



703rd Road Block



Vol. VI No. 2 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter 6/1991

SEE YOU IN ST. LOUIS

Sept. 18 - Sept. 21, 1991

Third Armored Division Annual Reunion

Use the enclosed form and register by 8-15-91

BY THE WAY !

Have you renewed your membership in the Third Armored Division Association?

Use enclosed form.

GIVE US A HAND !

703rd T.D. Bn. Reunion

"Rich" Ligatti (C) told me Sam Backus (C) who's on a cane, is still checking on the whereabouts of Kosylo (C). "Rich" has gone to the races with Sam, and he'd really like to go to play the "ponies" with more of us. "Rich" sends his regards to Matt Arquilla whom he recalls meeting a long while ago.

Madeline Backus, Caroline Ambrosia, and Lydia Ligatti got in on the phone talk of their men and Joe Mitch. They are "GUNG HO" for Atlantic City for our 1992 reunion.

BE THERE !

Remember that McIntyre and Stites will be at the Clarion Hotel in St. Louis on Sept. 17th. They want to share making the plans with you before final decisions are reached.

THE EDITOR'S FOXHOLE

Deadlines for the material Y O U would like to see in the 703rd Road Block.

Please give us your "yarn" or item no later than a week before the 20th of February, May, August, and November so that we can write, print, and mail early the following month.

FROM "THE BUG HOUSE" FEBRUARY 27, 1991

As ever, a fine letter from Frank Miller (A). He's all grins for the great effort by our lads and lassies in the "Gulf", but growling as he hopes our government doesn't fumble in what it does with the victory our service men paid for in blood. He wrote with one eye as he felt good about his second eye operation. Marge joined him as she developed a "wicked inner eye infection". Marge's concern was for Frank's eye and almost neglected her own. A surgeon caught that in time to stop blindness, -let's hope!.

There's a great virtue that Frank demonstrates, ---his opinions come from his heart, and that means he is a true friend of all of us! Wish him well!

MAC'S BIVOUAC!

Here's the note "Mac" sent with 40 copies of the 703rd Road Road Block to the Third Armored Division in "Desert Storm"!

"Enclosed are a few copies---.They can be distributed as you see fit. Forty-seven years ago we were part of the Third Armored Division in World War II.

We have followed your actions in the present war through the T.V. and newspapers with great pride and respect. Congratulations on the way the troops have fought, and the additional honor you have brought to the Third Armored name.

We hope that all of you return home safely, Good luck," | Edward McIntyre President 703rd Tank Destroyer Association.

A PLAQUE OF COMMEMORATION

Celebrating after fifty years the organization of the Third Armored Division, a plaque was dedicated at Camp Beauregard, La. April 15, 1991. There the division was established till Camp Polk was ready for its reception.

SCHUTT'S CORNER

Most of the money earned for the Hospitality Room at Mt. Airy came from your purchase of caps, patches, bus tour and "50-50" played each day. Without this we would not be able to support a Hospitality Room plus Road Block printing and mailing, certainly not with dues only.

Please, Gentlemen! GET IT UP!

Get out those check books and if you have not paid your dues (\$10), we hope you'll write that check with \$10 more for the 703rd Road Blocks.

On New Directories

They will be sent to NEW MEMBERS joining the association. Envelopes and mailing for each amounts to \$1.30.

Henry Boelma checked out April 3, 1991. Dick Langerfeld (B) with Ruth, and Bob Schutt (A) with Lora, along with Linford Owen attended the funeral. Henry's wife, Ruth, would appreciate your good word.

3539 Quiggle S.E.

Route #3, Ada, Michigan 49301

George Scruggs (Hq) now lives at 7730 E. Broadway, Apt.1516, Tucson, ARIZ. 85710

Newton B. Rackley (Hq. Maint.)

A thoughtful note came from Rackley. He's not in the best of shape and can't join us at our reunions. He's at R.R.2 Box 552, Oakwood, Texas, 75855, and I know he'd enjoy hearing from the lads with whom he served.

