

Quinn Company



399th Inf.

Cannon Company



399th Inf.



DEDICATION

„Herb“ Turner is still with us and it will always be so. We who have lived and played with him know that regardless of what paths our lives may choose to take, „Herb“ will be one of us. He will come along, and his cheery smile and ready joke will once again make us grin. He gave us much, and asked nothing in return.

To you, „Herb“, we humbly dedicate this little book. Somewhere you will read these lines, — — — — — and perhaps smile at them.



PREFACE

It is hoped that this little book will one day bring back fond memories of former buddies. When we have all gone our separate ways, there will be times when we will yearn for the pleasant company of a fellow soldier. Here, we have made the truest friends of our lives. We must never let our-selves forget the guy who shared his package with us, or the one who lent us „five“ until pay day, or the guy who we put to bed one night. As you turn the pages of this book, you will see the guy who slept next to you, your best buddy, the griper, the chow-hound, and the guy who used to talk of home with a wistful look on his face. Let us always remember these men buddies, every one.



Capt. Wm. H. Good

99 – 31 Winchester Blvd., Queens' Village,
L. I., New York

He came from a rifle company to assume command of this organization. From the first day in that musty day room at Ft. Jackson, until the present time, he has shown us leadership and devotion to duty at its best. „Willy“ has made this company one of the best, and we all know that here we have found a good company commanded by a good guy.



1 st Lt. Arthur C. Johnson

**R. F. D. I,
Bradenton, Florida**

A man of ideas and a stern stickler for detail, combined with a warm feeling for his men. He grew on us, and we admired and respected him. Affectionally called „The Coat“ during the winter at Enchenburg. He not only did a splendid job as executive officer of this company, but found time to play ball with us and played the game with a spirit that was felt by all. We wish him well in all that he ever attempts.



1 st Lt. Eric Grunke

592 S. 18th St.,

Belmar, N. J.

Good old Eric has really been around his
military career includes time also spent in the Navy,
with a lot of foreign service. He is a soft-spoken,
popular Officer we wish him well.



2nd Lt. Otto Stroebel

353 Webster Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

He is another one of our members who earned a battle field commission. He was one of the original members of the company, and most of us remember him as a staff sgt. you went up like a rocket, „Otto“.



2nd Lt. Alfred Echardt

129 Brower Ave.,
Rockville Ct., N. Y.

Before he earned a battlefield commission, he was our Top Kick, and as such, did an excellent job. He would talk to the „C. Q.“ until the wee hours, about the war, books, and many other interesting subjects. By application of his clear thinking, and hard work, he earned himself a commission „Good luck“, Lt.



2nd Lt. William F. Youngson

99 Sherwood Ave.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

A member of the original company who, through hard work and a sense of responsibility, earned a „battle field commission.“ As an enlisted man he was popular and well liked; as an officer the sentiment still remains.

Among our-selves he is known as „Bill“.

1st Lt. Robert Lynch

Peekskill, N Y.

A popular officer who came to us, went away, came to us once more, and left us to go to „C“ company.

He carried on the good work that he showed us.

2nd Lt. Richard Bederski

East Orange, N. J.

While an „F. O.“ Lt. Bederski was severely wounded, and had to leave us. He was always well liked, and did his job in a quiet, skillful manner. He came to us from „C“ company. One of our most popular members.

2nd Lt. Robert B. Stark

1860 Morris Ave.,

Bronx, N. Y.

„Bob“ came to us as an original member of the company, and through his effort and hard work, earned himself a commission. „Bob“ left us to take up his new duties, and while going to the aid of one of his men, lost one of his legs by a mine. „Bob“ is one of the best liked men whom we know, and we wish him all the luck and success that he deserves.



1 st Sgt. Martin Winitsky

4901 Gransback St.,

Phila, PA.

Our top-kick plays first base like a locomotive running wild. He is one of the original members of the company and established himself here as solidly as the rock of „Gibraltar“. He likes swing music and anchovies.

Unlike some top-kicks, he has a sense of humor.



T/Sgt. Alfred A. Zanelli

130 - 69 St.,

Brooklyn, New York

A tree grows there and so did Zanelli. He has a high forehead denoting intelligence combined with the tendency of his hair to move to greener pastures. He also looks good in a bath-tub. This lad came to us and promptly showed an amazing ability to shout „to de winds march!“ and thereby causing shins to be scraped, and close order drill made merry. He proved himself a good non-com and a valuable member of this company. „To the winds“ Zanelli is truly an amazing man, as we all well know.



T / Sgt. James Fogarty Jr.

617 Robbins Ave,
Niles, Ohio

Here comes the man with the booming voice
we know him as „Task Force 58“, and as the „Voice“.
This boy is Irish, and has the inherited loves of the
people. When Fogarty yelled back at the gun positions
at Enchenburg, the people at Lambach wondered at
the sound. He came to us at Ft. Bragg, and from then
on this company became familiar and friendly with
the man with the dynamic vocal-chords.



T/Sgt. Anthony De Rosa

106 King St.,
Nutley, N. J.

He is not with us any longer, but we all liked the little guy. He had good words for all, and his sense of humor was something nice to see. When he would tell, with gesture, some of his stories, the men who listened would grin and enjoy themselves. We wish him the best of luck always.



1 st. Lt. Joe, P. Hammond

77 College Circle,
Stillwater, Okla.

Joe has not been with us very long, but it seems that in the short time that he has been with us, he has earned the respect and admiration of every man in this company he has worked very efficiently as an officer, and at the same time has found time to help the men of this company in all the little things that go to make for morale and good spirit these are not only the opinions of the writer, but of all members of this company We wish him well always.

T/Sgt. Leon Richter

5931 Andrew Pl.,
Sussex Hilton, Va.

This is another one of the men who is once again a civilian. He reminds me of Clubb. He also can tell you of „steamy jungles“, and I think that he was bitten by the same bug that bit Clubb two of a kind and both „Mr.“



S/Sgt. John C. Peeler, Jr.

Rt. 1,

Burlington, N. C.

