



703rd Road Block



Vol. III #1 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter March, 1992

REUNION MAY 19-21, 1992 Reading, Pa.

Place: Sheraton Berkshire Hotel
Rte. 422 W. Papermill Rd. Exit
Reading, Pa. 19610
See enclosed flyer for details.

Let Bob Schutt know early that you are coming. As you make reservations by April 18th through him, make your requests for "T" shirts, and a bus trip to Indiantown Gap. Hospitality Room by the Association!
SNACKS brought by members appreciated.

HEADS UP !

Avoid having a hotel room cancellation! The hotel requires that you check in by 4:00 P.M. or they will cancel. If you can't get there by 4:00 P.M., get squared away by calling them.

We do not want to miss you!

SCHUTT'S CORNER

Bob came through surgery, an implant in his left eye, and has loads of news.

Last year we had 83 members and we have 80 this early for 1992. Keep 'em coming!

Last year 57 members chipped in for the Road Block, 60 so far for 1992, 75% of the dues paying members! A great effort on everyone's part. Keep the membership rising!

Oscar Carlson and Art Stoll (B) are ready for our reunion with deep hope that their flights from Oregon and jaunts to where we meet are not arduous.

A new member, Rufino Hualde (R), 2239 W. Earll Dr., Phoenix, AZ, 85015, wrote that Leon A. Michaud lives in Phoenix, but gave no address. Come on, Rufino, where does he live? (See item below, Carleton Anderson (R)).

Rufino wants Recon. "buddies" to get in touch with him. He reaches John C. Wetzel in Philly "but again no address"!!

Elmer Langbecker (C) and Vic Borek (A) found a lost soul, Walt Boroff, Box 122, S. Fremont St., Remus, MI, 49430. Drop him a line!

Roland Anctil (B), 1402 Waterbury Rd., Thomastown, Conn. 06787, an invalid since the '50's sure would like some phone calls or better, visits, from our men nearby. The rest of us will surely send cards.

Truly Blessed

Paul and Edna Clark (Hq.-A) celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary, December 19, 1991. Let's let them know we're very happy for them! 924 E. Thomas, Sherman, TX 75090

Directory Changes

Ruth Boelma (B) 1526 Plas St., Wyoming, MI, 49509

Luther Tefft's wife is Jean. (C)

Leo Sinn's wife is Agnes, not Irene. (Hq)

Amando L. Giovino's wife is Anne M.

Charles J. Byrnes, P.O. Box 341,

Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326

Aubrey and Isabel Tomkins (C) 93 Almond Drive, Hershey, PA 17033 717 533 6659

Nate and Florence Goldberg, 86 New England Ave. Summit, NJ, 07901 908 273 7018

Carleton Anderson (R)

John D. Goodin, (B 32nd A.R.) wrote me with a copy for Everett Stites who had responded to a request by John for Leon Michaud's (R) address. (See above-Hualde)

John notes that Carleton Anderson (R) was "pretty shot up" in the war, but survived, married a lovely girl with whom he had several children. In about 1955 he was involved in a (fatal) wreck. His widow did not remarry for many years, but her present husband was called into the Persian Gulf mess and is home safely now.

LET'S HAVE MORE!

"Tippy" and Anne Giovino (C) visited Evan Regas in Jacksonville recently.

"What a feeling it was to see him. He is great, and has a great family, -- ten grandchildren.

Let's have more of these visits, and pass the word along to us! They remind everyone of what's good inside us all.

One Last Shot!

Every Christmas, from 1945 through our last holidays, the Ligattis (C) get a card from: Wassel Kosylo (C) P.O. Box 306, 920 Third Avenue, Beaver Falls, PA 15010.

Besides the greeting, only his name is on the card. The Ligattis have encouraged him to get together with his army friends, to be in our association, but not a word except that annual card,--never a response to the Ligatti messages, nor ours. Sam Backus (C) lives close by and tried to contact him, but Sam cannot get around any more. The Ligattis, Joe and Bea Mitch (C) the Ambrosios (C) and Giovinos, reach each other, but they can't get a great guy to give us the glad hand!

Maybe the Road Block can get you to tell us something. Here's the record,-- the battalion Journal for December 20, 1944. We were in "The Bulge" with the 82nd Airborne and the 1st Infantry Division. A report came into battalion HQ.

