



703rd Road Block



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

Vol. VII #2 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Newsletter September, 1996

WE'RE LOOKING FOR YOU IN FORT WORTH! YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME!

THE THUNDERING DAWN

The dawn did not come up like thunder,
That's just an old belief,
The nights were long, dark, and lonely
Then dawn came in like a thief.
You took your turn on guard at night,
Two hours of listening and praying.
The night was filled with unending sounds,
That started my hair on its graying.
Then when your shift was over,
Back to the foxhole you crept,
And you climbed into your bedroll,
But you seldom, ever slept.
Your body yearned for sleep and rest,
While your mind said, "Stay Alert!"
You prayed to your God to protect you,
As you lay in your castle of dirt.
One night, just before the breakthrough,
Despite all the war noises around,
After climbing into my bedroll,
I fell into a sleep quite sound.
When I awakened to my bladder's call
There was a tint of graying sky.
Then little fingers of pink appeared,
A pleasure to my eye.
Dawn was creeping in silently,
The long, dark night was through.
By that first light I looked and gasped
At the first person in view.
The guard at my tank had his gas mask on--
"The alarm sounded hours ago,
Why aren't you wearing your gas mask, Sir?"
I truthfully didn't know.
I had slept right through the klaxon's sound.
(Thank God it was a false alarm.)
Yet a thundering dawn might have awakened me,
And protected me from harm! "Hap" Paulson(C)

SHORT BUT NEED YOUR RESPONSE!

John and Jennie Czajkowski (B), seeking to encourage our comrades to come to our recent reunion, contacted many of our members in specific areas asking them to write or call 703rd comrades close by. Some of the responses deserve a kind note. Some wanted to come to our reunion, but could not.

Please give them "the good word"!

Fred Hunt (Hq) is grappling with his small stroke, practicing writing. Georgia wrote his enthused response to John and Jennie.

2447 Wallis Smith Ave., Springfield, MO. 65804

"Dee" Goodrich (Hq) Merle writes that Dee's health continues to deteriorate, but hope remains.

10105 Grand Park, San Antonio, TX 78239

Albert Lynch (Hq) died about a year ago.

Mrs. A. Lynch, 503 Forest Rd., Huntington, WV 25705
304 523 4340

Dr. William Lynch (Hq) Beulah has been quite ill for some time.

770 Rowan Ave., Springfield, OR 97477

Laura Erwin (Hq) has suffered much from asthma. "Much too much", says John.

7458 White Ash Dr., South Haven, MS 38671

Oscar Carlson (B) was the spirit of the reunion, and great company. He had lost his wife to the snowy forest of Oregon. After the battalion reunion he would drive south along the Atlantic shore to dig clams.

R.R. 6, P.O. Box 1058, Astoria, OR 97103

Rufino Hualde (Rcn) has been made immobile due to arthritis. He joined us at a recent division reunion in Phoenix.

2239 W. Earll Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85015

Dr. Leon Michaud (Rcn) is 84 years young, and had lost a lung in Normandy. He was with us in Phoenix. He was tired, but "game"! Have you read his book, Simon Was Black, N.Y.: Vantage Press, 1992 ?

1848 E. Coronado Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85006

Andrew Bogacz (A) succumbed to cancer, July 20, 1996. He had been ill for some time. Andy never lost his smile. We used to mention that there was a bad apple in every company. There was a great human being in every company like Andy! Say hello to Anna for him and her.

908 W. Lowell Ave. E 12, Haverhill, MA 01832

Larry Hamilton (Rcn, Hq) continued his membership in our association, and reported that the medics have given him a new kneecap. Let's tell him and LaVerne to stay away from those "fellers" for awhile.

Box 407 508 Lynn St., Roscoe, PA 15477 412 938 2829

ARMANDO AND ANNE GIOVINO (C)

Just after Independence Day, Bob Schutt reported that Armando suffers from terminal cancer. Armando has been caring for Anne who has Alzheimer's Disease. Here is a courageous, thoughtful couple. They have never failed to communicate and help.

The great cook and soldier from "C" Co. truly needs "the good word" from us, if ever!

248 Pratt St., Mansfield, MA. 02048

(508) 339 7333

Tom Collins (B) and Dorothy continued their membership, but as life members. Fortunate in having five children, they have plenty of help on their farm from twelve grandchildren. Will we see them at Fort Worth? Hope so!

