



703rd Road Block



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

Vol. VIII #3 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Newsletter September, 1997

ACTION! ON OUR WAY TO GRAND RAPIDS!

May 17 - May 21, 1998

John and Laura Erwin (Hq) were the first registered hotel guests for our 1998 battalion reunion. Then came Claude Ball (Hq,B) and "Chris" J. W. Williamson (A,Hq). May those few be the forerunners of the next 100 persons. We have plans for those attending to visit the Gerald R. Ford Museum, the Grand Rapids (Van Andel) Public Museum plus two other museums depending upon the number attending the reunion. The specific activities remain to be determined at the division reunion of the Third Armored. The delegation of the 703rd will discuss and decide what they shall be. A full, detailed schedule of the events for our reunion will be provided by our reunion staff (Bob and Lora Schutt (A) and Leonard Straub (A)) in the December, 1997 issue of the Road Block. Hotel Reservation Request Cards and Battalion Registration forms are enclosed in this issue of the Road Block. If you desire a first floor room from the limited number available, please request one with your early registration. Make your decision, now!

For the orderly transmission of information concerning the reunion or any other events or news, please make your first communication to Leonard Straub [1-847 253-0507]. He is responsible for transmitting the content of your calls to board members who will "take it from there" so that everyone gets to be notified of any and all events.

Wishing you and yours good fortune. Please register, pronto!

Bob and Lora Schutt [1-616-453-7571]

JOIN US IN LOUISVILLE!

Don't Let Us Miss You!

THIRD ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 61743, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0398
(602) 840-0398

Tuesday-Saturday 9/30-10/4/97

Registration/person \$40 Luncheons, Men, Women \$15 each

TWO TOURS: A) River City \$26 B) Ft. Knox \$15

T A P S

DON BELLAND (B) succumbed suddenly to his chronic intestinal illness early in July. Leo Eatman (B) reported Martha's and our loss of Don on July 7th. Bob Schutt (A) had tried to

get Don's assistance in the preparation for our coming reunion, but Don's illness interfered. Martha sent a note to Len Straub (A) thanking the association for the battalion contribution for a memorial for Don. Martha Belland 6063 Coral Way Bradenton, FL 34207

TEFFT, Luther "Bud", (C), 77, died Sunday, 6/8/97. Jean sent us "Bud's" obituary and a kind note.

"--In April, Bud's illness was diagnosed as metastatic bone cancer. In less than two months he died. He had been treated with radiation, but after nine treatments the

Normandy Northern France Rhineland Ardennes Central Europe

hospital admitted him for seven days. Then they transferred him to the hospice unit at the Lebanon V.A. Hospital. We were fortunate to live about two miles from there, and I was able to be with him until the end."

Jean and "Bud" had four daughters and celebrated their 51st wedding anniversary 11/96. Jean wrote that our gift has been sent on to fight cancer. Let's send Jean our very best. 306 E. Market St., Palmyra, PA 17078

GOODRICH, ""Dee", (HQ.) [8/5/97] Merle called to tell us that "Dee's" long suffering was over. She shared with us even as her illness made it most difficult to come to our reunions. She got there with Merle, with her broad smiles of encouragement, and always helping all of us add memories for those we had come to honor. Merle and she gave much time and effort to help, so that those we left in Europe would not be forgotten.

10105 Grand Park, San Antonio, TX 78239

PAWLOWSKI, Ignatz (Iggy)(3A) Eleanore, "Iggy's" niece wrote the McKiernans (A) that her uncle had died 7/28/97 at 82. There was a very long period of illness as "Iggy" suffered serious difficulty, and needed much care. He was admired by his platoon mates for his gruff, and always sure thoughtfulness. He more than fulfilled his duties as a soldier, and was wanted by all T.D. commanders for their crews.

Eleanore Pawlowski, 54 Coal St. Glen Lyon, PA 18617

CONCERNED COMRADES

LEO EATMAN (B) and LEONARD STRAUB (A), on their own, demonstrate a consistent concern for the members of our battalion. Leo left the battalion in Indiantown Gap to go to O.C.S., nevertheless, he remains in contact with his former comrades, and reports what he learns of them to Leonard Straub who

devotedly distributes that information. "Len" recently reported that the Society of St. Vincent De Paul has gratefully acknowledged contributions in memory of Leon Michaud (Rcn).

