a good laugh. The second one, someone followed me around for a few minutes then realized he was a not real live monkey. I had a small hand recorder that I put a few jokes on and I would let him speak. I remember one: "Let's you and me skip this jig and have some fun". It was a little awkward to hold it up inside and turning it on and off. The ladies like him."



From Dee R. Eberhart, I-242 (01/24/09): Thank you for sending Joe Dorsey's Haguenau citation which I have in front of me exactly 64 years after it all began, when troops of the 10th SS Panzer Division began their attack (by firing at me after I had closed the shutters of our platoon C.P.) late January 24. The battle continued through the next day. Joe was in the platoon C.P. along with the Platoon Sgt., Platoon Guide, Platoon Leader who had been shot through the chest, Aid Man, some Anti-Tank people, and a few others. After Ted Simonson nearly bought the farm when his frozen BAR wouldn't fire, he and Pop Lawson and a couple of other survivors of his 1st squad made their way inside the C.P. Ted told me later that a German machine gunner was spraying the upper story windows when Joe coolly put a bullet right through his helmet. More or less at the same time Pop Lawson in Ted's squad said to Ted, "I'll make their sheets pop" and he did since the Germans were wearing white camouflage coats which looked like sheets. During that time, I was in a hole by myself (since they had run out of foxhole buddy replacements for me) near the Moder River.

There were two other widely spaced positions occupied by 4 other men from my (Joe's) 2nd squad. Jack Parry came to me and said that we were surrounded, but river fog settled in and snuffed out visibility so we slipped through enemy lines and joined our 3rd squad. Then Jack and I worked our way to a cross roads ditch to give flanking covering fire for our people still in the C.P. Suddenly there emerged the anti-tank truck with wounded Lt. Poggi on board as well as the anti-tank crew, commanded (I found out later) by Lt. Bill "Dub" Pritchett from Texas. At the same time the 3rd platoon Hq men, Ted, Joe and the others, made a run for it across a long field and tumbled into houses behind Jack and me. Instantly the field, across which they had just been running, was deluged by a massive artillery barrage which turned the white snow into a black waste land. After that settled down, Jack and I sprinted across the road and into the closest house. There was Joe trying to reassure the Hausfrau. He apparently was preparing to put a rifle butt through the window glass when she began her cries of anguish. Whereupon, he carefully unhinged the glass window and carefully set it aside. What a gentleman! The irony, if that's the right word, is that by the time we, the 101st, and the 36th Divisions left, her house was demolished or damaged beyond repair, and a new house stands where her house with window once intact formerly stood. It is another wartime anniversary; we have had dense fog, and now it is snowing as at Haguenau late January '45. That was the end of Nordwind, and survivors of the 10th SS Panzer Division were shipped east to battle the Russians."



The BRONZE STAR MEDAL is awarded to JOSEPH L. DORSEY, 36 825 856, Staff Sergeant, Infantry, Company I, 242d Infantry, for heroic achievement in action on 25 January 1945 near Haguenau, France. While his company was battling enemy troops which had infiltrated through

its positions on the right flank, Sergeant Dorsey was ordered to report to his command post and direct the support platoon in repulsing the enemy. When the enemy encircled his squad and assaulted the command post, Sergeant Dorsey exposed himself at a window to fire at a hostile machine gun which was firing directly at the window. His rapid and accurate fire eliminated the gun crew and several riflemen supporting the weapon, repulsing the attack and permitting the reorganization of his platoon and the evacuation of his wounded platoon leader. Entered military service from Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

[poem "January" by Dee R. Eberhart from his book, "ILLUSIONS – World War II Poems, The Saurus Press, 2004, 74 pages; reprinted with permission]

JANUARY

January, the coldest month,
in the Ardennes and in Alsace.
We from the North
well knew cold,
feet aching and numb
but hearthside warmth always waiting.

During our war's coldest time,
without heat, without fire,
not even tiny smokeless fires,
immobilized by cold and
those sharp eyed hidden watchers;
they called for fire which brought no warmth,
just showering shrapnel, up or down.

Only the few knew the fear,
the despair and endless cold,
driving deep into the soul.
Cold and ice claiming the wounded
and those whose feet had long since died.
Infantry now blown away
by furious blasts of that
sweeping, driving Northwind.

Survivors forever silent
about that hidden, lurking thing,
hoarded, guarded and held close,
as if it were a precious pain.
Never tell; never share
that which cannot be explained,
of those distant faint and shrouded figures,
coming again across the snowscape;
chill in the blood; ice in the heart;
a peaceful exit never promised,
from January's lasting frozen hell.