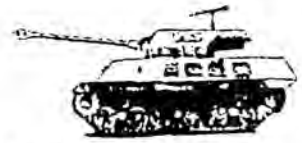




703rd Road Block



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

Vol. X #2 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Newsletter, June, 1999

52nd Third Armored Division

Association Reunion

During the week of September 22-25, 1999 we want to share with you our annual division reunion in Columbus, Ohio. Along with this issue of the Road Block are the hotel and registration forms. We hope, very much, that you're coming. Access is easy. Large, free parking areas surround the hotel. Those flying into Port Columbus will be greeted by a member of the Division Reception Committee. The Radisson Hotel North will provide free limousine service for the twenty minute ride to the hotel. All 268 hotel rooms have been reserved for the Third Armored Division Assn. The Radisson Hotel provides us with a unique accomodation, the luxury of using the whole sixth floor for registration, meetings, exhibition, and hospitality rooms.

We believe you'll enjoy the tours. The Thursday Oktoberfest will offer an evening meal to those returning from a tour. Good food and entertainment will offer us an enjoyable evening.

The Executive Committee of the 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Assn. wishes to enjoy this reunion with you.

T A P S

WE'VE LOST A FRIEND!

JOHN D. GOODIN, 32nd Armored Regt., admired the "703rd" and up till recently kept contact with men in our battalion. Just the other day "Bob" Schutt learned of his death, and sent along a clipping relating what happened. John, a lawyer and a judge in Johnson City, Tennessee, was shot and killed, as was a bystander. John had helped a dying woman rewrite part of her will. Her ex-husband, whom she had named executor of the original, would not accept the unclear changes made by John and the woman, and used a gun to support his claim that John had deliberately cheated him of \$100,000 in stock!

FROM JEAN BORNSTEIN WITH LOVE!

The memories of the beauty, happiness, warmth, wit, and tremendous love we had for forty nine wonderful years together will be a comfort in the remaining years left to me. I also thank God I have a very devoted son, and two beautiful grandchildren to give me the strength to face a life of loneliness without my "Charlie"!

Love to you. Jean Bornstein (C)

EDWARD CARROL HOY

12/25/20 - 2/4/99

Maja sent along a memorial card for "Ed", it included a poem that we are sure you will appreciate. Published in Wings 8/95.

FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

"I thence invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
that with no middle flight intends to soar."

Paradise Lost, (John Milton)

A half-a-century has flown the coop
Since as a youth fast birds of prey I trained,
And marvelled at the falcon's screaming scoop
And knifelike cleavages top speed it gained;
Circling the slower eagle it disdained;
Mocking the "national emblem" status of that bird,
The lumbering eagle, the scavenger. My interest waned;
Where was the vaunted prowess of which I 'd heard?
A towering flight changed all-spectacular was the word.

Jumbled clouds darkened o'er the mountain face;
Soon mighty thunderheads obscured its lofty height.
An eagle soared with thermals near the mountain's base;
Ignoring thunderclaps and lightning that could smite,
He hurled upwards in a wild display of might,
Upwards through the thunderhead he lunged
Two miles vertically in towering twisted flight;
Then like the vortex of a maelstrom downward plunged
And in magnificence my youthful thoughts expunged.

Edward C. Hoy

Normandy Northern France Rhineland Ardennes Central Europe

EVER THE BEST FOR TONY!

ANTHONY AMBROSIO (C) has had open heart surgery as of 3/4/99, and is recovering nicely in Inverness, Florida. He was visiting his family there when he suffered heart failure, but he's doing well now.

Michael and Lucille Venezia sent us the news of his misfortune becoming good fortune, and with that news, a check for Tony's membership which includes his subscription for the Road Block! Tony could use a boost from all of us!

55 Brighton Rd. Island Park, NY, 11558.

SHE'S HOME!

FLORENCE GOSCH finally was returned to her home after suffering traumatic burns, and a challenging hospital stay.

Everett Stites called to let us know. (4/27/99) There remains for her the demands of therapy. Let's continue to give her our encouragement.

189 Wayne Avenue, River Edge, New Jersey, 07661

ARE YOU ON INTERNET OR USE E-MAIL?