He is called „Flap“, why, I don't know. John is the man who tells us, „No, you can't have a new pair of shoes.“ He does it with a cute smile that is part of a skillful brand of psychology you can't fool us, „Rebel.“ John is quite a ball-player, and fields the ball with an easy grace and effort. We like him, even if he is the Supply Sgt.



S/Sgt. Bert M. Bortz

198 Buffalo Ave.,

Bklyn, N. Y.

He is our motor Sgt. and tells us where a jeep may go and where it may not. He handled all of our motor problems with the ease and skill that was necessary to overcome the many problems that came up concerning trucks and transportation. One outstanding feature about him is his skill at the table. This guy goes back for seconds before most men even sit down

well, he is a big man.



S/Sgt. James Stroop

83 Kenneth St.,
St. Paul, Minn.

These next few lines are devoted to our Mess Sgt.
He is the man who is responsible for our meals. He commands the best „Hash patty makers“, we've ever seen. One of his most prized possessions is an engraved can-opener. Mess Sgt. Stroop is in reality a guy who runs our kitchen with tact and skill, even if he doesn't always pass out an extra slice of bread. One good thing though he lets us have all the hot peppers that we want.



S/Sgt. Charles Schielein

114-36-145 St., S. Ozone Park
L. I., N. Y.

„Hot-Rock“ is a pretty quiet guy as non-coms go, and he likes comfort combined with a cigar. This man plays a first base that is somewhat like watching Camilli do the same thing with a hot baseball, but Hot-Rock does pretty well easily the outstanding first baseman in our league As a baseball player Charlie is a damned good platoon Sgt. He is also one of the original members of the outfit. A guy well liked that's „Hot-Rock.“



Sgt. Manuel Alvarez

559 Howard Ave.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

EDITORS' NOTE: So help me, I didn't write this. „And no group is complete without a mad artist . . . and ours is complete! This is „Doctor Alvarez“, a great contributor to our unceasing and ever surprising entertainment. When things begin to lag, there always appears a painting of an eveball in a cocktail glass, or a girl with a cadaverous blue-white complexion. We shall all be pleased, whether lovers of Picasso or not, when the „mad doctor's“ daubs hang with Rembrandt's, as they surely will.“ (commentary by W. Johnson)



Sgt. Anthony J. D'Angona

110 Village St.,
Hartford, Conn.

To write a good profile about him would take many reams of paper. He is easily our most colorful member, and every day is one of wonderment and amazement at this ex-boxer. Since the first day that he came to this company, he has had us smiling at his cute little ways and that's good. He likes red hot pepper on all of his food, and likes to give part of his chow to little kids; they call him „Toneeeee“. An odd fellow, but a good guy to have around especially on dark and dreary days.



Sgt. Thomas B. Bartlett

2868 D. St.,
Eureka, Calif.

He is another one of our quiet men, and just doesn't seem to get excited. Tom is one of our better pitchers and is one of those popular men who makes a minimum of fuss about things.



Sgt. Robert E. Howe

1011 Wallegan St.,
Lansing, Mich.

„The man with the slide rule“ computed the data for our guns, and could be heard muttering elevations and deflections in his sleep. Quite a man with the slip stick, and very handy to have around when a problem of „math“ stumps us. He now helps the „Top Kick“ with some of the mysterious things that happen in the „Inner Sanctum.“



Sgt. (Mr.) Roy D. Clubb

Box 59 - 4,

Hawthorne, Nev.

This man is already wearing civilian clothes. Roy would smoke a pipe, and with a far away look in his eyes, would tell us of the steaming jungles, and the mosquitoes that walked like men He would tell us of his many narrow malaria escapades. Roy was one of those creatures who makes careers out of things like the army. After thinking over some of those stories

I don't know.



Sgt. Aurther R. Constantine

784 S. 7th. St.,
San Jose, Calif.

He is in charge of the wire crew, and can tell you all about different waves of electricity, and the component parts that go to make up a radio He likes to string up wires, and make sounds come through them quite a man „electricity on the brain.“

Sgt. George T. Garvey Jr.

1768 E. 32nd St.,

Bykln, N. Y.

George, during combat days, was in charge of our wire teams, and did a swell job keeping our communications in working order. George was seriously wounded, and is now home. His wit and cheer will always be remembered. All of us can think back to the time that he sent Zanelli a package nicely wrapped containing a dirty set of „long-johns“, and wooden chocolate bars. Lots of luck George We miss you.



T/4 Harold A. Kiefer

135 Harrison Ave.,
Franklin Sq., L. I., N. Y.

During combat he kept our cannons in good shape and kept them in a condition to fire and function properly. Another one of the happy guys, he now tells us what jeep to take where, and does an excellant job in the Motor Pool. Very handy to have around when jeeps and trucks go on the blink.



T/4 Tony A. Techiera

114 Lincoln St.,
Stoughton, Mass.

Tony is one of the men who keeps our jeeps and trucks in running order he likes to apply poetry, preferably Browning, to the moods of his ever-loving soul I think that he knows what I mean. He is also quite ticklish, and I'm sure you know what I mean. A true artist of the monkey wrench, with all the ingrown fire and temperament. He says, „Forever Amber“ isn't what it's cracked up to be.



T/4 Thomas R. Conway Jr.

4407 Greene St.,

Phila, P. A.

During combat, Tom was one of the gun mechanics, but we best know him as the guy who buys all the good stuff that we drink at the bar. When Tom came to Germany, he cased the joint, and found out where all the „morale building stuff“ was located. We don't say that Tom goes out and gets us the best beer in Germany but, by God, it's good and cold.



T/4 Noah H. Harrison

Box (p. o.) 435,
Kingston, N. C.

This is one of our boys from the deep South. He is one of our crew of mechanics, and is most happy when something breaks. When we went through the „Lincoln Tunnel“ on our way to you know where, he looked up with a mystified expression, and someone swears that he uttered . . . „Lawd!“ . . . He quickly adapted himself to the pitfalls of the big city, and did not buy any bridges, for the price was too high. A good man to have around.



T/4 Frank S. Kolibabek

22 Pier St.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Frank is another one of our temperamental cooks, and has been on the job since the early days of our company. The kitchen without him would not be the same, and without him, Stroop would have a tougher job on his hands.



