



703rd Road Block



Vol. III, 3 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter Sept., 1992

AT EASE IN OMAHA

The Third Armored Division Reunion
September 9-12, 1990

It sounded off with a "swingin'" dance band, with the "tankers" having only lost a smidgeon of their skill at leading their "gals"! The memorial service to honor those who didn't get back moistened the eyes of the fifteen from our battalion who were there. We met as a group to conduct our battalion association business, then into our civilian "Class 'A'" uniforms, sitting at three tables for a fine banquet.

Battalion H.Q. was with Frank and Marge Miller (A) -- lots of good talk and refreshments. The Millers stir good feeling, indeed!

The Goldbergs (A) walked and visited as far as Grinnell, Iowa, but your editor's goal was to soak up info and a sip of the briney! Florence enjoyed being part of it all.

Jim Santino (A) beams that broad smile, and exchanges words of pleasure and companionship at our gatherings.

Claude Ball (B), long after a career in the service, made up for being with us only for the first time with enthusiasm and some of that "folding stuff"!

Cecil and Eva Stagman (H.Q.) had young folks excitement, curiosity, fine company and made a donation. He had Fred Hunt, fellow "trucker", with whom to "parlez-vous".

I.B. and Inez Wagon seller (B) have that easy goin' way about their sharing with us. A reunion is just not long enough to appreciate them.

Ed and Claire McIntyre (A) never fail to demonstrate a quiet yet deep concern and wonderment for the whole experience that was and is the "703rd"!

Emmet Caress (A) has the same quiet strength that he had as a soldier. His Daisy showed us that she is the gentle power on their team.

We missed Lora-- gettin' better-- but Bob Schutt (A) was as ever, a pillar of reason working to buck up the 703rd!

Len Straub (A), was always the private person, yet with every single look, word, or action, he assures you that you count.

Fred and Georgia Hunt (H.Q.) had reached another goal. Not only did he have Georgia, but he could now order around a Colonel, his Vice President. He'll lead us to Springfield, Mo. and the 703rd reunion in '94.

Merle and Bee Goodrich (H.Q.) are playing their role in support of Fred-- again in a leadership role in the 703rd.

Vic and Florence Borek (A) showed a bit more in their smiles than even Jim Santino! Your editor feels we need to know more about this great pair. Please, Vic, how about a yarn for the Road Block ?

Elmer and Francis Langbecker (A) What goes for the Boreks, goes for these two! Problem was that all of us couldn't be in the 2nd platoon to get to know them much better!

Bob Green (HQ) the fervor in his eyes helped cover up the aches that almost kept him from getting to Omaha. We want to match his courage so as to serve our association.

Rocco and Regina Mantro (A), plus Everett and Marie Stites wanted to join us, but Rocco and Marie are recovering from illnesses.

HUNT AND PECK !

Battalion Association Meeting

Ed McIntyre spoke briefly in turning over the association to the new officers.

Bob Schutt reported a balance in our treasury of \$1358.00. Contributions of \$130.00 during the division reunion lifted our cash assets to \$1488. Bob will present I.B. Wagon seller a more detailed report and the assets shortly. Please send your \$10 in annual dues and \$10 (voluntary) for the Road Block to I.B., our new treasurer.

We had hoped that Paul Clark (A-HQ) would be our secretary, but his physical condition will not allow him to carry on. Fred will "hold that fort" till Len Straub (A)

Normandy Northern France The Rhineland The Ardennes Central Europe

takes over at the division reunion in Indianapolis, 9/93. If you need a 703rd membership directory with the latest changes, please let Fred know so he can get one to you. Other veterans associations have used advertisements to find "AWOL" and lost members of their outfits. There certainly are men of the 703rd who do not know we have an association. Combat Command Bill Lovelady turned up Claude Ball (B) for us. "Hap" Paulson found Clinton Reid (C) with the help of a postmistress. We rescued John Prior (A) from Down East via a telephone directory with the help of "Cazimir" Piepiora (A) and Jack Moriarty (A). Stir yourselves and the new members you bring back into the fold, to have a great time in Springfield, Mo. in '94! Send them Christmas cards! Let's not forget to contact the widows, to make them know we care and want them to share in that celebration. Let's make sure they are getting the Road Blocks.

Merle and I.B. spoke encouragingly about the entertainment, the ease of travel via air or highway to Springfield, Mo., and the need for hard work to make the reunion a success. Despite our increasingly creaky joints, let's make it the best reunion, e v e r !

