



**WALTER T. ROACH AMERICAN LEGION POST 182
165 WEST LINCOLN STREET - HUBBARDSTON, MICHIGAN. 48845
NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWENTY ONE, JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 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 - Carolyn Cunningham

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

Craft Show and Veteran's Day

On November 13, 2004, Post 182 Auxiliary held its first Craft Show and Bake Sale.” The displays were beautiful with The Hubbardston Garden Club’s pine wreaths filling the air with scents of Christmas. Diane McMillan displayed beautiful lighted and decorated tile centerpieces, Cherlyn Ward had everything from welcoming posts, candle centerpieces, crocheted and knitted articles and best of all – “Great Peanut Brittle.” When we got home and taste-tested, Bud said, “Call Cherlyn and buy all she has left; it was that good. Amy McMillan had decorated glass plates, and beautiful centerpieces, Tonya Mills had dough ornaments and bird feeder mobiles, Hubbardston Elementary School mothers were selling t-shirts and sweat-shirts with Hubbardston Logo. Judy Osborne had a Christmas display and dozens of delicious fruit pies and fruit breads. There were candle displays and raffle tickets and the hit of the day was Charlene Burns Ward’s homemade bean soup for lunch. Don’t forget Kelly’s hot dogs! With the club decorated for Christmas in all of its new remodeled and expanded elegance, it was a beautiful day. A dance was held later in the evening commemorating Veteran’s Day. Let’s hope the auxiliary will make this an annual event so it can grow, as the word spreads about all of the talented artisans in our area.

Calendar of Coming Events

Jan. 9	Sunday Breakfast	8:30-11:30 am
	Euchre Tournaments to Be Announced	
Feb. 6	Sunday Breakfast	8:30-11:30 am
Feb. 11, 18, 25	Fish Fry Dinners	5-7:00pm
Mar. 6	Sunday Breakfast	8:30-11:30 am
Mar. 4, 11, 18, 25	Fish Fry Dinners	5-7:00 pm
Mar. 13	St. Patrick’s Dinner Party	12:00-3:00 pm
Mar. 17	St. Paddy’s “Happy Hours” Day	12:00-
Apr. 3	Sunday Breakfast	8:30-11:30 am
	Cross Country One Hole Golf Tourney tba	
May 8	Mother’s Day Breakfast	8:30-11:30 am
May 28-29	Baseball Tournament	all day both days
May 29	Salute the Veteran’s Graves	10:00 am
May 30	Memorial Day Celebration	
	Chicken Dinner Tuscan Lodge	11:00 am
	Hamburgs and Hot Dogs at 182	11:00 am
	5 K race	9:00am
	East Plains Cemetery Salute	12:00 noon
	Naval Salute at Bridge	12:30 pm
	Memorial ‘Grand Parade’	1:30 pm
	Tractor Pull	after parade

A Sunday school teacher asked her class, “What was Jesus’s mother name?”

One child answered, “Mary.”

The teacher then asked, “Who knows what Jesus’s father’s name was?”

A little kid said, “Verge.”

Confused, the teacher said, “Where did you get that?”

The kid said, “Well, you know they are always talking about Verge n’ Mary.”

Update: Wall Hanging –Post 182

The first week in December a Priority package arrived from Scott Hiner stationed in Iraq. We opened it to find a beautifully embroidered green plush rug sent to Post 182 in gratitude for

remembrance on this holiday season. It was embroidered with Walter T. Roach Post 182 and the military services involved in the conflict. It is hanging in the display area and looks absolutely beautiful and really quite Irish for having been crafted in Iraq! The following letter arrived about the same time. Thanks Scott! We appreciate your thoughtfulness and commitment to your country also.

