



703rd Road Block



Vol. I No. 2 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter 6/1990

NOTES

At The Poconos Reunion

Our association means ever more to us. We have a growing "brotherhood forged in combat"! (Showalter and Marchewka)

Association Business

Financing Activities. How far shall we go? Dues will continue at \$10 a year.

At the banquet the membership approved the printing and distribution of a quarterly newsletter. All members have received the first issue. A voluntary contribution (broken arms notwithstanding) of \$10 will get members the 703rd Road Block every three months. This newsletter might successfully recruit many more members. Bob Schutt awaits your checks. (ISN'T HE DOING A TOP-NOTCH JOB FOR US !!) With bulk mailing the "squeeze" will be less next year.

Everett Stites will chair a Membership and Dues Committee. He'll try double the membership of seventy. I'll give you 6-5 that he'll come close!

Election of Officers- See last page- A letter from Ed McIntyre, our new president, reminds us of how grateful we all are for the work of Bob Downey, his leadership, his getting the organization started, and joining with Bob Schutt, Everett Stites and John Czajtowski in preparing a successful reunion.

The body voted that our association meet, independently, no more than every two years. Be sure and drop Ed McIntyre a card with your choice as to what part of the country you would like the association to meet in 1992.

The association sincerely appreciates the help our wives have given us. The association hopes to successfully encourage their starting an informal organization to facilitate their efforts.

At The Banquet

Within a well prepared program, the proposals of the executive committee and nominations for elections were approved. Talks by Bob Downey (C), Col. Showalter, and Hap Paulsen (C) stressed not only the pleasures gained in gathering with comrades, but the need to encourage those who would have come but for circumstance and age. Please get your letters to those who are indisposed. Col. Showalter asked all of us to write or tape our "yarns" to the editor of the 703rd Road Block. Those memoirs would bring personal, human history to what we already have in the records.

Our New Officers

Ed McIntyre (A-2) He could not be at the reunion. Claire was getting past a medical siege, and since then he lost his sister. To "A" Co. he has always been the best in the "703rd"! Remember to write him, telling him what part of the U.S.A. you'd like our 1992 reunion to take place.

Hap Paulsen (A,C) What a "shot in the arm" this chap always gives us! He knows how to get the truth in place with his humorous irony, his frankness, and he make this an ever better association. "Mac" and "Hal" each in his own way will deliver the vision and humanity of leadership.

Picked Up At The Reunion!

Please drop Harry O'Keefe (A-Hq.) a line! He's quite ill. When he walks in a room that broad smile of his makes everything a bit better. He needs us now!
13 Wayne St., Norwich, Conn. 06360

"Charlie" and Jean Bornstein (C-3) brought their good natured humor for all of us. He collapsed at dinner and spent the night in the hospital before getting back to us. What did he "kid" about? He thought they

Normandy Northern France The Rhineland The Ardennes Central Europe

swiped his billfold! "Wouldn't you know it,-- it was Jean!"-- He had been a P.O.W. and sent us an audio tape he made, telling us of his grim experiences. You will learn more in a future issue. --Did you know that the lasting emotional shock on many P.O.W.'s, necessitates many World War II veterans meeting in support groups to help them overcome their trauma? On that audio tape "Charlie" "lets it out" as he was counselled.

"Walt" Mesunas (A) told me more of the action in which Dick Ferchaud (A) was wounded. THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! Write our editor, or use audio tape. You might be correcting the record, clarifying it, criticizing what you feel were injustices or bad judgment, telling us of misfortunes, of performances of duty probably not heroic but honorable because someone did his job. Tell us about you, and/or other people--their strengths, weaknesses. Tell us what happened!

Frank Miller(A) bemoaned the broken firing pin in a rifle bolt that might have been the reason Lt. Wissing was captured and with Louis Ruiz and Frank Cox soon to be killed when they learned they were about to be shot and tried to escape! Our comrade with the rifle had a bead on his captor and the rifle was useless!

"He Deserves the D.S.C."

At the banquet Col. Showalter repeated his call for an address for Clinton Reid (C) or his family. With that information, Col. Showalter can try get recognition for his heroism. Please notify: Col.W.E. Showalter, (Ret.) 1360-40 Black Forest Dr., Dayton, Ohio, 45449.

"Tony and Caroline"

Florence and I were a day late getting to the reunion, but in time for dinner, of course, and with Bill Johnson (C) and movingly with "Tony"(C) and Caroline Ambrosia alone at a table. If I was to choose one incident at the reunion that summed up the good that can come from this association, that chance meeting would be it!

