



703rd Road Block



Vol. I No. 1 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion Association Newsletter 3/1990

THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS! The "Old Man"

Our 703rd Newsletter is a worthwhile supplement to the Third Armored Division newsletter. Our "703rd Road Block" offers all 703rd members the opportunity to relate their personal experiences and reactions. If enough of us do so, we can actually compile an important historical document for posterity--not only for our own comrades-in-arms but for future generations as well. If our newsletter is to be a success in the compilation of that historical account, especially at this late date, 45 years after V.E. Day, all or nearly all 703'ers must forward their "story" to the Editor--literally overwhelm him--and let him choose those most appropriate. Otherwise, our story will never be told!

W.E. Showalter
Colonel, U.S. Army (Retired)
(WW II C.O., 703rd T.D. Bn.)

FOR OPENERS

Jack, a 5th grader, had shared with his mates in Sunday School the stirring Exodus story and upon return home found his Dad ready for something more than, "How you doin'?" He promptly asked, "What did you learn this Sunday?"

Jack told of the Egyptians pursuing the emigrating Jews, Moses in the command of the pursued, the pontoon bridges laid across the Red Sea and a coordinated air and sea attack wiping out the enemy!

Dad was learning, already, that his sprout was signalling how a new generation might understand events differently than "Dad's"! Still he had to snap back. "What were you really taught?"

Jack tried to wave him off. "You'd never believe what really happened! Our teacher, Mr. (Len) Straub, insisted that it was a 703rd Road Block that made the Egyptians sitting ducks for the bombers and the artillery!"

THE THIRD ARMORED DIVISION REUNION

Reno/Sparks, Nevada 9/17-20/1990
See the division newsletter or contact the central office at P.O. Box 61743,
Phoenix, Arizona, 85802-1743.

- INQUIRY -

Colonel Showalter requests that anyone having any information, address, etc. of CLINTON REID, "C" Co. 703rd, get it to him so that he can attempt to upgrade the award for heroism presented to Reid. After forty five years, doing so may be impossible or at least difficult, but he is willing to try. This refers to "Hap" Paulsen's, "Over The Quota" poem in the December, 1989 Third Armored Division Newsletter.

Colonel W. E. Showalter (Ret.)
1360-40 Black Forest Drive
Dayton, Ohio, 45449

A COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL

You earned the Belgian Fourragere! You can have this commemorative medal! They cost \$9.85 singly, or \$7.50 in dozen lots. Are there a dozen of us who want one? Call our Secretary-Treasurer, or order direct. U.S. Military Specialties, AirForceAcademy, Colorado
P.O. Box 241

TO HELP YOU LOOK BACK, TO RELIVE AND TO RECREATE HISTORY FOR EVERYONE!

Below are the declassified reports of our battalion intelligence officer narrating the movements and some of the character of the action of, "A", "B", and "C" companies for ten days at the turn of February into March, 1945. Your editor remembers not only that a chunk of Kraut shrapnel put him among the "walking wounded" in mid-January, but at least, when he returned from an English hospital in May, he learned that there had been no KIA's in his company since he had been hit! It's not happy history, because it was not true for other companies. See the report below. In this first issue of the Newsletter, "C" Company is featured. "A" and "B" will follow in successive issues.

Normandy Northern France The Rhineland The Ardennes Central Europe

DECLASSIFIED PER EXECUTIVE ORDER 12356,

Section 3,3, 735017 By NND, Date 1 9 7 3

No.4,5,6 to A A/Action Rpt., Hq.

TD Bn, dated 4 April 1945

S E C R E T

HQ 703rd TD Bn. APO 230

ACTION OF "C" COMPANY, 26 February-
March 7, 1945

During operations of the 3rd Armored Division in its attack from the ROER RIVER to COLOGNE, "C" Co. (minus the 1st platoon) was attached to Task Force YEOMANS, under division control. The following narrative covers its action.