Please keep contact with comrades, and let "Len" know about it!

Leo and Ruth Eatman 2801 W. Birchwood Wilmette, IL 60091

AN ARMY CRUISE: EAST! -I-

Late August, 1943

It hadn't been far to the final staging area. The processing was swift and efficient. Doing a good job "stateside" might make the jobs "steady"! Did some of the men, who were no longer with the 703rd, get transfers into posts "stateside"?

The physical exam was amusing. Mouth, private parts and lice--that was all that seemed to interest the examiners. The two men with a venereal disease continued with us. The lad from Roxbury, Massachusetts caught it just before we left Indiantown Gap. He hadn't used a condom or prophylaxis. A Captain relieved him of his Good Conduct Medal at a formation. I went on two twelve hour passes at staging camp. Cousins Bea, Ben, Shirley and Bob in East Orange were down on the shore, and I missed them.

September 3, 1943

"A" Co. was on the way to debark. Many of us had been to see, "This Is The Army!" last night. After a regular cleanup and policing, we pulled out. Everything went as scheduled. The efficiency of all concerned was exceptional. An N.J. Central train brought us to the P. of E., Port 20, Staten Island. After boarding the U.S.T. Shawnee, previously with the Clyde Mallory Lines, we settled into what was not a big vessel, but it had three battalions as guests. We did not know our destination. Forrest Cook (A) and I were Chaplain Ware's assistants. We played recordings, checked out games, musical instruments. It was not as comfortable as our battalion commander claimed. The jaunt to come was not

a holiday excursion.

"A" Co. had double duties for the trip,-- K.P. and "mopup" of the vessel. There was fine, hot coffee in the galley.

As ever there are always those individuals looking out for themselves. Of course the fellow who suffered from the social disease claimed he had not had intercourse. A former steward on the crew had kept his union membership and whiskey privileges.

All day Cook and I were busy, passing out decks of cards, and popular games.

September 5,6, 1943

That Sunday morning I brought up the broadcast equipment to the "Rec" Hall where I became part of the Protestant services. Somewhat later in the morning the "Shawnee" slipped out of the pier. Funny that I felt little moved by the last look toward Coney Island, towards home, that I might never see my folks, or friends again! Many memories crossed my mind, but without the intensity for which I had hoped. I might never get back to take a crack at finding myself within myself. The future was hardly in my thoughts. There were hardly hopes, and no pessimism.

I had had doubts of some crude soldiers (GFU's) in the company, and there were some men whose age and fitness made me wonder why they were still with the battalion. Turning away from the shore, I conceded that some of the "blowhards" could turn out to be really fine men in combat! Would I hold up my end?

I quickly thought of the many interruptions by my colleagues as of pests. I mislaid a key,--my fault! Careless!. I read a paperback of no value, did not write letters to be mailed when we hit port. There were many things in my experience which I cannot relate in the mail, but somehow I can extend the tone of what happens to reach friends.

As for the people we'll meet, being an American won't help me very much, if at all!

I'll write some V-Mail letters while I'm up at the library this afternoon!

The Chaplain will distribute a carton of cigarettes (200) to each man tomorrow at

noon. Each of us has a meal ticket. It is punched so that double dinners "are out"! Drifting thoughts include Stella again and again!

A couple of non-coms installed some speakers for the Chaplain. The system was the better for their efforts.

(To Be Continued)

THE ROADS ALONG THE ROAD

Dear Mom and Dad and all,
I'm sure you already know,
My battalion has landed in France,
And now I can say so.

The destruction here is vast,
The roads are strewn with wrecks,
Bloated, dead cattle in the fields
Smell so bad that we are vexed.
We battle from hedgerow to hedgerow
No blitzkrieg--no lightning war.
When you penetrate one hedgerow,
There's another one in store.

Telephone wires are laid on the ground
Or tucked in a branch of a tree,
Everything's covered with mud and dust,
A true picture of misery.
But all along the roads are statues,
Each with a protective hood.
Inside is a crucifixion scene
Showing Christ impaled on his rood.

