



HUBBARDSTON AREA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER NUMBER SIXTEEN, MARCH, 2006
BOX 183, HUBBARDSTON, MI. 48845
WWW.HUBBARDSTON.ORG

Calendar of Events

March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 April 7, 14-Fish Fry Dinners

Post 182, serving from 5-7 p.m. "All you can eat!"

March 10 & 11 Grand Ledge St. Pat's Celebration

Hubbardston Irish Dancers & Glen Erin Bagpipes-7:00 p.m.

March 11 Irish Stew Cook Off-Barn Tavern -12:00 p.m.

Grand Parade 2:00, Irish Dancers and Bagpipers-3:00 p.m.

Dinner at Opera House 5:00-9:00 (\$15 advance, \$20 door)

"Pub Crawl" 9:00 p.m.

March 12 St. Pat's Dinner & Celebration at Post 182

Beef Stew Dinner serving from 12:00-3:00 p.m.

Hubbardston Irish Dancers -3:00 p.m.

Dancing-Lewie McKenna Band (?) from 4:00-8:00 p.m.

March 23 General Membership Meeting-Nominations

Presenter - **Alberta Gage-"The Country Basket"-Herbalist**

April 27 General Membership Meeting 7:00 p.m.

Slate of Nominations for Board of Directors-Proposed Budget

Presenter- **Duane Fahey-"Ephriam Shay & the Civil War"**

May 27 Annual Membership Social and Election

St. Johns Parish Hall 10:00 a.m. Brunch and Speaker

Hubbardston Irish Dancers 12:00 Noon

HAHS Historic Museum Room Open 10:00a.m.-12:00

May 27-29 Memorial Weekend Celebration in Hubbardston

All HAHS meetings at St. John's School unless noted here.

HAHS Board of Directors and Committees

Philip McKenna, co-chair pmckenna@mcka.com

Julianne Burns McKenna, co-chair julianneburns@iserv.net

Marie Sweet-Secretary marie2389@pathwaynet.com

Mark Stoddard-Treas.-Legal and Funds-stodtke@comcast.net

Duane Fahey-Hubbardston web-site-dfahey@visualautomation.com

Jennifer List-Media-First Families-jennifer@churchill-list.com

Pat Baese-Artifacts-dbaese@carsoncity.k12.mi.us

Peter Burns-Genalogy-Cemetery Project-pejabur@3DNorth.com

Jack Fahey-Vice Chairman-Genalogy, PR- jjalfahey@cmsinter.net

Joanne Howard-Membership, Newsletter-mjh655@pathwaynet.com

Mary Stoddard Caris-Archival Materials-Cook Book, Newsletter

Allen Kelly-Calendar and Fall Social

Bud Howard, Jack Stoddard, Shaun O'Grady-Nominations

An Old Irish Blessing

May love and laughter light your days,

And warm your heart and home.

May good and faithful friends be yours,

Wherever you may roam.

May peace and plenty bless your world

With joy that long endures.

May all life's passing seasons bring the best

to you and yours.



Pete, Ford and Lucille Burns, Mary Caris, Joshua and Therese Sheldon and Marie Sweet gather for a coffee hour Dec. 20, 2005

"It was 87 years ago that I first walked into this building," stated Ford Burns as he and his wife Lucille Geller Burns came for a day long visit to the HAHS Museum Room with son Peter Burns who is a genealogist on the HAHS Board of Directors. Gazing out of the windows toward the huge maples in the front lawn, Ford said, "We planted those trees on Arbor Day about 75 years ago. I remember the day exactly." And so the visiting and identifying of pictures and stories and tales went on through a remarkable day. Joshua Sheldon, grandson of Board Member Mary Stoddard Caris had just returned from Iraq and surprised Grandma Mary with a 'coffee hour visit.' We drank coffee and hot chocolate, ate Christmas cookies, holiday cheeses and treats while we enjoyed a perfect day. It is not unusual to have from 4-16 people drop in for a visit. And this was a wonderful treat for all of us. Recently, Rita Cunningham Huhn donated a treasure of memorabilia of her father Harold Cunningham. Harold was a self-taught local genealogist before it became the rage with the onset of internet accessibility. Ford loved going through all of the memorabilia contained in that collection. In his lat 90's, Ford is enjoying excellent health with a perfect memory. He and Lucille are able to travel independently in good weather and we look forward to visits with them again in the spring.