I quickly learned that Tony and Bill were strongly critical of what is so much part of war, the "flubs" and "stupidity" in their personal experiences. They generalized

about having been ordered into a "senseless" situation in combat. Here might be substance for our history. Your editor would have to get them to "spill it out!" They quickly moved away from their subject, and we hope we can get them back to that story.

But then, the moving contrast! Florence and I watched Tony take care of Caroline who had been humbled by illness,-- his gentle, loving voice, his patient devotion. They had come to the reunion! Her courage demanded she do something that Tony, not she had or wanted to do! Caroline had to be helped in almost every way and Tony tenderly handled it! Here were the values of this association, the chance to recall the raw, horrible reality, the ideals and the humanity of men who were at war, and to feel a better about it...

YOUR STORIES ARE GREAT!

At our 703rd mini-reunion in the Poconos, I emphasized at the banquet that the history of the battalion must be about people in order to be readable and interesting. Add another "s" before the "t" and we have, "history", a story of people--not coordinates, rounds fired, info for division H.Q. Each of us has all kinds of stories to tell and we have often told about our World War II experiences. Retell them, about ourselves or other people. Another way to develop those stories is to recall the "most"--brave, frightened, bored, excited, surprised, tired, hungry, sleepy, etc.-- and then tell the story in our own words just as we have done many times before.

I then challenged each one attending the banquet to send at least six of these stories to Nate Goldberg for his use in compiling the battalion history. I repeat that challenge now not only to those present then, but also to those receiving this message for the first time. I am enclosing to Nate the first three of my vignettes. W.E. Showalter

ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW THE SOLDIER! (B) AND THE COMPASSION REMAINS!

I talked with Cazimir George-- at the Reunion. His wife, too, was as gracious as George's sincerity. He recalled my Dad and the newsstand in Park Square in Boston where I had spent much time before the war trying to find my way after high school.

We were in the same bunch that broke in at Camp Polk. He was a burly ding-toed lad with a sneer at the "foolishness" of the

"Hurry up and wait" of army training. I wanted to enjoy him as someone from a Boston I loved, and that he wrestled fish barrels, or at least that's what I imagined, on the Atlantic Avenue piers,-- made him someone "from home" to admire.- "Didn't start out that way!" He had been "a wise guy", using "gab" defensively as an attack on what he felt the stupidity of army life and, especially, the character of the underlings sent to train him. That disgust of his mirrored what I had to learn to accept, what was a gripe that had to be secondary to learning the skills essential to surviving when and if each of us had to "hold up his end when the shooting began!

Cazimir George---, became a "bike-rider" and another person I wanted to respect, a bit! But it was in Mere Wilts that I learned the truth.

Mere, Wiltshire, a small village where Co. "A" was encamped, as all of war-time England, was in darkness every night. Only pinpoints of lights were shown from vehicles. Coming through Mere in the darkness one night at a very slow speed, Cazimir George---could not avoid a very old gentleman who stepped in front of his motorcycle, and was struck to the ground,--- died.

When I saw Cazimir George-- days later, the grief was still with him! The moistness of the eyes, his voice in sadness, the gentle sorrow of futility in a strong man's bearing. The sorrow lasted longer than I could recall.

I hadn't seen Cazimir George-- for decades, but at the reunion, his greeting was filled with the memory I had had for those decades of someone who then gave more to me than I would have given to him.

England-Nine Long Months

The most difficult time of our many months overseas was that spent in England prior to combat on the continent. From Indiantown Gap we arrived to our Nissan Hut encampment near Mere, Wiltshire and Salisbury Plain, training ground for England's armored forces, in September, 1943. We knew that our war had not even begun--on the continent, that is-- that there could be no ending until we had a beginning. So, our time in England was considerably one of marking time and waiting. During those long, long months of trying to keep busy, sharpen our training,

and maintain our physical readiness, we did about everything to pass the time usefully. We participated in maneuvers, road marches [Didn't we play as escaped POW's,--getting back to our side, moving only at night off the roads!--Editor], range firing at Minehead and Bournemouth, inspections, training films ad infinitum. Looking back, I now have to wonder how we did as well as we did without major problems. Certainly, combat was the dangerous time, but because of the danger and intense activity, time passed quickly. In combat we could begin to see the end, or at least the beginning of the end, when we could go home to our loved ones. But not so during our seemingly endless time in England when we were waiting, and waiting. W.E. Showalter

LET'S HEAR FROM THE MEN OF "B" CO. !

