



703rd Road Block



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

Vol. V #2 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter 6/1994

PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR AT
OUR SPRINGFIELD, MO. REUNION
May 17-19, 1994

(*) At their 1st battalion reunion.

- Ball, Claude (B)
- Borek, Victor, Helen (A)
- *Bresnick, Frank (C)
- *Brown, Eugene, Ethelyn (Hq)
- *Brown, M.L., Mabel (Hq)
- Caress, Emmet, Daisy (A)
- Cerrito, Joe, Kathleen (B)
- *Collins, Tom, Dot (B)
- Crochetière, Bill, Hazel (B)
- Czajkowski, John, Jennie (B)
- Downey, Bob, Ruth (C)
- Erwin, John, Laura (Hq)
- Goldberg, Nate, Florence (A)
- Goodrich, Merle, Dee (Hq)
- Green, Bob (Hq)
- *Hoy, Ed, Maja (Rcn, Hq)
- *Hackett, Frank (Medics)
- Hallabrin, Phil, Edna (Hq)
- Hickman, Sutlief (Hq)
- Hunt, Fred, Georgia (Hq)
- Langbecker, Elmer, Frances (A)
- *Langerveld, Richard, Ruth (B)
- *Lock, Al, Helen (Hq)
- Luczynski, Matt, Gene (A)
- McKeever, Arthur, Lois (Hq)
- Mantro, Rocco, Regina (A)
- Michalowski, Ted, Helen (A)
- Miller, Al, Imogene (A)
- Miller, Frank, Marge (A)
- Mitch, Joe, Bea (C)
- Ness, Harvey, Fay (A)
- *Owen, Linford, Roseann (B)
- Paulson, "Hap" (C)
- Perry, Seaton, Phoebe (Hq)
- *Popovitch, Steve (C)

- Roberts, Jim (B)
- Santino, Jim (A)
- Schutt, Bob, Lora (A)
- Showalter, W.E. (Hq)
- *Sinn, Leo (Hq)
- Stagman, Cecil, Eva (Hq)
- Stites, Everett (Rcn)
- Straub, Len (A)
- Wagonseller, I.B., Inez (B,C)
- *Walker, Frank, Sue (A)
- Williamson, J.W., Chris (A, Hq)
- *Wilson, Max, Louise (B)

 Hanneman, Leroy, Jean (Sec'y-Treas of Div. Assoc.) (Hq, 23rd Eng.)
 Steele, Russ, Marge (Hq, 33rd A.R.)

Forty eight men, and thirty four women were from the 703rd! Fred, Georgia [Hunt (Hq)] and their daughter not only gained our support in numbers, but they saw to it that our reunion was very rewarding.

BUSINESS MEETING

Treasurer's Report (5/20/94) "I.B."	
Present Balance	\$2905
Balance at Omaha Reunion	2754
Average/yr. cost for	
<u>Road Block</u>	1750

 There were but fourteen men at our first reunion, and eighty six in Springfield. Everett Stites and the Editor of the Road Block were recognized for their roles in strengthening the association.

Frank Miller (A) succeeds Fred Hunt (Hq) as president. His temporary council includes, "Hap" Paulson, Bob Downey, Florence Goldberg, John Czajkowski and Ernie Caloura.

At the close of the reunion, after the banquet and the address of Colonel Showalter, there was a call from our new president for us to attend not only the division reunions in Phoenix and Valley Forge, but also to help him make the decisions for our own reunion in 1996.

Ed McIntyre (A) could not come to our reunion because of Claire's hospitalization, and his own physical difficulty. Please let him know we care.

4243 Kirby Road

Cincinnati, OH 45223 (513) 541 2531

WE ARE INVITED

The Communal Authorities of EREZEE (Belgian Ardennes) of the Province of Luxembourg have the great honor to invite the veterans of the 3rd Armored Division to be present at the unveiling of four commemorative monuments established to extol the courage and the sacrifices of the American units that fought on the territory of their Commune.