Cpl. Murray Span

2704 Wallace Ave.,

Bronx, N. Y.

This little man is our company clerk. These people are very important to have around, as they are the ones who make your service record keep itself up to date, and they are also good for different types of rumors. Murray has been with the company since its beginning, and all the while, he has done a swell job in all the different phases that go to make up his work.



Cpl. Louis C. Barbato

243 E. 114th. St.,

N. Y., N. Y.

He was one of our ace gunners and had a smile and a joke for all. Lou is home now, due to injuries recieved. We wish you the best always.



Cpl. James M. Holden

37 Red Spring Rd.,
Andover, Mass.

This guy likes to lift up tops to stoves and look inside also reads sentimental books, when he reads. He has a swell pair of „choppers“ with his name and serial number on them His familiar greeting of „Was ist los, you ?“ is heard daily. He is one of our ace gunners, and responsible for the early aging of at least three non-coms that I know of. Quite a man.



Cpl. Sidney Kampf

768 Hendrix St.,

Bklyn., N. Y.

He was another one of our ace gunners during our combat days. He likes to walk around singing songs, and if there is a radio playing, you can be sure that he will be next to it, singing along. One of the original members of the company.



Cpl. Daniel M. Krajcik

241 Soundview Ave.,
Stratford, Conn.

This quiet guy is another one of the scholars of the company, and goes through each day with a quiet cheerful manner. During combat he helped determine the data for our firing, and also was one of our radio operators a good man at these, and many other things.



Cpl. Robert A. Doherty

Conant Ave.,
Dudley, Mass.

One of our better gunners during combat, he now plays second base with all the enthusiasm and zeal of a chow hound attacking a plate of seconds. His rather grave yell can be heard for miles, and on the base paths, Bob runs into the bag on three bounces.

A good man to have for a gunner.



Cpl. Louis N. Ethier

37 Vernon St.,
Warren, R. I.

Ah, me our instrument man we called
him, „King of the aiming circle“ and who can
deny it? Another one of the lucky guys who is now
called, „Mr.“



Cpl. John A. Gagan

Grassy point,
N. Y.

Here comes the „little Cpl.“ If you ever go to grassy point, you can't help but find him. You see, there are only three houses, and he won't be at any of them . . . he will be at „Finnertys' Bar.“ One of my ambitions to fulfil some day is to see John at „Finnertys“, and get a glimpse of the characters who have become famous to us. He has a keen wit, and some of his smart remarks are gems of „grassypoint humor“.

He is a little guy with hair that looks like fur.



Cpl. James Scott

3111 Montana Ave.,

Billings, Mont.

I think that he is a cow-boy. Anyway, if he isn't, we think of him as one. He is not too noisy, and on the other hand, is not the too silent type. A popular new member.



T/5 Frank J. Wolozen

1222 Reynolds St.,
Scranton, P. A.

This is the man who cuts our hair (?) „F. J.“ has pink, rosy, cheeks and looks like a barber who made good which he has done. I think he is going to buy a house with his savings. He likes to do an impromptu polka now and then. He is also quite important in the supply room, and is one guy who is strictly on the ball Don't tell anyone, but I think that he likes the army.



T/5 Henry F. Ludlow

26 4th. Ave.,
Long Branch, N. J.

Henry was a member of the wire crew and could be seen in many places doing credit to that important part of our organization. He looked quite colorful with that big pistol of his and belt full of slugs. Before this he worked in the supply room, and is once more doing the same job. Henry has seen quite a bit of this little fight we are glad that once more we can see his little mustache in the supply room.



T/5 Eleston R. Jordan

430 E. 9th. St.,
Anderson, Ind.

We called him „dog hair“ while he was with us. He also drove one of our big „jobs“. He is home now, and no doubt looks good in civilian clothes don't we all!



T/5 Raymond Krakower

513 Jerome St.,

Bykln., N. Y.

Here comes the man with the nose he also is our mail man, and the Cannon company version of „Cyrano De Bergerac“, he is the only man I know who can play Chopin on the piano with his nose. He is lovingly called „Beak“ and if he stands in the setting sun, he looks like a pointer minus a tail, of course. He is a damn' good mail man.



T/5 Ralph Brigandi

197 Prospect St.,
Bklyn., N. Y.

He isn't with us any more, but we all remember the little medic with the big cigar. „Doc“ was older than most of us, but no matter how tough things got, he was right there with his little kit, and the hunchback salute When things got dull, he was capable of doing a soft shoe routine, and he would liven things up, with plenty of humor. We hope the „Doc“ takes it easy from now on.



T/5 Joseph Grunwald

940 Tiffany St.,
Bronx, N. Y.

Joe is our „mad Baker“ he bakes delicious pies and cakes, and treats his work like the true art that it is. Joe is modest and unassuming, but gives out with terrific pastry. We are glad he is with us.



T/5 Charles J. Francoviglia

347 E. 76 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Give this man a truck and you make him happy. He likes to drive very close to things, and succeeds in making any trip taken with him very interesting indeed. He is also quite a man on the dance floor, and is „hep“ all the way He would look good in a zoot-suit, going mad to some orchestra that dished out the hot-stuff. We call him the „Jve King“ and who among us can deny that it is so?



T/5 E. P. Bartomioli

160 Wade St.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Pete is known as the „mean man“ and with good reason. I think that beneath this gruff exterior is a heart of gold, though he will be the first to deny it. He can be made most happy by giving him a truck that is stuck in the mud, and a tree to fasten a winch to this little man is not afraid to get his hands dirty, and is a handy one to have around.



T/5 Gerard Cottone

916 E. 98 St.,
Bklyn., N. Y.

He is a new member of our company, and is a „medic“ He hasn't been with us very long, but already he is showing the same attitude and skill of all our medics.



T/5 William J. Mac Kay
Jersey City, N. Y.

This boy drives a truck like a P-47, and to ride with him gives most men a creepy feeling, as if they were close to death. He enjoys the whole thing, and as yet, he and his truck are still in one piece. He likes to read, and is happy-go-lucky guy.



P. F. C. Elio Amici

Box 496,

Kimball, W. Ya.