Springtime In The Ozarks

Have you reserved May 17-19, 1994 for our battalion reunion in Springfield, Missouri ? Let's get it on your calendar.

Let Him Know We Care !

Paul Clark (A,Hq) hardly can hear and is in weak health. Edna let us know he couldn't make it to Omaha. Let this loyal pair know how we feel about them.

924 E. Thomas, Sherman, TX 75090

P L E A S E
Get The lead Out !

Write your checks to the 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association, \$10 for your 1993 membership and the voluntary \$10 for your annual subscription of the Road Block. Send the check to I.B. Wagon seller, 320 W.Walnut, Bowie, TX 76230.

DIRECTORY CORRECTIONS

Kathleen Soutar (C)
P.O. Box 452

White House Station, NJ 08889

GET IT RIGHT FOR ONCE, SOLDIER !

Tom Laughing (B) sent along a fine card and note. "Enjoyed reading the Road Block -- There are a few mistakes: my wife's name is Helen, my eyes are brown not blue. I was elected for three years not two as tribal chief."

"Goldie" still can't get things straight!

"GETTIN' BETTER !"

Bob Green (Hq) planned well,--new truck to go to the Reading Reunion,--use it for visits to California this past summer, and on his way home, drive it to Omaha for the division reunion. B - u - t a "sawbones" put him out of commission for five weeks, then onto a relative's farm with no driving for months, still not knowing if he could make the planned trips. Got there, yeah ! He says he's feeling stronger every day! Let's cheer him up! ! 8765 Mulberry, Caseyville, IL

FAMILY OF HEROES

John O. Smith (Hq) missed our reunion. He was with his mother in California on her ONE HUNDREDTH Birthday.

In the Battle of Brentwood Hills (near Nashville), Union forces captured the flag of the Sixth Florida Volunteer Infantry, December 16, 1864. For his role in that action, Private Otis W. Smith, Co."G", 95th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was awarded the Medal of Honor by the Secretary of War on February 22, 1865. Private Otis Smith was John's grandfather!

ROUNDED ONE UP !

If you try you might come up with a crew member with whom you've lost contact ? Tell the folks with whom you associate you are a "Spearheader", and they might know another! I gave acquaintances xeroxed copies of Road Block. One asked me to have copies sent regularly to Carl Peterson, his neighbor, of the 774th T.D. Bn. XXth Corps, Third Army.

Carl wrote 7/8/92 that when he was training at Fort Knox, he recalls meeting a George Soutar (C) (Taps, R.B. III, 2 6/92) who came from White House Station, N.J. (See "Directory Corrections" above.) "small, small, world!"

Carl had some questions about our association and sent a check. We'll keep in touch with him.

MAYBE WE'VE WON THIS ONE!

Colonel Showalter (Hq) got us into this one in the very first (March, 1990) issue, of the Road Block.

His goal was to find Clinton Reid (C) in order "to upgrade Reid's award for heroism." In two issues of the R.B. all of you were asked for your help in finding him. A "Hap" Paulson (C) poem in an earlier division newsletter was the stimulus that got the hunt on the way, and "Hap" has kept it going. His recent letter to the editor shows us the type of reconnaissance all of us should be doing:

"That old notebook of Joe Taberski (C) that said Reid lived in TRILBY turned out to be TRIBBEY, Oklahoma. A dedicated post-mistress in Shawnee, OK, sent me the phone numbers of every Reid in Potawatamie County, OK and I contacted a few of them. A Mrs. Joan Reid (no relation) asked around. She found a man (named) Boyd Reid who remembered the Reids, and he found someone with Reid's new address, Post Office Box 482, ALBION, CA, 95410. I wrote him last week, and I am awaiting his reply." "Hap" Paulson

RESULT: Hap's talked with him!

Are you staying alert to "round up" a "vet" who was in the 703rd, and get him to become a paying member? If you need copies of the R.B. to help, let me know. Check if your friends at the local V.F.W. or "Legion" hangouts can locate a onetime "703rd Tank Destroyer". Get to 'im, buddy! He'll appreciate it! He'll join us in Springfield, MO in '94! Editor

COMIN' HOME

The train went around the bend,
My homeward journey was about to end.
The station was empty and bleak,
So quiet my combat boots seemed to squeak.

Four years before I had left home,
To go in the army and did I roam.

Fighting overseas for several years,
Lots of blood, sweat and tears.

Like many a combat vet,
Overseas we had been let.
Germany and Japan had surrendered a while
back.