Julia Dwyer Carlson celebrated 100 years on January 8, 2006

When Julia Dwyer was 18 years old she gave up a scholarship to Julliard School of Music in New York because her family was financially stressed. Instead she became a teacher of a one-room school in Montcalm County at age 19. Those were the 'County Normal' days. She later earned her state certificate and taught in Lansing and Onaway. At age 34 she married Robert Carlson in Carson City, Mi. and they moved to Pontiac where she earned a BS degree at Wayne State University in 1950. She taught in Pontiac's Wilson and Wisner schools until 1970 and continues her love of music and piano playing until age 96 (2002). Her husband died in 1976. She traveled to Ireland twice at age 89 and 93, walking up the winding steps to Blarney Castle to kiss the Blarney stone. The retired teacher also enjoyed quilting, playing bridge, Bible study and walking the beaches of northern Michigan with her sisters. She has one daughter Donna who lives in Auburn Hills, two sons: Robert who lives in Denver, Colorado and Gary in Traverse City, Mi; six grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren. Aunt Julia celebrated her 100th birthday at St. John Fisher Chapel University Parish in Auburn Hills with 75 family members present. "She had a great time, was grateful for everyone who came and tickled that she lived long enough to celebrate it." (John Dwyer, Grand Ledge, Mi.)

It's time to renew your memberships for the 2005-2006 season. The due date of your membership is on your address label to the right corner. One year-\$15. Five years-\$60, with one year free. Keep your newsletter coming, renew now!
The HAHS Museum Room and Parish Hall is open for Coffee and browsing each Tuesday and Wednesday from 10:00-2:00 p.m. Everyone is welcome to stop by for a chat, a research question, a donation or a special request. 989-584-380

Hubbardston Heritage Cookbook –May 27th

We've gathered and called, written and reviewed, edited and added, deleted and rewritten and our masterpiece is finished. You will find unique recipes, stunning facts, ancient cures, Irish superstitions and great recipes for any occasion in our cookbook collection. To reserve a first edition copy or be added to our waiting list, email mjh655@pathwaynet.com or send a request to HAHS, Box 183, Hubbardston, Mi. 48845.

Former Eagles Soar with National Champs And Boost Our Irish Pride

It was Sunday afternoon, Dec. 11, 2005 and Chris and Greg Stoddard were ankle deep in snow at the Grand Valley State University Athletic Complex. The twin brothers who played for Carson City Crystal were dusting off six inches of the white stuff from their car and also helping a football teammate jump-start a dead car battery. But the two 6 foot 4, 295 pound offensive linemen for Grand Valley State didn't mind. They had just gotten back from North Alabama University in Florence, Alabama where their Grand Valley team won its third NCAA Division II national title in the last four years. The Lakers ended their season with a 13-0 record after a 21-17 victory over Northwest Missouri State on December 10.

"It was great," said Chris Stoddard, a starting left guard this season. "I had all the confidence in the world that we would do it again. We definitely had a great year."

"It was nice to see a lot of work that we did pay off," said Greg Stoddard, a backup left offensive tackle. For the Stoddard's it was the end of two memorable collegiate careers and the start of a future in criminal justice, with the completion of their bachelor's degrees.

The Stoddards came to Grand Valley with impressive credentials. Chris was all-state as a senior and two time all-area and all-Central State Activities Association (CSAA)_performer at Carson City-Crystal. He and his brother were team captains for the Eagles for their senior year. Both also played baseball and took part in power lifting for four years while Chris also played basketball. With their criminal justice degree work finished, they anticipate going to the State Police Academy and starting a career in law enforcement. However, neither brother is going to forget being involved in the nation's most successful Division II program in the last four years.

The pride Jack and Sondra Stoddard feel in these two spectacular young men is equally matched by their home town community. The 'playoff' in Alabama was a fantastic game – a 'Hail Mary' type of game with two terrific rivals playing a spectacular battle of skills and thrills.

At a gathering at the HAHS Museum Room just before Christmas, Grandfather Jack, Bud Howard, Jack Fahey and a dozen other 'coffee' regulars discussed the events. "Nothing but praise and a lot of it," said Bud Howard. "The whole community is super proud of them They brightened up Mass considerably Christmas Eve by walking into church with Jack (their grandfather) between them," he added. "Two giants and a midget!" The men including Jack all got a chuckle out of that thought.