A Good Word From John and Laura Erwin (Hq)

John was part of the cadre that developed the battalion. "The tribute to Col. Yeomans in the March issue of the Road Block was much deserved. He was not our first battalion commander. The outfit was activated on 15 Dec. 1941 and for two months our C.O. was Major Meade till Major Yeomans took command." John, with sadness, recalls Harry O'Keefe. "He was a fine fellow and will be missed by all." John and Laura look forward to joining us at our 1992 reunion. It was their 50th wedding anniversary in February. Their two children have given them five grandchildren and two great granddaughters, "beautiful family." He sends his regards to all.

ACTION IN NORMANDY

Operation Overlord, the plan for the invasion of France had failed in a key aspect. The Germans had us trapped in the bocage, the hedgerows, where their fine defenses held back our allied forces. We had not taken the Cotentin Peninsula and the British were stymied before Caen.

By the 18th of July, allied commanders still argued what they would try to do for a breakthrough south and east into open country. On the "Yank" left the British and Canadians would attack Caen to break south into open country. Bradley's forces would sweep in long arcs, first west to Coutances cutting off the Cotentin Peninsula, then south and east to the Seine near Paris. Caen would be the hinge for those arcs.

The British hit first on the 18th, yet could not take the city. The attack did not divert the German forces from the U.S. sector. Operation Cobra began for the Third Armored Division on July 27, after the controversial massive air attacks on the 26th. Our infantry took and held the gap through which the armor moved.

By the 28th, the developing U.S. Third Army that was ready to come into being on August 1, --came west of Bradley's First Army to Coutances and south to Avranches from where Patton would lead it in the widest sweep to the east.

The smaller arc to the left of Patton, was the responsibility of Collins' VII Corps commanding the Third Armored Division and the 703rd. The two incidents below occurred in the area of Cerisy La Salle. east of Coutances between July 29th and August 4, 1944.

THE FLAMES OF FEAR

"At the time I was a Buck Recon Sarge in "A" Co. Patton's force, shaping up to make a lot more mileage than our own, needed fuel, and it became my duty to indian-guide a blacked-out convoy loaded with gas and ammo to feed his race for glory.

On the way there was no big sweat-- ill-directed incoming mail-- Jerry didn't have time to be overly efficient while Old Blood and Guts was pushing the hell out of him.

About midnight, but well up in the blue-black sky there were German planes identified

by their somewhat strange 'missing cylinder' soundbeat. Those enemy fly boys knew where we were, yet almost never descended to treetop level. They dropped some haphazard bombs from altitude and didn't savor our light and sporadic heavy ack-ack. There were no allied night fighters. As you old stagers will recall, in those early days the 'Spits' and 'Thunderbolts' went home after sunset to return at first light of dawn. Our war-birds had yet to master dark-time operations. Later, yes, but not then.

In any event, some canny or lucky AA-man hit a Kraut light bomber cruising just above our column. The lads flamed him, which was commendable, but didn't make us supremely happy since our load was quite vulnerable to anything burning. This enemy aircraft seemed to our fears, to be very slowly descending, parachuting down. You could see the kite's entire fuselage burning brightly, wing and airframe spars etched through the glare, -- rib bones right out of hell!-----

For long minutes of eternity, it appeared as though the hulk must descend right into our column and that would set off a chain reaction of flame and explosive blasts. Patton wouldn't get his needed supplies and many of our crewmen could be sent to warrior heaven, Valhalla!

Oh! So clear the sky! There must have been light winds, I began to notice I was breathing, because the settling wreck drifted agonizingly to starboard and crashed into an opening about 200 yards away. There were more pyrotechnics and noise. Hard to tell at night but we doubted that any of the crew got out in parachutes when the plane was hit. There were no prisoners to take.

We moved out, throttles bent forward, vehicles churning in the mud and dark. Patton got his supplies. Our receiving peers offered genial insults about how lucky we were to be on safe assignments, and we tried to kid back that we were armored gladiators like themselves, just thrust into a task that, admittedly, came to scare the loving hell out of us!

There is a curious thing about combat, probably not universal among troopers in the line, but a lot of old buddies have confirmed my own recalled observation. Going up to the I.P. (Initial Point) at dawn, one voices little humor, and is, well, darned scared! Personally I remember looking at wan flowers beside the track of advance and morosely

wondering whether this might be the last time I'd see such blessed symbols of blessed peace.

Strangely, when a fire-fight developed and batches of hot iron were zipping around or overhead, a considerable passel of attackers were too damned busy to be wetting their pants. Nobody liked to be shot at, and everything boiled down to dodging, maneuvering, hitting the ground, shooting back and doing more lethal business than shaking or praying.