0930 Showalter back to CP with info on C Co. At 0831 light enemy shelling. One enlisted man lightly wounded in action. Liaison kept with 26th Inf. Regt. Recon. being made.

1545 ---1 EM LWA previously reported was PFC Kosylo. What Happened?

(Editor)

"Kudos" From "Andy" Barr
(Div. G-2)

"I was on the elevator in St. Louis. A stately gentleman looked at my name tag and said, "Oh! Yes!--the 703rd-as if I needed to--I'm Andy Barr!! Tell your friends at Road Block that their letter is appreciated.--- Good stuff", he said.

I believe that during our brief conversation I expressed our concern and need for funds, plus more support from our own people.-- I swear he said he was sending a donation. So--go ahead and loosen your shirt collars, and keep sending Andy Barr a copy of the Road Block. He reads it!"

Fred Hunt (Hq.)

"Recon Mission in St.Looie"

"Our bunch at the division reunion generally met in Frank and Marge Miller's

room since he was "hurtin' quite a bit". One night,late, he ran out of scotch, the pain killer! Of course it had to be after hours. All liquor stores in well-lighted areas were closed.

Marge detailed I. B. Wagon seller and yours truly for the mission. Marge was in the back seat shouting orders to me, the driver, and I.B. my assistant. As we drove through the slums of St. Louis, I.B. finally spotted a store and I eased my Crown Victoria to the curb. --I started to say, "I.B." don't go in there--" but his Texas drawl got me to follow, and grunting panhandle style, he negotiated a bottle of "Cuttie Sark". It seems that "Cuddy" is not an everyday word in his vocabulary.

What first had made me hesitate was that St. Louis has a "rep" for being a top "Murder City U.S.A.", and that the mission was a bit dumb. But then I remembered that only a few hours earlier I witnessed, first hand, Frank eating an apple with his hunting knife right in the lobby of the hotel. What the hell-- anyone that rugged certainly needs his scotch!"

Fred Hunt (Hq)

"Hear Those Texans Holler!"

The bellow is from Jean and L.E. Sanford who want to hear from "any or all" members of "C" Co. He is especially close to the 1st platoon but, wants to "kick you all into gear"!

104 Olmito Drive
Wimberly, TX 78676

" A Holler In The Same Mail! "

In the same mail from Bob Schutt (A) with the Texas "Holler" was a poem, not quite on the same theme, but close. The poetic appeal was aimed at the Bataan Vets Assoc. ten years ago, to "kick (them) into gear"!

Around The Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on, And before
I know it - a year is gone.
I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
And in the days when I rang his bell

And he rang mine. We were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men;
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show I'm thinking of him.
But tomorrow comes- and tomorrow goes,
The distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner--yet miles away...
"Here's a telegram, Sir....

Jim Died Today!

And that's what we get, deserve in the end.
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne

George Scruggs (Hq.) sent it along.

"Bull Session" With Jim 12/11/91

Jim Roberts (B) dropped by before going to lunch with Everett Stites. He left pictures of our men at the St. Louis reunion, had a fine time, noted that I.B. and Inez Wagonseller (B) centered the attention of many of the relaxed gatherings of 703rd people there. Jim lives in Rhode Island but close enough for a coming visit to John Czajkowski (B). Bill Crochetiere (B) is nearby John and I encouraged Jim to look him up. February surgery for Jim! Report he's O.K.

Have you looked up a comrade ?

Editor

Good Works! Sadness!

After happy visits to friends and relatives last year, Everett and Marie Stites (Rcn), had some unscheduled nursing chores,-- both very good at it! Marie's pneumonia needed her mate's care for two months after coming home from the hospital. Then Everett's "green thumb" hobby found Marie nursing his encased hand that had suffered a broken bone. He got to the division reunion, returning to join Marie for family festivity. They enjoy theater, museum events and are devoted to volunteer programs. Recently Marie was honored at the Bergen County (N.J.) Council of Churches dinner with an award for outstanding Christian service to her church and community. She joins Everett in service to your battalion association. We join Marie and Everett in sorrow on news of the death of her brother.

