



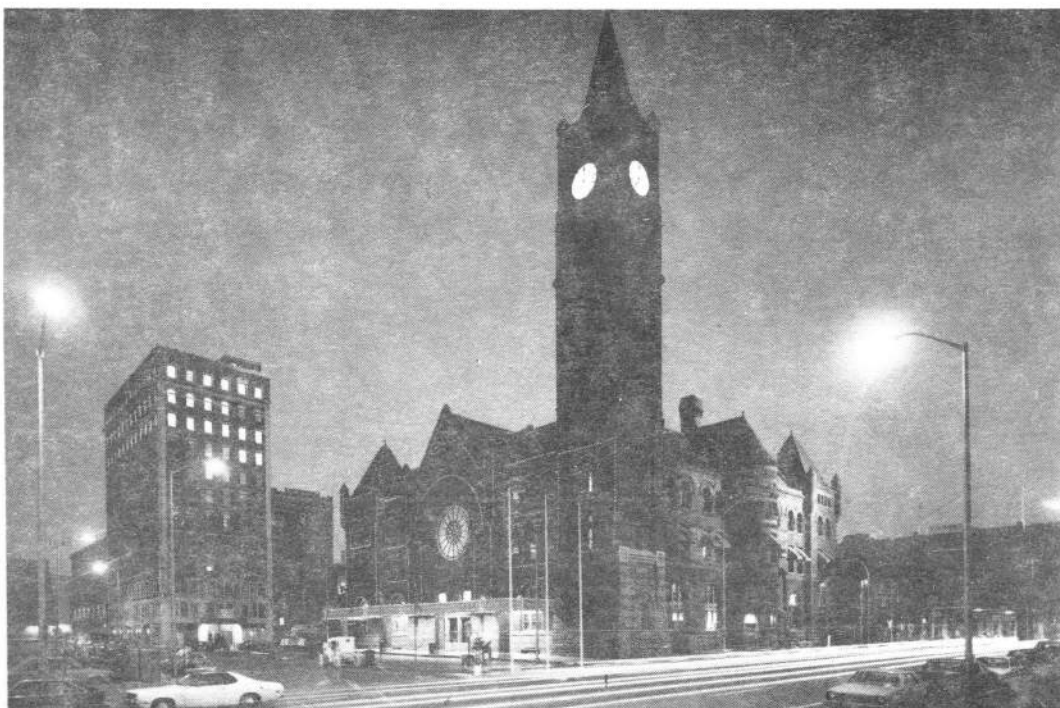
THUNDERBOLT

83rd INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, Inc.

WORLD WAR II

Vol. 52 No. 3

Summer Issue 1997



The renovated Union Station in Indianapolis built in 1888
is now a bustling complex of shops and restaurants.

51st Annual Reunion

**Indianapolis, Indiana
August 20, 21, 22, 23, 1997**

THE THUNDERBOLT

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The THUNDERBOLT is written for all members of the 83rd Infantry Division World War II and is published at 3749 Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio 45013-8907

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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..... 1951
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. Robinette..... 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
Edgar H. Haynes..... 1991
Ned Smith..... 1992
Louis Sandini..... 1993
William A. Minick..... 1994
Casey Szubski..... 1995
* Denotes Deceased



THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

To all 83rd members, family and friends,

I'm looking forward to greeting you at the Adam's Mark Hotel in Indianapolis.

Everything is beginning to fall in place and I think all can have a great time. We are receiving reservations day by day based on the number at this date we will have a great number attending our 51st reunion. If you haven't made reservations, do so today and join the greatest group of Americans ever to serve in any army during war time. We were so blessed to have served in the 83rd Inf. Div.

After more than fifty years we can still melt and enjoy the friendship and respect we have for each other.

If you don't stay at Adam's Mark Hotel, or you are in local area, please make reservation through the national secretary office for tickets for Friday & Saturday night banquet. The price includes meal & program (Friday cost \$26, Saturday cost \$28 per-person).

If you plan to go to Atterbury without bus reservation (Owen Transportation) you will need to get a meal ticket through national sect. office. \$8.00 per-person.

Please pre-registrar for hotel & meals through Adam's Mark. Atterbury trip and Guided Tour through Indianapolis, through Indianapolis, through the National Sect. office.

Thanks
Floyd J. Richmond
National President



Chairman's Corner

This will be my final message as your board chairman. I have endeavored to serve you the most honorably I knew how, and hopefully in a manner that was pleasing to you. All that has been accomplished during my tenure was with your best interests in mind.

During the May meeting of the board in Peoria, Il. we strived to plan for a most enjoyable reunion for 1998. I believe it will meet your expectation and approval.

Some changes have been made in the Constitution and By-laws which you ratified at last year's meeting in Cleveland, Oh. These changes affect the manner in which business is conducted in the future. I believe these changes were necessary, realizing, that as we age, we cannot adhere to the rigid disciplines of the past. Consequently, reunions will continue to be held, but with much less responsibility being placed on individuals and individual chapters.

Again allow me to express my sincere appreciation to each of you, for placing your confidence in my ability to guide this organization and I hope you are not disappointed. I look forward to seeing you at our 51st reunion in Indianapolis.

Carroll Brown



From the Office.....



Our count down for the 51st reunion is going fast. Within 6 weeks from now we will be seeing you for a joyful reunion. Plans are being finalized and I believe it will be a very enjoyable reunion for all. At this time we have four bus loads signed up for the Camp Atterbury Tour and three bus loads signed up for the city tour. We also have 1 bus load for the Brown County Nashville trip. So that means half of the members will be on their own enjoying themselves. The count I had from the hotel we have 250+ rooms reserved. In the last issue of the Thunderbolt magazine I stated July 1st would be the deadline for Pre-registration for tours. If for some reason anyone had over looked sending in your form you may do so. I'm sure we can fit you in. At this time I have received 200 Pre-registration forms and the Hotel Reservations are 250+. Those of you that have not sent your Pre-registration in, I will give an extension to do so until Aug.

10, 1997. This will be very helpful to us and for you. We will have a on site registration but it will be much slower process. If you have any questions please give me a call at 513-863-2199 or send me a post card with your question and I will give you a call.

The Executive Board has signed contract with Turner Publishing Inc. for a re-print of the 83rd History Book.

This will be a reprint plus some additional information. This is a notice of the transaction. The publisher is responsible for all expense and sales. The 83rd will receive a 5% royalty from the sales.

More information will be in the next issue of the magazine. Be sure to check the centerfold for the reunion program.

A last minute telephone call from Salvatore Scicolone that Frances Klippa wife of past National Secretary-Treasurer, Samuel Klippa passed away.

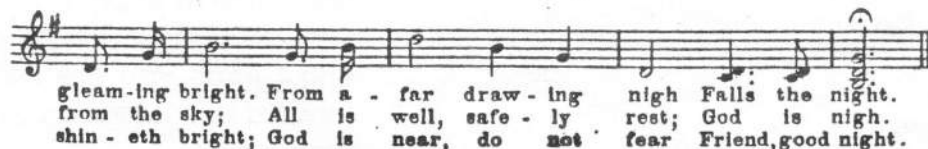
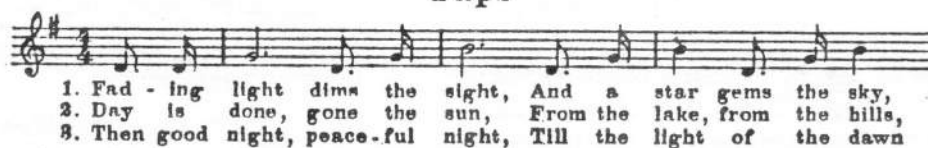
Check program for Friday and Saturday night dinner and entertainment cost.

National Secretary-Treasurer
Bob Derickson

Deceased List



Taps



Our sympathy goes out to all the families of these veterans. We will miss you all.

<u>Deceased</u>	<u>Unit</u>	<u>Reported By</u>	<u>Deceased</u>	<u>Unit</u>	<u>Reported By</u>
Alexander, Harry	83rd M.P.	Wife	Hipsher, Henry H.	A.T. 331st	John Marek
Armstrong, Richard	"A" Co. 329th	Pat Di Giammerino	Kotarski, Ray	"M" 329th	Bob Derickson
Ayers, William H.	"A" 329th	Wife	Lesta, William	"K" 331st	Franklin Ciampa
Batterson, Ralph	"D" 331st	Al Shrawder	Mohon, Percy	783rd Ord.	Rags Rangnow
Bisbee, Ivan	"C" 330th	Wife	Morrow, Dillon	"C" 908th FA	Wife
Broderick, James	329th	Bob Derickson	Mould, Norman	83rd M.P.	H. Wilks
Cove, Bernard	"D" 331st	Ralph Gunderson	Muldrow, James M.	"HQ" 1st Bn 331st	O.L. Cook
		Pat Di Giammerino			Lacey Saterfield
Deffenbaugh, Foster	Hqs. 2nd Bn. 330	Wife	Rein, Fred	"K" 330th	Stan Bielen
Diller, Edwin	HQ Btry.	John Daum	Rockwell, Charles	"K" 331st	Stanley Duff
Doggett, Arthur	783rd Ord.	Bob Derickson	Sarver, Frank	"M" 331st	Santo Zirilli
Douglas, Ben	"D" 331st	Wife	Scineca, Joe	"A" 329th	Bob Grobelny
Gartner, Frank	2nd Bn. HQ 330th	Gordon Bouws	Shaner, John	"G" 308th Eng.	Frank Hornack
Hayward, Willard	"I" 329th	Fred McGowan	Sheppard, Elvis G.	"D" 331st	Wife
			Steele, John O.	"K" 331st	Pat Di Giammerino



Each and every one of us has his own particular memories and versions of times and events that surrounded a particular phase of our military experience. Some call it their 'war story' (or stories). A gathering of two or more veterans inevitably STILL brings out at least two or more 'war stories'. We've heard them all over the years.

What follows is one that we haven't heard. It is a 'war story' of one of our counterparts: A German Army infantry veteran who relates in detail how/where/when he became part of the military unit that the 83rd Division fought against at Barby in April 1945, where he was captured by members of the 329th regiment. The writer is Horst Reinhold (referred to as HHR in the last Issue of the THUNDERBOLT). This is his 'war story' printed verbatim and, of course with his permission.

Report of the Action at Barby April 12, 1945 *as witnessed from a young private of the German Army*

In April of 1945, I (born in 1927) was a 17 year old private in the German Army. My unit was the I. Battalion Grenadier Rgt. 1064 which engaged the 329 Inf. Rgt. (U.S. Army) at Barby on the Elbe river. I did not know it was the 329th at the time, but found out later, as explained in the last paragraph of this report.

To give you a better understanding of the general situation in Germany in the last few months, or the last year, of the war, let me go back a little and let my personal life be an illustration for the whole story of my generation.

In June of 1943, my whole high school class (15 and 16 years old) were conscripted to man local anti-aircraft batteries around our hometown Hamburg to free regular soldiers for the frontline in the east. The classes were kept together as units. The idea was to maintain at least rudimentary school education to which aim some of our teachers had to come to the site of the military unit and give lessons on site.

We were posted to a battery of 6 AA guns (88mm) located at first about 10 miles south of the center of our hometown Hamburg (with streetcar connection to the city). So we spent the mornings at school, the afternoons in military instructions and many a night fighting British bomber raids. This went on for about 15 months, after which I spent a 2-month spell in a pre-military instruction camp, also not far from my hometown Hamburg and in December of 1944, a few days before my 17th birthday, I was finally conscripted to the regular service.

I had applied for a reserve officer's commission in the anti-aircraft, which was a branch of the 'LUFTWAFFE', since I knew the technicalities very well by that time, and consequently my orders called me to a reserve depot in Wismar, a small harbor town on the Baltic sea. From here we were sent by railway (boxcar) to the officers school of the AA which was in northern Denmark at the time. This was early in January 1945. Some time in February came the order that the LUFTWAFFE had to supply personnel, especially officers candidates, to the army, so I, together

with a few hundred of my comrades, were transferred to a large army reserve camp at Rostock, another larger town on the Baltic. From here we were divided into smaller groups and sent to infantry units all over Germany. For instance, one of my friends from my high school was transferred to Austria, all the way south across Germany. I drew an assignment to a unit at Schwerin, in northern Germany.

Here, some more training followed and by the end of March 1945, my company received orders to march (on foot!) to the eastern front, which by then was only about 100 - 120 miles away. We were equipped with old rifles of French origin which had been adjusted to take the German standard cartridge. For the next few days we marched about 20 miles a day with full field pack, when I suddenly received orders together with some of my comrades (about 10 men) to transfer to a new unit in Doberitz on the outskirts of Berlin. We travelled by regular train service, which did run in Germany almost to the last minute, and usually on time.

I am telling this at length because it is exemplary for the confusion within the German army at the time. They constantly created "new units" so that the High Command up to and including the "Fuehrer" could operate (on paper) with Regiments, Divisions and even Armies, which sometimes did not even exist in reality. I found out much later that this (my) last unit belonged to "Army Wenck", another one of those "closet" armies.

I arrived in Doberitz on March 31st, 1945 and was among the first troops to arrive to form an entirely new 1st battalion of a new regiment. It was a motley assortment of troops from all over northern Germany. To my recollection, most of the enlisted men were, like myself, 16 or 17 years of age. The noncoms were usually youthful 19 to early twenties, the lieutenants were also hopeful early twenties and the higher ranking officers, like captains or the major who commanded the battalion, seemed to me like really old men (but then, anybody over thirty would be old to a seventeen year old). Since I was among the first to arrive and seemed to have more military experience than others, I was first employed in the battalion staff. This lasted for a few days and then, on April 9th, the whole battalion got marching orders to go south to the Harz mountains which they called, euphemistically "Festung Harz" = "Harz Stronghold" and which was supposed to accumulate a large German force as a "last stand" for the final thrust of the war.

A German battalion at the time consisted of 4 companies of about 150 men each, usually commanded by a young lieutenant or first lieutenant, divided into 3 platoons, usually under the command of a sergeant, each platoon divided into 4 sections with a corporal. The first 3 companies were riflemen, company No:4 had so called heavy infantry weapons, 1 platoon heavy machine guns, another small mortars and the third armor piercing weapons like bazookas and anti-tank mines. As contrary to my last unit, we were supplied with all the latest in modern weaponry, the riflemen had brand new assault rifles 44

(with the curved magazine holding 30 cartridges and a poach holding 3 magazines each), brand new machine guns type 42 etc., one of the wonders of the German armament machine which ground out weapons to the very last minute.

At the last minute before our departure by train from Doberitz station, I again was transferred within the battalion, from the staff to company No:4 (our companies were numbered within each regiment, not with letters like in the U.S. army) and became assigned to the "mortar" platoon. As anybody who knows anything about military organization, such a last minute placement leaves you hanging in the air, because all the different roles or posts have been filled by this time, so the embarrassed sergeant made me his personal aide and runner and told me to stick close to him, which later on turned out to be a blessing.

