

★ Normandy ★ Brittany ★ Ardennes ★ Rhineland ★ Central Europe ★

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## THE THUNDERBOLT

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### A SALUTE TO PAST PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE SERVED US WELL

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1963 Manuel C. Martin*	1980 Samuel Klippa*	1997 Keith Davidson*	*Denotes Deceased





## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

KATHLEEN POWERS

I hope this finds all doing well and looking forward to our reunion in New Orleans. As of a few days ago, the registrations were SLOWLY coming in. Now, I am hoping that our world travelers—those who were fortunate enough to partake of the 70th Anniversary celebrations in France—are sufficiently rested and making their reunion plans.

I really look forward to seeing the photos from those celebrations. For those who do not have access to the 83rd page on Facebook, you missed some great pictures. A good time was had by all. I also watched the newsfeeds on the morning shows and saw Tony Vaccaro and, I think, Fred Pearson in the stands at the Normandy commemoration. There were also festivities in Sainteny, most notable were the award of a US flag that was flown over the Nation's Capital and a Distinguished Civilian Service Award to the retiring Mayor, Michel Lepourry. Many thanks to Larry Scheerer for having the foresight and the knowledge of Army regulations to do the work and

getting these approved.

Sadly, our friend, Jean Paul Pitou, reported that Monsieur Lepuorry passed away on June 18. He had been ill and came out of the hospital the day before the festivities. He was a good friend of the American veterans, particularly, our 83rd veterans and their families. I enjoyed meeting him at the West Point reunion.

Additionally, the association lost Robert "Bob" Keck who passed away on June 5. Bob was a past president (2007) of the Association. He and Phyllis have been a notable presence at past reunions along with their children, Carol and Rob. They hold a special place in my heart as they were dear friends of my parents. Bob had a great smile and beautiful, twinkling blue eyes that made you wonder if he was up to some kind of mischief. I will miss him this year.

Now, I will leave on a more positive, upbeat note. With early June filling the news about our heroes of WWII, PBS stations aired a documentary, "*Unsung Heroes: The Story of America's Female Patriots*." When it came to D-Day, they showed a film clip of the first nurses landing on Omaha Beach at D+4. Imagine my surprise when I picked my mother out of the formation. Some of our members may not know that my mother was an Army nurse with the 110th Evacuation Hospital and that my parents met in Esch, Luxembourg, during the Battle of the Bulge.

Let's get those registrations in and have a great time in New Orleans. See ya'll soon.

— Kathleen Macaluso Powers ▼





## FROM THE EDITOR

JOHN MARKUNS

We hope you enjoy this special edition honoring the beginning of the 70th Anniversary of the European Campaign. We did our best to include everyone's contributions. If we fell short in any way, please let us know as we are constantly trying to improve. **TO ALL WHO CONTRIBUTED, MANY, MANY THANKS – TOGETHER WE WILL KEEP THE MEMORY OF THE 83RD ALIVE FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.**

The 83rd was well represented at the 70th Anniversary of D-Day in Normandy and we hope to have a full report with photos in our next edition of the Thunderbolt, as well as reports on the commemorations continuing throughout the summer and into the fall. We have included in this edition, however, a memorial to Monsieur Lepourrey, long-time Mayor of Sainteny, and a dear friend to so many in the 83RD family.

— John Markuns, Descendant Member  
and Judge Advocate. ▼

## COMPANIES

### **B&A Co. – 330TH**

CHARLES ABDINOOR

[sgtchuck83rd@comcast.net](mailto:sgtchuck83rd@comcast.net)

A Co. 330th. News

Hi Buddy's;

Well this would be like writing a letter to my Buddy, namely Steward Barrick. that is all we got left, just Steward and Me. We use to fill or ranks with names from the past Paul Reed, Bill Christoff, and about twenty others that I could fill a page but, Jonathan would probably get angry with me, in any case here we go again. Nellrita, Stewards wife has all her family near them, except Ross their son and

family live about two hours away, although Paula their daughter lives close by. I am writing this column with a heavy heart.

Besides losing our buddy's from the company, now I have to mention descendants that we lost. John White our MAN OF IRON, we lost that did not know the word QUIT. That was a word he never did use, it wasn't in his vocabulary. He would tackle any job, no questions asked just DO IT. Then how about Ellsworth Massie our long time Chaplain. The reunion back in 2012 Ellsworth and Kathryn came to the Reunion with Ellsworth in a wheelchair being pushed by Kathryn and, at last years Reunion Kathryn was in a wheelchair with Ellsworth pushing it. How about that, talking about LOVE SOMEBODY! They both passed on, received a Thank You card from their son Gerald. Oh, I can remember names from the past that came to Reunions way, way back. There was one special man that came every year. He worked for the railroad and came from, South Dakota, would you believe, now that I want to remember, I can't. In any case Cliff our long time Secretary-Treasurer who has been in charge of our Association's Headquarters, has relinquished his office to daughters Betty and Judy. There is no big problems with this, them having been brought up with the 83rd. all these years just stepped in. They are doing a wonderful job and no problems, they just put him on as AWOL, although he is still here. I remember Cliff taking out his family for a Sunday drive, they did not know where they were going but, someone called out, Here we go again, every drive is an experience!

—Chuck Abdinoor B&A – Co. 330th ▼

**Please Note:** Due to increases in shipping costs the dues for 2014 will be going up to \$30 per year. Anyone who has already paid your 2014 dues will not have to send in the additional \$5!



In response to your request for contributions to the “Let’s Honor the Vets!” initiative, I, **Gilbert W. Dodson**, am submitting the following:

In December 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge, I was given a battlefield promotion to Sergeant from PFC. After a rest period and getting additional troops to bring Company C, 329th Regiment, 83 Infantry Division, to full strength, we advanced toward the Elbe River. We reached the river in April 1945. It was on the 12th of April we learned that President Roosevelt had died. It was traumatic news that had a profound effect on the entire company—our President and Commander-in-Chief was dead, but we accepted the fact that we still had a job to do and continued with our

mission. Our Division was among the first to reach the Elbe River. On April 13 at 1:30 p.m. (in bright daylight) we crossed the Elbe in paddle boats en route, we supposed, to Berlin. When we were about 40 miles from Zerbst, Germany we were told to advance no further. Later we were told our Division had advanced further East than any other US division. It was there we met the Russian Army which had, we discovered, had already taken Berlin.

Respectfully submitted,

— Gilbert W. Dodson  
11 Burton Hills, Blvd, Apt. 312  
Nashville, Tennessee 37215  
615.665.2476



Here’s a picture of **Laddie Lawrence**, L Co., 329th Infantry, when he was in the service. Although he was drafted and achieved only the rank of PFC during his service, he was very proud of having been apart of the 83rd Infantry Division. It took many years before he spoke of his war experiences. When he did, his recollection of the places he had been and the missions he was apart of was very informative. He saved several items from his service, including a menu from a Christmas dinner, a Nazi flag he confiscated, foreign money, and maps of some of the war areas. He really enjoyed reconnecting with his buddies at the 83rd reunions. I loved seeing the excitement on his face when his friends from L Co. showed up.

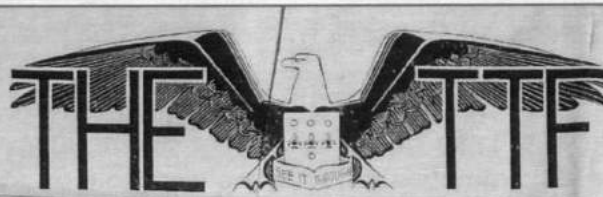
Thanks so much.

— Anita Randall, daughter of Laddie Lawrence



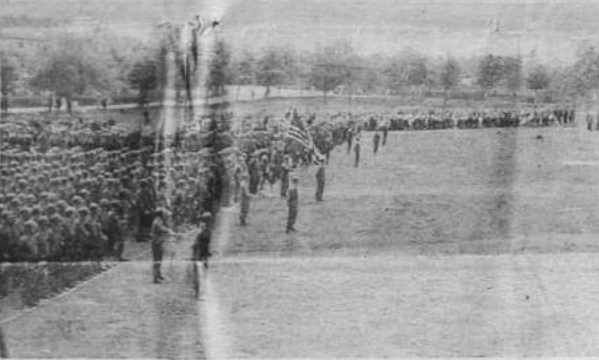


Bavaria, Germany  
Sunday, June 17, 1945  
Vol. 2, No. 3



From Omaha Beach  
to Elbe Bridgehead

# Doughboys Land on Omaha Beach, March in Reich One Year Later



These pictures of 331st doughboys present a vivid contrast to their life a year ago and of today. Leaving the shores of England on D-Day plus 12, they bounced around the rough waters of the channel for two days during a fierce rain storm. Then from the shallow waters of Omaha Beach came peeps screaming out of LSTs. Men poured out of them and scrambled onto the shores in wading water while others landed on ramps jutting into the channel and marched ashore. At top left, is a typical scene of beachhead activity — the wounded carried to outgoing ships and still more men coming in. At right top, doughboys walk down the ramp to the beachhead on an old day march to their first assembly area on the continent. At bottom center, 331st doughboys and year also were in full review and march through the streets of conquered Germany, 800 where once the mighty Wehrmacht goosestepped. German civilians and displaced non-combatants stand in the rear of the parade grounds watch the Yankee ceremonies with mingled expressions of terror and joy.

## Every Battle is a Big One

*By Francis Stirling*

(Editor's note: Miss Stirling visited the 331st Infantry during the battle of the Belgian bulge. She is the only woman war correspondent to have come within 500 yards of the front-line fighting lines. The following is only a part of her story written for the Atlantic Monthly magazine.)

When I read "War and Peace" for the first time I was puzzled by the battle scenes. The scattered groups of soldiers gathered round fires in woods and fields, the juxtaposing of fighting and repose, soldiers lying at the bottom of a slope, and others resting a few hundred yards away; the people wandering through the battle with messages and axes, in the case of Pierre, for purposes of observation.

All this seemed unreal because it was completely unlike my civilian view of war on big fights, battles, armies neatly drawn up in front of each other, row after solid row of soldiers trying to crash through their opponents' lines. Now as Corporal Strove on a wide open way to the Regimental Command Post, I saw my mistake. The officers directing the battle from ruined farmhouse; the dazed churches with hymn numbers still on the wall by the pulpit; and the schools with the words of the last lesson still posted on the blackboard; the winding roads whose icy surfaces were more menacing than German tanks; the groups of soldiers that now and again passed us; the cowed, military signposts stuck in the hedgerows; the guns in the middle of fields; the little groups of men crouching on their upturned helmets around a glimmering fire; the G.I.'s standing, men's kits in hand, in a shallow outside what was once a stable; the unchanging background of lurching cold and leaden noise. All this was, thanks to Tolstoy and Stendhal, familiar.

We turned down a lane upon whose right hand side two G.I.'s were extracting the frozen body of a black horse. Its black legs were sticking out across the path of a bulldozer, so were those of the dead cow next to it. The line was

(Continued on page 3)

## 331st Will Observe First Anniversary on Continent

### Co A's Original Show Holds Gala Premier Weekly

Leaving the rocky shores of England on D-Day plus 12 men of the 331st Combat Team will mark one year on the continent of Europe this week. The team, which was activated in the 82nd Division at Camp Aftersun in August, 1942, left the States April 6th, 1944 to bring its might across the sea. Three months later they had their first baptism of fire in the hedgerows of Normandy.

In 10 months of fighting the 331st participated in two campaigns in the ETO — Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe. They are credited with capturing and over 15,000 prisoners and large supplies of enemy ordnance equipment.

Their hard pushing drive highlighted every major battle engagement. They fought from Caen to Falaise, succeeded in picking one of the strongest German lines of resistance and played a major part in the big infantry breakthrough from Normandy which started tank columns rolling for Brittany and central France. At St. Malo they battled against a large Nazi force and smashed through enemy fortifications and lines of concrete entanglements to help take the vital European port which led to the downfall of the Citadel — a German stronghold which had held out for weeks against an artillery and bombing attack. General MacArthur held out for weeks against an enemy who had held out for weeks. They were at their toughest battles for it is at the Hill 45. With their second wind, they went down to the Loire River where they protected the right flank of the 3rd Army as the closing across France, shot up to the summit and cleared the west bank of the Moselle before going into Germany.

Believing elements of the 4th Division in the rear-fores of the Hurtgen Forest they crushed one of the most formidable Nazi strongholds on the path of the they cleared one of the most formidable Nazi strongholds on the path of the Hurtgen forest and drove the stubborn fighting enemy to the banks of the East River just south of Duren.

When Van Rensselaer's case was overruled, the 331st drove through Hürtgen Forest and Belgium to punch into the western flank of the Nazi salient at Orléans. They fought unrelentingly for 10 days and nights in bitter cold and sleet a five mile penetration into the 5th Pz Div. in the 3rd Army zone and into the heart of the Ardennes. The spearhead of the 331st, the 1st Battalion, was distinguished by the Ardennes. The spearhead of the 331st, the 1st Battalion, was distinguished by the Ardennes. The spearhead of the 331st, the 1st Battalion, was distinguished by the Ardennes. The spearhead of the 331st, the 1st Battalion, was distinguished by the Ardennes.

(Continued on page 2)

### TTF Wins Honorable Mention in World-Wide Publication Contest

A world-wide contest among service publications held by Camp Newspaper Service in New York City. The TTF, 331st Combat Team newspaper, was honorable mention along with four other publications in the overseas letterpress category. The four other newspapers to receive this distinction are The Stars and Stripes, Front Line (1st Infantry Division), The 25th Division News, The Dispatch (APO 52), New York, NY.

Grand Prize winner of both the overseas and domestic publications is The China Command Post serving the entire theater. It is published in Kunming. First Prize of the overseas newspapers went to YD Grapvine, published by the 25th Division.

**N. Y. 'Book' on Hitler**

New York (CHS)—The Broadway Book Co. has published a book on Hitler, "The Book of Hitler," by a New York City author. For \$1.50 you can get 100 dollars if you buy 100 copies. Although it was not

(Continued on page 2)



The TIF is published in the interests of the officers and men of the 331st Infantry Combat Team. All news material is officially reviewed by military censors. Member CNS.

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News Editor: Pfc. Philip G. Galt
Feature Editor: Pfc. Bascom Biggers
Photographer: Pfc. William Maynard

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A Year Ago Today . . .

A year ago June 16th, we shoved off into the rough waters of the English channel for the shores of France. And today, we march in the country we helped conquer. To veterans of the combat team, it's a far cry from the shell-pocked beach and the de-olate battle marked roads over which we marched to our first assembly area in Normandy.

We can reminisce of our campaigns and deeds. We can be proud. Let us show that pride. Let everyone about us see in everything we do that we're typical examples of great Americans.

No finer expression of an American soldier's pride has ever been written than this message by Col. Robert H. York, which appeared in the Nov. 1st issue of The TIF.

You come from the greater country in the World, a country that is envied by the people of practically every other country. Envied not only because it is the richest nation in the World but because it is a land where people live as they want to, where freedom and liberty reign, where opportunity is open to everyone, where class distinction does not prevail, where one person does not trample on the rights of others.

You are admired by people in every land, even by your enemies, because you fight not to gain territory or to rule other people or to tell other people how they should live, but only because you want these people to live as they want to live and you will not permit anyone else to dictate how either you or they shall live.

You are admired by all people, again, even your enemies, because of your inherent sense of fair play your desire to make people happy, and to prevent one person from lordng over another.

Be proud. You are members of the greatest army in the World. There is no other army so well equipped, so well led, or so much to much is done to entice the soldier or which represent so much freedom.

Be proud. You are members of a regiment which has distinguished itself in the toughest kind of battle against an enemy which was well dug in, well-trained, an enemy which had prepared for your arrival for four long years, who boasted you would never succeed and that you would be thrown back into the sea. You completely defeated this enemy and the part you played was no small part in the success obtained by the allied forces.

Be proud. Show this pride in everything you do, the way you dress, the way you salute and the way you conduct yourself toward those who are bravely trying to liberate. Convince them that you're proud of your country, your army, your regiment, and of your training and breeding.

If you do this then, when this war is over and you have returned to your loved ones at home, you can be proud not only for the way you have fought but, also, for the good you have done your country by the example you have made of the typical American; for the good impression you have made upon the other people of the World and the increased respect and admiration they will have for America. Be proud!

Fathers' Day . . .

Happy Father's Day, my Dad,
Or Father, Pop or Pa.
No matter what you call you
The thing is, MINE you are.

Happy Father's Day, it seems,
Does not say all it should,
For behind these few brief words
It sent and understood —

Thanks for all the many things
That I alone may never know,
For courage you've given me,
For friendship that you show.

Thanks to you for all the joy
Your love has given me;
For pride in being your son
That all the world may see.

Thanks to you for everything
That makes me want to try,
For you have shown me more than ever
A happy Father's Day.

Pfc. Bascom H. Biggers III
Co. C

Clerks Hold Lifeline of Soldiers' Careers Keeping Vital Service Records

With the advent of the disclosed point system for discharging men, and the Adjusted Service Rating Card, the fighting doughnut of the 331st has suddenly been awakened to the import and significance of the Personnel Section. Previously many of the ideas that a personnel clerk was either a goldbrick or a rear echelon commando, or a charitable heartless.

Through the numerous campaigns in which the Combat Team participated, the company clerks were right behind the forward echelons performing their duties often under difficult combat conditions, inclement weather, and heavy enemy artillery fire.

Under Capt. Karl N. Smith, Personnel Officer, the 30 or so desk clerks are well educated men and skilled typists who know the answers. Among their many duties are keeping each soldier's service record up to date, handling insurance, pay, loans, and the army and to the many other things that are connect-

ed with the individual and his records while in the military service. To put it in the words of Spt. Peter McFarland, E Co. clerk from Hawthorne, N. J., "Your troubles are mine also." Commenting further on the subject, Joseph Mack, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a lieutenant personnel officer said, "Most clerks enjoy their tasks for it takes only a man who is deeply interested and interested in such work to be able to bear the slow and tedious nature of what is a necessary and undergoing the long periods of tedious, often boring, but important and essential work. Many of the company clerks are former college students, hotel managers, and clerks, and by pure luck fall into their natural occupation in army life. All the clerks are of high school grade, and average better highly in educational qualifications.

LI Mack continued, "This will probably knock your eyes out, but it's true anyway. A lot of G.I.'s who have seen a great deal more action than these boys have, often find that they had the opportunity to do differently. Unfortunately, when given the chance the individual invariably fails, due to the fact that he hasn't natural aptitude for it. Through the kindness of GI correspondence and red tape programs, as I said before, it takes an individual person to fill down of a desk and make a typewriter carriage around for 24 hours."

To sum it all up in the words of Spt. "Chuck" Priestess, Co. G. clerk of Pilsburg, Pa., "There's no getting away from this. This desk is the link to see you when you get into the army, and to the fact to see you when you leave."



Maj. John F. Staples

Maj. John F. Staples, Regimental S-3, is one of those operations officers who are least heard about. Quiet and unassuming, he has served in this post since joining the regiment in January, 1944.