From The Valley Of The Willamette

It was a treat hearing from Dr. "Bill" Lynch (Hq) 770 Rowan Ave., Springfield, Oregon, 97477. He lives in one of the most eye-filling valleys in America in a suburb east of Eugene. "I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed the 703rd Road Block - and the 3rd Armored Newsletter. It is nice to know that the friendship of the "forties" are still very much alive, and that we are all very interested in what has happened to each other."---I have not been able to make a reunion to date but have hopes for Pennsylvania in '92."

Oscar and Della Carlson, R.R.#6 Box 1058 Astoria, OR 97103 are far north on the coast, and halfway to "Bill" is "Art" Stoll (B), Box 2003, Lincoln City, OR 97367, also on the coast. "Art" has been to reunions. Let's hope "Bill" can make it. What about you, Oscar and Della?

"Bill" backed up his compliments with "wampum" for membership and our newsletter. How about you? Editor

The Treasures in the Mohave Sands

Sardines, tomatoes, Vienna sausages,
And orange juice each day.
No variety came in the foods
That were issued us each day.
We fought the heat, the bugs, the snakes,
And the Mohave Desert sand.
We could survive these discomforts
It was the food we could'nt stand.
The only surcease from our woes
Came with the weekend pass,
We'd go to town, hit the delis,
And picnic on the grass.
But after weeks of the same old grub,
We swore we'd had enough
So pits were dug in the desert sand
And then we buried the stuff.
Now--a half century later
I write limericks of what might have been.
Here's a couple for you to read. I hope they bring you a grin.

There was a prospector named Hoad
Who thought he'd hit a Mother Lode,
Wild Geiger counters were clicking,
But what sent them ticking
Were the sandwiches we stashed by the road.

A geologist whose name was Magee
On a day in the year two thousand three,
Uncovered all those fish bones
And in scholarly tones said,
"This desert was once a huge sea!"

"Hap" Paulson hopes you'll write your
own limericks about some aspects of your army
experiences and send them to the 703rd Road
Block.

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD AND WHAT DO YOU GET ?

On the last week of July, 1944, the
allied forces in Normandy began a massive
drive to break through German defenses on a
line from Caen, west to St.Lo and on the
north side of a road from there to Periers
and on to the east base of the Cotentin
Peninsula. After a massive bomber attack that
hit many of our own troops, killing General
McNair, our battalion, that had been divided
among the task forces, attacked across that
road.

The Third Armored CCB (Bohn), assigned
to the 30th Inf. Div. (Hobbs), was placed on
his left. Our division was new and its first
engagements had not won much regard. Now
Hobbs complained that Bohn was not moving his
troops fast enough. He felt armor fought on
roads, not in the bocage (hedgerow fields).
Watson had instructed his forces to train and
fight through the lesser roads. Hedgerows and
the German defenses prevented the pace Hobbs
wanted. Hobbs had Bohn removed, replaced by
Roysdon with the same results. There was an
investigation and Hobbs was sorry for what he
had done. Rose, who was winning a great
reputation with a Second Armored Div. Combat
Command, took over from Watson weeks later.
Watson was demoted in rank and became an
assistant to the commander of an infantry
division. He commanded a sizable force of
that division with distinction in the attack
near Brest. Bohn had tried to fulfill his
superior's orders in the manner his troops
had been trained. Look what he got !!

Recall Roberts (B) description of his
capture and escape. His platoon was assigned
to TF Hogan who ordered him to set up a road
block outside Ranex. Hogan said the road was
clear. Roberts, to make sure, took Hart (B)
and Krop (B) (?) with him in a jeep and was
captured after nearing where he was to have
positioned his road block. He would have lost

some of his platoon if they had gone where
they were told. Should Roberts have sent his
security section?--

With Roberts' platoon back in Ranex,
Crochetiere (B) with his T.D. was ordered to
go down that road to find out what happened
to Roberts and his men. Crochetiere was angry
at the command after he got there and found a
fully punctured jeep. Fortunately that's all
he found! The German troops with their Pzkw V
had pulled out. Crochetiere is still shaking
at what might have happened when he followed
orders ! Are we going to blame the
"shavetail" or his C.O. who had not reported
to Hogan that the infantry platoon was leav-
ing a position that had been reported
cleared? On the attack in Normandy the troops
had to keep moving, forward, to a flank, to
where fire could be directed. Bohn, Roysdon,
Roberts and Crochetiere moved forward as com-
manded. I n d e e d ! Editor

The Brooklyn Gopher

"It was somewhere in France and I was a
member of Sgt. Noland's (C3) crew. I knew
before I went into the tank that there were
three fellows there from Texas, and that
"they ate off the land"! I had left Sgt.
Lujack's destroyer because Sgt. Noland was
short one man. What I didn't know was that
the man I was replacing was a "G0-fer"!
Well--one quiet evening the Sgt. said to me
that inasmuch as I was going to be his "G0-
fer", he wanted me to go to the barn to bring
back a chicken. When he said this I noticed
the other Texans smiling, and one of them
said, "Don't get a hen!" Why tell them that I
didn't know a chicken from a hen, so this
city boy went to the barn.