These ceremonies will take place on September 10, 1994 at 1000 hours.

- I. Unveiling of an important memorial at MELINES (Erezee, Belgium)
- II. Unveiling of a commemorative plaque on the building where Colonel Howze had his C.P. SOY (Erezee, Belgium)
- III. Monument unveiling to honor the 2nd Arm'd and 84th Inf.Divs. at MELINES.
- IV. Unveiling of a stele at SADZOT (Erezee, Belgium) in the honor that includes a 3rd Armored Detachment.

Recall that the Belgian Government honored us with the medal, the Belgian Fourragere.

Haynes W. Dugan W.E. Showalter

**GET THE LEAD OUT AND DO IT
WAGONER STYLE!**

Bill Wagoner (A) and Stan Malinowski (B,Rcn) visited Charlie Markeveys (Hq) at his convalescent home recently (R.B.IV,4, 12/93,12). Stan and Charlie had not seen each

other for a long time, and Charlie was very enthused. Often Charlie asks Bill to see if Col. Showalter ever recovered the bicycle the Colonel lost when we were in Mere. He had asked Charlie to try find it for him.

"You should see Charlie's face light up when he asked me to find that out for him. What a joy to see him smile. God Bless Him."

Bill saw to it that Joe Haselrick's folks received Joe's picture in the R.B.V,1,3/94,7, and a copy of the newsletter. Bill wrote that Joe's folks, "were bent out of shape" when he called them! When Bill and Kathy send us the Haselrick address, we'll send them the R.B. regularly.

Are you keeping in touch with a comrade, and planning to get to Phoenix for the division reunion this Fall?

Col.Showalter wrote Charlie complimenting him for his long memory, "---but I have to assume that I did recover the bike,----
-----I'm grateful for your help. So you have my thanks--both for the bike and for the pleasant memory when we were much younger!"

TAPS

TOM CLARK (B)

Claude Ball (B) wrote to Tom Clark and Tom's younger brother responded. Tom passed on in 8/88. He left his wife, Faye, and daughter, Nona Jane Keyes, whose address is P.O. Box 961, Woodsboro, Texas, 78393. Tom's brother, Floyd W. Clark,Sr., [P.O. Box, 314, Nashville, AR, 71852] wrote, "I wish I could learn more about those years you were together. He never seemed to want to talk about the war. It took its toll on his life."

LLOYD E. HANSON (HQ)

His sister, Mrs. G. Parmelee, 9110-B Riggs Lane, Overland Park, KS 66212, reported his death as of 2/7. She says Lloyd had little to say about his experiences in the service.

VIOLETTE TABERSKI (C)

Charlie Bornstein (C) who talks to Joe quite frequently, reports that Violette passed away around the turn of the year.

Rte. 1 Gloversville, N.Y., 12078

JOHN H. ROUSH (C)

Roush was from Grove City, Ohio. He passed on, 3/7/93. Leaving the 703rd, he served in the 32nd Armored Regt. Five of his siblings died before him, and he left his wife, Carol, a son and daughter. He was active in veteran organizations. Steve Popovitch (C)

ANTHONY MIKLAUSICH (A)

Mike passed away 2/26/94, due to a blockage which caused the destruction of his liver. He was 80. His sister would appreciate a card from his comrades.

Mrs. Olga Mesojedec, 5417 1st Ave. W.,
McKinley, MN 55761.

LOUIS GUERRA (Rcn-Hq)

Lou died suddenly at home, 3/9/94. 1003 Shady Ave., Charleroi, PA 15022 412 483 7314. "Lou and Frances were determined to make their first battalion reunion this year at Springfield, and preferred going by bus. A week ago, 3/5, he called to tell me he had made several inquiries on tours to Branson, MO. The tour that fit the reunion dates, however, would return to Charleroi the morning of the banquet. He said he was not giving up, felt almost normal, and thought he might resume weekly bowling this year.