Off we went in the morning of April 10th, again by boxcar, destination more or less unknown. Around noon of the 11th of April, our train rumbled over the little railway bridge that crossed the Elbe river, which was to be blown up the next day. The train stopped at the little station of Barby (Elbe). While we were waiting for the train to continue, the air raid sirens of the little town started hooting and after a little while and some confusion we were informed that the Americans were approaching and we were ordered to detain. This was in the afternoon of the 11th April. The different companies were then assigned their locations around the town and we had to start digging ditches. We were told that we had to "hold a bridgehead open at all costs once the American troops arrived".

My platoon were assigned a large orchard or yard of an estate, which was walled by a brick fence about 7 feet high and spent the night with very little sleep digging foxholes and embankments for our mortars. Some time the next morning, we heard heavy small arms fire and got targets assigned to fire on with our mortars. Unfortunately, the Americans soon found out our position and shelled our yard considerably with either mortars or artillery. Nevertheless, we continued firing our mortars until the fighting subsided late in the afternoon. I did not see anything of the ongoing fighting, because we were in this enclosed yard all the time, we only heard the battle noise.

Most of us were really dead tired by that time, from digging most of the previous night and the continued shelling all day. Under a pretext I asked and got permission from my sergeant to retire into a nearby house for some rest. So I went into this barn, snuggled up into the straw and fell into deep sleep. I awoke a little after midnight when a shell exploded in the rafters and wounded me with a piece of shrapnel behind my left ear. Luck would have it that this piece of shrapnel was obviously at the end of its tether, so it did not smash through the bones of my skull which would certainly have rendered me dead, but just tore away the skin and remained lying on my head. I almost burned my fingers when I touched it to take it away, because it was still very hot.

After this, I rushed out of the barn to rejoin my platoon, but I found the yard empty, no platoon anywhere in

sight and when I went out into the streets of Barby, no soldiers of my battalion were anywhere in sight. Since my wound was bleeding considerably, I went into a nearby house, where the civilians were sheltering in the basement. Some woman expertly put a dressing on my head and I stayed in the basement until dawn. After daybreak, I wandered around in the little town, which was almost devoid of German soldiers, except walking wounded from a field hospital in town. After a while I came to a little bay of the river at the foot of the now destroyed railway bridge where some rowing boats lay at anchor and for a little while I toyed with the idea to commandeer one of these boats and try to go to my home town of Hamburg in it, about 180 miles downriver. I still bore my assault rifle (because without the rifle I would probably have been shot as a AWOL on the spot if any German troops had come back), but after a while I threw it into the river. On coming back into town, the first Americans that I saw were 2 men in a Jeep, who stopped shortly and asked me "where is the way to Dessau?" I told them and they drove on. Then an American patrol came along and told me to "stick 'em up" which I did.

The war was over for me at last on this 13th of April 1945 in Barby on the Elbe river.

To this day I do not know what happened to my battalion or where they retreated to and I have never seen again any of my comrades. As described above, I hardly knew anybody in the unit in the first place and nobody I knew was among the few prisoners in a barn outside of Barby where I was kept a night and a day or so.

From Barby I was transported on open trucks in several days to the POW camp at Rheinberg on the Rhine river, where I arrived on April 18th, being among the first to arrive. The conditions there were rather ghastly, but this is another story.

Being discharged for home in the middle of July 1945 by British troops who had taken over Rheinberg from the Americans, I went back to my parents who at this time lived in Braunschweig, where my father (who had owned his own printing business in Hamburg until it was destroyed by one of the British raids in July of 1943) had a lease on a large printing shop. He gave me the "Regimental History" of the 329th Infantry Regiment, which he had been commissioned to print, and I still have a copy of this book in my possession.

Horst Reinhold has expressed a desire to meet members of the 329th who may have been involved in the action at Barby and is planning to attend our reunion in August in Indianapolis for that purpose. He visited Barby once in 1985 while it was yet under the jurisdiction of East Germany and again very recently in May of this year. His account of these visits (together with photos) is also very interesting and will be discussed by him in person in Indianapolis.

Amazing isn't it - how vividly the memories of those days - despite how horrible they were - still live more than a half century later.

And remember too and always, that we were INDEED the very best.

B. John Prinzi
Your Historian

Chapters

New England Chapter News

Well I hope everyone is happy that the bad weather is over and the good weather is here to stay for sometime.

Yes I thought the good weather was here, but on April Fools Day we got a surprise with two feet of snow that shut down schools, no electricity for two days no heat, boy it was rough but it was back to normal in a week.

On April 10 my wife Mary got a phone call from her sister in Owensboro Ky. that there brother, Huber Estes was rushed to the hospital and in bad shape.

We flew out the next day for Ky. and was there to see him and on April 18th he passed away at the age of 68. Our sympathy goes out to the Estes family. Also when we got home from Ky. we had a message on our phone from good buddy Nick Boyd. Hazel Pk., Mich. that his wife Gertrude had passed away on April 16th of a hip complication. Our sympathy also goes out to the Boyd family.

Chuck Abdinoor has sent me some info for the New England News.

Bernice & Chuck have finally come home from Florida. They bought a honeymoon cottage in Ft. Pierce. They are in a Mobile Park and they live it, A few minutes from the ocean. Chuck is bringing his fishing rod and hopes to stay longer next year.

They stopped to see John Bullard who was with Chuck in "A" 330th. He looked good and is a retired postman in Garland, N.C.

Frank Burgess just got out of the VA hospital in Boston. He had a toe taken off but is recuperating nicely.

Frank was also in "A" 330th and was an outstanding baseball player. He played ball with Regimental team.

Dutchy & Helen just got back from Aruba and the last I heard they were heading for Jamaica, Dutchy can hear the dice roll and also the roulette table wherever he's at. Incidentally his grandson Joseph Walsh was accepted by Mrs. Fassi, a pro-

fessional ice skating instructor known worldwide and handles some big names in ice skating. Good Luck Joseph.

Dolores and Paul Reed a member of the N. E. chapter from Baltimore are quite a twosome on the golf course now that he has fully retired from his law practice. His son, Jimmy took over the law firm. Paul was a platoon leader in "A" 330th. Good luck to them on his retirement.

Spike & Gloria McCartin are finally home from California after 5 months there. Spike has taken his retirement seriously and will not cut the grass, or bring the garbage outside, but he is a voracious reader, which keep him home now. Incidentally Father Frank, Spike's brother is home after doing missionary work in Florida.

We were sorry to have missed Ester & John Ferreira's 50th Anniversary, but the New England Chapter was there in full force. Good Luck John & Ester.

Congratulations are in order for Vera and Mike Caprio their son Joseph was appointed president of a New England College.

Chuck Abdinoor visited Bedcheck Bjork at the State Hospital in Tewksbury, Mo. We all missed you at the reunion. He was in "H" Co. 330th.

Also received some info from Jim & Dot Brennan that they were at John & Ester Ferreira's 50th surprise wedding party hosted by their children at the Country Club in Wesford, Mass. They both looked great and John twirled Ester around the dance floor a bit even though he was just recovering from hernia surgery. Everyone had a great time and we wish John & Ester many more happy years.

On April 13th Joe Petrucci was totally surprised with a 75th birthday party given by his daughter and grand daughters. It was a lovely party with plenty of delicious food & fun. If you are wondering about the expression on Joe's face in the picture, it is because he couldn't believe anyone could pull the wool over his eyes like that. Up until this he always thought he could never be fooled.

So Joe, never say never again. Happy Birthday Joe!

Well that is it for now from the New England Chapter. Oh yes, on June 5th Nick Francullo will also be 75 years young.

Your Buddy, Nick Francullo
Hq. Co. 3rd Bn. 330th Inf.

P.S. Don't forget to pay your Chapter dues and also National.

P.S. If any member of the New England Chapter would send me info on anything I will put it in our news. We need your input also.



Boys from Anti Tank Pt. - Hq. Co. 3rd Bn. 330th



Do You Remember - Hq. Co. 3rd Bn. 330th Anti Tank Pt.



April 12 - John & Ester Ferriers 50th Anniversary



Nick & Mary Francullo - 50th Anniversary



New England Chapter - Do we look good?



The joke was on Joe. Can't you tell?



Al 75th Birthday - David & Madison - grandchildren



Dixie Chapter News

The first meeting of the Dixie Chapter for 1997 was held at Callaway Gardens in Pine Mountain, Ga. on March 20th, 21st and March 22nd. It was the perfect time of the year for a meeting there with all the azaleas and other flowers in bloom. It was a beautiful sight, and was enjoyed by all that attended the meeting. We were given free admission to the gardens with passes given upon registration at the hotel. Our hostesses for this meeting were Willie and Tony Viglione, Florence and Phil Simmons, and Elizabeth & Bill Jackson. They had a fantastic program set up for us.

On Friday morning we were on our own for breakfast. We were to be back at the motel leaving by motorcade for National Infantry Museum at Fort Benning, Ga.

At the present time the museum consist of only one three story building well-filled with war memories of the past. Before we left for the museum we had been told that a uniform belonging to Carroll Brown had been donated to the museum by Sam Klippa some years ago. A letter had been received by Carroll thanking him for this donation, but the uniform had been put in storage awaiting space availability. When we checked with the secretary to the curator she told us that was true and they have donations enough to fill 6 or 7 more buildings the size of the one they were in. To date space has not been available for completion of this program.

After this visit to the museum we went to the Officers Club for a cafeteria meal. It was very nice. We then returned to Pine Mountain for a visit at the Callaway Gardens. The John A. Sibley Horticultural Center was my favorite place with all the floral displays indoors and outdoors. The butterfly building was some of our groups favorite place - so interesting.

On Saturday we took a tour of FDR's Little White House in Warm Springs, Ga. We were shown a film of the early days at the Little White House which lasted about 12 minutes. They have a museum there and a gift shop. After this tour we went to Bullock House restaurant for lunch, and then to Pine Mountain for our business meeting.

We were so happy to see two of our sick people at the meeting. F.M. Haney had heart surgery (three by-passes and a valve replacement) the latter part of the year and Meadors Minick who had three by-pass operation the first of February. We also had a visit from Buck Mouldrow who is now living with his daughter, Dee, in Silver Springs Ma-

ryland. Dee and her husband, Norman Willner (address - 309 Marvin Rd. Silver Springs, Md. 20901)

Our Spring meeting will be held at the Shoney's Inn on June 5-6-7 at Goodlettsville (Nashville) Tn. It is on I-65 North Exit 97.

Members on the sick list are, Russell Collins, Ray Durand, Bill Benbow, Freeda Hobbs & Leroy McManaway. There are probably others that we do not know about. Ben Johnson just went through another series of treatments of Chemo & Radiation.

On their way home from Pine Mountain, Ga. Lacy & Melba Satterfield and Ellane Watkins stopped by Mauldin, S.C. to see Leroy McManaway. He has been sick with emphysema for some months now. He is on oxygen 24 hours a day now. Good luck to you, Mac!

C. Fred & Nellie Messina of New Barn, N.C. celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary on Nov. 17th, 1996. All family members except two granddaughters were able to be there. Their two granddaughters are expecting, to present Fred & Nellie with their first two great-grandchildren. Glad to hear this happy news.

Ellsworth Massie



Grace & Meadors Minick



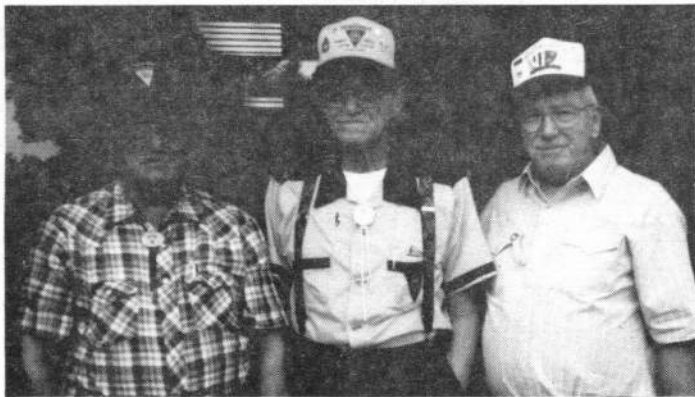
Buck Mouldrow (In wheel chair) - Jesse Pirckle & Carroll Brown



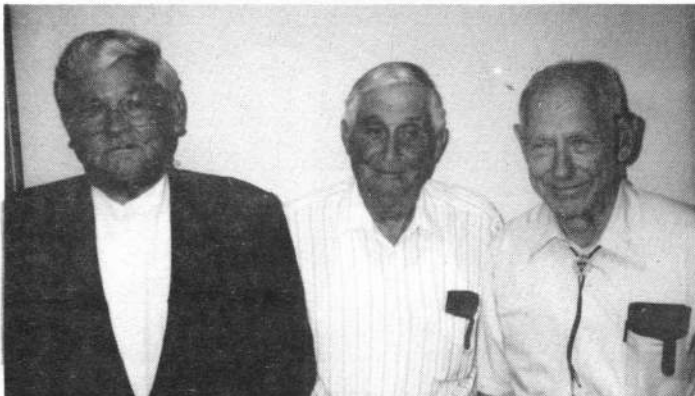
O.L. Cook, Arthur & Charlotte Loukas



Men's group at Pine Mtn., Ga.



"F" 330 - James Davis, Ben Johnson, O.L.



"F" 331 - Together again after 50 years - John Shaeklett, Larry Dalton, George Naylor.



Our hosts for spring meet. The McCrays and Mantooth families. Jeanette McCray is one of our special widows the wife of James McCray.

Dixie Chapter News

JUNE 97

1997 Dixie Meet. 5-6-7 at Goodlettsville Tenn.

Here we are in the heart of the 83rd Div. Maneuver Area 54 years ago. We trained here for service in World War II in Europe.

Plans are coming together for a meeting of the Dixie Chapter made up of members from 13 states. Several of our members residing in this area are active in the association.

One of our "widows" along with her family hosted our meet and did a terrific job.

June 3 - Friends are arriving at Shoney's, our home for the meeting. I'm the first arrival having driven 769 miles from Joppa Md. to celebrate once again with my friends of the 83rd. I have plenty time to get ready. Kathryn and I begin by going shopping so we'll be ahead of the crowd.

June 4 - The high light of the day! Ben Johnson and wife Pat from Chebanon, Tenn. arrive for a short visit. Ben suffering with cancer is unable to stay for the meet but promises to return to see others when they arrive.

Earlybirds O.L. Cook, Mary & Felix Livingston arrive. We dine at Cracker Barrel or Shoney's, it all runs together when you're enjoying it so much.

Next day things really pick up. Our hostess comes in! The Hospitality room is opened and we're really in business. Of course the pool is open & some of us are swimming even

though it's raining. Some fun!! We are beginning to feel sorry for those not able to attend!

The next couple of days run together since we had all the stories of maneuvers and combat to sort out along with those 50 years of old jokes to tell once again. Such fun you'll never know until you are present and take part in a unit such as this.

Sight seeing, Opry Land, Grand Old Opry are the order of the day. I choose to stay in camp incase someone shows up that I've been looking for during these last fifty years. I'm not disappointed, several stopped by. Some stayed. The men from "F" 330 had a great celebration as did the men from "F" 331. They were just squad size groups but we were strong in spirit. It means so much to me to be a part of these group meetings.

There were more cancellations due to sickness than we hoped for. We missed each and our Secretary had cards prepared for the sick list. Keep him informed of any sickness so that we may share in these times with you! Then get well and be with us again.

