

August 4, 1945.

Dear Gang:

Here we come again with more news of SOME of the Gang. The Old Mail Bag really went to town for a couple of days, but it is a little short of expectations and if this letter is a little short, it is because I haven't got enough news to fill it up, and want to get it out before I go on Vacation. How I happened to start these letters was because when the fellows were home on Leave, all they seemed to ask was where the different fellows were, so I tried to send that information out. These letters are written on my own time, and I have licked a lot of envelopes and stamps, (and there is only one thing to take that taste out of my mouth.) I have callouses on my fingers from typing (I sit down a lot too.) However the pay has been in good letters from the Gang, and if "Thanks" were money, I'd be a Millionaire. Some of the Gang are Homesick to see someone from home, and I hope these letters help to locate someone close. Mrs. Odgers, who works in the Fire College has cut all the stencils, and has ran off the last two letters, aside from addressing the envelopes. (She is just a little faster than I am) Mrs. Odgers quote, "Don't let him kid you he is pretty good himself", so thanks to the Fire College, run by Captains Leo Weidner and Guy Stabler, they haven't licked any stamps-though.

Incidentally, Mrs. Odgers son was shot down in the Phillipinos on June 2nd, but was seen to parachute and land in Enemy Territory, but no word has been received since. She is Terry Schrunk's cousin, and really a swell person. Without her help, it would really be a job to get these letters out. She knows very few of you, yet is interested, and reads every letter.

1st LT. ROBERT E. MOORE sent us a Long Distance Telephone message, via his father, R. Earl Moore, of the Police Department, stationed at St. Johns, that he is no "Papa" of an eight pound baby, that has the features of the mother, and the fixtures of the father. Bob's Dad was really thrilled, because he was born at Aurora, Colo., and his grandson was born in the same City, almost on his birthday. Bob is still attached to the Air Field at Denver, where he has been since his return from China last fall.

LT. KENNETH GITHENS is now home on a sixty-day furlough, after being released from a German Prison Camp. Kenny was in to see us, and looked pretty good. One thing he did not lose was that smile. Said everything that Reino Hockert has said was just about as he found it, and stressed the point that the Red Cross Food packages was the only thing that kept them alive. One thing that got the German's goat was the Yanks would yell, "Come on Joe", and a few times they even shot into the barracks. After many delays, he finally got home. Shipley, of Truck #4 told him, quote: "That was a hell of a thing to write about that being a good place to sober up. I Haven't had a drink in six months. Let's have a Beer."

W. A. Grenfell Jr., A.R.M. 3/c, writes from Corpus Christie, Texas, that he will be leaving soon for San Diego, Cal. He says, quote: "Got quite a kick out of your letters, it is surprising how many of the fellows I know. Some of them are Dad's friends that I have known since my diaper days."

P.F.C. Henry C. Hoffman, writes from Germany, and says, quote: "Dear Hank...it's swell knowing what the Gang are doing, and where they are doing it. Don't let the papers kid you that everyone in Germany is living in Hotels and houses. Our whole outfit is living in Pup Tents in a German Forest near Mayen, about thirty miles from Coblenz. We sleep, live and eat in mud about a foot deep. "Toughening up" so the General says. Keep the letters coming and keep me posted about what "Zeko" is doing. Tell him that I will write him just as soon as he gets an A.P.O. (signed) Hank." When all the Hanks get back, Hank Hoffman, Hank Surbaugh and myself, we will have to get three shifts to keep the "Hanks" straight.

CAPT. KENNETH PUTTKAMER is now on Terminal Leave, and will go into Inactive status soon. Kenny was in to "Get acquainted", and looked good. Has been enjoying his family, and just taking it easy, looking up a few of his friends. When he gets back in the Dept. and they put him on as Driver, I wonder if he will try to "Take Off", just out of habit.

JOHN NEELEY is out of the Service and is now the Junior Captain at Engine 36. Haven't seen John yet, but did talk to him on the phone. He was in the Navy for quite a while, and spent most of that time in the land of the Hula Hula skirts, but seems very happy about being home. His boy, JOSEPH W. NEELEY, Ph.M.1/c is supposed to be home soon on a leave,

LT. DON KIRSCH is on Terminal Leave, and will soon receive a Discharge.

