



703rd Road Block



Vol. 1 No. 3 703rd Tank Destroyer Association Newsletter September, 1990

REPORT

Third Armored Division Reunion
Las Vegas, Nevada, 1990
Division Highlights

Next year will be the 50th anniversary of the division. Its newsletter will report the events being planned. They may hold "a torchlight relay along the battle route of the division (from Normandy to Dessau). I thought that since the 703rd had ridden shotgun for the division, we should send a team of bike riders to accompany the runners!"

The 703rd could be the host for the division reunion in 1993! We have asked Mt. Airy Lodge, if interested, and they are putting a package together for us. If we decide to offer a package and the division committee signals its approval, it means that the 703rd men and women from the Atlantic Coast and New England area have committed themselves to work on the essential committees. "If we get enough volunteers we can push on with it!"

Hap" Paulsen

Battalion Highlights

At The Reunion-----

Paul and Edna Clark (A)
Joseph and Connie Gelatta (C?)
Bob Green (Hq.) Jim Santino (A)
Merle and Dee Goodrich (Hq.)
Phil and Edna Hallabrin (Hq.)
Fred and Georgia Hunt (Hq.)
Rocco and Regina Mantro (A)
Edward MacIntyre (A) Len Straub (A)
Don and Yolana McKiernan (A)
Ted and Helen Michalowski (A)
Hal and Ruth Paulsen (C)
Bob and Lori Schutt (A)
Art and Ann Stoll (B)
George and Anna Toma (A)

Reunions are very meaningful emotionally. The banquet for our battalion members was the scene of renewed acquaintanceships, and our lovely wives made it even more glorious.

Fred Hunt

Marjorie Krupnow (Fred (Hq.)) needs your cheery message. She is seriously ill, fighting to recover from surgery. Send that message with your prayers.--721 Merriman, Romulus, Michigan 48174

Cliff O'Connor (B) checked out August 10th. His wife, Dorothy, would appreciate your condolences with words of remembrance from his battalion comrades.--540 Ash St., Windsor Locks, Connecticut. 06096.

Len Straub

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

1. We need more suggestions as to where we should hold our next association reunion!
2. Our wives are more than the best company we could ever pick. We should help them so that the reunions have those extra deserved events for them. Please help with your suggestions. Write, call to "Hap" Paulsen, Ed McIntyre or Everett Stites.

A VIEW FROM THE TOP

"Measuring Up"

During 1943, most of our troops in North Africa were redeployed to England in the build up there prior to D-Day on the continent. Among these troops was the 899th T.D. Bn. which, while attached to the 9th Inf. Div., had seen plenty of combat in the Kasserine Pass and other areas. To learn from their experiences, we invited many of their key personnel, officer and enlisted, to a Sunday dinner at the 703rd. Each of us paired

off with his opposite number for separate discussions--tank commander, motor sergeant, platoon leader and so on. After their departure we shared what each of us had learned with each other. I recall vividly my chat with Lt. Col. Maxwell A. Tinchel, the C.O.

of the 899th who told me, "Study your key people. Some will not measure up in combat. Some will let you down. Try to determine in advance who the weak ones will be and either get rid of them or assign them to some slot where they wont hurt you." When I asked him how to judge people in this regard, he admitted that he did not precisely know. I recall asking him about athletes successful in competition, and he declined to offer any blanket response except to be alert and to "study for dependability". This we did or at least tried to do as best we could, moving only a few people to different assignments prior to D-Day.

The major impact on us was to be specially alert before, during, and after the first combat action of each platoon and company. We closely checked on the actions of company commanders, platoon leaders, and platoon sergeants and in turn caused them to do likewise. In one particular case we discovered that one lieutenant platoon leader had totally abdicated his responsibilities by hiding under cover throughout one combat action. His leadership and command were non-existent.. Within a few hours he was relieved of his position and transferred from the battalion, never to return. I will always believe that our prompt and decisive action stimulated others to overcome their fears and perform responsibly.

