



THUNDERBOLT

83rd INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, Inc.

WORLD WAR II

Vol. 47 No.4

Charles S. Hlanek

Summer 1992

HENRY DOORLY ZOO



RAIN FOREST



AUGUST 20, 21 AND 22

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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



Summer Issue of THE THUNDERBOLT, last issue before the Reunion in Omaha. How short in time it seems we were at THE PINES for our Reunion. Time does move on at it's own pace, even though some times some of us might desire it to slow just a little, although some of us can remember a few years back, we though it was moving quite slowly.

It was very accommodating of the airlines to lower their fares for us, I trust you all have your reservations for air travel, and hotel rooms made.

Central Plains Chapter members and their ladies are busy on many projects to make this a very memorable reunion for all of you. To the Ladies a heartfelt **THANK YOU!!**

Ad Book orders were coming in at a very good rate at last reading. Keep up the good work.

Keith Davidson and I and my wife, along with the members of the Executive board met with members of the Florida Chapter at Daytona Beach. We had a quite successful and informative get-together. Weather was beautiful and the beaches were very well cover with Spring-Break people, they were having a ball. Oh! to be young again...could I stand it?

This will be my last notes to The President's Corner. It has been a distinct honor and privilege to have been elected, by you, to this office. **TO THE 83rd INFANTRY DIVISION, WE WERE THE BEST AND STILL ARE!!!!**

Ed Haynes

GREETINGS from the NATIONAL OFFICE

Last issue of the Thunderbolt for this year. Another reunion is about here. We all hope that many of you have sent your reservation in to Omaha. We look forward to meeting you there with us. Each year there are some that can never be with us anymore and we are happy that we have had almost fifty years of friendship with a great many of you. Pack your bags and come on to Omaha. Pearl and I along with Bonnie and Earl Hoover traveled to Daytona Beach, Florida where the 1993 reunion will be taking place. The Hotel is right on the Ocean. Some rooms face the ocean and some face the street side. More details will be in the Fall Thunderbolt.

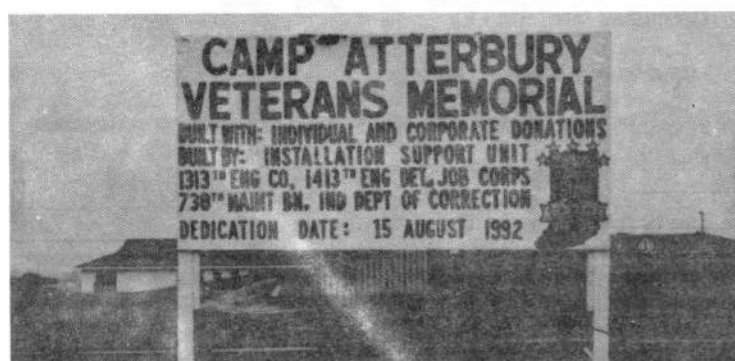
The Omaha men are working hard on the reunion for August. If you have never been West this is your chance. I am sure you will like it. We have every time we have gone out that way. When we were at the Executive Board meeting there last year the Hotel

was remodeling. The Central Plains Chapter has told us it is quite different. I am looking forward to seeing it and being a part of this reunion. Pearl and I both enjoy this job because we work together on it. We also have great printers. They do an excellent job and we are grateful for them.

The Camp Atterbury Memorial Park is coming along great. For all you men who trained there I am sure that if you can possibly make it to the Dedication Ceremony on August 15, 1992, you will not regret it. Ames Miller went with me to Camp Atterbury when I presented the check from the Association to Col. Stachel. Col. Stachel was very pleased and wished to thank all members for their donations. The Memorial Wall is in place and they were going to work on the landscaping this week-end. Ames and his wife Helen were going to work with Col. Stachel on this. That Dedication Day will be a great beginning for our trip to Omaha.



Col. Stachel, Bob Derickson, Ames Miller and Lew Tenny

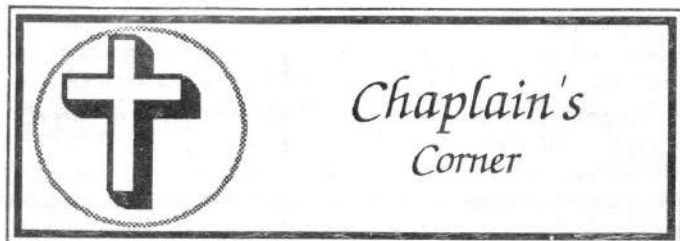


I want to tell you that there are still some out there who have **NOT PAID THEIR DUES FOR 1992**. This will be your last Thunderbolt. You must send in \$20.00 if you wish to be put back on the mailing list.

REMEMBER TO SEND IN YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR OMAHA. Will be a great vacation. Hope that all of you will have a wonderful summer. Pearl and I will be going to Batesville, Indiana next week end for the Kentucky Chapter meeting and then we will be here at home for the rest of the summer getting everything done before we go to the Camp Atterbury Memorial and then on to the reunion in Omaha. **SEE YOU THERE!**

Bob

P.S. The Executive Board invited Hal Ryder "Galaxy Tours" president to attend the Omaha Reunion. He will be available to talk to anybody that is interested in attending the celebration of the 50th D-Day Anniversary in 1994 on a one to one basis. Now you will be able to get answers to any questions you might have first handed from the tour representative.



Dear Robert,

I hope this letter finds you both in good health. May God Bless you and Pearl.

Winter now is behind us and the beautiful days of spring are here. Flowers are all in bloom and the grass is growing by leaps and bounds.

Now for a little news. The Pittsburgh Chapter had their spring dinner dance, Saturday evening, May 23rd at Marina One, on the beautiful Monongahela River at Monongahela, Pa. The Marina overlooks the river, a beautiful view while we enjoyed a wonderful dinner.

Plans are being made for the trip Omaha. Heres a small poem.

My Old Uniform

Today I opened an old trunk
It brought back memories
Tucked inside so neatly
Was the uniform I wore overseas.

I unfolded it gently
Like a relic from the past
I could hear the sergeant yelling
Up and at 'em, it's half pass

I tried to put it on
It didn't fit you see
Fat had replaced the muscle
Age did this to me.

The first time I wore it
I was proud as could be
You are in the army now
To fight for Liberty

Thoughts of people and places
and the buddies that I knew
For a few wonderful moments
Once again, I was twenty-one.

from the PA AM VET

Received this information over the phone. Brig. Gen. James M. Gibson (retired) U.S. Army passed away on April 6th in Alexandria Va. (The call ended without my asking the person who called for name & Address.)

During WWII he was commander of A & C Co.

God Bless one and all .
Your Chaplain
Mathew

A BOYS TOWN PRAYER FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Dear God,

I am so grateful for the brave men and women who sacrificed for our great nation, but please guide and protect those who stand ready to defend our shores this very day...

...please protect the young men and women from Boys Town who have volunteered to serve. Give them the courage to put God, honor, and duty above all.

Amen

CORRECTIONS TO LAST ISSUE OF THE THUNDERBOLT.

William Clauson of the deceased list reported by A.R. Haynes should read WILLIAM CLAWSON.

William Schieffert **IS NOT DECEASED.**

Sorry about these mistakes.

Lester Angstadt	Serv. Co. 329th 10/13/91	John Howell
Neville Brand	"B" 331st - 4/18/92	Kenneth Collier
John T. Coats	322nd F.A. 2/18/92	Robert Swanson
Wm. Dunham	"A" 308	George Settle
Robert E. Earp	"H" 329th	Nick Francullo
Brig. General		
James M. Gibson	"A" & "C" 329th 4/6/92	His wife
Paul A. Hanna	"I" 329	Wife - Rose
John Jankovich	"D" 330	Wife Elizabeth
Mike Liber	"A" 308th	George Settle
George Peacock	"B" 308th	George Settle
Nathaniel Petty	83rd SIGNAL	James Emanouil
John M. Pollack	"HQ" 323rd 1/1/92	Wife
John Post	"D" 331st	Merle Akam
Conrad Rosenthal	"C" 331	Anthony Krukovich
John Ruprecht	Service 908th 4/4/92	Gene Costanzo
Ralph Stockhausen	"B" 308th	George Settle
George H. Tangalos	"D" 330th 4/29/92	Wife
Wallace Walton	"B" 330th 3/23/92	William Clem
Roscoe L. Watts	"L" Co.	Pat DiGammerino

These are the deaths that have` been` reported to the office. We extend our sympathy to the families of these men from the entire 83rd.

Again we are very sorry about reporting the death of William Schieffert. We tried to call Charles Abdinoor and could not reach him to tell him about this mistake.



BOARD CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

As usual, it's been an active year for your Executive Board handling the many problems that normally arise during the year.

The major problem the past year, was that the Florida Chapter informed the Board, it wanted to hold their reunion in '93, the last week in September from Sunday to Friday. They were informed by the Board that the by-laws call for it to be held on the third week of August on a Thursday thru Saturday and if they still wanted to hold it in September, it would have to be held on Thursday thru Saturday. They informed us that it would cost too much to hold it on a Saturday.

On the first week-end in May, this year, your Executive Board held their meeting at the Howard Johnson's Hotel at Daytona Beach, site of next years reunion, with the Florida and Central Plains Chapters to discuss their respective reunions.

We met on Friday, with the Florida Chapter, after a pleasant discussion the young lady representative of the hotel, either the fourth week of August or the last week of September on a Thursday thru Saturday, for the same rates as originally agreed upon.

Since no dates were announced at the "Pines" reunion last year, it was agreed by all in attendance at the Florida meeting, that the members in Attendance at the Omaha reunion would have the opportunity to vote on whether they would want the Florida reunion to be held on August 26, 27, 28 or September 30, October 1, 2, in 1993.

Friday afternoon, the Board also discussed the upcoming 50th anniversary program to be held at Camp Atterbury, August 15 this year.

It was agreed by the Board to donate \$2000.00 towards the cost of the monument, as that is the minimum amount that entitles one to have their name on the permanent plaque display at the site.

It was also agreed by the Board that I contact Colonel Stachel, Post Commander and Chairman of the event, to find out what our participation would be. He informed me that each group represented would have a few minutes to speak in behalf of his unit and also each unit would have one representative in the color guard. I informed him that Sec'y-Treas. Bob Derickson would represent the 83rd in saying a few words and I would represent the division in the color guard. I also informed him that Pat Digiamerino of the Boston Chapter will present an 83rd Division flag with streamers, to be permanently displayed, when ever the flags will be displayed. The flag has been made along with streamers and donated by Pat and the Boston Chapter, at no cost to the Assn. I do hope many of our members will find it possible to attend the ceremonies and get to look over the camp, which was our first home away from home.

Hoping everyone took advantage of the airlines and got their tickets by June 5th. If you did, we certainly should have a great crowd in Omaha.

Let's get those reservations in and not only support the Central Plains Chapter, but get to see your buddies, as you all know, we're not getting any younger.

After twelve years as your third Vice-President and five years as a member of the Board, this is my final year in office. I want to thank all the members for their support over the years and also to thank the many men who preceded me in office for making this the best Assn. of them all.

It's been my privilege to be associated with the finest group of people, one could meet in life.

Jim Prentice
Executive Board Chairman

IT'S A JUNGLE IN THERE! *"There's no more fascinating, magical place on earth than a tropical rain forest."*

Omaha isn't really an ideal place for Pygmy Hippos. Unless, of course, the Pygmy Hippos haven't a clue they're in Omaha. Such is the case for the Pygmy Hippos living in the Lied Jungle the largest indoor rain forest in the world. It's 80-feet high (8-stories) spread over 1.5 acres, containing rare jungle wildlife, native plants and flowers, waterfalls, cliffs and caves. The jungle contains more than 125 species of endangered animals and 3,000 species of plants and trees. Every sight sound and smell tells you you're in a tropical rain forest.

Dr. Lee Simmons, zoo director, and those people involved with building the jungle, put effort into concealing the necessary man-made elements. The 80 foot and 60 foot support beams look like trees, but they were constructed from a mixture of concrete and fiberglass. Man-made vines, almost identical to their natural counterparts, hang throughout the jungle while a misting system creates the illusion of fog in the tree tops. A computer system maintains a year round temperature of 75 degrees and humidity of 75%.