1st Platoon

TF YEOMANS moved out at 0400 hours, 26 February from DUREN and by 1700 hours had reached MANHEIM (F202542) where the TD's established road blocks for the night. At 0600 hours the next morning they moved toward BERRENDORF (F193594) where they received heavy artillery fire. One round struck the house in which the Platoon CP was located, killing Pvt. Papinou and wounding Pvt. Davis. From BERRENDORF the task force attacked GROUVEN (F205603) and was unable to take the town. After regrouping they attacked again and seized the town. The 1st Section remained in GROUVEN while the 2nd Section continued with part of the task force to attack ZIEVERICH that night. The following morning the 2nd Section returned to GROUVEN and rejoined the platoon.

On March 1 at 0300 hours, the TD's moved across the ERFT CANAL at BERGHEIM (F231622), and moved into the woods northeast of BERGHEIM to support the attack on HOLTROP (F235652). Shortly after daylight they fired several rounds of AP at enemy tanks to the northeast. The range was 4000 yards and results were unobserved. At 1800 hours the platoon moved into HOLTROP and established road blocks for the night. ---On 2 March the task force moved to an assembly area at (F275656), and at 1700 hours started on a night attack moving across country, passing between STOMMELN (F315695) and PULHEIM (F345670), bypassing SINNERSDORF (F357699) and ROGGENDORF (F375725) to the north, and by morning reached HACKHAUSEN (F357735). At HACKHAUSEN a destroyer was hit by a bazooka round, which struck the counterweight and was deflected into the engine compartment. No one was injured.

At 1700 hours the TD's moved into

positions while the task force organized for a new attack to the south. For this attack the task force was split into battle groups and one TD was attached to each of the three reconnaissance companies. No. 1 gun moved with "B" Co. 83rd Arm'd Rcn Bn down the main road from WORRINGEN to FUHLINGEN (F417712), turning east just before reaching FUHLINGEN and as it moved toward LANGEL (F425729), spotted an 88mm AA gun and two 20mm guns on the outskirts of the town which it knocked out with HE fire. No further targets were encountered and the combat team entered the town at 0730 hours, 4 March.

No. 3 gun moved with "A" Co. 83rd Arm'd Rcn Bn along the east flank toward LANGEL, and spotted an MK V tank at (F406719) as the column moved South. 7 rounds of APCBDF, range 1200 yards, were fired at this tank, and it was disabled with a round through the underside of the front plate. When LANGEL was reached the destroyer remained in position covering the advance of the tanks on RHEIN-KASSEL (F438719). It then moved into RHEIN-KASSEL.

No. 4 gun moved with "D" Co. 83rd Arm'd Rcn Bn through the woods south of WORRINGEN, and while the combat team moved south spotted a MK V tank just south of the woods at (F398717). It had a flanking shot at 150 yard range and fired 5 rounds. One of the rounds went clear through the enemy tank. From this point the combat team moved to the road junction at (F414720), and in the morning, No. 4 gun moved to RHEIN-KASSEL to rejoin No. 3.

On 5 March, No. 2 gun which had previously been damaged by the bazooka, rejoined No. 1 at LANGEL, and the platoon remained on road blocks in LANGEL and RHEIN-KASSEL until the operation was completed.

2nd Platoon

The 2nd Platoon was attached to TF RICHARDSON, and remained in assembly at BERKESDORF (F103481) until 27 February when the task force moved to DESDORF (F195618). On the morning of 28 February the platoon moved to PAFFENDORF (F208634) and crossed the ERFT CANAL in the afternoon, taking up positions in the woods east of the canal until the morning of 2 March 1945.

At 0430 hours the platoon moved to NIEDERHAUSEN (F251658) supporting the attack on that town. As one of the TD's was crossing a railroad bridge, the bridge collapsed, and the gun was forced into recoil pinning Sgt. Ramsden to the rear of the turret. The TD was under direct observation at the time, and

Pvt Steinhart went back on foot to get the recovery vehicle. It was not possible for the recovery vehicle to move up, however, as any moving vehicles were receiving AT fire in that area. Pvt. Teates worked for over 2 hours inside the tank and finally was able to move the operating handle and release Sgt. Ramsden. After dark the destroyer was recovered and Sgt. Ramsden was evacuated.