Fred S. Hunt
2447 S. Wallis Smith St.
Springfield, MO 65804
417 886 3590

Merle Goodrich
10105 Grand Park
San Antonio, TX
78239 210 655 7989

Had a note from Fred Hunt (Hq.), 3/27/99, who "has been wondering how many of our membership have the use of home computers." Clearly Fred and Merle Goodrich want to know who of us are on the internet and can communicate by E-Mail!

Please let your editor know or contact Fred or Merle.

Fred's address is FERD HUNT - 47 ADL
Merle's address is MLG SAN ADL

ANOTHER HITCH, CLAUDE ?

23 March 1999

"Hello--It's me again! For about nine weeks I was down and out, and then some medics came along and overhauled me. Somehow they put new life into me, and I feel that they have me on the road again! Like NEW! I'll be damned if I don't think they are going to make it. They said I'll be like brand new by 25 April 1999. I couldn't even write a word or make a telephone call among other things. Pneumonia was knocking at my door. I'm on my way of having that licked. Many thanks for not counting me out. I honestly thought I was heading for the last roundup! I'm gaining--but it's slow. My heart is with the guys who are hurting worse!"

Claude Ball (B) 8190 Nursery Rd., Lusby, MD 20657

THE WORD FROM GOOD FOLKS

DON MCKIERNAN (3A) faces another challenge.(4/28/99).

"I have a new malignant cancer (near) where I had a kidney cancer operation in '91. Our chief surgeon today recommended that a thoracic surgeon operate to remove the cancer. We'll see that surgeon, Friday, 4/30/99.---You are often in our thoughts and always in our nightly prayers!" Don needs us now!

Frank Miller gave to Bob Schutt, Don and Yolana's telephone number, 619 434 9236, but the McKiernans had the incoming calls blocked. Bob and your editor wrote. Be sure that you drop them a line....

4020 D Layang Layang Circle, Carlsbad, CA 92008-4174

"LEN" STRAUB (A) wants to thank all those friends who called or sent cards wishing him the very best during his illness. They helped very much. He claims to be 90% "back to normal. I have to be careful of what I eat!" That chore will be especially rough on Len's will power. He has to be a winner since the "Doc's" instructions were clear.

S. S. SMITH (Hq) sent along something extra in his membership check "to help a hard up member." His wife, "Betsy", is "full time" on oxygen, and he must be with her constantly, thus he cannot get to the division reunions.

463 Blair Rd. Richmond, VA 23233

DR. "BILL" LYNCH (Hq) has great "interest" in our association even though he has not been able to participate. He sends crisp regards to our editor, "Hap" Paulson, Ed. McIntyre, "The Colonel" and the many others "who have contributed to the success of the ROAD BLOCK and the organization".

770 Rowan Ave., Springfield, OR 97477

We can hear the sweet music from the accordion of PETER ONOPA (Hq). With Julie, he sent special wishes for Len's recovery, and sympathy for the loss of Len's sister. Peter recently lost his younger brother. The couple added even more praise for Len's kindness at the Grand Rapids reunion.

1600 Fayette Ave., Reading, PA 19607

BILL CROCHETIERE (B) Physicians put him "through the mill!" After details, came what we all wanted,- "but now I'm doing better!" As ever, Bill and Hazel reported on our good friends, John and Jennie Czajkowski (B). The Crochetiere's sincere well wishes are very moving!

631 Mixville Rd. Cheshire, CT 06410

Bea Falk sent us word on NATE (HQ) in her Jewish New Years greeting card. Nate has had implanted a pacemaker which should regulate the flow of blood to his heart. The couple have yielded to their health problems, and will only travel to Florida for the winter season. They love New York City.
473 PDR Drive Apt. K 1601 New York, N.Y. 10002

"RUSS" STEELE (Div. Hq.) keeps "tabs" on us. His notes let us know he visits Ed McIntyre who successfully recovered from pneumonia last year. He encourages us to attend the division reunions, and let's hope he'll be there to take our picture, as ever! Let's be there to greet him!