Okay! In the dark near Cerisy La Salle, I'd guess that most of us in the fuel and ammo convey were close to rigid with fright. The incident unfolded like a vicious nightmare and our imminent cremation seemed well within the bounds of probability. Then, to our left, the immediate danger was over. Bad jokes and curses, a few that our current schoolgirls spout, were suddenly back in style.³

Frank Woolner

LIFT ONE FOR HARRIOTT

From the battalion summary of operations, July 29-August 1, 1944.

July 29, 1944

"A" Co. 1st Plat. at CP, CERISY LA SALLE, 3rd Plat. with CCA, TF "Z". "A" Co. credited with destroying 1 Mk V, 2 88mm. guns, 1 88mm prime mover, 1 cargo truck, fired on enemy infantry attack. (See 703rd Road Block, I, 3, Taps (2) pp.6-7)

July 30, 1944

"A" Co. forward to GUEHEBERT at 1315 and NW of GAVRAY at 2200. Well s. of CERISY LA SALLE. "A" and "B" Co.s had rough time communicating, distance between Co.s who were often out of communication with Bn. CP. Division was reorg'd during the day. "A" Co. still with CCA and with 3rd Plat. Co. "C".

July 31, 1944

"A" Co. less the 2nd Plat. moved to LE MESNIL GARNIER by 1815. The 2nd Plat. moved SE, 3 miles NW of VILLEDIEU LES POELLES at about 1800. "C" Co. less its 3rd Plat. was relatively near the same village. Their 1st Plat. on this day destroyed 2 MK V, 1 a probable, 1 towed 75 mm gun, took 2 prisoners. The Bn CP was hit by bombs close to darkness. No damage or casualties. "C" Co. was hit by the Luftwaffe after dark, no casualties or damage.

August 1, 1944

"A" Co. 2nd Plat. was with the

Co. CP, 1st Plat. on Hill 202, S. of BRECEY, the 3rd Plat. 1 mile S. of ST. GEORGES. 3rd Plat. Co. "A" destroyed two (2) trucks and (2) supply carts, killed three (3) and captured thirty (30) enemy. ---Received message from "A" Co. that in the last 48 hours the Company had suffered the following casualties: 1 EM KIA, 9 wounded, 1 Ofcr wounded, 1 M-10 out of action result of mine, 1 M-10 hit by AP shot, damaged not seriously, 1 M-10 out of action due to mechanical failure. "

Here is how the 2nd Platoon Leader, "A" Co. saw the action reported above dated August 1, 1944.

" My last day of active duty was July 31, 1944. My platoon was in a column with a task group under Col. Russell of the 36th Armored Inf. Sometime during the day we were told to pull off the road and circle in the field since the column had run into difficulty up ahead. After a while Stites came along with a peep and a driver and asked if I wanted to go up the road and see what the problem might be. Before long we were told to leave the peep and go forward on foot. We were approaching a crossroads which looked down on valleys on all four sides. We went to the right below the hill. We soon ran into a lot of sniping, and decided we had found the trouble. We went back to the peep and got the heck out of there, and back to our units.