In the Reserve Officer Corps for six years, he entered active service in May, 1941 as a first lieutenant with the 347th Infantry. He led a rifle platoon until December, 1941 when he went to Ft. Benning Communications School. Upon graduation from this school in March, 1942, he was assigned to the 335th Infantry of the 2nd Division as Regimental Communications Officer.

July of the same year he left in the cadre for the 98th Division where he was promoted to a captaincy and took command of Regimental Hq. Co. of the 39th Infantry. One year later, he earned his majority and became S-3 of the 13th Div. Special Troops in the 2nd Army. He served in this capacity until transferred to the 331st.

During the period of his reserve officership, Maj. Staples was engaged in the finance business. A native of Lexington, Ky., he holds a degree in business administration from the University of Kentucky.

Maj. Staples is married and has two children. Golfing and swimming are his primary pleasures.

Drawn by Spt. George Khabovce

George Co Sheds Tear for Parting Cook

It marked a sad day in the history of George Company. It apparently would have been just the opposite in other outfits when their mess sergeant is en route to the states for a discharge, but with George Company it's different.

Mike M. Muzorok is not just an ordinary mess sergeant, or even an institution. He is what they call the "mother of Co. G" with OD points.

If one was to talk to Mike they would never guess he was the man who dished out those beautiful meals for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years. There's even a myth built around his culinary powers.

His cooks and KP's swear that he can prepare a meal out of practically anything that is fit for a King. One bite of Mike's pie special, from any of his dough-boy following produces such appreciative exclamations as: "It tastes just like mom's".

The fellows know what Mike is made of. In Normandy, the Hurtgen Forest, and the Ardennes, where the going was tough, Mike was always up there dishing it out and cracking jokes to the fellows to cheer them up. Mike was always open to suggestions from the fellows to make the meals please each, and every one of them.

It's easy to understand why the loss of Mike M. Muzorok is felt by all the fellows who knew him from way back when.

216 Pounder Biggest Man in Co. He Says

"Yah, I am the biggest man in Co. L and I'm proud of it too." Pfc. Robert B. Mullins, clerk, from Mendocino, Miss., boastfully remarked.

Standing every bit of six feet and weighing 216 pounds, Mullins is often compared to a six by six truck when he walks down a street. As an explanation for his huge stature, Mullins offers the reason that he comes from big folk. His dad and three brothers are all over six feet tall. "I also attribute this large physique of mine partly to my voracious appetite. I eat like a bird, by the peck," he punned.

Not only is Mullins the biggest man in the company, but he is also the "mess commander." Ice water flows through veins "he remarked. Perhaps, the fact that he worked as a credit manager in a manufacturing concern in the deep south can explain the reason for this," he suggested.

As far as being fat it is concerned, Mullins disagrees with the popular conception of equians, and says that he is only pleasantly plump.

Doughs Turn Cyclists To Hold 3 Lap Race

All of C. I turned out to the races on Sunday, June 3rd. The stakes were high and the enthusiasm was at its peak. Under the direction and sponsorship of Lt. Lester Anderson, of Portland, Ore, the doughboys and motor enthusiasts had the opportunity to display their skills on the motor bike, as well as contribute something new to the already varied forms of GI entertainment.

At two o'clock, four motor bikes and their riders were lined up at the starting line. Each platoon was represented. At 2:40, the starting signal was given and the race was on.

The course consisted of three laps, each to be ridden by a different individual. The approximate distance of each lap was two miles of the roughest, dirtiest, and hilly terrain that could be found.

T/S Curtis Kimball, radioman from Sault Ste. Marie, riding on the second lap, took several spills. One handle bar on his bike was broken loose and he was forced to guide the vehicle with one hand. Rounding a sharp turn, Kimball momentarily lost control of his bike and fell off. This happened several times. He was left in the dust by the other riders. As he alone passed the pits along the way he was cheered on by fellow G.I. who believed he was the lead man in the third lap instead of the last in the race.

On one turn he braked so hard that he overran with these handicaps, he succeeded in winning his lap. The three winners at the end of the race were: Cpl. Mark May, jeep driver from Austell, Ga., representing Co. Hq.; who rode like a professional. Pfc. Meador, Ochs, base cadet from Kettering, Ohio, Mo., of the 1st Platoon, Spt. Leigh Barnhouse, squad leader from Columbia, Pa., and the 2nd platoon.

To determine the champion of the race, the track for speed they were on, on top, making the run at approximately 2 miles in 7 minutes 40 seconds. The several spills. One handle bar on his bike was broken loose and he was forced to guide the vehicle with one hand. Rounding a sharp turn, Kimball momentarily lost control of his bike and fell off. This happened several times. He was left in the dust by the other riders. As he alone passed the pits along the way he was cheered on by fellow G.I. who believed he was the lead man in the third lap instead of the last in the race.

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Co. A's Original Show Planned to Get the Biggest Laugh of the Show

The final act of the show was a color guard setting, while the rest sang, all of A Grand Old Flag." Pfc. Alphonse Kravencos carried the flag while T/S Waller Knisch and Pfc. Carl Van Over presented arms.

The show was directed and produced by T/Sgt. Charles Blawieit and Sgt. Harold Gerard. Staging was handled by Pfc. John Campbell, Leo Wepinho, Henry Meyers, with lighting by Pfc. Marvin Salski.

Quote of the Week

By Camp Newspaper Service: "I've had head grenades thrown in my foliage, men killed all about me, and I've looked the enemy dead in the eye. I'm afraid that a little matter of retreating to civilian life doesn't worry me." Pvt. James C. Sheldon, 37, infantry rifleman who fought at Guam and Leyte, discussing civilian concern about the "re-adjustment" of the returning servicemen.

Horse and Buggy Days Return for Doughboys

It would go a line with it, if you could not exactly in the picture of it.

The show was directed and produced by T/Sgt. Charles Blawieit and Sgt. Harold Gerard. Staging was handled by Pfc. John Campbell, Leo Wepinho, Henry Meyers, with lighting by Pfc. Marvin Salski.

17 Days Too Late

Although it doesn't help his discharge points, Pfc. Merrill Olivers, Wheelersburg, C. Co., 1st BAR man, announced the news addition to his family of a 7 1/2 pound boy - Benjamin Alexander. The 331st made his debut on 29th of May on O'Connell Ave. birthday but just a few days too late to wish his dad's weak total.

331st Observes First Anniversary

Over the banks of the southern part of the North and West America to punch their way to the last barrier contributing the American Expedition from the heart of Hitler's Reichland and Berlin.

In 13 days, the 331st Combat Team, composed over 200 soldiers, into the German Reich to establish the only bridgehead across the Elbe River with the 127th Combat Team. This unprecedented deed was made with tanks exposed and of one line, reaching over 80 miles in death while bypassing on their right flank pockets of 45,000 enemy troops.

Two days before V-E day, the 331st returned to the west bank of the Elbe River to assume the role of occupation troops.



My Dad, **Albert Leon Bensimon** (1918 – 2008) was a Corporal in the 783rd Ordnance Light Maintenance Company of the 83rd Infantry Division and a member, with my Mom Ruth (1922 – 2012), of the 83rd Infantry Division Association. They attended many of your annual reunions and I became a Descendant Member of your organization after Dad's death; my wife and I plan to attend your New Orleans reunion this year.

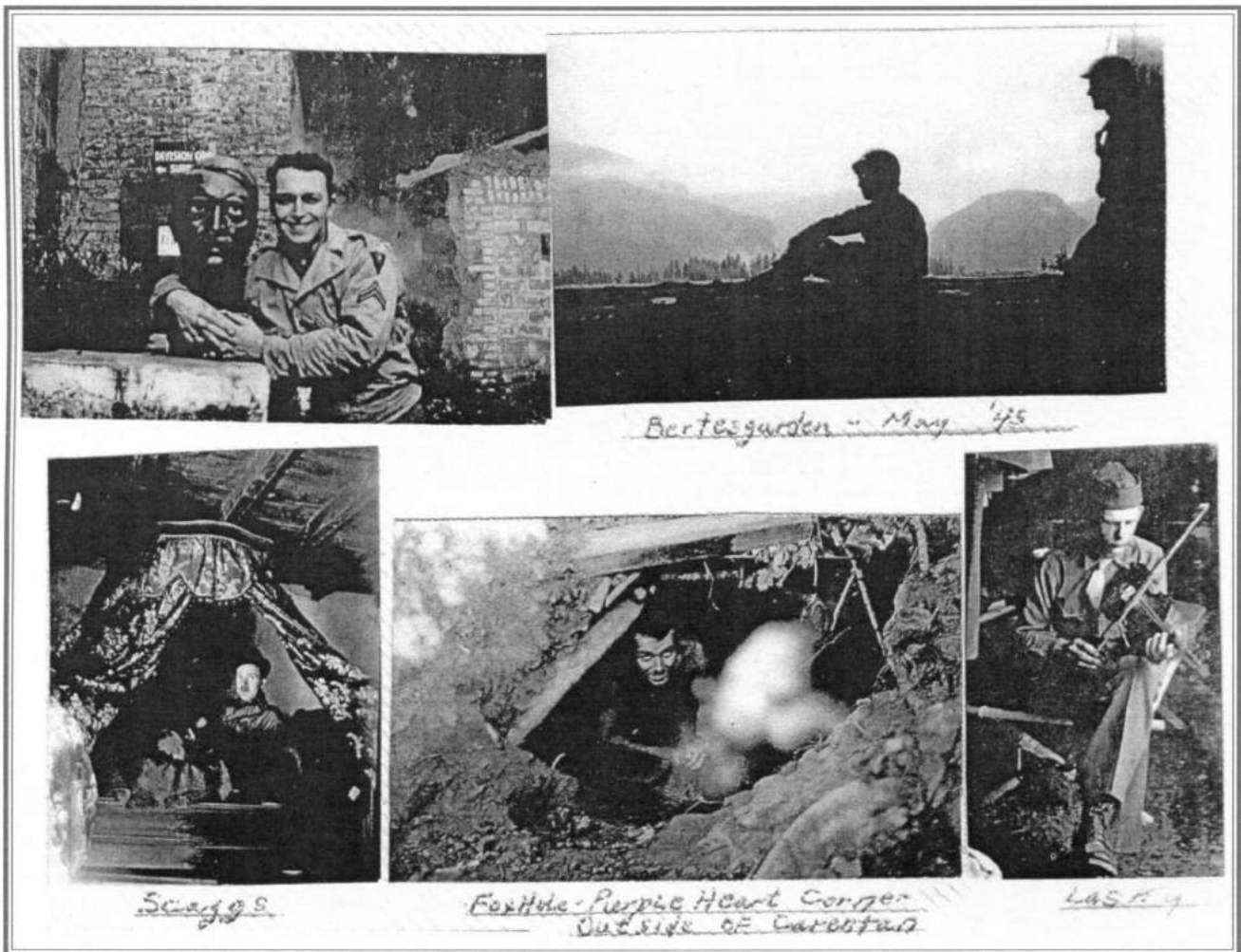
Attached is an album page from Dad's files; I'm particularly fond of the upper left hand corner photograph... Dad with his arms around a Hitler bust taken at Bertesgarden in May 1945! The captions are his.

I have more album pages and his contemporaneous notes from England to D-Day+18 when he landed on the Normandy Beach from a LST.

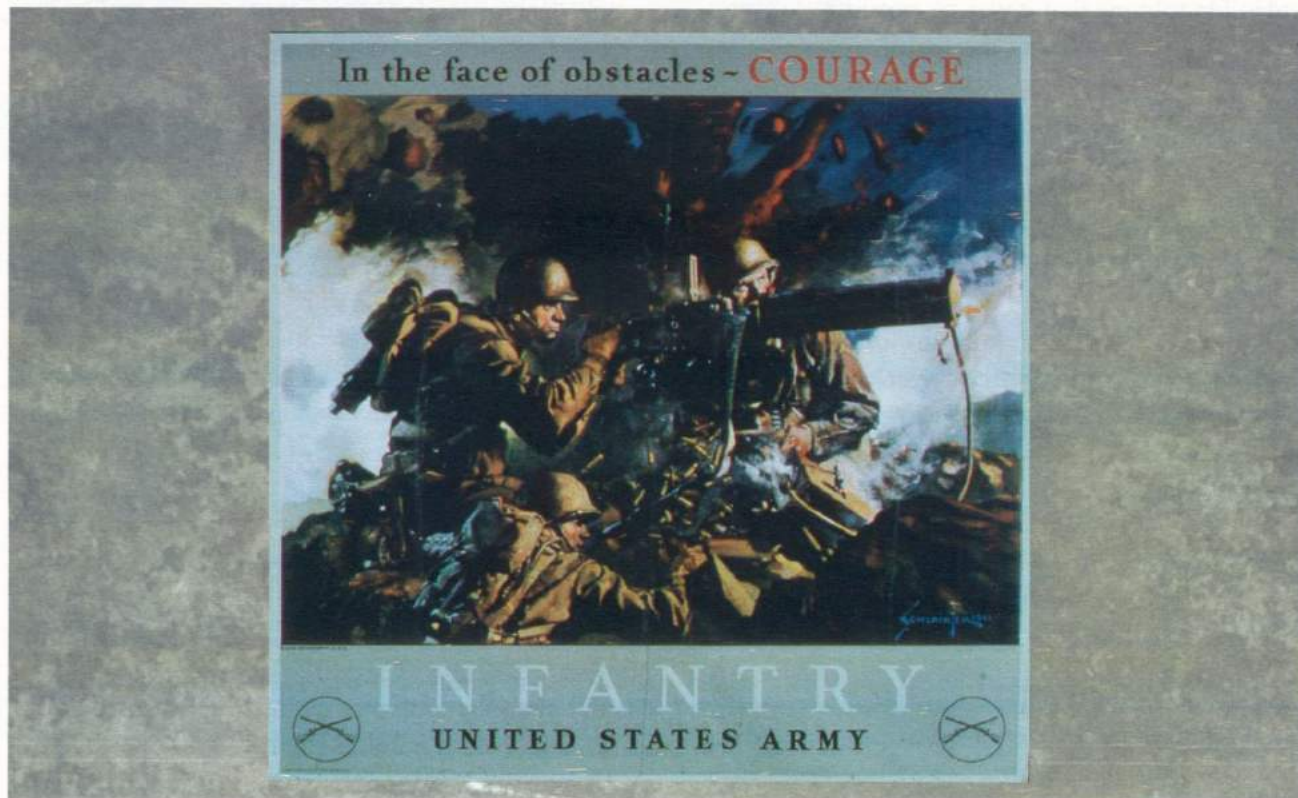
I would be honored to "honor him" with an article in the next *Thunderbolt*.

Best regards,

— Albert P. Bensimon  
Mobile:  
714.504.6611









## Happy Memorial Day!

My name is Anthony R. Witchousky and I am writing on behalf of my grandfather, U.S. Army Pfc. **Anthony J. Witchousky.**

He was born on April 21, 1916 in Aurora, Illinois to the son of Lithuanian immigrants.

Growing up, he enjoyed playing sports and excelled as a shortstop. He played semi-pro ball and was eventually scouted by the Cleveland Indians and signed a contract with them. It's important to note that the same scout that signed my grandfather would later go on to scout and sign Hall of Fame player/manager Lou Boudreau!!

He was assigned to the Indians Farm Club, the Owensboro Oilers in Kentucky. He played shortstop. Unfortunately, he blew his throwing arm out and his baseball days were over after one season.

He moved back to Aurora and fell in love with Helen Sass. They married and then came the war.

Anthony enlisted in the Army and was sent to Fort McClellan, AL for Basic Training.

He earned his (CIB) or Combat Infantryman Badge. He told me that it was his proudest achievement. He also stated that the heavily wooded Alabama pine forest would later remind him of the dense Ardennes forest he would later encounter in Battle.

He was assigned to the 83rd Division (Thunderbolts) as a Private First Class, 329th Infantry Regiment (I do not know which company letter).

He was shipped off to the UK for more training and waiting to enter the European Theatre.

His orders came and one week after D-Day, landed on Omaha Beach. He expressed to me that he, as well as a lot of the other GI's got seasick crossing The Channel.

The remaining part of his time as a soldier in Europe is grainy, as he really did not express to me a whole lot of his experiences. Only what he wanted to.

What he did speak about was the dense Ardennes Forest, steep hedge rows, lousy K-rations, Screaming MeeMees and the brutal, freezing cold. He, like many sustained frost bitten extremities. I

remember seeing his yellowed toes when he was barefoot.

But he never complained about it. He also stated that a photographer from *Life Magazine* snapped a pic of him on a march somewhere during his time in Europe. But to date, I have been unable to find any such pic throughout my research.

On January 14th, he was assigned as a scout and searched a barn. He reported back to his officer that "the Germans were here." They had bedded down in a hayloft but left.

On January 15, 1945, his Company sustained heavy casualties under German fire. While running across a field and carrying his rifle they way he was taught in Basic Training, Pfc. Witchousky was hit by an 88MM shrapnel shell. The blast sliced his bolt-action rifle in half and knocked him off of his feet. He had sustained severe battle wounds.

He told me he recited The Lord's Prayer. Seconds later a medic arrived and carried him away to safety.

After several surgeries, he miraculously survived. The Nazi German paraphernalia he had collected during his tour of duty was taken away at the field hospital.

After returning to Aurora, Anthony or has he was better known by his family and friends as "Teta" (Lithuanian for Tony) would live a blue collar life as a machinist at All Steel where he would sit at a metal press during the day.

Between the deafening sounds of mortar fire during the war accompanied with 30 plus years at the metal press, he was hard of hearing and had severe shakes in his hands. Yet, he never complained.

In 1948, Helen and Tony would have their only child, Gary. They raised Gary and he was the first Witchousky member to attend and Graduate from college.

Anthony would go on to live a quiet life in suburban Chicago as a father, father-in-law to Linda, and proud grandfather of three grandsons.

He lived a humble life, not speaking much of his service but then again, he was a part of "The



Greatest Generation.”

Ironically, he passed away nearly one year and a few days a part of his beloved Helen of 50 plus years and a day before Independence Day at the age of 77.

He was lucky to make it out of “The Battle of the Bulge” alive and to live a fruitful life. Many of his comrades were not as fortunate.

It is my sincere hope, to keep my grandfather’s memory alive as a true American warrior. A combat infantryman who survived the bloodiest battle in World War II history.

May Pfc. Anthony Joseph Witchousky rest in peace along with the other brave soldiers who fought to keep us free, then and now.

As a Gen-X’er and the “me-me Generation,” there will never be a generation as great as that of

the men who served during WWII. They never expected a thank you, a pat on the back, or to brag about what they did. They just did it.

