

Streets Named For Glen Cove's War Dead: World Wars One and Two

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Abate Street

Named for Victor Abate, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Born in Glen Cove, Abate was the son of Rosario Abate, who resided at 40 Cedar Swamp Road. Prior to the war he was an employee of the Glen Cove Post office, and married Rose Santuro of Brooklyn.

Abate joined the Navy about 1942, and was assigned to the Essex-class aircraft carrier USS *Franklin* (CV-13), affectionately nicknamed "Big Ben" by her crew. Construction of the *Franklin* had begun in December, 1942 and the vessel was launched in October 1943; after trials she was commissioned on 31 January 1944. With a length at her waterline of 820 feet and a width of 93 feet wide, the ship weighed 27,100 tons and carried a crew of 2,600 officers and enlisted men.

Badly damaged by kamikaze attacks at the Battle of Leyte in the Philippines, the *Franklin* had spent more than two months undergoing repairs in the naval shipyards at Bremerton, Washington. Once operational, she steamed out to sea to join Task Group 58.2, which had been assigned to launch air attacks against the Japanese mainland as part of the invasion of Okinawa. The *Franklin* approached to within 50 miles of the Honshu Island, the main island of the archipelago that comprised Japan – closer than any aircraft carrier had ever come to the Japanese homeland. On 19 March 1945, as 31 fueled and armed aircraft sat on the deck of the *Franklin* awaiting orders to take off, a single Japanese torpedo-dive bomber appeared and dropped two 250 kilogram armor-piercing bombs on the ship. The first bomb struck the center of the ship's flight deck, penetrating through to the hangar deck below where another 22 airplanes were fueled and waiting to be brought topside for launch. The bomb set fire to the hangar deck, causing the fuel

tanks and ordnance on the aircraft to explode. Only two crewmen who were on the hangar deck survived. The heroic action of the *Franklin*'s crew saved the ship from being a total loss. Although dead in the water, the *Franklin* was taken in tow by the USS *Pittsburgh* until her engines were working again.

The *Franklin* sustained casualties totaling 724 killed and 265 wounded. Victor Abate was among the dead. He was 29 years old. He was buried at sea along with his fellow shipmates. Abate was survived by his father, a brother named Carmine, and a sister Florence.

Albin Street

Named for William H Albin, who died in the service of his country during World War One.

Before the outbreak of World War One, William Albin had been a member of the Glen Cove Fire Department. He was the son of Mr and Mrs George Albin. After joining the Army, he was posted on 23 July 1918 to the 1st Company of the 152nd Depot Brigade at Camp Upton (which was located on the site now Brookhaven National Laboratory) with the rank of Private.

He died of pneumonia at the base hospital on 28 November, a result of contracting influenza during the 1918 Spanish Influenza epidemic. A Requim Mass was held for him at St Patrick's Church in Glen Cove, and he was buried with military honors at Brookville Cemetery.

Bessel Lane

Named for Solomon Bessel, who died in the service of his country during World War Two.

Bessel was born in Glen Cove, the youngest son of James and Fanny Bessel. Both his parents predeceased him. He attended Glen Cove Public School, and in the afternoons after school helped operate the family's luncheonette and newspaper store next door to their home at 196 Glen Cove Avenue.

Bessel joined the US Navy just before the beginning of World War Two, and was assigned to the destroyer USS *Shaw* (DD-373) serving in the Pacific. Launched in October, 1935 commissioned on 18 September 1936, the *Shaw* was 1500 tons and measured 342 feet long. In November, 1941, after colliding with the USS *Sabine* during training exercises, she had put into port at Pearl Harbor for repairs. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on the morning of 7 December, 1941, the *Shaw* was in floating dry-dock YFD-2, raised out of the water for repairs.

Just before 8 a.m. in the morning, Bessel – then serving as Metal-smith Second Class – was resting on his bunk when he heard a loud explosion. The ship shuddered. Without bothering to dress, Bessel ran up on deck to see what had caused the jolt. Then general quarters was sounded, and he went to his action station as Japanese aircraft bombed, torpedoed and strafed the US Navy vessels lying at anchor in the harbor.

During the attack three Japanese bombs, each estimated to weigh around 250 kilograms, hit the *Shaw*. One went through the port side of the bridge, and two went through the forward machine gun platform. At least one of the bombs ruptured the ship's fuel oil tanks, spreading fire throughout the forward part of the vessel. Bessel recalled "the Japs got quite a few of our crew... one of my best friends among them. I had loaned him a hundred dollars a few weeks before, but I'd gladly give that and more if money could bring him back." Twenty four of the *Shaw*'s crew died in the attack.

In spite of the fire, some of the crew were able to grab a quick meal before being ordered to evacuate the burning vessel. "We had breakfast on board the ship but the eggs and bacon were a bit cold by the time we ate them. I was amused by one fellow who would not leave the ship until he had eaten," he recalled a few months after the attack. "We stayed with the ship for about an hour and a half, but were ordered off quite a while before the explosion."

Since the *Shaw* was in dry-dock, the ship had only limited fire-fighting capability. An attempt was made to flood the floating dock in the hopes that the ship would sink beneath enough water to put out the flames, but with only limited success. Finally the fire reached the forward powder magazine, causing an enormous explosion. The blast shredded the ship's superstructure and ripped off part of the bow. Bessel, who was standing at the sea landing watching the *Shaw* burn, was struck with a piece of shrapnel from the blast. It blew off his shoe, and tore one of his toenails off, but miraculously left the young sailor otherwise unscathed.

The *Shaw* appeared to be so badly damaged that the Navy initially wrote the ship off as a total loss. However, the Navy salvage team at Pearl Harbor thought they could resurrect the vessel and get her back into the fight.

Bessel was temporarily transferred to another ship. He saw action in the waters near the Marshall and Gilbert Islands,

the Canton Islands, and spent part of Christmas Day, 1941 on Midway Island. Meanwhile the salvage teams at Pearl Harbor went to work to raise the *Shaw*. In late January, 1942 the ship was fitted with a temporary bow to replace the one that had been blown off. Bessel was recalled to Pearl Harbor along with his other shipmates, and the *Shaw* was given a shake-down cruise in the waters around Hawaii to determine whether or not she was seaworthy. Finally, on 9 February, 1942 the *Shaw* was the first of the severely damaged vessels at Pearl Harbor to set to sea under her own power bound for San Francisco. After a rough crossing, the ship arrived at Mare Island Naval Shipyard to undergo a thorough overhaul.

In mid-April, Sol Bessel was back in Glen Cove on furlough. He gave an interview about his war-time experiences to the editor of the Glen Cove Record Advance, and on 10 May led a parade organized by the Polish-American women of Glen Cove on the occasion of dedicating a service flag bearing a star for soldier through the streets of Glen Cove. He even said a few words to the residents of the community from the steps of Pembroke Hall, on the occasion of the local Polish women unveiling their Service Banner for Glen Cove men serving in the military. He ended his speech by saying "I hope to see you all again when this war is over."

