

Madcap Memories

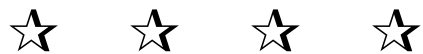
the history of

BATTERY “D”

134

AAA

GN. BN.



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ARRANGED FROM BATTERY MORNING REPORTS BY
RICHARD D. FLORA

PREFACE

We who have been fortunate enough to be the officers of this battery extend our heartfelt thanks for your loyalty, spirit, and cooperation and extend to you all our sincere good wishes. May you have a long, successful, and happy life. We hope that your stay in Battery D will provide you with some pleasant and entertaining memories and considerable pride in a job well done.

LAWRENCE J. FOLEY

DONALD R. KUMMER

JOHN C. LENAUS

ROBERT A. YOUNG

Madcap Memories

That time waits for no one is a proven fact, but there is nothing to stop us from turning back the worn pages of our “Petty Girl” calendar to see what the score was at this time last year. The date, June 10, 1944; the place, Camp Livingston, Louisiana. The 134th AAA Gun Bn observed its first anniversary as an organized outfit with all the batteries participating in a parade. Good conduct medals were awarded to some of the fellows who had a clean record for a year. The sharp stepping “D” battery fellows won the blue ribbon pennant for their superior marching in a parade. After the parade the battalion went to a special showing of a movie at the camp theater. The athletic program scheduled for the afternoon was cancelled because of the intense heat, so the refreshments were served and most of the fellows went swimming or found some shade to rest in the remainder of the day. Several wives were visiting their husbands and joined us for chow that evening.

After organizational day was over, we spent the next two weeks finishing packing and doing the million and one little things that had to be done before shipping overseas. When the night of June 23rd rolled around and everyone was sleeping on the floor because we had turned our beds in, we knew that this was “it”. We were up before daylight the next morning and after getting our personal baggage loaded, we entrained from Camp Livingston – destination unknown but rumors were having a field day. As the train crept thru the midwestern and eastern states, several fellows got a last glimpse at their home towns.

We arrived in Camp Miles Standish, Massachusetts June 26. As soon as we detrained, a loud speaker started barking orders and soon we were lugging our duffle bags thru the darkness for what seemed to be miles.

Our stay in Camp Miles Standish was limited to six days which was spent taking shots, seeing training films, and hearing lectures. Finally on July 2, we got on the train and headed for Boston. Kougeas was dashing thru the aisles looking for Tremont Street and betting 100 to 1 that we would never leave the States. Everyone was hoping that this was just a dry run. We ate box lunches on the train and got our first glimpse of the harbor as the train pulled up to the pier. After we got off the train and were lined up on the pier, American Red Cross girls came around with donuts and orange juice, but no one was hungry. Finally we trudged up the gangplank while a band was playing and soon we were settled down in a dark compartment of the former Luxry liner U.S.S. Brazil.

July 3rd we sailed from Boston harbor and got our last look at the good old U.S.A. We were hardly out of the harbor before we started getting instructions on how to use Mae West jackets and the procedure of life boat drill. This just took a few minutes each day and left plenty of time for the flourishing crap games.

Everyone felt alright the first day out. We didn't do much celebrating July 4th, but everyone thought they might see some real fire works. Some of the boys didn't find that turkey we had for supper very appetizing. As we got farther out on the high seas, the stakes in the crap games kept getting higher. Several acts were whipped up by the talented fellows on board, and recorded programs were broadcast throughout the ship to keep us entertained.

When July 12th rolled around and we had been at sea for nine days, everyone gave up hope of our voyage being a dry run and we docked in Gourock, Scotland. The harbor, with white hospital ships, gray aircraft carriers, and many other types of boats in camouflage battle paint anchored in the deep blue water and set off by the rolling green hills made a sight very beautiful to behold. Occasionally a sea plane would circle overhead and land in the harbor, adding to the activity and beauty of the scene.

Impatiently we waited to go ashore but we had to stay on board that night and the launches picked us up the next day, July 13, 1944, to take us ashore. The first strange thing we noticed, even before we got off the boat was how short the

nights were here. It didn't get dark until after midnight, which seemed incredible to some of the more romantic Joes.

