



**WALTER T. ROACH AMERICAN LEGION POST 182
165 WEST LINCOLN STREET - HUBBARDSTON, MICHIGAN. 48845
NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWENTY FOUR, NOVEMBER – DECEMBER 2005**

Legion Officers

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 – Membership - Lezlie Hauck
Sec.-Treasurer -Tanya Mills
Chaplain - Agnes Bradbury
Historian - Joanne Howard
Sgt.-At-Arms - Kim Brown
Poppy Chairman – Karla Dailey
Girl’s State Chairman - Sheila Thurston
Sunshine Chairman - Carol Fitzpatrick
Sons of the American Legion Officers

Comdr. - Kurt White
Adjutant - Bobby Ward
1st Vice Comdr. - Neil Speckin
2nd Vice Comdr. - Brian Stoudt
Finance Officer - Dave Oistad
Chaplain - Bill Cunningham
Historian -Pat White
Sgt. at Arms - Dale Richards

If you can read this, thank a teacher!
If you can read it in English, thank a soldier! (Leo McMillan)

Calendar of Coming Events

November 12 Veteran’sDay Party
Buck and Doe Dance 9:00p.m.-1:00a.m.
Raffle - \$500 to be given away

December 4 AllYouCanEat Breakfast-8:30-11:30 a.m.
December 18 Kids Christmas Party 2:00 p.m.
December 31 New Years Eve Party 9:00 p.m.

January 8 “Post 182 Hosts Eighth District”
Dinner served (call in reservations) 12:00 noon
Host Comdr. Kruger-Introductions 1:30 p.m.
Legion Meets-Comdr.8th Dist. Root 1:40 p.m.
Auxiliary Meets with 8th Dist. Brenda Sapporling
Raffles, Special Honors and Door Prizes
Call; Leo @989-981-6514 or Mark @ 989-981-6872
or Bud @989- 584-3803 for Dinner Reservations for
Jan. 8, 2006 (deadline-January 2, 2006)

January Euchre Tournaments to be announced.
February 5All You Can Eat Breakfast 8:30-11:30a.m.
February 11 Valentines Dance- 9:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.
March 3,10,17,24,31-Fish Fry Dinners 5:00-7:00 p.m.
March 5 All You Can Eat Breakfast 8:30-11:30 a.m.
March 12 St. Patrick’s Day Party-Post 182
Irish Stew and Trimmings 12:00-3:00 p.m.
Hubbardston Irish Dancers 3:00 p.m.
Dancing Music Provided 4:00-8:00 p.m.

March- Annual Golf Tournament- date?
April 2 All You Can Eat Breakfast 8:30-11:30 a.m.
April 7 & 14 Fish Fry Dinners 5:00-7:00 p.m.
May 14 Mother’s Day Breakfast 8:30-11:30 a.m.
May 28 Salute Veteran’s Graves 10:00 a.m.
May 29 Annual Memorial Day Celebration all day
Chicken Dinner at Tuscan Lodge 11:00-1:00
Hubbardston Irish Dancers Noon
Garden Club Plant Sale-Celtic Path -all day
Hamburgers Post 182 Noon till sold out
Memorial Day Parade 1:30 p.m.
Tractor Pull at Post 182 following parade
Other activities to be announced

Right-handed people live on average, nine years longer than left-handed people. If you’re

ambidextrous, do you split the difference?

The Twin River Trio

In writing an account for a 1962 wedding, the dance music for the evening was listed as the "Twin River Trio." Talking to local sage, Jack Stoddard, he said, "Not only do I know who they were, I have a picture of them." There were three guitars and Harold Cunningham on the drums. Leo McMillan, our present day Sgt.-at-Arms, Don Richards (a Korean veteran) and Doug Campbell made up the group which formed in the late 1950's and played weddings, clubs and special holiday dates in the tri-county area. The Maple River and its tributary, Fish Creek furnished the name for this decade long performing musical group. Drummer Harold Cunningham died in 1977. The rest are hale and hearty and at times render a tune for us at Post 182.

Doug Campbell was the first Vietnam veteran to return from that war and Leo spent 'time under fire' in that same war. Both are active Post 182 members.