That was in a letter I sent home.
Now permit me to digress
To tell you about "Jimmy" Clawson,
One of Lamar, Missouri's best.
"Jimmy" was tall, over six foot.
And when we had to refuel our tanks,
He could stand on the ground to do it,
While we normal sizes scaled its flanks.
One man on the deck to get the can
That another man passed up to him.
"Jimmy" stood there and did it alone
While he laughed, his face one big grin.
He who laughs last, laughs the best.
And in time we had our chance.
"Jimmy" was standing on a cesspool cover
Of the foulest cesspool in France.

The weight of the gas and "Jimmy"
 Was more than the cover could bear
 And "Jimmy" fell into the cesspool,
 While the can flew up in the air.
 Excuse the pun, but when he came up
 Jim smelled "orfal", it's true,
 And as he stripped off his clothing,
 With each piece we chorused, "Pee-ew"
 We all raced for our cameras
 As Jimmy scrubbed off all that "stuff".
 The cameras clicked, and posterity
 Had a record of James in the "buff"!
 Alas, when I sent those pictures home,
 Mom's eyesight was growing dim,
 "Hal sent us a picture of the crucifixion,
 Get the magnifier so that I can see him."
 So now you can see, I connected up
 Both sides of the story
 Poor Mom, she saw no crucifix,
 But "Jimmy" in his magnified glory.
 "Hap" Paulson (2C)

N O R M A N D Y - III

July 8-13, 1944 (Continued)

Overhead, all night, artillery and mortar rounds were exchanged, the weight heavily American. In the morning we moved back to the road, and waited while our platoon leader, Lt. Henderson and Platoon Sgt. Toma reconnoitered for positions. Our M-10 (T.D.) was placed on high ground directly off the road about 1100 yds. to a curve to Le Desert. We dismounted our light machine gun to cover the hedge in front of us, and the M-10, with its 3" gun, was in defilade to check a tank attack along the road. Col. Boudinot, C.O. of the 32nd Armored Regt., ordered us, personally, to hold that position.

An M-4 tank (Sherman) was behind us. Later the 823rd T.D. Bn. with towed 3" guns, dug in about 100 yds. from us on the left. Two G.I.'s came by who were part of an A.A. platoon that had a pair of 90mm. rifles placed on top of the road. We had to be driven out or destroyed if Germans were to get by all our weaponry.

Lying behind the hedgerow with us was "H" Co. of the 36th Armored Inf. Regt. of the 3rd Armored Div. Their platoon leaders warned us of a German counterattack, and that we had to "dig in" more deeply! They pointed out targets, particularly a house and barn close to the curve below.

Arrington, with me on the machine gun, fitfully slept as Steinhart and I kept a lookout. We groused about having to do without needed raincoats and chow. Col. Boudinot had had on a rainproof coat. He bore himself as should an officer.

At 1600 an American advance began in front of us. We felt relieved as a fine barrage was laid ahead. But soon off to the left the fighting spread, seemed to move all the way up to St. Jean de Daye. With the American advance, an O.P. of the mortars of the 36th Inf. moved out, and the A.T. guns were alone.

The Germans counterattacked. Doughboys were retiring past us. We heard the cackle of German small arms fire to our left. The men of the 823rd deserted their guns. Men backing up warned us of snipers. We scanned the trees around us. I was sure that two men in raincoats crossed in front of us,--targets. But some G.I.'s had returned to the hedge further forward. I called to Arrington and Steinhart. They had seen nothing. I fired a few rounds at waving rounds of high grass. Gosh! I was scared, but relieved, except that I might have shot at Americans. The M-10 sent 5 rounds at targets. There was the ripping racket of a German light MG to our left. At 1615 a German artillery piece had bracketed the hedge and field where we had waited earlier in the morning. Surely they might be advancing on the hedge in front of us. We "sweat" and waited determinedly not to let German infantry get to the M-10. Jenkins and Whitehead had hopped into the M-10 when the German MG seemed to open up very close by. Frightened we were!---

Then a lull. The reserve of the 30th Inf. Div. filled in the area to our left. The 823rd T.D. crews returned to their guns.

G.I.'s filled in the hedges in front of us.