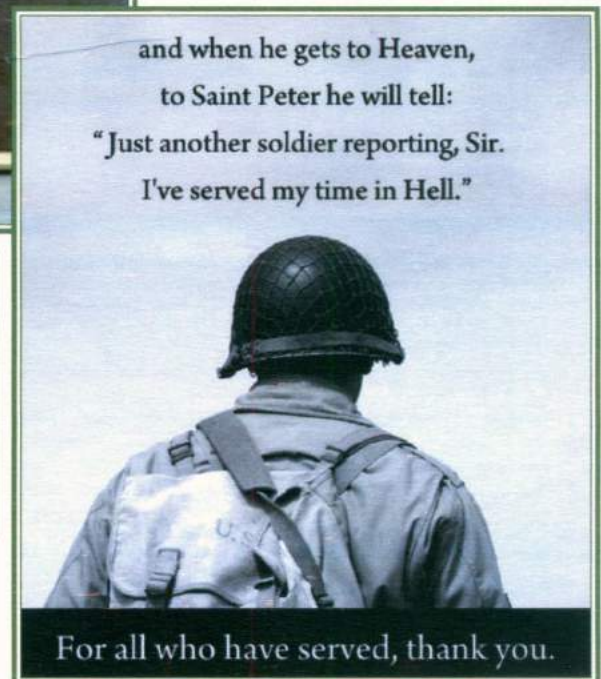
We must keep their distinguished service and memories alive through this facebook group and other submissions. I also hope that this submission may open some doors from others who may actually have info about my grandfather that I may not know of.

May God rest their souls and may God Bless America.

Happy Memorial Day to the family members of the “Thunderbolts;”

— Anthony R. Witchousky ▼

The below pic is not of my grandfather rather a pic I found online but quite appropriate.





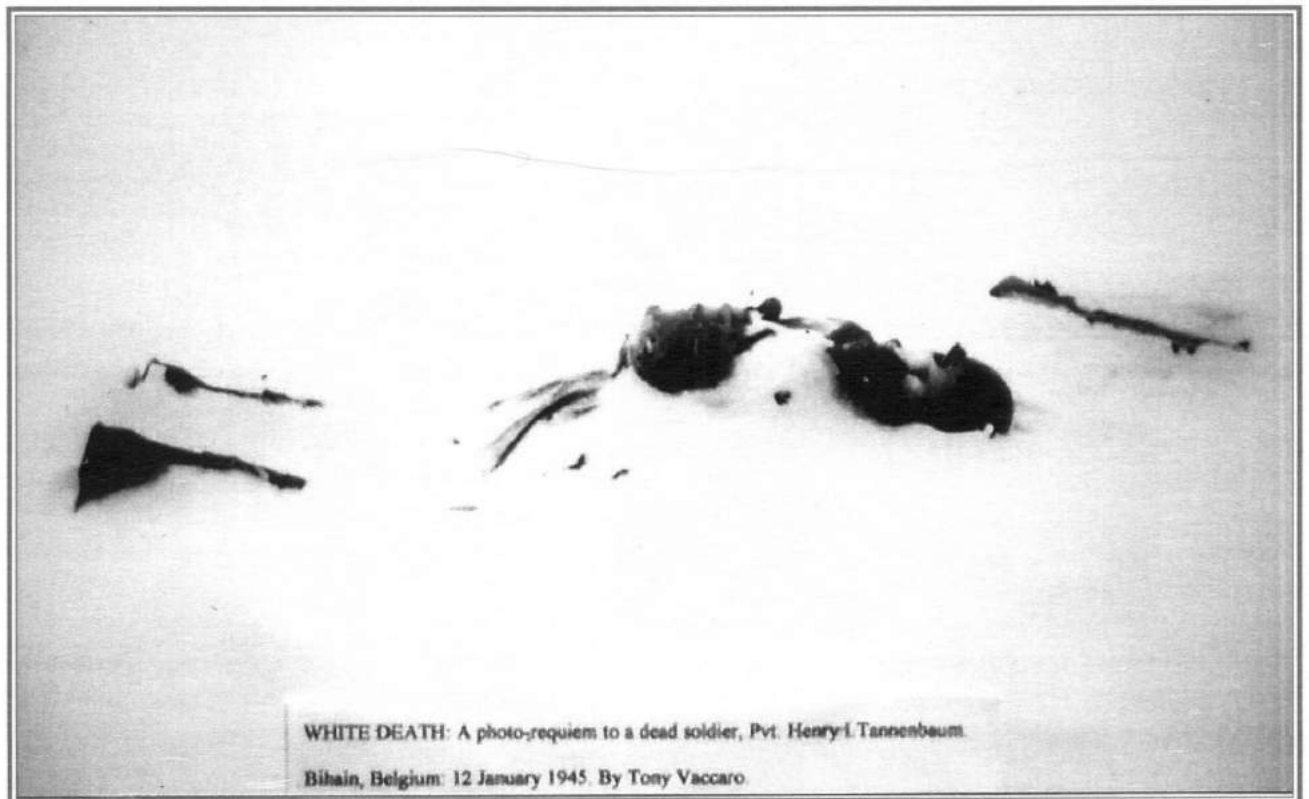
I belong to the 83rd Infantry Division Association because my father Private **Henry Irving Tannenbaum** a member of Company F, 331st Infantry Regiment, 83rd Infantry Division cannot. He was KIA on January 11, 1945 on the road between Bihain and Ottre, Belgium. I was two and half years old at the time and never him. I am one of 183,000 American World War II War Orphans. In 1998, I and several other war orphans published a book called, *Lost in the Victory: Reflections of American War Orphans of World War II*. My chapter contains two pictures. The first is the only known photograph of my family taken in July, 1944. The second photograph shows a picture of my father dead in the snow during the Battle of Bulge. It taken by Tony Vaccaro a soldier with a camera. That photo is attached above. Tony and I plan to be at a monument to my father at Ottre , Belgium during the 70th Anniversary of the Battle of Bulge.

— Samuel Victor Tannenbaum



(Above, l-r) Samuel Victor Tannenbaum, Bertha Fidel Tannenbaum, Private Henry Irving Tannenbaum in July 1944 at Lexington Manor, New York.

(Below) White Death: A photo-requiem to a dead soldier. Pvt. Henry I. Tannenbaum. Bihain, Belgium: 12 January 1945. By Tony Vaccaro.



WHITE DEATH: A photo-requiem to a dead soldier, Pvt. Henry I. Tannenbaum. Bihain, Belgium: 12 January 1945. By Tony Vaccaro.



**Samuel Wallace Magill, Sr.** LTC (U.S. Army, Retired). During WWII, 83rd Infantry Division, 329th I & R Platoon

On behalf of the Magill family, we thank the 83rd Infantry Division Association, and the 83rd Infantry Legacy Chapter for the condolences following our father's death last fall.

Thank you Fred Pearson for going out of your way to find us last summer and for speaking at Dad's memorial.

Thank you George Studor for everything you

did, and for initiating and seeing through with the beautiful bronze plaque donated by the 83rd Inf. Div. Assoc., and for the moving dedication.

Thank you 83rd Infantry Division Association for helping us provide **Samuel Wallace Magill, Sr.** with the memorial and honors he deserved.

Sincerely,

— Samuel Wallace Magill, Jr., LTC  
(U.S. Army Retired),  
Lyn Magill-Hoch



— *Thank You!* —

\$50 — 453 AAA

\$50 — George and Mary Studor

\$100 — Anonymous

\$ 20 — Chuck Abdinoor

To help defray the cost of our special memorial to Sam McGill and the 329th's Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon, you may send a contribution of any amount to help defray the cost of our bronze plaque dedication. Make checks payable to the 83rd Infantry Division Association. Donations should be mailed to:

83rd Infantry Division Association  
Att: McGill Plaque Fund  
P.O. Box 406  
Alton Bay, NH 03810-0406

## Meadville Tribune, Saturday, January 13, 1945

*Excerpts From a Soldier's Letters the Last Six Weeks Before His Death in Battle*

What the soldier in the frontlines really thinks is the all-important factor in this war. His hopes, his dreams, his feelings, his disillusionments—all of these and more are the ultimate expression of the country's "war effort." Not the speeches in the well of the senate, nor the directives of our war-mobilization leaders, nor the pronouncements of military and naval chiefs, nor the pleadings of newspaper and radio commentators.

All of these, it is true, are aimed at somehow trying to help the people understand what the war is all about, and to give them some insight into the state of mind of our fighting men—the soldiers, the sailors, the marines, the airmen. The "soldier in the frontline" is a symbol of all the others, albeit a symbol fraught with stark tragedy as bitter news of casualties becomes the inevitable aftermath of the costly effort by which our slogging doughboys on the western front turned back the von Rundstedt counteroffensive.

But we cannot really know, can we, what those men think about as they fight our battles in Belgium, or Luxembourg, or Germany—or on Leyte, or Luzon, or in Burma? (And they are OUR battles, make no mistake about that, no matter how little we appreciate or deserve their sacrifices.) That is, we cannot know from speeches of senators, nor statements of military brasshats, nor radio or newspaper pronouncements from armchair strategists.

If we're to get any inkling at all, it must come from those fighting men themselves. . . . That's why we've seized eagerly on their letters when publication is possible; we've tried to visualize from the things they write, the things the GIs think and feel and experience. That's why we've published here, many times, editorials and articles from the army newspaper, Stars and Stripes, striving in our fumbling way to visualize the things we ourselves can think and feel and DO to make ourselves a little bit

worthy of these fighting men's sacrifices. . .

That's the reason we present today, humbly and gratefully, these excerpts from the letters of a young Meadville soldier to his wife. The last was written on December 6, 1944—just four days before this youth was killed in action in Germany. (The letters were made available by this soldier's widow, now left alone with a young son, but carrying on magnificently, withal—as are many others in similar situations).

"For the holy, living love of God," said the Stars and Stripes in a recent editorial, "let's listen to the dead." . . .

"We had quite a little treat the other day—the first real hot bath I've had since I left England (quite a topic for correspondence.)"

— October 29

"It looks like we not only will have to lick these supermen, but will have to go in and knock their heads off."

— November 14

"I just got my ballot the other day, so threw it away. (Ed's note: two weeks after the election). I see by the returns that the election didn't amount to much this time. I guess the people must be used to voting for F.D.R. All I hope is that he puts these Germans in their place, when this is over. Someone will have to fix them, so they won't start another war in a few more years, and I think he is the man that can do it. I'd hate to think of our son having to grow up to fight."

— November 19

"Here it is, another Thanksgiving Day that I won't be home. I hope it is the last one this way. We still have a lot to be thankful for; some of the things that happen over here don't seem possible. . . . The mail situation is bad again, probably due to the



Christmas rush. I got a half-dozen packs of cigarettes from Mom the other day and they just got here in time—we didn't get any for a few days, so you can see that we are having the same trouble over here as the people back home."

— November 22

"I was reading an old paper today and the people over there must be nuts. According to this paper, the war was practically over and the people were just waiting to celebrate. It's funny how good the news sounds, but anyway, I hope it ends soon—the sooner the better. It is beginning to look as if they really want to get totally destroyed, and if that's what they want, they are going to get it."

— November 26

"These shoes we wear are quite the thing—sometimes I think my feet would be warmer without shoes. In one of your letters you wanted to know how things were over here. I should be asking you. We hardly ever hear anything except rumors, and some of these are fantastic.

"About a month ago, someone over here had a paper, and there was a piece in it about some German prisoners in the States going on a strike for something or other. What the hell is wrong with the people over there? Do they think we are over here for our health? Then there are those who are quitting their jobs and going to better-paying ones. I still can't see why they can't be held to their jobs like we are."

— December 2

"Here it is another Christmas away from home—I hope it is the last one like this. There isn't much that I can send, except the same love that I have had ever since I've known you."

— December 3

"Tell people not to mention 'good luck.' There isn't any such thing over here. God takes care of us one way or the other."

— December 6

— Submitted by Dave Curry



## WE'RE ON THE WEB!

Check out our new  
online home at:

[www.83rdassociation.com](http://www.83rdassociation.com)

Renew your membership,  
keep up to date on the  
upcoming reunion,  
find useful links, with  
more features to come!

## PERIOD OF REMEMBRANCE

On 2 June 1944, the U.S. 83rd Infantry Division moved from North England and Wales, where it had been training since its April Arrival from the United States. My main concern at the time was the anticipation of becoming a father sometime soon. Would it be a boy or girl? Would it be normal and healthy? Etc! My Platoon, the I&R Platoon of the 329th Infantry Regiment of the 83rd Infantry Division, had been training in the Cambrian Mountains, North Wales. We were very familiar with the villages and people of Ffestiniog, Bleneau-Ffestiniog, Llangollyn, and Beth Gellert. We would now guide the regiment from the area of Wrexham, Wales to Lands End, England, the southwestern most tip and the most desolate spot of the British Isles. On the morning of 3 June the fog was so dense that you could hear voices but could see no-one. Visibility was about one foot and it was so eerie that we expected the “Hound of the Baskervilles” to howl any moment...

With our vehicles all waterproofed and with snorkels, and with the fog somewhat cleared by noon, we moved to Falmouth to load onto ships in the harbor. We loaded on LST's (Landing Ship Tank) and LCI's (Landing Craft Infantry). Each of the many ships had a barrage Balloons. If the ships were grouped close together, the balloons could assist in air defense.

Most Stateside mail required about ten days or more to reach us. Yet on 5 June, as we were boarding the ships, I received a telegram! “Son was born, 4 June. Mother and son both in good health. All is OK.”

We crossed the English Channel from Falmouth to Omaha Beach in a terrible storm. The ships could not get near the beach to unload. We turned back and waited near the center of the Channel. There were several hundred landing craft, which assem-

bled and waited for about two days and nights. The Barrage Balloons helped to keep the enemy planes from coming in close to strafe. But on our ship (LST), on the forward deck were stacked hundreds of Jerry-cans of gasoline. In the hold aft were the vehicles of the mines platoon loaded with dynamite. Smoking was permitted for one-half hour during daylight. During the day there were skirmishes of allied and German planes above us. We watched many bodies and partial bodies floating by in the water. Each night a lone, light German aircraft (dubbed Bed-check Charley) flew over.

Finally landing at Omaha Beach, we hardly got wet. The obstructions (Abatis) were mostly cleared and placed in piles. Narrow paths had been cleared through the minefields and lined with white engineer tape. There was only occasional artillery fire, but the ruins of the large bunker at the top of the hill stood as a stark omen of things to come. Then we became acquainted with the hedgerows and mud of Normandy.

We relieved the 101st Airborne Division near Carentan and ST. Mere Eglise. Our fist major attack came on 4 July, in the swamps and orchards. It was probably the most horrible day of my life. A few days before, among the fields surrounded by hedgerows, where the stench of decaying animal and human bodies was nearly unbearable, I received the first mail. About fifteen letters in one packet. Included were a couple of photos of a baby basket. A baby was in it but the face was undiscernible. The last letter was dated two weeks before, and at that time everything at home was OK.

On 25 July, the Normandy Breakthrough began and there was no time for the I&R Platoon members to write even a sentence or two by V-Mail. By 0900 the sky was literally filled with planes and the carpet-bombing began. B-17, Lancaster, B-25, bombers and fighters by the hundreds dropping thousands of bombs. A red and



black cloud of German anti aircraft fire appeared across the sky. By noon all sunlight had disappeared in the dust and by evening the sun looked like a small light-bulb.

As the leading element of the regiment, we must cross the St-Lo – Perrier highway and head toward Avranches and the Brittany Peninsula. Our first contact was with anti-tank mines in and along the road which our mines platoon came and cleared. Then a small surviving outpost opened fire and wounded one of my men. The rest of that day was largely uneventful. For us, the Normandy Campaign had ended. We left many of my friends and classmates from Officer's Candidate School there among the hedgerows and swamps. Probably

more there than in any other part of the five European campaigns.

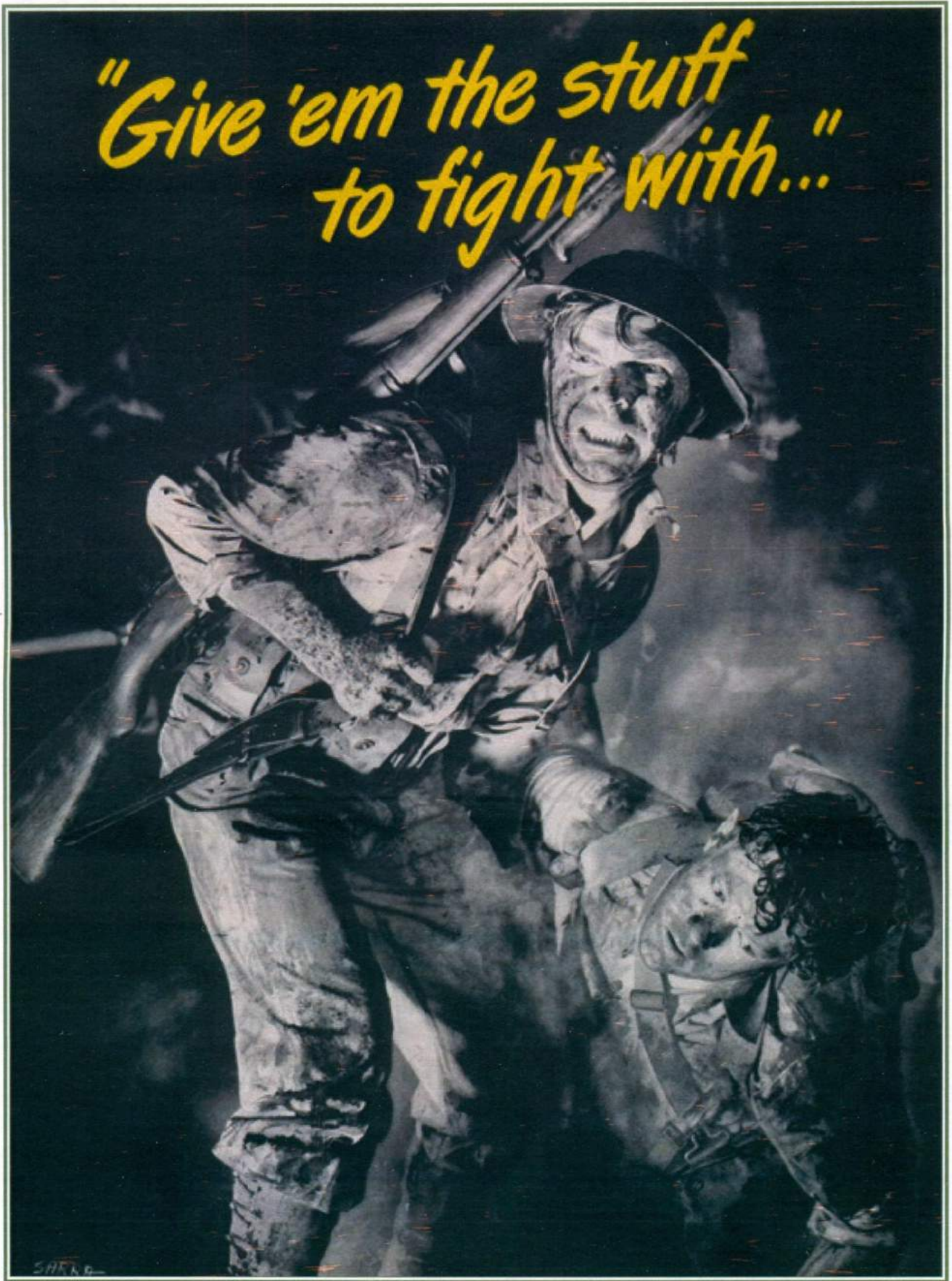
It was in late 1945 that I first saw my son. He walked along the station platform as my train arrived. As I jumped off and grabbed him, he screamed and ran. It was several days before I could gain his confidence. Throughout his young life we did everything together; fishing, hiking, baseball, bowling. I have always loved him, depended upon him and am proud of him and his achievements. These feelings will never cease.

