



703rd

Road Block

Colonel W.E. Showalter (Ret.)
Honorary President



Vol. VII #4 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Newsletter December, 1996

THE 49TH THIRD ARMORED DIVISION REUNION REVIEW

Port Worth, Texas 10/2-10/5/96

703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion

Present:

Goodrich, Merle and "Bee" (Hq); Schutt, Robert (A)
Wagonseller, I.B. and Inez (C,B); Popovitch, Steve (C)
Straub Leonard (A); Hunt, Fred and Georgia (Hq)
Michalowski, Ted and Helen (A); Goldberg, Nate and Florence (A)

Informal Business Meeting:

Preparing for the battalion reunion in the spring of 1998 in Grand Rapids, Michigan is a difficult challenge for Bob Schutt, our chairman. Nationally, hotels have been doing very well. This encourages inflationary pricing, up 10% every year. Our bank balance, right now, over \$5000, with bills coming, may be strained to help cover the hotel services we will require.

Respecting what might be the total membership opinions, it appeared clear to this small gathering that, PROBABLY, the Grand Rapids reunion will be our last! Division reunions continue. Within or added to them we might plan to gather. We might try regional meetings.

It is essential that you tell "Bob" Schutt what you feel will be the best type of event for A.D. 2000.

Bob and Lora Schutt (A)
421 Wordberg N.W.
Grand Rapids, MI 49504 616 453 7571

At the division reunion in Louisville next fall we must have decisions as to what our battalion association is going to do socially. Please contact "Bob" !!!!!!!

DIVISION GENERAL MEETING

Membership 1379, Life 529, Widows 397,

Address List 1823

Division Annual Statistics till 7-11-96:

Total Income \$26576 Expenditures \$31471
Total Assets as of the reunion, \$72900
Registration for the Fort Worth reunion was 500-600.

The 1997 Fiftieth Anniversary Reunion will be in Louisville, Kentucky, 9/30-10/4.

The 1998 reunion will be in Ashville, North Carolina.

The 1999 reunion planning effort is looking closely at the Columbus, Ohio area.

Henri Rogister, the Liège historian, brought two of his Belgian colleagues to the reunion.

At the banquet Steven L. Ossad, who is also doing research on the Battle of Mons, gave a challenging summary of his work in progress on the life of Major General Maurice Rose. Two of his theses are that the general was murdered, and that Rose had been in error on his charges against Task Force Commander Olin F. Brewster. Very late in December, 1944, Brewster had withdrawn his men from the threat of extinction, without the approval of his superior.

Both of these historians would appreciate any information you might give them so they can more capably recreate the narratives of what happened.

Henri Rogister Steven L. Ossad
22 Rue du Progrés B4032 3875 Clay St.
Chenée Liège Belgium San Francisco, CA 94118

TO: Road Block Members

Have you ever wondered who does all the physical labor and collective thinking to produce this newsletter? The answer is Nate Goldberg (1A) with loving wife, Florence!

Assuming everyone knows of their auto accident which caused the delay in getting to you the June, 1996 issue of the now infamous Road Road Block, thank God both accident victims survived totaling their car and a week long stay in the hospital.

Everett Stites (Rcn), our liaison and overall printing-mailing editor, had the misfortune of collapsing in his home at the same time, and no one knowing of this for 24 hours. A weeks stay in the hospital has him partially returned to his former self, where by he can resume his volunteer duties of running the mail room!

Too, I wish to thank everyone connected with putting on the 703rd Reunion in Hershey, Pa. A marvelous, enjoyable experience was had by all, especially the guided tours set up to visit the Hershey Museum. The whole event was a happening of camaraderie which establishes the 703rd as a loving, caring unit to be remembered.

With the planning by the 703rd T.D. Bn. Assn. Committee of another reunion to be held in Grand Rapids, Michigan in the latter half of May, 1998, we wish to say, "Please come and enjoy!". More details will follow in the Road Block throughout the following eighteen months.

Bob Schutt (A) 10/21/96.

