



703rd Road Block



Vol. II No. 1 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter 3 /1991

WE RAISE THE GLASS
FOR "THE SPEARHEAD".
THE JOB WELL DONE!

The men and women of the 703rd Tank Destroyer Bn. Association had reason to feel sympathetic to the tensions of the Third Armored as it moved into combat in "Desert Storm". The 703rd had trained for desert warfare, but they were dropped into the waters of a Normandy beachhead soon to have its platoons joining Third Armored task forces. What was to be our role? How tough would it be?

There are no longer Tank Destroyer Battalions with the Third Armored Division, but the lessons the "T.D.'s" learned were most likely part of the tactical training of the armored forces.

The 703rd felt very fortunate to have but fifty-three fall in combat. We veterans are joyful that "good fortune" for the troops in "Desert Storm" resulted from their training, the care and use of their equipment and the judgments that had to be made by their leadership. Most of all it was the ability and determination of all in the ranks whose goal was to help build a lasting peace.

We must not forget the devotion to duty of those who suffered wounds or gave their lives.

Welcome back to a peaceful role for our troops. Let's keep it that way.

WE PAY TRIBUTE TO OUR FIRST COMMANDER!

Here are the orders he had read to our battalion that inspired our success.

Headquarters
703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion
Camp Polk, Louisiana
February 26, 1942

Officers and men of the 703rd Tank

Destroyer Battalion, it is with great pleasure and pride that I address you this day. We have gone far since our activation on December, 15, 1941, and it is my hope and belief that the future will hold even more for us. We are a new organization with none of the traditions of the old outfits, so it is up to us to make our own, and by our courage and bravery become one of the better known outfits.

We must formulate new policies and solve new problems: we must prove that the organization is invaluable to the Armored Forces of our country. We must make the battalion one of the finest, and build up a spirit that will live on long after we as individuals have departed.

Prentice E. Yeomans
Lieutenant Colonel
Commanding



Col. Yeomans at Camp Pickett, Va.

Col. Yeomans In Action

"Charlie" (C-3) recalls that in the action in the Fall of '44 around Aachen-Stolberg, Col. Yeomans ordered him into his

jeep and drove ahead right to where our forces were checked by enemy fire from "88's"! The Colonel had to be up there, but he and "Charlie" saw the barrels of the enemy weapons and heard the sounds of incoming mail, ("rockets!"). They made love with the nearest cellar stairwells. The jeep was wiped out! Col. Yeomans hung in there even as he encouraged the men with him to get out. "Charlie" felt he had never taken to his heels as well as on that occasion. "Charlie" who had been driving a destroyer, guessed the Colonel wanted him to go along as a personal guard, and appreciated the Colonel's courage.

THE C.O. OWES (HIM) A DRINK!

While training on the Mohave Desert, "A" Co. was sent on a three day maneuver. Not enough transportation was available, and some people had to be left in camp. One of those left behind was a young radio man. The idea of being in camp for three days with Palm Springs and other California cities reasonably close by did not appeal to the soldier. He went AWOL for three days to "L.A."! With the return of the company, its Commander learned of the absence, called in the young man. After a crisp lecture on the seriousness of the offense, the punishment was pronounced,--a letter was to be written by the young man to his parents telling them what he had done and how he had disgraced himself as well as them. He was to bring the letter to the C.C. who would mail it. We never knew whether the letter was mailed, but feel sure the young man considered the punishment adequate. Edward McIntyre

"Ed" recalls the incident well. The C.C. had the lad sized up very well. What torment it would bring his mother if such a letter was ever sent! Of course it wasn't, nor was it intended to be! The soldier thought the whole battalion was being sent on the exer

cise for five days, and the small number of men left were there to maintain the camp site. There were members of a family from his home town who had moved to Los Angeles with whom he had already visited, and it was the weekend of the most holy day of his faith. He went to services in L.A. The frecklefaced "Buck" Sergeant who might have turned him in, soon left the outfit and never paid him the "Fin" he had borrowed!

That Company Commander lives in Cincin

nati, "makes a buck or two" and he owes that soldier a drink for the truly hard time he gave him.

What would you do if the tents were in order and you had good reason to get into L.A. Come on, now?----- Be honest!

THE NEW "COMBO",
TANKS AND ANTI-TANK WEAPONS!

"The diminution of the tank, no longer a revolutionary war-winning weapon that became a workaday tool of tactics, can in fact be traced to an early date in the war's development." General Gamelin tried to counterattack the German blitzkrieg late in May, 1940, joining infantry and tanks at Laon and Arras, but without enough infantry and artillery. His idea, but the Germans gained from it.

"At Arras, General Rommel, immediately learning from Gamelin's order of battle, commanding the 7th Panzer Division, rescued himself from overexposure by calling into service the heavy (88mm.) anti-aircraft guns of his flak battalion to halt and turn back the charge of the British Royal Tank Regt. into his divisional center after it had evaded his armored screen. The "eighty-eights" stopped the heavy British tanks, which his lightly gunned Panzers had failed to do, and saved him from a defeat which might have extinguished his career then and there.

Arras emphasized to the Germans that the most effective means of waging armored warfare against an equal enemy was to use a combination of tanks and anti-tank weapons; and they were to learn in their desert war against the British that these tactics worked in offence as well as defence."Keegan, John,

The Second World War, 397-

TANK BATTLE
THE FALAISE GAP

"The battle of which Operation Luttich (German attack August 6/7, 1944 at Mortain) marked the opening stage was to develop into the largest clash of armor in any of the campaigns fought on the Western Front, if not the largest of the war. Only the Battle of Kursk, fought the previous July, had assembled a larger number of German Panzer divisions--twelve, against ten in Normandy; but at Kursk the German offensive had been defeated by minefields and anti-tank guns rather than by mobile riposte(a fencer's thrust following a parry). The Battle of the

Falaise gap, by contrast, took the form of a gigantic maneuver of twenty armored divisions (ten German, ten Allied), tank against tank, over 300 square miles of countryside and extending through the two weeks of frenzied movement and violent combat.-----

"For by 1944 the tanks did not operate, as they had in their palmy days, as independent spearheads; they advanced only in close concert with specialist infantry of their own, the Panzergrenadiers, and under the protective bombardment of supporting artillery. Defending infantry who left their trenches [the author is English] to make for safety, thus exposed themselves to several sorts of fire: that of the tanks themselves, that of the tanks' foot soldiers and that of their associated gunners. In the face of this most terrifying of assaults, therefore, the defenders struggled to hold their ground, counting on their own anti-tank weapons to hold the attackers at bay while calling for their own artillery support and air strike-if that were available-and hoping that friendly tanks would come forward to do battle with those of the enemy. In short, by 1944 the tank had ceased to be an autonomous instrument of strategy but had taken its place in an elaborate machinery of tactical attrition, which achieved its effects by a cumulative wearing down of resistance rather than by a rapier-like penetration of the enemy's front."

