



Walter T. Roach American Legion Post 182
165 West Lincoln Street - Hubbardston, Michigan. 48845
Newsletter Number Thirty-Two, November-December, 2007
Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 12:00 Noon

Calendar of Coming Events

October 19-88th Anniversary Post 182
 "Camo" Individual Euchre-Sign-up at 6:30 Play@7:00
 Auxiliary Cash Drawing @ 8:00 p.m.
October 27-Masquerade Party-Post 182
 Costume Judging @10:30-Prizes
 Open to the Public
October 27, 28, 31-"Haunted House"-Library 6-8 p.m.
 At the Community Center Hubbardston Library
November 4-Sunday Breakfast-8:30-11:30 a.m.
November 10 (?Call first)Veteran's Day –Hunter's Ball
 Spaghetti Dinner 5-7:00 p.m.
 Music-8-12:00 p.m.
November 15-HAHS-Honor the Veteran's Night-7:00
 "Hero Dogs in Vietnam" Presentation
 All Veteran's Welcome-Refreshments
November 17-Craft Show, Dinner Community Center
 Tables Available 1-7:00 p.m. Dinner-5-7 p.m.
December-Children's Christmas Party date TBA
December 31-New Year's Eve Party 9:00 p.m.

Dues Alert!!! You did not and will not receive a first notice from the State Department, American Legion headquarters in Lansing about your annual dues. In a cost saving venture, they decided to forego the initial letter and wait to send a later letter to those who need a reminder to stay current. Had we been given the info that they intended to forego the usual procedure, we could have alerted you. Having no knowledge ourselves, we could hardly pass the news to members. Send your dues to Post 182 care of Lynn Ward or drop them off at the club in a sealed envelope, attention Lynn Ward. Lezlie Hauck has assumed the position of Sgt.-at-Arms and Lynn is the new membership person. Thanks for your cooperation as we adjust to the state's attempt to balance their woeful checkbook.

Commander - William Kruger
 Adjutant - Dan Heckman
 Vice Comdr. - Terry Fletcher
 2nd Vice Comdr., Newsletter - Bud Howard
 Sgt.-At-Arms - Leo McMillan
 Finance Officer - James Barker
 Service Officer - Murdo Wood
 Chaplain - James R. McGinn
 Historian - John Stoddard
 Trustees -Terry Fletcher, Bud Howard, Leo McMillan
Auxiliary Officers
 President - Kelly Melton
 1st Vice - Tracey Ewalt
 2nd Vice – Colleen Ward
 Membership-Lynn Ward
 Sec.-Treasurer -Tanya Mills
 Chaplain – Carolyn Cunningham
 Historian - Joanne Howard
 Sgt.-At-Arms – Lezlie Hauck
 Poppy Chairman – Cherlyn Ward
 Girl's State Chairman - Sheila Thurston
 Sunshine Chairman - Carol Fitzpatrick
 Public Relations-Rose Peiffer
Sons of the American Legion Officers
 Comdr. – Bill Cunningham
 Adjutant – Bob (Red) Ward
 1st Vice Comdr. – Rick Cunningham
 Finance Officer - Dave Oistad
 Chaplain – Bart Cunningham
 Historian -Pat White
 Sgt. at Arms –Tim Ward

When my grandchildren asked me what my favorite Rock and Roll music was, I thought a moment and then answered."The only Rock and Roll music I know is, 'Rock of Ages' and 'When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.'(Shirley Allen)

WWII War Hero –Island Road Hubbardston-Clinton County

Robert C. Harris was a brother of Wilma Harris Slocum who graced the cover of the Hubbardston Area Historical Society's 2004 Hubbardston Irish Lore and Recipe Book. In a conversation with Jerry Slocum, Virgil and Wilma Harris Slocum's youngest son, we learned of the existence of her brother Robert. He enlisted in the Air Corps on April 11, 1942 in Wayne County. He was single, 5'5", weighed 167 pounds and was a Receiving and Shipping Clerk in civilian life. He was killed in Burma on May 19,

1945 and buried at the monument in Honolulu, Hawaii (where he remains today). He was a Sgt. in the 1st Air Cargo Squadron. He was awarded the Purple Heart, Air Medal and Additional Army Awards. He was born on Island Road east of Hubbardston to Willard and Clara Decker Harris and was one of eight sons and had two sisters. His death was cited as a 'camp accident' with no further details. (Jack Fahey, ancestors.com)

Who was Robert Harris? Here's a bit of History on the Harris Family that our historian, Jack Stoddard found.

Alba S. Harris, a native of Vermont, and a Captain in the Civil War, married a girl from New York, came to Michigan and bought 120 acres on the south side of Island Road (3 miles east of Hubbardston). He had 4 children. One son, Joe Harris married Claire Decker and was Wilma Harris Slocum's parents. She had 8 brothers and one sister. Alba left this farm to his oldest son, Fred Harris and his wife.

Alba later bought a second 160 acre farm in Section 9 on the north side of Island Road and moved on to this farm. His youngest son, Willard Harris later moved to this farm.

In 1912, Alba with his wife and oldest daughter, Ella, moved across the road, bought this farm for his nephew, Joe Harris in section 16. The homestead was sold in 1920 to Theodore Townsend a former mayor of St. Johns and a school superintendent. The State of Michigan now owns this land. In 1914, after his children were grown and his wife died, Joe Harris sold the farm in 1914 to Ron McPherson from Maple Rapids. The farm of 160 acres where Willard lived was sold in 1927 to George and Grace McVeigh, and later to Leo Felpauch of Fowler. It was again sold in 2006. (Jack Stoddard, Clinton County History, 1980)

There is nothing in a caterpillar that tells you it's going to be a butterfly. (Buckminster Fuller)

A Bit of Trivia!

Frank Harris, brother of Wilma Harris Slocum, moved with his wife to Gladstone in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and there raised 17 children. They were said to be the largest family in the UP of Michigan.

Can't resist a note from my brother-in-law, Dick Howard. When asked if he was Catholic (he and Carol Lehto Howard had 6 children about a year apart), he replied, "No, we are just sexy Lutherans!" As far as we know, Frank Harris and his wife were staunch Methodists.

Hubbardston- Terrific Baseball Town over the years. And, one of the Harris boys was a particularly great competitor. He tried out for the

Detroit Tigers as did Richard Slocum, his nephew, Wilma's oldest son. Keith Clark, an amazing baseball player and Dick Slocum traveled to Detroit together and were given the opportunity to try-out. Both did very well. Keith as a pitcher struck out Hank Greenberg, Charlie Gehringer and Rudy York. (It was the greatest thrill of his life.) But the Tigers didn't see fit to call back any of the Hubbardston try-outs. Memories!

Gerry Tait, sister of Virgil Tait of Hubbardston married Frank DeMore of New York. They later moved back to Hubbardston and lived in the former Townsend-Meyers Home on Lincoln St. near Ray and Loretta O'Grady Cowman. Frankie lived in the same Italian neighborhood in New York where Jackie Gleason (later to be a musical, motion-picture and TV celebrity resided). As a youngster, he and Jackie played marbles together on the sidewalks of the city streets. (Remember Gerry in your prayers. She is very ill.)

To The Ladies! This is a toast to Us, for the men who have us, for the losers who had us and "the Lucky People who will Meet Us!

WE SALUTE OUR SENIOR WWII HEROES WHO ARE WITH US STILL

Elmer Esch, a native of Hubbardston, became member of the Jedburghs in WWII. In England and Scotland he was trained as an underground agent for the O.S.S. (Office of Strategic Services) forerunner of the C.I. A. and served almost two years in France. Organized in "Teams of Three, they were parachuted from unmarked allied planes, under cover of darkness, behind enemy lines in France, to join covert groups of partisans engaged in espionage designed to harass the German army prior to the Normandy D-Day landing in June of 1944. On his first jump he landed in a straw stack and thought he might be back home. He was later sent to China on a diplomatic mission where he rode a mule from Kunming, China to Manchuria. He was captured by the Japanese, turned over to the Chinese Communists and held as a prisoner

of war for 105 days. He won the American Silver and Bronze Star Medals, the French Croix DeGuerre with Oak Leaf Clusters, the French FFI Medal, the British King George War Medal and the Nationalist Chinese War Medal. However, he was sworn to secrecy until about 1985 when the true story of Donovan's Raiders and other courageous episodes of the Jedburghs finally were released by the state department. Elmer returned to the area and made a life work of Insurance, investments, and estate planning. In his 80's today, Elmer (with his wife Julie Burns Esch) is today, living with his memories, battling the aging process.

Eighteen-year-old Clare Cunningham, (Ranking Senior at Post 182 with 64 years continuous membership), the son of Patrick and Sarah Welch Cunningham, was drafted, trained, and in 1943 shipped to Oran, Africa where he served with the 36th Texas Division under General George Patton. Later in Italy under General Mark Clark, he was told that his unit would be the 'second wave' to land on Salerno Beach. "There were no footprints on the sand," Clare stated in his memoirs. "All of the young troops were told that, to try to take away the anxiety of the battle at hand." While serving on Mt. Casalone above Cassino, next to the famed Benedictine Monastery, he watched the historic structure being senselessly destroyed because Germans were supposedly using it as a fortress. 600 tons of bombs were dropped on an empty monastery built in the 1600's. During a German counter-attack, Clare and his buddy Pvt. Catula were both wounded and lost legs as a result of shrapnel from mortar shells. Highly decorated and a survivor of the bloodiest European battle of the war, Clare returned home to make a

career in the insurance business. Today in his 80's, he is lively, busy, and still involved with the KC's in Grand Rapids.

Jack Billings, (60 year Life Member of Post 182), hitchhiked to Ionia on his 18th birthday to join the army. Serving throughout Europe in the Combat Engineers, he literally crawled his way across the continent in battle after battle. He was one of the few survivors of the Anzio Beach landing, and then went on the tedious and murderous march to Rome. Moved on to a beachhead landing in Southern France, and then on to Germany and the Battle of the Bulge. Near Granvilleres, France, he was awarded the Bronze Star with Cluster after a particularly bloody battle. On January 11, 1945 while looking for a secure placement for his machine gun in Wingen, France, Jack was hit in both legs and his right arm by a mortar shell. Severely wounded, he was picked up by Germans and treated in a barn basement by a German doctor until he was rescued the next day by his platoon. After three years in hospitals he was discharged so he and Barbara Jean Rogers Billings could begin their life together. After 60 wedded years, a career in Engineering, three children and a 'blessed' life, he and Barb in their 80's divide their time between Greenville, Michigan and Ruskin, Florida. Jack's motto, "Find a job you like and you'll never have to work a day in your life" and he did!

Charles Manning is a man who lives in Beaumont, Texas. I have never met him but I have heard his story. He is 83 years old and a veteran of WWII. He was a Fighter Pilot of the 438th Squadron of the 474th Fighter Group serving in the Pacific area; Saigon, the Marianas, Guam, the areas of significant air battles. When the war was over, there

were about 130 pilots of this particular division who survived. They determined to have an annual reunion if possible and have managed one every 2-3 years at different locations in the United States. This year the reunion was in San Diego, California. Of course, Charlie wanted to go, but now in his 80's, and having suffered a stroke and after having heart surgery, he was not in real good shape. His caretaker, Donald Allen, son of Shirley Allen and the late Harvey Allen of Hubbardston said he would take him. With the doctor's ok, they boarded a plane in Texas and flew to California.

There were about 30 men present – about all that was left of the group. But they came with wheel chairs, walkers, canes; you name it, each with an escort. The four day event ended all too soon. They thanked the hotel personnel and employees for their wonderful time and also for their good supply of 'Hearing Aid Batteries and 'Depends.' Where there's a will there is a way. And the men that they are, having known each other in their youth, truly enjoyed the opportunity to renew their war-formed friendships cultured through the years and accept the inconveniences of aging in their battle-worn bodies. 'A friend in need, is a friend indeed!'"(Shirley Allen)

Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest. (Mark Twain)

Remembering Our Fallen Heroes:

The Memorial Wall at Post 182 honors "all" of our veterans, living and gone to their rest! Those watching the Ken Burns War Story can rest easy that we too, have our own heroes!

In the summer of 1944, family and friends were alerted to the heroic actions of another of our native sons. For "Extraordinary Achievement in Aerial Combat," **1st Lt. Henry S. Tabor**, Eighth Air Force of rural Hubbardston, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in England. Lt. Tabor, a navigator on a B-17 Flying Fortress which the crew had given the name, "Stage Door

Canteen," has taken part in thirty bombing attacks on German targets. He also holds the Air Medal and Three Oak Leaf Clusters. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Tabor of Hubbardston. (Jack Stoddard, Post 182 Historian)

Mrs. Anna Hogan of Hogan Road west of Hubbardston has received official notice that her son, **T-Sgt. Martin Hogan**, had been seriously wounded in the South Pacific on January 29, 1945. Martin was the brother of HAHS Charter member Margaret Hogan Shineman and Michael and Camilla Truesdale Hogan. Brother **Gerald Hogan** served during WWII and was a POW. Both brothers returned home safely after the war. (History of Clinton County, 1980)

And so many more we've covered in the past and in other publications!

Send us your memories, Legionnaires!

Don Smith, former State Commander of the American Legion died in September, 2007 in Lansing. He was from the St. Johns area, always sat in the back of the meeting room and without saying a word, controlled the meeting exactly to his liking by his approval, clapping, etc. He was admired and well-liked.

A 2006 study found that the average American walks about 900 miles a year. Another study found that Americans drink an average of 22 gallons of beer a year. That means, on average, Americans get about 41 miles per gallon. Not Bad!

What You Did Not and Will Not Learn in School-Bill Gates

This message is redundant to veterans, who have experienced it, but it still bears repeating.

Rule 1: Life is not fair - get used to it!

Rule 2: The world won't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish something BEFORE you feel good about yourself.

Rule 3: You will NOT make \$60,000 a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice-president with a car phone until you earn both.

Rule 4: If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss.

Rule 5: Flipping burgers is not beneath your dignity. Your Grandparents had a different word for burger flipping: they called it opportunity.

Rule 6: If you mess up, it's not your parents'

fault, so don't whine about your mistakes, learn from them.

Rule 7: Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. They got that way from paying your bills, cleaning your clothes and listening to you talk about how cool you thought you were. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parent's generation, try delousing the closet in your own room.

Rule 8: Your school may have done away with winners and losers, but life HAS NOT. In some schools, they have abolished failing grades and they'll give you as MANY TIMES as you want to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to ANYTHING in real life.

Rule 9: Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you FIND YOURSELF. Do that on your own time.

Rule 10: Television is NOT real life. In real life people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.

Rule 11: Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

Bill Gates is at present one of the richest men in the World. His success started with a gamble on computers. He is one cool 'nerd.'

A gynecologist had become fed up with malpractice insurance and was on the verge of being burned out. Hoping to try another career where skillful hands would be beneficial, he decided to become a mechanic. The gynecologist signed up for evening classes at a local technical college, attended diligently and learned all he could. When the time for the practical exam approached, he prepared carefully for weeks and completed the exam with tremendous skill. When the results came back, he was surprised to find he had attained the score of 150%. Fearing some mistake, he called the instructor and wondered if there had been an error. The instructor explained, "During the exam, you took the engine apart perfectly, which was worth 50%. You put it back together perfectly, which was another 50%. And," said the instructor, "I gave you an extra 50% because you did it all through the muffler!" (B Howard)

Reverse Drawing Winners

On Saturday August 25, 2007 at noon 200 hopeful people gathered at Post 182 for the best

Roast Beef Dinner ever, prepared and served by **Mark and Delores Schmitt and John and Carol Fitzpatrick.** After the dinner, the excitement rose as the numbers chosen were high-lighted on a huge TV screen. Tags were sold and 50/50 drawings were all used to enrich the Post 182 coffers which had been the source of funds for all of the terrific improvements which have made the clubhouse a 'Gem!' After all was said and done, the winner, #200 ticket holder, was **Curt Frechen (with family in the area) who had traveled from Ishpeming in the Upper Peninsula** with high hopes of winning. He was ecstatic at winning the "John Deer Gator" for his deer hunting trips in the north. Now the sale of the tabs brought another option and **Tracy Ewalt, Steve Reed and Post 182 (the unsold tab) each won 1/3 of the tab sales for #200 which amounted to about \$700 each.** Tracy was speechless, came over to our table, tossed the cash down and said, "Count it! I don't believe it!" It was a wonderful day, with the sequence of events handled beautifully making the day slip past too quickly. Thanks to Tim and Suzie Chartrand, their son, and all of the Post 182 Legionnaires and SALS who made the day a financial and social success.

A Mormon was seated next to an Irishman on a flight from London. After the plane was airborne drink orders were taken, The Irishman asked for a whiskey, which was promptly brought and placed before him. The flight attendant asked the Mormon if he would like a drink. He replied in disgust, "I'd rather be savagely raped by a dozen whores than let liquor touch my lips." The Irishman handed his drink back to the attendant and said, "Me, too! I didn't know we had a choice."

Taps

Eric Lee Andrews, 31 of Wyoming, formerly of Hubbardston died Monday, August 27, 2007 at his home. He was born September 18, 1975 in Lansing. He moved to Hubbardston in 1986 where he met the people who would most influence and shape him into the warm, caring and loyal friend that he was. He was a former member of the US Army and a proud member of Post 182 in Hubbardston. Eric enjoyed everything the outdoors had to offer including hunting, fishing, camping, and traveling. His love and compassion for animals was only

eclipsed by that of his love for family and friends. He was preceded in death by his grandparents, Nova and Tom Corey and Marge and Paul Grimwood. He is survived by his parents MaryEllen Robbins and Mike Spray of Carson City, niece, Sarah Wells of Charlotte; fiancé and love of his life, Janice Wilson of Wyoming and special friends, Jason Sailor, Matt Burns, Justin Thelen, Jim Derrick and Philip and Nancy "Mom" Burns. Friends and family gathered at Post 182 in Hubbardston for a Memorial Service conducted by Rev. Reid Martin on Tuesday, September 4, 2007 at 2:00 p.m. A beautiful scene of memorial bouquets and arrangements greeted visitors as they entered the club. The service so beautifully performed by Rev. Martin was comforting and a tribute Eric and his family. Lunch was served and friends gathered with MaryEllen, Michael and friends to reflect on the good times that were part of Eric's life. We remember MaryEllen as a wonderful hostess at Post 182 with Cindy Ward and all of the good times we shared. Our deepest sympathy can't possibly tell you how much we grieve with you. Peace to you, MaryEllen and Mike!

He wished no one a last farewell, nor even said good-bye. He was gone before we knew it and only God knows why. They say time heals all sorrow, and helps us to forget, but time so far only proves how much we miss him yet. God gives us strength to face it and courage to bear the blow. But what it meant to "love" and lose him, no one will ever know. (Memory Card)

Thoughts: In spite of illness, in spite even of the archenemy sorrow, one can remain alive long past the usual date of disintegration if one is unafraid of change, insatiable in intellectual curiosity, interested in big things and happy in small ways. (Edith Wharton)

Four Catholic ladies are having coffee together, discussing how important their children are. The first one tells her friends, 'My son is a priest. When he walks into a room, everyone calls him 'Father.'

The second Catholic woman chirps, 'Well, my son is a Bishop. Whenever he walks into a room, people say, 'Your Grace'.'

The third Catholic woman says smugly, 'Well, not to put you down, but my son is a Cardinal. Whenever he walks into a room, people say 'Your Eminence'.'

The fourth Catholic woman sips her coffee in silence. The first three women give her this subtle 'Well...?'

She replies, 'My son is a gorgeous, 6'4', hard bodied, well hung, male stripper. Whenever he walks into a room, women say, 'My God...!' (K. Cashen)

If I ever go to war... Mom, please don't be afraid. There are some things I must do, to keep the promise that I made. I'm sure there will be some heartache, and I know you will cry tears, but your son is a soldier now, Mom. There is nothing you should fear. If I ever go to war Dad, I know that you'll be strong. But you don't have to worry, cause you taught me right from wrong. You kept me firmly on the ground, yet still taught me how to fly. Your son is a soldier now, Dad. I love you Hooah, even if I die.

If I ever go to war Bro, there are some things I want to say. You've always had my back, and I know it's my time to repay. You'll always be my daybreak, through all life's dark clouds. Your brother is a soldier now, Bro, I promise I'll make you proud.

If I ever go to war Sis, don't you worry about me. I always looked out for you, but I can't do that anymore, cause I'm a big Bro to all in America. I love you so much and you know that. Your brother's a soldier now Sis, so wipe your eyes and I'll be fine even if I die....And when I go to heaven and see that pearly gate, I'll gladly decline entrance, then stand my post and wait. I'm sorry Sir, I can't come in. I'm sort of in a bind. You see, I'm still a Soldier, Sir, so I can't leave them behind.

(PFC Johnathon Guffy, Alpha Co., 101st Airborne 2/506th Infantry Air Assault Iraq, 10, July, 2006)

I pulled into the crowded parking lot at the Super Wal-Mart Shopping Center and rolled down the car windows to make sure my Labrador Retriever Pup had fresh air. She was stretched full-out in the back seat and I wanted to impress upon her that she must remain there! I walked to the curb backward, pointing my finger at the car and saying emphatically, "Now you stay. Do you hear me? Stay! Stay!" The driver of a nearby car, a pretty blonde young lady, gave me a strange look and said, "Why don't you just put it in park?" (Yvonne Boomer)

Get your tickets for the HAHS "Irish Extravaganza" March 28, 2008. BarleyCorn, Clintonaires and Hubbardston Irish Dancers. Parish Hall 6-11:30 p.m. Tickets-989-584-3803 or any Board member. May reserve tables (6-8 people).

Bud Howard
6851 East Carson City Road
Sheridan, Mi. 48884