DAVID JOOS, has been discharged from the C.B.s, and will soon be back at Engine 23. At last reports, he was visiting his folks at Wimbleton, North Dakota.

M.L. GREENMAN, B.M. 1/c was home recently on leave, and has left for California for a new assignment. He has spent a lot of time in Scotland. We had his address as of San Francisco, instead of New York, and none of the letters have caught up with him yet. Talked to him on the phone the day he was leaving, and will try and get his address and include it in this letter.

LT. COL. HAL PAINTER dropped in a few days ago. Said it was easier to take a week off and thank me in person for the letters, than to write a letter. While he was here, he spent a little time at the beach, and asked me to say "Hello" to his friends he didn't get to see. Hal spent about fifteen months around Spokane, between Geiger Field and Fort George Wright, then to Pueblo, Colo. for four months, to Herington Kansas for a year, Grand Island Nebr., for eight months and in June 1944, he went to Mountain Home, Idaho, where he still is. That is a Bomber Training Base, and he is the Director of Station Services. Says there is a lot of fishing and hunting, for the boys that have time enough, and they can generally catch a ride to good fishing spots. His job is a twenty-four hour a day one, so he does not get much time to go. Not being an Army Pilot, he has a pilot on his official trips, but is taking lessons from a commercial instructor in Boise, so he can make side trips in a "Puddle Jumper", and take his family with him. Hal asked about Bill McKinney, who is the only member he has seen in the service, away from home. What Hal doesn't know, is that in Sept., 1942, when he signed the Register at the top of the Radio City Building in New York, the next person to sign it was Dale Gilman, and the ink wasn't even dry, but Dale could not find him. (Dale is still looking, and was sorry he missed seeing you.)

P.F.C. BRET PHELPS, Marine Fighter Squadron 211, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, writes from the Phillipines on July 5th. He says, quote: "I am in the 211th Marine Fighter Group, and the biggest danger I am in right now, is from falling coconuts. I've got three International Cats to take care of and operate, and also a Bulldozer. Tell Shipley and the gang at Engine 7 and Truck 4, that they had better watch out when I get back aboard that little "Red" wagon. My brother located me, and I just returned from a visit with him. I have seen a hell of a lot of country from the air, and will really be able to show some of you under when I get back. Give my regards to all the boys, and tell that gang at S.E. 11th and Stark to write."

HAROLD B. OLSON, M.M. 1/c was home on leave, as reported by Engine 7. He left for the East Coast, but expects a West Coast assignment.

P.F.C. "TOMMY" THOMPSON writes from Germany (June 29th). He says they have moved back to Marburg again. He says, quote: "I guess the Army doesn't think you are doing anything unless you are moving. We see those happy faces going thru the Depot, on their way home for discharges. What a difference those faces are now and when they were going to the front two months ago. Just received your letter with the addresses, and am going to see if I can't find someone close. If you don't receive letters from everyone of the Fireman, I'll be badly surprised."

They have regular Oregon weather here, and it makes me homesick. I have seventy-one (71) points, so it looks like the Army of Occupation for me. I like the sound of that extra "72" a month, and am anxious to get home to take advantage of it. Tell all the fellows "Hello" for me, and thanks for your swell letters." MAJ. JACK LOWE, writes from Frankfort am Main, Germany, dated June 27th, saying, quote: "I am at U.S. Headquarters here in Frankfort. If anyone from P.F.D. comes thru, have them stop in. I can supply food, refreshments and lodgings. Have eighty four (84) points, but can't convince my boss that I am unessential. Give my best regards to the gang, and tell them I hope to be home by Xmas. Thanks for your swell letters."

