



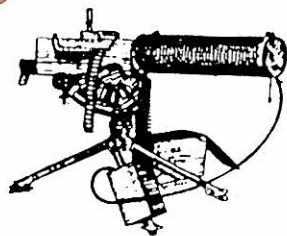
The Bugle



TO PROVIDE SUPPORT TO THE 106TH INFANTRY DIVISION
ASSOCIATION AND COMMUNICATE WITH FORMER MEMBERS
OF COMPANY D, 424TH COMBAT INFANTRY REGIMENT

TWENTIETH EDITION

JAN, FEB, MAR 2001



NATION'S CAPITOL REUNION NUMBER 55 COMING UP

The Reservation Forms have been mailed out to all members in good standing. A sizeable number of the members who have attended past reunions have already made their hotel reservations at the Fairview Park Marriott Hotel, Arlington, Virginia. The activity reservations are flowing in for those who are anxious to make sure they get to participate in their chosen visit.

Some of our members like to arrive early, so in the interest of those members, I was able to influence our coordinator to arrange for an interesting visit for the first day. Many people who visit our Capitol are interested in The Capitol, The White House and government buildings as well as their favorite monuments. One of the early visitations that I made when I moved to the area was a visit to Mount Vernon, home estate of George Washington. Having a strong interest in U.S. History, I wanted to start as close to the beginning of our history as possible. As I walked through this gorgeous home and saw its beautiful, but simple furniture, I had a wonderful appreciation for our forefathers. As I walked out onto the wide portico and gazed out onto and across the Potomac River, chills ran through my body. It was easy to close my eyes and hear the voices calling out, dogs barking and then the sound of cannons and rifle shots. Well, anyway, the early arrivals that want to see Mount Vernon will have a wonderful day.

For Thursday, I wanted everyone who was interested, to see as much in one day as possible. And yet, realizing that each of us may have a different physical machine, I arranged for not just one trip, but two. Each trip will be somewhat similar but yet different. Last year in St. Louis when we toured Anheiser-Busch, there were a sizeable number of members who were unable to walk the entire trip. So, one trip will allow us to remain on the bus and see the various monuments and buildings and then stop at the Air and Space Museum for and lengthy visit and lunch. Next door is the Smithsonian and what is referred to as "the attic" of our country. I was so entranced with the Smithsonian; I spent days looking and looking. My first visit to the Air and Space Museum was as a chaperone of my granddaughter's school class. It was terrific.

The second trip will be for those who have no physical limitations, or should I say where walking is no problem.

KERMIT LEE STEELE PASSES

On February 2, Kermit Lee Steele one of our outstanding buddies and member joined *the Silent Corps*. It was a Friday evening and I had been thinking about Lee and decided to phone Lee and Frances. A strange voice answered the telephone and I thought possibly I had dialed an incorrect number. I asked who this might be and in return I was asked who is this and whom do you want. I told him who I was and that I wanted to speak with Lee Steele. This is his son Kevin and he just died about thirty minutes ago. I was shocked! Maybe I should hang up and call later. No, it's OK. Do you want to speak with Mom?

That is how I got the word of Lee's passing! I then made my own arrangements to drive down to Mount Vernon, Indiana for Lee's wake and funeral. The drive down took about three hours and during that time I did a lot of thinking about Lee and what he had been through.

I like many of you met Kermit Steele as recruits in Company D, 424th Infantry Regiment, Fort Jackson, South Carolina. I can't say or remember exactly when I actually met him, but we were there. Getting to know all of those nearly two hundred young men was difficult. (We were over strength for a permanent strength of one hundred sixty-five.) There were some who stood out, one of which was Kermit Steele. It was not for some fifty years later when trying to find D/424th men that I learned that he wanted to be call Lee. It was not until after his death that Kermit the Frog television made the name change.