"BILL" WAGONER (2A) and his "Kathy" came through with a pair of pictures. They are fairly well. He still visits "Charlie" Markeveys (Hq.) who is in a home relatively close by the Wagoners. Bill called 5/14/99 about meeting with Col. Showalter on 5/25. I let him know that that get-together had been canceled. "Bur" had to get back to an ailing Lucille.

139 Stonecrest Dr. Bristol, CT 06010

CECIL STAGMAN (Hq.) remains the happy farmer, and his Eve works at a motel all year 'round! Both are in good health. Sure hope all continues well for them. They've celebrated their 50th Anniversary. They have three daughters. He writes that he rides big tractors all spring to put in the crops, and is on the combine to harvest the beans and corn till "freeze up"!

R.R. 3 PO Box 144 Sisseton, SD 57262

JOE and LORRAINE NOVAK (Rcn) checked in with news that Joe's heart problems have eased. However, Joe's memory is in decline, and he can no longer drive. He has become a "finicky" eater. "Oh well! We're still coping, and the good Lord is giving me patience."

REGINA and ROCCO MANTRO (A) They can no longer travel. His "condition" and her arthritis keep 'em at home. They wish everyone the very best! Drop them a line, please. They're great people.

1435 Duchesne Dr., Florissant, MO 63031

GERMANS TRY ATTACK TOWARDS ANTWERP

The Way to "The Bulge"

Continuing October 10, 1944

I drove my jeep back to Eupen. Lt. Bombas, who led A3, has a brother in ordinance there. We brought some small items for repair or adjustment. I left my watch to be cleaned. Looking at the comfortable "setup" well behind forward fighting troops, I wondered about the manner in which these technicians qualified for their positions. The men were fairly safe, well behind "the action"!

We ate there. When the soldiers finished their meal, remaining "grub" was turned over to a line of civilians.

Two Red Cross women brought a small doughnut wagon to our area. One of the girls was from Rochester, Choate School, Vassar, botany major,--truly suffering because the war kept her from developing a place in her field.

We parked the jeep in a backyard, and were invited into a home. "Josie", the young girl there, enjoyed our company, four soldiers and one "gal". She appeared to be having the time of her life.----- Our VIIth Corps was not attacking, but continued to put on pressure. The XIXth Corps to our north with the 2nd Armored Division supporting, was driving to extend their salient further northward toward Düren where we will meet 20 miles from Köln. Aachen will finally be ours. We are but 6-8 miles from the closer salients. A German patrol or their shells might get close enough to be heard. We sit and, supposedly, rest. We have gloves, shoes, mackinaws and extra blankets. We are all hoping we will reach Cologne by the end of the year, the city taken and the Rhine crossed to Frankfurt well on the way to the end of the war.

Up to October, 1944

Something is up! The 104th Mountain Infantry Division pulled into town. Civilians were ordered off the streets. We are not allowed to talk to civilians, but at night, the men who are in quest of "schnapps" or female companionship, have found bed partners, but I couldn't vouch for it. The officers received good portions of commandeered liquor. The share was a bottle of champagne, one of Benedictine, two bottles of Three Star Cognac, and one of L'Eau d'Vie. Most officers passed the bottles around.

For the last two nights, I have visited in the cellar home of a family who spent some time in Chicago. The daughter who works for the U.S. Military Government as an interpreter, is a fine young lady who, when but a baby, came to Chicago with her folks. The family also spent some time in Florida.

In 1939 they came back to Germany "to see my relatives!" The young lady has a boy friend in the German army, is reserved in talking to Americans, and remains very quiet. She is a pianist, studied voice in Aachen. She has recorded portions of "Der Freischutz" (Weber). She sang many German songs for us with an excellent voice! She enjoys knitting a sweater. A benzine light helps her. Often she buries her head in her arm as she blinks her eyes. The time and place being what it was, I have to lead the conversation along homely lines, anything away from the war. Often her mother asks what is going to happen, but her husband is afraid and warns her that, "we know nothing." They want the war to end just as much as we do!