Excerpts from the Omaha World Herald and the Official Visitor's Guide.



HISTORIANS CORNER

"MEMORIAL DAY"

Dear Buddies

Here are more of our 83rd G.I.s in combat. Others will follow.

I publish them, not as a love of war -- I am far from that, I was there too.

They will remind you of a time in our lives, that we will never forget.

So, remember those who were not as fortunate as you and I. Our lost friends and buddies here and overseas.

In my long years as historian, I have personally answered hundreds of individual requests.

Some were from 83rd men and others from the families of our K.I.A's.

Maybe five percent have written back to me, all answers and enclosures took time and effort and zexing to be sure they are factual as my research can make them.

Please let me know when you receive them.

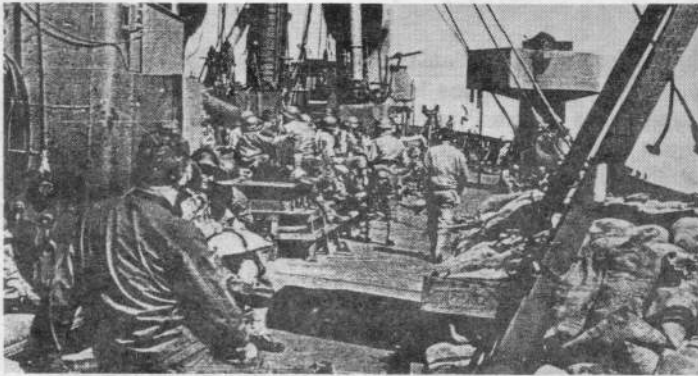
It is a labor of love -- yet!

"We Were The Best"

Wm. Kent O'Connell

Historian/Archivist - 83rd M.P.

Historians Corner



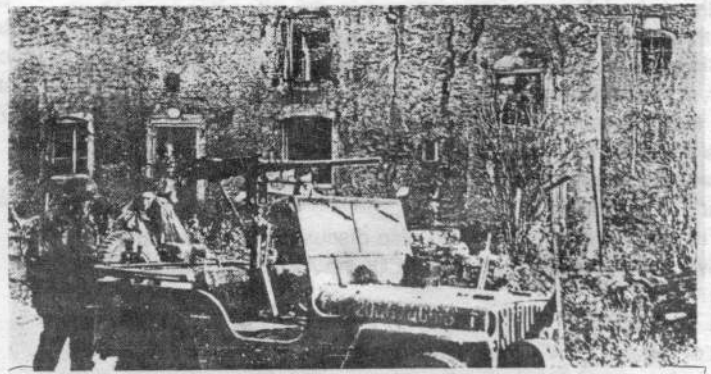
Thank God, we didn't know what we were headed into.



Some didn't make it!



The victorious, war weary G.I.s entering another wrecked German village -- Willy & Joe.



Anyone remember the number of their jeep?



They don't look too unhappy do they? It's over for them.



"They also serve who stand and wait." -- to all the wives of soldiers of any army.



We moved on -- M.G. Took over.



Coffee and doughnuts, and memories of home and the girls we left behind.

CHAPTERS

CLEVELAND CHAPTER

Cleveland Chapter Memorial Day Parade (Sunday May 25) was very successful. 14 members were on hand for the event in Maple Hts. It was a 2.5 mile march down Lee Rd. The marchers included:

Casey Szubski - C Batt 322
Ed Jacek - 329
Ed Glinka - B 330
Al Uridel - Cann Co 329
Warren Owen - G Co 330
Steve Ferko - D Co 331
Paul Dallos - D Co 331
Joe Belock - HQ Co 2 BN 331 - Flag Bearer
Al Lacinski - F Co 331 - Flag Bearer
Henry Trzeiak - D Co 331 Rifleman
Bob Uher - B Co 329 - Rifleman
Kid Williams - HQ Co 2 BN 330 - Staff Reporter
Earl Lindsey - M Co 331 - First Sgt. "Chaplain"
Bob Grobelny - A Co 329

We are all in good health and no injuries to report lets all have a good summer.

CONGRATULATIONS to Walter and Mary Meczka on their 50th Wedding Anniversary. The Cleveland Chapter is invited to their party on Aug. 8th. The Invitations are in the mail!

On a sorry note, Our condolences go out to Steve Ferko (D Co 330th) who lost his mother of 99 years.

Our May Meeting was held at the F.O.P. Hall in Bedford OH. Al and Klugiewicz and wife Eleanor of Erie PA. attended our meeting. They just got back from vacation in Mexico. They brought their friends Dorothy & Ben Kasputis to the meeting so we made them honorary members. Welcome and it was nice to see you.

Now we would like to thank all of our wives who have come to our meeting in regular attendance:

Eleanore Szubski
Dolores Jock
Betty Miler
Jo Glinka
Joann Uher
Ann Christopher
Marie Bene'
Mary Jane Owen
Mary Dallos
Ann Mizerack
Ronnie Lindsey
Eleanor Klugiewica
M.E. Meczka
Laura Kowalec
Bernice Grobelny
and my wife of 46 years Janet Williams

Thanks Ladies!
KID L. WILLIAMS
Staff Reporter, Cleveland Chapter

BOSTON CHAPTER REPORT

The Boston Chapter had a meeting on March 21st at the home of Larry and Fran Arrigo's in Norwood. President Larry Arrigo opened the meeting at 4:00 P.M. Cards were received from Lou Sandini with the Florida vacation news. Pat said, Lou was out on the Golf Course every day with his score card and a sharp pencil. Also a card came from Don and Marlene Bernier vacationing in Hawaii. They were out fishing.

I was unable to attend this meeting as I had Lois Shaners daughter and granddaughter visiting from Altoona, Pa. They had come up to look over our Boston Colleges for next year. It looks like she will be attending Northeastern.

Ray Bjork said I missed a good time and Fran is a good cook.

On March 16th the Tynan's were invited to the Wedding of Thomas and Denise McCouch in Horsham, Pa. We had a marvelous time and I hope to have some pictures for the next issue.

The last week in March Nancy and I attended the Dixie Chapter meeting in Williamsburg, Va. which we had a wonderful time. Thanks to the Dixie Chapter.

Boston Chapters meeting on April 11th was held at Lussier Estate in Westport, Ma. There was 36 present at this meeting. I was reprimanded for being early. Armstrong and Hunnewell entertained us. The weather was good along with food and entertainment. I forgot to mention our famous piano player Frank Young and his wife Rose singing Oldies. Mike and Vera Caprio got a real laugh out of all this as did everyone else. Charlie Lussier told a few jokes along with his wife Rita. President Arrigo was pleased with such a good meeting.

In May at the Pines Hotel in So. Fallsburg, N.Y. the Boston Chapter held a Mini-Reunion. I was not there but I was told by members that it was a terrific time.

The May monthly meeting was in Florence, Ma. at the home of Frank and Phylis Scott. I was not able to attend as I represented the Boston Chapter at an event at Boston College which I will be mentioning in my 323rd report. It was reported that we had a mailing list of 460 and have over 250 paid up members to date. It was good to hear Ed Cadran was at this meeting. Walter Koss is back with us after a winter in Florida. Also thanks to Chet Morley and Jim Prentice for coming down from New Hampshire. Frank and Phylis I am sorry we could not make it.

Many of the Boston Chapter are planning to go to Camp Atterbury, Indiana in August. The plans are still in the making.

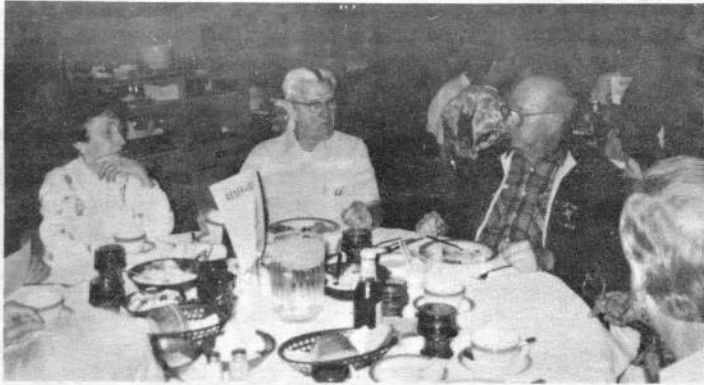
Most of us got in on the good air fares to Omaha, Ne. for the reunion. Nancy and I were going to drive but it was cheaper to go by air. My Thunderbolt came too late for us to get on with the Northwest Airlines so Nancy and I are going United Airlines. However, we are looking forward to a nice time in Omaha.

Mike Amicone of Cn. Company 331st Infantry is back in the hospital in Boston. However, as on this writing he is doing much better and will be back home soon.

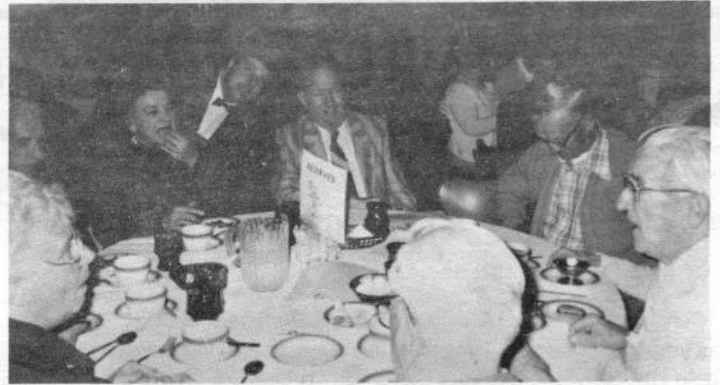
That's all for now.

AMBY TYNAN
Boston Chapter





Larry Redmond & New Jersey Chapter at Mini Reunion - Boston Chapter



N. J. Chapter at Mini Reunion - Boston Chapter



Rita & Charlie Lussier, Lee & George Baker at Mini Reunion - Boston Chapter



Two New Comers - Mr. & Mrs. John Adoral at Mini Reunion - Boston Chapter



Mr. & Mrs. "Foot" "Foot" & Pat Worrick at Mini Reunion - Boston Chapter



First Timers, Mr. & Mrs. Peterson, Mr. & Mrs. Lang at Mini Reunion - Boston Chapter



Fran & Stan Beilen - Geo. Settles



FLORIDA CHAPTER

With the receipt of the spring issue of the Thunderbolt, I was jolted into the realization that I must get a Chapter letter to Bob before June 5. With a Chapter meeting the end of April and some traveling, the month of May is slipping by.

The spring meeting of the Florida Chapter was held in Clearwater on April 24 and 25, hosted by Bill and Dot Nagel. The persons arriving on Friday enjoyed a tremendous yet quite inexpensive meal at a seafood restaurant a couple miles from the hotel.

The business meeting was convened at 1:00 P.M. on Sat. with 22 members in attendance. Of the members not in attendance, several due to illness, I would like to comment on one member in particular. Past National President Bob Taylor returned to Michigan for heart surgery. On April 15 he had a 5-way by-pass performed. At this writing I have no further information.

The principal business of this meeting dealt with various aspects of planing for the 1993 reunion. A complete slate of officers to be presented at Omaha was approved. The ladies reported on a number of craft items being worked on for fund raising. At the Saturday night banquet, there were about fifty in attendance and four craft items and a 50/50 were raffled off, adding some much needed funds to the treasury.

As this chapter has quite a few members who travel north in the summer, this meeting had a slim attendance. The secretary spoke of a number of names on the membership list from various parts of the country, and asked the treasurer to determine if their dues were paid up. A motion to discontinue mailing of notices to persons who are in arrears of dues for over a year was unanimously approved.

We welcome visiting members to our meetings, but if you spend a period of time in Florida, please give the treasurer a Florida address if you plan to become a dues paying member of the Florida chapter.