He comes from the hill country, and walks with a cute shuffle. When excited, he comes out with a string of Italian words tinged with the unmistakable accent of a „Ridge-Runner.“ We have all elected him to the most exalted place that we know. We fondly call him „Miss Fourth Battalion“. He drives a jeeb, in a manner that is quite novel mostly side-ways. If you ever need a job in a mine, and you may, call on Elio. He knows all about coal and what makes it burn.



P. F. C. Thomas J. Armentano

2119 - 24 th Ave.,

Astoria, L. I.

Tommy drives a great big truck, and is a wee little man. How he does it, I don't know a little guy with a pleasant smile.



P. F. C. Charles R. Bannon

9 Cole St.,

E. Providence, R. I.

This is the man to whom we take our watches when something goes wrong with them. If you walk into his room, the place looks like a watch factory that has been hit by a buzz bomb parts all over the place and plenty of watches. It seems that this guy always wants to know what time it is I recommend that he buy himself a good Mickey Mouse watch.



P. F. C. Roger K. Banks

901 N. & St.,
Wash., Iowa

He is known as „Beach-Head“ and is a baby-faced little guy. Also another one of the quiet variety. He says „all-right“ in a slow drawl that is familiar to the members of this company. „Beach-Head“ is well liked, and was quickly made one of the boys.



P. F. C. William Bartley

RD. 2,

New Castle, P.A.

We call him Bill or Bart, and like to see him on the ball-field. A quiet-spoken guy who has a sense of humor. During combat he was a radio operator and toted it for quite a while. He can tell you all there is to know about different types of cows, and all the things that go to make up a good farm

I think that farming is a secret love of his.



P. F. C. Richard Bateman

1846 S. 12 East St.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

„Stretch" is the tallest member of our company, or most other companies. During combat, a hole that he dug looked somewhat like an elevator shaft. We also call him Sam, and he likes to hear fair words spoken of his pride and joy Utah. Sam likes to read good books and argue on any subject that may come up. He wants to become a teacher.



P. F. C. John A. Brown
P. O. Box 582,
Rd. Hill rd., Greenwich, Conn.

He was one of our drivers, until he was sent home
due to injuries recieved. We won't forget you, „Brownie“

. lots of luck.



P. F. C. Patrick V. Buckley

303 E. 72 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Most people call him „Buck“, and only a few people can call him „Patrick.“ He has been with us since the early days of the company, and is very proud of his little youngster. He doesn't go in much for baseball, but makes up for it with other activities. A good guy.



P. F. C. John I. Burns

33 Oak St.,
Portland, Me.

This guy has many talents. He once assisted our company clerk, and also drives one of our big trucks. I think he is a little on the scholarly side, although he may deny this. He doesn't say much, or maybe it's because I never listened to him. He drives that truck with an ease that comes with skill. A valuable member of the outfit.



P. F. C. Edmond Burzycki

235 W. Thomas St.,
Norwich, Conn.

Give him a radio and he goes mad. Ed likes to take them apart, and put them together again, then take them apart once more, and put them together again, and if you don't say anything to him, he will repeat the process all the while talking of the technical things that go to make up a good radio show the least bit of interest, and he will take it apart again. During combat, he kept our radios in working order.

A quiet guy, and a hard worker.



P. F. C. John S. Carp

200 Shelton St.,
Hartford, Conn.

This man drives a truck, but to look at him, you would think that he drove a horse. He likes cow-boy music, and even walks like a cow-boy. He is also another one of those guys who drives our vehicles as though he were going someplace in a hurry.



P. F. C. Salvatore Cerreta

314 Sickless Ave.,
New Rochelle, N. Y.

This man is an easy-going guy who likes a practical joke. He also enjoys good music, and his favorite composer is Strauss. One of these guys who goes along living each day in a quiet manner, but still doing the job.



P. F. C. John R. Clancy

4718 - 44 St.,

Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

He has red hair, and on the ball field swings like Ted Williams and hits the ball to the pitcher. Care-free and easy going, he was dubbed „Lincoln“ while we were at Enchenburg, the place with all the snow on the ground. He is another one of the guys who keeps humor and wit floating around this company.



P. F. C. Philip Chesler

884 Pavonia Ave.,

Jersey City, N. J.

He is another one of our jeep drivers, and he drives one like he is going somewhere in a hurry

Lt. Johnson once called him „Barney Oldfield“. He does drive like him, but more in the manner of someone being taken for a ride by a jeep that just doesn't seem to give a damn. He is one of the pillars that supports our crew of jeep drivers.



P. F. C. Attilio J. Ciarrocchi

4926 Thompson St.,
Phila, P. A.

Joe is a guy who likes to swing at a high pitch when he plays ball, and also literally jumps up and down with excitement during a game. He has a romantic soul, and to watch his face when he reads a letter is to watch a moving and powerful study in emotion. Joe is a pretty good cook, and also likes to roam around taking pictures. He is another one of our radio operators. Joe is a big boy, and likes spaghetti.



P. F. C. Norman H. Conlin

10 Harrison Ave.,
Rochester, N. H.

He is one of the new members of the company, and seems to be a quiet sort of chap. He is becoming one of the boys with speed and ease.



P. F. C. Richard W. Conolly

500 E. Walnut Lane,
Germantown, Pa.

Dick was as Irish as a shamrock, and a darn good guy. He collected himself a lot of points, and is now home His Army career had its ups and downs, and he took them all in his easy-going stride.



P. F. C. Henry Cook

1943 S. Aisworth,
Tac., Wash.

We call him „Heinie“, and he proved himself a very useful guy when it came to talking the native lingo, and getting us suitable houses to stay in. He now drives a jeep, and is one of our „safer“ drivers.



P. F. C. Wayne Cornelius

592 - 50 St.,
Sacramento, Calif.

Wayne has a lot of points, and is a fine example of a good family-loving man. He plays first base, and likes to smoke cigars. This guy is popular with all of us, and has a sense of humor supported by a keen wit. When Wayne begins to gripe, look out it's something really fine to see, although it doesn't occur too often. A quiet guy who takes things in an easy stride, and doesn't let many things upset him.



P. F. C. Rocco A. Corletto

5 - 4th. St.,
Yorkville, N. Y.