Keegan, John, The Second World War, 396-7.
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WELCOME TO THE 703RD

In August, 1942 two O.C.S. graduates, a 2nd Armored Alabamian and a 5th Armored Hoosier, were ordered to join the Third Armored at Rice, California. That would be after a leave, but they hoped to meet again at the largest hotel in Rice at noon on September 1, report in together, try be assigned to the same company. A batch of shavetails got off the train, 5:30 A.M., that day. The only things in sight was a tent and a water tower where the engine was resuscitating. The Hoosier was confident that the town was on the other side of the train that soon pulled out, but sand and a telephone line out into the distance was all that was there. Consternation by all for a bit till someone went to the tent, saw the telephone and called the division. They were told to "hang in", and in about an hour four 2.5 ton trucks ("6x6's)

showed up and they got to camp.

While waiting to see the Personnel Officer in order to be assigned to a unit, the Hoosier and the Alabamian got together again. Before the Colonel doing the assigning, they were asked the type of unit with which they wanted to serve. Both had basic training in the infantry, choosing that branch of the service. "No soap!" The officer told them that a goodly number of Ft. Benning O.C.S. graduates were to arrive the next day thus no openings in the infantry. "It has to be tanks or T.D.'s for you!" Being "cooped up" in a tank had no appeal for a trained dogfoot, nor did either of us know what a T.D. was, thus we both said, "T.D.!" That's how the two "Looies" ended up in Co. "A" of the 703rd T.D. Bn. in the Mohave Desert. When the story got around that they had tried to meet in the biggest hotel in Rice, it "got a lot of laughs".

Edward McIntyre

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SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING

In order to make the Road Block an agency for the collection of your personal experiences as members of the 703rd so that there will be a history of the battalion, your leaders and editor have asked you to reflect on the past and tell, write, or tape them for us. I tried it myself, recently, after an ordinary incident with Florence brought back memories about "A" Co. cooks!

We were visiting the DeCordoba Museum at Lake Walden west of Boston and went out to get something to eat for a picnic. Florence, (not me of course), using the word "sinful", chose Drake "Twinkies" and a bit of their fudge cake, --treats she enjoyed as a youngster. Instantly I recalled that Peter Kotarski, our "A" Co. mess sergeant had come out of and may have returned to the Drake Bakeries near Kingston, Pa. after the war. Later as I reflected, other events involving company mess came to mind.

My early reactions to the diet prescribed by the army, jocularly described as "S---on a S----", found me in agreement with my comrades. However, with time, and keeping it to myself, I was convinced that my health and even my taste had found sustenance in the field rations and, particularly, to Peter Kotarski's talents.--PLEASE HEAR ME OUT!

I grant you that scrubbing stoves on K.P., serving on the chowline at Camp Polk and having not a few men of the battalion

turn down the molasses, buttered squash that I loved, exchanging the coffee and popular parts of my field rations for lemon powder and pressed-fruit bars, and the cold diced carrots and raisins. These were but a few reasons that helped prevent my joining the general griping over army mess.

I recall three men in the Co. "A" kitchen.

1. "Matt" Arquilla's personality (the best of everything for him), seemed to fit what a Bostonian pictured as a Chicago "butcher boy", aggressive in defense of his turf, and he had a personal affliction for which he had to brew and consume a medicinal potion in a devilish-looking pot. His coarse behavior did not make the food he "slopped" onto our mess kits look tasteful! There were times when Matt softened his "approach"! Sure would like to visit with him again.

2. "Chief" Egnor, as mess sergeant, failed to handle his food supplies well. For instance, the men would get more bread than they'd want on one day and have to do with very little for days afterward. I recall him dressing down with fury the whole company at reveille, warning what he would do if he ever caught the soldier (Pat Scanlon) who swiped a tray of cherry pie during the early hours at our camp outside Mere, Wiltshire. That anger found expressive relief much later when the "Chief" and I were a few feet apart on guard near the coal mines of Belgium. His rifle shots killed one of two German soldiers who would not yield to our challenge. Shortly before he had learned of a close relative having been K.I.A.'d in another theater.

3. "Pete" Kotarski was unusual in making his duties fit his need to be himself, that is to be a decent person, war or no war! Often, and surprisingly, he served Sunday breakfasts on the march up into Belgium, with eggs cooked as each "trooper" liked them and other treats he put together. He added to his "pantry supplies" till even some "seconds" were available! At one time he appropriated from some civilian source a hand-operated ice cream machine. For days he stored cream till he was sure he could produce enough such dessert for all the men. "Pete" and his crew, at times, had their vehicle up there to feed us a hot meal in range of enemy fire.

"Pete" was never a person to keep a conversation going, though his friendly smile indicated he enjoyed company. Someone once joked about "Pete" never having made more than \$28.00 per week in his life time! I wish

I knew what happened during the rest of his life,--hoping he found even more to share with his neighbors. In the environment of battle "Pete" drew our compliments. He knew how to use that \$28.00 per week to make something out of nothing! Editor

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SGT. WILLIE G. (PRICE, that is)

A story in the Road Block just jogged my memory.

It told of a German tank K.O.'d by Price, Sgt. Willie G.

I couldn't recall the incident, but I remembered the man.

He came from Twyla, Kentucky, (find that on the map if you can).

It was shortly before The Breakthrough that the Colonel reassigned me,

And I took command of the second platoon, Company "C", seven aught three.

I had barely reported in when the order came to "Roll!",

I knew not the names of any of the men who were under my control.

We were attached to Task Force Lovelady, and we drove south through the night, Reaching our objective just before the morning light.

The Colonel's troops occupied the hill, but we were a half mile down.

He'd assigned us to set up a road block at a crossroad leading to town.

I reconnoitered the area selecting sites to place each destroyer,

That's when I first met Price, my Sergeant ?? He sounded more like a clubhouse lawyer.

I walked each commander to the site I'd picked, and they moved their T.D.'s in place,

That is, -except-Sgt. Willie G. He put his nose in my face.

"Lieutenant", he said, "Let's get this straight. I'm responsible for my crew, So when my destroyer takes a position, it will be picked by me, not you.

You just have to tell me what you want covered, set up my field of fire.

I'll pick the spot where I can do it best, You'll get what you require."

I told him I agreed with him, and I promised not to do it again,

But, thereafter, when I picked his site, I'd call him and say, "Let me explain, I want your destroyer to cover this field."

I'd show him from the point I had picked, and He'd say, "Well that's a good spot for that." So I had that problem licked, -he took on every task willingly, volunteered for every patrol. He wanted to come home a hero, often risking life and soul. But medals seemed hard to come by, so I tell you, Sgt. Willie G., It's not what's ON your chest, but what's inside. You are always a hero to me.

"Hap" Paulson

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ON FERCHAUD'S JAW!

Walt Mesunas added some details to Woolner's piece in STARS AND STRIPES in the 703rd Road Block, Vol. I, No. 1.

When Walt was having his destroyer move into position to fire on a German tank at "Ranes-Fromental", an emplaced "88" in a forested area sent a round a bit high and knocked the .50 cal. machine gun off the turret of his destroyer. Unfortunately it struck Ferchaud his platoon leader in the jaw area. Walt immediately decided that his destroyer would be hit with the next round, and ordered the men to abandon their vehicle. All made it into a ditch as did Ferchaud. Nevertheless, the lieutenant, evidently dazed from his injury, started back to the destroyer. Mesunas wrestled him back below ground level to safety as the next German round set the destroyer on fire. Capt. Cole saw the action and called for air support, fighter bombers that knocked out the "88"!