All we wanted was the homeward track.

Slinging my dufflebag on my back
How quiet, not even a taxi at the rack.
Walking slowly, thinking of my brother
Who had been blown up by a Japanese mine,
Thanking God that I was fine.

Downtown had not changed much the past four
years.

Older, yes, dirtier, yes,
But the old church and school brought forth
tears.

The Victory parades and celebrations were
finished,

But my pride and patriotism were not
diminished,

Soon I saw the old place where I knew would
be my mom and dad,

There I would get a great welcome,
The best homecoming for this soldier lad.

Donald McKiernan (A)

DOCUMENTATION

[Below is a copy of a portion of my diary. It was written very shortly after the events occurred. The events are written as I understood they happened. Some of you were there, and maybe you are sure I am not correct or that you have more to add, or can recall similar events at that time. You will be helping your editor come closer to the truth of what took place, the goal of the historian, if you communicate with him.]

September 15, 1944

Just ahead were the dragon's teeth of the Siegfried Line, there to stop our tanks. Pillboxes and bunkers were on all sides. Sgt. Martin Feeney (1st Plat.-A) saw a German move at a bunker and after firing four rounds, two at the bunker and two at a running soldier, we saw one German dead and an immobilized 37mm AT gun. Late in the day of the 13th, 1A moved back and left, then through a line cut in the woods. It was the first major assault against the "line". As we fell into a

defensive position at an entrance of a gap made by the engineers in the concrete "obstacle course", German mortar fire rained in on us and chills too. Snipers opened up, and our tanks suffered in goodly numbers. At least eight were burning before the obstacles and bunkers. We were sticking to high ground and soon the battalion of the 1st Inf. Div., which CCA was fortunate in having attached, started to cross the field to hold the ground won by the tankers and their own infantry. Our platoon had been on the lookout and spotted the snipers in the houses behind us up a road. We used .50 cal. MG's, rifles and carbines and kept firing till we passed the obstacles.

Yesterday tanks to our left were after pillboxes, and mortar fire was hurled into a town on our left. Their infantry had a mortar observer who almost called a perfect salvo as his guns rained four rounds ten yards from a file of infantrymen. Luckily, the men were in a low spot and casualties were light. We were in the lead in Germany and had had a taste of fire again. Trouble was ahead.

In the column all the way from the Seine R., CCA had suffered losses. In the lead companies, tank strength had been cut 75%,--we were fortunate that new tanks had been brought up. Our destroyers needed greasing, fresh oil and radio maintenance. Our 3rd platoon, which is in reserve is taking our place, and maybe we'll get a chance to do this work. We are moving up with the artillery, however, and more contact. On the 13th we saw ME 109's, more German planes than I had ever seen. Our air support was fine the 11th and 12th, but because of rain and clouds we've seen little of our fighter bombers the past two days. We are in around AACHEN.

Sept. 15-17, 1944

1A was with the C.P. in reserve. 3A joined TFX in our place and have had casualties. S/Sgt/ Daniel, their plat. sgt., Chicago, seriously wounded, Joe Haselrick, Conn. and Clair Murray, slightly wounded, however the latter still with the crew. 4 miles ahead is Aachen now with Americans on three sides. Our artillery is working night and day. Germans are on both sides of us, but today the P-47's are giving close support. Yesterday a "Lightning" died plunging to earth from an ME-109's fire. The Luftwaffe is fighting back a little. Many an artillery serenade struck at the pillboxes that continue to hold out. At 1500 on the 15th our

tanks breached another row of dragon's teeth at the expense of 8 medium tanks. Some 155mm. rifles mounted on tank chassis (M-12) are used directly against fortifications. We have been sitting at the same location for 48 hours.

Sept. 17-20, 1944

Still at the same location due south of Aachen, 4 miles, and right next to a "Jerry" rifle range. At a beer hall behind the range the 67 F.A. is showing movies. I went last night. T/4 Erickson, the company electrician, can make German radios work by obtaining a dynamotor from a Jerry vehicle to rectify voltages. We listen to the news and the American Forces Network.

In the 3rd platoon Braud's new destroyer has come up.---"B" Co. lost a destroyer, 2 dead, 4 wounded recently. It has been most uncomfortable here because of rain and mud. We have just lost Pinero, gunner in my vehicle,--might need a tonsilectomy. His throat is bad and he has been evacuated. Santino will do the gunning. Yesterday a division attack was organized. The outcome is not known. The closest town to us is BRAND.