Everyone was tense with excitement at stepping ashore on foreign soil after the long boat ride. We got off the launches and right on to a waiting train. The trains seemed small and quaint after riding on streamlined jobs in the states. As soon as we were settled in the train, Scottish Red Cross girls invaded us serving coffee and donuts and humming Pistol Packing Mamma!

July 14th we arrived in Camp Blackshaw Moor, near Leek, in Staffs county. It was raining when we got there, but that didn't dampen our spirits because we had our first mail call since we sailed.

Not wasting any time, Havranek and Branco took some of the fellows the next day, July 15, to get our trucks and pick up our 90's. A few days later, on the 24th, Kaser took a detail to Kimpton to pick up the radar equipment. The next week everyone was kept busy cleaning the cosmoline off the equipment and getting it ready for combat.

On August 1st we left Camp Blackshaw Moor to convoy to our new position. On this convoy we had our first big encounter with the famous England fog. Many of the fellows were giving first aid to their broken hearts after finding the girls from Leek so very friendly, and everyone was trying to run Frankie Sinatra out of business by singing the No. 1 song on the Yank Hit Parade, "Roll Me Over in the Clover". It was this day, too, that we experienced our first reality of what war was actually like when we drove thru London with air raid sirens screaming and enemy planes overhead.

We arrived at our new position, which was later to become known as Shrapnel Heights, at Hythe, in Kent county, August 2nd. Everyone was eagerly waiting to see their first buzz bomb after hearing the dramatic stories the advanced party was telling about them.

Three days after we arrived at this position, the area was a network of super fox holes with all the rough spots ironed out from constant use. August 5th was a great day for the history books, for it marks the turning point of the war. Yes, it was then that Dog Battery went into action and Shrapnel Heights was born. When that ATS girl with the "telephonic" voice said "Folkestone Harbor Diver Alarm",

Lt Szubrowski automatically gave the order to commence fire, and we the outfit who would never see foreign soil, were in action.

Soon after this, 'Doc' Shumate and partner, Meek, were snowed under with fellows wanting to know why their hair was turning gray, why they couldn't sleep nights, and getting treatments for fox hole blisters. Shovien was perfecting a new type swan dive about this time too. Using his bunk for a spring board, he makes a beautiful half turn thru the flap in the communications tent and does a 20 foot glide to his elegant foxhole. Saves time, he says. 'Radar Ears' Dalessio is giving able assistance to the range section these days and Brostoff with his 'echo box' is extremely jealous.

As time goes by, dark circles begin to appear under the eyes of the energetic boys from Battery D, and it isn't from worrying and losing sleep over buzz bombs. Yes, the ever adventurous Madcap Green fellows discover that the English have wonderful scotch, gin and lemon, gin and orange, gin and grapefruit, gin and also some infamous bitters, and that the ATS, WRENS, WAFFS, and civilian girls are damn friendly and entertaining.

On August 30th the battery shut down operations for 24 hours and everyone took off on pass. Several of the fellows went to London, Canterbury, Dover, and all points in between. Each battery was allowed to cease operations for one day each week now that the robot attacks were beginning to recede and our fire power was so deadly accurate that one battery could be off duty and still guarantee that few bombs got through.

The next time we ceased operations for a 24 hour pass was September 7th. A battery party was scheduled for that night at Leas Cliff Hall, but the German channel guns started shelling the coast and the Hall didn't open. The refreshments, including the girls, were taken out to the battery position and the party was held in the house there and the surrounding area. Wonder why Dino slept in the hall that night ---?

All good things must come to an end, damn it, and so on September 16th we were alerted for departure, and left the morning of September 21st. American Red Cross girls came up to our house on the hill and gave us coffee and donuts. Orlando and Scotty were crying on each others shoulder and

there were a lot of other blood shot eyes in the battery. "Roll Me Over" in still no. 1 on the Hit Parade.

We convoyed to Camp Hursley, Near Winchester, and stayed overnight. The next day we went to Southampton and finally boarded the liberty ship S.S. James Caldwell.

September 23rd found us enroute to France, eating those undescrivable "C" rations. This wasn't bad enough tho, for that Liberty ship was built so fast that they forgot to install latrines until after it was off the assembly line, and the makeshift jobs certainly weren't built for comfort. Nevertheless we arrived off the coast of France at 1900 hours and anchored there for that night and the next day. Three puppies were discovered stowed away on the boat that some of the fellows brought from Leek. The one, Lady, survived the entire war and is still with the battery and is worshipped like a queen.