Steele (we only knew each other by family name) quickly became a squad leader of the first squad in the platoon. I was in the third squad and later the fourth squad. Steele was on the first floor; we were on the second floor. Those who have been in the army and quartered in two story barracks know that sometimes differences can come between men, especially on Friday nights when the barracks must be scrubbed down for Saturday morning inspection. Usually the scrubbing is accomplished with mops and brooms and not too much water. On this occasion we decided to give the floors a good dousing of water. We moved the cots all to one side and using scrub buckets of water, we flooded the floor. World War II barracks, assembled in a hurry, were not constructed without large cracks. The water found the cracks, especially against the walls. It didn't take long for us to hear extreme use of profanity. We could hear the profanity coming up the stairs,

Kermit Steele Passes, From Page 1

and there appeared Squad Leader, Acting Corporal Kermit Lee Steele. The words he used could never be repeated in the company of ladies, ministers and civilians. After all was said and done, the downstairs section had to wash the wall, which had the appearance of having never been washed after construction. That was the first time I really got to know Kermit Lee Steele. There were better days ahead.

Steele was a massive young man. Being in a heavy machine gun platoon of a heavy weapons company meant that each member would share in carrying where ever we moved, the parts of the machine gun, which we were instructed to always refer to as a Browning machine gun, caliber .30, water cooled. The tripod upon which the gun sat weighed 52 pounds and the gun itself without ammunition belt weighed 30 pounds. Each of them sat across your shoulders, on top of your pack regardless of which description the pack contained. In addition to the machine gun and tripod, there were wooden ammunition boxes that officers soon learned to fill with sand so that each member of a squad had a load. Got the picture?

Well, to show his strength, as well as to maybe show off a bit Steele would mount the gun on the tripod, grasp one of the front legs and swing it around and up on his shoulders. And I happen to have a picture of Kermit Lee Steele with gun and tripod up on his shoulders. I don't know of anyone else who accomplished this fete.

In the Battle of The Bulge, Sgt. Kermit Lee Steele received a very serious head wound as well as a wound in his stomach. He lay in snow in sub-zero weather. Sgt. Oscar Scott, the other squad leader in the first section and Pvt. James Scarsorie found Steele. Neither man, Scott or Scarsorie were taller than 5 feet 8 inches and neither one probably weighed one hundred fifty pounds. Steele stood about six feet, two inches and at that time probably weighed one hundred eighty to one hundred ninety pounds. The two small size men carried and dragged Steele through the snow for several miles over a small mountain and rough terrain. They were finally able to comander a jeep, loaded Steele aboard the jeep and drove to a field aid station. They unloaded Steele and left him with a doctor. That was the last they saw of him, thinking he wouldn't live. *But he did!*

In 1994, after locating Lee Steele, I was able to locate Oscar Scott. Scott after World War II had decided to reenlist, but not in the Army, but in the Air Force. Hey, this "gravel agitator" had learned his lesson. And when I found him, he was a retired airman. In our conversation, I brought up Steele's name. He almost screamed in my ear, "You mean he's alive?" He asked for Steele's telephone number, which I gave him. I would like to have overheard that telephone conversation. Shortly thereafter, Steele with his wife Frances drove from Mount Vernon, Indiana to North Little Rock, Arkansas to visit with Oscar Scott and his wife. I was never able to locate James Scarsorie, but I did locate his son.

Now, why all of this story? I believe the great strength and determination was a factor here. Here was a young man; having received such a serious head wound that they inserted a silver plate, about the size of two of your hands in his head. Lee had problems to begin with, but he was determined to live as normal life as he could. Lee met Frances when he got home to Mount Vernon and they eventually got married.

They produced a son Kevin (a mountain of a man) and a daughter Karen. Lee, although he couldn't work bull dozing cattle, worked full time as a radio dispatcher for the Mount Vernon Police Department. People around Mount Vernon who like to listen to the goings on in town used to tune in to listen to Lee dispatching police to their neighbors house and other events that took place.

Here was a man who lived better than **56 years** after receiving a very serious head wound and if I may say so, out lived many of his buddies.