At the Clearwater meeting, the hotel was hosting several other events. A large group of young soccer players were participating in a tournament and they kept the cafe jumping until the wee hours. Also of interest was a meeting of professional photographers and models. After our business meeting the models appeared in bathing suits around the pool. This caught the attention of a number of our shutterbugs, but I doubt if this reporter will see any of the results.

Locations for future chapter meetings were proposed and various members are looking into the necessary arrangements. A November meeting is being proposed in either Vero Beach or West Palm Beach. A January meeting is being proposed in either Deland or Ocala. If enough members are in attendance in Omaha, we will finalize the locations of the winter meetings and will report them in the next chapter letter.

So long for now and hope to see you all in Omaha.

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

PITTSBURGH CHAPTER

In the last issue of the Thunderbolt in the chapter column I mentioned that Paul Diethrich attended the New England Chapter Christmas Party; I was only half right, his wife Rita tagged along and was peeved that she wasn't mentioned in the write-up. I understand I was on her hit list. On Thursday, April 30 twenty-three hospitalized veterans were treated to a luncheon and entertainment jointly held by the chapter and Brentwood Post 1810 V.F.W. Chapter members helping out were Paul Diethrich, Frank Hornack, Bill Mattes, Jim McCulla, Matthew Pintar, Al Suess and Ed Walsh. Our share came to \$107.50. On March 19 Bill Mattes' father-in-law John Sims passed away. John Ruprecht passed away in April at the Aspinwall VA Hospital. Curly, as he was well known had been in failing health for a long period of time. The Spring Dance held on Saturday, May 23 was attended by forty-four persons at the Riverwatch Restaurant and Lounge in Monongahela, PA. An accordion player supplied the music from 8:30 to 10:30 p.m. I was unable to attend but understand it was a blast. Joe DeLuca and his wife, Julie celebrated their 49th wedding anniversary on April 3. They went to Las Vegas for a time. They will also attend the Camp Atterbury dedication on August 15. Jules Desgain was in Holland for three weeks recently. On July 28 Gene Costanzo will leave for two weeks, go to the Camp Atterbury dedication, return and then onto Omaha. The chapter will take ten hospitalized veterans to a future Pittsburgh Pirates baseball game. Finally, a committee composed of Paul Diethrich, Gene Costanzo and Joe Danylo will look into the possibility of having the chapter Xmas Party at the Holiday Inn in Beaver Falls, Pa. on Dec. 12 with a Saturday night stay over and end with a brunch on Sunday, December 13.

"Fran" Beerhalter

NEW JERSEY CHAPTER

We were very busy with chapter activities during the past couple of months. Following our trip to Williamsburg, a short time later we joined the Boston Chapter at the Pines Hotel for there Mini-Reunion. Only a few from the chapter attended this reunion. Dot and Joe Skurka, Emil Wehling and Fran and I were the only ones there. Fred and Addie Rein cancelled as Addie was hospitalized the week before and was recuperating at home at the time. Ted and Irene Guzek also cancelled for health reasons.

Mike and Liz Skovran decided to skip this one. We missed all of you but we still managed to have a good time. Our small group shared a table with Larry Redmond, George Settle, and Bob Hunnewell and it was very enjoyable. I've enclosed a picture of our table group.

After a week of rest Fran and I went to Las Vegas for five days. We had a great time but couldn't break the bank. Maybe next year.

Back to the Pines, we were at Monticello Racetrack one evening and ran into Bob Grobelny from the Cleveland Chapter. Bob was at the Granit Hotel and happened to be at the track the same night.

Next came Tom and Candy Dowd's annual picnic. Nine of the Chapter were in attendance. Andy Socha came for the first time and enjoyed himself as we all did. Tom and Candy have a perfect set-up for entertaining. Fran calls it the Entertaining House as it was built and furnished for that purpose.

Then on May 30th we had our spring dinner at Fort Monmouth. We had 32 at this dinner and we all had a great time. It was

great having Nancy and Amby Tynan, who had travelled from Boston for this affair. We had heavy rains during their stay and this curtailed their plans to visit Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty. Milly Benick was up from Florida and was able to come with Manny Epstein, who also brought his friends Ann and Harold. Others attending were Joe and Hazel Barton, Stan and Fran Bielen, Tom and Candy Dowd, Ted and Irene Guzek, Joe DePeri, Fred and Addie Rein, Joe and Dot Skurka, George and Vi Waple. Also Bob and Carolyn Voelkner, Emil Wehling with Doris, Russell and Margarita Whitehead, Mary and Frank Sabine, Ralph and Sally Stat and Andy Socha.

A 50/50 was held after the dinner. The winner was Emil Wehling who shared it with Doris. HMMMMMMMM???????. - There were 3 floral Arrangements which Vi Waple had made and were also raffled off. Our thanks to George and Vi for hosting this Dinner.

The day after the dinner a group from the chapter went to the wake for John "Bucky" Polcarl. This former navy man who served our chapter for over 35 years was loved and admired by all who knew him. He was an honorary member of the chapter and attended our functions and a couple of trips to Williamsburg. He was a man dedicated to helping all people. This truly wonderful gentle man will be missed by all from the chapter. God take care of our good buddy "BUCKY".

Mary Sihlanick is still ailing. She has not been able to come to our dinners. We miss having Mary and Charlie joining us. Also missed seeing Sam and Edith Manzi at the dinner as they had previous plans. Bernie and Ida Rosenberg were also missed at the dinner. Didn't hear from George Foster or Frank Reichmann why they didn't attend. Hope everything is alright with you two. Pat DiGiammerino called me to alert us to the reduced air fares.

For those of us that are planning to attend the reunion in Omaha by air, lucked out by the 50 percent reduction on air fares. We should have a good group going to the reunion because of this. We're looking forward to a great reunion.

Joe DePeri took pictures at the dinner and had them developed quickly so that I could sent them along with this article. I'm to meet Joe in Bayonne today to pick them up.

That's it for now. Take care and have a safe trip to Omaha.

Stan Bielen

1st BN. Hdqs, 331



May of 1992 - Pines Hotel



May of 1992 - Pines Hotel



May of 1992 - Pines Hotel

DIXIE CHAPTER

Dear Bob,

I would like you to inform the Dixie Chapter members that I am no longer the Secretary and Treasurer, that all correspondence and membership dues are to be mailed to [WILLIAM MEADORS MINICK RT-2 KINARDS S.C. 29355]

I wish to thank all members that I have worked with, and for the trust that has been put in me as your sec. & Tres. I hope to be with you at the meetings as we travel from place to place.

Meadors I know you will do a good job and you will love it, and I thank you for cooperating with this affair.

Your 83rd Comrade

Haran Martin

Bob,

Please run this in The Thunderbolt.

DIXIE CHAPTER

Thursday, June 4

The early birds are already on the way to Clemmons Holiday Inn located in the heart of Haran Martin land. By 6 p.m. the number has grown to twelve. The Martins, Pinkles, Grays, J. Watkins, E. Payne, H. Ball, L. Reunion (Our First Timer) and the Massies. We left by convoy from the hotel in heavy rain for the Clemmons

kitchen. They were ready with lots of good food. Of course we all overate. I was forced to help several of the ladies finish off their desserts. We split up and returned to the hotel and arrived after a very scenic trip through the continuing down pour. We prayed for sunshine and retired to rest up for the coming excitement.

Friday, June 5

We're up early and none too soon for here come the others from eleven states. They kept coming all day long. Twas a most enjoyable time of greeting and welcoming old and new friends. Capt. Hill left his tree farm in Mississippi and came in to give Lt. Melton a hand with those 329 boys. Moral and discipline were positively great. I didn't hear one story told that couldn't be repeated knowing it was most certainly true! Far fetched maybe, but true. Those war stories never change, they just get better.

Felix and Mary Livingston left the farm and cattle for 3 days here. Now Mary is a week behind with her churning (butter making) and Felix will have to put on a night shift to get his hay in, but he'll get it done because we have reservations for Omaha. We're expecting 20 from our area.

Dr. Kieth (our dentist) said the teeth will have to wait, came and brought De Lois to be with us. I saw them dancing the night away along with Meadors and guest. They're so good it makes my feet light just to sit and watch them.

Frank Morris drove in from Smyrna Ga. with his girl friend and new camera. Keep those batteries changed Frank and stay out of the hot sun.

Here it is "Suppertime" again. In Dixie everything shuts down for supper. We formed up in convoy "artillery" style and set up our big guns at a new K and W Cafeteria. I thought I had it made riding shotgun for Elaine Payne in the biggest chrysler ever made until O.L. Cook showed up and squeezed in between us. Not to worry, there were three lovely ladies in the back seat, but I thought O.L. could have missed supper just once. I had to help Curtis Sharpe finish off his country steak and Kathern (my wife with her chicken pie. No one offered me any dessert. We returned to the hotel by a different route led by our host Haran Martin. We lost him but were able to pick up Jane Watkins who took us in with out any further delay.

Hospitality room has been full all day, I never saw so much food and drinks. At least 20 cakes of all kinds. Sweets, Hots, Colds and Sours of every taste and design were available. The ladies were just beautiful and worked so hard at keeping the troops happy.

LeRoy & Marva up from Maulden S.C. with good candy, jokes and tricks to keep everybody laughing and blushing. He really performs magic. Even made money for the ladies. Three dollar limit! He's not retired anymore. Marva needed some rest so she sent him back to work. Its working just fine except at the Dixie Meet with all the hugging of the ladies. His pace maker just goes crazy.

Twas a long full day so we finally said good nite after Flo Jackson told a couple "Sleepy Time Jokes".

The John Cox's and John Hobbs' got here all loaded with good cheer smiles and jokes for everyone. So good to see them again. We made plans to meet in Atterbury in August.

Saturday, June 6 (D Day 48 Anniversary)

Up early. The Mcroys came here with Beth and Honey Bee. The old soldiers just keep coming. The place is filled to capacity. Quarter Master keeps bringing in food and supplies. Everyone deserves a vote of thanks. Those who supplied, prepared and ate up everything. Each is necessary. We had plenty of each.

A special treat for us at 12 noon. N.C. Dist. Eleven V.F.W. Honor guard put on our memorial service arranged by our very

own Haran Martin. He, Ben Whitaker and about 25 others all in uniform held a beautiful and touching service where they presented a flag to all the widows and survivors of service men and veterans of U.S. Wars. (Symbolically of course) After a very moving and eloquent speech by the chaplin, the 21 gun salute by a seven man "letter perfect" firing squad. A special memorial poem written by Haran Martin. "A Memorial To The Fallen Heros and Their Loved Ones" Closed by the mornful bugle notes in the distance. That half hour alone was worth the 1100 mile trip for me.

Then we retired to the hospitality room for a great meal, joined by our guest from V.F.W. Honor Guard after a great time of fellowship we broke up for the business meeting. All went well, Abby lead by president Satterfield and recorded by Sec. Martin. When the meeting closed we had a new slate of officers in charge for the new year. Pres. James McCroy, V.P. E. McDonald, 2 V.P. Carroll Brown, Sec. Treas. M. Minnick, Chap. F.M. Haney, Rep. E. Massie. In good spirits we adjourned to prepare for banquet and dance.

Joe Fogleman, our very own Btry A medic and charter member Bennett Awick came in helping Billy Walker. We were happy to see them all. Many other local folk came for the special services but could not stay for the evening festivities. Reluctantly we excused them.

7 P.M.

Our new president called for order and a prayer of Thanksgiving. We dug in G.I. style and put the food away. Twas great. With all the dignitaries and regulars we had several quiet heroes with us. Curtis Sharpe and Carroll Brown were with 4 Inf. Div. in D. Day Landings. Ger ge Walter (Pete) and Ben Whitaker suffered as P.O.W. Frank Morris and June Walkins lost limbs due to wounds. Untold numbers with purple hearts, Commendations for bravery and the spirits of those departed comrades were there with us even as the dance music from the past played and many danced to it.

Martins' V.F.W. friends celebrated with us and added much to the occasion. Elaine Payne deserves a medal. She had a whole table of beautiful people she claims as kinfolk with her. Its sad, now that I'm older, It's not like wash D.C., Phila. & New York in the 50's. We never went to bed. Just partied from room to room, changed clothes, went to breakfast and started over. Maybe we've finally learning. Its midnite and I'm ready to turn in.