On 3 March the task force attacked toward INGENDORF (F298682) and STOMMELN (F315695) and between NIEDERHAUSSEN and BUSDORF (F281665) the destroyers drew AT fire from a gun on the northern outskirts of BUSDORF. One destroyer fired 6 rounds of HE, range 3600 yards at the gun flash and silenced the gun although it was not ascertained whether or not it had actually been disabled.

As soon as STOMMELN was reached the platoon remained on road blocks until the end of the operation.

3rd Platoon

The 3rd Platoon was attached to TF HOGAN and saw no action until it reached the RHINE RIVER on 6 Mar 1945,

From its assembly area at BIRKESDORF (F103481), the platoon moved to AUENHEIM (F243668), on 3 March to STOMMELN, and on 6 March moved with the Task Force in support of its attack on MERHEIM (F448652). At daylight, Lt. AUSTIN was placing his first TD in position on a road block in MERHEIM, and a light tank was moving into position on the opposite side of the road,--a civilian was ahead of the 2 vehicles, motioning them on, and as soon as both were halted, motioned down the road. An SP Gun on a MK IV chassis moved from behind a building about 50 yards away and fired at the light tank. The destroyer immediately countered with 2 rounds of APC and destroyed the vehicle. Unfortunately the civilian disappeared and could not be found. Had the SP gun knocked out the TD first, it would have had several light tanks in the column at its mercy, as the other destroyers were further back in the column.

After the other destroyers were placed in position one of them was confronted with a Volkswagen which almost ran into it, and the destroyer's crew riddled it with .50 cal. machine gun fire.

The platoon remained on road block until the end of the operation.

For the C.O. Capt. E.H. Swett 703rd S-2

FROM AN OLD COPY OF STARS AND STRIPES.

---And there are things they wont forget. Take the action at Ranee and Fromental. There, while British forces drove south to clamp shut the Argentan-Falaise pocket, our troops cut to the very center of the Nazi elite elements under von Kluge. The TD's fought gun to gun with heavily armored Panthers. A sergeant commander named Juno met two of these efficient enemy vehicles at a bend in the road and smashed them both into smoking junk. Then when the wounded enemy soldiers called for help, Juno left his destroyer to aid them. He was instantly killed in the explosion of the burning ammunition.-- At Mons in Belgium, one platoon of tank destroyers on a road block destroyed 20 German vehicles in six hours. Sgt. Muriel F. Lehman of Marissa, Ill., accounted for most of them; he, Sgt. Arthur Parnell of Boston and their crews.--- The thousands of enemy troops killed and captured at Mons were counted on to hold the Siegfried Line later, but many of them blundered into the destroyers of Lehman's platoon before dawn on September 3. There was a battle in the narrow streets. TD guns sent bolts of living flame lashing into the armored half-tracks and dual purpose anti-aircraft guns. Cpl. Frank Karpinski of Scranton leaned into his sight and destroyed two vehicles with one projectile. When dismounted German troops fired from a nearby building. Cpl. Jack Moriarty from Arlington, Mass. set the place on fire with a .50 cal. gun.

There were no TD casualties in the action.-- At Fromental there was a little second lieutenant named Richard Ferchaud from Baton Rouge, La. Because the TD men were all older than the lieutenant, they called him, "Junior." After he led them in action they changed the name; it became "Little Blood and Guts!" Ferchaud challenged a Mark-V at Fromental and lost a TD. He almost lost part of his jaw.-----Frank Woolner

OUT OF "BUG'S" DIARY

In June we made a trip ---to "marry off" a great niece.---visited Dick Ferchaud in Shelby, N.C.--While on the way, Lucille Keough called our daughter to tell us John ("A" Co. Armorer) our hill billy pal, had passed away. After the wedding we briefly visited with John and Annie Sellers at Wilmington. At a trailer camp in Virginia I was well chewed, I think, by ants and the damned bites hurt for a couple of weeks. Keep off the grass in Virginia. The ants hide in it, like Krauts in foxholes.

-----Thirty three of our family guys and twenty six of our gals were there (in Cincinnati for the reunion).