Picture this! Chris and Greg are both 6 ft. 4 in. and weigh 295 pounds each. Their degrees are in criminal justice-law enforcement. That alone is enough to convince anyone in their presence to obey the law without argument, and to seriously consider whatever other rules they might suggest! Life is good in the Stoddard household and all of us are very proud of these two spectacular young athletes and citizens of tomorrow. Right on Jack and Sondra! (Carson City Gazette, October 24 and January 2, 2006)

Two Jewish sisters –in-law meet at their weekly session at the beauty shop. Ruth says to Golda, “Such news I got for you Golda! My Irving is finally getting married. He tells me he is engaged to this wonderful Jewish girl, but he thinks the poor darling may have some strange illness called herpes!” After offering congratulations, Golda says to Ruth, “So, Ruthie, do you have any idea what is this herpes, and can our Irving catch it?”

Ruth answers, “God forbid! But his papa and I are so happy he’s engaged. As far as the herpes goes. Who knows?”

“Well,” says Ruth. “I have a very fine medical dictionary you know. I’ll just run home right now and look it up and call you.”

So Golda goes home, looks it up, calls Ruthie excitedly, “Ruth! Ruth! Thank goodness I found it. Not to worry! It says herpes is a disease affecting the gentiles.” (J. Dailey)

The nice thing about living in a small town is that when I don’t know what I’m doing someone else surely does.
(Mary Caris)

During a visit to the Mental Asylum, a visitor asked the director what criterion was used to determine whether or not a patient should be institutionalized.

“Well,” said the Director, “we fill up a bathtub and then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup and a bucket to the patient and ask him or her to empty the bathtub.”

“Oh, I understand,” said the visitor. “A normal person would use the bucket because it’s bigger than the spoon or the teacup.”

“No,” said the Director, “a normal person would pull the plug. Do you want a room with or without a view?”

Jeremiah Patrick Burns

My Special Friend and Mentor

Jerry’s grandfather Michael Burns died December 18, 1929, on Jerry’s eleventh birthday. Always a believer in ancestral peculiarities, and ironic happenings, Jerry had a sense that he would be celebrating his 87th birthday in heaven with his son Mark and grandpa Mike. Fourth son, Arnie, who maintained a vigil through the night with his dad, shared that same unusual feeling. As morning of December 18, 2005 approached, he completed his rosary and closed his eyes in peace for the reunion with his Lord while his wife, Louise and seven sons hovered near him. A man of great integrity, service, loyalty, and patriotism completed his mission on earth and joined the ranks of the archangels in heaven. Few can equal his achievements; none his uncanny sense of humor.

Jerry was born to John and Julia Egan Burns on the family farm on O’Brien Road in North Plains Township west of Hubbardston. He was married to Louise Koenigsnecht on May 8, 1945 at Most holy Trinity Church in Fowler. For 60 years Jerry and Louise were members of St. John the Baptist Parish in Hubbardston raising a family of 8 sons while farming, serving on county, village, township and parish boards and building committees. He was a member of the KC’s, a perfect reference for any and all information about the Ionia County area, its citizens and always available with pertinent data. Never a story was given without an added insight to add a touch of humor to the data. He was a proud and contributing charter member of

the Hubbardston Area Historical Society and a staunch supporter of all of their activities.

So proud he was to have served his country in the World War Two era that he never tired of telling tales about those adventures in England, Africa and Ireland. He had a mind for facts and a memory of every thing and everyone with whom he came in contact. He was a pleasure to be near with his conversational talents. He loved his wife, his children, hard work, people, playing cards, golf, visiting, and rendering facts about the accomplishments of his sons and grandchildren. He was more than proud of them.

He was preceded in death by his parents; son Mark; four brothers; and one sister.

Left to cherish his memory are his wife of 60 years, Louise; seven sons, Dan and Tony of Fenton, Ed and Martha of Brighton, Bernie and Terry of East Lansing, Arnie and Debbie of Saginaw, Mike and Lynn of Ann Arbor, Louie and Karen of Granite Bay, California, Paul and Carol of Sanford; daughter-in-law, Sue Burns of Dimondale; 22 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren; brother Bonnie and Helen of Michigan City, Indiana; and sister Julie and Elmer Esch of Lansing. Funeral services with Lux-Schnepp Funeral home in charge, were held in Hubbardston on Thursday, December 22 with Fr. William Koenigsnecht officiating. Burial was in St. John the Baptist Cemetery. Memorials may be made to the KC’s or Cancer Society.