Finally everyone is here coming from 8 states and 9 different units. Medics, Infantry, Artillery is represented. I'm the love "Red Legs" in the group and count it a special privilege to be among these who have come to honor those who would be here but can't. We honor each and remember in prayer each one left behind on the battlefields and those who have passed away since and those in ill health now.

The banquet goes off in great style with lots of comradeship and food partaken of and enjoyed by all!

Business is conducted in orderly fashion by our newly elected officers. All are invited to December meet first weekend in Dec. 1997, Gatlinburg Tenn.

Hoping to see many of you in Indianapolis Ind. in Aug. 97. Be there!!

Reporter
E.S. Massie

Cleveland Chapter News

Our January Meeting was a great success. Our mess sergeant Mike Mizerock and his assistant, George Caldre had a good old fashion Army stew and all the trimmings. Our lovely ladies provided the sweets. As always the dinner was "Great"!

After the meeting, Jim and Ruth Lindsey were going to their car, Ruth slipped and fell. She didn't realize anything was wrong until they got home to Canton, Ohio. I guess it pained Ruth so bad, Jim had to take her to the hospital. X-rays showed her leg above the knee was broken. She had it in a cast for quiet awhile. All is well now. She was at our last meeting playing cards with the ladies. Jim says she's a tough gal.

February meeting we had our election of officers. President - Earl : Vice President - Casy Szubski; Treasurer - Hank Trzeciak; Recording Secretary - Joe Belock; Sergeant - at - arms Sam Cordiano; Trustee - 3 years - Bob Grobelny; Trustee - 2 years - Jim Lindsey; Trustee 1 year - Ed Jocek. President Earl Lindsey appointed Bob Grobelny reported and Bob Uher Historian.

We tried to figure out how many president we had in the past 44 years.

We came up with Ray Voracek, Bob Uher, Al Uridez, Mike Demko, Lew Doanely, Bob Grobelny, Ted Szymanski, Bill Herhuth, Casey Kowalec, Casey Szubski and Earl Lindsey. These are not in order.

Our menu for this day was - meat loaf, sugar carrots, baked potatoes, tossed salad, green beans, bread etc. and of course, pastry.

At the March meeting the audit committee audited the treasurers books and everything was A-OK - Hank Trzeciak keeps a good book.

We got a new member in our chapter, George Krupichka (he really is an old member) But some how got away. We have him back now. Welcome back George!

Of course our main subject was the reunion and the bus trip. Every one is getting excited. Just about all the arrangements have been made.

Ed Cox is still in Las Vegas recuperating.

Ed we miss you at our meetings.

Paul Dallos had a triple by-pass march 7th and also later on he had cataracts removed from both eyes. Not at the same time. He's doing great! Hang in there Paul. Now you belong to the Zipper Club like me and others.

Ruth Lindsey is much better. She uses a cane but is getting along fine. Julie Lanza is a lot better but need rest. Ed Jocek spent 2 days in the hospital after having a heart attack. JoAnn Uher's mother passed away. We wish to express our condolences to the Uher family.

Mike Mizerock, our Mess sergeant and George Calore, his assistant put on a real Irish meal. Corn-beef and cabbage - the works - nice going guy's and thanks. The ladies love it.

April meeting was short. We discussed the reunion and the bus trip.

We were saddened to hear that Joe Scimeca passed away this month. He just joined the Cleveland Chapter after the Cleveland reunion. We send our condolences to the Scimeca family. No other details are known.

The Mess Sgts. did themselves real proud this month. They had roast pork and all the trimmings. Man is that living or what. We certainly want to thank these guys for all the hard work they put into these dinners.

May meeting was getting more exciting - we talked about the bus trip and who all was going. At the count, about 40 people are going.

May was a good month for Delores and Ed Jocek because they celebrated there 50th wedding anniversary.

Congratulations!!

We found out that Emily Czech also had both eyes operated on for cataracts. Also our guest member Mike Balogh was Hospitalized for a toe infection. Hang in there Mike. Hope to see you at the next meeting.

Our dinner this month was - ham, wieners beans Etc. and pastry - Great Stuff.

I guess this is all for now. See you all in Indianapolis.

Bob Grobelny
Cleveland Chapter Reporter

New Jersey Chapter

I am dedicating this article to Fred Rein, one of the finest gentleman I had the privilege to know and to call my buddy. Fred served with Company K, 330 Infantry in a rifle squad. Wounded three times in battle, the last wound a bullet to the lung that exited his back, leaving a large hole there. After a long hospital stay, Fred was discharged from the army and went on to live a happy life with his wife and family.

Fred had a lot of health problems and major operations during the past few years. But he was a fighter and was active till the end. The day before he died lying in a hospital bed, he was still concerned with the arrangements for our Christmas Party as he played a major part in arranging and sending out the invitations to the Chapter members. He was the Secretary-Treasurer for our New Jersey Chapter and very dedicated person.

Fred always enjoyed being with the 83rd men and women. No matter what the weather or circumstance, he would encourage Fran and I to take the 35 mile trip to Garfield where we hold our meetings. His contagious laugh and humor brought much enjoyment to the meetings. He was loved by all of us and will be sorely missed.

A number of 83rd men and women attended the wake and funeral. At the cemetery, after the minister had finished the prayer, the 83rd men attending with Major George Waple in charge presented the American Flag to his wife Addie on behalf of the 83rd Division. I know that Fred would have liked it that way.

Fred and Addie were on the 83rd tour in 1973 and had to return home early in the trip as Addie's sister had died. They weren't chapter members at the time and it wasn't until 10 years later that I happened to meet them on the Garden State Parkway and invited them to our meeting. Both of them got involved wholeheartedly and put the spark back in our Chapter. They started most of the social events and put in a lot of labor creating favors and prizes for raffles for the benefit of the chapter. They

were true and dedicated 83rd.

Since my last article, the chapter has held the regular monthly meetings in Garfield. In early May, a group from the chapter consisting of Emil Wehling, Joe and Dot Skurka, Ted and Irene Guzek and Fran and I joined the Boston Chapter for their mini-reunion at the Pines in the Catskill Mountains. We all agree it was an enjoyable time and our thanks to Pat and Ginny and the whole Boston Group for their gracious hospitality.

Some short notes to: Dan Pelose who arranged with President Al Donahue of the Fraternal Order New York State Troopers to give us a membership card and sticker for their organization. This was to insure we wouldn't be ticketed in New York. Thanks Dan, it worked, not one of us got ticketed. To: Charles Tomazin, we got the picture you gave me to give to Charley Sihlanick by way of Joe DePeri who dropped it off at his house, To: Cliff Wooldrige, The Magazine Cover model did look like me, but _____, not when I was 35, more like when I was 60. That's what Fran says! To Rags Rangnow, alias Buck Staghorn from the Animal Channel, for his referring to Beatrice in his letter to me. We're hoping all is well with you and Ginny. Thanks for giving us a report on Addie Rein. Also I am asking for a raincheck for the luncheon, as long as Ginny is buying with your money.

Our annual Memorial Day Picnic was at Tom and Candy's home in Wayne. As always we enjoy all the good food and drink in such abundance, I'm sure all our waistlines expanded. Our thanks to Tom and Candy Dowd for being such gracious hosts.

Our Chapter wants to express our Deepest Sympathy to Jeanne Cove on the loss of her husband Bernie.

That's it from this end. We hope to see many of you at the reunion in Indianapolis.

Take care of yourselves, stay well.

STAN BIELEN
1st Bn. Hdqs. 331

After the Bulge

Once the Battle of the Bulge was over, the 83rd was pulled out to rest and train replacements. Some of us were filthy, lousy, had trench foot, a little frostbite and only the clothing we stood in. A delousing center was set up at the shower house of a Belgian coal mine. You put your valuables in a sealed envelope, stripped and entered the very large mine shower room. Over a hundred men were showering under pipes set in the ceiling. There no stalls or partitions and some men lay on the floor in six inches of warm, dirty water while others wandered about seeking the ideal temperature. The pipes nearest the boilers gave very hot water and those furthest away gave icy cold. Every twenty minutes a sergeant ordered us out to make room for others. Some stayed anyway and others were asleep on the floor. After drying off, a medic checked for trench foot, half healed injuries and skin diseases. Then, we were issued brand new uniforms, underwear and boots. My buddies and I ran back to our jeep, removed the new outfit and put on another set of dirty clothing. We then got back in line and I ended up with three new outfits plus boots.

Outside of Hamour, Belgium, nine EM lived in a green house with a glass roof and two potbellied stoves that heated anything within four feet of them. We had cots, many blankets, and lots of housekeeping items. At dawn I awoke, and without getting completely out of bed, started a fire in the stove next to me using wood and pressed coal bricks kept under my bed. As the stove warmed up, I put a large (unwashed) frying pan on the top. Someone else got the other stove going and put on a big, unwashed (to preserve flavor?) coffee pot. I put a huge chunk of butter in the frying pan to melt for frying slices of bread. As it was eaten, I put in Spam and fresh eggs. Civilian plates from our large supply from wrecked house were passed from cot to cot followed by mugs of coffee. Used only once, unwashed dishes and mugs joined a pile in the back garden after each meal.

Since we all rode messenger jeeps we were able to live quite well. My notes show that on one day we brought in a ten pound chunk of frozen chopmeat, a large can of British marmalade, dried apples, French bread and four kinds of wine. All day coffee and hot soup simmered for those coming in from a run half frozen. If desperate, we could eat at the company mess. The C.O. often put troublemakers into the Mess Section.

I remember watching a partly sober cook with two large pots - one to mix pancake batter and the other for regurgitation. I suspect he sometimes got the pots mixed.

As Sherman said, "War could be Hell, if you let it!"

Hal O'Neill
83rd Signal



Pittsburgh Chapter News

The Pittsburgh Chapter has leased a bus for the upcoming reunion in Indianapolis, Indiana. At this point is not filled to capacity. Perhaps some of you who live in the tri-state area may have transportation problems to the reunion may want to check with Bill DeMarino at 412-673-5228 for availability. It is scheduled for a trip of five days and four nights.

At the April meeting it was reported that our ex-president Mike Kadylak will be unable to attend any of the chapter and national affairs because of blindness. For awhile he had been attending meetings, thanks to the generosity of John Marek who had been picking him up. Some time ago he had given his car to his daughter.

The date of the April meeting was the 54th wedding anniversary for Joe and Juliette DeLuca.

Andy Churpak's wife Frances was hospitalized for pneumonia at St. Margaret's Hospital the early part of spring.

In the early part of March your reporter and wife Joann celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary with a family party at the Vesle Post 418, McKees Rocks, Pa. The children presented us with a cruise which originated in Miami, Florida and ported in Key West and Cosumel, Mexico from May 5 to May 9.

Our secretary Jim McCulla moved from Harmony, Pa. to Bellevue, Pa. to cut his commute distance twenty some miles.

Larry Leonardi returned from his winter home in Florida in time for the June meeting.

John Gallo's correspondence has been returned with no forwarding address. We hope there is nothing wrong with John who served us as treasurer for a number of years.

Bill Jacobs won the attendance award for the month of June plus the IBM typewriter which adorned the mobile home of Jim McCulla.

John Caruso was hospitalized with liver problems at St. Francis Hospital May 6-12.

Mike Rudy is visiting relatives in Slovakia. John Marek attended the 18th reunion of his

Korean War military unit, the 278th Regimental Combat team March 15 to March 18 at Pigeon Forge, Tennessee.

Frank Hornack reported he seen a documentary on TV about St. Malo as General Robert Macon was featured.

Board member Sal Scicolone gave a report at the June meeting on the 1998 reunion site -- the Holiday Inn City Centre in Peoria, Illinois.

Fran Beerhalter

Kentucky Chapter News

The Kentucky Chapter met at Drawbridge Estate in Covington, Kentucky for their spring-meeting. The rooms were small but we still had a good meeting. Discussion about the upcoming reunion at the Adams Mark Hotel in Indianapolis was held. They were all told it would be work for everyone. It was reported that Arthur Doggett had had a stroke and passed away. He had served as past President of the Kentucky chapter and the National. We had 31 members to attend the spring meeting.

The Kentucky Chapter met for the summer meeting at Beford, Indiana at the Stonefence Motel. Nice place, but a great deal of walking. Home and Ruth had brought along their Bingo Game and we played that. They had enough prizes so that everyone went home with one or two prizes. Again work was done on the reunion planning. Wilson Day had had heart surgery and thought it was too soon to do a great deal of traveling. Get well Wilson. We had 23 to attend. It was a good weekend and we are looking forward to the Reunion in Indianapolis in August. Hope to see all of you there.

Bob Derickson



Florida Chapter News

The Florida Chapter held its spring meeting at Sarasota, FL. on April 25 & 26. Our hosts, for the first time were John and Ona Prinzi, who reside in Sarasota. The business meeting, held on Sat. morning, was attended by 24 members.

During our meeting, Ona arranged a tour for the ladies to the Ringling Art Museum and lunch at the Radisson Hotel on Lido Key. Unfortunately the weather did not cooperate and the group travelled in a heavy thunderstorm.

Following Sat. dinner, at the adjacent restaurant, the group was entertained by Mary Fisher performing her "Lily from Philly" exotic dance routine. Bruce Winchell ran a 50/50 raffle and including many door prizes. Members of the Chapter were very generous in their donations of these door prizes.

As the members of this Chapter are so scattered, private get to gethers are never reported. A number of members are planning to attend the National Reunion in Indianapolis.

The next Chapter meeting is planned for Nov. 14 & 15 in Ormond Beach, FL. at the Granada Inn. Notices will be mailed to paid-up active members in October.

To our "Snow Bird" members, enjoy your summer and try to return in time for the fall meeting.

W. Allen Fisher, Secy.

Boston Chapter News

Our March meeting was held at the home of Pat and Gin DiGiammerinos' in Malden, MA.

Due to a snowstorm, many could not attend. Twenty-two people were present which made it an enjoyable meeting. We had some good food and Ginny made sure we went home with doggie bags.

The April meeting was in Worcester, MA at the Polish American Veterans Post. Ted Grysinski arranged for a nice dinner and did an excellent job. Thanks for a great time. Our new President, Lou Sandini took over his

command and the meeting was a success with thirty-eight present.

Al Remy was going to check out a few spots in the Famm River area for us. Al is very active in this area.

The next meeting in June will be held at Phyllis Scott's home in Florence, MA.

On May 19th, 1997 at 87 years of age Richard L. Armstrong passed away. He was a member of the Co. A 329th Infantry and a very active member of the Boston Chapter. He played the accordion for us over the years. He surely will be missed by all. Donations in his memory may be made to the Oakland Baptist Church, 229 Wilbur Avenue, Cranston, R.I. 02921.

Amby Tynan
Boston Chapter

BOSTON CHAPTER REUNION

The Boston Chapter of the 83'd Infantry Division has once again done itself proud at its annual mini Reunion, from May 12th to the 16th it ran a better celebration than the one held at Friar Tuck last year.