T A P S

CLAIR MURRAY, (3A) passed away October 16, 1996. Bob Schutt (A) and Frank Miller, (A) called to inform us. Clair's family had brought him to Valley Forge to spend 2-3 hours with his comrades. He was very weak, very brave. Just a very few days ago Frank called us after hearing from Glenna that Clair could hardly take food, and was physically emaciated. Clair was a very quiet person, very sharing with his comrades,

respected in a deep way by those who were with him in his platoon. Let Glenna know our best wishes for her in the days ahead.

75 Old State Road, Gardner, PA 17324

HONORS

Winifred Livengood (Rcn) was honored early in November by a local Visiting Nurse and Health Services organization for her work as a trustee for the group. Professionally she served as founder and first executive director of the Home Health Assembly of New Jersey, an organization devoted to promoting home health services in the state.

"I really believe in nursing and taking care of patients in their homes, People always prefer to be at home when things don't go right. If they can be taken care of in their own surroundings, then there is less stress and greater healing. Nurses are the most caring of any profession I know!"

Hugh and "Winkie" Livengood (Rcn)

4121 Fellowship Road

Basking Ridge, NJ 07420

MY BEST FRIEND

I have known her for a long time.
She is like good wine,
Gets better every year.
Always sporting a gorgeous smile,
A great sense of humor,
Versatile in many ways
Artistic and energetic,
A wonderful 49 years to share my life,
My best friend, my beautiful wife!

Don McKiernan (3A)

CHARLEY'S IN GREAT SPIRITS!

Bill and Kathy Wagoner (A) called 9/28 to let us know Charles Markevey (Hq.) is ever in good spirits despite his immobility. He utterly surprises everyone who visits or writes. Have you helped "Charley" with your good word? The Wagoners visit him, and ever feel the better for the spirit of it.

Charles Markeveys Bill and Katherine
Nursing Care Ctr. 139 Stonecrest Drive
Belvue Avenue Bristol, CT 06010
Bristol, CT 06010

OUR CHAPLAIN'S WOES

"Hap" Paulson (C) has undergone many medical tests recently to learn just what "hit him" the last few months. His latest letter tells of his improving health, but he complains that he has to start exercising.

His poems and notes continue to do so much for us and the Third Armored. Get to him with good wishes at:

17 Private Road, Yaphank NY 11980

BILL AND HAZEL CALLED WITH THE GOOD WORD

Bill Crochetière (B) called today (9/18) with the great news that they were babysitting at their daughter's home in Short Hills, N.J. very close to where we live. Bill was seriously ill for many months, but recovery is his good fortune so that he could come down to be with his grandchild as its parents took a break for a few days.

He reports that John Czajkowski (B) has pulmonary problems, and must carry oxygen at all times to comfortably breath.

I hope both men hear from you with the encouragement they very much deserve.

Florence and I enjoyed our visit with Hazel and Bill within a couple of days of the above call. Their invitation to visit them is meant for all their comrades.

Bill asked for Don Belland (B). At one time in Europe, after a delivery of gasoline cans, someone lit a match and a can burst into flames so close to Don that in an instant he was wrapped in flames. Fortunately an officer quickly saved Don, enveloping him with a G.I. blanket.

Bill and Hazel John and Jennie
631 Mirville Rd. 43 Sunnyside Ext.
Cheshire, CT 06410 Yantic, CT 06389

THE BRIDGE GAME

It was quiet in the CP
The tour had left for town.
Someone suggested we play bridge,
And the four of us sat down.
My wife and I had been travelling, and for

reasons I can't explain
Two cards in our deck were damaged.
We "subbed" jokers, went on with the game.
On one joker we wrote CLUB KING,
And wrote the EIGHT OF HEARTS on the other.

The humor started on the very first hand,
When Roberts said, "Oh! Brother!,
You left the Jokers in the deck!
That's not how bridge is played!"
Even after a lengthy explanation, he was
seemingly quite dismayed.

