



# THUNDERBOLT

83rd INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, Inc.

WORLD WAR II

Vol. 47 No. 3

Spring 1992



**Boys Town's Two Brothers Statue is a symbol and trademark of Father Flanagan's Boys' Home. It bears the trademark slogan "HE AIN'T HEAVY, FATHER...HE'S M' BROTHER."**

**AUGUST 20, 21 AND 22**

**THE THUNDERBOLT**  
**Official Publication**  
**83rd Infantry Division Association Inc.**

The THUNDERBOLT is written by and for past members of the 83rd Infantry Division World War II and is published at 3749 Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio 45013-9102.

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\*Alan F.S. Mackenzie

\*Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon  
Gurney S. Jaynes

\*Lt. Gen. Claude Ferebaugh  
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**A SALUTE TO PAST PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE SERVED US WELL**

\*James C. Hanrahan ..... 1947  
Jack M. Straus ..... 1948  
\*Shelly Hughes ..... 1949  
\*Julius Ansel ..... 1950  
\*Walter H. Edwards Jr. .... 1951  
Leo Schneider ..... 1952  
Finley Heyl ..... 1953  
Lawrence J. Redmond ..... 1954-55  
\*Lt. Gen. Robert H. York ..... 1956  
\*Harry W. Lockwood ..... 1957  
\*Raymond J. Voracek ..... 1958  
Charles Abdinoor ..... 1959  
\*Joseph F. Minotti ..... 1960  
\*Frank J. McGrogan ..... 1961

John W. Jobinette ..... 1962  
\*Manuel C. Martin ..... 1963  
\*Julius Boyles ..... 1964  
Samuel Klippa ..... 1965  
\*William M. Doty ..... 1966  
Albert A. Belvedere ..... 1967  
Vito C. Palazzolo ..... 1968  
Pat DiGiammerino ..... 1969  
Casey Szubski ..... 1970  
\*Charles Altomari ..... 1971  
\*Harold H. Dopp ..... 1972  
Louis J. Volpi ..... 1973  
Bernard O. Riddle ..... 1974  
Robert G. Taylor ..... 1975

Mike Skovran ..... 1976  
Manlius Goodridge ..... 1977  
Joseph A. Macaluso ..... 1978  
\*William J. Chavanne ..... 1979  
Samuel Klippa ..... 1980  
Michael Caprio ..... 1981  
Ralph Gunderson ..... 1982  
Arthur Doggett ..... 1983  
Bernie Cove ..... 1984  
Carroll Brown ..... 1985  
John Hobbs ..... 1986  
George Pletcher ..... 1987  
Charles Schmidt ..... 1988  
Edward Reuss ..... 1989  
Charles J. Lussier ..... 1990

\* Denotes Deceased



## THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Members of the Central Plains Chapter are working on various phases for the reunion. We believe we will have put together a very interesting and enjoyable program for you.

The Rain Forest Exhibit at Henry Doorly Zoo had their ribbon cutting ceremony on Friday, April 3, so it will be open and running for tours. This is a \$15,000,000 project built mainly with donated funds and is the largest of its kind in the world. There are several animals and birds in this zoo that cannot be found in any other zoo in the world. More information elsewhere.

The AK-SAR-BEN thorough bred racing will have ended prior to our reunion, however there will be simulcasting of the races at the State Fair grounds in Lincoln. There is no entrance fee and wagering is permitted.

Air Fare information will be found elsewhere.

Please get your reservations for your choices of tours, to NORBERT WOLKE, tours and transportation Chair. Forms were printed in the last issue.

Plans for the reunion are coming along nicely. If you are golfer, or a duffer, come prepared to play one of the top courses in Nebraska, Willow Lakes Course, which was one of the stops on the Pro Tour a couple of years ago.

Please get your ads turned in for The Ad Book. Plan to come on out to Omaha, we believe the old cliché, **TRY IT -- WE BELIEVE YOU WILL LIKE IT.** So get your reservations in, we'll be looking for you.

Ed Haynes, "K" 330

## CENTRAL PLAINS CHAPTER

The cover on this issue of the **THUNDERBOLT** depicts Boys Town with the familiar two brothers symbol and the motto, "HE AIN'T HEAVY, FATHER, HE'S MY BROTHER."

This symbol and motto have represented Boys Town since the 1940's. Father Flanagan saw this drawing in a company's publication and requested permission to use it. It reminded him of one of the home's first boys who was handicapped and often was carried about by the other boys. The original sandstone statue is on display inside the Boys Town campus; the modern version of the statue was designed in 1977 by Italian sculptor, Enzo Plaatta.

The total student population is about 500. In 1978 girls were taken into Boys Town. Presently about 150 girls are enrolled. At the present time the elected mayor of Boys Town is a girl. A colorful history and a promising future make Boys Town a very fascinating place to visit. Here you will witness the power of one man's dream.

**DOORLY ZOO/RAIN FOREST:** Just opened in April. It's a smash hit. USA TODAY has featured it and National Geographic is now scheduling to do an article. This tour is scheduled at the same time as the business meeting so most of the men will not be able to take this tour.

**GOLF:** Ray Wiggins is chairman for this project and you will find complete information for registering for the tournament etc. elsewhere in this issue. The course is rated among the top three in Nebraska and is a short 20 minute drive from the hotel. Get your reservations in early.

In this issue you will find much descriptive literature about our activities during the reunion. You will find a map to assist getting around Omaha; various attractions other than scheduled tours: restaurants; entertainment etc.

**IMPORTANT DEADLINE:** All tour reservations must be postmarked no later than August 3, 1992.

The Holiday Inn does not send confirmations unless requested to do so. However, at our request they have agreed to send confirmations to those who have made their reservations and have not received one. They assured me this would be done within a couple weeks. For those who have not made their reservations please request a confirmation if you want one.

**AIR TRAVEL:** Special arrangements have been made with Northwest Airlines. You may call 1-800-328-1111 give them our profile number 17197. These numbers have been assigned to the 83rd Infantry Division Association.

Norb Wolke, D-329

## "Down Memory Lane"

This is the theme of the 1992 Omaha Reunion which will be held in commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the Reactivation of the 83rd Infantry Division in August of 1942.

To carry out this theme, a Hospitality Room will be provided for Members as has been the custom in the past. All kinds of alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages, including coffee and iced tea, will be available. But, even more important, the Hospitality Room will be located in a large area filled with tables and poster boards for displaying personal World War II memorabilia brought to the Reunion by Members. Snapshots, maps, newspapers, photographs, equipment, weapons - all would be welcome.

Hospitality Room Chairman, Les Volkmer (Co. K - 330th), and his crew will provide assistance in setting up displays. And, of course, memorabilia of Members should be displayed only while they are present.

**COME TO OMAHA! BRING YOUR STUFF AND GO DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH YOUR BUDDIES!**





# **83RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 46TH ANNUAL REUNION - DOWN MEMORY LANE**

**AUGUST 19, 20, 21, & 22, 1992**

**VISITOR ATTRACTIONS RECOMMENDED BY REUNION COMMITTEE**

**(Locations are Shown on the Accompanying Map)**

## **MAP #**

### **HEADQUARTERS HOTEL**

- (1) Holiday Inn Central - 3321 So. 72nd - (402) 393-3950 - Large and conveniently located - a wide variety of facilities.

### **SPECTATOR SPORTS**

- (2) Ak-Sar-Ben Race Track - 63rd & Center - 554-8866 - Popular Keno Parlor, but Horse Racing Season ends August 10 - Sorry!
- (3) Bluffs Run - 1 mile east of river off of I-80 Exit 1B - (712) 323-2500 - Tues., Thur. & Fri., 8 p.m. with gates opening at 6:30 p.m. - Wed., 4 p.m. & 8 p.m. with gates opening at 2:30 p.m. - Sat. & Sun., 1:30 & 8 p.m. with gates opening at noon and 6:30 p.m. - dining, betting & spectating in air conditioned comfort.

### **CULTURAL & HISTORIC ATTRACTIONS**

- (4) Boys Town - West of D-1 on 136th & West Dodge Rd. - (402) 498-1140 - See comments on Boys Town in Program Notes.
- (5) Henry Doorly Zoo - 10th & Deer Park Boulevard - 733-8400 Largest enclosed aviary and largest indoor rain forest of its kind in the World - rare white tigers - beautiful park layout - 9:30 - 5 daily.
- (6) Strategic Air Command Museum - South on 13th St. to Bellevue, NE - 2510 Clay - 292-2001 - See comments on Strategic Air Command Museum in Program Notes.
- (7) Heartland of America Park (D-9) - 7th & Farnam - Featured is a computer controlled, illuminated water fountain which hurls water in patterns as high as 250 feet.
- (8) Western Heritage Museum - 801 So. 10th - 444-5071 - Excellent museum featuring a look at Omaha history - also, archival photography exhibits and the Byron Reed coin collection - Tues. - Sat., 10-5; Sun., 1-5.
- (9) Union Pacific Historical Museum - 14th & Dodge - 271-3530 History of the U.P. Railroad and its impact on the West - also contains a collection of Abraham Lincoln memorabilia Mon. - Fri., 9-5. Free
- (10) Joslyn Art Museum - 22nd & Dodge - 342-3300 - Ancient to contemporary paintings & sculpture - also contains an extensive collection of western art - Tues. - Sat., 10-5; Sun., 1-5
- (10a) General Crook House - 455-9990 - Authentically restored quarters of General Crook, made famous by the trial of Chief Standing Bear. Victorian Garden. Mon. - Fri., 10-4; Sun., 1-4.

### **SHOPPING CENTERS**

- (11) Old Market Area - 11th & Howard and surrounding area - See comments on Old Market Area in Program Notes.
- (12) Westroads shopping Center - 102nd & West Dodge Rd. - 397-2598 One of the largest Indoor Shopping Centers in an eight state area.
- (13) Crossroads Shopping Center - 72nd & Dodge - 397-9667 - Attractive indoor shopping center with a wide variety of stores and food services.
- (14) Regency Fashion Court - 102nd & Regency Plaza - 393-8474 - Indoor shopping center with exclusive shops and the nation's largest jewelry store.
- (15) One Pacific Place - 103rd & Pacific - Distinctive shops and several excellent restaurants.
- (16) OakView Plaza - 144th & West Center Rd. - Omaha's newest large, Indoor Shopping Center.

### **RESTAURANTS**

#### **Dinner Theater**

- (11) Firehouse Theatre & Dinner - 514 So. 11th (Old Market Area) - 346-8833 - Buffet dining and a wide variety of comedies, musicals and dramas featuring professional talent.

#### **Steak Houses**

(Steaks featured, but a variety of other foods offered)

- (17) Gorat's - 49th & Center - 551-3733 - One of Omahans' favorites - live entertainment in the lounge.
- (18) Ross' Steak House - 909 So. 72nd - 393-2030 - another Omaha favorite - live entertainment.
- (19) Mister "C's" Steak House - 5319 No. 30th - 451-1998 - "A bit of Italy" with thousands of miniature lights - Italian specialties.
- (20) Johnny's Cafe - 4702 So. 27th 731-4774 - Dining next to the Omaha Stockyards - once the world's largest in sales.
- (21) Anthony's - 7220 "F" - 331-7575 - Close to Headquarters Hotel Live entertainment and dancing.
- (22) Cascio's Steak House - 1620 So. 10th - 345-8313 - a South Omaha favorite.
- (23) Caniglia's Venice Inn - 6420 Pacific - 556-3111 - Close to Headquarters Hotel - Italian specialties - open Sunday.

#### **Continental**

- (11) French Cafe - 1017 Howard (Old Market Area) - 341-3547 - Gourmet French dining - many awards
- (24) Maxine's (Red Lion Hotel) - 1616 Dodge - 346-7600 - On top of the Hotel with a view - live entertainment & dancing.
- (25) Chardonnay (Omaha Marriott) - 10220 Regency Circle - 399-9000 - Flaming entrees - live entertainment & dancing.
- (11) V. Mertz - 1022 Howard (Old Market Area) - 345-8980 - Gourmet dining. Daily changes in menu featured.



# RECOMMENDED VISITOR ATTRACTIONS OMAHA REUNION 1992 - 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION



# OMAHA REUNION 1992

The Central Plains Chapter of the 83rd Infantry Division Association cordially invites you and your wife or other guest to attend the 46th Annual Reunion of the Association to be held in Omaha, Nebraska, on August 19, 20, 21 & 22, 1992.

Festivities will be held at the Holiday Inn Central, a large convention center conveniently located in Omaha with reasonable rates and free parking. A separate Hotel Reservation Form accompanies this issue of the Thunderbolt and should be sent directly to the Hotel.

Please read the Program, Program Notes and the articles, "Omaha - a Great Place to Visit" and "Omaha - a Great Place for Tours", which follow this invitation.

Registration Fees, per person, payable at the reunion, are:

Aug. 19 - 0      Aug. 20 - 0      Aug. 21 - \$24.00      Aug. 22 - \$26.00

Tour Fees are shown below and are payable in advance of the reunion.

## REUNION REGISTRATION AND TOUR RESERVATION FORM

Please Circle Dates of Reunion Attendance - August    19       20       21       22

Your Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Wife or Other Guest: \_\_\_\_\_

Your Address \_\_\_\_\_

### TOUR RESERVATIONS

TOUR	DATE & TIME	TOUR FEES PER PERSON	NUMBER OF RESERVATIONS
Boys Town	Aug. 20 - 10:00 a.m.	\$6.00	_____
Old Market	Aug. 20 - 10:00 a.m.	\$6.00	_____
Combination of Above Tours	Aug. 20 - 10:00 a.m.	\$6.00	_____
Note: Above 3 tours leave at the same time - take your pick.			
On the Boys Town Tour, tour guides will give each person an opportunity to make a \$1.00 donation.			
Rain - Forest	Aug. 21 - 9:00 a.m.	\$10.00	_____
SAC/Air Base	Aug. 21 - 1:30 p.m.	\$8.00	_____
Joslyn Museum	Aug. 22 - 9:30 a.m.	\$7.00	_____

PLEASE MAKE CHECKS FOR TOUR FEES PAYABLE TO "83RD REUNION '92"  
AND MAIL TO NORBERT WOLKE, 9939 ESSEX DR., OMAHA, NE 68114  
TOUR RESERVATIONS MUST BE POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN AUG. 3, 1992.

### 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 46TH ANNUAL REUNION - DOWN MEMORY LANE 50TH ANNIVERSARY MONTH OF DIVISION REACTIVATION HOLIDAY INN CENTRAL - OMAHA, NEBRASKA AUGUST 19, 20, 21, & 22, 1992

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19

12:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

All Day

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 20

9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

10:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

3:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

8:00 p.m. - ?

All Day

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 21

9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

9:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon

10:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon

1:30 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

All Afternoon

3:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

6:00 p.m. - ?

7:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.

#### EVENTS\*

Registration

Visitor Attractions

Registration

Boys Town & Old Market Tours

Hospitality/Memory Room

Cash Bar & Music

Visitor Attractions

Registration

Rain Forest Tour

Business Meeting

SAC Museum/Air Base Tour

Visitor Attractions

Hospitality?Memory Room

Cash Bar

Dinner & Music

#### LOCATION

Assembly Hall

See Listing\*

Assembly Hall

Assembly Hall

Main Ballroom

Main Ballroom

See Listing\*

Assembly Hall

Assembly Hall

Main Ball room

Assembly Hall

See Listing\*

Main Ballroom

Main Ballroom

Main Ballroom

## GOLF -- 4 FULL DAYS

### WILLOW LAKES GOLF COURSE

Offutt Air Force Base

Omaha, NE. 68123 Phone (402) 292-1680

- Wed. 8-19- Practice round for early birds. Arrange your own starting time. Wear your hat; look sharp; fix your divots.
- Thu. 8-20- Another chance to learn the course. Make your own arrangements. Take sand wedge. Sharpen up. Don't forget the sun screen! Championship round. Turn in scores for prizes (?)! Try to gross 83 or better for the good old 83rd. Starting times arranged for those returning coupon below. Keep cool/calm. Easy does it.
- Sat. 8-22- If you repaired your divots the course will be open for "Hangers On". Call the pro shop for reservations. Have fun but be sure to stop in time for cocktails and dinner at the reunion. Have fun.

Clip this coupon and mail as soon as possible to:

Raymond G. Wiggins, Chairman  
83rd Infantry Div. Golf Tournament  
6900 West Terrace  
Overland Park, KS 66212

We want 20 or more to be in the Championship round.  
(There is no entry fee required.)

I WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION  
TOURNAMENT AT WILLOW LAKES GOLF COURSE IN  
OMAHA Friday, AUGUST 21, 1992.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Unit: \_\_\_\_\_

## **DELINQUENT DUES**

**Those members that have  
not paid their 1992 dues  
to date will be removed  
from the mailing list after  
July 1, 1992**

**NORWEST AIRLINES** has been designated as the official airline carrier for the 83rd Infantry Division, Assn. World War II annual convention to be held this year in Omaha, Ne.

Call **NORTHWEST AIRLINES** toll-free at 1 - 800 - 328 - 1111 and be sure to ask for **PROFILE 17197** to receive our **SPECIAL CONVENTION RATE** which is available only through this number.

You may call daily from 7:00 a.m. to 12:00 midnight CDT.