It was well attended by well over 100 83'ders, families and friends, from all over the country. Such dignitaries as Chuck Tomzin of Warren Ohio, Stan Bielin of Fords, New Jersey, Lou Volpe of Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Al Belvedere of Southhampton New Jersey, Leo Beland of Pawtucket Rhode Island, Dan Pelosi, Putnam Valley, New York, Cliff Woolridge of Stoneham Massachusetts and many, many more.

Chairman Pat DiGiammerino with his cohorts Mike Caprio and Charlie Lucier did themselves proud with the programs they concocted.

From the very beginning it promised to be very exciting when a bus containing about 40 83'ders from Fall River and Providence area, sponsored by Charlie Lucier and Mike Caprio, was held up enroute for 4 hours by the Massachusetts Police because an ineligible driver was at the helm. Everyone of them were really tired but they made up for it with a dash to the hospitality room sponsored by the Chapter. Said hospitality room was open daily with free booze and hors d'oeuvres all day long.

We shall not go into all the events which went on every day and the fine entertainment and dancing at night. These are usual things at the Pines; but we would be remiss not to describe the things important to the Division.

On the sports side, the whole affair was highlighted by a Bocci tournament; played by a team made up from the members of the Boston Chapter co-captained by Mike Caprio and Pat DiGiammerino against a Philadelphia team made up of cocaptains Lou Volpe and Al Belvedere

and two others, one of whom was a ringer from Warren Ohio, Named Chuck Tomazin who in the long run proved to be the savior of the Philadelphia team.

Yes, after a very hard struggle, the Philadelphia team won the tournament. Boston immediately went 14-0 ahead and won the first game handily, After a hard struggle Philadelphia won the second game, making a playoff game necessary. This third game was remarkable by the fact that Boston, at one time was 14 points ahead and seemed a shoo-in for the title.

Now hear this -- Boston was way ahead. It had three balls close to the Pallina ball for the winning total. Philadelphia had one ball left in the hands of the ringer, Chuck Tomazin, President of the Warren Chapter, who incidentally is also a member of the Boston Chapter. He threw the ball and somehow nudged the other three balls and snuggled up closer to the Pallina and won the point. Boston never recovered from this disaster. Philadelphia went on to win the game and tournament by one point. Oh woe to us, Boston had no one to appeal to, we finally had to concede that Philadelphia was the champ and was entitled to the trophy. On the last day of the reunion.

It fell upon the President of the Boston Chapter, Lou Sandini to make the presentation. He began his speech by saying "It is my onerous duty to make this presentation to the Philadelphia Chapter," The crowd cheered (jeered, as the case may be.) and a good time was had by all.

On the serious side, we all assembled for a beautiful ceremony on the third day of the reunion to honor Bernie Cove, President of the Association in 1984. A stirring speech was made by Mike Caprio about his good deeds. We of the Boston Chapter know most about the good works performed by Bernie at all our reunions, National and Mini. It was Bernie who first got us to use the Pines in the Catskills for all the Boston Reunions. He helped get us such memorable Ceremonies at West Point and at Ellis Island. He also helped draw up the scripts which were used at all these ceremonies. Mike's speech was followed with a short wonderful and inspirational speech by Lou Volpe about Bernie's war record and the honors he had won. We were all stirred and some were almost moved to tears. We of the 83'd Infantry Division are going to miss Bernie, personally and also his good works.



Sick Committee visiting Ray Bjork at nursing home - Boston Chapter.



The Bocce Teams - Philly & Boston at Pines Hotel - Boston Chapter.



Cliffy & Shirley Wooldridge - Pines Hotel Boston Chapter.



Lou Sandini presenting Bocce trophy to Philly Chapter at Pines Hotel - Boston Chapter.



"Food" Wonderful Food and lots of it. Worcester Meeting - Boston Chapter

COMPANIES

329th "B" Bag

Greetings from the ex-host reunion city.

This will be a short column as I have not heard from anyone since Christmas. Where are all of the "B" Baggers? "Yo" Trofimuk was the only one who called and reported he is practically wheel chair bound. He is planning to be at Indy.

I tried calling Jesse Pirkle three times to see how he is doing but the person who answers don't know him, I left word with the Dixie Chapter to contact him, but I never heard from anyone. So good luck Jesse and maybe I'll see you in Indy. Congratulations are in order for Joe and Ruth Stek, who celebrated there 50 years or wedded blise. Sorry we couldn't make it. We heard it was a blast. We wish you all the best and many more years of happiness and good health. Hope everyone of "B" Co is in good health and possibly have a good turn out at Indy.

John Hennies I didn't hear from you with your annual choice for the Kentucky Derby. My choice came in fourth as usual.

A Short "B" Co. Story

While we marched past Barby to make the river crossing of the Elbe River, I met my buddy who I grew up with, Ray Voracek from the artillery. When I told where we were going, he told me that he was there for 3 days and had no reports of the enemy. After we crossed the Elbe and entered the town of Walteneiberg. We found a house and rested up. We were getting ready to go to chow, when someone yelled a Kraut tank was coming down the road. We took cover and watched as the tank stopped and finally withdrew, no shots were fired. Later during the night I got a call that "A" Co. was under attack and wanted our machine gun crews. I finally found the C.O. and ask where he wanted my crew. He said "Right Here", pointing at our feet, that Germans were less than 500 yds in front of us. We fired bursts until we were out of ammo. The artillery started dropping in front of us. Thank God. I never let Ray forget the Bum advice he gave me.

God Bless

"B" Co. Friends Forever

Bob Uher

12700 Lake Ave. , Lakewood, OH 44107

216-221-2012

Do you watch things happen, make things happen or wonder what happened.

453rd. A.A.A. (AW.) Bn.

Sorry, but we received our data for the "Thunderbolt" to late to make the last issue.

The "Golden Years" must refer to the Gold fillings in our teeth, (if you could afford the Gold.)

Many of our "old buddies" are having various problems with their health.

Mike Morick, from "B" battery, who lives in Painesville, Ohio., has lost his mobility, and use of his hands. Besides other problems. He has had two operations in April, and is now in Cleveland Clinic awaiting another operation. First to eliminate a blood clot in his leg, which was successful, then By-pass surgery. Then in about four months he will be back in the Clinic for a back operation to help restore his mobility and use of his hands.

Virgil Starkey, A. Battery, suffered a minor stroke, leaving him with some disability, but hopefully will fully recover very soon.

Dave Bell, our 1st Lt. who served in A. and B. Batteries, some how broke his leg, and by the time you read this, should be well on his way to a full recovery.

Since our last publication several of our Comrades wives have passed away.

Our local; Mini Reunion was held in Erie, PA. on May 20. It was held a month later than usual, and the attendance was not as good as usual. Poor health, longer driving for us old timers, late in the spring, and a mid-week meeting took it's toll. We will try to have our next Mini-Reunion in a more central place the next time.

The 453rd. annual reunion will be in Columbus, Ohio this year. It is being hosted by Ruth King, the widow of Roe King (B. Bat.) It will be on September, 12, 13, and 14th. At the Comfort Inn, North. (Near Worthington) Registration fee has not been established yet, but will include the banquet, entertainment, snacks etc. Room rates will be \$45.00 per room, per couple. These are special rates to accommodate the 453rd members. Ruth promises many surprises in store for those in attendance.

For more information-a letter, or Phone call to Betty "Dickens, Secretary 453rd A.A.A. (AW.) Bn. P.O. Box. 432. Lisbon, Ohio 44432. Tel. 330-427-2036. She is the spouse of John Dickens from A. Battery.

Submitted by Fred C. Pearson
5704 Middle Ridge Rd.
Madison, OH. 44057-2838

Roster coordinator for 453rd A.A.A. (AW.) Bn.

Company "F" 329th

Over But Not Forgotten: South '97 as reported in the last T.B. What a Great! report on it was received. Eight men plus wives and guests enjoyed the refurbished HOJO's rooms, the accommodations of the Riverview CP, the Nickell's advanced scouting, the Hot! Hot! weather and just being together again.

Memorial Day 1997: To all presently known "F" Co. 329th Association members you have already read about, listen to watched on TV, in person or participated in the many services held in Remembrance of all who served, to which I can add little however please indulge me.

During a lull in the day's activities, a quiet time if you will, some events and names were brought to mind as I meditated on the days from Omaha Beach to Zerbist and beyond: 4th of July, Carentan, Sainteny, Saint Malo, Chateaufort, The Citadel, Angiers, Orleans, Baeaugency, Vendone, Luxembowig, Achen, Gurzenick, Rochefort, Petit-Langlir, Bovigny, Courtil, Masstricht, Neuss, Horn, Goslar, Elbe River, Zerbist, Hedepar, Shaufling, Plattling.

Captain Richard E. Randall, Lieutenants Jack Hansel, Frank Yuki, George Stahley, Donald Richardson, George Hopley, Captain Raymond Greis, Lieutenants James Stage, Ira Boyer (Lke), Hubert Degnan, Enlisted men Joe Martinez, Estill Black, Patsy Gentile, Warren Campbell, George R. Madore, Lou Sterback, Toth, Cpl. Hoy, Robert McGhee, James Ihorn, Vic Landis, Henry Ward, James McCoy, Drowillard (Snuffy) Glen Tatem, Bob Krieg, Quille New, Geo Begalla, Hank Golembiewski, Elmer Disher, Dick Clark, Pete Kostimite, Sgt. Fleming, Willar Amail, Allen Christ, Joseph Order, Charlie Warnock, Forrest Brantley, Sgt Geddings, Frank Stroh, Pop Maranovich, Bob Noll, Mike Stachen, Thomas Norwood, Ed Williams, Robert Corsi, Bernard Kill, Warren B. Hess, some of these men are deceased others their Whereabouts unknown, most climbed the first Normandy hill together courtesy of those who landed on D Day.

It was very early in July perhaps the 6th or so that many replacements began arriving, they were given assignments within the company as was a complete new complement of Officers. Together with certain spared men and Non-Coms they became the New Company "F" 329th with 1st Sgt. Jim Fowler the backbone of the reorganization. Individuals became Battlewise very quickly if time with the company permitted, some assumed leadership roles as attrition took place. Totally the

combined group became an efficient combat team.

It is to these men and hundreds more, whose names and faces have become lost to me the past 50 plus years, that we owe our deepest Thanks for the freedom we all enjoy. Thinking as a division the hundreds become thousands. Some paid the ultimate price, others sick and disabled still bear the deep scars of their military service so it is well to Remember "All Gave Some - Some Gave All"

Here & There: Since the last TB it has been my pleasure to talk with a number of you, receive notes, letters and cards from others which to paraphrase Clint Eastwood really "Makes My Day".

All seem to be holding up quite well. Oh! Yes we all have own problems some more serious, painful and or limiting than others, most attributable to the number of candles that could appear on a birthday cake. Ed Zerucha did say Jean had fallen breaking a or some vertebrae and was progressing satisfactorily, his eyes no better but still driving. Marie mentioned Ado feeling a little low these days. Gaybrant called me my condition left message on recorder part of which indicated he was having some problems details of which not available to me at this time. Luke/Verleen still working out on a treadmill, planning Arizona this year. We'd rather see them in Ashland but understand. Hellcat's De-Frib just like Timex keeps on ticking, we're glad! Margie Arnfield and Dottie Hutton doing as well as can be expected with their specific very painful problems, no foot race challenges issued. Nothing new re Jeanette Davis serious automobile accident, last report she was improving. Since Margaret Ferguson's cataract surgery she can really keep an eye on Billy Boy, that's probably good! All news Good News from Punta Gorda and Arline.

Thanks: 29 responses received to the last Company newsletter of February 28, 1997, paragraph 10. The contributions were very good, several exceptional ones you know who you are. There was no request for Ad Book from the Reunion Committee.

Coming Events: 83rd Infantry Division Association Reunion August 20 through 23, 1997. See "Thunderbolt" for details in any event remember dues will be due. Note.....as of 6-7-97 yes to Indianapolis - 5 plus 4?.....North 97 Ashland, Ohio October 12-13-14-15, 1997, The Ameri Host Inn 741 US 250 East (Intersection of I71 & US 250 Exit 186) Ph: 419-281-8090 - Fax: 419-281-9809 Rooms \$5200 + Tax includes separate CP Reservations Must Be Made By September 21, 1997 Mention Co. "F" 329th Infantry for above rate.

C.R. Bob Whitcomb

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

Please Read Carefully!

PRE-REGISTRATION INFORMATION

IT IS IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO FILL OUT THE 1997 PRE-REGISTRATION FORM AND SEND IT TOGETHER WITH YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER **(TO THE NATIONAL OFFICE BEFORE AUG. 10, 1997.)** BY DOING THIS YOU PICK UP A PACKET WITH ALL OF YOUR TICKETS AND INFORMATION NEEDED. THIS ALSO CUTS DOWN ON YOUR WAITING TIME. BRING YOUR CONFIRMATION FORM WITH YOU FOR VERIFICATION.

WE WILL HAVE AN **(ON SITE REGISTRATION)** FOR WALK IN PEOPLE OR LAST MINUTE DECISION PEOPLE WHO DECIDE TO COME. THIS WILL CONSUME MUCH MORE TIME THAN IF YOU PRE-REGISTER NOW.

THESE FORMS ARE HERE FOR YOU TO USE. THIS WILL ELIMINATE COLLECTION AND HANDLING OF ALL MONEY ON SITE. EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT PLANNING TO GO ON ANY TOURS. SEND IN A PRE-REGISTRATION FORM WITH REGISTRATION FEE AND YOUR DUES. WE WILL HAVE ALL WORK DONE AND YOUR NAME TAGS WILL BE IN THE PACKET. IF YOU NEED TO CANCEL YOU WILL RECEIVE A FULL REFUND LESS YOUR DUES.

IF YOU ARE NOT LIVING IN THE HOTEL YOU MAY PURCHASE A MEAL TICKET FOR FRIDAY DINNER FOR \$26.00, SATURDAY DINNER FOR \$28.00. ALL GRATUITIES, TAXES AND ENTERTAINMENT IS INCLUDED.

1997 PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

83rd Infantry Division Association Reunion

August 20, 21, 22, 23, 1997 at Adams Mark Hotel

Please Type or Print

Full Name _____

Nick Name for Badge _____

Unit _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip +4 _____

Phone () _____

Spouse/Guest _____

Nick Name for Badge _____

SPECIAL EVENTS

Amount

Registration Fee Per Person 25.00 _____

(For Entertainment, Hospitality & General Expenses)

Membership Dues 1998 15.00 _____

Widows Dues 5.00 _____

Camp Atterbury Bus Tour (Thursday - 15.00 per person) 15.00 _____

City Bus Tour (Friday - 10.00 per person) 10.00 _____

TOTAL

FOR THOSE PEOPLE NOT LIVING IN HOTEL - YOU MAY PURCHASE

MEAL TICKETS FOR:

Friday night dinner & entertainment (26.00 per person) ☐ _____

(Includes taxes and gratuities)

Saturday night dinner & entertainment (28.00 per person) ☐ _____

(Includes taxes and gratuities)

Please enter in box the number of people attending. TOTAL _____

If you need to cancel, You will receive a full refund less your dues.

PLEASE SEND: Check or Money Order Payable to 83rd Inf. Div. Assoc. Mail to:
National Office
3749 Stahlheber Road
Hamilton, OH. 45013-8907
Attn: Bob Derickson

83RD INFANTRY 1997 ANNUAL REUNION

(LOCAL TIME USED FOR ALL PROGRAMS)

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20TH

9:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.