It had all started at once. An M-8 (6 wheeled armored car with a 37mm. gun) which had started down the road ahead, was destroyed by German gunfire. Trombley sighted in on the house where the enemy gun may have been in place. American artillery had the same target. Toma's orders were to wait till artillery fire could cover our position. That was when Trombley put five rounds into the open doors of the barn and house. We never knew if an A.T. gun was ever there. Two A.T. German guns in ditches had been knocked out just up the road out of view before we got there. A few Germans had scored to our left, but were driven back. Thus their infiltration had almost surrounded us. We felt quite relieved. At night the snipers were our concern, as ever.

At 2230 an officer of the 39th Inf. of the 9th Inf. Div. came by. The 30th Inf. Div. that had been with us was relieved. The 9th came down from the Cherbourg area to fill in for them. In the morning P-47's came over to bomb and strafe strongpoints west of Le Desert. They put on a beautiful show. Then U.S. mortars and artillery opened up, their targets south to the right of the road in front of us. Their fire sounded like drumbeats, and their intensity was amazing.

About three hours later our attack began. A 32nd Armored officer moved us back to regroup close to the artillery whose "deafening music" we had enjoyed so very much. During the day our artillery observation planes could call for counterbattery fire, but at night the Germans got back at us with targets located earlier in the day. They were very good at it! Having zeroed in the roads that were jammed with our vehicles, they knocked out a few of our tanks even before they could function in forward action. Without air superiority our traffic jams on these narrow, overworked roads might have been murderous!

We cleaned our weapons after our "baptism of fire", if you can call it that! And on my Sister's birthday! (To Be Continued)

A FRIEND

Who is a friend?
Someone who is there
Who will really care.
A person there through life,
For many it is their wife.
To walk with you the extra mile,
To give you that needed smile
Along with good health.
A good friend is real wealth
From my army "buddies" and my wife
Wonderful friends all my life!

Don McKiernan (3A)

THEY STILL JUST BARELY MISS!

Bill Crochetiere (B) is deep in his destroyer even though German shells are not the danger! He's concerned about the rounds of prostate cancer coming in too close for comfort! His complimentary note told us he wrote Martha Belland (B) to express comfort to her on hearing that Don had died. He also wrote to Len Straub (A) with whom he felt he was sharing prostate problems. Bill recently lost two sisters within five months. He is getting special treatment to help check the worsening of his affliction. Let's hope it works! How about a boost for Bill, Hazel and Len.

631 Mixville Rd. Cheshire, CT 06410 203 272 4143

With his recent financial report on p. 12, Len told us his prostate problem was hopefully under control. Now he has to whip the ulcers in his colon (colitis). If attitude is a weapon, Len will soon master that, too!

Give him your good word!

NEUROPATHY AND "Charley"

Calling "Charley" Bornstein (C) and Jean is not filled with the same humor anymore. He tries to remember a gag or two, but he does not "get out" with the lads, and he often forgets the punch line, but he tries very hard to be in good humor.



Merle and "Dee" Goodrich (Hq)



Henri- Chapelle [Belgian Cemetery] Memorial Day 5/24/97
To Pay Respects to American War Dead



Norbert A. Papineau



Estil Owens



Joseph A. Olson



William H. French



CENDRON---Annual festivity celebrating where the Americans first liberated a part of Belgium. This is the A.R.G. group waiting for their turn to leave flowers at Remembrance Monument, last week of September, 1996.



R.J. and Theresa LaMothe (B)

Photos from:
Steve Popovitch (C)
Daniel Van Herck (ARG)
Jean-Jacques Derycke
Jim Roberts (B)

He now has been hit with NEUROPATHY. He describes it as "a general term denoting functional disturbances and/or pathological changes in the peripheral nervous system." To put it medically, "Charlie" can just about get on his feet, and barely take a walk out of the apartment.

Their son gives them great pleasure. He has completed his work in law school, and is well employed, living with his family in New Jersey. The grandchildren give some joy to "Charlie" and Jean, helping the couple forget Charlie's incapacity, a bit. The Road Block helps.

Your good word would help even more!