In his first time as declarer
He took a three-trick set,
Complained when his joker-king lost to the
ace.
He hasn't figured it out yet.

The bewilderment was obvious
For again in the second hand
He let the girl's joker-eight win a trick
While he held honors in his hand.
Our laughter at his confusion
Had tears running down our cheeks,

Maja's mascara started to run.
Her face had two black streaks,
Down by three, down by two,

Poor Jim, his play was troubled.
To top it off, everyone roared
When he went down for three tricks
doubled,

Stites called him to meet the sister
Of a man killed in his platoon.
He walked away mumbling. "No jokers
allowed!
You must have learned bridge on the moon!"
"Hap" Paulson (C)

SICK CALL

Joe Mitch (C) reported in with good wishes and reported that with the help of Bea and "Streamline" he has come out of a disconcerting illness.

Len Straub (A) coming through with his treasurer's report promptly, writes that his doctor advised him that an operation to relieve his prostate cancer was inadvisable right now!

"Marge" and Frank Miller (A) have much more zest in their movement about their home as they struggle, Marge for recovery from a brain operation, and Frank from threatened immobility.

Frank and "Marge" Miller (A) Joe and Bea Mitch (C)
154 Conifer Lane 258 W. Spring St.
Hurley, NY 12443 914 338 5818 Port Austin, MI 48467

Everett Stites (Rcn) called 12/3/96 to let us know it might have been worse for Ed and Claire McIntyre (A). Ed had a stroke. He's in "Rehab", and needs another month there, -- comin' along fine! Claire fractured her right upper arm. She's staying with her sister, and needs all of five weeks for recovery. We can reach her at 513 751 0462. Mail will get to them if sent to their home address.

4243 Kirby Road, Cincinnati, OH 45223.

March 24, 1942

Dawn was lovely. The moods of the sky here make up for the many vicissitudes of the weather. During calisthenics we had three exercises from prone positions. An awkward squad was formed, but they didn't get me! There was plenty of work with the sub-machine guns.

March 25, 1942

The men in the company set up a fund, and tonight we had a beer party in the mess hall. Because of a long rain we could not have the event in the motor park in the woods. We had 80 gallons of beer for 130 men. It was Budweiser, but inferior. O'Connor "got stewed", and almost got into 6 fights. I was pretty loaded. Also served were boloney, cheese, pickles and bread. MacCarthy swiggled too much all at once. He staggered back to our tents and collapsed at their front. Carl got the trash can, and MacCarthy peewed into it. There, almost, were two fights over the Civil War, our War Between the States, on the company street before we turned in.

March 26, 1942

O'Connor was made an Acting Corporal, but he never acted the role in the following days. We had a swell nine mile walk in the morning. The hike was through silt bedded, wooded sections. We felt like hobos walking the rails for 1 1/2 miles. In the evening we had a rehearsal for our company show. I was supposed to direct a playlet, but I sat and listened to the two sergeants I was supposed to direct.

March 27, 1942

The show went off beautifully. I was "The Madam of the House" who told the bum who wanted salt for his road apples, "Throw those away.---Then we'll go down to the barn, and get two hot ones!" After the show I trotted down to church, and got some information relative to the Seder for Passover in Leesville. Back at my tent I learned that we would be on bivouac April 1st. It was a terrible disappointment to miss the holiday.

THE " RIGHT " THE ARMY FORGOT

The Army taught us a lot about "right",
Column right, right oblique and right flank,
But they didn't tell us about "Right Guard"!
So at times we really stank.

The steel helmet, alas, was our bathtub.
And, whenever time would permit,
We'd use it to heat up some water
With a rag and soap we'd bathe in it.
This wasn't too bad in the summer.
You could bathe and dry in the sun,
Or if quartered in some kind of shelter,
You could strip right down to your bun.

But when winter, that cruel winter
With its cold snow and sleet,
With only a foxhole to be our abode,
The only thing bathed was our feet.
For a month, the T.D.'s were on road blocks,
With never a house, shed or barn,
To give us relief from the cold biting wind,
We had no chance for a bath, nice and warm.