6114 Tommy Rd., Youngsville, LA 70592

Joe and Martha Moen (A) celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary the 15th of August. Give your best wishes to an ever gracious and loyal couple to our association.

5239 4th St. N.E. Columbia Heights, MN 55421

"--PROBABLY WILL NEVER COME TO FRUITION, BUT ONE NEVER KNOWS!"

The item below was drawn from a local newspaper item accompanying Joannie Willham's recent letter. She's Frank and Marge Miller's (A) daughter.

A friend very dear to the Millers, who has been active in local political life, wants "to see that the Kingston-Rhinecliff Bridge is named after Frank, a man he says, who was instrumental in making that particular link across the Hudson a reality."

He has formally requested that naming after "two recent politically inspired bridge re-namings--the Mid Hudson Bridge for Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Newburgh-Beacon Bridge for Hamilton Fish." Why not name a bridge "after a person who has paid his taxes?--"

"Miller, a combat veteran of W.W.II served in the first Ulster County Legislature and held several other local government positions. He was a Republican Committeeman for 35 years and he has put his weight behind Columbia-Greene Community College, the public library in Middletown, town parks in Patchogue, and public school fund raisers in Geneseo. He, also, has 41 years of perfect attendance with the Lion's Club."

Frank is a Republican of the rock-ribbed, mule-headed persuasion, and I can't recall ever agreeing with one of his political opinions. That's not the point, is it!"

Miller missed having a Rhinecliff bridge named for himself in 1968. Apparently he pushed for the approval and construction of the Kingston-Rhinecliff Bridge.

As a member of the traffic committee years ago, he was tired of having to rush to make the last ferry across the Hudson, which departed about 1630--"or darn too early!"

Occasionally--"Miller missed it and had the choice of two bridges at some distance to get across the river. With thousands of signatures, Miller's appeal to the chairman of the bridge authority got laughter, but in 1957, the bridge opened.

The son of Joannie's "second parents", the man who is trying to get the bridge named for Frank, would like even a thank you note from local powers for the efforts of active citizens.

Our association thanked Frank for his efforts to strengthen our ties by unloading on him a two year stint as its president. He carried our banner very well!

IN THE M.P.'S JAIL IN LEESVILLE

Getting drunk was not likely for me! I believed that I knew how much I could drink and be of no trouble to anyone! There were about four of us together in town. Not even the welcome of "gals", occasionally, broke us up, though it was the beer that we drank to lighten up the afternoon. I reached my limit about a half hour before we were to get on a bus back to camp,--a bit "woozie", and sure that I was in control of myself..

We were passing by a movie house. Out front were pictures about 10"x12", in successive slots and racks. Each picture was a separate scene from the film being shone in the theater. I pulled one out of a slot just to take a look! A firm hand had me by the shoulder. An M.P. charged me with theft. I could hardly protest as I was loaded in a truck with others, and sent to the local "clink" being used by the military to demonstrate that M.P.'s had a job to do!

Why recall this common scene? Beats me! It must be that I would not get back to camp for reveille in time! I was losing control. The military system had been allowed to gain control over me! I was close to drunkenness!

The bumpy truck, open only to the rear, the darkness of night, being asked information concerning as to where I was to be

returned at dawn, and the metal straps which were the mattress of my sleeping place was added to a quick self-kick.

It was a good, short snooze till I was up, dirty, on a truck back to camp and a bleary-eyed day of duty.

It happened but once, yet I let 'em get me! I'm still angry about it!

Nathan Goldberg (A)

89th GRENADIER-REGIMENT
IN THE STOLBERG-ESCHWEILER AREA
AUTUMN 1944. II

"Hap" Paulson's 2C was closest to the action described below. Recall that his platoon had to cross this area under fire, back and forth, three times as ordered, See more on this German fighting tank destroyer unit in the June, 1996 Road Block.

When Hans Replien came back, 6/7/46, to the Scherpenseel-Hastenrath area where his tank destroyer platoons had fought against us, he counted three destroyed U.S. tanks just in front of the defense position of the 1st platoon, and another nine beyond the main fighting line. I suppose that some of them had been inactivated by panzerfausts (bazookas) and raketenpanzerbuchse (larger caliber bazookas) of the 1st platoon in position in that very area.