## **CAMP ATTERBURY**

*Donations of \$10.00 - \$20.00 - \$30.00 - \$40.00 - \$50.00, any amount you can afford would be appreciated. Please make all checks payable to Camp Atterbury Veterans Memorial Association. You may send them by mail to:*

*Camp Atterbury Mem. Assn.  
Attn: Comptrollers Office Bldg. #1  
Edinburgh, IN. 46124 - 1096*

*You are cordially invited to attend the dedication ceremony on Saturday 15, August 1992 on Camp Atterbury to honor the veterans of WW II, Korea, Vietnam and Operation Desert Storm.*

*Col. Jorg Stachel Post Commander has a large block of rooms at the Holiday Inn., 2480 Jonathan Moore Pike Columbus, IN., 47201. Rates are \$58 for Single and \$65 for a Double. Telephone 812-372-1541. Have your Reservation guaranteed by July 15.*

*Any reservations after that will be on a first come - first serve basis. This Holiday Inn is in the area of I-65 and Hwy. 46.*





## Greetings from the Secretary-Treasurer's Office

Another winter has passed. This one was not so bad. Nothing but a sprinkling of snow at any one time. So we can't complain about that. I know that some of you had a great deal more. We had to send out quite a few more reminders for dues this time but then you came through. Will send out one more and then we will have to pull your names off the list before we do the roster. Get your name and your money in to the office right away so we don't have to cancel you out. Will send the last reminder out next week and that will be it. Look at your membership card and see if it says 1992 on it. If not you are in arrears. You may send in \$20.00 and be paid up for next year.

On January 5, Ames and I attended the Camp Atterbury Memorial Dedication committee meeting for an update on the progress of the memorial park.

The plans are going very well. I know that all of you who are planning on attending will be well pleased with what has been done. Colonel Stachel and his men have done a great job. We were supposed to have had a meeting on April 5th but the weather has held up the work and so the meeting was rescheduled for May 3, 1992. I will not be able to attend this meeting as we will be in Florida for the Executive Board Meeting. We will be meeting at the Howard Johnson Daytona Beach Hotel and Conference Center.

The Central Plains Chapter in Omaha, Nebraska has really been working on their reunion plans. Everyone attending should have a good time. Bonnie and Earl Hoover, Sam Badgett, Pearl and I are going to go in early so that we can go and see the Rain Forest. I have heard that that tour is great. I will be busy with meetings at the time of the tours and Bonnie and Pearl will be busy with registration so we won't be able to go on the scheduled tour. We are sure looking forward to seeing all of you there.

By now all of you should have gotten your letter about the 50th Anniversary "D" Day tour that Galaxy Tours is conducting. I want all of you to know that the Executive board approves my being the coordinator to work with Galaxy Tours for the benefit of all 83rd men. Galaxy Tours is paying all expenses for the advertising of the trip. I think that this can be a wonderful experience for all who can make it. Due to our age and health restrictions this may be the last chance we will have to go on a trip like this. It will be a wonderful time and Galaxy Tours does a fine job.

**AGAIN I ASK THAT YOU SEND IN YOUR DUES SO THAT  
YOU WILL NOT MISS ANY ISSUE OF THE THUNDERBOLT.**

HOPE TO SEE YOU IN OMAHA.  
Bob Derickson

## Chaplin's Report



Hopefully winter is behind us now. Spring is finally here!

Pittsburgh Chapter has been having their regular meetings as usual at Brentwood, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Rt. 51. with good attendance. Hope these few lines find all buddies and their families in good health.

Enclosed you will find a poem given to us by our priest.

You all have a blessed and Happy Easter.

Enclosed you will find a letter from Bill Ledger.

Your Chaplin, Mathew Pintar

## DON'T QUIT

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG, AS THEY SOMETIMES WILL,  
WHEN THE ROAD YOU'RE TRUDGING SEEMS ALL UPHILL,  
WHEN THE FUNDS ARE LOW AND THE DEBTS ARE HIGH,  
AND YOU WANT TO SMILE, BUT YOU HAVE TO SIGH,  
WHEN CARE IS PRESSING YOU DOWN A BIT -  
REST IF YOU MUST, BUT DON'T YOU QUIT.

LIFE IS QUEER WITH ITS TWISTS AND TURNS,  
AS EVERY ONE OF US SOMETIMES LEARNS,  
AND MANY A FELLOW TURNS ABOUT  
WHEN HE MIGHT HAVE WON HAD HE STUCK IT OUT.  
DON'T GIVE UP THOUGH THE PACE SEEMS SLOW -  
YOU MAY SUCCEED WITH ANOTHER BLOW.

OFTEN THE GOAL IS NEARER THAN  
IT SEEMS TO A FAINT AND FALLEN MAN:  
OFTEN THE STRUGGLER HAS GIVEN UP  
WHEN HE MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED THE VICTOR'S CUP:  
AND HE LEARNED TOO LATE WHEN THE NIGHT CAME  
DOWN,  
HOW CLOSE HE WAS TO THE GOLDEN CROWN.

SUCCESS IS FAILURE TURNED INSIDE OUT -  
THE SILVER TINT OF THE CLOUDS OF DOUBT.  
AND YOU NEVER CAN TELL HOW CLOSE YOU ARE,  
IT MAY BE NEAR WHEN IT SEEMS SO FAR:  
SO STICK TO THE FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE HARDEST HIT, -  
IT'S WHEN THINGS SEEM WORST THAT YOU MUSTN'T  
QUIT.

## Deceased List

Name	Outfit	Reported By
Howard Bergenham		Manny Epstein
William G. Blackwell	"A" 329th	Son
William Wade Brittingham	"HQ" 330th	Wife
Marion Brown	"D" 329th	R.C. Hamilton
Jerry Bucholtz	"E" 329th	Bill Ledger
Andrew Carras	"HQ" 331st	Manny Epstein
Burton E. Cass	"A" 329th	P. Di Giammerino
William "Bob" Clauson	83rd Recon.	A.R. Haynes
Mort Gaynor	"G" 331st	Joe Macalus
Donald J. Gauman	"D" 331st	Al Shurauder
Paul Hanna	"I" 329th	Fred Kibbey
John J. Hutchinson	"K" 331st	Wife
William Johnson	"D" 330th	Wife
John W. King	331st	Bob Young
Lee Osman	"I" 330th	Gale Baker
Nathaniel B. Petty	83rd SIGNAL	Wife
Frank Powers	"F" 331st	Wife
Charles D. Ouill	"K" 329th	George Settle
Robert L. Ryan	"A" 308th	George Settle
William Schieffert	"A" 330th	Charles Abdinoor
Henry R. Slivenski	"E" 330th	P. Di Giammerino
Edward E. Sidor	"HQ" 329th	James Kopchak
U.C. Sullivan	1st Bn 330th	William Pulaski
Nathaniel Wentworth	"M" 331st	Matt Pintar
Nick Zichelle	"A" 330th	P. Di Giammerino

We had a couple of names but had no idea of whom they were from. If the name you sent in is not reported in the list above please resubmit it with your name as the reporter. We cannot list a name and not know whom it is from. Thank you.

## BOARD CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Hope everyone survived the winter and are looking forward to spring. Up here in New Hampshire, March came in like a lion and is going out the same way.

The months do seem to fly by, so if you're planning to come to Omaha, please get your reservations sent in along with your check for the tours. Col. Haynes and his committee have been busy setting up the reunion and are looking forward to a fine turnout.

The Executive Board will be meeting the first weekend in May in Daytona, Fla. with the Florida and Omaha committee's going over final plans for their respective reunions.

Don't forget your ads have to be in by June 25th for the ad book and are deeply appreciate by the host chapter.

Hope you all have a nice summer and since we're all a year older, let's make that extra effort to once again meet our buddy's in Omaha in August.

"Jim" Prentice

## Historian's Corner

### Buddies:

I thought I would have to miss my deadline for this Thunderbolt.

I've been recuperating from two operations - but you can't keep a tough Irishman down!

The following pictures are the beginning of a series of our 83rd during the Huertgen, Bulge and other areas of our combat time in the E.T.O.

They were sent to me by the family of Lt. Col. "Wild Bill" White of 3rd Bn. 331st. Thank you people!

Bill was a good friend and buddy for years.

May he "Rest in Peace", he certainly earned it the hard way, as did all our lost buddies.

"We Were The Best"

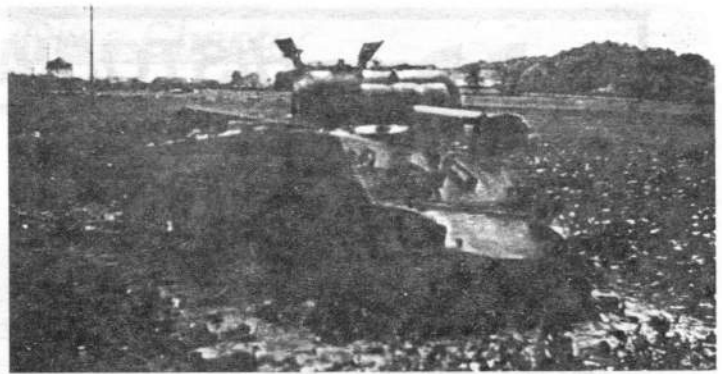
Wm Kent O'Connell

83rd Historian and M.P.

P.S. These pictures are all of men of the 331st - anyone recognize themselves?



(France) Gen'l (then Col.) Robert York,  
331st and his Reg't Staff.



They didn't make it.



Just waiting and freezing - please no tree bursts.



(Germany) - Col. York



(Germany) - Col. York  
and unknown Lt. Col.?



(Germany) - Lt. Col. White

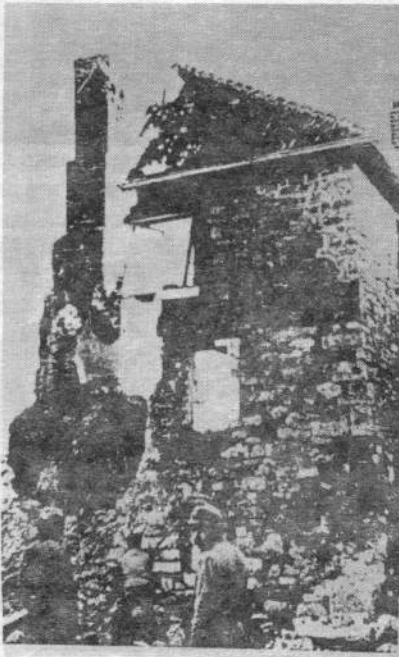


(Bulge) - Please, Father,  
don't forget me!





## HISTORIAN'S CORNER



(France) Steeple was German  
O.P. in town - blasted.



(France) Any G.I.'s in the rubble?



(Bulge) We'd rather walk anyhow.



Did you see or hear  
anything?



(Bulge) Bringing up the  
ammo, also freezing.



War respects nothing.



(Germany) - Col. York - 2 Rus-  
sian officers of the 6th  
Guards Division Elbe River  
(I'm an honorary member of  
the 6th)



# CHAPTERS

## Dixie Chapter

Hi Bob & Pearl

Bob I know this Poem will be late for our anniversary which comes on April 10th but that don't matter she will get it in her card on time.

Bob and Pearl

*I think about you both a lot how much work you do for the 83rd. I am telling you and I think everyone should give you praise and recognize for the good job you are doing. Here is a poem I wrote just for you & Pearl.*

*OUR LIVES CHANGED THE DAY WE MET  
WE'VE HAD MANY DREAMS COME TRUE.  
THE DAY WE MET WE'LL NEVER FORGET  
WE ARE HAPPY LIVING THE WAY WE DO.*

*WE SPEND MUCH TIME WORKING TOGETHER  
THAT PLAYED A LARGE PART IN OUR LIFE  
WORKING AND TRUSTING ONE ANOTHER  
MAKES US A HAPPY HUSBAND AND WIFE.*

God Bless You Both  
Dot & Haran

*HAPPY ANNIVERSARY DARLING  
MY WONDERFUL WIFE - DOROTHY.*

*She is my baby - she is my girl.  
She is my lady - she is my world.  
She is my woman - she is my life.  
She is my everything - she is my wife.*

*Lord you know I've had her  
For a long long time.  
She's never belong to any other  
So I know she is mine.*

*She is lovely and seventy one  
And I am a young seventy three.  
We've been married fifty five years  
So I know she belongs to me.*

*She's been a living doll  
And she's been a Queen to me.  
She's still my darling sweet heart  
And to me she will always be.*

*Dear God our life giver  
You made us who we are.  
Our love, belief and trust in you  
That has brought us this far.*

Haran Martin - Thank You God

## Dixie Chapter

Williamsburg, Va. - Sunday March 29

Time was so short I just couldn't finish up in time to leave today. I'll be leaving early Monday after a busy six day stay at the West Park Hotel.

We have 3 couples who just refuse to leave, the H. McIntosh's, C. Walters, E. Massies. Seems like a contest to see who can hold out the longest.

Sun. Mar. 29 - Everyone up early for departing and getting on with every day living. Some traveled 900 miles, some only 15 miles. Others every distance in between. We're so happy that each one came. All played an important part in our most enjoyable meeting. By noon all are gone except three diehard couples. Even our host John and Virginia Cox are gone by now, along with John and Frieda Hobbs for a couple days of well earned rest. Thanks again John for one of the very best meetings ever. Thanks to all the ladies who brought goodies, cakes etc. I tried to sample each but failed. I got as far as Elaines' German Chocolate cake and just couldn't make it any further. I hope she never loses the recipe. Everything was just great.

Sat. Mar. 28 - Banquet and dance were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by about 150 from at least 15 states with lots of dignitaries present. We appreciate your coming and hope to have each of you with us many more times.

Dance music was Country Western and enjoyed by all. Three couples were still kicking high at the last number with many others cheering them on. John kept the hospitality room open and well stocked with food and drink from Wednesday through Saturday up till banquet time. All were hungry and thirsty but John filled each one up. Even the men from 308 Engineers got enough to eat and drink. Six men from Co. B, others from Hqtrs., A and C. Each had his bridge to build, hedge row to punch through or story to tell. Each one accomplished his mission.

Our Infantry is still the back bone of our organization. We just can't get along without them at our meetings. I appreciate them more every year, we had each artillery battalion represented. Follows I believe the 322 finally won with 4 cannoneers present, Tomazin B, Alsop B, Benbow A, Massie A, Larry Dalton F 331 had at least six men present. I really enjoyed talking with them and planning out the next time. Some here for the first time. Welcome!! and come back soon. And help us celebrate "Being Alive" And, help us "Remember those who have gone on before us"!

There was much sightseeing, even in the rain. Some were out everyday with raincoats and umbrellas. All came back with great stories of many interesting sights and experiences.

The swimming pool was kept busy, both by the old timers and the younger generation here as guests. I finally found time to try it out. Sunday afternoon, now I know what its all about. Honey Bee and friends were in the pool within ten minutes of arrival. Katie didn't loose any time showing them around the place. They really had a great time.

K331 and G331 made a good showing both headed up by their "Big Macs" What a fun time!!

At first the meet was very small. By Tuesday nite we had 3 couples. The McDermotts from Missouri, for the first time, the Days from Ohio, Old Timers, the Massies from Maryland. We really had a fun evening but didn't know what fun was until John Cox came Wednesday morning with a fresh supply of jokes etc., followed by 12 more couples. Then I lost track. You might say I was lost in the crowd of old soldiers and beautiful ladies and the "goodies" I never sampled so much delicious food in such a short time. Thanks again from each one of us "Old Timers"

Larry Redmond was here doing a great job promoting the "Ad Book" for the National.

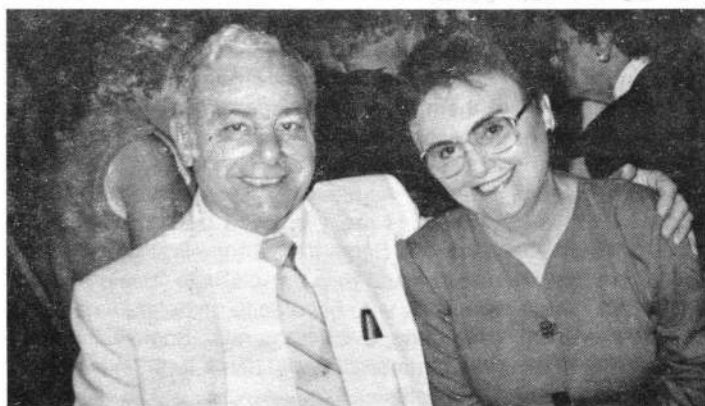
George Settle and Lester Hauck found their way all the way from Perkiomenville, wherever that is. Bob and Pearl here looking good. Joe and Mena up from New Orleans keeping the troops in line. Col. Royall came from North Carolina, Felix got some to care for his family so he brought Mary to celebrate with us. Thanks so much for my very own treat "Fig Perserves" from Mary's own kitchen.

The Benbows's made it at the last minute. Lill being so young and dedicated to her job and so young she still is working she just couldn't get away!! Shame on you Bill!! Lots more stories but no more space!!