Memorial Day Parade KC Officers-Jerry Burns, Dick Cusack and Kieran O’Brien

Those we have truly loved, we will always love,
And that which was deeply felt, we will always feel.
Remember death can take all things save one –
Love remains, for love alone is real.

A man walks to 5th and 42nd Street in a downpour and immediately gets a taxi. “Perfect timing, you’re just like Sheldon,” says the cabbie.

“Who?”

“Sheldon Cohen. There’s a guy who did everything right. Just like my cab being vacant in a rainstorm. It would happen like that for Sheldon every single time,” replied the cabbie.

“Well, no one is perfect. We all have a few clouds over us,.”

“Not Sheldon. He was a terrific athlete; he could have been a golf or a tennis pro. He sang like an opera baritone; he was more handsome than Cary Grant; he had a better body than Arnold. And

Sheldon knew exactly how to make women happy. He never forgot a date. He knew all about wine. He could fix anything,” ranted the cabby.

“Wow! Incredible! No wonder you remember him.”

“Well, I never actually met Sheldon,” said the cabbie.

“Then how do you know so much about him?”

“After he died, I married his wife!” (Jack Billings)

Carroll O’Connell Senior member-St. Mary’s Parish

Carroll O’Connell, 96, died December 23, 2005 at Carson City Hospital. Carroll was born July 26, 1909 in Carson City to Richard and Rose Barrett O’Connell. He married Virgiline Durbin May 22, 1943 at St. Mary’s Church in Carson City. He was a farmer and worked for the State of Michigan. He was a member of St. Mary’s Parish, the KC’s, an avid reader and loved playing cards, bowling and was an accomplished painter. He was preceded in death by his parents; two grandchildren, Jena and Thomas Proctor; and sister, Dorothy. Carroll is survived by his wife, Virgie and seven children: Rick and Mary O’Connell of Owosso, Philip of Lansing, Rosie and Tom Proctor, Illen and David Nichols of Alabama, Colleen and Bob Stoudt of Carson City, Mike and Kim O’Connell of Bannister, Mark O’Connell of Hubbardston ; 14 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren. Funeral services were Tuesday December 27 at St. Mary’s with internment at Maryknoll Cemetery in Carson. Memorials may be made to the Special Olympics.

My Philosophy of Housecleaning

I don’t do windows because I love birds and I don’t want one to run into a clean window and get hurt.

I don’t mind the dust bunnies because they are very good company. I have named most of them and they agree with everything I say.

I don’t disturb the cobwebs, because I want every creature to have a home of their own.

I don’t pull weeds because I don’t want to get in God’s way. He is an excellent designer.

I don’t stress much on anything because “Type A” personalities die young and I want to stick around and become a crusty old woman.

And remember...A clean house is a sign of a broken computer.

Ann Beahan Couzzins-Feb. 18, 1925-Dec. 2005

A charter member of HAHS, Ann Couzzins attended our meetings, our dinners and fund-raisers and expressed interest in whatever we were doing. She was called home to heaven to be rejoined with her husband Matt just before Christmas. Her funeral was a celebration of her life and her family alerted us to her wonderful characteristics which were not always in her health’s best interest, but in the true spirit of a woman who lived life as she chose.

I’m Spending Christmas With Jesus Christ This Year

I see the countless Christmas trees
Around the world below;
With tiny lights like heaven’s stars
Reflecting on the snow.

The sight is so spectacular,
Please wipe away that tear;

For I’m spending Christmas
With Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs
That people hold so dear;
But the sounds of music can’t compare
With the Christmas choir up here.

For I have no words to tell you
The joy their voices bring;
For it is beyond description
To hear the angels sing.

I can’t tell you of the splendor
Or the peace here in this place.
Can you just imagine Christmas
With our Savior – face to face.

I’ll ask Him to light your spirit
As I tell Him of your love.
So then pray for one another
As you lift your eyes above.

So please let your hearts be joyful;
And let your spirit sing;
For I’m spending Christmas in heaven
And I’m walking with the King!