A very different type of "measuring up" involved Lt. Heril Brown. "Brownie" was little in stature--about 5'8", slender, weight about 140 lbs. (soaking wet). What he lacked in size, he more than made up in bravery and leadership. As a result, he and his platoon were, if it's possible, "over-achievers". Finally, near the end of combat, "Brownie's" cup of valor had runneth over and was empty. He had done so much so bravely for so long that he was fast approaching a severe case of combat nervous exhaustion. As opposed to the cowardice in Normandy, here was a case of a leader beginning to make efforts that were beyond his responsibility. Fortunately we recognized the cause and took steps to protect him and his platoon. Rather than

transfer him to the rear, never to be seen again, with the possible disgrace or stigma resulting therefrom, we put him, temporarily in the battalion motor pool for some rest and recuperation. After a week or two, he reported that he wanted to return to his platoon. I checked with Capt. Henry Gosch, his C.O., who checked with the platoon. Since all signals were, "GO", "Brownie" returned to lead his platoon during the rest of combat. The "Old Brownie" had been reborn!

W.E. Showalter

LIFT A GLASS FOR AUDREY AND ERNIE!

The Calouras at 14 Pembryn Ave., Esmond, R.I. 02917, members of our association, responded to our requests and gave us the addresses of a pair of men who were in the "703rd"! We sent them copies of the two Road Blocks and hope they'll contact us. You might like to renew your acquaintanceship with them. Note their addresses in your association directory.

Armando Giovino (C-Hq.)

248 Pratt Street

Mansfield, Massachusetts, 02048

Enrico J. Mancini

30 Jionyo Road

Milford, Massachusetts 01757

A LETTER HOME FROM CAMP POLK (Edited)
Co."*" 703rd Tank Destroyer Bn. 3/8/42

Dear Mother,

It was not a happy Sunday. During the middle of the week I went into a room where I was not permitted, the orderly room, asking for mail. The Sergeant did not like what I said and I was not permitted to go to the dance in Texas last Night. I was kicking myself. I had to chop wood half the morning and clean the latrine till dinner. Later we dug a pit for the trash of our company. I worked with a Jiggs Sovo, a Lower Slobovian from Albatross, Vermont. You would have laughed had you seen us,-two immigrant ditch diggers named Jiggs. All we could talk about were the good Yankee meals we were missing every day. We were let off at 4:00 o'clock. Strange, I did not feel too tired. It was cold and raw, but the work made me sing and whistle as I wielded the axe and shovel. However, please, pray that I do not have to do it again next week. Regards to all,

Your son, Jiggs

P.S. Please show this to Mr. Bearse J.B.

LET'S NOT FORGET!

1. Correct error in this newsletter, Vol.I
#1. Giovanni Gri was an Italian-American.
2. "Bob Greene had a "triple bypass", Ben Kotowicz(Hq.) had work done on his lung and is holding his own. Elmer Langbecker (A) is doing well after a long hospital stay. George Toma and Claire McIntyre both have [implanted] pacemakers[near their hearts]. Greene, Claire and George are doing well and are planning to go to Reno."



Lt. John L. Wissing, Jr. A-Hq.

3. Cemetery Locations of Our Comrades As Listed By The American Battle Monuments Commission, Washington, D.C. 20314

- a. Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery
Henri-Chapelle, Belgium
1 Lt. Francis N. Bangs Jr. (HQ)
Plot H Row 15 Grave 46
- b. Where Privately Buried
Pvt. Edgar Allen (Hq.) S.Carolina

- 1 Lt. Wilbur L. Chism (Hq) Tennessee
Pfc. Harold P. Olcese (Hq.) Conn.
- 2 Lt. John E. Edwards (Rcn.) N. C.
Pfc. James A Murray (Rcn) Penn.
Tec 5 Nicholas Paulachok (Rcn.) Penn

- c. Normandy American Cemetery
Colleville-sur-Mer, St. Laurent-sur-Mer(Calvados) France

Pvt. Arthur B. Aultman (Rcn.)
Plot E Row 2 Grave 14

- d. Cambridge American Memorial Cemetery
Cambridge, England

Pfc. Raymond R. Chamberlain (Rcn-B)?
Plot E Row 5 Grave 115

Line Company listings to follow in subsequent issues. Leonard Straub (A)

"I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO!"

"Charlie" Bornstein (C-3), a sergeant and two other men relatively unknown to "Charlie" were captured. He had been an assistant driver on a T.D. when, suddenly, without explanation he was ordered to be part of a security crew manning an M-20 (half-track), somewhere between Altenkirchen and Hof, and about 35 miles E. of Bonn, which is located on the Rhine River, and is the present capitol of West Germany. They seemed to have gotten lost! As they tried to race away from a German artillery position, a log road block and a culvert made evasion fruitless. Bullets in their direction forced surrender.