E. Massie  
Dixie Reporter



**Felix Livingston, Mary Livingston, O.L. Cook**



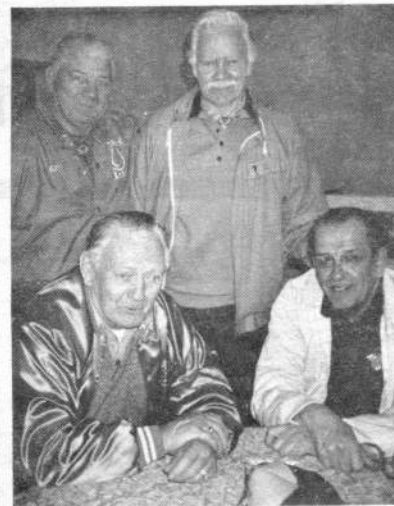
**Tony Leone M-329, Pat Womer - First Dixie Meet.**



**Macaluso, Al Koclus**



**John & Virginia  
Cox**



**A Btry 322 Standing  
B Btry 322 Seated  
Benbow, Massie,  
Alsop, Tomazin**

## Kentucky Chapter

Greetings from the banks of the Ohio, here in the southern most part of Indiana where on this April Fools Day, Mother Nature is trying to fool us into thinking spring is not here by promising a low of 25 degrees tonight. After being spoiled by a false spring in February and having some rose bushes get nearly full leaved only to be frozen back in March, I suppose we can take another kick in the teeth by the weather.

Since the Kentucky chapter meeting was postponed in order for members to attend the Dixie Chapter Meeting, I can't report on a Chapter meeting consider this a health news column.

I have good news, and bad news, first the bad news. Keith Kilion, Wilson Day, and Norm Weeks started the year off with having heart problems Keith was rushed to the hospital by ambulance, spent several days in the hospital, they finally decided to control his problem with medicine and he is back in his home in Washington In. doing O.K. he said about two weeks ago when I checked on him.

I will always remember Keith for he came to us at Breckenridge, from a tour of duty in Panama, he bunked next to me and it was very cold at that time he would borrow all the blankets he could get on his bed and still be shaking and shivering.

Wilson Day much the same as Keith, twelve days in the hospital in February and back to his Cincinnati, home on medication, diet, and walking program. He is doing much better and was able to go to the Dixie Chapter meeting in Williamsburg.

Norm Weeks wasn't so lucky, he had to have bypass surgery, it turned out O.K. but he wasn't up to making the trip to Williamsburg, hopefully, he can make it to our meeting at Gallipolis, Ohio April 10-11.

The Bakers, Gale and Irene had missed our last two meetings so I cranked up the old A.T. and T. and found Irene cooking a pot of beans which she so graciously turned off to get me up to date on the Bakers, she had surgeries on her eyes the last one had helped a lot, and she seemed pleased with the results, Gale came on the phone, and sounded strong he had several problems the last being Pneumonia, but said he was feeling good now.



I talked to Emerson Reid, of Evansville he was at the office and just fine. Lawrence and Maxine Hamilton attended the Meeting at Williamsburg said they had a good time but ran into some snow in W. Va. Mountains he should feel at home in them for he is a old West Virginia boy who succumbed to the charms of a local girl and has lived in Evansville since the war. I owe Lawrence a debt of gratitude for a lot of these news items, he should pass the news on, as he is the one who nominated me for this job. Lawrence, is such a good friend that if I were going to be hung he would probably furnish the rope free of charge.

I called Columbus, In. to check on Ames Miller, as he had to cancel out on going to Williamsburg it was just a bug that is going around, he is doing good now, and planing on making the Gallipolis, meeting that will be hosted by Earl and Bonnie Hoover, & Bob & Pearl Derickson. Ames and Helen Miller and Bill and Nancy Ledger will host the June 12-13 meeting of the Kentucky Chapter at Batesville, In. We are all looking forward to these meetings as we have never been at either place before, it's been a long time since our Christmas meeting, the last time we had a meeting, and it will be nice to see old friends again.

I keep in touch with several old buddies from 3rd Bn. Hq. Co. Dencil Hoover and Santo Zirilli have promised to be at the celebration at camp Atterbury next August 15th. John Leonard, Dorsey Jones, and John Shepherd have given me a maybe and Alfred Beinemann, who joined at the battle of the Bulge has a great interest in the history of the 83rd division is thinking of attending. I will keep working on this maybe I could pry our old first Sergeant Bill Hopf away from the golf course long enough to attend.

To you who know the Johnson family, Clara has had a flair up of colon problems, Linda is about the same as usual, and I am much better than I was at the Vevay, IN. meeting. I can walk O.K. again, my hearing has returned about half, my sense of smell is back and only a small flair up of my lung in Feb. we are looking forward to the Gallipolis Ohio Meeting hope to see all there.

Leroy V. Johnson  
3rd Bn. Hq. Co. 331st Inf.



**Wilson Day with a big smile on his face because VI played Post Lady and delivered his Thunderbolt to him. Stay well Wilson.**

The spring meeting of the Kentucky Chapter was held April 10-11th at Holiday Inn Gallapolis, Ohio.

We were treated to a fantastic job of hosting by Bob & Pearl Derickson, Earl & Bonnie Hoover, their daughter Diane Lemaster, & Saturday, Diane's husband Lonnie helped with the prizes & drawing's. Friday we enjoyed a trip to OUR HOUSE A state memorial museum. It was a restored 1819 tavern loaded with antique's & artifact's once owned by Lafayette & Napoleon Bonaparte. Lafayette had visited this building as this town was

founded by the French. After the evening meal men & women played win, lose or draw & prizes galore were passed out.

Saturday morning we ate breakfast at the Bob Evan's Farm & toured the Farm Museum, after lunch at the motel the men went to a civil war demonstration at the park downtown on the river bank. Most of us wore our 83rd shirts quite a colorful sight. A big contrast to the civil war era uniforms the local actors were wearing. Several of the ladies went shopping & some attended the civil war enactment with us. The tables in the motel banquet hall were beautifully decorated for the meal we had the room all alone and it was almost filled by the Kentucky Chapter & guests. After the banquet we stayed in the room & held our business meeting. Floyd Richmond won the 50-50 drawing. We decided to accept Larry Dalton's offer to host the Oct. meeting in Lafayette Ga. He offered such a good deal that along with the southern hospitality many places to visit, and time for the fall leaves we are looking forward to the meeting.

Fred McGowan proposed the Christmas Party in Piqua, Ohio. Its a new Comfort Inn. Fred knows how to put on a good meeting and he has some good help in that area.

Ames and Helen Miller discussed the June meeting in Batesville. Sounds like they have things well in hand. After the 50/50 drawing four couples were honored with a beautiful decorated cake for their Golden anniversary. Robert and Pearl Derickson, Marvin and Wanda Hayden, Leroy and Clara Johnson and Bill and Verna Payne for 52 years. Yellow long stemmed roses and card were given to the ladies and boutonnieres for the men. Bonnie Hoover read a very touching poem, the ladies told how they met their husband's and pictures were taken. After the cake was cut, my wife Clara passed handmade favors to the ladies.

The table decorations were very special, little black flower pots with yellow candles inside, even napkin rings, elegant, "thanks ladies."

We had total of 43 members & guests, 18 being members. We were very glad to have Art and Millie Dogget back with us again. Art seemed his old dapper self again. Even wanting to go across the hall and show the youngsters and band how to dance. Millie and Wilson Day displayed their Santa woodcarvings. I would like to have seen the bird she carved out of wood. I gave Wilson, from one of my white pines, destroyed in a storm.

Vito and Virginia Palazzol made the long drive from Michigan, good to see them. The West Va. chapter was represented by

John and Freeda Hobbs and Paul and Mary Pauley they didn't know what happened to John Shephard who promised me to come.

We enjoyed their company, always nice to have visitors. Lawrence Hamilton came down with a bug and failed to make it to Gallapolis. He missed sneaking a piece of the delicious cake Diane Lemaster made for the snack table. He missed Art Koerner telling one joke after another. Art is a dead ringer for Rodney Dangerfield: in fact several jokes were told by both men and women. A good time was had by all, I can't remember when more togetherness was shown at a meeting.

Larry and Jessie Dalton will be hosting the Kentucky Chapter meeting Oct. 16-17 At Lafayette, GA. You may make your reservation by telephone (404-638-3100). Be sure to state you will be attending the Kentucky Chapter, 83rd Division meeting. All guests are welcome.

Leroy Johnson  
3rd Bn. Hq. 331st Inf.







Civil War Hospital Tent -- Kentucky Chapter



Civil War Firing Squad -- Kentucky Chapter



"Our House Museum and Chapter Members -- Kentucky Chapter



"Bob Evans Farm- Home Area & Museum

## Florida Chapter

At this writing, the Florida Chapter has had two meetings since our last article appeared in the "Thunderbolt". On Nov. 9 & 10, we met at West Palm Beach at which time the election of officers for 1992 was held. Due to illness, our secretary Bill Herhuth, was not present and Ralph Gunderson performed as acting secretary for this meeting. Walter Marshall gave a moving account of the funeral of the late Paul Buchman, who passed away on Oct. 13. The names of the other members who were missing due to illness were read. Some discussion about the proposed 1993 reunion at Daytona Beach was held.

The next meeting was held on Jan. 31 & Feb. 1 at the Howard Johnson Hotel in Daytona Beach, the proposed site of the 1993 national reunion. There were 41 members in attendance, including several "snow bird" visitors and two new members. At this meeting Bill Herhuth submitted his resignation as secretary, citing health reasons. After some discussion, Allen Fisher, accepted the position of secretary and will attempt to fill the shoes of our capable departing secretary. The hospitality room at this hotel is well equipped with glass enclosed bar with access to the pool deck and beach and will surely be a focal point of activities at the 1993 reunion.

Again discussions centered around planning for the 1993 reunion. A slate of officers was agreed upon to present at Omaha. The ladies auxiliary is working on several craft projects to raise funds for the 1993 reunion.

A proposal to hold the next meeting in Clearwater FL. on April 24 & 25 was approved, and Bill and Dot Nagel will act as hosts. The meeting will be held at the Rodeway Motel at the intersection of U.S. 19 North and S. R. 60. Any association members visiting in the area are welcome to attend.

A Florida Chapter ceremony; "The Five Star Salute", instituted by the late Paul Buchman, was conducted with Lou Kanes presiding.

As this is my first Thunderbolt letter, items of personal interest have not been made available to me at this time. I hope this will be corrected in the future.

Allen Fisher, Sec'y.  
Serv. Co. 331 Inf.

## New Jersey Chapter

We're just back from our annual trek to Williamsburg and once again it was a most enjoyable time. The Jersey Rebels who were present and accounted for were, Fred and Addie Rein, Ted and Irene Guzek, George and Vi Waple, Sam and Edith Manzi, Mike and Liz Skovran, Fran and I.

As is their custom, John and Virginia Cox did a tremendous job as hosts for this meeting, as they had for all seven previous meetings held in Williamsburg. We will miss going to Williamsburg next year as the Dixie Chapter, at a previous meeting, voted to have the '93 Spring Meeting in Macon, Ga.

Some notables from Williamsburg; Wilson Day told me he had a heart attack in February, also Wilson was to meet former Sergeant Nix, who had served in the same company, at the hotel. Whether this came about, I was not informed. - Mike Skovran and Joe Macaluso planning to attend the 50th anniversary of "D" Day. - Charlie Sihlanick's First Sergeant Ellsworth Massie sending his best wishes to Charlie and Mary. - Irene Guzek's homemade Cruschiki, if you weren't there when they were put out, you missed out on this polish delicacy. - Shoneys for breakfast was quite a treat. For the \$2.90 senior charge, I saw some chow hounds fill their plate 3 or 4 times at the buffet, of course, some will accuse me of doing the same. - And of course to all the wonderful people who attended making it extra special.

Our next trip will be to the Pines Hotel for the Boston Chapter Mini-Reunion. A number of the chapter have sent in their reservations.

A chapter dinner has been planned for May 30th at the Officers Club in Fort Monmouth, N.J. Hope to see a good turn-out at this affair. George and Vi Waple are hosts for this dinner.

I'd like to bring to your attention, if you missed it, in the VFW Calendar, March '92, is a picture of 83rd GIs at St. Malo, France. That's it for now. Best wishes to you all!!!!

Stan Bielen  
1st Bn. Hdqs. 331

## Pittsburgh Chapter

(The following are from Sal Scicolone's records at Camp Atterbury, Ind. - 1942.)

### **CAMP ATTERBURY INDIANA 1942**

WE THE THUNDERING HERD FROM THE 83RD  
AND FIGHTING MEN ARE WE.  
WE'LL SLAP THE MAPS OF THE DIRTY JAPS  
AND MARCH THROUGH GERMANY!

AND WHEN YOU SEE A MAN ON LEAVE,  
WITH THE TRIANGLE ON HIS SLEEVE,  
YOU CAN TELL HE'S A BIRD FROM THE 83RD  
AND A FIGHTING SON OF A B!

WHEN WE GO INTO COMBAT  
WE'LL MEET THEM WITH KNIFE AND GUN,  
THEY'LL NO SOONER SEE US COMING  
THAN WE'LL HAVE THEM ON THE RUN!

AND IF YOU NEED A FIGHTING MAN,  
JUST RAISE YOUR VOICE AND YELL--  
YOU'LL GET A BIRD FROM THE 83RD  
WHO'LL KNOCK THEM STRAIGHT TO HELL!

### **MEN OF THE 83RD**

WE ARE THE MEN OF THE 83RD  
WE ARE THE MEN WHO WILL KEEP OUR WORD  
WE WERE BORN IN OHIO  
AND RAISED ALL OVER THE LAND  
AND NOW WE'VE GOT TOGETHER  
WE MAKE A DAMN GOOD BAND--OH  
WE LIKE TO MARCH WITH A SONG AND A GUN  
WE LIKE TO FIGHT, WE DO IT FOR FUN  
WE'LL GET THE JAP AND THE GERMANS YET  
AND STICK 'EM ALL WITH A BAYONET--OH  
WE ARE THE MEN OF THE 83RD.

One final note: To those of Co. H 329; I received word from Bill and Helen Carpenter of Champaign, Illinois that Bill was in the hospital with heart problems and will be on medication for the rest of his life.

--Fran Beerhalter

I must apologize for not submitting a column for the last issue of the Thunderbolt, but due to some personal and other problems, it was impossible to meet the January 5 deadline.

The main item last year was the Christmas party held on Saturday, November 30 at the Churchill Country Club in nearby Penn Hills, Pa. Although attendance was below expectations, a good time was had by all. Dancing to the music of the Easy Street band followed a superb dinner. Absent were Joe and Louise Danylo. She had a fall and at the present time, her neck is in a brace. Also some other news from 1991 was a donation from the chapter of \$100 to KDKA-Radio Thanksgiving turkey fund. \$50 was donated to the local Marine Corps Toys for Tots fund. Diane Klippa is still the Pittsburgh chairperson for this fund. Paul Diethrich attended the New England Chapter Christmas party held on December 7 at Peabody, Mass.

Still being kicked around is the transportation to the upcoming reunion in Omaha. Originally the membership expressed interest in traveling via Amtrak, but the length of the trip by this mode has virtually ruled this out. Air travel is in the forefront at this time. Two and a half hours compared to twenty-one by rail.

On November 23 Bill and Anne DeMarino were honored for their fiftieth wedding anniversary by a surprise dinner party arranged by their three children at Christina's Lounge in White Oak, Pa. Former secretary Steve Blasko was in attendance at our December meeting. We had not seen him for awhile. A floral arrangement was sent in honor of Joe Danylo's brothers, Bill who passed away in January. He was a partner in the Danylo Brothers Roofing Co. with Joe.

Unable to attend any further functions for health reasons is John Gallo, our former treasurer. Sam Klippa is confined to his home. John Ruprecht is a patient at the VA Hospital in Aspinwall, Pa. The chapter's Spring Dance will be held at the Riverwatch Restaurant and Lounge in Monongahela, Pa. at 6 p.m. on Saturday, May 23. On Thursday, April 30 at 11:30 a.m. the chapter in conjunction with VFW Post 1810 will have a party for thirty-five veterans from an area VA hospital at the Post Home in Brentwood. A meat loaf lunch will be served and entertainment will be provided after the lunch. Al Suess is handling the details at the chapter end.

Ed and Lee Reuss' son and daughter-in-law are expecting their third child in April which will be the eighth grandchild for Ed and Lee. Fran and Joann's daughter, Gale gave birth to a son on Dec. 17. Eight pounds and 11 ounces, named Brandon Michael.

(Reporter's note: The following was submitted by Bill DeMarino. Although not a member of the Pittsburgh Chapter, Carl and his wife journeyed with us to the Pines in New York for the 1991 reunion.)

Reporter, Fran Beerhalter



# *Pittsburgh Chapter Christmas Party '91*





## New England Chapter

We of the New England Chapter hope you all survived the winter and looking for some nice weather now.

There is not much news. On the good side after a rough winter but I got word that Al & Ann Tartaglia of Johnston R.I. had gone to Atlantic City to play the one armed bandits and came back home very happy. Good Luck Al & Ann! How about a touch for a few bucks Ha ha ha.

The New England Chapter would like to congratulate Dutchy and Helen Smith on their fiftieth wedding anniversary on April 7, 1992. They will be having a reception at the Peabody Marriott Hotel in Peabody, Mass given by her children and grandchildren. Good Luck Dutchy and Helen and may you continue in good health.

Jim & Dot Brennen are back from a two week vacation and while there spent some time with Bruce Winchell and wife and they also spent some time with Bill & Jeanette McKee. They are enjoying their children and grandchildren. Now Bill Davis is back on the road to recovery after a heart attack on Jan. 23 and Betty is making sure he takes his medication on time.

Take care Bill as Betty needs you and so do we and your jokes Ha! ha ha.