We were 20 years old when he was wounded. We were 76 years, 9 months and 28 days when he passed. We shared the same birthday, and the same year. I was later to learn that we were born just thirty miles apart in Southern Illinois.

Lee and Frances celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary together. Frances cared for him in those days of need. He left a son Kevin with a four-year-old son Quinn, and a daughter Karen Lawson with a son Tony and a daughter Tina.

The funeral for Kermit Lee Steele was held on Tuesday, February 6th at the Boone Funeral Home in Mount Vernon. The burial was in the Bellefontasine Cemetery. Twenty tall, sharp, well-dressed patrolmen under the direction of the Chief of Police were his honor guard and pallbearers. The Mount Vernon VFW provided the firing squad and bugler. I noticed something happening on the way from the funeral home to the cemetery-something I have not seen in many years- As the funeral moved from the funeral home to the cemetery, every oncoming car had pulled to the side of the street and awaited the passing of the funeral procession.

Rest in peace Buddy#

55th Reunion, From Page 1

leave an early call for all of you so that you can arise, have breakfast and be ready to board your busses for Arlington National Cemetery. I know that any number of you who may have already visited our Nation's Capitol, and many of you have visited Arlington Cemetery. But this time, following the Changing of the Guard, our division association will make a floral presentation at the Tomb of the Unknown. I will pose this question to each of you members who read this: Have you ever given thought to who might be the World War II entombment? Have you ever thought that the individual MIGHT just be a former 106th Division member? Even Company D has several members whose bodies have never been found and identified.

Then we will move into the amphitheater for our Memorial Services. If things go right for us, the services will be a thing to remember. Sunday night will be the Banquet and after a very nice year, I'll pass the gavel on to Joe Maloney.

I'm looking forward to seeing many of you. Have a safe trip. With this motor trip, you will be getting off the bus at a number of places, Lincoln's Monument where you can also visit the nearby Vietnam Memorial and make sure that you visit the Korean Memorial. It is outstanding! Cause ripples! And you will get to see where our World War II Memorial is being built. You will also be getting off the bus at the Archives Building. How many of you have seen the ACTUAL Declaration of Independence? The Bill of Rights? When I see these jewels I know what our forefathers gave us to have and project. Continued Page 5

Footlocker Stuff

On November 1, 2000, Burnie Sutter placed his wife Rozetta into their auto, bid good-by to their neighbors of many years and headed south towards Texas. Their home for well over fifty years had been sold, many personal items had been given to those friendly neighbors, and the new owners had taken possession of the property. Daughter Sandy and her husband had sent word for them to come to Texas. For several years now, Burnie had been caring for his wife Rozetta who had become a victim of Alzheimer's. The load had taken its toll and when the offer from Sandy came to help care for her mother, Burnie decided that it was the best way for them to handle the situation. So now Burnie has become a Texan and I wish them all the best.

I have known Burnie since that day way back in March of 1943 when we both jumped down off a six by after our names had been called that this was Company D, 424th. Several weeks later, Rozetta arrived in Columbia, and after they got settled, Paul Morris, Kenny Dux and I accompanied Burnie into town on a Saturday to meet Rozetta. It was a friendship that was sealed. After both Burnie and I were discharged, we made a number of trips back and forth between Moline, IL and Alton, IL. A friendship that has served the test of time. I feel deeply for these two friends and I unashamedly pray for them and their family.

I had not heard from buddy Paul Morris in some time so I decided to give him a telephone call to say hell-o and find out how he and Elly were doing. When I called, I got surprised; the phone had been disconnected. My next effort was to write them a letter, hoping that they were OK and had just moved. I felt that I could leave it to the post office to find them for me. Sure enough, a forwarding address had been made and my letter was forwarded. In the meantime, I had conversed with Burnie Sutter and he said that the Morris had moved to Colorado to be near one of their sons. And then the letter arrived from Paul. It was wonderful to hear from him and to know that both he and Elly were still with us. Paul has had his physical problems to say the least. During those years after service and business life, Paul was bitten by the golfing bug and spent many days on the golf course. I'm not a golfer, but I'm sure that for many years Paul had a nice handicap. So to you buddy, and to Elly, I wish you the best. Enjoy the good air out there in Colorado.