When his furlough was up, Bessel returned to the *Shaw*, which was then serving on a convoy duty between Hawaii and the west coast.

In mid-October, 1942, Bessel's brother Israel (who had stayed behind to run the family luncheonette and take care of sister Gertrude) received a telegram informing the family that Sol had been killed in an accident on 13 October. He was 23 years old. No further information as to the nature of the accident was provided.

Just days previously the family had received a cheerful letter from Sol, and enclosed in it was a bottle off Hawaiian-made perfume for Gertrude, ironically named "Heavenly Father."

"It seems that Sol was destined to be among his buddies who were the first to give their lives in this great war," wrote the editor of the Glen Cove Record Advance. "and although he met his destiny a little late, he is one of that proud band that shall always make us "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Bessel was survived by brothers Abraham and Morris, who had enlisted in the army, and Israel, as well as his sister Gertrude.

A memorial service was held for Bessel in November, 1942 at the Congregation Tiffereth Israel temple in Glen Cove, which was then located on Continental Place. A large number of Bessel's friends attended, as did a large contingent of men from the James Erwin Donohue VFW Post. Nathan Zausmer was in charge of the service, with the prayer being offered by US Army Chaplain Rabbi Rudetsky. After the services it was announced that a special drive to buy war bonds in memory of Bessel had been started, and that \$10,000 had already been raised. That evening his friends contributed an addition \$8,200 in his name, "a tribute of support to the boys at the front who are carrying on where Sol left off." Bessel was inducted as the very first member of the Donahue VFW Post to serve in World

War Two.

Although Bessel Lane once ran from Glen Cove Avenue to Matthews Street, most of it was eliminated in the 1970's to construct a low income housing project.

Brewster Street

Named for Harvey C Brewster, who was killed in action in World War One.

Brewster was one of several African-American men from Glen Cove who served in the American Expeditionary Force in France. He was a Corporal in Company G of the 369th Infantry, a regiment composed of African-American soldiers serving under white officers. As part of New York State Guard, the 369th was part of the "Rainbow Division" sent overseas in December 1917. Unlike white regiments in the division, the 369th was not allowed to participate in the farewell parade thrown for the Rainbow Division in New York City. The reason, their commanding officer was told, was because "'black is not a color in the Rainbow."

Although the regiment was initially relegated to labor details behind the lines, in April, 1918 it was finally decided to attach the regiment to the French army for combat duty. The 369th quickly established an exemplary combat record in World War One, fighting in the campaigns at Champagne-Marne and the Meuse-Argonne, as well as the 1918 campaign at Champagne and the 1918 campaign at Alsace.

Brewster was killed in action on 26 September, 1918; based on the date, it was probable that he was killed in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, which began at 5:30 in the morning on that date. The battle has been called "the bloodiest single battle in U.S. history" with 26,277 US soldiers killed and more than 95,000 US soldiers wounded over several weeks of fierce combat. The regiment became nicknamed the "Harlem Hellfighters" and the local newspaper referred to the regiment as the "Black Watch" - a comparison to one of the great historic Scottish regiments.

Three of Brewster's brothers served in France as well; Townsend Brewster was seriously wounded in combat, but survived the war.

Butler Street

Named for John J Butler, who died of wounds received in combat during World War One.

Butler was a Sergeant in Company K of the 155th Infantry. In June of 1918, he wrote a letter to his aunt describing his experiences at the front:

"...the Germans started a drive [offensive] and I have been very busy keeping out of the way of the shells, shrapnel, and that beautiful stuff called gas.

"It was a terrible battle between the artillery and for a number of days the earth was shaking with the vibration caused by the guns and the noise was sure

some noise. At night the sky was nothing but a continuous series of flashes. When the pick of Germany started over to our boys they were driven back time and time again, tho' they came near fooling us once as they were dressed in French uniforms. But the boys were on to them and showed no mercy.

"During the battle one surely does a lot of thinking... and you can be sure, that all turn to the Great Creator and place themselves in his keeping, regardless of who or what he is, and you have no idea how much it helps one. The next best thing I know of then is to have a smoke, if it is only to have "one drag"...

"I know you are praying hard for me and goodness knows that if I ever needed prayers and the grace of God now is the time. So keep on and I will try and keep myself in readiness for anything that comes."

Butler died of wounds received in combat on 4 November 1918, only 7 days before the end of the war.

Campbell Street

Named for John "Jack" Campbell, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Born and raised in Glen Cove, Campbell was the son of Mr and Mrs Walter S Campbell. He had entered the US Navy in September, 1942, and was sent overseas on active duty about February 1943. He served as a Electricians Mate Second Class on board a ship operating between North Africa and Italy. He was reported missing in action in February 1944, but the further details were not forthcoming. His father pre-deceased him; he was survived by his mother, his wife Janet Thomson, a 9-year old son then enrolled in the Peekskill Military Academy, and a sister and a brother.

Capobianco Street

Named for Luigi Capobianco, who died of wounds received combat during World War One.

Luigi Capobianco was a Private in Company I of the 107th Infantry. He died on 30 September, 1918 of wounds received in action.

Chadwick Street

Named for Earl C. Chadwick, who died of who died of wounds received in combat during World War One.

Having grown up in Vermont, Earl Chadwick relocated to Glen Cove as a young man. He worked as a clerk for the Glen Cove Mutual Insurance Company at the Glen Street offices. He enlisted on 26 April 1918, and served as a Private First Class in Company C of the 8th Field Signal Battalion. Chadwick fell victim to a German poison gas attack on or before 30 October 1918, and while he was able to dictate two letters to Red Cross

nurses to be sent back to friends and family, he succumbed on 1 November.

Donahue Street

Named for James Erwin Donahue, who died who died of wounds received in combat during World War One.

James Donohue was a member of a prominent family in Glen Cove. His brother, John Donohue, was Glen Cove's first police chief, and many members of the family were active in St Patrick's Church.

After enlisting, Donahue served in Company M of the 106th Infantry, and was promoted to the rank of corporal. "He was always devoted to his religious duties and made it a point to attend mass whenever the opportunity offered," wrote the editor of the Glen Cove Echo. "He always urged other members of his company to attend the religious services at the K(nights) of C(olumbus) huts, and one morning when several tried to excuse themselves saying their shoes were too worn, he went to a number of his Protestant comrades and borrowed their shoes for the occasion."

Donahue died of wounds and gas injuries sustained in action on 26 September, 1918. Several weeks after receiving notification of his death from the War Department, the family received a letter from a Glen Cove solider stating that Donahue was "missing in action," raising the family's hope that he was a prisoner of war in Germany; their hopes were dashed when the rumor proved to be unfounded.