— Samuel W Magill, Sr.  
to son on his 60th birthday



Sam Magill during WWII when he was with the 83rd Inf. Div., 329th I & R Platoon. Dad is standing, as you look at it, on the left. To his right is Pfc James Townsend.







## Deceased List

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

NAME	UNIT	REPORTED BY
John Gentile		Anne Kocur
John D. Hanft	A Co., 308 Eng.	Tom Hanft (son)
Bob Keck	L Co., 329th	Carol (daughter), Rob (son)
Charles J. Lussier	AT 331st. Regiment	Chuck Abdinoor
John S. North	329th HQ	Grace North (wife)



### John S. North

*(March 3, 1922 - March 22, 2014)*



John S. North, 92, of Bryan, Ohio, died Saturday, March 22, 2014, at 9:47 P.M. at Community Health Professionals Inpatient Hospice near Defiance, Ohio, where he was a patient after an extended illness. Mr. North enlisted in the United States Army in 1942 and served as

a Sergeant with the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon, Headquarters Company, 329th Infantry Regiment of the 83rd "Thunderbolt" Infantry Division. From 1944–1945, he participated in campaigns in Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe and led the first American patrol across the Rhine River at Neuss, Germany. Wounded during Operation Cobra, he spent time in the hospital in England recuperating from his wounds. He then was assigned as a tank commander serving with the 3rd Armored Division at the Battle of the Bulge. For his service he was awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star with an Oak Leaf Cluster, Purple Heart, a Presidential Unit Citation, American Campaign Medal, EAME Medal with five Stars and an Arrowhead,

Victory Medal, a combat infantry badge, Province of Normandy Liberation Medal, and expert marksman with rifle and grenade bars. In 2010 he was awarded the Knight of the Legion of Honor Medal presented by the French government, which was created by Napoleon as the highest honor that France can bestow upon those who have achieved remarkable deeds for France. John was employed by the United States Postal Service in Bryan, retiring with twenty-five years of service. His memberships included Bryan VFW Post #2489, where he served as a past commander and was active with the state of Ohio VFW, the DAV, and the Military Order of the Purple Heart. He served on the Center Township Zoning Commission for many years.

John S. North was born March 3, 1922, in Center Township of Williams County, Ohio, the son of Lewis M. and Nellie M. (Jones) North. He married Grace L. Coulson on December 31, 1945, in Center Township, and she survives.

Survivors also include two sons, Michael North, of Bryan, and Mark North, of Defiance, Ohio; three sisters, Donna Lacy, of Toledo, Ohio, Helen Grandey, of Hicksville, Ohio, and Rosemary Renn, of Marion, Ohio; and two brothers, Carl North, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and Dean (Elsie) North, of Edon, Ohio. He was preceded in death by three brothers, Clifford, Don and Jack North, and four sisters, Doris Rock, Della Fleming, Wilma Ruppert and Ruth Johnson. ▼



## Remembrance of Dad

June 9, 2014

Thank you for being here today! Thank you for the love, the kindness, and the caring that so many of you have provided, not only during Dad's illness, but throughout his 88 years. You have meant the world to my dad and mom and this full sanctuary is testimony to the many friends my parents shared, the relationships built, and the lives they touched.

A special thanks to the care givers at St. Anne's, Hospice, the VA, and those loyal members of this church, which dad loved dearly. A special thanks to so many personal friends, dad's and mom's close buddies, and thanks to our Lord and God Almighty for the comfort and peace that HE has given our family.

Thank you again for being here to CELEBRATE, and I do mean CELEBRATE, the life of my father Bob Keck. His pain is over and we rejoice in knowing that he has arrived at the Happy Hunting Grounds ... and IS with our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Today we bury a Warrior and a Patriot ... a warrior who carried the scars of battle for almost 70 years...a Hero to so many of us!

Today we bury a loyal and loving husband of 65 years, celebrated less than a month ago.

Today we bury a hard-working and loving father, grandfather, and great grandfather.

Today we bury a friend, a comrade, a neighbor, a volunteer, and a servant.

Today we bury a Christian who has entered the Kingdom of God, a place where Eternal Life can only be achieved through death.

Today IS a day to Celebrate Life, which is the way he wanted it!

What we Will Not Bury though, are the memories and the work of a giant of a man who will live in the hearts and minds of his family and friends for years to come...a man who loved and defended his country, a man who loved and served as a pillar of strength to his church, a man who loved and contributed to his community, and a man who loved his Lord and Savior and now rests with

Him in His presence without pain and suffering.

As dad lay in his bed during those final days, he was at peace with the world and repeatedly said he was ready to be with his Heavenly Father. He was so anxious to join his mother and father and his brothers George, Len, and John ... and his sisters Anna and Helen. He was the last of that generation of siblings.

Pericles wrote, "What you leave behind is not what is engraved in stone monuments, but what is woven into the lives of others." ... Dad made many of us better people!

Well, let me tell you my dad was a tough son-of-a-gun! ... right to the end. He was giving orders to the nurses, to his wife and kids on command! Dad was both physically and mentally tough ... and that began at an early age as expressed by my Grandfather, Pop Keck, in a letter he wrote on the high seas, on board the steamship "Stuttgart, May 13, 1926. Dad was exactly two months old and folks back at his birthplace in Leidringen, Germany said little Robert would be 'Fish Meat' and would never make it to America.

In that letter Pop Keck wrote ...

*"Dear Parents and Relatives, Robert slept this morning from 6 to 12:30 and right now Anna is with him in the bedroom where all the children are. He is the youngest at two months old. However, NONE are as strong as Robert!"*

That strength and toughness trait carried him through his entire life. But there was no challenge greater than through the European Theatre battlefields of WWII ... especially during the Battle of the Bulge, the bloodiest battle American soldiers ever engaged in ... at a time when Europe experienced the coldest and snowiest winters on record. With frozen feet and wounded he fought on and persevered until the war ended. As a soldier of the 83rd Infantry Division of the 329th L Company, he earned the Combat Infantry Badge, the Purple Heart, and the Bronze Star and was made Staff Sergeant.

He like most from that 'Greatest Generation'



didn't talk about what they experienced engaged in this War, but during sleepless nights told mom in later years about holding numerous wounded and dying soldiers, consoling them, and how he as an infantry scout, was able to save his men by being able to find the enemy. That compassion endeared him to so many throughout his daily life.

Let me tell you as a son, he was tough on me too, and sometimes it was hard to see that compassion ... but dad was not nearly so hard on my sister Carol ... although she may see it differently. You know daughters always have a way of wrapping their dad's around their fingers. I know that is true since I have two wonderful daughters of my own.

Dad was a disciplinarian and I felt the wrath of that open right hand on more than one occasion. His expectations were high and the completion of a task or job was always expected. As some of you sitting here in this sanctuary can attest, not only were expectations always high, some might even say he was hard to please...but it was for all the RIGHT reasons!...to be the best it could be, or get the most out of whatever it was. I inherited some of that too and have passed a bit of it on to my children. I can tell you that it made me a better person, a more successful person, no matter how much it may have hurt at the time.

If you were planting sweet potatoes, the plants had to be 15" apart, not 14 ½" or 15 1/4"... each plant carefully measured exactly! ... or you could expect to do it over if it wasn't right.

I'll never forget when I was first learning to tie my shoes at age 4 or 5, I was out in the field, we were putting up tobacco, and he noticed my shoes were untied and he said tie 'em! I said I can't! Well, he sent me to the house and he said I couldn't come outside until I could tie my shoes. By golly I learned pretty fast!

There was only one way, Bob's way and I must admit most times it was the RIGHTWAY... or the best way. He made my sister and I better people. His expectations were high.

He could figure out just about anything, especially brain teasing engineering challenges. He was a trouble shooter of the highest degree. What was truly amazing was that he didn't have a university degree from Lehigh or Drexel, in fact he didn't get

his high school diploma until AFTER he retired as Chief Plant Engineer from ITT Grinnell at age 60. What a special time it was for him and mom and our family to be at Penn Manor's graduation ceremony and see him receive that diploma! It again, was an example of his determination to always finish what he started.

Let me tell you, Dad had a PhD in common sense ... and that common sense was uncanny ... and that ability solved numerous challenges throughout his long life.

Growing up on the farm during the Great Depression era, taught him lessons on how to be frugal, and the value of goods not to be wasted ... and believe me he knew how to squeeze blood out of a turnip, and was a great negotiator on getting the best price.

He knew hard work and never backed away from a project and put all of his energy into it ... but even more importantly, he worked smart.

After the War, he went to work at New Holland Manufacturing, and quickly moved into the engineering department. He took engineering night courses through Penn State to better himself.

While at New Holland he caught the eye of a pretty accounts payable clerk named Phyllis Smith, who ultimately became his bride. They were "two peas in a pod"... inseparable and traveled extensively together, sharing their love at home and abroad.

My dad was fearless and that fearlessness was exhibited one evening when he was dating mom. He was seeing his sweetheart there on Walnut Street in Columbia when a thief stole his car. Dad fortunately was with his brother John sitting there on his girlfriend's porch, when this took place. They jumped in John's car and gave a high speed chase down Walnut Street and ran him down at the tracks along the river. Dad jumped out and pulled the door open of his car, when the crook said "don't come near me I have a gun." Dad said, "do you think I'm afraid of you? ...I just came back from the war!" Then dad proceeded to rearrange and bloody his face and held him til the cops came!

Dad loved building construction and eventually moved on to work for building contractor Lloyd McIlhenny. As a craftsman he built homes, from the footers to the framing, to the finish work.

*continued >*

Homes like the parsonage across the street from this church. He remodeled homes like my sister's former residence on West Main Street. He built custom cabinets in his own home, my dresser drawers there. He built the Creche here at this church as well as the custom shelves that hold the offering plates. He even helped dig the basement of this church. Dad loved to take his family on rides to see the homes he built. He was proud of his work and rightfully so.

Dad had polio in his right hand and the lingering effects took its toll on his hand especially during cold winter weather which made it hard for him to hold a hammer.

That led him to coming indoors to employ his engineering skills. He spent 25 years in the engineering department at ITT Grinnell, where he ultimately became Chief Plant Engineer and a member of the inner board of that corporation.

Dad loved the mountains and spending time at our hunting camp in Lycoming County. As a family, we vacationed there many times. He loved the hunting camp camaraderie of Pop, Warren Leaman, Uncle John, John Hiemel, Bill Bippus and so many other friends. He always took the first week of buck season and we made numerous trips during the fall and spring turkey seasons. He was with me when I killed my first turkey on Sullivan Mountain back in 1963. In fact dad was with me on many many hunts over the last half century, as he was with Carol and I in Montana when she took her first turkey. Yes, my sister actually killed two Merriams turkeys on that trip! Boy was he proud of her!

Dad sure loved coming to our home in South Carolina, to deer and turkey hunt and of course see his daughter-in-law, grandchildren and great grandkids ... so many wonderful memories!

I watched dad complete his grand slam of wild turkeys, take numerous whitetails, a cinnamon phase black bear, and was with him on what he considered his a hunt of a lifetime, when he took a musk ox and a pair of caribou, up on the Arctic Circle, all on film. He was so proud when Bass Pro Shops founder Johnny Morris unveiled his life size mounted musk ox at the opening the Harrisburg store. Dad would send people up there to see it. Boy was he proud! ... and so was I.

Dad and mom were a couple! They were inseparable! They were two peas in a pod. They did many things together, made many trips together. Besides regular fall and spring trips to South Carolina, or attending the annual NWTF conventions in support of their son, they traveled and attended annually the 83rd Infantry Division Association reunions held around the country. Dad served as president of the 83rd and also hosted the 2005 convention at the Army War College a few years ago.

Dad was a Life Member of the VFW and was a past Commander of Reese-Hall Post 8757. Last week when I walked into the Vets, I looked at the wall of pictures of past commanders. His picture on the top row was the only one without a black ribbon indicating deceased. Now that row is complete. Those heroes of mine are all gone. I think of the great things they did for the quality of life in Mountville. Dad was at the center of that group that did so much for this community...for the kids, sports, scouts, schools, shut-ins, social life, and keeping patriotism at the forefront of all that we did.

Dad was a proud and happy man, full of life. He was proud of his family, his church, his community, and his country. He enjoyed helping others in solving problems. Active in his community, he served on the Mountville Community Service Foundation's original Board of Directors. He was a 32 degree Mason of the Columbia Lodge, a member of the Valley of Lancaster Scottish Rite, and a member of the Lancaster County Shrine Club. He was a Life Member of the Mountville Fire Company, Life Member of the Columbia Fish and Game, Life Member of the NRA, and a Diamond Life Sponsor of the NWTF.

Dad and mom along with Carol and Jeff made many trips to dad's place of birth in Germany. There was always a wedding, or special event there to tip a mug or make a toast to. Carol always was the tour planner and arranged travel. We also traveled to destinations where dad fought and retraced those tracks and memories.

One of those trips was five years ago on the 65th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge. Dad, sister Carol, my daughter Heather, and Craig Dussinger made the January trip to Belgium.



When we arrived, dad said the weather conditions were very similar to what he had experienced 65 years before. During that week we traveled to Bastogne, various points of interest, were part of the March covering almost 20 miles in an 83rd Division Jeep, traveling with European re-enactors, and vintage equipment. Dad was honored at villages along the way.

...but it was on the last day of our trip that dad wanted to visit the Henry Chiapelle American Cemetery.

Now you can imagine there are not many visitors to an American cemetery on a below zero, snowy Sunday afternoon IN JANUARY. We arrived with about an hour of daylight remaining. When we cleared the gate of the Cemetery, dad continued on to the burial grounds. Carol, Heather, Craig and I went into the visitor's center to get a print-out of where the 83rd warriors were buried.

When we came out of the center and looked out onto what lie before us, there was a sight that I'll never forget ... 8000 crosses barely sticking out of the snow, marking the graves of the fallen Bulge heroes, and one lone figure with his hand on a cross. We waded the knee deep snow and when we got to dad, his eyes were full, something I'm not sure I had ever seen. With his hand on a cross, he said these were my buddies. They didn't get to go home, have a life, have a family, hunt, or fish.

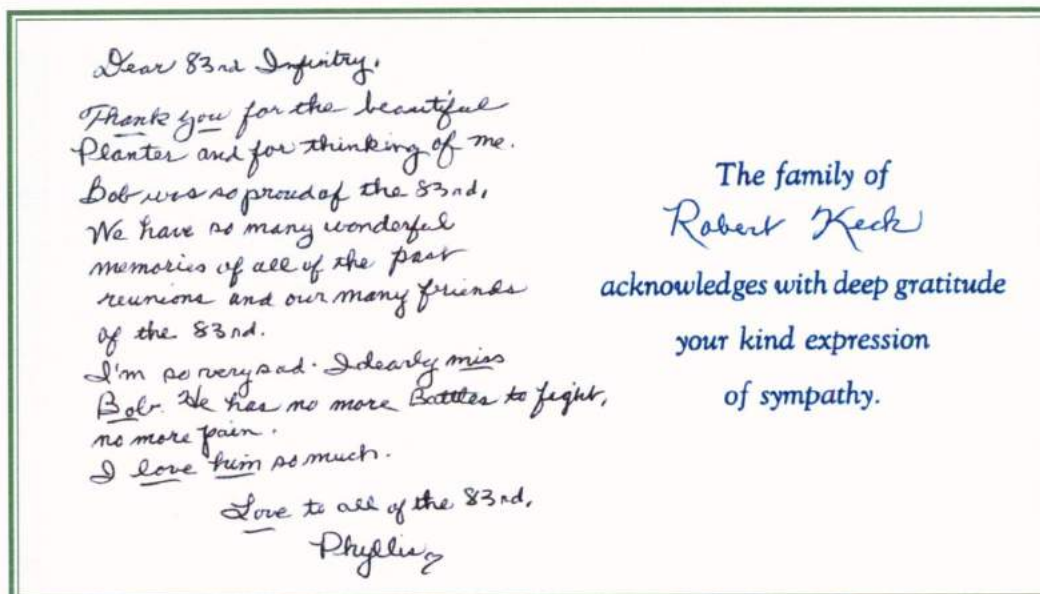
We searched and found some of his 83rd comrades. Light was fading fast, the air still, so still you could hear the ice crystals drop on the fallen snow. In the distance a raven called creating an eerily somber atmosphere.

As I looked back over my shoulder, I saw the caretaker, wading the snow to get to us. Upon arrival she said, "folks the cemetery is about to close. Would you care to lower the colors?" Of course you know our answer. What an honor, what a privilege... Old Glory hanging limp, and the red, white and blue powerful against the gray backdrop.

Dad asked me to lower the flag. The chills ran my spine. When it was down, dad asked me to make the 13 folds as he held the opposite end. When I placed that folded flag of our nation in his arms, he saluted me, and I him ...Then, TAPS played. Our emotions ran wild. When it ended, dad held the flag out to the caretaker. The caretaker said "NO I want you to carry this flag, representing your buddies back to the states." We were overwhelmed with emotion!

Well Staff Sergeant Keck, your battles are over. You are now with your buddies and your Heavenly Father and family, where Peace reigns forevermore!

WELL DONE SIR!  
REST WELL! Dad we'll join you soon!  
WE LOVE YOU!



continued >







## Letter to Lt Richard Scheerer, Co H, 331st Infantry Regt

*from his mother Helene*

July 2, 1944

Dear Son... So glad you are still in England... Dick you are a wonderful son and I hope you will always realize that God will guide you and he always answers prayer. Not always in the manner we would have i, but it is for our own good. I have prayed for you each day for your safety, and for you to have complete understanding and I feel my prayers are being answered. Since the invasion began you would be surprised how seriously the defense workers as a whole are pitching in to help finish this job quickly. We have so many customers who have defense work and they are so tired at times but they smile and say 'now more than ever—we must not lag'—holidays mean nothing to them either. As you said to grandma, "With God's help this war can be won soon". I hope it will be...

Due to time lag in sending/receiving letters, when she wrote this the 331st was already on the line in France. It was two days before he was wounded.