Sunday, June 7

Lots of folks up and gone others swarmed the Waffle House. Others up leisurely and eating buffet style here in the hotel. I'm late but found a seat with the Jacksons, Wilsons and Loys. Our first chance to set and chat. Such an enjoyable way to end a terrific weekend Dixie Style.

See you at the National!!!!

E. Massie, Reporter



*Paul
Hanna
Co. 'I' 329
France - 1944*

83RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
46TH ANNUAL REUNION - DOWN MEMORY LANE
AUGUST 19, 20, 21, & 22, 1992

PROGRAM NOTES

(1) Registration will be held in the Palace Foyer of the Holiday Inn Central, a spacious convention center conveniently located off of the 72nd Street Exit of Interstate 80. An information desk and message board will be located in the registration area, plus table reservation charts for the Friday evening dinner and Saturday night banquet.

(2) Free parking & RV storage will be available at the Hotel, and meals outside the Hotel may be enjoyed at several close restaurants.

(3) Golfing will be available at the championship Offutt Air Base Golf Course on Thursday morning beginning at 6:30 a.m. for those reserving in advance. Other golf arrangements may be made upon arrival in Omaha.

(4) The Boys Town Tour will feature a visit to Father Flanagan's Boys Town, a world famous college preparatory and technical training facility for troubled boys and girls. The Old Market Tour will feature a visit to an area started in 1880 as a fruit & vegetable market and now filled with unique specialty shops, boutiques, art galleries, pubs, restaurants, and theaters. A Combination Tour will also be available.

(5) The Hospitality/Memory Room will be located in a large area with tables and boards to permit members to exhibit any personal memorabilia they may wish to bring to the Reunion. Open bar.

(6) The Rain-forest Tour has been arranged especially for the ladies and will feature a visit to the world's largest indoor rain-forest located in the Henry Doorly Zoo. Additional visits may be made to the adjacent indoor Wild Kingdom Pavilion and Aquarium.

(7) The SAC Museum and Offutt Air Base Tour will feature a memorable visit to the Strategic Air Command Museum where you may walk through military aviation history inside and stroll outside among 31 WWII and later aircraft formerly used on SAC missions. You may also experience a dramatization of a modern-day SAC "Red Alert". You will also travel through the Offutt Air Base which houses the Strategic Air Command and is staffed by thousands of military and civilian personnel.

(8) A sit-down dinner with reserved seating will be featured Friday night followed by musical entertainment. Cash bar service will be available during the evening.

(9) The Joslyn Museum Tour especially for the ladies will feature a visit to the Joslyn Art Museum recognized for its extensive collection of western art in addition to its representative collections of ancient and contemporary paintings and sculptures.

(10) The Saturday night Banquet will be followed by big band music of the '40s performed for your listening and dancing pleasure by the midwest's popular "Resurrected Swing Big Band". Cash bar service will be available during the evening, and drawings will be conducted at intermission time.

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	EVENTS*	LOCATION
9:00a.m.-4:30p.m.	Registration	Palace Foyer
All Day	Visitor Attractions	See Listing*
THURSDAY, AUGUST 20		
10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.	Registration	Palace Foyer
10 a.m.-3:00 p.m.	Boys Town & Old Market Tours	Palace Foyer
3:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.	Hospitality/Memory Room	Palace Ballroom
8:00 p.m.-?	Cash Bar & Music	Palace Ballroom
All Day	Visitor Attractions	See Listing*
FRIDAY, AUGUST 21		
10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.	Registration	Palace Foyer
9:00 a.m.-12:00 Noon	Rain Forest Tour	Palace Foyer
10:00 a.m.-12:00 Noon	Business Meeting	Palace Ballroom
1:30 p.m.-5:00 p.m.	SAC Museum/Air Base Tour	Palace Foyer
All Afternoon	Visitor Attractions	See Listing*
3:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.	Hospitality/Memory Room	Palace Ballroom
6:00 p.m.-?	Cash Bar	Palace Ballroom
7:00 p.m.-10:00 p.m.	Dinner & Music	Palace Ballroom
SATURDAY, AUGUST 22		
10:00a.m.-12:00 Noon	Registration	Palace Foyer
9:30a.m.-12:00 Noon	Joslyn Museum Tour	Palace Foyer
10:a.m.-12:00 Noon	Business Meeting	Palace Ballroom
2:00p.m.-3:00p.m.	Memorial Service	Palace Ballroom
3:00p.m.-5:00p.m.	Hospitality/Memory Room	Palace Ballroom
4:00p.m.-5:00p.m.	Catholic Mass	Holiday "B"
6:00p.m.-?	Cash Bar	Palace Ballroom
7:00p.m.-Midnight	Banquet & Big Band Dancing	Palace Ballroom
SUNDAY, AUGUST 23		

SO LONG! SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!

- * Details on Events are shown in the Program Notes accompanying this Schedule. A listing of addresses, telephone numbers and descriptions of recommended entertainment, sports, cultural and historic facilities, shopping centers and restaurants will be provided along with a map showing all locations.

REUNION BRIEFING

This is the last THUNDERBOLT before the reunion making it necessary to inform you of some changes from information appearing in previous issues. All these changes are of minor importance and appear in the program. Inflation has taken its toll forcing us to increase our registration fees to the following:

Fri., August 21 -- \$27 ---Sat., August 22 --- \$29

For those who are driving -- leave Interstate 80 at Exit 449 (72nd St.) and proceed north, in the right lane, to Grover Street (traffic light). There is ample parking for cars and RV's at the Holiday Inn.

If you are flying use the Holiday Inn courtesy phone at Eppley airfield between the hours of 6:15 AM and 11:00 PM. Limos and vans depart every fifteen minutes from the airport.

Most activities will be located in the convention center. There you will find the Registration area: nearby an information desk staffed with our own 83rd members plus knowledgeable people from the Omaha Convention and Visitors Bureau whose sole purpose is to assist you. Tall signs will be placed throughout the convention center for all activities.

The program has been finalized and incorporates a few minor changes. Please read these changes in the another part of this issue.

If you have not made arrangements for golf I suggest you do so as soon as possible. Contact Ray Wiggins, Golf Chairman.

AUGUST 3, 1992 - a reminder to you that this is the last date for making tour reservations. We cannot assure a reservation for a tour for any order postmarked after the above date.

All of us in the Central Plains Chapter are looking forward to seeing you at the reunion.

Norb Wolke
D - 329

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 & Old Market	Aug. 20 - 10:00 a.m.	\$6.00	_____

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.

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!
- Fri. 8-21- 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 100th Terrace Road
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.

STATE OF NEBRASKA

EXECUTIVE SUITE

P.O. Box 94848
Lincoln, Nebraska 68509-4848
Phone (402) 471-2244



May 15, 1992

E. Benjamin Nelson
Governor

It is a pleasure . . .

. . . to welcome each and every one of you to "The Good Life" of Nebraska. As you meet and reminisce with your former comrades-in-arms, know that all of Nebraska thanks you for the sacrifices you made during World War II. Your contributions at Normandy and in your other encounters through the end of the war will not be forgotten.

You have my personal best wishes for an enjoyable reunion.

Sincerely,

E. Benjamin Nelson
Governor

EBN:TK:tsk



P. J. Morgan



Dear Friends:

Welcome to Omaha! The City of Omaha is pleased to be the host for the 83rd Infantry Division Association WWII reunion. I wish to extend my personal welcome to everyone who has traveled to Omaha.

I know you will enjoy your stay in Omaha. In addition to the reunion, I invite you to see the best of what our City has to offer: Boys Town, Joslyn Art Museum, the Strategic Air Command and its adjacent Museum, the Henry Doorly Zoo, the historic Old Market district, and the rest of our restaurants, shops and theaters. All provide a full array of pleasurable opportunities to enjoy during your stay in Omaha.

Omaha is a great place to live and to visit because of its people. All of us in Omaha, in the Mayor's Office, in the Chamber of Commerce, in shops and restaurants, pride ourselves on traditional Midwestern friendliness and hospitality.

Enjoy your time in Omaha. We will do all we can to make your visit a pleasant one. Best wishes to all those participating in this year's event.

Sincerely,

P.J. Morgan, Mayor
City of Omaha

COMPANIES

COMPANY "H" 329TH

The following paragraph is taken from a Bronze Star Medal citation issued from the Office of the Commanding General, 83rd Infantry Division:

AWARD OF BRONZE STAR MEDAL
First Lieutenant William Keeton, 0-1293348
Infantry, 329th Infantry, United States Army

For distinguishing himself by heroic achievement in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States on 26 July 1944 near Sainteny, France. Lieutenant Keeton's platoon of heavy machine guns, giving close support to the rifle companies, was making an attack and succeeded in driving the enemy from their positions. During a counter-attack one of the squad leaders became a casualty and due to the fierceness of enemy fire he could not be evacuated. Lieutenant Keeton and an enlisted man crawled forward under heavy machine gun fire, with utter disregard for personal safety and leadership displayed by Lieutenant Keeton merits the highest praise and is in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service. Entered military service from Florida.

The reason for publishing this was the fact that I was the enlisted man mentioned in the citation. I never received an award. I was aware that Lt. Keeton had received this award I did not pursue my end of it for various reasons. Over the years since discharge I tried to contact Bill but without success, until prior to the 1990 reunion in Pittsburgh. In fact thanks to Bill Jones who came across an old address of his. Although he had moved Jones was able to secure his address from the previous owner. Bill Keeton was contacted and attended his first reunion in Pittsburgh. Through his efforts I applied for the Bronze Star Medal immediately following the Pittsburgh reunion. On May 28 of this year I received a certificate for the medal. The medal itself will be issued shortly.

Other Co. News: I received a call from "Mouse" Farias on June 2 informing me that Bob Morman's wife, Mary Ann had passed away recently. Lt. Walter McGhee passed away in Sept. 1991 of a heart attack. Word of this also was from "Mousie." Bill Jones recently broke his left leg in three places.

"Fran" Beerhalter

COMPANY "A" 329TH

I had a pleasant surprise the other day. The telephone rang and who should be at the other end but Jim Kinzie, from Springfield, Missouri. Jim, "Big Jim", Kinzie came to us after the hedgerows in France. One look at him, (he tells me), and I gave him a B.A.R. and he handled it well to the end of the war. "Big Jim" lost his wife, remarried and is retired from a publishing company where he was in sales. He made Supply Sgt. at Lalling, Germany. Jim said he will see us in Omaha.

Earl Deisher's daughter, Sue, called and said her dad was in the hospital going through some tests. Later, Earl called and said he had a hiatal hernia, was on medication, and felt some better. Get better Earl - see you at the next meeting!

George Calore, our "Ole Mess Sgt.", "Twinkle Toes George", as he is called in the Cleveland area, (he and his wife, Martha, are quite the dancers), received some bad news from Ambrose L. Tynan. Amby sent him a notice that Nazerend Gentile died April 20. Our condolences to the Gentile family.

Also, we were saddened to hear that William G. Blackwell and Burton E. Cass passed away. Our condolences to the Blackwell and Cass families.

Some happy news and some sad news, but that's the way it goes, fellows. I haven't heard from anyone else, so keep smiling and stay healthy and God Bless.

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

COMPANY "D" 330TH

HELLO BUDDIES:

Here comes that Man once again. No. I am not asking for money from you, it is that time once again to have Co. "D" remembered in the "THUNDERBOLT". As we look at the calendar we can't help but notice that in a few short months it will be time for another great Reunion. The Central Plains Chapter is very hard at work trying to make this a Reunion to long remember, so I ask those of you who can possibly make it to try and be there.

There are times when I feel almost like a Preacher instead of a Member of one of the greatest Division Associations that ever existed. I keep trying to instill into your minds what a great Association we have and of the great work our Men have done to try to make it the greatest. Like History teaches us of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, so goes the 83rd. We started off about 46 years ago and after a brief struggle to get our feet on the ground, we like the Roman Empire fell, but unlike History, we had some dedicated Men who stepped in and brought our Association back to life. After that, through the hard work of certain Men we started to rise once again and today we have the greatest association in the country.