"The first rule of war is that young men and women die. The second rule of war is that surgeons cannot change the first rule".... "Freedom is not easy and it comes at a terrible price." (Col. Brett Wyrick)

Hubbardston Genealogy 1780-1930 by Peter J. Burns and Joanne Burns Howard, makes a perfect gift anytime, but especially at Christmas. **\$29.95 (tax and postage included)** provides almost 500 pages of genealogy, family histories, interviews with local seniors, village settlement, cemetery data, the 'Gentle Giants' in our midst from the Civil War to the Vietnam War and sequence of immigrant arrivals by ship to our shores. **Special price for multiple copies.** Call **989-584-3803** or e-mail mjh655@pathwaynet.com.

Post 182 Finishes Interior-Gives Exterior a Boost

Donations are coming in and more are needed to pave the parking lot. Send your gift to Finance Officer Jim Barker @ Box 182, Hubbardston, 48845 as soon as possible.

Crews of young volunteers have been busy all summer, working on the expansion and improvement of our parking lot. Trees and brush have been eliminated, loads of gravel for filling and grading hauled in, a new tool shed constructed for storage and for our members safety; new flood lights have been installed.

It takes a 'few chiefs' and a 'lot of energetic volunteers' to do what has been done at Post 182 in the past few years to repair, renovate, upgrade and expand the historic Langdon Mansion to today's beautiful service club. Everyone enjoying the renovated facilities can pat themselves on the back, because it takes a 'ton of people' to put all of the activities: lottery, raffles, dinners, breakfasts, tractor pulls, contests, dances, parties, and regular attendance of members every weekend with friends 'on the hill at 182' to make it all happen. My oft quoted saying, **"It's amazing how much can be accomplished when no one cares who gets the credit"** is definitely a factor in the cooperation of Legionnaires, Auxiliary and SALS members who continue to finesse the venture.

Hubbardston is proclaimed in a newly released book (September, 2005) called, **Shadow Towns** by Gene Scott of Livonia, as one of the towns in Michigan which has refused to die. We are not on a major highway, have no major industry, no public transportation, a limited but steadfast population and still Hubbardston survives. People love to come to the area. The scenery is beautiful year round, outdoor activities are always available, and most probably the best asset we have is 'really nice, caring people' who despite disagreements, would 'give you the shirt from their back' in time of need. We have a lot of which to be proud. And Post 182 is 'right on track!'

Walter T. Roach (from the archives)

Whenever another piece of info comes to our attention on our war heroes we pass it on to our members. The only casualty from Hubbardston in WWI and the namesake of Post 182, Walter T. Roach is our personal hero.

“Walter T. Roach entered into training at Battle Creek on April 27, 1918 Co. H. - 338th Infantry. He later transferred into Co. E - 38th Infantry. He went overseas in July and was killed in action by machine gun bullets on October 13, 1918. He was buried in Argonne, American Cemetery, Romagne-seus, Montfaucon, Meuse, France (Walter T. Roach’s parents)

Monte Cassino-Parker

Senior Post 182 member Clare Cunningham is quoted more than a dozen times in Monte Cassino by Parker, which was recently released by Doubleday Press. The book has been donated to the local historical society and is available to read (on site) about this fierce battle which took place in Italy in WWII. It seems that the 36th Division, 142 Regiment of which Major General Walker was Commander were organizing for transport for the battle at Salerno, and some of our local boys were enlisted to provide entertainment; a ‘picture show,’ for the soldiers as they faced another major battle. A truck was requisitioned to “find” a 5000 w. generator to power the lights and film camera so a current movie could be shown in a safe place (a near-by woods). The generator was located and waiting in the truck bed to be delivered when two ‘antsy’ infantrymen ‘stole the truck’ for transportation to a near-by public beach. General Walker arrived for the entertainment and the ‘generator’ was missing. The lost was found, the soldiers only reprimanded because of the precarious situation and the R&R appreciated. Clare Cunningham from Hubbardston was in the 36th Division and John Kline a Signal Corpman from Pewamo was on the boat in the harbor as part of this ‘event’ organized in Algiers prior to the invasions at Salerno. God Bless them all!

The Bridge at Remagen, Memorial To Peace

This story seems appropo as the ‘Cassino’ and ‘Remagen’ battles had devastating fighting.

Remagen is a town in West Germany on the west bank of the Rhine River, NW of Koblenz. The bridge at Remagen was built during the First World War at the urging of the German generals, so that more troops and war materials could be brought to the western front. The bridge was designed by Karl Weiner, an architect from Mannheim. It was 325 meters long, had a clearance of 14,80 m above the normal water level of the Rhine and its highest point measured 29,25 m. The bridge carried two rail lines and a pedestrian walkway. It was considered one of the finest steel bridges over the Rhine.