When the destroyer crew was temporarily back with Hq. Co., Capt. Cole applied for a Bronze citation for Walt because of his effort in saving Ferchaud's life.

EDITOR'S QUERY

1. Was this event at Fromental proof that the Germans were of a whole piece in organizational ability as they refused to be surrounded in the Falaise Gap action? Were Cole and Ferchaud conned into an ambush with Jerry using as bait that tank that Micenas was getting ready to hit?

2. What info did Ferchaud and Cole have on the situation? Had those elements of the task force backed up by T.D.'s faced fire from that "bait" then called for T.D. action? We need more information. Let's hear from you!

BANG'S BANGING!

Telling a humorous yarn when there were so many sacrifices, trauma, injuries to recall, seems out of place. All I can "brag about" is that I hauled fuel to "C" Co. destroyers and they never ran short. The fuel trucks and personnel were in Hq. Co. It was late in the fall of 1944 and the scrap around Stolberg had eased. Cpl. Joe Greco, probably an immigrant what with his fractured English, was in charge of supplying gas for the battalion via the three trucks on the way to Belgium for diesel fuel driven by Fred Tody, Ernie Kerwin and me. It was a nice day, roads clear, no danger, and after loading on the west side of town we started back. There it was, a sign that said, "Welcome--Ice Cream!" and I hit the brakes. It took two minutes to get some, but waiting for us outside were the M.P.'s who placed us under arrest! The shop was "OFF LIMITS!" The sign that attracted us had kept our eyes from the military warning that ordered us not to do business there. I wondered where those M.P.'s were when the 703rd came through under fire.

We were taken in convoy before a Provost Marshall dressed in pinks, looking as if he was awaiting inspection by the Adjutant General. Joe Greco, no Rhodes scholar, had to get us out of it and he tried. The officer quietly told us that the warnings were there to be read and advised us that we faced a court martial. Greco praised the record of his men,--that the ice cream sign had tempted them.

The officer asked, "Gentlemen! Do you know about Bang's disease?"

Greco parried what he held to be a bit offensive and asserted himself, "But, sir, these men ain't fooling around with no women,--we ain't bangin' any women--all we were doin' was goin' in there,--was getting ice cream!!"

I generally stand in the back everywhere. My policy during World War II was to keep a low profile. However when I heard Joe's protest, I understood why, specifically, the shop was off limits and Joe, our defense counsel, was not too well informed about some of the livestock diseases.

I walked up and told the Major that I knew of Bang's disease having been raised on a Midwest farm. "I apologize for my part in not seeing the signs!--Are there any options to this court martial?"

The Provost Marshall passed it off as at

the level of a traffic violation, "A \$24 fine for each of you for a guilty plea on the spot, or to be turned over to your company commander for disciplining."

Knowing that S. Strother Smith, our C.C., generally appeared to have it in for enlisted men, I announced that I was quite ready to plead guilty. So did the others and we were soon back with the company.

Two weeks later Capt. Smith tore into me. I told him, "Sir, even if we only have two stripes we didn't want to lose, we were not too sure how understanding you would be to our eating ice cream off limits!" There was no more talk about the incident. We felt embarrassed by it.

I've always wondered what the army did with that \$24 they fined us. I wonder if those M.P.'s threw a beer party or something! I'll never forget that summary court martial. If Joe Greco is alive, I'd like to ask him if he ever learned the difference between a venereal disease and something that Dr. Louis Pasteur took care of many years ago!

Fred Hunt (Hq.)

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### "JERRY" GOT THERE BEFORE JIM ROBERTS!

The following is an account of my capture at Ranès, France on or about 8/16/44.

As I recall going back 46 years, I was attached to Col. Hogan's task force and at a briefing at about 4:00 A.M. on the 16th, I was ordered to set up a road block on the edge of Ranès as follows.

"Go down this road to Ranès center, turn left and go about a half mile down a road bordered by a long brick wall to a curve at the end of the road and set up a road block with your T.D.'s."

Col. Hogan also said our infantry had cleared the area several hours previously. It may have been that my virgin ears didn't hear this quite clearly because four P-47's curved in just at dawn, bombing and strafing an area not more than a quarter of a mile from Hogan's C.P.!

Having been told that the road I was to block had been cleared, we went into town with buildings burning. It was quite a mess. When we came to the road bordered by the long brick wall, I halted my platoon of T.D.'s before turning left because the road was covered with undisturbed dust and debris and gave no indication that anyone had used it recently. That little alarm bell told me to

halt my platoon in place and reconnoiter the road block position in my peep. Sgt. Hart drove, a radio operator, and I approached the curve in the road past the wall. I remember telling Sgt. Hart to slow down, but he swung into the curve going about 20 m.p.h. instead of 10. As we made the curve I saw two things that meant trouble. A Mark V, nicely camouflaged, was off to the side of the road about 50 yards from us, the three of us were looking down the barrel of its gun. At the same time I looked to the right and saw a soldier wearing the wrong helmet!

Sgt. Hart hit the brakes and at the same time machine guns opened up smashing our radio, tires and motor; miraculously, we were not hit. We leaped from the peep into a ditch which was occupied by about seven German soldiers. We were disarmed and walked to a building where S.S. troops were resting on bales of hay. One of the Germans came over to us and in broken English tried to interrogate us. Strangely, he seemed surprised at our being Americans. After a half hour with him an officer came up and directed me to come with him. This was where I was split from Sgt. Hart and my radio operator. I was put in a V.K. Jeep and taken to a Co. C.P. and then to what I think was a regimental C.P. I thought that because many of the German officers appeared to be of high rank. I was then taken into a small outbuilding where I joined an Australian Spitfire pilot who had been shot down the day before. Unfortunately I have forgotten his name, but I remember that he didn't like British rations or that we were prisoners. His strong desire was to get back to his unit and get another Spitfire,-- "a gung ho Aussie!"

After several hours we were taken to a divisional C.P.(?) to be interrogated. An S.S. Col.(?) from "Das Reich- Adolf Hitler" Division and an Oberleutnant named Ernst Brewer questioned me. While I was answering by the rules, the Oberleutnant took my wallet and from my driver's license learned I was from Chatham, N. J. He immediately asked me if I had ever eaten ice cream at a store next to the Community Theater in Morristown, N.J. I had, and he proudly told me that before the war he had owned it. That was the last of the humor, because I, jokingly asked him if he had had any ice cream lately!

The Aussie and I were put under guard, placed in a peep, and for six days or so were driven in convoy with the Germans. During this time, though firmly treated, we were not

physically abused. Our rations were cider and an egg. We assumed we were on our way to a Stalag. On the morning of the 22nd(?), after having spent our fifth night sleeping on cow dung, we were awakened by a furious artillery barrage, coming in like rain, presumably from "105's!"