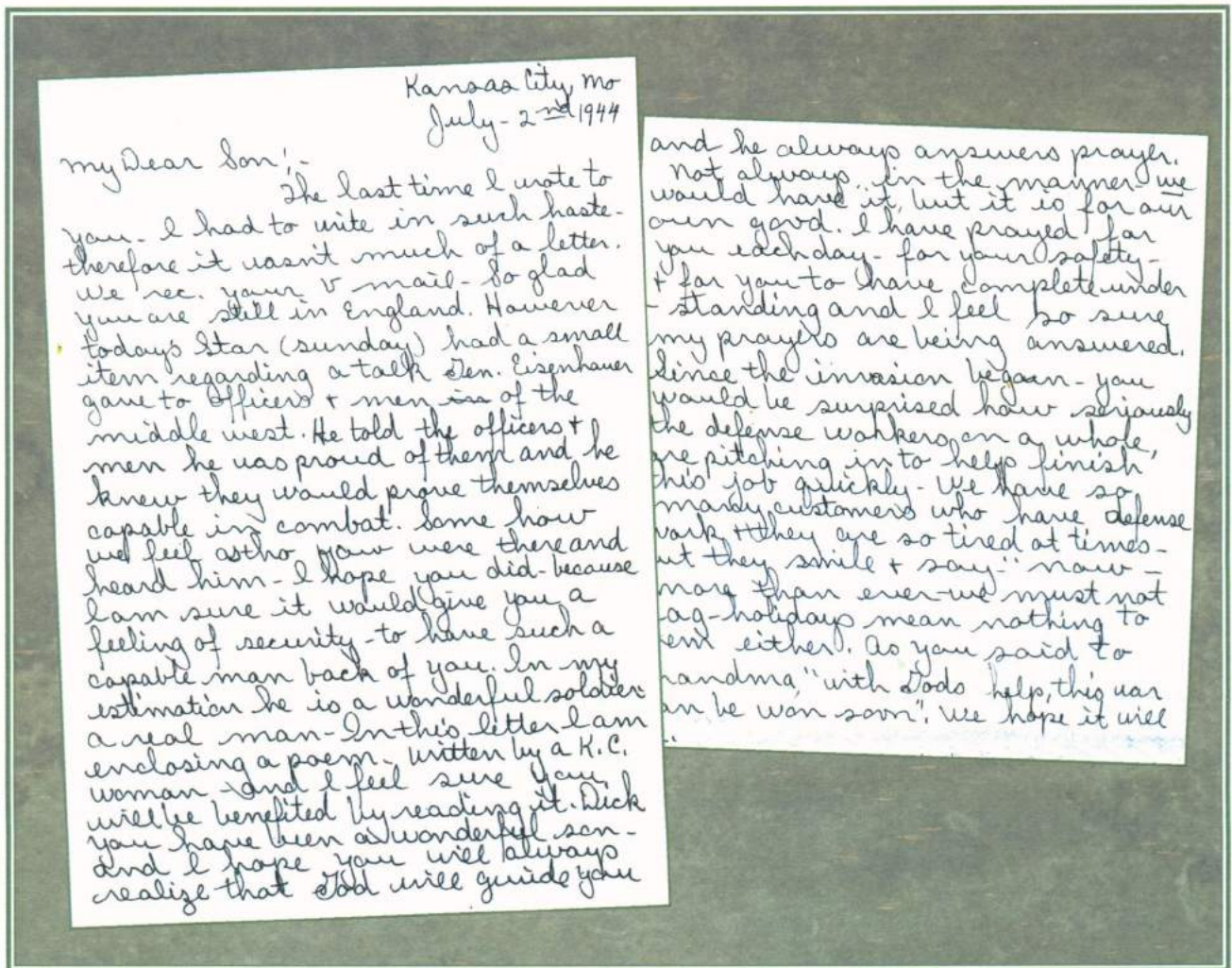
Correspondence to soldiers who had been wounded often did not reach them as they transferred between stages of treatment and medical facilities. This letter was received three months later on October 1944 after Dick had been transported from Normandy through 4 hospitals in England, a hospital ship to Charleston and a train to Fitzsimons Army hospital for chest wounds in Aurora Colorado outside Denver.

— Larry Scheerer ▼



continued >





Excerpt of correspondence to Lt. Scheerer from his mother

## Letter excerpts from 1st Lt. Dick Scheerer, Co H, 331st to his wife Teresa

**Wales, May 31, 1944, 11:15 PM**

...Monday and Tuesday we were on duty for 25 hours straight - had 5 hours sleep and then went at it again. The country here is mountainous and soggy and gets soggier by the day. Rather miserable sometimes, but still a lark compared to what is coming up when our training is over and the "play" has its opening night...

**Wales, June 5, 1944, Monday, 11:45 PM**

Hello Sweetheart! ...folks may have the idea that we're having a grand time over here. I have to read and censor the mail 35 men write every day, and I can tell from their letters that folks back home believe everything is lovely and glamorous for the "Yanks" over here.

I'll say the same as the men do - "we're not in the damned Service Command or the Air Corp, we're in the service that gets the dirty work and that's just what we've had since we reached England". We're putting in long strenuous, dirty, muddy and wet hours. We're not getting much time for ourselves...

...The last three weeks have been about as rugged as I've experienced, but I'm in wonderful shape, excellent health and much the wiser. So long as we learn, we can take a lot...

...My eyes won't stay open any longer so I'll close for tonight...  
All my love,

### **Off the Normandy shore, Wednesday, June 21, 1944**

... it's been 10 days since I've received a letter from you. None of us has received any mail.

I'm still waiting here (one mile off the French beaches) for the weather to calm down so we can unload into LCI or something similar and land. This is very tiresome and the water is rough.

However I've been catching up on sleep (and I really needed it), eating plenty, reading books and studying when I'm not on deck. I listen to the ship's radio too. The only program is the A.E.F program, but it's good... (AEF = American Expeditionary Force)

...I'm bunking with two fellows who are part of the crew; one is a deck hand and the other an engineer. Their nicknames for each other are 'Rope Choker' and 'Clinker Tosser'! Some names, eh? They're really a pair and treat me like a king. Between the two of them I've always got a bed, an apple, and any kind of cigarette and plenty of conversation.

...Col. Faber, Lt Weinhardt and I were just talking about coming events - namely in August (due date for Teresa's baby was August 17) and return to civilian life. Hope it won't be long, Darling

...All my love, Dick

Dick related they arrived at night off Omaha Beach. It was two weeks after D-Day but the allies had not advanced very far inland. The sky above the mainland was filled with multi colored tracers of German and allied fire.

Of the three officers who discussed their hopes for the future on the deck of the ship, none of them would last beyond the first week of combat. Lt. Col Faber and Lt. Weinhardt were killed and Dick was severely wounded. ▼



Richard W. Scheerer, 2nd Plt, H, 2nd Bn 331st

continued >









COMPANY MORNING REPORT  
 ENDING DATE 18 June 44

STATION H.T. Devonshire  
 ORGANIZATION E 331 INF

SERIAL NUMBER	NAME	GRADE	CODE
No Change			

**Record of Events**

Left Hursley, Hants, England via motor  
 1300 boarded H.T. Devonshire motor  
 1900 distance travelled 10 miles

OFFICER STRENGTH	PLD O & CAPT		1ST LT		2D LT		WO		FLT O	
	PRES	ABS'T	PRES	ABS'T	PRES	ABS'T	PRES	ABS'T	PRES	ABS'T
ASSIGNED	1		3		2					
ATTACHED UNASSIGNED ATTACHED FR OTHER ORGN										
TOTAL	1		3		2					

AVN CADET & ENLISTED STRENGTH	AVIATION CADETS		ENLISTED MEN			
	PRESENT	ABSENT	PRESENT FOR DUTY	PRESENT NOT FOR DT	ABSENT	PRESENT AND ABSENT
ASSIGNED			181		6	187
ATTACHED UNASSIGNED ATTACHED FR OTHER ORGN			4			4
TOTAL			185		6	191

RATIONS REQUIRED FOR	ESTIMATED NUMBER OF	DAY OF WEEK	NUMBER
	DATE	31 June 44	191
BESS ATTENDANCE FOR DAY OF THIS REPORT	TOTAL	273	191
	AVERAGE		
BREAKFAST	191	DINNER	191
SUPPER	191		
MEN AUTHORIZED TO			

LTR

COMPANY *RESTRICTED*  
 MORNING REPORT ENDING *23 June*  
 2400 (DATE) (MONTH) (YEAR)

STATION *BRIQUEVILLE, France*  
 ORGANIZATION *E 331 INF*  
(CO, DET, ETC.) (PATROL UNIT) (ARM OR SERVICE)

SERIAL NUMBER	NAME	GRADE	CODE
<i>No change</i>			

*Record of events*

*Disembarked Fr H.T. Devonshire 0745*  
*ARRIVED TRANSIT AREA #2 Block 19*  
*Left TRANSIT AREA #2 1530. MARCHED*  
*10 MILES ARRIVED BRIQUEVILLE France*  
*2000*

OFFICER STRENGTH	FLD O & CAPT		1ST LT		2D LT		WO		FLT O	
	PRES	ASST	PRES	ASST	PRES	ASST	PRES	ASST	PRES	ASST
ASSIGNED	<i>1</i>		<i>3</i>		<i>2</i>					
ATTACHED UNFUNCTIONED										
ATTACHED FOR OTHER ORGN										
TOTAL	<i>1</i>		<i>3</i>		<i>2</i>					

AVN CADET & ENLISTED STRENGTH	AVIATION CADETS		ENLISTED W/M			
	PRESENT	ABSENT	PRESENT FOR DUTY	PRESENT NOT FOR DUTY	ABSENT	PRESENT ASST REPORT
ASSIGNED			<i>179</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>187</i>
ATTACHED UNFUNCTIONED						
ATTACHED FOR OTHER ORGN			<i>4</i>			
TOTAL			<i>183</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>191</i>

LTR

continued >





A Prayer for you in the Service -  
 That God in His loving way  
 Will bring you health and happiness  
 This blessed Easter Day;  
 And, wherever duty takes you,  
 May you keep safe and sound -  
 Until that very happy day  
 Your steps are homeward bound.

Dear Dick:  
 You know without  
 saying that our thoughts &  
 best wishes go with you wherever

you go. The Killdow have put  
 your name in their list of  
 service men at school and  
 so you are being remembered  
 in their class prayers every  
 day.

Person is here and is  
 coming out to spend some time  
 with us in a few days. You know  
 of course, that we will see she is  
 taken care of.

Be a good boy and don't  
 get in too much trouble.  
 Good luck & the best of wishes  
 from us all.

Eddie, Leo Ann, Richard & Margaret





tion and the War of 1812. But there is no time today to fight old wars over again or bring up old grievances. We don't worry about which side our grandfathers fought on in the Civil War, because it doesn't mean anything now.

We can defeat Hitler's propaganda with a weapon of our own. Plain, common horse sense; understanding of evident truths.

The most evident truth of all is that in their major ways of life the British and American people are much alike. They speak the same language. They both believe in representative government, in freedom of worship, in freedom of speech. But each country has minor national characteristics which differ. It is by causing misunderstanding over these minor differences that Hitler hopes to make his propaganda effective.

**British Reserved, Not Unfriendly.** You defeat enemy propaganda not by denying that these differences exist, but by admitting them openly and then trying to understand them. For instance: The British are often more reserved in conduct than we. On a small crowded island where forty-five million people live, each man learns to guard his privacy carefully—and is equally careful not to invade another man's privacy.

So if Britons sit in trains or busses without striking up conversation with you, it doesn't mean they are being

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haughty and unfriendly. Probably they are paying more attention to you than you think. But they don't speak to you because they don't want to appear intrusive or rude.

Another difference. The British have phrases and colloquialisms of their own that may sound funny to you. You can make just as many boners in their eyes. It isn't a good idea, for instance, to say "bloody" in mixed company in Britain—it is one of their worst swear words. To say: "I look like a bum" is offensive to their ears, for to the British this means that you look like your own backside. It isn't important—just a tip if you are trying to shine in polite society. Near the end of this guide you will find more of these differences of speech.

British money is in pounds, shillings, and pence. (This also is explained more fully later on.) The British are used to this system and they like it, and all your arguments that the American decimal system is better won't convince them. They won't be pleased to hear you call it "funny money," either. They sweat hard to get it (wages are much lower in Britain than America) and they won't think you smart or funny for mocking at it.

**Don't Be a Show Off.** The British dislike bragging and showing off. American wages and American soldier's pay are the highest in the world. When pay day comes, it would be sound practice to learn to spend your money according to British standards. They consider

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THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

TO MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY EXPEDITIONARY  
FORCES:

You are a soldier of the United States Army.

You have embarked for distant places where  
the war is being fought.

Upon the outcome depends the freedom of your  
lives: the freedom of the lives of those you love—  
your fellow-citizens—your people.

Never were the enemies of freedom more  
tyrannical, more arrogant, more brutal.

Yours is a God-fearing, proud, courageous  
people, which, throughout its history, has put its  
freedom under God before all other purposes.

We who stay at home have our duties to  
perform—duties owed in many parts to you. You will  
be supported by the whole force and power of this  
Nation. The victory you win will be a victory of all  
the people—common to them all.

You bear with you the hope, the confidence,  
the gratitude and the prayers of your family, your  
fellow-citizens, and your President—

*Franklin D. Roosevelt*



## Excerpts from Jack's Memoirs

*Contributed by Anne Tisdell, daughter of Jack and long-time descendant member of the 83rd Infantry Division Association*



### **With the 83rd Division**

After my leave, I reported for duty with the 83rd Division at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. I was assigned as a platoon leader with Co L of the 329th Infantry. Over a period of time most of the Regiment's company grade officers were shipped out as replacements. I was lucky and stayed with L Co until the last time I was wounded in France in mid summer 1944. Over a period of time I became Company executive officer, and ultimately through combat attrition, I became Company Commander.

Shortly after joining the 83rd, I, along with several other officers, were sent to 2nd Army Ranger School at Camp Forest, Tenn. The course lasted about 3 weeks and we returned to Atter-

bury. The Division Commander, Frank Milburn, decided to put the whole division through a modified Ranger course. General Milburn decided that at sometime in the future every division would have a ranger company, so we would be prepared for any transition that might take place. To start the training he had to have a Ranger demonstration platoon. This was a picked unit and I was the platoon commander. As such I occasionally had conversation with the General. He was a stickler for training and would always remind me or anybody else within hearing range that at sometime in the past he had been the football coach at West Point. Training a unit was like training a football team; repeat the play continuously in practice until it becomes letter

*continued >*



perfect. He would tell me what a fine unit the Ranger platoon was. It should be as I had the pick of the finest forty men in the division. The special unit was great while it lasted. We broke up and returned to our respective units in about 2 months. Rangers within division never became a reality. Ultimately 5 Ranger Battalions were organized, and became Special Forces under the control of the theatre commander, i.e., Eisenhower in Europe and MacArthur in the Pacific.

We continued our unit training until it became time for Tennessee maneuvers, (June to Mid Sept 1943). After maneuvers, we went to Camp Breckinridge in Kentucky. Here, the bulk of our officers got shipped out. Also both the 4th and 8th Divisions were shipping out and needed to fill vacancies within their units. 1/2 of our enlisted men went to these units. We decided that we were fated to be a replacement unit. Not so, our ranks were filled up with replacements from the 65th Division at Camp Shelby, Miss. These replacements had only 7 weeks of basic training. We had about a month getting acclimated with these new people. Then we shipped out. Fortunately, we had about 6 months in England and Wales to get them into reasonably good shape.

### **Transport to Normandy**

Come D Day, we heard about the landings, and then got word to be ready to move out. We marched down to the local railroad station late in the day and headed for parts unknown. It turned out to be the port of Plymouth. We checked equipment to be sure it was all OK. We had a defective part in one machine gun. I went to one of several Ordnance locations to get a part for the gun. No parts were available. However, if I certified we lost a gun in transit, I could get a new gun. We had suddenly lost 2 machine guns and 3 Browning Automatic, (BA R's) Rifles. We were well stocked with these special weapons when we arrived in Normandy. We landed on Omaha Beach (Our Battalion was the only unit of the 83rd to land at that time). The rest of the division did not land for two weeks because of bad weather in the channel. We were

attached to the 101st Airborne Division. We primarily provided their flank security as the 9th Division was moving on Cherbourg and we were blocking the exposed flanks of both divisions. I got my first purple heart just off Omaha. We were moving thru an area cleared of mines when some clown was in a hurry to get around us. He went outside the cleared area and tripped a mine. He, along with a couple of our people, were killed, I got a minor piece of the mine in the calf of my left leg. I got 1st aid in the aid station and sent on my way with an oversized band aid. It wasn't much of an injury but rated a purple heart. Later in Normandy, I got hit by a mortar fragment resulting in 3 stitches and a hospital stay for a few days, Purple Heart #2.



### **The Big Battle in Normandy**

The rest of the division came ashore on June 22 and relieved the 101st. We reverted to control from our own division. The division was in a holding position because of a lack of supplies (The bad weather in the channel). We would be in this situation until July 4, when the assault against the Germans was resumed.

**What a day that was! We were in perhaps the biggest battle of NORMANDY. WE WERE given an objective about a thousand yards to our front. We jumped off with a full strength Company (6 Officers and 187 enlisted men. As it turned out,**



the Germans also jumped off with an objective of putting us back in the sea. They threw everything at us (Tanks, Artillery, Mortars, paratroopers etc). One thing they didn't have was airpower. With terrific support from our air force, Bombing and strafing, we managed to repulse the German attack and eventually reach our objective. Then, our Battalion got cut off and surrounded. This happened because adjacent units of ours were unable to advance. We got ringed in by our artillery who kept the Germans from overrunning us. Once we had daylight, we again got support from our air force. Eventually, units from our 4th Infantry Division broke thru the German lines and relieved us.

It was a costly 2 days for us. When the 4th got through to us, My Company was down to 2 Officers and 37 enlisted men. At the time the 4th relieved us, their assistant Division Commander Brigadier General Teddy Roosevelt (the former president's son) was with them, and he was walking around as if it was a leisure stroll. I said "General, Germans are in the forward hedgerow and you should take cover." He replied, son when you're my age, and you're a grandfather things won't bother you nearly as much." I can understand why he was an inspiration to his 1st Division men in Africa and Sicily, and 4th Division men in Normandy. He was dead a few days later from a heart attack.

### **Wounded Badly**

A couple of days later I picked up a few mortar fragments in my left upper arm. They cleaned it out in a field hospital. 3 stitches, a couple of days rest and I was back to my unit. We, as a unit went into reserve, picked up more replacements and did some training to get them ready for combat. In a few more days (July 25), we broke out of Normandy, 3rd Armored and our 83rd Spear-headed the 3rd Army drive which took us into Brittany. In the general area of St Malo, we got involved in a battle with some German armor. A tank got a good shot towards us with its cannon. I got chewed up pretty badly. My right leg had multiple wounds, my left leg had minor wounds, my right lower arm was broken where a piece of

shrapnel went thru my arm and chewed up the Ulna. I was initially treated in 2 hospitals in France, and then shipped to England.