A local resident – only identified as "PGR" – penned a poem in Donahue's memory which was published in the Glen Cove Echo in 1919:

*When war broke out this brave young boy
Said folks I am going to go
I'm sorry to leave my dear ones
But we must beat the foe*

*He packed his things all up one day
And away to war he went
To join the famous Twenty-Seventh
A New York Regiment*

*Down South he went to training camp
And trained with them, you see
No fine body of men could fight
With him that crossed the sea*

*Up to the front lines he did go
Our brave Young Native Son
For the very first time in his life
To fight the treacherous hun*

*They pushed them back day by day
For miles and miles at a time
And he is the boy that helped them all
To smash the great Hindenburg line*

*But one terrible day, as the battle raged
And raged with all its might
He fought and fought as hard could be
No boy could harder fight*

*Then the sad news came that our hero fell
With more of our brave boys too
But there was not a braver boy who fought
Than James I Donahue*

Doxey Drive

Named for John H Doxey, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Doxey was born on 2 April 1924 in Glen Cove. He was the son of Mr and Mrs Raymond Doxey of 46 Coles Street, and nephew of Glen Cove Finance Commissioner Harvey L Doxey. He had one brother (Raymond Jr) and five sisters: Florence (Mollitor), Catherine (Horan), Margaret (who was John's fraternal twin), Rose Ann (Zecha) and Bernadette (Vogt). He attended St Patrick's Parochial School and Chaminade High School where he had been a member of the camera club and the football team.

Two days after he graduated on 26 January 1943, he enlisted in the Army. He trained at Camp McCain, Mississippi and Fort Jackson, Tennessee. In October, 1944 he shipped overseas to Belgium. He served as a Staff Sergeant in an Anti-Tank unit of the 245th Regiment of the 87th Infantry Division. He saw action in the Saar Valley and the Battle of the Bulge. On 28 February 1945, while his company was attempting to liberate the tiny German town of Neuenstein in Rheinland-Pfalz, his company was pinned down by an enemy machine gun position. Doxey charged the position with a hand grenade, and just after throwing it into the machine gun nest was shot in the head by a German sniper. One of his friends in the company wrote to Doxey's family that "he was one of the bravest men I've seen in battle. He charged the machine gun single handed, threw a grenade, but a rifle shot got him in the head and he died instantly. Needless to say that the enemy was killed in the position, and the company saved from certain disaster. He was a very dear friend and even writing about the incident brings a lump to my throat. I sincerely miss him as do the rest of his buddies. You had a fine brother, and they just don't come like him."

Doxey was awarded the Bronze Star, Silver Star (posthumously) and Purple Heart. The citation on his Silver Star award read "when the advance of his company was halted by fire from an enemy machine gun, Staff Sergeant Doxey led his squad in a successful assault upon it. Staff Sergeant Doxey was fatally wounded in the assault, but his heroic example lives on as an inspiration to the men of his company." Doxey's body was interred at a temporary cemetery established by the military at Foy, Belgium, along with 2,700 of the dead from the Battle of the Bulge. Later, the soldiers buried at Foy were relocated to

the Henri Chapelle American Cemetery & Memorial in the village of Henri-Chapelle, Belgium, where he was interred in Plot F, Row 16, Grave 54.

Duke Place

Named for John Duke, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Duke was born in Roslyn, the son of Mr and Mrs P J Duke, but relocated to Glen Cove with his family as a young child. His family lived at 20 Franklin Avenue. He attended St Patrick's Elementary School then Glen Cove High School. He was a member of the Glen Cove Seabas football team, St Patrick's Holy Name Society, and had served as a member of the Glen Cove Fire Department's Pacific Engine and Hose – Glen Cove's oldest fire company – since 1933. Professionally, he was manager of an A & P Store at Roslyn.

Duke enlisted in the Army early in the war, and had reached the rank of Technical Sergeant. He was killed in action on 4 August 1944 while serving with the United States invasion forces engaged in the Battle of Guam. He was survived by his brothers Lawrence, aged 32, who served in the US Army and Francis, aged 18, who served in the US Navy.

In September 1944, the Glen Cove City Council adopted a special resolution extending their sympathy to the Duke family on the loss of their son.

Edwards Lane

Named for George Newton Edwards, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Edwards was the son of Mr and Mrs Alfred Edwards, who resided at 110 Forest Avenue. He attended Glen Cove Public School and married Isabelle Lockwood; they resided at 108 Sea Cliff Avenue in Glen Cove.

Enlisting in the Navy in early 1942, Edwards was stationed at Staten Island for a few months before being posted aboard the USS *Plymouth* (PG-57). The *Plymouth* had been, before the outbreak of the war, William K Vanderbilt Jr's private luxury yacht *Alva*. The *Alva* was constructed in Kiel, Germany in 1931, and was 264 feet long with a beam of 46 feet. Weighing in at 1,500 tons, the yacht had been a frequent sight in Hempstead Harbor during the 1930's. In November, 1941, Vanderbilt donated the vessel to the United States Navy, and she was renamed the USS *Plymouth* (PG-57), and converted into a patrol gunboat.

The *Plymouth* was assigned to convoy escort duty on the east coast of the United States, primarily operating between New York City and Key West, Florida. Edwards served as Quartermaster 3rd Class. On 5 August 1943, the *Plymouth* was torpedoed and sunk by the German submarine U-566 approximately 120 miles off Cape Henry, Virginia. She sank within 2 minutes of being struck. Although some crew members were picked up by a Coast Guard cutter, 29 year old George Edwards was counted among the dead.

Edwards was survived by his father (his mother pre-deceased him), his wife, and a sister Phyllis (Hults).

Eldridge Place

Named for Alfred Eldridge, who died of wounds received combat during World War Two

Eldridge was born and raised in Glen Cove. He was the son of Mr and Mrs Frank Eldridge, who resided at 33 Prospect Avenue in Glen Cove. He graduated from Glen Cove High School, and joined the Army in 1942. He participated in the North Africa campaign, and had an opportunity to write a letter to the editor of the Glen Cove Echo from the front lines in the desert:

The weather is real warm here now, with hardly any rain... We are camped away out here in Africa, near a British outfit. They are a swell bunch of soldiers and we get along great together...

We do some swimming up around here and it reminds me of good old Morgan Beach. There are a number of small towns here, as well as one of the largest cities in North Africa. Most of the people are French, Italians, Jews and Arabs. Most of us soldiers, not being able to understand French, don't get to know the Madame Marelles so well. We get up at five o'clock in the morning to avoid the day's heat in training. I sure miss my ice cream, not having had any since being here, and those Glen Cove good looking girls... I'll be home for mother's apple dumpling some day.

While in North Africa, he was promoted to Sergeant. He next took part in the invasion of Italy. In January he was severely wounded by shrapnel. While he in the hospital, he wrote back to his friends in Glen Cove:

To begin with this letter is coming to you from a hospital in Italy where I am convalescing from a shrapnel wound. I hope I can get well quick so as to be up there again with my buddies. It took them [the enemy] a long time to get me as I've been overseas about 15 months...