W.R. GRACE Sea 2/c, V-4-0, U.S.S. Antietam (C.V.-36), Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Cal., and A/C HARVEY CANDEAU ----- who were members of the Kindergarten at Engine 1 for a while, until they got old enough to join the Service, were both home on leave, and "wished" they were back. Now they write for each other's address. Bill is in the Navy, and in a letter to Mel Wilkening says, quote: "Have been aboard about two weeks, and was I sea-sick the first few days out, but am all over that now. Is everybody still there, or are they all in the Service. It is sure hot out here, about eighty-five (85) degrees where we sleep, and that is too hot to sleep even with-out any clothes on. Say Hello to everybody for me." Harvey went thru basic with Raymond Dunford Jr., and then they got separated. He leaves for Nebraska for further training. (The subs that took you fellow's places, still turn on the Radio, but don't go across Fourth St. to listen to it. They go up on the second floor. I'd like to go to the third floor. Could it be that I am jealous of your "Youth"?)

MAJ. WILLIAM J. FAGUE, has been home on a forty-five day furlough, We couldn't make connections, but Bob Coffelt of Engine 28 had quite a visit with him, and said a lot of Bill's story would have to wait until after the war. We know that he has a pet monkey, very small, that is well liked by the fellows. The monkey loved chowing gum, and was always "bumming". Also he liked to prowls other tents, and came home frothing at the mouth more than once, when he found some shaving cream or tooth-paste. Also he would hold an egg between his front feet, right up under his chin, and would fall and roll to keep from breaking it, until he was ready to eat it. Bill has two daughters and tried to visit his family as much as possible. Made a trip to the beach, and tried to see as many of his friends as he could. He looked good, and is now on his way back to the Phillipines. He was called into the Service in 1940, with the National Guard, and had arrived in Portland on December 7, 1941, at two A.M., from Fort Benning, Ga. He left immediately after the word of Pearl Harbor was flashed, for Fort Lewis, Wn., he left the States March 2, 1942, and this is his first time back. We went try to name all the places he has been, but they include Australia, New Guinea and the Phillipines.

CAPT. ROBERT M. MITCHELL, in a letter to his father, Frank Mitchell, of Engine 22, says he is still in the Phillipines. Bob made the landing at Leyte, and then made the "Jump" South of Manila, and helped clean up that area. Then, when cleaning out the Japs from the hills on Luzon, he was wounded in the arm and leg. After a couple of months in the hospital, he is back in action, with no ill effects. Some of their outfit is still in northern Luzon. He is now the Battalion Executive Officer.

S/SGT. MELVIN E. JOHNSON, writes, that he has been overseas a little more than a year, working with Radio and Radar, mostly repairing. He has spent some time on Oahu and Guam. He says, quote: "I can't tell you anything about this place except it is North of the Equator, and West of the International Date Line. Although now in the Department, I know a lot of the fellows you write about, but haven't seen anyone from home. Have received two letters, and looking forward to the next one."

Give Louie Merchant my new address, and tell him he owes me a letter. Regards to all the gang."

PFC. ROBERT L. WESTLAND-563030, Co. G., 2nd Bn, 25th Marines, 4th Marine Div. Fleet P.O. San Francisco, Cal., who subbed in District 3 before going in the Service, writes to Ernie Phillips, of Eng. 32, and says, quote: "Received your letter, but was "sort of busy", so didn't write anybody. I wrote Bill, (Ernie's son) but haven't heard from him. Received a letter from Henry Rich, and know a lot of the boys. I about split my sides from laughing when I read about Manley Miles being a "Swabbie". I never thought they would ever catch up with him."

1st. LT. ALFRED A. TRUMBULL, writes from Topeka, Kansas. He says, quote: "It is about time I answer your swell letters, as they are my only source of information about some of the fellows I used to work with, but I have just been "pretty busy" lately. From Lincoln, Neb., I was assigned as airplane commander to a B-29 crew. We took all out training at El Paso, Texas. That really isn't such a bad spot. One might get used to it in 25 or 30 years. Jaurez, Mexico was interesting, we went to a Bull Fight, once, and only once. We should be leaving for overseas before the end of the month. Say "Hello" to Kenny Githens for me. Have stopped in a lot of cities lately, but I've yet to see one I prefer over Good Old Portland. Hope I hear from you again soon, and Thanks a Million."