Finally the water became calm enough to permit barges to come alongside, and on the 25th the equipment was loaded on them and taken ashore. We followed the equipment the next day, landing on Omaha Beach September 26, 1944. (No casualties when we hit the beach).

As soon as we landed we got our trucks that were waiting for us and convoyed to an assembly area. From here we went to our new bivouac area. We lined our pup tents up in three rows and settled down to usual bivouac duties. We had alot of free time and sports was our main occupation, when it wasn't raining. Movies were shown each night a few miles from our area. We didn't have any overshoes here and each day the mud got deeper. It really took an artist to get into a pup tent, undress, and get into bed without getting mud all over the blankets or knocking the damn tent down.

To keep up the morale in spite of the mud, a truck took fellows to Le Mont St Michel, which was an interesting old castle on the channel coast that formerly belonged to the Duke of Normandy.

Finally the mud got so deep and made walking so hazardous that we turned engineers and constructed some super sidewalks and roads. Naturally this was an invitation to a march order which came October 25th.

We left muddy old Normandy at 2320 the night of October 25th and traveled all night and all the next day,

covering a distance of 160 miles. We bivouaced that night in a forest and pitched pup tents. The next day we traveled to Lemans and bivouaced there for the night. Lemans is just outside Paris, so Capt Foley, Lt Szubrowski, and Lt Young drove into Gay Paree to see the sights – as soon as it got dark. Top, Kouc, and Gabby went into Paris too, period. The next day we traveled 120 miles and bivouaced at Etampes, France. When we passed through Paris this day the beautiful French mademoiselles gave us bread, fruit, wine, and cognac, and as the morning report reads, the morale was excellent. Our fourth day of convoying we traveled 116 miles and bivouaced at Laon, France. Some of the fellows found that cognac makes good liquid heat and not only keeps them warm, but happy too. How about that Sam? The 29th of October we traveled 120 miles and bivouaced at Namur, Belgium. On the 30th of October we arrived at our new position at Liege, Belgium. Here we had a big chateau for our quarters, and the gun and range positions were already dug as we relieved “D” battery of the 413th AAA Gun Bn here. We are now assigned to the First U.S. Army and the 49th AAA Brigade.

November 1st we fired on flying bombs that were starting to hit Liege which was vitally important for the First Army installations there and the Meuse River crossings, which were main supply routes. Downtown Liege had several facilities for entertaining G.I.’s, but most of the fellows preferred to stay around Beyne Heusay, didn’t they Wolfe? The caretaker at the Chateau kept us supplied with apples and pears. Beer and cognac were plentiful in the village.

We engaged enemy aircraft that were trying to bomb out the supply route bridges across the Meuse on November 10th.

November 23rd we left Liege, our big chateau, and some broken hearted Belgique girls, and convoyed to our new position which happened to be a forest and hilltop outside the village of Murrigen, Belgium. We put up pyramidal tents, determined to make the best of it after living in the chateau, and prepared for action as we were only 500 yards from the front lines. This also happened to be Thanksgiving Day. We had a “D” ration bar for lunch and had our turkey dinner in the woods about 2100 in total darkness.

The next day we fired 175 rounds at buzz bombs. The weather was cold and cloudy. On November 26th we had a

field day, firing ten different courses at buzzers. The next week was also a busy one and we put in claims for ten buzz bombs.

The following week we claimed four more buzz bombs. There was several inches of snow on the ground then and the road leading into our position was muddy as hell. We took a break on December 11th and closed operations for 24 hours for a rest and maintenance.