The weather is fairly good over here at the present time. The Italian peasants are good to us and give us bread and a little stomach warmer now and then. The Red Cross is very good to us over here and keep the boys supplied with toilet and writing matter. We eat very well when we are not up there and have some entertainment.

How are things going back in Glen Cove? Did miss my swimming and fishing down at Morgan beach... I sure do

miss my mom's apple dumplings and good cooking. Don't worry Mom and Pop as I am OK and God Bless You..

Eldridge spent nearly two months recuperating from his injuries. A few days after being returned to the front lines, he was wounded a second time in Italy on 25 March 1944. Although the family was initially notified that he was improving, he died of his injuries on 5 April 1944 in a hospital in Italy at the age of 27 years old. He was survived by his father and mother brothers John, who served as a Master Sergeant in Oklahoma, and William, also a Sergeant serving in the Pacific.

Ford Street

Named for George Ford, who was killed in action during World War One.

George Ford emigrated from Moulsoford, England in June of 1914 to work as a gardener at the Manor House, the estate of John Teele Pratt, under estate superintendent John W Everett. Eager to fight, he joined a Canadian Regiment before the US entered the war. He was killed in action on 8 August 1918, at age 31.

Although the local newspapers pronounced him "the first man in the service from Glen Cove to make the supreme sacrifice" this may be inaccurate; weeks later the Glen Cove Echo would report the death of Aniello Stanco in combat on 15 July 1918, more than three weeks prior to Ford.

Francis Terrace

Named for Ralph W Francis, who died in the service of his country during World War One.

Francis was the son of Mr and Mrs E B Francis of Glen Cove. He served as a Corporal in Company F of the 302nd Supply Train. Sent to France in April 1918, he participated in the fierce fighting at Lorraine and Chateau Thierry as well as the Argonne Forest. He died of pneumonia on 12 February, 1919, a result of contracting influenza during the 1918 Spanish Influenza epidemic.

Gabrus Road

Named for Joseph Gabrus, who was killed in action in World War Two.

Gabrus was the son of Mr and Mrs Joachim Gabrus, who resided at 15 Locust Street in Glen Cove. He was one of six brothers and six sisters. Prior to his enlistment in the service, he was an employee of Columbia Carbon and Ribbon.

After receiving training at Camp Blanding, Florida and Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, Gabrus was sent overseas on active duty. He fought in North Africa and Sicily, then participated in the amphibious invasion at Salerno, Italy in early September, 1943. In late January 1944, he participated in the amphibious invasion of Anzio, and was severely wounded. He spent nearly four months in a hospital in North Africa, and was

awarded the Purple Heart. In May, 1944 he was back on the front lines in Italy, and took part in the Liberation of Rome.

Gabrus next participated in Operation Dragoon, the Allied invasion of southern France, in mid-August 1944. The operation consisted of a series of amphibious landings by Allied forces along the French coast between Nice and Toulon. Gabrus was killed in action on 20 August 1944.

He was survived by his mother and father, and by his brothers Charles (then serving in the Navy), William, John, Alexander, and Frank and sisters Blanche, Sophie, Rose (Rykowski), Mary (Rose), Ann (Hannet) and Stella (Cooper).

Germain Street

Named for Charles E Germain, who was killed in action during World War One.

Charles Germain was the son of Ralph Germain. He had worked for both the Ladew Leather Belting Company – then the largest factory in Glen Cove – and the Glen Cove Trolley Company before enlisting in the army in June, 1917. He served as a member of the 7th Engineering Company, and was killed in action on 17 August 1918.

Herb Hill Road

Named for Herbert Hill, who died of wounds sustained in combat during World War One.

Herbert Hill was the son of Benjamin Hill; he enlisted in the service just after war was declared. A private in Company M, 165th Infantry, he was severely wounded on 31 July, 1918, but lingered in the hospital until 16 August 1918 before dying of his injuries. He was 18 years old.

Jackson Street

Named for Leonard Jackson, who was killed in action during World War One.

Before the outbreak of the war, Jackson was a caddie at the Nassau Country Club in Glen Cove, known to most people as "Jay Bee." Both he and his younger brother – also a caddie at the club – were described by the local newspaper as "expert golfers."

Jackson was one of several African-American men from Glen Cove who served in the American Expeditionary Force in France. He enlisted in the army soon after war was declared, and became one of the original members of Company E of the 369th Infantry Regiment. As part of New York State Guard, the 369th was part of the "Rainbow Division" sent overseas in December 1917. Unlike white regiments, the 369th was not allowed to participate in the farewell parade thrown for the Rainbow Division in New York City. The reason, their commanding officer was told, was because "black is not a color in the Rainbow."

Jackson was killed in action on 26 September, 1918; based on the date, it was probable that he was killed in the Meuse-

Argonne offensive, which began at 5:30 in the morning on that date. The battle has been called “the bloodiest single battle in U.S. history” with 26,277 US soldiers killed and more than 95,000 US soldiers wounded during the several weeks over which the battle raged. He was survived by his father, younger brother, and three sisters.

Johnson Street

Named for Harry C Johnson, who died in the service of his country during World War One.

Johnson was a private in Company C of the 106th Infantry. He died of pneumonia on 11 November, 1918, a result of contracting influenza during the 1918 Spanish Influenza epidemic. Ironically, the day he died was the same day as the Armistice between Germany and the Allied powers was declared.

Due to a clerical error, the official notification of Harry Johnson’s death was mistakenly delivered to a laundry on Cottage Row. The person who received the letter never bothered to return it to the Post Office, and it was not until Harry Johnson’s niece heard from the accidental recipient’s daughter that her uncle was dead did the family learn of his fate.

In August, 1941, Mayor Horace K T Sherwood and the City Council decided to rename Johnson Street to “Paderewski Place,” in honor of pianist and former President of Poland Ignacy Jan Paderewski (who had died only weeks before in New York City). As Paderewski had been head of the Polish National Council (effectively the Polish government in exile after the country was over-run by Nazi Germany), the move was intended as an attempt to display sympathy for and solidarity with the people of Poland. This seemed even more appropriate as the Polish National Home was located immediately adjacent on Hendrick Avenue. Taking Johnson’s name off the street ignited a fire-storm of protest in Glen Cove. Local residents sent letters of complaint to President Roosevelt and the governor of the State of New York. Johnson family members, contingents of both the Glen Cove VFW and the American Legion, and a number of ex servicemen showed up en masse at a City Council meeting to voice their opposition and to denounce the name change as “a disgrace to the city.” After Sherwood’s administration was swept from office, the street was restored to its former name.

Kemp Avenue

Named for Lieutenant William R Kemp, US Army Air Corps, killed in action during World War Two

Born in Glen Cove, William R Kemp was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kemp of 20 Putnam Avenue. He attended St Boniface Elementary School and Glen Cove High School.