The Germans called it automatic cannon fire. It was so bad we took off with two of our guards and ran into what looked like a sand quarry, digging in with our hands to get as sheltered as possible. The barrage seemed to continue for hours though it probably lasted for only forty-five minutes.

The German troops that were on the road with us scattered for cover, and one of our guards had taken off for a better place. In recalling what happened, during the "105" barrage the remaining guard apparently, decided that he had had it and wanted out. I don't blame him. As the barrage lifted we were in our quarry and the remaining Germans seemed to ignore us.

A large open meadow sloped to a river close by which seemed a source of what we had learned by then was friendly machine gun

fire. The Aussie and I looked at each other and took off across the meadow. Strangely, our guard joined us. Halfway down the meadow to the river, it turned out to be Canadians who began to fire at us, unable to distinguish the three scare-crows as escapees. I was hit on my upper left thigh by a bullet and knocked flat on my butt---only a flesh wound, but I had learned fast that they have an impact. We promptly returned to our friendly quarry. At dusk it seemed quiet so we again went down the meadow to the river which was fairly shallow, and worked our way down to a bridge, to sit in the water while the Germans crossed it in retreat.

During a lull in the activity, a Canadian patrol working its way along the river bank found us and led us back to General Crevais' HQ. where we were interrogated, fed, treated and given transportation back to Omaha Beach where we hoped to find our way back to our units.

At this point, the Aussie and I had hoped to be welcomed, but having no I.D. and no insignia left, we were placed under guard while the 1st Army was contacted. Evidently the 1st Army somehow believed the beach people's story and I was given transport to 1st Army HQ. This was the good part. At 1st Army HQ. I met a Lt. Col. who remembered

playing football against me in Montclair, N.J. in 1937. He was great. He didn't know exactly where the 3rd Armored was located, but he gave me a driver and a C&R car to help me find my way back. We shook hands and I took off, flying by the seat of my pants. It took me 2 1/2 days of hard driving to find the division and the 703rd. I had returned and an adventure ended. Looking back, I was lucky in an episode I will never forget!

P.S. Sgt. Hart and my radio operator were imprisoned in a stalag until the Russians liberated them. They were sent to Russia, I am told, and finally returned to U.S. control. This I learned after the war. I have been unable to learn the whereabouts of Sgt. Hart or my radio operator to this day. If anyone knows, please send me their addresses.

Jim Roberts

[Editor's Query] You spent about six days riding an open vehicle with German troops who were thought elite as to ability. What did you learn?

Back in Chatham, did you ever inquire about Ernst Brewer and his life in the Morris County area?

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#### ENLISTED MAN WOUNDED IN ACTION!

"The Bulge", January 18, 1945, -  
 ----it had been one of the hardest--if not the hardest fights in which the division had been engaged. The "Spearhead" emerged victorious but badly mauled.--On January 13th, Col. Yeomans' 33rd Reconnaissance Bn. astonished his colleagues and the Germans, when seemingly stopped, found a soft area, and moved south to where his road blocks cut the Houffalize-St. Vith highway. (Spearheading, p.19.) "Yeoman's Task Force hit SOMMERAINNE from the east, but was unable to penetrate its defenses on the 15th.--Enemy opposition became very heavy in the whole division sector on 15 January. Tanks, anti-tank guns, small arms fire and very heavy artillery and mortar fire were met all day. Losses in this day's fighting were severe." On the 16th Yeomans took SOMMERAINNE, forcing the enemy south. He held on to the town.--Elements of the 4th Cavalry Group took over the sector from VAUX west to the division boundary on January 18th relieving Yeomans, Kane and Hogan."Richardson and Lovelady planned future moves, but the division was ordered to head for "rest areas"!

The Germans had paid heavily, but they had managed to pull out in fair order. (Spearhead In The West, 231-233.)

REPO-DEPOT SCRIBBLING!

Closing out the north area of the German attack into the Ardennes, mid-January, 1945.--on the 14th of January--Lt. Henderson(A-1) received orders to join T.F. Yeomans. I rejoined the platoon, and at noon we moved to BIHAIN (Yeoman's H.Q.) and up to enemy contact. Lt. Bugganer's platoon, C. Co., had knocked out a PZKW V., but the destroyer had had its side pierced by a Mark IV. With Schutt's destroyer still with the 2nd platoon, Toma on his way home on a 30 day furlough, O'Conner would have led but he was in the hospital. We moved outside SOMERAINE and relieved Bugganer's platoon. Paulsen (C) had his platoon close by. I sent our location to the third platoon. Picha who had been riding with me went over to Cook's destroyer. Hennings(??) and I slept in a German dugout near our M-20.

Next day, the 15th, a company command M4(Sherman), an artillery observor's tank, and an M-8 with an air-to-ground liaison mission, had pulled in close by. About noon we heard that SOMERAINE had been entered. HOUF-FALIZE, the Task Force objective, was still held by the Germans. Later it was taken by the 2nd Armored Division who were on our right. T/Sgt. Jonker, a platoon leader of the 36th Inf., gathered his squad leaders to instruct them for the coming move. Lt. Henderson ordered me to go over to Cook's destroyer about 150 yds. away. When I finally got started, I was still close to our M-20, the other vehicles and the infantrymen when German artillery round gave its short "whe-ush" that informed me it would hit close to us! I headed back the 15 or 20 yds. and as I dived into the dugout a piece of shrapnel helped me along, leaving two holes just below my right buttock. John Prior fixed me up and I went from the 32nd Armored Reg't. battalion aid station to Co..C 45th Medics and a long ride to HUY and an evacuation hospital; from there to the 12th Field Hospital and a fair night's sleep with penicillin shots every 15 minutes.

The above was written when I was back with the "703rd" early in May at Halle-Leipzig. The Medics had been up against it in the Battle of the Bulge and quickly sent lightly wounded non-complainers to the "U.K."

So it went with me. I helped out at the hospital in England until my "rump" was healed. A leave followed that included a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" at Stratford-On-Avon, and then I had to join the replacement process (repo-depot) in order to get back to my outfit. Writing sharpened my experience. Much that I wrote was in the form of letters I never sent. They generally dealt with visits I had had with English friends. Included was a pencilled, detailed narrative written sometime during the Spring of 1945 describing the scene as I was hit and evacuated.

It was certainly most fortunate, my being sent to the U.K., "Mass-handling", as I explained it. There I was, disappointed with the G.I. griping in the service hospitals. There were so many desperately wounded men that needed medical help, and the characters who "bitched" for little reason did not get back to the U.K. as soon as I did. I always believed I had been rewarded for not giving anyone a hard time. The horror of battle was far behind. I listened with wonder as fellow patients exchanged yarns even about their hemorrhoids. One fellow had been wounded in his slit trench even before he had met his squad leader, or another, having stumbled across France, never having a target, finally shot at enemy dogfeet as if it was a turkey shoot!