October 21, 1944

Our company, was almost completely equipped with M-36's and their 90mm. guns. We had been firing, indirectly, from two positions with a mixed platoon, each destroyer from another platoon. We spent a week just above Kornelmünster, then returned for a few days to our compny above Breinig. We did a good deal of interditory firing. Counterbattery caught us. The enemy spotting our flashes were right on their mark, and killed Adolf Nordby, a piece of shrapnel almost completely severing his head from his shoulders. He was alongside a destroyer passing shells up into the turret.

Next day we changed position to Hahn. Firing at long range, we covered a road at Hehlrath which the Germans were using as a supply route to Eschweiler. Reports came through that we were effective against that area of concentration. Again, the gun used in counterbattery against us attempted its terror. Our shell reports are helping to find its location. We hear a report of the gun, an instantaneous whiz, and then it strikes! Why can its gunner find us so easily? Today that gun's fire was coordinated with an even heavier gun, an even heavier report, a longer whiz, then a terrific impact.

October 26, 1944

We remain in Hahn, and, strangely, with the fear of counterbattery strengthened with thoughts of the Nordby casualty. The rest of the company is back in Busbach where they face regular shelling. Shrapnel took Del Legrant to the medics. Our 391st Artillery Bn. with 105 mm. howitzers, and 155 mm. guns on tank chassis, (M12) are in firing position behind the town.

November 1, 1944

Until we have fired 600 rounds through the bores of our 90 mm.'s, we shall fire from our Hahn position. Four guns have reached that goal. We face counterbattery almost daily. Civilian losses have been heavy at Busbach.

We slept up there one night, quite lightly in the face of threats from the air and artillery. Enemy artillery seemed to know where we parked our T.D.'s! They were on target consistently. We finally moved our vehicles up by the buildings, between or behind walls.

Capt. Self our former S-2 had observed too closely in Normandy, and had his legs riddled with MG fire. Capt. Seibert who took his place is now S-3 with Capt. Swett taking his place. Self's driver was killed in the incident. Lt. Roberts (B) was captured with Bill Hart (B) in Normandy. Roberts escaped, and is back with his company.

Continuing with-- Up To November 12, 1944

WORLD WAR II VETERANS

*We were survivors of the Great Depression
Which left a lasting impression.
For years we fought in World War II
Doing everything we were asked to do.
After the war we spearheaded the way
To give America and the world a brighter
day.
Our numbers are getting thin,
But we have more to give within.
The Vietnam vets outnumber us now,
But we have a lot to give before we bow.
We and others think we were a special breed
For both in war and peace we did lead.*

Don McKiernan (A3)

Spearheaders Who Were Not in W.W.II

MEMO:

From: Haynes W. Dugan (Historian Third Armored Div.) 3/12/99.
To: Editor, 703rd Road Block.

Col. Rodney Thomas, Pacific Command Honolulu, Hawaii, called yesterday and said, "Non- WW II Spearheaders have formed their own association. A 25 acre lot has been purchased for them as the site of a museum (Kentucky?). They will be at {our} Columbus, Ohio {reunion} with an offer to merge, and he is to send me a packet of material.

H. W. Dugan 610 Marshal St. Shreveport, LA 71101

S N A F U

Having lunch or dinner with Colonel Showalter on May 25 or 26th could not be successfully arranged. His flight back to Dayton and his Lucille left too little time for a proper get together.

"THANKS, MISS, FOR THAT LIFT!"
 The old bones are aching,
 We no longer stride.
 The backs are bending,
 Arthritis is at our side.
 "These are the nineties, Pop,"
 Your kids put you down--
 "We do things differently.
 You should get out and around."
 And when the grandchildren come by,
 With a boom-box to their ear
 Playing metallic rock-bands
 They'll soon be unable to hear.
 Even the President gives a display
 Of how little morals mean--
 Running a Bed and Breakfast at the White
 House,
 Running around with unbuttoned jeans.
 You head out for the Reunion,
 And the wife says, through her tears,
 "Can't you ever forget the war,
 It's been over for fifty years?"
 You have to wonder if this old world
 Is really passing you by,
 Then you renew old times with your buddies
 And the spark comes back to your eyes.
 While at the Michigan Reunion
 A young lady left us a note,
 "Thank all you vets who kept us free,"
 Is part of what she wrote.
 She added, "the country owes you
 For putting your lives on the line."
 That one lifted my spirits,
 There are people with ideals like mine.
 "Hap" Paulson (C)

GRENADIER REGIMENT 89

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE VI

Continuation of the Memoirs of Hans Replien
 the CO (14co) of Gren. Regt. (GR 89) of the
 12th Volks-Grenadierdivision (12th VGD)

It was Mid-December and Replien could but raise his head to know that his men were following his orders, readying themselves for the heaviest of attacks.