On dismounting "Charlie" was hit in the chest,-- slight bleeding, and weakness followed, but not until brief questioning by a gruff officer did the questions stop and he was transported to an aid station where "Charlie learned that his high school track medal had kept the bullet near the surface. The surgeon had it out in a few minutes, sending him back to where he had been captured.

The men were questioned singly even as threatened with a "Luger". "Charlie" answered as trained. Then there were hikes, sleeping in a barn, getting hardly a bit of black bread and cheese,--just about what the German soldiers were getting. At one rest spot, a woman secretly slipped the prisoners some

bread and butter sandwiches. At one overnight they were held up and confined in a cellar room for a day and a half, so small that they had to sleep in shifts. They had less to eat as many more American troops were added to their ragged column. More tramping, suffering abuse from civilians and after four days of capture they reached a transit camp for Americans. The majority in the camp were Russians who had been there for months. "Charlie" now deliberately joined two Italian and a British soldiers placed in a small cabin in a corner of the barbed wire enclosure. The discomfort of lice, loss of weight, bloody, filthy clothing, failed assurances that they would be allowed to clean up were added to a German-spread terror yarn. It spoke of an earlier Russian breakout, the rape of town women and the gleeful punishment of the recaptured Russians administered by the vicious German guard dogs. Strangely, the American prisoners were marched outside the camp and fed barley soup, bread and a bit of cheese from "Hot" trucks, because, so they were told, "--If the Russians smelled the food they might revolt again!"

Hunger became desperate motivation. One of the Italians who had access to the kitchen suggested they kill a guard dog for food. The corner of their "cabin" was out of sight of the guard tower. "Charlie" drew the short straw, wrapped rags around his arm, teased the hound which when fastening its teeth on that arm, had its head pulled inside the fence so that the British prisoner killed him with a club. "Charlie" sickened, ate little of it. The German sergeant, master of the dog was ready to shoot "Charlie" but the Camp Commandant would not allow it.

The next day an eight hour march brought them to a P.O.W. camp. Only up to a hundred prisoners were at Stalag 6A, in an old factory. They were given mattress covers and straw. There were washrooms, toilets and plenty of water, but little food. The Camp Commandant said his soldiers would share with them what they had, but there would be no relief since the area was surrounded by American forces. The German guards who held unloaded guns,--were almost friendly. One occasionally gave "Charlie" what might have been "candy"! Another shocked "Charlie" with the news that F.D.R. had died! Pleading for "Kartoffeln oder brod" from people passing

the camp on their way to work in a mine, only got the prisoners a few stones, or "rotten spuds" chucked their way, let alone abusive language. All felt it coming,----it was every man for himself!

"Charlie" found a bit of land with grass, and a pan to cook it into soup, and that had to be his food. Hot water and tea leaves were given the prisoners. Some men used the hot water to shave, ten men to each razor given them, and replacements when dulled. On one occasion "Charlie" was taken to town where a French, forced-labor crew was under a Polish guard. They worked with the French laborers before returning to Stalag 6A. "Charlie" had managed to hold on to his Parker pen, but traded his Hamilton watch on that occasion for a decent loaf of bread. He, himself, took little as starving P.O.W.'s demanded a share. Making a deal with a lad of about 13, "Charlie" offered his pen for a loaf of bread. When the boy returned from town with the bagged bread, a civilian stopped him, opened the bag, then proceeded to brutally break the youth's nose, added kicks to the savagely marred face and blackened eyes! "Charlie" yelled, threw stones at the man who fired pistol shots at him. Later "Charlie" was warned that the man was a Gestapo agent!

To Be Completed in the Next Issue
THEY DON'T RAISE 'EM LIKE THAT IN FLINT,
MICHIGAN!

[Jack Biddulf began to recall his first days in "C" Co. when he read of my first days in "A" Co. in the Road Block of 3/1990. Editor].

"---I received the excellent Newsletter, Road Block, and in one section in which you wrote about the teaching of discipline by men who proved their competence by earning a record of misbehaviour,--reminded me of when I joined the 703rd on the desert.--We arrived at night, and a tarp thrown on the ground was our mattress. It was a good thing that I didn't know about sidewinders and scorpions. The next day I was assigned to "C" Co. and the first night there, lying in my cot with the sides of the tent up, when all of a sudden there was a lot of yelling and commotion with several "G.I.'s" running by within an arm's length. Later I found out they had pulled a "commando" raid on a Sergeant in Recon. Co., blanketing him in doing so!