I continually felt I had no "beef", that there was something intelligent about all that had happened, at least I would make it so for my own satisfaction. Lady Luck had blessed the right person!-----

I had driven the lightly armored M-20 leading the platoon of self-propelled anti-tank guns. The platoon leader looked back occasionally as he had crouched next to me, protecting himself from possible sniping or in case incoming German mortars had a message for him, right at that moment 200 yds. to our left. The combat team to which we were then attached had been holding a small salient across the road which overlooked the task force objective, and we rushed into a patch of woods to take up positions. The defensive setup was like a huge donut from which a good bite had been taken. The road through where the bite had been taken was wider than a tank.

Light snow was falling and was crisp under their tracks. The trees, stirring slightly, dropped sprays of cold snow on



their faces. Along the sides of the lane were piles of German ammo and except for the occasional sound that seemed like a rough piece of paper being torn and echoing a German light-machine gun, they anticipated the sound of an incoming enemy round! Our own slower-firing "Brownings", mortar rounds, and the whistle of shells overhead proved that we had more ammo and targets than Jerry. Lt. Henderson found a German dugout close by in which we might rest for the short night. The men wondered about our infantry on the fringe of the "donut", the men who suffered most in all ways.

In the morning almost all the tools of war made themselves clear. Shells seemed to be coming from all directions. The sound of incoming "mail" gave us exercise with combat forms of pushups. Other rounds appeared to be aimed at the positions at the fringe of the woods. There were no sounds of machine guns, though. I never was very hungry in combat, but the cold coffee and the bit of meat and egg from my rations were satisfying. My gun checked, I watched the bustling activity around the immediate area. We learned the attack was to continue. There were too many people and vehicles close together. There were an artillery observer tank, a tank officer's tank, a liaison team for air support, looking for a clearing day. Lt. Henderson was bustling about learning our part in the day's activities. Incoming artillery rounds were infrequent, but sternly reminded us Jerry was with us!

When the platoon leader was close to the M-20, I asked, "Are we moving out, sir?" The officer looked about a little confused. "No, not right now.----Would you go up to Cook and tell him to bring the destroyer down here so that we'll be ready. It's down this bit of road about 100 yards and right at the edge of the woods."

"Yes, sir!". I did not look where he went, but wondered what was going to happen. I automatically checked my rifle belt. There was tension in my throat and on my forehead which made me look about. I heard the officer's command in my mind. There was no cover close to the width of the narrow road. I hated the tension, yet I had been bright, alert all morning. I thought about "hate"! I loved natural conflict, men against the elements, mind allying itself with nature and creating science and aesthetics,---but men destroying each other, I hated!

I saw a rainbow in each particle of

snow that fell from a branch, some onto my neck. The tingling coldness told me I had a job to do. They would take the town and the gap would be closed. Then would come rest, regrouping. All units had been hit hard. The attacks at dark, at midnight and 3:00 A.M., and at dawn found regiments' personnel declining in numbers to that of battalions, companies to platoons!

I passed in front of the two tanks and a pile of Kraut mortar and anti-tank ammo. The non-com, infantry platoon leader had many of his men about him examining a map to learn what part they were to play. A jeep and a 3/4 Ton truck pulled in close by. Tank motors turned over, other motors within in earshot, surprisingly near. They had committed the old blunder, "bunchin' up!"

An instantaneous rush of air and terrific concussion made me grit my teeth and crouch. It was yards to the dugout. Ahead I had a message to deliver. Men were scattering everywhere, mostly to the right for cover. I turned back, low, explosions deadening my ears. The earth, sun, and trees were a jumble. Safety and the mouth of the dugout,--men going in a dive, with and after me! A force knocked me prone in the narrow entrance. I crouched to leap in further, and a sharp pain high on my leg threw me inside. "I'm hit!", I felt ashamed, felt for the hurt, my head light, no helmet! I and those who followed squeezed as low into the straw as we could go. The earth shook more and more. The straw smelled sweet,--the hurt felt warm and almost comfortable. Surprisingly there was silence. I crawled outside to find my helmet and carbine. The empty can of Jerry sardines was still there as was the Jerry smell of ammo and wool,--the stench of powder and the fine snow. I stood and started to go where I had been ordered. Better wait! I would shake the shock from my head. Something sticky on my leg. Back into the shelter. ----

A doughfoot held his own hand, "Got me in the fingers", he quietly said.

I felt for my pant leg,--no hole. Must have bumped the side,--funny hurt, though! The message,--had to get it up there. I started out, men running everywhere. That hurt drew my hand. There was a hole! I heard the call, "Medic, medic" nearby, and I walked towards John Prior's destroyer. "John?"

No one had their head up in the turret of the destroyer, its big gun covering the road. Looking up, the sun came through the trees and gave color to the green needles,

the bark. "Are you all right", John called as his head appeared. "Guess I've a small hole in my leg".--"Can you get up in here?" he called. It would be safer. All was still except a loud scream, "Medic"! The lad climbed slowly up and over into the turret. Five men were crouched close to the "gun".

"Get your pants down and I'll dress it," John's blue eyes were dimmed with the sadness that spelled his feelings when things were hot. Cold air chilled my thigh! There was a red hole there. "You've got two wounds!" He opened the packet of yellow sulfa powder on the belt above the holes and sprinkled the infection check on them, then the gauze, the tying around the leg. I had thought Prior capable. I knew it now.

"Better get in an ambulance and go back. You'll get a break for a while." Both men dismounted. Again ---- the air's crispness!

"Where's Lt. Henderson, John? He might have been hit! Does that other destroyer know it's supposed to be down here?"

"Don't worry. Get in an ambulance. Leave your gun and belt in your M-20." John climbed into his destroyer.

Hobbling a bit, hoping the bandage would not slip, I felt less confused under a bright sun. I could see and think, but the shelling put pressure in my forehead. I had to keep it from breaking my nerves, driving almost all observation from my senses.--No more Jerry artillery,--more clarity. I could see more about me.

Over by the tanks a "medic" halftrack had stopped. The unwounded were grabbing, opening litters. The sun made the red crosses on the armor stand out. Everyone was running in mortal fear. "Hurry, hurry!" They didn't bother with the artillery observer's radio operator, but the lieutenant lying prone under the curve of the belly of the tank motioned weakly. "Take care of the others!" A "medic" sergeant had cut away what was left of the Lieutenant's pant leg. Gosh! The flying steel had cut through and exposed the meat and bone of his calf. The flow of blood did not seem that much as the sun and snow did tricks with absorption. They slid him on the litter and lifted him into the "track". He was still pointing at his operator weakly, "Help him!"

I was trying to help. A little "medic", one arm ensnared, red crosses all over his helmet, quivering in shock, stumbled over a torn German shell case on the ground. A round must have landed in a pile of ammo and

exploded. His voice matched his quivering. "In the hole,--get 'em! He held his hand to his head. They were taking them from a dugout across the road. A lanky moustached Medic called, "More litters", and the "track" filled up. Shattered legs, arms, bloodless faces. "Get me the hell out of here, please, please? Oh! Mama! help me please! They shoved and he was inside. No more room, and a tottering mass of man folded, in every joint like a part of a child's tumbling pile of blocks.--No more room.-----"Let's get out of here", and the "track" took off!