I wrote the same letter to the three girls yesterday. I was thinking of the lieder I heard on a German radio. I recalled a parlor and one of the girls playing the piano for me. It was all true serenade, then I finished the letter with a paragraph on the "serenade" in the artillery sense of the word. By the way, I had a good night's sleep.

We have a new chap in the Hq. section of our company whose name is Johnson. He has been in Europe since D+10 and has been in 5 replacement centers. He speaks German fairly well and the C.O needs an interpreter.

I was back on the old job the other day when I took the radio out of our destroyer and replaced it with one which could keep the platoon in communication with TFX. You see CCA is made up of TFX+TFY+Reserves, and in some cases battle groups are organized for special missions. The fight weeks ago at Cerisy La Salle was one in which we were in such a task force. I feel a bit ashamed for almost forgetting the guys we lost. Right now CCA is operating almost as a unit. Nevertheless I am not with the rest of the platoon. We have a radio working in Egnor's jeep, and Lt. Henderson can contact his other three TD's. TD 12 is always with us and verbal communication gets the job done. Editor

AN ALMOST WELCOME HEADACHE !

Recently it took a physician seeking information about past possible head injuries, to remind "Charlie" Bornstein (C) of the story below. (See, "I Did What I Had To Do") Road Block, I, 3+4, 9+12/90)

"It must have been near Paderborn when I was sent to a French(?) labor camp. There I dug ditches on the side of the road which were for the German soldiers to enable them to escape from allied strafing. One morning as I was digging, one of our planes did just that. I jumped into the ditch first, and a German soldier who was near me jumped on top of me. He lost his temper, hitting me on the back of my head with his rifle. As he stood up to hit me again, he was hit by the bullets from the plane. He fell on me protecting me even more. I looked around later and thought it was worth my headache!"

TROIS PONTS--A G A I N !

(See Road Block II, 3/1991 p.5)

We had a nip with Claude Ball (B) in Omaha. He had replaced Ernie Silva (B) as platoon leader temporarily before "The Bulge". He sent the following yarn that your editor is working to flesh out with other participants of "B" Co. who saw action working with the 82nd Air Borne.

"My platoon or section was attached to an infantry company of the 82nd A.B. at Trois Ponts to keep German armor from crossing the Amblève River. I had the two or three destroyers fire "H.E." at regular intervals across the river so as to give the enemy the impression that we had artillery for support in defense of the town. The firing was unobserved with guns angled skyward. It must have worked as they never dared to try cross the bridge."

IN A DEACON'S HEART !

(Continued)

"The column moved and it seemed as if trains and line task force combat vehicles were all mixed up. "Radio silence" was ordered, but broken when I heard a familiar voice calling, "Mark, where the hell am I?" It was Lt. Francisco (C). I told him to button up, that he was somewhere to my right but

not in view. Several miles later I received an order via radio to bring my destroyers to the head of the column. Our four destroyers broke out and when we reached La Chapelle we were greeted by 3 or 4 officers including Col. Yeomans whom I heard had been transferred to a non-combat position, but evidently got his wish to remain on line. One of these officers told me that there were two Panther tanks some distance from our position and to the flank of our column, forward and above us. Accompanying him to a slightly elevated position, I could see the two tanks, one sighted in our direction and another nosing out from behind, both alongside an apparent "L'Auberge" (tavern)! I returned to my #1 and #2 destroyers, told the drivers to move slowly, side by side up the road till they reached parallel telephone poles. Tony Ambrosia (C) was one of the drivers, Stoddard one of the gunners. I suggested the destroyers use the range of 1100 yards and to fire together at the first enemy tank, then do the same with the second. It worked and both Pzkw V's were knocked out!

We were then told to road block another position to protect from an attack from the northeast into the town. I was to share that assignment with a platoon of the 22nd Engineers under Lt. Cunningham. I placed one of the destroyers on the road. In the meantime we heard some small arms fire from the direction in which our task force was moving. At the request of the Engineers I asked for some air cover over the fields through which our column had preceded us. Gradually hostile fires seemed to die out. My destroyer was in position and sighted a German heavy truck, either an ammo or gas truck coming down the road toward it, fired at point blank range. The drivers were killed.

Subsequently we were told to follow the main body of our force where we met other men of our force under Capt. Stallings, who ordered me to place destroyers on each flank. While talking with him, some mortar fire came in. We hit the dirt and came up unhurt except both of us had torn trousers, however one of his men was hit by a fragment.