After writing the article about Bill Domiano, I received a real nice letter from him. I know that both Bill and his wife Mae are arthritis victims and that Bill has it in his hands. I know personally how that can affect the hands and fingers. When I receive a letter from Bill, it is printed! Each time Bill will apologize for having to print. Hey fellow, you print a lot better than a lot of people can write, so no apology is needed. I believe I told you that the Domianos sold their home of some fifty years and moved to an apartment where they no longer have to do a lot of time maintaining. Now they can enjoy each other and their family. Wasn't soon enough, right? Just before starting the work on this newsletter, I made a phone call to Bob and Pat Homan. I wasn't sure exactly when they were due back in Wisconsin after spending the winter in Texas, so I made a phone call to the Homans. They weren't at home, but after leaving a message on their recorder, Bob called back and missed me. I then called Bob and I know we

must have talked for 30 minutes, maybe more. Bob told me that Pat had had some tough physical problems last fall just before they were to leave for Texas. Finally getting the clearance to leave, the problem flared up again once in Texas. It took another month or so before Pat finally was well enough to get around and enjoy the warm winter in Texas.

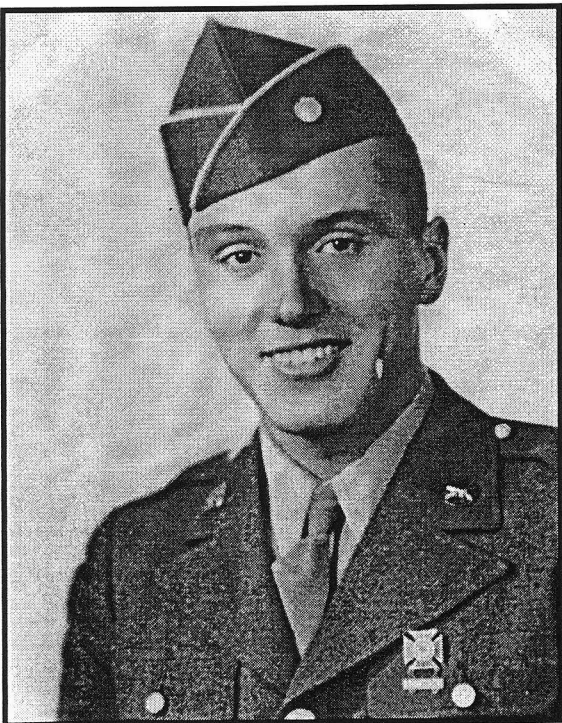
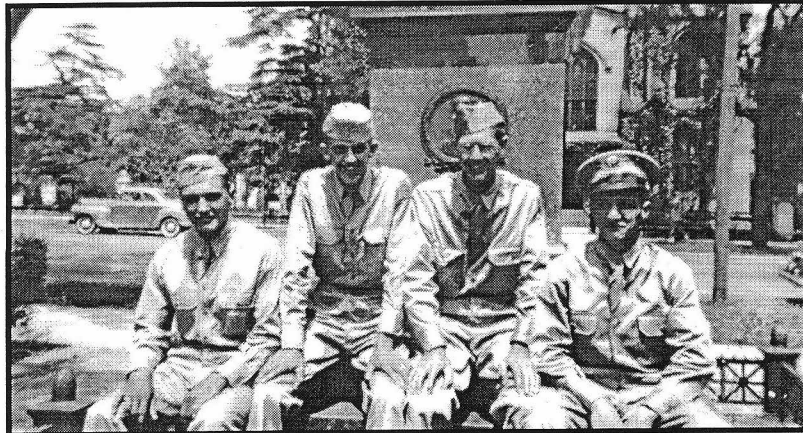
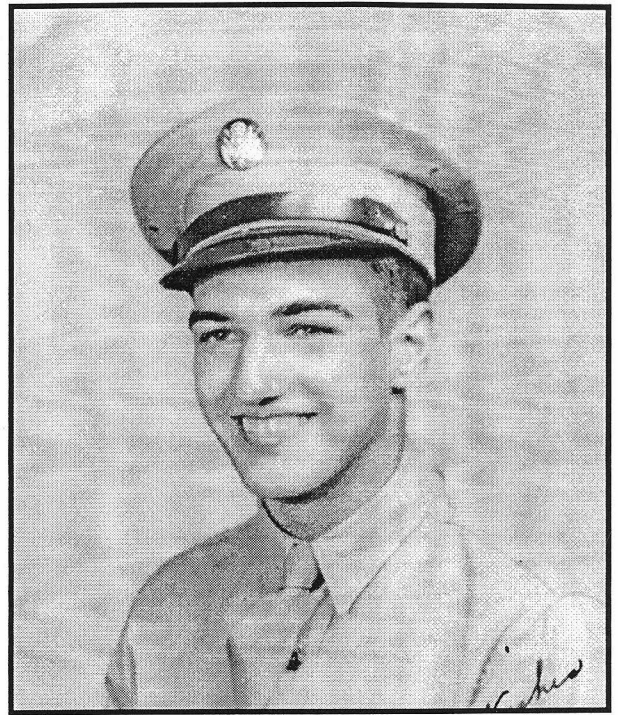
I am preparing to head east to Valley Forge, PA to attend a conference of the Army Divisions Association. Since Valley Forge is not too distant from Toms River, NJ, I thought I might stop in to see Frank Koehler and his lady friend (they are engaged) Mae. We had the pleasure of meeting Mae at the Association Reunion in St. Louis. When I called Frank, to find out if they would be receptive to my stopping in to say hell-o, and to inquire about his situation with the VA, I found that Frank is having some health problems also. As of this writing, Frank will under go tests to see if it is a heart problem or? So, after Valley Forge, I will drive on down to my old home area in Maryland and spend time with my daughters, their families and my grandchildren. (Sneaky way to get to see the grandchildren, isn't it?)