Lou was anxious to make a reunion. He had made reservations for Indianapolis in '93, but had to cancel two days before our scheduled arrival because of a heart rhythm attack. (arrythmia)

Lou knew a number of the officers well; one of his duties was painting their names on helmets. He had loved dancing. He would have become active in the association. We were planning activities for this year so I will miss him." John D. Strahosky (C)

DELLA CARLSON (B)

Oscar couldn't be with us for our reunion. He appreciated the encouragement he received from us. After cremation, he'll fly up to Minnesota with Della's remains for burial. Relieved to know what had happened, Oscar will fish and hunt, reflecting on better days when he could share very much with Della. _

Everett Stites (Rcn)

ASTORIA, OREGON NEWSCLIPPING

"Remains found near a logging road between U.S. 30 and the Columbia R. have been identified as those of a Knappa Alzheimer's disease resident. Della Carlson, 76, drove away from her house Dec. 11, or 12. Her car was found a few days later stuck in the mud near Gnat Creek Logging Road, N.E. of Knappa. Tracks indicated that Della had changed into boots and walked away. Intensive searches from the air and on the ground failed to find further sign of her.

Clatsop County Sheriff John Raichl said that the skeletal remains were about a mile over roadless terrain from the mired car, but about 3.5 miles away by road.

Authorities think Carlson headed toward U.S. 30 but for some reason doubled back before getting there"

Art Stoll, PO Box C, Lincoln City, OR 97367, sent the above clipping. He and Anne would have been to Springfield, but a blood disorder [myelodysplasia--forerunner of leukemia] opened up an anemia and infection threat for him, and prevented their going. "They suspect too much radiation from when I worked with reactors."

Art feels well except for tiredness. The physicians do an eight week check on his blood and bone marrow without treatment. With a bit of luck he may find stability for some time. They are trying to sell their home so as to make life a bit easier.

Art has not been able to reach Oscar. He and Anna send their greetings to all of us, especially Dee and Merle Goodrich.

"SGT. HOY: FRONT AND CENTER"

Ed (Rcn,Hq) and Maja were with us in Springfield. Maja had faced danger from an affliction, but seems to have it in control.

Ed's family connections include a 3rd Armored Division officer killed by land mines in "The Bulge", and a soldier killed opening day of the invasion on a Normandy beach. The Hoys look forward to possibly attending the ceremonies this month on the beach in memory of those who fought there.

SILVER DISCOVERED IN THE OLD MOTOR POOL

Our base camp on the Mohave Desert in 1942 was just south of the road between Parker, on the Colorado R., and Desert Center. That lonely location meant there was little to do for G.I.'s when off-duty. There were too few weekend passes for Palm Springs or L.A. When available, at a PX under a fly tarpaulin, there were cold beer and soft drinks in the evenings. Men spent their time letter writing and gambling.

With darkness many men headed for the motor pool, spread a blanket on the sand, and hooked a light to a vehicle battery. Men, dice, and cards then went to "outfoxin' the other poker face across the blanket!"

The more confirmed, or luckier, gamblers would spend the entire night at this nefarious pastime. How did I know? As 1st Sgt., I'd blow the whistle for reveille. There were mornings when maybe half the company tumbled out of the pyramidal tents while the other half doubletimed up from the motor pool area. Other companies were going through the same routine.

Thirteen years after the war ended I visited the desert base camp area. Waking early one morning I saw a campfire and a pickup camper about 3/4 miles distant. After breakfast I walked over. A man and his wife showed me two cigarboxes full of old coins they had found earlier with a metal detector. I explained that they were at the site of a W.W. II base camp where I had soldiered,

and I asked the specific spot of their discoveries. Sure enough it was our old motor pool area. They had "mined" silver where our men lost it off the blankets years before!

A sequel to this story occurred a few months later when I had bought a metal detector and returned to the area. It bore evidence of plenty of vehicle tracks that had pulled drags to loosen the compacted sand. Needless to say I found just a couple of old coins, but lots of badly rusted sardine cans that had been buried. I found out later that the original coin discoverer in the pickup was from Yucca Valley. He belonged to a "four-wheeler's" club, and had told them of his find. They organized a big search and cleaned the area out! C'est la guerre!