I limped back into the crowded destroyer. "No more room, John", and I sat holding my head,--the turret felt safe. It was turning out to be a nice winter's day. At least the airplane observer had not been hit, I hoped. Wonder where the Lieutenant was? The platoon would not know what to do on the jump off?

"There's a "three-quarter": climb in that," John helped me out and over. Suddenly I saw the radio bug. From inside the tank, voices. Someone inside the tank was calling, "Where's the radio man?" John approached and started to say, "Here help this--" and wrinkles formed over his brow. He turned away his eyes sick, throat trembling..

The radio non-com of the artillery observation tank still wore a helmet, unscratched. He lay like a lad in bed, his knees pulled up, his hands at his knees to press them between his legs to warm them. His face,--there was none. His eyes must have rolled into the snow and left bloodless balls because the sockets were empty. The hole in the center must have been a nose. There were no lips. It was sickening even though the sun was on the helmet and blood did not flow. It was just pink and red, and the snow under him and on his fingertips were sickly red. He was dead, of course! Dead!

"Any more in the dugout? That tank commander was coolheaded. I slipped onto the truck. John had said, "Take care..." A litter slipped under my leg and hurt but I didn't move. "Where you hit, Sarge?" a fingerless G.I. spoke. The figure in the litter said, "Gimme a smoke,--heck! My knee ain't there and my elbow hurts. Got it in the chest, too!" Nevertheless he smiled.

For a moment I felt shut off. The division objective was close by. They'd be out of it for a rest! That sun brought thoughts of peace, kids coasting in that snow. The sense of the odor of bread coming from the bakeries

703rd Road Block -11-

of Belgian villages, the pails of milk, and a pink cheeked girl. But the blood, the pressure on my forehead, and a rest. I'd be back and I would see it again and the pressure, it would come, but be no worse because there was the sun. It would dry up the blood and the earth would claim its goodness. -----The litter was heavy on my knee, but it could not hurt for I saw the sun, I must see the sun.-----  
\*\*\*\*\*

BITTER HUMOR

Training hikes were one form of aggravation, but as a P.O.W., "Charlie" Bornstein and other G.I.'s were on very short rations and being marched toward what they would learn was Stalag 6A, a small transit camp. The two "Kraut" guards on the march were not of a bad sort, but forced "Charlie" and another P.O.W. to carry their rucksacks. "

"--we were so hungry--we knew that the\_rucksacks had bread and cheese in them so as we marched along at night I was opening the bag of the man in front of me, and one of the men was opening the bag on the back of me.--When the morning came, the Germans were hungry, opened up their bags and found that the food was gone. We got hell for that ! !  
\*\*\*\*\*

EVAN REGAS OUGHT TO KNOW THIS!

"When we were in basic training at Camp Polk, we had our first full-field inspection, everything laid out on our cots. The Captain came in the tent. We all came to attention. He looked around, inspected us, and left. The Sergeant that was with him came back to me for my name.

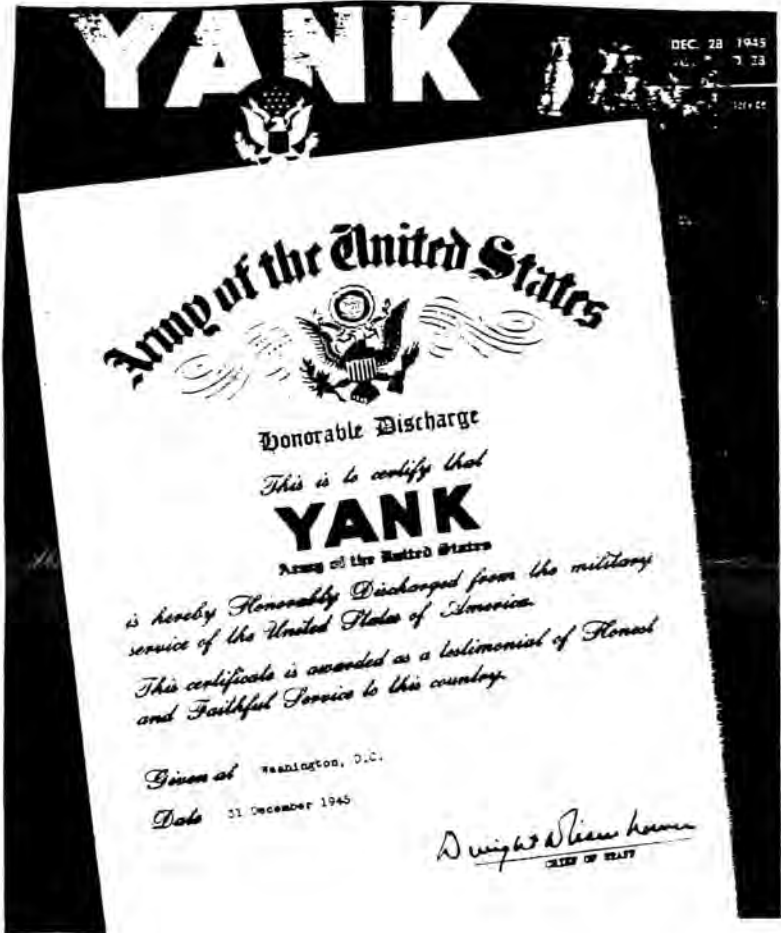
I asked him, "Anything wrong?" He said that Capt. Regas told him that I was the only one that looked and acted like a soldier. I don't think he would remember this, but I do!  
Dick Ligatti  
\*\*\*\*\*

Marge Is Getting  
Real Well!

A couple of issues ago we asked you to send Marge Krupnow our best wishes for a speedy recovery from surgery. When Fred wrote recently there was no mention of his better half, but his Christmas card had the good news. Fred's a sensitive guy and wrote below, promising even more for the Road Block.

"On 12/28/1945 the E.T.O. lost a

very good friend. No! He wasn't snafued but discharged. We relished his weekly visit, his news close by or bits from home. For a few brief moments he would make you forget where you were or why. He brought snapshots of enlisted men or officers, guys in some kind of jam. I couldn't figure who his friends might be! He had sad, good or brighter news of tomorrow,--all in all a good guy to know.



I sure missed his not coming. I wanted to check in with him when I got home,-- not to be,--good things had to come to an end. Strange, a friend for months, gone. There we were, closely knit friends, all for one, now scattered, each doing his own thing. I wouldn't take a million for my experience, but I wouldn't give a dime to redo it!

That old friend was Y A N K, the army weekly, of course. He had a relative called, Stars And Stripes, but that's another story.

P.S. I wonder how many of you old timers remember that song, "Twenty One Dollars a Day Once a Month?" Fred Krupnow (Hq.)  
\*\*\*\*\*

In a letter that shows you what the McKiernans are really like, Don (A) got to reflect on my visit to them in Ithaca, N.Y. in the '50's, when Dawn and Mickey were toddlers, full of fun!--Those children are now "into their forties".

On the phone with her mother, Yolana, recently, Dawn remarked, "Gee! I'm reaching middle age!" Yolana came back as every 703rd

woman can only respond to such a challenging remark from her child,--"How can you be middle-aged!--I haven't got there, Y E T !"