About a week later some Sergeant and "G.I." drank some lemon extract and shaving lotion, and they were going up and down the company street with a machete, chasing everyone out of tents.

There I was wondering what I had gotten into, a 20 year old recruit, just a few weeks removed from a Gentile atmosphere of Mrs. Biddulf's home in Flint, Michigan.

Jack Biddulf

"SABERS DRAWN"

It was September, 1944, and as the Allied forces made the long haul from the Falaise Gap across the Seine River through the Low Countries, failing to take essential ports so that American supply truckers became logistical miracle men bringing loads to us from Norman docks. The 703rd was in on the action at Liege, Mons, Verviers, the Siegfried Line and moving north toward Stolberg where we would soon not only get those new destroyers and half-tracks, but rest, and interspersed action up ahead as the Germans kept their grip on Aachen.

Before the battalion had the comfort of knowing we were getting a "break" to "regroup", and two months later when task force elements of the division raised the pressure to move toward Koln, Hap Paulsen's platoon, "C" Co., unwillingly reacted as if they had become "cavalry"!

On the 18th of September, other units had gone into Stolberg, with Germans still holding half the town. Paulsen's platoon was with CCB, 33rd Armored Regt. in support. The platoon learned that our tanks had to be tightly buttoned in Stolberg due to intense sniper fire. When the T.D.'s were ordered to move into Stolberg, the order was soon changed, the Task Force commander told them to remain in the outskirts, afraid that the T.D. open turrets were too easy targets for sniper fire from buildings. However, in their positions, they were exposed to so much artillery fire, "Hap" felt it better to face sniper fire than the incoming shells. The four T.D.'s charged into the city and found relatively better cover. They were where they could be even more available to help the task force. It happened again to Hap's platoon.

Now came "rest", maintenance, new vehicles, M-36's with gas engines much less efficient than the diesels in the M-10's. The 90 mm. on the M-36's were welcome. There were

M-20's for each platoon leader. Every line platoon was getting in plenty of interdiction and harassing fire as the crews became proficient in the use of their new guns. There were replacements in mid-November, comrades returned from leaves or had been casualties. From the Normandy beach till October 31, 1944 the battalion had lost, killed in action, two officers and nineteen enlisted men. The battle casualties were ten officers and eighty six enlisted men. There had been thirty six non-battle casualties. The Germans shot back at the battalion throughout October and November or hit the mark when our platoons were bringing pressure up front. "Hap" Paulsen and Bill Smith were promoted.

After planning and preparation, an attack eastward began on November 16th from Stolberg. Massive air strikes of the 8th A.F. hit Eschweiler and Langerwehe targets. Division artillery went to work. Task Force Lovelady quickly reached Kottenich, but Task Force Mills, 1st Bn. 33rd Armored Regt., with Paulsen (C-2) attached, ran into a well conceived defense and took a beating. Mud, mines, mortar, and artillery hit them and the 33rd Armored Regt. Maintenance crews were blasted as they pulled out damaged vehicles. (See Spearhead In The West, 20,103-4,216 and Earl, Henry J., "Tank Aces", 3rd Armored Newsletter, 43rd Series, Nos. 2,3, 1989). The objectives were Hastenrath and Scherpenseel, the terrain flat, open. Hap's T.D.'s, having to cross, executed the old "sabers drawn" line of cavalry charge. They lost one destroyer to A.T. fire and had the turret of another, jammed. With the crew of the lost T.D. in the other three T.D.'s they reached a "hot" Hastenrath. Shades of Stolberg, but another task force commander, Lt. Col. Herbert M. Mills, thought there would be too much sniper fire hitting open turrets, ordered Paulsen to take his platoon back to Scherpenseel. They returned, racing under enemy artillery but, fortunately, no A.T. fire. "It was one of the ironies of the war that the man who made us leave Hastenrath because of sniper fire was one of the casualties of that fire!" (Paulsen). Two days later, November 18th, Mill's executive officer, unaware that Paulsen's platoon was in Scherpenseel, radioed for him to show up at the Task Force C.P. That meant another sprint ("charge") across the twice crossed plain, but now without small arms or artil-

lery fire to check them. By noon Nov.18th all three "C" Co. platoons were near Werth.