HOSPITALITY ROOM OPEN (GOLDEN BALLROOM 1, 2, 3)
FREE SOFT DRINKS, PRETZELS, BEER @ 12:00 P.M.
(ADAM'S MARK HOTEL TO OPERATE BAR)

1:00 P.M. TO 5:00 P.M.

REGISTRATION

SHOPPING DOWNTOWN BY REQUEST

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21ST

6:30 A.M. TO 9:00 A.M.

CASH BREAKFAST BUFFET

8:30 A.M.

GENERAL BUS TRANSPORTATION TO CAMP ATTERBURY WITH LUNCH
\$15.00/PERSON RESERVATION REQUIRED THROUGH NATIONAL
SECRETARY OFFICE ON PRE-REGISTRATION FORM
ANY CHAPTER BUS TRANSPORTATION TO CAMP ATTERBURY WILL BE
REQUIRED TO FOLLOW IN A CONVOY
\$8.00/PERSON LUNCH & MISCELLANEOUS FEES
RESERVATION REQUIRED THROUGH NATIONAL SECRETARY OFFICE

8:30 A.M.

COMPLIMENTARY BUS TRANSPORTATION TO LITTLE NASHVILLE
RESERVATION REQUIRED THROUGH NATIONAL SECRETARY OFFICE
ON PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

9:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.

HOSPITALITY ROOM OPEN (GOLDEN BALLROOM 1, 2, 3)
FREE SOFT DRINKS, PRETZELS, BEER @ 12:00 P.M.
CASH BAR @ 2:00 P.M. TO 4:00 P.M.
(ADAM'S MARK HOTEL TO OPERATE BAR)

1:00 P.M. TO 4:00 P.M.

REGISTRATION

5:00 P.M. TO 6:00 P.M.

WELCOME BY ADAM'S MARK HOTEL IN HOSPITALITY ROOM

SHOPPING DOWNTOWN BY REQUEST

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22ND

9:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.

HOSPITALITY ROOM OPEN (GOLDEN BALLROOM 1, 2, 3)
FREE SOFT DRINKS, PRETZELS, BEER @ 12:00 P.M.
CASH BAR @ 2:00 P.M. TO 4:00 P.M.
(ADAM'S MARK HOTEL TO OPERATE BAR)

10:00 A.M. (FRIDAY, AUGUST 22ND, CONTINUED)

BUS TRANSPORTATION FOR SIGHT-SEEING TRIP THROUGH
INDIANAPOLIS, INCLUDING BRICKYARD 500

\$10.00/PERSON RESERVATION REQUIRED THROUGH NATIONAL
SECRETARY OFFICE ON PRE-REGISTRATION FORM
LUNCH AND ADMISSION FEES (YOUR COST)

10:00 A.M. TO NOON & 1:00 P.M. TO 4:00 P.M.

REGISTRATION

10:00 A.M. TO 4:00 P.M.

COMPLIMENTARY BUS FOR DOWNTOWN SHOPPING

5:00 P.M. TO 9:00 P.M.

CASH BAR

6:00 P.M.

BANQUET DINNER (HALL OF CHAMPIONS 1 & 2)

7:00 P.M. TO 11:00 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENT: COMEDIAN, ERIC GNEZDA, BLENDS MUSIC,
WISDOM, AND HUMOR
DISC JOCKEY & DANCING FOLLOW ENTERTAINER

****GUESTS NOT STAYING @ ADAM'S MARK HOTEL**

\$26.00/PERSON FOR DINNER & ENTERTAINMENT

RESERVATION REQUIRED THROUGH NATIONAL SECRETARY OFFICE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23RD

9:00 A.M. TO NOON

HOSPITALITY ROOM OPEN (HALL OF CHAMPIONS 1 & 2)

9:00 A.M. TO NOON

MEN'S BUSINESS MEETING (FOURTHEN SQUARE)

9:00 A.M. TO NOON

WOMEN'S PROGRAM (HALL OF CHAMPIONS 1 & 2)

JEWELRY SALE

MARY KAY COSMETICS DEMONSTRATION & SALE

1:30 P.M. TO 2:45 P.M.

MEMORIAL SERVICE (FOURTHEN SQUARE B & D)

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN JOE MACALUSO

3:00 P.M. TO 4:00 P.M.

CATHOLIC MASS (FOURTHEN SQUARE)

5:00 P.M. TO 9:00 P.M.

CASH BAR

6:00 P.M.

BANQUET DINNER (HALL OF CHAMPIONS 1 & 2)

7:00 P.M. TO 11:00 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENT: COMEDIAN CARL HURLEY...A LIFETIME OF
"MAKING PEOPLE LAUGH"

DANCING FOLLOWS ENTERTAINER

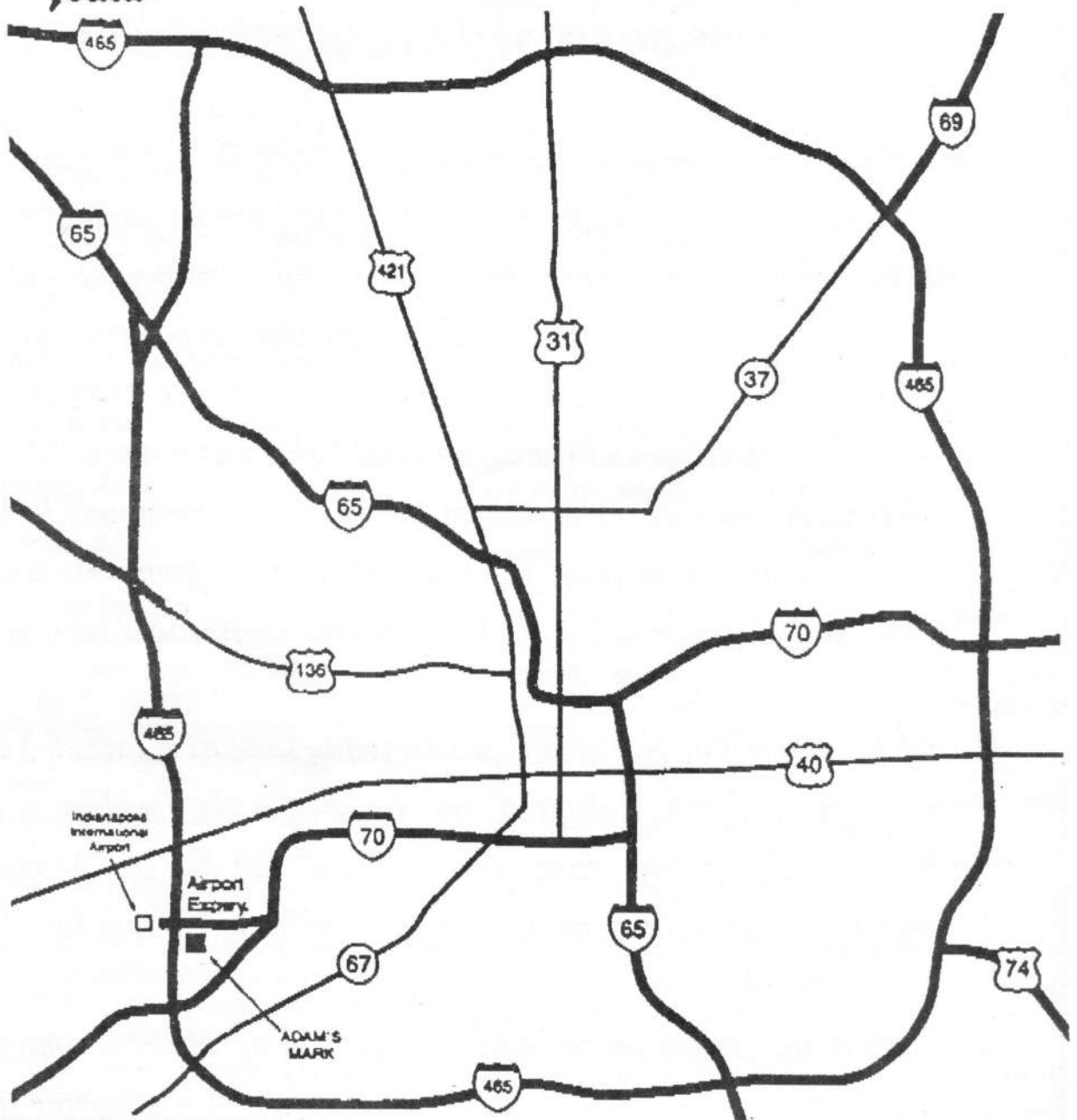
****GUESTS NOT STAYING @ ADAM'S MARK HOTEL**

\$28.00/PERSON FOR DINNER & ENTERTAINMENT

RESERVATION REQUIRED THROUGH NATIONAL SECRETARY OFFICE

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The
Winning
Team!

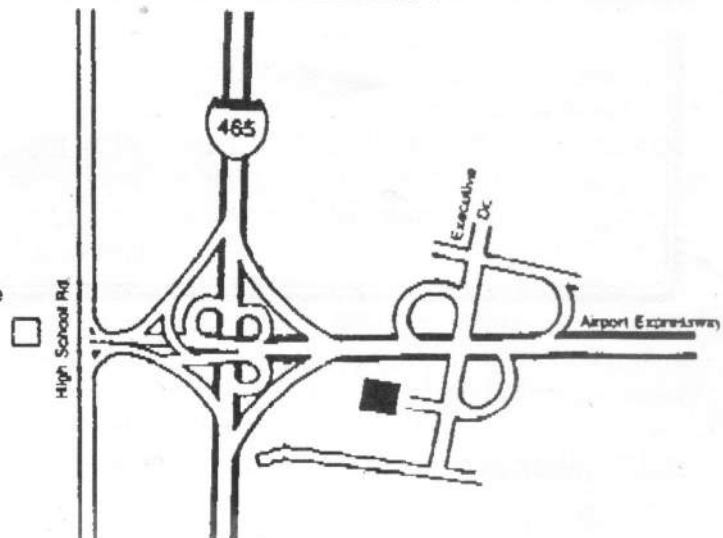


DIRECTIONS FROM:

Interstate 465 --
Interstate 70 --

- Exit right onto Airport Expressway.
Exit right onto Executive Drive:
a. From Interstate 465 the hotel will be directly
across the street on (Executive Drive).
b. From Interstate 70 the hotel will be on the
right of Executive Drive.

The loading dock will be on the South side of the
building.



Dedication of Freedom 4th of July

*Our independence day was celebrated with gusto for many years in the past
Honoring those who fought and died so the freedom we had would last
We found out in the last century to keep that freedom we had to fight
And as Americans we always rallied and supplied the might*

*I think Abraham Lincoln said it all in his Gettysburg Address
Near where men of the armies of the north and the south lay at rest
That a new birth of freedom would result from this war
And we as a nation would be dedicated to freedom forever more*

*But how many of our young people today look at a grizzled old man
And wonder if he is a veteran who fought for the freedom of our land
It seems today that too many of us celebrate that day just as rest and fun
Forgetting those who gave us that freedom, to have that fun in the sun*

*This day should be celebrated and dedicated to all of those who went forth
So let us remember those who gave all, now and forever on July 4th.*

Robert L. Gerber

783rd Ordnance Company

With all this lousy weather, all across the country, how can this year be going so fast? As you read this I sure hope someone is getting a good summer and hopefully it will be a nice week for the reunion.

Since the last issue of the Thunderbolt, four quick months ago, we've been busy with letters, phone calls and visits with mutual friends. As always there's the good news and those of the "Rusty Golden years." It isn't any surprise to most of you to learn that Art Doggett was given his final peace in March. It was fortunate that I was quickly able to reach many of you by phone and with the help of Paul Bryars the 783rd was honorably represented at Art's funeral. Milly and the whole family were very grateful and wish to thank you for the flowers and cards. Art was our only 83rd National President and he had a very successful year but most of us will remember Art for his sincere friendship and his sense of humor during our 39 month military career.

The same week that Art died I also received a letter from Percy Mohon's son to inform us that Percy had died in January and Inez just a few months before. Sadly Percy had lost all Memory and was in a nursing home. And so it goes. I think we're all beginning to look at roses and sunsets in a different light.

Now what you need is some good news with a little humor. Would you believe that after 52 years I found Victor Mutignani!!! For years I've been calling all over New York, New Jersey and Delaware. Can you believe it, I found him in New Jersey, just across the river, about seven miles from this word processor. Again would you believe the Army had his name spelled wrong. My Sherlock Holmes work began when I wrote a letter to Bill Litrenta to inform him that his photograph was in both Hut Two and my tape. The letter was mailed on Thursday morning and Friday afternoon Bill had me on the phone and his first words were, "You never give up do you?" I asked Bill again about his long lost cousin Vic. He still didn't know where he was but he gave me Vic's mother-in-laws name. After flipping open the Philadelphia directory I pointed my finger to one of the names and dialed. A younger woman answered and I tried to tell her of my search for this elusive character. Before I finished my second sentence she hollered, "Vic, your wanted on the phone," I'll just let you imagine Vic's surprise at being "found". Since then I've sent Vic pictures and Thunderbolt articles and hopefully one

of these days we will find the time to have lunch together. Vic asked about many of you but sadly as he asked about one and then another I had to tell him they were long gone. Vic has a keen memory so if some of the remember a special occasion with Vic drop him a line. He will again be most surprised. That's Victor Mutignani - 2436 Yellowstone Rd. Cinnaminson, New Jersey 08077 Tel. 1-609-786-0656

Oh yes, Bill Litrenta. "Old" Bill is 83 and seems in good health. He told me he spends every day volunteering either in his church or the senior building. And yes, he did buy a book but I haven't heard from him since. However, a number of you fellows have been good boys. Ed Perko wrote a nice letter during his arctic winter. He was sure looking forward to spring weather like "you all." During our telephone conversations to Paul Bryars I discovered he went one up on Ray Wiggins. Paul took the ferry and his passport and played golf with his son on the island of Macao. Paul is doing well sitting with the grandchildren and WALKING the golf course.

Just called Hersch and Midge Weaver for the latest medical update. Thank heavens it's a good one.

Midge has gone through a war too long to describe in detail. Midge had to have immediate by-pass surgery which was then complicated by infection surgery. In short, over the past two months, she has only been home three days. She is now home for good trying to smile at everyone of Hersch's meals. But Hersch has always been into food. I remember serving K.P. with Hersch. Gates was always yelling, "Weaver, your supposed to serve the food not eat it.

Jim Jones called when he returned from visiting and playing golf with his brother in Fla. Jim has also been busy up on the farmlands of Penna. fixing fence posts.

Hopefully Jim and I will be able to take Joe Brown up on his offer to play with him in Carlisle. It was also a delight talking to Doc, the Fredericks and the Labbe's. They were all doing well and asking about "you all." The Labbe's got to be having the best of times. This was the third time I've called right in the midst of a big family party. Of course I don't have to tell you, like the French of old, they don't drink much water in those southern parts of the country.

Milly and Ginny have been sending many letters back and forth. Milly is doing quite well. She's painting the house and running her own mower. Now if her cat would just come home she would feel much better.