Ed Hoy (Rcn,Hq)

~~~~~Cut Here~~~~~

*WE NEED TO KNOW YOUR BN. COMPANY AND TELEPHONE NUMBER*

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Co. \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone Number \_\_\_\_\_

Clip and send to Frank Miller (A) 23 Conifer Lane, Hurley, N.Y. 12443 1-914-338-5818

~~~~~Cut Here~~~~~

THE GAP

In Indiantown Gap we were up on a hill the division on the valley's floor. Between us we had the post movie theater, and an army transportation corps. One single road went up to our aerie, so any night that we went to a show, we went through Transportation Area. There was no other way we could go. It wasn't too bad walking down the hill, but coming back was quite hard. For every night as we puffed and climbed, we were stopped on the road by a guard. He'd have us come up, one man at a time, "Advance and be recognized." We'd have to wait in snow, cold, and rain. Some retaliation was soon devised.

Some wit, somewhere, wrote a parody,
 To-ta-rah-rah, boom-de-ay,
 and soon our guys were singin' it
 as they walked along the way---.
 "If you're halt or lame or blind,
 and a job you cannot find,
 join the Transportation Corps,
 help the WACS to win the war."
 This did not ease the situation,
 soon tempers would surely explode.
 The guards became more regressive,
 there were longer delays on the road.
 Some TD men kidnapped a sentinel, their
 ransom was easy to meet.
 The Transportation Corps soon acquiesced;
 moved the guard post back fifty feet.

"Hap" Paulson (A,C)

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN, IV

The Marshes of Mere, Wilts, offered kindnesses, as did other families. Near Mere the men could find for themselves attractions of the mind, the eye, and the taste.

Not too far from camp was evidence of the English Renaissance of the ninth century. King Alfred's castle told us of his winning struggle to check the Danes of Canute.

In another direction we could walk out to Sir Henry Hoare's "Stourton Wood". Here, late in May, the whole of the land on the "Burden" property appeared covered with varicolored rhododendrons, a most beautiful flowering bush that Americans know so very well. The banker generally invited in a half dozen service men on a Sunday evening. His home was like a fine English country estate nurturing flowers within the angles of the wings of the structures. Mr. Burden and his brothers owned the local nurseries. They were kept by government order to the 90% production of tomatoes, with the rest in flowers. English "love apples" were scrumptious wherever our men could enjoy them. Mr. Burden's son was a P.O.W. of the Germans taken in North Africa eighteen months before our visit. The Burdens were in their sixties, with a daughter, Janet, sixteen. She played dominoes,

badminton, or table tennis with her guests. While setting up the wickets for some croquet, a Yank from Massachusetts explained to a New Yorker more competent with "stick ball", his knowledge of cricket. His frame of reference were the broomstick and empty fruit cans used for the Yankee street version.

Tea and late dinner reflected war shortages, but most excellently prepared. During what was relaxed conversation, Mr. Burden, once spoke of the financial wizardry of Jews and how, sometimes, it seemed that they were in control of the world's finance. When the opportunity presented itself, one of his guests suggested that Jews had inherited much harm for such biased views. Even as a banker, Mr. Burden's remarks were the rural prejudice toward "The City", London finance.

The Eric Watsons in Mere were especially thoughtful as hosts to the G.I.'s. He had been a "bomber", on a grenade detail when his Australian infantry team stormed defensive German positions in World War I. The couple's hospitality even surpassed the flavor of the fresh vegetables from their garden. During the last days we were stationed in Mere, the short evenings out of camp found many men further enjoying their tomatoes, cheeses, drinks, and goodness.

Mr. Watson's smile ever held a trace of sadness. Once he told the guests what had happened. At the Zeals airfield nearby, two Australian volunteers in the R.A.F. were stationed, and had been ever more welcome bringing memories of his youth and home. Both the men were killed in an accident at the field.