Along the same line, since I will be going very near the home of Norm and Betty Simmons, I called them to see about stopping to say hell-o. Much to my surprise, I find out that they would be coming west and through Illinois, heading for a shot at Branson, and the entertainment center. Sorry to say that we have not been there, YET. Anyway, the Simmons will not be home, so I promised to stop by on my way back home. I then thought that in the same neighborhood. Is a fellow member of Company D that I have not had the pleasure of meeting personally: Truman Christian. I gave Truman a call and asked if he would make me a motel reservation and I would call him on my arrival in the Harrisburg area. So that will take place. I have heard a lot of nice things about Truman and we have sent e-mails back and forth. It will be nice to meet he and his wife.

I know that somewhere between Harrisburg and Valley Forge, maybe a bit north is a town named Albrightsville and that's where Bob and Mary Jane Landis make their home. I've got to make contact with them and see if I can work them into my schedule somehow. If I skip them, I'll probably be in a doghouse for a while.

I hear from the Dickersons, Bea and Myrton every so often by e-mail. Myrton has informed me that they have made their reservations for our Nation's Capitol Reunion in September. When we made our trip to Belgium and Germany two years ago, the Dickersons were our travel mates. After the sessions in Belgium and Germany, the four of us drove down to Paris. We had a heck of a time locating our hotel upon arrival in Paris and if I can change my language a bit, we had one hell of a time getting away from Paris. Getting OUT of Paris wasn't the problem, but finding the CORRECT highway heading east towards Germany. I'll simply say that at one point and time, we ended up in a warehousing area. But after it was all over and we were heading for Germany, it was fun wasn't it Myrton? (But not Paris!)