On March 7, 1945 an advance element of the 9th armored division led by Lt. K.H. Timmerman, an American of German descent, reached the last intact Rhine bridge, just after the German defenders twice failed in their demolition attempts. The capture of the bridge is known in the annals of war as the “Miracle of Remagen.” General Eisenhower stated that, “the bridge is worth its weight in gold.” In the days immediately following, the German High Command made desperate attempts to destroy the bridge by bombing and even by employing frogmen. Hitler irately convened a summary court which condemned five officers to death, four of whom were actually executed in the Westerwals Forest. On the 17th of March, 1945, the bridge collapsed due to overloading and 28 American soldiers lost their lives.

In September, 2000, we visited this place, the remnants of the bridge, and traveled on the Rhine through the Remagen area. The United States may have enemies in the world but at Remigen and in Luxemburg, Belgium the natives told of us their strong feelings of appreciation for the American troops who saved their lives and their country. The use of the windmills by the partisans as a secret code relay instrument is another fascinating story.

You can read more about this topic in The Bridge at Remagen by Ken Hechler and another by Rolf Palm. David Wolper

produced an American motion picture, "The Bridge at Remagen."

A Soldier

I was that which others did not want to be.
I went where others feared to go and did what others failed to do.
I asked nothing from those who gave nothing and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness...should I fail.
I have seen the face of terror; felt the stinging cold of fear; and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.
I have cried, pained, hoped...but most of all, I have lived times others would say were best forgotten
At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was...a soldier!
(Leo McMillan)

Veterans Stand Tall

...Being a Legionnaire is about serving hot meals - 225 on one particular day - and providing shelter for storm evacuees at Post 271 in DeRidder, Alabama which suddenly became home for patients needing kidney dialysis. It is about 300,000 pounds of new clothing that came from Post 71 in Salt Lake City. Being a Legionnaire is about Post 250 in Foul River, Alabama which I visited after the storm. Members worked to clean and rebuild and build supplies. Everyone was mobilized; no time for excuses. They were too busy performing obligations to community, state and nation, words found in the preamble of the American Legion's Constitution. I can think of no better illustration of why America must always remember to take time on November 11, Veterans Day to honor and thank our servicemen.
(Thomas Bock, American Legion National Commander)

Jack decided to go skiing with his buddy, Bob, but they got caught in a terrible blizzard and pulled into a nearby farm and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night.
"I realize it's terrible weather out there and I have this huge house, but I am recently widowed," she explained, "and I am afraid the neighbors will talk if I let you stay in my house."
"Don't worry," said Jack. "We'll be happy to sleep in the barn. And if the weather breaks, we'll be gone at first light." The lady agreed and everyone settled down for the night. In the morning the weather had cleared, they got on their way and had a great weekend of skiing.
But about nine months later, Jack got an unexpected letter from an attorney. Jack finally figure out that it was from the attorney of that widow he had met on the ski weekend. He dropped in on his friend Bob and asked,

"Bob, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our ski holiday?"

"Yes, I do," said Bob.

"Did you happen to pay her a visit during the night?"

"Well, yes, I have to admit that I did," Bob answered, a little embarrassed about being found out.

"And did you happen to use my name instead of yours?"

Bob's face turned beet red and he said, "Yeah, look, I'm sorry buddy. I'm afraid I did. Why do you ask?"

"She just died and she left me everything." (Y. Boomer)

A Marine's Life in Boot Camp

You can have your army khaki,
You can have your navy blue,
But there is another fighter
I would introduce you to.

His uniform is different
The best you've ever seen.
His enemies call him "Devil Dog"
But his real name is Marine.

He is trained at San Diego
The land that God forgot.
Where sand is fourteen inches deep
And the sun is scorching hot.

He has set, oh many table
And many a dish he's dried.
He's also learned to make a bed,
And a broom, he sure can guide.
He has peeled a million onions
And twice as many spuds,
Then he spends his leisure time
Washing up his duds.

Now girls take a tip from us
We're voicing it to you.
Just grab yourself a "leatherneck"
There's nothing he can't do.

And when he goes to heaven
To St. Peter he will tell,
Another Marine reporting, Sir!
I've served my time in hell! (boot camp)

Written by Douglas D. Lake from Maple Rapids, one of our Clinton County boys who joined the Marine Corps in WWII at age 16 ½ years. He likes the service and says, "Get into it, boys back home. We can lick the Axis together." (Clinton County News, 1944)

I'll never understand women! How can you take boiling hot wax, pour it onto your upper thigh, rip the hair out by the root and still be afraid of a tiny spider.