We were awakened early on the morning of December 16 by German fire whistling overhead. This was our first time under direct enemy artillery fire and many of the fellows enthusiastically began construction of fox holes, but toot sweet. About ten O'clock we got word to be on alert for enemy patrols coming in the area under smoke screens. All day long reports kept coming in on enemy patrols in the area, and the guard was increased. In the afternoon the artillery fire quieted down and the atmosphere seemed liked the calm before the storm, and little wonder, for that night the desperate German breakthrough began, the spearhead striking in our immediate vicinity. First the battery was alerted and all secret fuzes were removed. Then we got orders to move the range equipment out, and finally the entire battery was given march order at 2300. By this time the artillery fire had started in again but we succeeded in getting the equipment out without damage. However, just as the radar mount was pulled out of it's position an 88 shell landed in the spot where it had been operating and demolished the emplacement. No one was hurt by the incident and after a short delay in getting the equipment out of the muddy lane, we began a strategic retreat under the nose of the famous Adolph Hitler Panzer Division and other crack Wermacht troops who were making a suicidal attempt to breakthrough our lines and sever the army supply line at Liege.

We convoyed through the early morning hours, the darkness lightened by a skyful of German flares, to Waimes, Belgium. Here the battery was reorganized for a tank destroyer mission.

At 1400 on the 17th we left Waimes, the range equipment and the personnel under the guidance of 1st Sgt Kapala going to Liege and the rest of the battery going to Saurbrodt, Belgium and setting up as tank destroyers.

On December 19th S/Sgt Delaney returned to the battery after missing in action for three days. He was stranded in Bulligen when the Germans entered the town. After hiding out in a cellar when for two days, he managed to infiltrate the German lines and joined the 1st Infantry Division and from there he made his way back to the battery.

On Christmas Eve, December 24, 1944, enemy aircraft attacked, strafing convoys and trying to bomb strategic crossroads. Our M-51 quadmounts engaged the planes and one enemy plane was claimed.

Christmas was observed in a rather unusual setting, but nevertheless we had turkey with all the trimmings and a big mail call. American light, medium, and heavy bombers and fighter planes of all types filled the air all day leaving long white vapor trails in the cold December sky.

The day after Christmas we moved to a new position nine miles west of Verviers, Belgium. Here the range section joined us again and we had an AA mission once more.

We stayed in this position three days and then moved to Eupen, Belgium on the 29th. We were attached to the 413 AAA Gun Bn for a tactical mission as Anti aircraft. We bivouaced in a field that night until the outfit we were relieving moved out.

The next day we went into position and everyone was busy building shacks and getting German huts to live in.

January 1 the M-51 quadmounts fired on enemy aircraft. One plane claimed.

January was a pretty quiet month for us. Lt. (the mole) Szubrowski left the battery to become adjutant for the battalion. His place in the battery was filled by Lt. Kummer who left "A" Battery to join us. While we were here at Eupen got day passes to Verviers and 48 hour passes to Eupen. Show trucks ran to Eupen and Headquarters each day. The Donut Dugout in Eupen received a lot of patronage from Dog battery.

February 1st the sun came out and it started to warm up and it also started to get muddy. For the next three weeks until we moved out on February 27th we were slopping around in knee deep mud.

When we finally left Eupen on the 27th of February, we entered Germany at 1000 and convoyed to our new position

at Eicherscheid, which was a beat up little town on top of a cold windy mountain, on 'Dead cow lane'.

For our first action on the sacred soil of the father land, we engaged enemy aircraft at 0800 on March 2nd.

We stayed in this position nine days and then left for a new position at VoiBet, Germany, better known as Foleyville, on March 8th. Here we started a practice of giving civilians 'march order' out of their homes, which was later to become an habitual practice when we took a new position.

March 9th we got one of those late march orders at 2300. The battery left at 0800 the next morning and convoyed to Green, Germany to give anti aircraft protection to the newly captured Ludendorff bridge at Remagen. Half an hour, after we arrived in Green, a flight on enemy planes attacked the bridge and were engaged by our M-51 quadmounts. One enemy plane was claimed.

Enemy planes attacked the bridge four times on the 13th, and were engaged each time by our guns. One plane was claimed. The following day was a duplicate of the 13th and also our first encounter with the new German Jet propelled planes.

I think everyone in the battery will always remember Green, Germany, for it was there that the big winery was discovered about a block from the battery area. Not since the Gold Rush of '49 has there been such a mass movement of men with sacks, wagons, wheel burrows, jeeps and 2½ ton trucks carrying the precious liquids back to the area. And that old saying that all good things come at once still holds true, for even after the discovery of all the wine, Headquarters came thru with a ration of wine and champagne for the battery.