None of my platoon became prisoners of war.
The reason for that, there's no doubt,
Had a German shouted, "Hände hoch",
The arm pit odor would have knocked him out.
"Hap" Paulson

ADDRESSES

Anna Tona (A) 2359 Wilson, Sharpsville, OH 44410
Joe Womack (C) Hale, TX 78525

HARD TO BELIEVE

March 22, 1942

Kitchen police is all they say it is. G.I. soap was the only soap we had. Large aluminum pots and trays had to be cleaned with steel wire brushes. The cooks work your head off. Through at 1800, I washed, and wrote letters.

March 23, 1942

After some "gab" on the "Tommy" Gun, I did eleven laps around the company area, and I was feeling fine. I was late at one assembly and carried the 100 lb. bag of sand around the company area (350 yds.)

March 28, 1942 SUNDAY

The day was grand. I wrote all morning, and went to the Field House for a corking good workout. I worked with the weights, on the rowing machine, and enjoyed playing some basketball. This went on from 1330-1615. Then after a swell shower and shave, I went to the Service Club for a porkchop supper. Gosh! For \$.65 I GOT THE WHOLE WORKS, AND WAS IT GOOD! I was plenty tired after that day and slept well.

March 30, 1942

We walked two miles to the rifle (200 yd.) range to fire a Winchester, 30 cal. we had never handled before. Each man fired ten rounds at a 10" bullseye. It was shocking to realize how effective we were at that range. We could kill a man at that distance! I cracked my watch crystal during the firing.

In town to get it fixed, I sought the young fellow who had been thoughtful earlier. What he had told me was not true. Where I looked for him was not the best part of the town. The family I asked about him, was very nice.

March 31, 1942

At an orientation lecture, Dr. H.P. Johnson, A history professor at Tulane spoke on "Isolationism in the U.S.A.". "Constructive non-isolationism might keep the world out of war for a while.--Enforce democracy throughout the world-- not by persuasion but by force."

I felt like asking him how he expected to keep peace with force in the U.S.A., when its own democracy was in need of examination!

April 1, 1942

Up at 0530, assembled for bivouac at 0715 and on trucks at 0815. There were not enough trucks for the whole battalion thus "C" Co. and Rcn. Co. walked. After 35 miles we unloaded and hiked while the trucks returned to pick up those who began by hiking. It was a 12 mile hike with two breaks. Trees camouflaged the bivouac area. A little brook there helped us bathe our feet. We had a beer party in the evening, and slept on the cold ground.

April 2, 1942

We practiced scouting, patrolling and simulated skirmishing. There were nine miles of walking through the soft turf of the forest bed. My first platoon tried capture the bivouac area at dusk but failed. We had another beer party and bed at 2200.

April 3, 1942

Assembly at 0145 with chow at 0220. We marched 8 miles to the trucks. When we got back we learned that we had extra duty, because our tent was not in proper condition. Some sand blew in, and it was termed disorderly. We'll post guard tomorrow and Sunday. Damn it! It's Sunday, too!

(To Be Continued)

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN! XIII

June 22, 1944

Women and Eating were the topics Capt. Cole chose for briefing. Of course all women in Europe are chaste or prostitutes, nothing in between. Same old story, any soldier now getting V.D. is "bucking" to get out, in my opinion, or is just too damn drunk to have any sense. Sure, we've had but 3 cases of V.D. since coming to England. What I don't like is having European women made into filth by army teaching.

They want us to eat our concentrated rations while in combat even though they aren't very tasty. The point is that they are good for helping us be efficient. That's the point.

Channel traffic was stymied by 36 hours of heavy seas. The move to the marshalling area appears close. A few sweet things in the British Land Army came up the Roman Road from Mere to say goodbye, and beg for a last kiss. But that's out now. Maybe, because no sweet young lady came to send me off to war, leads to my dismissing these slight attachments.