The battalion morale was good. The men had had enough of the military to justify some disdain, yet appreciated that their training was serious. We had a new C.O. and a streamlined table of organization. The war on the continent, had not even begun for them. There could be no ending until there was a beginning. It was better being stationed in England than in the South Pacific. The Russians might force a peace before the battalion was forced to be in on the fight. There was a last leave, marking time.



Tom and "Dot" Collins (B)



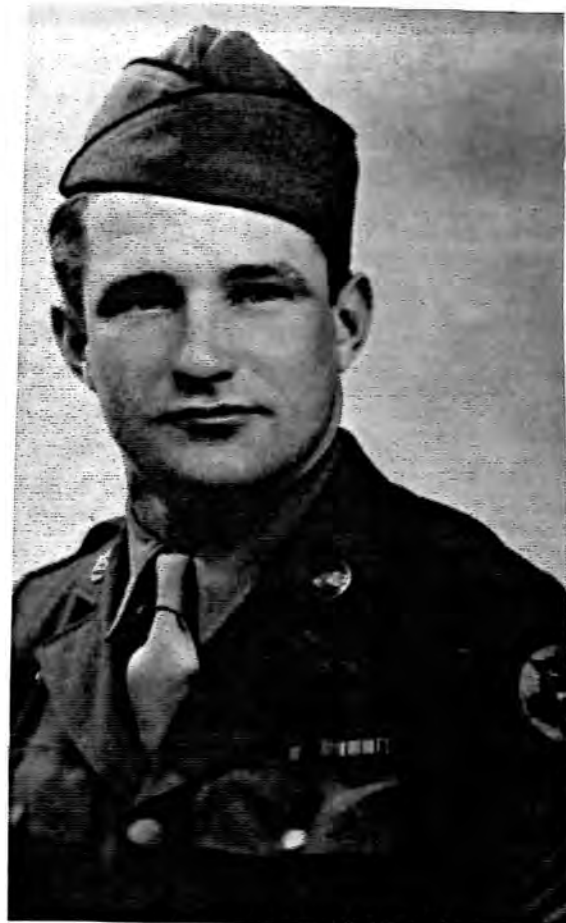
Seaton Perry (Hq)



Ted and Helen Michalowski (A)



Joe and Kathleen Cerrito (B)



Steve Popovitch (C)



Mel & Mabel Brown (HQ)
Eugene & Ethelyn (HQ)



???? (A) at Camp Pickett



John Czajkowski (B), Ed Hoy (RCN) & John Erwin (HQ)



Wooten, McKiernan plus ?? (A)



Harvey and Fay Ness (A)



"Shorties" (John Brown,
Ed Cecilic, Tony Pulizzi)

One of the problems was that the pubs closed too early! In Bath there was the almost regular call from the bar about 2200 telling them that in a few minutes the good whiskey would not be served, only "Irish" would be available!

During those long, long months of trying to keep busy, sharpen their training, and maintain their physical readiness, the men did about everything to pass the time usefully. They were maneuvered, CPX'd, road marched, range fired, inspected, saw training films, wrote letters, read, and sent gifts to their folks at home. They wondered if the officers had fairly shared the contents of the whiskey, et al in those army recreation cartons.

(To Be Continued)

ON THE PROWL, LT. CLAUDE BALL (B)!

"I plan to complete what I started to do--- as much research as I can to learn what happened to 1B from other sources than myself when it was in my command. Third Armored Division combat journals are available to me in the nation's capital or St. Louis area. The trouble is that what I read never designates companies or platoons.----I have written sixteen "B" Co. members, and their memories help a bit as has that of Everett Stites (Rcn), who was a liaison officer.--I'm just as anxious as you [Road Block Editor] to bring this matter to a head."

Claude went to the sources in Washington, D.C. and wrote again, finding and offering your editor documents he had collected. He was good to see in Springfield.