In this issue we continue giving you the battalion S-2 reports of actions taking place within ten days, from the Roer River to Cologne (Koln), 2/26 - 3/7/1945. We gave you "C" Co. in our last issue,--here "B" Co.

As you read these helpful reports, you can bring them to life! Recall what happened then, earlier, later! Please communicate to us what has come alive, again, to you. This newsletter needs your views, what you saw and learned. They are the guts of the history of the battalion!

DECLASSIFIED PER EXECUTIVE ORDER 12356, Section 3,3, 735017 By NND , Date 1 9 7 3
Incl. No.4,5,6 to A A/Action Rpt., Hq. 703d TD Bn, dated 4 April 1945

ACTION OF "B" COMPANY, 26 February - 7 March 1945.

During operations of the 3rd Armored Division in its attack from the ROER RIVER to COLOGNE, Germany, "B" Company was attached to C Command "B". The following narrative covers its action.

1st Platoon

The First Platoon remained in C Comd "B" reserve during the entire attack and was not committed during the operation. However on 7 March they joined TF LOVELADY, relieving the 3rd Platoon, and moved on 8 March to KOTTINGEN (F340482), where they remained until the next operation.

2nd Platoon

The Second Platoon was attached to TF WELBORN and moved in task force reserve to ETZWEILER (F172570), where it maintained road

blocks that night. Until 5 March the platoon saw no action, and moved successively to ELSDORF (F281665), GLESCHE (F197645), NIEDER-RAUSSEM (F251658), BUSDORF (F281665), PULHEIM (F345670), SINNERSDORF (F357699).

On 5 March the task force attacked toward ESCH (F385690) and when it had been secured the destroyers took up covering positions for the tanks, moving toward LONGERICH (F417668). One destroyer sighted a German tank just west of the railroad track at LONGERICH and fired 2 rounds of APC. At almost the same time the artillery placed smoke on the town and the results of the firing were unobservable. - - This was the only action in which the platoon took part during the operation. On 6 March the TD's took positions in the vicinity of the Ford Motor Plant (F455660), and on 7 March returned to LONGERICH with the Company CP.

3rd Platoon

The Third Platoon was attached to TF LOVELADY and moved out on 26 February as far as H.S. TANNEK (F182569), taking positions covering toward the East. At this location they captured 14 POW's from a chateau. On 27 February the platoon moved to BERRENDORF, (F193594) and remained there till the morning of 1 March 1945.

On 1 March the TD's moved to PAFFENDORF (F208634), remaining there for 2 days. On the morning of 3 March the task force crossed the ERFT CANAL, moved through NIEDERHAUSSEM (F251658), into BUSDORF (F281665). The destroyers protected the left flank of the task force and from their positions in BUSDORF fired 4 rounds of APCBDF at a suspected AT gun in RHEIDT (F265685). The results were unobserved. Late in the afternoon the platoon moved into STOMMEIN (F315645) and set up road blocks for the night.

On 4 March they continued the attack toward the east, and the platoon moved into positions south of ROGGENENDORF (F375725) to protect the east flank of the task force. Sgt. Gore's destroyer fired into ROGGENENDORF at enemy movement and immediately drew return fire. The destroyer was hit and the entire crew was killed with the exception of Sgt. Gore who was thrown clear of the vehicle. The casualties were, Tech Sutliff, Cpl. Janowicz, Pfc. Hall, and Pvt. Shields. In the afternoon the platoon moved into WORRINGEN (F390745,

and that night pulled back into ROGGENENDORF.

The next morning the attack swung south toward FUHLINGEN (F417712), and WEILER (F402698) and the platoon fired several of HE into FUHLINGEN in support of the attack. The targets were houses in which enemy infantry were emplaced.---On 6 March the task force attacked MERKENICH (F455721), and the TD's covered the tanks from the vicinity of TACHEM (F438688). The next morning, the task force assembled at SINNERSDORF (F357699, and the operation ended.