Cole bought a radio earlier, and with it listens to the news to help him "get the picture", and familiarize his men with the terrain on which our lads now are struggling.



Bill and Hazel Crochetière (B)



703rd delegation at the 3rd Armored Div.
Reunion in Fort Worth, Fall, 1996.
Schutt Straub Wagonseller Hunt Goodrich Michalowski
Popovitch Goldberg Florence Georgia Bee Helen



Michalowski Schultz Daniel Hoffman Murray
Wooton McKiernan



Goodrich Womack (C) Wagonseller Hunt
Georgia Bee Inez



Winifred Livengood (RCN)



Popovitch Georgia Bee Goodrich



Dave Brewster Pete O'Neil Ted Michalowski
Clair Murray (?)



Nelson Cook Iz Pawlowski Don McKiernan

Uffman Iunnabi

June 24, 1944

Yesterday and today were filled with softball and maintenance of arms. There was plenty of "bunk fatigue" to keep the veteran soldiers at their physical best!

June 25, 1944 (Sunday)

Threatening weather to start. Our security section cinched the "A" Co. softball top spot. The rain broke up the game of "Clubs" between John Cox and Abe Schachter. We went through a physical exam looking for sore throats. At 2100 Frank Woolner told us we were pulling out. We loaded our truck, and the kitchen split leftover rations among the platoons, a can of dehydrated eggs, bacon, two pts. of oil for frying and salads, bread, coffee, canned peaches etc. besides plenty of field rations, and more to come. At 2300 we ate hotcakes and on to sleep. At 0400 there was a break in the rain and we got up, broke tents and pulled in behind the first platoon. Hurry up and wait! We pulled out at about 0700, moved through Knoyle-Blandford, thence to Dorchester and Camp Marabout.

It rained miserably all day. Our vehicles were left on residential streets. Later the men brought vehicles to where they were further waterproofed. We turned in our overcoats, and received eleven packs of smokes, a chocolate bar, gum, matches, 2 vomit bags, motion-sickness tablets, a packet of emergency canned heat, delousing powder and halozone tablets to purify water.

In the evening I saw "Madame Curie" (film) at the Roxie Marabout, and enjoyed it very much. I read "Roughly Speaking" by L. R. Pearson, part of a batch of books given us by the army.

June 26, 1944

Some of the men received new clothes, etc. Chow is very good, but the last meal in England was two hotdogs. We put on our O.D.'s and impregnated them (antiviscinant gas). We are set to go.

Looking at the trash left before entry by other units, is proof of how well our battalion is disciplined in its policing. We are

not allowed out of camp. There were group passes inside the camp area with the exceptions of the men going to work on their vehicles, or to pick up vehicle equipment. We are being serviced here by the 628th T.D. Bn. of Gen'l. Patton's Third Army. The ordinance unit here gets its job done well, as do other 1st Army units. The kitchen crew must be one of the best in the army. Uncle Sam makes sure his boys have a good "tummy-full" before he drops them off on the continent.

It's late in the evening, and we are in our building with barrack comforts. We'll go across in an L.S.T. that will carry all of "A" Co. less trains, some of "B" Co. and Reconnaissance Co. with all their vehicles and equipage.

I never had so much chicken at one sitting as I did for today's supper. We have no idea of when we are going to pull out. There were two LST calls made during the afternoon show at the Roxy.

(THE TOPIC HAS BEEN COMPLETED)

COMMENDATIONS FOR OUR BATTALION January, 1945

1. Upon the relief of the 703rd T.D. Bn. from support of this division (82nd A.B.) in the initial stages of its operation on the northern flank of the German operation, it is my pleasure to commend your organization for its splendid performance during the period 12/20/44-1/1/45.