Got a call from John and Esto Ferriero of Chelmsford, Mass. that John threw his back out carving the turkey on Christmas day and he has been seeing the doctor four days a week. He was doing good but slipped and fell but John said you can't keep a good man down. Take it slow John.

He also, told me that his son John Jr. is running for the town of Chelmsford as a selectman. Good Luck John Jr.

This report from the New England Chapter is like a hospital report. Ha! ha.

Also on March 10 my wife Mary was going to Bingo and going down our second floor steps in the back hall the lights went out and she missed a few steps and fell down. She was taken to the hospital by ambulance and x-rays taken showed she has a broken left shoulder and broken left elbow. She was operated on and a pin put in her shoulder and chips taken out of her elbow and put in a cast. She is doing O.K. now but will have the cast on for 6 to 8 weeks and then have to have therapy.

I think by then she will be all set to go to Omaha for the reunion. Oh yes I would like to welcome to our New England Chapter Harry and Elaine Davine of Pittsfield, Mass. We will be looking forward to seeing you at one of our get to gethers soon.

That is it for now.

Your Buddy  
Nick Frangullo  
Hq. Co. 3rd Bn. 330th



**You girls look good!**



**Bill Davis checking things out.**



**What a fine bunch.**



**Mouise! I am the King.**



**Where is the food.**



Bill this is the life Ha! Ha.



John that spot on your head is to bright.

### *Helen and Dutchy Smith*



Feb. 20 , 1942



Feb. 20 , 1992

### Warren Chapter

Although the calendar states that spring arrived several weeks ago, the weather indicates differently. I awoke this A.M. and a light snow covered the ground and the temperature is still in the low 30's. Liz Skovran, John Shamrock and Ted Halubka just can't wait to get out and start their gardens and I think that George Bel-

lay is planning a small garden at his daughter's house there in Cincinnati. Our golf league is scheduled to start at the end of April and camping season starts this weekend (April 3) at Paradise Lake, although the weather predictions call for cold weather.

Mike and Liz Skovran and Charlie and Ann Tomazine joined Joe and Mena Macaluso in Williamsburg, VA. last weekend and from all reports, everyone enjoyed themselves. Birdie and I missed this one -- We were helping our two sons put a roof over the front porch of our home.

**MEETINGS** - Our January meeting was held at the home of Ted and Dollie Halubka in Cortland, Ohio. Our February meeting was at Dick and Millie Kelly's and John and Pat Shamrock hosted our March meeting. At all the meetings, the food and refreshments were great, but more importantly, it's always nice to get together and just shoot the bull.

**SICK CALL** - Ted Halubka has to have radiation treatments for a growth the doctor found during his six month check-up and his daughter Sharon, has to go to the Cleveland Clinic, very soon for Major surgery. Our best wishes to both of them for the coming months and speedy recoveries. Babe Gautschi was in the hospital for a few days, for surgery, but has completely recovered and ready for our golf league to start and to open up their trailer at Paradise Lake.

Warren Chapter received the sad news from Joe Macaluso, that our old friend, Mort Gaynor died on Feb. 9th, after a long illness. Mort was former First Sergeant of G. Co., 331st, but at every reunion you could find him at the Warren Chapter C.P. Mort was a widower for many years and has a son who is blind, living in Syracuse, N.Y. He will be greatly missed by all of us.

Well, that is all the news from Warren, so to all of you nice people, from all of us nice people, good health and good luck for the Summer months ahead.

Lee Titus  
Co. G. 331st

### Greater Philadelphia Chapter

Dear Buddies,

The Philadelphia Chapter had very good attendance at both the January and the March meetings, thanks to the warm weather that allowed for better traveling conditions. We have been meeting in Lou Volpi's restaurant since we lost our access to the Community Room at the bank. The new bank owners have found it necessary to close the room to the public because of the escalating liability insurance costs.

Norm Schuster reported at the March meeting that his wife, Lorraine, was not able to attend as she has been ill. We all send our very best wishes to you, Lorraine, and hope to see you well soon and at our May meeting.

Low Volpi asked members to take part again in the upcoming Narberth Memorial Day Parade. The parade is a yearly tradition in Narberth and the 83rd has marched for many years. In recent years, however, members have been saying that this one will be the last one, but then Lou rallies enough of us to form a color guard. But then too, lately Lou has been including a van so members who are not up to the march, or wish to rest, can ride part or all of the way and still take part in the service held at the Memorial site at the end of the parade. Last year the Legion Post that helps sponsor the parade formed a color guard and a rifle squad of younger veterans. They marched with the 83rd and fired at the Memorial Service, under the command of Al Belvedere, who helped show the younger men who had never used the "03" rifles



how to load and operate the bolt action. We intend to join together again this year.

Lester and Elsie Hauck will again be hosts to the annual Phila. Chapter Picnic held at their residence on Sunday, July 12. The picnic has proved to be a pleasant and enjoyable gathering for the past several years, and we are looking forward to a relaxing time with the Haucks and all of you again this year.

John G. Daum  
Co. "D" 330th

## Cleveland Chapter

I would like to introduce four new members to the Cleveland Chapter. They are: Sam Bass (D Co. 331) of Akron OH., Sam Cordiano (Cannon Co. 330) and his wife Charlotte of Wickliffe OH., Joe Schaffer (83rd Signal Co.) and his wife Mary of Strongsville OH., Harry Adkins Jr. (D Co. 331) and his wife Rosemary of North East PA.

Our new Officers for this year are: PRESIDENT - Bob Grobeiny, VICE PRESIDENT - Casey Szubski, REC. SECRETARY - Joe Belock - SGT. OF ARMS - Henry Trzeciak, TRUSTEES - Ed Jockek (3 years) Bob Miller (2 years) George Calore (1 year).

Chester Czech (322 FA. Hqts) is up and around after a foot operation. Ed Cox of Seven Hills (H 329 also recovered after a kidney operation. Paul Novak (H Co. 330) has missed a few meetings because of a new hip surgery. We wish the best to all of you and hope to see you soon.

We want to thank Dominic Christopher and his wife Ann for the pizza they serve before each meeting. The fellows enjoy it. George and Mike, our mess Sgts., out did them selves with corn beef and cabbage dinners and all the trimmings.

The Cleveland Chapter will march in the Maple Hts. Memorial Day Parade May 29th. First Sgt. Earl Lindsey to lead us, we hope all will come to see.

Our June meeting will be held at Casey and Eleanore Szubski's home at 8221 Bertha Ave. Parma OH. 44139. The July 26th meeting will be at Mike and Ann Mizerach home at 12041 Woodridge Dr. in North Royalton, OH.

There seems to be a lot of interest in attending the Camp Atterbury Veterans Memorial Association Golden Anniversary on Saturday August 15th, 1992. Check your last THUNDERBOLT issue for the schedule of the days events. My wife and I plan to attend the great event near Columbus, Indiana.

"See you ALL in OMAHA"

Kid L. Williams  
Hq. Co. 2 Bn. 330 Inf.  
Cleveland Staff Reporter

## Boston Chapter

Time is going by fast and it won't be long till our trip to Omaha, Ne. for the 1992 Reunion. It looks like a good program is planned and I believe we will have some new faces from the Omaha area. I have written to a few that never attended an 83rd reunion and they are going to be there which will make my trip worthwhile.

We had a meeting last month at Pat DiGiammerinos estate. Ginny and the women did a fine job putting out the food. Many of the group travel a long distance. We talked about the trip to Omaha and some of the men are getting prices on buses, trains and okabe. Mike Amicone is doing a great job on this assignment.

Pat DiGiammerino has been working on the Boston Chapter Membership Drive. He has worked very hard getting new members all over the country. Last month he had four new members in the Chapter. Our paid up membership is at 453 which may be the largest in the 83rd Division Association.

Chet Morely made a request that winter meetings be at an earlier time of day to help the members that drive a distance to be able to travel home in daylight.

Thanks to the Philadelphia Chapter for the invitation extended for us to ride on their bus to Omaha.

A few days ago I ran into Bob Hunnewell of I Company 329th Infantry. We went into the Randolph, Ma. VFW where Hunnewell told me Company I 329 will take Omaha in August. It was nice being with Bob for a short time.

Nancy and I are planning on going to the Dixie Chapter in Williamsburg, Va. reunion again this year and hope to have a good time.

The Boston Chapter is having a Mini-Reunion at the Pines Hotel in New York in May. Warning! Lou Sandini, Tony Piantedosi and Larry Arrigo have been practicing their golf game all winter. They are the Champs in the Boston Chapter. This information comes from Ray Bjork.

Frank Scott has been in ill health. We all hope he is doing better. Walter Koss will be back from Florida to fix you up with war stories from Dallas Williams.

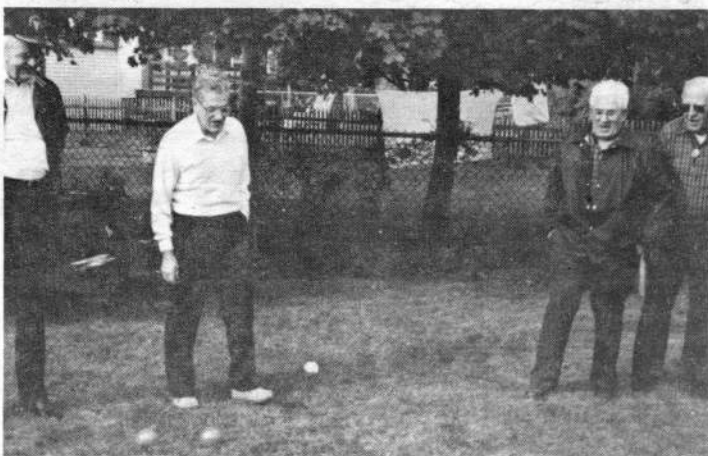
I wish to apologize to Grace Brick for her name being published in the last issue. I did my job and told the Boston Chapter but I guess they can't follow instructions. Grace I hope to see you in Omaha with the Carlboms.

That's all for this issue.

Ambv Tynan



Some of the Boys from A. Co. 331st. -- from Joe Posh



Hey Philly! Watch Out! -- Boston Chapter





**M. Caprio, C. Abdinoor, P. DiGiammerino, M. Amicone**



**Laurette Morley and Sister Phyllis – Boston Chapter**



**Meeting at Pat & Ginny's Home – Boston Chapter**



**Mike Malik, Pat Florita, Ray Martin – Boston Chapter**

## COMPANIES

### Co. "H" - 330th

#### HELLO BUDDIES:

Well the year of 1991 is now behind us and at the present time as I write this letter, here it is the last day of the third month of 1992. Much water has flowed over the dam since we left the Army in 1945. Many of our Buddies have passed away and many of them are either in hospitals or are incapacitated at home or in Nursing Homes. I dare say that many of us are retired and now living on a fixed income.

At this time I have a little news to report. First, I heard from Larry Quinn, and he reported to me that he is suffering from a case of Lou Gehrig Disease, he is having trouble getting in and out of bed and also up and down from a chair. He doubts that he will ever be able to attend another Reunion. I also heard from Leroy Swank, another dedicated Reunion attendant. He is having trouble with traveling, if he does do any traveling, he gets numb from the waist down. He hasn't definitely said he won't make a Reunion, but it doesn't look too good at this time. We have a few other men who have been reported ill, but I do not have full information on them. Last year Co. "H" unfortunately lost Capt. Jack Masters, and this year we have a report of the loss of Tom Longshore. We also lost John Nazarian.

Now to change the subject and get away with the sad reports. I wish to extend my sincere thanks to those of you who have answered my appeal for Donations to the Reunion Ad Book. The returns have not been too good, but thanks to a few generous men who contributed a little extra to help make our Ad Book Page a complete page as it has been in the past. To those who haven't responded as yet, why not do so to day.

Well Buddies as you all know or should know, this years Reunion will be in Omaha, Nebraska. The Central Plains Chapter is working very hard to make it a great success. To those of you who can make it, start planning today so that you can get your reservations in early and can also contact some of your Buddies to meet you there. Let us all remember that our age is catching up on us fast, every day when we wake up, we should thank GOD for giving us one more day of our life.

I just had the great pleasure of attending the Dixie Chapter Spring Meeting in Williamsburg, Virginia. While there I had the pleasure of a visit from Bob Schnell, one of our Co. "H" Men. Bob and I spent a couple of very wonderful hours together. I only regret that I haven't had the chance to meet all of you. I have met quite a few Co. "H" men over the years. Unfortunately quite a few of them are now deceased. I still have the pleasure of meeting Mike Champey, Karl Burkhardt, Lt. Ray Rudd later (Capt. Rudd), John Murray, Paul Wagner, Raymond Bjork and a few more.

Well Buddies, once again I will close and get back to my job working on the Ad Book. Remember, if I haven't heard from you, it will be a pleasure to receive a letter in the mail. If you wish to send in an Ad, no matter how large or small, make the check payable to 83rd Infantry Division Assn. please do not include any dues on that check. Make dues check separate and mail to the National Office. May GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

Your Buddy  
Larry Redmond

## Co. "F" 329th

Tex my apologies to you, I really did appreciate your report about the reunion at the Pines and fully expected to get it in the last Thunderbolt.

"F" Company's contingent was down, way down however it was great the five buddies, LR William Meyerhofer, George Thompson, VB (Tex) Atchison, Russell Whitehead, in the picture were able to be together, have a good time and uphold "F" Company's image. for those of us not in attendance, we appreciate it fellows and Thanks.

As members of Company "F" have gotten together at reunions and other get togethers they have expressed the thought that we as members of the 83rd are extremely fortunate to have had and presently have men who gave and are giving greatly of their time and resources to insure the existence of the 83rd Infantry Division Association. It would not be fair nor does space permit naming all the men and ladies so involved because undoubtedly someone would be unintentionally omitted. You know who you are, as do many of us, who have not Thanked you enough for your Great Service, all "F" Company salutes you and please accept our sincere Thanks.

Over the years the Historian's Corner has been a highlight of the Thunderbolt and the 3+ pages in issue No. 1, 1991 was Great! I was especially pleased because if my memory serves me right awhile back I thought from comments made, it may be discontinued for lack of material. The really nice presentation in the last publication was appreciated also. I surely hope it's always included.

"F" Company Adventure "92" began February 13 at the Howard Johnson Riverside Lodge on the Peace River, Punta Gorda, Florida, with hosts Bill & Arline Nickell of nearly Port Charlotte greeting early arrivals "Hellcat" & Katie Helleckson, Bill & Dottie Hutton, "Doc" & Deloris Keith and Bill & Margaret Ferguson. Yes, Y'all there really is a Margaret. Others in attendance were Roy & Bertha Clemons, Bill & Lois Meyerhofer, Fred & Betty Senatori and Bob & Lavona Whitcomb.

Overall arrangements for Adventure "92" was handled by Bill Ferguson, his private air force and computer.

At the assembly area the Nickells had arranged for our every need, including a completely stocked riverview C.P. allowing 18 of us from Florida, Michigan, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Wisconsin to be together for four Great! sun filled days of relaxing, sightseeing, eating, reminiscing, remembering, planning, conversation and just down right enjoying the company of one another.

To all our buddies who were not with us may we say we missed you and urge you to join us in '93.

Bill Meyerhofer reporting on the Pines had many favorably comments, among them the ease in checking in, handling of registration, the overall excellent facilities, good banquet food and seating of those attending, entertainment and other available activities and tours.

Frank Bellino of I 329 joined us one afternoon from his winter home in Florida. Frank provided us with some liquid refreshments at our Mini in '91. Thanks Frank and it was nice having you with us this year.

Now begins the story of Punta Gorda's newest craze "The Coconut Race", Daytona has it's 500 now Punta Gorda, has it's 90 foot coconut race held in the Peace River. The idea man behind all this is Ron Thomas, Howard Johnson's general manager.

Millie the lady in charge of bookings at the lodge and Bill Nickell pooled their resources and at Great expense! sponsored an entry in the name of the 83rd in the race. Racers are real coconuts in the pod. Lo and behold the winner Bill & Millie. The prize



L. To R. Meyerhoeffer, Thompson, Atchison, Whitehead

a fully paid weekend at the lodge. As our group departed Punta Gorda, Bill, Millie and ARLINE hadn't worked out the weekend arrangements. As they say stay tuned (watch) the Thunderbolt for the conclusion of this unfinished saga in the life of a combat veteran.

Ole combat buddies getting together, there's just nothing can take it's place. A bond exists that no outsider can understand, not even our beautiful wives who very graciously help make our get togethers possible and whom we Love very much for it.

Company "F"s current battle cry "See you in Omaha". Don't forget to answer your correspondence from Bill & Doc.

Charles R. Whitcomb  
1314 Center Ln. Dr.  
Ashland, OH 44805

## "A" Co. - 329th

Here it is, the first of April and the spring is fighting with the winter. It snows one day and nice the next. Oh, well, I guess that's the way it goes.

First of all I do want to clear up one thing. In the last Thunderbolt, when I wrote about Sgt. Joe Stafancin, it was not I who was the medic, it was our medic, John Camp, and he is the one that told me about Sgt. Joe and the others. "One sentence" was eliminated from the last Thunderbolt, causing the confusion. I can't take credit for that heroic action.

I haven't heard from too many people since the last issue. I did call Joe "Ringy" Stefancin. He told me he is hanging in there. I also called John Camp. Everything seems to be the same at his home. He seems to hear from more guys and then passes the information to me.