More good news has come from Martha Apple-

by. Two weeks ago we met Martha and daughter Sherry at the Fox Chase Cancer Center for her checkup. She came through with flying colors and she also honored me by presenting me with Bills 83rd Div. watch. So don't forget the next time you see me ask me, "Rags, what time is it?"

Some of you may be wondering about me health so I better add that I am truly feeling great. I walked the golf course today but I didn't shoot Wiggins age. My fat free diet has removed 14 pounds from the right places. Two years ago I was as clean as a whistle and watching my fat intake. When I asked how could just one artery clog up to 98% in just two years the reply was, "That's one of the mystery's, we wish we knew the answer. Sometimes it just happens." So please make sure you get your regular checkups and don't just pass off a chest pain as a little gas.

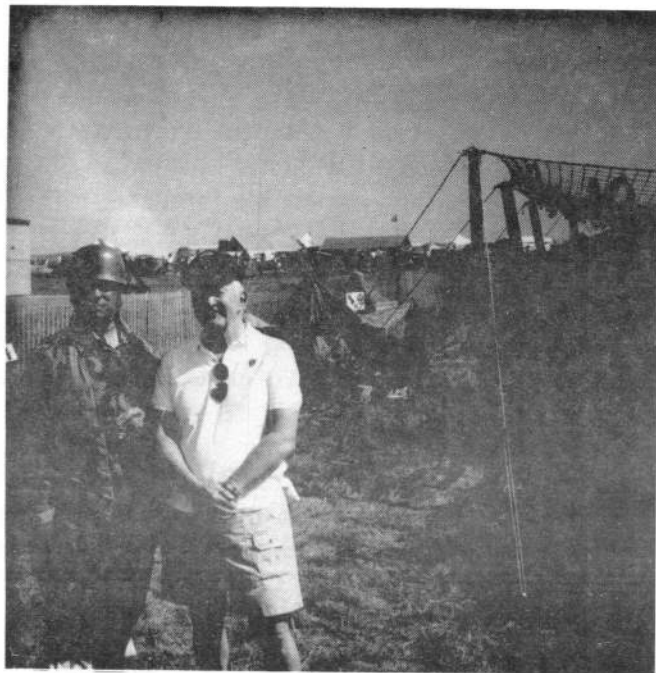
For sometime I haven't been able to contact Vin Musser and I was expecting the worse. Two weeks ago I called again and Vin answered. His wife had recently died so now it's just Vin and his special-ed son. Vin is 83 and never complains. Last year I sent him my book and he said it was an odd feeling learning about his Army career. It seems the book either helped his lost memory or he was being very kind. He asked about Gilman, Doggett and Rohrer.

When I told him "Old Dog" had just died he said, "you know, "Old Dog" sounds familiar but the pictures in the book were all strangers. So as I said before, smell the roses and smile at the sunsets.

Yesterday was a great day. Who should come knocking at my door but George Harris with his nephew, chauffeur George Waltz from Texas. Where do you get nephews like this? Not only did he drive up from Texas but he drove George all the way from Williamsport just to see Ginny. Of course Ginny had agreed to make lunch. George is coming up to his 88th in August and he is doing quite well. He is driving down to the Legion Post most afternoons to have a little nip with the conversations. Our three hour visit went very fast. They were driving backup to Reading to see young George's new granddaughter. After they left Ginny commented, "Wasn't that great, never did I ever expect to have those two George's in my home."

Tomorrow should be another great day as we are also driving up to Reading to see the 7th annual World War II Commemorative Weekend. This is being run by Jim Swope an honorary member of the 83rd. He is the fellow who found the 83rd jeep in a close-by barn. For sure I will sit in it and see if I can pick up the aroma of Wolf and Gilman.

Hut two,
Rags Rangnow



Jim Swope and George Suchomelly of Reading PA in the restored 83rd jeep. "Sure brought back memories"



George Suchomelly 83rd Inf. 329 Reg. Co. "A" 2nd Platoon and an old buddy in German para-trooper uniform - Atlantic museum.

83RD REBORN IN READING, PENNSYLVANIA

This was one of those days when time not only stood still but as you stepped off the parking lot bus you walked right into 1944. It didn't matter whether you were Army Air Force, Marine, Maritime or Army, some of your everyday sights of yesteryear were surrounding you. Honest, the second thing I saw was a 1944 Jeep with a bumper marking of, 83rd Inf. Div. 331st. Of course I knew right away that this was JIM SWOPES Jeep for which he paid one dollar.

Ginny and I had just completed the 68 mile drive from Philadelphia to the 7th Annual, World War 11, Commemorative Weekend held on June 7th and 8th at the Reading Pa. airport.

Jim Swope, many of you may recall, is an honorary member of the 83rd Association. Last year he wrote a fine article in the Thunderbolt on finding his 83rd Jeep in a barn under a stack of hay. Jim is one of the two original founders of this week and one of the best high school, history teachers in Reading. He not only teaches a full history on the wars but he takes his classes to such places as West Point, Army War College of Carlisle, Pa. and the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland.

Being the history teacher, when he removed the grime from the Jeeps bumper and found the 83 Div., he immediately started to research the Division's history. If my memory serves me correctly, a short time later, Norm Schuster, D 331, informed him of my book "Hut Two." From this point on Jim and I began a friendship through phone calls and letters.

Jim's research dug up some interesting facts. His Jeep entered Europe through Brussels in early 1945. In February six of us from the 783rd went back to Leige to pick up six new replacement Jeeps for the Division. Could it be that the Jeep that I drove is the one and the same as Jim's. These thoughts and many others raced through my mind as I tenderly felt the hood of this ancient, war Cadillac. I thought of Les Wolf driving Lt. Gilman at the head of our convey. And Doc Pfiefer's crew working around the clock welding the hundreds of wire catchers to the front of the 83rd Jeep's. It was truly a goose bump occasion.

My first attempt to find the very busy Jim Swope failed but after downing lunch I told Ginny I was going-ah-search-ing. Just as I walked on the ramp here came the good looking 83rd Jeep. I raised my hand to stop the young driver and as I began to ask Jim's whereabouts this young whipper-snapper extended his hand and said, "How you doing Rags?"

Jim not only told me to get in but insisted on meeting Ginny. Before Ginny got seated Jim asked me to autograph the inside door of the glove compartment. Proudly I wrote my name right under a Colonel who had just signed. His name was Col. Robert Morgan. Col Morgan not only commanded the famous "Memphis Belle" but after completing 25 missions in Europe he went to

the Pacific and led the first B29 raid on Tokyo.

This was turning into quite a day but Jim had one more ace up his sleeve. Jim drove us through the smiling crowds of onlookers and stopped at a clearer area by the hangers. He placed his GI helmet on my head and said, "ok, Rags, it's all yours." With this statement Jim fulfilled his promise, "If you come up to Reading, I'll let you drive your Jeep." So around the hanger and across the fields we went. Again I had goose bumps for at least half of this nostalgic drive.

On arriving back in the general area Jim spotted a vet with an 83rd cap and called him over. He was a surprised George Riccardo also of the D 331 from Scranton. My only disappointment of the day was my unsuccessful attempt to locate Norm Shuster, D 331st. but there's always next year Norm.

Jim Swope and his excellent staff not only had a great flying show of WW11 planes but there was a huge ground display of equipment and vehicles along with the cover girl of Yank, a tented officers club with a little bar serving you cokes at your little table accompanied by the haunting melodies of the 1940's and lastly FDR himself, portrayed by Delmas Wood, arriving in a chauffeured 1937 Ford. He opened the show with an eloquent speech.

We've certainly all seen the TV programs on the wars and the specific shows on the B17, P51, carriers and tanks but there's no substitute for walking through this type of display. As you stoop through a squad tent the old aroma of the canvas infiltrates your nose. There's that special feel to the woolen blanket and what memories the field mess kitchen brings back with it's cans of Spam sitting there. Not to be outdone "British" soldiers were standing rigidly still or drilling in their unique cadence. Fifty yards away the Germans in full uniform were explaining themselves and their vast equipment.

The young Americans and their equipment were everywhere, decked out in their neatly trimmed uniforms, representing many branches and ranks of the service. This is a day that all Americans should experience so bring your family to Reading next June and like me you will also find that the 83rd is alive and remembered.

Thank You, Jim Swope
Rags Rangnow
783rd Ord.
83rd Inf. Div.



Co. "G" 331st Infantry

We are getting close to reunion time again. How many of you have made your reservations to be in Indianapolis on August 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1997. There are a number of you men that live in or near the city and we will look forward to seeing you.

It is always good to see new faces at the reunion, last year there was Phillip Graff and Edward Foy. It is getting late in the years for us and we should make an attempt to meet with our old buddies.

I took a week off from my daily chores to attend the College World Series in Omaha. It is nice to be able to relax and to enjoy yourself. That is the feeling we get when we attend one of the reunion.

My yearly newsletter went out a little late this year mainly because the Association decided not to have an Ad book this year.

In the future our reunions will be organized and operated an Individual agency, because most of our Chapters are having a hard time finding help when it comes to reunion time.

In 1998 we will meet in Peoria, Ill.

In the last issue of the Thunderbolt, I found out that a 17 year old German during WWII wrote a book. That is the same 17 year old that killed Lt. Mote across the Elbe River. I am thankful that he was not an expert with the rifle because he took many shots at me and missed. Had a letter from Singleton, when I returned from my trip. He and Flannary are the only two platoon sergeant from G Company that are still living. He has been able to fill me on some of the details from our July 4th offensive in Normandy. He has been trying to locate his aide man from the 1st platoon. Richard Drewniak, I have his address and will forward it to Singleton.

Some of the men in G Company cannot get around these days, hopefully I can still keep in touch with them. The card to Wesley was returned this year, so I am not sure if he is still with us. Also Alvin Wood. Had a short visit from one of the Regimental Chaplain. Capt. Swartout, the Protestant Chaplain, he is 89 years of age and still getting around.

Casel Bush drops me a line now and then. He informed me that Joe Spanner was not interested in anything about the 83rd. It is a shame because we have so much to be thankful for, and should be proud that we served in one of the better divisions during WWII.

I try to keep in touch with as many of the men as possible, because Commanding G Company was the greatest honor that I have attained during my lifetime. It is always good to be remembered by men from other companies that served with us. And there is always a new story to come out of the war. My one regret is that I never found time to put all of the memories into a book, Mary Rung pushed me to do, but unfortunately she is not with us now.

Looking forward to seeing you men in Indianapolis in August.

Capt. Mac.

Company "A" 329th

Hi "A" Company: I haven't heard from to many guys. It kind of looks like this might be the last report.

Ed Gilbert called March 17, 1997 and said he and Alyce were going to Israel March 30th for 2 weeks. I trust they enjoyed there stay.

I called John Camp our medic. He said he uses a wheel chair now. Has a hard time getting around. He said maybe someone can take him to the Indianapolis Reunion. His family is OK. All the crops are in but of course with all this rain it set everything back. He did mention that he has a grandson that does the rodeo circuit. He rides the bucking bronco's. Now thats tough - Wow!

I also called George Suchomelly. He and Pauline are fine. Very active in veteran and community affairs.

So fellows this is about it. I hope I get to see you guys at the reunion in Indianapolis.

Stay Healthy, and So Long.

Bob Grobelny
"A" 329th



I Wonder

Sometimes when riding in our car,
I see people and wonder who they are
As they whiz by in their car,
I often wonder if and when
I will ever see them again.

So many have passed by "in review,"
Thousands and thousands, but few I knew.
And I wonder how it would be
To meet these people and to see
What they are like, just them and me.

By Sue Chuzi

Ode To My Husband's Cataract Operations

No Hail to thee, O Cataract,
Good friend thou never wert.

Thou putteth a patch upon his eye
That causeth him to miss the sky.

Thou taketh away his driving skills
And putteth him on drops and pills.

Tis hard to see with but one eye,
But he shall be cured by and by.

Begone thou vile villain bad,
Take thy evil to another pad.

For soon he shalt see as good as new.
He biddeth no fond farewell to you.

Thou who hath caused his plight,
Art now banished from his sight.

Dear Mr. Derickson,

Son of 83rd Div. member who has displayed WWII memorabilia in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky is looking to purchase the following weapons. Transferable.

MP 38 - 1938 - 1939
G41 (W) - 1941 - 1942
UK1 - 1945
UG1 - 1945
UG 1 - 5 1945
UG 2 - 1945

German Scoped rifles of any type or date.
Call 317 - 846 - 7886 and ask for John between 6 & 9 P.M. EST.

Thanks, John Petrie.

Today, dear Lord I'm 80, and there's much I haven't done. I hope, dear Lord, you'll let me live until I'm 81. But then, If I haven't finished all I want to do, Would You please let me stay awhile, until I'm 82? So many places I want to go, so very much to see, Do You think that You could manage to make it 82? The world is changing very fast, there is so much in store, I'd like it very much to live until I'm 84. And if by then I'm still alive, I'd like to stay till 85! More planes will be up in the air, so I'd really like to stick. And see what happens to the world when I turn 86. I know, dear Lord it's much to ask, (and it must be nice in heaven) But I'd really like to stay until I'm 87. I know by then I won't be fast, and sometimes will be late, But it would be so pleasant to be around at 88. I will have seen so many things, and had a wonderful time. So, I'm sure that I'll be willing to leave at the age of 89...Maybe. Just one more thing I'd like to say dear Lord, I thank you kindly. But if it's okay with You, I'd love to live past 90.

-- Author Unknown



A Small Prayer

I believe the smallest prayer can be heard
because someone above I believe hears every word
A prayer to see that each and every day brings
An understanding that all living things
Like the trees, the flowers, the littlest animals on this world
That all of us have our place in this world
To do away with all the inhumanity against humanity
By living in harmony together in peace and finding our sanity
To find that candle that lights our way, to show the way
That brings us peace and good will for each of us every day
A small prayer for all living beings, that begins at birth
That they find happiness, prosperity and peace on this earth

Poet

Robert L. Gerber

Meeting an Angel

Taking a vacation means having some fun,
like driving through the North Carolina mountains in the daylight sun.
Stopping at rest areas and enjoying the people that you meet
and enjoying a nice restaurant where you stop to eat.

But this trip was more wonderful than ever before
because of what happened that I thought would never happen anymore.
I met an "Angel" while walking along a forestry path,
who was watching two bluebirds in a little pool of water taking a bath.

Slim, wearing a white turtleneck sweater, short, short pants
which set off her lovely face, and moving quietly
like walking on eggs, and humming some lyrics about two people in love.
Then noticing me, she smiled and laughed
which sounded like bells tinkling from above.

She said, "Have you ever seen anything more beautiful than that?"
as we both just stood there observing the two birds taking a bath.
We stood silently watching, then turning she introduced herself.
Her name was Linda, her voice soft like a whisper of wind through the trees.

As I stood there looking at her, I became weak in the knees.
She spoke again and her voice was like a soft rippling among the leaves.
Introducing myself, we then walked together down the forest path
and as we walked she broke out in a lilting laugh.

Saying how beautiful nature was and how it was surrounding both of us
and how all people should see this because how beautiful it was.
We walked and talked and enjoyed all of nature that we could see,
Many times stopping to look off into the distance at the beautiful scenery.