I do not want to overlook this information. Truman Christian has been doing a good job of remembering a number of buddies who came to Company D during or after The Bulge. It is a pleasure to welcome them to the group. I have listed them in ROLL CALL but I would like to name them here as



Footlocker Stuff, Continued

well. If others of you remember them, why not write them a letter or call them. They are: Clarence C Parrish, Hwy 59, Corrigan, TX 75939, Rev Willard Rockhill, 764 W. Placita Nueva, Green Valley, AZ 85614-2830, Glenn E. Rollins, 224 Fler Road, Thomasville, NC 27360-6106, and Glendean Stonecipher, 139 Upper Airbase Lane, Briceville, TN 37710-2008. That is a good group and I send thanks to Truman and a real good welcome back to Company D to you fellows. Truman also "found" Glen Rolfs, Genesco, KS and now deceased LeRoy Butter, Strong City, and KS. Truman remembered these last two, having been a Kansas boy before service.

By the way, so that I don't forget to ask, "How many of you have made your reservations for our 55th Reunion in September?" There is still plenty of time to make a YES decision and get your reservations in. If you need the registration forms, you can call me, write me, e-mail me. I would certainly like to see a large group of you Company D guys and gals sitting in our group as I open the Reunion.

55th Reunion, From Page 2

Thursday night you will not only enjoy a nice sit down meal, but you will be entertained. If you enjoyed the Colonial Fife and Drum Corps and the Young Ladies Drill Team last year, well, wait to see what we have in store for you this year.

Saturday will be mostly business. The Men's Luncheon and the Ladies Luncheon will be a wonderful get together for everyone. Saturday night, for those who want to spend a few bucks? Well, a bus ride down to the Alexandria City wharf, board the Spirit of Washington for a Dinner Cruise on the Potomac. Eat a wonderful dinner; look at the beautiful sights of the Washington waterfront. And for those who took the Mount Vernon trip on Wednesday, as the cruise nears Mount Vernon, I've put in a request to Martha to "turn on the lights."

After the late hours aboard the Spirit of Washington, we will

ASSOCIATION BUSINESS TRIP

I had the privilege of representing our Association recently at the annual meetings of the Army Divisions Association. The meeting were held in Valley Forge, PA. The meetings began on May 3rd and ended on May 6th. The meetings were sponsored by The Valley Forge Visitors Association. Each year the meetings are held in a different location. The sponsoring visitors association show the many features of their location in hopes of interesting the representatives to influence their own associations in holding their reunions in that location. We had a very nice visit to Valley Forge and to Philadelphia. It was a pleasure to once again see our Liberty Bell and to visit Independence Hall. On Saturday evening the Valley Forge Sheraton entertained us with an outstanding dinner and in their dinner theatre we had a presentation of the musical New York, New York. It was outstanding! Joe Maloney and I represented our association. Next year, Joe and Frank Lojata, the present 2nd Vice will attend.

The following article **Heros Unaware** was included on the back of the 2000 Memorial Day program for the observance, which is held annually in the Upper Alton Cemetery, Alton, Illinois. It is said that this is the oldest, continuous Memorial Day observance in the United States.

HEROS UNAWARE

I saw him on a park bench, I've seen him every day. Sitting in a shady grove, where my children come to play. Sometimes he feeds the birds and squirrels, or whittles little toys.

Sometimes he just sits and smiles, at the laughing girls and boys. And I never paid him any mind, till one day just this year, I noticed that he wore a frown, and on his cheek.....A tear.

Well, I asked him why he seemed so down, he look up, began to say, "I lost my friends 55 years ago today."

He told me of the terror, as he fought to reach dry land. By the time the beachhead was secure, half his friends lay in the sand. That was just in one long day. He fought on many more months. And the 55 years from then to now, have not dimmed His sights of war. He said they have reunions, just to keep in touch and share. And for each comrade who has gone on, they leave an empty chair.

Well, His park bench has been empty now, about 6 months or so. And if I'd never took the time, then I would never ever known. That sitting on that simple bench, with bread crumbs and little toys, was a man who gave his all, to guarantee my daily joys. So give thanks to all the men and women, who're still here or have gone before, and made the highest sacrifice, in both Peacetime and in War. Because they bought our freedom, paid their own blood sweat and tears. Then endured the heartache of those empty chairs, For all these years.