Uffz. (Cpl) Hein of the 12th T.D. Bn. is said to have K.O.'d a dozen U.S. tanks with his 7.5 cm. ATG (Anti Tank Guns) from his gun position near Werth. According to the tank defense plan, his position should have been S. of the main road which seems to have been the actual, position although Major Holz claims that Hein had been in position farther N. Any way, most of the twelve tanks counted by Replien, he credited to Hein. Probably the number of destroyed tanks was higher, because after 17/11/44, the American salvage tanks may have removed some of them, while others may have been repaired on the spot.

T.D. platoon #2, under Fw. Knirsch which had been attacked by the tanks only on its left boundary adjoining the Albertshof building, reported just one man wounded in the

course of its successful defensive action.

On 17/11/44, strong American tank forces, with a heavy artillery barrage from about 600 guns as of Lt. Earl's (U.S. Army) narrative, set out from their bases in Werth on the attack against Hastenrath and Scherpenseel. At times there were about 3 to 4 American spotting planes in action above our regimental sector, which helps prove the immensity of artillery support. As anticipated, the attack was directed between the two towns after several hours of the barrage. The tanks took flank fire from the 7.5 ATGs, Type 40, of the 6th AT Platoon under Fw. Peters, and, also, of an 8.8 cm ATG and 4 assault guns of the 12th T.D. Bn. from their well camouflaged positions on the eastern outskirts of Hastenrath. About 30-35 tanks and halftracks were K.O.'d.

Peter's 6th AT Platoon within the 14th Co. (TD) with its 2 7.5 cm. guns at Scherpenseel claimed:

1 tank destroyed by Zarse's gun, Acting Cpl. Tied wounded in the course of action.

1 tank destroyed by Girsule's gun. He was killed, gunners Lindner and Weist wounded, the gun which had been positioned near the chapel in Scherpenseel was destroyed by gunfire. A U.S. photo shows the gun beside a tank wreck on the main road near Scherpenseel. Pfc. Lange, the messenger of the 6th AT platoon was killed by shell fragments.

Hans Replien

CONCERN FOR OTHERS

Lt. Claude Ball (B) was on the way to join the 703rd after we crossed into Belgium. He wrote home, and spoke of how well life was for him on the way to being assigned to a unit. His character as we know him appears in the portion below of his letter from France, July 10, 1944.

"-----Strong was in my wire truck in '41-'42 at Bragg and was a good pal of mine. He is now a corporal on the same truck. It seems he left home when he was 15,--had family trouble or something. He went all through Africa, laid wire from Oran to

Cape Bon [Horn ?], had a truck blown out from under him by an "88" shell, underwent artillery fire, air bombing and strafing several times in Africa, did the same in Sicily, and has been working like "heck" since D-5!

HERE'S THE STORY! The kid doesn't get mail: no one writes to him. He's a cleancut kid all the way through! I've seen none better! Here's what I would like! He's got a birthday, August 7th. He'll be 19. Could you send him a good box of candy as soon as you can? You don't need to mention my name. How about 3 of those small boxes of Mexican pecan candy that are available at the counter outside the Greyhound Bus Station or anything similar, of course. Just send it anytime, and you might enclose a birthday card. It doesn't matter about what day he will receive it. It'll mean a lot. I'd appreciate it a great deal. I've enclosed his address. I know I've swamped you with requests, but this one to him would mean as much as many more to me. Make it good, and the benefit and pleasure will be all mine! Thanks a million!-----"

Claude Ball (B)

"B" COMPANY, REMEMBERED IN ACTION

Lt. Col. Haynes W. Dugan, 3rd Armored Division historian, includes the 703 T.D. Bn. in his mailings, because he enjoys the Road Block, and wishes to help the 703rd keep its members informed of references made by other publications of our battalion. He recently included them in his review of Michael Reynold's book on General Jochen Peiper. The author mentions the 703rd T.D. Bn. attachment to the 504th Parachute Inf. Bn. of the 82nd Airborne Div. in "The Bulge". Jim Roberts (2B) "sent flanking fire, both direct and indirect into Peiper's positions east of the Amblève River".

More recently Haynes relayed a letter from Henri Rogister, the Liège historian, who accompanied a group of veterans of the 82nd Airborne's 505th P.I.B. visiting the specific locations of their action in "The Bulge". One of the men, Chris Christensen, "told us the story of the attack of five German tanks toward the Grand Halleux bridge and his position, but also of the riposte made by two tank destroyers. Those two T.D.'s led by Bill Crochetière (1B) destroyed three German tanks and the other two were forced to retreat."