Kemp joined the service as a private in the Army Medical Corps in February, 1940, prior to the United States’ entry into World War Two. On the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor, he requested a transfer to the Army Air Force, which was granted. He received his basic training at Dyersberg, Tennessee, then

trained as a bombardier at San Angelo, Texas and received a commission as Lieutenant. On 16 August 1943 he married Mary Conway of New York. In October 1943 he was sent overseas and assigned to the 15th Air Force, where he served as a squadron bombardier. The 15th Air Force operated out of bases in southern Italy, from which it could reach targets in France, Germany, Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and the Balkans.

Kemps’ prior training in the Medical Corps served him in good stead; he was awarded a special citation for rendering medical care to the navigator of his plane after he was wounded on a mission.

On Kemp’s 43rd mission, his plane was attacked for enemy fighters and shot down. The bomber was last seen crashing into the sea off Albano, Italy. Kemp was 24 years old. Because no body was recovered, Kemp was initially listed as missing in action. He was not declared dead until a year and a day had passed, according to prevailing US military policy.

In the interim, Kemp’s wife had joined the Women’s Army Corps and had been assigned to Stout Army Air Field in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Kemp was posthumously awarded the Air Medal with Silver Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. The medals were presented to his wife at Stout Field.

Knott Drive

Named for David H Knott Jr., who was killed in action during World War Two.

Knott was born in Glen Cove and raised on his father’s estate on Crescent Beach Road. His father, David H Knott Sr., was President of the Knott Corporation, which by 1928 owned 22 hotels (17 of which were in New York City) as well as extensive real estate holdings in apartment buildings. The elder Knott was a leading member of New York City’s Tammany Hall political organization, and had served as Sheriff of New York County, a New York State assemblyman, chairman of the New York County Democratic Committee, and was even discussed as a possible New York City mayoral candidate.

David Knott Jr was educated in private schools, then became supervisor of his father’s chain of hotels. In December, 1940 he married Margaret Mabon; the married couple divided their time between Glen Cove and an apartment on Park Avenue in Manhattan. He entered the Army in early 1942, serving as a Second Lieutenant in the 168th Infantry with the 34th Division. He was killed in action in Italy on 11 March 1945.

He was survived by his father, his wife, and a 6 month old son named David Mabon Knott, as well as brothers James Knott (then a Lieutenant Commander in the US Naval Reserve) and Robert Knott.

Luonga Lane

Named for Anthony Luonga, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Born in Oyster Bay, Luonga worked for Griscom-Van Alen

Publications for more than 18 years. The newspaper syndicate published the Glen Cove Record-Advance, progenitor of today's Glen Cove Record-Pilot, as well as other weekly community newspapers in northern Nassau County. He started as a newsboy, selling copies of the Oyster Bay Enterprise-Pilot at the age of 9, and by the time war broke out was assistant shop foreman at the company's Glen Cove printing plant. (The building which housed the printing plant was on The Place. It was originally the offices of the Ladew Leather Belt factory, located opposite the present-day Konica plant.)

Bronson Griscom, the company's President, would later recall:

Tony was unquestionably the outstanding man in the shop during the pre-war period... In Tony were combined the great qualities of industry and ability, honesty and sobriety, loyalty and devotion to duty, cheerfulness and friendliness, to a superlative degree... Even in the most trying periods of great stress, at times when he was exhausted from overwork, he could always muster a friendly smile.

Initially, Luonga was turned down by the Army for poor eyesight. However, in December 1943, he was finally accepted. After basic training, he trained with the Engineers at Fort Belvoir in Virginia. While at Fort Belvoir, he married Jean Makay of Sea Cliff, who had served as editor of the Glen Cove Record-Advance.

His training complete, Luonga was sent overseas in July, 1944. He was assigned to the 104th Infantry Division, a crack outfit trained for night fighting known as the Timberwolf Division. The Timbervolves participated in the Battle of Hürtgen Forest, one of the longest single battles in which the United States Army was ever involved (September 14, 1944, and February 10, 1945). His unit was involved in the liberation of a large German industrial region around the cities of Eschweiler, Wedsweiler and Stolberg. The division then pushed to the Roer River.

Luonga's company was tasked with capturing a German factory at Lammersdorf, Germany in early December 1944. The company was extremely short on rifle ammunition, so the men unloaded their rifles and fixed bayonets. Using only bayonets and hand grenades, they rushed the factory complex and captured it. Only then did they load their rifles, and repulsed seven German counter attacks.

On 20 January, 1945, Luonga and several other soldiers of the 104th Regiment were coming off guard duty in one of the districts they had liberated when the German artillery opened fire on them. Luonga was killed by one shell fired by a German 88 gun. One of Luonga's close friends in the Timberwolves gave this account of his death in a letter back to his widow:

Tony was in front of us when a German 88 shell landed about 50 feet away from us. The shrapnels missed everyone except

Tony. We did everything that was possible, but shrapnel penetrated his heart. I was with him to the last, and will never forget that moment. In our entire outfit, he had no enemies; as a matter of fact, he was loved by everyone. He has proved himself to be a good soldier and a good American.

Luonga was 29 years old.

Luonga was awarded the Purple Heart posthumously. The United States Army Chief of Staff, George Marshall, sent Luonga's wife an engraved sympathy card, which read

Your husband fought valiantly in a supreme hour of his country's need. His memory will live in the grateful heart of our nation.

She also received a tribute from President Roosevelt, one of the last he penned before his death in 1945, that read:

In grateful memory of Private Anthony Luonga, who died in the service of his country in the European Area, January 20, 1945. He stands in the unbroken line of patriots who have dared to die that freedom might live and grow and increase its blessings. Freedom lives and through it he lives – in a way that humbles the undertakings of most men.

— Franklin D Roosevelt,
President of the United States of America

On Memorial Day, 1948, a bronze tablet was erected at the Griscom-Van Alen printing plant on The Place in memory of Luonga. The ceremonies were attended by members of Luonga's family and a large number of former coworkers. Mayor Luke Mercadante spoke before the plaque was unveiled, and an honor guard from the American Legion fired a volley in Luonga's honor.

Manning Road

Named for Dr. Tiffany Vincent Manning, US Navy, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Manning was born in New York City, the son of Mr and Mrs Frank Manning, but moved to Glen Cove when he was a small child. His father owned a beauty salon in the Oriental Hotel in Glen Cove, located at the intersection of School and Glen Street (after his children were grown, he relocated to Long Island City, but continued working as a hairdresser in Manhattan until his death in 1987, at age 97).

A graduate of Glen Cove High School, Tiffany Manning attended Adelphi Junior College, Colby College in Maine, and then enrolled in Long Island University Medical School. He was a member of Alpha Tau Omega, a fraternity dedicated to development of leadership skills in America's college aged youth. After graduating medical school in March, 1943, he

joined the United States Naval Reserve and interned at Meadowbrook Hospital. He married Myrtle Lewis of Valley Stream in June, 1943. In January, 1944, Manning was placed on active duty, serving for a few weeks at the Brooklyn Naval Yard. He was then posted to Lido Beach, Long Island along with other physicians and medical corpsmen who prepared for a special assignment in Europe. The group, codenamed "Foxy 29," was secretly training to participate in the Normandy invasion of Europe planned for later that year. Manning and the other medical personnel assembled at Lido Beach were to be assigned to an LST ("Landing Ship, Tank"), a large vessel capable of landing 2,100 tons of cargo (about 20 Sherman tanks) on a beach to support troops during an amphibious landing. The LST was designed to be operated by a crew of about 10 officers and 100 enlisted men. The LST was to play a vital role in the Allied landings at Normandy; the ships would land supplies, vehicles and soldiers on the beach, then serve as the principal method to evacuate wounded soldiers back to waiting hospital ships. The two doctors and one hundred corpsmen assigned to each LST would provide critical care to the wounded soldiers on the trip back, and hopefully greatly reduce the number of fatalities.

He shipped out to England in March. His only child, Karen, was born either just before or after his departure. Manning was assigned to LST-531. He wrote to his wife from London, telling her of his posting onboard an LST and adding that he had not reached his destination, and that his trip was not over yet – probably alluding to his planned participation in the invasion of Europe.

In mid-May, 1944 – weeks before the D-Day landings at Normandy – Manning's wife received notification that he had been killed in action on 28 April of that year. The initial communication from the War Department failed to give any explanation of how he died. However, a few weeks later his family received further information from Washington informing them that he had been a volunteer member of a "suicide squadron."

In reality, Manning had not been a member of a "suicide squadron," but was in fact one of 749 Army and Navy personnel killed during "Exercise Tiger." This operation was part of the Allied preparations for the invasion of Normandy. It consisted of a mock landing of Allied troops on Slapton Sands, a beach on Lyme Bay in Devon, England, which D-Day planners felt closely resembled the type of beach which the soldiers would contend with during the invasion. Beginning on the morning of 27 April, 1944, a convoy of eight LSTs carrying 30,000 soldiers began practicing amphibious landings on the beach. The Royal Navy provided two destroyers as well as several torpedo boats and gun boats to protect the LSTs. However, just before 2 a.m. on 28 April, nine German E-Boats – fast, highly maneuverable torpedo boats – passed through the protective picket of British Navy vessels and launched an attack on the LSTs.

LST-531, on which Manning was assigned, was torpedoed at about 2 o'clock in the morning, and sank.. The E-Boats torpedoed four of the LSTs assigned to the operation, sinking two of them, then escaped from Lyme Bay under a smoke screen. The lightning attack left 551 US soldiers and 198 US sailors dead.

Manning's body was recovered and was buried with full military honors at Brookwood National Cemetery in Brookwood, Surrey, England, where many of the victims of Exercise Tiger were buried. A Memorial Mass was held at the Meadowbrook Hospital chapel in his memory. He was survived by his wife and daughter, parents and two sisters, Mrs Genevieve Manning Henderson of Glen Cove, and Mrs June Manning LeFebvre of Los Angeles.

McGrady Street

Named for Private John McGrady, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGrady of Glen Cove.

After being sent overseas, he served as a member of Battery B, 306th Field Artillery of the 77th Division. He died of pneumonia on 12 February, 1918, a result of contracting influenza during the 1918 Spanish Influenza epidemic. He was about 30 years old.

Miller Street

Named for William Miller, who died in the service of his country in World War One.

Miller was a Private in the Headquarters Company of the 152nd Depot Brigade, and was stationed at Camp Upton in Suffolk County, then one of the major training camps for Long Island enlistees. (the site is now home to Brookhaven National Laboratory). He was only in the service for four months when he contracted Spanish influenza. He died of pneumonia, the predominant cause of death of influenza victims during the epidemic, on 23 October, 1918. He was 30 years old.

His body was returned to Glen Cove for burial. Two Glen Cove men – J H Flynn and J Murray – left town at 2 a.m. on the Friday before the funeral to drive to Camp Upton, mostly over dirt roads, to bring back some of Miller's comrades to serve as pallbearers. The local Home Guard served as honor guard. A requiem mass was held at St Patrick's Church in Glen Cove, and Miller was buried at Brookville Cemetery. He was survived by a mother, three brothers and a sister.

Murray Court

Named for Thomas James Murray, who was killed in action during World War Two.\

Thomas James Murray, known better to friends and family as "Tommy," was born on 16 July 1924. His parents, Mr and Mrs Patrick Murray, lived at 28 Craft Avenue in Glen Cove; his father was a letter carrier for the Glen Cove Post Office. Murray attended St Patrick's Elementary School, then transferred to Glen Cove High School. He was a member of the school track team, and entered a local contest to create a poster for the Community Chest Drive which won him a radio set. He also wrote an essay on the Bill of Rights which won him a medal from the Jewish War Veterans of Nassau County (the essay survives, and is reprinted at the end of this entry).

In June, 1942, Murray enlisted in the Army and requested assignment to the paratroopers. He was sent to Camp Croft, in

South Carolina, for basic training and then was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia for Jump and Demolition School. Promoted to Corporal, he was detailed with other Non-commissioned officers to assist in the creation of the 508th Parachute Infantry. Then he was detailed to serve as an instructor, with the rank of Staff Sergeant, with the 541st Parachute Infantry.

Like many of his fellow paratroopers, Murray desperately wanted a combat assignment. Since no positions were available for a sergeant, he voluntarily accepted a demotion to Private in order to be posted to the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment, part of the famed 82nd Airborne Division

His first major action was to parachute into Holland in September, 1944. Codenamed "Operation Market Garden", it was the largest airborne operation of World War Two. The intent of the mission was to capture strategic bridges in Holland in an effort to provide the Allied troops with an open road for the invasion of Germany. The objectives were to be taken by a surprise assault by airborne troops and held until reinforcements composed of armor units and infantry could be brought up to secure the captured bridges. The 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment played a key role in the capture of the bridge at Nijmegen. However, Market Garden was a failure; while the targets were taken, the Allied forces were unable to hold them.

At the close of the operation, Murray was sent to a rest camp in France, and was scheduled for a furlough in Paris. However, just prior to Christmas of that year, the Germans launched a massive counterattack in the Ardennes of Belgium. It would begin an epic battle that would be known as the Battle of The Bulge. Murray immediately returned to his unit and was stationed near the village of Abrefountain, Belgium. According to later reports, it appears that Murray was a member of his regiment's S-2 section, a unit which gathered information in the field about the disposition and capability of enemy units in the regiment's sector. One morning, an officer with Murray and two other paratroopers pushed about 700 yards beyond the regiment's front lines to gather information about German troop positions. Moving up to a snow-covered rise, they saw a column of German infantry moving to infiltrate the unit's outer defenses. Immediately realizing that they had been seen by the German soldiers, the Airborne officer demanded that the German column surrender. Fifty or more of the German infantry opened fire on the four paratroopers. Murray and the other two enlisted men returned fire while the officer ran back to the regiment's command post to muster men for a counter attack. As they withdrew, Murray was shot and killed instantly. Murray was 21 years old. He was survived by his father and mother, by brothers Robert Vincent (also a Sergeant with the paratroopers), Leo Patrick (then a Lieutenant with the Army Air Corps in Nevada), Sylvester (a Private First Class with the Army Air Corps overseas), John (a Corporal in the Army Air Corps), and Francis B, as well as a sister, Mary (Mrs William F Tracy).

His body was initially buried in the Henri Chapelle American Cemetery & Memorial, Belgium, where many of soldiers who died stopping the German advance through the Ardenne were buried. However, his family requested that his body be returned to the United States, an option offered by the US government to bereaved families of servicemen who lost their lives

in the war zones around the world.

Murray was the first of Glen Cove's war dead to be repatriated to the United States. His body was returned to the United States aboard the Army transport ship *Robert E Burns*, arriving in New York City on 26 November 1947, then was shipped to Kramer Mortuary in Glen Cove. There, on the evening of 8 November the Holy Name Society of St Patrick's Church conducted a funeral service. The next evening, the local VFW and American Legion gave a joint memorial service in Murray's memory. Finally, on 10 December, a funeral service was held at St Patrick's Church, followed by burial at Pinelawn National Cemetery. Throughout the three days, two honor guards selected from among the local veterans stood guard by Murray's flag-draped casket, working in two hour shifts.

Voice of Democracy

By Tommy Murray

Across the hills and dales of America down the valleys of almost two centuries, our nation has heard the voice of freedom, the symbol of American life and liberty – The Bill of Rights. The people of our country have worked and fought, loved and died to protect their life-line to Democracy and it has not been in vain. Let us pray that it will never be in vain. Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness can never be cloaked by the shrouds of despotism, for the heart of the true American will never surrender itself to the forces of surrender and tyranny.

I hear this voice ringing all over America; I hear it on my radio, when an irate Senator calls down the wrath of Heaven on his President; I hear it in the churches and synagogues of our nation; where without fear, the Ministers of God can preach as they please and teach the doctrines of their Religion in Democratic security. I hear this voice speaking in the brogue of a man born in Ireland; I hear it in the accent of the naturalized "Swede". More and more voices join them, voices of men and women whose forefathers came from every corner of the earth. They speak, and they are heard; no matter what their opinions, they are always allowed to express them. These are the real voices of American Democracy. They speak of Freedom – a freedom glorified by the blessing and protection of God. This freedom gives every man an equality of expression, and of enterprise. It is a Freedom which can never be taken away because every child born in America is endowed with it at his birth.

Future generations will look back upon the Bill of Rights as one of the greatest achievements in

the field of government building – a document made by people, for people. It is America's voice ringing out across the world and shouting down the viciousness of totalitarianism; a voice giving souls tortured by the fires of oppression a new hope, just as it gave inspiration to the spirits and souls of early American patriots. If Freedom is a tangible thing, it would speak the words of wisdom embodied in the first ten amendments to our Constitution. Its voice would plead for justice, equality, liberty, and a better understanding of fellowmen, as does our Bill of Rights.

The Voice of American Democracy is crying out today in a wilderness of cruelty and hatred. America, it is your true “Manifest Destiny” to protect this voice which speaks for you in your Constitution. In a world gone mad with strife and lust for power, let at least one bit of righteousness hold its place in a country which has proved time and time again, that aggression and despotism must fall before the powers of good government. The Bill of Rights, the Voice of Democracy, must be the Beacon cutting its way through the fog of despair. Happiness will be ours only if we will protect the right to have it.

Listen, America! The Voice of Freedom calls across the plains. Hear the echo through the mountains, the whispers through our forests, and its loud roar down our thriving city streets, as it beseeches us over and over again to keep our Freedom of speech, Freedom of worship, and Freedom from want. Listen!

Porter Place

Named for James J Porter, who was killed in action in World War One.

James J Porter was born to a life of privilege. His father, William Porter, was a partner of J P Morgan and a member of the Morgan Trust. James J Porter had graduated from Princeton in 1911, and Harvard Law School in 1914, and obtained a position with the law firm of White & Case soon after graduation. In December 1916 he married Margaret Kelly, with whom he had a daughter.

Soon after was declared on Germany, he enlisted. He served for a few months on the Mexican border before accepted to the Plattsburg NY officer's training school, then was posted to France. After serving on the front, he was reassigned to staff duty “but his keen desire to get back into the trenches led him to apply for a transfer back to active service”. Assigned to the 10th Machine Gun Battalion, he was killed on 5 October 1918 in the Argonne. He was 27 years old.

Ralph Young Avenue

Named for Ralph Young, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Ralph Young was born in Glen Cove, the son of Mr and Mrs Isaac Young of 51 Hazel Avenue. He graduated Glen Cove High School and attended Lincoln University, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, the first historically black degree-granting university in the United States. After three years in college, he enlisted in the United States Army. Initially posted to the infantry, he later obtained a transfer to the Army Air Corps.

Posted to India, Young served as a crewmember aboard an air transport ferrying vital war supplies to China from India by way of the Himalaya mountains (which the airmen referred to as “The Hump”). It was extremely hazardous duty, but maintaining the flow of supplies to the Chinese army was critically important to the fight against Japan. On 11 April 1945, Young was killed when his aircraft crashed into the mountains. He was survived by his parents and a sister, Wilhemina.

Reynolds Road

Named for SF1c Howard Thomas Reynolds, age 33 years, who lost his life when his ship sank during a hurricane which struck the eastern United States in September 1944.

Born in Glen Cove, Reynolds was the son of Joseph H. Reynolds who resided at 15 Clement Street in Glen Cove. He attended St Patrick's School and after graduating was a member of the Glen Cove Fire Department.

Reynolds enlisted in the Navy the day after the attack at Pearl Harbor. After completing his training, he was stationed aboard the *USS Warrington* (DD-383) and served on that vessel through 31 months of duty in the Pacific combat theater.

“He took part in all major campaigns in that theatre,” wrote the editor of the Glen Cove Record-Advance, “and his Asiatic Service ribbon was covered with battle stars”. The *Warrington* served during the early part of the war as part of the Southeast Pacific Force, escorting troop and supply ships and patrolling for enemy submarines as far south as Peru. In early June, 1943, she was re-assigned to the Pacific Fleet, and served on escort duty in the waters around Australia, Samoa, New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, and the New Hebrides Islands. She was then attached to the Seventh Fleet and was sent to New Guinea to serve as escort for LSTs engaged in amphibious operations in the islands in the area.