That night the TD crew on the right heard a tank coming up from their rear. It was a PZKW 5 which evidently got past our position. It stopped momentarily abreast of the destroyer. The latter's crew waited till the Hun started moving and hit it from the rear. At daylight we found the tank, but there were no bodies.

The 703rd in Omaha at the 3rd Armored Division Reunion
September 9-12, 1992



Santino, Hunt, Ball, Goldberg, Miller, Borek, Goodrich, Wagonseller
Straub Green Caress Schutt
McIntyre, Stagman, Langbecker, Inez Wagonseller, Bee Goodrich, Francis Langbecker
Daisy Caress
Claire McIntyre, Georgia Hunt, Florence Borek, Eva Stagman, Marge Miller



Elmer Langbecker (A)



I.B. Wagonseller (B)



Verviers, Belgium, September 9, 1944
703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion



Louis Ruiz (KIA) Giovanni Gri (KIA) Ralph Steinhart, Larry Bretschneider,
Nate Goldberg, John Prior, Santino's arm! Dick Moore (KIA). "A" Co.

In the same darkness over to the left of our position, my T.D. crew heard horses drawing heavy objects and German being spoken. It was horse-drawn artillery. It was very dark and the shooting was blind, but my gunner fired at my order. Again it was not till daylight that we went forward with some of Stalling's infantry and found three bodies and some artillery maps, which we recovered and sent to Col. Roysdon. (3rd Arm'd Div.-HQ)

One of those dead soldiers had letters from his wife in Poland. His wife complained that he was already 43 years old, and they had promised him that he was going to be relieved and able to return to work his farm. His name was Stanley Malinowski (Rcn) exactly that of our friend in our battalion.

I had a New York friend who had the same name who was in the army and served in Newfoundland. All three had the same hair color, height and same facial appearance. Strange things happen.

Moving forward towards St. Pois with the task force I was ordered to take a frontal position about a mile ahead, a key road block. The whole setup had a lonely feeling about it, particularly because the platoon was tuckered out. I was bushed, and it was difficult getting around in the dark. Being tired meant to be sure there were very alert men on guard.

During the following day, we received a visit from Col. Showalter along with Capt. Smith (Hq.). I felt Col. Showalter would not think me impertinent when I responded to his question as to what we needed, knowing we did not stand a chance.

"Can we have a 24-hour rest period?"

He said he'd see what could be done.

While we were talking there was some enemy mail coming in nearby. As usual I had a cigar between my teeth and it went out as we protected ourselves. Getting up I scratched a match and relit. At a later date, Capt. Smith, while introducing me to another officer from a tank destroyer group, told him that a piece of shrapnel had knocked the fire out of my smoke, and that I coolly resumed my pleasure with a match!. I must have been too tired to realize what had happened.

It was at the spot of the shrapneled cigar that Col. Showalter told me that Ed. McIntyre (A), had been killed and that another "buddy", Al Lynch (Hq), had been found dead beside his jeep.

Some time later after a stay at a hospital

in Taunton, I was transferred to a Replacement Depot near Salisbury. I will always remember that one evening at dusk on the way to mess hall, I saw a figure which looked familiar, but I couldn't believe my eyes. It looked like Lt. Ed McIntyre. Contrary to what I had heard---. I slowed down and he called to me. So I ran over to assure myself it was really Ed,--it was! I told him what I had heard about his demise. He assured me that he was alive, somewhat damaged, but alive. Then I told him about Al Lynch and he again refuted that report. He had gone to sleep one night in the hospital and woke up to find in the bed next to him, of all people, Al Lynch. Here were two pleasant surprises for me in one day. The next time I saw Ed was back in the states. Al and I write to each other at Christmas time. "Len" Marchewka

MY LACK OF RESPECT - I INHERITED IT

It was in September of '42',
I was finishing O.C.S.
On the eve of graduation
There was anguish and distress.
For thirteen weeks through summer heat,
We'd studied, sweated and groaned.
And on the final Friday night,
A few among us moaned.

It was "Wash Night" and every ear,
Listened for the P.A.'s summons.
Each man called down to the orderly room,
Knew his commission wasn't coming.
They'd hear their names with aching heart,
Then bid us all farewell.
The wait was like purgatory.
The summons was pure hell!

So when I heard them call my name,
I stumbled down the stairs,
Proceeded to the orderly room,
And saw the Commanding General there.
"Cadet Paulson", he said, "I envy you,
You're getting a two hour pass,
Your parents are waiting in a car outside,
Your mother's a special class!"