I could hear the noise in the barn and to
my uneducated ear it sounded like chickens
cackling, and they certainly looked like
what I was supposed to bring back to become a
meal superior to G.I."chow"! Also I realized
that I had an uneducated eye, and grew
desperate in fear of making a mistake.

There,--it was a turkey. I was sure of
it. I'd surprise them all and I'll get the
turkey!----I took out my trench knife knowing
that this was going to be a race. That bird
ran from one corner of the barn to the
other, and the other chickens, or what have
you, joined. They were putting up such a
screaming racket--!! I panicked, but

cornered the bird, grabbed it by the neck and inadvertently cut off its head. I stood there in stunned shock and surprise, holding its head in my hand, watching the carcass run around without a head. I was covered with blood and scared witless.

I ran out of the barn, came back to the destroyer, saw no one was there and tried to clean the blood off my clothes. Breathing a sigh of relief, I thought that no one had seen me. The boys soon got to me and asked me where the chicken was, but they were half laughing. They had been watching me all that time! I retired at once as a "G0-fer"

"Charlie" Bornstein (C)

GIVING MORE THAN A HAND !

We can't thank Haynes W. Dugan, (Div, Hq.), our division historian, enough for his encouragement, his transmittal of documents, his relaying of information, and to top it off he sent a gift of "moolah" for our Road Block!--Hip! Hip! for the Third Armored Division Association!

"I.B." Calls It "Skimpy!"
IT'S TRULY GREAT.

17 December 1944

Sunday Protestant services at 1300 in the Hastenrath theatre, Catholic, at 1330 in the shell-ripped cathedral. At 1030 watched a dogfight: German plane knocked down and fell into the center of Eschweiler. Pilot parachuted to safety.

German breakthrough at Bullingen and Krinkett (?). We began a night march south for defense of area by route of Vith, Zweifall, Rötgen, Eupen, and Sourbrodt. Planes dropped flares on column then bombed and strafed.

Arrived Sourbrodt 0700 of 18th.

18 December 1944

C.P. in a sawmill overlooking miles of beautiful country, patches of snowcapped landscape,--workers in the sawmill making coffins for our army.

21 December 1944

Enemy attacked 1st and 2nd plats.(C). Martinez and Taberski wounded, evacuated. I rode with Gosch, Ferris driving to Regt'l. Hq. As we arrived, in came a mortar barrage, wrecked our peep, wounded Ferris in the leg and arm--evacuated. Moved our

brother and sister living in the house that we wanted. The girl, young and pretty, cried as she moved a few of her essentials to a neighbor's abode. A Mormon chaplain stayed the night with us.

22 Dec 1944

Enemy attacked Butgenbach at dawn--snow falling--platoon on road block 400 yds. from C.P. when column of enemy tanks approached. At a range of 40 ft. Cpl. Reid, gunner from Oklahoma, knocked out the first tank, a Mk.V, also destroyed a halftrack. Enemy withdrew leaving a great many of their dead behind. (See R.B. I,2, 6/90, 2.)

23 Dec 1944

Elements of the 18th Inf of the 1st Inf. Div. moved into the house with us.

24 Dec 1944

Road from Nidrum to Butgenbach shelled heavily. One shell hit near our peep and shattered the windshield. Bombers, probably our own, dropped bombs on us in Butgenbach, several casualties.

Christmas Eve--nobody happy tonight--great deal of mischievous merriment goes the round. Moe Redemsky tells what he thinks his wife is doing back home. Somebody remarks, "If my wife was over here and I was over there, I wouldn't be at my Mother's!"

25 Dec 1944

A Christmas turkey dinner in Nidrum.

31 December 1944

Infantry returning from patrol at 0300 upset a can of gasoline in the barn, struck a match and the barn went up in flames,--the barn attached to the house. The flames spread and we barely rescued our equipment.