For the C.O., E.H. Swett, Capt., 703TD Bn. S-2

From A Diary

July 25-August 26, 1944

UP INTO THE FALAISE GAP

----East of BRECEY a bridge had been blown out by P-47's and we had to ford it. When the column halted we were right in town. Wondering about the one session we had had in training for street fighting, I squinted at the three storied buildings close to us. I stuck to the .30 cal. machine gun. Trombley, Schutt and Toma dismounted stripping prisoners and motioning us back. We were right at an intersection, packed closely. One of many civilians motioned towards, "Les Allemandes" down the street. Destroyer 13 moved to cover the street behind us. We turned to cover a street, searching the windows and building tops. Boswell with "13's" security, Steinhart, Trombley emptied their guns into a vehicle coming at them, yet it got away. An infantry half track cut loose at it with a .50 cal. I heard a machine pistols slugs fall short of Feeney's T.D. He let loose a 3 in. round down the street and windows fell out from buildings close by. Schutt came back and I gave him the M.G. ammo belt, that he slung over his shoulder. Dismounting I followed, covering from doorways, Schutt, and Boswell heading in the direction of Feeney's round. Three Germans had tried to back out of a garage in a small vehicle, attempting to flee the town. The 3" round had struck one, completely gutting him and killed another. The third was wounded. Guts and flesh lay all over. We "cleaned up" the machine pistols, two automatics, and I picked up a long barreled Lueger. The wounded man wanted water and we told him a medic would be along in a moment. As we turned back Trombley sent a 3" into a personnel carrier coming up his line of fire

and set it ablaze. I felt foolish coming back to the vehicle with two weapons in my hands because I couldn't use my own, and we knew Germans were in the town, now! A man on a bicycle had come around a corner and Tom motioned for him to come forward to be disarmed. He turned and got away despite a rain of carbine and rifle slugs. Three Germans, one a medic, came out of a building across the street from us. The effect of the 3" had convinced them. One was a handsome blonde boy of 15 or 16. Men of a Luftwaffe regiment, and one in the black uniform of a tanker were walking by,----- prisoners. All along the way we had passed supposedly abandoned vehicles and destroyed a few. Orders were to get them all. The tanks caused trouble in our rear. A "Feldpost" man came by protesting that he was a noncombatant.

Then we pulled out, checked at a stream, - into defensive position-, most men dismounted and we piled loose concrete into the river's edge as tanks prepared to cross. An engineer "Looie" showed us how and soon we had good "fording". However Germans in Brecey had life in them and had split the column. A gun was destroying halftracks and M-20's in town. It was close to dark, and we feared we would have to go back in. At the edge of BRECEY a Colonel ordered us to throw four rounds into town. We did and slowly backed off, but the column was "stuck".

A grenade was thrown from a banking at T.D. 13, but missed badly. Security, we included, combed the bankings to insure against repetition. Try sitting on a banking and stinging nettles at the same time. At about midnight, as silently as we could, we withdrew to the river, crossed, and found that most of the forward elements had left us. Deep at night, with no infantry to cure our blindness, we went after the rest of the column, rejoining them without incident at about 5:00 A.M.. Next day we mounted very high ground, set up an artillery O.P. till the rest of the column could join us. We had skipped a horse-drawn German outfit before crossing the "bridge", and here on the hill somewhere around REFUEVILLE, we even missed an easy ambush. The sound of tanks sent us to the base of our position, but they were going the other way. Mines were laid but nothing occurred. We were on the alert all next day and then the column was complete and in

order. Out we moved heading for JUVIGNY.

Our 2nd platoon had suffered casualties. A German gun had zeroed in on a crossroads, and when the T.D.'s had taken positions, Harriott's tank was hit flush on the turret, both his legs sheared, death came from the bloodletting. Lt McIntyre, the platoon leader, seriously injured, the gunner, Plasecki, the ass't. driver, Trader, injured, and the driver, Rutter, lost a leg! Lehman let loose at 1800 yards at the German muzzle blast but doubted whether his three rounds had any "fortune"--.

[Bn. H.Q. Report, 14 August 44, Bn casualties this date, "A" Co. 1 ofcr, 2 EM KIA, 10 EM SWA, 1 M-10 destroyed. "B" Co.: 1 ofcr LWA, 1 EM LWA 1 Ofcr and 2 EM MIA, believed to be captured. 15 August 44, 2nd plat. "B" Co. destroyed 2 Mk V tanks, the gunner Cp; Juno was killed immediately as he attempted to help enemy casualties.]

After a night's rest we took up positions in ST. BARTOLEMY to cut off tanks escaping to the south in the MORTAIN area, which the British had helped take. We had two companies of the First Division with us and thus felt confident. Nothing happened that night but artillery laid in on us next day. and we took off. The Germans were trapped and fighting. We finally came back to JUVIGNY and listened to the fighting at our rear left in the SOURDEVAL area. At night, invisible, but there were German planes. They came during the day, yesterday, and bombed up front of us. Ricochets made us duck. The trapped boys were throwing lots of steel and need plenty of flushing, but they were hopelessly enclosed, and our forces are still racing far to the south. [The Germans managed to break out after the events above, The "Falaise Gap was history.]