Enough of my preaching for now. I would at this time offer my sincere thanks to those of you in Co. "D" who entrusted me with the job of keeping the name Co. "D" alive in our Reunion Ad Book.

There were times this year I was ready to just cast it aside, but thanks to a few proud Members of Co. "D" offered extra financial help to make this page possible. I think that I have notified just about all of you, that one of your Company Commanders, Capt. Eugene Fritts is seriously ill. Knowing Gene Fritts as I did, he was a fine soldier and is a perfect gentleman.

Your Buddy
Larry Redmond

COMPANY "H" 330TH

HELLO BUDDIES:

Here I am once again sitting here writing to you the Men from Co. "H" with whom I served during World War II. There were times when I wasn't the most popular Sergeant in the Company, when I sat in the Orderly Room on Weekends handing out the passes and you weren't among the Men to receive them. Instead of a Pass, you received an assignment to K.P. or Guard Duty or some other nasty detail.

In Company "H" we had one of the most close knit Units in the Division. We were Blessed with one of the finest Company Commanders that any Company had. Under him, we had some of the greatest Lieutenants and last but not least a terrific staff of Non-Coms. We were more like a large family than a group of soldiers. Every man in the Company was ready to help his buddy. I don't ever remember a cross word being exchanged between the men.

Upon our arrival at Camp Atterbury, we were met by a group of soldiers who were the Cadre of trained men that were there to help train us. Within our particularly Company, we had one of the greatest Cadres of all. Unfortunately we had one man that was not the greatest, he was our First Sergeant. We suffered with him for a while and finally he was transferred and one of our Platoon Sergeants was made First Sergeant.

Over the years I have had the great pleasure of meeting several of our Company "H" men and sincerely hope that there are a few more of you I can meet. While I am at it, I want to thank those of you who have helped me with the Co. "H" Page in the Reunion Ad Book. The returns were good, I am only sorry that there weren't a few more that could have helped us out.

At the present time we have some of our Co. "H" men who are seriously ill. Some of them are Lt. Quinn, Bob Stulley, Eldon McGinnis, Leroy Swank, just to name a few. If you know of any more men that are sick, please let me know so that I can try to inform some of the other men. I only wish that more men from Co. "H" were National members of our great Association so that they could receive this News Bulletin. There are a lot of men I have never been able to locate or contact, if you have any names and addresses, please send them to me. As long as I live and am able to write, I will continue to try and keep Co. "H" men informed of any news that I learn.

Well Buddies, as the year draws to a close, I would like to let you know what a pleasure it has been over the years, having been associated with some of the finest men that ever wore the uniform of the United States Army. May GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

Your buddy
Larry Redmond

P.S. I just recently learned that Eugene Fritts, who was one of the first Lieutenants to serve in Co. "H", and later left us to become Company Commander of Co. "D" is seriously ill. He has Parkinsons Disease. He was a very fine Officer and Gentleman.

P.S. Just received word of the death of Lieut. John Cooper, he died January 12, 1992.



783rd ORDNANCE

Are you at that age where you scare yourself? Forget the mirror, I'm talking about trying to remember. As I start to write this column I get the feeling that something is wrong. First, I'm on time for the June 4th deadline, but I haven't the April issue of the Thunderbolt. Does anyone remember who I flattered or insulted? Good, then I can start with duck hook Barbara and bow legged Bryars. I really don't have anything good to say about them because they haven't annoyed me lately.

That short space of time between April and now doesn't leave much time for hunting up gossip on you guys but here is what I have. George Harris who was 82 in March is doing quite well for himself. He is maintaining his home and large lot. To help solve his friendship problem George decided to take the mug by the handle. He made quite a few visits to two Veteran Posts to share a few rounds with old friends. Sad to say, they must be pushing up daisy's, because he didn't find any. He did meet a few friends who just happened to be girls and he has completed a few bus trips to dinner theaters with them. George did state the shows were not his cup of tea. I forgot to ask him about the friends who were girls.

The one sad note of the month is Tom Riley. Tom has had two strokes. The first one came at their Christmas dinner last year. He has been in the hospital ever since. There are times when he is quite aware and I'm sure he would appreciate a card from some of you who were close to him. Tom is 72 and was in great health having retired two years ago. The Rileys have no children. Tom's address is 18 Shirley Rd. Groton, Mass. 01432. Phone 508-772-2075.

Steve Blasko is doing quite well for himself. He is working in the backyard and enjoying living next to his son. He is also driving in the day again. Steve and Gert miss the reunions which is apparent by all the questions they asked about all of you. (Even the golf that Phil and Paul brag about) Steve still has his good sense of humor. He made me laugh when he asked about, "my old boss, Lt. Brown, by now I guess he's rather fat."

Of course I informed Steve that Joe was still a perfect 36 by 24. Naturally I had to squeal on Steve. I immediately called Joe Brown to find his true playing weight. Like a true 2nd Lt. he told me my question was out of order. But, he quickly told me, after a six month layoff, he was again shooting in the eighty's. It also sounded like he was butting Phil and Paul at the end of the golf line.

Joe at 75, please note that unlike the girls us fellows are proud of our age and some of our measurements, is truly enjoying every phase of his life. Except for a few neck spurs Joe's health has been good. Like the rest of us he is enjoying his grandchildren between visits to Spain and one coming up to Cairo, Egypt. Joe is not all fun and games by any means. He puts in many hours on the board of directors of the national organization of "Crimestoppers." Most large cities have incorporated this program in their evening news broadcast. They offer rewards to the public to turn in information on fugitives. It is a successful worthy cause.

The other, younger, of the 2nd Louies, Ivan Gilman is still as brash with me as ever. I'll have to get a page from Arthur Doggett's book. He and Pat recently returned from a good but rainy Mexico tour which was extended to take in all the great sights of the canyons and mountains of the west. As for his health, after Pat got out of ear shot, he said, "Other than my dishpan hands and housemaids knees I could not feel better." To prove his point he went on in infinite detail to describe how he was forming, and

directing, the family 4th of July reunion to be held at the Gilmans High Siera cabin. Using his Tennessee maneuver experience Ivan is directing a "Murder Mystery Weekend". You can guess who will play the part of the English Lieutenant.

Jim Jones called last week to chat and inquire about who is all going to the reunion. It gets harder each year to guess attendance. It sounds like a number of the guys still hate the August reunion dates but they say the warm days will also bring out the best in Mimi Wiggins. On the other hand Jim Jones has been busy making grape arbors for the neighborhood. I did ask about the famous, yet to be released, video of the 783rd from the last reunion. Jim said he would get working on it as soon as he worked out some technical production problems. He also wants to add some new faces at this reunion. Just be patient he is still too big to mess with.

The Pfeifers, Frederick's and Doggett's are all doing A-ok. Millie even hinted they haven't made up their mind on the reunion. Boy, that would seem like old times. And to any others that might be on the edge of coming to the reunion, it's getting later than we want to think. Enjoy each month, each week to the fullest of your wallet.

Phil Barbara left me with this Southern Baptist joke so I in turn will leave it with you. If you are an American when you go into the bathroom and an American when you come out what are you while your in there? This is an international joke and I hate those newspapers that tell you the answer will be published next week. The answer is so obvious even Reese Phillips got it. (European). Take care, we hope to see you in Omaha.

Hut Two,
Rags Rangnow

Ray Wiggins insisted on this P.S. - "If you stay home from the Omaha reunion it's a syne your getting auld."

329 "B" BAG

Since I haven't heard from anyone for quite awhile, I guess no news is good news. Jiggs Janke called and said he was saving some wood for me so that I can do some wood carving. Thanks Jiggs.

While driving to the parade on Memorial Day, I stopped at the church to say some prayers. I suddenly recalled a great gang of guys we went overseas with and they didn't make it back home. Some like Capt. Shelton, Lt. Phelps, Sgts. Trevillian, Reichle, Kirminas, Companatta, who had 132 pts. when K.I.A. Liggett, and Helton, P.F.C. Mims, E. Williams, Farrell, McVey, Griggs, Barton, Dominick, Sehen, Beck, Burns, Campbell, Farese, Ford, Coggin, Legg, Mays, Meehling, Grant, Holland, Tusani, who was next to me in the Hurtgen Forest and was shot in the throat. Chertis Kay, who was born in Czechoslovakia and wanted to see it again, and never made it, finally Houseneck. They were all great soldiers. These are the ones I remembered and knew. There are many more who I forgot. Plus the ones who were hit and never returned. God Bless them all.

I'm sorry to report that my wife and I will not be in Omaha for the reunion. Have a good time and have a couple of cold ones on us. Let me know who was there and what happened. However we will be at Atterbury for the dedication. Drop in for a visit and a couple of short ones.

A "B" Co short story. When we were in the hedge rows. Sgt. Ted Unipan was shot in the lower groin area. As he laid on the litter he asked the medic "Will I be of any use to my wife", The medic nodded and said yes. Ted told the medic "Get me out of here," I didn't see him until the reunions in Atlantic City. He said the medic told the truth.

If you see someone without a smile, give them yours.

Bob Uhler
(216) 885-1152

COMPANY "G" 331ST

Took a look at the calendar and found out that another deadline for the Thunderbolt has arrived. As always time and tide wait for no man.

I haven't had much success in reaching the men listed on the roster for the 2nd platoon that Ivan Yoder furnished a few months ago, I was in Opelousas a few weeks ago, trying to find Joseph Richard. Went to the Court House and checked all Joseph Richard's in the Parish. The only possibility was not to encouraging, because I was informed that the Joseph Richard had passed away last October. Most of the letters were returned to me. I will keep trying I had hoped to located the Medic for the platoon Olei Hawkings, I have a location of Louisville, KY, but no home address.

The response to my newsletter has been good, I have heard from about 20 of the men.

The Pittsburgh Trio seems to be in good shape, Constanzo, Suess and Walsh.

Everett Singleton informs me that Jim Porter is in and out of the Hospital with a heart problem. Singleton seems to be ok, but like most of us has a little problem with Arthritis.

Joe Phillipone seems to be doing much better with the heart, but has some trouble with his eyes. He and Angie had a chance to visit with Troy Mayse, in North Caroline. Little Joe is doing fine, and is still able to work. He informed me that Edgar Perry now has a pacemaker. Kermit Ralston is working at his same job after many, many years, His wife says he does not want to quit. He find time to attend the Indy 500 each Memorial Day.

John Rung is still up and at them these days. Bob Goldstein is now getting older like the rest of us.

Casel Bush is enjoying good health, he had a called from Harold Ladley who seems to be having eye trouble.

Leroy Titus wrote to say that most of the Warren Ohio group in under some kind of Doctor's care.

Kenny Baird plans on being in Omaha along with Donald Osborn one of the men on the Second Platoon Roster.

Joe Phillipone has plans to go to Omaha, Joe if you fly into the reunion, don't worry about transportation, I hope to drive there and will arrive on Wednesday.

I was filled with a lot of pride in the month of May. My Graduation Class of 1942 celebrated our golden anniversary from Louisiana State University. We had two days of reunion with our old class mates. But like our 83rd reunions, there were far to many missing that were killed during World War II. It was also 50 years ago that I received my Commission as a 2nd Lt. I really didn't think that I would make it after what we went through in World War II.

We can feel very fortunate that we were able to survive the great ordeals that a war can bring about.

Looking forward to see some of the men in Omaha, and if not this year, maybe some of you can plan for 1993 in Florida.

Capt. Mac

COMPANY "F" 329TH

Dear Bob,

Before getting on with the "F" Co. report for the next Thunderbolt we just want you to know how much we appreciate the direction and assistance you give the Association and to us as individual members. The Thunderbolt is always Great!, enjoyed by all. No. 47-3 was no-exception and I personally am looking forward to the continuation of Operation, Operation by Richard Dickson.