Claude Ball (B)

611 Willow Oak, California, MD 20619

HARD TO BELIEVE

Camp Polk, Louisiana 2/22/1942

I was on special duty today, Washington's Birthday no less! Another fellow and I scrubbed the latrine! He dropped his scrub brush down one of the holes, and will

probably have to pay for it! At least that is what the corporal said.

I, personally, was assigned the job of filling the Lister Bag. This heavy rubberized bag holds our drinking water. It hangs under a small shed in the company street. I had to lug a pair of 5 gal. cans about 150 yds. to the shower room, fill them, go back to pour them into the bag,--6 trips. I'll be pretty powerful after 3 or 4 jobs like that! After that we scraped off the tiny mounds on the drill grounds with shovels so that the men would not trip when they marched. We kept on like WPA workers till 4:30 P.M. I wrote letters the rest of the day and evening.

2/23/1942

It rained cats and dogs in the morning, so much so, we were up early loosening our tent ropes to prevent rope contraction and torn canvas. At near noon the sun made it a beautiful spring day. It was lectures on the poison gasses, phosgene, chloropicrin, and chlorine, with special stress on mustard gas with its harmful effect on the skin. We had another "spiel" on machine guns. In the evening we marched to the DeFore Field House that seats about 5000. We heard a lecture by Wendell Peck, a husky, long-bearded, Lord Percival-collared, imitation French newspaperman who was in France during its collapse before the German army. Our administration sent him down to explain that collapse. His remarks were that no one could really explain the French defeat. He felt the breakthrough into France was due to a ruse.

2/24/1942

So darned cold this morning that I donned woolen underwear, O.D. britches, woolen shirt, field jacket and fatigue coveralls.

Machine guns again. Hypodermic shots again, one in each arm. We'll sleep on our backs or stomach tonight! 5:30 PM mail call and two letters for me. Felt better.

8:30 PM and a corporal came over from the next tent to "shoot the baloney",-- "Trigger" Krieger, 5'3", 127 lbs., a "4th rate technician". He has a very bad habit of jutting out his hips whenever he stops in front of

anyone. He left home when he was 14, and did a bit of boxing, amateur and professional. He was credited with one hitch in the army, and had been thrown out of posts in Kansas, and Fort Knox. In the cavalry at Camp Beauregard, La., a one month bender had set up his transfer here. He's a machine gun expert.

His favorite yarn appears to be, "Heck! Uncle Sam has to pay \$150 for a horse while he can have all the men he wants. That's why horses are worth more than men!" He reasoned that we were highly paid, since we were given food, clothing and shelter plus \$21/mo. to throw away. "Why God, man, that's paradise!" He advised us to go to Port Arthur or Beaumont, Texas for our fun. The girls there give the soldier boys money. 75% of our non-coms lost their pay and ranks due to their drinking, fights, and general hell-raising. Of course the Corporal explained that his experiences had taught him one thing. If a man gets stewed, he cannot know what is going on, thus we should drink as much as we can and still enjoy the party. Sounds sensible. He talked to us till 10:10 PM before he left to go to bed. He really is a funny, little fellow.

Editor

VERVIERS: A Negligee and A Photo

Jack Biddulph (C) and a platoon comrade, _____ Morgan (C) were sent to VIIth Corps Rest Camp in Verviers early in December, 1944. Morgan, who drove a T.D., hauled Jack around every store in town till he got the black negligee he wanted for his best "gal" in Connecticut. Jack went to a photography shop to have his picture taken. The shop was closed when he went to pick it up, and he had to return to the battalion without it.

The German breakthrough in mid month found the battalion heading back through Verviers rushing to play their antitank role with the "Big Red One" and the 82nd Airborne on the northeast shoulder of "The Bulge".

The 703rd column had to pass through Verviers, immediately in the vicinity of the

photography shop. To Jack's surprise, "hurry up and wait" took over. The column was delayed and Jack picked up his picture.

That black negligee did the trick and _____ Morgan married the girl at the end of his tour. Jack kept contact for "quite a few years".