The Americans sensed our intentions making many attacks, and being repelled. Once a day I, personally, checked all the forward positions, and afterwards the whole battalion was served a mixture of delicious US and German food with the exception of the outposts and the guards. On Dec. 20th they slept all night through, but this proved to be the quietest of six nights to come. All morning of the 21st, the daily procedures were devoted to

improving positions. There was no advance, but everyone had the feeling that soon this "peaceful" period would end.

During the afternoon the enemy artillery began its tattoo at Wirtzfeld. The shells roared and rumbled ahead of us. Orders were to hold on to Wirtzfeld no matter what. First volleys hit the lower village in our rear and also went far behind us. By evening we recognized the nature of the infantry attack being prepared against us. It was repelled, withdrew, and we learned the weaknesses of our positions. We had learned of the forward positions of the Americans. We improved our knowledge by using single patrols.

I felt I knew American tactics as follows:

- a. Shelling followed by tank attacks versus pockets of resistance.
- b. Infantry force. In this instance there'd be no tank attack due to the terrain.

The shelling, though very heavy, overshot its mark because both enemy and our front positions were very close to each other. One enemy volley "went short", striking its own troops, and the shelling quieted. The orders for us to use only the northwestern, the higher part of Wirtzfeld, had been correct.

Next morning, Dec. 22nd, the German companies were advised to deploy most of their personnel in forward positions. Harassing fire as used by the enemy hit behind us. In contrast to their procedure, the enemy attacked across the full battalion sector. Fighting from well prepared positions, they were met with point blank fire. The Americans suffered many casualties, responding heavily with their artillery upon the lower parts of Wirtzfeld. German artillery could not respond even if there had been batteries available. The rest of enemy infantry withdrew, and their artillery then aimed at the villages behind us.

In the general silence we heard the depressing whining of some wounded Americans. About half an hour later we recognized an American approaching our positions, waving a

Red Cross flag, and followed by two officers. Our forces ceased fire. I approached with an aide and a messenger. Their delegation appeared to hold higher rank than ours. Salutes were followed by their request for a one hour ceasefire to be able to collect their dead and wounded. With agreement they'd be back to do so. We agreed. Salutes, withdrawal, and they were back in an hour. They thanked us for our attitude. We talked in English even though one of their officers knew some German. We exchanged cigarettes, Attika and Camel, handshake, saluting, and both parties returned to their positions.

On the morning of Dec. 23rd we were denied our supplies by their artillery fire. At 1400 hours the enemy attacked again. We were instructed to let the enemy approach before opening fire, but when our first company opened up, more and more fell in. This time the attack was not conducted across the battalion sector, but its effort concentrated in direction of the whitewashed building holding our Bn.CP in its cellar. In daylight or darkness it was too dangerous to enter.

We made the best use of all our weapons, including the flanking machine guns. More strongly attacking than the previous day, the enemy had to fall back in the face of our fire power, depressing for both parties. What a tragedy to our front! Those of the Americans who could run,--withdrew!

On the Russian front for three years, Zeplien had seen how the Soviets attacked in masses forced by their political officers from behind,--but he never had seen attacking masses on a confined area like this in front of Wirtzfeld!

About 3/4 hour later, occurred the same procedure as the day before. If a bit more obliging than before because of the depressing facts. There was a lot to do for the American medical orderlies. After an hour and a half, work was done, hand shaking, exchange of cigarettes, small talk, and finally a higher-ranking officer, impressed by our fair attitude, handed over to me his calling card with the comment, "make use of it being taken prisoner or even after the war."