Letters from readers:

Dear Mr. Howard, Hi there! Thank you for sending me the newsletters. Thank you for the care package that the Legion sent also. And thank you for paying my Legion membership. You should already have received the package that I sent you. Please give it to the Legion for me. And tell everyone I said thank you for everything and for thinking of me. Right now we are getting ready to move to Kuwait soon and then in December or January we will be coming back to the states. So if you folks are planning to send any more stuff – don't. By the time you get this letter, all our mail will be stopped. So for right now tell everyone I said hi and thank you and will be home soon. Spc. Scott J. Hiner (stationed somewhere in Iraq) *For our reader's information, you can e-mail Scott at: scott.j.hiner@US.ARMY.MIL*

Christmas Recipe

Ingredients:

1 cup water, 1 tsp. baking soda, 1 cup of sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup brown sugar, lemon juice, 4 large eggs, 1 cup nuts, 2 cups dried fruit, 1 bottle 1.75 liter Crown Royale Reserve. Sample the Crown to check quality. Take a large bowl, check the Crown again, to be sure it is of the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink. Turn on electric mixer. Beat butter in a large fluffy bowl. Add sugar, beat again. At this point it's best to make sure the Crown is still ok. Try another cup just in case. Turn off the mixer thingy. Break two leggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the dried fruit. Pick the frigging fruit off the floor. Mix on the turner. If fried druit gets stuck in the beaterers, pry it loose with a drowscriver. Sample the Crown to check for tonsisticity. Next, sift two cups of salt or something. Check the Crown Royal. Now shift the lemon juice and strain the nuts. Add one table. Add a spoon of sugar or somefink. Whatever you can find. Greash the oven. Turn the cake 360 degrees and try not to fall. Don't forget to beat off the turner. Finally throw the bowl through the window, finish the bottle of Crown Royal and make sure to put the stove in the dishwasher. Hoppy Holidays! (D. Fox)

What gear were you in at the moment of impact?
Gucci and Reeboks!

Your newsletter arrived last week and I enjoyed it very much. It covered all bases. I wish my post could do half the job that yours is doing. I have visited Post 182 for the past four years meeting many nice people. Enjoyed the programs by Dr. Lattimer, the chicken Barbecue, the Tractor Pull and the nice lady in charge of the bar. Plus many more!

If all goes well and I can eat my way through the mattress I'll see you in the spring. Here's a little poem I read at our Post last month. Thought you might like it. Say hi to my brother, Ken Harmon.

I watched our flag pass by one day.
It fluttered in the breeze.
A young man saluted it
Then he stood at ease.
I looked at him in uniform
So young, so tall, so proud
Hair cut short, eyes alert
He stood out in the crowd.

I wondered how many like him
Had fallen through the years.
How many died on foreign soil?
How many mother's tears?
How many people's planes shot down?
How many died at sea?
How many foxholes were soldier's graves?
No, my friend, freedom is not free.

I heard taps played the other night
When everything was still.
I listened as the bugler played.
I felt a sudden chill.
I thought of all the children
Of mothers and of wives,
Of fathers, sons and husbands
With interrupted lives.

I thought about the graveyard
At the bottom of the sea,
Of unmarked graves at Arlington
No, my friend, freedom is not free.
(H.B. Doc Harmon, Squaw Valley, California)

Remember Their Sacrifice

Lord, hold our troops in your loving hands. Protect them as they protect us. Bless them and their families for the selfless acts they perform for us in our time of need. I ask this in the name of Jesus, our Lord and Savior. Amen.

Taps:

Wanda Gene Shinabargar, 82, of Carson City, Mi. passed away Wednesday November 10, 2004 at Pine River Health Care Center, St. Louis, Mi. She was born April 27, 1922, in Saginaw to Roy and Esther Slick Spangler. Wanda was retired from Wolverine World Wide in Ithaca. She was a member of the Hubbardston American Legion Auxiliary Post 182 and an avid Euchre player. She was preceded in death by her husband Harold Wohlfert and second husband Homer; parents Roy and Esther Slick Spangler; sister, Myrta; and two brothers, Alvin and Daniel. Wanda is survived by her daughter Linda Wohlfert Fields of Greenville; stepchildren, James Wohlfert of Carson City, Larry and Diane Shinabargar, James Shinabargar, John and Dee Dee Shinabargar, Becky, Tom and Rhonda Shinabargar; four grandchildren and nine great grandchildren; many step-grandchildren and step- great-grandchildren; two sisters, Iris LaDuke of Midland, Leana Burch of Saginaw; and brother Matthew and Melva Spangler of Hemlock. Funeral services were Nov. 6th at Lux-Schnepf Funeral Home, Carson City, with the Rev. Nash of Carson City United Methodist Church officiating. Wanda's Post 182 Auxiliary friends performed the final military salute for her at the funeral home, wishing her god-speed and showing their gratitude for her attendance and allegiance to the post activities throughout her life. Burial was in Richland Cemetery in Hemlock.