We claimed another plane March 18th when enemy planes attacked the bridge and still another one on the 19th. Old Dusty Shaw doesn't have any trouble getting his feet to move now, after he got them moving when that shell landed near him in the orchad.

There were four enemy air raids on the bridge March 20th and we claimed two planes. It was about this time that the battalion opened up a rest center at a place outside Sinzig, complete with mineral baths, movies, etc.

The machine gun section went on T/duty with the 581st down on the banks of the Rhine April 2nd, and the machine gun section of "C" battery was attached to us. Top and Willie Halverson left for a seven day furlough at the Riviera in Southern France. Operations were closed in preparation for a move.

April 4th we left Green, Germany and what was left of the winery, and traveled to our new position which was 2 miles north of Koblenz. Here we made a "show" position, as our mission was to give protection to the Army day show at Koblenz and possibly be a target for inspectors. It was at this position that we had those super looking gun pits etc with the transplanted sod and flowers and then no inspectors showed. Zannini couldn't even persuade officers traveling down the highway to stop and see the place.

After the Army Day show was over we got march order and left Koblenz at 0900 April 7th. We crossed the Rhine river on the longest pontoon bridge ever built about 1145, and arrived in Fritzlar, Germany at 2130 and bivouaced there at an airport for the night. We left Fritzlar the next morning and traveled to our new position at Kassel, which was nothing but a mass of ruins. Our new area was full of bomb craters and unexploded bombs and the rail yards nearby were totally destroyed.

It was while we were here in this position that the avalanche of rifles, swords, helmets, and what not began to flood Flora's mobile post office. Don't get the impression that the "D" battery boys would loot anything, but they certainly have an uncanny gift for finding things.

When April 18th rolled around, it looked like the end of an era for the 134th AAA Gun Bn. We ceased operations as a result of Luftwaffe inactivity and moved the range equipment and 90 MM guns to battalion headquarters. The next day Lt. Young and the majority of the motor pool personnel returned from T/Dy at the first Prov. Trucking Battalion in Buchenau. Rumors were again having a field day.

April 21st we left Kassel and traveled to our new position at Mahlhausen. We had the school house there for our barracks. We were assigned as security guards for Mahlhausen and its county, foreign refugee camps, and railroad and other vital Military installations. Also had motorized patrols patrolling the streets.

A detail of men with an M-51 took over the guard of Dreffurt. I heard rumor that the charms of the battery "D" yanks were more effective than the M-51 in keeping the Germans under control.

Our accute transportation situation was eased a little bit by some of the fellows confiscating German cars and motorcycles. From Muhlhausen we went to Gotha for our next assignment on April 28th. We bivouaced there all night as no suitable location for a battery position was found, and the next day we traveled to a little village about two miles outside the city limits of Gotha, named Trugleben. We took over an inn for our barracks, and established outposts in Waltershausen and Aspach.

We left Trugleben May 2nd and traveled about 10miles to our new position in Waltershausen (need I say more). Yes, Waltershausen turned out to be a good deal. One remarkable thing was the way no one bitched. Everyone seemed perfectly content, even tho they were getting less sleep than they had all during the war. Waltershausen and the towns where our outposts were – Wolwinkel, Fredricksroda, etc were an epoch in the lives of the "D" Battery men. Two blondes who lived on Waltershausen "Pig Alley" wrote several chapters for the fellows too.

Civilians in Waltershausen kept us busy checking on bits of information they brought in. Then there was the historical morning when our own Blackie Farris, the notorious jeep driver from Ohio was coming back to Waltershausen after an early morning run to Headquarters and captured single a German Officer who had been hiding in the woods. Later that same day, May 8th, 1945 the German High Command surrendered unconditionally, marking an end to the European War. Most of the fellows took the news calmly, muttered "So what?" and wondered if they would be sent to the CBI. Headquarters came thru with a ration of cognac, champagne, and rum and a mild drunk was pitched to celebrate the end of the war.

May 11th we picked up 17 PW's and 1 SS Officer, and on May 14th we packed up and left Waltershausen, traveling 120 miles to our new assignment in Wetzlar. I could say that many of the fellows hated to leave Waltershausen, but since

there isn't supposed to be any fraternizing I won't say it. We arrived in Wetzlar about 1800 and moved into houses vacated by civilians, upon request. There is a Russian and Polish DP camp about 100 yards in the rear of our area and a river runs parallel with the street in front of our area. Guarding the Russian camp is our mission.