JAMES A. ADAM, R.T. 1/c, R.M.O., P.S.N.Y, Bremerton, Wn., dropped in to say "Hello", saying it was easier to say "Thanks" in person, than write a letter. Jim was one of the "Volunteers" at Engine 10, and subbed for quite a while at Eng. 1, 22 and 15, before entering the Service. He says they are pretty busy, and he hasn't had time to look any of the fellows up, but asked me to remember him to his friends.

LT-COL. JAMES H. RICEPPEL, writes from the Central Pacific on July 9, and says, quote: "Your little personal note on the bottom, pleased me more than anything, I've read in the last five years. (I had tried to "bawl" him out for not writing). The fall of Europe was less surprise than the "two" shifts off news. Someone said that Bob McFarland had broken his arm. Tell the *\$%#* Scotchman to answer my letters, even if he has to write left-handed. The news of Githens and others liberated from German prison camps was pleasing. I imagine Githens also included some remark about Shipley, which was not put out for general consumption. Give my best to all the fellows" (Githens read your letter, and his remark about you will not be published, either.)

LT.(j.g.) DAVID L. GALLAHER, Gropac #15, Port Hueneme, Cal. (a new address) writes that he might be "shoving off" any time. He says, quote "This place is plenty big; and haven't much in the way of news. Keep up the good work, and give my regards to the gang."

A.D.(DEAN) KITTC, Sea 1/c writes from the U.S. Naval Convalescent Hospital, Ward A, Yosemite National Park, Cal. (New address). We thought he was out in the S. W. Pacific, and wonder what the rest of the story is. His letter was full of thanks about news of "A swell bunch of fellows". He says, quote: "We have a three million dollar Hotel to stay in here. We go fishing and make all sorts of other trips along with the rehabilitation program. Glad to hear from you Hank, and lots of luck." (What happened; Dean, Did you fall down a hatch?)

PVT. C.W. GUTHRIDGE writes to J. Arnold Scott, of Eng. 3 saying they are just starting their "Basic", and heard they try to march our feet off, but a "young fellow" like me can stand those things. A week later he writes, quote: "Can't get out of camp this week-end because they want to teach us some Military Courtesy, probably would have got in trouble anyhow. Tell the gang "Hello" and write soon." (You couldn't have been learning that Military Courtesy in the guardhouse, could you, Sam?) P.S. I'll bet I get an answer to that.

RAYMOND SEIBERT, Sp. (F) 3/c, writes from Mare Island F.F. School. He says, quote: "Just a line to let you know I am receiving your letters, and am sure glad to get them. I am instructing here now, and have run across a few Portland Firemen, Wayne Cutler is taking a course at this school, Leonard Born left last week for Manchester. Hope to be seeing you soon." (We haven't heard from either Cutler or Born, so maybe they have a "Broken Arm" too.)

CAPT. HARRY WHITE, writes from Camp Hood, Texas, and says, quote: "Right now I am sitting in the Hospital with my eighteenth attack of Malaria. I am Regimental Adjutant of an Infantry Replacement Training Regiment. We give them seventeen weeks of training, and over they go. In less than two months I will finish my fifth year of Active Duty, and am all for getting back to the P.F.D. the first chance they give me. Give my best regards to all my friends."

CAPT. T.C. TURLAY, writes from the Pacific, and says, quote: "Received your latest letter and thought it was time to quit putting off till tomorrow, what I should do today. Letter writing has always been a chore for me (my wife will vouch for this). Many names are familiar, and I read the news about each and every one of said names. Notice many of the old bunch have retired. Suppose there are only a couple at Truck 7 that I worked with, How about Jim Hicks? Is he still on the Truck? At present I am working with the Transportation Corps, we load and unload ships here in the Harbor, and keep quite busy. No matter how many supplies come in, more are always needed. We see fresh troops coming and tired troops going. I keep my eyes open but haven't seen anyone I know since I ran into Bill Mitchell, two years ago. Have been on five different Islands, since then. Am sending my latest address, which might help someone in the area to look me up. Have no idea when I'll get home, and because I am in the Service Forces, will probably be the last one to be reassigned. My chances for leave are nil, but IF I did get home, I'd hate to leave again. Say "Hello" to all the fellows for me, and above all, be sure I get the next letter."