I couldn't imagine how "Pop" got time.
In '42 they had no vacations.
But I rushed outside and there they were.
They had come for the graduation.
Well, we had our visit, drank a few beers,
And I went back to check in.

The Company Commander was waiting for me,
 His face encased in a grin.
 "You're the first cadet that ever got a pass,
 And I have to tell you how I got it.
 It seems your parents were driving around,
 When this elderly soldier they spotted.
 "Soldier boy! Oh, soldier boy! please help ?
 Our son graduates tomorrow.
 We've been looking, but can't find him,
 Much to our great sorrow."

So the soldier climbed in to show them the
 way, they talked and laughed a lot.
 The "Soldier boy" who led them here,
 was our own GENERAL SCOTT !

"Hap" Paulson (C)

HEY! THERE'S A "C" CO. T.D.!

[_Frank Miller (A) put a newspaper item
 item in a letter you'll appreciate. The item
 had a picture of a "tank" turning in an inter-
 section in Mostar, Bosnia where heavy fight-
 ing was reported.]

"The Bug House"
 15 Juin 92

Hey Nate,

"Where have we seen this sort of tran-
 portation before? It is accurate right down
 to the extra treads and the pioneer tools.
 The turret is the only modification. I guess
 they added a "105" and put extra weight in
 the counterbalance- but essentially it is
 an "M-10"!

NUMRICH ARMS, a concern here in Hurley,
 [N.Y.] grabbed all the tank destroyers in
 Europe after our war. I know the Numrich fam-
 ily. The old man was a customer of mine. He
 told me he made \$50,000,000 on those he sold
 to Israel. The Israelis modified them - used
 them against Egypt and Syria. The diesels
 were much better in the desert than gas-
 driven tanks They put better grousers on
 them to give better traction.

I never did find out what he did with
 the rest. He said he took all of them-
 burned out-wrecked-they all make spare
 parts.

Numrich makes Tommy Guns; he's been
 the sole supplier since WWII. Production on
 these has practically ceased as of '91. Too
 many had slipped through to wrong people.
 They've been shipped overseas and "sneaked
 back."

WE GREETED HIM IN OMAHA !

Great letter from Henri Rogister, 22 Rue
 du Progres, B-4032, Chenee-Liege, Belgium,
 dated " Le 3 juillet 1991". He was a guest of
 a "Spearheader" in Omaha in September. Our
 division and your battalion have sent him
 materials to help him satisfy his historical
 curiosity and urge to write. He spoke at the
 reunion banquet, expressing the gratefulness
 of the Belgian people for their liberation by
 the units of the division.

Henri's fascination was stirred by the
Road Block II,1, 3,1991 p.8 yarn, "Repo-Depot
 Scribbling!" He is mailed our newsletter and
 volunteered a regular contribution. During
 June of this year he toured the village of
 Bihain with five vets of the 83rd Infantry
 Div.

"One of them told me about the fights
 that took place in that village and he remem-
 bers well seeing the PZKW-5 knocked out as
 well as a T.D., and that these were T.D.'s
 from the 3rd Armored Div. that were in sup-
 port of his company. Those fights were con-
 firmed by a civilian who was living in that
 village."

Recall that yarn, "A Christmas to
 Relive" from John J. Balmes (A) that led off
Road Block 4/12/1991. Henri remembered, as he
 read the lead paragraph, that Haynes W. Dugan
 (Div. historian) sent him the same info. He
 tried to check whether a plane had been shot
 down around the village of Herve, 12/24/1944.
 Henri's friend, Joseph Meurtens' letter of
 6/6/1992 replied and with Henri's translation
 and our editing the content follows:

"Remember, dear Henri, that I am recall-
 ing what I perceived as a ten year old.

The Ardennes offensive was but a week
 old. The rail station at Herve was where ammo
 was dropped to be loaded on G.M.C.'s to go to
 forward areas from Verviers to Diekirch
 (Luxembourg). It was a rest area where troops
 were sent mainly from the Hürtgen Forest
 where the fighting was especially intense.
 The truck drivers were the "Cowboys of the
 Steering Wheel", climbing sidewalks and---
 killing civilians. They were very tired,
 filled with fear, and at times, drunk.