Murray?-Harriott-Sabina-Wooton-Mehring-Pawlowski-Karpinski-Gautreau-Caress



"A" Co. January, 1943

Borek-Olson-O'Connor-Lange-Luczinski

Wissing was inspecting the platoon's destroyers and found that Mesunas' vehicle had frayed tracks and shouldn't be moved. He chewed me out for not noticing it sooner. As it turned out it was the last time I saw Wissing alive. Shortly, the column started moving, to which we were told to rejoin. We soon approached the crossroads Stites and I tried to reach earlier. A Major from Col. Russell's staff came by and said the Col. wanted me to pull the platoon out of the column at the crossroads to protect the column from being cut in two. When we reached the crossroads only having three destroyers, we faced Caress and Lehman toward the East, and Harriott toward the West. We told security to go up the road toward the West and set up a machine gun emplacement. Down in the front of the valley facing Caress was a large farmhouse and barn. Caress reported he thought some of the sniper fire was coming from the barn and asked if he could fire some tracer bullets into it. He moved down the road and Moriarty put a few .50 cal. rounds into the barn roof. Apparently loaded with hay or straw its content was aflame. Caress withdrew. On Harriott's side of the road was a brick schoolhouse. Caress suggested that Harriott be moved to the opposite side of the road so he could fire in either direction in the event of an attack. Harriott was told to move and he started preparing to do so. Meanwhile Cole had come by in column, and told me they were going to pull up very shortly and get off the road since it was getting dark. He told us to fall into column as soon as the last vehicle had passed, and then come up and pull off the road by him. I decided to check the machine gun emplacement and started down the road. Before getting there, I decided to better locate Cole, because I did not want to pass him in the night. I turned around and started back up the road on the opposite side from where Harriott was preparing to move. Just as I got to the rear end of his vehicle, a shell hit it and I got shrapnel down the left side of my body. Part of the shrapnel went into my left eye. I jumped up and ran across and knelt in front of Harriott's T.D. and tried to see if I could see any flashes from the East. As far as I know that was the only shell fired. Gautreaux had jumped out of the destroyer and was running around the schoolhouse screaming, "We've been hit!" Caress had to tackle him to keep him from

running. He had been hit by shrapnel, as well as Trader and Piasecki. Rutter in the driver's seat had his foot cut off, and Harriott was killed.

I figured Caress was going to be kept busy with the fellows from the destroyer so I started up the road holding my stomach, and hollering for the security and Ness came running toward me. I laid down in the middle of the road. Caress came up and told Ness I had three vials of morphine in my shirt pocket, and he wanted one for Gautreaux. On the trip back to the hospital, I was in an ambulance with Piasecki, Rutter and Gautreaux. Gautreaux talked all the way back assuring us how great our medical treatment was going to be. He was right.

I remained in a field hospital for ten days, and then shipped back to England to a larger hospital. On Labor Day I was sent back to France to serve on limited duty with a Trucking Bn. I spent the rest of the war with Trucking Companies, ending up in Bonn, Germany." Edward McIntyre

I'M REMINDED---IT HURTS!

We should remember, and we have reminded you of Joe Juno (B) at least three times in the pages of this newsletter. Frank Woolner's writing, and our division history told you of Joe dismounting to help wounded enemy after his destroyer put a German tank out of commission,--an explosion and Joe's death!

The reminder was in the Road Block about Ray Twomey (A-Medic) coming through enemy gun fire in the Falaise Gap to help a wounded Ernie Mayette (A).

There was the "stumpy" little medic (Road Block, II,1, p.13) arm in a sling, limping but working "like crazy" to get the wounded out after the shelling near the end of "The Bulge"!

And probably in every regular newspaper in the U.S.A., on March 2, 1991 we read,

"--a medical team was driving through Iraq shortly after midnight when they saw a group of Iraqis surrendering. [Some wounded] They drove over to offer their help,--and their vehicle hit a mine, killing a doctor. The medical specialist [A woman] got out to help, stepped on a mine and was also killed. A second doctor, who stayed in the vehicle, was not hurt."-- I'm reminded, it hurts!

A M A L G A M

Did you read it in the papers?
The thought my friend is chilling.
Americans are dying from amalgam
in our fillings!
It reminded me of army life and
our dentist, Captain Fly,
Who ruled a house of agony, let
me tell you why.
The dental office in the field was crude,
there is no doubt.
Rather than get a filling, you'd want
the tooth pulled out.
With fear and trepidation, you'd climb
in the dentist's seat,
And Doc would X-Ray, probe and scrape,
from your mouth down to your feet.
"It's just a little filling, you won't
need novocaine,
You can trust me when I tell you,
there won't be any pain."
Whenever Doc Fly told me that, I would
shake and quiver,
My eyes would tear, my skin would sweat,
my whole body would shiver.
A medic would then pedal a bike, and
through pulleys, belts and gears,
He'd start the drill a-spinning, a
sound I learned to fear.
The faster that he pedalled, the faster
went the drill,
The faster that the hole was bored,
for 'Ol Doc Fry to fill.



"Hap" Paulsen-November, 1942
Teaching M-10 Driving

Would my pedaller be a triathlete?
 I surely was a dreamer-
 I always wound up with a guy,
 half dead from emphysema.
 So I'd be hours in that chair,
 the hole just barely bored.
 The fillings then were so minute,
 that I now reap the reward.
 So little amalgam went in my mouth
 as you can plainly see,
 That I have lived past three score ten
 without it killing me!