*From a letter of Jack to
Inez and I.B. 2-6-94*

A "CHIEF'S" DESSERT

It was at Camp Hood that Robert E. "Chief" Egnor (A), the rugged, intent, native American demonstrated best the ability to make even his superiors slow in reacting to the unusual stances he took. When he stood at attention the Indian on our nickel worried about losing his place on the coin.

Lt. Colonel Yeomans, our C.O., made an inspection of the battalion encampment and stopped in for dinner at Co. A where Egnor was Mess Sergeant. Wondering what he would face at the table, Yeomans, looking disgruntled, demanded, "I don't see a menu. Where is it?"

Egnor, stiffly at attention, expression as military as he could make it, replied, "On the center tent pole, Sir!"

Reading to the bottom, our C.O. snapped to the Mess Sergeant, "For dessert this menu tells me you are serving, BEANS!" As always it was the challenge of a cavalry officer, fierceness demanding a sensible answer. However it did not minimize the authority of "The Chief", over his kitchen! As straightforward as a Comanche arrow, Egnor shot back, "Dessert will be beans!"

Lt. Col Yeomans made no reply, shook his head slightly, and left it at that.

"Ed" Hoy (Rcn, Hq)

Arquilla (A) Tells The Same Yarn!

"Most likely this occurred at Indiantown Gap. As 1st Cook, I always believed that the last course of lunch or dinner should be a dessert and sweet, such as fruit, ice cream

or pastry. Col. Yeomans came one day, looked at the posted menu, and angrily asked what was the dessert! Sgt. Egnor, our Mess Sergeant, replied, "Tomatoes, sir!"

"Are tomatoes a dessert?" shouted the Colonel.

"Yes, sir! Tomatoes are a dessert!"

The Colonel then left the Mess Hall. Sgt. Egnor told me to start slicing tomatoes and use them as a dessert. I thought they were a vegetable, but the dictionary classes them as a fruit. The Colonel was in doubt when he left, and Sgt. Egnor was right. It made a believer out of me!"

Matt retired from the Post Office at 57 in 1972. "22 years ago I beat the system. I'm still kicking at 78. They claim money isn't everything. Just don't run out of it. We don't grow older, we just get ripier or just fade away. Hello to all that are still kicking!"

Matt Arquilla (A)

T R A C K I N G

Once upon a time near the river Mulde, when the Third Armored almost met the Russians, there was a Captain named Henry Gosch, Jr. (C) who was as big as the giant on the beanstalk. One day he visited 2C on a crossroad on fairly flat terrain with the enemy on either side.

The platoon had taken thirty prisoners. Capt. Gosch and Sergeant "Little Abner" Pogue inherited the mission of escorting the POW's to the rear. The C.O. ordered his M-20 and Peep back to his C.P. because they would be too tempting targets for tank or antitank fire. He and Pogue began marching the prisoners back in double time. There were slit trenches on either side of the road, and even more "Jerries" were roused out of their holes as the guards and POW's moved to the rear.

Suddenly, about 2000 yds. away, a Mk IV appeared. It approached to within 1000 yds. of the column, stopped and started tracking. Capt. Gosch ordered the prisoners to hold

their hands high and walked them at close interval while he and Pogue moved to the side opposite to the prisoners and tank. The Captain had figured that, (1) the tankers would not massacre their comrades just to kill two Yanks, (2) that if the tank did fire, the armor of German flesh would give some protection.

The tankers did not fire and the Captain lived happily to hazard again,-- Jack and the Beanstalk and Li'l Abner, to dread another Sadie Hawkins Day!.."

From "Muzzle Blast" a typewritten selection of stories and news for the men in the 703rd by I.B. Wagonseller May, 1945

CPL. JOSEPH JUNO (2B)
[Article sent 3/27/94 to the Editor of the Third Armored Division Newsletter]

Joseph Juno entered the U.S. Army from the State of Michigan. He was in the original cadre when the 703rd T.D. Bn. was activated at Camp Polk, La. During combat operations in Normandy he was an M-10 gunner in 2B.