(This poem was read at Ann’s funeral by Sharon Churchill Schafer)

“It Was Grandfather’s Birthday”

by Rudy Jo Mano

It was Grandfather’s birthday. He was 79. He got up early, shaved, showered, combed his hair and put on his Sunday best so he would look nice when they came.

He skipped his daily walk to the town café where he had coffee with his cronies. He wanted to be home when they came.

He put his porch chair on the sidewalk so he could get a better view of the street when they drove up to help celebrate his birthday.

At noon he got tired but decided to forgo his nap so he could be there when they came. Most of the rest of the afternoon he spent near the telephone so he could answer it when they called.

He has five married children, 13 grandchildren and three great grandchildren. One son and a daughter live within ten miles of his place. They hadn’t visited him in a long time, but today was his birthday, and they were sure to come.

At suppertime, he left the cake untouched so they could cut it and have dessert with him.

After supper he sat on the porch waiting.

At 8:30, he went to his room to prepare for bed. Before retiring, he left a note on the door, which read, “Be sure to wake me up when they come.”

It was grandfather’s birthday. He was 79. (Ann Landers, 1993)
(Brings tears to your eyes, doesn’t it?)

While attending a marriage seminar dealing with communication, Tom and his wife Grace listened to the instructor, "It is essential that husbands and wives know each other's likes and dislikes." He addressed the man, "Can you name your wife's favorite flower?" Tom leaned over, touched his wife's arm gently and whispered, "It's Pillsbury, isn't it?"

Booking Passage by Thomas Lynch, (Milford, Mi. poet and undertaker)

To Ireland and back, this writer finds the world, 'same but different' in his book **Booking Passage** by (Norton, \$24.95, 286 pages). This book is part memoir and mostly essays evolving around the core story of writer Thomas Lynch's connection to his elderly second cousins and the house he inherits in Ireland.

Witty, articulate and wise, Lynch might be familiar from his book on his profession, **The Undertaking** (he runs a funeral business in Milford, Mi.), his contributions on the Bill Moyers's TV film on dying, and for his poetry. This book's essays will appeal particularly to an owner of a long-standing family home; an Irish American drawn to the old country, a Catholic in crisis from the church's scandals, and to an appreciator of poetry.

It all started in February, 1970, when 21 year-old Tom Lynch, a "lackluster" college student who escaped Vietnam duty with a high draft number, took up the challenge of his grandfather's prayer uttered every meal time: "Tommy and Nora on the banks of the Shannon. Don't forget."

Lynch was the first of his family to return to Ireland since 1890, something Nora acknowledged at their meeting: "So Tom that went, and Tom that would come back." Thus began 35 years of transatlantic travel....At the foot of such a well-spoken writer, many a listener/reader would sit happily. (Olive Mullet, Prof. of English, Ferris State Univ. wwwyourlife@gpress.com) sent by Elaine Garlock

Muldoon lived all alone in the Irish countryside with only his pet dog for company. One day the dog died and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, me dog died. Could ya be sayin a Mass for the poor creature?"

Father Patrick replied, "I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there's a new church down the lane and maybe they can do something for you."

Muldoon said, "I'll go right away Father. Do ya think \$5000 is enough to donate to them for the service?"

Father Patrick exclaimed, "Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was a Catholic?" (Lisa Howard)

THE FINAL INSPECTION

The soldier stood and faced God,
Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.

"Step forward now, you soldier,
How shall I deal with you ?
Have you always turned the other cheek ?
To My Church have you been true?"

The soldier squared his shoulders and said,
"No, Lord, I guess I am t.

Because those of us who carry guns,
Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.
They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears.

There was a silence all around the throne,
Where the saints had often trod.
As the soldier waited quietly,
For the judgment of his God.

"Step forward now, you soldier,
You've borne your burdens well.
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell."

~Author Unknown~ (sent by Jack Billings, Greenville, Mi.)

It's the Military, not the reporter who has given us the freedom of the press. It's the Military, not the poet, who has given us the freedom of speech. It's the Military, not the politicians that ensures our right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. It's the Military who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag.

Eleven O'Clock Mass

The storm is howling out of doors, the drifts are piling high.
And I can see the pedestrians as they go trudging by. The faces of my Irish friends come dimly through the glass. They brave the blizzard for the sake of worshipping at Mass. I watch a while, then back to bed, curled up so safe and sound. But they must ramp the icy streets on sacred duty bound...I envy them their strength of heart, the faith that they renew. But on a snowy Sunday morning, it's great to be a Jew. (Lucille Geller Burns, Portland, Mi.)