For that day our battalion S-3, Don Siebert, reported that C-1 knocked out one PZKW V, range 3200 yds.(?) and a 75mm.gun on half-track chassis at 3300 yds, C-2 wrecked a towed 75mm AT gun at 600 yds., one enlisted man wounded and evacuated.

The forward movement appeared stalled. Planning for future operations began. On the 24th of November, A-2 with Task Force "Y", CCA, went after some high ground between Langerwehe and Frenz. Minefields, A.T. artillery and small arms fire met them. On the 25th C-2 joined them near Weisweiler. Next day A-2 in Weisweiler's vicinity went on to protect the right flank of the task force, covered with fire the advancing tanks "to the objective". They evacuated, wounded, their platoon leader, an enlisted man and kept with them another wounded enlisted man.

Next day, the 27th of November, CCA was relieved by elements of the 1st Infantry Div. A-2 assembled near Breinigerberg. S-3 reported no changes. Task Force assignments were confirmed. (Col. Welborn, with C-2, now led what had been Task Force Mills).

By December 9th the planning resulted in an attack into the stiff resistance to the East. The drive if successful would make "Jerry" holding on in the Aachen area think twice, we thought. The attack had made little progress by the 17th of December when "The Battle of the Bulge"(Autumn Mist), an error in judgment of Adolf Hitler, began for our battalion and the 3rd Armored Div. We were detached from the VII Corps and joined the beleaguered V Corps. The battalion joined the 1st Inf. Div. moving to Sourbrodt with the goal of sharing in containing the deep salient made by the Germans to the West.

Please, gentlemen, Hap had his experience for me in a letter about two years ago. Will someone from "A" Co. give us the details of what happened near Weisweiler when they suffered casualties, 26 November? And what about "C" Co. successes and casualty as reported by S-3 on November 18th? Good shooting? Let's hear from Gosch, or someone directly involved! WE NEED YOUR DESCRIPTION OF MEN AND EVENTS. PLEASE COME THROUGH!

SCHUTT'S CORNER

Membership Information

Please revise your association directories:

Hq. Beckman, Wm. Boelma, Rt.3, Ada, MI
Bornstein, Chas. Medic, Dymek, Stan
Recon, Feuerstein, R. C, B, Gosch, Henry
A, Karpenski, Frank Hq., Kotowicz, Ben
C, Marion, Gerald McDonald, J. No address
Hq. Minick, Enloe B, Misiaczek, John
C, Mitch, Joseph B, Newberg, Ralph
A, O'Connell, Chas. B, O'Conner, Clifford
Hq. Pannetier, Max C, Ramsden, Norman
C, Regas, Evan B, Roberts, James
Ruszczyck, S.No address/ Sanford, Olmito Drive
Hq. Smith, John Hq. Stagman, Cecil
C, Strahosky, John B, Thomas, Kenneth
Hq. Mt. Vollenger, R. No address
Byrnes, Chas. 341 Pierstown Rd.
Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326
Col. Wm. B. Lovelady and Dee, 1000 Douglas
Ave. #145 Altamonte Springs, Fla. 32714
Tompkins, A. and I. P.O. Box 223T R.R.1
Greentown, Pa. 18426

TAPS (2)



Richard Moore (A-1)

Lynn, Massachusetts

Dick was a rifleman on security in August, 1944, and the Kraut would not let go of a village ahead. The flat wooded area was cover for "dogfeet" but, also, with enough room for armored action. Our tanks had to back up, and, of course, our responsibility for the task force now was not as a "road block", but to resist Boche counterattack. The Combat Commander called for pursuit bomber help, and spread us on a line in front of which the pursuit planes strafed Jerry personnel! Dick's job was to keep an eye out for German encroachment to our right. We maneuvered as the precision strafing took place

overhead, the planes' slugs actually fired above and slanting from behind us,-- striking not more than 75 yards in front of our position. Dick was alone when rifle fire caught him. He was able to get back to where he could be driven to an aid station.

They told me Dick was grinning when he said he was "-----out of it!" He died before the aid station was reached.