1802 Ocean Parkway, E-12, Brooklyn, NY, 11223

THEY VOLUNTEER

Don and Yolana McKiernan (3A) will have their Golden Wedding Anniversary in Mid-September of this year. Some of his platoon mates attended both his wedding and his retirement from the Poughkeepsie, N.Y. YMCA, at the Italian Center, so long ago.

Don went to the first Third Armored Division Reunion in 1946 in New York City, and *with Yolana visited many of his comrades throughout the U.S.A. Don and Yolana are very much a part of the 703 T.D. Bn. Association, a key unit of the "Spearhead Third Armored Division! The couple joined the Southern California Chapter of the Third Armored Division Association in 1988.

Through the years Don as a volunteer teacher has given talks at school on the history of the Third Armored Division. His fine poetry has extended his descriptions throughout the country.

In 1956 at the Olympic Dinner in New York City, Don talked with General Omar Bradley who was pleased to meet Don, and praised the Third Armored Division for its noted role with the VIIth Corps of his First Army.

Their most wonderful accomplishment has been their three children who have given them so much love, happiness, and grandchildren.

Yolana and Don have been very deserving,

having been honored hundreds of times in many ways.

Don was elected national president of the Ithaca College Alumni Association in 1965-66. In 1971 he was awarded the Outstanding Alumnus Award by that association.

Recently he was put on the honor rolls of the Sioux Indian YMCA's and Gustave Heye Indian Museum (Smithsonian Institute).

He was inducted into the Dutchess County N.Y. Basketball Hall of Fame, that county's Softball Hall of Fame, and has a place in the county's hall of fame museum.

The couple love people and have always enjoyed helping others.

"We have been active volunteers in our Carlsbad, California senior center, two local elementary schools, the Palomar Orchid Society, Magee Park Poets, Acqua Mediona Homeowners Assn., and participants and champions in the North County Senior Softball League, and Early Rollers Bowling League.

This September we'll celebrate our 50th Anniversary with a family trip in the West. Christmas will see us continue the festivities in North Carolina.

From out west, we send our best,
You are always in our nightly prayers!"

Don and Yolana McKiernan (3A)

WE PASS ON LOVE!

July 15, 1997

Dear Mr. Goldberg,

Just a note about the article that appeared in the June edition of the Road Block concerning my returned check.

What I returned was my personal check I had sent to Leonard Straub to pay for my dues for the Road Block for this year. I was unaware that widows receive them "free", so I returned the check to Mr. Straub, telling him it was a donation.

That check from the 703rd organization along with quite a few others we received from family and friends, was sent to our local Chapter of Hospice who helped in so

many ways during Clair's illness.

Many thanks for the future issues I will receive. I always read them all.

Much love and BEST WISHES to you all.

Glenna Murray (3A)

75 Old State Rd., Gardners, PA 17324

K.I.A, "T.S. TICKETS" We must go on! No matter how we felt when we learned that one of us died, there was the objective to destroy the enemy, to destroy the enemy's ability to gain his objectives. Survival was the weapon of our training. We might learn from the misfortunes of our dead, but wholly, our killed, temporarily were but reserved memories. We filled their places with ourselves till replacements came up. There were changes in weaponry, more training, busying ourselves with the experiences we had so as to avoid becoming K.I.A.'s. Our dead were in bags to be processed, families informed, temporarily only recalled in the back of our minds.

We lost Harriot to a German anti-tank gun that was in position to do to us what we had trained to do to them. In the confusion of combat, Schachter was accidentally mortally wounded by a moving T.D. Dick Moore was in security when enemy small arms fire cut him down. As we fired indirectly, excellent counter-battery killed Adolph Nordby as he helped load shells into a T.D. that was firing into the darkness of night.

How quickly we allowed their deaths to be shoved away from our attention! We would honor them later. We would visit their parents when and if we lived through the war. After all we had been strangers but a few months earlier.

Survival to do our duty was before us. The enemy must have placed the political ideology of Hitler far down their list of motivations, and instead stressed personal safety. Yet many remained loyal to the military ideal.

How could we put aside the humor, the vitality of Joe, Dick, Schachter, and the

others who had become more than acquaintances, and now, were in the records, but K.I.A's!

Tyson vs. Holyfield-1997. REFLECTIONS 1942.