On the LST crossing the channel to England I was given a can of C rations for a meal. With a cast and broken arm I couldn't open the can. A sailor came through calling my name. He was a person I had played baseball against in high school. He saw my problem, went to the ship's kitchen, got soup and a sandwich and fed me. Other wounded on the ship thought I must have been a VIP with all this service. No, just a guy who was lucky enough to be recognized by the sailor and given a big boost. I landed in Southampton,



England and spent overnight in a hospital. The next morning we were put on a hospital train and shipped to a hospital in the interior. I was under continuous treatment in that hospital until late September and we were then shipped to another hospital in Axminster in Devonshire on the south-west coastal area of England. I was there until January and then shipped to U.S. for further treatment. I eventually wound up at the general hospital at Fort Devens. ▼



## From the family of COL Granville A. Sharpe

The 83rd Inf. Div. Association has been important to our family since the association was founded in 1947. COL Sharpe was one of the founding members of the association as Vice President and enjoyed visiting with fellow soldiers at reunions for many years.

Arriving at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, from Camp Wheeler, Georgia, in 1943, our father was Rifle Company Commander, Co B, 329th Inf, 83rd Div. When the Regiment moved to Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky, he took over Co G, 2nd Bn, and stayed with it until being wounded in July 1944. After leaving the field hospital in August, he was determined to rejoin his company. Upon arriving at the Regiment, he was asked to take 2nd Bn, composed of companies E, F, and G. So, Co G stayed with him for the rest of the war!

After his death in 1998, we were delighted to find that we could participate in the association as his descendants. As we go through pictures, correspondence, and other documents that he saved through the years, we are anxious to document his legacy and share memorabilia that would be of interest to others. Also, we enjoy perusing information shared by others, knowing that our father was there!

Attached is a Thanksgiving menu celebrated by Company G, 329th Inf. at Camp Breckinridge, along with a roster of officers and enlisted men. Four of Capt. Sharpe's officers signed his menu.

Attached is a picture of Co G, 329th Inf.; a few people may not be visible at the edges of the picture. Attached is also a picture of 2nd Bn HQ staff taken May 1945. Front row, left to right: Devenney (S-1), Gaudio (S-3), Sharpe (Commanding Officer), Benion (Executive Officer), Hastings (S-2). Back row: Miotti (S-4), Swartz (Chaplain), Overdyke (Doctor), Cailor (Transportation Officer), Hughes (Communications Officer), Zemel (Assistant Doctor).


— Dr. Charlotte Sharpe Daly

— Miss Martha W. Sharpe ▼







**MENU**  
and . . .  
**ROSTER**



*Thanksgiving 1943*



Company "G" 329th Inf.  
Camp Breckinridge  
Kentucky



**MENU**

*Fruit Cup*

*Roast Turkey With Sage Dressing and Gravy*

*Cranberry Sauce*

*Sno-Flaked Potatoes*                      *Buttered Peas*

*Tomatoes and Lettuce Salad With 1000 Island Dressing*

*Crisp Celery*                                  *Assorted Pickles*

*Hot Rolls With Butter*

*Pumpkin Pie*

*Apples*      *Grapes*      *Nuts*      *Candies*

*Coffee*      *Cigars*      *Cigarettes*

★

**OFFICERS**

MAJOR GEN. FRANK W. MILBURN - - - - - Commanding Gen. 83rd Division  
BRIGADIER GEN. ROBERT G. MACON - - - - - Assistant Division Commander  
COL. EDWIN B. CRABILL - - - - - Regimental Commander 329th Inf.  
LT. COL. JAMES A. BROWN - - - - - Executive Officer 329th Inf.  
LT. COL. CLAUDE W. BOWEN - - - - - Battalion Commander 2nd. Bn. 329th Inf.  
MAJOR EDWIN G. HOLT - - - - - Executive Officer 2nd Bn. 329th Inf.

**OFFICERS—COMPANY "G" 329th INFANTRY**

CAPT. GRANVILLE A. SHARPE - - - - - Commanding Officer, D. S. Ft. Benning, Ga.  
1st LT. JOHN J. DEVENNEY - - - - - Executive Officer  
1st LT. CLARENCE P. ZIEGLER - - - - - Weapons Platoon Ldr.  
2nd LT. WILLIAM E. FORD - - - - - 2nd Platoon Ldr.  
2nd LT. ARTHUR J. RUBIN - - - - - 1st Platoon Ldr.  
3rd LT. IRVING G. SEGEL - - - - - 3rd Platoon Ldr.

*William C. Dand*  
*Clarence P. Ziegler*

*Irving G. Segel*

continued >



**NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS**

**First Sergeant**

Dwight Hinman

**Staff Sergeants**

Burnett, Elmer  
Conley, William  
Miller, Ames  
Naugle, Robert  
Westbrook, Hugh  
Zescki, Edward

**Sergcants**

Antiposti, Nello  
Baker, William  
Bidner, Carl  
Cantwell, John  
Chapman, Thomas

Day, Raymond  
Dunlap, Joseph  
Jojczyk, Edward  
Ledoux, Arthur  
McElroy, Harry  
Oberrecht, George  
Prescott, William  
Singleton, James  
Stein, Robert  
Tyler, Howard

**Tech/4th Grade**

Fungate, Coley  
Shallenberger, H.

**Corporals**

Cristoforo, M.  
Emelo, Lewis

Gronowski, Theo  
Kohler, Filmore  
McCutcheon, Earl  
O'Connor, William  
Saltzman, Max  
Pope, Irving  
Seagroves, John  
Soister, Paul  
Vetter, John  
Riggs, Frank  
Wohleber, Harold  
Wilson, Clarence

**Tech/5th Grade**

Crawford, Robert  
Fudge, Willard  
Hall, Leon  
Wilson, Garnett  
Hudec, Joseph



**ENLISTED MEN**

**Privates 1st Class**

Ansel, Julius  
Burkhead, Willis  
Black, Marshall  
Balta, Dennis  
Bough, Edward  
Boucher, Antoine  
Byers, Charles  
Cheripka, Michael  
Cooke, Raymond  
Crawford, Wilson  
Crickard, Ray  
Currier, Edward  
Davis, Robert  
Dodrill, Ivan  
Divens, Dale  
Echard, Kelth  
Elam, Willard  
Fauver, Frank  
Frosch, Leonard  
Foreman, Lewis  
Gallman, Lawes  
Giacominio, Guy  
Gorczynski, Theo.  
Harmon, R. C.  
Kopp, William  
Hashman, Philip  
Koch, Evan  
Kaminski, Michael  
Lapp, Virgil  
Leap, Gerald  
Lacey, Rex  
Lovelace, Ira  
Martin, Sim  
McDaniels, Walter  
Murdock, Charles  
Morris, L. B.  
Moyer, Carl

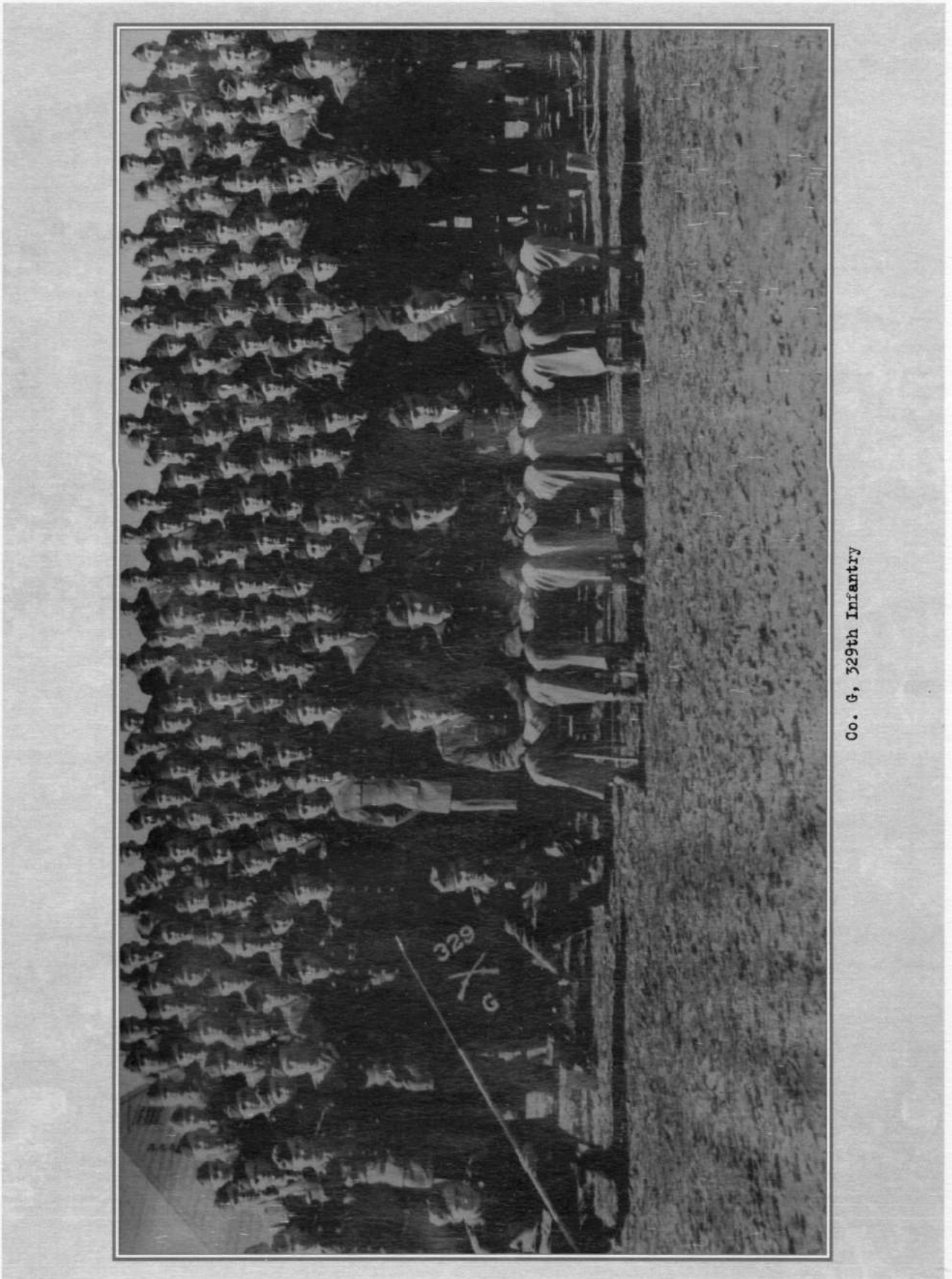
Mumma, Paul  
Pederson, Arthur  
Pugh, Billie  
Rubright, Sterling  
Spencer, Omer  
Scott, James  
Schucks, Carl  
Selman, Gilbert  
Smith, Wesley  
Strausbaugh, Edward  
Stilwell, William  
Thompson, William  
Woke, Frank  
Wall, Arthur  
Willingham, Rob  
Hershman, Edward

**Privates**

Allen, Grady  
Baran, Philip  
Baran, Stanley  
Barnes, Joseph  
Blackwell, Leslie  
Brown, Harry  
Caldwell, Lewis  
Carr, Willard  
Chapman, Andrew  
Comly, Willard  
Conclin, James  
Coulson, James  
Crawford, Woodrow  
Crouch, Lewis  
Davis, Horace  
Devore, Robert  
Edwards, Robert  
Emery, Kenneth  
Flatt, Claudia  
Foracker, Richard

Fonner, Charles  
Frank, Orville  
Goode, William  
Hall, Adolphus  
Hart, Artis  
Hoskins, James  
Howe, Frank  
Jeftuch, John  
Jensen, James  
Johns, Walter  
Keffer, Victor  
Kosa, Arthur  
Lockard, Donald  
Lenoue, Simon  
Long, Robert  
Moon, Paul  
Parker, Archie  
Perry, Benjamin  
Phillips, Dewitte  
Prokes, Fred  
Pease, Howard  
Robinson, Robert  
Santagrew, Joseph  
Shoemaker, Benjamin  
Smith, Carmel  
Smith, Harrison  
Smith, Woodrow  
Starcher, Harley  
Sturgill, Seymour  
Sumislawski  
Tanksley, Simon  
Thacker, Berlin  
Tindle, Leigh  
Thompson, Melvin  
Tinsley, William  
Todd, Hershell  
Traylor, James  
Warrem, Alexander  
Winship, Charles  
Williams, Brack





Co. G, 329th Infantry

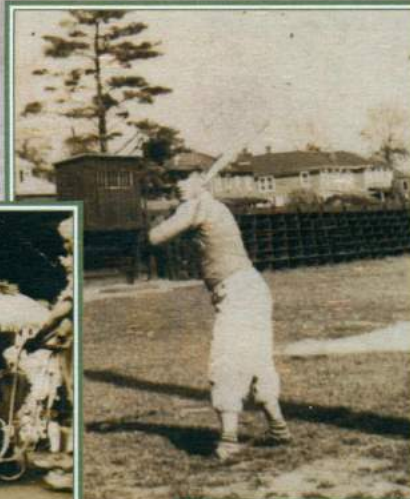


# Cpl. Ambrose J. McDonald

*Medic in the 322nd FA Med Det. of the 83rd Infantry Division*

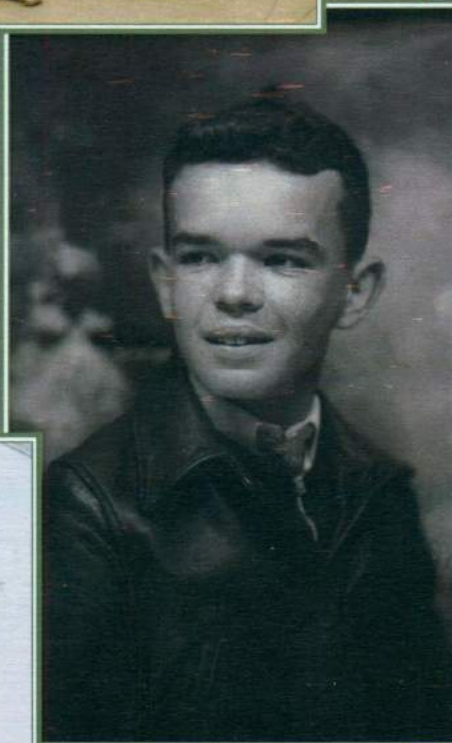
*Submitted by his daughter, Laurie Maley*

Patriotic Dad as a toddler in a BABY Parade in Tremont, PA - his hometown in the Anthracite coal regions - he's the one on the left with the huge hat. (below)



Before WWII, my dad played baseball for a local team, the Tremont Blue Jays - dad got his nickname "Hank" (didn't like Ambrose, a family name) after a Phillies Baseball Player...Baseball was dad's favorite sport. (left)

Picture of my father standing in front of an 83rd Division Artillery Chapel at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Those boots look HUGE on him! Like Frankenstein shoes. (below)



Dad in a leather jacket (above)



B&W taken of my dad with his other medic buddies in a photo studio in England, not long before D-Day - taken on June 2, 1944. From front to back : Dorsey E. Moore, Jr. , Clarksburg, W. Va.; Ambrose J. McDonald (Dad), Tremont, Pa.; Bill Bradley, Altoona, Pa.; and Emmett A. Culver, Dayton, Ohio.



Y, MARCH 16, 1945

## Two Tremont Soldiers And Outwood Boy Get Bronze Star Medals For Heroism

Two Tremont soldiers and an Outwood soldier have been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement in action against the enemy. These heroes are Pfc. Ambrose J. McDonald, Pfc. Arthur W. Tobias, both of Tremont, and Pfc. Otto F. Stager of Outwood.

Official notification of these awards, received at the Press-Herald office this week, read as follows:

**Pfc. Ambrose J. McDonald**  
Private First Class Ambrose J. McDonald, Medical Department, 322d Field Artillery Battalion, United States Army. For distinguishing himself by heroic achievement in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States on 18 December 1944, in Germany. On this date in the vicinity of Boch Wald, Germany, Private First Class McDonald demonstrated unusual courage and devotion to duty by courageously entering a heavily mined area to assist in the rescue and evacuation of two seriously wounded men. His courage and devotion to duty merit the highest praise and are in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service.

Ambrose, better known as "Hank", is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William



PFC. AMBROSE J. McDONALD

## Four Programs Or World Affairs To

Newspaper article from the local paper - West Schuylkill Press and Pine Grove Herald, dated March 16, 1945 (above)



Dad in his "infamous" jeep - in our family anyway - the one he said he drove "all over Europe" -( my dad ALWAYS squinted like this in the sun, lol ) besides being a medic, my dad drove the wounded to the aid stations as well... He told me that officers would often jump in his jeep for a lift as well. Sometimes my dad would get mischievous and along the road, with soldiers walking ahead, he would come up just in back of them, and give them a BUMP ! with the front of the jeep. Bet they'd turn around and find my dad having a little chuckle. A medic sees some terrible things in the job that he does. Sometimes you do the littlest thing for a release...

continued >

Dad's Red Cross ID - the inside of it : thought everyone would like to see what the inside of one these looked like, as the normal soldier never needed an ID.

U.S. ARMY				L 205957	
THIS IS TO IDENTIFY— (AGENCY)					
AMBROSE		J.		McDONALD	
(FIRST NAME)		(MIDDLE NAME)		(LAST NAME)	
HITE		2/8/22		Brown 5 FT 8 IN.	
(RACE)		(BIRTH DATE)		(COLOR EYES) (HEIGHT)	
x <i>Ambrose J. McDonald</i> (SIGNATURE OF BEARER)					
<i>Capt. J. J. ...</i> (MILITARY AUTHORITY—SIGNATURE)				2 April 44 CP SHAWES, PA (DATE) (PLACE)	
FINGERPRINTS—RIGHT HAND					
THUMB		INDEX		MIDDLE	
RING		PINKY			
AMBROSE J. McDONALD					





Nutha bei Güterglück



What looks like a mansion but was a hunting lodge that my dad spent a night in during the war - he evidently found this card there to bring home - at Nutha bei Güterglück, which could have been near Neuss. The Hunting Lodge my dad stayed in AS IT IS NOW. - Picture in

Color Present Day via the Internet



Picture of my dad in his foxhole on the way to the Elbe (above)

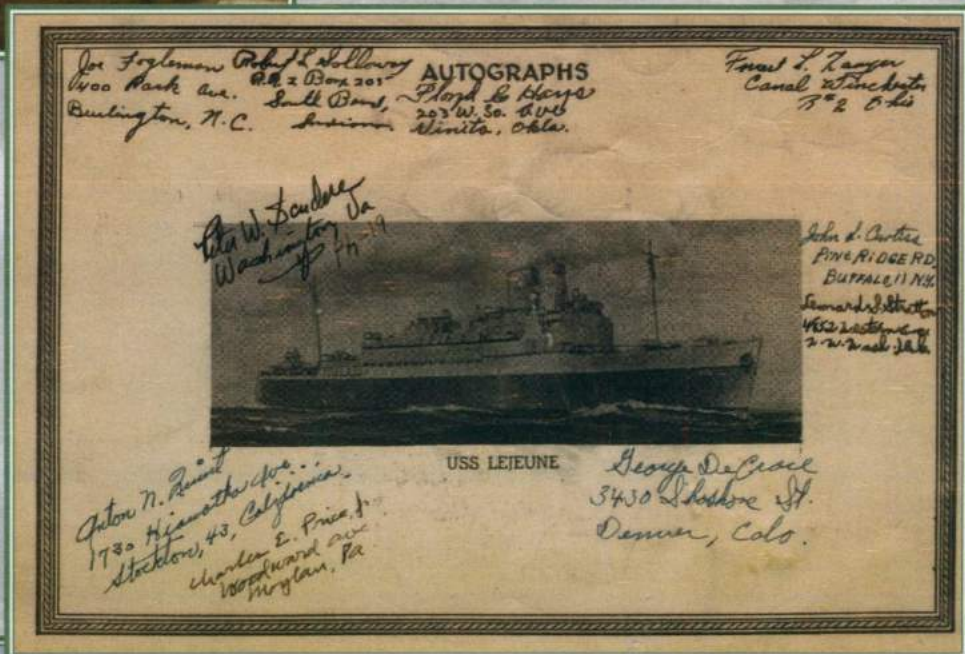
Dad at the famous Truman Bridge. I've seen other pictures of 83rd veterans who had their photo taken here as well. (right)







This is probably my favorite picture of my dad from the war. I believe it is the only one of him smiling. (left)



Souvenir Card from the USS LEJEUNE troop ship my dad came back home to the states on. He asked his fellow soldiers returning with him on the ship to sign the card. (above)

Picture of my dad the day he came home from the war - dad on the left - his old friend, the h.s. band leader, got the band out for him that day.

continued >



Please excuse the smudges, as this is one of those pens like they  have over in the Post-office.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Luxembourg  
Aug. 4, 1945

Dear Mom & Dad.