Just before dawn on August 17, 1944, on a small country road northwest of Ranee, 3 enemy, Mark V (Panther) tanks approached a 3rd Armored Division Task Force in a bivouac area alongside the road. Small arms fire was heard, but an early morning haze or fog prevented a good view of the situation.

Off the road behind an embankment, 2 M-10 T.D.'s from the second platoon of B Co. were in a road block with their 3" guns positioned over the embankment covering the road to the left. The 2 T.D.'s were about 100 yds. apart.

The first enemy tank came around a bend in the road to the left from behind a wooden barn. Cpl. Juno opened fire with his 3" gun at a range of 25 yds. Sgt. Walter Bengston was his loader. The enemy tank kept moving toward the T.D. even after taking several hits upon the front plate, none of which penetrated. The final round was fired into the right side at point blank range. The tank went off the road into a ditch.

The 2nd "Panther" which had stopped near the barn was then taken under fire by Juno. 4 or 5 rounds of 3" A.P. bounced off the front plate before one penetrated killing the driver. (A photo of the "Panther" appears on page 28 of Spearhead In The West.)

The 3rd "Panther" tried to escape by backing off over a hedge, but was knocked out by a 75mm. round into the engine compartment from a "Sherman". The 2nd T.D. did not take part in this action, and it was noted later that all three "Panthers" had their guns in an elevated position.

When the shooting stopped, and all the 3 enemy tanks were disabled, Cpl. Juno left his vehicle, and tried to assist the wounded in the lead "Panther". He was killed by exploding ammunition. He is buried in the American Military Cemetery, St. James, (Manche), France.

EVERETT STITES (Rcn), Liaison with "B"Co.

THE ENGINEER WAS THERE!

On the night of August 14, 1944, CCB rejoined the column heading for Ranen. A German patrol captured Lt. Wissing (A), Louis Ruiz (A), Frank Cox (A), and two men from the 23rd Engineers. Shortly, four were killed by their captors. The engineer, E. Long, who escaped, recently joined the division assoc., and wrote his recollections for their newsletter, [12/1993, 11; 3/1994, 15]. Frank Miller (A) spoke to the engineer after the four men were found, and can add details.

Long wrote that he did not know of the three on outpost from the 703rd before their capture. He and Sgt. Groff, his noncom, were resting, after clearing the road of mines to let CCB through. A German bullet "came through the hedge, -just missed me." Then they were captured.

Lt. Wissing, who knew enough German, soon learned they were to be shot, probably because the captors had to care for their own wounded, were fleeing, knowing they were cut off, and led by a desperate officer. The captives made a break for their lives.

"They killed him (Sgt. Groff). The officer [Wissing] and I ran and jumped through the hedge, but I heard later they found the officer dead. They were shooting at the far end of the ditch when he called me to run!

HE WAS A VERY BRAVE MAN."

ELLSWORTH R. LONG (A+E Co. 23rd Engineers)
511 Valley Rd., Lancaster, PA, 17601.

Editor

PHOENIX, BE THERE!

Register for the reunion in Phoenix, October 12-16, 1994. If you need registration forms and info call or write to the 3rd A.D. Reunion Assoc., P.O. Box 61743 Phoenix, AZ 85082-1743, (602) 840 0398. The registration fee includes the banquet: \$40/person.

The reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn Crown Plaza at Central and Adams, Phoenix, AZ, 85001-1000 (602) 257 1525, Register there at \$70/room.

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A HEADQUARTERS OREGONIAN

He couldn't get to our reunion, and hopes
we put together a battalion history soon. "I
contacted Eugene Brown (Hq), 315 Rosewood
Ave., Eugene, OR 97404, and he came along
with Ethelyn to visit me. I sure would like
to hear from the fellows."

Irvin Burris (Hq)
22253 So. Dan's Avenue
Beaver Creek, OR, 97004

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703rd ROAD BLOCK

Nathan Goldberg, Editor
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