Actually, when taken prisoner later, and brought to a dressing station, this card and a pocket knife were taken from me by a medical officer. But before Wirtzfeld, the officer congratulated me for the bravery of my unit, and with respect said, "Christmas for you as for us is a holy and wonderful feast. You will be able to celebrate for there will be neither an attack nor a shelling during Dec. 24th or 25th into your sector." Handshakes again, saluting, and we bade farewell to each other. The promise by the U.S. officer was exactly observed. We nearly could not believe it. We celebrated Christmas consuming the delicious food we had captured on Dec. 20.

To Be Continued

THE OLD SOLDIER

*Even though they are brave and bold,
The youngest soldier is always old.
For many life ends too soon
With only a short glance at the moon.
For their country they fight and cry
For many are wounded and many die.
They pray for peace for all mankind,
And pray for the folks they left behind.
In the heart of battle they scream and yell,
In the nightmare that's a living hell.
Time does not heal
Even when church bells peal.
So join us when we pray
To all the world this very day!
For a lasting peace through the years
With no more war and battle tears.
Peace and love will reign supreme. They will
be our king and queen!*

Donald McKiernan (A3)

YOU CAN DO IT, PLEASE DO!

The "Road Blocks" include the sad items we must report to our membership and friends. Your association officers are open for your questions as to address and telephone number. They hope you will contact comrades who are suffering difficulties or losses as well as keeping contact with those needing your encouragement. Below is a sample to stir you into contacting the loved one of a comrade.

February 23, 1999

Dear Maja,

Lora and I were quite shocked over the demise of "Ed". Everett Stites called me on the evening of February 22nd, to inform me of the sad event. Yesterday, I received a note

from Nate Goldberg informing me of the heart attack and stroke. Thank God "Ed" did not have to suffer a further long illness.-----

We are very glad that you have friends in California, thus can visit and socialize, and meet your needs. We are sure you shall ever be grateful that your daughter lived close enough to help be a comfort for you. We can only offer our condolences to you at this time, and pray for the soul of "Ed".

Love to you and yours.
Bob and Lora Schutt

A selection from:

Hoy, Edward, From KP to Combat: Recollections of a World War II Top Kick.

We are grateful to Maja Hoy and her daughter, Brigitte Carnochan for permission to use some of Ed Hoy's memoirs in the Road Block.

Ed was the highest ranked "non-com" in both Reconnaissance and then Headquarters Company of the 703rd P.D. Bn. He was well respected for those competencies admired by regular soldiers, and his superiors.

Having only known him for the last few years, it was too simple to jump to conclusions relative to his character after reading the two quotations he wrote at the opening of his memoirs. . Editor

None deserves praise for being good who has not spirit enough to be bad: goodness, for the most part, is nothing but indolence or weakness of will. La Rochefoucauld

How many fancy they have experience simply because they have grown old. Stanislas Lec

I SAVE A LIFE

The man screamed again, and then went under! I (Hoy) am a good swimmer and reacted quickly. Taking off my helmet liner and pistol belt with pistol, I raced to the water edge and dove in at a point below where we had last seen the drowning man. I was counting on the powerful current to sweep him down to where I would be. I had no time to remove my combat boots, and they became a drag and hindrance.

Then I saw the terrified man resurface further out and still downstream from me. I shouted to him that I was coming, and swam in his direction. The strong current made it difficult to close on his position. Just as I reached him, he submerged again. Grappling under the surface, I touched him, got hold under his arms, and swimming with one free arm, pulled him to the surface. For a brief instance he resisted me--- then went limp.

The two Lieutenants and a gathering crowd followed my progress shouting encouragement. I tried to swim to the shore, but the swift current made it almost impossible. I felt my own strength dwindling, and wondered how much longer I could hold onto the drowning man.

Lieutenants Bell and Jackson clearly saw my predicament. They took off their clothes and undershirts, and with some clothing donated by other onlookers, knotted them into a makeshift rope. Then they flung it towards me from the bank. I missed it several times, and was almost ready to release the drowning man to save my own life when I managed to grab it.