I collected a batch of shoulder patches
 that fell from the jackets going through the
 washing machine located near Albert I Square.
 At that time the Americans had their own band
 that used to play every night at the

"Stella", a hall down town. Herve was really a garrison town. M.P.'s deliberately stirred fear so as to keep order. - - - - -

I thought it was Sunday on a clear day about a week after the gruesome massacre of U.S. troops at Baugnez. Suddenly I was attracted to the yard of the syrup factory by the sputtering rifle and machine gun fire. Materiel there would be a good enemy target. "Garands" and machine guns on G.M.C. cabs were aimed upwards when I saw a parachutist above us who was gliding rapidly towards a meadow behind the rail station, towards Bol-land, a hamlet of Herve. Sure it was a German, the firing kept on without accuracy. The parachutist was pulling on his cords till it appeared that he was hit, but he may have acted as if dead so as to hope the shooting would stop. Completely in black, he dropped, and was captured unscratched.

Surprised as I was by such relentless firing from the Americans, I asked my father for an explanation. He replied, 'The Americans are merciless and don't care for anything since they learned of the Malmedy Massacre!'---And I, a boy of ten, fully shared their anger."

SOMETIMES IT'S HOW YOU LOOK AT IT !
HOW DID YOU ?

HERE'S HOW THE OFFICIAL HISTORIAN SAW IT!
(The German retreat out of the "Bulge"
January 13, 1945

"Resistance in the zone of the VII Corps continued stiffest opposite the left wing along a land bridge between headwaters of the Salm and Ourthe. There the Germans occupied a forest mass in strength with contingents of the 9th SS Panzer Division moving in to support a faltering 12th Volks Grenadier Division. The infantry of the [U.S.] 28th Division still was finding the going slow when the 3rd Armored Division's Reconnaissance Bn. discovered a network of back roads and trails less staunchly defended.

The "Recon" troops having shown the way, the div. commander, Gen'l. Rose, early on Jan.13th sent a combat command to trace the route, break out of the woods, and cut the lateral highway that follows the forward slopes of the Plateau des Tailles en route from Houffalize toward St. Vith. Although the Germans still made a fight of it for towns

along the highway, the cut by the armor effectively blocked this last major route of escape for German troops in the vicinity of Houffalize.

As night fell on the 13th, men of the VIIth Corps could see to the south lightning flashes of artillery pieces supporting the Third Army. Patrols prepared to probe in that direction the next day, eager to end the separation the counteroffensive had imposed between the First and Third Armies.

Getting this far had cost the VII Corps almost 5000 casualties, a high but hardly alarming figure in view of the harsh weather and terrain. Although fighting a deliberate withdrawal action with determination and skill, the Germans had lost several hundred more than that in prisoners alone."

MacDonald, C.B., The Last Offensive, Wash., D.C.: Office of the Chief of Mil. Hist., USA, 1973.

HERE'S HOW THIRD ARMORED HISTORIANS SAW IT !

The Germans were not about to back out of "The Bulge" by January 13, 1945. It continued one of the most challenging actions of the war for the "The Spearhead"! Col. Yeomans, leading the 83rd Reconnaissance Bn., "astonished his colleagues and the Germans when seemingly stopped, he found a soft area and moved south to where his road blocks cut the Houffalize-St. Vith highway." Held up till the 16th, his men took Sommeraine, held on and casualties had been heavy on both sides. (See Spearheading, p.19: Road Block, II, 1, 3/1991, 7-8.)

HERE'S HOW THE 703RD H.Q. SAW IT !

Jan. 13, 1945-- 1C [moved over to join the 83rd Recon. Bn. on 1/11.] destroyed a Mk IV tank. One of its TD's out due to mechanical failure. 2C [with TF Kanel fired 22 rds. of APC at targets of opportunity from a position N.W. of Mont-Le Ban (P-638789).

1B, with CCB was on the attack toward Sommeraine (P-629753), reported 1 EM KIA by enemy artillery (P-644804).. 2B [with TF Lovelady] destroyed one enemy AT gun.

Jan. 14, 1945-- CP's moved, B to Hebronval and C to Bihain. Recon. to Villettes. 1B destroyed 2 Mk V tanks in the west edge of Av-Tilleul during the attack on Baclain.

Jan. 15, 1945-- "A" CP moved to vicinity of Hebronval (P-632862). 1A moved to join the 83rd Recon. Bn. (Yeomans) on attack, and to set up road blocks.

"B" CP moved near Lomre (P-641807). 1 TD of 1B was hit by 3 rds. of enemy AT and burned while supporting TF Yeomans, but was able to destroy 1 Mk IV tank at (P-645753) before it was hit. 1B reported 1 EM KIA by direct fire.