We came upon the area where all our cars were parked,
across a picturesque little creek.

It was here that she leaned over and gave me a kiss on my cheek.
She said, "We didn't know each other very long, but I guess that is the way
it was supposed to be. So good-bye, Bob, I hope you will always remember me."

Then turning, she disappeared among the parked cars, after crossing the creek,
All I could do was stand there, touching the spot she had kissed on my cheek.

Robert L. Gerber



Nazis at St. Malo Glad to Quit, Says Indianapolis Sergeant

Indianapolis
August 7, 1944

APPROACHING ST. MALO. Brittany, Aug. 7 (AP) -- American infantry backed by tanks, artillery and dive bombers drove to within four miles of the center of St. Malo, ancient Seagirt fortress often besieged in the middle ages but never taken, in a heavy attack Sunday afternoon.

The trapped Nazi garrison fought from barricades under an Army commander who had ordered that they battle until the last man, but the Americans by leaflets and broadcasts served an ultimatum demanding surrender and hundreds gladly were giving up in response.

"We took about 500 already and they are still coming in by the truckload," said Master Sergeant Harry Brouhard, 1132 North Warman avenue, Indianapolis.

The Yanks cracked the first German defense line Saturday night at Chateauneuf-D'Ile-St.-Vilaine, and then began their main attack 3:30 Sunday afternoon after a twenty-minute artillery barrage.

The Germans fought back from behind a line of minefields, barbed wire, anti-tank ditches, blockhouses and stone road blocks.

Their gunboats in the Ranee river estuary also shelled American troops, but most of these were knocked out by dive bombers, which also flayed the German lines. From Cezembre island, which controls Chah-lort the Germans also had heavy naval guns able to fire inland or toward the sea.

"But they don't seem to have much artillery left," an American captain said.

"The American attack advanced 800 yards in the first hour," said Captain James C. Bagley, of Orlando, Fla. "It's tough because the Germans are well entrenched--they've had years to get ready for this."

"They're fighting back like hell, throwing everything on us -- small arms, machine guns, mortars and some artillery -- it's the hottest spot I've seen," added a colonel in one unit.

Major Charles Pack, of Live Oak, Fla., and Captain Callaghan told how some enemy troops gave up after Army sound trucks broadcast the surrender ultimatum.

"One Russian lieutenant surrendered and told us he could get his platoon to come over if we let him go back," said Captain Callaghan. "Lieutenant John D. Raikos, of Indianapolis, went forward with him. They took a truck along. The Russian lieutenant called out for his men and fifteen came out and threw down their arms."

Camp Breckinridge battle continuing

Ex-owners want back land seized by government

Associated Press

MORGANFIELD -- The Army seized their land, turned it into a military installation and later touched off a battle that has been in and out of the courts for 32 years.

"I am training my children to carry on the fight. We have never given up hope, but we do feel like we fell through the cracks," said Ruby Higginson Au of Prospect and organizer of the Breckinridge Land Committee.

Members have met monthly in Morganfield for about 19 years.

Their problems began in 1942 when the nation was at war. The government started buying land in Union, Webster and Henderson counties for what would become Camp Breckinridge.

Most landowners sold, even though they felt they were given too little. Others refused to sell but had their land seized anyway. Almost all felt there was an implicit understanding they could one day rebuy their land, their children say.

Fifty-five years later about 1,100 descendants and heirs still are waiting.

In 1993 Congress said they could sue for fair compensation from the government, which has profited from the coal under the soil.

A lawsuit was filed in U.S. Court of Federal Claims, but it has been stalled for 16 months while a judge decides whether it should be a class-action suit.

The government argues against this strategy "in the interests of justice" and says that what occurred was legal.

The government also has denied any deception was involved in the purchases and that written documents supersede oral accounts of supposed promises to sell back the land.

The Army took about 37,000 acres to build Camp Breckinridge, an infantry basic-training base that also later housed 4,000 Germans and Italian prisoners of war and a 500 bed hospital.

Appraisers first appeared in 1942. According to accounts handed down from family members, the agents would not inspect the properties and made a one-time offer of perhaps \$47 to \$52 an acre, which also included mineral rights. The mineral rights alone made the land worth millions.

"Because the government held up paying them, no one had any money to move away," said Au, author of "Land of Camp Breckinridge: Injustice to Farmers." It took nearly three years for some farmers to get their money, hampering efforts to relocate and forcing them into debt.

After the base was declared surplus in 1953, Uncle Sam sold the mineral rights for the coal and oil. The government also sold 30,000 acres, but the land was lumped into tracts as large as 5,000 acres that only the wealthy could afford.

Former landowners filed their first suit in U.S. District Court at Owensboro 32 years ago seeking a share of the profits they claimed they were due under a 1944 law to limit government profiting off surplus property.

But courts ruled that the statute has been repealed by the time they filed their claim.

The U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear the case and the committee disbanded around 1969. But it reorganized in 1978 after U.S. Sen. Wendell Ford, D-Ky., introduced the first or sever bills calling for Congress to approve a lawsuit in the Court of Federal Claims.

It did not pass until 1993.



Camp Kilmer: the mini-city that never slept

By DEBORAH CANNONIE
Staff Writer - The News Tribune

*I'll be seeing you in all the old
familiar places*

*That this heart of mine
embraces*

All day through.....

You can't hear the longing in Jo Stafford's bittersweet alto just by passing through the two squat brick buildings the Army now calls Camp Kilmer.

It isn't in the lines of cars, placidly queuing up at the Motor Vehicle Inspection Station, and it can't be found at the massive postal facility that bears the name of the Army post. A portion of the Livingston campus of Rutgers University and still other facilities are now tenants on part of the camp hastily constructed in 1942.

More than 5 million soldiers were "processed" -- the Army's last-minute avalanche of paperwork, shots, and routines -- at Camp Kilmer, to be sent to the various theaters of World War II.

"For a lot of soldiers, this was the last piece of the United States they were going to see before they got shipped overseas," remembers George "Red" Ellis, ruffling the thinning fringe of auburn hair that earned him his nickname as a sweet-faced 19 year old private in 1945.

He mulls over memories in a Camp Kilmer cubicle, next to fellow veteran Joe Johnson, an unfailingly polite retired sergeant who fills his chair with the authoritative posture that only a 27-year Army career could bring.

Ellis gulps a little when he remembers, and Johnson blinks impassively with eyes trained to see much and reveal nothing. For the moment, they are soldiers on the verge of war again, just like the millions of wet-behind-the-ears kids who answered the call from Uncle Sam more than 50 years ago. Like the ones who returned and the ones who opened their veins on foreign beaches, muddy foxholes, and naked battlefields, Ellis and John-

son loved home -- but they loved freedom more.

It cost them. Johnson was diverted to England to prepare for the D-day invasion, while Ellis was captured by the Nazis after two days at the Battle of the Bulge.

*In that small cafe, the park across
the way,*

*The children's carousel, the chest-
nut trees, the wishing well, I'll be see-
ing you in every lovely summer's day,*

In everything that's light and gay,

I'll always think of you that way...

The Korean War interceded between Sgt. 1st Class Gary Dunaenko and his Vietnam tour of duty, but the sentiments of the song still apply. Dunaenko, the camp's resident historian and current head of operations for the 1st Brigade, 78th Division U.S. Army Reserve that inhabits the camp, works closely with Ellis and Johnson in preserving the history of Kilmer, which once occupied 1,533 acres in Piscataway and a small part of Edison.

"At its height, the camp was capable of processing 50,000 soldiers a day," says Dunaenko. Named after Joyce Kilmer, the New Brunswick poet killed in World War I, the camp came out of the government's desperate need to centralize East Coast operations. While troop transfers for the Pacific theater were handled in California, Kilmer served as the New York port of embarkation for Europe.

The movement of so much men and machinery required the kind of massive mobilization World War II produced, for an installation on the scale of Camp Kilmer. "Soldiers moved in and out via more than 20 miles of railroad track and 30 miles of roads," Dunaenko said. "Entire trains could be turned around at the railheads if necessary."

Kilmer was constructed in six months at a cost of \$25 million on land that was pieced together from the sales of various farms. The Smalley family's 140-acre tract was part of the deal, including an ancient burial plot protected by a neat fence. The Army still tends the plot, and family members still visit.

More than 1,120 buildings were erected at the military staging area. Five theaters, service clubs, post offices, chapels, banks, and a stockade were open to the transient soldier population. Wounded soldiers recuperated in a complete hospital complex on the site. The typical stay before a soldier received his final orders might be as little as five days or as much as two weeks, depending on the need and the paperwork.

"Soldiers weren't idle while they waited. It was no rest camp," said Dunaenko. There were medical exams and shots, drills, training, and last-minute equipment checks for soldiers "who were literally combat-ready -- they came with everything they needed to go to war, from rations to rifles. They were ready to go."

When Ellis went through Kilmer, 85,000 men temporarily called the base home. "There was a steady stream of men, all the time, and spirits were high. No one was trying to figure a way to get out of going overseas," he said.

"It was like a beehive. Constant activity," Johnson agreed.

Still, entertainment was important, and the USO amply complied with the soldier's requests. "All the Big Bands were here...Tommy Dorsey, Glen Miller, Count Basie," recalled Johnson, who tended bar the night Miller played the camp's famous Kilmer Bowl. "He was a gentleman."

"Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were here. They were great," added Ellis.

It would be a long time before some of the soldiers came stateside again, so family ties were important. Several phone centers around the camp, with dozens of phone booths, were available for the homesick to reverse the charges.

It was from the local PXs that so many fringed pillows, emblazoned with slogans like "Hello From Camp Kilmer," were sent home. Of course, it was understood that letters were subject to the razor blade of the censor, so they were not initially sealed.

"For security reasons, you couldn't say where you were. They couldn't ink out portions that were risky, because you still might be able to make out those portions," Dunaenko said, hence the need for the razor. An incautious letter home more closely resembled confetti after the censor was through.

Ellis escaped his German captors a few months after his internment, and returned to a hero's welcome. Johnson was in charge of the motor pool when the last soldier was shipped to Europe as part of the American occupation forces in 1949.

The camp was reopened as a shipping post less than a year later, during the Korean War, to be replaced by Fort Dix in 1953. Hungarian refugees, fleeing the Communist insurgency in their country, were housed at Kilmer in 1956. Many were absorbed in the Hungarian community in surrounding areas.

Seventy-seven acres are left now. According to Dunaenko, a recently settled court case will force the Army to sell off more of the camp. Around 600 reservists and 50 full-time Army personnel staff Kilmer now.

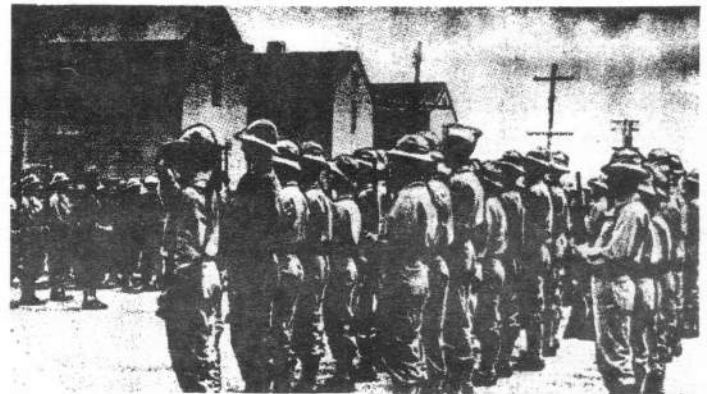
Dunaenko serves in his post, but he still goes home to his family at night. Kilmer gets smaller, and war becomes more of a memory. The veterans of all the wars did something right.

*I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new,
I'll be looking at the moon
But I'll be seeing you.*



Special to The News Tribune

Thousands of U.S. troops arriving at Camp Kilmer for furloughs from active duty



During World War II, Camp Kilmer in Piscataway was one of the busiest military posts in the United States.

A Boy in Blue, A Boy in Grey

A boy in blue, a boy in grey
Met on a battlefield one day.
The eyes of both were flashing fire
Killer instinct their one desire.
Before they fired a fatal shot,
Some sixth sense told them they should not.
Looks of amazement crossed their face,
As recognition took its place.
The guns were lowered, eyes went bright,
With recognition - sheer delight.
Brother George and his brother Ben
Long separated meet again.
Ben of the Blue and George of the Grey
Both turned around and walked away.

At Gettysburg

At Gettysburg they fought and bled,
Some returned and some were dead.
Some were wounded, some were whole,
Still they aided toward the goal.
Serving God and country dear,
Keeping Union ever near.
Thoughts of loved ones uppermost,
Left no time for idle boast.
Must protect myself from harm,
Yet my fear must not alarm.
Devil's Den, The Charge, Culp's Hill;
Blood and Guts -- they had their fill.
Guns are silent, peace serene,
Rules above the bloody scene.

Jean C. Smith
321 N. 71st St.
Harrisburg, PA. 17111-5204

I'm Awfully Well for the Shape I'm In

There's nothing whatever the matter with me:
I'm just as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both of my knees;
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, and me blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
Arch supports I have for my feet,
Or I wouldn't be able to walk on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
And every morning I look a sight.
My memory is failing; my head's in a spin.
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
The moral is, as this tale we unfold,
That for you and me who are growing old,
It is better to say, "I'm fine," with a grin,

Than to let them know the shape we're in.
--Author unknown

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us, who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

Col. John McCrae

Dear Bob,

Just received my Thunderbolt, it means so very much to me as I know it does to all that receive it. I just wish more of the 331st would take it. I have met a number of men while living here in S.C. that are 83rd veterans and I have asked them to join. My squad leader was from S.C. but I can't remember his name or what part of the state he was from. I still call North Carolina home but we live here in S.C. I retired from a power company here. I wish I could or knew how to get in contact with the men I served with, my C.P. I am sending a picture of was made after we had been moved into Pattons 3rd Army down near Passau Germany.

Were you still in the 83rd at that time? I am sending a picture of my best buddies and me, if you don't mind.

Bob, if you have anyway or know how I might contact these men I would like to know. I have not had a chance to go to a reunion yet, maybe I will get to go to Springfield, Ohio in Sept for the 331st reunion. Mr. Harold A. Edwards got my name out of the 83rd roster and called me. I sure hope we can go to this reunion. Mr. Bale if you want to and have space in the next Thunderbolt say something about these two men. The single is of Tall we called him- terrible Tall. He was from Ohio. The other picture is of Tall and Fidel Montel and myself and my whole squad. We were in the 3rd Bn. Co. "L".

Thank you for all that you and all the others are doing in this work for the 83rd. Hope to be able to meet you in person sometime.

Did you get to see my C.O. while in Hi? He lives in Hilo, Hi.

Thank you very much

Clyde Miller, 3rd "Bn. 331st "L" Co.
431 Rest Street, Pomaria, S.C. 29126

"For 183,000 American World War II Orphans The Battle Still Rages" "Lost In The Cracks For 52 Years"

by Michael Gottlieb

212-460-8015
SS#: 101-36-8467

World War II has been officially over for some 52 years. Some 183,000 American children were left fatherless and labeled 'orphans' by the federal government although most still had their mothers (Ann Mix, founder of the American WW II Orphans Network, made that estimate based on government records). This steep price for victory was paid by only 7 offspring out of every 1,000 American soldiers who participated in WWII. I have no figures on the number of widows resulting from the carnage of WWII but they too have gone largely unnoticed. While this article focuses upon the terrible psychological casualties from WW II, it requires little imagination to add in those from our other wars: Korea, Vietnam and the Persian Gulf.