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CAN YOU TOP THIS!

From a Great Letter 8-20-90

"Sometime after the Bulge we were working our way into Germany. I think it was Boswell (A) and I who were riding the T.D. as security. The T.D. suddenly spotted a German tank ahead in the road. We dismounted. The T.D. got into position and blasted a round and at the same time that blast appeared to have caused rocks, dirt and other debris to come flying back toward us. I was hit between the shoulder blades, with the debris about an inch from my spine. It felt as if I had been slugged with a baseball bat. Boswell checked my back and I decided to wait for the medics. The tank and Boswell moved ahead. As I waited for the medics, I did not worry about dying, but did about being taken prisoner! The medics soon got to me and back I was sent to an aid station. I was able to walk, and with so many other guys there really 'messed up', they finally got to me, and sent me back to the U.K.(Manchester), where medical care soon had me back in Europe via the ill-reputed "Repo-Depos"--finally back to the 703rd.

What with occasional leaves ("R.& R."), someone in the company thought it a great idea for everyone to fork over on pay day up to a dollar so that men going on "R.& R." would have a little spending money "in the states"! I spoke against it because some men would pay and never get leave to enjoy a share in the pool. Shortly after that I was notified that I was the next one going home because I was hit three times and hospitalized once. A Bronze Star man was given leave. So I went to Capt. Cole and collected. Each of us received \$150. Not a bad investment. I think I paid less than \$2.00 into the pool, got \$150, and I had objected to the pool!

News came through that F.D.R. had died as I returned. The point system was established and I went to Fort Dix for discharge, and a 10% disability status. I was married the day the war ended in Europe."

(It is difficult not to interpret the above in either of two ways. Ralph married Helen because he received 10% disability payments, or Helen decided marriage was the only way the money would be properly used! BUT YOU AINT' HEARD NOTHIN' YET!)

"I collected the disability and used it to pay the army life insurance. After five years I bought a house and was doing all kinds of heavy work with no back problems. Helen suggested that since I had recovered from the reason I was on disability, I should have it discontinued, which I tried to do.

The government agency answered my letter in the following manner.

'----if you want to increase your disability rating you must send medical evidence to support your claim.'

See how much attention they paid to my letter! I think I should be in Ripley's, Believe It Or Not, for I'm the only man in the armed services since the formation of the revolutionary army, who asked to have his disability pension discontinued!"

Ralph D. F. Steinhart (A-1)

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MATERIALS OF HISTORY

We need more from you. Add to this note, modify it. Tell us of related events!

" I was wounded in France on July 12, 1944 at which time Jim Allen(B) was killed. Wolski(B) was wounded and also Lagassi. I was shipped to a hospital in England and returned to the outfit somewhere in Germany about two months later. I was assigned to Bill Crochetiere's tank destroyer after Morrie(B) was killed. I stayed with Bill's T.D. through the Battle of the Bulge where French was killed.--It's hard to remember--it's so many years ago. I do remember that it was bitter cold. We hadn't seen the inside of a building for a long time." John Czajkowski (B)

From the 703rd Tank Destroyer Bn. report, the SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS: 1 July 44 - 31 July 44, portions of which were chosen in relation to John's note.

On 0300, 11 July 44, enemy shell fire landed on Bn CP. One (1) EM killed, two(2)

wounded. One 1/4 T. truck destroyed by fire after a direct hit by an enemy shell.--At 0800, 12 July 44, Co. B was strafed by friendly planes at Hill 91. The Co. was on an objective at the time waiting to be relieved by the Infantry. Two EM were wounded.----

On the 13th of July 44 Co. "B" remained attached to CCB, 3rd A.D. --Two plts in the vicinity of HTS VENTS for the past three days, 1st Plt. in the rear as reserve. Co. B had been under continuous artillery and mortar fire, to date had casualties, 1 EM killed, 1 seriously wounded. 2 M-10's had been temporarily put out of action and the Co. had to its credit one (1) Mk IV (confirmed) and had shared in another Mk IV with the bazooka men of the 36th Arm'd Inf. The confirmed Mk IV tank was destroyed by Direct-Indirect method at a range of 200 yds. Co. B had expended a total of forty one (41) rds. of ammo including such targets as church steeples, OP's, MG nests etc.-----

Siebert's reports for December, dated 3 Jan 45, reported 14 battle casualties for the month, 6 in Co. "B", 4 each in "A" and "C"., 8 non-battle casualties including the death of Lt. Bangs via accident. Al Morrie(B) was KIA'd on 12-23-44.

In the Bulge. ---Jan 13, 1945-- 1st Plt. Co. "B" reported one (1) EM KIA by enemy artillery.--On Jan. 14th, 1945, 1st plt. "B" Co. destroyed (2) Mk IV tanks in the west edge of AV-TILLEUL during the attack on BACLAIN.

On Jan. 15, 1945 Co. "B" CP in vicinity of LOMRE. One TD, 1st plt., was hit by three rounds of enemy A.T. and burned while supporting T.F. YEOMANS (83rd Recon. Bn.) but was able to destroy one Mk IV tank before it was hit. The 1st Plt. of Co. "B" reported 1 EM KIA by direct HE fire. The 2nd Plt. Co. "B" destroyed 2 assault guns on Mk IV chassis which were moving from CHERAIN toward BACLAIN.

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EDITOR'S QUERY

Was French killed on the 13th or 15th? If someone would tell us we would be closer to the truth of what happened!

Anyone able to fill us in on "B" Co. and its role in the surprising and successful move of YEOMAN's that helped end the Bulge sooner?



Co. "B", Lt. Ball, Johnson, French, Crochetiere, Misiaszck, Czajkowski



Cerrito, Laughing, Finger, Mesiaszk Crochetiere, ? ? (B)

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MEN AND WOMEN? -or hot air?

"-----The only thing that I found amazing was that the single men of the battalion could always form a casual liason with the milkmaids, les Mademoiselles und die Frauleins, but the married men always had to find a lasting relationship with whomever they became interested. I'd still like to go back to the docks and dredge for all the engagement rings that were thrown overboard. It would be cheaper than raising the Titanic, and would yield a lot more gold!"

(From a letter filled with many memories that ring true. Is the above valid? Let me know!--Editor.)

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703rd Road Block -14-  
SEARCH AND BRING ALIVE

The Ligattis(C) wrote your editor that Sam Backus(C) said he would try to locate Kosylo(C), Evan Regas' one time orderly. Kosylo has an address to which the Ligattis return Christmas cards with success, while when we send him a 703 Road Block or a postcard, they get sent back to us. If Sam finds he's at the address we have, I'll check with the Postmaster.

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LET'S GET WITH IT, GENTLEMEN !

Are the members of this association trying to help increase our membership? If John Prior(A) is still alive and complaining about army foulups, why hasn't Jack Moriarty (A) given us his address? Sure hope both of you are in the best of health! With that numerous, handsome and lovely family of "Cazimir" George Piepiora(A) to help, we ought to be able to get even with Prior by exposing him to these 703 Road Blocks! That will cure his negative attitude! He might even come through with his dues.