Tim Allen had this to say about Martha Stewart. "Boy, I feel safer now that she's behind bars. O.J. and Kobe are walking around, but they take the one woman in America willing to cook and clean and work in the yard and haul her ass to jail."

Progress in Iraq

I am serving with the 2/108th Infantry, New York Army National Guard. We are attached to the 1st Infantry Division – the Bid Red One. I'm dropping you a line to let you know how we are doing. Our unit is located in the Sunni Triangle, about 30 miles north of Baghdad. Our mission is to patrol the main supply routes and protect a large airbase here...I know the public back home only see the bad news. I want everyone back home to know that the soldiers here are doing their duty and trying to make this place better....The support from back home is what makes bad days over here tolerable. Thanks for your prayers and support. We will be proud to come home

to a grateful nation and be a part of the American Legion in the years ahead. I'm thinking about reserving the Post for my welcome-home party next year, God-willing. (Capt. Geoffrey Cramer, deployed in Iraq)

Nine year old Johnny was asked by his mother what he had learned in Sunday school.

"Well, mom, our teacher told us how God sent Moses behind enemy lines on a rescue mission to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. When he got to the Red Sea, he had his engineers build a pontoon bridge and all of the people walked across safely. Then he used his walkie-talkie to radio headquarters for reinforcements. They sent bombers to blow up the bridge and all the Israelites were saved."

"Now, Joey. Is that what your teacher really taught you?" his mother asked.

"Well, no, mom. But if I told it the way the teacher did, you'd never believe it."

When America's Hometown Goes to War.

In the past, only a small percentage of Guard members were veterans. Today, over 60 percent of the Army and Air National Guard are combat veterans. One in 5 of our active-duty soldiers, airmen and Marines are deployed...In the next two years, at our current rate, 8 out of 10 of our Army and Air National Guard will be combat veterans of this war. The Army and Air National Guard have never been used more than they are being used now....There was talk a few years ago about the National Guard being "Cold War Relics" and unnecessary. There are only eight National Guard divisions. When the 42nd Division headquarters deploys to Iraq, seven of the eight National Guard divisions will have deployed overseas in the global war on terrorism within the last five years. Soon all eight will be engaged. This is a different National Guard than your father's National Guard. We have become an essential force. Forty percent of American soldiers in Iraq are Guardsmen and reservists. This nation should never send its sons and daughters to war for anything, to any place, without the National Guard going, because when you call out the National Guard, you call out America and you send America's hometown to war. The draft ended 31 years ago. And if there's somebody still serving in the National Guard to avoid the draft, they've probably deployed to Afghanistan, Iraq, Kosovo, Bosnia, Haiti or Guantanamo. Or they're standing guard in the United States. These young men and women who have answered the call today are the finest I have seen in my 37 years in uniform. None of them has to be here, and all of them responded when called. Don't let anyone tell you that the young people of today are not up to the task. They are up to the task. (Lt. Gen. Steven Blum, American Legion Magazine, November, 2004)

An elderly gentleman in his mid 90's with hair well-groomed, a great looking suit, a flower in his lapel, smelling slightly of a very nice after shave, and presenting a well-cared-for image, walks into an upscale cocktail lounge. Seated at the bar, an elderly lady, mid 80's, also well-dressed and attractive and alone. The gentleman walks over, sits down beside her, orders a drink, takes a sip, turns to her and says...."So, tell me, do I come here often?" (J. Burns)