John Strahosky and Joe Mitch, I had not seen since England.---Ed and Claire McIntyre hosted the deal, wore themselves out.-----

There is nothing better than to be with family, 703! Frank Miller

A SERVICE MAN AND WOMAN

Ralph Steinhart went into service even as he retired. He and Helen, an accountant and teacher went into action! Not only have they helped in church schools, but he went to the Caribbean to review "the books" of a church mission. Volunteering during the winter in local hospitals and getting the news around concerning his comrades add to the kindness that this couple always demonstrate.

HOW ABOUT A BOOST FOR "STAN"!

Stan Mallnowski lost much circulation in his legs,--gets around in a car but cannot be as active with us as he would like. Keep in contact with him. It will help him and all of us.

ALWAYS FOR THE GOOD OF IT!

Don and Yolana McKiernan are living in California, now. Don has spent the years working for youth in the "Y's", and social programs for the aged. Now both are on the tennis courts and Don is roaming the outfield for senior league softball. As a pair they never stop giving the impression that exercise, movement on a dance floor, skating and optimism are the name of the game. Their letters always leave the impression that you have just been invited to join them in having fun.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO: Prior, Bogaszc, Gatti, Ordile, Descoteaux, Mayette, Luzinski, Feeney and that "shortstop" from Tupper Lake, N.Y. Surely you have had contact with guys who are gone or with whom contact appears lost. Check your memory! Your old address books! Let us know!

G I O V A N N I

To any of us who paid attention to him he was, "Gri"! I always felt that s---- details and K.P. were invented so that he honored the task. He was an immigrant from Argentina, "just in time to be drafted,

eventually assigned to be Woolner's driver" His words, the little he spoke, were very quiet, and his composure as noble as his bearing. As with others whom I wanted to know better, his "fractured English" and shyness did not help, "but his eyes were those of an eagle!". On the tragic occasion, Frank had to "deliver maps and directives for the combat command section" leaving Giovanni to dig a foxhole by the peep and he climbed in". The site was in a "scraggly apple orchard". When "the first shells came in Frank dove under a CP halftrack. Most of the incoming mail turned into tree bursts. A single splinter got Gri and he was probably the only KIA in the action."

I hope that Giovanni knew that more than one of his comrades appreciated the subtle greatness of his character, his stolidity scrubbing a Camp Polk stove well, as a soldier, as a man. N.G. F.W.

THROUGH YOUR GUNSIGHTS

Ask your local librarian to scour the state library setup, and if it is in the computer system they'll get it for you.

von Luck, Hans, Panzer Commander: The Memoirs of Col. Hans Von Luck, N.Y., Praeger, 1989, 0 275 931 153 242 pp. \$24.95

WHY ME ? : Incident In "The Bulge".

"The Bulge" meant that "A" Co., first platoon, went in support of Co. "I", 16th Inf. 1st Inf. Div. on the north flank of the German drive into Belgium. We were to let the enemy know key highways would be unavailable to them as well as forcing them to use needed manpower to protect the logistical lanes their surprise attack had won. Not long after that the platoon moved in blackout and I was at the wheel when Lt. Henderson's half-track mired in the soft shoulder of the highway. Maintenance would get to it. I never had much to do with that rugged crew, but anything that had to do with heavy machinery had fascinated "this city book and piano lad". Joe Olsen, who taught me the basics of wheeling a destroyer, typified that hearty, good natured, and grimy bunch. But Joe was dead! The platoon leader had to join a destroyer crew and to Hq. Platoon for me.

It was in the gray of the afternoon that destroyers of the first platoon went left, sloping downward off the road that was to be kept from Jerry. At most it was a third of a mile, through a flat curving dirt road,

fields quite open, flattening as the platoon moved into position in a protecting grove for the destroyers. There they would be ready to back up our infantry further ahead. They were in range and could get to where they might be needed.

It was an odd feeling not being with the platoon's security section, but I need not have been concerned because, very soon, the mail bag for the platoon was tossed my way, and my love for word from home, certainly was no better than that of our men. Off I trudged down to deliver those messages, just as I would not so many years later, only more comfortably in a stint with the U.S. Post Office.