Piepiora's Brood Less Two  
August, 1983  
\*\*\*\*\*

"The Sourest Puss!"

Way back when you should have seen them look at each other, C. George Piepiora(A-Hq) made an impression on your editor. (See "Once You Get To Know the Soldier {B}" in an earlier issue.) At the reunion we talked a bit. There was that deeply lantern-jawed grin and the sympathetic eyes. Not at the reunion was

Jack Moriarty (A-2). We missed this great "Irishman", his freckled-faced humor. Whenever we could get together to shoot the breeze, you should have seen when Jack and "Piepiora" wouldn't believe each other, the leveling sneers they gave each other put observers "in stitches"! Talk about humorous mutual disdain! Really great human beings!

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McIntyre's Bivouac!

Be There! "Ed" McIntyre and Everett Stites will arrive at the Third Armored Reunion, Clarion Hotel, St. Louis, a day early. They will check in on Tuesday, September 17, 1991. They hope to get together the next day and shape up the 703rd Reunion in 1992. Any members of the association who can make it are most welcome to join them and help in the planning.

Have you made your plans and will join us at the Third Armored Reunion in St. Louis?

See The Enclosed Form

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Schutt's Orderly Room

Where are we to have our 1992 reunion? Last October Lora and I toured R.I., Conn., N.Y., and Penn. At a resort we shall have to have 40-50 rooms for 75-100 folks. It can't be small. Equally, you have requested Conn. and Ohio. A few respondents would meet anywhere from N.Y. to Utah. R.I. has no possibilities. Cape Cod in the Spring is not affordable. Czajkowski found nothing of size in Conn. Downey found prices too high around Cooperstown, N.Y. The Catskills (Kutcher's) as of Nov., 1989, is unfavorable. Seaton Perry checked Alexander Bay, N.Y. (Thousand Islands), 2 resorts, \$100/day per person plus. Santino sent Hap info on Downingtown, Penn, and McIntyre will check it out soon. A county tax has been added in various states since our last reunion. Mt. Airy received a thumbs up from those who came to the last reunion, though activities near the area were limited in number. The price was hard to beat. We need your help!

It's time for members to send dues, \$10, and \$10 for the Road Block.

Expenses 1990!

Three issues of the newsletter cost \$712.56. We are \$87.52 over budget on mailings.

Hospitality Room at Mt. Airy. \$152.70.  
Resources: Checking-\$340.90 C.D.@ 7.5%-\$1000  
\*\*\*\*\*

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.

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

Richard Langerveld checked in with some cash, a note full of well wishes, physical tribulations. He retired as County Land Recorder. Great chap! Correct his address in your directory, 9856 W. Gull Dr., Richland, Mich. 49083.

He also came up with a pair of new members! Hail to a champion! Please enter their addresses in your directory.

Owen, Linford, Oakwood Rd., Ortonville, Mich. 48462

Silva, "Ernie", Highway 41, P.O. Box 4 Morriston, Florida 32668-0004

Fred and Georgia Hunt moved "down the street"! Change their address to 2447 Wallis Smith Ave. Springfield, Mo. 65804

Don and Martha Belland forked over. They split the year in Bradenton, FLA. and Rogers City, MICH. He recalled and sends greetings to "Hank" Boelma,--that they had played softball together.

THE GOLDBERG-STITES FOXHOLE

Deadlines for the material you would like to see in the Road Block.

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

Does the action of "Desert Storm" remind you of an incident in your experience? Any questions? Any news of visits with old "buddies"? Have you signed up for the Third Armored Reunion this Fall? How have you been making this a better world? Tell us about it. PLEASE WRITE!

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LET'S NOT FORGET!

(Continued)

American Battle Monuments Commission Washington, D.C. 20314

1. In National Burial Grounds
  - a. Tec 4 Aaron P. Scallan (C) Baton Rouge Nat'l. Cemetery Baton Rouge, Louisiana
  - b. Tec 5 Louis P. Witteveen (B) Rock Island Nat'l, Cemetery Rock Island, New York
  - c. Pvt. Douglas L. Shields (B) Vicksburg Nat'l. Cemetery Vicksburg, Michigan
  - d. Pvt. Casimir C. Tencza (B) Long Island Nat'l. Cemetery Farmingdale, Long Island, N.Y.
  - e. Sgt. Clarence H. Gann (A) Jefferson Barracks Nat'l. Cemetery, St.Louis, Missouri
  - f. Pfc. Louis Strutz Arlington National Cemetery Fort Myer, Virginia
  - g. Tec 5 Charles W. Ginley Beverly Nat'l. Cemetery Salem, New Jersey

2. In Private Burial Grounds
  - a. Tec 5 James M. Wray (C) Texas
  - b. Sgt. Warren D. Burgess (C) Texas
  - c. Pvt. Mims Johnson (C) Haiti
  - d. Cpl. Melvin C. Rand (C) N. Hamp.
  - e. Pvt. Ernest E. Richards (C) Mich.
  - f. Pfc. Armand P. Voghel (C) Conn.
  - g. Tec 5 Frank J. DeMarco (B) N.Y.
  - h. Cpl. Robert J. Dotterweich (B) NY
  - i. Sgt. Walter P. Eggleston (B) N.Y.
  - j. Sgt. B. Barbalinardo (A) N.J.
  - k. Tec 5 Frank J. Cox (A) N.Y.
  - l. Pfc. Giovanni Gri (A) Italy
  - m. Sgt. Robert W. Harriott (A) N.J.
  - n. Cpl. Raphael Schachter (A) N.Y.
  - o. Sgt. Muriel F. Lehman (A) Ill.
  - p. Pvt. Richard L. Moore (A) Mass.
  - q. Pvt. Louis R. Ruiz (A) Arizona
  - r. Pvt. William T. Barron, N.Hamp.
  - s. Cpl. Charles Frazier, Texas
  - t. Pfc. Ralph Hall, Oklahoma
  - u. Pvt. Percy A. McGinnis, N.Y.
  - v. Cpl. Albert A. Morrie, Vt.
  - w. Cpl. Peter J. Janowicz, Conn.
  - x. Tec 4 Earl R. Sutliff, N.Y.

List of Fifty-three completed!  
Leonard Straub (A)

703rd Road Block -16-  
TAPS WITH THE GRIN OF ERIN!

Harry T. O'Keefe Sr.  
13 Wayne Street, Norwich, CT 06360  
April 10, 1919 - February 12, 1991

Harry started with us in "A" Co. and moved on to Division Hq. John Czajkowski, at the funeral, heard from Harry's wife, Mildred, of his devotion to our organizations. He left us with a Third Armored pin in his lapel. He was a casualty not long after the dropoff on the Omaha beachhead.

The couple had a diner for eight years after the war, then he served as a clerk in the P.O. till his retirement in 1984.

To comfort Mildred there are two children and two grandchildren, several nieces, nephews, cousins, and I hope our members, who knew how fine a fellow Harry always proved, will let Mildred know it, for sure.

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703RD ROAD BLOCK  
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