1945

11 Riggtown veterans of World War II

Anonymous

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The following poem was read at exercises attending the dedication of an Honor Roll for young men and women from the southeastern section of West Chester who served in the US military during World War II. A note at the bottom of the page on which the poem was printed suggests that it was written before 1946, when many of them began to come home. The names of the veterans were also painted on a sign that was placed outside of Guinta's corner store at the corner of South Matlack Street and East Nields Street.

Hail to Our Gang!

Hats off today and every tomorrow
To the boys as we know them--
To lads of Our Gang.
The big ones, the small ones,
The Short ones, the tall ones,
They're doing their bit with a bang.

Arzarella and Baldwin, Bannan and Becker,
Beebe and Boyle brothers three,
Buffington, Cains, two Clarks and a Cooper,
A Corcoran, the Crosbys and Dapp under D.

Ned, Jerry and Poppy, that good Davis trio,
Devine and the Dougherty pair,
Faccioli, Faddis, Farley and Farra,
With Fenstermacher in there for fair.
Gibson and Gincley, the Guintas so speedy,
Grant, Graul and Gysin—what array!
Hamilton, Hannum, Harvey and Hay ses,
Heald, Hemphill and Hendersons off to the fray.

The Holstons and Joyces, each sent a pair,
With Kimmel, Kunkel, and Karr,
The Learys and Lessigs, Lindecamps and Lucas,
McCoombs and McCarter now travel afar.

McGrogan's aplenty, one a fair lady,
The Meyers boys, Morino and Morley,
Newman and Ogborn, doesn't it thrill you?
Though daily you miss them more sorely.

Polite, Reed and Reilly, a Roberts and Ronk,
Robinson and Ruggeri lads three,
Two chaps known as Scotty with Young Norman Shank,
In there pitching for you and for me.

Shur, Schabach and Smiths, likewise Miss Anna Snyder,
With Spence, Sprague and Stamper in line.
Terrels, Thompson and Thompkins followed right in the footsteps
Of Bill Undewood—first one to sign.

Veser, Walker and Westwood are Army,
The Weatherby boys good Marines,
Completing the list of our loved ones,
Missing now from familiar home scenes.

There stands the roll of them,
Honor the whole of them,
From such as these our land sprang,
Hail to the crowd of them,
Always be proud of them,
God bless the boys of Our Gang.