LT-COL. JOSEPH K. CARSON, writes from Germany, and says, quote: "We have been terribly busy the last few months, or I would have written sooner to tell you how I appreciate the news of the Firemen. Yes, I wish I had a good work-out (He means a shower and a rub-down). Have just finished a very difficult job of getting 2,500,000 persons back home, the ones that Hitler forced into slavery. The concentration camps were hells of horror, and I hope I never have to see anything like that again. Give my best to all the gang."

PAT N. KASCH, Sea 2/c writes from Camp Elliott that he is waiting further transfer. Also he says that Carl Mulder and Lane Monson are on their way to Norfolk, Va., and Donald Lee Martin is at Gulfport, Miss. He says, quote: "See if you can get my old boss, C.P. Baker to answer my letter. He is a good man and buddy, but I don't think he is too busy to drop me a line. Regards to the gang, and until the next time I hear from you folks." (Sounds like another case of a "Broken Arm".)

CAPT. "DIG" LENNEVILLE, writes from Zuchthaus St. Georgen, Bayreuth, Germany, one of the most interesting letters I have received. Like "Tommy" Thompson, he compares the weather to Oregon weather. He tells of his work with Allied Military Government until September, when he was attached to the Hqtrs of the 3rd Army. He says, quote: "It was my job to know where some 60 or 70 detachments were, what they were doing, and how they were doing it. It was some job, especially when the Third was racing across France into Germany. The first part of April I was sent from HQs as Prison Officer. So far I have had six Prisons, with a grand total of about 20,000 inmates, which we have to put back on a Civilian Basis." "Dig" then tells about a lot of the prisoners he came in contact with, what they were "In" for, and his interpreter was a Frenchman, who had served two years for trying to take his money out of the country. He also tells about being in the City, famous for Wagner Operas (not Dig's favorite music, by the way) and meeting the son of the

first concert master for the Wagner operas, who was 63 years old, and very anti-nazi. "City Citations has been a wonderful booster for the morale, and is the only news I get of the activities of the City. Since I started this letter, three days ago, I have a new address. While this Prison work has been very interesting, it will be rather nice to settle down for a while, unless my new assignment is G.I. Outfit. Convey my compliments and best wishes to the "Gang" in the Service and those at home. Best of luck to everyone, and as the British would say "Keep your Peckers up." (Dig's son, Robert is on his way home, for Discharge).

A.V. DOLPHY, who is with the Army Engineers writes from San Juan, Porto Rico. He says, quote: "This is a beautiful City with the old type Spanish houses. I went thru the old Moro Fort, which is part of the Base. What most of the gang will be interested in, is the fact that there are a lot of good-looking women, in all shades of black, brown and tan. The City is wide open for gambling. I don't think too much of the native Firemen, he is too light in the poop, but as the buildings are all masonry, the contents can burn without damage to the buildings, and using char coal, cuts down the Fire Hazard. There is no shortage of anything, liquor is cheaper than in the States, Cigarettes a nickle a package, Beer, ten cents a bottle (Did you say "Ten Cents"?) Can fly to Cuba and spend the day, and return at night. Will be here for another week, and then fly to South America, where I expect it to be much hotter. Well, Richie, give my regards to all the "Gang". LT. DON SLOAN was in town over the week-end, but I was off duty when he dropped in. We did manage to reach him at home, but he had a bad cold (Don't know if he caught it in Portland, or enroute). He said they really are busy, and if he had time to write, he would write a letter home. Was glad to know that he didn't have a "Broken Arm." All kidding aside, Don has really a story to tell about where he has been during this war, and I hope the next time he drops in, that I am here.