It was the fine work of Crochetière, the 1B section leader, and the excellent gunnerie of Al Morrie, killed at the scene of this action by a tree burst, that helped force back the German attack toward the river crossing.

One of Hayne's opinions was that the overall terrain was not for German tank warfare. We add that Crochetière's decision to move his T.D. so as to be the aggressor and get in the first shot, was the right move!

SEE: Reynolds, Michael, The Devil's Adjutant, N.Y.: Sarpedon Publishers, 1995.

Road Block , III, 4, 12/1992, 5,8.

Road Block , IV, 1, 3/1993, 5,8.

HARD TO BELIEVE!

Company "A", Camp Polk, Louisiana
March 20, 1942 (Continued)

I received a letter from a young lady to whom I thought I would write weekly. I have written her, almost daily! I guess she does not know the song, "I only want a buddy, not a sweetheart!" My last few letters must have been a bit childish, but she did not understand. She'll probably write me once a month, and I'll cooperate likewise.

March 21, 1942

It was Saturday with the chance to get to town! At 1630 our C.O. spoke to the rookies briefly.

"A part of this state is known as 'Lousy-ana'! The women around here are lousy! If you wish to stay out of trouble keep to the center of the main street. The outskirts breed the diseases. They don't feed you in the jails down here." He continued the sly, sickening remarks. Many of the men turned down passes. We were out at 1700, and had to be back before 2400. On checkout, each man was given a disease preventive packet.

Scrubbed and in their best shoes, off they went across the fields to the highway. An M.P. kindly took me into Leesville, 11 miles away.

The outskirts of shacks entitled Miami Club, Palisades, etc., were our introduction. Leesville has two movie theaters, but not a building with four floors. I bought \$.65 worth of stationery that was unobtainable in camp. Along the main street, every fourth business sold chili con carne and hamburgers. Bars were almost as numerous. I got some cigarettes, and enjoyed a lemon ice cream soda at the Phoenix Drug Store. The waitresses were quite pretty, and dating notions were prevalent. Risk played little role for the moment as pretty faces and figures filled the soldiers' sensibilities.

As I walked about looking for a Jewish merchant, I spotted a long building that was the U.S.O. Center, and its very good recreation center. It has a luxurious library, a neat writing room, classical recordings with a fine player-radio. The refreshment counter sold excellent sandwiches and drinks at reasonable prices.

The social hall could seat about 200. Four pingpong tables were in action. I was soon at the piano. Two women complimented me, then I was approached by a blonde young fellow who listened attentively. When the high school band began to "set up" we talked in the library. Julius James, a high school student, and proud of his school, was of an army family. In the background, the band proved that the English teacher-director, but 22 years of age, was getting the group to play well. Julius was an intelligent lad, accomplished in many areas. He invited me to go to church with him if possible. He would come to our chapel, knew all the good swimming holes around the town.

The Mr. Levine I met at the USO chapel is superintendent of the building. Julius said there were no synagogues in Leesville, and that very many Jews attended Roman Catholic services. I left Julius at 2300 and in 20 minutes the bus had us back in camp.

Tomorrow will find me on K.P., my first. Nothing wrong. They needed another man.

To Be Continued



Ed Surwilla (Hq) Dick Moore (A)



Joe and Martha Moen (A)



Phil and Edna Hallabrin (Hq)

John Czajkowski (B)



"I. B." Wagon (B,C)



Aulay and Isabel Tompkins (C)



Col. W. and Lucille Showalter (Hq)



Everett Stites (Rcn) Steve Popovitch (C)



Henry and Florence Gosch (C)



Enloe and Helen Minick (Hq)

Frank Miller (A)



Len Straub (A) Jim Santino (A) Steve Popovitch (C)

TO EACH HIS OWN

Reflecting on Camp Polk road marches, I'm reminded that most of us have a negative impression of what we experienced, and that few details of what we learned along the walks come back to mind. But those who do have memories of little things can reform meaningful memories, most likely with personal twists.

To the "Yankees", among the recruits, they were in "Lousy-ana"! The cadre training us was the demonstration of what we might find guiding us after six weeks of basic training. Could we expect better from the army?