Boxing, its athletic aspects, sorrowfully have become bloody scraps! The skills of fisticuffs, offense and defence, in a match with a friend or even a rival under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, were the symbol for manhood. The call for me to write of battalion events from Camp Hood till Indiantown Gap, reminded me of the scrap that occurred June, 1997, when world champions butted and bit for millions!

Infighting has always been both offense and defence in the sport of boxing. Bare knuckle fisticuffs was part of growing up! Too, being hurt was part of it! Drawing blood was one circumstance ending it, if the event was conducted and shared sensibly. In the 703rd TD Bn. experience, ordinarily, a "scrap" was a fight for respect!

Introduced to formal boxing in the battalion, I watched a couple of light-heavyweights, quite skilled, box for 2 1/2 rounds. It was quite an informal match, and not a fight!! The much older "non-com", better than held his own, but it wasn't long before the younger man's counters and attack broke through till both men agreed that they had had enough. Then on another evening, a local high school boxing team appeared for a formal match in our camp. The lightweight student stood tall with a corporal in our company, a "slugger", for three rounds. The Non-com couldn't lay a hand on his younger opponent!

There was the fight in back of the tents in which a "Yankee Lad" fought a man who needed to ease his ego,--who wanted to prove his right to be a callous disciplinarian as a trainer of recruits. With too much blood spilled, the "Yank" lost a little too much blood. He had to signal he could not go on.

Later on a weekend away from the Mohave Desert, it was time to return to camp, but

one of us was missing.

Three tentmates desperately sought him, forcing him successfully, after the longest struggle, onto the bed of the "6x6" that would take us back to camp. His glistening body was most difficult to secure. He did not strike us at any time! It was the same man whose inner madness led to his death after he had been returned home under "Section 8". The police killed him. It was a case of asking for violence to end his pain.

My passion against violence was most felt when one of the cadre, drunk on the company street, wavering, threatened the supply sergeant who had rejected the drunkard's demand for a pair of stockings. Waving his hunting knife at anyone 20 feet away, he snarled with little attention given him except me. What if I had to face this "punk" waving his bravery colored with a Dixie drawl. I missed a bit of sleep the next couple of days. Everyone had kept their distance, and sleep helped the rowdy. But I had done too much reflecting. If he had threatened me with his knife, and I had a pistol, I would have used it! Like hell I would! I knew the rules of boxing!

Nathan Goldberg, Editor

WAR'S OVER, OVER HERE! (V-Mail)

To:

MRS. WILLIAM GOLDBERG T/5 Nathan Goldberg
136 Harvard Street Serv. Co. 32nd A.R.
Everett, 49 Mass. c/o PM NYC NY USA
16 August 45

Dear Mom,

Yesterday the war finished in Europe, "Mums", and that should make so many anxious "moms" all over the world so very happy! Even Dick Moore's mother in Lynn must be smiling, though Dick will lie in Normandy, the one of three my company left dead at RANES. Can we hope again, our sisters, our wives-to-be, give us sons, and not fear they shall have to die in bloody struggles like the one now finished?

I am still stuck on the way home. Of course, we "high-pointers" have first chance to go, so I still might get home in time for the opening of the football season.!

Received a letter from Saul yesterday and my "cuz" is doing fine work in Calcutta, India. Miss Garber had a fine letter, also. Stella and her brother had letters for me the other day. Miss Cherny is very attractive and is a grand young lady. She is excellent as an adornment for your redhead's arm! She'll get her chance. Miss Handleman has not written for some time. I'll tickle her backside with a hairbrush when I get home.

S'pose Dad will have the gals lined up three deep for me. I've been looking at myself in the mirror and I'm quite presentable, thank you. I haven't been telling the barber to keep away from the top of my head for nothing! I've got a beautiful head of hair, -course my nose is still red, and my ears are still big, and my shoulders stay small, but what has Eisenhower got that I haven't? Ha! Hope all is well and that our neighbors are in fine health. Be seein' ya honey!

Nate

"MY PROUDEST DAY IN THE ARMY!"

It was the last day of March, 1941, a beautiful day as to weather and events at Fort Bragg. The corporal in Hq. Battery of the 84th Field Artillery Bn. of the 9th Infantry Div. joined with the whole division to greet the President of the United States and guests for a full field inspection. The 9th Infantry Division was the first full division ready to face the enemy if our country would be directly involved in the growing war.