Hap Paulsor

90 mm. Gun Firing Tests

Early in December, 1944, there was some action, but the battalion was regrouping before "the Bulge" was to call for our best efforts. On December 5, and 9, the battalion tested the 90 mm. gun on the newly arrived M-36 T.D.'s, firing against the frontal armor of the 35 Ton, PZKW V, ("Mark V"), the range 150 yds., the ammo, Armor Piercing, A.P.M77. Our battalion commander's report on the testing, December 15, 1944, drew conclusions that were sharply in contrast with the info published by the FUSA Artillery Info Service, the latter "listing a penetration at 800 yards with A.P. M77, which is considered far from a certainty."

Further conclusions in Lt. Col. Showalter's report were:

1. The tests did not assure us which would be the best ammo to use.
2. It was essential to be in place for flank shots, or if the only shot was head on, that another T.D. joined in the action, pronto!
3. More powder in our ammo would be more penetrating than raising the caliber of the guns. This was shown by German ordnance experience.
4. That the results of these and all other tests with the 90 mm. BE DISSEMINATED to all tank destroyer battalions equipped with the 90 mm. gun.

Your editor was with "A" Co. till mid-January. He could not recall Lt. Col. Showalter's report being used in training at that time. Elements of the above had been part of our training, at least while the battalion was at Camp Hood. In action before and

into the Falaise Gap, he recalled two illustrative incidents of "flank shots". In one case, properly camouflaged, Howie O'Connor (A) waited till the German tank tried to change his position before firing with successful penetration, and the other when from a road block "ambush", Schutt's gunner (A) was given a "flank shot" so did not wait till the Heinie tank turned to the front. "Kaput" were two enemy tanks.

A recent letter to "Bur" Showalter asking for his comment on his report drew his prompt and revealing comment, Jan. 28, 1991.

One day after Col. Showalter dated that report on the test firings, the "Bulge" began. "We took off that evening to head south to join the Big Red One (First Inf. Div.) and later the 82nd Airborne before rejoining our Spearhead Division for the January 3rd counterattack on the north flank! From then on events moved rapidly and so did we. VE Day was just around the corner!

Tank Destroyer Tactics

As a result of its extensive training in the Mohave Desert, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation and England, the 703rd was well versed in the best ways to destroy enemy tanks. Although the "Seek-Strike-Destroy" motto was a catchy phrase, it did not typify the best tactic--namely, the ambush. This dictated that the M-10's should move into position, preferably in defilade, and quietly and secretly hide in ambush while forward elements--infantry, reconnaissance, artillery observation posts, or aircraft--spotted enemy tanks. The attachment of 703rd companies and platoons to attacking Combat Commands and Task Forces of the 3rd Armored Division was an excellent arrangement for all parties; the tanks, infantry, and artillery of the Task Forces could concentrate on their attack mission while the T.D.'s in road block, ambush, or other defensive positions could concentrate on enemy tanks counterattacking primarily from the flanks.

Some disquieting and even alarming intelligence reached the 703rd in England. It told us that Germany's new Panther tank, the Mark V, had a front glacis armor plate so sloping that a direct hit would bounce off and not penetrate. Although our standard tactics were to strike an enemy tank in the

flank(side) which was by far the most vulnerable, we knew that we could not always enjoy that "luxury". The next 'question' was whether or not we dared inform the troops of this new intelligence--the 703rd's company, platoon, and individual destroyer crew personnel--lest in doing so we might lower their morale and confidence. Actually, this was not a question at all, or if so it was resolved in a split second with an emphatic affirmation. No way was I going to be anything but completely honest and forthcoming, especially when crews had every right to know matters dealing very much with their personal safety.

I can remember the scene as if it were yesterday-- a messhall close by our Quonset huts at the 703rd encampment near Mere, Wiltshire. We assembled all the officers, platoon sergeants, and T.D. crew chiefs, and informed them of this new intelligence. This, of course, reemphasized the importance of our standard tactics--best to strike the flank, not the frontal armor. Even so, this news was sobering!