2. The officers and men of your command showed a fine spirit of cooperation in the solution of the numerous problems developing from the tactical situations in which we were involved. The skillful and soldierly performance of the 703rd T.D. Bn. was particularly gratifying and materially helpful. I would like all of them to know of my appreciation for their contribution to the successes of this division during the period of their attachment. James M. Gavin, Major General, Commanding

It is with pleasure that I add my commendation in recognition of the accomplishments of the 703rd T.D. Bn. while serving within my command. M. B. Ridgway, Major General, Commanding

I also desire to commend the 703rd T.D. Bn. for its outstanding performance of duty while serving with the 82nd Airborne Div. during the period 12/20/44-1/1/45.

J. Lawton Collins, Major General, Commanding

It is with great pleasure and pride in the service for which you have been commended that I transmit this correspondence which should be brought to the attention of all members of your command. Maurice Rose, Major General, Commanding Third Armored.

1. I wish to add my commendation to the officers and men of the battalion for another mission successfully accomplished. Especially deserving the above commendation are the officers and men of "B" Co., which, as the only armor present in a very large division sector [First Infantry and 82nd AB], functioned so capably even by sections and single guns.

2. This communication will be read to all officers and men.

W. E. Showalter, Lt. Col., Commanding, 703rd TD Bn.

ALBERT (MOE) REDEMSKY (C) "The Snorer"

On most occasions Harry Hendrickson (C), Frank Galante (C), and Sprideon Mattar (C) are stabled in the same sleeping quarters with Moe. They insist he's "C" Co.'s "biggest" snorer claiming that all it took was five minutes in his bedroll, and Moe started with the classical buzzsaw motif.

Satisfied with this warmup, Moe breaks into a major theme of astonishing virtuosity: an outboard motorboat is drifting in a rock-girt bay with no other sounds than the slap of waves on the hull and the seething wind. Then comes a series of reluctant, coughing gasps as the pilot tries to start the engine. At last the motor responds to his desperate tugs, and the little boat dashes across the bay, the pattering sound of the engine reflected faithfully by the towering cliffs ahead. The boat goes faster and faster, and at last races altogether out of control. We see the pilot wringing his hands, and hear the frightened moans as the boat roars for the rocks, and crashes with a series of heliish explosions, the broken propeller thrashing against the stone... "Yeah!" says Mattar! "That's Moe snoring all right..see...!"

But Moe is not content with a single masterpiece. There are:

1. The TD lumbering through the mud in first gear!
2. The leaky balloon.

3. The old streetcar.
4. The stealthy assassin. (Gurgle and Choke)
5. The difficult aircraft motif. Galante says Moe flew a four hour mission involving hundreds of planes.

Moe is not always fresh as a daisy when he awakens, sometimes complaining of a headache, bellyache, back ache or just plain getting old. Actual combat is a pushover in comparison with one night's sleep for Moe or bedmates. Moe's thinning hair has been of great concern to the entire company. The entire battaliom extends suffrance to the man whose nights are rougher than any experience in Combat Diary!

Rugh Livengood (Rcn) sent us a copy of a newsletter of the battalion, "You Name It", 2, 4/21/45.

THE OL' MAN!

Since leaving camp at Mere, Wiltshire, late in June, 1944, there had been little community in the battalion. The T.D.'s were even singly assigned to various units. For long periods of time platoons might never become whole. With the end of the fighting we were together, though our concern was for getting home. The ache and uncertainties of waiting might be relieved by gossip about the notorious headquarters section of the company, the "C.P. Commandos!" I had become friendly with the personal interpreter for "the Ol' Man". His description of activities at the C.P. stressed the relations of our C.O. with his Edwina!

Late in the Fall of 1944 as the M-36's and their crews combined in training, fresh supplies, equipment and manpower began to meet our requirements for the attack to the Rhine River. As they shared in the probes up the Stolberg Gap, and often were firing indirectly, they were better prepared for the surprise German counterattck in the Ardennes.

"C.P. Commandos" had almost two months to settle in before the German "Bulge" began on

12/17/44. "The Ol' Man" needed his interpreter's knowledge of German in his relations with Edwina.