Has anyone out there in Thunderbolt-land heard from or seen Leo Einzig? I sure would like to see him or get his address. Earl Deisher comes to our Cleveland Chapter meetings. He keeps himself busy by volunteering to drive people around from his church. Nice going, Earl! George Calore, our 'ole mess sgt. from Co. "A", still does some cooking for our Cleveland Chapter. We have two cooks - one from Co. "G" 331st, Mike Mizerock, and the other, George. They take turns. If you've never tasted their cooking, you're missing a good meal! If any of you are in the area the 3rd Sunday of the month, give me a call and you'll join the crowd!

Not too much news this time. Nobody writes, or calls, so stay healthy and God Bless!

Your "A" Co. Buddy,  
Bob Grobelny  
1581 Lander Rd.  
Mayfield Hts., OH 44124 (216) 449-5085



## Co. "D" 330th

### HELLO BUDDIES:

Here is that man again, like an enemy from World War II, I am infiltrating the lines and venturing into Co. "D" territory. Although I served in Co. "H", I have felt very close to Co. "D" because of the late Frank McGrogan, who was so dedicated to his Unit, that even until the day he died he did nothing but talk about the Men in his Company. Along with that, I had the great honor and pleasure of having one of your Company Commanders, Capt. Gene Fritts as my first Platoon Leader when I came to Co. "H". When I first met Capt. Gene Fritts, he was just a young Second Lieutenant. He was a dedicated soldier from the first day he arrived at Camp Atterbury.

Since the 83rd Infantry Division Association has been founded and from the very first day I had the honor of attending a Reunion. I have met some very fine men from Co. "D". This past weekend I was with a few of them in Virginia at a Dixie Chapter Spring Meeting. A long time ago, Frank McGrogan Started the Co. "D" Booster Page in the Reunion Ad Book and it has continued for years. Since Frank died, as I had promised him in the hospital, I would do my best to see that the Co. "D" Page would continue. Over the years I have been getting less and less contributions for the page and it has made it harder to keep it going. I am asking those of you who have not answered my letter so far to please do so today. I need your help.

Well Buddies, there isn't much more I can say to you except thanks to those of you who have replied and thanks also to those of you who still will reply. If there is a Man from Co. "D" who is willing to take over this job of continuing the Co. "D" Page, please let me know, I don't want to see it fail, but I do feel that there should be a Co. "D" Man that feels the same way.

Your Buddy  
Larry Redmond,  
Co. "H" 330th

## Co. "K" - 331st Inf.

### Dear Buddies:

Our 46th Annual Reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn Central, 3321 So 72nd St., Omaha, Ne. 68124., August 19-23, 1992. This Reunion is given by a new Chapter of the 83rd Inf. Div. Assoc., Central Plains Chp.

As some of You know, our last Reunion was held at the Pines in Fallsburg, N.Y. It was great to get together with about ten Men from Co. K., and I hope to see more this Year. We all had a good time.

In the past Co. K. was represented in the ad Book. The Booster Ad is \$5.00 per person, living or deceased.

Please send your name and any deceased member you would like to remember.

Please send your ad into me by June 10th, 1992 as follows:

Albert Belvedere  
65 Westminster Dr. So.  
Southampton, N.J. 08088

Thanking you and hoping this note finds you and yours in Good Health, I remain,

Your 83rd Buddy,  
Al Belvedere  
Co. K. 331st Inf.

## 329 "B" Bag

Again nothing much to report as I have not heard from to many. Jesse Pirkle called and said he was in good health and enjoying life. Richard Dickson said he accidentally bumped into somebody from "B" Co. It was Calvin Van Den Herval. He was a Sgt. in the 3rd platoon. I remember him well and often wondered what happened to him. I'll have to get with Dickson and get some info on him. Read the short story. I recently talked on the phone to Lt. H. Jacobs. He was a platoon leader in the states and was transferred to another outfit. We promised to have lunch together and talk over old times. The LT is head of a steel company here in Cleveland. I never knew he lived in the area until about a year ago. It was great to hear from him, Camel's Lemole is still having eye problems, and "Yo" Trofimuk is still fighting his kidney stones problems. John Hennies is still in the dough, in the catering business and doing great. I wonder how his wife Doris is putting up with that another "B" Co. Short Story.

While the company was in Luxenburg, in a rest area. Half of the Company could go on pass to Luxenburg City, while the rest of the company stayed in the area. I got a pass to go to town and went to see Col. Van Den Herval and another Sgt. (I don't remember his name but was from Newark N.J.). Both of them said they didn't want to go to town. So the good guy I am, I returned my pass so somebody else could go to town. Just before the trucks arrived to take us to town, Calvin and the other fellow said they changed their mind and got passes. Since I didn't have a pass I got on the truck and went with them to Lux. City. About 6 P.M. the M.P.s came and told everyone to report to the trucks and get out of town. When we got back to the C.P. the company was gone. In the morning a truck came to pick us up, Sgt. SZY-MANSK who can't forget him) took roll call. There were 5 of us whose name wasn't called, when we asked him why he didn't call our names, he said we were AWOL. The truck left us there to scrounge for ourselves. 2 days later the truck came back to pick us up, and take us back to the outfit. Our great and fearless leader Capt. HILL gave us our choice of company punishment or be busted. I took the later. So R. Dickson if you see Calvin Van Den Heuval again, thank him for me!

Best Wishes and Good Health  
Bob Uher - "B" Co. 329  
1-216-885-1152

## 323rd Report

Sgt. Innc Suilman is hoping to make it to the reunion this year. He recently sent me a picture of himself and his wife. Boy! the "Ole" man is looking better with age.

Frank Wirth's wife Eleanor also sent me a letter and a picture of Frank with the late Jake Erwin. What a change in 50 years. Eleanor told me Frank was in the hospital during the winter but is now back to normal and planning a trip to California for the arrival of another grandchild. The best of luck to both of you.

Pete Weltevrede sent some information on our early training in Kentucky from the Evansville paper to Erwin Erhardt to read. Erwin forwarded them to me. All the Erhardt family are doing fine.

George Connors is home from Florida after a two month vacation. He told me he had a nice time with Walter Harding and they talked to Dick Brown of Wales, Fl. on the telephone. George and his wife enjoyed this vacation in Florida.



My good friend Larry Redmond told me that Gloria Polites sent in an Ad in memory of her father. Her father was one of a kind and always liked to hear from or see his Army buddies from the 83rd Infantry Division. Gloria and her mother were great to us and other members of the 323rd. George was a real friend for the 49 years I knew him. Nancy and I plan to go up to see Gloria and her mother sometime in April.

Eddie McCouch has a son getting married on March 14th. Nancy and I are going to the wedding, also, Lois Shaner will be attending.

Once in a while Don Willis writes a letter and tells me about his twin brothers children which are now successful after attending college. I enjoy hearing from Donald. Don Kennys close friend Tom Houlette is overdue with a letter.

Willie Snodgrass is doing well down in Beaver Dam, Ky. Knowing Willie's son and daughter, I like to hear about them.

Al Covi is also overdue on his letter writing. His Golf Game must be off, huh!

Don and Amy St. John I understand are the best Bowlers in Altoona. Their grandchildren are also keeping them busy.

Tony Piantedosi is still able to walk the Golf Course these days and has improved his putt, even sinking some long ones to keep him under Par.

Well Gang, I guess this is all the news for this issue. Don't forget to send me donations for the Hq. Battery Memorial Page. We have been having a hard time collecting this year.

Amby Tynan  
323rd F.A. Bn.

## Co. "I" 329th Inf.

This picture was taken in Passau, Germany in June 1945. On the left is Lt. Forest Brown on the Right is Lt. Dick Haas. Forest sent the picture to me so that I can forward it to Dick so Dick send me your new address from Sebring, Florida.

Forest and his wife Dot may get back to Massillon, Ohio for Dot's Nurses reunion this summer, if so perhaps the Henschels and we can get together with them for our own reunion.

Agnes and I are going down to the Kentucky Chapter meeting in Gallipolis, OH - April 10 & 14th. The Hoovers and the McGowans should be there. The Bellinos belong but they are still down in Florida. Ronnie Hoover called to make sure we were going to attend.

Also got a letter from Curtis & Lucy Mills, they are planning to be in Omaha. Curtis also sent me a check for his share for an ad in the ad book. If my figure's were correct the members of I Co. had a total of 262.00 last year, so lets get on the ball and top that this year.

I wasn't home one evening when Steve & Pat Bartha phoned from Sebring, Florida. They told Agnes that Ginny & Ray Hayward were visiting them, they had gotten together with Joe & June Zenz also Frank & Pat Bellino.

Agnes and I went over to visit with Joyce & Walt Henschel in January, went out to a nice Italian restaurant for dinner. They are planning to come over and visit us, when we have open house for our new V.F.W. building which is now completed and we have already moved in. I have a 7500 sq ft building on six acres of ground. If any of you members belong to the V.F.W. on the calendar the V.F.W. sent to you. The picture on the month of March, if you haven't already noticed is a picture of a mortar squad in the city of St. Malo France, so its possible its some of our men of the 83rd Div. so take a good look you men of the weapon's platoons i



**Lt. Dick Haas & Lt. Forest Brown  
Raussaw Germany - June 1945**

It may be you. We hope and pray that you I Co. people are in good health and our planning to attend the reunion in Omaha this August. No need to tell you how great it is to get together with your old buddies,

Art Koerner  
Kent, Ohio

## Co. "G" 331st Inf.

In my last article I thanked a number of men in G Company that had performed their duties above and beyond. I had delayed writing that article, and unfortunate the article arrived to late for Mort Gaynor. Mort Gaynor passed away on the 9th of February, the article arrived at his home a few days later. I had talked with Mort only a few days before his death. He had just received treatment for his cancer, and was not feeling well. When I called ten days later, his niece informed me that Mort had gone to the Hospital and was in good spirits when he passed away. My theory proved wrong, because on a number of occasions I had stated that if Mort Gaynor did not get cancer from smoking, no one would. Mort had quit smoking some seven years ago, but it is evident that the damage had been done.

Mena and I have just returned from the Dixie chapter reunion at Williamsburg. It is a relaxing reunion, because you are able to move around in the small crowd, and get to know some of the other men that had served with the 83rd.

I was able to meet with one G Company man that I had not seen since 1945. Ivan Yoder drove down from his home in Delaware to spend a couple of days with the group. A month ago Yoder had sent me the complete roster of the 2nd platoon at the time we crossed the Elbe River. We fought the battle of the Elbe River once again. It was good to see Yoder and his family. Selma Cordeur was also in attendance and managed to take some film of the event.

In talking over old times with Yoder, he mentioned that some years ago he had seen and spoke with Nazelrod who was in the weapons platoon. At that time Nazelrod was living in Salisbury, Maryland. Yoder will try to get some addition information on Nazelrod. He is in the Harness Racing Business and managed to get to Maryland to race his horse.

I missed seeing some of the G Company men from G Company that usually make the trip to Williamsburg.

Before you read this article in the Thunderbolt, you will probably have a letter from me, bringing you up to date on the men of G Company, and also to see if I can get some of you interested in going to Omaha for the 83rd Reunion in August. It would be a nice trip and I am sure you will enjoy it.

I was recently reminded as to how old we are getting. Some time in late May I have been invited back to LSU for a military ceremony to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Class of 1942. A group of 243 young men were sworn in as 2nd Lieutenants in the US Army. Many of my classmates were killed during World War II. I feel very fortunate that I was able to survive and return to civilian life. As a 22 year old, it was quite an experience for me and to this day I am very thankful that I was able to serve in the Army, and in the 83rd Division, with some of the finest men that it was my pleasure to meet.

Capt. Mac

## 783rd Ordnance

Here it is spring with snow on the ground, can Reunion time be far behind? -- Which reminds me - Sometimes the most effective form of birth control can be a family reunion! That's all right Phil just take your time, you'll get it.

Before we talk reunion lets bring you up to date on our thinning ranks. Three more of our buddy's have gone on eternal furlough. Justine Christian called me last month informing me that Ernie had lost his hard struggle. Carl Fredericks forwarded a letter from a niece, Bill Lucas's. Bill died the previous year. Ernie and Bill brought a lot of kindness and joy to the 783rd. They bring back a number of fond memories and they are missed.

Let's mention Carl again. He too is a kindly person. He has again agreed to handle our Ad book. So let me urge each and all to send your five or teners into Carl so the 783rd can again help the reunion and at the same time honor our "furloughed" buddies. Carl's address is N84 West 16111 Donald Court, Menomonee Wis. 53051. Merci.

You know nothing gives a car more miles to the gallon than a salesman. I want you to know we are very fortunate to have in our midst, for the past fifty years, just such a person. I didn't have to tell you his name is Ray Wiggins. And, this year he is the big man of the 783rd. He is a member of the board of the Central Plains Chapter. This means Ray is really pushing the Omaha reunion. Ray has learned that the ability to speak is what distinguishes us from the other animals. Often, what we say doesn't. (ok, Phil?)

We don't have to salute Ray, yet, but he is working hard on this reunion and for those of you who don't know his background I'd like to honor him with a few historical lines.

Ray came smiling into this world in the appropriate year of 1914. The state was Missouri in Mercer County. His trim figure was well known in Princeton, Missouri where he got his first job in a Ford auto agency. He soon met up with Mimi from Maryville Mo. and she soon taught Ray that if you're wrong, apologize. If you're right, try not to act surprised. Shortly afterward, in 1938, at the age of 24 Ray and Mimi were married.

Those first four years flew. Suddenly it was 1942 and Ray was drafted into a Tank Destroyer Bn. in Ft. Hood, Texas. As we all recall, Ray joined the 83rd after we had all struggled through an Indiana winter. He joined Lt. Brown's group and was liked for his good humor and his management of the Jeep and Ford supplies.

After the war Ray put his brain matter to better use. He earned a B.S. degree in Business Management at Tulsa. This so impressed the Illinois Central Railroad, they hired him right on the spot and sent him to Memphis to sell. Thirty five years later, in 1982. Ray retired as the Regional Sales Manager in Sales and

Marketing. We all know what has happened to the railroads since Ray retired.

Mimi and Ray have a daughter Sally, whom we all met at a southern reunion. They all reside in Overland Park a suburb of Kansas. This is a true quote on Ray's longevity, good health and happiness. "Eat Lite, stay lite, imbibe as you like. Exercise, shun stressful situations and be especially nice to your roommate." Ray also keeps pace with father time. His hobby is clocks, fixing and collecting. I have seen them, 100 plus, and the collection is as unique as Ray.

So here's three cheers to our champ golfer. Lets all get behind him by getting our reservations in for the August reunion. As you can read in this issue, there's going to be plenty for the girls to see, free, easy parking and new Doc Pfeifer jokes.

Doc called the other night and I'm glad to say they are enjoying visiting the kids. Doc and Agnes plus Phil and Ann Barbara will be coming the farthest. Doc says he is going to play it smart and fly. Can you imagine Phil and Doc on the same plane?

When Ivan Gilman was my Lt. he was sometimes hard to figure out. Now that he is my mentor its getting worse. His Christmas cards went out in February and at the same time his was the first check that Carl received for the Ad book. Just remember Ivan, love is an act of endless forgiveness.

Al and Ruth Bensimon reported in from the land of sunshine. No one took his winter offering of "stopping in." I'm going to try again next year. Art and Millie Doggett are staying as busy as their middle age aches will allow. Art tells me that middle age is when a man cares more about how much his wife's clothes cost then how well they fit her. I'm not getting into that. Art taught me in Atterbury, "When arguing with a stupid person make sure he isn't doing the same thing."

I had a nice conversation with Bill Manning. That son of a gun still has many people anxious for him to drill their teeth. Bill and Eloise are staying young trying to keep up with their baseball size family. Bill said he has finally learned how to deal with his children. "If you don't want your children to hear you, pretend you're talking to them."

Ed Perko says he is just like the rest of us, "I'm like an old car, something is always wearing out and I have to patch it up." Ed sounds in good spirits and I'm sure the mild winter out there has helped.

All bets are on for this reunion. Appleby is holding all the money. The bet - will Joe Hendrix fulfill his 1991 prediction and have a female escort to Omaha? And, will Mr. Snooks from Seattle finally get the chance to air out his big R.V. and make it to the reunion?

Speaking of Martha and Bill Appleby, they were in town last month and wanted to take Ginny out to dinner. Wouldn't you know I was just getting over a knee operation and couldn't walk. The Appleby's are going to make a real vacation out of the reunion which isn't a bad idea to keep in mind.

Ivan Gilman called and told me he got a call from Hobart Belt. They had a long conversation and Hobart is in the best of spirits and still cutting that Fla. grass.

And fittingly lastly - Paul Bryars who says he doesn't send many Christmas cards because the next stamp will be a dollar bill with glue on the back. Paul is getting an early start on his old bed partner Phil in the hopes of winning some easy money. Naturally I had to tell Phil and he replied, "Paul's trouble is he can't read the hand writing on the wall. He just prefers to assume that it's addressed to someone else."

The next issue of the Thunderbolt comes up fast so drop us a line so I can see your name in print and everyone please eat your bran and stay well.

Hut two,  
Rags Rangnow.



# LETTERS

Vic ImMasche  
3906 Willshire  
Lawrence, Ks. 66049

April 2, 1992

Dear Bob:

A recent obituary item in the Thunderbolt reported the death of Leo Schneider, 331st Inf. The item did not specify company unit.

This Leo Schneider 331st (HQ Co. 1st BN 331st) would like to extend condolences to the family and friends of the recently deceased other Leo Schneider of the 331st (Anti-Tank Co., I think). He had been retired and in Florida.