I guess you are anxiously waiting on a letter from me since the last time I wrote, was about two weeks ago.

Well, the last two weeks I have been places. I just arrived here yesterday from the French Riviera and oh what a time I had. I had seven days there and spent two hundred dollars, so you can see I had a very nice vacation. The city I was in is named Nice and if you look on a map you will see it is right along the ocean. I had a room in one of the biggest hotels in the city and the French cooking certainly has this Army chow beat.

I intended to write while I was down there, but I never did get time. I was on the go from morning till night. The city of

Page 1 of Letter home to my dad's parents from Luxembourg - Aug. 4, 1945





AMERICAN RED CROSS

Nice is supposed to be the world's playground for the rich in peace time and I believe they didn't come down there for much war on no war. The train ride down and back was very tiresome. I was on the train for 36 hours going + 33 coming back here.

The biggest treat I had down there was meeting Chippen Bonavitz. I only met him the last days I was there but we had a very good time together until I had to leave. The way I met him sure was funny. I was ~~sitting~~ sitting along a street waiting for the PX to open when along comes this fellow and taps me on the shoulder and I look up and who was it but Chippen, so right away we went out and had us a few bottles of champagne.

Well I guess that's about all I have to say for right now. I will write again as soon as I get back to Germany and give you more details about my

*Funeral home*  
P.S. I also met Devin Swartz (as ever from Pine Grove. I met him one time before in Belgium. I love you  
Bore

FORM 539 A

Page 2 of Letter home to my dad's parents from Luxembourgn - Aug. 4, 1945



## Charles Abdinoor

*A remembrance from Charles "Chuck" Abdinoor,  
Companies A and B, 330th*

We were walking in the snow from a very hectic day after losing three tanks from the five we came with, from a German tank that was dug in, waiting for us on our way to take a town, this was part of the Battle of the Bulge Campaign. Captain Joseph DeSantis B-Co. 1st. Bat. 330th. Reg. was leading us along a snow covered road. It was getting dark and we were all tired and disgusted from the early morning fire fight in which we came out second best. Although we knocked out one tank and some German soldiers, we still did not succeed in our quest that morning boarding the five tanks we started out with.

We came to a farm house that was partially damaged and all went into the basement and barn. We were going to stay there for the night. A sergeant picked four of us to stand guard, I guess we were the lucky ones. Everybody else just laid out to rest for the night. The sergeant instructed us

that we were to be the only ones to stand guard. We were to be on guard for two on and two off. We were to sleep near the basement door, so as not to wake up the men, us going in and out. **BIG DEAL!** in any case we did this throughout the night. We took turns going back and fourth. This was one bad experience, we seen flares going up, gun fire going on and off at times, just a very bad experience. Towards early morning Sylvio Allard, my buddy from Gardner, MA. who was my buddy from basic training till the present day, we had been together. He had gone to get our relief came back to tell me that there was no one there. The Company, of what was left of it was gone! We did not know what to do, or which direction to go.

This was a Calamity! How could this have happened to us! In any case the roads were covered with snow, so we decided to cut across a field heading in one direction. I had three boxes of K rations that I had tied together, we were issued these yesterday, they were troublesome carrying these so we took out the candy bar and cigarettes that were in the boxes, to make it lighter. We forged ahead walking in hip high snow, blazing a trail.

After crossing roads and fields, I do not remember how long we were walking but this is one for the book. Lost in Belgium, I believe that this is where we were. In any case walking for miles, when we spotted a vehicle coming our way. We did not know if it was Ours or the Germans, in any case we hailed it. To our **GOOD LUCK** it was an American Ambulance. We explained to the driver who we were and would he take us to Battalion Headquarters. To our relief he said **THAT WAS WHERE HE WAS HEADED. THANK THE GOOD LORD!**

Sylvio was shot through the mouth in the Harz Mountains, I lost my hearing in my left ear from a Mortar shell, or an artillery shell. Sylvio came back to the Company and we were Buddy's till his passing. On my way to Florida we stopped every year to see Colonel Joseph DeSantis who was now living in Virginia. ▼





## A special European visit

My husband and I had planned to visit Belgium on May 1 to visit my uncle, William Guterding's, grave at the American Military Cemetery at Ardennes. William, my mother's younger brother, was first wounded at Normandy and then killed in the Battle of Hurtgen Forest in December 1944. He was with the US Army's 330th Regiment, 83rd Infantry Division. He was awarded the Purple Heart for his injuries at Normandy but insisted on returning to battle to fight for his country. He was KIA in December 1944 at the age of 20.

Our visit became an amazing trip when, through the 83rd's website, I found Wim Doms and Jelle Thys, both from Belgium. Wim had adopted my uncle's grave and set up a wonderful day of touring with many new friends from the European Chapter of the 83rd Division Veterans Association.

Our new friends spent the day with us, driving us to the cemetery in Belgium and then to Germany, where we had a picnic lunch, hiked the Hurtgen Forest battlefield, visited the Hurtgen Forest museum, and were treated to wonderful German dinner. They said, "We are more than happy to do this for the families of those who paid the ultimate price for our freedom. It is our way of saying thank you."

It was an unforgettable day for which the family of William Guterding will forever be grateful...

If you would like to see a short movie clip that I made from pictures from our trip, here is the link:  
<http://youtu.be/WiApWnPnjq4>

— JoAnn Ryan  
Pinehurst, NC ▼





## Son of a Real Live Hero

My father: Allen Leroy Christ was from Leesport PA. He fought with the 83rd and was wounded in the battle of the Huertgen Forrest in Dec 44. The doctors told him that the bible below saved his life since he carried it in his top left pocket. They told him with out the bible his heart would have been pierced and would have died. He was a bronze Star receiptient, Purple Heart, oak leaf cluster and many other medals that I now have. He passed about 10 years ago.

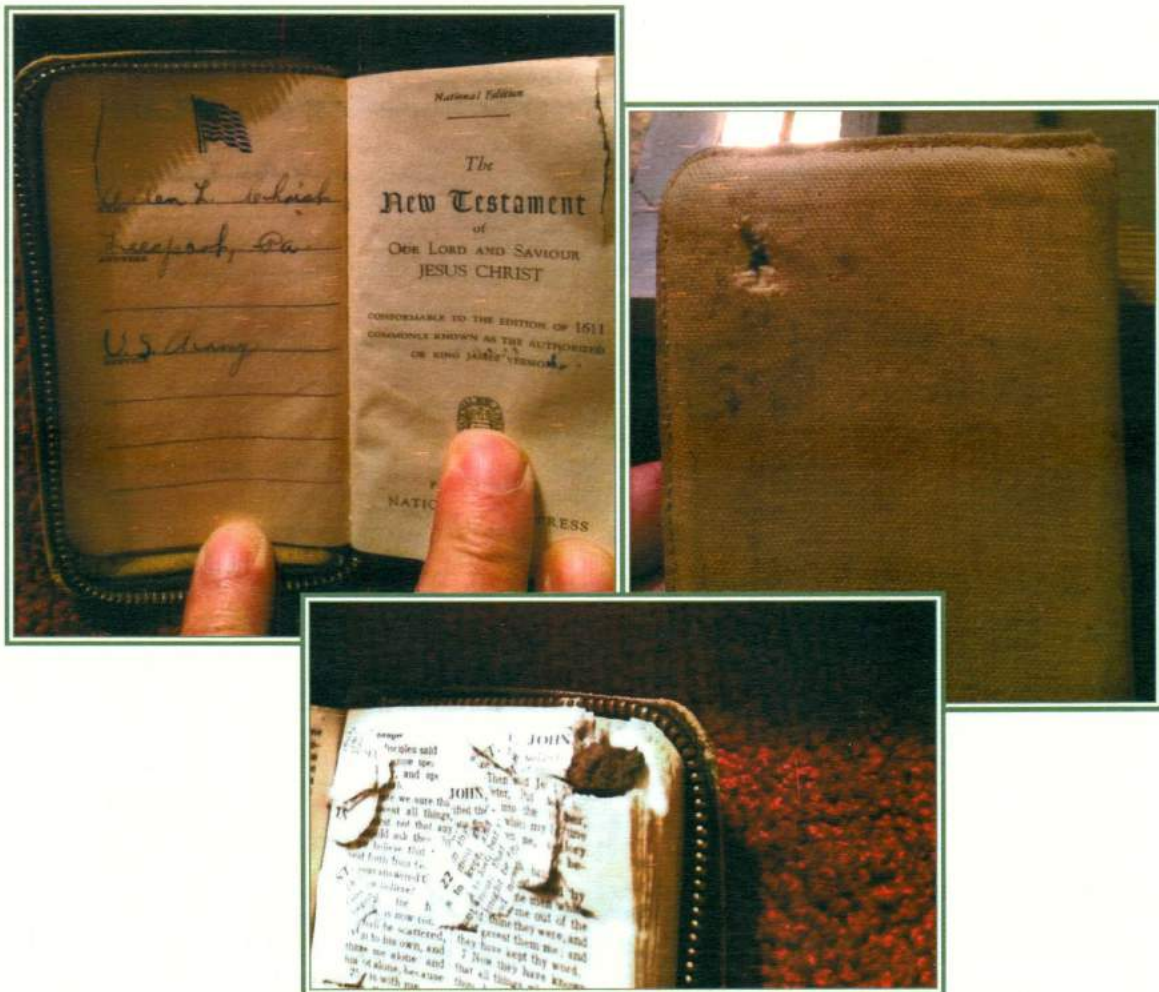
Another story is he was a great musician before the war. He saved his money with the dream of attending Juilliard music school. He applied and was accepted. Instead of attending he gave his younger brother the money while he went to Europe and fought.

He stood about 5' 4" but he was a giant to me.

I can be reached at 302-335-8744 or cell 717-723-6165 with questions.

Son of a real live hero,

—Todd Christ ▼





## Outstanding Civilian Service

*Former Mayor Michel Lepourry of Sainteny Honored*

In this photo he has not yet been “pinned” with the US Army award for “Outstanding Civilian Service”—that came next followed by the 83rd Division proclamation. He has been ill and hospitalized and his presence was uncertain until Sunday. He was touched and choked up for a moment so we all felt our efforts were successful. Col. Kulmeyer made the presentation. He flew in from Turkey for this. He has served in France longer than any other senior Army officer so he was a perfect fit and we were honored that he came.

The flag box inscription reads “Avec les Félicitations et les Remerciement du Congrès des États-Unis d'Amérique.”

Rudy is wearing the medallion presented to each of our veterans from the people of Sainteny.

Starting event for the day Monday was a church service with an unveiling of eight recovered

and restored crosses we hung Sunday—they were in the church when the battle occurred and discovered a couple months ago in a barn. Each cross was unveiled in sequence by a veteran or descendant. They were part of the original Station of the Cross, “Chemin de Croix”—see photo before the unveiling.

Huge thanks from all of us to Jean-Paul Pitou who was the planner, coordinator and MC for everything and everyone—just an amazing job. He was tireless as usual and had the additional burdens of the transition to a new mayor and city council and the illness and uncertainty of former Mayor Lepourry.

Merci, merci merci! Magnifique!

There is much more to be said but that's all for now. I'm sure others have their photos and comments to add.

— Larry Sceerer ▼



Former myor of Sainteny, Michel Lepourry holding the flag with the inscription “Avec les Félicitations et les Remerciement du Congrès des États-Unis d'Amérique.” Rudy Zamula (right) wearing a medallion presented to the veterans from the people of Sainteny.

*continued >*







## Michel Lepourry, l'ancien maire, est décédé

Sainteny – 20 Juin

“On the night of Wednesday to Thursday, the former mayor of Sainteny 1983–2014, aged 76, died at Memorial Hospital of Saint-Lô.

Michel Lepourry, the former mayor aged 76, died in the night from Wednesday to Thursday, at Memorial Hospital in Saint-Lô. He was hospitalized there for several days. Throughout his life, Michel Lepourry was attached to his land. Born in Sainteny, he never left. He made it his life as a farmer and founded there his family with his wife, with whom he had three children. Very early in his youth, he invested in his community. First in associations and in politics, in the footsteps of his father Constant, MP Channel from 1962 to 1967 and his uncle Edward, mayor from 1946 to 1977. Elected in 1977 as a municipal councilor Michel Lepourry held in turn the function of chief magistrate, without interruption from 1983 to 2014, five terms.”

For those wishing to convey personal messages of condolence regarding the sudden passing of our dear friend Michel Lepourry, former Mayor of Sainteny, we suggest your cards or letters be sent to Jean-Paul Pitou at his address below. Jean-Paul can convey our messages and assist with translation for the mayor's wife Claudine and her family and for the new mayor Jean Laurent and the council. For funeral services on June 23, the 83rd Division Association provided a wreath. (See obituary at the link below)

<http://www.ouest-france.fr/necrologie-michel-lepourry-lancien-maire-est-decede-2633867>

Address for cards and letters of condolence for the Lepourry family and community of Sainteny:

Mr. Jean Paul PITOU  
12, Village de BLEHOU  
50 500 SAINTENY, FRANCE

## Condolences for former Mayor of Sainteny, Michel Lepourry

All who were fortunate to be with Mayor Lepourry in Sainteny on the occasion of the 70th anniversary of the Liberation of France are grateful for the opportunity to publically acknowledge his lifelong support of our veterans and to convey our affection and respect. In ceremonies in Sainteny on June 9 he received from our association a United States Congressional Flag, flown over our capital with the inscription: “Avec les Félicitations et les Remerciement du Congrès des États-Unis

d'Amérique.” He received from the United States Army the “Award for Outstanding Civilian Service.” Finally, he received from our association the proclamation below. I would like to add that during our time with him in Sainteny he expressed how pleased he was to see descendants and families of our veterans; to know that this important history is being preserved and carried forward for future generations. This was of great importance to him. ▼

*continued >*





VETERANS, FAMILIES AND MEMBERS OF THE  
**83RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION**  
CONVEY OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND DEEP GRATITUDE FOR  
OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO

Michel Lepourry  
Lord Mayor, Sainteny  
1983-2014

In the victorious struggle for liberation in July, 1944 Sainteny became a battleground for its citizens and for American soldiers of the 83rd Infantry Division.

Since the war, through faith, hard work and perseverance lives have been rebuilt and the community restored.

Despite the passage of time, memories of the sacrifices that made this new life possible have been preserved and honored.

Returning veterans and families have been embraced by the stalwart people of Sainteny, finding peace in what was once the site of fierce combat.

Cherished bonds of friendship have grown between the people of Sainteny and veterans, a special bond which continues through the next generations of children and grandchildren.

We proudly salute you and thank you as a leader and champion of this legacy and for the enduring gift of friendship with the people of Sainteny.

**VIVE LA NORMANDIE, VIVE LA FRANCE,  
VIVE LE ETATS UNIS D'AMÉRIQUE**



## PFC William Irvin Long



PFC William Irvin Long was born in Shamokin, PA on February 14, 1915. He married Amy A. Vought on November 21, 1941 and was inducted into the Army on November 13, 1943. He traveled to England then went

to the continent where he served in combat in France, Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany, with Co. E, 331st Infantry, 83rd Division.

He was killed in action in the Huertgen Forest on December 10, 1944. He had been awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, Good Conduct Medal, and the Purple Heart.

His daughter, Carol Jeanne, was born one month after his death. Carol and her husband George Buckley have enjoyed attending many 83rd Division Reunions through the years and

consider it a great honor to meet with these veteran heroes!

Carol and George had the privilege to travel to Holland to visit Carol's father's grave at the US Military Cemetery in Margraten. They met Tanja and Rico Bronneberg who had adopted his grave and faithfully cared for it for many years. They attended the Memorial Day Ceremony together and found it heartwarming to realize how wonderfully the people of Holland have honored and cared for their fallen American Liberators.

— Carol Buckley





## Bill Spriggs, C Company, 29th Infantry Regiment

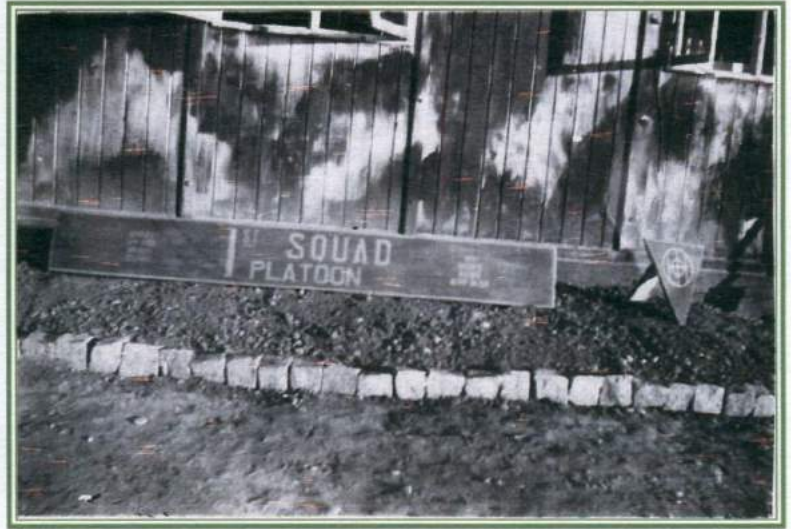


Thanksgiving - Bitburg, Germany - 1944 (Top and above)





Bill Spriggs



Nieralthea, Germany



Enlisted officers





Bill Spriggs getting Bronze Star from Col Crabill



Bill Spriggs and Charlie Thomas in Nieralthea Germany



Bill Spriggs Army photo





Bernard Lothary, Consul General of France- Legion of Honor Ceremony May 9, 2014



Sgt. Joseph M. Street, 4th Battalion, 319th Airborne Field Artillery Regiment, 173rd Airborne Brigade, with 83rd veterans, Fred Pearson, Bill Spriggs and Francis Markuns in Carentan on June 5, 2014. Sergeant Street is the grandson of the late William Meadors Minick, who was the Association's President in 1994, and was also very active in the Dixie chapter. Sergeant Street has fond memories of attending Association reunions in Nashville and Gatlinburg. Courtesy of Paula Nezezon, daughter of Bill Spriggs, Sergeant Street wore an 83rd patch in honor of his grandfather while jumping into St. Mere Eglise on June 8 as part of the D-day 70th anniversary commemoration. One more reason why we proudly belong to the 83rd Infantry Division Association!