We call him Rocky, and he is a mighty little man. He likes to box and seems to have quite a flair for it. During combat he saw quite a bit of bitter fighting as a radio operator. A well-liked little guy.



P. F. C. Alfred J. Cormier

43 King St. Moncton,
New Brunswick, Ca.

Here is a guy who comes from Canada came across the border one day and was drafted. How it all happened is a lengthy story, and I don't think it's quite clear even to himself. You see, all of this happened rather suddenly, and little „Frenchy“ found himself with a rifle and a pair of G. I. shoes. A soft-spoken guy, with a trace of that accent, and sometimes a little bewildered at the mysterious workings of draft boards.



P. F. C. Edward J. Church

320 Palmetto St.,
Bklyn., N. Y.

He is a member of our staff of cooks, and once was a fine gunner. He slings the hash around with a confident manner, and yet knows our dismay at getting it. A kind soul, and a good man to have in any kitchen.



P. F. C. Richard J. Dein

418 Windsor Ave.,
Brightwaters, N. Y.

He wears glasses and runs around with gusto. This boy is another one of the guys with terrific vocal chords, his softest whisper is a study in sound quite a guy, and quite a voice. He is also one of our more witty members.



P. F. C. Joseph C. Elliff, Jr.

45 Greenbay Rd.,
Winnetka, Ill.

A very studious guy, who likes to burn the midnight oil over weighty books. Some people fondly call him „Elf“ and he is another one of the guys who lives each day in the serene and easy manner that most of us envy. One of our quieter guys he gets a lot of goodies from home.



P. F. C. Gilbert Fauth

Box 373,

Glasgom, Montana

Hm, he must be at home on a cayuse twirling a rope, but here, he has entrenched himself in our kitchen and is another one of our temperamental artists of the skillet. I think he is stationed on the first pot, reading from right to left there he can be seen daily putting the goodies on our plate, and with a firm voice, „no seconds, see Stroop“.



P. F. C. William M. Gleason

18 Dustin St.,
Worcester, Mass.

„Ye Guys“ Gleason, is quite an interesting chap. To look at him, you would never think that he likes to jump out of windows with the glass still on!! Ordinarily he is a quiet guy who does his job with skill, but he has his very interesting sides. An extremely popular fellow.



P. F. C. Raymond B. Greenleaf

7 Wilson St.,

Anson, Me.

Here he comes Ray is best known for his gestures when he tells a story, and for a number of other things with which we are all familiar. He and Buckley work together, eat together, and are seen as a pair wherever they go. He can chop wood like a seasoned veteran, and he probably is. Ask him to yodel and sing for you. He is quite good.



P. F. C. Dwight R. Haglund

32 - 01 E. 24 St.,
Minn, Minn.

This boy is tall, blonde, and quiet. All that he does is done in a quiet manner, but with the skill of a guy who knows what he is doing. He likes fine music, and things of a fine literary nature. Though ever so quiet, we know that he is around, and are glad of it.



P. F. C. Clifford L. Hayner

14 Irving St.,
Albany, N. Y.

This boy is one of those who looks good in a goatee, and also would make dinner clothes look quite at home. He likes good rings on his fingers, and all the fine things that go with careful living. One of our suave guys.



P. F. C. Maurice E. Hoffmann

745 Junior Terrace,
Chicago, Ill.

He is an addict of the camera game, and does quite well at it. He likes good books, and things of a scholarly nature. He can talk to you about a variety of subjects with ease want to know anything about a camera, see Hoffmann.



P. F. C. George A. Hubert

1025 Gates Ave.,

Bklyn., N. Y.

He is best known for a cheerful outlook on things, and a ready smile. George goes sailing along without a care in the world or so it seems. Another one of our witty guys.



P. F. C. George F. Hughston
Fairforest, S. C.

Another of our members from the deep South. George is very studious, and looks somewhat like a college professor should look like. He does a good job of teaching poetry in our I. and E. program. This scholarly gent has his lighter sides as we all know. Well liked by all and with good reason.



P. F. C. Henry E. Ingram

40 Newark St.,
Clarkdale, Ga.

This is one of our guys who has been in the army a long time, and also for a long time, hasn't been paid. There is quite a story connected to that, but requires a bit of coaxing to get it from him. He was a member of our wire crew, and is also famous for some classic gripes.



P. F. C. John T. Ingrassia

603 Eckley St.,

Peoria, Ill.

He once worked in the kitchen, but now that those duties are done, John has taken his new job in his stride a smart gent, and he shows it one of his prized possessions is a little dog that has been adopted by us all.



P. F. C. George A. Johnson

714 W. Grand St.,

Eliz., N. J.

We call him the aiming stake, and we also wonder how it was possible for this guy to lug that heavy radio around with the ease that he did. He is the only man who can curl up and go to sleep when an S-P gun is firing direct fire at his general vicinity I think that it is due to a lack of red corpuscles, the lack of which seems to be made up with ice-cold lemon juice. Quite a guy, also quite thin.



P. F. C. William A. Johnson

119 S. Bois D'Arc,

Tyler, Texas.

Yeah man, here he comes, the man with the mighty words! He has to go into low gear to talk with the ordinary mortals that we are. He is a fine specimen („genus Homo“) of that part of the human race that delights in polysyllabic verbal exertion see what I mean? He likes good music, goes mad with a camera, and likes to read books. Did you ever hear about Johnson's ammunition escapade? He wants to become a lawyer, and likes to mess around with things like swords and horses.



P. F. C. Samuel T. Jones

48 Sherman Ave.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Here is another man who delights in tearing radios apart, another one of that worthy crew who lugged a radio on his back during some tough and trying times of combat. Sam did this with all the matter-of-fact calmness that is his, and did a fine job. We like him for his good nature and for all the rest that goes to make up Big Sam.



P. F. C. Edmund J. Kaczmaryn

803 14 St.,
Chicago, Ill.

He is one of our new members of the company, and we haven't seen too much of him due to an accident to his foot. He is back with us now, and once more in circulation.