The road marches in the sticky climate of spring drew my gripes away from the popular complaints of our circumstances. They left me with two incidents of wonder that I shall always recall when "road march" comes up in gab or thought!

It was a hot, sunny morning hike. The men were very uncomfortable, and even with very little to carry they had to feel, not reflect on the world around them. The goal was to get back to camp, enjoy some shade, or even better at the moment would be a ten minute break in the shade. To one soldier the plodding slowed, heads were down, the trees had but trunks, his boots swirled a little dust that kicked back at them, sending it anew to the man behind. There was a cackle sound that was new as they crept along. To their right was a high, loose fence. There were women behind it, some grasping, leering, sneering. Others were in varied degrees of sound or helpless languor. The word came through the ranks that we were passing a state institution for women afflicted with mental, or was it social disease. All wore dull-colored jumpers,-- then they were out of sight. Was this another part of the soldiers' training to help them avoid sexual affliction? The soldier drove the memory of the brief experience from his mind for a few days, but it returned, and does so with any walk,--the human misery. How much more can we

do now for the clawing women at such fences,--how much we won't do!

The second lasting impression stirred by road marches was so very simple, yet it is what is crystal clear in one man's mind that he won't forget! The soldier was not riding the deck of the T.D.'s in the 1st platoon or he probably would never forget the "dog feet" on the advance in Belgium, struggling to hook their ammo plus more on the sides of the T.D. so as to ease the strain. Again it was a road march at Camp Polk, and it was during a ten minute break,---nothing unusual. Again it was hot, glaring dust, helmet liner serving as an eye shade, another hike in which burly Bert Wooten had to be brought back by the medics.

The soldier welcomed the shade by the side of the road. He searched to get under-side of his tiredness. He moved ten yards into the greenery,--flopped to the ground beyond the glow of road heat. To his surprise he heard trickling water. It was a tiny, gushing outlet just beyond the dry spot he accepted for his rest. It dribbled through odd sized pebbles freed from the water-washed dirt. Two small wildflowers, weak but colored, helped the green leaves of native weeds appear fresh and in delightful contrast to the sound. The soldier was amazed at the comfort he felt in the scene he had discovered on the break. Words came to mind to describe the contrast, the comfort. The wonder of Louisiana was there to enjoy if you but look a little away from the line of march. Later in Belgium on a rare sunny morning when the soldier knew they'd have fighter cover help above, still he wondered at two streams of smoke from chimneys a short distance away. He imagined that they were from a rural bakery, and how children might have come for their Sunday loaves. Yet, in peacetime, whenever that soldier took his camera on a walk, he always tried to find the trickling rivulet of Louisiana.

Nathan Goldberg (A)

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN XII

June 19, 1944

It was a wandering night. The Red Lion only had one keg, and the Inn near Bristol Cross in Sir Henry Hoare's Gardens would be open only a half hour. I walked back to Mere past the airfield where 30 DeHaviland "Mosquitos" (medium attack bombers) were relaxing. At the Watson's were Woolner, Steinhart and Stagman, and we shared tomatoes, cheese, lettuce, cakes and tea.

This morning we hiked around the downs for an hour and fifteen minutes.

We had been assigned the study of the beach just northwest of Isigny, and to the south. Later our Bn. C.O. pointed out that Castilly would be our introduction to action. Some reports might tell us of the action on the ground, but the radio seemed as good a reporter we would have, I guess!

There was only one letter for the whole company today. Tomorrow we should get a flock of mail.

June 20, 1944

The 9th Inf. Div. has cut off the Cotentin Peninsula east of La Haye du Puits, and moved up eight miles toward Cherbourg. The estimated number of Germans trapped seemed an exaggeration, but the enemy is cut off from land communications. The peninsula seems ours.

This evening at 1800 this battalion was alerted for its movement to the marshalling area. Everyone was restricted to our area though Lt. Wissing (A) later took a few of us on foot back to camp for showers. All our personnel were given a "Port of Embarcation" physical by the battalion medics to make sure there were no cases of "crabs", lice, V.D. or long hair on their way to France. They looked at our throats as well!