I had forgotten my .50 cal. MG upstairs. Galante lifted me to the upstairs window but the gun was too hot to handle. I rushed back to the window and called for an army blanket. I got the gun with that blanket and jumped out the window just as the roof caved in.

I felt sorry for the boy and the girl who lived there. Their father and mother had been killed by shellfire,--now their home burnt to ashes. I. B. Wagon seller (C)

On The Ends Of The Seesaw

No Waves!

The Ugly!

Your editor has remet some of our comrades at reunions or via letters. Their memory of the events of their army experi-

ences is as curt and silent as the men were then. There are men who "pour it out"

There is every degree in each group on the "ends of the seesaw"! After so many years the fact is that there were occurrences which our comrades have not driven from their memory. They intend to make "No waves!" It is helpful that their memory serves enough to give us a picture of men who did their duty and more. Then there are the men whose experiences of "The ugly!" need little impetus to send them into a prolonged furor!

Whatever truths can now be known of the bitterness of error, and injustice that occurred in the 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, they were there. If we did not recognize them, we would be creating a myth that makes less valid the "guts", the values that keep this association going.

At one of our battalion reunions, a comrade who had been in a destroyer was a bit oiled at dinner. I shared much with others at the table. This chap was not accompanied with a mate, and gradually fell into a defiant, extended assertion that he would never attend another reunion. His eyes grew more stern as I sought an explanation. Maybe if I could tell him how I knew of others who with similar memories had eased the hurt in exchanging yarns with comrades,---no help. He built up to vividly recalling how his platoon had been forced to attempt to coil onto a field directly under fire. Horror grew on his face and took the form of desire to strike out at the officer from "some other outfit" who had insanely given that order.-- He has not answered our mail.

Editor

"We were in Mere, England for many months living with their miserable climate of rain and fog. One of the pleasures we had was baseball,--weather permitting--, on Saturday afternoons. On one of those rare days I got to the supply room very early so that I was the first in line. When the Supply Sergeant opened the door, I saw baseball bats and gloves lined up on the counter. I asked him for a left-handed fielder's glove. He said, "We are all out of them." They were there in front of me, so I said, "I can see them on the counter!" He said, "Get out!" I hung around and he gave the next man in line a left-handed fielder's glove. I went up to him and said, "Sergeant, you said you didn't have

any." He barked, "I don't have any for --!" The guys on line heard him and that's all I had to hear. I quickly grabbed a bat and swung it at his head. I climbed over the counter and the Sergeant took off running out the back door with me running after him swinging the bat. I chased him up Castle Hill and all around the officers' quarters.

I had five witnesses at my Summary Court Martial and a few weeks later the Sergeant was transferred to another outfit. Two weeks after that we had a medal ceremony and I received my "Good Conduct" medal!"

Charlie Bornstein (C)

THE FEISTY ARMORER

Frank Cox (A)

We lost Wissing, Ruiz and Cox in the Raney-Fromental action when they were captured, were about to be shot, tried to escape under strafing by our planes, and were killed by their captors as they made their break.

Cox was moderate in height, about 5'7", and always ready to sneer at the failings of those who would cover their failings with "stripes" or "bars". He gave the impression that in his experiences around Ballston Spa, N.Y., a "phony" was "told off" promptly. His good nature, always impressed his colleagues. His complaints against those who would be superior were snarls, "How can he be that way!"

At Camp Pickett, Va. a weekend in Boston meant little time at home before a soldier had to stand reveille Monday morning. It took longer for Frank to get to Northern New York so he generally remained in the barracks, of the few who did, to gab, to play cards.

Cox had it in for our First Sgt. Warrick, the symbol of the tough, army despot of the non-coms, who needed very few sips of the briny before his tongue made rolling, slurred sounds or tried to make a point--arms in motion, mouth shaped so every vowel sounded as if it came out of a cylinder! Frank drank twice as much as Warrick and with every swig he was quite voluble, but more sober, snarling and acted as if he had proved himself a better man.

There was burly Bert Wootton who insisted on going on hikes and almost every time the medics had to "lug" him back to camp,--a gutsy fellow! Then there was Des-coteaux, as small in stature as Fallo, Gatti,

Ordile and Barile. He came in first when the "Johns" made a race of the last mile or so. "A" Co. had a great group of "Shorties". And it was Frank who let you know that it was the big shots who were full of the most "bull"!