So please do not ignore them, or speed by without a care. Cause you never know, When you might pass by . . . A hero, unaware.

*I dedicate this to our good friend and buddy,
Kermit Lee Steele and all of those who have left us.*

ROLL CALL

*Roger Batten
77 E. Missouri Avenue
Phoenix, AZ 85012
*Felix Blinn
818 Ohio St. Apt 35
Bangor, ME 04401-3129
*Walter Bridges
225 Laird Ave.
Huey, AL 35023
*Samuel E Cemer
25 N Valleyview Drive #77
Green Valley, UT 84770
*Fred Chermak
4038 Wooded Drive
Colgate, WI 53017
*Truman Christian
27 Center Drive
Camp Hill, PA 17011
*Alden Cobb
2701 1 8th Ave
Friendship, WI 53934
*Myrton Dickerson
2500 S 370th St #209
Federal Way, WA 98003
*William A Domiano
3081 Edwin Ave Apt. 2F
Fort Lee, NJ 07024
*Kenneth Dux
403 E. 2nd St.
Neillsville, WI 54456
*Raymond Ellis
10431 Big Tree Circle West
Jacksonville, FL 32257
*Val Erion
R.R. #2, Box 161
Cass Lake, MN 56633
*William A French
9662 Cherry Tree Dr. #31
Strongsville, OH 44136
*Phillip E Gerlach
4112 Rice St.
Vadnais Heights, MN 55126
*Francis A Gramlich
1380 Meetinghouse Rd
Meadowbrook, PA 19046
*Gordon Hawn
1509 River Bluff Blvd
Rockford, IL 61103
*Robert Homan
1614 Holly Dr
Janesville, WI 53546
*Steve Jablonsky
209 McKenney St.
Dixon, IL 61021
*Leon J Kerns
631 Hamilton St
Bellevue, OH 43311
*Franklin R Koehler
243 Torkey Pines Rd
Toms River, NJ 08757

*Robert J Landis
210 Indian Mountain Lakes
Albrightsville, PA 18210
*Noel Lyon
1110 Yellowstone Ave
Osburn, ID 83849
*William G Mize
1 Mize Place
Greenwood, MS 38930
*Paul Morris
Jack's CS
Burnsville, NC 28714
*Clarence C Parrish
Hwy 59
Corrigan, TX 75939
*Glen R Parvin
3316 Princeton Rd
Kingsport, TN 37660
*Rev Willard Rockhill
764 W. Placita Nueva
Green Valley, AZ 85614-2830
*Glenn E Rollins
224 Fler Road
Thomasville, NC 27360-6106
*Phillip Rosenthal
7401 West Arcadia St
Morton Grove, IL 60053
*Glen E Rolfs
P.O. Box 611
Genesco, KS 67444
*Alden Russell
20892 St Lawrence Park Rd
Alexandria Bay, NY 13607
*Robert Sabiston
11630 Glen Arm Rd
Glen Arm, MD 21057
*Russell Satrang
2844 Brunswick Ave
St. Louis Park, MN 55416
*Anthony Skoda
888 Audrey St
Chicago Heights, IL 60411
*Oscar Scott
5305 Pentel Ln.
N. Little Rock, AR 72117
*Norman Simmons
1208 Florence Dr
Harrisburg, PA 17112
*Kermit Lee Steele
424 Roosevelt Dr
Mt Vernon, IN 47620
*Glendean Stonecipher
139 Upper Airbase Ln
Briceville, TN 37710-2008
*Burnett L Sutter
5220 Windjammer Rd.
Plano, TX 75093
*Howard Swenson
2371 Kimball Ave. NW
Annandale, MN 55302