Remember Burma Shave? (What's Old is New Again! 1930's-40's)

Hardly a driver is now alive who passed on hills at 95.
Don't lose you head to gain a minute. You need your head
your brains are in it.
The midnight ride of Paul; for me led to warmer
hemisphere.
Speed was high, weather was not. Tires were thin. X marks
the spot.
Around the curve lickity-split, beautiful car wasn't it?
Car in ditch, driver in tree. Moon was full, so was he!
At intersections look each way. A harp sounds nice but it's
hard to play.
A guy who drives his car wide open, is not thinking.' He's
just hopin!'
No matter the price, no matter how new, the best safety
device in the car is you. (J. Dailey)

Calculating? Percolating?

Pat Cunningham (father of Clare, Elmer and Albert) and Tony Datema, called 'boydes' by Pat's mother were the original "Two men and a Truck" back in the days when Hubbardston was young. Both men were jaunty conversationalists and dealt with their customers in their own unique way. Answering the party line business phone, Pat would brightly greet each customer with, "Hello! How you calculating?" Tony on the other hand would welcome his prospective client with, "Good morning. How you percolating?" Both men were blessed with fantastic wives. Sadie Cunningham was a beautiful, dignified, meticulous woman devoted to her family and her church. Eva was the 'chef' for everything happening in the village, a devoted nurse when care was needed and kept St. John the Baptist church and altars in fastidious fashion. (told by Jerry Burns, May, 2004)

The computer swallowed Grandma. Yes, honestly it's true. She pressed 'control' and 'enter' and disappeared from view. It devoured her completely. The thought just makes me squirm. She must have caught a virus or been eaten by a worm. I've searched through the recycle bin and files of every kind; I've even used the internet but nothing did I find. In desperation, I asked Jeeves my search to refine. The reply from him was negative. Not a thing was found 'online.' So, if inside your 'Inbox' my Grandma you should see, please 'copy', 'scan' and 'paste' her and send her back to me. (Cindy Howard)

“Dream what you want to dream; go where you want to go; be what you want to be, because you have only one life and one chance to do all the things you want to do.”

The Blarney Stone

Blarney Stone Remains-Pretty Much the Same

The Blarney Stone at the corner of M-179 and Whitmore Road welcomes diners to try Blarney Burgers. These burgers are almost legendary and large with bacon, onions and cheese. But their homemade pizza has its fans as well. The cool darkness of the interior offers a welcome respite from the bright sunshine and heat of a typical Gun Lake summer day. The local watering hole has stayed pretty much the same for the past seven years. "The kitchen is always open" is the Blarney Stone's motto. It is open most days from 10:00 a.m. to closing. A neighborhood tavern whose closest neighbors are trees can be a welcome stop for a beverage or a meal. (Elaine Garlock, State Journal)

We Really Do Love It!

Americans consume 17 billion quarts of popped popcorn annually or about 54 quarts per person. The oldest ears of popcorn were found in Bat Cave, New Mexico; they were 4000 years old. The first electric popcorn popper was invented in 1907 and the first home popper was introduced in 1925. Popcorn was the first food to be cooked with microwave technology in 1940. (www.popcorn.org)

Breastplate of St. Patrick

Christ be with me, Christ within me. Christ behind me,
Christ before me. Christ beside me, Christ to win me.
Christ to comfort me and restore me, Christ beneath
me, Christ above me. Christ in quiet, Christ in danger.
Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of
friend and stranger. Praise to the Lord of my salvation.
Salvation is of Christ the Lord. (Fr. Jim Bozung)

Have you ever lost a son or brother who was very dear to you? One you loved so very much and miss him like we do? Have you ever had a heartache or ever felt the pain or shed the bitter tears that drop like falling rain? If you have never had this feeling, then I pray you never do, for when God takes a son or brother, He takes a part of you. (In memory of Randy Pete Peiffer who left us April 28, 1991. Sadly missed by Mom, Dad and family.)

The Twilight shadows deepen into night dear
The city lights are gleaming o'er the snow.
I sit alone beside the cheery fire dear.
I'm dreaming dreams from out the long ago
I fancy it is springtime in the mountains.
The flowers with their colors are aflame.
And everyday I hear you softly saying,
I'll wait until the springtime comes again.
(Betty Herald Kelly, Colorado) *This poem (song) was found in a trunk along with music books from the 1800's by Billie Herald Cunningham.*

That person is a success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much;
 Who has gained the respect of intelligent people and the affection of little children;
 Who has earned the appreciation of honest critics and endured the betrayal of false friends;
 Who appreciates beauty and finds the best in others;
 Who leaves the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition;
 Who knows that even one life has breathed easier because he or she has lived. (Anonymous)

Irish Pastime Rolling Into West Michigan

Bowling is heading to the streets in Conklin where a Road Bowling Tournament will be the first in the Midwest. Irish-style Road bowling has been played in Ireland for 400 years. And now it is in Michigan. Fenian's Irish Pub in Conklin is sponsoring the event at Chester Park to raise funds for the Gaelic League of West Michigan Scholarship Fund. "It is still played in Ireland and in a few states on the East Coast of the United States.," says Mary Ann Reagan, who owns Fenian's Pub with her husband Terry. "We're holding the very first Road Bowling tournament in the Midwest." The rules of the game are easy. Participants hurl a 28 ounce steel ball with an underhand motion over a prescribed course. In Ireland it is played on paved roads, but the Conklin version will be played on the paved walking path to avoid traffic. "The team that completes the course with the least number of tosses wins," Reagan said. The entry fee is \$20 for a four-person team. As one member of a four-person team tosses the ball, the others look out for traffic and spot where the ball goes if it leaves the road. The steel ball harkens back to the Irish Patriots who stole cannonballs from the British and bowled them down country lanes by the light of the moon.... "Rules say you may take a fifteen foot run before releasing the ball," says Mike Cary, a member of the Gaelic League. "But if you're Irish, you can take as long a run as you want!" For more information call Fenian's at 899-2640. (Grand Rapids Press, September 24, 2005, Elaine Garlock)

If you'll remember from last newsletter, Conklin is famous for the shortest St. Patrick's Day parade in Michigan (or anywhere). It seems Fenian's Pub is on the direct route through two blocks of the village. There seems to be an impenetrable barrier to passage in existence on St. Paddy's Day. Maybe we should get the rules and have a Hubbardston Tournament.

Gems from Bill Gates Speech to High School Grads

1. Life is not fair. Get used to it.
2. If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss.
3. You will not make \$60,000 a year out of high school. You won't be vice-president with a car phone until you earn them.

4. Flipping burgers is not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different word for burger flipping; they called it opportunity.

5. 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 need to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to ANYTHING in real life.

Letters from Readers:

Just went through my clippings so am sending you some "stuff." Pete, Mike and Tom took what they wanted so I am getting rid of a lot - so my 'relash' as Helen (Burns, age 97) won't have to do it. Sure enjoyed our visit at the 'Old School.' (They spent the day with us at the HAHS museum room in St. John the Baptist in Hubbardston and it was a wonderful informative visit.) Merry Christmas! Love, Lucy! (Lucille Geller Burns, Portland, Mi.)

I have to tell you a story about my Uncle Tommy Rogers. Tommy married Frances Heaton, the daughter of Henry G. and Myrtle Heaton. I was a youngster in the 1940's and 50's, and this is a pleasant memory for me. Now some people called him a rascal, but I knew him as a trusting and kind man. Whenever I would see him at a family gathering, he was always dressed and vested with white shirt and tie. He had few friends and was often banned from the local establishments for voicing his opinion a little too positively but, on one occasion Uncle Tom went to a wake with all of his friends. When they returned to town, all proceeded into Shiels. Since this was a group of mourners, Uncle Tommy was allowed to enter. Another thing I remember about Uncle Tommy. Whenever we would have family gatherings, I would sit on the piano bench where I could look out the window. There I would wait and wait until Uncle Tommy arrived. He was always late, but had a sense of humor that most in our family did not share. He would play and tell me stories and tease me. He was the highlight of my childhood days, even if others called him a rascal. (Sally Coate, Greenville, MI.)

Keep up the good work. I thoroughly enjoy your newsletter. It is informative and entertaining. (Joe Burns, Spring Lake, Mi.) Enclosed are my dues and a check for an additional Genealogy book. Keep up the good work. (Thomas Beahan, Tawas, Mi.)

Donation

Father O'Malley answers the phone...