The winter snow was thin, but firm enough so that even destroyer tracks had not left brown trails on the dirt road. It was so very quiet and it overcame any sharp sense of immediate danger inside the misty grayness.

Danger all about joined with the muffled sound of my steps.--I was at "the back of the hill" at home, wondering about girls, a stony, New England glacial path under my overshoes.--- Now the trees were hazy to my right where our infantry might be, wide open gray white to the left. My carbine shoulder strap told me I had something for protection. The mail bag was not heavy. Again I heard my boots in the snow,--imagined sound!

A whisper of air,---never had I fallen in fun so flat in Yankee snow, so willingly and loved its care! I heard no explosion but sensed a long, dull shock, helmet half off my head, snow on my face. It felt as if seconds had gone by until I knew I was all there. As I raised my head a dirt clod hit my leg. Turning to look,--other clods of dirt were still falling. I waited, came erect, "checked out whole". So Jerry had the road "lined up" for his mortars, greeted my walk with a round. No sense in running. I moved. How could they observe through that hazy, darkening distance? Maybe it was to tell us they knew where we were,-- it couldn't have been an occasional round? I was up and walking toward the grove.

In seconds,--the whisper, the protective snowy surface; I hit dirt before my helmet, then a lesser concussion, the clods dropping behind, not hitting me. They had zeroed in on the road! Should I get off a few yards? My plodding steps ground the snow more insistently as I covered the distance to the woods. Contact with platoon security felt

just right. The mail was more important to them. I must have mentioned my experience to someone, but it remained my war with "Boche" mortar men.

The way back was very much a matter of concern to me. The darkness had grown without a moon. Good. Should I walk off the road for which their rounds were aimed? The answer came from the memory of watching George Toma check the sights of a destroyer for an artillery harassing fire mission. Standing by the aimed sight of the three inch gun he blew on his fingertips and brushed them gently across the mechanism, saying, "I hardly changed the setting as a correction, because our rounds must miss, same as theirs. Now it will hit where we want it to go." So I stuck to the road. I found another question to accompany me on the uneventful walk back. Why did they waste two rounds on a mail carrier? The obvious---it brought a grin inside,-- they wanted to kill me! (N.G.)

DEGRADATION!

Amidst the contrasts involved with the hillside camp at Mere, Wilts,--from the "honey buckets", land army women, fine folk of the village, history, a good firing range for small arms and the need to keep the camp in good shape---guess what we had to do one morning? We lined up and pulled grass with our bare hands! I never knew who and why the order? Do you remember? No wonder our hero was "Pat" when he swiped one of Egnor's berry pie trays and woke us up in the middle of the night to enjoy the dessert! "Batman" Pat took care of his buddies

KEEP THE FAITH!

There had been battle incidents for the platoon and there was little time to know the British and our troops had a chance to capture a major part of the German army in France. However "The Kraut" saved the better part of his numbers in the Falaise Gap.-- Our Combat Command train got off the road and the platoon set up its defenses and checked assignments on a summer mid-afternoon. The platoon was enjoying some rest for a while.

There was a shriek and sudden shouts as a speeding German army "peep" bounced over the nearby road. It must have run past guards fully fifty yards before rifle fire was leveled at it and on another two hundred yards before it was stopped by unseen action up ahead. Platoon members wondered about the alertness of our perimeter defense. That enemy "recon" was a good signal that we would

be in for it and the Germans wanted to cut their way up that road. The platoon was dispersed on slowly rising ground, guns front, and the action began to the rear. Their units, behind them, provided the defense the platoon needed, but enemy rifle, machine gun and tank rounds were coming in with platoon security hugging ground, heads up! A shell exploded and "Mayette" rolled over calling for help, --his leg! Machine gun volleys were covering the exposed ground intensely. Ray Twomey, the medic, hesitated but an instant to quash whatever told him to stay down. He made the sign of his faith over his heart even as his long legs, bent over frame, rushed the twenty five yards under fire to Mayette. Ray handled the serious wound well, ending the bleeding and checking infection, preparing his comrade for removal, later, to a field hospital. Those watching Ray brave the whizzing fire, holding on to his medical equipment, making it, picked up a little of his courage in his faith.