We were that friendly that we had spoken of his girl at home, the future that might have been without a war. As with other men with whom you became friendly, you might show your confidence in each other by revealing local characterizations of your neighbors! Dick reflected more than once, trying to be friendly, that we came from "button-hole maker" and "herring-choker" stock!

If you ever visit Nova Scotia, you'll be reminded by the folks, by the ocean rocky shore, by the wild blueberries that Dick Moore was quite a chap!

OUR STRANGELOVE POINTER

Having spent much of a pleasant lifetime writing for various outdoor publications, plus nearly four years of goldbricking for Uncle Sugar during Hitler's dance of death, my dusty peacetime files contain much pertaining to the use of gun dogs in upland shooting, most of them pointing breeds intended to point ruffed grouse, woodcock and ringnecked pheasants. However there doesn't seem to be any mention of a "pointer" that lived with "A" Co. of the 703rd during Mohave Desert training in the boiling summer of 1942. This was an unpardonable oversight because the canine was strictly a specialist dealing with one precise enemy alone.

Our friend was a dubious boxer, light in an overall brown pelt. He was nicknamed "Sergeant" and some company had had painted the required three stripes on each of his shoulders. Be it known, army brats, and grandchildren should realize that line soldiers rarely buy or accept dogs as gifts. That's all right for centurions like General Patton with his feisty little pit bull, but not for other ranks.

What happens is that a stray dog by itself adopts a company and remains with the outfit while the formation is in a given location. During that time span the animal is accepted as one of the family, fed copiously and petted by everybody, including spit and

polish officers. These mutts, unless sneaked in against orders, never accompanied our soldiers when the troops were posted to new training areas. I'd have to guess that the "All-Americans" adopted whoever were the new recruits who moved in to take our place.

We didn't attempt to smuggle "Sergeant" into Virginia's Camp Pickett, Indiantown Gap, or when ordered to last-minute training in England. At Mere, in Wiltshire, we hosted a couple of British strays and enjoyed other more exotic pets. One fondly recalled, was a ROOK, European look-alike of the American crow; they were intelligent, panhandlers.

Boxers are not ordinarily touted as hunting dogs, but this one on the Mohave was an exception. The difference was that he never raised a grizzled eyebrow at scent or sight of a rare game bird in that wilderness of sand, rubble of rocks and patches of aromatic mesquite. His loves were rattlesnakes, little sidewinders with a few big, ferocious diamondbacks for full measure.

Those of us who were posted to desert training in the summer of 1942 were aware that days would be hotter than blue hell while nights might be uncomfortably cool. Resident snakes knew this too. Some were flushed out of cover by rambling M-10's, halftracks and peeps under a broiling sun, yet a majority of reptiles then sought whatever shade was available-usually mesquite. Yes, "Sergeant" spotted his little darlings.

The company dog respected venomous critters and was far too smart to attack; he'd stay just out of striking range, barking furiously. One of our "Joe" soldiers would then, with permission, break out a carbine and a couple of live rounds. Exit, a mean looking rattler, after which our ardent pointer received applause.

During our desert maneuvers I never heard of a 703rd trooper being hit by one of these creatures, yet it probably happened now and then. Treatment meant some painful days in a field hospital while the service "Docs" chuckled as they injected healing drugs.

We of the plebeian ranks were most often stung by little yellow scorpions that hunted by night and seldom missed an opportunity to whack a bare foot that disturbed them. One of the clan once nailed me, and I had to spend a couple of days in a tent hospital with a foot so swollen that it was impossible to don a combat boot.

Scuttlebutt had it that an ulcer would be a problem for weeks. That didn't happen with me. The sting was much like a wicked hornet's bite, yet the tiny wound seemed to heal within two or three days. Granted it was stupid of us to paddle around after sunset without protecting shoes, but a lot of us did--and a few suffered the consequences. I marked it down as an experience, a learning process. We'd hurt for a while, but with no fatal results. The "Docs" had anti-venom stuff and knew how to use it.

"Sergeant" would never act as "thickly" as some of us! He was a specialist, -- he pointed snakes, - not scorpions! F. Woolner

W A N T E D !

New Addresses For The Following:
Can You Help?

Wilbur Burch	Donald Seelow
Wassel Kosylo	Robert S. Vollenger
John McDonald	Clinton Reid
John Prior	Lt. Robert's peep radioman
Stanley Ruscyck	"Sgt.Hart" " " driver

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FIRST CLASS MAIL