Adventure '92 Punta Gorda, Florida, February 1992 - Missing Bill Ferguson, Bill & Lois Meyerhoeffer, Fred J & Betty Senatari

Before heading North Lavona and I went up to Arcadia, Fl. April 11th to Betty & Fred J. Senatari's winter place and enjoyed the day with them. Arline & Bill Nickell from Port Charlotte Fl. were to have met us there, however they were not able to make it as Monday April 6th Arline had a tumor (benign) removed from her neck. Since being home we have checked with Arline by phone and she says everything is fine.

Doc Keith call May 11th from Cincinnati, OH. He & DeLoris were there because of the condition of his sister living there who is terminally ill with cancer. We arranged for Lavona & I to meet at Ado Langenkamps' near North Star, OH. on the 13th. We were sorry not to get to be with DeLoris this time, since she was going to stay with her sister in law, which we understood and felt was very nice of her. Lang some of you will recall was with us in Atterbury, he was one terrific combat leader (Platoon Sgt.), of course at times being without an Officer as many of you know. The last time I had remembered seeing him was in Luxemburg as he was wounded and evacuated while we were there, even though he did say he was returned to the Co. later. We enjoyed meeting his lovely wife Marie, also his family of 4 boys, 3 girls via a large beautiful picture in their home. Marie fixed us a delightful meal which we thoroughly enjoyed. The meal brought up the question as to how Lang eating those kinds of meals day after day can still wear his old uniform, he says he can and we believe it. It was really good to find both looking so Great!

The traveling trio left Langenkamps' early afternoon the 13th headed for John & Marie Crabtree's at Fostoria, OH. Marie was expecting us so after a few minutes of greetings we all sat down to another of her delicious meals. It was Great! to find John looking good. The Crabtree's have recently acquired, (some of us think stolen, because of the price they got it for), a fantastically beautiful customized raised dome van. The exterior is striking, interior is plushly upholstered with 4 captains seats (electric drives Maries' seat), plus everything else but the proverbial kitchen sink,

you really have to see it to really appreciate it. In addition it has an electrically operated rear bench seat that reclines into a bed, making it such a terrific vehicle for them to have considering John's physical condition. As some of you may not know John has Parkinson's making it hard for him to move around sometimes and is tiring. This superbly equipped van offers so many options for them to enjoy, which is just wonderful. We wish them happy travels.

Just had a call from Bill Ferguson, he and Margaret had just returned from spending a couple weeks on Waikiki Beach, Hawaii just living it up. While there he probably had to increase the Zinc for his eyes!

As this year's chairman of "F" Company's Search Committee Doc Keith, with the help of Bill Ferguson have been working hard to locate former buddies and in the requesting of dollars for the Reunion Ad Book. While in Cin. OH. Doc located and talked with Richard C Becker our Company Clerk who started as some of us did in Atterbury. Wire interested in Dick and hope he will become interested in us, as we do others on our mailing list and perhaps become members of the Division Association, after all that is our ultimate objective and is the organization that binds us together. Dick's address is 523 Dimmick Ave., Cincinnati, OH. 45246. Come on buddies drop Lang, John, Dick and others a line, help our mission. Doc mentioned other members of the committee have been contributing leads which are being followed up. Our buddies have responded well to the request for Ad \$, as a result we will have some support for the 46th Reunion, and expect a good contingent of men and women in attendance, which will probably be history by the time you read this. Keep in touch.

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

323rd Report

Rev. Richard McCouch, S.J. was made a Deacon in St. Ignatious Church at Boston College. The McCouch Family came from the Phillie area. (I believe 30 of them.) It was a wonderful event and I would like to thank Richard for inviting Nancy and myself. Next year Rev. Richard McCouch will continue his studies in Ireland.

I had a call from Eddie McCouch saying that he was out in Minnesota to a Railroad Convention. He is trying to locate Forrest Norris for me. I lost contact with Norris in Chicago, Ill.

Thanks to Erwin Erhardt, Willie Snodgrass and George Connor for their donation towards the 323rd Hq Memorial Page in the Ad Book.

It was a poor showing this year. I will add the rest myself as most of you forgot to send it. I certainly miss Col. Ralph Morgan on this matter. Maybe a few are late sending donations or it could be no one reads my reports. Huh!

George Polites' daughter called while I was down in New Jersey to the Chapter Dinner in Fort Monmouth. I will return her call and try to set up a time to meet with Gloria and her Mother in Drahut, Ma.

I noted Dom and Amy Christopher are feeding the Cleveland Chapter with Pizza that's wonderful. Tony Piantedosi is still keep-

ing us on meatballs. I just talked to Lois Shaner on the phone. She is back on the road of recovery after being sick. She will be getting a new contract from the Altoona Bowling League with more money. Ha! Ha!

Don St. John is still enjoying smoking his cigars and watching T.V. sports. He gets to keep up with the Boston Red Sox which is good for him.

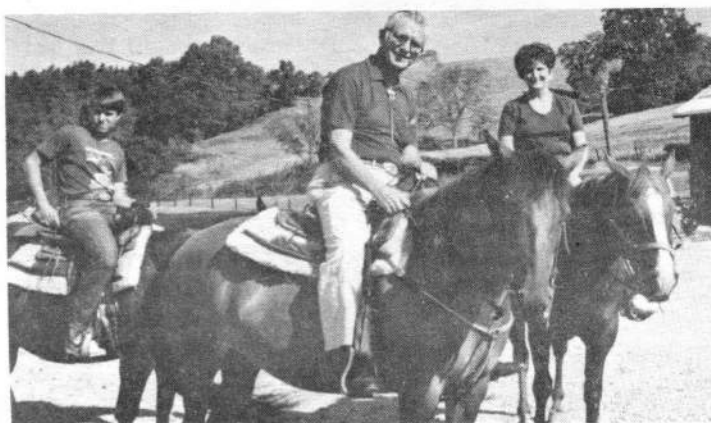
In Williamsburg, Va. I came across a classmate of the late Walter Dryberg from Brownsville, Pa. He also knew the family. I enjoyed talking to him about Walter.

Pete Weltevrede got his big check from his tax return. Also from his land up North. Next thing he will be looking for George Bush's Office. Huh! Frank Wirth is taking care of things in the Washington D.C. area. His wife Eleanor is telling him to practice what he preaches on the stairs at home so he does not fall again.

Erwin Erhardt is still making the Cincinnati Reds games, so he is well and happy. Maybe some of his buddies will see him at Atterbury. I don't think that I will be able to make it to Atterbury.

That's all for now. Hope to see you all in Omaha, Ne.

Amby Tynan
323rd F.A.



Norma and Erwin Erhardt rides again!



Lois Shaner and Nancy Tynan.

LETTERS

HELLO BUDDIES:

The time has come once again to get ready to ring out another great year in the history of the 83rd Infantry Division Assn. As we look at the calendar, we can't help but see that in a few short months we will have reached 46 years since the formation of this great Association.

Many of us have been members since the first day of its inception. Others have joined us along the way. To those of us who have been a member since the first day of its inception. Others have joined us along the way. To those of us who have been a member since that first day that a few of our fine men who served with the 83rd Infantry Division in World War II, sat down and drew up the plans to start this Association.

Since that day, a lot of things have happened. We have had some of the finest Reunions that any organization could ever have. Along the way, we have had some trials and tribulations, once we almost became a thing of the past due to a misfortune that we had, and we arose from the ashes and have carried on since.

The success of this Association was not brought about by just a few great Men, but was made possible by everyone such as you and I, its members. Granted we have been lucky over the years to have the great Leadership that we have had. We have been blessed with some of the best men in the Association elected to the position of National President, we have had men of the highest calibre to be able to accept the position of Secretary-Treasurer and last but not least, we have had very competent men to serve on the Executive Board. Putting together such men as these has made the 83rd Infantry Division Association the great Organization that it is.

As we sit here each day, we can't help but see Father Time standing there with that Hour Glass in his hand, and watch the sands of Time passing through and piling up. So it is with the every growing list of our deceased Buddies. With each issue of the "THUNDERBOLT", that list continues to grow and grow. This is one of the reasons we ask each and everyone of you who has never had the pleasure of attending a reunion to try and make at least one of them and meet that long lost Buddy.

Until you have attended a reunion, you will never quite know the feeling that it is to see John Smith, whom you haven't seen since you left Camp Breckenridge or in Germany or France many, many years ago. Or have the chance to sit and talk with John Brown, whom you last saw when the medics carried him off the field in combat. Remember men, that hour glass is still running, don't wait for that last sand to pass through.

As a past National President, past Secretary-Treasurer and Past Member of the Executive Board, I would like to extend a sincere Thank You to all of you who have helped make this Association possible. I also wish to extend a special Thanks to those of you who so generously contribute to our Ad Book for the reunions which helps to much to make a successful reunion. The word thanks if a small word with a terrific meaning.

Your Buddy
Larry Redmond

Underage Veterans Sought

The Veterans of Underage Military Service is trying to contact all veterans who served in the U.S. Military for any length of time under the age of 17. A reunion will be held in Las Vegas in October. Contact Allan C. Stover, 3444 Walker Drive, Ellicott City, MD 21042.

Mr. Robert Derickson,

Reference is made to page 7 Spring 1992 issue of The "Thunderbolt" publication. The photo of Col. York and an "a unknown Lt. Col" really is Col. York and Lt. Col. Henry Neilson who was commanding officer 1st BN. 331st Inf. I served as an officer for several years in 1st BN and for a long time with Col. Neilson. I can assure you this "unknown officer was Col. Neilson."

Sincerely
Howard Hambrock
(also now a retired Lt. Col.)

Dear Bob:

Would you please put this in the next issue of Thunderbolt.

Company "M" 330 Infantry Mini-Reunion

Company "M" 330th Inf. held its annual mini-reunion at the residence of Frank and Bunny Ashie in Bradenton, Fl. on Mar. 10. We had lunch and visited with each other and then at 6:00 went to Stacey's Buffet and had dinner together. A moment of silent prayer was held for Lee Osmon who had just passed away.

Those attending were: Rubin and Joan jWatford, Carl Dreon, Mert and Jeanne Johnston, Norman and Clara Ream, Harold and Winnie Molter, Carlton Ely, Walter and Edith Wheeler, Frank and Bunny Ashie, Russell and Jennie Antt, Ed and Delana Etter, Les and Martha Hand, William and Juanita Robbins.

Leo K. Hand
Co. M. 330th Inf.
1700 S. Hwy. 57
Washington, Ind. 47501

While at the reunion at the Pines I met a buddy, Raphael Galzerano, for the first time since we parted in Luxemburg. It was the first time he met an old buddy and the first time for me. We were both machine gunners in Co. D 329. We both belong to the Boston Chapter.

Dominick Varrone



Houffalize, April 20th, 1992

Dear Sir,

We have the pleasure to invite you to the ceremonies of the 48th anniversary of the liberation of the town of Houffalize (Belgium) on 16 January 1993.

Please fill in the included form (print letters) and send it as soon as possible but anyway before 10 December 1992.

We would also like to announce the commemoration of the 50th anniversary that will take place on the 3rd weekend of September 1994. (Note the date!) You'll receive the programme before March 1993. May we ask you to share this information with the members of your Veterans' Association.

We are looking forward to seeing you in Houffalize.

I received this letter in the mail from these people in Houffalize, Belgium. I visited them several years ago when I traveled in Europe.

Perhaps you might want to mention this in the 83rd paper, etc. and include this in your report at the convention.

Thank you.

Emanuel Lamb
333 East Broadway
Long Beach, N.Y. 11561
(H Co. 331 st)



Anthony Torrieri (914 237-5850)
8 Hyatt Ave.
Yonkers N.Y. 10704

April 9, 1992

Dear Mr. Derickson,

I would like you to know how much I appreciate and enjoy receiving the "Thunderbolt". I thank you so much.

Enclosed find check for \$20.00 for 1992-93. Also a picture of me. I joined the 83rd as a replacement in the "Ardennes". Served as a rifleman: Battle of Bulge, Rhineland and Central Europe. Awarded: Three Battle Stars, Marksmanship Medal, Expert Combat Infantry Badge and 3 overseas Service Bars.

I would like you to see if you can find some space to put it in some future issue of the Thunderbolt. Thank You so much

Your Buddy
Anthony Torrieri
331st Reg.



Dear Bob:

I am enclosing two pictures - one of today and one 50 yrs. ago. We almost didn't celebrate our 50th as I had a heart attack on Easter Sunday. I was very lucky to get to the hospital in time and am now recovering very well.

Lee M. Hetrick
Cannon Co., 331st

Lee and Dorothy (Fuller) Hetrick, 44-year Ferndale resident, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a dinner at the Stephenson Haus in Hazel Park, hosted by their family.

The Hetricks were married May 15, 1942, in Zion Lutheran Church, Ferndale, and are still members.

The couple has three sons - Jeffery (Sharon) of Holt, Richard (Mary) of Royal Oak, and Lee W. (Dawn) of Charlotte - and seven grandchildren.

He retired from Burroughs after 42 years of service. She is retired from Michigan Bell and Republic Steel.

THE FIRST DAY

There is a permanent change that comes over a person when infantry combat is experienced for the first time. It may be the same kind of change for those in sea or air combat; I have no way of knowing. What I do know, as most of you do, is that though the change can be physical for those with wounds, everyone experiences psychological change that can last, in varying degrees, a lifetime. One's knowledge of fear, of man's inhumanity, of the absurdity of war; one's reaction to danger, disasters or simply a low-flying aircraft; one's slight nervousness in crossing an open field; the knowledge that never again will the sound of an explosion or gunshot be a neutral sound...it will never fail to trigger the feel or sound of the battlefield.

Most of these emotions and physical phenomena sooner or later fade with time in varying degrees with the individual. Some of them vanish. But one thing remains: a wound to the psyche or the soul that the intellect will never be able to evade.

I have never looked upon a dead body, pictured or real, no matter how misshapen or deformed, with the same emotional reaction as before that first day of combat.

That day for the 83rd was the fourth of July, 1944. When the orders revealed that date for a major attack by a green division, the reaction among many was, "How could anyone be so stupid?" or "This must be the idea of some guy who was last in his class at West Point." Did they really think the enemy was unaware of what the Fourth meant to Americans? We were all taught that the prized element in any attack was surprise. Did they really believe the other side wouldn't be at least cautiously alert? They were, of course, very alert.

One single day in most human experience lasts twenty-four hours. The "longest day" had already occurred on the Normandy beaches. But this was to be the Eighty-third's longest day as it was for adjacent units; just as the first day for all the future reinforcements would be. This kind of day can last for much longer than twenty-four hours...forty-eight hours...seventy-two hours...perhaps even three or four calendar days. Time runs into more time; night becomes day and day becomes a riotous confusion of fear and pain and death.

The preparatory barrage from our artillery that morning was awesome: thousands of shells raking the enemy's rear elements, coming closer with each minute, moving in to just beyond the American front line, then lifting a bit and moving away from us as the hour of attack occurred. There would never be such an Independence Day again. At 8:00 A.M. the covering fire began and the infantryman rose to his feet, crawled over the hedgerow and moved out to what has often been described as oblivion or glory. It was neither.

A friend of mine described what he saw as his unit moved up to relieve the 331st that had led the attack on the western flank. When had they jumped off?...who bothers to remember? On the narrow rural road marching toward him were two columns of tired GI's, bent somewhat, a foot or two dragging here or there but still and all, most of them walking as any young man in good physical condition might walk. But one thing was very different: their eyes; wide open staring eyes; round balls etched with the gray shadow of shock, fright, terror and various levels of fear. They had joined an exclusive club. They had discovered what an extremely small percentage of all the eleven millions in the American Forces in five years of war had discovered; that close-in infantry combat against a strong enemy is an activity so savage, so cruel, so vicious, so perverse and degenerate as to defy the logic of its invention by an otherwise rational human mind.

The eyes of those men witnessed by my friend that day were the eyes we saw in the thousands of camp inmates the Allied Forces later liberated in Germany; they were the eyes captured by the camera of Robert Capa on many American battlefields.

It has been said that combat, once experienced, will insure no more surprises for the soldier. In a way, that's true, but no veteran ever loses at least part of the fear and the terror of that first day; it is repeated over and over again. Yet, with the training, the discipline, the actual combat experience, the infantryman eventually becomes inured to much of it, as one body begins to look like any other.

On that first day for the 83rd a platoon leader and sergeant were reconnoitering for defensive gun positions. As they moved forward into that area between the thin front line and the rear elements, into that narrow void that for various reasons has been described as the loneliest and most dangerous place on earth, a place subject to constant interdiction by enemy artillery, they realized as they performed a bizarre dance of running and falling while the 88 mm rounds screamed in, that they were following a procedure they had learned in training but which seemed in actuality the acting out of a role in a John Wayne war movie. They lay there on the ground, listening to the whistling shells, nervously

laughing at the absurdity of it. Neither had yet experienced real combat and their amusement would soon disappear.

As they entered a cow path between hedgerows, they saw a body ahead lying in a ditch. Closer in they heard moans and discovered a man in the fetal position begging for water. A canteen was offered and he drank deeply. Are you all right? Yes. Are you wounded? No. His eyes were the same as those observed when the 331st was relieved. Can we help you in any way? Get me a medic. He was an officer and he was aware of what had happened. Battle Fatigue respected no rank. He was wounded as surely as if he had taken a bullet or piece of shrapnel. It can happen in the first hour of the first day or the forty-eighth hour or the 175th day. The published history of the 329th Infantry claims contact with the enemy for 233 days. The 330th and the 331st had, I believe, longer contact. The division as a unit is credited with 270 days. Some experts claim the absolute limit of endurance in Infantry combat is 200 days.

For this officer it happened on the first day. He was no different from the young private in Company B who began screaming and wildly gesticulating as the battle wore on. He was led by a medic out of the platoon line, past many of the men who had trained with him for months. He was incoherent, babbling nonsense, limping and sometimes falling. Not one soldier berated him or even commented on his condition; by this time they understood what can happen to human beings under incredible stress. They pitied him and, in a weird way, some may have envied him; not for his disability, but rather his departure.

The other side of this coin was the man who shot himself in the foot, claiming it was an accident. Months later, from the States, he sent a request to the company commander, who was at that time in Germany, that he be awarded the purple heart.

As the young officer and sergeant reached the front fire-line on that first day, stretcher bearers crossed their path carrying a man who was, as calmly as possible in those circumstances, smoking a cigarette held in his left hand. His right arm, if you could call it that, was dangling from the stretcher, the forearm hanging by one tendon, the hand dragging on the ground. He survived.

Later that hot day in July, a company commander with helmet clutched under his arm, an excellent but frustrated leader, was observed wandering behind a hedgerow muttering, "Who are those people over there and what are they doing?" Hedgerow country was the nemesis of any tactician. The Germans took every advantage of it and the American Infantry was not prepared for it. The basics and many more sophisticated techniques were learned in training at Breckinridge and Atterbury. Many were useful, but largely ineffective in this terrain. Marching fire was taught in England. It was useless in Normandy. It is understandable that the Captain was baffled. He was wounded later in the day, and did not survive.

How many people in the world have tried to sleep in a cold wet hole in the ground while listening to the wails of a wounded colleague lying helpless in the physical void between us and them, all the while wondering whether it might really be an enemy soldier faking us out of the hole to aid our "American" colleague and instead receive a bullet?

I have listed here only a few of the many tales any veteran can relate in an effort to describe the nature of Infantry combat. But, as with the experience of a hurricane or an earthquake, even those much more eloquent than I cannot possibly convey what it is really like. That's too bad. If we could, perhaps there would be many fewer wars.

Most of you have probably seen one or another film version of Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth, and you may remember the speech given by King Henry to his troops on the eve of the battle at Agincourt in Normandy almost 600 years ago when the British

wrested the area from the French, just as the Normans did exactly 400 years before that. In a speech to his tired troops, a pep talk really, he says, "And gentlemen in England now a-bed, shall think themselves accursed they were not here." I think most of those gentlemen in England would be happy to be right where they were if they knew what was going on in Normandy on that rainy day in the 15th Century. Later, of course, their reactions might take on a different tone. Such romantic palaver, though exciting and emotionally appropriate in the theatre, cuts not one piece of ice with those who have been there and back. And yet, adrenalin is as necessary to the battle as to the playing fields. And we honor our dead as the English and Normans did hundreds of years ago, with the perhaps selfish, but no less certain, knowledge that our efforts surely were more justified than theirs. And, oh yes...there were probably no hedgerows in those days.

In 1962, I visited Normandy with my wife, as many of you have probably done. We drove and walked through many of the towns, the farm lands, down the lanes and paths between the hedgerows. It was reassuring, amidst the unkind memories, that this land was now a free land with free people. In the American cemetery near Omaha Beach we saw headstones of men from the 83rd. Eighteen years later it seemed unreal. But it was very real that these young men, some killed on that first day, never lived to experience the happiness of marriage, a productive job, college, children, a profession, a house or a farm they could own, a world they could enjoy, a life they could call their own.

If we meditate on this for more than a few moments, we will better understand how much they sacrificed. They were heroes and must never be forgotten.

Now, with all the misery a part of history, we the survivors can enjoy the pleasure of joining together to renew old friendships, to remember those who could not be here and to realize how much we owe to them and how much the world owes to the American presence on those fields forty-eight years ago this summer. The war we fought then was different from any war the United States has fought since. But the veterans are the same. They all had their first day.

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

Henry V

Since most of us are near our seventies, or are passing through them or have passed through them, it might be appropriate to ponder some words written, I believe, by Olive Higgins Prouty, although I have not been able to confirm that. This poem must have been written forty or fifty years ago. It appears here with one slight edit.

AFTER SEVENTY

Pamper the body,
Prod the soul;
Accept limitations
But play a role.

Withdraw from the front
But stay in the fight;
Avoid isolation,
Keep in sight.

Except to a grandchild
Do not reminisce,
But memoirs of warfare
Would not be amiss.

To forget proper names,
Be reconciled.
Beware of loquacity,
Be crisp and precise
And regard self-pity
As a cardinal vice.

Dan O'Connor
Anti-tank, 1st BN. 329th Inf.

OPERATION, OPERATION
by Richard Dickson "B" Co 329th
(Continued from Spring Issue)

CHAPTER III

One morning Lt. Davis stopped by and asked me if I'd like to go home for a month. There was nothing more to do for the leg, only let it heal over and it will happen just as well at home. I could hardly believe he was serious until two days later I was in the Atlanta train station, on crutches, looking for the Washington D.C. train. The train platforms were three steps down from the main lobby and in my haste I swung out with my straight leg first, but somehow in mid-air I managed to put my good foot down first and avoid spinning to a crash on my cast. The real world always was full of sudden surprises so I had to look alive again. I managed the train steps before a conductor reached me. He asked for my ticket and led me to a strange looking car. It had two rows of red plush arm chairs on posts. The first parlor I had ever seen. I'm not going to like the isolation, but when I found the chairs swivelled completely around with plenty of room for my straight leg, I jumped for joy. Could the hospital have planned it this way?

The month had gone quickly. It was early March. On the train going back I was thinking that in a couple months the leg bone would harden enough to get rid of the cast and maybe in six months I'd be back on light duty or even discharged. When I reported to the ward office the nurse told me to have the cast removed by the next morning. The cutters were extremely busy and asked if I wanted to cut the cast myself. He showed me how to wet a strip on each side to soften the plaster and make a v-cut with a hooked knife. When the knife pulls on the cotton lining the cut is deep enough. Simple when you know how. I showed a couple other guys with two hands, then went back to the ward. Lt. Davis was there and wanted to know how I got thru the line so fast. When I explained he asked if I would do two others he needed for tomorrow. Sure, why not? He untied my cast to examine my leg, and removed a vasoline coated gauze from the hole which kept the skin from closing over, and said tomorrow we'll dew the whole thing together so it can heal over. We got to talking about where he lived and the school he went to. He grew up in Maine and went to med school in Boston, earning his tuition driving a bulldozer during the summer. We were both twenty-four, and I couldn't imagine how he accomplished so much so young.