It even may have been that day when the platoon was still there, but the action was ahead of us. Our forces could not move ahead, probably due to the desperate action which saw Heine get his butt out of the "pocket." It was a dusky evening, yet P-40's, fighter bombers in our direct support, wove about their path down, trying to avoid enemy ack-ack, and to bomb Jerry into condition so that tanks could "cut Jerry off!"

A company bike rider, soft spoken Boswell, having had a rough day, bushed, was talking involuntarily to himself as he marveled at the courage of the pilots in the fighter-bombers. Suddenly he shouted, "He's hit! He's leveling off!" The stricken craft was angled across to our right but sure to crash. Boswell grimaced as it disappeared.

"Maybe if we can get to him, --it may have been the plane that was hit, not him!"

The cyclist was pleading with the officer beside him to allow him to try help the pilot within a mile of us. Of course the permission was not given, but Boswell did get there later to learn the pilot had been fatally struck by enemy fire.

"Twomey and Boswell, keeping the faith!"

ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW THE SOLDIER! (A)

There was no conductor to help passengers take that high step from the railway car onto the red mud outside Camp Polk. It

it would be warm in Louisiana. The recruits were marched off to a large fieldhouse and a young Southern officer, magnificent in bearing, his polished leather riding boots adding to his aristocratic presence, leveled with the men that they were expected to behave as well as they had the reputation at home! The recruit felt respected. Hours were spent in getting sent to a unit with the usual, "hurry up and wait!"

The 703rd was attached to the division, literally, in tents, a negative impression as a start. Then came the mixture of praise and the need for discipline from the crisply uniformed Virginia-"twang" of a company commander. After that the introduction to a rude cadre to drill recruits, which meant the teaching of discipline by men who had proved their competency by earning a record of misbehavior. The assignment to tents meant a cot on which to rest after the busy day..

The "gab" outside the latrine before taps was pleasant enough till the subject whispered was about the veteran who had "beat the rap" for the knifing of an Hispanic in a town below camp. The soldier felt his "gut" rebel a bit as he turned in. Next day each tent was assigned a "commander" from the cadre. The recruit needed an extra twenty minutes to drop off to sleep when he found that J--R--, his tent commander, who had "beat the rap" had the head of his bed three feet from that of the recruit.

J--R-- was a "rugged" little man, flyweight, most of his appearance was above his waist, holding his shoulders back to barrel his chest, his long arms being always in the position of claws outside his knees. He was "lean and mean", an outdoorsman with furrowed, unshaveable face, sparkling blue-gray glints for eyes, warning that J--R-- was smiling in joy for the coming of violence. Wasn't almost everyone of the cadre leading the drills like J--R--, always in a threatening pose?

The opposites gnawed in the thoughts of the recruit. The northerners had been welcomed as gentlemen who knew how to behave and here were the noncoms to set the example, the front of a "tough guy" and the possibility of a knife in a brawl! Can you blame the recruit for musing what he would do to defend himself in the face of a threatening knife? J--R-- meant fear, suspicion, discomfort, keeping one's distance! However a form of violence, time, and J--R--'s personal life became factors in a changing perception of character.

The recruit, many years later, recalled three incidents in which "the clenched fist and skill" was evident during his army training. Two battalion cruiserweights, one gray, the other in his mid-twenties, both good with their "dukes" went at it for about two rounds plus. Their punches were solid and the much older man took the heavier blows at the end. Both men enjoyed the sport. Then in my company the recruits found a "champion", who went outside the tent area to settle a dispute with the ever-leering southern non-com! The Yank received both the respect and the worst of it! The division arranged matches with a local high school boxing team and J--R- represented the battalion at 125 lbs. The three rounds were replete with the bolo punching army veteran against the slightly taller, slim youngster who parried all that J--R--threw at him. The recruit was glad, surprised when a bit later J--R--told listeners with respect, "Wasn't he good? I couldn't lay a glove on him!" The respect for J--R--was climbing past the earlier distaste, --with time.