Some 16.5 million American men were in uniform during WWII. A very large number of these men were single (unmarried) and had no babies or children at home. With such a large pool of single men, it is clearly gross incompetence and gross negligence for the federal government and military service to have placed married men with babies and children at home into the front lines of combat to get killed. Yes, in war people get killed. No one wants anyone to get killed. But, married men with babies and children should never have been put into the front lines of combat when there was such a large pool of single men available. The orphans and widows suffered such severe emotional injuries that the wreckage of broken lives is strewn throughout our country.

In addition to the gross incompetence and gross negligence of the federal government and military services one must add that after these fine, brave, dedicated men were killed the government and military failed to provide any bereavement counseling or any psychological support for the widows and orphans left behind. Nor did they provide maternity assistance for pregnant or early mothers.

A direct result of all this is that

suicide, severe and chronic emotional illness, alcoholism, other addictions, divorce, etc. are epidemic in the orphan population. I only have anecdotal evidence as the government did not keep track of these people after the age of 18. Also, one had to apply for disability before the age of 23 to qualify under VA rules. Indeed, to this very day the VA does not have any department or section that focuses upon the widows or orphans of any American war.

I am one of the 183,000 orphans. The bitterness, the hurt, the sense of betrayal only grew worse when I learned that my dad (and many of his comrades-in-arms) were discriminated against once again after they were killed. That is the widows and orphans of men who had been privates and corporals and sergeants were treated even more shabbily than those of officers (lieutenants, captains, etc.). This in no way downplays the suffering and loss of anyone. But the plain, unvarnished truth is that widows and orphans of officers received financial benefits (college tuition e.g.) and were accorded courtesies not provided to the other group.

The gross neglect and heartless abandonment of orphans and widows by the federal government and military services helped to create severe emotional casualties, severe wounds that are festering to this day. The cost in individual and family suffering, the social cost in disability payments and lost productivity is immeasurable. Often the baby or child lost his or her mother in the sense that she became unable or unwilling to be a real mother. The trauma and shock of a sudden, violent and unexpected death was just too much for many of these moms. They desperately needed support, bereavement counseling, maternity assistance. Instead, from the government and military they were treated in a cold and heartless fashion. If families and neighbors also acted in selfish and heartless ways, the young mother was abandoned. She in turn stopped acting as a loving, caring mom. These wounds still fester.

Ironically and tragically and hypocritically the VA has as its motto: "To care for him who hath borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan". (Abe Lincoln; 1864).

H.M.T. Samaria

H.M.T. stands for His Majesty's Transport and the Samaria took a large portion of the 83rd Division to England. We left Camp Shanks and boarded the ship at night in New York harbor. My buddies and I climbed down rope nets in an open cargo hold to the room assigned several decks down. The room was bare with iron hooks in the ceiling. We thought they were used to hang meat, but soon learned they were for hanging hammocks. There were more men than hammocks, so those without slept on a very thin, dirty, gym pad on the floor. The hammocks were so close that hips touched and you had a pair of feet on either side of your head. When someone in a hammock became seasick, it made life interesting for those sleeping on the floor. Even going to the latrine required walking bent over to avoid hammocks as well as those on the floor. Some returning from the latrine could not find their hammock again or found someone else sleeping in it.

Food was issued twice a day to an assigned waiter from a mess group of ten men. We ate British rations since it was a British ship. Breakfast was usually kippered herring, bread, boiled potatoes and a basin of tea. You dipped your mess cup into the tea basin that was without milk, sugar or lemon. The dried kippers looked like they were leftover rations from Noah's Ark. Supper was usually bully beef, bread and pea soup or the boiled potatoes plus the usual basin of tea. Some mess groups had tables and benches bolted to the floor and others just sat on the floor. Our mess gear was washed in cold, salt water. In time, interesting greenish mold or corrosion covered the mess gear. It must have been penicillin since we did not get sick from it.

During the first few days a few dozen men stayed on deck in order to more easily abandon ship after we were torpedoed. They watched the sea for periscopes and swore a submarine was trailing us. It made little sense, since the pick-up ship was miles away and the cold water killed quickly. At first we went on deck for air (bitter cold) and to watch the rest of

the convoy - ships in all directions right to the horizon. We wore life jackets with a small battery operated red light clipped to it. There were endless card games that had some of us down 10,000 points in gin rummy or owing thousands of dollars in poker debts. Others wrote letters, read books, sang, argued or stared at the sea. One night we could see a ship burning a few miles away. Occasionally, a body wearing a life jacket floated past to remind us of how quickly the sea could kill.

As the lower decks began to smell more and more of vomit, I began to sleep on the open deck despite the cold. I found a pom-pom gun shell catcher near the stern that was deep enough to prevent my rolling out. By day it was used for the seasick emptying themselves because it was directly above the water and downwind.

While getting breakfast for our mess group, I learned that volunteers were needed to assist the crew. The British crew were mostly old men and teen age boys. The big attraction for me was that the crew ate three times a day. It gave me something to do and I began to decode British accents and slang. I also began to figure out British money. We moved stores, retied tarps and did other simple tasks. The high spot of the day for the British crew was the daily ration of grog. It was one part rum to three parts water served from a brass bound cask marked, "God Save the King." Some of the crewmen saved the grog for several days and then got drunk.

When the ship finally reached Liverpool over two weeks after leaving New York City, several G.I.'s were assigned to operate the steam winches. Four winches were synchronized by hand signals to lift vehicles from the hold and then lower them to the dock. A few trucks were dropped and one burst it's tires, but we enjoyed it.

Some of us felt the Samaria had probably taken British troops to the Crimean War; others claimed it had been converted to steam after delivering British troops during the American Revolution. We were not unhappy to see the last of H.M.T. (His Majesty's Tub) Samaria.

Hal O'Neill
83rd Signal

Military Problems

The stories of military foul-ups are legion. The Army way often lacked common sense. It began in the induction centers with ill-fitting, uniforms and assignments to jobs unrelated to civilian skills. The man who had been a restaurant cook for five years was made a motor mechanic; a civilian radio operator was sent to cooking school, etc. The Army in Europe continued this proud American tradition.

In no particular order -

1. We were issued finger gloves within which fingers stiffened and lost feeling. Solution - we traded cigarettes with German prisoners for their fur lined mittens with a trigger finger.

2. Jeeps and trucks lacked heaters. Solution - cut a hole in the firewall and put a pipe on the exhaust manifold. You cooked one foot at a time to the smell of hot iron.

3. We were issued short mackinac coats because all Signalmen climb telephone poles. We hardly ever climbed poles in combat areas and when we did we did not wear bulky coats. Solution - we borrowed long overcoats from those who no longer needed them - the dead.

4. There were no scarves or face protection for drivers in open cabs or jeeps. Solution - some used towels, a stretch sock, cut up blankets or had some local girl knit something.

5. Army issue boots got wet, encouraged trench foot and were so cold you could not feel your feet. This was especially distressing when trying to brake a truck. Solution - by using boots several sizes too large and then wearing three pairs of socks your feet stayed warmer longer. I cut up parachute nylon as a foot wrap held in place by wool socks and a large pair of galoshes - a homemade muk-luk. Silk or nylon was very warm and dried quickly. Note - We found real silk underwear in abandoned houses. Some G.I.'s dried socks using arm-pit warmth.

6. We were issued sleeping bags made of one blanket thickness. Solution - most of us sewed additional blankets around the bag. I put a layer of rabbit fur between two blankets, but there were problems - it tended to bunch up and I kept shedding rabbit hairs all day from my clothing - we slept dressed. A lucky few borrowed, stole or bought down sleeping bags from Artillery spot- ters. They were the best.

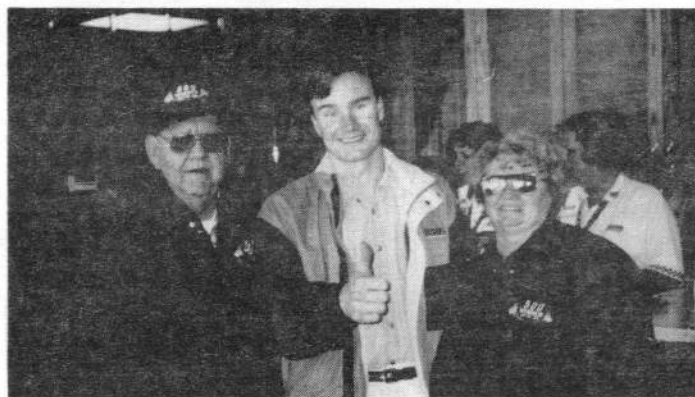
7. The wooden tent pegs issued for pup tents and larger tents often split. Solution - we picked up German aluminum tent pegs - if bent, they could be straightened.

8. Heating food was a problem - especially the K-rations or Ten in One's. Solution - we heated some on engine blocks. Warning Remember to puncture the cans before heating or they can explode and make the engine smell for days. Others used a can of sand or pebbles soaked in gasoline, others used a wood fire or the coal stoves in abandoned houses. Cans were boiled in a helmet of water. Note - Do not puncture cans.

9. Keeping warm - Many wore long johns, itch or not, two wool shirts, two wool pants, wool or fur caps and a face protector made from towels or blankets. Note - Wool even wet has warmth. We had too many unnecessary cases of trench foot and frostbite because of inadequate Army clothing.

10. And lots more.

Hal O'Neill
83rd Signal



On May 13, 1997 our son Joe took my wife Lois and myself to Indy Time Trials. We were invited to the Hemelgarn & Delta Faucet Suite. Had a wonderful time.

Enclosed are two pictures. One is of Ron Hemelgarn owner of Hemelgarn Racing, Bob Brinkman holding the Thunderbolt magazine and Delta Faucet V.P. John Bernhardt. Bob left a copy of the Thunderbolt in the suite. The other picture is of Bob and Lois with Buddy Lazier 1996 Indy Winner and he came in 4th in 1997.

Bob Brinkman "G" 329th

Learning the Hard Way.....

The newly assigned Major and his driver broke up after only a single week. The driver had gotten drunk and failed to pick up the Major. This amazed us since he had never gotten drunk before. The First Sgt. knew this and transferred him to the rear area as a supply driver. The next driver was a newly arrived replacement, an alien from Czechoslovakia. I had been tutoring him for his American citizenship tests and knew he had limited English and very little reading ability. Three days later the Major came to the Company Headquarters fuming, "That idiot nearly killed us.

He can't read road Signs!

A big, easy going Georgia boy became his next driver. He couldn't read maps and got lost frequently. Then, he ran out of gas in the middle of nowhere. He and the Major hiked for hours and slept in a haystack. The Major demanded another driver and decided to choose one himself.

I then made a big mistake by showing off. I drove a jeep between two large trucks and quickly parked next to the curb. The Major ran over and said, "You're my new driver!" I immediately went to the First Sgt. "I am not a driver! I just lost my license. (False) "Above all, I do not want to drive for the Major!" Unnoticed by me, the Major was standing in back of me. "Soldier, you step outside where we can talk!" He wanted to know why no one wanted to be his driver? So I told him since I had nothing to lose.

1. You have no consideration for your driver. You stay at a conference or the Officers Club till the wee hours while he shivers in a drafty jeep.
2. He has to get many meals as best he can since you don't care.
3. You are always ready to chew him out. You never try to help - to give directions, help read or consider how many hours he has already put in driving.
4. Above all, you do not treat your driver as a human being! Sir! He grew red-in-the-face and then walked around the building a few times before coming back to where I stood at attention. "Soldier, you will be my driver for the next ten days and then I will replace you, Dismissed!" My buddies checked to see if I still had my head and made dire guesses at the ten day limit. Some felt the ten days were to be used to train a firing squad.

During the ensuing ten days he most considerate and saw to it that I got sufficient sleep, hot meals and he gave me a written agenda of where we would be going that day as far as he knew. I was suspicious and wondered what this was leading up to? At the end of the ten days he said, "We have both learned something. You have learned that it sometimes pays to tell an officer an unpleasant truth. And I have learned that all soldiers are human beings. Tell your buddies that any future driver of

mine will be treated as I have treated you these past ten days."

Much later, I always remembered his words when I became an officer and rated a driver.

H.J. O'Neill

83rd Signal

D.P. 's

We acquired our first D.P.'s (Displaced Persons) in France as unpaid kitchen help. Some spoke a little English some others learned quickly. Most claimed to be Polish or Russian slave labor the Germans had used by the thousands. Besides mess hall work, they changed flat tires, washed clothes and were go-fers. Some had to be gotten rid of because they were thieves, lazy or diseased. Some of them went into business selling our garbage to local people for human and animal consumption. Most of them left during the Battle of the Bulge and we obtained replacements when we invaded Germany.

One Polish D.P. carried a snapshot of himself in uniform on a horse. He had a breastplate and a pennoned lance. He claimed his unit had charged German tanks. The Lancers were shot to pieces and he was knocked unconscious when his horse was killed. He awoke in a prison camp after spending five minutes in battle. He then spent five years in various labor camps until our advance had liberated him. After putting on some weight, he left for London where the Polish-government-in-exile was located.

A new product arrived at the Mess one afternoon, dehydrated apples. A D.P. ate them by the handful and then became very thirsty. He gulped large amounts of water and in a few minutes began screaming. His stomach swelled and we rushed him to a hospital. He recovered and upon his return had a tremendous desire to learn to read English, especially the warnings on the food containers.

Hal O'Neill
83rd "Signal

A MESSAGE TO ALL 83RD MEMBERS.....

Anyone wishing to purchase tee shirts, coats, and caps may write to:
Vito C. Palazzolo, 20000 Lancaster, Harper Woods, Michigan 48225

Bolo Ties, Necklaces, \$10.00 Each
White Golf Caps \$10.00 Each
Jim Burton Tapes \$10.00 Each
(Postage and Handling Included)
Contact the Association Office

83rd Reunion Will be held at
Indianapolis, Indiana
Dates are:
August 20, 21, 22, 23, 1997

DUES ARE DUE NOW
For Fiscal Year (Aug. 1996 - 97)
DUES will be \$15.00

THUNDERBOLT DEADLINES
Deadline for ALL articles to be published in
Thunderbolt must be at this office by
Oct. 10, Feb. 10 and June 10.
Robert Derickson,
3749 Stahlheber Road,
Hamilton, OH 45013 - 8907

83rd INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, Inc.
3749 Stahlheber Road
Hamilton, OH 45013-8907

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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

NAME (please print) _____

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CITY, or TOWN & STATE _____

Company _____ Regiment _____ 83rd Division

Phone No. _____ Renewal _____ New _____

Please Enclose A Check or Money Order
DUES (1996-97) \$15.00 PAYABLE TO:

Office Phone:
(513) 863-2199

ROBERT DERICKSON
3749 Stahlheber Road
Hamilton, Ohio 45013-8907

Date _____ Signature _____

BULLETIN

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