Strangely enough, I never met my namesake. Not during the war or at any past war function. Unquestionably, my loss. I'm told he was a terrific person.

I'm writing because Shirley has had sympathy communications from 83rd folks who have known me (still living in Memphis, Tennessee.) They probably figured I'd finally stepped on one set of toes too many.

To quote a famous author, who had been erroneously reported lost at sea, "The reports of my demise have been greatly exaggerated."

Bob, best regards to your family and to all my friends in the 83rd Assn. Sorry I missed the Pines. I heard it was a ball.

Again, sincere sympathy to the family and friends of Leo Schneider, 331st.

Cordially,  
Leo Schneider

Thanks to our Historian for the remarks and photo's of the action in and around August 1944. I was in Co. G 330th and after the Colonel surrendered the Isle Do Cezembre. Co. G in assault boats went to the island. We also drank up the Hennessy Congac Champaign - and filled up on sardines and black bread. Picture on page 47 of the original Div. Book shows Lt. Allison (KIA) Sgt. Sexton (KIA) Lennie Stetito (KIA) Joe DeLucca (KIA) Yours Truly, and many more that I forget.

If anybody reading this remembers this battle and was in Co. G 330th please write me.

Thanks  
P.H. (Hank) Matranga  
1808 E Nelson Apt. B  
No Las Vegas, NV 89030

## Veterans can order Service Medals

Vets Service Medals  
U.S. Army Reserve  
Personnel Center  
9700 Page Blvd.  
St. Louis MO. 63132

Send copy of your D.D. 214 along with the request.

If you ever need copies of your D.D. 214 or other information in your service records write the same address, but address the request to National Personnel Records Center (Military) Send your full name, social security number, date and place of birth, branch of Military and date of separation. Next of kin may also obtain this information.

Subject - W.W.II - Most Vivid Memory

My most vivid memory of World War II is taken from my diary dated September 1, 1944. Three privates crossed the Loire River and liberated the town of Fontevault, France without a shot being fired. Our squad of replacements was patrolling several miles along the Loire River. The french Forces of Interior had smuggled a note to us stating that 400 Boche had pulled out the day before and invited us to cross the river. A twelve section bridge had been blown and the only way to cross the river was by rowboat manned by Frenchmen.

Our arrival in Fontevault prompted spontaneous celebrations by the French. We were deluged with cider, wine, cognac and champagne. It was evident that every household had hidden a bottle with the vow that it would be opened when the Americans came.

We were carried on their shoulders to the town square. The mayor of the town insisted that the French women who had consorted with the Boche during enemy occupation be present. Their heads had been shaved and they were forced to witness the American liberation. In an impassioned speech, the Mayor pointed out to those women that they had betrayed their homeland.

None of us three GI's were fluent in French so we watched the crowd's reaction and cheers. One Frenchman had a box camera and took pictures of the town's liberation. The townspeople admired our uniforms and M-1 rifles. Late in the afternoon we were rowed back across the Loire River to rejoin our squad.

The three privates were: Marty Kopit, Joe Jeff Davis and Vic ImMasche and we were all wounded in subsequent campaigns. But we will never forget that we were heroes for one day when we liberated Fontevault.

Frank Di Franco  
136 Change Bridge Rd.  
Montville, N.J. 07045

Jan. 21, 1992  
Phone (201) 331-0632

Dear Bob:

Many times during the past seven years I have been tempted to disclose my physical health problem to you but I just went along hoping that one year I would be able to attend the yearly meetings and catch up to all my buddies. Perhaps it's time to tell you, so that you can write me up in the 83rd Thunderbolt, that I have been fighting a battle with prostate cancer. It started seven years ago, at which time I had gone through radiation treatment. But this disease tries very hard to linger on and not leave the host. I had a big round of chemo, which did not help, only to harm the good cells. After that I went through radiation of my spine, where cancer had spread to the 5th, 2nd & 10th vertebrae. Final report is that I am now going through another bout with chemo since it has spread to my rib cage. However this is a more advance type of chemo, where I am being treated as an out-patient. I am convinced that I will make it through, fighting every step-of-the-way. Wish I could make one of the reunions when near by.

Thanks for your time out to read this letter.

Sincerely  
Frank DeFranco



**Co. G. 83rd Inf**

We are all making plans to go to Camp Atterbury on August 15 to see the dedication of the Monument then on to Omaha.

Ruth and Chester Morgan from Ithaca, New York wintering in Daytona visited Babe and Howard Freitag from New Jersey wintering in Ormond Beach. Babe & Howard visited Loulla & Sterling Rubright at Avon Park. They hail from Pa. We were all trying to get away from the cold. Sylvia and Morris Simple from Brooklyn were staying at Pembroke Pines in Florida.

Remember all you Co. G. 83 Inf. get those instruments ready for Omaha.

Babe Freitag  
102 Philip Ave.  
Elmwood Park, N.J.

April 1, 1992

Charles B. Stine, Sr.  
14260 Ridge Road  
Waynesboro, Pa. 17268-9543

Dear Robert:

Sorry my wife Lois and I won't be attending the reunion this year in Omaha. We will be attending the 25th Inf. Div. Association's convention that's going to be held about the same time, at Valley Forge, Pa. I was with the 25th before and during the Korean War and this will be our first convention with the 25th Association.

Enclosed is a couple pictures that I would love to put in the Thunderbolt for me. I printed on the back of each picture where they were taken. We hope you all have a great time at the reunion. You tell Howie Carlborn to save the last dance for me. He said that he was coming this year again. I can see him now dancing with Gracie, because she loves to dance. Thank you very much, and hope you all have a safe trip to and from the reunion, take care.

Sincerely Yours  
Charles B. Stine, Sr.  
A-Btry. 908th Fa. Bn.  
Waynesboro, Pa.



Charles B. Stine, Sr.  
Waynesboro, Pa. A-Btry  
908th FA. BN  
Camp Atterbury, IND.



Walter A. Bernhardt  
A Btry, 908th FA. BN  
Quakertown, PA.  
Camp Atterbury, IND



Dear Mr. Derickson,

I am writing this letter for myself and my brother, Jesse. Our grandfather, T/CPL Sammy L. Wilson, served with the 83rd Infantry Division in WWII. T/CPL Wilson was apparently in Co. L. 329th Inf. Regt. This information was taken off his headstone, which also shows him as having earned the Silver Star (SS) and jBronze Star (BS) Medals. The only other information we in the family have concerning his awards is a post-war photograph taken of him wearing his uniform with a combat 83rd patch, a Combat Infantryman's Badge, along with the Soldier's Medal, Good Conduct Medal, WWII Victory Medal, American Campaign Medal, and European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal.

An Enquiry to the Military Personnel Records Center in St Louis told us that he was in the Army of the US starting 13 Aug. 43, and then in the Regular Army from 1 Dec. 44 to 9 Feb. 46. They were unable to verify any awards, and had no further information at all due to the fire in 1973.

We would appreciate hearing from anyone with a little information about our grandfather so we can document his war record for the family. We would especially like to verify his awards, as there is quite a difference between what is on his headstone and what is in the photo. Another question that comes to mind is was the 83rd ever authorized the Army of Occupation Medal, and if so, would his time of service correspond with that award?

Thank you very much for your time and we wish you and the other members of the 83rd Thunderbolt Division best wishes for an outstanding reunion in Omaha. (I may in fact be there, as Omaha is my hometown!)

Respectfully,  
JOHN H. REID II, SSGYT, USAF  
2109 Elvira St. 701  
Fayetteville, N.C. 28301

Dear Bob,

At your convenience could you check your records and see if you can turn up with an address for:

Eddie Lathrop  
Auburn, Maine

We corresponded for a few years after we were discharged but unfortunately lost track!!

He was a member of the band - played a trumpet. Anyone know of this man.

Thanks.

Cordially,  
Clifford W. Benson  
RT. #1 BX 82  
HERMAN, MO 65041

Wed. Feb. 19, 1992

Dear Sir,

This letter is the first I am writing to anyone in the 83rd Div. I tried to get in touch 40 years ago, when I lived & worked in Lorain, Ohio.

I first was in the 3rd Calvary stationed at Ft. Myers Va. and then they separated our outfit, we landed at Camp Atterbury Ind and was reassigned to the 83rd Infantry Div. After about a couple of months we started to get recruits, I was assigned to Company F but before we went overseas I was transferred to Company H. The dates & places that we were, in France I do not know, all I know is that I was wounded during our first attack on the enemy, July 4th I was hit on the 9th, 1944. Maybe you can find some of my buddies of F Company or H Company, I can not travel cause I am blind in my right eye and my left eye is bad, I had brain surgery 4 years ago, and I don't feel well.

Thank You Buddy  
Anthony Zeborowski  
117 S West St.  
Shenandoah, Pa. 17976

## **The Old Man And The Flag**

**By Ray Archambault**

As a parade approached with a blaring band,  
I noticed a very old man;  
He had medals hanging from his chest,  
And his hat held tight in his hand.  
His suit was wrinkled as was his face,  
And his body bent by age;  
But still he stood unwavering,  
Like a lion who left its cage.  
When suddenly, the sky broke loose,  
And thunder roared its sound;  
The crowd all ran for cover,  
But the old man held his ground.  
The parade kept right on marching,  
As the remaining crowd just ran;  
And the only person left to watch,  
Was a soaking wet old man.  
The Honor Guard was approaching,  
With Old Glory flying high;  
The old man's face lit up real bright,  
As he straightened up his tie.  
Then suddenly, he stood up tall,  
And brought his hat up to his chest-His eyes were glued to  
that beautiful Flag,  
From the land that he loved best.  
And from my place of cover,  
I saw a tear fall from his eye;  
And I knew that Flag meant all the things,  
For which he was willing to die.  
And when the parade had ended,  
And nothing remained of the crowd,  
I saw that old man walk away,  
Like an American who was proud.

August Farias  
P.O. Box 7356  
New Bedford MA 02742



83rd Inf. Div.

Dear Sir:

The NOBC is now undergoing a vast national search for Battlefield Commissions. In contacting you, perhaps you may have a list of names and addresses of members under an AWARDS section. i.e. CMH-DSC-Silvers-Bronze or even DIRECT APPOINTMENTS. Should you not be able to distinguish BC's from other members, then the next process is simple. But only if you have a unit history available and it list AWARDS, can you follow this simple process.

1. Make a copy of all DIRECT APPOINTMENTS AS SHOWN IN YOUR UNIT HISTORY.
2. Mail that copy to me at the address shown above.
3. I will then circle the names of those we have on our NOBC roster from your unit.
4. I will return the list to you and you can scan your membership list for those NOT CIRCLED. This will bring out names and addresses of up-to-date persons who were BC's but do not belong to our National Order.
5. Return this list of names and addresses to me and I will follow up with an invitation to join NOBC.
6. Any returned mail (death-move-ect) will be forwarded to you so you can make the necessary corrections to your list.

I used this process with the Sec./100th. Inf. Div. and have gotten 88 BC/s and addresses with more to come. It works. If you don't have a unit history or a separate list the next step is to put an ad in your Assoc. News Letter. Maybe a couple times. You can use the following:

NATIONAL ORDER OF BATTLEFIELD COMMISSIONS are looking for men commissioned on the field of battle while engaged with the enemy in WW1, WWII, KOREA, and VIETNAM. Contact: John C. Angier 111 NOBC #338, 67 Ocean Dr., St. Augustine, FL 32084.

Thanks in advance for your help and support, and hope to hear from you real soon, I remain,

John C. Angier III, Past Deputy CMDR. #338  
67 Ocean Drive St. Augustine by the Sea,  
Florida 32064

Joseph T. Finnigan is the son of 1st Lt. Joseph T. Finnigan of St. Louis who served in the 330th Regiment (A Company, first battalion) and was killed in action on July 8, 1944 in the Normandy hedgerows south of Carenton, near Saintenry.

He would like to hear from anyone who may have known his father or was nearby when he was killed. He would also like to obtain a copy of the 330th Regimental history. Contact: Joseph T. Finnigan, 12415 Ballas Trails Drive, St. Louis, MO 63122. Telephone: (314) 821-2970

Dear Bob,

Being a member, I have written about mine and others of the experiences we endured while we was in the 83rd Div. as a front line soldier, having served from our landing in Normandy to across the Elbe River. I think anyone that has served in the ETO or the army would enjoy reading and recall the same experiences.

Having served in F & H Company 331st "SEE IT THROUGH" Reg't. from Camp Atterbury to Elbe to hospital. The book is available by sending check or money order of \$15.00. The title is "I SAW IT THROUGH"

To: John Aller  
10008 W. Coggins Dr.  
Sun City, AZ. 85351



## HELLO BUDDIES:

Here we are just about at the middle of another great year in the history of the 83rd Infantry Division Association. As I sit here writing this letter for our mid-year Issue of the "THUNDERBOLT", I can't help but think how wonderful it is to be able to belong to such a great Organization.

As I have stated many times over, this is more than just a Veterans Organization, it is like Membership in a great large Family. We are all men who served side by side, which makes more like a big Family.

I just had the great pleasure of attending another Dixie Chapter affair. Attending any Dixie Chapter affair is when you get a chance to learn the real meaning of Southern Hospitality. They have the real meaning of it there. You are only a stranger for minutes, as soon as you walk into their Hospitality Room, the red carpet is laid out and you are made to feel that you know everyone in the room.

Well Buddies, as you well know, this year we will be going to Omaha, Nebraska for another great Reunion. The Central Plains Chapter, although they are a fairly new Chapter are working like old Veterans to try and put on a Reunion to long remember. Over the years we have had some very fine Reunions, but as time goes on and we get older and many are living on a fixed income it becomes much harder to put on a Reunion due mainly to the inflationary costs that are involved.

I am sure that just about everyone of us can remember our old days in School, where we read in history of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. The 83rd Infantry Division Association has a similar History to it. Going back many years to the original Organization of this Association, we had some very fine men who worked hard in the founding of it. Many of these men are dead today, but their memory shall remain forever in the minds of those of us who knew them. After its organization, with a lot of hard work our Membership started to rise and all of a sudden like the Roman Empire, it fell. Immediately after its fall, a couple of our original founders struggled hard to re-activate this Association and with hard work we started on the climb back up the ladder of success. Today thanks to those men and a few more hard workers we have reached the height of success that we have today.

Having been as active as I have been over the years, I could sit here and name several men who should be credited with the salvation of the 83rd Infantry Division Association. Today we have one of the finest, if not the finest of Veterans Organizations in the country. We are envied by many of the Organizations because we are as successful as we are. The credit of the great success of this Association is not only due to the great leadership that we have had, credit is also due to you the Members, for without you there would be no Association. We have been blessed over the years for having such fine men as we have to be able to serve as Presidents, as Vice Presidents, as Secretary-Treasurers and in other Offices. We owe a lot of credit to those great Men who served on the Executive Officer Board. We have a lot to be thankful for. Be proud of the 83rd Infantry Division Association. During World War II, the 83rd Infantry Division was a Division who did their job and did it well. Today among Veterans Organizations we are once again doing our job and doing it well.

Before I close out, I wish to remind you of our Reunion Ad Book. I wish to thank those of you who have responded to my letters for Ads and to those who haven't responded as yet, it isn't too late. We need your help be it a full page ad or just a Booster ad. These ads play an important role in the success of a Reunion. If you are unable to attend a Reunion, it is your chance to show that you do have the 83rd Infantry Division Association at heart.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

Your Buddy  
Larry Redmond

Dear Bob,

I would appreciate it very much if you can find room in the next issue of the "Thunderbolt" to include the following:

After an enjoyable reunion at the Pines, I was able to secure a ride, through the intercession of Manny Goldstein Co. K, 331st Inf. with Jim Burton who was returning to Indianapolis, Ind, to Dublin, Ohio where I was a guest of s/Sgt. Wilder Matheno and his wife Flossie -- a frequent contributor to "Thunderbolt".

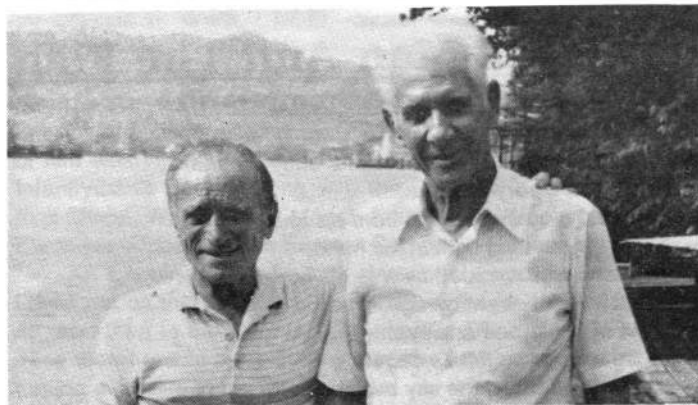
After my ten day stay, which was thoroughly enjoyable, they drove me to Belle, W. Va. where I had my first meeting with T/Sgt. Everett Lucas in 46 years. We were separated when he & Sgt. Mathena both received wounds and I was made platoon leader. My three day visit was cordial and I'm sure we received great joy in seeing each other and reliving some of the events of the war. Thank you for your kind attention.

Sincerely

Franklin L. Ciampa

850 S. St. Andrews Pl. #6 Los Angeles, Ca. 90005

P.S. I'm sorry our paths didn't cross at S. Fallsburg. I hope all is well with you & Pearl.