Michigan Man New National Commander

With the University of Michigan fight song, "Hail to the Victors" echoing through the Delta Ballroom in Nashville, Tennessee, Department of Michigan delegates marched up and down campaigning for Thomas P. Cadmus of the Glen H. Daykin Post 155 in Britton, Mi., and a resident of Ypsilanti, Mi., for the office of National Commander. In accepting the nomination he stated his number one priority. "My motto for this year is; service equals membership." He also announced the "American Legion Blue Star Salute" which will honor local members of the U.S. Armed Forces, along with their families during Armed Forces Day celebrations held in May each year. Aide to the National Commander is Roger Webster of Newago, Mi. of Post 131. The National Sergeant-at-Arms is Robert Mayrand of Wyandotte, Mi. of Post 217.

A husband walks into Fredrick's of Hollywood to purchase some sheer lingerie for his wife. He is shown several possibilities that range from \$200-\$500 in price, the more sheer, the higher the price. He opts for the most sheer, pays the \$500, takes it home, presents it to his wife and asks her to go upstairs and model it for him. Upstairs, looking at it, the wife thinks, "I have an idea. It is so sheer it might as well be nothing. I think I'll model naked and return it tomorrow and keep the \$500 refund. So she appears naked on the balcony and strikes a pose. The husband says, "Good Lord! You'd think that for \$500, they'd at least iron it!" He never heard the shot. Funeral services are pending. (anonymous)

Sure, go ahead and order season tickets for Wisconsin's beloved Green Bay Packers football games. The average waiting time, though, is 30 years, an NFL record.

Disorder in American Courts

How old is your son, the one living with you?
38 or 35, I can't remember which.
How long has he lived with you?
45 years.
All your answers must be oral, ok? What school did you go to?
Oral!

Membership

The National Recruiter of the Year is not from Michigan but he has a record to be applauded. He is Nathaniel King of Post 267 in Columbus, Ga., who has recruited more than 900 veterans to join the

American Legion. Now don't feel too bad about your record. He was a sergeant serving at Ft. Benning, Ga. before he retired and that's how he does it. He has a team of legion members working with him and one person makes regular calls to the soldiers to talk benefits and another acts as a service officer. They have breakfast training sessions and the leadership at Ft. Benning really pushes the American Legion. One unit each month is recognized with a membership appreciation night. Post 267 also hosts the ceremony for induction of NCO's at Ft. Benning. This is an ideal situation for the legion and with the present turmoil in the world and units being deployed overseas, enthusiasm is high. "If we see a retired veteran tag on a car, we ask that person if he or she is part of the American Legion," King said. "We feel every veteran should be part of the American Legion." It's sad that it takes a national conflict to swell our membership, but the legion honors its own, and that's the way it should be. (adapted from Steve Brooks)

Beer Prayer-sent by a college student, 2004

Our lager, which art in barrels, hallowed be thy fame. Thy will be drunk, I will be drunk, at home as it is in heaven. Give us this day our foamy head and forgive our spillage as we forgive those who spill against us. And lead us not into incarceration, but deliver us from hangovers. For thine is the ale, the pilsner, and the lager, forever and ever. Amen

After numerous rounds of "We don't even know if Osama is still alive," Osama himself decided to send George Bush a letter in his own handwriting to let him know he was still in the game. Bush opened the letter and it appeared to contain a coded message: 370HSSV-0773H. Bush was baffled so he mailed it to Colin Powell. Powell and his aids had no clue so they sent it to the FBI. No one could solve it so it went on to the CIA, NSA, the Secret Service and finally to Canada's RCMP. The RCMP cabled the White House as follows," Tell the President he is looking at the message upside down."(J. Dailey)

Remember our Military in Iraq-Send Letters to:

Cpl. Ric Calley
3rd LAR Charlie Co.
1st Platoon, Unit 41715,
FPO AP 96426-1715

Court, Tammie
251 TC Co.
Camp Spearhead
APO, AE. 09305

PFC Hawn
CSSG 15 RMC
VIC 42491
FPO AT 96426-249

Cpl. Scott Hiner
1439th Eng. Det. F.F.
F O B Ridgeway
APO - AE 09381

Scott A. Fedewa*(need military address)
338 Hanover St.
Hubbardston, Mi. 48845

You know it's going to be a rotten day when:

Your horn goes off accidentally, remains stuck and you are following a group of Hell's Angels on the freeway.
Your wife says, "Good morning, Bill" and your name is George.