PFC. RAYMOND R. DUNFORD JR., writes from Savannah Georgia and says they have really moved into a Turkish Bath, twenty fours a day. His Pilot is a Major, who used to be a Fighter Pilot, and really can fly that B-29. Raymond is too busy to look anyone up, and says, quote: "Just got back from an eight hour flight, not counting the three hour ground preparation, and the hour's work after we landed. My job was to watch the auxiliary motor, and when I saw the gasoline was low, I called the "Major" and told him, thinking I'd get out for a few minutes, when we landed, but when I opened the door to get out, there was one of the "Darned Ground Crew." handing me a can of gasoline, which I filled the gas tank with, and away we went again. Last night I hit the bed at ten P.M., and got up at two A.M., after a hot and sticky night, so don't feel much like writing." (That only accounts for sixteen hours, Raymond, what did you do with the other eight hours?)

WARD E. SWART, Sc.M., l/c writes that he just received the May letter. He says, quote: "I spent several months at Radar School in Hawaii, and was on my way back to my ship (U.S.S. Smith, D.D. 378) when I bumped my knee, and this finds me at a Base Hospital, after an operation for water on the knee, "Not to be confused with water on the Brain". If things work out, I'll soon be a Destroyer Sailor again, and my ship is due back in the States sometime in 1946. My first session in the South Pacific was for twenty months, and I have been out thirteen months this time. Best regards to all the boys, where-ever they may be."

LT. "JIM" TIMMONS, in a letter to Shipley, says he is now in South America, still in the Transportation Corps. "Virg" Douglas, is also still in England, and says the BEER might be good, if it was cold.

PVT. WM. E. PHILLIPS, son of Ernie Phillips of Engine 32, in a letter to his father says they are busy setting up their permanent camp, and have been digging holes and setting up telephone poles. He writes, quote: "Sure wish I was back in the Fire Dept. again. Have received three letters from Henry Rich, and enjoyed them very much.

Tell him "Thanks", and I'll write him soon. Have found out Harry Landru is close, and am going to look him up the first chance I get."

ROBERT E. ROBINSON, B.M. 1/c writes from Treasure Island that he is waiting to go on a Y.O., and is supposed to stay in the Twelfth Naval District, although they might change his orders, but he hopes not. He says, quote: "Here I am at Treasure Island. Talked to Richard DuCharme on the phone, and he'll be out in another month. Hope we can get together at least once before he leaves. Don't forget to send me your next letter, here is my new address."

PVT. JAMES A. SMITH, who subbed at Engine 12, dropped in to say "Hello". He has just completed his Basic Training at Camp Hood, Texas, and tried to find Harry White, but said "That Camp is an awful big place." He said that he was glad he didn't have to go back to Texas, as it was the "Hottest" place he ever saw. Asked about Billy Grenfell, and where he was. James reports to Camp Adair after his furlough is up, and said quote: "There isn't much doubt as to where I will be sent from there."

AL WISMER is now home on furlough, but I haven't seen him yet.

TOMMY SMITH is also home on furlough, and I haven't caught up with him either.

JAMES P. YORK, T.M. 2/c, dropped in for a nice visit. He is now home on a thirty day leave, and reports to Washington D.C., where he goes to Living School. Phil left here in May 1942 with Don Sloan, Bill Mitchell, Jack Jones and Jack Grenfell, going to Pearl Harbor, and when he asked for Sea Duty, he was put aboard a Repair Ship, and sent to the Aleutians, for 18 months. He saw quite a few of the boys from home, but tied up along side some to work on, only to find out too late, there was someone from home aboard her. He didn't do much souvenir hunting at Kiska, as everything was Booby-trapped. Most of his work was under water, and he tells about the first time he saw a shark swimming toward him he thought it was a torpedo, and the "Longest" job he had was some under-water cutting on a ship next to an ammunition ship that was being loaded. Another time a depth-bomb was exploded about five miles away, and "pushed" him off the scaffold he was working on. 120 feet is the deepest dive he has made. He is trying to see as many of his friends as possible, and asked me to remember him to any he missed. Said he had received two of my letters, and read them over several times. Started about six letters, but something always seemed to interrupt, and none of them was finished.