"Crap games" are challenges for lessons of life in every environment. Our western civilization requires that the freedom to seek an advantage and morality are right in our behavior. The man about to throw the dice listens to bets made between watchers as to whether he'll make his point. Hunches, experience, and knowledge of the percentages are used in seeking an advantage. And there, "running the game" with "honest dice" was J-R- keeping the game "clean"! He regularly added to his income, no longer the gambler. He was looking forward to a family. He could grin remembering what the fellows felt he had been like. That way was replaced with gentler goals. The former recruit felt J--R--'s eyes were more moist, open, friendly. Later J--R-- left the company, slipped from sight. There was a "war on"!

There were other men in the company who made changing impressions on the soldier, but it took decades to recall them. When you pick up a memento of your army life don't you recall them? It must have happened to you? This soldier was surprised at the greeting he received from his "buddies" at reunions, from men he had hardly known, or thought so. Had they changing impressions of him?

The two policemen "went to the third floor and found themselves in a narrow hallway as well as a gun poked through a broken panel." The police asked Stan's mother to try dissuade him, but he threatened her. They talked with him, yet the threats continued. Five backups were called, were the with riot guns and tear gas. "As they crep up stairs, Stan was heard to say, 'I have been in the service 19 months. I know how to use this gun and I'm going to blast you.'

At that moment the Patrolman N--- fired through the door with a riot gun, and Stan fell. Police said Stan's shotgun had one shell in the chamber and that the safety catch was on. They also found six rifles in the house." Stan had begun the row with his family at 6:00 P.M., had bitten his brother. His sister had called the police, and he was dead at 9:50.

His family said that Stan had served in the South Pacific. He was released with a C.D.D. from "A" Company, 703rd, November, 1942. His death occurred, May 29, 1944.

Stan's photograph reminds you of his disfigured face. He was one of us when we were on a break in the Mohave Desert, just into Arizona, at the Parker Dam. We had time to get back to camp, but Stan would not get back into the truck. It took three of us about forty minutes to lift a sweating, struggling drunkard up into the back of the "6 x 6" and to hold him there. The constant power of his muscles, the difficulty of keeping a grip on his oil-salty flesh infuriated us, but he never struck us as he kept on trying to break away even as the truck began to move.

Firearms were his "baby"! He learned the .50 cal. machine gun so quickly, and well, that he was assigned to teach it to his peers. He pounded away in his talks On the safety. He would never have fired on those policemen. He wanted to die!

WE HEARD THIS BEFORE !

"A slave was precious to his master because of the money he had cost. But the laborer does not cost his rich employer a penny.-- Now that they [slaves] are no longer traded, they have no real intrinsic value. In the army, a scout is less valuable than a dray horse, because the horse is costly and the soldier can be had for nothing."

Linguet, French reformer, 1775.

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"--THUS STUPID AND SADISTIC.!"

Fussell, Paul, Wartime, N.Y.: Oxford University Press, 1989.

My daughter sent me a review of Fussell's book and it reminded me, again, of a night on the Salisbury Plain, on a C.P.X. A 703rd peep was needed to play being a combat command, and I drove a Capt. Mac--from the "C.C.(?), H.Q." That night the wind-chill factor, --"b-rrrr-r"! I was "in the sack" first. The Capt. had had hardly a word to say. It drew from me what the chill, playing at war had done, ---make me bitch out loud!

"This war is for the birds!!"

The Capt. snapped back, "You ought to know by this time what's right about it, soldier!" We had about nil to say to each other from then on. The Malmedy slaughter of our troops in the Bulge, by the Russians (?) of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, and the Holocaust was not yet known to us.

Fussell, not a pacifist, put it this way, "Now, 50 years later, there has been so much talk about The Good War, Necessary War, and the like, that the young and the innocent could get the impression that it was really not

such a bad thing after all. It's thus necessary to observe that it was a war and nothing else, and thus stupid and sadistic."

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