## G. Russell Whitehead

I remember being in a restaurant when I heard Pearl Harbor had been bombed. Word spread from newspaper articles quickly throughout the city of New Bedford, MA, so when it hit the restaurant, everyone emptied into the streets. The very next day, every man within age went directly to the local recruiting office. The sentiment was universal: they had touched US soil; it was time to get involved. For two days, I waited to get an appointment with a recruiting officer. But, the obligatory medical exam revealed my bad heart. Instead of sending me off to basic training, the recruiting officer told me to serve my country at home in a defense job.

I did just that, very reluctantly though. My heart was with my many family and friends who were headed overseas. I, along with everyone else, including immigrants who hadn't even had time to learn the language yet, loved this country so much; there was no question of what one would do as a young man. For me too, I had heard the stories of Hitler killing retarded children. I have always had a heart for kids, especially special needs children. I desperately wanted to do my part for my country and for those innocent children. But instead I had to work for the Electric Boat Company in New London, CT. For two years, I worked there, never giving up hope of enlisting. In an attempt to get the draft boards' attention, I would sit on the post office steps and shout to them as they walked by. They finally asked me what my problem was so I explained that I had been put on deferment but wanted another chance at enlisting. When the officers finally had enough of being harassed daily by me, they took me off deferment and I received my draft notice.

When I went to Providence, RI, my designated place to be examined, I knew that if I didn't do something different, I wouldn't be accepted again. As I stood in line, I heard a guy behind me say that he was colorblind. We quickly made a deal that he would take my heart exam and I would take his vision test. It worked; we both made it in. When

I made it to the station where a man asked what branch I'd like to be in, I told him, "Infantry." The man behind the desk jumped up on his desk and said, "I got one." Apparently, no one ever volunteered for this duty. So, off I went to the 83rd Infantry Division.

When I entered the war, I didn't know what the word "Jew" meant. I had never bothered much with people's religious affiliations. All I had heard of Jews was that a boat full of them was denied passage into American and from that we learned that Hitler had been persecuting these people. But, like most enlisted men at that time, my real hatred for the Nazis was because they were sinking our subs. We had no idea what they were doing to Jews, even when we saw a Jew after he was liberated. I remember seeing him clad in striped clothing with a yellow star. I asked my sergeant who he was; I wasn't sure if he was a criminal or if the star was a badge of honor. It was all very confusing. All my sergeant said was "He's a Jew." That didn't register with me.

After that experience though, I learned much more. As the war waged on, my division's duty sometimes turned to liberating small concentration camps in smaller, rural areas. Regardless of how far the camp was from the nearest town, you could always smell it. It was the foulest odor ever, even from maybe as far as five miles from the town. There was no believing town's people who said they had no idea. The stench alone gave it away; the smell of dead decaying bodies is unexplainable and unforgettable. One of the camps we came upon this spring was small, no crematories or gas chambers. The prisoners lived in dug out trenches with roofs. As was usual, the Nazi officers were long gone by the time we got there, but they made sure the camp was locked up tightly to keep the prisoners from escaping.

The prisoners were nothing but skin and bones; most men were maybe 75 pounds. Because of the



tragic sight of the victims and the bugs and disease they were possibly carrying, not every soldier was capable of going into the camps and liberating them. I was able to distance myself enough from what I was seeing to be able to go in. The prisoners immediately surrounded us with tons of hugs and kisses. By this time in the war, we had been given orders not to feed them for risk of killing them, so we had to carry them quickly to the main road where another division would pick them up and take them to a DP (displaced persons) camp. I remember one time having to liberate really quickly because we were getting shot at. I had to yell at the prisoners to get out, but this one man refused. He had left his hat behind and wanted it. That has always stuck with me, that after all that man had been through and the gravity of the immediate situation, that hat meant everything to him; it actually meant the difference between life and death. I had to leave him behind. I'm not sure what happened to him.

When we had more time to liberate, we would go back into the town and gather the town's people to clean up the camp. We were often called "stupid" by the town's people because they would demand that they didn't know. But, there was no way; again, the smell was too pervasive and strong.

Another camp that we were given orders to liberate was over the Elbe River in Germany. The



Russians were not very happy that American troops were in this territory and by this time, we had heard that some of the tactics of the Russians were not always honorable. Many of their victims died tragic deaths at the hands of the Russians; we learned later that many were their own compatriots. As we came upon this large camp made up mostly of Belgians and Russians, we knew these were not Jewish prisoners because they were not dressed in the typical prisoner garb. Orders were given to evacuate only the Belgians. With the Russians close behind, we thought they would take care of their countrymen. Now, we know what they most likely did.

After the war was over, I was given orders to guard the cottages of the judges in the Nuremberg trials. While I was there, I saw a lampshade made of skin used as evidence. I had no idea of the significance of what I was looking at.

It wasn't until well after the war was over that I learned of Hitler's plan for the Jews. By then I had learned that a neighbor of mine was Jewish. She had always offered me kindness when I needed it the most as a child. Had I known what the Nazis were doing to these people when I was there, I fear I may have shown any compassion for the Germans I met. I didn't and still do not understand how one person could do such things to another human being. I don't understand how the German officers could have kept people in such inhumane conditions. ▼



## Roland N. Grebinger

Dear Sir,

My name is Roland N. Grebinger. I am a proud member of the 83rd Division Association. When I was living in Maryland I was inducted into the Army in January 1944 at Fort Meade, MD. After a few days there I was sent to Camp Wheeler, GA, for 13 weeks of basic training. When I finished basic training I was sent to Camp Shelby, MS, where I was assigned to the 69th Infantry Division. About two months later we packed up and went by train to Camp Kilmer, NJ, and after a couple of days there we went by troop train to Brooklyn, NY where we loaded on a ship called The George Washington. It took us eleven days by convoy to cross the ocean. We arrived at South Hampton, England, where we stayed a few days at the Winchester Barracks of the British Army. After that we were sent up to the Northern part of England. We were not there long when they broke up the division by pulling men out of rifle Co's and heavy weapons Co's. The "Battle of the Bulge" started and they needed replacements fast.

We crossed the Channel in L.C.I.'s (Landing Craft Inf.) and landed at Le Harve, France. There we loaded onto 4088's freight cars and were shipped up to Liege, Belgium at a huge replacement depot. That's where I was assigned to "B" Company 83rd Division. I fought with them through

the whole battle. I received the Bronze Star for saving one of my buddies who was hit by machine gun fire in the leg. He was hit bad and was sent back to the States. I was lucky, all I got was a severe case of frost bite and trench foot. Later I was transferred to "B" Battery 324th Field Artillery 83rd. Then the war ended in May, 1945. At that time they were sending fellows home on the point system. I did not have quite enough to go so I stayed and was honorably discharged in November 1946. In the Spring issue of the Thunderbolt on page 37 "The Battle of Bihain." I remember it well. I became a proud member when I saw on a page in one of the V.F.W. magazines "Do you belong to one of these Divisions. There was the 83rd patch, and I contacted them and became a member in the early '90's. I am sending along a picture of the fellows from Battery "B." I am in the back row. I hope you can use it. Thank you very much for a great magazine. I enjoy it.

Sincerely,

Roland N. Grebinger, 5-16-14

P.S. My son is also a Descendant. The fellow in the picture bottom on the right, Cpl. Joe Harrison. He passed away two years ago.





## Americo L. George

AMERICO L. GEORGE  
66 SCENIC DRIVE  
WARWICK, RI 02886

401- 739-3074

March 8, 1998

AMERICO L. GEORGE WAS INDUCTED INTO THE ARMY ON OCTOBER 15, 1942, AT CAMP DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS.

AFTER PROCESSING, HE WAS SHIPPED OUT TO CAMP ATTERBURY, INDIANA TO JOIN THE 83RD INFANTRY DIVISION. HE WAS THEN ASSIGNED TO HEADQUARTERS BATTERY 323RD FIELD ARTILLERY, ATTACHED TO THE 330TH INFANTRY BATTALION OF THE 83RD DIVISION.

DURING BASIC TRAINING HE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE COMMUNICATION SECTION AS A WIREMAN, INSTALLING PHONE LINES. HE WAS LATER PROMOTED TO TECH. SERGEANT 4TH CLASS AND WAS A RADIO OPERATOR FOR MAJOR HARLEN RAY, ONE OF THE FIELD ARTILLERY LAISON OFFICERS FOR 323RD F.A. BN. WHO WORKED TO SUPPORT THE 330TH INFANTRY BN. WITH FIRE POWER.

IN 1944, ON APRIL 16TH, THE 83RD DIVISION WAS SHIPPED OVERSEAS TO ENGLAND, LANDING IN LIVERPOOL, TO PREPARE FOR MORE TRAINING IN WALES. ON D-PLUS 10 (JUNE 19, 1944) THE 83RD DIVISION WAS ALERTED TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND RELIEVE THE 101ST AIRBORN DIVISION IN CARENTAN, FRANCE.

*continued >*

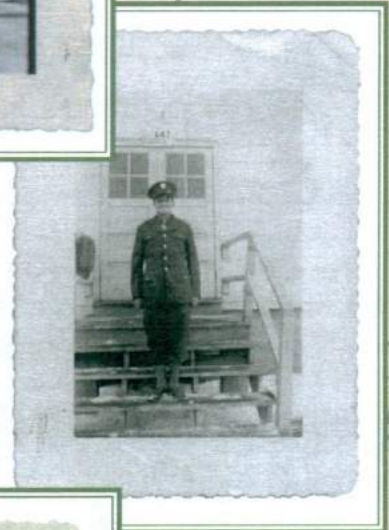




America L. (Cubby) George



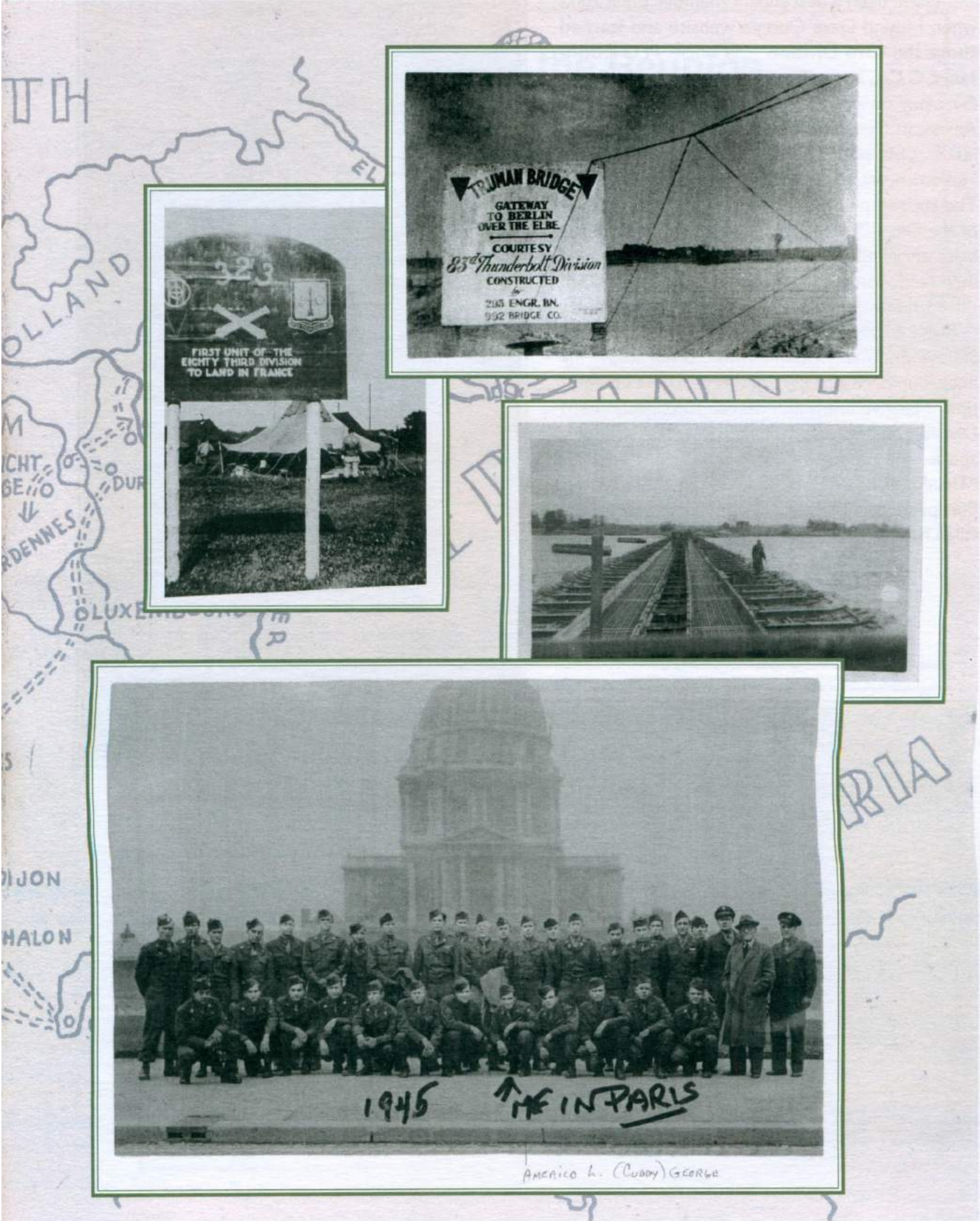
America L. (Cubby) George



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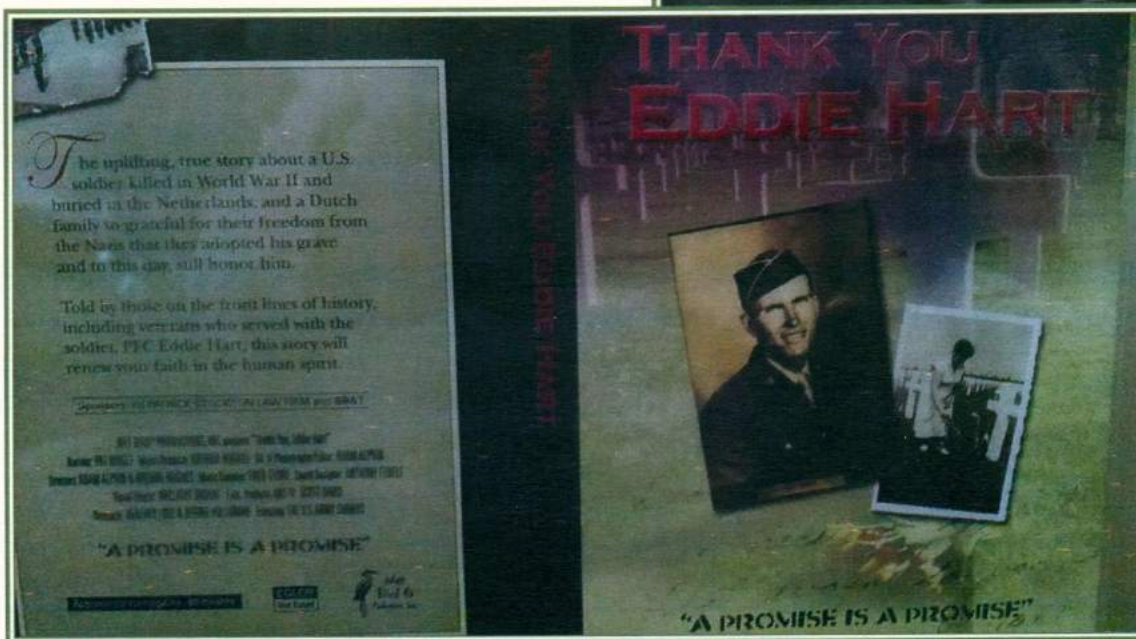






I have been a descendant member since 2002 when I found Dave Curry's website and learned about the 83rd Division. My uncle, PFC **Eddie Hart**, G Co., 329th IR, was killed in action in Barby, Germany on April 12, 1945. He is buried in the American Cemetery in Margraten in the Netherlands. One photo shows my mom, Hattie Hart Holloman, with her dear brother, my Uncle Eddie. The second photo shows the cover of the DVD of the film—"Thank You, Eddie Hart." My life has been enriched by getting to know the wonderful men (and women—their wives and daughters) of the 83rd Division, those who served with my uncle—Richard Coyle, John Cupina, Paul Willis, Lafayette Smith—and many others who did not know my uncle but were also part of this Greatest Generation. Many veterans and descendants of the 83rd Division helped us research the documentary about the adoption of my uncle's grave—"Thank You, Eddie Hart." I am also grateful for our European friends who continue to honor our fallen heroes.

— Debbie Holloman  
Niece, PFC Eddie Hart  
G Co., 329th IR  
KIA April 12, 1945





**— See you at the Reunion —**

The 2014 Reunion will be held at  
**NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA**  
**AT THE HYATT FRENCH QUARTER**  
**July 30 – August 3, 2014**

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

Regular members and widows — would you like a FREE special roster of the 2014–15 of all regular members and widows to help keep in touch? Just drop a note to Judy Breen, Financial Secretary, 83rd Infantry Division Assn, Inc. P.O. Box 406, Alton Bay, NH 03810-0406 or contact her on our new website at [www.83rdassociation.com](http://www.83rdassociation.com)

**2015 Membership Dues (\$30)**  
**are**  
**Payable August 1, 2014**

**\*\*Please check the date on your Membership Card\*\***

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***ALL articles to be published in the Thunderbolt***  
***October 15, February 15 and May 15th***

**83rd Infantry Division Association**  
**P.O. Box 406**  
**Alton Bay, NH 03810-0406**



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RENEWAL\_\_\_ NEW\_\_\_

NAME (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Company \_\_\_\_\_ Regiment \_\_\_\_\_ 83rd Division

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ e-mail \_\_\_\_\_

JUN14

DESCENDANT\_\_\_ ASSOCIATE\_\_\_ OTHER \_\_\_\_\_

Name of 83rd Division Member \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

**IMPORTANT**

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 this magazine. 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 change to the Association Office address above and not to someone else. Thank you for your cooperation. Send old and new addresses.