S/Sgt. Franklin L. Ciampa & T/Sgt. Everett Lucas "K" Co. 331st Inf. Reunited after 46 years at his home on 10/5/91



S/Sgt. Franklin L. Ciampa - LA, CA.  
T/Sgt. Everett Lucas - Belle, W. VA.  
S/Sgt. Wilder Mathena - Dublin, OH.  
Taken in Belle, W. VA 10/5/91



Dear Bob:

I look forward with great anticipation for my quarterly copy of the Thunderbolt.

After reading my Fall edition from cover to cover it suddenly occurred to me that an event which happened over 47 years ago and still seems fresh in my mind might be of interest to the rest of the 83rd Association's members.

Therefore, I am enclosing a narrative together with copies of some priceless (to me, anyway) documents in the possibility that you may see fit to include them in the next edition. Unfortunately, I can't recall the names of the guys who were with me at that time.

Perhaps, in reading the account, it might refresh someone's memory.

In any case, use it if you can.

Kurt A. Rittner  
1731 First Street  
Lake Placid, Florida 33852

In September of 1944 while assigned to duty as a Sergeant in Company A of the 330th Infantry Regiment of our 83rd Infantry Division our unit which had fought its way from Normandy into Brittany was now positioned along the north bank of the Loire River near the city of Orleans. My squad was stationed near the river bank and I had orders to observe any enemy movement across from our outpost. A period of several days went by during which we perceived no activity whatsoever except for some encounters with several members of the FFI who persisted in sneaking across. For some reason, I decided, with the approval of our Lieutenant to take a few members of the squad on a patrol to the other side of the river. By working our way over on the rubble of a destroyed bridge three other doggies and myself proceeded across. After hitting the opposite shore and encountering no difficulty whatsoever we continued to scout further south. Using extreme caution to say the least, and proceeding about one kilometer, we eventually came to the small farm village of Marigny. To our great surprise, and I must say considerable relief, we were greeted by a large group of residents who overwhelmed us with gratitude calling us, as near as we could understand, heroes who had freed them from the German occupation without a shot being fired. We then further determined that the enemy, apparently seeing the handwriting on the wall, had several days previously advanced to the rear some considerable distance, where by the way, approximately 20,000 of them surrendered to another unit of the 83rd a week or two later. After handling as much of the welcoming celebration as we could and still maintain our equilibrium my group returned to our outpost and with some minor difficulty in expressing ourselves due to the consumption of a quantity of excellent French cognac, wine and calvados, I reported what we had learned to the higher-ups.

We were amazed when, five days later, a young French lad of about seven or eight years of age crossed over to our side on the same rubble we had used and delivered a note to me from his parents inviting the members of my patrol and I to their home in Marigny for dinner the next day. What a war!

Upon consulting with my C.O. and eventually getting his reluctant O.K. we somehow communicated to the young man that we'd be overjoyed to accept the invitation for a home cooked meal which, in those times, was certainly a rarity. When we arrived we were wined and dined beyond our fondest hopes and expectations to the point where we had extreme difficulty making our way back in our usual dignified military manner.

Even though, shortly thereafter, I was transferred to the Regimental I. & R. Platoon because of my ability to speak German, the pleasant memory of what occurred on that day with my buddies

will remain with me forever and certainly compensates for many of the more unpleasant experiences I had during those trying times.

The note which the young boy delivered and the menu card which the French family painstakingly prepared are among my most treasured war souvenirs

--Kurt A. Rittner

This is the note the little boy delivered.

Sir

I am the father of the little boy which give you this letter. My wife and I ask you if you can accept to come at house tomorrow Saturday to breakfast with us near 12 ocl. (American hour). Please come with your three comrades which were with us next Sunday. We shall be very happy to have at home someones of the American soldiers which have delivered France and have get out the JGerman.

Will you say to my little boy if you will come tomorrow? Thank you and ...

Excuse me for my bad English.

Dear Bob:

Enclosed please find a photo which was found among of my scrap books. I had it enlarged for better clarity.

If it can be used, feel free to do so.

Some weeks ago, I wrote to you regarding a very pleasant evening spent with Col. George Irvine. We compared a lot of notes of our lives during the past 46 years. He showed me a Roster which he had received and I was very much interested in obtaining one for my information.

I requested one from you but have not heard regarding its availability. Would you please let me know. Should there be a charge, I will gladly forward to you the amount you state.

Sorry that I will not be at the Pines in August. Understand that there might be one in the Denver Area. Will make that one for sure.

Best personal regards,  
Hans M. Bielski  
7302 Bryrwood  
Aberdeen, Wa. 98520



**FIRE DIRECTION CENTER: Hqtrs Brty 324th F.A. Btn 83rd Inf.**  
Division: 155 Howltzers:

Standing: L-R Capt. Maull, Maj. Kirkland T/4 Ziegler, T/4 Sudano, PFC Unlak, Sgt Voracek. Sitting T/5 Diaganl, Pvt. Bielski, PFC Borchert, T/4 McNulty

Taken March 1945 Across Elbe River



Vito Palazzolo Co. G 329th

I'm sending out a message letting you know that, I have made a new concept Jacket in new design and type. I now have the baseball jackets for special order only and still maintain the other styles in gold and black jackets. Enclosed are pictures for your inspection. Shirts are available in both black and gold. Unit badges and golf style caps, both black and gold, also overseas caps will be made on request.

See you in Omaha

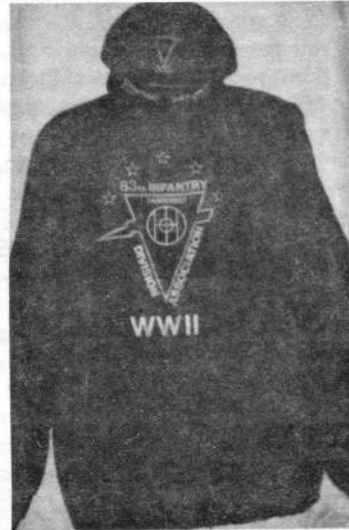
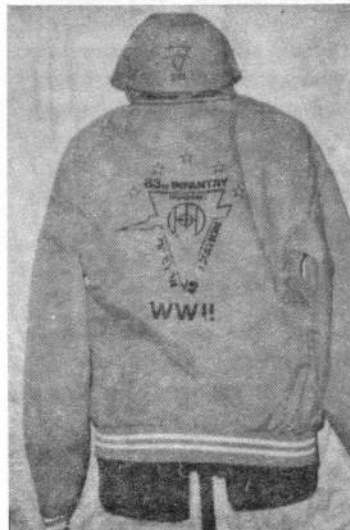
If you have any questions please write to Vito C. Plazzolo, 20,000 Lancaster, Harperwoods, Michigan, 48225, Your Uniform Man



Back - Full length Jacket



Back - Baseball jacket -  
golf style cap



Back - Full length Jacket

## OPERATION, OPERATION

by

**Richard Dickson - "B" Co. 329th**

*As we advance in years we take more notice of the medical and hospital services available, especially for veterans. Some of my friends have nothing but praise for today's veterans hospitals, but the difficulty seems to be able to get admittance. In the war years hospital admittance was automatic. Approximately 10,000 cases came from the 83rd. I was one. This is the story of what happened. I hope you find the story interesting, because it's true.*

It happened so fast in the woods in Luxemburg. A couple of bangs and one of them and one of me was on the ground. There was deathly silence for a few moments then we could make out their movement as they slithered their wounded through the underbrush. Before I sat up I wondered what the damage was to my leg, because I couldn't feel anything. Secondly, I wondered what would become of me next in this helpless state. We had been cut off from our company for two days since our radio went dead, and we had seen Kraut outposts throughout the area.

The first man to reach me was a medic with a plain O.D. helmet, which meant they were being fired at by the enemy.

In no time he had my leg tied and tagged with my field jacket and a couple of slats from a "C" ration box. The tag tied to my shirt was marked, "compound fracture of the upper one-third of the right tibia". As he worked I stationed a few men around us as lookouts to prevent any surprises. The medic pulled out a hypodermic and offered me a shot. I didn't really feel the need for it so I refused it. He said maybe I can't give you an appointment if you want it later. In seconds the needle was buried in my arm and that was that.

The September sun was just beginning to feel warm when a recon vehicle found us in the woods. I was placed across the hood of a jeep that followed the recon. As we backed out of the woods some of my buddies were standing around to say good-bye. We had walked across France together, and I wanted to thank them for their support during the fight, and at the same time ream them out for letting the Krauts walk away, but the morphine was having a sweating affect and all I could do was say "good luck" and hand one of them my Ziess field glasses.

The Center of Flaxwieler, B company's command post, was crowded with both civilians and the Military. I was helped from the jeep to a table at the edge of the town square. The only one I recognized from B Co. was our first sergeant. I learned Capt. Pontlitz was captured the day before.

A medic officer came over to me to find out how many more casualties were coming back. While he was insisting there were more, I could feel a shock wave start at my knees and travel the length of my body. I lowered my head and the wave faded at my chest. Man, I think the curtain almost came down! He stomped off, disgusted with my answer.

A stretcher was slid under me and I was hooked on a rack in the meat wagon. It traveled till dark, then we were placed in the center aisle of a small church for the night. There were about thirty quiet bundles. Each man's bandages were inspected and secured as needed. A balony sandwich and a cup of coffee was offered to those who wanted it. Only one candle was left on for the night. The shoulder patch on the guy next to me read "Wehrmacht"

The next day was dark and rainy. We were loaded in the trucks by first light and traveled all day. There was considerable groaning when the road was rough. The continuous grating of my break transmitted lightening flashes of pain with every bump. By night fall the truck was unloaded at a field hospital on the edge of an airfield. I was carried into a huge tent, lit with only a Coleman lantern, and placed on a padded table. A couple of medics removed my splint, loosened my fatigues and slipped another needle in my arm. A heavenly freckled face framed in golden curls appeared out of the darkness. She read my tag, said a couple words to the medics, and the next thing I knew I was waking up in a bright sunlit tent, on a cot, covered with only a sheet, and attached to a heavy wet plaster cast from hip to toes. There were hundreds of cots placed side by side along each wall of the big tent, medical people were hustling among the cots, POW's were moving loaded stretchers and as I struggled to lift my groggy head off the pillow a passing medic hollered, the P-38 is under the cot. Before I could figure out P-38 I was handed a funnel necked bottle which provided instant relief from the terrific pressure. It was amazing he knew my dire need before I complained. A ward boy took the bottle saying your relief runneth over.

Breakfast was served from thermos jugs, a couple POW's put me on a stretcher, carried me to another tent where I was placed on the grass floor to wait for the planes flying to England. Red-Cross girls covered us with blankets and did whatever little errands were necessary. Before noon the skies clouded over and for two and a half days we waited for the weather to clear. About noon on the third day we could see the planes dropping out of the skies as they flew past the tent opening. The place came alive and in no time we were stacked four stretchers high in the C-47 cargo planes. Crossing the channel to England the pilot, a snappy little blonde kid in a leather flight jacket and white scarf, came back to the fuselage of the plane to inspect his cargo. In a chorus the cargo asked who was flying the plane. He smiled and said not to worry, it's on automatic pilot.

By noon we had traveled by train and were served lunch in the ward of a large hospital. In two days we were transported to Wales, to the 83rd Division Hospital. All stretcher cases were set in the hospital entrance, and each tag was marked with a ward number then the patient was carried inside. My tag was marked and a couple medics grabbed the stretcher handles. The one at my feet backed between the handles and as he bent over to raise the stretcher I could see that the foot in the cast would come up under his big bottom, so I raised my good foot to push him away, and an alert Major who realized what was about to happen, dashed over to the medic and moved him forward enough so my foot cleared his rear. Saved from disaster, I was carried along the main hall past wards that were jungles of ropes and pulleys supporting arms, legs, and even heads. Finally we entered a bright ward and I slid onto a bed with sheets and a white blanket. I propped myself up with a big pillow and watched the rest of the ward fill up with the new arrivals. The fellow on my right was buried in the bed clothes but to my left was a pleasant well spoken lit-

tle fellow. He had a crew-cut, a dark suntan and no regional accent. His family grew plums and apricots in California, which explained the suntan. He was a new kind of farmer to me, and I had many hours of interesting conversation with him. He was in a quartermaster outfit and had broken an arm unloading boxes. He was almost ready to return to duty and helped in many little ways on the ward. I labeled him "prune picker". He said the treatment was good here.

After all the beds were filled and the commotion died down, a few nurses came around to inspect their new medical cases. The one that came to my bed was a thin weathered faced creature. She had to be at least thirty. First she checked my tag and my leg cast then told me to get undressed for a bath. She wore the bars, so I took off my pajama top, but when I pulled the string on the bottoms she quickly ordered "just the tops". I was relieved also, I knew she wasn't that kind of girl. In a minute she had washed and rinsed my back with a wash cloth and then handed me the cloth to finish my arms and front and where ever else I wanted. In the meantime she had gotten a few others started and came back to take my pan of water away, I asked if she would wash my hair, but she said later, and went away. For the next three days I tried to get a hair wash, but I guess she didn't do hair, so I asked for a pan of water and promised to wash up myself. She delivered the basin of water with a towel, and in minutes I felt like a new person.

My mother always said that after a hair do. By now I'd adjusted to the new life of three good meals, a soft clean bed and radio programs all day long. I was getting acquainted with the guys who could walk around, but before the end of the week my leg was x-rayed and the cast was cut down each side then taped together so it could be easily removed. The next morning I was on the operating table in one of the rooms at the entrance of the ward. Lt. Smith, the surgeon, had hung the x-ray on the one window in the room. The leg bone was shattered about three inches below the knee and the Lt. explained the small particles had to be removed because they would not live during the mending process. A gelatin forms at the break and gradually hardens into bone. Any bone particles too small to grow or too large to be dissolved, would cause continual draining and would keep the wound from healing. They had to be removed. The other doctor, a major in rank, had me curl up on my side and gave me a spinal injection of sodium pentathal. He then placed me on my back and began tapping me, starting at the hips and moving in the direction of my chest. "Tell me when you feel something", he directed, and when he reached the chest area I let out a howl. That joker was tapping me with a pin. He knew I was numb from the ribs down so he gave Smith the nod to proceed. He had a pair of long nose pliers and after studying the x-ray hanging on the window, would go in my leg wound and pull out a bone fragment. There was a large unlit flood light over the operating table and I could see in the reflection what he was doing, but to get a better view I raised up on my elbows. The anesthetist quickly put me down, and immediately I began to throw up. It was over quickly and he admitted he didn't know why that happened, but also explained that I had to stay flat so it wouldn't. I believed him.

Once the digging was over they wrapped rolls of plaster gauze from my toes to my hip, and once again I had a big wet log to sleep with. Back in bed, Lt. Sadie, as I shall call her, showed up to prepare us for lunch. She put a couple of towels under my wet cast and pushed the covers off it. "It'll dry better that way, tomorrow you'll have to get up and start exercising that leg", she told me. Ok, I'm thinking, if I can lift it. The rest of the day went kinda slow being anchored down, but by dark I was regaining some feeling in my legs. I could move the good one and the other one had a sort of glow or warm spot below the knee. The thought of night time caused some concern as to how I could navigate if I had to make a midnight patrol. The prune picker solved that for me by placing a couple P-38's on the chair between us. He always knew



what was going to happen and what to do about it, as veterans always do. One thing he didn't warn me about was the red-head. She had the night duty, and made the penicillin-run every four hours. Two taps on the shoulder meant uncover and expose your rump. The prescribed ounces of penicillin were injected, and after a couple of rubs and a pat you were back in dreamland. This got to be so automatic we weren't sure it happened, except for the little sore spot on our bottom.

By the end of the week we felt like old timers. We knew everyone and their little problem. Just being off the line made every thing else bearable. We were getting used to being served good food on a clean plate with a knife and fork. The armed forces radio had special programs for the hospitals to keep us informed on the home news. The BBC furnished the war reports, but hadn't found out that the Americans had gotten into the war. The German programs had the best music, and often reported the war news before it happened---to them. By mid-October the weather cooled off more each day, and the 83rd cleared all of LUXEMBOURG. Training to assault the Sigfried Line was in progress.

By now I could move about on crutches and get some exercise. I could make my bed and go for things myself, but still had to stay on the ward. Each morning Lt. Smith, the surgeon, would stop by, feel my toes to see if they were warm, and go on to the others. One person he always checked was John L. He was longer than the bed and had a dense head of black hair like John L. Lewis the miner's union leader. John L. seldom talked or even opened his eyes. Even though his knees were propped up with pillows, his feet protruded from under his blankets. Both feet were turning black, and one was darkened above the ankle. He had been hit in so many places, arms, legs, and body, his circulation had been destroyed in several areas, and the doctors decided it best to see how much of his limbs his system could still support. They didn't want to cause the shock of amputating twice.

I got to talking to a little fellow from Boston with a hand injury. He was the unhappiest little mouse on the ward. I tried to make light conversation in hopes of changing his attitude, and made the mistake of asking what happened to his hand. He replied that all the bones had been broken by a mortar, adding bitterly, the government would pay. He then told me he was a professional symphonic violin player. I could understand his feelings.

One morning Lt. Sadie told a half dozen of us to report to the ward office. Our ward doctors were there with about four others who were specialists from the States. One soldier with a minute fragment in his eye, that the local doc couldn't find, was sent to an adjoining room with an eye specialist. In less than half an hour the particle was found and removed. Meanwhile I was with a few others who had strange skin conditions. Clear fluid was oozing from my armpits. They all made close inspections, but never said a word to me. Shortly my penicillin shots stopped and my armpits dried up. Probably a side effect. It was great that those consultants were brought in.