P. F. C. Eugene K. Kizerian

1112 Elgin Ave.,
Salt LK. City, Utah.

He is one of our new members who contributes to our store of talent by playing a trumpet. A cheerful guy who makes a conversation flow along smoothly.



PVT. William M. Kropa

RFD. I,
Springville, P A.

This boy is pretty good with the boxing gloves, and during combat could be seen with the machine gun looking for Kraut planes. When he leaves the army, he plans to make a career of farming.



P. F. C. Ernest A. Larsen

235 Danforth Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

He is known as „beanie“ and this is due tho the fact that, when most of us took our woolen caps off, „beanie“ still kept his on. He drives one of our big jobs, and likes to tease the „mean man“. He rarely becomes angry, and each day is a cheerful one for him.



P. F. C. Alvin A. Lewek

1644 S. 15th. St.

Mil. Wis.

A quiet guy that liked to sing. His familiar "I
Hear you five, five, will always be with us. — We
wish you well.



P. F. C. John J. Lorinightus

Brunswick Gds., 1. Oak St.,

Old Bridge, N. J.

We call him „Porky“, and this little man is another member of our kitchen crew. He is most famous for making spam patties, or any dish that has Spam in it. A busy little bee, and pretty good at cooking
spam?



P. F. C. Robert T. McPherson

3543 Argyle St.,
Chicago, Ill.

He is another one of our newer members, also with not too many points. Mac plays ball with all the enthusiasm and fire that he can put into it. He also does the same in the other sports that he plays. He is interested in track.



P. F. C. Joseph F. Meyer

3434 42 St.,

Long Island City, N. Y.

We call him „Smily“, and with good reason. He is a camera addict, and during combat, used to toss the ammo around with all the abandon and skill that we needed when things had to happen in a hurry.

Joe is one of our hardest workers.



P. F. C. Alvin J. Miller

214 E. 15 St.,
Covington, Ky.

Here comes our man with the mighty muscles. He delights in tossing huge weights around, and every day he can be seen flexing his muscles. He is cheerful in all that he does our attempts to build ourselves up by his methods lead only to sick call.



P. F. C. John Mioni

201 Hall St.,
Rockford, Ill.

He is a big boy all the way around. During combat he was one of our drivers. He was sent to Nancy, to work at making ice-cream, and most of us have eaten it on the house, when we went there. We were all amazed to see him when he came back to us He looked like Man Mountain Dean in O. D. He is one of our lucky ones who is leaving us with a lot of points.



Cpl. Randolph M. Minix Jr.

568 Greenwich Ave.,
Paulsboro, N. J.

There is no need to say why we call him „bucket“ he was our so-called G2 and was very good at finding rabbit tracks on arial photos. He has a sort of dry humor about him, and is a wicked „bench jockey“ during the ball games. On his first day as a radio operator, he was greeted by a pièce of shrapnel. Nothing seems to bother him very much, and we are glad of his definitely different attitude on things.



P. F. C. Lowell E. Myers

800 W. Bristol St.,
Elkhart, Ind.

Myers is a good man at getting things going, and is responsible for most of our I & E work. A busy guy who still finds time to read books and study on the side. Do you want to get educated? see Myers.



P. F. C. Clinton L. Munroe

3214 Franor St.,
Alton, Ill.

He is one of our newer members with not too many points, but he doesn't let it bother him too much. I think he is trying to grow a mustache sometimes I see it and other times, I don't. A gay and popular guy.



P. F. C. Robert B. Munson

1227 W. 30 St.,
Bklyn., N. Y.

He is one of our newer members, and in the short time that he has been here, he has become one of the gang as such we wish him well in all that he does.



P. F. C. Edward L. Parry

228 Palmer Ave.,

Syracuse, N. Y.

We call him „little boy“, and he has a cute way of not being able to say words like „adhesive tape.“ One of our better ball players, and with a clipping to prove it. He is also known as „Franklin 22“ due to his present job on the switchboard. He saw some fierce fighting as a radio operator, and was wounded at the same time as Lt. Bederski.



P. F. C. John D. Peacock

485 W. 135 St.,

New York, N. Y.

A very silent guy who lets nothing disturb him. When he is on the mound, no amount of jockeying can ruffle the smooth Peacock feathers. He agrees with most of the guys, and his calmness is like oil on rough waters.



P. F. C. George Perla

123 Winthrop Ave.,
Moorestown, N. J.

We call him „G. I.“ and also „Midnight“ He is one of the mainstays of the 1st. platoon ball team, and plays with a fierce love of the game. George likes to read „Little Abner“ and we can't blame him. We all would like to see „Daisy Mae“ hooked up with her hero. „Midnight“ is always seen with Willy Pumilia, and they form a likable combination.



P. F. C. William J. Pumilia

456 Moore St.,
Norristown, P A.

Willy is „hep to the jive“, and he likes nothing better than jumping to a hot band He plays ball with the same attitude, and is known to be a darn good gunner. He isn't just cheerful, instead, he is more like a glass of „giggle water“ on the loose. A good man to make a dull day bright.



P. F. C. Emil H. Ravet

R 1, Box 208,
Poulsbo, Wash.

He is known as „Pappy“ and here is a driver! Pappy drives that truck as if he were out on a Sunday drive. but he gets there sooner or later, mostly later. Another one of the quiet guys, he likes to smoke cigars.

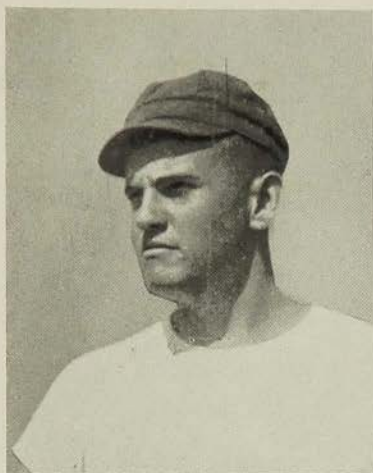


P. F. C. Robert D. Rehburg

Rd. 3,

Coraopolis, Penn.

He has fiery red hair, and is also one of our new men. He is a little guy who moves quickly, and all he does is a study in speed.