2B destroyed 2 assault guns on Mk IV chassis that were moving from Cherain towards Baclain.

Jan. 16, 1945-- During the period T.F. Lovelady (with 2B) was detached from CCB and moved to CCA, to assembly area to reorganize, maintenance, and rehabilitation.

2C fired 63 rds. at 3 enemy tanks and 1 AT gun. 1 Mk IV tank was destroyed from positions near (P-645764). 1 TD of 2C was damaged by artillery fire.

(From Summary of Operations, HQ 703rd TB Bn. 3 Feb 1945.)

HOW DID YOU "MAKE IT" ? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AND YOUR CREW ?

(Your editor writing on the way to a hospital in the U.K. on 1-18-45.)

1A was in reserve with CCA at 703rd CP, while 2A was with TFY moving to our left and 3A with TFX in the center. 2A lost Sgt. Lehmen, killed when he backed his TD over a mine. T/4 Langbecker, his driver, had a perforated eardrum. 3A suffered from numerous ills due to exposure. Moody, a driver, was evacuated with a frozen foot. Sawaski, a replacement had a bad foot.

I, in 1A, was left at Trois Ponts in charge of the 1 1/2 ton trucks, the M-20, ammo and gas. The maintenance vehicles were with us. It was soft living.

On the 14th, Lt. Henderson (1A) was called up to TF Yeomans with the platoon, and I drove his M-20. We were in position next day, and replaced Lt. Bugganer's (C) platoon. His TD wrecked a Pzkw V, but a round from a Mk IV had pierced his TD's side. Lt. Paulson's (C) plat was near by. 1A was without Schutt's TD, then with 2A. Toma, 1A's Platoon Sgt., was on furlough. O'Connor (A), a gunner, had been hospitalized. We knew that Yeomans had taken Someraine.

Lt. Henderson sent me over with instructions for the movement of Cook's (A) destroyer when either "Heinie" artillery or mortar fire took me out of it.

(See Road Block, II,1, 3/1991, 8-11.)

Our battalion was part of this important action that helped further weaken the enemy. HOW DID YOU SHARE IN IT ? YOUR CREW ? YOUR PLATOON ? Please tell us about it!

THE FINEST OF GENTLEMEN

Colonel William B. Lovelady, who led C.C.B. through Europe, keeps contact with our association. He called the other day. "I've about had it. But I never forget to love the 703rd" ! In a letter from Claude Ball (B), (611 Willow Oak, California, MD, 20619), it was Bill who found and encouraged him to join our association. Ball came to "B" Co. after the fall of St. Lo. Sending him Road Blocks helped get him to Omaha to share the division reunion with us. He'd sure like to meet the men who were in Silva's "B" Co. platoon. Do you recall him?

Col. "Bill" ought to get the good word from our members. He's at 250 Mounts Bay Court, Apt. 145, Longwood, FL 32779.

DOVERHAY DOWN

There was a war to be fought, and so on the Christmas days, 1943, we were firing at Minehead, Somerset on the lower shores of England's Bristol Channel. Christmas day found Straub (A), Larry Gatti (A) and I among others on duty as most of the men had the day to themselves or to enjoy the hospitality of local residents. To our surprise, a few days later, the three of us were invited to dinner by Mrs. Marsh of Porluck, Doverhay Down for the very reason that we had not been free to enjoy the holiday. There were three children, a lad in his late teens, a daughter in her early teens and a boy of six or so. Here was the traditional English middle class, almost formal, a simple, silver elegance at the table, the heavy flavorful crust of the unjacketed potatoes, a small roast duck; waiting for another occasion, one remained in the tiny garden pool. It was a fine dinner

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enjoyed in reserved, nevertheless relaxed, pleasant conversation.

In 1937 Mrs. Marsh had been with her husband at the port of Aden, at the SW tip of the Arabian Peninsula, key in the British Middle East. Being pregnant she returned to England to be with her children. Her husband's tour with a shipping concern would be completed in 1939, but with war his duty was to remain at his post. It had meant over six years of separation.

The next spring the world knew of the victory at El Alamein, and I went on short leave to London. Young Marsh had me to lunch at Eton. I was the honored guest to the right of the proctor. There was a thin slice of meat, the few leaves of lettuce, the boys in formal morning coats. While at the table, it was not the son but the pale lined face of Mrs. Marsh that came to mind. To me it was her burden, her bearing which showed me what our loved ones might also be suffering in that time of war. Editor

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