LT. COL. WM. B. MCKINNEY, in a letter to Captain Woodruff of Engine 3, tells us that he is going to have his Gall-bladder removed some time soon. Woody called and read the letter, and it seems like Bill is rating very good, as he is in the General's room. Also he has to stay in bed, most of the time, Period. We are glad it is nothing serious, as we were beginning to think you had a "Broken Arm", Bill, as this is the first we have heard about you since last fall. You won't have to worry about replacing that wheel-barrow soon, as Al Nehl went to the hospital a couple days ago, and won't be needing it for a couple of months.

Well fellows, here we are again with another "So Long". You don't have to apologize for not writing, because after all, people are what they are. A boy will walk ten miles to go fishing, but puts off walking to the wood-shed for an armful of wood. Some women will wash their dishes after every meal, and others will use every clean dish in the house first. There are a lot of things that I "put off" too. (I could say something about "Firemen", but it might only "Lead to Bloodshed") So write if and when you can. We will send the news of the "Gang" on when we get it. Thanks again to those that have written. Do it again.

Sincerely,

Henry Rich
Henry Rich.

Henry Rich
905 S. W. 4th Ave.
Portland 4 Oregon.

CHANGED AND NEW ADDRESSES.

W.A.GRENFELL JR. A.R.M. e/c V.P.B.-2, O.T.U.-4, C.A.C.-159-C.N.A.S., Corpus Christio
Tex.

SGT. VERN L. PEER-19135965, Co.B., 136th Ordinance Bn. A.P.O. 446, %P.M., New York, N.Y.

LT.COL. JOSEPH K. CARSON-O-159101, G-5 Section, HQs. 12th Army Group, APO 655 %PM. NY.

RAYMOND R. DUNFORD JR.-19232216, Squad.S, Chatham Field, Savannah, Ga.

CPL. J.D.CULBERTSON-39345594, Batt. B, 769th F.A. APO 14208, % PM. San Francisco, Cal.

1st LT. LELAND N.LENNEVILLE-O-515295, 690 Replacement Co. 29th Depot. APO 238, %PM, S.F. Cal.

PFC. GILBERT C. BALSIGER, Sqdn. B, A.T.C, Mather Field, Sacramento, Cal.

CPL. MELVIN M. BALSIGER-39323677, 64th A.A.F. Wea. Sta. 15th Wea. Sqdn. APO 565, %P.M. S.F. Cal.

LT. DALE GALLAHER, Fire Marshal, U.S.N.T.C., Farragut Idaho.

C.E.KLOCK ST. (F) 3/c. Fire Fighting Training Unit U.S.N.T.C., Sampson, N.Y.

LT. JOHN H. BALFMAN U.S. Naval Air Base, (Airport), Astoria, Ore.

PVT. C. W. GUTHRIDGE-39492920, Co.B., 7th Trng. Bn. B.T.S., A.S.F.T.C., Fort Lewis, Wn.

PVT. BRETT E. PHELPS-934483, U.S.M.C.R. Marine Fighter Squadron 211, FPO, S.F., Cal.

CAPT. C.H. LENNEVILLE-O-534065, M.G. Detach, Fl, D2, Co. D. 2nd. E.C.A. Regt. APO 658 % PM
New York, N.Y.

Sgt. Melvin E. Johnson-19135326, 613th Air Eng. Sqdn. 57th Air Svc. Grp. APO 331 %PM,
San Francisco, Cal.

SAM SPRANDO, C.G.B., Camp Parks, Cal.

1st Lt. Alfred Trumbull -O-749356, Crow 843, C.C.H., Biggs Field, El Paso, Tex.

PAT N. KASCH, Sea 2/c, 8915261, Tadcen, Camp Elliott, San Diego 44, Cal.

DONALD LEE MARTIN, E 2/c, Basic Engineering Schl, Dio 22, Sac. F, U.S.N.T.C., Gulfport Miss

LEONARD G. BORN, A.M.M. 3/c, Fire Fighting School, Manchester, Wn.

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