The inevitable happened on May 20th. After fighting our way through four campaigns and now the war is ended we are starting a training schedule! Yep, the rugged boys of Battery D are learning to be garrison soldiers, complete with training schedule. Lt. Lenaeus has that school room look in his eyes and I suspect him of encouraging the idea.

Evidently Hasty didn't like the song "Don't Fence Me In" because he started construction on a beautiful picket fence, only to get morsch order the day he got it finished. Incidentally, I wonder what he'll use his tool chest for now that we have modern plumbing and he doesn't have to build these 5 holed box affairs. How about that, Hasty?

We closed shop at the Russian DP camp and moved to the other side of town on May 28th. Here we took another step toward becoming full fledged garrison soldiers by having a streamlined kitchen and dining hall, complete with dishes and silverware. Also have a "big time" battery office, and Capt. Foley spends all his time at that big six by six mahogany desk he inherited. We requisitioned some German PW's to clean out the swimming pool and get it in operation. On May 29th we took over the guard at the Leica Camera Plant in downtown Wetzlar. Also on May 29th the entire battery was somewhat shocked and saddened by the death of "Pop" Wargo who died suddenly. He is the only one deceased since the battery was organized.

June 2nd we were finally convinced that soldiers do get out of the army, sooner or later, and naturally it's always later. Yes, today five of our hard fighting comrades who had been thru hell with us left for the States and discharges. All five, Halverson, Howard, Fell, Norby, and Whitehouse had service in Panama and had points totaling over 100.

We left Wetzlar June 4th and traveled to what was the Dulag-Luft Allied Prisoner of War Camp about one mile out of Wetzlar. The entire battalion is concentrated in this camp, and we are real garrison soldiers once more. This day will

also be remembered as the day Lt. Col. Hunt, our commanding officer gave up his command to return to the States and civilian life. Major Hamann is now our commanding officer.

June 6, 1945, was the first anniversary of "D" day, and was a holiday for all men except those unfortunate ones who were on guard. Memorial services were held here in camp and at Magpie.

Then June 7th a horrible thing happened. Our beloved 1st Sergeant got up early with that fiendish look in his eyes, grabbed his nerve shattering whistle and dashed madly thru the barracks blowing the whistle for everyone to fall out for reveille. Pfc Henry couldn't take it any longer so he left for the States to get a discharge June 9th.

June 10th was our second anniversary of being an outfit. Since it fell on Sunday we had the organizational day celebration on the following day, June 11th. Much water has flowed under the bridge since our last organizational day celebration. It has been a year that will go down in history and always be remembered, especially since it saw the end of the war which our own fighting outfit helped to bring to an earlier end.

Our Organizational Day began with a snappy parade to the time of the marches played by the 70th Inf. Division band, imported especially for this occasion. Brigadier General Timberlake and Col. Newton were the guests and reviewed the parade, after which they made speeches in the recreation hall. Gen. Timberlake will long be remembered for his rugged humor and witty personality. The afternoon was spent by playing softball games. In the evening a stage show was presented in the recreation hall with talent from all the batteries, bringing to conclusion the Organizational celebration.

Amidst the flourishing rumors after "O" Day came a few and startling facts. First the mass transfer of high point men who are eligible for discharges began. In the shuffle we lost Kapala, Banditelli, Branco, Dean, Zumbaugh, Vastano, Dusenbury, Eichorn, Rodehorst, and Wm. Wallace, and Lt. Kummer, Lt. Col. Shearouse is our new commanding officer and brought his entire staff with him.

As we wind up this narrative, the new regime has just announced that the 134th is slated for action in the Pacific

or CBI, but not until after we have had at least a 30 day furlough in the States.

It won't be the same old outfit with so many of the familiar faces – and the voice missing, but we intend to carry out our superior operations wherever we are sent, and as long as there is Dog Battery, history will be made. So until the CBI edition of MADCAP MEMORIES is written – Rodger and out.