On our return, our company C.O., Capt. Cole, assembled us giving us the details of the move to the marshalling area. He's a yarn spinner trying to convince us we'd knock out enemy tanks, "because we are doing it over there now!" Wheeled vehicles including M-20's

and 1/2 ton trucks were to be kept a reasonable distance from combat. Security men would ride the rear deck of the T.D.'s, dismounting when the T.D.'s were in position, supporting them from ground attack. Security men grumbled realizing that in case of T.D. withdrawal, alternative positions for security would have to be planned for rallying points for renewal of the T.D. attack or withdrawal. Grousing from security was that on withdrawal it would result in every man being on his own when the T.D.'s withdrew. Our battalion C.O. had advised the company C.O. to keep his M-20 "out of it", but Cole's assertions that he'd be where his men were fighting waited on the future. We were given a telephone number to call if there might be a vehicular breakdown, and we could not repair it on the way to the marshalling area. Rations for two days were given us,--actually 1.5-2 rations/day. Later at the marshalling area we learned they served all day. Cole told us where we were going in the marshalling area, where we'd load up on docks, but we had orders to waterproof, anyway. We'd wear impregnated underclothing over to France. A.A. protection was on permanent alert till we were through over there. Guns were to be always manned. After the meeting each vehicle received two road maps of the S.W. part of England, and an extra "C" ration for each man.

June 21, 1944

Chow was ordered for 0545. I took the four hotcakes, syrup, two scoops of butter, four rashers of bacon, cream of wheat, milk, and coffee. Ordinarily we were awakened 0700, thus the mind exercised searching for an explanation. We had work to be done I assumed. By 0900 I was convinced there'd be nothing doing, so I undressed and slept till the noon meal. We had all the port chops we wanted, though, as usual they were "fat". The cooks are to blame. Any housewife would reject meat in that condition. This has been common with army meats in my experience. John Cox (A), a tentmate, who lives a short walk-

ing distance from me at home, sleeps very peaceably and long. Last night he shared a fried egg and onion mess, a midnight sandwich. Pork loins for dinner were overfat, but the meal was substantial.

I read almost every word of Time, 6/5, this afternoon, and wondered at the science section's optimism concerning the gas turbine, jet propulsion, and rockets. What a crazy world it appears to be! On the cover was a member of high-class, murder incorporated (General Alexander), in the middle a Lieutenant who murdered two teen-age girls, the comely skirt-enclosed thigh of a Hollywood actress, and shame on shame, a review of a novel of Salvador Dali (Surrealist), a ridiculous piece of fiction published, in of all places, New England!

Again, no mail today! It last came six days ago. The popular opinion is that APO 230 is in France, so we'll have to catch up to our mail! Last night the lads sent messages to their girls in town via our cyclists. Cox showed the return message he received from his Ann, from Swansea, Wales and Catholic, undoubtedly chaste. She expressed her true love and sorrow to see him leave. She wrote nothing of waiting, but reminded him not to forget the personal talk they had had. Going with a girl for nine months, reading her expressions of love, and I'll bet you he as well as others, have not made provision for these young ladies to be notified if something happens to them. The long walks, the pubs, the smokes, the handholding and gentle courtships were a long incident. Time shall smooth all memories.

Today summer came. It was cold till 1400, and the sun shone. One of our bright lads, Jim Enright, gave himself a two hour sun bath, and he can't move today. He can barely stumble to the latrine. Most of us get a "sadistic satisfaction", said Ralph Steinhart, out of seeing someone with as much sense, get his deserts.

To Be Continued

WAGONSELLER FRONT PAGE 12/1995

About the 703rd-3rd Armored Reunion in Fort Worth, 10/96? We'll crawl there with Merle and Dee Goodrich (Hq).

I read the Road Block, three or four times, front or back. I was "Recon-Sgt.", "C" Co., Gosch's [CO] shadow. When the company moved south from Hastenrath to join the First Infantry to stop the German breakthrough, my little book of notes reminds me that on 12/21/44, Ferris, my jeep driver, was hit! We viewed one of the great battles of the war on the approach to Bütgenbach. Two platoons of "C" Co., protected by the stone walls of a shelled out building, their muzzles at the windows or gaps in the stone, were firing continuously at moving enemy tanks. Our radio operator in his halftrack, was talking to a distant command, enemy shells landing right and left, hitting the stones and over us. My notes read that Martinez and Taberski were wounded and evacuated. Those were brave men, and the radio operator should be especially commended for he was more exposed to the shelling!" The same day Ferris drove Gosch and me to 18th Regt. Hq., 1st Div. in Bütgenbach. Arriving, a shell hit our jeep, wounding Ferris. We moved our CP back to Nidrum.