Ron and Dorothy Fletcher Keep North Plains Beautiful

Way over on the east side of our county, on a back country road that is as far from the expressway as you can get, Ron and Dorothy Fletcher have their own roadway beautification project. It is not funded by the Federal Highway dollars. It is not on a major roadway...It is not planted by highway or even county road commission personnel. It is however, a beautiful labor of love that makes their section of Brayton Road a joy to drive along.

Ron and Dorothy have always had flower beds around their house and barns. Then around five years ago, they decided to make a flower bed down the road a bit by some water. Despite what looks like impossible soil to grow plants in, mostly grael and grit, it thrived. It looked so nice and like so many garden projects, it snowballed....Dorothy spends several hours each afternoon out tending to the plants, then does chores and has supper. After supper, it's back outdoors for another hour or two to do weeding and care...

Dorothy has it all done before Memorial Day so the plants get a good head start on summer... In late July, the flowering plants were huge and gorgeous, despite the odd weather we had this year...For them it is a labor of love, and nearly a full time job to care for. Their beautiful project will never be seen by the thousands who drive along the highway. Perhaps that's best because flying along at 55 or 70 is not the way to enjoy this handiwork. On a back gravel road, it encourages you to take your time and enjoy the view of farms, fields and cows. There may not be roses to slow down and smell, but here, thanks to Ron and Dorothy are thousands of flowers. They are out there keeping their own little corner of Ionia beautiful. (Shaun Trumble, Ionia Sentinel Standard, August 3, 2005)

Paddy, the famous Irishman is driving home from the local pub. He turns a corner and much to his horror he sees a tree in the middle of the road. He swerves to avoid it and almost too late sees there is yet another tree directly in his path. He swerves and discovers that his drive home has turned into a slalom course, causing him to veer from side to side to avoid all the trees. Moments later he hears a police siren and brings his car to a stop. The officer approaches Paddy and asks him what on earth he was doing. Paddy tells his story of the trees in

the road when the officer stops him mid-sentence and says, "Fer Chris sakes Paddy, that's yer air freshener!"

I spent a fortune on deodorant before I finally realized people didn't like me anyway! (Liguorian, September, 2005)

Taps:

Gerry Boomer Called Home at age 101

Just two months short of her 102nd birthday, her Lord decided her work on earth was done to perfection. Chatting amicably with the grandchildren in her hospital room, asking detailed questions about one great-grandson serving in Iraq, she simply closed her eyes and entered the sleep of eternal peace. In her lifetime, she lived the gamut of experiences from a young bride, farm wife, mother and good neighbor, to a willing helpmate for her husband Jim as he tutored the youngsters about town in the care and preservation of their motor machines while instilling in them a sense of character which would sustain them in the rearing of their own offspring. In an interview, Gerry told me that the chatting with her 'Standard Oil' customers over the years was the most pleasant part of her life. She loved the interchange. The young ladies of the Legion Auxiliary know that Veterans and their causes was the prime motivator in Gerry's charitable goals. Her sons were veterans as well as her grands and great grands and she felt that to be the most noble of commitments. Gerry was a 50 plus years member of the Legion Auxiliary and served for 30 years as Historian. She was vehemently loyal and concerned about her family and a flag-waving patriot when it came to her love of country. A gentle lady in her elder years, she was active in every cause which involved the good of the youth of the village. Outspoken in her opinions, she left no doubt as to her attitude about anything. She admired honest labor from well-meaning friends and appreciated everything her family and her neighbors did for her in her waning years. Always trendy in dress, she was absolutely lovely in her last visitation and funeral. She was blessed with "years" and she made wonderful use of those extraordinary opportunities. An avid campaigner has gained her eternal reward. The final tribute was a "salute" from her auxiliary team members from Post 182 as they marched to her casket 'with their young daughters' and each placed a carnation on her arm in loving gratitude for 'caring service and loyalty.'

"Now that I am gone from here please do not grieve for me. Let there be no sorrow, life must go on you see. Remember me always and the good times we've had. Our life had its ups and downs but it wasn't all that bad. Time will pass so quickly but time will heal the wounds. The memories will last forever and the pain will leave you soon. Memories are forever. I thank you for the love we've shared and I'll be waiting for you when you climb the Golden Stairs."