Current Characters

of Cherokee Green include:

Capt. Lawrence J. Foley	Fall River, Mass.
1 st Lt. John C. Lenaeus	Bloomfield, N.J.
1 st Lt. Robert A. Young	Russelville, Ark.
Adams, Thomas C.	Fayetteville, Arkansas
Apodaca, Dominicio	Albuquerque, N.M.
Arnone, Samuel R.	Rochester, New York
Baker, Erick C.	Summerville, Ga.
Balkovec, John S.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Banister, Claude	Albertville, Ala.
Beckett, Lloyd E.	Hamilton, Ohio
Bell, Jack A.	Dundalk, Md.
Bloom, Zelic	Richmond, Va.
Boman, Johannie R.	Newton, Mo.
Bowen, Warren V.	Paden City, W. Va.
Briggs, Ray	Rhineland, Wisc
Brostoff, Maurice	LaCrescenta
Brown, Morris J.	Detroit, Mich.
Brown, Marvin	Troy, Kansas
Burgess, Frank	Flint, Mich.
Butler, Billy B.	Anna, Texas
Button, Norman	Mechanicville, N.Y.
Carella, Michelangelo	Arlington, Mass.
Carmody, Clement	Carrolton, Ill.
Carmody, John J.	Providence, R.I.
Clark, John V.	Comstock, Mich.
Clements, John N.	Wewark, N.J.
Coles, Frank V.	Butte, Montana
Colby, Warren	Alpena, Wash.
Colman, Clayton J.	Millington, Mich.
Couch, Billie	Diablock, Ky.
Crouch, Charles	Baltimore, Md.
Cushing, Howard O.	Averill Park, New York
Cutting, Hudson	Deposit, New York
Czesztyicki, Joseph	McKeesport, Pa.
Darnell, David J.	Mechanicsburg, Ohio
Dalessio, Felix	East Long Meadow, Mass.
Davis, Gilbert	Welcome, N.C.
Davis, Roy	Rooney, Ky.
Davis, Willie	Maxton, N.C.
Davis, William C.	Schnectady, N.Y.

Dennis, Edward J.
Delaney, George T.
DeRosa, Peter
DiBlase, Victor
Donovan, Patrick
Doty, Harold H.
Dripps, George A.
Edwards, Archie
Eller, Rudolph
Eulberg, Urban J.
Ewing, Thomas
Farris, George
Farley, Paul
Fegley, George
Fisher, Kenneth
Flora, Richard D.
Freeman, Samuel F.
Floyd, James L.
Gilligan, Edward
Grant, Gordon
Guin, William I.
Hardwick, James
Hashert, Dixie
Hasty, Paul R.
Haufschildt, Leroy
Havranek, John J.
Heaney, John W.
Hertzog, Dale E.
Hines, Grigsby
Holmes, Carmi T.
Janis, Frank A.
Jessee, Billy L.
Johnson, Andrew
Jones, Marvin
Jones, Robert
Kaser, Louis R.
Kelsch, Paul
Kilgore, Noah
King, George L.
Kinne, Nathaniel T.
Knudson, Vernon
Kougeas, Charles
Ledbetter, Otis
Lewis, Bruce
Lewis, Stephen
Lucas, Joseph

Louisville, Ky.
Somerville, Mass.
Baltimore, Md.
New York, N.Y.
Detroit, Mich.
Williamsburg, Ind.
Seattle, Wash.
Grovetown, Ga.
Chicago, Ill.
Portage, Wisc.
Franklin, Pa.
Wilmington, Ohio
Boggs, W. Va.
Detroit, Mich.
Alpena, Mich.
Flora, Indiana
South Ambory, N.J.
Atlanta, Ga.
Mineola, N.Y.
Orleans, Vt.
St. Louis, Mo.
Williams, Ind.
Grand Saline, Texas
Huntington, Ind.
Wausaw, Wisc.
Conway, Pa.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Canton, Ohio
Dixon, Tenn.
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Chicago, Ill.
Lebanon, Va.
Ewing, Va.
Continental, Ohio
Gadsden, Ala.
Mt. Vernon, Ohio
Augusta, Ky.
Marietta, Ga.
Green Lake, Wisc.
Middletown, N.Y.
Drayton, N.D.
Boston, Mass.
Marion, N.C.
Mariemont, Ohio
Stratford, Conn.
Grassflat, Pa.