Recently, I stood alone at the graveside funeral of a Bowie (Texas) friend who had been commissioned by Patton at Anzio. An honor guard from Camp Hood shot the gun salute and played taps. I trembled and sobbed quietly. A beautiful lady came and stood by my side, put her arms around my waist, kissed my cheek.

I.B. and Inez Wagonseller (C)

RECONNAISSANCE PAR EXCELLENCE!

Early in April, Hugh Livengood and "3 Rcn." were the pupils when "Jerry" tried to teach them how to reconnoiter for targets!

It was daybreak along a thickly wooded highway. A section of our TD's on the outside, light tanks and a few infantry were on roadblock. "Jerry" filled the woods, spending the night trying to get close enough to be

within range for effective use of his bazookas. "Doc" was on guard at dawn, saw movement just yards away, and looked to make sure who it might be! He challenged, received a harsh cry in French. By this time the men dug in close by, were on the alert enough to pull the stranger down.

The German soldier had an egg grenade in his pocket, but he pulled it away from the G.I. examining him, jerked out the pin, and took off as a German comrade opened up with a "Burp" gun just yards away! "Doc" and the men close by could not see the source of the rounds coming their way, but "Doc" and a doughboy spotted the head of a bazooka coming to the head of a bush. They called for the TD to machine gun the area from where the danger was evident, apparently, frightening the bazooka man. "Jerry" turned and fired at the distracter, his round hitting a tree above the doughboy's head. Some American unloaded his weapon into the German soldier, as did Pvt. Millen's machine gun, and a few M-1's!

The platoon leader thought the explanation quite evident. One Jerry had the weapon to decommission the T.D., the other had gone forward to identify a target, simple enough!

You Name It! #2 (Publication of the 703rd T.D Bn. 4/21/45).

BASTILLE DAY

Recently on TV,
A dream began to unfold for me,
BASTILLE DAY, 1944.
Fighting the Nazis in Normandy.
During the night the dream became more clear,
of fierce tank battles never forgotten,
never laid to rest,
A recurring dream of BASTILLE DAY, 1945,
of competing in a track meet in Frankfurt
of winning a Bastille Day medal.
Today I hope and pray each Bastille Day
for all mankind for a peaceful way!
Don McKiernan (A)

WAR OR PEACE, CASUALTIES!

The mail man returned a June, '96 Road Block at 6/96 this noon. It had been sent to "Charlie" Markeveys (Hq) at his nursing home. "Charlie" has been immobile for some time. He has enjoyed our newsletter very much. Bill Wagoner (A) visits him, so I called him to

learn if "Charlie" is O.K. Bill and Kathy (A) were to check for me, but no response as yet.

All newsletters the postal service cannot deliver, come to me! As I look at each, I'm saddened in fear of possibly learning that a comrade has been lost.

On the continent in wartime, I recall the sudden shock when I learned "Dick" Moore (A) died in the ambulance taking him back to a field hospital, that Joe Olsen (A) and Ben Barbalinardo (A) had been killed early in "The Bulge" in an air bomb attack. My emotion in losing comrades was too little in my thoughts. Survival, quickly, was more the concern. Being helpless towards the needs of the casualty had to be replaced with the determination to fill the gap left with his loss! It was "Dick" who called me a "button-hole maker", and I reminded him that he was a "herring-choker". That memory was with me when I visited his folks at war's end.

The thought of "Charley" almost motionless in his chair, enjoying being read to from the Road Block, leaves me with helplessness till Bill tells us what has happened to "Charlie" or that it was just a postal foul up! Maybe we'll have to call the nursing home ourselves.

Charles Markeveys, Nursing Care Center, Belvue Ave.
Bristol CT 06010
Editor

THANK YOU VERY MUCH----BUT!

Your many notes, pictures, and yarns have been very helpful in preparing your Road Blocks. However you are not digging deeply enough in your storeroom or attic of memories, and in the corners of your old trunks! Please help your editor. If you wish pictures returned let me know. Your comments on events or on the specific contents of the Road Blocks would be appreciated.

Thank you.
Editor

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Annual Memberships for 1996 -54- *Have you paid your annual dues?*

Total membership for 1995 -90-

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