"Top of the morning to you!"

"Is this Fr. O'Malley?"

"It is."

"This is the IRS. Can you help us?"

"I can."

"Do you know a Ted Houlihan?"

"I do."

"Is he a member of your congregation?"

"He is."

"Did he donate \$10,000 to the church?"

"He will."

Attempted Murder - Hubbardston Aug. 11, 1924

Hit on the head and thrown in Maple River, today Patzie Parisi lies in the Hubbardston Hotel patiently waiting until the huge gashes in his head heal sufficiently for him to return to Detroit. Patzie Parisi is the victim of an attempted night murder. Last Friday morning at 1:30 a.m., Bob Tabor who lives two miles south of town, was awakened by someone at the door moaning for admittance. Mr. Tabor opened the door to find this young Italian, only 29 years old age, bleeding and dripping with water. Then he told this story. He resides at Fort Street in Detroit. He was accosted on Woodward Avenue by two men in a Buick touring car who asked him to ride. They beat him with a hammer, robbed him of \$150 and threw him over the bridge at Maple River. He crawled on his hands and knees to Bob Tabor's home which is about 40 rods from the river. The Tabor's bound up the wounds as best they could and took him to the Hubbardston hotel. Dr. Crunican is caring for him and although it has been feared that pneumonia would develop, he is on the road to recovery. (Carson City Gazette, 1924.)

And now – the rest of the story:

December 4, 1924

Perhaps our readers will remember Patzie Parisi. He was the little foreign man who was thrown over Maple River bridge about the first of August. He was taken to Hubbardston hotel and cared for , for several weeks. At that time, people said they thought Patzie knew a great deal more than he cared to tell about his assailants. Therefore we were not surprised when we read in a Detroit newspaper that Patzie had slaughtered and battered up four men with a sawed off shotgun. Doubtless he had wanted to get even. Even though he will spend the remainder of his days in a prison cell, he will be happy to think the wrong they did him is avenged. (Carson City Gazette, 12/4/24)

It is expected that the singing at the Christmas Mass at the St. John's church this year will be splendid. A male choir is being trained under the able direction of Sr. Bernice, music instructor. Members of the choir will be Matt and George Welsh, John, Francis and Tony Datema, Frank Tabor, Dr. Crunican and some of the high school boys according to present plans. There is nothing that gives a person the real Christmas spirit like good music. (Carson City Gazette, 12/4/24)

Two Prominent Residents Die-December 1924

Mrs. George McVeigh, one of Hubbardston's most beloved residents passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Tabor in Lansing. She died as a result of surgery performed six months earlier at Mayo Brothers Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. She leaves her husband George, one daughter Mrs. Fred Tabor of Lansing, a sister, Mrs. Henry Miller of Fowler, and her

father, William Brown. Burial was in West Side Cemetery.

Mrs. Theodore Gilboe, age 50, died at her home in town Friday morning. Mrs. Gilboe had been ill for over a year. She had been a resident of Hubbardston all of her life and had many friends in the area. Before her marriage she was Miss Archia Sturgis. She is survived by her husband Theodore, and four daughters: Mrs. Ed. McBride of Pontiac, Mrs. James Fe-- of Flint, Mrs. Frank Kunzie and Mrs. William Welsh of Hubbardston.

The HAHS Museum Room, open since April, 2005 has had over 400 visitors in the past year from Ireland, South America, Canada and throughout the United States. In addition we have had presentations by Dr. John Lattimer of New York's Columbia University Medical School, the Michigan and National Historical Dedication ceremony film and the filmed History of the Shrine of Our Lady of Knock, Ireland shown. Those presentations brought multiple visitors. Our monthly General Meetings have been drawing excellent and attentive crowds with terrific 'presenters.' And always the snacks, the company and the atmosphere is 'stress free' and enjoyable. Many thanks to our terrific and supportive membership and friends. With the onset of summer, please write us into your vacation plans. We look forward to your visits.

Old Age Is a Gift

The other day a young person asked me how I felt about being old. I was taken aback, for I do not think of myself as old. Upon seeing my reaction, she was immediately embarrassed, but I explained. I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometimes despair over my body...the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, the sagging butt. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror, but I don't agonize over those things. I know that I am sometimes forgetful, but some of life is just as well forgotten and I eventually remember the important things...I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste my time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day!

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