Editor

WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

A Hospital Coincidence

Al Lynch (Hq) joined the 703rd in England a couple of months before we crossed the channel, and was assigned to Hq.Co. On the drive in Normandy early in August, 1944, he was told to deliver two truckloads of ammo to one of the line companies,--might have been "C" Co. At that time, as we knew, it was pretty hard to tell where any company headquarters was located for any period of time.

The shavetail hopped in a jeep to lead the trucks. Edgar Allen drove. Al knew the roads the company had been safely using, but with the fluid movement after the breakthrough and many German units bypassed, he was insecure about those on which he had to take to reach his goal. Entering a small village, he decided to reconnoiter beyond its crossroads before a turn would be made. The curve ahead ran them into a German machine gun road block. Allen and Lynch dove into opposite side barrow pits, both hit, Allen killed, and Lynch seriously wounded in the gut and legs. He lay there for a while,--the Germans did not move forward to check.

Along about dusk a farmer came whistling down the road. Lynch could raise his head to see the farm a quarter mile away. Al tried to get the man's attention, but was ignored, the farmer moving up the road toward the machine gun nest. As he returned, he muttered, "Boche,--boche" in a simple aside.

The hours dragged.--Somehow he remained conscious. In full darkness the farmer, with a wheelbarrow and a hand returned to provide him a ride to the barn and a bed of straw. Again Lynch had to lie there --"hours" till he heard the approach of troops. Germans roused the farm family--then some came to the barn. A German officer entered with revolver ready,---- He stared at Lynch for a few seconds, long enough for Lynch to resign himself to his fate. The "Leutnant" evidently did not think Lynch was worth a round,--turned and left. In the morning our troops came through and Al was helped to eventually make it back to a U.K. hospital.

A few days later, Ed McIntyre, found himself in the same ward with Lynch. A nurse told Ed that Al recognized him. The nurse gave Ed his name, "Lynch", and to Ed the immediate connection was with "Kenny" Lynch.

But Ed could walk, and after dinner, "Mac" shuffled up the ward and discovered Al. It was quite a coincidence that they were brought together in the same ward.

Al had several operations, one on the day "Mac" was on his way back to France. When Ed went up to say "Goodbye", Al's face was as white as a sheet, and "Mac" thought he wouldn't make it, but he did, shipped back to a New Jersey hospital to spend almost a year, and was able to walk again. Back he went working for the steel company who later sent him to Huntington, West Virginia. He and his wife have had two lads, one, now a physician.

"Mac" hasn't seen him since leaving the hospital in England. They have sent Christmas cards for the past few years.

QUESTIONS TO ROAD BLOCKERS

What were the names of the truck drivers? Are they still living? Are they members of the association? Did they get the ammo delivered? Let Al know!

Albert Lynch
503 Forest Road
Huntington, W. Va. 25705
Ed McIntyre

One look at the questions Al asked, and your editor did not have to think twice,---Fred Hunt,--and just as fast that Ozark bondsman sent us leads for Al to follow,--Jim Popple, Andy Voster, and George Seppanen. Cecil Stagmen delivered "ammo". We gave Al the addresses of Stagmen and Leo Sinn who toted fuel!--- Can you help?

Fred's "Mom" could, if she were with us! Years ago she surprised him with what she saved from his duffle bag. There was a menu for a Thanksgiving dinner at Camp Pickett, yellow cover, 703rd T.D. format, tank in panther's jaws, and with a complete roster of Headquarters Co. Fred offered to loan it to us.----- Any info found in your gear when you got home? Copies would be helpful for us! What say?

703rd Road Block-8-

FROM A SERMON
Chaplain Paul H. Maurer

"Restlessness and a burning desire to engage the foe in mortal combat finds the Third Armored lying on LST's and LCT's for three days and three nights as the worst storm in twenty years strikes and lashes the Channel. The tempo of that gale is as nothing compared to the force with which this unit will sweep through France and Belgium in a few days."

Money Matters

Newsletter Costs 1991

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Vol. II, #3	258.11	
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Donations totaling \$50.00 were given on top of the voluntary \$10.00 for the Road Block, half of that \$50.00 by the historian of the Third Armored Division Association.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL