

Vincent Paul Megna



**Deadeye: 921st F.A. Battalion: Battery B
Leyte, and Okinawa
WWII**



Vincent Paul Megna was born in Coloma, Michigan on March 22, 1922. On October 26, 1942 at age twenty, Vincent left for Fort Custer from Saint Joseph High School on Forres Avenue, Benton Harbor, to begin his basic training with the U.S. Army. After completion he was then transferred to Camp Adair, Oregon, where he joined the Deadeyes, and trained them until July 22, 1944 when the Division departed for duty in the Pacific.

He made combat landings on Leyte October 20 and April on Okinawa. And at the conclusion of the battle, his unit went to Mindoro and the war ended. He returned stateside to the states with the Division. He was honorably discharged from Fort Sheridan, Illinois on December 21, 1945 where he returned home to reunite with his wife and baby daughter.

Not much is known about his life in the army, as like the majority of WWII veterans, he did not talk about his part in the war. He did have two buddies in the sixties that I remember: Joseph Kozeluh and John Thill.

Vincent lived a few miles outside of Benton Harbor for the rest of his life. In the 1950's he started the Megna Brother's Antenna Service and then Vince Megna Antenna Service in the 1960's.

He and his wife Elsie raised five children; Jerry Rosemary, Vincent Jr. Lila, and Jeffrey. He died peacefully in his sleep on May 6, 1990

"My Dad"—saying those words, thinking those words, conjures up memories of the kindest, nicest man I have ever known. Dad was a constant singer of a mix of 1940's songs and church hymns and he could sing! He provided the best life possible for his family, gave unselfishly of himself, and never expected anything in return.

He worked long hours building his business and created an outstanding reputation as a straight up on the level man. He was well liked, well loved and always had time and an open door for family, friends, neighbors or relatives.

The first to ask, "What can I do?" and the first to do it. He built two homes in his lifetime and was a fix-it man, a jack of all trades, mechanical, electrical, dad could do it. Loved electronics and gadgets and left a legacy in the reels of audio recordings and home movies that we treasure today.



Dad loved his well ordered, clean home, a good steak fresh off the grill and the Chicago Cubs. He wasn't a drinker and would never hunt, but he did fish now and then. He was a man who instilled work ethics and taught us to live by the golden rule and loved us no matter how many mistakes and missteps we made growing up.

When I was a child, my dad's army uniform was hanging in our attic and I remember yellow vinyl records with recordings of his voice, which he made during basic training, scattered about on the wooden floor, warped and dusty.

Then one day the uniform was donated to a rummage sale, his pins and medals scattered and lost. My dad had put his service years behind him and if he talked about his experiences, other than a few random remarks about "army chow", I have no memories.

In the 1960's dad reconnected with a couple of guys 921st, and he also attended reunions in Indianapolis, Omaha and Chicago. I am sure he enjoyed swapping stories and the comradeship of those reunions. I know that if he was still alive he would be touched by all the renewed interest in WWII and the veterans and just maybe he would share a story or two with me.

Please enjoy the pictures I have included of Dad.

Lila Megna



LEYTE 1945



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