Shortly after the Pope apologized to the Jewish people for treatment by the Catholic Church over the years, Ariel Sharon, Prime Minister of Israel asked for a friendly game of golf between the two leaders as a show of friendship.

The pope being in frail health asked, "Don't we have a Cardinal to represent me?"

"None who play very well, but there is a man named Jack Nicklaus, an American golfer, who is a devout Catholic," a Cardinal replied. So the call was made and Nicklaus feeling honored agreed to play as representative of the Pope.

The day after the match, Jack reported to the Vatican to inform the pope of the result. "I have some good news and some bad news, Your Holiness."

"Tell me the good news, Cardinal Nicklaus," said the Pope.

"Well your Holiness, I played the very best round of golf of my life. It was almost miraculous, everything went so well."

"How can there be bad news?" the Pope asked.

Nicklaus sighed, "I lost to Rabbi Tiger Woods by three strokes."

If it weren't for stress, I'd have no energy at all.

Just going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes you a car. (Jack Billings)

What Cancer Cannot Do

"Cancer is so limited"

It cannot cripple love; it cannot shatter hope; it cannot corrode faith; it cannot destroy peace; it cannot kill friendship; it cannot suppress memories; it cannot silence courage; it cannot steal eternal life. It cannot CONQUER the SPIRIT.

Bob Hope:

On Turning 70: "You still chase women, but only downhill."

On Sailors: "They spend the first six days of each week sewing their wild oats, then go to church on Sunday and pray for crop failure."

We Look Back – It is ironic that the sorrows of the 1918's, 40's, 50's right on up to today's Iraqi War have the same effect with the tragic loss of family in battle. The Legion has always come forward to salute fallen comrades, support their families and will continue to do so as long as heroes fall in battle for freedom.

October 5, 1999.

Dear Legionnaires,

I read in the Gazette of your 80th anniversary coming this week. Congratulation! This certainly makes eight decades of service to your fellow veterans and their families. Some of the happiest times of my early life were associated with the Hubbardston Post 182. I do not recall when my father joined the post but it must have been about 1930. Before that he had been active in the Odd Fellows Lodge in Carson City. We lived in North Shade Township, two miles east of Montcalm County and two miles north of Clinton County. Thus it was not far to Hubbardston. Highlight for me were the many times our family accompanied my father as the Post Color Guard and Firing Squad and others went from cemetery to cemetery on Memorial Day and the Sunday which preceded it. It took that long to cover the territory. Members were really far-flung. Dad was adjutant for many years and sometimes he let me help him address the cards. I recall Jesse First, Clarence Warner from Perrinton, Jason Garner and Lawrence Daniels from Middleton, Clayton Lachner, William Steere, and Russell Hill from Crystal as well as Earl Hammontree. From Muir there was Charles Anna, Frank Decker and a Fletcher who lived on a farm. I remember Spike Greenwalt, Henry Bozung, Bill Welch from Hubbardston. Louis Bignall had served in the Spanish American War. There was Harold Smith also. There were several from Carson City: Chris Schrauben, Floyd Goodell, Floyd Warner, Stanley Horn, Walter Horn, Earnest and William Hull, Frank Tabor, Jesse Harlow, and others. There was a Walter Dietrich from Perrinton, Emerson LeMasters from Carson City. We would go to Crystal and Carson to cemeteries, the Payne cemetery south of Middleton, Hubbardston east and west, East Plains and North Plains.