THE SILENT CORPS

Pfc Robert C Ames 1994	T/Sgt Edward A Goedert 1991
Pfc Anthony Barredo 1998	T/5 William E Gradin 1994
Pfc Herman Bavarisco KIA 1944	Sgt John P Hart 1977
1Lt John Berthias KIA 1943	Sgt George G T Hurley 1984
T/4 William G Berri 1996	T/5 Robert Huchko 1995
Pfc Robert L Berry 1997	Pfc Peter Karvales 1944
Pfc William H Bingle KIA 1944	T/Sgt Carl J Kerin 1995
Pfc James Blythe 1991	2Lt John P Kilkenny, Jr KIA 1944
1/Sgt Robert Bothe 1991	Pfc Charles Kosssage 1989
Pfc Leonard Bruening 1999	S/Sgt Leon J Langlois 1998
S/Sgt Carl E Burch 1995	T/5 Arturo Maya 1963
S/Sgt William J Burke 1986	T/Sgt Nels Moe 1993
Pvt LeRoy G Butter 2000	T/Sgt Walter Pampus 1999
1Lt William Boucouvalas 1986	Pfc Michael Petrunio 1994
Pvt Eugene B Clifton KIA 1944	Major Robert W Preucel (MD) 1995
Pvt Hays Copeland 1988	Pfc James Scarsorie, Sr 1998
Pvt Mays Copeland 1980	Pfc Clarence Saffley 1987
Lcol (1Lt) Charles Costigan 1988	Sgt William O Salmen 1981
Pvt Joseph D'Antonio KIA 1944	1Lt Allen G Smith 1986
Pfc Anthony DellaPinta 1993	Pfc Christian Sutich 1992
Pvt James J Dettore KIA 1944	Pfc Michael Serrian 1976
Sgt Louis Ferretti 1981	Major (1Lt) Russell Terry 1985
1Lt G K Flewelling KIA 1944	1Lt Kenneth Tewell KIA 1944
Sgt John Frizzel KIA 1944	Sgt Robert Treglowne 1985
Pfc J C Frodge 1990	Pvt Robert Tucker KIA 1944
1Lt Claude VanEmelen KIA 1944	Pfc David Woodson KIA 1944
Sgt Ellis M Watson KIA 1944	Capt (2Lt) Anthony Yanalitis 1998
Major (2Lt) George Warner 1994	

OFFICERS CALL

Following are names of Officers who served with D Company.
If you can remember additional names, please report them.

Capt John P Foley (First CO)	
1Lt John Berthias (1st EXO) -	
2Lt Kenneth Tewell (1st Platoon Ldr)	
2Lt Alden F Russell (2nd Platoon Ldr & 2nd CO)	
2Lt Russell Terry (3rd Platoon Ldr)	
1Lt Claude VanEmelen (2nd Platoon Ldr)	
2Lt Kenneth Long	Capt Robert W Preucel (CO in US & ETO)
2Lt E.C. Johnson	1Lt Charles Costigan (EXO in US & ETO)
1Lt Lawrence E Randall	1Lt G K Flewelling (2nd Platoon Ldr KIA)
1Lt Cecil Ayers	2Lt John P Kilkenny, Jr (3rd Platoon KIA)
1Lt James VanOsdol	1Lt Ralph Plummer (1st Platoon Ldr)
2Lt Donald K White	2Lt Jack E Clifton
2Lt Gene O Yarnell	2Lt William Boucouvalas
1Lt Harry M Wooldridge	2Lt Allen G Smith
Capt Wesley D Griffin	2Lt William Sanderson
Capt Ralph K Lee	2Lt Anthony M Yanalitis (BF Comm)
Capt Roy Burks	2Lt George Warner (ETO OCS)

*Russell F Vanarnam
112 N Roloff St
Davenport, IA 52804
*Steve Varhola
6650 Royal Palm Blvd #309C
Margate, FL 33063
*Andrew M Yakupchina
232 W 2nd St
Wilburton, PA 17888

The Bugle

EDITED BY

MARION RAY

P.O. Box 302

Bethalto, IL 62010-0302