Every man in the units was busy, filled with enthusiasm, dressed at his very best. The corporal saw little soldierly stubbornness, and hardly the griping that generally developed when a unit took to the field for even a casual inspection.

The corporal was in charge of a 12 man Wire Section. He smiled as he wondered if all were men! Actually not! Two were boys. He had them form up on one end of the back row, hoping that no one would come down to inspect us close at hand. Both were 15 years old,-- had never shaved, with youthful features, and hard to hide.

After much waiting at positions of--at ease and attention, the President's Lincoln Phaeton, a 4-door, touring convertible with

its top down, came to a gentle halt facing the Wire Section. A door opened wide, and our President extended his arm. He looked in the direction of the Wire Section and called in the familiar tone that distinguished Franklin Roosevelt, "I'd like to speak to the Corporal, if I may."

The Corporal heard him loud and clear. With pleading eyes he looked at his Platoon Sergeant who quickly barked, "Go on up there Corporal,--he wants to talk to you!"

The section leader grimly gathered his wits,--strode up saluting smartly,--

"Corporal Ball reporting, Sir. I have a wire section, and our mission is to establish wire communication to each gun battery for the battalion commander".

He quickly put me at ease and said, "That's a fine looking bunch of men you have there, Corporal."

"Yessir, they are Sir! They take their training seriously. They are eager and anxious to learn, Sir!"

"Where are they from--?" asked the President.

"Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, New England."

"And you, Corporal?"

"I have five years in the Regular Army, and I hail from Texas, Sir"!

"I can see that they are in good hands."

"Thank you, Sir!"

The concerned President continued, "How is the food? Is there enough?"

"The food is good, Sir. We have good cooks. Seconds are available at most meals, Sir!"

"Thank you, Corporal. Give my best regards to your men."

"Yes, Sir. I will!---And we are all proud to be here, Sir!" The Corporal had noted the closeness of the Division Commander in a Jeep behind the President's car. He spoke clearly so as to be heard by the General.

The Corporal had wondered what the President would have asked had he been physically able to walk, and had inspected my men

closely, spotting my two boys. The exchange might have been--

"Tell me, Corporal, do we have to raid the Boy Scouts to fill our ranks these days?"

The Corporal might have answered, "Not so, Mr. President. I suspect these boys slipped through the Examining Station while the Inspectors were out to lunch. When questioned about leaving home, both stated they wanted to help! Should they not measure up, proper action will be taken, Sir!"

A short time later the Corporal was promoted to Sergeant. The Division Commander must have called my Battalion C.O. and just said, "I think we've got a Sergeant there!"

Both boys remained in the army, and saw a lot more action than the Corporal. Both made it home. That was the best news for the Corporal.

Claude Ball (Hq. B)

A MILITARY, -A SERVICE IDEAL!

There always was some more meaning to what I was called upon to do in the service. To most servicemen fulfilling orders was simple obedience. I could be disgruntled at being "set up" when an excuse had to be found to put a soldier on guard or in charge of quarters when it was not my turn.

What petty actions were made demanding obedience from me would appear as major decisions in peace or in war. The military man must help leadership, maintain the ancient sense of the council at war, never fail to respect the old warning that battles are won by those who make fewer errors. The pressures on the military in peacetime often require more restraint than armed force. Soldiers are the connection between the threat at their fingertips and their political leaders. Obedience is the discipline of thought and communication. Editor

CHANGES ON OUR MAILING LIST !

Drop 'em a Line !

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**BATTALION FINANCIAL
REPORT July, 1997**

Balance 3/31/97		\$6135.26
Receipts	\$560.00	6695.00
Expenses	182.00	6513.26
Balance June 30, 1997		6513.26

The above does not reflect the cost of printing and mailing of the 703rd Road Block.

Roster Status:

Life Members 28
 1997 Paid Members 56
 Annual Dues \$20 Life Membership \$75
 Len Straub (Sec'y-Treas.)

 Contact Len for T.D. Bolo Ties, Patches, or
 Lapel and Cap Pins and CAPS.

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