P. F. C. Joseph A. Reynolds

31 Bellew Ave.,
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

We call him „Bunny“, and we like to see him make like a rabbit. Joe is another one of our radio operators, and he can tell you something about close calls. He is also a camera addict, and likes to hear good music he likes to cook and make fudge that never hardens. No one can make Joe angry.



P. F. C. Louis Rose

76 Munn Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

He drives a little more in the manner that we are used to, but like all our drivers, has his moments of inspiration. He is also one of our original members, and is well-liked by all.



P. F. C. Emmet C. Rice

1417 S. J. St.,
Ft. Smith, Ark.

We call him „Arky“, and due to his high points, will no doubt beat us home. A very polite guy, and popular with all of us. We wish him well.



P. F. C. William J. Risinger
Paxton, Indiana

He has been known to wear two wrist watches on one wrist, and three on the other at the same time, wearing four rings. He looks at times like Diamond Jim and at other times like a general, when he wears his over size battle stars.



P. F. C. Edward S. Robinson

124 Lincoln Ave.,
Pittsburgh, P. A.

He is called „jitterbug“, and with good reason. He will bob and weave around the dance floor like something out of this world. He also plays the drums. This boy is another one of our newer members who has come into the company and really become one of the boys.



T/5 Nicholas Russo

204 Oxford Rd.,
Webster, Mass.

This is one of the new „medics“ who has come to us of late. It seems that all of our medics carry on in the same fine manner that they always have and he is no exception.



P. F. C. William T. Seigle

223 S. Mount St.,

Baltimore, Md.

„Pop“ has been with us a long time, and is one of our drivers. This guy is also quiet, but in a definite military manner a good soldier, and a good guy.



Richard W. Sinko

2477 Kendall Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

We call him „junior“, and he looks it. He has a so-called baby face, and is one of those men who is happy most of the time. He is another one of our jeep drivers, and like all of our drivers, drives in quite a novel manner He is also still in one piece, and we are glad of it. A good ball player.



P. F. C. Mitchell Seidler

922 42 St.,
Bklyn., N. Y.

He is another one of our new men, and his point total is a little on the wee side. He was also a pre-med student until interrupted by the „come hither“ of the draft board.



P. F. C. Ishmael J. Sherer

14 Wash. St.,

St. Genevieve, Mo.

He has a little mustache, and bats from the port side.

„Ish“ is a quiet guy who does a minimum of griping

. soft-spoken and cheery with all.



P. F. C. Nicholas Sinopoli

52 Bayliss St.,
N. Arlington, N. J.

Nick likes to cook, and at times can be found helping out in the kitchen. During combat he was a gunner and no. 1 man ask him sometime about the private driving lessons that he took back at Ft. Bragg.

There is quite a story connected to it.

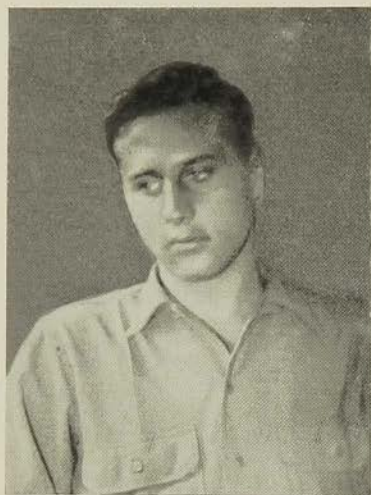


P. F. C. John D. Stevenson

389 Fallis Rd.,
Columbus, Ohio

Here is another one of our men of the books. He likes to read weighty volumes and talk like a wise man, which no doubt he is. He can quote the latin phrases, and others that come with good reading.

A good guy.



P. F. C. Milton L. Strauss

232 Talmadge St.,
New Brunswick, N. J.

Another one of that new group who came to us with
a point total near the bottom mark. He is learning
the ropes fast.



P. F. C. (MR.) Edgar Stillman

6 Sutton Sq.,

N. Y., N. Y.

Here comes the „Old Desert Fox“. Edgar enlisted in the „Field Service,“ and was with the British armies in Africa; it was good to hear him tell about Cairo, Alexandria. And the war in that corner of the world. He always carried a book with him, and read it all the time a scholarly gent.



P. F. C. Bernard Swedowsky

879 Elsmere Pl.,

Bronx, N. Y.

Ah, me, they call this new guy „fleet foot“, and with good reason not because he is so fast, but rather because he ambles along in a nice slow manner He walks from the knees up.



P. F. C. Michael Sullivan

16 Olmstead St.,
Jamaiva Pln., Mass.

Here is our dear little medic. He has a nose that gets a little on the red side when he gets excited, and likes to fix people who are hurt. Mike was with us a very short time, when he showed the skill that we know he has. Back at Enchenburg, a Jerry rocket went over our position, and severely wounded a member of the artillery group behind us Mike rushed in and did an on-the-spot amputation while medical officers watched. Since then we all know his skill, and value his judgement.



P. F. C. Morris W. Tirrell

East Windsor, Mass.

We call him neeeeDLE and he drives one of our trucks. This little man has been with the company a long time, and in all that period, he has been a good egg, and a good guy to sit down with and have a glass of beer. He has done a good job always, and I think that he enjoys being called, „needle.“



P. F. C. Ernest E. Trolie

8512 87 St.,

Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

He is the only man in the company who comes close to being as tall as Sam Bateman but not quite. He is another one of our new members with the scarcity of points.



P. F. C. Thomas C. Wilcox

839 So. Roosevelt St.,
Green Bay, Wis.

Tom, good old Tom a friend of finlaw who
is a remarkable man at chow. We had a lot of fun,
and hope that you go your merry way unhampered.



P. F. C. Joseph F. Williams Jr.

121 Main St.,

Butte, Montana

Joe comes from the land of the Cayuse, and though we may be wrong, when he talks of home, we think of Joe on a horse. Joe spent quite a long time in the hospital, and would always come back to us for more punishment. He is now part of the „Peeler“ organization, and is doing a good job. I think that at times he tries to grow a mustache, but to no avail.



P. F. C. William Williams

850 E. 219 St.,

Bronx, N. Y.

This is „Brainbox“, so called because he was the guilty guy who built the bread box inside of the hut and couldn't get it out when it was all finished. He was on the wire crew during combat, and now plays bass drum in the band. Quite a man.