In mid-June, 1944, the *Warrington* was ordered back to the United States for a much-needed 90-day overhaul at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. However when *Warrington* reached New York on July 15th, her outgoing commanding officer, CDR. Robert A. Dawes Jr., was informed that *Warrington* would only receive a short 10-day overhaul instead. Howard Reynolds managed to get back to Glen Cove on leave for a short time during *Warrington*'s overhaul, after which *Warrington* headed south to Norfolk, Virginia for further alterations to the ship. Reynolds was scheduled to be rotated stateside. On 10 September, the *Warrington* left Norfolk, under the command of CDR. Samuel

F. Quarles, with a newly commissioned transport ship, the *Hyades* (AF-28). The *Warrington* was to provide an anti-submarine escort to *Hyades* as far as Trinidad, whereupon the *Warrington* was to return to Norfolk.

Two days out of Norfolk, 450 miles east of Florida, the two ships began to encounter heavy weather. On the afternoon of September 12th, *Warrington* received word that she was steaming directly into a Category 4 hurricane, later termed the "Great Atlantic Hurricane" by the U.S. Weather Bureau. Later that evening, the storm forced the destroyer to heave to while the much larger *Hyades* continued on her way alone. Keeping wind and sea on her port bow, *Warrington* rode relatively well through most of the night. Wind and seas, however, continued to build during the early morning hours of the 13th, with winds reaching 140 mph and waves approaching 70 ft. *Warrington* began to lose headway and, as a result, started to ship water through the vents to her engineering spaces. First Class Petty Officer Reynolds was in charge of the forward damage control party, and was desperately trying to start the emergency pumps to pump out the engineering spaces that were rapidly becoming flooded.

The water rushing into her vents caused a loss of electrical power which set off a chain reaction. Her main engines lost power, and her steering engine and mechanism went out. She wallowed there in the trough of the swells—continuing to ship water. She regained headway briefly and turned upwind, while her radiomen desperately, but fruitlessly, tried to raise *Hyades*. Finally, she resorted to a plain-language distress call to any ship or shore station, and was able to raise the New York Naval radio operator. By noon on the 13th, it was apparent that *Warrington*'s crewmen could not win the struggle to save their ship, and the order went out to prepare to abandon ship. By 1250, her exhausted crew had left the listing *Warrington*, and she went down almost immediately. Most of the crew was left to tread water without any lifejackets, and some had made it to the few rubber rafts or floater nets that they were able to deploy before they abandoned ship. A prolonged three-day search by *Hyades*, *Frost* (DE-144), *Huse* (DE-145), *Inch* (DE-146), *Snowden* (DE-246), *Swasey* (DE-248), *Woodson* (DE-359), *Johnnie Hutchins* (DE-360), *ATR-9*, and *ATR-62* rescued only 68 sailors of the destroyer's compliment of 317 crewmembers. Although he was an excellent swimmer, SF1c Howard T. Reynolds was one of the 249 sailors who died in the *Warrington* sinking.

In 1954, the City of Glen Cove named Reynolds Road in his honor.

Rooney Court

Named for George Wilbur Rooney, who was killed in action during World War Two.

"Bud" Rooney was the son of Patrick Rooney, a Glen Cove Post Office worker who lived at 2 Singer Place. After enlisting in the United States Army Air Force, Rooney was sent to radio school at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he qualified as a radio bombardier. Holding the rank of Technical Sergeant, he

was assigned to the crew of a B-24 Liberator bomber operating out of the United Kingdom. He served in the dual capacity of radioman/bombardier and waist gunner.

He was killed in action on 4 October 1943 over the North Sea while on a bombing raid against Germany, when his B-24 bomber collided with an attacking German aircraft.

Smith Street

Named for Edward R Smith, who was killed in action during World War Two.

Born in Montreal, Canada, Smith relocated to Glen Cove as a young boy. His parents were Mr and Mrs Raymond Smith of 27 Woolsey Avenue. Smith attended Glen Cove High School, where he played football. He was also a member of the 69th Regiment, New York National Guard, and left school to sail with his regiment for the Pacific.

He was a veteran of the Battle of Makin Island in November of 1943. Smith was killed in the Marianas Islands on 17 June 1944, and was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action. The citation read:

"When the platoon sergeant of the platoon of which Private Smith was a member was wounded and lying in an exposed position in an enemy fire lane, Private First Class Smith with an utter disregard for his own safety, left his covered position and advanced to render first aid. Although fired upon several times, he refused to take cover and continued to assist the wounded man. Private First Class Smith was wounded, and later died of the wound while in this position."

The medal was presented to his father in August 1945 at a ceremony at Fort Jay on Governor's Island in New York City.

Smith was survived by his father and mother; brothers Robert (who served in the infantry and lost a leg in combat in Germany), Raymond Jr (who served with the Army Air Corps), Harold and Thomas; and four sisters (Mrs Walter Ringrose, Mrs Nicholas Semitocolas, Margaret, and Marion).

Stanco Street

Named for Aniello Stanco, who was killed in action during World War One.

Stanco was among the first Glen Cove residents drafted into the army for World War One. He was a Private in Company G, 38th Infantry. He was killed in action on 15 July 1918. While the community's newspaper, the *Glen Cove Echo*, pronounced George Ford to be the first Glen Cove soldier to give his life for his country during that war (on 8 August 1918), it appears that Stanco was in fact the first Glen Cove soldier killed more than three weeks prior to Ford.

Towle Place

Named for Edward Towle, who died in action during World War Two.

Towle's father, Arthur Towle was a Lt. Commander in the United States Merchant Marine; his mother was Sarah Towle, who maintained the family's house on Putnam Avenue in Glen Cove. The family had moved to Glen Cove from Newark, New Jersey when Edward was a young boy, and he attended Glen Cove Public School.

Towle had enlisted in the Army in February 1941, before hostilities had commenced. After serving as a baker and a cook, he decided that sort of Army duty was "too tame" and obtained a transfer to flight gunnery school. He was then assigned as ball gunner on board a B-17 Liberator stationed in the United Kingdom, routinely flying bombing raids against Germany. One week before going overseas, he married Louise McKenzie of Frostproof, Florida, a small city located near the B-17 training based at Avon Park Army Airfield.

Towle's plane was shot down by enemy aircraft over Stralsund Germany, on the edge of the Baltic Sea, at about 3:20 in the afternoon on 29 May, 1944. Other bombers in the formation reported that they had seen 10 parachutes emerge from the aircraft before it crashed, causing the Army to report him and his crewmates as missing in action. However, in August, 1944 his status was changed to killed in action based on official notification by the German government via the International Red Cross.

Wolfle Street

Wolfle Street was named for two brothers who died in the service of their country during World War One:

Arthur Wolfle was a Sergeant First Class in Company D, 407th Telegraph Battalion. He died of pneumonia on 8 November, 1918, a result of contracting influenza during the 1918 Spanish Influenza epidemic.

William Wolfle was a Private in the 5th Battalion, 152nd Depot Brigade. . He died of pneumonia on 10 December, 1918, a result of contracting influenza during the 1918 Spanish Influenza epidemic.