Lopuchosky, William
Levy, Seymour
Manbevers, Charles
Manier, Loren
Manlove, Homer
McKinney, Winfred C.
Mc Williams, Howard
Martin, Cleo W.
Mednis, Robert
Meere, John F.
Meese, Benjamin
Miller, William F.
Mitchell, Alfred
Mondell, George A.
Myers, Raymond
Moralez, Thomas
Mulhal, James
Nixon, William R.
Orlando, James
Parnel, Johnny
Pecharka, Paul A.
Perry, James
Peterson, John A.
Pfeister, John
Prince, Paul S.
Proctor, Alex A.
Purcell, Oliver
Rancatore, Salvatore
Rausch, John
Roberts, Earl
Rodrigues, Carmelo
Rolfe, Jess W.
Rybaczewski, John
Schupbach, Leslie
Schutt, Arthur
Scott, Edward
Seeber, Lathern B.
Serviss, Robert
Shaw, David
Shovien, Eugene
Silcox, Leroy
Simcox, Kenneth D.
Small, Charles
Stack, Donald
Spata, Tom
Sustich, John M.

Bridgeport, Conn.
New York, New York
Waverly, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
Cecilto, Md.
Blue Ridge, Ga.
Austelle, Ga.
Pontiac, Mich.
Elmwood Park, Ill.
Rockway Beach, N.Y.
Bell, Calif.
Beaver Falls, Pa.
Wichita, Kansas
Flushing L.I., N.Y.
Utica, Ohio
Davenport, Iowa
Owosso, Mich.
Dover, N.J.
Detroit, Mich.
Alpha, Wash.
Muse, Pa.
Bethpage, Tenn.
Eugene, Wash.
Patton, Pa.
Erwin, Ohio
Greenwood, La.
Lawton, Okla.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Mechanicsburg, Ohio
Centralia, Kan.
Hayward, Calif.
Greenville, Ohio
Pequabuck, Conn.
Bay City, Mich.
Capron, Ill.
Everett, Mass.
Saginaw, Mich
Gouverneur, N.Y.
Rosemont, W.Va.
Duluth, Minn.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Monterey, Tenn.
New Haven, Conn.
Albany, New York
Temple, Texas
Chicago, Ill.

Suntken, Fred
Thomas, Olin C.
Thomas, Phillips W.
Torrey, Alfred E.
Traeber, Ray W.
Van Camp, Lewis
Ward, Peter J.
Ware, Thomas B.
White, John L.
Wingert, Edmund J.
Wolfe, Clarence B.
Wolfgang, Walter
Woods, Joe D.
Zannini, Pasquale
Zimmer, Henry A.

Burlington, Iowa
Dalton, Ga.
San Leandro, Calif.
Keego Harbor, Mich.
Beulah, Colo.
New Castle, Ind.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Culberson, N.C.
Owensboro, Ky.
Troy, N.Y.
Clay City, Ind
New Haven, Conn.
Parsons, Tenn.
Lawrence, Mass.
Gables, Mich.

Some of the fellows with beaucoup points who have left for the States or been transferred to category four outfits returning to the States for discharge include these well known names:

Lt. Kummer, Donald

Los Angeles, Calif.

Banditelli, Dino J.
Branco, Charles A.
Dean, Orville
Dennison, Lloyd
Dusenbury, Ralph
Eichorn, James A.
Fell, Clarence L.
Halverson, William
Henry, John J.
Howard, Wiley D.
Kapala, Edward A.
Koscan, Andrew
Norby, Alfred
Rodehorst, Ernest
Vastano, Frank
Wallace, William
Whitehouse, Herbert
Zumbaugh, Robert

Tamaqua, Pa.
Tucson, Arizona
Rockville, Ind.
Hannibal, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio
Wilmington, N.C.
Puyallup, Wash.
Jonesdale, Wisc.
Harrison, Neb.
Arthurmabel, Ky.
Detroit, Mich.
Simpson, Pa.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Linn, Kansas
Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Baldwin, Mich
Chicago, Ill.
Plymouth, Ind.

Deceased 29 May 1945

Wargo, George A.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.