I believe that our first close contact with the Panther tank in combat occurred near Ranès, France in late June or early July shortly after the St. Lo breakthrough and after we went south to cut off the Carentan Peninsula. Cpl. Juno's T.D. was in a road block position when after dark a Panther tank lumbered into point blank range. Juno's T.D. fired and, if I remember correctly, the round did penetrate the glacis plate and set off the ammunition inside. The wounded German crew bailed out, and so did Cpl. Juno in order to take care of the German wounded. Tragically, some of the German ammunition, apparently blown outside, continued to explode, and killed Cpl. Juno. The heroism and dramatic tragedy of this event I felt and still feel 46 years later! Thereafter on any occasion to honor our war dead or to reflect on our losses, my mind returns immediately to that heroic and humane occasion with its sad ending.

But to return to tactics. Time and miles flew by fast as we bypassed Paris, sped north to Mons, and then east through the Siegfried Line into Germany near Stolberg. There we waited for gasoline and for others to catch up. In November the First Army selected the 703rd as the first T.D. Bn. to be converted from the M-10 with its 3" gun to the M-36 with the 90 mm. gun, supposedly or hopefully

the rival of the famous German 88mm. I proudly maintain that our selection was due to the fact that the 703rd was the best T.D. Bn. in Europe, although some degree of modesty compels me to admit that the First Army's stated reason was that the 703rd was the farthest advanced into Germany. So how about a mixture of pride and modesty, i.e., both reasons are true!

This conversion, by the way, was one of mixed blessings--gun bigger but engine more inflammable. While we were happy as well as honored to have the 90mm. gun to replace the smaller 3"(about 76.2mm.), the crews loved the diesel engine as more powerful and very slow to catch fire and burn. We thought the gasoline of the M-36 would catch fire instantly and even explode with just an incidental spark, most certainly from a direct hit.

Of course we had the benefit of ordnance test firings of the 90mm. gun, but to verify or extend this information, the 703rd conducted its own test firings on December 5 and 9, 1944, against the frontal armor of the Panther tank at a range of only 150 yds. The results forwarded to First Army on December 15th generally confirmed our previous information about the 3" gun and refuted that published in the FUSA Information Service, which listed a penetration by the 90 mm. gun at a range of 800 yards. One of our several conclusions bears repetition here:

5c. That destroyers must continue to seek positions affording flanking shots on Panther tanks; however, if frontal engagements occur, that at least two destroyers rapidly engage the tank hoping for at least penetration." Consequently our tactics of the past, to strive for the ambush and a direct hit on the side of the enemy tank, were generally confirmed. Platoon chiefs and crew chiefs were to continue with their past, highly successful tactics. No dramatic or even minor tactical changes stemming from conversion to the 90 mm. gun were necessary."

FRIENDLY FIRE !

Early casualties in "Desert Storm" occurred in an incident when nine marines were killed and a Lt. Col. in the air force was removed from his command who was held to

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have mishandled his responsibilities leading to the accident. When our air force threw "the works" at the Germans below St. Lo starting July 25, 1944, its heavy bombers followed a course vertically over the front lines instead of, as ordered, to fly and bomb parallel to the forward positions of the enemy. Never remind a veteran of our 30th Infantry Division of what happened.

I believe the 703rd suffered at least one casualty by "friendly" fire. Please tell us about such an incident in our battalion.

DON'T DRINK THE WATER !
Editor's Question. To: "C" Co.

In Normandy, didn't you lose a Communications Sergeant to blindness caused when he drank from a bottle of Calvados he found hidden in a barn? Who could resist a swig of "apple Jack" after it was carefully suggested to us to stay away from the water !!!!!!

703rd Tank Destroyer Bn.
Association

Edward McIntyre, President
4243 Kirby Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45223
Harold Paulsen, Vice President
Box 271 Private Road
Yaphank, New York 11980
Robert D. Schutt, Secretary-Treasurer
421 Nordberg, N.W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49504
John Czajkowski, Ass't. Sec'y. Treasurer
43 Sunnyside Drive
Yantic, Connecticut 06389
Deacon Leonard Marchewka, Chaplain
405K Ridge Road
North Arlington, New Jersey 07032
Everett Stites, LIASON
581 Forest Drive
Rivervale, New Jersey 07675
Nathan Goldberg, Editor
262 Woodland Avenue
Summit, New Jersey 07901



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Nathan Goldberg, Editor
262 Woodland Avenue
Summit, New Jersey 07901

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