Recovery the next day was a little rough. Besides the foggy head and the wet log again, I was shivering cold. The leg hurt and the lower tract pressure was unbearable. I had hardly stirred when a nurse was right there, and had me comfortable shortly, then my bed was pushed into a warmer recovery ward. Next morning I was back on the old ward. Again penicillin shots, but only two. The case dried out and I was out of bed sooner, and now and then I was given a cast cutting job. There was a new guy on the ward from up-state New York near Buffalo where he cartooned for a newspaper. For practice he would sketch anyone on the ward and add a war scene in the background. They were so good everyone offered to pay him, but he would never accept anything.

I had been putting in a lot of bed time since the operation due to the tenderness. The blood and other fluids seeped thru the cast and was becoming a bit strong so I stuck the cast out the window next to my bed and lowered the window on the cast. I was in this position, reading a newspaper when Kunkel, a buddy from Ohio, tickled me in the ribs, causing me to bring my good leg up under his chin. He was a bit dazed, and when he opened his mouth six teeth spilled out on the bed. I was horror struck, but he smiled and said forget it, I'll get a new set. He had just come from the dentist. That set didn't last an hour. We laughed about it later, but he always kept a respectable distance between us.

One afternoon I rolled my wheelchair to the end of the ward to watch a card game in progress. These guys were real pros so I sat back to learn.

After awhile I noticed the hand of one player was turning yellow and green with some purple added. I scooted to the office and got Miss Moore. With out a word she put his cards on the table and marched him out. Later she told us gangrene was setting in, but it was caught in time. He would be alright.

The cast was getting more putrid by the day, so I kept it out the window except when it rained. I didn't have much company, even when I soaked the cast with winter-green. The Red-Cross lady brought me paper and sticks and I made a six foot kite. Most of the guys signed it and added their division patch. Battery General was printed across the top, with the ward number below. Somehow we managed to acquire a whole spool of heavy twine. With a long rag tail attached it was ready to fly. A grounds keeper got the thing airborne for us and we let out all the string through the window. It was out of sight but flying high when the wind became so strong we couldn't pull the kite in and the string broke. Three days later a jeep driver walked in with it. He found it five miles down the road, still in one piece.

It was late March and Miss Moore asked me if I wanted to go home for a month. Of course, but would it be possible to change the cast, I asked. She said there would be less chance of infection if I would live with it until it was ready to come off. So I lived with it for a month at home and remarkably, not many people noticed unless I mentioned it, or else they needed their nose fixed. Most of the time I spent working around the house and on my electrical correspondence course. My visiting was done by phone so the girl friend didn't lose much sleep. The time went fast and in April I was back on the ward.

One evening Lt. Davis asked me to do a cast cutting job in the ward across the hall because he had to look at the fellow the first thing in the morning. I hopped in my trusty wheelchair, dragging my glass of water and linoleum knife after me, and went to search out the poor soul dire need of assistance. There was a tubby little guy sitting in the corner shadows with a chest and arm cast from his neck to his waist. After checking his name and explaining how the cast would be cut off, his only reaction was a grunt. The cuts down each side of the body cast went nicely so I started to do the arm which was supported on a wood prop from the waist to the elbow. I guess my small talk was annoying and he spewed out a stream of verbal abuse that more than aroused me. Well I squinted right in front of his piggy little eyes and in as controlled a voice as I could manage, told him one more burst like that and I'll rip the cast off and leave you hanging naked. He must have understood what that meant because there wasn't another peep out of him. For the information of anyone who has never worn a cast; the limb becomes quite weak and the sinews shrink due to lack of motion and when the cast is removed the first movements can be very painful.

My leg wound was still draining so after another operation I was back in recovery. This was the worst. I must have been under a considerably longer time than the previous operations. When I came to I started the dry heaves and the cold sweats and a WAC assistant nurse held my head in her soft and tender arms until I settled down. I was never a cuddly person so I would have preferred to suffer alone, but I was in no shape to fight it. Sometime later I found out she was a distant cousin of my girl friend.

This time the cast was nice and clear. The bone had been scooped out to get the last fragments so this time the skin should heal over. The cavity had been allowed to fill with blood which eventually, according to the Doc, would become flesh, but hardly did.

In April the days were bright and sunny and the troops in Europe were breaking out all over. The number of incoming patients had dropped and more were furloughed as they improved so the wards were only half full. We were all getting better acquainted and with the end-of-the-war rumors the whole atmosphere lightened up and everyone seemed more friendly. There was a girls college nearby that sent a fifty-girl chorus once a month for a show. They were magnificent and one little cutie, named Buttons Lytel, was always saved for the last. She sang the current popular songs and they wouldn't let her off the stage.

On an other occasion a USO troupe put on a variety show and since the guys with straight legs were seated in the front row I was called on to participate in the musical hat game. The players were formed in a circle

with one less hat than players and when the music stopped the player without a hat was eliminated. It finally came down to a little guy and me. He had to jump up to take the hat off me so when the music stopped I had the hat off his head and became the winner. The MC, a luscious show girl hustled me behind the curtain and planted a big smooch on each cheek and right across my mouth and dragged me out on the stage looking like a clown and grinning like a fool. The guys howled, but going back to the ward some prune-pit asked me how I could act that way. With a straight face I said that's show-biz, besides they take advantage of a guy on crutches. If it wins the war I'll do it again, but only once. He drifted off.

By the middle of April the 83rd crossed the Elbe, and by the end of the month the Russians were in Berlin. May 9th V-E day was announced. There was no wild display of excitement, but everyone had a smile of satisfaction when they heard it. Gradually the talk turned to the Pacific.

By June I could do stunts on crutches. My good leg had gotten so strong I could do ten one leg squats without holding on to anything and my arms were beginning to bulge. I could actually hop on one leg four blocks to the movie house. The good leg was compensating for the weak one.

One day Miss Moore told me to cut off my cast so the Doc could inspect my leg. He liked the way it had healed, and wrote a prescription for a brace. He told me to take it to the prosthesis shop when my knee and ankle joints loosened up. After a week of hot whirlpool baths I was in the pro shop getting measured for a brace. The technician riveted an iron frame to my right shoe and fastened a padded right at the top end and a wide leather strap above and knee joint. With a little adjustment at the ankle and the knee the thing became comfortable. He gave me a cane to use until I became more confident in the brace. It didn't take long to get used to, and I was glad of the protection it afforded to my weak limb, but I couldn't travel half as fast as I did on crutches. I began to spend more time on my back because it was a nuisance to put on and take off. I much preferred to wear slippers on the ward. That was noticed quickly so they told me I could no longer eat on the ward, but had to go to the mess hall a couple blocks away. Also I had to report to the gym class twice daily. Morning gym was calisthenics, in the afternoon we could use the pool. This was the right medicine, not only was it the best way to exercise, but it also provided a healthy tan.

The mess hall was huge, and it was serviced by POW's. I got to talk to a fellow on my ward on the way to chow. Either he or I was on furlough so we had never met previously. His name was Gene Biddle, one of the Washington Biddies, an exceptionally tall and handsome one. Both his hands had been broken by a mortar blast. The right hand had seven bones broken. He was a good tennis player and asked me to play instead of going to gym. He said it was allowed. I never played, but had always wanted to learn. He would have to learn to use his left hand, so we would be starting even. We played everyday for a week. I had improved greatly, but he didn't. He was ready to quit. At chow one night we talked about taping a piece of sponge rubber to the racket handle so he might be able to hold the racket with his right hand. Well in three days we were playing like a couple aces.

Once in awhile his racket would skip out of his grasp and fly across the court, but he was beginning to be able to close his right hand. His grip was improving by the day, and so was our game. Often we forgot chow time, and walked into the mess hall after everyone left. The cook fixed us a steak a couple times. We couldn't talk him out of it. He just seemed to be glad to sit and talk with us. Maybe the POW's didn't talk, but he could sure cook a good steak, that's for dang sure! Before long some of the Red-Cross girls wanted to play against us, but we would have to use the officer's courts. We were not proud so we agreed. Besides it was a shorter walk to their courts. Our fame spread, because soon some of the nurses wanted to play us. Playing doubles was a much faster game, with a lot less chasing the ball. All those girls were good, they must have majored in tennis. The officer's mess was next to the tennis court, and one evening after a real fast volley I noticed Doc Davis waiting in the chow line. When he noticed me he called over to be careful of the leg. I thought he would throw me off the court but didn't. Since we played thru meal-time so often we would quick shower and catch a bus into town for a meal than go to the U.S.O. There was always something to do, checkers, records, or girls. On Fridays there was usually a dance; not many one-legged dances, but I had a good time anyway. I guess it was then that I realized wherever Biddle was that's where the girls were. (never played second Biddle before) Well anyway they had good taste.

By July both of us were on furlough. I spent a week as a guest at the YMCA summer camp I attended in my school years, and told war stories for two evening programs.

Back in the hospital Doc Davis wanted a cast removed from a newly arrived patient. He said he was extremely nervous, don't push him if he doesn't want it removed. In the evening I drifted into the ward with my little knife and glass of water. We had a little discussion about his unit and where he came from, then I explained the cast removal process, and promised to stop anytime he wanted me to. I detected a little concern, but he said go ahead. It was only an ankle cast so it didn't take long. He had stepped on a mine and lost his heel. The overseas medics wanted to remove the foot, because there is no way to replace a heel. He objected so they sent him stateside where the foot might be saved. Within the week he consented to the removal.

Gradually the patients were thinning out. By the end of August the brace was off and I was ready for discharge, but first I had to spend a couple months in a rehabilitation unit. The choice was Fort Dix, NJ or Camp Edwards, Mass. The people of Mass had treated us so well when we arrived from overseas I chose Edwards. Besides I would go broke at home every weekend if I was at Dix.

In September I was in Camp Edwards. We had to take a school course or go to a craft shop to keep busy. I wanted to learn typing, but since I was going to be there less than six months I had to take shop. In the metal shop we made beautiful aluminum trays etched with leaf and flower designs; all done with only a mallet and chisel. The noise drove the instructor away they said so I tried the leathercraft shop. It was quiet and soon I was teaching the instructors, because I used to run the leathercraft shop at the "Y" camp.

Twice a week we could get a pass for the Coonamessett Country Club. The military had taken the place over. It had pool tables, bowling alleys, a gym, and a restaurant. Local groups sent in bus loads of girls. They dined with us and later we danced in the gym to the music of a big name band. There were no club passes to the club on week-ends, but we went to Boston with free passes to shows like the Louis Prima Band with Keely Smith.

The winter wind blew and flew, but in December came the notice to report to the office for discharge processing. Red-Cross representatives reviewed our medical records, and if we agreed they were accurate and complete they would be filed for record. At the conclusion of the interview, we were told in a very serious tone that we were no longer eligible for military duty. What a way to hurt a guy!

The following Monday our barracks had to report to the disbursement office to settle our account, receive discharge papers, and travel allowance. For some unexplained reason the officer in charge didn't show till Wednesday. In the meantime I tried to get some action because there were people waiting outside the gate and at train stations to meet these men. I got no where but this joker must have been told about the commotion, because when he finally appeared on the job I was the last to be admitted to his office. I had to announce my name and salute in the normal garrison fashion, but he didn't think it was snappy enough and made me go out and come back again. This time I over did it, but he signed the paper and I was out of there.

When I look back on it all, strangely I have to conclude the pain was in the recovery, not in getting shot. There were many enjoyable associations with skilled people trying to restore us in mind and body to the best of their ability. Many times over the years, my disability allowance, though not great, made life a little easier for me and the family. I still hesitate to display my mishapen limb, but everyday I give thanks that I don't have an artificial replacement.

It's been said you haven't lived until you have almost died, and that you can compensate to some degree for lost ability. Couple that with the appreciation for having survived and you can easily understand why so many wounded veterans have such a wonderful outlook. Our own Ralph Nappell* with all his injuries, is one of the best examples of that exceptional spirit.

* Congressional Medal of Honor Recipient

A message to all 83rd members...

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