"She was a beautiful girl. Her home had been bombed in Aachen, her family split their time between our C.P. where they lived on one side of the house, and fixing their old home in the city. I never saw such vitality in a girl. In the evening when "the Ol'Man" cooked some flapjacks, she would hop about or sing pretty German songs. Her folks were very proud of her, and she loved to watch the delicious cakes flipped high in the air to land snack flat in the delicious grease. When he sang some hill-billy song of home, I would translate as best I could so the rough baritone would make sense. Some of the flour and sugar that belonged to us went to Edwina's parents! When "the Ol' Man" started to sing, Edwina's father would raise his hand demanding everyone pay attention, 'der Hauptman singt!' Edwina kept 'the Ol' Man's' bed warm and he loved it!----

In December when the 104th Infantry moved close by we used to go to Aachen. We put the Captain's jacket on her, and fiber liner on her head. She would sit between us in the peep when we brought her to him. An officer on that road could have lifted that fiber liner, and what a mess we'd have been in! 'The Ol' Man once said that if he wasn't married with family, he'd take Edwina home with him. She fit his mood and temperament. I know of one woman east of the Rhine who could match him sexually. After he got through with that one, he didn't bother with any woman for days. But Edwina was perfect. He actually was in love with her.

Remember when we finished the job up in Dessau, 'the Ol' Man' knew we were going back to that huge castle. Know what he did? He sent Jerry and me back to Aachen to get her. Yes, what a setup! They could have lived in their own apartments. He'd have done anything for her! But you know, he cracked up in the peep and is probably back in the states now. We had engine trouble halfway back to Aachen. We had a direct order to go back to get her. There was nothing I could do but go!" (Don Johnson (Hq))

"The Ol' Man" must have given Edwina some assurances. She must think of him now even as her father brings her more "Hauptmänner" who come with flower and sugar! But what poise and vitality!

Even the interpreter made connections. There was a three day billeting party at another castle. She was 24, he 20. They separated from the group, and on the last day she was warm to his advances. She couldn't divorce her husband during the war. Hitler forbade that! She took him to her bed that

night. He woke before she did, and went into the garden, returned and placed flowers in her hair scattered so beautifully over the pillow. She woke and the youngster's eyes were full of sky and heaven. Then the T.D.'s came rolling into town.

Conquerors we. With violent death comes intense love. With horror comes passionate ecstasy. But how can the Captain forget Edwina? How unnatural it is to live in the past. Certainly God made men forgetful so that they feel only the present.

Nathan Goldberg (A)

RAILROAD MEMORIES

Bill can't recall much of what happened as a draftee at Camp Pickett or Indiantown Gap. There was the excitement, on occasion, of the thought of actually being involved in fighting in Europe, or the hope that it might be over before the Third Armored got into "the scrap"! What was on his mind as Friday came closer to Saturday, was the hope he might get a weekend pass to go home. The train to Fredericksburg, the change to Washington, D.C. and then the slow milk train that got him into North Station, Boston, by Saturday morning to enjoy the day with his folks, or Stella. He had gone north to Penn Yan for some time with Edith. Then that tiring late return that had him wavering slightly but spanking alert for reveille early Monday morning.

Those hours back home, even though little sleep was involved, those hours to happily sense the environment of what could be his life in a peaceful world, remain precious.

There were two incidents that clung to Bill's memory on those lengthy train rides, hours of trying to sleep a couple of hours before getting to North Station, or back to camp, or watching other folks behavior on the train with him.

Bill's cousin was also in the army, and once they both happened to catch the same train on their way back to their duties.

Steve was older than Bill, and with a background in "show biz"! He was a good soul all his life, that is if we considered the line he used with pretty girls proper joy for a young lady who might be pleased with his attention better than the novel she had been reading on her way to Washington.

Bill and Steve had little to say to each other because Bill could never match the sophistication of his cousin. When the train pulled out of the station, Steve soon was looking to fulfill what was his kind of fun. Though Bill's questions were answered as to what Steve was doing in a supply outfit, Bill quickly realized where Steve's interest was directed!