God may have created man before woman, but there is always a rough draft before the masterpiece.

Louis Herald Passes at age 91

Louis passed away Thursday August 4, 2005 at Heartland Health Care Center in Ionia. His funeral was Monday, August 8 at 11:00 a.m. at St. John the Baptist Catholic Church with Fr. Tom Hack and Fr. Charlon Mason officiating. Internment was in the Catholic cemetery beside his wife, Ireta who preceded him in death.

Louis was born April 8, 1914 in Hubbardston, the son of Thomas M. and Zadie Nolan Herald. He married Ireta O'Berry on September 14, 1935 at Resurrection Parish in Lansing. They lived in Westphalia many years before moving to Hubbardston in 1956. Louis was an inspector at Fisher Body in Lansing for 31 years, retiring in 1972. He was custodian of three village cemeteries including the Westside in Hubbardston which adjoined his property. He was a former member of St. Mary's Parish, Westphalia and the St. Joseph Society. He was a member of St. John the Baptist Church where he assisted the parish priest on the first Friday of each month by driving him to the homes of the sick and homebound to bring them communion. Louis is survived by special friend, Rosaline McMillan, six children, Frances (Bob) Case of Munising, Rose (Dewey) Howard of DeWitt, Catherine (Pat) Klein of Pewamo, Bud (Wanda) Herald and Anita (Earl) Heppard of Matherton, and Joseph of Hubbardston. Louis had 21 grandchildren, 19 step-grandchildren, 59 great-grandchildren and 9 great-great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his wife in 1997, grandsons Louis R. Silvernail and Brent Herald and son-in-law Robert Silvernail and five brothers: Thomas, Joseph, Frederick, Robert and Lyle Herald. We will miss seeing Louie and Rosie at that familiar table at the club each weekend and their attendance at everything going on at church and in the village. They were great companions and enjoyed visiting with their friends. We truly enjoyed them!

January 8th Eighth District Meeting Details

On Sunday January 8, 2006 the Eighth District meets at Post 182 starting with dinner at noon. **You must call in your reservation by January 2, 2006 to Leo McMillan 981-6514, Mark Schmitt 981-6872 or Bud Howard 584-3803.** Delores Schmitt and Carole Fitzpatrick, our "Gourmet Cooks" will prepare dinner for this special honor. **All officers of the Legion, Auxiliary and SALS are "requested" to attend and any member may attend by calling in a reservation.** Let's have a great turn-out!

It happened. Forest Gump died and was met at the Pearly Gates by St. Peter. "Well, Forest, it's good to see you and we will welcome you to heaven as soon as you pass the entrance test. "It shor is good to be here, St. Peter, sir. I sure hope that test ain't too hard. Life was a big enough test!" Peter went onto tell Forest that there were just three questions and the first was: What two days of the week begin with T? The second: How many seconds are there in a year and the third: What is God's first name? Forest leaves to think the questions over. The next day he returns and St. Peter says, Well, Forest, do you have some answers for me?"

"Well the first one was easy," says Forest. "That would be today and tomorrow." This surprised St. Peter, but it wasn't a wrong answer. "For the second question, how many seconds are there in a year, I had to think about that one but the answer is twelve." St. Peter was amazed. "Where did you ever get that answer?"

"Shucks, there's got to be twelve," said Forest, "January 2, February 2, etc."

"I see where you are going Forest, but I guess you're right," said St. Peter. "What have you come up with for the third question, do you know what God's first name is?"

"Sure," replied Forest. "That's the easiest one of all. It's Andy!"

"How did you come up with that, Forest?"

"I learned it from a song," said Forest. "Andy walks with me, Andy talks with me, Andy tells me I am his own."

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates and said, "Run, Forest, Run!" (K. Cashen)

It doesn't take a hero to order men into battle. It takes a hero to be one of those men who goes into battle. (Gen. Schwarzkopf)

Dr. Phil proclaimed the way to achieve inner peace is to finish all the things you have started. So, I looked around and before leaving the house this morning...I finished off a bottle of Merlot, a bottle of White Zinfandel, a bottle of Kahlua, a package of Oreo's, the remainder of both Prozac and Valium prescriptions, the rest of the cheesecake, some Saltines and a box of Chocolates. You have no idea how freaking good I feel. (Carol Howard)

Walter T. Roach Post 182
Bud Howard
6851 E. Carson City Road
Sheridan, Mi. 48884