I held onto both the rope and the drowning man, and they pulled us into shallow water near the shore. Soon we were both lying on the sandy bank. I was gasping for breath, but the victim was unconscious and showed no signs of life. The Lieutenants tried artificial respiration and were soon joined by a "Medic". They continued with the rhythmic strokes of the respiration process. The prolonged efforts succeeded--the man expelled water--coughed and started breathing. A couple of the victim's buddies arrived, and identified him as PFC William French from "B" Co. of the 703rd. In an hour he and his comrades were back with his company. I felt extremely grateful that we had saved his life.

Either Bell or Jackson told me, "Sgt. Hoy, we are going to recommend you for the Soldier's Medal." The next morning, before we pulled out of the bivouac area, he returned to my vehicle and told me, "I'm sorry, that I mentioned the Soldier's Medal to you.

I saw our Battalion Executive Officer last night and recommended it. He said that nobody in the 703rd would get any medals till they earned them in combat". At the time I didn't really care, but I was aware the Soldier's Medal could be awarded for heroism stateside. The two Lieutenants were later transferred out of Reconnaissance Company.

There are two interesting sequels to this story. I had three other brothers who served in the U.S. Army during the war. One of them, Bob, was in combat medics, and had trained at Camp Roberts, California. While there he was enjoying a swim in the post swimming pool when he saw a young girl lying motionless on the bottom of the pool. He dove down and brought her to the surface. Artificial respiration was given, and she survived. She was an officer's daughter. For this action my brother was given a formal parade review, a nice article in the post newspaper and the Soldier's Medal. I really felt let down. 703rd men had won medals precombat. More than a year later in England, I was awarded the "Triple 20" League Medal by a London paper for a scoring feat in a game of darts!

The other sequel to this story is the tragic one---PFC French was killed in action during the latter days of the Ardennes "Battle of the Bulge" in Belgium. He was in the crew of Bill Crochetiere's TD (B1) They

had seen heavy action knocking out several German tanks. Only three weeks before his death, his platoon under Lt. Ball, assisted the 82nd Airborne Division in stopping the advance of the German 1st SS Panzer Div. at Trois Ponts where the German armor had tried to cross the Ambleve and Salm Rivers. I wondered since about the imponderable fate that would spare French's life that day on the desert and then take it in combat a little more than two years later. Ed Hoy (Hq-Rcn)

REVISED SCHEDULE OF REQUIRED DUES PAYMENT FOR 1999
Annual Dues \$25 Life Members \$25 [ADDED ASSESSMENT-One Time Only

Treasurer's Report

Lea has 8 Caps @ \$7.50, 20 Shoulder Patches @ \$3,
8 lapel pins @ \$400
18 members owe dues for 1999. PLEASE "fork over", pronto!

Balance 5/29/98 \$2542.04 Credits since 5/29/98 \$1779.00
Expenses 105.22
\$2436.82 Balance 6/1/99 \$4215.82

NOTES FROM "DUES-PAYERS"!

John D. Strahosky knows what should have been in the Road Block.
Rocco Mantro will no longer travel,--three times in hospital this year. Best regards to all!
Leo and Agnes Sinn had a short visit with the Cecil Stagmans. They see Harvey Ness occasionally.
Matt Luczynski claims he's "makin' it"! Don't you forget it!

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
847 253 0507

Harold Paulson, Chaplain
17 Private Road 124 36th Ave.N. 205E
Yaphank, NY 11980 St.Petersburg, FL
516 924 8566 33704 516 924 8566
516 924 8566

Everett Stites, Liaison
581 Forest Drive
Rivervale, NJ 07675
201 664 9639

From Bob & Lora Schutt: After our trip East for grandson graduation from law school, I gathered together a group of 703rd T.D.'s for a luncheon at Derry, N.H.: John & Jennie Czojkowski, Jim Roberts & daughter Linda, and Ray & Theresa La Monthe. We had fun!



703rd Road Block
Nathan Goldberg, Editor
86 New England Ave. #50
Summit, New Jersey 07901
908 273 7018

Date of Issue:
Vol. X #2, June, 1999

FIRST CLASS MAIL