P. F. C. Stanley G. Yaney

Rt. 2,

Rockford, Ohio

Good old „no-go“ the man with the saucer blue eyes. When he gets excited, those big blue eyes become huge eight balls in a baby face „no-go“ is a cheerful lad, and with a smile that grins all over. A swell guy, popular with all.



L. Stryards

91 Berkelsche Laan
Rotterdam N., Holland



N. Zandee

61 Violenstr.
Goes, Holland

Leo and Nick

These two boys come from the Netherlands, and have proved very useful with the local problems involving fancy talk in german and french. We are glad they were with us They did a swell job.

P. F. C. Frank Tranchina

c/o Imperial, 1637 E. 92 St.,

Bklyn., N. Y.

He plays the fiddle, and loves good musik. Frank was
one of our drivers until he left us for the 36th division

. . . . a quiet, soft-spoken lad.

P. F. C. Raymond H. Willy

629 Franklin St.,

Salena, Ill.

Ray is one of the lucky guys who has just left us because of his high point total. He is a cheerful, fun-loving guy, with a quiet manner. During combat, Willy was at home on either of the sights on our guns. We all like him, and all of us hope that where ever he goes, he will find success and happiness.

P. F. C. (Mr.) Lee Ormand

729 Madison Ave.,

Morgantown, W.Va.

„Old Army“ had ribbons all over his bosom, and hash marks and stars that's why he is a civilian. We used to call him „Queen Mary“ because at one time, his job was as a gunner on one of its protective weapons He always remembered that bit of paradise wistfully, when we were knee deep in snow, and when we were belly deep in mud lots of luck, „Queen Mary“.

P. F. C. Joe P. Barnish

635 Boonton Ave.,

Boonton, N. J.

He is a member of the wire crew, and goes up poles and down again with the amazing agility of one who has done it all his life. He is a hard working little boy, but don't you ever dare call him „tarnish“ instead of Barnish. This is the other half of the team that built a bread-box in the hut at Bragg, only to find, on its completion, that it was too large to take out.

P. F. C. Frank DeAngelis

786 E 152,

Bklyn., N. Y.

Frank is another member of long standing who has left us. He drove a jeep, and for a while worked in the kitchen. A sniper took a shot at him one time, when he was driving for Lt. Lynch The jeep came racing back with the top down, and Frank was amazed that people should want to take a shot at him I heartily agree. We also wish this guy success in all that he does.

P. F. C. Gustav Dusterhoff

502 S. Hastings,
Hastings, Nebr.

A quiet guy who speaks the „Dutch“ lingo. You would
never know that he is around that's why
I don't know what to write.

P. F. C. Jesse J. Finlaw

377 E. Broadway,
Salem, N. J.

This book wouldn't be complete without „good old
Jeff“ He is a real character it can all
be summed up with a little poem that he used to
recite: „Holy Smokes, cried the preacher,

As in the rain he lost his hair.

For my head resembles heaven,

And there is no parting there.“

See what I mean???????

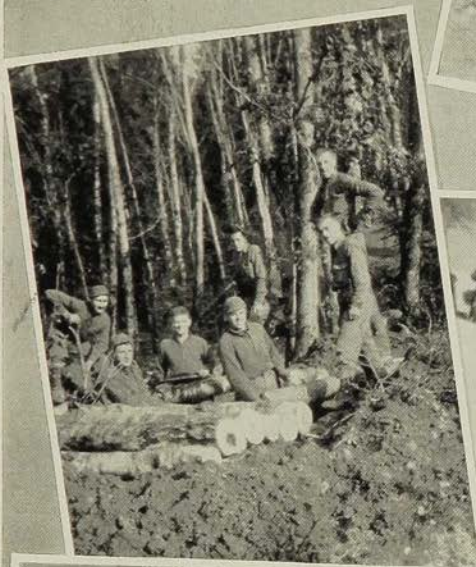
P. F. C. Martin S. Kay

221 Chester Ave.,
Moorestown, N. J.

„Juice,” would wistfully tell us of the new fireman's suit he had, and of the new engine back at the fire house. He made life merry with his cute little sayings.

This is the end of our little venture into the realm of memory. All our remarks were made in the spirit of good fun. We hope that they are taken as such; we have talked of many men, but let us also remember boys like Curran, Norman, Burns, and Herb Ash. They were all an important part of our company, and helped guide its steps when it was young, and not so wordly wise. All of the men who are no longer with us contributed the certain something that goes to make a good organization. We would like to leave you thinking that our company is something more than a military machine. Let us try to think of it as a „family

in „O. D.“

















ADDRESS CORRECTIONS AND CHANGES

- Pfc. Roger K. Banks – 901 N. 5th St. Washington, Iowa
- Pfc. Edmond Burzycki – 235 Thames St., Norwich, Conn.
- Pfc. John Brown – Box 585 Round Hill Rd.,
Greenwich, Conn.
- T/4 Thomas Conway – 4427 Green St.,
Philadelphia (44), Penn.
- Pfc. Henry Cook – 1943 S. Amsworth St., Tacoma,
Washington
- Pfc. Gilbert Fauth – Box 373 Glasgow, Montana
- Capt. William H. Good – 9139 Winchester Blvd., Queens
Village Long Island, New York
- Sgt. Robert E. Howe – 1011 W. Allegan Ave.,
Lansing, Mich.
- Lt. Arthur C. Johnson – Box 189 U Sarasota,
Florida, RFD 1
- Pfc. John. Mioni – 822 Blake St., Rockford, Ill.
- Pfc. Robert Munson – 1227 W. 30th St., Erie, Penn.
- T/Sgt. Leon Richter – 5931 Andrew Place, Sussex
Hilton., New Port News, Virginia
- S/Sgt. James Stroop – 883 Kenneth St., St. Paul,
Minnesota
- Pfc. Mitchell Seidler – 762 Willoughby St., Brooklyn,
New York
- Pfc. Michael Sullivan – 16 Olmstead St., Jamaica
Plains, Mass.
- Pfc. Ray Willy – 629 Franklin St. Galena, Ill.