That's it in a rush; plans have changed. Gen'l. Hickey (C.C.A.) says we don't stop till Hitler says " 'nough!" May it be soon.

A FEUDAL PROVERB OF WAR

In the early medieval period of the Western world, a horse was worth six cows. It took years for a young man to become one with his horse and sword as he managed, burdened with his own harness. By the time of the Carolingians this call to "get tough" became a proverb. "You can make a horseman of a lad at puberty, later than that, --never!" (Marc Bloch)

That Which is Feminine!

"Gals! Have no doubt, that at our recent executive committee meeting at the Mt. Airy Lodge Reunion, we pleaded our gratefulness for your help in making the administration of our association as effective as it has been. We hope that your kindnesses will never be abused.

At various times, that which is feminine was shown us during our overseas tour of duty. From my own experience and with all respect to a few of the gender the lack of space forces me to neglect, let me tell of the following.

There was a war to be fought, and so on the Christmas days, 1943, we were firing at Minehead, Somerset on the lower shores of England's Bristol Channel. Christmas day found Straub, Gatti and I among others on duty as most of the men had the day to themselves or to enjoy the hospitality of local residents. To our surprise a few days later, the three of us were invited to dinner by Mrs. Marsh of Porluck, Doverhay Down for the very reason that we had not been free to enjoy the holiday. There were three children, a lad in his late teens, a daughter in her early teens and a boy of six or so. Here was the traditional English middleclass, almost formal, a simple, silver elegance at the table, the heavy flavorful crust of the unjacketed potatoes, a small roast duck; waiting for another occasion, one remained in the tiny garden pool. It was a fine dinner enjoyed in reserved yet pleasant conversation.

In 1937 Mrs. Marsh had been with her husband at the port of Aden, key in the British Middle East. Being pregnant she returned to England to be with her children. Her husband's tour with a shipping concern would be completed in 1939, but with war his duty was to remain at his post. It had meant over six years of separation.

The next spring the world knew of the victory at Alamein, and I went on short leave to London. Young Marsh had me to lunch at Eton. I was the honored guest to the right of the proctor. There was a thin slice of meat, the few leaves of lettuce, the boys in formal morning coats. While at the table, it was not the son but the pale lined face of

Mrs. Marsh that came to mind. To me it was her burden, her bearing which showed me what our loved ones also might be suffering in that time of war.

"The Liberators" we were, as you recall the natives clambering onto the tank destroyers to greet us in the French towns. At least that is what the media and our snapshots seemed to stress.

It was a red, white, and blue ensemble, skirt, blouse and cap glorified these colors, all part of the appearance of a girl in her teens somewhere at a road block in France. Our column had been moving smoothly in bright, sunny days. It was too peaceful! Then orders of nearby danger, and the road-block positioning of the destroyers, and their camouflage.

It happened,--the sudden view of a skipping school girl. Her English was enough to help us share her happiness that we had driven away the Germans. Her gift of joy was sealed with a token for each of us, a slightly long strip of paper, a tiny paper flower at its tip, and in her French script was penned the lines of a prayer from the bible for our safety.

V-E day was past! Non-fraternization with Germans was in effect! We were in Darmstadt. Three of us had to have a drink even if it was ersatz beer, at least to learn its taste. We were tipped off as to where to get some. As we finished we were commenting as to our indifference to its taste and a young lady approached. She shyly asked us if we would give her a piece of "shokolade"! Three hands reached into pockets and two were extended with chunks toward her. She held back and timidly said, "I cannot accept it if I have to sleep with you!" The faces of three soldiers were very red with embarrassment, but it assured the young lady so that her sincere reticence became a smile of joy! She'd bring a piece of chocolate to a friend.

"Please come and visit him? He would like that! I have some berries you might like!" This was the second time in Europe that I would be invited into a home as I carried a weapon. That is not the way to accept an invitation, but that's war!

We had to climb a flight to a sun lighted apartment. She introduced us to her fiancée who was severely crippled, not as a soldier, and who had trained as an engineer.

He had spent many months in drafting plans to rebuild the Rhine bridges, merely as exercises, merely to keep busy! He was modest as he showed us the drawings. The berries and a bit of milk were to our taste. Our thanks for their hospitality may have been restrained by our duty to be careful with German civilians.