Then I recall my mother's activities in the Auxiliary. Actually, I think I could think of some of the Legion members from remembering their wives in the Auxiliary. Elwyn Donovan was a member I recall with his wife, Esther. I remember once that my mother and another member were sent to Vickeryville and sold poppies door to door. She came home saying that one lady had never heard of poppies and asked what she could do with one if she bought it. I remember that one member had a baby during the worst of the depression and there was discussion of a suitable gift for the baby. When asked, the mother

said that she would really like a pair of bedroom slippers for herself since she had to get up in the night often. I recall also the time when Dad was a service officer. One veteran's wife told him that they really needed a cow. They would be willing to let one of their children go in exchange for a cow so they would have milk for the rest of the children. That really shocked my dad - that people could be so desperate.

Far more recently but still several years ago, Harold Smith was in Lake Odessa for the funeral of one of his relatives. He came here at my invitation when I chanced to see him at the funeral chapel hours before the service. He asked if I had old snapshots, recalling that dad often had a camera with him. While he was at the funeral I had unbelievable good luck and found pictures and even negatives for some pictures taken in front of the old post home down town Hubbardston. One of the Stoddard's from Midland was making a scrap book/history and wanted pictures. I was glad to accommodate him and of course, Harold paid us with maple syrup.

Part of the pleasure for me in those 1930 era years was seeing the children of various ages. I came to know Alvin, Mary and Margaret Bozung and a Lechner from Crystal....We often spent Sunday afternoons going visiting and often it was to the homes of other Legion members. There were some strong friendships that came out of that far-flung membership. My parents and the Hammontrees from Crystal were very close friends and so were Harold and Belva Smith of Hubbardston. Now Harold's son David Doren Smith lives a few miles from Lake Odessa and since he and his nice wife moved here from Belding, we see them often. David was the most loyal friend my husband had during his illness. The other friends fell by the wayside because they could not handle seeing my husband's decline but David Smith came to visit him often.

One vivid memory I have is from the 8th District picnic at the Otter Lake billet. I recall going to some of the 8th district meetings in Greenville and Belding with my father in the early 1940's when one of the speakers was Judge Paul Gadola of Flint. Why would I remember that name?

When my youngest daughter headed to college, we read that the Laverne Noyes scholarship at MSU was available for children of WWI veterans. Also grandchildren! My mother fortunately had dad's discharge papers on hand. That, plus two birth certificates was all we needed for her to get a renewable scholarship for her second, third and fourth years of college. Thank you, American Legion for funding that scholarship.

Once the post in Carson City was established during WWII, my father transferred his membership there.

My brother, Roland Hill was Carson City's first casualty, a month after D-Day. I believe my parents attended every casualty who followed in the next few months. Rolland was the only casualty from Carson City whose body was left overseas. My mother felt that bringing the body back a few years later would simply open up an old wound. Jerry Kipp from Carson City was the first person we knew to visit the Normandy cemetery which was Rolland's final resting place. My sister and family visited there in 1983 and my husband and I were there in 1988. The cemetery is kept in immaculate condition. We all had wonderful and courteous treatment on free passports. Many tour busses were present; some from mid-Europe and Germany. At LeCambe cemetery where the first burials took place under battle conditions, the markers read "Ein Deutsch Soldat" which I would translate "One German Soldier." Obviously they were unidentified.

Keep up the good work,
Elaine Hill Garlock, Lake Odessa, Mi.

One dark night in a small town in Minnesota, a fire started inside a chemical plant and in the blink of an eye exploded into massive flames. The alarm went out to everyone but the roaring flames held the firefighters off. The company president, fearing the loss of the formulas in the vault offered \$50,000 to the fire department who could control the flames. The flames grew worse; he raised the reward to \$100,000. From the distance a lone fire siren was heard and a Norwegian rural volunteer fire company, mainly composed of men over 65, passed all the newer sleek engines and drove straight into the middle of the inferno. The old-timers jumped off the truck and fought the fire with an effort never seen before. The Norske old-timers extinguished the fire and saved the formulas. For such a superhuman feat, the company president upped the reward to \$200,000. "What are you going to do with all that money?" the local TV reporter asked.

"Vell," said Ole Larson, the 70 year old fire chief, "da first thing ve do is fix da brakes on dat focking truck!"

American Legion Post 182
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