One morning Lt. Smith, a superb physical specimen, pulled up a chair next to my bed and asked me to tell the whole story of how I was wounded. He wanted every detail I could remember. I thought for sure he was going to put my story in the paper or even on the radio, so I told the whole story of what happened when I ran into the Kraut patrol. He wrote every thing in a note book and left without a word.

By the next morning the incident had been forgotten. It was the brightest sunny day we had ever seen, and we were sitting around reading and day dreaming, when a twin engine plane roared low over the building. It shook the windows, blocked the sunlight momentarily, and sounded as if it was coming thru the roof. All those able, dove between the beds or hit the floor. It was really a shock even if it was over in a flash. We were later told a British pilot who had a good mission wanted to share the joyous

occasion with us. Still later the story became more interesting. The pilot was said to be the titled Englishman that gorgeous Gloria, a most attractive creature on our ward, was dating. When she walked down the length of the ward she caught every eye. She moved in all the right places, she should have been in show business rather than nursing, that's for dang sure. Anyway she was gone in a couple weeks. It was said she married the pilot.

That afternoon the ward surgeons stopped to visit with John L. They looked him over, hardly saying a word, then left. A while later a couple tall cylinders were placed against the wall next to his bed. The next morning after breakfast a couple of nurses wheeled a tea cart to the foot of John L's bed and one of them placed a small face mask on him. Meanwhile two surgeons had arrived along side the bed and while one held the blackened foot, the other raised a large hack saw and cut off the leg four inches below the knee. It was dropped on the cart and covered with a towel and wheeled out. The surgeons removed the face mask and rearranged John L. in the bed and then pushed the bed and all out of the ward--probably to the recovery room. As seasoned veterans we recognized that the decision to save a life could be a hard choice. No one said much the rest of the day.

After ablutions the next morning Lt. Smith stopped at my bed with his note book and asked me to repeat in detail again the story of how I was wounded. This I quickly did and began to add some additional human interest commentary, but he cut me off with a quick thanks and left. About then the rebel showed up for the first time. One of the nurses introduced Billy-Bob as a physiotherapist who was going to give us exercises every morning. He explained the beneficial reasons for the exercises and told us to do only what we were able to do. Right off we liked this little rascal. Handsome, well spoken, we felt we would do any thing to help him stay out of the army. After the exercises, while talking to the prune picker, Billy-Bob moved close enough to hear our northern accents and came over to get acquainted. He asked what we thought about the exercises and added "my grandpappy used to tell me about you Yankees, but I find you all a pretty good bunch!" We answered, "we are, all except our grand pappys." Anyway, in the days to follow we appreciated his efforts and his refreshing personality.

About November the prune picker left for rehabilitation, the next step before returning to active duty, and another little guy took his bed. His name was Meek and seemed like a bundle of nerves; never stopped talking. He injured an ankle when his jeep flipped over. He was in surgery the next day and when he was returned to his bed his ankle was kept elevated on a little canvas cradle. After most operations there is always some fluid that oozes through the bandages and naturally a fly had been attracted to it. A couple days later Lt. Smith stopped at Meek's bed to inspect his foot and discovered some maggots crawling on the canvas cradle and brushed them away. Meek screamed out loud and almost jumped out of bed. Smith laughed and told him the maggots did more good than harm. They only eat the rotten stuff. Meek calmed down but forever after he was known as Maggots Meek. Turned out he got lots of mail from home and his unit, so he was a real news center.

We had just straightened up the ward when a ward boy called "ten--shut". The doctors and nurses were lined up at the ward entrance and the hospital colonel, a full chicken, and a first sergeant entered and marched to the far end of the ward. I was wondering why we needed an inspection when the first sergeant directed everyone to remain at attention, even those in bed, then introduced the colonel. He was a serious soft spoken man, and said it was his privilege today to express the thanks and gratitude of our country to each man awarded the order of the purple heart for injuries received in conflict with the enemy. As they approached each man the sergeant announced the name and rank and the colonel pinned the medal on the man's pajamas or bathrobe and

saluted him. I was expecting more, but they only presented six medals at the end of the ward then they marched to the foot of my bed, announced my name and pinned my pajamas while I was lying at attention. As they left the ward the sergeant called "at ease", and the ward returned to normal. It was a gorgeous medal, but I was really hoping for a silver star. I mentioned that to mag-gots and he said to be happy with it, only one other medal is better, and congress has to award that. It took a while, but I finally understood why Lt. Smith wanted the story of how I was wounded--in detail.

## Chapter 2

Early in December it had snowed, and we were getting some trench-foot cases, and also newly wounded. We heard the division was in the Hurtgen Forest working toward the Roer. I was scheduled to ship out state-side, but first I had to have a new cast--standard procedure. The ward boy explained where to find the cast room and gave me a ticket with my appointment time. I had never traveled that far on crutches before, but I managed to find the room down a long hall. It was only big enough for a metal table and a bucket of plaster wrappings. I timed it right, a foot cast was just leaving. A handsome technician directed me to get on the metal table and he cut the cast off with a huge pair of pruning shears, while his helper held my leg by the heel. The only time I hollered was when the shears wedged at the knee. Just as he removed the cast there was a knock on the door. When he opened the door a few inches I could see a lovely Red-Cross girl with a coffee cart. He told the helper to hand on to my foot, he would be right back. I stood it as long as I could, shivering on the table, watching my leg sag like soft salami, with cold sweat dripping off my forehead. Get that menace back in here, I bellowed, but thought better of that and told the kid not to let go of my foot. With my good leg I kicked the door a couple times and Romeo came back. I told him to shape-up or I'd get him shipped out. It didn't bother him, he knew I was the one who was shipping out. When I returned to the ward I was told to draw a full uniform at supply, I was going to Glasgow tomorrow. The next day I was back on a stretcher in the grass on the edge of a small air strip. A flight of Spitfires came in and some others took off before a twin engine C-47 glided in. About thirty of us were loaded aboard and in about twenty minutes we were on the ground in Scotland. We were trucked to an ancient hospital building and put to bed again.

This ward was more merriment than medicine. There didn't seem to be any doctors, but double the number of nurses. They were a younger lot and seemed more concerned with keeping us occupied. Besides the usual cards and checkers there was a singing group, and a number of handicraft projects. One fellow was making rings from scrap aluminum tubing from a plane shop. The pipe was sawed in rings, and rounded with just a file. They were notched in various attractive designs, then polished with tooth powder. I made finger rings, ear rings, and even nose rings.

Of course all the nurses wanted the rings, so we declared they would have to get married to get a ring--that started it. Every day we had a wedding, with a preacher, best man, maid of honor, flower girl, and the singers furnished the music with original words. Everyday it got better and hammy-er. One nurse, half the size of the others, but twice as peppy, was married three times in one day, but always pulled rank when it came time to kiss the bride. She was Johnny Bouquet from Minneapolis. One of those names you never forget. Some of the hill-billies made the most magnificent hunting knives I've ever seen. The handles were laminated leather, plastic, and aluminum, all shaped with only a file. One day Johnny stopped by my bed and told me there was a guy from my home town out in one of the private rooms. She said I'd have to get permission to go in his room, but she thought he would like some company. That evening I went to visit and luckily met the head nurse coming out of the room. She allowed me ten minutes. It was a comfortable little room, there was even a radio. He was Jim Johnson and had been a radio man on a twin engine

bomber. I asked how he rated a private room. He told me he had been shot thru the chest sideways with a forty-five and had been in a coma for a month and added someone has been with him twenty four hours a day ever since it happened. He was walking down the center of his barracks after returning from a mission and someone cleaning a pistol let the bolt fly home just as he passed by. "The bullet was found in the pocket of his flight jacket after going thru him. We talked about our hometown, but we were from different neighborhoods and went to different high schools so we didn't have that much in common to talk about. He said he was shipping out on the next boat so maybe we would wind up in the same hospital at home.

It was only a few days later the nurses rushed us thru breakfast, then helped us stuff our duffel bags. By 9:00 a.m. all stretcher cases were outside in the court wrapped in blankets ready to be loaded in the ambulances to be taken to the docks. Within an hour I being carried in the side of a huge ship. Looking up it seemed to be ten times higher than it really was. I was carried to a metal circular stair case. An officer ordered "feet first" and the bearers struggled to carry me up. I offered to get off and hop, but they objected so I worked my arms from under the blankets and pulled on the railing. This worked well so we made the four flights much easier. We were placed in a room full of cots and bunks. I was rolled into an upper bunk and could survey the whole room. The double deckers were lined against the walls and rows of single cots covered the center. It was originally a dining room, but the present arrangement accommodated at least three hundred patients. There must have been another room because Jim Johnson wasn't in this one. During the night the ship sailed and at morning breakfast it was announced that we are heading south, and off the Spanish coast we would turn west toward New York, in order to take advantage of a warmer climate. This ship can make it in eleven days. In a chorus every one asked what ship. The answer was, The Ile de France!

By the second day out we had established our daily routine and reading, writing, and cards kept us occupied. One little fellow on a cot near the center aisle had constant attention from the nurses. After a couple days his moaning never ceased, even at night. He had pain suppressant shots every four hours. After a few days they were discontinued and a USO hypnotist entertainer was brought in. The doctors explained in detail how hypnosis was often used to replace anesthetics, and was in common use in cases where drugs were not advisable. After the performer was introduced he asked for a volunteer subject to demonstrate the whole process. He took the first three volunteers and asked the first one if he had gone to third grade in school, and what was the teachers name. Of course the man didn't know, so the hypnotist put him to sleep and told him when he was awakened he would be refreshed and alert, and at the snap of his fingers he would call out his teachers name. After awakening the fellow was asked to sit nearby. The second volunteer was asked what he would like to be if he could choose. He said he had always wanted to be a radio announcer. He was put in a trance and told he would awaken in a very happy and energetic mood and at the clap of the hands he would stand up and sing "Who through the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder" to the whole audience. He was awakened and asked to stand by. The third volunteer was asked what he did before he was in the service. He was a salesman. Entranced, he was told when he heard the whistle he would walk around the room to sell newspapers to everyone, and told him what to say. While his three subjects were awaiting the signal, the entertainer explained how we could partially hypnotize ourselves so we could relax in order to get to sleep. He also offered to answer questions after the demonstrations. Then he snapped his fingers and asked his first subject who was his third grade teacher. Very promptly he shouted, Mrs. Thurston, and they humorously discussed his puppy love romances in that grade. At the clap of his hands the second volunteer stood up and sang "Who thru the Overalls in



Mrs. Murphy's Chowder" and led the rest of the audience as well. When the entertainer whistled, his third volunteer walked around the room selling newspapers, shouting---Extra, Extra, read all about it, War over in Europe! He made a fortune Selling Those papers, or would have. After the question and answer session the doctor told us they would attempt to hypnotize the fellow with the unbearable pain and if for any reason it didn't proceed properly it would be abandoned. The hypnotist asked for perfect silence and explained the process to his subject, and asked permission to proceed. He talked in a low monotone, telling the patient his pain would move from his abdomen, where he had been wounded, and travel up his side to his shoulder and then move along his arm and disappear off the end of his fingers. During the procedure I was looking down from my upper bunk, and was becoming drowsy so I moved back on my bunk until it was over. The patient slept all night, but next after noon he began moaning again so he was moved to a private room.

That evening we had entertainment by the USO troupe returning on the ship. The hypnotist did another amazing performance, but Claude Rains, who was among them did not perform. While visiting with the individual patients, explained that he was a "serious actor and not much of an entertainer". He was serious but also pleasant. He was on the ship because he could find no other way to get to the USA to fulfill a job commitment.

Half-way across the water we were hit by a raging storm. We could feel the bow plunge into the ocean, causing the propellers to surface and shake the shafts loose. It lasted three days and I was concerned about whether my cast would float or sink. The sea finally settled so I never found out.

On December 22nd it was announced that we were off the coast of New England heading for Boston harbor and we would be received by the hospital at Camp Edwards the next day and within two weeks we would be shipped to a hospital near home that handled our particular type of injury. During the night the ship docked while we were sleeping and immediately after breakfast we were carried off the ship and placed on rolling stretchers and wheeled thru a terminal building to a waiting train. Two hours later we were wheeled into a ward at Camp Edwards on Cape Cod. When each one was placed in bed, there was a Christmas present on the pillow and here was a table with cookies and candy available to all. In a little while a group of top brass came thru and shook hands with each patient and announced the evening program in the auditorium, if you were able, and told us this is only a temporary facility, and repeated we would be sent to a hospital nearest our home that handled our type of injury. That was real news, but four days later when we shipped out, I met Jim Johnson the fellow from Newark, he came over to my bunk to say goodbye. He was allowed a stop-over, and offered to help me get off the train. It was only seven minutes by car to get home, but I could see the problems with that so I gave him my phone number to call my folks. The train barely stopped five minutes, then continued on into the night.

The bunks were stacked four high and I was on the top one. All the way down from Edwards I watched one of the nurses busily attending the men in the car, and recognized her as a former high school classmate. I let her go by many times because she was always in a hurry and I figured it was a long trip to Georgia, and there would be plenty of time to chat. However, she got off at the Newark stop. That was the last time I was ever to see Dolores Krebs. The train barreled all night and the next day the train stopped right next to Batty General Hospital near Rome, Georgia.

Again on the rolling stretchers, we were pushed along a covered side walk into the hospital. The Red-Cross girls put a Christmas present on our stretcher as it came thru the door. We asked them if it was still Christmas down here. They said Santa traveled slow in the South, not much snow,---in the sweetest southern drawl I ever did hear.

Inside we went thru a wide hallway, more of a lobby area, that had an auditorium on one side and a PX on the other. Once across that hall we turned into a narrower one that led to the various wards. I was put into the first one. It was spacious, light and airy. There was hardly anyone in it, but we filled it. Lillian Moore was the day nurse. She was a tall plain girl from the mid-west, half first-Sgt and half school teacher, good conscientious sol. The only thing she insisted on was that no one sit on the edge of their bed. She claimed there were no extra mattresses so we better take care of what we had.

In the days to come I found out this place was more country club than hospital. The first morning Doc Davis, a first lieutenant, interviewed each of his new cases, and made appointments for the casts to be removed at the cast room. Luckily I was one of the first, and didn't have to wait all day in line. The cutters were using the big shears so I told them they were not using them when they got to my knee or ankle. They understood and used a little hooked knife in those places and I went away happy. The next stop was x-ray, then back to Doc Davis for an inspection of my wound. He made his little notes and gave me an appointment for an operation -- tomorrow. He said there were still small fragments that had to be removed.

In the morning I was not allowed to eat, and after a small injection I was delivered to the operating room on a rolling stretcher. Davis was in there with a couple others. The mask was put on my face and I didn't know anything until I awoke that evening in recovery and a big wet log was in bed with me again. A little nurse was scurrying around and was there as soon as I opened my eyes. She gave me a sip of water and said to rest easy. I would be on my ward in the morning. Strangely I found it easy to go back to sleep and in the morning I was back on the ward before breakfast.

Miss Moore helped me in bed and propped up the cast and told me to keep it uncovered so it would dry. The penicillin shots started again, only now it was once every few days. According to Miss Moore it had been improved to remain in the system longer.

Since I had to stay in bed I received a lot of attention. The nurses brought fruit juice and ice water between meals, the Red-Cross volunteers brought books, papers, and hobby materials, and there was a hospital program of music and news on the PA system. I had to be the wierdo to ask for fly-tying materials, but if I could get over to the physio-therapy room they would have everything I needed there. She knew it would be awhile, so she suggested I make some little dolls, and showed me the cleverest little clown doll made of skeins of yarn and bright polka dot coveralls. The WAC's and nurses on the ward got a dozen of them before I could send one to my girl and my little sisters.

Some time later one of the physio-therapists stopped by and asked if I was the one who could tie flies. She explained there was a patient who was anxious to learn. This fellow was a dentist in civilian life, but presently was in too nervous a state to perform that kind of work. Well if he teaches me to drill a tooth, I'll teach him to tie a fly. She knew I was kidding and said she'd arrange for a wheel chair, and set the time to meet. When I got over there six girls were waiting to learn. They always had a good supply of materials on hand but were never able to learn how those feathers could make a fly. By the time I showed them the basic wet and dry fly the dentist showed up, but he was interested in bass fishing and I tied trout flies. The girl looked worried, but I explained a fish is a fish and all that need to be done is to adjust to the size of its mouth. Big mouth, big hook and proceeded to tie bass size bucktails and flies. The procedure was the same. He was very quick and did well the first time. I also told him where to find books if he wanted to learn more and that it was a very good rainy day hobby that added a lot of satisfaction to catching a fish on your own lure. I never had the opportunity to meet him again, but the girls said he practiced for a week and had so many flies he would never have any time for dentistry.

(Continued next issue of Thunderbolt)

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Hamilton, Ohio 45013-9102

Office Phone:  
(513) 863-2199

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## BULLETIN

When you move and change your address, **PLEASE**, send me your change of address. It does no good to mail you a Thunderbolt at your old address. **The Post Office WILL NOT forward Third Class Mail.** It will just go to waste. With the cost of printing and postage this is very costly to the Association to have even one go to waste. Send your address change to the Association Office and not to someone else. Thank you for all your cooperation. **Send old and new address.**