What they demonstrated, the will and effort to overcome by rebuilding, her teaching of English, the will to maintain moral standards, remained with us after we left them. Besides the visit reminded us of what we wanted when we would be home and that might be very close.

An English mother separated from her husband by war for almost seven years offering G.I.'s great hospitality, a schoolgirl joyously greeting us as liberators in her patriotic garb with a gift of prayer, and a couple showing us it was time to rebuild the world community, ----these were inspirations that will never completely erase one moment of clinging horror.

On a sunny day, it was on the swing east and north after the action at the Carentan Peninsula, heading east of Paris. We were in column on a flat country road. The environment of warmth, comfortable country living might have led us to relax our guard. The cackle of small arms fire checked our progress well ahead. We moved again but slowly, stopped. We could see from the sand-bagged back of the destroyer neat village homes near the road, fine productive fields behind, then the sorrowful man walking behind some hedges, at 11 o'clock, then 10 o'clock, then 9:30, and the destroyers rolled ahead. In that man's arms was the body of a girl, the arms fallen wide in death! Had it been the shooting we had heard only minutes before?

There would be no waiting for the return of a loved one, no chance to wear a pretty red, white and blue skirt, to heartily wave at liberators, no young farmer with whom to share peace!

Good To Know You're With Us!
How's It Been and Goin'?

Jack Biddulf and Bill Johnson (C Co.) had to leave Mt. Airy early. I wrote Jack and all of us are grateful for info on two comrades and possibly a yarn or two he'll spin for other issues of the 703rd Road Block.

Bill Johnson
390 East Road
Bristol, Connecticut 06010

Mr. and Mrs. Luther "Bud" Tefft
306 East Market Street
Palmyra, Pennsylvania 17078

At the table, Bill was "griping" to Tony Ambrosio. He told me he knew of more 703ers 'round Bristol! We have written encouraging him to let us know their addresses. Above all, we wish him well!

We sent newsletters to each of them.

Sure Enjoyed That Phone Call!

It was from Lt. Col. William B. Lovelady who had the 2nd Bn., 33rd Armored Regt. Task Force Lovelady, on 9/12/44, took Roentgen, the first German town captured by allied forces. His "was the work-horse unit of the regiment". He wanted to encourage our association, thought well of the first issue, 703rd Road Block, and not only wanted to be remembered to former colleagues, but wanted reassurance that he'd keep getting the newsletter, as well as asking to join. That clear drawl and heartiness gave the listener sounds reminiscent of "Southern nice folks"!

T A P S

Please tell Bob Schutt of any comrades who have passed on. Y O U can make this newsletter even more meaningful for yourself and the rest of us if you write your editor about a deceased comrade, incidents concerning him while in and out of service, the impression he made on you, -- a simple tribute.-- To get Y O U started remembering and writing, your editor offers an example of a "great guy" no longer with us!

Howard O'Connor (A-1)

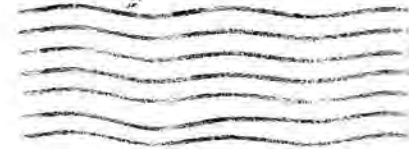
Everett, Massachusetts

We graduated from high school together in 1937. I may have spoken to him once or twice at most. In our yearbook it says,

This lad plans on being a truck driver--a knight of the open road. A "knight" he was. As gunner on a T.D. he destroyed more German tanks and other vehicles than any other gunner in the company. "Okie", was noted by his mates for his cocky stride as well as his concern for personal cleanliness. He seemed to have a mania for the shower, shave and immaculate combing of his hair. He was a quiet "tiger" in combat, "got the job done" in his intense way.

703rd Road Block -8-

Somehow the most vivid memory, to me, of "Howie", was during the indirect firing on the way toward the approaches to Aachen. It was near HAHN on 10 October 44. We caught counter battery and Nordby(A-2) was instantly killed by shrapnel as he passed ammo up into a T.D. Capt. Cole called everyone except a man in each T.D. into the close by farmhouse. The farmer had protested that he was not a German but Dutch! Some of us were in the ground storeroom. Steel helmet cocked way left, dead-tired, "Howie" leaned onto the sharp edges of a few empty fruit baskets,-- gave me a look of disgust at what many of us felt had been a "Snafu"! Why did the Company C.O. position those guns so far up the slope? "Heinie" observers easily spotted our gun flashes. They got Nordby and we learned later their "88's" hit both men and Piper Cubs just ahead!----- Within moments when I looked over again he was deep in sleep despite his prickly bed.



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