There was a pretty brunette five or six seats back, alone, and needing company. Steve checked to see if his uniform was in order and invited himself back there. Bill would try to understand and enjoy what Steve had to demonstrate. The basic goal was to learn the name of the hotel where the sweet lady was staying that night. His major attack, the expertise Steve employed, was in the movement of his hands as well his smooth gab. Of course the young lady did not yield on giving Steve the information he wanted, but she had the pleasure of giving every indication that those ballet hands were a promise of romance entrancing! The little Bill could see of their movements, their gentle, slightly suggestive grace, told Bill he might need more training so that he could match Steve, or he'd better learn another approach!

Lovely girls, to Bill, were not "one night stands", but "chicks" with whom longer term friendships might develop. Showing a girl she was attractive was fine, but the curling of fingers, extension of arms, the modulation of the tone of voice along with the movements, that was a world Bill could,---well, some fellows had it!

When Steve was later shipped out to South East Asia, he had the good fortune to be sent to an outfit that prepared groups of soldiers to return to their units trained

in putting on shows. Thus Steve got what he wanted later, but not on that train.

The short weekends could mean catching the "milk train" through "Philly" to Boston, and arriving close to 0500. Bill soured on hoping to get some sleep on the train. He hardly dozed all the way, and the trains most generally seemed to progress ever more slowly.

About 0300 one Saturday morning Bill heard men moving about unusually, and a voice asked him if he wanted a "drink"! He'd stretch his legs and hope that when he'd get back to his seat, the last hour of so would mean a short nap. A "snort" might help! At the front end of the railroad car were a group of soldiers and a civilian in a cheery mood. The civilian, in his thirties, was a traveling salesman having at his seat a fine briefcase, open, revealing that it held whiskey and glasses. Its owner was sharing the golden diversion with the soldiers about him.

Bill could not take his eyes off the man who "had a lean on" that was not from tipping alone. Bill got close enough to him to observe the man's physical problem, an artificial tone struggling through a voice box. There was a nerve problem as well, distorting the muscles in his face. The gentleman could not be in the service, so he'd help "the boys"! The whiskey was his way of joining the environment his affliction denied him. "Lucky stiff!" Bill said to himself, and just as quickly choked the thought as he wondered how he himself would behave if he was separated from his peers, by a handicap---as were many. Did he refill that case for every rail trip? As Bill wondered about "how the chips fall", he dozed well for an hour. He remembered that incident a few times. Being healthy,---was even more good fortune! Work at it!

Editor

NUMBERS

Annual Memberships for 1996-57- Unpaid-11-
Life Members-23-

ADVISORY

All members who have not paid their dues for 1996 are warned that if you are delinquent for two consecutive years, you will be dropped from among those receiving the Road Block. The HIGH COST of printing and postage are the reasons!

Have you paid your annual dues?

Total membership for 1995 -90-

ANNUAL DUES \$20.00 LIFE MEMBERSHIP \$75.00

Checking Balance as of 7/16/96 \$5015.04

F O R S A L E

Tank Destroyer Caps \$7.50 Tank Destroyer Patches \$3.00

Tank Destroyer Lapel Buttons \$4.00 Add Postage \$2.50

Send checks or cash for membership or items above to:

Leonard Straub, 207 North Maple St. Mt. Prospect, IL 60056
708 253 0507

703rd Tank Destroyer Bn. Association

Robert Schutt, President
421 Nordberg, N.W.
Grand Rapids, MI 49504
616 453 7571

Leonard Straub, Secretary-
Treasurer
207 N. Maple St.
Mt. Prospect, IL 60056
708 253 0507

Harold Paulson, Chaplain
17 Private Road
Yaphank, NY 11980
516 924 8566

Everett Stites, Liaison
581 Forest Drive
Rivervale, NJ 07675
201 664 9839



703rd ROAD BLOCK

Nathan Goldberg, Editor
86 New England Ave. #50
Summit, New Jersey 07901
908 273 7018

Date of Issue:

Vol. VII #4, December, 1996

SEASONS GREETINGS

FIRST CLASS MAIL

